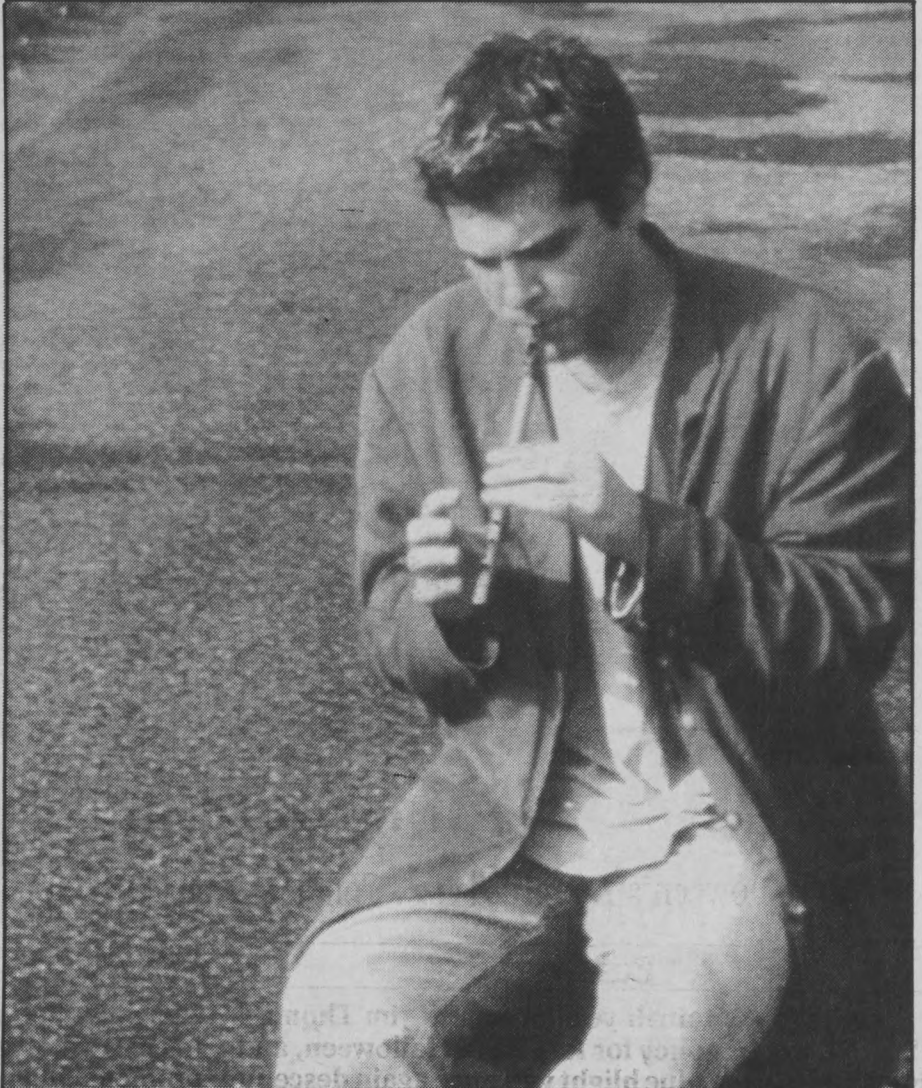


We can't think of anything clever to fill this space in...

Artsweek



Gettin' Eire

Artsweek's Jolie Lash speaks with Mick Maloney.

Perhaps it's the millions of Americans who have Irish ancestry that gives traditional Irish music its longstanding popularity here. Maybe it's the homely ring of the banjo or the pensive flow of the wooden pipe that reminds folks of the lives of their Irish predecessors. Whatever it is, Irish music hits home.

Wednesday at 8 p.m., UCSB Arts & Lectures will bring four "Irish music masters" to Campbell Hall to touch your sensibilities with Irish stories, music and dance.

Artsweek recently spoke with group member Mick Maloney about the upcoming performance. We managed to keep bad Irish jokes out of the interview and instead conducted a solid Q&A.

Artsweek: What part of Ireland are you from?

Mick Maloney: County Limerick.

That's sort of off to the left?

Yeah, southwest.

Why do you think Irish traditional music has been so fashionable for so long?

Well first of all, there's 40 million Irish-Americans, and a lot of people of Irish background are into Irish music or Irish culture in general, and I think that in the last 20 years there has been a great interest in America in ethnic groups. That's part of it.

The other thing is that in Ireland there's a renaissance in the music; the music has become a world music. You know, people like the Chieftains, other groups in Ireland, record companies putting the music out, radio, Irish musicians coming out playing in festivals and also a great resurgence in the Irish-American community of great musicians ... Irish literature coming [up] in the Western world — just, I think, a general resurgence of the arts, the latest one being *River Dance*, which just hit Broadway. So I think when it comes to the performing arts, Ireland's up there at number one, I think right now

in Western Europe certainly, and a lot of that has just spread to America.

What do you think of some of the modern Irish pop bands like Ash? Do you know who they are?

No, I don't.

Well how about the, um, Cranberries?

Well, they're pop musicians, and we play folk music. Our music really wouldn't be similar to theirs at all.

Oh really? Even in vocal stylings and things like that?

No, not at all.

How come?

Well, because they're basically pop musicians. We're folk musicians. Folk musicians tend to sing in a different style and the two traditions really exist side by side. Everyone's very polite, but they're really from a different tradition.

What makes music folk music?

Well, a lot of the folk music in Ireland is music of the people of Ireland. [It has] developed over the centuries. A lot of the song lyrics are tied up with Irish history on issues like immigration, settling in America and the current situation in the North of Ireland. We tend to express ourselves a lot at the folk level on things like that.

How does the group work? Are you separate musicians coming together?

