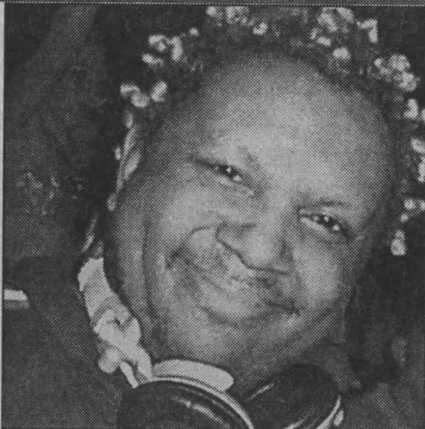
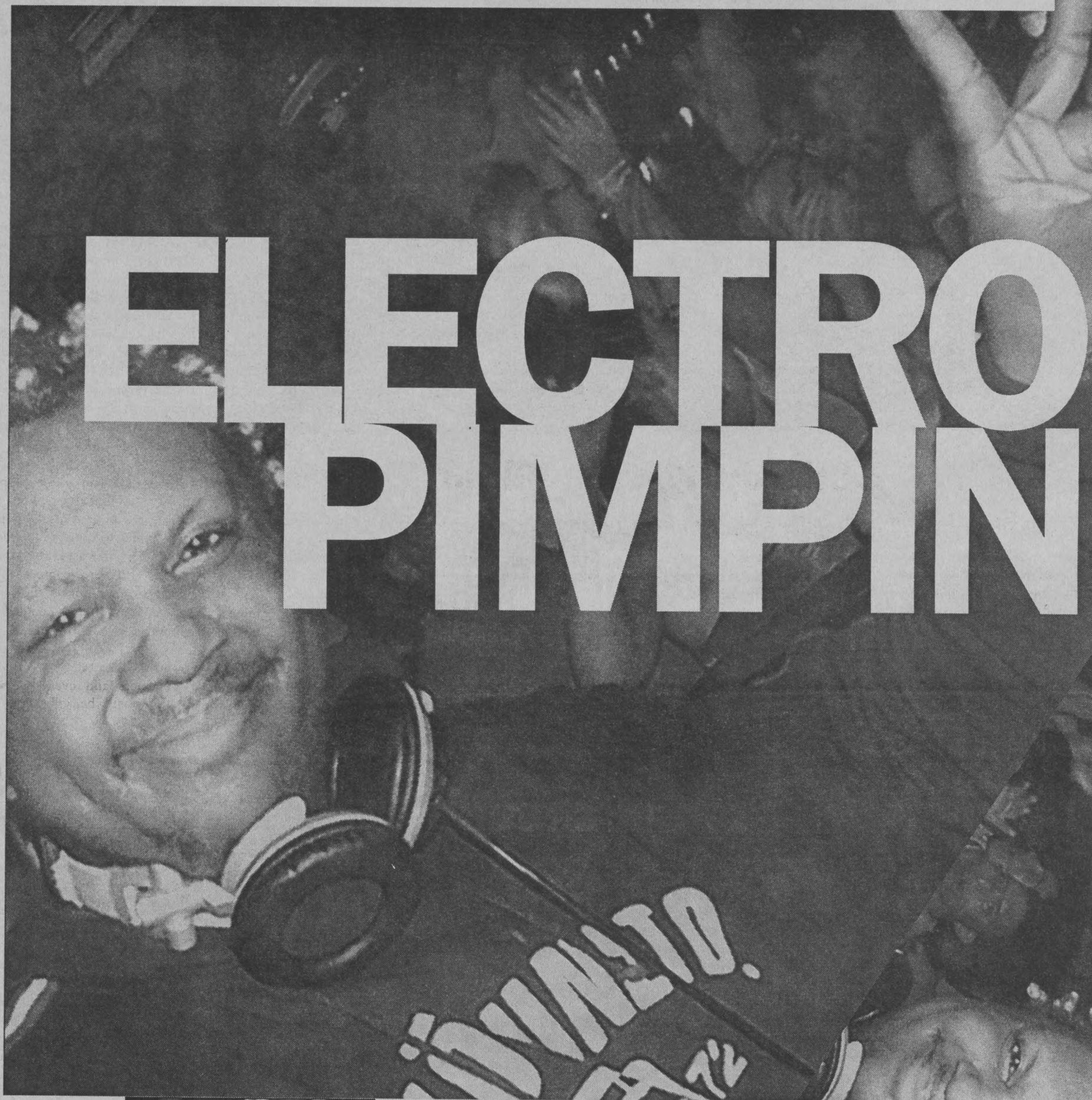


only operating on intuition ...

artsweek

ELECTRO PIMPIN



Donald Glaude spin spins sugar for y'all, and he's an extremely nice person. He's coming to Santa Barbara tonight, so do your homework by reading the article on p. 4A



photo by RENEE KUSHNIR

film | interview



A HIGHER WETNESS

WAVES LOOK BIGGER WHEN YOU'RE STONY IN IMAGINE: SURFING AS SADHANA

napping_ted andersen

Who would have thought after earning a master's in English literature in his 10-year career at UCSB, 35-year-old Marshall Hattori would travel the world with a video camera and a group of surfers?

Hattori didn't, but that didn't get in the way of him selling everything he owned to finance a \$75,000 independent film about surfing and spiritual enlightenment, then coming back to his former college town to show it. "Imagine: Surfing as Sadhana," which translates to "Imagine: Surfing as Higher Consciousness," will screen this Friday at Isla Vista Theater.

