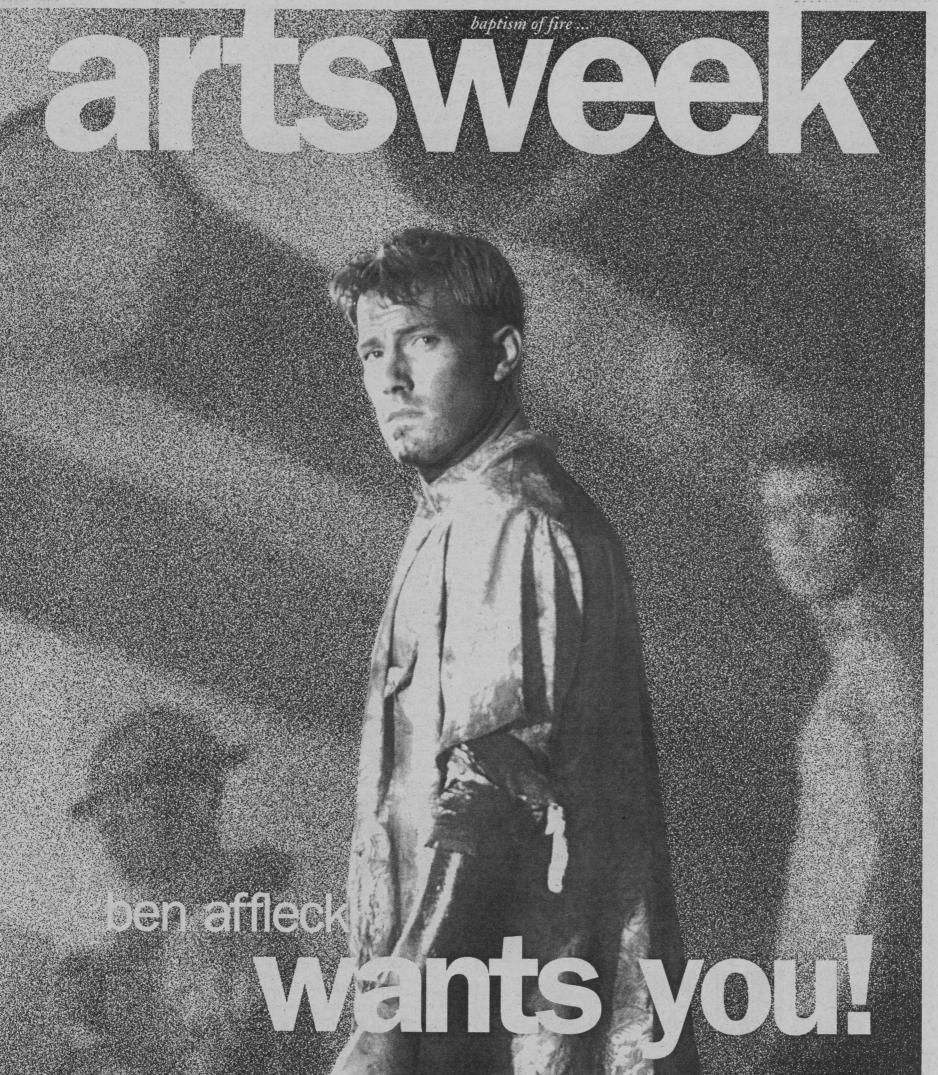


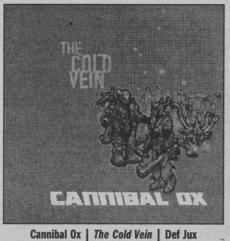
HIL TOUR ISTOLATION



check out more **phalluses**, p.4A cd reviews, p.2A I calendar, p.4A I "shrek," p.5A I paper bullets, p.7A

2A Thursday, May 31, 2001

SOUND-SOUNDSTYLE*



"Life's ill / Sometimes life might kill." These are the first words, as well as the overall sentiment of Vast Aire and Vordul's first album, The Cold Vein. Together as Cannibal Ox, these two emcees exist as ghetto activists, breaking down the ins and outs of street life through unprecedented lyrical styles. Vordul jams his rhymes together in bunches, fitting as much knowledge as possible into each line. Vast spits more casually, making sure that you have time to comprehend his ironic punch lines. El-P from CoFlow is on the beats, sounding like he is using second-hand technology from the 30th century.

