as the funk up, but the face up, in a slick sled, got smacked the face up, straight up.

ARTSWEEK COVER
GIRL TRYOUT

742087

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Let me be real. Robotex may certainly be "cool" and "mysterious" to most folks, but any way you slice it, he is still just a weird-eared guy who either spends 2A of Matmos and collaborator with Kid 606 and even though I tacked on the word woman). His solution: a psycho circus. This former touring member "circus" just to be funny, don't be mistaken — "psycho" to such an innocent word like crush soda and monkeys riding tricycles. As one could imagine, this doesn't leadquire circus. Of course, those girls do what to the most exciting of times, and certain — I say, and most circuses just have a half-

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**SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE**

Lesser | Gauround | Mabador

This review is a bit belated, considering that *Lessers Rock* was released at the end of 2000, but hearing in mind Sade's eight-year absence from the music world, I guess it's best to say, "better late than never" and leave both counts of tardiness at that. Since its release, *Lessers Rock* has already seen terrific album sales and its first single "By Your Side" climb up the charts, receiving airplay on a wide variety of radio stations, including our own Q104.7. This news comes as no surprise, for Sade creates sounds appealing to lovers of all ages and backgrounds — even my father, whose tastes include only the most refined choral music productions and intricate bluegrass constructions, walked around the house singing "Smooth Operator" after I downloaded it from Napster over the summer.

While another "Smooth Operator" number is absent from Sade's latest, *Lessers Rock* contains 11 beautiful hits that are at once timeless yet surprisingly aware of the innovations in music over the last decade. While "Flow" and "King of Sorrow" aren't trip hop, for example, Sade's sound reflects such developments in music without sounding the least bit contrived. Low-key beats and understated production values suggest, rather, Sade's ability to incorporate a wide variety of influences, from African vocal harmonies to jazz, all the while focusing their energy on crafting beautiful songs rather than on any particular genre. Ultimately, the fusion formula works, although for many listeners, *Lessers Rock* will be too soft and melancholic, leaving a bit in the direction of Paul Simon's *Graceland* rather than Portishead's *Dummy*.

At the very least, *Lessers Rock* is an album that lives up, literally, to its name. The smooth, chill songs are not meant for those aiming at mere copulation — this is an album for people interested in making love, all right! Or, at the very least, those thinking about making love, or who are sad over not being able to make love any- more, or anything even remotely connect- ed to making love. For some reason, I mostly picture thirty-something yuppies playing this album on a hi-fi stereo system while setting out Pottery Barn dinnerware for a romantic dinner, aromatherapy cun- dles all aglow, but with Valentine's Day around the corner, there's no reason not to infuse your grubby Isla Vista apartment with the sweet, sensual sounds of Sade. 

(Jenne Raub)
found myself walking down a dirt path I never knew existed. Quickly, I recovered my ingrained sense of societal responsibility, but made a scrawling note to myself to say thanks again to the eddies comrade who let me borrow this crafted jewel of an album. [Joseph Martinez]

As a completely guitar-driven outfit, San Diego's Buckfast Superbee produces rock that combines power-pop vocals with melodically enhanced punk guitar riffs. This sound is unique, and, without a doubt, mesmerizing to the ear and mind. You Know How the Song Goes could be the steppingstone to more pop- and riff-oriented rock.

This band throws in no tricks or surprises to get our attention. Instead, this album is simply some guy playing guitar in a garage, happy to be in a band. The guitars provide the anger, angst and frustration, while the vocals provide a delicate counterpoint. The bridges are probably the most interesting aspect of its guitar style, providing sudden and ear-pleasing changes that butt up against one another until the infectious lead hooks and vocals provide a brilliant release of pure pop sound. Each track is unique in style, providing a complete album. Buckfast Superbee is obviously interested in getting out a chorus that's candy for the ear in every song. But it falls short of its predecessors by taking more of a formalist approach to its guitar playing, instead of a more minimalist and focused style. It tries too hard to make it work, but all in all it creates a sound that is a worthy progression in the rock scene. [Colin Hutchell]

I did not enjoy listening to this album at all. Even though it only has 11 songs, I felt like there were 1,100. This CD was bad; not in the good way, but bad in the "it sucked" way. I got high and listened to the album, and you know what? It still sucked. So I'll stick to my iced coffee and pass on Erin McKeown's latest work. [Rick Smith]

