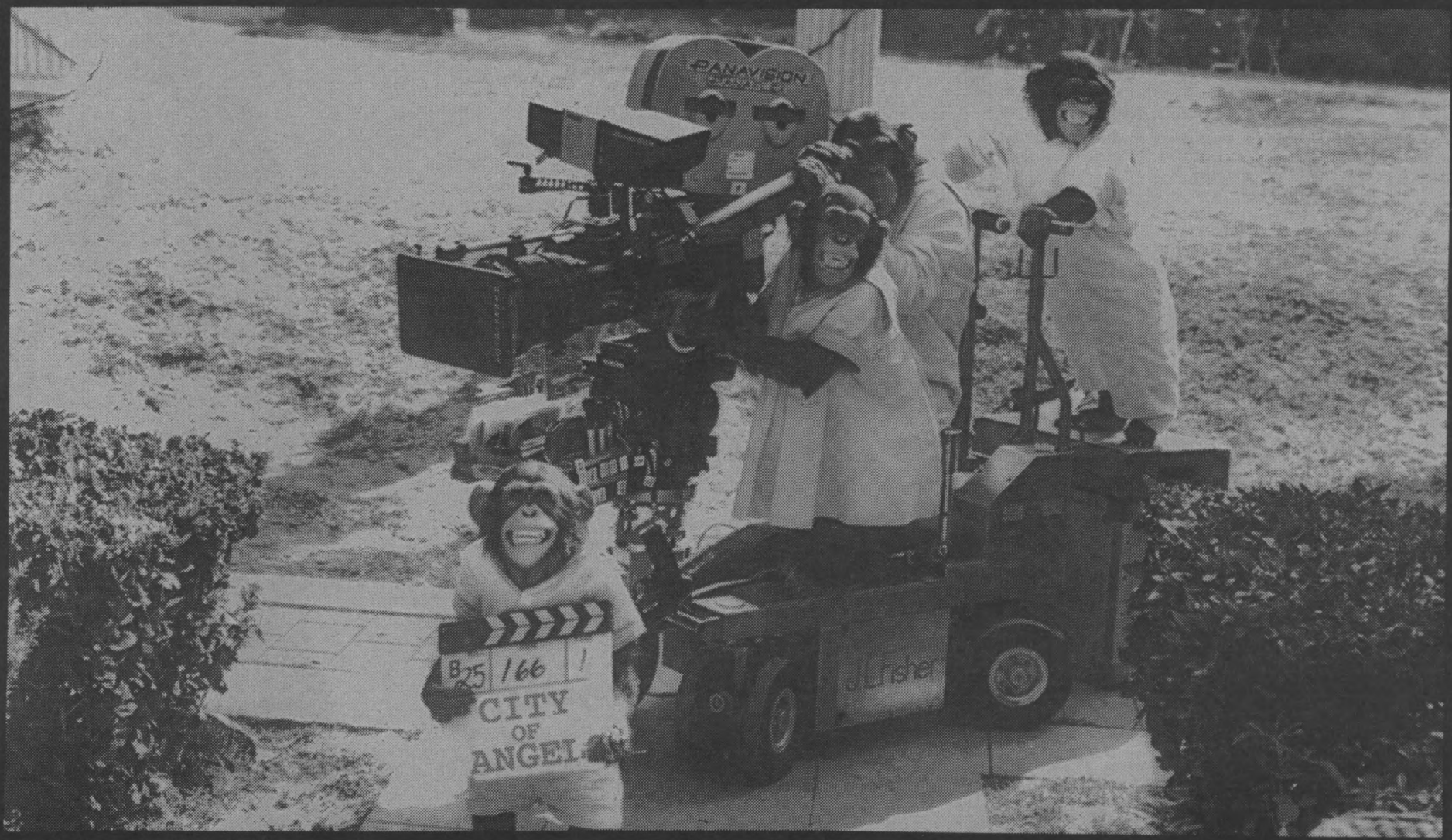
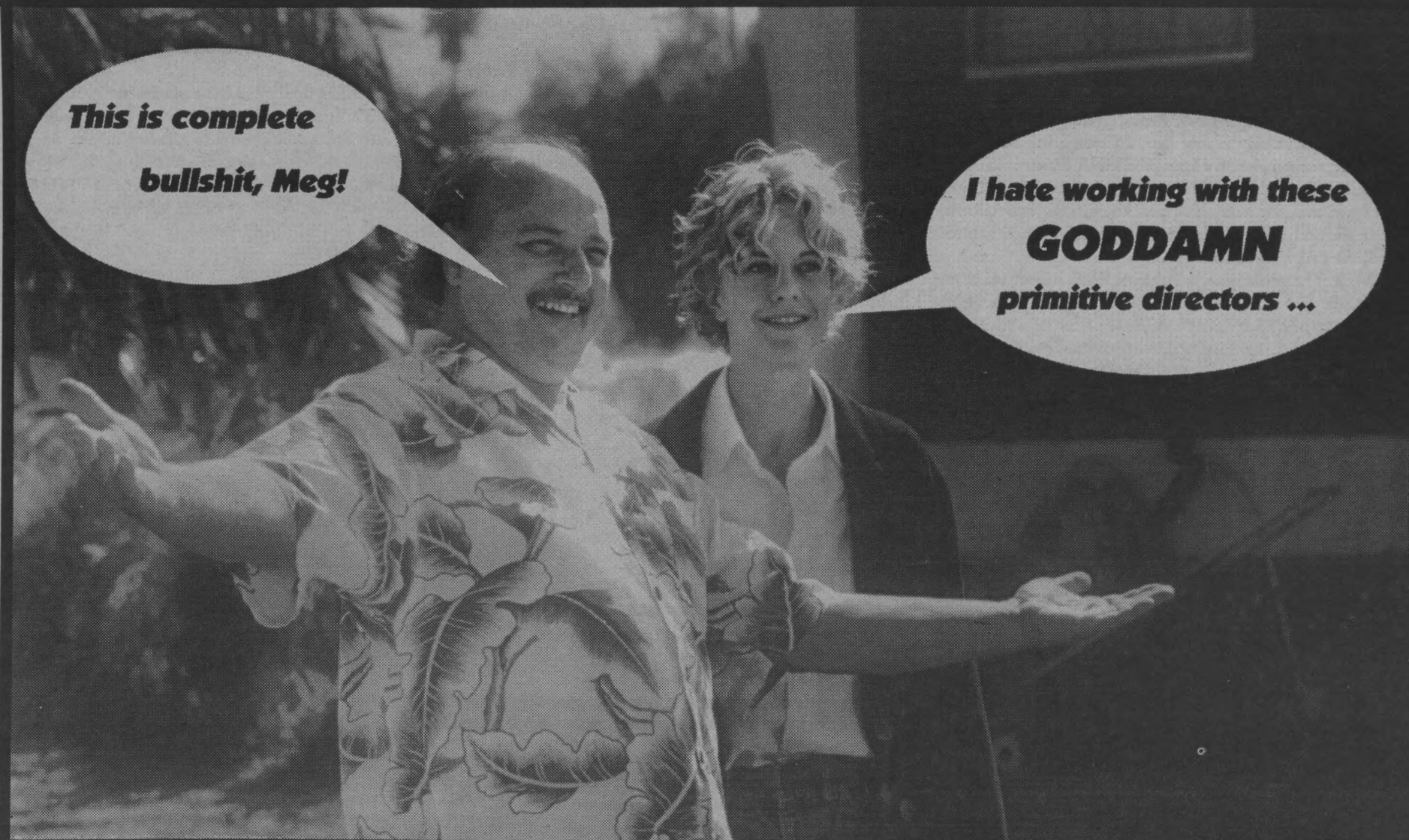


