

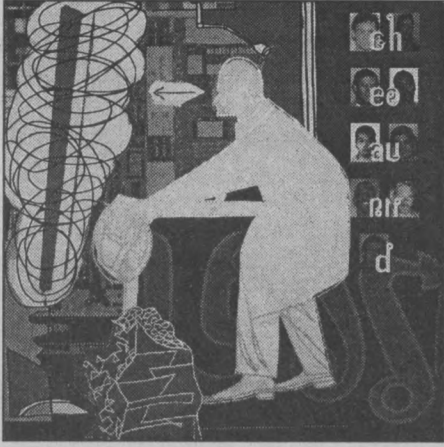
act the fuck u p, back the fuck up, n****s talk sbit, get smacked the fuck up, straight up.

artsweek



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theater | film | straight to video classics

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*



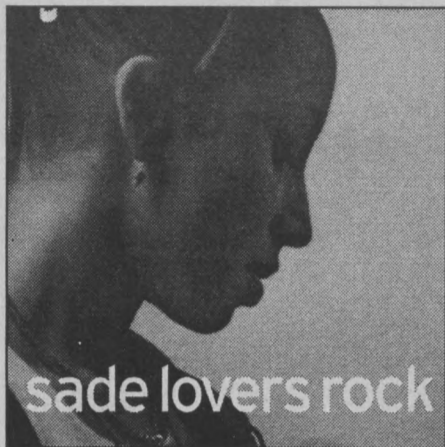
Lesser | Gearbound | Matador

Let me be real. Robotsex may certainly be "cool" and "mysterious" to most folks, but any way you slice it, he is still just a weird-eared guy who either spends his Sundays snapping his fingers at girls while saying, "Fetch me a beer, baby," or at the circus. Of course, those girls do what I say, and most circuses just have a half-drugged elephant, lots of warm Orange Crush soda and monkeys riding tricycles.

As one could imagine, this doesn't lead to the most exciting of times, and certainly no six-person orgies. But I was saved by a person who was not content with the state of American entertainment. This individual: Lesser (aka DJ 40-year-old woman). His solution: a psycho circus. And even though I tacked on the word "psycho" to such an innocent word like "circus" just to be funny, don't be mistaken — *Gearbound* is very much like a psycho circus. This former touring member of Matmos and collaborator with Kid 606 represents well with his own brand of "schizophrenic beats and garbled electronic wanderings." "Intuit Like an Inuit," with its hip hop flavor and the glitchy electronica track "Voice O'

Reason," are just two of the gems that offer up a blend of musical quality.

With about 16 tracks of music that can spice up your Sunday for a relatively cheap price, *Gearbound* may come with a few side effects if you listen to it too much, i.e. the loss of sanity. Still, that is a small price to pay for something this cool. Find it, buy it, love it. [Robotsex believes in life after love]



Sade | Lovers Rock | Epic

This review is a bit belated, considering that *Lovers Rock* was released at the end of 2000, but bearing in mind Sade's eight-year absence from the music world, I guess it's best to say, "better late than never" and leave both counts of tardiness at that. Since its release, *Lovers Rock* has already seen terrific album sales and its first single "By Your Side" climb up the charts, receiving airplay on a wide variety of radio stations, including our very own Q104.7. This news comes as no surprise, for Sade creates sounds appealing to lovers of all ages and backgrounds — even my father, whose tastes include only the most refined chorale music productions

and intricate bluegrass constructions, walked around the house singing "Smooth Operator" after I downloaded it from Napster over the summer.

While another "Smooth Operator" number is absent from Sade's latest, *Lovers Rock* contains 11 beautiful hits that are at once timeless yet surprisingly aware of the innovations in music over the last decade. While "Flow" and "King of Sorrow" aren't trip hop, for example, Sade's sound reflects such developments in music without sounding the least bit contrived. Low-key beats and understated production values suggest, rather, Sade's ability to incorporate a wide variety of influences, from African vocal harmonies to jazz, all the while focusing their energy on crafting beautiful songs rather than on any particular genre. Ultimately, the fusion formula works, although for many listeners, *Lovers Rock* will be too soft and melancholic, leaning a bit in the direction of Paul Simon's *Graceland* rather than Portishead's *Dummy*.

