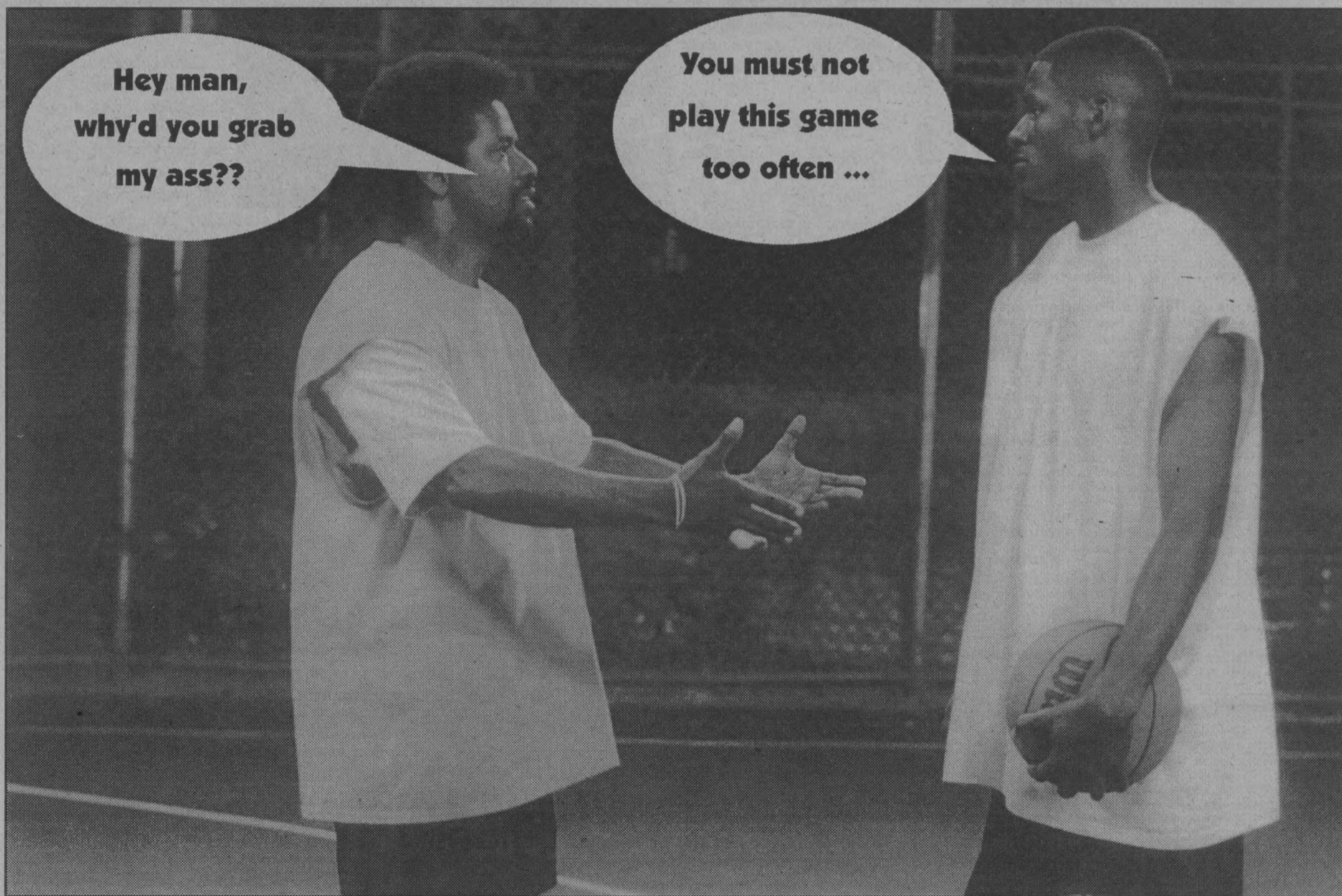


DON'T WORRY UMA MY LOVE. EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE MARRIED TO ETHAN NOW, IF HE EVER DOES YOU WRONG, YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A WARM BED AT ...

# ARTS WEEK



Hey man,  
why'd you grab  
my ass??

You must not  
play this game  
too often ...

## This Week in Room 1434

Gallery 1434 dishes up yet another serving for the art-hungry eye. This week's show is titled "Not with my spatula you don't" and features the work of Paco Shima. Of the Gallery's two rooms, Shima's paintings and photographs are center stage, and each room carries a different theme. The large room includes several paintings, each bordered with different colors of glitter, making them quite pretty to look at. It's this glittery glory that catches your eye and forces you take in the entire piece. That's when you'll realize many of them also come with their own scents. It's a nice touch. The paintings consist mostly of organic shapes. They look like tongues and livers, or other organs of the body. It's all very colorful and somewhat disturbing to see.

The small room contains photographs and paintings of spaghetti and other types of pasta. Two parallel rows of photographs run along the perimeter of the room. It's a veritable photo shoot for noodles when shown in different sauces and dishes. It seems to play off the idea of what my great-grandma used to say when looking at her prepared meal: "Looks like picture." It's an interesting take on every student's staple meal, and perhaps it will make you think twice before you sit down to that next plate of noodles. Paco Shima's work will be on view until May 8. Gallery hours are from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m.

—Tami T. Mnoian



ALAN JACOBY / DAILY NEXUS

### Today

"Taste of Cherry"  
7 p.m. Campbell Hall

### Friday

Cataract Angels  
10 p.m. @ Wildcat

### Saturday

S.B. Music Club  
National Music  
Week Celebration

### Sunday

"The Wings of  
the Dove"  
7p.m. Campbell Hall

### Monday

Asian/Pacific  
Art Exhibit  
MCC Lounge

★★★★★ SILVER GREENS ★★★★★

**Silver Greens**

check out the photo to the right of the soda machine (In S.G.)...  
 The man in the field is ACTUALLY the owner of S.G.  
 No Joke.

**YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE**  
 BY LINDA C. BLACK

To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

**Aries** (March 21-April 19)—Today is a 6—Someone you find both infuriating and alluring wants you to do something, and that's a mixed blessing. You don't want to do it, but you might as well admit you like the attention. Truth is, the two of you bring out the best in each other. Nurture the relationship.

**Taurus** (April 20-May 20)—Today is a 7—There's plenty of work to do, and most of it is paperwork. You're in the mood to take action, and this is the best way to start. The decision has been made. Now you just have to power through. Be prepared to cover unexpected expenses this afternoon.

**Gemini** (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 6—Tomorrow would be perfect for a party at your house, with one special person invited. Before you get to that happy activity, however, there's another job to do. It's something you promised to have in the mail by tomorrow. If you can get it started today, your chances of success improve greatly.

**Cancer** (June 22-July 22)—Today is a 6—It looks like there's enough chaos to last most people a month. You're good at handling situations like this, however, and you actually kind of like the excitement. You could go ahead and play the role of the peacemaker or moderator. You're good at that, too.

