

Artsweek

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, for April 6th through April 12th, 1995

The
DANGEROUS
Issue



The MultiCultural Center



Grand Opening Celebrations

Please join us in celebrating the grand opening of the new MCC in the expanded University Center.

Thursday, April 6 • 7pm
An Evening of Music and Dance

Performances by the American Indian Drum Group, Fare International, Folklorico: Raizes de mi Tierra, Ia' Ora' Na Te Otea, and Ragragsakan Pilipino Dance Troupe.

Friday, April 7
OPEN HOUSE

10am-6pm

with performances by

The UCSB Gamelan Ensemble
12 noon

Blues Diva, Mahli McGee
4pm



Featuring
The Middle East Ensemble
8pm

Performance at the MultiCultural Center Theater. Free. The UCSB Middle East Ensemble's premiere performance was held at the MultiCultural Center. Since then, they have become exceedingly popular. Now, they are back to celebrate the grand opening of the brand new MultiCultural Center in the expanded University Center. Scott Marcus will direct the ensemble in a lively performance of Arab, Turkish, and Persian music and dance.

For more information call the MCC at 893-8411. University of California, Santa Barbara



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Like A Giant Monkey

Quicksand
Manic Compression
Island

I never expect much from bands featured in *Sassy* magazine's Cute Band Alert. In 1993, Quicksand was a *Sassy* victim largely, I assume, because of their sly, dashing singer/guitarist Walter Schreifels. Schreifels' focused grace on stage, combined with his innocent face, makes him an obvious target. Quicksand might be a "cute" band at first look, but for someone who's actually heard their music, they're brutal.

Including members of various Revelation Records bands (Civ, Gorilla Biscuits, Youth of Today), Quicksand knows, for lack of a better phrase, how to ROCK! Their new album, *Manic Compression*, is full of precise guitar work and tight rhythms — precision comparable to Helmet and rhythms as catchy as Drive Like Jehu. The album is a nonstop surge of power, a collection of songs so engrossing that they could force the average listener to play air guitar in front of the mirror.

I first heard Quicksand when I was visiting Isla Vista before my freshman



year and bought *Slip*, their first album. After really getting into the album, I associated Quicksand with UCSB. Although this association is probably just because of where I bought the album, I do believe that Quicksand fits well with UCSB. Both, beneath attractive (cute) exteriors, present harsh realities. UCSB eventually exposes academic hardships while Quicksand exposes social, economic and, of course, sonic bruises.

Manic Compression begins with the all-but-deadly "Walking Backwards." The song jumps from the speakers and into my head like a giant monkey. Schreifels and

guitarist Tom Capone meld, each playing half of the riff with their varied guitar sounds, which produces a unique tonal blend. New to Quicksand is the advent of a strange beauty. In "Landmine Spring," the mood is triumphant, the guitars ring forever in a soaring crescendo. Beauty is not far.

However, the overall sound is intensity and anger wisely expressed. I'm not a Fishbone fan, but I will use one of their lyrics, which I don't really understand, to describe *Manic Compression*. The album will "break your ass like a windowsill."

—Noah Blumberg



We Like Laika

Laika
Silver Apples of the Moon
Too Pure

Woke up from a half-dream to hear the sticky collision of city and jungle sounds pulsing through my brain. And a woman's voice, an urgent whisper cooing songs of depravity, anger and confusion somewhere in between. The sounds were infectious and my body responded with movement — my toes wiggled of their own accord. Laika had just blasted into my atmosphere.

They are the secret under everyone's tongue; the brainchild of former Moonshake member Margaret Fiedler and multit-talented producer/engineer Guy Fixsen. No one knows who they are yet, but soon they will. *Silver Apples of the Moon* effortlessly launches Laika into orbit by creating intelligent dance music that is good for your head and feet. Margaret continues stretching perspectives with lyrics that are scary, real and true. Laika is the goo that glues them together.

"Sugar Daddy," "Thomas" and "If You Miss" are shivery, spastic pop creations that somehow seem to slide, glide, bump and grind all at the same time — it's like dance music for idiot savants. "Marimba Song" is the cool soundtrack for the lounge slinkers of our apocalyptic future. There's just so much going on here, sound behind sound, beat upon beat, it creates a kind of miasmic loop that is aesthetically similar to the

noises My Bloody Valentine ended up making on *Loveless*.

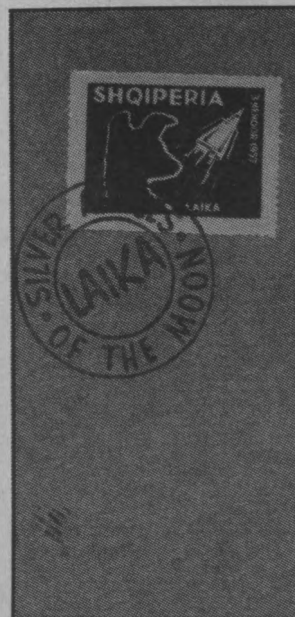
No surprise then that the digital editing here was done by Colm O'Coisoig, drummer and sonic manipulator for the Valentines. Laika has a slightly different set of sounds to work with — samples, vibes, marimbas, melodica, saxophone, flute and moog — but there's also guitar (a Valentines staple), and Margaret's cool, often dis-

not about me," Margaret mutters between frantic percussion and jazzy flute giissandos. "44 Robbers" is a jokey female-empowerment rap that has Margaret running down a list of media superheroes from Popeye to Jean-Claude Van Damme, chastising them for "puffing and preening / strutting their stuff / blocking my way out — I've had enough!"

"Honey in Heat" is another one, this time letting everyone know that she's the horniest one on the block and literally comparing herself to a bitch in heat. Margaret further turns the tables with "Coming Down Glass," a truly eerie song taken from the perspective of a rapist or stalker. "Them trashy types just outta milk teeth keep blufin' me with their big girly eyes / Them trashy types, them college girls don't know squat about guys like me ..."

