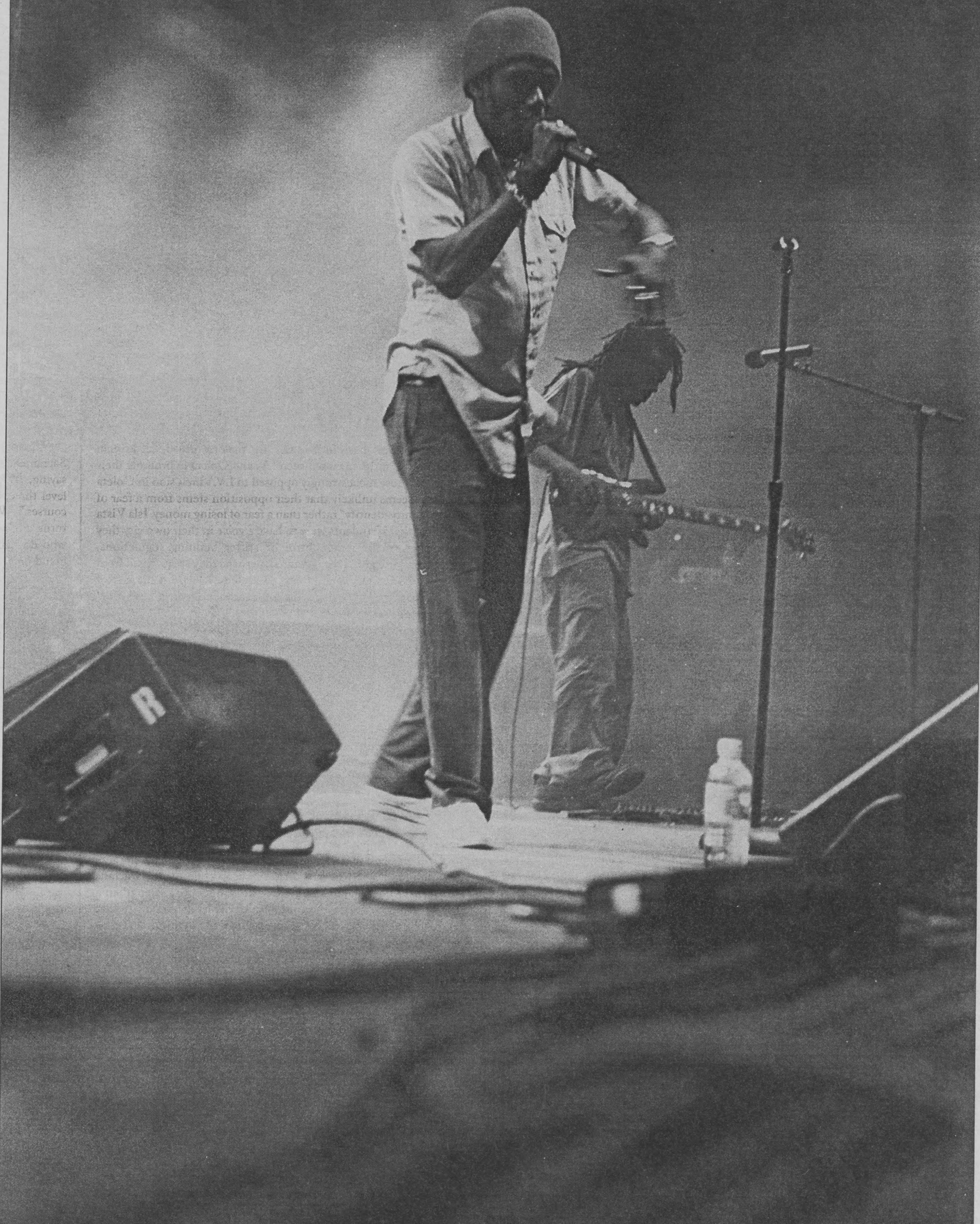


Lock-in this ...

# artsweek



mos def comes alive

coachella **photos+words**, p. 2A

"from the sun king to the royal twilight" | rocket from the crypt | "driven" | theater reviews galore | calendar | music reviews



# HOT IN EVERYWAY

COACHELLA ROCKED, RAPPED + RULED



photos\_nick haggard

1\_ Umbrella girl 2\_ Sitar girl 3\_ Dave Navarro of Jane's Addiction 4\_ Phesto of Souls of Mischief 5\_ Dave Navarro 6\_ Crowd 7\_ Guy 8\_ Hair 9\_ Crowd 10\_ Tajai of Souls of Mischief 11\_ Ride it 12\_ Busdriver, Aocyalone + Abstract Rude 13\_ Security's phat!

12\_ Heat in the high 90s, 47 bands and lots and lots of skin greeted the 30 thousand-plus revelers at last Saturday's Coachella festival. A massive mishmash of hip hop, electronica and rock, the performers braved the elements and their own dehydration to give the passionate crowd an unforgettable day. At times it was overwhelming: What is one to do when The Chemical Brothers, The Orb and Gang Starr are all playing simultaneously in different tents? Living up to expectations, Jane's Addiction was fantastic.

