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SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*



Angie Martinez | *Up Close and Personal* | Elektra

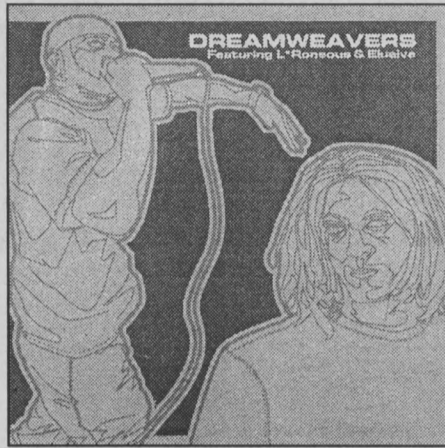
Sometimes I can spot if a rap album is going to suck just by looking at the cover insert. *Up Close and Personal* is one of those albums.

OK, I have heard Angie Martinez attempt to rhyme before, so I had more than the insert to clue me in. But still, let's check out the insert to find clues about the wackness of this album. The cover is a good start — there's Angie, five layers of make-up caked on, looking contemplatively onto the streets of New York. Inside, there is a collage that looks like the "who's who" of today's popular hip hop scene. I can just see Angie's A&R scheming: "We'll make her dope by association! If we put in all these pictures of Angie with important rappers, no one will notice that she has no talent herself!" I guess all these pictures also go along with theme of *Up Close and Personal*. Wow, I really feel I know Angie after seeing her pose with other rappers.

Still, if the music is good, then all of this stuff can be ignored. Well (surprise, surprise) it's not. You see, Angie is not really a rapper. She is actually a radio personality/gossip queen for Hot 97 in New

York. That's why she is in pictures with rappers. That is why she has these rappers on every song — they're just kissing a little ass. And the songs turn out to be a real mess. Angie either goes pop or tugged-out, sometimes sprinkling the two together. It's funny at first to hear Angie posture next to real thugs like Kool G. Rap. But after a couple of tracks, I just feel sick to my stomach.

What the hell was anyone who contributed to this album thinking? [Trey Clark]



Dreamweavers | *Dreamweavers* | NC Clothing

For those of you who follow music way too closely and form opinions of new acts by what label they are on, check this out: Dreamweavers' label is NC Clothing, a skate clothing designer. Is this a sign of a new level of bastardization of hip hop, the style of music, which, along with various forms of electronica, is the soundtrack of choice for car and clothing TV ads?

NC Clothing may very well be attempting to profit on the conglomeration of skating and hip hop, but if *Dreamweavers* is to be the result, then count me in as a supporter. Dreamweavers is made up of spacey rhymers L-Roneous and spacey producer Elusive, and togeth-

er they make, well, spacey hip hop. But they are no Outkast or Kool Keith imitators. They aren't trying to be aliens; they just sound different — dreamy. Thus the group's name. L-Ron's flow is complex, yet so smooth you have to give his words full attention in order to follow his tales. Elusive provides the groundbreaking beats, combining weird drum patterns with weirder samples.

From the manner of release to, more importantly, the music, *Dreamweavers* is completely intriguing and completely dope. Give up your anti-commercialism ideals and buy this album. [Trey Clark]



Mark Lewis | *Global Frequencies: Tokyo* | Phatt Phunk

Truth be told, there is usually very little to be said about the latest releases in house with the exception of an opinion (Is it worth downloading? Purchasing? Playing Frisbee with?) and a brief description of the sound (Funky breaks? Progressive house? Electro down-tempo?). *Global Frequencies: Tokyo* doesn't necessarily bring anything remarkable to the deejay mix album genre, but it's a good album all the same.

Global Frequencies: Tokyo is the first in a

series of albums aimed at capturing the newest sounds in house from Mark Lewis' new-label, Phatt Phunk. Mark Lewis, to give a brief history, got his start with all the other big-timers (Carl Cox, Paul Oakenfold, Doc Martin, DJ Dan) in the Los Angeles area, deejaying at many raves and on Sunday nights at a little club called Logic in Santa Monica. Having now traveled the world over to spin his unique blend of techno, house, tribal and progressive trance, Mark Lewis brings his cultural knowledge and curiosities to the decks again for this mix.

For the fan of dark, deep progressive house, *Global Frequencies: Tokyo* is a good bet; Mark Lewis is a pro at building innovative and creative breakdowns. I'm not a huge fan of progressive house, but I must admit, listening to this album reinvigorated my excitement for the Electronic Music Festival where Mark Lewis will be spinning this Saturday in San Diego. Album and event — get your glowsticks ready.

