artsweek the dope shit ...

SPONTANEOUS VIBUSTION

HARD UP I TREY CLARK

spon-ta-ne-ous - definition - acting or resulting from a natural feeling or impulse, without constraint, effort, etc. (Webster's New World Dictionary, p. 570). Who knew that our friend Noah Webster with rapper Spontaneous, whose new album Spur of the Moment Musik is the latest revolutionary release from the growing GoodVibe record label? Artsweek sat down with the man who is out to carve his own niche in the hip hop universe.

Artsweek: Is Spontaneous a self-endowed name or was it given to you by someone else?

Spontaneous: Self-endowed. Basically, people go through their little name-searching phase. I was flipping through the dictionary and was like, "Specific ... spooky ... sporadic ... spontaneous" And then I was like, "Wait a minute, that's pretty dope!" I pretty much took that and throughout the day I was telling my crew and they were like, "Yo, that's a dope-ass name, dude." I don't know why, there's just something about the name. It got glued to the mental.

How long did it take you to record Spur of the **Moment Musik?**

It was pretty much a two-part process. I've always been doing music, so I've always had songs on deck. It was just a matter of taking it to the studio and actually recording it. So this first album I would say was like a life-long process, really. We had a deadline and once we hit that deadline that was the end of that process.

You have a high level of intensity throughout the album. How do you get yourself up for take after

take of recording?

With respect to the actual studio sessions, I don't like to repeat verses over and over and over again, I go in there and I know the lyrics; it's not like I go in there with a sheet of my lyrics. I go in there, feel the beat, feel the flow, and I just try to knock out the whole song: first verse, second verse, third verse to get that natural feel for the song instead of doing one verse and playing it back. I just knock the song out, and if I'm feelin' it, I'm feelin' it. And sometimes if I make a mistake I like to keep my mistakes. It just shows more natural presence.

Are there any mistakes that you left on your album?

I can't tell you that! (laughs) You have to figure those out. I won't be exposing my Spontaneous secrets. But that's what makes up my album. The album is not perfect lyric-wise or music-wise. There are a lot of little bloops and blunders that give it that natural feel.

Jamila (GoodVibe's director of publicity) told me that you produced the whole album. I don't believe her.

SEE **SPON**, P.4A

FILM: NOT AS DOPE AS ARTSWEEK



SCARED SILLY | BRADY GOLDEN

The gang is brought together again when yet another prank-

calling psychopath starts running amuck on the lot where

"Stab 3" is being filmed, skewering the cast members in the

order in which they die in the movie. It all seems familiar (in

"Scream 2," the killer takes out similarly named college stu-

dents in the order in which the original Woodsboro kids

died), but this time, there's a twist: This is the third install-

ment in a trilogy, and, as the late Randy explains to us in a

come off being as stupid as it sounds), that means that all

the rules established in the first two films are out the win-

video message from beyond the grave (which actually doesn't

It is the inevitable fate of all sequels to live in the shadows of their predecessors. The stellar "Scream" broke new ground in the tired genre of teen slasher flicks, but "Scream 2" failed to live up to the hype because it fell into the traps that were the basis for most of the humor in the original: predictable situations, stupid characters, an absurd plot, etc. Director Wes Craven and screenwriter Ehren Kruger (who replaced series creator Kevin Williamson) had their work cut out for them if they wanted to end the trilogy on a high note. Somehow, they managed to pull it off. "Scream 3" reunites us with the survivors of

the previous two films. Gale Weathers (Courtney Cox Arquette) is continuing her career as a tabloid journalist while her ex-boyfriend Dewey (David Arquette) is working as a technical adviser on the set of "Stab 3," a film based on the Woodsboro

killings. Meanwhile, our troubled heroine, Sidney Prescott (Neve Campbell), has gone into hiding in Monterey, where she is haunted by visions of masked murderers and her dead mother.

dow. This time, anything can happen

While "Scream" and "Scream 2" are TWO whodunits, they aren't really mysteries in that very little actual investigation takes place. This time, our heroes are

more like the Scooby Gang than stalkees in a slasher flick, and through their amateur sleuthing, they uncover a surprising back story that changes everything that we thought we knew about "Scream." This new twist makes the film engaging, which "Scream 2 certainly wasn't.