Opening with "Upon the Beach," their energy continued unabated through the epic performance of "Three Days." The freestyling of MC Supernatural was amazing to witness as he incorporated three words from the audience (psilocybin, astrophysicist, empirical) into a blazingly entertaining rhyme-fest. The crowd reached a frightening level of energy during Weezer's much anticipated set as Rivers Cuomo and company interspersed some songs off their forthcoming release with popular numbers off of their popular debut.

Still, it was the electronica acts that stole the show. Spinning in massive tents where the sound ricocheted around at ear-bleeding decibels, the crowd for Kruder & Dorfmeister and The Chemical Brothers often approached ballistic. Coachella-goers were a remarkably buoyant and happy lot, relentlessly shaking their bodies to the thumping beats spinning off the decks, letting their chemically fueled energy release itself amid the dizzying heat. Let's hope this becomes a new Southern California tradition. [Andy Sywak]

"En Fuego Jalapeno Eating Contest!"

**Sharkeez** "El-Naked" Pinata Smashing Contest

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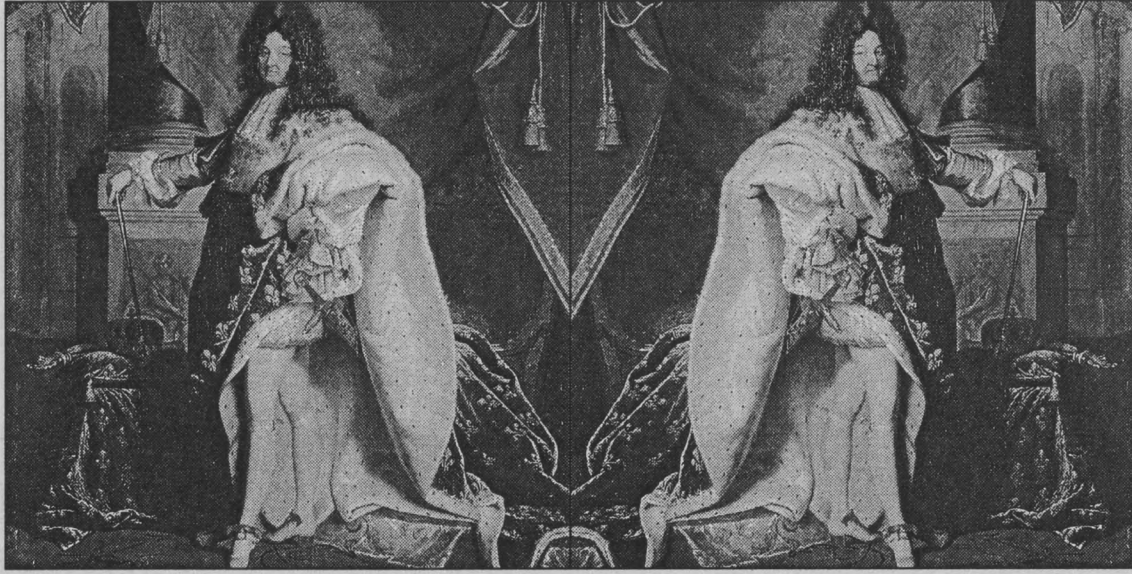
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art | review



## VIVE VERSAILLES!

### FROM THE SUN KING TO THE ROYAL TWILIGHT LOOKS BACK AT THE ANCIEN REGIME

boomer sooner\_m. garren tinney

Strolling into "From the Sun King to the Royal Twilight," the new exhibit at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, is like walking through a corridor of thought and perception. It bends reality upon itself to reveal a time of revolution, both in art and history, that spurred the understanding of life and justice that defines our contemporary minds. Or something like that. It's more like having a silent conversation with artists of 18th-century France discovering the world as they might have perceived it through their art.

The subject matter is diverse, ranging from exotic hunting trips in faraway lands to the portraiture of aristocrats postured solemnly in all their pomp and leisure. The energetic brushstrokes of Boucher present "The Rape of Europa," — subjects from Greek mythology were prevalent in the period. The floating countenances of six aristocratic toddlers swirl on a canvas loosely ornamented with flowers and a bold palette of deep colors in a work by Lepicie, demonstrating the emerging genre of children's portraiture. A visceral depiction of St. Peter brutally crucified upside-down, by Pierre Subleyras, identifies the Christian religiosity still influential in the

art at the time.