In 1998 the Buddhist-raised Hattori, who has surfed since age 7 and was on UCSB's team, sold his car, condo, studio, stocks, shut down his business and borrowed money from the owners of Natural Café, Channel Island surfboards and the Beach House to fund an eight-month surfing odyssey across the globe. With him he took 21-year-old Stephen Slater (world champion Kelly Slater's younger brother), 24-year-old pro surfer Christian Enns, and 17-year-old Roxy fashion model Veronica Kay.

Hattori's plan was simple: take three aspiring surfers on an ideal surfing trip to Chile, Brazil, the Canary Islands, Morocco, Sri Lanka, India and Australia, and document everything that happens along the way. But things didn't work out as planned.

"What happened was that I turned out to be kind of like the Puck of the group, except instead of getting kicked out of the house, everybody just left me. They just

bailed; everybody went home," Hattori says of his abandonment in Sri Lanka. "So I'm sitting there; I had no characters for the film, my cameras were broken; so I said, 'You know what, I'm going to India.' And I ended up going exactly where the guy at the [Sri Lanka] meditation retreat told me to go, and I saw these gurus, and they made me realize that everything was going according to plan. I went to Australia and hooked up with the

scene because "truth" was what he pursued in the film.

"People told me when I was editing, 'Don't put that pot smoking in,' and I was like, 'You know what, all those kids smoked that hashish, they surfed better than they ever surfed before, they reached new levels of performance surfing and they had a great time doing it.' That was one of the most important things that happened on that trip. I'm not going to leave that out," he says. "If I don't tell the truth then what do I have? I have this flimsy made-up fiction instead of something that really happened. And the truth in this film was so important because what actually happens isn't something you could script, so if I told the truth, I knew the story would come out and people would go, 'I can't believe that happened.'"

Now over \$60,000 in debt, Hattori concluded that his adventure has given him a newfound perspective on life, and an appreciation for living in the moment. "I just got evicted from my house, and so I'm pretty much living on the road. But that would have killed me before the film — being evicted from my house, not having any home, being in debt — these things would have just eaten me every day, everything would have stressed me. But now I'm like, it's a good thing. I'll take the film on the road. It's made my life a lot better than it ever was."

"Imagine: Surfing as Sadhana" will screen at 7 and 9 p.m. on Friday at Isla Vista Theater as part of a benefit for the Surfrider Foundation. \$7 general.

“ALL THOSE KIDS THAT SMOKED HASHISH, THEY SURFED BETTER THAN THEY EVER HAD BEFORE”

Australian soul surfers, so it turned out great. I see them leaving the trip as a blessing; things turned out better than I could have scripted."

After the movie came out, Kay's stepmother threatened to sue Hattori if he showed the movie, for fear that it portrayed Kay negatively and could damage her modeling career because of a scene where the three smoke hashish in Morocco. However, Hattori said he kept the

"FEROCIOUSLY INVENTIVE. A SPOOKY AND GLEEFULLY SADISTIC HALLOWEEN TREAT"
—Andrew Johnston, US WEEKLY

"...DISTURBING AND UNSETTLING... I LOVED THE FILM..."
—Harry Knowles, amazon.com

"EERIE, CREEPY, BETTER THAN THE ORIGINAL!"
—Brian Sebastian, MOVIE REVIEWS AND MORE

"BEST SEQUEL EVER! THIS IS THE SEQUEL 'SCREAM 2' WANTED TO BE"
—Fred Topel, THE DAILY RABBIT

**BOOK OF SHADOWS
BLAIR WITCH 2**

A JOE BERLINGER FILM

ARTISAN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS A JOE BERLINGER FILM "BOOK OF SHADOWS: BLAIR WITCH 2"
CAST: CARTER BURWELL, ED GERRARD, MELISSA TOTH, SARAH PLACK, NANCY SCHREIBER, A.S.C., KEVIN FOXE, DANIEL MYRIK, EDUARDO SANCHEZ, BILL CARRARO, DICK BEERE, and JOE BERLINGER
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: JOE BERLINGER

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film | review



IF IT AIN'T BROKE ...

A CAULDRON OF PULP ENGULFS BOOK OF SHADOWS: BLAIR WITCH 2

red carpet_andy sywak

Throughout the ages of primordial and modern man, one thing has remained constant: Humankind does not know when to leave well enough alone. This applies to beautiful climates, blackjack hands and, especially, ill-conceived and obligatory movie sequels.

Sucky Sequel Syndrome has become contagious and has attached itself to yet another unsuspecting victim, this time the 1999 cult classic, "The Blair Witch Project." With a little big studio prodding, what originally was sly, grainy, ambiguous horror has become tragically diluted into the latest "Oh my gosh!" teen horror flick of the month. Hollywood co-optation triumphs once again.

"Book of Shadows" picks up where the previous "Blair" left off. True to the original in blending myth and hysteria with a realistic setting, the sequel follows the search of five early "twentysomething" fans enchanted with the "true story" behind the real-life movie. Like its predecessor, "Book of Shadows" begins with some humorous interviews with Burkittsville, Maryland residents who have become overwhelmed by fans of the film. The five fans, led by a recent mental institution patient who gives tours of "Blair Witch" memorabilia, venture to that spooky house in the woods where the first part ended. Once there, they party like rock stars, only to wake up in the morning for the beginning of numerous unpleasant surprises ...

