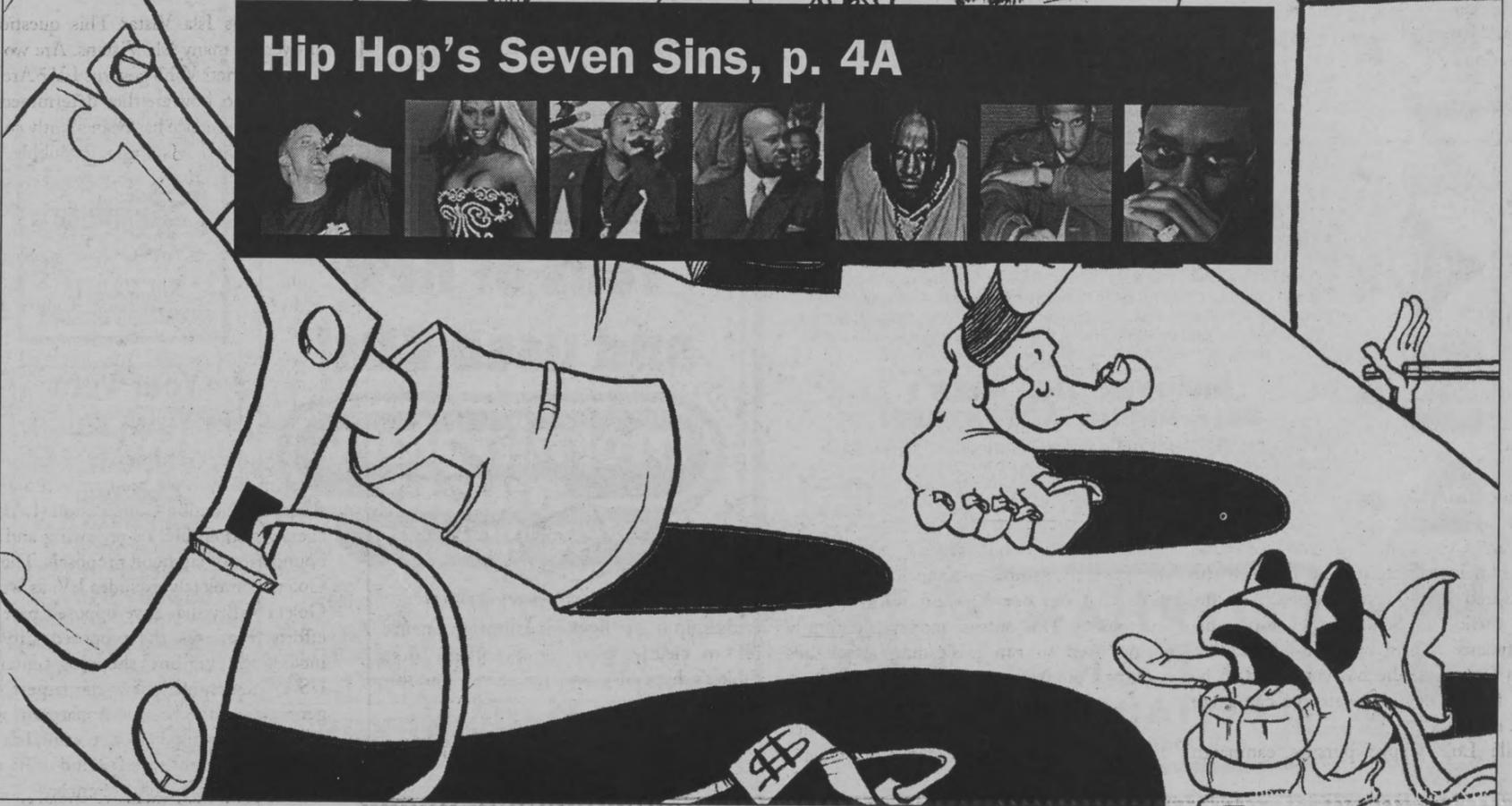


forgive us father, for we have created another ...

