

Metropolis at The Vic: Silence is Olden.....pg 3A



# ENCORE

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For The Week of April 23, 1992

previews - interviews - reviews

# SOULJIND GARDEN

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## MUSIC REVIEWS

## We the Beasties...

Check Your Head Declares Its Independence From Formula Pop

Check Your Head  
The Beastie Boys  
Capitol Records

Two hundred and some odd years ago, George Washington, Ben Franklin, John Hancock and a bunch of other guys got together and decided to try something new. A few documents were drawn up, some tea got thrown in the ocean, a couple thousand people died and the United States of America was born. Well, maybe it wasn't quite that simple, but when it all gets boiled down, the basic idea was this: "It's OK being a colonist and all, but we can do better."

Now, in 1992, it seems that for the most part, this grand experiment has failed. We seem to be in some kind of deep, sick funk. The state kills its prisoners with a logic no deeper than, "What that boy done just weren't



right!" The press enjoys pummeling the likes of Clinton and Brown, yet itself can't help but fetch any stick that the likes of Schwarzkopf or Reagan throw its way. All cars look the same. All movies feel the same and all music sounds the same.

And then there are The Beastie Boys.

It can be easily said that their latest album, *Check Your Head*, is all that America should strive for.

It started way back with

*Licence To Ill*. Without a doubt, this was commercial brilliance. Every youth in the country seized the opportunity to "fight for their right to party."

So where was the follow-up commercial hit? Where was the Saturday morning cartoon series, the action figures? Where was "Fight For Your Right, Part II"???

There just wasn't. The Beastie Boys had forged on with *Paul's Boutique*, probably the densest piece of vinyl ever pressed. Variations on musical motifs, running socio-political commentaries, lyrical brilliance — out of the same minds that wrote "Girls! All I really want is girls!" It scared the common hoards, who immediately ran and hid in caves made of Vanilla Ice. But The Beastie Boys didn't need that shit anymore — they were visionaries.



Adam Horowitz, better known as Beastie Ad-Rock, is able to play all of these simultaneously. Amazing, is it?

So here comes, after many long years, album #3, *Check Your Head*. How the hell could they do better than *Paul's Boutique*?

They do. Better, and different. They play their own instruments, funk, punk and a cameo by Ted Nugent.

All that Abe Lincoln crap about forging new frontiers is right here. The Beastie Boys are the cowboys for a generation looking for new boundaries to bust.

Is there anyone else left in popular music who could throw away established suc-

cess, and just rock?

No one could make a better album than this. Describing it is futile. The only thing wrong with *Check Your Head* is that it ends.

—Denis Faye

## On the Dark Side Of Pop

Holy Smoke  
Peter Murphy  
Beggars Banquet/RCA Records

Nothing goth can stay. Goth-rock, a late '70s and early '80s movement led by the enigmatic Bauhaus, has pretty much run its course. What grew out of it is a sort of "goth-pop," mixing the gothic penchant for "looking on the dark side of things" with slick pop production.

Peter Murphy, former lead singer for Bauhaus, emerges as the champion of this nonetheless "packaged" art form, as his latest release, *Holy Smoke*, can attest.

His third solo effort is not a great departure from 1989's *Deep*. A concoction of moody melodies and poetic lyrics, it echoes many of the strong points of that successful album, though losing some of the rougher, and — unfortunately — more



dynamic, edges. There are no tracks like the energetic "The Line Between the Devil's Teeth" or the refreshingly unfettered "A Strange Kind of Love" on *Holy Smoke*. However, "Hit Song" is a truly poignant piece complete with a string quartet and female vocalist (Alison Limerick, who also offers a solo at the end of the soul-inspired "The Sweetest Drop"), and the danceable "Keep Me from Harm" features the zurna and ney, two Middle Eastern instruments.

