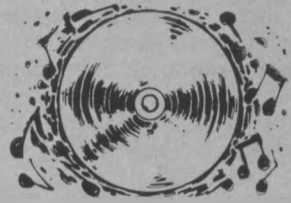


# ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of June 2 - June 8, 1994



## SYNTHESIZED GUITAR ASSAULT

**Drown**  
*Hold On To The Hollow*  
Elektra

Technology is constantly expanding its horizons in music. Bands like Nine Inch Nails and KMFDM, who incorporate both guitars and machinery, are becoming more and more common.

If you're not careful, you could Drown in the changes, but then again, that wouldn't be too bad, owing to the fact that Drown is the name of the latest industrial band to hit the machinery. Their debut album, *Hold On To The Hollow*, produced by Dave Ogilvie from Skinny Puppy, is an aggressive as-

sault of guitars and synthesizers that carves out a new niche in the music world.

Drown relies heavily on guitars to provide the backbone for most of the songs, with synthesizers giving plenty of texture and subtlety. The first single, "What It Is To Burn," is a pain-filled song, beautifully constructed from grinding guitar, mechanical sounds and percussion into a tortured landscape of lost love. The CD-single release of this song contains an awesome eight-minute reconstruction of itself, done in part by Dave Ogilvie.

Many of the songs are

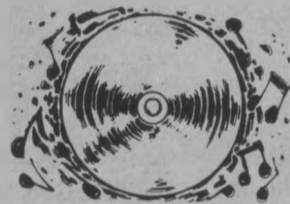
centered on heartache. "Pieces Of Man" illustrates this beautifully, when the group sings, "You were the only love I knew, and I was afraid." The lyrics meld nicely with the music, as it travels from heavy guitar portions, through lighter synthesized areas, and back again. "Lost" is an excellent balance of both guitar and synth, capturing just the right aspects of both, to give this song the near-perfect mix of industrial and metal.

Don't think that all Drown can do is play power chords on guitar, though. They show some of their more ethereal-

despair abilities on "Longing," which is a softer song, made slightly disturbing by a certain rasp to the lyrics.

*Hold On To The Hollow* really worked for Drown. If you like industrial with lots of guitar, or metal with lots of synthesizers, or just good, pain-filled music, *Hold On To The Hollow* is definitely something to look into, even for a debut release. Also watch for singles with very cool remixes, as well as concerts this summer — rumor has it they're very good live. Immerse yourself today.

—Peter Pistek



## TIME FOR A RHYME

**The Beastie Boys**  
*Ill Communication*  
Grand Royal/Capitol

"You can't. You won't and you don't stop. Mike D come and rock the sure shot." Team Beastie are back on the ill tip, dropping an hour's worth of the doped tracks.

This long-awaited fourth album by the Brooklyn dust brothers is a superb combination of their first and third albums *Licensed to Ill* and *Check Your Head*. They employ the minimalism and party zeal from the former, while tossing about live instruments and loud chords like the latter.

After a first listen, I openly wondered why the hell they moved to sunny California, because the tracks sounded too mellow and domesticated. True, they have lived here a while and they recorded parts of *Ill* in the city, but you can't beat the sounds of Manhattan.

This album is too mellow, unless you play it loud. At this point, the Beasties bug out harder than the most underrated

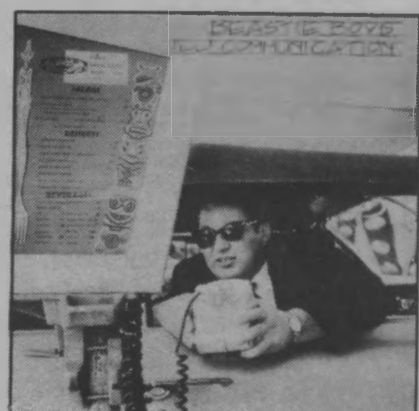
album in hip-hop today, *Paul's Boutique*, dishing out the craziest samples. To wit: "If it's going to be this kind of party, I'll stick my dick in the mashed potatoes."

Literally, the funk mob is whacked as ever — "And I've got mad hits like Rod Carew" — prancing around stage like the regular Raymond Burrs they are. They even pay homage to that coolest of synthesizers: "The Moog with the funk for your derriere ..."

