



# Artweek

KEVIN GLEASON 1997

**1996: SEE IT AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME!!**



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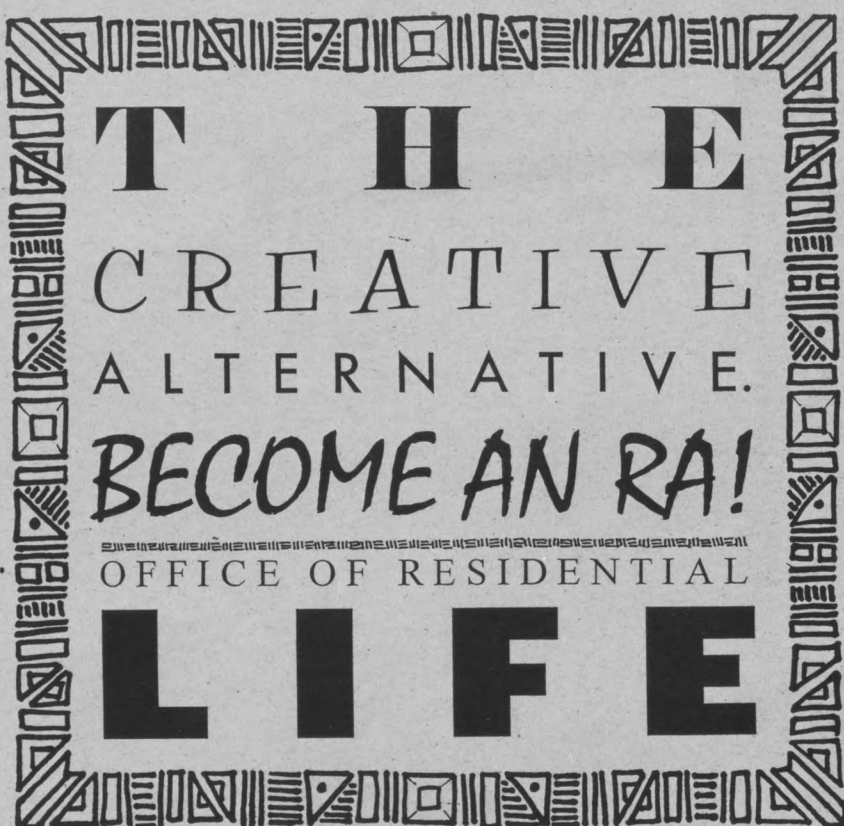
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- **Thursday, January 16th**  
7-8 PM Jameson Center, Santa Ynez
- **Tuesday, January 21st**  
3-4 PM State St. Room, UCen

# The Olympics Is a Metaphor for Last Year

**Jason Sattler**

I finally fell asleep, but that didn't last long. I remember my dream: I was standing in front of my entire high school senior class; they were naked — or I was — that part was unclear. But I was delivering a speech in American Sign Language.

Everyone was watching closely as I explained parallel themes in *The Honey-mooners* and *The Flintstones*. I had just gotten to my feelings about the boss in *The Flintstones*, Mr. Slate, when:

The stewardess grabbed the empty Coke cup off my tray. I looked up, and it was still dark outside the plane, no more lightning.

I was surprised that I was on the plane. Surprised that my roommate Quiddity and I had made it to LAX from Santa Barbara. I was completely fucking shocked to remember that I was going to the Olympics.

The Olympics, already in its first week, received far too much television coverage to be real. Like pro wrestling and *Singled Out*, the whole thing seemed too staged to be happening in reality.

I think everyone was watching TV around then. I think everyone in America saw the emotional Kerri Strug performance at least once, just to have something to talk about, like: "Wow! She's just like a little high-flying, patriotic fairy granting everybody's wish."

ever it was, it gave me solace and enough peace of mind to fall asleep four and a half hours into the flight.

Then I couldn't stay awake.

Realizing we had landed, I stumbled off the plane to find Mr. and Mrs. Quiddity smiling with their son close by. Mr. Quiddity asked me if I was OK. I mumbled something like: "You know the bartender?" Then I fell asleep walking to the car. Then in the car. Then in the restaurant.

I stuffed some good Southern breakfast into my mouth, and my head fell to the table. I woke up to Mr. Quiddity's businessman voice telling me to go to the car and sleep. He gave me the keys and a napkin to wipe the gravy off my face.

The Quidditys had to go back to the airport to pick up the rest of our party, the two Wallace sisters, who were flying out of Denver into Atlanta. They dropped me off at their house and headed back to the airport.

They put me in a bed. I took my shoes off and fell asleep.

Three hours later, I woke up quickly realizing that I was in Cobb County, Georgia — Gingrich country.

As I write this today, Newt's apologies are ringing across headlines. Party-line towers are lauding the re-elected speaker's achievements. Arguments for and against this guy are void in my mind

## The Lyric of that Year:

"Bale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena  
Que tu cuerpo es pa' darle alegría y cosa buena  
Bale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena  
Ehhh, Macarena!"

It was just after that TWA plane crashed, no one was sure why, and I couldn't figure out why I was on a plane. Just before Quiddity and I got to the airport terminal, we stopped at a liquor store in the Valley. Our mutual friend Bad Ass James, who was at work behind the counter, pointed up to the TV aware of where we were headed.

Olympic Centennial Park Bombed! Fatalities reported.

