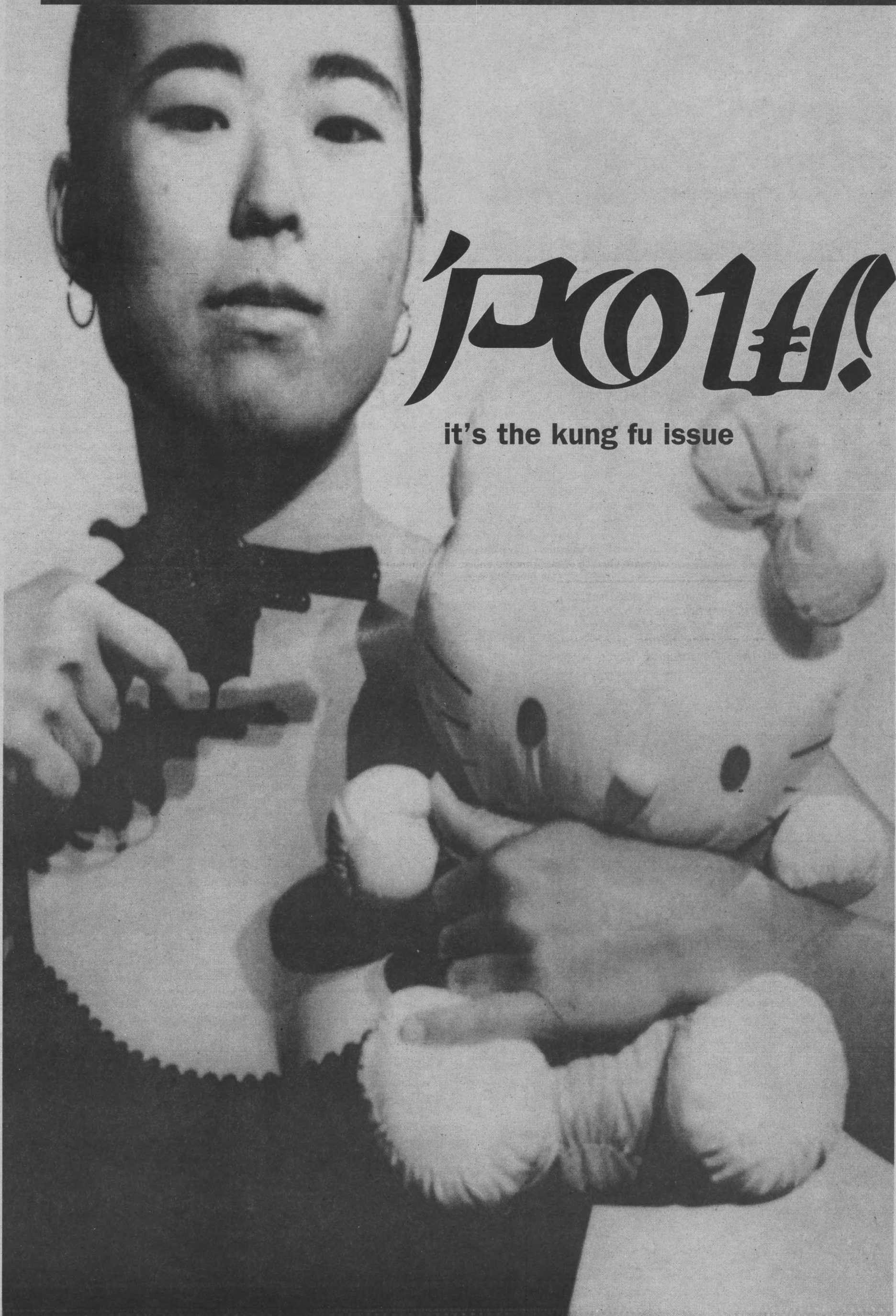


artsweek

"sweet and lowdown" and "the end of the affair," reviewed | buying hip hop online | chasing the dragon of fashion | calendar | music galore, including takako minekawa, suba + the baby namboos

¡POW!

it's the kung fu issue



* film

SIGHT- SIGHTSTUFF

CAUGHT WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN

THIS IS NO SHANNON TWEED FLICK, IT'S THE END OF THE AFFAIR

playing with fire | john fiske

Adapted from the Graham Greene novel of the same name, writer/director Neil Jordan's "The End of the Affair" is the alternately passionate and disturbing story of an affair. Using a complex narrative structure, "Affair" tells the story from two perspectives. The first is from Bendrix (Ralph Fiennes), who accidentally meets both Sarah (Julianne Moore) and her husband Henry Miles (Stephen Rea) two years after she abruptly ended their relationship. Resentful and bitter, he has her followed. The second perspective comes from Sarah, after Mr. Parkis (Ian Hart), the PI, finds her diary.

The script is wonderfully intricate, slowly jumping through time and perspective. We see many scenes played out twice; once through a resentful perspective, then later through Sarah's laments. It's an intriguing dynamic, and never seems like a simple experimental gimmick.

