

S P E C I A L I S S U E

ENCORE

THE ARTS AND
ENTERTAINMENT
SECTION OF THE
DAILY NEXUS

For The Week of January 23, 1992



Rock n' Roll OR BUST

The Local Band Issue

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On the Bumpy Road to Success

Some Bands Dream of Stardom, But Others are in it Just for Fun

By Bonnie Bills and Anita Miralle

Anaconda
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1/24 FRIDAY
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1/25 SATURDAY
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1/29 WEDNESDAY
HARDCORPS

1/31 FRIDAY
BO DIDDLEY

2/1 SATURDAY
LED ZEPAGAIN

2/2 SUNDAY
L-7

2/5 WEDNESDAY
NRBQ

2/7 FRIDAY
INFECTIOUS GROOVES

2/8 SATURDAY
PSYCHEDELIC FURS

2/13 THURSDAY
Mighty, Mighty, Bosstones

2/14 FRIDAY
BELA FLECK

4/12 SUNDAY
BAD RELIGION

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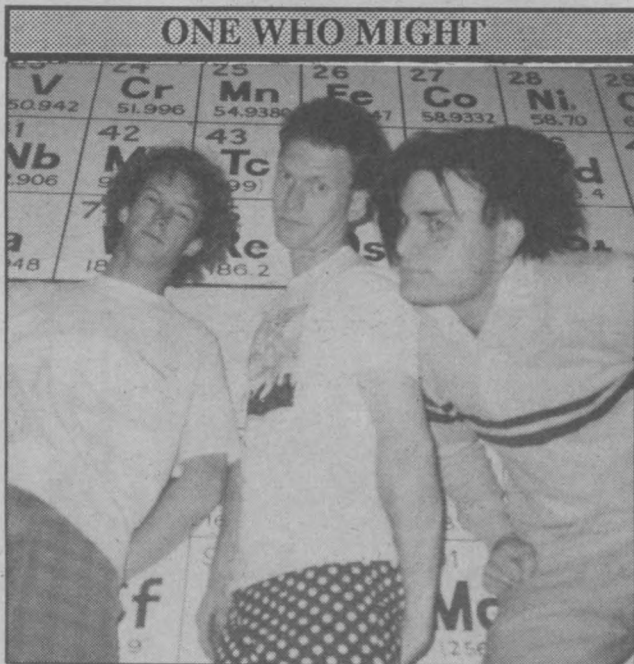
Success. Some people achieve it, some people don't. But everybody wants it, right? Not necessarily so for Isla Vista bands.

On any given weekend night on Del Playa, you can hear the amplified beat of the town's many rock bands, accompanied by the drunken cheering of local partiers. But success by I.V. standards does not necessarily translate into commercial success for local bands.

Evil Farmer bassist Ari Gorman thinks that I.V. rockers don't take themselves seriously. "The first time I went into I.V. as a freshman, I saw lukewarm heavy metal bands playing Zeppelin covers and I got really angry." Gorman, a music major who hails from the rock and roll breeding grounds of the Bay Area, said that the lax band scene in Isla Vista is largely a side effect of the local party atmosphere. "Most bands in Isla Vista are just there for people's enjoyment and not much else. I think most of it is just pure enjoyment."

Agent 94 is one of those bands that doesn't take itself too seriously. "We all have fanatical egos," jokingly commented guitarist Vince Baker, who described the thrash band's sound as "trying to be as loud as possible."

Although Baker con-



Toad the Wet Sprocket (right) landed a record contract, while Rogue Cheddar (above) is hoping they've got the right chemistry.

ceded he doesn't really believe his band will be famous, he said they have a great time just making some noise. "It's for fun. I don't think we're the serious kind of band. We don't really have any goals—just to stay together as long as possible and to meet and play with as many bands as possible."

But the rise of bands such as Toad the Wet Sprocket, signed to Columbia just two years ago, shows that there are some folks out there who have the will—and the skill—to break out of I.V. and into the record industry.

The record industry's most recent encounter with I.V.—funk rockers Ugly Kid Joe—is a band close to living that dream, with a two-album deal with Polygram Records and a video played regularly on MTV. Guitarist Klaus Eich-

stadt said that when his band got together in the summer of 1990, their goals were to "build a good band, write killer tunes and continue from there."

For Ugly, I.V. was conducive to creating a career in music, with its secluded party atmosphere and local venues. "I.V. is great, I never thought it would work, but it's very practical for bands," Eichstadt said, adding, "L.A. and the Bay Area are very competitive, especially because you have to pay to play there."

Eichstadt admitted he has secretly dreamed of stardom since he first picked up a guitar at the age of 15. "I never told anyone, I just dealt with life... this is the only thing I've always wanted to do... Now, when you walk into a (record) store, it really hits you—a dream come true."

Eichstadt said that he didn't realize that rock and



roll could actually be his career until he got the contract in the mail. He added that since Ugly Kid Joe received their contract, the band's goals haven't changed, although the band members have gained confidence. "Now it's a different story. We're no longer in a garage. We've proven ourselves to people."

