

# ArtsWeek

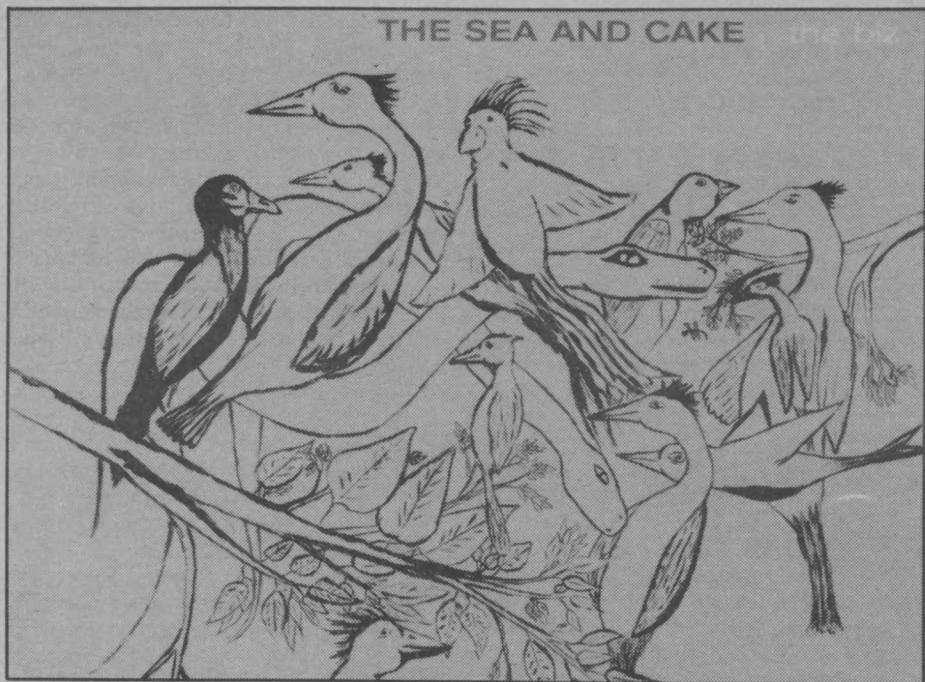
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The Weekly Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus

## ...AND EAT IT TOO



## Abstrakt, Poetik



**The Sea and Cake**  
*The Biz*  
Thrill Jockey

John McEntire is the drummer and occasional songwriter for The Sea and Cake, the mastermind for the groundbreaking experimental band Tortoise and frequent collaborator with Gastr Del Sol. His Tortoise is what jazz-rock fusion should have been. Instead of the slick, virtuoso-based fusion of Chick Corea, Tortoise combines the emotive elements of rock with the formless and openness of jazz. In some sense, McEntire's The Sea and Cake takes off where Tortoise leaves off. The heart's fervor is even more present in The Sea and Cake, still without forsaking the musical exploration of jazz. Although they are armed with mainly guitars and drums, they never limit themselves to these or adhere to much musical tradition.

*The Biz* begins with the album's namesake, a triumphant, contemplative search for an answer. Dueling, soft guitars roll and repeat as vocalist Sam Prekop sings, "All we need is a woman's soul to let me go." The drums enter with whispering/singing saying, "Try, we wanna see you try." The Sea and Cake's lyrics take on some of the same quality as the sparse synthesizer, electric piano and farfisa vibes: hard to grab hold of and curious.

"The Transaction" is the poppiest, most accessible item on *The Biz*. Its bright, pained hooks shine throughout and drift into the song's several different parts, while McEntire pounds and bounces the refrain. Prekop sings, "Leave me alone and I'll be on your side." The up-tempo charge of "The Transaction" is also among the many assets of the song.

The Sea and Cake's many facets spread outward, like flexing extremities into the genres they borrow from and into those they create.

—Noah Blumberg

**Abstrakt Workshop**  
*A Collection of Trip Hop and Jazz*  
Shadow Records

For those of you sick of angst-ridden rock and choppy punk comes something smooth and refreshing out of the hip jazz dives of New York City. Abstrakt Workshop is the best thing since 50/50 Bars. Its chill licks and creamy soul provide the perfect relief for recovering moshers. Abstrakt Workshop is more likely to be embraced by reclusive shadow-dwellers than by incognizant hordes of tail-chasers. It takes a breather and delivers one delicious treat after another.

Since the day I bought this CD it has not left my stereo; there is so much to discover on this record. Usually I shy away from compilations. It always seems like half the tracks are great, and the other half simply filler. Record labels tend to entice buyers with a few quality musicians only to plug their pinch hitters. Just as you get into the groove, some friend-of-a-friend musician ruins everything.

This is not the case with Abstrakt Workshop. Every song is a delight in its own right and, when juxtaposed, they come out sounding even better. There is so much consistency in the 14 bands introduced that this CD seems more like a collaboration than a collection. The musicians are first-



string the whole way through.

Abstrakt Workshop is a "trip hop" and jazz compilation, but it closely resembles what has in the past been called acid jazz. It appears some corporate head honcho, overzealous in his marketing schemes, tried to rename a genre of music in an attempt to sell more records.

Trip hop is typically associated with such bands as Portishead and The Chemical Brothers. With their popularity, people are throwing money at any release with the trip hop tag attached to it. But don't be fooled, for Abstrakt Workshop sounds nothing like these bands. It is far more jazz-centric. A purity flows from Abstrakt Workshop that cannot be equaled by the electronic roots of trip hop.

The music on this album consists mostly of complex drum beats, muffled saxophone and a tag team of innocuous instruments including xylophone, piano, bongos and even sleigh

bells. Few vocals accompany the steady jams on this record. Samples, drum rhythms and instrumentals travel in loops, giving an artificiality to the traditional free-flow improvisation of jazz.

