

Martin Scorsese's *Cape Fear*: Simply Delicious.....page 6A



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For The Week of November 21, 1991



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Santa Barbara THIS WEEK Scene



The Zeros look like they might have been locked in a freezer at one point in their career.

If a newspaper is printed, but doesn't have any money, does it make a sound? Just something to ponder during the upcoming pre-Thanksgiving rush week. Oh, most of these events offer a discount for *Inside* **Wavers**.

Music:
• Locals can see what happens as Jane's Addiction gets a South African flavor when Tribe After Tribe brings its sound to The Pub Thursday, Nov. 21. Woodburning Project, an extremely promising Santa Barbara band, is the opener, so it should be a terrific musical night. Festivities begin at 8 p.m. and it's free (sorry, *Wavers*, no discount).

• Santa Barbara's Trinity Episcopal Church (quite a concert venue, you know — the Doors played there, too) will host the Fine Arts Brass Quintet and guest organist Owen Burdick. This whole music-at-the-Trinity Episcopal thing seems very close to breaking that church and state separation. The program includes the music of Bach, Gabrieli, Debussy and Gershwin. Is that Ira or George? No one's really sure. The answer will be given Friday, Nov. 22 at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$12, but only \$8 for those few students who can produce a good-looking reg card photo.

• Something to keep stored in the back of your mind

(perhaps right next to that fourth sense) is that Dramarama will be coming to the Ventura Concert Theatre on Saturday, Nov. 30. But that's not all. Opening the show will be the Zeros, who, judging from their photo, have never stopped eating Pop Rocks. They must know a cheap mortician, but the look works for them. Showtime is at 9 p.m., so you'll be missing the "Golden Girls", but hey, that Sophia chick isn't getting any cuter. Besides, tickets are only \$15.

Theater:
• Some little-known work called *The Wizard of Oz*, or maybe ... *of Oss*, or something, will be performed at the PCPA Theaterfest in some little-known town called Santa Maria. L. Frank Baum (whoever that is) wrote this so-called fantasy and now it's a musical. Well, whatever. It plays Friday, Nov. 21 through Dec. 22 (that's a long show!) and tickets range from \$17 to the low, low price of \$13.

• *Anything Goes*, a musical that takes place on an ocean liner, opens Friday, Nov. 22 at the Lobero Theatre. That's right, set your course for adventure and your mind on a new romance, because these characters are hot! And, best of all, love won't hurt anymore. Tickets cost anywhere from \$9.75 for small farm animals to \$26 for fully grown super-species. It's exciting and new. Come aboard, they're expecting you.

Finding a Direction

Students Show Talent in One-Act Plays

It's once again time for the student-directed One Act Plays at the Old Little Theater. This quarter we get two pieces, one about the aftermath of a dysfunctional family, the other about the homeless.

Reunion, written by David Mamet and directed by senior drama student Kathleen Wilson, is a melancholic but heartwarming play about rediscovering a father.

As the title implies, we are amidst a reunion between a father and daughter after a 20-year separation. Scott E. Lawrence plays Bernie, a 53-year-old recovering alcoholic who left Carol, played by Yael Prizant, when she was only four. Carol, now an adult, has called upon Bernie in his sparse little apartment.

Bernie, who has feared this meeting, awkwardly meanders through a suppressed past with ill-fitting anecdotes. A nervous Carol endures his honest but superficial parlay. Finally, the ice begins to melt, and the two divulge their emotional needs.

"We are trying to break stereotypes about the homeless."

God Bless A Child
director
Lisa Buono

Wilson's direction catches Mamet's script where emotional tension and restrained movement intercede. The acting is strong in creating that awkwardness, but Prizant, playing a woman close to her own age, has an easier time with it than Lawrence, cast as a middle-aged man.

In a slightly different genre, senior drama/psychology major Lisa Buono brings her own adaption to the boards, in *God Bless a Child*. We are now full steam into socially conscious theatre, specifically the homeless problem. Buono's intent is not merely to raise awareness, but to dispel a few misguided notions about the problem.

"We are trying to break

stereotypes about the homeless, especially that it's just about men," she said.

The act is broken into a series of narrative scenes, and follows a single mother's descent from a mildly strapped existence to complete impoverishment.

The entire cast gives solid performances, notably Wendy Gough as the lead and Julika Lackner, a sixth grader who plays her daughter. The choreography is tight, the story absorbing and the message taxes our conscience to healthy levels of discomfort.

We can, however, appease our conscience to some extent at the door, where Buono asks that you bring a canned food donation in recognition of "Give a Damn, Give a Can" week to support the homeless.

