

LOCAL BAND ISSUE

A festival
for you
and for
me ...

4A

Taking the
tension
out of
torture ...

11A

This Week's Bets

today

•BABY HUEY,
whose singer is
BIG and pissed
off, will
perform at Toe's
Tavern, 416
State St.

friday

•THE FLUID,
Poster Children
and
Overwhelming
Colorfast will
perform at the
Anaconda

saturday

•EXTRAVAGANZA
1993, with
Fishbone, The
Pharcyde, Sun
60, Half Way
Home, Tambu,
Mother Tongue
and The
Graceful Punks;
Harder Stadium,
10:30 a.m.

sunday

•FIVE DANCES
for five
dollars! The
UCSB Dance
Company will
present its
final
performance at
5 p.m., Center
Stage Theater

monday

•PAINTING THE
TOWN, a funny
documentary
about New York
artist Richard
Osterweil; UCSB
Campbell Hall,
8 p.m.

tuesday

•DIANE THATER,
Los Angeles
based video
installation
artist, will
show her work as
part of the
College of
Creative Studies
Symposium in the
Arts; Building
494, Room 136, 4
p.m.

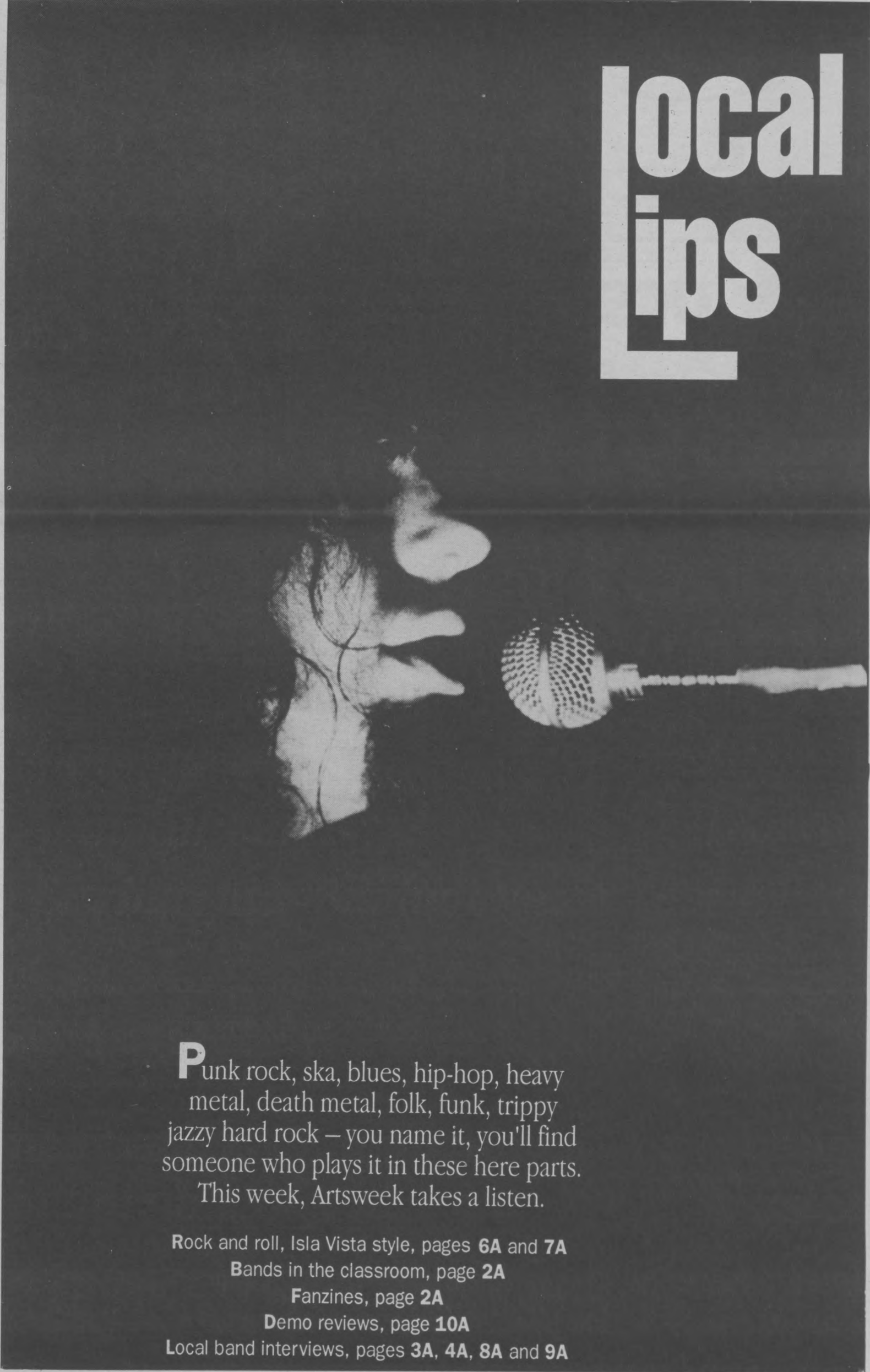
wednesday

•YOUNG ARTISTS
STRING QUARTET
will perform
works by Mozart,
Schumann and
Stravinsky;
Lotte Lehmann
Concert Hall, 8
p.m.



may 20 - may 26

Local lips



Punk rock, ska, blues, hip-hop, heavy
metal, death metal, folk, funk, trippy
jazzy hard rock — you name it, you'll find
someone who plays it in these here parts.
This week, Artsweek takes a listen.

Rock and roll, Isla Vista style, pages **6A** and **7A**

Bands in the classroom, page **2A**

Fanzines, page **2A**


Demo reviews, page **10A**

Local band interviews, pages **3A**, **4A**, **8A** and **9A**


W E C O Y C L E

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•CAREERS IN FILM•
FRIDAY, MAY 21
3:00 PM BUCHANAN 1920
Moderated by Paul Lazarus, Film Studies

UCSB FILM STUDIES ALUMNI PANEL INCLUDES:

DON BROWN ('81) Multi-Media	FRED TOYE ('89) Editor
DONNA CUNNINGHAM ('89) Graduate Student, U.S.C.	JASON EBERWEIN ('90) Special Effects

REFRESHMENTS

Campus Band Practice Haven

by Bonnie Bills

The local band Boot Cookies used to have band practice at a place on Pardall, until one day some officers from the I.V. Foot Patrol put their feet down and told the group that the noise could lead to a \$250 fine. In need of a place to practice legally and cheaply, the band took a route many others have taken over the years at UCSB. They formed a club.

While many bands shell out hefty monthly rents for garages or studios to practice in, often illegally, a few bands like Boot Cookies practice in vacant campus classrooms in the evenings. Bands can institute themselves as clubs through the Campus Activities Center and, for a total of about \$30 a year, reserve a room on campus to use for their club's purposes, which, in the case of bands, is to practice. Boot Cookies, who formed the "Rock and Roll Club," usually practice in the Chemistry Building or Broida between seven and midnight once a week, said the band's lead singer, Adrienne Robillard.

One of the benefits of such a setup is that \$30 for a year's worth of practice space is an unbeatable deal. Also, the classrooms are spacious and "you have a place where you don't have to worry about the police coming," Robillard said.

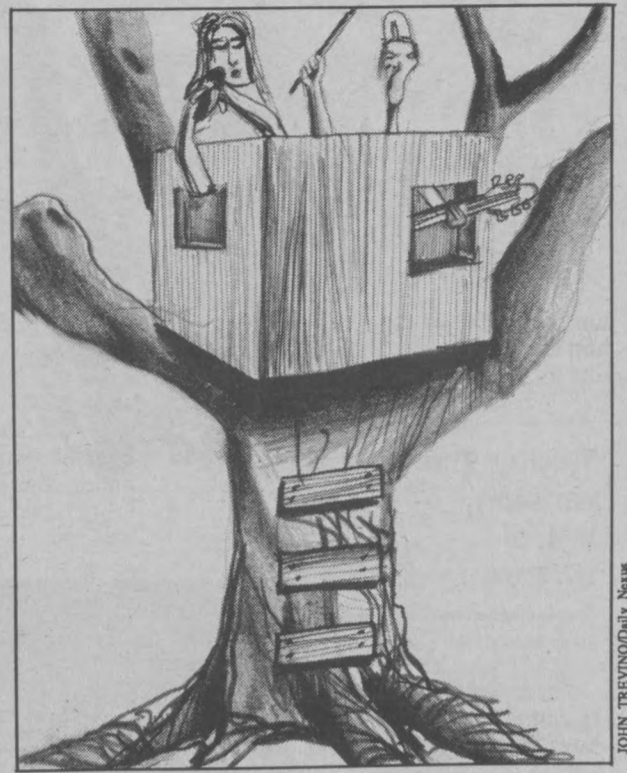
On the other hand, hauling equipment back and forth every week can be kind of a drag, as locals Rogue Cheddar discovered when they formed a club in order to practice on campus three years ago. "The only problem was that you had to set up your stuff every single time," said Rogue Cheddar bassist Tom Csicsman.

However, Csicsman said that even this drawback proved to be a plus as it taught the band to tear down and set up their equipment quickly. "When we play at clubs, some bands take half an hour to set up and we've gotten it down to 10 minutes," he said.

In order to become a club, a group must attend an orientation meeting, fill out registration forms, get an advisor and submit a constitution to the CAC office which basically lists what the club's rules and regulations are, said Mary Kay Micallef, the Campus Organizations Accountant at CAC. Once all the paper work is completed and the \$25 registration fees are paid, the club is official, and is entitled to use classroom facilities when they are available.

Clubs may reserve a room for one day a week, and must renew their request every three weeks. This is to insure that the available space is always being used and that every club has a chance to get a room, said CAC Campus Scheduler Johanna Prieswerk. Clubs can also use the rooms on the weekends for four or five hour blocks, she said.

Four large rooms, Broida 1610 and 1640 and Chemistry 1171 and 1179, are available for registered bands to use, Prieswerk said. She added that bands have to be scheduled after evening classes have ended in adjoining



JOHN TREVIN/Daily Nexus

rooms so that the amplified music doesn't cause any disturbances.

