

ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of July 27 - August 2, 1994

LOCAL CONCERTS ARE LOOKING UP



Sarah McLachlan

The Proclaimers

AT SOME NEARBY LOCATIONS

See Story, P. 2A

THE UFCW, THE UNDERGROUND, AND THE VENTURA THEATER HAVE LOTS OF NEW REASONS WHY LIVE MUSIC AROUND HERE IS GETTING BETTER

Stories by Cadilli, Carhart, Dunlap, Maxwell, Tessman. Editorializing by Carhart.

The local concert outlook seems to be improving. For one thing, the booking of Sarah McLachlan and the Proclaimers at the Ventura Theatre, after a long lack of anything so nice, may mean that they're getting good again. Whether they keep it up remains to be seen — October shows by John Wesley Harding, the Samples and the Hoodoo Gurus are some indication that they will — but for the moment, it's a fun little burst.

Sarah McLachlan previewed by Brenda Maxwell

Ireland has emitted yet another talented artist — singer/songwriter Sarah McLachlan, whose latest album *Fumbling Towards Ecstasy* includes intense musical pieces similar to the sounds of Sinead O'Connor and the Cranberries.

The first release, "Possession" explains McLachlan's search for her own identity through a relationship with a lover. She prides herself on her own individuality and femininity. Just as the album begins with this piece, it also includes a dynamic reprise of the song accompanied simply by a single piano to focus on the meaningful lyrics.

Continuing the album's theme of developing her identity and female empowerment, McLachlan utilizes her unconfined voice to reach notes most artists are unable to achieve. "Mary" celebrates her talents as she expresses emotions of lost love and the strong attachment to a former relationship. Like many relationships gone sour, Mary "could not understand that no one seemed to have the time to cherish what is offered."

"Ice Cream," a childlike tune of juvenile simplicity and innocent lyrics, reflects upon the emotions felt in a first love. Comparing her love favorably to ice cream, McLachlan contrasts the initial naivete of a crush with the recognition that she can never go back to the more pure and simple emotions she once experienced.

The importance of female bonding is glorified in "Good Enough," a piece stressing that the relationships between two female friends are often more rewarding and stable than those between a male and a female as lovers. McLachlan's soothing voice comes through the song to calm any broken heart.

On "Elsewhere," she emphasizes the effects of developing and maturing into a unique individual with a strong sense of one's own identity. This piece incorporates understandable lyrics on shared emotions, as McLachlan praises solitude.

The possible death of a loved one is painfully expressed in "Hold On."

McLachlan's suffering carries through her voice as she softly whimpers, "oh god the man I love is... leaving won't you take him when he comes to your door." Although the song focuses on a potential death, an underlying sentiment of hope is apparent in her plea for him to hold on.

The peaceful songs included in *Fumbling Towards Ecstasy* work together to create a consolidated collection to empower individuals and celebrate femininity.

Sarah McLachlan plays the Ventura Theatre with October Project on Saturday, July 30, at 8 p.m. A second show, July 31, has just been added.

The Proclaimers previewed by Michael Cadilli

In 1988, the Proclaimers released *Sunshine on Leith*, which seemed to be an album full of soul-searching, politics and just a dash of passion mixed in the band's country folk-rock style.

Well, after six years and one giant hit, "(I Would Walk) 500 Miles" — the nerdy twins from Scotland seem to have found an answer to their soul-searching on their last



album.

Hit the Highway is the vehicle in which they reply to burning questions that life always forces you to ask. The soul-searching is over — they have found peace and direction in their life and their music.

Like the gospel piano ballad says on the new album, "I Want to Be a Christian." Charlie and Craig Reid have certainly endured hardships in their lives, like any other human, but they seem to have dealt with it through their music.

"Let's Get Married" kicks off their plight with a strong and upbeat song about the institution of marriage. "The More I Believe" carries their faith and devotion further with a powerful mix of lyrics and folk-rock showing how they feel about spirituality.

Although most of the lyrics on *Hit the Highway* deal with the faith, they do so with some upbeat tunes and guitar rock, and mix in some blues and gospel —

proving their diversity and musical talent.

