

# Artsweek

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, for February 2nd through February 8th, 1995

The stars and  
the director of  
*Before Sunrise*  
Interview, 4A





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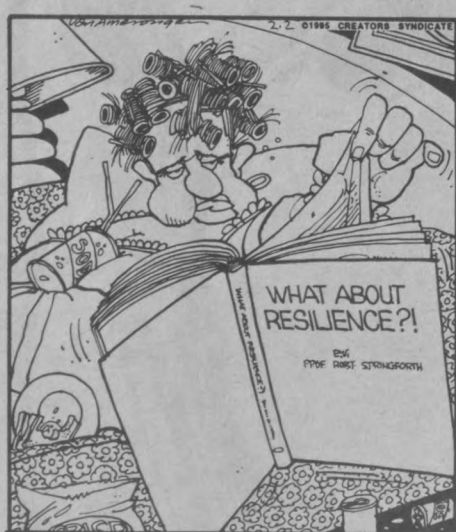
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### Low Pop Suicide the death of excellence World Domination

On the death of excellence, Low Pop Suicide has steadfastly refused to employ rock clichés. The first song, "Bless My Body," opens with a driven, chord-bending riff. As the riff is played for the fourth time, the typical band would bring in the drums, banging senselessly until the song is forgotten, but not Low Pop Suicide. Instead, a gentle gust of guitar and drums ensues. This mature use of instrumentation and arranging survives throughout the death of excellence.

Low Pop Suicide skillfully walks the line between dissonance and accessibility. Other dissonant bands such as Polvo and Rodan have been less successful at such maneuvering. For a three-piece band, Low Pop Suicide has a full, thick sound. To complement this mix is a host of studio musicians,

# Low Pop, High Quality

including a violinist and organist. These additional elements give Low Pop Suicide an unconventional sound.

Singer/guitarist Rick Boston further compounds this with his strained and somewhat nerdy voice. However, Low Pop Suicide manages to conjure images of other bands. The song "Suicide Ego" sounds strangely like "A Day in the Life" by the Beatles, "Life and Death" sounds like Quicksand's ill-conceived version of "How Soon Is Now," and "No Genius" sounds like it was written by Tom Waits.

Sometimes the lyrics lean toward pretense, with spewing like "1,2,3,4,5,6,7 / How many children get to go to heaven?"

Still, Low Pop Suicide is impressive on all fronts, presenting the bizarre, the brutal and even the beautiful. "Humbled" is a song of tenderness, but beneath is the ever-menacing, heavy bass guitar. Boston sings, "Heaven holds a place for you ... / In case you ha-



ven't figured it out yet / I'm humbled over you."

"Philo's Snag" is the gem on the death of excellence. Boston rambles like a drunk poet, telling the sad story of a friend's demise. The guitar grinds and floats for minutes until a soft, beautiful violin enters, pushing the song beyond all others on the album.

The death of excellence is some of the best music to

come out of Los Angeles in a long time. From the album cover photo to the songwriting, Low Pop Suicide is nothing less than inventive. Perhaps the phrase "the death of excellence" refers to the death of what most tired, bored record executives consider excellent. I sure hope so. Low Pop Suicide will be playing the UCen on February 22nd.

—Noah Blumberg



### Various Artists Journeys by DJ Moonshine

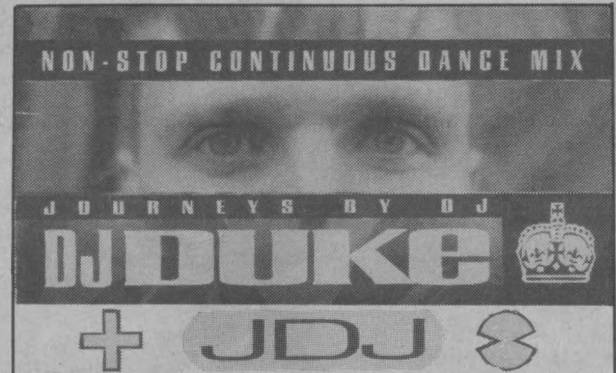
In a series I hope never ends, Moonshine has come out with another JDJ (Journeys by DJ) disc. This time it's mixed by someone who not only is a DJ, but also a producer. DJ Duke has been churning out house stompers on London's FFRF label and under pseudonyms for other labels for quite a while. Using his mixing and producing skills, DJ Duke has successfully melded 14 very different songs into one smooth, synergistic flow of deep underground house.

This compilation begins with a few wispy shots of air, fading in one ear and out the other. After these gentle streams of air clear your mind and prepare you for departure, the steady throbbing of a heartbeat signals the birth of a new journey. As the beat picks up, an acidic bassline weaves through the shots of air, which begin to increase in frequency and intensity. Soon the shots become a sea of sonic waves crashing against your eardrums, and Duke is already mix-

ing in a new track. Out of the tide emerges two repeated synth chords that lurch onward into the hollow voice samples, chanting "Gotta Future."

This chanting slowly fades into the deep bassline and crisp high hats of X-Press 2's "Rock to House." Here the eerie vocals and echoing horn samples beckon you further into this strange world. Then a pounding beat begins to chug along, as an apocalyptic voice repeatedly announces the title of the next song, "Atom Bomb." A droning noise is added to lead you down further, and a deep siren climbs in pitch, building force until the track explodes in a mushroom cloud of tones and beats.