While Ugly Kid Joe aims for a successful recording career, other I.V. bands are still simply trying to get a break with the record industry.

For I.V. threesome Rogue Cheddar, money is often a big problem in getting that break. Although the band started out for fun, the trio soon established itself in the area as a solid, serious-minded group. But in order to broaden their audience, and get their tunes to the ears of record executives, they must make demo tapes. And demos aren't free. "All

of the money from gigs goes into recording, so there's no pocket money—it's the band's money," bassist Tom Csicsman said.

When success does come, it doesn't last long. Eichstadt admitted the ugly truth that in the record industry most bands only last for four or five years at most. But that doesn't stop him from dreaming of future success. "I hope we keep doing it for 15 years and make seven to 15 records."

But for some, success has nothing to do with fame or record deals. Success is merely doing something with pride and love, practicing and perfecting a craft. To Gorman, music is something he will be doing for the rest of his life. "Music is really... what I love to do; I'd be cheating on myself if I stopped playing just because of money."

"A LANDMARK PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER."
—Vernon Scott, LPI

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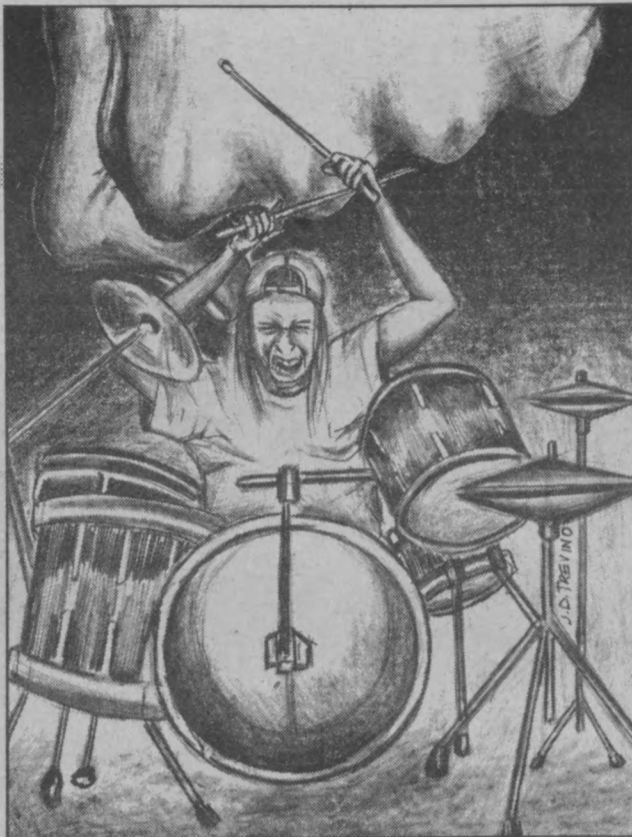
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JOHN TREVINO/Daily Nexus

COMMENTARY

Rock n' Rule

Can Isla Vista Solve its Noise Ordinance Debate?

By Brendan Maze

The way it really works is that the officers explain that you must shut down or they will come back, and only after they come back do they start worrying about detaining you for information or citing you on the spot. And they only take equipment in extreme cases when they need it for evidence information—it is not impounded in a warehouse or taken from you until trial.

I have nothing against the deputies for doing their job; in fact, all encounters with the officers have been pleasant considering the circumstances. Nor is my anger useful against the complainer, because they have an important

Trapped! White, sweating palms grip the sheets. Pillows like hot, damp valleys. Blankets burn, refusing to let go. The fever, it was raging, and that music, that NOISE! Can't stand the pressure (stop that sound, that drumming!). Will not take it any longer. Can't take it. (Damn lying squirrels, silence!) CALL. Yes, call the police. They will stop it. Yes.

Ten minutes later, we were shut down by Isla Vista Foot Patrol officers. This is the problem in I.V., what I'm getting at. No, it's not feverish students receiving messages from fiendish squirrels, although that's probably what happened

"Having played in a band,... for two years, I can attest to the great demand for live music ... in Isla Vista."

to my band. It's about live music in I.V. The need and want for live music entertainment in Isla Vista is pitted directly against the sovereign rights of the individual who does not want to be bothered by noise. So what, you ask?

Having played in a band, Milgrim's Pilgrims, for the past two years, I can attest to the great demand there is for live music at weekend parties in Isla Vista. It seems that any weekend you can walk down Del Playa or Sabado and see three or four bands playing, with sizable crowds. I have personally received notice from the sheriff's deputies to stop playing five times out of 20 performances, in reference to County Code 415 — disturbing the peace. The complaints were waged by one person not enjoying the music as opposed to the 100 or so appreciating it.

So what can a band and audience do?

