

The Arts& Entertainment Pastry of the Nexus "We know what time it is"



The Vote In

Storke





Gretchen Seager (foreground) will accompany her band to UCSB today — like you didn't already know.

The Art's Week Interview by Tony Pierce

Mary's Danish sweats funkiness.

Funky the way James Brown imagined it right before he invented the form, except he forgot the part about electric guitars and their distortion boxes. Funky exactly the way Bootsy Collins would be proud of if he had two white daughters with attitudes. Funky the way you reek after a few hours in the pit of a Mary's Danish show of slamming, hair whipping and good old American aggression releasing.

After three years of funkin' up the program across the country, Mary's Danish is bringing their wondertruck to UCSB for the fourth time; this time as part of the Rock The Vote movement, a non-profit, non-partisan organization that uses rock musicians and actors to promote voter registration among people aged 18 to 25.

This visit comes at a busy time for the sextet who are in the midst of barnstorming clubs throughout the Southland spreading the word of their new EP recorded at the Ventura Theatre earlier this year. Meanwhile the band is anticipating their new 17-song LP Experience due to be released in January, although they've been playing material from it for months.

Singer/songwriter/Elvis-Costello-love-letter-writer Gretchen (she's the blonde one) Seager discussed politics, record sales and concerts at frat houses in a phone interview from her home in Pasadena as a local plumber inspected some of her troubling pipes. But it all began when she was asked what her sign was...

See MARY'S DANISH, p.7A

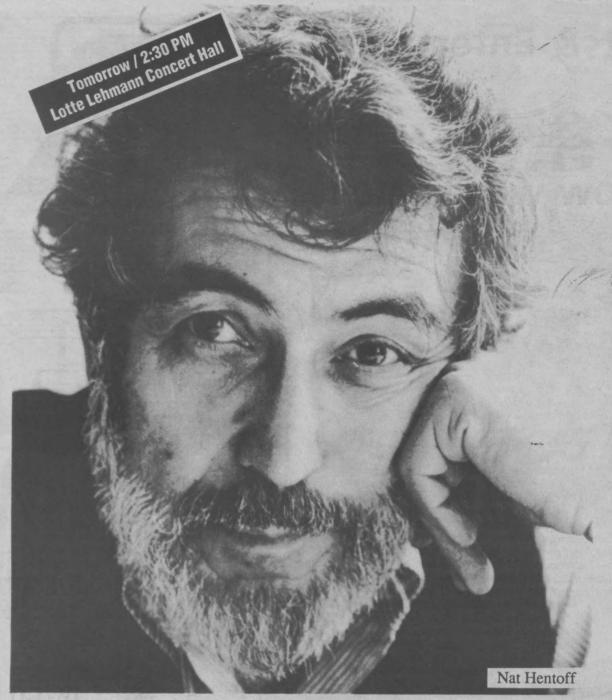


Stones, Jimi and Kiss. Please turn to 3A

Movies About Commercials. Please turn to 4A

The Video Guy Has Candy. Please turn to 6A





Speaking of Ethics and Morality

The Lecturers Are Coming

Besides the many stimulating lectures you enjoy and profit from in your classroom experience, a host of other distinguished speakers from outside the community deliver engaging and entertaining lectures throughout the academic year. In the past, physicist Stephen Hawking visibly touched an overflow audience in Campbell Hall with his sheer life force and intellectual brilliance. Bishop Desmond Tutu inspired 5,000 rapt listeners at the campus Events Center. And Betty Friedan thrilled a sold-out audience with her wit and wisdom.

This quarter, the roll-call of diverse and accomplished speakers continues. In the coming week alone, three speakers, all of them nationally-known, speak at UCSB.

1st Amendment vs. the 14th

Here's a lecture on a topic that hits very close to home. One of the foremost authorities in the area of 1st Amendment rights, columnist Nat Hentoff delivers the lecture "The Ethics of Equality: The Free Speech Movement Has Been Reversed Where It Started — On College Campuses" Friday, October 5 at 2:30 PM in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. The lecture is free and open to the public.

Each week readers around the country open *The Village Voice* to find the always thought-provoking, never boring column by Nat Hentoff, who freely and vigorously explores the most important and often controversial legal and ethical questions of the day. Hentoff, who has been a staff writer at the *Voice* since 1958, is particularly concerned with the

rights of Americans to think, write and speak freely. In defending the rights of speech, he has no qualms about bringing members of the Left and the Right to task for failing to live up to the American heritage of free speech.

In his lecture at UCSB, Hentoff will discuss what he sees as the assault on freedom of speech throughout the country, particularly what is taking place on college campuses where the growth of speech codes has sparked much heated debate. An outgrowth of the 14th Amendment protecting the rights of citizens, speech codes are designed to prevent abusive language and verbal attacks upon minorities or other groups, but the use of such codes raises questions about restricting freedom of speech. The University of California system also has a speech code designed to address the issue of "fighting words."

Hentoff's lecture is presented as part of the Issues for the 1990s series ETHICS AND MORALITY IN THE UNITED STATES. The program is cosponsored with the Division of Student Affairs Professional Development Committee.

When Push Comes to Shove

Mark Pauline and his cohorts of Survival Research Laboratories smash things up and call it art. When they get together for a performance art piece, be prepared for mechanical creatures battling it out amidst smoke and exhaust as lasers shoot across the sky accompanied by a booming soundtrack. These are technological wrestling matches focusing on the primal forces of power, fear, survival and destruction.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
And State				4 Zu: Warriors From the Magic Mountain 8 PM Campbell Hall	Nat Hentoll 2:30 PM / Free Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall	6 ISO and The BOBS 8 PM Campbell Hall
7 Bellman and True 8 PM Campbell Hall	8 Mark Pauline 8 PM / Free Main Theatre	Joel Nascimento & the Brazilian Sextet 8 PM Campbell Hall	10 Rod MacLeish 8 PM / Free Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall	Black Rain 8 PM Campbell Hall	12 Angeles Quartet 8 PM Campbell Hall	13

"An Evening With Mark Pauline of Survival Research Laboratories" will feature Pauline discussing his avant-garde happenings with a video presentation of recent shows. The program, which is free, takes place Monday, October 8 at 8 PM in the Main Theatre.



