

Turning
Personal
Vendetta
into
Eventual
Cult Status
It's...

ARTS WEEK

The Weekly Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus

Inside: Interviews with members of...

DOUG 40 MIGONIEF

AND

Tha Alkaholiks

Plus Much More



and ya don't stop...



LL Cool J / *Mr. Smith* / Def Jam

I haven't quite figured out if having Boyz II Men on your album is the ultimate sell-out or not. If it is, I don't care; I've gotta give LL his credit regardless.

LL Cool J's new single, "Hey Lover," is just about as radio-friendly as they get, and will likely help *Mr. Smith* to be the sixth in a series of all-platinum albums in the rapper's career, which will earn him plenty of criticism from hardheads. What those quick-to-dis kids don't realize is that if it weren't for truly hip-hop emcees like LL, rap music would not be the same today.

The Ladies' Love arrived at a critical time and was one of those heads to push the music forward until it was in one of its finest hours. He, Run-DMC and the like carried it to the next level, for real.

So, although he may not be the world's deepest rhymers and he may indulge in a lot of sexy-style, R&B-influenced hip-hop that is easy to criticize, he is an important figure that should never be dismissed.

Of course, if his new music sucked (a la Kool Moe Dee and Doug E. Fresh), none of that stuff would even matter. But it doesn't suck. If you like the kind of hip-hop LL has always made — the work of a man who's not afraid to represent himself as both a lover and a fighter — then you'll love the new record. No one does what LL does as well as LL does, a fact that is especially apparent in 1995. And if you're still worried about that Boyz II Men shit:

LL also puts up Keith Murray, Mobb Deep's Prodigy and Fat Joe on the record's last track. Commercial or not, LL Cool J keeps it pretty fuckin' "real."

Da Nayborhoodz / *Afta Dark ... Illa Than Expected / React*

I often find myself overgeneralizing and labeling an inordinate amount of hip-hop as shitty gangsta rap after quickly glancing at album covers and marveling at how every goddamned crew out these days employs the same played-out clichés in their art and title concepts. Sure, I should know better than to stereotype, but it comes in handy when dismissing untalented groups who front as killers and don't really have anything intelligent to rhyme about.

So, there I was, pre-judging *Afta Dark ... Illa Than Expected*, the debut album by an L.A. group called Da Nayborhoodz, examining hackneyed song titles like "Contract Hit" and "Lead To Da Head," when the first track chimed in, and I was hooked. It's cool to hear something different happen in hip-hop, and in the case of Da Nayborhoodz, that something is a return to roots. *Afta Dark* isn't really gangsta rap per se, but instead finds itself based in the genre's origins — when the music wasn't as mindless and cartoonish as it is now. Da Nayborhoodz are actually equally inspired by West and East Coast hip-hop, successfully mixing gangsta-isms and phat funk beats with clever rhymes and skilled turntable work. The crew sounds like a really cool cross between Tha Alkaholiks and Thug Life (who appear on two tracks) and is pretty impressive for the work they put in on this way-independently released debut.

Onyx / *All We Got Iz Us* / JMJ/Def Jam

Ooooh, scary!

I suppose Onyx figured if a lot of rappers were gonna bite the hell out of them, they may as well bite back. The tracks on *All We Got Iz Us* are darker, the rhymes are more violent and the voices are even hoarser than on the crew's first album, *Bacdafucup*.

That album was original in that it combined the then-unique "grimey" style (arguably stolen from Busta Rhymes) with lyrics about moshing, fighting and fucking, and spawned a mess of imitators, none of whom quite matched Onyx's level of creative or commercial success. But this one finds our favorite screamers doing something more and more rappers seem to be doing: strictly representing.



"Representing" looks good on Onyx. Although the record is not very progressive, it is solid as hell (especially in a time when sophomore slumps prevail). It is very easy to appreciate that Onyx (now a three-man crew) has opted for a more substance-fueled record; although at first it may only sound as if the guys have lost their sense of humor, in the end, it helps the album work to truly unsettle the listener. Onyx's skills shine through and prove that this crew is truly hardcore.

Cypress Hill / *III (Temples of Boom)* / Ruffhouse

Like a lot of kids, I used to love Cypress Hill. Also, like a lot of kids, later on I used to hate them.

Unlike a lot of kids, the reason the group fell out of my favor had nothing to do with the fact that they had white kids in their videos. In actuality, it stemmed from the fact that their last album, *Black Sunday*, was (and remains) one of the crappiest records ever.

But, as you may have already heard, the guys are back with a new album, and it's pretty damn good. Obviously an attempt for credibility, *III (Temples of Boom)* has just about everything a record could have to win back a core audience and garner good reviews.