The breadth of topics is interesting in that you can imagine the concerns of an 18th-century Frenchman. Royalty and poverty, religion and politics and history and

“  
ROYALTY AND POVERTY, RELIGION  
AND POLITICS AND  
HISTORY AND LITERATURE  
ARE ALL  
CAPTURED  
”

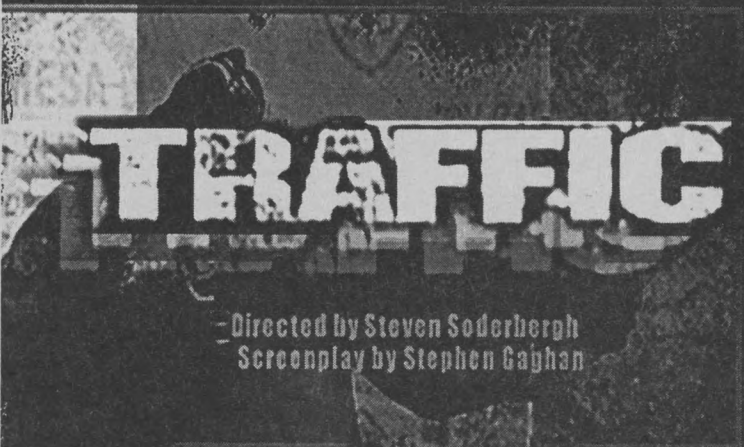
literature are all captured in the aesthetic contributions of the century. The carefully selected works create a sort of artistic gestalt that encapsulates the concerns, feelings and struggles that were a part of the time.

As you walk in, you may first notice two upper-middle-class patrons of the arts who commissioned their own portraits. You meet them, notice their attire, see their world, their personalities and then turn around. On the next wall is a picture called "The Provost and Aldermen of the City of Paris Deliberating on the Commemoration of the Dinner Given for King Louis XIV at the City Hall After His Recovery in 1687," which depicts, not surprisingly, exactly that. The rich clothes and plush décor surround these royal gentlemen as they pose in easy contemplation. The Revolution never seemed so necessary until I saw these men kindly juxtaposed with some of their inferiors in nearby paintings.

Art is a representation of the mind, and mindsets are formed within historical contexts. This exhibit allows you to journey back into the world of thoughts that defined the time — and in their time you see the unrealized intimations of our own.

"From the Sun King to the Royal Twilight," is on display until June 17 at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, 1130 State St.

I.V. Theater movie night



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music | Interview



## DEAR ABBY'S FAVORITE PUNK BAND

### ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT ARE AS RUDE AS THEIR MUSIC IS LOUD

striking out *\_rebecca pellman*

Rocket From the Crypt has been touted as "the band that will save rock 'n' roll." Almost a decade ago, San Diego gave birth to the band that has attracted a large cultish fan base but has managed to slip past mainstream attention. The sound is the epitome of what rock 'n' roll should be — loud, hard and a hell of a lot of fun. The lyrics are like riddles with only one absolute interpretation: RFTC is definitely here to rock.

Here before you is the uncut version of *Artsweek's* interview with bassist Petey X. As you can tell, he was really excited about this opportunity and had a lot to say about his band.

*Artsweek: When most bands move from an indie label to a major label, they are called sellouts. You guys just moved from a major to an indie. How does it feel to be reverse sellouts?*

Petey X: Uh, it feels great.

*Yeah?*

Yeah. It's the best thing we've ever done.

*What was behind the move to Vagrant Records?*

Having someone put out our record who actually cares about the music as opposed to someone who only cares about making money.

*And that's how you felt on Interscope Records?*

For the last couple years, yeah.

*That's great you guys are satisfied now.*

Yeah. Absolutely.

*Since you said you are concerned with a label that actually cares about the music, how has that affected the sound of the newest album, "Group Sounds," as opposed to the ones with Interscope?*

I don't know. I really don't see a big change, you know. We just changed ourselves, you know. The longer you play, the better you get. I don't think the sound has really changed, I think it has a lot of all the records that we've

“

UH,  
YEAH,  
IT  
FEELS  
GREAT ”

done in the past kinda tied into it.

*Does the name "Group Sounds" have anything to do with the Beach Boys' "Pet Sounds"?*

Definitely not. No.

*All right, speaking of names, the title of the new movie "Mummy Returns" sounds pretty similar to Rocket From the Crypt. Do you think they are biting your style?*

No, I definitely wouldn't think that because I don't

really see it.

*Well OK then. Is it true that you were in a Kevin Smith movie, or were going to be?*

I think we are going to be.

*Can you elaborate on that or is it strictly confidential?*

It's strictly confidential. I don't even know how you'd hear about that. How did you hear about that?

*Rumors.*

Well it is strictly confidential.

*We will forget it then. I know you guys have worked with and been in a lot of other bands. Does that have an influence on Rocket From the Crypt?*

The other bands are the anti-influences of Rocket. Those are things we want to do that are not Rocket From the Crypt. When you have something you want to lay down that you don't think will fit with Rocket From the Crypt, you do it elsewhere. I think this influences that rather than the other way around.

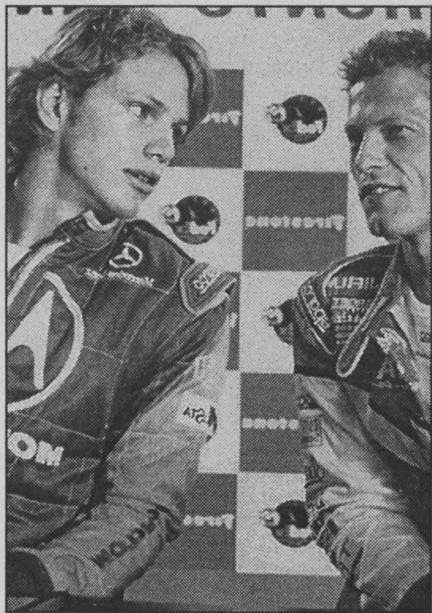
*Anything special we should expect to see at the show?*

It's just gonna be a really great, kick-ass, rock 'n' roll show.

