



AMERICAN
RECORDINGS
PAGE 4A

ARISE WITH US

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of May 26-June 1, 1994



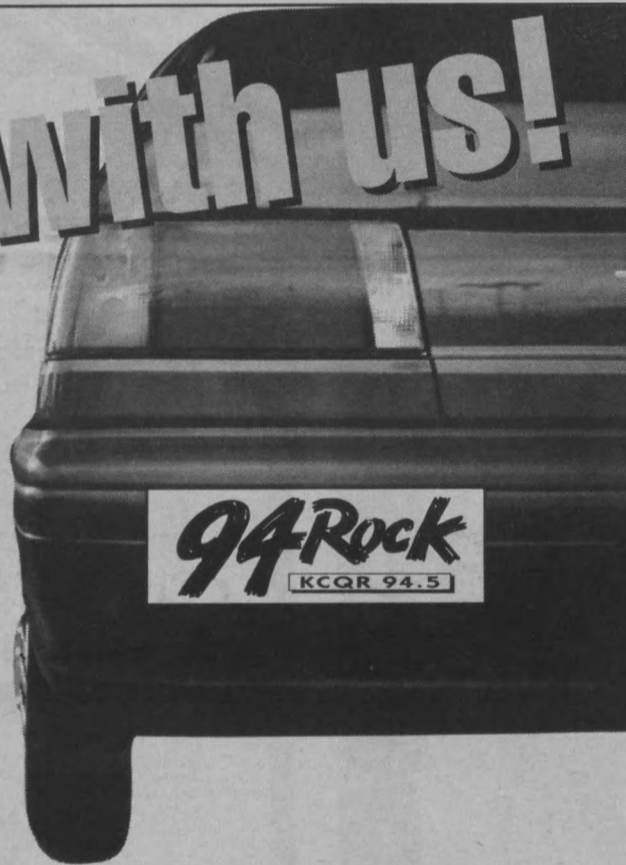
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May 28	Saturday	9:00am-2:00am
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May 30	Monday (Memorial Day)	9:00am-11:00pm
May 31-June 3	Tuesday-Friday	8:00am-2:00am
June 4	Saturday	9:00am-2:00am
June 5	Sunday	Noon-2:00am
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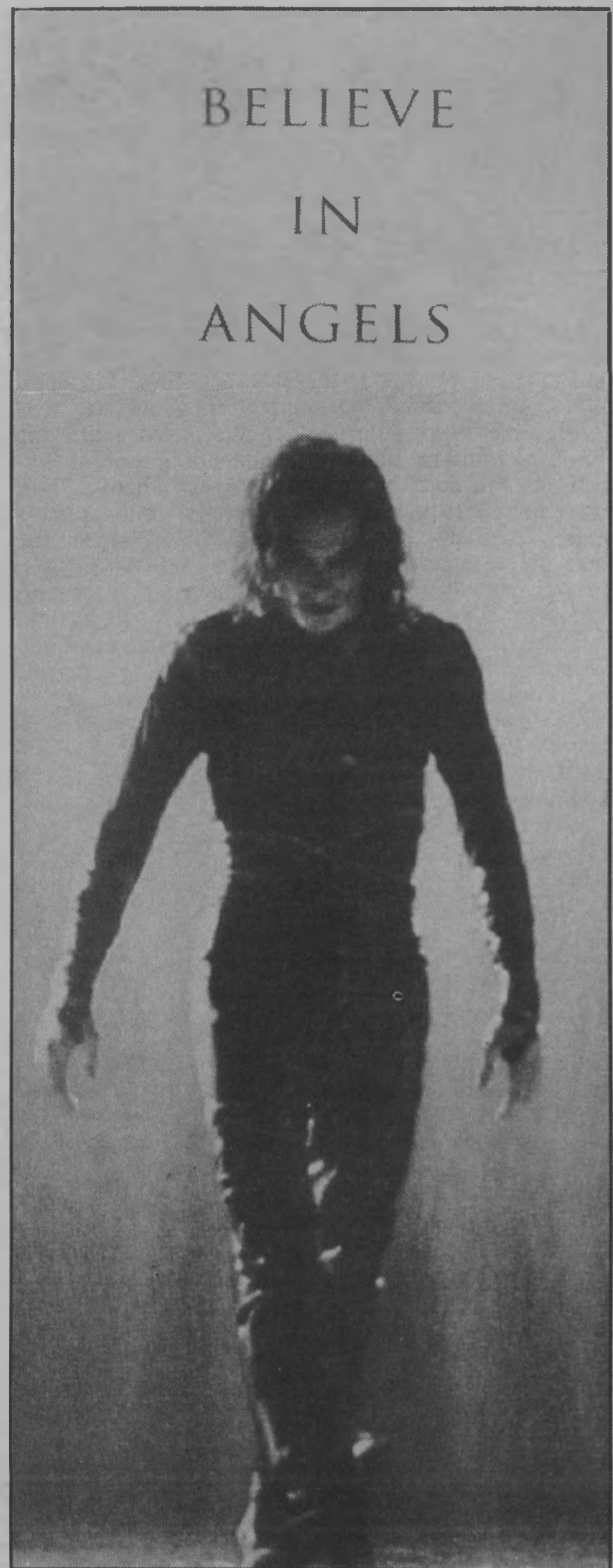


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BELIEVE
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THE
CROW

Why do the innocent have to die?