Once the plot really starts, however, so do the disappointments. In addition to the lame, "Dawson's Creek"-style dialogue, "Book of Shadows" is not successful

at creating characters with much dimension or purpose. Unlike the three prospective auteurs who ventured into the woods in the original, the five characters (with different factions of the occult and the rational among them) come across like

aimless oddballs with nothing better to do than pay tribute to a movie. With the implausibility of the plot, the audience never really is lead to sympathize or invest itself in their piddling causes.

Ultimately, what is most disappointing about the sequel is how it does not build off of or really contribute to the great, beguiling myths created in the original. For the most part, all the unanswered questions in the original remain unaddressed. Instead, director and co-writer Joe Berlinger seems determined to chart his own course, creating a new myth and a different environment of horror that is only partially true to the experiences of the characters in the first "Blair Witch."

Though the ostensible larger theme of "Book of Shadows" questions whether violent acts are the result of popular culture or some amorphous spirit of evil, the "fiction vs. reality" theme is only halfheartedly built up. With the failure of this theme, and the movie's determination to take itself too seriously, it's hard to leave the theater feeling more than just a little spooked.

What made the original such a unique and groundbreaking movie was not only its original approach of making a faux-documentary style film, but about how convincing a scene of psychological fear filmmakers Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez were able to create. With only \$60,000 and nearly no gore, "The Blair Witch Project" was able to create a great work about the consequences of fear of the unknown. It is a testament to the resourcefulness and ingenuity of independent film, that a

sequel with a budget exponentially higher than its predecessor, can be so pointless and unsatisfactory. If anything, "Book of Shadows" proves that when push comes to shove, money is certainly no substitute for creativity.

“
IT'S HARD TO
LEAVE THE
THEATER
FEELING
SPOOKED
”

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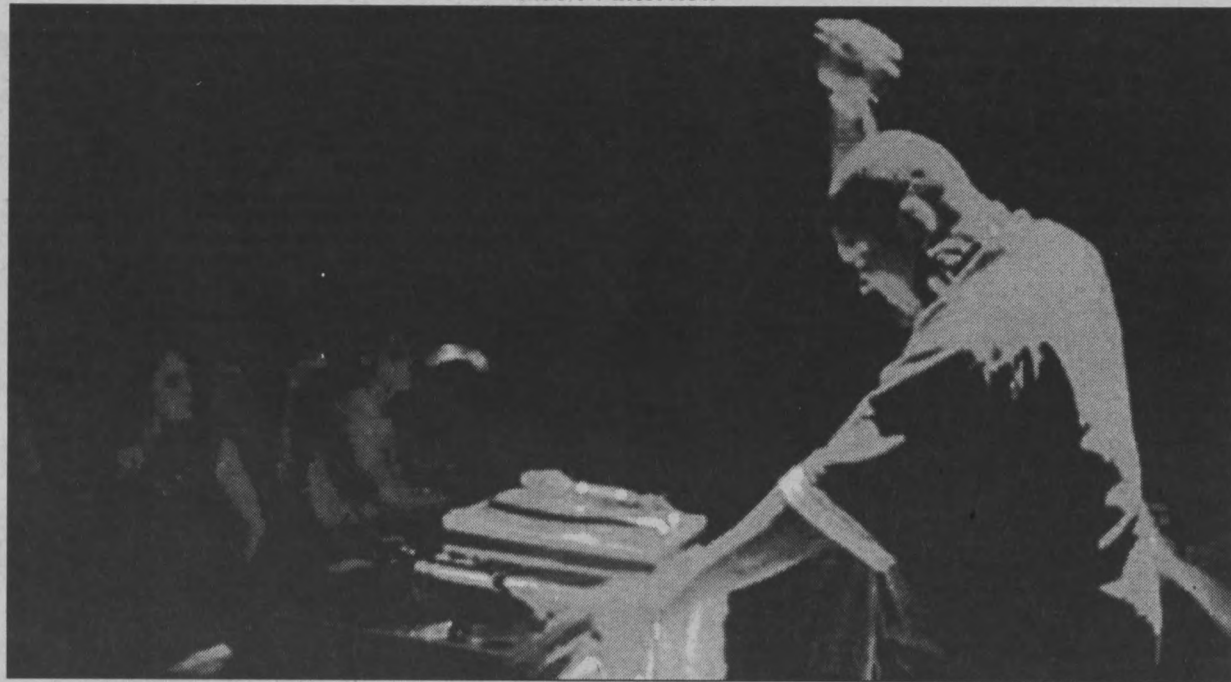
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music | interview



RESPECT THE ARCHITECT DONALD GLAUDE ERECTS A SONIC STORM

ravenoxious_jenne raub

Back in the fall of my freshman year, my two roommates and I ventured downtown to Zelo's for "Hip Hop Night." Nothing in my life had quite prepared me for what I was to encounter. I quickly found myself pressed unwillingly against a sweaty guy in a white, ruffled shirt while one roommate searched for a fellow stoner and the other shook her stuff in the deejay booth for the Baka Boyz. Sober, miserable and feeling completely out of place, I swore never to return.

Last spring, however, I returned one Thursday night with one of the then-assistant *Artsweek* editors to find that quite another Zelo's had evolved from the place of my previous experience. Instead of the sleazy scene of old, I encountered a wide array of Santa Barbara's young folk, ages 18 and up, dressed in a wide variety of styles enjoying house beats on the dance floor and jungle on the lovely patio outside.

Zelo's has come a long way from its former meat-market days, and every Thursday boasts some sort of electronic music pleasure, with house and techno as its premier specialties and jungle, drum 'n' bass, downtempo and hardcore played outside depending on who is promoting that evening.