**Leo** (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 7—Gathering information that proves what a good job you're doing could lead to other interesting facts as well. You might make yourself downright invaluable. Once you get interested in learning, you'll be an awesome force with which to contend.

**Virgo** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is an 8—You're in the mood for shopping. Study your bills coming due so you'll know how much you can spend. You might see something you want so much that you're willing to throw caution to the winds. Don't throw your paycheck at it, however, especially if you haven't received it yet.

**Libra** (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 7—You don't have enough money to buy something you want, but that may not stop you. If you're doing it to impress a loved one, reconsider. That person will think better of you if you save the money instead. If you're investing in educational materials, however, go ahead.

**Scorpio** (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is a 6—Check in on the grapevine today. You could find just what you're looking for. You can also provide something in trade by doing a little job for the person who has what you want. You love to work deals like this, and you're very good at it. So get busy on one today.

**Sagittarius** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is a 5—The toughest of the exams is over. Whether you passed or not, you've got reason to celebrate. If you followed the instructions, you might have reached a higher level of enlightenment. That would give you even more reason to celebrate, and this is a marvelous day for a party.

**Capricorn** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is an 8—There will be a test today at work. You have to pay attention to what the boss wants. Someone at home is having a temper tantrum, too. Everyone wants you to fuss over them. You can straighten them out on what needs to be handled first. You're pretty good at that.

**Aquarius** (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is a 7—You need a change of scene, but your sweetheart has other plans. You want to go someplace interesting tonight, but he or she wants to stay home. You might compromise by joining friends for dinner and then going your separate ways. Who says a good relationship has to follow a certain routine? Make it up as you go along.

**Pisces** (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is a 7—Your loved one wants something and you'd like to buy it. That's how you always react when someone you love wants something. Don't worry if you can't actually accomplish it this time. Everybody knows that's what you'd like to do, and they love you for it. In this case, it really is the thought that counts.

**Today's Birthday** (May 7). You're gaining valuable experience this year, and also paying dues. If you have to work this hard, you'd better be doing something you really enjoy. Decide what that is in May. If you're not on the right track by then, change direction. In October, the workload increases. You won't have much time for anything else. In December, an old tradition bolsters your confidence. There's something nice about the familiar, especially if money is tight. In February, a job opportunity appears, but it's a challenge. Go for it anyway. By March, you'll have time to relax in the company of dear friends in a tranquil setting. Protect a friend with your silence in April.

★★★★★ SILVER GREENS ★★★★★

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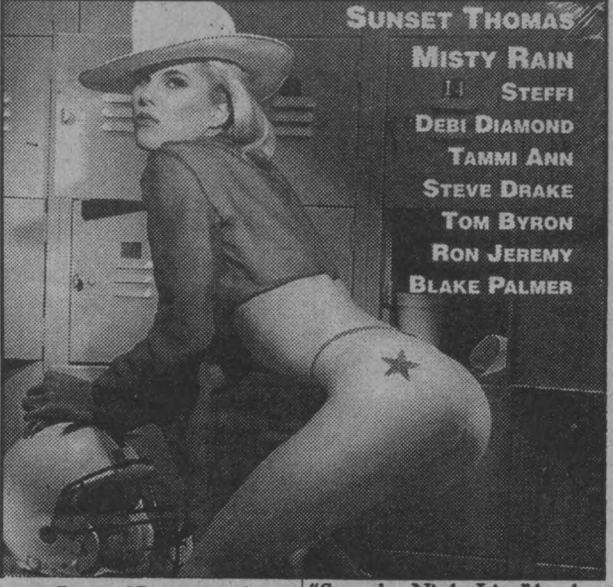


check out the photo to the right of the soda machine (In S.G.)...  
 The man in the field is ACTUALLY the owner of S.G.  
 No Joke.

# Porn

The adult video column that comes inside Artsweek

This week we wanted to review one of the classic all-time pornos, you know, those everyone has heard of but nobody has ever seen, like "Deep Throat" or "Debbie Does Dallas." Turns out that somebody else had the same idea, so we had to get the next best thing, "Debbie Does Dallas, Again," directed by Freddy Lincoln and starring Sunset Thomas.



SUNSET THOMAS  
 MISTY RAIN  
 STEFFI  
 DEBI DIAMOND  
 TAMMI ANN  
 STEVE DRAKE  
 TOM BYRON  
 RON JEREMY  
 BLAKE PALMER

one of the most widely recognized titles in porn history. The Verdict: Aroused initially due to anticipation, but let down after a few — "Debbie Does Dallas, Again" gets a 1.5 out of 4. And now, the most anticipated new porn starlet, Ceci, with her reaction to a movie better suited for swap meets.

Thanks, hotstuff. Well, what can I say about "Debbie Does Dallas, Again." Not much. If it wasn't for the entry and cum shots, I could have sworn I was watching some "Spice" flick.

This video failed to pump my nads. I was sitting there like a normal guy does watching porn, expecting to

see something that arouses the senses. Instead I was wondering why they even bothered to make a sequel. I mean, "Weekend at Bernie's II" was a better sequel than this, and I haven't even seen the original "Debbie" movie, but it just has to be better than this. The opening scene featured none other than my favorite porn star, Ron Jeremy. He portrayed a businessman with a gambling problem who bets his business on the Superbowl with Buffalo and the "Dallas" Cowboys — thus the connection to Debbie.

He calls a buddy and has him set up Debbie and the rest of the cheerleading squad to run a booty call, in hopes that the players' performances will be hindered due to hyperexertion of the organ that rules the world.

Ron stole the show with his comedic prowess, not his overstuffed penis. If the best scene involves no skin, it's a sad state for America. The rundown: All forms of penetration used, not many fake ones, funny intro, horrendous sets and a penis that was expecting something better for a follow-up to

"Saturday Night Live" has better sets. The music: completely cheesy-ass. The sex is OK, but frankly the poor production of this flick was really distracting. There are repeated shots and sound clips to extend the length of scenes. I'm sure this is done in a lot in these flicks, but it was SO OBVIOUS. The females are cumming their heads off, and while most guy viewers will be happy to buy into this, it was much too fake to satisfy my own needs. It was a combination of these things that kept my mind on the poor production, instead of on the action. But hey, I still could get into it if I wanted to, and I'm sure you could, too. But if you're going to rent something, you might as well get something better than this "Spice" flick in disguise.

— Greg "Ory" Spangler & Ceci Castelblanco  
 — Thanks to the Riviera for their excellent service, courteous employees and for the porn. If you are at all nervous about renting porn, you will feel at home there.