With fresh cameos by Q-Tip and the Biz, this is a very smooth production that must be acquired by all true hip-hop collectors. Good luck finding it, though, as nearly every store in SB is sold out right now.

Finally, are the fight-for-your-right-to-party boys turning Christian? "I don't get blind, most of the time I don't drink wine. I took a sledge hammer and I broke my nine because my life is mine. Word is born, I rhyme and every day I write the book down line by line."

—Martin Boer



## GOING ON A GILT TRIP

A peculiar convention of the comic-book genre is the "alternate reality" story, or, for those of you more familiar with Marvel Comics, the "What If?" story. As a tool for initiating a storyline, it works extremely well, since all the writer has to do is take an established character or event and put a new spin on it. Two of the most popular and critically acclaimed stories of the last decade were essentially "What If?" stories: Frank Miller's *The Dark Knight Returns* ("What if Batman came out of retirement at the age of 60 and was really pissed off?") and Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons' *Watchmen* ("What if the U.S. had won the Vietnam war, Nixon was still in the White House and super-heroes were real?").

A more recent "What If?" story, very much in the same flavor as *Watchmen*, is *The Golden Age*, written by James Robinson and drawn by Paul Smith. Smith will be appearing at the Santa Barbara Comic & Card Convention, Sunday, June 5, at the Goleta Valley Community Center, 5679 Hollister Ave., Goleta.

In what publisher DC Comics refers to as "an Elseworlds story," *The Golden Age* tells of what happened to the DC stable of World War II super-heroes after the historic bombs fell in Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the heroes became, in a horrible sense, obsolete. Interweaving fact with fiction, Robinson mixes the triumphs and tragedies of the former super-heroes with the ugly atmosphere of the Communist witch-hunts of the 1950s, creating a tense political thriller with shades of '50s-style science fiction thrown in for good measure. Smith's artwork is tight and simple, eliciting the feel of the WWII-era comics while still keeping with a modern style.

All four issues of *The Golden Age* have been released and should be available in your local comic shop, with a little luck. Fans of classic super-heroes, or just those who appreciate a good whodunit, will enjoy it.

—Scott Tipton



MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexus

**The Poppy Field**

By **Kevin Carhart**

I wonder if there's something they're putting in the water in Dunedin, New Zealand. Or maybe the illegitimate carriers of Paul McCartney's musical DNA are siring children in the city. That might explain the proliferation of a "Dunedin sound" in dozens of melodious pop albums on the Flying Nun label.

Regular readers will know that I can't go on enough about Flying Nun. The latest little stab at happiness (with added grimace) comes from The 3Ds, on their album, *The Venus Trail*, released on Flying Nun in New Zealand and licensed to Merge in the states. The album was recorded in the Grand Masonic Lodge (number 931) in Dunedin, which helps get a rich, expansive sound going. And the weird ghosts which must be lurking in the walls give it a creepy legacy.

While plenty of songs reflect that soaring, hook-laden Dunedin sound, the beginning of the album sounds more like a scene from *delirium tremens in the Nexus*, which I think must also be the title of the front cover art — giant bats! giant rats!

The punning "Jane Air" is a winged rat-ghoul of a song, and for that matter, so is the punning "Hey Seuss," with frantic, minor key guitar pumps and fuzzed vocals. "Man on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown," also sounds about like you'd expect it to. The sped-up, demonic little voices at the end of the song sound like the ones in a late-'60s Frank Zappa song (like, for instance, the one in which they sing,



"I'm going to the shrink so he can help me be a nervous wreck ..."). As a whole, it sounds like something from Sonic Youth (though this may be a lazy comparison) than the chimey pop Flying Nun is known for.

But there is a lot more to *The Venus Trail* than just these sonic attacks. It's tempting to categorize "Summer Stone" as "power pop" (whatever that means). It sounds like the New York group All About Chad, of all people (although The 3Ds have probably been around longer). "The Young and the Restless" has a guitar whine like something off of the Church's *Starfish* album. It conjures up a warm, airy day.