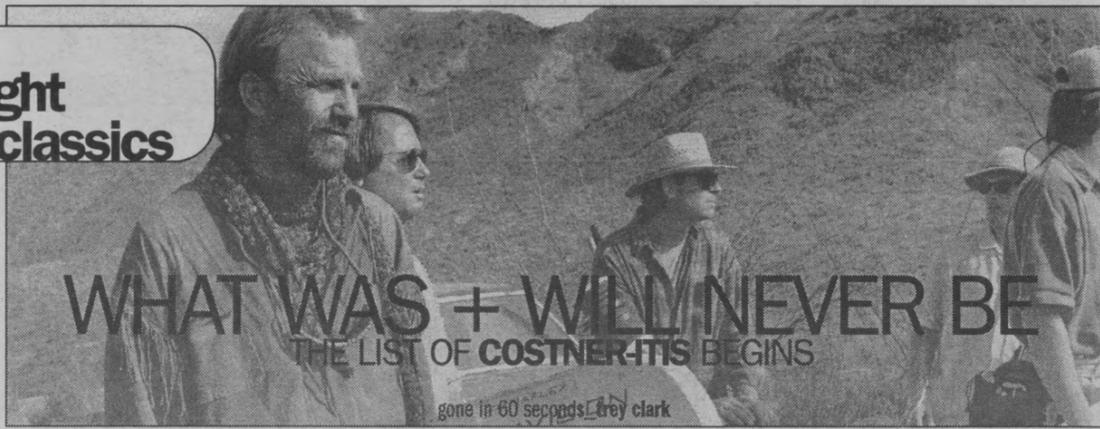
# artsweek



## Hip Hop's Seven Sins, p. 4A



straight  
to video  
classics



Usually this column is reserved to highlight films that have gone unnoticed and to give them much-deserved props. Today is going to be different. Instead, we will explore the careers of four actors, the movies that they star in, and the deadly disease with which they have all been afflicted, "Costner-itis" (named after Kevin Costner). Before you see the names of these four actors, be forewarned: The content of this article may disturb you. You have been taught — no, brainwashed — into thinking that these men are fine actors, worthy of praise and immune to criticism. Prepare for the truth about Costner, Mel Gibson, Nicolas Cage and John Travolta.

Let's start from the beginning. Costner-itis originated in 1990 with the film "Dances with Wolves." Costner won Oscars for Best Director and Best Picture for this movie, making him Hollywood's most sought-after talent. Sometime between his Oscar success and his subsequent 1991 flick "Robin Hood," Costner caught the virus that would later be named after him. Costner-itis took control of his judgement, allowing for his disastrous lead role as "Robin Hood." Costner did not forget to use an English accent in his role; no, he simply did not want to use it. Yet nothing compared to what lay ahead.

"Waterworld" in 1993 set a new standard for movie disasters. It was delayed, over-budgeted and stupid. Director/star Costner must have taken that one right in the pocket. And just when you thought it couldn't get any worse, it did: 1998's "The Postman," one of the worst films of all time. "The Postman" is a cheesy, three-hour spotlight on Costner as it is rare to find a frame that he is not in. He once again took on double-duty, starring and directing. Costner-itis had complete control of the

man's brain, forcing him to make marathon films full of fluff and nonsense. It appears that he has not been able to bounce back from that bout with Costner-itis, as he has been essentially MIA ever since.

Gibson is currently the most celebrated of the remaining Costner-itis poster boys. Gibson's story is similar to Costner's, however he has been able to avoid the box-office beat downs that his mentor suffered through. Gibson starred in and directed 1995's "Braveheart," which went on to win Oscars for Best Director and Best Picture. Gibson filled the super-power void left by

“**COSTNER-ITIS FORCED HIM TO MAKE MARATHON FILMS FULL OF FLUFF + NONSENSE**”

Costner's fall from grace. In the very next year, Gibson displayed symptoms of full-blown Costner-itis in "Ransom." There are endless examples of pretentious "acting" in the film, but the most symbolic scene has to be Gibson's heated phone conversation with the man holding his son hostage. When he yells, "Give me back my son," you know exactly what time it is. Gibson thinks that yelling equals good acting, a fact evident in every action film he has starred in since.

"The Patriot" is more of Gibson in obvious Costner-

itis agony. Gibson plays a rich landowner living in South Carolina in 1776. He has many African-Americans working on his land, but get this: They are not slaves. They are freemen that Gibson employs to work his land. Seems like a certain virus may have been at work.

After winning an Oscar for Best Actor in 1995's "Leaving Las Vegas," Nic Cage took, perhaps, the sharpest fall of this quartet. Look at four movies he has starred in since then, which might as well be a four-part series of Costner-itis: The ridiculous "The Rock," the completely absurd "Con Air," the totally unbelievable "Face Off," and (I have run out of adjectives) "Gone in 60 Seconds." Let's not forget about "Snake Eyes," which really shows how versatile Cage's poor acting can be.

Travolta is the last and most quiet case of Costner-itis. After being nominated for Best Actor for his role in "Pulp Fiction," Travolta caught the virus and busted out with "Broken Arrow," "Michael," "Phenomenon" and "Face/Off" in consecutive years. After that string of mishaps, Travolta went high-profile with his much-maligned, partly self-produced "Battlefield Earth." The man put his own money into a movie adapted from a book by Dianetics founder L. Ron Hubbard? Yeah, Travolta has a bad case.

These four men and their movies are taking valuable space in the film marketplace, space that could be filled by some of the excellent videos that are usually reviewed in this space. While Costner and Travolta have gotten the finger from the box office, Gibson and Cage are still largely accepted. It's up to you now; you have unlearned and been re-educated. The only cure for Costner-itis is to let the infected bastards die a low-grossing death.

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music | preview



rhythmin and stealin' \_alex makeyeav

What the hell is Afro-pop? For those hoping to gain an understanding of another one of music's beautiful subgenres, the debut performance of Habib Koite and His Band Bamada at Campbell Hall this Wednesday will provide an excellent opportunity.

Straight out of Mali, West Africa, Habib Koite and His Band Bamada intensely mixes melody and rhythm, reflecting styles like blues, soul, flamenco and hip hop amid their native African flavor. Influenced by the Khassonké griots of Mali, their music combines traditional sounds of many of Mali's ethnic groups, such as the Malinke, Bùbù and Songhai with danssa, an exuberant rhythm from the Khasso region.

