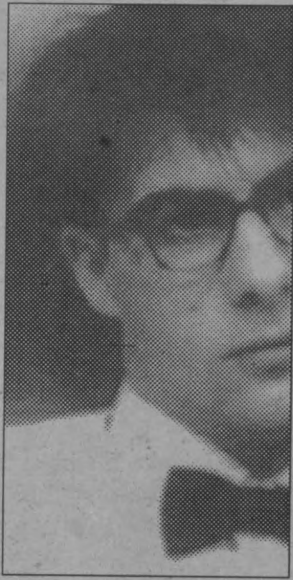




Artsweek Editor Robert Hanson takes on Bill Murray and "Rushmore." "Blast from the Past"



"Rushmore" was, perhaps, not quite ready to be released. Writer/director Wes Anderson obviously had an excellent screenplay from which to work, but for some reason, unfortunately, he failed to see his vision through.

"Rushmore" begins with what can only be described as a dark, inventive, witty energy that almost carries through the entire film. This ingenious dark wit stems from both Anderson's quick character development and his somewhat less apparent deconstruction (at least in the beginning of the film) of the standard "loser-makes-good" comedy.

Self Destruction

Artsweek Editor Robert Hanson takes on Bill Murray and "Rushmore."

Relative newcomers Jason Schartzman and Olivia Williams take on the roles of Max Fisher and his love interest Miss Cross. Joining Schartzman and Williams is big bad Bill Murray, who brings in the star power as steel tycoon Mr. Blume.

The film centers around the goings-on at the Rushmore Academy, where 10th grader Max Fisher has, in effect, appropriated for himself the identity of a "poor man's" Ferris Bueller. Fisher, as the film labors to point out, has seen to it that he has as much to do with the day-to-day business of the Rushmore Academy as any administrator.

Fisher then makes the acquaintance of Rushmore alumnus Mr. Blume. Blume recognizes 15-year-old Fisher as a kindred spirit of sorts, and surprisingly the two become fast friends. The friendship is then quickly broken when Fisher and Blume both fall in love with one of Rushmore's elementary school teachers,

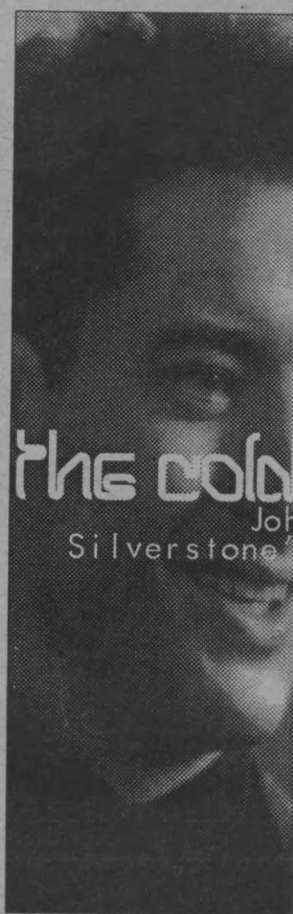


Miss Cross. The tension between these three characters then works to consume the remainder of the film as Fisher and Blume go to increasingly desperate lengths to win the favor of Miss Cross.

Schartzman and Murray assume the roles of neurotic, self-destructive, obsessive loners almost too well. The scenes of their stalker-like attacks on one another were acted out with the utmost of restraint and precision, furthering the already dark and twisted nature of the film. Williams also worked well into the cast, juxtaposing her seemingly sane and innocent character against the insanity that surrounded her on all sides. The only thing that even remotely marred the cast's performance was Bill Murray. Though his acting was right on, his persona as a Hollywood "sacred cow" worked to give this film an almost clichéd feel.

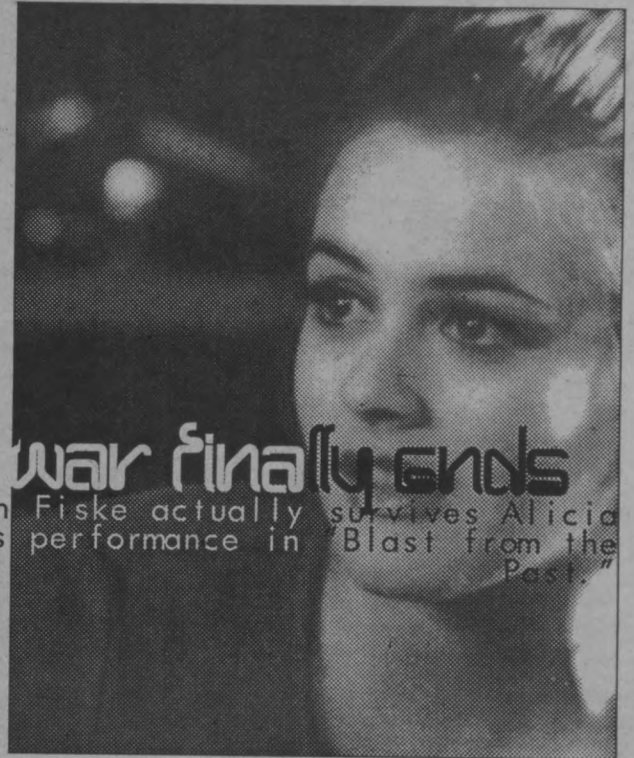
Not to give it away, but this film is a wonderful escape from the typical Hollywood fare until the very end where Anderson had to sell himself out. What began as a cutting-edge dark comedy with the momentum of a steamroller ended just like every other big-budget mainstream comedy. The only thing Anderson failed to include at the end was a fucking sing-a-long.

