

ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of April 28-May 4, 1994



Tish Hinojosa talks with Ed Acevedo about music and culture, page 4A.



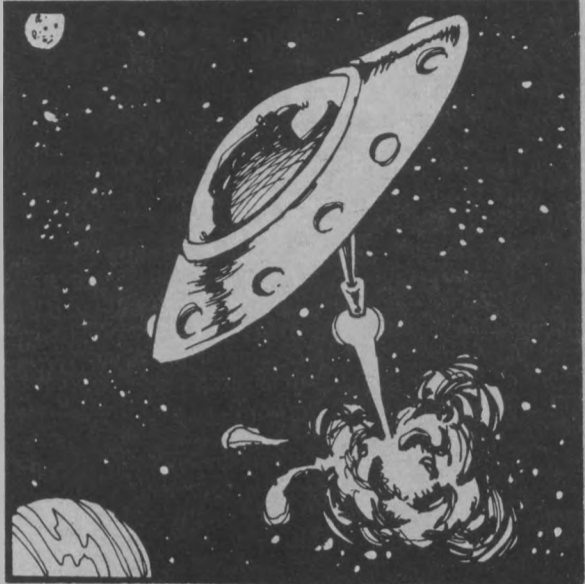
Flying Saucer Attack
Flying Saucer Attack
VHF Records

Flying Saucer Attack's eponymous debut is, for the most part, 50 minutes of beautiful drone-rock. The music, deemed "rural psychedelia" by members of the group, creates the effect of lying directly under a slow-motion sonic waterfall. It will either encourage your synapses to quit their day jobs and head for the coast, or bore you to tears after the first 20 seconds.

Drony music is like that — it generally lacks dynamics, intelligible lyrics, guitar solos and other signs of conventional appeal. Many people find it as exciting as watching a chess match. And yet, in the tradition of the Space-men 3, Spiritualized and other offshoot bands, FSA takes you *further* — it rides you out into space on a solar flare and trusts you to wander home safely on your own. No wonder the group proclaims itself "The Best New Band on Mars."

The production is similar to that of the Jesus and Mary Chain's *Psychocandy*: rough, loud and to the point. This album, on the tiny VHF label, conjures up the image of drug-soaked teenage boys discovering the beauty of a sustained note in their

ABDUCTED BY THE MUSIC



MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexus

mum's basement. For some of the songs, however, this is tempered by the use of clarinet and horns, *a la* the Boo Radleys.

Outstanding tracks include the instrumentals "Moonset" and "Popol Vuh 1." On "Moonset," FSA sounds like the Chain sitting in on a free jazz session while a kid on bongos lurks in the back, slapping out nervous tribal rhythms. "Popol" is a tune that provides a slow and lovely experience, like watching ancient stained glass windows drip.

"Wish," previously released as a single in England, incorporates delicate melody changes and snippets of white noise that subtly overwhelm. Listen-

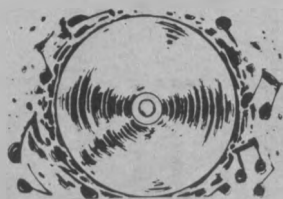
ing to "Wish" at full volume is akin to looking at a color field painting and feeling your eyes begin to bleed.

FSA is not just another drone-psych band, however. Amidst the feedback, there is an outstanding song, "The Season is Ours," which is closer to a '60s folk ballad than even the drug-rock of the period, and a humorous, heavily distorted version of Suede's "The Drowners"

There is an even mix of panoramic instrumentals and songs invaded by whispery vocals to please even the most jaded shoe-gazer

VHF Records can be reached at 7365 Fairfax Station, VA 22039.

—Rena Tom



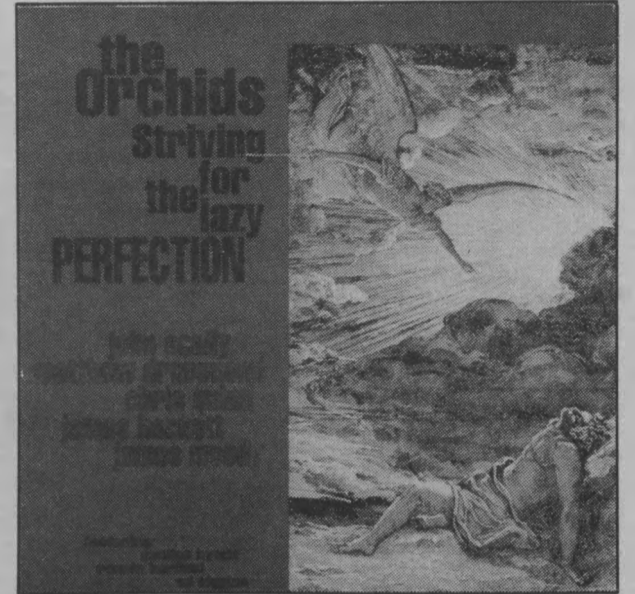
The Orchids
Striving for the Lazy Perfection
Widely Distributed/
Sarah

While the Scottish group The Orchids has released quite a few 7-inch singles full of music that fits the acoustic, anxious-on-a-nice-day tone that Sarah Records has been building on for a decade, they prove their versatility on their new album, *Striving for the Lazy Perfection*. After a strong showing on the English independent charts, the CD has been licensed to Widely Distributed Records in Chicago. It's a crucial work by musical chameleons who drop blips, beeps and samples into their usual patterns.

They only sound familiar a few times, like on "Prayers to St. Jude" and "Welcome to my Curious Heart." This is what I associate with the Orchids — simple guitars and James Hackett's low-key vocals, barely affected by strings on "Prayers."

