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THE VISTA

Thursday, March 14, 2002

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Volume 39. Issue 6

Alcala Vista's car thefts spark student concern

By Morgan Funke and
Erin Shea

STAFF WRITERS

In the past month, four cars have been broken into and vandalized near the Vistas.

"In all cases, either windows were broken or door locks damaged and stereos were stolen," said Larry Barnett, Director of Public Safety.

Students question whether it is safe to park their cars outside overnight. "I feel like I need a wall of armor surrounding my car so that it won't get broken into," said Erin Gabriel, a junior living in the Vistas.

Public Safety recently increased its surveillance methods. Barnett said Public Safety has also increased the visible patrols in the area in cars, on foot and on bicycles.

USD had similar incidents of vandalism last year, and Public Safety detained the suspect. However, students still question whether Public Safety is effective enough to stop criminal episodes on this campus.

"I don't think that Public Safety can be effective because no one thinks of them as having any real authority," said Lauren Hardtman, a junior. "In my experience, most people regard Public Safety as a joke."

Public Safety has more authority than some students think. "The San Diego Police Department has granted Public Safety the authority to investigate and adjudicate all misdemeanor crimes on campus," Barnett said. "All felony crimes are investigated jointly by both agencies."

Officers are selected through an interview process including a panel of students, faculty and staff members, Barnett said.

Each of the 20 officers on campus, including the kiosk officers, receive training in an assortment of law enforcement skills through various local police academies.

"All officers undergo a series of tests which include the standard police officer psychological exams, medical fitness exams and an extensive background investigation,"

Please see **Public Safety**, page 2

Fire safety on campus

By Jenny Perry

COPY EDITOR

The University's fire safety code is no laughing matter despite the frequency of student pranks and false alarms.

"Our school is very safe from a fire prevention standpoint," said Barney Holland, USD Fire Safety Technician for the office of Environmental Health and Safety. "I've been here five years, and we haven't had anything serious except for trash can or bush fires."

Every building has fire alarms and early warning detection systems except for small buildings like the field house and the trailers because their occupancy is minimal.

There are fire extinguishers in every building on campus. Ninety percent of the University's 600 fire extinguishers are multipurpose and extinguish all fires except for metal fires. The other 10 percent are specifically for computers and electrical equipment.

Resident Assistants, maintenance and lab technicians have all undergone fire safety training. The office of Environmental Health and Safety offers a fire safety course for anyone who is interested in learning about fire prevention.

Holland checks all the fire extinguishers and fire escapes every month. He completes a visual inspection checking seals, pressure gauges and tags on all fire extinguishers. Cal Protection, an outside contractor, also annually inspects and services the fire extinguishers.

In addition to routine checks, Holland attends monthly fire safety conferences to stay up-to-date on fire safety prevention. The Fire Department also comes annually to inspect evacuation areas and to make sure that fire safety records are current. Fire alarms are also tested annually.

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ALESSANDRA GUBEISSI

STAR organization on verge of falling

By Erin Toohey

S&C EDITOR

Due to a lack of faculty support, the campus organization STAR looks likely to fold less than two years since its creation.

STAR is Students and Teachers Against Rape, a group organized in the fall of 2000 when three male students approached Dr. Adrienne Lyles-Chockley of the Philosophy Department expressing concern about their female friend who had been recently sexually assaulted.

"They felt there was nothing they could do and no one to help," Lyles-Chockley said. "So they wanted to start their own resource for helping people who were sexually assaulted."

A little over a year after the founding of the group, STAR is falling. Without adequate support from students, faculty and administration, STAR is facing its end. Lyles-Chockley is leaving the University at the end of the semester, and the four founding students have pushed their efforts to the point of exhaustion.

"These are four of the most motivated

students I have ever seen," Lyles-Chockley said. "They are amazing, but you have to have more students. There is no way it can keep going without people putting in effort."

One major goal of the group is to make students aware that sexual assault does indeed exist at USD.

"Sexual assault is a crisis at USD," Lyles-Chockley said. "It must be addressed, and it must be addressed by the students."

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Lucky legacy of St.
Patrick, S&C p. 5

Special Pullout Section
The Vista's biannual music and entertainment issue



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University of San Diego



Words from the Desk

Insert witty headline here



Words make the world go 'round

So a termite walks into a bar and asks, "Hey, is the bar tender here?" Think you know a funnier joke? Well then, e-mail it to me (epalm@sandiego.edu) and maybe I'll print it in the next Words from the desk (if I deem it worthy).

I heard an awful rumor that all of the recycling on campus goes to the same dumpster and that the little blue recycle-bins are purely psychological to make people feel good. We shall investigate the matter further. I vote

that we start a revolution. Viva la planet earth!

Sometimes when you hear and read about all of the peril that goes on in the world it is tempting to feel helpless and like you could never make any difference at all. But think about it; right now you can educate yourself, get a degree and then go out and save the world. There aren't enough starry-eyed idealists out there and too many people get complacent in their old age.

New York Times bestselling author Michael Moore recently came and spoke at a middle

school in Clairmont. His book, "Stupid White Men," demonstrated the power of individuals when it almost didn't get published because of the ultra-liberal viewpoint. The publishers didn't feel it was appropriate after Sept. 11 and asked him to rewrite it. Moore refused and was left without a publisher. When he read a few chapters of his book to a group and shared his story, a librarian in the audience went on the internet and spread the word. Soon thereafter, many librarians protested and sent e-mails to the publisher. Moore was given a

small press run with a tiny book tour and his book hit No. 1 on Amazon.com and made it to the New York Times bestseller list (info from www.prwatch.org). Just goes to show what people can do.

That's all I have for this week folks. Don't forget to bring in your own mug for coffee at Aromas (all of those paper and Styrofoam cups add up), turn off the water when you're brushing your teeth and smile at people you walk by on the sidewalk.

-Emily Palm
Associate Editor

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page 1

Unfortunately students have not tended to support the group. "People don't commit their time and effort," Lyles-Chockley said.

She believes that much of the lack of support is due to the fact that people do not wish to be associated with a group that relates to sexual assault. Survivors have to be ready to talk about it and supporters must recognize their alliance with a group that deals with a difficult topic.

"I think a lot of girls don't like to acknowledge that sexual assault exists because it means they have to come to terms with the fact that they could be a victim," said Sara Hayes, one of STAR's members. "It is difficult to think that the person sitting next to you in Comm. class could be your assaulter."

Lack of faculty support is another of the reasons that STAR may not be able to continue. With Lyles-Chockley's departure, a new faculty advisor is needed for the group to stay an official Associated Students organization. "The faculty doesn't talk about assault," Lyles-Chockley said. "There is a concern for reputation and many don't want to align themselves with something political."

Without a faculty advisor, there is little chance the group will continue, but the students remain hopeful. "I hope we will get a new advisor who will fight

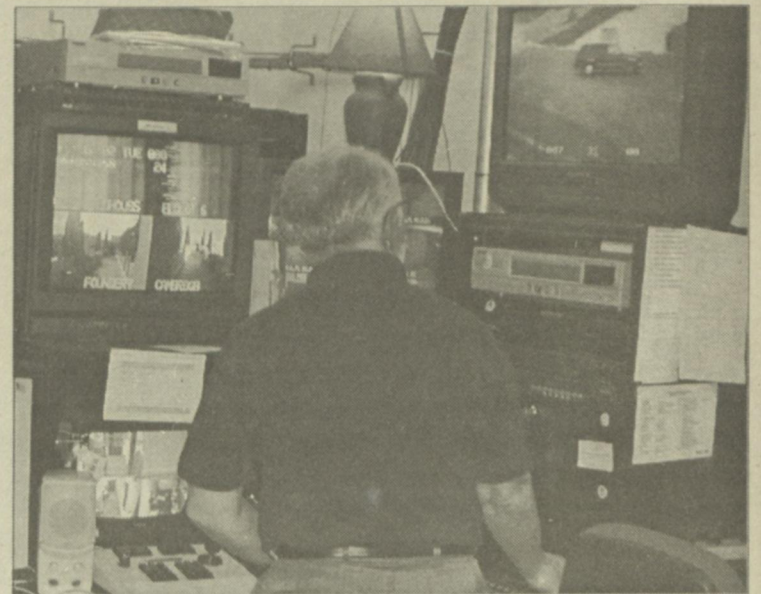
as hard as Adrienne," Hayes said. "Without an advisor, the group will be swept aside."

The organization's mission is to educate the community about sexual assault and to support survivors in hopes of preventing future assaults. The group achieves this by giving presentations to groups on campus in which they tell personal stories, provide facts and offer ways to help. The presentations however require the student organizers to prepare and present, raise funds for materials and deal with the emotions and consequences of a very difficult topic.

According to Hayes, Dr. Alice B. Hayes mandated that all student organizations have a STAR presentation. But despite this, Sara Hayes insists that there is still lack of support from the administration which is needed to keep the group afloat.

"We try to educate people," Hayes said. "A lot of people feel like it is male bashing or that they don't need to worry about it because it won't happen to them. We try to use our personal stories so that they can see that this is a problem."

"Students have stereotypes of what rape is and many of them are not right. We want to help educate people, girls and guys alike, so that they know how not to be victims and also how to keep themselves safe from being accused of sexual assault. I want STAR to be able to help."



IAN HUGHES

The surveillance equipment used by Public Safety is a helpful tool in University crime prevention.

continued from
Public Safety, page 1

Barnett said.

Instruction is continuous and also includes expert training in areas of human relations/cultural diversity, dignitary protection, DUI enforcement, arrest procedures, report writing, firearms, first aid, CPR and traffic control.

"The primary job of a Public Safety officer is to make the USD community feel safe," Barnett said. "Our of-

ficers provide first aid to injured students and staff. They respond to disputes between students, enforce local laws and University policies, patrol the campus, report unsafe conditions and assist our visitors," Barnett said.

"The University is required by the FBI to publish the Uniformed Crime Report every year," said John Frawley, a Public Safety Dispatcher. "All universities, public and private, are required by law to report crime statistics, which are available to anyone requesting the information."

continued from
Fire Safety, page 1

Despite fire prevention being a high priority among administration, some students still don't take it seriously. Students jokingly pulling the fire alarms are often the cause of false panic.

"A lot of students think it's funny to pull the fire alarm, but tampering with fire equipment is a \$500 fine," said Sergeant Barbara Hughes, Acting Operation Manager. "These students don't understand the ramifications their actions have on others. They don't realize that the cost to repair damages on this campus causes their tuition to increase," Hughes said. False fire alarms have

caused some students to become desensitized.

"Students don't take fire safety seriously. You have to beg them to leave the building," Hughes said.

"I was in the library Monday night and the fire alarm went off and nobody did anything! Everybody just kept studying," said Liza Digaetano, a senior.

It takes some RAs 10 to 20 minutes to get their residents out of their rooms because students don't want to make the effort to get out of bed anymore. "At 3 a.m. when I keyed into one of my resident's rooms, three of them were huddled under a blanket begging me not to make them go outside for another false alarm," said Stephanie Gabbara, an RA in Maher Hall.

Write for the

VISTA

x4584

Campus Watch

3/5 - 3/10

Tuesday, March 5

Public Safety.

Softball Field Lots - The retaining wall was damaged by a vehicle collision sometime between Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon.

Serra Hall - A vehicle rolled into another vehicle apparently due to a slipped emergency brake.

Laguna Hall - RAs reported a noise complaint.

Friday, March 8

Marian Way - An auto accident was reported to Public Safety.

Saturday, March 9

Palomar Hall - RAs reported a noise complaint.

MaHer Hall - A minor in possession of alcohol was reported to Public Safety by an RA.

Camino Hall - A minor was found to be in possession of alcohol.

Missions A - The theft of an X-box video game controller was reported to

Cuyamaca Hall - A lost wallet was found and returned to a student by the SDPD. The wallet contained several fake IDs.

Immaculata - Public Safety received a report of a non-student creating a disturbance. The subject committed a battery on an off-duty San Diego police sergeant. The subject was arrested.

Sunday, March 10

Missions B - Seven students were found to be in possession of alcohol after being observed by an RA.

MaHer Hall - An intoxicated female was reported to be vomiting from alcohol consumption.

Olin Hall - Occupants of a vehicle were cited for tampering with fire equipment.

Alcala Vista North Lot - A student reported his truck broken into and several items including stereo equipment stolen.

Alcala Vista North Lot - A vehicle was broken into on Saturday night and the CD player was stolen.

WEIRD NEWS

Cameras in Cal State Chico dorm catch elevator antics

U-WIRE

Joe McDonough doesn't mind riding Whitney Hall elevators wearing nothing but a towel, even though he knows people are watching him.

Cameras installed in both elevators allow workers at the front desk to monitor activity inside, including McDonough coming downstairs because he locked himself out of his room.

"I think (the cameras) are acceptable for security reasons," McDonough said. "Vandalism goes on in the elevators all the time, and it'll save a lot of money if people know they're on camera."

In an interview earlier this semester, California State University-Chico Resident Director Brian Stevens said there were no plans to install cameras in elevators or other areas in the residence hall. But continued problems in the elevators such as vandalism and other safety issues led to the placement.

Housing staff member Kathleen Madigan said since students returned from break, a need for cameras was not related to any specific incidences but was rather a gradual process.

"It's built up over the last few years," she said. "There were always people urinating or smashing food in there. I mean, it's such an anonymous space once those doors close."

So far, the cameras have met with little opposition.

"It's been a

very warm reception," Stevens said. "People seem to understand that it's done to benefit them, and people feel good about it."

Elevator vandalism, including carpet burnings, melted food, bodily fluids and graffiti leave expensive bills and trashy-looking elevators. Many residents appreciate the reduction in mess and fluids.

"I totally dig the cameras," Dave Galbraith said. "It's disgusting coming in here, with people's crap and food all over the place."

Gabbi Cervenka, resident adviser on the ninth floor, said the cameras are overdue.

"I think they should have done it a lot sooner," Cervenka said. "Although, I've heard some of the residents say it's an invasion of privacy."

One resident who questions the cameras is eighth-floor resident David Carson.

"It's kind of a bust," Carson said. "It's kind of like Big Brother. You wonder how far they're going to take it."

Madigan said the cameras are not being taken any farther than the elevators right now. The elevators are a public space, so students should not expect privacy when in them.

Although the cameras are intended to help deter vandalism, they are causing people to goof around more in the elevators, Carson said.

"I think more people screw around in the elevators now because they know they're being watched," Carson said.

The cameras are working better than many people thought they would and providing entertainment along the way.

"Everyone thought it was going to become 'Girls Gone Wild,' but it's kind of funny to watch what people do in there," said Michael Daily, ninth floor resident adviser. "You see people picking their nose or scratching their butt — stupid little things — because they don't think people are watching them."

WANTED: TOURGUIDES

COLLEGE VISITING DAY
Saturday, April 20, 2002

USD will be welcoming over 1,500 prospective students and parents. If you have what it takes to be a tourguide for a day, you must call UNDERGRADUATE ADMISSIONS at x4506, stop by Serra 201, or look for sign-up tables during the month of March in front of the UC.



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OPINION

Reality show used as propoganda machine

By Byron Palmer
STAFF WRITER

Reality television made a prime-time name for itself in the T.V. show "Survivor." Since then, shows like "Temptation Island," "Fear Factor" and "Boot Camp" have generated controversy and attention nation wide. These shows give the American public something to criticize or endorse during their watercooler discourse.

Following in the traditional capitalistic footsteps of the "free market," ABC is coming out with a new show for American viewers. Its name is "Profiles from the Front Line," and its exact format is unknown, but there seems to be some general information about it floating around the wire.

It is the brain child of the producers of "COPS" and "Black Hawk Down," so the new show promises to hold true to the blind patriotic sentiment displayed in both of those productions.

"Obviously we're going to be pro-military, pro-American stance. We're not going to criticize," said one of the show's producers.

Any hopes of acquiring un-

biased information from "The Front Line," seem to be lost with the head honchos propagating the flag waving mentality so readily accepted by the American public. What do we really expect from the Hollywood machine? Gearing programs to a specific audience and streamlining information is what T.V. is all about.

"There is no chance for an unbiased portrayal," said Aisha Taylor, a freshman. "All the surrounding circumstances make it clear that this is a propaganda machine."

One of "the Front Line" producers said, "We want to go into their [soldiers] lives in real time and follow specific people ... characters from all levels of the military. It has to be entertaining, dramatic and the characters have to be appropriate."

Sounds like a very well oiled propaganda machine.

That is probably what Defense Secretary Don Rumsfeld and Vice President Dick Cheney had in mind when they "signed off on the project without reservation," as one producer put it. Washington and all of its administration are most likely thrilled with the idea of ABC "selling" the war to America.



PHOTO COURTESY OF DOMINIC MUCCIACITO

The upcoming reality show, "Profiles from the Front Line," will televise the lives of people in the military while they are overseas. Many students feel the show will be biased in its portrayals of war.

"Politicians need things like this to get the American public behind them," said Justin Maryanski, a freshman. "They obviously don't want a split."

Students across campus seem to agree that this show is a propaganda contraption, but that is not really an issue for dispute in

the first place. The question is, despite all of its faults and biases, will you watch it? The producers don't care about how you feel about it, or what watchdog groups will say. They only care about one thing. Ratings!

"Temptation Island" was a wonderful example. Everybody

trashed it, and almost everybody watched it, at least once.

The question remains: despite the fact that you are not going to see an unbiased "reality," or any innocent victims of U.S. bombings or any real portrayal of the "War on Terror," will you tune in?

Elections reflect lack of student votes

The future may lure the distracted youth

By Kara Braniff
MANAGING EDITOR

Are our minds on elections or have they wandered off elsewhere? Last Tuesday marked California's second lowest election turnout in the state's history. Thirty-two percent of registered voters ventured to the state polls, while a whopping 11.9 percent of the student body voted in the AS elections.