The rest of the world will no doubt love this film, and this reviewer can't in good faith dissuade anyone from going to see it. But what turned out to be an OK film could have easily been a great film — oh well.



The Cold War Finally Ends

John Fiske actually survives Alicia Silverstone's performance in "Blast from the Past."



into it during a false alarm, a plane crashes into his house, giving them the impression that nuclear war has broken out. He sets the locks for 35 years to discourage them from prematurely emerging. Calvin's bomb shelter is so elaborate, it includes heat, water and electricity to sustain them.

Thirty-five years later when the locks turn off, they send up their now-grown-up son, Adam, out for more supplies. So impressed is Adam that he totally forgets where he came up from. All he knows is that it's near a porno shop, of all things.

Adam's quest for supplies leads him to a baseball card expert, Alicia Silverstone's Eve. His baseball card collection is good for a lot of money, considering it includes numerous old, mint condition cards like Mickey Mantle's rookie card. Eve is subsequently hired by Adam to help him around modern day L.A.

The whole idea of hiring Eve to help him around L.A. and eventually find him a mate to take back down to the shelter is not the least bit hackneyed, but it still has an adolescent charm. And that's not the least of "Blast From the Past's" problems, but yet it still works and honestly charms the audience. Much should be credited to co-writer/director Hugh Wilson, who has made many a feel-good film, including the underrated "Guarding Tess" and the hit "The First Wives Club."

Fraser seems to be making a small career out of playing outsiders like Adam, out of time and place, and maybe a little too innocent. Consider his first role in "Encino Man" or even "George of the Jungle," and his role in "School Ties" also carries similarities. Where Bruce Willis is the self-effacing hero; Fraser seems to be the gentleman, simply making sure that those around him are as comfortable as he is. It's pleasant to watch someone just be nice for a change.

In keeping with this, it is the performances that keep "Blast" from crossing the line into being naïve and stupid. Christopher Walken, traditionally identified with being evil incarnate (like Michael Ironside), is in fact the most interesting to watch, as he shares multilingual conversations with his budding child, or dances with his wife, or even when he curses the communists. And it's nice to see Alicia Silverstone out of her slump that included the below-par "Excess Baggage" and the terrible "Batman and Robin." Although she may not be living up to the promise of "Clueless," Silverstone is at least showing she can make the transition from teen star to more mature work.

Maybe the film's best performance belongs to "Kids in the Hall" alum Dave Foley, as Eve's gay roommate, Troy. His performance serves a rather traditional purpose — offering comic relief and nuggets of truth at the proper moments — but Foley injects enough humanity and humor to make Troy very watchable.

As mentioned before, there are a few problems that hamper "Blast's" effectiveness. The first is the central hole in the film's plot. Do they really expect us to believe that Adam would not figure out in his two weeks in the real world that

"Blast From the Past" is an enjoyable little film that has something most other big releases like "Message in a Bottle" lack, and that's modesty. It may not seem like much, but a film that manages to be as quaint and nice as Brendan Fraser's Adam has enough going for it to interest me.

Beginning in 1962 during the Cuban Missile Crisis, a charming inventor named Calvin (Christopher Walken) makes a super bomb shelter for his family. When he takes his pregnant wife Helen (Sissy Spacek)

See BLAST, p.7A

MICHAEL OZITO

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A-TWICE

A string of violent incidents occurred on Melrose last Valentine's Day, when a mob of disgruntled rappers waged wanton acts of violence against dating couples and boutiques. Rappers Craig Mack, Bushwick Bill, Tear Da Club Up Thugz, Ganksta Nip, E-40, Mia X and the entire Wu-Tang Clan (plus their 150 affiliate members) were among the many identified in the disturbance.

During Valentine's day, unsuspecting revellers of romance were suddenly placed in a position of peril when, according to Jeremy (22), "a van full of black guys rolled up and starting yelling a mouthful of incomprehensible jargon. When I tried to approach to see what was the

problem, they called me a Sugar Ray-listening p%&#y whipped bitch! Oh my god, I mean, what's wrong with Sugar Ray? They did a song with some guy called KRS-1, whom I understand is like a god to these black rap dudes." The rappers then began smashing boutique windows and flinging CDs by C-Murder and Britney Spears at couples. Rappers E-40, Chubb Rock, Heavy D, B-Legit and Mia X apparently raided a See's Candies store.

Citing themselves as the "Heartbreak Club Coalition," rapper E-40 described it as a coalition for rappers neglected from love and left "assed out without no one to cuddle with."

"What y'mean I'm too ugly?" Craig Mack exclaimed, "I got flava for your ears, ain't that enough to stop noticing a ni%&az acne?"

Phife Dawg described it as an attack on "player hatin' assed lovey dovey motherfuckers. I'm jiggier than that nigg&# Will Smith, came out sensitive on The Love Movement, yet bitches call me too short. FUCK THAT!"

When asked for comments, Too Short mildly guffawed. "It's understandable there's a lot of upset muthafuckers out there," he said, "after all, I was keepin' seven of my hos happy on Valentine's. I'm happy, but what's a bunch of ugly looking brothers like them supposed to do?"