"We wanted something with a gospel feel to it that indicated strength in the vocal delivery, a sort of spiritual element," said Craig Reid. "It's the most Proclaimers record, the most intense, the most straightforward."

Yes, this album is authentic and doesn't hide behind any pretenses whatsoever. Even if the spirituality turns you off, the great music will turn you right back on again. Even atheists will be bitten by the catchy melodies and harmonic vocals that the Reid brothers definitely profess in their latest album.

You fans out there can catch the Proclaimers (with Greenberry Woods) at the Ventura Theatre on Aug. 3 at 8 p.m. Tickets are only \$15, and the small viewing area gives any viewer the feeling that the band is playing just for you. Go see it — I'll be there.

The second reason why things might be improving is the Underground. They're still abrasive and rude, but they book pretty

good bands. Like Jawbreaker, Jawbox and Phooey, who played Monday. Or The Gathering — interviewed below by Brooke Tessman — who play the Underground on Thursday.

The Santa Barbara Underground reviewed by Chris Dunlap

Let me make a disclaimer. As we all know, the Red Dog Saloon is undergoing an identity crisis. No longer will you see their vintage selection of taxidermic wall hangings or wonder at the country/western dance schedule posted on the program board. Yet as you sit up in the bar nursing a delightfully intoxicating cider, you may find yourself marveling at the pretension of the "Santa Barbara Underground."

Even though the new name might make you cringe in a vulnerable moment, this is a small price to pay for the incredible shows that have recently been staged there. Regrettably though it is, we some-

times must suffer for our art. But what a promise of future bands! John Zorn in October. The Circle Jerks, Chaos UK and Rancid in August. And just two nights ago, Jawbreaker with Jawbox.

If the show on Monday was a precedent for the future, the legendary complacency that put Santa Barbara on the map might finally find a serious challenge.

The Gathering interviewed by Brooke Tessman

I'm talking with The Gathering in the practice area behind Woodstock's. Not much of a place, I thought, but I soon realized I'd entered the twilight zone.

A.J. Palluck, drummer and vocalist of The Gathering, is asleep on the couch, enjoying the sun. Posters of Anna Nicole Smith, the Guess Jeans and Playboy model, cover the walls, and a fellow I.V. rocker strolls past wearing a shirt with a Kraft emblem and the words "Common Sense ... processed cheese" on it. I like it here.

In walks Jeremy Kay, the lead songwriter, vocalist and guitarist of The Gathering. Dave Barber is on bass and backing vocals. Described as "Somewhere between Led Zepelin and Living Colour, Pearl Jam and the Pixies," The Gathering, formerly under the name No One You Know, have been playing together for four years.

What really makes this band unusual is that all three of the guys help out on the vocals. "Our lyrics are personal, but mostly universal in scope," says Jeremy.

What bands influence the Gathering? "We are under the influence," Jeremy answers. The Gathering incorporates the sounds of a variety of artists, including Marvin Gaye, The Beatles and Pink Floyd. "There's a lot of R&B twinged with funk, soul and rock. The band writes introspective



songs that are too deep for most people to understand, but leave those same people saying 'whoa, cool lyrics!'"

The threesome, all UCSB graduates, recently

came out with a new release called *Tule Fog*. They have been playing live and lettin' people jive all over, locally at Alex's, Toe's Tavern and the Beach Shack, and all over California.

Is The Gathering politically correct? Jeremy answers, "I think PC is bullshit. It's a facade so people don't get hassled. It makes everyone too cautious and too controlled."



I ask them if they think there is a Generation X.

"There is no Generation X," Jeremy replies. "It's a fabrication of media concerning a certain group of people forced to deal with a world that's fucked up," says A.J., who favorably resembles John Cusack.

Does Jeremy think they will make it? "Making it includes 50 percent work, 50 percent luck and 50 percent talent," he replies. "If we didn't think we'd make it, we wouldn't stay." Jeremy wasn't a math major, but judging from the success this group has been Gathering, they'll be around for a long time. Up 'n' coming gigs include July 29 at Club Lingerie in Los Angeles and Aug. 12 with Electric Blue at Alex's. This is the Gathering — watch it grow.

The third, and possibly the most potent improvement is the UFCW. We haven't had anything like this in a very long time.