George Michael? Boy George? There ain't no fuckin' difference here at ...

Artsweek

DENNIS FRANZ INTERVIEW PAGE 6A



Today	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday
Stephen Petronio Company "Not Garden" 8 p.m. Campbell Hall	Malo, Tierra & El Chicano 8 p.m. Ventura Theatre 653-0721	Mama Pat & The Inner Light Community Gospel Choir 7 p.m. First United Methodist Church 961-2712	"Vanish" Cinema & Discussion 6:30 p.m. MCC Theater	Aquila Theatre Company of London 8 p.m. Campbell Hall

FECES 2

What you're about to read isn't a movie review, it's a public service announcement. For the love of Christ, do not pay money to see "Species 2!"

With the exception of "Dark City," "Species 2" is the worst movie that Hollywood has churned out in 1998. The film is a follow-up to 1995's "Species" (a movie that wasn't exactly crying out for a sequel in the first place).

This sequel has all the characteristics of a "B" movie (cheesy special effects, unnecessary hooter shots, laughable dialogue, etc.), but unlike some "B" movies — which are so bad they're entertaining — this film is just god-awful.

The plot (or complete lack thereof) starts out with a trio of U.S. astronauts on the first manned mission to Mars. But while on the red planet, a little alien DNA manages to climb aboard and infect them. Once on Earth, the infectees begin to mate, and the next thing you know, little half-human, half-alien offspring start to shoot up everywhere. Whatever will the people of Earth do?

Well, it turns out that the last time Earth was visited by an alien, the U.S. military took a DNA sample and spliced it with human DNA to create Eve (Natasha Henstridge, star of the first film). Eve is supposed to help them discover the new alien's weaknesses — but wouldn't you know, Eve gets hot and horny, and she escapes with the sole intention of mating and creating a race of "super-aliens." Oh, come on! I've seen

better storylines on "Homeboys in Outer Space."

So who's to blame for this disaster? Well, besides the person who gave this film the green light in the first place, director Peter Medak and screenwriter (if you can even call him that) Chris Brancato deserve most of the blame. But the actors in this film aren't off the hook, either. Talented actors like Michael Madsen ("Reservoir Dogs") and James Cromwell ("Babe," "L.A. Confidential") should know better than to sign on to a project like this.

In order to give you an idea of how bad this film is, I'd like to share with you my favorite absurd moment from the movie. After Eve escapes from a maximum-security military facility, she steals a truck to go meet with her mate. Since Eve has spent all of her life in a lab, Madsen's character wants to know how she learned to drive a car, to which Eve's doctor replies, "Her favorite show is 'The Dukes of Hazzard.'" If this type of action is your idea of entertainment, you should go see this film and then have yourself checked into a mental institution immediately.

And finally, I think it's important to let you know that "Species 2" leaves the door for another sequel wide open. The only way this can happen is if you support this movie. So do yourself and your country a favor, and boycott "Species 2."

— Patrick Reardon



This Friday, Film Studies 106 presents five student films in Isla Vista Theater, with screenings at 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. This is the 17th year of the projects, mixing students with no prior filmmaking experience with those who have dipped their toes in the art. The projects require graduate-level work and a final print by the end of two quarters.

"Four minutes eighteen seconds" is one of the films in the screening, directed and produced by Steve Koncelik. This comedy about people who have never met and never will tracks a chain of events that would never have started if one man wasn't late for work. "It's got it all, like 'The Princess Bride' ... it's a love story, it's a murder story," according to the film's writer and associate producer Joe Ferroni. He stresses that, "If you never watch movies, you've never seen anything like it."

Another film on the bill is the documentary "Portraits." Its producer Ivan Oyco wanted to show the risk and instability attached to the pursuit of a career in the arts. The film focuses on five California artists through interviews and immersions in the artists' daily lives. Each artist's story chronicled in the film represents a broad range of experiences and pursuits, from a starving student to a bronze sculptor in his 50s.

"In God We Trust" is an animated piece about two homeless men who rummage through the trash while holding a debate about the existence of God. The nine-minute film took writer and director Jorvic Salazar over a year to complete, with help from a crew and a slew of friends. "I had no idea I was in for a long haul," he exclaimed.

Two other films, the animated "Lilly and Jim" along with "Recyclin'" were projects outside of the course, but will be a part of the screening as well. There is limited seating, so it is advised that you get to the show early. Call the Film Studies Dept. at 893-8675 for more info.

