

ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of January 27-February 2, 1994.

ARTISTS' PEACE PLEA

BRENT MEBSKE/Daily Nexus

SEE PAGE 4A



BLOATED SACK OF PROTOPLASM!



HEY YOU IDIOT!
 READ SCOTT TIPTON'S
 INTERVIEW WITH DAN SLOTT,
 WRITER OF THE REN &
 STIMPY COMICS!

Comic book adaptations of television shows and movies are traditionally a tricky proposition. The writer and artist have to strike a balance between recapturing the flavor and feel of the original TV show or movie, while making it work as a comic book, which has its own formal requirements. One such adaptation that has found great success is Marvel Comics' surprise hit of 1993, "Ren & Stimpy," written by Dan Slott and drawn by Mike Kazaleh. While in town for a book-signing at Santa Barbara's own Comics on Parade, Dan Slott found time for a brief chat with Artsweek:

Artsweek: Does Nickelodeon give you input into the storylines for the series?

Slott: They did in the beginning. They used to be much more hands-on with their characters, but as the series has progressed and grown more successful, they've grown to trust me.

AW: Have they vetoed anything, any stories or ideas?

Slott: Oh, sure. They always veto something here or there, but just little things. Nothing terrible.

AW: How are the sales on a humor se-

ries, as compared to an action "blood and guts" title?

Slott: Sales are very good. "Ren & Stimpy" is consistently in Marvel Comics' top 20 highest-selling titles, which surprised everybody. Everybody expects a "blood and guts and gore" comic to sell more than a "funny animal" humor book.

AW: So do you think this is a move away from the hyperviolent trend in today's comics?

Slott: No, I think it's just a testament to the popularity of "Ren & Stimpy."

AW: Is dialogue difficult to write with such recognizable characters?

Slott: Actually, if anything it's easier, since you have a document [from the TV series] of exactly how the characters should sound.

AW: How tricky was the transition from the hyperactive, kinetic medium of animation to the static comic page?

Slott: You just have to find different things for the characters to do. Just as I can't do things the TV show can, conversely the comic can have the characters do things the TV show can never do. With the interactive medium of comics, the reader can back up a page or two to follow

along on a running joke or theme. In one issue, for example, we did a "Where's Waldo?" takeoff. You could never see "Where's Stimpy?" on television, simply because everything moves too fast. In the upcoming "Ren & Stimpy Quarterly," we'll be doing a "Choose-Your-Own-Adventure" book. The comics medium offers all sorts of possibilities.

AW: So the book has become successful enough to support a quarterly series in addition to the monthly series?

Slott: That's right, as well as a "Powdered Toast Man" one-issue special.

AW: Do you think the upcoming "Beavis & Butt-head" comic will enjoy the same level of success as "Ren & Stimpy?"

Slott: Absolutely. In fact, I think it will knock us out of the spotlight for a while, but I think we'll outweather them in the long run.

AW: What audience are you shooting for with the "Ren & Stimpy" comic, if any?

Slott: We don't shoot for any audience at all. Instead, what we try to do is duplicate the feel of the show. The show itself has no distinct age group; it enjoys a very

wide audience. If you try to narrow it down, you do the readers a great disservice.

At signings, you see very young and very old fans of the book. We get grandparents who started watching the show with their grandkids and kept watching it after the kids left. The audience of both the TV show and the book has a vast age range.

AW: Who do you find easier to write for, Ren or Stimpy?

Slott: Writing for Ren is much easier. It's easier to understand his desires. Ren has very simple desires — money, power. Maybe it's just my own nature, but I find it harder to associate with benevolence. Yeah, definitely Ren.

AW: How has the ousting of "Ren & Stimpy" creator John Kricfalusi and the subsequent slowdown of new episodes affected you in the production of the series?

Slott: It really hasn't affected us at all, since I tend to use the first season's episodes as a template for who the characters are and what they're about. The more recent episodes have been pretty good, especially "Ren's Pecs," which was damned funny.

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DOG LIFE

Touted as "one of the best films of the year" by Vincent Canby of the *New York Times*, *Baxter* is a satirical look at what lies behind the innocent eyes of a bull terrier.

Directed by French filmmaker Jerome Boivin, the film tells of the life of a bull terrier who yearns for human contact during his penned-up years in a kennel, only to be disappointed by the experience because of his first two owners. The first is an elderly woman on the verge of senility and the second is an oversexed married couple. Baxter's happi-

ness with the couple ends when they bring an infant into the family, a creature Baxter regards as disgusting.