I felt dead. Not still or rotting, but dead on the road to the underworld, just before the river Styx, on a mythical journey created by my mind to end this existence.

We didn't stay long visiting with James, just long enough to suck down some chili burgers. I don't remember thinking anything at all until we were seated in coach — a few rows apart from each other, waiting for takeoff.

Then I couldn't stop thinking: thinking about explosions, terrorist bombings, destruction in general. I tried to imagine Bruce Willis saving the whole day (and world) in Atlanta. Bruce, saving helpless foreigners, avoiding explosions by jumping off bleachers into sand pits, then saying something witty like: "A new world record, and the seats are empty."

Then images of the Olympic athletes from around the globe banding together to use their highly specific and amazing talents to defeat conspiracy and darkness clouded my head. Even the divers were kicking some ass. These thoughts lasted only until we were in the air.

I couldn't sleep, read or get over the smell of the various people crammed in coach with me. I wanted to ask the person sitting next to my roommate to switch seats with me, but he fell asleep immediately and for the whole flight. I couldn't even make eye contact with my roommate.

I tried to sit still, concentrate on my breathing or something. Suddenly I became aware that a lot of people were focusing a lot of attention to my part of the plane.

After minimal surveillance, I realized: Sitting one row behind me, three seats to my right, wearing sunglasses, Ted Lange had appeared. Ted Lange, the Greek god of good advice for vacationing travelers. Ted Lange, Isaac from *The Love Boat*.

Now, I don't know if I met him in a past life or I confuse reruns with past lives, but it felt like I knew him, and there was some kind of unspoken thing going on. What-

after learning a little bit about Cobb County politics.

The same people who send Newt to Congress every year elected a county government that passed a resolution worded to discourage homosexuals and other questionables from living in Cobb. Because of this, the Atlanta Olympic planning committee took Olympic volleyball out of Cobb.

I was told that they had a chance to repeal the resolution, but they didn't, losing millions for local business. This prompted Candace Gingrich's rise to prominence as an "open" lesbian, the best thing to happen to Republican politics since Betty Ford.

What most people would see as incredible stupidity was seen in Cobb as a really good way to keep out "all them Olympic foreigners."

I caught up with the Wallace sisters as we drove to our first event: field hockey. Not a sport I usually pay any attention too. But we got patted down and enjoyed the game that saw the South Africans returning to the Games with their new flag and new government.

During the Games everyone took the Marta, the commuter train system. Despite the crowds and delays, it worked great. I met a lot of people and rubbed up against strangers from all corners of the train. It's awkward to be in close physical contact with so many sweaty people from so many different places, but I got used to it, like I got used to the Coke and Nike ads.

I was trying to keep track of how many Cokes and pat-downs I got, but I lost count discovering the new craze: obviously enough, the birth of Macarena 1996.

I hate to blame people. The Wallace sisters are fine, fine people, but they are partly responsible for the Maca-mania that followed the Olympics. Anytime they heard the song, anywhere, they did it, and did it well. They are the kind of young women people pay attention to anyway, so their performance to me was as infectious as a yawn.

The day the Olympic Centennial Park reopened, we were leaving. That day, Quiddity, the Wallace sisters and I got into every camera shot we could. If we were sure someone was filming, they would do the Macarena to the song in their heads.



# KJUC: Freshly Squeezed

Bryce Baer discovers that anyone — even you — can get their own radio show.

Bored to death with pop radio?

Thought so.

Ever flip off the infernal talking box in utter frustration, stemming from a lack of engaging, quality programming that sends you into a veritable musical nirvana?

Not surprised. Ever lift your hands to the heavens and cry out, "Most high — how may I take to the air in true canonical fashion, elevating people to the same musical bliss I know each and every day?"

Well, it's simple really.

KJUC, the on-campus radio station broadcasting at 770 and 880 on the (gaspl) long-forgotten AM dial, affords on-campus listeners a cornucopia of musical offerings for their aural pleasure, while providing the more zealous an opportunity to grab the mic and subject the hapless masses to their own brand of news, music, sports or general madness.

Featuring two-hour programs with such decidedly stimulating monikers as *The Doo Doo Train* and *Dr. Freakabilly's Trash Emporium*, KJUC is a forum for those with a desire to create a sonic landscape devoid of the latest pop monstrosities and the hodgepodge of soundbites and electronic hootenanny that has all but replaced genuine radio personalities in recent years.

Avoidance of the increasingly homogeneous and automaton status of the archetypal pop-radio programming attracts students to both sides of the mic, said Ilene Auerbach, KJUC general manager.

"I definitely think [KJUC] is better as a listener — you want to hear the diversity. People get real bored with listening to the same thing every hour ... [at KJUC], every two hours you can turn us on and have a completely different genre of music," she said. "Students want to hear what their fellow students are doing rather than turning on a major station."

Offering up a communal atmosphere and accessibility to those itchin' to hit the on-campus airwaves and possibly move onto FM sister station KCSB, KJUC's appeal to the on-campus audiophile is thus twofold.

Would-be disc jockeys are encouraged to attend an informational meeting held during the first week of every quarter. The hopeful DJ submits a written proposal detailing the format of his/her show and is then trained in the fine art of radio broadcasting — from equipment training to station policy. After passing a written test,



BRYAN SILVER/Daily Nexus

AM-frequency wannabes stand a pretty good chance of gettin' approval to go on the air.

