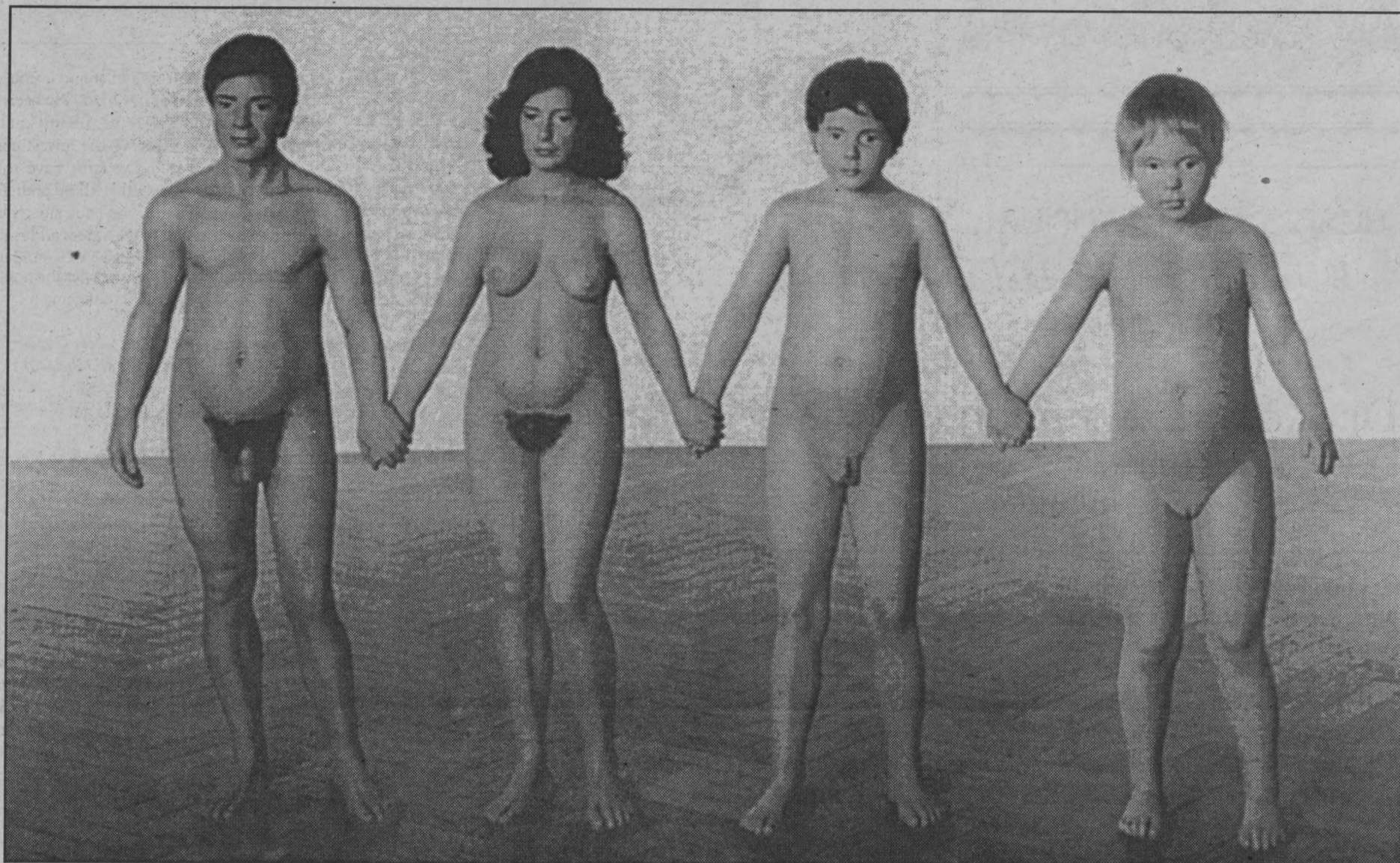


patting the heads of the unenlightened, one issue at a time ...

artsweek



Family Romance, 1993. Mixed media, edition of three. 53 x 96 x 24 inches.



TAMI MNOIAN

Our trek to Los Angeles this past holiday found us downtown at the Museum of Contemporary Art. Currently at MOCA is "Charles Ray," described by curators as a mid-career survey of this artist's work.

The dominant form of the exhibit is sculpture, unconventional sculpture. There is no marble or bronze here. Instead, Ray uses mannequins or bathtubs. What he essentially does in his work is take everyday life and twist it and mold it into his own perception, ultimately creating a kind of personal reality. We, as viewers, step into this reality of Charles Ray, and it becomes an entirely different world.

Ray's work can best be described as shocking. His work ranges from a giant, red, 46-foot toy firetruck to multiple anatomically correct mannequins. In terms of shock value, I did not expect to walk into the third room of the gallery and find a staged orgy, titled "Oh! Charley ... Charley ... Charley ...," where the lifelike mannequins are in the image of the artist. Interpret that one for yourself.

The art of Charles Ray is at times confusing. What he asks of the viewer is to step inside his brain and look at life through his eyes. It requires that you not continually ask, "Why?" As we moved deeper into the gallery, and deeper



SELF-INDULGENCE
Firetruck, 1993.
Painted aluminum,
fiberglass,
Plexiglas.
12 x 8 x 46.5 feet.

into the mind of Charles Ray, it suddenly became clear. My appreciation for his work began after seeing one of Ray's most famous pieces, "Ink Box" (1986). It's an optical illusion, and the idea behind it is amazingly simple. "Ink Box" is a box with an open top filled with ink, so that the ink creates a glossy surface tension, appearing as just another side of the black cube. Only after a close look, did I realize that this really is a box of liquid. It made me want to put my hand in it to disrupt the perfect harmony of it all.

Another favorite of mine, in the next room of the gallery, is "Fall '91," an 8-foot-tall female mannequin. Her hair is a bushy brown. She wears a blue skirt suit, accented with gold jewelry, a tacky ensemble. When up close, I was forced to look upward at her, and her appearance is both ominous and awkward. She looms overhead and immediately, I felt like an 8-year-old child being reprimanded by my mother. Ray caters to the child in all of us, and "Fall '91" is an interesting form of regression.

"Charles Ray" runs through March 14, 1999. Also at MOCA is "Kay Rosen: lifeli(k)e" and "Amy Adler," both through Feb. 14. For more information, call (213) 626-6222.

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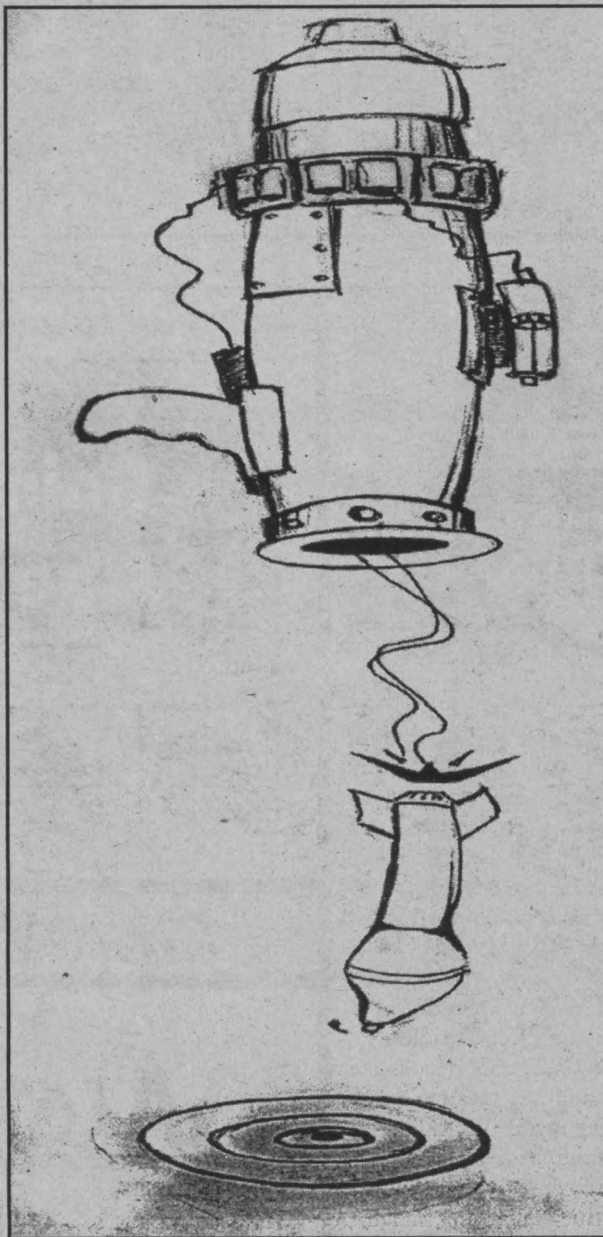
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*
Star FOR A THURSDAY
[STEVEN WONG]



TAMI MNOIAN

Steven Wong, art studio grad student extraordinaire, hopes to one day become the first Buddhist monk in space. What he ultimately plans to do there, I don't know, but his art as an outlet for social criticism can be seen next week in Gallery 1434. We had the opportunity to ask Steven Wong the "Four (And Sometimes More) Questions of *Artsweek*" in hopes to get an idea of what's in store for us art-hungry kids at next week's showing.