We're separate musicians coming together to do a tour, but we've performed together in many different capacities with different groups. Like myself and Tommy [Sands], we've been touring for the last three years. And Winifred Horan — I've played with her many times. [Winifred] and Seamus Egan play in a group called Solas. I've been playing with Seamus Egan and many other different musicians over the years, so we've all met many times, but this particular combination is a unique combination. We've never toured exactly with this combination before.

So do you guys all play together on stage?

At times. We also do other things like duets and trios and solos.

Do you play more than one instrument?

I play the banjo, the mandolin and the guitar, and Seamus Egan plays the whistle and the banjo, and he also plays the mandolin. Tommy Sands plays the guitar, Winifred Horan plays the fiddle, and then we have John Jennings doing step dancing, so there's a lot of variety.

That's exciting. So what would you say would be the difference between American audiences and Irish ones?

Well, a general American audience with people of different backgrounds wouldn't maybe know as much about the general music as an Irish audience. So an Irish audience — maybe you wouldn't have to explain as much to an Irish audience about the music. You might end up playing the same songs and music, but your explanations might be different. With a general American audience, you might have to give more background material.

So you tell stories throughout your show?

We do — about the songs and the people we've learned them from and the characters. It's something that gives a lot of color to the performance.

Do you get a lot of people who come up to you after the performance who are of Irish ancestry and want to talk to you about Ireland?

Oh yes. That happens all the time.

What do you think of American country music? Do you think it takes a lot from Irish traditional music?

Well, different kinds of American music too — American old time, Appalachian music, mountain music from Tennessee and Kentucky, places like that.

Why do you think this happened?

Because a lot of settlers from the North of Ireland settled down there and carried it down.

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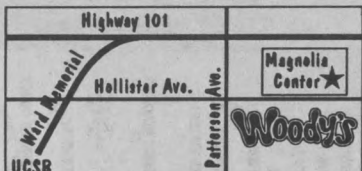
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Student Discounts

his master's voice

by Let's Go Jason Sattler

SIDE a 1995

Split Personality

I was about to hang up the phone when I heard, "Wait! What about the owner of a broken heart?" "Don't worry about it," I snarled and hung up.

If I did put an ad in for the owner of a broken heart, I'd never see the light of day. There's just too many. And broken-hearted people love to be identified as such, because, unlike lonely peo-

Crumpled-up pieces of paper crowded an empty waste-paper basket, and soon another dropped, banked off the wall, teased the rim and fell short. Three people, a woman and two men, sat around the wooden, rectangular table — as they did every Monday night of the school year — discussing, planning and arguing over which subject matter would comprise the next *His Master's Voice*, which appears every Thursday in the *Daily Nexus*.

The main character in their so-called "humor column," Jason Sattler, had worn out his possibilities with the conclusion of a seven-week continuing series that sent him around the world. The writers had him dressed as a Mormon missionary, encountering the stars of music television, teaching third-world countries the Macarena — and when that went out of style, the Train — meanwhile, wasting no

ple, they believe they have someone in the world to spite. I'd have to find my own brokenhearted person. But first things first — the loneliness interviews.

Three people applied. The first one decided that he would rather be alone and walked out. The second one thought I was accusing her of being homely, slapped me and walked out. The third one was perfect. He had all the traits of severe loneliness. First of all, he had a demanding imagination and a propensity to fib.

"Yahh," he said during the interview. "I used to be in the movie industry."

"Really?"

"Yahh, I used to do special effects. I did all the dinosaurs for *Karate Kid II*."

"There aren't any dinosaurs in *Karate Kid II*."
 "You're telling me! They're all on the cutting room floor. Still got paid though."
 He was also honest to a fault.

LYRIC of the week

"I'm the baddest, takin' out all rookies.
 So forget Oreos, eat Cool J cookies!"

-LL COOL J

opportunity to insult his peers.

The woman in the group, thick in European accent and facial cosmetics, scraped the bottom of the barrel and came up with: "Let's have Sattler play mah-jongg with Kurt Loder."

She surveyed the others' eyes. They were upset that she had broken the silence.

"That's not funny."

"Not funny," the other said.

Silence resumed and she spoke up again. "Sattler playing mah-jongg with Kurt Loder, and they're both wearing tube tops."

"Not funny."

"Not funny and too visual," the other said and spat his gum and a blood-stained tooth out onto the table. He sighed. "I'm going for a walk. Not the after-dinner kind," he added, clarifying.

The door opened and slammed. Fifteen minutes later it swung open again. He found the woman and man completely nude on top of the table. The woman was on top of the man, kissing his face. The man's expression soon turned to shock. "He knows," the man said.

"I don't care," the woman said, still kissing him.

"I've always known. Listen," the other man said, his voice rising, "I've got it!" He started pacing. "Owner of a lonely heart vs. owner of a broken heart — which is better? Sattler can conduct a blind taste test."

The woman smiled and cast a glance deep into the intruder's eyes, a glance simultaneously mocking and seductive. "Perfect!" She sat up and pressed the intercom. "Get Sattler — he has work to do. Send out for gourmet pizza as well."

The phone rang in Sattler's midtown Manhattan loft. Suddenly, Sattler pulled on his pants and began to think out loud.

I don't know if I'm lazy or dedicated, but I watch a lot of TV. I was watching some early episodes of *Murder She Wrote* — the ones before you knew that she was going to solve every damn one — that I videotaped when the phone rang with my assignment. "Um-hum," I said three or four times. "OK, here's what I need: one classified ad to appear tomorrow in the *Nexus*. Now write this down, it shall read: 'Important person seeks owner of a lonely heart. Apply in person under Storke Plaza.'"

"It's too late to run a classified ad tonight, Sattler."

"Do it."

"Fine. Fine."

"You know where we come from?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I've been trying to get back there my entire life, it doesn't seem to be working out."