That's the question that *The Crow* seeks to ask, and the question that was foremost in my head for every frame of the film. Directed by Alex Proyas, the film tells the story of Eric (Brandon Lee), a rock musician who returns from the dead to avenge the murders of his fiancée and himself. Based on a comic book series by James O'Barr, *The Crow* is very faithful to the original comic, yet works exceedingly well on its own.

The film's revenge-oriented plot is fairly simple, but that's a strength rather than a weakness: it's an understandable motivation, and one that most of us don't like to think about. In fact, most of *The Crow* explores things I'd rather not think about: the loss of a loved one, the injustice of an early death. Eric reflects this best in a conversation with a sympathetic cop played by Ernie Hudson, talking about how he used to argue with his fiancée over trivial things. "Nothing is trivial," he whispers. Eric's story grabs you where your deepest fears are and doesn't let go.

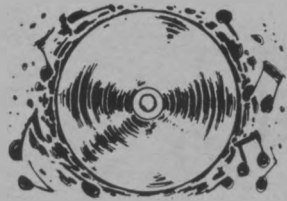
Visually, *The Crow* is amazing. The cinematography is frenetic and suspenseful, either barreling you along the rooftops

with Eric or diving down the alleys of the city through the eyes of the crow, his spiritual guide back to the land of the living. The hard-driving alternative rock score fits well with the feel of the movie, as well as providing another connection with the original comic, which often quoted lyrics from alternative bands in its pages.

The actors who play the villains of the piece are villainous enough, but don't overshadow the hero, as in the *Batman* movies. Truth be told, the best reason to see *The Crow* is Brandon Lee. This movie would have made him a star, no two ways about it. There's not much kung fu-type action in *The Crow*, but Lee's martial arts training is apparent, just by the way he moves on screen. The man moves like he's on strings.

Athleticism aside, Lee really could act. His performance proved he had a future far beyond his previous "kung fu and machine gun" features. Ironically, the message of *The Crow* is made far more powerful with the knowledge of Lee's death. As great and moving a film as *The Crow* is, I'd much rather have Brandon Lee alive and well.

—Scott Tipton



PRECISE CHAOS

Polvo
Celebrate the New Dark Age
Merge Records

Noisy, chiming guitars provide the head-on assault for the North Carolina upstarts in Polvo. Swirly time warp guitars. Wavering guitars poised near the red shift of the universe. Disillusioned, anarchic guitars that believe they are really keyboards, or woodwinds. And yet the lyrics manage to balance the glittery blasts from the guitars, to my surprise. I can actually make out the words in Polvo's latest, *Celebrate the New Dark Age*, which is a lovely little EP of seven songs that make for 25 minutes of pure listening satisfaction. I think the title accurately sums up the end of the 20th century, and the music is a fair representation of the hysteria of the time.

This band's sound has been getting more and more refined — that is to say, more precise in its chaoticness — with each record. In its current incarnation, well ... dare I label it a pretty good stand-in for the Lou Barlow Experience? Now that I can decipher the words, which were buried or absent in previous releases, *Cor-Crane Secret* and *Today's Active Lifestyles*, I am amazed at how much

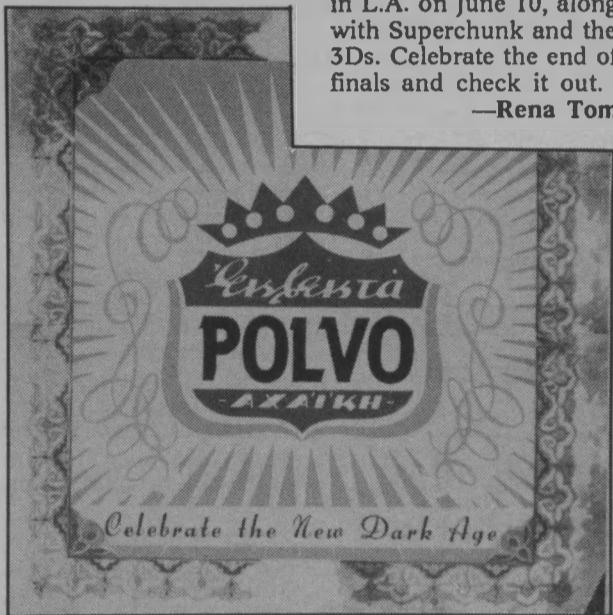
Polvo now sounds like early Sebadoh or maybe Belt Buckle, one of the countless Lou by-products. It's similar, but even more jocular, more notorious and more pointless. And these are good qualities, of course.