The cast is, in a word, impeccable. Although this is only a small part for him, Rea gives the best performance

of his career. At first seeming cold and distant, and eventually showing a real understanding and love, Rea rises above some of his other great work in "The Crying Game" and the little-seen HBO movie "Citizen X." Character actor Ian Hart ("Backbeat" and "Land and Freedom") gives another splendid turn as the dependable and unsure Parkis.

Deserving real credit are the lovers themselves, Moore and Fiennes. Together they create wonderfully elusive chemistry. Moore, who has been turning in one great performance after another ("Safe," "Boogie Nights," "Vanya on 42nd") is great, but it's ironic that since the standard is so high for Moore that one can only say she works her usual magic.

As for Fiennes, his work is magnificent, but the prod-

uct is less satisfying. Bendrix isn't a likeable guy: He lies, cheats, plots, distorts information and is generally unrepentant about everything, even in the end. And Fiennes does all too good of a job portraying him.

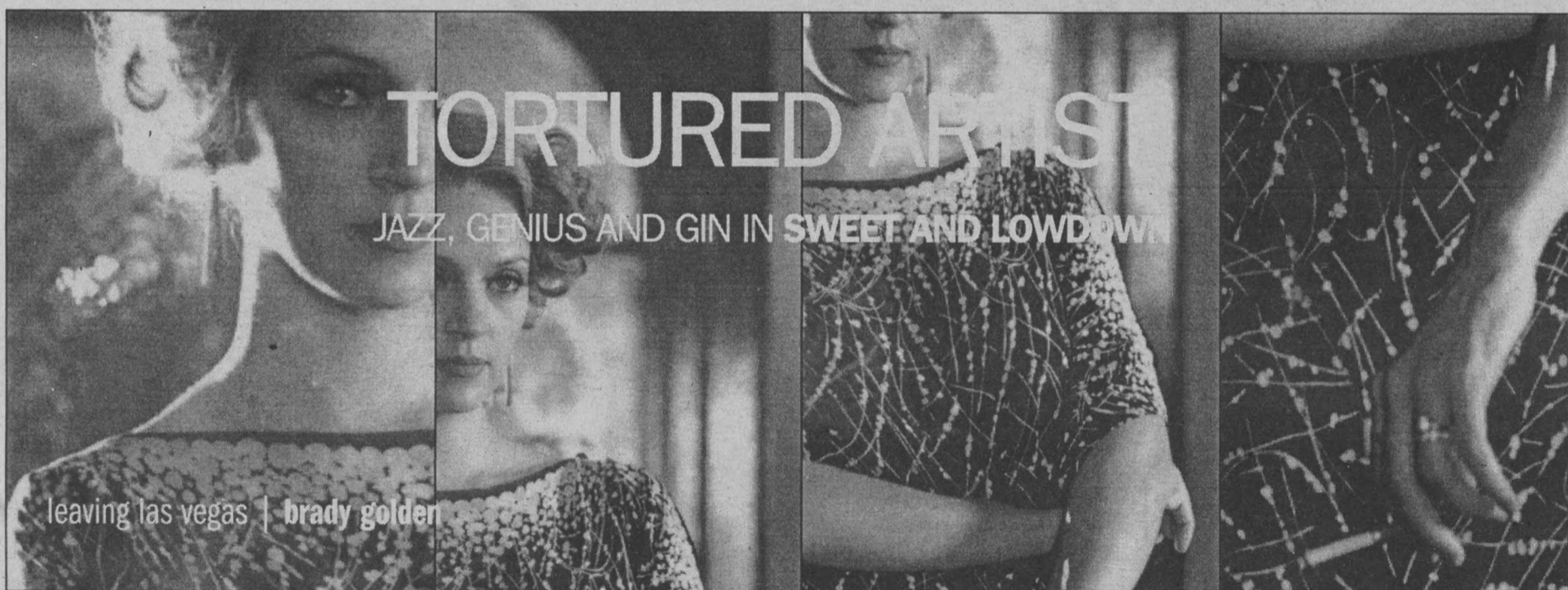
Jordan's final product is an interesting one, both fervent and surprisingly graphic. Use of nudity in film has never bothered me, but it's surprising to see so much useless nudity present. It's not that it's offensive, it's just superfluous, creating an interesting dual nature.

One side is libidinal and amorous. The other is almost like elitist porn: containing the sex and nudity of a Skin-a-max film, but having the clean label of "art."

"Affair's" success is an accomplished one. While it may not be something we wish to relive, it is certainly something worth living once.

"CONTAINING THE SEX + NUDITY OF A SKIN-A-MAX FILM BUT HAVING THE CLEAN LABEL OF ART"

"



By now, just about everyone knows that Woody Allen loves jazz. He studies it. He plays it. It was really only a matter of time before he made a movie about it. Then again, to say that "Sweet and Lowdown" is a movie about jazz would be a pretty big oversimplification. It is the story of Emmet Ray, a would-be ladies man, a part-time pimp and the second greatest jazz guitarist in the world.