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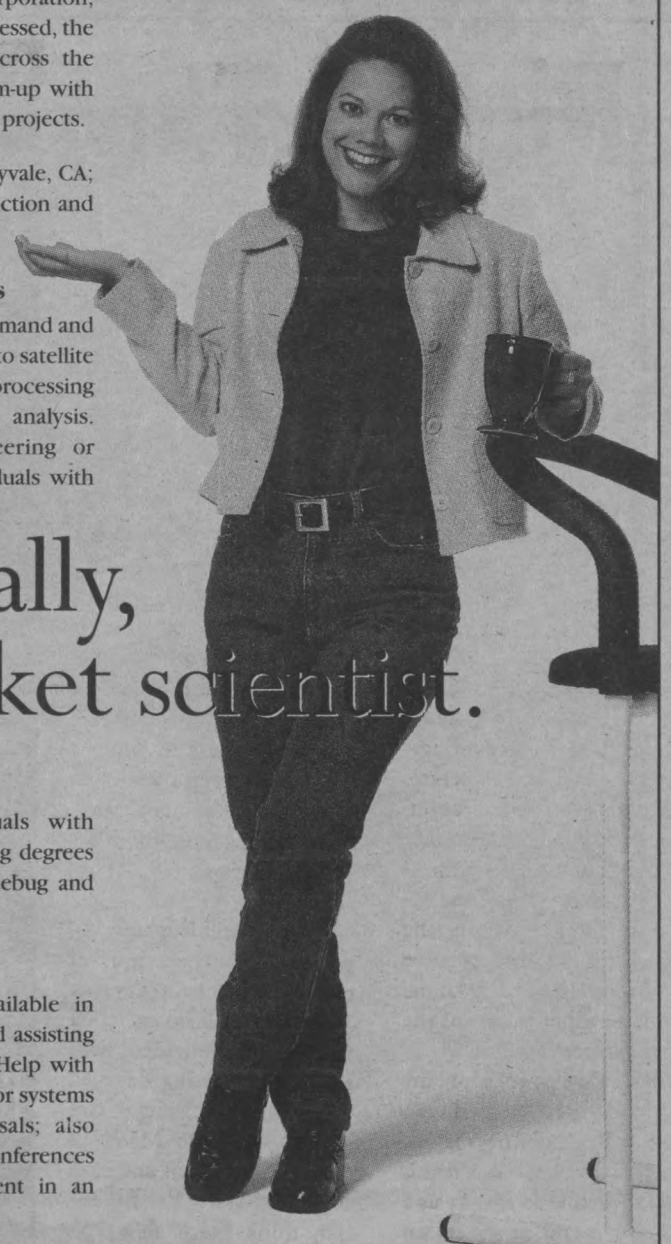
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Independent Studies

John Fiske's independent film reviews ...

In 1989, a monumental documentary about the times we live in came from out of nowhere. In the forgotten town of Flint, Michigan, where General Motors had recently shut down 11 factories (with some 33,000 workers), local resident Michael Moore brought a camera crew into town with one objective: to obtain an interview with GM chair Roger Smith.

Needless to say the interview never really happens, so Moore turned his lens toward the people of the broken Flint community. Guided by Moore's sly wit, "Roger & Me" is a hilarious and heart-rending experience that shouldn't be missed.

Now, nearly a decade later, Moore has returned with "The Big One," a new documentary about downsizing in America while corporations post record profits. His new film is almost as good as "Roger & Me," with the same amount of humor, anger and poignancy.

From town to town, he visits people that most of the students at UCSB would have a hard time understanding. He meets a woman in a book-signing line who was laid off earlier that day. He interviews a group outside a factory who were laid off for working too hard (their manager actually says that had they not worked as hard, they might still have their jobs).

"The Big One" is full of scenes like this, which grab you and bring out real anger because things like this really do happen in America. Yet at the same time, Moore is there to pleasantly take the sting away from such occurrences — with his middle finger raised against the corporations who cannot

logically answer for their actions.

Moore's antics, which may seem adolescent at times, are truly priceless. I'll never forget the image of Moore walking into the lobby of one corporation and presenting them with the "Downsizer of the Year Award" along with a check for \$.80 to pay for the first hour of a Mexican's wage. Or when he legally claims that Councilman Bob Doran should be removed from office because the people who voted for him were insane.

Much has been made of Moore's ego. There are perhaps a few too many shots of him in front of adoring crowds, but he does turn his wit onto himself in a few places. As calculated as it may seem to show his even-handedness, it's still nice to see.

Some of Moore's detractors have criticized his use of surprise tactics, in catching people with their pants down. Who cares? Certainly not the people who lost their jobs, who are the only ones that truly matter. Plus, what Moore's doing is not half as bad as what these corporations are doing to America.



Pick 'O The Week

Acceyalone / *A Book of Human Language* / Project Blowed Records

I only have one thing to say; fuck Source magazine. Any true head would know that the Source was fucking trippin' with its bullshit-assed two-and-a-half mic rating for "A Book of Human Language," Acceyalone's second solo release on Project Blowed recordings. As a sheet of toilet paper excusing itself as a publication, Source magazine continues to desecrate its own authenticity with its groundless reviews. Don't believe the hype; this scroll of creative brilliance from Acceyalone could possibly be one of the best releases for 1998.

Based in a place that many Santa Barbarans would fear, Acceyalone continues to show why broken dreams don't inhibit his artistry as a dweller amongst fallen angels. Simply put, Acceyalone is a vocabular craftsman whose molecular depth will pass over many heads. With stellar rhymes and concepts, Accey delivers a well-formatted tour to a world where all things are temporary and a discerning of the actual essence in matters of the human condition is necessary. Cuts such as

"The Hold," "The Guidelines," "The Grandfather Clock" and "The Energy" evoke a surreal ambience that is compelling, as his verbal compositions display some of the most amazing, rule-breaking, ground-breaking, anti-"Bout it bout it" displays of what plateau MC-ing can rise to. Beat maker Mumbles lays some of the most adventurous layering of sounds in present hip-hop, and it's good to hear that Acceyalone sounds like he feels at home with the sonic landscape.

I warn thee; this uncompromising expression of creativity further proves that Acceyalone will be excluded from the fluff of videos with shiny suit wearing dancers. The utter complexity of this album will have Mack 10 fans in convulsions and have backward-assed Pat Buchanan think twice about his own racist beliefs. As we continue to frolic on the palm of mortal banalities, Acceyalone continues to further his cause in bridging the worlds of modern day MC-ing and its ancestors, the sacred griots of West Africa. Betta Wrekonize ...
— A-Double, KCSB 91.9FM BraynSirjunz!!!!

