

Arts Week

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the *Daily Nexus*. For the Week of June 23-29, 1993

Places To Go

•Along with the hustle and bustle of a new quarter the campus and nearby communities are offering a plethora of showings, screenings and other spectacles for the summer scholar. First of all, there is a continuing exhibition of paintings at the CCS gallery featuring eco-aware pieces by art students.

•**Wednesday.** While the Tin Idols will be performing downtown at Toe's Tavern, Toto and Rick Reeves will play at the nearby Ventura Theater.

•**Thursday.** For some exceptional jazz catch the Larry Karush Quartet at the Center Stage Theater, Santa Barbara, at 8 pm. Also, photographer Dodie Thompson will lecture on "Seeing Straight the f/64 Revolution in Photography" at the SB Museum of Art, where a photo exhibit is showcased as well.

•**Friday.** Tonight's a good time to see some live music. A Swedish gospel choir, the Joybells, will sing away at the First United Methodist Church, at 7 pm. Spencer the Gardener will play at Toe's Tavern; The Blocks, an acoustic duo, at the Green Dragon art cafe; and Liz Larin will dazzle at the Beach Shack at 9 pm.

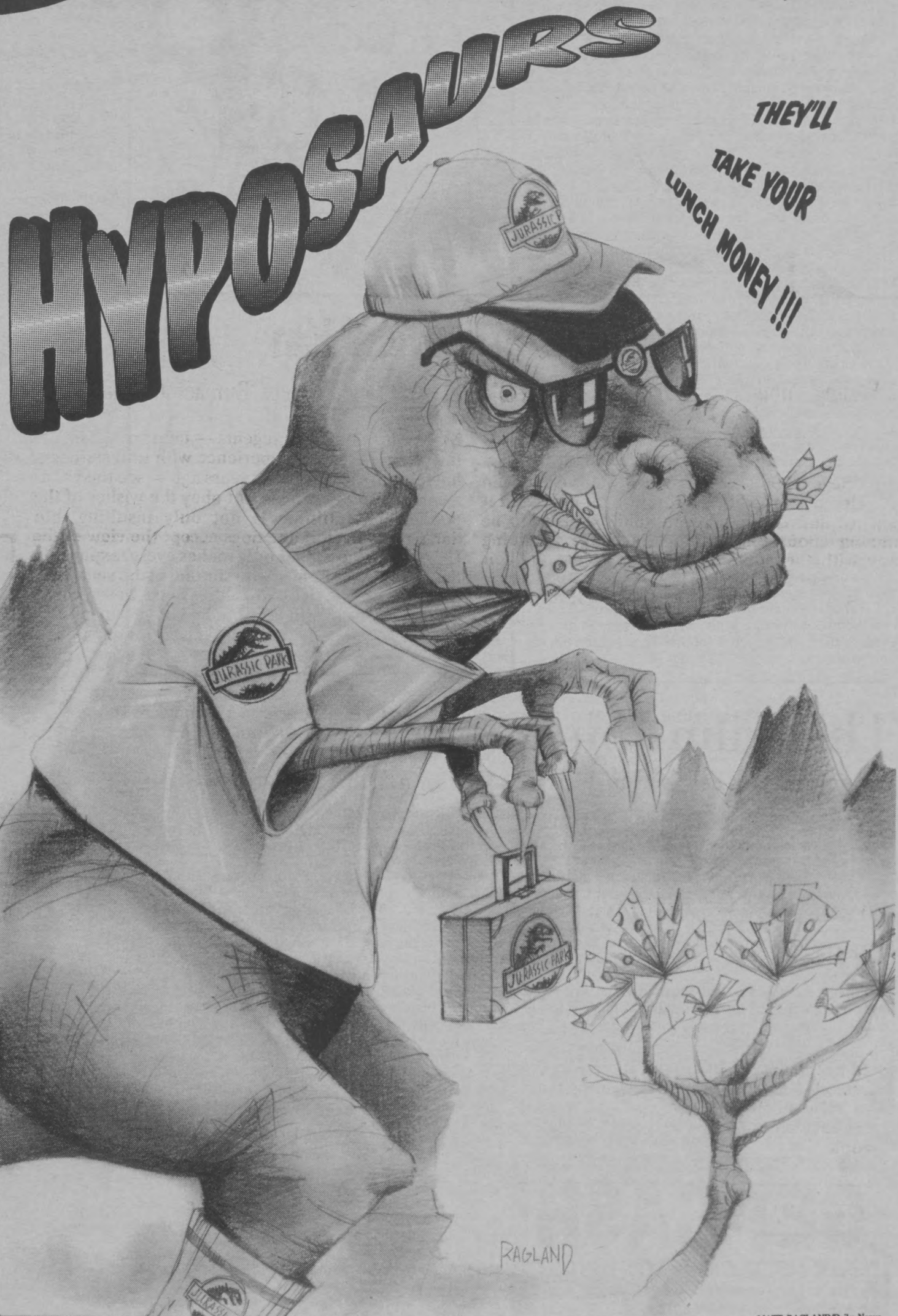
•**Saturday.** A comprehensive exhibit of more than 140 works by photojournalist Werner Bischof opens at the SB Museum of Art. This exhibit will continue through September 5. (Remember that Tuesdays are always free at the museum, as well as the first Sunday of every month.)