The student-directed One Act Plays begin tonight at the Old Little Theatre and run until this Sunday, Nov. 24. Admission is free, and all shows begin at 8 p.m.

—Christian Lincoln

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Living In Color

T'Keyah Keymah Draws Self-Expression in Her One-Woman Show

By Dylan Callaghan

For two seasons now, the cast of "In Living Color" — one of Fox television's most successful attempts at tickling America's funny bone — has been filling the bill in the laughter department with its no-jokes-barred brand of humor. Characters like Homey the Clown, the gutter-mouthed children's show host who likes to hit kids and say, "Homey don't play that," have found popularity among television audiences. And Fire Marshall Bob — the half-bald, pyromaniac fire marshall who always winds up torching the location of his fire-safety demonstrations — has proven to be just the type of madman couch potatoes find funny.

Thanks to this macabre collection of nuts, the largely Black cast of the show has made quite a name for itself in one of the first nationally successful Black variety shows. T'Keyah "Crystal" Keymah, one of the show's feature players, is known most for her portrayals of the inquisitive little girl "Cryssy" who wants to know why all the dolls are white, and the more brash "Shewanda Harvey," co-hostess of the animated talk show "Go on Girl!"

In addition to being one of the stars of a hit show, Keymah boasts a college degree in theatre and — surprise, surprise — business. Already the young entertainer has a book and a possible cable special on the horizon.

In her one-woman show, which will be performed in Campbell Hall Monday, Nov. 25, Keymah fuses poetry, a menagerie of dramatic characters and comedy into a totally unique self-expression. The performance will be immediately followed by a reception in the MultiCultural Center where she will be available

for questions and comments.

According to Keymah, her performance draws from such rich sources as the work of Lily Tomlin, Whoopie Goldberg and poet Maya Angelou. Those who expect the hyperactive lunacy that defines *Living Color's* humor might find Keymah's soft-spoken, articulate professionalism a bit of a surprise.

In an interview with *ENCORE*, Keymah discusses the business of being true to yourself, David Duke and her lack of Vanilla Ice albums in her distinct style of few words.

ENCORE: Is *In Living Color* the funniest thing on TV today?

Keymah: Oh, I don't know. I imagine it is, and for what it is. ... It's a sketch variety show that has no limits and, if it is the funniest thing, that's why, because it's not contained within a box. No one is exempt from it.

ENCORE: Is the show kind of a family operation?

Keymah: Oh, very much so. I don't think it can help but spill over into the performance.

ENCORE: What's it like being on that show right now?

Keymah: It's very interesting. Being with comedians all day will drive you mad, and that's what it's like. It's being in a room with comedians all day. It's funny. It's like being in a playground.

ENCORE: What is T'Keyah's idea of success?

Keymah: Accomplishing what you want without losing yourself.

ENCORE: Do you consider yourself a serious performer?

Keymah: I consider myself a serious person and I bring myself to my performance, so I guess the answer would be yes.

ENCORE: Do you own any Vanilla Ice albums?



T'Keyah "Crystal" Keymah On Vanilla Ice:

"I probably own less than 10 albums and, I dare say, he's not among them."

On her interest in politics: "I come in and out."

Keymah: No I don't.

ENCORE: Would you care to?

Keymah: No I wouldn't.

ENCORE: Why's that?

Keymah: Because, I wouldn't listen to them! ... I actually don't own many albums. I probably own less than 10 albums and, I dare say, he's not among them.

ENCORE: Do you believe in God?

Keymah: Yes. I believe in a creator. A higher energy.

ENCORE: Do you believe in George Bush?

Keymah: Do I believe in George Bush? Let's say I believe there is a George Bush.

ENCORE: Describe your sense of humor.

Keymah: Reality based.

ENCORE: Are you interested in politics?

Keymah: I come in and out.

ENCORE: If you could meet David Duke, what would you say to him?

Keymah: Nothing really. I wouldn't have anything to say to him. I don't think he's any different from a whole heck of a lot of people who would just prefer not to say what they think.

ENCORE: Do you read the cartoon strip *Peanuts*?

Keymah: Not on a regular basis, I must say.

