

hiding in our office for a goddamn good reason ...

artsweekTM

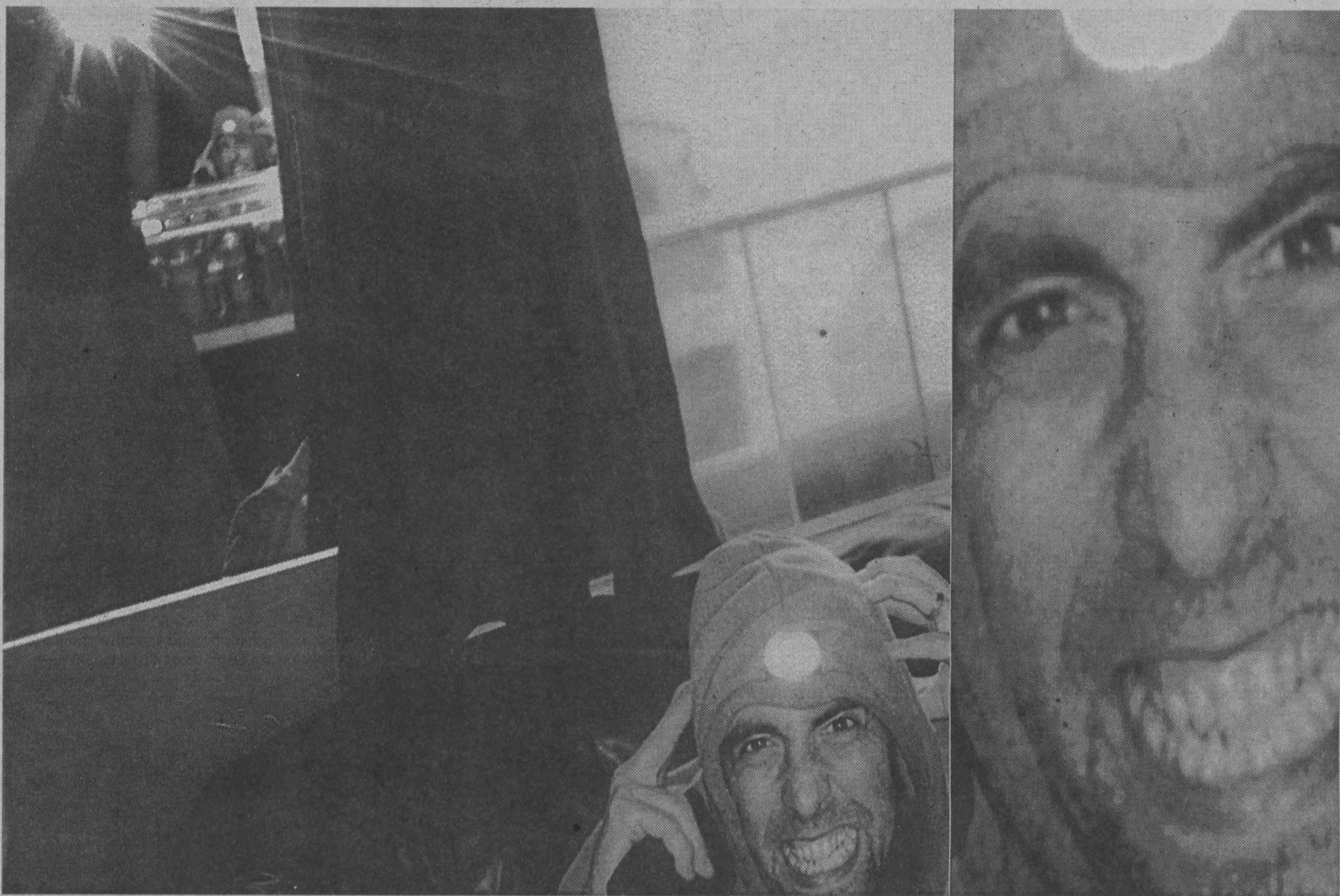
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A TWICE ROCKS ANOTHER
SIRJUNZ REPORT

ART GALLERY
1434

WE REVIEW: THE PAINTED ID, SYSTEM OF A DOWN, MK ULTRA,
THE TINKLERS, DR. J, FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY, ENEMYMINE, DIVINE STYLER, FUNDAMENTALS

"SHE'S ALL
THAT."



MEAT : JACK *Dangers*

BY SAM KESHAVARZ
Bay Area Correspondent

"Another box of crap?" This is all I hear over and over as I stand outside the Fillmore Theatre in San Francisco waiting for my opportunity to speak with Jack Dangers of Meat Beat Manifesto fame. Boxes and boxes are being shuffled out of what seems like a total of 200 U-Hauls. What might be in these boxes, you ask? Synths, amps, filters, 303s, 808s and a hundred different three-number combinations with 0 in the middle. The scary part is that all this equipment isn't for Meat Beat Manifesto, Josh Wink, and Q-Burns Abstract Message, who were playing that night. These all belong to Jack Dangers from Meat Beat Manifesto. I never saw what was in the boxes, but I'm pretty sure that Jack's love for analog things has become a problem.

Finally, people stopped complaining, and the boxes were done with. Now it was my turn to complain.

"Hi there," I said. "I've been here for about half an hour, you think you can let me in? I have an appointment with Mark to meet with Jack."

I wasn't the rudest, but in this business you have to be on your toes. The guy gave me a friendly finger gesture and walked away. He eventually came back and let me in, and I

met Mark, who is the management for Jack. When I finally got to sit with Jack, all the problems and hassle with getting there suddenly whizzed by.

"It's OK, you can relax, I'm another human," he said. I was so relieved to find that out.

Artsweek: Hey Jack, let's start with the tour. How's life been with the tour situation, and has it been fun for your guys?

Jack Dangers: Yeah, definitely, it's been fantastic. This is my favorite album ever really so I'm having a lot of fun playing.

I understand the last official tour you went on was in 1996 for the Subliminal Sandwich album. You were playing with the Chemical Brothers, were they a part of the whole tour?

No, it was just a one-show thing with the Brothers, they're good blokes, but it was a one-time thing, I believe.