*Anything else you'd like to add?*

Um, no. That's it.

*Rocket From the Crypt plays with International Noise Conspiracy and The Explosion tonight at the El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd, 8 p.m. \$13.50. All ages.*



## ROCKY DOES NASCAR

### DRIVEN SPOTLIGHTS THE DESCENT OF STY STALLONE'S CAREER

not amused *\_andy sywak*

Instead of trying to come up with some witty lead to the story, let me just cut to the chase: "Driven" sucks. The film races around in familiar circles toward a goal that doesn't seem clear. Meant to be an insatiably exciting, fast-paced adrenaline cruise — sort of a "Top Gun" of the racing world — even the great special effects of the crash scenes cannot save this film from the dustbin of insignificance.

Prospective screenwriters who are interested in how not to write a script should consult this unimaginative dirge penned by Sylvester Stallone. The predictable, clichéd

dialogue spouts out of the actor's mouth so cold and lifeless that nothing meaningful or believable is ever allowed to develop. Sensationally overdone direction by Renny Harlin, virtually everything about this movie reeks of mediocrity.

The film opens in what is the relative strength of the film, the racing scenes. Doe-faced, talented rookie driver Jimmy Bly (a very flat Kip Pardue) is trying to overtake the Dale Earnhardt of the racing world, Beau Brandenburg (German sex-symbol Til Schweiger). Bly loses the race but wins others, and a rivalry develops between the men complicated by the fact

that Bly is chasing Brandenburg's estranged wife Sophia (Estella Warren). When Bly loses his focus, a maverick racing promoter (Burt Reynolds in "Boogie Nights" form) brings in old burnt-out driver Joe Tanto (Stallone) to help out the rookie and compete with Brandenburg for the World Championship.

Whatever excitement the racing scenes generate quickly dissipates as Harlin tries to develop uncreative and dry personal stories. Perhaps a movie to be appreciated by the devout NASCAR fan, "Driven's" script is too poor to breathe any life into its intentions.

## thingstodo >> calendar

today | **thursday**

Every Thursday around 6:30 or so, *Artsweek* takes a break from relaxing in their spacious, clean office (recently redecorated in accordance with the principles of feng shui), and ponders why there isn't a stampede in the direction of Campbell Hall. It's time to create pandemonium, kids, so run over to catch "Alexander Nevsky," a Medieval war epic that even has English subtitles. No, seriously, run! 7:30 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.

tomorrow | **friday**

All right, darlings, while it's perfectly acceptable to spend your typical Friday nights getting wasted and freaking some girl to "Around the World (La La La La)," every once and a while it's a good idea to step outside the mold. Thankfully, DJ Manabu and Inti bring their records to Elsie's every Friday to bless your creatively-deprived souls with the best in downtempo, electro, hip hop and much more. 117 W. De La Guerra. 21+

weekend | **saturday**

Ah, Cinco de Mayo. If the only "cultural" experience you've gotten recently has been looking at racist ads from well-known bars downtown in certain student newspapers, by all means change your ways. Start by going to one of the cultural events taking place on campus this Saturday. The Vietnamese Student Association presents their annual culture show — a variety of skits, dances, singing, fashion and more. Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall, 7 p.m. \$10.



theater | reviews



## LOVE'S LABOR LOST TO GILLIAN ON HER 37TH BIRTHDAY EXPLORES DEATH + LOSS

complex\_armando alvarado

How does one cope with the loss of a loved one and deal with the complex family problems that occur afterward? "To Gillian on her 37th Birthday," presented by the Seaside Theatre Company, deals primarily with this complex problem.

Michael Brady's critically acclaimed Off-Broadway play, later adapted for the big screen, revolves around a family gathering in a beach house off the coast of New England. The play develops around the central character David (Bryan Kimmel) who has shut himself off from his family and fallen in to a state of depression since the accidental death of his wife Gillian (Jean Hall). The young and enthusiastic Rachel (Jennifer Ernest) takes the enduring role of David's daughter who is spending time with her father and attempting to deal with her mother's

death along with the problems that encounter a teenage girl. Coincidentally, the weekend in which the play is set is also the weekend of Gillian's birthday and death. David continues to hang on to the memory of his wife and is visited by her on his late night walks and talks with her. Rachel and her Aunt Ester (Leslie Story) urge David to accept the death of Gillian and to move on with his life, but to no avail. During this weekend Ester and her husband Paul (Martin Bell) bring along a former student of David's, Kevin (Debbie Leppert) to attempt to help him out of his depressive state, unaware of the importance of the anniversary of Gillian's death.

