



ENCORE

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT SECTION OF THE DAILY NEXUS

For The Week of May 7, 1992

Evil Farmer unknowingly formed years ago, when all its members were playing together in a jazz band in the music department.

Years later, bassist Ari Gorman and drummer/composer David Brogan were toying with the idea of starting a band, but had seven horn players and no singer. So they turned to fellow jazz musician Paul Moore, a singer/composer/keyboardist/guitarist/etc., then playing with the band Lava Children, who eventually agreed to step in.

They formed Sea of Green, whose membership was eventually whittled down, and with the addition of Daniel Zimmerman on guitar, the Evil Farmer quartet was born.

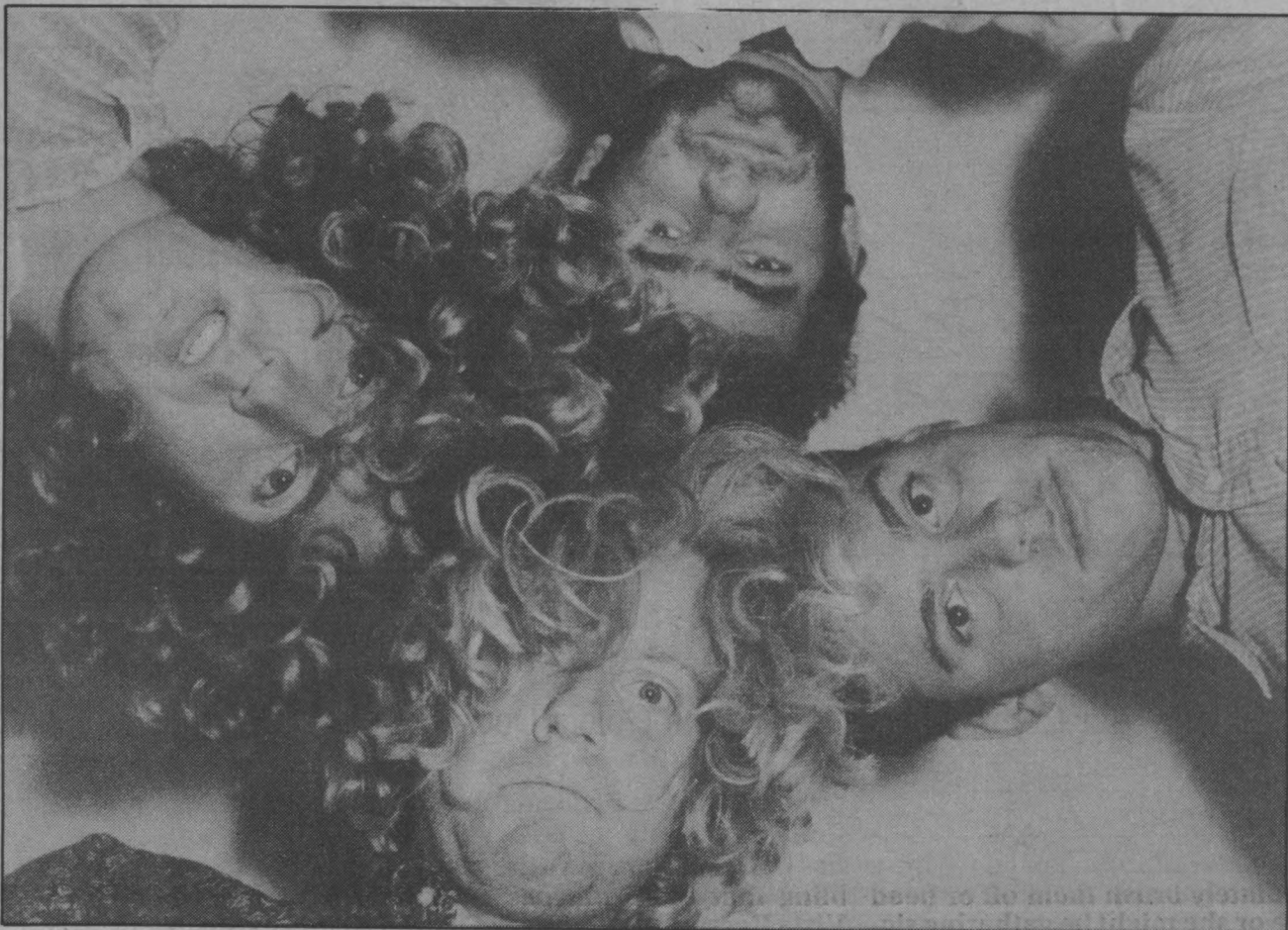
Their jazz band roots are still unmistakable. The music is an almost noncategorical melange of styles, including undercurrents of jazz strains, as well as the Grateful Dead. What comes across strongest is that the band knows how to play. No three-chord I.V. have-a-guitar, groupies-will-follow mentality here.