Oddball Kool Keith agreed, stating that "these rappers need to see hump pink elephants and get a nuclear rectal probe."



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"Naaaaw, fuck that, son," Bobby Digital, AKA the RZA, seemed the most perturbed of his Valentine's Day situation. "Ever since I made that Bobby Digital album, bitches be too scared to talk to me and the Clan. What the phuk is that, son? I ain't no slap happy ni%&ah, a ni%&ah need love, too. Cappadonna be talkin' about how he's epitomizing the title of his track, 'Lone Hearts.' Masta Killa's brokenhearted because not only don't bitches like him, he's the weakest ni%&ah in the clique! Yo, Valentine's is analog, god, word up." Further comments from the coalition's headquarters were requested, but none of the calls were returned.



OK, I'm bullshittin', but here's some factual tidbits I received, courtesy of www.biphopsite.com and other sources ...

First off, tragedy struck the world of hip-hop once again. On 02/15, Tommy Boy recording artist Big L (23) was shot to death in his neighborhood of Harlem, New York. Known for joints such as "V.I.P." and most recently "Ebonics," he was a celebrated member of the Diggin' In The Crates collective, comprised of himself, Diamond D, Fat Joe, Show, AG, Buckwild, Lord Finesse and O.C.

The question that will undoubtedly rise in many minds is: Why have so many rappers died by gunfire? To answer that question, one must notice the sociological realities that lie behind hip-hop. Hip-hop has been, and always will fundamentally be, a music intrinsically tied to the streets. Poverty, living off of welfare stamps, living next door to a crack house, having homies and relatives pass due to various circumstances; no matter what your understanding is of these situations, this is the reality that lurks behind the context of a majority of hip-hop. Therefore, hip-hop fans (especially non-urban-reared listeners) must understand the power behind an art form propelled by its sociological environment. In a neighborhood like Harlem, for example, unfortunate circumstances can happen to anybody since negativity knows no prejudice.

Take Big L, who was bred on the streets and didn't move away from his neighborhood. You think that even after becoming a moderately well known "ghetto star" (meaning 'neighborhood celebrity' for those not in the know) that he could separate himself from the disparaging elements of delective urban life? You do the math, because somebody's altered status does not mean that their world changes with them, and that shit is realer than real. Treach of Naughty by Nature administered words that rang in truth (to a certain extent): "If you ain't been in the ghetto, don't come to the ghetto. You ain't from the ghetto? Stay the fuck away from the ghetto."

Here's some other news (to end this muthafucker on a

See A-TWICE, p.6A



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SOUNDS

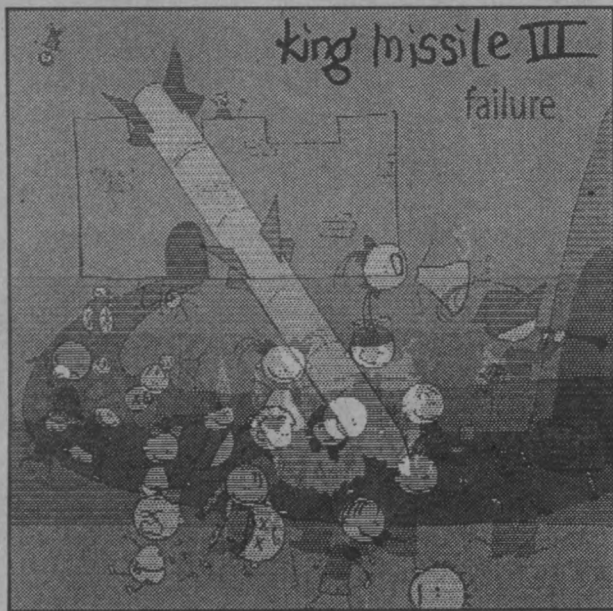
Cineplexxx / *Posologia* / Caipirinha

Posologia is a strange, beautiful album. Ambient scores race past the ears with the spirit of hurricanes, lush pop vocals sooth over the austere peculiarities of electronica daydreams, and beats ripple unexpectedly like raindrops in waterfalls. I can't explain how Cineplexxx has created such visual images to correspond with the sounds he makes, but the entire album possesses this certain electronic-exotica quality that is really beyond description.

Perhaps it is because Cineplexxx hails from Brazil that he has managed to consolidate the wide variety of sounds native and foreign to Brazil's unique musical history into something rich, spooky and interesting. Like the stylings of French band Air, Japanese pop guru Cornelius, and Beck's new mish-mashed Americana explorations, Cineplexxx adds himself to this new foreign-domestic sound mutation. With transcending Britpop harmonies, sporadic drum ripples and low, organic basslines reminiscent of rock out of the rainy Northwest, this album is another influence in what is becoming a new pop sound.

Of course, there are songs that go on too long without going anywhere and others that lack melodies or harmonies of interest, but all in all, Cineplexxx is indeed a soundtrack for the dreamy make-out crowd majoring in Portuguese and '50s trashy travel novellas.

— Jenne Raub



King Missile III / *Failure* / Shimmy-Disc

Are they just a novelty group? A silly one-off joke that got old a long time ago? I suppose that depends on your point of view. One thing I can tell you for sure, though: They're back, and they're certainly not worried about that question. John S. Hall, the geek responsible for "Detachable Penis," is back with another album full of whiny diatribes that are alternately mean, arrogant, self-pitying and just plain weird — and the stuff is funnier than ever.