In addition to the video screenings, Pauline will also be discussing the cancellation of a scheduled SRL show due to pressure from conservative groups in Buffalo, New York. UCSB Arts & Lectures is presenting Mark Pauline in conjunction with the PULSE 2 exhibition at the University Art Museum.

All Things Considered

Familiar to National Public Radio listeners as a commentator and critic, Rod MacLeish is concerned about the impacts modern science and technology have on our traditional ethical systems. He delivers the free public lecture "The Sleep of Philosophy" on Wednesday, October 10 at 8 PM in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall.

MacLeish, who joined National Public Radio in 1979 after a wide-ranging 35-year career in journalism, looks at the mega-leaps of progress and the ethical quandaries we find ourselves in. For example, does gene splicing trespass on the grand designs of nature? Should we prolong life with organ transplants? Are we about to pollute outer space, just as we have fouled the earth? His lecture is presented as part of UCSB's Issues for the 1990s series ETHICS AND MORALITY IN THE UNITED STATES

The Real Brazil

There are few popular Brazilian groups that exhibit the depth, maturity and cultural understanding displayed by Joel Nascimento and the Brazilian Sextet. The group brings the beauty and energy of Brazil to Campbell Hall on Tuesday, October 9 at 8 PM.

Nascimento and his sextet use popular Brazilian instruments, such as the *cavaquinho* (Brazilian ukulele), to explore the fertile, contemporary Brazilian music world while paying homage to the masters of the past. "The group stands out in Brazil," he says, "because of its use of harmony, the type of repertoire, the arrangements, the approximation of the great masters. . . and the group's overall musical understanding that reflects the whole purity and beauty of the traditional forms constantly in evolution."



Zu: Warriors From the Magic Mountain

For tickets or information call: 893-3535



cover

Young Bands "Tribute" The **Masters In New Ways**

Stoned Again
A Tribute to the Stones
Imaginary Records
Rating: Rocks Off

Unfortunately, Guns N Roses' version of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" — and we're talk-ing a classic interpretation here - didn't make Stoned Again, a lucid collection of Rolling Stones covers put out by some people from Geor-gia who call themselves the Communion Label. But see, that's what's so great: There's nobody on this record anybody's really heard of, unlike that namedropping Neil Young compilation from last year that had Sonic Youth, the Pixies and Nick Cave.

At any rate, the people of the Night."
from Georgia know music,
really great music like the Georgia that of Rolling Stones. They appropriately dedicate Stoned Again to well ... well, they just went ahead and said it: 'The Best Rock n' Roll Band Ever." Obviously. And then they let bands, really great bands like The Waltones, The Shop Assistants, The nia's country music. And the

TODD FRANCIS/Daily Nexus

byrds, Death of Samantha and Dr. Phibes go wild, really wild, with a good sampling of Stones cuts spanning the band's career from "The Last Time" to "Undercover

You had to expect it was Georgia that came up with this. From the very begin-ning the Stones and the South were joined at the groin, and it had a lot to do with the Mississippi Delta Blues, Black Jack whiskey, Robert Johnson, illegitimate children and Sweet Virgi-Membranes, The Thunder- Stones were British and the

South was the South and the two getting it on was so ironic, so unnatural, so wunderbar that it just made good sense. Hey dude, whydoncha play some a dat dere "Honky Tonk Wimmin," huh woncha!? HUNH??

Right. So when you put together a collection of Rolling Stones songs it is very important to recognize the broad audience the group has nurtured through its various mutations over the years. In this respect Stoned Again falls short. The artists on the compilation are generally straight-ahead rockers

distinguished by minor personality flourishes such as bad singing and playing, a desire to Vegas-ize some of the tunes and by some catchy stabs at trying to "update" the lyrical material by inserting a "Tiananmen Square" where "St. Petersburg" was on "Sympathy for the Devil," or throwing in a "South Africa" where "South America" was on "Undercover." Sometimes it works but other times it's just mediocre, which is what you can say for the album as well.

- W. Patrick Whalen

Various Artists If 6 Was 9 Imaginary Records Rating: Partly Cloudy

Jimi Hendrix left behind a sizable collection of unbelievable music when he died in 1970. At the age of 27, he had become a guitarist with no equal, a blues musician unlike

Although much of his early fame stemmed from his ability as an exciting performer, as evidenced by explosive demonstrations at the Monterey Pop Festival and Woodstock, Hendrix soon become recognized as a peerless guitarist whose musical experimentations eventually led him into new and uncharted musical territory. In the last two years of his life, he abandoned his flashy performances, opting instead for an on-stage countenance that allowed him to focus entirely upon his playing, which had become increasingly creative and as heavily influenced by jazz as by the blues

The newly released *If 6 Was 9*, a compilation of Jimi Hendrix covers, has the potential to be an interesting and challenging mix of reinterpretations of Hendrix's songs by new groups. However, with several notable exceptions, the compilation, as a whole, falls short of this potential.

Instead of attempting to pave new ground, these bands usually try to do little more than to match licks with Hendrix, a trap that has befallen many a starry-eyed guitarist before. These aspiring artists should seek out new means of approaching the music of Jimi Hendrix, for it seems that only through new routes can modern artists hope to create stimulating and exciting versions of Hendrix's unparal-

"Spanish Castle Magic" appears twice on the album, and while the Monks of Doom do the song justice through basic imitation, perhaps the album's high point comes when The Stretch Heads take a crack at it; their sped-up, thrash punk sound whips the song up into a lather of distortion and pitched screams. Here is one of the album's few examples of a great, underplayed Hendrix song taken and successfully manipulated.

Another example is Shamen's version of perhaps the most familiar and overexposed of Hendrix's songs, "Purple Haze." They take the familiar standby and turn it into the only other non-rock and roll song on the album, giving it an industrial rap feel (reminiscent of the Flying Lizard's version of The Beatles' "Money (That's What I Want)") that is as original as it is funny.

"Who Knows" is only interesting because the original version is one of those seldom-heard but incredible tracks, for Bevis Frond does little more than just play the song and remind the listener vaguely of the original

For the most part, the rest of If 6 Was 9 varies between halfway decent and mediocre, as none of the other bands take many chances with their versions of Hendrix's songs.

