

some like it hot ...

# artswweek



15 minutes of **fame** ...



burning one second at a **time**



the mercury is on the **rise** ...



but *artswweek* keeps the temperature **balmy**

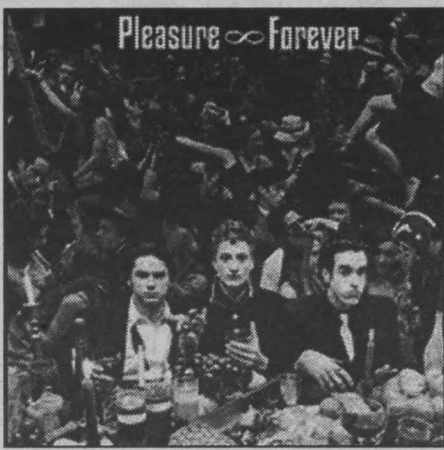


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# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*



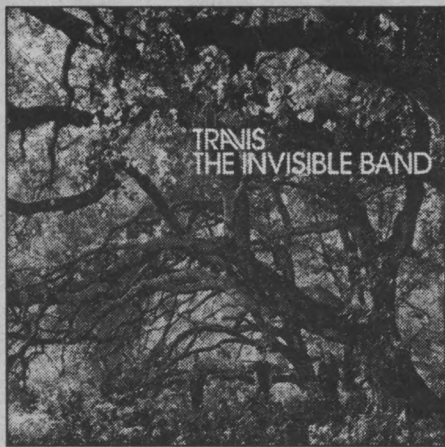
Pleasure Forever | *Pleasure Forever* | Sub Pop

First, a word of warning to all of those wankers who refuse to own a stereo: the Macintosh CD audio player will not play this album. If you don't remedy the situation you'll be missing out on the best thing to happen to dark, debauched rock since Nick Cave let his tricyclic prescription lapse.

I'm reviewing this album from memory, but that's easy to do — it hasn't left my CD player all week. *Pleasure Forever* came highly recommended: formerly called Slaves, the group's seedy mix of no-wave and new-wave nurtured me through senior year in high school. Slaves slacked off on the aggression and their songs were murky and bland. *Pleasure Forever* cleans up, pares down and vastly improves on Slaves' sound. Keyboardist/bassist/lead singer Andy Rothbard, now behind a piano, mutated his coked-out moans into '60s garage-style screaming. Drummer David Clifford plays with both the volume and the rhythm — conveying placidity, menace and anger via a trap set. Guitarist Joshua Hughes plays lead to Rothbard's rhythmic keying. The mix is, at its best, sullenly gorgeous and decadently mean.

*Pleasure Forever* is not always at its best. I get the feeling the band is still growing into their sound and a couple of the songs drag, or else work the *eros/thanatos* theme to a comic extreme. Still, cuts like "Meet Me in Eternity" and "You and I Were Meant to Drown" are both stylistically inventive and beautifully crafted — part cabaret and part Rolling Stones. The album's one glorious moment occurs during the coda of "Curtain Call for a Whispering Ghost" when Rothbard's voice peaks and distorts. The music reaches a frenzy and I wish I could

have another senior year for *Pleasure Forever* to nurture me through. [DJ Fatkid will settle for a second senior year in college]



Travis | *The Invisible Band* | Epic/Independiente

With just a touch of banjo.

British band Travis has released its third album hot on the heels of Radiohead's *Amnesiac*. But while Fran Healy's vocals, at times, could pass for Radiohead — minus the science fiction and, perhaps, the ego — Travis is unashamedly modest about its sentimental, boy-next-door ballads. This album shows little departure from last year's *The Man Who* and remains steadfast in its commitment to British Trad Rock style, with obvious influences from Oasis, Jeff Buckley and The Smiths.