Prieswerk said she has never received any complaints about bands practicing in the classrooms.

The people at CAC weren't sure how or when bands realized they could use the center in order to get practice space on campus, although Micallef attributed the idea to some musician's ingenuity. "Pretty smart, huh?" she said, adding that CAC is all for bands using the classrooms for practicing.

Rogue Cheddar's Csicsman said that every once in a while his band would go into a classroom at the time they'd reserved it to use, only to find a professor there with a class using the room for a review session. In one of those rare moments at UCSB, the band got to kick the professor — and the class — out of the classroom.

"We had it reserved. It was ours legally," Csicsman said. "Sometimes we'd have to call a CSO."

Another local group, Oxidizer, has been practicing on campus for two years through CAC in order to save money, said the band's bassist, Jeremy Jones. He said it costs about \$300 a month to rent a storage space to practice in, and that his band would "rather spend money on stuff like demo tapes."

Jones said that his biggest run-ins have been with "odd people who show up for a couple of songs and ask a couple of questions and leave — trippers."

"The classrooms aren't used at night for the most part, so it's really cool we can use that," Jones said. "I think it's great, it's really perfect for us."

He's right. It is really cool that bands can just form a club and practice on campus, considering that many groups have a hard time finding a place to play where the police, or neighbors, won't shut them off. As Micallef said, recognizing that bands often get the short end of the stick, "Finally, something good happens."

Local 'Zines for Every Occasion

by David Rittenhouse

Scene-zines — they aren't hard to find, don't cost a lot and Santa Barbarans are more active in their publication and consumption than one might guess. And if you thought that only piqued people with blue hair can subscribe, you'd better think again.

A panoply of subcultures have publications that carry "their" issues. Since, in certain areas, the media has taken on such a gigantic, corporate ethic, the number of these scene/gender/sexual preference specified serials has grown out of sheer necessity.

For a widely diverse readership, from weathered Pagan Men to raucous Riot Grrrls, there are such locally informative 'zines. They range from souped up newsletters, to borderline full size magazines, and they are usually pleasantly insular. They are dedicated to an abbreviated audience, hence the abbreviated name — 'zines.

A common misunderstanding of scene-zines equates them with a strictly nonmainstream musical focus because they are often available at stores which purvey vintage music. This is however not the case, as local writer and publisher John Lyons attests.

"I base my writings on what I see around 'em, and what's in my head," said Lyons, who writes for the popular, Santa Barbara-based *Reality Control*. He also said that he stressed a community aspect, which arises, he says, because most print media doesn't address the needs

of his audience.

Other local 'zines include *Trout*, which takes on topics ranging from glazed donuts to cooking sophisticated burritos to sexual gratification, and *Mute on the Floor* which deals with the local alternative music scene. For skaters, there's *Lowlife* capturing the local ramp and curb action, and for the conscious university women (and not just AAUW types), there's the sororal *Herstory*.

Now, if you think that's bunching them together, it gets better. There are 'zines that proselytize almost every weird or not-so-weird idea that anyone could possibly take the time to write down. "Shelflife" for example, shames ordinary travel writing, with its colored commentary on roadtrips and personal experience.

"Corporate media control has really stifled freedom of expression," purported fourth-year literature and womens studies major and scene-zine dabbler Kendall Doty. She agrees that without such publishings, the print media lacks reach and is one-sided at most.

What can be said then of scene-zines and their ilk, that they aren't already saying within their provincially crafted pages? You've got to pick one up and see for yourself why so many people revere these little ditties.

From smartie pants-type editorials to serious contemplation of the arts, the scene-zines represent a sliver of real independence. What's more, they keep that crucial freedom on the table — right next to your copy of *Rolling Stone*.

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94 Rock
KCQR 94.5

Rappin' With Rappers

by P.E.A.C.E.

Believe it or not, there is local hip-hop in the Tri-counties. And although there is virtually no arena for this local talent to flourish, it has managed to exist for some time now. The underground spirit of hip-hop is alive and well embodied in groups like Suns Of Jabal, The Mafia Crew, The Beesting Boyz and others. With luck, it will continue with the likes of Santa Barbara-based Joint Effort and Oxnard's Loot Pack. *Artsweek* interviewed both groups recently.

Joint Effort

Artsweek: Who is Joint Effort?

Masterplan: Joint Effort consists of Too Deep and The Masterplan, it's a fusion of two people working together, 'cuz we came together after the De La Soul show and we decided that we weren't happy with the people we were working with so we got together and said, "Yo, let's work together," you know, we made a joint effort. That's where the name came from.

AW: What were you both doing individually before you got together?

Too Deep: Just flowin', I was flowin' and he was flowin' ... I was workin' with this brotha up in Hollywood, and he was produc'n' some tracks but they weren't exactly what I wanted. He was more on a R&B tip, 'cuz he was tryin' to get signed to a big R&B label, so I couldn't go that way.

Masterplan: I was workin' with another buddy of mine, Mike.

AW: That group was Suns Of Jabal right?

Masterplan: Yeah, that was the old flavor.

AW: For people who haven't heard you before, how would you describe your style of hip-hop?

Too Deep: I wouldn't say we had a particular image, or gimmick. I'd say it's more from the heart. Whatever we feel like flowin' about, that's what's gonna come out. And that's the way it should be; our music is an expression and it's a form of art.

Masterplan: To me, I definitely see our music as being traditional hip-hop, you know what I'm sayin'? It's not tryin' to take it way out there, and add all these different types of influences. I was raised on hard core jazz like Coltrane, Thelonious Monk. That's what my stepfather listened to, but when I was out with my friends I was listening to Parliament and everything so it's a fusion. Our music is funky; it has a groove to it, but with a jazzy influence. With the horns, some of the cymbal action and things like that for example.

AW: Lyrically, a lot of records out today are more style oriented than knowledge based. I notice that with Joint Effort it's different. What are you trying to set forth in your lyrics?

Masterplan: In our lyrics, we definitely want to put a message out. We're not here just tryin' to make money, this is something we're doing regardless of that or if we're on a label or not, you know? I'd still be writin' lyrics and makin' beats, and I'm not trying to impress anybody with how fast I can rap or how many four syllable words I can put together. It's about whatever I'm tryin' to say — the topic or subject matter, and the best way to get it across is to speak clearly so people can understand what you're sayin'. I come from the school of Rakim and Gangstarr where you flow to the beat and your words make sense but also have creativity.

Too Deep: I like to come across with some good lyrics, basically be a storyteller. I like to illustrate a scene, or a moment or a feeling. I like to put together so people can understand and follow along so they can swing along with the groove at the same time.

AW: Do you want to make a comment on the local hip-hop scene?

Masterplan: Well there's definitely a lack of a local hip-hop scene in Santa Barbara, but it's coming along. Efforts by KCSB and the Anaconda have been made but there's just not a large hip-hop audience here. We're tryin' to do what we can



Loot Pack

RICK BESSEY/Daily Nexus

do as long as we've been here, and as long as we are here we'll do that. But we're definitely looking to move on to a larger hip-hop audience. We're here 'cuz this is our base right now. We get a lot of work done, we've got our equipment and studio time here, but we're looking to branch out.

AW: Any upcoming plans for recording?

Masterplan: We're signed to an independent label named Waxhead Records, and we're goin' into the studio as soon as we sign the contracts. We're gonna hit out with an EP hopefully by the end of July, followed by an album. Not titled yet but should be strong.

Loot Pack

Artsweek: Who is the Loot Pack?

Dezo Daddy: The Loot Pack consists of me, DJ Romes, K.A. and my man Crackerjack who ain't here. ...

AW: What style of hip-hop would Loot Pack describe themselves as?

K.A.: True. True hip-hop. I guess you could consider us a part of the True School, 'cuz we do the real stuff.

AW: Where are you from?

Dezo Daddy: Oxnard, California.

DJ Romes: A little town everybody doesn't like.

AW: What's the local hip-hop scene like in Oxnard?

Dezo Daddy: We have a few people that can hang ... my little brother Kidnap

... **K.A.:** E-Dog the Newport Junkie ...

Dezo Daddy: We got my man Riff Raff

... **DJ Romes:** Spliff ...

K.A.: Elmer Fudge.

Dezo Daddy: Eddie Eme. Everybody in Oxnard that's down with us, is down with each other, everybody's true.

DJ Romes: Now we've got a whole bunch of people perpetratin' sayin' we're hookin' them up with a record deal, when we don't even have a record deal!

K.A.: Everyone wants to come over now and chill and stuff when back in the days, it used to be hard to find a ride to the movies.

See RAP, p.10A

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1993

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Punk It Up

From Lodi to Isla Vista, These Graceful Extravaganza Winners Are Being Followed

by Curtis Kaiser

Beginning as a summer musical outlet for guitarist/vocalist Tony Mark and bassist/vocalist Andrew Ferguson, The Graceful Punks became a group in the summer of 1991 when Mark and Ferguson jammed with drummer Matt Amott and they "experienced deep male-bonding."

Their influences range from the Replacements, R.E.M., and early Police to Amott's favorite performers, Neil Diamond and Sepultura. "Matt's musical tastes are totally separate from the rest of the group's," said Mark. "But he is trying to get us to play a cover of 'Coming to America.'"