# Claire-ly Miserable

Your imagination is captured by the magnificent scenery and music alone in the big screen adaptation of "Les Misérables." Directed by Bille August, the film boasts exceptional performances by Liam Neeson, Geoffrey Rush and Uma Thurman — all of whom lure your imagination deep into the miserable world of 19th century France. This most recent rendition of Victor Hugo's epic novel is beautifully crafted, with only a few lagging instances that slightly hinder the overall quality of the film.

It is a story that questions the truth behind the meaning of justice. It also delves into how two lonely men on opposite sides of the law justify their actions. A poor man, Jean Valjean (Neeson), steals a loaf of bread, and as a result he serves a 19-year sentence of hard prison labor. He breaks parole and transforms himself into a new man — the mayor of his town. All is wonderful until Inspector Javert (Rush), a strict law enforcer, enters into the story. His only goal is to bring Valjean to justice for breaking parole — a life sentence. Valjean is a man of great honor and character who only desires to be left alone. The tension between Valjean and Inspector Javert is powerful. They exhibit compelling performances that bring out intense energy and pace the entire film. Javert is abhorred by all who watch him through his unbearable strictness of the law and supposed acts of justice upon poor, victimized citizens who cross his path.

The story's tension peaks when the beautiful and miserable Fantine (Thurman) is traumatized, ravaged and then thrown in jail after being attacked by three drunken men. Thurman performs excellently as a sad and sickly single mother. The trauma her character endures forces cringes and almost tears to anyone witnessing the cruel reality of her life. Valjean takes Fantine under his care, exhibiting his kind and benevolent character. But despite all his good works, Inspector Javert never lets up, even after 20 years of searching for him.

The pace of the film is done well considering the story covers approximately 30 years of Valjean's life. It slows significantly, however, in the second half of the film when the story line shifts toward Valjean's adopted daughter Cosette (Claire Danes) and her new lover Marius (Hans Matheson). The movie becomes painfully romantic during the development of Cosette's character. It is as slow as the development of her love with Marius, a young Parisian revolutionary.

Luckily, the film returns to the original tense and energetic level from the beginning between Valjean and Inspector Javert. It brings the final justice due to the yearning audience members. Despite the film's slow spots, it is both enjoyable and heartbreaking with noteworthy performances by all its actors and actresses.  
 — Wendy

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# Back Door Mama

Do you ever wonder if the little things you do every day change the course of your life? You know, things like taking a different route to work, answering the phone or letting the machine get it, boxers or briefs, etc. For those of you who have ever wondered "what if," Peter Howitt's new love story "Sliding Doors" may be able to give you some perspective.



ence when you consider that it all depended on whether or not she caught a subway train in time.

At first glance it appears that the film is nothing more than a gimmick, kind of like the "backward" episode of "Seinfeld." But believe it or not, this gimmick works and actually manages to pump some new life into the tired romantic-comedy genre.

The film tells the story of Helen (Gwyneth Paltrow), who we see at the beginning of the film having a day almost as bad as the one Michael Douglas had in "Falling Down." She's fired from her job, she catches her lover Gerry (John Lynch) in bed with another woman, and she becomes a complete wreck. However, the film quickly goes back in time and looks at how the day's events would have been different had she missed her train. In that scenario, Helen would have just missed her lover in bed and gone about business as usual. From this point, the film's clever narration follows both Helens.

The Helen who catches her lover in bed gets a complete makeover (both physically and emotionally), starts her own small public relations firm and gets involved with the free-spirited James (scene-stealer John Hannah). Whereas the Helen who senses that nothing is wrong remains with the lying Gerry, starts a miserable career in food service and stays too depressed to start a social life of her own. Quite a differ-

But besides Howitt's innovative direction and the film's witty narrative, the cast deserves a large share of this film's success.

Paltrow (sporting a sassy British accent) is excellent in her best performance to date, and Hannah ("Four Weddings and a Funeral") is hilarious as James. Together they form the most appealing on-screen couple since Adam Sandler and Drew Barrymore in "The Wedding Singer."

The bottom line on "Sliding Doors" is that it's a good date movie, and it really does make you ask yourself "what if?" Just think, in the time it took you to read this review your life may have changed. Well, maybe that's reaching a little too far, but you get the point.

— Patrick Reardon/Nodraer Kcirtap



# Sweet Jesus

As far as flawless contemporary directors go, there are four names that quickly come to mind: Martin Scorsese, John Sayles, James Cameron and Spike Lee. This list is debatable, but the films of these directors are always challenging and creative, especially Lee's.

Spike Lee's latest film, "He Got Game," deals with a subject that Lee has always



been passionate about: basketball. A young hoopster by the name of Jesus Shuttleworth (Milwaukee Bucks star Ray Allen) is considered to be the #1 high school prospect in the country. It turns out that Jesus' considerable skills on the court may be able to help his imprisoned father Jake (Denzel Washington), who's locked up for accidentally killing Jesus' mother (an act which Jesus hasn't forgiven him for). Jake is paroled (under police surveillance), and if he can convince Jesus to play for the governor's alma mater Big State University, the governor will reduce Jake's sentence.

However, things are never that easy in a Spike Lee picture, because Lee cares enough about his characters to write them in a realistic manner. The thing that makes a Spike Lee film a "Spike Lee Joint" are his deep characterizations. Nothing in the plot is contrived (with the exception of a "hooker with a heart of gold" subplot).

The issues that "He Got Game" deal with aren't anything

that audiences haven't seen before. "Blue Chips" and "The Program" both dealt with the money and quick fixes that society throws at our young up and comers, but these films contained clichés and archetypes rather than real people. "He Got Game" works well as both a social commentary and a character study of deep family conflict.

It's pretty much a given that Denzel Washington is always going to deliver an amazing performance. Time and again, he has taken his characters seriously, whether or not the film itself did. He puts the same amount of effort into flops like "Virtuosity" as he does into smashes like "Crimson Tide."

As for Spike Lee, a list of his best work might as well be his résumé. Some wonder when he'll make another film as good as "Do the Right Thing" (a nearly perfect film). With "He Got Game," Lee shoots for perfection, but just narrowly misses.