Both Kimmel and Story perform wonderfully and are the key performers in the play. Ester, who is a therapist, tries to help David, but this turns into an emotional and

dramatic confrontation between the two. Also, the young Jennifer Ernest gives a convincing performance of a teenager trying to cope with the loss of her mother and friend.

"To Gillian on her 37th Birthday" captures the emotional tribulations of a family coping with the death of a family member. The small unknown theatre should not deter anyone from making the drive to Carpinteria to see this great production.

"To Gillian on her 37th Birthday" runs through May 20. Performances are Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 2 p.m. at the Theatre Molly Barbey, 5315 Foothill Rd., Carpinteria. \$7 - \$10, general. For tickets and information, call 684-6380.

## THREE FLOWERS OF FUN TAKING STEPS GOES UP AND UP AND UP

erudite\_julie kram



I'm not going up those stairs>>> Kati Soleil in Santa Barbara City College's "Taking Steps"

In the spirit of Oscar Wilde's farcical portrayals of human nature in plays such as "The Importance of Being Earnest," the Santa Barbara City College Theater group's newest production, "Taking Steps," attempts a low brow imitation of his thematic style. Like "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Taking Steps" is a commentary on the commonness of people misunderstanding each other, showing the ridiculous nature of ourselves to ourselves. Observing over 60 audience members rolling in the aisles, the play proves to be unpredictable and witty in its execution.

The premise of "Taking Steps" is a group of six characters that realize their interconnectedness as the truth is slowly revealed. They consistently misunderstand each other due to their habitual self-centeredness, which is the main attribute that they all share.

"Taking Steps" portrays different types of clashing personalities. Intended to take place in modern times, the play exposes

the way that people negatively interact with each other in a positive light. About half of the play takes place with three men all wearing identical pajamas. One of the characters is a raging alcoholic who drinks buckets of scotch and never seems to be phased by it until the moment that he learns that his wife has left him. Then there are the two characters who have these bizarre speech patterns and who are next to impossible to understand.

The only characters that can relate to each other and treat each other kindly are those with strange speech patterns, played by Edward Lee and Melissa Webb. They are also the most endearing characters that induce the audience's sympathy. Roland, played by Jon Koons, is the character whose wife attempts to leave him. Mark (Everett Moore) and Tristram (Edward Lee) contribute to the physical comedy that arises out of Roland's alcoholism.

Alan Ayckburn's set utilizes three floors of a Victorian style house. This set results

in the characters going up and down the stairs rather frequently, with the effect of having many characters on the stage at the same time unaware of each other's presence. The comedy of the situations that arise is based primarily on the fact that everybody has their own agenda, and the audience can see each character's plans being hatched simultaneously.

Irony and comedy join together as certain characters spend the evening in the same house without ever meeting each other, and ultimately the most unassuming character is the one that becomes the most depended upon. "Taking Steps" is decidedly not self-conscious in its essence, nor is it very thought provoking, but is nevertheless enjoyable to see.

"Taking Steps" runs through May 12, Tuesday through Sunday, 8 p.m. and Sunday, 2 p.m. at Studio Theatre at SBCC's West Campus. \$14 - \$16 general. For tickets and information, call 965-5935.

## thingstodo >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**

While we're reluctant to admit it, one of your very cool Artsweek editors has actually been to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, home of Celtic fiddler Natalie MacMaster. There, Celtic fiddlin' is actually really cool; some of their best fiddlers even get remixed by their, uh, top deejays. Natalie MacMaster might keep it "traditional," but that doesn't mean she can't get down and dirty. Ironically, she's even been called "electrifying." Campbell Hall, 7 p.m.

next week | **tuesday**

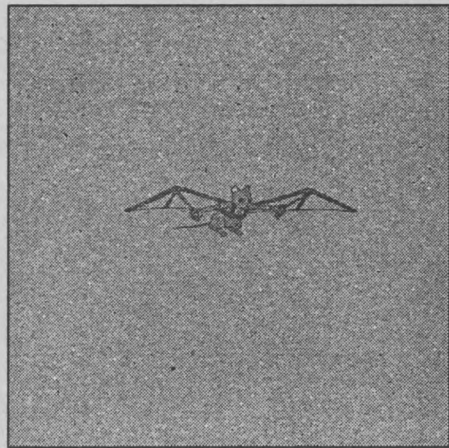
Although you might not be old enough to legally experience the debauchery amiss during Calypso's Reggae Tuesday, there's plenty of other things going on in the area that are just as fun. Experience your debauchery vicariously this Tuesday by getting over to I.V. Theater in time to catch "Traffic," the award-winning film that deals honestly with the drug war. It screens twice (at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m.) and is only a meager \$3 for students. \$5 general.

next week | **wednesday**

It is time, dark ones, to crawl out from your caves of hiding. Don't worry, by the time the show starts, the sun will have gone down, so put on your eyeliner with care and come - candleabras, fishnets, boots, dog collars, red roses, skulls, black nailpolish, bad poetry and all - to Madhouse for a ghoulish, ghastly experience. There, Carried By Six will carry you away into a gothic experience that resembles the afterlife. Morbid indeed. 434 State St. 21+



# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*



Bats and Mice | s/t | Lovitt

I feel dirty, sullied, debased, degraded and all around icky. But let me start at the beginning.

