

too many bitches and not enough ...

artsweek

← new mulletude! | the mullet impossible

big booty bros

TOM CRUISE HANGS ON BY, UH, A NAIL*
IN **MISSION IMPOSSIBLE** + WE REVIEW IT!

P.4A

PLUS
A CALENDAR
THEATER
A FAREWELL
MUSIC REVIEWS
+ PSEUDO-FICTION

*if by nail you mean penis

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pseudoFICTION



A SO-CALLED LIFE
 HIGH SCHOOL IS LIKE, SO, SO ROUGH

class of '96 | **trey clark**

After interviewing Matt and his girlfriend Tiffany for one of our *Arts* features, I was coaxed into following the high school stud around the town for the night. He claimed that he would show me what "high school guy" life was all about. If the following events are exemplary of the rest of our nation's teenage boys, then we really need to start worrying about the future.

Matt started the afternoon adventure by kissing Tiffany goodbye and waving as she scooted off in her '00 Mitsubishi Eclipse. "That car is so weak," he told me in a derogatory tone. "She needs to get a Mustang, like me." With that, he hopped in his '00 Ford Mustang GT and told me to have the camera ready. Coming to a complete stop at the parking lot stop sign, he then peeled out and proceeded to do a 180° in the middle of the street. The back of the car fishtailed perfectly parallel with the broken yellow lines. He then posed inside the car with his cell phone, yelling, "Did you get that?"

I could see now that this kid was a real piece of work. He drove me to State Street, talking about his Mustang the whole way. When I asked what he had in store for me, he stated excitedly, "Scopin' for chicks!"

"But what about your girlfriend?"

"She won't be there!"

What a player. After parking in the Paseo Nuevo lot, Matt led me through the mall to the street, never saying a word to the many beautiful girls that passed us along the way. Experiencing our longest moment of silence as I waited for some type of explanation, Matt suggested that we go to Borders. "There are always a lot of hoes by the magazine rack."

Inside there were indeed a few "hoes" by the magazines. I had my camera ready, waiting to see the young'n spit some game. He took the "play it cool" route, and after about 15 minutes the ladies had almost all disappeared. After another long

silence, I asked Matt what kind of magazines he reads.

"Mostly automotive pieces, and also a lot of porns," he said, matter-of-factly.

A little surprised, I inquired, "How do you read pornos? You're underage!"

"There are plenty of magazines that are just like porn, but not all packaged up," he whispered, leaning towards me. "Just check out these tattoo 'zines." The 6'2" Matt reached to the upper racks and grabbed a couple of magazines with covers of half-naked gothic girls imbedded with ink. He flipped through the pages, pausing every once in a while to comment, "Oooh, look at those!" whenever he saw a woman with no top on. Shaking my head, I took a couple of pictures and then asked if we could leave.

On the way back to the car, Matt made an impromptu stop at bebe, a clothing store for young women. After "checking the prospects," Matt followed his final target, a woman in her young 20s, out the door.

"Hey, wait up!" he said loudly. "I didn't get your name!"

"What are you talking about?"

"You didn't tell me your name."

"And I'm not going to tell you my name, either."

"Well anyway, do you think you might want to do something this weekend?"

"No."

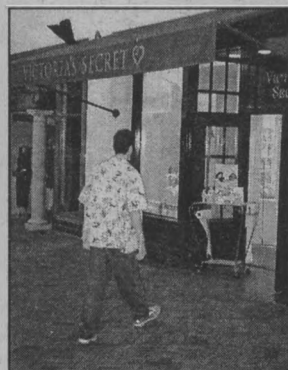
Pause. "Why not?"

"I've got plans, OK? Later." And she briskly walked away. Now Matt had the humiliating job of asking me not to print the events I had just witnessed. Before he could work up the nerve, I put his worries to rest.

"Don't worry, dude, I won't print everything that happened," I told him. And for a moment I really felt that he was acknowledging his shortcomings. His time of humility was brief, however; once we were back in the car, he quipped, "Man, there were no girls tonight anyway."



"THERE ARE ALWAYS A LOT OF HOES BY THE MAGAZINE RACK"



Entering Victoria's Secret



Checking out tattoo magazines



Puttin' the mack down

cinemascopeREVIEW



SCHIZOPHRENIC CINEMATIC

TIME CODE IS A LONG, STRANGE
FOUR-ANGLED TRIP

split personality | brady golden

In spite of great advances in the technologies available to filmmakers since the medium's creation, the basic format of narrative films has remained essentially the same over the years. Every so often, a film comes along that challenges that traditional format. A lot of the time, these films aren't so good. Such was the case with last summer's "Blair Witch Project." Although the movie itself didn't really do it for me, its originality and unique style made up for some of its shortcomings. The same can be said about Mike Figgis' latest film, "Time Code": It's a flawed film, but I've never seen anything like it.