I like Polvo, I like the commanding tone of "Every Holy Shroud," in which an evil genius chants, "Celebrate the new dark age with us ... Calculate the irony with someone you can trust." I like deliberately mistuned instruments, abrupt starts and stops in each song and stupid song titles. I even like the packaging, which

is done by Independent Project Press.

Polvo has something different to offer every time you hear the album. It is a loud and carefully constructed puzzle. It is also just plain weird at times. Most importantly, it doesn't insult your intelligence. Listen to this when you stare at one of those three-dimensional poster things, and it will help you realize that you shouldn't be wasting your time looking at little dots in the vain hope of finding spaceships or a row of ducks or something equally inane. Polvo will be available to wreck your sensibilities at the Palace in L.A. on June 10, along with Superchunk and the 3Ds. Celebrate the end of finals and check it out.

—Rena Tom



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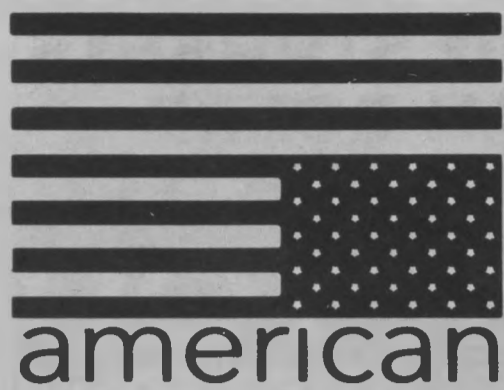
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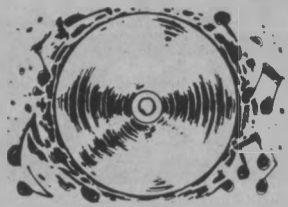
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FIVE KINDS OF GOOD MUSIC, FROM THE AMERICAN LABEL



Messiah
Twenty-First Century Jesus
American Recordings

Messiah is worried. Or at least pissed off. Concerned might be the best word. Angst-filled is not.

This is an album of hard dance music with fast, fast beats and blazing samples that were actually sped up to keep with the rhythm — a nice touch, I thought. In fact, there are so many samples that it is hard to tell which are the real band members and which are not. If you're a fan, you will be able to tell. If you're not, play the album at parties and try to guess.

Great story: "Yeah, Jennifer and I met at this party while trying to guess which samples were the real band members on the new Messiah album."

The reason I think Messiah is worried is that they repeat stuff a lot. "You dream, I dream about you" pops into my head. They vary it a bit: "I dream, you dream about me," and that's just on track three.

There's another song with the line "Open the door, sit in the seat, turn the key and go," which is obsessively catchy and definitely the funniest song on the album. It's a good hard dance tune as well, and it stays crunchy in milk. Heck, it

might even be about your father's Oldsmobile.

Most of the stuff is pretty ominous, predicting such things as the rise of yet another fascist state, although I also get the impression that the band really doesn't care, and that their prime reaction to the situation is boredom. *Oh, another fascist state? God, that's so passé.*

They could just be doing all this for effect, which is good for dance tunes. Tabloids sensationalize to get papers off the shelf. Messiah's doing it to get people onto the dance floor. More power to them. Maybe if we were all to listen to Messiah more, we'd be a lot less concerned about whether or not Elvis is alive and which one of the neighbors was the first on the block to be abducted by an alien.

They find some unbelievably obscure samples that bear a second and third listening, and they obviously did their work in the mixing. This CD will probably get some play time on the dance floors of the hipper London, Prague, Amsterdam and San Francisco clubs, and deserves it. Go buy the album and dance to it. I'm out like trout.

—Chris George

Swell
41
American Recordings

With a hint of Ride's "Twisterella" and a serene voice comparable to John Matthews (lead singer of the High and a former member of the Stone Roses), Swell is a jingly, commendable San Francisco unpop band delivering a worthwhile LP, *41*.

The record is definitely rock, but it has a folksy twist and a chanting attitude to it. The singer, David Frell, is probably a Moose fan — his style is similar to that of Kevin McKillop, lead of Moose — and the rest of the band are sure fans of The Red House Painters. In other words, the music is simple and melodic, and the vocals are verbally oriented.

"Don't give" most definitely sounds like a drive to the Twin Peaks on a clear night in the city.

Then, as the song works up to its chorus, you find yourself walking with ambition on top of wet concrete, on Arguello. The lamps are like the song. They're soothing, but say a lot, subliminally.

Aside from the stupid title, "Kinda Stoned" sounds comfortable, like a homemade, small-town jam on a damp Wednesday evening. The bartender and waitresses are monotonously bopping their heads, and the customers have all managed to join the band's gleeful attitude toward a weekday jam.