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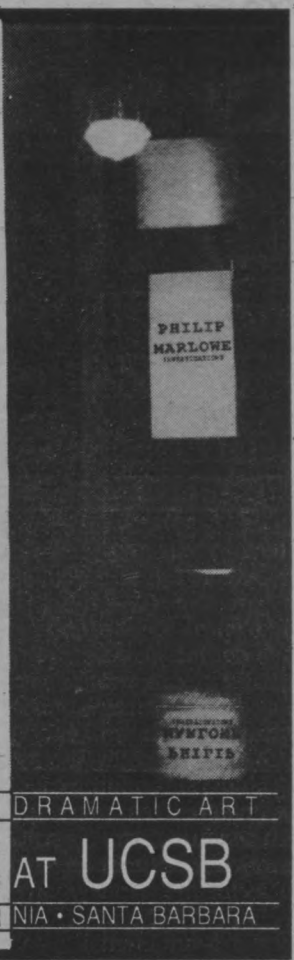
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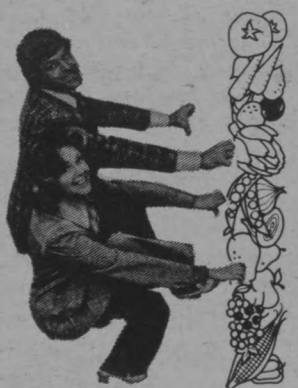
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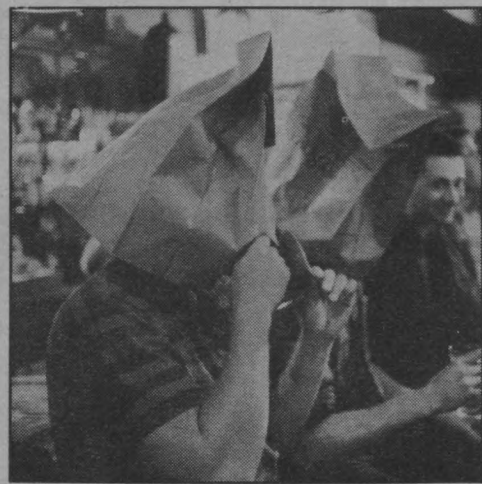
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An Inexplicable Phenomenon

Comedy Isn't Pretty, and the Actletes at Comedy Sportz Prove That It Isn't Easy, Either. But Even They Don't Know Quite How to Define It.

By Josh Elliott

As a rule, it's impossible to explain, even for those gifted enough to perform it. You can sit down with the closest and brightest of friends, and they might not still understand the concept after the simplest of explanations.

"You see, it's a comedy thing," you might begin, "but it's not stand-up. It's improv, that is, improvisational comedy, and it's a group show. There are these two teams, see, and the people are called actletes, and ..." At this point, the blank stares and glassy eyes are testament enough that *Comedy Sportz*, Santa Barbara's only consistently performing comedy troupe, has done wonders even staying in business these last six months, let alone drawing sellout crowds to its intimate late-night setting at Tony Roma's on State Street.

Explaining their work is a task that team co-founders Gary Kramer and Dave Kessler struggle with on a daily basis.

"Yikes," Kramer said, half-expecting a glazed look in return. "You can explain it for hours and they won't get it. It's something that can only be really understood if it's seen, and they still might not get it after that." When asked for his explanation, it's evident that he enjoys this question about as much as he likes carrying a ton of bricks. But, he attempts it as a labor of love.

"*Comedy Sportz* is improvisation on Astro-Turf. It's a combination of, ah, well, it's improvisational comedy performed as if it's a sporting event," he tenuously begins. "Where two teams of actletes, obviously a combination of 'actor' and 'athlete,' square off in games and scenes chosen by themselves and the audience to score points in a competition for laughs. A referee is there to keep them in line, to call fouls and penalties, to keep track of the score, to move the show along and to solicit audience suggestions and volunteers."

"But, once you get into it, it gets really, really complex."

Of course, "actletes" and referees and fouls, when talked of in terms of a night on the town, would bring, well, glazed looks from all involved. But that's nothing when you consider what the unenlightened bunch in Milwaukee eight years ago must have thought when *Comedy Sportz* performed for the first time.

Comedy Sportz was originally the brainchild of Dick Chudnow who, prior to formation of the show, was a partner with the Zucker brothers, of *Airplane!* and *Naked Gun* fame. The three were in Milwaukee, overseeing their own show, *Kentucky Fried Theater*. The Zuckers then decided they wanted to do movies, but Chudnow would not hear of it.

"The Zuckers wanted to go to California and do films," says Kramer with a laugh. "But Dick, with all his great decision-



ALAN RITARI/Daily Nexus

Comedy Sportz can be seen every Friday and Saturday at 10:00 p.m.

making and timing, said, "No, I want to do this live." So, they split off, and the Zuckers came back to Milwaukee and made *Kentucky Fried Theater*, and they used all of Dick's stuff; but they were partners, so he couldn't do anything. Then they went off and made hundreds of millions of dollars. And there's Dick, working in his father's steel factory."