The comedy that is present but subtle in "Scream" and

nonexistent in "Scream 2" is played to its fullest in this outing. Parker Posey is absolutely hilarious as the obsessive method actress who plays Gale Weathers in "Stab 3." She believes that she's an even better Gale than the real one, and follows our heroes around constantly, hoping to prove it. Unfortunately, Craven sacrifices the scares for the sake of the laughs. The first scene in "Scream" is as frightening as it is because of its raw, straightforward, unflinching depiction of the psychological torture and disembowelment of a terrified girl. It would not have been half as effective if she'd been a slapsticky caricature. This doesn't necessarily take away from the film; it's very enjoyable. Still, I miss the sheer terror that I felt the first time I saw "Scream."

Not all the changes made on the old formula are successful. The new killer has a super voice modifier that allows him to sound like most of the other characters. This new device is gimmicky, and the contraption itself looks like a reject from the "Galaxy Quest" prop room.

While "Scream 3" is not as visceral or dark as the first film in the trilogy, it does recapture the satirical intelligence that is lost in the run-of-the-mill "Scream 2." Although it is, at points, predictable, it still manages to be entertaining and a lot of fun. Hardcore horror fans will be happy to see genre icon Lance Henriksen at his creepiest, playing a seedy movie producer, but you don't need to be an aficionado of scary movies to enjoy this film.



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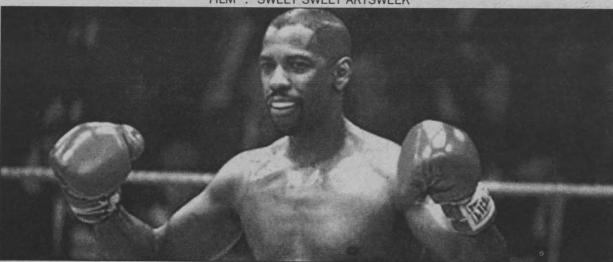
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IT'S NOT "ROCKY" THE HURRICANE FAILS TO PACK A PUNCH

FIGHT CLUB | JOHN FISKE

Adaptation is a tricky process, especially when it's reality that you're playing with. It's inevitable that you will disrespect the truth in some way. The only question you can ask yourself is simple: Was it worth it?

I pose this question in respect to "The Hurricane." It's a fully inspirational film, in the classical sense. It's professional and well-made. The actors are all fine, just as you would expect them to be. But it's just so plain, so normal. It's like 10 other films you've seen in the last year, only more competent.

"Hurricane" is very straightforward, with easily definable good guys and bad guys, noble and shallow. Inspired by reading Rubin "Hurricane" Carter's (Denzel Washington) memoirs as a wrongly convicted man, Lesra (Vicellous Reon Shannon), an inner-city youth, chooses to contact Rubin. A friendship grows, and with three Canadian intellectuals that have taken Lesra in, they work to set Rubin free and clear his name.

Directed by Norman Jewison, "Hurricane" is formulaic, yet still invigorating. He has a good touch for the emotional, and can tell his story, but that's all he does. In the original "Thomas Crown Affair," one of his first films, Jewison displayed technique and style that is all but gone now. Which brings me to the issue of historical accuracy. Much has been said about how the writers took many liberties with the truth to make this into its already overlong two and a half hours. With 50 years of a man's life to deal with, some of that happens. What bothers me is that they take the truth and mold it into a tried-and-true Hollywood "triumph-of-the-will" formula.