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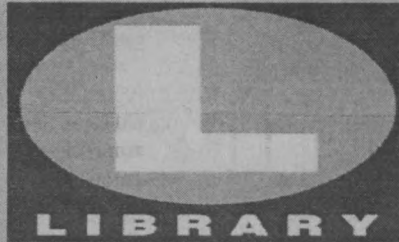
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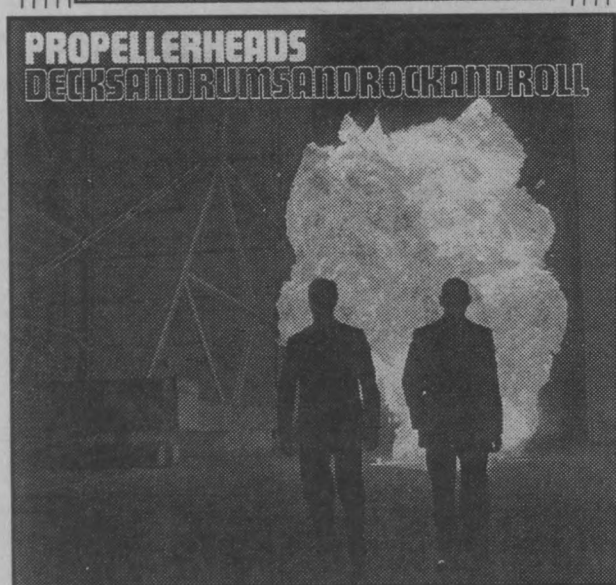
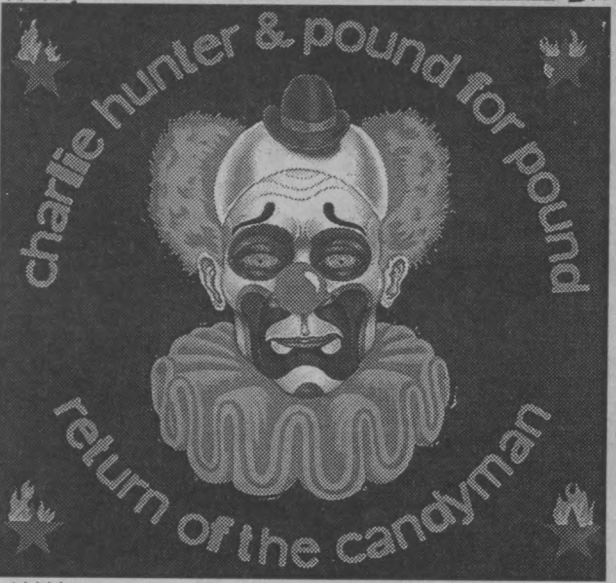
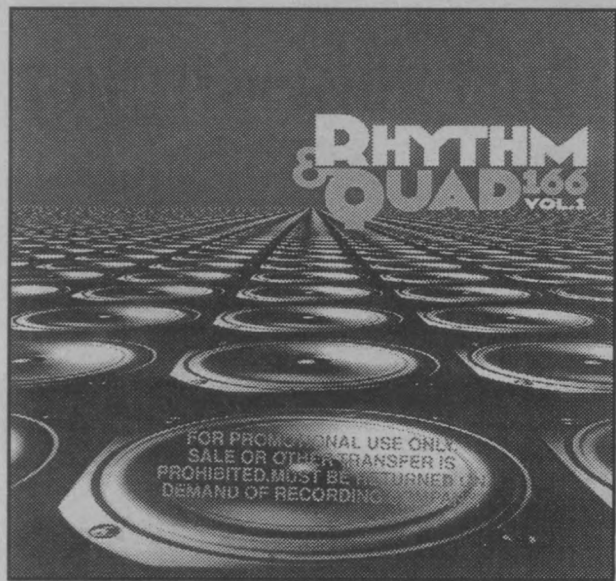
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Dance Lineup in the Smoking Section: Ro

Various Artists / *Rhythm & Quad 166 Vol. 1* / EastWest

Just when you thought Southern booty music was simply the recycling of the same old subject matter ... you were probably correct. While songs like "Whoomp! There It Is" helped bring the Southern booty jams to national recognition four or five years ago, not much has changed since the advent of this and other songs repeating the words "ass," "ho" and "booty" over redundant drum loops. However, this compilation provides a glimpse into the possible evolution of such music.

Perhaps due to the use of interesting rhythms coming from the increasing accessibility of trip-hop and drum 'n' bass artists, lyrics formerly reserved for simplistic bass lines and beats are now, on this compilation at least, set on a far more interesting mix of such rhythms and sounds usually reserved for the likes of the Chemical Brothers. As a result, the sound is far jazzier and actually not as inherently obnoxious as the original "big booty 'ho" sound. While the subject matter employed by these artists has not yet evolved in league with the beats, the rhythm and sounds tend to be far louder than the lines about pimpin' and screwin', droning out the repeating choruses of the likes of "Oh, my bass is low, so low."

Yes, there are songs on this album called "Stationwagon-pimpin'" and "Bass Dealer," which leave the danceable tracks still back in the same arena of intelligence they began in. The Billboard hit of Mixxo's "Swing My Way" will probably seduce a few prospective shoppers to purchase *Rhythm & Quad*, and those enjoying this song will perhaps find other tracks on the album to shake their booty to. Yet despite the progress such music has made, due to the juvenile lyrics this will unfortunately not be the crossover album so many have been looking for.

— Jenne goes Whoomp! in the night

Robyn Miller / *"Riven" soundtrack* / Virgin

First, I must admit that due to insufficient computer power I have not played the game "Riven" (for those of you who have lived in a cave since World War II, it's the sequel to the worldwide PC hit "Myst"). If you have, however, then you've heard the music. Write your own review here:

For the rest of you, I'll say this: Either you'll love this album or you'll find it pointless. The "Riven" soundtrack is very brooding and mysterious (without once being threatening, as "Myst" music occasionally was), completely instrumental and best played on a stereo with insane bass capability. It's the sort of music that is perfect for seances, role-playing sessions or calming down bad trips. Or, in a pinch, playing at full volume and making the neighbors go on earthquake alert.