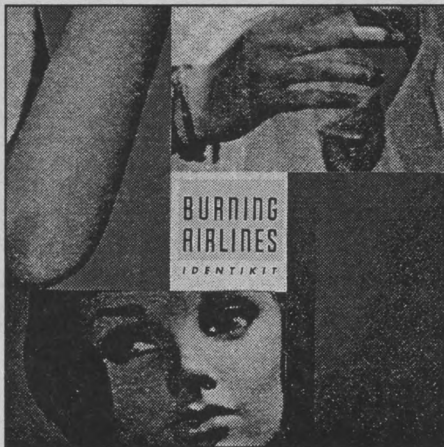
I hate emo. I find emo bands to be pretentious, phony and narcissistically self-involved. However, I love chaotic hardcore (aka screamo) and one of my favorite representatives of that genre is the sadly demised Sleepytime Trio. When I found out that three-fourths of Sleepytime had regrouped as Bats and Mice, I ran around in circles whooping and cheering and generally getting on everyone's nerves.

Bats and Mice, it turns out, play emo. *Fuck!*

But that's not the worst of it. In spite of all my prejudices, I like Bats and Mice. The three songs on this EP combine a sparse melodic air with some unbelievably killer hooks, and I ended up singing them over and over in front of the same people who were already annoyed with me for the spazz-out recounted above. Thus, I now find myself alone. But that's fine, because the interweaving vocals on this EP evoke a therapeutic melancholy better than any band since Three Mile Pilot. I could cover my ass and say this album is "dark pop," but no, it's emo, and I find

myself quite enjoying it.

I need a shower. [DJ Fatkid has needed a shower for a while, actually]



Burning Airlines | Identikit | De Soto

Postmodernism is hardly unknown to independent rock. Nearly every crap conceptual Polyvinyl band can quote Baudrillard or Foucault. Rare, however, is a concrete example of a deliberate post-modern musical aesthetic. Burning Airlines shows conceptual savvy on a more structural level, composing post-hardcore with a referential edge.

Singer/guitarist/songwriter J. Robbins (refugee from seminal D.C. group Jawbox) has one of the finest natural voices in indie rock, which he employs in a myriad of ways: cracking anger, Andrew Lloyd Webber-esque melodiousness and Tony Bennett-like jazzy crooning. The music itself borrows liberally from punk, mod, jazz, prog, dub and blues, all filtered through an obligatory dose of Fugazi. Lyrically, too, many of the songs read like passages from *City of Quartz*.

Though songs like "Earthbound," with its creaky acoustic guitar, or "A Song with No Words" come off as stilted and cold, much of this album has a certain kick,

swing and dynamism that buoys it through thick and thin. But take this recommendation with a grain of salt: If you're not in with postmodernism, you're doomed to be forgotten. [DJ Fatkid]



Diffuser | Injury Loves Melody | Hollywood

Plowed and cultivated by hit producer Don Gilmore, *Injury Loves Melody* is set to infuse itself into the unfriendly waters of modern-rock radio. Although unlike its bass-pounding and socially inept contemporaries, Diffuser will not have any problem finding itself a willing and understanding audience.

The album is indifferent and unthreatening. The infectious melodies are pleasant but too persistent. They work, but grow tiresome. All in all, the songs and the record seem pretty textbook. "Wide Eyes" exemplifies Diffuser's formula for a rock song: a great lead and a relentless chorus extended at the end for the big finish. Unfortunately, this formula works all too well for the band, and it is incapable of designing anything with a different concept, structure or catch. Although this record will diversify the hum of rock radio, it isn't an eclectic album. It's ear candy and simply uses the consumer-

friendly conventions of rock music to proclaim itself. It's not bad; it's just a record. [Collin Mitchell]

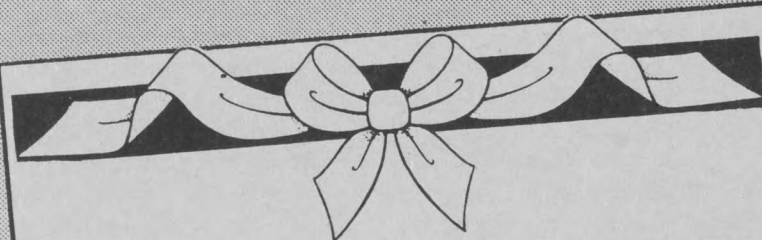


All Natural | Second Nature | Thrill Jockey

I don't know who Capital D and Tone B. Nimble think they are. Waiting four years to follow up your first album is usually artistic suicide in the hip hop world; waiting four years as an independent is even worse. But the duo known as All Natural has stayed true to its Chicago roots by doing local shows and putting on other regional talent, and now the group comes back to the forefront armed with a strong territorial fanbase.

Thankfully, All Natural hasn't lost any of the *Fresh Air* that made it so dope four years ago. Capital D is still incredible with his wordplay, constructing well-thought rhymes that stay balanced on the thin line between jaded and preachy. There are several guests sprinkled throughout the album's 19 songs, and all of them manage to hold their own with master of ceremonies Capital D. The best teaming is on "Uncle Sam," where D and Slug from Atmosphere address some of America's most formative icons.