Many characters, like Clancy Brown's stoic head

TRIUMPH OF

prison guard, though noble, feel labored and phony. Thankfully, the film's depiction of prison life isn't as blatantly capricious as the kindergarten jailhouse in "The Green Mile." But many of the characters and situations feel fabricated because Rubin Carter made the mistake of not living his life out like a film. For instance, in the film, Carter is the victim of one racist cop, Detective Della

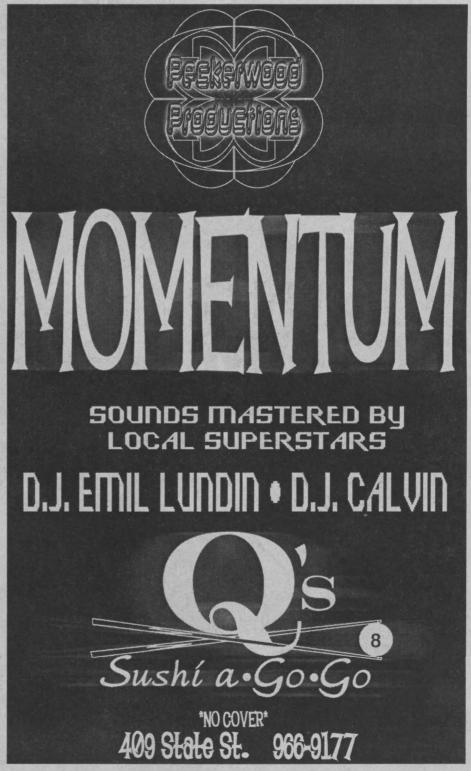
Rosa (a fearsome Dan Hedaya), instead of the several racist cops working in a racist institution who really put him in prison.

This issue of historical fidelity aside, "The Hurricane" is a good film. It has a well-drawn screenplay, gorgeous cinematography from expert lensman Roger Deakins and a host of great little performances. I already mentioned Clancy Brown (usually cast as a bad guy) and add to that Shannon, who works with the tricky job of fading his inner-city accent out as the film progresses.

Then there is Denzel Washington. Performances of this depth and ferocity have become the staple of his career. Definitely one of his best showings, next to his overlooked work in "Courage Under Fire" and "Malcolm X," Washington deserves an Oscar nomination. As for the award itself, in a year with Russell Crowe's work in "The Insider," it's a sad call.

And the film? I return the question at the beginning of the article: Was it worth sacrificing some elements for the whole? I'll take this question in two parts. As a film — yes. As history — no. For a film that moralizes about the corruption of the truth, it seems ironic that they would so blatantly alter what happened for "dramatic purposes."







SPON CONTINUED FROM P.1A

(Laughing) Now I gotta ask you, why can't you believe that?

You don't see a lot of emcees self-produce their first album. Pretty much from the get-go me and my partner Relative, who is like my engineer and responsible for the actual sound, were going to do our own thing and once people catch on to it, whether it be labels or fans, then that's what they're going to get and that's what they're going to appreciate, and they're not going to want to tamper with it, because that's what we do. GoodVibe caught on early, so they were just like, "Do your own thing, this is what we want you for. Keep it Spontaneous." So that's what we did.

I'm freezing my ass off! I'm about to put on a jacket; my nipples are hard.

That's going in.

I heard that you like to perform in your boxers.

Yes, I think that's something that catches people off guard. I did that at the release party to tease the crowd or whatever. I like pulling things out of the hat. I like keeping my crew guessing, my label guessing, fans guessing, keeping myself guessing. Hopefully I can help inspire the next generation to think, "We can do anything we want to do!" Why should I limit myself to performing in a Tshirt, leather jacket and jeans, grab the mic and say, "I'm a rapper, whatever." I'm just trying to get the expression out there.

So have you ever done anything that's pissed off your record label?

There was this one performance where they were like, "This is a huge show, we gotta come tight, blah blah blah." So I'm doing the show, and in the middle of the segue I did an interpretation of "Billie Jean," imitating Michael Jackson for a good three minutes. My crew was like, "What the?" but the people were feelin' it! You know, like the "Hee hee!" and the whole nine. After the there and make that happen. show I was next to such-and-such cat and he was like, "I cannot believe you just came out of nowhere with this."

But he was feelin' it. Sometimes it's a risk, but the biggest risk you can take is by never taking a chance.

Who are your biggest musical influences?