Growing up in Mali, Koite's musical passions were nourished by a stream of Western and African rock, jazz, R&B, soul and funk, as well as from his paternal grandfather, who played the n'goni, a traditional four-stringed instrument associated with Wassolou hunters. After studying music at the National Institute of Arts in Bamako, Mali, he formed Bamada in 1988. Koite and His Band Bamada has since traveled the world, playing for diverse audiences and garnering both popular and

critical acclaim. In addition to receiving many prestigious awards (first place at the Voxpole Festival in Perpignan, France, and the Radio France International Decouvertes Prize) and watching their debut album, Muso Ko, reach

And its hybrid sound has been highly praised by members of the music world. For example, famed blues performer Bonnie Raitt has been quoted as saying, "First there was Hendrix, then there was Stevie Ray Vaughn, now there's Habib; they could be the best band in the world today."

Even with such accolades showered upon him, Koite retains a strong sense of purpose with his music.

"[I sing about] the evolution of men in my time, my country facing technological progress, the sadness of my culture slowly losing itself, women as being the only real human resource," he says. "The role of the musician is to move people emotionally, and also to inform or to comment about different things in life."

So, what comes out of Koite first, the rhythmic feel or the melody?

"The melody comes, and then is set by the rhythm," he says.

“THE MELODY COMES FROM WITHIN, AND THEN IS SET BY THE RHYTHM”

#3 on the European world music charts, it has participated in notable American festivals such as the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, the Montreal Jazz Festival and Houston International Festival.

Habib Koite and His Band Bamada performs Wednesday, Nov. 8, at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m. \$13-\$19 students; \$19-\$25 general. For tickets and information, call 893-3535.

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# THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

## HOW YOUR FAVORITE RAPPERS WILL FARE COME JUDGEMENT DAY

While hip hop didn't invent the art of sin, it certainly has contributed on all seven counts. Not all hip hop is sinful, of course, but of the eight rappers we chose to evaluate, it's clear that some folks are going to burn, burn, burn while others might spend only a few years in purgatory. Here are eight prominent hip hop stars whose decadence and debauchery is frequently displayed in both their lyrics and public life, ranking their proficiency in the seven deadly sins. Then again, only the Great One will ever truly know the mission and purpose of these troubled souls. Let us pray.



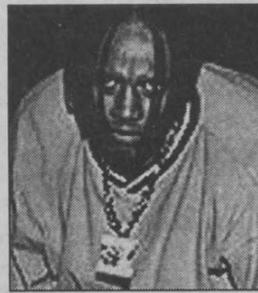
**NAME** Lil Kim  
**RAP STYLE** Pussy-flauntin' Harlot

**LUST** ★★★★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★  
**GREED** ★★★★★  
**SLOTH** no stars  
**ENVY** ★★★★★  
**RAGE** ★★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** Liposuction, shop-lifting, beef with Foxy Brown and Faith Evans, bangin' Notorious B.I.G. and lord knows who else  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** "I used to be scared of the dick / Now I throw lips to the shit / Handle it like a real bitch / Heather Hunter, Janet Jack-me / Take it in the butt, yea yea what," from "Big Momma Thang"  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** Slim. Better sleep with a priest.



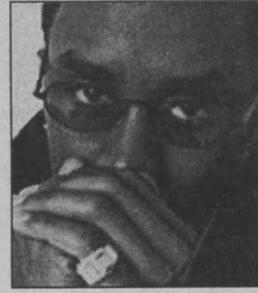
**NAME** Eminem  
**RAP STYLE** Possessed by White Rage

**LUST** ★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★  
**GREED** ★  
**SLOTH** ★★★  
**ENVY** ★  
**RAGE** ★★★★★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** Pistol-whipping, repeated lawsuits, public family squabbles  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** "Bitch, I'm a kill you! Like a murder weapon, I'ma conceal you / in a closet with mildew, sheets, pillows and film you / Buck with me, I been through hell, shut the hell up!" from "Kill You"  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** Medium-to-high. Lay off the hard drugs and attend some anger-management classes.



**NAME** Mystikal  
**RAP STYLE** Lozenge-Poppin' Madness

**LUST** ★★★★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★  
**GREED** ★★★★★  
**SLOTH** ★★  
**ENVY** ★  
**RAGE** ★★★★★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** Jacked-up hair cut, "Desert Storm" vet  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** "You in my sights, you gonna DIE / You want it tight, keep yo head down, eyes right / all you dying on the battlefield strictly for survival / (I hope you got your Bible) BITCH! I GOT MY RIFLE!!!" "Out That Bootcamp Clicc"  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** High. It's amazing what some confession and therapy can do.



**NAME** Puff Daddy  
**RAP STYLE** Chicoin' the Dead for Talent

**LUST** ★★★★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★★★★★  
**GREED** ★★★★★  
**SLOTH** ★  
**ENVY** ★★★★★  
**RAGE** ★★★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** Beating down Nas' manager with a bottle of champagne, trying to bribe his chauffeur for possession charges  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** "Better yet I put your son to the crome / Turn the music up and unplug the phone / I will kill him read my lips / You too motherfucker if I don't see no bricks," from "Real N\*\*\*\*s"  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** Moderate-to-low. His sin transcends the image other rappers try to create.