At the very least, *Lovers Rock* is an album that lives up, literally, to its name. The smooth, chill songs are not meant for those aiming at mere copulation — this is an album for people interested in *making love*, all right? Or, at the very least, those thinking about making love, or who are sad over not being able to make love anymore, or anything even remotely connected to making love. For some reason, I mostly picture thirty-something yuppies playing this album on a hi-fi stereo system while setting out Pottery Barn dinnerware for a romantic dinner, aromatherapy candles all aglow, but with Valentine's Day around the corner, there's no reason not to infuse your grubby Isla Vista apartment with the sweet, sensual sounds of Sade. [Jenne Raub]



The Microphones | It Was Hot We Stayed in the Water | K

Autumn harmony uncorrupted by proposed meaning or metaphor. Nature is processed by sensitive, poetic types from Olympia, Washington, through any instrument handy (xylophones and accordions included) into music soft and refreshingly humble. This is the meditative breath exhaled by a fluorescence-baked secretary when they reach the summit of a mountain trail overlooking the Pacific on a dewy Sunday. A haiku of juxtaposed samples of wind and water with three-part melodies that make Belle and Sebastian seem tame and dissonant. On the plastic disc itself is a drawing of headphones with cockshells where the earphones would be appropriate.

The Microphones, those youthful musical communists, run the underground railroad for listeners who would like to retreat to a cabin in the Pacific Northwest, switch on a turntable and sit by a fireplace watching the snow smother the memories of suburbia. I started humming one of the melancholic stanzas of organic purity on my way to work and

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SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

found myself walking down a dirt path I never knew existed. Quickly, I recovered my ingrained sense of societal responsibility, but made a scrawling note to myself to say thanks again to the eclectic comrade who let me borrow this crafted jewel of an album. [Joseph Martinez]



Buckfast Superbee | *You Know How the Song Goes* | Walking

As a completely guitar-driven outfit, San Diego's Buckfast Superbee produces rock that combines power-pop vocals with melodically enhanced punk guitar riffs. This sound is unique, and, without a doubt, mesmerizing to the ear and mind. *You Know How the Song Goes* could be the steppingstone to more pop- and riff-oriented rock.

This band throws in no tricks or surprises to get our attention. Instead, this album is simply some guy playing guitar in a garage, happy to be in a band. The guitars provide the anger, angst and frustration, while the vocals provide a delicate overture. The bridges are probably the most interesting aspect of its guitar style, providing sudden and ear-pleasing changes that butt up against one another

until the infectious lead hooks and vocals provide a brilliant release of pure pop sound. Each track is unique in style, providing a complete album.

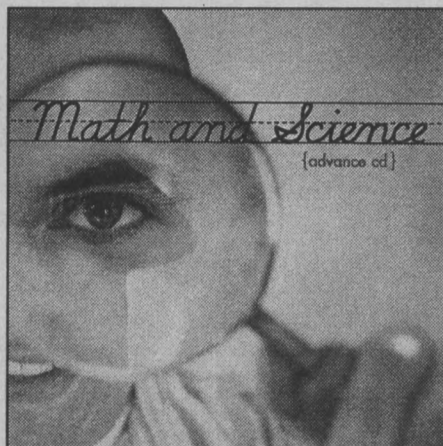
Buckfast Superbee is obviously interested in getting out a chorus that's candy for the ear in every song. But it falls short of its predecessors by taking more of a formalist approach to its guitar playing, instead of a more minimalist and focused style. It tries too hard to make it work, but all in all it creates a sound that is a worthy progression in the rock scene. [Collin Mitchell]



Erin McKeown | *Distillation* | Signature Sounds

As I was sitting here listening to Erin McKeown's album I was reminded of why I don't go to coffeehouses. One, because I don't like hot liquids, and two, because I don't want to hear the sound of depressing music that assaults my lobes when I want an iced coffee. *Distillation* is a collection of songs that all sound almost exactly alike. I thought I had left my CD player on repeat, but it was really just the lack of depth of the album. Change it up a little, Erin. I thought you knew that sad and melancholy was out this year.

I did not enjoy listening to this album at all. Even though it only has 11 songs, I felt like there were 1,100. This CD was bad; not in the good way, but bad in the "it sucked" way. I got high and listened to the album, and you know what? It still sucked. So I'll stick to my iced coffee and pass on Erin McKeown's latest work. [Ray Smith]



John Wolf | *Math and Science* | Brick Red

A proclaimed dunce in the areas of math and science, John Wolf turned to the arts for divine inspiration, displaying his apparent knack for music in his debut album *Math and Science*. With catchy lyrics and a happy-go-lucky feel, John Wolf is almost on to something ... almost. Although the album possesses a definite indie rock feel, the unfortunate fact about it is that it's all been done before.