I would say Michael Jackson is the biggest, from when I was little to now. In the hip hop field I would say it goes to Biz Markie, Tribe, Leaders of the New School, Onyx, Das EFX. Anybody original who came with it at their own time-frame and owned a style. Like when Tribe came out, they owned that vibe. That's how I'm trying to come across with mine, once it does come out and get

Let's say 'N Sync wanted to remix their new song "Bye Bye" with you rhyming line for line with that kid in the group who always wears FUBU.

(Laughing) Oh lord! That's a good question, because a lot of "Keep it Real" cats would say "Naw, I ain't tryin' to get down with that!" I would probably consider it. I would soak in the whole concept of the song, talk to some people involved in my camp, and be like, "Is this a good move?" I would have to feel the music, feel the concept and picture myself doing that. From the get-go, if I cannot picture it, it will not go down. But if the music is decent, and I can be me, then I might just have to go on

Would you be more apt to do it if you could slide by a few disses without them realizing it?

I can't really diss them. I stopped hating groups in '93. It's your opinion. If you feelin' that group then you're feelin' them. There's like 5 million people who's feelin' them, so what I think really doesn't matter. I can't hate them. They're young men getting money doing what they love to do. So I wouldn't even go that low and diss them subliminally or whatever. I think how you reflect on a group like that, it just comes back around. Maybe in a year or two years I could be on a level like 'N Sync, you never know. You could be talking to another artist, "What do you think of doing a song with Spontaneous?" That stuff can come back around to you.

Do you watch any wrestling?

A little bit. Hulk Hogan ripping his shirt off, that was the last match I saw.

So who was your favorite wrestler?

It would have to be Hulk Hogan. No, it was Koko B. Ware! (Artsweek laughs.) I took you back with that, huh? Pretty sweet. He always lost, though!

I know! But I loved the way he lost, though. He was

Who would you like to see on the cover of Maxim? I would say Halle Berry. Halle Berry or Jennifer Lopez. Or Selena. I got this Latina bug, you know what I'm sayin'? I gotta go with Halle Berry though. In a G-string.

What would you ask her in the interview? I would say, "Are we going out tonight or what?" I would try to get at her, like, "What about dinner and a nice little movie?" I would try to build with her on a human level, beside all of our star fame and money that

we have. I'd be like, "You gonna let me hit it or what?" So you're stackin' chips?

I have a lot of credit, let's just say that.

Spontaneous wants everyone to know that all proceeds from Spur of the Moment Musik will go into making his website one of the best on the Internet. The site can be reached on www.atomicpop.com by clicking on the GoodVibe sec-

YES, THERE ARE A FEW THINGS TO DO IN SANTA BARBARA

tomorrow friday



Burn, baby, burn. At both Zelo and H20 there will be a'70s vs. '80s costume party. If you don't buy advance tickets for \$15, it'll cost you a steep \$30 at the door. So get together your costume, ticket (available at downtown costume shops) and be at either Zelo or H20 (630 and 634 State Street) at 8 p.m. Hey, just 'cuz it's in the Calendar don't mean it's cool.

weekend sunday



It's Sunday and you're facing the hangover of hell. What better way to recover than to trudge the long way over to Campbell Hall and become absorbed in a powerful film from India. "Earth" explores the conflict between individual and group identities ... kind of like Del Playa on a Friday night, no? Except that this conflict is about the events surrounding the partition of India and the creation of Pakistan and not just some guy spilling Natty Ice on your Nikes. 7:30 p.m. \$5 students.



OUT OF THIS WORLD



Critically Acclaimed

Feel the lovin' in this Arts&Lectures flick.

"Earth," the latest film by writer-director Deepa Mehta, tells the story of India's 1947 partition. Lahore in 1947 is a modest city with a mixed population — Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs coexist peacefully but uneasily. A fourth group, the Parsees, attempts to remain neutral. Before withdrawing, the British divide India into two countries, creating a separate Muslim nation of Pakistan. Lahore is along this newly created border, and the tentative peace between the groups is shattered. Riots break out as religious and national unease is thrust into the spotlight.