But the star of the album is Murphy himself. His deep baritone, somewhere between Lou Reed and Jim Nabors (the opera voice),

gives what might otherwise be just moody pop a voice. It propels the Bauhausy "Low Room," as well as the album's best cut, "Let Me Love You," the closest thing to *Deep*'s haunting "Marlene Dietrich's Favorite Poem."

With *Holy Smoke*, Peter Murphy isn't taking any risks — but he's not jilting his public either. Releasing some of the most satisfying pop in the commercial market today, Murphy has found a way to please both his loyal goth-rock fans and a new generation of black-clothed, pointy shoesers. And that is the art of compromise.

—Pax Wassermann

## Rap-Punk Hybrid Is Up for the Count

Body Count  
Body Count  
Sire records

Myth #158: Blacks can't play good rock or heavy metal.

Screw that.

*Body Count*, headed by rapper Ice-T, mixes rap's worst attitude with metal's heaviest-grinding riffs to come up with an out-of-control album that should make everyone wake up and wonder what the hell is going on.

From last summer's Lollapalooza Festival to their recent show at the Anaconda (March 29), *Body Count* has made it clear that they are not your average heavy metal band. Yeah — they're Black, and along with the usual metal fare of sex and drugs (see "Evil Dick"), *Body Count* sings about racism, the Ku Klux Klan and killing cops.

But Ice-T strikes much deeper than that. He takes on a different voice with almost every song, speaking as a convicted gang member on Death Row in "Bowels of the Devil," then as the White Man's worst enemy in "There Goes the Neigh-



Relax, will you? They're just good people.

borhood." In "Momma's Gotta Die Tonight," an indictment of racism against non-blacks, Ice-T is a frustrated and confused child turned psychotic killer.

*Body Count* is filled with rage and pain. But underlying everything is the pleading desire to end the hurt, and to live in a colorblind society that doesn't preach hate and separation. Sample lyrics:

Goddamn what a brotha gotta do  
to get a message through to the red, white and blue?  
The world's insane while you drink champagne  
and I'm living in black rain  
The song that best sums

up what *Body Count* experiences as a black metal band is "There Goes the Neighborhood."

Don't they know rock's just for whites?  
Don't they know the rules?  
Those niggas are too hard core  
This shit ain't cool!

*Body Count*'s message is political, violent, desperate. It takes you places you've never been and tears off your rose-colored glasses forever, forcing you to see how things really are and that they have to get better. So, if you normally hate heavy metal music, or you can't stand rap, it's time to convert. This is worth it.

—Jeanine Natale

## CONCERT PREVIEW

## A Double Dose of Spiritual Glee — All For Free

A UCSB composer's work will reverberate throughout Lotte Lehmann Hall twice in as many days this week.

The piece is "Medley of Spirituals," by music composition graduate Diane White, who will be finishing off a recital of her works Thursday with this unique combination of nontraditional harmonies and the traditional melodies of African-American folk music.

Fellow musician Jenna Jaffe, a soprano, has chosen to end her senior recital on Friday with the medley as well.

White, well-known for directing the Gospel Choir last year, will be performing "Medley of Spirituals" and five more of her works with the help of other UCSB musicians at tonight's recital. The work is representative of her gospel influence, which is pervasive throughout the second half of the recital's program in pieces like "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See," to be performed by baritone Melvin Foster and mixed chorus.

White said she puts African-American church music in

"Medley of Spirituals" is representative of Diane White's gospel influence, pervasive throughout the second half of the recital."

a contemporary setting in her works, keeping the melodies intact, while weaving in original harmonies. "I grew up in church — my dad's a pastor — and I grew up playing piano and singing," White said.

Besides the spiritually-based works, White's program will include "ten-eight," a rhythmically complex piano solo, and "The Birth of Triplets," a work in which three flutes musically parallel the physical — and psychological

— development of triplets in the womb.

"Medley of Spirituals" is the only American folk tune Jaffe will perform at her recital on Friday, featuring her soprano voice accompanied by pianist Beverly Staples. Obviously a Romantic at heart, Jaffe's program will consist of 19th Century works by composers Donizetti, Debussy and Strauss. "These pieces really mean a lot to me, they're wonderful pieces of music," she said.