•**Sunday.** The Oscar award-winning film "Howard's End" will be showing in UCSB's Campbell Hall at 8 pm. This is the first of ten fine movies Arts and Lectures is presenting in its summer film line-up. The series will include both recent gems and premieres of newer films.

•**Monday.** The Circus has arrived! Tonight Circus Vargas will open at 7:30 pm at the Earl Warren showgrounds, under its new big-top tent. Mention you are a UCSB student and receive a discount.

•**Tuesday.** At the idyllic Music Academy of the West, in Montecito, some summer concerts will feature the works of Barber, Bottesini, Brahms and Rachmaninoff.

•To get your event listed send us your press release or call the Daily Nexus at 893-2691.
-Martin Boer



Hollywood has some pretty powerful tools. Numbing, indeed. Money Wrenches and

Dollardrivers: equivalents to a dentist's Novocaine — just pump a little fuzzy stuff in there and they won't feel a thing. From somewhere out in hyperspace they seep into our heads, operating without invitation, directing our wanton hands into our pockets, and then into theirs. •Hype. This is going to be **BIG!!!**

By Morgan Freeman and Valeska Ramet

MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexus

please see HYPE, p. 3A

Film Reviews

Sly Tames Rex In The Ring

Don't Think. Just Watch, This Film's Quite A Nice Ride

First off, don't go to *Jurassic Park* expecting to see something resembling a profound statement on the human, or even biotic, experience. That's like attempting to aesthetically evaluate wallpaper — it can be done, but with what purpose would someone attempt it?

On the other hand, if you are willing to shell out \$3.50 to \$7.50 for an opulent visual escape — and many people have done just that — this is the movie for you. Yes, the dinosaurs are realistic, frighteningly so. Yes, the locations are fabulous, with aerial shots that are breathtaking. Yes, the plot is coherent enough to not require much participative thought — which is a good thing, since viewers should only expend so much thought on this flick as they would on, say, a real cool cloud formation.

It would be foolish to do more, unless you either: a) haven't yet succumbed to dinosaur fever and want to learn more about ancient beasts; b) want to know more about the visual effects technology sunk into this *Jaws x 10 Minus About 65 Million Years*; c) decide you want to go to Costa Rica, where the action is set; or d) wonder why dinosaurs aren't cute like your best friend Barney, the only love you will ever know.

The acting is pretty good. As the antihero, T. Rex, an unknown newcomer, demonstrates the consuming passion and brute thuggery of Marlon Brando's Stanley Kowalski. The trio of villainous velociraptors are played with a gleeful hissing nastiness that makes you believe these characters were really born to kill, although you know these guys probably never heard of Stanislavsky.

Nevertheless, it should be kept in mind before buying your ticket that more than *Jurassic Park* is an action/adventure/thriller movie, more than it is a dinomatronic fantasy, it is a Steven Spielberg film (and we know what that means). If you allow yourself to go along for the ride, which you should do if you plan to enjoy *Jurassic Park*, you'll find the occasional schmaltz no more than an annoying interruption to an otherwise fine ride, like one taken in a 1976 Toyota Landcruiser over a series of rough boulders floating on chocolate milk.