Imagine this: the movie screen is divided into four quarters, all showing simultaneous action, shot by four digital cameras. The actors are all improvising around a loosely prearranged plot. There are no cuts. The cameras do not stop rolling for the film's entire ninety-three minutes. Sound crazy? It is. "Time Code" is one of the most audacious films ever to receive widespread distribution. The question is, does it work? Does its daring attempt at redefining narrative conventions pay off, or does the film just wallow in its own pretentious creativity?

I wish I could answer this question in a word, but it's not that simple. The form itself succeeds. Once you accept the fact that you are not going to be able to watch this movie in the same way that you watch most, the story (or rather, all four stories ... that are the same story

... divided into four parts ... ah, fuck it) becomes easy to follow. The sound slides effortlessly from one camera to another, guiding your attention, preventing any serious confusion. Sometimes the sound from two scenes will play at the same time, pulling the viewer from one conversation to the other and then back again in a way that is definitely haphazard, but deliberately so. Not once in "Time Code" did I feel like I was missing anything. At the same time, I know that if I went back and watched it again, I would see dozens of things that I didn't catch the

**"DOES ITS DARING ATTEMPT
AT REDEFINING
NARRATIVE CON-
VENTIONS PAY
OFF?"**

first time around. One of the greatest aspects of "Time Code" is that you can watch it a hundred times and never see the same movie twice.

The major problem with "Time Code" stems primarily from its story, or maybe its lack of one. The best actors in the world can play the most fascinating people, but if

they're confined by an unnatural storyline, the whole thing will fall to shit. As "Time Code" doesn't have much of a plot, this doesn't seem like it would be a problem. The actors invent the story as they go along, developing their characters in a way that is natural and spontaneous. Sometimes they have to reel themselves in to hit one of the prearranged plot points, and at these moments, the film feels like it hits a speed bump in a car that's moving way too fast. One of the film's best scenes, in which a pompous video artiste (emphasis on the silent "e") and her Backstreet Boyfriend are pitching a film to a production company's executives, is gratuitously interrupted by a murder that is almost as unnatural as the chaos that follows it. The video artiste snatches up her camera and starts to video the dying victim. Why? We're not entirely sure. Figgis probably thought it would be poignant.

When "Time Code" works, it's because the ensemble cast is made up of creative, experienced actors like Stellan Skarsgård, Saffron Burrows and Jeanne Tripplehorn. When it fails, it's because they're not allowed to do their thing. Nevertheless, "Time Code" is an interesting film. If you enjoy artistic posturing and pretension, see "Time Code" for its groundbreaking style, a style that will most certainly have a lasting effect on filmmaking. If that doesn't interest you at all, see it for its interesting, human characters. Either way, it's worth your time.

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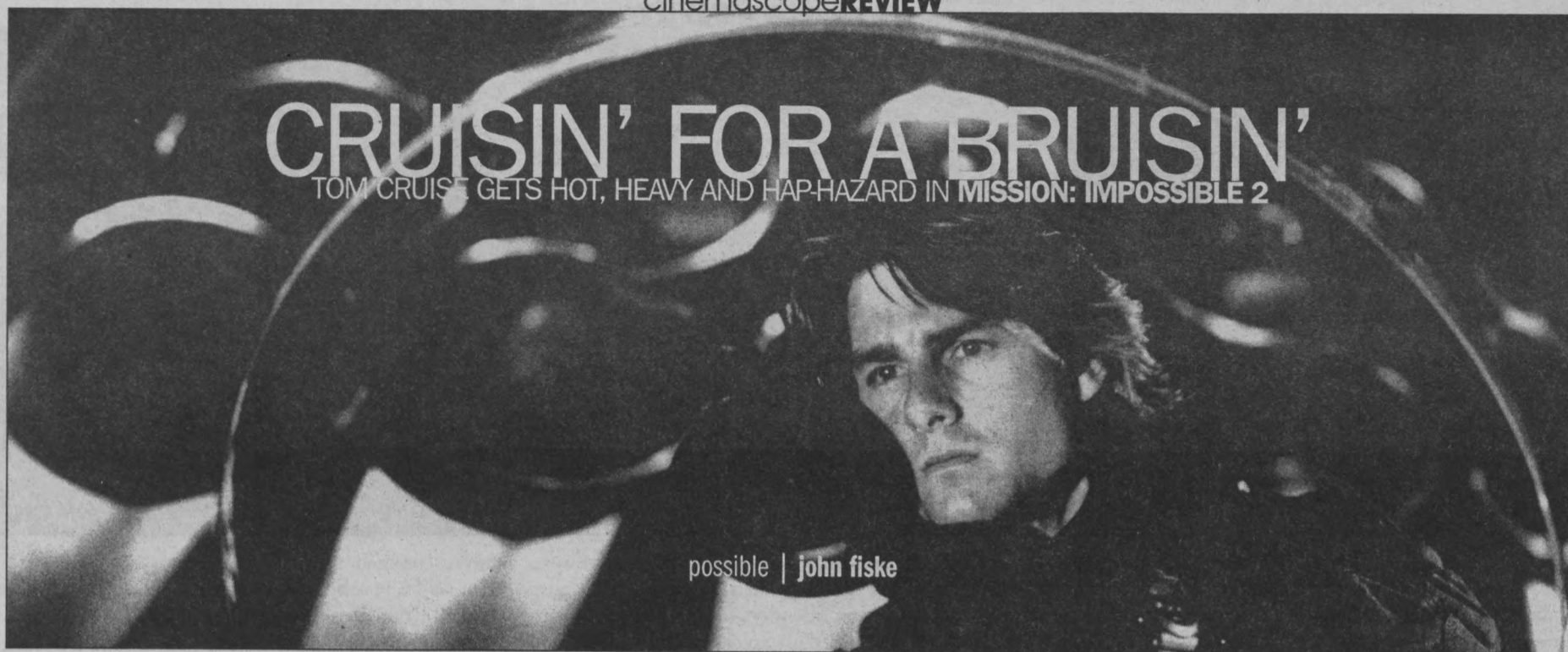
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cinemascopeREVIEW



