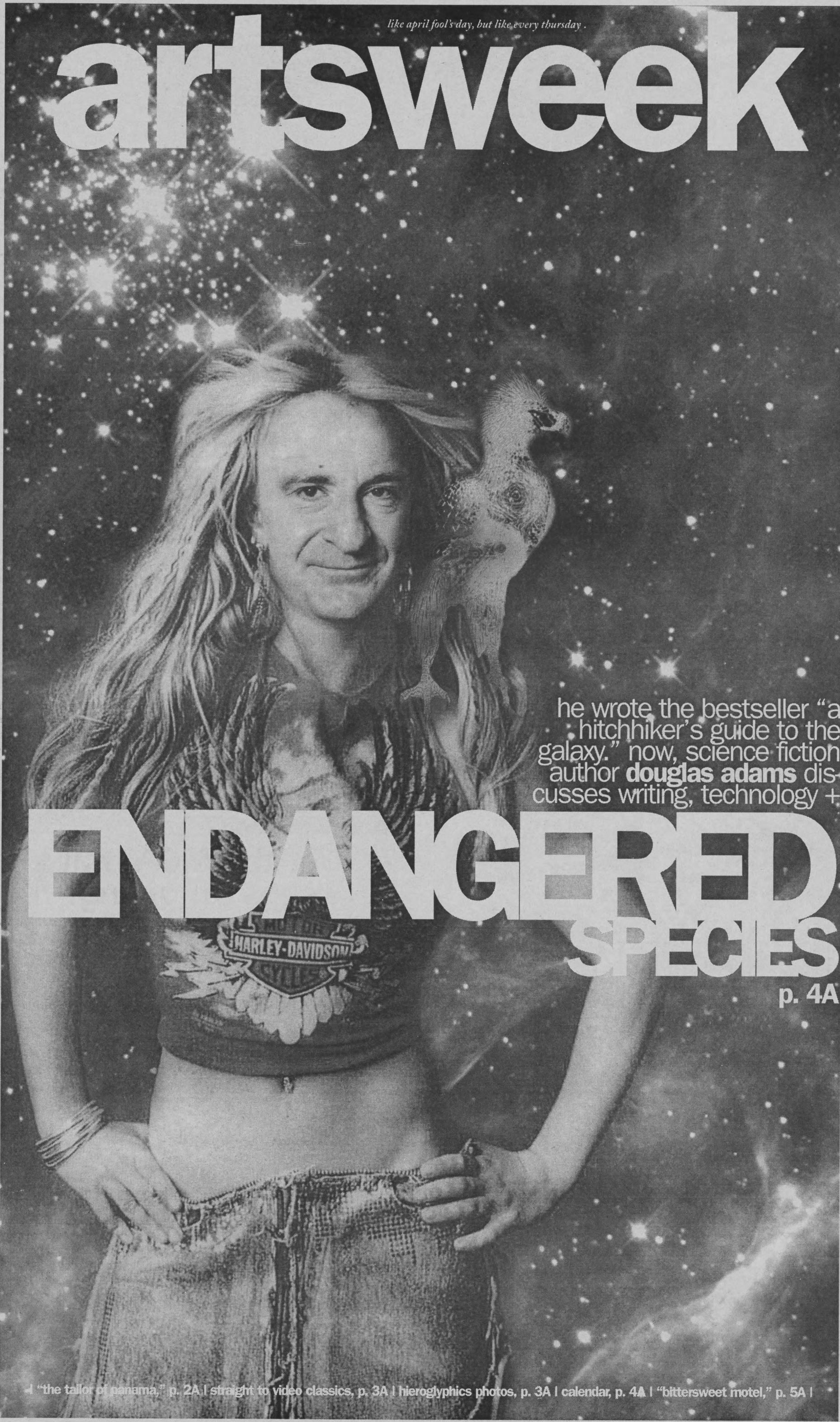


like april fool's day, but like every thursday.

