*underpaid but gettin' laid...*

# artsweek

+WONDER BOYS
+BOILER ROOM
+MOLLY SWEENEY
+ALBUM REVIEWS
+INDIE FLICKS
+CALENDAR

## DANCIN' QUEEN
## bustin' a move at the b-boy summit

film | a many splendored review

# THINGS FALL APART

## MELODRAMA + MAHEM IN WELCOME BACK, MR MCDONALD

reel thinker | adam abrams

Minutes before its live production, a radio drama goes to pieces when its cast and crew begin manipulating the script for their individual purposes. While it won't win points for originality — Hollywood has made countless versions of this "play-falls-apart" story — this Japanese comedy, "Welcome Back, Mr. McDonald," manages to spin it well. Stylishly directed by Koki Mitani, who adapted the script from his play, the film unfolds in a short span of time. A young housewife's radio play — a run-of-the-mill but well-liked tearjerker — transforms into a bizarre blend of American courtroom drama and ridiculous melodrama, incorporating space exploration, news broadcasts and sports scores.

With the show plagued by more catastrophes than the production of your average student film, the chaos begins when its prima donna star demands her character's name be changed. Conflicting egos mean that everyone involved demand similar changes. A spineless producer gives in repeatedly, and one by one, every lingering shred of the original script is obliterated. The problem is that every minor change instantly forces a major change — the underlying joke of the film is that everyone is so focused on making sure things don't fall apart that nobody notices how absolutely awful the show becomes.

**"THE CHAOS BEGINS WHEN ITS PRIMA DONNA STAR DEMANDS HER CHARACTER'S NAME BE CHANGED"**

By American standards, "Welcome Back, Mr. McDonald" is relatively slow-paced — the first hour is devoted mainly to setup; things don't really get funny until the third act. A lot of the credit for the film's success has to go to cinematographers Kenji Takama and Junichi Tozawa and editor Hirohide Abe. Almost all of the film is set within the same four rooms of the radio station. While this could otherwise get boring, it manages to remain visually interesting due to Takama and Tozawa's innovative photography and Abe's tight editing. The film opens, for instance, with a lengthy, uncut 5-minute tracking shot à la "Touch of Evil," introducing us to nearly every one of its 12 principal characters, before progressing to its regular pace.

Films with this many significant roles as this one often lean heavily on stereotypes, and "Welcome Back, Mr. McDonald" is no exception. A lot of the film's characters are broadly drawn along the lines of "egotistical star," "hen-pecked husband" and so on. However, the actors, nearly every one, manage to infuse these outline-characters with three-dimensional qualities, making the film as involving as it is comic.

*"Welcome Back, Mr. McDonald" screens Thursday, March 2 in Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m. $5 students.*

**oooh la la la la** artsweek raises a toast to the film festival

# CELEBRITIES, DAHLING

## STARS ON + OFF THE SCREEN AT THE SANTA BARBARA INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

"There's nothing to do in Santa Barbara."

This week, there is.

Even if you're not a complete film fanatic, the Santa Barbara International Film Festival kicks off its two-week festival today. From a downtown block party to films, seminars and symposiums, the Festival is guaranteed, at the very least, to bring plenty of Hollywood celebrities to the sunny sidewalks of State Street.

Along with the 20 world premieres, three North American premieres and 15 U.S. premieres, the Festival is also screening film classics, such as John Waters' shocking cult comedy "Polyester," Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder's hilarious "Stir Crazy" and the Whoopi Goldberg favorite, "Sister Act."

Many awards will be given out during the festival to all sorts of big-name stars, including Sir Anthony Hopkins (recipient of the Modern Master Award), Richard Pryor (recipient of the Lifetime Achievement Award) and Whoopi Goldberg (recipient of the Ruby Award).

Yet the question remains: How does one take advantage of this rare opportunity in Santa Barbara for *something to do*? Well, it's simple. Log on to the website, *www.sbfilmfestival.com* for a complete listing of the film screenings and their times, and then purchase tickets from the Arlington Theater Box Office or at the door. 'Til then, you can at least go celebrity-sighting on State Street. **[Jenne Raub]**


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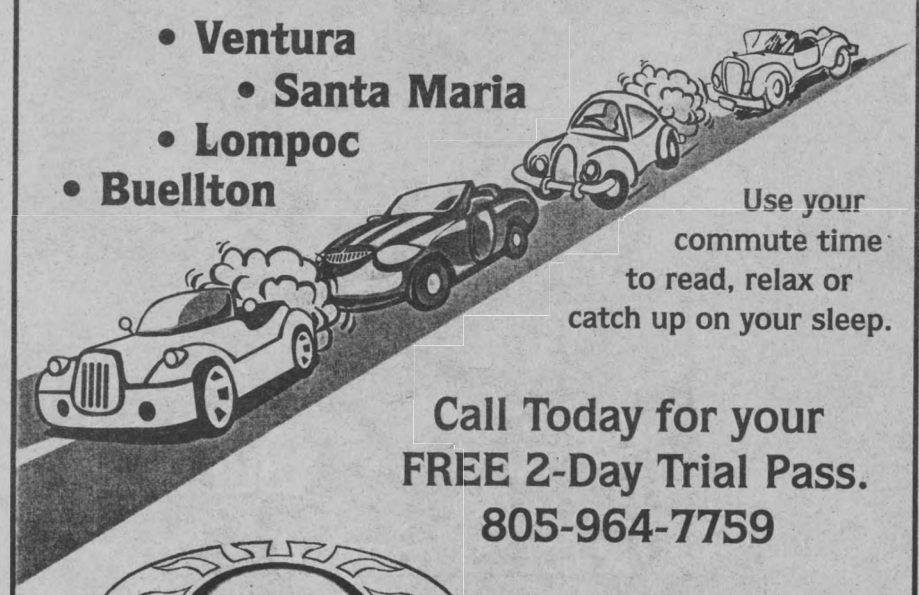