I hired the lonely man immediately and gave him his W2s and my phone number in case he had any trouble. When I arrived home again that evening, the lonely guy had left three messages and the phone was ringing.

"Hello," I answered in my radio voice. It was him. I told him that I didn't want to go watch *The Craft* with him at I.V. Theater. I then called the phone company and changed my phone number to 986-6969.

The next morning I woke up and tried hard to find the owner of a broken heart. I went to all the usual places: hospitals, suspension bridges, canyons, but with no luck. Even when I found someone, they were speaking strictly in tongues.

I then realized that to bring the owner of a lonely heart together with the owner of a broken heart wasn't a good idea — even if the both of them were to be blindfolded. I'm not about to contribute to the cause of co-dependency.

I called the *Nexus* and canceled my appointment with the lonely guy, announcing my intention to miss my first weekly appearance in the *Nexus* since Kurt Waldheim was the Secretary General of the United Nations. I breathed out loud and headed toward the edge of campus, surprised, as always, to find only beaches. Kicking sand into the air, a runner made eye contact and passed.

Turning to watch the runner, I realized that he was me.

Heavier and younger than my current self, he was breathing loudly and running toward the Goleta Pier as I oft did during my freshman year. My body tightened and I ran after him.

He was faster than I. I concentrated on my breath, leaned forward and kicked out with my legs. He shrugged and twisted as he ran, and soon I was next to him. He stopped and started heaving.

"Owner of a broken heart?" I asked.

He nodded. His eyes were dilated, bordering on tears, just as mine were throughout freshman year, suffering the fit of a toddler who has fallen. Not really hurt, but miserable to find that he could fall and have to get up on his own.

"Did you get a broken heart from hurting who you really love?" I asked.

"Isn't that how you get more love?" he asked.

Get Outta Town! Artsweek.

On Halloween, there's plenty of stuff to do outside of I.V. Lara Zwarun shares.

UCSB used to be known far and wide for its raging Halloween scene, and we would have gotten away with it this year too, if it wasn't for those meddling coppers. What with their overkill security, live music moratorium and wholesome alternative celebration in Anisq' Oyo' Park, what's a partier to do?

The best suggestion I've heard so far is for all the would-be revelers to re-schedule their festivities for *next* Thursday, when the police wouldn't suspect a thing — but it's a little late for that now. A more realistic option is to find somewhere cool on Halloween to go and stay there. It's doubtful you'll get arrested inside a club — though it's not

impossible.

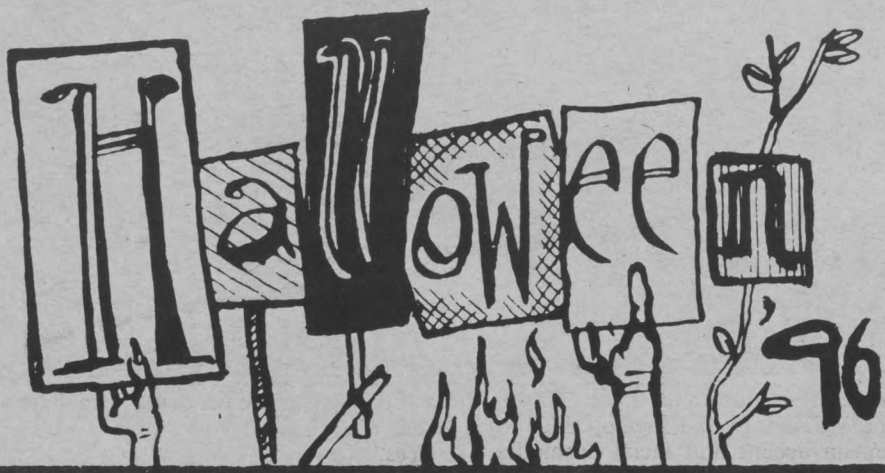
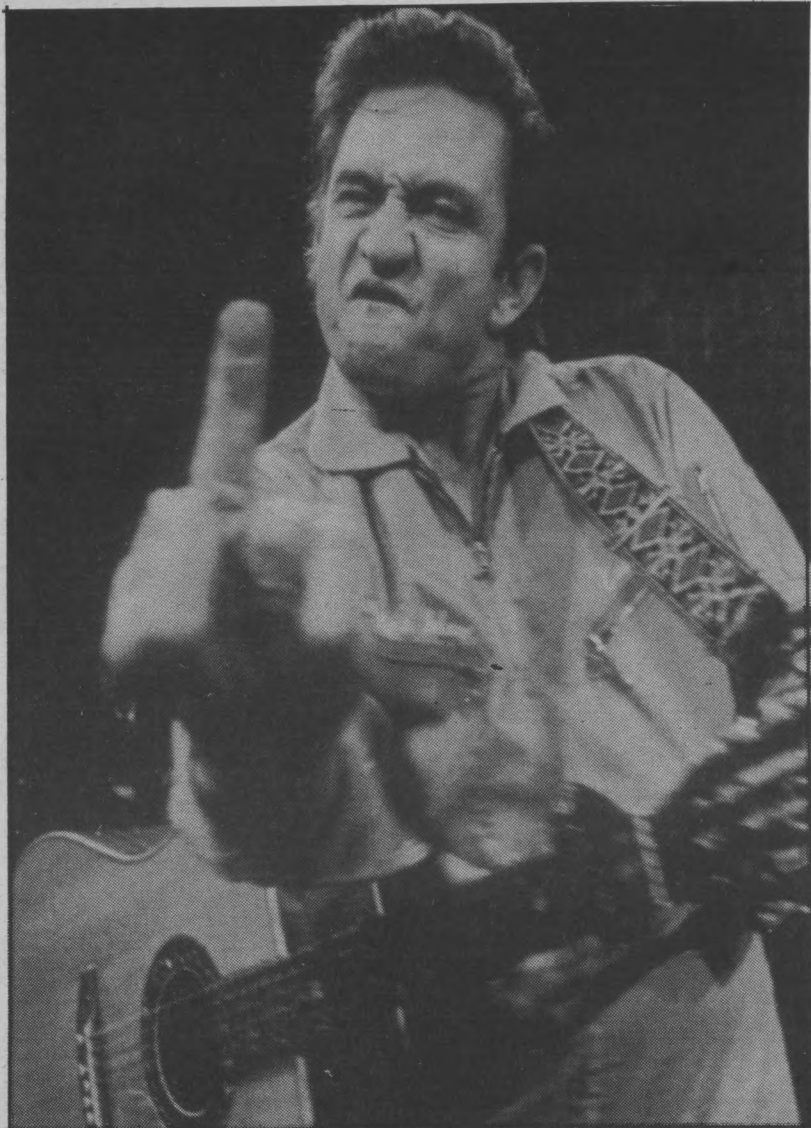
For those who like their fun loud and live, I recommend checking out the *Locals Only* Halloween Weekend Rage. Brought to Santa Barbara by Dennis and Ian — those nutty guys from TV's *Locals Only* — and co-sponsored by local radio stations KTYD and KJEE, the event packs 16 bands into three nights, starting at 8 p.m. tonight.