# artsweek

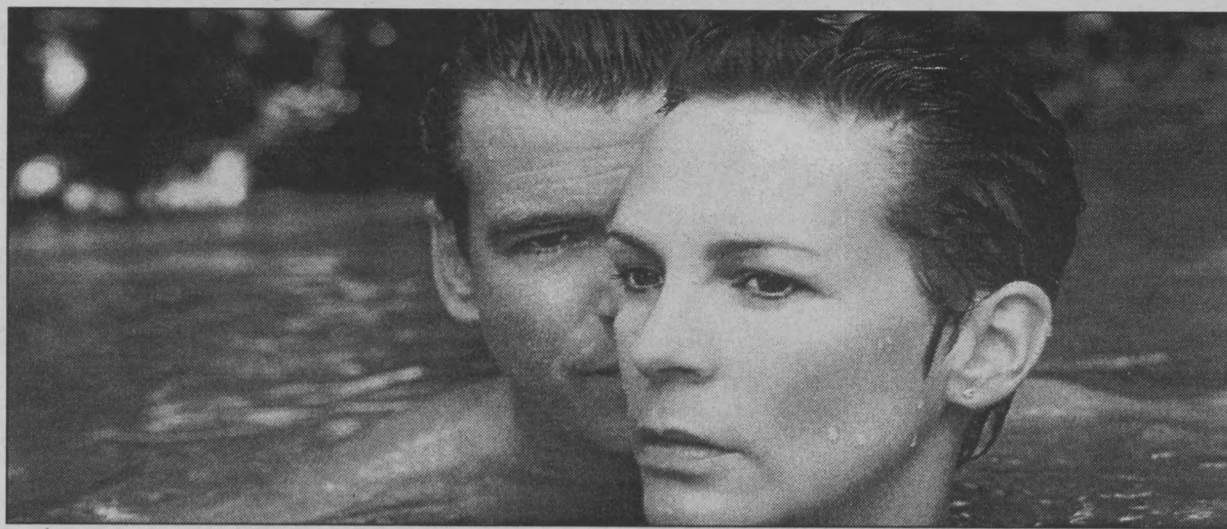


he wrote the bestseller "a hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy." now, science fiction author **douglas adams** discusses writing, technology +

## ENDANGERED SPECIES

p. 4A

film | review



## TELL ME YOUR SECRETS THE TAILOR OF PANAMA WEAVES SEDUCTION WITH CONSPIRACY

the limey lover\_andy sywak

His name is Osnard. Andy Osnard. An arrogant yet sly British spy with a taste for liquor, fine linen suits, and nymphomaniac diplomats in skirts. He picks safes, drives nice cars and is oh so charming. Of course, there is no one more qualified to play Osnard than "Mr. Shaken-not-stirred" himself, Pierce Brosnan.

British spies, manufactured political conspiracies and sexual innuendos attempt to coalesce in John Boorman's silly, new satiric political thriller/off-beat drama "The Tailor of Panama." An entertaining, mostly well-acted and beautifully shot film, the paper-thin plot and silly characterizations make it another forgettable film that you'll probably end up watching on a cross-country flight. This one isn't worth a \$7.50 ticket, but perhaps a \$5 headset rental if you don't have a good book to read.

As with Boorman's last film, "The General," which I must admit I walked out of, "The Tailor of Panama" eventually rings hollow due to its uneven and oscillating tone. Boorman tries to straddle the line between gripping political thriller and funny offbeat drama, but really doesn't succeed in claiming either. We're told Panama is a land of corruption ("a Casablanca without the heroes" as one character puts it), yet we never see any brutal government acts. The film features Osnard strutting all his

coquettish, country club debonair on some unsuspecting dame only to cut to a high-powered political deal being brokered under grave circumstances or a computer-simulated helicopter attack. The characters run around with flustered and concerned faces; but if they fail it only seems that they'll go back to their wood-paneled club just slightly disappointed and embarrassed at a loss of face.

rich and famous, Harry Pendel (Geoffrey Rush), for information on the "silent conspiracy" movement that is reportedly bent on taking over the country. When word comes out that the new and unstable Panamanian government is going to sell the canal based on information unknowingly provided by Pendel's wife (Jamie Lee Curtis), Osnard attempts to engineer a military intervention for ignoble reasons. What follows is a half-hearted free-for-all where those with benevolent intentions collide with those with only the most selfish ones.

With its uppity setting in British gentlemen clubs and its air of humorous deception, the film brings to mind a slightly more sinister version of "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels." As both a spy and the ultimate gentleman con man, Brosnan's character is fun to watch even if all his lines sound entirely scripted and his arrogance contrived. Basically a slimier and less noble James Bond, his character is too shallow to root for and too unbelievable to jeer. Rush acts his role with great intensity, yet this passion sometimes seems out of place amid all the inconsequence of the film.

Boorman needs to go home and watch an old tape of "Deliverance." Now there was a film of his that had dimension and purpose.

THIS ONE ISN'T WORTH A \$7.50 TICKET, BUT PERHAPS A \$5 HEADSET RENTAL

Based on a John le Carré novel, the story revolves around an agent from the British Embassy (Osnard) trying to get his hands on information about the security of the Panama Canal. Recently given over to the Panamanians by the United States, Osnard consults his fellow expatriate and renowned tailor to Panama City's

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A. Gary Anderson  
Graduate School of Management

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE

straight  
to video classics

WORD PERFECT  
THE PERFECT TENANT GETS IT

seeing fairies\_trey clark

I've gotten thousands of letters from aspiring straight-to-video filmmakers asking for promotion and advice. I give them a big middle finger when it comes to promotion; you gotta prove classic status before I even think of giving your movie an internationally published "thumbs up." But I am ready and willing to dish out the advice.

Most letter writers want to find that last missing piece of the straight-to-video-classic puzzle. Well I got it. So I am going to reveal that secret piece, because frankly I'm sick of seeing flicks with filmmakers as clueless as the ones who write to me. The secret is:

The title of your movie should be spoken by the film's central character within the first 20 minutes of viewing.

That's it. It's so simple, yet it is a glaringly absent part of far too many movies. "The Perfect Tenant" didn't forget, so I gotta give it and director Doug Campbell props.

The film begins with a man walking around his living room on Christmas Eve. He surveys his various "Teacher of the Year" awards while Christmas carolers sing sweetly outside his door, but that tear in his eye and Jack D in his cup tell you that something is terribly wrong. He

makes good use of the rope that happens to be lying neatly in his garage, constructing a makeshift noose on a hook in the living room's ceiling. His son is awoken by the carolers, and as the boy moves from the door to celebrate he notices his father hanging dead. A close-up of the boy's pained expression made me pause the VCR to get Kleenex.