So what band were you with for the rest of the tour?

Alex from the Orb DJ'd for the shows, and Electric Sky-church played as well for the other dates. Alex simply spun, he didn't do any Orb material.

Josh Wink is doing the whole tour with you and Q-Burns, right?

Actually it's me and Josh and the latter part of the tour with Q.

Now the change that came from you moving to the States brought about an awesome difference in your sound, didn't it?

Oh definitely, I hated it over there. I went from *Satyricon* to *Subliminal Sandwich*, which sound nothing alike. I mean, they're worlds apart in sound. The move had a lot to do with it, I think.

So where did you come from, Jack? I mean, you sound like a bloke, but that can be anywhere in Europe, I suppose.

Hah, yeah I guess you're right. I come from Swindon. It's a very small town, and that's where everything before *Subliminal* was made. Personally I feel that the only true MBM releases are the first and the newest. I mean, everything else was great, but they were all missing something. *Storm the Studio* and *Actual Sounds and Voices* are the best by far.

Definitely have to agree with you there, the new Actual Sounds and Voices really grows on the listener.

Yeah, it's great, but people just don't see what it is until a year passes. But that's the way things work, and it just happens that way. I mean, look at "Radio Babylon;" it was totally goofy when it came out and now seven years later it's the hot thing. It's like jungle this and jungle that.

Speaking of jungle, you have to admit that you really did start the inspiration with this whole new jungle scene.

See MEATBEAT, p.6A

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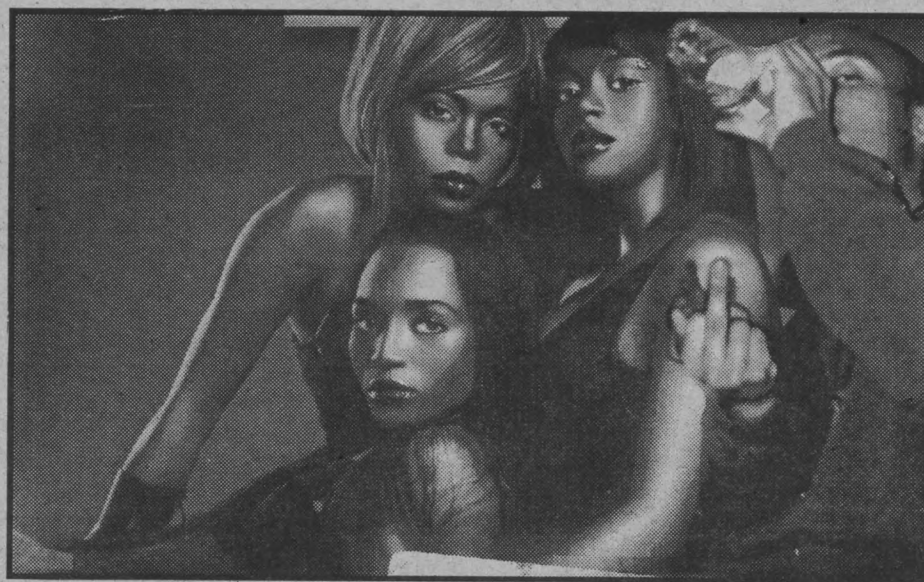
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YES, IT'S THE **Bobby Digital** REPORT.

A- Twice

"The doctor slapped my mama / Bitch, you got a sick kid"

— Eminem

"Aight son, what words start with the letter B?"

"... uhm ... I don't know, Bobby!"

"Whutchu mean y'don't know? There's Bastard, 'Bees Wax, 'Bee' for Killa Beez and beep beep Bobby Digital! This nigg\$%'s analog son, word. Back to the 36 chambers with your Atari ass."

Something exciting happened, like dreaming about Ken Starr's assassination; after writing this column for over five months (last fall and spring), I finally received negative criticism from a devoted reader! After being confused by the absence of loathsome obscenities, middle-finger flashes and volatile confrontations, a wholesome-sounding gentleman called while I was at KCSB to express disapproval of the "over-the-top harshness, dissing and negative attitude toward everything." Man, it's about time somebody checked for a ni&#uh.

Therefore, the following disclaimer must be posted for certain individuals. Don't ever read the following (or anything in a college newspaper) if ...

- 1) ... you're offended by sounds societally defined as vulgar and/or ebonics, such as "fuck," "muhfucker," "shit," "hip-hop" and "kiss my black amerasian ass, you 90210-looking bitch-made mark."
- 2) ... you ask, "What's a bitch-made mark?"
- 3) ... you can't handle unbridled opinions.
- 4) ... you can't handle your favorite stars being ripped and exposed like the superficial mediocre fools they are. Wanna read articles that don't attempt to get beneath the surface and kiss ass? Read *Seventeen* or *Vibe*.
- 5) ... you think that calling out things in a blunt manner is "too negative." Sometimes the truth is ugly, like most male rappers. So please try and understand that if you feel offended, you should ask yourself, "Why?" Maybe because you were being talked about? Hmmmmmm ...

The above-mentioned only applies to whom it may concern, and not every reader. Although it's a mutha-phuk-king shame that I have to actually explain this for people, it's probably necessary for certain folks that lack the skills for English comprehension and contextual analysis. For you shook ones, I won't be talking much about how wack I.V. is cuz I already let out what I had to. (Unless I have the pleasure of encountering another Blood and Crip theme party.) Oh yeah, I'm a graduate anyways, so some of y'all can get ready to come out your holes soon ...

Hey kids, have you heard of TV's newest sensation? Soon to come to your living room is everybody's favorite franchise player Bobby Digital, host of Fox's "Bobby Digital's Cyberland." Watch your favorite Wu renegade school the youngsters and make them his gods and duns. A full hour's worth of cyberspace fun awaits for your kids as Bobby takes them into his world.

Kids will have fun learning how to spell while kicking it with Bobby.

Kids will have the time of their life singing favorites such as "Wildflower," "Protect Ya Neck," "Cream," "Dog Shit" and "Domestic Violence." When asked why he likes working with children, he says that "it was mainly Ol' Dirty's idea. But in reality, I can help plant my seeds of knowledge. Word, cuz we need new soldiers every day, god. BEEEP BEEP, Bobby Digital!"

