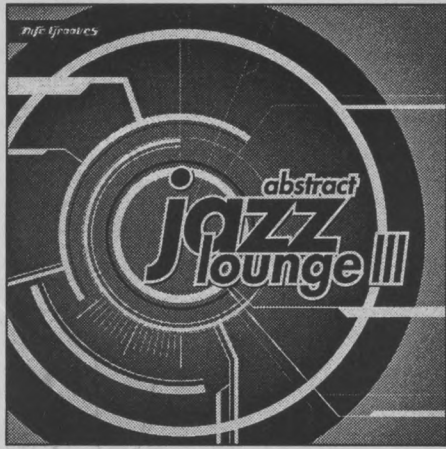


# artsweek



*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*

# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*



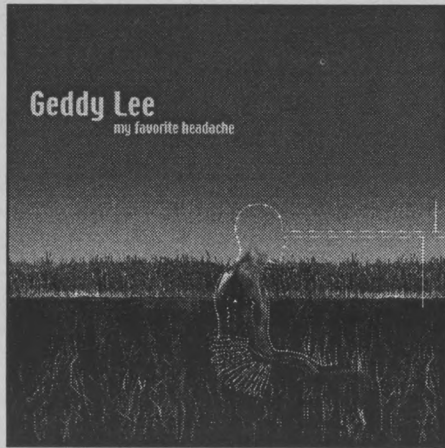
Various Artists | **Abstract Jazz Lounge III** | Nite Grooves

Call me a purist, but there are three things wrong with the title of this compilation: It is neither abstract, jazz nor appropriate to play in a lounge. Rather, this electronic journey is on the acid jazz, smoother side of the loop-based tracks found in clubs. This kind of music is highly useful for getting the dancers who dig mellow music out on the floor without falling into *too* many deadly boring drum 'n' bass clichés.

Highlights on *Jazz Lounge III* include the Innerzone Orchestra's hypnotic "At Les" and the funky "I Am (Original Mix)" by the reliable Yukihiro Fukutomi, which sounds like a computerized Jamiroquai cover. Wow, a few of these tracks actually use real live instruments instead of samples (the local musicians union thanks you). Lowlights include the Underworld-biting track by YMC, a sleep-inducing mix by Romatt Project and a silly, indulgent Harry "Choo Choo" Romero number.

All the artists seem to have said, "Well, I have a computer, so I have a right to

make music and release it." Well, yes you can, but does it break any new ground or say anything? I would say nope. See Flanger or anything by Atom Heart for that "next level" in this over-populated genre. [Joseph Martinez]



Geddy Lee | **My Favorite Headache** | Atlantic

Damn, still no surefire cure for a hang-over and still no way to stop rock 'n' roll frontmen from putting out the obligatory solo album that is completely self-indulgent (see Sting for the evil paradigm). Just wait 'til Zach de la Rocha's solo comes out and it sounds like Puff Daddy (R.I.P. Rage). For some nerds out there like me, '70s sci-fi dork band Rush (Geddy Lee's *real* band) is a guilty pleasure; but Rush fans, heed my warning: Avoid this album like the plague!

Let us check for symptoms of the Paralyzing Rock Solo Virus. Does over-production make *My Favorite Headache* lack form or meaning? Yes, blandness abounds, but boy, is it ever clean. Are the lyrics devoid of emotion, energy or social relevance? Yes, quickly cover your ears.