Question 1. What motivates you creatively?

This sorry-ass society motivates my work, criticisms of it. I wouldn't define it as political art, but politics is in my art, driven by the view of the miserable state of society. Not to be pessimistic.

Question 2. Using your medium of choice, how would you visually represent God?

I would define God by Nietzsche, and paint a portrait of the masses. I define God as a Nietzschean perspective, as a device for the sick and weak. It's a mental clutch to get them through their miserable lives. God is a figment of the imagination of the masses who need this crutch.

And Rob's deer question returns for a second week. Question 3. If you happened upon a deer carcass in the middle of the road, what would you do?

I would run it over to see how much air I could get in my car and how much it would splat.

Lastly, can you give us any hints of what's going to be in the show?

I've made a fully functioning bazooka that launches rockets made of plastic and cardboard. The missiles are armed with a warhead of half an ounce of Coca Cola syrup. It's a chemical warfare satire, and a comment on global corporate culture that attacks by economic infiltration.

The work of Steven Wong and of P.J. Ehlert will be on view in Gallery 1434, located in the Arts Building, from Jan. 23-29. So go on and take a peek at these artists' work, because gauging from these questions, you really don't know what to expect.

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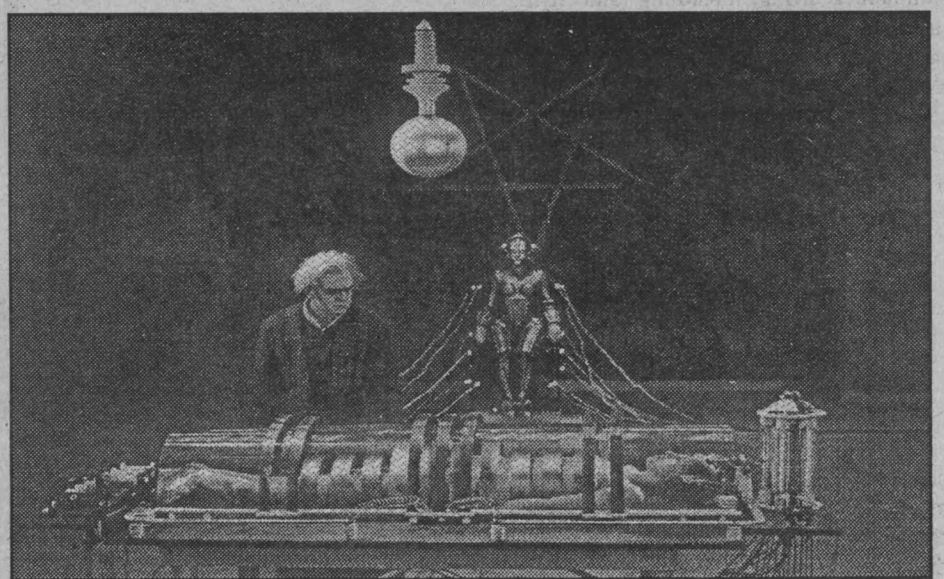
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JAMES BRAMLETT

"Metropolis," a 1926 science fiction thriller directed by Fritz Lang, takes the audience into the world of automation and repression. This movie takes this ambitious task and uses it to warn the public about the age of machines.

Since as early as the 19th century, authors such as Mary Shelley have been questioning the merger of science and the human race. This has been a concern in the collective conscience of the Western world; the outcome of this foreboding relationship coming to a tragic end with the deaths of innocent beings and the "mad scientist."

"Metropolis" examines this and goes further to analyze the function of repression within society. Repression is an ingredient of psy-

chosis, according to Sigmund Freud, which then marks the way for the scientist to have an unhealthy relationship with his work, producing such things as robots and cloned animals. As is the case in this movie, the form this psychosis takes is the advent of automation.

Automation brings about an unnatural merger with machine; jobs that were previously done by humans are now performed by machine or in cooperation with machines. The inability for humans to cope with this loss and being forced into this union is what makes this movie interesting.

An example of this merger with man and machine can be commonly seen in movies like "Terminator" and "Robocop." In each case, the person behind the machine has experienced some form of trauma that

brought them to their cyborg form. The repression of their memories of their past life is what gives them their "license to kill." Whatever the case may be, there is some underlying tension beneath the scenes.

This correlation to modern action movies is what makes classic movies such as "Metropolis" interesting. It is our ability to see how we have overcome or succumbed to these grim predictions that interest us. It is amazing to note how accurate these movies are in their depiction of future life, however exaggerated they may seem.

"Metropolis" will be playing at Campbell Hall this Sunday, Jan. 24, at 7 p.m. Tickets will be \$5 for students and \$6 for the general public. James Bramlett is not a cyborg!

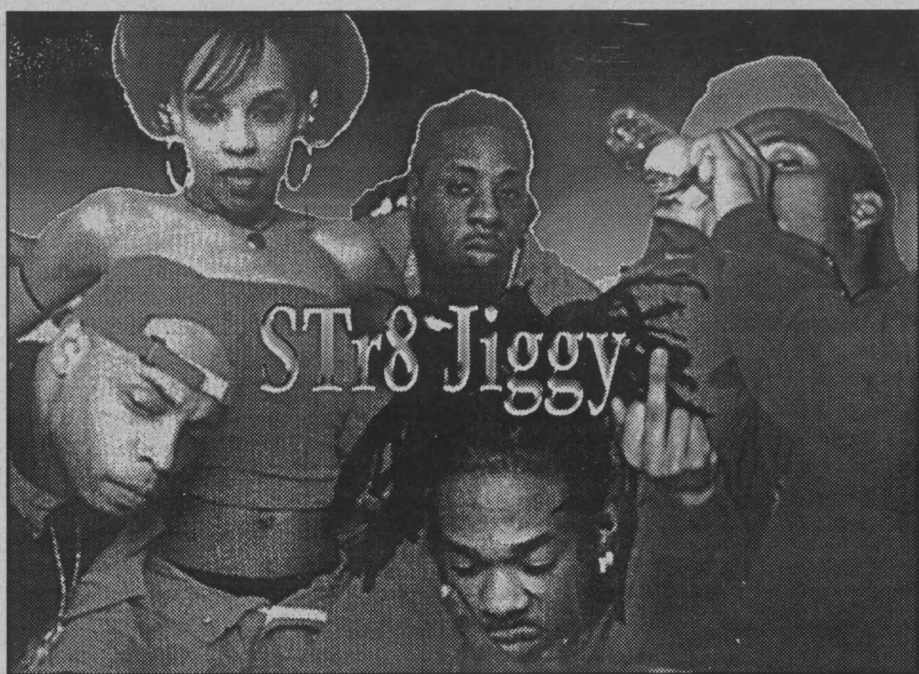


Photo Collage by J.E. ANDERSON / DAILY NEXUS



"Those that got a tiny biny / they get wbinery wbinery"
 — Cam'ron's mark ass from "5 Buroughs"

"make you wanna / slap your momma like the average stank bo bitch!!"
 — Mystikal's unbridled screaming on some song

First of all let me say that Mr. Gnu is my nig%&uh, straight the fuck up. As a resident mammal of the *Nexus*' comic section, his pathos and innocently ludicrous stupidity should be commemorated. Imagine the benefits of having a homie like Gnu. You can summon a living, breathing and flying jimmy hat to provide you with shelter from a rainy day. If your toast is dry, Mr. Butterbuns will do you a favor by shitting butter on your toast. "That's because you the homie Gnu's nig%&ch," he would say, "and potnas look out for each other." He would then give you dap, and then disappear like the humor on SNL's Weekend Updates. Gnu, I'ma look out for you when I become governor of Delaware.

Intelligence in the music industry (and Isla Vista) got to be receding like the ratings for the Wayans brothers. It should be no mystery that record companies are currently combating what could be their largest nemesis: MP3 files. For those that aren't familiar, MP3's are compressed digital files containing audio information. Being that these files are downloadable into individual computers, it is understandable that major labels will be concerned about a potential loss of market.