Emmet is as quirky as any of Allen's characters. When he's not playing with his band in jazz clubs, he's either taking girlfriends to the dump to shoot rats or to the outskirts of whatever town he happens to be in to watch trains rumble by. He talks about himself as a guitar-playing god, and uses his musical genius as an excuse for all of his irresponsible behavior, from not showing up to performances to breaking the hearts of innocent girls. The only humility Emmet ever shows is at the mention of Django Reinhardt, the only guitarist who can make him cry, who Emmet simultaneously loves reverently and fears to the point of hilarity

(when Emmet comes face to face with the jazz legend, he actually passes out).

Sean Penn stars as Emmet Ray, and proves once again that he's one of the best screen actors working today, maybe one of the best in the history of cinema. He plays Emmet like a cartoon character, complete with clown-like facial expressions and one of the strangest accents I've heard since "The Kids in the Hall" got cancelled. Coming from anyone else, this performance would have been over the top, even offensive, but Penn does it just right.

Samantha Morton plays Hattie, the love of Emmet's life. Morton had her work cut out for with this role. She had to star opposite Sean Penn, which is an imposing enough responsibility as it is, but what's more, she had to do so without the benefit of any written dialogue — Hattie is a mute.

Somehow, she pulls it off brilliantly. Using only her face and body language, Morton makes her character come to life, and her performance is one of the best things about this film.

"TAKING HIS GIRLFRIEND TO THE DUMP TO SHOOT RATS"

"

Uma Thurman's portrayal of Blanche, Emmet's over-intellectual wife, is tolerable, but hardly noteworthy. She is a plastic actress playing a plastic character, so she doesn't really take anything away from the film. That's about the best thing I can say about her, because she definitely doesn't add anything to it, either. I quickly grew bored during her scenes, and found myself hoping for more chances to watch Morton and Penn's chemistry at work.

Although I wouldn't necessarily say that Woody Allen has been in a slump (his lesser films have always come in waves since the beginning of his career), he definitely hasn't made any "Annie Hall's" in awhile. "Sweet and Lowdown" is a step in the right direction. Although it hardly compares to his best work, it is still an intelligent and touching movie. While many of Allen's films are heavy-handed in their characterizations (I felt like I had a concussion when I walked out of "Deconstructing Harry"), he seems content to let the actors do most of the work here, and doesn't rely on an overwritten screenplay.

The film's jazz soundtrack is fantastic, as is Zhao Fei's stunning cinematography. Santo Loquasto's production design and Laura Cunningham Bauer's costumes provide the perfect world in which Emmet Ray, the eccentric genius, can play for us, both on and offstage.

CONTENT- CONTENT

* research done just for you!

We know your plight. You just don't know what website to visit to get that new hip hop album reviewed in the latest Artsweek. Fear not. Before you lies a list of some of the most prominent online hip hop stores, complete with all the facts you need to know to make an educated choice on where to spend your skilla scratch paper.

Each site was searched for the following five albums (determined before the search began): All Natural's *No Additives, No Preservatives* ('97 Chicago underground staple), De La Soul's *3 Feet High & Rising* ('89 undisputed classic), Haiku D'Etat's *Haiku D'Etat* ('00 Project Blowed experimentation), Handsome Boy Modeling School's *So...How's Your Girl?* ('99 collaboration of geniuses) and Jay-Z's *Vol. 3 - Life and Times of S. Carter* ('00 torch-holder for the mainstream). These choices range from underground to multi-platinum and from old to new, hopefully giving an accurate reflection of each site's selection and price. Also accounted for are shipping time, service, navigation difficulty and other features (12" availability, mix tapes, reviews, etc.).

cold rockin' the mic | **trey clark**

Amazon.com (<http://www.amazon.com>)

Selection and Price

Three Feet High & Rising CD - \$14.22, Tape - \$9.88
So...How's Your Girl? CD - \$12.99, Tape - \$10.78, Vinyl - \$13.99
Vol. 3 - Life & Times of S. Carter CD - \$13.28

Price includes shipping? No.

Time Choices from one day to standard.

Service Packages usually arrive error-free.

Navigation Very easy, includes a nice search tool.

Extras Slim 12" selection, reviews, abstracts, Real Audio.

Overall Solid major release selection, but weak on underground material.

ATAK Distribution (<http://www.truehiphop.com/atak>)

Selection and Price

Haiku D'Etat CD - \$14

Price includes shipping? Yes

Time About a week, but priority mailing available (free with four-item order).

Service Packages usually arrive error-free, and owner P-Minus leaves personal notes in each package. He even answers e-mail!

Navigation Very easy and fast.

Extras 12" selection, mix tapes, short reviews for every item, Real Audio, message board.

Overall The selection appears slim, but ATAK is the best place to find underground hip hop from the West Coast and some other unusual places (i.e. Minnesota).

CDNow (<http://www.cdnow.com>)

Selection and Price

Three Feet High & Rising CD - \$13.99, Tape - \$10.49

So...How's Your Girl? CD - \$11.88, Tape - \$11.49, Vinyl - \$15.49

Vol. 3 - Life & Times of S. Carter CD - \$13.28, Tape - \$10.99, Vinyl - \$13.49

Price includes shipping? No.