The Electronic Music Festival takes place Saturday, May 10 at the San Diego Sports Center, 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. \$20 concourse level; \$40 floor level; \$125 VIP. For tickets, visit TicketMaster. For more information, visit <www.emf2001.com>. [Jenne Raub]

What did you think of all these different articles? Did you know you can post your responses directly on our website, <www.dailynews.com>. In addition to the forum we provide for you, dear reader, we like to provide tons of links to other sites so that you can continue to be the culturally-savvy hipster that we all know you are. So go ahead — disagree with us! And suggestions are always welcome — artsweek@dailynews.com.

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SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*



Tsunami Bomb | *The Invasion From Within* | Tomato Head

Brief digression: AFI sweatshirts emblazoned with the East Bay Hardcore (EBHC) logo seem omnipresent in the city of Santa Barbara, which is odd because, well, there're no bays to speak of on the South Coast. Nevermind that AFI is from Ukiah, and it takes a major cartographic revision to place that town in the Bay Area.

But I digress: This six-song CD is slick, cleanly produced hardcore replete with mosh breakdowns, very full bottom end, two-quarter drumming, vocal harmonies and fist-pumping chant-along choruses. The female lead singer is refreshing for the genre; she delivers clean, high vocals that sound a great deal like Alyson from Discount. A stronger stab at innovation comes from their keyboardist, whose melodies noodle around peculiarly, often saving the group from triteness. Unfortunately, the mix frequently allows the guitarist to drown her out.

So to tie everything together, if you are one of those aforementioned alienated young folk under the misapprehension that you live in Berkeley, Tsunami Bomb

is everything you've heard before and everything you'd want to hear again. For the rest of us, however, 1995 is 1995. Once the North Bay Hardcore props are given, we'll give up — sadly, nostalgically — on the Bay. [DJ Fatkid will represent NBHC only if Jenne Raub will]



Unloco | *Healing* | Maverick

Someone should let these guys know that if their lyrics are simply going to suck, they should scream and blur them together like the rest of the grungy, heavy bassline-hitting hard rockers. I can't stand whiney and depressing songs that do a half-ass job at being poetic; therefore, I can't stand Unloco.

The lead singer never seems to shut up for more than five seconds at a time, and when his mediocre voice is not whining about hate and personal limitations, it is harmonizing badly with chords that would just sound all right alone. I miss the intricate eruption of three different basslines, a ruthless drummer and a voice that makes my eyes stare wide open and my fists clench. I listen to this genre of music to get pumped up for a game or when I get an urge to buy a gun rack and grow a mullet, but Unloco's *Healing* just

seems to kill the intensity. So next time you're in your meth lab and crave some natural adrenaline, listen to Korn or Slipknot, because these guys just don't cut it. [Alex Makeyev]



Operatica: O | *Volume 1* | Emagine Music

It seems like nowadays everybody feels the need to combine contrasting music styles. Rap-rock, ska-pop, but opera and electronica? Well, at least we can say it sounds good — no wait, check that last one.

The musical equivalent of combining mixed nuts and bubble gum, *Operatica: O* ends up ruining two perfectly good genres. This album redoes a number of classic opera tunes, but adds electronic beats. The singing is fantastic on this album, and soprano Maureen O'Flynn has a great voice. But just when it starts to sound good, they drop in a cheesy electronic beat sounding like it was preprogrammed onto a Casio. The beats and basslines are terribly simple and repetitive, and just don't work musically with swooning opera vocals.

I'm also puzzled as to what kind of people would buy this album. Party kids looking to expand their musical tastes?

Opera-loving parents trying to impress their kids? Now, I love a good aria as much as the next person but for now I think I'll save my 15 bucks. [John Syquia]



Martin Sexton | *Wonder Bar* | Atlantic

Martin Sexton will feel right at home under the sweet rays of the summer sun and the chill vibrations of beach-time lounging. Sexton's snap-your-fingers, folk-swing is reminiscent of the well-loved music of Van Morrison. His erratic vocal stylings and melodies are similar to those of Ben Harper, and Sexton leaves no doubt that he means what he sings.

Wonder Bar does not offer anything new to the music scene, but it shines in its lack of production and pure, uncut sound. The bluesy lead guitar slides right in among the folk rock acoustic guitar rhythm and drums. Although nothing special, it fits the music well.