Every other Thursday a group of local deejays and promoters bring "Da Zoo" to Zelo's and along with the support of the Santa Barbara scene, they've managed to bring some nationally known talents to the decks. Tonight, beloved deejay Donald Glaude will grace the inside of the small club, spreading his infectious beats to all who attend.

For those unfamiliar with Glaude, he's been a figure in the house music scene for 14 years, deejaying raves, weeklies and clubs. He's the deejay responsible for DJ Dan — he helped him get his start — but DJ Dan is responsible for bringing Glaude down to San Francisco in the early '90s to spin at Funky Tekno Tribe, the seminal San Francisco house crew, events.

Over the last few years Glaude has made several Santa Barbara appearances, all of which have received rave reviews, if you'll pardon the pun. *Artsweek* finally tracked

Glaude down and hit him up with questions very quickly, as he seems to be a busy man.

Artsweek: What drew you toward house music, and deejaying in particular?

Donald Glaude: I enjoy it, I enjoy it, I enjoy it very much.

How do you prepare a set of music to spin at a particular club or rave?

It kind of depends on my mood and what new records I have and what kind of set or what kind of music I feel like playing on that particular day. So, it kind of changes over days.

How much time do you dedicate to shopping for music?

Probably most of the week.

How many records do you own?

Oh, I kind of lost count, but I'm sure ... oh gosh ...

no, I don't have anything like that.

What do you like most about the scene you're involved in?

Usually there are good attitudes and just the way people get along in the scene that I'm in, it's usually on the positive side of things.

So, as the opposite side to that question, what do you like least?

(Laughs) I don't know. I kind of don't like the bad rep that we get, that we're a complete drug culture.

Do you listen to other types of music?

Yes.

Like what?

Oh, gosh. I played classical for years, for like eight years or so, so maybe that. R&B, hip hop. Lots of hip hop.

Like what kind of hip hop?

Oh my gosh. Anything that's good. I lean toward the more, like, Jurassic 5-type stuff. You know what I mean? A bit more organic.

Yeah. Where do you see the future of electronic music?

I don't know. I think, it's ... right now, it seems like everyone's starting to ... it was sampling disco, which is still a big thing, [but] the late '70s and the early '80s, it's going to go toward that end of it, you know? New wave-ish sounding. But I think it's going to definitely sound more futuristic. But it should be fun.

What's the funniest thing that's ever happened to you while deejaying?

I just had one. What was it? (Pauses) Oh, it was funny, too. What was it? I remember one thing, which was probably the second-funniest thing, but there was something even funnier that just happened. A girl licking my records while I was playing.

Constant touring seems like a stressful job. How do you relax?

I relax by sleeping ... on the plane. (Laughs)

Donald Glaude spins alongside Danny Mesas, DJ Pat and more tonight at Zelo's, 630 State St. 10 p.m. \$5 general. 18+

“ I’VE BEEN COLLECTING RECORDS
EVER SINCE
I WAS IN THE
SIXTH GRADE ”

50,000, 60,000?

Wow.

Somewhere around there. I lost count, but I've been collecting records ever since I was in the sixth grade. I don't get rid of anything.

Do you have them catalogued at all?

Um, I have them catalogued in my mind. (Laughs) But they're in no real particular order. I mean, like any order or anything logged in on a computer or any e-list,

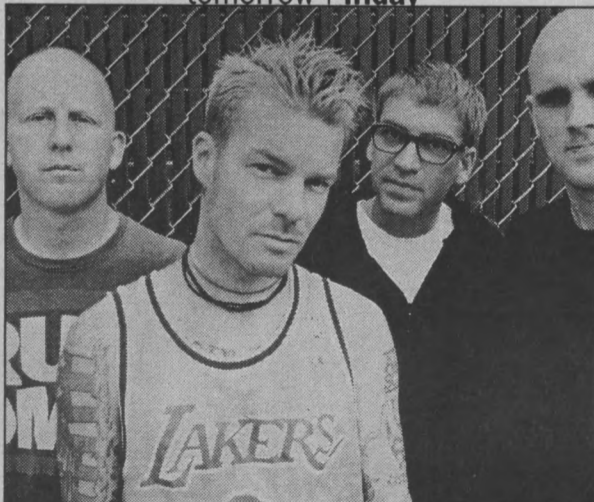
thingstodo >> calendar

today | thursday



For its Santa Barbara debut concert, the Jerusalem Trio will perform a compelling program of music for piano, violin and cello. Founded in Israel in 1989 under the auspices of the Jerusalem Music Centre, a meeting point for visiting international masters and talented young Israeli musicians, the Jerusalem Trio artists have won many prizes, awards and recognitions for their sounds and themes. 8 p.m., Campbell Hall. \$13 - \$19 students

tomorrow | friday



Have some rage that needs a proper release? (By proper, we mean *not* swinging drunkenly at that guy next to you at the party who accidentally spilled a drop of Natty Ice on your khakis.) Check out Good Riddance, fresh off the Van's 2000 Warped Tour. Good Riddance combines eye-opening political and social commentary and blazing hardcore riffage with ultra catchy pop hooks. 8 p.m., The Living Room. 430 Fairview Rd., Goleta. \$8 All ages

weekend | saturday



With the recent release of her Zoe Records debut, Laura Love has been garnering attention from such magazines as *Billboard* and the *New York Post* for her unique blend of folk, funk, rock and blues. With music ranging from poetic love songs to environment and social paens, classic covers to raucous soul jams, Love is a force that can't be denied. She comes to Santa Barbara to kick off the eighth season of Sings Like Hell. 8 p.m., Lobero Theatre. \$32.50

review | film



Touchdown! Valerie Perri stars as Eva Perón, the famous First Lady of Argentina in Theater League's current production.