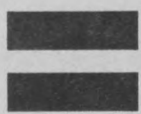
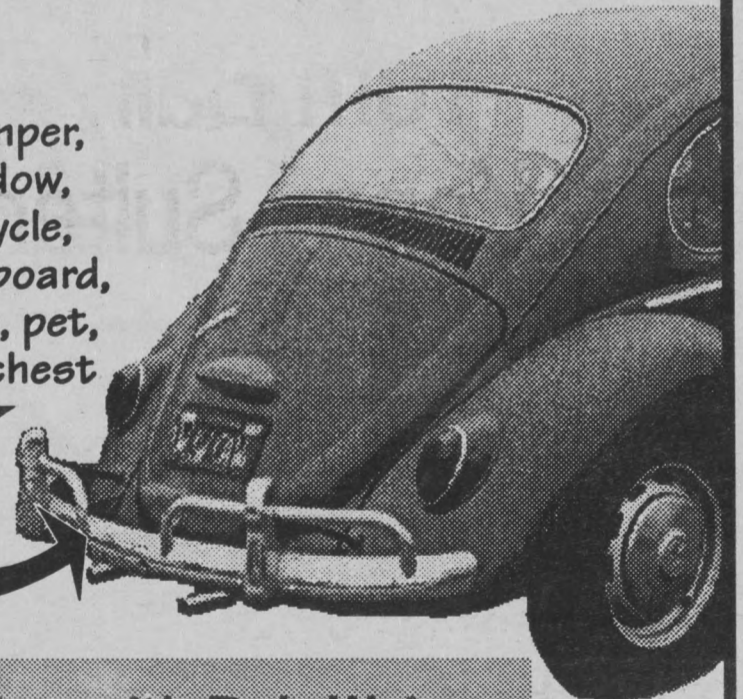
But why call the album *Temples of Boom*? What a wack title. It might have been cool in 1988, but now? In case you don't already know, it's really played out to be talking about bass and bud all the time. Now you know.

—Erick Steuer the Blue-Eyed Bandit

New Math for a Now Generation



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Saturday, December 2. Performance: The Waverly Consort in The Christmas Story. 8 p.m., Campbell Hall. Call 893-3535 for info and tickets.

Don't forget: Purchase tickets to all remaining A&L performances for the 1995-1996 season on Wednesday, December 6 and receive \$2 off each ticket.

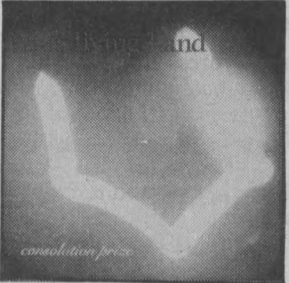
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 Also: Polynesian Dancing by Iaorrana te Otea
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 MultiCultural Center
 \$1 Students, \$2 General Public
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The Ropers / All the Time / Slumberland



Berkeley's Slumberland Records is the home of the sweet pop sounds of groups like Velocity Girl and Henry's Dress. The Ropers' *All the Time* is right in line with this genre, but is never for a moment tired, too sweet or too influenced by preceding bands. These songs are so sadly beautiful and reflective that I want to listen over and over and over and over ...

this living hand / consolation prize / e pluribus unum



This is one of those slow bands. One might compare them to Codeine, Low or Bedhead, but I won't. *this living hand* is from Oxford, Miss. The songs are teary journeys

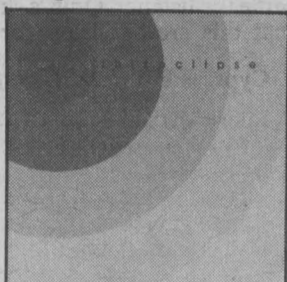
through self-deprecation and self-pity. It's catharsis. I'm sure that this album is very hard to find.

Mercury Rev / See You on the Other Side / WORK



This album's single, "Young Man's Stride," is very misleading. Its hard, precise riffing is very unlike the rest of *See You on the Other Side*. One will mostly experience floating, airy, symphonic and sometimes psychedelic pop music and enjoy it.

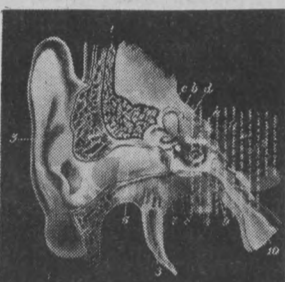
Polvo / This Eclipse / Merge



Here, Polvo has dropped much of the sarcasm and cruelty in the lyrics and music. There's more of the tense, cluttered beauty displayed in previous releases such as "Virtual Cold." The opener of this five-song

collection is the fun and invigorating "batradar." Its alternately squealy and contemplative riffs are air-guitar fuel as well as boredom retardant. "Titanup" begins with sharp guitars pounding out ancient computer noise, and slowly falls into a solid rhythmic pattern. Strangely, the vocals and guitar riffs in "Titanup" sound so much like Sonic Youth that I can't tell if it's a joke or just Sonic Youth's heavy influence. I love it.