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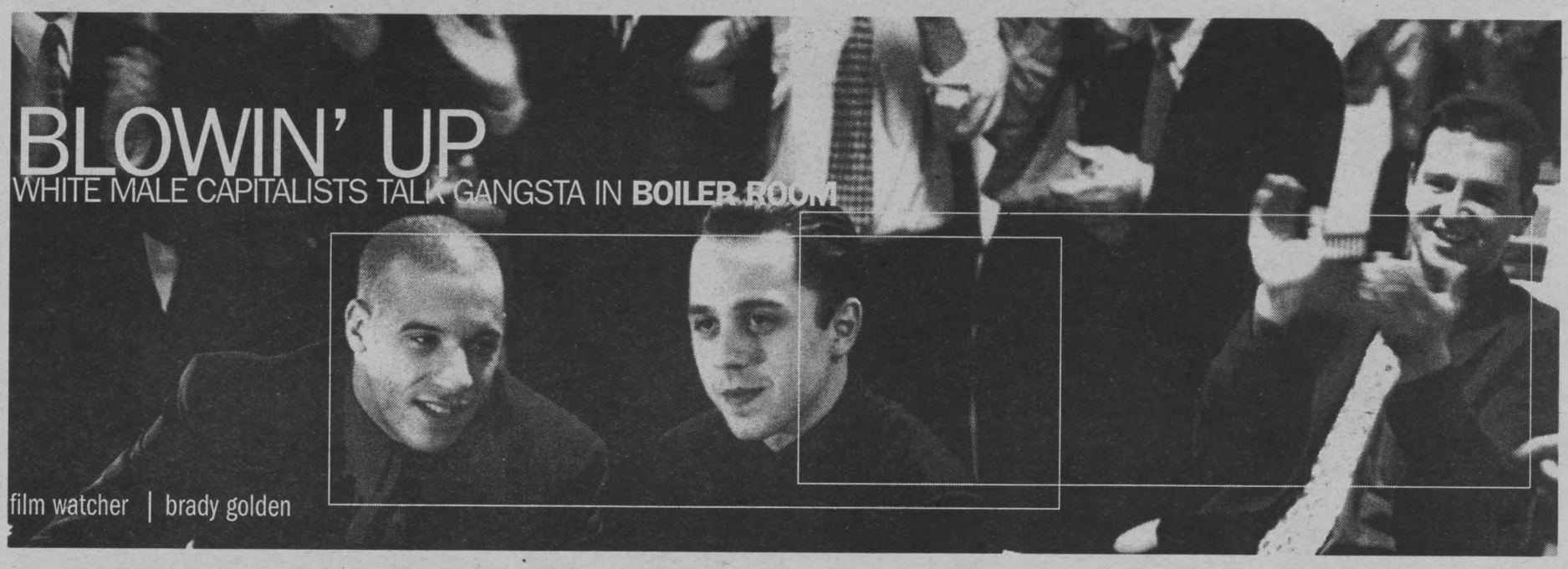
**The Daily Nexus**

86% more likely to use statistics and graphs and stuff to show how smart we are.



# BLOWIN' UP

## WHITE MALE CAPITALISTS TALK GANGSTA IN BOILER ROOM

film watcher | brady golden

After seeing "Boiler Room," I will never feel guilty about hanging up on a telemarketer again. If I learned anything from this movie, it's that they are bad, bad people.

"Boiler Room" is the story of Seth Davis (Giovanni Ribisi), a 19-year-old college dropout recruited by a small stock brokerage firm, J.T. Marlin, which promises its employees at least a million dollars within a year of work. The brokers get customers by cold-calling people and using whatever tactics necessary (lies, guilt-trips, intimidation) to convince them to buy stock. All in all, it's a less-than-honorable profession. However, the more time Seth spends at the firm, and the more seduced he is by the rock-star life led by his co-workers, the more apparent it becomes that the firm cannot be making the money legally. After some detective work, Seth realizes the stocks the firm sells are phony and the people to whom they sell them are being robbed of thousands of dollars. Will Seth do the honorable thing and quit the job, sacrificing the millions of dollars for which he longs? Will he go to jail? Will he ever earn his father's respect? Does anyone really care?

"Boiler Room" isn't a terrible movie, but it's not a good one, either. This is a story seen a million times before: a naïve, young protagonist sucked into a world of wealth and corruption must choose between greed and integrity. Borrowing heavily from "Glengarry Glen Ross" and "Wall Street," "Boiler Room" has the nerve to cite them off in an attempt to mask the obvious rip-offs as homages. The device is transparent. There is nothing original in this movie.

While most of the characters are cardboard, fairly annoying and a chore to watch, Giovanni Ribisi and Vin Diesel deliver solid performances. The lazy, greedy Seth could easily have been a despicable character, but Ribisi makes him soft-spoken, practically terrified behind his mask of self-assurance. The real scene-stealer in "Boiler Room" is Vin Diesel as Chris, the master telemarketer, a man whose selling ability makes him the king of the office as well as Seth's mentor. Diesel is a good actor, with incredible charisma and a command of the screen that is Sean Connery-esque in its confidence. Unlike the rest of the cast, who are all slender, pale and boyishly cute, Diesel is dark, bald and has a voice like a monster. From his first line in the movie — "Kid, get the *fuck* out of here!" — it is clear he is the actor to watch in this movie.