Scary, real and true. Coupled with Laika's busy, pulsing noise, Margaret's lyrics are not in-your-face, P.J. Harvey style, although Laika has acquired P.J.'s former drummer, Rob Ellis. And they also share the same European label, Too Pure Records, which just goes to show how diverse this fabulous little company is. Right now, Laika is content to slink around the fringes, lost in their own groove like no one else. Once you have penetrated its constantly moving surface, *Silver Apples of the Moon* will leave you wanting another stellar, sinful taste.

—Miz E.





A Bowlful Of Grooves

Alphabet Soup
Layin' Low in the Cut
Prawn Song/Mammoth

The guys in Alphabet Soup are different from those in other funky ensembles in that they employ two MCs to enhance the improvisational air which freeform jazz is known and loved for. Rappers Michael Blake and Chris Burger aren't jazz heads merely posing as hip-hoppers — both possess mic skills and kick soul-conscious poetry over the band's deeply rich grooves. Alphabet Soup understands that sponta-

neity is an integral element of both jazz and rap, and their debut album, *Layin' Low in the Cut*, blends the two styles in a way which will likely appeal to the underground set which appreciates genuine, una-

luterated Black music. I picture these guys surrounded by mellow hip-hop heads, wrecking shop at a front-yard party, all the while stoned out of their minds and chanting things like "It's time to meditate / kick rhymes and elevate" (from the track "Meditate").

Alphabet Soup plays some seriously raw and funky music, and are definitely the kind of band you'd want to see live. (By the way, these guys were vicious outside of the UCen late last quarter.)

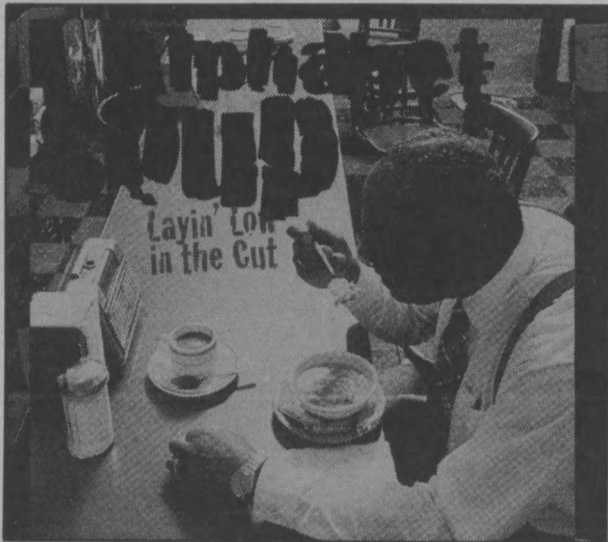
Within the songs on *Layin' Low*, you'll hear

of Chuck D and KRS-One. The tracks are tight without being overproduced and spontaneous without being noisy, while the rhymes are positive and uplifting — a happy break from the majority of music in today's "shoot 'em up" rap market.

Although there isn't a lot of filler on *Layin' Low*, many of the tracks do tend to run a bit long. In fact, the album's only major flaw is that several of the tracks overstay their welcome. This lengthiness would be fine (if not great) if these songs were being played live with an audience vibing off the extended jazzy sounds. Here, however, the tracks simply become cumbersome. It's for the same reason that a lot of funk doesn't translate well to record: a lot of the beauty and energy of music comes from audience participation.

But that's hardly to say that this isn't a dope album. Alphabet Soup takes hip-hop to yet another level and will undoubtedly open the door to other crews who rhyme over live jazz. This band has genuine talent and *Layin' Low in the Cut* is a strong debut which will hopefully mark the beginning of a long career for Alphabet Soup. Try the disc, and then check out the band's live show to see what these guys are capable of doing.

—Eric Steuer



neity is an integral element of both jazz and rap, and their debut album, *Layin' Low in the Cut*, blends the two styles in a way which will likely appeal to the underground set which appreciates genuine, una-

some fine musicians with obvious influences from jazz greats such as John Coltrane, Miles Davis and Chick Corea, while MCs Burger and Blake take their cues from the Last Poets and the early work



Heaven Or Las Vegas

Various Artists
United DJs of America
DMC/Moonshine

If you're into house music, you know that the best way to learn about the music you hear in the clubs and parties you go to is through compilations. There are thousands of house compilations out there which span the breadth of the house music genre, from

can usually never find out what "that one song" is when he or she goes to buy it. And that poses a problem for the artist, who is (according to record labels) losing out on potential income.

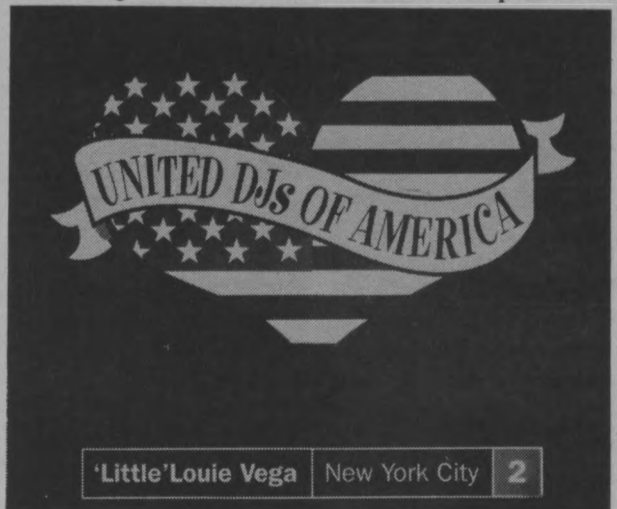
Presently, that situation is changing. Since the release of *Fusion Vol. One* by Santa Barbara's own Hardcore Recordings almost three years ago, there has been an explosion of

give us the *United DJs of America* series, which is dedicated to spotlighting some of the biggest deejays in the world of house music. *New York City Vol. 2* is no exception. This time around, "Little" Louis Vega steps up to the decks and gives us his best: over 70 minutes of solid, urban, electronic soul music. Strictly for groovers.