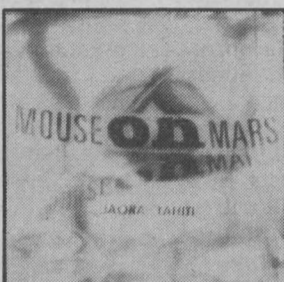
Liquorice / listening cap / 4AD



This sensitive, strange band features Jenny Toohey of the strangely sensitive band Tsunami. In the quiet of the quiet moments

in *listening cap*, in enters harsh and painfully loud guitar string scratches. I just don't understand. This is the loudest moment of the album. Liquorice focuses mostly on thoughtful pop songs and quiet, very quiet, sorrowful numbers. "breaking the ice" is particularly moving with its crescendo close of acoustic guitar-chord solos.

mouse on mars / IAORA TAHITI / Too Pure/American



I learn better when I study to mouse on mars. The soothing sounds of subtle, never-harsh beats over atmospheric samples of foreign voices and wind. Relax.

—Noah Blumberg

Emotions by Smuckers



It made me angry when Gary went and blew up my train set.



TODAY IN THE UCEN

HUB HOUR! 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM

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Tom Ball & Kenny Sultan

Hub Hour Specials

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Sponsored by the University Center, Chilitos & Wendy's.

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'Tis the Weeks Before Christmas and All Through the Malls, While People Are Shopping We're Having a Ball...

HAPPY HOURS: 4:30-7:30

Well Drinks \$2, Draft Beer 1/2 Pint \$1, Pints \$1.50, Dom. Bottle Beer \$1.75

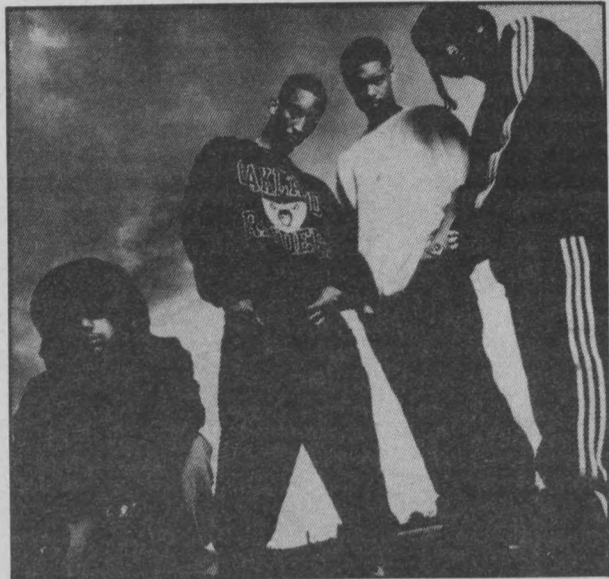
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Conversations with OPIO of the SOULS OF MISCHIEF and TASH of THA ALKAHOLIKS

Artsweek was blessed last Saturday night, being able to interview several prominent and talented rappers. We got this opportunity after the Pharcyde/Souls of Mischief show in the Hub.

Unbelievably, many of the performers, including The Alkaholiks' Tash and Souls of Mischief's A-Plus, stood outside and signed autographs and talked to anyone who was interested. I had never seen anything like it. Besides the tremendous rapport that the bands had with



their fans, it was great to see such top-notch performances by the Pharcyde and Souls.

What follows are the minimally edited transcripts of our conversations with Souls of Mischief's Opio and the Alkaholiks' Tash, Opio first and Tash last. Gigantic thanks to Artsweek friend Jay Jones for helping with the interviews.

Artsweek: Is it true that your friends and partners in rhyme, Casual and Extra Prolific, were dropped from Jive Records?

Opio: Yep. They weren't doin' no R&B shit. The label wanted what's popular. They were keeping up the real hip-hop.

Did you want to comment on the supposed feud between you and Saafir?

No, that's over. We're not tryin' to give it anymore press than it's already got.

What do you think of Time-Warner dropping Interscope Records largely because of the impending release of Tha Dogg Pound?

It just shows you how it is. You can have violence, dis-



respecting women, misogynistic lyrics and all that, but once it gets a little too close for comfort, they wanna back out. It wasn't like there was any real morals involved, it was just pressure. It doesn't have to do with their beliefs. It's business. They're just out to straight make money.

What do you think about the rest of the Bay Area hip-hop? Everyone talks about E-40 and Dru-Down and it seems like they pass over you guys.

In the Bay Area it's just got that gangsta culture. That's just how it's been for a long time. But there's also always been talented people doing other things. Even in just music, period, not even rap. Like Tony!Toni!Toné! or Tower of Power, there's always been innovative groups. We're just carrying on that tradition. Being from Oakland, we just try to do our own thing. We're not tryin' to be like everybody else. Plus, I don't live that life, I'm not a

gangsta. So, I don't rap about being a gangsta.

With your last album, 93 'til Infinity, you achieved some popular and critical success. Do you expect more of the same with your new album, No Man's Land?

With the new album, we ain't really gettin' no promotion. It's kinda hard to say what I'd hope for. Nobody even really knows it's out. Certain areas do, but when we're in Middle America, they don't. We were just in Austin, Texas, and we couldn't really find our CD in the record store. So, I don't know.