Most people think that all it takes is one person waging a complaint for the deputies to tell you to stop, and if you keep playing, the nameless person could step forward and have you cited and/or arrested and your equipment confiscated. So bands usually stop playing, rather than risk having their instruments damaged while out of their possession.

right to peace and quiet, and there will always be one anal retentive per apartment complex who complains when you play pre-recorded music at nearly intelligible levels. Then he says he's going to tell the manager, and he can be just as much of a jerk back, and then you tell him that he should get a life, etc. (I lived at Tropicana freshman year. Sorry.)

My main beef is with the people that make the laws and control the purse strings of Santa Barbara County, and in general, the people who regulate cities across the United States.

Most residents in I.V. want to see live music, and some

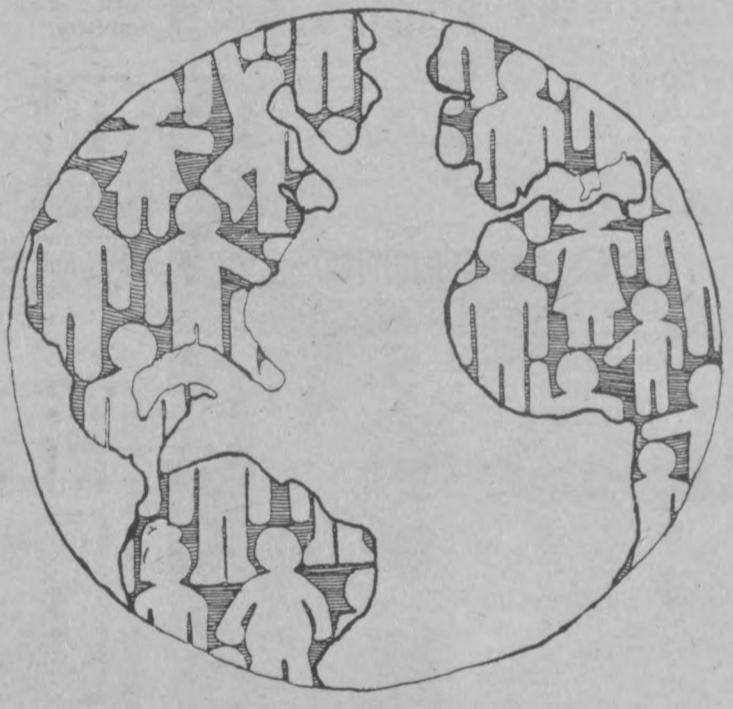
"The need ... for live music is pitted directly against the sovereign rights of the individual. So what, you ask?"

residents don't. But because of the high population density of Isla Vista and the lack of public places to play, these bands perform at people's houses and apartment complexes all over the community, within earshot of any point in our ham-and-cheese-let. The governing bodies come up against a problem like this, one that requires thought in order to be solved, so they pass a law or enforce an existing one to deal with the situation. Enforcing Code 415 does not solve the problem of the bands not having a place to play when most residents want to see them. All it does is make one person out of 100 satisfied and 100 angry that their party was broken up.

Solution? There are only two: Kill all people that complain about the music (unconstitutional) or rewrite Code 415 so that it states when in certain communities (i.e. Isla Vista) the great majority of residents prefer the live music to the one who doesn't, the music can continue, albeit at reduced levels. If this is still bothersome to the complainer, then the noise must stop. (Your standard Kant vs. Bentham — easy way out, I know.) With this law, along with the local understanding among bands not to play past midnight on weekends, I think that almost every resident of Isla Vista could live with the sound of music wafting across our little slum-hole-pit by the oil fields.

5th Annual Celebration of Cultures

UCSB University Center
January 21-24



Thursday, January 23

- All day UCen Dining Services present food from Africa
Display tables—UCen Mezzanine
- 10 a.m. Los Suenos de Un Perro Azul, paintings by Santiago Vaquera-Vasquez—UCen Art Gallery
- 11 a.m. A taste of the World—UCen Dining Services offer an opportunity to sample foods from various cultures—UCen Art Gallery
- 11 a.m. Barry Kaufman, European Folk Music—The Pub
- Noon Avaz International Dance Theatre, performing the traditional folk art of the Middle East—The Pub
- Forum on Modern India, sponsored by Indus Association—Storke Plaza
- 1 p.m. Victor Zavalla—Music from the Americas, pre Columbus—The Pub
- 3 p.m. A Volunteer's Experience in the Central African Republic, sponsored by the Peace Corps—UCen Room 3
- 4 p.m. Susan Rawcliffe, Pre-Columbian instruments—The Pub
- 6 p.m. Ran Ronen Consulate General of Israel—Discussion sponsored by Israel Action Committee—Pav A
- 7 p.m. Panel—Alpha Phi Alpha—Pav C

Friday, January 24

- All Day Los Suenos de Un Perro Azul, paintings by Santiago Vaquera-Vasquez—UCen Art Gallery
- Noon Emyna, Legacy of Sound—The Pub

Celebration of Cultures is presented by University Center Programs in conjunction with UCen Dining Services, UCSB Bookstore, Dean Travel, Campus Activities Center, Associated Students Program Board, and Campus Clubs and Organizations.