If you pay close attention, however, you can identify in part of the uneasiness you feel, the sense of being manipulated — a kind of manipulation usually felt by lonely people being clumsily seduced: You feel good, but kind of insulted that somebody feels it necessary to push your buttons long after you've demonstrated your willingness to comply.

This doesn't mean you can't have a good time if you want to. In general, people who say they didn't like it either shouldn't have seen it in the first place or didn't allow themselves to like it because they wanted an epic equal to the hype, which is foolish. Hey, lighten up, it's only a movie.

—William Toren



The Sly Comes Back Stronger This Time Around

If the standard summer movie fare are supposed to be escapist crowd-pleasers, then *Cliffhanger* certainly fits the bill. Fast-paced without being frenzied, and simplistic without being stupid, the film is a terrific way to launch the annual two-month period which Hollywood devotes to mind-numbers.

In his umpteenth attempt at a comeback vehicle, Sylvester Stallone stars as a Colorado mountain rescue expert forced to confront the demons of his own past as he makes his way up, down and through the Rocky cliffs. Sound heavy? Don't worry. Fortunately, the script is packed with enough random violence and monosyllabic muttering that this film will never be confused with *Howard's End*.

That isn't to say it won't be confused with *Die Hard*. *Cliffhanger* boasts the much-imitated, rarely improved, terrorist on a (fill in the blank) premise. This time the blank is filled by John Lithgow and his team of villains who have crash-landed in the mountains with \$100 million somewhere in the terrain.

Stallone, who plays probably the strongest man ever to be named Gabe, and his colleagues — the overhyped Janine Turner and the undervalued Michael Rooker — are the mountain climbing veterans who stand between the bad guys and the loot. The acting isn't that impressive, with Lithgow taking on some form of an English accent for no other reason than to prove that the main villain can never be American in these types of movies. Rooker, most famous for small roles in big movies like *Days of Thunder* and *JFK*, is *Cliffhanger's* best acting asset.

But all performers take a back seat to the real star of the film — the setting. Director Renny Harlin magnificently captures the beauty and depth of the Italian alps (which stand in for the Colorado mountains), and with a team of rock-climbing stunt men — and some shots in which Stallone, *et al.*, are actually up thousands of feet — creates genuine excitement simply by letting the action do the storytelling. From a gripping opening sequence on a ledge 4,000 feet above ground to a harrowing midair exchange of passengers between two airplanes, *Cliffhanger's* thrills are relentless.

Harlin is in familiar territory. After all, he solidified the profitability of this genre with *Die Hard 2*. He follows his own formula here and has another winner. The film only lags when the mountain is not grabbing screen time, so Harlin will win no praise for his development of human issues. But the man knows how to direct action sequences, and summer movie audiences aren't supposed to ask for much more.

—Brian Banks

This Film Journal Is For Real

Reel Writings By Students of Cinema Prove Entertaining

by Tony Pierce

Common people, let's face it: Most interdepartmental publications suck. Either they're gussied-up newsletters proclaiming that "Elizabeth Jenkins in the Sociology Dept. received a Fullbright Scholarship on the same day she delivered twins!" or they're a means for associate professors to publish their quarterly "discoveries" and all of their friends can pretend they devoured the journal with much interest.

Actually, the problem with most anything written by anyone claiming to be the slightest bit "educated" is that they feel compelled to prove to the reader how many big words they actually know.

College students are really our only saviors, but you'd never know from their writings, which echo not only the style of their uninspired, burnt professors, but the substance of their roommates' Cliffs' Notes.

Hell, there's punk rock and gangsters in the top-10, little kids dressing funky-fresh with those way-baggy

green and orange clothes. But when you read the thoughts of their brothers and sisters away in college, you'll think everyone over 18 grew up in the Cleaver family.