Following a quarter of successful KJUC broadcasts, some additional training and some volunteering at KCSB, the DJ may stand a chance to host a program on the FM station.

This easily accessible medium opens the door to students who may not revel in the "profundities" abundant in the latest Euro-trash/postgrunge/punk-pop and wish to take matters into their own hands — creating a forum for a potentially ignored segment of the campus listening community, according to KJUC DJ Teri Aronson, who hosted *Ethereal Dark Wave and Experimental* last

quarter. "The type of music I listen to is never on the radio, and I wanted to expose people to it," she said.

While KJUC is seemingly unknown to a majority of on-campus residents, and the listening audience is confined in size since it is only accessible to the dorms, Aronson says the job is rewarding, and she hopes to continue broadcasting pursuits.

"The only downfall is that not many people listen ... but I know at least one person listens because they actually call in," she said. "When I go back home, I wanna try and get an internship at the modern-rock station in Sacramento."

## Artsweek: You Can Do It Too!

Writer's training at the Nexus next Wednesday and Thursday at 7p.m.

### UCSB ARTS & LECTURES PRESENTS

#### FILM

## Emma

"You wish the enchantment could go on forever."

NEW YORK POST



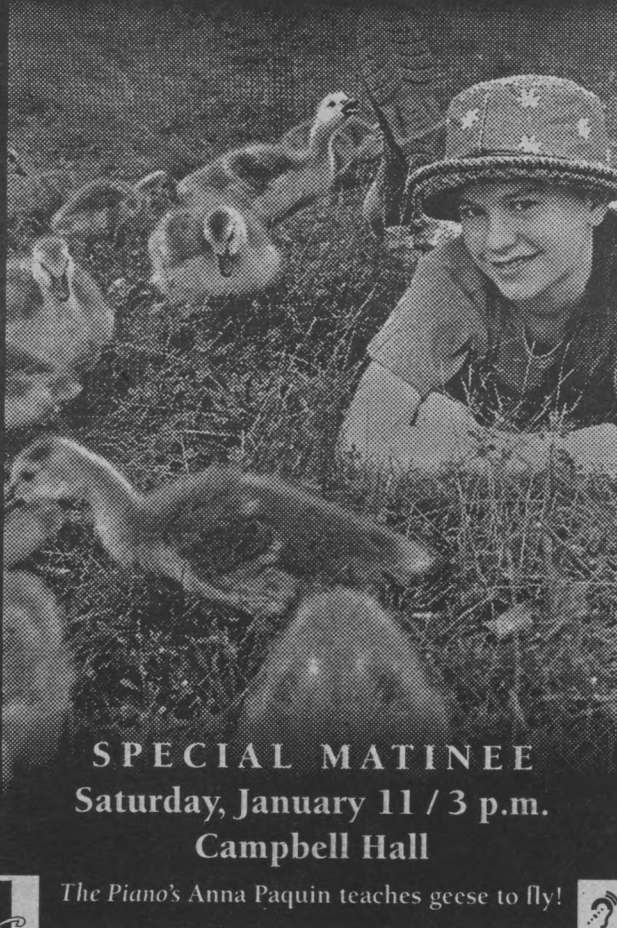
Thursday, January 9 / 7 p.m.  
Campbell Hall

Gwyneth Paltrow stars as Jane Austen's lovable, exasperating social mover!

#### FILM

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## Mmm Mmm Good

The Weekend Connection.  
In Friday's Daily Nexus.



# Don't Do It.

Don't let arrogant, overpaid pro journalists tell you what was good in 1996 — let Artsweek's staff of pomp-ass student critics deliver the goods....

A big *Who do you think you're foolin'?* goes out to the National Ass. for the Recording Arts and Sciences, the virtuous folks who bring us the Grammys. Guys: An Album of the Year nod for Celine Dion's *Schmaltz in the Key of Shit* cancels out any credibility you may have gained by nominating Beck or the Fugees.

And to all the BIG critics for the GIANT newspapers who think they've done some kind of public service by including one relatively obscure album in their list of the past year's best, I send this, some of my most favorite stuff about the nine-six. Although I may have *actually* liked other works better than these, for the sake of looking like I'm oh-so-in-the-know, I've listed only great slept-ons.

#### 1. Prince Paul / *Psychoanalysis (What Is It?)*



2. Hayden / *Everything I Long For*
3. Poor Righteous Teachers / *New World Order*
4. Dr. Octagon / *Dr. Octagon*
5. Quarter Bar / *Tape of Beats for Eric*
6. Shane Black / *"Scale 69"*
7. Lateef & Lyrics Born / *"Latyrx"*
8. Various Artists / *Altered Beats*

—Steuer, Eric

In no particular order, these are my top five releases for 1996.

#### 1. Merzbow / *Bastard Noise*

Shortly after splitting from Windam Hill Records in 1984 over copyright infringement complications, Masami Akita founded his cult of erotic misery. This release is a collaboration with L.A.'s Bastard Noise, the Kraut-rock innovators of 1969 Grammy fame.