They have had to fight against simplistic crowd expectations but, almost in spite of their musical literacy, have developed a growing following in I.V. and were recently asked to play at this year's Extravaganza.

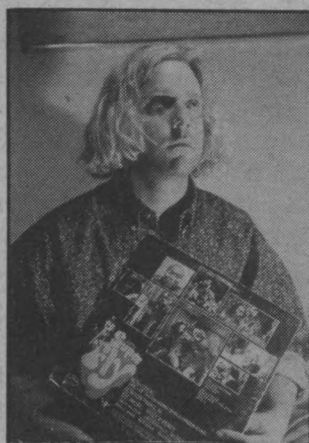
The group talked to ENCORE about their music late one night at their Del Playa apartment. The following was edited from an interview.

Paul: What I think the band is a lot about, for Dave Brogan and myself at least, is that we like to write songs and we like to compose—a lot. And the band is a way we can hear songs in that format, to get it across for ourselves.

Ari: And for me, one of the most exciting



Not-So Grim Reapers



Isla Vista's Four Farmers on the Rise: Ari Gorman, David Brogan, Paul Moore, Daniel Zimmerman

The Members of Evil Farmer Have Cause for Elation. Their Jazz Groove Blend Has Garnered Them a Loyal Following and a Spot on the Extravaganza Roster.

ENCORE INTERVIEW BY ALEX MACINNIS
PHOTOS BY STEVE OLSEN

things in working with Dave and Paul, not to mention Dan, is that the songwriting is so strong that we can put a lot into it. It can really flesh out.

Paul: Dan and Ari put a lot of their own music into it. We just give outlines.

Ari: But all the stuff we've ever done of Brogan's, he's written out charts, whether its every single note in the bassline...

Paul: Not all of it. Not "Be Strong Son."

Ari: It had a chord chart.

Paul: That's an outline.

Ari: But it's just a chord song. But like "Digital Spider" and "Bubblegum Terror," don't you remember?

Paul: "Bubblegum Terror" was never written out for me.

Ari: It was all written out.

Paul: It's only a four-chord song.

Dan: It was never written out for me.

Ari: OK, well shoot me down then. When he originally wrote it, it was a full score; trumpet, trombone, tenor sax, alto sax...

Dan: A lot of the songs actually had horn parts which we turned into guitar parts. Because we didn't have any horns anymore.

Paul: I've learned a lot about audience appeal by playing in bands in Isla Vista. It's really crazy, you know? We were at this party, playing, and there were some young girls there that were just like, "Play some music that will make us dance. Don't you know any happy songs? Can't you play 'Brown Eyed Girl?'"

Dan: So we did.

Ari: And we played it really well. We whored ourselves.

Paul: We had never played it before and the chords just came to us, like from god or something, and it

Carrots and Culture

Now In Its Third Year, the Acoustics Series Continues to Bring Unique Acts to the Pub

Some people think beer and sitars don't mix. To that, the folks at the A.S. Program Board, with their Acoustics series, say, "Phooey." A program that features jazz, blues, world music and other unamplified forms, Acoustics, now in its third year, unites Pub playfulness with the serious business of music-making. Offered every Wednesday from 4 p.m. until 6 p.m., the admission-free series has been home to the UCSB Sitar Ensemble, authentic Flamenco dancing, guitar duo Dada, and local blues stalwarts Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan, to name a few. Attendance for the program hit its peak with over 1,200 students, faculty and staff at last year's twin Flamenco performances, but usually settles somewhere around 75. In fact, a consistent audience prompted UCen Dining Services to offer complementary broccoli and ranch dressing as a gesture of thanks. Despite this palatable prosperity, event organizers yearn for more. "Generally, the kinds of performers we have are unique and outside the mainstream," said Program Board Adviser Marilyn Dukes, who has been involved with the series since its inception. "Of course,