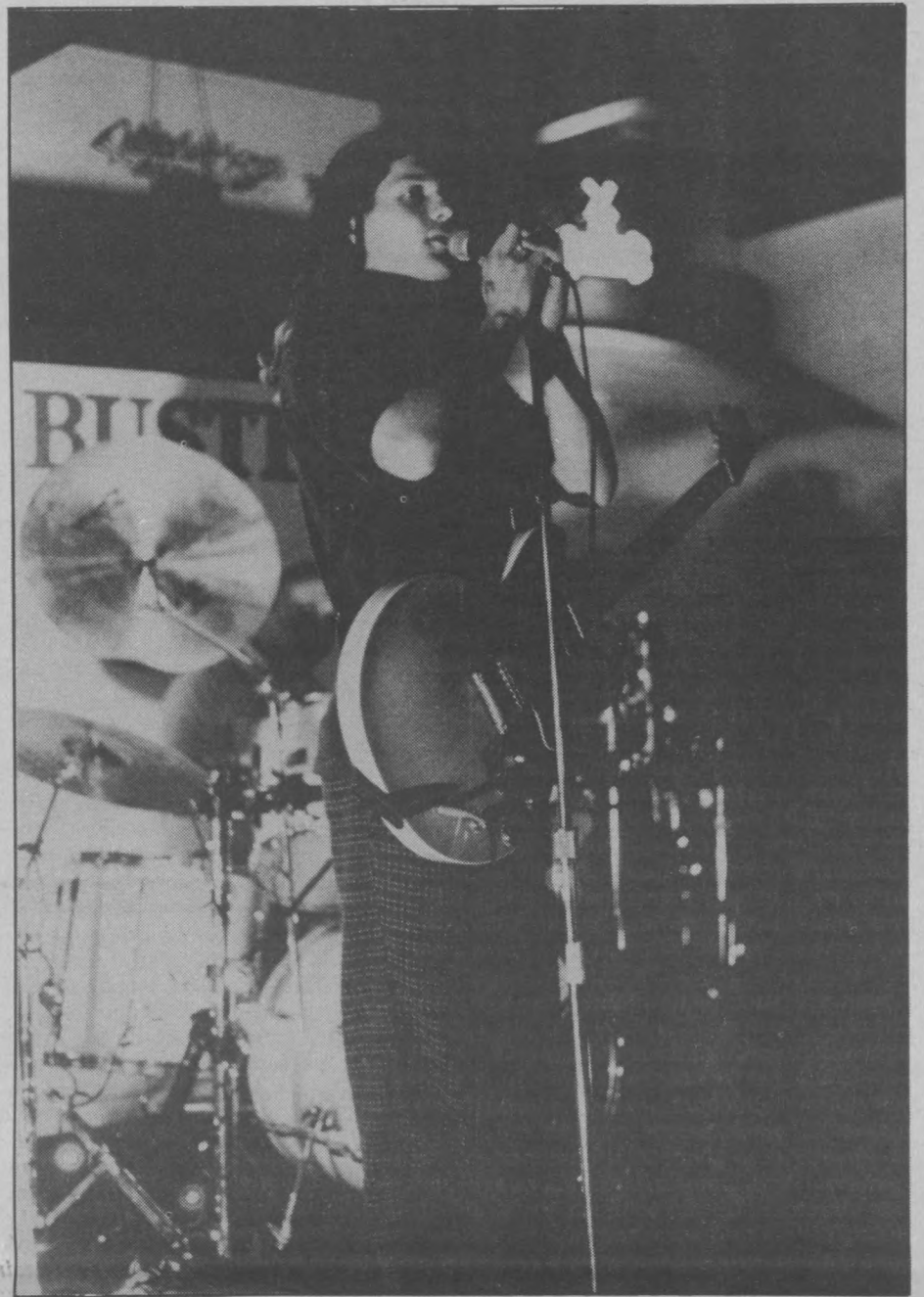
The group has over 20 original songs with topics as diverse as "body-hair," "things that make Tony mad" and "Matt's deep fascination with the hairy beast of the North, bigfoot."

All of the band members are college students. Mark is an English major at UCSB, Amott is a music major at SBCC, and Ferguson is a communication major at UCLA.

The Graceful Punks won the right to perform at this Saturday's "Extravaganza" when they won the "Battle of the Bands" held last December at The Pub.

Artsweek: What has winning the "Battle of the

'GANZA



KARIN MALONEY/Daily Nexus

Tony Mark and his Graceful Punks (above, pictured performing at Buster's) will join Fishbone (right) and other great bands at Extravaganza 1993 this Saturday.



Bands" done for you?
Mark: It created the illusion that we're an up-and-coming band.

AW: How do you feel about your opportunity to play at "Extravaganza"?

Mark: We're pretty blown away by all of the publicity. Whether people like us or hate us, at least they'll have heard of us.

Ferguson: I'm really excited and thankful. It's probably one of our best opportunities, and I'm really stoked to be playing it.

Amott: We were given the opening slot after a vigorous ro-sham-bo competition with Fishbone.

AW: Are you beginning to attract a following outside of your friends?

Amott: Yeah. It's kind of a trip when audience members we don't know are singing our lyrics.

AW: Do you have an album?

Mark: It's called BASS-PLUK PLUCK. We're really happy with the tape. The sound quality is great, and it has a lot of personality.

AW: How do your chances of getting signed look?

Ferguson: I'd like to play music for a living. If we're approached with a

good deal, we wouldn't say no. I don't think a major label would be interested in us right now — maybe an independent label — we'd be into that.

AW: Who writes your songs?

Mark: When I'm singing, I've usually written the lyrics and guitar parts, when Andrew is singing, he's written them, and when Matt's singing, something's wrong.

AW: How has the club scene here treated you?

Mark: It's much better than L.A. Most of them [clubs] treat you like shit, but at least they pay you a little.

AW: What do you like playing better, clubs or parties?

Amott: Probably parties. The people are drunker and seem to like our music better in that condition.

Ferguson: The clubs are cool, but we tend to be more relaxed at parties.

AW: Do you want to be

rock stars?

Mark: If we were playing in The Forum or in our closet, obviously The Forum would be more exciting.

Amott: I'd rather play in the closet.

AW: What was the best show you ever played?

Mark: We went up to Lodi and played a high school dance. They must have thought we were Nirvana. They were chanting, "We want the Punks!" It was like some big nocturnal emission.

Ferguson: We were signing autographs, and people were asking us if our tape was at the Wherehouse.

AW: Do you have any parting quotes or words of wisdom?

Amott: No. Unless you have all day.

The Graceful Punks will perform at Extravaganza this Saturday, in Harder Stadium, at 10:30 a.m.

FIRE

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Faerie Tale by Lisa Freeman	performed by Off The Advil
Eyes Only by Karen Collins	performed by Element 115
Stamp Me by Valerie Schwan and Ingrida Pintucco Sales De Cruz	performed by Ted's Bucket of Pudge
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Godard disat que... by Megan Freeman and Nicolas Ray	performed by Ari Gorman & Co.

1993 We Crazy, You Crazy

Rappers The Pharcyde Like to Blow Corn, Even in Harder Stadium, Where They'll Be Performing for Extravaganza

by Martin Boer

With a slammin' rap hit "Passing Me By" and the chart-topping debut album *Bizarre Ride II The Pharcyde*, The Pharcyde may just steal the show at the Extravaganza music festival this Saturday.

Through very original beats and quirky lyrics, The Pharcyde has quickly been catapulted into the limelight of a musical genre that some critics claim has become regimented and homogeneous. Because this new jack act has created such a distinct sound their album has gained many listeners across the country. Unsure of how to describe this sound, the musical press has often likened The Pharcyde to De La Soul and Digable Planets.

Their zany hit "Ya Mama," for example, rolls off a never ending string of one-liner jokes about mothers. "Ya mama got a peg leg wit' real feet," sounds more like a Fat Albert sketch than a lyric from a South Central L.A. rap act.

Artsweek interviewed band members Imani "Darky Boy" Wilcox and Romye "Booty Brown" Robinson at their home, the Pharcyde Manor, over the phone, while recent band members Numbskull and DJ Mark Love made noise in the background.

Artsweek: First off, what's up with your logo? what does a fire hydrant urinating on a dog have to do with The Pharcyde?

Imani: That logo was crazy shit. A 'what if?' We were working with Slick [graffiti writer] and just talking at Delicious Records. That just came up. We talk about a lot of things.

AW: Are you looking forward to coming up to Isla Vista?

Romye: It's gonna be very cool. I used to have a girl up there. Stacy, at a radio station. I am looking forward to it. We always travel through Santa Barbara on our way to Oakland and San Francisco. We just played with Public Enemy up in Fresno. It was very cool. It was one of our very first shows. Performing with Chuck was incredible.

Imani: I like Santa Barbara. It's gonna be crazy. We can't wait.

AW: There is some rumor going around that you first didn't want to play in Santa Barbara because it was too white. Is that true?

Imani: That's absolutely not true. I used to always hang out in Santa Barbara. People just make up lies, man. Don't believe that at all.

AW: Your debut album is doing really well. How do you feel about making it in non hip-hop circles? Is it a smooth crossover?

Imani: We got no problem with it. That's the way the world is. We just appeal to so many crazy people — we crazy.

AW: Do you loop your beats or layer them?

Romye: We looped 'em, but we cut 'em different. Sometimes there's two loops. It's just different. It may then be sectioned off into three parts and then layered.



'I say Chicago and Phoenix in the finals. Then Phoenix will lose in the sixth. Jordan is going to score 52 points in game three.' — Imani Wilcox

Like five layers. So we do both.

AW: Saw you on "In Living Colour" this weekend, how's television treating you?

Romye: We did that show last Sunday, it was cool. They only played the first part of our song though. We've also been on "Yo! MTV Raps."

AW: Who's going to win the NBA championships?

Imani: I say Chicago and Phoenix in the finals. Then Phoenix will lose in the sixth. Jordan is going to score 52 points in game three. He'll be taking no shorts with his new shoes out. Shaq is coming up too.

Romye: I think Chris Weber is going to be the next Magic.

AW: What are things like at the Pharcyde Manor?

Imani: Right now it's just very smoky. Beeps, people talking about bullshit. We're going to be moving soon though, to the beach. Venice, San Francisco or maybe Santa Barbara. Get a manor in the mountains.

AW: Are you smoking some home grown blunts right now?

Imani: I am blowing the grow, the corn. All we do indulge in the corn and roll it up. We don't do blunts, just the backwoods. Blutos. I'll roll you a bluto that'll take you to pluto. Pluto is all natural.

AW: Ever go to raves?

Imani: I only been to one rave. I only been to three raves. You gotta be on 'shrooms or acid. But when we on 'shrooms we chill at the manor.