Don't buy the "Riven" soundtrack to listen to. Buy it to work to, and only if you've got the sort of work that is done best to dramatic, stately orchestral music. Call it Gothic new-age.

— Tad Rivspott

Ryuichi Sakamoto / *Discord* / Sony Classical

You may want to toss all your preconceived notions about our generation's musical output in the toilet when you listen to Ryuichi Sakamoto's work. *Discord* is very unique because it's classical music. You may say "But there's classical music on PBS and on damn near all those radio stations near the top and bottom of the dial already" or "This kind of music was made for hundreds of years already." But Sakamoto's

music is original because it's not interpreted and produced through the mind of a jaded, crusty old white guy.

So what? Some great music has been made by crusty old white guys. And does original really mean good? In this case it does.

Four songs grace the disc, all named after human emotions and self-reflecting processes. As you could probably guess, "Grief" is a somber and frustrating piece. "Anger" sounds like it would underscore the "squeal like a pig" sordid scene in "Deliverance." "Prayer" is a meticulous orchestration of quiet sounds, but could easily put you to sleep. "Salvation" is the most inventive of the tracks, using individual speeches on the concept of salvation set to the quiet hum of Sakamoto's music.

There are also some crazy visual elements that parallel the music, if you can get the accompanying CD ROM to run. Either way, *Discord* is a unique piece of work that questions and involves the listener in more ways than your typical contemporary release.

— Tony Bogdanovski does not squeal like a pig

Charlie Hunter and Pound for Pound / *Return of the Candyman* / Blue Note Records

This album is incredible. From beginning to end the tasty tracks do not quit. Though the arrangement is only a quartet, the richness in sounds sometimes make it feel as though it is a septet. Of course this is attributable to Charlie Hunter and his mind-blowing musicianship. While using his right thumb to thump the baseline, the other four fingers are dexterously picking about, much of the time independent and polyrhythmic, especially in his solos. Mmm, love them Juju Fruits. Stefon Harris, the vibraphonist, is the other main soloist on the album. The rhythms and idea flow of Mr. Harris are fresh, exciting and have that Swedish-fish kind of flavor. The drummer, Scott Amendola, is most definitely the funk, even when he is groovin' or jazzy, he's got that Charleston-Chew style. I guess you could say that Jon Santos is the cherry at the bottom of the ice cream. His percussion (mainly congas) gives the band that deep texture. However, you have to wade through all the other instruments to be able to really listen to what he is doing. There is only one problem with this album, and I know it is hard, but you have to savor the sweets or else you will end up with a toothache returning to that candyman.

— e.h. Cinnamon

Propellerheads / *Decksanddrumsandrockandroll* / Dreamworks

Wouldn't it be great to get a big fat record deal and not have to worry about anything ever again? Imagine the relief that an otherwise mediocre bunch of musicians must feel each and every time someone else is there making sure the money machine never stops a-flowin'. I'm sure the guys in Propellerheads are all all-right lads, but for all the bullshit promotion and hype that the public has had to endure, "Decksanddrumsandrockandroll" is a sadly lukewarm offering at best.

The anticipated backlash of pop-oriented electronic music might have arrived. This album is really nothing more than a scattered lesson on the how-tos of cut and paste musicianship. A collection of otherwise banal arrangements are interrupted by a couple token catchy moments of electro-funk, reminiscent of Coldcut or Meat Beat Manifesto, which otherwise leave a great deal to be desired. The only thing saving this album is a guest appearance by De La Soul and the whole flashy-swingy-secret-agent motif that some on-the-ball promotions department must have come up with.

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Rocking Out in Concert

They're obviously giving record deals away to anybody these days, so the lesson here is ... get some cool clothes, sell your soul, and you too can be a star!

— Robert "I really want to watch the new Barney movie on acid!" Hanson

Los Umbrellos / *Flamenco Funk* / Virgin

Basically all we have here is music to smack your bitch up to, and that's about it. Those cool cats back in Denmark have learned that American lads will absolutely eat up any dancy, club-oriented pop track that you throw at 'em. Thus, following in the footsteps of other faceless Eurodance wonders like La Bouche and Aqua (the "Barbie Girl" song), Los Umbrellos are quick to recognize what it takes to craft the smooth-booby jams that keep the kiddies wanting more.

Like one would expect, "Flamenco Funk" recycles the same basic get-drunk-and-fuck theme over a predictable soundscape of loops, mediocre rapping and the never-fail female background vocal hook. Los Umbrellos is more an image machine than a band placing the burden of success upon the backs of the scantily-clad, Arian concubines of lust — who are all too shamelessly posed throughout the liner notes.

Hurry and get this album now for all those lonely nights that you're just too tired to make it to Alex's Cantina! Experience for yourself the sensation that is Los Umbrellos, and for the love of God keep the tequila coming.

— Robert Hanson has a huge tattoo of a battleship on his ass!

The Kabalas / *The Eye of Zohar* / Dionysus

Been to the klezmer section at the record store lately? That would be the one housing traditional Eastern European Jewish music, in case you forgot. And take note of the Jewish-polka-core band by the name of The Kabalas if you're there.

If it isn't made apparent by their outlandish smoking jackets or excessively composed song titles ("The Crossing Guard's Coffee Break," "Hava Netse B'Machol") The Kabalas are not your basic bar band. Nor are they your grandfather's Sunday-afternoon-in-the-park polka group.

Snotty vocals keep things interesting, although the traditional instrumental pieces are more tolerable and given less of the Gen-X retro-screw treatment. Still, it's their coupling of old-world klezmer sounds with the bastard child of polka and hardcore that leaves lounge, ska and swing fanatics scratching their heads and picking their noses over what it was they actually heard.

Kabalas (the game) are used to see the future, but it is likely that The Kabalas (the band) will hold cult status in the future, since industry types won't be able to pigeonhole something this musically mutated into a prepackaged scene.