Disappointing also was the blaring absence of any modern blues bands, as many of his songs could be well readdressed simply by breaking them down to the bluesy roots that Hendrix was so heavily influenced by. Since the album considers itself a tribute album, this exclusion was something especially lacking.

— Todd Francis

Various Artists Hard to Believe a KISS Covers Compilation C/Z Records Rating: Heaven's On Fire

The new compilation record of KISS covers proves the profound effect that early KISS music has had on underground rock music.

In a collaboration between

Waterfront Records, an Australian independent label and Seattle's C/Z Records, record buyers in the USA have access to one of the best compilations of the year.

Underground artists from Australia and America have picked their favorite KISS songs to recreate in their distinctive style. All of these bands pump the distortion

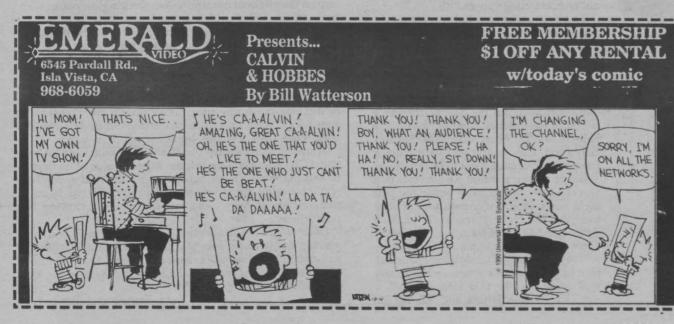
pedal up to 10 on everything and then play all out. Sub Pop recording artists Nirvana have recorded a very raw sounding "Do You Love Me?" Boston's Bullet Lavolta have allowed their live version of "Detroit Rock City" to be repressed for this album.

The best tunes on the album are Coffin Break's fast version of the KISS ballad

"Beth," and the heavily distorted vocal version of "God of Thunder" by the San Francisco group the Melvins.

You may be interested in knowing that a limited number of records come with gatefold sleeves. (C/Z Records, 1407 E. Madison; Seattle, Wash. 98122)

- Marc Brown







Pacific Heights starring Michael Keaton directed by John Schlesinger

Isla Vista landlords are never as good as the ones in Pacific Heights. They ream you for anything from a spot on the floor to uncleaned windowsills, and in the end, it's them who makes the bucks. Tenants' rights? To hell with that, we ain't got none!

It would be such a great change if we had landlords as sweet and kind as Matthew Modine and Melanie Griffith, then again, if this were the case, we'd be living in la-la land. So scratch that idea.

Yet, if an I.V. landlord would get an occasional tenant like Michael Keaton, maybe, just maybe, they'd think twice about doing the ream job. Hell man, I would.

As Carter Hayes, the Porsche driving, cash carrying, landlord-corrupting swindler, Kea-ton should be an idol to I.V. tenants who'd love to turn the tables. But hell, I wouldn't subject my worst enemy to a guy like Hayes. I mean, Keaton isn't just evil, he's downright sadistic, simply fiendish.

His terrorization of a naive, nearly married, yuppie wonder-couple (Modine and Griffith) lives up to the term "psychological thriller," but with actors as good as Modine, Griffith and Keaton, you expect a little more. The plot twists do take you by surprise, and Keaton's tenant from hell tactics of latenight drilling, roach breeding and rental nonpayments are only the beginnings of the havoc he wreaks upon his landlords' lives. But this Hayes guy is more than a con man, he's a psycho too, and as Modine and Griffith get slowly pulled down by Keaton's sly manipulation, you can't help but feet sorry for them.

As entertaining as Heights is, however, the actors tend to just glide right through the film. Modine, who is likeably affable in any film, doesn't get the chance to do much except yell, be wimpy and get the hell beaten out of him. With Griffith, it's basically the same; all she really proves is that she's an easily liked actress.

Having likeable actors in your film, however, doesn't hurt much. Every frame that Keaton is in scares the crap out of you, and every frame he isn't in is marked by his lingering presence. Also, the sense of humor possessed by Modine and Griffith's characters make them more than just plastic dummies left out for prey. I did wish that Modine and Griffith would turn on the lights when they walked into a room (if there was a psycho living below me, I surely wouldn't want to be trapped in darkness), and when the camera would spin around the characters during an "intense" monologue or discussion, l didn't feel the impact of the scene, I just felt plain sick. Other than that, however, Pacific Heights kept my rear firmly planted at the edge of my seat and never once did I lean back or breathe a sigh of relief. Until the end, that is.

— Barbra Dannov

Zu: Warriors From the Magic Mountain starring Fung Hark On as the Blood Monster directed by Tsi Hark

Imagine the film Star Wars directed by an offbeat Asian director. But instead of setting it a long time ago, have it take place in, say, only the 10th century. And rather than setting it in a place far, far away, make the place Hong Kong. Throw in an all-female empire, a guy who harnesses the Blood Monster with his 100-foot long eyebrows, and some bad editing and you'll end up with Zu: Warriors From the Magic

Despite the title, none of the actors involved even remotely looked like they were from Valencia. In fact, I'll bet they have never even heard of Colosses. The film's dialogue is in Mandarin with English subtitles, which means bring your reading glasses. For those of you who like a challenge, there are also Chinese subtitles written above the English. Good luck.

If further proof is needed that Hong Kong filmmakers have yet to grasp the film editing process, take a look at this film. Most of the action sequences want to be like something from the "Indiana Jones" movies, but the terrible camera work undoubtedly ends up ruining it. Common sequence: the first shot shows a man jump, next shot is the man tumbling in the air and the final shot is the man landing on his feet. You don't have to be enrolled in Film Studies 46 to figure out how they filmed that

But it is apparent that director Tsui Hark. is not concerned with movie magic. He fillsthe picture with ghosts, demons, wizards and monsters — all of whom want to pick a fight. Every scene exists, for the most part, so our hero can do some flipping around and wave his sword.

There is a plot, but I couldn't begin to tell you what it is. It has something to do with the search for some magical swords so the Blood Monster won't destroy the world. You know the same old thing. The special effects are cheesy, the fighting obviously fake and acting terrible - adding up to a fun movie experience for all.