**NAME** Too Short  
**RAP STYLE** Dirty, Dirty, Dirty Mack

**LUST** ★★★★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★★★★★  
**GREED** ★★★★★  
**SLOTH** ★  
**ENVY** ★  
**RAGE** ★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** Pimpin' ain't easy  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** "I need a doctor, just for me / To suck my dick, like a vet / To suck my dick, until I sweat," from "The Bitch Sucks Dick"  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** Moderate. Sure, it's hard to give up the pimpin' lifestyle now, but with a bit of moderation, you could make it to the big strip joint in the sky. A whole new kind of lap dance awaits.



**NAME** Old Dirty Bastard  
**RAP STYLE** Coked-up

**LUST** ★★★★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★★★★★  
**GREED** ★★★★★  
**SLOTH** ★★★★★  
**ENVY** ★★  
**RAGE** ★★★★★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** Currently serving jail time for violating his parole. Also asked the judge if he makes him horny.  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** "I'm immune to all sinuses / I get the cocaine it cleans out my sinuse / I kill all my enemies at birth / Shut the fuck up! / Bitch, and let me slide my hands up your skirt" from "N\*\*\*\*a Please"  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** No.



**NAME** Jay-Z  
**RAP STYLE** Slow, Confident Sinner

**LUST** ★★★★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★★★★★  
**GREED** ★★★★★  
**SLOTH** ★  
**ENVY** ★  
**RAGE** ★★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** Accused of stabbing Lance "Un" Rivera  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** "You know I thug 'em fuck 'em love 'em leave 'em Cause I don't fuckin need 'em / Take 'em out the hood, keep 'em lookin' good / But I don't fuckin' feed 'em" from "Big Pimpin'"  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** Moderate. "Lovin' 'em and leavin' 'em" isn't showing any love for yourself either, fool. Be a man, not just a shallow representation of machismo.



**NAME** Suge Knight  
**RAP STYLE** Hang-you-off-the-balcony-by-your-feet

**LUST** ★★  
**GLUTTONY** ★★★★★  
**GREED** ★★★★★  
**SLOTH** ★  
**ENVY** ★★★★★  
**RAGE** ★★★★★  
**VANITY** ★★★★★  
**PUBLIC EVIDENCE** His ass is in jail for beating down someone outside a casino - caught on tape. Hung Vanilla Ice off a balcony. Paid employees only in presents or cash. Paid multi-platinum rappers under-the-table. Suspected in the murder of Tupac. All around hip hop bad guy.  
**LYRICAL EVIDENCE** Actions speak louder than words.  
**POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?** No, but he'll probably beat the shit out of Satan.

thingstodo >> calendar

today | **thursday**

tomorrow | **friday**

weekend | **saturday**



Just because Halloween's over doesn't mean your life should now be filled of nothing but studying. In fact, there are plenty of upcoming events on the horizon, many of which are brought to you by the hard-working crew over at Associated Students Program Board. Why tonight, for example, you can check out the rockin' sounds of Jimmy Eat World along with Jebediah and The Body English. UCen Hub, 8:30 p.m. \$10 students; \$12 general.