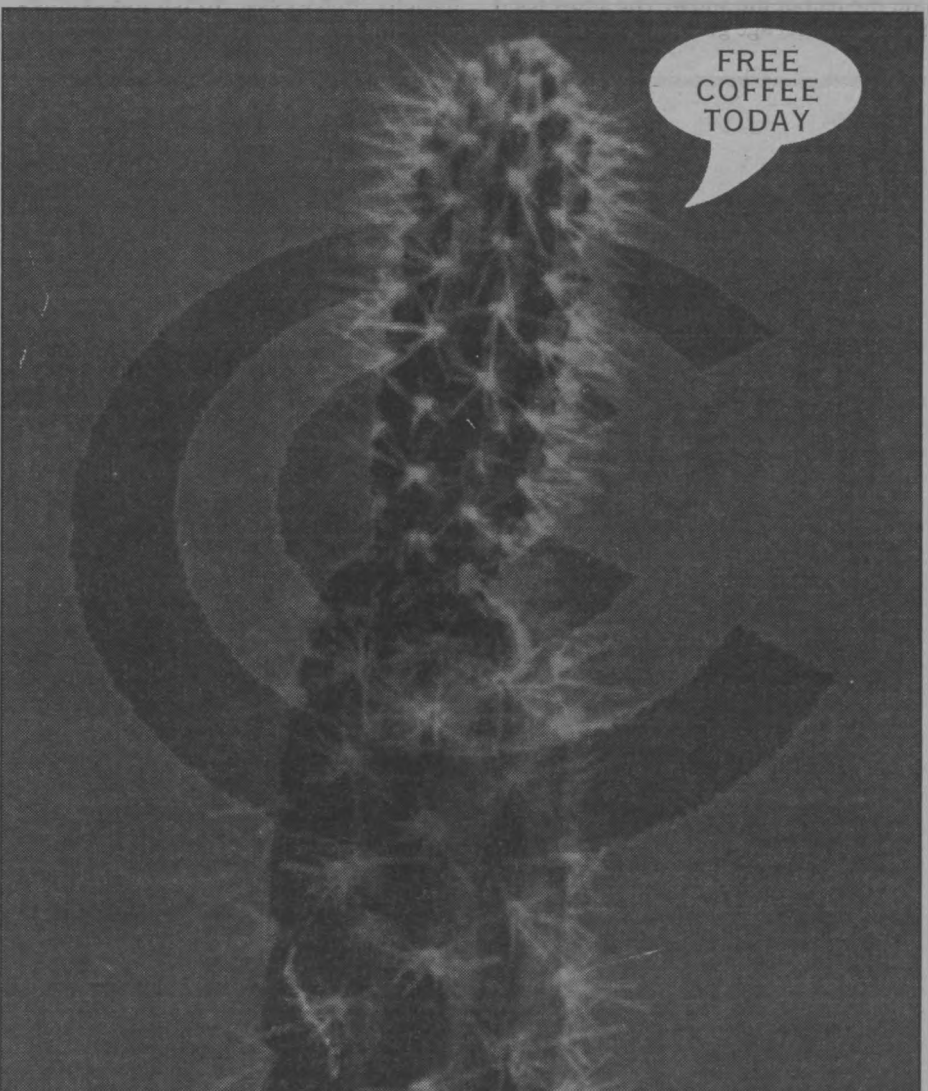
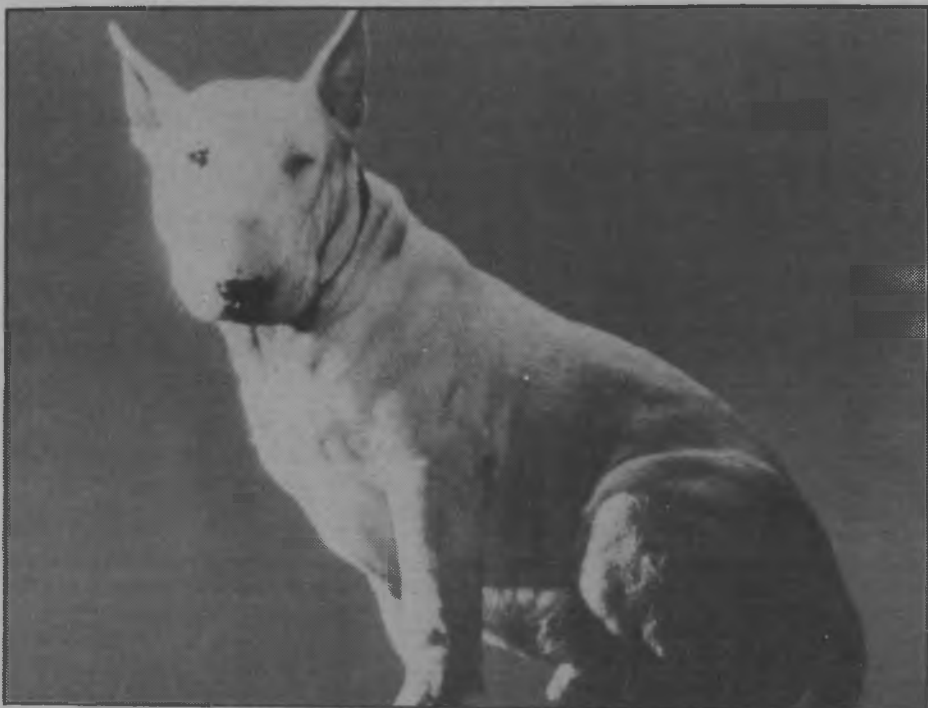
Upset by the child's presence, Baxter seeks happiness among the life of Charles, a young teenage boy obsessed with the Neo-Nazi movement.

Voiced over by Jacques Audeard, *Baxter* gives a new dimension to the phrase "man's best friend." With the dog's sometimes funny, mean, and somewhat sentimental look at human life, we find a being trying to forge

his own identity while attempting to gain a better understanding of human nature. We also get an unbiased opinion of the lives we lead, and come to realize that many of the habits we acquire throughout our lives border on the absurd. Baxter forces us to take a long look at ourselves as we have never seen before.

It is here, in the world of Baxter, that the "fine line between man and animal become alarmingly obscured."