> "HEARING AN ACTOR WHO HAS A REOCCURING ROLE ON 'FRIENDS' QUOTE THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G. WITHOUT A TRACE OF IRONY IS MORE THAN DISTRACTING"

Writer/director Ben Younger forgot at some point that he was writing about young stockbrokers and started writing dialogue out of "Menace 2 Society." Hearing an actor who has a reoccurring role on "Friends" quote The Notorious B.I.G. without a trace of irony is more than distracting, it's funny. The entire soundtrack is hip hop, and when a Slick Rick song underscores a bunch of skinny white guys strutting around in designer suits, it's hard not to giggle. On its own, the soundtrack is great, but in terms of the film, it does not work. Whatever statement Younger may or may not be trying to make about the world of the stock market with his music choice is lost in its sheer absurdity.

Very little sets "Boiler Room" apart from other movies with the same theme: Only the setting has changed. Still, it held my interest, and Diesel and Ribisi make up for all that is left lacking in the rest of the cast. For nothing else, see it to hear Jamie Kennedy (Randy in "Scream") rant about how he "gats ta git high."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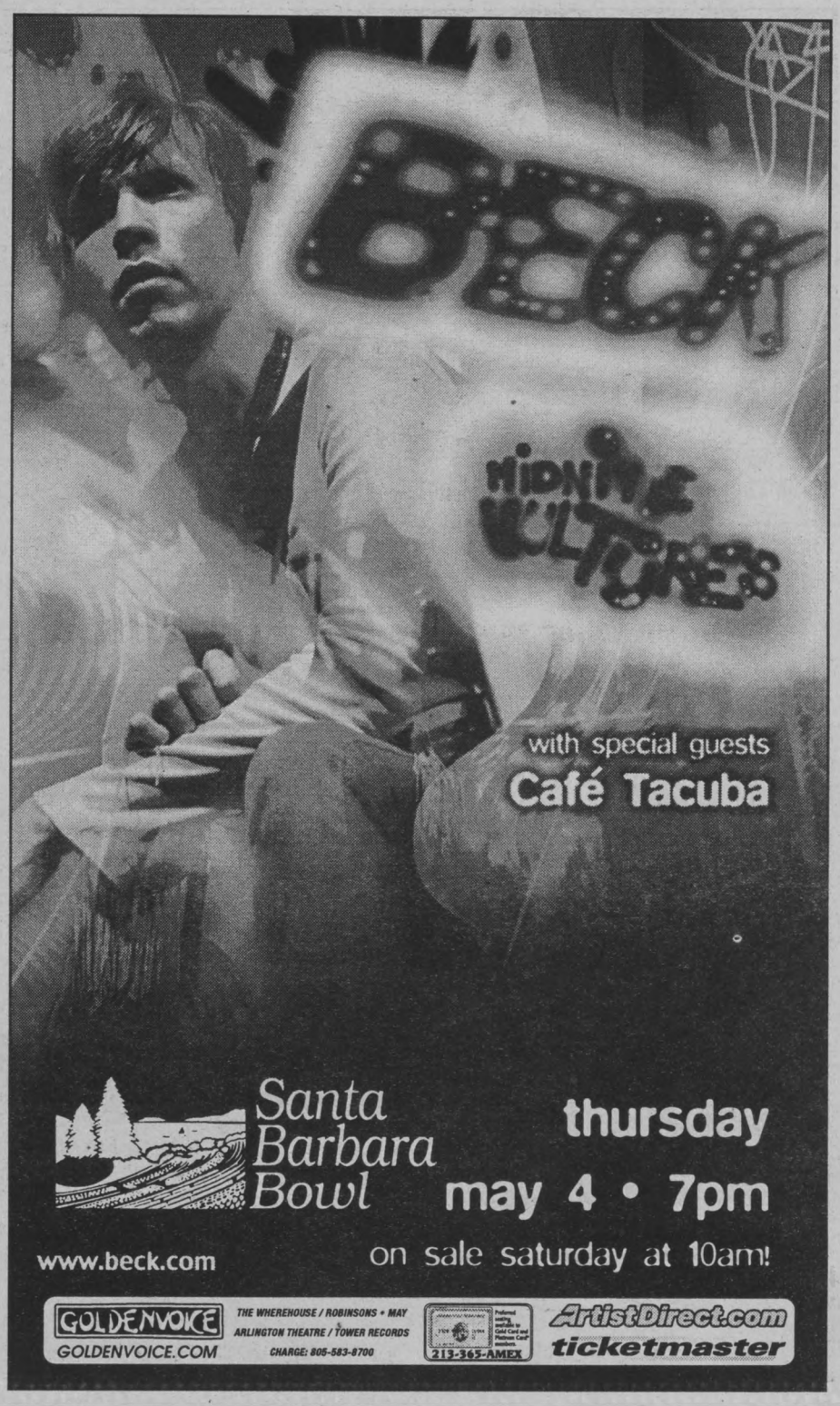


# BEATS+BREAKS

## A VENTURE INTO LOS ANGELES FOR THE THREE-DAY B-BOY SUMMIT

trey clark kept a diary. we found the key

### Day 1

Wow, my first B-Boy Summit. So many things were going through my head on the first night, the foremost being "Where is this thing?" The Summit was originally scheduled to take place on UCLA's campus, but for some reason it was moved to a big Catholic church in Pasadena. Hip hop and Catholicism, a match made in heaven. With some nice instincts from **Jimmy Fresh**, who was doing the driving, we eventually found the place.

After getting the pat-down at the door, we were led down a damp stairway. If it wasn't for the thumping beats vibrating through the wall, I would have thought I was being led to a dungeon. We finally made one last right turn and saw the first of two gym-sized rooms full of b-boys and girls.