The music is quirky enough to fit the words, but doesn't draw too much attention away from them. The real reason to listen to this or any other King Missile recording is, without a doubt, for the laughs. So the only other thing that I could do in this review is give a few examples. But if there's one thing I hate about reviews of movies I want to see, it's when they give too goddamn many of the jokes away. So I won't do that with this, then, after all.

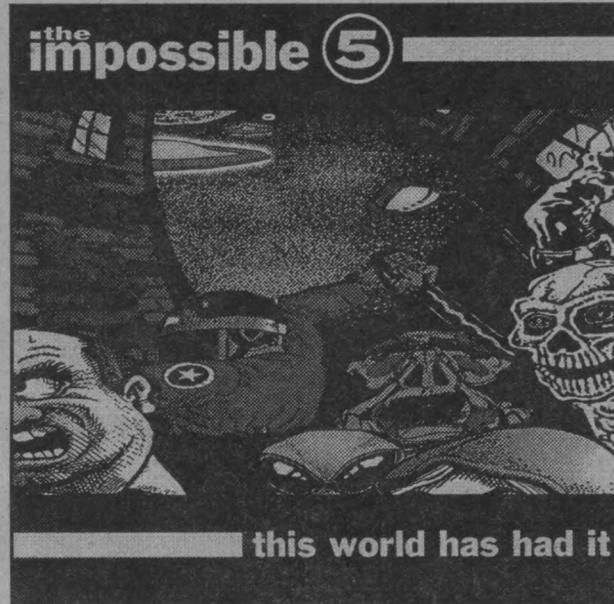
— You may not believe it, but Josh Miller gets paid for this

The Impossible Five / *this world has had it* / 4:20

Here in front of me lies the newest offering from The Impossible Five, called *this world has had it*. The second release from this ska/punk band is brought to you by some of the good folks from Poway, California. Yes, the area that brought you Blink-182 (note: the 182 was put in by the evil person known as The Man), Unwritten Law, Judd Bueschler, and Eddie Vedder (I think that is only a rumor) offers us another great treat.

Impossible Five kicks out some great punk/ska on this album. The music gets really up-tempo and in short spans of time you go from slamming to skanking. At any rate, the album really does have a great sound to it. The guitars are played with great skill and a somewhat unique ska beat brings home the bacon on this album. The lead riffs are pretty damn cool and, frankly, rather impressive when compared to other punk/ska leads. However, when it comes to the ska beats you have to hand it to the drums and bass as they play some cool

background that keeps the energy flowing. The vocals also feature some cool panning and scanning with speakers in the first two songs.



Overall, I am pretty impressed with the latest offering from Impossible Five, and I hope to see more from them in the future. If you are into the punk/ska third-wave thing, I suggest checking this one out because the musical quality of this album is a lot better than the current trend in punk/ska.

— Dan Villain (guess my real name and win a cookie)

Defari / *Focused Daily* / Tommy Boy

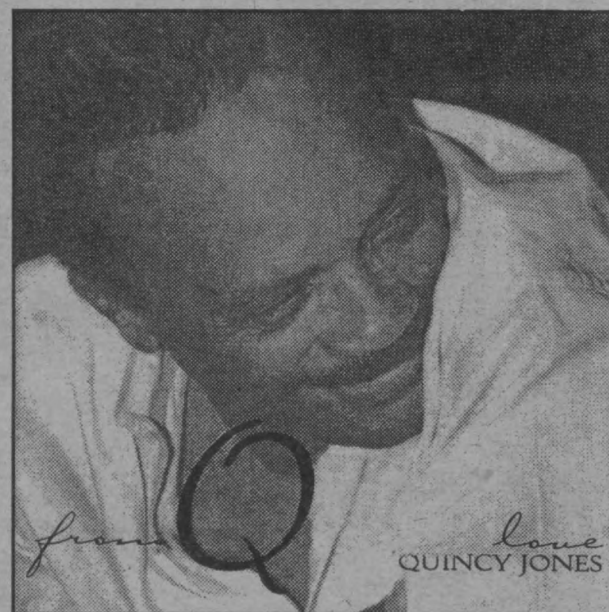
Up from the L.A. underground (and high school teaching) and dropping behind the strength of a major label, Defari brings us *Focused Daily*. Battle rhymer, have your cash ready, because this one is mostly for you.

With the exception of a few songs, *Focused Daily* is some knock-you-over-the-head-with-my-rhymes shit. And in Defari's case, that's not a bad thing.

The song that put Defari on the map, "Bionic," is graciously still on the album after its release two years ago. Evidence and Xzibit leave their mark on "Focused Daily" and "Thunder & Lightning," respectively, which are two of the better songs on the album. "Never Lose Touch" gets your head nodding with a hard bassline and piano that sounds like it was left off the "Clockwork Orange" soundtrack. Defari uses the track to show how he is no glamorous star and is still in touch with the important things. Around the middle of the album things get a little slow, as songs like "Likwit Connection" just don't carry the same energy as some of the more high-octane highlights.

Although there is not too much ground-breaking material on it, *Focused Daily* remains a tight album. On nearly every track Defari brings heavyweight lyrics that would make most rappers shudder in horror. The ample supply of lyrics combined with tight production from Evidence, E-Swift and Alchemist combine for many solid hits and a few knockout punches. In his own words, *My peoples' feelin' me/that's what counts the most*.