Baxter will be showing at Campbell Hall, Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7 p.m.
—Heather Siple



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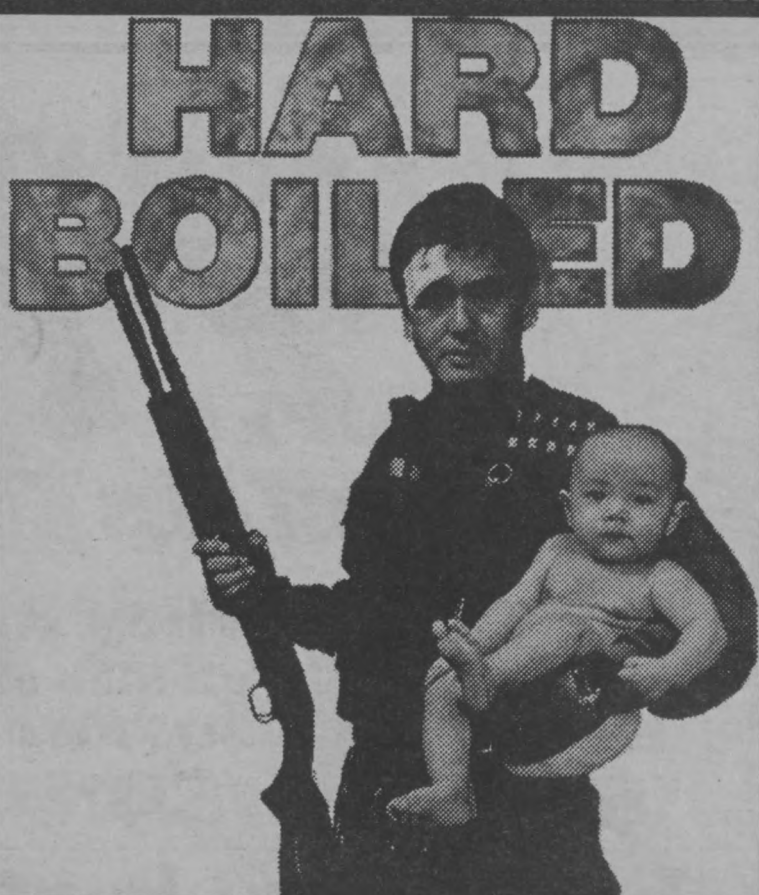
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HEARING HAITI

FATHER BISHOP JEAN-BERTRAND ARISTIDE CALLS FOR SOLIDARITY IN HIS POTENT TEXT ABOUT VIOLENCE AND POVERTY IN HIS NATIVE PARISH

BY CHRIS DUNLAP

In the Parish of the Poor: Writings from Haiti was originally written by Jean-Bertrand Aristide in 1990, the year of Haiti's first legitimate democratic election, as an open letter of hope to peoples' churches and progressive clergy in Latin America. With an offer of solidarity to those who are working for the liberation and dignity of the dispossessed, his writings are now more timely than ever before.

After the betrayal of Haitian democracy in the September 1991 military coup led by Gen. Raoul Cedras, Joseph Michel Francois and Gen. Biamby, this account of the hope born of suffering becomes even more tragic. Currently, as the Clinton administration is paying lip service to Aristide

while simultaneously tempering proposed economic sanctions against Cedras' dictatorship and continuing to turn back the stream of refugees, it is important that the American public listen to Haitian voices.

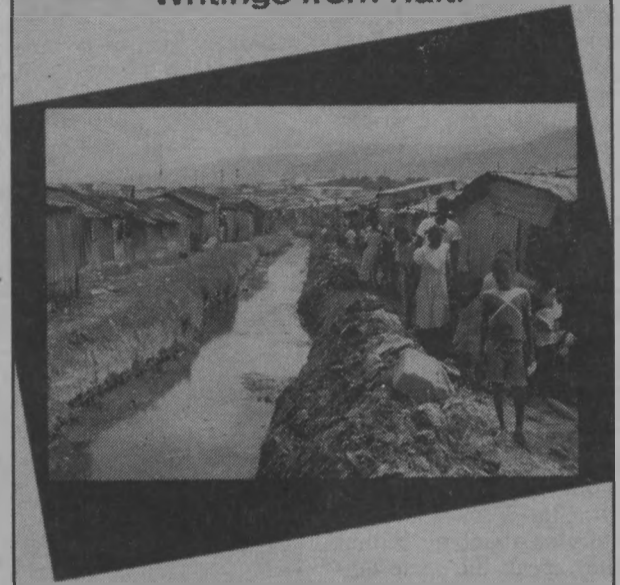
In the Parish of the Poor is Aristide's story of the conflicts of Haitian life in the aftermath of the Duvalier reign of terror. A Salesian priest active in the Ti Legliz movement, a liberation theology network that is fueled mostly by lower-level priests and laypeople, Aristide performed Mass in St. Jean Bosco, a church on the edge of one of the worst slums in the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere. Organizing demonstrations against human rights abuses, launching literacy campaigns and teaching socialist values, he challenged the old but still fearsome order of Duvalierism.

While his preaching became more and more popular, he developed powerful enemies in both the army and the higher echelons of the church. Relating the events that led up to the 1990 elections, he recounts three miraculous escapes from the murderous remnants of the Tontons Macoute, Duvalier's infamous secret police, who were never effectively disbanded after the overthrow of the dictator.

In the final account, he tells how the Tontons Macoute disrupted a Mass, killed twenty parishioners and burned down his church, all under the gaze

IN THE PARISH OF THE POOR

Writings from Haiti



JEAN-BERTRAND ARISTIDE

of an indifferent or positively complying military. While suffering under overt persecution by the military, a situation that culminated in the St. Jean Bosco massacre, he was even abandoned by the Roman Catholic Church. Censored by the Duvalier-appointed bishops for mixing politics with religion, he was transferred away from his parish and, with the approval of the Pope, ultimately expelled from his order.