"Zu" is one of those movies that is unintentionally funny, but you get the idea that Hark knows it. It doesn't get boring, and there are some funny bits that prove even ancient Mandarin wizards have a sense of humor. And it may even be better than "Star Wars" in a few ways — no lines around the block to get in, you know they won't be making any sequels to this movie and nowhere, I mean nowhere, are there any signs of Ewoks.

Editors Note: Zu: Warriors From the Magic Mountain will be playing tonight at 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall.

Brian Banks





Goodfellas starring Ray Liotta directed by Martin Scorcese

I once told my dad that when I grew up I would join Al Capone, be one of his men. He wasn't very excited about the idea, but he knew I'd want to be a lot of things by the time I reached adulthood.

Every kid who ever walked among those terrors we generally call peers has wanted to see a little respect, even a little fear in the eyes of his/her fellow kids.

No doubt simple wish-fulfillment explains why we love gangster/mafia movies, but many of these films are more than crowd-pleasing slasher flics; some of the most highly acclaimed films in America come from this field.

Whatever it is about gangsters that makes for great filmmaking is captured by Martin Scorcese in his latest film

The strength of this particular film lies in its strong commitment to the narrative element. Poe used the first person in a disturbing fashion, placing us into a disturbed mind and making it seem normal. Scorcese does the same thing here, putting us in the mind of Henry Hill (Ray Liotta) and making the surroundings seem just like home.

Every scene is full of Hill's viewpoint. The camera constantly cuts back to the face of Liotta, so that each action is punctuated by his reaction. He constantly narrates as well, telling us that what we see is just routine, reassuring us that what he does and what we do are not that far apart. Some of the strongest scenes end in a freeze-frame, fixing the importance of what happened, in terms of Hill's life.

The soundtrack also intensifies the sense of intimate involvement, the songs are all popular songs from the period of the scene, songs chosen to reinforce the feeling of the

Sometimes the first-person narration by Henry Hill is replaced by that of his wife, Karen. While awkward at first, the switch varies the viewpoint just enough to draw the viewer in that much deeper.

The pace of the film itself is also tied into Hill's personal viewpoint. Early on, we get a nostalgic sweep, scenes that are retold only in terms of their being a part of the routine. Incidents that are more disturbing or threatening to Hill are told in a stronger more direct fashion. One, involving a bar killing, is reinforced using a strong parallel incident, in both cases the incident is broken into two scenes, giving the whole thing considerable resonance without obviously pointing to it.

As the film drives towards the ending, everything accelerates. We know that Hill is heavily into cocaine at this point, and everything he says, does or thinks reflects his coming breakdown.

The scenes start coming quickly, each one narrated by Hill, full of plans and paranoia. Things as simple as making spaghetti sauce are threaded in and given the same pressing importance as drug deals, gun deals and avoiding "them."

To be fair, we should also mention the acting. Ray Liotta is perfect as Henry Hill, good-looking and understated as befits a first-person set of memories. Robert De-Niro is, of course, excellent. His character seems glamorous at first, but as the surface wears off, he shows an underlying fear and dangerousness. But the best performance is that of Joe Pesci as Tommy DeVito, the half-crazy hood everybody likes, but secretly fears. He's a little guy with a quick temper, who cannot stand to be put down.

Before we saw this film, a friend told us it was the best film to come out in the past eight years. Well, we've seen a lot of films over the last eight years, some of them damn good (a lot of trash too). We won't agree or disagree with his opinion, but we will say that Goodfellas is original, personal, true to the director's vision and is a story well told. We like that kind of stuff.

- Dan Jeffers and Ali Shraim

Don't Tell Her It's Me starring Steve Guttenberg directed by Malcolm Mowbray

Editors Note: Our critic on the field, Barbara Dannov, happened to overhear her I.V. neighbors, Nester and Dominique, as they were working on their skateboard ramp. The conversation went as

"Dude, you mean, if I get some, like, fatal illness like Hodgkin's disease, all I have to do is work out and wait for my hair to grow out and then everything will be A-OK?!

Yeah, man, that's what happened in Don't Tell Her It's Me. Like, Steve Guttenberg is super bald, but he falls in love with Jami Gertz.

"Oh yeah, that chick from Less Than Zero, man, she's hot! Too bad she can't act. Does she act OK in this flick?'

'Dude, are you kidding me? She can't act for shit, but she looks really good in this silky dress she wears. But hey man, let me finish. So the Police Academy dude falls for her, but since he's a really nice guy who's got this disease, he can't get her. But since he's getting better and all, his hair starts to grow back and he starts working out, and ..."
"So does he start looking like a stud?"

"No man, not until Diane from Cheers gives him this full on makeover so that he turns into this biker guy named Lobo with this killer New Zealand accent and stubble and every-

thing. It's just like Cinderella, but with a dude." "So does he finally get the chick?"
"Yeah. Like, Jami Certz falls head-over-heals for this Lobo

character and ditches her boyfriend from Twin Peaks." That Kyle MacLachlan Dude.

So, does Jami find out that Lobo is really that other dude?" "Yeah, but then she has a fit, kicks him out, tells him she never wants to see him again ..

"And then she wants him back, huh."

"Yeah, she figures that she really loves him and all, so she chases after him on this Harley that she can't even drive, and all these people honk at her, and she runs after him and they make up.

"Sounds like a lame flick." "Yeah, man, but it does tell you that if you want a chick as hot as Jamie Gertz, you've gotta fool with their minds and lie

Yeah, it's the only way, man."

Barbra Dannov



The 1990 Clio Awards hosted by Michael Koppy

Paying attention to nearly two hours of television commercials — albeit award-winning commercials — is strange and difficult, primarily due to the very nature of television advertising, as commercials are rarely more than interruptions created by egomaniacs who loved the product so much they bought the company.

Keeping all this in mind, it took a while to honestly appreciate the finer points of the 1990 Clio awards, the Academy Awards of television advertising. And once we settled down, we were just tickled pink by this year's winning ads.