According to Stacie Grueser, AS director of elections, this percentage was higher than usual. "Our goal was 500 voters out of the 4,700 undergraduates, and 560 voted, so I was pretty happy," Grueser said that these numbers are far greater than those of SDSU and UCSD. In fact, they have called her for advise on how to raise their usual 6 percent voter turnout.

"Different groups came in large chunks to vote," Grueser said. These chunks are often in similar organizations of those

running for offices. In addition to a regularly low turnout, Grueser admitted that she had to convince people to even run for some offices. "Fewer candidates interested this year made it hard to recruit," she said.

In the past, I would have wanted to shake my finger at my peers like a commanding officer and insist that it's their civic duty to vote. I would have warned them that their future's at stake. Since the election fiasco of 2000 however, where we learned that individual votes succumb to the electoral college, I have started to take a different look at this phenomenon. Frankly, I began to feel embarrassed about all those why-you-should-vote persuasive speeches I lectured on in public speaking classes because this incident made me wonder if our votes really do count.

I started searching for answers as to why we are turned off from the political system,

and I didn't have to look far. We are sensationalists! We don't have time these days to stand around at the polls, much less actually pre-educate ourselves on candidates who don't reach out to us. There is nothing enticing about the polls, nothing luring us there. When there is no purpose or fun behind going, why should we care?

The city of Santa Cruz came up with a creative way to solve this problem. A *Survivor* veteran made a guest appearance at one site while limousine rides were offered at others.

On the other hand, voter ignorance in Santa Ana nearly reelected an official recently arrested on charges of child molestation and possession of child pornography. Superior Court Judge Ronald Kline received 48.3 percent of votes while his 11 challengers split the remainder. If Kline would have earned only 1.8 percent additional votes, he would have instantly been reelected without a general

election in November.

In unison with election week, *Rolling Stone* published a college edition that reconfirmed my belief that our sensational minds really are elsewhere, and legislatures are not doing much to pull us into the political system. As long as we do not command attention, laws that target us, like the Higher Education Act, will continue to be passed under our noses, and our voices will be silenced.

According to *Rolling Stone* writer, Daniel Forbes, this Act caused more than 29,000 students to be denied student loans because of minor drug convictions. Hindsight being 20/20, one of the fastest growing student movements began. Over 200 campuses nationwide house the Students for Sensible Drug Policy organization. Meanwhile, college-drug arrests continue to rise. In 2000, 11,276 arrests left students without aid, while the 26,000 on-campus liquor arrests went

unnoticed.

I have learned to bite my tongue when speaking about GenX's involvement with the political system—temporarily, but a solution must be made. For goodness sakes, request an absentee ballot, or start the education process online at sensational sites like rockthevote.com.

In the future, the problem will solve itself. We will use emerging communication technology in ways to improve voter education and citizen participation in politics. With e-government companies like San Diego based GovPartner, we will soon be able to execute civic duties and communicate with the government through the web, at home, any time we please, while simultaneously doing whatever it is that takes our minds off of going to the polls. That to us is sensational, and may soon be the solution to satisfaction and interest in the election and government process.

SOCIETY AND CULTURE



In the early morning of March 17, Temple Square in Dublin is filled with Irish in a musical celebration of their heritage and patron saint, St. Patrick. KARA BRANIFF

Lucky legacy of St. Patrick ensures March festivities

By **Stephanie Moreno**
STAFF WRITER

St. Patrick's Day is a religious feast day that has turned into one of the biggest party days of the year. San Diego is one of the many cities throughout the United States and the world hosting events to celebrate.

St. Patrick's Day celebrates the man who is given credit for introducing and converting many of the Irish to Christianity, but St. Patrick's Day is not just for Catholics or the Irish, it is for everyone. Along with the United States and Ireland, many other countries celebrate the holiday, including Canada, Japan, Singapore, Australia and Russia. It is how each place celebrates that differs.

In the United States, St. Patrick's Day is primarily a secular holiday. Parades, parties and green clothing are a common sight. Many celebrations and parades are scheduled for Saturday, March 16th. This includes San Diego's major celebration at Balboa Park. There is a parade, food booths, beer service, kid rides and various vendors.

Another hot spot to hit on

Sunday is downtown in the Gaslamp Quarter. Titled "Shamrock 2002," it claims to be the biggest St. Patrick's Day block party west of Ireland. Music, drink specials and food specials all combine to make this celebration truly unique.

Students celebrate their Irish heritage through family traditions and celebrations. "It's a family tradition at our house," said Matt Hackett, a senior of Irish descent. "Every year we have corn beef and cabbage. In general though, I think it's another holiday that America blows up and celebrates without taking into account the real meaning behind the holiday."

The very first St. Patrick's Day parade took place in the United States, not Ireland. On March 17, 1762, Irish soldiers serving in the English military marched through New York City. The parade and music helped the soldiers reconnect with their Irish roots. Today, New York City holds the biggest parade in America, covering a 2-mile route through the heart of the city.

In Ireland, St. Patrick's Day is primarily a religious holiday. People honor St. Patrick by attending special religious ser-

vices, enjoying family and community gatherings, and wearing shamrocks. Dublin's celebration lasts four days and includes parades, concerts and dances among other things. The day is also commemorated by Irish playing music in the streets.

In the past, pubs in Ireland were ordered by the government to be closed on March 17th. As a religious holiday, it was to be observed properly. However, in 1995 the Irish government saw the holiday as a means to showcase their country to the rest of the world.

St. Patrick's Day is no longer just a religious holiday, it's a day for celebration and is notorious for being one of the biggest drinking days of the year. A measure of whiskey called Patrick's Pot is often drunk with a shamrock floating on the top. From this arose the expression, "drowning the shamrock."

Amidst the celebration, not everyone remembers why this holiday even exists. The majority of the students who were asked to explain the meaning of St. Patrick's Day couldn't. "I don't know the real meaning of St. Patrick's Day, just if

you're not wearing green, look out," said Sanna Dioso, a junior. While Dioso may not know the real meaning, she is right about one thing. Make sure you wear green on the festive day. Green is associated with St. Patrick's Day because it is the color of spring, Ireland and the shamrock. Take Dioso's words to heart, those who don't wear green on the holiday will get pinched!

Senior Mark Pappas has a different perspective of what St. Patrick's Day is all about. "It has something to do with leprechauns, four leaf clovers and finding a pot of gold," he said. As silly as that might sound, it is not far off from what most people think of the holiday. It has become a day of traditions, parades and drinking. "St. Patrick's Day is a day for people to wear green so they don't get pinched and to drink," said Pappas.

St. Patrick's Day has become one of the biggest drinking days of the year, losing its focus on the patron saint of Ireland. When asking students how they celebrate, almost everyone replied with "getting drunk" or "drinking green beer."

"I think it's pretty cool that there's an Irish holiday that a lot of people enjoy celebrating," said Koren Uyemura, a junior. "People see it as another excuse to drink, but I really wish more people knew the real reason behind the day."

The life of St. Patrick is a mystery, surrounded by years of storytelling. Patrick was the name he took when he became a priest although his birth name was Maewyn Succat. The dates surrounding his birth and death are controversial but he was born roughly around 400 A.D. We celebrate on March 17th because that is believed to be the anniversary of his death in 493.

As a boy, he was kidnapped by Irish raiders and sold into slavery in Ireland. Six years later, he escaped and fled to Gaul. He later returned to Ireland as a missionary. He is regarded as Ireland's patron saint because he was responsible for the conversion of the island to

Christianity.

Several legends are associated with St. Patrick. One USD senior knew a little bit about the historical background of St. Patrick's Day. "He drove the snakes or something out of the town," said C.J. Malcolm, a senior who is Irish.

While it is only a myth, Malcolm was partially right. Although historically there were no snakes native to Ireland to begin with, some believe the snake is a metaphor used to later represent paganism. Another myth is the use of the shamrock. It is widely believed that St. Patrick used the shamrock as a tool to explain the Holy Trinity - Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The shamrock is traditionally worn in Ireland as a symbol of the cross.

Then there is that illusive ever so lucky four-leaf clover. It is believed that anyone who finds a four-leaf clover will be granted good luck. Leprechauns have also become associated with this holiday. The leprechaun is an Irish fairy. They are known to be unsociable, unfriendly, live alone and are thought to have hidden pots of gold! The legend says that if the leprechaun is caught, he must tell where his treasure is. Doubters believe that leprechauns were invented so greeting card companies could have something cute to put on their St. Patrick's Day cards.

Despite being a Catholic university, little is commonly known about St. Patrick, surprising since his feast day is widely celebrated. Even if the facts about the day are unknown or a little hazy, St. Patrick gives much of the world reason to celebrate together. People of all races, ages and religions find fun and entertaining ways to come together.

"It's open-minded of people to recognize different cultures," Uyemura said.

Irish or not, everyone is invited to celebrate. To share the love, let's not forget the famous phrase, "Kiss me, I'm Irish." If you are Irish, then extend that invitation to all. If you're not Irish, find someone who is and kiss them!

University celebrates and rewards women's achievements

By **Erin Toohey**
S&C EDITOR

March is Women's History Month and the University joins the nation in celebrating the unique contributions of women throughout time.

The theme chosen for this year is "Women Sustaining the American Spirit," with a goal described by the National Women's History Project "to

showcase the diverse and interlocking stories of women who have created and affirmed the American spirit. The new 2002 theme will help deliver the message of who American women are and what they have accomplished."

The University is celebrating women's achievements through a variety of activities that showcase and commend the actions

of women. Last week, females and males alike were treated to professional massages. On March 12, Alison Stewart from VH1 and NBC led the Women of Color Wisdom Circle.

Some of USD's normal events have been transformed into celebrations of women for the month of March. On March 13, Aromas hosted a special Lite the Mic—By, for and about

Women. The event allowed women of the University to showcase their talents and contributions to society.

Tonight the Film Forum is hosting "Riding in Cars with Boys" featuring Drew Barrymore. The film is based on the true story of Beverly Donofrio, which follows the life and personal growth of one woman from her high school

pregnancy through her development into womanhood.

On March 19, Alison Stewart will return to speak as a keynote speaker for Women's History Month. The event is in UC Forum AB at 7 p.m. The last event commemorating Women's History Month is a free self-defense class being offered to both men and women on March 21 in UC Forum B at 7 p.m..

SPORTS

Fresh talent helps USD secure fifth seed

By Ryan Huntsman
STAFF WRITER

San Diego is known for its outstanding surfers, but not many know that some of them attend the University.

With the arrival of some new outstanding surfers, the USD team has been seeded fifth at this year's final NSSA competition. The National Scholastics Surfing Association (NSSA) is for the nation's top surfers who can also maintain their academics.

According to Captain AJ Moyer the USD surf team has turned into title contenders. NSSA champion Dylan Slater joined the team this season and will give them valuable championship experience. Aside from championship experience, his entire life has been emerged in the surf culture.

Although he is not related to professional surfer Kelly Slater, Dylan's brother, Ethan, is one of the top editors of Surfer Magazine. This factor only plays a small role in his credentials, as his results year after year have spoken for him.

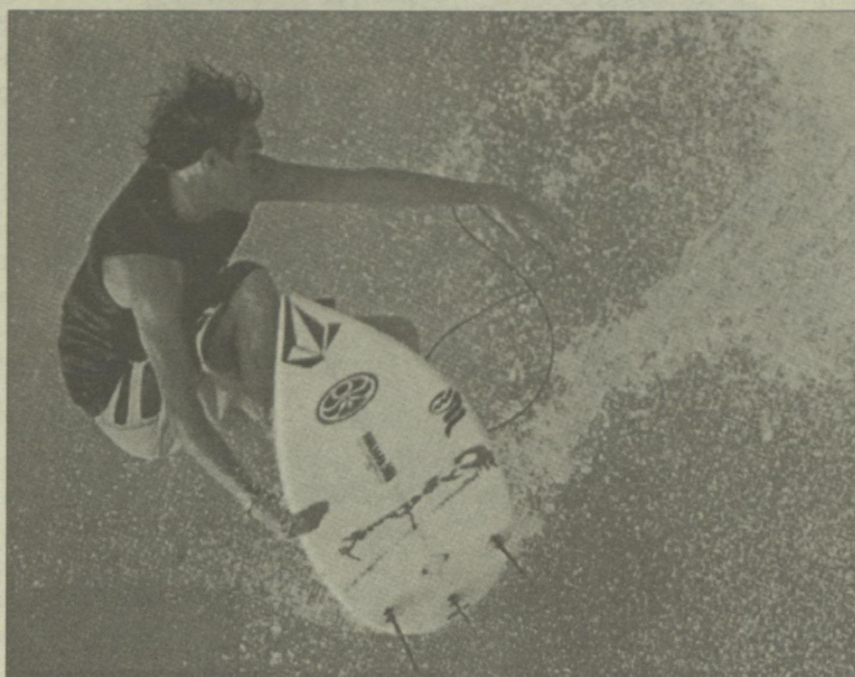
Among Slater's championship experience, the team has also now been graced with another champion surfer. This surfer is Pat Towersey from Newport Beach, California. Pat has garnered many accomplishments and awards

equal to Slater's, but the thing that sets Towersey apart is his many images. Towersey has been featured in Surfer Magazine where they have referred to him as "Punker Pat" and "Preppy Pat."

Like many surfers well accomplished at a young age, Towersey was also quickly emerged in the industry. The image of Pat surfing so well at such a young age with Dave Post, Mark Caffey and many others are what helped create the company Volcom.

Aside from helping get a new company off the ground, Towersey has always been a well-rounded person. He has some tough shoes to fill, as he comes from a family of champions; his brother Chad was a champion surfer.

The team is not only led by Moyer, but Clay Gallagher as well. Gallagher has stepped up as a fill-in coach. "Clay is a cool guy who tries his best to organize us," Towersey said. Gallagher tries to



PROVIDED BY RYAN HUNTSMAN/TOM CAREY



RYAN HUNTSMAN

(Right) Pat Towersey catches some air. (Above) Dylan Slater takes a break and poses for the camera. Slater is a past NSSA champion. Both surf on the USD team.

organize meetings and practices, but this has proven difficult as everyone wants to surf their favorite places.

With Slater's and Towersey's youth plus their ability to surf well in contests, the surf team is outstanding and will only improve. Prospect Roger Eales is in the process of becoming admitted to the University and will be surfing for the team.

Finishing up at Mira Costa College, Eales said, "I've always wanted to go to

USD, and now I have the chance to surf and compete with Pat Towersey and Dylan Slater." With those three at the top of the surfing world, the team will be hard to compete against.

Contests and practices can be caught by the public, but you've got to hike down Black's hill at 5:30 a.m. Volcom's contest coordinator Brian Olson for the "Blowfish Surf Series" says that Slater, Towersey and Eales finish in the top three places in half of Volcom's contests.

Refs prone to error

By Stephanie Moreno
STAFF WRITER

During the Olympics, the problem of human error once again came into question. With the hopes of the Canadian figure skaters crushed by poor judgement, the sports world pondered the idea of human judgement. Sports officials have to deal with angry fans, coaches, managers and athletes because of their calls. It's part of their job.

In a competitive situation, teams or individual athletes are always going to want every call to go their way. It is easy to look at numerous examples of how an official's call has made a major impact on a sporting event.

The first example is the suspicion that some athletes are favored over others. One instance in baseball is that the home plate umpire is supposed to have an objective strike zone. It may not be the same strike zone that his colleague calls, but he must be consistent with his particular strike zone.

Does that always happen? Probably not. There has been much suspicion that Greg Maddux gets a bigger strike zone than a rookie pitcher.

In basketball, the same rule applies. A veteran, well-established player won't be scrutinized as much as a rookie in terms of fouls.

There are many who feel that if Allen Iverson was harassing an official, they may take it or give him a warning. On the other hand, if Mark Madsen, a Lakers' rookie, was to do the same, he would probably be called for a technical foul.

These suspicions can be applied to almost every sport.

Secondly, there are those calls that were so bad that the rules of the sport were somehow changed because of them.

On Thanksgiving Day 1998, the Pittsburgh Steelers and Detroit Lions faced off. The Steelers needed this game to make the playoffs, which they had participated in since Bill Cowher took over as coach. Tied 16-16 in overtime, a coin toss was used to determine who would get first possession in overtime.

NFL official Phil Luckett called on captain Jerome Bettis to call the coin flip. From that point on, the controversy began. Bettis claims he called "tails." Luckett said he heard "heads." The coin showed tails, and Detroit got the ball.

On their first drive, the Lions kicked a field goal and won the game. The Steelers failed to make the playoffs.

As a result of the confusion, which was blamed for the Steelers' loss, a new rule was implemented in the NFL. The rule requires three officials to witness the coin flip and requires the visiting captain to call heads or tails before the coin is actually tossed.

In baseball the strike zone has always been a controversial issue. It varies according to umpire, yet it's supposed to be consistent. In 2001, baseball tried to put a stop to all the arguing about the strike zone.

Managers and umpires met at the end

Please see **Human Error**, page 7

March Madness: NCAA tournament anyone's bet

By Stephanie Moreno
STAFF WRITER

March Madness has arrived. Conference championship week paved the road to the NCAA Tournament as the brackets are set. For the men, Maryland, Kansas, Duke and Cincinnati all received number one rankings in their respective regions.

That gives the Atlantic Coast Conference (ACC) two top seeds in the tournament. North Carolina State and Wake Forest got at-large bids giving the ACC a total of four teams.

The Big Ten is sending five teams - Illinois, Indiana, Michigan State, Ohio State and Wisconsin. However, they are not the most represented conference at the big dance this year.