Recent strings of lawsuits against MP3 sites prove this point, unlocking issues related to copyright laws and product ownership. If it's beneficial to the artist, and in the long run, to the company who dictates their contract, shouldn't artists be allowed to distribute MP3s of popular singles and unreleased tracks on the net? Recent threats of litigation against the Beastie Boys and Public Enemy show that label reps aren't cool with that idea. Besides seeing Silk the Shocker releasing "It Ain't My Fault 2" on his latest LP, the lack of comprehending the vast promotional possibilities (and liberation of much music from the capitalist beast) by major labels is one of the dumbest fucking things I've ever seen. We'll see how this develops ...

Another stupid trend is the continued influx of celebrities releasing gimmicky "It's all about the love, please believe me!" albums. For instance, let us peep Kobe Bryant. This fledgling star is slated to release an album with his rap group, which is signed to *Trackmasters ent.* / Columbia.

We all know that Kobe isn't the first athlete turned rapper, as painful memories of Shaq "I'm outstanding" O'Neal's last few

albums pioneered the next level in hip-hop blasphemy. So what's different? Probably nothing; although Kobe's album will probably slam more than both "Kazam" and "Steel" combined, it's sure to be a gimmicky pop album that will feed into his quantitatively excessive ego. When asked to make an analytical assessment of this situation, Matt "Kwaz" Kawamura, co-host of *The Outsiders* on KCSB 91.9 FM (Sunday, midnight-2 a.m.), is quoted saying "I hope he dies."

RING RING RING!! Oh shit, it looks like my bitch Linda Tripp just gave me a call, boys and girls! Being my regular phone sex partner, she usually calls to give me the 411. Oh, the eargasms she provides me. Oh, the skanless thoughts! But will she ever find dirt on me? Over my dead Black/Asian ass, fool.

Yknow that Public Enemy has officially left Def Jam records? They've decided to release their upcoming new album *There's a Poison Going On* through their website, www.publicenemy.com. It also features their Def Jam diss song titled "Swindler's List." Yeah, fuck the belly of the beast, go on P.E.!

Belly? You mean like your impeccable washboard abs, baby?

Uhm, yeah. There's going to be a Bob Marley tribute album coming our way soon. The lead single will feature folks such as Erykah Badu, Outkast, Guru, Lauryn Hill and ... Krazy Bone?!?! What the flying mutha-phuk is that random-assed shit?!

Ooh, touch me, you maggot you!

Hey, back off, you putrid Gremlin. I'm trying to talk about generically titled albums such as Ghostface Killah's *Supreme Clientele* and Mobb Deep's *Murdab Muzik*. Also, you obviously ain't knowing about the upcoming Mumia Abu-Jamal fund-raising project titled *Unbound*. The lead single will feature an unbelievable array of guests. Imagine: Divine Styler, Black Thought, Afu-Ra, Freestyle Fellowship, Public Enemy, Tre of the Pharcyde, Ras Kass, Dres of Black Sheep, Channel Live, Shabaam Sahdeeq, Diamond D, Guru and several others all on the first single! How you like that?

Not as much as I like hearing about people's dirt.

I can believe that, you and your rottweiler-looking ass. Kool Keith is coming out with an album under the alias of Dr. Doom. With songs such as "Who Killed Dr. Octagon?" and "You Live at Home with Your Mom," it's sure to be utterly ridiculous. DMX also has a song dissing Mary J. Blige called "Mary J. Blige dis." Shouldn't he be dissing nig%&uz like Russell Simmons for allowing him to release such a stupid album cover?

This week's "Uppity Negro with something to say" list:

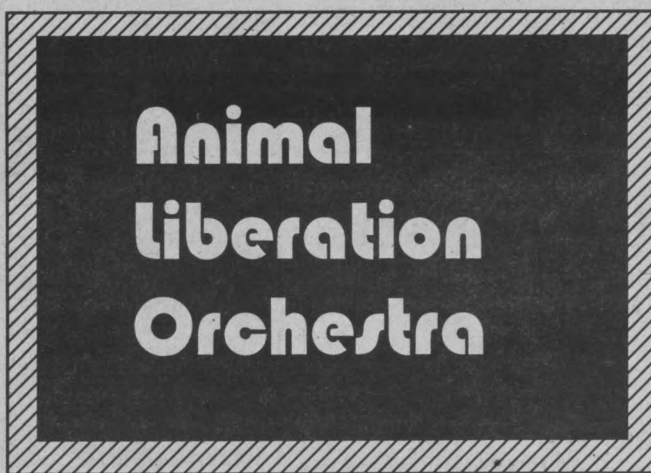
See A-DOUBLE, p.7A



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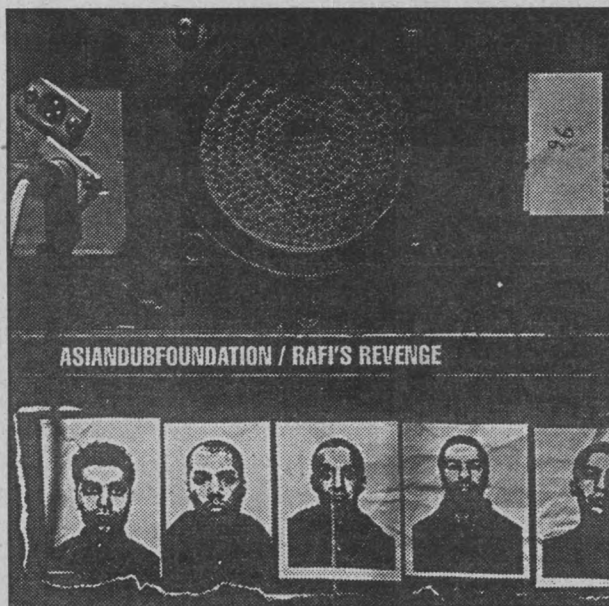


The Ataris / *Look Forward to Failure* / Kung Fu/Fat Wreck Chords

Adhering to the same formula that has led legions of "new skool" punk bands out of the garage and into the money, The Ataris have lucked upon a tentative spot recording for San Francisco's now legendary Fat Wreck Chords. Their first outing for the label, *Look Forward to Failure*, clearly marks the young quartet as worthy members of Southern California's immensely popular punk scene. Complete with airtight guitar riffs, rigidly executed drum beats and lyrics that would moisten your panties, The Ataris have pieced together yet another collection of pop songs that the Flygirls and tattooed boys of 1999 will undoubtedly mistake for true punk rock.

While the record is graced by viable musicianship and catchy melodies, *Look Forward to Failure* lacks the charisma that made punk rock the proud instigator of fervor, chaos and consciousness that it once was. Whereas legendary beasts like Jello Biafra and Darby Crash urged you to grab Joe Frat by the neck and gouge his fucking eyes out, The Ataris are putting out the sounds that he and his cronies are swilling Coors Light to. But, hey, if that's your scene, the record store's just down the street.

— Mike Faiola



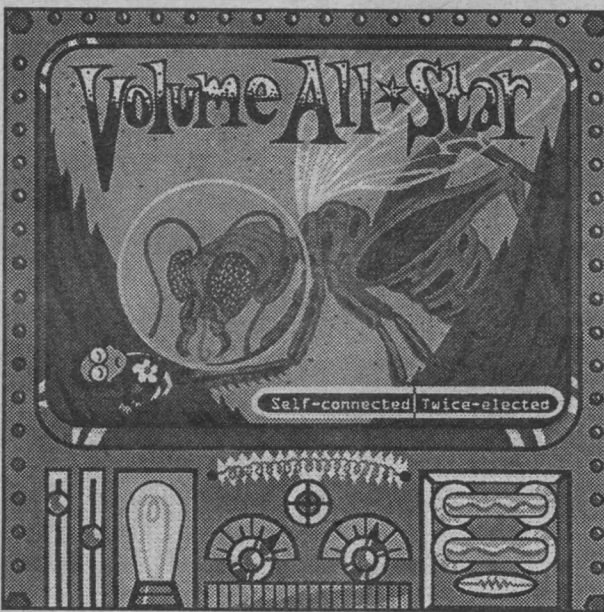
Asiandubfoundation / *Rafi's Revenge* / Slash/London

If you took a bit of Sublime and charged it with the Indian vibes of last year's *Anoka: Soundz of the Asian Underground*, adding to it, of course, generic drum 'n' bass rhythms, you'd get a really fun, dub-y album to which b-boy head bobbing would happen instinctually. Add a frontman — a man rapping as if he's straight from Jamaica's hippest new dance hall — and you end up with the miserable posturing that epitomizes Rafi's Revenge. Chadrasonic and Dr. Das — Asiandubfoundation's two men on vocals — have a pretty good feel for programming, guitar and bass, but put them in front of the mic, and you'll have a worse headache than a night's worth of bad ganja. Asiandubfoundation try a bit too hard to emulate the sounds of the innovators of dub and, simply put, can't make the grade.