As the sonic shrapnel begins to settle, a synth bassline and a horn stab climb out of the wreckage. As these two samples repeat, pressure builds by the layering of several other keyboard effects. Midway through the climb, a soulful sax solo can be heard. While the track presses on, the sax struggles to break out from behind the rest of the track. This wild soloing



continues in the background, until a repeating piano melody is inserted. The sax and the piano finally overtake the rest of the song and emerge victorious.

After more vicious soloing, the sax trails off as the piano continues and picks up a guitar solo. This guitar twanging leads you into the techno tribal percussion of Jungo Luv's "I Feel It." This thick percussion, aided with pure vocals, mixes perfectly with Aphrohead's "In The Dark We Live." Here metallic bursts pierce the heavy percussion and air blasts that have continued from the beginning of the disc. These bursts continue like flashing beacons in the sonic sea storm, as a mesmerizing voice declares, "I can see the light."

Out of the storm a deep synth undulation rises and climbs in frequency, as a deeper tone surges in. These surges continue, while the track is methodically stripped down. Soon shakers, cow bells and other percussion devices take over and turn out the funky beats. The funk continues for a while and peaks with Duke's own house anthem, "Blow Your Whistle." With the combination of catchy bassline, whistles and vocal stabs, this cut has been filling dance floors for months.

After this apex, the disc ends nicely with the Casio-influenced old school track "K-Ucci" by Jark Prongo. So far, this is the best-mixed house compilation I have heard.

—Matt Turner



"...Newt Gingrich's  
worst nightmare."

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**Sheryl Crow**  
**Tuesday Night Music**  
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Writer William Bolitho once wrote, "A very beautiful woman hardly ever leaves a clear-cut impression of features and shape in the memory: usually there remains only an aura of living color." Sheryl Crow did leave this impression on us, we two copy guys, when she played the Ventura Theatre Jan. 20.

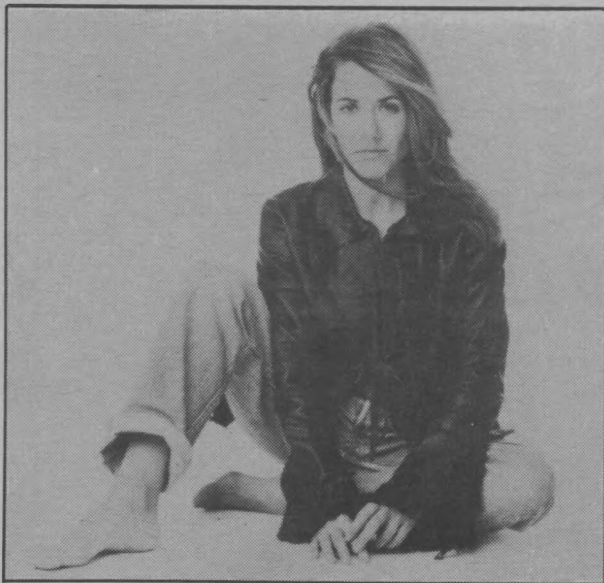
With her stardom rising faster than bread with too much yeast, one would think that Crow might eschew smaller venues in favor of large, capacious stadiums. This performance, however, was booked before her talents became gold, before she became the local scheduled opening act for The Eagles. She nonetheless performed at the intimate Ventura house in front of a sold-out, SRO audience.

Playing numerous selections from her debut album, *Tuesday Night Music Club*, as well as a couple of new tunes and a Led Zeppelin cover thrown in for good measure, Crow provided an altogether satisfying performance.

Crow opened with her first single, which in fact debuted over a year ago, "Leaving Las Vegas," which the audience instantly recognized. She followed up with two new songs for which she offered no names and which are likely going to be coming out on her next album, which is due out toward the end of the year.

Her performance proceeded with a large block of songs from *Tuesday*, including the now-overplayed "All I Wanna Do," which has received a Grammy nomination,

## As the Crow Sings



among an astounding five for Crow, for Best Song.

Crow also surprised the audience by stepping right off the stage and onto one of the dinner tables situated at the front, in the middle of "What I Can Do for You." As she sang an entire verse on the table, she even took a bouquet of flowers and kissed a baby offered up to her by one of the rabid fans, not the standard actions of an up-and-coming superstar.

But we can surely say that the concert was really a fine forum to show off Sheryl's album, as nearly all of the songs on it were played, and not just because it is the prime source of material she plays. The album, with songs of unusually varying subject and length, has been cited by innumerable critics and celebrities as the mainstream rootsy album to own in the last year (we hear it was both Jon Bon Jovi and Sara Gilbert's favorite!). And while it will surely satisfy anyone who enjoys her three hit singles (it's now safe to add the beautifully dewy, modern-woman ballad "Strong Enough"), there are also eight other examples of the best being produced in the

swelling tide of rootsy rock today.

The simple fact that someone can write a song titled "Solidify" is an achievement in itself — and the song is equally impressive, jumping, as many of Sheryl's songs do, between the rigors of a relationship and plaintive lines such as "Make me real!"