While Capital D claims to be "old



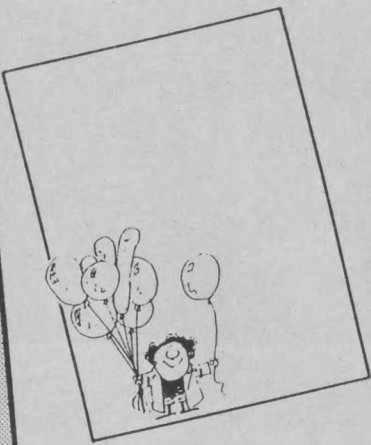

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# MOST



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photo by Bridget Saltzman

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# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*

monies Capital D. The best teaming is on "Uncle Sam," where D and Slug from Atmosphere address some of America's most formative icons.

While Capital D claims to be "old school like performing calculus with an abacus," don't be fooled: All Natural is way ahead of the game. This fact is never more evident than on "Godspeed," where D humbly admits, "I don't claim to have all the answers/ I don't even know all the questions." Humbleness in hip hop? I take back what I said earlier: All Natural is light years ahead of the game. [Trey Clark]



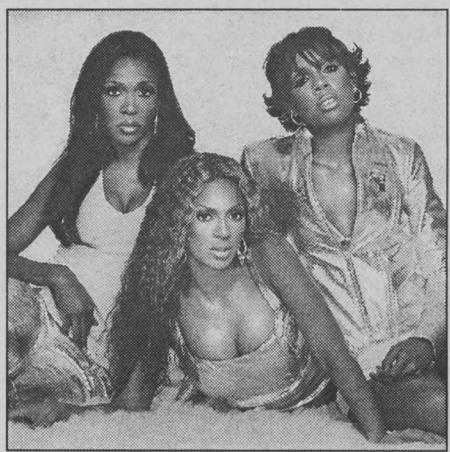
Daft Punk | Discovery | Virgin

While you've been out about town knocking back Red Bulls and vodka at an alarming rate, wrapping your arms around ladies in tube tops and snorting precious concoctions of lidocaine and laundry detergent, Daft Punk was down in the basement mixing up a new kind of medicine. Let's call it "The New Disco."

Four years ago, Daft Punk branded its pop-meets-punk-on-their-dance-floor vibe with an '80s logo, sent it "Around the World," and have since watched several dozen cheap imitators relish only one-hit

success ("La la la la"). Daft Punk takes its various formulas of success — glittery '80s rock guitars, solid beats, hearty basslines, sci-fi film sound effects, etc. — and rearranges the parts. For better, there's the funk-infused "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger," "High Life" and "Something About Us." For worse, there's "Digital Love," "Superheroes" and "Veridis Quo," all of which come across as derivative theme music to bad '80s TV shows. Other tracks such as "Short Circuit" and "Cresendolls" sound interesting on the first listen but quickly become tired after a fourth or fifth listen.

Although it's commendable that Daft Punk seeks new horizons, *Discovery* shows that sometimes the new terrain it discovers is worse than where it began. For fans of new sounds in house (or at least those who just need to own "One More Time" on CD), *Discovery* is worth the purchase. [Jenne Raub doesn't need the Weatherhuman to know which way the wind blows]



Destiny's Child | Survivor | Sony

Destiny's Child is the most important girl group since The Supremes.

Push your thick-rimmed glasses back

upon your straight-edge nose. You read that correctly.

After convincing a generation of seven-year-old girls to demand their boyfriends pay off their own exorbitant long-distance charges ("Bills, Bills, Bills") and express feelings of love ("Say My Name"), Destiny's Child then convinced females between the ages of 4 and 74 to ditch the aforementioned boyfriends for a much-needed girls'-night-out rendezvous at the local club ("Jumpin', Jumpin'"). Not to be outdone by music alone, Destiny's Child then entered the media circus with a bunch of hoopla for firing two of its four members. After the grand shuffle, the public was left with Beyoncé Knowles, Michelle Williams and Kelly Rowland — three lean, mean vocal machines with odd matching outfits and a strange in-family management team.

Enter a little film called "Charlie's Angels," get honey-voiced Beyoncé to pen a ditty encouraging women of all ages and occupations to feel good about taking care of themselves and watch the song be their first to hit the #1 spot on Billboard. Any problems caused by the rearrangement were, to be succinct, solved.

On Tuesday *Survivor* hit stores, already with two Top 10 hits to its not-yet-released status. The album is more of the same ready-for-Revlon, glossy pop feminism, but Destiny's Child is, shall we say, getting in touch with its sultry side, as songs like "Bootylicious" illustrate. Songs touch on familiar ground, but Ms. Knowles has a definite knack for writing pop music. And even if you hate the go-get-em-girl pop anthems, isn't music supposed to bring everyone together, from the beer-loving sorority girl to the obese diva in lower management?

