



artsweek

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jassanova are deejays, remixers + more. they formed the sonarkollektiv for your aesthetic pleasures. p.4A

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

Mudhoney | *Here Comes Sickness: the Best of the BBC Recordings* | BBC Music

Insert your own fond reminiscence about grunge here, then stick it up your heinie. Grunge is decidedly not dead, and hopefully the slew of recent Mudhoney anti-mortems is proof positive of this.

The newest retrospective of this seminal Seattle band (that hasn't even broken up yet) is this de facto live album. The recordings compiled consist of two John Peel Sessions and a Reading Festival simulcast. The obvious touchstone for comparison is *From the Muddy Banks of the W*—fuck it, the live Nirvana album. *Here Comes Sickness* sounds approximately thirty times worse, and this is its strength.

This is Seattle rock 'n' roll at its rawest. The first Peel session predates the flannel explosion, and Mudhoney sounds like any young basement band that has just learned its songs. The second Peel session is cleaner, but much blues-ier, as Mark Arm's voice demonstrates actual *soul*. A word for those about to listen to the Festival recording: If you find the drummer forgetting the beat, the rhythm guitarist forgetting the chords and the singer

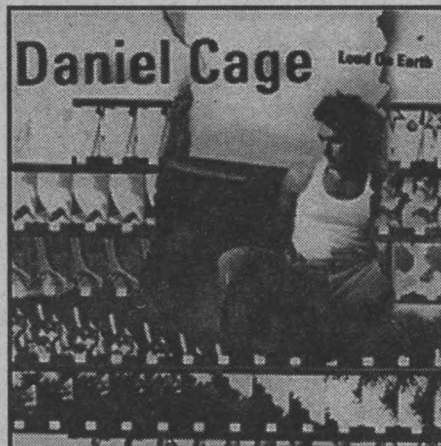
altering the chorus of "Touch me, I'm sick" to "Love me, I'm rich," as charming as I do, then prepare to jump back to 1991 and fall in love with the Seattle sound all over again. [DJ Fatkid]

Munkafust | *Down For Days* | Pinch Hit

So close, yet so far away. Munkafust's fourth LP release is typical SoCal rock. Ska rhythms and guitar (thank God, no horns) accompany unconvincing nasal vocals to hammer out tunes about psycho girlfriends and parties with weird people. Aspiring to Sublime, but not willing to sacrifice its mainstream pretenses (or originality), Munkafust continues its ass-backwards attempt at music, which could prove the notion that rock is quite possibly dead.

Given, there are some highlights on this record, but they are buried so deep under a mishmash of annoying riffs and unsophisticated lyrics that it almost makes it part of the problem. What is the problem? Well, there's no direction or determined form that this band really wants to follow. Opening up with a somewhat poppy, Americana-style riff on

"Control of my Heart," the band immediately switches to what it is most comfortable with: the chugging sound of ska. And this lasts throughout the entire record. Evan Brau's voice is falsetto and scratchy, yet on "Down For Days" he's capable of producing a warm, convincing tone — a 180-degree turn from his Gwen Stefani screech. The album seems capable, but somehow the band finds a way to make it below par. Munkafust has musical talent, but it needs to have a purpose. I won't pin the stigma of rock being dead on it, but it certainly doesn't help the situation. [Collin Mitchell]

Daniel Cage | *Loud on Earth* | MCA

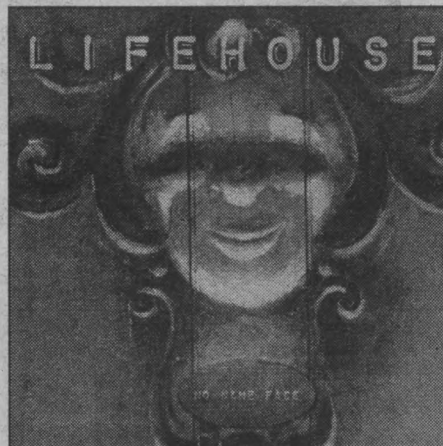
Combining sumptuous sounds with a soothing voice, Daniel Cage displays emotional depth in his new album, *Loud on Earth*.

While some may claim that Cage's vocal style is similar to John Rzeznik's of the Goo Goo Dolls, Cage proves he can carry his own. Straying from others in his music genre, Cage is a welcome exception to the rule due to the variety in his accompaniment, from the melodic piano to the

raw energy of a guitar.

Displaying maturity in his music, Cage sings about love, moving on and life. With lyrics like "Before I was dead, now you keep me alive," it is obvious that Cage does what so many current recording artists fail to do: sing from the heart.