Sexton has offered his listeners an album full of head bop sounds. Still, there is no possibility for dancing, and Sexton's erratic music stylings make it tough to get involved in the music. But if you are looking for a cool, upbeat summertime sound other than reggae, *Wonder Bar* is just the album for you. [Ian White]

I.V. Theater movie night



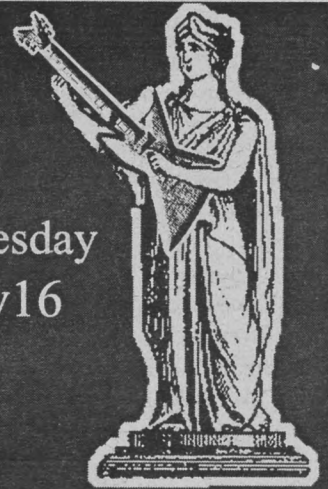
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CUTAWAY ASSEMBLES ONE OF THE FINEST CASTS EVER

all about the benjamins_trey clark

They knew how to bait me. The good people at Artisan Entertainment assembled a cast bigger than life for "Cutaway," and as soon as I laid eyes on that beautiful poster I was hooked and ready to be reeled in.

Tom Berenger. Stephen Baldwin. Dennis Rodman. Casper Van Dien. These guys are superior individual actors, but together they form like Voltron to force their will upon the film industry.

Berenger is the head, the leader. His filmography is ridiculously long and reached critical acclaim in 1986 when he was nominated for Best Actor for his work in "Platoon." He turned his focus to rentals in the mid-'90s with "Chasers" and "The Substitute," feature films showing his ability to move to the straight-to-video realm.

The right arm is Baldwin, one-fourth of the legendary Baldwin Brothers. Baldwin used to dabble in feature films like "The Usual Suspects" and "Fled" but has since smartened up and stuck with the VCR.

Rodman, former NBA rebound champion and WWF gimmick, forms the left arm. Rodman quit basketball to be a full-

time movie star, breathing life into previously played-out Van Damme flicks. But his time in the spotlight is over, and he too has gone the video route.

Van Dien is the right leg, no small feat considering the company he is keeping.

Van Dien got his big break playing the lead in "Starship Troopers." But you could see in his eyes the desire to bypass the theater. His next move was to star in the Christian classic "The Omega Code," a weird (but *sweet*) movie about the Apocalypse. Don't plan on seeing him on the big screen again.

There is no left leg. This Voltron is handicapped.

So it's pretty obvious "Cutaway" has the right people in front of the camera, but is the story crazy enough to bring out their full potential? You better believe it.

After a career of stunt doubling and skydive coordinating, Guy Manos uses his first directorial opportunity to glorify the sport of skydiving. He sticks with what he knows: "Cutaway" runs about 140 minutes, and at least half of that is filled with

skydiving sequences.

Baldwin plays Vic Cooper, a U.S. Customs agent trying to make a drug bust in Miami. After some ill-fated attempts at making an arrest, he theorizes that the dealers are parachuting out of planes to make their deliveries.

Cooper works out with the dealers' team and immediately hooks up with

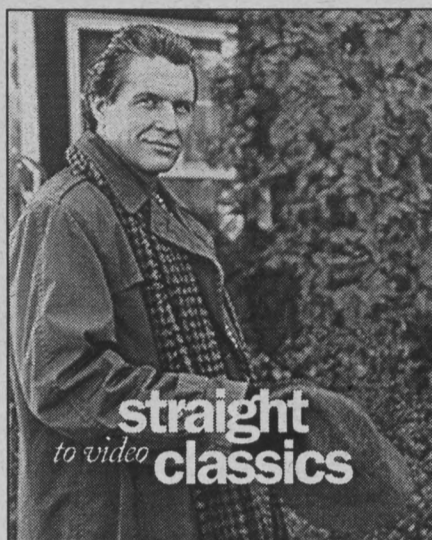
the only hot skydiving girl in the crew. He convinces her that he is going to "cutaway," which means you give up everything — your family, job, house — so that you can live with the team and skydive all

day.

Cooper proves to be a natural skydiver, so team leader Redline (Berenger) lets him in on the drug scam — but Cooper can't bring himself to make an arrest. He is so deep into skydiving that he wants to help Redline win the Nationals before he arrests him.

Nationals come, and after about 15 straight skydiving sequences Redline's team finally wins. While floating back to the ground, Cooper goes to Redline and tells him he is under arrest. Redline isn't down for jail though, so he decides to release his chute and splats on the ground. When Cooper hits the ground, his customs bosses are none too happy that Redline died before they could arrest him. Cooper decides at that moment he wants to truly cutaway. He ditches the cops and takes the team, who don't seem to have noticed that their leader just face planted from 1,000 feet, to train for next year.