If Rush is like the girl/boy you had drunken sex with when it seemed like a good idea, Lee's *Headache* is the hangover headache and venereal disease you woke up with the next morning. I can only pray to the Hendrix Buddha that bad taste isn't contagious. [Joseph Martinez]



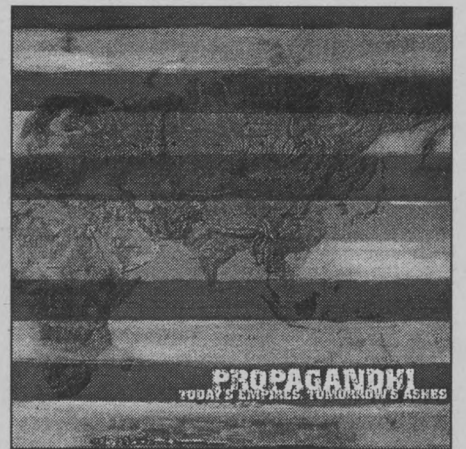
Mount Florida | **Arrived Phoenix** | Matador

When it's all about setting the mood, the right sound is essential. With an ambient quality, Mount Florida's debut *Arrived Phoenix* presents itself as perfect chill-out music for its listeners. Comparable to the likes of Orbital and The Orb, Mount Florida's album possesses the quintessential ethereal electronic sound quality intermixed with vocal samples. What gives this album a sense of edginess is the group's use of guitar sounds throughout the album, which either serve to up the tempo or slow things down.

Although *Arrived Phoenix* may be one of the best albums to sit back and have a couple of drinks to, it still refuses to effect an overall slow mood. Tracks like "Postal" make use of a heavier and more aggressive

tone, forcing the tempo of the album away from any sense of repetition. Upon the first listen the album has a great sound with each of the tracks masterfully set against each other, starting off slow in the beginning, picking up the pace toward the center, and again finishing with a slow sound that provides a sense of closure.

M.P. Lancaster and Twitch have truly created something that is familiar in its atmospheric quality yet still proves to have an original mastery of the sound. [Jill St. John]



Propagandhi | **Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes** | Fat Wreck Chords

What separates *Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes* from other political punk albums is that it doesn't come off as a survey of current issues presented by eighth graders dedicated to fighting for the cause. With poignancy and compassion, we are instead given a tour of the ignored. Straggling characters appear on every track, as we watch a woman drinking herself serious in a small town bar and then cursing Larry Flynt and Feminazism. Called "Ladies' Night in

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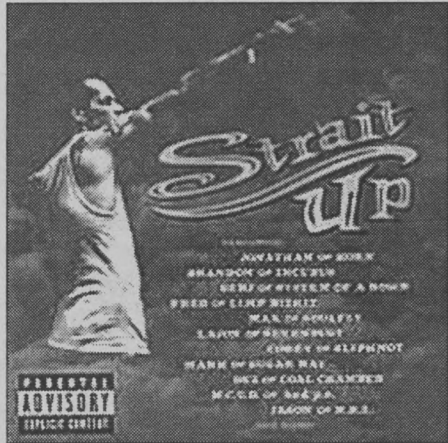
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18 WITH ID 21 TO PARTY

# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*

Loserville," this woman yells in truth, "I fuck to cum, I fuck to cum!" Rewind a few button presses to "Natural Disasters" and Propagandhi excuses suburban parents for the dildos in their drawers, saying, "Don't condemn your life to be riddled with shame." These words bring back Bad Religion memories, and that's why they're so moving. Rather than reminding us of the hot topics and injustice flavors of the month, this hard-to-bear album lifts the silver top off our plate, flicks away the garnish and says, "Eat up on reality." [Mohahn G. Mann]



Various Artists | Strait Up | Immortal

Tribute albums are funny things. Usually filled with random musicians, they give the artist lip service while at the same time ruining the original songs. Undoubtedly, they make the unique artist roll over in their grave.

Fortunately, Strait Up is just the opposite of this. The album is dedicated to Snot lead singer Lynn Strait, who died in December of 1998 in a car accident near his hometown of Santa Barbara. The band's debut album, Get Some, came out in 1997, and the songs on Strait Up were to

be on the band's follow-up. Strait died before he could write lyrics to the finished music, so Snot enlisted friends and fellow musicians to write them.

Strait Up features many prominent hard rock singers, including Jonathan Davis from Korn, Brandon Boyd from Incubus and the dark lord of rock himself, Ozzy Osbourne. The end result is impressive. The album is powerful yet emotional, and the hard, aggressive melodies belie the moving lyrics. In "Requiem," Corey from Slipknot hails Strait singing "You are the god, we keep you here inside us."