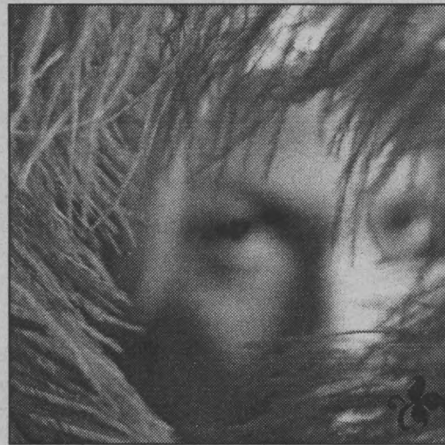
At the heart of it, these are four Scottish lads who love to strum out folksy, sincere melodies and remain unapologetic about their feel-good sound.

The first single, "Sing," is bouncier than any of the tunes on Travis' previous album. The lyrics are less sophisticated and more accessible to a pop audience. The release of "Sing," which coincides with the start of a U.S. tour and a one-hour VH1 special, demonstrates Travis' desire to crack the American market. While *The Man Who* went platinum six times in the UK, its 2000 release on this side of the Atlantic was met with a lukewarm response.

Healy is less concerned in this album with why the rain falls, but remains true to form by including lesson-songs, such as "Side" and "The Cage." These songs remind us that he still has something to say on love and loss — although the angst fails to ring quite so true.

*The Invisible Band* is an album you will

increasingly appreciate after a couple of listens as it succeeds in showcasing the matured confidence of a band that has remained true to songwriting traditions. [Erin James]



Stone Temple Pilots | *Shangri-La Dee Da* | Atlantic

Hugs not Drugs.

Stone Temple Pilots' new album, *Shangri-La Dee Da*, finds the band well into their first mid-life crisis — sober bliss. What stands out on the album is a pull towards the sentimental interspersed with tracks that could almost be mistaken for B-sides from previous efforts.

Fans might be drawn in by the first track, "Dumb Love." Teaming with crunchy distortion effects, the edgiest song on the album is reminiscent of that *Core* single "Sex Type Thing." A word of caution: Although STP continue to mine their past — several other tracks repackage factory-direct Southern California alt-rock — exponential decay is taking its toll.

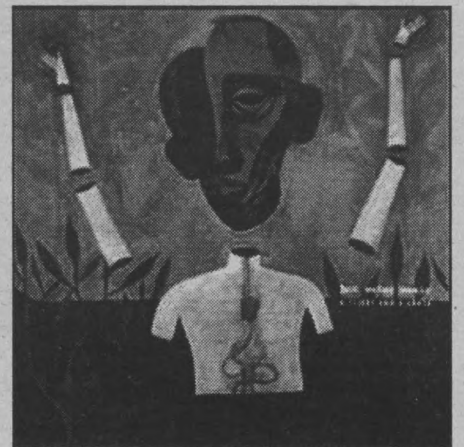
Sounding like a Lenny Kravitz ballad, "Wonderful" is sung in hushed tones with clean, echoing guitar. Weiland's Perry Farrell impersonation in "Regeneration" fits in nicely with a stolen Jane's Addiction arrangement.

On the whole, lyrics are pervasively without substance and tend towards the repetitive "I'm okay, you're okay" message. Instrumentation features plastic studio cohesiveness, but does accomplish admirable versatility in a rotating instrument work schedule.

Written primarily by Weiland and the brothers DeLeo, the liner note thank-yous go out to wives and children. The dark clouds hovering over previous albums seem to be clearing for the band,

the result of which breeds conventional pop-rock.

I would prescribe for Weiland some heavy drug use and a long, bitter divorce. The result of which could only be a fall off this wagon of cute, and a return to those lovely dark and angry sounds. [Patrick Wright]



Hot Water Music | *Flight and a Crash* | Epitaph

There is a truism in the independent music world, "Their old stuff is better." Sophomore, and various grad-level, slumps are discouragingly common among bands. Hot Water Music is no exception. After the phenomenal *Fuel for the Hate Game* — a defining work for the current micro-genre of emotional hardcore — Hot Water Music put out a couple of albums which were four parts dull, one part dire.

So I wrote the band off because, after all, their old stuff is better.

Not only have they been adopted by the Warped Tour crowd, but they've signed to Epitaph. In spite of that label's extensive attempts to diversify, the stigma of a formulaic skate-punk heyday remains. And so it was that this pessimist was pleasantly surprised to find that *Flight* is excellent, perhaps not better than *Fuel*, but different enough to make such comparisons irrelevant.