The mixture of guitar and sampled beats that cover the album are definitely enjoyable, but the lyrics fall short of complimenting the sound. Covering subjects like relationships, the high school experience and the all-encompassing experience of life, the words become trite and dull

after several tracks. If Wolf was aiming at groundbreaking epiphanies in his songs, it's not going to happen with lyrics like "She left me all alone / When I thought she was at home."

Although not a solid debut album, *Math and Science* does show some potential. With a little extra study time, John Wolf may find his niche musically, but for now his sound remains lost in the indie rock shuffle. [Jill St. John]

Various Artists | *Free the West Memphis 3* | Aces & Eights

This is an album about rock. No, strike that. This is an album about *rawk*, or at least about having a sea of nonfunctional cars on your front lawn.

The West Memphis 3 is a trio of young heshers who were convicted on murder charges, without any forensic evidence, solely on the basis of musical tastes and styles of dress (yes, Virginia, people really are that stupid. Look it up: www.wm3.org). Therefore, this album has a decidedly political theme: The songs are either folksy protest cuts, like Steve Earle's "The Truth," or else ironically defiant trash-rock, like Nashville Pussy's cover of "Highway to Hell." At best, the songs combine the two approaches, providing intelligent, yet balls-out anthems from bands like Rocket from the Crypt and L7. The standout track, however, is Kelley Deal's eminently silly deconstruction of a Pantera track.

Like any compilation of any worth, there is a wide musical terrain covered on *Free the West Memphis 3*. Inevitably, some of the tracks fall through, but any comp with the Murder City Devils on it is Solid Fatkid Gold. [DJ Fatkid's t-shirts have no sleeves]

a perfect circle

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A FISTFUL OF FUN

TRIUMPH OF LOVE IS FULL OF, UH, UNEXPECTED SURPRISES

probing of the theater **lindsay farmer**

Love takes on every form and shape, but leaves the audience with a smile in Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera's "Triumph of Love." The Central Coast Premiere production is a masterful blend of music, humor and old-fashioned love that is recommended for everyone looking for an uplifting evening with a group of very talented actors and all the laughs you can take.

While the beginning took a while to get interesting, it was necessary to set up the characters and the multitude of disguises. Once the perimeters of the play were set and the mayhem began, the laughs continued until the last line.

The translated and slightly modernized version of "Triumph of Love" follows Princess Leonide of Sparta in her quest for true love. This quest takes her to the forbidden gardens, home of the object of her love, young Agis (David Burnham), his bitter aunt, Hesione (Christopher Callen), and scholarly uncle, Hermocrates (Mark Capri). Logic rules in the garden where emotions are forbidden, especially the most illogical of all emotions: love. Women are also forbidden in the garden, causing Leonide to disguise both herself and her maid, Corine (Stephanie J. Block), as men. Under these disguises they are allowed admittance to the garden and Agis. But before the lovers can be together in eternal bliss, they must overcome the small obstacle of Agis being trained to kill Princess Leonide and take the place as the true heir of the Spartan throne (Leonide's uncle killed Agis' parents). Also, Hesione falls in love with the disguised Leonide, and Hermocrates falls in love with the girl Leonide pretends to be after Hermocrates discovers her initial disguise. But somehow, as they always do, things manage to work themselves to the point of everyone hating everyone else, followed by everything working out fine and true love wearing the crown.

The songs steal the show. Fifteen new songs were developed for the musical, all of which were delightful. A personal favorite was the stunningly amusing Corine with fellow sidekicks Dimas (Michael Kostroff) and Harlequin (Patrick Richwood). Together they brought down the house with the seductive "Mr. Right" and the hilarious lament "Henchmen Are Forgotten."

The outstanding performance of Princess Leonide

orphan running from her tyrant husband. Each character added to the tangled web of lament for the characters and laughter for the audience.

The stage itself was simple, but allowed full attention to be directed to the actors, who worked fluidly as a team. Assisting the actors was a blend of comical innuendoes, smart-aleck remarks and unexpected assistance from the orchestra. When you see this play, make sure you are awake and attentive, for if you are not, some of the great subtleties of the play may pass you by. But for those who are attentive, the show is an exciting combination of everything you could want in a classic, heart-warming musical.