A proclaimed dunce in the areas of math and science, John Wolf turned to the arts for divine inspiration, displaying his apparent knack for music in his debut album Math and Science. With catchy lyrics and a happy-go-lucky feel, John Wolf is almost on to something. Although the album possesses a definite indie rock feel, the unfortunate fact about it is that it's all been done before. The mixture of guitar and sampled sleeves is a collection of songs that all sound almost exactly alike. I thought I had left my CD player on repeat, but it was really just the lack of depth of the album. Change it up a little, Erin. I thought you knew that sad and melancholy was out this year. [Ray McKeown]

This is an album about rock. No strike that. This is an album about sex, or at least about having a sea of nonfunctional cars on your front lawn.

The West Memphis 3 is a trio of young hackers who were convicted on murder charges, without any forensic evidence, solely on the basis of musical tastes and styles of dress (yes, Virginia, people really are that stupid. Look it up: exonер.org). Therefore, this album has a decidedly political theme. The songs are either folkly protest cuts, like Steve Earle's "The Truth," or else ironically defiant trash-rock, like Nashville Pussy's cover of "Highway to Hell." At best, the songs combine the two approaches, providing intelligent, yet bally-hoo anthems from bands like Rocket from the Crypt and L7. The standout track, however, is Kelley Deal's eminently silly deconstruction of a Pantera track. Like any compilation of any worth, there is a wide musical terrain covered on Free the West Memphis 3. Inevitably, some of the tracks fall through, but any comp with the Murder City Devils on it is Solid Feral Gold. [DJ Fat Kid's t-shirts have no sleeves]
Sonata No. 3 in A Minor, Op. 28! Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.

$13 - $19 students; $19 - $25 general.

While you could very well stand in line tonight at Q's, why not nourish your culturally-deprived soul by listening to a pianist renowned for his virtuosity, sensitivity and broad repertoire? Christopher O'Riley has been called "a wonder of informed, intelligent, concentrated stamina" by the New York Times, and he's slated to perform the Prokofiev Piano Sonata No. 3 in A Minor, Op. 28 at 8 p.m. on State St., which is sure to be an uplifting evening with a group of very talented actors and all the laughs you can take.

The outstanding performance of Princess Leonide (Tami Tappan) was the center of the story. As a single orphan running from her tyrant husband, each character added to the tangled web of lament for the characters and laughter for the audience.

The stage itself was simple, but allowed full attention to be directed to the actors, who worked fluidly as a team. Assisting the actors was a blend of comical innuendoes, smart-aleck remarks and unexpected assistance from the orchestra. Where you see this play, make sure you are awake and attentive, for if you are not, some of the great subtleties of the play may pass you by. But for those who are attentive, the show is an exciting combination of everything you could want in a classic, heart-warming musical.

"Triumph of Love" is a story of love and logic. The Garden, where emotions are forbidden, especially the most illogical of all emotions: love. Women are also forbidden in the garden, causing Leonide to disguise both herself and her maid, Corine (Stephanie J. Block), as men. Under these disguises they are allowed admittance to the garden and Agis (David Burnham), his bitter aunt, Hesione (Christopher Callen), and scholarly uncle, Hermocrates (Mark Capri). Logic rules in the garden where emotions are forbidden, especially the most illogical of all emotions: love. When the perimeters of the play were set and the mayhem began, the laughs continued until the last line.

The translated and slightly modernized version of "Triumph of Love" follows Princess Leonide of Sparta in her quest for true love. This quest takes her to the forbidden gardens, home of the object of her love, young Agis (David Burnham), his bitter aunt, Hestione (Christopher Callen), and scholarly uncle, Hermocrates (Mark Capri). Logic rules in the garden where emotions are forbidden, especially the most illogical of all emotions: love. Women are also forbidden in the garden, causing Leonide to disguise both herself and her maid, Corine (Stephanie J. Block), as men. Under these disguises they are allowed admittance to the garden and Agis. But before the lovers can be together in eternal bliss, they must overcome the small obstacle of Agis being trained to kill Princess Leonide and take the place of the true heir of the Spartan throne (Leonide's uncle killed Agis' parents). Also, Hesione falls in love with the disguised Leonide, and Hermocrates falls in love with the girl Leonide pretends to be after Hermocrates discovers her initial disguise. But somehow, as they always do, things manage to work themselves to the point of everyone hating everyone else, followed by everything working out fine and true love wearing the crown.