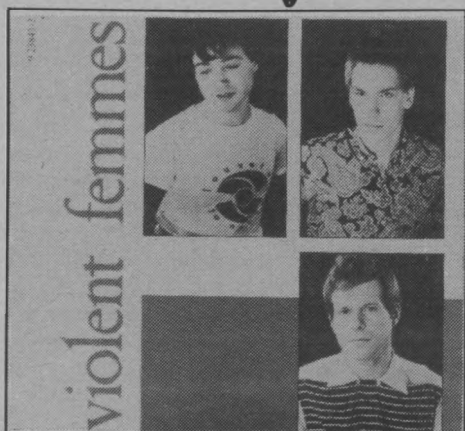
The album's opening track starts with the lines "She was born in November 1963, / the day Aldous Huxley died ..." (Huxley died the same day as JFK, along with C.S. Lewis) which completely sets up the album's sophisticated feel. As *Tuesday* unfolds, the unexpected melodies and lyrics keep coming with regularity in each song, and the album ends on a fabulously strong and hopeful note in "I Shall Believe."

In a world full of slightly flawed, passing music-like distractions, Sheryl Crow has offered the universe a debut collection of unflawed songs and emotions. And we're not saying this just because we're the copy guys.

—Chris Koch and James Lissner



## Femmes Mysterieuse



Because the one Violent Femmes album I listened to in my formative years was their early-'80s debut, they seemed to me far removed from modern-day reality. I imagined them existing in some Stray Cats limbo where they were immune to the influence of modernity. They were wonderfully irrelevant.

Take, for example, their singer. He was no martyr messiah spokesman for the new generation. He was just some schlep. And since he was a schlep in limbo who would never be part of the day-to-day affairs of the 1990s, he had a charming distance about him. I didn't know any more about him than his frazzled lyrics told me. Thus, I decided he was a 16-year-old heroin addict/street-chess hustler.

At some point, the worst thing imaginable happened, and I was forced to see photograph of him.

It was not the face of a smack-baby street kid. Rather, it appeared to be

the face of a longhaired 60-year-old. Destroyed, I went to college and sold my Femmes album to my roommate for five bucks at the earliest opportunity. The Femmes I knew were dead.

But upon selling The Album (I really don't know what it's called), I was filled with regret. I missed what I imagined the Femmes to be, even if they only existed in my mind, and were secretly elderly wusses. I longed for the album, clinging to the misconceptions of it I had formed from its content alone —

including that the Femmes had written it while knee-deep in the expunged chaw of the last of the great rodeo clowns, Jerry Norton. I missed the Femmes, even if only the Femmes of my imagination.

So, perhaps, at 8 tonight, I will go see the Violent Femmes at the Arlington. I will bring my misconceptions, a blindfold and a book for songs that aren't on the first album, the true album.

I will recapture the lie, and I forget what eight was for.

—Tim Molloy

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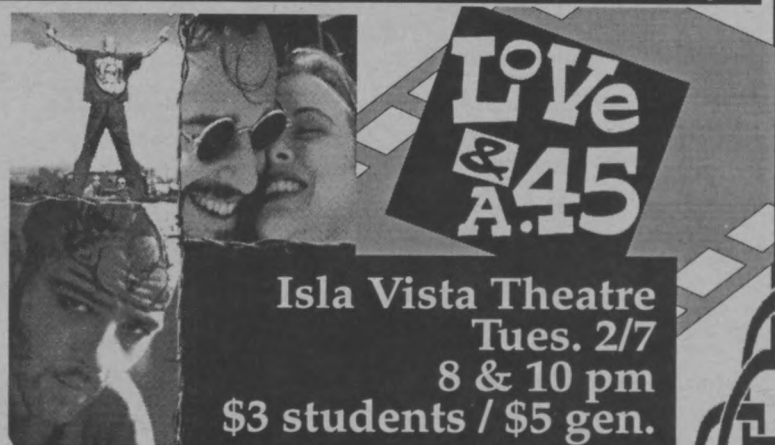
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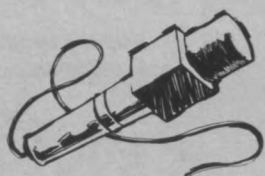


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# An INTERVIEW

with  
*Julie Delpy*  
*Ethan Hawke*  
*and Richard Linklater*  
 of the film *Before Sunrise*  
 by *Melissa Altman*



**R**ight off the plane from New York, with no time for a shower or to get adjusted to the new time zone, Ethan Hawke strolled nonchalantly into the *Before Sunrise* press conference. The scruff that we first recognized in *Reality Bites* was gone, and even though he was overly tired and hit by a strong dose of jet lag, his sweet but pensive smile still charmed the reporters — well, this one, at least.

Dressed in an olive-green blazer, nice pants and sporty patent-leather shoes, Hawke was the cause of a collective swoon from the room full of female reporters who really just wanted to get an up-close look at the object of their infatuation.

French co-star Julie Delpy and director Richard Linklater (also of *Slacker* and *Dazed and Confused*) joined Hawke. Obviously comfortable in the press room, they spoke as if we were all old friends. Their responses overlapped as giggles and laughs intermittently entered the conversations. Most importantly, a strong camaraderie between the trio was evident. But that wasn't how they saw it when they first met.

**Ethan Hawke:** Julie thought that I was a pig....

**Julie Delpy:** You can't hate someone you are going to work with....

**EH:** The only way to make it work is to invest a lot of things you care about and feel strong about it.

**JD:** — the emotions of tenderness and love.

Due to lots of time spent together, they said, a great friendship developed among the three.