Right now we're just worried about gettin' our whole crew, the Hieroglyphics, to put an album out. As far as the commercialism goes, people trying to label us and control our music the way they tried to control Casual and Extra Prolific, we're gonna just do our own thing. We're just gonna concentrate on the music. It's not even about videos and being in *The Source*, it's strictly about the music. We've been around the world and there's people who live and die for Hieroglyphics music. They got tattoos 'n' shit. They're with us for life. We just want to deal with the fans and not with any of the politics or commercialism. No MTV hip-hop. We do some real shit. That's where we started, that's where we'll stay. It's only for the people who're tryin' to understand where we're comin' from.

Do you have a favorite up-'n'-coming group?

There's so much going on within Hieroglyphics, something new is always coming up. That's where all my competition is. I just gotta stay on my toes. That's really what I focus on. There's Pep Love, Jay Biz, Casual, Extra Prolific and Del. They're all working on stuff outside of

By Jay Jones and Noah Blumbers

these albums. We get to put an album out once every year, but in the off time we're still working on music. We gotta stay active, we can't wait around. Pep Love still isn't out. He's the dopest MC in the world to me. I like Alkaholiks and Pharcyde and almost all hip-hop. I'm a hip-hop fan. A lot of people are always talking about who they don't like. It's all good. I listen from Too Short to E-40 to Aceyalone — I'm listening to all spectrums.

Is the Hieroglyphics album going to be on a major label or are you going to put it out yourselves?

We're gonna do it ourselves. We're tryin' to get with all the college deejays and all the underground radio stations that aren't involved in all this nonsense. We don't have money to pay the radio to play our stuff, but colleges will play it if it's dope. They support real hip-hop, they wanna get new stuff. It's strictly the merit of the music. We just want to get a little network going and build it from there.

They really hype the Hieroglyphics at our radio station.

Yeah, we got a lot of love for college radio and we just want to give a little back. That's where a lot of our fans are, too. They listen to college radio, not the commercial stations that play the songs you've heard 50 million times. They wanna hear what you can't hear anywhere else. That's our market. We just want to get the music to our fans.

What's the next release for the Hieroglyphics crew?

Probably Del.
Are you disappointed with your record company?
I don't really want to get into that. I don't want to stir no waves. We're just focused on the music. We're still gonna stay focused on the music regardless of what this industry is doin'. That's what makes us strong. We're creators, innovators. If we start to lose focus, that's when the rest of Hieroglyphics comes in. Like, if I heard a new song from Casual, it would make me want to work harder and keep progressing. Even if you never hear from

us again, we'll still be progressing and getting stronger. We don't do this rap shit just to be on TV and to do interviews. We do it because we love it.

Anything you just want to say in general?

Support the groups you like 'cuz, for instance, we're not gettin' any help from our record company to sell records. If people don't buy the records, then you'll see the groups disappear. A lot of graves are already filled because of a lack of support. Bootlegging and people dub-



bing tapes, that ruins the process. These artists did it for y'all. Pay your 10 dollars or whatever and support the groups you feel are comin' with the real.

Artsweek: What's it like being such a creative group in a market so dominated by gangsta rap? How difficult is it to stay true to hip-hop?

Tash: It's not difficult at all, it's just how you go about it. A lot of people front on gangsta rappers 'cuz their lyric skills aren't up to par. But a lot of them grew up doin' that shit, robbin' and shootin' people. We grew up on the flip side. I grew up with all them motherfuckers, but I was always the one who was bustin' rhymes and breakdancin'. That's what I do now. I never flipped my script, I never sold out. That's not for me, I just never changed.

How do you think the death of Eazy-E has affected the hip-hop community and maybe opened up the eyes of some people?

Look around and shit. All the people here wanna get some ass. Ninety percent of them got condoms in their pockets. It's all over TV and radio, it's everywhere. Everyone realizes the seriousness of that shit. That's



what I want to say. We need to use rubbers to stop this AIDS epidemic in its tracks.

Anything you want to say to the people of Santa Barbara?

Every time we've come out here, you've shown us love. I just want to say that y'all are hype. Don't let anything take that flavor away. Don't let the school say that you can't have hip-hop here. If they do, then have a show somewhere else. Don't let hip-hop die. Keep supporting real hip-hop. There's a lot of rappers out there, but only 10 percent of them are really good. I'm not bragging but I think that us, the Pharcyde and Souls of Mischief are dope as fuck. The world needs to hear our shit, so don't let us fall.

"We don't do this rap shit to be on TV and to do interviews. We do it because we love it."

Film Just Like the Gold Days

"Onatopp?" says 007.

"Onatopp," says the villainess.

With lines like this, you must be watching a James Bond film. Ducking the political correctness fad while still accepting the pervading sexual inequity inherent in Ian Fleming's stories, the James Bond film saga is retooled for the '90s — and back on top.

After a six-year absence, after dumping the lamprey-like Timothy Dalton and finally securing the artistic services of Pierce Brosnan, James Bond heads into a nexus and again brings forth all his respect for the queen, suavity and action.

During production of *GoldenEye*, the 17th film in the series, Sean Connery (considered by many the best of the four previous Bonds) commented that a more hip screenwriter such as Quentin Tarantino should have given the final script a onceover to properly update the Bond legacy for the times. But those devoted fans who hope to find the trademarks indicative of earlier 007 tales will not be disappointed.