Cannibal Ox starts the post-apocalyptic journey with "Iron Galaxy," playing lyrical tour-guide through the mind of an average New York City ghetto-dweller. "The F-Word" diagrams Vast's relationship with the woman he wants and their battle between friendship and intimacy. "Painkillers" maps another battle, this time against pill-popping dependencies. Vordul laments, "At the end of my rope / Writin' these notes / Hopin' to float / Above this bullshit."

Raw beats and lyrics that reek of

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



Falsehood | Falsehood

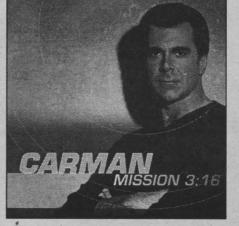
Falsehood has a truly sharp edge. The band emerged from the local punk scene a couple of years ago and has since been steadily making a name for themselves, mostly with their catchy red and black stickers throughout I.V., Goleta and downtown. Their music is a distinct fusion between traditional punk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

The grinding sound of Chris Swenson's lead guitar, though, is what separates the band from most I.V. punkers. Complicated metal-esque riffs and solos lift the music above run-of-themill 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 Bulls in him, the fullness of his voice still needs wings at times.

In the meantime, I can still smile on

the stickers with a new respect — even when aiming at the one in Madhouse's john. [Ted "Me Gusta Punk Rock" Andersen]



Carman | Mission 3:16 | Sparrow

I'm going to assume that most of you aren't up on my man Carman. You're missing out.

Carman is an international music, film and television evangelism star. He can frequently be seen on Trinity Broadcast Network (TBN), the Christian channel that plays host to Benny Hinn's "miracles." Carman (notice the lack of last name) has done so well with his Christian career because he knows his limits. He, like most Christian artists, has realized he doesn't have the talent to make it big; instead he turned to the Christian genre, where talent isn't required.

Mission 3:16 is 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 with the Christian 30-plus age group. Carman's eclecticism shouldn't hurt either — he does everything from rap to Italian opera to slow jams. The only problem is that he does none of these well. 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**]

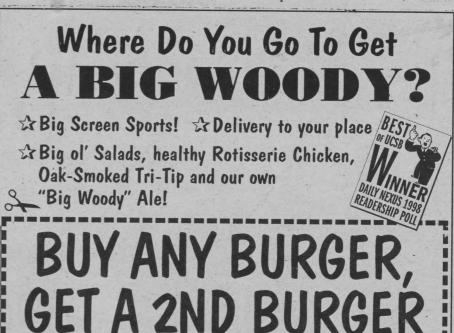


Los Super Seven | Canto | Legacy

Mexican-American all-star group Los Super Seven are back with an impressive follow-up to their 1998 Grammy winner. *Canto* is an odd mix of classic songs from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Brazil and Mexico along with contemporary compositions that reflect the numerous nationalities and musical eras of the different performers. Los Super Seven is not an unfair title for themselves — virtually every musician in the group has won a Grammy and their virtuosity shows through on the superb *Canto*.

For the new album, Los Super Seven regulars like David Hidalgo, César Rosas, Rubén Ramos and Rick Treviño called in famous Brazilian singer Caetano Veloso and vocalists Susana Baca and Raul Malo to contribute tracks. Under the supervision of producer Alberto Salas, these tal-





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Daily Nexus

SOUND-SOUNDSTYLE*

ented seven churn out passionate and energetic numbers that keep the momentum going through all the covers of son, mamba, cha-cha and bossa nova.

What is very appealing about *Canto* is how the group covers songs originally recorded in the 1930s ("Compay Gato" and "El Pescador") and 1960s ("El Que Siembra Su Maiz" and "Baby" from Brazilian '60s sensation Os Mutantes). Perhaps a rock equivalent would be, say U2 inviting R.E.M. to record everything from Robert Johnson to Elvis to Van Halen. Good cocktail party music or just something to get up and move around to, *Canto* has the breadth for just about everybody. [Andy Sywak]



The Icarus Line | Mono | Crank!