“**LOGIC RULES IN THE GARDEN WHERE EMOTIONS ARE FORBIDDEN**”

(Tami Tappan) was the center of the story. As a single actor, Tappan put forth four characters; three as disguises to each of the people in the garden, and one as her true self. The audience watched Tappan move from a lovesick puppy to the most stereotypical female bimbo to an

"Triumph of Love" performs at the Granada Theatre through Wednesday, Feb. 11, through Saturday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 7 p.m., and Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m. \$12-\$47; discounts for students, seniors and groups. For information, call 966-2324.



Better than drama camp >> Is that PeeWee Herman? And what's he doing behind that woman?

thingstodo >> calendar

today | **thursday**



While you could very well stand in line tonight at Q's, why not nourish your culturally-deprived soul by listening to a pianist renowned for his virtuosity, sensitivity and broad repertoire? Christopher O'Riley has been called "a wonder of informed, intelligent, concentrated stamina" by the *New York Times*, and he's slated to perform the Prokofiev Sonata No. 3 in A Minor, Op. 28! Campbell Hall, 8 p.m. \$13 - \$19 students; \$19 - \$25 general.

tomorrow | **friday**

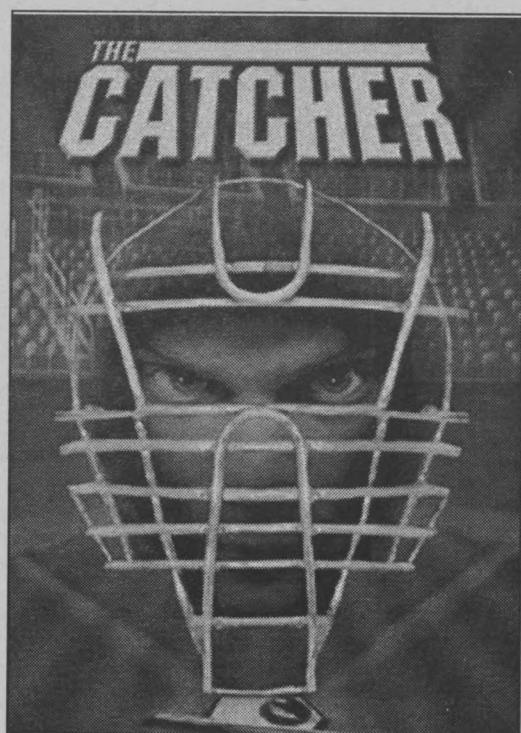


Since turning Toronto's live and dance music scenes on their end, the New Deal has been taking its brand of live, improvised, breakbeat and house music on a steady rise throughout the U.S. and Canada. They formed in 1999, have opened for the U.K.'s Mad Professor, and have been featured in magazines such as *Spin* for the "is it a jam band or a rave?" conundrum they pose with their freeform sessions. Check them out at The Edge (it's on State St.).

weekend | **saturday**



Yep, it's that time of the year again. Spike and Mike, the guys who brought you Beavis and Butthead, South Park, Rugrats and Wallace & Gromit, are back and ready to unleash their 2001 feature length collection of bizarre, shocking and disturbingly grotesque animated films. If you didn't catch the screenings on Thursday and Friday night at Isla Vista Theater, it's time to check them out tonight at 8:30 and 11 p.m. \$7.50. 18+

straight *to video*
classicsBALL-ISTIC
LOCKER ROOM MURDERS IN
THE CATCHERfull count **jack lloyd clark, the third**

Gripping plot, powerful acting and clear, creative cinematography: These are the essential pieces of a quality film, and they are all conspicuously absent from "The Catcher."