The ghost of Karl Wallinger (formerly of the Waterboys, and presently the lead singer of World Party) lurks in "Forget about Jesus." Its sweet song is made for driving the long stretch of green between London and Manchester. It's nothing surprising, and everything is pleasing to the ear. I'd defi-

nitely recommend this one as background music for the birds-and-the-bees talk.

Overall, *41* is a Radh-approved album. Swell serves as an expressive, mellow and satisfying rock CD. The American label has a great band on its shoulders. Now I just hope they promote them well.

—Radha Patel

Medicine
will perform
at the Red
Dog Saloon
on Monday
the 30th, at 8
p.m.

Medicine
The Buried Life
American Recordings

Coming from Creation Records in the UK, Medicine are known for their layering of melody and nice stuff over squalling feedback and other alarming noise. In combination, they follow in the footsteps of My Bloody Valentine's album *Loveless* (and a generation of predecessors before that). The comparison held on the first Medicine album, *Shot Forth Self Living*, but I wasn't sure whether they would have shaken it here.

They haven't, and they have. For one thing, Medicine's noise sounds crisper than My Bloody Valentine's somehow. (Like a dental drill to MBV's lawn mower quartet ... or something!) Some tracks contain that familiar pattern (which still isn't very old) of squalls that are unappetizing if you fixate on them, but sound really good with an anchor of prettiness above, and a drumbeat for propulsion. The harmonies-over-noise stand out on "The Pink" and "Never Click" in particular.

As the album continues, it's like listening to the two

ends of the spectrum get further and further apart, though they probably didn't lay it out that way. Though the early tracks opposed the two within one song, they are separated over successive tracks.

"Beneath the Sands" has a tentative, tense noise, offset like a chorus, waiting. "Emmeline" is a minute and a half of nothing but noise. A couple of songs later is the beautiful "Live it Down," with piano and arrangements by Van Dyke Parks.

While you're thinking that "Emmeline" was a fluke, and expecting another nice song, there's a disconcerting silence. The final track, "The Earth is Soft and White," is seven minutes long, but begins with a full minute of nothing. Then you hear jackhammers, rain and who knows what else — pure noise for the remainder of the CD.

Repeated listens may induce manic-depression, or at least mood swings, but I guess that's what the "skip" button is for. The band tries new things, and produces a bunch of good songs in the common ground besides.

—Kevin Carhart



It's a rare thing when a relatively independent record label is also a versatile one. American Recordings (formerly Def American) is this way. Guitar-based music from Swell and Medicine is found alongside Johnny Cash and scary metallers Danzig... and soon, the severely industrial Skinny Puppy and Barkmarket. They're on the move, they're versatile and the music is good. This is a label to keep an eye out for.



Thee Hypnotics
The Very Crystal Speed
Machine
American Recordings

Thee Hypnotics are like a memory straight out of a Hendrix daydream. They are a free psychedelic swing, with a Sunset Boulevard street edge that is very '90s.

"Keep Rollin' On" is a '60s ambience rocker complete with distorted bells, chimes, tambourines and amplified chains. "Well, I ain't got no home ... just got this kick inside. I just keep rollin' home." You feel like singing "BORN

The bluesy trend continues with a gospel edge as you hear, "The good Lord loves you, shine on, showing you His love." The backwater works of an urban band bring together this funky syncopated serenade in "The Good Lord Loves Ya."

"Hello boy, this is the Devil. Death comes to those who wait ... That's us." Very sketchy. Deranged guitars and animal sounds fill the intro with exotic intrigue and exorcistic delight. This is the track "Ray's Baudelaire," which coins the term "Hypnotic" for this album.



TO BE FREE!" when the song is over. "Well, I don't got no money, I don't got no bed, just got these boots for walkin', just got the road ahead." You might even throw in some David Lee Roth vocals, a Warrant chorus and some early Motley Crüe background noise. There you have it in a "hard rock" shell!

"Phil's Drum Acropolis" jumpstarts with a rap beat. A cool, slow-rolling rhythm melts you over into a meditative state. Then it melds into a ballad, as the lyrics echo, "Goodbye, I wish there were some kind of solution, but there ain't no other way." The song ends as stereotypical country blues at its best.

"Caroline Inside Out" beckons a Dr. Pepper percussion, a Beatles' Strawberry Fields feel, and at times an old Charlie Brown theme. "All you got to do is call and I fall out my window ... In the cold light of day, your halo fades away ... just a hard act to swallow." Again, the blues are not far behind. Damn good song!

"Peasant Song" is a definite Doors imitation, with a jazz piano to smooth over the cover quality. Imagine you're on a safari expedition in the unbearable African heat with no clothes on! Well, if you can, you'll love this very appropriate instrumental.

—Jenniffer Chedar

Johnny Cash
Cash
American Recordings

By basking in the simple sound of his lone guitar, accompanied by his time-weathered voice, Johnny Cash captures in his new album the very heart of the American song.