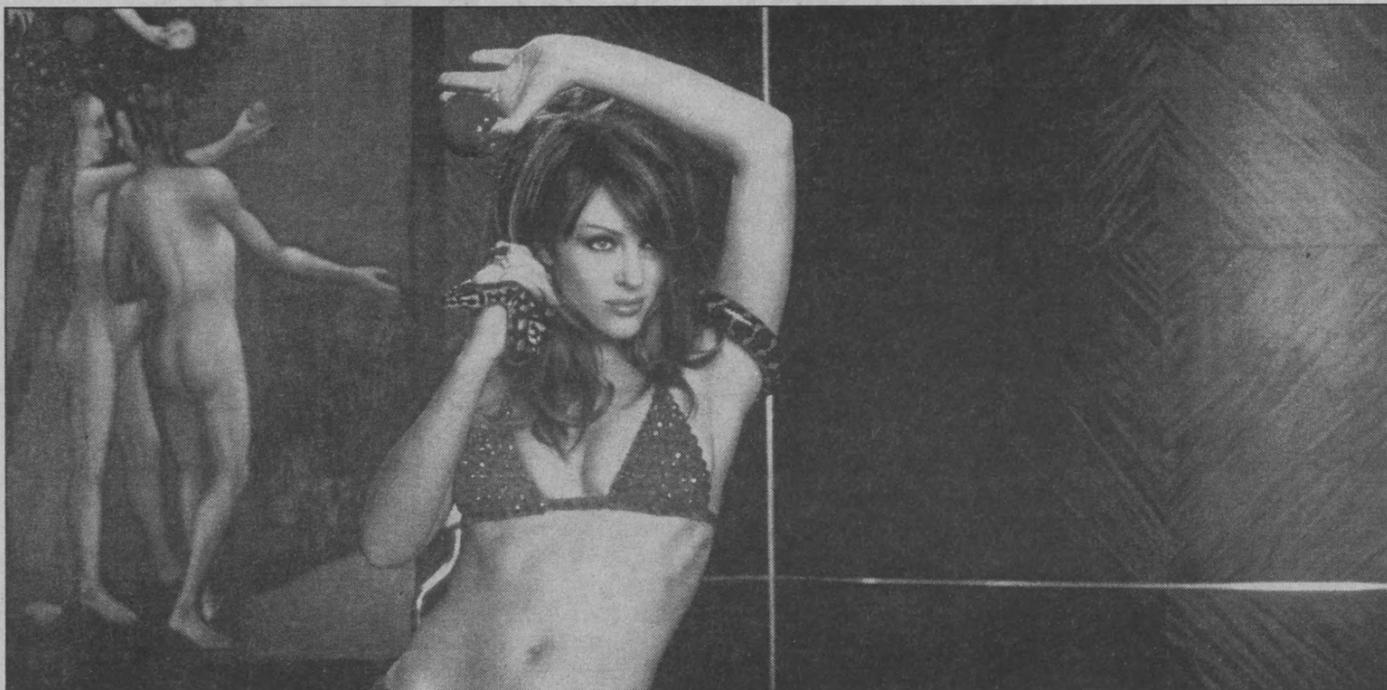


Perhaps some of you lucky folk caught Munkafust performing live on our very own campus last Thursday at noon. For those who missed the opportunity, or those who are down for a second performance, check them out again tonight along with Jimmy Two Times. They're a local band who have been gaining attention as of late, so hop on the bandwagon. Better yet, hop Bill's Bus so you can get to The Edge without worrying about a nasty DUI. 423 State St.



If you've been living in a cave, perhaps you didn't hear about MTV's Campus Invasion coming to our dear collegiate environment. In this year's tour, three dope hip hop acts will have you moaning "ooh, ooh, ooh" all night long - Wyclef Jean, Black Eyed Peas and De La Soul. Whether you're a fat girl gettin' her fuck on tonight or not, be sure to make your way over to the Santa Barbara Bowl to catch the acts. Tickets are available at Ticketmaster.

film | review



## THE DEVIL + MR. FRASIER

ELIZABETH HURLEY + BREDAN FRASIER ARE **BEDAZZLED**

bewitched, bothered and bewildered **\_brady golden**

"I would do anything to have that girl in my life."

Waiting ... waiting ... dammit. No Elizabeth Hurley. It worked in "Bedazzled." The silver screen has lied to me again.

Not many people know that this new comedy starring the aforementioned Hurley as the devil and Brendan Frasier as her soul-peddling dupe is actually a remake of another film with the same name, which stars Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. Actually, when I say "Not many people," what I really mean is that until a few minutes ago, I didn't know. Now I'm thinking that I might have to track down a copy of the original and take a look at it. I want to see what "Bedazzled" looks like when it's done right.

Frasier plays Elliot, a low-rung employee of a San Francisco-based software company, who seems doomed to be an eternal outcast. His boss walks all over him, his coworkers lie in order to avoid hanging out with him, and the girl he's been stalking for the past few years doesn't even know his name.

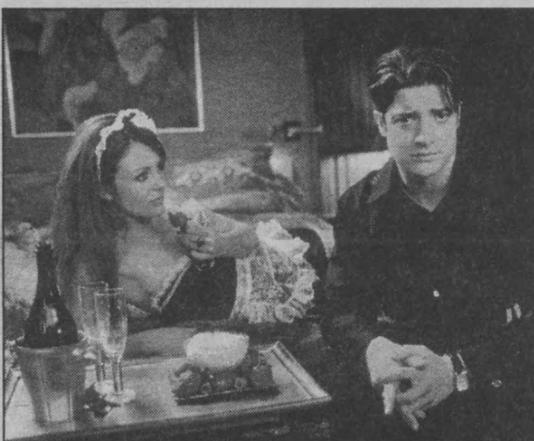
Enter a scantily clad Hurley-Satan, who offers Elliot seven wishes in exchange for his soul. Although he has certain moral reservations about entering into the bargain, he is ultimately seduced by the devil's charms, which consist of a few obvious sexual innuendoes and some prominently displayed cleavage. Oh, but Elliot should know better than to make a deal with the Lord of All Evil! Doesn't he know that she will trick him, and lie to him, and do just about anything to ensure his unhappiness? Foolish Elliot!

Frasier's first wish is for money and power. At first, it seems like his dreams are coming true, but he soon learns that he's been transformed into a Colombian drug lord with a price on his head, and so he decides to scrap that

wish. Only six left ...

And so "Bedazzled" goes. On and on and on.

The movie starts on a bad foot, with the introduction of Elliot's character. He's meant to be endearing in a loser kind of way, but, in fact, is just annoying. He uses



**A FEW OBVIOUS SEXUAL INNUENDOES AND SOME PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED CLEAVAGE**

all sorts of "hip lingo" (excessive usage of the word "homie") with the people he hopes to befriend, but the dialogue is so grating and poorly written that it is com-

pletely understandable that nobody likes him. If I had to work in the same office as this guy, I'd probably do everything within my power to avoid him too. I don't blame Frasier for this failing. I blame a poor script.