New York starts out with the Roger S. classic "My Organ," a tribal track which has a sample of some guy yelling "Yeah, come on!" Needless to say, I'm hooked already. But the beat goes on, and before I get bored, Vega starts to drop in one of the dopest tribal house tracks I've ever heard. Visions of the motherland Afrika, men beating on drums, saying "Yeah-yeah," and wild animals chasing each other in the bush penetrate my consciousness. But wait — that piano — is this still the first song? Is he mixing it in?

I can't tell, and I don't care, as a massive piano breaks in and brings me right back to the streets of New York. And for the next 60 minutes, Vega mixes in and out of my mind with some of the best garage house I've ever heard. Even the ending has a surprise to it. This is an excellent survey of house music by an excellent deejay. Check it, 'cause it's crucial!

—Monty Luke



'Little' Louie Vega New York City 2

ambient/dub to techno, jungle to garage. In the past, cassette tapes mixed, made and distributed by deejays were the primary way house-music lovers could own some of this amazing electronic dance music. The only problem with that is the fact that most mix tapes do not come with a listing of the songs and artists featured on the cassette. This poses a problem for the consumer because he or she

deejay-mixed CD compilations (believe it or not). These compilations (some good, some garbage) have the added attraction of a listing of songs and also usually feature a world-renowned deejay in the mix. Most of these compilations also contain techno or trance and do not often feature straight-up house music. Until now.

DMC and Moonshine Music have teamed up to

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LITTLE WOMEN

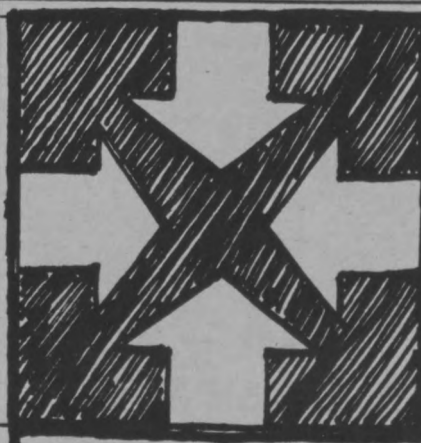
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Ned's Atomic Dustbin interviewed **by Curtis Kaiser**

With the release of their fourth album, *blood-brainbarrier*, Ned's Atomic Dustbin is hoping to achieve the kind of success in the States that they have in their native England.

Ned's, with Dan on drums, Alex and Mat on bass, Rat on guitar and lead singer Jonn, is perhaps most famous for the fact that they have only one guitarist but two bassists, giving their music a definitely unique sound. By the way, no one in the band is named Ned.

Artsweek conducted a phone interview with Mat — the Dustbin only gives their first names — from the Sony Records offices in Santa Monica.

Artsweek: What are you doing in L.A.?

Mat: We've just come over to do some shows in Toronto and Austin. We're just generally promoting and doing a lot of press and preparation.

AW: What does blood-brainbarrier mean?

Mat: During the '60s there was a doctor that theorized that the volume of the brain's blood was too constricted. He reckons that's why we sort of lose our childhood empathy as we grow older. He advocated drilling a hole in the head to increase the brain blood volume, to make you permanently high. He apparently did it and was very pleased with the results. He even did it on himself and his girlfriend with an ordinary power drill. His description is actually quite horrific because he breaks drills and breaks skulls and that sort of thing.

AW: How do you think blood-brainbarrier differs from *Bite*, *God Fodder* and *Are You Normal*?

Mat: I think it's more disciplined, more together. The longer you play together, the more your rhythm comes together. The melodies are also more mature.

AW: How does the band divide up its songwriting duties?

Mat: The lyrics are all

Jonn's. Basically, the music just comes around from the rest of the band, compromising between us. There's no one songwriter — it's just a general consensus.

AW: Does that make it difficult to agree on the direction your songs take?

Mat: It makes it quite hard because no one's the boss, but at the end of the day,

to your first three?

Mat: What we started doing is recording as we're writing. We just put everything down on tape. That way we can go back and listen to it. I think that really helps.

We locked ourselves away in the studios. We were in the rehearsal environment all the time. We just put in loads and loads of time. It's taken us about

technical ability to make it sound great.

AW: The first time I listened to the album, "Traffic" really caught my attention. What are some of your favorite tracks on the album?

Mat: "Traffic" is one of the ones we wrote first and it was able to stand the test of time. I think we chucked a lot of other, earlier ones. "Stuck" I also

What is your approach to playing concerts?

Mat: Get the songs across well to the people, put some energy in, help people enjoy themselves. That's what music is supposed to do. You've got to inject something spiritual into it, I suppose, inject some life force into them.

AW: How was Ned's Atomic Dustbin formed?

Mat: We're from 11 miles

couldn't play. He said, "Can you learn?"

Rat was going to play bass, but he learned guitar instead. Alex wanted to play bass as well, so Jonn just said, "Let's have two bassists." We got in touch with Dan through a heavy-metal drummer.

AW: You've probably answered this question a few hundred times, but how do you deal with



things come out more interesting, because the songs involve the tastes of five different musical people.

AW: Do you share a lot of similar musical tastes?

Mat: There are few bands that we all like. The Kinks are one of the only ones.

AW: Did you use a different recording process for this album as compared

two years to write and record the album. We could have released an album a year ago, but it would have been rubbish.

AW: Who produced this album?

Mat: Tim Parmer. He also produced Tears for Fears, Tin Machine, Pearl Jam — I think it's the best sounding stuff we've ever done. Rhythm tracks have got a good vibe. Tim's got the

like. "I Want It Over" is my personal favorite because it's different from anything else we've done before. You've got to be careful about doing slow songs, but we pulled it off. The better songs were generally written towards the end of our recording.