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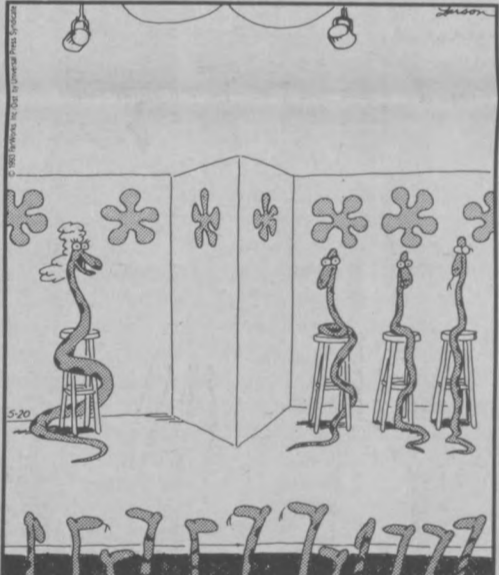
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This Year's Extravaganza Brings Promising Line-Up of Talent to UCSB

When's the last time someone gave you something for free?

I don't know either. But I do know that Associated Students Program Board is bringing Fishbone, the Pharcyde, Taumbu, Half Way Home, Sun 60, Mother Tongue and the Graceful Punks to their "Extravaganza" show, and they aren't charging a dime.

Previous shows have featured such popular acts as Jane's Addiction, Toad the Wet Sprocket, the Untouchables, Fishbone, Ugly Kid Joe and House of Pain's Everlast.

This year's musical festival seems to be one of the most promising and talented ever. The breadth of the lineup seems to ensure that everyone will find their musical tastebuds satisfied this Saturday in Harder Stadium.

Very funky Fishbone are the event's top billing with their past-paced ska/funk sound. Los Angeles' zany rap act, the Pharcyde, will surely attract new converts as their debut album has received major props already in the hip hop community. Taumbu, an African Jazz ensemble, is well known for their high-energy festival appearances. Local favorite grunge rock-

ers Graceful Punks are sure to satisfy as well with their mellow punkish originals and covers of Technotronic and Pavement songs. Blues rock band Half Way Home of 6500 Del Playa fame, funky Mother Tongue and pop-folky Sun 60 will round out the performances.

Program Board has also planned activities to keep people occupied between sets. A host of booths manned by non-profit organizations will line the stadium's outskirts to disseminate information about AIDS, the environment and women's rights. Retailers pushing jewelry, handmade clothing, food and drinks will be on hand as well.

Program Board Extravaganza Coordinator Heidi Brasch sees this event as a good method for A.S. to do something for the campus. "This is a way of giving the students a free show of quality entertainment, geared specifically to the students," Brasch said.

Extravaganza 1993 will be held in Harder Stadium this Saturday, May 22, from 10:30 a.m. until 7 p.m. The show is free and all are welcome to attend, though alcohol is prohibited.

—Martin Boer

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 960 EMBARCADERO • 893-3536
 FRI-MON, MAY 21-24
 9:30 pm, Midnight

Tickets are \$6.50 in advance, \$7.00 at the box office. TicketMaster may charge a service fee.



ISLA

We don't remember it being like this. Originally we took the weekend assignment of checking out the "I.V. band scene" with an amused sort of interest, as though it were more a trip down memory lane than a forced march through musical purgatory. Wasn't that us as band-hopping freshmen and sophomores, light-heartedly sipping keg beer and bobbing our heads? Wasn't I.V. where we heard all those young bands with their amps turned to "11"? Wasn't it Austin O Malley that said, "Memory is a crazy woman that hoard colored rags and throws away food"? And who the hell is he?

Well, the scene hasn't changed much. Not at all, really. But we have. Back then we didn't mind so much getting crushed like piglets while trying to get a beer from the keg. We were impressed that five guys could all sort of play instruments, sort of in unison. We're older now, thinking more clearly these days, and one thing is certain: I.V. is not a scene in the Seattle or Athens or Manchester sense. That is, Tabitha Soren won't be poking around here resurrecting the ghost of Ugly Kid Joe (R.I.P.), and the country is not about to be taken with I.V. fashion, i.e. "Daisy Duke" cutoffs for the girls, Big Dogs shorts for the boys, Texas all around.

Early Saturday evening we lounged at a local coffee shop in our Big Dogs and Texas and pondered our fate. How on God's green earth were we going to make Saturday more lively? We remembered a little liveliness as freshmen, and Friday night just hadn't delivered: walking out to the 6500 block of D.P. we could hear leaves rustling and waves crashing. It seems the Dead in Las Vegas had sucked I.V. dry, leaving it barebones as the sun went down.

But a few things had gone on. Two, actually. Naturally, they were on the 6600 block of Del Playa. We could hear our first one from the street, and we imagined them playing precariously on a typical seaside balcony. Ah, the old days: we would dance about to yet another classic rock cover, laughing in the face of the erosion gods as the balcony creaked and bounced, ready at any moment to give itself to the sea once and for all. Imagine an entire three-kegger plummeting to certain doom, partiers and all, while the band plays "Ramble On" all the way down. What a beautiful way to go.

With these and other images in mind, we slipped through the rip in the chain link fence, trying to get our first taste of the scene.

The band, actually playing on solid ground, was called Nine Balls. The crowd seemed mellow and detached, standing around Nine Balls in a perfect half-circle as though they were about to accompany with a choir performance. Nine Balls played "Fly by Night."

Then Nine Balls played "Bad Moon Rising." We asked a neighbor for a smoke. The crowd was loosening up now, and the familiar head-bobbing was starting to take place. Soon they would be tearing at each other's clothes, laughing and slam dancing along the cliff's edge like mad people. Nine Balls started into a Led Zeppelin set — we can't remember which songs, but does it matter really?

We asked our neighbor with the cigs, senior math sciences major Gavin O'Connor, what he thought about the music scene out here in romantic, just-a-little-bit-silly Isla Vista. He responded emphatically. "I love songs that just give me the soul," he said, adding that I.V. bands give him the soul.

Nine Balls started playing some of their own stuff, but we can't really remember it. A skinny guy with dirty hair and leathery skin danced drunkenly in the middle of the semi-circle. He bit off the end of a lit cigarette and chewed it around in his mouth. In seconds he reproduced the lit end, displaying it between stained teeth. The crowd cheered.

Where would I.V. be without these types? He called himself Bruce Buzztone. "I'm the Wedge. I rock to the edge, but not any fartherrrrr." Bruce had been around, and had seen a lot of scenes, he said. "Las Vegas, L.A., I've seen 'em



all ... but I.V. is the best, man!" Bruce did his cigarette trick again.

The other band was called Max Jones, named after its lead man, local plumber Max Jones. The guitarist, a large mop-haired sort who introduced himself as "Skeech," was actually named Felix. This means two guys in Max Jones had Xs in their first names. It was *that* kind of band. More amusing than Max Jones was the way their listeners relied so heavily on the keg. No beer, no fans.

And that was it for Friday: slightly disappointing, after all. As we walked to the 6700 block, hoping for the familiar thud of an electric bass, two young women whose jeans were so tight they could hardly walk told us there were no other bands.

But Saturday we had the whole night ahead of us, and our respective sixth senses screamed to us that I.V. would party, probably. Besides, nothing could fail to upstage Friday night's display, a scene which had paled against long-past nights with The Groove, Mons Pubis and Bearded Youth. At least it paled against our nostalgia. Surely today's residents had some cutting

edge material of their own to contribute. But what if they didn't? Our sixth senses were edgy.

Before our cynicism ran away with our ability to see I.V. as a town that was half-full rather than what it was (about three-quarters empty), the Santa Barbara sundowners swept through the virtual ghost town. The wind rustled up several paper scraps, one of which promised to be more than just trash. It was a flyer, a small flyer with a big name:

Baby Huey, it said. 6500 block of Del Playa, it said. We were all over it.

Then our second sense, hearing, kicked in. We were rats and Baby Huey was our pied piper. We were Yemeni Nomads and Baby Huey was our oasis. We were eager and Baby Huey was providing. "Then I met her mother / She thought I was a fool / Then I met her brother / He was swimming in their pool," wailed lead singer Pat McLaughlin, the self-named Big Baby Huey.

Baby Huey was big. Also he was loud, humorous, fun and unfortunately just a bit chauvinistic. They kept telling us why they came to I.V.

"We didn't come here to watch some monkey dance around," he sang, mocking the guy dancing around like a monkey up front. "We didn't come here to rock and roll / We didn't come here 'cause we like Isla Vista / We didn't come here 'cause we liked the surf (long pause) / We just came here to get some HO!" Big Baby Huey came to I.V. to get some ho.

But there was another reason: Bo's and Brian's birthdays were today. There was a keg on tap, of course, and "jungle juice" if you knew the right people. (We did.)

Daemeth Rooney, a clean-cut poli-sci junior, had a few things to say about Baby Huey. "Basically I think they're a bunch of random 30-year-olds trying to be cool in I.V., and



ROCK

text by Allison Dunn
photos by Steve

they're just not making it ... but their beat is good." Later he pounced on us: "These guys are pure entertainment! Fuck, dude, this guy is making me laugh! This guy is obviously above this!" We disagreed. Baby Huey was perfect for the I.V. scene.

There were other parties out there: we could hear them thumping in the distance, and as much fun as Big Baby Huey was, we had our assignment. There was the Rock Against Racism thing going on in the park, but what would we find there? Creature Feature sounded good from a distance, but we needed the promise of partiers who bring their own cups. We needed real debauchery. We walked.

As we approached one 6600 driveway, they were playing "Fight for Your Right to Party." We talked to a cop just outside.

"It's a slow night," said officer Wayne Ikola. "Nothing happens until between 10 and two." But what about the scene? "You can tell a good band by their drummer," he commented, adding that we should check out Baby Huey on the 6500 block.

Now they seemed to be playing one of their own numbers. "And in the morning you can say / I was drunk!" they sang.

They were Primal Tribe. It seems that FiGi was raffling off a keg, and Susan won.

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CKS

(sort of)

Dunn and Don Frances
by Steve Olsen

So Susan threw a party, which grew to a gigantic "invite only," with bouncers who won't let you in unless you have an invitation — or breasts. And then, somehow, Primal Tribe wound up playing here.