The really fresh air is on "The Golden Grove," and "Beautiful Things," with vocals by Denise Roughan instead of David Mitchell and David Saunders' vocals just about everywhere else. This is the effortless songcraft that those Chills and Able Tasmans have coming out of their ears. It isn't easy to make an album about beautiful things and nervous breakdowns both, golden groves alongside hallucinatory bats, but The 3Ds have done it. *I bet if you listen hard enough, the album will reveal the secret of all that stuff on the dollar bill, just like those backwards messages on the Styx album ...* oh! Sorry, it must have been that Masonic Eye.

Merge: P.O. Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC, 27514.  
 Note: As this is the last *Artsweek* of the school year, I want to thank everyone who has contributed to it over the past three quarters. Thanks especially to Christian Lincoln, who got us started with a string of great stories in the fall.



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**SHAKESPEARE IN THE SUMMER**

I have a strong suspicion that Shakespeare was actually from Santa Barbara. It seems that wherever you look in Santa Barbara, UCSB in particular, someone is either putting on, thinking about putting on, talking about putting on, or talking someone into putting on a Shakespeare play.

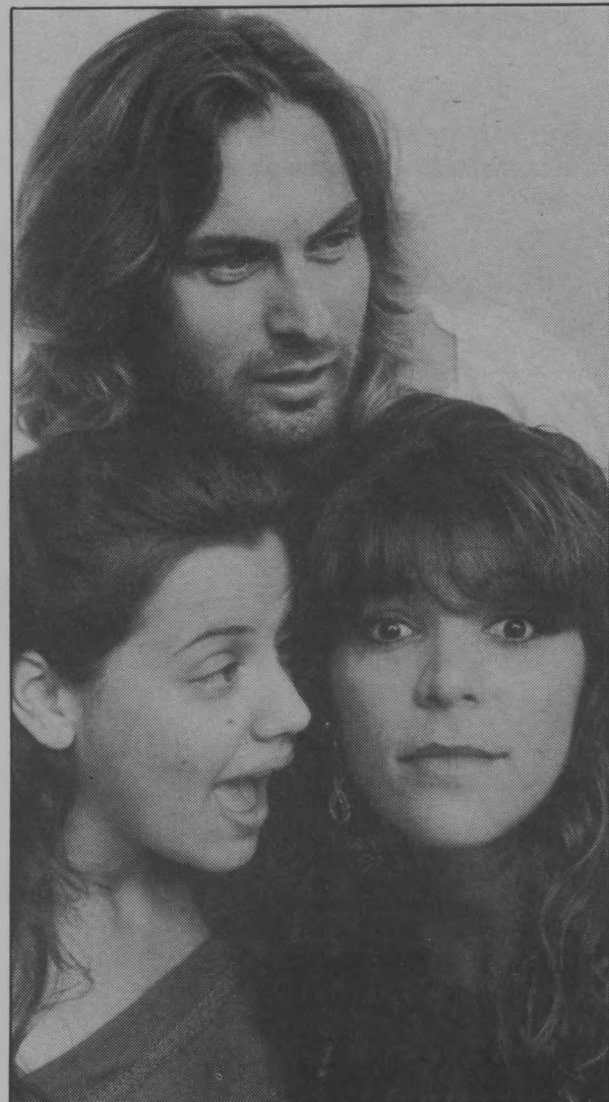
In one academic year we've seen "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "Taming of the Shrew" and most recently "Measure for Measure," and that's just on campus. Unfortunately, I have a feeling that there are still some students here whose idea of Shakespeare is dominated by "Brady Bunch" reruns where Jan has a conniption because she doesn't get to play Juliet, or Greg laces Shakespeare with "Groovy." That's real tragedy.

Never fear though, here at last is the Santa Barbara Shakespeare Festival, just in time to pull this rabble from the brink of a cultural chasm. The festival takes place on the Center Stage Theater throughout June, and is graced with two productions, Shakespeare's "Merchant of Ven-

ice," and a piece by James Goldman, "The Lion in Winter." "Merchant" is Shakespeare's ever-popular story of deceit, intrigue and vengeance, while "Lion" is a modern telling of Henry II's search for a successor. These two productions are replete with students and faculty from UCSB. Everyone from Judith Olauson, director of the BFA program, to Howie Lotker, a senior in the BFA, seem to be involved.