Most of the rest of the album profits from the explosion over the past few years of ambient electronic music at the fringes of dance music and techno. The title track features keyboard blips in a catchy line, over a dance beat, with Hackett and Pauline Hynds' vocals in the distance. They might

RELAX AND BLEEP



be influenced by Ultramarine, the Ozric Tentacles or that Deep Forest compilation. "Avignon" (named for the photographer?) sets up a catchy, idyllic space in a similar way, with keyboards that ripple up and down in a hook and drumming that sounds like the Manchester idiom.

One of the really inventive tracks is "A Living Ken and Barbie," featuring Vanna White on vocals. Actually, the song puts large blurbs of her speaking on top of a dancey background.

"You could literally lay on the street for two hours," she says, "and never get run over by a car," which might be a reference to growing up in a small town. With recurring

clips of vacuous babble and Hynds faintly singing "What you see is what you get," it's a perfect song to be lazy to.

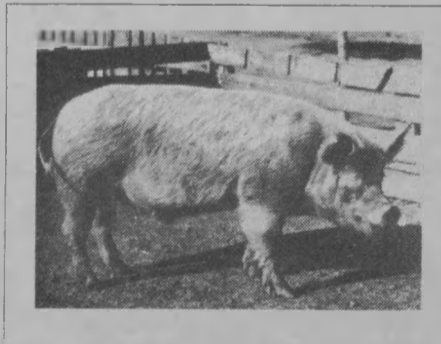
Hynds takes lead vocals on "A Kind of Eden." If I didn't know what it was, I might suspect it was a light rock song of the '70s. It's funny how a little sense of edge or weirdness can separate a new tradition from a pretty mundane one, miles away from savvy about house beats. This appeals to the part of me that really likes "Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head" and "Song Sung Blue."

Striving for the lazy perfection. It's a good title — ambitious, but they live up to it.

—Kevin Carhart

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

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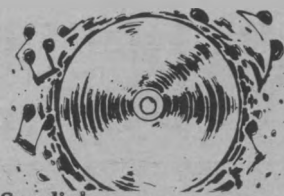
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Sundial
Libertine
Beggar's Banquet

The *Libertine* album, new from Sundial, has managed to send its sound into aerospace, while incorporating amplified and distorted drama draped in a euphoric elevation of crimson lights and metallic cellophane.

They start it with Latin jazz percussion on the track "Send," and then the dial comes alive out of a new age mist. From aerospace to Aerosmith, it stretches and spreads itself on your desire for good old rock 'n' roll on "Going Down." Faint back to some Santana jam sounds, mixed with garage rock and an ethnic edge in one synthetic breath.

Regular grunge basslines with psycho-funk guitar licks "watch you smile" as they suck up the song. "I just got to get deep inside, deep inside you," they sing. Well, well, well, what do we have here? Looks like *Sundial* is either a really horny kind of clock, or some deeply metaphysical mumbo jumbo hops out of its face now and then. The break bombards you with Guru guitars and again a grunge bassline.

"Everything You Are" has a Rush influence, with tender tones that fill the listener's ear as an acoustic intro entices long enough for the hip-hop

TELL THE TIME



Jimi Hendrix haze combo to catch you. This song is definitely the hook, the fix and the catch of the record.

Instrumental intensity, with animalistic amplification, speaks to you without lyrics, without any attached subject matter or meaning. "Dual" allows the ear to find more than a singular significance. If a record could visually fade like a video projection, this would be it. Mnemonic devices recall the auditory experience just felt, to feel it again, *better bigger brighter*.

Locomotive tambourines go in cycles on "Around and Around." A sensual circumference of catch combos and loose lyrics makes this song come full circle. All of these songs rely heavily on

the influence of a dance rhythm.

"Sun Baby" has a Batman Adventure quality. Driving in the Batmobile, while Catwoman scratches at the tambourine

Finally, "Believer" uses electric horse hoofs to lead the melody and complement the background composition. The song sticks with an uncertain familiarity. A "déjà vu" ambience alienates any detection of the original. You just can't place where you've heard it before, as a man's voice preaches, "This is the power of suggestion." Like a soundtrack to Freud's *Fantasy*, rated X, an Annie Lennox-like female voice announces the beginning of the end of a truly tantalizing album.

—Jennifer Chedar

WHAT ABOUT ART?

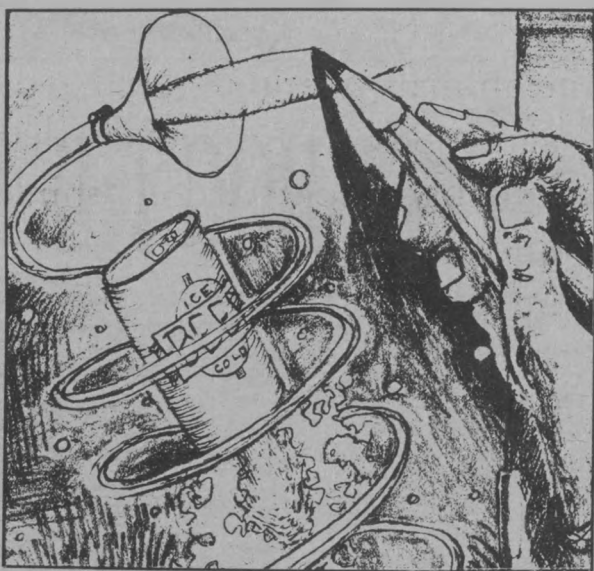
Sometimes I think they're just looking for an excuse to categorize and patronize us, so they label us the "X generation." I don't fit that. I'm not a television freak, I don't smoke out, and I hate Beavis and Butt-head with a passion.

