

ART5WEEK

ROB & TAM1 ARE DEAD



chitchat))

SO LONG, FAREWELL ... BUT FIRST, WILL A-TWICE SNIFF HIS FIRST COCAINE?

THE FINAL BRAYNSIRJUNZ REPORT GOES RAVING TALKS MUSIC, AND LOOKS AT I.V. FOR THE LAST TIME

the sound and the fury a-twice aka lafura jackson

"Know that 'Hiero' rhymes with 'Tae-bo'?"

— Erik Solo politickin' with Domino of Hieroglyphics

"SNNNNIIIIFFFF!! uh ... uh ... uuuhhhhhh" That was just what I wanted to see — a nice, wholesome raver sniffing cocaine right next to me in the L.A. sports arena. The date was the 29th, which marked A-Twice's sojourn into the gargantuan mainstream rave scene that defined "Urban Phenomenon." Boasting solicitation from over 4,000 candy ravers, beat junkies and (ahem) junkies alike, the all-night marathon of musical pandemonium was an interesting adventure.

The night proved to be nothing short of inspirational, as the environmental setting of the show accommodated a cool breeze, a booming system LL would've been proud of, moderately extravagant lighting, a mass array of honeydips (translation: gurlies) and a lot of drugged-up white people. Whew, I ain't seen that many people (in general, regardless of ethnicity) on drugs in my whole life; damn near made a Donald Goines novel seem like "The Snorks." It was amongst such a setting that I was fortunate to witness an amalgamation of musical talent.

Signifying hip hop at the outdoor stage was a stellar lineup that had muhfuckers on their toes in delight. Although I was unfortunate enough to miss DJ Spooky and Mixmaster Mike, my arrival was timed adequately to catch DJ Q-Bert wreck shop. Sounding inspired by hallucinogens as always, this skratz pikl wrought sonic deconstruction that, as usual, seemed to fly over many heads whose ears were being devir-

ginized to turntable metabolism for the first time. However, by the time New York's very own X-ecutioners (DJs Rob Swift, Mista Sinista, Roc Raida and Total Eclipse) were ready to launch, fools around me were drowned in dank smoke and total concentration. The X-ecutioners left jaws dropped and mouths gaping, displaying more scratches and body tricks than a couple having sex Kama Sutra style.

... Final words on new music

Despite the fact that most new artists have as much phat(fat) as Robbie Williams and Kate Moss, this skeptic still has reason to believe that the future has hope as long as we search in the right places. J-Live, everybody's favorite hip hop version of Rashaan Roland Kirk (attributed to his uncanny ability of scratching and rhyming simultaneously), has recently released "Yes," the lead single off his upcoming album. Company Flow has an upcoming album as well, titled *Little Johnny From the Hospital*. Although the title makes as much sense as Jar Jar Binks, if "Patriotism" (off of *Soundbombing II*) is indicative of the album's quality, then we might be able to look forward to another reason why Eminem's popularity is an overrated phenomenon.

Speaking of phenomena, need we say any more about Quannum? The crew formally known as Solesides Records are finally activating, and from their release titled "Bombonyall" (featuring Latryx and Gift of Gab as Quannum MC's), their future should be very promising. Oh, yes, hold up now; did I just mention future? When Saafir said "T//

neuter/your future," he might as well have been talking about Ruffhouse Records, which recently closed doors. Although they had plenty of artists that no one gave an elephant's ball sack about (like Kriss Kross, Sporty "No Pigeons" Thieves and R.O.C.), Lauryn Hill, Pace Won (who's looking to blow up on the strength of "I Declare War") and Wyclef fans need not commit suicide, as they will continue to be managed by Columbia. Did I forget Pras? Yeah, didn't think you cared.

So this is the end. For a full 23 years I have strived, coughed blood, developed scabs and damn near died in order to concoct my version of an "informative-yet-talking-shit-so-phukk-you-candy-assed-muhphukkers" (pant, pant ... out of breath) column, fused from a hip hop perspective, of course. In other words, I'm pretty sure there are plenty of fools that will never get the point unless they're being taught by Kermit the Frog or some shit, but those lowly vermin are of no concern. I basically enjoyed seeing many WB TV-show neophytes offended, and hopefully there is at least one person who acknowledges that seeing certain rich kids fascinated with Tupac can be extremely hilarious. Although it's not like you asked for it, here's a little sumptin' sumptin' about myself ...

Name: If you don't know me, it's either Mr. Jackson or A-Twice to you, muhfucker.