The most represented conferences are the Big 12, Big East, Pac-10 and Southeastern (SEC). Each conference is sending six teams to the tournament. The Big 12 includes the Midwest region's top seed, Kansas, and the second seed in the West region, Oklahoma.

Oklahoma defeated number one Kansas in the Big 12 Conference championship game. Missouri, Oklahoma State, Texas and Texas Tech are the other Big 12 representatives.

The Big East sends conference champions Connecticut, seeded second in the East region. Connecticut upset number seven Pittsburgh in the Big East finals. Pittsburgh still pulled

a number three seed in the South region. Boston College, Miami, Notre Dame and St. John's round out the Big East participants.

The Pac-10 not only has a strong representation, but four out of the six teams are seeded in the top half of their regions. Conference champion, Arizona, received a number three seed in the West region. Oregon, who lost to USC in the Pac-10 semifinals, got a number two seed in the Midwest.

USC is seeded fourth in the South region and California is two seeds behind them in the same region. UCLA and Stanford each got a number eight seed in the West and Midwest respectively.

The SEC is the final conference to send six teams to the big dance. Like the Pac-10, the majority of the teams are seeded high. Mississippi State upset conference favorite Alabama in the conference finals and received a number three seed in the Midwest.

While Alabama in the South secured a second seed behind Duke. Florida, Georgia and Kentucky are all top five seeds in their respective regions. Mississippi rounds-out the SEC participants with a ninth seed in the West region.

Out of the 32 conferences, six dominate the number of teams sent to the NCAA Championships. In the 64 team tournament, the "Power Conferences" (ACC, Big 12, Big East, Big 10, Pac-10

Please see **March Madness**, page 7

continued from **Human Error**, page 6

of 2000 to discuss the changes to be made. The strike zone was to now be universal, not individual.

Umpires stressed that if they called them early and consistently, it would easily be accepted. Well, while fans appreciate the attempt, I don't think anything will ever be able to stop fans and players from complaining about the strike zone. It's been such a problem for so long that it's part of the game.

Who could forget the boxing fiasco at the Olympics in Seoul in 1988? In the gold-medal bout of the light middle-weight division between Roy Jones Jr. of the United States and Park Si Hun of South Korea, Jones was robbed of a gold medal as the judges voted 3-2 against him.

There have been allegations that the judges were bribed, and for good reason as Jones landed 86 punches to Park's 32. Since that time, a computerized scoring system has been used.

Finally there are those controversial calls that come at such a crucial point in a game or match that they can be pointed out as the deciding factor.

Still fresh in everybody's minds is the Raider/Patriot AFC championship game. Was it an incomplete pass or fumble by Tom Brady? The call went in favor of the Patriots and they went on to become Super Bowl Champs. Many still look to that play as the reason why the Raiders lost.

The Yankees began their championship dynasty in 1996. Many believe their domination of the American League Championship Series against the Baltimore Orioles that year was a

result of a botched call in game one. One call swung the momentum New York's way. In the bottom of the eighth inning, the Yankees were down by one run.

Derek Jeter hit a long fly ball to left field. Tony Tarasco, the Orioles left fielder, had a beat on the ball. Right before it came down, a boy reached over the fence and caught the ball.

The 12-year-old boy, Jeffery Maier, became Yankee Stadium's hero as umpire Rich Garcia signaled homerun. The Orioles protested to no avail, and the play stood tying the ball game 4-4. The Yankees would go on to win game one 5-4 in 11 innings.

Instant replay is helping officials in football and hockey, but not all sports have adopted the review method. Athletes have also learned and practice ways to go unnoticed.

While it does not work all the time, there are plenty of "loopholes" around the rules. Referees, officials and umpires are only human and mistakes will be made.

They can't make every call, but sometimes they make the right call and no one notices, while other times they are still hassled even after making the correct call.

The Sporting News said it best. "Referees and officials just can't win. If they do their jobs, you never notice them. And if they botch a call, they never hear the end of it. Yes, they are the biggest scapegoats in the sports' world."

continued from **March Madness**, page 6

and SEC) are sending a combined 33 teams. That comprises more than half the total teams sent to the Championships.

With these teams spread throughout the four regions, it is possible the Sweet Sixteen will showcase only teams from these dominant conferences.

The majority of the teams who got an automatic bid in conferences other than these six were given low seeds. West Coast Conference champions Gonzaga were surprised with the number six seed in the West region despite being ranked sixth in the nation.

What seemed to hurt Gonzaga was the strength of their schedule in the WCC. The WCC is not considered one of the stronger conferences in the nation. Pepperdine is the only other WCC team selected to the tournament. They are the 10th seed in the Midwest.

Don't expect this tournament to go according to schedule. No one team has dominated all year. Duke fell to Kansas. Kansas fell to Oklahoma. Maryland fell to N.C. State. Oregon fell to USC. You get the picture. Upsets are a normality in college basketball, and the NCAA championships may prove to be no different. Upsets are what makes March Madness exciting.

In addition to seeding teams, figuring out what sites to play at was more complex this year. The selection committee wanted to limit travel for the opening two rounds. They managed to keep 39 teams within their own time zone, 15 teams traveling one time-zone away, and only 11 teams doing extensive traveling.

The committee tried to avoid giving

lower-seeded teams what could amount to a home-court advantage, but given all the factors it didn't work out that way for all regions. For example, in the South region, 11th seed Pennsylvania faces sixth-seeded California in Pittsburgh.

This is because Pittsburgh, who is ranked third in the South region, will be hosting the first two rounds. In the Midwest, 10th seed Pepperdine faces number seven Wake Forest in Sacramento.

As mentioned before, don't expect all the top seeds to be the teams in the Final Four. While Maryland is strong this year and has been picked by many to go all the way, they face some tough competition in their bracket including NC State, who beat Maryland in the ACC title game.

While Cincinnati is number one in the West, they too have tough competition. Oklahoma and Arizona are also strong contenders to win this bracket. Let's also not forget that Gonzaga has surprised many teams in recent years.

In the South, Duke looks to be the favored team, but Alabama, Pittsburgh and USC will also make a run for it.

Kansas started to look invincible until Oklahoma defeated them in their conference finals. Oregon and Mississippi look to be their strongest opponents in the Midwest region.

Once it gets down to the Final Four in Atlanta, Georgia, the champion of the East will play the champion of the Midwest, and the champion of the South will play the champion of the West.

With all the talent going into the tournament, the crowned champion may be an unexpected underdog.

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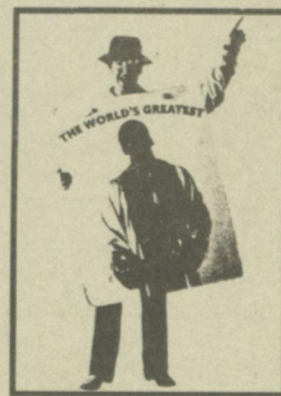
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I don't care if I ever come back..

By Jason Williams

INTRAMURAL SUPERVISOR

Hello baseball and softball fans. Are you sick of Spring Training? Are you sick of not knowing half the players on your favorite teams? Well, if you want to watch some great softball, then IM Softball is where you need to be. And this past Wednesday night was no exception. Our first game of the evening was "Your Team Sucks Ass" going up against Sigma Phi Epsilon. "Your Team Sucks Ass" was having problems getting their bats going against "Sig Ep". "Sig Ep" jumped out to an early lead and were up by as many as 5 runs when "Your Team Sucks Ass" decided to make there come back. Stellar

play by the entire "Your Team" team. They kept themselves in the game and were able to hit the ball and eventually get the hard fought 15 to 10 win.

The second game of the evening was the "Giants" facing the "Ballers". Ok lets do this! Fast forward to the bottom of the sixth inning. The "Giants" are leading 16 to 5 and there are no outs. Then all H___ broke loose.

The "Ballers" started hitting homerun after homerun, triple after triple, and run after run. The score was 16 to 11 before an out was even made. Before the second out was made four more runs were scored, making the score 16 to 15 "Giants." So hear we go, 2 outs bases loaded and the "Ballers" down by one. All

they need was a base hit and it was tied. The pitch came and base hit. Game tied. The "Giants" now needed an out to leave the game with a tie and they got it on a deep fly ball. So the "Ballers" came all the way back and got the tie against the "Giants" 16 to 16.

The final game of the evening was team "Fred" against "Stab Street". Well this game started off with team "Fred" getting 15 runs in the first inning. This from the start was not looking good for team "Stab Street". They got one run to make the score 15 to 1. Those 15 runs were all team "Fred" needed to get the big win over "Stab Street" by a final score of 17 to 8.

As for Thursday night, rain did not allow us to play. But next week's games will continue and the action will promise to be exciting.

March Madness, USD style

By Rebecca Benson

INTRAMURAL SUPERVISOR

Welcome to USD's version of March Madness. Monday and Tuesday night there were so many great games and so little space to write about them. Our first two games of the evening were "Must Win" against "Your Team Sucks Ass". The second game was "Smutores" facing off against "Mighty Condors". We'll start with the "Must Win" and "Your Team Sucks Ass" game. Both teams kept it close throughout the entire first half matching basket for basket. But that was all for nothing when the second half started. "Your Team Sucks Ass" started pulling away from "Must Win" and put up some great baskets. "Must Win" in the second half just could not put the ball in the hoop. "Your Team Sucks Ass" went on to win the game 67 to 59. The second game during the first hour was the "Mighty Condors" and "Smutores". The "Mighty Condors" showed that they were a little out of sync as in forty minutes they were only able to put up 34 points. But you can blame that on the great defense of the "Smutores". The "Smutores" did not allow many shots as they beat the "Mighty Condors" 54 to 34.

The next game was an offensive show by the team with one of the best names in basketball. "Rollin on Dubs" took on "The Clones". "Rollin on Dubs," every time down the court, seemed to put up a shot and watch it as it goes in. There were so many ESPN-like plays made by "Rollin on Dubs" as they scored 80 points and went on to blow out "The Clones" 80 to 40.

Our next game was fun to watch. It was "Saved By Grace" taking on "The Click". Well this game caught my attention because there were a ton of points scored. "Saved by Grace" scored 44 points and in most cases that would be enough points for a win. But "The Click" showed they had more in them as they put up 69 hard fought points. But in the end "The Click" won 69 to 44.

Our final game of Monday night was "Sig Ep I" taking on team "202". Team 202 put up 45 points in a time shortened game while "Sig Ep I" struggled to find their game. Team "202" showed great ball movement and control. "202" ended up getting a 45 to 36 win.

Our first game of Tuesday evening put "Fat Attack" facing up against the undefeated staff team "Beantown's Old Guns". The "Old Guns" are averaging 90 points per game in three blowouts so far this season. "Fat Attack" wanted to change all of this with a huge upset, but this was not to be. "Fat Attack" ended up having to eat there own words as "Old Guns" put up 87 points beating "Fat Attack" 87-39.

The next set of games had "Sensi Milla" and "Crazy Tandy's". This battle was a struggle for supremacy that went down to the final few minutes. "Sensi Milla" made the baskets when it counted. "Crazy Tandy's" got really cold late in the game as they started to loose ground to "Sensi Milla" and ended up loosing by a score of 67-47. The second game was "Sig Ep II" verses "McGarry's Kids". "McGarry's Kids" put on a show for the ages as they beat "Sig Ep II" in a score reminiscent of a football score not a basketball score. "McGarry's Kids" won by a score of 66 to 20.

March Madness comes to Women's B-ball

By David Segal

INTRAMURAL SUPERVISOR

Women's IM basketball last Wednesday night brought a little bit of March madness to the Sports Center. Unfortunately it was more like the first round of the tournament with all the blowouts. In the 9:00pm games the Breezers couldn't quite breeze by Yo Mama and fell 64-46. Ali Hinga led the charge with 22 points while Iris Desimini

tossed in 17 points. The Breezers were led by Mia Perry's 16 points. In the other game, the Lazars zapped Maria 42-30. The Lazars were led by Katherine McLaughlin's 6 three point field goals and 22 points. Maria was led by Joanna Mahjai and her 9 points.

In the 10:00pm games there was high scoring in each game. To bad the winners of each game were the only teams scoring a lot of points. 2EZ Tacklers started

the onslaught with a 51-18 demolition of Lady Hoops. 2EZ Tacklers used a balanced scoring attack which saw all their players score at least 7 points. Lady hoops used a balanced attack as well, unfortunately each of their players only scored at least 3 points. In the other 10:00pm game the Kappa Kappa Gamma's defeated Kari Mikkelsen 43-23. Lauren Umbdenstod led the Gamma's with 22 points. Kari Mikkelsen led her team with 8 points.

As the real March Madness approaches, the last week of regular season here in IM does as well. Who will make it to the dance and who will be sent back to ponder what could have been? Come check out the last week of the regular season and watch teams battle for survival up at the Sports Center.



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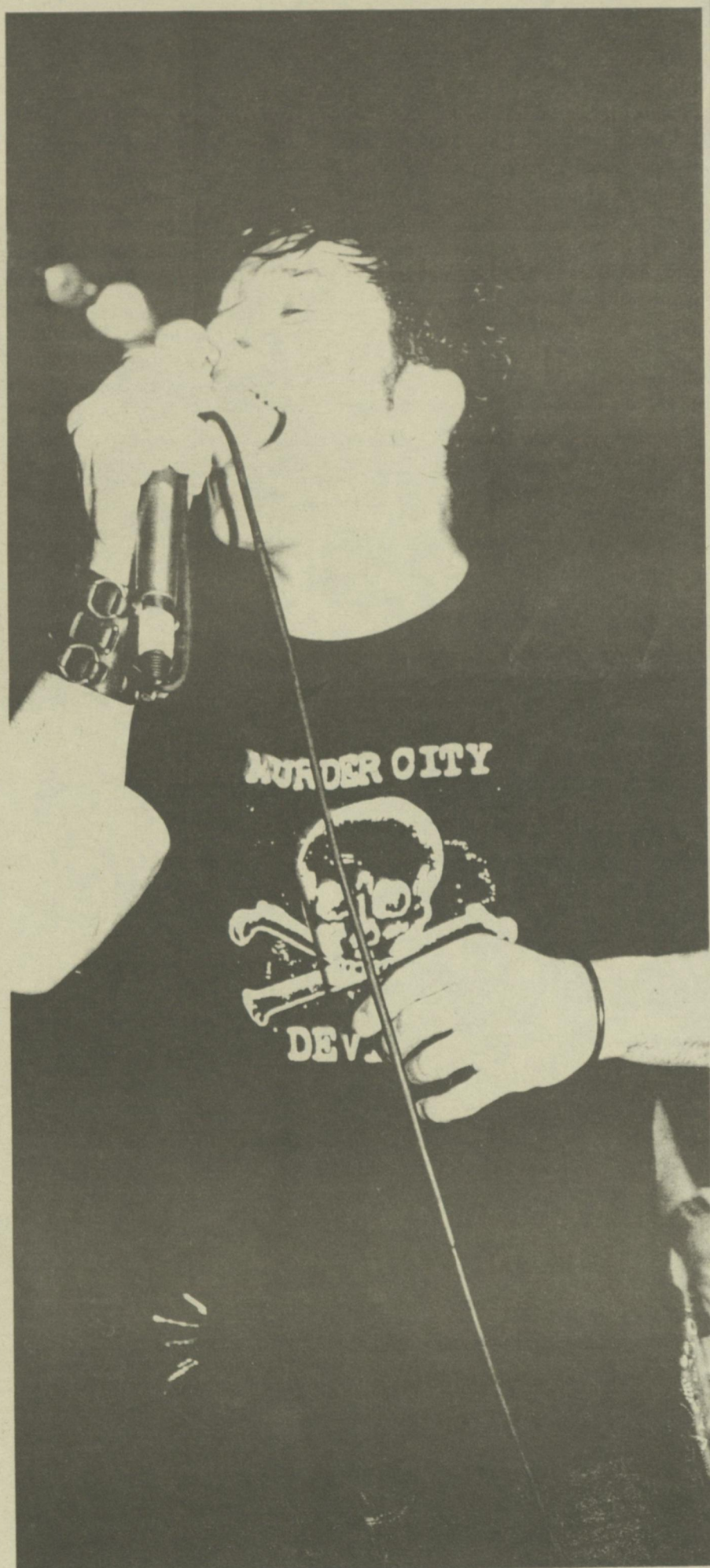
Old time punkers bask in life

B-Side Players

Via Satellite. Pinback. Further Seems Forever. Death Cab for Cutie. Ryan Adams.

POPART

Further Seems Forever...14



Notes from the Editor

Music drives me absolutely nuts: restless nights of endless headphone-wearing obsession, industry participants that emit the most assuredly conceited air in Hollywood, even the juxtaposed hypocrisy of a man like **Ryan Adams**: the biggest arrogant numbskull on earth who subsequently propagates some of the most beautifully arresting tunes on the planet and performs them as if he was trying to shake it all out of him for good. Music causes my parents to woe the day they played me "Houses of the Holy," as they glance painfully at the prospect of a rock-journalist daughter. It drives me to opt for a trip to the Casbah on nights when the angel on my shoulder is screaming "schoolwork!" It causes me to spend two straight weekends locked in a windowless office, writing pages about **Sonic Youth**, **Pinback**, **Via Satellite**, the **Chemical Brothers**, **Gorillaz** and designing pages about **Bad Religion**, the **B-Side Players**, **Further Seems Forever**, **Dashboard Confessional**, **Death Cab for Cutie**, **Ben Kweller** and so many more. And it is all contained here. For you. Straight from the campus of the University of San Diego—a community thought musically-dead decades ago. Start thinking again. *** This issue of POPART marks the Vista's second biannual special entertainment issue. A national festival, punk royalty, local indie rockers, a Radiohead love affair, a revolutionary community of hip-hoppers and emo-core sensationals grace its teeming pages. For a college publication and its few-but-proud college journalists, it doesn't get any better than this. And for our readers? Don't expect any less.