Just in time to save Tom Cruise from making those stupid art films he's devoted the last few years to comes "Mission: Impossible 2," which is as brain-dead, loud and commercial as anyone could hope.

Cruise, who is also the producer, has turned this series into his own cash crop: one that delightfully has about as much to do with the first "Mission: Impossible" as the first movie did with the original show. Like his own impossible mission, Cruise has recruited a team of professionals, whose job it is to fill seats and give the audience a good time, and, for the most part, they succeed.

First, and most importantly, is director John Woo. Cruise has allowed this series to do something which is quite interesting: change. Most film series like the "Die Hard" or "Lethal Weapon" films used essentially the same plots, inserting new bad guys and sets as they went along. But "Mission: Impossible" has become a series in which Cruise recruits great directors to do their thing and make some money while they're at it.

To write the script, Cruise asked long-time friend Robert Towne (Oscar-winner for "Chinatown"). His workable script, usually useless in a Woo picture, has IMF agent Ethan Hung (Cruise) recruiting a super-thief hottie, Nyah Hall (Thandie Newton), to lure former IMF agent-turned-terrorist Dougray Scott (Sean Ambrose). After nearly getting busted and almost driving each other off a cliff, the two go to bed together, which complicates things, of course, because now he'll

have to make up for her mistakes, which all women in these films seem bound to do.

Watching a film like this is less like viewing a film and more like watching a circus act. They bring in everything



"FROM CAR CHASES TO EXPLOSIONS TO CLEAVAGE SHOTS TO CRUISE'S SMILE TO SLOW-MOTION DOUBLE-FISTED GUN SHOTS"

you could possibly imagine, from car chases to explosions to cleavage shots to Cruise's smile to slow-motion-double-fisted gunfights, throwing it at you and awaiting your

approval. Cruise makes sure the audience is getting what they want. It's somewhat admirable that he has taken such control of his career, making "Eyes Wide Shut" and "Magnolia" to satisfy himself artistically, and then making this to satisfy the fans. He's a natural entertainer.

"Mission: Impossible 2" entertains on the most banal level, offering nothing more than what the previews suggest: Cruise, Woo and a lot of explosions. It's a shame that they didn't care to offer Ambrose more to work with. And it's a crime what they do to the cast's only female character, having her bed Cruise and Scott, and screwing up whenever the plot needs another boost.

But what's interesting about "Mission: Impossible" is in the series, not the film. The last film was by Brian DePalma, who worked with every theme and stylistic nuance that he always does, pushing the film to the point of truly being "A Brian DePalma Film." Now, Woo works with all of his trademark themes regarding identity, juxtaposition of the good guy and the bad guy, and violence to the point of which this is his film. Originally, it was reported that Oliver Stone was in talks to direct this film; I can only imagine what that would have been like. And I can only imagine what other director might be in line for the third film: Scorsese, Tarantino, Altman, Polanski?

But as for the film itself, "Mission: Impossible 2" delivers. It's just a shame it chooses to be something much less than they're capable of.

Since it's the end of the year, we'd like to thank the following people for all their help making *Artsweek* the Picasso of College Press: *The people at Motormouth Media, Jamila at Goodvibe, Tim at Emperor Norton, Green Galactic, the folks at Sub Pop, www.187squad.com, the Annex, J.E. Anderson, our good writers (you know who you are; yes, B.H., this includes you), A-Twice (aka Lafura), Rob Hanson at Mix, Tami Mnoian at Flaunt, Alan at Metropolitan Theaters, the critically acclaimed, emotionally rich Arts&Lectures staff, PMK Publicity for all your help with the Santa Barbara International Film Festival, the Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera, Ensemble Theatre Company, Theatre UCSB, Contemporary Arts Forum, Astralwerks, Nu Gruv, Vanessa at Fat Wreck Chords, IFTV (because it made Jen famous), TRL, Elspeth (you'll be missed dearly), Robotsex (aka Baruti Armstrong of 91.9 KCSB and Artsteen fame), the hula girls, The Real World, the Study Hall, Morninglory Music for buying back the CDs, our roommates (Aceop, Ron Darling, Moll-dogg, Disco, Renee, Brady), and anyone who reads this -- keep on keepin' on! But now, for the haters: CIPA, The Annex, our paltry salaries, all those wack-ass writers, Ollie North, Eminem, TRL, The Real World, Leo diCaprio, Dubya, capri pants, those who play Assassins, "jacked white kids who wear FUBU," Christina Aguilera, LFO, and nouveau ravers (it is not a "rave new world").*