This leads us to the latest edition of *Focus*, the UCSB Film Studies Dept. student publication. Although film studies majors will probably get the most out of this 64-page book-like journal, as a non-FS major I can honestly say that the journal has something for everyone. Let me digress on two of the articles I found most enjoyable.

The first is a diary-style narrative chronicling the much ballyhooed UCSB film studies course that focused on the world of pornographic films. "Diary of a Porn Class" by Valeska Ramet is a wonderfully honest, insightful and funny look at being a student in such a unique course.

Even though Ramet gets caught at times throwing around film lingo and directors that most lay readers (like me) won't know, her thoughts are clear and concise. It's nice how seriously she tries to ponder "Who watches porn? Why? When?"

In fact her article was so interesting — or was it the subject matter — that I barely noticed the black and white pictures sprinkled throughout of a woman giving a blow job or two men fondling each other.

Once I did realize the presence of these photos I admired the two Contances (Penley, the faculty advisor, and Atwill, the editor) for including them as they not only belonged but pushed the envelope that should be pushed in every student publication. *Kudos Contances!*

The other article that interested me most was "The Cinematic Sides of the City of Lights" — an informative look at film in Paris by Morgan Freeman.

Even though the picture of Freeman makes him look like Crispin Glover, the picture he paints of Paris is that it's a town that "treats films as films, regardless of who made them, placing independents on the same level as the biggies. Even the advertisements are the same size."

Freeman nicely praises Paris without hyping it too much and does what reporters are supposed to do: tell people in one place what it's like in another place.

He does this especially well when he describes the unusual experimental film scene in France and what it's like



These are some of the images Valeska Ramet describes in her article "Diary of a Porn Class", included in *Focus Magazine*.

to go to a theatre in Paris where the concessions come to the seated patrons via vendors "much like at a sporting event, although they don't shout."

While neither the editing nor the typeset is tight, these bring much needed liveliness to a publication written by people who are used to expressing themselves in different ways.

This publication does not suck though, thankfully. If anything it tells us stories about what it's like to watch films all over the world. It gives an idea of what making films is all about, and it shows us that all is not drab and dull in the world. And that's something to focus on.

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HYPE: BE A PART OF MOTION PICTURE HISTORY!

Continued from p.1A

Mind control? Hyp(e)nosis? Some might say it. Point: They can make us do what they want, even if we are on to them. They have the technology. Hype covers all the bases. Whether you buy it or see straight through it, You Will Go See *Jurassic Park*. We mean, "This is a movie times 10."

Buying it is unconscious. You went. Hype worked. It won, you lost. Game over. You don't even think about your robotic tendencies and may never. Even if you smell hype's fetid stench, you still lose. You wanna see the process, you wanna see the mensa at work, you wanna see them kick down their buckaroos, and you wanna laugh, not along, but at them.

At the same time, you don't want to miss the movie of the decade, the movie that everyone has talked about for years and will talk about for those to come. The truth is, we are all sitting in the same theatres, and we all coughed

"ASTONISHING, EXHILARATING AND FANTASTIC.

This is a movie times 10."

-Tom Shales, WASHINGTON POST

up the same configuration of green. The real laughing emulates from the other side where the Toolmakers lurk — the mutant-hypal breeding grounds. In the end, we all buy it. Hype is the fact that *They* know that.

Hype is pretty hip. We're talking powerful tools. Invisible tools. No wires, no volts, no steel. Still, the world's largest bulldozer is no match for a hypertool.

Why, in 10 short days, has *Jurassic Park* managed to take us for 120 million fish? \$12 million a day is big money. Powerful tools. What made us say, "I'll buy that," before a single review even hit the stands and then continue to kick down even when they sucked. Powerful tools, huh? No bulldozer makes that much.

Jurassic Park could have been as bad as it is and the story would remain the same. Quality plays no part in hype. That's not the question. The question is, is this the work of a filmmaker or a hypemaker? Or are both one and the same in the hypeage? Backed by a flashy team of hypesters, it would seem in the '90s that one could chuck artistic intentions out the window — along with family values and UC funding.

Spielberg put dinosaurs in a movie. Real dinosaurs.