They're all here — the same seduction, savoir faire,

Bond's patented charm will win in the end.

The movie's two Bond women, villainess Xenia Onatopp and good-girl computer programmer Natalya Simonova, also remind the moviegoer — and Bond, as much as they possibly can — that women are more than seducible sex objects.

Onatopp, portrayed by Famke Janssen, more than lives up to her name — after she's been on top, she's the only one left alive. Even 007 only narrowly escapes her clench. She's easily the best Bond villainess and the character to watch in this movie, stealing all her scenes in a campy, over-the-top fashion.

Found in an international search for the next Bond co-star, Izabela Scorupco makes Natalya Simonova the strongest and most self-respecting female companion James Bond has ever had the pleasure of sleeping with.

An unprecedented amount of surprises confront Brosnan's more individualistic Bond from a number of different sources, in the end leading back to a past Agent 006, Alex Trevelyan, who Bond watched die nine years earlier. Bond faces the Janus crime syndicate, an enigma-



emotionless killing and cheesy lines, though not necessarily in the familiar forms. The opening credits feature a theme song written by Bono and the Edge and sung by Tina Turner, which plays while the expected naked women gyrate and use sledgehammers to destroy metaphorical Soviet Cold War symbols. Revolvers still appear from random women's mouths, too.

The golden spot from which Pierce as James officially enters the Bond continuum opens onto the required Aston-Martin race scene, in which the random woman who Bond consummates at the start of every movie is consummated — something familiar that certainly does not belong in the safe-sex real world — which leads to the numerous changes that were intentionally made by the new Bond filmmakers.

M, as you may have heard, is now a woman, not content with her 007 being a "sexist, misogynistic dinosaur." (A lot of deep boos and acrimonious ohs from the crowd on that one.) She doesn't even drink brandy!

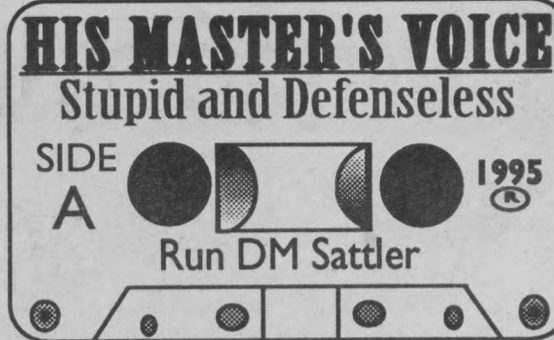
But veteran actress Dame Judi Davis proves that anyone can handle 007's idiosyncrasies — although in spite of her chastizing, she does ask him to return home alive, and in a rather hopeful voice. Brosnan has the good sense to shoot back a look of shock, but he knows that

tic name for an organization capable of swiping an experimental helicopter and a satellite weapon that rampantly destroys anything with an electromagnetic current.

Though perhaps a disappointment to some supporters of the original James Bond formula, one refreshing angle of *GoldenEye* is its reliance more on 007 the man, rather than the gadgets. There are still some great gizmos designed by Q (once again brought to life by the eternal Desmond Llewellyn), but their use is minimal. The action is left more to Bond's wit and wisdom — and his physical prowess. Brosnan has said that he put his fortysomething body through most of his own stunts, which is impressive.

Bond still gets the girl(s) and the bad guy(s), but the question is, Is James Bond still worth your time? Well, his counterparts Natalya and, especially, Xenia will not disappoint. And if 007 is your cup of aphrodisiac tea, you'll find what you've been waiting for. And that's the Bonded truth.

—Michael Ball and James Lissner



Sometimes it feels like Mother Nature is treating me like a stepchild. Despite all my rage, I never feel as bad as Trent Reznor or Billy Corgan.

It's true that sometimes the only way I can feel better about myself is by making others feel stupid and defenseless. The cool thing about having friends who work at the Nexus is that the Nexus' receptionists take really good phone messages.

I got to school an hour early today again — I still haven't figured out daylight savings time yet. Damn farmers. So, I decided to call the Nexus from the UCen to see if *Artsweek's* Noah or Eric wanted to get something to eat.

"Nexus."

"Hi, are Noah or Eric there?" (in a European-sounding voice)

"No. I'm sorry, would you like to leave a message?"

"Yeah. Could you tell them I called?"

"Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Could you just tell them that Jason figured out another way to call a cat a kitten."

About three minutes later I called back.

"Nexus."

"Hello, please (in a different European-sounding voice) may I speak to Eric or Noah?"

"They aren't here. Who's calling?"

"Oh, it's another five-letter word rhyming with 'cleanes' or 'meanes'. There's five little letters I'm missing."

LYRIC OF THE WEEK:

"EVERY RAPPER IN THE HOUSE, SHUT THE FUCK UP!"
—ACEYALONE

"Excuse me?"

"It seems like I better start the explaining, bust it." Then I hung up.