There are a few weak songs on the album, however. Fred Durst's rap-rock hybrid sounds very tired here, and he seems more concerned with giving props to Limp Bizkit. Despite the many singers, the album maintains a consistent feel throughout. Strait Up definitely deserves a listen from any hard rock fan. [John Syquia]



Jaffa | Elevator | Nude Recordings

Mastering the art of hip, smooth downtempo can be tricky, but David Kakon of Jaffa makes it seem like child's

play. The songs are so reminiscent of '70s soul, you almost expect to hear Marvin Gaye or Al Green crooning in the background.

Elevator (which is anything but the traditional conception of elevator music) refuses to disappoint. The entire album moves at a very consistent rate, with just enough variation to keep its listeners on their toes. What makes Elevator truly remarkable is its modern rendition of the Billie Holiday classic "God Bless the Child." Jaffa takes the song and revolutionizes it by having sultry vocals set against a downtempo beat — now this is truly what sampling should emulate. Rather than feeling as though the sound was shamelessly ripped-off, I felt as though the song was given new life.

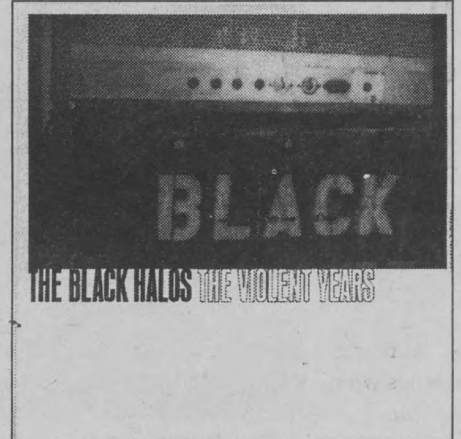
The throwback to the '70s not only captures the sound in a new way, but also the sense of the decadence of the era. While listening to Elevator, one cannot help but think that a couple of cosmopolitans are in order. [Jill St. John needs to stop flaking!]

The Black Halos | The Violent Years | Sub Pop

Rock music is definitely in decline when a label like Sub Pop, which has always held its guard against anything that could possibly interest more than a small niche, signs an act with an extremely mainstream sound. Enter The Black Halos. Fusing nihilistic lyrics with some elements of '90s rock, this five-piece creates something to the effect of latter-day Peter and the Test Tube Babies and SoCal punk. Its songs are constructed around a power-pop orientation, but played with punk rock in mind. In other words, the music is horribly homogenized, bas-

tardized and lackluster.

Still, The Violent Years still qualifies as decent rock with catchy melodies and a scratchy, smoker's screech by lead singer, Billy Hopeless. With hand-clapping and painstakingly timed backup singing, this "punk" is far from the days of four-track



recordings and 80 hours of production time. All in all it's rock, but it's too comfortable and predictable.

Ten years ago The Violent Years could have pulled it off, but then again, Sub Pop wouldn't have signed the band. But now The Black Halos has a second LP and probably an accompanying U.S. tour. It's probably pretty happy. [Collin Mitchell]

Over the weekend, my coat disappeared at a party. It is my only coat and I am now cold. It is from Express, and it's gray wool, hooded and zips up the front. It hits at about the hip. Please call 893-2691 if you have it. P.S. Somehow, however, I ended up with another coat. So if you're missing a large black coat with gray stripes down the sleeves, call so I can return it to you. I found it on the table outside my house. I really miss my coat.

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## PICTURES WORTH 1,000 WORDS?

### DUAL VISIONS FAILS TO MAKE ITS MARK

yes, it's a pseudonym\_ham

I was sitting in Art Studio 2D last quarter when Ms. Beckman asked the class, "How many of you want to create representational images?" In a class of about 200 people, maybe 40 hands slithered up in affirmation. Ms. Beckman responded, "Why not just take a picture?"

