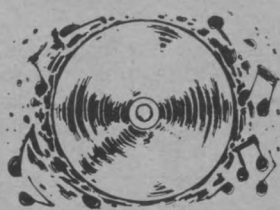


ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of July 13 - 19, 1994



Lush
Split
4AD/Warner

After my very first spin of *Split*, the new album by Lush, I decided they were not going to be my favorite band any more. I had waited so long for this one, was so predisposed to falling instantly in love with Lush all over again, that I was very disappointed in what I assumed was an unfortunately flat album.

Gone were the waltz-like tempos of Lush classics like "De-Luxe," "Nothing Natural" and "Thoughtforms." Gone were their sparkling, oscillating sounds. The abstract haziness of the artwork that formerly adorned their releases had been replaced with a new, more direct surreality: yellow lemons on a bright red background; matte black bed-

frame casters on a yellow background.

Cocteau Twin Robin Guthrie's dreamy, sugar-frosted production on *Spooky* had been replaced by the more direct hand of former Cure and Siouxsie producer Mike Hedges. What he did that Guthrie didn't was allow Lush to be Lush. Whereas Guthrie tried to recreate the band as a psychedelic Cocteau Twins, Hedges stepped back and let the songs shine through.

And if you give it half a chance, the songs will. *Split* is an ambitious and difficult album, when measured with Lush's former charming, airy pop. You can actually hear what Miki is singing in that lemon-sweet voice for a change. She and Emma have written songs with string sections, songs that hark back to punk-pop groups like the Slits (check out the close harmonies on "Blackout") and late '70s new wave disco (check out the wickedly funky bassline on "Undertow"). They've written songs about inner turmoil — the feat and de-

solation within themselves and others around them. They've written songs about their home — the decadent, declining city of London, which they love.

"When I Die" is one of those, retaining the wistful strains of former Lush anthems like "Monochrome." In complete contrast is "Lovelife," a bright, jangly pop song that contains the enigmatic lyric, "You are the one ... you cradle me and kill ... caressing my face ... leave me undone ... you suffocate and have me ... this is the place."

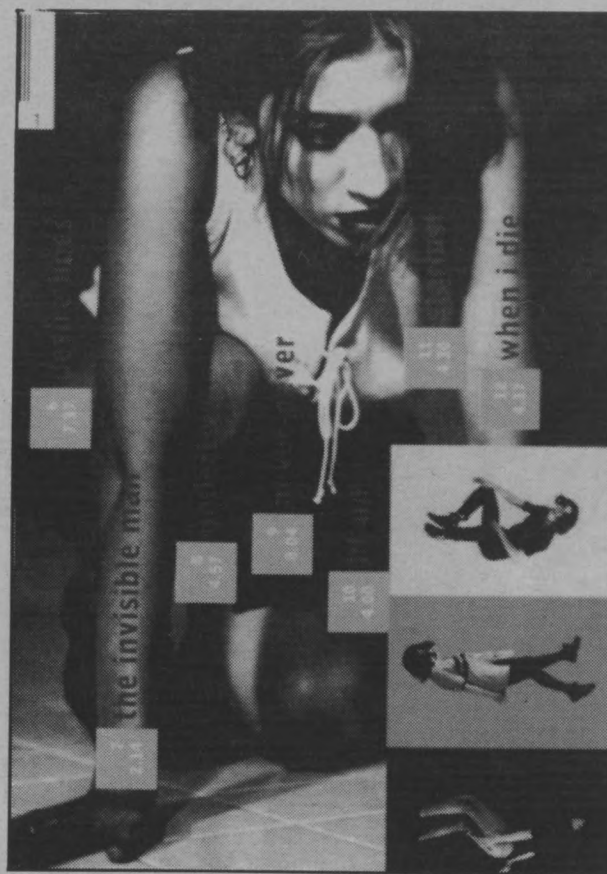
Lush also return to the punk rock roots of old songs like "Bitter," and "Baby Talk," with new ones like "Invisible Man" and "Hypocrite." The former is a short, sharp shocker that escalates into a furious blizzard of guitars. It's a song about an abusive relationship, and if you can't quite understand what Miki and Emma are whispering about so insistently in the chorus, take a look at the lyrics, "Please let me start screaming ... Please let me start screaming."

"Hypocrite" is an instant classic that takes things with a lighter touch. "I'm a hypocrite ... I dish it out but I can't take it ... I know you think it's wrong ... and maybe you're right but this is my song!" One of the sharpest, funniest lyrics I think they've ever written.

Unfortunately, though, some songs on the album just haven't improved with repeated listenings. "Never-Never" is one of those that just goes on too long without going anywhere. "Desire Lines" has a lovely, wistful guitar solo by Emma, but it's another that's not an instant hit. And I'm still trying to figure out why they reissued "Starlust," an old B-side of theirs from 1992.