— Trey Clark's bound to be drafted by any team but the Celtics.



Quincy Jones / *From Q With Love* / Qwest
2 Live Crew / *Greatest Hits Vol. 2* / Lil' Joe

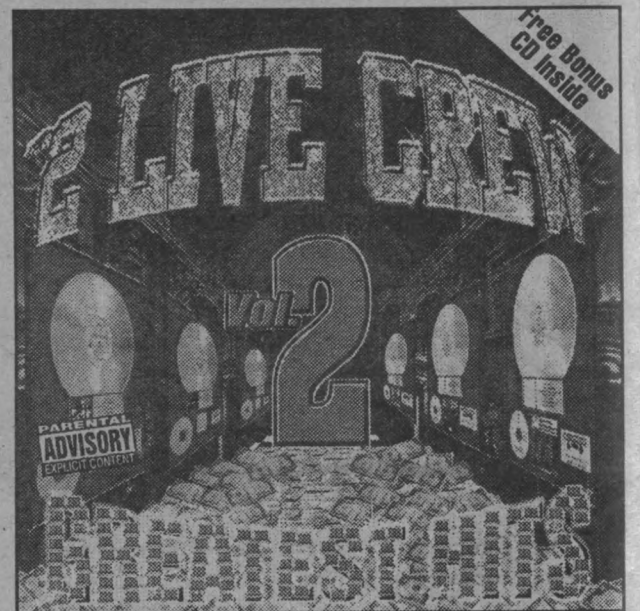
Aaahh, ain't the air sweet? It's the smell of Valentine's aftermath, as the fragrance of candlelight dinners, serenades, intimate love making and lonely masturbation sessions all

congregate into one huge mass of a chaotic aftertaste. We all know that Valentine's is the one day in the year that everybody's personal life becomes magnified, amplifying the various diaspora of sentiments ranging from intimate to hormonal to just plain pathetic. Therefore, here are two selections that help represent the amalgamation of Valentine's activity.

For those looking to bathe in the totality of fulfillment sought out in relationships, *From Q With Love* will surely deliver and provide. Yeah yeah, it ain't the normal hip-hop shit that I review, but who the fuck cares, muthafucker? Quincy Jones gathers a selection of his favorite compositions and productions performed by an all-star lineup of talent.

Revisit serenading moments with Take 6 and Sarah Vaughn on "Setembro." Fellas, play "The Secret Garden," the track from his *Back on The Block* album featuring Barry White, James Ingram, Al B. Sure and Siedah Garrett; it's sure to mesmerize your lady into a hypnotic state. Unfortunately, she may forget about your ass entirely, but that comes with the territory. Shit, I mean how can you sleep on classics such as "Human Nature" with bad Mike, and even ignore the majesty felt from "The Shadow Of Your Smile" featuring The Don Sinatra and Count Basie?

Q's songs are, in fact, pretty good examples of what good pop is: catchy, melodically sweet harmonies that are somewhat formulaic, yet somehow retain class and integrity in



their structure by refusing to be oversimplified. Even his newjack hits such as "Heaven's Girl" with Aaron Hall, R. Kelly, Ron Isley and Charlie Wilson as well as Tevin Campbell's "Everything" are the shit. This album is dope, whether for entertaining your special someone or sitting in the dark lamenting about being played like a dumb muthafucker.

However, if you choose to lament and use Lubriderm and/or Vaseline, then don't waste your time; try having 2 Live Crew's *Greatest Hits Vol. 2* fulfill your promiscuous fantasies for you. This album is the quintessential opposite of *From Q*... It is vulgar, insensitive, and acting as an incarnation of a walking semen-spewing penis. Well, girls seem to like this shit no matter what these nig&sz say anyways, so you might as well bump this hella loud. If not, at least transpose yourself to their lyrics so you can revel in pornographic fantasies of pulling hos 20 times doper than the girl that dumped you. Hey potna, you got "Me So Horny" written all over your forehead, yo.

— A-Twice says his time to rule has come

Peanut Butter Wolf / *My Vinyl Weighs a Ton* / Copacetic Records

"Yeah, give me a hit of that ..."

Peanut Butter Wolf pulls out his new album *My Vinyl Weighs a Ton* and asks me to choose my poison.

"Wow, 24 tracks, what's best here?"

Peanut Butter Wolf gives me two hits of Planet Asia and I'm already hooked.

"Damn, I didn't know this kid came like that! Plus over those beats! That's some potent stuff!"

PBW smiles and passes a bowl of Rasco laced with Q-Bert.

(Cough cough.) "Oh snap, that one hit my head hard! I'm out on my feet. Enough of this though, I want something that will make my head spin."

Before the last words come out of my mouth, PBW hands me a silver plate with a few lines of turntablism on them. One of these is extra long, nearly nine minutes, and cut up by Rhetmatic, Kid Koala, Rob Swift, A-Trak, Hands, Z-Trip, Total Eclipse, Qwest, J-Rocc, Shortcut and Cut Chemist.

"Do I gotta pay extra for this?"

PBW shakes his head "no," and my nose drags across the plate like a nasal vacuum cleaner. Immediately I turn crazy

hyper and start trying to do head spins and windmills. PBW looks worried as my uncoordinated ass repeatedly falls hard to the ground. He hands me a couple of bottles of Likwit crew member Lootpack to calm me down.