Responding to the cynical charge that he was preaching "violence and 'class struggle,'" he says:

The crime of which I stand accused is the crime of preaching food for all men and women. According to the authorities in my country and in Rome, this is tantamount to preaching revolution, war. But what war? I ask.

History has proven that some wars are just. This war I have been accused of advocating is an avoidable war, one that I and all men and women who care for peace and the well-being of our parishioners would wish to avoid. The men eating at

the great table could avoid it if they wished to, and merely by the simple fraternal act of sharing: sharing wealth, sharing power, breaking bread with their brothers and sisters.

But these men, among them bishops, do not wish for the well-being of their parishioners; they wish rather for their own well-being, and the well-being of those who sit at the great table. They remind me of the Pharisees who can make clean the outside of the cup and the platter but their inward part is full of ravening and wickedness (Luke 11:39). If they do not wish to share fraternally with those whom, before the world, they call brother and sister, then they must accept the fate that they have chosen. They must accept the simple fact that it is they, and not I and my colleagues, who are advocating war (Aristide, page 17).

As Haiti struggles to supplant the old order of dictatorship with a "new world order," solidarity is needed now more than ever.

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LIFE'S MAJIK

Anthony Hopkins commands the screen with his intensity, his precise timing and the ability to emote or repress emotions in virtually every film he's appeared in in the past decade. With this aristocratic aura, it seemed odd that he'd be teamed up with the brash, ballsy urban cowgirl, Debra Winger, but *Shadowlands*, a Richard Attenborough film, gives her a chance to appear in an intelligent American role, and she is perfect as somewhat of a Desdemona for Hopkins' Othello.

Shadowlands is the story of author C. S. (Carol) Lewis' life and love with an American woman named Mrs. Grisham. She initially falls in love with Lewis because of the stories that he tells, in the same manner that Desdemona falls in love with Othello. What makes the story so touching is that they speak the same language — she finishes his thoughts and he understands and appreciates her straightforward manner. Even though they come from different countries and have different life experiences and rules of etiquette, they share a love of stories. Their relationship begins through writing letters to each other.

"She writes as if she knows me," says Lewis.

"Americans don't know anything about inhibitions," responds his brother Wally.

Once again, Hopkins is playing an utterly emo-

tionally and sexually repressed character. "The most intense joy lies in the desiring, not in the enjoying," says Lewis. However, the woman in this film liberates his agency and ability to express love. There is a crinkle of joy in the corner of his eyes. Only in one scene, where he hovers over Winger with an intense gaze, does the penetrating stare of one of his

Winger.

This film has beautiful light. It sets the tone and gives the story a warmth and life. A look back at a recent Anthony Hopkins film, *The Remains of the Day*, shows the difference a lighting director can make in setting the mood. The colors blue, white and black dominated *Remains*, whereas browns, oranges, golds and sunny

and glowing face. Attenborough's direction is superb, and he infuses this real story with wit and charm. The presentation doesn't overplay the drama of this story, which speaks for itself.

Shadowlands is full of magic, and adults who believe in magic. These adults, Carol among them, believe in the young in students. They believe in challenging and caring about them. Some of the best scenes in the film are those with Lewis and the students he teaches at Oxford University, as well as the ones between him and Mrs. Grisham's young son.

"Fight me — I can take it," he says, grinding on his class. Carol likes a good fight. He usually learns something from them.

"We read to know that we're not alone" is one such truth gained from a discussion with one of his students, whom he discovers is a genius and a temporary thief out of necessity.

Some of the emotion seems contrived, but the soundtrack of original music by George Fenton, and Gregorian chants in the church scenes, is so beautiful that don't you mind — your attention is on Attenborough's film as an extraordinary piece of storytelling. *Shadowlands* is filmmaking magic.

—Allison Dunn



previous characters, Hannibal "the cannibal" Lector, leap to mind.

Before indulging further in the beauty and the unreal aspect of this film, it is important to mention that it is a true story — like life, it is cruel. Most people leave the theatre with bloodshot eyes, puffy faces and wet sleeves. The drama of the film lies in the same vein as *Terms of Endearment*, which, ironically, also starred Debra

outside days prevail in *Shadowlands*. Only occasionally is the warmth absent in favor of some scenes implementing pathetic fallacy as a dramatic technique.

Overall, the cinematography is magical, turning the English settings into dreamlike realms. The little pub where a group of Oxford professors meet and drink is presented as an enclave of creatures, each with an expressive

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By
Kevin
Carhart



Two From Texas: The Dallas, Texas, label Direct Hit has mostly come out with some pretty abrasive punk singles — their logo shows a happy John F. Kennedy with a target drawn around his head, which seems like a pretty bold thing for a Dallas label called Direct Hit.

A couple of their records do stand out. The recent Bedhead single sounds like a Slumberland record. The track "Living Well" is about *something*, but the vocals are buried beneath a collusion of guitar particles suspended in hot chocolate. It's a neat and familiar trick, one which succeeds. In the words of the Direct Hit flier, "Loud music you can sleep to." Maybe the appeal of enveloping guitar haze all these years has been that it is reminiscent of what it sounds like from underneath a blanket. "Bedside Table" is equally pleasant, with a real lullaby quality.

The ghoulish font used on the Yeah Yeah Yeah seven-inch reminds me of the modern-day garage/pop empire that spans a whole mess of labels, mostly Californian: Voxx, Bomp, Dionysus, Get Hip!, Romulan, Hell Yeah, Skyclad and AIP, among others. They champion the love of melodies and sheer fun of great '60s pop, and Yeah Yeah Yeah would fit right in. "Uncommon Man" screams with garage energy and invention, though they don't seem to mind playing from within a tradition. "Get What You Want" is a rock anthem, all right. You can shout and holler, and then go to bedhead.