What a movie! The best part is that we get to see Redline after he dies, and unbelievably he was still in one piece. What, you thought Berenger was going to let the film end with his body parts all over the place?



theater | reviews

IF I WERE A RICH MAN ... FIDDLER ON THE ROOF TAKES A CLUMSY, CINEMATIC APPROACH

butchered_armando alvarado

Tradition!

One word — one theme — anchors "Fiddler on the Roof's" portrayal of a Jewish family living in Czarist Russia at the end of the 19th century.

Sadly, the newly renamed Musical Theater of Santa Barbara sticks to the examples of past productions of this highly acclaimed work to anchor its latest musical. In this case, the group has tried to imitate the film version of Norman Jewison's legendary production too closely, bypassing the opportunity for any unique and original direction.

This classic musical revolves around the life of a simple Jewish dairyman, Tevye (Lenny Wolpe), along with his wife Golde (Marsha Waterbury) and five daughters. Tevye is faced with attempting to marry off his three eldest daughters according to the Jewish traditions that have been in his family for generations. However, the traditions of Tevye's ancestors are shattered as his three daughters stray from their father's wishes — and tradition — and assert their independence during this changing period in history.

Lenny Wolpe's portrayal of the dairyman Tevye is truly the jewel of the entire production. His enthusiastic nature and charismatic character draws the audience into the show. In contrast to Wolpe's almost effortless portrayal of Tevye, Marsha Waterbury's role as his wife Golde is somewhat inflated and resembles the movie portrayal a bit too much. The three daughters, Tzeitel (Rebecca Greenwood), Hodel (Cindy Robinson) and Chava (Cara Nicole Sigmund) give great performances, lending an air of youth and independence to the performance.

The lighting, set design and sound of the production lessen the show's dramatic effect. The vocal talents of the cast members were very muzzled and at times overpowered by the music completely, while the cartoonish set design did not make a convincing depiction of a poor farm in Russia. Beyond this, the lighting cues were off and allowed the audience to see the transitions on stage and the unnecessary movements of the cast frantically trying to set up for the next scene.

Jim Alexander's direction and choreography at times seemed chaotic. His reproduction of the original choreography is done with only five members of the ensemble, and when the cast joins in, the numbers become disoriented.

The Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera has attracted a great deal of media attention in its attempt to continue delivering quality theater despite the lingering fear of bankruptcy. Although renaming itself Musical Theater of Santa Barbara helps to alleviate previous connotations held towards this group, their first play of the season makes a few obvious changes clear. "Fiddler on the Roof" opens with a loud, annoying pre-recorded announcement of upcoming performances. This isn't Disneyland; it's theater, and such tactics detract from the play about to commence. Also detracting from the overall quality — and this certainly isn't the fault of Musical Theater of Santa Barbara — is the ill-designed Granada Theater.

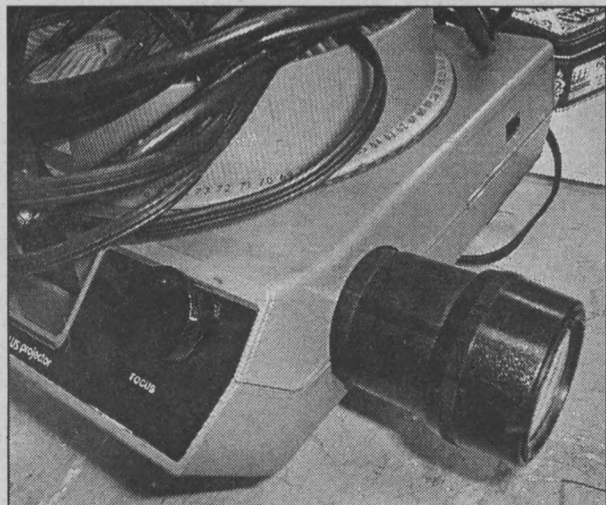
"Fiddler on the Roof" boasts a strong script and musical score. This production is entertaining, but doesn't up the ante. Tradition?