As stated before, tracks on this album possess a get-up-and-groove vibe that's at least funky, but the incessant yelling in a fast-paced Indian-accented pseudo-Jamaican holler really does ruin any of the fun Asiandubfoundation seem, as a five-member group, capable of. Many of the tracks rot away with the same persistent expectation that because it's emulating a vibe that's usually makin'-em-shake-one-on-the-dance-floor, there's no need to

really vary beyond a few basic rhythms and constructions. With the exception of the tracks "Operation Eagle Lie" and "Digital Underclass," *Rafi's Revenge* is either wasted on piss-poor vocals or on piss-poor dub innovation.

— Jenne Raub apologizes for all her impatience



Volume All-Star / *Self-connected Twice-elected* / Slabco

After the inclusion of Volume All-Star's "Death Race 1997" on Up Record's *Up! In Orbit* compilation of a year or so ago, I sought out their then-current album, *Close Encounters of the Bump and Grind* only to come to the rather obvious conclusion that if you were to put together a compilation, wouldn't you put the best tracks on it in order to sell the other albums?

Close Encounters was in no way a bad album, but with the subtle, quirky eclecticism and beats used in "Death Race 1997," the rest of the album came across as watered-down, Casio-keyboard experiments. The peculiar telephone recordings at the end of the album — "my roses are droopy..." — were amusing, if not relatively frightening, but not enough to propel Volume All-Star into the limelight the way other lo-fi, groove-riding bedroom musicians had previously.

Despite whatever skepticism I began with when I first popped this CD into the player, it soon dissipated. Some of the tracks still succumb to the dullness of the lo-fi — usually demonstrating that its artists are having lots of fun, but not necessarily lots of talent. Here, however, Lady Mallard takes over the mic and enchants with her spooky-yet-dreamy singing. Even on songs where the abstract hip-hop-ish, ultra-loungey, electronica-ish vibe isn't put to a more concrete use by Lady Mallard's pretty voice, such as "Steady Pacer," there are grooves Volume All-Star dig into that are quite easy and relaxing to bop along to. Tracks such as "Richlens Kickin' Chicken," "Fahrenheit 206" and "What are Fairgrounds for?" all work their magic through their eccentric simplicity, occasional scratch or occasional sample of peculiarity.

A guest appearance by DJ Dynamite D (of Modest Mouse and 764-Hero's "Whenever You See Fit" remix fame) on "Just Regards," coupled with Lady Mallard's floating, airy voice, makes it definitely one of the prime moments on the CD.

Self-connected Twice-elected is not your typical "turntablist" fare running amok with crazy obscure samples from every "Sesame Street" record ever released. Instead, Volume All-Star do their thing with laid-back ease, like a sunny day.

— Jenne Raub would love to take a nap

Animal Pharm / *The Brink EP* / Good Vibe

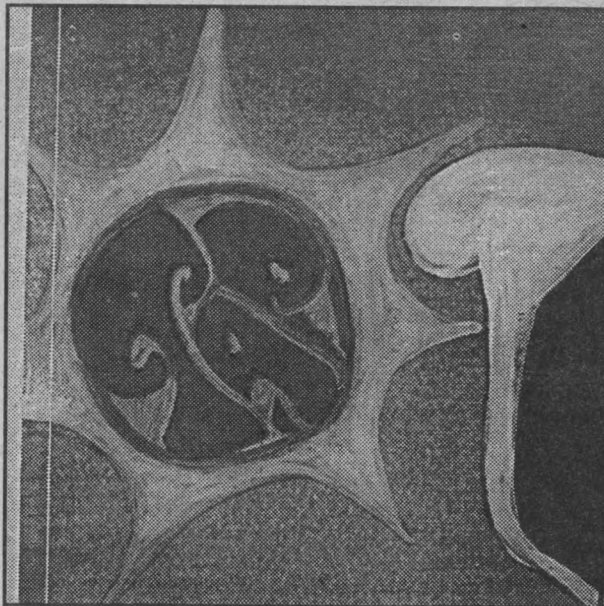
This review is brought to you from BIZARRE WORLD, where men evolve into apes, people walk on their hands and Master P has lyrical skills:

The Animal Pharm has brought their simple styles back for a third EP titled *The Brink*. Ending things off is the wasteful "People Like Fritz Understand ...," which sounds like someone dropped all their silverware into a running washing machine. Before that are the two solo songs by Panda and Statik, called "An Intro to Statik's Planet" and "Fixation Pt. II," unrespectively. Both songs are done a cappella, which ruins the already boring vibe of the EP. Neither emcee has the skills to support a song on his lyrics alone. "Along the Pavement" is buried by its wack similes and metaphors, like *I'm similar to a bird / Statik is the wind / Together we're fly / I keep it movin' like a fin*. Unfortunately that is not yet the beginning of b-side, as it all starts with "Flyingual." Panda and Statik probably think that they are clever with a song title like that, but with a hook like, *My rhymes flyingual and my mind is singly the most complex with text that's givin' me*

checks for jingling toons, they are proved otherwise.

Side A is the radio, album and instrumental version of "The Brink." This song shows how poorly TAP is productionwise, because they can't even keep the same beat going for the whole song. They have to change it up right in the middle and then change it back again, a very silly concept. Perhaps they felt they needed a distraction from their wack rhymes, in which case I can understand the decision to experiment with the beats.

To sum everything up, The Animal Pharm has created an utterly disappointing collection of works that simply can not hang with the rest of the hip-hop/R&B world that exists today.

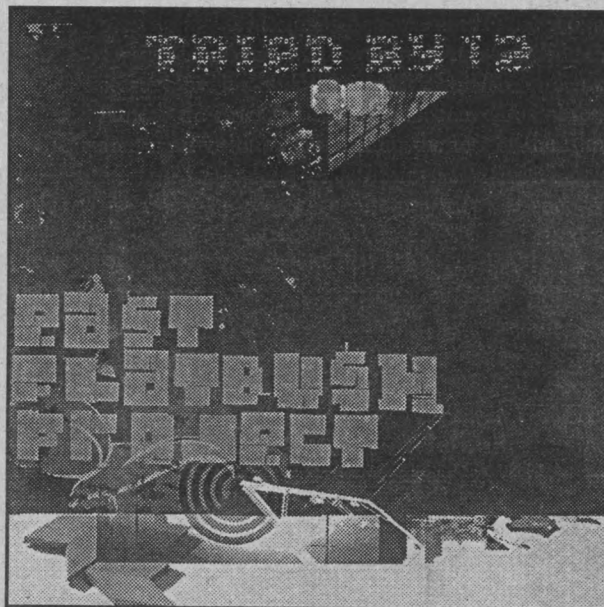


POOF!

Logic World, the opposite of BIZARRE WORLD, has taken over and will be used to review *The Brink EP* for those who cannot comprehend the BIZARRE WORLD style. For this portion I will incorporate Logic World's flawless mathematical technique.

(Innovative beats and lyrics x 5) + willingness to experiment + a dope outro - gimmicks = the best EP of '98, *The Brink* by The Animal Pharm.

— Trey Clark

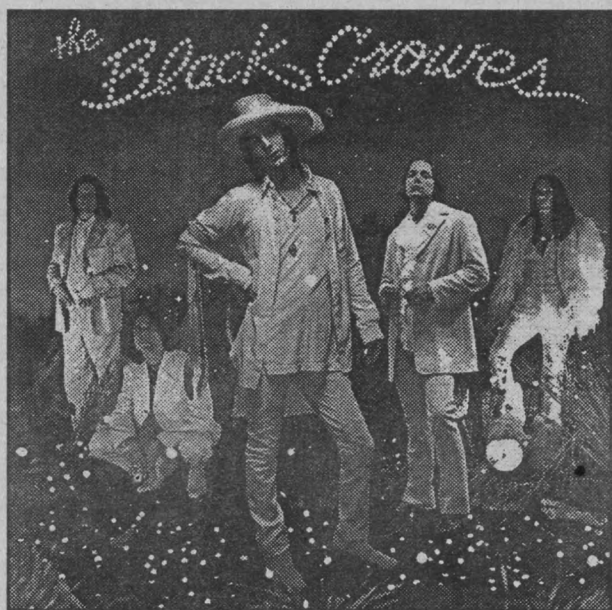


East Flat Bush Project / *Tried by 12* / Ninja Tune

Underground heads will know what I'm talking about when I describe the first time hearing East Flat Bush Project's "Tried by 12." Ahh, that beat! The repetitively simple chords played by a Japanese koto instrument provided a mesmerizing freshness. Combined with the flawless incorporation of a side stick, drumming-based break from an AI Green record, countless heads must've snapped their necks in half from infectious head bobbing. Solo emcee Dez's vocal performance perfectly complimented the beat, making it possibly one of the most memorable underground classics and ruffneck anthems of all time.