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Shootin' Pool and Drinkin' Bloodys With Rogue Cheddar

By Dylan Callaghan

There's no way home for Rogue Cheddar. They've gone too far. These guys know too damn much.

The two-and-a-half-year-old Isla Vista-borne power trio has ripened into a most pregnant fruit — waiting, like a timed pack of TNT, to burst all over the big-time music scene.

It is not written in stone that this blue-collar, no-frills-needed, punk-rock band will hit the big time. But listening to them play — pounding like a hot, greased V-8 — it seems impossible they won't.

Make way fatheads, Rogue has become too much for the small time.

It is a number of things that make Cheddar work. Three, to be exact.

Behind drums there is the 27-year-old cabinetmaker, John Collins, pensively unleashing his drive-train beats with the fear of God in his eyes — as if on the verge of a psychotic fit.

Then, there are the mountainous bass thumpings of one Tom Csicsman — a man who has clearly consorted with the devil in order to create his sound and refine his ominous, long-armed, muscle-draped physique.

Next it is all iced, iced baby with the precisely in-

termittent, jangle-punk guitar of Darryl Sweet. In his vocals, Sweet infuses every quirky, manic tick of his sped-up personality.

Together they create a joyful, angst-laced noise that simply shakes and pounds the listener into an irrefutable state of happiness. They entertain like the circus, but not by gobbing on hackneyed women's make-up, wearing American flag capes or discharging fireworks and dancing around on big mechanized sets made of wax and tinsel. They entertain by feeding the audience a double mouthful of rock and roll.

All told, if this band was a new kind of cheese, their audience would eat them up like famished mice, Kraft would go bankrupt and the Swiss would stick to watches, chocolates and money laundering. Serious shit, fans.

At the end of last year, Cheddar put out their fourth self-produced, eight-song tape: *Mountain Rotor Wash*. Their clean, distinctive brand of punk rock has gained the attention of local critics and several record companies. They were even included in the material for a Music 114 course at UCSB where they played live and became the subject of a question on the final exam.



DAVID ROSEN/Daily Nexus

QUESTION: Is Rogue Cheddar a band that relies heavily on long, over-barring guitar solos?

ANSWER: No.

Behind this band's serious sound are three guys who are serious about what they do. The inner workings of the Rogue machine are maintained with the care of a hovering mother. They have a full-time manager and almost every week they hold a band meeting to discuss problems, plans and projects — just to vent any venom that might slow them down. Practice times are treated with respect, and all

their gig-money goes straight into a kitty for recording costs.

When it comes to fame, however, Rogue's members don't seem too greedy.

"We just want to be able to play what we want to play and live comfortably. That would be the ideal," explains Sweet with his characteristically jerky stare.

Last Sunday, Cheddar elaborated on their thoughts at a local pool bar over some good Bloody Marys.

ENCORE: How many chords does the ideal rock song have?

Darryl Sweet: Very few. Short and sweet.

Tom Csicsman: Yeah, none of this evil ballad shit. We don't want anything that sounds masturbatory. Masturbating is fine, just not musically.

ENCORE: (to John Collins) How would you describe your drumming?

John Collins: Well, I never really intended to be a drummer ... I'm kind of a spaz I guess ... a 'tard.

ENCORE: (Again to Collins): Do you have good table manners?

See ROGUE, p.7A

C o o k i n g W i t h Earl

By Pax Wassermann

Earl will put hair in your mouth.

But more troublesome than that is the fact that the five members of one of Isla Vista's few blues bands would take pride in the knowledge that their music had caused hair follicles to sprout in your larynx.

But don't judge them too quickly. The band that preaches "All God's Creatures Got Butts" has more to offer Isla Vista than their winning smiles.

Sounding something like a road accident (and I mean that in the most aesthetically pleasing way) between Muddy Waters, Frank Zappa and the Smurfs, Earl just could be America's musical future. Well, maybe not America, but definitely the 6700 block of Trigo.

That's where **ENCORE** caught the boys — Danny Shorago (lead vocals), Greg MacIlvain (guitar), Todd Kurtzman (bass), Paul Stinson (drums) and Ted Schram (guitar) — for an intense philosophical questioning of mysticism, Richard System, safety and the blues.

ENCORE: What is Earl?

Greg: It's an anagram for Early Attack Response Lat-tus. Basically we're a neighborhood watch thing, except the only members are the band.

Danny: We're essentially



GERRY MELENDEZ/Daily Nexus

a mystical band, so it's both what he said and completely not that. Earl is just this constant cycle of birth and death, re-birth and re-death, re-re-birth and re-re-death, and marriage and pimples.

ENCORE: So what you're saying is that life is suffering and Earl is simply a synonym for that.

Greg: I quote Gorbachev

in saying: "People are born, people suffer, people die." That's basically what Earl is.

ENCORE: Who is the father of the blues?

Danny: The blues come from Africa, the Mississippi Delta, places like that. Willie Dixon is so important. Robert Johnson, Muddy Waters. Compared to them we're just squirming little maggots writhing in the

sores of their toes.