For those seeking yet another no-talent singer with shallow lyrics, search elsewhere; Cage is a genuine artist who could teach us all a lesson or two about love, life and even ourselves. [Robert Aguirre]

Lifehouse | *no face name* | Dreamworks

Maybe the lead singer from Live is an organ donor. Maybe he got in a car accident and Jason Wade, the lead singer for Lifehouse, got his vocal cords. More realistically, maybe Lifehouse heard Live and thought that it sounded pretty good and was making a good living, so it decided to play just like Live. All said, the songs on *no face name* sound amazingly similar to Live's, except with about half the range and less diversity. The vocals have those deep raspy undertones and the guitar riffs seem to be about the same. It's a shame that yet another band seems to think that

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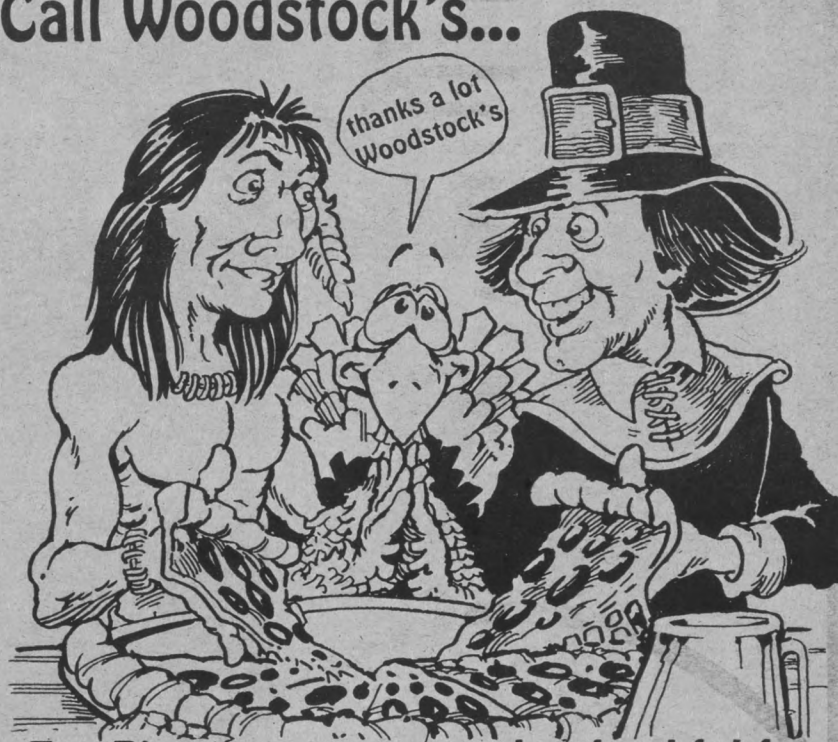
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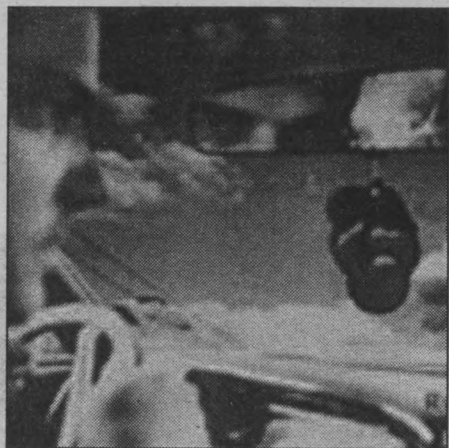
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SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

the same thing with a new name is new. If you are an avid Live or Creed fan, then be your own judge: You might think that it is the next best thing. As for me, I think that there is a reason that Live is famous and Lifehouse is not. [Ben Ebyam]



Russel Simins | *Public Places* | Grand Royal

I am going to posit a theory which will hopefully transform what would otherwise be "Most Disappointing Album of the Year" (indeed, a potential runner-up for "Most Irredeemably Dire Album of the Year") into "Most Subtly Brilliant Thought Experiment of the Year."

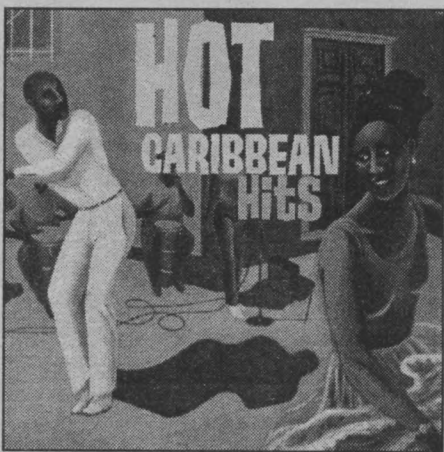
Russel Simins, better known for savage skin-beating in the service of Jon Spencer and His Rather Volatile Blues, gives us 13 tracks of utterly uninspired top-40 drudge. As I was listening to the opening track, I kept thinking that all of Simins' indie cred was still insufficient to buy back "I'm Not A Model" from insipid Fatboy Slim wannabe-ism. So I skipped to the next track, which had a chord progression stolen straight out of Art Alexakis' "I only know one chord progression anyway" repertoire. The third track,

"Jim's Problem," had some decent energy going for it, but the lyrics and song structure were vintage soft pop-punk inanity, sort of like, say, Blink 182.

Are we seeing a pattern here?