Despite this handful of negligible songs, *Split* is a good album. Given time, it will get even better. I will still argue that producer Mike Hedges might have added a little more sparkle to their sound, but these are not his songs anyway. These songs belong to Lush and no one else. More than ever, the band has finally made the album that they wanted to make.

—Miz. E



LETTING LUSH BE THEMSELVES



THE HEYDAY OF THE CABARET TAKEN AWAY BY MORAL DECAY

REVIEWED BY DAVIN McHENRY

Look out! Fascism is on the rise at Santa Barbara City College, at least in Garvin Theater. Four times a week, Nazism explodes across the stage, intermingling with the decadence of prewar Berlin, all in the name of good clean fun. Its name, you ask? "Cabaret."

SBCC's production is an exhilarating and exhausting journey into the world of cabaret in early '30s Germany and that country's critical period of transition from the Weimar Republic to the Nazi period. Slowly, the innocent and gay world of the cabaret is transformed, much like the country, into a twisted, sinister version of its original.

Plotwise, "Cabaret" is the story of young American Cliff Bradshaw, an aspiring writer who has traveled to Berlin to find inspiration. Instead, he finds sassy Sally Bowles, an English cabaret performer whom he promptly gets involved with, and subsequently gets pregnant.

Surrounding them is the changing landscape of Germany. Hitler is on the rise and Judaism is on the run. When one of Cliff's friends turns out to be a Nazi, and friends Fraulein Schneider and Herr Schultz are unable to be married because of Schultz's Jewish heritage, he finally sees the final destination of his out-of-control train and decides to jump. Quickly he packs and is off, but tragically leaves behind his precious Sally and now-aborted child.

Originally written in the '60s by the Tony-award winning team John Kander and Fred Ebb (known recently for *Kiss of the Spider Woman*), the music of "Cabaret" is at once playful and haunting. Kander and Ebb's score is rich with production numbers and saucy little tunes but contains an ever-present tone of seriousness paralleling the plot, which eventually, like the Nazis, overpowers and fuses with the fantasy world of the cabaret. The music itself becomes part of the story, the score providing the subtext for the show.

"Cabaret" is a story of transformation, and this production is so subtle and smooth that the metamorphosis almost sneaks up on you. The show begins gaily, with the entire cast parading around the stage with a carnal verve that whirls into a grand opening production number.

The stage is set, we are here, as the MC says, to leave our troubles at the door and that's just what seems to be on the bill. Dance numbers and scantily clad women flourish, but that's not the only area where the production soars. Slowly, in creeps the meaning of the show. First, in the subtle sarcasm of the MC, moving on to Cliff's revelation of Ernst as a Nazi, and finally culminating at the end of the first act as Frau Schneider and Herr Schultz's party turns into an impromptu Nazi rally.

From here on the message is out. Swas-

tikas abound and gradually the world we were introduced to just two hours ago becomes twisted by the Nazis. Our beautiful world of love and peace is transformed into one of hate and violence. With the world's newfound enlightenment toward the cruelty and perversity of the Holocaust, courtesy of Spielberg and Oskar Schindler, "Cabaret" takes on a new note of seriousness. We now know all too well what is about to happen.

The power of "Cabaret" is not just in the changes taking place on stage, but our knowledge of what is to come. The millions of deaths of soldiers, civilians and Jews all weigh heavily on our minds as we watch the Germans make their most colossal mistake. All of these come across with harsh clarity in SBCC's production.

Jay Jagim seems to have saved his best stuff for this fantastic set — Jay, why do you save your best stuff for SBCC? The multi-level monster is packed with lights, flying curtains, semi-nude girls and plenty of surprises. This is one of the most effective and attractive sets I have seen.

Musical Director David Potter shows why he won a Theater Award from *The Independent* by conjuring up some wonderful musical numbers, all woven together and double-stitched by Director Pope Freeman with the skill of a master tailor. The seamstress Mary Gibson (literally) has dressed the players in some provocative period clothes that leave plenty

to the imagination.

The cast of "Cabaret" is the real finishing touch to an almost flawless show. It is composed of actors from throughout the Santa Barbara community — professionals, UCSB and SBCC people, and beyond all perform with energy. Everybody, from the orchestra members turned dancers to the leads comes off well, with a few standouts. Perhaps the most exciting person in the show, UCSB alum Mark Elk Baum, is wonderful as the Master of Ceremonies.

Julie Keatinge's Sally Bowles vies with Baum for the energy award as she is constantly on the go. Her character seems to know no end, even in the darkest recesses of the stage. Bryce Lenon plays a wonderful Cliff, constantly shortsighted (with a bit of denial) and always trying to comprehend the mad world of Berlin. Jimmy Israel and Arti-Martin Chamberlin put in charming performances as the doomed couple, Fraulein Schneider and Herr Schultz. The entire cast performs with a level of skill and detail that gives the show a reality a step above most productions.