welcome to yet another **artsweek** calendar, where the diligent staffers fill it with all sorts of oncampus events that few students ever take advantage of and the

today | **thursday**



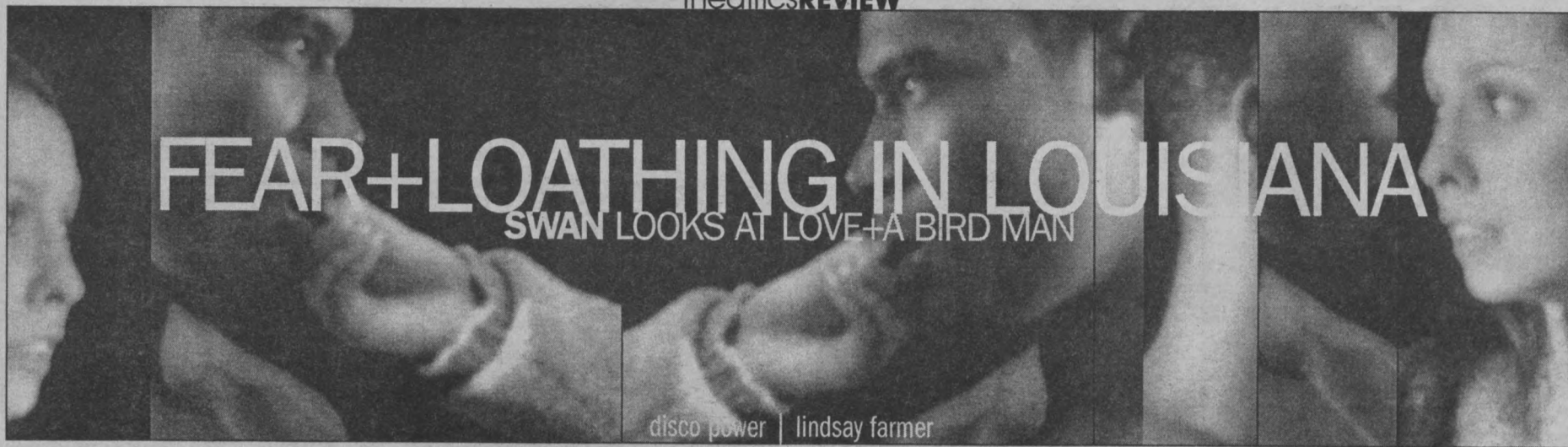
The time has come to rave up and party on down tonight at "The Zoo." There'll be dancin' galore, big pant mania, and plenty of room to shake a glow-stick or two. But seriously, folks, this is a night of house magic and drum 'n' bass mystery. Tony, acclaimed house deejay from San Francisco, will be working his wonders on the ones and twos, along with local favorites DJ Pat, Danny Mesas, and DJ Kleen. When you're ready to enter the wild, rugged jungle, head to the outside patio for drum 'n' bass skills by the 805 Underground Crew. Nice name. It all starts up at 9:30 so get on your glow-in-the-dark kicks and roll to Zelo, stat! 630 State St. For more information, call (415) 436-0174 or visit <www.twelvemonkeys.com> 18+

tomorrow | **friday**



Futuristic fashionistas, heed this advance notice: "Art Live" strikes again with another night of outrageous fashion, dance and music at Santa Barbara High School Theatre, 700 E. Anapamu St., 7 p.m. \$3 students; \$8 adults. "Art Live" is an event which encourages the students to expand creatively and gives them an opportunity to become involved in all aspects of the show, from fashion design to dance to performance art. This year's event marks a departure from earlier shows, focusing more intensely upon SBHS students while still including collaboration with UCSB mentors and participants. In addition to the fashion show, there will be a gallery opening that will directly follow "Art Live" at 25 W. Cota Street, 9 p.m.

theatricsREVIEW



Define love. It's not an easy task. But the task becomes even more complicated when the definition becomes a dichotomy, calling for both realism and fantasy. "The Swan," performed by Theatre UCSB, challenges the audience to define love, both in the emotional and the physical sense by forcing the audience to decide the difference between rational decisions and acts of passion.

"The Swan" follows the story of Nora Hand (Anne-Michelle Friedman), a Midwest woman searching for love through three husbands and now as the mistress of her married milkman, Kevin (Keith Baker). Nora's life with Kevin seems fulfilling enough: Kevin provides for her financially and begs her to quit her job so she isn't as overwhelmed with her life, he comforts her, and he tells her that he loves her. What more could she want? It seems nothing until one night when she takes in a swan that crashes through her window (Rashad El-Amin). The swan then becomes a man whom Nora names Bill, and throws Nora's life into a question of what is reality and what is really love. The broken statements of the swan/man cast a spell over Nora that finally pushes her and Kevin into action. But are the final results (a shattered window and an open door) a rational decision or an

act of passion on everyone's part?