All three nights will be videotaped for future airings on the *Locals Only* cable video show, so if you show up, you may find the back of your head on late-night television for months to come. Many of the bands will also be featured on an upcoming compilation CD of the best unsigned bands in the

tri-county area, which is set to be released by Reset Records.

The Halloween Rage is being held at Victoria Hall, 33 W. Victoria St., across the street from the Vons between State and Chapala. Each night costs \$5 (\$3.75 if you get a coupon from one of the bands.) On Thursday, starting at 8 p.m., catch Fearless Vampire Killers, Porn Star, Harvey Kirshner, Creature Feature and NerfHerder. On Friday at 8, see Ivy League, Rice and Beans, Beaker, Grue and BLB. On Saturday at 7 p.m., see Relish, Spitting Bull, Non Fiction, Tearaways, Spencer the Gardner and Gristlefest.

This is your town, your holiday and your music scene. Check it out!



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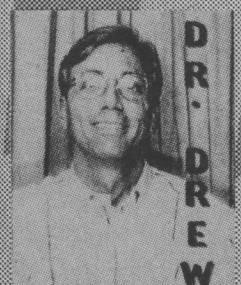
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AND OTHER FAT GIVEAWAYS!

Eight Is (Sometimes) Great

The University Art Museum offers a mixed bag.

Do you like to look at innovative, provocative and original art? Do you like to familiarize yourself with young local talent? Then you definitely should not miss the University Art Museum's show, *Stream of Consciousness: Eight Los Angeles Artists*, running through Nov. 10.

The show features just what its title suggests — eight L.A. artists. Their artistic styles and chosen media vary greatly, but whether good or bad, each one contributes to an overall examination of art at the end of the millennium.

Upon entering the serene museum, the stark canvases of Monique Prieto greet you. Dull, bland and boring, one wonders why this group of paintings adorns the entry vestibule. Fortunately, Prieto's lazy work does not properly presage the rest of the show. The most interesting thing that Prieto does here is to offer a bit of wit in the title of one of her works, "Orange You Glad."

Continuing on, Joe Mama-Nitzberg's large color photographs cannot be ignored. His photos reveal little in the way of creativity or originality, although he does employ a very pretty palette of colors. This proves to be too little, however, in his futile attempt at artistic expression. The coolest thing about his work is his name: Joe Mama-Nitzberg.

Just as I was starting to think that this show really sucked, I stumbled upon the striking work of Amy Adler. At first glance, her tableaux appear to be drawings, but upon reading the wall labels, one realizes that they are

actually photographs. What Adler does — and very effectively — is to make beautiful pencil drawings, photograph and print those drawings, and then destroy the initial drawings. In this way, her work deliberately straddles photography and drawing, and confounds the viewer, who is not really sure which medium he is looking at.

The one that really caught my eye and drew me in was her silver gelatin print entitled "Girl." A pretty, young blonde adolescent stares out from the wall, as if she's about to utter some pre-pubescent words of wisdom. She sticks out sharply from the pitch-black background, and so Adler's technique of contrast scores a big thumbs up.

The next room houses two diametrically opposed artists, Frances Stark and Steven Criqui. Modern art has both its best and worst representatives in this room. Stark's work is just that — stark. It lacks everything that makes art art; if I took a piece of gum and stuck it on the wall, could I call it art?

But Criqui's paintings, smooth and seamless, stand out beautifully, especially after looking at Stark's "art." His "Gentleman's Gift/Still Life #1," from 1994-95, is a large undertaking, consisting of gorgeous reds, fuchsias and magentas, to name a few. He has created a still-life genre scene, employing familiar kitchen items such as grapes, pears, hot dogs, a large fruit bowl and a wall painting. Criqui has stripped these objects to their bare-bone minimal form and painted them in one specific color. His work blends color and shape while still retaining basic form. Criqui's color palette is magnificent.

Don't miss his work.

The last room displays the works of Todd Gray and Jeff Burton, two great photographers. The former, Gray, takes mass-produced pieces of popular culture and photographs them in a very surreal, ethereal manner. His massive black-and-white diptych panels of Donald Duck are fabulous. The Disney character becomes larger than life, and takes on a most impressive stature due to Gray's ingenious manipulation of focus, contrast and texture.

Burton also takes advantage of ambiguous depth-of-field in his work. Instead of using pop culture icons, however, Burton uses nude men to create slices of life that are both subtle, nebulous and humorous. My favorite was "Untitled #12 (Lamp With Stapler)," in which a portion of a living room that reminds me of my grandparents' in Brooklyn is revealed. Unlike my familiar family nest back East, however, there is revealed a naked man — his buttocks facing the viewer. The nude man appears just focused enough to let us know who he is. But what he is doing is entirely unclear, precisely Burton's intent.