--Caley Cook, Special Projects Editor

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Reverend Horton Heat toes the line of debaucherous rockabilly chaos

By Caley Cook

**Reverend
Horton Heat
Lucky 7
[Artemis]
-7-**

Reverend Horton Heat has been surfing rockabilly brat punk since you were in your high chair, so don't even start with any gruff. You'd be better off just lending an ear or two and a dancing shoe. And if you think you're about to mouth off in his general direction, he'll be taking off, "Like A Rocket" in "Reverend Horton Heat's Big Blue Car" with nothing left of his "Tiny Voice of Reason" and opening the "Suicide Doors" and letting you know that it just "Ain't Gonna Happen" and don't you even think "You've Got a Friend In Jimbo" because he's ready for the "Duel At the Two O'clock Bell" too and he knows, like we all do, that all of the "Loco Gringos Like a Party," especially in this band. Heat still has some red, hot passion burning up that sleeve and he's more than willing to chase some skirts and bottles to get at it. On *Lucky 7*, Heat's taking you right along with him at a pace that is heart-attack prone. Drinking, sex and a-gettin' into a bit of trouble are the muses for this time-tested group of lovable rockers. Heat has studied and refined the methodical construction of songs that Elvis and Hank Williams made and which, in turn, made them. Produced by Ed Stasium (Ramones, Talking Heads, Living Colour), the Reverend Horton Heat's seventh album doesn't resort to the simple motions—Jim Heath strums his stringed beast like the steel-plated brute it is and Jimbo Wallace and Scott Churilla give you more rambunctious sleaziness with every riff and beat. Approaching jangle-tinged silliness on "Galaxy-500" and a boisterous irreverence on "What's Reminding Me of You" the band toes the line of becoming those sleaze-ball friends you only visit on debauchorous Friday nights. "The Tiny Voice of Reason" is an absurd romp through the vanquished angel that used to sit on Heat's shoulder—pure jollity. So, as Wallace would articulate, "whenever you are lonesome and it's late at night and everyone around you is a little uptight, whenever you need a little lift, Jimbo is the man, the man with the gift. Remember that you've got a friend and he's got a friend in you. Can I get a halleluiah? You've got a



JAMES BLAND

friend in Jimbo. You've got a friend in him." And don't even try to argue.

—Caley Cook

**Moth
Provisions,
Fiction and Gear
[Virgin]
-6-**

You know those songs that you hear on the drive to school that you just can't get out of your brain? The ones where the chorus is on constant repeat in your head for the rest of the day. Moth's new disc, *Provisions, Fiction and Gear* is 12 of those

songs thrown into one collection of Ohio-grown progressive rock. The culprits behind this maddening array of fuzz guitar and Dinosaur Jr.-like harmonies are Cincinnati natives Brad Stenz (vocals/guitar) and Bob Gayol (guitar), who started the band in their basement in the late 80s. The enlistment of drummer Atom Willard (Rocket from the Crypt, The Special Goodness) brings a strong base to this array of Tripping Daisy meets Fugazi. Songs like "Cocaine Star" and "Plastics Campaign" bring the band's tripped-out sound and dead-on vocals to the foreground while tunes like the radio-friendly "I See Sound" and "Lover's Quarrel" will probably be your internal

soundtrack after a listen or two. Listen with caution.

--Jim Ballew

**Various Artists
Blade II
Soundtrack
[Immortal]
-6.7237-**

Talk about diversity. Only a bloodthirsty producer would even attempt to book the type of talent that appears on the soundtrack to the vampire-hunting sequel. Hip-hop headliners like Eve, Mos Def, Busta Rhymes, and Ice Cube are only

half of the story though. The leading mixers from the electronica movement are here too. The formula sounds great: get the best rappers in the business to rhyme over tracks laid down by some of the best digital engineers around. Mystikal is backed up by Moby, Mos Def teams up with Massive Attack, and Fatboy Slim lays down a hypnotic party anthem for Eve. Sounds like a match made in nightclub heaven right? Maybe. Not all collaborations are created equal. The Crystal Method could carry the tune "PHDream" by themselves ex-

**continued on p.19
of POPART**



Interview by
Dominic
Mucciacito

UNITED AGAINST BOREDOM

Local Latin musicians just want you to dance

The B-Side Players are no strangers to crossing borders. Movement is the commonality whether they are crossing into Mexico to play a show or crossing Afro-Cuban jazz with Hip-Hop.

Frontman and vocalist Karlos Paez has been crossing borders his whole life so excuse him if he hesitates to identify his cultural affiliation. For Paez, trying to identify a musical sound that ranges from Salsa to funk is a movement by itself.

"Our music represents Mexico, but it also represents where we live—the border," Paez said.

"Growing up in San Diego and Tijuana, I was crossing my whole life. What I've seen is crazy. This is one of the busiest borders in the world. As far as our music goes I have a lot to give back to the Mexican side of that border. I want my family to hear my music."

Paez has roots that run as far as Sinaloa, Mexico and as local as Tecate.

Paez was born in Hollywood in the early 70's into a family continually compromised by show business. His father, also a musician, immigrated north for the opportunity to record and tour. His mother became a nurse to help shoulder the financial load. As Mexican-Americans the Paez family tried to balance two careers, two cultures and two very distinct worlds.

"Crossing borders—that's pretty much what my whole life has been like," Paez said.

"I've dealt with both cultures. It's hard

to be a Chicano because the Mexican people think you're trying to be white and the whites think you're just a beaner. You're caught in the middle of both cultures and that's a culture of itself."

Out of two worlds came a third. Third spaces are typically the undefined products of fusion. They are inexplicable, turbulent and generally beyond comparison—sort of like the B-Side Players.

The B-Side Players tread the trepidatious steps of a group obsessed with fusion. It is not that they lack identity; they may have too much. A single genre seems too rigid to ever do them justice. Describing one of their shows is like trying to isolate a single heartbeat in a marathon. There is just too much going on to explain it in print.

"We just know how to blend it all well," Paez said. "Whatever we do, whether it's reggae or Afro or funk there's always that Latin feel to it. We're not just doing a rock song then all of a sudden we're doing a Salsa song. It's not like that."

Paez is quick to point out that genre crossers typically make music and leave the classification business to music critics. Artists make art. They don't always know what to call it.

No matter what category you try to place them in, the B-Side Players have struck the chords of relevance throughout the Southwest. Paez is as likely to cite social injustice as the source of his lyrics as he is to sing about the four-letter word, love. The songs operate on so

many levels that it seems a contradiction to celebrate. Do you really want to sing along to a song about a trade embargo?

Paez understands that people won't always agree with his politics or even understand his politics for that matter. Most of his songs are either in Spanish or laced with Spanish interjections.

"It's hard when we're playing in Wyoming or Idaho, and I'm singing in Spanish," Paez said.

"People don't understand what I'm talking about, but it's all good because that's where the music comes in. The music is funky, and it makes you feel good so it's already uplifting people."

The movement is a physical one as well. Ethnically, politically and culturally relevant, this band just wants you to come out and dance.

"I want people to have a good time when they see us play," Paez said. "Music should be a place to get energy. People don't seem to focus so much on that message because the music is such a positive force. It just makes you dance."

"If people want to get serious that's fine too."

Getting serious is something each individual member of the band has had to address. Paez formed the B-Side Players in 1993 along with a few other veterans of the punk scene. A 12-piece band called the Brown Side Players began to delve into their Latin roots.

"As we started letting white guys into the group, we kind of changed it into the B-Side Players," Paez said.

Ethnicities aside, as soon as the band started traveling, members were faced with the unique decision that every fledgling musician faces: family or fame?

"As soon as we started traveling we found out who's going to keep their day job," Paez said.

The band has undergone numerous changes over the years. Musicians come and go in what has become an artistic revolving door.

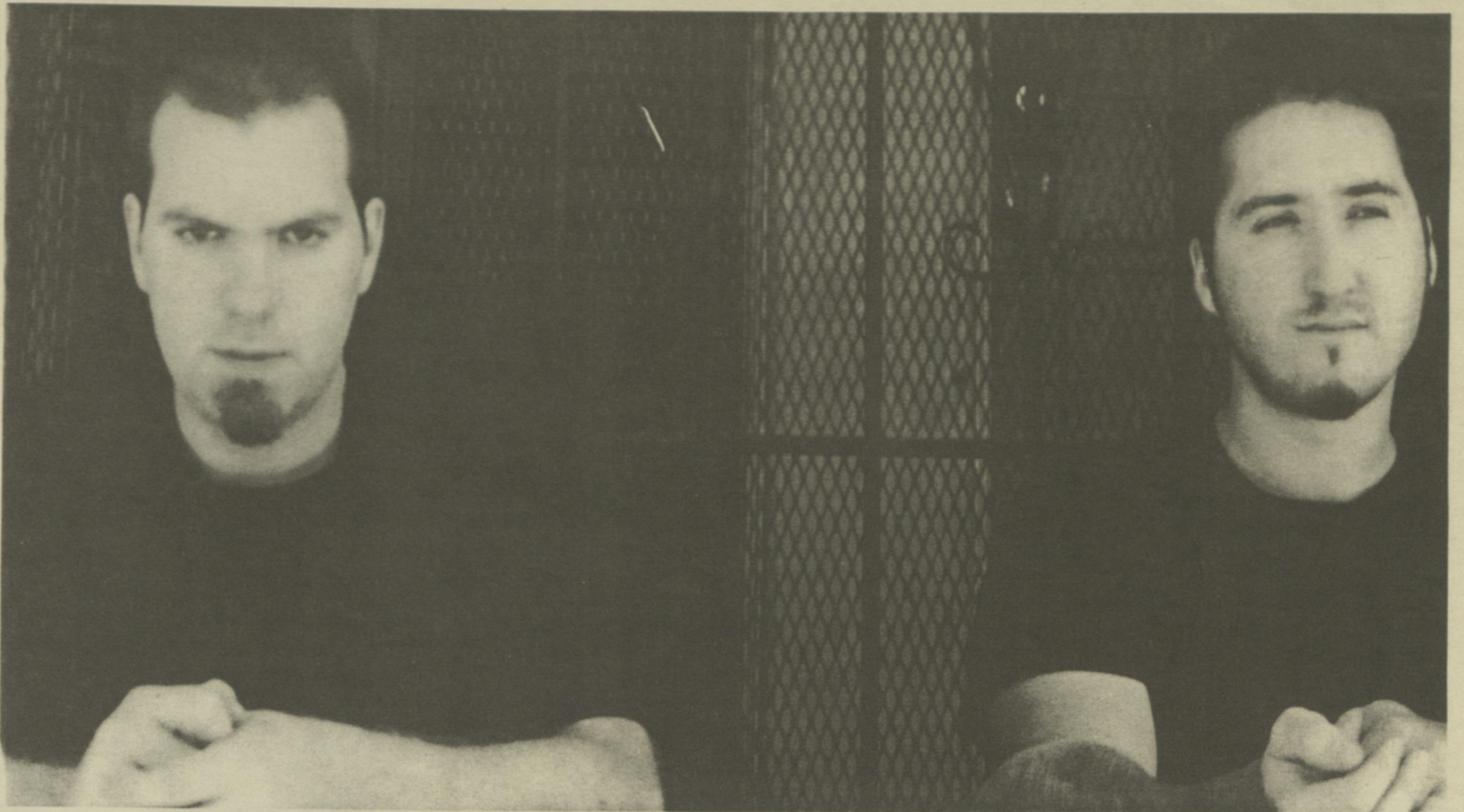
"This band has always been like a stepping stone for musicians," Paez said. "You join the band and you leave and never play again or you go on to better things."

"The work that we do is so hardcore that you can't have anything else going on in your life. Some of the guys we play with have gone through a lot. So their families have been through a lot too."

But the movement continues. The band has trekked across the country and is building on their hard-earned success. Just back from touring with the Wailers, Paez contends that the band will never lose sight of their local roots and earnest beginnings.

"We're not making money," Paez said. "We're not coming on the radio. We just keep on moving."

**B-Side Players play at
'Canes Apr. 19**



BECKY NIEMA

HOME SWEET HOME

Interview by Caley Cook

Godfathers of San Diego indie explain about heavy vegetables, three miles of pilot and other weird mental pictures

"There's no right way to do it," asserts Armistead "Zach" Burwell Smith III, one half of the band Pinback, of his do-it-yourself process of making music. I play devil's journalist and assert right back: *some people think that there is a right way to do it, a right way to make good music.* He doesn't waste a second in response. "They're wrong."

Smith is adamant. Adamant about his musical proclivity, his love of his band, about his home town of San Diego, about inspiring his fans. He is most adamant, however, about his touring drummer, who is supposed to be walking off the airplane any second, and Smith is growing restless.

"I'm in Will Rogers Airport in Oklahoma City," Smith states. "You can just picture it. We haven't played in Oklahoma before. It's not somewhere I would have pictured to try, but you know. I was surprised that there were fans in Fayetteville, so you never know."

Smith initially comes off as a shy, emotionally sensitive art-type, yet he is none of these. He is perceptually paradoxical—especially over the phone—but entirely interesting. His fans seem to sense this.

"I like to try to answer back to people when they email me randomly about, whatever," Smith says about his congregation. "I think it's good to do that, to keep in touch. Sometimes there's people that just show up at my house and hand me videos and walk away and you kinda go, 'hmmm, who was that character.'"

Much of this ado is parlayed from Smith's past in San Diego band, Three Mile Pilot, which inadvertently pioneered San Diego's indie scene in the early 1990s. When they disbanded, Smith began doing working with fellow San Diegan Rob Crow to foster a healthier, more independent playing-recording environment. Pinback was born.

"The whole idea was to do it ourselves," Smith says. "We've done records at nice studios in the past and the amount of money you spend there and the time constraints you have makes you want to try something else. So being able to do it at your home and going, 'oh, I think I'll walk the dog' instead of singing a vocal

track is nice. You do it at your own pace. It worked out well."

Well, indeed. Their latest recording, *Blue Screen Life*, has garnered praise from musical communities around the world and taken fans in with its endearing version of melodic, simply *pretty* pop music. Urban Outfitters added Pinback to their store soundtrack and the band was even named a featured artist on the Napster homepage at the peak of its controversial life span.

"We're super-into Internet music," Smith says of the mp3 giant. "I think it's why Pinback has gotten a little bit more noticed is because of Napster and people recording our shows and the bootlegs that go around with most of our shows. If somebody really likes our stuff then they'll buy the CD and if they don't then they can listen to it on mp3. I think that's cool."

Pinback have hurtled themselves around America in support of band after band, album after album—Crow used to front cult favorites Heavy Vegetable—and somehow the band, or the lazy loops and whimsical melodies of their music, never seem in a hurry to get anywhere. San Diego seems to be proper inspiration for these good vibrations.

"All sorts of things inspire people. You could just have a bad day and it could be the best inspiration. Or the worst. Lately, I don't have too many [bad days]. A good day is actually completing a song or getting to hang out with my girlfriend. Simplicity is definitely a big thing to me. So I hope that does come across a little bit."

The endearing thing about Pinback—and specifically Smith himself—is that they don't want to be rockstars. Not even famous if they don't have to.

"We don't want that. We just want to make pretty, melodic pop music."

That's not so much to ask.

Pinback plays at the Casbah Mar. 23 and at the Scene Mar. 24

the elderly delinquents of

PUNK



Interview by Jim Ballew

There is at least one basement on every block in every city in every state where a group of teenagers are playing guitars, mimicking the sounds of their favorite band's CD, which is whirring in the background. They are doing spry kick-spins off the walls and shouting into imaginary mic stands as a familiar sonic assault emanates from a set of worn out Spark-O-Matics.

It is 2002, and Bad Religion is alive and well and playing on a stereo near you. They are the fathers of modern

punk; the star towards which most (if not all) of today's anarchists-in-training have set their compasses. It was 22 years ago in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley where bassist Jay Bentley, along with the rest of Bad Religion picked up their instruments and began playing the gritty, gutsy punk rock tunes that would change people's perceptions of what punk rock was, is and could be.

There's no doubt they've gotten older. Most of them are pushing 40 — an age where bleached hair is less a

"We don't make the band responsible for our individual lives. If one day we're just sitting around going 'this isn't fun anymore,' than it's over."

- Jay Bentley

statement of rebellion than a 'Just For Men' substitute. The band's collective age has not morphed them into a bland, repetitive version of their former selves, but into an experienced assemblage of old pros — the kind whose insight and relevance only grows with time.

Insight and increased sense of maturity or not, you can't forget that these are punks we're talking about.

Bentley, one of the group's founders, is at home in Vancouver putting together a set list for the upcoming tour while relaying some of the funnier stories regarding the band's performances on Late Night with Conan O'Brien.

"Conan, he's a good guy," Bentley says in a matter-of-fact tone. "We have our ongoing war with his band, so it's always fun for us to go there and have

to hang up his drumsticks due to chronic shoulder problems, Bentley and the rest of Bad Religion (Baker, singer Greg Graffin and guitarist Greg Heston) found themselves at an impasse, not knowing what the future had in store. Having lost their drummer, as well as trying to part ways with their record label (Atlantic), the band was at a critical juncture.

"It was February and we were in South America and that was the last show we did with Bob," Bentley says. "Greg [Graffin] and I weren't even sure if we were going to continue. We just kind of said, 'f***, Bob's gone.'"

"That was about as close to packing it in as we had been in a long time, not because we were unhappy, but just be-



FLYNN LARSEN



that.