AW: I've seen a couple of your live shows and they're very energetic.

outside Birmingham, between Kidham and Wolverhampton. I'm from Sturbridge, Alex is from Sedgley and Dan's from Wordsley — they're all very small towns. Jonn was in a band in college — bit of a goth band — then he decided he wanted to form another band. He asked me if I wanted to be in a band and I told him that I

having two bassists in a rock band?

Mat: I stick to being bassy. Alex is more melodic. But on the new album, we tried to split it up a bit. Alex's bass has become more leady, but we've experimented a lot on this album with more atmospheric, delayed, rhythmical things. I just try to simplify things or just concentrate on filling the drums.



Adam Ant
Wonderful
Capitol

Adam Ant is back. Gone are the hot pants, hairspray and pretty-boy makeup. Gone are the physical vocals and peppy pop songs like "Goody Two Shoes."

What's replaced this formerly young '80s Brit-pop hero is a man who has weathered time, maturing physically, lyrically and musically.

His face looks older, a bit more serene and sensitive. Ant looks and sounds as if time has not only changed his body, but his thoughts as well.

The album is titled *Wonderful*. The theme of real love is intertwined in every song, but the title track is most reflective of it.

Insect Sounds

The sweet, heartfelt emotion of the lyrics of "Wonderful" is complemented by the song's simple melody. The most important part of the song is Ant's vocals. Although simply constructed, "Wonderful" is elegant, with a lyric base full in quality and meaning. "Did I tell you how much I miss your smile?" Ant asks. "Did I tell you you're wonderful?" His words are the kind that makes a girl swoon.

On the album, Morrissey's guitarist Boz Boorer provides backing on acoustic and electric guitar, which always complements, and never overshadows, the richness and eloquence of Ant's voice.

In this latest effort, Ant eliminated almost all traces of his yodel-like vocals and his former new

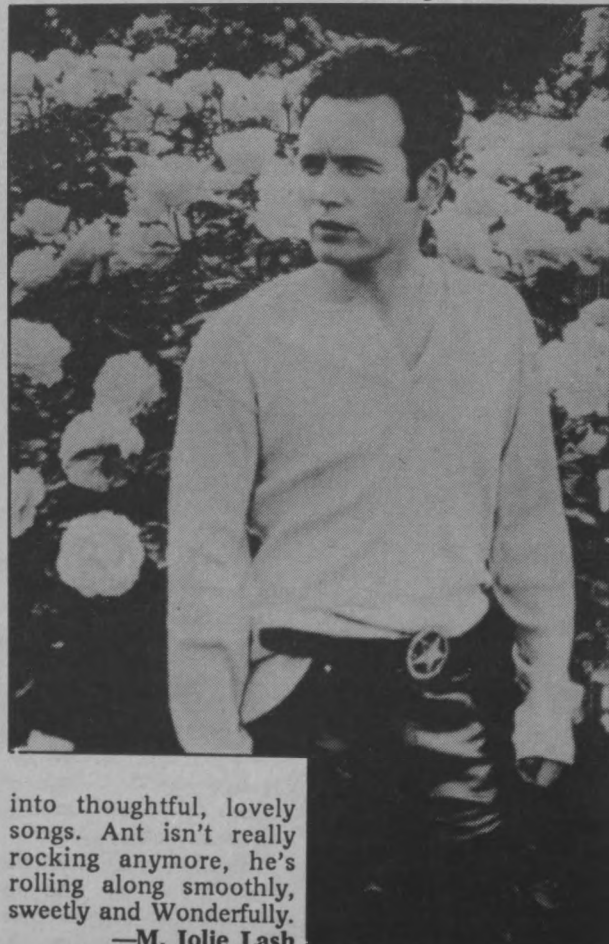
wave star status. One would think that Ant would return to the roots that made him famous, since he is one of the original '80s artists enjoyed by the new wave of new wave movement now sweeping Britain. (Justine Frischman, lead singer of the new new wave band Elastica, was an Ant groupie before she turned 12.) However, it seems Ant has sort of moved forward. He is the same person as in days long gone by, but it sounds as though he has begun work on more regal and acoustic sounds.

The one track that is a bit reminiscent of the Brit pop celebrity's new wave past is "Vampires." To a discerning ear, one can make out Ant's traditional slurs and a slight yodel or two, but mostly the track is soft and light.

"Very Long Ride" is the album's final track. It is partially a spoken word over a melody. During the chorus, Ant sings both the higher and lower octave, providing an interesting contrast.

In most of the songs on *Wonderful*, Ant has chosen a lower octave to sing in. Maybe this is an indication that the rumored-to-be-40-year-old isn't up to everything he used to be. But it sounds as if he doesn't want to reminisce and capitalize on the fruits of his earlier days.

Adam Ant returning to the radio and the music shelves is sort of a milestone. It is true that he released *B-Side Babies* late last year, but it was all old '80s stuff. His new album represents a progression. It's good to see a former pin-up boy's music mature



into thoughtful, lovely songs. Ant isn't really rocking anymore, he's rolling along smoothly, sweetly and Wonderfully.
—M. Jolie Lash



The Sundays
Reading, Writing and Arithmetic
DGC 1989

Dearest Alexxis,

Timm, Kharen, Joe and I went looking for the world's best éclair last weekend. We met my Uncle Jim (Ah yes, insightful one, I am his namesake) in Solvang, and offered our patronage to every welcoming bakery in town, which until about dusk, when word had gotten around that we were all insane and overly satiated, was every one. Timm has vowed to investigate crème brûlées next, and we told him he could burn his own crunchy topping.

Perhaps coincidentally, I woke up on Tuesday with my standard every-six-months sickly feeling, and decided right then and there to take the day off. And you know what was the first album that popped into my head? Something to cheer me up and make me chipper? No, sorry, my loving friend, not the Noel Coward greatest hits album you gave me for Boxing Day. It was *The Sundays* (remember this next word is a city and rhymes with the second word of the title of a similarly English Oscar-nominated movie) *Reading, Writing and Arithmetic*.