"It is very important to me that the text should be very moving and fit my voice. I like things where the voice and the piano come together and do unusual things," Jaffe said.

Both recitals will take place in Lotte Lehmann at 8 p.m. Thursday and Friday and are free.

—Bonnie Bills



"You see this rubber glove I have? See it? Do you? Well, this is no ordinary glove!"

## A Tale Worth Its Metal

Avante-Garde Ensemble Accompanies *Metropolis*

The Victoria Street Theater will present two special screenings of Fritz Lang's 1926 silent masterpiece *Metropolis* this weekend, complete with musical accompaniment provided by San Francisco's renowned Club Foot Orchestra.

Lang's *Metropolis* remains one of the principle works of 1920s German Expressionist films. Along with F.W. Murnau's *Nosferatu* and Robert Weine's *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, the film features nightmarish imagery and crooked, grandiose sets that are quite extraordinary despite the technical restrictions of the period.

With its use of highly stylized cinematography and emphasis on shadows and darkness, Expressionist films created a hyperreal panorama of gloom and oppression that captivated audiences in the '20s and continues to fascinate filmmakers like Steven Soderberg and Woody Allen to this day.

The Club Foot Orchestra, a 10-piece avant-garde ensemble, offers a traditional interpretation of *Metropolis* —

faithful to Lang's original black and white vision of capitalism gone awry. The Clubfoots themselves are no strangers to the genre — in 1987 and 1989, they provided accompaniment for revivals of *Nosferatu* and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, respectively. *Metropolis* rounds out the orchestra's trilogy and features everything from guitars and drums to actual British air-raid sirens from World War II.

Film lovers will not want to miss out on this rare performance: silent film with live on-stage orchestration, as it was originally intended. The event is a fund-raiser for the Victoria Street Theater, the only independently owned and operated movie house in the Santa Barbara area. With only 60 such theaters left in the United States, continued patronage is absolutely necessary — both to the theaters' existence and the fate of independent cinema in general.

*Metropolis* screens Saturday night at 9:15 and again on Sunday at 2 p.m. Tickets are available at the Lobero Theater to reserve by credit card) or at the Vic box office.

—Andy Bailey

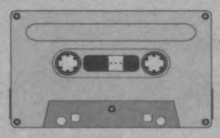
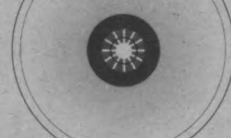
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# SOUNDGARDEN

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# Garden Of Stone

Soundgarden Delivers Grunge Rock at UCSB

By Charles Hornberger

It has been much, much too quiet on campus this year. As far as big bands go, it seems like UCSB has gone into some sort of arctic hibernation for the last 12 months. It feels like someone stole our dancing shoes. Ask yourself: Where has the rock and roll been? With a few possible exceptions, it hasn't been in The Pub. It certainly hasn't been in any of the major venues on campus. Until tonight, that is.

Let's call Soundgarden an icebreaker. Like a fart in a tuxedo, they're sure to break the uneasy silence that has seems to have settled in on campus. Finally.

Granted, the concert industry has been slumping for the last two years, and 1991 was perhaps the worst in a decade for promoters. But maybe Soundgarden's appearance at UCSB—a place where, according to one organizer, it's not that easy to make money off a show—is a sign that the promotions industry is kicking off its recessionary cement shoes. Or maybe not. Either way, it should give people here something to dance about.

The fact that Robertson Gymnasium is a fairly small venue—it will hold 3,000, with 500 floor seats—should also be a plus for tonight's show, since Soundgarden's easy audience rapport makes it perfectly suited for mid-size halls.

The Seattle-based band first broke into the new "alternative mainstream" with *Louder Than Love* in 1990, but its latest and even grungier release, *Badmotorfinger*, has placed the band with the likes of Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Alice in Chains, three other groups to come racing out of the Northwest in recent months.