A few years ago, Frasier demonstrated his previously overlooked keen ability for comedy in the vastly underrated "George of the Jungle." Unfortunately, "Bedazzled" doesn't give him much of an opportunity to repeat himself. The best scenes in the film are thanks to him. At one point, he wishes to be the Most Sensitive Man in the World, and the results are pretty funny (his attempt to improvise a sonnet for his "true love" is repeatedly thwarted whenever he looks over at the sunset and bursts into tears). Frasier's gift is his ability to pull off over-the-top characterizations. "Bedazzled" rarely lets him shine. The movie's humor is based entirely on its single running gag: "This wish is looking good ... maybe he's got it right this time ... Oh no! That crafty devil got him again!"

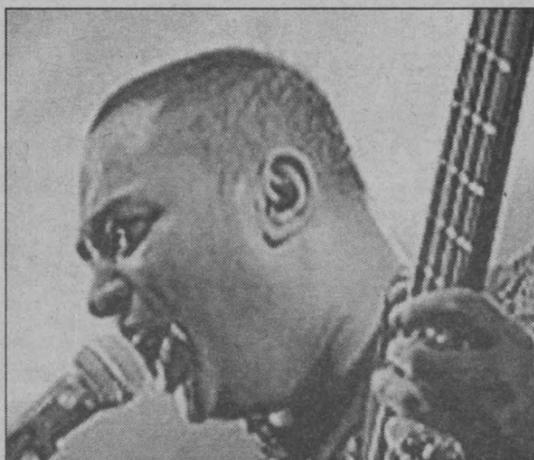
There is wit in this film, and definite potential for something more. Each thwarted wish would actually be funny if, say, they were presented on a sketch comedy show. In a movie format, they quickly become redundant. "Bedazzled" begs for plot twists, or perhaps a few extra characters. God shows up towards the end, and throws a little bit of a spin into the story, but by then the film is already wrapping up and has worn itself out.

There must be a film out there, somewhere, perhaps even in the works right now, that will call the public's attention to Frasier's comedic gifts, and push him firmly into the genre in which he belongs (because we all know this guy should *not* be making any more action movies). Sadly, "Bedazzled" is not that film. "Bedazzled" isn't much of anything, except a single joke carried on far too long and a waste of \$7.50.

### thingstodo >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**

If you're feeling a bit hungover this Sunday, may we suggest the following recuperation recipe? With a friend or two, venture to the Study Hall for their super-spicy Bloody Mary's and then to Campbell Hall to catch "Dil Se (From the Heart)." It's a richly visual ode to unrequited love and an entertaining blend of melodrama, musical comedy and political commentary. It's in Hindi with English subtitles. 7:30 p.m. \$5 students, \$6 general.

next week | **tuesday**

Really, no week of culture is complete without a quick jaunt to Los Angeles. This week, get there to see State of Bengal, a unique musical project that has been at the heart of the cutting-edge Asian underground scene since the late '80s. Through their experimentation, they've created an interlocking of rhythm and melody, intense grooves, and sounds both Indian and Western in origin. The Viper Room, 8852 Sunset, West Hollywood.

next week | **wednesday**

Are the middle-of-the-week blues getting you down? The racing around from class to class stressing you out? At the 10th Anniversary Concert of Santa Barbara Dance Theatre, you can sit still and watch other people in motion. "Ghost Dances" was inspired by Artistic Director Jerry Pearson's recent trip to China, and there's to be new work from Nancy Colahan as well. Lobero Theatre, 33 E. Canon Perdido St., 8 p.m. \$13 students; \$18.50 general.

# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*



OutKast | Stankonia | LaFace

Is it just me, or does it seem like southern rappers' accents get thicker as their region's sound gets more popular? Back in '93, when OutKast dropped *Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik*, Big Boi and Andre had accents, but it didn't seem like they were overly concerned with conveying them. Now that the southern/mid-western style is at the forefront, with both New York and Cali crews biting, it seems that having a strong accent during each chorus is a requirement. Whatever the case, OutKast is back, thick accents in tow, and *Stankonia* is its attempt to make it platinum four times in a row.

The ATLiens aren't playing it safe, either. Its two singles, "B.O.B." and "Ms. Jackson," are not your typical mainstream rap radio hits. "B.O.B." features a jungle beat by Earthtone III and double-time rhymes from OutKast, while "Ms. Jackson" has a more typical backdrop but interesting lyrics regarding a man's relationship with the mother of his baby's mother. There are several other songs that push the envelope, producing mostly very positive results.