"We don't get along, [we] and the Max Weinberg 7," (his matter-of-fact voice shifts to a stressed spiteness). "The first time we were there, Max Weinberg started yelling at [guitarist Brian] Baker because he was smoking in the green room. That was where they said to go and smoke and Max Weinberg just unloaded on Baker and we just both started laughing and said 'shut the f*** up!' and slammed the door in his face. So every time we go back we have another war and now this time we were there with Brooks [Wackerman] and we said, 'hey, our drummer's better than you.'"

Wackerman, the one-time drummer for Suicidal Tendencies and Infectious Grooves, joined Bad Religion in June to replace longtime skinsman Bobby Schayer. "When we started the band he was two," Bentley says with a hearty laugh of the 24-year-old Wackerman. "He's an amazing drummer. There's no doubt about that. It pushes me to not be complacent, that's for sure. As a bass player, I just look at him and say 'I better get on the ball here. He's movin' some numbers and I'm gonna have to catch up.'"

Last February when Schayer decided

cause we weren't really sure why. 'What's going on? What's the point of all of this?'"

Re-enter guitarist Brett Gurewitz, original Bad Religion guitarist who left the band in 1994 to guide Epitaph Records (the label he founded in 1981 for the sole purpose of putting out Bad Religion albums) through the major-label punk band harvest of the early 90s. At the time, he was also dealing with his own drug-riddled demons and Bad Religion was not conducive to his habits. The band had been talking with Gurewitz ever since he wrote a song ("Believe It") for Bad Religion's 2000 release, *The New America*.

The band continued talking with Gurewitz (now clean and sober) and while sitting around an L.A. studio, Gurewitz played four songs he had written for the band.

"It all started to fall into place," Bentley says of the meeting. "Graffin promptly got on an airplane [after hearing the songs] and went back to Ithica [New York] and came back with six songs that just *smoked* and I was like 'now we're back in business.'"

"When all that happened, we said, 'we've got to find a drummer.'"

Having found Wackerman and with Gurewitz back in the lineup, Bad Religion seemed to have come full circle while recording *The Process of Belief*, the record that is being touted as the album that successfully redefines the genre the band helped to popularize.

"I think *The New America* wasn't a very good album," Bentley bluntly states. "[Producer] Todd [Rundgren] said something when we were making it that I really thought about. He said, 'look, Greg's making an *American Lesion* [Graffin's solo album] album using you guys as his musicians.'"

For Bentley, the bright spot on *The New America* was the juxtaposition of Gurewitz' offering "Believe It," and Graffin's "A Streetkid Named Desire."

"When you listen to 'Believe It,' which Brett wrote, Greg's response was 'A Streetkid Named Desire,' Bentley says. "I remember that happening. If you listen to 'Streetkid' and the rest of the album, it doesn't fit in, *except* with 'Believe It.' So you can see how those two songs play off of each other. If you get an entire album of that, you get a great album."

With a rejuvenated faith in themselves and their music, the Bad Religion of yore

is back. With an uncommonly large ensemble of punks (six members), the band is currently touring North America with Hot Water Music and Less Than Jake with plans to tour the States again this summer on the Vans' Warped Tour with veteran punks NOFX and Lagwagon.

Bad Religion has reached a point of rock-nirvana — touring in support of one of their most important albums, with the eldership to appreciate what each member has to offer the band. "It's a little more complex than it used to be," Bentley says, "but we really try to keep everything fairly light because when people say, 'how do you stay around for so long?' it's because we don't put any pressure on the band to make us happy. We don't make the band responsible for our individual lives. If one day we're just sitting around going 'this isn't fun anymore,' than it's over."

Bad Religion plays with Hot Water Music and Less Than Jake at Cox Arena Mar. 28



VIA SATELLITE

And the local rock train rolls on...

San Diego rockers tune into a new transmission

I spend two hours of my week listening to musicians try to convince me that they're not rock stars. 90 percent of the diminutive voices on the other end of the line end up as one-dimensional poster boys for personal supremacy.

As two members of Via Satellite glide into the office, hands waving, smiles dripping from their shaggy faces, I send back a smile—they don't need to do any convincing, human sincerity is written all over their faces.

Despite the fact that obvious humanity can be a shaded insult for some, Via Satellite vocalist-guitarist Andrew Andrews and guitarist Scott Mercado wear it as their galactically time-tested medal of honor. As well they should.

"We're not the rock star type of characters," Andrews asserts with a shrug. "We don't go out every night and get plastered. I know a lot of bands that that's their thing, their M.O. ... Bands are waking up with their face in the grass and we're up in the morning and making music."

"There are a lot of Alpha Male bands

out there and there isn't one Alpha Male in our band," Mercado adds. "We're all a bunch of weenies, really."

Mercado and Andrews speak openly, darting through conversation with the ease of a newly married couple. There is no guided conversation, only train of thought. Luckily, for me, their thoughts are on their music, for now.

"At this point, friends and band mates are the same thing," Andrews says. "We really bounce ideas off of each other and shoot them around. We always want to try new things. At this point we can do whatever we want, we have that freedom. That is such a luxury. We're not going to change that very much, very soon."

The cliché metaphor for a band is a marriage. Andrews and Mercado—as well as drummer Tim Reece and bassist Rod Campbell—are living proof. Mercado even speaks of his "one year anniversary [with the band]" in the same way a newly crowned fiancé waves her recently weighted finger. The band, however, seems to manage marriage with a far more labor-oriented approach than

Interview by Caley Cook

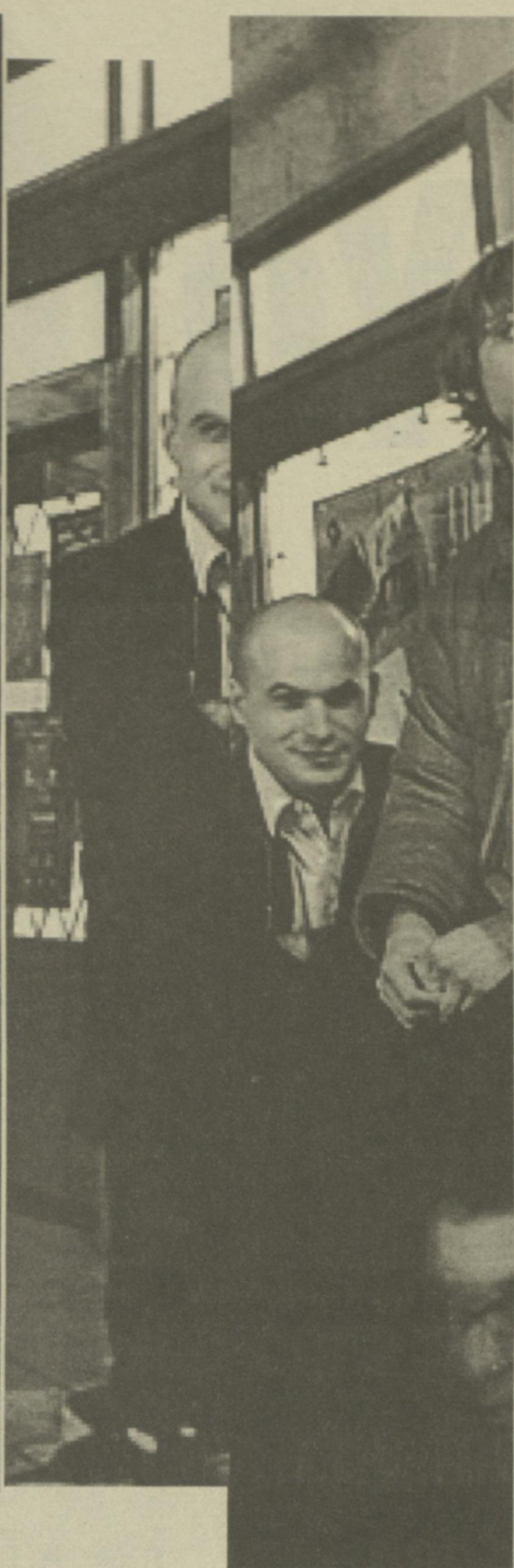
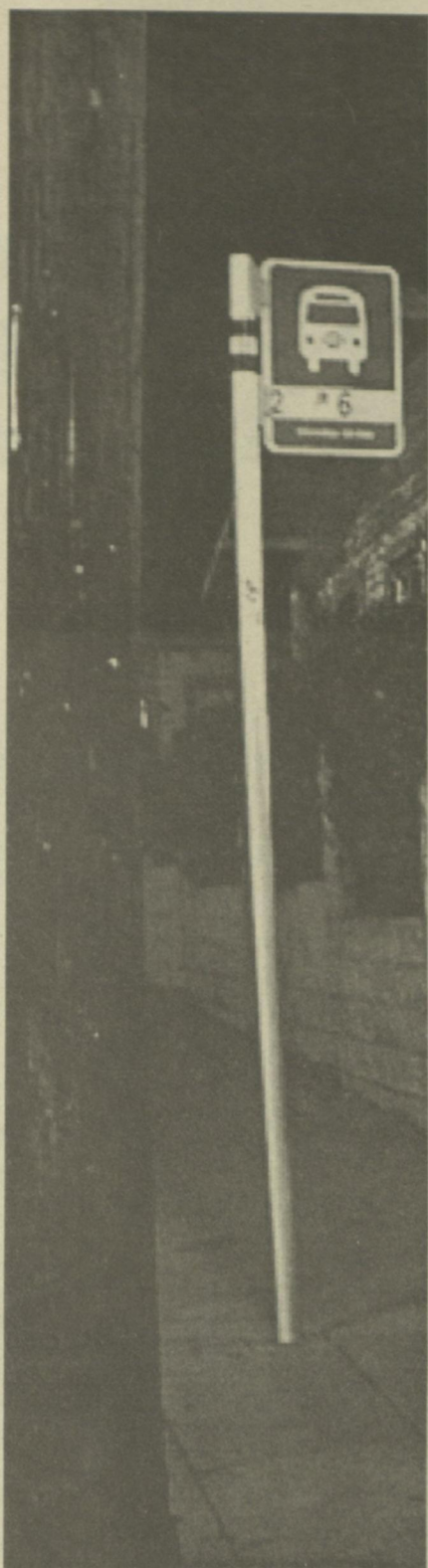


PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY CALEY COOK

most couples.

"If you don't make music for yourself, people sense it," Mercado says. "Bigger bands are more like companies than anything else ... I think there are more blue-collar musicians out there than people looking to be the next Beatles. I meet more people that are just looking to pay their rent. They want to play music and not have to be in a cubicle."

Via Satellite, like many musicians in San Diego, know more about the blue-collar aesthetic than anything else. With a super-charged art-rock resume, it's an even harder road for Andrews and Mercado.

"San Diego bands have a super hard time getting fans out," Andrews sighs. "If you're Rocket [from the Crypt], sure, you get fans. But Black Heart [Procession] goes to San Francisco and they get hordes of people and sell it out and then they come here and they can't even sell out the Casbah. It's not their fault either. They're amazing. It's just that fans don't

come out."

In the last year, Via Satellite have tasted both sides of the musical buffet: the bitter and the sweet. With the Mar. 5 release of their newest effort, *!Traffico!*, the band got a lick at a packed show at the Casbah and a horde of fans digging their lurking, Radiohead-sy melodies and balls-on-the-chopping-block performance. Intense. Unyielding. Delicate. The art-rock aesthetic, however, doesn't stop at the microphone for Via Satellite.

"What makes me happiest about this band is we don't just make music," Mercado says excitedly. "We make writings and paintings and web designs. Sometimes it's a cohesive whole. *!Traffico!* was one of those conversational themes that really stuck. It influenced Tim's paintings, my graphic designs and web designs and his writings and stories. All of these extracurricular things that the band does all came from

one little conversation."

"That [conversation is] why we made *Traffico*, really," Andrews attempts to explain. "Tim and I moved into an old Victorian house and ... when we were setting it up ... Tim made a joke like, 'I've been thinking about putting up traffic signs all over. I think I'll put up a sign that says, *!Traffico!*'"

"A few weeks later our other roommate and I took a walk on the hills above the I-8 freeway where we live and all of a sudden we hear a huge crash, so we went to see what had happened and we're looking at this accident. A car had, I think, blown a tire and ended up flipped around, facing oncoming traffic. All the traffic backed up and then simultaneously all the cars around it started jetting off to do whatever they needed to do and just took off. Nobody stopped to

help. It was just a weird moment when you start thinking about human nature."

Andrews and Mercado, as with most dedicated and proud musicians, speak of Via Satellite's new album with all the care and sensitivity of brand new fathers recollecting the fresh addition to their household. They speak with the gift of sincerity and a time worn, music-industry-tested sense of humor.

"We're an art-rock band. That's what we do," Andrews says. "We make concept stuff. We like to do creative, original work. But you can't take yourself so seriously. There's this heavy seriousness to us but then there's this total silliness too. People just take themselves too seriously sometimes. But we don't."

Via Satellite play at Pokez on Mar. 23

All of Sonic Youth's parties

Interview By Caley Cook

It's a little kid's ultimate mix tape. A wet dream scenario of three days to host any 40 bands you can think of—and when it comes down to it, 43-year-old Thurston Moore is as much, or more, of a kid as anyone else.

"We're excited," the Sonic Youth guitarist lolls in an eastern seaboard cadence with a hint of a grown man's squeal. "I don't know how people are going to deal with this because there's going to be three great acts on at once—they're going to be bouncing from one theatre to the next. In that way I think it's sort of layered. You just schedule yourself and see a little of everything. It'll keep people active. It's sort of like an exercise for lazy indie rockers."

Sonic Youth are serving as curators for America's first version of the All Tomorrow's Parties Festival on-campus at UCLA, March 14-17. Sonic Youth's "I-dub-thee-our-favorite-bands will fill the three-day, four-night festival and Moore is regaling

me the reasons that the final lineup is much too short.

"We had, like, 300 artists that we were choosing from," Moore says, a hint of disappointed drag in his voice. "We had to narrow it down and sort of take out certain chunks of things. We had a lot of LA bands so we decided to excise most because we figured, well, they're regional and most people have access to them really easily... A lot of the choices were dictated by budget. There were a lot of people that we really wanted and we just couldn't afford them. We wanted to incorporate other disciplines, like we wanted to have dance but it was outside of our budget."

Moore's discussions of the budgetary limitations of a national music festival are distressingly automatic. After all, is this not the critically acclaimed guitar wielding artrocker of New York postpunk avant garde royalty? Is this not the dissonant hipster of alternate audio landscapes and opener of late '80s floodgates that subsequently spewed forth thousands of shallow young indie kids yammering unhappy non sequiturs about

how freakin' bored and fed up they are with everything? It is. But it's his night job. Right now, he's got a curator-ship to take care of.

"Basically it's our own mix tape. That's all it is. We just had to choose bands," Moore said. "To be curator it sort of gives you a certain responsibility to present something with a certain aesthetic. So we're conscious of representing more than just one kind of narrow vision. We're pretty much part of a community that is, you know, middle class, white, indie rock and we certainly didn't want that to be all that we presented. We were pretty conscious about wanting it to as balanced as we could make it with different aspects of gender and race. The primary thing, though, was music that we like."

A mingling of hip-hop (Cannibal Ox), alt-country (Wilco), emo-core (Unwound) and jazz (Cecil Taylor) made the final cutoff Sonic Youth likes. Still, Moore says, there were options in the wings before the sting of realism took hold.

"There was a lot of hip-hop that we wanted but I don't think the UCLA campus was willing to take on too much hip-hop because I think they're a little afraid of it,"

Moore says with little hesitation. "I shouldn't speak for them as such, but historically a lot of hip-hop in LA is connected with gang elements and that's certainly not something that someone wants to deal with. That is a bit of a drag. It'd be great to get Wu Tang Clan but we can't afford it. I didn't even bring it up."

Moore's mix tape has been a bit more complicated than the pick-and-dub cassette version of woebegone youth. Originally scheduled for Oct. 19 and 20, 2001, the music festival was canceled in the wake of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks and retooled for a March showing.

"We had to decide to reschedule. At the time it was a very difficult decision. It was at a time that nobody had any conscious prediction of what the near future was going to be like. It was really crazy. We were per-

sonally in complete disarray," Moore recalls. "Lee [Rinaldo, Sonic Youth guitarist] was uprooted from his apartment because he lives so close. Our workspace, Sonic Youth Studios, was shut down for two months. In the outlying area there's just a lot of destruction. It's a tense environment to go and work in. The tourists and everybody just create a circus atmosphere. That's just the way it is."

The hope of the entire All Tomorrow's Parties camp is that the festival will be an escape from the mad destruction of Sept. 11, a destination of music and earnest vacation atmosphere. The result? A Sonic Youth-ified exhibition of musical gallantry aimed at the masses and the underground alike—and the band will solidify the deal themselves when they take the stage on Sunday night of the festival to display material from their upcoming album.

"We're gonna do most of the new material and we'll also play some good oldies," Moore says with a chuckle. "The new stuff sounds like a cross between Mountain and Queen and a little bit of the Teenage Jesus

and the Jerk. A little bit classic rock. It's the most straight-ahead music that we've written in a while. It's hardly conservative but for us it's a little more straight up. We've never had any affinity with anything extreme, even though we get identified with that a lot, but that might have a lot to do with the fact that we really don't know how to play our instruments."

Moore laughs. No more talk of budgets or whimpering chatter of disappointing limitations—it's time to talk music. It's always time to talk music and for Moore this order of things—music first, budgetary limitations later—seems natural. The undercurrent of our conversation is that Moore figures music is more important right now—not only in the wake of Sept. 11, but in the shadow of what he calls the "svengalis and their boy bands" that have got the music industry by the jugular.