Direct Hit: 3609 Parry Avenue, Dallas, TX 75266



Explosive: Portland's Sugar Boom is the ultimate in *musique pour les chevres sur le rue*, which can be loosely translated from the French as "music that makes you bob your head around."

"Move" is driving and fun. "Spiral" is propelled along by a tag line that can't be beat. Both are fun rock for cartoon cowboys like those on the sleeve. Salem's Schizophonic records has a winner on its hands. Any band with "sugar" in the title sounds like a good bet to me.

Schizophonic: 115 Liberty NE, Salem, OR 97301

Sonny Skies: A single guy in the South somewhere is responsible for Neutral Milk Hotel, a new seven-inch from Cher Doll records up in Seattle. His name isn't on the record, but he's quite a songwriter. First you hear a tape clip of someone hearing about how a kid dressed up as a mem-



ber of KISS, probably for Halloween. "Everything Is" is a great song.

"Everything is beautiful here, it's spinning circles round my ears, I'm finally breaking free from fear, and it's fading." The fuzzy bass is real loud, and it's basically just a charming entry by a pretty new artist. Nancy, who is synonymous with Cher Doll, has put him on vinyl.

The "Snow Song" on the flip side is sung slowly, practically spoken in places, under a layer of rumbling fuzz. I think he's harmonizing with himself through the wonders of multi-tracking. Both tracks are full of a private magic.

Cher Doll: P.O. Box 9609, Seattle, WA 98109

TEAM ARTSWEEK STILL HAVING FUN

**New Kingdom
Heavy Load
4th and Broadway**

"This is your captain speaking. All passengers must check attitudes, stereotypes and preconceptions at the door. You are now entering the New Kingdom." The New Kingdom is a swirling, twisted, psychedelic land of beats and rhythms, where the law of the land is that it has got to be funky. The self-proclaimed rulers of the New Kingdom, Sebastian and Nosaj, rule the airwaves with their sonic sceptres spreading individualism to the youth they rule.

This duo from Brooklyn have been doing their own thang since '87 and blew up in '93. Anyway, New Kingdom deserves all the props for their philosophy, which is, "It don't matter if you're a hip-hop fan or a rock fan, you can get into this shit we're doing. You just gotta let loose." On New Kingdom's debut album, *Heavy Load*, loose is a

THICKEST BASS



major understatement. With influences from Hendrix and Zappa to Minor Threat to Curtis Mayfield, New Kingdom is kicking down any walls confining

their music.

Musically, DJ Sebastian enjoys crunchy guitar, tripped-out psycho sounds, tight beats and thick bass. Says Sebastian

about their music: "We make music in layers. Layers on layers on even more layers. It just keeps going up and up. You wanna know how we call it? Platform shoe music. You know, thick." Lyrically, Nosaj will either attack with nonstop flow or kick back and lay out some abstract verses. However he is comin', Nosaj flows with his own rapsy style and kicks shit about everything from drinking to the environment.

This being the first review of the new year for me, let me just say that '93 was a crazy, fat year for hip-hop. Now that hip-hop has beat down nonbelievers and established itself as a permanent music genre, it seems artists are pushing at the borders of music, enabling hip-hop to grow in many new directions. If you are a fan of music, you have to respect the progress hip-hop has made and feel some excitement for what lies in the future.

—Matt Turner

SHE PUNKS

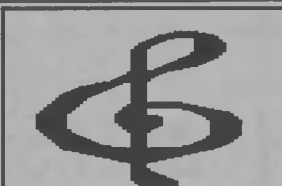
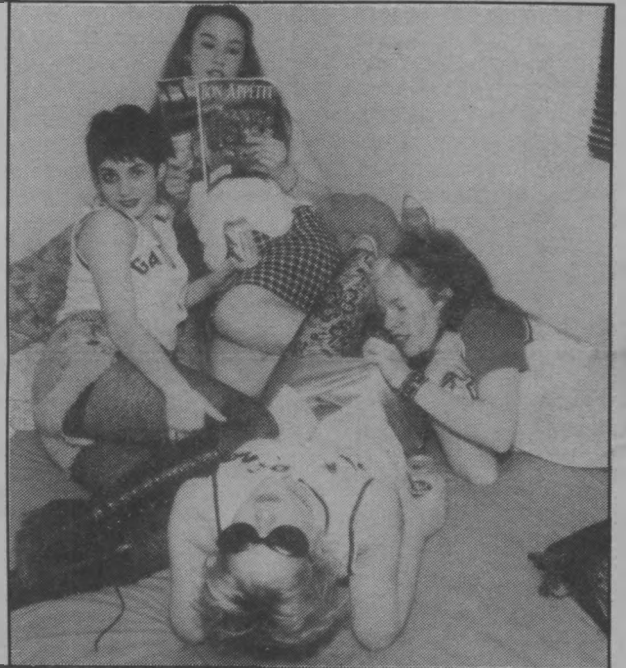
Spreading the down-home wisdom of girl punk, the Red Aunts will be performing a 9:00 p.m. show on Jan. 28 at Buster's Bar & Grill. Ranting through mindbenders like "Hot Rod" and '90s protest tunes like "Sleeping in the Wet Spot," they modulate between naked aggression, lighthearted crudity and real glee. The music, like the lyrical tone, is stripped-down, "Here's three chords — start a band!" punk rock, like their predecessors, X-Ray

Spex and the Slits. They may not be masters of their instruments, but the intensity of their howl and the grittiness of their music make up for mere expertise.