ENCORE: Does the Devil walk among us?

Greg: He sings for us, not only does he walk among us.

Paul: He moonwalks among us. He also makes Danny take off his clothes.

ENCORE: What gives you joy?

Paul: Joy's parents?

ENCORE: What gives you the blues?

Greg: When I come home, and I find my baby's left me, and she took all the cottage cheese.

ENCORE: Danny, you jump around and fall down a lot when you guys play. Do you ever get hurt?

Danny: Yes. Actually, I used to be immortal; now I'm mortal.

ENCORE: Is safety a big part of your shows?

Paul: Yes. We encourage our audience to sit down on the ground and try not to touch each other or themselves.

ENCORE: What can we do to make the world a better place?

Greg: Legalize marijuana. Eliminate seasons.

Paul: I think if the world was like one big fraternity — and we could all be brothers.

Danny: But what about the women?

Paul: Little sisters! That's

See EARL, p.7A

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Amps Blow
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Whose Futu
Wide Op

ENCORE
INTERVI

Living a Double Life With Spinal Crap

By Denis Faye

I cannot begin to express how honored I felt when my editor asked me to interview Spinal Tap.

"Spinal Tap," I thought. It just rolled off my tongue, like greased beebees. The same band that Rob Reiner launched into legend with his 1982 rockumentary, *This is Spinal Tap*. I was going to meet them.

I was a little surprised when they said they wanted to meet me at Woodstock's. This was a place where bad I.V. bands, like Redrum and Mons Pubis, would want to be interviewed. But Woodstock's was not the place to meet bad internationally famous bands.

I sat down and told them how pleased I was to meet them. I was becoming progressively more suspicious as they announced that they had to wait for Dave and Nigel, because Dave had driven to Lompoc to do laundry and Nigel went on his break (from Woodstock's) in five minutes.

These guys weren't the Tap. I'd been taken for a sap! So I said, "Stop your flap. What's the hap? I'm sure you guys aren't Spinal Tap."

"We're not Tap, we're Spinal Crap," they said, "but interview us and put us on the map."

"This is so wrong," I jeered. Just as I feared, I'd been given a bum steer. Spi-



HILLARY KAPLOWITZ/Daily Nexus

nal Tap was nowhere near and there was no way that Spinal Crap could be its peer.

"Sit down and relax," said the guys, with great cheer. "Interview us and we'll buy you a beer."

And so it was decided. I'd go through with the interview.

First order of business was to get the names down. I again became skeptical of their integrity. They had supposedly known each other for years and yet it took them 20 minutes to figure out each other's names. They were either brilliant satirists or real stupid.

From what I deduced, these were their names. On lead guitar and vocals is David "Pool Cue" St. Suckecki. On other lead guitar is Nigel. On bass is Maurice Smalls. Keyboards finds us

meeting Vince Ravage.

And a recent addition to the band is Chauncy Pomphred on drums. He replaced John Bartelink, whose spine was shoved through his brain when he fell off the cliffs last Halloween. What makes this situation truly ironic is that Chauncy and John are the same person. Spinal Crap had an explanation for this.

Being a true Spinal Tap parody band, they wanted to have a constant flow of drummers. On the other hand, they wanted to avoid having to reassociate themselves with new artists, not to mention the messy cleanup. Chauncy/John is the perfect solution.

"You see," said Chauncy/John (currently just wood (Chauncy), "I have 26 different personalities — all of whom happen to be percus-

sionists. When one dies, the next one just takes the newly opened position."

Spinal Crap's roots are in I.V. Maurice, Vince, Nigel and Dave were in a group called Indica (Maurice, Vince and Nigel still fiddle with this project, claiming it's a Rock/Metal Exploration and tax write-off.) They acquired Chauncy when his former band, Monkey Wrench, disbanded.

Though they try to avoid the stereotype of "another I.V. band who does all Spinal Tap covers," the boys can't help but draw some similarities between themselves and their sister group.

Said Chauncy: "They played at a place called 'Xanadu Star Theatre,' we live in Xanadu. They probably would have liked to play at Woodstock, and we eat at Woodstock's. Their amps

go to 11 and all of Vince's girlfriends are 11! It's really quite cosmic."

Vince seems to be the Don Juan of the group. He is the only one in the band to have a groupie experience.

"It was my first show and I was playing keyboards — not very well. Being as incredibly sexy as I am, I met this little female. Did I meet her that night ... or a week later?"

Maurice helps Vince with his story: "So, I was standing there with a cucumber. She asked me about Vince and I said I'd set them up. The next night, they met."

"Oh yeah," says Vince, "I was having some communication problems ... I couldn't get a firm grasp ... I couldn't get firm. OK! I couldn't get it up, alright! She went for a singer in another band."

But despite life's little difficulties, these guys stick together. They are thrilled about their upcoming Pub gig in February. Dave says it will be called, "Save The Pub with Special Guests and Spinal Crap."