For the stupid: What I think got recorded here is an album that was intentionally and stylistically ripped from the local alternative station's heavy-rotation playlist. For nine of the 13 tracks on *Public Places*, I can name the band being imitated, and I'm sure anyone a little more pop savvy than myself could go 13 for 13.

All of this makes me a pathetically starry-eyed devotee of Simins. Of course, my interpretation could be mistaken — he could just be a wretched songwriter. But I'll assume the best, and loudly hail this album as pure, unadulterated post-modernism. [DJ Fatkid]



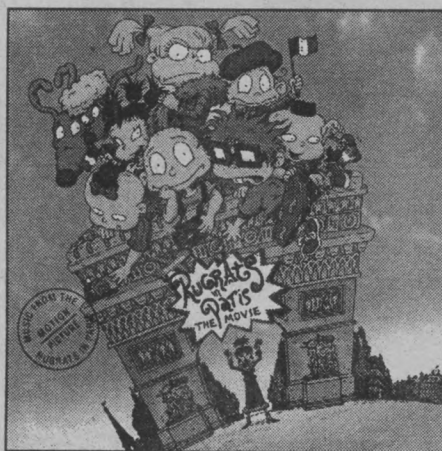
Various Artists | *Hot Caribbean Hits* | Victory World

If there's one reason to listen to *Hot Caribbean Hits*, it's for the cheesy, synth-happy rendition of "Who Let the Dogs Out." That's right, the Baha Men should not be taking all the credit for everyone's

current favorite sing-a-long. For those who read the liner notes, Anselm Douglas penned this tune, and you can hear the "Oppie-ay-I-oyo!" background chorus that the American producers mercifully decided to leave out.

That said, *Hot Caribbean Hits* is the equivalent of a tourist brochure for a mammoth resort: big on the sun and visions of party times, but a little too lacking in anything that would make you want to stick around for more than a couple days. A compilation of dance hall hits from Trinidad and Tobago, these are songs you probably won't hear north of a Cancun disco.

There are some amusing moments. A "Woody the Woodpecker" sample is used on one track, and the classic Talking Heads song, "The Launch," is used humorously on another. Next vacation, go somewhere else. [Andy Sywak]



Various Artists | *Rugrats in Paris* | Maverick

Thousands of frat boys in Isla Vista and all across the United States have a special place in their brotherhood for the *Rugrats in Paris* soundtrack.

Every Friday night, they select track four, crank up the volume, and bask in the Baha Men's mind-blowing musical wizardry, beautifully captured by the question, "Who Let the Dogs Out?"

Since it is my job, I took one for the team and put this song on repeat in order to analyze this question for *Artsweek*. What did I discover?

I found complex lyrics like, "Who let the dogs out?" and of course my favorite, "Woof, woof, woof, woof, woof." Surprisingly, the rest was meaningless gibberish.

But this song goes way past words; I soon detected a note of pain and confusion in the voices on the track. After the song played about four times, I began to feel sorry for the Baha Men, because all they really want to find out is who is responsible for releasing the dogs, and no one will tell them.

If you have information that could possibly help the Baha Men, please call 893-2691 immediately. If your information contributes to a solution, you may be eligible for a reward. [Jerry Beers]

Beat Poem of the Week

You know I thug 'em, fuck 'em, love 'em, leave 'em
Cuz I don't fuckin' need 'em
Take 'em out the hood
Keep 'em looking good
But I don't fuckin' feed 'em
First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talkin' 'bout what's the reason
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust and believe 'em
In the cut where I keep 'em
'Til I need nut, 'til I need to beat the guts
Beep beep and I'm picking 'em up
Let 'em play with the dick in the truck

- Jay-Z, "Big Pimpin'"

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CUT-AND-PASTE

JASSANOVA'S SOUNDS RECONSTRUCT THE REMIX

i stand here ironing **Jenne raub**

If you envision sound as an auditory sculpture, then the members of Jassanova are its elite artisans.

For those who still envision electronic music as nothing more than a soundtrack for 18-year-old glowstick-twirling ravettes dancing all night to the thump, thump, thump of redundant 4/4 techno, let me paint you a picture. Imagine a group of hard-working musicians, deconstructing existing works in all genres and recreating them with new sounds found in both old jazz and contemporary electronica. Envision the crew carving out new sounds, while being completely respectful of music's diverse cornucopia of beats, rhymes and life.

Jassanova has been reinventing other people's sounds since 1997. After Gilles Peterson, legendary owner and operator of Talkin' Loud, played the single "Fedime's Flight" on his radio show, the Berlin-based crew has been asked to remix a wide variety of artists. The musical collective consists of deejays (Jürgen von Knoblauch, Alexander Barck and Claas Brieler) and producers (Stefan Leisering, Axel Reimer and Kosmo), whose sound showcases a love for jazz and the beats of contemporary club music, with plenty of other influences spread throughout. Its remixes stay true to their musical tastes and artistic integrity — they're smooth, seductive and, most importantly, really fun. Jassanova manages to maintain the funk, while simultaneously upholding extremely high standards for the quality of their productions.