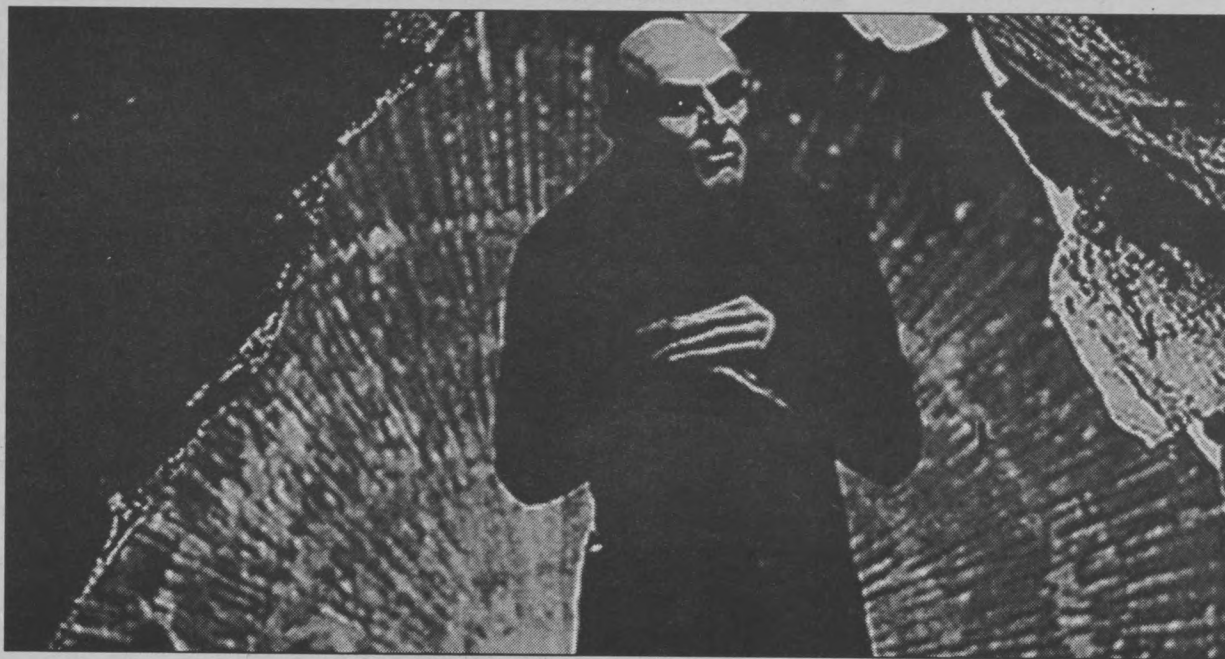
But don't count "The Catcher" out just yet. What it lacks in quality, the film more than makes up for with heart. It's obvious that director Jeff Hoffman had nothing to work with, and, just like a bad poker player, he still refused to quit. The effort is almost cute.

"The Catcher" opens with a father and his young son playing catch in their front yard. The dad goes ballistic when his son can't catch the ball, screaming obscenities and various other trash talking. At the boy's game the next day, the father is again bitching out his son. This time around, the kid committed three errors, so like any good father, the dad "toughens up" his son by beaming him with a few well-thrown fastballs and knocking him face first into the dirt. When the dad turns his back, the son takes the opportunity to crack him from behind with his bat. A few nice swings later the father is dead.

Fast-forward about 20 years, and David Walker (you've never heard and never will hear of the actor who plays him) is a catcher for the minor league Bakersfield Devils. Walker is a former league MVP, but now he bats .101. He gets kicked out of the final game of the season, his girl dumps him in the locker room, and he's more than a little peeved. He starts to drink away the pain with a little Jack Daniels, and he hasn't even found out that his con-

please see **CATCHER**, p. 6A

film | review

PASS THE KETCHUP
SHADOW OF A VAMPIRE SUCKS ... BUT IN A GOOD WAYtwenty and four **andy sywak**

Pull up those turtlenecks. By the time 2001 gives way to 2002, four vampire movies will have rolled in and out of theaters, all aiming for that lucrative "youth goth" market. Thankfully, with "Shadow of a Vampire," the year of fangs and long black coats starts off with a good omen.

One of those "Does art mirror life or life mirror art?" movies that might interest Oscar Wilde if he were still alive, "Shadow" is an entertaining, if disjointed, short film set around the filming of an actual vampire movie. Despite some dire shortcomings in the movie's plot, "Shadow" nonetheless stays engaging through the rapturous and engrossing performance of Willem Dafoe and a good one by John Malkovich.

A movie about a movie in the same vein as "Bullets Over Broadway," "Cecil B. Demented" and "The Player," "Shadow" tries to tiptoe the thin line between fiction and reality. Set against the filming of the actual 1922 vampire classic "Nosferatu," director E. Elias Merhige contorts the real lives of actual historical figures for fun and dramatic effect.