You might hate everything about pop

music, but there's no doubt that Ms. Knowles is a force to be reckoned with. While the rest of us 20-year-olds bike around campus in the sun, Ms. Knowles has written and produced every song on this album — a claim Diana Ross could never make back in her days of Motown glory. Destiny's Child might seem like just another product of the Hollywood machine, but I'm certain they're more than just survivors. [Jenne Raub]

## kcsb91.9

top ten hip hop singles

1. Zion!, "Le Le Le" (Nu Gruv)
2. Greyboy, "Bath Music" (Ubiquity)
3. Saul Williams, "Purple Pigeons" (Ozone)
4. M.F. Doom, "I Hear Voices" (Subverse)
5. L.A. Symphony, "Move On" (White Label)
6. Object Beings, "Attack of the Post-Modern Pat Boones" (Weapon-Shaped)
7. Cannibal Ox, "B-Boy's Alpha" (Def Jux)
8. Mr. Lif, "Fulcrum" (Def Jux)
9. Anti-Pop Consortium, "Autograph" (Ozone)
10. Bullet-Proof, Space Travelers "eD - Die-def" (Stray)

- As reported by Matt Kawamura

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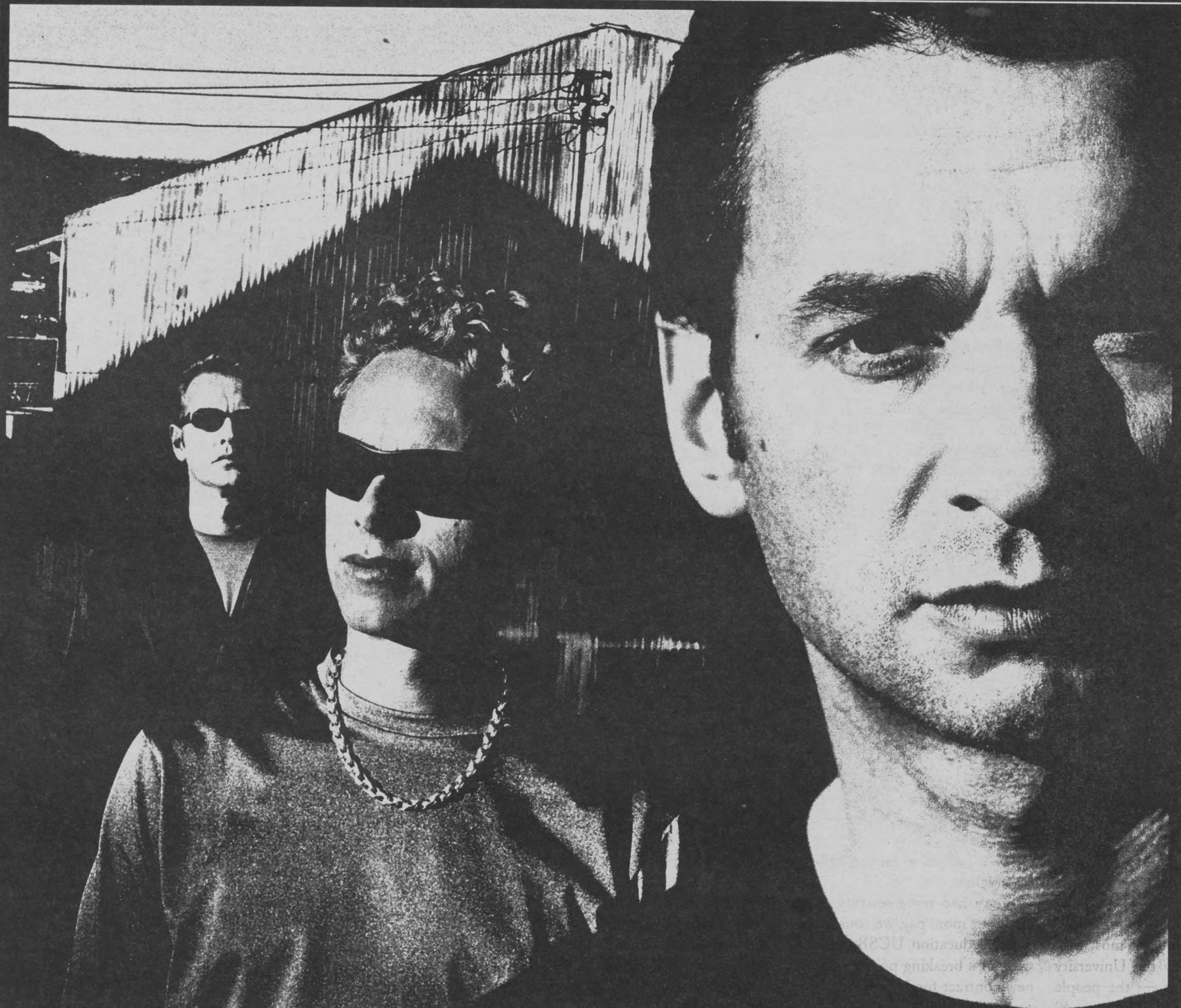
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