But my peers and classmates are forcing me to draw different conclusions, questioning the interests of today's youth. I fear our star-spangled society has "forgotten and dismissed" art as an extra.

Gouache, watercolors, oil, acrylic, oil sticks and oil pastels. Painting has got to be one of the most exhilarating and satisfying pastimes I've encountered. Yet, somehow I feel beer-bonging is a more popular recreation in I.V.

My philosophy on the matter of success, or aesthetic value, is that as long as you enjoy yourself and are able to freely express your imagination, all of your paintings or artwork will be worth-while. I've heard too many cowards say, "I suck at art." No one sucks. Everyone's interpretation will be different, and frankly, as long as you are happy, why should it matter?

A lot of us did some art in elementary school and have since dismissed it. And as my roommate Rachel so wisely pointed out to me, "Art is everywhere.



BRENT MEESKE/Daily Nexus

The design of this room, the way you dress yourself, that car, publications... we need art, and can't live without it."

I'm not saying everyone should hop to the closest art store and begin painting. Art includes music (here I must give our populace credit — UCSB has many musicians), theatre, dance, writing, photography, graphics, crafts and many other areas.

My purpose is to bring the issue forward. I feel that art has received a raw deal, getting worse incrementally as the century progresses. I encourage (if not practice) at least a trial in the arts, for all who have not yet done so. Prove me wrong. It may cure your boredom or emptiness. It

could (and has for me) ease the hard times, providing a venting device for depression or anger. Or it may simply be lots of fun. Try out different types of art to see which ones suit you.

Don't rule out spectatorship. The artists out there need all the support you can give. When's the last time you saw a musical, a play in the city, went to an art gallery or made a necklace?

I hope I am wrong about the I.V. attitude, or lack of attitude, about art as recreation. If not, then I urge my peers to let your creative juices flow and make more time for right-brained activities for a better balance. It won't hurt to try.

—Radha Patel

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Talkers Talk, Dreamers Dream— And Tish Will Find a Place Between

With a sweet combination of voice and guitar, and the cultural claims of her past, Tish Hinojosa (pronounced ee-no-ho-sa), brings a splash of Spanish influence to American country music.

Praised by Linda Ronstadt and Joan Baez, she tells stories of ages, protest, love, marriage and real life, while breaking through racial and gender barriers. The 13th child of Mexican immigrants, whose family has lived in southern Texas since long before Anglo settlers moved west, the singer/songwriter has launched into the journey of finding herself. With a cultural identity that is a synthesis of Spanish, Jewish and Native American backgrounds, she is defining herself on her own terms.

Artsweek recently spoke with Hinojosa from her Austin home. What follows is an edited transcript.

Artsweek: *I am also Mexican-American. I'm sure you can't tell that by my voice. In a lot of your songs, and what I've read about you, some of your songs speak of an identity between being Mexican and American, which is kind of ironic because at the same time, you're jumping into country music. How do you deal with it?*

Hinojosa: Well, the point is—and I think a lot of us feel this way—speaking as a Mexican-American, in a way, we want to conform. We want to fit into the “American Dream.” We love the American culture, and everything about drive-in movies and hamburgers, and the great music that our country has produced, but at the same time we

have this “cultural thing,” mainly for a lot of us because of the area that we come from, because of our parents and grandparents who were born and bred from the land of the Southwest.

Had it not been for history, it could have still been Mexico. Who says where borders really are? So there is a really important richness to the blend of the Spanish/Indian Native American culture taking place. It's in our blood, it's how we look, it's something we feel in our hearts that separates us from the Anglo-American. And so we find a constant struggle of identity, of wanting to hold on to that cultural past as well as wanting to accept being American. And to me it's really important to be somewhat of a bridge rather than ... you know, I'm not out to fight the Anglo culture, but at the same time, I don't want to be criticized by them.

Too many unfortunately ugly Americans in the past have painted the Mexican and Mexican-American as those caricatures that we know and try to fight all the time. And because the Anglo-Americans have the power structure of our country as well as the money, and everything that goes into film and music, too often it's been portrayed by eyes who really don't know how to see us.

And that to me is something we've seen all our lives, and some of us let it roll off our backs because we are sort of white—we're not like African-Americans, and we do blend in with them. But at the same time, we don't really, and I feel that we haven't been justly given credit for marks that we've

made. It's amazing to me that there aren't more Mexican-American actors, actresses, singers, songwriters that have been given full credit, instead of having to fall into the label of “Texano” or some kind of caricature of [the country music genre] that they choose to paint.

I fought that when I really didn't think I was fighting it. I didn't realize I was faced with it until I lived in Nashville for a couple of years in the mid-'80s. Just the fact that I did fit in with them, they did like me, but at the same time I would have to stand around listening to Mexican jokes being tossed around me as if I wasn't [Mexican-American].

AW: *I've been in that situation too ...*

Hinojosa: Remarks like that made me realize that they had little respect, and made me realize that I wanted to defend my culture and wanted to hold on to it. It's still not being bitter. I'm not bitter about that. It did open my eyes. What I want to do is to teach them.

I want to show that caricatures live in every culture. There are ugly American caricatures that we have, and does that mean that we think that they're all that way? No. We can't let that get in the way of progressing, the way our country is supposed to progress. We're not all here because we all think we're white, we're here because this country is founded on a belief, not on a skin color.

AW: *I feel that Mexican-Americans are unique culturally because of historical ties to the land in the Southwest. Do you feel your music portrays that? Like*

in your song “By the Rio Grande”?