Age: Twamp-Tre.

Height: Taller than Yoko Ono but shorter than Ricky

How are you staying in shape this summer?

Student Special

\$139

3 Mo. Health Membership
(Regularly \$195⁰⁰)
limited time offer

Coleta Valley
ATHLETIC CLUB

968-1023 • 170 Los Carneros Way



Cardio



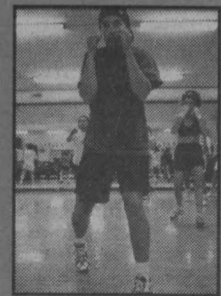
Weights



Rock Climbing



Volleyball

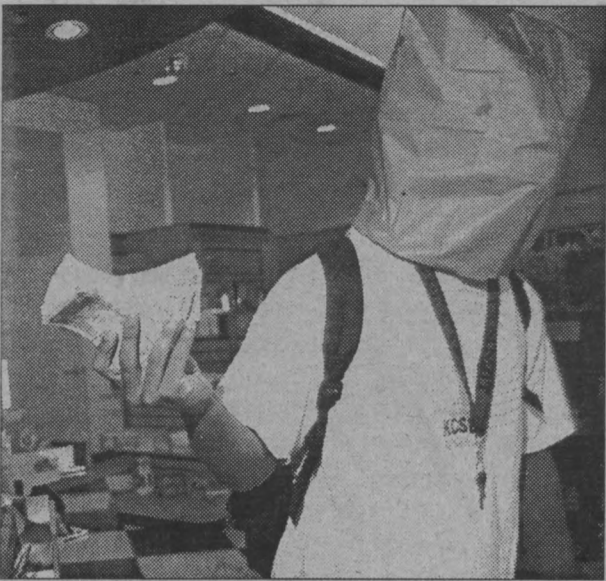


Box Aerobics



Swimming

THE FINAL WRAP-UP:
WHO WE HATE!



JASON SCHOCK / DAILY NEXUS

Martin.

Race: Chitlin Tempura served with Grits and Sushi.
Several of my favorite artists: Freestyle Fellowship, Saafir, Outkast, Shapeshifterz, Public Enemy, Paris, Squarepusher, Sade, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Pharoah Sanders, The Living Legends, Mase, Master P and your mom.

Several of my favorite moments in Isla Vista: seeing a huddled group of shirtless frat kids turning cherry red while drinking in front of Sam's to Go ... Whenever certain white folks get the bright idea to act out their stereotype-based fantasies of being a person of color. Oops, sorry, y'all call it "Pimp-n-Ho" or "Blood and Crip" parties ... Whenever the above-mentioned show their undying love of bumping "gangsta" rap and imitating "black" slang, yet profess to know only one black person who resembles Steve Urkel ... The Isla Vista Leprechaun and recent newcomer Billy "Sauciness" the Vietnam vet ... CD DJs who can't mix ... Homogeneous styles of shell necklaces, flip-flops, ankle tattoos, hats, "Billabong" shirts ... oh yeah, and "Tupac's Greatest Hits." ... Making fun of Mase, Master P and your mom.

Much thanx to the following: The Artsweek Staff (Jen Raub, Tami Mnoian, Rob Hanson), KCSB 91.9 for the music, Trey Clark, Morninglory Music, *Hiphopsite.com* (for letting me use info), all the people who gave me love, the fools who put voodoo curses on me for making fun of their Sarah McGellar photo collection, Master P, Mase and your mom. Holler at a n&c%\$a sometimes; and white people, please don't be scared.

As one of the most diligent contributors to Artsweek, A-Twice will be sorely missed.

who))	why))
The Coachouse	At a particular hip hop show a little over a month ago, the darling staff of Artsweek (not to mention countless others) were treated like scum and deviants. As the staff of Artsweek graciously attempted to get their press tickets, one Artsweek staff member was treated rudely not one, not two, but an entire three times by a variety of security guards. This, Santa Barbara, is why you will never, ever become anything important - every other major city in the world has got it figured out that in order to get people to come back, you treat your guests with graciousness and kindness. No rudeness was given to these security guards, and even those promoting the show have mentioned the Coachouse's inadequacies.
Wildcat	Your bartender would not serve our darling birthdayboy (on his 22nd birthday) a kamikaze after had asked not one, not two, but three times. And, no, dear bartender, he was 22, not 21 and knew exactly what he wanted.
Q's	Self explanatory
MTV Spin Control	Everlast. Ricky Martin. Robbie Williams. Brandy. Jennifer Lopez. Stupid summer programming. Fazing out VJs. Continued inability to play a video in its entirety. Loveline (over already). RICKY FUCKIN MARTIN!
Rob's neighbors	So, Sigma Nu parties like rock stars and meanwhile Rob's apartment (full of 20 or so mild-mannered guests) gets broken up by the cops not once, not twice, but three times? It's called I.V., kids, you live in it, deal with it.
Campus Point	You ripped us off not once, not twice, but AT LEAST three times.

disclaimer: if you might be offended by anything in this issue of artsweek, please read the news instead. it's the end of the year + we're just having fun!