"Cabaret" will leave you thinking hours, days, weeks, who knows how long. One word of warning: if you haven't already figured it out, this is not a *send 'em home hummin'* and happy show, but nonetheless a triumph to watch. For more information, call the Garvin box office at 965-5935.

The
Poppy
FieldBy
Kevin
Carhart

In the notes to *Ambition*, the 1991 compilation album off the Cherry Red record label, the blurb about Tracey Thorn reads, "Tracey's voice does and will continue to appeal across cultural and musical boundaries." In those days, her voice was deep and stately, and the assertion was true. Her releases with Ben Watt, in the group Everything But the Girl, are fantastic, full of gems like a cover of Cole Porter's "Night and Day," and "English Rose," written by Paul Weller. She easily crossed the musical boundaries from jazz to rock to the lounge, to the sort of airy pop music she began making with the Marine Girls (of Hatfield), the sort which might have floated away without the voice of Tracey Thorn to anchor it.

But time has passed since then. There's a brand new Everything But the Girl album, *Amplified Heart*, on Atlantic. The initial shock comes from hearing Thorn's voice. What's happened? She's singing octaves higher than she used to. When I first put it on, I had to do a double-take to make sure it was really them.

It's a great pity, but peoples' voices change. (It happened to Kate Bush — then again, she smokes a lot.) If you distance the new album from Everything Else, the songs are pretty and affecting. Probably not coin-



identally, my favorite tracks are the ones which feature Ben Watt taking some of the vocals. He has remained consistent over time, and on "25th december" and "walking to you," they emit some real sadness. The bass-playing is full of "wah-wah" and "wow," the keyboard bits are sharp, and the sentiments, like Ben Watt singing that he's 30, and Tracey Thorn singing about Lester Square, are poignant.

If I *do* care about Everything Else, then it seems a long way from how they used to be. I was a kid when Cherry Red was releasing Marine Girls and Everything But the Girl albums. But they used to be part of an elaborate, grand indie stable — a fey, cheeky empire, drenched in cloying liqueurs, impeccably English — with more than a few geniuses to work with, who, like Tracey Thorn's voice, crossed loads of musical boundaries.

That Everything But the Girl was side by side with The Monochrome Set and The Passage gave their jazzy rock a wink at the audience, mellow but with subversive contemporaries.

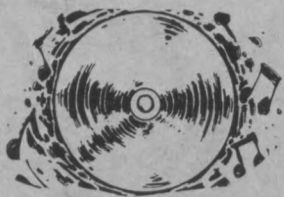
The *savvy quotient* makes a lot of difference. It seems as though someone along the way took Everything but the Girl at face value — decided they could not only sound like an *adult-contemporary band*, they could be one. *Amplified Heart* is stripped of the irony they once had. But it doesn't matter at all. Although it's making me schizophrenic not to care, this is a very good album.



The folks who made *Forrest Gump* were extremely ambitious. The life story of a man who is mentally "slow," this movie challenges our notions of competence by showing how a man with an IQ of 75 can know more about life than people supposedly smarter than he. But by placing the characters at key historical moments, and having them deal with everything from desegregation to AIDS, the film also tries to tell the story of 20 years of American history. In trying to accomplish so much, director Robert Zemeckis and company could have easily made a mess of this movie — but they didn't. What they did make is a beautiful and poignant tale that is easily one of the best films in recent years.

One of the things that makes *Forrest Gump* so appealing is that it is inspiring in a way that movies just aren't supposed to inspire us. The ordinary inspirational movie tells us to reach beyond ourselves, to seize the day, to live life to its fullest, and to stop and smell the flowers. It is *Dead Poets Society*, *Rudy* or the *Rocky* movie of your choice.

But *Forrest Gump* is nothing like that. Forrest (Tom Hanks) does what he does not because he's trying to whoop it up, smell the flowers or seize the day, but because ... well, just because he does. When Forrest runs clear across the country and reaches California, he doesn't scream "Yeah, I did it!" or "Carpe diem, dude!" He simply turns around, without fan-

The Beatnuts
The Beatnuts
Relativity

Anticipation is probably one of the most frustrating life lessons we all must face. It doesn't matter if it was that "Mean" Joe Green football game you wanted when you were 10 but could not get until Christmas, those seemingly endless years until your 21st birthday so you could legally do all the shit you had been doing since you were 16, or even waiting for that one girl to stop frontin' and get with you. Patience may be a virtue but it's hard as hell. I mean it's frustrating as phuk to know what you want or need, but have to wait for that shit to come.