On stage, the four sound gardeners deliver solid helpings of grunge like so much home-grown oatmeal—it's thick and you kind of want to rub your face in it. Their music drops down on the audience in layer after layer of sound,



with Chris Cornell's bellowing lyrics, new bassist Ben Shepherd's plunging bass lines, Kim Thayil's fast, crisp guitar, and the rock-solid drumming of Matt Cameron, who sounds like he's using two small cedar saplings for drumsticks.

This is just the kind of band UCSB needs.

Shepherd and Cornell—the latter of whom is not completely averse to the occasional stage dive—are compelling performers—jumping, lunging and prowling across the stage. Shepherd's bass work is a huge asset to the band, adding an entirely new dimension to their songs, livening them up and eliminating some of the drone present on *Louder Than Love*.

But if their show at the Ventura Theatre in January is any indication, Shepherd will be spicing up songs from both albums, mixing current hits like "Rusty Cage" with the straight-ahead power of older songs such as "Big Dumb Sex."

It's the kind of show that might just remind people what good, loud rock and roll is supposed to sound like. The kind of show that makes you shake your head around,

bump nicely into the person next to you as if to say "Aren't these guys great," and then go home to say that it was "the best concert I've ever been to" (which is what you always say).

It's the kind of show that makes you smile and then lick the sweat off your upper lip and then smile again. The kind of show that sends you home with a shirt that sticks to your back like a second skin and smells real bad in the morning.

(Besides, Soundgarden is hip. Everything that comes out of Seattle—excluding mid-size Japanese imports—is hip. You like music from Seattle. You might move there after you graduate. Or maybe Eastern Europe. This way, you know something about the culture. In Seattle, that is.)

So far, however, the show seems to be criminally undersold; organizers from A.S. Program Board and Los Angeles-based Avalon Attractions say there are still "plenty" of tickets left, and are hoping sales will pick up today.

They'd better. Since Rob Gym can hold 3,000 people, anything less than 2,950 would be a crying shame.

In a smoke-filled basement, this New



Jersey quintet hides its ghoulish muse



"Cover me with skin and with hair."

Lead singer David Wyndorf, in "Nod Scene"



Spine of God  
Monster Magnet  
Caroline Records

With their first album, *Spine of God*, a little band that likes to call itself Monster Magnet has served up some noise that is not unlike tunneling through a dark, muddy place during a really bad thunderstorm. Yes this album is dark and wet and dank with the stale odor of places known but avoided.

Much like its soft and unassuming title, *Spine of God* is a collection of drug anthems, vicious misogyny and hard rock pomp that makes Metallica seem sweeter than your grandma Nana. In a dense, smoke-



filled basement this New Jersey quintet hides its ghoulish muse—the inspiration for songs like "Nod Scene." In this sprawling mix of bone-crushing psychedelia, screaming lead singer and guitarist David Wyndorf spews brilliantly bizarre lines that are obviously the result of some very strong dope:

*Sit me in the lap of the gods, babel!  
Cover me with skin and with hair,  
Ride a number-one on the hump train  
Screw you if you think I care!*

With his vocals, Wyndorf never seems to crack the glass castle of rock superstardom his singing builds.

Equally gratifying for those who wish to be rocked silly, is the growth-stunting lead guitar of John McBain, whose distortion dial apparently goes well past 11.

Other grungy treats on this powerful, if at times long-in-the-tooth LP, include "Medicine," the eloquent, slow-paced "Zodiac Lung," and the mercilessly screeching title track.

Their product could be compared to anyone from Soundgarden to Spinal Tap, but mostly this band is just doing their own, stoned, grinding thing—uglier than you could imagine. The album is a voyage recommended loudly to those unafraid of the dark.

—Dylan Callaghan



Spine of God makes Metallica seem sweeter than your grandma Nana.