— John Fiske

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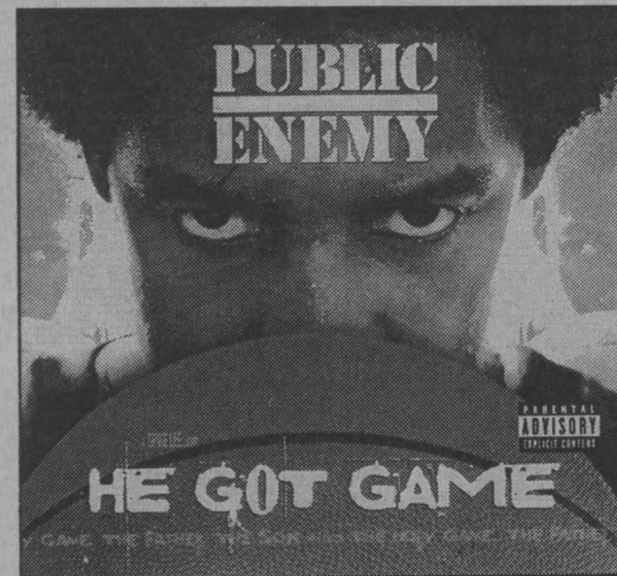
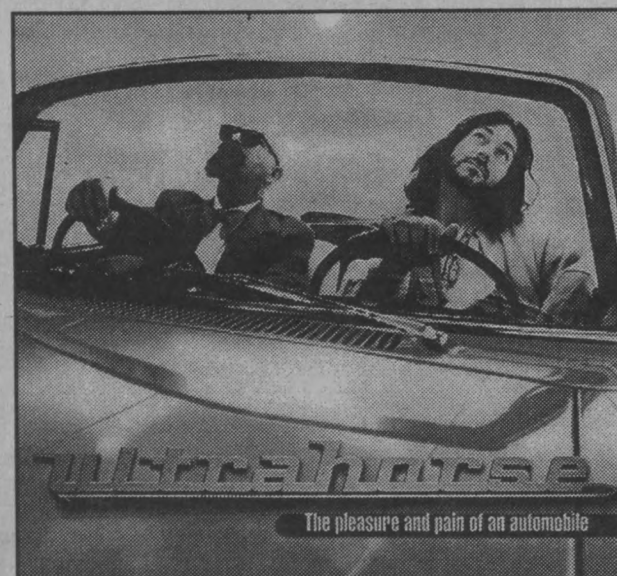
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# Record



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# Reviews

## Sonic Youth / *A Thousand Leaves* / DGC

Still fuzzy after all these years! Kim, Thurston and a big-ass wall of dissonant feedback ... what more could anyone want?!

There isn't a great deal to be said here, you're either a fan or you're not, and if you're not, then you're probably already a lost cause and you can stop reading right now!

Sonic Youth is one of those few bands that can do no wrong. The band's obsessive melting of pop melodies, guitar-generated raquet and low-fi aesthetics has worked to make them one of the most respected and consequently underrated bands around. *A Thousand Leaves* updates the band's sound with a touch of studio magic that has been somewhat absent from their previous efforts. The result is an intriguing variation on Sonic Youth's sound that avoids the already cliché electronic metamorphosis of, say, U2 or Smashing Pumpkins.

This is everything one could want in a SY album, and it should be purchased immediately and without hesitation.

— Robert Hanson is still drunk from last night!

## Die Form / *Duality* / Metropolis

Wouldn't you know it, those damn clamping sadomasochists are at it again. Die Form, a German experimental/industrial collaboration (an evil little soufflé of religious, sadistic sex, if you will) has been around since the age of but-trock, and they are still corrupting the choosy, corruptible masses who would never settle for Foreigner, Ratt or Mr. Big. Their newest album *Duality* is a succulent casserole of female operatic voices, droning electric buzzes and bleeps, and a humming bass that would cause flies to cry and swarm and attack the general population at full speed.

With all of this musical excitement swarming the ears, especially in "Leda's Secret" (it's so eerie and beautiful) and "Anode," it may be difficult to gather the strength to tune into the lyrics, which are surprisingly sung in English rather than the usual French or German. Not listening to the lyrics may be a wise choice — due to their complete cliché energy.

Friends of sadism, do not misunderstand! Die Form is a deity among musical jesters, but Christ! *Love is cold? A river of blood?* For a band with such experimentation in its music, perhaps they should experiment with a dictionary ...

On the more pleasant and optimistic dark side of things, this album is a musical masterpiece to be shared by all who love the squeak of vinyl on a breezy spring afternoon.

— melanie "i'm going to a potluck" hensch

## Ultrahorse / *The pleasure and pain of an automobile* / 911 Mindflower/ *Cydonia* / Mothership Music

The strive to make it in the '90s music market often forces bands to chase after established, played-out sounds in hope that they too will come up with a formula for just one song that will find an audience on the "alternative" or "new music" radio stations. One need only look at bands like Sugar Ray and Marcy Playground as examples of recent bands who have established themselves in the music world as one-hit wonders. Ultrahorse's latest *The pleasure and pain of an automobile* gives its listeners a variety of songs and sounds in hope that one of them might make it. The album starts strong and then proceeds to sink further and further into weak, cacophonous dribble. The first cut, "Telecom," is a catchy, densely layered song that places trumpet and percussion riffs over grungy guitar. Again, what the music market is looking for today is sound, not lyrics. This is lucky for Ultrahorse — who stay in the shallow end of the pool with lyrics like, *I've been such a long time/Wondering what my two bands are for/Suddenly it came to me/I need them when you push me to the floor.* Yet the sound they create with this track, by far their strongest, is

worthy of any of our local radio stations. The next tune "SFH" is a cross between U2's *Achtung Baby* and Radiohead's *Ok Computer*, but with far less musicianship than either one of those bands. As I said earlier, the album slides rapidly downward with "Come On" being nothing more than grungy Britpop and "Immune" consisting of light, meaningless lyrics sung over three chords and simple drumming. Green Day may be able to pull that off, but not these guys.

A band that fails even more miserably than Ultrahorse in trying to achieve that '90s, "my-dream-is-to-be-on-KHTY's-cage-match-challenge" sound is Mindflower with their release *Cydonia*. The 10 songs that comprise this CD lack distinction and get lost in their own monotony of irritating voices and spacey-synthesizer effects. The lyrics, to say the least, leave something to be desired. I don't know what to make of such incoherent lyrics like those of "Make Believe" whose bridge goes, *I gave you my everything/All that I wanted is/That we were make believe.* The musicianship is mediocre with generic guitar chords and growls, weak keyboards that seem only to be there to add annoying effects, and a drummer who belongs in the glam-rock era with Motley Crüe and Poison.

The problem with both these albums is their overproduction in the studio. Ultrahorse consists of two guys who, through the use of electronic sampling and stand-in musicians, are able to create a very layered and finely tuned album. Mindflower relies less on the studio "magic" but still uses unnecessary effects to seemingly enhance their music. The test of how good a band is, regardless of genre, is to how well they hold up when performing live and whether or not they can reproduce their album's sound. Ultrahorse would be hard pressed to perform their album live, while Mindflower's set-up caters better to live performance — though I wonder if they could attract enough of an audience to even hold a concert.

— Josh Baron

## Mojack / *Homebrew* / SST

A group of talented musicians can get together and cut a tight record from something as casual as a jam session. It's happened quite a few times with jazz, but the majority of wimpy alterna-pop seems to take way too long to overproduce and far too large a budget to promote. Plus, you gotta dress up the mopey boys in some hip threads and give 'em all Beate cuts. By the time you're done, you've got no budget and a piece of doctored-up poo poo.