Every week, children are handed their own "Bobby Digital" suit, complete with a yellow mask and Wu Tang gold chain. Filmed at the Wu mansion, Bobby Digital takes the show where no other kids' program has gone before, giving out rap lessons, kung-fu instructions, Chow Yun-Fat knowledge and access to his pornosites. On separate segments of the show, other Wu members are scheduled to make appearances. Be on the look out for tumbling classes with Cappadonna, cooking with Rackwon, parachuting with Killarmy, Bible studies with Sunz of Man, finger painting with Shyheim and prison weight lifting with Ghostface. Oh yeah, here's some music industry information from the show ...

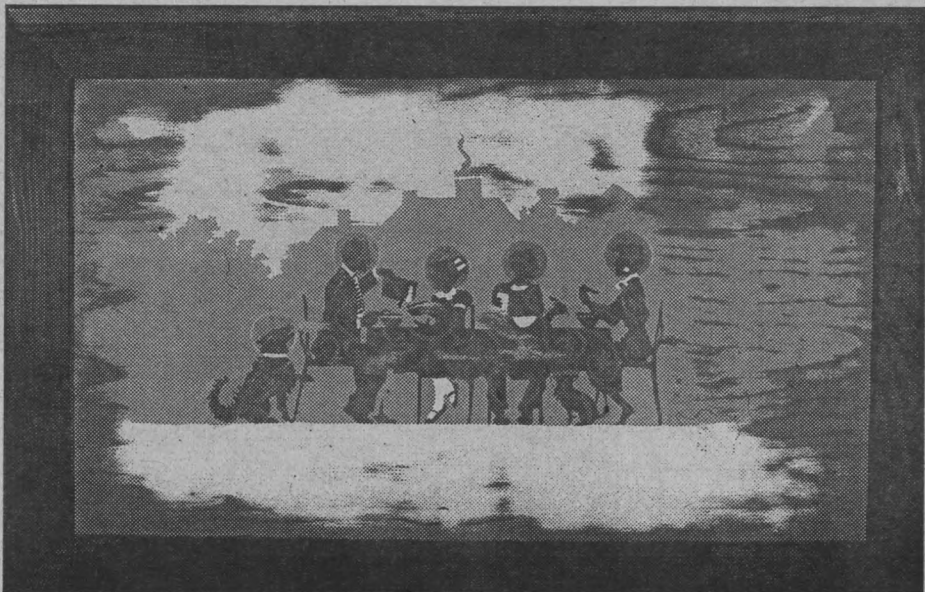
Big Pun supposedly broke a toilet bowl under his weight. He's also currently off tour due to a sudden heart attack. Not really surprising, due to the fact that he has people spraying him with water every 10 minutes at live shows. Heavyweights don't get it easy. **Slick Rick's** *I Own America* should be dropping soon. Don't know how it'll be, but I'm just happy he's back. There might be a **De La Soul** TRIPLE ALBUM, and **KRS-1**, new vice president of A&R at Warner Brothers, might've signed **The Living Legends** crew. For those that ain't in the know, Living Legends consists of **Mystik Journeymen**, **Eliq**, **Asop**, **Grouch**, **Murs**, **Arata** and **DJ Bizzaro**. Remember, these are only rumors so don't jump the ball yet.

Last Sunday night (01/31/99 10:00 p.m.), **Subway Tales** was eventful as it featured **O.D.** (producer of *Beneath the Surface*), **Circus of the Shapeshifters**, **Imaginative Eye** and **Black Tung** of **Copacetic Concepts**. Biggups to those folks for coming through.

Yes, indeedly, **Rawkus records** has signed a distribution deal with **Priority records**. Let's hope money doesn't fuck up their creative control nor their input. However, fans can now expect projects such as the **Mos Def LP**, **Reflection Eternal LP**, **Shabaam Sah-deeq EP**, **Cyclops 4000 LP**, **Sound Bombing II** and **Pharoah Monche** (of *Organized Konfusion*) LP to receive wider promotion and distribution.

Bombay the Hardway, an album consisting of Indian cult movie theme songs remixed by **Automator** and **DJ Shadow**, can be expected to drop soon.

Star FOR A THURSDAY.
ANNIE AUKEMAN + JESSICA POWERS



Annie Aukeman and Jessica Powers, in addition to being the directors of UCSB's beloved 1434 Art Gallery, are also planning an upcoming show. The two primarily work in the mediums of painting, drawing and installation, and are looking forward to their upcoming collaboration. *Artsweek* had the opportunity to track the two down and ask them five of the ever-interesting "Five Questions," adding them truly to the "Star for a Thursday" Hall of Fame.

Artsweek: What motivates you spiritually/creatively?

Jessica Powers and Annie Aukeman: Oooh ... spiritually ... (pause) technology, sort of. Music. Old-fashioned images of women. (laugh) Barbie dolls. No, not that. Don't put Barbie dolls in. Candy ... candy ... sugar highs, coffee. Color. Can we get back to that?

What kind of technology, specifically? In general, or is there a more specific form?

The influx of technology, as in computers, TV, mass media, MTV images, boom boom boom. Except that's not really going to go along with our show. People aren't going to walk in and see that. Sensory overload — that has something to do with it. Over the top.

Let's say a celebrity of your choice commissions you to do a portrait. Who would you like to ask you, and how would you portray them?

We can't think of any interesting celebrities. We'd do portraits of each other.

Whose work inspires you?

David Reed. I don't know if he inspires me to do work like him, but he just does beautiful work. Big, squishy paint, like, big brushstrokes, like squeeze paint things, and then he'll airbrush them and they generally go along with video installations. There's also Charles Long. He does these sculpture things ... he'll have headphones coming out of them. He did a project collaboration with Stereolab where he'd have you sit down in front of his art, put on headphones and listen to Stereolab, and enjoy his sculptures.

Using the medium of choice, how would you visually represent God?

I'd build a room with a giant vacuum in it.

Rob's question: If you were to happen upon some fresh roadkill, let's say a deer, what would you do with it?

I'd make a hat.