Four out of the eight L.A. artists are great. One is OK, and the other three should go back to whence they came. But don't let that prevent you from going and seeing for yourself. There is great cutting-edge art right here on our very campus, so don't miss *Eight Los Angeles Artists* — it'll be gone after Nov. 10.

—Todd Hovanec



Artsy

Rochelle Robman finds out the answer to the question on everyone's lips: Just what is the UAM?

The University Art Museum, located in the Arts Building near the UCen, has been in existence since 1959 and strives to expose the university and the entire tri-county area to a wide variety of art exhibitions.

Student exhibits are only a small part of what makes up the museum. The majority of the UAM's exhibits are displays from many different artists of many different cultures.

"I keep the shows a range of work," UAM curator Elizabeth Brown explained. "There is a range of what artists do, and this is reflected in the range of work we show."

Brown added that the museum tries to maintain a general balance of contemporary, historic and ethnographic art.

The collections shown at the UAM come from a

variety of people and places, and are chosen for exhibit collectively by the museum staff.

"Exhibitions are proposed by the director, the curator and faculty from the History of Art and Architecture Dept. We also borrow exhibits from other museums, and there is a special Collections and Exhibitions Committee that advises us," UAM Director Marla Berns said.

Such displays are selected based upon how they relate to issues and events on campus and in the community at large.

"As a university museum, we seek to present shows that address critical issues raised in the arts and other disciplines, with a view to making them accessible and compelling to the general public," said Berns.

Some exhibits shown at

the UAM are part of the permanent collection and are available for viewing throughout the year. The Sedgwick Collection of old master paintings is always on display, the Morgenroth Collection of Medals and Medallions can be viewed by appointment, and 19th- and 20th-century photographs, watercolors, drawings and prints, which are kept in a study room because they are too fragile to be on regular display, are exhibited on special occasions and for classes.

The UAM is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and Sunday, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. There are guided tours open to the public on Saturdays at 2 p.m. and open to students and staff every other Tuesday at 12 p.m. Call 893-2952 for more information.

You are reading Artsweek.

A

Wanna Drag?

Artsweek's Eric Steuer speaks with John Davis of the popular rock group Superdrag.

You may have heard a song on the radio with a catchy hook that goes "Who sucked out the feellinnnnn?" You may have even sat around with friends and made obscene parodies of the song that involve Scott Weiland. I know I have.

Anyway, the band who sings that song (called "Sucked Out," incidentally) is called Superdrag. They're a pretty good band, with obvious Beatles influences. *Artsweek* spoke to singer/songwriter/guitarist John Davis while he was in London playing to enthusiastic crowds. By the way, Superdrag opens for Weezer tomorrow at 8 p.m. at Ventura Concert Theatre. Very coincidental that we got this interview when we did, huh?

So, dude, are ya pretty excited to talk with me, a big-time college newspaper reporter?

Yeah. I'm fuckin' thrilled.

Well, all right then. What have you been up to?

Very little actually. I'm pretty fuckin' drunk right now.

Well, that's something. Do people drink a lot in London?

Hell yeah. Is this the first time you all have been in England?

Nah. We came once before. This time around we were much more successful, though. Last time we played, there were only like 50 people there, but this time there was 400 and the album just came out here this week!

When you have a song

that becomes a hit, how long does it take before you start seeing some money roll in?

Don't ask me, I'm still living on the publishing advances. I think I heard it takes like a year and a half. Look at Cobain — he didn't see a penny for a long time.

How many copies have you guys sold of the album?

100,000 worldwide.

That's good.

Hell yeah. I mean, we're from fuckin' Tennessee. We never imagined this.

Is there a good music scene there?

No. It's pretty much piss poor, really. There's bands there, but they wanna fuck off and just play like once a month so they can see their name in the paper. We had to tour to get someone to notice us, because how many A&R guys have you heard of who are taking the red-eye flight to fuckin' Tennessee?

How'd you guys hook up tours before you were signed to a record label?

We just booked the shows ourselves. We'd call New York and L.A. and Chicago and get shows wherever they'd take us.

Were you guys always in bands together?

Most of us. [Superdrag members] Brandon and Tom had a different band called The Used that I joined playing drums. But that wasn't my bag, because I'm not very good. So I decided I wanted to start my own band and they all came over to my side eventually.

How old are you? I heard you were only 21.

I'm 22. I had my birth-

day in April.

That's cool.

Well, I tried to go to college, but I was a failure at it. I was a failure at every fucking other thing I ever did, so when I had the chance to do this, I went for it.

Who's your favorite Beatle?

Fuck, dude. John Lennon, of course.

He's a popular favorite.

Brandon, from our band, his favorite Beatle is George.

You don't run across those types very often.

I'm into George too. They're all fuckin' great.

Do they have better Beatles records in London than they do here? Like bootlegs and rare stuff?

The one thing I've been breaking my balls trying to get is *Revolver*, the Parlophone Records version. I've paid \$150 for one Parlophone record in America, but here, they're cheap as shit! We went out to Liverpool, and they have this Beatles shop there and I found a Parlophone *Revolver* in mono — which you'd never fuckin' find in America — and it was only £15, which is like 25 bucks or something. It's like a quarter-inch thick!

Do you buy more records and junk now that you have a song on the radio and money that'll be coming in some time in the foreseeable future?

Well, I didn't used to buy records when we were touring in the van, because I was paranoid about them warping. But now that we've stepped up to the bus, there's really no stop-



L-R: Don Coffey, Jr., John Davis, Brandon Fisher, Tom Pappas

ping me. I just might buy all the records in the world.

Do you listen to new bands, or just the Beatles?