After taking a look around, Jimmy and I got in on one of the many circles in the first room. Inside there were two pint-sized kids battling. One of the kids was **Ethan Law**, a 14-year-old from Salt Lake City, Utah. When asked how he felt about being the future of hip hop, he replied, "There's a little pressure. I just want to keep it fresh, keep innovating."

Later on that night, there were a few on-stage performances. **Click tha Supah Latin** (imagine a West Coast version of **Rahzel**) did a set with help from his son and **Akil** from **Jurassic 5**. Next up was **Medusa**, accompanied by **DJ Drez**. She kept complete control of the crowd, rhyming effortlessly while Drez took the beat away and brought it back again. Medusa spoke on the importance of the B-Boy Summit: "I'm digging the Summit because it lets me know that hip hop isn't dead. There's a new generation that appreciates it as much as we did back in the '80s. It's a movement of love, a movement of words and a movement of unity that people don't expect different cultures like this to have."

### Day 2

Jimmy Fresh and I began our second day at the Summit noticing our feet starting to hurt. There was little seating at the place, and events like the "2 on 2 Battle" tournament required all of the non-b-boys like myself to stand the whole time. The tournament started off nicely, with many dope b-boys *and* girls getting crazy on the floor. I started thinking about how the Summit would be a great place for the U.S. Olympic gymnastics team to recruit. Then again, I'm not sure if the international judges would appreciate ending every routine with some type of motion towards your genitals.

During an intermission, there was a panel discussion about hip hop and politics. The panel included teachers, community service workers, emcees and other artists. The discussion focused on Prop 21, which actually targets young people who write graffiti by lowering the felony qualification for property damage from $50,000 to $400. That's a decrease of $49,600 for those who thought $400 was a misprint. The discussion ended in an impromptu freestyle session with the occasional chant of "*No na no no no they didn't/ Prop 21/ No they didn't!*"

**left,** medusa speaking truth **right,** fred durst (of limp bizkit) watching on

> "I'M NOT SURE THE JUDGES WOULD APPRECIATE EVERY ENDING WITH SOME TYPE OF MOTION TOWARDS YOUR GENITALS"

Also during the intermission, I spotted **Fred Durst** from **Limp Bizkit** roaming around the gym. He was carrying a T-shirt he'd bought that said something like "Eat Sleep Shit Hip Hop." Although at one point he did get mobbed by some of the crowd, he had no VIP status in the circles. I saw him on the outside of several circles, leaning on his toes to get a better look. Finally he climbed a speaker and peered in before making his way out.

The day ended with a short performance by the **Cali Agents** (**Rasco** and **Planet Asia**). The show was really just a plug for the after party, where they would play a complete set. But with a $10 charge and a guarantee that we would be on our feet for a few more hours, Jimmy and I passed.

### Day 3

The third day of the Summit was dedicated primarily to the 2 on 2 tournament, so most of the day was spent relaxing and watching the b-boy circles. One of the circles we were watching turned out to be one of the most interesting parts of the event. Two crews occupied the entire circle, and for some reason they weren't getting along very well. The two sides took turns in the middle, doing their best to outdo their opponents. After every routine, the side waiting to go in would make fun of the other side, exaggerating any moves or mistakes that the performing side did. It was all love when all was said and done, though, making that session an able representation of what the B-Boy Summit is all about.

A little bit later I saw **Mazik** from **Blood of Abraham**, who had this to say about the Summit: "It's a beautiful thing to see all the different people from different religions, cultures, class and race getting together and being about the culture of hip hop. That's what hip hop is about. It's not set to any color or race, it's for everybody. That's where we need to be at, because unity is the most important thing."

The last moments of the B-Boy Summit were saved for the finals of the 2 on 2 tournament. With moves and technique that do not seem humanly possible, the Massive Monkeys from Seattle came out on top. Once they were done, the crowd was rushed out by the coordinators, as we were there well past the 7 p.m. deadline (I think there was supposed to be a church service that night). It was comical to see a well-organized event end with everyone being pushed outside into the rain. While that last bit of hysteria made me lose a little bit of that feeling of unity, I left the B-Boy Summit feeling good about hip hop and what lies in its future.

*Trey Clark leaves his women feeling good about hip hop.*

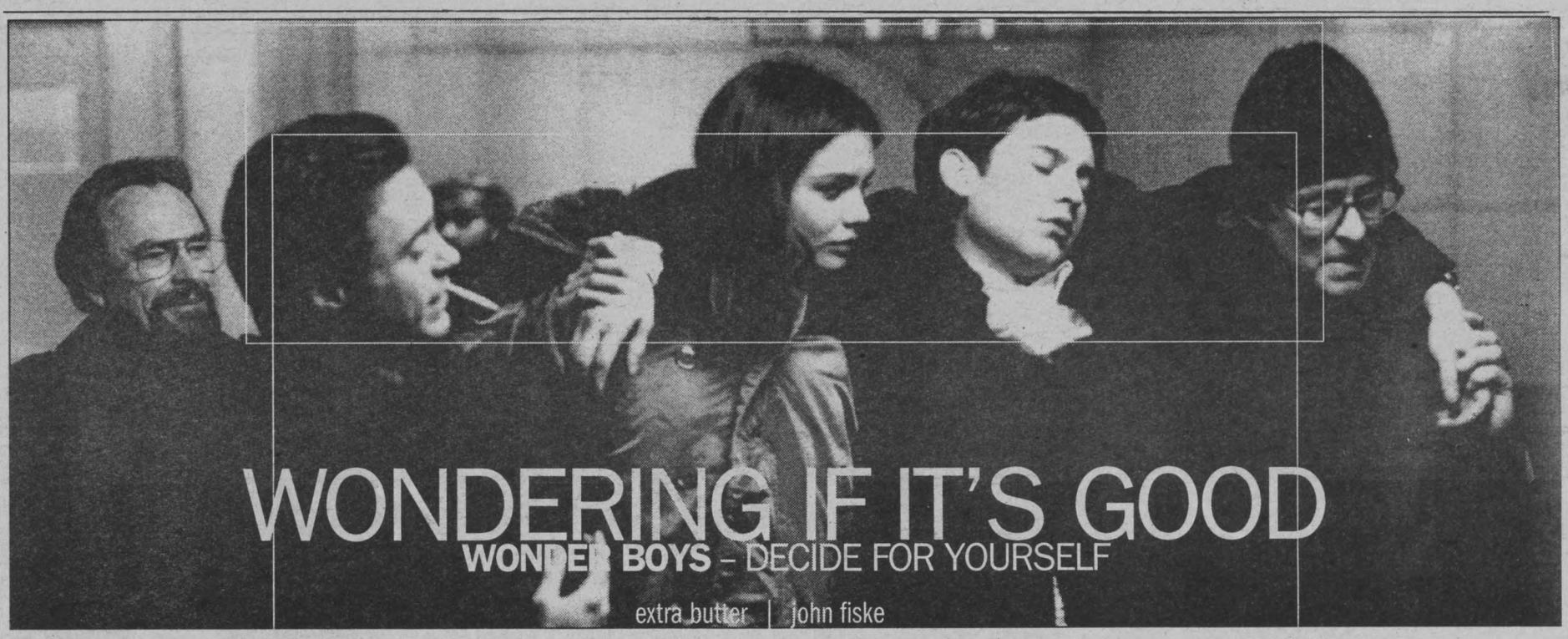
*things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do!*