Jessica Powers and Annie Aukeman's show opens Tuesday, Feb. 6, at Gallery 1434, and runs through Feb. 12. The ongoing show (through Feb. 5) is highly endorsed and recommended by Artsweek.



THE JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET To be performing soon at UCSB's Campbell Hall. How cute!

The Juilliard String Quartet has been hailed "a triumph" by the *Sueddeutsche Zeitung*, "beauteous" by the *Los Angeles Times* and "a feast for the ears" by *The Indianapolis Star*. Performing for the first time in Santa Barbara since being joined by second violinist Ronald Copes, former UCSB professor of music and longtime favorite of local audiences, the Juilliard String Quartet returns to the UCSB stage.

For over 50 years, the Juilliard String Quartet has been internationally renowned for its uncompromising musicianship and the emotional intensity of its performances — and has performed a comprehensive repertoire of works both new and old, many of

which have long been associated with the quartet. This includes composers such as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms and Dvorak.

Featuring Joel Smirnoff on violin, Ronald Copes on violin, Joel Krosnick on cello and Samuel Rhodes on viola, the Juilliard String Quartet has received many awards and honors, and has been celebrated for concerts characterized by clarity of structure, plasticity of line and compelling rhythmic drive.

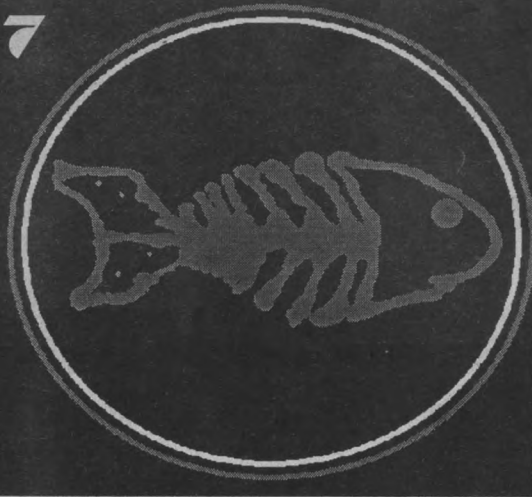
The Juilliard String Quartet will perform on Friday, Feb. 5, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. \$12/\$15/\$18 students; \$16/\$19/\$22 general. For information, call A&L at 893-3535.



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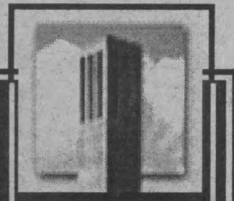
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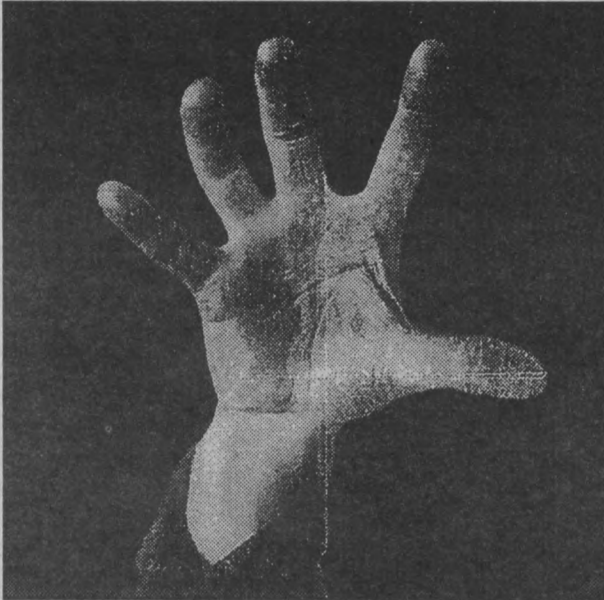
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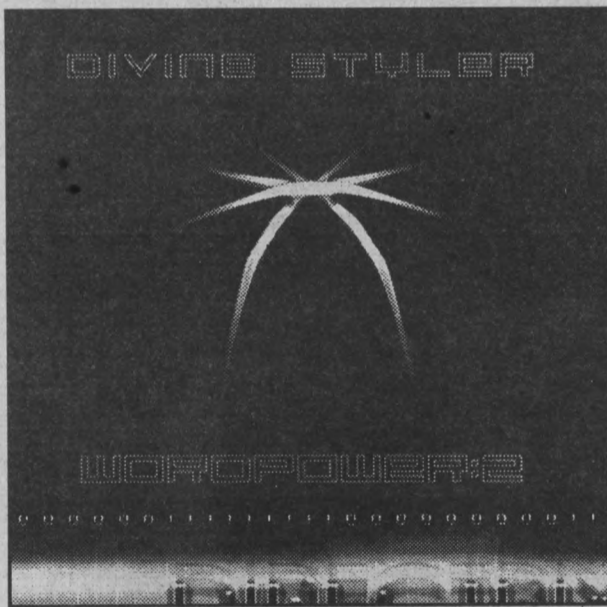
System of a Down / *System of a Down* / American

Artsweek finally reviews a disc for those of you psychotic Gauchos who long for the return of Headbanger's Ball. Produced by the same genius (Rick Rubin) who made Slayer the kings of core, System of a Down seethes with the ferocity of a grizzly bear on PCP, successfully carrying on the torch of its maniacal forefathers. Fueled by the articulate raging of frontman Serg Tankian, the LA-based quartet serves up a platter of chunky aggression that is sure to ruin your good mood.

While the band allegedly draws its sound from a smorgasbord of musical genres, they have clearly done their homework on the likes of Pantera and Morbid Angel. Consequently, the 13 tracks on their debut album are chock full of hard driving, undiluted metal up your ass.

Soooo, if you're thinking about murdering your neighbor's cat with splintered toothpicks, I suggest you lace up those high tops, slide on that flannel, and go buy this disc. You won't be sorry.

— Mike Faiola is single and looking



Divine Styler / *Wordpower:2:Directrix* / DTX

Anticipation. Usually it is a setup or a letdown, and music is the perfect forum to experience the extremes of just how disappointed you can be. Time after time there is huge hype about so-and-so's album, about how great their last one was, and how awesome the new one just has to be. Albums like *Beats and Lyrics 2*, the Liks' *Likwidation*, and Canibus' *Can-I-Bus* are all good reasons to completely lose faith in built-up anticipation.

