ben affleck wants you!

check out more phalluses, p.4A

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authenticity are rare in hip hop these days. Cannibal Ox is the cream of the crop. [Trey Clark]

Falsehood

Falsehood has a truly sharp edge. The band emerged from the local punk scene a couple of years ago and has since been steadily making a name for itself, mostly with their catchy red and black stickers throughout I.V., Goleta and downtown. Their music is a distinct fusion of traditional punk rock and metal. The punk tones come from the band's fast-paced rhythms and aggressive lyrics.

The grinding sound of Chris Swenson's lead guitar, though, is what separates the band from most I.Y. punks. Complicated metal-esque riffs and solos lift the music above run-of-the-mill garage bands. It also helps that they don't suck live.

To make a breakthrough out of the local scene, however, band members will have to better back up frontman Sean Mullin. Even with three Red Balls in him, the fullness of his voice still needs to cover up the sound of his guitar. Mullin's voice still needs to cover up the sounds like shit.

In the meantime, I can still smile on the stickers with a new respect — even when aiming at the one in Madhouse's phone. [Trey Clark]

The highlight of the album is the title track, where Carman does his best musical James Bond/Mission Impossible impression. Epic soundscapes and rejoicing choirs do their best to cover up Carman's lacking vocals, but in the end, just as with the rest of Mission 3:16, it just sounds like shit. [Trey Clark]

Los Super Seven

Los Super Seven are back with an impressive follow-up to their 1998 Grammy winner, Carman's attempt to move his music from TBN's live setting to the studio — and the result is resounding triumph. Carman successfully mentions Jesus in every song, making it a sure hit among the stickers with a new respect — even when aiming at the one in Madhouse's phone. [Trey Clark]

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Meno moves the band from the minimalist Bubblehead label into the arms of the high-profile Santa Monica emo imprint Crank! and there is a marked improvement in the recording quality. The formerly weedy guitars have become full and brutal, and engineer Mark Trombino knows how to record a rhythm section — the low-end kicks you in the gut like only the best hard rock can.

This album is as much informed by hard rock as it is by the newly trike scene movement. Although there is an obligatory nod to song-structure complexity, the music on "Meno" is kept for the most part short and accessible, without being poppy. Other bands, like At the Drive-In, have already hit it big(99,263),(322,309), then again, I wouldn’t be wholly surprised.

Not nearly as surprising as I will be if the Guns ’n’ Roses record takes off. If Fat Kid’s daddy works in pomo, now that mommy’s around…

Most importantly, thank you to my family.

Sincerely,

Jenne Rauh

THANKS

Recently, as graduation looms in my very near future, my three-year stint as Assistant Editor came to a sweet end. Thank you to the following, whether professionals or friends or whatever, who definitely made it possible.

J.E. Anderson, Ted Andersen, Baruti ATMUewing (Robotnic), Emily Barton, Alex Benowitz-Friedericks (DJ FatKid), Tony Bogdanowski, Jerry Brenn, Peter Burton, Lisa Butterworth, Cassidy Carroll, Troy Clark, Erin Cor, Joe Cook, Roy Dank (Backspin Promotions), Jenny Day, David Downs, Marisa Duerre (Formula PR), Scott Edmonds, Ensemble Theatre Company, Karen Featherby, Jamie Francisco, Gilda Gazor (Sony), Damien Gilley, Andrea Gross, Robert Hanson, Lynn Harry (Green Galactic), Deborah Horvath, Melissa Hawes, Megan Herr, Kate Herzog, Chris Jacobs (Sub Pop), Latura Jackson, Yuka Kadons, Candice Kim, Rene Kunschir, Marisa Lagos, Eric Lister, Josh Magnani, Acha Manaktra, Pam Mammik, John Middleton, Josh Miller, Tami Mnoian, Josh Murray (Sony),

Music Theatre of Santa Barbara, Maya Paul, Brock Phillips (and everyone else at Motormouth Media), Bryan Poi, Nick Robertson, Santa Rosa 97 - 98, Salerina Schaal, Jason Scock, Owyn Shewski, Heidi Silverberg, Simona, Stephanie Smiley (PUSH), Jill St. John, Alan Stokes (Metropolitan Theatres Corp.), Kelly Stephens, Eric Steuer, Eileen Sullivan, Pat Sullivan (12 Monkeys), Natalie Tan, Theatre UCSB, Tennille Tracy, Crissi Turner, Kerri Webb, Katirina Westgate, Kristin Wiedersman, Portia Whited, Marc Valde, If I forgot to include you, all apologies.