— Tony Bogdanovski

Bryan Savage / *Soul Temptation* / Higher Octave

I couldn't listen to this album enough! By far the finest I've ever reviewed! Savage's saxophone cuts straight to your heart and makes you beg, weeping, for more! Get it before ... hey, wait a second ... *This is elevator music!*

People actually buy this stuff? I didn't know it was available for sale outside of dark corporate torture chambers. What was I thinking? Oooh. Pain. Nausea.

I apologize to the three people in the world who collect Muzak, but not since Steamin' Schneeman and the Screamin' Demons has "music" assaulted me so. (SS&SD was horrible; this is just insipid.) The only practical use for this music is, much like Prozac, calming those on the highway in the throes of road rage — and there's always a radio station

playing this stuff if you're ever in THAT fix.

If you must listen to music of this nature, steer toward some of Higher Octave's New Age selections. Savage is talented in his own right, but his chosen genre ... well ... let's just say he could make a killing sidelining as a barf-bag salesman.

— Tad Retchspott

Pulp / *This is Hardcore* / Island Records

We're all going to get old, we're all going to get ugly, and we're all going to die! The truth is often a terribly harsh pill for the unwilling to try and swallow. The realization that youth is not forever is a depressing enough notion that "This is Hardcore" might be the first album no one will ever want to toast a glass to. The lads in Pulp have brilliantly crafted the antithesis to flannel-clad debauchery; "Hardcore," will, without a doubt, leave the flip-flop wearing masses bewildered and seeking the protection of their cozy, Natty-Ice soaked, semi-charmed kind of lives.

Cocker and Co. distance themselves from not only the recent flood of UK bands but also from the sterilized world of pop music as a whole. Thematically "Hardcore" turns the artistic mirror of reflection upon the often romanticized notions of rock-n-roll excess of which the members of Pulp are all too well acquainted. With a staunch and unembellished language of cynical reflexivity, Cocker unmasks the unseen demons of drugs, sex and the inescapable hands of time. A quote from "Party Hard" encapsulates these notions all too well: "I was having a whale of a time until your uncle Psychosis arrived. Why do we have to half kill ourselves just to prove we're alive?"

Sonically, "Hardcore" is crafted with an exacting layering of sounds and textures worthy of praise even when divorced from the thematic context of the album. The concept of the studio as an instrument is not only embodied but exploited, showcasing the band's literacy in both the classic language of rock music and the new freedoms of expression technology has allowed.

Prove to your friends that you have a clue and buy this damn album now!

— Robert "Just this once I'm going to refrain from saying something stupid right here!" Hanson

Dance Hall Crashers / *Honey, I'm Homely!* / MCA Records

It's all about skankin' chicks, seriously. The band's front vocalists could easily pass for two dolled-up swingers with an appetite for punk — too bad they don't deliver such a performance.

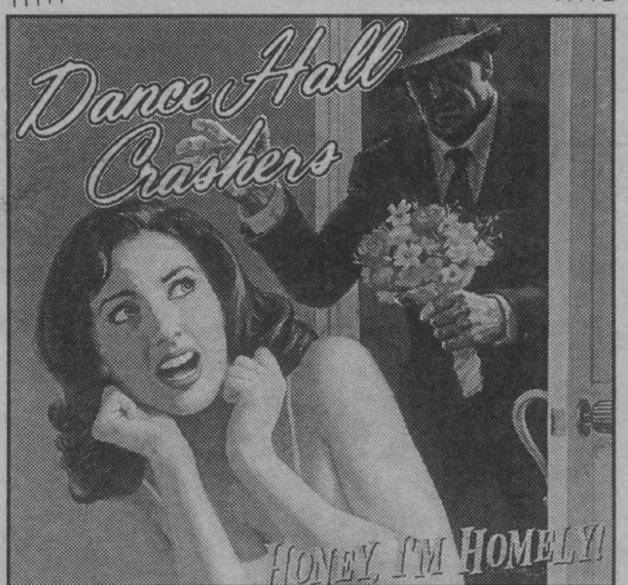
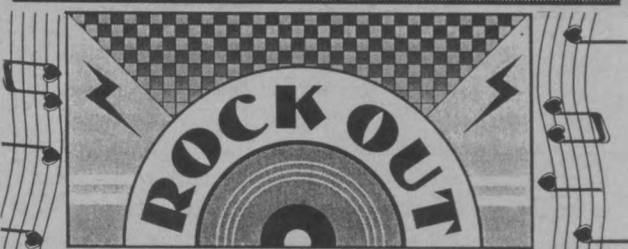
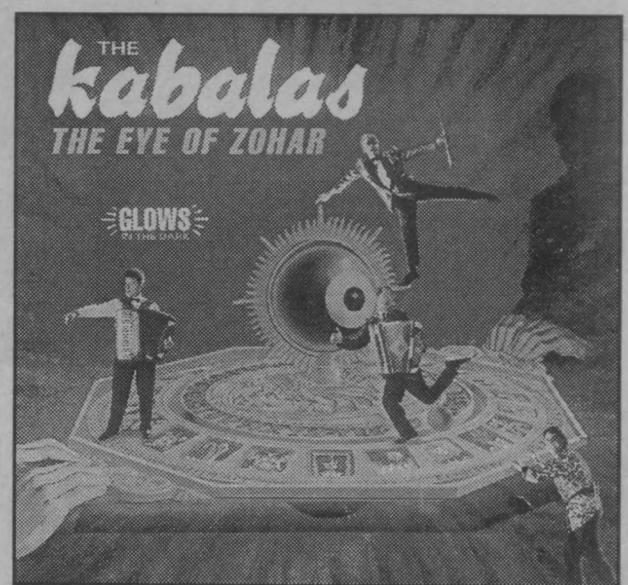
If ever there was a more obvious rip-off of No-Doubt's Gwen, it'd be beyond scandalous. So you can't find a sound all your own, that's fine, just don't form a playground band and impose your shallow lyrics on the rest of us. Better no fame than fame for being phony (Anyone else having Milli Vanilli flashbacks?).

Furthermore, it was funny to belt out rhymes in nursery school, but not now, ladies. Please take your pouty lyrics about gin and whiskey followed by a cold shower during which the downpour drowns you with anguish over that unrequited love. Sure, it's sad, but 15 tracks worth? Um, no.