What Greil Marcus said about Bikini Kill holds for the Red Aunts: "It's a gurgling, vomiting, triumphant croak."

Supported by special guests Dizbuster and Eur-smith, this promises to be a freak show.

—Chris Dunlap



YOUTH CULTURE

Last weekend, a band of young Austrian boys sang away in the Lobero Theatre, sharing their rich musical heritage with Santa Barbara. This show was rife with potential. Potential for beauty. Potential for soul.

The Vienna Choir Boys are part of a long lineage of internationally respected choirs first formed by imperial decree on July 7, 1498, by the humanist Emperor Maximilian I. They have been performing worldwide ever since. Because young boys' voices tend to be exceptionally pure, with a wide vocal range, the group consists solely of elementary school-aged boys, hence the name. Similar to musical misfits Menudo, the choir graduates its members for new 9-year-olds when puberty arrives.

Because of their imperial standing and esteemed repute, the choir has worked throughout the years with such eminent musical magicians as Christoph Gluck, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Josef Haydn, Franz Schubert and Anton

Bruckner.

Their playing at the Lobero Theatre seems only appropriate, as its ornate stage is the only suitable landing ground for foreign ambassadors of culture. The night's program included pieces by Verdi, Mozart, Strauss and Schumann.

Yet the evening proved a bit of a letdown anyhow. Everything seemed right, but the choir never made you forget they were born in the '80s. While their

voices were beautiful and their solos powerful, their hearts were not in it. And I don't know if they should be. Like their American counterparts, they probably will be playing their Game Boys after the show while listening to Kriss Kross and eating red licorice vines.

The setting was right for an overwhelming display of purity ringing through the air, reminding those who paid to be silent that the young will always rule.

Instead, we laughed watching them trying to make each other laugh, while the conductor used the tact of a grade school teacher. The show was definitely enjoyable, though the audience felt compelled to say "they're so cute" every 23 seconds.

Life will never be like the past again, but if you close your eyes and just listen, the voices are very similar.

—Martin Boer





MACK BEATS



RIDE OVER

Too Short
Get In Where You Fit In
Jive

Bumping right back onto the scene, Too Short has done it again with his latest album, *Get In Where You Fit In*. Move over, Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg, Short's unique choirboy voice, wed with his classic funky beats, spells trouble. The album depicts a life of running the game in Oakland, California. Unlike other albums by solo rap artists, this new album also features many up-and-coming rappers on the Northern California scene.

Smoking weed and rolling with the hottest women were always a favorite pastime of Too Short. His previous seven albums reflected this lifestyle. Nothing has changed. The sixth track on the disk, "BIS*% Betty," explicitly portrays Too Short as a pimp in Oaktown. A lovely young lady who can't stop having sex is in-

troducted to the playboy himself. She is taught to work the streets and to serve Too Short upon demand.

Short's self-flattery continues with other tracks such as "I'm a Player." The song plays Too Short up as a mack who has hos all over the state of California. With his fat bankroll practically spilling out of his pockets and his '93 Lexus rolling on the I-80 freeway, Too Short is "too much" for all the ladies. "Don't Fight the Intro" is the opener on this album. In the same way, both lead the listener into the Short dog mystique of untouchableness.

Perhaps the hottest song on the album is the one being played by radio stations. It is called "Money in the Ghetto." Selling drugs and other various illegal activities are the lifeblood for the players in Oakland. Life is good for these people as long as they don't get caught. Economically, if they spend that money in their own

neighborhood, there is hope for the people who live there. For the people who aren't well off, some dank and a forty are medicine enough to remedy the sick life on the streets.

Too Short's new album is fresh material that incorporates old-school jams. Rejuvenated scratching techniques and '80s new wave synthesizer find a home with Too Short. Dance tracks of the late '70s, like that of Grandmaster Flash and Parliament/Funkadelic, hit home with "Get In Where You Fit In." What I like about this album is that it mixes old Short bass lines and concept rap with old-school cuts and scratches. Too Short's raps are unique and make your body bounce. It can be great party music, but even better, "Get In Where You Fit In" would be more appropriately played in the vicinity of any player idealistic of the Too Short lifestyle.

—Matthew Gambee

Chapterhouse
Blood Music
Arista/Dedicated

A Chapterhouse album today, in 1994, is kind of a shock. The English music press was criticized, back around 1991 or so, for inventing the genre of "shoegazer" music to encompass groups like Ride, Slowdive, Moose, the Pale Saints, and Chapterhouse. (The tag came from the tendency of guitarists in these bands to stand still and stare downward, either gazing at their shoes or triggering their effects pedals.)

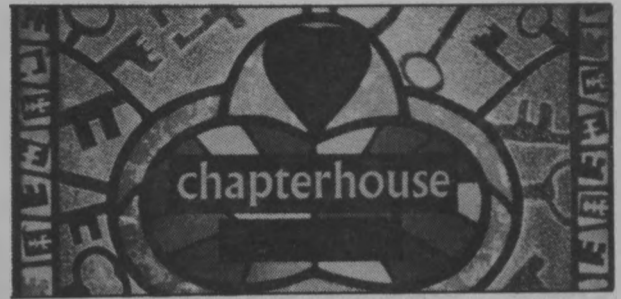
Most of the categorizing was unfair, but I wouldn't hesitate to think of Chapterhouse as part of a scene, kind of a "second-tier" band. They're talented, but they just don't hold up very well as an autonomous unit, whereas the others named above do. With production from 4AD's John Fryer and Robin Guthrie of the Cocteau Twins on their prior album, *Whirlpool*, and

guest vocals by Rachel from Slowdive, they had some influential connections to the scene.