I left that evening feeling marginal. I couldn't really comprehend my feelings towards Spinal Crap, but I knew ... oh, I knew that they would be around for a while. That was neat. They were more than a band. They were rock n' rollers, party boys. And what's more, one of them worked at a doctor's office and another worked at Woodstock's.

Kickin' the Dog With Creature Feature

By J. Christaan Whalen

Songwriter/guitarist/poet/beardy singer Giancarlo Missetta stands some six-and-a-half feet into the sky and if he's planned things right, his smiling face will be the last thing you see before you are finally sucked wholesale into the apocalyptic darkness of madness, death and rock n' roll of Creature Feature.

And when you wake up, sweated and shaken, you will tell yourself, "It's only a metaphor ... only a metaphor."

Yes, Creature Feature is a local band for the '90s. It's a "now" kind of thing, dig. It's a metaphor thing, pops, frightening and compelling like the breathy seductions of Count Rockula himself.

The name Creature Feature comes from the Latin "*cratis fetura*," meaning literally, "the bringing forth of wicker frames." This has nothing to do with the style of music produced by the band, although it's telling of their attitude.

For example, Mr. Missetta and his bandmates — drummer Jef Kirchmaier

and bassist Greg Kirchmaier — may have secured their position as one of S.B.'s most popular club attractions, but they haven't quit their day jobs. Giancarlo gofers, Greg flips burgers and Jef is one of Isla Vista's own hippie postmen. I may



be the first to say it, but it is undeniably true: Jef delivers his mail the same way he delivers his maelstrom beats — on time.

Giancarlo sings like a man who is currently having his wisdom teeth removed. Despite its obvious similarity to the voice of Metallica's James Hetfield, Giancarlo's singing stands on its own. The way it makes you feel,

you may be inclined to think that Giancarlo is singing from your diaphragm.

Greg's BA-DOOM bassing holds down the low end like a mugger holds down an old lady while he beats her and steals her Social Security check. On stage,



he's inclined to bounce and sway like a drunken kewpie doll.

Drummer Jef has more chops than Bruce Lee and Sam the butcher combined. His is a forceful, steady beat, prone to injure come fill time with exploding drum shrapnel.

ENCORE talked to Creature Feature last weekend. A dog tried to eat their

pizza. Here is an edited transcript:

ENCORE: Why Creature Feature?

Giancarlo: I got it from a Damned song called "Nasty." It's also a cheesy show up north like Elvira, but worse. ... Our songs are about zombies and stuff.

ENCORE: Have Tokyo and Kyoto become for young American writers what Paris was for Hemingway's generation?

Giancarlo: Yes, if not more so.

Jef: This dog is damn picky. He likes sauce but not dough. He likes plates but not dough.

ENCORE: Have you ever gardened a small plot behind a rented Japanese cottage?

Jef: I never have, but I'd like to. Dog!

ENCORE: What is suspiciously like a sneaker?

Giancarlo: A tennis shoe.

Jef: That is damn close. ENCORE: What would be a better use of \$5: buying your tape or just gambling with it?

MUSIC REVIEWS

Ugly: As Good As They're Gonna Be?

As Ugly As They Wanna Be
Ugly Kid Joe
Polygram

Ugly Kid Joe — Whitfield "Icha-bod" Crane, Roger "Bert" Lahr, Mark "Betty" Davis, Cordell "Davy" Crockett and Klaus "Klaus Eichstadt" Eichstadt — doesn't deliver a delicious rock pizza on their E.P. *As Ugly As They Wanna Be*. It's a bust, and they're burnt.

All the things that made Ugly Kid Joe Isla Vista's most important band are missing on their major-label debut. For instance, their best songs ("Goddamn Devil" and one that I think is called "This Time, This Time I Love You, Last Time, Last Time I Hate You") are missing, supplanted instead by the weaker and perpetually more embarrassing "Whiplash Liquor"



and "Too Bad," which is an opus about a man/child "swimming in an ocean/It's so black and cold."

Crane's EveryIslaVistan vocals are strained and a little more pleading than usual on this record. He's going to get nodes on his vocal cords if he keeps singing like that! Mark my words!

To sum it up: the mix is terrible; finally getting a glimpse at the lyric sheet is very disappointing; the whole packaging recalls junior high school daydream doodling. Their themes of adolescent rebellion read like whiny chants from an annoying older brother. Ultimately disheartening, maybe Ugly Kid Joe isn't ready for national attention. A third-generation copy of their old demo tape I heard sounded better than this. Shit sandwich.

—J. Christaan Whalen



Ugly Kid Joe doin' the attitude thang: Are they like the pile of couches, ready to be burnt, or primed for fame and MTV stardom?

One Wicked Demo

Evil Farmer
Demo

Someone listened over my shoulder and described it as "late '70s post-neo disco."

Evil Farmer's demo tape features two songs, both filled with thick textures and a lot of changes. It defies pigeonholing, meandering comfortably through drastic tempo changes, dipping into a spectrum of influences, as evidenced by my friend's disco reference.