Hinojosa: Some of us are born to question, some are born to roll on. I've always questioned, but I never figured that these questions would lead me to becoming a songwriter. The cultural questioning comes from how the Mexicans in Mexico, in Latin America, see Mexican-Americans. I think [Mexicans] also don't give us enough credit. In a lot of ways, [Mexican-Americans have] a really rich culture that isn't given enough credit on both sides of the fence.

In some ways, we're a lot wiser because we feel passion for both, and feel

like members of both clubs, and we're criticized by both clubs, but yet I feel we have a certain knowledge of both. ... I like wearing both shoes.

AW: *Mexican-Americans have to balance their whole lifestyle. It's a weird situation.*

Hinojosa: Well, you want to fight for your place. ... I see it in the arts, but I also see it in all other vocations people have. Too often actors of Hispanic background, Mexican-Americans particularly because they're seen as less exotic, pick American names because they know that the Mexican identification will hurt

them. Then later, you find out that they are [Mexican].

With musicians, it happens the same way, and I think that is why I have stayed out of more mainstream popularity, because of the role I've sort of chosen to take.

Tish Hinojosa, who will be releasing a new album, Destiny's Gate, in May, will be playing in Campbell Hall on Tuesday, May 3. The rest of this interview, along with her songs, will be broadcast on KCSB, 91.9 FM, Monday morning at 6:00 a.m. For ticket information, please call the Arts & Lectures office at 893-3535.



Overwhelming Colorfast Two Worlds Relativity

Racing along the edge of the coping, the skater's axle grinds sparks into the frenzied atmosphere of an aggressive crowd. Overwhelming Colorfast's latest album, *Two Worlds*, blares in the background. Fast-paced, high-energy guitar riffs coupled with a frantic drumbeat best describe Colorfast's psychedelic blend of distorted pop music on the alternative edge. They are even going to be playing in our own Storke Plaza today.

Lead singer Bob Reed's voice can best be described as a cross between Michael Stipe of R.E.M. and Corey Glover of Living Colour. Reed's style takes melodic pop themes and blends them into a hyperactive version of insincere love mush. “How Ya Doin” is one of the better songs on the album. It incorporates a harmonious chorus and swinglike drumming with a steady driving guitar riff breaking it apart.

The group uses the soft-sing-and-play technique

COLOR THEM...FAST! TODAY, STORKE PLAZA, NOON



common to most hard rock bands today at the beginning of songs and shocks you with a flurry of guitar. With Reed's voice just under a low scream, he tries to be overly emotional at times, producing a fake feel.

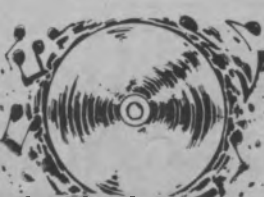
Overwhelming Colorfast has been compared to Hüsker Dü, though they do not enjoy the comparison. When the band was first forming, they wanted to take pop songs and speed them up into a hard and fast mishmash. Hü-

sker Dü had already been established at this, placing Colorfast in their shadow.

When the band slows the tempo down, incorporates harmony and uses pop guitar solos, their sound is impressive. Such is the case with “Every Saturday” and “How Ya Doin.” If you like hard thrash in the style of garage bands, this album is for you.

Overwhelming Colorfast plays Storke Plaza at noon today!

—Matt Gambee



The Charthogs Do Your Mind Third Stone Records

So I was doing a little backyard composting when this shifty guy in a tan trench coat came up to me and asked in a strange voice, “Hey man, you wanna get normal?”

I calmly replied, “What are you talking about? I am normal.”

“No, man,” he said, “do you want to get really normal?”

I said, “Sure, why not, it's not as if I'm about to operate my Garden Weasel any time soon.”

So he gave me some multivitamins and then snuck off just as he had come. And I took those multivitamins, and started to feel really the same, kind of like I had consumed a small glass of room-temperature water. I looked around and began to notice things that I had noticed before. The grass

HOG THE VITAMINS

became a grassy green. The sky was sort of a sky blue and the sun was bright when I looked into it, like it had always been. Just for a second, I thought that gravity had decreased to -9.763 meters-per-second squared, but then I realized it was just the post-lunar hydrocyclic modulator that I had been standing on.

I was startled at how normal I felt. It was almost as if I hadn't taken those multivitamins at all. I can't imagine how my childhood friend Farley Clodscraper must have felt after he downed a whole bottle of Flintstones vitamins back in 1984. “Are you OK?” I remember asking him. He said that he felt fine. Now I think I understand what he meant.

Well, taking those multivitamins really showed me the light. I then went on a quest to find a more intense normalcy. I

put a drop of Visine in each eye, and when I opened them up, it appeared as if nothing had changed. Convinced that I must be seeing things, I proceeded to put Q-Tips in my ears. When I was done cleaning them, I put on my favorite tape, *Do Your Mind* by the Charthogs. Funny, I thought, it sounds swell, like usual.

A week later, when I was listening to my favorite compact disc (*Do Your Mind* by the Charthogs), I said to myself: “David, why do you listen to this crud? You really don't like it! In fact, you hate it.” All of a sudden, I started frothing at the mouth and throwing little toaster ovens into even smaller base transform receptacles. Then I took some Advanced Formula High Potency Multimineral Formula Multivitamins, and everything was normal again.

—David Potter

what we do you can too what we do you can too what we do you can too

TEAM ARTS

DROP, LOOK AND TRIP THE GROOVE

**Groove Collective
Groove Collective
Reprise**

It was an unusually warm late September night, deep in Manhattan's stylish club scene. At the pioneering jazz dance club Giant Step, there was a certain buzz of excitement in the air. DJ Smash was lettin' loose a barrage of freaky breaks for the beat junkies when a young flautist named Richard Worth hopped on stage and began to lay in with the beats.