In comes the *Tried by 12* full length album. Well, sort of. Organized as a remix project for one song, this ambitious project assembles some of the most interesting producers in the electronic scene. The result is an overall satisfying listen, as producers Bisk, Autechre, Squarepusher, Trapazoid and Herbaliser reinterpret the song by bending, molding, twisting and banging the fuck out of the original beat and vocals to create something entirely new. Hey, have an open mind; even if it ain't your flavor, you still get to have a CD quality of the original underground classic.

— A-Twice (still known to some as A-Double)



The Black Crowes / *By Your Side* / Columbia

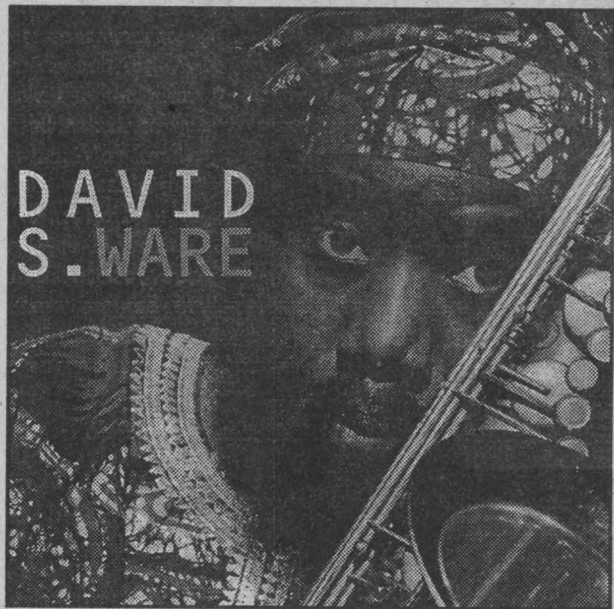
Now I realize that many UCSB underclassmen may be too young to remember the big-hair rock that stained the late '80s, but for those old-timers who lived through it, this new album by the Black Crowes, *By Your Side*, is a trip down memory lane.

For those who have not yet experienced the thrill, this recording is a fingered arm from the past grabbing the listener to a familiar level of that patented debauchery known as straight-up sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, and even though the popular taste of today's teenagers has evolved to other worlds, apparently there's still a band out there who still likes to play just to rock the house down. This makes this a perfect party album.

Even though the Black Crowes have made enough money to afford a posh New York studio, frontmen brothers Rich and Chris Robinson still lay the music out downhome southern style, as if they were around a campfire with their friends. They don't really have a political message with their lyrics, and they don't bore with their extreme volume — they just set a tempo and get everyone dancing.

This is the sound that fans waited through all those multi-band traveling circuses for. This is for kegs of beer and beautiful women and gunfire and loud screaming. It's like the 4th of July all the time. Isla Vista citizens would enjoy this album immensely, except for maybe those little snortags fresh off the boat from high school.

— John Ward knows what he's talking about, right?



David S. Ware / *Go See The World* / Columbia

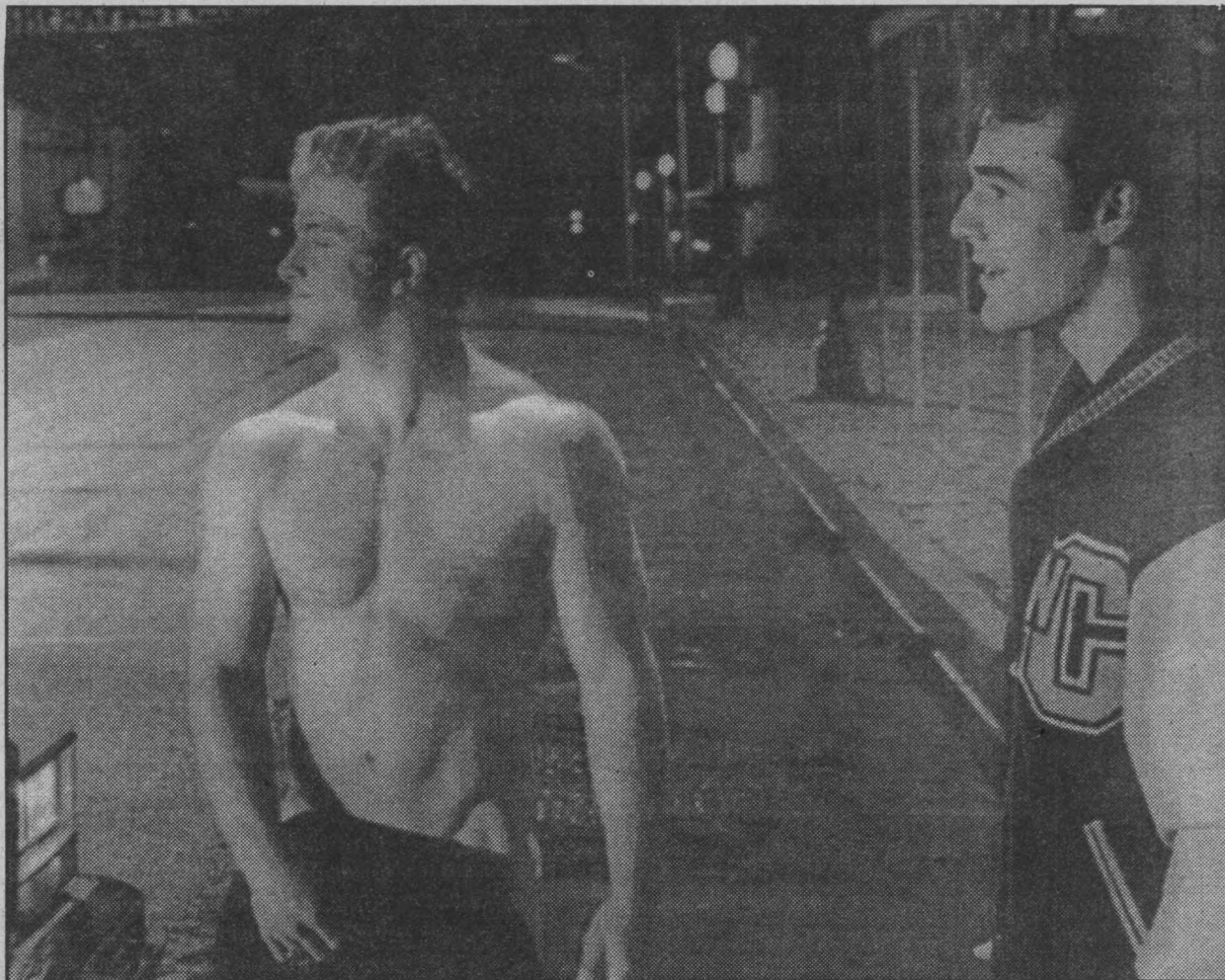
This one's a fucking monster.

Tenor saxist David S. Ware and his quartet have harnessed the power of an A-bomb and made it swing like a rhino in a hammock. Basically, you'd better watch out; this is some of the most intense stuff you will ever see released on a major label.

Ware's sax shrieks with surprisingly fresh textures. Pianist Matthew Shipp's sense of harmony has always interested me, and the blocks of sound here are among the best that I've heard. William Parker's bass provides a nicely fluid rhythmic backing. And Susie Ibarra, I really don't even know how to describe her drumming; from the raw crashing force to every little accent she's really the driving force behind this record.

Play this CD loud, let yourself get caught up in the whirlwind of pure exhilarating sound, and then go back to your normal everyday life.

— because Josh Miller is a radio DJ



JOHN FISKE

If films like "The Silence of the Lambs" and "Out of Sight" are considered progressive from a feminist perspective, then "Varsity Blues" may be the most regressive film of the last few years. Womanizing, alcoholism, violence, and any form of carnal pleasure is held as supreme.