#### 2. Final / 2

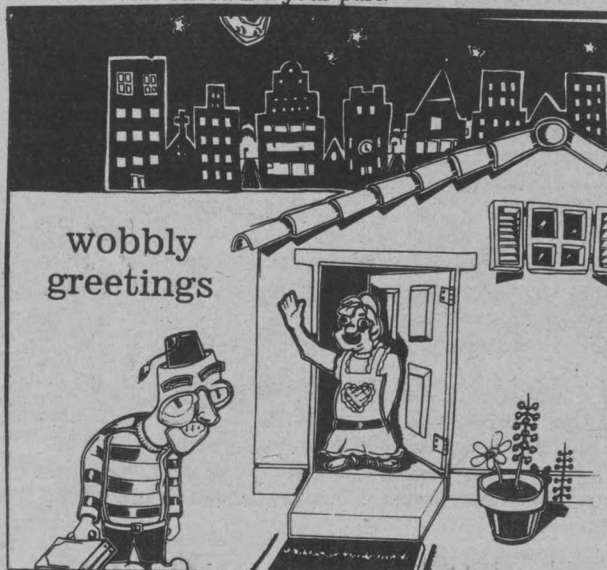
The biggest problem with being a death rocker and an opium addict is getting your hair caught in your guitar when you pass out. Forget to turn off the four track? No problem. Press that sucker on CD, and watch the money roll in.

#### 3. Boredoms / *Super Roots 6*

Thank God for rock 'n' roll.

#### 4. Crawl Unit / *Vs. Science*

Straight out of Sacramento, this 12-piece band is devoted to saving the endangered analog tape bird of Eastern Europe. This band donates 23 percent of its profit to the worldwide effort. Do your part.



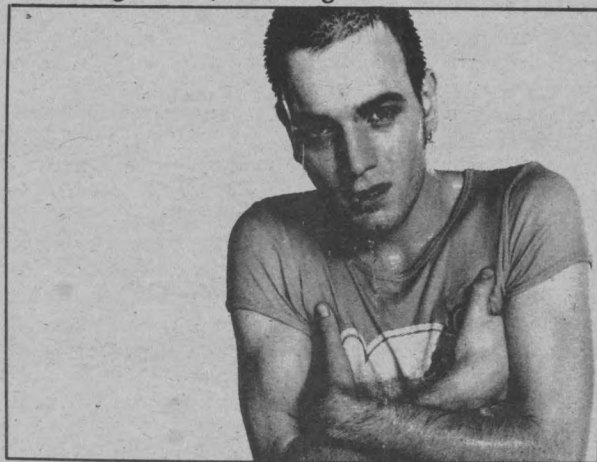
#### 5. Wobbly / *Greetings*

Speaking of hair, my copy of this CD has two hairballs taped to the insert. What surprise will you receive? Made entirely from live recordings on KCSB, the members of this local group have spent the last 23 years of their lives living in a soundproof attic.

—Andrew McGeary

In 1996, I damn near wept to see the silver screen so drossed over with dreck. Last year, what little remained of decent filmmaking (y'know, good dialogue, characters, plot...) was torn apart by tornadoes, blown up by invading Martians and done in by the sheer ridiculousness of Keanu Reeves' "performance" in *Chain Reaction*.

I'm embarrassed to admit that the carnage so disgusted me that I neglected my triage duty, and didn't get to enough of the really good movies to feel confident about issuing this list, but here goes:



#### 1. Tour de smack: *Trainspotting*

Sight and sound are seamlessly wrapped around a cast of characters that, like the plot and themes, cannot be neatly pigeonholed as "good guys" or "evil scum," but rather, fall into that vast intermediary gray zone known as "human." So terrifyingly honest about heroin that it does more for the anti-drug movement than legions of D.A.R.E. officers ever could.

Todd "One"  
**MUMFORD**

Jennifer  
**LEVY**

Mark  
**VALLES**

Keir  
**DUBOIS**

Bryce  
**BAER**

Lara  
**ZWARUN**

Will  
**BA**

# The Be 199

If 11 People Can't Tell You How  
to Settle For A

Produced by **ARTSWEEK** In conjunction with **THE**

#### 2. Regional sketch: *Fargo*

Real good, y'betcha. The brothers' Coen eye for detail does not disappoint. I've got a friend in Minnesota named Adam Banse; after seeing this movie, his speech patterns are no longer such a mystery to me. How refreshing to see a movie with a good script.



#### 3. Romantic movie you can watch while you're single and not hate it (three-way tie): *The English Patient*, *Stealing Beauty* and *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*

OK, I'm sorry for all the confusion you're about to endure, but pay attention: The first two were beautifully photographed. The first had a great plot but left me wanting to read the book. The second had Liv Tyler (I admit, I'm a sucker) and an incredibly diverse soundtrack that integrated itself into the film with an expressionistic flair. The third movie was just cute — cute in the best way.

All three movies, though flawed, won me over in the end because they left me sadly smiling or sighing happily, and what else is romance about if not enjoying giddy indecision?

#### 4. Most pleasant surprise: *Kingpin*

Expecting a mildly amusing, stupid comedy, I got a hilarious, willing-to-take-chances comedy about stupid people. There's a difference. I learned it. It was funny.

#### 5. Last but not least: the *Star Wars* trailer

I beheld it at the Arlington, just before *Independence Day*. The trailer got more applause than the movie ever did. 'Nuff said.

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Ala(ni)s (sigh), in 1996, just like every other year, major labels and the record sales at the Wherehouse proved that there's No Doubt about it; millions are being spent to fund the 311 mediocre, middle class, conservative Billy Corgans of the world that for some reason people give a Hootie about. Well, Fugee me.