Adapted from the novel *Cracking India* by Bapsi Sidhwa, the film chronicles these events as witnessed by Lenny, an 8-year-old Parsee girl. Lenny's family is wealthy and she is used to diversity. Shanta, her nanny, is a young Hindu woman who takes Lenny everyday to a local park where they sit with Shanta's suitors who consist, naturally, of a Hindu, a Muslim and a Sikh. When the conflicts erupt, Lenny must come to understand why people are killing one another without ever having understood why one group was different from another.

Everything in this film is heavier and slower than it needs to be — the audience keeps having this blunt symbolism pushed in our faces as if that was the only way we could understand all of this important stuff. The park, where, aside from some racial joking, everybody gets along *perfectly*, is so absolutely idyllic that it seems ridiculous. Lenny, who walks with an unexplained limp, is forced to be a metaphor for the crippling of all India, without ever developing a personality apart from this. In general, the cast members put in solid, capable performances, but the characters are nearly all underdeveloped and simplistic.

The saving grace of the film is its visual expressiveness. The use of light and color in Giles Nuttgens' cinematography keeps you watching when nothing else does. The film glows. "Earth" is at its best when focused on the details of the story, visual or otherwise. There's a scene where Lenny's mother tells her a story and alternates between speaking Hindi and English with each sentence, perfectly illustrating the effects of years of colonialism on everyday life. It works because it's so simple. When it sticks to these small-scale moments, the film really captures you. Soon, though, it lapses back into heavy-handed moralizing and goes nowhere. [Adam Abrams]

BUT WE CAN'T GUARANTEE THAT THEY'RE ANY FUN.

next week monday



Ooh la la. Better than a box of chocolates, Tim Miller's comic, tender and provacative performance art explores the challenges of love, marriage and immigration rights for gay people and their partners. In this performance art experience, Tim Miller conjures an alternative space for the placing of memories, hopes and dreams. And you were going to go downtown with your sweetheart for Valentine's Day! Campbell Hall, 8 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.

next week tuesday



Oh, dancers! So fluid, so graceful, so serious. When you are done with your day of classes, be sure to drag your art-deprived arse over to the HSSB Ballet Studio Theatre for some good ol' UCSB dance. The UCSB Student Dance Company performs their "Repetory Concert," and if you can't make it over there to see the dance pieces choreograped by dance faculty members and a guest choreographer from the Santa Barbara Dance Company, well, you're just lazy. 8 p.m. \$8 students.

SOUND-SOUNDSTYLE*

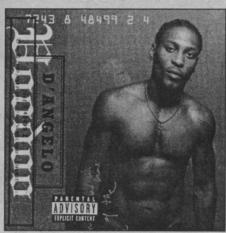


Ghostface Killah | Supreme Clientele | Epic

Damn, this album sucks. I've seen all kinds of rave reviews for Supreme Clientele, calling it the "Wu-Tang's return to glory," but I just don't understand how anyone can come to that conclusion. Okay, so the beats are pretty nice, done by an array of producers all aiming for the same '60s soul loop sound. The production is done well enough that all Ghost has to do to make the album decent is not mess up. Don't be incredibly annoying. Don't go on silly rants that no one can possibly understand. Don't call yourself stupid things like "Rap's Frederick Douglas" or "Black Boy George." But just like the running back who fumbled at the end of the game when he just had to hold on to the ball, Ghostface tries to get to

Ghost's main problem is that he can't put two thoughts together. One line he'll be talking about his wallabies, and the next he is rolling to Vegas. Actually, his Achilles Heel might be terrible choruses like "To all my real bitches / Take your drawls off / To all my high niggaz / Snatch her skirt off" on "One." Then again, there are the nonsensical monologues at the end

of every other verse. Just look at this one in particular: "Yeah! See what I mean? See what I mean, you muthafuckin' cry babies? Get in line, punk! You should be studying your arts instead of studyin' me! That's how ya lost your first job punk! Now get in line before you get your little thick ass tossed up! Sheeeit, I studied under Bruce Lee, nigga! He was on the fourth, I was on the third!" What? [Trey Clark]