This feeling is especially true for all of us hip-hop lovers out here, as album release dates often only serve as annoying figures readily manipulated by studio executives who seek to create more hype for their product at the expense of our sanity. This is why I was happy as a runaway slave this last month at the release of the highly anticipated debut album from the New York producing trio of Psycho Les, Fashion and Juju, better known as the Beatnuts.

The "World Famous" Beatnuts may be familiar

DEBUT GOES TO THE ROOTS

to many of you as the innovative production trio who hooked up fat-ass beats for such performers as Chi-Ali, Kurious, Pete Nice, Da Youngstas, MC Lyte and many others. Or perhaps you remember the "funkiest Latin motherphukers on the planet" from their slammin' EP from last year, *Intoxicated Demons*. With cuts such as "Reign of the Tec," which highlighted the trio's production skills with a funky looped-up beat mixed with a fat sample from Brand Nubian's Sadat X ("John Wayne couldn't even stand the reign of the tec"), and "No Equal," an equally fat cut in which the trio flexed their lyrical skills over a hypnotically tight sample over another crazy fat beat, true hip-hop heads were in fiend mode during the yearlong break between then and now. Needless to say, we were not disappointed.

With their debut self-titled LP, the Beatnuts take hip-hop back to its roots: fat beats, meticulously sampled loops and hard rhymes, without taking themselves too seriously. Within the 17 tracks and skits on the album, it is evident that the "Intoxicated Demons" are just a trio of young broths from NYC who like to make



funky ass music and "Fuck, Drink Beer and Smoke Some Shit," as they proclaim in the track "Psycho Dwarf."

It is exactly this tongue-in-cheek attitude that carries this album alongside the fat production filling it, yet several personal standouts on the LP are: "Are You Ready," a funky cut with an added beat from a tambourine and added flavor from Grand Puba Maxwell (who reportedly rejoined Brand Nubian), "Fried Chicken," an effectively simple cut in which the trio flows over an uncomplicated yet ridiculously obese beat, and "Yeah You Get Props," a slower jam in which the trio gets loose over yet another fat beat with a laid-back jazz sample.

I feel the Beatnuts are some of the most talented producers in hip-hop today. The way in which they sample and flip beats, especially their utilization of horns, make this album a welcome addition in everybody's collection. Aside from their production ability, their lyrical styles have also improved greatly with this project.

However, I am sure the content may not be for everybody, an example being their musical ode to one of their favorite pastimes: "Lick The Pussy." But on the whole, I don't think the trio set out to do more than put out a dope album, and that is exactly what they did. So like always, please Don't Sleep, and Free O.J. y'all. Peace.

—Fruzz



STRENGTH IN SIMPLICITY?

fare and without even pausing to take in the view, and runs in the other direction — because he feels like running some more. Forrest may have a below-average IQ, but he knows himself and he knows what he wants.

The film underlines Forrest's own way of living it up by regularly contrasting his life to that of his childhood friend and would-be sweetheart Jenny (Robin Wright). While Forrest is just true to himself and puts one foot in front of the other, Jenny parties hard and lives fast. She throws herself into the cool scene of the day, from the hippie counterculture of the '60s to the disco and cocaine nightlife of the '70s. It's Jenny who attempts to seize the day, yet she finds only emptiness and sorrow on a spiritual quest which seemingly gets her nowhere.

Meanwhile, Forrest just goes with the flow and achieves success in everything he attempts. He never seeks the spotlight but always find his way into it, and he never tries to influence historical people and events but constantly does. His secret is apparently his ability to focus on one thing, or a single goal — he sees the world in simple terms and is never distracted from trying to get the few things that he wants.

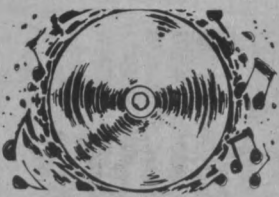
Despite the simplicity of its main character — or perhaps because of it — the film deals with complicated issues in a way which can leave you asking yourself some tough questions. Does that fact that Forrest is "slow" mean that we accept his lack of moral dilemma with the social issues of his time — particularly the

Vietnam War — when we probably wouldn't accept such indifference from a "normal" person? Has Jenny somehow wasted her life by trying to make a difference in the world while also having a good time? And does Jenny's abusive childhood in any way excuse her general abuse of Forrest through most of their adult years?

But perhaps the most persistent question that moviegoers will ask of this film is "how did they do that?" From speeding ping pong balls to deceased presidents, Hanks routinely shares the screen with people and things that cannot possibly be there with him. Old television footage featuring Forrest with George Wallace, John F. Kennedy, John Lennon and many others are particular stunning. The more than 25 computer animation artists listed on the credits certainly earned their paychecks.