For awe-inspiring (or at least semi-original) music, one had to venture farther than the loser generation's haven of MTV and the combination movie rental/CD shop.

#### 1. Pulp / *Different Class*

Proving that the British aren't only a culture of twiggy, limp-wristed wimps, frontman Jarvis "Working Class" Cocker, after writing a fucking great album of anthems for the common people, gate crashed one of Jacko's prima-donna performances. Yesss!!! Jarvis, I salute you.

#### 2. Various Artists / *Music from the Motion Picture Trainspotting*

Like *Dirty Dancing* for the '90s. The best soundtrack to a movie ever!



#### 3. Prodigy / "Firestarter"

"I'm a firestarter, twisted firestarter."

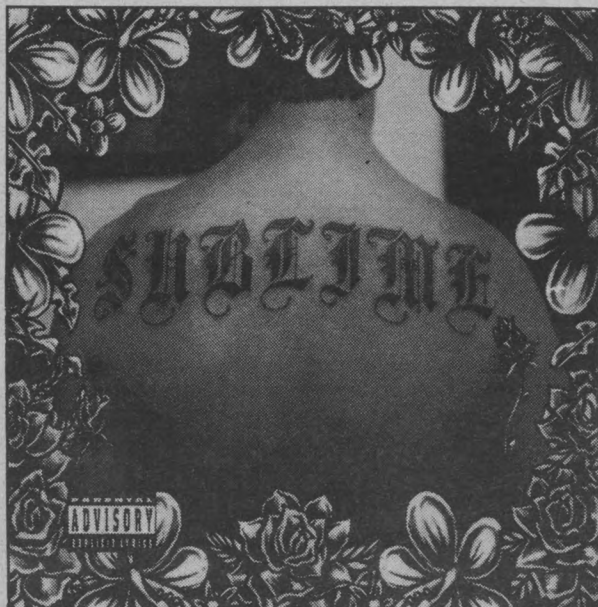
Dance music meets rock 'n' roll at its most raw point. Wickedly sinful yet oh, so good. Hide your children 'cause Liam Howlett's electronic instrumental ecstasy

#### 2. Ghostface Killah / *Ironman*

Don't let the name fool you. Anyone who takes Whitney or Mariah seriously should check out "All That I've Got is You" to hear a truly beautiful song. No kidding.

#### 3. The Fugees / *The Score*

Beautiful voices, fat rhythms and a way to bring hip-hop to the masses.



#### 4. Sublime / *Sublime*

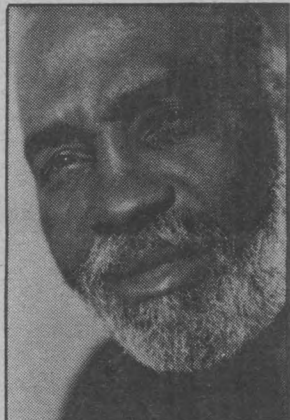
The single "What I've Got" puts me in a good mood faster than ... anything. Too bad Bradley had to be a fool and OD.

#### 5. Rage Against the Machine / *Evil Empire* and Korn / *Life Is Peachy* (Tie)

I would have loved to vote for Metallica's or Pantera's 1996 releases, but they just didn't ROCK the way these albums do. Kudos to Rage for putting out better albums as they get more popular ... unlike, say, the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

—Lara Zwarun

For the first time in our history, Artsweek is pleased to present Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs, Michael Young, in "My Favorite Movies of 1996." And without further ado...



DANIEL E. RAMOUL/Daily Nexus

Here are my top movie choices. They are not in order or priority.

#### 1. *Star Trek: First Contact*

I am a longtime Trekkie — starting out with the original series. *Star Trek* has always been special because it has a great moral message and illustrates a scenario of what we can become as a society and a species. I love its values, its messages and its vision for the future. I also like the excitement and adventure. Finally, I love the Borg and their relentless nature. The Borg are the best villains ever and more fun to watch than even the Klingons.

#### 2. *A Time to Kill*

Although a bit contrived in spots, I thought this movie did a great job of forcing the audience to deal with the stark realities, the subtle nuances and the ridiculous ironies of race in America. The greatest challenge this society faces is in figuring out how it will deal with the "race thing." If you pay attention, this movie pushes you on a number of levels.

#### 3. *Babe*

*Babe* had innocence, integrity, strength, compassion, valor and values. *Babe* was able to be all of these things without hamming it up or trying to hog all of the glory. While thoroughly enjoyable, *Babe* got to the meat of a number of values questions. I loved *Babe*, and in many ways it was my favorite. Besides, *Babe* was one cute pig! La la la la la la la ...!

#### 4. *Lone Star*

Subtle, sophisticated, funny, sad and entertaining. I ran the range of emotions with *Lone Star* and loved the way it wove the story. It also dealt thoughtfully and brought fuzzy clarity to the issues of race in America. —Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs Michael Young

This is the new stuff I was listening to in 1996. So if I missed something that was in *your* stereo, it just means that I either didn't get a chance to hear it, or, well, it probably was a lousy disc.

OK, here goes, in no particular order:

#### 1. Me'shell Ndegéocello / *Peace Beyond Passion*

This is the best soul record of the year. Me'shell gives the old R&B beast some well-needed credibility with her own slinky bass lines and deep, rich vocals. The tunes groove along at an easy pace, and there's an extra punch in the lyrics.