The problems of *Stankonia* appear when the group wades in more shallow subject matter. "We Love Deez Hoez," "Snappin' & Trappin'" and "I'll Call Before I Come" will all make you dumber, and the ignorance is all the more glaring after listening to one of its intelligent songs. Weighing in at 24 tracks, *Stankonia* would be much better off concentrating on quality rather than quantity. [Trey Clark]



Wyclef Jean | Eclectic | Ruff House

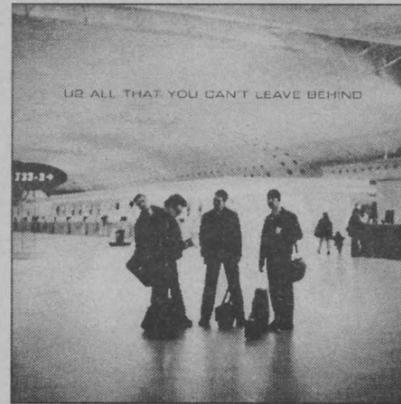
*Eclectic* will be one of I.V.'s next big party albums. I've already seen heads bumping to it and sorority girls turning to each other asking, "Isn't this that guy who did 'Staying Alive?'"

There's something for everyone on Clef's new album, and cameos include Willie Nelson, Mary J. Blige, Whitney Houston, The Rock and others. When Mr. Jean covers Pink Floyd, even die-hard Floyd disciples grumble acceptance. Wyclef is a musician in the truest sense. The only other popular artist who can blend and shatter genres as successfully is Beck.

Clef has an ear for phat beats and good lyrics. Between the Fugees, *The Carnival*

and now *Eclectic*, he's mainstream America's sure-fire bet for quality hip hop. "Some emcees underground mad at me / Cuz I'm above ground, makin' English pounds."

Fuck 'em Clef; you've earned every penny. [David Downs]



U2 | All That You Can't Leave Behind | Universal

Everyone hated U2's *Pop*. I kinda liked *Pop*. Granted, it was bubble-gum techno, but some songs were really good. Low rollers like "If God Will Send His Angels" and "That Velvet Dress" retained U2's impeccable sense of melody.

*All That You Can't Leave Behind* is U2's guitarry, melodic return to its roots. U2's going back home to *Achtung Baby* and the simplicity of "One," which, incidentally, got me laid no less than eight times in high school. The formula is simple: some good, simple chords; a few effects and Bono being ... well, Bono.

*Rolling Stone* gave *All That* four stars, and that was one too many. There are a couple of hits that everyone will enjoy, and nothing is so bad you're forced to get up and skip around. Ladies will love this album for certain songs' universal qualities

(lost love, peace on earth, blah blah), and guys would do well to keep it around for the ladies. [David Downs]



Various Artists | Badlands: A Tribute to Bruce Springsteen's Nebraska | Sub Pop

Back in 1982, two years before the earth-shattering success of "Born in the U.S.A.," Bruce Springsteen was just another singer/songwriter who played the guitar. His sixth album, *Nebraska*, was released that year and its unvarnished tales of hard-bitten middle-American life catapulted him to fame. Now, 18 years later, modern folk heroes like Ani DiFranco and Ben Harper pay tribute to the Boss on this stark, soulful collection.

Since all the tracks on *Nebraska* were recorded on a four-track, producer Jim Sompas insisted that artists do the same for *Badlands*. This refreshingly Luddite approach leaves the songs stripped and naked, making them sound all the more bare-bones country.

The raw sound is most effective on Deana Carter's mean rendition of "State Trooper" and Aimee Mann and Michael Penn's inspiring duet "Reason to Believe." Johnny Cash also manages to pay his

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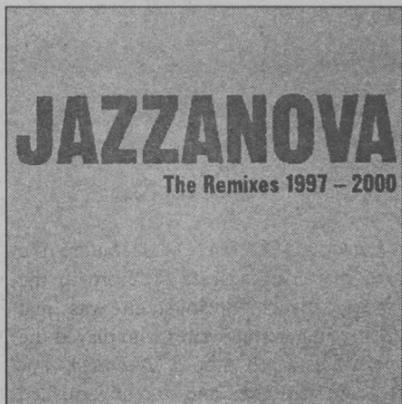
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# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*

respect to his younger contemporary on "I'm on Fire." At other times, cheesy (Los Lobos butchers "Johnny 99") or overly-dramatic renditions overwhelm the simplicity concept for the album — Chrissie Hynde does not sound particularly menacing when she says, "I killed everything in my path."

Though uneven, *Badlands* is a worthy tribute album that does justice to Springsteen's unglamorous take on working-class life. [Andy Sywak is on fire]

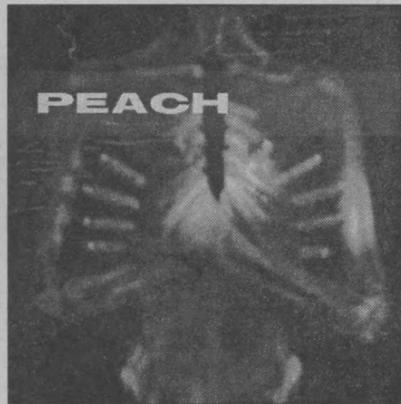


Jassanova | *The Remixes 1997 - 2000* | Compost

While it might seem decadent to release two CDs worth of remixes done for a wide variety of acid jazz artists over the past four years, let me assure you that with Jassanova's latest album, this is not the case. Instead, the 20 tracks explore terrain that, while obviously influenced from its original creator, bears Jassanova's stamp of rich acid jazz. Regardless of the stereotype acid jazz music has received, as nothing more than a puddle of synthetic acrobatics bordering on elevator music, Jassanova is decidedly funky. Think Kruder and Dorfmeister cutting up 1970s

Herbie Hancock records.