The band has a "Chili Peppers, heavy metal sound," said Robin Schwartz, sophomore in political science. We thought Primal Tribe was a hair band worthy of MTV, image to the hilt: smooth, muscled chests, stringy hair swinging about their heads. The drummer wore a "Creature Feature" sweatshirt.

Doesn't Primal Tribe have a T-shirt? Why wasn't he wearing it? Could there be some sort of symbiotic relationship between these bands, these swirly headed, unmooneyed artists still in the pen, I.V.? Or was this just his favorite T-shirt, merely a rag he used to stave off the chilly night breeze? We were getting in way too deep to have fun anymore. So we decided to leave in search of the uncharted, ultimate "rager," the one that would cap off the night just smashingly.

Instead we found Just Cause on Sabado Tarde's 6700 block, come all the way from Lompoc for the show. A fellow band hound, sophomore psychology major Steve Nixon, tipped us off to the happenin' music scene currently going on in Lompoc. So now we're thinking about road tripping to Lompoc. But first things first.

VISTA



While most of Isla Vista was apparently in Vegas watching the Dead, local bands shook Isla Vista's sidewalks last weekend. Pictured are (clockwise from left): The gregarious Baby Huey, Cold vocalist Fred Kenney (the blur in the background is Kevin Rehack), Cold drummer Kevin Heller, and Creature Feature drummer Jeff Kirchmaier.

Green is an excellent word to describe the crowd. They were young, very young, which accounts for their excessively high DPMs ("dude's per minute). These kids were shattering the accepted 10 DPMs used in conventional I.V. conversation, clocking in at average of 20 to 30 a minute.

Some of the kids engaged in a low-key form of slam dancing, jostling about and firing, "What's up, dude?" to each other at random. Two people had brought portable cameras, and were immortalizing Just Cause on video right before our eyes. Just Cause just played, doing an urban-folksy-punk sort of thing, with a twist of Seattle thrown in.

"They're weak, no energy," said junior dramatic arts major Eric Esparza. We agreed with Eric, and feeling that we'd seen all there was to see on the 6700 block of Sabado Tarde, we moved on.

They were young, very young, which accounts for their excessively high DPMs (dude's per minute). These kids were shattering the accepted 10 DPMs used in conventional I.V. conversation, clocking in at an average of 20 to 30 a minute.

Where would the next chorus of belligerent cherubs beckon us? Walking, looking and listening we could only hear the sound of our stomachs. And so we trundled down the well-worn path of late night munchers to I.V.'s favorite uncle for a giant burrito. We arrived just in time for the show. Now *this* was what I.V. after hours is all about: four drunk guys singing festive south of the border tunes to their burritos, dancing in circles around the establishment, bringing silly grins to everyone there. They were pros, and we loved it.

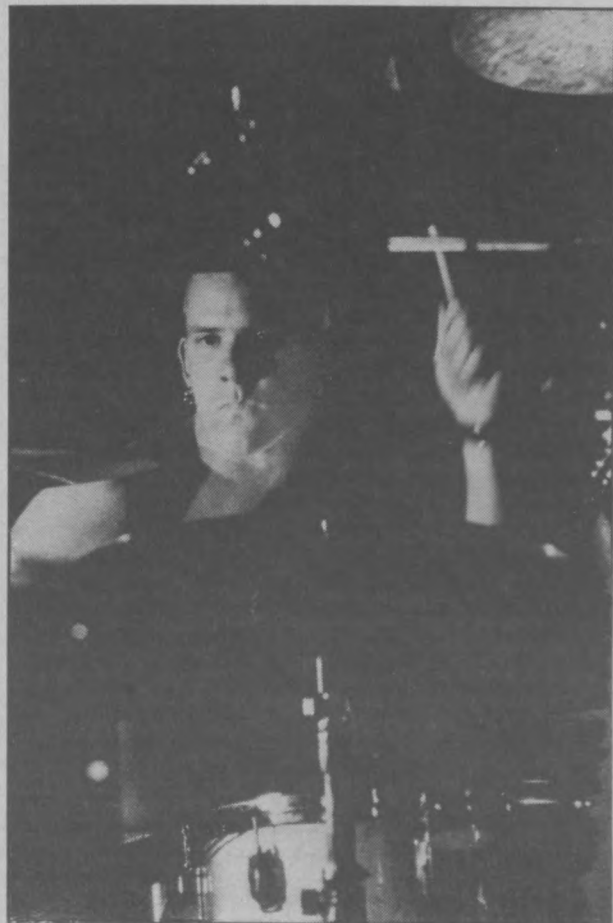
It occurred to us that it would only be fair to look at both sides of the I.V. band party — we'd talked to those that partook, but what of those that didn't? They weren't too hard to find: any pizza joint will do.

"I don't like any I.V. bands. There isn't enough sex in I.V. bands," said senior English major Dave Carpenter. We thought he should talk to Baby Huey, who would surely be able to empathize. Then Carpenter got weird, adding, "And

there isn't enough necrophilia. I.V.'s supposed to be on the cutting edge. Necrophilia is very important." So forget about what Carpenter said earlier. Maybe he was just expressing anger because he wasn't at the Dead with the rest of I.V. We wondered if he knew that the Dead was not a reference to a corpse. Maybe he was hard up, down on his luck, in the dog house, so to speak.

That's understandable. Nothing in Isla Vista — none of the people, places or events — really seem to make a damn bit of difference outside in the "real world" where people purportedly *earn* a living and entire nuclear families are rumored to live in duplexes. And the bands (many of whom once played out here by the sea) get paid for their gigs. Cash money. And if you take that perspective for too long — that Isla Vista is really just extended summer camp — you might start dwelling on morbid topics like necrophilia.

Which is why you're not supposed to think about it. You go drink your idle weekends away at numbing keg parties instead, and somewhere in the background, very audible but not that important, a band of students is playing, wishing somebody — *anybody*, really, even that guy with the cigarette trick — would just give them a listen.



LOCAL BANDS

A Bunch of Likable Freeloaders

Local Bluesmen Take the Isla Vista Music Scene by Surprise

by Jeanine Natale

The Freeloaders are one of the only real blues bands in Isla Vista. They admit that they get some weird looks, but they're also winning over curious listeners who catch their "in-your-face high-energy" style right between the eyes on a typical Saturday night.

This two-month old band is influenced by the music of Stevie Ray Vaughn, Buddy Guy and blues artists of the Chicago and Texas blues persuasions. They've already fallen into a mean groove, sharing a common passion for the blues and a funky twist that keeps anyone who hears their material, comprised of obscure covers and fresh originals, coming back for more. Indeed, guitarist Jon Payne, a shamelessly enthusiastic promoter of the band, definitely has something to shout about.

Artsweek spoke with Payne and the other members of the band (bassist Al, drummer Steve Campbell and guitarist Mike Mendoza) about singin' the blues.

Artsweek: How do you fit into the typical I.V. band scene?

Jon: Actually, one of the first times we played, people couldn't believe that we were a serious blues band ... but then they started listening, and even though the beer ran out about 20 minutes later everyone stayed to the end. Now, we find that there aren't too many people leaving our gigs.

Steve Campbell: It's really amazing how we've caught on, and I think people are definitely surprised by us. I used to play grunge before I joined up with these guys, and some people still give me a lot of shit for playing blues. But it just has more soul.

AW: Did you guys bring very different styles into this band, or is there a common direction you are headed in?

Al: We've all played different styles before, and I was actually into hard rock. I think Jon's the only one who is a blues purist.

AW: So, Mike, you own the Hero House sandwich shop, right?

Mike Mendoza: Yeah, it's great because people come in now all the time and tell me that they really like what we're doing. We've been kind of doing our own thing,



The Freeloaders

especially with the older material we cover — playing it with new energy — and I think it's something people just really haven't heard around here very much.

AW: How did you guys get involved with The Freeloaders?

Jon: Actually, I hooked up with Mike after I had written a bunch of bad checks to the Hero House, so when I went in to pay and apologize, Mike and I started talking, and one thing led to another. I guess we all kind of knew of each other anyway ... although none of us know where Al really came from ...

AW: Being friends can be totally different than being partners. Do you all get along pretty well as a band?

Al: I think we work great together. Steve especially has been great to work with because, as a bassist, I need to have a drummer I can communicate with, and he's a great drummer. But hey, if I can sit down and drink beer with people, then I won't have any problem working with them.

Jon: I think you should ask Al about his temper ...

Al: My temper!? I'm probably the nicest guy you'll ever know! Jon's the one to ask!

Mike: Actually, I think Jon and I agree that a little inner turmoil is good for the band ...

Al: Yeah, creative tension.

Steve: Well, let's just say that when the tension builds up, then it all comes out in our playing. It's really cool.

AW: Slightly loaded question I guess ... so, what do you see The Freeloaders doing in the future?

Jon: Hopefully getting as big as possible. I don't know, actually. We will be around this summer and next year.

Mike: I guess we'd like to see this turn into something, but I think we're mostly just playing music we love. Hopefully more people will catch on.

Jon: Oh yeah! Don't forget we're playing in the park on the 22nd! Put that in!

AW: I know, I know ...

The Freeloaders will be playing in Anisq' Oyo' Park on Saturday, May 22 around noon, so take a break from Extravaganza and go check 'em out.

The Boot Cookies Like it Loud

Neither the I.V. Foot Patrol Nor Soccer Fans Can Stop This Act

by Nancy Bernhardt

My first encounter with the Boot Cookies, who are relatively new to the I.V. "scene," was their Saturday gig at Buster's where they opened for the Graceful Punks.

Adrienne, Jordan and the two Dans were well-received, although they had to compete with soccer fans, intent on monitoring the game between Argentina and Venezuela on Buster's 50-foot screen.

Lead singer Adrienne Robillard's voice echoes of the U.K. pop genre, reminiscent of a less gloomy Lush or of Dischord's Velocity Girl. It compliments the expertise of guitarist Dan Lowry's strumming, while bassist Dan Kazsler and drummer Jordan Lambrecht provide solid backup. Such upbeat numbers like "Smile" and "ABC" are innovative and original compared to the usual Toad the Wet



KARIN MALONEY/Daily Nexus

Adrienne Robillard strums it up.