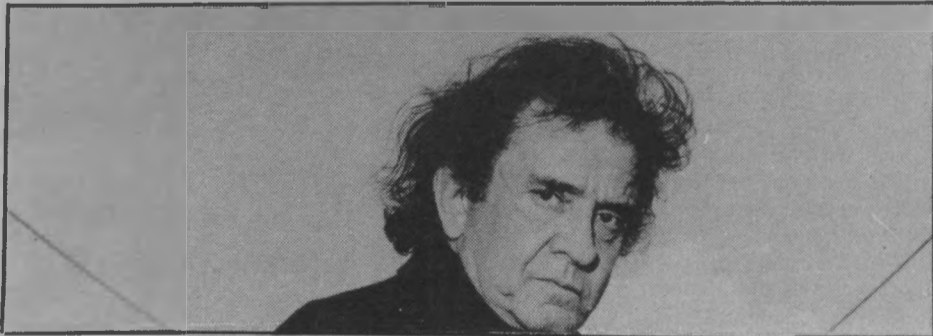
On this CD, Cash appears to be celebrating the gifts that his guitar has gi-

ven him throughout his life to tell the story of a man whose time has come to pass.

The first cut off the album, "Delia's Gone," humorously tells of a man who kills his mean, "devilish" fiancée. He finds himself in jail, still not completely rid of her. It's not the best song on the CD, but it certainly is consistent with the history of such music, which was meant as entertainment.

porch, reflecting on his life. mean nothing" attitude prevails, as a mechanism for emotional, mental and even spiritual survival becomes necessary.

The song "Why Me Lord?" comes to examine a humble man reflecting on his blessed life, questioning why he deserves any of the blessings he's known. The song rejoices in the divine gifts given to a happy old man unsure of



ven him throughout his life to tell the story of a man whose time has come to pass.

This set of songs is not of the typical country sound popular today. There is no glamour and there is no room for superficiality. Many who like contemporary country music may not be pleased to hear such a simple sound. The music sets the picture of a lonesome cowboy on the prairie, or a tired farmer on his front

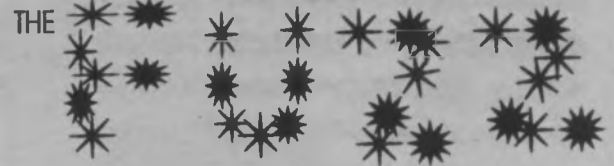
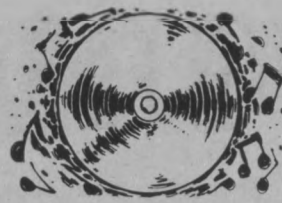
The best song here is "Drive On," which proudly and realistically pays tribute to those Vietnam vets dealing with the pain of recovering from post-traumatic stress syndrome.

"Drive On" serves almost as a commentary of one man's story of painful survival, both in Vietnam and here in the states. "I think my country got a little off track. It took 'em 25 years to welcome me back." But the "don't

why God chose to bless him. This character expresses a sense of reveling in a Christian renewal of faith, a common sentiment in Cash's songs.

The album talks of hidden memories and the simple joy of living. And it expresses gratefulness for the journey of life, expressed through simple music — which is sometimes needed to express the most complicated feelings.

—Ed Acevedo



The Fuzz. This titillating onomatopoeia is the name of a fabulous local band. Its excellent music-makers play saxophone, electric guitar, cello, keyboard, drums, bongos and percussion. When these instruments speak in sensual harmony, each note kisses its predecessor, and melts upon a rhythmic ride of improvisation.

This music elevates the soul, whether you are resting on a chair with head tilted back, trying to imagine the contours of its illusive shape, or waving your arms in synchronicity

with the beat of its pounding rhythms. It feels fuzzy and slippery — warm like velvet on a humid day. Their brand of jazz feels good; so good that the circadian clock loses count, and time forgets its purpose. That's why in the end, after the encores, I said, "Jeez, that went by too quick!"

So go and groove with the Fuzz, and have a punky, fun time.

The Fuzz are playing tonight at the downtown Alex's Cantina at 9 p.m.

—Kevin Dale

NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

Milla
The Divine Comedy
SBK

On her premiere album, Milla Jovovich, perhaps more widely known for her modeling and acting career, has written all of the lyrics to *The Divine Comedy*, a selection of melodious folklike tunes with intense meaning and suggestions of romance behind every piece.

The first radio release from the album, "Gentleman Who Fell," refers to someone Milla affectionately calls "Mr. Talk Too Much," presently in a state of despair and suffering. Milla responds to him in confusion by saying, "I don't know how to speak to you ... I don't know how to trust you." One of the most powerful pieces on the CD, this track also features Eric Bazilian on the mandolin, adding to the folk sound evident throughout the album.