Black Cat Promotions presents ...

COMMON SENSE

at
Club H₂O
634 State St.
Thursday
June 3rd

Guest DJs
from KJEE

** special reduced cover **

letters from the departing members of

artsweek

THE ARTS + ENTERTAINMENT SECTION OF THE DAILY NEXUS

3 June 1999

To Whom It May Concern:

C'est fin! So this is it, UCSB, you're finally getting rid of me. The pages of *Artsweek* will soon be free of pictures of me, my friends, parties I threw, fake Nine Inch Nails album reviews, cocaine references, all things goth or glam, College Cuties, pointed jabs at ex-girlfriends, my bitter disdain for the general UCSB student body, and, most importantly, Marilyn Manson.

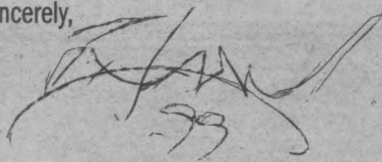
Looking back on the year, though, the only regret I have is not taking things further: not printing those gay porn stills solely for the purpose of getting a rise out of people, not printing a user's guide for drugs, not printing the *Artsweek* cover that featured Dave Matthews with a swastika "Photoshopped" onto his forehead. I mean, what the hell was anybody actually going to do...fire me? Fat chance!

I never really cared about journalism, accuracy or objectivity (and I still don't); at the end of the day it was all about pretension, a desire to piss people off or, at the very least, to get a rise out of someone. What I discovered though is that the only thing thicker than the apathy around here is the water in the lagoon. All I ever wanted out of you people was one fucking piece of hate mail, one person with the guts to write in and say, "Robert Hanson sucks," "Robert Hanson is full of shit," or "Robert Hanson is a moron." But could anyone deliver? Fuck no! And don't start writing in now just because of this little tirade ... too little, too late!

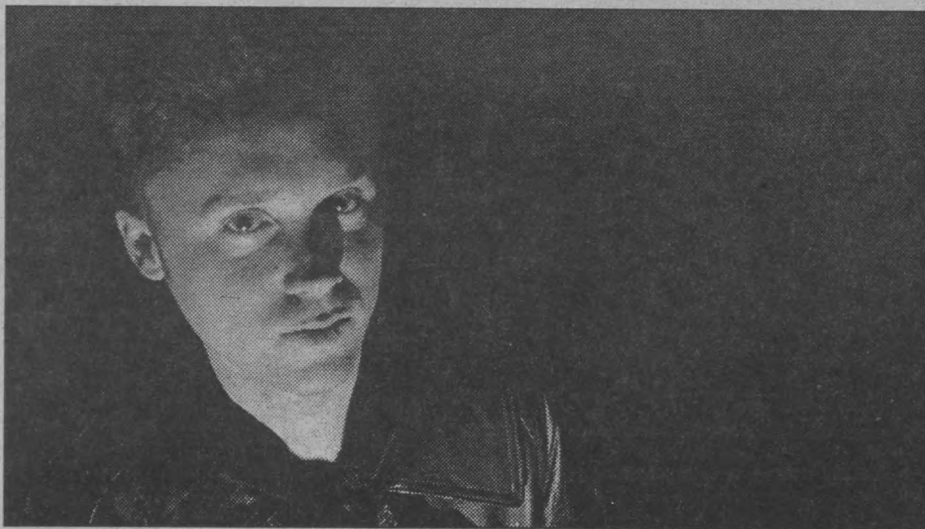
I'm not bitter, though. In fact, I've honestly had a blast doing this. I've managed to make sure that all of my antics have always been on someone else's tab, with someone else to clean up the mess and with a weekly audience of thousands. I've had a job where alcohol and hard drugs are not only encouraged, but exist as integral aspects of the creative process. I've successfully blown off every lame, unsigned I.V. band that's tried to grease me for exposure. I've used and abused anything and everything I could realistically garner from my position here. I've basically made acting like an asshole a full-time profession. Oh yeah, did I mention the fact that they paid me for this?