You might have interpreted her response as a quick and clever commentary on the role of rote realism in the artistic creation. Since the advent of the camera, why bother rendering what actually is? Why not open yourself up to what *you* see? Does art begin where realism ends?

As the ultimate conspirator of realism, photography has lounged in a limbo between fine art and mere documentation since its inception. Admittedly, the range of photography definitely encompasses the gamut from strict scientific illustration to mixed-media abstract collage. And then, of course, there are landscapes.

No setups, no intervention; some would say there's very little reflection of the artist at all. The realism labors to communicate the "scale and grandeur," "the power of nature" and "the majesty." But is that enough to earn a place in the world of fine art?

The recent show at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art presents yet another opportunity to discuss the place in the world of fine art that photography occupies. "Dual Visions of the American West" features the photography of Santa Barbara native artists Macduff Everton and David Muench. These two are photographers, realists and they each lend their "good eyes" to current exhibits featuring — you guessed it — landscapes and other portrayals of good old Mother Nature.

The exhibits are physically separated into adjoining shows, each exhibit featuring approximately 20 shots. Everton communicates lonely and ominous panoramas while Muench meticulously carves "ancient patterns"

onto film. They both do a fine job of articulating the common exceptionally — or is it the exceptionally common?

It's interesting that the museum's website describes these two as "contemporary photographers." If their images were paintings of landscapes, would they still hold up the title of "contemporary?" You know, the Contemporary Arts Forum is just down the block from



“  
IF NATURE IS  
GOOD SUBJECT  
MATTER,  
GO  
OUTSIDE  
”

Santa Barbara's more mature museum. Would they show these two artists — photos, paintings or otherwise?

There are several well-focused academic arguments on the "Is photography art?" discussion available via the web. One thesis includes some comments from artists

that go a long way toward crystallizing some of the sentiment behind this debate.

Everton and Muench's subject matters' most interesting qualities may be that they serve as poignant examples in the discussion on "Is photography art?" If the "artist's involvement" is what is to be revered in fine art, how much of the artist can we know from a picture of a thunderstorm moving across a moody desert landscape? If we lure the lens past the expression in abstraction into realistic portrayal, what opportunity do we have to sneak a peek at the artist's inner workings?

As students of art, we've heard that "Everything has been done before." If that's true, perhaps art's frontier is in the residue that's left on a piece after it has passed through the artist. As voyeuristic consumers of art, we want what's under the covers. We appreciate the privilege of being let in on the source of the steam, the personal and the contemporary passion. Since everything has been done before, it's the fury, fun and flaws that the artist adds to the subject matter that spins our wheels. That makes it art.

If nature is good subject matter, go outside. When you return to your work, draw from your inspiration and make your mark. As carpentry is to architecture, so is realism to creation. With so many rules to follow, why not celebrate the opportunity to create without boundaries?

With regard to "Dual Visions," maybe you should go see it. Or just skip it. If you're saving up your energy for a trip downtown, consider holding off for the Contemporary Arts Forum's "Portraits 2000" opening this weekend upstairs from California Pizza Kitchen in Paseo Nuevo. In contrast to Everton and Muench's "contemporary" work, you might find just a bit more expression in this exhibit.