In order to ensure a quality remix, they often spend months in the studio to rework one song in a completely new fashion, while still retaining the song's integrity and initial vision. The practice is almost similar to a pro-

fessional artist commissioned to paint a portrait — while his portrait might render the subject in a different way than another painter would, a unique, distinctive style is always present.



“WE'RE CONTINUING AN ART FORM FORMED IN, LET'S SAY, 1980”

However, Jassanova's style of remixing is more closely related to the postmodern expression of pastiche. “I think it can be an art form, but you have to be

respectful. You can't steal or rip off half of a song,” deejay Alexander Barck explains. “But cut-and-paste; it's something like the spirit of today. We're continuing an art form formed in, let's say, 1980. Hip hop and dance music with better possibilities.”

Two CDs worth of remixes from the last four years recently have been collected and released on Compost Records, a label formed by Jassanova and label-owner Michael Reinboth in 1998. In addition to the creation of a new label, Jassanova has found itself busy with other projects as well. Aside from finishing an upcoming album and producing music for poet Urusula Roker, the group recently formed Sonarkollektiv, an alliance of different Berlin musicians and artists.

“It's more of a roof over several small labels,” Barck says. “[It's] more a name for people who want to work together.”

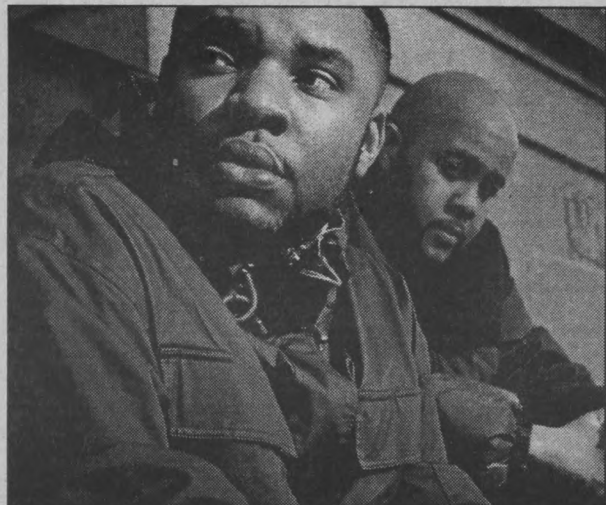
Sonarkollektiv's mission is to provide resources for a variety of artists, so that they don't have to worry about the business of art while they pursue their various crafts. And there's no limit to the kinds of art Sonarkollektiv supports. If, for example, a painter became a member of Sonarkollektiv and wanted to have an exhibition, that'd be just fine.

“[Sonarkollektiv] is a full spectrum. We have a graphic design department and a film and video department,” he says. “Not everything is related to music.”

Barck hopes that one day, Sonarkollektiv will be realized before the name Jassanova. Until then, he wants to make it clear that, “We are not a band. We are studio guys.”

things to do >> calendar

today | **thursday**



Maybe your first introduction to Blackalicious was back in the day when they first dropped the “Swan Lake” single. Maybe it was last January when *Artsweek* interviewed Chief Xcel and the Gift of Gab and endorsed their first full-length *Nia* as one of the best hip hop albums of the year 2K. Maybe you never heard of them until now, but trust the ever-fabulous *Artsweek* — go see them tonight. The Hub. 7 p.m. Too bad tickets are outrageously priced. Thank ASPB.