MOVE OVER MADONNA

EVITA MOTIVATES THE MASSES

don't cry for me *_lindsay farmer*

Let the revolution begin! Colorful and seductive dances and songs based on the historical life of the famous First Lady of Argentina, Eva Perón, make for an outstanding production of "Evita" by the Theater League. Based on the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, "Evita" balances history and politics along with song and dance into a very entertaining night.

The musical follows the life of Eva (Valerie Perri) as she makes her way from the hidden second family of her father to the president's wife, making several bedroom stops along the way. Upon marrying Perón (David Wasson), Eva decides that it is time to stand up for her poor roots and include their voice in government. Going on the road to get the word out, Eva becomes wildly popular and decides to seek the vice presidency, much to the dismay of the generals and upper classes. Making a valiant run, Eva is finally defeated when she falls prey to sickness and an early death, after which the masses mourn their lost Santa Evita.

An amazing dichotomy between songs and staging sweeps throughout the play. For example, Eva and Perón meet face-to-face for the first time at a political rally. During their first duet, "I'd Be Surprisingly Good For

You," Eva and Perón engage in a seductive tango of words, while a real tango couple perform the seductive dance. The two couples move about the stage, weaving dance and words together in seductive foreplay of what is to come.

Choreography again speaks when the song does not in a similar episode involving the generals and a set of rocking chairs. The generals sing a short refrain about what politics are, but after each rendition, one chair is removed. The game of musical chairs continues with the loser leaving both the physical and political stage until only Perón is left in power.

The production itself matches the songs and script excellently, and is bolstered by great costumes. The set remained simple, yet dynamic enough to set the scene and enhance the choreography of the actors.

The lighting was especially interesting, coming from every direction, including the floor. All aspects combined fluidly to create the world of "Evita."

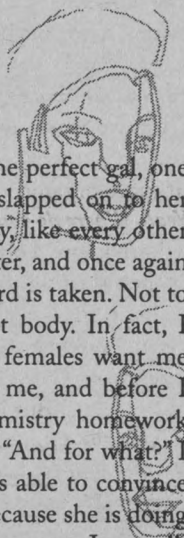
Evita performs Oct. 27-29 at the Long Beach Performing Arts Center's Terrace Theatre (562-436-3661). Tickets on sale at theater box office and Ticketmaster outlets.

“SEVERAL BEDROOM STOPS ALONG THE WAY”

hip hop | column

SUPERHEROES NEED LOVE TOO

MUSINGS ON LOVE+MUSIC IN THIS WEEK'S ADMONITIONS



organic chemistry *_robotsex*

Last week I thought I had found the perfect gal, one with a few recognizable brand logos slapped on to her curvaceous supermodel body. Yet, sadly, like every other woman, she wanted my head on a platter, and once again I realized that once I give an inch, a yard is taken. Not to say that females want me for my hot body. In fact, I would like to say the exact opposite: females want me because of my brain. A girl winks at me, and before I know it I am doing her organic chemistry homework and/or writing her history term paper. "And for what?" I ask myself. Sure, she gets an "A" and is able to convince her parents to send her more money because she is doing so well in school, but what do I get? As near as I can tell, all I get out of it is a lot of misplaced anger, frustration, and a hand-job for which she wears rubber gloves, goggles, and reads to me from the latest Victoria's Secret mail order catalogue.

It is always the same scenario; I woo a beautiful undergraduate simply by understanding what she means when she is talking about a red plant in a cemetery of plastic wreaths. So, as my pithy life would have it, Robotsex can speak more than five languages, but cannot figure out the language of love. Well, at least I do not hate my

roommate and his girlfriend anymore. Our respective forces met on the battlefield, and, like civilized people, we "talked it out" to avoid bloodshed and more slander. Truth be told, my roommate and his girlfriend have become decent, moral individuals, whom I would recommend as godparents to anyone's children, or as king and queen of Goleta. But when will enough be enough? When will I hit the hot streak to end all hot streaks and be able to fund a trip to somewhere that my smarts will not be what women are attracted to in me?

That is the question that has been in my mind for the last few days, and that question's theme music has been provided by Titan. Newly released on Virgin, their album *Elevator* is an interesting mix of posh sounds against a Spanish background of vocals and almost recognizable tunes. However, the coolest thing about the CD is if you put it in your computer and click on the girl in the restaurant, she strips. Whether that is good or bad is something for you to decide, but I think it's pretty cool. And even though it's not the newest of the new, *El Bailé Aleman* by Señor Coconut is a classic. As the legend of Emperor Norton Records grows, this album is definitely a milestone in its releases. That translates as "The

German Dance" because the album is everyone's favorite Kraftwerk tunes reworked, Latin style. Just imagine the samba version of "Autoban" or "Showroom Dummies" with a little bit of meringue flavor, and all songs you can dance to as you sing along in the shower. And to top this installment off, we'll talk hip hop. Specifically, the *Shape Shifters* being released on Celestial records ever so soon with songs you may have never heard before. Titled *Adopted By Aliens*, if there is one thing for sure, it's that this is probably what you were expecting (that is if you knew what to expect). Other versions of songs like "Brain Fish Oner/Hootie and the Brain Fish," and "Planet Rock 2012" are OK, but the best song is probably the posse cut "Who's Got Presents?"