This is why it has become known as acid jazz. It is a modern, more danceable version of old establishments. And it works. Abstrakt Workshop is mellow enough to pop in your stereo when relaxing at home over a plate of stir-fry, but it has enough momentum to keep strobe-lit booties movin'.

Abstrakt Workshop testifies to the fact that a lot of young talent in New York City is currently backing this type of music. Bands such as The Herbaliser, Mighty Bop and Jazz Not Jazz leave you with a grin and nod of approval. The possibilities of acid jazz are endless and hopefully it can make more of an impact on the West Coast.

—Brad Mayo



# gimme five!!!

**Pizzicato Five**  
*The Sound of Music*  
Matador

I realize now how much I miss playing *Arkanoid*, or *Breakout*, depending on which was available at Chuck E. Cheese's. Pizzicato Five's *The Sound of Music* brings all levels of the once-popular video games to the ears.

Beginning with the slow ball, an appreciative "We Love Pizzicato 5" starts off the album. More of a rapid, busted-through-the-wall beat ensues with "Rock n' Roll," and "Happy Sad" has the energy to make triple bluebook midterm takers give their loved one a zerbent. In this song the question is raised with "Are you feelin' good or feelin' bad?", but even fans of the cynical eyeroll will find it hard not to at least smirk at this one and feel a little like dancing.

Pizzicato Five sing in both English and in Japanese. Whether you understand what is being said, in either language, the music pulses with a brand of no-frills joy. Having taken Japanese language classes when I was in elementary school, I remember a few choice words. However, "I" doesn't seem too prevalent, and "umbrella" doesn't surface at all. Self-obsessed rain shirkers need not listen too closely.

Printed on the cover of *The Sound of Music* is "music is organized by sound." Pizzicato Five remain true to this statement. The organization of this album is somewhat like that of a soundtrack as you move audibly from a disco at midnight to the deli in the afternoon and then down an alleyway chasing a big-haired man in buckle shoes. The electronic sounds waver from the *Arkanoid* variety to the extracurricular sound-bites heard in *Weird Science*.

*The Sound of Music* is not immediately relative to the Julie Andrews film of the same name but, having heard the album five or six times now, the initial wackiness is not so different from a nun planning to clothe the children she is in charge of in old drapery, actually carrying out the plan, and then convincing them to hang around in trees and sing to their father as he comes home. Putting a finger on Pizzicato Five is just as difficult as determining the source of Fraulein Maria's outfit patterns. Whether Pizzicato Five are dance-driven, ambient, pop or easy listening is impossible to determine because they are none and all at the same time. There is something in this album for the techno lover, for those who choose *Sounds of the Sixties* over Deee-Lite and for those who just want to rollerskate and have a good time. For those who enjoyed *The Piano*, this may come as much-needed relief. Song titles such as "If I Were a Groupie" and "Groovy Is My Name" leave no room at all for self-enveloping melancholy.

If you have an a.m. class and a programmable stereo alarm, this is something you may consider putting in the cassette deck. For a good 10 minutes you might feel like you are living a Golden Grahams TV ad, but it will get the heart pumping and save money on grapefruit in the winter.


Whatever wakes you up in the morning, don't doubt the power of Pizzicato Five until you've tried it. Lemon pepper took a while to catch on and so did salsa, but salsa has now booted ketchup off the list as America's favorite condiment. Snack with *The Sound of Music* for better digestion.

—Adrienne Robillard

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## HIS MASTER'S VOICE

### The Sweater Story

SIDE A    1995 

The Tejana Singing Sensation Jason Sattler

Every Christmas, my mom gets me a sweater that I never like. And it totally disproves that Pavlov thing because she never gets it right and I always return it. So this last time I got this sweater — you know, the kind most moms would get their kids because it's knit, oversized and has these cool, earthy tones that everyone is wearing nowadays. I, of course, open the gift with a pleasant look on my face because I can feel Mom's stare burning my face, searching for the "This is really cool!" look in my eyes.

"Oh, hey," I breathe, "this is nice, real nice."

Mom exhales with glee. "Oh, I knew you would like it! I saw it just laying there and I thought, this is you!"

"Well, thanks, Mom," I conclude, tossing the sweater aside, anxiously hoping the next gift would resemble a CD. After we are done with the presents, my family then shifts to Phase Two of Christmas morning: church.

My mom suggests I wear my NEW SWEATER. So I do. But as we left the

church later that morning, I confronted my mom. "I gotta take it back."

"Oh, honey, that's fine! You know I never know what to get you. I just wanted you to have something to open."

So, just as I thought, I had won my biggest battle. I prepare for my journey to the Topanga Mall. After circling the parking lot for 45 minutes along with a hundred other vicious potential parkers, I claimed my space. I trudged up to the front of the entrance cradling the gift box containing the SWEATER. I had to pause for a moment. To gather my strength.

Then I opened the great glass door with the brass shiny handle and entered NORDSTROM. According to the directory, BRASS PLUM was upstairs. So I boarded the escalator, still clutching the SWEATER, and gazed upward, curious to experience high school coolness. But, as the escalator delivered me to my final destination, I was overcome with such confusing horror, like a little fluffy animal who finds herself on a

highway.

I was instantly blinded with three TV screens flashing the music video Cotton Eye Joe, but the worst part was, the song was in stereo. Surround sound. Frightened but determined to complete my mission, I plunged through racks of shiny, stretchy blouses and skirts until I found a table of sweaters marked "Clearance." I grabbed one and went straight to the register.

I threw down the SWEATER, the new sweater and the receipt in front of the gum-chewing, 17-year-old blonde with the cool "new" Friends haircut. "This it?" she asks.