Ultimately, this two-and-a-half hour epic depends on Hanks for success, and he delivers. Perhaps even more than his Oscar for *Philadelphia*, the casting of Hanks as Forrest demonstrate just how far the actor has come since "Bosom Buddies." Comic actors simply aren't given leading roles as mentally handicapped characters — those parts go to well-established dramatic actors such as Dustin Hoffman, who made *Rain Man* an Oscar-winner. He may or may not be dubbed best actor again for Forrest Gump, but with this film, Hanks has truly arrived as one of Hollywood's top leading men.

—Scott McPherson



RAW & RANCID GILMAN GROUP

Rancid
Let's Go
Epitaph

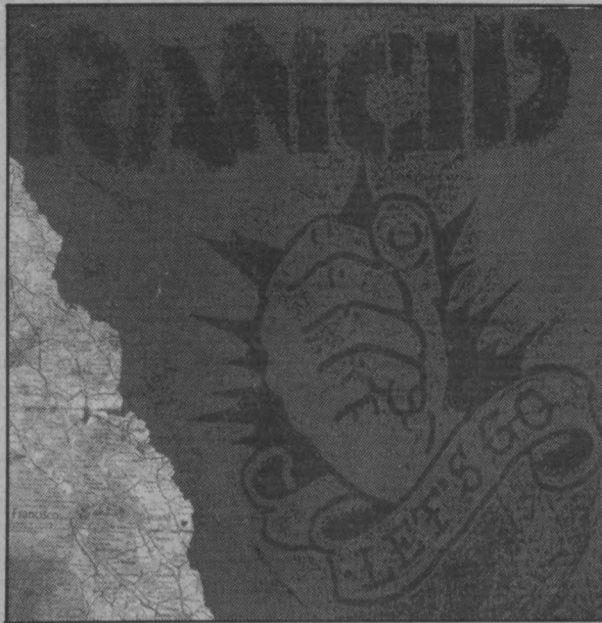
Rancid is definitely the best project Epitaph Records has pursued since Bad Religion's *Suffer* record in 1988. *Let's Go*, their second full-length release in two years, is even more dynamic than *Rancid* and a hands-down superior to Epitaph's other groups — Pennywise, Offspring or Bad Religion's latest garbage. (It would be indecent to even compare them with Total Chaos.)

Maybe it's not fair to set Rancid against the others because Pennywise, Offspring and Bad Religion are or were good bands, but Rancid has a much more individual style on a label known for its "sound" (typically that of Bad Religion.) In some ways you can hear Bad Religion through the guitar soloing on "International Coverup" and a couple of other songs, but this is more than balanced by

Matt Freeman's bass and ex-Operation Ivy member Tim Armstrong's vocal ranting.

Lyrical, *Let's Go* is a collage of streetwise observations and stories of urban dread set in the pressure cooker of Berkeley and Oakland. The CD sleeve's catalogue of local punk show flyers and last CD's back-cover band picture under the Gilman Street sign show their history as a Gilman Street Project band and reflect the regional focus of their lyrics. Making a lot of political and social problems individual in their songs, they skirt the whining self-indulgence of emo-core, but also avoid a lot of the vapid rhetoric of more dogmatic "political punk."

"Salvation," one of their musically less frantic tunes, seethes with informed indignation: "There's a neighborhood called Blackhawk where all the rich people hide ... I was down on my luck working for the Salvation Army ... The Shelter is



where I Reside ... Every day we drive into Blackhawk and we pick up the offerings of microwave ovens, refrigerators for the suffering ... I can't believe these people live like kings ... hidden estates and diamond rings ... I'm a rat out on a mission ... I'm in your front yard under suspicion."

Without pretension, all their lyrics read like a series of journal entries.

Honest enough to testify to the shittiness of urban poverty and angry enough to direct their resentment, Rancid has made another incendiary album.

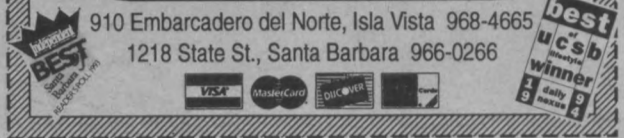
—Chris Dunlap

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BOMBS IN BOSTON

For those wanting suspense and a lot of bang for their buck, *Blown Away* is the film to see this summer. The film manages to save itself from mediocrity by packing in heavy explosives and non-stop action.

Next to the overall build-up of suspense, the greatest thrills come from watching Tommy Lee Jones terrorize the city of Boston. Deliciously evil, Jones is the perfect epitome of dementia. He brings to his role a sinister touch without going over the top; cool yet deadly. Here Jones shows his darker side as the maniacal genius responsible for the things that go boom. It's almost worth

the seven bucks just to see Jones prance around, while constructing deadly explosive devices, to the tunes of U2.