See 1996 p.6A

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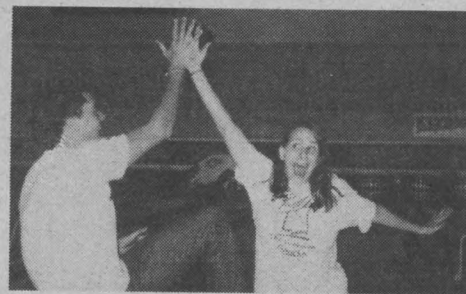
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Best of  
1996

How to Think, You'll Just Have  
or A Mistrial.

THE DAILY NEXUS READ THE PAPERBACK BOOK

and crew of wacked-out dancers are the future.

#### 4. DJ Shadow / *Endtroducing*

A master of samples and warped tracks who lets his music represent and stand up for what he believes, like "Why Hip-Hop Sucks in '96."



#### 5. The Cardigans / *Life* (Tie)

Both bands, with their sugary-sweet vocals, are a treat for the tender of heart. Their members are all so cute you could just eat 'em up.

The Cardigans came out with their sparkly guitar pop on their own label; the Cardigans were finger lickin' good on indie label Minty Fresh. Not just ice cream, ice cream with sprinkles.

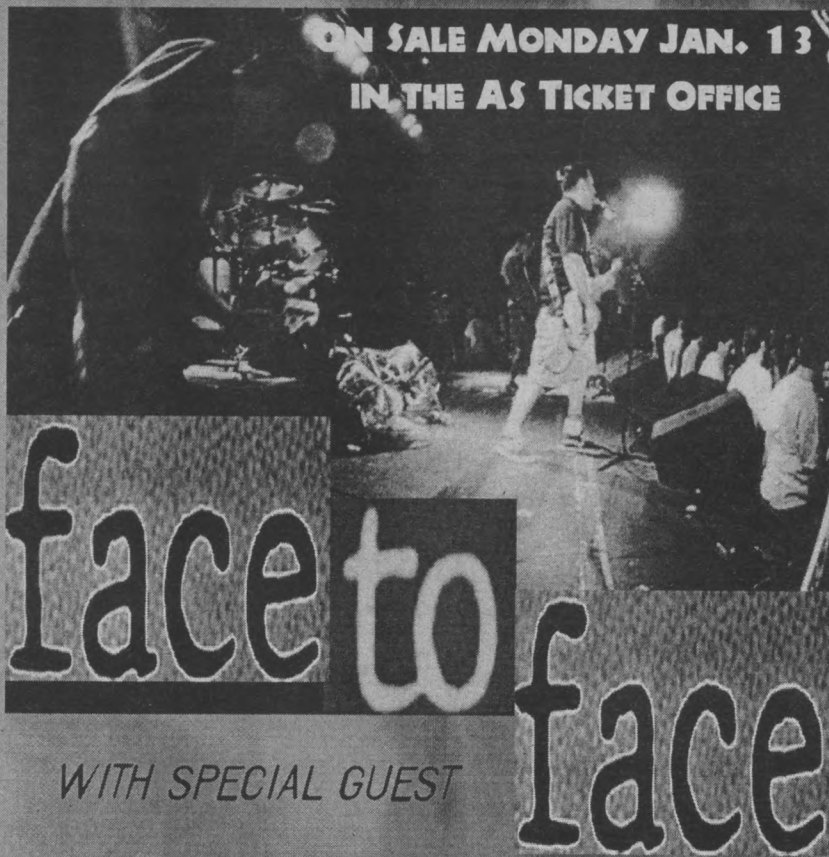
—Jolie Lash

#### 1. Westside Connection / *Bow Down*

Forget Alanis and company... THIS is what copping an attitude sounds like.







Mr. **T** Experience

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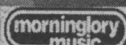
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| Monday Jan. 13     | Opening Night Reception<br>El Encanto Hotel, 6:30pm<br>Under the Domim Tree, Riviera Theater, 8pm |
| Tuesday, Jan. 14   | Films at Campbell Hall, 7pm   |
| Wednesday, Jan. 15 | A Night of Woody Allen in IV Theater<br>Annie Hall, 7pm<br>Bullets Over Broadway, 9pm             |
| Thursday, Jan. 16  | A Kiss to this Land Multicultural Center, 7pm   |

Festival Information: 805-968-1280

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## 1996

Continued from p.5A

### 2. Tricky / *Pre-Millennium Tension*

The master of trip-hop returns with this fine collection of moody but forceful beats and disturbing, paranoid raps — an album that shoots while it retreats.

### 3. Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers / *Songs and Music From the Motion Picture She's The One*

Guilty pleasures are fine if they're this good. "Walls" is Petty's all-around best single since "Free Falling," and blues-charged numbers like "Changed the Locks" and "Hope You Never" are bitter and wrenching — in tune with producer Rick Rubin's dark sonic path. A well-placed Beck cover ("Asshole") and a world-weary "Hung Up and Overdue" boost this record above the usual film-soundtrack-outtake hell.



### 4. Beck / *Odelay*

With *Odelay*, Beck has risen above "Loser" to create some of the best post-modern mishmash ever. Acoustic guitars are melded with hip-hop beats and samples, Tijuana accordions mix with '70s funk, and heavy guitar often gives way to subdued but racing jazzy drums.