Divine Styler, however, is here to restore Anticipation's good name. Although it has not been hyped on the level of the albums listed earlier, the underground has been waiting for this one to drop ever since he appeared on Styles of Beyond's "Killer Instinct" single. We have been Divine Stylerless since *Spiral Walls*, the misunderstood and neglected album that he dropped a while back. For all those hungry for a Divine Styler full length, prepare to be blown away.

Wordpower:2:Directrix is the kind of album that hip-hop needs in order to keep evolving and avoid stagnation. Divine Styler comes with some crazy next-level spiritual stylings that the most learned of men could never hope to completely understand. Thankfully, Divine Styler hooks us up with a line-by-line explanation of "Before Mecca" on the insert. As he gives us a written breakdown, you realize just how much went into the making of that song. Divine Styler's mastery of his subject matter will leave most minds in awe while their head bops up and down unconsciously.

Now I would be lying if I said there were no down points whatsoever. On "Invitation to Life" Divine Styler continues to drop knowledge; however, the track is weak and the singing is out of place. This song simply doesn't belong on this album. Also, there are a lot of spiritual prayers and chants that most non-Muslims will be flabbergasted by. I'm not saying that Divine Styler shouldn't do what he feels, but many listeners are sure to hit the skip button when they come around. These small shortcomings are by no means reason enough to pass on *Wordpower:2:Directrix*, though, because the album as a whole is that Grade-A stuff that hip-hop is meant to be.

— Trey Clark's got his mind on his money and his money on his mind.



MK Ultra / *The Dream is Over* / Artichoke

All right, it's time we all admit that really and truly, no one has influenced music more than the Beatles. I hate to sound like my father, but rarely is there anything pretty and melodic without conveying the pretty and melodic sounds of the Fab Four. This isn't to say that MK Ultra is some sort of Beatles cover band — far from it. It's just that, as the album opens, the melancholy harmonies harken into some deeply-set collective musical consciousness where the immediate response is, "Yeah, the Beatles!"

So, with this sound that borrows from the sound of '60s pop and contemporary indie-melodiccore of the post-grunge Seattle rock band scene (I'll elaborate on this one later, my dears), MK Ultra is a pleasant listen, a comforting "turn-your-mind-off-and-be-at-peace" CD and a sweet diversion from, say, the overplayed fare on MTV. (Gee.) This album isn't a masterpiece, but it is indeed one of the more quality groups that's headed my way lately. "Red on White on Blue" bears resemblance to the Up Record's sound — snippets sounded straight out of Modest Mouse's *Interstate 8 EP* — while other sounds were closer to Yo La Tengo and Pavement tunes.

Whatever, beauty in music is always a fine, appreciated quality, and for this reason, I suggest you do yourself a favor and purchase MK Ultra's pretty, soothing album.

— Jenne Raub

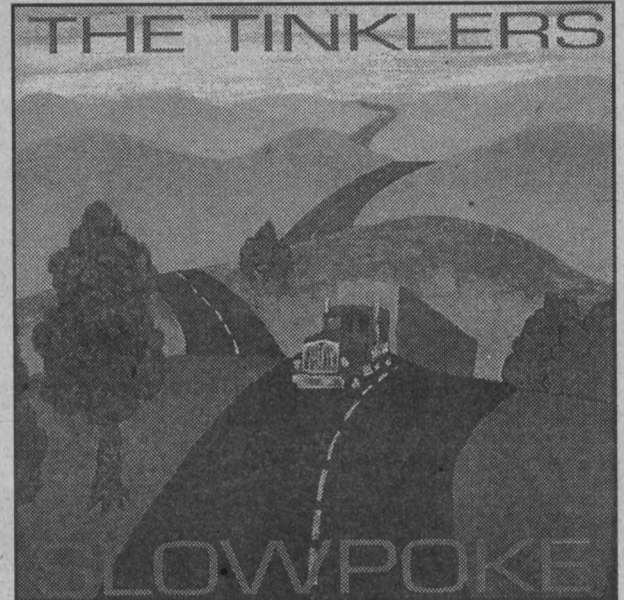
MK Ultra will be playing with Sunny Day Real Estate and Stella Maris at Sniffy's on Monday, Feb. 8.

Tinklers / *Slowpoke* / Serious

You know, I really think the world would be a better place if everybody listened to the Tinklers. They're probably the only band I've ever heard who are able to make moral, environmental, behavioral and any other kind of suggestions with such subtlety and humor that instead of being annoyed, which is what usually happens, I'm charmed out of my socks. Plus, they're weird; really goddamn weird, in a simple and wonderful way.

The Tinklers are Chris Mason and Charles Brohawn, two normal fellows from Maryland who build rubber-band guitars and bang on blocks and sticks and whatever else is around while they sing about chimpanzees, sperm, cars, truckers, pygmies, and Half Japanese (among other things). The music is incredibly simple in structure, the vocals are plain-spoken and off-key, and the whole thing is utterly inimitable.

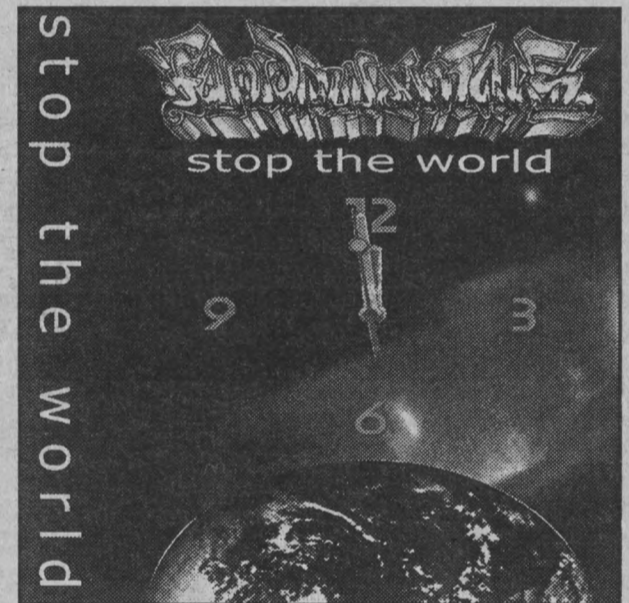
This CD isn't terribly different from the other records the Tinklers put out in the late '80s and early '90s on Shimmy-Disc (according to legend, they were signed to the label because when head honcho Kramer asked Jad Fair of Half Japanese what his favorite unsigned band was, he said "The Tinklers!" and his voice probably cracked doing it, but that's not really the point). The point is that every Tinklers song is



brilliant in its own modest way, and I haven't really been disappointed with one yet.