John Malkovich plays obsessive German film director F.W. Murnau, who is dictatorially filming "Nosferatu" in a remote area full of superstitious peasants. Along with him are his lead Gustav (a hilarious Eddie Izzard of HBO stand-up fame) and a vain, flapper starlet Greta Schroeder (Catherine McCormack). In order to make his vampire movie as realistic as possible, Murnau recruits the famous Max Schreck (Willem Dafoe) to play his vampire, Count Orlock. When Schreck does not

socialize with the other actors and insists upon staying within his dark castle, Murnau plays him off as the ultimate method actor. All this is amusing to his crew until bodies start to disappear, alerting some that Murnau may have lied to them about who exactly Schreck is in his mad quest for cinema glory.

"Shadow" clocks in at only 89 minutes and keeps its message short and sweet, refreshingly avoiding any tangents and subplots. At the same time, however, it is this super-tight editing that is the main problem with "Shadow." There are many abrupt transitions from scene to scene, leaving the viewer to question how exactly the movie got to where it is at the moment. This lack of continuity and plot cohesion is the major detraction from elevating this otherwise intelligent film up from more than just an entertaining night out.

Watching "Shadow," one thing becomes obviously apparent — Dafoe unequivocally steals the show. Taking three hours to get into his make-up for the role of Schreck, Dafoe is a very convincing vampire. He dominates the show with his snarling bloodlust, humorous dialogue and overall freakiness. Basically a theatrical actor, Dafoe pulls no punches in bringing the methodical and horrific Count Orlock to life.

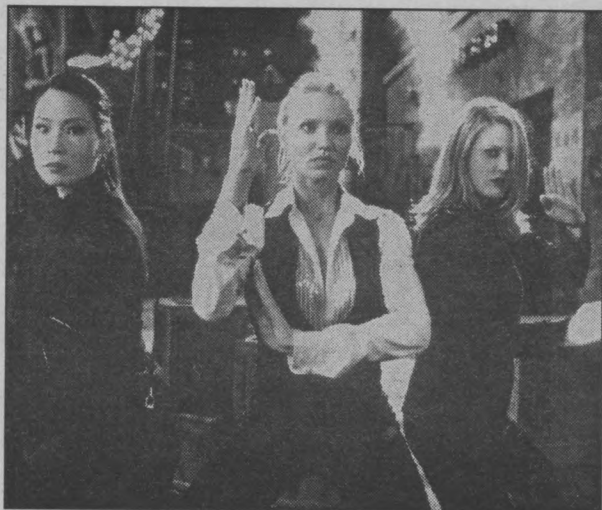
In writing the film, screenwriter Steven Katz remarked, "One of my real targets is how we raise artists up on a pedestal, when most of them, outside of their craft, are real sons of bitches." With "Shadow," the nefarious along with the humorous side of the artist comes out.

“
DAFOE DOMINATES THE SHOW
WITH HIS SNARLING BLOODLUST,
HUMOROUS DIA-
LOGUE+
OVERALL
FREAKINESS
”

thingstodo >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**

Craving celebrity? The World Music Institute in New York City, in conjunction with our very own A&L, are bringing Iranian music superstars Mohammad Rez Shajarian (Iran's most renowned classical vocalist), Hossein Alizadeh (on *tar*) and Kayhan Kalhor (on *kamancheh*) to Campbell Hall. To enhance audience appreciation, A&L has arranged a pre-concert lecture, "An Introduction of Persian Classical Music," at 7 p.m. \$14 - \$20 student; \$22 - \$28 general.

next week | **tuesday**

"All the women, who're independent, throw your hands up at me!" Get yourself in an ass-kicking good mood by catching one of the screenings of "Charlie's Angels" at I.V. Theater. Join Lucy Liu, Cameron Diaz and Drew Barrymore as they dodge bullets, drive race cars, and steer powerboats, all the while glossed up, funny and fabulous. OK, so it's not by-the-book feminism, but it sure is fun. 7:30 and 10:00 p.m. \$3 student; \$5 general.

next week | **wednesday**

We're sure you've got some bottled rage about something. Why not burn gas and go all the way to Los Angeles to check out this really amazing metal band. Because if you're not angry while you're there, you'll certainly be angry at yourself afterwards for wasting all the money and time it took to get down there. As for you metal fans out there, the bands playing at Coconut Teaser are subStance D, Full Contact and Anubis Rising. 8117 W. Sunset Blvd.