On "It's Your Life," Milla expresses herself succumbing to her love, giving up her heart to one who may not willingly accept it. The song exerts a feeling of vulnerability and hopelessness through her soft voice, and the lyrics emphasizing "to see those eyes ... that lit my life ... now they're cold ... and dark and gone."

Bazilian plays a hammered dulcimer, as well as the mandolin, on "Charlie," a piece about another fallen young boy, lying stiff, cold and helpless. The song ends with Milla singing the final verse of the chorus a cappella, producing a unique sound of simplicity and individual harmony.

The album culminates with an anonymously written traditional Russian folk song, "In a Glade," sung by Milla in her native language. Although most listeners will not be able to comprehend the lyrics, the sound of the music and her incredible voice need no interpretation.

—Brenda Maxwell



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NUDE IN NYACK

(OR, BIRTHDAY SUITS IN BROOKLYN)

Entering the world after having loitered endlessly in the hallowed halls of academia can be frustrating — I would know — especially if you're a playwright (which I wouldn't know).

This is the essential gist of *Naked in New York*. While it is a pleasant and cerebral film, it will entertain far less moviegoers than a flick about armed, jive-talking turtles — but who still goes to plays anyway? (After elusively skirting the point, I must admit I have been known to hobnob among theatrephiles myself.)

Naked is a story about two friends at Harvard who produce plays together. The playwright, a tad too introspective, is superbly played by locally

trained Eric Stoltz (*Mask, Waterdance*), reminding me of a cross between the Woodys (Allen and Harrelson). His cohort, the always pensive Ralph Macchio (*The Outsiders, Crossroads*), plays an ambitious but less talented actor who enjoys playing the roles Stoltz writes.

By their senior year, their friendship is close enough that the two decide to take over Manhattan's off-Broadway scene. (Un)Fortunately, the writer meets a girl (played by Mary-Louise Parker of *Fried Green Tomatoes* and *Longtime Companion*) who takes dramatic photographs. Somewhat naturally, the two tumble in love, and Macchio, whom we suspect likes Stoltz more than Stoltz

suspects, grows resentful at their newfound fun.

Stoltz and Parker stay in Cambridge, living pleasantly enough. Macchio seeks out the nightlife in Soho to be among artists and artisans. This is where the crux of future problems begins. The photographer's career demands she go to New Mexico, whereas he needs to go to money-making Manhattan. A pair of zany parents, employers with ulterior motives and Macchio's affections leave Stoltz confused, though productive.

It becomes quite clear early on that everyone is going somewhere — these are intelligent, well-connected people. But their happiness is a different matter. The audience yearns to find out whether

their love will remain precarious and fragile. They could either split or solidify. It's a tough position. Stoltz's quirky revelations only add to the roller coaster.

At one point Stoltz finds himself at a Martha's Vineyard literary party, where the likes of William Styron wax prose over martinis. This only further baffles him, for he sees a facade in every face.

I can't really ruin the end of the movie for you, as I had a tough time trying to discern it myself. I will say that the plot, though elementary, provides a decent enough entertainment, with or without pizza-eating ninjas.

—Martin Boer

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SIMPSONESQUE

Back a couple of years ago, when the "Simpsons" craze was in full swing, it seemed like you couldn't swing a dead Bart over your head without seeing some sort of "Simpsons" merchandise. T-shirts, dolls, toys, blues albums, wind socks, personal hygiene products, the whole nine yards. The only item that was missing back then was the one that would seem the most natural: "Simpsons" comic books.

It wasn't for a lack of trying, apparently. The major comic book companies were all angling for the "Simpsons" license, but creator Matt Groening would reportedly reject all offers. Now, with the "Simpsons" craze over and the television show settled into a comfortably successful run, one can see why. Groening has started his own comic book company, Bongo Comics (named after one of the rabbits in Groening's long-running newspaper strip "Life In Hell").

Bongo currently publishes four series: "Simpsons Comics," "Bartman," "Itchy & Scratchy" and "Radioactive Man." The books are written and drawn by Bill Morrison, Steve Vance and Cindy Vance, with Groening acting as overseer, or "unindicted co-conspirator," as he bills himself.

This Saturday, June 4, Morrison and the Vances

will be appearing for a comic signing at Metro Comics, 15 W. Anapamu, from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Along with the free signing, Metro will be raffling off a hardbound Bongo Comics collection, donated by Bongo Comics and signed by the creative team, including Groening.