Fast-forward 20 years and David Summer (Maxwell Caulfield, who played Michael the British guy opposite Michelle Pfeifer in "Grease 2") is on a mission to avenge his father's suicide. He is staking out the house and guest house of Jessica Michael (Linda Purl). Jessica was a student of David's father when she was in high school and reported to the police that he sexually abused her. Thus, David believes that she is to blame for his father's demise.

David waits for the current tenants of Jessica's guesthouse to leave their door unlocked, and then he sneaks in and murders them with a knife. His next move is to become the new tenant so that he can get inside Jessica's life and make her suffer like he has the last 20 years.



Movin' on Up! From "Grease 2" to "The Perfect Tenant"

What a perfect setup for throwing the title into the dialogue!

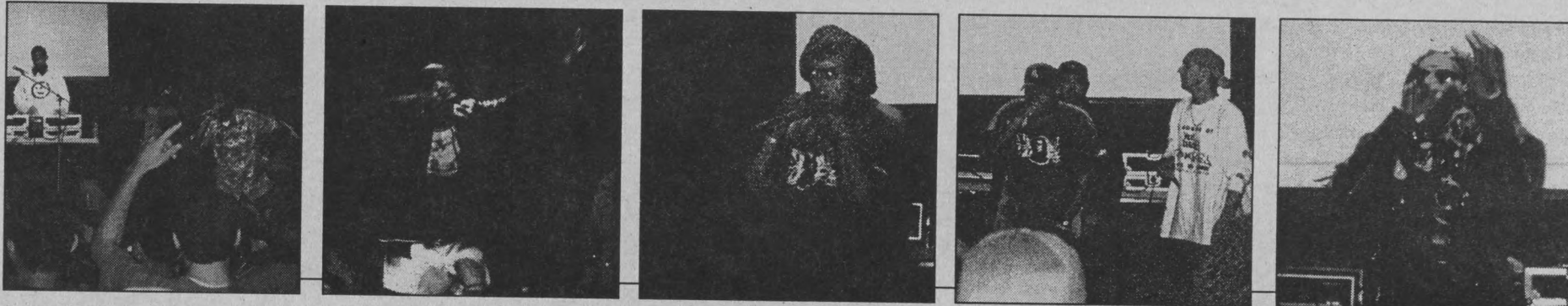
After a wonderful interview and inspection of the guesthouse, David leaves Jessica thoroughly impressed. She tells him that she will think about his application and give him a call. David pauses, smiles and then says those wonderful words, "You have to take me, I'm 'The Perfect Tenant!'" Boo-yaa!

To be honest, the film goes slightly downhill from there. But with such a beautiful example of flawless writing and filmmaking, "The Perfect Tenant" deserves its classic status.

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photos\_trey clark

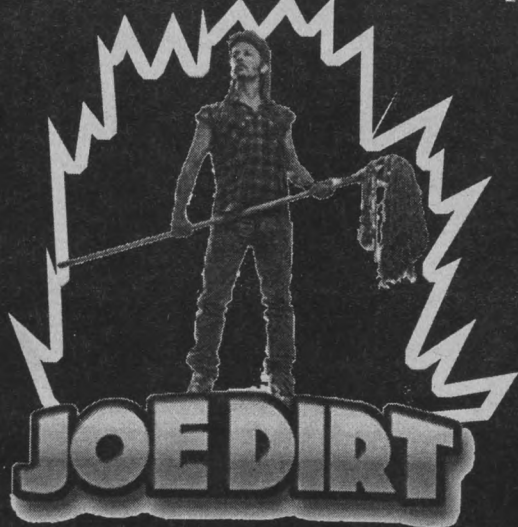


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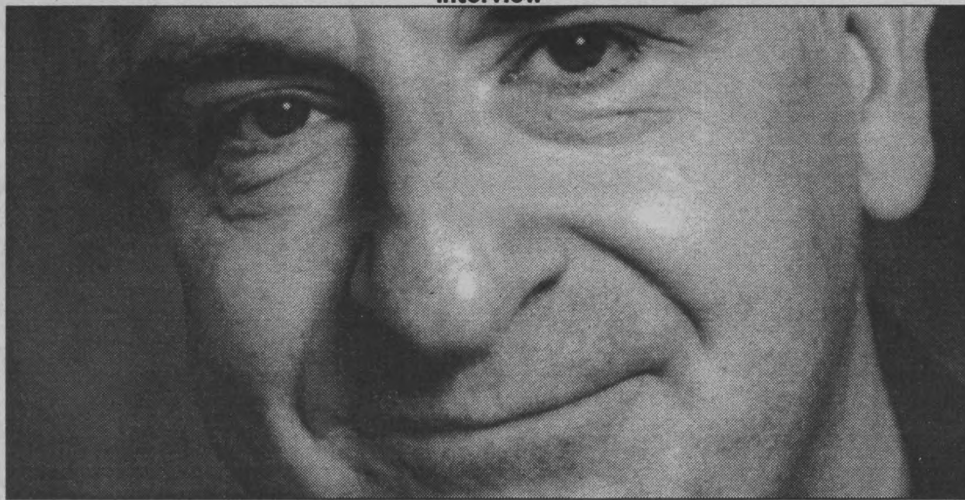
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interview



## MAN OF THE GALAXY DOUGLAS ADAMS IS OUT OF THIS WORLD

a man in full\_brendan buhler

How does Douglas Adams arrive for coffee? If he were like the Montecitans stopping by Pierre Lafond's, he would show up in an SUV, a luxury car or a luxury SUV. The basic cup of coffee at Pierre Lafond's costs \$1.25 and is called "organic French roast." It tastes exactly like McDonald's coffee or organic crank case fluid, not that the drivers of SUVs seem to care.