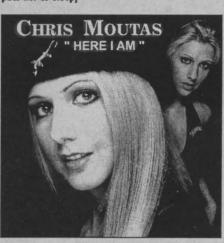


D'Angelo | Voodoo | Virgin

D'Angelo brings a new meaning to the word "multi-faceted." While most of us use this term gratuitously in social science papers, D'Angelo offers a real-life application outside of the academic bubble. With influences in jazz, classic rock, R&B and hip hop, this man incorporates them all in *Voodoo*. With oozing soul in each track and skillful fusing of various musical genres, D'Angelo seems to have a knack for creating diversity. Unfortunately, though, diversity does not equal enjoyable. Or bearable.

While a few of the tracks on the album are of merit, with catchy, uptempo beats and danceable rhythms, most others are highly reminiscent of "booty call" R&B

style. "Left and Right," featuring Method Man and Redman, conjures happy reminders of The Roots and will have you bobbin' and swingin' to the layered beats and sassy vocals; "One Mo'Gin," on the other hand, will have you dashing for the door in fear of anticlimactic, cheesy vocal overload. I wish I could say that "One Mo'Gin" is an insufferable rarity on Voodoo, but this album is one thick lullaby after another, with a few surprisingly zestful tunes in between. [DollFace thinks D'Angelo has a good body even though his album puts her to sleep]



Chris Moutas | Here I Am | JWP

Sit your no-talent ass down.

The necessary components for a female pop singer are 1) a pretty face, 2) producers who can supply good rhythms and 3) a tolerable voice.

Chris Moutas is 0 for 3.

But with song titles like "You Think That ...," "U Can't Keep Up With Me" and "No More Pain and Lies," Moutas attempts to redeem herself.

She fails.

Don't get me wrong, it's not just her titles: A whiny voice, annoying background music and repetitive lyrics also

contribute to this failure. I gathered from my observations that if I put a decent beat behind a squealing monkey's voice, I could come up with a hit single (see Puff Daddy, etc.).

I was wrong.

I feel awful that I am being so negative about this artist and her album.

No, I don't.

After listening to her album, I think her title, *Here I Am*, is appropriate. If she is trying to engage me in a guessing game, my guess is the welfare line. [Jerry Beers]



Spontaneous | Spur of the Moment Musik |

This is what you missed while at a commercial break during The Source Awards on UPN last year.

Presenter Phife Dogg: "And this year's winner for the 'Emcee Most In Need of Ritalin' award goes to ... Spontaneous! While we wait for him to make it to the podium for his speech, let's see why Spon is deserving of this award."

(The lights dim, and a huge screen lights up showing video of Spontaneous acting wild. The segment is narrated by the smooth talking Mike "Bass" McCary from Boyz II Men.)

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* music review:

SOUND-SOUNDSTYLE*

"Although unknown to many throughout the country, Spontaneous will show that he is overwhelmingly deserving of this honor tonight. His upcoming album, Spur of the Moment Musik, is one of the most reckless and wild releases in hip hop history. Full of energy on every track, Spontaneous manages to outshine his better-known guests Xzibit, Tash and Rock of Heltah Skeltah on "Reprezen'n (remix)," "Srv1" and "Quiet on da Set!" respectively. The beats, which sound like they should be played in a concert hall, are a perfect contrast to Spon's psychotic rhyme style. This clashing of moods on nearly every track provides a brand new "feel" in hip hop that Spontaneous can claim as his own, just like I can claim the deepest voice in all of mus ..."

(Before McCary can finish, Spontaneous bulls him over and takes the mic, sporting nothing but red-striped boxers and a wicked freestyle. A few lines in, Spon is gang-tackled by security and a tranquilizer-wielding doctor. A few moments later, Spontaneous is taken off the stage, defeated yet triumphant all at the same time. The commercial ends, and things move on as planned.) [Trey Clark]



Park Avenue | When Jamie Went to London | Urinine

Sometimes a band just has to suck to rock. And in the case of Park Ave., this statement takes form on a couple of different levels. Clark Baechle (guitar) and Conor Oberst (drums) came up with the idea to form the band on the pretense of "meeting cute girls." In fact, the release of any music from this group was more or less a tertiary phenomenon.