Time Choices from one day to standard.

Service Packages usually arrive error-free.

Navigation Very easy, includes a nice search tool.

Extras Slim 12" selection, reviews, abstracts, Real Audio, interviews.

Overall Solid major release selection, but weak on underground material. More vinyl available than Amazon.com.

HipHopSite (<http://www.hiphopsite.com>)

Selection and Price

So...How's Your Girl? Vinyl - \$14.99

Vol. 3 - Life & Times of S. Carter Vinyl - \$14.99

No Additives, No Preservatives Vinyl - \$12.99

Price includes shipping? No.

Time Packages usually arrive in about 5-6 days.

Service Packages usually arrive error-free.

Navigation Very easy, but slow.

Extras Big 12" selection, mix tapes, reviews, Real Audio, interviews, news.

Overall Tons of current underground and popular vinyl, CDs and tapes also available.

Sandbox Automatic (<http://www.sandboxautomatic.com>)

Selection and Price

So...How's Your Girl? CD - \$15.00, Vinyl - \$15.00

Vol. 3 - Life & Times of S. Carter Vinyl - \$14.00

No Additives, No Preservatives CD - \$15.00, Vinyl - \$12.00

Price includes shipping? No.

Time Packages usually arrive in 7-8 days.

Service Packages usually arrive error-free.

Navigation Very easy and fast.

Extras Big 12" selection, mix tapes, abstracts, Real Audio.

Overall Tons of current underground and popular vinyl.

no, really, we care what you think!

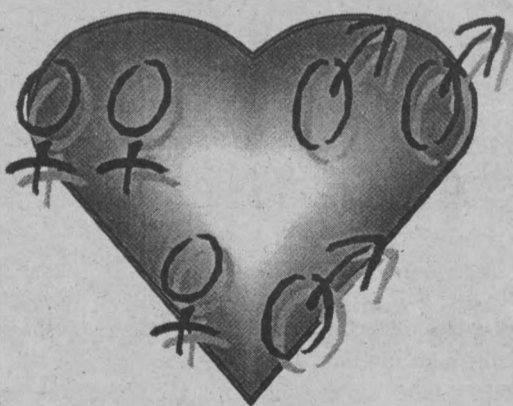
vote for the best/worst of 1999 at
artsweek@ucsbdailynexus.com:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Best Pop Singer Slut (male or female) | 5. Group you'd most like to see interviewed in Artsweek |
| 2. Worst Millenium Cash-in Song | 6. New Year's Resolution |
| 3. Biggest Fashion Mistake | 7. Most Unbelievable Comeback |
| 4. Worst New DP Hit (i.e., you'll hear it everywhere at every party) | 8. Best Album |

results will be printed in an upcoming issue. please vote



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YES, THERE ARE A FEW THINGS TO DO IN SANTA BARBARA

today thursday



Oh, to be back in the wild world of collegiate culture. First, get your art-lovin' booty over to the MultiCultural Center Theater to see distinguished Chicana artist Yolanda López give a slide presentation about her work at 4:30 pm. Then, go see "The Dinner Game," a French film that will make you say merci beaucoup again and again. Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m. \$5

tomorrow friday



Unwind after your long, hard work with a screening of "Vámonos con Pancho Villa." Introduced by Gisele Ben-Dor, music director of the Santa Barbara Symphony, this classic Mexican film about Pancho Villa and his band of revolutionaries is scored by Silvestre Revueltas with visuals by renowned cinematographer Gabriel Figueroa. Olé! Campbell Hall, 7:30. \$5



Eye of the Tiger And who said those fingerless gloves from the '80s were out of style? Artsweek reclaims bad fashion of past decades and adds a little cultural flair in this stylish ensemble. What more could you ask for?



LET'S FIGHT

DROP THE BOXING GLOVES AND CELEBRATE THE GLORY OF REAL KUNG FU FIGHTING. TREY CLARK LEADS US THROUGH SOME TOP NOTCH PERFECT VIDEO RENTALS



"To Kill With Intrigue"

Before Jackie Chan's characters were named "Jackie," the wacky one was a serious martial arts ass-kicker. No gimmicky stunts, no outtakes of Chan landing on his nuts; just pure, unadulterated old-school action. The plot involves Chan trying to get back with his pregnant girlfriend, but don't let that distract you from noticing the truly wonderful moments of the film. At the outset of the story, Chan pimp-slaps his girlfriend Chin Chin when she tells him that she is pregnant, which makes her run away. Later on we find out that he slapped her because he wanted her to leave the town and avoid the coming massacre at the hands of the Killer Bee gang, therefore saving the family lineage. Too bad he didn't just tell her to skip town for a few days; she may

have been more receptive when he tried to get back with her. This kind of bad logic runs rampant in "To Kill With Intrigue," securing its place in the martial arts hall of fame.