The audience's surprise only lasted seconds, as smiles and the sudden urge to dance took over the crowd. That night Worth hooked up with timbale player Nappy G and began nightly jam sessions at the Metropolis Café. This was 1990, and the start of something large.

For the next few years, New York's most talented musicians began to make pilgrimages to the tiny café to play and hang out. By September of 1992, a 10-piece band had been nailed down, and the Groove Collective was delivered into the world.

Before I get into what their sound is, let me give

you some idea of what the ingredients of such a diverse band are. This Groove Collective, this smorgasbord of funk, consists of 10 — count them, 10 — of the baddest muthas ever to slam the jam.

On flute, piccolo, bonsuri, PVC pipe and kalimba is the aforementioned Richard Worth, now musical director of Giant Step. Keyboardist and producer is Itaal Shur. On a multitude of saxophones, bass clarinet and bonsuri is Jay Rodriguez; on vibes is Bill Ware; doin' the funky drum is Genji Siraisi; bass is Jonathan Maron; from Italy is Fabio Morgera with his trumpet and Flügelhorn; sliding the trombone is Josh Roseman; with the ding dang percussion thang is Chris Theberge; and last is Nappy G, who busts raps, timbales and bongos. Collectively, this is Groove Collective. They possess all the required instruments to make a serious funk biscuit, and the talent to do the cookin'.

Just by reading the list of instruments, it is easy to see the obvious jazz element of the band. No disrespect, but this ain't your mama's jazz. It is most de-

finitely jazz, but it is a new jazz. A jazz for the groove generation. It has all the same tasty components of your mama's jazz, only with funky beats to keep them all in line. It is a new jazz that pulls from hip-hop and soul music — it's called Acid Jazz.

Acid Jazz has been around for a while now, but most of the CDs available are compilations of different groups experimenting with jazz fusions. These compilations are usually pretty good, but the quality is somewhat sporadic. The problem is that there hasn't been a single group consistently bad ass enough to pull off a full-length disc of high quality until now.

Through the 10 tracks on this disk, GC takes the listener on a cruise down a swirling stream of rhythms, riffs and beats. Besides the pure talent of the musicians, the strongest point of the disc is the wide variety of styles and genres they incorporate while staying consistent with their own individual sound. There are songs technically strong enough for the jazz purist, and tracks fly enough for the dedicated rhyme-heads. However, all the



couple of songs. "What-chugot" touches down with thunderous bass, leading into an uptempo beat and a harmony of horns. Out of nowhere, Toi Marcel makes a vocal cameo to send the message that "Love Is In The Air."

A mist of percussion sprinkles over the driving beat, which cuts off just in time for a sax to rip into the rhythm. After a heavenly solo, they break it down for a minute so you can get your wits about you. Then Ware slides in on vibes, rippling and dancing around your eardrums. Just as you are losing your mind in his ethereal tones, Genji, Nappy G and Theberge slap you upside the head with a crazy tribal percussion session. After whipping you into a foamy frenzy, they smooth it out

with Toi's vocals, bringing you back to earth.

"Buddha Head" jumps off with a phat bassy beat, accompanied by scratches and horns. As the rhythm chugs along, Nappy G rolls in with some very capable raps, giving all due praise to the mighty Indo. After a few short but sweet verses, the horns wail in, followed by some more funky vibe action. Nappy passes the mic to Hed Rush, who attacks with a verbal barrage of stony lyrics. Before finishing the song off, Rodriguez belts out with his sax to make his presence known.

"Saturday Afternoon" begins with an entrancing baseline pulling you down into the dark psychedelic planes of the GC. An intoxicating horn dips in and out of the depths while the

beat builds. Just before they have brought you out, Maron snatches you back down with the murky whining of his guitar.

The beat builds again, thrusting you into a sunrise of bugged-out organ, only to have Rodriguez's baritone sax slink up behind you, causing your head to sway down and not to the music. Finally, after a 10-minute voyage, everyone comes back in to wish you farewell, as they build again and then finally push you off the edge. This is one of the strongest CDs to come into my hands in years. It is at the level where you never get tired of it, no matter how much you try to play it out. Look for GC and Acid Jazz to blow up in '94.

—Matt Turner

KCSB 91.9 FM

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Supernova | 11. Pooka | 21. Bikini Kill |
| 2. NAS | 12. Unsane | 22. Brujeria |
| 3. Wu Tang Clan | 13. Smut | 23. Crooklyn Dodgers |
| 4. Superchunk | 14. Sister Machine Gun | 24. Cub |
| 5. Ed Og... | 15. Red Aunts | 25. Charlatans |
| 6. Hole | 16. Slant 6 | 26. Die Monster Die |
| 7. Gangstarr | 17. Sluts for Hire | 27. Levellers |
| 8. De La Soul | 18. Jeru | 28. Pavement |
| 9. Yaggyfu | 19. KMD | 29. Pitch Shifter |
| 10. Luna | 20. Casual | 30. Therapy |



Various Artists
Heavy Classix II
Angel Records

There are those people who have learned to enjoy classical music because they sat down and relaxed while 17 movements of an eight-hour symphony transported them to La-La Land. And then there are those who learned to like orchestral sounds when they learned that Alice Cooper dug Mozart.

This latter category is precisely the target audience for Angel Records' *Heavy Classix II*, which I guess is the follow-up to *Heavy Classix I* — though I never heard about this first version. Members of the Teutonic umlaut set will enjoy this album, particularly with the dearth of new material from Blue Oyster Cult.

No, this isn't just another repackaging of "classic rock" designed to allow you to listen to "Smoke on the Water" without having to buy a whole album of Deep Purple. It's *Heavy Classix II*, in the spirit of *Led Zepelin II*, *Van Halen II* and *Pretenders II*.