### thingstodo >> calendar

today | **thursday**



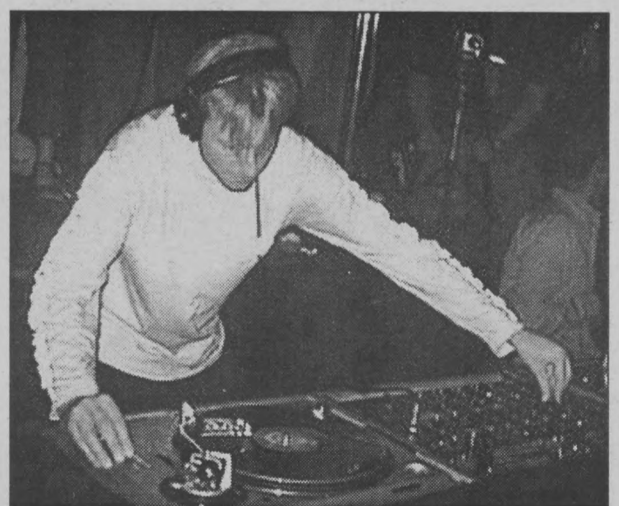
Artsweek knows that within every beer-drinking, frisbee-throwing prep, there's an inner raver waiting to be indulged. This Thursday, it's time to come clean and admit there's nothing you like more than twirling glowsticks around a booming club. The ZOO is here to help. Crews from both Twelve Monkeys SF and Gimme Some Records will be setting up shop at Zelo to spin beats both inside and out. 630 State St. For information, call 966-5792.

tomorrow | **friday**



If you're anything like the Artsweek editorial board, you're probably missing the flair of sophistication in your life. Don't worry, sweeties, we have the solution. It's time for some dining and dancing downtown with chic, older members of society. Why not check out Raw Silk featuring Leslie Lembo? Although it's not clear exactly what kind of music they place, we know for a fact Leslie Lembo plays the harmonica! SOhO, 1221 State St. 962-7776

weekend | **saturday**



Perhaps a series of events have been occurring lately that suggest you need to get the fuck out of dodge, so to speak. Cruise down to Los Angeles for a much-needed break, and be sure to head towards Giant for Christopher Lawrence's CD Release Party. Christopher Lawrence deejays trance for all those of you not in the know, and Giant boasts three dance rooms and spacious outdoor lounging. 6655 Santa Monica Blvd. 21+ (323) 464-7373



## TARANTINO 101 SNATCH RUNS TO NOWHERE

pikey\_andy sywak

A jewelry heist that doesn't go as planned, a proud boxer that is supposed to go down but won't, a mean and ruthless underworld boss — sound familiar? No, it's not "Pulp Fiction" or even "Reservoir Dogs," but British writer/director Guy Ritchie's latest film "Snatch."

Ritchie's debut feature "Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels" managed to be a big word-of-mouth indie hit with its ingenuous tale of double-crossing mobsters, dealers and crooked Londoners. With an even more kinetic pace and its seemingly endless plot twists and reversals, "Snatch" is basically a faster, more gimmicky and silly version of its predecessor.

Ritchie seems determined to make the film, essentially a comedy of errors, entertaining and surprising at every turn. He assumes that his audience will become dreadfully bored if he doesn't throw in a gunfight, a car crash or a humorous insult every couple of minutes. And that is precisely the problem with "Snatch" — it is showmanship overkill, where normally intriguing plot twists pile up senselessly on each other like some highway catastrophe to the point that it's hard to make anything out of the mayhem. This superficial, hopeful audience-pleasing ultimately makes "Snatch" a cheap and unsatisfying film.

If there is a main character in the film, it is Turkish (Jason Statham), the film's narrator and an underground boxing promoter who is trying to hit the big time by arranging a fixed fight with the brutal promoter Brick Top (Alan Ford). When Turkish's fighter gets knocked out by a mumbling Irish gypsy named Mickey (Brad Pitt), Turkish gets him to stand in for a fixed fight. But pride fucks with Mickey and he doesn't go down as planned, setting up a second fight which could put his

and Turkish's lives in danger.

Meanwhile, a diamond heist goes down in which Franky Four Fingers (an underused Benecio Del Toro) lifts a humongous gem to give to his boss Avi. Placing a bet on Turkish's boxing match, he lets Russian gangster Boris the Blade onto the scene, who proceeds to set up Franky to get mobbed by his buddies Vinny and Sol. After Franky gets jacked, Avi gets hard-ass "Bullet Tooth" Tony (Vinnie Jones from "Lock, Stock ...") to get the diamond back. Needless to say, double-crossing, back-stabbing and violence ensues as the diamond chasers' path intersects with Brick Top's operations.