Where's Axl?

If you've caught some shows on the Pickle Patch/Biko co-op show circuit, you probably know the answer. The Icarus Line isn't the name for Axl's new band, but it might as well be. The Icarus Line has gone from typical basement chaotic hardcore to a hybrid of screamo dissonance and, yes, G'n'R-style hard-rocking antics. Mono moves the band from the miniscule Buddyhead 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 trite screamo movement. Although there is an obligatory nod to song-structure complexity, the music on Mono is kept for the most part short and accessible, without being poppy. Other bands, like At the Drive-In, have already hit it big, and Mono is even more accessible than At the Drive-In's Relationship of Command, never mind the similar vocal styling. Although "In Lieu" and "SPMC" are self-indulgent and excessive, there are still 10 tracks of powerful rock used wisely. I doubt The Icarus Line will break mainstream, but then again, I wouldn't be wholly surprised.

Not nearly as surprised as I will be if the Guns 'n' Roses record takes off. [DJ Fatkid's daddy works in pornos, now that mommy's not around]

THANKS

Recently, as graduation looms in my very near future, my three-year stint as *Artsweek* 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 Armstrong (Robotsex), Emily Batson, Alex Benowitz-Fredericks (DJ Fatkid), Tony Bogdanovski, Jerry Beers, Peter Burton, Lisa Butterworth, Cassidy Carroll, Trey Clark, Erin Coe, 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 Hasty (Green Galactic), Deborah Horvath, Melissa Hawks, Megan Herr, Kate Herzog, Chris Jacobs (Sub Pop), Lafura Jackson, Yuka Kadona, Candice Kim, Renee Kushnir, Marisa Lagos, Eric Lister, Josh Magnani, Asha Manaktala, Pam Masnik, John Middleton, Josh Miller, Tami Mnoian, Josh Murray (Sony),

Music Theatre of Santa Barbara, Maya Paul, Brock Philips (and everyone else at Motormouth Media), Bryan Pon, Nick Robertson, Santa Rosa '97 - '98, Sabrina Schaal, Jason Schock, Gwyn Shovelski, 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, Cristy Turner, Kerri Webb, Katrina Weagant, Kristin Wiedeman, Portia Whited, Marc Valles. (If I forgot to include you, all apologies.)

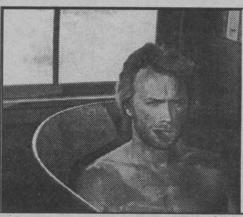
Thursday, May 31, 2001 3A

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 *Artsweek*.

Most importantly, thank you to my family.

Sincerely,

Jenne Raub



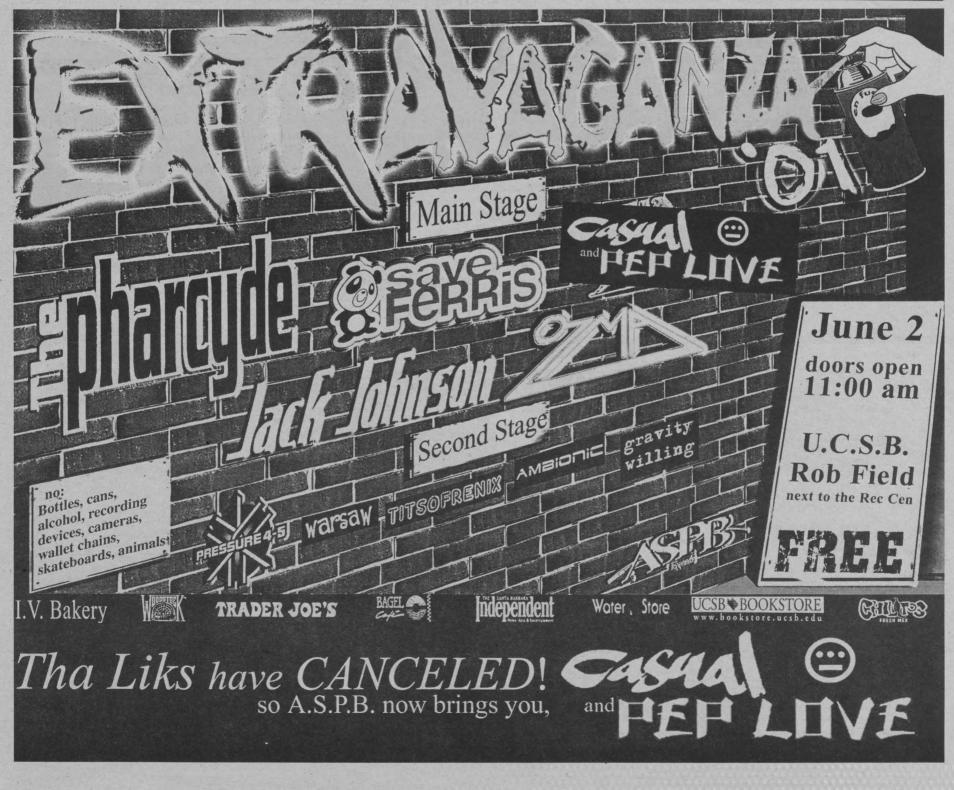
Celebrity Birthday Quote 5/31/30 Clint Eastwood