*It's like driving a sports car down a desert road in the middle of the night at 120 miles an hour*

# Out of Control

## Swervedriver's Unique Sound Fits Its Name - Unbound and Powerful

Interview by Aaron Cappocchi

About three years ago, a band was formed from the remains of an Essex group called Shake Appeal. Guitarist/vocalist Adam Franklin, guitarist Jimmy Hartridge and bassist Adi Vynes recruited drummer Graham Bonner to complete their new outfit, which they christened Swervedriver.

Although they are sometimes grouped with other one-word title bands who produce beautiful and noisy sonic landscapes (Curve, Ride, Blur, Lush, Silverfish) they have a sound and an identity all their own.

On their debut album *Raise* (A&M Records) Swervedriver have concocted a strange and hypnotic masterpiece. The songs are forceful and strong without ever being repetitive or bombastic. The melodies are beautiful and catchy without being simple or predictable. Listening to the album will give you a feeling that is expressed perfectly in the band's name — it's like driving a sports car down a desert road in the middle of the night at 120 miles an hour and knowing that you aren't really in control.

Swervedriver is currently in the midst of a U.S. tour with Soundgarden. They will play UCSB's Rob Gym tonight at 8 p.m. Last week, ENCORE talked with guitarist Jimmy Hartridge about the band, the tour and life in general.

**ENCORE:** You guys have been touring a lot lately. Did you get a chance to go home between the last American/Japanese tour and this one?  
**Jimmy Hartridge:** Yeah, we did. We're in Los Angeles now and our tour with Soundgarden doesn't start until Thursday (April 16), so we have some free time here, too.

**ENCORE:** Do you like Soundgarden? Have you met them or heard their newest album?

**Hartridge:** I haven't met them personally, but I think some of the other guys have. I like some of their album — it's pretty good. It's a very different sound than ours. A lot harder, more metallic. We're on the same record label as they are here in America. That's sort of why we're playing with them now. At first we didn't really want to do this tour. We thought, you know, oh shit, six more weeks of driving around in America. But it turned out to be more like three and half weeks instead.

**ENCORE:** You guys are from Essex, right? Were you all born and raised there?  
**Hartridge:** I was born just outside of Essex and Adam moved to my town when he was very young. The rest of the band moved there when they were teen-agers.

**ENCORE:** Who are some of your influences and what bands do you admire now?

**Hartridge:** We've been pretty heavily influenced by Lou Reed and by bands like Sweet. I like Smashing Pumpkins a lot right now, and we all like Sonic Youth.

port this album. But between tours we went back home and recorded a new single and shot a video. It's called "Reel to Reel" and it should be out in about a month. The single has a couple other new songs on it and a Lou Reed cover

exactly clear as to why. I guess he just got tired. We all thought he'd come back in four or five days, but he didn't.

**ENCORE:** Who's the new drummer?

**Hartridge:** His name's Danny England. He's from

Name.

**ENCORE:** Did you know Danny before? How did you find him?

**Hartridge:** He's a friend of our tour manager's.

**ENCORE:** What are some of the different things about playing here as opposed to

songs — either to play or to listen to?

**Hartridge:** It changes all the time. It's fun to play newer songs, like the new single, because we haven't played them so many times. You don't get the same rush playing a song every night that you do when you play a new one. So I guess the new single is my favorite right now, but it'll change again someday.

**ENCORE:** You guys never print lyrics, and sometimes Adam's voice gets lost behind the guitars. What's the



This guy (left) likes the A's. The others seem disinterested in baseball altogether. Intertesting, isn't it?

We'd love to do some gigs with them.

**ENCORE:** How old are all of you guys?

**Hartridge:** We're all in our mid-20s. 24 to 26.

**ENCORE:** How long did it take you to record *Raise*?

**Hartridge:** About 10 weeks. Some parts took longer than others and we took some breaks, but on the whole about 10 weeks.