"Yes, hurry." She pushes some buttons, has me sign some sort of credit slip and tosses the SWEATER into a pile of unloved, returned items. I almost felt sad, but I was overcome with an instinctive urgency as my mind commanded, "Escape now." I left the mall quickly and thought, "I don't even like red."

When I got home, my mom was making dinner. I vented my horrible experience to her and concluded, "Don't ever buy anything from the mall again. It's bad enough I spent my entire life waiting for my breasts to grow in, only to find out at age 15 that yours are fake."

"Enough with your horseplay," she snapped.

"Mom, if God didn't want horseplay, he shouldn't have created horses."



Tori Amos has become something of an enigma since the release of *Little Earthquakes* in 1992, meeting critical acclaim and creating a devoted fan base. Amos' success continued with *Under the Pink* in 1994, which was equally well received and solidified her reputation as one of the major talents to emerge in the '90s. Needless to say, Amos has had quite a bit of expectation and anticipation brewing for her new album, *Boys for Pele*.

Perhaps one of the key reasons for the focus on Amos is the way in which she carved out an extremely individualistic niche for herself in pop music. Her work is a heady combination of an incredible voice, ingenious composing and piano playing and eccentric yet oddly compelling lyrics. Except when she dabbled in glam rock as a member of the group Y Kant Tori Read? in the '80s — she thankfully has never returned to the medium — Amos has always dealt with issues both painful and personal. *Little Earthquakes*' "Me and a Gun," a brutal testimony about being a victim of rape, provides an example of her ability to unleash sheer emotion in her songs.

Yet she still has a quirky humor and madness behind her work. More than other musicians out there, Amos has created a style of music that is her own. *Boys* continues Amos' exploration into the depths of her vocal, lyrical and

## TORI KANT FAIL



musical talents.

The most intoxicating aspect of the new album is that Amos utilizes the entire scale of her vocal possibilities. The scorched power of "Caught a Lite Sneeze," the first single, pairs soaring vocal intensity with breathy, hushed whispers. "Professional Widow," rumored to be directed at Courtney Love, spits out venom with a purity that few vocalists can access.

Adding to the volatile, sometimes torrential intensity of Amos' voice is her distinct awareness of the richness of language. Amos emphasizes the sound of the words and how they collide and play off each other throughout *Boys*.

One has to look hard

into Amos' lyrics and do some pondering to get an idea of what she is trying to get across underneath the careful melody for the words. The eloquent quality of "Putting the Damage On" and "Blood Roses" demonstrate Amos' skill in lyrical poetry. Amos' introduction of a harpsichord on "Blood Roses," appealing for its medieval, metallic sound, makes it one of the most compelling songs on the album.

The engrossing quality of Amos' music keeps you *inside* the album while you are listening. *Boys for Pele* is not a background-music album in any sense; it sucks you into the music, then leaves you wondering at its evasive beauty.

—Nicole Milne



# AIR POLLUTION

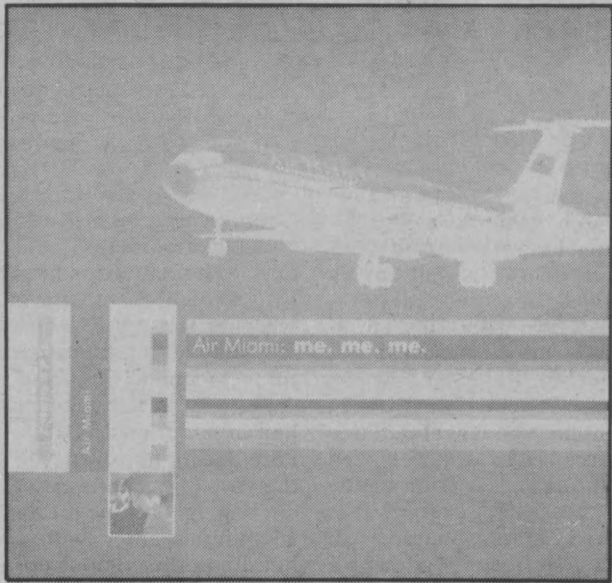
**Air Miami**  
*me me me*  
4AD

Do you remember those cool *Choose Your Own Adventure* books from elementary school? Well, now you can choose your own CD review, and there is no risk of falling into a pit of spikes. If you appreciate excessive adjectives and hyphenated words, read on; however, if you are a basics kinda person then skip to the last line.

Save for a few inspired moments of mimicry, Air Miami's *me me me* drags like an 8 a.m. discussion section clouded by a hangover.

Air Miami is after something in its laid back, chorus-obsessed pursuit of post-something pop; however, they end up floundering in the netherworld of precommercial inaccessibility. Too smooth and simplistic for seasoned ears, and not catchy enough to snag the fickle attention span of the masses, *me me me* has a date with used CD racks nationwide.

Terse guitar fills bounce around a descending bassline to the pleasant chorus of "Please please / Someone kill me soon," in the first cut, "I Hate Milk." Al-



though the track incites anticipation on the part of the listener for more jumpy pop, the remainder of the disc lapses into a lazy mess full of meaningless lyrics, repetitive choruses and quirky sound effects that detract from, rather than enhance, the songs. The open chord changes of "You Sweet Little Heart Breaker" might fool the musically naive, but are an insulting punk cliché for traveled ears.

The band's singer has a promising voice that can lithely follow the harmony changes. Unfortunately, content is a moot point

without style ... well, good style anyway.

Perhaps a deviation from odes to love and other drippy topics would spur a moment of reflection or, even better, anguish in the ultra-mellow musical languishing of the band.

At times, Air Miami captures the elusive origami essence of flighty pop, but the majority of the disc crumbles like the metaphorical paper it was so hastily constructed with.

Don't buy this CD.