"Fiddler on the Roof" runs through May 20, Wednesday through Friday, 8 p.m.; Saturday, 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.; Sunday, 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. at the Granada Theater, 1216 State St. \$10 - \$45. For information, call 966-2324

“TEVYE IS FACED WITH ATTEMPTING TO MARRY OFF HIS THREE ELDEST DAUGHTERS”

thingstodo >> calendar

today | thursday



Unbeknownst to almost all UCSB students is that tucked away under Harder Stadium there's a huge space designated for none other than our graduate art students. A couple times a year, the graduate art students open their space to the public for an open house and viewing of all their works, in progress or otherwise, and luckily today is that day, from 6 to 8 p.m. After, head to Paoli's to catch OJB play. 202 State St, 9:30 p.m.

tomorrow | friday



Yes, it's true that Artsweek frequently puts events in this calendar that are exclusive to the over-21 set. Not this week. People of all ages can walk over to the Biko Co-op for a Benefit for the People's March for Economic Justice. Five different bands are expected to perform, including City of Caterpillars, Durga, The Fire Next Time, When I'm Gone and The Favres. 6612 Sueno, 8 p.m. \$5. For more information, call 968-5122.

weekend | saturday



Surely you've heard of The Black Crowes and Oasis before but never thought that the two would share the bill. After all, group plays Southern blues-rock while the other group reinvented the whole darn concept of Britpop. Yet both frontmen date ridiculously beautiful women and seem to always be causing tabloid-size ruckus, so there must be a connection after all. Catch all the rock 'n' roll glory at the Santa Barbara Bowl, 7 p.m.

film | feature



SURE, I'LL DO SOME P.R. FOR YOU

HOLLYWOOD'S IN FULL EFFECT AT THE DREAMWORKS COLLEGE PRESS JUNKIT

one writer's story_andy sywak

The press notice made it sound too good to be true. Hallowed Hollywood studio DreamWorks was going to put me and a bunch of other college journalists up at a hotel and pamper us with movie screenings, celebrity interviews, free beer, free food and the like. And what did they want out of it again? A piddly feature? No problem.

I arrived at the hotel Saturday afternoon and sat down to the perfunctory, "So where you from?" banter with peers from Princeton to Pomona. The frenetic pace of the weekend was soon started, however, as we were whisked by three enthusiastic DreamWorks interns onto a bus bound for a screening of "Evolution" at Universal Studios. Waking up from a bus nap, I found myself entering a posh, amazingly comfortable screening room with magenta curtains and carpet.

After a brief introduction by director Ivan Reitman ("Ghostbusters"), the 40 or so of us watched this prospective summer blockbuster unfold. Basically a pulp science-fiction film about a pair of community college professors who try to thwart an alien takeover of their small town, "Evolution" is the kind of bumbling, pointless film that makes you wonder how it got green lighted in the first place. It's one of those movies I imagine bored, stoned teenagers in suburbia venturing into on a hot summer day because there's nothing else to do. At the very least a special effects bonanza, the movie left the departing bus full of many scratching their heads over why someone like David Duchovny or Julianne Moore would stoop to this. Maybe a recession is coming.

The next stop was far more interesting. We entered a cavernous warehouse that held the set to the upcoming movie "The Time Machine," a remake of a 1960 movie based on H.G. Wells' first novel. Set in turn-of-the-century New York, the film stars Guy Pearce as a man who develops, you guessed it, a time machine to venture into the past to prevent his wife's untimely death. When he fails, he hurdles himself 800,000 miles into the future to a post-apocalyptic world where two different species of man, Elois and Morlocks, are engaged in predatory combat. The intelligent director Simon Wells and his production designer Oliver Scholl gave a thoughtful discussion of "The Time Machine," treating us like we were people who cared about the ideas and message behind a

film instead of giving us a pep talk and distributing promotional bouncy balls and plastic cups.

After a hasty reprieve at the hotel, DreamWorks Tours chauffeured us over to a Westwood theater for a screening of "Shrek," a new animated fairy-tale comedy with voices by Mike Myers, Eddie Murphy, John Lithgow and Cameron Diaz. My barely minted friends and I were skeptical about seeing some PG cartoon movie with fairy-tale themes of dragons, princesses and the makings of true love, but no movie with Myers and Murphy in it was going to be lame, and "Shrek" turned out to be witty and hilarious. Murphy supplied the voice for a wise-cracking donkey who accompanies an ugly ogre (Myers using his Fat Bastard voice from "Austin Powers 2") as they save a princess (Diaz) from a vain lord (Lithgow). "That's the funniest I've seen Eddie Murphy in 10 years," somebody quipped.