HEAVY METAL (THE BRASS SECTION)



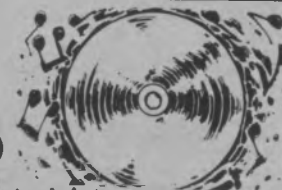
The album boasts "63 all-new minutes" of material, but fortunately for today's fast-food culture, no selection is more than 6½ minutes long. Each passage, however, is an excerpt of the most bombastic compositions of the pre-electric era. Crank it up and hear PERCUSSION instead of "drums," BASSOONS instead of "buzz."

Popular favorites like Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" (commonly heard as the evil de-

mon segment from Disney's *Fantasia*) and Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King" (heard in every cartoon with gnomes in it) are rendered by top-notch ensembles.

Also included were some more obscure (to me, at least) selections that ended up having the most appeal. Especially attractive is Prokofiev's "The Alien God and the Dance of the Evil Spirits," which sounds like a really cool Frank Frazetta poster.

—William Toren



Aminature
depth five rate six
Restless Records

Aminature's first album, *depth five rate six*, gets a 10 in enjoyability, and though that's all that really matters, some assert that originality is also an important part of what makes good music.

Aminature is part of a busy new music scene in San Diego, in which bands are being signed to record contracts right and left. And, as with anything "hot and new," the overpouring of San Diego bands seems to lack creative spirit. Equally sad is the pop music industry's labeling of San Diego as the next Seattle. It's disappointing that Aminature often comes off sounding too much like other San Diego bands such as Drive Like Jehu, Pitchfork and Rocket From the Crypt. Despite the many recycled ideas in their sound, Aminature present enough individu-

SWEET MINIPUNK

alism to set themselves apart.

Depth five rate six has a sweetness that is rarely found in hard music. Guitarist/singer John Lee and guitarist Kevin Wells show new ideas aplenty in the opening song, "Physicai Climber." One guitar moves from single note to single note as if playing chords, while the other guitar is playing a floating, hypnotic riff that sounds like a distorted electric violin.

On "Featurist," when the song sounds like a guitar solo is about to come in, both guitars start playing different solos simultaneously and almost immediately go back to the chorus. In this way, "Featurist" mocks the traditional verse/chorus/solo arrangement. Almost every song has a little something that just pulls you into the mood.

Initially, *depth five rate six*'s songs sound like straight-ahead San Diego punk, but somewhere

along the way the slightest changes turn the songs to sweetness, sadness or triumph.

One of the best songs on *depth five rate six* is "Zero in Trust." Its mood is almost indescribable. It is innocent, playful, melodic and depressing all at once. The loosely defined parts seem to flow together. Singer John Lee mumbles, "it's a drag to find out what you are," which comes close to capturing the mood. Also notable is the upbeat "Foreign Room," which describes the silliness of fear and the sickness of life's daily regimen. As the song begins, Lee sarcastically yells, "send in the hangman!"

All you need to appreciate *depth five rate six* is an undisturbed listen, preferably not right after Drive Like Jehu. The subtle additions to the otherwise straightforward songs make Aminature's album well worth hearing.

—Noah Blumberg

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NO TWICE-COOKED HAM AND SEX

Jamón, Jamón, a new movie by Spanish director Bigas Luna, is about ham. If you don't speak Spanish (I failed Spanish I twice) the title translates into "Ham, Ham."

No, I got that right, the name of the movie is "Ham, Ham." Basically, it's surrealistic, which means that it is heavily symbolic, which means that it should be shown at least twice to every audience, which means that you won't get it the first time. But it was fun to try.

Don't feel bad — I read other reviews and they didn't get it either. I found

that one possible problem with the film is its English translation. It's really bad, and I know, because I watched with someone who not only passed Spanish I, but was raised with the language. It was surprising how toned down, and in some cases outright changed, the titles were. I'd give you an example, but for the most fun, just drag a good Spanish-speaking friend along.

Other reviewers called this a dark comedy, but it's not particularly funny. Ironical, yes, but funny, no. It is very dark, shot in high grain, contrasty color film

(which sometimes makes it look like a beer commercial), and its theme is dark.

Basically, the only way to get any kind of a speaking role in this film is to want desperately to sleep with someone else in the film. If you can't find a good reason to do it, then no words for you.

And it doesn't matter who you want to do it with. For instance, if you prefer sleeping with the mother of your fiancée, go right ahead. If you would like to sleep with your daughter-in-law-to-be, here's the car keys and

some money, don't wake us up when you come in.

This movie also has a real heavy moral vein, and women in general won't like how they consistently get portrayed as the cause of all the men's problems.

I don't know enough about Spain to know which Spanish sensibilities are being attacked by this movie, but apparently some are, so be on the lookout. It will probably challenge a few sensibilities about why certain people do certain things when they apparently have no reason to do so, but unmotivated action is becoming popular nowadays, so a high level of suspension of disbelief will also be required to watch this movie.

Fortunately, there's tons of juicy sex scenes that replace the whole belief/disbelief reflex with a "I hope there's more" attitude that will probably carry you nicely through the movie. It did for me.

Oh, and see if you can figure out what the whole ham thing is about.

Jamón, Jamón will be showing Thursday, May 5, at 6 p.m. in UCSB's Campbell Hall. Admission is \$5 general admission, \$4 for students. For more information, call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

—Chris George

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ANDY PHARO

by Andre Fairon

A THEME? I'VE GOT A THEME. HOW ABOUT, "THE WORLD SUCKS!"? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

WELL ACTUALLY I WAS HOPING FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE UP-BEAT AND PERSONAL.