Garnering hearty guffaws and occasional snorts were several plugs with laughs in mind: the ever-popular Alaskan Airlines people gave us such gutbusters as the old crawny meal-because-the-little-plate-holderkeeps-falling-into-your-lap trick, as well as the ever popular busted-bathroom-faucet-that-splashes-your-crotch-withwater-and-you-have-to-return-to-your-seat-now routine, all done to the traditional airlines/Wendy's two-note trombone toot-honk theme song that makes it oh-so-much funnier.

Nipping at the heels of humor were a series of ads sponsored by a bunch of British obstetricians deeply concerned that people aren't consulting their eye doctors enough. As to be expected, people-with-poor-eyesight jokes pop up with ensuing shenanigans.

Taking a more serious approach were several ads on varied subjects, the most notable being a Brazilian bank's commentary on the plight of the rainforests, as a jungle screams while its trees are felled with thoughtless vigor.

Attempting to discourage drunk driving, British documenters effectively recorded the ordeal undergone by a man whose drunken irresponsibility has resulted in the mutilation of his girlfriend.

Marring the otherwise-spalding collection of television ads was a five-minute segment that opened the show, a collection of anything-but-funny attempts at "insider jokes" that we're sure fellow advertizers beamed at mirthfully but that did little more than bite our butts.

Wrapping it up, we felt that the 1990 National and International Clio Awards were at times humorous, at times dramatic and frightening but almost always nifty. And seeing how you'll probably spend tonight watching about two hours of commercials anyway, why not spend them viewing this year's finest.

Editors Note: The Clio Awards, 90 minutes of really great commercials, will be shown tonight at the Victoria Street Theater at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m., and will be hosted by Michael Koppy. Prices are \$12 for the show and reception and \$7 for just the show. For more info, call 569-7034.

- Todd Francis and Denis Faye

Living Colour Time's Up Columbia Records Rating: Bigger and Deffer

I still remember the night so well. It was a chilly February evening two years ago, about as cold as it gets here in our little squalor we call Isla Vista. A bunch of us who lived at F.T. were on our way to Campbell Hall to check out this new band Living Colour.

Most of us had seen the video for "Cult of Personality" and were pretty excited about the show. As I remember it, most of us were also pretty stoned.

In spite of my foggy state of mind, five minutes after singer Corey Glover, guitarist/God Vernon Reid, bassist Muzz Skillings and drummer William Calhoun bounded onto stage, I was a follower forever. The walls of Campbell Hall shook from the pure energy that emanated from these four young artists trying desperately to get their point across to this mostly white upper class audience.

Soon after the show I heard their debut album Vivid and was a little disappointed. It didn't quite live up to the incredible live versions I had just heard. Vivid, although a good solid record, seemed to be lacking direction; a calm center in the middle of all this passionate music.

I am pleased to say that Living Colour has found that extra something they needed, and slammed it into their second release, Time's Up, a beautiful amalgam of forceful raging rock and sensual R & R

The respect Living Colour has earned within the music community is evident from the impressive list of guest appearances on this album. Little Richard delivers a rap on "Elvis is Dead," an odd little dirge that attacks the hype still surrounding the former Memphis truck driver. Queen Latifah and Glover exchange sexual innuendo for the '90s on the sizzling "Under Cover of Darkness".

In the October 1990 issue of SPIN magazine, Calhoun complains about the position the band has been placed in due to their status as the only popular Black rock group "Why can't we just be a rock band? Why can't we just be Living Colour?" Yet despite these whines, the majority of the lyrics on Time's Up address many of the problems facing America today.

The album kicks off and when I say kick mean a Monday Night Football sized punt — with the title track. Glover cries for us to save our fading ecology. The intriguing "Someone Like You" threatens a society that has made the Black man a victim with, "I know what to do, with someone like you." On and on throughout the rest of the album the listener's social awareness is questioned again and again.

If you haven't guessed already, I really like this album. Check it out for yourself. Not only will you not be disappointed, you'll be inspired.

— Seana Fitt

Brazilian Sextet Plays Tuesday

With the rise of mainstream artists "discovering" Third World music, World Beat has taken off with unrelenting force. Artists have been discovered all over the world opening the door of cultural, global understanding.

David Byrne compiled two excellent World Beat albums displaying the vitality and vigor of Afro-

The Replacements
All Shook Down
Sire/Reprise/Warner Bros.
Records
Rating: Don't Tell A Soul

If this were really a Replacements album, it would suck.

Fortunately it's a Tom Petty solo album starring the drummer, bassist and jaundiced rhythm guitarist of the 'Mats murmurings over Robin Hitchcock covers. Except Tom already has a solo album out but Paul Westerburg didn't so he told Paul to write and sing syrupy ballads like Lou Reed during the Velvet Underground era.

"Jes don't rock too hard," Petty advised.

Westerburg obeyed and judging from the long list of guest musicians involved (and from listening to the thin mellow layer of mood music in the background), the rest of the Replacements were in Florida working on their coke habits ... I mean ... tans, while Paul was in the studio singing pop tunes about the good ol' days.

If this sounds like last year's Don't Tell A Soul, you're warm. This record makes that one seem punk rock and makes real Replacements records seem like they were recorded a million years ago by completely different people, which doesn't mean that this is a particularly bad album, because it isn't.

Paul is obviously trying to dig down deep and write sensitive "real" songs while ditching the sloppiness of his past. The only problem is that it seems that his best songwriting isn't "down deep" it's right on the

And who cares how sloppy it is when it comes out? Rolling Stone once said that Westerburg was "the poet laurente of the toungetied youth." All Shook Down proves that this poet was never intended to be the balladier he aspires to be. Too bad, dude guess you'll just have to dust that see thru Gibson from your closet and go back to cranking out the best thrash-rock America ever heard.

Paul sings cutely on "Merry Go Round," earnestly on "Sadly Beautiful" and the title track which may keep you listening longer than you want to ... especially when he rips mags like Stone on "One Wink At A Time" with killer lyrics "the magazine she flips through/is the special double issue,/smells like perfume/she leaves it on the plane." But you'll stick with the 'Mats after a few listens only for pure idealistic reasons, like loyalty.