And where do we go from here? My good friend Gort told me once that there was only the future, and I suppose that makes sense. But since I choose to live outside of time, I think the next thing for me is to find the rhythmic plexus of perfection and subside there until I find another way to exploit myself. Either that or I will let myself get lost in the sight of hugely augmented breasts glistening in the sun.

Robotsex writes columns every couple weeks for Artsweek.



things to do >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**

If fine culture has been lacking lately in your life, why don't you catch violinist Nina Bodnar and guest flutist Bradly Garner perform with the University Artist Series at the Music Academy? 4 p.m., Lehman Hall, 1070 Fairway Road, Montecito. \$7 students; \$12 general. Return to campus later for a screening of "Two Women," a visually arresting film about life for two Iranian women under fundamentalist rule in the '70s. 7:30 p.m., Campbell Hall. \$5 students

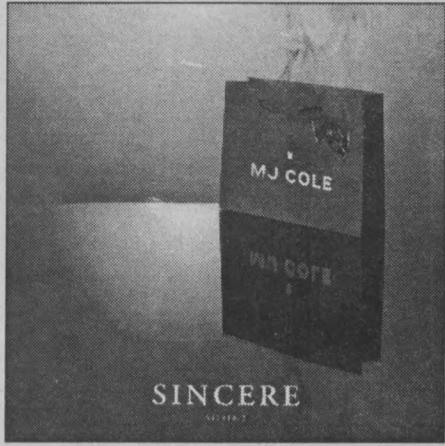
next week | **tuesday**

Although we could have used this space to promote some event that sucks all the fun out of Halloween, we decided to support the scene most dear to our hearts. Screw uppity-culture events; you're in one of the most infamous Halloween spots in the world! Don a costume, check out the events in the park, cruise Del Playa (carefully, we might add) and remember not to let your kids go to school here. Check the *Nexus* for info on the events in the park.

next week | **wednesday**

Ever promoting the wide assortment of local entertainment, here's two suggestions for today. You could either check out Misia, Portugal's leading interpreter of fado, bittersweet torch-songs of love and longing (8 p.m., Campbell Hall), or you could make your way downtown and check out Abercrombie. Featuring ex-members from Ugly Kid Joe, they play power-pop, complete with catchy hooks and quirky lyrics. Madhouse, 434 State St.

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

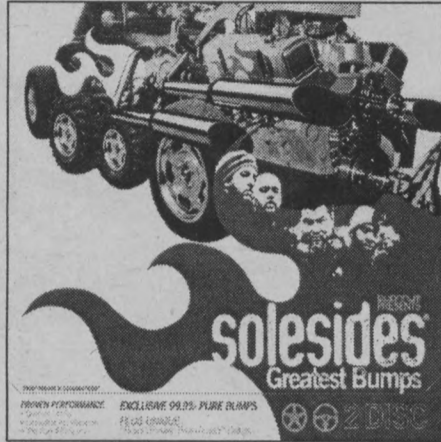


MJ Cole | *Sincere* | Talkin' Loud (UK)

First, allow me to apologize to *Artsweek's* readership for failing to clue you all in immediately to this whole two-step garage ordeal. Yes, we knew about it and just forgot to keep you updated as soon as we heard. We were initially delighted in the genre's mash-up of our most favorite sounds: the low dub of jungle's bass, the syncopated scatterings of contemporary R&B, the jazzy vocal stylings and the lush sophistication of house. Now that we've brought you up-to-date in regards to the latest, trendiest mutation in electronic music, allow us to introduce MJ Cole. As the spotlight has illuminated the scene, it's invariably sought the most viable, or at least visible, participants. Cole had the good fortune to release this album during the media's recognition of two-step, and while it's not the best album ever, it's a solid testament to two-step's sound.

For those still confused about the sound, let me state that two-step is perhaps the greatest partner to ecstasy since, well, a partner. Cole's particular breed uses the sparse echoes of dub as a surface upon which he carves beautiful sounds — for example, the pluck of the violin. Throughout *Sincere*, Cole retains the simplicity of dub while selectively bringing together some of other genre's ripest sounds.

While not all of Cole's tracks hit highs, tracks like "Crazy Love" and "Sincere" will inevitably creep into some mix CD somewhere; there are already numerous house and downtempo remixes of Cole's work floating and multiplying around the Internet. So, trendy ones, don't wait for this album's stateside distribution. Special order it, and wear the wrapper as a badge of cool. [Jenne Raub wears *Artsweek* like a badge of ego]

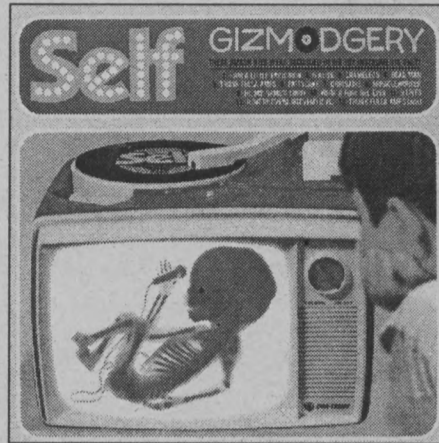


Quannum | Quannum Presents *SoleSides Greatest Bumps* | Quannum Projects

Attention all hardcore fans/loyal followers of the Quannum Crew. In appreciation of your taking the time to discover and buy the now-insanely rare vinyl of the then-SoleSides aggregate, members DJ Shadow, Blackalicious and Latyrx have decided to give you a collective slap in the face: *SoleSides Greatest Bumps* is a compilation of the groups' rare and out-of-print underground hits, all on two CDs.