I expected more from Adams than an SUV. I wanted to see him skip out of a spaceship, materialize or even just walk. This is a guy who wrote *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and has managed to make *Life*, the Universe and Everything much more entertaining. So, I wondered, how would he arrive?

Black Mercedes.

Adams is 6 feet 5 inches tall with intensely round eyes. He hadn't had a good day. His daughter was sick, and the croissant he was eating at 5 p.m. was lunch. Life hasn't been bad for the 52-year-old Adams, though. He travels the world, his nine books have sold over 15 million copies and the oft-delayed "Hitchhikers" movie is now being produced by Disney and has the director of "Austin Powers" signed on.

"The perennial movie, which has been about to be made for about 20 years and is even more about to be made now," Adams said. "But we shall see. I wish I had never thought of doing it as a movie. I'd have about 10 years of my life back."

For the first time in over a decade, Adams is working on a book.

"There was a point where I just got massively fed up with it. My books tend to use up ideas at a ferocious rate," he said. "I never intended to be a novelist to begin with. So I decided to go and do a whole bunch of other things. ... The consequence of that is I have a huge backlog of story ideas, and now the sort of panic is, 'Can I do them all in the rest of my career, given the speed at which they're arriving at the moment?' The other panic, of course, is the perennial writer's problem of application. I think I have more fear of writing than most writers."

The new book is not a *Hitchhiker's* book — there are already five of those — or a *Dirk Gently* book, but "it will be recognizable in style to anyone who knows those books." It also won't be *The Salmon of Doubt*.

"I abandoned [*The Salmon of Doubt*] about halfway through because I just thought it was getting too dull," Adams said. "Since then, I've now got lots and lots of different story lines waiting for me to turn them into books. One of them I shall apply the title *Salmon of Doubt* to, but I don't know which one yet."

In 1990, Adams, with zoologist Mark Carwardine, wrote *Last Chance to See*. It's one of his hardest books to find and his favorite. When Adams — who has lived in Santa Barbara for the last two years — speaks today at UCSB, it's the book he'll talk about.

"I do talks around most of the rest of the country," Adams said. "So I was very keen to do one here, just to sort of say, 'Hi, here I am.'"

Adams gives a lot of speeches, usually about high technology to large companies.

"I actually much prefer doing this particular one,

“I DIDN'T KNOW MUCH SCIENCE WHEN I STARTED WRITING, BUT NOW SCIENCE IS 90 PERCENT OF WHAT I READ”

which I only ever usually get to do at colleges because it's funny, but big corporations don't particularly like to hear about protecting endangered wildlife," he said. "You lose a lot of money to endangered wildlife."

*Last Chance to See* started as a magazine article for the World Wildlife Fund. The group sent Adams to Madagascar, where he met Carwardine. Adams wrote about aye-ayes, an endangered species of nocturnal lemurs that look like a cross between a bat, a monkey and a very surprised infant.

"At the time, it was thought that there was only about 15. They've found a few more so it's not quite so endangered, just very, very, very endangered," Adams said. "The whole thing was completely magical."

So magical that Adams and Carwardine spent the next year traveling the world and seeing endangered animals, like flightless kakapo parrots in New Zealand and baiji river dolphins in China. The last twenty dolphins will become extinct when the Chinese government completes the Three Gorges Dam and destroys the dolphins' habitat.

"It's a desperate thing, not only because another species is lost and the tragedy of that, but because I don't know why we keep building these fucking dams," Adams said in a surprisingly forceful British whisper. "Not only do they cause environmental and social disasters, they, with very few exceptions, all fail to do what they were supposed to do in the first place. Look at the Amazon, where they've all silted up. What is the reaction to that? They're going to build another 80 of them. It's just balmy. We must have beaver genes or something. ... There's just this kind of sensational desire to build dams, and maybe that should be looked at and excised from human nature. Maybe the Human Genome Project can locate the beaver/dam-building gene and cut that out."

Adams' reference to the Human Genome Project shows off his newfound scientific knowledge.

"I didn't know much science when I started writing, but science is now 90 percent of what I read," he said.

In *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, intergalactic bulldozers destroyed the Earth and humanity. A very different sort of bulldozer destroyed the most successful species the planet had ever known. Sixty-five million years ago, a six-mile-wide asteroid slammed into the Yucatan peninsula, created a 100-mile crater and sent a cloud of searing vapor and dust into the air. That was pretty much it for the dinosaurs.