Otherwise you're better off listening to anything else from the Replacements inspiring catalogue previous to 1989. And ain't that a shame.

— Tony Pierce

Brazilian music. Peter Gabriel combed the Middle East to recreate "authentic" sounds of mystic primal screams. Paul Simon catapulted Ladysmith Black Mambazo into the international spotlight with their *Graceland* tour and now intends to do the same with Brazilian artists—all too reminiscent of David Byrne. Beyond the realm of roots-based tribal beats there is a thriving sound that blends classical music with Third World traditional instruments.

AC/DC
The Razors Edge
Atco/Atlantic Records
Rating: Welcome Back To
The Jungle

Cinderella, that irritating noise you're hearing is the clock chiming midnight.

And one more thing ... the short little Australian guy with the school boy's uniform ringing your bells and making the dogs bark is someone you should be introduced to since you owe your whole meaningless career to him.

His name is Angus and he's come back angrily, to single handedly claim the title he earned a decade ago with a little dittie called *Back In Black*. I believe you may have heard of it.

Yeah, AC/DC haven't flexed their muscles in a while, pumping out albums of mediocrity every few years, but you try to follow up the greatest hard rock album since Zep IV and tell me how easy it is.

The boys took a little more time on this effort, starting by recruiting a drummer who looks like the singer of Midnight Oil and plays like a pissed-off tax collector at your front door with gloved fists and dynamite. Meanwhile the Young brothers have taken the writing chores upon themselves, telling Brian Johnson to basically "shut up and scream when we tell you to." And that he does, with the power and lack of subtlety that made the single "Back in Black" such a toe-tapper and staple atop the turntables of any party wishing to become a bash.

When AC/DC gets their tre up, they can bash better than anybody, and the first single. Thunderstruck" is a musical declaration that the boys are willing to settle this business of who is the most powerful hard rock band around. The mother rocks.

Angus is back. His Marshall stacks are back. His thick Gibson SG sound is back. He even mixes the quick staccato flicks from Fly On The Wall with the juicy power chords of old. The best of the old, the best of the new. Thank you, God. Thank you, God. Thank you, God. Thank you, God.

It's such a refreshing relief to see that older rock bands don't have to rely on synthesizers, make-up, bimbos in videos and new clothes to make a comeback (hear that Cheap Trick?). The Razors Edge proves that alls you gotta do is write good songs and then rock the fuck out of them, and not only will it be great rock and roll, but it can also be commercially accessible and successful.

— Tony Pierce

Why not discover the vivacity of Brazilian music firsthand without the assistance from your favorite artist? Arts & Lectures has provided just such an opportunity with Joel Nascimiento and the Brazilian Sextet. Miscegenating the classical sounds of Vivaldi and Bach with traditional samba and bossa nova, Nascimiento and the Brazilian Sextet explore the possibilities of international musical minglings. This stringed sextet defies all bounds of traditional strumming. This ain't no five-string bass with six-string rhythm; this is a bandolin (resembling a mandolin), seven- and ten-string guitars, cava-quinho (resembling the cavity of a beer can?) and a litany of other horns and percussions.

This ensemble conjures up images of a Black Clothes and Pointy Shoes' acoustical set at the Green Dragon. Anyway, coffee drinkers and classical freaks alike will enjoy this melodious kaleidoscope Tuesday, October 9, 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall.

— Trevor Top

The Dharma Bums
Bliss
Frontier Records
Rating: A Kind Concoction

Recipe for Dharma Bums Bliss:

Mix two jiggers of The Replacements, one jigger Stiff Little Fingers and a half shot each of early vintage U2, Midnight Oil and REM. Blend well. Season with a dash of angst and a slice of humor. Spin at 33 1/3 rpm and turn it up.

and turn it up.

Mmmmm, A virtual Musicolada. Not too bitter. Definitely not too sweet. Leaves a crisp after taste.

These guys aren't afraid to belt it out even though they can't really sing. Hell, if I wanted to hear some impressive pipes I'd throw on The Mormon Tabernacle Choir or some opera. Keep the whiskey vocals coming boys. One song, "This Horse Is," has a vocal track which they must have sung through a tin can telephone and then transmitted 1,000 miles through an AM transistor radio to get the sound just right.

The consistency of Bliss is appropriately blissful. None of the songs are real dogs and most will have your toes tapping faster than the headboards at a Bangkok Bordello. The Bums may draw inspiration from others, but

their music is all their own. Words of wisdom to all the new bands mutating to life out in the Isla Vista primordial soup: the next worst thing to naming your band after a great book (a la Steppenwolf) is naming your band after a not-so-great book like Jack Kerouac's Dharma Bums. Name yourselves The Hairball Golfers, Flea Scratch Funk-O-Rama or any multitude of possibilities, but DO NOT name your band after a book.

Go buy Dharma Bums'
Bliss. Anyone trying to break
out of Plymouth Rock West,
home of the puritans, (That's
Oregon to the uninitiated'
deserves all the support we
can give 'em.

— Andrew Rice

Cop Shoot Cop Consumer Revolt Circuit Records Rating: 666-6666 Ain't a Joke

Last year Cop Shoot Cop released a three-song seven-inch single with the cover splattered with honest to golly pig's blood. Well the seven-inch smells bad when it's hot—but the music rocks in every season. Unfortunately, Vertical Records only pressed 1,000 of the blood-stained records so not too many people have yet been exposed to this band.

Very recently, New York City's own Cop Shoot Cop has issued a full-length album and it's even more impressive than their initial single.

This band dispels the modern rock myth that a group needs a six-stringed instrument. The Copy opts for a hi-end bass and a lowend bass as well as one man on samples and a percussionist who bangs anything that makes a loud noise.

I saw this band perform in New York's underground night club CBGB's and they rocked the entire audience. The live show is totally wild, incorporating large quanti-ties of tape loops, including that little girl in the ad who says, "It will hurt if I swallow," and samples of nearly any noise that will spawn a response. They also used a wide array of trash can lids and pots and pans for the drum kit. I don't believe Cop Shoot Cop will make it out West any time soon. But a couple of the members are allegedly teaming up with Clint Ruin for FOETUS's tour of the United States. They should hit Los Angeles in October.