In the film, he plays the psychopathic Ryan Gaerity, an IRA bomber who busts out of prison and ends up in Boston. While there, he discovers that an old protégé of his from the IRA, Jimmy Dove (Jeff Bridges), is the big hero in the Boston Police Bomb Squad.

Years earlier, in Ireland, Gaerity had been sent to prison when Dove, feeling a bomb they were building was too big and too destructive, called the police. Gaerity was apprehended, and Dove escaped to Bos-

ton, where he became a cop.

Gaerity sets out to take revenge on Dove, who is in the process of retiring in search of a less stressful life with his new wife and daughter. Gaerity decides to make Dove sweat a little by killing off his colleagues one by one, and by dispensing terror on his loved ones. He interferes with Dove's wedding day by planting a bomb in Boston, which his friends must leave the wedding to go defuse.

In one of the film's most clever moments, we are led to believe that a bomb has been rigged in Dove's suburban home. This tension is heightened when we see

Dove racing down the winding streets of Boston on his motorcycle, speeding to rescue his endangered family. At the same time, we are shown potentially explosive devices in his home. Every action and gesture is teeming with tension. We are left guessing which household appliance is suddenly going to go kaboom.

With all of its suspense build-up, *Blown Away* left me hanging in the end. I felt like an unsatiated lover, abandoned while expecting a climax. All that boom and bang turned into nothing more than a squeak in the end.

—Roman David

EMERALD VIDEO

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A&L Summer Films

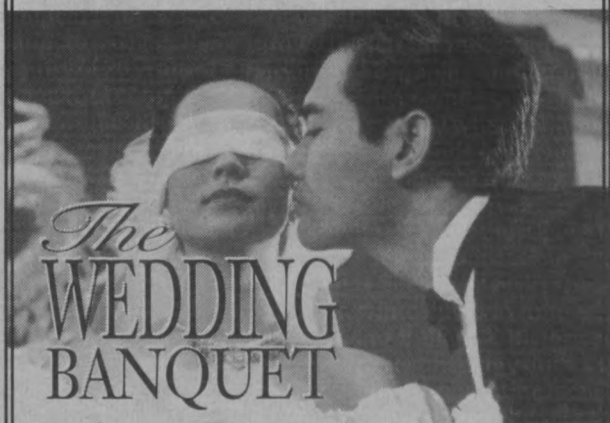
7 p.m. / Campbell Hall
Students: \$4. Tickets at the door only beginning at 6 p.m.
For more information: 893-3535 UCSB Arts & Lectures



From the makers of *The Commitments*

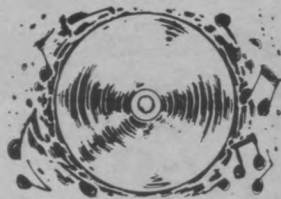
The Snapper

TOMORROW! Thursday, July 14



★★★★! A marriage of comedy and chaos. NEWS
Sunday, July 17

Please Recycle
Your Nexus



SOLAAR HEADS UP THE FRENCH HIP-HOP THING

MC Solaar
Prose Combat
Cohiba Records

To many hip-hoppers, the only connection between France and hip-hop is the tales of the Parisian egoist Lucien, on A Tribe Called Quest's 1990 song "Luck of Lucien." However, if you peeped Tommy Boy's *Planet Rap* compilation, you would be aware that hip-hop has blown up worldwide and with the direction of MC Solaar, France may be leading Europe into a brilliant new future in hip-hop.

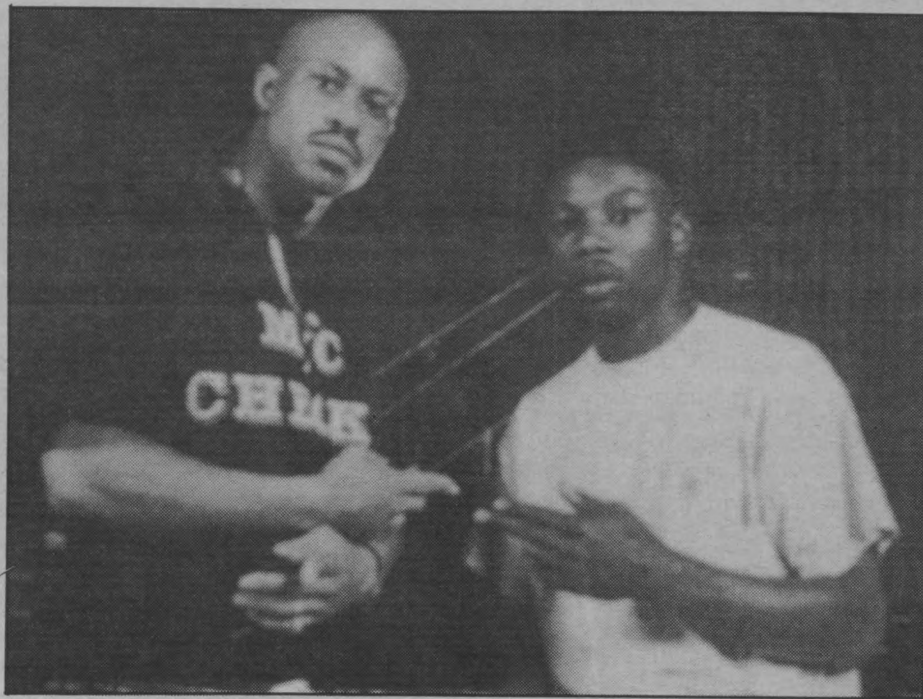
MC Solaar, born Claude in Senegal, moved with his family to Paris when he was six months old. Years later, he spent a year in Egypt and upon returning, Solaar found a thriving underground French rap scene, and be-