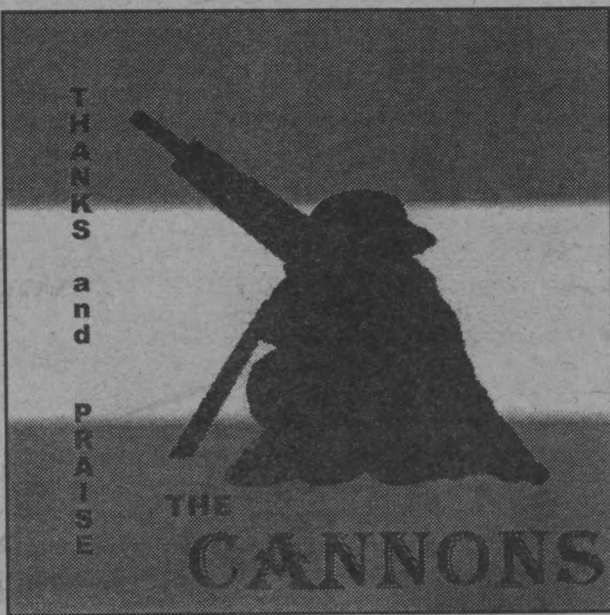
"Watch me take this down really quick ..."
My head feels like it will fall off my neck as the bottom steadily rises in the air. Before I can take down the next one, PBW hands me a picture of the deceased Charizma and lets me hear what is probably one of the last songs that will ever be blessed by his voice. Sadly, I pour out my remaining bottle out of respect.

Seeing that I'm sobering up, PBW tries to cheer me up with a blend of the remaining tracks. Although it's not as strong as some of the other stuff I tried, it does do the trick. Things are looking up.

"So how did you ever get such a stupid name like Peanut Butter Wolf?"

Oops, he must not have liked that comment. He angrily grabs his supplies and leaves. I chase after him, knowing that I will need his material now that I know how it feels.

—Trey Clark does not condone the use of illegal drugs.



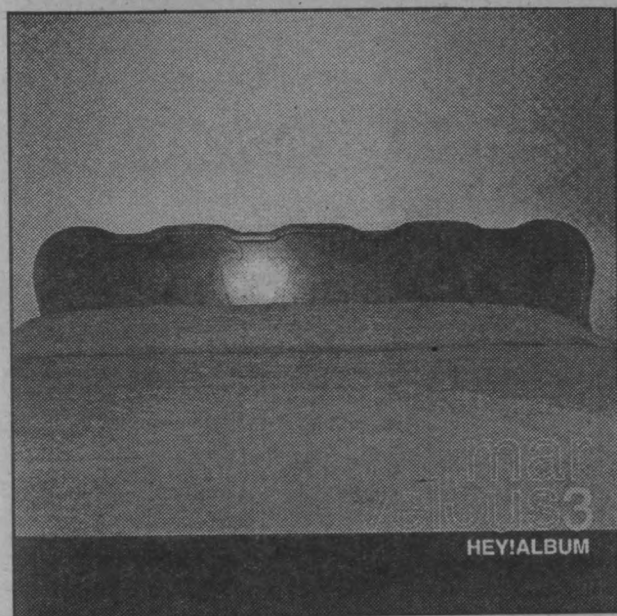
The Cannons / Thanks and Praise / Red-Red-Productions

Reggae is great, especially when you can pick up any album and it lives up to your expectations of good reggae sound. The Cannons stick to the original style of Bob Marley in *Thanks and Praise*, and while offering no really big surprises, still deliver.

Fronted by D. Hyde and having sufficient backup from the seven other members of the band, the sound is not empty and fulfills its job of being great music to chill to. Track five, "Lion's Den," is reminiscent of Natural Mystic's "Flyin' Lion Zion" and employs horns in the beginning for full enjoyable effect.

These guys use traditional reggae flavor, and the best part is that they copy from the master, which can only help their sound. For those of you who are into the simple sounds of reggae, the Cannons hold your ear's attention.

—Julie Kraim



Marvelous 3 / Hey! Album / Elektra

Before ripping this album to shreds and destroying the hard efforts put into the creation of *Hey! Album*, let me first state that the staff and crew of Marvelous 3 are indeed working their hardest to create a gorgeous product of disenfranchised, tattooed rockers. A Nan Goldin-esque photo-

See M3, p.7A

One of the most dynamic roots music bands in the world, Quebec's La Bottine Souriante makes its infectious sound with a high energy mix of Celtic, salsa, New Orleans brass band music, French balladeer vocals and distinctive foot-stomping. John McCusker of Scotland's Battlefield Band exclaims about La Bottine Souriante: "It's official. They're the best band in the world." La Bottine Souriante lives up to its worldwide reputation on the recent CD release *Xième*, and in regular appearances on Garrison Keilor's *A Prime Home Companion*.

Taking its name, which means "the smiling boot," from the appearance of a work boot whose sole has started to peel off, La Bottine Souriante has been making roots music new since its inception as "a gang of young guys in search of adventure; a little group of musicians from the country who played in a hotel for the weekend," according to Yves Lambert, the band's frontman, singer and accordionist.