So I'm graduating and what you probably expect now is a bunch of cheesy advice or some bullshit philosophical observation I dreamed up one night when I was fucked up. No, you're not going to get anything like that from me. All that sappy shit (like Tami's funny letter) in some way insinuates regret or nostalgia, of which I have little to none.

Sincerely,



Robert Hanson
artsweek editor



3 June 1999

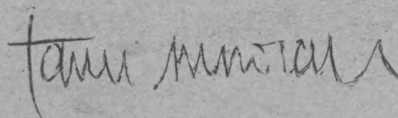
To Whom It May Concern:

As the ever-faithful art critic and assistant editor, I sought to bring the esteemed world of art to you, the reader. After three years of diligent work, I felt it necessary to leave my public with a few parting words and use this space as selfishly as possible. I cannot even begin to summarize my last four years at this university. It is a task overwhelming and an exercise significant to only myself and those who know me. After last summer's travels I returned glad that a mere three quarters was all I need endure before leaving the small town life of Santa Barbara. However, premature nostalgia has permanently set in, and its effect has forced me to produce the inevitable sappy letter.

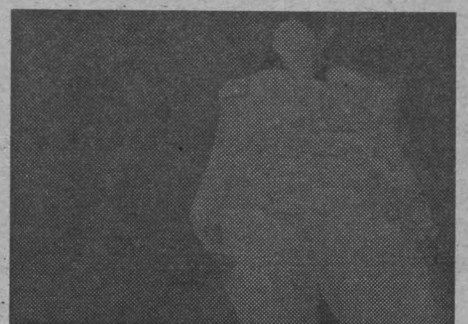
I write this in hopes that my legacy of reporting on the world of art continues, and from my vast experience, the following is a laundry list of advice in random order to anyone who needs it-fellow Nexus kid, art critic or nameless, faceless whoever: 1. Continue to strive for excellence in journalism, surround yourself with only elegance, taste, and everything chic. Always remember the ever critical, yet forgiving eye; 2. The most well known venues of art in Santa Barbara are the Santa Barbara Museum of Art and the Contemporary Arts Forum (as if you don't know). These are two museums that legitimately make a significant contribution to the art world. Yet do not forget the bigger museums in Los Angeles, the Getty, LACMA, and MOCA; 3. Do not become embittered by the constant commodification of art, and never acknowledge the role economics and politics have come to play; 4. There is a simplicity in sounding intelligent and witty when writing a negative review, however the true test of a writer is to be equally intelligent and witty in a positive review; 5. Gallery 1434, a favorite we've all come to enjoy. It has been a constant effort to track these artists down, but the fruits of my labor were always found each Tuesday evening at the gallery's openings where food and wine existed in abundance; 6. Never again will I take the flats down to the printers. It was a headache unnecessary and not in the job description.

Lastly, I would like to express my extreme pleasure at working with arguably the two smartest and most creative kids down here. Yes, need I boost their egos any more? However, after our extraordinary win at CIPA and an interesting trip to San Luis Obispo, we bonded and together learned how to coincide fine dining with the most fabulous arts and entertainment section around. Love you both. And final thanks and kisses to those who have meant so much, in no particular order: Mom, Dad, Sunny, Jimmy, Geneva, Andre, Marissa, the travelling companions (Jules, Tommy-boy and Emily), Merrari, Scotty, Joybug, Andrew, Dan and his agent, Ms. Jennifer Guerin, Walker the english partner in crime, Rob and Jenne of course, Tony for getting me the job in the first place, Cecil Smith of the *LA Times*, the Smithsonian Institution, all the themed parties I attended, late night cocktail hours, RHA, the Vegas crew, Danielle the photog, Danielle and Joanna, the Tuesday evening Winetasting bunch, the english department, and everyone under Storke.