gan to freestyle at age 14. His debut *Que seme le vent recoite le tempo* sold over 30,000 units in France, but turned few heads in the jaded American hip-hop community. Luckily, he did gain the notice of one American by the name of Guru, who happened to be putting together an experimental album fusing jazz and hip-hop. Solaar's laid-back style fit right in and he was added to the long list of talented guests. The rest is history as *Jazzmatazz* stormed the hip-hop world and MC Solaar's star was born on American soil.

Solaar's new disc, *Prose Combat* may just be the first hip-hop import to go platinum. Musically, the production is equal to American standards and the content is quite possibly above. The style is

consistently jazzy, but is also a mix of deep low tempo jamz and fat cuts containing bangin' beats and mad scratches. Missing are the repeated gruff choruses that have become one of the more annoying staples of American hip-hop.

Verbally, MC Solaar has fine skills on the mike. Verses flow smooth as butta, whether he is coming strong, flippin' the tongue or just loungin'. This smoothness, aided by the attraction Americans have with the French language, is what will breach the language barrier holding many foreign rappers back. Lyrically ... well, I hear he uses a lot of slang, puns and plays on words, but I don't know French. I do know good music, and this is good hip-hop no matter where you're from.
—Matt Turner



Guru and MC Solaar



A FEW WORDS WITH EVANS OF KJEE

By now, we're all used to hearing his robotic reading of the call letters, "92.9 KJEE Montecito". Throughout Santa Barbara, his voice echoes with resonance in our ears and our minds, and we wonder, who is this guy?

Jim Evans is a survivor. After many years of fighting alongside 35 other qualified applicants for the 92.9 spot on the airwaves, Jim prevailed. He set out with a dream to include broadcasting, music and community service. Hmmm ... music and morals — what a nice change!

Lots of rumors have been circulating

about the station. Let's set facts straight. Jim is not some rich guy who has nothing better to do with his time. Jim did not inherit a large amount of money from a relative. There. It's settled.

"What people have a hard time understanding," says Jim, "is that I've had to spend a tremendous amount of money and time." Jim does, in fact, have another occupation. The radio isn't his life — yet.

A couple of additions are planned for the station. "We have to move the studio," he says. "And there will be more spon-

sors. We do have to meet an obligation to the community." Also, he'll be adding more CDs to the station collection. The CDs he has now, he's "just picked up along the way."

As far as the format of the station is concerned, Jim says, "I'd like to keep the station as spontaneous as possible ... there's the live element of radio that I enjoy." Yes, indeed. Recently, they've been seen giving away tickets to Toad the Wet Sprocket and Reggae Sunsplash. KJEE's own Eddy has simply shown up in ran-

dom areas and given away the tickets to the first people to show up at a location.

And what have we, the listening audience, done to deserve such rewards? Says Jim, "I'm so pleased that we have the support of Generation X and that they have responded to us so enthusiastically."

With no previous music experience except for a couple of music classes at UCLA and a vivid understanding of electronics, a genius radio station was born, and along with Jim, will survive.

—Brooke Tessman

EXTRA CROSSWORD PUZZLES

Edited by Trude Michel Jaffe

ACROSS

- 1 Sentinel's cry
- 5 Weapon for the Queen's cavalry
- 10 Untidy one
- 14 Plenty, to a poet
- 15 Prince Charming
- 16 Deli product
- 17 Potts, Ross, Kaye
- 20 Deeply affecting
- 21 Increased
- 22 Alter aftermath
- 23 Comfortable
- 25 Hope
- 29 Harmonize, as colors
- 30 Youngster
- 33 Way of speaking
- 34 Kind of play
- 35 God of thunder
- 36 Morgan, Holmes, Goldwater
- 39 Aware of
- 40 Eject
- 41 Emulate Streep
- 42 The limit?
- 43 Spanish lad
- 44 Antebellum
- 45 Moral authority
- 46 Otto's domain: Abbr.
- 47 Prop for George Burns
- 50 Aboil
- 55 Quaid, Patinkin, Duncan
- 58 Seaweed
- 59 Exact likeness
- 60 Sound from the den
- 61 Small particle
- 62 Human
- 63 City in Nevada