"Varsity Blues" comes not out of the tradition of the sweet John Hughes films of the '80s, like "Sixteen Candles," but the raunchier '80s flicks like "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" and the underrated "Valley Girl." These are the types of films that don't apologize for showing teens having sex and drinking alcohol and taking drugs, because they know that that's what teens do.

The film follows Jonathan Moxon (a struggling James Van Der Beek), a second-string quarterback for the West Canaan Coyotes. At the opening it is made abundantly clear that football is the most important thing in their nowhere town. So when he is bumped up to first-string due to an injury by their normal QB, he becomes the center of all attention in West Canaan.

Mox couldn't really give a shit about football, but he is stuck with Coach Kilmer (the always great Jon Voight), the type who has

been doing his job so long he can control the pep rallies with a wave of his hand. Mox's attempts at reconciling the tension created by his full academic scholarship to Brown, his father's dreams, and his coach's dangerous obsession with another division title make up the rest of the film.

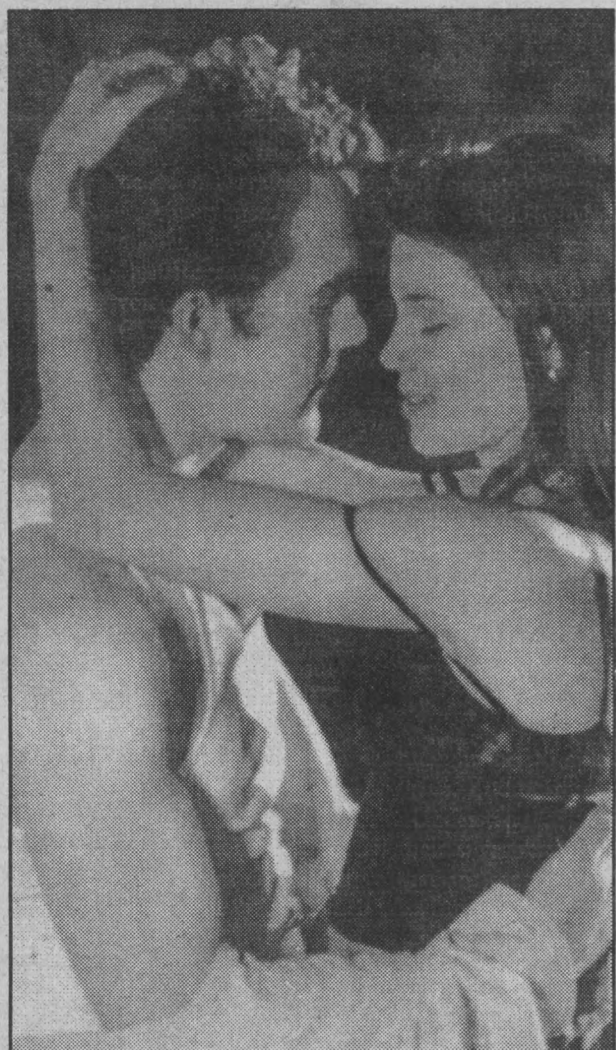
allowing it, is its fatal weakness. But to be fair, there is some fun.

The annoying and cheesy nostalgia that pervades films about high school allows scenes where a character steals a police car and returns with it packed to the brim with girls, all naked, to be fun. And when Mox finally stands up for what's right, and gives Kilmer the boot, it works very well in getting the hairs on the back of your neck to stand on end in youthful pride (despite some terrible scripting on heroism).

The acting is not exactly Oscar caliber, as is usual with the new brat pack. Voight, despite having his hands tied by a weak script with a silly villain, brings what respectability is possible to his role. And Brian Robbin's direction does have some nice use of lighting.

But why Van Der Beek? I guess I know the answer, the embarrassingly self-important "Dawson's Creek," but I still didn't like him. His struggle with a southern accent is one of biblical proportions ("Ah don't wahn't yer lahf!" as he tells his father).

"Varsity Blues" tries to have it both ways, singing with the sinners and crying with the saints, but would've been much more enjoyable had it stuck with one.



The film teeters between the tone of two other football films, "Necessary Roughness," which reveled in its love of the game, and "The Program," which took a critical look at the establishment and the behavior of the players. That "Varsity Blues" never finds its balance, wanting to exploit women and alcohol for their fun yet criticizing only the establishment for

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ALL TYPES NEEDED

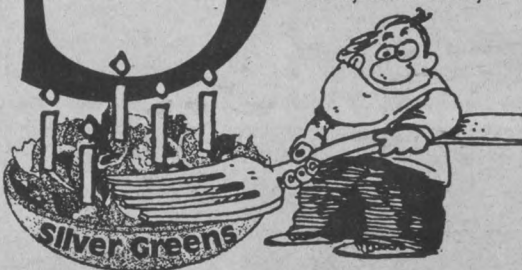
Mighty Midgets

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YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE
BY LINDA C. BLACK

Check the day's rating. 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19)—Today is a 6—You've had lots of great career opportunities lately, although it may have seemed more like a constant hassle with folks who outrank you. They wanted to see if you could handle more responsibility. By now, you've probably made your move, either upward or laterally, but hopefully into a career that fits you well.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)—Today is a 7—Looks like there's some sort of a buzz out there, possibly concerning your career. You might think it's something you can't do anything about. Why pay attention if your vote won't count? Well, if something's going to change, you want to know about it before it happens, so you can get into the right position early, before the rush.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 6—There's a way you can earn more money, but you'll have to figure out what it is. Someone you love can give you a shove in the right direction. In fact, this person may have been pushing you for quite some time. Use skills you've already acquired and education you've already received and you can have the life you've been dreaming about.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)—Today is a 7—You could receive some kind of gift today from a person who's far away. This could be a legacy or a bit of friendly advice pointing you in the direction you should go to achieve wealth and social status. You're a caregiver first and foremost, but it wouldn't hurt to have a little something in the bank.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 5—You could receive an unexpected gift today, possibly an increase in the value of your stocks or a payment you're receiving. In any case, it's coming to you partially because of the work you've done and partially because of the strength of your character. It will add more to your personal confidence than to your spending cash.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is a 7—This is an excellent day to find a nice gift for someone you love. You're generous, but you don't always get around to doing things when you first think of them. So even if it's not your dear friend's birthday or anything, a little gift would be a thoughtful gesture. It might make up for some things you've said that you wish you hadn't.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 6—The highest form of enlightenment is to serve one who serves. As a Libra, it seems natural for others to serve you. But for you to follow others around, doing whatever they want, providing for their every need... well, you don't want to make a habit of it. Today, however, it's practically a requirement. If you do it cheerfully, you'll make more points.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is a 7—That Aquarius sun focuses your attention more on domestic matters. The Pisces moon is in your solar fifth house of love. Jupiter is in Pisces, too, making you lucky in love right now. Mercury in Capricorn indicates that you're intelligent and learning quickly. Together, they indicate a strong possibility for domestic bliss, as well as a career opportunity opening up.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is a 5—There's something you want for your home, and there might be a way to finagle the deal. You have several options to choose from. You can either get the item for less money, or you can generate more money and get the item retail. It isn't clear which route you'll choose, but it does look like you're getting what you want.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is a 7—Your intuition should be working well today. It could be prompted by a clue from someone you admire. This person could be doing or saying something that leads you to the next logical conclusion. Is it logic or intuition at work? It doesn't matter. Inside information today will lead you to make a shrewd deal. Follow a hunch.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is a 6—All sorts of valuables continue to pour into your pocket. You may have to share with a partner, but that's OK. There's plenty to go around. Investments you make now should turn out well for you, generally speaking. If you're betting on yourself, or your ability to advance in your career, the odds are in your favor.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is an 8—Abundance is coming your way—abundance of love, abundance of attention, maybe even abundance of money. You could be much more influential than you ever dreamed possible. Even people who don't usually listen to anybody could be listening to you now, so choose your words carefully. Stay pragmatic and realistic.

Today's Birthday (Jan. 21). You're very creative this year, but don't overlook practical matters. They make the difference between success and failure. Odds are in your favor. Ideas are abundant in February and money flows freely in March. Learn from an expert in April. Your opposition is your coach in August. Travel broadens in October and the truth sets you free in December.