The acting in this production carries the slightly confusing and overwhelming plot. Baker brings the little

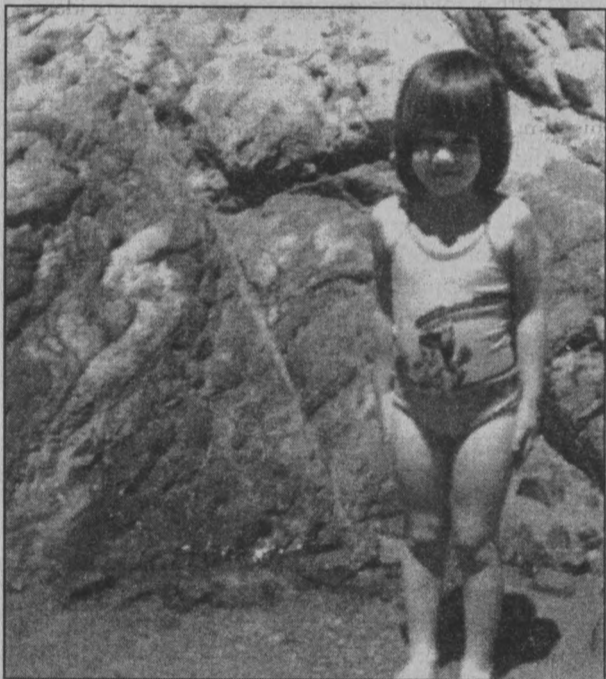


"THE SWAN THEN BECOMES A MAN WHO THROWS NORA'S LIFE INTO A QUESTION OF WHAT IS REALITY AND WHAT IS REALLY LOVE"

sense of sanity the play has to Kevin. In addition to Baker, Friedman performs Nora with care and sincerity, amazingly performing being in love with both a man and an animal. With Nora, the audience is placed on a rubber band pulled to the breaking point by the events of the

play. Nora forces the audience to choose between the safety of control and simplicity and the excitement and danger of love and passion. But the bulk of the play's praise belongs to El-Amin in his portrayal of Bill, the swan/man. From the entrance from the laundry basket to the final pose in the broken window, El-Amin brings to light the dangerous parts of love and passion that make them worthwhile. The dance moves that become a swan's walk that become a man's walk, the swan's honk that becomes a man's staggered words, and the swan's wings that become a man's clothing all create the character of Bill. El-Amin beautifully blends the movements and words of the swan and the man until the line between them becomes so blurred that neither Nora nor the audience can separate the man from the animal. The lack of separation becomes the dilemma for Nora, forcing her to make a choice about what is important to her in love and passion, just as "The Swan" forces the choice on the audience.

"The Swan" performs May 31-June 3 at 8 p.m. and June 3 at 2 p.m. at the Hatlen Theatre on UCSB Campus (free parking in Lots 22 & 23). \$12 students; \$16 general. For more information, call 893-3535.



FAREWELL TO MY PEEPS

DOLLFACE SHOUTS OUT HER SHOUT OUTS

Hey kids. Guess who's graduating? The one-and-only Dollface, your fearless leader (or so I like to think) in the frightening world of Christina Aguilera, Jen Love, Backstreet and L.L. Cool J. I'll miss having the power to infiltrate the minds of naïve young lads and lassies like yourselves with my own twisted theories. But enough of the shameless self-promotion that *Artsweek* is so famous for.

With that said, I'm here to send some lovin' to my clique. Jen, my fave girl-talk sharing, rave-noxious editor: This year has been filled with fun, fun times. Thanks for letting me teen out and return to my "Bop" days. Watch for the "Girl's Night" pictures plastered all over the Internet. Trey, you are my Annex partner-in-crime and

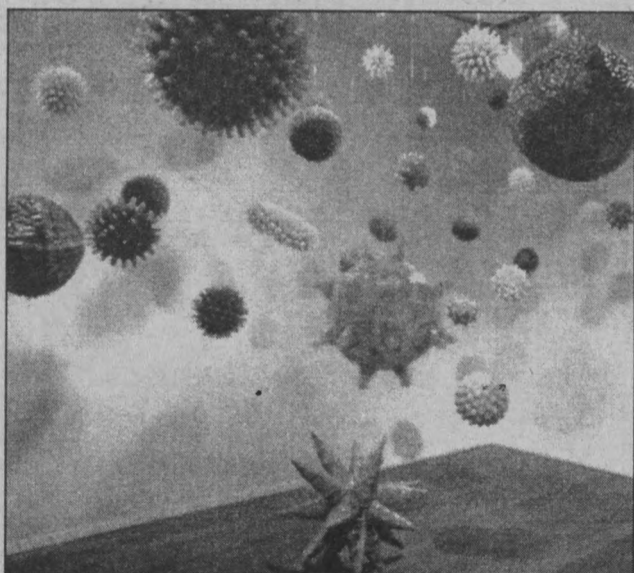
IM buddy extraordinaire. I'm so glad that we got to get hip hop and thuggish on a daily basis. I'll be watching for your next "Back to the Hotel" performance. It's a good thing we'll be homies fo' life.