Chudnow then saw Keith Johnstone, a drama professor at the University of California, who taught his students improv games as a way of teaching theater. He liked the idea so much, according to Kramer, that he decided to build a show around it, centered in Milwaukee. Thus, *Comedy Sportz* (the "z" is a Chudnow creation) was born.

The first "expansion team" came about in 1985 in Madison, Wisconsin, and involved mainly college students from the University of Wisconsin. One of these was Kramer's older brother Jeff, who then brought it to San Jose with friends. Other groups spawned in cities like Washington, D.C., Kansas City and Chicago, which has since grown to the present number of 20 teams. It was Kramer's experience in San Jose with his brother's newly formed troupe that planted the seeds of the present-day Santa Barbara team.

"I knew *Comedy Sportz* could work — it had been done for eight years," Kramer said. "We (he and Kessler) didn't know Santa Barbara, but we figured it could work here, too. We knew what it would take."

Which brought them space-hunting to Santa Barbara. They'd been here for only an hour before walking fatefully into Tony Roma's, which would be celebrating its one-year anniversary the following week.

The owner loved the idea, and wanted them the next week. Impossible, they said, but they could start in eight weeks.

For the next eight weeks, the two slept, ate and breathed this infant of a show, canvassing Westmont College, Santa Barbara City College and UCSB looking for either motivated, young improv experimenters or masochists, depending on their point of view.

"We showed them a couple videotapes, but those don't tell much of anything about the show," Kramer remembered. "So we had to convince them it would go off without a hitch, that it would be bigger than anything they'd ever done."

That, if anything, was much easier said than done. How do you explain the games to people who could only understand them through hands-on experience? How could you explain "Game-o-matic," where one team takes audience suggestions and then has only 30 seconds to create a complete and utterly entertaining game for an ever-cynical audience?

Or train established actors in the game "Forward-Reverse," where two teammates must not only create a scene's entire text, but be able to, at a moment's notice, navigate their way backward through their just-invented dialogue?

Or explain the concept of a referee, who would not only "judge" their performances, but also call penalties and fouls that would, among other things, force a performer wear a paper bag over his head if they in any way offended the ref or the audience? This is obviously not a run-of-the-mill comedy show, which seems to be its appeal.

Comedy Sportz successfully unites the

two ideas that make any audience go home happy and ready to tell a friend — audience involvement and the thrill of imminent on-stage collapse. Improv can only exist with an audience that is focused on the show, one that is willing and able to give the suggestions and responses necessary to create uniquely fascinating improv theater. The fact that the performers on stage could "bomb" at any moment is the sadistic appeal of the genre, but an appeal nonetheless.

"We're absolutely living on the edge," Kramer explained. "I mean, you're talking about a two-hour show without one prepared line when you hit the stage. That's why the audience can make or break the show. I think (the audience) appreciates the fact that what they're seeing is being created only for them right before their eyes."

Such, then, is the zen of improv. Much like a "soul surfer" and his quest for the "perfect" wave, there exists a zen uniquely fitted to the experience of improv, of spontaneous creation.

"If motorcycle mechanics can have a zen, then so can improv," Kessler said. "First, I think that there has to be 100 percent commitment to whatever you're doing on stage. You have to be completely open to any situation — in a sense, you have to dare to be stupid."

"One thing we tell our new people and remind our old ones is that, for you to completely understand what it is we're doing, you've got to be *big* about it," Kramer interrupted. "If you're going to fail, fail big, because to fail weakly is truly pathetic."

"You also have to be open to bombing on stage or a change in a scene," Kessler continued. "I think, we both think, that if improv has a zen, then it's openness and total commitment to yourself and your craft."

There they were — Gary Kramer and Dave Kessler and their ragtag bunch of improv rookies, staring at a packed, standing-room-only crowd on opening night six months ago. The two had done the show "a million times," but this was *their* show.

"I'd never seen anything like it," Kramer reflected. "I was reffing that night, and I jumped on stage to start the show, and the audience cheered for, like, 30 seconds. I blew the whistle to begin, and they just went crazy. 'Oh my God, I have to wait for them,' I thought."

"And from that point, after seeing and hearing that, it was easy. I thought, 'We're here, and we're not going anywhere.' *Comedy Sportz*, right there, I think, had arrived."

Even if they couldn't explain what it was that had arrived.

MUSIC REVIEWS

Acid House Beat Plagues U2's Latest

Achtung Baby
U2
Island Records

What's with the acid house beat? U2's latest effort, which will undoubtedly sell millions based solely on their megaband reputation, sounds like they traded in their trusty-dusty Motown albums for the flash of Manchester acts like The Stone Roses.