So you students out there, don't try to fool me with that "I'll see 'King Lear' next fall, honest, I promise." I'm not going to buy it. These plays promise to be something special, so when you're finished with finals and have sobered up, head on down to the Center Stage Theater and do your part in saving Western culture. Just think how cool you'll feel when you can tell your friends, in your best Spock or Data voice, "Yes, I attended the Santa Barbara Shakespeare Festival and found it very stimulating."  
 For more information, call (805) 963-0408.

—Davin McHenry



**THE SKINNY ON FRED**

When it comes to odd movie premises, you just can't get any weirder than *The Flintstones*.

Yet another Hollywood product that merely revives an old TV show, this is a live-action movie based on a '60s half-hour cartoon show which was, in turn, a ripoff of the '50s sitcom "The Honeymooners." It's a '90s version of the Stone Age as portrayed in the early '60s by people imitating the previous decade. Add in a dash of sex and violence, some cool special effects, the B-52's and — god help us — Elizabeth Taylor, and you've got ... *The Flintstones*.

It's tough to really like or dislike this movie, precisely because it's just too strange to deal with. Sure, it's basically just a bunch of people running around with bones in their hair on the set of a real-life cartoon, but the storyline, which features heart-wrenching acts of friendship and an engaging por-

trayal of an average man ruined by his own success, is much better than most so-called serious movies out there. What can you say about a movie that makes you cry five minutes in, but never ceases to pelt you with tedious stone-age puns? Too bizarre.

The visuals effects in *The Flintstones* are dazzling, although no less confusing. Dino, that beloved Flintstone family pet, is created so well that you just can't help but mutter to yourself, "Whoa, is that a guy in a suit or just an amazing special effect?" The town of Bedrock is also a wonder to look at, and after a while you may even start to believe that those little cars really are driving around courtesy of the driver's two feet. However, there are way too many shots of dirty feet.

Starring a cast of dozens, the film inevitably hinges on the performance of John Goodman in the

role of Fred Flintstone. Goodman does a nice job as the everyman character who works at the local rock quarry with his pal Barney Rubble (Rick Moranis), but he seems to waver between Jackie Gleason and the original cartoon character (and every TV sitcom dad from the Stone Age to the present) during the course of the movie. He ends up being a '50s/'60s/'90s kind of a Stone Age dad, which comes across even stranger than you would expect.

The rest of the cast is fine, but eventually you just have to wonder how these people felt dressing up in bright synthetic animal skins for a megahyped cartoonish kiddie flick. A weird movie? You bet. A good movie? Maybe, maybe not. It's a good time, but if you expect more for your \$7 than an interesting-yet-extremely-long Saturday morning cartoon, take this one word of advice about

seeing *The Flintstones*: yabba-dabba-don't.

—Scott McPherson



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..SIGHHHH..



DID YOU KNOW MOM CAN COMMUNICATE TELEPATHICALLY?





# MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS

"If you bring my laundry home at 12 midnight, I will give you something you can take with you."

"And just what would that be?"

"Do you really want to know up front?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well," says Andy Garcia, inching toward Meg Ryan in *When a Man Loves a Woman*, "I bake." Extremely sexually explicit stuff at this point. The audience releases its sexually frustrated giggles, as Garcia whispers, "Yes, and let me see, you like ... chocolate cake."

"I'm allergic to chocolate."

"How about ... carrot cake."

"With creamy frosting on top?"

"With creamy frosting on top."

Talk about creamy frosting on top. Before you know it, Ryan has mounted Garcia in the middle of a crowded diner, and starts sampling the dessert. At this point the entire theatre is gaping, until it becomes apparent that this crazy couple actually know each other. In fact, they're married.

This film is based around a dysfunctional marriage scenario that manages to jerk out just about every tear you could possibly hand over. Tissue in one hand and popcorn in the other, and you're prepared to either butter your popcorn in snot, or eat your tissue. Anyway, here we go.

Garcia is your mild-mannered airplane pilot, always flying off to exotic and faraway places, and Ryan is your average secret chronic alcoholic school counselor with two adorable little girls.