Thanks, of course, to all the other Nexus staff members whose names would make up a whole new list, as well as to all of the writers over the years who came back diligently. Thanks also to those who read A.S.P.B.

Most importantly, thank you to my family.

Sincerely,

Jenne Rauh

Celebrity Birthday Quote

as “Dirty” Harry Callahan in “The Dead Pool”

Harry: “You’re the last asshole Jennero sends after me.”

Man: “Wait! You’ve got it all wrong!”

Harry: “Don’t fuck with me buddy. I’ll kick your ass so hard you’ll have to unbutton your collar to shit!”
Bruckheimer produced, Michael Bay directed “Pearl Harbor” is quite a spectacle. This is an ambitious movie that attempts to portray the infamous Japanese surprise attack from many different angles. Its filmmakers clearly tried to make the definitive movie about this landmark event. While its backdrop will turn off cynics, with its attack from many different angles. Its filmmakers clearly tried to make the definitive movie about this landmark event. 

Like most Bruckheimer films, it is loud, preening and cliched romance is ripe for skipping through when the movie comes out on DVD. Looking classically beautiful, Kate Beckinsale plays Evelyn Johnson, a nurse who one day stucks a syringe into the buttocks of ace pilot Rafe McCawley (Ben Affleck). Instantly smitten, the two start a love affair before he goes off to Britain to fight the Germans. Soon, McCawley’s best buddy Danny Walker (an awful Josh Hartnett) is transferred to Pearl Harbor along with Evelyn. After coming together in a beautiful shot scene amid flowery parachutes in an aircraft hangar, the two become an item only to earn the wrath of McCawley when he returns from Europe. The battle also highlights the most overt theme of the movie patriotism. From scenes in the heartland to inspiring speeches by FDR (Jon Voight), there is so much overwhelming patriotism in the movie that one wonders whether “Pearl Harbor” was purposefully conceived as some sort of Hallmark card about the U.S. military. In fact, according to an article in the Los Angeles Times, Bruckheimer provided an early copy of the script to the Pentagon and often changed scenes at their request to present a more accessible view of the military. In exchange, the crew got unprecedented access to the battleground and use of military equipment, including an aircraft carrier.

As a movie that deals with the goings on at the Oahu naval base before the attack, “Pearl Harbor” brings 1935 “From Here to Eternity” to mind. But Hartnett is no Montgomery Clift and, while much better than Affleck, Affleck is no Burt Lancaster. Though their speech is inflected with classic 1940’s-style deadpan dialogue, Beckinsale and Affleck manage to make their characters believable. Because of its epic proportions and wholly patriotic purposes, “Pearl Harbor” is in line for Oscar nods. While the romance heightens the drama toward the end of the film, it still remains the weak link in what is otherwise a very powerful war movie. Applaud “Pearl Harbor” for its ambition, but in trying to straddle both love and war, the film is not able to capture the same grit of “Saving Private Ryan” or the sly romance of “From Here to Eternity.”
Once upon a time in a bracken swamp there lived an ogre who just wanted to be left alone. Then along came Madison Avenue, which wanted to put him into a kid’s meal with a soda and a side of fries.

Co-directed by Andrew Adamson and Vicky Jensen, “Shrek” is equal parts buddy flick, screwball romance and action adventure film. Mike Myers provides the voice for the title character, a reclusive green ogre that bathes in cesspools, drinks eyeball martinis and fashions tapers with his earwax. His hatred for the outside world becomes clear when the villainous Lord Farquaad (voice by John Lithgow) claims eminent domain over his swamp and invades it — converting it into an internment camp for all fairytale characters.

With a “little man” complex and a yellow streak wider than Jack Sprat’s wife, Farquaard wishes to form the perfect kingdom for humans. To do so, he relocates the more magical inhabitants of his realm and must wed Princess Fiona (voice by Cameron Diaz) who is sequestered in the uppermost tower of a dragon’s keep. Shrek agrees to rescue Farquaad’s Princess in exchange for the return of his swamp and sets upon the quest with the help of a wise-ass donkey, voiced by Eddie Murphy.