"Five Fingers of Death"

This undisputed classic has one great thing going for it: It's really violent. Too bad they didn't have the kevlar vests back then - it might have helped against the heart-grabbing hands of those who know how to use the Five Fingers of Death style. The special effects will have you smiling the way parent smiles when their child first tries to walk upright: "Oh, nice try!"

"Attack of the Drunken Cat Paws"

This one has everything. Dart-spitting midgets. Old guys who fight with smoke pipes. Four-year-old black belts. The story surrounds a girl who fights at her best when drunk, which makes this low-tolerance girl one mean girl. The best action may be when the four-year-old goes hand-to-hand with the midget. At first it looks like the midget will win, but when his dart shooter is knocked away, he is helpless. The little kid knocks him on his ass, helping the good guys to victory.

"Return of the Dragon"

Bruce Lee goes one-on-one with Chuck Norris in this intense tale about a restaurant refusing to sell out to a bigger company. Bruce flies in from Hong Kong to protect the Rome-based eatery and beats down opposing thugs without breaking a sweat. The climax takes place in the Coliseum, where Lee and Norris fight to the death for all the marbles. After Bruce pulls out some of Chuck's plentiful chest hair, Norris gets mad and starts kicking ass. The tide soon changes, however, and Lee ends up breaking Norris' neck. Too bad Norris hadn't yet gotten his Texas Ranger badge - then he could have just pulled out his .357 and capped Lee's ass.

Trey Clark likes martial arts movies for all the wrong reasons.

BUT THEY MAY NOT BE ANY FUN.

weekend saturday



Since we haven't been informed of anything even remotely worthwhile, put on your party cap and head on over to D.P. There, we're sure you'll find some ragin' band or at least a keg of Natty Ice. By the way, if you ever know of a legitimate event, be sure to email artsweek at: <artsweek@ucsbdailynews.com> But we're talking legitimate here, folks.

weekend sunday

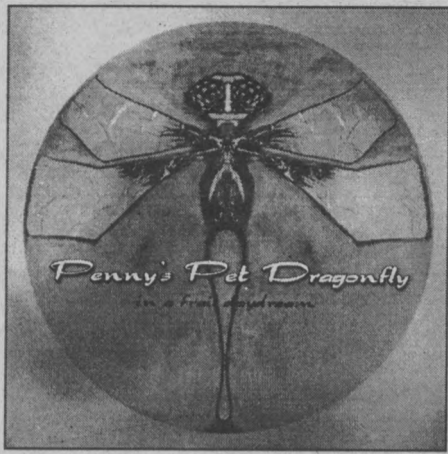


If you didn't happen upon any live music this weekend while strutting your inebriated self down D.P., head on back to campus for the pure fun of "Stop Making Sense." It's a concert film full of infectious rhythms, quirky drama and, well, the Talking Heads singing their infamous songs ("Burning Down the House," for example.) Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m. \$5



* music reviews

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE



Penny's Pet Dragonfly | *In a Frail Daydream* | Orange Peel Records

Sincerity is quite a rarity these days in pop music. Bands that make it onto the Billboard charts are heavy on production gimmicks (Backstreet Boys) or retro irony (Beck). Las Vegas' Penny's Pet Dragonfly, however, have embraced sincerity with open arms, trying to elevate rock past nihilism in the process.

The results, however, are far from satisfactory. The seven songs on *In a Frail Daydream* are mostly silly and unoriginal rambles about the vicissitudes of romance that drag on interminably through their clumsy structures. *In a Frail Daydream* brings Live to mind in its straight-ahead and entirely accessible approach to rock. But where Live is successful at creating raw emotional content and energy, Penny's Pet Dragonfly's sincere approach but feigned results fall completely flat.

Vocalist Micah Tamblyn is so utterly mediocre, his style and lyrics so tepid and plain, he elevates Scott Weiland to Pavarotti status. "Fingers running through the grass/ questions unable to ask/ Clouds slowly taking form/ can't see the incoming storm," he croons on "Dazzled."

The saving grace in *In a Frail Daydream* is the impressive guitar work of Eric Kosh. Kosh is able to evoke very satisfying and emotional lines from his instrument making some of the songs somewhat more bearable. The album's highlight track, "She Said," features a gently picked melody that contributes to the song's intoxicating dreaminess. Too often, however, the pedestrian production of the album places his clever and melancholy work in the background of the stale rhythm section, not to mention Tamblyn's painful vocals.

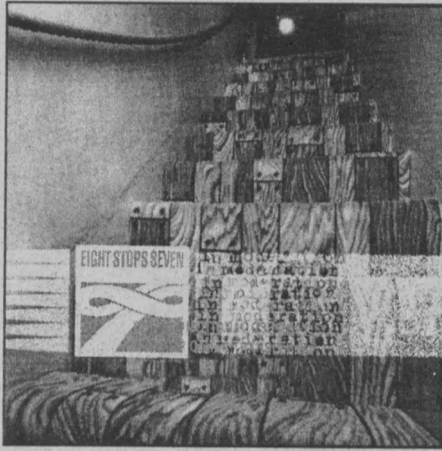
Utterly unoriginal and repetitive, Penny's Pet Dragonfly makes no contribution to the sonic landscape. Must sincerity sound so boring? [Andy Sywak]

8 Stops 7 | *In Moderation* | Reprise

Imagine the sensation of a double-barreled shotgun put in your mouth with the hammer pulled back and a steroid junkie behind the trigger. This just about parallels the mood of 8 Stops 7's debut, *In*

Moderation.