### 5. Ani DiFranco / *Dilate*

In a perfect world, DiFranco would be the queen of all that is harmoniously bitter and not lose that title to some Canadian Debbie Gibson.

She uses real instruments, too, not synths, and her minimalist guitar strumming is no less than riveting. Run, Alanis, run.

### 6. Wilco / *Being There*

The country rock of Uncle Tupelo may rest in peace, now that ex-member Jeff Tweedy has crafted *A.M.* and its follow-up, *Being There*, a surprisingly tight double album that continues the lazy country leanings of his previous band with a pop/rock twist. Wronged characters dominate the lyrical content, and the accompanying tunes borrow from both rock and pop and get away with it without sounding like your daddy's wimpy Eagles albums.

7. The Halibuts / *Life On The Bottom*  
This band proves that surf rock is alive and well, even post-*Pulp Fiction*. A reverb-drenched disc like this is a welcome dose of retro, as the band puts in original licks of its own, like the slowly throbbing title track or the persistent beat of "Night Crawler."

—Keir DuBois

### 1. Redman / *Muddy Waters*

Redman is incredible, and this album is a classic.

### 2. The Roots / *Illadelph Halflife*

The Roots' musicianship and mic skills are second to none.

### 3. Poor Righteous Teachers / *New World Order*

This is one album that deserves props but has been slept on so far.

### 4. The Visionaries (At the Hub)

For those who missed it — Keykool, Rhetmatic, LMNO, Two-Mex and Writers Block opened for The Pharcyde and absolutely wrecked it.

### 5. The Fugees / The Roots / Goodie Mob (At the House of Blues)

This is one of the best shows I have ever seen. Dope performances by all.

### 6. His Master's Voice / *Artsweek*

It kept me laughing every Thursday.

—Todd "One" Mumford

Let's face it. 1996 was a weak year for films.

Nevertheless, out of the year's films that I have seen, here are five actually worth viewing.

### 1. Fargo

Welcome to Minnesota, where certain members of the population are as cold as their icy climate. One needs a sick sense of humor to appreciate this dark movie.

### 2. Trainspotting

Watching this British film, I embarked on an emotional roller coaster sparked by its content, lively and hilarious at times, shocking and depressing at others.

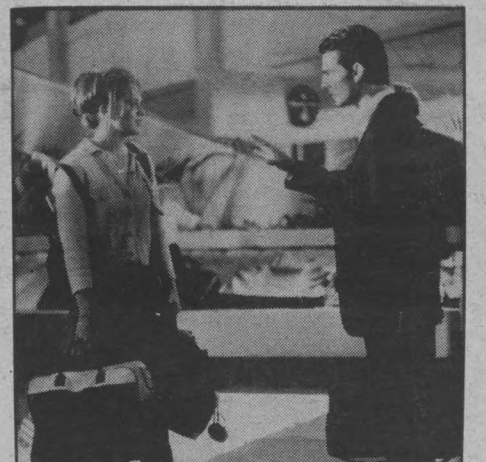
Based in Scotland, the movie's unique characters represent the '90s at their finest and most textured. The characters frequently choose a wild ride of music, sex and heroin as if to escape monotonous and sometimes harsh reality.

Although the thick Scottish accent is difficult to get used to, viewing this film is an amazing experience.

### 3. The Birdcage

This remake of an old French film is by far one of the funniest movies I saw last year.

The clash of two polarized, somewhat stereotypical, families provides an extraordinary, whimsical and highly entertaining story that makes *The Birdcage* one of last year's best films.



### 4. Jerry Maguire

I am astounded by how good this movie actually is. Tom Cruise plays Jerry Maguire, a sports agent whose business talents make him a symbol of American greed.

For those who have not yet viewed the film, the plot may seem weak and boring, but the movie honestly is not. I am definitely not a Tom Cruise fan, but his acting in *Jerry Maguire* is outstanding!



### 5. Shine

Many people haven't heard about this movie, but everyone should try to see it. It is a true story about a child prodigy pianist from Australia, David Helfgott.

His success and joy is transformed into emotional anguish and overwhelming pressure — leading David into a mental

See 1996 p.7A

## ATTENTION JUNIORS & SENIORS

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Deadline to Register: January 29, 5:00 PM

For more information or to register for the exam, go to the Writing Program office, South Hall 1719, or call 893-2613.



## 1996

Continued from p.6A

breakdown. This film was the most powerful, deep and moving movie I saw last year.

—Jennifer Levy

1996 was the year that "alternative" officially became mainstream again. With second, third, and fourth albums being pumped out by formerly "underground" or "alternative" acts — garnering them massive radio airplay and the ubiquitous teeming of devoted pre-teen minions — the line between these formerly credible artists and the latest Euro-trash became blurred.

Does pop stardom instantly negate the often brilliant accomplishments of some of these bands — simply because it is fashionable to love/hate them? Maybe, maybe not. Many of this past year's most engaging and ambitious releases came from established and (gasp!) popular artists.

1. Phish / *Billy Breathes*

While a marked departure from the gravity-defying and genre-bending musical aloofness of their previous albums, *Billy Breathes*, Phish's sixth studio album, offers up a more concise, direct effort highlighting the songcraft of guitarist/vocalist Trey Anastasio.