**EH:** Even when we rehearsed, we were on location together.

**Richard Linklater:** Yeah, we were kind of in my hotel room most of the day in Indiana for three weeks before we started shooting. I don't think anyone could have worked as intimately. It is almost impossible for directors and actors to work as closely as we did. It was great.

**EH:** We were united with a common goal. It really helps everyone get along.

**JD:** We wanted to do the best possible. Everyone had the same energy. The three of us were really lucky. I remember having the best time just talking and talking, you know.

**EH:** I learned to juggle....

**JD:** Yeah, yeah, we juggled.

**RL:** It was kind of exhilarating, but it was tough too. There was that certain pressure. We worked really hard but it was fun, what we all consider a good time.

Linklater described the genesis of the film's premise, a one-night romantic encounter.

**RL:** Five years ago, I thought that this is a movie I want to make some day and I eventually got into the position to do this. I guess it comes from personal experience. I was having a night kind of similar to this, it was in Philadelphia. ... I thought, this could be a movie, the way two people meet, you have a lot of extra energy. There is something interesting about getting to know someone else.

When I asked them if they really believed in a one-night love affair — no personal interests involved, of course — their responses were unanimous.

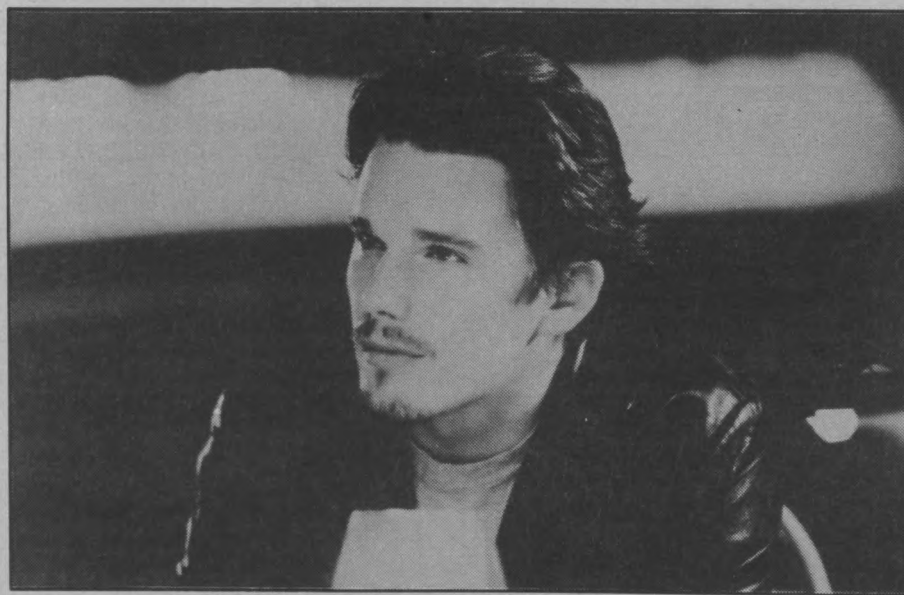
**RL:** Yeah, we wouldn't have made a film if we didn't feel strongly about it. So, yeah, sure. Do you believe in it?

With the tables turned, I certainly did believe, but I told Ethan and Richard it was only a fantasy. So they relieved my anxiety with some advice.

**RL:** You need to say "yes" to that guy when you get off the train....

**EH:** Then it will be a fantasy no longer....

**RL:** Unless you find out he's Ted Bundy. I think this has happened to a lot



of people and it just matters how fast you take that.

**EH:** It seems to me that a fantasy would be if they worked for the CIA and you got involved in a big Russian....

When he wasn't laying out his CIA scenarios, Hawke hit on the contrasts between filmmaking and theatre, where he began his acting career.

**EH:** The trouble with a lot of movies is that it is not like a creative process at all. There is no money in theatre at all, so immediately you eliminate all the people that are around to make a buck. So everyone in the room with you wants to work on telling a story, making a show. You get that a lot in independent movies. If you saw how passionate Julie was, we all wanted to do this so badly....

Delpy, who began as a leading French film star at 14, and attended NYU for directorial classes at 19, discussed the considerable difference between American and European filmmaking.

**JD:** These days, foreign filmmaking is not very good. People think if it comes from France, it is an art film, but I think that it is like crap. It's like the biggest production. It's like saying that James Cameron is art.

**RL:** The economics of European filmmaking, that's what killed European filmmaking. There is no such thing as a French new wave or a new German

cinema.

**T**he film itself was discussed at length. Linklater described the process of getting it made.

**RL:** You hear these horrible stories about Hollywood, but [I'm not] Hollywood-bashing because I've had two very good films made. Two good experiences, so it doesn't matter who gives you the money. Castle Rock was great — they weren't obsessed with what the movie wasn't. A lot of studios would have said, "that isn't enough, with just two people talking."

**EH:** If you are clear about what you want, then it's easier to make those kind of relationships with people. If you are like "maybe we could add this," then they will jump in and say, "he's not sure about what he wants."

**RL:** I was very clear about what I wanted.

The evolution of the characters was also mentioned.