tomorrow | **friday**



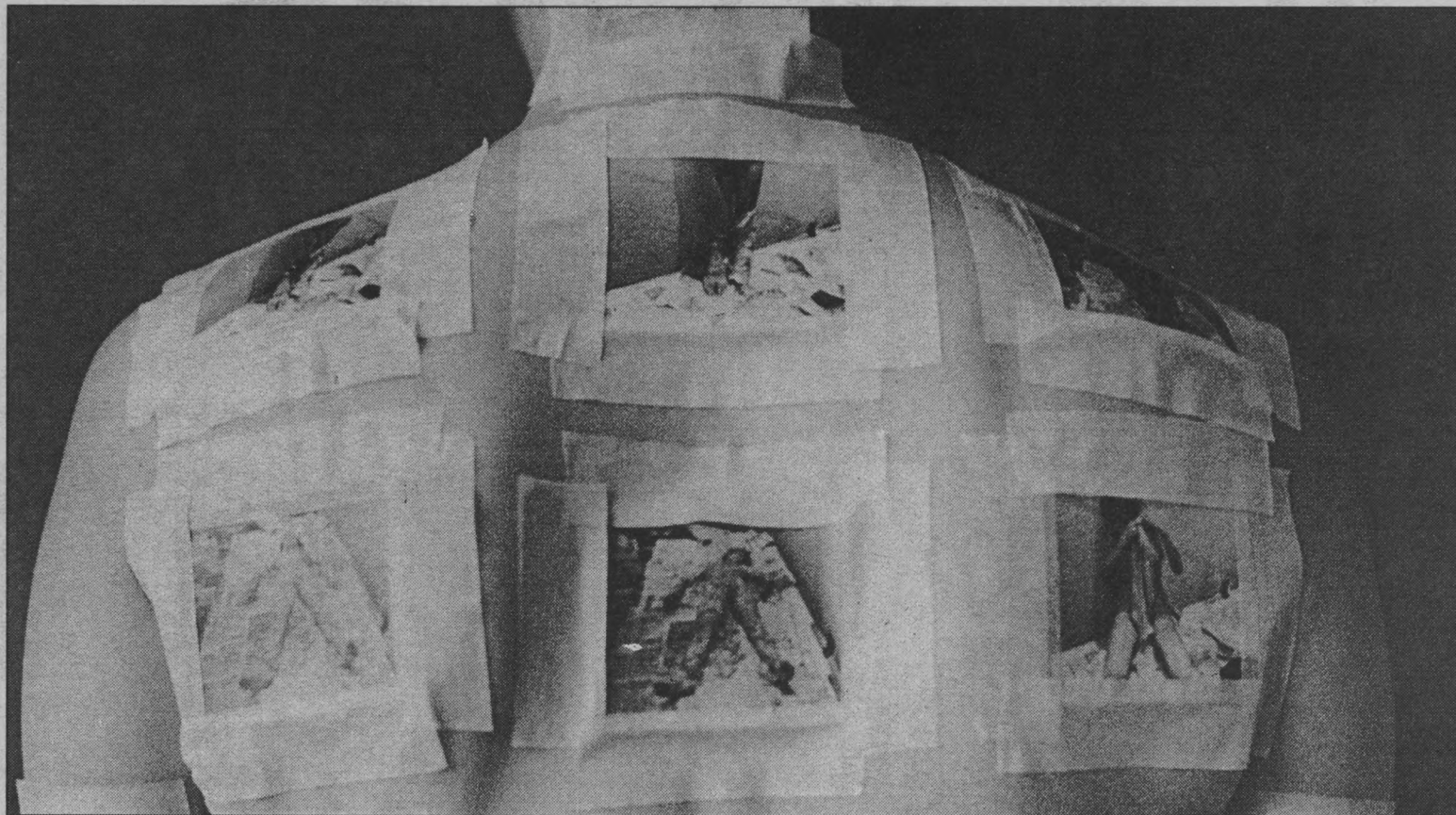
If you don't have a great party to go to tonight, you might want to consider driving to Los Angeles to check out Russell Simins. “Who's he?” you ask. Well, my darlings, he is the world famous beat-maker for the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and a host of other stupendously hip side projects. Remember Butter 08? That tight drumming all belongs to Mr. Simins, so you best respect and get to The Palace, 1735 N. Vine St., Hollywood.

weekend | **saturday**



Last year's “Contemporary Corruption” exhibition was a success. The walls held vibrant works of graffiti; between them, the gallery's space held a diverse crowd consisting of 40-sipping gang members, 40 year old art buyers and 20 something hipsters. *Artsweek* attended last year, pleased to find live performances from Celestial Recording artists, free beverages (even Red Bull!) and plenty of fabulous art. 7025 Melrose Ave, 8 p.m. (323) 965-9459

art | review



¡QUE BONITA!

FROM AZACETA TO ZUNIGA SHOWCASES LATIN ART

art_stacy redd

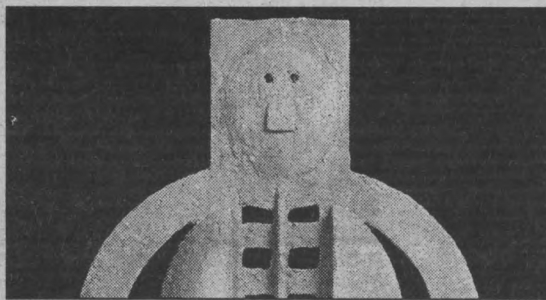
One of the hardest things in the world is capturing the essence of a person. A person is comprised of so many experiences and emotions that trying to show exactly who that individual is, tends to be extremely difficult. It would seem logical then that capturing the essence of a large group of people would be practically impossible.

That being said, the Santa Barbara Museum of Art has made a very noble attempt at the impossible with its exhibit "From Azaceta to Zúñiga," which opened Nov. 5. It's the museum's collection of 20th-century Latin American art that is as varied in media as it is in message. With over 150 paintings, sculptures, photos, documents and sketches, the exhibit does a fantastic job of not just capturing what it's like to be Latin American, but what it's like to be human.

Consisting of pieces collected by the museum since the 1950s, the exhibit is able to be diverse and unified in theme. David Alfaro Siqueiros, Jose Clemente Orozco and Diego Rivera (the "Big Three" of Mexican muralism) are likely the most well-known of the artists in the show, and there is a substantial amount of their work on display. While much of the art is by Mexican artists, many Caribbean, Central and South American countries are represented, especially Uruguay, Chile and Cuba. This is the first time the museum has shown all of the pieces together and the effect is really powerful.