What began as an informal weekend jam session at a hotel in 1976 has become a more-than-two-decade-long adventure in music. And parallel to Quebec's varied cultural makeup, La Bottine began immediately to explore a wide array of possible combinations of music, developing a unique sound that appeals to listeners of such diversity that at one concert a punk rocker and a nun became so entranced with the up-tempo



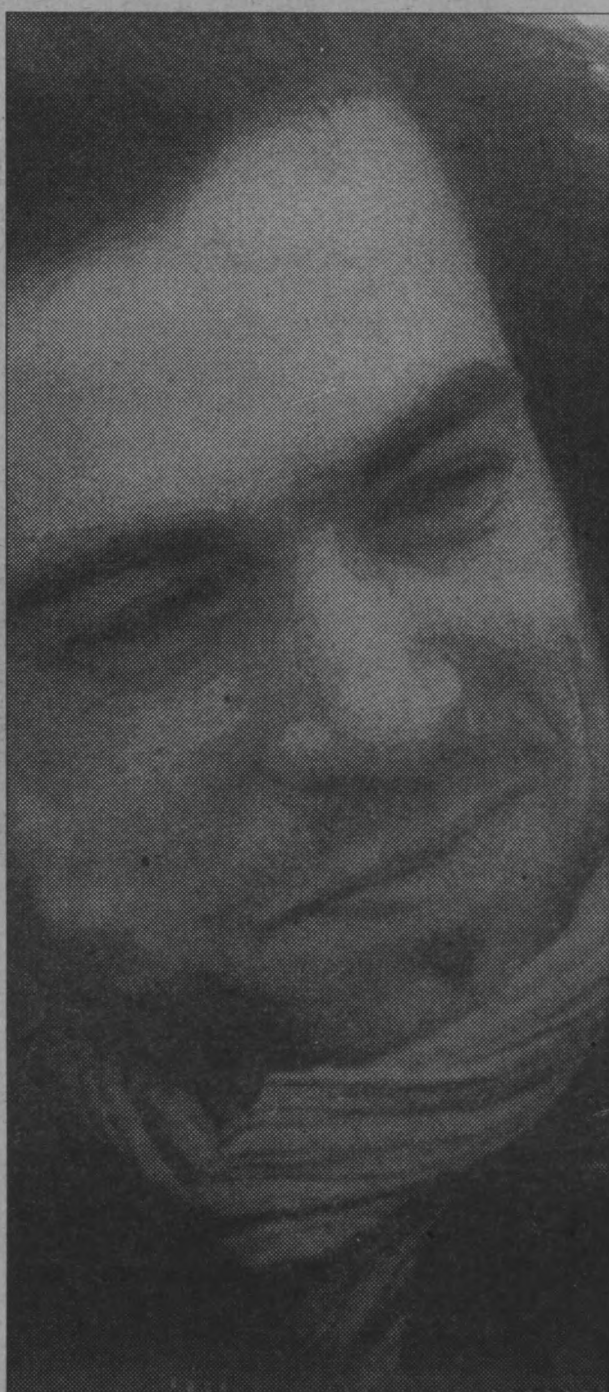
sounds that they found themselves dancing with each other.

The nine musicians who make up the band include a rhythm section composed of Régent Archambault on acoustic and electric bass; Denis Fréchette, known as the South American of the North, on piano, accordion and vocals; Michel Bordeleau, whose spectacular foot-tapping makes a dazzling solo appearance at least once as well as providing steady rhythmic drive during each concert, also on fiddle, mandolin, guitar and vocals; and the fiery young fiddler André Brunet also plays guitar. Providing hilarious "Franglais" introductions of the music that keep English-speaking audiences delightfully apprised of the contents of the lyrics, Yves Lambert plays harmonica and harp in addition to accordion. The band's swaying, swinging brass section is led by arranger Jean Fréchette on saxophone, percussion, flute and clarinet. It also includes Robert "Bob" Ellis on bass trombone, trombonist André Verreault and trumpeter Jocelyn Lapointe.

Often associated with the Celtic music revival due to the apparent influence on Quebec roots music of Irish and Scottish immigrants in Eastern Canada, La Bottine's music has been, since the beginning, a melting pot of musical flavors, which the band incorporates as it tours the world, discovering sounds that blend with its own hybrid roots music. While always playing traditional songs of the rich Quebecois traditions, the band's December 1998 CD, *Xième (Tenth)*, includes songs developed to showcase La Bottine's most recent new influences, Basque accordionist Kepa Junkera and Finnish violinist Arto Javelä.

La Bottine's previous recordings include *En Spectacle*, the 1997 CD that provided a retrospective look at the band's ever-evolving history and won a Félix (Quebec's Grammys) for best folk album and a Juno (from The Canadian Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences) for best roots/traditional album. They've earned Félix and/or Juno awards for *La Mistrine* from 1995, *Jusqu'aux P'tites Heures* in 1992 and *Je Voudrais Changer d'Chapeau* in 1989.

La Bottine Souriante will make its Santa Barbara premiere performance Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. For tickets or more information, call UCSB Arts & Lectures at (805) 893-3535.



OK, space cadets, here's the long and skinny of it: I know the vast majority of you don't exactly cream your pants every time Arts & Lectures decides to screen a new film. After all, A&L doesn't have the reputation for putting on the most gut-wrenching productions of modern cinema. However, this Sunday evening, you actually have the chance to support your school and view something that'll be worth your five bucks.