Lead singer Evan Goff sounds like a cross between Scott Weiland and Gavin Rossdale, but with a certain seriousness to reaffirm the fact that he's angry. Which is exactly what this band is able to accomplish. The music is definitely heavy metal, and has managed to shy away from the ska beat of other hard core bands like Korn and Limp Bizkit. The percussion definitely leads the songs, exploding at the right times and coming back with smooth transitions. The lyrics fit into the diligently mastered guitar stops and stalls, and the choruses usually make their point on each



track.

"Question Everything" gives background from where this band is coming from. The hook states, "Ten years old and I've finally found my pride/ The old man comes rolling home to die." The restlessness and frustration over the past and the unfairness of life are themes throughout this album. But on such songs as "Question Everything" and "Good Enough," the band has kept a sentimental side, singing about the past, and tearing through catchy rhythms and distorted leads.

The music is testosterone-driven, and not for the light-hearted. Although this band possibly relates to many people on rock radio, it fails to have any originality that could make it an icon. Many similar bands have a distinct flair that makes them unique over 8 Stops 7. Their music is genuine, but fails to change, and it's hard to determine if they could move to another genre of hardcore rock. The lyrics seem thick-headed, and uninterested in worldly affairs, but still manage to carry the same subject on each song. The music rocks, and the overall aura is what alternative/heavy metal is all about, but don't expect this band to make any marks in the history books. [Collin Mitchell]

Takako Minekawa | *Fun9* | Emperor Norton

My favorite little Japanese popster is back for more with her latest release, *Fun9*. Collaborating with fellow Japanese icon of cool Cornelius on several tracks, *Fun9* is sure to "ooh" and "aah" the kiddies. In comparison to past albums, this cornucopia of sounds brings a more

mature, mellow sound to the table, yet still keeps it real with the wacky antics I love about this sassy gal. True to form, Minekawa skillfully combines the sounds of a live band with spacey, eclectic samples for a result that lies somewhere between German "kraut rock" and French pop. And, of course, she never fails to include her own little twists and turns that make the ride all the more fun along the way.

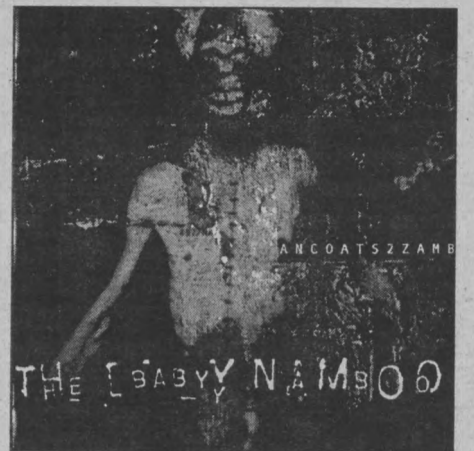
Minekawa's sugary sweet vocals synchronize the cacophony of electronic bleeps and snare drums in the aim of pure beauty. *Fun9* achieves this ambitious goal with skill and grace (and a style that only this lovely lady can pull off). Somehow you end up in a magical land of dreamy reverie and bounce-off-the-wall explosions of energy. "Tiger" gets off to a slow start but progresses to electronically funky guitar riffs and whimsical vocals reminiscent of a '60s French film soundtrack. "Spin Spider Spin" is a bit more upbeat and poppy, sure to have you swaying and bopping around like you were a fellow member of the Japanese mod squad. Fun fun fun squared. [DollFace is moving to Japan to form a stylish girl band]



Suba | *São Paulo Confessions* | Six Degrees

I've always dreamed of venturing to Brasilia, the capital of Brazil. There, in the middle of forests, exists a manifestation of modernity. *São Paulo Confessions* hits a similar nerve, compelling me all the more to travel to Brazil - it's modern, yet draws so heavily on native, organic sounds from Brazil's history, that the album could become the soundtrack to our postmodern lives. While listening to the tracks, it becomes indecipherable which sounds are really so old and so new after all.

Drawing on the synthetic and deeply urban sounds of electronica and the organic, native sounds of ancient Brazil, *São Paulo Confessions* is an album that sounds like a hybrid of Stan Getz's luscious bossanova of the '50s and '60s with the atmospheric drum 'n' bass oft heard softly emanating from the speakers in Banana Republic. Reminiscent of Towa Tei's solo work, Suba is a more sophisticated attempt at crossing the boundaries of space and time, of old and new. Don't be misled - this ain't techno. It's just track after track of soothing, beautiful music. [Jenne Raub]



The Baby Namboos | *Ancoats2zambia* | Palm Pictures

The promotional spiel reads: "The Baby Namboos weave beat-mad roots and conscious vibes together with the dub-heavy Bristol sound ... The Baby Namboos are a family sound-system who shout out positive messages of unity, spirituality, and the power of inner vision."