—Peter Sansom



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# Sure Shots

**Mannish / "Jive U the Mann" b/w "Mannish" / Correct**

With this, their second single, the West Coast duo known as Mannish firmly plant themselves among the best of the underground artists to drop on an independent label. The topic on "Jive U the Mann" is all the material things that come with success in the rap game. The rhymes are accompanied by a simple yet smooth track, and the song comes off really well. The B-side cut, "Mannish," shows us that Mannish is capable of many styles. Hard drums and a simple loop accompany boastful lyrics to help get the heads nodding. A lot of dope underground groups deserve a listen — Mannish is one of them.

**Busta Rhymes / "WOO-HAH!! Got You All in Check" b/w "Everything Remains Raw" / Elektra**

For those fans mourning the breakup of Leaders of the New School, for those who asked the question, "When is Busta Rhymes coming with a solo joint???", the answer is now. After guest appearing on numerous songs and starring in a movie, Busta's first single as a solo artist is finally here. Lyrically, there are no disappointments as Busta Rhymes comes with the raw, real style that fans have come to love and expect. Production on "Everything Remains Raw" is handled by Easy Mo Bee and the track rocks sound systems from here to New York. Rashad Smith handles the beat on "WOO-HAH!!" and he definitely brings the flavor with a phat bassline and ill carnival-like keys. I'm not disappointed with the new Busta Rhymes and I really doubt that any hip-hop heads will be.

**Omniscence / "Touch Y'all" / EastWest**

Omniscence's first single — "Amazin'" — was good, but for the most part went unheard. Now comes "Touch Y'all," his second release, which is more commercial but just as tight as his first effort. 3 Boyz From Newark are on production again and definitely bring on the phat beats. Lyrically, Omniscence has a straight-up delivery that's filled with punchlines, and the song even includes a nice hook to round his verses off. "Touch Y'all" also comes with two remixes, a definite bonus. Both remixes are solid, and one even features one of my favorite lyricists, Sadat X of Brand Nubian. With less of an underground feel, Omniscence should appeal to a wider audience, yet this single is a good example of the flavor he's bringing.

—Todd One

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by Mennen

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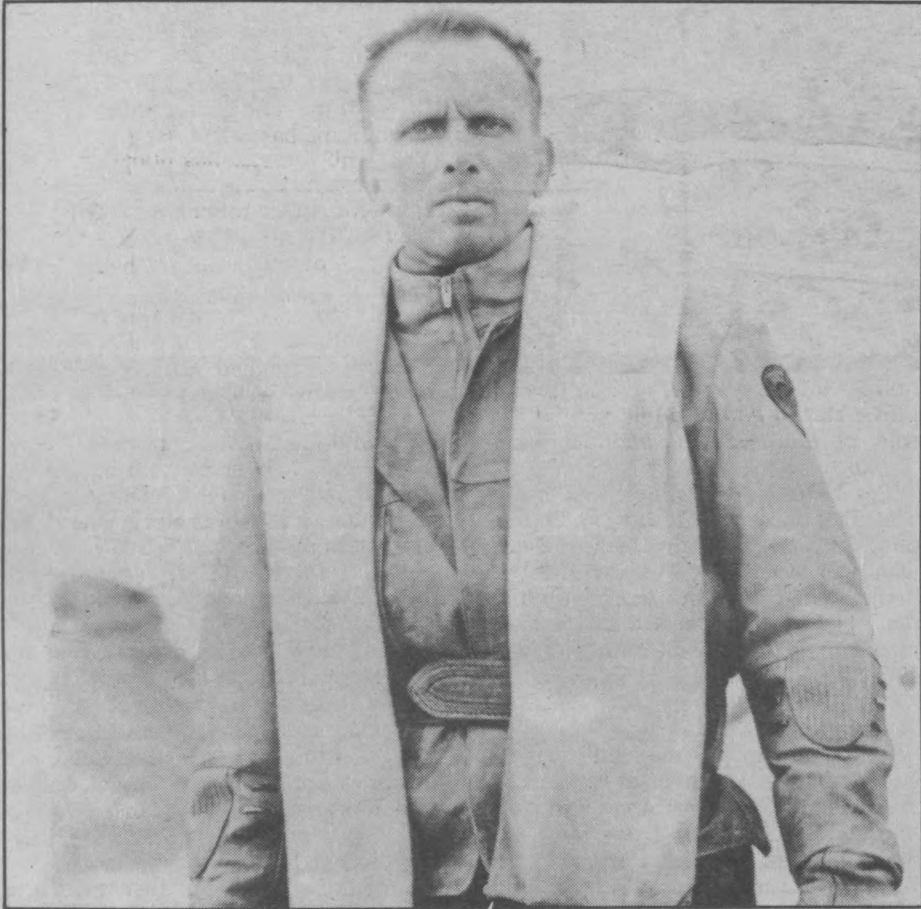
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# Roboslop Film Head of the Class

*Screamers* is the film version of Phillip K. Dick's smart sci-fi story *Second Variety*, jacked up and dumbed down to appeal to the high school masturbator. I know it's a fairly mindless cliché to say that the movie's never as good as the book, but in this case it's true. What charm the story had has been mostly flattened out under a sense-crunching behemoth of bloated dialogue and low-watt ideas.

In the film, it's 200 years in the future and a distant planet is ravaged by a war between two hi-tech camps. Under their commander, Hendricksson (played by an over-acting Peter Weller), one side has developed autonomous robots that are programmed to kill the enemy. Trouble is, they've turned a little too autonomous and are now designing and building new versions of themselves to wipe out all humans. In particular, they're producing humanoid robots indistinguishable from the real thing — until they



kill you.

Devastated by these new weapons, the other side sues for peace and Hendricksson and an assistant travel to the opposing camp where they find only three survivors, including (naturally) a sexy, raven-haired scientist. The rest of the film is spent as a psychological game of deciding who is real and who is a robot, which somehow doesn't have all the suspense it should. There are some nice beeping toys and the sets and costumes are convincingly worn and battered-looking. However, most of the characters are too busy grappling with the adolescent dialogue to do any real acting.