Achtung Baby, their first completely studio effort since 1987's enormous *Joshua Tree*, is saturated with entirely unoriginal disco/club/house/whatever you call 'em beats more at home with wanking no-talent bands like The Charlatans than in the ranks of a band like U2. Unlike *Joshua Tree*, or any other album for that matter, which is held together by good songwriting and simply glazed with production, the polished studio effects are the foundation and cluttered death of *Achtung Baby*.

The album isn't a complete failure. Noteworthy is "Acrobat," a noisy piece recalling the bewildering ethereal power of *The Unforgettable Fire* and com-



"Unlike *Joshua Tree*, ... the polished studio effects are the foundation and cluttered death of *Achtung Baby*."

plete with a screaming one-note guitar solo made famous by guitarist The Edge. "Even Better Than the Real Thing" and "Who's Gonna Ride Your Wild Horses" are also competent efforts, but the bottom line is that none of the songs on *Achtung Baby* possess the stirring power of tunes like "Surrender" or "I Still Haven't

Found What I'm Looking For."

Don't get me wrong, if I were to never again hear that familiar snare cadence and Bono's lame cry, "this song is not a rebel song," I wouldn't shed a tear. It's much better for a band to experiment and fail than to wallow in the formulaic mud of bands like the Smithereens, Bryan Adams or Heart. But U2 should be far above emulating fad bands like Jesus Jones, The Stone Roses, Ride, EMF or any of those other dung-reeking, sample-ridden, no-soul, British twits you hear bleeding through the beer-stained walls of nearly every Isla Vista apartment.

Lyrical, the album recalls U2's darker past, as Bono steps down from his oft-criticized soap box to explore and question personal emotions as he did on 1981's *October*.

In fact, it is his own lyric that says it best: "Give me one more chance/ and you'll be satisfied." In other words, don't rush to pick this one up. Buy it used or tape it from one of your nerdy friends who stayed up and bought it Monday at midnight.

—Gregory Dean Jenkins



U2 In Review:

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| Boy (1980) | The Unforgettable |
| October (1981) | Fire (1984) |
| War (1983) | Joshua Tree (1987) |
| Under a Blood | Rattle and Hum (1988) |
| Red Sky (1983) | Achtung Baby (1991) |



Real Love
Lisa Stansfield
Arista Records

There is no doubt that Lisa Stansfield has a terrific voice. Her debut single two years ago, "All Around the World," showed that she had a special way with phrasing that gave that song's chorus the melancholic edge that made it so popular.

Overlong at 63 minutes, Stansfield's second album, *Real Love*, finds the singer treading musical water.

If Stansfield has a weakness, it is her collaborators. Co-writers and producers Ian Devany and Andy Morris frame Stansfield's voice in lush '70s-style arrangements, all sweeping strings and wah-wah rhythm guitars, but she never has anything of interest to sing about.

Lyrics on *Real Love* range from the pedestrian to the trite. However, the music saves the day on a few songs. The punchy "Soul Deep," a paean to feel-good self-improvement, has an indulgent, sunny texture that is curiously reminiscent of the incidental music on the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack. The British kitchen-sink scenario of "All Woman" replaces the rest of the album's pillow talk with a little working-class drama, and Stansfield does an admirable job bringing to life lyrics that, if not patronizing, at least seem dated.

Given a good solid song, like Cole Porter's "Down in the Depths" from the recent *Red, Hot & Blue* compilation, Stansfield knows what to do. It comes as a disappointment that *Real Love*'s overwhelmingly mediocre ballads give her mature voice so little to work with. One would hate to see Stansfield become Whitney Houston.

—Ted Mills



Raise
Swervedriver
A&M Records

Did you ever get the feeling when you're listening to a new album that this might just become your new favorite band? That you could listen to it over and over forever and never get tired of it? Well, if you've never had this feeling, or if you have and want to feel it again, have I got a group for you.

Swervedriver is an English quartet from Essex. Their new album *Raise* is a compilation of their two previous EP's so it's nothing new in the UK. Over here, though, it may be just what you've been waiting for.

Swervedriver's sound differs from the rest of the music coming our way across the Atlantic. While the prevailing trend on the British scene is funk/dance/hip-hop/pop a la Happy Mondays and EMF, Swervedriver takes after a band like Ride. The central attractions of such a band are a pair of noisy guitars swimming and swooping around each other with vocals laid gently over the top. Ride, though a very good band, has a tendency towards an annoying drone. Swervedriver, however, pulls off this impressive trick perfectly. They never get old or boring.