From the very beginning, you are captured by Garcia's sincere and undying love for his wife and two children — who aren't even his! Well, well, well. You find yourself wondering, "Where is this guy? Do men like this really exist?" Well, in *When a Man Loves a Woman*, they do. Good thing I brought my boyfriend to see this. Oops!

Anyway, let's go through a list of Garcia's most irresistible qualities, shall we? If you're a woman, you might have these listed next to your bed. If you're not, you may want to write these down: caring, considerate, compassionate, creative, impulsively romantic, sensual, sensitive, seductive, patient, witty, irresistibly adorable, adaptable, responsible, reliable, etc. (Erotic, tender, charismatic ...).

Things seem to be roses and champagne until Ryan starts tossing the flowers and wolfing down the liquor like there's no tomorrow. Garcia, assuming that her excessive boozing is a result of his long working hours and her overall stress, plans "getaways" to Mexico, romantic evenings out, and, unfortunately, plenty of liquor.

It isn't until Ryan assaults her child in a drunken stupor and then proceeds to fall through her glass shower door, unconscious, that Garcia realizes she has a real problem.

Ryan is placed in a treatment center, and Garcia takes on the role of Mr. Dad, in one of the most touching performances I've seen in a while. Little girls, sugar and spice, with daddy all supportive and nice.

After her treatment ends, Ryan is thrown back into a relationship that seems less intensively sup-

portive than the attention she was getting from her fellow alcoholics at the institution. She accuses Garcia of not really listening to her, of always trying to fight her battles and win her wars. As Garcia says, "All I wanted to do was my best," the tears start to roll all over the popcorn.

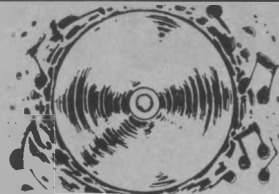
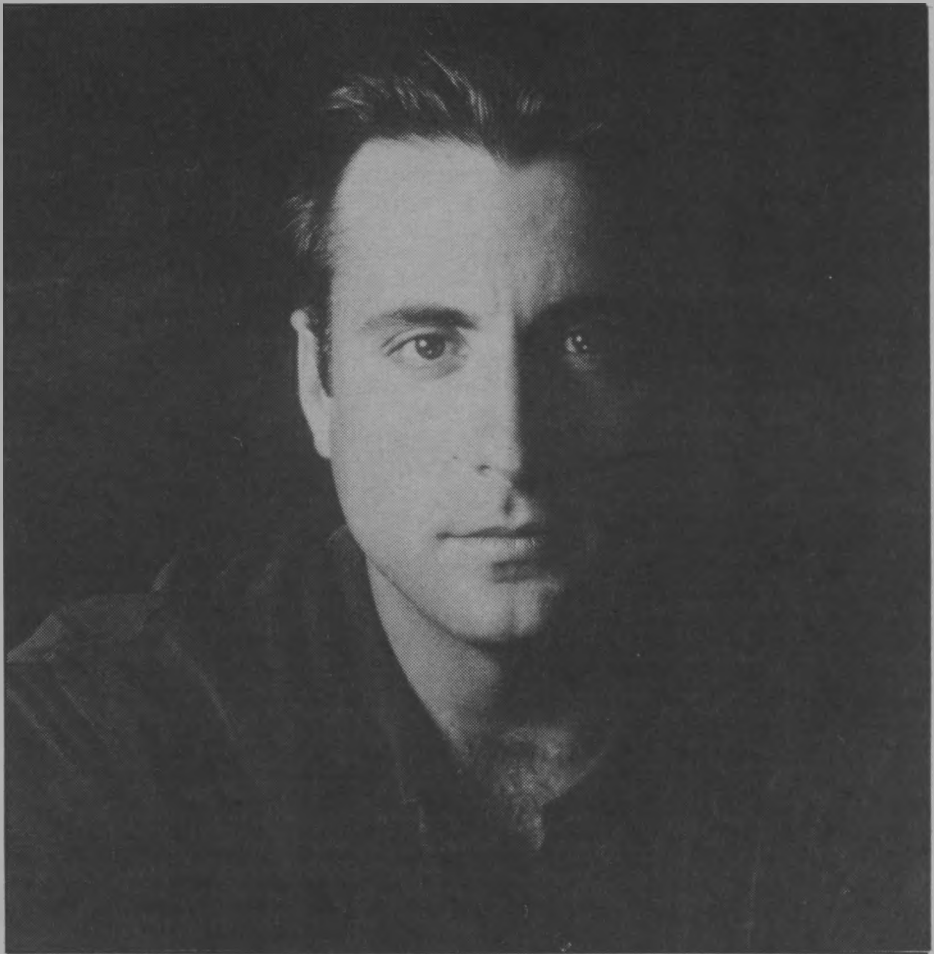
"When my wife hurts, I ask 'What's wrong, baby? Is there anything I can do to help?'" Okay, even I'm crying at this point.