My favorite song on this particular CD is "She's Leaving Her Body," a lovely little tune about love and astral projection, and features guest vocals by Diana Froley (!), who also put this record out on her label. Well, I like it a lot, anyway.

— Josh Miller enjoys listening to himself talk about stuff nobody else cares about



Fundamentals / *Stop The World* / Kemetec Suns

With the enthusiasm of students drenched in the rain of Marcus Garvey, the Isis papers, Malcolm X and ancient kemet science are the Fundamentals, members of the Bay Area collective called The Kemetec Suns. *Stop The World*, their long-awaited LP, is a stellar release of creative production, b-boyism and conscious rhymes that strive to edutain in a way only hip-hop can.

Although much of the encrypted science in cuts such as "Chaos Theory" and "Dark Tower" may go over the heads of folk unfamiliar with the ideological references, the terrain covered is essentially important. Complemented by hard-hitting jazz and soul music-based beats, emcees King Concepts and Karmachi (also known as Kilojoule) weave in and out effortlessly, leaving a lasting impression on the listeners' mind. The Bay does it again, so know your fundamentals.

— A-Twice knows how to make you say, "UGGGH!"

Enemymine / *Enemymine* / K

The "slowcore" sound of Enemymine's debut album drifts between subtle, low bass guitars to weird, sonar spacy sounds to heavy metal craziness. The result ends up sounding a lot like a compilation CD of Metallica and White Zombie with a dash of alternative thrown in for spice. For some reason, "Enter Sandman" easily comes to mind when I think of this group. Now if deep, slow metal is your type of thing, go for it; Enemymine may be right up your alley.

For me, though, this dark, bass-heavy debut album was a little too much. I needed a cigarette break every couple of songs (thank god there were only seven songs or it might have been a major investment thanks to the lovely little increase in cigarette prices).

As for the band itself, Enemymine is a three-piece group with two bass players and a drummer. No guitars here. The band members have roots in two other bands, Low and god-headsilo, deemed "indie music staples" by the record label (though Enemymine bears no resemblance to what I would consider an "indie" band). Try something more along the

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lines of hardcore/heavy metal-ish with some electronic submarine pulses thrown in. Most songs are dark and pretty mellow, a few strictly instrumental.

Now, I must admit that a couple of the songs almost seemed good for a while, but then my hand would be inexplicably drawn to the fast forward button after about 30 seconds. To break it down, Enemymine may be the answer to all your prayers if you want to plunge into a melancholic depression of overpowering bass guitars. Oh yeah, and be sure to have a fresh pack of cigarettes close at hand for this one (see above explanation).

— Enemymine's biggest fan, Cristy "Thrashercore C" Turner

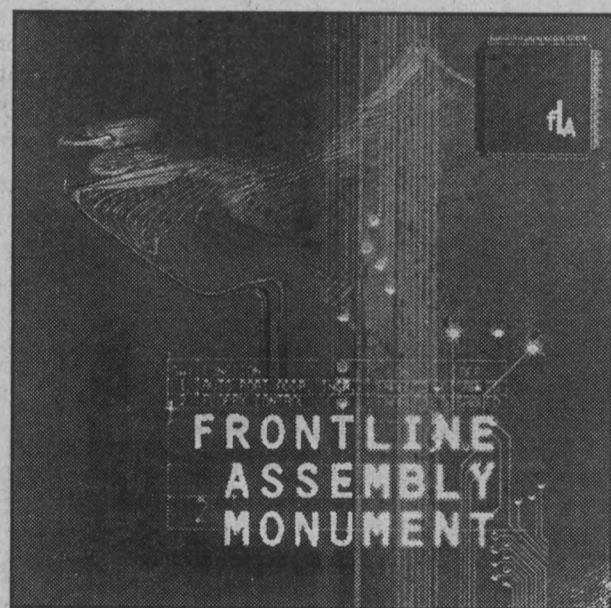


Dr. J / *The Scilla in Manila* / RUFFtown

If you're a fan of the many releases of RUFFtown records, then I'm sure that the name Dr. J's synonymous with some of the phattest hip-hop beats this side of the central coast. For those of you not in the know, Dr. J is the godfather of this gangsta hip-hop shit, not that perpetrator Young M.C. Young M.C. might be able to "bust a move," but Dr. J. will bust a cap with slammin' joints like "Who Spilled a 40 on my Uzi?"

My vote for emcee of the decade would have to go to Dr. J. with lyrics like "cruise to the liquor store / in my 8-4 Corolla / 27 bitches blowin' up my Motorola / and then I got arrested" on the cut "Ruff Ruff, Bang Bang." Forget Los Angeles, fuck NYC, Oxnard is where the real Gs are layin' down the hook tracks for the new millennium.

— Brittany "Inspektah Dek" Walker



Frontline Assembly / *Monument* / Roadrunner

Smell the clove cigarettes, feel the fishnets itching your forearms, taste the makeup-soaked sweat dripping down your face ... it is 1994 and you're positively the first person who ever dressed in black at your high school.

So every city has its one goth club, and maybe it's my own distorted perception or maybe old age is taking hold, but at some point the whole scene was actually sort of underground — in that there was not a "Hot Topic" in every mall on earth. Anyway, back in the good ol' days the kids in black were actually considered subversive, and the clubs they frequented actually played music that would have successfully scared one's parents.