When I used to work at a movie theater there was this really great guy named Rudy Guevara. He was born in the Philippines. When I knew him he was in his 50s. He worked at the movie theater in addition to some full-time job he had. Working late nights, we'd get really bored and I would teach Rudy hip-hop lyrics. He had a good memory and he was really enthusiastic.

"Hey, Rudy, are you down with O.P.P.?"

"Yeah, you know me."

It was really fun for a while until some of my high school friends heard about Rudy's talent and started coming by the theater just to mess with him. He ended up saying stupid shit like "Can't truss it" all the time. I felt pretty sick about the whole thing after a while.

I left class early today to see if I still feel. On the way home I started to hallucinate. I dreamt that I was in a battle of the bands with Bon Jovi. My band didn't do too well. After the battle was over, Jon Bon Jovi came over to me and really started criticizing me and my band. "Listen," he said, "rock 'n' roll isn't about going up on stage and jerking yourself off. It's about performance, professionalism and showmanship. Remember that next time you go up onstage and embarrass yourself."

Even when I hallucinate I can't take Jon Bon Jovi seriously, so I just said, "Thanks, Jon." But what he said really hurt me, a real shot to the heart.

Film Toys Will Be Toys

Walt Disney's *Toy Story* is the first full-length animated film to be entirely created by computer tools and technology. Taking four years to complete, the film premiered Wednesday, Nov. 22, to a great deal of fanfare. Some friends and I braved the crowds and were pleasantly surprised by what a good film it turned out to be. *Toy Story* is a triumph in that it skillfully utilizes elements of comedy, action, drama, romance and suspense and remains fun and exciting throughout. Both kids and adults will enjoy it.

The film asks the question, what do toys do when the child who owns them is not around? More specifically, what do *Andy's* toys do when he leaves the room? According to the imaginative minds at Disney, toys lead lives of their own.

The fun of the film is that Andy's toys have different personalities and attitudes. Mr. Potato Head, voiced by Don Rickles, in many ways steals the show as the wise-cracking spud who longs for Andy to get a "Mrs. Potato Head." Within this idea lies *Toy Story's* major conflict, as many of the other toys dread the purchase of new toys.



Woody, the gruff cowboy toy, enjoys the privilege of being Andy's favorite. That is, until Andy gets Buzz Lightyear, the country's hottest new astronaut action figure. Quickly, Andy adopts Buzz as a favorite, much to the chagrin of Woody. The resolution of this conflict is the main ingredient of *Toy Story's* success.

The other major battle the toys face is that they are at the mercy of Sid, a neighbor boy who takes pleasure in torturing toys. Woody and Buzz Lightyear clash over differing opinions and find a way to stop Sid. Meanwhile, Mr. Potato Head and the other toys, including Slinky Dog, Rex and Bo Peep, try to work out personal differences and decide who to trust.

Tom Hanks, doing the voice of Woody, once again does an excellent job bringing great charisma to his role. Tim Allen also gives a stellar performance as the voice of Buzz Lightyear.

Toy Story gave me an interesting perspective on the world of toys. I always did wonder what my toys did when I wasn't present.

—Brian Uychara





Burnin' Up!



The Rugburns
Taking the World by Donkey
Priority

Before there was a music scene in San Diego there was The Rugburns. Save for a few minor hits ("Hitchhiker Joe" and "The Fairies Came"), The Rugburns have been toiling away in relative obscurity for years.

Thankfully, all that work hasn't been in vain. The band's latest release, *Taking the World by Donkey*, is a triumphant album that is equal parts heartfelt reminiscing and tongue-in-cheek humor.

"May your dad rest well in Hell tonight, I never liked him much," growls frontman Steve Poltz on the disc's second track, "War." Coming from the same person who uses tampon dispenser analogies in love ballads, this is a radical departure. But war is more the exception than the rule.

With 15 songs and a play time of over an hour, this is the band's most serious effort to date. Through slick studio production and improved vocal harmonizing, The Rugburns have created a smooth, easy sound. It flows like a warm stream,

gently bubbling through the love ballads and quickly gaining momentum during the faster tracks.

Jewel Kilcher, another San Diego talent, adds her silken vocals to one of the album's best tracks, "Old Lover's House." In slight, nearly breathless murmurs, Kilcher and Poltz sing an ode to love lost. Then a blast of guitar cuts through the tranquility, sweetly contrasting the reflective softness of the singing. Poltz and Kilcher know we've all been on the outside looking in, so they play the song out with a heartfelt urgency that hits home.

Poltz and company have refined their folk-rock sound into a catchy but hardly played-out approach. Swirling pop sensibilities with their own original style comes off best in catchy songs like "The Girl With the Wandering Eye" and "Mama."

Although The Rugburns are known for their eccentric approach, they operate just fine acting normal. By slightly bridging the gap between a more accessible mainstream sound and their own crazy approach, the band is sounding better and showing more promise than ever.

—Peter Sansom



They Wear it Well

Menswear
Nuisance
London

The last three months, I've been slagging off Menswear. I've called their music crap. I've said they were poseurs. I've said they were a factory-made band. But now, I'm eating my words.