Who could guess that Greg Ginn, the man behind Black Flag's wall of guitar noise, would turn up on an album with far more groove than noise, and still sound miles away from covered territory? The formula is simple: four guys + some brass + a simple album cover = great, high energy tunes with no whiny vocals or throwaway lyrics. Whether or not this could have been a jam session is up in the air, but it really captures the spontaneity and excitement of one, minus the farts and burps, of course.

— Tony B

## Public Enemy / *He Got Game* / Def Jam

The impact that *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* had on hip-hop listeners is undeniable. Delivering an immaculate marriage of political consciousness and combative creativity, Public Enemy introduced ground-breaking standards of musical format that have influenced everything from hip-hop and rock to electronica. Anybody sleeping on their follow-up releases such as *Fear of a Black Planet* and *Apocalypse '91* is missing out on hip-hop history.

Despite the brief disintegration of the Bomb Squad and Flavor Flav's crack-fiend status, muthafuckas doubting the strength of their reunion will be proven wrong with their seventh release titled *He Got Game*, their concept album/soundtrack for the new Spike Lee movie. The crew seems unjaded by the long time lapse from their last emanation of dopeness, as Chuck D, Flavor Flav, Terminator X and the rest of the crew seem to have maintained their au natural chemistry. Featuring surprise guests Masta Killa of the Wu Tang Clan, KRS-1, Smooth tha Hustla, underground freestyle wizard Supernatural and Stephen Stills doing vocals on "He Got Game" (which sampled his hit "Spinning Wheel"), the new PE is refreshed and updated, yet uncompromising with present trends.

There is fast-forward material such as the obviously radio geared "He Got Game" and the grandiose and corny "What You Need is Jesus." "Shake Your Booty" is a radio pleaser that isn't nearly as satisfying a follow up for Flavor Flav's classics such as "Cold Lampin'" and "911 is a Joke." Despite these token fillers (obviously a major label move), this powerful comeback from these veterans will help hype their upcoming *There's a Poison Goin'* on due out before 1999. Welcome back y'all.

— A-Double, KCSB 91.9 Braynsirjunz

## The Urge / *Master of Styles* / Immortal

Someone once told me, "If you can't say something nice, then don't say anything at all." Well, I suppose that leaves me with very little to say about the Urge's latest release, *Master of Styles*. Protocol be damned, I say!

A local favorite of St. Louis, the Urge craft a sound using elements of crunch metal, punk, ska, reggae and funk. Decidedly more melodic with tricked-out hip-hop grooves and

an occasional surfacing of punk, *Master of Styles* falls short this side of ambitious.

Even the appearance of 311's Nick Hexum on the Urge's most marketable tune, "Jump Right In," fails to add anything truly unique to this morass. Perhaps the single redeeming feature is the horn section, brought to you by Todd Painter, Bill Reiter and Matt Kwiatkowski. Otherwise, the punk/metal-oriented tracks come across too polished, watered down and ineffective. The attempts at melodic, funky interludes are equally forgettable, often drowned out by Steve Ewing's gritty, phlegmatic voice.

And since I'm already at it, the lyrics aren't very impressive either. Using male posturing as his impetuous on the track "Straight to Hell," Ewing sings, *I'm as giddy as a school boy...* C'mon, what's up with that? That's worse than mixing your alcohol, I mean, machismo with emotion? Think they'd be better off going "Straight to Hell." Nuff said.

— Jason Green sent 'em all to hell

#### Love Nut / *Baltimuchol* / Big Deal

The College Music Journal (all hail the hallowed institution) reported of Love Nut's sophomore release, "It's as perfect a one-two punch as you're likely to get: a frenzied dual guitar attack, absolutely lethal doses of raw energy, and big, dominating hooks that don't just offer themselves to you, they pounce on you like a starving lion." Myself, of *Artsweek* (all hail the hallowed institution), I say, "Whatever."

At any rate, the album I heard bore no resemblance to the review it garnered from CMJ. If anything, it just plain bored me. Seriously, Love Nut's sound isn't complicated. They're fond of stop-and-go rhythms, simplistic guitar sketches and touchy-feely ballads. With a sound that somewhat resembles Silver Jet (forgive me, please), Love Nut belongs on the fringe of other bands such as Marcy Playground, Third Eye Blind and Tonic (to name a few).

Early on, Love Nut drops any pretenses of a "frenzied dual guitar attack" and settles into processed-cheese mode with heartfelt songs such as "Foolish Game". Frontman Andy Bopp croons somewhere between a whine and a wail, while

the rest of the band creates a halfway decent sonic backdrop. It's not readily apparent, but Love Nut develops a generic '60s type of groove on certain tracks such as "Miss Fortune." However, in the grand scheme of things, there isn't anything really memorable or unique about Love Nut's offering.

The capper to the whole shebang is that *Baltimuchol* was produced by Ed Stasium of Talking Heads and Ramones fame. Then again, Stasium didn't have a whole lot to work with in the first place. Oh well, more mundane music for your ears.

— Jason Green is not a love nut

#### The Amazing Royal Crowns / *The Amazing Royal Crowns* / Velvel

If first impressions are what determines success or failure for any musical act, then the future looks a bit cloudy for the Amazing Royal Crowns. Lead singer King Kendall is practically yelling on the first track "Shiverin' in the Corner," and it seems like an invitation to turn the music off. But it does get better.

The Amazing Royal Crowns are a crazy blend of '50s bop, rockabilly and punk. Their sound is very similar to the Stray Cats, and King Kendall is a cross between Jerry Lee Lewis and the only true king, Elvis Presley. The Amazing Royal Crowns are a band with influences from the past, but they combine these influences to create a unique style. At times though, it seems they should have stuck to the formula.

The song I like most is an instrumental piece, "Gretschy." It recalls the days of old surfer music, like something from The Ventures. This album will start to grow on you. But never fear, this growth is cut short. While they combine older styles of music and update it—give it more of a beat—this lately just seems to be the trend. After further listening, it begins to all just sound the same.