Next, they're separated, and before you know it, she's at an AA meeting giving a speech about her successful sobriety and the pain of her separation. "I felt that I couldn't be helped, so I pushed him away. I blamed him, when it was me that needed to get it together. I wish I had another chance to tell him, 'cause you know what? We all deserve another chance."

And who should be in the back of the room, but her knight in immaculate armor (as if you couldn't smell him and his cheese-cake through the screen.) They tell each other their deepest romantic revelations, and proceed to suck each others' faces off.

Perhaps the end could have been less predictable and less anticlimatic. Perhaps Garcia could have taken more clothes off! Or perhaps I should have bought more tissue and less popcorn.

—Jennifer Chedar



Silkworm  
In The West  
C/Z Records

Melancholia and redemption for ex-punk rockers. That is the kind of music to be found on Silkworm's major label debut, *In The West*. Most of the members of the band are from Montana, but have recently moved to Seattle, which has not harmed their sound in the least — they do not play grunge, whatever that means these days. Instead, they take your weary soul and stretch it tight, then beat the guilt and pain out of it until it is clean and nice again.

I'm not kidding. Silkworm is an angry beast, but always dances on the edge of control. It brought me out of some major spring-quarter-what-now depression, and I feel I must testify on its behalf — it will scold you and save you at the same time.

The music owes some allegiance to Pavement, but where Pavement retains a kind of atonal earthiness, Silkworm aspires toward angelic fragility, riding on puffy thunderclouds of noise. Their kind of neurotic, geeky rock arises from nervous euphoria brought on by evaluating the freaky little pictures flashing inside

## PUNK EXORCISES

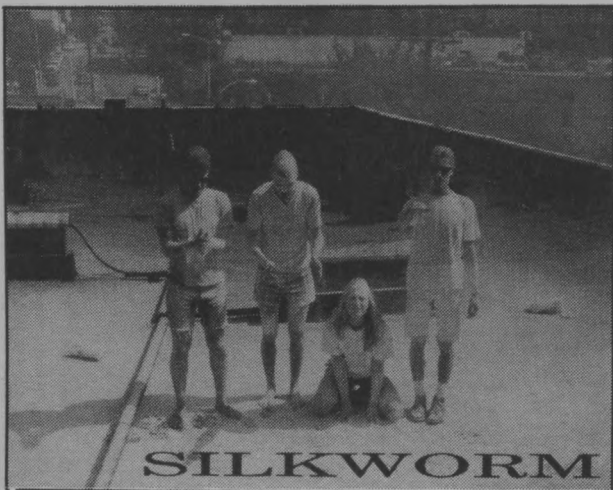
their skulls.

The lyrics are shrieked, shouted and piteously whispered; catch phrases and clichés such as "lyrical homicide" and "I'm such a chump, I feel lucky inside" are thrown around until they stick in your brain. All-out rockers like "Into the Woods" and "Punch Drunk Five" are tempered by long, moody songs such as "Enough is Enough" and "Dremate," that bring Slint to mind.

Steve Albini produced this one, and whether you love him or hate him, you will have to admit that he does a good job of capturing the fury of what these angry, angry boys might sound like live. I think the drumming especially stands out, but the songs are all carefully crafted and each instrument is given the chance to shine.