today | **thursday**

It's been such a long week ... but it ain't over yet! "Welcome Back, Mr. McDonald" is a hilarious farce from Japan, a smart screwball comedy that follows a live radio drama as it goes haywire when the leading lady changes the script. Director Koki Mitani's film is a funnier, faster-paced successor to the social satires ("Tampopo," "The Funeral") of the late Juzo Itami. The *Hollywood Reporter* called it "zany and fast-paced" and "deliriously funny." It screens in Japan with English subtitles, so get yourself a dose of culture by going to Campbell Hall at 7:30 p.m. $5 students; $6 general.

tomorrow | **friday**

On the day that marks the closure of Winter Quarter week eight, forgo that burning desire to get sloshed for at least a few hours. Keep your brain fueled but your tension soothed by first attending a reception for filmmaker Julie Dash at 5 p.m. in the Center for Black Studies, South Hall 4603. As part of the UCSB Black Women Filmmakers Series, Ms. Dash is widely considered to be the first filmmaker to capture onscreen the sensibilities of contemporary black writers like Toni Morrison. Her film, "Daughters of the Dust," is a turn-of-the-century tale about members of a Gullah family grappling with the decision to leave their Georgia Island Sea Home. It screens at Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m. $5



# WONDERING IF IT'S GOOD

## WONDER BOYS – DECIDE FOR YOURSELF

extra butter | john fiske

Here's an anomaly: a light-hearted comedy from Curtis Hanson, the director who brought you "L.A. Confidential," the brutal and blood-drenched LAPD labyrinth. Despite Hanson's nonconformity, "Wonder Boys" works … somewhat.

Adapted from Michael Chabron's beloved novel of the same name, *Wonder Boys* is the story of Professor Grady Tripp (Michael Douglas), a writer trying to finish his latest work. It has been seven years since his last book, and people think he's a has-been. His editor, Terry Crabtree (Robert Downey, Jr.), is begging for his latest book, originally set to be 250 pages, but now it is upwards of 2,000 pages. His student and tenant, Hannah (Katie Holmes), keeps hinting at her crush on him. Another student James Leer (Tobey Maguire) is on the verge of suicide. James' wife has left him, and his mistress, Sarah Gaskell (Frances McDormand), is pregnant. Sarah also happens to be the chancellor of the university he works at, and the wife of his boss. Add to this that James shoots Sarah's dog after it attacks Grady.

To a degree, "Wonder Boys" is rather plotless. The film goes from scene to scene without a real narrative, which works much better than one would expect. What makes the story great is its wonderful production, which

**IF HE CARES SO LITTLE ABOUT HIS PROBLEMS, WHY SHOULD THE AUDIENCE?"**

has paired a witty and observant Steven Kloves' script with wonderful actors.

The problem with "Wonder Boys" is that it aims low. There's nothing profound or enlightening about its ending, and at no point does the film show the real emotional impact these events are having on Grady. One morning, he is confronted with just about every problem at once, and he simply makes a joke and leaves. While this is fitting with Grady's behavior, if he cares so little about his problems, why should the audience?

But this isn't a problem in the usual sense. The potential for a more profound storyline isn't there within the script — it's not like one of the actors couldn't pull off what was already there. After all, the story's deepest moment (whether Sarah will choose to stay with Grady or not) doesn't even happen; it's merely inferred for momentary suspense.

Although lacking in emotion, "Wonder Boys" contains elements of great filmmaking, particularly with a good cast and an adequate script. It's too bad it only yields a good film.

# SIGHT FOR SORE EYES

## GO SEE MOLLY SWEENEY. GET IT? HAHA

playing around | lindsay farmer

How do you describe the world around you? Do you first see green palm trees and blue ocean? The salty scent of warm breezes in the air? Or the soft-yet-sticky grass beneath your feet? For Molly Sweeney, smell, taste, touch and sound are the only senses available for her understanding of the world. Molly went blind at 10 months of age, but at 41 she is about to receive vision once more.