PERSONAL? BUT MY LIFE DOES SUCK.

YOU JUST HAVE TO IGNORE HIM WHEN HE GETS LIKE THIS. ALCOHOL IS A DEPRESSANT YOU KNOW.

THIS BEER SUCKS!

UH HUH

HEY ANDY! HERE'S A THEME. "ANDY PHARO, IT SUCKS!" DO YOU LIKE THAT? HUH? YOU SHOULD PUT ME IN IT.

THANKS MARTIN.

NO PROBLEM.

ROOM 101

by Phillip Etting

I'M SERIOUS, SCOTT... THEY LOOK LIKE GIANT ANTS... THEY'RE HUGE! THEY'RE OUT THERE!

RIGHT.

I'VE SEEN 'EM WALKING AROUND AT NIGHT. BIG YELLOW BUGS. DAVE SAID THEY WERE MOLE CRICKETS!

DAMMIT, PHIL... HUGE ANT BUGS DON'T LIVE AT UCSB... IF THEY DID WHY HAVEN'T I SEEN ONE?

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THE VIEW FROM THE MUSEUM

The founder and director of Manhattan's chic The New Museum of Contemporary Art is coming to campus to delve into the esoteric and eccentricities of *art contemporain*.

As this year's regents' lecturer, it will be Marcia Tucker's aim to educate the campus community about raucous art from the here and now. Through directing an institution devoted entirely to the arts and ideas of our time, Tucker has gained fantastic insight into the modern art world. She has organized such major exhibitions there as "Bad Paint-

ing" in 1978, "Markus Ractz" in 1988 and "Bad Girls" in 1993. Tucker was previously the curator of painting and sculpture at the always outrageous Whitney Museum.

Today, her first lecture and slide presentation, "State of the Art," will discuss new working strategies that artists are using to address the social, cultural and aesthetic issues that have changed the face of contemporary art. She talks about the use of feminist and post-modern theories, humor, performance and collaboration, and questions of racial,

ethnic and national identity.

In Tucker's next lecture, on May 11, titled "Arts in Extremis," she will analyze the ways in which artists, museums, critics, communities and audiences interact in the world of art. She will offer a critique of traditional museum and educational practices, observations on censorship and tips for radically restructuring the nexus between arts institutions and the public.

Tucker's illustrated slide lecture, "State of the Art," will take place today in UCSB's Girvetz

Theater at 4 p.m. Her "Arts In Extremis" discussion will also be in UCSB Girvetz Theater on May 11 at 4 p.m. Both presentations are free. Call Arts & Lectures for more information at 893-3535.

—Martin Boer



THE ULTIMATE DRIVER'S TEST

I hadn't known there was such a thing as a Romanian poet/social commentator/pedestrian. In fact, I hadn't even imagined it.

Of course, expecting myself to imagine such things means yet another research grant for my psychologist, but it was so far beyond my comprehension that I really wasn't prepared to see Andrei Codrescu's *Road Scholar*, showing Monday, May 9, at Campbell Hall. Luckily, I was able to get my hands on a taped review copy, so I could view it in the warmth and familiarity of a good friend's home.

It was funny, really funny, and the stories that the Romanian-born Codrescu dug up, from seemingly out of nowhere, are amazing. Essentially, he is taking a road trip across the USA — he learned to drive especially for the film — hoping to follow in the spiritual footsteps of people like Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg.

"It is not too late to discover America, which seems to get discovered over and over, and never definitively," says Codrescu.

Among his stops are Detroit, a New York City crack house, a shooting lesson in the Midwest with a former Playboy Playmate, a beauty contest for genetically engineered cows and a New Mexico crystal healer.

"Crystal healing is to the spirit what velvet painting is to the heart," he says of his New Mexico quartz power peddler.

I can't remember so thoroughly enjoying a movie. Maybe it's because his perspective on the country is so fresh and the things he sees, though easily identifiable parts of Americana, are so amazingly different from other road trips I've read. It's a long way from Mark Twain, but there's nothing in this to suggest that Twain would have regretted the trip.

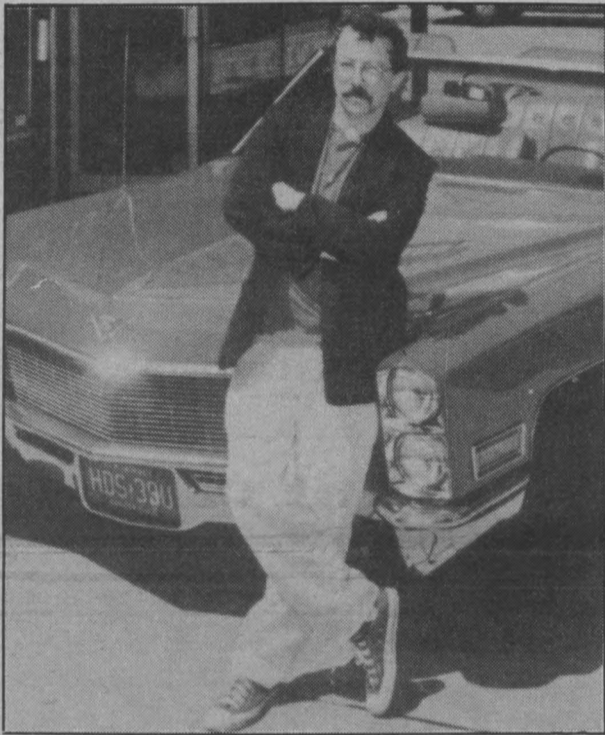
I honestly thought that this would be a slow movie about a new immigrant's confirmed suspicions about the USA: it's huge, filled with funny characters driving oddball vehicles, and there's loads of cash everywhere.