we'd like to see more people take advantage of this opportunity. But, at the same time, the series has a loyal following that enjoys it." Still some might say, "Putting acoustic music in The Pub, with a bunch of drinkers? That's a load of bunk!" Not so, retort past performers. Despite the somewhat boisterous atmosphere, many musicians find the gig quite amenable. Ari Gorman, whose Omnivorous Jazz Odyssey has played Acoustics several times over the last three years, quipped, "The Pub can be great. Sometimes in the middle of the afternoon, it doesn't quite work. But a lot of people sit and eat the carrots and celery and do get into it." On Wednesday, May 13, Program Board presents the *Midnight Swingers*, an act that mixes traditional jazz with latin styles. With a full horn section and definitively tasty jazz grooves on numbers like "Veteran Avenue" and "Work Song," the Swingers are sure to impress. Be you voracious vegetarian or avid jazz sectarian, The Pub is the place to be.

—Pax Wassermann



The Acoustics series at the Pub has featured dozens of acts, but few were more popular than last year's Flamenco performances. Over 1200 people flocked to see the dancing, which was advertised around campus with an eye-catching flier (left).



MUSIC REVIEWS

On the Express Train to Hipdom

No Soul No Strain
Wire Train
MCA

At one point in Wire Train's existence, it undoubtedly had a perfect amount of cool. After listening to *No Soul No Strain*, however, it is easy to think that perhaps they've gotten a little *too* cool. "Stone Me," "Hey Jordan" and every other song on the album is good, catchy, enjoyable, groovy or whatever the criteria is for a well-made pop song. Things start to go awry in the hands of producer Bill Bottrell (or, as the e.e. cummings-esque, needlessly over-designed liner notes indicate, "bill bottrell"). Our man bill has over-produced these tunes so they are slicker than greased pimps. Wire Train has the potential to be a very hip, somewhat alternative garage band. If only the group would have down-played their David Bowie, Cure and other very hip influences—and up-played their ability to pick up a guitar,

bass and drum in any garage and make like volcanos and rock and roll—it would have been great. But that didn't happen. These guys might be worth checking out if they were to play live, though. That way they would be free of the electronic demondry of bill bottrell. In the raw, the Robert-Smith-but-not-as-whiny voice of lead singer Kevin Hunter would be allowed to get a workout as it competed with Jeff Trott getting carried away on guitar. It might even reach a point of being somewhat Van Halen-like. But that won't happen, at least on vinyl, as long they have this producer on speed.

Wire Train will be "live and unplugged" at the CD & Tape Store in Isla Vista on Monday, May 11 at 8 p.m. Call 685-9695 for more information.

—Denis Faye

Popsicko Finds Life After I.V. Joke Band Status

Popsicko
Demo

If a good name was all it took, these guys would be livin' high on the hog. Unfortunately for the members of Popsicko—including the chameleonic Keith Brown, whose tally of local band memberships (The Wonderfols, Glitterbug, Cardboard Superstars and Baby Dangerously) should qualify him for benefits—their aptly chosen name is only the first step in what has been described as many members' attempt at a "serious band". The three-song demo, essentially a re-release of the Cardboard Superstars tape, is all about catchy. Catchy pop-rock hooks, catchy Beach Boysie-backed choruses, and as



much Celebrity Skin glam rock as can be stuffed into a red vinyl vest. Lead singer Brown's voice is clean throughout, although clearly at the limit of his register at many points in the recording. The songwriting, at the level of merely "neat" for the bulk of the demo, rises to a creative pinnacle on "Lady Starlet," the closing track. "Roll Out," the recording's opener, implores: "Let us entertain you/ Nothing wrong with having fun." True. But for an act like Popsicko, with potential for doing more than pleasing a groupie following, resting on the "joke band cop-out" would be a waste of time. Here's hoping they agree. Popsicko will perform Wednesday, May 13, at the Anaconda Theater. For more info., call 685-5901.