Now that it feels like I'm signing a high school year-book, it's time to send some props to the R.Y.S. crew. Shout outs all around to: Laurin, Molly, Mandi, Eric, Alissa, Melissa, Cory, Laura, Kasia, Big P, Sir Arthur Rouzer, Kevin, Jill, Charles, Tabac, Nathan, Steve, Madonna, Kathleen Hannah, the Goletian folks at The Deli Planet, Hollister Thrift Store, my Nintendo buddies in the Anacapa crew of '96-'97, Moms, Pops and anyone else that has played a part in my humble existence at UCSB. Mwah! **[Cristy Turner]**



occasional fun thing happening elsewhere, if you think you have something of interest that should be in here, email us at artsweek@@ucsbdailynews.com / mmmmk?

weekend | **saturday**



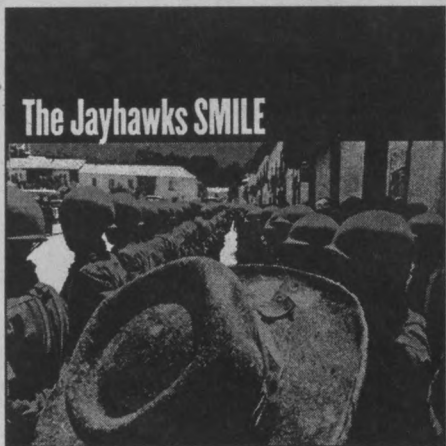
Saturdays are perfect for the mall, aren't they? There's the shopping, the sunning and the splurging, not to mention the opportunity to find a great bargain! And this Saturday at the mall is even more perfect, because the Contemporary Arts Forum unveils four new exhibitions, including Deborah Aschheim's "Evenflow," James Gobel's "Huge," "Explorations in Drawing: An Arts Mentorship Project" and works by Jonathan Callan. The best part of CAF is that it's completely free, and located at the Paseo Nuevo Mall, just above California Pizza Kitchen and Bebe. At 4 p.m., you can even enjoy an artist talk with Deborah Aschheim, but be sure to get to CAF before that time, because from 5 to 7 it's a members only reception.

weekend | **sunday**



Yet another Sunday, and, alas, no critically acclaimed and emotionally rich film from Arts and Lectures. If there is, we haven't been informed. Whatever. Campbell Hall is too far to walk to on a Sunday, anyways. However, at Girvetz Theater 1004, there's a big, fun film screening. From The Sherwood Players, the producers of "A Dame To Kill For" and last quarter's "Sex and Violence," comes "Into the Void." What's it about? We're not quite sure, but it's got a warning for violence, drug use and nudity and is intended for a mature audience, so we're sure there's lots of fun to be had guffawing at potentially lewd and lascivious situations. It is also a part of the Sherwood Players 2000 Film Festival. 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. \$5 students; \$7 general.

WORDS ABOUT SOUND*



The Jayhawks | *Smile* | American

Former band member Mark Olson is missed in this once-traditional Americana group, but it's not as bad as others say. They're pushing their boundaries a bit, and who's to say they have to stay synonymous with bars and pickup trucks? I suppose that after three other releases, it's time to change.

For the most part, *Smile* goes according to plan. The lyrics are sentimental and down-to-earth. "What Led Me To This Town" is quintessential Jayhawks: *Such a lazy afternoon, eight shades of gray and I can taste the rain.* But our expectations are soon shattered by a surprising drum machine and dance hall tone in "Somewhere in Ohio." The talking verse of "Life Floats By" sounds like Lou Reed, and the overly love-sappy lyrics of "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me" could have been written by Paul Westenberg.

For diehard fans, this new style might be the coming of the antichrist, or a breath of fresh air. In any case their roots are still in the Midwest. Their push towards a more obvious pop format is a bit scary, considering the dangerously

close similarities to many modern rock bands. But when the album is done, there's no denying that it was the Jayhawks. [Collin Mitchell]



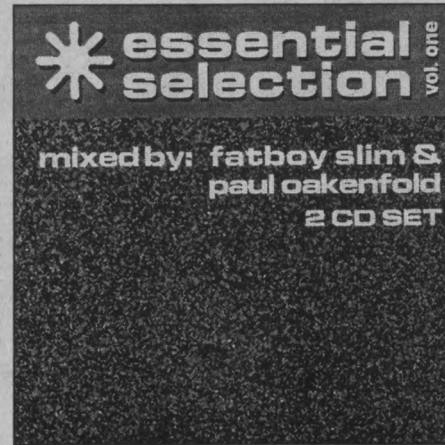
Zion I | *Mind Over Matter* | Ground Control

Zion I first hit the nationwide scene last year with their "Inner Light" 12". The record delved into the rarely explored mix of hip hop and drum 'n' bass, garnering itself both positive and negative criticism. Most of the negativity focused on the experimental beats, lyrically leaving emcee Zion I with at least better-than-average comments.