Within time, the boys courted the musically challenged Jamie Williams (guitar) and Neely Jenkins (bass) to form what was known as Park Ave. Their first and only LP release When Jamie Went to London catalogues this Omaha-based ensemble's attempt to fuse together a muddled mess of effervescent pop guitar layered together with pitch negligent boy/girl vocals.

While much of the album is uncomfortable to listen to, there are a few songs that warrant mentioning. In the catchy and infectious "All Boy Band," Jamie

chants, "All boy band all boy attitude break you bass will get them in the mood if you want I can sing of you 'anything girl anything girl'," taking a swipe at excessively male bands that make being pissed off into a cottage industry.

This album is reminiscent of previous defunct pop acts such as Cub, Go Sailor, Bunny Grunt and #Poundsign# while maintaining the musical mastery of Brat Mobile. Better yet, imagine Nikki McClure doing jangle-pop with Jason Treager.

All this romping fun came to a halt when Jamie went to London (as the album title professes), and the band broke up. While the record isn't necessarily a screaming buy, it does stay afloat on a couple of good tracks. [Charles J. Han]



Supreme Beings of Leisure | Supreme Beings of Leisure | Palm Pictures

A group like Supreme Beings of Leisure makes me (again) disappointed in MTV's ultimate control of the future of pop. Because, really, this is the type of group who, like other mainstream fare, makes hip hop- and soul-fused electronica pop - think, for example, of the whiny, uninspired trio LEN. Now mentally recast the group with real musicians and an intelligent sense of camp. Their debut album moves through a wide variety of territory, from the retro, James Bondinspired "Golddigger" to the drum 'n' bass ballad "Ain't Got Nothin'." There's "Strangelove Addiction," an Indian-flavored techno-burst reminiscent of both Madonna's "Beautiful Stranger" and "Ray of Light" - except that lead vocalist Geri Soriano can actually sing, and beautifully at that. Other tracks move into Portishead trip hop terrain, while songs like "You're Always the Sun" and "What's the Deal" are full of modernized house and funk suggestive of old Deee-Lite.

While there are other groups making similarly influenced music drawing on a wide variety of house, dub, hip hop, etc., and winding up sounding utterly derivative and insipid, Supreme Beings of Leisure comes across as a bit sophisticated and a bit fun. As they move wittingly through a variety of soundscapes, with

just the right amount of soul and tonguein-cheek sensibility, they're the perfect component to your next Isla Vista cocktail party. Because ultimately, that's just how I picture this album being played – in some cramped, dirty apartment cluttered with empty wine bottles and back issues of *Wallpaper. Chic, but funny. Fun, but sophisticated. [Jenne Raub has been recast]



Deep Lust | Deep Lust | Kill Rock Stars

Who the fuck is Allison Wolfe? The voice of reason, of disaffected youth, of angry women? Her own damn self is more like it. After fronting the blistering combos Bratmobile and Cold Cold Hearts. she rocks our worlds with Deep Lust, and does not disappoint one bit. Backed up here by Steve Dore and Tommy Orr on guitar and drums, she does her thing (which hasn't really changed) loud and proud. This is totally primitive punk, screaming with omni-directional outrage and a terminally bad attitude. They also cover Love and the Doors. There's really not much else I can say about this except that it's fucking brilliant. Watch out. [If Josh Miller didn't write these glowing reviews, who



The Trey Gunn Band | The Joy of Molybdenum |
Discipline Global Mobile

King Crimson member, and guitarist extraordinaire Trey Gunn exhibits his unique talents and taste for World Beat on his third solo album, *The Joy of Molybdenum*. The nine songs written by the Seattle-based trio are a tour de force of instrumental versatility and euphoric

musical complexity.