Cop Shoot Cop's music conjures images of Hatred, Confusion and Anarchy all at once and then grinds those images in the blender of your mind. They are not and will never be inainstream, something we should all shoot for. Write Circuit Records at P.O. Box 67, Merrick, NY 11566

— Marc Brown

The Neville Brothers
Brother's Keeper
A&M Records
Rating: Throw it Back

"Straight outta Mardi Gras," cried Matty-T. "Yo! Dis here's da shit! Bust it on dude. It's the Neville Brother's new LP. Hurry up, you shhhhhmuck." I hurriedly disintegrated the CD box to get at the nugget within.

It was like waiting all year for Christmas (or Chanukah). And when it finally comes, you end up spending the day with your Uncle Desmond, his cat Fifi and dusty furballs.

How to say it? How to put into words what we were feeling? Simple: disappointed. There just weren't any "Ooops, 'scuse me ma'am — thought it was the men's room," shockers on this latest Neville creation. It wasn't lacking in talent, though. Mostly there was the standard Neville creation; jazzy-bluesy-zydecoey cool smacks. Crisp cayenne sax and rhythmic bass flow out of shadows of each tune. You know, the ever-present butter ueezing Neville cornerstone.

Obviously, these guys have been working on the mesmerizing tunes for a few decades. Unfortunately, most of the album is just that. The audio journey which was their last release ("Yellow Moon") was gooey. It innovatively ran from rap fusion ("Sister Rosa") to Dylan covers ("With God on Our Side," "Ballad of Hollace Brown").

Despite all that, this album does have a few high points. Most notably "Sons and Daughters" and it's reprise. This isn't a song, it's poetry reading in 4/4 time with just a bit of snare and bass. This rhyme is butterfinger! It'll blow the dust balls outta your sunburnt skull (and maybe even that lint cheese outta your belly button).

- Sean Anderson



INXS X Atlantic Records Rating: XXX

INXS is a band caught between wanting to be good and wanting to be a million seller pop band. This is clearly exemplified by the music on their latest release X.

As on the previous INXS albums that are currently collecting dust on my shelves, X contains a few great songs embedded among mostly mediocre ones. The first single off the album, "Suicide Blonde," invites

the first single off the album, "Suicide Blonde," invites the listener to get up off that chair and shake a little booty. The harmonica parts are spine tingling funky, and Michael Hutchence's growls appear at just the right times.

Another song that stands out is "By My Side," a richly melodic number that is reminiscent of the alluring "Shine Like it Does" from their 1985 release Listen Like Thieves.

The band once again prove themselves to be talented and inspiring musicians, but apparently only when they're in the mood to be. The rest of the album, although enjoyable, doesn't stand out as anything spectacular. However, this isn't necessarily bad. Not every album can be a classic, sometimes it's enough that it's entertaining.

— Scana Fitt

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I Like Candy

In a flurry of activity from the back of my transistorshackled Video Brain I had a Video Idea. It's time for The Video Guy to get off his seersucker-clad pooter and do something.

do something.
We're talking change the world, Video Young'ins.

On Oct. 17, Trout will be Federal Expressed in from Iraq (where he is rocking some worlds I might add), and he will sit with me, The Video Guy, in the middle of Storke Plaza, in an authentic, scale recreation of our living room and watch 25 hours of TV, for charity.

TV, for charity.
"The Video Guy," you bellow out swarthily, "What on God's Green Earth are you talking about?"

Well, let me tell you. The name of the charity is Story Teller, a day care center in Santa Barbara for homeless kids. The Video Guy, along with Trout, some Video Groupies and those wacky trucksters at CAB will be out and about taking pledges. Be looking for us and follow my new motto, "Spare a Keystone, Save a Kid."

Now, you have one more question, "What are you going to watch on the boob tube for 25 hours?"

Well, let me tell you. I thought hard and long. I've made a decision. We're going to watch Armed and Dangerous. We're going to watch Uncle Buck. We're going to watch Hot to Trot. That's right, Video Babes, we're watching 25 straight hours of John Candy, provided to us by a guy, a really great guy named Steve, who is the proprietor of %\$#*&!! Video Store in I.V., across

from Dave's Market. That's a plug, by the way, if you couldn't figure it out.

On Oct. 17, starting at 0900 hours, you are cordially invited to watch, with me, The Video Guy, The First Annual International John Candy Film Fest for Kids. If you want to help, give moolah, or just shmooz with The Video Guy, you can call me here a la Nexus, or go to the Community Affairs Board, in the UCen, where many a lovely babe or strapping hunk will help you out.

Four guys go to summer school, and hope to get laid. WOW! Now is that innovative or what?

What makes this film so special is that every, single, teenie weenie thing in it is a sexual innuendo. First they go to Beaver High, then summer school is at Coxwell Academy. One of the guys is named Hugh G. Rection. The French teacher's name is Mona Lot. I tell you, it just

doesn't stop.

They go to a bar and see the "Cheek Of The Week"



"Orange whip? Orange Whip? Three Orange Whips."

Now, all you Video chicks out there are probably thinking, "Maybe This Video Guy isn't such a bad egg. Although he is damn good looking, his sexist ways have always annoyed me, maybe now he is going to change his evil ways."

evil ways."

Well, let me tell you.

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.

Just to prove to you that despite the fact that I'm doing this nice thing I'm still as offensive as I want to be, I'm going to review Loose Screws.

We're looking at more boobs here than a Barbie Doll factory. The plot is simple.



contest, and not facial. There's a choreographed dance number called "Do The Screw," and a bonus music video at the finale.

Our boy on the backstage Casio Keyboard has it set on Rumba Beat with the keyboard on Alto Sax and, well, if it's perversion you want, Loose Screws has got the most of it. On the Beer-o-Meter, this gem gets a 9.7, repeat, a 9.5.

This is The Video Guy saying A) "Married Women are OK by me," B) "Take it when you can still get it," and D) "Do it for John Candy."

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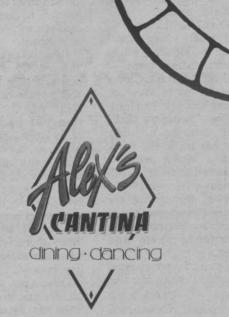
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The happy campers of Mary's Danish featuring Gretchen Seager (third from left) and Julie Ritter (to Gretchen's right) who are here today to inspire you to Rock The Vote.