love,



Tamara Tami Tara Mnoian
the lovely **artsweek** assistant



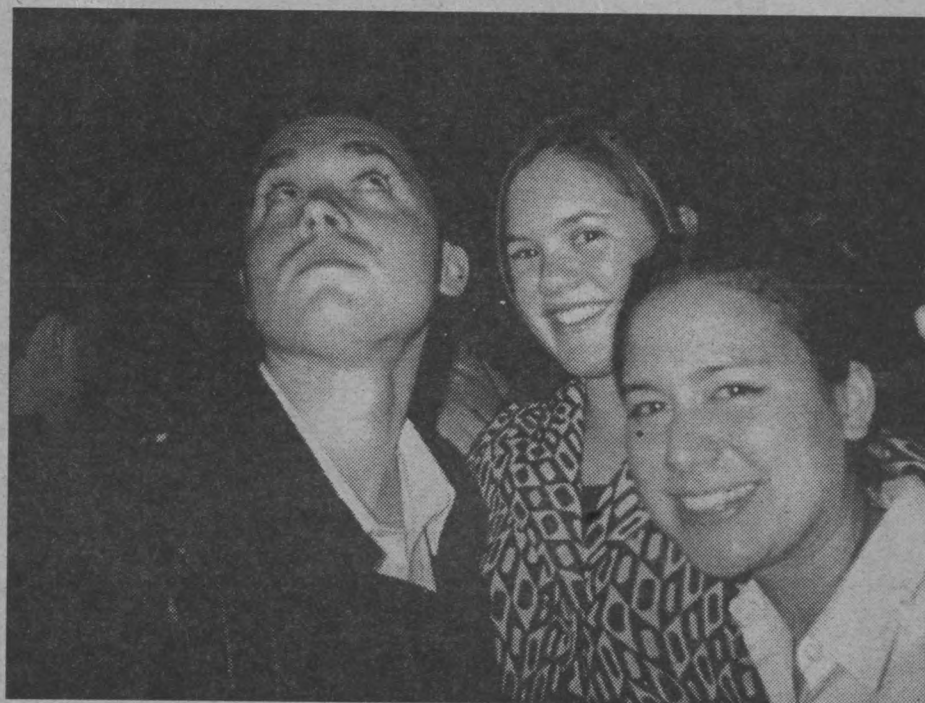
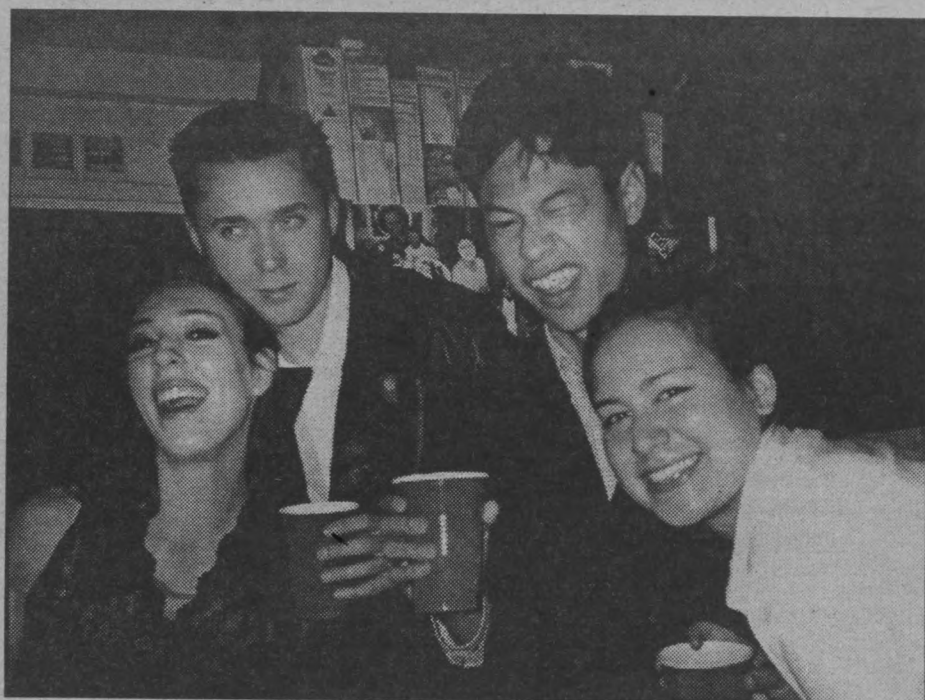
you **WIN** WORLD CLASS ROCK
\$500 99.9 **KTYD**
 every **WEEK**
Santa Barbara



THE YEAR IN PHOTOS

artswEEK

live it.love it.