Assuming that this is true, and that Famke Jansen often puts the ol' 69 on my pager whenever it's late night booty call time, it may be that any average Joe upon listening to *The Baby Namboos' Ancoats2zambia* will probably immediately fall in love with this CD. (And not before too long will be wearing The Baby Namboos T-shirts like those Jurassic 5 ones all we warrior kinfolk sport.) As sure as that, the grand finale, in one all-encompassing swoop, arrives with a secret Masonic handshake. Yep, I remember that time I was flipping through *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition* and I saw my friend from high school on page 52. Talk about surprise - that sort of future shock just is not worth the Powerbar and Gatorade I would usually trade it in for.

So, what can I say? If you like Tricky, and if you are looking for Tricky-sounding grooves, then look no further than this little gem of musical innovation. *Ancoats2zambia's* seventh track, "Holy," stands out as one of them songs that makes good ambient music. Of course most of the album is like this. You may find that some of the songs are very similar in sound to some of Tricky's work, but this won't mean that these tunes aren't any good. After all, Tricky owns the label that The Baby Namboos are on, and we all know that "birds of a feather flock together." The project is solid. Recommended tracks are two, four, seven, and 12 (the latter being a *Dillinja* re-mix of track four, also the title track: *Ancoats2zambia*).

Yes, as experimental as it is, it may not be up everyone's alley, but it definitely will be totally awesome for everyone who is in the slowed-up, mellowed-out vibe this project caters to. Not to mention that it may be perfect for everyone in the mood for Triscuits and an MLT (mutton, lettuce and tomato sandwich).

That's word is born. [Robotsex bathes daily in Oil of Olay]

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

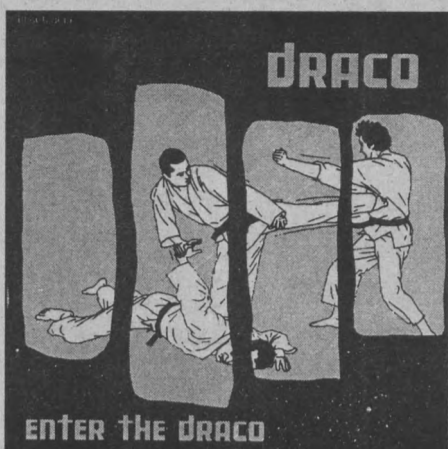


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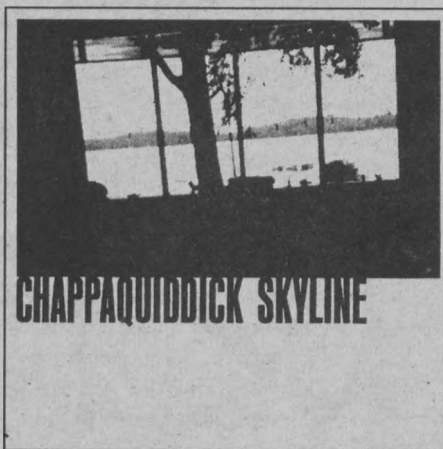
* music reviews



Draco | Enter the Draco | Slabco

Upon first listen to *Enter the Draco*, I felt my teeth clenching and the urge to run for sanity. Upon second listen, though, the sun got a little brighter, the clouds disappeared and the birds chirped harmoniously outside my bay window. Ok, maybe not, but this album is not one to discard upon first impression. The poppy electronic sounds will grow on you until these songs will be happily haunting you during class, in the shower and perhaps even during inappropriate moments with the one you love.

Brought to us by Slabco Records, the folks that bring us such lovelies as Volume All*Star and Buckminster Fuzeboard, Draco fits right in with the label's self-proclaimed mantra, "inventors of lo-fi casio-driven loops, oozing beats and samplistic computer-based music." If that doesn't describe Draco, I'm not quite sure what will. With salty female vocals layered over twangy guitar riffs and dancey breakbeats, *Enter the Draco* has a little something for everyone. While the lyrics on "Buttercup" can get repetitive and annoying, "Buttercup Bonus Beats" makes it all worthwhile with catchy samples and tempo. "First Buckaroo vs. Summer Alien" is just like it sounds — a bit of country, millennium-style, but "The Slacker" brings us back to the world we love with funky breaks and filtered vocal effects. And if that's not enough, well, the album has a really cool cover with fun pictures. [DollFace appreciates the important things in life]



Chappaquiddick Skyline | Chappaquiddick Skyline | Sub Pop

Pop music is having a renaissance in the sense that there has been a rebirth of what made the genre great: simple songs dealing with love, life and everything in between that are played in a stripped-down manner, leaving the lyrics and musicianship to do the rest of the work. The word "pop" today often finds people conjuring up images of men and women in flamboyant clothing jumping around on stage with headset mics while smiling excessively. The pop I'm talking about is casual, heartfelt, unglamorous and often depressing in its realism. Pop like that of Elvis Costello, the Lemonheads and even Burt Bacharach. *Chappaquiddick Skyline* recalls all these and is a masterpiece of slow, lyric-driven, harmonious pop that is affecting.