The show is organized with a deliberate division between realistic and abstract work. One section showcases the Latin American abstract art movement of "art for art's sake," featuring a good deal of early- to mid-

20th-century mixed-reality oil paintings that is really breathtaking. Alongside these paintings are some more contemporary works, mainly sculptures, which make for a nice balance.



“THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THE MUSEUM HAS SHOWN ALL OF THE PIECES TOGETHER. AND THE EFFECT IS REALLY POWERFUL”

The realistic section contains many traditional paintings, lithographs and sketches, separated into different areas according to style and artist. I found the group of self-portraits to be particularly interesting where 20th-century Latin American artists like Jose Luis Cuevas

adopted the styles of Cezanne and Rembrandt for portrayals of themselves.

The abundance and assortment of artists, media, styles, eras and movements in this exhibit is what makes it wonderful to see, as well as difficult to describe. "From Azaceta to Zúñiga" successfully demonstrates the love, sadness, religion, familial values, suffering and hope of a people, and I think that's as close to essence as we can get.

"From Azaceta to Zúñiga: 20th Century Latin American Art" is open through December 31, 2000 at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, 1130 State St. The SBMA's hours are Tuesday - Saturday 11 a.m. - 5 p.m., Sunday 12 - 5 p.m. and Friday 11 a.m. - 9 p.m. For more information, call 963-4364.

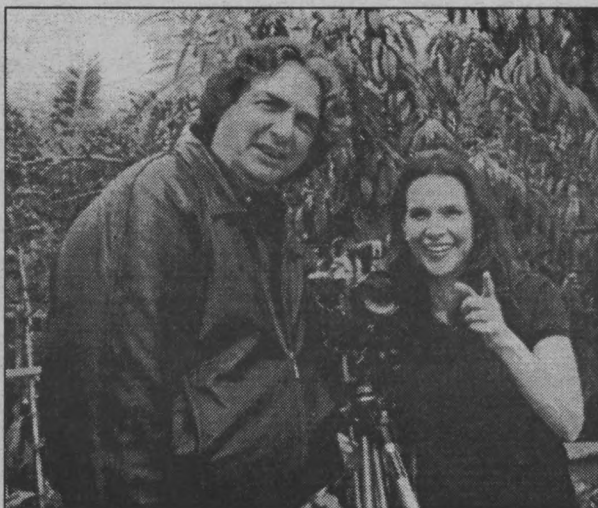


From top: Eugenia Vargas, "Untitled," 1993 ektacolor prints; Rufino Tamayo, "Astral Figure," 1990, patinated steel; David Alfaro Siqueiros, "El Esteta en el drama," 1944, duco on board.

thingstodo >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**

Regina Carter plays the violin in such a way that the term "virtuoso" can't *not* be used. Her triumphs at the jazz violin have garnered the use of adjectives such as "dazzling," "breathtakingly daring," "appealing," "electric," "probingly intelligent" and "dramatic" for both her recordings and live performances. Do such adjectives apply? Be your own judge at the performance of the Regina Carter Quartet at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m. \$13 - \$19 students.

next week | **monday**

Don't you envy the job of the film critic? They *get paid* to see films for *free* ... yet sometimes these films are of a subject matter that reveals just how dreamy the occupation of the critic is. Take "The American Tapestry" - it weaves together accounts of immigrant families and their search for the American dream. None of them are film critics; one, for example, works in a NAFTA factory. Go pay your respect to real workers. Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m. \$5.

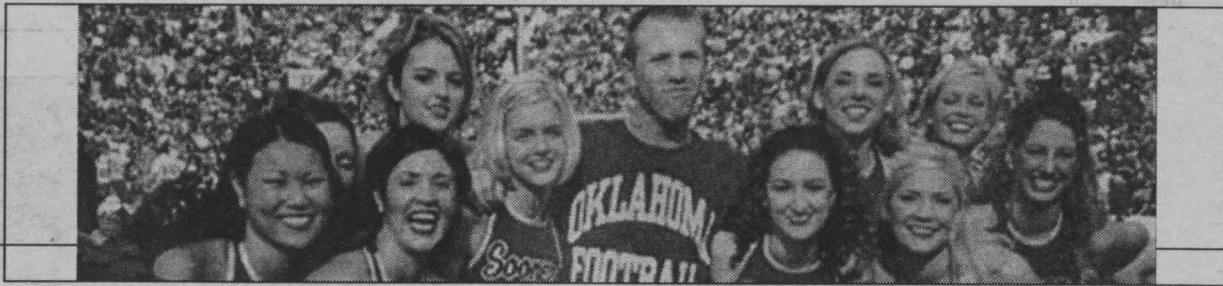
next week | **tuesday**

If you are driving south on your way home for Thanksgiving, make a stop at the House of Blues to check out the Deltron 3030 tour. Del tha Funkee Homosapien, Automator and Kid Koala will be in full force, bustin' futuristic flows and beats. With such a creative opus as *Deltron 3030* to promote, you can count on some wacky goings-ons at this show. Try showing up early for dinner and you might be able to stay in free. House of Blues, 6:30 p.m. \$17.

hip hop | column

BRING IT ON WIGS + HIP HOP IN BIG PIMPIN'

spirit fingering_trey clark



With the current media saturation of election news, fallacies and tangents, I'm sure the last thing you want to read in *Artsweek* is Decision 2000 coverage. Well get over it, because there is an important issue that has yet to be discussed.