Their hit single, "Pearl," was undeniably a classic. It was all over San Francisco's Live 105 radio station and stations like it. I

and *Blood Music* is more like an epilogue to those days.

It hardly seems like the same band. They have gotten wholeheartedly into dance music. Practically every track has some se-



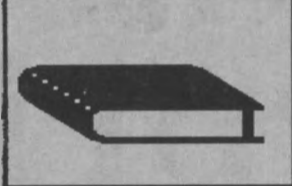
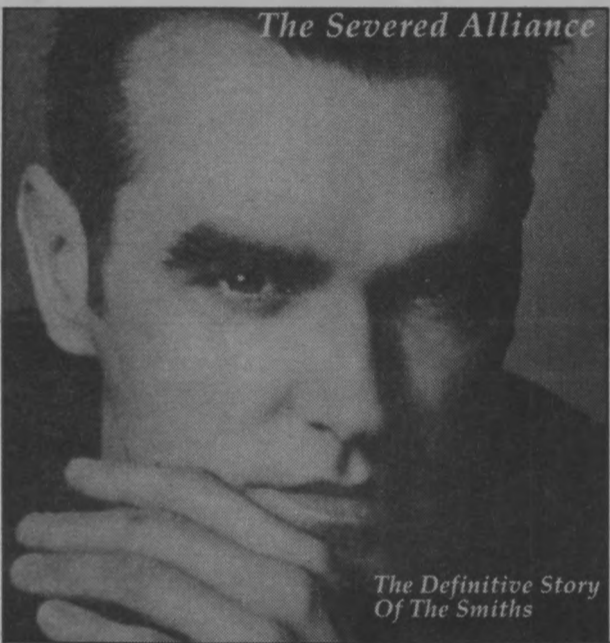
remember walking into the Rock House one time — finals had ended, and people were coming in to buy tickets for the cheap Dramarama show. The trademark "boo" sound of "Pearl" could be heard from across the street. It was a great era.

Most of those groups are still active, but it feels to me as though we've come out the far end of a thundercloud of activity,

vere beats. It sounds a bit like the Orb, or dance remixes of the Moody Blues' Justin Hayward.

I shouldn't be surprised, because times change. That UCSB staple — the KCSB pop music show of Doc Marten — isn't on this quarter. And after all, the Anaconda has gone. Now, it seems, so has Chapterhouse.

—Kevin Carhart



It is sometimes said, by die-hard fans no doubt, that the Smiths were the best band to come out of England in the '80s. Morrissey's mixed attempt at a solo career, a la McCartney, only highlights the dominance of the collaboration between Johnny Marr's fantastic musical mastery and the Mozzer's maudlin vocal symphonies. Together, the two created a stream of albums so profound that the band retains cult status today.

THE MOZ

Cynics can see what band is featured most prominently on T-shirts sold at Tempo Music. Unfortunately, like all good things, Morrissey and Marr split apart, leaving fans disappointed and others elated. Just how this duo formed and later split is the focus of Johnny Rogan's authoritative text, *Morrissey & Marr; The Severed Alliance*, an amazing achievement in itself.

The book is so good, in fact, that Morrissey

quipped, "Personally, I hope Johnny Rogan ends his days very soon in an M3 pileup." The truth hurts. While Rogan declares in the preface that the Smiths will always be his favorite band, he does not allow this fancy to bend the truth. According to Rogan's writings, Morrissey was ruthless with money and harsh to his bandmates. Marr, he says, is a brilliant musician, though he continues to drift from the Pretenders to The The to Electronic to Bryan Ferry to the Pet Shop Boys.

The work begins with a dense description of Ireland and Morrissey's ancestors — skip this! The

most interesting aspect of Rogan's work is the description of Morrissey's formative years, a period he's personally tried to hide from the media. He knew he wanted to be a rock star, but had no musical talents. Marr's musical language allowed the shy, Leideckeresque Manchester youth to spring into the club scene anyhow. It was not long before the tortured artist came of age on stages across England and the Continent. The account of the Smiths' eventual success and subsequent break is rushed through, as though the readers are all too familiar with the events.

—Martin Boer

A Little Change Goes a Long Way...