Shrek’s quest to regain his swamp becomes a soul-searching tale of prejudice and positive self-image. As boring as that sounds, this film is intelligent and witty. It spoofs everything from the Gingerbread Man to the Three Bears — of Goldilocks fame — and flips them upside-down via new interpretations that integrate current pop culture references and music (the soundtrack includes Smash Mouth and Joan Jett). Much of “Shrek’s” content intentionally pokes fun at Disney versions of these tales, which in itself is comical, but inherits a different edge when taken in conjunction with an understanding of Jeffrey Katzenberg’s — the K in DreamWorks SKG — history with the Disney empire. Farquaad’s kingdom is an immaculate, fully automated souvenir-shopped castle that trades in a turnstile for a portcullis and provides signs for horse-cart owners so that they know “You Are Parked In Lancelot.”

“Shrek” is a visually stunning testament to new technologies in the digital animation field. Brought to you by the creative minds at PDI/DreamWorks (“Antz”), “Shrek” sets new benchmarks for visual effects. And though that benchmark will last only a few minutes in the environment of instantaneous one-upmanship, we should savor the moment. The Princess’ green velvet dress moves, wrinkles and reflects light flawlessly. Layers of skin move over flesh and bone to create complex facial expressions.

Not since Sondheim’s “Into the Woods” has a production had more fun turning the tables on fables. There is some language and violence, hence the PG rating. Though “Shrek” has its fair share of toilet jokes, most of the comedy is sophisticated. The Charmin violence is squeezeably soft and lemon-scented.

My question is, “Do You Know the Muffin Man?” Even if you don’t, even if you were one of those unfortunate souls who never found out who the dish ran away with, “Shrek” may be the perfect starting point from which to work back and construct a happy childhood.
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Kip Fulbeck is fluent in the language of pop culture. It is a vocabulary of songs everyone in a graduating high school class knows by heart and the handful of advertising campaigns that crop into homes as plush toys or prime time television movies. It is the collective voice of soundbites from films based on characters from Saturday Night Live routines repeated ad nauseam in social interactions. It is a language of a million bits and pieces of information that mutate our thought processes, individually and as a culture.

Award-winning video maker, performance artist and UCSB professor Kip Fulbeck presents the fictional autobiography Paper Bullets. Fictional autobiography?! What, no reality-based television show mentality with the promise of the dirt on a real person from the most intimate of sources? Fulbeck promises the reader it's all there - and offers up personal stories of the relationships he's had in his life - relationships with people, nature and one's inner self.

He deals in no small part with his own self-identification as a Hapa.

Hā'pā (hā’ pā) adj. 1. Slang, of mixed racial heritage with partial roots in Asian and/or Pacific Islander ancestry. n. 2. Slang, a person of such heritage [der./ Hawaiian: hapa haole (half white)].

Raised in Southern California, in "a Chinese household with an out-of-place American father," Fulbeck pays acute attention to his relationships with the women in his life. He talks bluntly about the politics of race and culture, gender and sex. In everything from Saturday morning cartoons to forms filled out in triplicate; from surfing the break on a foreign beach during a storm to his "first time" (in his living room, awkwardly, while watching "Enter the Dragon"); Fulbeck examines the language involved in living.

This is not a wistful voice quietly sharing stories over tea. These stories blare with all the bright light and volume of advertisements shown during halftime on Super Bowl Sunday. They run as if they were spun by a DJ slapping in bits of samples we can 'recognize' — movie quotes, schoolyard taunts, song lyrics — to contextualize what he says pop culture was reflecting back to the public that invented its forms. The tone is direct and unapologetic but not threatening. The stories, like life, are rough at points; they grow and develop. They may crescendo in an enormous pouring out of questions after questions, like a speed-metal guitar solo after the drums and bass have dropped back. But they retain the certain and gentle guiding hand of an author who quite literally would not hurt a fly.

Touching and tough, intelligent and entertaining, Paper Bullets really hits the mark.

Eric Lister thinks it's funny to end a review with an overly obvious play on words. He usually just draws cartoons for the Daily Nexus.

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