One of the many masterminds during this heyday of "pale and tragic" cultural superiority was Frontline Assembly auteur Bill Leeb. Leeb's newest compilation, *Monument*, is a wonderful walk down a mournful path of broken glass, powdered drugs and scantily clad, pale-skinned 14-year-old



JOHN FISKE

"She's All That" isn't, to put it mildly. Here is a film that is so poorly written, so derivatively conceived, and so regressive in its concepts that I'm already embarrassed for it.

Where "Clueless" was the high school adaptation of "Emma," "She's All That" also comes from old literary roots, those being "Pygmalion."

To knock such canonized literature is stupid, I know, but there has always been a flaw in that story that has carried through the stage adaptation, the musical "My Fair Lady," and still holds true today. Why does the male lead only accept his "lady" as a "lady" and not as the person he met at the beginning of the story? How come she wasn't good enough from the start? It's always understood that the man has accepted the "true" self of his lady, but the true self that was repressed all those years has been manipulated into a socialite in his image.

This is a work that in all its incarnations has criticized the establishment for setting up the social boundaries that place this gentleman as better than a "gutter snipe" (as Rex Harrison said in "My Fair Lady"). Never is the socialite held to task for being a part of the social structure that oppresses the working class.

Now I guess it may be unfair to hit a simple teen comedy like "She's All That" with so much political ideology, but, hey, if they're going to tout a holier-than-thou approach to high school, they should watch their hypocrisy.

In any case, this time around we have Zack Siler (Freddie Prinze, Jr.) as the class president, who is at the top of the social ladder. After being dumped by his girlfriend, he takes a bet with his friend: To win, he has to take any chick in school and make her the prom queen in the next six weeks. Of course, his idiot friend picks for him Lancy Boggs (Rachel Leigh Cook), the one girl in school who only needs to put on a bathing suit and take off her glasses, and all of a sudden she's a cover model.

I wish the filmmakers for once attempted to make high school something other than the mythological society that it is always portrayed as. I just get tired of films that see school not as it was, or even how we remember it, but how we wish it were.

In film, it's just like Camelot: there are chivalrous knights,

drama queens. Basically it's all F.L.A. songs you've sauntered to in the past and loved. Nothing could ever be cooler.

— Robert Hanson is a serious prick!

The Painted iD / *The Painted iD* / Fox Street

Perhaps a better name for this CD review would be "A Day in the Life of Jen" and how I get bugged, on an all-too-daily basis, with a ton of people wanting me to review their ass-wipe bands, if not chart and document their "evolution" as "musicians." Well, you know what? Most of the stuff that heads our way, when it's not commissioned through endless phone calls by Rob or myself, simply stinks.

evil-doers, gorgeous ladies, a king, a queen, gallant battles where people stand up for each other, and the kind-hearted masses that need protection from the upper class. C'mon, it's fuckin' high school, not "The Once and Future King."

The direction by Robert Iscove doesn't seem to differ from other bubble-gum romances that we've seen in the last few years, like "Can't Hardly Wait" or "Clueless." And the script? Why bother? It's the same drivel written by some 30-something who took a field trip to his local high school with a dictaphone for a day to figure out how teens really talk. And how come every prominent adult in the film seems to have been holding out that one nugget of truth for 18 years until now, when they articulate it in one sentence and then walk out on the scene, leaving their son/daughter/student with their thoughts?



It should be noted that Rachel Leigh Cook is a) charming, b) smart and c) a full-blown hotty. Sorry, I'm a guy. The only other good point comes in the form of Matthew Lillard, as a self-centered star of "The Real World" who Zack's girlfriend left him for. He still shows a lot of promise as a physical comedian, but not enough shrewdness in the roles he takes.

To be honest, I have a total bias against shit like this. I'm sure if you liked "Can't Hardly Wait," this is your cup of tea. But if you don't like something that is derivative, stupid, cheesy, poorly acted, hypocritical, wastes the talents of Kevin Pollack, Debbi Morgan and Anna Paquin, and thinks that alternative rock is played at high school dances, then stay away.

John Fiske, our regular film reviewer, wishes the best of luck to Abud Sena in the coming months: "God never gave us more evidence of his existence than with him."

The people from The Painted iD sent us a very, very nice clear plastic purple folder, a T-shirt, the CD, press information and invitations to see them perform live somewhere in Los Angeles with hors d'oeuvres. Well, guess what! We never went to their promotional gig, put some other stuff in the folder, and listened to the CD for as long as we could before we lost our minds. The only people who might be able to give it a shot (or like it) are the talented music selectors for "Ally McBeal." So, unless you're some in-the-closet Vonda fan, stay away from The Painted iD.

— Jenne Raub does not like songs with titles like "Complicated Goddess."