I listen to the Stones too.

They don't count.

Oh yeah — new bands. I listen to the Posies, I love Sebadoh and one of my favorite bands is Big Star. After we do this Weezer tour, we've got two Big Star gigs. If I get struck by lightning the next day after, I'll die a happy man.

They're the only American band to stand up to the Beatles.

Do you listen to Weezer?

I like them all right. In fact, the second guitarist, Brian Bell, was from Knoxville, and one of the guys in our band went to high school with him. I guess he was like this total hesh metalhead guy back then.

Do you guys ever get confused with Imperial Drag?

No, we're more likely to

get confused with the Super Friendz, Superchunk, Supergrass, Super 8. We must have all had the same idea at the same time when we all started out. I don't give a fuck. We could call the band the Idiots and I wouldn't care. As long as the songs are good.

Cool. Well, thanks for talking.

No prob. I just wish I wasn't so fucking drunk. I probably sound like I don't know what I'm talking about.

The Record Pool

Special edition.



Speed Racer / Trailer / Last One Picked

f*45""1h9v..cnjd-r. Whoops. That was my head hitting the keyboard. Slipping in and out of comas was never my style until I discovered the musical equivalent of watching paint dry, *Speed Racer*.

Actually, I think I've heard this album before, only at that time it was called *Dookie*.

Speed Racer's feeble attempt to emulate their idols, NOFX, results in their sounding like the rest of the clones in the pop-punk genre. Their simplistic approach to songwriting restricts *Speed Racer*'s lyrics to a third-grade reading level and produces power-chord songs about skiing and being hardcore.

A fascination with *Beverly Hills, 90210* is prevalent throughout the album, as inserts from the show tee off each song. This tacky stab at the obviously horrible show is just one of the many factors that sends *Speed Racer* into a tailspin of clichés.

While *Speed Racer* taps into the issues that have plagued humankind for centuries, I can only see this record as the result of what happens when one gets

mommy and daddy to pay for their kids' album to be pressed.

Speed Racer can be viewed in the same light as a 20-pound suppository. While trying to be aesthetically intimidating, it can be sloppy and rather hard to bear.

—Tony Bogdanowski

Gingersol / Gingersol / Dental

It's a pretty sad thing when the biggest compliment I can pay to a band is about the quirky uniqueness of their album cover — a cover that they most likely had no influence in choosing.

But the most interesting thing about this Gingersol effort is their album cover, which features a little kid in pajamas with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, running happily away from his mother, who stands in the background smiling and holding his teddy bear. It gives me chilling flashbacks to those late-'50s/early-'60s television shows like *Leave It to Beaver*.

The album itself begins strongly enough, but it soon becomes evident that the group has been too heavily influenced by such bands as the Connells and Cracker.

The record's first song, "The Nicest People," is a basic rip-off of several Gin Blossoms songs. The lyrics are a



simple regurgitation of ageless rock wisdom. But I guess one can't be too critical of a song that makes the brazen claim that "the nicest people turn out to be assholes."

The rest of the album fails to develop any kind of cohesiveness, leaving the listener unfulfilled and rather annoyed, wondering why the album is just another *New Miserable Experience*.

—Brian Langston

Sheep on Drugs / Double Trouble / Invisible

The latest offering from Sheep on Drugs plays like a raver's progress through an ecstasy-laced, drug-hazed wonderland of industrial sound.

Repetition and replication seem to be primary themes, with several tracks remixed and repeated on the spot, giving the album its worthy title, *Double Trouble*.

The first five tracks seem to form the symmetric narrative of a night out on the town as listeners are invited by the first track's title to "Come Fly With Me." The high-energy beat of the tune leads directly into the more somber "Coma," where a jungle rhythm regularly interrupts the quiet melody. The tune itself slips into a coma as it trails off into silence.

After a "Talk About Drugs," "Coma" appears to repeat itself with "Comatose," but the rhythm that permeated its predecessor is sadly missing. All that remains is a trance-like melody until its last vestiges fade away. The party begins again with a reprisal of "Come Fly With Me," but we are left to wonder what lead to the inevitable end of "Comatose."

After this attempt to create some semblance of an industrial "Opera," the album falls back into quintessential rave tunes. "Night Fever" picks you up and drops you into the middle of overlapping voices wandering amid the rhythm. The voices themselves speak of the perversion of human desires and dreams, and are cemented by the rush of the speedy beat and clashing sounds.

As an ode to maturity, the final track, "and More," is as dull and lifeless as a middle-aged cog answering the question, "What are you?" Its enduring lifelessness serves as a counterpoint to the active, lively death proposed at the beginning of the album.

—Eugene Tong

Silver greens

PRESENTS
YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE
BY LINDA C. BLACK

To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19) - Today is a 4 - Don't let your money slip through your fingers. Keep an eye on somebody else's, too. A roommate could make one last-ditch effort to get you to go in on an expensive item. If it's something you don't really need, pass. You'll be forgiven, eventually.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) - Today is a 9 - A combination of new information and good advice can push you over the top. Listen to your worst enemy and your best friend. Your common sense is working very well, too. Don't just pretend to be the person you admire - become that person now.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) - Today is a 5 - Financial matters should take top priority today. Buy something that will benefit your career, such as a new power suit. Get something classic, not too flashy. In romance, a little gift will go over well. Choose something tasty you can share.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) - Today is a 10 - This is your lucky day. So stop goofing off and get started! Romance, travel and higher education are all highly favored. If you can't go right now, at least decide where you want to end up. Take that first step. Make the commitment.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) - Today is a 4 - Your luck is about to get better. Today, however, you may experience a little stress. Stop arguing with an older woman and you'll make your life a lot easier. She will probably win this round anyway. Play by the rules even if you don't agree.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) - Today is a 10 - It's a good day to study, but you may want to do nothing but think about romance. In that case, study your true love (or the one you'd like to have in your life). Today, you'll be fabulous at picking up on the subtlest innuendos. That may save you a lot of trouble.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) - Today is a 4 - If you can show the boss a way to turn a loss into a profit, you could wind up with a raise. Right now, that's the only way to get one, so think it over. Meanwhile, go along with a loved one's wishes. You don't have a chance of winning that argument.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) - Today is a 10 - You are incredibly powerful today. Unfortunately, this won't last forever. You like to think things over before making a decision. Well, you've thought just about long enough. If you don't do it now, you may not get another chance.