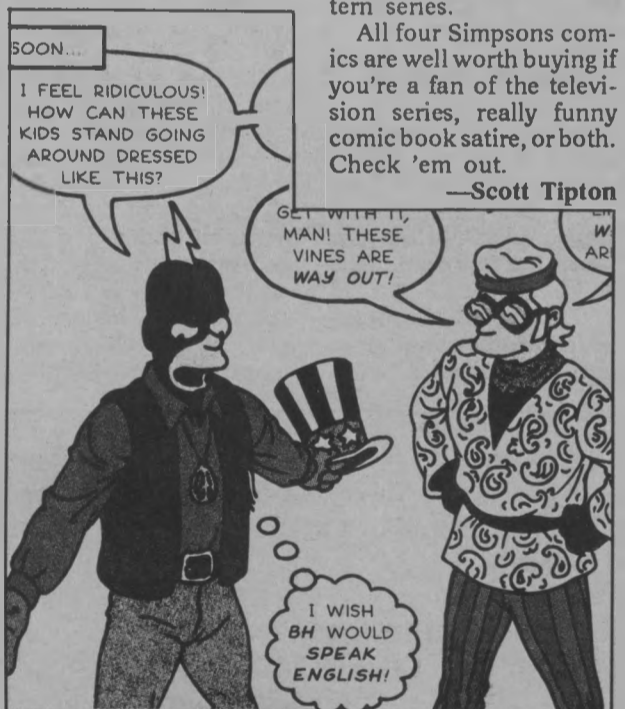
All four books are consistently well-written and cleverly drawn, capturing the essence of the television series while at the same time constantly parodying the comic book medium. Probably the best series of the quartet is "Radioactive Man," often mentioned on the TV se-

ries as Bart Simpson's favorite super-hero.

The comic book series is publishing six issues from Radioactive Man's fictitious 40-year comic book history. The first issue was a vintage recreation of '50s comics, while the second issue provided a letter-perfect tribute to '60s Marvels, complete with giant subterranean monsters and inner angst. The most recent issue revealed Radioactive Man in the '70s, shocked that his sidekick, Fallout Boy, had become "a dirty hippie!" and also parodied the classic '70s politically relevant Green Arrow/Green Lantern series.

All four Simpsons comics are well worth buying if you're a fan of the television series, really funny comic book satire, or both. Check 'em out.

—Scott Tipton



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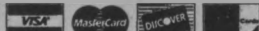


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THE JUSTICE PROBLEM

Shakespeare has this funny way of tying his plays into contemporary times. It's an interesting skill for a man who has been dead for over 300 years. Perhaps it is a testament to his universal themes, or to humanity's habit of repeating past mistakes. For whatever reason, Shakespeare's play "Measure for Measure" has never seemed as appropriate as it does today.

"Measure" is the story of a society on the verge of breakdown. After years of lax law enforcement, the town of Vienna has become a moral and legal wasteland. The Duke of Vienna, seeing his own relaxed attitude toward the law bringing about chaos, leaves the city and places the staunch law-and-order man, Angelo, in charge. Angelo immediately begins a program of ardent law enforcement. His first and most severe judgement is toward Claudio. Guilty of lechery, the man is sentenced to death.

Claudio's sister, Isabella, pleads to Angelo for her brother's life and is offered a choice. If she will sleep with Angelo, he will free her brother. Being a devoutly religious woman hoping to enter a convent, she refuses, but secretly sends another, Angelo's former fiancée, in her place. Eventually, the Duke returns after para-

ding as a priest, and saves the day and Claudio.

"Measure"'s themes of improper law enforcement and a general lawlessness seem just right for a country still reeling from the shock of the Rodney King verdicts and the following riots. Combine that with the play's focus around a young man's harsh punishment, and its parallel to the Michael Fay incident, and the work seems to be written for a contemporary audience.

With such strong ties to our own society and its problems, this play has the capacity to say a lot about our times, but never seems to. This production seems to grasp at the ideas a bit (mostly in the dramatist's notes), but never seems to decide on any specific time reference. Instead, the production team mixes past with present to make a more universal play. Though this is an admirable idea, it lacks the power and timing of a contemporary-minded production.

While perhaps a bit misguided, this incarnation's qualities are all first-rate. Jay Jagim's set design is a marble behemoth, complete with bridge, prison and plenty of stairs. The classic design of the set with encroaching chaos effectively parallels the play's theme of social turmoil, but overall it seems a bit too large. While the di-

rector and actors make good use of the room, the show sometimes seems spread thin and forced into its space. Perhaps when the department reuses the set for "King Lear," its size and shape will make more sense.

Perhaps the premier performer in the show is Sean Powell as the Duke. His comic yet mature character really tied much of the play together and kept it going. When he and Lucio — a brazen commoner played by Michael Beck — are on stage, things are never livelier.

Many others put in quality performances. Stephanie Ruiz as an emotionally torn sister never has the flair of the comic characters but puts in a fine interpretation. Kevin Murphy teases us with a quality first act, then spends the second act staring off into nowhere. Jeff Bearden gives the best bit

role as a Barney Fife in work boots.

While the show lacks the fine timing that a contemporary slant might provide, this production does achieve its goals and is successful in its own way.

"Measure for Measure" will be performed at 8 p.m. tonight through Saturday, May 26 through May 28, at Hatlen Theatre, next to Snidecor Hall.