For people like me, this double album is a godsend. I had no turntable my freshman year of '96 and only had most of the songs from *Bumps* on poorly concocted mixtapes given to me by rookie DJ friends. Witness "The Wreckoning," in all its Shadow-produced, Lateef-explaining-death glory. Check out "Rhyme Like a Nut" by the Gift of Gab and "Asia's Verse" by Lyrics Born, both sounding hungry and a little less sure of themselves than

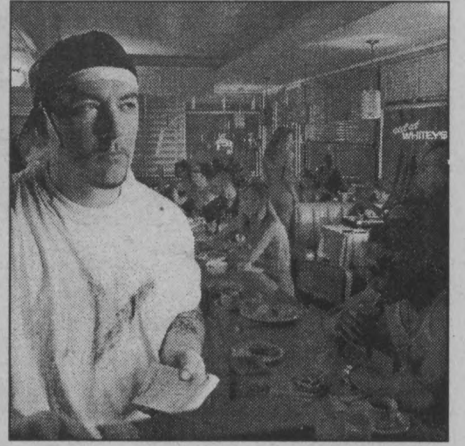
they are now. There are even two previously unreleased freestyle sessions. *Greatest Bumps* is a precious gem for the latecomers and a thorn in the side of the old schoolers. Get over it. [Trey Clark]



Self | *Gizmodgery* | Spongebath

Exploding with vocals from a Mattel See and Say and guitar riffs courtesy of Playskool Busy Guitar, Self's new album is reminiscent of a wild romp through Toys 'R' Us. Engineered exclusively with a wide array of toy instruments, *Gizmodgery* comes across with an energetic sound, taking what may be deemed as nerd rock to a completely new level. Who knew a cover of the Doobie Brothers' "What a Fool Believes" could be possible using toys?

Although the album proves to be innovative with a very retro overtone, like any childhood toy, it proves to be interesting for the first five minutes and then falls short of holding the attention span of its listener. At times, the lyrics and the sounds don't match up well, as the serious, semi-deep lyrics don't fit the light sounds achieved through the use of toys. No matter how you engineer the sound, it's difficult to make a Mattel Star Guitar and mini-performer keyboard sound dark. The album definitely has some redeeming qualities, but it may be best to leave the toys to the kids for whom they are intended. [Jill St. John]



Everlast | *Eat at Whitey's* | Tommy Boy


Everlast was never the best rapper. He's had this nagging tendency to spill glaringly corny lines in the middle of decent songs. We all know he changed his format to a more blues-ey approach, with a resulting improvement. Yeah, he can't sing live, but the records sound cool.

So now we have *Eat at Whitey's*, Everlast's second attempt at a half-blues/half-hip hop album. To be perfectly honest, there's not a whole lot to say. *Eat* sounds a lot like *Whitey Ford Sings the Blues*. Same goofy intro about how Everlast is white. Same slow songs in plain, unpretentious speech. Same mix of rap tunes, some serious and some fun. The standout is a duet with B-Real called "Deadly Assassins." Lyrically, it's slow but effective, and the pulsing beat by Alchemist helps pound the message home. The low-light is the remake of Slick Rick's "Children Story," listenable only because of the amazing Rahzel beat-box.

In short, Everlast has come a very short way since *Whitey Ford Sings the Blues*. If you liked that album, then you will like this one. [Trey Clark]

Factory 81 | *mankind* | Mojo

Have you ever gotten really pissed off at a girlfriend, boyfriend or roommate who wasn't around to be the object of your



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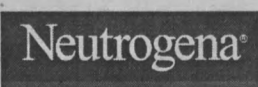
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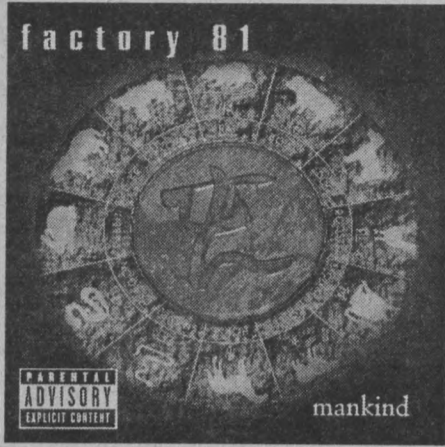


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aggression? Then, after your anger subsides, you just settle for the whole "Well, I was really pissed at you, so please don't do



it again" speech. Sounds like you really need to buy Factory 81. This is good anger music; it will keep you pissed off enough to wait three hours and still kill that cute fuzzy kitten that lives next door. Factory 81 has some strong vocals and it just blows me away how that guy can yell without getting a hernia. It's Korn with a tiny bit of the old Incubus mixed in for good measure. [Ben Ebyam]

Elliott | False Cathedrals | Revelation

I never knew I was narcoleptic. Oh wait, I'm not — this record is just incredibly boring. Cokers, never fear; even if you can't score codeine, this album will bring you plummeting straight down into slumberland amid dreams of campy religious symbolism.

This band falls into the subgenre referred to as "post-punk," presumably because the music holds as much interest as listening to a piece of wood. Still, pieces of wood do not bust out with such inanities as "So this is how it is without your love," and "You're bound to let me go." Shame on you, Revelation; you used to

put out thuggish, crunchy hardcore-nouveau stuff, music that discouraged my dislike on the grounds that the bands ate skinny hipster-fucks for breakfast. Just one listen to this gang of Midwestern Radiohead wannabes, and I know I could kick their asses from here all the way back to momma's house.