Now, the beauty of this album is twofold: one, it really made me feel better! Perked me right up and got me out of bed and at least doing a crossword. And

A Great Record Anyday

secondly, it took me back to last summer, when I was alone in S.D., and you were in Indonesia for the Bali festival, Kharen and Joe were in Olympia for who knows what together, and I had a lot of lonely nights and mornings playing with my hair, which is hard to stretch out to fill up time. But I had this album, and I had Harriet.

Ohhh, Harriet, accenting voice of women and men and girls and life and love. Yes, Ms. Wheeler is one of the forces that can get anyone through down times. She sings, howls, whispers, grooves, and I listen — it's as simple as that. How could this album not be one of my favorites?

These are songs about the evil (at least to my California-bred mind) customs of English society and her memories and love life. Most of my friends here have heard "here's where the story ends," which I even saw on MTV once. It's a beautiful little work, with the memorable "It's that little souvenir, from a terrible year / That makes me smile inside ..." line from the chorus. But it's definitely not the best song on *Reading*.

In fact, I think that all the other songs are better. The nine of them always leave me wanting more, in that desire-after-satisfaction kind of way. "Skin & bones" starts off the album, and introduces ever-so-cleverly the three additional members of *The Sundays*: Dave Gavurin,

guitarist and co-writer, excellent if reserved drummer Patrick Hannan and almost invisibly audible bassist Paul Brindley.

Harriet convinces me of the simplicity of humans here, that beyond what we feel, think and do to each other, we are all just skin and bones, on some level.



And each time I listen, I am reacquainted with the airiness and space of their music, with music kept to a minimum while Madame Harriet adds what's missing in intensity.

I get a very English, restrained sense of enjoyment from her experiences, but when she regains her senses, the results of her actions and relationships are just like what I think they should be. You of all people, Alexxis, are aware of my lack of respect for

convention.

In "can't be sure," the band confronts the dichotomy of materialism, with defiantly sung lines like "Live for a job and perfect behind ... And did you know desire's a terrible thing / The worst that I can find ... You know that I really don't mind?" It's the

you know I'm a sucker for an accent and a good rhythm section.

The obvious midpoint song on the album is one of the best. "You're not the only one I know" begins a few notches down from where the previous track, "hideous towns" (I can't really relate to this one), left off, and continues at the same level throughout, as the lyrics don't get more intense either, just more poignant. "Some say I'm in love with the world / And what is so wrong with leaving my stuff up in the lavatory ... with talking out loud when I'm all alone?" Harriet sings, asking why eccentricity even in private isn't socially accepted. "You're not the only one I know, but I'm too proud to talk to you anyway." Don't ever let me think that, O Alexxis Complexxis.

Now we get to my favorites, and let me tell you, I was feeling much better by the time these two came out my roommate's compact speakers. "I kicked a boy": a short song about a childhood memory, with a chorus and a metaphor for her current state of mind. "When I am alone, I remember so well ... Now I have a cold, and no story to tell ... I could have been wrong, but I don't think I was," Harriet tells me, before going into the repeated plaintive line "And I've been wondering lately just who's gonna save me."

And then there's "my finest hour," another song which I often listen to

multiple times in a row. The bulk of the song is odd and purely British, as in "The finest hour I've ever known / Was finding a pound in the Underground."

But the chorus is one of the best I've ever heard, up there with some Tears for Fears and Police work: "And I keep hoping you are the same as me / And I send you letters and come to your house for tea / We are who we are, whatever the others say, / But poetry is not for me, as much as I'd like to stay / Oh, I just want to go home." Not the kind of sentiment I'd personally like to hear, but it's so beautiful and strong, leading the song to an ending with just her voice and an acoustic guitar.

"Joy" is the simple, effervescent, hopeful song that closes each of my brief experiences with *The Sundays*. Harriet sort of sums up the album here, as she should be doing, projecting her happiness through the best bass and most spacious arrangement on the album.

So I like *The Sundays*, mellowness and Englishness and all. It's not seamless or perfect, and it's certainly not for everyone, although I'm sure it's for you. I mean, hearing this album isn't like doing animation drawing while listening to all seven Steely Dan albums in a row, but maybe that's a pleasure for a select few. Oh, and Joe says yo. Until I am well, beautiful.

—Your loving JeWel



Zoo Story
dimstore songs
Caravan

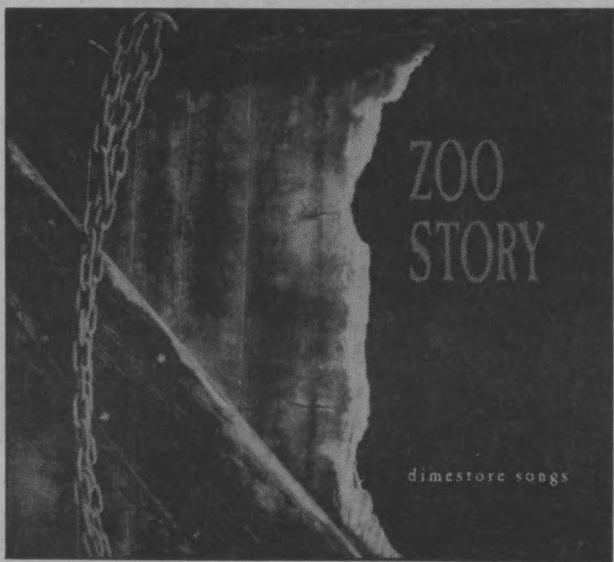
It's clear from the 10 tracks on *dimstore songs*, the new album by Zoo Story, that what this band does is far away from most groups coming out of Isla Vista and Santa Barbara.