The cardboard machismo and worthless posturing of *Screamers* produces a vision of the future more dated than any period drama. The stark imagery in the film and the potentially intriguing plot can't quite cover up the gaps in the material.

—Martin Knight

*Mr. Holland's Opus*, starring Richard Dreyfus, is a film that depicts the value of teaching. The film begins as Mr. Holland begins his first day on the job as a music teacher at John F. Kennedy High School. He feels thrilled at the idea of becoming a teacher even though it was only "something to fall back on," meaning he would become a teacher in case he didn't achieve his dream of becoming famous by writing his own symphony and conducting his own orchestra.

He starts off hating his job when his students seem bored and do poorly on his exams. He then quickly realizes that teaching is not just about giving lectures. Instead, he sees that it is about putting something in students' minds that they can carry with them for the rest of their lives. He discovers many techniques that enable his students to learn, have fun and not only like music but learn about themselves.

Throughout the film, Mr. Holland runs into many conflicts with his students, his wife and his deaf son Cole. There are also many joyous encounters. Basically, the film is filled with happy and tragic moments and successfully combines comedy and drama.



The audience can be laughing one moment and crying a few minutes later. As the years go by, Mr. Holland learns to work with students on a one-to-one basis as well as in a classroom environment. Most importantly, he learns how to be a good family man.

Mr. Holland becomes another one of those inspirational heroes who appears on the screen; the ending of the film will not disappoint you. Every actor gives a good performance. I would like to see Dreyfus receive an Oscar nomination for his brilliant portrayal. Make every attempt to see *Mr. Holland's Opus*.

—Brian Uyehara

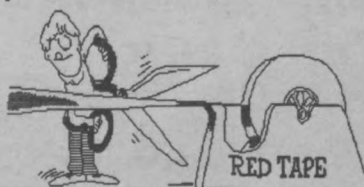
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# Quentin's On His Way

So it's your standard escaped-convict-Mexican-vampire-camp comedy. A scorching script, Quentin Tarantino's best ever, delivers what is set to be an instant cult classic, a *Rocky Horror Picture Show* for the '90s. In his past scripts (*Pulp Fiction*, *Natural Born Killers*), the soul has come up empty-handed and malnourished, but he gets it right this time (at least in the second half) by playing it strictly for laughs, an arena where his lack of grace matters less and may even be an asset.

Professional thief Seth (George Clooney) and his more unstable brother Richard (Tarantino) are first seen holding up and then destroying an isolated gas station on the Tex-Mex border. Prior to making an escape bid to Mexico, they hole up at a seedy desert motel and then kidnap a lapsed priest (Harvey Keitel) and his son and daughter. The brothers succeed in crossing the border by hiding in the family's motor home. It's around here (usual Tarantino blood and *bons mots* so far) that things start to get strange.

In hopes of a rendezvous with a Mexican underworld figure, they drive to a cavernous bar in the middle of the desert peopled by mustached thugs and sensually dark-haired dancing girls. At this point the movie loses all pretense at being taken even half-seriously by rather weirdly turning itself into a hilarious vampire-movie parody.

The characterization is satisfyingly three-dimensional and director Robert Rodriguez gets superb performances throughout. Harvey Keitel is deeply be-

lievable as the dignified ex-priest and so is Juliette Lewis as his thoughtful teenage daughter. But it's George Clooney who shines the most as the electrifying leader of the two brothers.

Though none of the lines are particularly memorable, the cumulative absurdity and snappy pace work magic to create some extremely funny scenes parodying all those Dracula movies. The film's high level of violence should make it popular with the college audience, although I found its sensual overload a little emptying afterwards.

—Martin Knight

Several things crossed my mind as I took my seat and the theater darkened. It was opening night of the new Quentin Tarantino-scripted film, *From Dusk Till Dawn*.

Tarantino is the real thing. His two features, *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*, were groundbreaking. His are the type of movies that warrant repeated viewings



simply to marvel in the sophisticated dialogue and the carefully constructed plot twists.

Of the two scripts Tarantino did not handle himself, he is batting .500. *True Romance* was ahead of its time, a mostly unrecognized work of art utilizing most of the best character actors available. The end result of his fourth screenplay, *Natural Born Killers*, I blame on Oliver

Stone.

You're thinking, "So Tarantino can do no wrong?" The answer is, well, no: He can put himself in front of the camera. His small dialogue in *Reservoir Dogs* was amusing, his extended cameo in *Pulp Fiction* was acceptable and his half-hour run in *Four Rooms* was downright agonizing.

So here is the surprise: in *From Dusk Till Dawn* he is good. It is, hopefully, the definition of irony that Tarantino could



not accurately portray a controversial movie star in *Four Rooms* but nails the role of murderer/sex offender Richie Gecko.

*From Dusk Till Dawn* is two movies. The first hour is pure Tarantino. Escaped cons Richie and Seth Gecko (George Clooney) race across Texas with the entire state militia in tow, leaving a trail of bodies and fire in their wake. The entire united Texas police force is not enough to stop the Gecko brothers from making several adrenalized stops for such necessities as gas and hostages.

On one such stop they enlist the uncooperative assistance of a faithless preacher, portrayed by Harvey Keitel, and his two children. *From Dusk Till Dawn* derives its dramatic force from the tension between sex-obsessed Tarantino and timid preacher's daughter Juliette Lewis. Keitel helps by adding an "I can only be pushed so far" attitude while Clooney sits on top of the pile, trying to hold everybody together. The actors are good, the



interplay is good and the tension is realistic. As they descend upon Mexico, the movie, from nearly every dramatic aspect, ends.