The UFCW reviewed by Chris Dunlap

The UFCW is a virtual smorgasbord of perverse musical delights. Set in the unlikely surroundings of an old meeting hall for a

food workers union, this stage has seen bands from all over the country — bands for whom we ought to fall down onto our knees and thank our Maker. Not only has it been the scene for great acts like NoMeansNo, Trenchmouth, Red Aunts and the Yahmos, it also provides a space for local bands, spoken words, benefit shows and freakiness of all sorts and shapes.

The best thing about the Union of Food and Culinary Workers, though, is its total rejection of the money-grubbing business of putting on shows for profit, and its self-consciousness as a community project. There are never any shows over \$5 or \$6, the security is seemingly handled by the audience, there's no age limit and there's little tolerance for meatheads. It is more of a meeting place than a spectacle; a place for the creation of a positive, politically conscious community that is equally open to high school students and college people.

That's enough shameless promotion for one article. Here's some info on upcoming shows. On Aug. 3, there's a benefit concert for people dispossessed in Chiapas, Mexico after the rebellion and subsequent government crackdown. Los Crudos, a Chicago band who recently put out a 7-inch record with Manumission, will be playing with Stolen Face and Mohinder. On Aug. 8, Witchypoo from the Kill Rock Stars label will play. With Kato, Phooey, Vargas Girls and the Young Pioneers, they will do their best to start an insurrection.

Heavens to Betsy with Excuse 17 and Shove reviewed by Kevin Carhart

Monday's show at the UFCW proved that something rare and wonderful is going on over there. So many exciting new sounds, and it's even in walking distance from I.V. — it's just one long stretch of Los Careros by foot, bike, skateboard or car, one big left turn and you arrive.

All three groups who played Monday are somewhere on the line of politically aware tuneful punk or noisy pop, probably somewhere around the Parasites or the Spinanes. But musically, Heavens to Betsy was nasal and screechy, and while Excuse 17's singers had some nice harmonies at times, they also used a heavy scream from time to time.

Good for getting a point across, but in my book, not as good as the accessible, pretty vocals of Shove. The Davis band was first to play, but I liked them better than the acclaimed headliners. The guitars went crazy, and the nice vocals were what kept you hooked.



COMICS OUT OF MOVIES OUT OF COMICS

The horde of summer movies is upon us once again. This year especially, Hollywood seems to have begun to take notice of the comic book medium, drawing upon a wealth of ideas practically made for adaptation to the big screen.

Comics have walked hand in hand with other media for years. Work has long been traded back and forth, from the pulp magazines and radio serials of the '30s to the *Superman* movies of the '80s. But the last few years have seen a change in the overall attitude of filmmakers toward the comic world. No longer are only well-known characters being used — now several more obscure characters are being explored with interesting results. This summer sees the largest and most diverse group yet.

Recent projects like *The Crow* and *The Shadow* have been presented in comics and movies alike. Upcoming movies *The Mask* and *Time Cop* will both crossover from one medium to another as well.

In the comic book

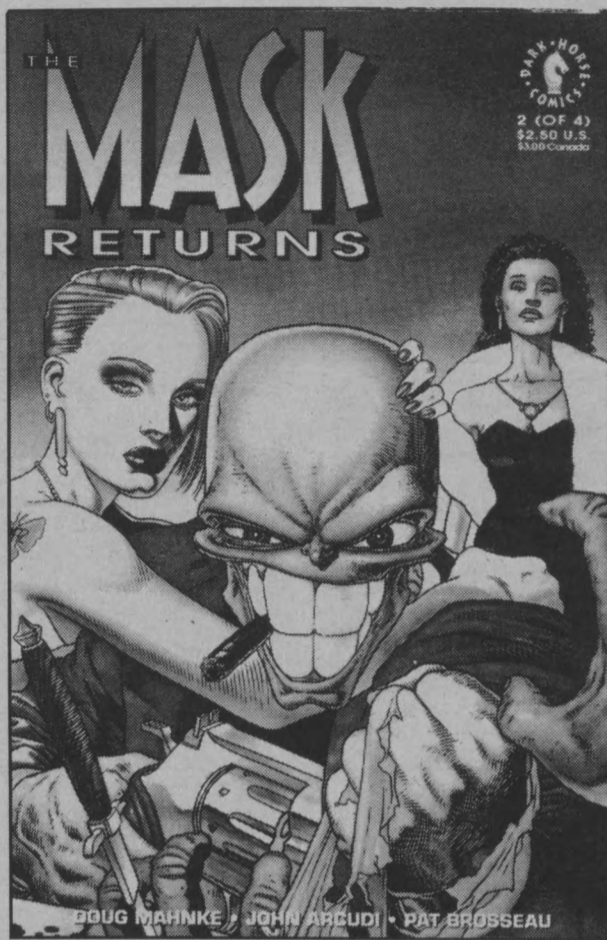
counterpart of *The Mask*, whoever wears the bizarre green mask gains powers that should translate into some good special effects on the big screen. The wearer is able to pull weapons and items out of thin air, for instance. The series is violent, but so crazy that it becomes slapstick. It's yet to be seen if the film will be able to convey that lunacy as completely.