Dimstore songs. The five-and-dime is a dying institution, if there are even any left. There used to be a *dimstore* called Ben Franklin's in downtown Pearl River, New York. We would go there after getting haircuts. I bet it's not there anymore — progress demands that everything always be on the march from legacy to desolation. The *Zoo Story* album draws on settings which rest on this intersection.

Many of the songs are rooted in another time, at the moments in human history where a legacy is going to dust. On "Custer's Oration," the lyrics go, "Rise up black kettle, the southern Cheyenne / A peaceful encampment forced from their land." And you are transported to the 19th century, to the dissolution of indigenous North America.

The lines of "This Old Town" are a perfect presentation of melancholy, affection and resignation:

Laughter & Loss



"Something died in this old town / No more steeples or *dimstore* romances at all / Just a watershed in this cemetery of dreams / Dust and bone make no sound ... / Rescue me from this photograph."

It's history seen from later on, through writings, photographs and the "bitter pill of memory." This is the honest way, through a layer of dust, and it makes clear the terrible irony: these moments of change are pervasive and absolute to a given generation, but move on a little, and there's a new good-old-days coming to pieces.

The lyrics are my favorite kind, dense and descriptive, with little repetition. They're letting the

images do the talking, being specific in ways that will probably catch your imagination because they caught theirs.

Lush musical settings make this album a beautiful collection of songs. My only possible complaint is toward the soulful affectation in the vocals — I lean toward a more straightforward singing style. But it doesn't matter. Albums like this are rare.

Zoo Story is having a CD release party downtown at Alex's Cantina tomorrow night at 9:30 p.m. The album can also be found in the local shops.

—Kevin Carhart



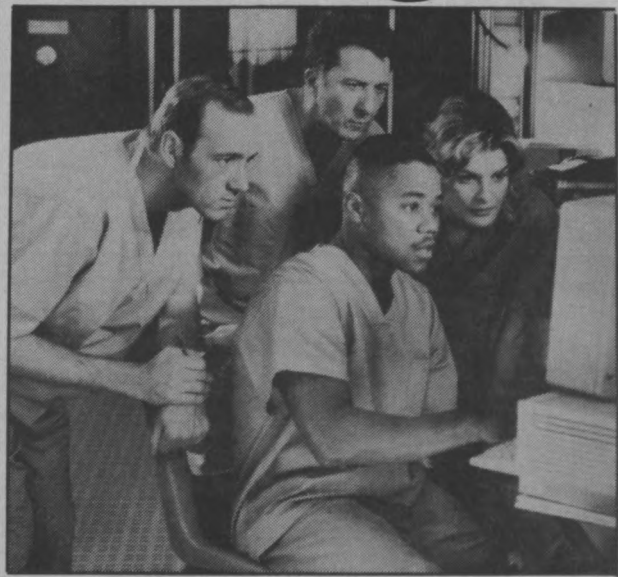
This One Is Catching On

Would the government withhold the cure to a deadly virus? What if they had discovered a cure, yet wanted to use this virus later in germ warfare? Finally, how would you protect yourself from an airborne virus that would kill you within 48 hours of contracting it?

These issues were raised in *Outbreak*, which explored the devastating possibilities of a disease more contagious than the common cold. This virus is carried to the United States by a monkey captured in Africa. After the monkey spits on a man, the disease spreads rapidly. The townspeople of Cedar Creek, Calif., begin dying because an infected person sneezes in a movie theater.

Chaos erupts as the virus attacks, and people are sequestered in their houses or removed to camps if they are infected. Deteriorated faces vividly reflect the fatigue of those dying of this illness. A mother is shown being taken from her family and relocated to the camp.

Outbreak loses its credibility through inconsistencies regarding how the doctors handled the virus. Dustin Hoffman and Rene Russo play the disease specialists who wear futuristic airtight uniforms complete



with oversized helmets. Every part of their bodies was covered when in the hospital, but Hoffman would walk around the town without his helmet. Isn't this disease airborne?

The film slipped from almost believable to utterly ridiculous when Hoffman and his partner, Cuba Gooding Jr., steal an army helicopter and search for the host monkey, hoping to find an antidote. Of course, they find it and take the monkey back to Cedar Creek.

It is a race against time for Hoffman and Gooding to find the answer, because the government is planning to wipe out the virus by bombing the city.

The good guys get there in time to save the day and cure the sick. Surprised?

This film was thought-provoking, because it portrayed the possibility of a deadly disease spreading throughout the world in a matter of hours. With a single person's sneeze in a movie theater, hundreds became infected and spread the virus to others. It is frightening that this could actually occur.

I like the premise on which *Outbreak* was based, but it became extremely unrealistic when a cure was found by locating a tiny monkey in a huge forest.

—Monica Morrissey

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Irish Reels

Circle of Friends appears on the surface to be a simple love story complemented by a perfect Prince Charming, but its richness shines through the basic veneer. Beautifully set in Ireland, it illustrates the tale of a so-called ugly duckling falling in love with a handsome swan who is supposedly out of her league. Not as drastic as *Cinderella* or as teen-love-like as *Sixteen Candles* or *Pretty in Pink*, *Circle of Friends* is a pleasure to watch, with graspable concepts and incredible acting.

Slightly overweight, with kinky hair, Benny (Minnie Driver) is supposedly the homeliest of her small Irish village. From the first day of college, the handsome and popular Jack (Chris O'Donnell) becomes the object of her shy glances. They form a trusting and honest friendship that leads to a rocky road of love.

One of the obstacles they must overcome is

Sean Walsh, the snotty, annoying twenty-something who works for Benny's father. Every time he entered, he made me squirm with disgust. He resembles the hotel owner's grandson in *Dirty Dancing*: the quirky, overbearing know-it-all. Got the picture?

Unfortunately, he pursues Benny; he tells her that no other man would want her, so she should just marry him. Benny holds her own with him and lets him know that Jack is the only one that she loves.

Another small obstacle is the Catholic church. Benny comes from a very religious background in which immoral thoughts of boys and sex are considered sinful. But they are discussed clandestinely throughout the film by Benny, Jack, and Benny's two best friends, Nan and Eve.