*A Flight and a Crash* is a much harder recording: faster and less melodic. The archetypal thick Epitaph mastering style is there, but for a band as musically complex as Hot Water Music, the aesthetic is complementary. The vocals are much better than before, but I could do without the gang vocals that back some tracks.

I should find a new truism, perhaps, but truisms have a propensity for proving false. [DJ Fatkid wants to write a review with gang vocals]

## ← july highlights >> calendar

### sight



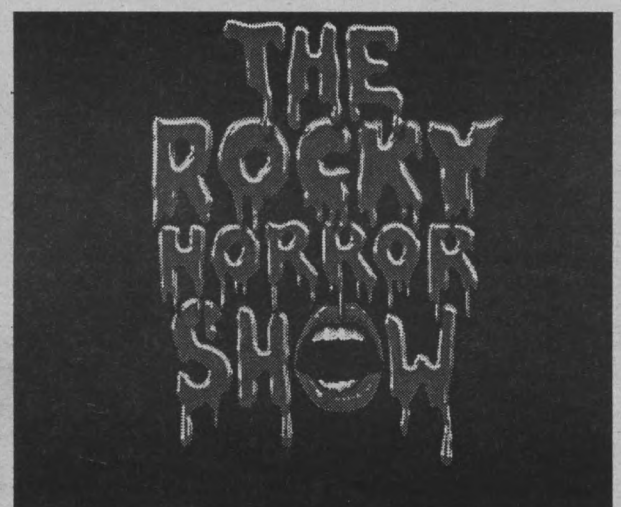
July 14th The Santa Barbara Museum of Art will hold "Every Picture Tells a Story," a look at American Illustration. The Main Gallery and Thayer Project Gallery at UCSB feature "Renewing Tradition: The Revitalization of Bogolan in Mali and Abroad," a historiographical look at that artform. For photography enthusiasts, the Moir Gallery dives into its own archives to showcase an eclectic selection of works titled "The View from Here." Both open July 12th.

### sound



A string of concerts hit the Santa Barbara Bowl this month. Bay Area punk fans can see Green Day on the 20th and to celebrate its 65th anniversary, it will hold Buckaroo's at the Bowl. Tuesdays and Saturdays this month feature the best in classical music, as the Music of the West brings its summer festival concert series to the Lobero. We can't forget Concerts in the Parks, Thursdays at 6 p.m. in Chase Palm and Sundays at 3 p.m. in Alameda Park.

### motion



Bring your toast. "The Rocky Horror Show" kicks off the 11th and runs through the 29th at SBCC's Garvin Theatre. As for the stage and silver screen this July, the Lobero offers "Urban Tap," a Summerdance event showcasing rhythmic dance and drums. And among others, "Planet of the Apes," "Jurassic Park 3" and "America's Sweethearts" hit the cinemas. *Artsweek* movie plot: ape riding a T-Rex, while gettin' it on with Zeta-Jones.



film | review



## CODENAME: PREDICTABLE

"SWORDFISH" SHOULD BE STUFFED AND MOUNTED

two tickets expensive at half the price **patrick wright**

Holy Crappie! They just pulled a "Matrix" move!

A full five minutes into "Swordfish" and the movie blows its wad with a 360 degree slow motion pan of an explosion in the middle of a city street. From there, an onslaught of poorly written Hollywood crap attempts to separate itself from poorly written Hollywood crap by introducing the film with a monologue denouncing poorly written Hollywood crap — using "Dog Day Afternoon" as an example.

Blasphemy.

Borrowing directly from the few other hacker plots in existence, Stanley Jobson (Hugh Jackman), an ex-con and one of the world's most brilliant computer minds, is recruited to crack into a secret Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) slush fund by black ops specialist Gabriel Shear (John Travolta). Gabriel needs the \$9 billion to fund an illegal, yet government sanctioned, war against terrorism. Stanley needs the \$10 million commission for hacking into the account to save his innocent child, currently in the clutches of his pill-popping, alcoholic, porn-queen ex-wife. If this string of adjectives sounds a bit cartoonish, there's a reason.