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ANOTHER REASON TO SCREW THE MAN
OR
A BASIC PRIMER IN THE MUSIC INDUSTRY, VERSION ONE

JENNIFER RAUB

From the auditory-ambiance I've personally experienced, it's come to my (and many other's) attention that the majority of music exposed to American culture is, for the most part, dominated and controlled by large corporations. In the last 20 or so years, through both changes in public policy and regulation, and through private initiatives taken on by different companies, the music that makes up a good deal of our surroundings has become as test-grouped, marketed and advertised as any lipstick, car or shaving cream. This procedure leaves us with a barrage of here-today gone-tomorrow "pop" acts that, for however "alternative" they are billed, fall all the more quickly in the trash heap of quickly unwanted musicians.

For those of you who are well aware of the effects of capitalism on music and know the ins and outs of the "biz," the following points will not mean much. However, if you aren't well aware of the near-complete regulation of the sounds that emerge in the general mainstream thoroughfare of music, I suggest you keep on reading, if at least to understand why there are those of us who consistently object, both publicly and privately, to the vast majority of music out there.

As with any product on the market, anything that can be bought and sold, a certain number of procedures are usually enacted in order to make the most money with the lowest possibility of loss. And the music industry is most definitely included in this basic economic procedure, and certainly I do not wish to undermine the fact that in the music business, millions and billions of dollars are spent, gained and lost each year. Nor should the simple fact that many of the songs played on commercial radio and MTV and recognized in *Rolling Stone* are indeed incredibly catchy. But why is it, the average critical thinker must ask themselves, that The Murder City Devils' "Boom Swagger Boom" is any less or more catchy than Sublime's "Santeria"? So then why haven't you heard "Boom Swagger Boom" sitting at Sam's To Go? And why is Lauryn Hill's "Doo Wop (That Thing)" — a track equally as catchy as both of the aforementioned — segregated to urban, hip-hop marketing and isn't played beside tracks of both commonly heard and relatively unheard songs while the Beastie Boy's "Intergalactic" was played on both urban and modern rock stations?

Certainly, if you've watched some MTV or listened to the radio, you've observed that, indeed, music is commonly divided into at least three or four basic categories by the corporate music structure in order to best market these music types to a particular audience. And each radio station, along with MTV, has been heavily formulated since the 1970s. Prior to the 1970s, the job of the DJ was based on intuition. They played songs from both new and old artists that *they* (as good DJs in touch with their audience) liked. Labels might suggest certain tracks, of course, but DJs, mostly alone in the control booth, were free to play what their audience would like. Now, almost every song played on commercial radio has been pre-selected, as judged by test groups. MTV, of course, is no better, and their formatting is incredibly easy to observe; each show is directed toward a particular type of watcher who will hopefully either enjoy the song, become entranced enough by its aesthetics or hear it so many goddamn times that the song inevitably becomes catchy.

Of course, such music — your typical radio/MTV fare — definitely has its catchy hooks and mellow grooves, but let us keep in mind that a good deal of the current mainstream fare, and the avid purchasing and playing of it, is just one more way of allotting power to The Man. I say this only as a tongue-in-cheek point, but, I believe, a point nonetheless. In this society, where corporate record labels, radio and television stations and magazines spend a great deal of time and money trying to figure out what will be bought and how to best sell it, what is bought inevitably translates into power. If, in American society, money equals power, then why are fans of music *consistently* denied the ability to assert their authority through the *consistent* process of advertising and corporate media control that they are *consistently* exposed to?

The questions one must inevitably ask are: Who profits? By how much? Then again, if Jewel really does save my soul, who cares if she slithered around half-naked on a bathroom floor to do it? But am I really being allowed to make this decision — and if not, who's making it? And at what costs? Is it not destructive to a society that prides themselves on

freethinking individualism when a pervasive (and often subversive) element of culture is constantly test-grouped, marketed and advertised all in the sake of good fourth-quarter sales?

This is meant to be not "capitalism, bad" caveman logic. But, I think, if one is to begin to make criticisms surrounding what essentially boils down to a question of taste, one must take into account where one's tastes come from, how they've been constructed and who really benefits from this construction. And, of course, figure into one's assessment of taste how much is the brain's evaluation of sound (for in processing its frequencies, we do naturally evaluate whether or not at a very base level we can tolerate the given sound) and how much is the brain's evaluation of *image*. From the elementary amount of knowledge I have in this field, I do know that our brains simply do find certain chord or melodic progressions, or certain harmonies, to register quickly in a positive way.

But, all chemistry aside (I'll leave that to the science majors), despite whatever natural processing of music we do without thinking, in contemporary America we are consistently bombarded with images to correspond to the given music. Music cannot be faceless in order to sell in the desired number of units that corporate music labels would like it to. Why Milli Vanilli? Why Vanilla Ice? Why the whole slew of record label puppets who provide nothing but a face for the music? A look, an image, a face is what sells.

From general observation, the music industry, in dividing its genres into four or five basic categories, has not only undermined the integrity of its artists but also of its listeners. If you listen to "modern" (or "alternative") rock, it's assumed you listen to nothing else, with the exception of extremely popular, danceable rap. If you listen to rap, it's assumed you listen to nothing else, with the exception of extremely popular, danceable modern rock. Artists who do not play the hip-pop-rock fusion line with finesse ala the Beastie Boys suffer either one end or the other.

The same is true for country, in order to emerge from it, artists must not only skew their sound, so that at best it sounds undeniably pop-washed, but their entire image to avoid looking like country bumpkins and hicks. Otherwise, their music remains solely available on country music stations and video programs. There is little or no recognition of country musicians in mainstream media (especially after you enter more Californian suburban terrain) until after artists manage to sell a significant number of singles or records.

"Electronica" fares even worse: Having been recognized by the industry as a viable music form, it is expected to sell, but with no radio outlet willing to take on its abstract, technological feel. The closest we come are tracks by The Prodigy or perhaps The Crystal Method who, despite press hype, have remained relegated to late-night MTV airtime once a week or on the occasional radio station late, late at night (or poorly squished between tracks by Third Eye Blind and Matchbox 20).

So why the segregation of all contemporary music forms? If it is an issue of taste, how much of it is defined by our collective historical conscious and brain composition, and how much of it is defined by the manufacturing of appealing images? These are not questions I can pretend I have the answers to, but I think that they are worth valid consideration by scientists, historians, psychologists and, of course, all you postmodernists roaming the streets looking for more to deconstruct.

The word "alternative" has been gutted of any meaning. "Independent rock" means next to nothing (most influential independent labels have distribution deals with corporate labels). Punk, hip-hop and rock have been — or are being — stripped of any cultural significance (and particularly subversion) they once held. And yet within any remaining forms with some underground (or unheard-of) significance, mutation and splitting into further genres is frequent. Punk subdivides into hardcore, queercore, pop punk, emo, etc.; electronica subdivides into techno, house, hardhouse, happyhouse, ambient, jungle, drum 'n' bass, techstep, etc. Such constant subdividing, mutating and fusing on the relatively underground level shows, to a certain extent, the pursuit of avid music fans to flee the rabid, heartless soul of the urban marketer. By constantly morphing into various subgenres, they attempt to continuously subvert the consolidation of music done for capitalist purposes.

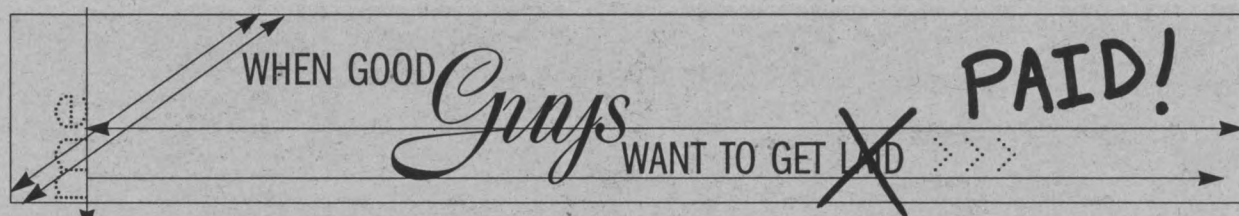
See FUCK THE MAN, p.7A

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BY ROB HANSON
Bad Ass

So Sugar Ray sucks ... a lot. We know this; it's not a mystery to anyone. They've made it big on the strength of one catchy pop song and they're following it up with another one that sounds exactly the same. An on-the-ball promotions department also helped them to carve out an image that appeals mainly to record-buying girls who are just now beginning to grow some pubic hair. Basically they are corporate rock incarnate.

Believe it or not, Sugar Ray have been around for a long time. In fact, they were signed to Atlantic some seven years ago, and prior to that they were a fixture of sorts in the Orange County club scene. One might even say that they've paid their dues and deserve the success they now enjoy. Well, one *might* say that, but I'm certainly not. The issues here go far deeper than this flash-in-the-pan excuse for a rock band.