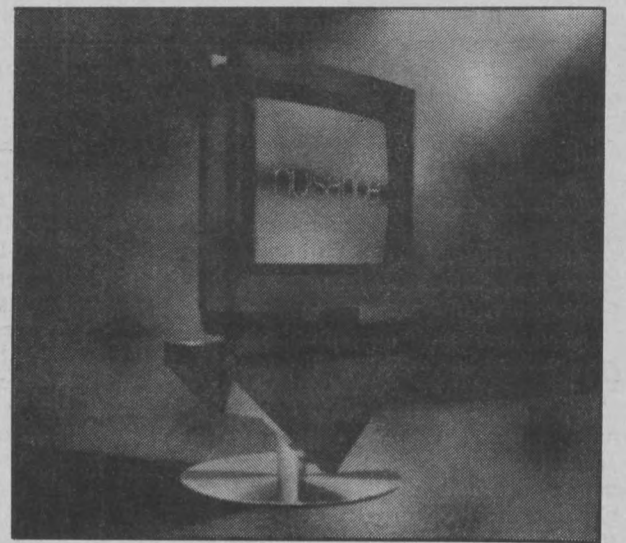
Their album *Nuisance* was put down and criticized heavily by the big old British music press. But you know what? The big old press is wrong! *Nuisance* is a great pop album! It does everything Menswear promised it would!

Unlike most Brit poppers, Menswear never said they were the best band in the world. In fact, they have been stressing that their purpose is to entertain people. They're not out to be the messiahs of pop; they're out to have a good time.

Honesty in pop is a novelty, isn't it?

It sounds like they are, in fact, having a great time. I mean, I certainly had fun listening to their record. Finally, I've found a band that isn't preaching or singing the boring anthems of working-class life.

Instead, the guys of Menswear have fun, like letting their lyrics get wacky on "125 West Third Street." Singer Jonny Dean croons: "Tess ... I



don't understand how they grow tomatoes in a can." That's fun.

Sounding like a tune the Monkees should have written is "Sleeping In." It has organs and trumpets playing a chorus that you'll be shaking your new Beatle haircut to. The track also has a jammin' little flute solo. Very fun.

Wicked guitars by Simon White and Chris Gentry, a groovy bassline by Stuart Black and a possessed tambourine by Matt Everett compliment Jonny's harmonized vocals on "Hollywood Girls". The song is wild, and for some reason, reminds me of Annette Funicello's dress in *Beach Blanket Bingo*. The dress was layers and layers of pink

fringe and when she twisted in the dress, the fringe would fly up and twirl around. It was a fun dress.

A lot of people appear to be having fun criticizing the talent of and making jokes at the expense of Menswear and it seems to be beginning to take an effect on the band. But, in reality, these remarks are unfounded and cruel. Menswear should be saluted for finally putting a pop record on the market that gives us a break from the preaching and whining of other Brit pop acts like Echobelly and Oasis. So, to Jonny, Simon, Chris, Matt and Stuart, I say: Keep your heads up and keep having fun!

—Jolie Lash

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Cool Cache

Picture this: Outside a turn-of-the-century mountaintop roadhouse, the cool fall night is ablaze with stars. Stately oaks and sycamores arch over a year-round stream flowing alongside the bar and under your feet. Inside, a fire burns cozily in the great stone hearth, casting warm, soft shadows on a few fortunate patrons who are enjoying a relaxing dinner and listening to Santa Barbara's finest acoustic band — for less than the cost of a movie for two.

No way, you say? Well, think again, because the Cache Valley Drifters have turned Wednesday nights at Cold Spring Tavern into the musical dining deal of the decade. Though well-known for its swollen weekend crowds, when bikers and blues bands are the draw, the Tavern epitomizes mellow during this midweek scene — the perfect setting for the Drifters, their vintage wooden instruments and the magic they make playing them.

Bluegrass is the genre that the Drifters

— David West (banjo and guitar), Bill Griffin (mandolin), Mike Mullins (guitar and mandolin) and Wally Barnick (bass) — are usually lumped into. But such pigeonholing hardly does the band justice, especially with a playlist that includes original material by West, Mullins and Barnick, as well as covers of tunes by Hawaiian slack-key guitarist Peter Moon, Paul Simon, Leon Russell and Cream.

Sixties psychedelic music — on banjos and mandolins? Only a bunch as talented as these lads could pull it off — and they do, always to hoots of appreciation from their audiences. "People who like bluegrass say we're not a bluegrass band, and people who don't like it say we are," said Mullins in a recent News-Press Scene article. David West puts it this way: "All we really are is four guys from western North America, playing the music we like on instruments we love."

West's modesty belies the Drifters' 14-year span of national tours, as well as

their three albums for the prestigious Flying Fish folk label. There was a time when the only way to catch a Drifters performance was on vinyl, or on the road. All that changed a couple of years ago when, after a seven-year hiatus ("Our time off for good behavior," quips Griffin), three of the four band members — West, Barnick and Griffin — began working together again, eventually adding Mullins to make a quartet. "We'd all played at Cold Spring before, and knew it was the perfect venue for the music we were rehearsing," West says. Tavern owner Mark Larsen gave them the go-ahead in August 1993 and there they've been, week in and week out, ever since.