DOWN

- 1 A large amount
- 2 Part of A.D.
- 3 One of the Andersons
- 4 Small branch
- 5 Stored cattle feed

- 6 Hersey's bell town
- 7 Talent
- 8 Operated
- 9 Mount —, Nev.
- 10 A bit underhanded
- 11 — an ear: listen
- 12 River past Caen
- 13 Hopalong portrayer Bill
- 18 Zest
- 19 State of confusion
- 23 Woo
- 24 " — a Rose"
- 25 One of the Musketeers
- 26 Spiffy
- 27 The Democrats, for one
- 28 Small Japanese laquer box
- 29 Body
- 30 Coverlet
- 31 Important artery
- 32 Actor Fred

- 34 Animal life of a region
- 35 Unexciting
- 37 Cut of meat
- 38 Basque caps
- 43 Not a one
- 44 — upon his mind
- 45 Mother of
- 43 Across
- 46 Avoid
- 47 Prepare for a final

- 48 Shakespearean villain
- 49 Winged pest
- 50 Type of cookie
- 51 Long-eared creature
- 52 Chemical suffix
- 53 Bismarck's state
- 54 Copter
- 56 Playing marble
- 57 Jacques' friend

ACROSS

- 1 Show-off
- 4 Dinghy, e.g.
- 8 Hag
- 13 Jewish month
- 15 Flaubert heroine
- 16 River Styx locale
- 17 Choir voice
- 18 Vegas illumination
- 19 Llama's heights
- 20 Iguana on a sofa?
- 23 Theater lingo
- 24 Safe in a slip
- 28 Baseball's grand —
- 29 Chinese flute
- 32 Buck starter
- 33 Political initials
- 35 Ventilated
- 37 Napoleon's marshal
- 38 Sweet talkers
- 43 Golf score
- 44 Fly high
- 45 Chemical suffix
- 46 Comic Roscoe
- 48 Finishing nail
- 50 Moolah
- 53 Hero sausage
- 55 — City in Oz
- 58 Philanderer or flirt
- 61 Corday's victim
- 64 Eban of Israel
- 65 Actress Rowlands
- 66 Greek market
- 67 Bath, in Blois
- 68 Part of QED
- 69 Colony or code
- 70 Fit to be tied
- 71 Former draft org.

- 5 Chef's "western"
- 6 Mine, in Metz
- 7 Walzer, for example
- 8 Singer from Spain
- 9 Haphazard
- 10 Singular
- 11 Nuptial news word
- 12 Double curve
- 14 " — and Far Away"
- 21 Anglo-Saxon assemblies
- 22 "... was — old soul"
- 25 Janet of Justice
- 26 Former USSR satellite
- 27 Dennis and Doris
- 30 "It Happened One Night" director
- 31 Dash
- 34 Irrational fear
- 36 The — Clipper: DiMaggio
- 38 Resort features
- 39 Notorious spy

- 40 Oka River city
- 41 Dinghy adjunct
- 42 Cloth allowance
- 47 World's largest desert
- 49 Perky Reynolds
- 51 NBA Suns' rivals
- 52 Namesakes of actress Verdugo

- 54 Gold or silver
- 56 — Mrs. North of detective fiction
- 57 Mild oaths
- 59 Nobel physicist
- 60 Skiers' lift
- 61 Cartographer's creation
- 62 Mellow
- 63 Actor Leibman

ANSWER TO OTHER PUZZLE

COPE STROP ADDS
ARID TOUGH VIAL
RELEVANTLY ISLE
SENATE ESCAPED
LED IONA
ADDLED ARCS TON
SIRE BLEAT CRO
TRUE PEDAL THAT
EGG AILED CRETE
RES BEAR SEARED
TALC OWN
CHOLERS CITING
AERO UNDERSTOOD
KEEN SEPAL ESAU
ELSE TERNS METE

how bout that Damon?

ANSWER TO OTHER PUZZLE

BREAD MARS REDD
BARGE ABET ALIA
CHIEF EXECUTIVES
DELI EDITH
ADA ALEC TRESS
DEPUTY HOMER
MIAS SELES BEA
ACCOUNT MANAGERS
NEE TIEIN ERIC
SALTS BRONCO
LATHE THEA EAT
BASRA ALMA
BUSINESS PARTNER
ARAP VEEP ORATE
SAYS AWAY DYNES

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