That issue revolves around ABC's election analyst Sam Donaldson and his painfully obvious wig.

Donaldson sticks out like a sore thumb among his colleagues. Night after night, the man humiliates himself on national TV, banally analyzing meaningless data, while the audience looks at his head in awe. How does he get that mop from the dressing room to the set? Are the makeup people at ABC intimidated by Donaldson and scared to tell him he looks like an asshole? What about the producers? Worst of all, what is Donaldson thinking? What gall he must have to sit in front of the mirror every night, strap on that wig and expect everyone to believe that it's the real thing.

Speaking of bad disguises, the Likwit Crew's Defari has an album out under the alias Billy the Kid. Defari makes no effort to change his sound to relate to this alter ego; it appears to be a label-dodging ploy while he attempts to relocate from Tommy Boy to Xzibit's Open Bar imprint. *The Saloon Music* is more of what we've come to expect from Defari: dope beats from Evidence and others, accompanied by slightly above-average battle

lyrics, with just a hint of a message here and there.

Company Flow is making moves of its own, debuting its new label Def Jux with two releases. First is a double 12" by Co Flow and Cannibal Ox. El-P handles all of the production, bringing five dark, dirty beats to the table. Each song features line after line of conceptual brilliance, making these records a welcome return from El-P and Mr. Len's three-year hiatus. Def Jux's second release will come from Boston emcee Mr. Lif and will feature production from himself, El-P and others.

In other label news, it appears that the legendary Rakim has signed to Dr. Dre's Aftermath label. Imagine

“THE ISSUE REVOLVES
AROUND SAM DONALD-
SON'S PAINFULLY
OBVIOUS WIG”

Rakim guesting alongside Nate Dogg and Snoop on the next *Chronic* album ... could be interesting. Also, Death Row owner Suge Knight is looking to get out of jail early due to good behavior. He is now scheduled for release in April.

The Wu-Tang Clan is set to release its third group effort on Nov. 21, entitled *The W*. This is probably the

most anticipated hip hop album of the Y2K, but one has to wonder about the Wu after failing to release a solid album since Ghostface Killah's *Ironman*. *The W*'s first single, "Protect Ya Neck: The Jump Off," seems to be a positive sign, with each member dropping lines over a beat that combines a late '80s-style backdrop with the O.G. Wu-Tang kung fu feel.

There are some nice shows to check in the near future. Tonight, Blackalicious and Del are set to rip the Hub. Blackalicious likes to bring friends along on the road, so look for appearances from Lateef the Truth Speaker and possibly Lyrics Born. The same show is set to take place Tuesday at the House of Blues in Hollywood, except there Del will be joined by Deltron conspirators Automator and Kid Koala. That same night, the Living Legends, L.A. Symphony, Anticon and Circus will perform at the El Rey Theatre just south of Hollywood. The "Ford Part Two" tour will arrive in Cali in December, featuring Atmosphere (Slug and DJ Abilities), Eyedea and others. These shows are the only place you can get Atmosphere's rare new album *Sad Clown Bad Dub II*.

Now that you're up on the latest in hip hop news, you can get back to watching my boy Sam sport the prosthetic hair while reciting his take on the Florida recount. You've got until Dec. 18 to hope he gets flustered and possibly shift that itchy wig out of place.

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REAL LIFE ADVENTURES by Gary Wise and Lance Aldrich