—Pax Wassermann

On Campus This Week...

The Jazz Tap Ensemble



The Jazz Tap Ensemble combines two popular American art forms: jazz music and tap dancing. The group is an ensemble in which tap dancers join piano, bass, drums and trumpet. Their Campbell Hall show on Friday, May 8 at 8 p.m. will feature the dancing of Sam Weber and Lynn Dally (left) and the sounds of jazz musicians (above). Call 893-3535 for more information.

Living With Grief as New Clues Surface

Southern California in Uproar Over Death; More Mystery in Columnist's Murder

The Video Guy's death is a fact of life that we all have to deal with. Grieving is just part of life. Nothing is wrong with tears in your beer, even really great beer, like Keystone. But So-Cal's grief didn't seem to end here. In the weeks since his death, the government has resorted to killing a prison inmate to vent its sadness. (The fact that Harris was on death row for the last 24 years and was due for execution has little to do with it.)

Only now are the riots dying down in L.A. Throughout the city, saddened Video Fans ransacked electronics stores, desperately stealing televisions and VCRs, hoping that these sacrifices to The Video Deit-

ies might bring back The Video Guy. No such luck.

The world was so concerned that even Mikhail Gorbachev came to our land, to meet with our leaders and perhaps help us to overcome this down-in-the-mouth feeling. But now, in the shadow of this possible light of hope, the anger will return. Because maybe, just maybe, The Video Guy was murdered, in cold blood.

The Hornberger Commission would have you believe that they found The Dead Video Guy in his apartment when he had



already been cold, hard and stiff. They forgot to mention the following facts.

• The Video Guy's roommate, Trout, hasn't been The Video Guy's roommate for eight odd years. The severance happened when The Video Guy expressed distaste for Trout's six-year-old bride. He went on record as saying, "It's not her age that bothers me, I just don't think that Trout should marry a sheep. I mean, I accept his avid appreciation of livestock — but there's a limit!"

• On the mortician's report, The Video

Guy was suffering from 28 stab wounds. As a matter of fact, had it not been for the fact that Hornberger insisted that this was The Video Guy, the coroner had no way of identifying the body.

Makes you wonder...it really does.

Another fact left out of the Hornberger Report was that the final column of The Video Guy was found on his person. Though this document was not available at

press time, our sources are smuggling us a copy of the legendary transcript. Next week we'll run this final column and let you make a judgment.

FILM REVIEW

Duct-Taped Ooze in Split

Split Second. Starring Rutger Hauer, Kim Cattrall, Neil Duncan and Michael J. Pollard. Written by Gary Thompson Scott. Produced by Laura Gregory. Directed by Tony Maylam. Rated R.

Science fiction is being duct-taped to the big screen with the new Rutger Hauer film *Split Second* (at the Granada). After witnessing the atrocious Emilio Estevez flick *Freejack*, it seemed there would be no new depth to which science fiction filmmaking could sink. Wrong.

Poor Rutger Hauer. The once fascinating persona that intrigued viewers as the sympathetic-yet-murderous android Roy Batty in *Blade Runner* has degenerated into a stale caricature of himself. First introduced here in silhouette — dressed in a leather trench coat, wielding a shotgun and smoking a cigarillo — Hauer is supposed to remind us of Eastwood's "the man with no name." Instead, overweight and mumbling his lines, Hauer looks as though he has died, been embalmed, and is now the reluctant marionette for derelict effects men.

Split Second crawls from the primordial ooze of exploitation cinema to foretell of the year 2008. The world has turned into a giant sewer and evidently all that's left is the worst of British actors and an inept script that can only shine when compared to the film's shoestring production values and pathetic direction.

The film is so poorly lit and cloaked in darkness that it cannot be a mere aesthetic effect. Maybe the filmmakers thought that we viewers would barely be able to see the screen, fall asleep in the darkened theater, and dream of better cinematic experiences as they mugged us for seven bones.

—Terrence G. Myers

MUSIC REVIEWS

Sounds Like Mock Rock

Off the Deep End
Weird Al Yankovic
Scotti Bros.

It is a rare event when a work of this magnitude hits the music scene. The latest from Weird Al, which has been anticipated for over two years, should rank with classics such as *Led Zeppelin IV* and Pink Floyd's *The Wall* in the annals of popular music.