Cue second movie. The five travelers arrive at the rendezvous point, a border-town nudie bar called the Tittie Twister. The Tittie Twister has booze, weapons, bad attitudes and gyrating naked women. Murderer/bank robber Seth Gecko explains, "It's my kinda place." Unfortunately for our unsuspecting heroes, it also has a lot of vampires.

This movie is not *Waiting to Exhale*. The entire second hour of the film consists of an extended bar fight and many, many creative ways to kill the undead. It also features *three* hysterical cameos from the until-recently-unemployed Cheech Marin and the table dance from hell performed by the beautiful Salma Hayek. And I do mean "from hell" in every sense of the expression.

*From Dusk Till Dawn's* director Robert Rodriguez so competently choreographed violence in his first Hollywood feature, *Desperado*, that it became an instant classic in my mind. If anyone can pull off an hour-long gore-fest such as this one, he can. And to tell the truth (I may have to turn in my review badge for this one), I still can't get the smile off my face. For professional reasons, let me say that if you don't fall into the demographic of male, age 14-30, you might want to try one of those new Jane Austen films instead. However, in catering to the normal action/horror audience, Tarantino and Rodriguez have concocted a flick full of intense, exploitative, male escapism.

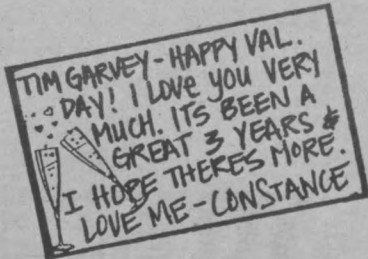
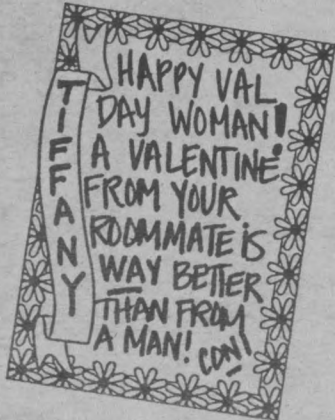
—Chad Bishop



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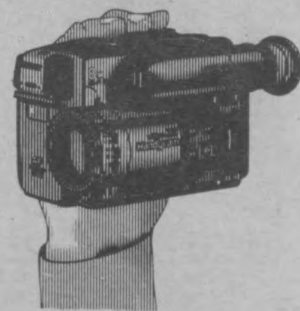
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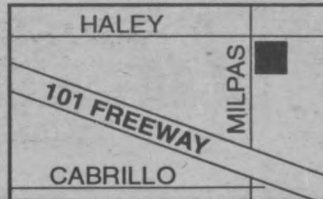
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**Banco de Gaia**  
*Last Train to Lhasa*  
Planet Dog/Mammoth

Despite its many devoted followers and the high level of respect it seems to attain from electro-music aficionados, the first time I heard of the Planet Dog, I was a bit skeptical of its worthiness of such high praise. Maybe it was the name, perhaps a little too close to *Big Dogs* to uphold any sort of credibility. It wasn't until recently that I was actually exposed to the genius of their roster of technophilic super groups. Now I have gladly joined the ranks of die-hard Planet Dog fans hungry for new releases.

Banco de Gaia leads this group of deeply talented artists with their debut full-length album, *Last Train to Lhasa*. Combining many different musical influences, Banco creates a sound that many will imitate in years to come. Through the technical wonder of synthesizers and samplers, Banco fuses tribal energy with Eastern musical traditions and electro harmonies into a surprisingly organic-sounding style. Even more interesting is Banco's willingness to cross all boundaries of techno, ambient and tribal music. From the

# Banco on it



first few minutes of any of their songs you can never tell what will transpire in the next few.

The CD begins with the "Last Train to Lhasa" as it pulls into a busy station somewhere in the Middle East, complete with whistle toots and squeaking brakes. Dramatic unintelligible chanting calls forth synth patterns rippling across a hungry tribal beat full of Eastern instrumentation. Soon reverberated Eastern vocals

begin to wail, bringing the emotion of the song to a peak before giving way to a dubby, low bass ride-out.

From there the double-disc package ranges from the haunting tribal beauty of "China" to the driving funk jam "Kincajou." Dubby basslines flow under intricate percussion and soothing synth melodies. While soaring electro melodies fool you into outer space, deep ethnic vocals and strange mutterings let you know you are

still on this planet. You may become lost in 30-minute ambient wanderings, but the refined energy behind every cut will always bring you out.

My written description does this work no justice, though. The depth of the sonic journey and eclectic sweetness of the ride only comes forth by listening. So if this sounds interesting to you at all, go check it out. This train will take you places.

—Matt Turner

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**KAPLAN**



**Pulp**  
*Different Class*  
Island

Remember when the Violent Femmes were good? No? Well, come to think of it, neither do I. Back in the golden days when fluorescent sweatshirts and jelly shoes were in and the Femmes were coming out (ha!) with "Blister in the Sun" and "Add It Up," I was strictly a fan of "kidpop" like Barbie and the Mandrells, Big Bird Sings Simon & Garfunkel, etc. Years later, when I finally came upon the Femmes, I could only categorize their music with one word: Crap!

As days went by, I began to think I'd be stuck listening to those "classic" Femmes songs of pubescent lust and general neuroticism, songs stolen from someone else's youth — but then, like a squirt in the eye from a grapefruit, Sheffield, England's Pulp distracted my thoughts.

Having been around as long as the Femmes, Pulp only came into the arena of success in the UK with their last album, *His n' Hers*, at the end of 1994. However, the strength of their latest effort, *Different Class*, shows that the six-member band is poised to continue their path and conquer the world.