Zion I's first LP, *Mind Over Matter*, chooses to concentrate more on vocal stylization than drum 'n' bass beats. Stand-out tracks like "Revolution," "Mysterious Wayz" and "Critical" stick to more conventional soundscapes, allowing for Zion and the occasional guest to take over the track on the mic. Zion remains intelligent throughout, never resorting to cheap humor or ignorance to get attention.

Mind Over Matter, whether in experimental mode or not, remains excellent. Few groups out today can stake similar

claims to creativity and willingness to explore. Zion I not only stakes the claims, but stakes them very well. [Trey Clark]



Fatboy Slim and Paul Oakenfold | *Essential Selections Volume One* | Astralwerks

We are living in a joyous moment when the overlap between the digital revolution and rave culture is too pronounced to be overlooked. The revolution in computers and the Internet has brought us email, e-commerce, e-trade and e-Bay; the other has brought us an entirely new e-establishment, an e-ra of e-tards rolling for e-ons. And the soundtracks for both? *Digital hardcore, fool:* a pastiche of mechanic knob-twisting, electronic-keyboard noodling and musical robotics. Fatboy Slim and Paul Oakenfold have emerged as the leaders of this new school, specializing in glow-stick grooves and machine melodies, but while one just wants to make you dance, the other wants to take you much, much higher.

Essential Selections Volume One showcases two mixes from the acclaimed deejays, beginning with the much-hyped Fatboy Slim. Slim, as we all know by now, has been crafting infectious house

anthems for a long time under a variety of monikers, and has been one of the few to bring simplistic beats to the masses under poorly-produced, yet utterly fun tracks like "Rockefeller Skank." With the aggressive crossover from Walter Wanderley's "Summer Samba" to Armand Van Helden's "Necessary Evil," Slim's intent is clear: out with the old, in with the big fun beats to make your body rock. And while Slim gets credit for creativity, such a dive into house comes across as a jarring bellyflop. From there, the tracks are hit or miss, and by the end, the inherent shallowness of Fatboy Slim's selections resonates.

Paul Oakenfold's blend of trance on Disc Two may not be as smooth and magnificent as last year's *Tranceport*, but it is a beautiful arrangement of trance from start to finish. Where Fatboy Slim's music choices often sound forced and chaotic, Oakenfold is a master of casualness. Through Oakenfold, trance's mind-fuck manipulations emerge through subtle reverberations in the subconscious, taking the listener on a solid journey before being aware of ever leaving.

It's a shame you can't buy these two discs separately, but as a double-CD, they serve as a testament to the flip sides of the same coin. One's rave-noxious; the other, rave-tastic. The two mixes point as guides for the directions digital culture, in all its multifaceted e-xultations, is going, both commercially and spiritually. [Jenne "no glow-sticks in my bed" Raub]

Jeff Buckley | *Mystery White Boy* | Columbia

It's no wonder that the late Jeff Buckley was such a perennial critic's favorite. A talented guitarist who could

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WORDS ABOUT SOUND*



get all the dissonant and emotional lines he wanted out of his instrument, he possessed a golden voice unsurpassed in its passion. This collection of live outtakes from his 1995-96 *Mystery White Boy* tour captures Buckley's unique, soulful music, and should not disappoint the die-hard Buckley aficionado or the casual listener.

It is these unknown songs that are the highlight of the album, as many of the live versions are not altogether that different from the *Grace* numbers beyond long intros that build up somewhat languidly. "Kanga Roo," an Alex Chilton tune, is a wild rampaging number where Buckley reaches impressive falsettos with his magnificent voice. "The Man that Got Away," by contrast, is slow and mournful, and catches the highly introspective aspects of the singer-songwriter.

The standout tracks from *Grace*, "Hallelujah" and "Last Goodbye," are performed very memorably. Curiously, Buckley throws in a verse from a Smiths ballad ("Know It's Over") right in the middle of the extravagantly beautiful "Hallelujah" (actually penned by Leonard Cohen) to add to the transcendence of the song. A truly inspiring artist, the stripped-down songs on *Mystery White Boy* captures Buckley at his rawest and greatest. [Andy Sywak]

Various Artists | *The Unbound Project Volume 1* | Nu Gruv

As much as it pains mainstream media, the movement to free Mumia Abu Jamal is gaining ground. Among the most vocal participants as of late are those from the hip hop community, and it's about time. The unified hip hop voice can be very potent; and when used for good, the outcome can inspire even the most apathetic

people. *The Unbound Project* achieves those heights.