VIN SCULLY
IS NOT AN
X-FILES
CHARACTER

XTRIA
SPORTS
1340 AM

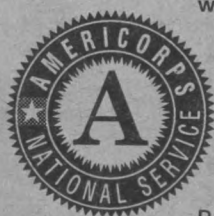
Catch Every Dodger Game
on Santa Barbara's
All Sports Station

Sell It Now...Wow!
Advertise in the Nexus Classifieds

*"With AmeriCorps,
I saw beyond my
neighborhood for
the first time."*



After graduating from college, Josh Borus joined AmeriCorps to help the youngest members of his community—and he discovered a whole new world. As a teacher's aide in a low-income neighborhood near his home in Boston, Josh worked with students well beyond the regular school hours and provided support they often didn't get at home. "If you see a problem, you have a responsibility to do something about it," Josh says. "AmeriCorps gave me that chance."

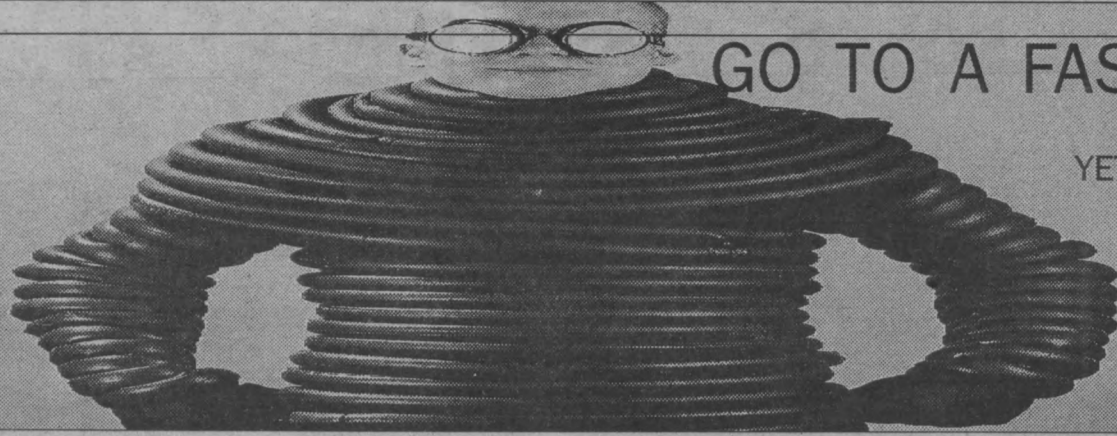


Apply NOW for positions starting this summer!

Interested? Contact Meika Loe, UCSB's AmeriCorps Representative, Office Hours Wednesday 3-5, Ellison Hall, 2813. Email: 6500mel2@ucsbuxa.ucsb.edu.

AmeriCorps: Are you up to the challenge?

art))



GO TO A FASHION SHOW

YET ARTSWEET WONDERS,
WHO ON EARTH IS IN
CHARGE OF
PRESS+PUBLICITY?

don't worry, we still
dig your art artsweek

Let's pause for a moment to think about the automatons slaving for *Artsweek*. While the name would suggest a blending of art and newspaper on a weekly basis, it is usually the poor drones of said weekly arts and entertainment section racing around trying to track down artists in order to give their events coveted coverage. Despite the flakiness of said artists, they do not flake when it comes to creating art, and in the case of the upcoming fashion show at Santa Barbara High School, several artists managed to work in a variety of ways to bring you a multimedia affair.

Working with the Art Studio Dept. of Santa Barbara High School, the fashionable of UCSB will present around 60 different outfits all in the name of wearable sculpture. The collaboration is part of a program called Artsbridge that hopes to unite the university with the rest of the community, and in the case of the fashion show, many UCSB students have worked with the high-school students in order to guide them in the creation of their art.

If such fashion architecture isn't enough to tickle your fancy for art, a UCSB photography

class focusing its attention on fashion photography will also be in attendance to capture the designs. Whether or not said designs are really functional or wearable is beside the point — the more impossible to wear, the more avant-garde, right? All the proceeds from the fashion show will be given directly to the Art Studio Dept. so they can continue to fund their creative ventures and visions.

Despite the unfortunate inadequacy of press information given to Artsweek, they still highly endorse and encourage every member of our fine academic institution to trek on over to Santa Barbara High School tonight at 7 p.m. for said fashion show. Tickets can be purchased at the Art Studio Dept. office for \$5 or at the door for \$6, and the proceeds do go to a very good cause.

To get to Santa Barbara High School, drive on 101 until Milpas. There you will take a left on Milpas and then a left onto Canon Perdido. Then you will drive right up High School Driveway. And then you will see art! The fashion show is followed by Sugar Disaster (see below).

I would like to think that some bad acting and wrong thinking ... art that is courageously silly and frivolous that cannot be construed as anything else.