What he was talking about is up for interpretation, but their stuff does sound reminiscent of some of the more intricate work by the Grateful Dead, with a little dash of funk and dramatic organ riffs.

Both songs on the tape sound surprisingly clean considering the four-track production, and the music is so complex that it dares you to doubt their musical ability.

Singer Paul Moore keeps it all mellow, as he "ooohs" and "ahhs" through cute lyrics like "I have loved you since kindergarten and there you wore a ribbon in your hair." His voice, a cross between latter-day Sting and a cheesy lounge act, smooths out the kinks and keeps the music moving solidly.

It's rumored they're playing in the Battle of the Bands. Judging from this limited dose and what's been said about their live show, they sound like a local act worth checking out.

—Dan Hilldale

ENCORE Staff

Contributors

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January 28 & 29
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MUSIC REVIEWS

Walking Along the Highwire

Circus Shows Local Color

Circus Frequency
Demo

A little orchestration goes a long way. The members of Circus Frequency are competent in a lot of ways, but what really shows is their songcraft.

The band features not only two guitars, but also the voices of Kirsten Candy and Dan Bucko to play around the melodies and harmonies that run throughout the tape. Each song builds, instrument by instrument, until reaching a layered, interlocking richness. Textures favor a warm, ethereal sound reminiscent of country-influenced bands like The Reivers. The body of the songs is marked by a continuing shift in coloration and tempo that gives each number a remarkable range and complex structure.

While each song shows a great diversity in mood and technique within itself, the differences from song to song are minimal. Any one of them is enough to show off the capabilities of Circus Frequency. Taken together, they may get somewhat redundant, although always remaining pleasant.

—Alex MacInnis



Circus Frequency, in Vase-focus.

A Promising Experiment

Pilgrims' Effort Electrifies

Milgrim's Pilgrims
Demo

Milgrim's Pilgrims seems to be on the right track. Their music ranges from straightforward and catchy (one might even say funky) tunes like "Dead" or the Bo Diddley beat of "Puppethead" to a dark, distorted late-'60s sound that gets pretty dissonant.

Lead singer Brendan Maze howls, screeches, drawls and does a low rumble through the vocals, singing lyrics that don't demand to be taken seriously. Try taking a line like "Dead leaves blow up your skirt/I don't want them there" too seriously.

Several songs are based around a slow guitar/organ pattern that sharply breaks into an up-tempo chorus. These don't quite come off, but they do go in promising directions. The band seems sensitive to coloration (processing effects used on guitar and vocals and the VOX organ all add detail and variety) and interested in developing complex, organic song structures. With the appropriate dedication and continued good humor, the group could build into a very solid local act.

—Alex MacInnis

ROGUE

Cont. from p.4A

Collins: I know how to do it. I kinda got turned off to the whole thing when I was a cook. ... I prefer to just eat with my hands out of a can.

ENCORE: (Again to Collins, totally out of context) Would you smoke PCP?

Collins: Sure, I'd like to smoke PCP just because James Brown does.

ENCORE: Do you guys want to become more famous?

Collins: Sure.

Csicsman: We just want everybody to respect each other. We're not into having a big attitude convention. ...

I mean, if nobody was there, if nobody wanted to write about us or review our records, we'd still be playing. ... It's fun and it keeps me from killing people.

ENCORE: Name two of your biggest influences. You're being timed.

Collins: Killing Joke and the Cocteau Twins.

Sweet: Pixies and the Beatles.

Csicsman: The Talking Heads, No Means No and Joy Division.

ENCORE: Give two adjectives to describe your sound.

Collins: Fuckin', rockin' shit.

Csicsman: Screaming weirdness.

Sweet: Short and sweet.

EARL

Continued from p.4A
what people need, a rigid system.

ENCORE: Richard System? Who is Richard System?

Paul: What we need to do is bring back Richard Simmons.

ENCORE: Do you plan to or have you already recorded a demo?

Danny: No. We haven't told anyone this, but everyone in our band is the son of a record company mogul. So the fact that we're playing Isla Vista is just for the people.

Greg: The fans!

ENCORE: So you're

"people" people?

Greg: Danny's the most people person.

ENCORE: Oh, really? How many people is he?

Greg: Dan accounts for about three people, while each of us are only about one and a quarter people.

ENCORE: My last question. (to each member of the band) Are you Elvis?

Danny: No ...

Paul: Not the last time I checked.

Todd: No, but I'm willing to play Vegas.

Greg: Yes.

\$5

Continued from p.5A
Greg: Buying our tape.

ENCORE: Why?

Greg: Because it's not a gamble.

ENCORE: What would you say if I told you that your music stood all things — science, medicine, arts and crafts, and the structures of society — on their heads?

Jef: I'd say, "You're a very perceptive young man." Giancarlo is dropping science like Galileo dropped the orange.

ENCORE: Who has a better beard: Fidel Castro or

Karl Marx?

Giancarlo: Karl Marx. Although Fidel's is bigger and better.