At Gabriel's side is the femme fatale Ginger (Halle Berry) who serves as eye candy and the bouncing off point for a "Gilligan's Island" joke. Other than the fact

that Berry goes topless in the film — and though by mentioning that fact I play into the whole bru-ha-ha marketing scheme nature of the beast — her presence onscreen is entirely unnecessary. Director Dominic Sena might just as well have edited the character entirely out of the film, save for the tit shot — the tactless display

**“THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WAY OF TRISCUIT-STALE ACTING THAT COULD EVEN DEIGN TO SAVE THE STORY”**

having no other reason than to sell tickets.

Like "A Few Good Men," "Swordfish" enters into a philosophical discussion about the means by which the American government will protect the freedom it provides for its citizens. Gabriel sees his anti-terrorism campaign as a noble pursuit: human loss being an acceptable opportunity cost. Some innocents must die, whether it be Gabriel himself, Jobson's daughter or any other

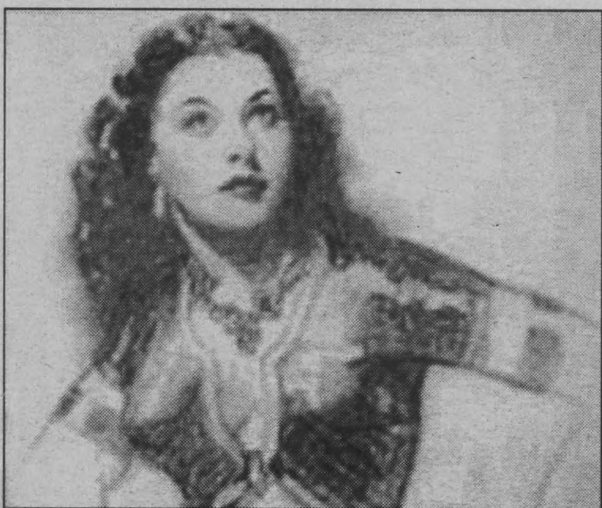
bystander. We get about four minutes of dialogue examining this theme and then the subject is dropped.

There is nothing in the way of the Triscuit-stale acting that could even deign to save the story (penned by "Thursday" screenwriter Skip Woods.) Each scene progresses as it must, with the characters all too willing to say that particular thing that is going to drive the next two or three scenes. At all the wrong moments, the film drops the predictability bomb. Sexual tension goes limp. Plot devices are left hanging. Characters are not what they seem, but they tell you that outright, leaving no real mysteries to solve. Intersections with characters are inconsequential and attempts at misdirection leave you scratching your head rather than marveling at the clever use of suspense. It is downright confusing to the point of the mundane. But then, there is nothing of real interest going on to begin with.

With cliché dialogue and holes in the plot you could fly a bus through, I cannot even venture to guess why millions of dollars were wasted on this B-movie script. If it had been a little more tongue-in-cheek about the action genre, taken itself far less seriously and added a hint of self-deprecation, this may have been a watchable, if not good, film. As it stands, "Swordfish" has the grace of a fish out of water that is beginning to smell.

### august highlights >> calendar

sight



How about a journey to the golden age of Hollywood. The Santa Barbara Museum of Art exhibits "Destined for Hollywood: The Art of Dan Sayre Grosebeck." Grosebeck's drawings and visualizations brought about some of the most famous biblical and historical films of the day. It's time to get your uncultured butt off the couch and see what inspired those movies you vegetate over during holiday weekend TV marathons. Show runs August 25 through November 25.

sound



Summer calls for performances and music under the calm summer evening skies. Santa Barbara Bowl to the rescue. Here is a sample of what is happening.  
 aug 10... Depeche Mode  
 aug 11... Playboy Jazz Festival On Tour  
 aug 18... Erykah Badu  
 aug 19... Gypsy Kings  
 aug 25... The Go Go's

motion



¡Viva La Fiesta!  
 It's that time of year when confetti-filled eggs and margaritas are all over downtown. Old Spanish Days Fiesta Santa Barbara is back. Fiesta kickoff begins with La Fiesta Pequeña on the steps of the Old Mission on August 1st and continues through August 5th. Come out and enjoy all the events Fiesta 2001 has to offer. For more information logon to the Old Spanish Days website <[www.oldspanishdays-fiesta.org](http://www.oldspanishdays-fiesta.org)>.