Sprocket covers heard at I.V. parties.

Not that I have anything against I.V. bands, mind you. The legacy left by Rogue Cheddar with such classics as "Cheesecake" leaves a void difficult to fill.

The Boot Cookies formed last October, making their debut at Amateur Night at the Annex in November, where they "made everyone go deaf" according to Robillard. They most recently show-

cased their talents at "Fandango on the Green," the Residence Hall Association's tribute to Mother Earth. While Robillard and Kanzler are newcomers to Isla Vista, Lowry and Lambrecht are veterans of a now defunct-group, Scrotum Pole. The biggest challenges currently facing this up-and-coming band are getting enough money for equipment and avoiding the harassment of the I.V.

in their apartment.

My second encounter with the Boot Cookies was via a telephone conversation with Robillard and Lowry, which went a little something like this:

Artsweek: Where'd you come up with the name?

Lowry: I don't know, someone just threw it out at a party and we stuck with it.

AW: How would you describe yourselves?

Lowry: I'd describe us as a rock'n'roll band.

AW: That's a pretty general term isn't it? For example, what are your influences?

Lowry: I listen to mostly punk, the whole grunge scene, I like Sonic Youth, L.L. Cool J., Jane's Addiction, of course. I mean we don't really classify ourselves.

Robillard: We never really got together and said, "let's try to be this." We have a lot of different interests. I like Galaxy 500, Butthole Surfers, the Waterboys, some ska and others.

AW: My impression of your sound runs along the lines of the U.K. pop sound, like Lush or Ride.

Robillard: I like Lush

See COOKIES, p.11A

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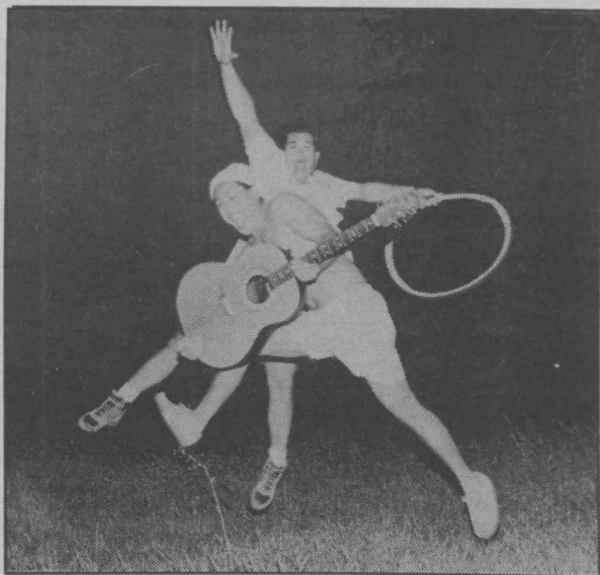
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REVEAL ALL

Hello, Utah

A Lone Los Guy Talks About His Dad, Barbara Uehling and That State Over There

by Charles Hornberger



The night before he left for a quick — and well-paying — couple gigs in Utah, Jeremy Donaldson, the apparently universally beloved songwriter/court jester of Isla Vista duo Los Guys, confessed that, yes indeed, he does dream about Barbara Uehling.

The confirmation, interestingly enough, came as Jeremy was interviewing me. Before I'd even started the warm-up, pre-interview cajolery (to get the mood right, you know), he pushed record on the tape player and started asking questions. But finally, I was the one that found out his fears about the song in which Chancellor Uehling becomes his "snugglebunny."

Donaldson: Here's a question for you. Do you think that there's any chance that she possibly heard that Los Guys song, the lampooning one on her?

CH: I don't know whether she heard the "Babs is my..." What is it?

JD: Snugglebunny.

CH: Yeah, snugglebunny.

JD: I don't know, I lay up nights. I wonder about that. It would honor me to no end to think that she heard that. I would feel good knowing that. But then at the same time, what if it really hurt her feelings? What if she laid awake at night weeping about that?

CH: No, no. She would dismiss it as an expression of your growing independence and your assertion of your new identity.

JD: But that's what my dad does. Come on, I don't need two people like that.

CH: Well, you've got her.

JD: So you're saying Babs is sort of a surrogate parent for me.

CH: Well, that would make the song take on incredibly Oedipal overtones that ...

JD: Wow, that's great.

CH: ... that we don't really want to get into.

JD: Yeeeahhhh. Well, I would like to feel that I had a part in having her move on. It would be a nice thing, but you know somehow I kind of doubt it. I think that maybe one time Michael Young came up to her and said, "You know, you're in a song," and she just kind of brushed it off ...

[So it went on and on like that for a while, talking

about Barbara, about fundraising about taking pictures of important people in compromising positions, about leather suits and Utah, where Los Guys has played before.]

CH: So, do you think Barbara Uehling's ever been to Utah?

JD: You know, she'd fit right in.

CH: No.

JD: Sure she would! Pasty white, withdrawn, out of touch with reality.

CH: No, these are people of the earth. I've seen them. They have, they have. ... What do they have? Hats.

JD: Dirt under their fingernails?

CH: Dirt under their fingernails.

JD: A lot of children.

CH: They have a lot of children. You know what I heard, and this may be true, that in Utah all the streets are numbered outward from the temple.

JD: Not all. But in the majority of towns, the way your address works is, you sav, "Where do you live?" "Well, I live 155 150th North St." Which is good because you're never lost. Where are you? I'm at the corner of 25th West and 16th East.

CH: Unless you're dyslexic, in which case you're fucked.

JD: In which case you end up in Mexico somewhere. ... I'll tell you one thing that is true though. If you're a high school teacher in Utah, you will be fired if you use the word condom in a classroom.

CH: Fired?

JD: Fired, because the only safe sex recognized in Utah is ...

Both, ominously: Abstinence.

CH: But "Blowjob" still went over well last time, huh?

JD: It went over really well, I think because we blew the circuits. Overloaded them. Just absolute overload. They had no idea what happened.

CH: Well, a blowjob may not be as cardinal — if you can say that — of a sin as the actual, ah, conjunction, as it were.

JD: We didn't do "10-Second Man." ... The thing about "Blowjob" is that it's safe because it is an exercise in extended double-entendre. There is absolutely nothing in that song that would be censored on the radio, or by most at least semi-neomilitant fascist groups.

CH: Most semi-

neomilitant fascist. ...

JD: Let me work that out. ... Yeah. I think even the fascists would find something amusing in that. And the hardcore conservatives. It's a funny song. My dad ... it is my father's bane. He thinks that's the problem with Los Guys and what I'm doing, because grownups do not sing about blowjobs.

CH: Did you tell him you're not aiming for the grownup audience yet?

JD: He figured that out. Which even lessened my cause in his eyes.

CH: Did he then make the point that you're probably not mass-marketable?

JD: No, he hasn't done that one yet. ... My dad's into Irish music. He listens to the Shamrock and the Thistle, which is good music, on NPR, but he's also into Mary Chapin Carpenter and things like that. So I say, "Well, Dad, how 'bout someday I'm playing with Mary Chapin Carpenter?"

CH: What about Harry Chapin?

JD: I think he does like him, but he won't admit it just 'cause that's out of his past.

CH: Do you think he likes Ugly Kid Joe's version of "Cat's in the Cradle"?

JD: You know, I would bet a testicle he probably hasn't listened to it.

CH: But what would you be betting for?

JD: What would I get? That's true. A third one, that's an even swap there. And I'm not sure where I'd put it.

CH: Well, I would ...

JD: An earring! A testicle earring — a functioning testicle, of course. I could sit there in class, playing with it ... "Hey, what are you doing?" Oh, nothing, nothing.

CH: You couldn't do that in Utah — not without a condom. And even if you did, you couldn't talk about it.

JD: I'd have to wear a big hat in Utah. A hat with ear flaps.

Funny Farm

These Popular Local Musicians Aren't as Evil as They Look, Really

by Robert Shisler



When most people hear the name Evil Farmer, they generally fixate on the evil half of the name and think "heavy metal." Fuck them. They probably smell bad.

Evil Farmer is Isla Vista's "mystery band," playing funky trippy jazzy hard rock. The band is comprised of lead guitarist Daniel Zimmerman, bassist Ari Gorman, drummer and lead singer Dave Brogan and vocalist Paul Moore on keyboards and rhythm guitar.

Half of Evil Farmer, bassist Gorman and lead guitarist Zimmerman, joined *Artsweek* for an interview. What follows is an edited transcript of our conversation:

Artsweek: How did your band get its name?

Gorman: Several bands ago, somewhere around the juncture of the Sea of Green and a short-lived band called the Dukes of Hazzard, we were trying to name that band and Paul threw out the name Evil Farmer just randomly and we kind of liked it, but we didn't keep it.

But for some reason we were asked to play a park show and we didn't have a name and Josh Millman who was the guitarist was asked and said, OK, we'll play and we're going to call ourselves Evil Farmer, but we never played. His old band played instead and for some reason there's a T-shirt still out there today that has that show on it and it has Dead Farmer listed on it. even though that was never a band and we never played.

Evil Farmer, I think it sort of, even though we didn't think about it then, it kind of embodies the whole irony of our music, of the contrast of the light and the dark and the really heavy and the really mellow.

AW: Do you guys mind being taped at concerts?

Gorman: We don't mind, no. We love it. The more bootlegs out there the better.

AW: If Evil Farmer was a car, what kind of car would you be?

Gorman: It wouldn't be a Sherman tank, and it wouldn't be a Yugo. It would be a pure, '70s cruiser brown van with bright orange stripes down the side. And a bar and a bed in the back.

Zimmerman: For everyone in the band it would be a different car, but I don't know which one it would be.

AW: Do you ever get sick of being compared to the Grateful Dead?

Gorman: Yeah. Although, it doesn't happen all the time. Because we pull more surprises than a lot of people are used to, the first thing they compare us to is the Dead because they pull surprises. But these people aren't used to listening to Miles Davis or John Coltrane. Those guys pull surprises all the time.

Zimmerman: Yeah, we're nothing like the Dead.

AW: Do you ever have trouble within the band as to where the music is going?