**RL:** I wanted this character not to be a type, not to be some male projection, not to be some kind of woman playing off some ideology or anything. I just liked it because it was a dialogue that just talked about the whole idea of relationships and attraction. I wrote a whole lot of that dialogue. We switched it up and then in the rehearsal we all contributed to each

others' parts. Ethan on their all collaborator. lot of ideas that say, "What cha feel equally cl

But Hawke character, whe ing stereotypes

**EH:** I am not you are. I wou teenagers. Peop stereotypes. Li *Poets Society* shy, really intro *Reality Bites* and son. All you ha and people giv

**RL:** That's th behind you.

They also di lated to their

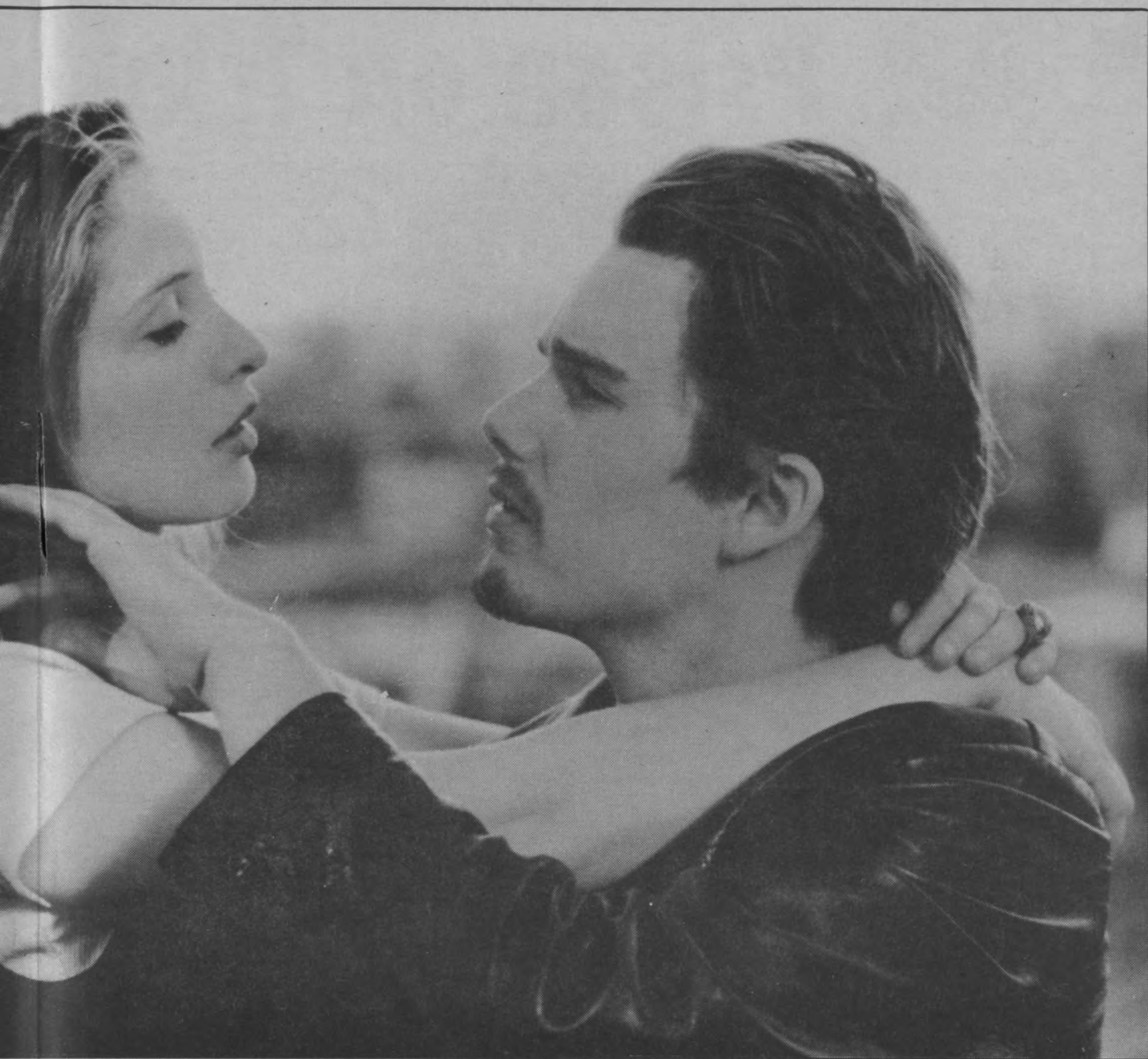
**JD:** I relate t taneous and ju

**RL:** That's n dition. [laughte quite an actor.

second-grade c

**EH:** The pr harder than it w second languag sentences ... it don't relate to i sure exactly wh





parts. It wasn't just Julie and on their own characters. We were laborators on the whole. We had a ideas that would come up and we'd What character would say that?" I qually close to both characters.

Hawke criticized the analysis of his cter, when asked if he felt he was be-erereotyped.

I am not half as worried about it as re. I wouldn't say this movie is for ers. People always talk a lot about types. Like when I first did *Dead Society* ... they thought I was this ally introverted kid. Then I did *Re-Bites* and they think I am that per-ll you have to do is keep working eople give you different labels. That's the curse of a body of work d you.

y also discussed how well they re-to their characters.