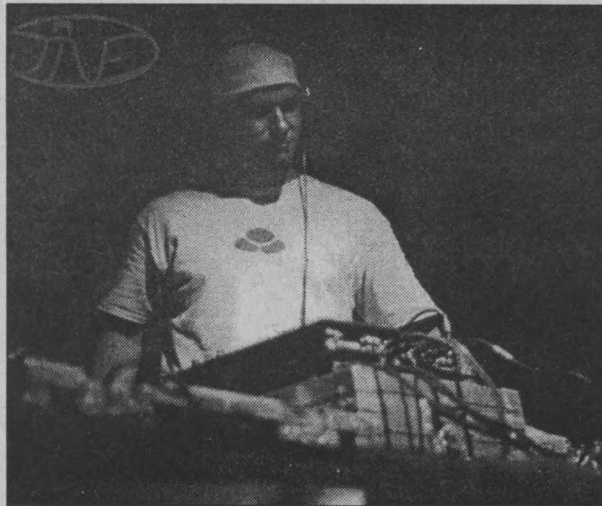
"I'm rather obsessed with the idea of that comet coming down and it being the single event to which we owe our very existence," Adams said. "It is arguably the single most dramatic thing to have ever occurred in the world and certainly the one that was the most dramatic event in our lives, in that it paved the way for our existence, and no one was there to see it."

Dinosaur-killing rocks are classic physics. The newer

please see ADAMS, p.6A

### thingstodo >> calendar

today | thursday



At *Artsweek*, we appreciate your need to learn about new places to go to on Thursday nights. That's why we recommend the ZOO, a place we have never, ever mentioned before. There, you can go catch Jason Blakemore. He's an important deejay. Just trust us on that. Go buy some of those glowsticks you can stick in your mouth at Scavenge or Mystics or somewhere and get funky. The ZOO takes place at Zelo, 630 State St. 18+

tomorrow | friday



There are pop stars and then there are Pop Stars. There are super groups and then there are Super Groups. For your entertainment pleasure, *Artsweek* has collaborated with Sony, Virgin, Columbia, and Warner Bros. to bring you a whole new extravaganza of entertainment. A smorgasbord of talent, watch as Dr. Dre, Madonna, Britney Spears, Bono, Bradley Nowell, Snoop Dogg, Zach de la Rocha, and a member of Kottonmouth Kings rock the crowd! 5 p.m.

weekend | saturday



You know it's spring when there's music in the park. And spring has officially sprung, because this Saturday, the Campus Libertarians present "I Want My Funkin' Freedom!" It's a free concert to raise awareness for hemp legalization and ending corporate welfare, with Funk, Rage and Soul of Long Beach rocking the stage. The Orange County Hemp Council's Traveling Hemp Museum will be present as well. The fun all starts at 1 p.m. in Anisq'oyo Park in I.V.

philm | review

# PICTURE OF NECTAR

## BITTERSWEET MOTEL PHILMS THE PHUNK

so fresh, so clean\_eric lister

"Do you have to be on drugs to listen to Phish?" asks the cameraman.

"No."

It's where all those sloppily dressed kids that don't know how to brush their hair go. The sprightly young man (somewhere on Phish's European tour) tells us this as he skips merrily down the street, shredding on his harmonica. I viewed this *for screening purposes only* version of Todd Philips' film "Bittersweet Motel," which is based on the famous masters of the jam-band Phish, while I was engaged in the painting of a clock.

Major components of the movie include: (1) Phish playing music in back rooms and being "the guys," (2) performances by "one of the most successful acts on the global touring circuit," (3) the Phish fans/culture, (4) guitarist Trey Anastasio's thoughts.

The "being the guys" that they do is intertwined almost entirely with music making and performances. From backstage jams to marathon Phish festivals to playful gun-buying bargaining in a non-English speaking gun shop, these playful performers give us a peek at what life is like as a part of a tight group that has been on the road together for years. "It's like us, man," someone on the couch

chuckles. "We're just people, man," jokes Anastasio.

The performances were from all over the place. While I painted the clock, I basically listened to the movie rather than watched it. I was told by my friend, a Phish fan, that what the perfor-

mances really captured was the process by which participatory elements invented by the audience merge with the musical elements provided by the band to create "the show" as a piece of communally produced and consumed art. Still, it isn't that the show itself is just music making devoid of the aim of entertainment. It's theatrical, whether straining out a bit of barbershop quartet or pounding out rock that one could go so far as to describe as "hard."

The only two scenes I watched between coats of blaze-orange aerosol paint and blue masking tape were a well lit, well shot New Years show and a photo shoot of about 200 naked hippies. If that alone isn't the makings