Frontman and contender for World's Thinnest Man Jarvis Cocker writes lyrics similar to those of the Femmes, like "Oh, the boys all loved ya, but I was a mess / I

# Pulp Affliction



had to try and watch them get you undressed," from "Disco 2000" — a rockin' pogo number with a riff stolen from Laura Branigan's "Gloria." "Mis-Shapes" is the Pulpsters' raving anthem of youth set to a disco beat, with lyrics destined to be classics.

The band's songs are full of excitement and combatted by lunacy. Pulp's not post-grunge, they're not recycled rock, they're not punk, so all that is left is pop. *Different Class* sounds a bit like dancy rock to American ears, but these tracks are worthy of slumber party and road-trip sing-alongs.

Pulp is something special, and their latest album is already a classic in my book. I'm crossing my fingers and wishing on lucky stars that Pulp will not fall into the same pits as the Violent Femmes did and end up putting out third-rate bathroom melodies, but seeing as how they've managed to weather both time and the music industry for 15 years, it doesn't seem likely that they will.

—Jolie C. Lash

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Arts & Lectures presentation *How to Make Love with the Lights On*, a solo performance by Lisa Kotin. Wednesday the 7th in Girvetz Theater at 8p.m. Students \$5, General \$8.

Various Events at the Green Dragon, 22 W. Mission, Downtown:  
 Feb. 2- Farabi, a virtuoso Middle Eastern music group 8p.m.  
 Feb 3- Elaine Sterler, a cabaret vocalist 8p.m.  
 The Petty Beauracrats of Swing 9p.m.  
 Feb 4- Susan Foster, singer songwriter 8p.m.  
 Feb 5- Open mic night 8p.m.



## Mozart's The Marriage of Figaro



This weekend and next, Friday and Saturday nights at 7. Also this Sunday at 2 p.m. All shows in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. 893-3535 for info.

A&L and The Santa Barbara Jewish Film Festival's Presentation of Mina Tannebaum in Campbell Hall Tonite at 7p.m.



# MALCOLM X The Legacy

In Light of the Islamic Awareness Week & African-American Month  
 The Muslim Student Association Presents:

## Imam Abdel-Malik Ali

Imam Abdel-Malik Ali, an Oakland scholar who recently converted to Islam, and now an Imam of Masjid Al-Islam. He will share with you the legacy of Malcolm X, and what Malcolm meant and still means to his African-American brothers.

Everyone welcome. Dinner will be served.

**FRIDAY, FEB. 2ND**

Broida 1610

Lecture 6:30pm, Dinner 5:30pm

# Silver greens

PRESENTS

## YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE

BY LINDA C. BLACK

- ★ **Aries (March 21-April 19).** Get your team to stop arguing and work together! They may never agree completely, so don't wait for that to happen. In romance, you hold lots of aces. Don't get too pushy though, or you'll lose your advantage. Your sweetheart needs compassion, instead.
- ★ **Taurus (April 20-May 20).** Although somebody who seems smart might be telling you to act, it's wise to go over your options one more time. An older person's advice may be less fashionable, but it's more appropriate. A visit with a favorite relative would also make good sense tonight.
- ★ **Gemini (May 21-June 21).** If you're getting bored, call a distant friend today. That one could motivate you to plan something outrageous, like a trip across country! If you want something for your home, get the higher quality item. Even if it costs more initially, you'll save.
- ★ **Cancer (June 22-July 22).** If you can get your plans worked out this morning, you should be in a good position to move by this afternoon. Hold back your secret weapon, or your secret recipe, until the last minute. Sell something you don't like and you can get an item you need.
- ★ **Leo (July 23-Aug. 22).** Before you get too excited about a new idea, figure out how much this is going to cost. A toy that will cut your entertainment expenses could be a good investment, though. Ask a few knowledgeable friends before you make your purchase. Also, pay a bill you owe.
- ★ **Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22).** Concentrate on your job today, especially the parts you don't have memorized yet. There could be a few surprises. Your love life should be going pretty well, though. Focus on your dreams for the future and the troubles of the present will dim.
- ★ **Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23).** If you want something nice for your home, you may have to work late! Not to worry — this is a temporary situation. Sacrifice your time now so you can have the money later. A sensitive co-worker can teach you a valuable lesson, about love.
- ★ **Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21).** You may be in the mood to throw out something valuable. Find a way to keep the good parts. There are changes to be made at home. Unfortunately, the one who changes most may be you! Call an old friend tonight and set up a time when you can meet again.
- ★ **Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21).** If you're thinking of a major purchase, read up on the products first. Don't take a risk, especially with family money. Talk to a sibling tonight. That one may be able to help you use your old skills to improve your present income level.
- ★ **Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19).** A new machine or procedure could make money for you. The problem is figuring out how. If it's an area where you lack experience, you may have to hire an expert. Your best friend may be in a blue mood. Do something extra nice tonight.
- ★ **Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18).** Today, figure out how to bring more money into your account. Ask an imaginative but quiet person for ideas, if you temporarily run out of them. Don't spread work-related gossip, but do pay attention. Some of it could affect your next assignment.
- ★ **Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20).** If you're feeling pressured at work, take a break! Talk freely with friends you know you can trust. In love, hold out for what you want. You're in a stronger position than you may think. Don't get talked into anything until you're good and ready.
- ★ **Today's Birthday (Feb. 1).** Investments now could make your future secure. Extra attention heals a romantic hurt in March. Offer a special gift, too. May and June are good for weddings and honeymoons. In July, you could have a difficult assignment. The key is to cut costs. Wrap up a group effort in December. Something you've been wanting for a long time could start to come true next January. You're winning, due to luck and your own hard work.