Also: For those theatre fans out there, a production of "Tracers" will be performed this Memorial Day weekend, May 27 through May 30. "Tracers" is a play written by Vietnam veterans about their experiences in the war. It is presented by the Immediate Theatre Ensemble and directed by Scott Wallin. All performances are free of charge and located at the Music Bowl Amphitheatre.

—Davin McHenry



ANDY PHARO



by Andre Fairon

CONGRATULATIONS ACTIVITIES AWARDS RECIPIENTS!!

The Campus Activities Center is pleased to announce the following Activities Awards recipients and extends thanks to all the campus organizations, nominees and nominators.
It's been a great year!

★ ★ ★ Please join us to celebrate on Thursday, May 26 at Noon in Storke Plaza ★ ★ ★

★★★ Jazz Combo with Jeff Elliot ★★★ Corky's Freshly Made Sorbet provided by The Faculty Club ★★★
★★★ Smoothies provided by Party T.O.A.D.S. and UCen Dining Services ★★★

CHANCELLOR'S GROUP ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

100 Black Men's Group

★ American Indian Student Association ★
★ Asian Pacific American Student Union ★
★ Mortar Board ★

FRESHMAN EXCELLENCE AWARD FOR CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY

Woody Clark

SOPHOMORE EXCELLENCE AWARD FOR CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY

Maryann Villavert

JUNIOR EXCELLENCE AWARD FOR CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY

Jennifer C. Brown

SENIOR EXCELLENCE AWARD FOR CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY

★ Evelyn Fletcher ★
★ Aimee Johns ★
★ Heather Paymar ★
★ Teresita Soto ★
★ Cori Stillson ★

STUDENT ORGANIZATION OF THE YEAR

★ Grupo Folklorico ★
★ Student AIDS Project ★

LESLIE GRIFFIN LAWSON OUTSTANDING LEADERSHIP AWARD

★ Michelle Waltuck ★

COMMUNITY SERVICE/HUMANITARIAN AWARD

★ Delta Sigma Theta—Humanitarian ★
★ Mark Milstein, Associated Students ★
★ Community Improvement Drawing—Community Service ★

MOST CREATIVE PROGRAM

★ Queer Wedding—Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Awareness ★
★ Pilipino Cultural Night—Kapatirang Pilipino ★

OUTSTANDING STUDENT ORGANIZATION ADVISOR

★ Michael Loewy—Student AIDS Project ★

The Activities Awards Selection Committee is represented by faculty, staff, and students.





The university community joins together to give praise and thanks to those graduates who have demonstrated excellence during their years here.

The Thomas More Storke Award for Excellence, symbolized by a bronze medal forged by Francis Minturn Sedgwick, is given to the outstanding graduating senior. This year this distinction is awarded to:

Patty Chan

The Jeremy D. Friedman Memorial Award is presented in grateful recognition of outstanding leadership, scholastic excellence, and innovative contributions to student and community life at the University of California, Santa Barbara in memory of Jeremy D. Friedman, undergraduate 1979-1983.

Mark Cameron Milstein

The following seniors have been selected as recipients of this year's
University Service Awards

given in recognition of unselfish and dedicated service to the university, its students, and the community.

Scott Jackson Akin
Jodi Lynette Anderson
Manhao Chhor
Kimberly Jill Gates
Tracie Leighane Harris
Lena Lynette Hobson

Michelle Patricia Hudson
Sasha Marie Morgan
Katherine Margaret Mullins
Cori Anne Stillson
Michelle Felice Waltuck
Jerel Yalung

Below are listed those students who are receiving the
University Award of Distinction

given to seniors and graduate students who have contributed greatly to the quality of life by giving unselfish service to others within a particular arena during their tenure here.

Quintilia Avila
Nhu-Y Canh
Christa Marie Gannon
Naomi Christine Garcia
Blair Michael Hoover
Deirdre Natsuno Howard
Peter Henning Loedel

Barton Tyler Miller
Jennifer Ann Perkins
Dana Leigh Rawitch
Amparo Maria Rios
Poco Donna Smith
Larry Scott Spears
Victor Ray Valdiviezo

The following seniors have also been selected by their campus organizations to receive awards for scholarship or special achievement.

Alpha Lambda Delta Award

The Alpha Lambda Delta Award recognizes the graduating Senior having the highest cumulative grade point average of all graduating Alpha Lambda Delta members.

This year's winner is:
Seth Alan Spitzer

George E. Obern Award for Excellence in Writing

Kimberly Robin Epler

Mortar Board Award

The Mortar Board Award is given each year in recognition of the graduating Senior having the highest cumulative grade point average in the graduating class, combined with the fewest number of transfer units.

This year's recipient is:
Michael John Pullon

Alyce Marita Whitted Memorial Award

Lakhvir Singh Chima
Elsa Catalina Ochoa