I relate to the fact that she is spon-ns and just says, "Go for it...." That's not what you said at the au- [laughter] Ethan, you know, he is an actor. He is illiterate, really, a



l-grade dropout. The pronunciation was for me than it was for Julie, and it was her language. But I rarely speak in full ces ... it seems to me that if you relate to it in certain ways, I am not exactly what you have to offer to the

film.

**JD:** I think if it ends up being natural, we have to relate with everything that is happening in the film.

Linklater later spoke about his personal reasons for choosing to shoot in Vienna.

**RL:** I just visited there — I was just looking for a city. It seemed like a discovery for me. It wasn't your typical European thing, your *Paris, Rome* kind of thing. I really like the city. I was there during a film festival showing *Dazed and Confused*, in the fall of '93, and I just really had a good time there. I could see [the characters] walking through this city. The city itself was very accommodating to us shooting there. That's important too.

What I liked about the setting in Europe [was that] it was divorced from American pop culture. The music was my favorite little classical pieces. No Ted Nugent. [laughter]

This was an Austrian film with six or seven Americans total. It was about us going over there and getting in touch with their culture.

Also, Linklater commented on the

more about them being apart finally. I like that — it is a little ambiguous, like life is. You make a plan that you're supposed to meet someone for dinner tonight, but who knows — it might happen, it might not, but I don't think that either of them could say at that moment.

When asked if the film promotes unprotected sex, Hawke also had a very strong opinion.

**EH:** I think if people are going to go off and have sex, I think they will if they want to, not because our movie told them to. You can ruin your whole artistic life worrying about being a role model. The truth is, you have to be true to yourself and true to what you think about, and if that is not a good role model then you are a bad person.

**RL:** If we have to rely on movies, these pictorial representations of life, to teach us how to be responsible people, we are not going to get very far. It's someone else, you can't just point at a movie. I ... treat everyone as responsible people who know how to take care of themselves.

Finally, all three were asked what they considered the main point of the film.

**JD:** It is about driving to get to people, getting in my car, calling people, using fax. Life is so much through *things*, it is not direct anymore and it is all about that. The film is about how beautiful it is that it is still there, about direct communication — two people getting to know each other. I think getting to know someone else is the most important part about human life. ... We have a language and thoughts ... [it's about] trying to show to others.

**RL:** It's easy to go through life and say "no" to life in a lot of ways. You have opportunities every day. I think that part of society tells you to be paranoid or be suspicious and tells you "no." I wanted to depict two people who said "yes" to that possibility, who took a leap of faith with each other. That result to me was an interesting concept.

**EH:** You don't notice how beautiful and wonderful life is until it has gone away. And that is why the ending, I think, is so right, a metaphor about life. We spend all this time with each other and we don't know if it is going to amount to anything. And that is what the gist of human contact is, and I think on some level, that is a major part of life.

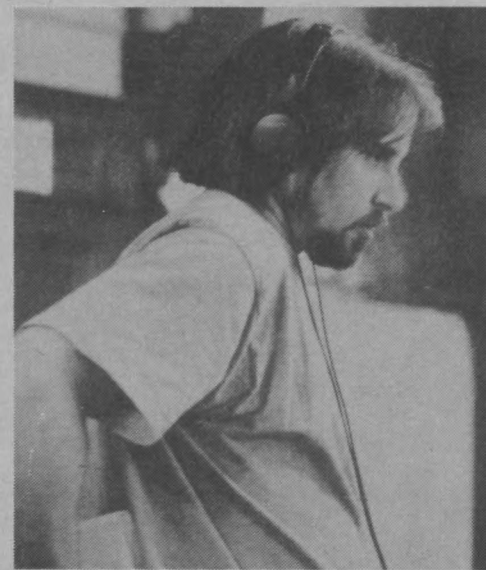
concept behind the film's ending.

**RL:** Well, I think at that moment, certainly both of them think they will see each other in 6 months, but, of course, for the film I believe that. I don't think they will really know how deep that connection is until they are apart. I think it is

## REVIEW

Finding someone to connect with on an intelligent level is what most people strive for in relationships. Finding someone who will understand, yet be silly, attractive, spontaneous. Well, *Dazed and Confused* whiz kid Richard Linklater brings those romantic fantasies to the big screen in his new film *Before Sunrise*.

Jesse (Ethan Hawke) has come to Spain to visit his American girlfriend studying abroad, but she unexpectedly has a new man in her life, leaving him free time to roam Europe. Celine (Julie Delpy) is on her way back to France after visiting her grandmother in



Budapest. When they meet on the train, Jesse is about to catch his airplane back to the States, but has 14 hours to kill in Vienna, and he invites her to join him. The audience eavesdrops on Jesse and Celine as they fall in love by way of good conversation.

They walk around Vienna together, trying to find things to do. There is anxious tension between them, as when two people just meet and are unsure of what the other is thinking. But it is evident that their attraction is mutual.

Their first icebreaker occurs when they run into two Austrian actors. The actors ask them why they are in Vienna, and Celine



says they are on their honeymoon. Jesse chimes in that it was a big mess, that he got her pregnant and then had to marry her. After shocking the locals with their impromptu fabrications, they laugh and we know a close friendship is developing.

Since the scenes were shot in the order that they happen, the audience can witness the pair's gradual development. Since they have only one night together, Celine and Jesse live it up — they talk in cafes, have their palms read, play pinball and drink beer. Jesse talks a bartender into giving them a bottle of wine, and Celine steals two wine glasses.