Gorman: Yeah, in fact we've gotten into some pretty hilarious arguments on stage: "I DON'T WANT TO PLAY THAT SONG!"

Zimmerman: But even more than that, during a song we'll often times pull in different directions because we're not listening to where each other are going. And it'll end up not sounding like a unified whole, which is the goal.

AW: Do you think that conflict, the different directions ...

Gorman: That's what gives us character!

Zimmerman: In a sense it's good and in a sense it's bad. It's inevitable that it's going to happen. If that couldn't happen then also the other, good thing couldn't happen. If everything were totally worked out, then it gets redundant and boring. It keeps it exciting.

Gorman: It's all about conflict and tension that makes it exciting.

AW: If I worked for Billboard Magazine, and I had to categorize you, what would you want to be categorized as?

Gorman: I see more categories popping up now because there's so much new music coming out. If we were on the charts, I mean, you see these charts and it's like rock, R&B, country, basically. It would definitely be rock. But going further than that is pretty hard. I mean,

we're playing some seriously crazy, funky shit. Maybe we'll start our own category and call it Evil Farmer. We'd be the only band on the chart.

AW: It seems that your band has focused on live performances, instead of putting out tapes.

Zimmerman: It has always been hard to capture on recording what we're about really, because the environment you record in

is really stale.

Gorman: That's why those radio shows sound so good, because they're a live session, we have an audience, we're playing live, we're not stopping and overdubbing, none of that. It seems like it's the best of both worlds between a live show and a studio recording and I think that's what we're going to end up releasing.

AW: Is one of your goals or purposes as a band and creators of music to surprise or shock or challenge people's preconceptions?

Gorman: I think so. We tried to do that for a long time and after a while people really caught on to it.

Zimmerman: I personally have never tried to do that.

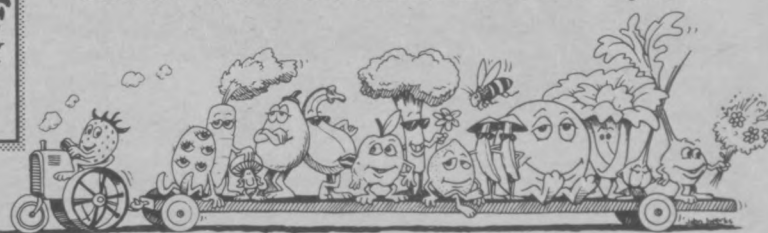
Members of Evil Farmer will be performing at Reel Loud tonight in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m.

It wouldn't be a Sherman tank, and it wouldn't be a Yugo. It would be a pure, '70s cruiser brown van ...

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[So it went on and on like that for a while, talking

Locals Hit the Studio

... or the hand-held tape recorder, as the case may be. Area bands' demo tapes and EPs showcase the wide variety of musical offerings to be had in Santa Barbara. Here's what we thought:

Retribution

☆☆☆

True death metal. Retribution ain't fucking around here. This is the kind of music that will send Tipper Gore into therapy with fiercesome beats and grinding guitar riffs, all topped off by violent, angry lyrics that rip open your guts and spill your entrails all over the room. But you like it.

Death Metal.

Jason Waterman's lead vocals are dark and threatening growls backed up by his powerful bass playing. Toby Lowder and Dave Lyons' guitar grindage is matched by Matt Maurer's fast, disquieting kit work.

With song titles like "Unanticipated Abortion," "Emotional Castration," "Holy Terror Unfold" and "Necessary Mutilation," Retribution is a band that gets right to the point.

Just some of the dark themes explored in the band's lyrics are: *Blinding, tearing, cutting, blood, death, destruction, trauma, dismemberment, castration, rotting flesh, Satanism, agony, violence, cannibalism, hell, evil, decay, mutilation, brutality, etc.*

Death Metal.

Billed as Isla Vista and Santa Barbara's only death metal band, their sound is both technically well done and passionately driven.

Overall, the band's sound is what one might call typical speed death metal combined with some, if not completely original, well-executed dark and evil themes in their music.

—Robert Shisler

Agent 94

☆☆☆

They need bigger drums.

Agent 94's crunching, thrashy, distorted four-song EP *Be Controlled* grinds hard-core and speed metal together in a huge iron bowl, clanging metal spoons against its sides and generally making a big production out of the whole thing. But then, right at the end of one song they stop and insert some unaccompanied drum fill. After all those mosh-inducing power chords and all that ominous screaming, one thing becomes clear: *They need much bigger drums.*

They're a tight band, and they've got a decent ear for mixing studio effects (reverbed vocals, high-distortion guitar lines) with plain old hard-core styles. It's not really fast enough for straight up punk, or slow enough for metal; *Be Controlled* sits somewhere in-between. Strong singing — howling, actually — saves some slightly trite chord progressions and suggests that Agent 94's stage show is probably its strongest suit.

—Charles Hornberger

Oxidizer

☆☆☆

Sometimes a demo really doesn't do a band justice. Local rock band Oxidizer suffers from this predicament.

Band members Troy Hatler on vocals, Jeremy Jones on bass, George Polchin on guitar and Greg Brewer, the drummer, create such a stage presence that "just" listening to their music isn't enough. Those who have seen them play realize the amount of stage props they entertain — like slides, images, televisions, spinning mobiles — are truly part of their "sound."

But interestingly enough one doesn't feel cheated listening to the demo tape — a medium that simply doesn't allow for their multimedia effects — no, this is a good experience. Their sound turns out to be a coherent and refreshing blend of guitar riffs, drum rolls and guttural lyrics that don't sound like every other I.V. band.

—Martin Boer

The Gathering

☆☆☆

You may not know The Gathering by name, but you may very well have heard their music. They began playing I.V. parties about four years ago under the name No One You Know, but they became the Gathering about two years ago.

They play good, loud rock and roll with noticeable funk and jazz influences combining to create a pounding sound that any rock fan can appreciate.

The band has gone through a couple of lineup changes, but now consists of the powerful voice of lead singer Jeremy Kay, A.J. Palluck pounding the drums, Dave Barber beating out the bass lines (all original members) and recently added guitarist D.S.B.

The foursome, all UCSB graduates, recorded a demo tape at Castle Music in Santa Barbara. They've progressed a lot from their early music, which is available on a self-titled, seven song release you can find at most local music stores.

"Traveler's Song" opens the new recording with a lilting guitar that gradually grows in power as it ponders the search for meaning in life. "I think I know what it means to be living alone, and I've got no place to be cause my heart ain't at home," Kay sings.

After a jaunt through "It's Me" the tape closes with "Soul Sanctuary," filled with vivid garden imagery as it flows from a light bouncing melody to a driving jam that lets all the band members really display their talents.

You can catch The Gathering on almost any weekend at one of the many clubs that line State St., definitely a band worth the price of admission.

—Brett Chapman

Psycho Graffiti

☆☆☆

Psycho Graffiti's three-song demo has a pretty good Orange County groove for a local band, which is to say only that they like that white club funk thing.

Playing mostly on the State Street circuit is probably responsible for the quirky, yet somehow homogenized, sound drummer Derek Poultney and guitarists Jon Moseley and Scott Harwin put out. They can cut an entertaining groove that a live show, and a few beers, could only improve.

A host of Slinkies in a popcorn popper might approximate the bouncing drive of the music best; I mean, they'd have to be Slinkies with some rhythm, but not too much.

Jeffrey Winslow slaps his vocals over the groove in a style alternating between a whiny wheeze and a pseudo-orgasmic groan, which may be appropriate with songs like "Girl (U Got A Body)." This may also be why Psycho Graffiti could do better as an instrumental combo.

It wouldn't be fair to call them a bad band, however. Their ambitions seem small and they don't get annoying with repeated listening, although the latter may be more of a function of the ease with which one can ignore the lyrics on "U R Not My Girlfriend."

Nevertheless, the group's sound may be changing soon, with the arrival of a new bass player from Illinois in June bringing in a plains-state slap and throb of his own. More downtown gigs are expected to follow, so clubbers can judge for themselves.

—William Toren

The Lonely

☆☆☆

From the vaguely U2-like first song of The Lonely's latest, as-yet-unreleased demo album, the threesome's guitar polish and high-buff production glint rather attractively amid a pool of often dull and usually unintelligible self-promo cassettes.

They're descendants of guitar-driven pop of decades past, echoing the first chords of The Smiths' "London" on their first song and playing vocals and harmonies off impressively throughout the four-song tape. They've already put together several other demos, and even pressed one album on their own, but this last one is going around to major record labels.

A piano ballad-ish piece rounds out the band's advertisement for itself, but their real strength seems to lie in sharp, somewhat distorted riffs — which come off sounding effortless — and floating, foot-quick melodies.

The Lonely, now based in downtown Santa Barbara, anchors its music in solid (but somewhat unambitious) drumming, while the bass fills in, quite completely, the spaces left by vocals and guitars.

—Charles Hornberger

Popsicko

☆☆☆☆

Perhaps one of the most impressively developing local bands these days is Popsicko, a group that seems to be in the process of culling an almost Jellyfish-like proficiency out of a field of individual talents. One of their recent three-song demos is sharp, and tighter than the products of most unsigned bands around. Driven by guitars and vocals, they've got pop down on the mat and appear to be busily winding their way through its twists and curves.

Quick and harnessed just loosely enough to keep it lighthearted, songs like "Messin' Around" and "Nastassia" pull their weight effortlessly, while Brown's singing on "Wake Me Up," backed up just where it should be, takes the band through a Replacements-y, slower piece.

Their guitar solos incorporate sophisticated harmonies, and solid, but perhaps fill-heavy, drumming ties everything to the iron cleats that Popsicko is pounding deep into its own distinctive style.

—Charles Hornberger

Spunk

☆☆

My Spunk demo, while nearly incomprehensible due to weak recording, demonstrates the band's varied talents well. Once I got beyond the recording glitches, it became clear that they have some good raw melodious talent, and deserve to be paid highly to play various local venues until they have enough money to make a better demo tape.