I would like a bunch of 23-year-old troublemakers to become so enthusiastic, so noisy and so involved in some stupid, seductive, destructive brand of visual culture that as a critic I would feel called upon to rise up in righteous indignation, spewing vitriol, to bemoan the arrogance and self-indulgence of the younger generation

- Dave Hickey, *Frivolity and Unction*

Art is bad, or at least it should be. Sugar Disaster (click on "features" at www.informer-interactive.com) is a bad one-night stand, or at least it was last night. In the context of frivolously bad art, Sugar Disaster turns this bad one-night stand (read: current presumptions in art's essential goodness) into wrong-thinking made right.

Because throughout the history of secular art it is this wrong-thinking made right, from Barbara Kruger to Bruce Nauman (which portrays more than just what they represent). Not just

3-D objects represented in two dimensions and not just presumptuous demands for



more art)) following aforementioned fashion show:

SUGAR DISASTER:
WHY ART IS JUST SO BAD

theatrical gratitude by self-appointed care-givers, this "art" represents us.

There are no class distinctions here. This art, which is

not necessarily good nor worthy, transcends the art community's (where's your

membership card?) unctuous demand that art be viewed in a different light than, say, the music, film and sports industries. Such

industries completely rely upon public patronage for support while not blinking at the obvious frivolity of their respective endeavors. They know they are impractical and a waste of money, but they are not useless and neither is art. But this does not necessarily make it good. These industries carry none of the class/caste socialized rigamarole that the art community fought so hard to impinge upon its middle class: THIS IS NOT FOR YOU!

But it is for you because you've made it. This is Sugar Disaster and The Meter Is

Running. Running for everything and everyone everywhere. And don't ask why. It doesn't matter. But you can do something about it. You can open your eyes and your hearts and minds will follow. You can decide when "art" is useless enough, when it's so frivolous that it transcends its framing and embodies that truly noble and divine notion that lately seems by the wayside in this jumbled, media-crazy tele-nation: our ability to create beauty. And you will know it when you see it. You just need to start looking ...

— Brett Richardson

100.7 K~LITE

Win K-LITE's Trip For 2 to Sandals Resorts, Jamaica!

Join 100.7 K-LITE for "Jamaica Nights"
5-8pm Thursdays now through June 10
Kingston Island Grille
26 W. Anapamu St. Santa Barbara

10 qualifiers for the grand prize will be selected at every party!
Free Appetizers, Drink Specials!
Win concert and movie tickets!

Grand prize party June 10. Must be at least 18 and present to win. Complete contest rules available at K-lite. Some restrictions apply.

Sandals

THE CARIBBEAN'S #1 ULTRA ALL-INCLUSIVE LUXURY RESORTS FOR COUPLES ONLY

JAMAICA

"Come to Jamaica and feel alright"

sound- soundstyle



Sacred Hoop / *Last Days of the Hump Hut / Miasmatic*

If the description of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll had to be placed on a hip hop group, Sacred Hoop would be the best candidate. These guys are some seriously messed-up bums. *Last Days of the Hump Hut* is full of misogyny, laziness and irresponsible drug experimentation. If this description conjures up thoughts of Eminem, quickly reconsider. While Eminem is talking out of his ass with that exaggerated lunatic style, lead emcee Luke Sick is speaking from real experience, which makes all Sacred Hoop products a little more dangerous than your average imaginary loonies.

While Sacred Hoop won't win many feminist fans with their lyrics, the rest of us will find it hard to deny the likeability of the group. Luke Sick will have listeners laughing one minute and "ooooohhhh"-ing the next. An attentive ear will find that behind the belligerence of Luke's drunken tales lies a true poet with strong convictions regarding his art. And if that's not enough for you, he

meets the GURU-enforced rule of "Mostly the Voice." Guest emcee Z-Man helps solidify a few tracks as well, especially with his high-school version of "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" on the album's best song, "Smoke Bomb": *You holdin' that joint like we gonna smoke / You pull me 'round the building on the under we toke / My throat is numbing, lunch time is almost over / The bell rings we got five to hit class and act sober / We hit the back, raise a book, look, oops we gettin' looks / Wait a minute, wrong class, haul ass, hall pass ... hall pass?! / We ain't got it.*

Then there are the beats, which never fail to impress. Vrse Murphy does a beautiful job making original head-noddors that seem to hit harder with every listen. "Smoke Bomb" changes beat twice for a total of three beats that can match up with any top producer's best stuff.