"To be able to set up a situation where you choose the artists and have other people do all the other logistical work—that, to me, is really the best way to do it," Moore says, audibly shaking his head in agreement with himself. "I think we're good candidates for music curating because we're all, for the most part, archivists. Me and Jim O'Rourke (Sonic Youth's newest addition) are just hopeless record collectors anyway—so now we're artist collectors. But I guess, in the end, you can't really bottle Eddie Vedder."



Further Seems Forever



Emo-core gets the run-down by the band of a current dashboard and a former forever

Interview by John Piranian

If you relish in criticizing mainstream music, then calmly drive to your local independent record store and support independent music.

That's what Further Seems Forever drummer, Steve Kleisath, might tell you. Kleisath and his band mates from Fort Lauderdale, Fla. have been touring and recording on the independent level for four years going.

"I think there is a lot of good music out there and a lot of it is on the independent level," Kleisath said in a recent interview.

The band's original line-up consisted of four members of the disbanded group, Strongarm, and the lead vocals were provided by Chris Carrabba. "As far as Chris, the original singer, he works for Dashboard (Confessional) now," Kleisath said.

Now that Carrabba is no longer a member of Further Seems Forever, the

band has found a new singer and has started to create new material for recording. The band plans to start recording a new album in early June.

"We hooked up with Jason Gleason around May of last year and we have been touring since June, so he is definitely our guy now. We've been doing a new song live, actually, that he wrote all the lyrics for and we are really happy with it," Kleisath said.

On their newest release, *The Moon is Down*, Further Seems Forever produces an original, innovative album that can capture an audience with the band's driving rhythms, Kleisath's prominent percussion and Carrabba's penetrating words on life and love.

On tracks like "New Year's Project," "Just Until Sundown" and the single "Wearing Thin," Further Seems Forever assemble intricate layers of sound. Many of the songs touch on relationships and

the emotions that they conjure in the soul.

When the band first started, many of its members who were formerly Strongarm were trying to stray from their heavier material and write other forms of music.

"Our music is emotional. It's rock, but the term Emo is so loosely used so it stereotypes a lot of bands," Kleisath said.

Emo rock has become a popular form of music in the past few years through the new success of bands like Saves the Day, New Found Glory, Juliana Theory and Sunny Day Real Estate.

Many bands are thrown into the category of Emo if their album contains songs about dramatic feelings or thoughtful messages.

"We do not classify ourselves as an Emo band. We are remotely in the category, I mean, as far as some of the bands we play and tour with, but I think what we write is original," Kleisath said.

From day to day on the radio, a listener is likely to hear the same batch of songs again and again. The monotonous blocks of easily recognizable tracks that can easily numb the brain. How many times have you heard No Doubt's Gwen Stefani shout "Hey baby, hey baby hey," or Creed lead singer Scott Stapp's belting rock hymns?

"When you have awards shows showcasing basically the same rotation that the radio stations play, they will have maybe 20 groups out of the thousands that there are," Kleisath said. "I think it is a bad representation, but it's almost for people that really aren't very passionate about music."

**Further Seems Forever
play at the Mira Mesa
Epicentre Mar. 23**



DREAMWORKS

Don't waste your time on "Time Machine"

Story by Caley Cook

D+ What a mess. "The Time Machine" opens today with a barrage of advertising and market saturation, and we know that not much good can come of that. Advertising is the omen that studios dump of films that they're sure are headed for instant video prosperity. "Slackers" and "Orange County"—that's what happens to ad-saturated films.

In "Time Machine" we have no exception, but consumers will be so taken by their curiosity regarding "Time Machine" was the most exhilarating part of the experience.

The film lost ground since 1960, when the H.G. Wells science-fiction novel was translated to film by George Pal. Watching the 2002 version of the film is paramount to reading the Cliff Notes version.

Slogging through the future, "Time Machine" skips the social commentary, philosophy and class-consciousness that Wells had so carefully woven into his classic book and the movie opts, instead, for a rushed visit into a listless future.

The film boasts a thick cast of production, writing and acting royalty, including director Simon Wells ("Prince of Egypt"), the highly publicized great-grandson of the author.

It's too bad, however, that with a

thoroughly proven script and \$100 million the crew couldn't produce more than the tepid world of instant relationships and growling monsters that is the film's reality. What ended up on screen has all the swashbuckling charm of a hippopotamus in heat. But it really is no wonder.

The film is working with the characteristics of a sequel—a previously successful film (albeit 42 years ago) and a powerful marketing campaign—but without the contemporary repertoire of "Jurassic Park" or "The Mummy."

Guy Pearce—as Andrew Hartdegen, our brainy professor turned time-traveler—emerges from the film in an awkward stance. Pearce either fulfills the 'wink-wink' action hero expectations of the contemporary "Planet of the Apes" or "Return of the Mummy" flicks (of which "Time Machine" is scarily reminiscent) or he gives in to the blustery charisma that just swoons from his character's Clark Gable-esque dialogue. He looks comfortable doing neither.

The set up is this: our Hartdegen hero is jilted by a romantic tragedy and builds himself a time machine to hurtle back to change the past. After realizing the futility of his past-changing quest, the professor sends himself into the future.

A spectacular sequence—one of the

only worthy CGI sequences in the film—follows our hero to the future: the literal construction of modern Manhattan in front of our eyes, the development of the airplane, the building of moon colonies and finally the use of commercial space shuttles.

The 1960 version of the film won an Oscar for special effects and it seems that today's version is after the same title.

The CGI time travel sequence unmistakably deserves acknowledgement. Manhattan's construction is riveting and believable and an additional shot of a storefront window's time lapse of ever-shortening skirt lengths is impressive to watch.

Making short stops in the relatively near future, Hartdegen witnesses the man-inflicted destruction of the Moon, causing the fiery destruction of New York. (The violent scene, showing the descending fire balls of the Moon leaves no question as to the content of the scenes removes after the tragedies of Sept. 11, 2001.)

Arriving 800, 000 years in the future, Hartdegen is greeted by a peace-loving race of humans called the Eloi. The docile-as-bunnies species lives in cliff-clinging huts amongst Earth's new fjords.

The Eloi are the source of food for the ground-lurking Morlocks who, after years of evolution, have receded to the caverns beneath the Earth with their uber leader (an albino Jeremy Irons).

Hartdegen, instantly forgetting the love of his life, befriends the docile Eloi woman, Mara (singer-songwriter Samantha Mumba) and her younger brother (Omero Mumba, Samantha's real life younger brother).

After a particularly voracious Morlock feeding sequence, Hartdegen is forced underground to save Mara and ends up, you guessed it, saving the world. Sounds engaging, but Ben Stein generated more heat and emotion at the Republican National Convention. ("Bueller? Bueller?")

The film is like those displays at fast food restaurants: if you based their worth purely on their looks, you'd be terribly disappointed.

Much the same with "Time Machine"—if you turned off the sound, the whole experience would be pleasurable. The film's inability to engage is directly related to its inability to form any character development in its one hour, 40 minute time allowance.

Roles quickly turn into cameos at the hands of the film's editors. (Irons plays his Uber Morlock with an air of villainous credulity but isn't given more than 10 minutes to flesh out any-

thing worthy of his resume.)

Dialogue that would otherwise be touching and dramatic seems cheap in a world of immediate relationships. Pearce's performance seems conflicted, but director Wells' mid-production breakdown and subsequent replacement with Gore Verbinski ("The Mexican") may have something to do with his acting duality.

The particularly obvious "Time Machine" homage to "Star Wars" and "Planet of the Ape's" is startling. The Morlocks run on all fours, echoing the animation expertise of director Wells but relying heavily on the audience's preconditioned ape-fear.

The lukewarm Eloi are Ewoks with a new language and less fur. The Uber Morlock is Darth Vader without a tan—his unexplained Lord-like physical and mental control of other characters is scary, yes, but a bit eyebrow-raising in the end.

It is clearly obvious that the studio was after traditional Hollywood, and what better way to accomplish this task than to emulate Hollywood's most successful films.

In "Time Machine", classic romance replaces intellectual exploration, a professor's obsession replaces social fascination and a listless connection with CGI replaces any affinity with the character's plight. The remodeled dialogue reflects the film's new air.

"Time Machine" spends a wasted effort on witty zingers such as, "stop wasting your time with that crazy German patent clerk," (i.e., Einstein).

A New York Public Library hologram named Vox (played surprisingly well by Orlando Jones) even makes H.G. Wells references. The audience can even catch Alan Young (who played David Philby in the 1960 film) in a cameo as a flower seller.

Product placement—in addition to actor placement—runs rampant in "Time Machine", leaving no question as to the biggest contributors.

Tiffany and Company apparently made a hefty bestowal to the "Time Machine" fund, ending up with the strategically placed remnants of their store set conveniently in the jungle of the future. This poorly placed commercial echoes the Jungle Cruise feeling of some of the futuristic sets that are otherwise lush and artistically pleasing.

The commercial edge of the film would be easily forgivable if not for the complete loss of social commentary or self-awareness that lends itself so well to the story line.

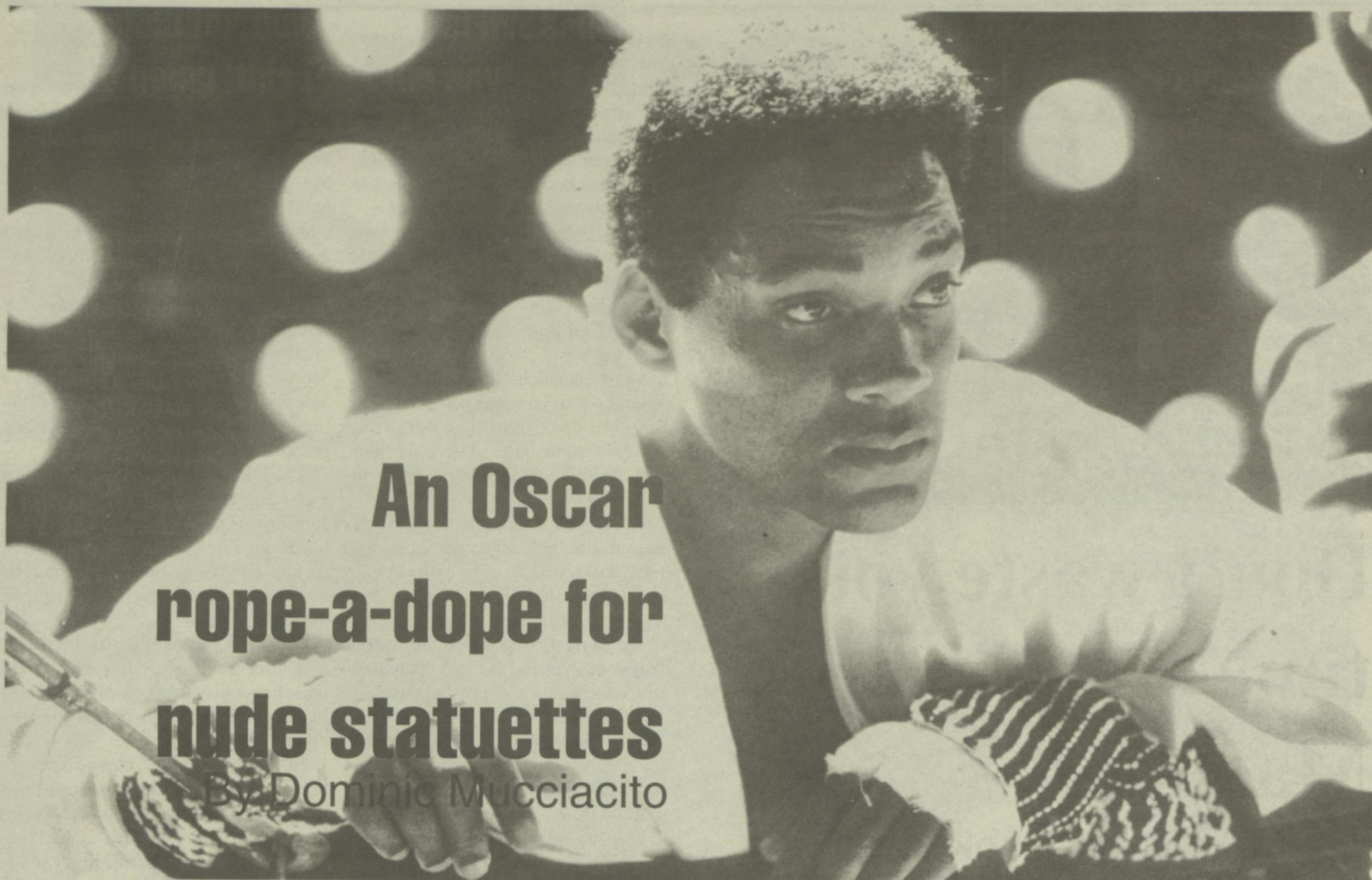
Would it be so hard to keep the women out of cages? Or at least to clothe them? Could we allow the women to stretch out of the motherly roles and into the world of their male counterparts' harvesting and community-leading roles?

H.G. Wells certainly placed class distinction into his films but always in the form of self-commentary, subsequently forcing self-examination onto the late seventeenth century populous.

God bless Wells because he's certainly shaking his head at the lack of self-awareness that "Time Machine" now possesses.

"Time Machine" is currently playing in theaters and is rated PG-13.

Slogging through the future, "Time Machine" skips the social commentary, philosophy and class-consciousness of the Wells classic. What ended up on screen has all the swashbuckling charm of a hippopotamus in heat.



COLUMBIA PICTURES

An Oscar rope-a-dope for nude statuettes

By Dominic Mucciato

The circus is coming to town. With the 74th Academy Awards just around the corner the competition is beginning to heat up. So many questions remain unanswered.

Can an unappreciated genre actually resuscitate itself if "Fellowship Of The Ring" wins Best Picture?

Will Denzel finally receive the honors for Best Actor? And will the real John Nash please stand up?

Until the actual curtain rises on the ceremony (Mar. 24 at the Kodak Theater in Los Angeles) the best we can do is speculate. Here's a look at a few of the major players in the major categories.

Fellowship Of The Ring
Peter Jackson made a fantasy that has changed the way the Academy looks at special effects. Jackson, who was nominated for Best Director, has come a long way since shooting gory horror films on no budget.

If he takes the stage on Mar. 24 he will only be cementing his place in the annals of film history.

Shot in his native New Zealand, the trilogy is a \$300 million gamble that will either make Jackson a household name or bury both him and New Line Cinema.

As the film nears the \$300 million mark at the box office the

execs at New Line can be heard breathing a collective sigh of relief.

When the film garnered 13 Oscar nominations, including the coveted Best Picture, the young studio practically began beaming.

What made the fantasy such a success with both critics and audiences and does it have a Hobbit's chance on Oscar night?

Typically the Academy has ignored big-budgeted effects films outside of the awards for Best Visual Effects and Best Sound Editing.

A fantasy picture has its merits but it is not the stuff of critical acclaim. That being said, in-

siders would not be surprised if the Middle Earth adventure takes home the top prize.

The filmmaker had to reinvent the special-effects film. The illusion of Middle-Earth deserved more than digital backdrops and CGI creatures.

Jackson rarely decks a scene out in spectacle just for the sake of spectacle. He knows when the effects feel heavy-handed and when they don't.

Rather than superimpose the acting troop on large computer canvases of feigned imagery, Jackson got the most out of the few sets designed for the film, and let the grandeur of New Zealand do the rest.

It didn't hurt to have a great cast either. Elijah Wood had the face of an angel and the feet of an ogre as Hobbit hero Frodo Baggins. Only the face was real, but who's counting?

Veteran actor Sir Ian McKellen, who recently won the Screen Actor's Guild Award for Best Supporting Actor for his portrayal of the benevolent wizard Gandalf, may walk off with his first Oscar as well.

Even if the film loses the Best Picture race it still may end up with a truckload of awards before the show is over.

"Fellowship" is considered the frontrunner in almost all of the technical categories: Cinematography (Andrew Lesnie), Costume Design (Ngila Dickson and Richard Taylor), Visual Effects, Film Editing and Makeup.

Training Day
Denzel Washington has to be

tired of playing the bridesmaid.

After winning the Best Supporting Actor Award in 1989's "Glory" the actor has been nominated Best Actor twice but lost on both occasions.

His remarkable turns in 1992's "Malcolm X" and 1999's "The Hurricane" generated enough just enough negative attention for actor's work to become overlooked.

Maybe the third time will be the charm for Washington who is nominated for his performance in "Training Day."

As Detective Sergeant Alonzo Harris, Washington is at once judge, jury and executioner.

He roams the streets in his office (a black 1978 Monte Carlo low rider), answers to no one and administers what he calls, "street justice."

Both endearing and enigmatic, Washington brought so much charisma to the rogue cop you can't help but love him for being so effective.

At the same time the character is so ruthless you can only hope you never cross a cop so stern. "King Kong ain't got nothin' on me!" Washington screams at one point.

If stature were measured in testosterone alone he wouldn't be far off.

Does Denzel have a chance against critical darling Russell Crowe and his schizophrenic performance as mathematician John Nash?

Probably not. In the 73 years since the Academy began awarding the golden boy statuettes only one African American has ever

Does the Academy discriminate? An African-American actor has not won the top acting honor since Sidney Poitier in 1963's "Lilies Of The Field." On Mar. 24 Denzel Washington ("Training Day") and Will Smith ("Ali") will try to break the curse.

WARNER BROS



walked away with the top acting prize. Sidney Poitier earned that unique distinction in 1963 for "Lilies Of The Field."

Nearly 40 years have passed and we're supposed to believe that the voting isn't at least partially racially discriminatory? Washington may have the best chances of ending that discomforting dry spell, but probably not this year.

Will Smith is also considered a long-shot for "Ali."