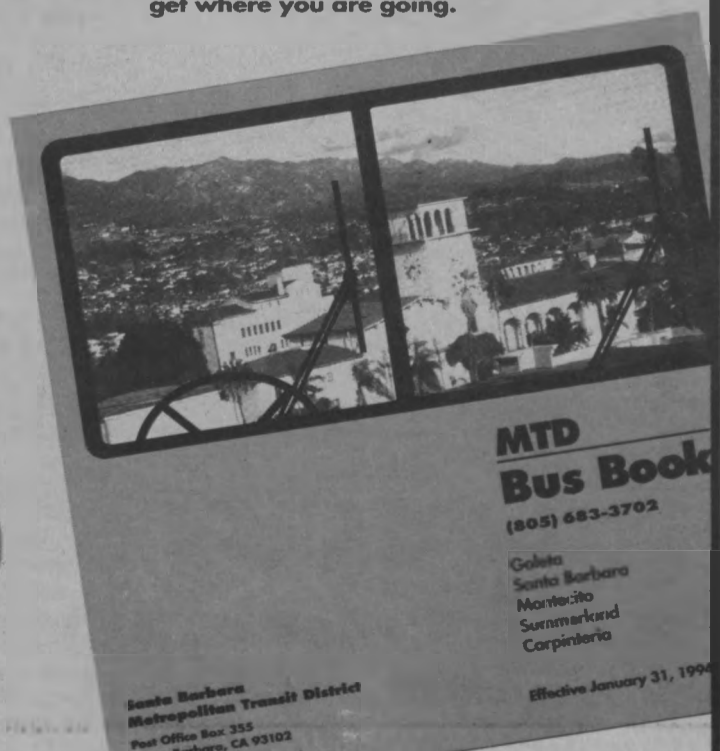
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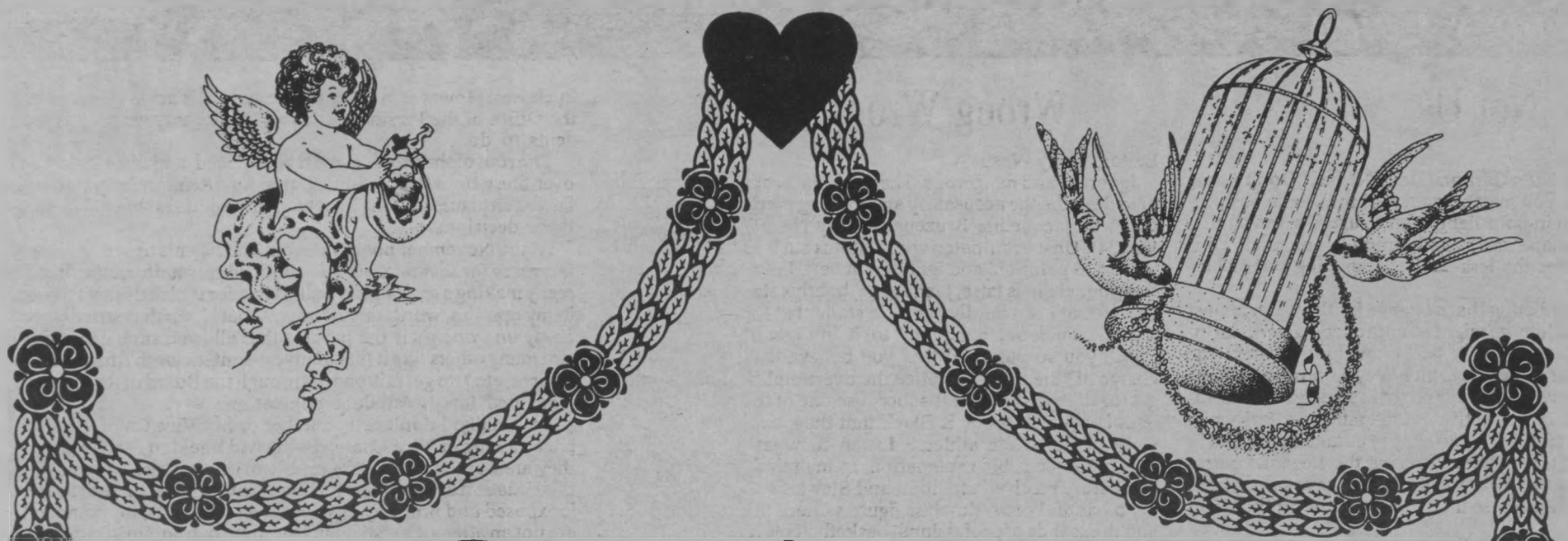
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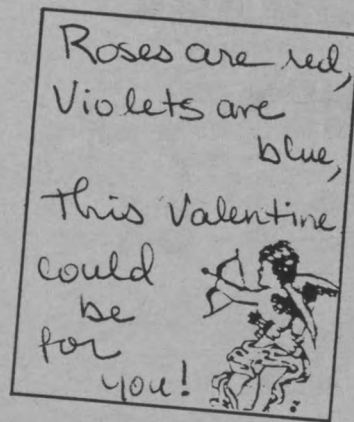
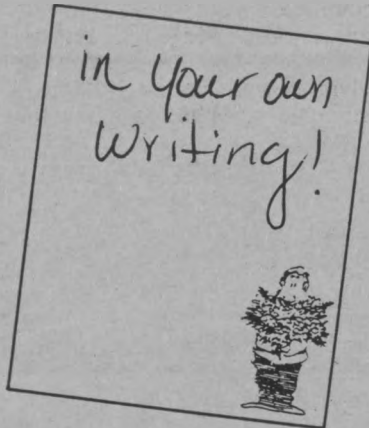
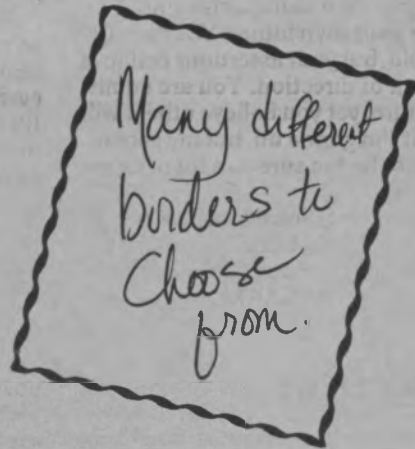
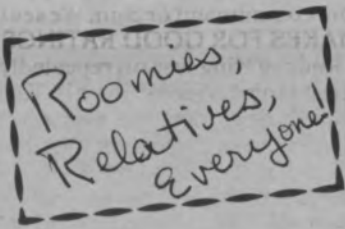
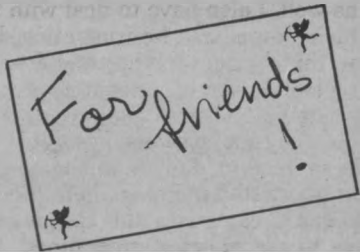


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