CATCHER continued from p.5A

tract with the team has just been cut.

Walker's first order of business is to kill the opposing team's star player. So, naturally, he suits up in his catcher's gear as a disguise, uniform and all. A bat to the back of the star's head takes care of the situation. Next, Walker tracks down his teammate Billy, whom he doesn't get along with very well. He tapes Billy to a table, drops his pants and proceeds to make love to Billy's ass. Once he's had enough, Walker gets kinky and shoves a bat up Billy's behind, killing him.

All that murdering makes Walker tired, so he takes a break to go get his pink slip from the team's general manager, a young woman named Terry (you've never heard of her either). While Walker asks for his job back, the janitor bolts in the door to alert Terry about a big puddle of blood he found in the basement. Walker claims he has to "check some-

thing out," at which point he finds and murders the team's manager, Red (with a pitching machine — on high speed, of course). Soon the chase after Terry is on, and "The Catcher" hits the home stretch with a very surprising plot twist. Actually, the movie cheats, because the twist is impossible to detect beforehand.

One of the fun things about "The Catcher" is the game you can play while watching it. Clocking in at exactly 90 minutes, it's obvious that there are about 20 minutes of filler added to a 70-minute movie. Watch it with your friends, have everyone take notes, and see who can detect the most excess footage.

Despite its ineptness in the basics of filmmaking, "The Catcher" is a classic. Some may call it amateurish or cheap, but I call it innovative. Mark "The Catcher" just a notch below the best occupational horrors of all time — "The Dentist" and "The Dentist 2."

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film | review



DUKE ELLINGTON IS COOL AS HELL

ON THE ROAD WITH DUKE ELLINGTON: A FLICK FOR SOMEONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT JAZZ

obviously not stoned_david downs

There's something about mastication that makes legends not so legendary. All the chewing and talking while chewing — it's just gross.

"On the Road With Duke Ellington" is an intimate look at the jazz legend in his own element at age 68.

Some of it is candid and funny, while overall you are left with the sense that you didn't really learn much. Learning something from a documentary happens to be a preference of mine, whereas "On the Road" really just enforces what everyone knows — Duke Ellington is cool as hell. Always was, always will be. At the table of cool, he sits just to the right of Steve McQueen.

I have very little knowledge of jazz, but it always went without saying that Duke Ellington was jazz, and he was cool as hell. "On the Road" shows Ellington working the

crowd as a seasoned M.C. with some 54 years of experience and a pair of twinkling eyes hiding behind puffy lids.

His talent as a musician goes unchallenged, but "On the Road" showcases Duke's talent as an entertainer. The

biggest venues were his own intimate dive bars as he stood alone with the mic in the spotlight, smiling and snapping his fingers. Damn, he was cool.

My roommate is kind of a jazz person, and anybody who is a jazz person will scoff at this movie as ass-licking tripe. These are his words, mind you, not mine. Like I said, I don't know much about

jazz, so it was nice to hear the songs and see the legend admit the reason he chose music was for the chicks. As a

film, it didn't have any kind of message other than praise for Ellington. Seeing as people don't really appreciate his music enough, "On the Road" touches on the composer's sentiments about the masses' desire for the hits and little else.

"On the Road" also shows very abstract compositions like "Traffic Jam" in addition to classics like "Satin Doll." Other notable scenes include the funeral of his protégé, some late-night rambling and reminiscing and a few shots of the man eating. And that's my point: Sometimes hero worship goes too far.

I dug on early Sean Connery flicks before it became absurd for his grizzled paws to grope Catherine Zeta-Douglas, Jones, whatever. But if someone did an intimate portrait of Mr. Bond taking a dump or blowing his nose, I just wouldn't go for it.

"On the Road with Duke Ellington": Go for the music if nothing else, you uncultured swine.

"On the Road with Duke Ellington" is playing Friday at 7:30 p.m. at Campbell Hall.