Real dinosaurs that like to eat little kids and their families. Thus, we cough up seven donuts (not including 20 more for popcorn, Good 'N' Plenties, and a large Coke that won't fit in the medium size, armchair cup-holder) for a tragi-comed-docu-fanta-horr-family flick that speaks for itself as a sign of the times, luring us towards a space-wagon speeding into the future.

Dinosaurs, Hyposaurus.

What are the many components of hype? Advertising, consumerism, marketing, fascism, exploitation ... all leading to political correctness. And everyone knows it's COOL to be PC. And speaking of PC, even if it doesn't play a role in *Jurassic Park*, it does in hype.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSAL MEETING ROOM

Several green-eyed big-shots are huddled around an ivory table. Sipping soothing Stologies, SMITHSON, suddenly struck by a stellar sensation, stands to speak.

SMITHSON

Hey, what if we promoted the film as PC! They'd buy it, right?

Heads snap in his direction. Smithson is on to something

SMITHSON

And if we tack on a happy ending, they might walk straight out of the theaters and into a local toy store to buy the action figures and *Jurassic Park* jeeps!

FADE OUT

Moral: Smithson gets promoted.

Question: Are good concepts in bad hands still good concepts?

Paraphernalia is hype. Now available at a store near you is a line of *Jurassic Park* products: cups, shirts, lunch boxes, action figures, complete with a T. Rex with a removable fleshy chunk that reveals a gaping, bloody wound, and a man whose arm tears off with a swift tug.

Batteries Not Included (one of his best).

Think back. This is nothing new. Remember Luke Skywalker in his convertible Land Speeder successfully selling action figures door to door? The old-fashioned way.

So what do you call a kid sporting a T-shirt featuring a carnivorous T. Rex that dreams of severing human jugulars? Some hero. What ever happened to good old Superman or Wonder Woman? Or even Captain America?

But maybe this isn't about heroes. Maybe it's about control. Is this kid containing the monster in a Beefy-T cotton cage? Perhaps these youngsters are wearing on their backs the only way out of a space-wagon tail-spinning into technological chaos.

With this in mind, set aside your rose-colored vintage shades and see just how big a dinosaur dropping can be. A beveled window has opened in the iron fortress of Hollywood, and with a little effort we can see what really churns beyond the Silver Screen: We can question the motives of promoters. "What have you done for me lately?"

"TERRIFIC AND EXCITING. WOW, WHAT A RIDE!

This is some of the most inventive filmmaking ever. It's great Spielberg!"

-Joel Siegel, GOOD MORNING AMERICA

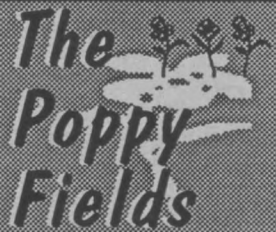
In an ever-growing world of great hype makers, where films are successful before they are screened, great film makers are slipping into a techno-abyss, where a mediocre performance by a computer-generated velociraptor warrants more applause than any topnotch performance by any living being.


And even with such atrocious acting as in *Jurassic Park*, these dinosaurs can glue you to your seats — they can numb. The performers in *Jurassic Park* are mere props, filler, and could have simply been left out.

Is the future of cinema calling for all living beings to work behind the camera, where they can engineer make-believe entertainers who wipe out our desire for true acting?

But we digress. When it all boils down, this piece is no more than another form of hype. And if it succeeds in doing anything, it will probably tuck a couple more 10-spots in the back pocket of Spielberg's designer jeans.

From Gigs To Vinyl, Music In The Bay Area Remains Alive And Well



By 
Kevin Carhart

I saw a concert on Saturday that was different than just about anything I'd seen before. Three bands — the Dambuilders, Small Factory and Fudge — played at Bottom of the Hill in San Francisco. Fudge has an album out on Caroline records, while the other two have had smaller releases on East Coast labels.

It was simultaneously like a larger concert and like seeing a local band. There was lots of shouting, joking and communicating with people in the audience who knew them; this was one of the things about the show which reminded me of seeing the late, great Milgram's Pilgrims in I.V.

These were some awesome bands to see in such an intimate setting, and it would have been a great deal even if it hadn't been just a measly five bucks to get in!