“
DREAMWORKS WAS GOING TO PUT
ME AND A BUNCH OF OTHER COLLEGE
JOURNALISTS UP AT A HOTEL
AND PAMPER US WITH
MOVIE SCREENINGS,
CELEBRITY
INTERVIEWS...
”

Sunday morning found no rest time allotted for the Sabbath. At 10 in the morning, the corps was transported to the très chic W hotel for press interviews. Sitting at four round tables in a room of pastel lime green and steel gray, three of the stars of "Evolution" sauntered in. Orlando Jones ("Bedazzled"), Sean William Scott ("Road Trip") and Duchovny took 10-minute shifts at each table to give us the promotional lowdown.

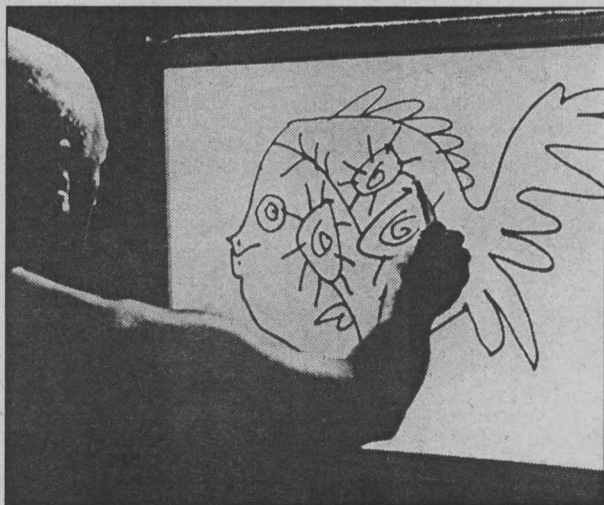
Sporting a simple gray shirt, sporty black sweats and stubble that was well past five o'clock, Duchovny approached the table. Since "Evolution" was such a lame movie, it was hard to come up with good questions, so I just sat back as all my peers tripped over each other in their eagerness to ask something intelligent. He answered everything with that removed, deadpan Mulder-cool, speaking in a confident monotone and interspersing his speech with clever remarks. "Can I talk about my next film?" he asked an icy blonde adjacent to the table whom I guessed to be his publicist. She shook her head "no."

Next up, was the "dude" himself, Scott. He asked me where I was from, and I told him Santa Barbara. "Nice! I was up there for New Year's!" he said in his same "American Pie" persona. Scott humorously recalled his jobs as a host at the Glendale California Pizza Kitchen and at Home Depot (plumbing section) prior to his breakthrough with "American Pie." Just having finished filming for "American Pie 2," he mentioned starring in the upcoming heist movie "Stark, Raving Mad." He told us he was very happy, though I observed his head bending over noticeably every time "Dude, Where's My Car?" was mentioned.

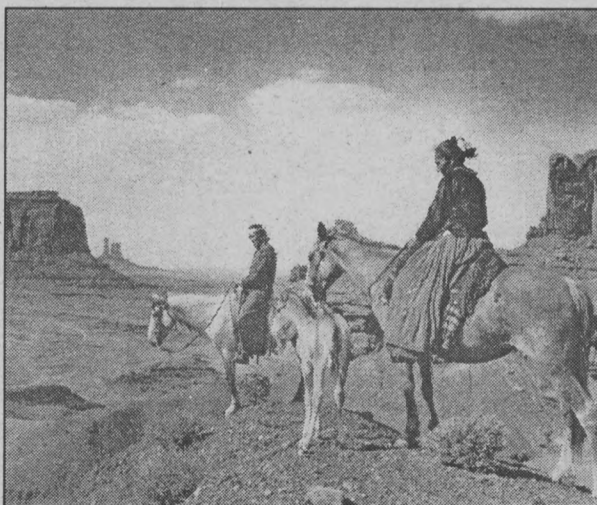
An hour later, the magnanimous and elegant Lithgow gave us a succinct speech on the pleasure of being the villain in "Shrek." Having only put 12 hours into the movie, he humbly thanked the animators as the real stars of the film. Toward the end of the conference, he gave cautious advice to the aspiring thespian. "If you're going to be an actor, don't make it the center of your life. You will be very disappointed. I have developed this habit purely to save my soul. It's all ephemeral. It's wonderful when it goes well, but goes well very, very rarely."