Beyond the painfully glaring similarities to Tarantino, the problem with "Snatch" is that the film is so forced it seems like one big exercise of willpower. Nothing is allowed to occur gradually or organically, as Ritchie doesn't give his actors (and they're all actors) any time to really get into their roles. Instead, Ritchie has plot twists just to have plot twists without having them serve any larger purpose. The result is a film that runs up, down and back again like children on a treasure hunt.



NEEDLESS TO SAY,  
DOUBLE-CROSSING,  
BACK-STABBING  
AND VIOLENCE  
ENSUES

Beyond the killer soundtrack and some real laugh-out-loud moments, Pitt is the main highlight of the film. Back in "Fight Club" form, he brings Mickey to life amid all the "fucking-this," "fucking-that" one-liners and one-dimensional characters. Finding his old "Devil's Own" dialect back, Pitt is hilarious.

A lot of people were looking forward to this film since "Lock, Stock ..." was so good. But in assuming that his audience must suffer from Attention Deficit Disorder, Ritchie unfortunately makes a trite film in which plotlines disintegrate like Ritalin in the bile.

## letter to the editor

Daily Nexus,

This is regarding a correction that I feel needs to be made from a publishing last week. On Wednesday, Jan. 16 (I think), there was an *Artsweek* poll in the *Nexus*, listing a bunch of things that students could vote on. Number 33 stated "favorite guy in the Man of I.V. calendar." We put on AEPHI's Men of Santa Barbara Calendar, and I think that is what you were referring to, as I know of no other calendar. This is the third year we have put on the calendar, it's our biggest philanthropic event, and we would love to get credit for it. The full name includes Alpha Epsilon Phi's, or AEPHI's, calendar before the rest of the title. If you could publish this correction I would greatly appreciate it. We are currently selling the 2001 calendars on campus at the Arbor, and any kind of recognition or publicity would be greatly appreciated. If your correction could include the availability of the calendars at the Arbor from 11-2 all this week and next week it would be great. We would love to work with you on making an article that would also fulfill your philanthropy requirement. Please feel free to contact me with any questions or for further information. I look forward to working together.

Sincerely,

Dina Jacobs

president and philanthropy chair of Alpha Epsilon Phi Sorority

*We had no idea AEPHI has been putting on calendars for three years. How do you put on the calendars? Do you use tape, or sew them together with thread? Do you tear apart the calendars and then put them on, or put them on whole? Is that comfortable? Do you use a lubricant before putting them on to prevent chafing or irritation? Are you selling calendars that have been put on already? Is that safe? Do you put them on us, or do we have to put them on ourselves? Is it in poor taste if the calendar I put on doesn't cover certain areas, like breasts? Or should we be sure to put on the calendar everywhere? Are the men of Santa Barbara in the calendar aware that they're being put on? Is, say, the guy from April comfortable with being put on in private regions? Are you putting on a calendar right now? If we put on calendars, can we fulfill our philanthropy requirement, too?*

Send letters to P.O. Box 13402, UCen, Santa Barbara, CA 93107, bring them down to the Nexus office under Storke tower or email <artsweek@ucsbdailynews.com>

### thingstodo >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**



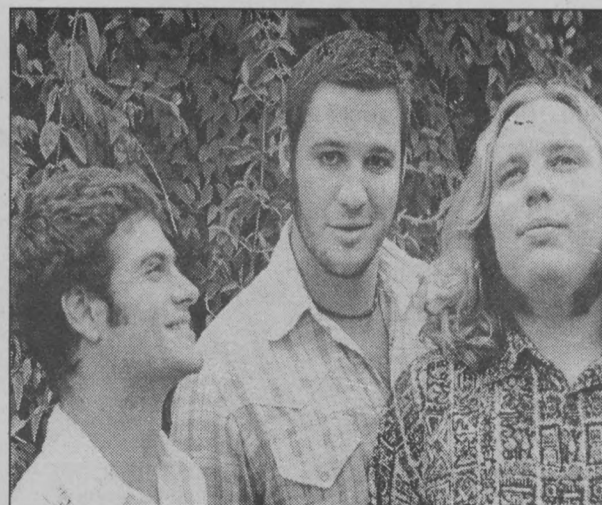
OK, so this isn't a picture of Madhouse's Hip Hop Lounge. But they sure are all flossin, just as you will be when you head downtown for the chill night brought to you by deejays Johnnie and John. They whip up a mix of old and new classics, and throw in everything from the mainstream to the underground for good measure. Did we mention that Madhouse has drink specials during this special night? Word. 434 State St. 21+ For information, call 962-5516.