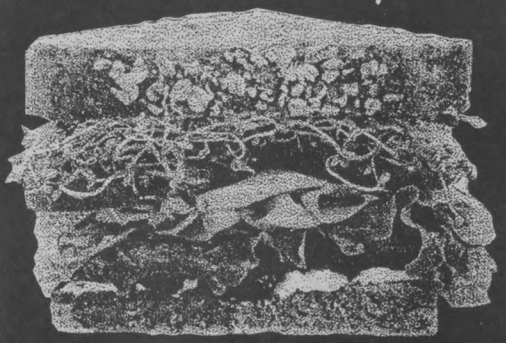
Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) - Today is a 3 - Financial pressures have got you in a pinch. Somebody may even be leaning on you pretty hard. If you can't come through with the whole amount, maybe you can negotiate a new deal. Keep something in savings, in case you want to leave town in a hurry.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) - Today is a 9 - There may be a conflict today, between what your friends want you to do and what your mate wants you to do. Luckily, you always make up your own mind. If you take your mate along, you may be able to fit everything into your schedule.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) - Today is a 5 - You may have to do a job you don't like today. There's no escape, so you might as well relax and enjoy it. Arguing with an older person is a waste of time. Avoiding that one completely is a better idea. Your sweetheart's advice is right on target.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) - Today is a 10 - You should be awarded this day off for good behavior. It's marvelous for romance, so spend as much time as possible with the one you love. If you don't have a mate yet, you might go back to one you had before. An old friend may be willing to try again.

Today's Birthday (Oct. 31) - Set your goals high; you're very powerful and very lucky this year. A gamble in December could pay off later. Get into a training program in January. More skills will make you even more valuable. Stay home in February and do something romantic in March. Get a checkup in April and travel by water in July. Play hard with your friends in September; completion brings satisfaction that month, and maybe true love, too.



I.V., 961-1700

Sight Seen

There's drama downtown.



The Ensemble Theatre opens its 96-97 season with a new play, *Sight Unseen*, by Donald Margulies (of *The Loman Family Picnic* fame). His current play chronicles the life of fictional artist Jonathon Waxman as he rises to fame and becomes a really big jerk.

As Waxman, Dan Gunther effectively portrays the character over 20 years in his life. His exchanges with all of the other characters are interesting and engaging; the play is essentially about him having to go to England to fill a void left in his life despite his success.

Rudolph Willrich, as British character Nick, is the must-see actor of the show. He plays the role with quick wit and an underlying bitterness that can be felt with every word.

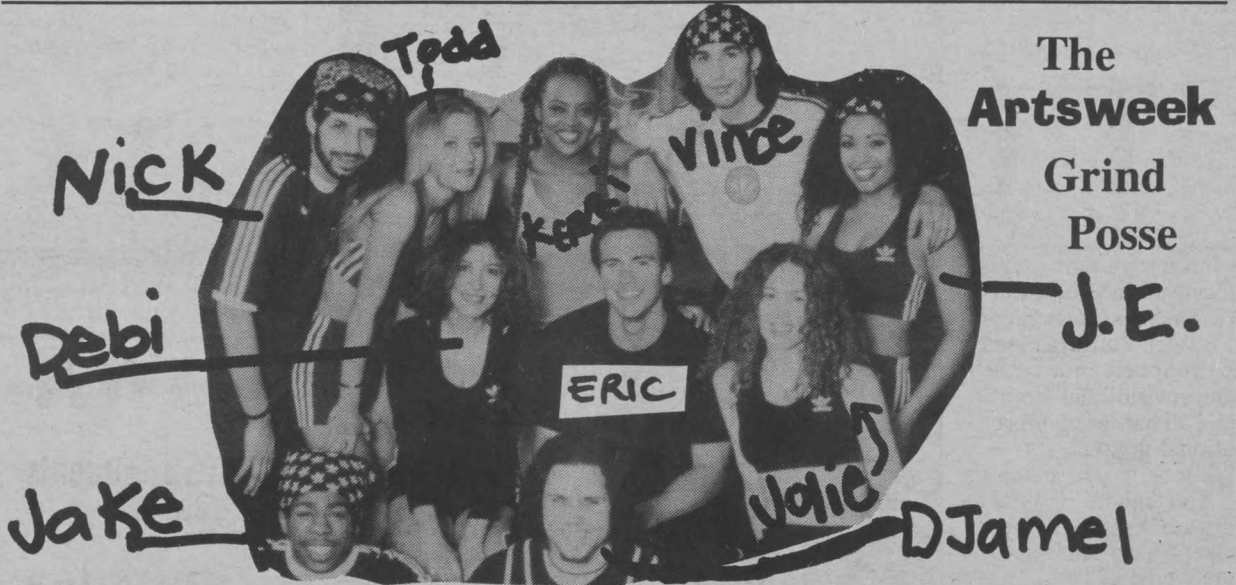
Director Robert Grande-Weiss puts on this complicated play on the small Ensemble Theatre stage, using three different sets to represent the play's various locations. Frequent set changes could distract the audience, but hypnotic lighting and sound effects are used to hold the attention of the viewer. Still, one gets the impression that they could have done better with less set in the limited space.