"Molly Sweeney" follows the story of Molly's blindness and restoration of sight through its effects on Molly (Bianca Swan), her husband Frank (Irwin Appel) and Dr. Rice (Keith Baker). The vibrant, confident Molly lives her days as a massage therapist in her homeland of Ireland. Her simple life changes when Frank convinces Dr. Rice to restore Molly's sight. But the visual world is a frightening place, full of sensations completely new to someone who has never experienced it before. After the surgery, Molly goes into depression, withdrawing from everything, including seeing. The happy world of a confident woman turns to the disillusioned world of a woman frightened by her own shadow.

"Molly Sweeney" beautifully captures the plight of a confused woman's life. The staging, with all three actors in different pools of light never directly interacting with each other, allows the audience to discover the reality behind the stories. Swan stunningly creates Molly's every

**"… BEAUTIFULLY CAPTURES THE PLIGHT OF A CONFUSED WOMAN'S LIFE"**

move, from sure gestures to find the chair, floor and sweater without sight, to the curled fetal-like cowering of a girl terrified by the world closing in around her. Baker crafts Dr. Rice into a complicated man thrown from the spotlight of the medical world into a country town, tormented by alcoholism and depression. The cast, without ever speaking to each other, move like a group through the evening; bringing the audience into a three-dimensional world, each person creates one of the dimensions through their character.

The only downside to the play is the length. The first act runs a few minutes over an hour, and the second act runs almost an hour and 20 minutes. While Act I develops the characters and lets the audience see her joys of life, the second act become s a saturation of the senses. Though meaningful, the play would have been much more powerful without the extra length.

*"Molly Sweeney" runs Feb. 29 - March 4 at 8 p.m., and March 4 at 2 p.m. at the Performing Arts Theatre on the UCSB campus (free parking in Lots 22 & 23). $ 16 general; $12 students/ seniors. Call (805) 893-3535 for tickets and information.*

*things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do! things to do!*

weekend | **saturday**

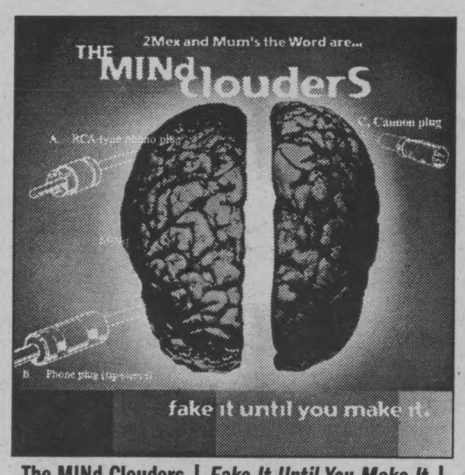
Those horny, wild college kids! (Just kidding.) Join your fellow members of academia to catch some "pulp drama." The Sherwood Players present a double feature titled "Sex and Violence" that shows two student-written-produced-directed plays, "Bang! Bang! You're Dead!" and "What Kind of Fruit." Starring UCSB talent, these provocative and fun plays should be a treat for any voyeur … uh, audience member. Hey, don't worry, when it's over, you can still make it to all the ragin' parties – they never start 'til 10 o'clock anyways. CCS Old Little Theater, 8 p.m. $5 students; $7 general. Tickets can be bought at the door.

weekday | **tuesday**

Since it's Tuesday, it's time to get back into performance art as soon as possible. True, that makes no logical sense whatsoever, but performance art often seeks to move beyond mere logic in search of something more esoteric, ethereal or just plain eternal. Lauded for nearly 30 years as one of the world's truly original choreographers, maverick choreographer Garth Fagan received a 1998 Tony Award for his work on Broadway's "Lion King." When performed by his company of 12 dancers renowned for their individuality, openness and virtuousity, Fagan's concert dance is dope, son! It performs Tuesday and Wednesday, Campbell Hall, 8 p.m. $12/$15/$18 student.

* beats, rhymes and life * music reviews

# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*




**The MINd Clouders | *Fake It Until You Make It* | Concentrated**

"This court is back in session. The Defense may present its case," said Judge Tito, who presided over the case of The Closed-Minded vs. Hip Hop, in which Hip Hop was being accused of never saying anything.

Buttoning my jacket, I began my argument. "Let me present to the court Exhibit A, 'False/Lost' by The MINd Clouders. Supa-emcee 2Mex offers his argument against organized religion, concluding that '*Organized religion is false/ And everyone who follows it is lost.*' This isn't a condemnation of everyone who follows such a life though. 2Mex explains, '*I'm not saying that your faith is an imposter/ You've been following the wrong roster .../ I love you but you're wrong.*'

"Exhibit B is 'Marshall Law,' a song that goes beyond the generic New World Order and actually sheds light on some little known facts about Martial Law. While most people know that it means that the laws of the Constitution are thrown out for easy military takeover, 2Mex reveals that we, the United States of America, are technically in a state of Martial Law that was decreed and never reversed."

"Objection!" yelled the prosecuting attorney. "This is the USA, we are always fair, we are the good guys!"

"Overruled," Judge Tito said, eyes rolling. "Even I know that that's not true."

I continued, "My final exhibit is 'Upside Down,' a posse cut that proves that conscious emcees can still get down and have some fun. The Defense rests."

There was no need for the jury, made up of mostly forty- and fifty-somethings, to convene. The jury rep stood up and gave the decision, "This jury finds the defendant, Hip Hop, guilty of not saying anything. We don't understand any of this."