as "Dirty" Harry Callahan in "The Dead Pool"

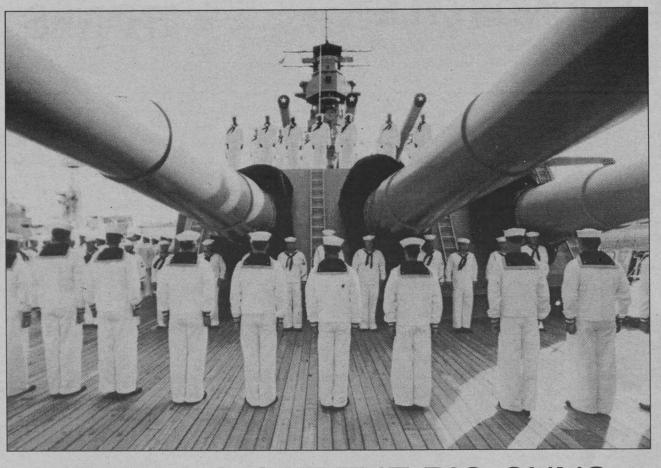
Harry: "You're the last asshole Jennero sends after me."

Man: "Wait! You've got it all wrong!"

Harry: "Dont fuck with me buddy. I'll kick your ass so hard you'll have to unbutton your collar to shit!"



film I feature



BRI HARBOR MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK

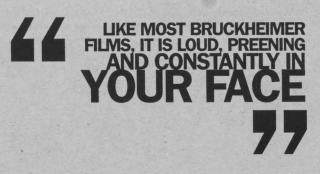
sink or swim_andy sywak

Clocking in at a whopping 183 minutes, the Jerry 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 gushy romance and American "Greatest Generation" triumphalism, the moving and peerlessly spectacular battle scenes make it a memorable movie.

Bruckheimer, producer of "Gone in 60 Seconds" and "Armageddon" — among other forgettable but profitable films — and his team aimed to make "Pearl Harbor" a war movie that would rise above all other war movies. Like most Bruckheimer films, it is loud, preening and constantly in your face. As it cost \$140 million to make, he really wants you to like it and so removes all cussing and controversial portrayals to widen its appeal. Despite some surprisingly good direction from Bay ("The Rock" and "Armageddon"), "Pearl Harbor" lacks the emotional power of "Saving Private Ryan" or the poetic touches of "The Thin Red Line." At every turn it creates immensity and importance out of sheer production strength, but ultimately allows spectacle to rule the day.

Roughly speaking, "Pearl Harbor" consists of an hour and a half of romantic drama, an hour of war and half an hour devoted to patriotic horn-blowing. The first hour of clichéd 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 sticks 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 beautifully 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.

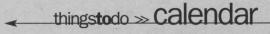
Enter the Japanese and the strength of the film. Throughout a 30-minute sequence, Bay convincingly recreates the disastrous battle in all its confusion and carnage. The sequence is both mesmerizing and disturbing to watch. The superb special effects and numerous stunts make it an incredibly gripping piece of film.