next week | **tuesday**



One of the few professional theater companies that takes classic productions on tour, and Southern California's only classical theater ensemble with a resident company performing in rotating repertory, A Noise Within returns to the Santa Barbara stage in Tennessee William's "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." It's a quintessential tale of a family whose secrets of lust, legacy and greed are revealed at the last gathering for its dying patriarch. Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.

next week | **wednesday**




We here at *Artsweek* would hate to be misconstrued as shallow, narrow-minded folk, so let us continue to expand your horizons by mentioning that psychedelic jamsters Government Grown are playing for free. It's time to enjoy a pitcher and a cheeseburger in the paradise we all know as the Hub during their Wednesday happy hour. They offer not only specials on food, but on beer as well. So gather round some friends and head on over at 3 p.m.

**the edge**  
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 FRI Jan 26  
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**PRESSURE 4-5**  
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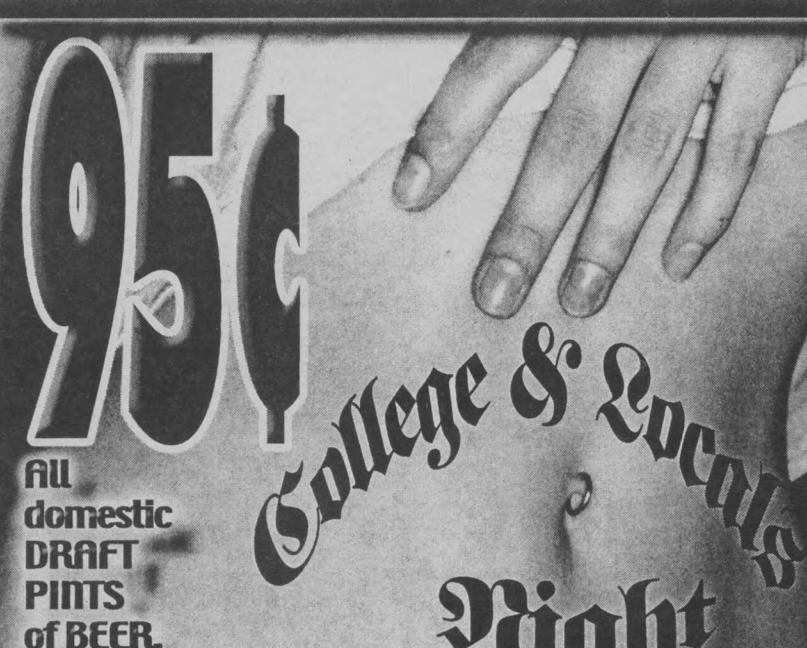
**SBCLO AUDITIONS**  
**Into The Woods** MONDAY, FEB. 5  
 7:00pm - All Roles  
 By Stephen Sondheim & James Lapine *Granada Theater, 1216 State Street*  
**SEEKING:** Principal Roles - *Baker's Wife, Cinderella, The Witch, Red Ridinghood, Narrator/Mysterious Man, Jack, Jack's Mother, Cinderella's Prince/Wolf, Rapunzel's Prince, Rapunzel.* (The role of *The Baker's* cast.) Supporting Roles (some to be doubled) - *Cinderella's Father, Mother, Stepmother & Stepsisters; Granny; Giant; Steward; Sleeping Beauty; Snow White.* There is no Chorus in this production. If you are interested in auditioning for the show, it is not necessary to audition for a specific part unless you are sure that's the part you are interested in playing. Please come prepared to sing from the show or something of your own choosing from the standard musical theatre repertoire that reflects your vocal range and musical abilities. Rehearsals will begin Feb. 20. Performances are Wed. - Sun., 3/14 - 4/1.  
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**To All of Our Loyal UCSB Customers:**  
 We'd like you all to know that due to a Fire on December 28, 2000 the **WILDCAT LOUNGE** will be closed until remodeling can be completed. We miss our customers tons and hope to see you as soon as possible. Thanks, The **WILDCAT** Staff  
 The fire was an act of arson. There is a **\$5000** reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person(s) who committed this act. The (anonymous) tip line phone number is: **564.5703**  
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film | review