I wasn't even close to

right. The film has brilliant insights and took me to several places I know I would have never found myself. The only mildly cheesy thing about the whole project was the theme song, which was the tune "Mustang Sally" substituted with *Road Scholar*. They didn't bring up the music too much, and left most of the sound to some very clever remarks by Codrescu. See this movie — it's really funny and intelligent, and films about driving across the USA don't come around all that often.

Road Scholar will be showing Monday, May 9, at 7 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Tickets are \$5 general admission, \$4 for students. Call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 893-3535 for more information.

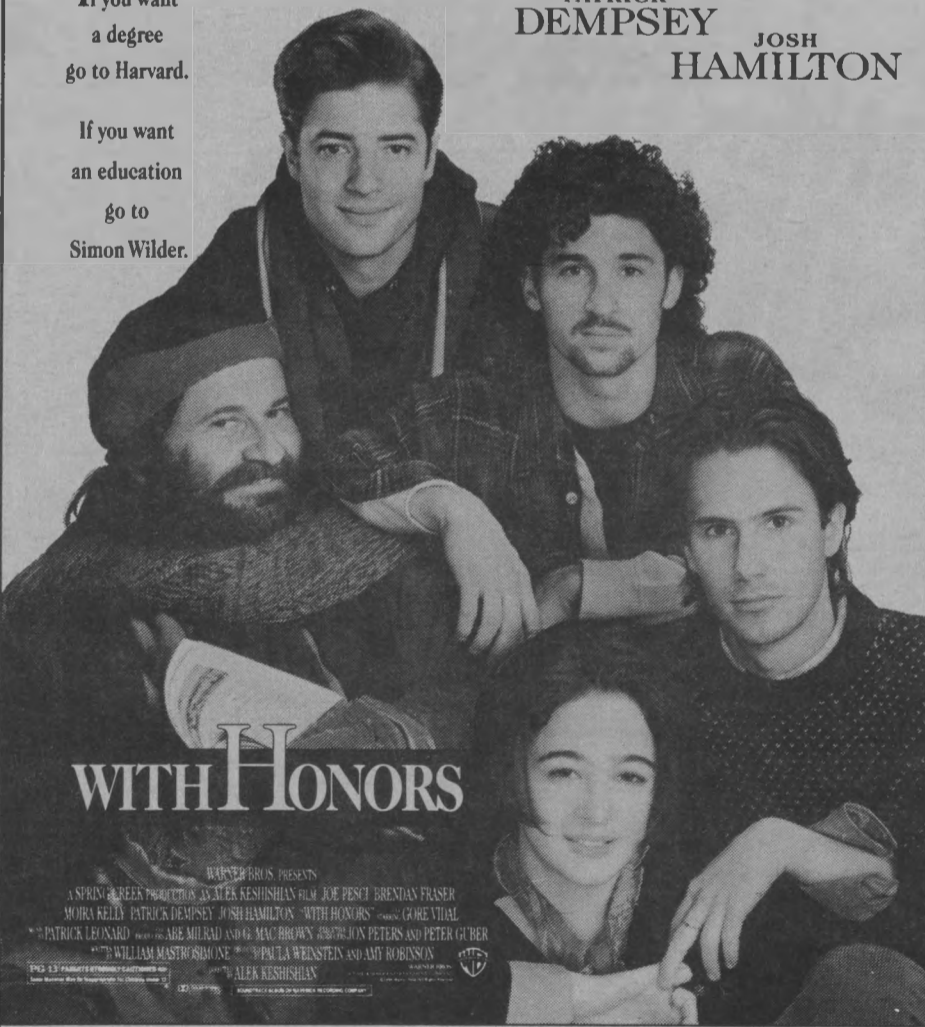
—Chris George



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By GARY LARSON

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HE'S A REGULAR MADMAN

The '60s were a wild time for comics. Longtime industry leader DC Comics was trudging along with the same characters that had paid the rent since 1939. However, they were starting to show the signs of age.

Superman and Batman had both been saddled with various sidekicks, hangers-on and family pets (yes, there really was a Bat-Hound), and were being put through various humiliations by the middle-aged editors trying to connect with the young generation: Batman was flying around in outer space fighting Martians, while Superman was wearing a Beatles wig and dancing the "Krypton Crawl."

Meanwhile, over at the

newly rejuvenated Marvel Comics, Stan Lee and Jack Kirby were re-creating comics from the ground up, producing reams of truly insane monster comics with titles such as "Fin Fang Foom!" and "Xom, the Monster that Walked Like A Man!" Even when Lee and Kirby turned their attention to super-heroes, their whacked point of view reigned supreme, with larger-than-life machinery, kinetically charged storytelling and dialogue that was angst-filled, yet snappy.

Nowadays, that same sense of jolly psychedelic adventure can be found in Michael Allred's new series *Madman Comics*, the first issue of which is currently available from Dark Horse Comics. Set in the

urbanscapes of Snap City, a place Madman describes as "It's where anything, everything happens," *Madman Comics* is a labor of love for writer-artist Allred, whose admiration for the works of Kirby is well-known.

In interviews, Allred has stated that his goal for *Madman Comics* is to do 102 issues, just as Kirby did on *Fantastic Four*. The Kirby influence is clearly evident in *Madman Comics*, as the hero, a resuscitated amnesiac corpse with a mysterious past, works to defend Snap City from such menaces as bug-eyed monsters and the fearsome, subterranean Street Beatniks, with the help of his decapitated scientist friend and a supercharged

tracer disc gun.

Mike Allred's *Madman* is a funny, heartwarming trip back to a time when comics were a lot more innocent, and generally a lot more fun, too.

—Scott Tipton



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