Sure, such deep sounds and rhythms are not loved by all, but if you're a fan of jazz and its more experimental, electronic mutations, then Jassanova's latest album is really not to be missed. [Jenne Raub likes diamond rings, shiny things]



Peach | *Giving Birth to a Stone* | VileBeat

*Giving Birth to a Stone* is an industrial, angst-ridden album filled with crunching guitars and stalled basslines. Produced with Tool member Justin Chancellor, this album fills in the void between anguish and hell. Contrary to other industrial acts like Korn and Incubus, Peach maintains its modesty, and defends rock's integrity in the metal scene.

Reminiscent of grunge frontiersmen Soundgarden and Alice in Chains, the lyrics are symbolic and meaningful, without the shock value of today's current modern rock. This influence shines through the music. All the melodic and digitized effects seem to be handled solely by the guitar, while the drums remain steady and straightforward.

The music is foreboding, but not confronting. Songs of indifference and gener-

al questioning of life are consistent themes on the album. Like most rock albums, the themes diverge within each song, leaving meanings up to the listener.

Peach keeps its music simple and stripped down. For alt-metal fans this is a quintessential record. Through the din of distortion and thumping bass come honesty and a desire to keep rock direct. [Collin Mitchell]

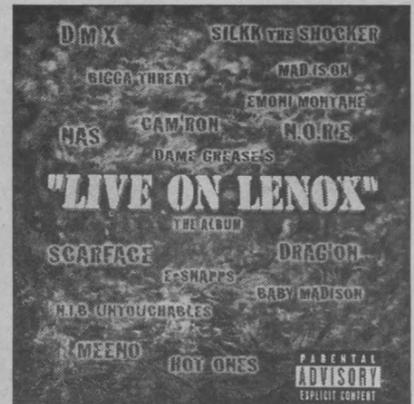


Primitive Radio Gods | *White Hot Peach* | What Are Records

After "Standing outside a broke phone booth with Money in my hand" fizzled out, I thought the band had gone down with the song. But I can admit when I am wrong, and boy was I wrong. Primitive Radio Gods' new album, *White Hot Peach*, is not quite the same as past efforts. It is far better.

With so many bands playing bland pop, it's nice to hear a band with a sense of style and sound of their own. This Radiohead-esque band may not get as much airtime, but it is superior to those that do. They pull off a unique and interesting sound without going overboard on the artsy-fartsy crap. This album is just peachy, and my recommendation is not to

change it, but to make it longer. [Ben Ebyam]



Dame Grease | *Live on Lenox Ave.* | Priority

"Yo yo yo! When I'm chillin' on da stoop, wid my dawgs, we be bumpin' tha raw, gritty, streets raps, an' all ya'll weak cats best recognize or feel the heat of my nine ... Brooklyn what! Brooklyn whaaaat!" says an anonymous source during an interview on *Live on Lenox Ave.*

This compilation album was put together by DMX producer Dame Grease, who fortunately had a couple of big-name rappers do him a favor and spit some lines on his debut album. But it's not his fault that the album turned out mediocre; half-hearted appearances from DMX, Nas and Scarface don't make things any better. The exclusively negative and sometimes repetitive East Coast entourage is not too impressive. Unless you enjoy the ramblings of artists like the H.O.T Ones, or Silk the Shocker, I suggest you search for a couple songs on Napster. Don't get too frustrated at those pesky transfer errors, you probably would have deleted these tracks anyway. [Alex Makeyev]

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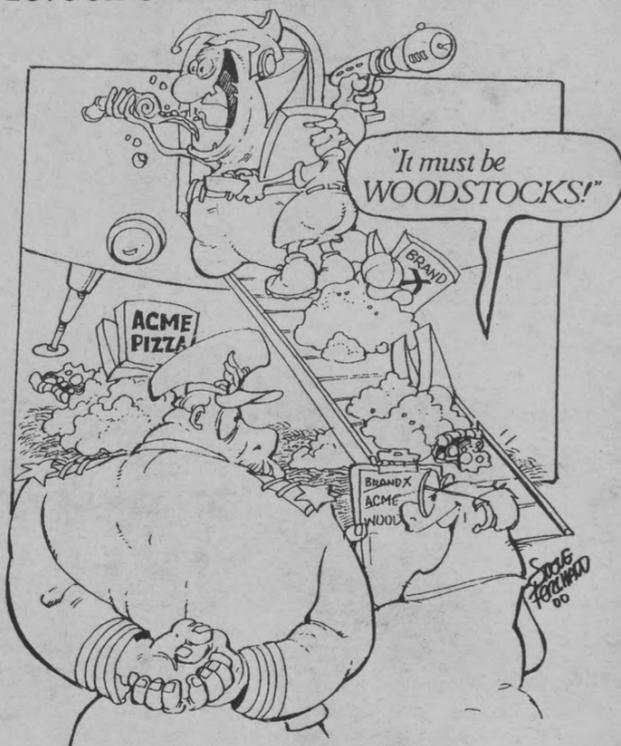
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