**ENCORE:** Are you happy with the album personally?

**Hartridge:** Yeah, I think it's good. Some parts I think we could've done better on. The next album will be better.

**ENCORE:** Do you have plans for recording a second album yet? Are you writing any new material?

**Hartridge:** No, not really. We're still touring to sup-

ported "Jesus." So we're sort of always doing new things.

**ENCORE:** I saw a show a couple of months ago in

Washington, D.C.

**ENCORE:** I thought he was really good. I couldn't tell any difference.

*"Doesn't Jane Fonda live somewhere near Santa Barbara? Maybe we'll go visit her."*

Jimmy Hartridge, of Swervedriver

L.A. and you had a different drummer. Where's Graham?

**Hartridge:** Graham's actually left the band. He took off after the first week of our last American tour. It isn't

**Hartridge:** Yeah, he's great. That was the gig at the Whiskey, wasn't it? That's a good place and that was a really fun show. We played a good one the night before, too — at A Club With No

playing at home? Are the audiences different?

**Hartridge:** No, audiences are pretty much the same wherever you go. One thing that has been different lately is the age of the audience. We've been seeing a lot of younger kids, like 11 to 14 years old at our gigs. I really like that.

Something we really try to avoid is playing those clubs with age limits. You know, like some places you can only get in if you're 21 or older. I can remember going to shows when I was 11 or so and really enjoying myself. I don't see why everyone shouldn't have that privilege.

**ENCORE:** Do you have a favorite one of your own

line in "Sci-Flyer" that says something about angels?

**Hartridge:** Oh yeah, that's "Below the apes, above the angels." That's a really good line. You have to get pretty stoned to be below the apes.

**ENCORE:** Have you ever been to Santa Barbara before?

**Hartridge:** No, we haven't and we're really looking forward to it. I hear it's really nice up there. The last time we were here it rained in L.A. and San Francisco and San Diego. But the weather's a lot nicer now so we can see everything we missed last time. Doesn't Jane Fonda live somewhere near Santa Barbara? Maybe we'll go visit her.

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In their spare time, the members of Danza Floricanto (who are scheduled to appear Saturday night in Campbell Hall) get dizzy and fall down. Here is one such instance. Interesting, isn't it?



**Colorful Culture**

Danza Floricanto Celebrates the Past

Colorful costumes, daring stunts, energetic dance, mariachi music and Mexican culture merge Saturday night with Danza Floricanto, just one performance in the month-long cultural festival, "Celebration! California, Mexico and Beyond," which began April 10 with the performance of Inti-Ilumani, a Chilean music group.

Danza Floricanto is a Los Angeles-based troupe that performs dances from all over Mexico. The company's repertoire features historical works, including Aztec, festival and rancho-style dances, all of which have been thoroughly researched. Using authentic costumes, the women demonstrate flamboyant fan and skirt work, as their male counterparts execute dangerous stunts with machetes.

Mariachi Mexicano provides the music for all of the dances, performing onstage behind the dancers. The band, which also performs a few numbers of its own, has been in several films, and is one of the first mariachi acts to feature both male and female members.

Danza Floricanto seeks to preserve Mexican culture through live performance and, by doing so, to bring

about awareness and appreciation of their heritage. As part of its tour of the U.S. and Mexico, the company has given dance classes and educational workshops, and many members also educate people closer to home—in schools, festivals and community functions in the L.A. area.

The artistic director, Gema Sandoval, studied under learned authorities of Mexican folklore, and makes yearly research trips to Mexico. She is in fact a native of Mexico, but grew up in L.A.

Sandoval taught and held administrative positions in the Los Angeles Unified School District for several years and created bilingual programs at many of the district's schools, especially within the Latino community. Beginning in 1975, she enacted folkloric programs within the district—paralleled by her development of Danza Floricanto.

Presently, in addition to running the dance company, Sandoval is executive director of L.A.'s Plaza de la Raza Cultural Arts Center, an institution dedicated to Hispanic culture and one that she has been affiliated with for eight years.