The Dambuilders opened the show. They're usually pretty noisy — you could call them a punk band — and lead singer Dave Derby was red-faced from singing so hard. Joan Wasser added some great, innovative violin, which ranged from furiously scraping the bow back and forth, to some shining, beautiful moments on songs like

their single "Smell."

"The Dambuilders are writing 50 songs for the 50 states," Dave said, and they played their first one, "Idaho." Sounds like an inspired idea to me! It was a really great set, even if it was loud enough to throw me off my balance a couple of times.

Of the three groups, I was looking forward to seeing Small Factory the most. Coming out of Rhode Island, they have to be one of the sunniest and happiest bands I've ever heard. Their 7" single on Slumberland Records has been a sing-along anthem ever since I first heard it — especially the first track, "What to Want." They had a track on one of the best albums of 1992, the SpinART Records compilation "One Last Kiss," which I listened to all day, every day for months last summer.

Their set was fantastic. Lead singer Alex Kemp is like a big, lanky kid, and the combination of his acoustic strum, David Auchenbach's electric guitar, Phoebe Summersquash's fast drumming and lighthearted vocals by the trio had the audience hopping up and down. They definitely get across a youthful persona, singing on their first single, "Suggestions," about not wanting to grow up. And on "What To Want," Alex sings, "Sometimes I'm a child, and I don't know what I want ... Sometimes I'm a grown up boy..."

The audience was also pretty happy when they sang a cover version of Lois Maffeo's song, "Valentine." The song appeared on her full-length album *Butterfly Kiss*, recently released on K records. Before recording as Lois, she released three excellent singles with Pat Maley, as Courtney Love the band, (totally different than Courtney Love from Hole).

While the Dambuilders were just about perfect, and Small Factory was over way too fast, Richmond, Va.'s Fudge kind of dragged their set out, maybe because they didn't have to leave time for the others. And while their album is full of slow, memorable pop songs, they did new songs on stage that were about as different as you could get.

They began with the new song "Patty Heart Machine Gun," which was a very noisy screech jam. They only did a few tracks from their album, like the mellow "Wayside." Most of the show was more like "Fudge Jams Onstage."

"This is the show we wanted to have in Omaha, Nebraska," one of the band members said. "Where were you guys then?" he asked the audience, then broke into what seemed like an impromptu song, "I Hate Omaha, Nebraska!"

It was hard to tell it from their live show, but the Fudge album has dreamy songs that are sometimes fixated on the popular culture of a certain generation. "Jr. High Blur," "Oreo Dust," "Peanut Butter," "Mystery Machine" and "Pez" fill my head with imagery very effectively — maybe the band is drawing on a collective un-

See SHOW, p.4A

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Music Reviewed

Summer's Sounding Fairly Decent

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones
Don't Know How To Party
Mercury

☆☆

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones' latest release is a depressing failure, if we use their last two records as a benchmark. Falling away from their crossover ska experiments on *Devil's Night Out* and *More Noise & Other Disturbances*, the Bosstones have given over to the de-



cadent trend which has ruined countless punk bands in the past decade — metal. Although they've always had a metal influence, it has always been balanced against frantic ska beats, wailing horns and irreverent punk vocals. This record's overriding feeling is one of weight. Whether it comes from Dicky Barrett trying to *sing*, the oppressive metal guitar parts, or the spick-and-span recording of Mercury records, they are putting out rock anthems now.

At least if the Bosstones are going to be a rock band they will be one with horns. Dennis Brockenborough, Kevin Lenear and Tim Burton are the greatest part about this band and one of the few redeeming qualities of this record. In some of the better moments they hint at the energy the Bosstones used to have. Unfortunately, *Don't Know How To Party* is much more guitar-centered than any of the others.

The Bosstones were an exciting and innovative band. Now they have gotten tired and started to devolve. Even the lyrics to one of the best songs "Almost Anything Goes" suggest this: "It's 4:30 in the morn'— I'm tattered, tired and torn. Trying to keep up the pace, this ain't my home, this ain't my place. The candle keeps on burning — at this point there's no returning... I wanna wake up in a city that likes to go to bed. Where they know what time of day it is but I'm stuck here instead."