OK, maybe that's overdoing it a bit. Yankovic's new album isn't nearly that good. It won't rank as a classic. In fact, it isn't even one of his best albums. But, in all, it is still one of the funniest albums of its kind to hit the scene since, well, Yankovic's last album, *Even Worse!*

When Yankovic works in his genre — the mocking of popular music — he is very, very good. "Smells Like Nirvana" is a perfect parody of the recent top-10 hit "Smells Like Teen Spirit." For anyone who has been unable to decipher the lyrics of the so-called anthem of teen-age rebellion, the parody should be greatly appreciated. Equally rewarding is "Can't Watch This," a take-off on Hammer's "Can't Touch This." After listening to it, you might wonder why you watch so much television.



The only problems occur when Yankovic gets away from the parody style and sings his own stuff, which is fairly disappointing. While each song has moments, they are a far cry from his pop hit takeoffs. "Polka Your Eyes Out" is a nice montage of popular songs to the theme of a good old-fashioned polka, complete with accordion and drum solo, but that is really the top of the heap.

—Ross French

Recoil Abandons Electronoodle

Bloodline
Recoil
Sire/Reprise Records

Recoil, side project of Depeche Mode's Alan Wilder, put out its first album a few years ago. Called *Hydrology*, it was interesting in a Phillip-Glass-joins-an-industrial-band-and-makes-extended-electronoodlings kind of way, the perfect thing to have in your car stereo while driving at night and pretending you're in a cyberpunk movie. Recoil's follow-up, the unfocused *Bloodline*, capitalizes on none of this.

The main reason for this is Wilder's sudden need to make actual songs. Though enlisting the aid of people like Douglas McCarthy, Moby and Diamanda Galas, he has given them nothing noteworthy to do. "Faith Healer," a

cover of the Sensational Alex Harvey Band song, comes out like warmed-over Sisters of Mercy or The Mission. "Curse" is another in a long line of "city-as-moral-cesspit" industrial diatribes. Even worse is "Electro Blues for Bukka White," which should never have been made, a one-minute idea, at most, dragged out to nine.

"Edge to Life" and "Freeze" are likeable enough, mostly due to their similarities to Recoil's first album. "Freeze" even uses the same sound samples from that album, which says something. *Hydrology* had a hypnotic energy that made one wish it wouldn't end. *Bloodline* achieves the exact opposite — the urge to reach for the CD remote.

—Ted Mills

Next Week:

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May 11-15 in front of the UCen

FARMER

Continued from p.1
made those girls go crazy. They loved it.
Ari: And we think that's pretty terrible.
Paul: I don't mind playing II

or III and IV (chord progressions), or even I, but VI (shakes his head)
Ari: He hates going to V.
Paul: Because it always has to go back to I. I told this one girl that we were an all-original band. We don't play covers. She said, "What

does that mean?" "It means we don't play other people's songs." "Well, why?" She just said, "Why?" and was totally thrown off. She wanted us to be a radio. Ari: But we were invited to Extravaganza, so somebody likes us. But we don't know who. We've had some cool opportunities for the band. Paul: And turned them down. Ari: Two days ago we played in Dave's senior recital. Two of the songs he wrote ... we played as part of his recital. It was totally a different situation.

Ari: The music's got all kinds of influences, because all the influences are highly developed. Say ...
Dave: Light opera.
Ari: Yeah, Dave just got back from a light opera gig, I just got off a French Romantic Orchestral music gig.
Dave: We're sounding pretty pretentious, man.
Ari: But the most bad-ass stuff is the really thick, grungy stuff.

Paul: The part that challenges me the most is motivating myself, gig after gig, for no personal reason. The challenge isn't playing, I would get up and play music anytime, but after four years of playing free parties in I.V., you really start to get down on moving equipment.
Dan: Your life is so hard.
Paul: You should see me cry sometimes, especially after a bad show. I played like shit, the band played like shit and everyone was into it and grooving on it and thought it was great, and they're all just drunk.
Ari: But sometimes it's not like that at all.

ON THE VERGE
or The geography of Yearning
by Eric Overmyer

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