The vocals could be brought up a bit, but otherwise, this is a great album. When I first listened to this, I thought it was just okay until something clicked, and suddenly, I had to hear it every day just to get out of bed and continue with the picayune details of life. I'm weaning myself off of it, but whenever I need to be teased out of a bad mood, Silkworm is there. Isn't that inspiring, folks?

—Rena Tom



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# STUDENT ONE-ACTS SOAR

"Number one, this is not a dream. Number two, focus on breathing technique because there is no paper bag. Number three, there are no policemen in this park."

So discovers Phoebe, who has been hexed to a bench in Central Park, USA, for the duration. This, of course, means she's sitting and can't get up. However, what may not be so numbingly obvious is that Phoebe, her one-act play, and five more just like it, will be

showing in UCSB's Studio Theatre until the end of the week.

What is also shockingly obscure, at least from reading this article, is that Phoebe is the creation of a student, and everything about her outside of a bottle of champagne, some good music and a glimmer in her parents' eye, is the creation of students. In fact, all five one-acts are entirely student-written, cast, and directed. Phoebe appears in "Benched," written by Catherine E.

Altman, and her story takes place in, in the words of director Donna Pearson, "a place between dream and awake."

Next on the list of plays is "Poor Roxy," which is named after someone who doesn't actually appear in the play. She's described, and a remarkably lifelike double is proffered, but the audience can never quite touch upon the real Roxy. Written by Edward Meehan and directed by Maggie Mixsell, the play confronts a problem that I hope no big brother and little sister ever have to choke on.

"Mob Colossus" is just strange. It's funny as hell, but it is strange. The characters have a choice, between producing a child, or producing a play which they hope will save the world through graphic violence and a complete absence of women. Which would you take? I dunno

either, and it doesn't really matter, because there's this nutty witch who's quite likely to screw up everything anyway. If you need help, ask writer Michael Beck or director T.C. Hayes.

Okay, so where are the other three plays? They run Friday, and since I haven't seen them, I haven't the faintest idea what they're about. But here they are: "Next Departure," written by Jessica John and directed by Sam Muir, "Zuzu's Petals," written by Derek Nguyen and directed by Melissa Pierce, and "Dead Air at the Stardust Room," written by Christopher Corbett and directed by Laura Gattoni.

Since 1975, the UCSB Dramatic Art has been doing these, and hundreds of other scripts written and directed by students. So go see these — it's well worth the time, especially for

The six writers are pictured below. From upper left: Derek Nguyen, Michael Beck, Jessica John, Catherine Altman, Edward Meehan, and Christopher Corbett.

free, and when these folks hit Broadway, you'll be able to say "I saw ya when ..."

"Original Scripts '94" is playing tonight and Friday. All shows are free and start at 8 p.m. at UCSB's Studio Theatre. Get there early; they turned people away at the door on Tuesday. For more information, call the Dramatic Art Dept. at 893-3241

—Chris George

TWO ANNUAL CAMPUS PUBLICATIONS HAVE JUST ARRIVED



Herstory is a journal in its third year at UC Santa Barbara. It is most easily described as a "women's creative journal." It began as a work dedicated to the 'collection of individual statements that attempt to open up a dialogue and create the space to enable Herstory to be told with Her voice.' Herstory works as a panorama of different women, their lives, their art, their voices, speaking out to form a distinctly unique, valid, and real herstory.

This year's issue is 36 pages - the most extensive yet - and you can pick one up for free. Herstory can be found at the Women's Commission office on the third floor of the UCen, the Women's Center, the MultiCultural Center and various departments on campus.



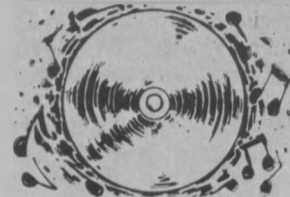
The 1994 issue of Spectrum is out! Spectrum, UCSB's literary magazine, has published fiction, essays and poetry since 1957.

The current issue includes work by Max Schott, author of Ben and Murphy's Romance; the first chapter of a soon-to-be-released novel by Jervey Tervalon; a story by Lance Kaplan, the copy editor of Details magazine and poems, essays, stories and art from the UCSB community and beyond.

Copies of Spectrum may be purchased at the UCSB Bookstore, Chaucer's, the Earthling and many other locations around town.