Every track on *Raise* is memorable and beautiful. The simple/complex rhyme scheme in "Deep Seat" is subtle but pretty. The guitar on "Lead Me Where You Dare ..." seems to lift out of the speakers and float around in your head for hours. Especially interesting are "Feel So Real" and "Sandblasted," which feel like two parts of the same message, with similar lyrics but completely different and distinct melodic arrangements.

Buy this album now. This is the future of music. Don't be left behind.

—Aaron Cappocchi



Meridian
Monks of Doom
Baited Breath Productions

When the alternative-music world was rocked (OK, wobbled) by the breakup of college-radio darlings Camper Van Beethoven, no one knew what to expect.

Rising from these ashes with all eyes on them come the Monks of Doom, a wild and unpredictable band made up of Camper alumni.

The Monks are mainly a twin-guitar band, but mandolins, accordions and organs also pop up in their songs — they end up sounding like nothing you've heard before. The best description comes from the band itself — they say they're like "Captain Beefheart meets Led Zeppelin at the home of Nino Rota but everybody gets paranoid and goes home early."

Meridian, their third album, is a vivid, oddball tapestry of noise. Although it frequently suffers from a muddy production far too common among independent records, it is an album that demands attention. This is not background music — the songs are just too interesting, too distinctive and too strange to ignore.

The 15 songs on *Meridian* are all extreme in one way or another — there are no sappy love songs, no dumb rock n' roll cliches. Instead, there are warpedly titled songs like "Argentine Dilemma," with choruses sung in Spanish. "Turn It On Himself" is probably the album's best cut, with its heavy and growling guitar riffs, but check out "The Traveler" for a taste of reggae-gone-to-hell-and-back-again.

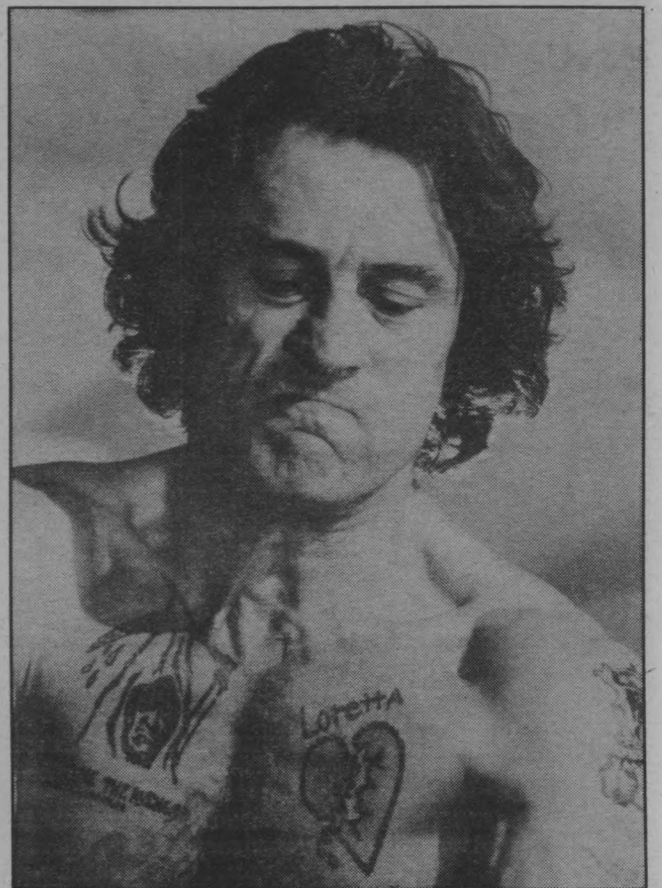
The Monks of Doom will perform at The Pub this Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8 p.m. Tickets are only \$5, with local blues act Earl opening.

—Aaron Cappocchi

Treadwater, Post-Punk, and the Monks

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(Above) *The Calm Before the Storm*: Robert De Niro (left), as Max Cady, pays a casual visit to Nick Nolte's Sam Bowden. (At left) Cady is the menacing madman who terrorizes the Bowden family.

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FILM REVIEW

Scorsese's Life Lessons

Cape Fear Director Tackles Guilt and Betrayal (Again)

Cape Fear. Starring Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, Joe Don Baker, Robert Mitchum, Gregory Peck. Edited by Thelma Schoonmaker. Screenplay by Wesley Strick. Produced by Barbara De Fina. Directed by Martin Scorsese.

Martin Scorsese may be America's greatest filmmaker, but the anointment is a mixed blessing. Now that the director has produced three decades of cinematic vibrance (*Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* in the '70s, *Raging Bull* and *The Last Temptation of Christ* in the '80s, and *GoodFellas* in the '90s), he is expected to top himself with each effort.