Maybe they do need to go back to Boston, away from New York's huge record industry and back to their original label.

—Chris Dunlap

Cranes
forever
BMG Music

☆☆☆

My friend once told me about a dream she had about a little boy and his buddy, the talking yak, that could have been a movie off the Disney lots. It started off with the camera spanning across supple, green pastures — much like the beginning of *Sound of Music*. But instead of Julie Andrews spinning herself dizzy on the top of a hill, there appeared Jeremy the Boy and Hobart the Talking Yak frolicking through the grass.

As the story went, Hobart was a large, unwieldy animal who tropped through the forest and destroyed the homes of the little forest animals. I always imagined he possessed the same mannerisms and personality as Alfred Hitchcock. Except Hobart walked on four legs and wasn't bald. And frightened small creatures in the forest. And didn't have a British accent.

Anyway, Jeremy, the child with the cherubic face, also



lived in the forest and spoke the language of the animals. It turned out that Jeremy's little friends thought Hobart was an evil yak, and they had a big problem with his habit of stampeding through the forest and destroying their homes.

It turned out that Hobart wasn't an evil yak after all! He was just a clumsy oaf who ran into a lot of things, like animal homes. "I like the creatures and don't mean to destroy their homes," Hobart explained to Jeremy, the boy with the cherubic face.

Feeling compassion for the poor yak, Jeremy, the boy with the cherubic face, gave Hobart lessons in grace and proper posture. After that, Hobart was able to elegantly glide through the forest without destroying the homes of the animals. He made friends too because he was no longer smashing them under his hooves.

Anyway, if Disney did make a movie out of my friend's dream, the soundtrack would sound a lot like the *Cranes' Forever*.

—Anita Miralle

Trends Of Culture
Trendz...
Mad Sounds

☆☆

To understand the importance of the rap/hip-hop band Trends of Culture, one merely needs to read their name. *Trendz...*, their first release on the Mad Sounds label, shows off an array of influences that combine in harmonious perfection.

Rooted in the Harlem experience, the album combines R&B, jazz, pop, rap and hip-hop with an underground spirit. This fusion is so complete that it is difficult to distinguish much more than rap and hip-hop. Solid, monotonous drum beats are looped through the various tracks to give the record the musical backbone it needs. Breaking new ground, the band samples the likes of Ste-



vie Wonder as well as the Eddie Harris rendition of "On a Clear Day."

Touching on all the themes that make up a great rap/hip-hop group, Trends of Culture runs the gamut of social issues. In "Valley of the Skinz," contemporary issues of racism are juxtaposed with religious images. Nastee, one of the group's outspoken members says, "We want to use the opportunity to tell the kids to keep away from the drugs and stay in school."

The record is chock-full of examples of this educated perspective. Positive role models for young men are given in the song "Let the Big Boyz Play" with lyrics that claim, "I keep on flowing not fearing no man, I hack and slash boom bash wack trash like Conan."

Intellectual issues are not the only ones tackled by Trends of Culture. The group's mature sexuality and street savvy can be seen in lyrics like: "Nastee's the name, and yes, I eat the motherfuckin' cat." The group's ability to segue from subtle sexual innuendo to poignant social commentary without ever sounding sexually retarded or politically naive is uncanny.

This release is possibly of grave importance.

—Duane Bing

Quite The Quartet

The acclaimed pianist Larry Karush and his quartet will perform a rare concert at Center Stage Theater for local jazz enthusiasts Thursday titled "New Music for Jazz Trio and Percussion." Because Karush is widely recognized as one of the most talented jazz composers and improvisers on the West Coast, this show will undoubtedly strike a pleasant chord with all those who attend.

The latest album of the Larry Karush Quartet, *Mokave* has been widely lauded. While the *Village Voice* deems the musicians "exciting," the Santa Barbara *Independent's* Josef Woodward warmly suggests the four make us feel "well out of harm's way."