“

ANYBODY WHO IS A JAZZ PERSON WILL SCOFF AT THIS MOVIE AS ASS-LICKING TRIPE

”

MADHOUSE

⊗ phat drinks ⊗ dancing ⊗ smoking patio ⊗ no cover

THURSDAY NIGHT PARTY

\$2 shots : all well drinks \$2⁵⁰ 'til 11:30
ALL NIGHT : vodka red BULL \$4 all night

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READERSHIP POLL

Name: _____

Address: _____

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Check One: Student
 Staff
 Faculty
 Other (optional)

Rules:

1. NO PHOTOCOPIED BALLOTS. 2. Ballots must be dropped off at the Daily Nexus Ad Office, underneath Storke Tower, by Friday, February 9 at 5pm. 3. The "Best Of" Issue will be published on Wednesday, February 28. 4. ONE ballot per person. 5. Ballots must be filled out with reasonable completeness. Ballots with less than half of the blanks filled will be considered votes for Pat Buchanan. 6. NOTE: The Nexus' "Best of UCSB" is intended to be a good-natured contest among business groups and others in the community. In other words, this is not a cutthroat competition whose results are somehow of lasting significance. So please do not take it as such. 7. No recounts! Decisions of Ballot referees are FINAL, Supreme Court rulings notwithstanding.

1. Best Asian Food
2. Best Place to Work Out
3. Best Place to Pick Up Your Nexus
4. Best Vintage Store
5. Best Department Store
6. Best Ice Cream
7. Best Happy Hour
8. Best Dive Bar
9. Best Place to Dance
10. Best "Meat Market"
11. Best Beach
12. Best Bike Shop
13. Best Bookstore
14. Best Breakfast Place
15. Best Tanning Salon
16. Best Burger
17. Best Car Repair
18. Best Cheap Beer
19. Best Class to Sleep Through
20. Best Class to Wake Up For
21. Best Excuse for a Late Paper
22. Best Coffeehouse
23. Best Graffiti
24. Best Hair Salon
25. Best Discount Kegs
26. Best Local Band
27. Best Campus Bathroom
28. Best Mexican Food
29. Best Burrito
30. Best Music Store
31. Best Place to do Laundry
32. Best Place for Adult Entertainment
33. Best Italian Food
34. Best Place for a First Date
35. Best Place to get Laundry Quarters
36. Best Place to People Watch
37. Best Grocery Store
38. Best Outdoor Place to Crash
39. Best Radio Station
40. Best Restaurant when Parents are Paying
41. Best Sandwich Shop
42. Best Surf Shop
43. Best Surf Spot
44. Best Vegetarian Food
45. Best Expensive Beer
46. Best Free Lunch
47. Best Sushi Bar
48. Best Pizza
49. Best Excuse for Not Graduating after 4 Years
50. Best Secret Study Spot
51. Best Campus Rumor
52. Best Video Shop
53. Best Pickup Line
54. Best Place to see a Live Band
55. Best UCSB Vendor
56. Best UCSB Sport to Watch
57. Best Pool Hall
58. Best Student Job
59. Best Boss
60. Best Cheap Thrill
61. Best .com
62. Best Juice Bar & Smoothies
63. Best Dry Cleaner
64. Best On-Campus Club
65. Best Salad Bar
66. Best Drug Store
67. Best Thrift Store
68. Best Costume Shop
69. Best Sports Bar
70. Best Margarita
71. Best On-Campus Restaurant
72. Best Computer Repair
73. Best Computer Store
74. Best Park
75. Best Sporting Goods Store
76. Best Address in I.V.
77. Best Fish Restaurant
78. Best Bagel
79. Best Pasta
80. Best Place to Impress Someone when Using Your Cell Phone

Fill this out and bring it by the Daily Nexus Ad Office (under Storke Tower) by Friday, February 9 at 5 pm.

MOST



photo by Kathryn Fischekman

UCSB students have **0-4** drinks when they party★

1 drink = 12 oz. beer or 4-5 oz. wine or 1 oz. liquor

Over 3,000 UCSB Students DON'T DRINK AT ALL!

★Based on survey data collected by Student Health in 1999 from UCSB students in a randomly selected mailing.

For more information, call 893-2630.

Valentine's Day Not just for lovers anymore

You don't have to be in love to celebrate Valentine's Day —

- ♥ Let your roommates know you appreciate them
- ♥ Tell your boss you think they're cool
- ♥ Cheer up a friend by wishing them a good day.

A Daily Nexus Valentine is just what you need to make someone happy —



Mark Your Calendar!

\$8.00

Two (2) important dates:
 February 14 is St. Valentine's Day
 February 12 at NOON is the DEADLINE for getting your Daily Nexus Valentine! Don't miss it!

Come by Nexus Ad Office for more info Storke Tower Rm. 1041 8-5 Mon-Fri, Open during lunch