— Tami Mnoian starts to grow on you

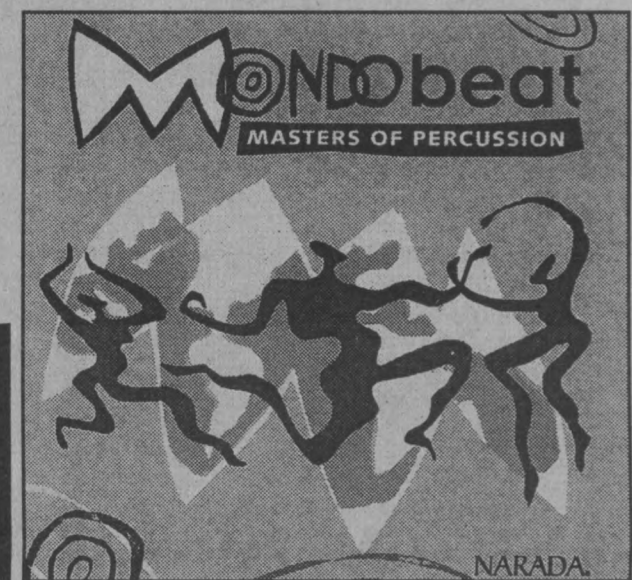
#### Various Artists / *Mondo Beat: Masters of Percussion* / Narada

Maybe you've had this nightmare once: You walk into Morninglory or Tempo, and find the entire store gutted, all sections now catering to world music. Celtic sounds ooze out of the walls. Middle-aged white guys with eagle feathers in their hair are trying to discover their inner wolf or bridge some connection to a culture they helped extinguish. Sure, it's always the fellow who looks curiously like Kenny G who puts out some record entitled "Spirit Walker" or "Chant of the Lone Ghilla Monster," which is then bought up in a frenzy by the new age crowd.

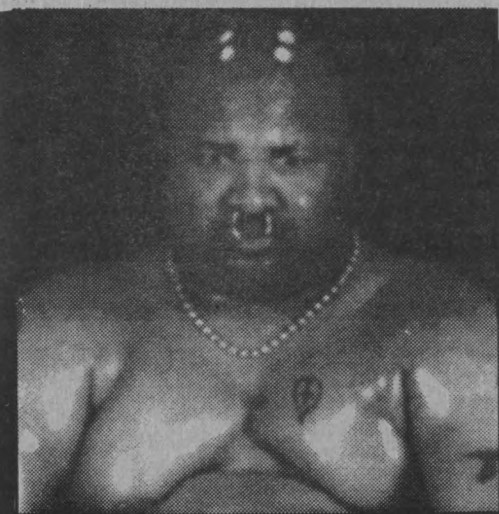
*Mondo Beat* is exactly the opposite of your new age nightmare. The compilation is not only surprisingly varied in its selections, but acts as a "who's who" in the realm of drumming. Although it begins in appropriate world music fashion with some sort of fusion number, Tito Puente acts as the real starting point with his six-minute classic "Tii Mon Bo." Other contributors of interest include Airtio Moreira of Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* ensemble, Dead drummer Mickey Hart and one-time Sinatra percussionist Emil Richards, who adds the loungiest number to the mix.

Ultimately, the album travels the world, acquiring influences from India, Africa, Cuba, Egypt and the States—to name a few. This collection of tight rhythms and fluctuating tempos remains more well-rounded and authentic than many of its strictly lounge compilation counterparts. Highly recommended.

— Tony B



## Sirjanz Report



#### The Sirjanz Journal Vol. II *The Adventures of Two Vinyl Nerds* Starring: A-Double and Erik Solo

Not really giving a fuck about popular opinion, the BraynSirjanz are always pompously bitching about the contemporary music scene. With a holier-than-thou attitude that makes Ravishing Rick Rude cringe, they usually dwell in the depths of KCSB 91.9, their home turf and center of activity. Oh A-Double, oh Erik Solo, where will you two go? How will you two persevere in a world where wack fools have tanks in their videos, frogs are talking about "girls pee pee when they see me" and sumo wrestlers are talking about "I'm not a player, I just fuck a lot?" Join them in this week's wax excursions ...

#### Big Punisher/ "I'm Not a Player" / Loud

A: Let me ask you something. How is it that a 400-pound, overweight sumo-wrestling fat fuck like him gets all the ass?

E: I don't know, dude, I don't know. Besides, how ridiculous is the hook? "I'm not a player, I just fuck a lot!" There's only so much you can do with a song only about fucking.

A: You know that even if this fool does, he probably can't see his own d!\$k he's so fat.

E: Y'know, ladies probably do so to say they did have sex with a fat boulder. Y'know, the novelty experience.

#### Mix Master Mike / "ValueMeal 12 Inch Combo Deluxe" / Asphodel

E: This is some of my favorite shit right now, it's so dope.

A: Skratz Piklz rips shit, no doubt.

E: What I like about him is that he's not afraid to experiment; he's into trying weird shit. Y'know most other DJs are about showing their steez? Well, he's just open to try out new creations. Y'know he's half Jewish?

A: Oh yeah? So he's part Filipino and part Jewish?

E: Yeah, gotta give it up. (Laugh)

#### Random insert: about Pras of Fugees

A: You seen that "Ghetto Superstar" video with Pras? Fool got his hair all hangin' out and shit? Aaargh!!

E: Yeah. More like "Last Pras." Y'know, last prize, last Pras. Lookin' like busted-assed Pras.

A: How is he gonna come out with his own solo album? He can't hang by himself!

E: Exactly. Every song is going to feature, like, eight people. He's definitely up there with all the mediocly talented men of America.

A: Vin Rock, Sen Dog ...

E: All three of The Lox.

#### Eligh / "Coincidence" / Caravan

E: Yeah, I like this shit a lot. It's so dope, dude.

A: What about it do you like in particular?

E: How he kinda shuffles the sample and doesn't play the whole thing, how it's not just one loop and it's a bunch of different shit. The lyrics? He's talking about shit that's different. He's talking about girls, but not in a played-out way. Seriously, it's some of my favorite shit from Living Legends.

A: His tape is phat, yo.

#### Jayo Felony feat. DMX and Method Man / "Whatchu gon' do?" / YabYum

E: Don't tell me who this is, I know who it is.

A: I know you know, it's your potna.

E: (Thinking...) Oh yeah, it's Jayo!

A: Y'know you gotta big him up 'coz he's from Diego!

E: This guy was always cool, dude, 'cos I always used to see him in this record store behind my house.

A: Oh yeah?

E: Big, tall-assed muhfucker, looking like he just got out of a drive-by or something. He looked hard, dude, he looked fucking hard.

A: Oh, word?

E: Yeah, but he was always cool. He remembered me a little bit 'cos I used to go up to him and ask questions when I was younger, but he was, y'know, always cool.

A: Mr. Jayo, could you show me some bullet wounds?

E: What I'm trying to figure out is how he got down with Method Man and DMX, although he got dropped from Def Jam.

A: Y'know, I kinda like this although it's a real accessible party cut with a bouncy beat. However, I need to clown one thing: the hook. "I'm too sexy for my muthafucking hood. I'm too sexy for my muthafucking low-ridaaaaah!" Whut the phuck?

E: Yeah, he's coming Right Said Fred-style. Remember that song?

A: (Laughs) Hell, yeah!

E: He's coming '90s style. Like, "Hey, Puffy takes all the wack '80s shit, I'm taking all the wack '90s shit! I'm coming future style!"

#### Ramp / "Daylight" / ???

E: Isley's!

A: Nope!

E: Roy Ayers?

A: Nope! Guess again. It's Ramp. "Daylight"?