Erick Luther's singing is almost indiscernible in my recording, but he seems to shift lyrical gears enough to reflect the varied styles they assume in the nine tracks. He mumbles, bitches, questions, yells, but about what is not clear. The band's sound is spare, with strong guitar work from Luther and Robert Keil, though the riffs are at times almost too reminiscent of something or other we've all just recently heard. Also, they don't sound like they wear any costumes, which is a drawback.

—Dan Hilldale

RAP

Continued from p.3A

Dezo Daddy: Vapors!

AW: How did the Loot Pack come together?

DJ Romes: I say that hip-hop brought us together.

Dezo Daddy: Yeah, hip-hop brought Me and Romes together. We met in the 6th grade, we were both dj's listenin' to KCSB. Loot Pack came together in '91.

AW: Is the scene there thriving?

Dezo Daddy: Yeah, it's startin' to get like L.A.! If we put it on the map, we have good people and sorry people, just like in L.A.

AW: Is there a club scene?

All: No.

K.A.: We had an open mic thing, but nobody wanted to go.

AW: You recently opened up for House of Pain at the Anaconda. How was that experience?

K.A.: I definitely didn't like it.

Dezo Daddy: I would've been happier performing for Digable Planets. It wasn't our crowd.

K.A.: House of Pain shouldn't even be recognized as rap. They're booty, I don't like them anymore.

DJ Romes: I didn't like the Irish stuff.

K.A.: Well, it's not that, it's just that they're takin' a Black art form and just makin' it ... crazy stupid.

AW: Does the group have any music out right now?

Dezo Daddy: We just finished producing a group, The Alkoholiks. They're down with King Tee, and we did two songs on their album. That should be out this summer.

DJ Romes: As soon as we get a record deal with some good money, no shorts.

AW: What about puttin' out stuff on your own?

Dezo Daddy: Yeah, if we had the loot! We're the Loot Pack but we ain't got no loot!

GOODBYE

Cheers

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Playing the Part in Silent Movies

Last year, for the first time ever on this campus, the UCSB Filmmaker's Co-op produced a silent movie project called Reel Loud, an evening of new student films with scores performed — *live* — by local musicians. It was a huge success, not to mention good clean fun.

The second annual Reel Loud will happen tonight, and it promises to be a grand old time once again, with an impressive lineup of filmmakers and musicians as well as variety show type performances.

The brainchild of Filmmaker Co-op President Chris Ball, who is also partially responsible for the brilliantly weird KCSB show "Off the Air," said the event gives students a chance to make films for a small amount of money, since silent films are relatively cheap.

"Part of the philosophy behind the Reel Loud project is to allow students to make movies," said Reel Loud Project Manager Jean Nakahara. "A lot of these students who might not have been able to make a movie were able to make a movie without the credit constraints of taking a class."

Since UCSB's Film Studies Dept. is focused on film theory and not on production, there aren't a great deal of resources available for moviemaking students, Nakahara said. The purpose of the Filmmaker's Co-op is to provide film majors and other students with the resources to make films and give them the opportunity to have an audience, she said.

Reel Loud will feature 10 new silent short films by students and alumni, including Valarie Schwan, Greg Eliason, John Shaw, Alex MacInnis, Lisa Freeman and Garrett Savage. The scores will be performed by locals Shawn White, Sean Driscoll, members of Evil Farmer, The Woodburning Project and "Off the Air."

Nakahara said that this year's films demonstrate a "pretty large range of ability." The 10 shorts range from first tries by budding filmmakers to productions by alumni who have a lot of experience up their sleeves.

In addition to the films, there will be random performances, including a Wallace and Chamberlain recount, a cooking demonstration, dueling trombones and a rope twirler. (Don't ask.)

Reel Loud will take place in Campbell Hall on May 20 at 8 p.m. Tickets are available at the Film Studies Dept. or the A.S. Ticket Office.

—Bonnie Bills

Allman Joy in Concert

Classic rockers the Allman Brothers Band will appear at the Arlington Theatre Wednesday night, and the show promises to deliver a sizable dose of great American rock'n'roll.

In its various incarnations, the Allman Brothers Band has been performing its brand of Southern rock for more than 20 years. Drawing its roots from blues, country and gospel music, the band has recorded such hits as "Melissa," "Ramblin' Man" and "End of the Line." The band's music influenced other Southern rockers such as Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Marshall Tucker Band.

The Allman Brothers Band will be performing songs from its 1992 album, *An Evening with the Allman Brothers Band*, the group's first live album since 1971.

The band will play at the Arlington on May 26 at 7:30 p.m.

—Brooke Nelson

COOKIES

Continued from p.8A and Ned's Atomic Dustbin — but the guys don't listen to that. We don't want to sound like our influences.

AW: Do you consider yourselves part of the I.V. "scene?"

Robillard: Well, I haven't seen too many bands here. The Graceful Punks opened up for us and I thought they played really well, but we haven't been around long enough to be considered part of a "scene" really.

AW: Will you be recording a demo anytime in the future?

Robillard: If we can get some money together. Our gig at Buster's was the first time we actually got paid, which was cool. We had to borrow the P.A. from the

Graceful Punks, because ours really sucks. Currently we have a four-track out, courtesy of Broida Hall, although it took us longer to figure out their equipment than it did to record.

AW: Where do your lyrics come from?

Robillard: I usually write about my ex-boyfriend, and things ending. The whole aspect of being 18 or so. Going places, or not at all — nothing political.

AW: What about being the only girl in the band? Are you treated any differently?

Robillard: No, everything's equal. I have to carry my own equipment like the rest. I think it would be cool though if the situations were switched and there was an all-girl band with a male lead singer.

A Night With Sade in Prison

Anarchy Is the Only Thing That Is Missing in Entertaining Musical

Back in Napoleonic times, the Marquis de Sade was confined in a mental institution due to the rather extreme nature of his writing. During his stay, he wrote and directed plays, using the inmates as his actors.

Marat/Sade is the fictional account of one evening's incendiary performance.

Marat/Sade is one of the best-written plays of the last 50 years. It is custom-built to deliver on theatre's darkest potential. It envelops the audience into its world, assigning us the role of aristocratic voyeurs at the French madhouse, paying to see the inmates perform. (At least, it's a role that's not much of a stretch.) The play's inclusion of the audience in its world enables it to modify the usual performer/spectator relationship and allow the performers themselves to attack the audience, just as they would another character.

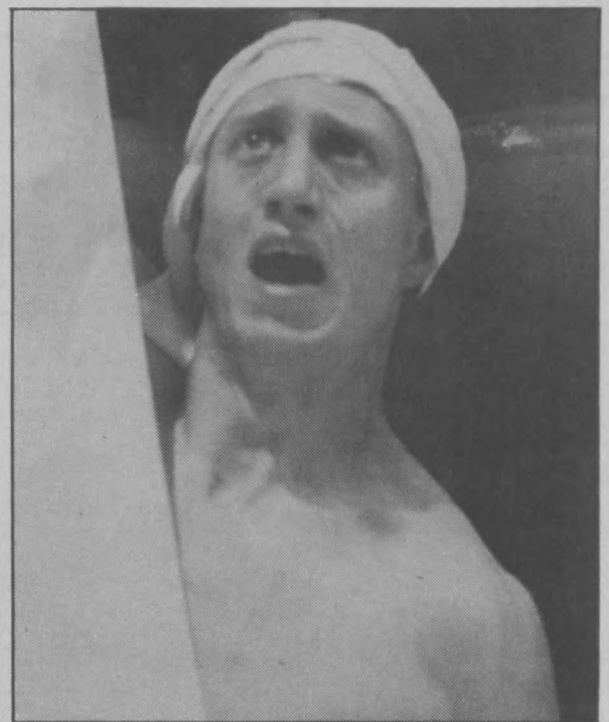
This particular production begins with promise: The front doors of the theatre are locked, and the audience must enter quietly through the back, through a dark tunnel under the seats, to take our places in front of the stage as the sounds of the inmates echo through the empty theater. They are sounds of inmates eager for the chance to perform, perhaps knowing the brief liberation that will come through the process of acting these roles.

Unfortunately, the direction of the production quickly swings away from the darker side of the situation. The play's unsettling humor is played in a way that welcomes you to laugh at anything that threatens to cause discomfort, diffusing any tension that might have developed. The play becomes a parlor show, which is exactly what the text is condemning.

The frustrating thing about this production is that so many other choices also serve only to diffuse the dramatic effect. The production never hints that the rules of theater protecting the spectator can be broken. There is never the threat of anarchy that is so crucial to Sade's thesis. We are left secure in our position as voyeurs and we're still just looking to get our money's worth of entertainment.

The performance is done as the B.F.A. Acting senior class project, involving the members of the graduating class together in a single work for the last time. *Marat/Sade* lends itself well to such a forum since the entire cast is always on stage and much of the effectiveness of the show rests on the actors who have receded into the shadows, playing the inmates who are not performing for the crowd. It is to the credit of the seniors that some of the easily missed moments from the dim background are equal to the best moments in the body of the play itself.

But the ability of the performances to connect on any visceral level is hampered by the environment the actors are working in. The set recreates the bathhouse set-



Chip Parsons is stricken with angst.

ting of the inmates' show, but doesn't go far enough in developing images of water, moisture and other fluids that are crucial to the impact of the play.

The rendition of the music (it's a musical, by the way) is very full and nice and beautiful in a surface-level way, performed on what sounds like a grand piano that is out of place both thematically and as an instrument that would be available at the institution.

A production such as this must strive to give the audience a visceral blow, using all the devices that have been put into place in the play itself; abstracted visual images, sound, voice used as sound effect, etc. These devices are still present in this production and, at various times, work well as isolated instances. The overall effect, however, does nothing to create an experience for the audience in any "real" way.

Every element of the production seems to hold back at a crucial moment, keeping the work from taking the final step in reaching a level of immediacy. We are never treated to the kind of fear (some would say cruelty) that is necessary to come to an understanding, both viscerally and intellectually, of the play's themes. What is compelling about the text of *Marat/Sade* is still there, but what is powerful has been destroyed.

Marat/Sade runs through the end of this weekend in Snidecor Hall's Studio Theatre. The performances start at 8 p.m. with a 2 p.m. matinee on Saturday.

—Alex MacInnis



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