# UCSB Arts & Lectures

## SUMMER CINEMA 2001



### CARMEN

From Spain

Tuesday, June 26

"The story of an obsession—of a devouring passion" *CARLOS SAURA*  
 Filmmaker Carlos Saura's flamenco version of George Bizet's popular opera resets the story in a contemporary rehearsal hall and melds romance with fiery dance.



### POWAQQATSI

Thursday, June 28

"A mind-expanding experience" *L.A. Weekly*  
*Powaqqatsi (Life in Transformation)* weaves together richly peopled landscapes from India, Egypt, Kenya, Nepal and Brazil with Philip Glass's mesmerizing score.



### WEST SIDE STORY

40th Anniversary Screening

Sunday, July 1

"A cinema masterpiece" *The New York Times*  
 Using the great Bernstein score, Sondheim lyrics and Robbins choreography, director Robert Wise turns the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet into one of the finest musical films ever made.



### WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

From Spain

Thursday, July 5

"One of the jauntiest of all war-of-the-sexes comedies" *The New Yorker*  
 Director Pedro Almodóvar chronicles the madcap disintegration of an actress in pursuit of the lover who jilted her. With Antonio Banderas and Carmen Maura.



### THE DINNER GAME

From France

Sunday, July 8

"An enjoyable forehead smacker of a French farce" *Entertainment Weekly*  
 A "game" in which Parisian sophisticates invite unsuspecting "jerks" to dinner for cruel amusement backfires when a pretentious editor meets an eccentric tax man. Hilarious.



### SOME LIKE IT HOT

Thursday, July 12

"One of the enduring treasures of the movies"

*Chicago Sun Times*

In Billy Wilder's riotous comedy Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and hide out in drag, sharing bunks with Marilyn Monroe and her all-girl band.

### WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY

From France

Sunday, July 15

"Wonderfully funny, touching and unforgettable" *Wall Street Journal*  
 Vivid hipness and a nimble sense of place suffuse this lovely film in which a young woman searching a Paris neighborhood for her lost cat finds romance in her own back yard.



### DOWN BY LAW

Thursday, July 19

"Neo-bête-noir comedy, part nightmare and part fairytale" *JIM JARMUSCH*  
 Jim Jarmusch directs John Lurie, Tom Waits and a very funny Roberto Benigni in a prison breakout film as poignant and strange as a Louisiana bayou myth.



### BARAKA

Sunday, July 22

"Visionary, shimmeringly beautiful" *Los Angeles Times*  
 This stunning, wordless global odyssey from the producers of *Koyaanisqatsi* and *Chronos* was inspired by Joseph Campbell's *The Power of Myth*.



### CINEMA PARADISO

From Italy

Thursday, July 26

"Movie lovers will lose their hearts" *Rolling Stone*  
 Movie projectionist Alfredo (Philippe Noiret) befriends a young filmgoer and together they explore the life-changing magic of cinema in a quaint village rattling toward modernity.



### THE APU TRILOGY

From India

Sunday, July 29

2 pm *Pather Panchali*

4:15 pm *Aparajito*

6 pm Dinner Break

7:30 pm *The World of Apu*

One of the supreme masters of humanist cinema, Satyajit Ray traces the life of Apu from birth to early manhood. Brilliantly scored by Ravi Shankar.



### HORSE THIEF

From China

Thursday, August 2

"The best film of the decade" *MARTIN SCORSESE*  
 Visually stunning and spiritually resonant, *Horse Thief* tells of a Tibetan man forced to steal to survive. Its evocative portrayal of the ceremonies of a culturally usurped people inspired Scorsese's *Kundun*.



All films screen at 7:30 pm in UCSB Campbell Hall (except as noted)

TICKETS ON SALE NOW

Students: \$5. General: \$6.

Special Apu Trilogy package: Students: \$10. General: \$12

Tickets available in advance at the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office and at the door beginning at 6:30 pm

All films are in original languages with English subtitles if necessary.

Tickets/information: 893-3535

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