Another problematic aspect of the play is the performance of Jessica Hendra as Waxman's love interest, Patricia. Hendra ranges from flat (in portraying her character at age 40) to exaggerated and silly (as an early-20s college student). Hendra seems to take the play and her performance far too seriously, making this otherwise enjoyable play difficult to watch at times.

Still, there is no lack of interesting and entertaining moments in the play. The narrative structure is episodic rather than linear (action doesn't happen in a row, the characters are 40 in one scene and 23 in the next). Of worthy note is the ongoing interview between a 40-year old Waxman (who is Jewish) and a German reporter (played by Dena Andersen). The conversation that evolves in the guise of an interview is an interesting investigation on the relationship between Jews and Germans in a century still very aware of the Holocaust.

Sight Unseen runs through Nov. 10 at the Ensemble Theatre at 914 Santa Barbara St. in downtown SB. For ticket information and directions, call 962-8606.

—Lori Culwell



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Hey! What's going on.



All this week, spooky things shall be happening around town. Well, maybe not *spooky*, but with Halloween in full effect, there will at least be some different stuff than usual happening. Ahhh, a break from the drudgery of partying at that house on S-bado where I always seem to find myself. Though the guys whose house I visit are nice, respectable boys my mom approves of — 'course she only met one of them once — I should get out of I.V. more.

Are you ready to rrraaawwk? Anisq' Oyo' Park will be all the way live when Associated Students presents **Halloween Festival '96** Thursday through Saturday from 7-11:45 p.m. Several local bands will grace the presence of those who attend, as will **A.S. External Vice President for Local Affairs Jeff Provenzano**, who told us about a dunk tank he and other special guests will preside over. *He was a-splishin' and a-splashin'.* Yeah!

There are three cool things to choose from on Friday at 8 p.m. First, if your cup of tea tastes something like scriptless theater, head out to Girvetz Theater (Girvetz 1004) and watch the Central Coast represent — dramatically — as **Santa Barbara TheatreSports** faces off against **Ventura Area TheatreSports** in a battle of improvisational drama to end all battles of improvisational drama.

Second, if you have a car, you might want to check out the one and only **Weezer**. Yes, the fabulously quirky foursome who brought nerd rock to the masses is playing at the Ventura Concert Theatre with **Superdrag**.

Third, **Downset** and the **Deftones** play Emerald City. Sounds like fun!

Saturday night, that British film everyone's been jumping on the bandwagon for, **Trainspotting**, is playing twice, at both 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. It's got a bunch of Scottish "blokes" and drugs and cool haircuts. You might want to call the A.S. Ticket Office at 893-2064 for more details, 'cause they forgot to tell us where it's playing.

Also on Saturday at 8 p.m., **No Doubt** brings their, um, act to the Santa Barbara County Bowl. **NerfHerder**, **Silver Jet** and **Loaded** perform at an after-No Doubt party at Toes Tavern around 10 p.m.

Sunday, check out **Robert Thurman**, a brainy guy giving a lecture entitled "**Sandals for the Mind: The Inner Science of Tibetan Tantric Buddhism.**" Whoah!

Monday at 7 p.m., the good people at the UCSB MultiCultural Center bring you "**The Juicy Fruit**

Sampler," featuring "the very best of what is available in film and video by and about lesbians and gays." In this same vein, call 963-3636 to get the early word on the **Fifth Annual Santa Barbara Lesbian & Gay Film Festival**, which runs from Nov. 7-10.

And in case you missed our giant cover story and turned directly to page 7A, we wanted to let you know one more time about the **Irish Music Masters**. **Mick Maloney**, **Tommy Sands**, **Seamus Egan**, **Winifred Horan** and **John Jennings** will be performing at Campbell Hall on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Be there or be a lame-o.

That's all for this week. Please tune in again next week for another installment of *Hey! What's Going On*. It's consistently the best arts and entertainment events calendar to appear in the *Daily Nexus* on Thursdays. Peace out!



Robert Thurman. What a guy!

Gari Ledyard

King Sejong Professor of Korean History
Columbia University

"The Climax of the Second Sino-Japanese War over Korea"

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• Reception to follow talk •

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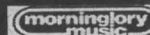
Saturday Nov. 16
8:30 PM

University Center Hub

One Night of HOT Jazz

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For more information call 893-2833.



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EQUAL OPPORTUNITY



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vote

NO on 209

Partial list opposing Prop 209:

Chancellors Tien (UCB) and Young (UCLA) plus heads of 100 other colleges, American Federation of Teachers, Jesse Jackson, Santa Barbara City Council, Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors, NOW, MALDEF, United Farm Workers of America, UPTE, US Students Assn, UC Student Assn, AKA, American Indian Student Assn, ASC Task Force, Asian American Staff and Faculty Assn, ASIAN!, ASU, Chi Delta Theta, El Congreso, FUTURE, Gaucho Christian Fellowship, Graduate Student Assn, HKSA, Kapatirang Pilipino, Lambda Sigma Gamma, Martial Arts Club, NAACP, Nu Alpha Kappa, Queer Student Union, Ragragsakan Dance Troupe, Students for Social Justice, Variations, Zeta Phi Rho.

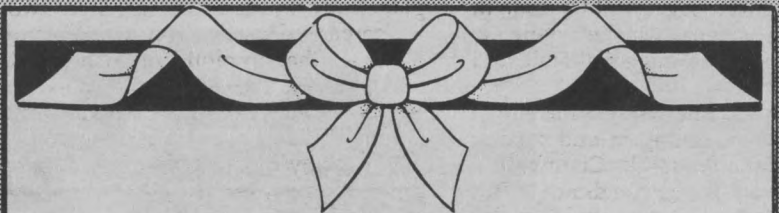
Paid for by Allies for Affirmative Action, (805) 882-0277. Funded by SB No on 209 Coalition.



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