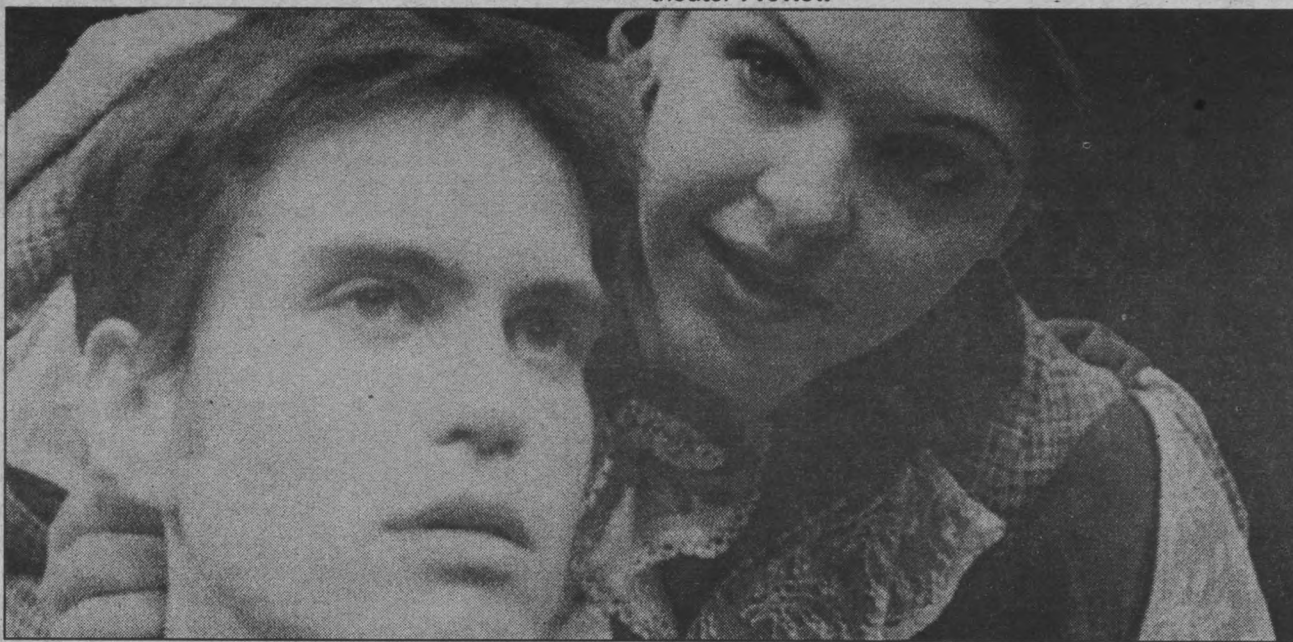
IT'S ED. HE'S MOVING AGAIN, AND HE'S WONDERING IF YOU COULD HELP.

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Desperate men do desperate things.

The Daily Nexus.
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theater | review



THE CONFUSION OF LOVE

COMPLICATIONS + BROKEN HEARTS IN *THE SEAGULL*

in dreams begin responsibility_lindsay farmer

I recommend Theatre UCSB's current production of Anton Chekhov's "The Seagull" for two types of people: those who enjoy Chekhov and those who enjoy daytime soap operas played on prime time.

Set in Russia at a country house, "The Seagull" begins with an aging actress Irina Arkadina (Julia Katherine Oscher), and her son Konstantin Treplev (Gary David), an aspiring writer. Irina is in love with Boris Trigorin (Jesse Gustafson), an established writer of whom Konstantin is jealous. Konstantin is in love with Nina (Aisha Camille Kabia), the girl next door and aspiring actress. To complicate things further, Masha (Caitlin Ferrera), the daughter of Irina's servant, is in love with Konstantin.

True to the nature of Russian literature and theater, the plot thickens. Nina used to love Konstantin until she met and fell in love with Boris. Nina runs away to Moscow to join Boris, who begins an affair with Nina while retaining the relationship he has with Irina. Masha marries a schoolteacher just so she can get married, but

hangs around Konstantin all day so she can be close to him. After a few broken hearts and two babies, everyone ends up at the country house, and "The Seagull" closes with a suicide.

“**STRONG PERFORMANCES
FROM MEMBERS OF THEATRE
UCSB
WERE CERTAINLY
PRESENT**”



If the outlined plot is any indication, the student actors at Theatre UCSB have an extremely challenging play to work with. A work such as "The Seagull"

demands a great deal of experience from its actors. Sadly, such a play, while hugely important in the theatrical growth of student actors, often illuminates the lack of experience student actors may have. However, while some performances were disappointing due to a sheer lack of experience evidenced in either unclear character motivations or overacting, strong performances from members of Theatre UCSB were certainly present. I was particularly impressed by the performances of Doctor Dorn (Rashad El-Amin), Ferrera and the impeccable Ilya Shamrayev (Marc E. Shaw).

For better or worse, Theatre UCSB has taken on producing a very complex, intricate play. While it doesn't succeed at everything it attempts, the attempt is indeed valiant and commendable.

"The Seagull" performs through Nov. 18 at 8 p.m. and on Nov. 18 at 2 p.m. at the Performing Arts Theatre. \$12 students, \$16 general. For more information, call 893-3535.

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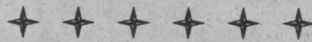


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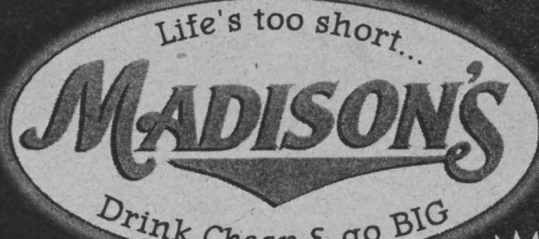
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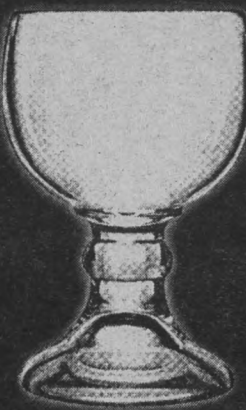
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