CHRIS GEORGE/Daily Nexus



# MIC SKILLS A-PLENTY

Fugees  
Blunted on Reality  
Ruff House/Columbia

By definition, a refugee is someone who seeks refuge from oppression or persecution. The hip-hop group Fugees, which is short for refugees, believe they represent the mass population because "everyone in reality is a refugee." At one time or another, everyone would like some sort of refuge from peers, co-workers, pressures or actual social oppressions.

Comprised of an African-American woman and two Haitian men, Fugees speak largely on matters closer to home, such as racism and U.S. relations with Haiti.

This combination of two Haitian cousins (Prakazrel, who was born in Brooklyn, and Wycleff,

who was born in Haiti) and a female rapper give the Fugees an original flavor in '94. Their strongest attribute is their vast mic skills, which burst through on every track. Prakazrel has got more styles and pitches than any one rapper needs, while Wycleff can bring it on straight up New York ruffneck, or flow with the West Indian raggamuffin style. The third member, Lauryn Hill, is definitely not a token female either. She comes hard enough to knock any MC down a peg, but can still smooth it out with sweet vocal tones.

The variety in mic skills also influences the sound tracks, which range from the charging horns and beats of "Nappy Heads" to the laid-back dancehall style of "Temple."

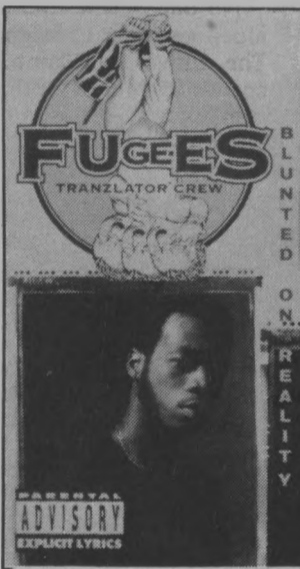
"Giggles" jumps off

with a funky bassline and a kickin' drum track that makes it my favorite head rocker of the project. But the cut that deserves the most props is the acoustic-guitar-and-mic freestyle "Vocab." That's right, acoustic guitar all by itself. No samples, no beats. I keep saying that hip-hop is innovating and growing, and this is a prime example. Wycleff lays down a folky, but groovy, rhythm and all three take a run on the mic. This is one of the flyest songs in a while.

There are other high points on the album, such as Hill's solo track, "Some Seek Stardom." Here Lauryn embellishes her mic talents by blending her hard style with sung verses that intertwine through a tapestry of skills. There are some low points too, however, such as the dull choruses of "Living Like There

Ain't no Tomorrow" and the repetitiveness of "Boof Baf." Overall, it is a refreshingly good work; they are not afraid to sing and rap, or strip it down to a single instrument.

—Matt Turner



## AESTHETIC PLASTIC & RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY

A Board Qualified Plastic Surgeon, Dr. Gross is a graduate of the City University of New York and the Medical Scholars Program of the University of Illinois. He completed general surgical training at Loma Linda University and trained in Plastic Surgery at the State University of New York. Dr. Gross then did a fellowship in Cosmetic Plastic Surgery in Beverly Hills, CA.

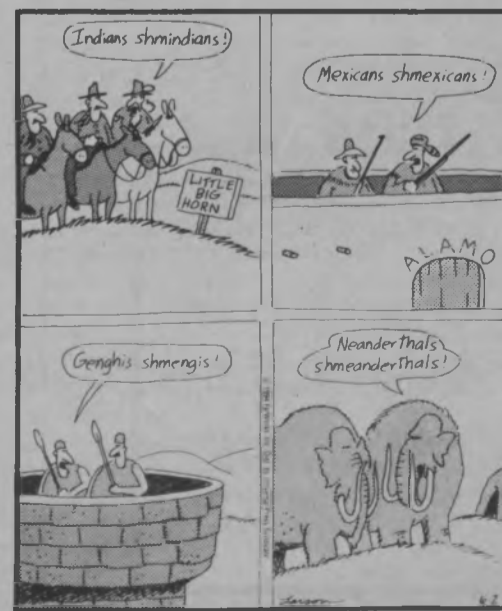
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