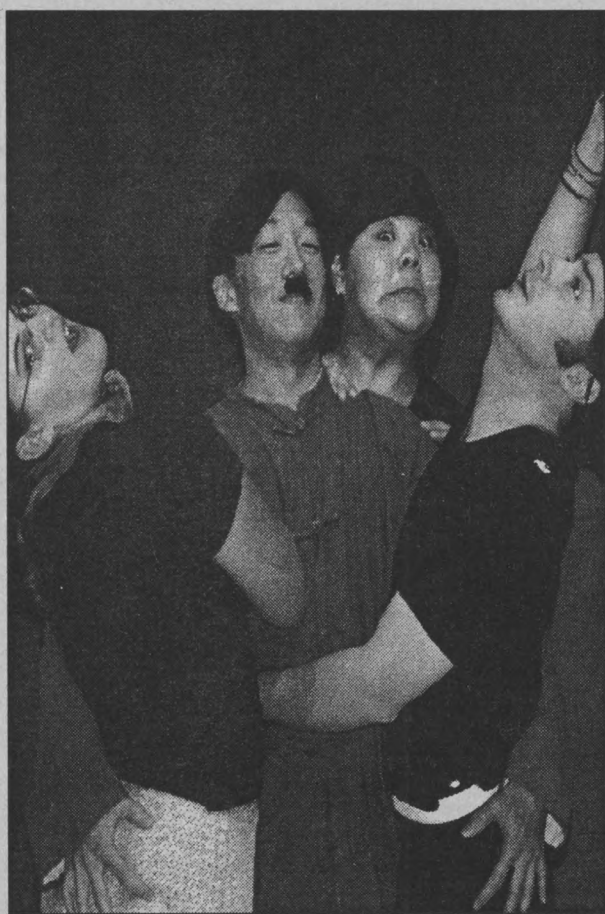
of great cinema ...

What goes on in the show's parking lot at 4:20 p.m.? What's in that chick's balloon that makes her sing so silly and dance so slowly? Why do Justin and Brian, the shotgunning protectors of the knowledge that kind bud is what you smoke when you wanna get fucked up, talk so much about who shaves their armpits and what cars they drive and how they were brought up? How do self-described white boys from '70s suburbia claiming that rock 'n' roll is bullshit relate with fans that claim that the shows expand their spirit? And what does Anastasio not remember telling a seemingly chemically sedated groupie in a Tucson movie theater that moved her to just want to be near him?

Answers revealed Friday, April 6, at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. at Campbell Hall. \$5 students, \$6 general.



“WHAT'S IN THAT CHICK'S BALLOON THAT MAKES HER SING SO SILLY AND DANCE SO SLOWLY”



# HELLO NASTY

## NASTY WITH A TWIST EXPOSES THE GRIME

accidentally\_julie kram

This coming weekend, the MultiCultural Drama Company presents "Nasty with a Twist," an adults-only theater presentation that addresses issues like government corruption, racism and pornographic nastiness.

"Nasty with a Twist" is written, directed and acted by performers involved in the roughly 14-member drama company that has been around for about three years. It consists of eight one-act plays, five of which are short 10-minute skits, and clocks in at two-and-a-half hours. The MCDC functions using both traditional published plays as well as submissions that are accepted from members and non-members of the club. The ethnic

makeup of the club attempts to represent the ethnic makeup of UCSB, but with less white people.

The MCDC doesn't present the topics in the politically correct manner which the club's members claim is the common method of exposing

"Twist" will be different from what people have seen before because it addresses these issues head-on without any pretenses.

Larner and Narayanamurti want to warn the audience that this is adult entertainment and is definitely meant only for mature audiences. Larner says that hopefully the next show will be rated NC-17, but in any case, don't expose "Nasty with a Twist" to your kids. The show is free with a donation box at the MCC Theater. Seats fill quickly, so come early.

"Nasty with a Twist" runs Thursday, April 5, Friday, April 6 and Saturday, April 7 at the MCC Theater at 7:30 p.m. And it's free!

“THE ETHNIC MAKEUP OF THE CLUB ATTEMPTS TO REPRESENT THE ETHNIC MAKEUP OF UCSB, BUT WITH LESS WHITE PEOPLE”

such issues. Krishna Narayanamurti, the club's founder, and Isaac Larner describe their show as a blend of things that don't fall under one particular style or theme. "Nasty with a

### thingstodo >> calendar

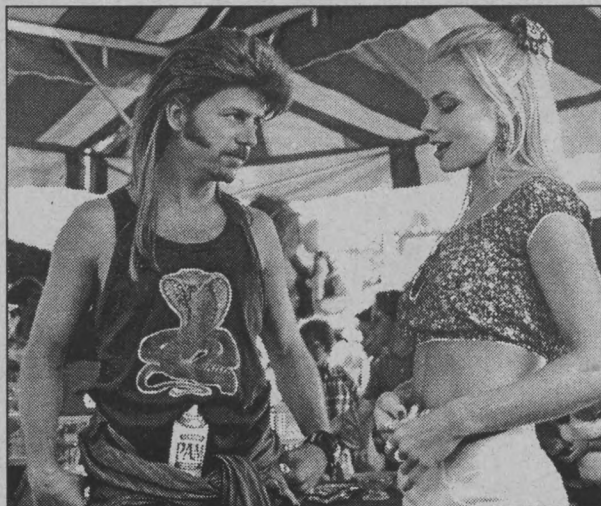
weekend | **sunday**

next week | **tuesday**

next week | **wednesday**



In our ongoing efforts to research information about every single event published in this section, after many arduous hours searching for a ripe nugget by someone rightly famous, we stumbled upon this quote from David Byrne on Bruno de Almeida's tribute to Amália Rodrigues, the legendary singer of Portuguese fado: "When I first heard Amália Rodrigues, it was as if this explosion of emotion burst out of my speakers." 7:30 p.m., Campbell Hall. \$5.



While the mullet has been praised in all facets of culture during the last year, even garnering attention in forums as majestic as *Artsweek*, sadly the rattail has not made the comeback it should. Although upcoming flick "Joe Dirt" has clearly been influenced by articles in *Artsweek* to capitalize on the ironic appreciation of the mullet, perhaps in the sequel the rattail will get the attention it deserves. Catch the sneak preview at I.V. Theater, 7p.m. Tickets at A.S.