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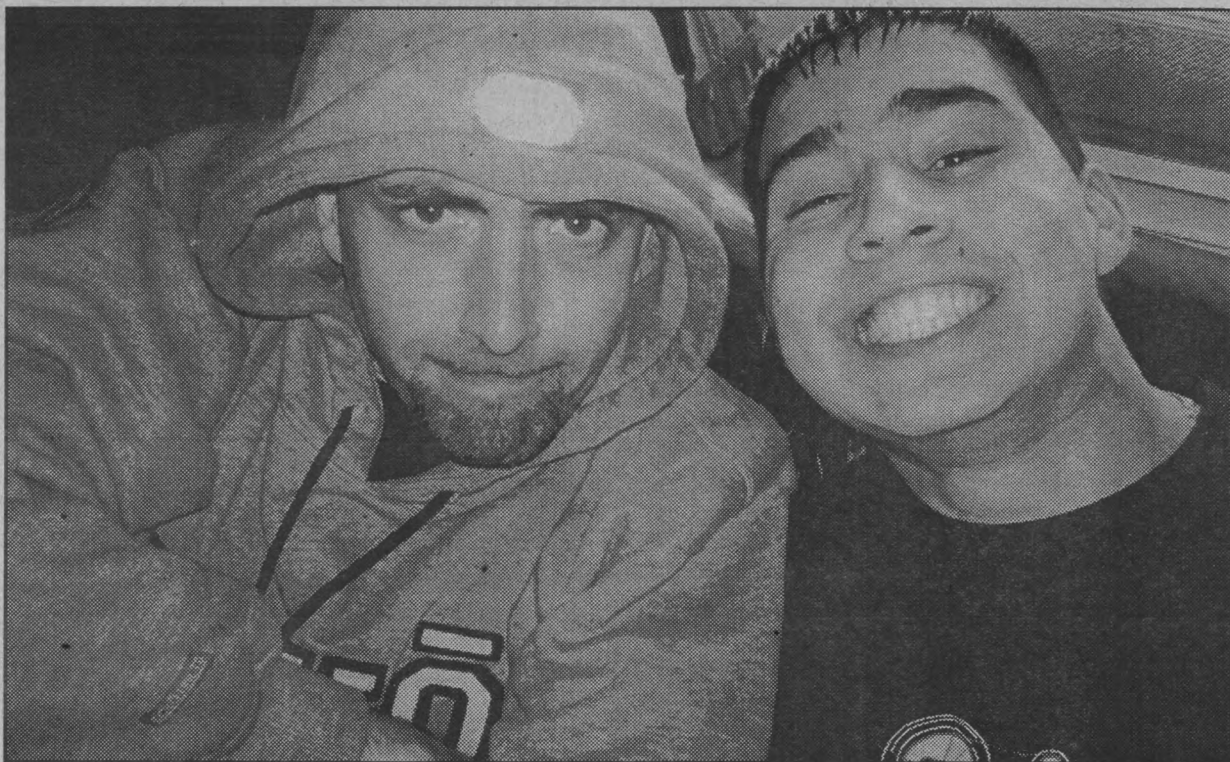
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THE HAPPY COUPLE >>> The man himself, Jack Dangers, and our man in the Bay, Sam Keshavarz ...
How cute!

MEATBEAT

Continued from p.1A

Yeah, well, it's a fast rhythm with a blazing bassline, and it just caught on.

On the new Actual Sounds and Voices I noticed you did a track with the Herbie Hancock crew. So how did this happen?

Yeah, well, the guys were doing this whole crazy drum-and-bass thing and, well, it just worked out that way and, well, we did a huge studio jam and I kinda put it all together into one big track. Their sound is very inspirational, and their style is awesome.

So how do you do the music, Jack?

Well, Sam, I see things. I see sounds in colors and weird shit like that.

Ummmmm, OK ... what do you mean?

Last night I had this dream and it lasted, like, ages and it was a movie. I can make a movie of it. It was brilliant, it was some totally scary shit. Man, I mean, this dream lasted forever, I was falling and falling. You know how it is. I suppose you can say I have a good imagination when it comes to things.

Yes, you definitely have a great imagination. Now a little about the financial portion of the industry. I've heard that it's

easier for you to make money as a DJ than it is from releasing an album, is there any truth to this?

You mean commercially? Well, let's just say this, my last album sold something like 25,000. That's nothing, I mean look at Prodigy. They're doing something like a million in sales, but I love what I've been doing and I'm staying there. I'm not gonna shake my ass and jump on this bandwagon. I mean there are exceptions such as the Orb and Richard James (Aphex Twin), and Luke Vibert, who really astound me, but other than that mostly sellouts to me. It's not pop music, so to say, like Nine Inch Nails.

Wow, a touchy subject ... what are your thoughts on NIN?

It's cool, you know. It's nothing I listen to, but I've remixed him and, well, he's fine.

Well, nothing is a subsidiary of Trent's, right? Well, does that affect the material being released on the label?

It's the label, but none of the artistic decision is made by him. We're licensed to it, not signed on the label, so maybe that's why we're not under discrimination. They're good people though, no complaints from me, heh.

So why did you come here?

Well, I've got friends here, I have people here who care, you know. I don't network out at all, and nothing was hap-

Oooops...

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pening over in Swindon.

How did you like where you lived?

Nothing was happening there. I wanted to scream out bloody shit, I hated it. I mean, I go visit my mum every now and then, but that's about it. Nothing happens there, no bands, nothing, not even in Bristol. I mean, I fly there for about an hour to see my mum and I leave. Everything I like and value is



right here now, including my wife who I met because of moving over here.

So what's in the future for MBM?

Well, I myself have been working on a new label with a friend, and I will have some breakbeat records coming to the masses in '99, so look out for that. I'm going to be helping mix and produce a little bit for Space Children records, but not as much as the upcoming breakbeat things with this new label.

So what do you think about the bull that surrounds the industry?

Some people are complete assholes, and I can't believe it. I have to work with them all

the time. I mean, I was out on tour with a certain someone who I won't mention, and I will never work with him or anyone in fact again. The guy had the whip out and was telling me to do this and do that. I ran the whole show, but he had the big bucks. I won't mention his name because I still have respect for him. He knows who he is though, it's time for him to stop relying on other people to do his bullshit.

Some strong feelings, but I respect the name being withheld. So Jack, we're limited with what we have room for, so sum up for me the most valuable, important piece of information you can share with me and the readers.

Well, that would have to be the fact that I have no idea what the fuck I'm doing here, heh. I should be working in Swindon sweeping up asbestos just like my father did before me. In fact he died from asbestos poisoning, and it was horrible to be doing what my dad did before he died. But I'm here now, and I'm making money doing what I love with people I love. I love my wife, my close friends, I couldn't be happier. Just appreciate where you are, kids, I know I can certainly appreciate the comfort I have now.

Jack Dangers is an amazing man. He's a real human with feelings and emotions that probably can't be shared by a lot of his peers in the business. He's gone through such hardship and pain that he can't even begin to finish his anger with the past. He's a very fun guy, and his understanding of family and the pressures with them has made a believer out of me. By the way, go buy the new album and be a trend setter for the future of your country.

behavior, AND he's white? The blow-up factor is imminent. Let's hope he isn't used as the poster boy for superficial cats to claim their ghetto pass...

Be on the lookout as more interviews, music info and the usual clowning comes your way. Peace out, and have a nice phukking day.

A-TWICE

Continued from p.2A

And, oh yes, it's predictable that Eminem's shock value candor will blow up. He's cool, and I recognize that he has emcee skills. However, a kid with not only skills, but rhymes full of psychopath shock value

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