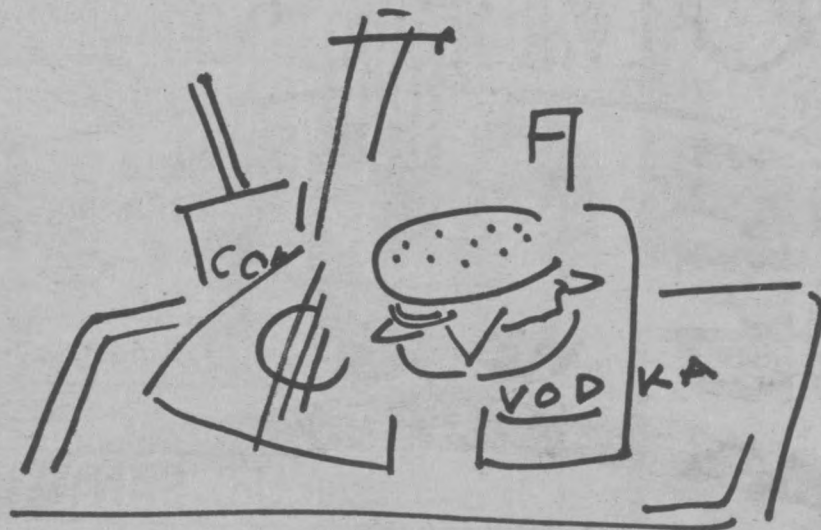
Jef: Sean Connery has the best beard because it's totally gray except this part. (Jef makes gestures with his hands towards his face).

ENCORE: If you came out with a CD, would you refuse to release it in the environmentally unsound "longboxes?"

Jef: We probably would.

Greg: The more you do for the world the better.

Creature Feature is opening for L7 at the Anaconda Feb. 2.



W

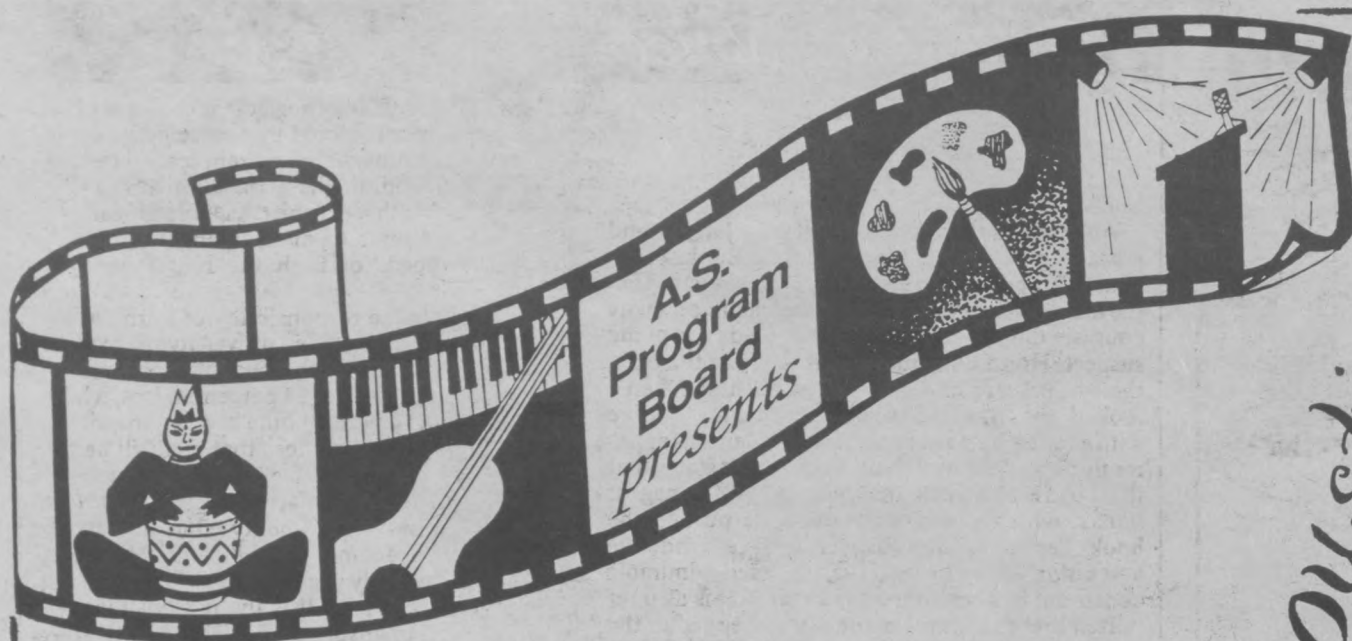
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Program Board would like to thank all the bands who entered tapes for the

BATTLE OF THE BANDS

The **FINALISTS** as chosen by a 5-member student panel are:

NO ONE YOU KNOW **CIRCUS FREQUENCY**
CIRCUS LIFE **ROGUE CHEDDAR**
CINDERBLOCK **SLEEPWALKERS**
EVIL FARMER **INDICA**

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 HOT local bands at the