A celebrated guitarist, Gunn plays a Warr guitar — "an eight-string guitar with the range of a piano" according to their website. The otherworldly tones Gunn evokes out of his Warr bring John McLauglin to mind in their originality of sound. Indeed, a Mahavishnu Orchestra influence is quite apparent on The Joy of Molybdenum as the melodies and rhythms Gunn and his two partners navigate take on a decidedly non-Western tone. The upbeat track "Gate of Dreams" features the album's other noticeable influence: Malian guitarist Ali Farka Toure and American Ry Cooder.

The hyper-talented percussionist, Bob Muller, keeps a ferocious rhythm on such percussion instruments as the tabla, darbouka, gamelan and bodhran adding needed dimension. His playing perfectly complements Gunn's succulent picking and strumming, contributing to the tribal aura that is rife throughout the album.

Sonically wavering somewhere between Middle eastern, Indian, African and Western influence, the Trey Gunn Band marks a spot in the sonic landscape all their own. [Andy Sywak]

Frenzal Rhomb | A Mans Not A Camel | Fat Wreck Chords

Here comes Frenzal Rhomb, a band that I have been anticipating greatly since its spot off the *Life In The Fat Lane* compilation. The band goes through many style changes on this 15-song album. Besides punk, you get a ska, rockabilly, and even some slower tracks. Inventive guitar licks and catchy choruses help you get into the groove immediately. The album's style changes up well from song to song, not leaving you bored.

Overall, this is an album definitely worth a listen and a good one to add to your collection. If you would enjoy listening to the Living End, but want some punk that is not so monotonous, give Frenzal Rhomb a listen. [Dan Villian]

KCSD top¹⁰ HIP HOP SINGLES FOR THE WEEK OF 02,09,00

1. Them | "John Brown's Vaporizer" | Anticon 2. Kid Koala | "Fender Bender" | Ninja Tune 3. J-Live | "Them That's Not" | Full Frequency 4. Buck 65 | "The Centaur" | Anticon

5. Nobody | Earthtones EP | Ubiquity 6. Awol One feat. Kool Keith and 2Mex | "NME" | Celestial

7. Eligh | "Actors Have No Friends" | Caravan 8. Dark Leaf | "Citizens" | Ubiquity 9. MC Paul Barman | "I'm Fricking Awesome"

| Wordsound 10. Sole | "Bottle of Humans" | Anticon

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ly Nexus' 2000 readership poll

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- 11. Best Beach
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- 15. Best Tanning Salon
- 16. Best Burger
- 17. Best Car Repair
- 18. Best Cheap Beer 19. Best Class to Sleep Through
- 20. Best Class to Wake Up For
- 21. Best Excuse for a Late Paper
- 22. Best Coffeehouse
- 23. Best Graffiti
- 24. Best Hair Salon
- 25. Best Lines to get to the Front of the Keg
- 26. Best Local Band
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- 29. Best Burrito
- 30. Best Music Store 31. Best Place to do Laundry
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- 35. Best Place to get Laundry Quarters 36. Best Place to People Watch
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- 39. Best Radio Station
- 40. Best Restaurant when Parents are Paying
- 41. Best Sandwich Shop
- 42. Best Surf Spot 43. Best Surf Shop
- 44. Best Vegetarian Food
- 45. Best Expensive Beer
- 47. Best Free Lunch
- 48. Best Sushi Bar
- 49. Best Pizza
- 50. Best Excuse for Not Graduating after 4 Years
- 1. Best Secret Study Spot
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- 53. Best Video Shop
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- 68. Best Thrift Store 69. Best Costume Shop
- 70. Best Sports Bar
- 71. Best Margarita
- 72. Best On-Campus Restaurant
- 73. Best Computer Repair
- 74. Best Computer Store

The Rules and Info: 1. No Photocopied Ballots. 2. Ballots must be delivered to an official Daily Nexus drop-off box 3. Deadline for voting is Feb. 15, 2000 at 5:00pm. 4. The Best of UCSB issue will be published March 1st. 5. One ballot per person. 6. Ballots must be reasonably completed or they will not count. 7. The Daily Nexus Best of UCSB 2000 is intended to be a good-natured contest among local establishments and community members. Don't take it too seriously, kids. 8. Decisions of the initial count are final. 9. No bribes. Sorry.



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