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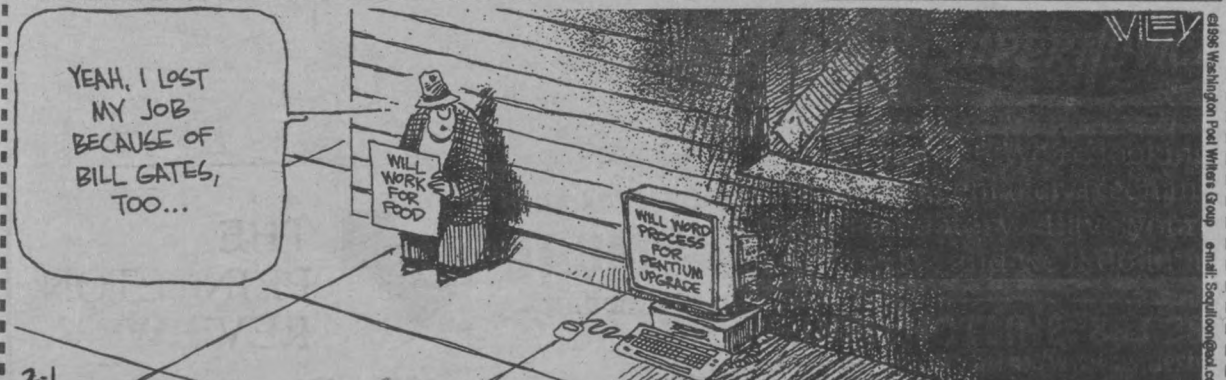
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# KCSB 91.9 FM • Winter 1996

	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
midnite	Deprogramming Richard Harper	<b>Soul Food</b> Joseph Ford, Jr.	<b>THE MR. SQUISHY SHOW</b> Doghouse Riley Joe Pisarcik	<b>ENTER THE PIT</b> Dave Tanner	<i>Torbor Transit</i> Juan Monroy	Araum  Presents	This is Dancehall Shannon Riley
1:00	<b>Brocc N' Rolli</b> Brian Yaeger	Just Touch It Matt Gambee	Cut A Rug D.J. Mercury Love	<b>Freakscene</b> Michael Ruehle Emily Zrostlik	Tha Next Level Billy Cort Raajan Shankla	<b>MASSIVE INTERNAL BLEEDING</b> Rev Joshua Alan Berquist	Supermarket Ska Chris Mirabal
2:00	Dread Vibes Geoff Mognis	<b>KRAM Radio</b> Mark Batarse	<b>SKANKIN' PUNK</b> Brian Amoroso	<i>Retention</i> Ilene Auerbach	<b>Hornography</b> Matt Wolfner	<b>GREY MATTERS</b> David Guggenheim Mike Arbutnot	Six Year Plan Cameron Platt
3:00	The Better Way Gospel Hour Min. Matthew Brown	<b>SHO-TUNES</b> Brian Uyehara <b>Stoked on Gods' Pizza</b> Vince Zaccone	<i>International Airwaves</i> Elli G. Neumann	<b>RAZZMAJAZZ IN THE MORNING</b> Andy	<b>Sound of the Spirit</b> Charisse Lockhart	Straight, No Chaser Jay Allen Touchstone	<b>BIRDLAND</b> Jon Bisom
4:00	<b>Ital Soundz</b> Bernard Hicks	Alternative Radio <i>Blue Light Special</i> Spencer Campbell	<i>pop on trial</i> Brian Barrio Let's Talk Kathryn Hindergardt	Viewpoints Elizabeth Robinson <b>AXIS</b> Anita Miralle	Making Contact <b>Latino USA</b> <b>PATA PHONICS</b> Keith Rosendal	Cross Currents <i>Jardom Hall</i> Randy Siple	Katz Pajamas The Black Nag Pat Cardenas
5:00	<b>Eclectic Passages</b> Phil Colaprete	Point Blank Sarvatma Das	<b>Blues Never Lie</b> HQ	<b>JAZZ STRAIGHT AHEAD</b> Stanley Naftaly	<b>IV Today &amp; Tomorrow</b> Karumanta Jamuyku Manny Santos	Counterspin <b>Emma Peel Sessions</b> Erik Fields	Composers Alive
6:00	God's Rythmic Anointed Poetry Walt Requejo	<b>Stone Soup</b> Alex Lu <b>Our Nation's Vibrations</b> Amir Blachman	On the Mic Side with Mike Mike Petrini	<b>LEFT COAST</b> Jason Darrah	<b>Punkasaurus Rex</b> CT Holman	<b>ROOTS RELICS</b> Ciaran Jacka Music not for Digital Geeks Doug Miller	<b>The India Show</b> Shyam Ramalingam Bipul Argarwal
7:00	<b>Heart &amp; Soul Show</b> Ken Hinton	<b>KCSB News and Sports</b>					<b>OM</b> Nathan Ghio
8:00	<b>Afrikan Kaledioscope</b>	<b>Pacifica Network News</b>					
9:00	El Gigante Ray Ramos	Women in the Act of Resistance <b>Integrity</b> Leo Raabe	<i>Health Watch</i> <b>Third World News Review</b>	Speaking of Sex WORD FACTORY	<b>Culture of Protest</b> Latin American Journal	Jamming A Little Ol School Ray Ramos, Jr.	Heartbeat Reggae The Cool Ruler
10:00	<i>Onda Latina</i> Raul Rico Jr.	High Fidelity Fräulein & Gaspar	The Groove Jonathan Rudnick	Latin Times Cristina Rumph	Jumpin' The Blues Matt Cohen	<b>The Whole Shabang Theory</b> Vincent Leo	let me up i've had enough Johnny Lompoc
11:00	Live & Uncut Todd Mumford Graham Smith	Untucked Music Doug Miller	<b>Ska La Carté</b> Adam Korn	We'll Make You Like It Erin Peters Allyson Hauck	<b>SYMPTOMS OF DEATH</b>	<i>Strictly Hip-Hop</i> Twist 1	<b>static</b> Jason Bardis

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