Tuesday night has Calypso, Thursday night has Q's, but what's a poor girl (or guy) to do on Wednesday, the infamous "hump day." Well, there's always the option of cold showers for those underage folk out there, but for the 21+ crowd, drive downtown and make it to Madhouse to catch local music. This Wednesday, you'll find The Choppers. 434 State St. 21+ By the way, that's a picture of Iron Maiden, but we're sure The Choppers rock just as hard.

ADAMS, cont. from p.5A

physics is a little too outlandish for Adams, a man who wrote that the answer to Life, the Universe and Everything is 42. A computer came up with that answer, and Adams said computers will change everything.

"Now that we've built computers, first we made them room size, then desk size and in briefcases and in pockets, soon they'll be as plentiful as dust — you can sprinkle computers all over the place. Gradually, the whole environment will become something far more responsive and smart, and we'll be living in a way that's very hard for people living on the planet just now to understand," Adams said. "I guess my six-year-old daughter will get a much better handle on it. There's a set of rules that anything that was in the world when you were born is normal and natural. Anything invented between when you were 15 and 35 is new and revolutionary and exciting, and you'll probably get a career in it. Anything invented after you're 35 is against the natural order of things."

Adams has done a bit of everything, from radio, to television, to designing computer games. Not all of them

worked out.

"These are life's little learning experiences," he said. "You know what a learning experience is? A learning experience is one of those things that says, 'You know that thing you just did? Don't do that.'"

"At the end of all this being determined to be a jack of all trades, I think I'm better off just sitting down and putting a hundred thousand words in a cunning order."

Adams writes "slowly and painfully."

"People assume you sit in a room, looking pensive and writing great thoughts," he said. "But you mostly sit in a room looking panic-stricken and hoping they haven't put a guard on the door yet."

Hopefully, Adams said, what comes out at the end doesn't try to be literature.

"I always think that literature is best left to the judgments of later generations," he said. "It's much better just to be literate and get on with it. I can't help feeling that an awful lot of stuff we call literature as it's being written probably will die a death in later years, whereas stuff that's been motivated by something else other than by a desire to write literature has some other energy or insight

or spirit to it."

Adams will probably be writing for the next few years, before his daughter grows up.

"I think what I'll do, because there has been talk about me doing a big TV documentary series, so I'll wait until her hormones kick in, and then I shall go off like a shot," he said. "I think when she's about 13 I'll go off and do a big documentary series and come back when she's become civilized."

The interview ended when Adams' cell phone rang from inside his pocket. In the other pocket, there was a little bit of padded cotton, red trimmed with a giraffe on it. It looked like it belonged to his daughter. His wife and daughter were supposed to have flown to London that night, but his daughter came down with an ear infection. "A serious one, actually."

It was time for Adams to climb into his black Mercedes to go home and see his daughter.

*Douglas Adams will give a public lecture titled "Parrots, The Universe and Everything," Thursday, April 5 at Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.*

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“ Who do you think I am. ”

# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*



Various Artists | Def Jux Presents ... | Def Jux

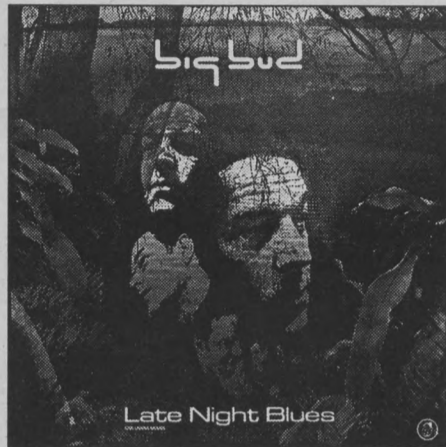
It's been about three years since we last heard from Company Flow. Back in '97 it dropped *Funcrusher Plus*, then in '98 it dropped the "End to End Burners" 12", and in '99 it dropped El-P's partner-in-rhyme, Big Jus. Now it's 2001 and Co Flow is back with a new label, a posse and a seven-song taste of what's to come.

From the very beginning you can tell that El-P and Mr. Len subscribe to the belief "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." In short, the sound is hard, grimy and completely un-danceable — and that should be enough for old Company Flow fans. El-P rushes through margin-defying lyrics while concocting his trademark loud, banging beats. Mr. Len scratches his way to the forefront on "Simian D," ripping apart the famous Biz Markie yelling break.

As nice as it is to hear Company Flow again, the highlights of the album come from Cannibal Ox and Aesop Rock. Ox emcees Vast and Vordul tear El-P's beats to shreds, especially on "Iron Galaxy," where the tandem breaks down inner-city politics in one line and busts battle lyrics

in the next. Aesop Rock travels near the same course he took on his last three albums with self-composed production and complicated verbiage.