Continued from cover

Astrology

Gretchen: "I'm an Aries. They're supposed to be independent, strong-willed, complex people. You know what has a great astrology reading? The back of TV Guide. To date that's the most true true astrology I've ever read. It's frightening. Sometimes I've read it and I'm like 'oh shit' 'cause it's seemed like the most true one."

Politics.

Gretchen: "The reason a lot of people are getting involved in politics in rock is because 70 percent of the people who voted last time were over 40 and I think that's a pretty scary statistic. I know for a fact that the young people are not voting and I think the reason is because of the whole conservative Reagan/Bush era and they don't feel like they can make a difference.

"I think the thing about rock, heavy metal or rap is that it's one thing people have in common. And I think this is the perfect time to kill two birds with one stone, that is, getting with the Rock The Vote campaign. It's getting the younger people ages 18 to 25 to vote. And addressing the censorship issue. And if they vote they're the ones who will vote against the censorship issue. This is the perfect time for rock to take a stand. They made Jane's Addiction do two runs of their album cover — that's insane, it's ridiculous."

That Pub.

Gretchen: "(UCSB's) campus is so great. Playing that Pub . we've played there twice and I think both times we left there saying, "That is the most fun we've ever played." The people there just cut loose!

The Live EP.

Gretchen: "We played the Ventura Theatre about a year ago and we recorded the show and thought we'd release a live EP of pretty much most of the songs off the first album plus one new one which is an instrumental. And then for fun -kinda a beefier thing - we decided we'd add (a studio version of) "Foxy Lady." It was originally going to go on our new album, but we had so many songs so we decided to throw it on the EP (which will come out this week)."

The New Album.

Gretchen: "We had so many songs but it only took us a little of the songs are about some serious things lyrically and then musically there are some pretty weird cuts on it.
"There's one song called Black and Blue' and it's kinda

Jane's Addictioney in a way. It's the longest cut on the record

— I think it's 8 minutes long and it's really spacy and bizarre
and it's depressing ... a slow song but it rocks. You know how Jane's will have a slow song and then it'll slowly build into this weird rock thing ... so it's a very diverse record. There's some slow demented twisted depressing stuff and then there's some stuff that's on the lighter side."

Ritual De Lo Habital.

Gretchen: "I love it. I can't take it off my CD player."

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Los Angeles, California.

Gretchen: "Day to day life in L.A. can be so fucking tiring and fatiguing that it can't help but influence the way you see

Top 3 Responses To Dumb Reporters Who Ask What The Name "Mary's Danish" Means.

Gretchen: "First I tell them it's a dumb question. The second thing I'd tell them is that it's a sexual reference. Is that true? Yeah, I think so. I'd walk around UCLA after a class and some guy who had come to a show would look over and say 'hey, I want a bite of Mary's Danish.' I'm like 'Oh, you do, do you?' So I guess other people think it's a sexual thing. And the third thing I tell them to be creative and think about what it means to them personally. It's stupid I don't know why people have to know these things. Can't it just be a mystery? A bizarre thing? An entity to itself?"

Being A Girl In Rock.

Gretchen: "It's hard being a girl, Ithink, in a rock situation, because I know (bassist) Wag and he meets most people in bands. So he hangs out more with people. There are so few women in rock that I don't really hang out with people because the guys, it's mostly a male orientated thing, and so guys bond together. No guy from like Jane's Addiction will ever call me and say 'Hey Gretta what are you doing?' But they call Wag, you know Wag hangs out with those guys, just cuz it's sorta a male bonding thing. I don't know if it's that they feel threatened by women in rock or they just think that women are lame or I don't know what the story is but it's so rare. Julie and I have talked about it, there are so few girls in bands that it's hard to make friends. For whatever reason it's stupid and unfortunate but girls and guys in other bands just

don't get together much."

Being A Role Model For Young Women.

Gretchen: "What's amazing to me is that I'm flattered and I think it's great cuz I know what that's like cuz I've seen the Cramps a million times and Sonic Youth and I see Ivy in the Cramps and I idolize her — I think she's totally bitchin' — I see Kim Gordon and Kim Deal from the Pixies. ... I really admire girls who can whale on the bass or sing like The Gun Club so I guess when the roles are reversed I'm kind of embarrassed I go "Ohh(tongue-tied) ah don't look at me," but I think it's good cuz girls come and they realize that there's two girls that can get up there and thrash and it's a neat thing. over a month to do all the stuff. It has really a new feel to it. It's not anything like the first record, this one was given a lot of thought, a lot of the songs are pretty serious. A lot of people consider Mary's Danish kind of 'a fun band' but I think the songs on the new record will prove that wrong because a lot of the songs are about some serious things lyrically and then musically there are some pretty weird cuts on it.

"There's one song called Black and Blue' and it's kinda." to do and totally respect yourself for having done it.' So if girls come up and go 'God, you guys are great. I really admire you for going up there and don't care if you don't look pretty if make-up is running down your face, your shorts are torn, you just get up and do it," then I think that's great because I know I admire that in women that I see."

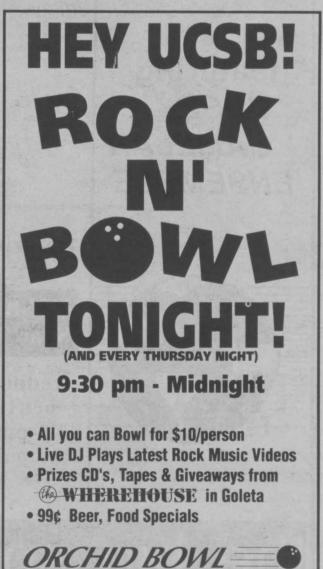




Saturday, October 6, 10:00 am - 8:00 pm Sunday, October 7, 10:00 am - 5:00 pm **Admission Free** Directions: Carpinteria is located on HWY 101, 12 miles south of Santa Barbara. From south: exit at Casitas Pass Road. From

north: exit at Linden Avenue.

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