Also coming out this summer will be Jean-Claude Van Damme's *Time Cop*. Scheduled for a small series of its own in September, it's too soon to tell how the film will relate, but the comics are worth checking out.

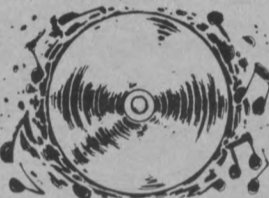
There are lots of rumors circulating about what films are going to be made from comics in the future. James Cameron is apparently going to make a *Spider-man* movie, and Marvel's *Ghost Rider* may also be adapted.

All these movies touch on interesting characters, and it's worth seeing what they are like in print. The increasing role of comics is an exciting turn for the industry.

—Matthew Nelson



How about that Damon?



REV IT UP WITH HEAT

The Reverend Horton Heat
Liquor in the Front
Sub Pop/Atlantic

The right Reverend Heat has made another offering for the salvation of you, my friends, sinful and wayward though you may be. Like many a rockabilly giant before him, he's pumping out the Lord's righteous music to spite the Evil One by bringin' you back home to the fold.

Liquor in the Front is an altar call in a grand revival sweepin' the nation; one preceded, like John the Baptist, with Lux Interior and the Cramps sounding the first cry from the wilderness. Rockabilly saves souls, my friends, and many a brother and sister in this land shall heed the call ere the Reverend shall pass through the pearly gates to play with the angels.

Teaming up with producer Al Jourgensen — a

brother well versed in the age-old tradition of Jesus, rock n' roll and hot rods — the call is starting to sound more urgent, even apocalyptic. I know the millennium is only six years away and there's gonna be weepin', wailin' and gnashing of teeth. I'm not going to be partying like its 1999, I'm gonna sing, shout and genuflect with the other saints. This is certainly music for the elect; a sound which will strike fear into the heart of the unbeliever.

While listening to "Big Sky," I have visions. I see Hoss from *Bonanza*, shit-faced drunk, barreling over the highway in a '50 Ford on his way to Vegas to rescue his lover. She's an exotic dancer on the lam from her old man — a vice cop sorta like Harvey Keitel in *Bad Lieutenant*, but meaner. Hoss sees a romantic future for them in a TV ad for Ponderosa Pines, a trailer park on a



lake in Golden California. He desperately wants to settle down, go to AA and take that seventh step straight to God. He feels free for the first time in his

life. Like the late great Dave Koresch, the Reverend plays a rockin' guitar and hails from Texas.

—Chris Dunlap

We're losing Louise, Ross, and Duke all on one day? That's like losing Tom and Jerry... and Tuffy!

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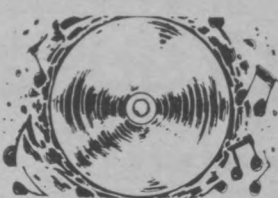
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GENRE HOP BOP

Shootyz Groove
J.I.V.E.
Mercury



Through the sea of conformity and corporation hype, I can see a light, and that light is Shootyz Groove! No shit. Seriously, this is the phattest CD I have heard in years. There is so much crap out there that my standards began to sink as I tried to find something that resembled talent and innovation. But no more — J.I.V.E. (Jammin' in Vicious Environments) has elevated my standards back to its rightful position far above all the dooky.