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 1953's "From Here to Eternity" to mind. But Hartnett is no Montgomery Clift and, while much better than Hartnett, 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."



today | thursday



tomorrow | friday

weekend | saturday



Sure, the opportunities for live, experimental hip hop in Santa Barbara are few and far between, but every once in a while an event pops up in the unlikeliest of locations. At SOhO, a chic little supper club on Upper State Street, you'll find a bunch of emcees and artists who want to get creative and funky. Join Liberation Orchestra, Ultra Man, Shadow Hunters, Horatio, Hornblower and others at 1221 State St. 21+

Lose yourself in the myth and magic of the harp from ancient Ireland to the present with harpist and singer/songwriter (and current Ojai Valley resident!) Leigh Melander. A top-40 folk chart recording artist and doctoral candidate in mythology and psychology at Pacifica Graduate Institute, Melander weaves music and mythology from Celtic, jazz and American folk traditions into her unique sound. MultiCultural Center Theater, 8 p.m. Free.

Ah, another yearly tradition is upon us once again, this time in the form of Extravaganza. AS Program Board lines up many an act to charm the ears and minds of students, all for free in the hot sun of Santa Barbara. Although headlining act The Pharcyde only features two members of its original four-man line-up, Artsweek is sure they'll rock the crowd. Remember to drink before the show, because you can't take your liquor inside Rob Field.

film I review

FRACTURED FAIRYT SHREK LIVES HAPPILY EVER AFTER

thrown in the deep end_patrick wright

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 emminent 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 wiseass donkey, voiced by Eddie Murphy.

Shrek's quest to regain his swamp becomes a soulsearching 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 Dream, Works SKG - history with the Disney empire.

Farquaard'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/Dream Works ("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 squeezably 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 poor 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.

thingstodo >> Calendar

weekend | sunday



Sure, you just spent Saturday baking in the sun watching a slew of musicians perform their hardest for you. Wipe the hangover out of your eyes by checking out local bands and musicians "challenge the assault on reproductive rights" at Sex, Power & Policy in Anisq' Oyo Park, 1 p.m. Then, head to Campbell Hall to see "The Wind Will Carry On," the latest film by celebrated Iranian director Abbas Kiarostami. 7:30 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.

next week | tuesday



Although it's always struck Artsweek odd that the University Art Museum tends to showcase only the works of established, professional artists, they break with tradition (finally) by exhibiting "Fresh New Flavors," the Annual Student Art Showcase. Not showing student art in the University Art Museum would be like a theater on campus never showing student performers, so show the University Art Museum that you care about your fellow students. 5 p.m.

next week | wednesday



Rock 'n' roll over hump day by heading to Madhouse. Local acts Titsofrenix, Slut Magnet and Sick Shift will tease, please and appease you out of your troubled, preoccupied mind. (Will I ever make it through finals? Will I ever graduate? Will I ever care?). Besides, Madhouse offers all sorts of drink specials and whatnot, to help ease you into a state of mind somewhere between sobor and sauced. 434 State Street. And, yes, it's 21+.

6A Thursday, May 31, 2001

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book I review

POP GOES THE CULTURE PAPER BULLETS TARGETS A TV NATION

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 creep 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.

covered in ink_eric lister

Haopa (hä' pä) 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)].

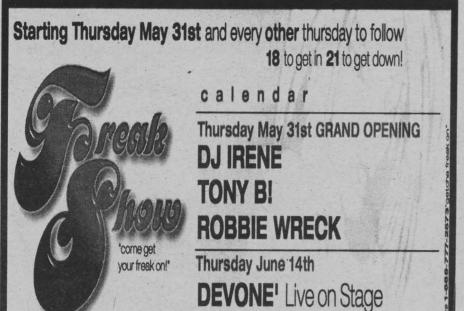
Raised in Southern California, in "a Chinese household with an out-of-place American father," Fulbeck pays acute attention to his relationships with the women in his life. He talks bluntly about the politics of race and culture, gender and sex. In everything from Saturday morning cartoons to forms filled 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 question after question, 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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