On a purely musical basis, this quintet should be noted for its efforts to reproduce almost identical melodies for each and every grinding song — it's oh-too-obvious which power chords they mastered first, and second, and third, and ...

Okay, you've endured this torture long enough now so here's a little parting humour for you, the reader: the last song on the disc is titled "Over Again." I guess someone else shares my sentiments — learn a little variation, DHC, maybe then you'll salvage your already crashing careers.

— Rabia is crashing



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LEFTOVER SALMON
SPEARHEAD
CHARLIE HUNTER
& POUND FOR POUND
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CLAN DYKEN
... more to come

SUNDAY
MAY 24

WIDESPREAD PANIC
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moe.
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Frisked by an Angel

Patrick Reardon interrogates Dennis Franz

If you've ever seen actor Dennis Franz perform, there's a good chance that he was playing a police officer. Not only does Franz appear every week in the Emmy-winning role of Detective Andy Sipowicz on "NYPD Blue," but the bulk of his feature film career has been spent playing cops as well. Whether it's in one of a couple Brian DePalma films ("Dressed to Kill," "Blow-Out") or mainstream action flicks ("Die Hard 2"), Franz has a knack for playing the men in blue, which is why filmgoers have been surprised by Franz's scene-stealing role as Nathaniel Messinger in the new supernatural love story "City of Angels."

Co-starring alongside Nicolas Cage and Meg Ryan, Franz's character is a former angel who chose to fall to earth to live among human beings. With his warm presence, Franz brings comic relief and a lot of heart to the role of Nathaniel as he tries to teach Cage and Ryan's characters about the ways of both the physical and the spiritual world.

Artsweek recently had a chance to attend a small roundtable discussion to talk with Dennis Franz about "City of Angels," "NYPD Blue" and why he chose another role which gave him the chance to bare his nationally-renowned backside.

Artsweek: Was it fun playing an angel?

Dennis Franz: It was fun playing an ex-angel. Yeah, I imagine it was more fun being a mortal than it was being an angel because he was willing to make that sacrifice and give angelhood up. Interestingly enough, that was one of the conversations we had when we were talking about what Nathaniel Messinger was giving up in order to pursue his loved one and make the sacrifice and become mortal. And I really had to ask myself what was so good about being an angel. Yes, they exist eternally, but what's the quality of life? I mean, to wear a long overcoat, boots and a scarf, and hang out in libraries and see people at their death, and I said, 'What's so great about this?'

Did this experience make you want to move more towards



feature films, as opposed to television?

Well, I just like the work process. I love good work, I love doing good work whether it's on television, film, stage. That's what I get off on, that's what I'm in it for and that's what I do it for. I think that I've been given a great opportunity with "NYPD Blue," and I love coming to work everyday, I love the people I work with, and I hold my head up at the end of the season and feel good about what we've done. There's a real comfort in doing a long-running series in working with the same group of people for a long period of time. And yet there's also the other side, where you run out of avenues to take your characters, and you have a hard time continuing to make things fresh, and the surprises are harder to pull off.

Did the fact that you bared your backside on national television help you in getting this part?

Show your ass one time and you see what happens. (laughter) We did that originally on the show as kind of a joke, and we had heard too many people call us on the streets

when we were filming on the streets, and they'd pass by and yell (in a New York accent), 'Yo Sipowicz, when do we get to see your ass?' So we thought, all right, let's give it to them, and I've been living that down ever since.

In both "NYPD Blue" and "City of Angels" your characters have health problems. How is your health personally?

I'm fine. Thank you for asking. Personally I'm fine. The character Sipowicz on "NYPD Blue" — his hard living in the past was bound to catch up with him. The same thing applies to Nathaniel Messinger, he's a hard liver, and it's caught up with him. So I think it's probably coincidental. And in spite of the way I look, I'm in good physical condition.

What was it like working with Nicolas Cage?

He's great. Nicolas Cage was very comfortable to work with, and we had a real bonding moment doing that scene where we were sitting at the construction site when we were

See FRANZ, p.7A

There is some question as to where pizza was invented.

There is no question as to where it was reinvented.

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Sirjanz's Report

Surveys in sound an' all that \$*#@

(04/15, 2 a.m., while watching "The Fifth Element.") I've come to the conclusion that Tiny "Zeus" Lister is God. Who else would you want to see as the President of Earth but Debo from "Friday"? Besides girls with no eyebrows, a la Milla Jovovich, my focus in life right now is about writing bomb record reviews. I would like to establish the Sirjanz Report, a journal that presents evaluations of certain tracks from hapless pedestrians minding their own business until I started to fuck with them. Here are the chosen few:

- 1) Cam'ron "3, 5, 7" (Uses the "Magnum P.I." theme song.)
- 2) M.O.P. "Handle Ur bizness" (Hardcore, Onyx-like rap over rock backdrop, a la "Judgment Night" soundtrack.)
- 3) Ice Cube w/ Master P "I know I'm a Ho." (Uuhhhh, Wessyde.)
- 4) Oval "Dekon" (Weird electronic ambience. Some light brainwashing shit.)
- 5) Puff Daddy feat. Busta Rhymes and Biggie Smalls

"Victory: Nine Inch Nails Remix" (Trent is all about the benjamins.)

— Free I, KCSB Reggae riddim masher. *Whut the bloodklot?*
(On Cam'ron)

F: Yeah, it's got that "Magnum P.I." flavor. You know, it's something I used to watch all the time, so it kinda brings the old school back.

— Ab, one fourth of local crew "Tyrants," and Yasser, the funniest muthafucker when faded.

(On Puffy)

A: It'll be tight if Puffy wasn't on it.

Y: On his other album Sean Puffy Combs is hard, but he's weak on this. (Laughter)

(On Ice Cube and Master P)

A: I'm a fan of Master P's.

(I look at him like he's smoking crack.)

A: He's comedy. Hella comedy.

(I ask him what the comedy is.)

A: The "uuhh." Yeah, the "uuuhh."

Well, yeah, I do recall a few times looking to a higher source and not knowing exactly what it was. I don't know what they were, but I felt a need for asking something or someone for help. I never recall a face being on that something that I was asking for. I just wanted help to get out of a given situation. I don't even know if I believe in spirits or angels or any of those things. I do know that I turn to "something" when I'm in times of need. If I have to say what it is, more often than not it's my parents who have passed away. I still kind of reflect to them, and think of them looking the same way they did when they were alive, and talking to them for consolation.