E: "Daylight"?

A: D-Knowledge lent me the "Tribe Vibes" record.

E: Yeah, yeah ...

A: The original to Tribe's "Bonita Applebum" and most unfortunately Vooodoo's "Southern California Nights."

E: Yeah, he didn't come too original on that one. This is dope shit though. It's called Ramp?

... hence the phone conversation ended. However, the picky attitudes of these vinyl pedagogues do not end. For further exposure to their antics, tune in to the BraynSirjanz operations, every Friday from 8 to midnight, Sunday and Monday nights from 10 to midnight.

... to be continued

## Independent Studies

John Fiske's independent film reviews ...

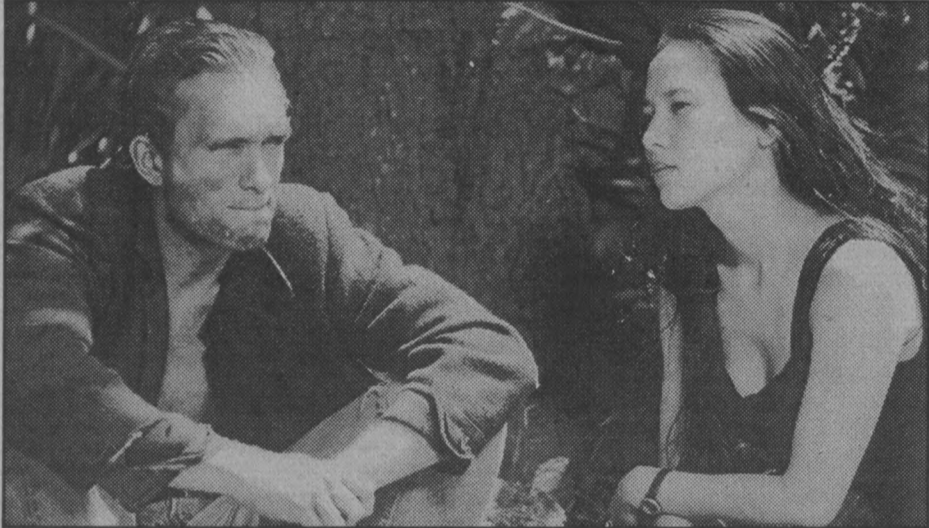
"Bang" is another one of those Cinderella stories that you hear about. Someone with \$30,000 manages to come up with a story that is original, invigorating and draws both the critics and the crowds.

Hollywood budgets are amazing. Most of the time, with the inflation of movie costs, the art of filmmaking is lost, and films like "Speed 2" (\$145 million) and "Waterworld" (\$175 million) are the result. But look at films like "Clerks" (\$27,000), "El Mariachi" (\$8,000) and "In the Company of Men" (\$20,000). All were made for literally a frac-

then moves to an audition where the producer sexually molests her. She then proceeds to get herself arrested, with the cop sexually molesting her to top it all off.

After getting the upper hand with the cop, she snatches his uniform and heads out into the streets of L.A. where she notices serious changes in the way people treat her. The only plot that really develops is when she befriends two Latino males. One of them gets gunned down in a drive-by shooting, and she goes after the killers.

Ash truly has a flare for portraying average



tion of the cost of the typical Hollywood film. And now comes "Bang."

Written and directed by Ash (his real name is withheld for legal reasons), this is a film so utterly raw and poignant, its fascinating subject matter makes you forgive its weak spots.

"Bang" follows an unnamed Asian American woman (Darling Narita) through a bad day. The day starts with her eviction,

situations, much in the same way that Larry Clark did in "Kids." Often there is a voyeuristic feel to the film, as the audience watches these events unfold. Even though some of the film's scenes are contrived, they have a very authentic feel.

When all is said and done, "Bang" is a great modern fable and a prime example of invigorating cinema.

## Praise the Cloyd

Jazz comes to town ...

Charles Lloyd has got soul. His performance in a quartet on Sunday night was a beautiful spectacle for eyes as well as ears. The quartet featured Bobo Stenson on piano, Derek Oles on bass and 'the master' Billy Higgins on drums, and the set they played was a well-rounded journey through different jazz styles.

I parked, locked up and made my way to the Lobero Theatre. I had that kind of strut, like I knew I was going to be a part of some spontaneous art, not to mention feeling rather dapper with my pink tie and brown polyester sports coat flapping in the spring evening breeze. To my amazement the show started on time. So my 15-minute grace period wasn't so graceful: in fact, I had to wait 'til the song was over to be escorted down to my seat. It was a contemporary piece, and I started to question what I was in for that night. However, I had heard Billy Higgins play on a Ornette Coleman album, so I kept faith. Indeed, my doubts subsided after the second song. It was Bobo Stenson leading it off with that mellow Monday-night-misty-lounge feel, really slow and arpeggiated, but very tasteful. After his intro solo, the song picked up into a jazzier number and Charles was smokin'. I'm not sure if he had the top section of his horn custom made or if it was just offset, but when Charles Lloyd plays tenor saxophone, his right hand (bottom hand) is way out to the right and the horn is almost at a 45 degree angle; maybe it's so it doesn't get in the way of his knees, which he tends to hike up at random intervals.

After a lengthy intermission, people started seating themselves, including this one woman in black. She looked about 50, but really fit, and she wore a black Stetson with boa-looking feathers around the brim. Apparently she was trying to mosey her way to the front center of the theater, hoping no one would notice. She was mistaken.

"Uh, excuse me, miss, you're in my seat," the rightful proprietor said.

The woman in black was well situated and looked to her right and left for sympathy.

"Uh, miss, you're in my seat."

"Well, where do you want me to sit?" Stetson lady said in her husky voice.

Of course, she ended up moving, and when I saw the look in her eyes, I noticed she could have been under the influence of a number of things.

The second set started with Charles going off on a Coltrane-esque soliloquy — a composition splattered with unique phrasings, halts and bending squeals. When Billy Higgins joined Charles, for a moment everything made sense — the two of them were on a journey through timelessness, communicating with the entire audience on some other level. When the piano and bass came in, it all came together. Billy Higgins had a mindblowing solo during this song. He has the unique ability to make people laugh with him during a solo, by stopping and repeating simple phrasings on the kit while laughing himself. Then he would build on those simple phrases in breathtaking fashion, leaving everybody with their eyes, ears and jaws wide open.

The second set ended and the band took a bow. Then Charles Lloyd and Billy Higgins took the audience by surprise. Charles picked up what I believe was a Tibetan oboe, and Billy draped an ethnic drum around his neck. Just the two of them on stage with this bizarre arrangement was enough, then they got off stage and did a lap around the Lobero, and everyone was smiling and clapping, making for quite an evening.