This will be the quartet's first reunion after a two-year hiatus. From Carnegie Hall to the Santa Barbara Museum of Art Karush has performed jazz, world music and new music with many of today's most notable innovators. Besides Karush on the piano, the foursome consists of Randy Tico on the bass, Tom Lackner on drums and Junior Homrich on the Brazilian

percussion.

The program spans the breadth of Karush's interest: It includes three new original compositions "Solar Cells," an adaptation of Miles Davis' "Solar"; "Men in the Maze," a tune with Afro-Cuban rhythms in a Hopi-inspired structure; and "Keep a-Knockin'," a combination of folk, ragtime and gospel.

Two jazz standards will also be performed: "Whisper Not" by Benny Golson and "I Love You" by Cole Porter. Some pieces by contemporary jazz composers include "I Remember Me" by Jan Hammer, "Parable" by John Abercrombie and "Leather Cats" by Glen Moore.

So whether jazz is your first love or you've listened to Thelonious on occasion, Karush will do you right. And isn't that what music should do?

The Karush Quartet will be performing at Center Stage Theater in Paseo Nuevo on Thursday, June 24, at 8 p.m. There are student discounts.

—Martin Boer

Show

Continued from p.1
conscious of early 20-year-olds who watched "Scooby Doo" on TV in 1984?

VINYL'S NOT DEAD

I got to see a few people at this show, including former KCSB personality Kevin Boyd, and Mike, the head of Slumberland records. Along with K, SpinART, Simple Machines and others, Slumberland has been one of the driving forces of an underground revival of the 7" single (formerly known as the "45"). I asked him what the source is for his devotion to the record, when a large portion of the world seems to have given up on it.

It's a matter of principle, Mike said, to continue to give the consumer a choice, while someone buying the new Eric Clapton, for instance, can only get a CD or a cassette. It hasn't been easy economically. Mike described losing money on Slumberland as a given — he "loses the most money on the fewest records," he said jokingly. And K records,

out of Olympia, Wash., which has been one of the mainstays of the movement, is phasing out vinyl, he said.

Still, for the moment, there's no shortage of great stuff in this medium. Small Factory has so far released just 7" singles on Slumberland and Collision Time. The Dambuilders released a recent single on Pop Narcotic before their new SpinART material. And Fudge had a 7" single on Bus Stop before their album.

Slumberland's most famous offspring at the moment are Velocity Girl, who recently signed to Sub Pop, home of popular grunge such as the huge commercial success Nirvana. While they seem to be on their way to greater fame, they were part of Slumberland's staple of excellent, relatively little-known bands just a year ago. Velocity Girl and Small Factory have Slumberland singles in their past, along with the likes of the Lilys, Honeybunch, Black Tambourine, Loreli, Whorl, Jane Pow and the Swirlies, who have gone on to release CDs on Taang! records.

Pop Narcotic is a small Boston label run by one

guy, Bill Peregoy. Bill is a regular presence on a rapidly growing electronic mail network accessed by modem, an indication that this is one of the ways that small record labels and their bands' listeners hook up. I told one of the leaders of SpinART records that I'd only heard of the "One Last Kiss" compilation because of the network, and he remarked that "electronic mail saved our life," creating mail orders that wouldn't have happened otherwise.

Aside from the Fudge single, the Bus Stop releases that I've seen have been music by Charlie Dold and the wonderful English band the Dentists. Bus Stop is run out of a Champaign, Ill., record store and mail order firm Parasol. This seems to be another method of getting the word out, as little labels double as mail order outfits, carrying and publicizing the others while they sign bands of their own.

I don't know if the medium will survive in its new, underground context, but there's certainly an abundance of talented and creative bands getting their music out this way.

A r t s W e e k

Contributors: Brian Banks, Duane Bing, Kevin Carhart, Chris Dunlap, Rusty Gantt, Anita Miralle, Tony Pierce, Matt Ragland, Valeska Ramet, William Toren

Assistant Editor: Morgan Freeman

Editor: Martin Boer

Some people like to spread rumours that Rush Limbaugh owns Snapple®, while others worry about the effects of a not so satisfactory midterm score on their tumbling GPA. We just write.

If you write too, and like arts, find Martin or Morgan and inhale the Artsweek mystique. Ooh that sweet fume does tantalize.