"Gadjo Dilo" is the story of an adventurous Frenchman and his madcap assimilation into Gypsy culture. The main character, played by Romaine Duris, is in search of a Gypsy singer who has plagued his soul since childhood. While on his journey, Duris stumbles upon a rustic village of Romanian gypsies and is quickly taken under the wing of its hard-living chieftain. What ensues is a raw and bare-boned tale of

THINGS YOU SEE film: "Gadjo Dilo"

love, friendship and human persecution. But don't let the thematics fool you, "Gadjo Dilo" is not some hackneyed attempt to explain all that is meaningful in this life. It is a real and mundane parable, allowing its cast to educate the audience from a very human standpoint.

Written and directed by Tony Gatlif, who is a Gypsy himself, "Gadjo Dilo" can be considered a fairly accurate portrait of a world that is entirely foreign to you and I. Edward Guthman of the *San Francisco Chronicle* stated that this film is a "buoyant, raw look at Gypsy culture [which] explores the pettiness and mob mentality of an insular community and makes its subtle plea for tolerance and understanding at every social level." The viewer is afforded an exceptional view of human nature, looking on as a historically rejected people gradually transcend their own defense mechanisms in an effort to embrace a man-not of their own blood.

While the film is translated from French and Romany into English subtitles, none of its appeal is lost on lazy viewers like myself. The story line is interesting and easy to follow, and its inherent sensitivity translates smoothly into the Anglo language. Besides, the film is due to start at 6 on Sunday evening at Campbell Hall, and "The Simpsons" doesn't start until 8.

Students: \$5. General: \$6. For more information, please call Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

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22. Best Coffeehouse
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43. Best Surf Shop
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A-TWICE
 ■ Continued from p.1

lighter note): According to a certain interview, the Living Legends crew is soliciting Pep Love (Hieroglyphics) and Phat Lip (Pharcyde) to become the newest members of their crew. WHAAAT?! Are you fu-cking joking? Speaking of Phat Lip, my man Travesty told me that at a recent Pharcyde show, Imani was talking smack about him. At least they ain't back up here for the 30th time in two years.

Goodvibe Recordings is expected to have a rather exquisite lineup this year. Soon to come will be Spontaneous's Spontaneous Magic LP, featuring Tash, Xzibit, Saukrates, Rock and Bahamadia. Animal Pharm's full length, titled State to State ... Elevate will feature various guests along with Panda's No Smog in Atlantis, which will feature Aceyalone, Awol-1, Jizzm, Statik and Bahamadia ...

Finally, I'd like to end this week's column by dissing certain muthafuckers that deserve no love: rich kids that find thrill in stealing shit. Case in point, the fabulous employees of Morniglory Music Isla Vista (including myself) have had the pleasure of encountering the trifling annoyance called theft. What's better is that we recently discovered who it was as well. If you're reading, you know who you are; we've known it's been you for a long time, and frankly put, it's your muthafucking ass if we catch you again. Some spoiled David Schwimmer-like chump looking, Katie Holmes blowup doll fondling, monthly subscriber to the Ginger Spice fan club candy-assed muhfuckers steal merely for the kicks; it's counter to how they've acquired possessions, as opposed to always having limitless credit card expenditures. Trust me, you won't know when you're being watched or suspected. Phuck you very much, peace out.

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BLAST

Continued from p.1A

there was no nuclear war? In addition, Spacek is forced to ham it up a little too much as she becomes more and more of a lush. "Blast" never really wants to take much too seriously. What of Calvin's near McCarthyist anti-Communist feelings — how would the traditional and religious Adam react to Troy's gayness? (once he figures out it doesn't mean he's "really happy") What would be the serious effects as Adam saw the real world?

But these are questions that will never be answered in such a light romance as "Blast." And like the gentleman the film speaks of, it leaves us feeling as good and content as he does.



M3

Continued from p.5A

graph of an orange-clad bed in some hotel decorates the cover; inside, photographs of the well-styled and eyelined lads are displayed in washed-out black-and-white. There are close-ups of what is either the vocalist (and rock-star-in-the-making) or the best-looking. The whole thing folds out to make the shape of a plus sign, with simple text displaying the lyrics to the songs of Marvelous 3.

I'm not sure why they bothered to list the lyrics to the songs, because the songs are so lacking of anything remotely interesting, powerful or new. So, rather than bore

you with how much this song sucks or how much that song sucks, I'd rather bring to your attention the wonderful staff who made the look of Marvelous 3 come together.

First, the stylist, Jennifer Elster, is to be commended for her excellent job in selecting such trendy-yet-revolutionary attire for the members of Marvelous 3 to wear. The black tank top, coupled with the variety of chic new bowl cuts for men's hair, have created a look for the band that is decidedly 1999. The photographer, Marcelo Krasilcic, has worked with such styling to create a new chic for the season. His recognizably ripped-off Nan Goldin

cover shot and the wide experimentation of photo styles within the album undoubtedly are on the path to something new and different. Makeup, as provided by Devra Kinery, has ensured that every member will indeed wear eyeliner.

Marvelous 3 looks marvelous, thanks to the hard-working staff, under the watchful eye of the art director (Lili Picou), the booking agents (Chris Tanner and Scott Clayton) and the A&R (Nancy Jeffries, Zsuzsanna Murphy and Nina Ritter). They all collaborated to enable Marvelous 3 to live up to its name. If only the music did.

— Jennifer Raub is at the top of the food chain.

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