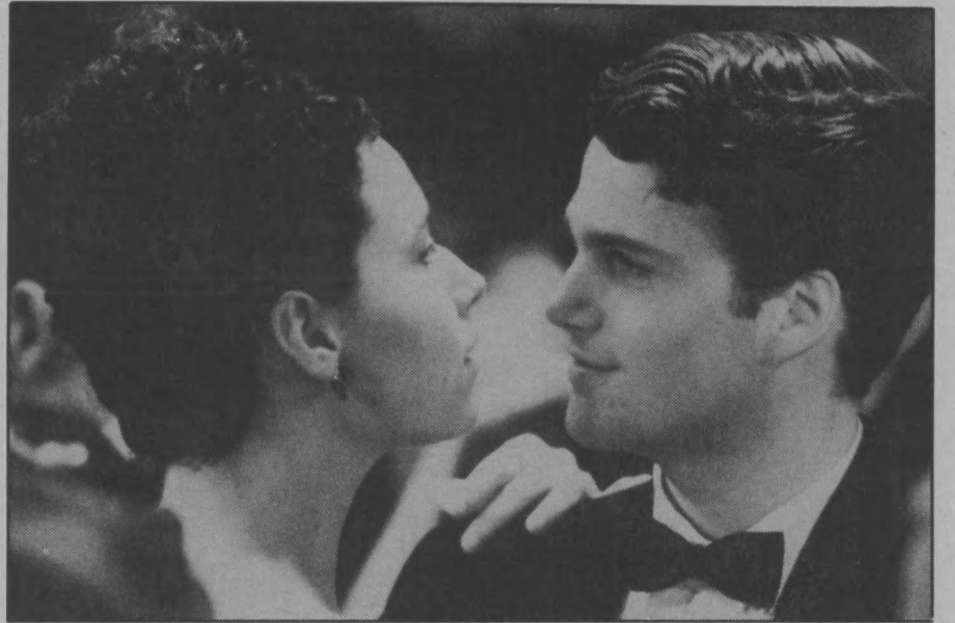
Jack and Benny go on countless walks through the lush Irish grass. (The scenery is just beautiful,

perfect for romantic occasions.) They honestly discuss their feelings for one another and inquire if either has gone "all the way." Benny is a strong character even though she feels she is at a disadvantage because she is not as thin and physically attractive as her friends. She has

the tenacity to explain to Jack that she "might look like a rhinoceros," but that she's a very sensitive person.

As the story continues, there are a few times that the Jack and Benny's perfect romance seems to be in jeopardy. But it's inevit-

able that they will be together. It's not the suspense that made the film so wonderful to watch, it's just the peacefulness of watching a simple love story. I would highly recommend the film to anyone who enjoys romantic storylines, or anyone who wants to get about fifty glimpses of Chris O'Donnell's gorgeous smile. On the other hand, viewers who enjoy a lot of adventure and suspense may find it rather uneventful, or too blissful for their tastes. —Melissa Altman



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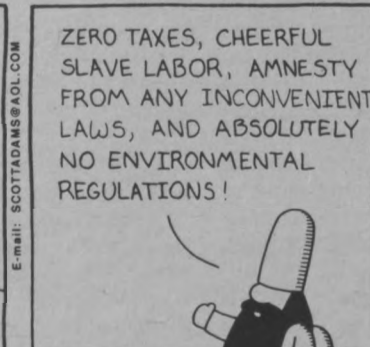
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Kiln 'em with Claiborne

When you learn that the new film *Dolores Claiborne* is based on a Stephen King novel and stars Kathy Bates, you immediately think, "Oh, it's like *Misery*. She's nuts and tries to kill people." And you'd almost be right — the film is indeed a dark journey through the spooky regions of the human psyche, but perhaps not in a way that you expect.

Dolores Claiborne is the tale of a woman (Bates) accused of murdering her longtime boss, a rich woman named Vera Donovan (Judy Parfitt), in a tiny Maine community. As the audience soon learns, Dolores' husband died under similar circumstances 20 years earlier, and the detective (Christopher Plummer) who couldn't convict her then is determined that he's not going to let her get away a second time.

Which is all well and good, but it is the arrival of Dolores' estranged daughter Selena (Jennifer Jason Leigh) that sets the stage for the real story. Selena, a hard-drinking New York journalist, is thoroughly bitter toward her mother, who she believes murdered Selena's father and who she hasn't seen for 15 years. This story of a mother and daughter, and about what really happened 20 years ago, is at the heart of *Do-*

lores Claiborne and is what makes it such a damn good movie.

Aside from the strong story, the film does itself a favor by being beautifully shot. Seamless transitions to and from flashbacks as well as a fabulous use of lighting underscore the



collision of past and present that is at the center of the story. The two different time frames were even shot on two different film stocks, and when elements of the very different periods share the screen, it's moviemaking at its best. To understand why Selena is so screwed up, why Do-

lores is so irascible and why the detective is so adamant about pinning Donovan's death on her, the audience has to take the same gut-wrenching journey through the past that the characters must.