Danza Floricanto has won awards from the National Endowment for the Arts and the California State Arts Council, and has also given performances for Nelson Mandela and Prince Andrew of Great Britain. A hybrid of Mexican history and sheer entertainment, their performance is not to be missed.

Danza Floricanto will perform at 8 p.m. Saturday in UCSB's Campbell Hall, and will also give a master class at 10 that morning at La Casa de la Raza. Discount student tickets for Saturday night's show are available. For information call the Santa Barbara Dance Alliance at 564-7295.

—Ivy Weston

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# Perry Smacks of Sincerity

Roots of The Dead Guy Confirm Genius From Youth

There is no doubt in my mind that The Video Guy was the pinnacle of humor. He was a comedic genius."

— Luke Perry (of "Beverly Hills, 90210")  
While Mr. Perry never actually said this, *per se*, I'm sure he would have, had he known ... The Video Guy.

Yes, The Video Guy is dead. He was once a great columnist, a taker of risks. He stood on the edge and bellowed, "Does that babe have a pair of Ruth Buzzys, or what?" He pushed the envelope. Now, all he pushes are daisies. That's right, six feet under, just a slab of meat ... rotting meat, that is. We're gonna miss him.

Hi, I'm Fred Dorphman. For the next two weeks, I am going to take you into the private world of what was The Video Guy. We'll trace the roots of this man who so passionately loved and lunched. We'll talk to the people who knew The Video Guy. We'll discuss the films he felt were great. And we'll do some other things. So, join me, won't you? Let's look at The Video Guy.

The Video Guy was born in a log cabin in South Dakota in 1903. He was the latest model in a long line of The Video Guys, dating back to ancient Greece. One of his ancient Greek ancestors, Vidius del Guyum, was the first of his line to incite controversy. As the story goes, there was great public outcry over his review of *Swinging Olympiad III: Grapecrettes Gets Laid*. He apparently was unsatisfied with the bath scene, "You just don't get a good look at Aphrodite's huge Pythagorean Theorems." Documents indicate that he was forced to drink hemlock for his criticism.

It is also a little known fact that The Video Guy was a direct descendant of William Shakespeare. While not obvious from the Bard's later work, just one peek at his first plays, *Naughty Minstrels Playeth Thusly* and *Wench*



School, explains much.

But I digress. The Video Guy spent much of his life in poverty. He was forced to watch his first videos by the light of a mere piece of charcoal. He was enrolled in Milton's School for Youths at a young age. There, he excelled. Teacher Tanya Papincolas remembers:

"I hated that little son of a bitch! He's dead? Good! Do you know that over 70 percent of the girls in his class forced their parents to get them boob jobs that year, just

because of the complexes he gave them? These children were eight! Eight year-old girls with the measurements of 36-11-11 after he was through with them. That little son of a bitch."

Miss Papincolas shared with us some of The Video Guy's early English papers. Here are some excerpts.

On *The Scarlet Letter*:

"A is for Awesome. I dig this chick! Why are all those guys busting her butt? Don't they realize that she swings!"

On 1984:

"So, they got a television set that watches them all day, big deal. I say get in good with this big brother, maybe he can get them cable."

On *Heart of Darkness*:

"This Conrad guy — who does he think he's fooling? This book is totally like *Apocalypse Now*. What is he trying to do, pull the wool over our eyes?"

On *Of Mice and Men*:

"What this George guy needs is a few beers, really great beers, like Keystone. As for Lenny... well, maybe he should have a few less beers, he seems kind of drunk."

So began The Video Guy. It was after this that he would come to UCSB, and *The Daily Nexus*.

Next Week: The Video Guy Collegiate Years.

## FILM REVIEWS

# King's Sloth Embarrasses Cats

*Sleepwalkers*. Starring Brian Krause, Madchen Amick, and Alice Krige. Music by Nicholas Pike. Written by Stephen King. Directed by Mick Garris.



Feline (left) and human.

The first thing you might notice about the new Stephen King movie, *Sleepwalkers* (at the Cinema Twin and Granada), is that it's not very "nubile."