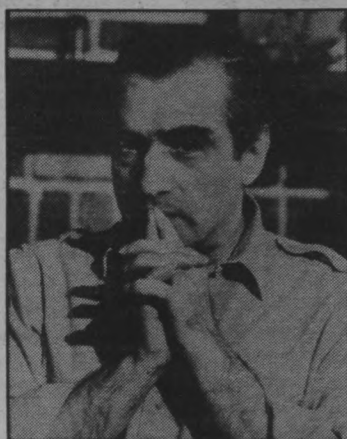
Is Scorsese concerned? His latest, a remake of the 1962 thriller *Cape Fear*, would suggest not. The man, who never met a camera angle he did not love, seems to have accepted the fact that trying to top himself would be an almost-impossible task. Others have tried, and failed. It would be foolish to waste the effort.

Instead, Scorsese is content with simply holding on to the title. *Cape Fear* does not re-establish Scorsese's importance in the way that *GoodFellas* did a year ago. The film is fine, an effective edge-of-the-seater which never relents from its accelerated pace and sharp edits. But it's no masterpiece, and it's unfair to expect one every time Scorsese gets behind a camera.

Scorsese has never had a box-office blockbuster, and the obvious comparisons his latest will draw to another 1991 thriller could give the impression that Scorsese has finally made one for the masses. But *Cape Fear* has none of the high-gloss thrills that made *Silence of the Lambs* a crowd-pleaser. There are no shrieks that turn into smiles here, just wide-open jaws which get wider as the film progresses.

The jock of this shock is Robert DeNiro, who delivers every bit of the anticipated creepiness into Max Cady, an ex-con seeking revenge on his ex-lawyer. Cady's conviction 14 years earlier might have been avoided with a bit more help from attorney Sam Bowden (Nick Nolte, looking quite thin after beefy turns in *Q&A* and *Another 48 Hours*), but that's just the tip of Nolte's guilt-laden iceberg. Cady's harassing brings Bowden's problems with his wife and daughter to the surface. Cady is not the only one Bowden may have betrayed.

This is familiar territory for Scorsese, who once saddled even Jesus Christ with equally strong doses of guilt and error. Cady's revenge gives Scorsese an opportunity to unleash jolts at a breakneck pace. His longtime editor Thelma



Martin Scorsese

Shoemaker is as much a star of the film as DeNiro or Nolte, in a role with low profile and huge payoff. The film speeds along in perfect thriller style, slowed only by the three character-advancing dialogues which prove most valuable to the piece.

DeNiro and Nolte make for interesting counterparts: Cady, whose emotions and motives are practically worn on his sleeve, and Bowden, who — even in his confessions — seems to be hiding something. All the more intriguing is that Bowden is the good guy.

But Scorsese's good guys are never clean. From *Taxi Driver*'s Travis Bickle to *GoodFellas*' Henry Hill, his protagonists always get their hands a little dirty. Bowden's climactic act of washing his hands holds more than a little symbolism. He is clean for the time being. And Scorsese, who puts his reputation at risk with every effort, has come away clean. For the time being.

—Brian Banks

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FILM REVIEW

No Place for Ski Bunnies

Miller's *Born to Ski* Soars

Warren Miller's *Born to Ski* is not for ski bunnies. The sports filmmaker's newest flick is better suited to the fearless, the daring, the death-defying and — occasionally — the very stupid. It's for anyone who wants to watch downright nutty people risk their lives on the snow-covered slopes of foreign countries, people who, for instance, ski down 75-foot runs, throw themselves off 83-degree jumps and twist gracefully, yet frantically, in the air. All this while hoping to land without more than four or five broken bones.

And that's just a small part of *Born to Ski*.

If the viewer can ignore most of Warren Miller's trademark voice-overs (which do entertain at times), they can enjoy a great deal of the movie. Miller follows his ski team to places like Breckenridge,

Colorado; Slovenia, Yugoslavia; and Rusutsu, Japan: locations that most California ski bums can only hope to ski one day.

There are the stock action clips — professional skiers slaloming perfectly down mountainsides of virgin smooth white powder. This is something that most skiers see only once or twice in their lives, and usually only because they arrived at the slopes before the snow grooming machines did.

Then, unexpectedly, we see some of these pro skiers eat it — just like they should every once in a while. No one can ski that good every day, and Miller shows that even the best can't.

"I've screwed up a lot of people's lives by putting them in my movies," he comments over footage of one skier's wipeout, "and I hope this one lives to talk about it."