And if ever a movie wrenches your gut, this one does — not with

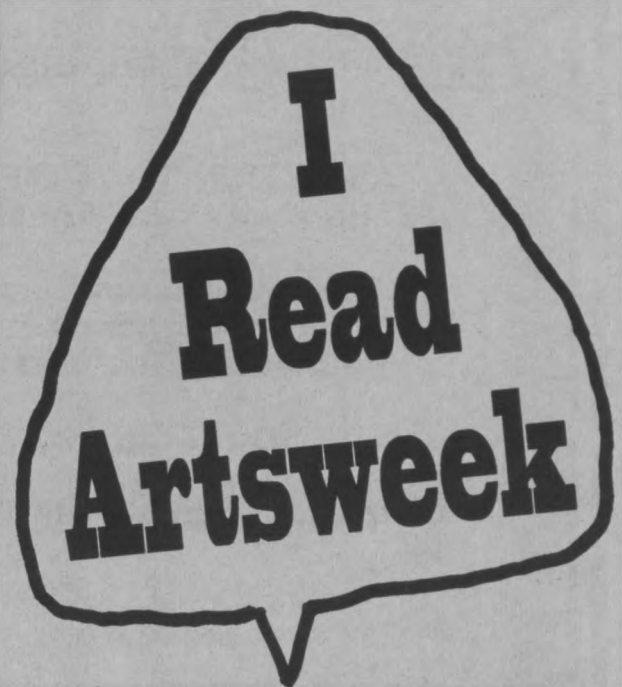
of the film, in fact, that it can easily inspire rampant nihilism: life sucks, people suck, everything sucks.

But all is not as it seems, and as Dolores begins to soften up a bit, things get a little less depressing and a little more interesting. Maybe she didn't kill Vera Donovan, maybe she didn't kill her husband and maybe we'll never know. What does become clear is that Dolores cares only about what her daughter thinks of her, and the relationship between the two combative women is extremely compelling.

Through it all, Bates and Leigh are both magnificent. It's difficult to say which actress gives a better performance, although Bates' powerful screen presence is undeniable. The role of Dolores is such a demanding one that few actresses have the versatility to pull it off, but Bates makes it look easy.

The one chink in the film's armor is the ending, which feels a bit contrived. With so many powerful moments and engrossing scenes, anything less than an equally powerful conclusion detracts slightly from the overall film. *Dolores Claiborne* is, without question, an extremely good film, but it comes so close to being a truly great film that one can't help but notice the gap.

—Scott McPherson



1995 University Award Nominations Being Accepted for Outstanding Graduating Seniors & Graduate Students

Each year the UCSB community recognizes the contributions and achievements of our outstanding graduating seniors and graduate students. University Awards are given to any student who is conferred an undergraduate or graduate degree in the 1994-95 academic year and who has performed "above and beyond the call of duty" in service to the University, the student body, and the community. In 1993 another award was established to recognize an individual's access in the face of adversity.

ALL STUDENTS, FACULTY, AND STAFF MAY SUBMIT NOMINATIONS FOR THE AWARDS.

Thomas More Storke Award

The Thomas More Storke Award is awarded each year to one graduating senior who has demonstrated outstanding scholarship and extraordinary service to the University, its students, and the community. The basic criteria are courage, persistence, and achievement. Nominees must have earned a cumulative GPA of 3.5 or above.

Jeremy D. Friedman Memorial Award

This award is presented annually to one graduating senior who has demonstrated outstanding leadership and superior scholarship, and who has—in a particularly innovative and creative way—contributed significantly to the quality of undergraduate life on campus. Nominees must have earned a cumulative GPA of 3.0 or higher.

Alyce Marita Whitted Memorial Award

This award, first presented in 1993, is presented annually to one nontraditional graduating senior who has demonstrated endurance, persistence and courage in the face of extraordinary challenges while in pursuit of an academic degree.

University Service Award

Service Awards, presented annually to graduating seniors and graduate students, acknowledge a depth of involvement in several different areas of campus life. GPA requirements are based on academic performance that is equal to or higher than 2.822, which is the scholastic average of the student body as a whole.

University Award of Distinction

These awards are presented annually to graduating seniors and graduate students who have made an outstanding contribution to a particular (perhaps fairly narrow) area of UCSB student life. The awards recognize in-depth or focused involvement and significant achievement in campus or community activities. As with the Service Awards, GPA requirements are based on academic performance that is equal to or higher than 2.822, which is the scholastic average of the student body as a whole.

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 Davidson Library—East Entrance Information Desk
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 EOP—Buildings 406 and 434
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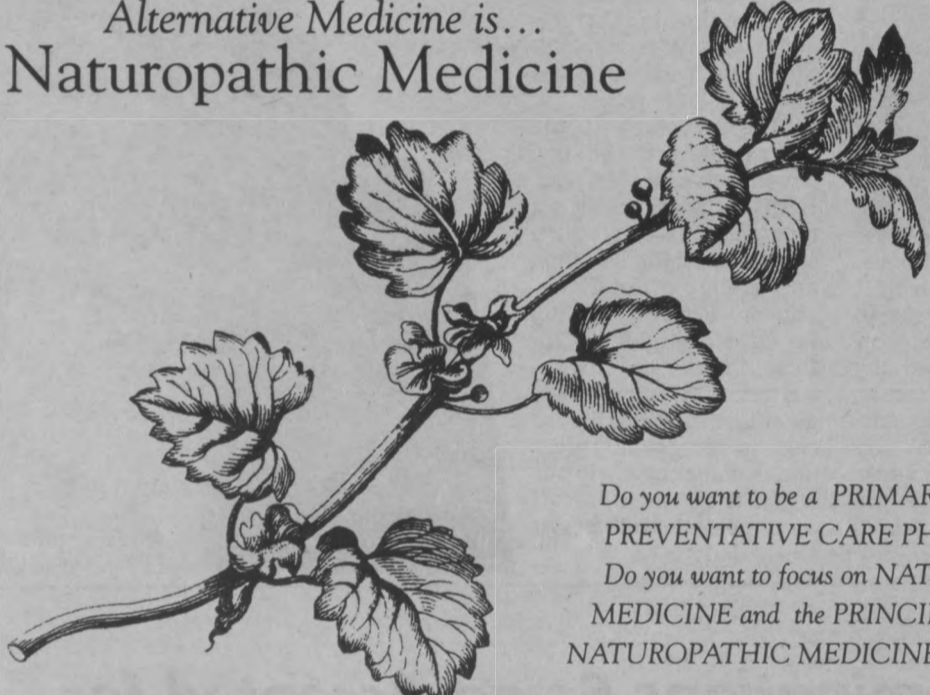
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