Jury selection bites me in the ass once again. **[Trey Clark]**

**Greenthink | *Blindfold* EP | Mush**

Super baby sucking cow udder! Fourtracked in Cincinnati between January 1999 and May 1999 and made in Canada, I can only hope you know what that spells: a bloody, take-no-prisoners feeding frenzy. Well, maybe, but first, what's Greenthink? Simply put (and eloquently articulated), Greenthink is a nifty-keen experimental take on the world, filtered through the whacked-out, candy-filled piñata-brain of Dose One. On *Blindfold*, up is down, left is right, and Wonder Woman's got loose morals. Of course, just about the entire crew from the Anticon camp makes an appearance on the album: Jel, who "uses his chair on it," Sole, who "fucks stuffed animals," Circus, who "sells lojack door ta door," and Mr. Dibbs, "complacent minidisc." The featured artists on this CD realize *Blindfold* may make them unhip, but they just do not care.

So, in the 71 minutes and 51 seconds divided into two tracks, with no easily discernable song listing, and some of the weirdest hip hop to ever be called hip hop, does *Blindfold* break barriers? I haven't the slightest idea. Does *Blindfold* accomplish what it sets out to do? Probably. And especially so if it has no specific purpose at all. Unfortunately, knowing of the extra-fresh tracks on *Blindfold* is a moot idea.

The cool thing here is that what Greenthink's first major release presents is hip hop you are almost forced to listen to passively. Just think of the middle break as an interlude or your favorite part besides whenever it is not playing. In the end, Greenthink continues the Anticon effort to give the advanced listener hip hop when he is in the mood for some of good ol' illogical music. I must recommend this one only for the Anticon fan or the true West Coast underground hip hop head, because otherwise it won't be liked. **[Robotsex is a sensual being from planet porno]**

**On | *Shifting Skin* | Epic**

No longer satisfied with the indie metal scene, Ken Andrews, formerly of Failure, has moved on to fuse the rather broad line between pop rock and electronica. His new album, *Shifting Skin,* is what it says: a new method and an open mind to whatever comes his way.

Entirely produced and written by Andrews, *Shifting Skin* is the confession of an artist who isn't satisfied with staying within his prospective boundaries. Notorious for his extensive use of pedals and effects, Andrews has mastered the art of production by creating beautifully timed and textured music. The dancehall drum beats and consistent tape loops are a sexy orgy for the ears, providing harmonious melodies and hooks that don't seem to be popping up much these days. "C'mon Collapse" provides a catchy guitar riff with intelligent effects (similar to Radiohead's) that actually serve a purpose. *Shifting Skin* starts off tense and angry, but eventually breaks into a confessional.

This album isn't without its faults. Musically and lyrically, it's a bit repetitive. Without a lot of the catchy electronic boops and beeps, there would be a lot hanging. Although many of the themes are a bit cliché, you have to give credit to a guy who's trying. The album is heartfelt, a rare, honest testimony from an aspiring musician.

Instead of flaunting his new realizations in the world of music, On has pieced together a truly diverse album. Andrews has proved the theory that there really is "new" music, and he's done it without being overtly pretentious or callous. He really has shifted skin, and as a result, a truly aggressive undertaking has taken form in a solid piece of art. Provided that many imposters will follow, On has dared to break new ground in a silent but poignant way. **[Collin Mitchell]**

**Arling & Cameron | *Music for Imaginary Films* | Emperor Norton**

Arling & Cameron, the Dutch postmodern pop partners, have turned to the silver screen of their imagination with soundtracks for "Fantasia" and beyond. This kitschy set of fantastical film scores and TV pilots reflects the dizzying array of sounds familiar to the duo. Though previous albums have layered futuristic disco with sugary Japanese pop, *Music for Imaginary Films* broadens the spectrum to far reaches of the globe, achieving time travel in the process. Arling & Cameron have no qualms about incorporating as many styles as possible into their music, moving from '60s mod French-pop in "Le Filc et la Fille" to snappy spy-jazz in "Hashi" to funky Italian lounge in "Milano Cool." Drum 'n' bass nuances seamlessly intertwine with sultry female vocals in "New Day," while "Shiva's Daughters" achieves a Middle Eastern sound, combining rich keyboard chimes with saucy percussion.

Arling & Cameron are no newcomers to the world of pop stardom, as they have collaborated with several Japanese artists

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# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

as of late. Appearances on albums by Pizzicato Five, Fantastic Plastic Machine, and Cornelius have worked to create a devoted fan base for those in the know. Using their contagiously danceable sounds to attract followers all over the world, Arling & Cameron are sure to wow the kiddies with this festive little ensemble of fictitious soundtracks. This album is just plain silly fun. **[DollFace loves to have just plain silly fun]**

**Air | *Original Motion Picture Score for "The Virgin Suicides"* | Astralwerks**

Jean-Benoit Dunckel and Nicolas Godin, sonic masters behind the French band Air, have taken their first frolic into the world of film scores. After two months of collaboration in their Paris studio, they have created a darkly bittersweet audio voyage for Sofia Coppola's film, "The Virgin Suicides," based on Jeffrey Eugenides' cult novel by the same title. The slow, sobering sounds of the album reflect the dismal loss of innocence in this tale of four sisters who reject adult rules, tragically ending their lives. The deliberately dark and intense mood of the album mirrors the profound themes prevalent in the story. Air seeks muted, hypnotic melodies, reminiscent of minimalist '70s rock with a spacey twist, to reflect the time period in the film. Air has come a long way in their own musical journey: From the endearing naiveté of *Premiers Symptomes,* to the pop poignancy of *Moon Safari,* to the millennial noir of *The Virgin Suicides*. If *Moon Safari* represented the teen years of Air, *The Virgin Suicides* signifies their entry into adulthood.