It is a simple story about the basics of communication between two people. As Hawke put it, "it has all the pieces that the other films throw out. Instead of a couple meeting and going straight to bed, it shows the whole part where they fall in love in between."

The movie may not show well with Hollywood audiences because there is no hoopla: Jesse doesn't save Celine from being killed by the Mafia, and she doesn't turn into some kind of psycho, avenging the death of her ex-lover. It is a pure and realistic love story.

—Melissa Altman





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## Teeny-Tiny Titans

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# Prison on Trial

Throughout the new film *Murder in the First*, the question of justice is posed. Henri Young (Kevin Bacon) is an inmate of Alcatraz, incarcerated for stealing \$5 in order to feed his starving sister. When he attempts to escape, and fails, he is mercilessly tortured by the tyrannical associate warden, Mr. Glenn (Gary Oldman).

Glenn feels he has the right to beat Young and cripple him because Young's escape attempt placed Glenn's job in jeopardy. So, while talking about putting dinner on the table and keeping his children in school, Glenn slices Young's Achilles tendon.

Young endures three years in solitary confinement, although the maximum time is only supposed to be 19 days. As soon as he is released, Young murders the man who had informed Mr. Glenn of his intended escape.

Young stands trial for murder. His lawyer, Canehill (Christian Slater), is portrayed as an innocent youth with high ideals and faith in the system. During a tedious trial sequence,



Canehill asserts that the inhuman imprisonment turned a petty thief into a murderer, addressing the subjectivity of justice.

The idea of "justice" is toyed with throughout the movie — both Canehill and Glenn use it as a rationalization — but the question of whether justice has been served is left unanswered.

The acting and story are interesting, but the film missed its mark. Comic punch lines interfered with the dramatic moments, which made it diffi-

cult for me to feel any emotion for the characters. It just seemed to be another courtroom movie in which the lawyer wins his first case through unconventional tactics. Typically, Canehill becomes alienated from friends and family, and connects with the prisoner. In addition, he manages to "break" a witness, who was head warden of the prisons, specially appointed by President Herbert Hoover.

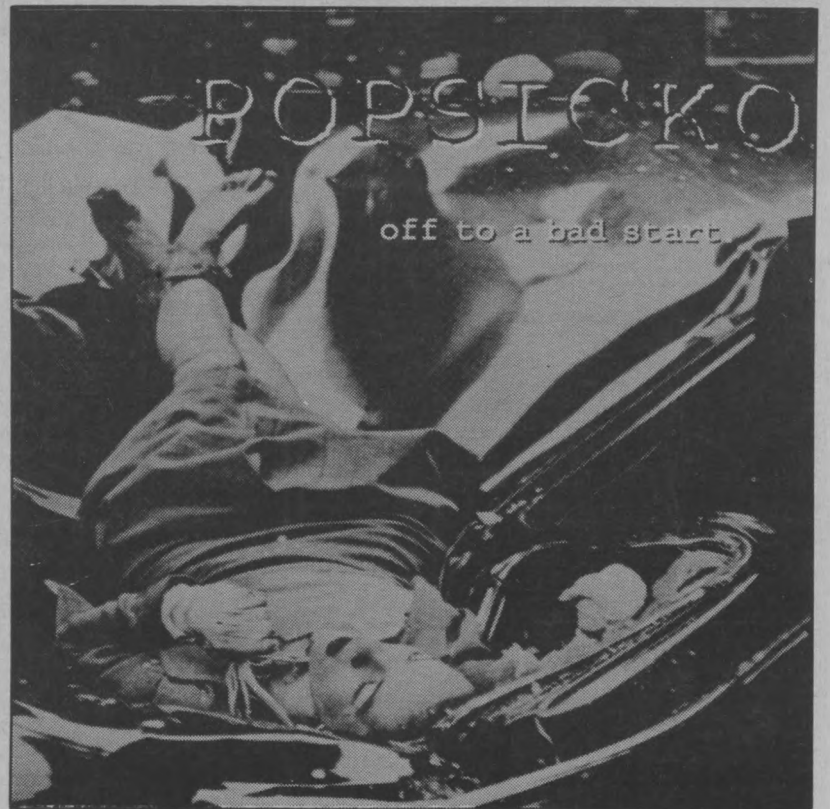
Young makes a passionate speech to Canehill about his fate, repeating, "I

could've been just like you." This and other statements seemed contrived, causing me to lose interest.

Considering the intriguing combination of Alcatraz, torture and a trial, *Murder in the First* carried a lot of potential. Sadly, it was disappointing, predictable and not very entertaining. Instead of suffering through the prison-torture-trial formula, I strongly recommend staying home and renting *In the Name of the Father*.

—Monica Morrissey

Wow!  
Popsicko has just released a full-length album and it sounds great. They sound like the lost power-pop cousins of Shoes and the Yellow Pills crowd. It's a good thing they're playing the Underground tonight, with Polychrome. Here's to bands with "pop" in their name.



Hmm, and on Friday, former Beach Boys roadies The Ernie Knapp Band play the Creekside (a bar with lots of room), at 4444 Hollister. Check it out...

# Great Classics

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# Hot Off the Press

The Wolfgang Press  
Funky Little Demons  
4AD/Warner Bros.