Following this last interview was a technical display about the painstaking computer animation that went into making "Shrek." I was on my way to a midafternoon nap when I decided to venture out into the invigorating L.A. sunshine, passing through the most ostentatious hotel lobby I'd ever seen. I sat out by the pool amid speakers hidden in the rocks, lithe poolside waitresses and pastel cabanas and wondered about the great and fascinating lengths one goes to impress.

thingstodo >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**

If you've been steadily drinking yourself silly since spring quarter commenced, it's time to put down the plastic cup and go fill your brain with some culture instead. Why not venture to campus to watch "The Mystery of Picasso," a distinctive documentary that captures the immediacy and magic of none other than - you guessed it - Pablo Picasso. The film is a testament to the unquestioned genius of Picasso's artistic vision. Campbell Hall, 7 p.m. \$5 students.

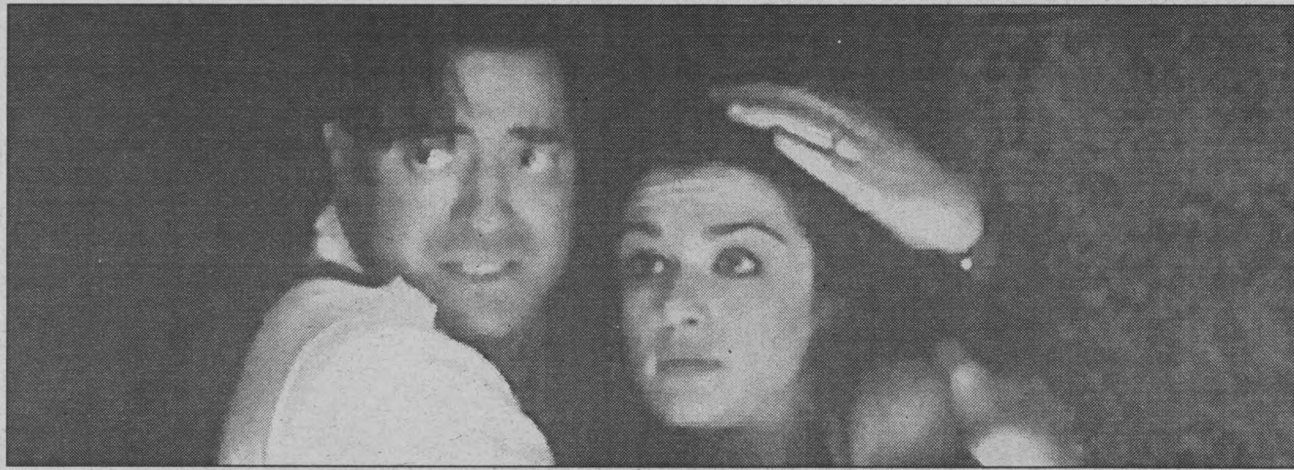
next week | **tuesday**

Yesterday, we received this red-hot news release: Emmy-winning filmmaker Jeff Spitz and guests appear for screening of acclaimed documentary "The Return of Navajo Boy," preceded by the 1952 film, "Navajo Boy"! OK, so we added the exclamation point, but this a special event and worthy of such dramatic punctuation. An official Sundance Film Festival 2000 selection, the film screens at the MultiCultural Center Theater, 7:30 p.m. \$5 students.

next week | **wednesday**

Legendary jazz pianist, composer and award-winning host of National Public Radio's popular program "Piano Jazz," Marian McPartland closes A&L's 2000 - 2001 performing arts season in style with a special concert. The Marian McPartland Trio will perform songs from McPartland's latest Duke Ellington album, The Single Petal of a Rose and more. This lady is critically acclaimed, as if you could expect anything less. Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.

film | review



REWRAPPED, REFRIED, REHASHED

THE MUMMY RETURNS SHOULD GO BACK TO THE TOMB

kicking ass_andy sywak

Ever since computers have given filmmakers the tools to expand the realm of the believable on-screen, this technology has offered these same auteurs an all too tempting crutch: Take an inarticulate and bumbling script, add special effects up the wazoo and presto — you have a box-office smash.

Writer/director Stephen Sommers has employed this formula with profitable results in "The Mummy Returns," which grossed over \$68 million in its first weekend. While Brendon Fraser, Rachel Weisz and the WWF's The Rock may be the flesh stars of the movie, whatever entertainment the film provides comes from visual effects maestro John Berton. A movie poster truly indicative of the film's merits would feature his face (whatever he looks like) superimposed over the actors' faces. After all, without Berton's limitless cache of amazing visual techniques, this sequel's skin would show itself as it is: A juvenile and forgettable movie wholly caught in its desire to loudly entertain its viewer.