Sugar Ray, like so many bands before them, simply gave up, wanted to be stars and knew full well that they weren't going to get there on the strength of their music.

Now you might be wondering why I've singled out Sugar Ray. Well, I actually hung out with these guys about four years ago after they played a show in my hometown of Sacramento. I was 18 and a regular at a number of Sactown clubs and happened to be hanging out with another band drinking beer backstage at a downtown art fair. They were all OK guys, and at that point they were sort of a "glammed-out" SoCal punk band with a DJ. They were just another band, nothing too special. I can remember them clearly talking about the importance of "sticking to your guns" with regard to the music industry and how they were happy "just being a band." Basically they were trying really hard to do the whole "more-indie-than-thou" thing, and even then it seemed a little fake.

After this little meeting, I've always managed to keep pretty close tabs on Sugar Ray from a sort of sociological point of view. So let's then take a little trip down memory lane. It was the spring of '97, and Sugar Ray were still rocking (yeah, I said rocking because this is still before their hit-making formula came to fruition) their way through the clubs of our great country mostly to small, heavily intoxicated

crowds because, as they stated, "We were happy just being a band."

Well, obviously they weren't! I'm thinking of a little movie called "Father's Day" that starred Billy Crystal and Robin Williams where the boys were cast not as some anonymous band, but as themselves. Remember that "on-the-ball" promotions department at Atlantic? Oh yes ... can we say movie product shot and keenly scripted advertising? I think we can. In this flick the boys were paraded about as the rock stars they were yet to be, playing to enormous fake crowds the likes of which they have still hardly seen.

At this point no real foul had been committed, maybe they needed some cash to pay the rent. However you want to slice it, they still hadn't really sold their souls too badly. Then came the summer of '98, and you know the song. Now to the uninformed music fan, Sugar Ray were a brand new band who for all anybody knew had been playing songs like "Fly" from the beginning.

To those of us "in the know" (if you will), 1998 saw trouble on the horizon. Now did they follow this single up with a song off the same album? Fuck no! Why? Because nothing on that album sounded anything like their hit. In fact nothing they had ever written sounded like their hit.

So what's their solution? Unlike the one-hit wonders of the past who so often tried and failed to win fans back over with their "other" songs, Sugar Ray have obviously taken the advice of their financial advisers and written, get this, an entire fucking album that sounds exactly like their previous hit. Complete with an obviously bought and paid-for appearance by KRS-ONE, their new album "14:59" is one of the most blatant attempts to cash in on mainstream success in recent memory. Long gone are the punk anthems of the past, and here to stay are the formulaic ska-pop-teeny ballads that made 'em famous.

Fuck you, Sugar Ray!

Don't worry world, Robert Hanson is planning to die of an overdose long before he has to cater to eighth grade girls with no pubic hair.

A-DOUBLE

Continued from p.3A

1) The continued closed mindedness of trendy fools.

Whenever playing a certain selection of music, it isn't unusual to solicit reactions such as "I never heard of this" accompanied by bewildered facial expressions. So? Why care if you never heard of it, you're hearing it now! Whutchu mean "I can't dance to this, like, cuz I, like, never heard of it?" Dude, bro, like what the fuck are we, programmed robots by Bill Gates and Q 104.7?

2) Also, have you ever wondered if the fat from one's buttocks can be used for food preparation?

I have ...

3) Seems to me that a lot of folks in this city can learn a thing or two by watching The Offspring's latest video, *Pretty Fly for a White Guy*.

4) This is kinda old, but why does Korn jock Ice Cube

intensively?

5) Y'all should peep the latest *Rolling Stone*.

The most ridiculous feature of the issue had to be the celebrities' pick for top-five albums of the year. It was refreshing to see the girl from Garbage put Outkast's *Aquemini* in her list. I give props to the members of Rammstein and Pearl Jam for their choices. Definite props goes to Sean Lennon for putting Kool Keith's *Sex Style* in his top-five list. So why is it that Timbaland puts Aaliyah's "Are you that Somebody," a single he produced, in the number one slot of his picks? That nig#\$a is tripping ...

Well, phukk all'y'all that smile in my face but then glare at me from a distance, and I'm out till next week ...

A-Twice, when not smoking the dosia with Master P and watching Spice, also has his own shit on KCSB 91.9 before *The Outsiderz*. Whut!

within dominant culture to ever rightfully assess them. With that, I say, love music, Fuck The Man, and vote no.

Is Jennifer Raub on a one-way path to spinsterhood or what?

Small is Beautiful. Nexus Classifieds work.

FUCK THE MAN

Continued from p.6A

I cannot pretend to have answers to these questions here, or the other slew of those I haven't even posed on paper. These are questions that I have not been accurately able to figure out for myself; and perhaps we are all too trapped

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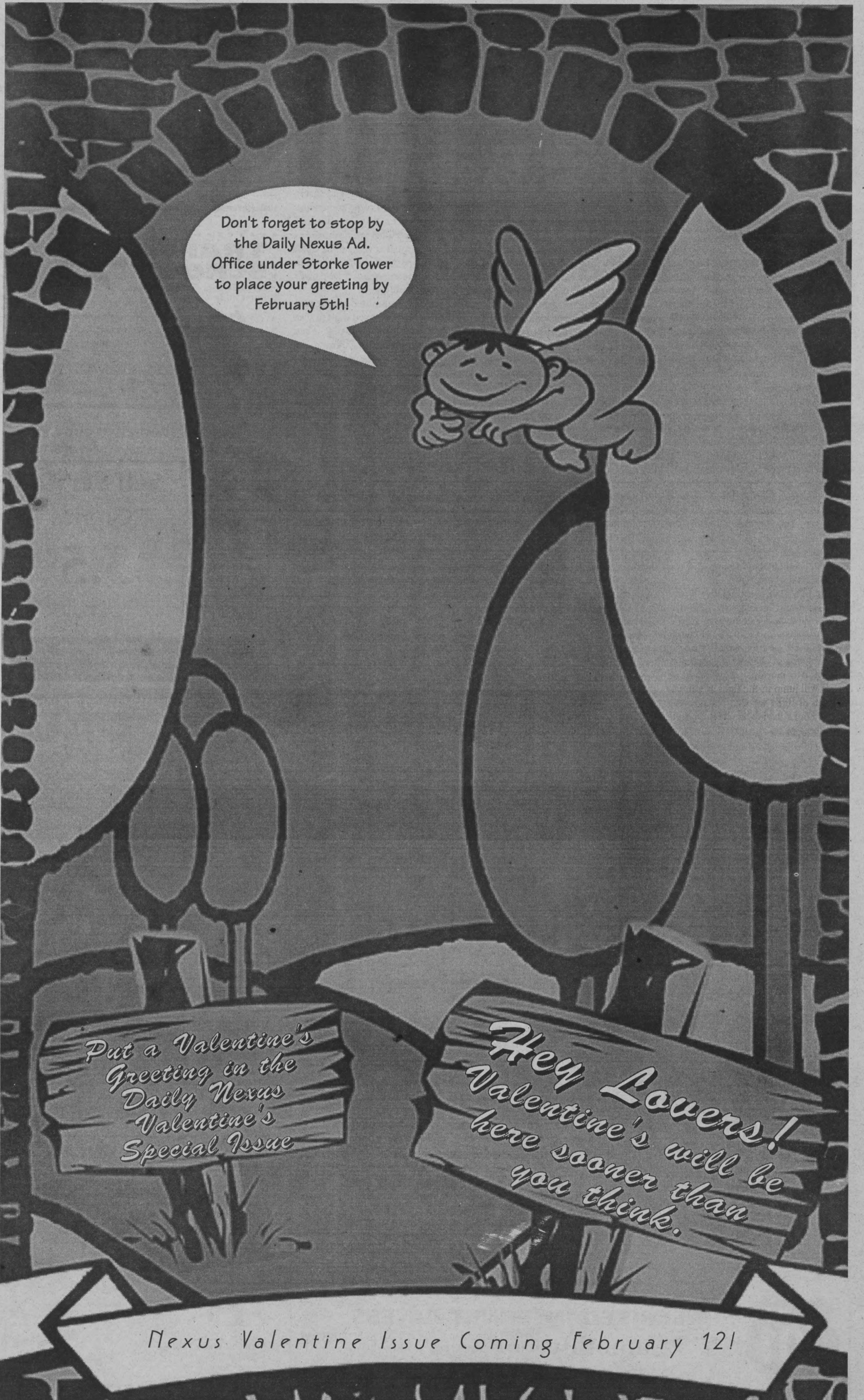
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