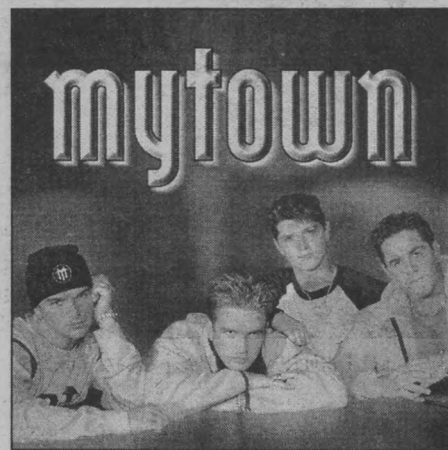
Although not all of the songs on *Unbound* deal directly with Mumia, they all deal with the social injustices that often go unnoticed by the media. "Social Policy Derelicts," by Mike Ladd and seeing, flips the script on some of the stereotypes used against the lower class: "Thugs, murderers, heathens, scavengers / You call 'em cops, I call 'em savages." Aceyalone's "Ms. Amerikkka" is an ode to an innocent woman gone bad, and you guessed it, the woman is the good ol' U.S. of A. Aceyalone finishes off his tale saying, "It's obvious you have no regard for me / I'm sorry, but I don't accept your apology." Iriscience (from Dilated Peoples) has a bit more positive outlook on "Caution," where he tells a story of a man so innocent that the jury can't help but find him not guilty of the charges brought on him by the police. There is even a little spoken word thrown in, as Ursula Rucker (the woman at the end of all The Roots' albums) sounds off on "Soon."

The Unbound Project is a perfect example of what hip hop is capable of doing. Hopefully this compilation will make some major noise, helping Mumia with both human and financial support (a portion of the profits will go directly to Mumia's defense fund). Get inspired. [Trey Clark]

My Town | *My Town* | Universal Records

It is common knowledge that there is but one sacred law behind the boy band revolution: No females allowed. With this in mind, I was outraged when I got my hands on the hot debut release from My Town. Now, all the expected ingredients

are there: tough guy, guy who just rolled off the couch, blond bombshell guy, and ... wait a minute. Something is wrong. My Town clearly tried to pull a fast one on boy band aficionados everywhere by deciding to include a woman dressed up like a man as the member curiously named "Danny."



Look for yourself. Second from the right, gold chain, rosy red lips.

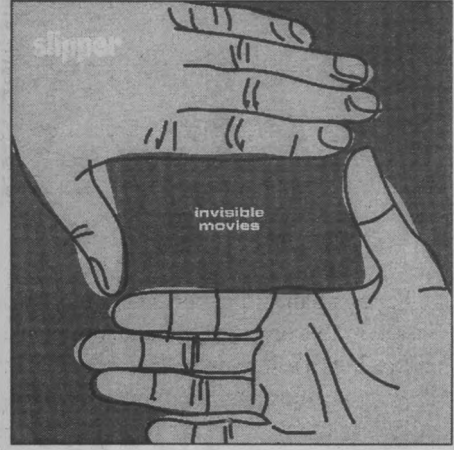
I know, I know. That's a shame. Okay, I'll get over it. Let's get to the music, because that's the next most important thing, right? Apparently, in "their town," music listeners are all deaf. My guess is My Town got their record contract from the Make A Wish Foundation.

So, let's review what we've established about My Town so far: 1) They broke the golden rule of gender. 2) Their music is bad.

Now I will add a new component: plagiarism. Throughout the album, they rip off hit songs from the '80s, '90s, and today! I'll give you a sample of track four, "Party All Night." See if you can pick it up: "Jack Knight in Dakota House / One more time, can we make you bounce / These

Mytown boys gonna turn you out / And the party won't stop 'til they burn you out."

These "fellas" (and I use the term loosely) violate every variable in the boy band equation. They are a disgrace to the Backstreet Boys, First Love and the Meaty Cheesy Boys. [Jerry "meaty cheesy" Beers]

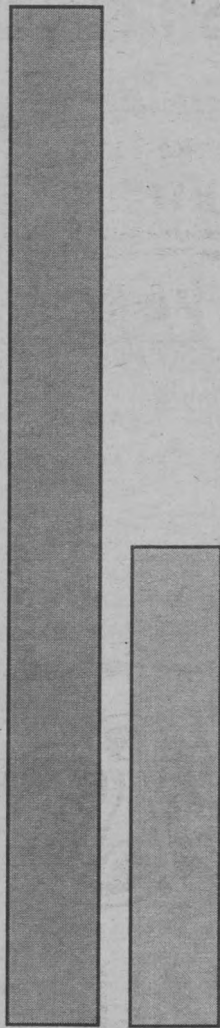


Slipper | *Invisible Movies* | Replex

Invisible Movies is aptly named, for throughout the album, there's always the sensation that 16mm film is fluttering at the end of the reel. Slipper's imaginary world of intrigue and eerie ennui is a multi-layered soundscape of abstractions and evocations, concocted through electronic mutations, vocal warblings and the echo of jazz from eras gone by. The discordant noises (a baby murmuring, water dripping, tribal drums, synthetic violins) fuse together into a futurism that never was and never will be. While the album's abstractions occasionally hover toward brain-piercing shivers, Slipper's talent for experimentation shines through, as they presumably pay homage to their muse, the ghost in the machine. [Jenne "oops ... i did it again" Raub]

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