While freeform jams and throngs of touring fans make comparisons to the Grateful Dead inevitable, Phish's excellent performances and musical inventiveness truly put them in a league of their own.

2. The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion / *Now I Got Worry*

Atonality, rockabilly, and truckloads o' attitude make this one of the most enigmatic releases of the year. Elvis, Muddy Waters, Joey Ramone and Sly from the Family Stone had a love child — Jon Spencer was its name.

3. Beck / *Odelay*

Bob Dylan, an eighth of mushrooms, a sampler, a slacker, a rapper, a bottle of Jack and a touch of genius.

4. Korn / *Life is Peachy*

Childish at times, Korn appeals to the angry junior high metal head in all of us. Fusing the aggressive cadence of rap and the minimalism of postgrunge neo-metal

(a la Helmet and Soundgarden), Korn provides ample opportunity for spontaneous acts of moshing and stage diving (or whatever you young bastions of individualism and freethinking come up with next).

5. Tool / *Aenema*

Complex, sophisticated and disturbing. Tool's third album picks up where *Undertow* left off, pummeling the listener with unpredictable time changes and tyrannical vocals. Tool pushes heavy rock in new directions without falling back on the clichés of straight-up heavy metal.

—Bryce Baer

1. The Bluetones / *Expecting to Fly*

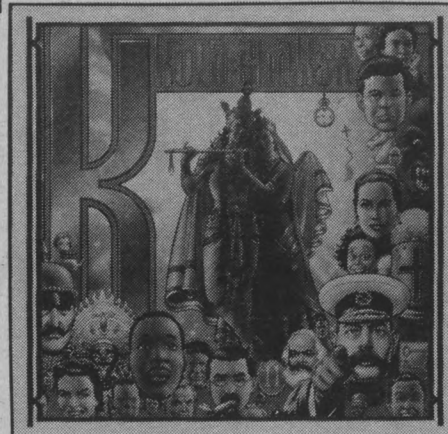
Quite simply perfect in every way. An instant classic. Mellow and thoughtful, yet simple. A brilliant debut.

2. Pulp / *Different Class*

For Jarvis Cocker, 1996 has become known as the year he mooned Michael Jackson on stage at a music awards ceremony in Britain. This unfortunately distracts attention from the fact that 1996 also saw Cocker's band, Pulp, release their best effort yet. *Different Class* is a delightful set of social observations set to catchy music.

3. Manic Street Preachers / *Everything Must Go*

A phoenix-like return for the now three-piece Manics. A more accessible sound and a great set of songs make this an album that just keeps growing on you.

4. Kula Shaker / *K*

K is heavily influenced by the Far East, and in songs such as "Tattva," this exotic flavor gives the album touches of brilliance. At other times, such as in tracks like "Govinda," it doesn't quite work. But Kula Shaker certainly knows how to rock, and their straight '70s Led Zeppelin- and Hendrix-style numbers, "Hey Dude" and "Grateful When You're Dead," definitely make K worth a listen.

5. Huey Lewis and the News / *Time Flies - The Very Best of Huey Lewis and the News*

All the best from my childhood idols, plus four new songs. Enough said.

—William Banks

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## Artsweek Campus Comment

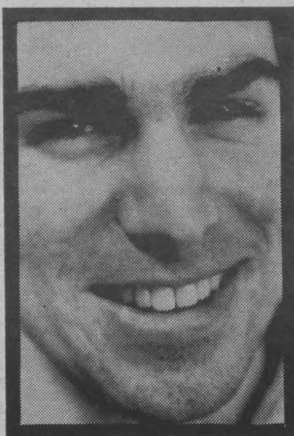
Interviews by Jesse Belinger  
Photos by Djamel E. Ramoul

*What did you like best about arts or entertainment in 1996?*



“The English Patient. It was very moving and emotional, and the acting was great.”

Rachel Hanson  
freshman  
undeclared



“I liked Beck.”

Colin McCarthy  
junior  
Associated Students  
External Vice  
President for  
Statewide Affairs



“West Side Story at [the] Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera. The actors were really good.”

Cynthia Farrell  
senior  
Latin American/  
Iberian Studies



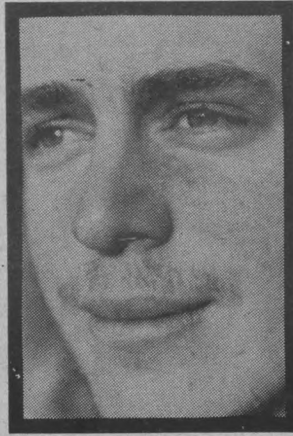
“The Jackie Chan movie Rumble in the Bronx.”

Mike Dawson  
senior  
communication



“Queen Latifah in Set It Off because she portrayed a lesbian woman, and the movie was very realistic.”

Arcelia Arce  
junior  
political science/  
Chicano Studies



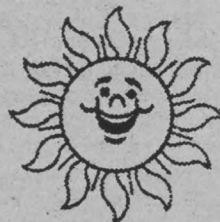
“The Republican National Convention.”

Mike Neurauter  
junior  
chemistry

**Calling all bands: Artsweek is in the process of putting together our local-bands issue. If you wanna be included or if your friend's band seems worthy of some attention, give Xuxa a call at the Nexus (893-2691), and leave your details.**

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