Does playing these hard-nosed characters give you any kind of emotional release as an actor?

Absolutely. It is a good release. It's a nice outlet for me to take out some frustrations that build up. There are times when I wish I were a little more reactionary like some of the guys I play, and then there are shortcomings that they have that I'm glad I don't have. But I do find that I can play them pretty easily.

Do you ever use any of that aggression in real life?

I think only when I really get pissed off it comes out. A lot of people do expect me to be like Sipowicz. For a while, when I first began being recognized as a hard-nosed guy, I felt like I had to put on a show and I had to be like that. So I would make an attempt to, and I got exhausted at the end of the day and I said, 'What the hell am I doing? I'm not like this.' So I thought let me just be myself, and let people take me or leave me.

— Laura, 19-year-old embodiment of psychedelia, and Willy, rave extraordinaire.)

(On Puffy)

L: Don't like it too much.

W: Yeah.

L: It ... well, just doesn't make me jizz.

(Me and Willy exchange bugged glances.)

(On MOP)

L: I like this one better. It has more of a hittin', hard beat.

Wu-Tang style, y'know?

W: I agree, I like this one better. Kore nanka iijyan, motto hard dayo.

(I inform him that most people wouldn't understand what he said right now.)

W: My bad, I'm just used to talking like this with you.

(Well, most people won't know I speak Japanese either ...)

— Arturo, 21. Poly sci/econ. dweller in academic hell.

(On Ice Cube and Master P)

A: That's Ice Cube?

(I tell him 'yeah'.)

A: You know what? That's Puff Daddy, that ain't Ice Cube. Ice Cube sold out to Puff Daddy. I'm sorry, it's over.

To be continued

A-Double, KCSB 91.9 Brayn Sirjanz affiliate

FRANZ

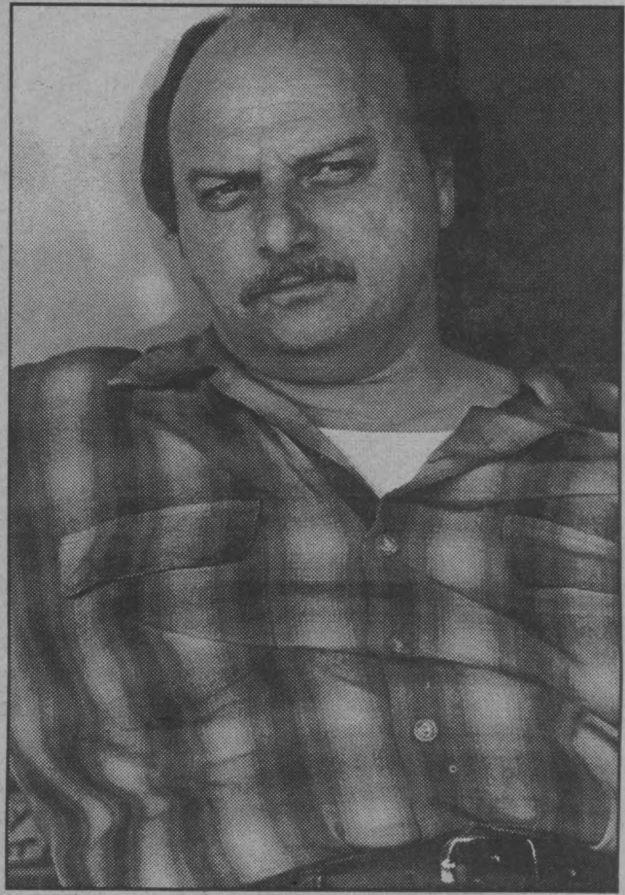
Continued from p.6A

up on top of the girders. None of that was done with blue screen. They had this 40-story building downtown, and they said that's where we're filming it. And I said, 'Wouldn't it look just as good on blue screen?' And they said, 'No you'll be able to tell the difference.' In the very beginning of casting they asked if I had any fear of heights — and I didn't think that I did, so I said, 'No I don't.' They asked Nic and he said he didn't know if he did or not. So I figured if he could do it, then I could do it. So when that day of filming came, we went up and I was terrified and Nic was terrified. We did it at 2 o'clock in the morning, the wind was howling, and we were up there alone for an hour and a half. And Nic kept saying, 'Just look in my eyes, just look in my eyes.' And I tried to look at his eyes and he's burning holes through my eyes, and yet we're both supposed to be comfortable up there, enjoying ourselves, smoking cigarettes and taking in all this beauty around us, when you know, we were scared for our lives. And when we finished up, we went down to Nic's trailer and shared a bottle of Scotch.

You've worked with Brian DePalma a lot in the past, so did you have any advice for Nicolas Cage heading into "Snake Eyes"?

Nah, he'll catch on. Who am I to give Nicolas Cage advice? It should be a good collaboration, I would think.

You've had battlefield experience, close calls presumably. Does that give your sense of life and what the afterlife might be a particular kind of definition?



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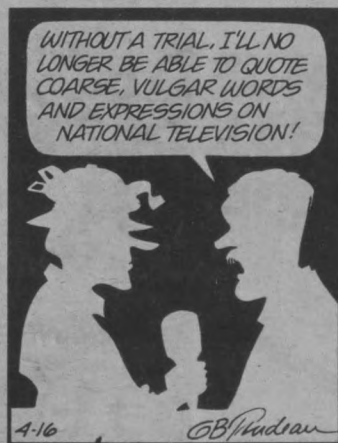
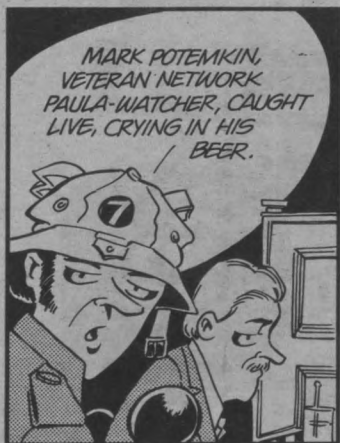
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