Purveyors of the idea that you can't have a good movie with a bad script will find fresh ammunition with "The Mummy Returns." Sommers' dialogue is so cheesy, so filled with bland one-liners and fluff that one can almost picture Fraser, Weisz and company rolling their eyes off-screen. Just as some of us only feel comfortable doing certain embarrassing activities under the cover of inebri-

ation, these actors seem to only feel comfortable delivering their lines comfortably if they overact.

The plot is stupid and utterly pointless, so I'll try to condense it: Picking up eight years after 1999's "The Mummy" ended (which pulled in \$414 million worldwide), Rick O'Connell (Fraser) and Evelyn (Weisz) are now happily married, living in London and raising their curious little son, Alex (Freddie Boath). Meanwhile, back

“**SOMMERS' PLOT HAS AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO AN EPISODE OF 'G.I. JOE.'**”

in Egypt, a group bent on world domination has exhumed the body of Imhotep (killed by Rick and Evelyn in the first "Mummy") and brought it back to the British Museum in London, where they bring him back

to life. After a slapstick combat scene with Rick, Evelyn and their trusty desert sage Ardeth (Oded Fehr), Imhotep and his followers kidnap cute little Alex and bring him with them to Egypt. It is here that Imhotep will try and summon up the powers of The Scorpion King (The Rock) and conquer the world for the powers of evil. Yes, it does sound familiar: Sommers' plot has an uncanny resemblance to an episode of "G.I. Joe." At one point, The Rock raises his fist and yells, "Cobbbrrrrraaaaaaa!" Well, actually he doesn't, but I was hoping he would.

To its credit, expensive productions like "The Mummy Returns" always have a lot of nice scenery to take in, and this one is no different. Allan Cameron's production designs are superb in their detail and glamour and provide an attractive backdrop for the mundane unfoldings on-screen. As the action shifts into Egypt, Berton steals the show as he superimposes The Rock's face onto a surging river and creates terrifying skeletal pygmies, mummy warriors and all kinds of insects you hope you never come across.

While Berton's work might give him a sweep of the special effects awards at the Oscars, there's no way it saves this otherwise silly, overdone and abominably acted film. Besides, when's the last time a PG-13 movie was any good?

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SHY PILGREEN, MISS ISLA VISTA 2001, WINS MORE THAN JUST A CROWN

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Talent, personality and how hot the girls looked in "Friday Night Fun Wear" were all taken into consideration as 16 of I.V.'s loveliest ladies duked it out for the Miss Isla Vista crown, \$500, a role in the upcoming Britney Spears movie and (most importantly) the prestigious 2001 *Artweek* "Recognition of Excellence Award" mixtape. At the end, it was Alabama import Shy Pilgreen of Gamma Phi Beta who shined a little bit brighter than everyone else. After winning the title, she sat down with *Artweek* for a little heart-to-heart.

Artweek: Are you excited about being in a movie with Britney Spears?

Miss I.V.: I'm very excited about it! I like her music, and she's a really good dancer too! I think she's from Tennessee, too, huh?

Yeah, she's definitely southeast style, like you. So, what was your beauty regime for the pageant?

Oh my god! Well, let's see. For the talent part, I only had five minutes — so I didn't really do anything. Um,

the Friday outfit part took me about 45 minutes. I'm really clumsy with make-up, sooo, it took me a while to put it all on (*laughs*).

Who is your style icon?

Style as in actress, or ...

Anyone.

Julia Roberts. She gives me hope, cuz she's from Georgia.

What advice would you give to the average Isla Vista guy trying to pick up on Miss I.V.?

I don't go out too much in I.V. because of the way guys treat girls here. I don't respect it at all. I've been out a couple of times, but not in any way that I would like anyone that I've seen. ... You go into these parties and it's just like guys on girls, and umm ... I mean it's fun to dance, but then it goes a little bit more than that. I don't really like that very much.

Sweet. Name the seven dwarfs.

Dopey, um, Curly? Is he one?

No.

Dopey, Sleepy ... no, I can't. I'm too "on the spot."

That's OK. Puppies or kittens?

Puppies! Puppies are great! Little ones that don't get big!

How much money would it take for you to pose nude in Playboy?

Oh no, I wouldn't do it.

How about in Artweek?

No, my dad would fly out here himself and come get me.

Do you know who won first and second place for "Best Arts Section" at the California Intercollegiate Press Association awards?

The Nexus?

Yes! What's your sign?

Pisces.

What are you doing Friday night?

I'm working Friday night. Sorry.

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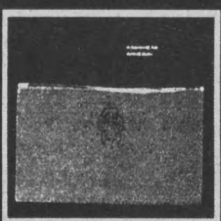
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