But I won't, because I'm a sissy, and anyway, I'm fast asleep. [DJ Fatkid]



Various Artists | Listen Picks Vol. 2 | Noise and Industries

On Listen Picks music does, in fact, make the people come together. The disc covers an entire range of genres from rap, rock, Britpop, and yes, even country. It's the kind of all-around mixture that manages to fascinate and, on the whole, please. The variety of styles and unusual sound keeps it fresh and surprisingly eclectic. While it features bands such as Creeper Lagoon and Portastatic, the majority of the music comes from undiscovered groups.

At times, the production of the songs detracts from their quality, but the CD is obviously a thoughtfully composed selection of online music. Beulah's "Sunday Under Glass" sounds like a blend of Beatles and Blur, with a hint of something all their own. Other standouts include

Blue Sky Roadstar's "Driving South," a song so catchy it sounds as if it were made with Top 40 radio in mind. Surprisingly, despite the collective talent found on the CD, the songs it features have had virtually no exposure. Listen Picks is a rare opportunity to hear some great bands and cool songs before they hit the mainstream. [Eve Rios]



Mountain Consolidated | The MC Stands for Revolution | Acid Blues

There are some albums that feature lots of musical variation and there are others that, well, have none. On The MC Stands for Revolution, Mountain Con plays a collection of 11 indistinguishable modern folk songs that just don't stick out from each other. Yep, another disc headed for anonymity in the "used" bin at your local record store.

It's too bad every song sounds the same since there is an interesting musical approach to songwriting on the album. Acoustic guitar features prominently on the album, along with hip hop beats and dance bass lines. Occasionally, sampling and DJ scratches can be heard to add dimension. Mountain Con describes itself as "Strum and Bass," as it tries to incorporate everybody from Sublime, Everlast and the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion into

its sound. Lyrically, the band tells incidental urban tales about Cadillacs, urban hicks and cowboy wastelands reminiscent of Cake. The result is a sort of party music that ends up sounding like the credits music for the next WB Network teenage drama. [Andy Sywak]

The Lisa Marr Experiment | 4 AM | Sympathy for the Record Industry

Cuddlecure as a subgenre of punk lasted approximately five years, due in no small part to its inherent appeal to date-rapists and molesters. Cub was the flagship cute, girly pop-punk group that deviated from the formula on their last underrated LP on Lookout, then imploded. Now, the Lisa Marr Experiment follows the deviatory lead.

This album is a genre-breaker; it can most succinctly be described as roots-country-pop-punk, which isn't very succinct at all. The opener, "4 AM," has Lisa's trademark twang backed by a one-two bass line and fiddle. The stylistic medley continues with ballads such as "In California" and solid blues-rock like "Feelin' Lucky," featuring some obligatory late-Cub/Buck rockin' punk, all filtered through Marr's impeccable feel for catchy-ness.

So go ahead, ask me to sum up this album. All I can say is, "it's good," and if pressed for more, I'll quote "How I Got My Pretty Smile": "Fuck it, let's get drunk." [DJ Fatkid]

Beat Poem of the Week

"I'm wiping that ass like tissue
Best believe the Dog's gonna dis you
Rip you up, tip you up, cold bust your lips up
Now shut the fuck up
Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down

- Tim Dog, "Step to Me"

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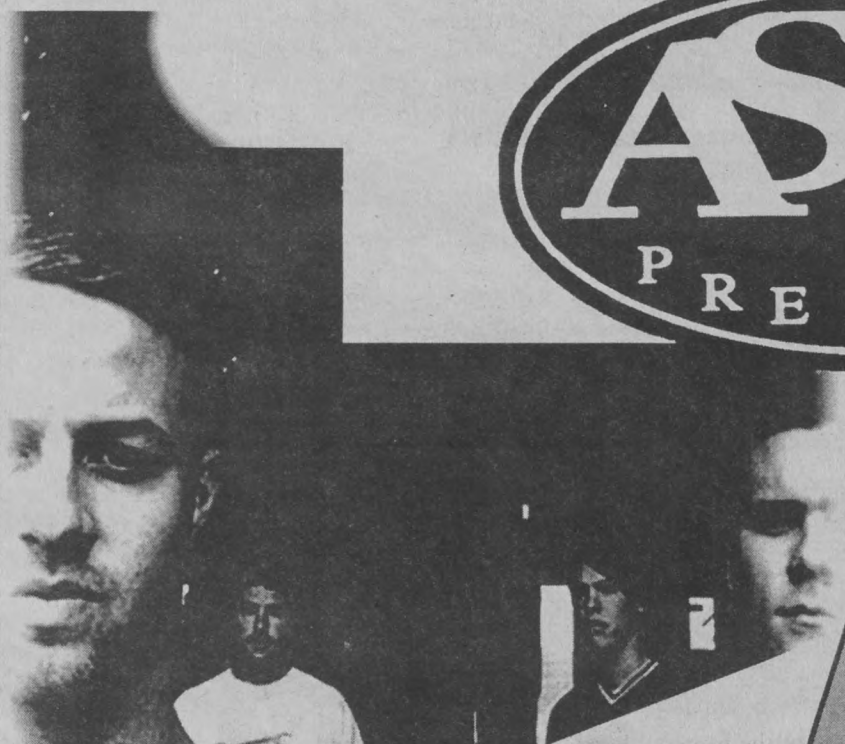
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