The songs steal the show. Fifteen new songs were developed for the musical, all of which were delightful. A personal favorite was the stunningly amusing Corine with fellow sidkicks Dimas (Michael Konrroft) and Harlequin (Patrick Richwood). Together they brought down the house with the seductive "Mr. Right" and the hilarious lament "Henchmen Are Forgotten."

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The outstanding performance of Princess Leonide (Tami Tappan) was the center of the story. As a single actor, Tappan put forth four characters; three as disguises and one as her true self. The audience watched Tappan move from a lovesick orphan running from her tyrant husband. Each character added to the tangled web of lament for the characters and laughter for the audience.
To enhance audience appreciation, A&L has arranged a pre-concert lecture, “An Introduction of Persian Classical music” by Hossein Alizadeh (on tar) and Kayhan Kalhor (on kamancheh) to Campbell Hall. Join Lucy Liu, Cameron Diaz and Drew Barrymore as they dodge bullets, drive race cars, and steal powerboats, all while gussied up, sexy and fabulous. OK, so it’s not by-the-book feminism, but it sure is fun. 7:30 and 10:00 p.m. $3 student; $5 general.

PASS THE KETCHUP

SHADOW OF A VAMPIRE SUCKS ... BUT IN A GOOD WAY

twenty and four

and swanky

Pull up those turtlenecks. By the time 2001 gives way to 2002, four vampire movies will have rolled in and out of theaters, all aiming for that lucrative “youth goth” marker. Thankfully, with “Shadow of a Vampire,” the year of fangs and long black coats starts off with a good goose.

One of those “Does art mirror life or life mirror art?” movies that might interest Oscar Wilde if he were still alive, “Shadow” is an entertaining, if disjointed, short film set around the filming of an actual vampire movie. Despite some dire shortcomings in the movie’s plot, “Shadow” nonetheless stays engaging through the rap­ turous and engrossing performance of Willem Dafoe and a good one by John Malkovich.

A movie about a movie in the same vein as “Bullets Over Broadway,” “Cecil B. Demented” and “The Player,” “Shadow” tries to tiptoe the thin line between fiction and reality. Set against the filming of the actual 1922 vampire classic “Nosferatu,” director E. Elias Merhige contorts the real lives of actual historical figures for fun and dramatic effect.

John Malkovich plays obsessive German film direc­ tor F.W. Murnau, who is dic­ tatorially filming “Nosferatu” in a remote area full of super­stitious peasants. Along with him are his lead Gustav (a hilarious Eddie Izzard of HBO stand-up fame) and a vain, flapper starlet Greta Schroeder (Catherine McCormack). In order to make his vampire movie as realistic as possible, Murnau recruits the famous Max Schreck (Williem Dafoe) to play his vampire, Count Orlock. When Schreck does not socialize with the other actors and insists upon staying within his dark castle, Murnau plays him off as the ultimate method actor. All this is amusing to his crew until bodies start to disappear, alerting some that Murnau may have lied to them about who exactly Schreck is in his mad quest for cinema glory.

“Shadow” clocks in at only 89 minutes and keeps its message short and sweet, refreshingly avoiding any tangents and subplots. At the same time, however, it is this super-tight editing that is the main problem with “Shadow.” There are many abrupt transitions from scene to scene, leaving the viewer to question how exactly the movie got to where it is at the moment. This lack of con­ tinuity and plot cohesion is the major distraction from elevating this otherwise intelligent film up from more than just an entertaining night out.

Watching “Shadow,” one thing becomes apparent — Dafoe unequivocally steals the show. Taking three hours to get into his make­up for the role of Schreck, Dafoe is a very convincing vampire. He dominates the show with his snarling bloodlust, humorous dia­logue and overall freakiness. Basically a theatrical actor, Dafoe pulls no punches in bringing the methodical and horrific Count Orlock to life.