Along with ski clips,



Aspen's own Tom Bowers shows some fancy footwork in Warren Miller's *Born to Ski*, screening tonight at Campbell Hall at 7 and 9 p.m.

Miller throws in some snowboarding footage (as well as rollerblading, windsurfing and bungee-jumping). From Japan, we see World Snowboard Champion Craig Kelly show off down a run filled with trees, missing every one with the ease of a pro.

Miller also adds a healthy dose of humor to the film. "If you can't afford a pair of in-line skates," he adds in a

voice-over, "just get a pair of rental skis and try our new rope-tow." (Anyone who has had to ski on a pair of dull-edged rentals will appreciate the image: two men being pulled behind a Pathfinder, on the highway, in the summer, on rental skis.)

Born to Ski delivers killer skiing, incredible resorts, and tricks and flips that will make the most experienced skier jealous. A film that

even features a hitchhiking cat in a green ski vest, it is an experience not to be missed. That is, unless you're a ski bunny.

Born to Ski begins its local run with a screening at Campbell Hall tonight at 7 and 9 p.m., before showing at the Victoria Street Theater.

—Jenn Myers

At Ventura Theatre ...

Marc Cohn, much like his early influences Joni Mitchell and Jackson Browne, has taken great strides in ensuring that he is not dismissed as "just another singer/songwriter." With his newest release, *Marc Cohn*, he establishes more than that.

Cohn has travelled quite a long road on his way to personal musical freedom, beginning in Cleveland in the '70s, listening to and worshipping the likes of Mitchell, Browne and his idol, Van Morrison. The youngest of four boys, he began his musical career singing and playing Ray Charles' "What'd I Say," and then progressed through the normal high-school-band stages to form his own group, The Supreme Court. The band specialized in reworking covers in different musical genres — one of his favorites was a Big Band rendition of the Beatles' "You Got To Hide Your Love Away" and "She's A Woman." They garnered a cult following, and Cohn suddenly found himself playing to sold-out



Marc Cohn

houses at New York's China Club. But it wasn't enough to keep him from pursuing his wish to write and produce his own music.

Cohn left the band and began writing and doing vocal demos of his songs, of which he wrote over 50 in the 18-month period after quitting The Supreme Court. He sent a demo tape to Atlantic Records, and then to other labels, but it was Atlantic that responded first and most enthusiastically.

Atlantic set him up with a number of talented

backup musicians, including guitarist John Leventhal, and the rest came swiftly.

Marc Cohn is an engaging effort from the start, with the blues/gospel ballad, "Walking In Memphis." It not only deals with the city as a physical place, but also as a spiritual safehaven, a historical monument to the musical legends (such as Elvis) it has housed. The song that made the album popular among mainstream audiences, it serves as a signature for the compilation. Other notable tracks include the touching "Silver Thunderbird," "Saving The Best For Last" and "Perfect Love," featuring a guest appearance by another of Cohn's influences, James Taylor.

But it is Cohn's balance of heartfelt lyrics and subtly fluid piano-playing that make this album one of the year's most overlooked pieces, and make Cohn an artist worth seeing in his performance Saturday night at 9 p.m. in the Ventura Theatre.

—Josh Elliott

STAGE REVIEW

UCSB's *Pearls: Quite a Gem*

Never has a better Marlowe been played by anyone, and this includes Humphrey Bogart, Dick Powell and Elliot Gould. Despite his unmuscular appearance, Jason Cottle portrays the character so well in *Pearls and Marlowe* that the audience completely forgets his physicality. Loud and arrogant at the proper points and calm and considerable at the others, he is, by far, the truest Marlowe.

The rest of the play doesn't pale in comparison. In fact, if anything, it reinforces it. The set design is absolutely brilliant. The constant change of scenes requires a fairly skeletal set, thus most of the setting is left to the imagination of the audience. In fact, the only props, other than the costumes, are a few chairs, a table on wheels and a cigarette lighter. Even the use of real cigarettes was avoided, giving an effective aesthetic to the entire performance.

The amalgamation of two Raymond Chandler stories into one play succeeds magnificently. Narrators describe the barren set using Chandler's words, evoking the cool, surreptitious feeling of his classic crime novels. It's a smart move to keep Chandler's description, one of the best parts of his stories. This, in addition to the very witty dialogue, makes *Pearls and Marlowe* one of the best adaptations of Chandler's work to a popular medium we have yet seen.

Pearls and Marlowe plays Thursday and Friday at 8 p.m. and Saturday at 2 and 8 p.m. Call 893-3535 for information.

—Bill Mathieson

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