That leaves Halle Berry and her groundbreaking role in "Monster's Ball" to carry the torch. Berry faces a tough field that includes Judi Dench ("Iris"), Sissy Spacek ("In The Bedroom"), Nicole Kidman ("Moulin Rouge") and Renee Zellweger ("Bridget Jones' Diary").

While the veteran Washington was expected to be here, his onscreen partner's nomination for Best Supporting Actor took many industry insiders by surprise.

As rookie Jake Hoyt faced insurmountable odds in "Training Day" Ethan Hawke hopes to prove that he can hold his own as well on Oscar night.

Hawke brings such innocence to the role that it hurts to see his resolve being chipped away as the day goes on. He's trapped on a roller coaster that only goes down.

His next step always more perilous than the last, Hoyt's soul is being bartered for on screen. Like Faust he will either submit to his temptations or die trying to resist. His nomination is sweet validation for actors that we have literally watched grow up before our eyes. Hawke has been acting since he was a boy.

Remember the starry-eyed romantic kid from 1985's "Explorers"? That was Hawke. Remember the first student to rise to his desktop in salute of Mr. Keating in 1989's "Dead Poet's Society"? Hawke again.

A Beautiful Mind

Director Spike Lee will be watching this year's Best Actor race with an unusual amount of anticipation.

Denzel Washington's Oscar rival Russell Crowe is caught in a biographical debate over the inaccuracies of his portrayal of tortured genius John Nash.

The controversy is eerily similar to the smear campaign launched against "The Hurricane" in 1999. Many observers felt that "The Hurricane" took too many hits in the court of public opinion to recognize Washington's performance as the wrongfully imprisoned boxer Reuben Carter.

Already an Academy darling (nominated in 2000 for "The Insider" and again in 2001 for "Gladiator") Crowe faces the same criticism. As the mentally ill mathematician John Forbes Nash Jr. in Ron Howard's "A Beautiful Mind" Crowe is sweet, sappy and, naturally, the sentimental favorite.

"A Beautiful Mind" plays a little too loose with the real life of the schizophrenic Nash. The film tells a heart-warming love story of Nash and his wife Alicia Larde Nash over the course of his 40-year battle with mental illness.

An outline of Nash's life presents the perfect three-act structure of a screenplay: a promising career derailed by adversity and then resurrected by the sheer willpower of love.

The film plays out as if Alicia alone brought the man out of the exiles of madness. The tear-jerking biopic wowed audiences to the tune of \$130 million and counting, but are those tears counterfeit?

The filmmakers behind "A Beautiful Mind" decided to omit some of the less marketable chapters of Nash's life. Audiences have no idea that the real Nash divorced Alicia, had alleged homosexual affairs, and abandoned a child he fathered out of wedlock.

If Crowe wins despite the controversy, Lee thinks that the Academy will only be reasserting its age-old double standard.

He told Newsweek, "It will be interesting to see if African-Americans are held to a higher standard of telling the truth on Oscar night. We'll see if Crowe's performance is strong enough to overshadow the inaccuracies."

No question Crowe makes for an extremely lovable genius, but why would the cinematic Nash have to become sterile to sell tickets?

Apparently the filmmakers behind "A Beautiful Mind" felt that the facts were too much for audiences to take in. Any blemishes that might possibly weaken our sympathy have been cut away leaving a portrait of a shy and tender martyr.

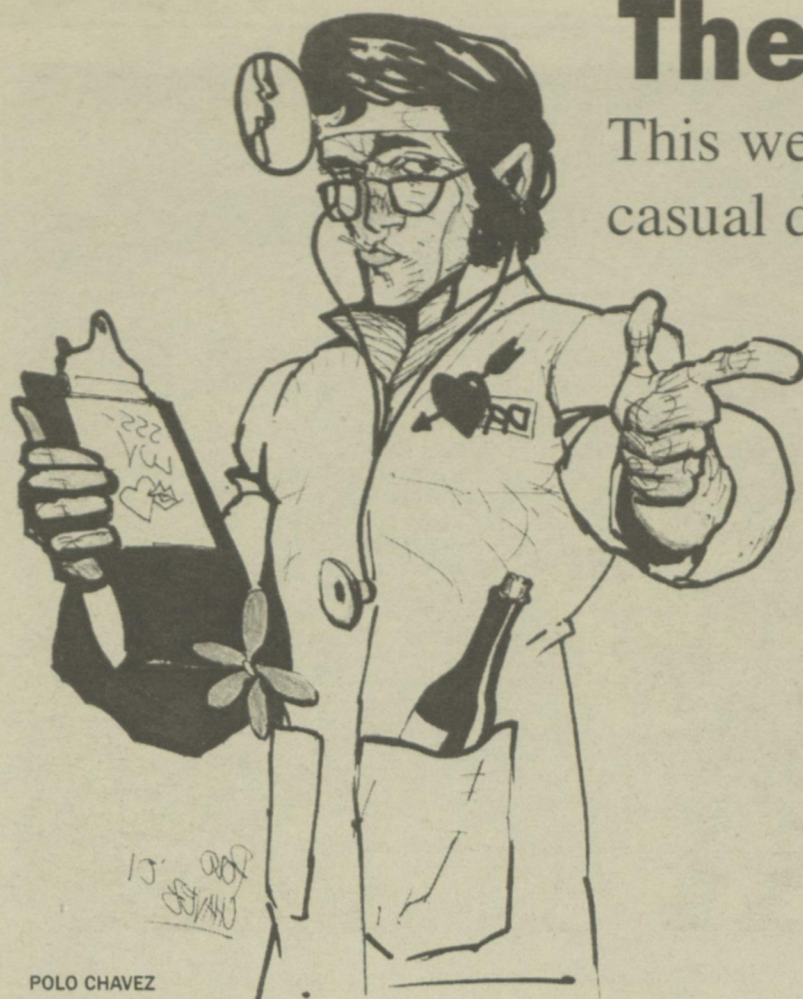
Oddly enough scriptwriter Akiva Goldsman could win an Oscar for twisting the facts of Nash's story. Goldsman is nominated for the Best Adapted Screenplay award.

Looks like controversy doesn't reach as far down as screenwriters.



NEW LINE CINEMA

My Preciouss! (Top) Legolas (Orlando Bloom) takes aim at film history in "Lord Of The Rings: Fellowship of The Ring." (Bottom) Director Peter Jackson relaxes in the Middle-Earth cottage of Bilbo Baggins. Jackson hopes to walk the aisle more than once on Oscar night. "Fellowship Of The Ring" is nominated for 13 Academy Awards.



POLO CHAVEZ

The Doctor is in

This week Dr. Love takes on streaking, make-up, casual dating, and Medieval lovin'.

Dear Medical technician of tough love,

I don't spend a lot of time dressing and making myself up everyday because I feel like guys and friends should like me as I am. Am I right in feeling this way or does my appearance really matter?

- Mundane in Missions B

Dear Mundane,

Just as certain people feel more comfortable *au naturel*, so too do certain people appreciate it more than others. Some guys may prefer the Tammy Fay Baker school of cosmetology. It's a matter of taste and personality more than anything else. If a man or woman is attracted to someone, that typically won't change no matter how much make-up that person has or doesn't have on. Too much make-up, in fact, can be a turn-off to many guys.

Appearance always matters. A few studies have shown that when talking to a person, their credibility is determined 70 percent by how they look, 20 percent how they sound, and only 10 percent by what they say. One clear example of this is Ricky Martin's "Livin' La Vida Loca". Few people, even native Spanish speakers, realize that during the third verse, when the lyrics are entirely in Spanish, Martin laid out his plans for world domination and the elimination of Enrique Iglesias and Martin's own former *Menudo* band-mates.

Above all, however cliché it is, be yourself. A nice suit can make an average-looking guy appear to be more handsome, but only marginally. Someone still has to wake up with that average-looking guy the next morning. And to all you average-looking guys, my advice is to just keep the suit on.

Docta Docta,

I've already introduced my girlfriend to my parents and everything went great. This weekend I'm going to meet her parents and I'm terrified. What can I do?

- Lover not a fighter

Dear Lover not a fighter,

First of all, if you're thinking about accidentally setting fire to a wedding gift, breaking a family member's nose, and losing the family cat, let me warn you, it's been done. There's only one thing that scares guys the most: the father. Not only does he have that slightly-repressed look of homicidal rage on his face, but his past military record of 18 kills during peacetime isn't the most welcoming. The best advice my 87 years of experience can give you is going to sound paradoxical; you have to be able to adapt and you must relax. Or at the very least, give the appearance of relaxation.

The commonly-recognized ban on political or religious discussions should be in effect the entire time, even when you're racing to the bathroom for a reunion with that Meatloaf casserole you just ate. And when you're racing to the bathroom because of the Meatloaf casserole, try to be nonchalant. It's not an emergency, just a moment in time in which a critical decision regarding olfactory and intestinal displeasure is made.

Her parents are likely to be welcoming and, assuming you have the tattoos and numerous piercings temporarily covered, even civil towards you. Smile often, make a joke about Democrats every now and then, and you should do just fine.

Dear Physical Therapist,

My boyfriend is obsessed with the Middle Ages. I don't have a problem playing the virtuous maiden to his white knight, but I don't know if I'll last another weekend in the Holy Roman Empire. The problem is, I'm not as virtuous or pure as he would like to believe, if you know what I mean. Will this ruin his jousting spirit?

- Lady Guenivere

Dear Lady Guenivere,

Have you said anything to mislead this young, naive Gallahad? Truth and communication is an important part in any relationship, particularly when dealing with nobility. But, fittingly, the past is the past. His focus on ancient times, when popular culture saw a more defined sense of right and wrong may be a search for meaning on his part in both his life and in relationships. Or it may just be a sword-fetish.

In any event, you have two choices. You can lie about your jousting history and pretend that he's slaying your dragon for the first time or you can forgo any possible inquisition and come clean. If every word he says is like a cantata from the Troubadors (the bards who popularized the idea of love) and this looks long-term, then maybe it's time to crown this Charlemagne with the truth.

Don't get me wrong, he's not going to like it. But if you can persuade him to see reason (which may take another few hundred years) then maybe you can make him see that in your feelings for him, your heart is still pure.

Dear Doctor Love,

My boyfriend has a serious problem,; he is addicted to streaking at football games. Can I somehow get him to stop his barenaked ways or am I doomed to a life of athletic public nudity?

- Pretty in Puritan Pink

Dear Pretty,

In my professional experience, public nudity is always a cry for help. He may enjoy running cheeks-in-the-wind at campus games, but inside there's a little boy who is trying to run away from a deeper problem. Just like criminal offenses, there are different degrees of severity.

If it is a spontaneous occurrence, his problem might be more easily cured by heavy doses of Sudafed, the non-drowsy kind, and at least eight hours of guided meditation a day. If he shaves any part of his body in preparation for his nude debut, however, you have reason to be worried. Studies have shown that this kind of obsessive focus on streaking leads to even more dangerous activities, such as student journalism or even acting. Take one look at "Rush Hour 2" and tell me that there wasn't some Karmic reincarnated skill when Chris Tucker and Jackie Chan were running naked through Hong Kong.

As in any relationship, communication is the key. If you both get your feelings off your respective chests, then it could lead to a greater communion between the two of you and whip this relationship back into shape. If he still can't help but quench his streaking urges, then perhaps it's time to pick different weekend beaches from now on.

Dear Doctor,

Whenever I casually date, I usually get bored with the guy and where it's going. Does this make me mean?

- Serial dater

Dear Serial dater,

Your problem could be several different things. Do you have a problem because of the guy himself or with the knowledge that your relationship isn't likely to go the commitment route? If it's the former, then pick different guys.

Perhaps the guy who sits next to you in English and constantly checks his hair in his hand mirror isn't the guy with enough depth for you. Perhaps the guy who lists Joe Montana and the mascot for the Pittsburgh Pirates as the smartest and most inspirational people in the world isn't "the one."

On the other hand, if you aren't into the guys because you know however many dates you have with them isn't going to produce a committed relationship, then maybe you should re-think what dating means to you.

To some girls, dating is an opportunity for a free meal, maybe a movie, a trip to the beach, or for a select few, an all-expenses-paid fantasy excursion to Aromas. To others, dating is the process of searching for your future husband, or perhaps your future fifth husband. Dating is what you make it. If you don't like casual dates and open-ended relationships, don't have them. But you may be missing out on a killer free latte.

As John Mellencamp mused, "Sometimes love don't feel like it should."

If your love problems can't be solved by a folksy Mellencamp song like ours can, call Dr. Love at x 7848.

We don't discriminate against middle names here.



KYLA LACKIE

Death and dismemberment to the limits

Mira Mesa Epicentre
Feb. 28

The Death and Dismemberment Tour—sounds torturous, gory, and brutal. The Feb. 28th show at the Epicentre was everything but. Death Cab for Cutie packed their sixth show of the month-long, cross-country tour. As their first all ages show in San Diego, Ben Gibbard, Death Cab's singer described it as "the most booty shakin' show of the tour."

Death Cab has been touring in support of *The Photo Album*, their latest release from Barsuk Records, a Seattle based label. The boys have been touring with labelmates Aveo and the Dis-

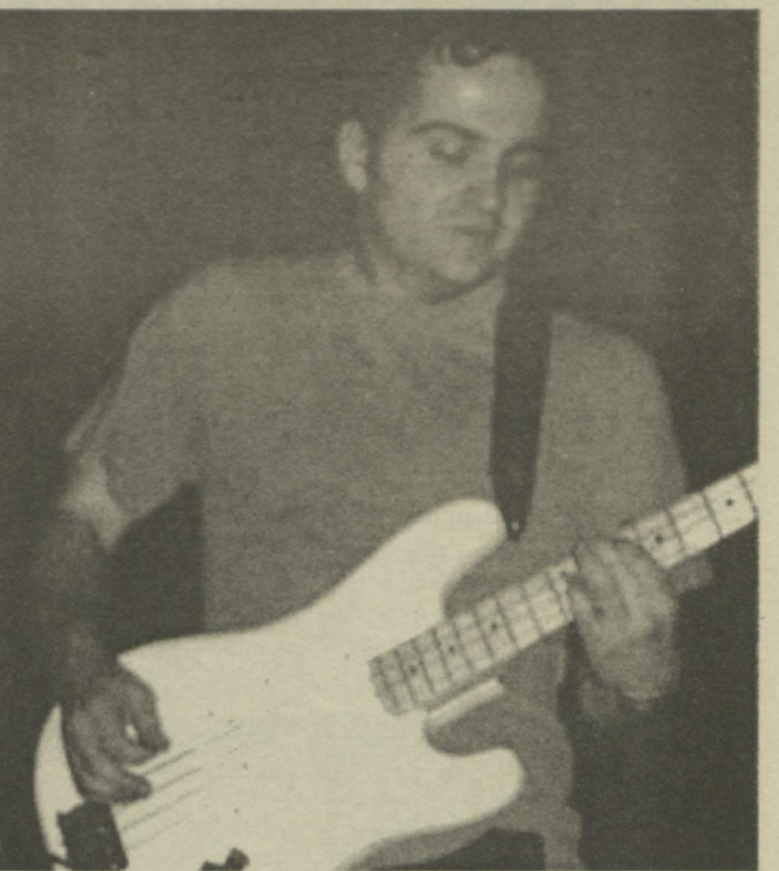
memberment Plan, Washington D.C.'s favorite indie rockers. Judging from the plethora of items for sale at the merch table, this tour's got big plans.

Aveo opened up the show with a far-too-brief set. The band managed to squeeze in a few hits from their *Bridge to the Northern Lights* album including "To the Edge of this Dull Continent". Somehow they managed to keep their perfectly melded guitar, bass, drums and keyboards from sounding familiar or redundant. The crowd was bustling with short attention spans, anxious for the next two bands to take the stage.

Travis Morrison, from the

Dismemberment Plan, describes it best: "Death Cab For Cutie is a great band. It just has to be said. You know, we go up there and do our spazzy thing, and then I watch them play and I think, why can't my band do grandeur and grace? ... It's almost majestic at times. Oh well. They can't quote Jay-Z and I can. So I guess it goes both ways."

So true. The show was able to appeal to a variety of music preferences. The Dismemberment Plan played several new songs from their *Change* album, their fourth DeSoto Records release, a record that shifts from sounding like an '80s video game to a rockin rap.



Morrison wouldn't stop grinning or jiving with bassist Eric Axelson throughout the set. During "Ice of Boston" the Plan invited a few of the "200 scrawny, white indie rockers" up to the stage. Ten kids climbed up to the stage and proceeded to rock like none other.

Enjoying their tour together, Death Cab and the Dismemberment Plan swapped tunes and song titles throughout the show. Jokingly, the Plan played Death Cab's "We Laugh Indoors" as Death Cab's Michael Schorr laughed from the crowd. After four broken guitar strings, an hour of rocking, and smiles all around, the Dismemberment Plan exited stage right.

Death Cab played a fine mix of their three albums, keeping the energy level high with a few of their danceable tunes including "Company Calls", "I Was a Kaleidoscope", and "Why You'd Want to Live Here". The crowd sang along to most of the songs,

Chewbacca was the only predecessor to the stage appearance of Ryan Adams on Mar. 1 at 4th and B. The life-size cardboard cutout of the disheveled Star Wars character stood on stage long before Adams took to the microphone, placed carefully by a road-worn roadie. But once Adams jaunted onstage, it was clear that the Wookiee model, whether inadvertently or purposely, stood in stark similarity to the alt-country crooner—rumpled hair, unkempt adornments of clothing and a befuddled smirk.

Taking the stage (with the Star Wars musical theme blaring on the overheads), the former Whiskeytown vocalist waltzed towards the microphone and immediately issued out a stripped-down version of "Rescue Blues." Pure disobedience was the tone of the two-hour-plus set. Taking breaks only to draw the last ashes from his cigarette, the rocker often left the burning member propped up between the strings of his guitar or drooping from the corners of his melody-laden mouth during songs.