Last Days of the Hump Hut represents the fourth installment of Luke Sick's tales of the crazy life. If Ricky Martin had heard a Sacred Hoop tape we might be hearing "Living la Vida Aburrida" (translation: living the boring life) on the radio every day. Then again, that Ricky Martin video is pretty crazy.

— Trey Clark

Sunscream / *Change Or Die / Whirling Records*

It was my junior year of high school. I was lounging on my bed one lazy evening, listening to an album my friend had lent me. She had assured me my burgeoning taste in techno would be satisfied by this band whose name was Sunscream. So there I was, listening to it on my headphones, and by the second track, I remember thinking, "If only all

dance music sounded like this ..."

That album was *03*, released in 1993 and best remembered for its first single "Love U More." *Change Or Die* came out two years later in Europe, but stupid Columbia Records only licensed one of its singles domestically: "Looking At You" (which, coincidentally, was massive, thanks). It's taken until this year for the U.S. to catch on, but the precocious Whirling Records has licensed an extended version of *Change Or Die* at long last.

Quite simply, Sunscream exemplifies the best progressive dance sound. Check instrumental trancegressive gems like "Ice Screams" and "Syclik." The quintet is at its best when lead vocalist Lucia Holmes sings her depthful and sometimes bizarre lyrics. On "Something" she beautifully bemoans the power of fate, and follows by exalting surrender to it on the overwhelming "When." The lyrical brilliance of "When" is matched only by its composition, which ascends, climaxes and descends on an emotional canvas of colossal bass chords and percolating melodies.

Dance music is so often lambasted for being superficial, trite and monotonous. Sunscream surpasses such criticisms, never failing to re-establish standards for the entire genre.

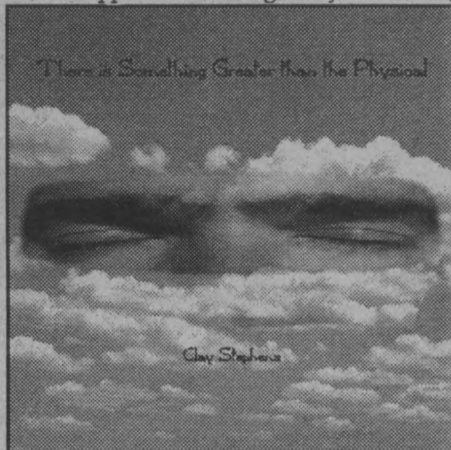
— dj mix n magic will be missed immensely. We wish him the best of luck in San Francisco after graduation where his wondrous pants and divine style will make him the deee-lite of clubland

Clay Stephens / *There is Something Greater than the Physical / No Label*

This week Dan Villain takes a break from the world of punk rock and explores some truly unique music. No power chords this

week, but creative chords like elevenths and such.

The inspirations for this album are listed as Stevie Wonder, Jimi Hendrix, Prince, Fiona Apple and Ludwig. As you can see,



this album is a unique blend of styles. For instance, a couple of songs have singing combined with classical piano. Other songs use odd time signatures coupled with innovative intervals. The lyrics are inspiring and meaningful in many songs. The only problem is that the vocal tracks don't completely come together on some songs.

However, I will say that the pluses far outweigh the minuses on this album. It is an independent album and deserves great respect for all the effort that went into its creation. The piano pieces are beautifully played and add a lot to this album. Although this album is not my preferred style, *There is Something Greater than the Physical* shows a lot of talent and ingenuity. Musically, a very impressive album worth giving a listen to. If you are interested, check out www.cnote.faithweb.com

— Dan Villain needs a bass player

Q's
Sushi a.Go.Go

409 State Street
Santa Barbara, CA
805-966-9177

Josie's Four Winds

RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

3435 STATE STREET

682.5174

BREAKFAST LUNCH DINNER

....

BANQUET FACILITY/PRIVATE DINING

FOR GRADUATION EVENTS AND PARTIES

Call 682.5174 for Reservations

....

NEW

JOSIE'S COCKTAIL LOUNGE

HAPPY HOUR!

Seven Days a Week, 4-7pm

• DRINK SPECIALS •

• FREE FOOD •

**FINALLY
A DATE MOVIE
EVERYONE CAN
AGREE ON.**



**SOUTH PARK
BIGGER, LONGER & UNCUT**



© 1999 Comedy Partners. All rights reserved.

ONLY IN THEATRES THIS SUMMER

www.southparkmovie.com

TM & Copyright © 1999 by Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved.