Whatever "nubility" might mean to you — taut and pert, fully developed, or sassy and full of blood — it's a scarce commodity in this film, which instead, is a celebration of sloth, laziness and Peter Principle mediocrity.

The movie is about a mother and son team of "sleepwalkers" — monstrous feline lifesuckers — who get their energy from

the souls of virginal women. With the movie's constant attempts at both flirtatious and serious sexual imagery, it's embarrassing to watch — like an aging man's mid-life sexual crisis.

Hey, King is a very good writer. But aside from the

occasional bits of classic King dialogue, like "Shut your pothole!" the *Sleepwalkers* script is about as fulfilling as one of his later, creatively lazy novels.

There's no pacing — only sudden, drippy spurts of action. There's no plot — only the glossy, mascaraed setup of "characters" in "situations." There's no horror — just mis-timed and violent spasms coming too soon or too late to make a difference.

Slow and crappy, this film, directed by Mick Garris. You get the idea that Garris ate a Jack in the Box lunch after shooting *Sleepwalkers*.

So far, *Sleepwalkers* has raised some controversy involving the treatment of cats

in the film. Clearly, none of the cats were harmed. They just sit there, licking themselves, hacking and more than a little embarrassed.

—J. Christaan Whalen

# Eco-People and Sand

*Mindwalk* (at the Victoria Street Theatre) is a film that literally wants to change the world.

In the tradition of cerebral films like *My Dinner With Andre*, the film features the kind of deep intellectual conversation coffee-house freaks only dream about. Not only that, but the screenplay (by Floyd Byars and Fritjof Capra) postulates an eco-centric philosophy in place of Cartesian theory and the Newtonian physics through which Western society has seen life for the last three centuries.

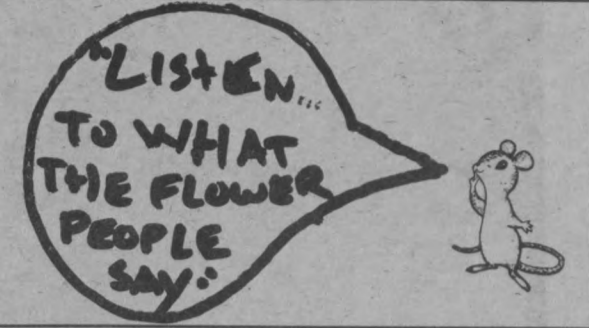
The medium to get this

theory across is simple: three expatriates meet on the medieval French island of Mont St. Michel and spend the day walking and talking. Jack Edwards (Sam Waterston) is a disillusioned presidential runner who takes a breather from PACs and lobbyists to recoup with his friend Tom Harriman (John Heard), a poet of some renown. Visiting Mont St. Michel, they encounter Sonya Heffman (Liv Ullmann), a disenchanting scientist whose brilliant discoveries have been used by the U.S. government to build weapons

of destruction. Similar enough to be acquaintances for a day, yet different enough to spark healthy debate, the conversation begins.

The actors create roles that are more than mouthpieces for a screenwriter's dialectic; the characters' backgrounds make what they say logical extensions of their unsatisfied minds. Optimistic and cynical by turns, *Mindwalk* is designed as a springboard for discussion. See it with the most argumentative friend you have.

—Ted Mills



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## Jackson Browne

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**Munkafust**

**Los Guys**

**Rain**

Get Involved:

**Voter Registration**

**Huge Drawing**

**Eco-Booths**

**and more**

### Schedule of Events:

12:00pm: Evil Farmer

1:00pm: Jackson Browne and Supervisor Bill Wallace

1:30pm: Green Party Candidate Mindy Lorenz

2:00pm: Los Guys

3:00pm: Sierra Club Associate Executive Director, Carl Pope

3:15pm: Munkafust (music video will be filmed during performance)

4:15pm: UCSB Env. Studies Professor Marc McGinnes

4:30pm: Rain

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