It's easy to see why people hate him: his cocky face, his sarcasm-laden speech. Presumptuous and saucy as he is, if he's at all self-conscious about it, he'd never let it show. His lusty, sensitive-boy crap could get old—if his music wasn't so good and he didn't look like he meant it from the bottom of his tender little heart. The sense that he's about to implode and allow his whole outside to just topple over itself in excitement is contagious.

After rifling off a few gems from his latest release, *Gold*, Adams turned to the microphone for his first chat of the night.

"Hey. You guys are probably tired of all that rock star sh—, aren't you?" Adams invoked to the ebullient crowd before mocking the familiar Staind song

CONCERTS

even early ones like "Pictures in an Exhibition", released back in 1997.

The lengthy set was just enough to get the crowd ready for more. After an encore, and a final farewell, the lights came up and the kids swarmed to the back, money in hand.

--Kyla Lackie

Ryam Adams' best Staind impression

4th and B
Mar. 1

"Outside" with his own lyrics. "I'm on the Ozzfest, I've got metal in my face! Jesus. Here, watch this, I'm going to be more metal than that guy right here," Adams said before launching a rocket of snot across the stage and onto the floor.

Adams, now thoroughly inspired, shuffled through the thick honky-tonk of "To Be Young (Is to Be Sad, Is to Be High)", "La Cienaga Just Smiled" and a low-key version of "New York, New York." His face lit at the sight of audience members who knew the words. He reveled in the light-hearted carelessness of drawn out

jam after impromptu lick and drawn out jam. Adams treated the crowd to a rabberousing version of "Street Walkin' Blues," perfectly invoking his band's talents in slide guitar, mandolin and keyboards and drawing out every taste, lyric, note and movement.

And with that, Adams was gone, leaving the stage in ashy, beer-laden disarray and keeping his band in short tow.

Returning briefly after an assumed cigarette break for his encore, Adams wasted little time before he took back to the microphone.

"I'm digging the disco lights!

Turn off all the stage lights and just leave that," Adams announced with a bit of awe as the stage lights dimmed. He took his cue and launched into an encore equal to that of another set.

Ryan Adams is a lot of things. Careless. Humorous. A moron. But he revels more in what he's not: flawless, pretty or deliberately hip. Flying through the notes, driving up to the tip of the drum riser and coming back down in swirls until all falls through the wall of his own music and everything becomes quiet, Adams seems...happy? Breathless? Engrossed?

A second encore of "Nobody Girl" drew out the last notes of the night, leaving little doubt in the minds of the audience that what they paid for was not a trip down Whiskeytown-memory-lane, but a full-blown musical force all his own.

--Caley Cook

Kweller's a cool feller

'Canes
Mar. 7

'Canes packed in the 16-and-up audience like sardines in a

can. The chilly cloudy day didn't stop the mass of people to come out and see Ben Kweller play with Dashboard Confessional, The Anniversary, and Legends of Rodeo last Thursday, March 7.

After Legends of Rodeo played their set, Kweller and his band came on stage playing their guitar version of "Ice Ice Baby." Jazzed and enthused to be there, Kweller entertained the energetic crowd with a handstand in between the first two songs. Then he moved into his lovey dovey ballads for the sold out show playing guitar and keyboard (but not at the same time).

An effervescent aura surrounded the 20-year-old Kweller who loved the jam-packed San Diego audience. "They have so much energy," Kweller said of the all ages crowd he prefers to the older age bracket.

After a set by The Anniversary, Dashboard Confessional finally appeared on stage. The throng of "dashheads" rampantly cheered and sang along with the emo band. Lighters lit up as audience members swayed to Dashboard's meaningful lyrics. The crowd relentlessly cheered for an encore after the group played their "last song," prompting the band to come back out and give them a solid encore.

--Emily Palm



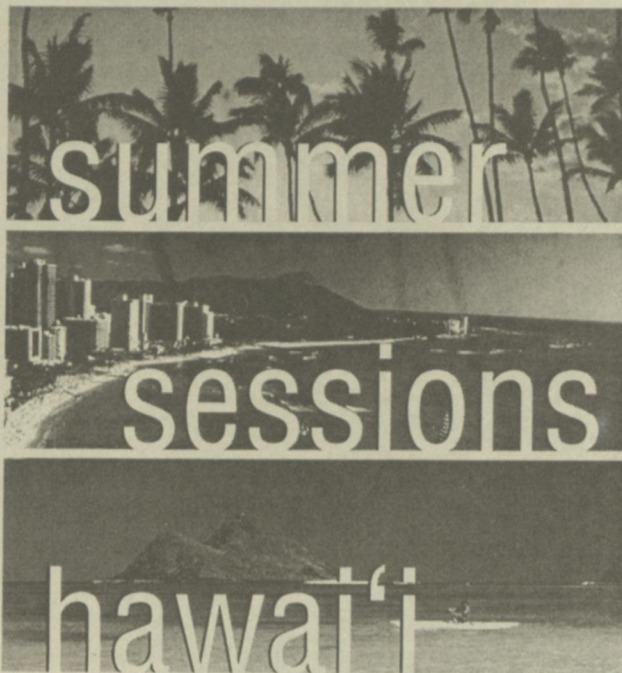
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Continued from p.3
of POPART

cept Bubba Sparxxx contributes trifling lyrics to add an exterior layer of annoyance. Redman teams up with Gorillaz for the self-promoting track "Gorillaz On My Mind" and proves just how awkward a studio love connection can really be. There really are few lowlights though, as the dream-teams prove. Moby's groove seems made for Mystikal's aggressive rhymes on a song appropriately called "Getting' Aggressive." Let's just hope these two exchanged numbers so we don't have to wait until "Blade III" to hear them again.

--Dominic Mucciato

Ben Kweller
Sha Sha
[ATO]
-7-

If Weezer, The Beatles and Cake met in a bar and jammed together, Ben Kweller could possibly be their offspring. The positive, sing-a-long emo lyrics in Kweller's new cd "Sha Sha" pleasantly prompts your head to bob and nod. One can't help but hum or sing along to the easy-going rhythm of the guitar and piano. Like the endorphins after a good run, the salutary essence of this music can raise your spirits. Kweller can best be compared to Weezer, particularly in the track "Harriet's got a song" where you'll wonder if someone switched cds on you. If you like deep and disturbed music, then don't buy this cd as Kweller said about his music's message, "positive, tomorrow is a new day."

—Emily Palm

Capleton
Still Blazin
[VP Records]
-6-

I was skeptical. I was an unbeliever. I was a doubter. But I have found a light. I have found a light in Capleton. This dancehall, roots-driven reggae-fest rides wave after wave of flowing beat to flowing beat. The veteran hipster hasn't topped his last effort, More Fire, but he's come arrestingly close. There is no weak track on the disc and nearly every lyrical effort is saved by tight vocals and layered harmonies. Capleton received nods of help from the likes of Morgan Heritage, Glen Washington, and Luciano and its subsequent inspiration shows

on tracks like "Mashing Up the Earth," which is a particular highlight. A particularly good choice for any San Diegan ready to greet the sun-laden weather of late spring and early summer.

—Caley Cook

The Chemical Brothers
Come With Us
[Virgin]
-7-

Emerging from the incubating womb of the U.K. electronica scene, the Chemical Brothers have constructed their latest opus with alternating technical precision and lushly layered grandeur. Tom Rolands and Ed Simons have enough guts to throw out the rules and set something on the table that looks like nothing we've munched on before. The beats are harder, the melody is stronger and the experimental edge is sharper. The guest vocals of Richard Ashcroft and Beth Orton are intimidating—those who work with the Bros not only have balls, but an obvious dexterity for fleshing out breakout beats as well. Come With Us does not immediately osmosize into the skin—it soaks, it saturates, it douses, it immerses itself. This album is moody and finicky but particularly accessible in individual doses. Orton weaves an intoxicating web with his impish voice on "The State We're In." Ashcroft and the Brothers have meshed in a less poignant manner, but they manage a solid effort on "The Test" that only grows better with more listens. "Hoops" is a fluid roll through the distortions of break beat and groove building you up and letting you down with every roll through its riffed chorus. Come With Us is more of a route of consciousness than anything else—it tiptoes through the fields of psychedelia with a wink and a smile. Go ahead, give it a try—just don't fall asleep with your headphones on.

—Caley Cook

Via Satellite
!Traffico!
[Pseudocool]
-8-

Ever since Radiohead bent a few industry spoons with *Kid A* and *Amnesiac*, ev'body's got their eyes to the sky for the next messiah of avant-garde Different. It's easy to fear for the Coldplays and the Starsailors and the Doves of the world because, face it, the wings of the

Funkdefied and ready for the elder set

Rusted Root
Welcome to My Party
[Universal]
-6.5-

Rusted Root's funkdefied and rockish sound continues on with their new cd "Welcome to my Party." Utilizing the bikachaoawa groove, Rusted Root plays an eclectic variety of instruments. Some of their music almost sounds like an Arabic U2, particularly in track 6. Many different flavors of mu-

Rusted Root do the de ja vu with multi-flavored roots rock for the U2-emo lovers of the world.

sic come through, including reggae, funk, rock, and even a bit of emo. I enjoyed the guitar riffs, emo and rockish aspects of the cd, however the rest turned

out to not be exactly my cup of tea. Some of their tracks sound similar to their hit single from the nineties "Send me on my way."

—Emily Palm



new Yorke are large and shadowy. And yet, with no apparent preoccupation, the curtain rises for Via Satellite in the teatro of our own backyard. And don't get them wrong, these local boys—vocalist Andrew Andrews, guitarist Scott Mercado, bassist Rod Campbell and drummer Tim Reece—would much rather talk about traffic signs and sip their water than wait for people to finish applauding (and within that they present more musical hope than any of the shadow-lurking Brits preceding them). Crafting utterly un-San Diego art-rock that is superbly produced and skillfully prepared is Via Satellite's domain on their sophomore effort, *!Traffico!*. Constructing delightfully unyielding melodies and hooks is their specialty. Via Satellite is adept at wandering through musical styles without so much as an explanation—rock to blues, R&B to jazz, classical to indie. How dare they. The nerve. It's almost, well, genius and not nearly inimitable. The bluesy guitar wah of "Submarine" is heroine in musical transcendence and "Califia" is enchanting in its contrast of vocal simplicity and melodic weave, lyrical play and intimate address. *!Traffico!* playfully invites commentary but fails to listen and within that, there are feelings more valuable than endearment.

—Caley Cook

Stavesacre
Collective
[Tooth & Nail]
-3-

Certain genres of rock just

shouldn't be explored — the today's album being an example of the never-so-popular Anthrax-meets-Creed-meets-Maynard James Keenan's worst nightmare. I'll be honest. This CD is kind of crappy. I'm looking forward to selling it so I can tell somebody that there was some value to me having to listen to it. Singer Mark Solomon's voice doesn't do his inquisitive, and sometimes poetic, God fearing lyrics justice. Some may find his long-winded opuses right on target, while the other 90% of us voice a collective 'huh?' Guitarist Ryan Dennee steals his riffs right out of the Tool play book (something Adam Jones would be pissed about if it weren't so laughable), except for "Keep Waiting" which is Mark Tremonti all the way. Some of the tunes genuinely do rock ("ZZYZX" and "Sad Paradise"), but unfortunately, some of them do not (see: rest of album). Perhaps in some other dimension, or time or place, Stavesacre will be a truly great band. But until that happens, Music Trader is calling my name.

—Jim Ballew

Gorillaz
G-Sides
[Virgin]
-7-

People like the Gorillaz because it's like listening to an impromptu (albeit magnificently talented) grammar school playground concert. That may very well be the result of Gorillaz freedoms from the restraints of, well, being

HUMAN. The creators behind Gorillaz—Damon Albarn of Blur, Dan "The Automator" Nakamura, Miho Hatori of Cibo Matto, Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz of the Tom Tom Club and the graphic design of Jamie Hewlett, creator of Tank Girl fame—are very much human. The crew has created the first virtual hip-hop group, a feat that only a human would have enough guts to try and they cling to that humanity with a close embrace. The music comes with less limitation, less confinement, less stricture and more amusement. *G-Sides* is no exception of their rule. Combining remixes and edits of "19-2000," "Latin Simone," and Clint Eastwood and combining them with new material, the album is a made for fans only press. If you don't like their self-titled debut, don't bother with this collection. Gorillaz aren't for everyone. Their arresting version of hip-hop, soul, rock and rap will, however, keep every single fan they're made so far.

—Caley Cook

3rd Strike
Lost Angel
[Hollywood]
-5-

Diggin' the scream-rock school of thought? Ready to rip your hair out in teenage-remniscent angst? Grab this off the shelf before you're the only schmuck left standing in the wind-blown aisles of Tower. Tired of angry gang-inspired tribulations? Ready to rip out your hair out in teenage-remi-

niscent rage against the Machine that continues to spin out stripped-down versions of the last thing to sell more records than the thing before that? Don't even think about picking this up. Full of anger and fury, 3rd Strike's debut is heavy in both lyrical content and musical tapestry. Taking their name from the three strike law, the band throws down City of Angels hard-edge knowledge. Vocalist Jim Korthe tips his hat to his L.A. past with intermittent Linkin Park-esque raps and back-in-the-hood lyrics. "Redemption" wins with a harmony built sound and a darker, slower approach—sans the screaming. Completely dismantling Black Sabbath's "Paranoid," leaving it devoid of the original rhythm and pattern it originally possessed is quite a shame, but the band redeems themselves on "Hang On" with quick-witted raps and smart mixing, vocal and guitar work.

—Caley Cook

own space in punk rock with the uniqueness of their rabid guitar riffs and Operation Ivy/Rollins Band lyrical vibe. This band, was of course, The Suicide Machines. This album, *Whole Life Crisis*, by The Arsons definitely plays tunes with a similar structure as The Suicide Machines. Well, not so much similar as, well, pretty much the same. The absence of the drum fills and ska undertones keep The Arsons from being total style hijackers. Made up of ex-members of Warzone and Kid Dynamite, this first album for this young band does have some hints of life, though. The live feel and energy of the album is a little contagious to even the most cynical of listeners. Clocking in with 11 songs at just under 28 minutes (vintage punk style), The Arsons keep it short, aggressive and always moving. No doubt here that the live show beats the band merchandise.

—Jim Ballew

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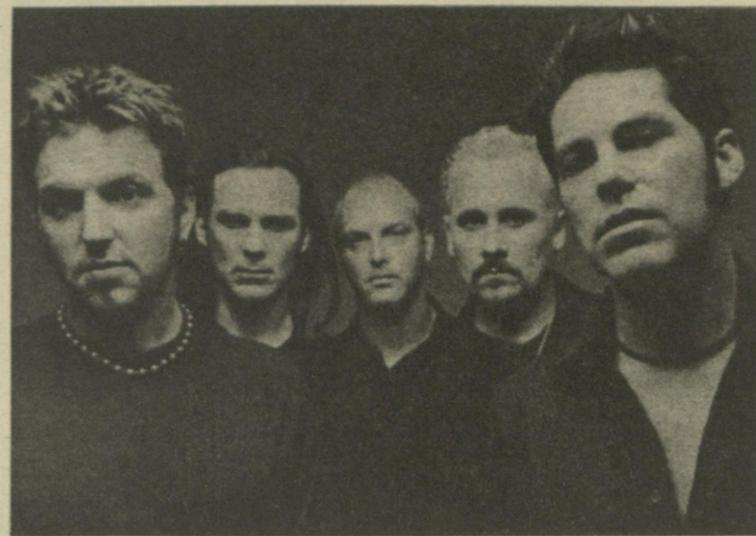
Dishwalla
Gems
[Immergent]
-7-

I damn near swiveled in my desk chair when I was broke with the news that these boys weren't done countin' those blue cars. Scratch that. Fact is, they're still counting cars but the earth-swiveling, eyebrow raising amendment is that they've ditched the attitude, added some acoustic personality and thrown down the JR Richards vocals all passionate-like (it ends up somewhere in the vicinity of Creed—if Creed had a real singer). Dishwalla—don't gasp—kept my attention for the 29 minute, 46 second duration of this eponymous slash unreleased slash bootleggy sorta collection. Gems provides good

indication that Dishwalla have been doing late '90s rock-jam since newcomers Lifehouse and Train even thought about it. "Until I Wake Up" keeps the full-bodied, emotional edge missing in so many of the tinned-down radio versions of rock music today. Dishwalla take their time on this disk, allowing themselves to

dish out jams and twinkling piano fills that fall to the wayside in the rush for the radio. Gems is Dishwalla's way of leading up to their newest release, *Opaline*, and they've certainly got my attention. They're charming. They're angsty. They're roiling with swirling potential.

—Caley Cook



Arsons
Whole Life Crisis
[Chunksaah]
-4-

About a decade ago a band assembled in Detroit, which would eventually carve out their

Injected
Burn It Black
[Island]
-4-

Injected dangerously toe the line between tired metal riffs and the angst-filled rock. The band, unfortunately, opt for the

drudging guitar so oft used by the horde of rock bands sporting their goods on AAA radio these days: "Faithless" is a bright exception. Exhibiting a skillful chorus and diving harmony vocals, it is a bright spot on the album's collage of winter colors. *Burn It Black* is

likely to appeal mostly to the Puddle of Mudd, Nickelback, Adema school: hard, aggressive, emo-tinged rock-metal. "Dawn" contains a promising intro riff, displaying a keen sense of Stone Temple Pilot vocal work by howler-guitarist, Danny Grady. Injected seem to

be over-displaying the tired riffs and trampling on the talent buried beneath, which so often (and possibly in this case) comes out in live performances.

—Caley Cook

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