Headed up by Joe Pernice (the most important half of the Pernice Brothers, whose 1998 album *Overcome by Happiness* achieved critical, but never commercial, success), the band has been playing live together since 1998. That's what makes this album, and Sub Pop, for that matter, so good: It's not overproduced and has a very live, raw sound. Pernice's sweetly rough voice and often acoustic guitar meander through slow, viscous ballads like "The Two of You Sleep" to more upbeat tunes like "Everyone Else is Evolving" and "Breakneck Speed," which have a little bit more of that light, Indian-summer feel in their carefree attitude. The gems of the album are "Solitary Swedish Houses"

and "Nobody's Watching," the former accentuating the genius of the band when they bring their sparse elements together in a cohesively warm environment, while the breathy latter is a constantly evolving ballad which has Pernice whispering his fears in hushed tones.

Chappaquiddick Skyline is a throwback to the days when pop was respectable and honest and the people that made it up were people you could relate to because, for the most part, they were you. See if you can't find some part of yourself amongst this lyrical eloquence. [Josh "B.H." Baron]

Various Artists | "The Sopranos" Soundtrack | Sony

"The Sopranos" is your typical HBO series about Italian mobsters. The lead character's name is Tony — he wears gold chains with crosses dangling from them and uses his hands a lot when talking. But the soundtrack, that's a whole different plate o' pasta. Where the show is void of originality and plot twists, the soundtrack is a massive collaboration of different artists from different time periods that feel just right, unlike the second rate actors that HBO settled for.

The soundtrack begins with the show's hit theme song, "I Woke up This Morning," by A3. A3 is a no-name group, but I can at least say that they've got one good song, and it is only the beginning, literally and figuratively speaking. Frank Sinatra is a must for any gangster exhibition, and like always he comes through with all his savvy style. His song, "It Was a Good Year," fits in nicely between R.L. Burnside and Bob Dylan. Dylan, whose song "Hurricane" is the theme to the new Denzel Washington film of the same title, is a nice unexpected touch. But what's even more unexpected is for Elvis Costello to appear on the album. A '60s rocker in Italian Brooklyn? The album is better as an album than as a soundtrack because hardly any of the songs resemble the show. Namely, they are not aggressive and display a lot of ripe talent. [Mohahn Gilad Mandelbaum]

Norman Brown | Celebration | Warner Bros.

If your idea of good toe tappin', booty shakin' grooves are those of hotel-lobby jazz music — you are in luck! A mix of sultry jazz, R&B breaks and mellow guitar combine to create this album of easy listening. Only in times of a desperate need to relax and fall asleep, seduce a lover movie-style in front of a fireplace or to appease hardcore fans of easy jazz should this album be bought in contribution to a CD collection.

Throughout the rest of the songs, nothing much changes, except for the occasional change into faster-paced beats or soft singing. This album leans more towards the easy-listening side than jazz. I don't know how many of you out there are Kenny G fans, but when considering buying this, think along those lines (minus the sax). Only the true easy-listening fan should pick this up, or one won't be able to appreciate Norman Brown's guitar skills (which are of good fare). [Mandy Major]

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- Federico Fellini, film director 1920
- Paul Stanley, KISS member 1952
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- George Burns, still alive 1896
- Deforest Kelley, "Star Trek" doctor 1920
- Buzz Aldrin, second man on the moon 1930

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→ Chile	Wednesday, January 26	4:00 pm	2431 South Hall
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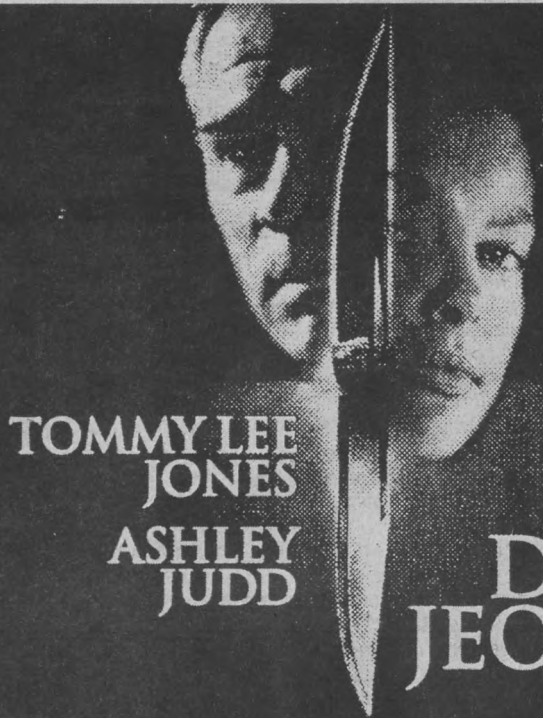
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