— e.h. Cinnamon

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# TREND OF THE WEEK

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Levelheaded hipsters, take off your Buddy Holly eyeglasses and shed the goth-a-billy lifestyle of yesteryear. Instead, choose a new path for your supreme hipsterness. Don a black beret and cigarette holder, sorrowfully gulp down wine while proclaiming the nonexistence of self and carry on a passionate love affair with your landlord/best friend's girlfriend/housemate's brother. Become French.

When you are of this new breed — let us tentatively dub it the "New French" before it becomes bombarded with new influences and changes into a hybrid of something entirely different — you are invincible, you are unstoppable, you are enigma and brilliance and passion all at once. The "New French" are a clever fusion of the retro France of the 1950s and 1960s (think poodles, cologne and black turtleneck sweaters) and a chic cyberpunk vision of the future (think the Internet, music samplers and cellular phones).

Must you have a French passport to partake in this new identity? Mais non, ma cherie! While embodying the passionate nationalism of your new trend is crucial to maintaining the "New French" identity, actually *being* French is not necessary. Instead, become bitterly sarcastic, cynical and nihilistic and search for multiple orgasms with dark, exotic strangers.

So now, as your inner-francais has become strangely intrigued by the notion of this new style, take heed of the few crucial buys you must make in order to fully plunge into the mod-bohemian, cyber-funk world of the "New French."

### La Cinema!

In order to be of the "New French," you must gain insight into their culture. Developing an acute taste for 1960s avant garde is very optimal, but before taking so daring a leap into actually being of the "New French," it is perhaps better to learn the behavior, clothes and dialogue that are deeply embedded within the "New French" culture.

"Contempt," the classic French film starring Brigitte Bardot, shows how to love like a "New French," fight like a "New French" and die like a "New French." Bardot serves as a perfect example for the look to be achieved: flip your hair, pout and look pained. Then fuck over your husband.



Other movies that directly express the beauty, glory and pain of the "New French" include gems such as 1966's "A Man and A Woman", as well as contemporary films revealing the dark side of "New French" culture, including the suspenseful glam of "Killing Zoe" and effortless chic of "Diary of a Seducer."

Of course, this represents only a marginal selection, but as you slowly adapt to the "New French" way of life, you will in no time begin to demand more and more French (or European) art flicks from the '50s and '60s as time goes by.

### La Musique!

The crucial part of any scene is, of course, the music to be devoted to. In fact, I doubt any "scene" would exist without a pulsating current of music to help flow the fashion and haircuts along into their limit and capacity of creativity. What would become of the ravers without techno? The goths without industrial? The punks without, well, punk? In fact, "New French" wouldn't be here either, if it weren't for the development of some crucial (yet subtly corporate) bands. Johnny Halladay is a thing of the past, and, unfortunately, MC Solaar does not truly fit under the notions of the "New French" (although "Bouge de La" remains a personal favorite of French class fun).

The French band Air has already received tremendous hype for its album, *Moon Safari*, but if the hype is valid, well, c'est la vie. In its sexy French way, Air produces the perfect space-age soundtrack to your next make-out session.

Another much-discussed album, *Dimitri From Paris*, also lives up to its hype by producing the swinging soundtrack to your next wine-and-cheese party. *Dimitri From Paris* is one of those albums that is acceptable only because it's French — if someone in the U.S. produced an album of such samba-electronia cocktail lounge, they'd be dismissed as a mere composer of elevator music. But Dimitri, on the other hand, gets away with his "is-it-corny-or-not?"

### La Literature!

Books are an important part of any culture, and any subculture at that. (There's no need to fully explore the influence of *The Crow* on millions of face-painted teens, but I think the example serves a point.) If you are not yet ready to take the plunge into the old French world of Balzac, Rousseau and Voltaire, instead indulge your literature senses in a copy of Anais Nin's *Delta of Venus* to explore the world of French erotica. Then meet a lover over the Internet.

### Les Vetements!

The clothes of this era are a sleek combination of at least three major styles. Drawing from the stereotypical looks of mod '50s and '60s French hipsters and mixed with contemporary French chic, the overall look is a mix of boatneck shirts, black turtleneck sweaters, wire-rimmed spectacles and black pants. Brown or black tailored leather jackets also add that classic French twist of the '90s. Technically, though, the "New French" look is tailored, classic and all retro pieces are worn with great subtlety.

### C'est Fin!

Fortunately, for those whose current culture, be it subterranean or status quo, is starving them of a rich, new counterculture, take solace in the reality that the "New French" scene is just gearing up to take over. In fact, one can easily slide onto the "New French" bandwagon without so much as a few CD purchases and a change of eyewear.

As the best minds of our generation realize the potential of the "New French," their stark-raving-mad lunacy of petty rockabilly dreams will fade and rematerialize into some full French avant-garde passion. Who knows what direction this "New French" trend will fall into next. Will they fall further back into romanticized notions of 1920s expatriate bohemians? Or will they lead into the promising future wearing only burlap, dying for their art?

Hopefully, this 10-minute guide to being hip has revealed the secrets of cool. Please take note that while this guide only takes 10 minutes to read, the lifestyle of the "New French" is by no means as whimsical or as tongue-in-cheek as this column is. It is not a passing fancy, meant to be dismissed by those who feel their own scene is currently the most validated as cool. No, no, no, ma cherie, the "New French" is here, it is now, it is real, it is you.

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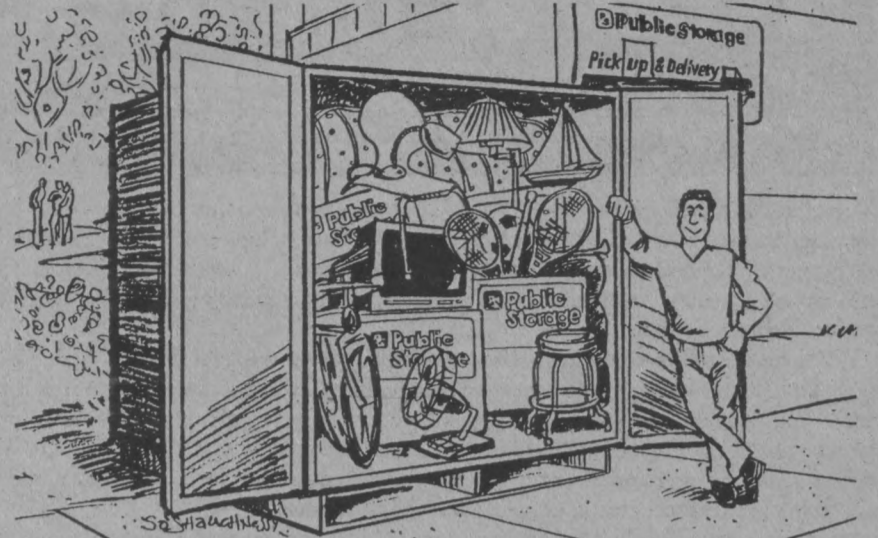
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
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