*Def Jux Presents ...* is a resoundingly successful rebound from Co Flow's recent absence from the scene, as well as proof that it has an eye for talent. "The fire in which you burn slow" is turning into a bonfire. [Trey Clark]



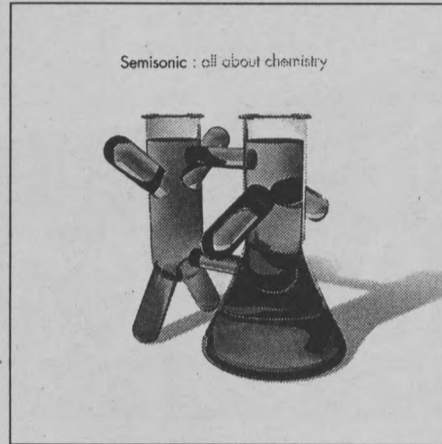
Big Bud | Late Night Blues | Good Looking

No, it's not the latest from Cypress Hill, but rather another quality album from LTJ Bukem's Good Looking Records. Big Bud is another fine addition to the label's catalog of unique drum 'n' bass. *Late Night Blues* is the two-disc follow-up to the group's 1999 release *Infinity + Infinity*, but Big Bud has chosen a different road this time, taking the listener through the realms of jazz, reggae and soul.

The first CD is a "virtual gig." New York keyboardist Weldon Irvine plays on both the opening and closing tracks and chats with the audience in between songs. Along for the ride is a singer, a saxophon-

ist and a flutist. The jam session incorporates Latin beats, up-tempo house, breaks, jazz and soul. On "Persian Blues," the players even lay down some Middle Eastern poly-rhythms.

The mood on the second disc changes as Big Bud returns from the excursion to pure drum 'n' bass. The bpm's increase as he takes you on yet another atmospheric ride, the musical equivalent of driving through the city at night. Four of the tracks are new and four are classic Big Bud songs remixed. Standout tracks include "Mr. Nice" and "Soulfood." The album is a worthwhile listen if you're a drum 'n' bass fan or if you're just looking for something new. [John Syquia]



Semisonic | All About Chemistry | MCA

This is just embarrassing. Rather, it's unfortunate. *All About Chemistry* acts as a sober reminder of the effects that ego, money and time can have on a band. Semisonic, or more specifically, lead singer Dan Wilson, has become selfish and overindulgent in what he perceives as a concept album. A misguided attempt at expressing love through art, the album is

dead weight with no substance.

Wilson's lyrics are painfully sappy: "All my life I've been looking for the perfect mate / And when I finally found the one, it was almost too late." The music parallels these sentiments on the same base level. It's elevator music with vocal expressions. The album produces a slack-jawed mouth and a smirk that can only mean that this is one big mess of a joke. But it is serious. When asked in a recent interview about the choice and use of various electronic sounds, the band gave this response: "It's a science thing, because we're talking about chemistry." Everything about this whole project just hurts.

Anyone expecting pop-rock like its 1998 hit, "Closing Time," will be disappointed and downright shocked at what this band has come up with. The members could have done so many things, established themselves as musicians and just as Semisonic. Producing its own record really killed a pretty good thing. It's going to be hard to gain redemption after this disaster. [Collin Mitchell]

**Beat Poem of the Week**

She been licking me up  
licking my d\*\*\* and my butt  
and swallow my c\*\* you don't  
you stop and spit in a cup  
Ya girl Pam the one that spent the night at ya house  
I call her Gargamale  
she gargle male b\*\*\* in her mouth  
and you mama now that's the real freak of the year  
like to watch me jack my d\*\*\* then skeet in her ear.

- Field Mob, "Cheatin' on Me"

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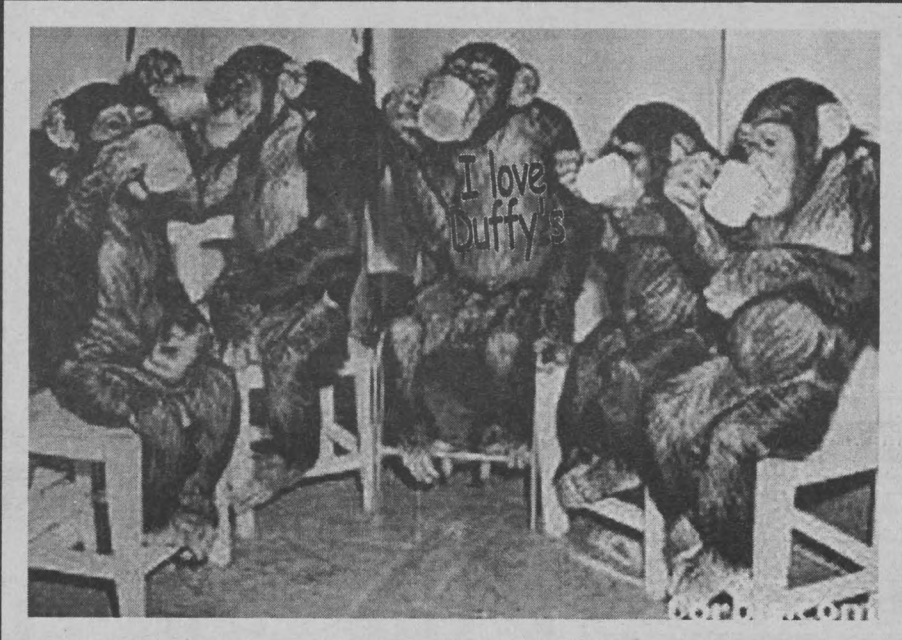
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