The Wolfgang Press has mastered the art of *glide*, perfected the practice of *slide*. They've cleaned the old beer, cigarettes and battery acid out from their decrepit synthesizers, jacked into a new main-frame and taken another great step forward toward their original vision.

Since 1983 and their debut album *The Burden of Mules* (released only on LP), The Wolfgang Press has been pursuing a vision of intelligent dance music. Some have described it as industrial-aggro-art-goth-white boy soul, and others as incomprehensible noise. But the band has never neatly or easily fit into anyone's categorizations.

For a change, Wolfgang Press frontman Mick Allen actually *sings* some songs on this album instead of his usual half-spoken onomatopoeic verbiage. (There is some of that here, too, though — check out "So Long Dead," the most vicious song on the album, or the bluesy funk of "Going South.") And "Chains" is perhaps the one of the loveliest songs the Press has ever written, replete with floating keyboards and Allen's deep-soul croon. Some might say like Nick Cave having an epiphany.

There is more of that on



strange brilliance that evolve out of Mick Allen's bitter, allegorical lyrics.

"I was a wretched man before I filled this hole / When Jesus was upon the cross he never was this alone," he postulates as "Christianity" builds from lowdown techno-funk to a near-industrial denouement. "Executioner" pulses and wiggles like French disco, flavored with the accented vocals of Sandra Moussempe and Allen's eerie countdown: "5, you cannot salsa / 6, get the sulfate / 7, down bullshit faith / It's something I admit I can't take ..." (I can't wait to hear the remixes — the Press have been working with the Sabres of Paradise, Barry Adamson and others, and they will definitely shake up the club scene.)

even in their cavernous live shows, The Wolfgang Press explodes inwardly, rather than outwardly, as Fishbone does. Somehow, Mick Allen's lyrics seem to tether the song to its bitter heart, as he growls, "11 years of faking it / Same clothes, empty songs."

Perhaps he sincerely feels that way. I'm sure there are a few Wolfgang Press fans who might agree, and accuse the band of falling by the wayside, selling out, etc. "Going South" sees Allen justifying himself against all those nay-sayers: "You've got a reason, some funky little demons, telling me that life is a gas / You're deconstruction, a euphemism nothing, Motown gives it a blast."

Therein lies the philosophy of the Wolfgang Press. They have always ap-



this album too — like the percolating synths of "Derrek the Confessor," "Fallen, Not Broken" and the glistening synth spires of "New Glass" — a tiny, two-minute symphony. But what makes this album seem so uniquely like The Wolfgang Press, instead of just another ambient techno band grabbing at musical straws, are the moments of truly

Sometimes in their search for intelligent dance music, though, the Wolfgang Press has been led slightly astray. "11 Years," for example, sounds exactly like Fishbone. One thing the Press has *never* been, if anything, is a group of Hollywood ska-funksters. Their acerbic anger has always been turned inward — like proper Englishmen — and

proached the world and themselves without the use of blinders or rose-tinted glasses. They have always managed to do things their own way. *Funky Little Demons* is a damn fine album with only a few minor missteps. Something tells me The Wolfgang Press will finally get their due this year.

—Miz E.

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# BEST

## to UCSB

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#### Rules:

1. NO PHOTOCOPIED BALLOTS.
2. Ballots must be dropped off at the **Daily Nexus** Ad Office, underneath Storke Tower, by **Wednesday, February 22, 1995, at 5pm.**
3. The "Best Of" issue will be published on Friday, March 3.
4. ONE Ballot per person.
5. Ballots must be filled out with reasonable completeness. Ballots with less than half of the blanks filled will be recycled with alacrity.
6. NOTE: The Nexus' "Best of UCSB" is intended to be a good-natured contest among business groups and others in the community. In other words, this is not a cutthroat competition whose results are somehow of deep and lasting significance. Please do not take it as such.
7. Decisions of Ballot referees are final.

- |                                               |                                                              |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Best Afternoon Getaway                     | 24. Best Music Store                                         |
| 2. Best Asian Food Restaurant                 | 25. Best Night Club                                          |
| 3. Best Barbecue Place                        | 26. Best Pasta Place                                         |
| 4. Best Beach                                 | 27. Best People Watching Spot                                |
| 5. Best Bike Shop                             | 28. Best Pizza Place                                         |
| 6. Best Bookstore                             | 29. Best Place to Dance                                      |
| 7. Best Breakfast Place                       | 30. Best Place to Eat if Your Parents are Picking up the Tab |
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| 9. Best Campus Rumor                          | 32. Best Place to Take a Date on \$5                         |
| 10. Best Cheap Beer                           | 33. Best Professor                                           |
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| 14. Best Computer Game                        | 37. Best Secret Study Spot                                   |
| 15. Best Dive Bar                             | 38. Best Sign of the Times                                   |
| 16. Best Excuse for Turning in a Paper Late   | 39. Best Stupid Thrill                                       |
| 17. Best Excuse for not Graduating in 4 Years | 40. Best Surf Spot                                           |
| 18. Best Gym                                  | 41. Best Thing to Say to a Cop When You're Getting Arrested  |
| 19. Best Hair Salon                           | 42. Best Vegetarian Place                                    |
| 20. Best Happy Hour                           | 43. Best Video Shop                                          |
| 21. Best Hike                                 | 44. Best Way to Dump Your Boyfriend/Girlfriend               |
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## Daily Nexus

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