Indeed, Cold Spring Tavern and the Cache Valley Drifters appear to have been destined for each other. The bar's intimate size (it seats 35) and smoke-free environment, coupled with delicious, reasonably priced dinners and a great selection of premium brews, give the Drif-

ters' three-hour show the feel of a private house concert. "What we've been fortunate enough to create — a bar gig where our audiences can actually hear us, and we can connect with them — is so rare," said West during a break one Wednesday. "I always leave here more pumped than when I came, and the music, and this place, seem to do the same for our listeners."

If soulful, tight harmonies and stellar instrumentals, carried off in the relaxed comfort of a ridgetop roost, sound good to you, then head up the pass to catch the Cache Valley Drifters. It'll make Wednesday your favorite night of the week!

The Cache Valley Drifters play Wednesday nights, 7 p.m. to 10 p.m., at Cold Spring Tavern, 5595 Stagecoach Rd. off San Marcos Pass (Hwy 154). No cover charge; dinner optional. For more info: 967-0066.

—Jason Beard



Keep listening for the 411 on how YOU can win tickets to the **SOLD OUT** event of the year!

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The Rock Revolution

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CAB

community affairs board

THE LARGEST VOLUNTEER ORGANIZATION ON CAMPUS

This year's Hunger/Homeless Month was truly a success! Below are some of the accomplishments. Thanks to everyone who helped!

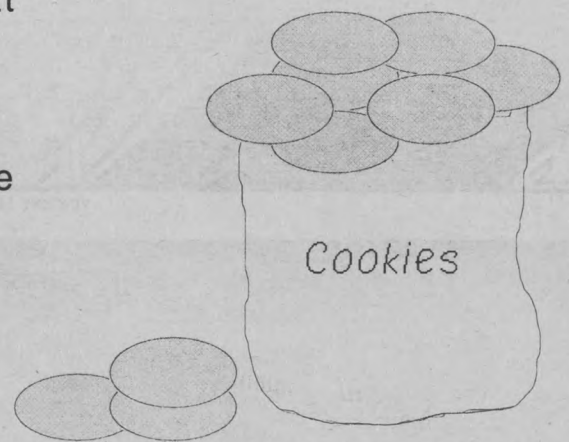
COOKIE DRIVE: Over 1,000 bags/ 300 dozen cookies/baked goods were collected & donated (Brown Bag Program).

CAN DRIVE: Over 600 lbs. of canned goods donated to Food Bank and Let Isla Vista Eat (L.I.V.E.).

CAB SPONSORED LUNCH: Fed 35-40 low income individuals in Isla Vista.

MILES OF SMILES: \$240.90 was raised to purchase turkeys for low-income I.V. families.

TURKEY CONTEST: 133 turkeys were purchased with the \$1480.90 collected.



Without the help of these organizations and individuals, Hunger/Homeless Month would not have been as successful. We appreciate your efforts and contributions!

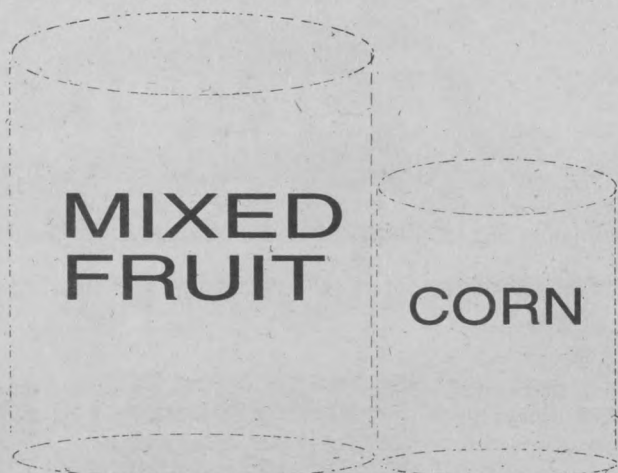
Douglas Miller-Student Health Services
Ucen Dining Services
Wendy's
Lesley Haynes-Alpha Phi Sorority
Bonnie Beaupre-Sigma Kappa Sorority
Charissa Threat-CAB
Robin Doroshow-Gamma Phi Beta Sorority
Andrea Yoshihara-Chi Delta Theta Sorority
Jessica Posada-Career and Counseling Services/
Delta Sigma Gamma
Joan Murdoch-SSCF
John Foran-SSCF
Fay Nennig-PWA
Christine Allen-PWA
Casandra Heiland-PWA
Mary Jo Lum-PWA
David Champman-Communication Services
Karla Colvett-Pi Beta Phi Sorority
Amy Richter-Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority
Arlene Phillips-Marine Science Institute
Marleigh Adelstein-Marine Science Institute
Marisol Hernandez-Marine Science Institute
Aileen Morse-Marine Science Institute
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