## LIKE SNATCH, BUT FRENCH! AND OLD!

FRENCH NOIR CLASSIC RIFI MAKES A WORTHY COMEBACK

writing fifty\_julie kram

The term "rififi" is underworld French slang for rough and tumble, usually associated with combat between rival gangs. Jules Dassin's 1955 French film noir "Rififi" attempts to explain the meaning of this through an exquisitely engineered jewelry heist that looks way ahead of its time in a 2001 viewing.

The movie starts briskly, getting right to the point as it introduces the four main characters that make up a gang of thugs. Jo the Swede (Carl Möhner) and Tony the Stephanois (Jean Servais) had done jobs together before, one of which sent Tony to jail for five years. Leaving the joint, he finds his girlfriend has left him for Grutter, a night-club owner. Jo, wanting to build up Tony's morale, informs him of his plan to rob a jewelry store along with Mario (Robert Manuel), an Italian pimp, and his friend Cesar (Jules Dassin). The

planning of the robbery is like watching kids in a basement working on a science project.

What results is the most captivating silent 30 minutes of film that I have ever seen. Methodical and flawless, these four soundlessly break into the store, de-activate the alarm and rob the safe before escaping. Contrary to most modern films, which manipulate your feelings with their musical score, there is no need for music in "Rififi" to evoke emotion from the audience. In fact, it is this lack of music that makes the scene so realistic, causing me to lean forward on my couch, tense and fixated.

"Rififi" takes a sharp turn in the aftermath of the robbery. After acquiring millions of francs worth of jewels, Cesar, in an act of lust, gives one of his favorite showgirls a diamond ring, which she shows to her boss, Grutter. Grutter is anxious

to get Tony out of the picture, and connects the robbery to Cesar and Tony. The ensuing scenes are violent free-for-alls where everybody is out to get the money and the jewels.

Despite the characters' moral failings, it is easy to sympathize with them and cheer them on. This is primarily due to the sharp dialogue and excellent acting of Servais, Möhner, Manuel and Dassin. One is also led to sympathize with Jo due to his young son, to whom we are immediately introduced.

As the director, Dassin refuses to gloss over any part of the movie and creates a realistic sequence of events that speaks louder than most rough and tumble films. As film noir, the effective lighting in the film is incredibly important in creating shadows and emotion, filling the role that music usually plays in setting a scene.

Dassin made this film after going into exile in Europe when the House Committee on Un-American Activities labeled him a communist in 1952. Angry, smart and fascinating, "Rififi" is not to be missed.

"Rififi" screens Sunday, January 28, 7:30 p.m. at Campbell Hall. \$5 students; \$6 general.

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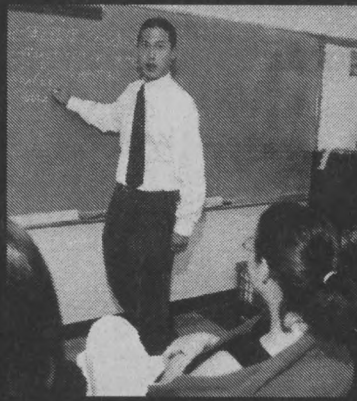
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