OK, where do I start? It's all so good. The best way is to say that Shootyz Groove comes hard and pure. Forget whether it is rock or hip-hop or whatever. The sound that you hear is pure to the bone. The truth is that it is both rock and hip-hop, and no, this ain't some House of Pain/Helmet type shit. Shootyz Groove is on their own tip. They take what they want from each genre and do their own thang. It is true that many bands have tried similar combinations, but no one can even get close to this.

The reason Shootyz Groove works so well is that each side, rock or hip-hop, is really strong by itself. If they were just another metal band, they would rock everybody. If

they were some new hip-hop band, they would be doggin' people too. But the real beauty is how well they combine the two styles.

Dose lays down solid beats, whether they are jumpy snare kicks or blazing speedmetal rockers. Spec is not afraid to slap his bass around with the funk, or slide around making some tripped-out melodies. Donny is a fuckin' guitar madman, rocking hardcore chords and groovy riffs. Sense and Season bring it all together with a torrent of fresh rhymes. The whole package charges like a locomotive, each part working smoothly with the others to propel the whole forward.

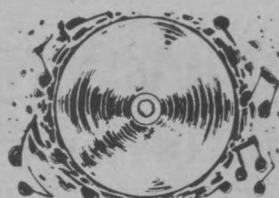
Another aspect of Shootyz Groove that make them so different is their philosophy of life

and music. Although they come from the streets of New York and are all too familiar with the perils of the music industry, they still believe in empowerment through positivity. This vibe shines through in the lyrics on every track.

"Doesn't matter if you're Black, white or if you're brown, the only thing important is I came to get down ... It don't make a diff where you're from. It's all fundamental — suckers wanna piece of the rock like the Prudential."

Shootyz Groove is transcending borders musically and culturally. It is my hope that Shootyz Groove and similar bands can bring music lovers of all colors together by this crossing of borders, and unite them for one purpose: to rock shit.

—Matt Turner



ECSTATIC EARACHE

Submarine
Kiss Me Till Your Ears
Burn Off
Fantastick Records



There is an interesting dichotomy created when trying to initially evaluate Submarine. The album cover and band photo, as well as the name of this English band itself, all suggest a techno or ambient sound. And then you throw the disc on — surprise! They sound similar to U.S. bands like Mercury Rev, but with smoother vocals. The Submarine philosophy is actually based on the Law of the Ecstatic Earache, and the ethics of slow and sparkling distortion. The result is beautiful, impending noise that asks you to accept the multitude of influences with a grain of salt.

Kiss Me Till Your Ears Burn Off is a compilation of singles recorded between September 1992 and August 1993; they also have a self-titled LP of all-new material. The songs on *Kiss Me* are arranged chronologically so you can detect the subtle changes as the band grew more and more confident.

They even dare to cover a Galaxie 500 song, "Tugboat," without seeming pretentious, because their version is fully as interesting as the original. The song starts out slow and reverent but then bursts

out and frightens. It's as if a hungry man was nibbling at a salad, and someone dropped a plate of baby back ribs in front of him. Suddenly, he becomes overwhelmed, overjoyed to the point of nausea.

Submarine conjure up images of Galaxie 500 with a dizzying variety of brittle cymbal crashes and rock-steady guitar interludes, modest but determined like the little rock band that could. They also have been paying loving attention to Swervedriver and Mercury Rev and listening faithfully to their Ride albums for singing lessons. They incorporate elements of the shoegazer sound but with strong, fine guitar work that never threatens to melt into the "wall of

guitar" haze.

"Learning to Live with Ghosts" is like waking up slowly after a nice dream. "Salty Killer Whales" is more like being woken up by a phone call from your mom on Saturday morning. "Pollen" indeed twinkles with wind chimes, odd squeaky flute noises and electronic cows lowing as conventional instrumentation whirl above their heads. The best track on this compilation is a live version of "Jodie Foster," a lengthy jam that fails to mention Jodie Foster in any way. Play this album for your friends and watch them scratch their heads as they try to figure out just which band it is.

—Rena Tom

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