Using only guitar, keyboards, bass and drums for the 13-song score, the album is largely a simplistic, orchestral composition. "Playground Love," a dismally dreamy ballad sung by French singer Gorgon Tracks, is the only song on the album with vocals (and an impressively passionate saxophone solo). "Bathroom Girl" offers a slow, yet optimistic mood, with the layering of melancholic guitar chords and spectral keyboard tones. The final track, "Suicide Underground," intertwines a creepy voice-over quoting this tragic tale, with angelic cries and soothing guitar acoustics. Though many tracks have a similar sound, the album is consistent throughout in its quest to express a mix of romanticism and disenchantment. Both futuristic and retro, Air keeps up the French chic movement while simultaneously creating a beautifully dreary soundscape for the film. **[DollFace thinks Spike Jonze is great who thinks Sofia Coppola is great who thinks Air is great]**

**Kid Koala | *Carpal Tunnel Syndrome* | Ninja Tune**

Now that the lovely effervescent time known as St. Valentine's Day is over and done with, it is time to let the battle of the sexes begin. So, what if 51 assorted high-octane muscle-bound guys and 149 really hot buxom shapely babes all stranded on a space cruiser started beatin' the bejesus out of each other? Better yet, if you can imagine people from dozens of different races, talents, and sexes all thrown together in a land that exists against a backdrop of pure evil almost incomprehensible to the mortal mind …

Well, you have just imagined up some of the landscape for Kid Koala's *Carpal Tunnel Syndrome* — except for the "pure evil" thing. After peepin' out this new release, how could anyone not begin to assert that the future just is not what it used to be (in terms of music that is)? Sure, the Kid Koala and Money Mark's collaboration, "Carpal Tunnel Syndrome," on Ninja Tune's *Funkunfusion* compilation is not on this album. Odd? Maybe *that* is exactly why this album is beyond any dystopia? Maybe *that* is why this album is mankind crawling from the ashes? And, speaking of which, "A Night at the Nufonia" is feudalism all over again. "Roboshuffle" is exactly that: gear-grindin' robot mayhem turntable style. And although "Barhopper 2" is cuter than a basket of kittens in a field of marshmallows (in its own little way), the big thing here is that the album is less than 40 minutes long.

"What do you mean there's no more … all the rations. Sound the alarm, there must be a stowaway!"

I know, I said the same thing; however, there is nothing that can be done — especially since the disclaimer is that there is a "free album with this book (the inset)." Despite its short lived run time, *Carpal Tunnel Syndrome* is terrific, and even contains a video game which, if you are like me, you can play on your new mind numbing, gigaflop, super fast, super delicious, G4, piece of sweetness computer. You have been served notice: *Carpal Tunnel Syndrome* is recommended for consumption. **[Robotsex is a great Pokèmon master]**

## KCSB91.9 TOP10 HIPHOP SINGLES

1. Kid Koala, "Drunk Trumpet" (Ninja Tune)
2. Blackalicious, "Shallow Days" (Quannum)
3. Them, "John Brown's Vaporizer" (Anticon)
4. Darkleaf, "Citizens" (Ubiquity)
5. Awol One, "NME" (Celestial)
6. Dr. DOOOM, "Leave Me Alone (Peanut Butter Wolf Remix)" (Funky Ass Records)
7. Circus, "Word To Yer Muthership" (Weaponshaped)
8. Anti-pop Consortium, "Heatrays" (75 Ark)
9. Buck 65, "The Centaur Anthem" (Anticon)
10. Spontaneous, "Reprezen'n" (Goodvibe)

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>>Backpacking my ASSSSSSS!! If I tried it on my own I'd still be looking for the train station!!

>>So I've been back for a week now and miss all you guys terribly. I'll post the pics of all of us soon. It's hard to find one of our famous group pics where SOMEONE (that means you, Bryan) isn't making a very INAPPROPRIATE gesture!! Can't believe we did so much and still had leftover cash...what a great deal!!!! Cara...you're high-school French was as useful as a 14k modem... Glad we had our fearless tour leader Scotty to guide us in the right direction with no hassles!!!! Reunion in 2000...I vote for South Africa!! Keep in touch, all my new mates, at contiki.com
Love Robbo xxxxxxxxx

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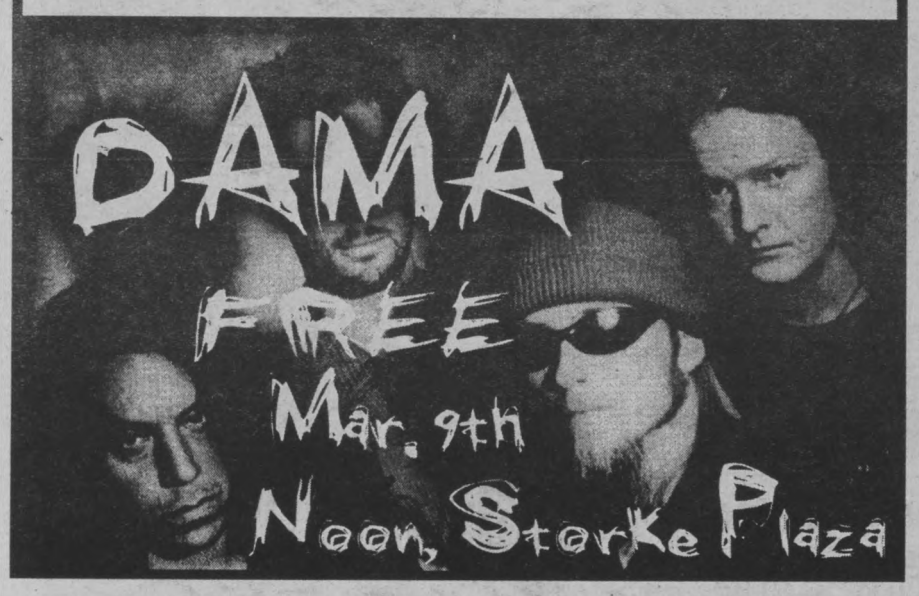


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