In writing the film, screenwriter Steven Katz remarked, “One of my real targets is how we raise artists up on a pedestal, when most of them, outside of their craft, are real sons of bitches.” With “Shadow,” the nefarious along with the humorous side of the artist comes out.
CATCHER continued from p.5A
tract with the team has just been cut.
Walker’s first order of business is to
kill the opposing team’s star player. So,
naturally, he suits up in his catcher’s gear
as a disguise, uniform and all. A  bat to the
back of the star’s head takes care of the
situation. Next, Walker tracks down his
teammate Billy, whom he doesn’t get
along with very well. He tapes Billy to a
chair, drops his pants and proceeds to
make love to Billy’s ass. Once he’s had
enough, Walker gets kinky and shoves a
bat up Billy’s behind, killing him.
All that murdering makes Walker
tired, so he takes a break to get his
pink slip from the team’s general manag­
er, a young woman named Terry (you’ve
never heard of her either). While Walker
asks for his job back, the janitor bolts in
the door to alert Terry about a big puddle
of blood he found in the basement.
Walker claims he has to “ check some­
thing out,” at which point he finds and
murders the team’s manager, Red (with a
pitching machine — on high speed, of
course). Soon the chase after Terry is on,
and “The Catcher” hits the home stretch
with a very surprising plot twist. Actually,
the movie cheats, because the twist is
impossible to detect beforehand.
One of the fun things about “The
Catcher” is the game you can play while
watching it. Clocking in at exactly 90
minutes, it’s obvious that there are about
20 minutes of filler added to a 70-minute
movie. Watch it with your friends, have
everyone take notes, and see who can
detect the most excess footage.
Despite its ineptness in the basics of
filmmaking, “The Catcher” is a classic.
Some may call it amateurish or cheap, but
I call it innovative. Mark “ The Catcher”
just a notch below the best occupatio­
nal horrors of all time — “The Dentist”
and “The Dentist 2.”
DUKE ELLINGTON IS COOL AS HELL
ON THE ROAD WITH DUKE ELLINGTON: A Flick For Someone Who Knows Nothing About Jazz

obviously not stoned, david downs

There's something about mastication that makes legends not so legendary. All the chewing and talking while chewing — it's just gross.

"On the Road With Duke Ellington" is an intimate look at the jazz legend in his own element at age 68. Some of it is candid and funny, while overall you are left with the sense that you didn't really learn much. Learning something from a documentary happens to be a preference of mine, whereas "On the Road" really just enforces what everyone knows — Duke Ellington is cool as hell. Always was, always will be.

At the table of cool, he sits just to the right of Steve McQueen. I have very little knowledge of jazz, but it always went without saying that Duke Ellington was jazz, and he was cool as hell. "On the Road" shows Ellington working the crowd as a seasoned M.C. with some 54 years of experience and a pair of twinkling eyes hiding behind puffy lids.

His talent as a musician goes unchallenged, but "On the Road" showcases Duke's talent as an entertainer. The biggest venues were his own intimate dive bars as he stood alone with the mic in the spotlight, smiling and snapping his fingers. Damn, he was cool. My roommate is kind of a jazz person, and anybody who is a jazz person will scoff at this movie as ass-licking tripe. These are his words, mind you, not mine. Like I said, I don't know much about jazz, so it was nice to hear the songs and see the legend admit the reason he chose music was for the chicks. As a film, it didn't have any kind of message other than praise for Ellington. Seeing as people don't really appreciate his music enough, "On the Road" touches on the composer's sentiments about the masses' desire for the hits and little else.

"On the Road" also shows very abstract compositions like "Traffic Jam" in addition to classics like "Satin Doll." Other notable scenes include the funeral of his protégé, some late-night rambling and reminiscing and a few shots of the man eating. And that's my point: Sometimes hero worship goes too far.

I dug on early Sean Connery flicks before it became absurd for his grizzled paws to grope Catherine Zeta-Douglas, Jones, whatever. But if someone did an intimate portrait of Mr. Bond taking a dump or blowing his nose, I just wouldn't go for it.

"On the Road with Duke Ellington": Go for the music if nothing else, you uncultured swine.

"On the Road with Duke Ellington" is playing Friday at 7:30 p.m. at Campbell Hall.
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