

Artsweek

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, for December 1st through December 7th, 1994



THE ARTSWEEK INTERVIEW WITH ORBITAL

Textures. Rhythms. Beats. These three things are important attributes to any song. But how are these characteristics coalesced? In the world of dance music, hardly anyone does this as well as Orbital. Their recent show at the Shrine Auditorium proved that not only are they *the* premiere house/techno group, but further proved that the emergence of underground dance music is a force steadily becoming impossible to ignore as we approach the next century, coupled with the imminent death of rock music. *Artsweek's* Monty Luke cornered Phil and Paul Hartnoll of Orbital in Los Angeles to discuss music, politics and spiders.

Artsweek: I understand the venue for Saturday night's show was changed at the last mi-

nute due to pressure from the police department. Are you used to that kind of thing? Discuss the current state of dance culture in England.

Paul Hartnoll: Oh, there's loads of rubbish going on in England, isn't there. ... Unless you do everything well above board, you're really setting yourself up for trouble, and if you get away with it, it's lucky, with underground parties where it's not strictly organized. ... Even if you hire the place off of someone, you might have a license to have that many people in it. You've got to be lucky to get away with it.

Especially now with the criminal justice bill gone through, if you get caught doing something like that,



MEDITATIVE CACOPHONY

James Wah Wah Mercury

James, a seven-member rock clan, has been making music for well over a decade now. These Manxunian (from Manchester, England) veterans have earned their fame and the

right to release an experimental, aberrant album, following such alternative pop successes as *Gold Mother*, *Seven* and *Laid*. The new release is called *Wah Wah*, out on Mercury in the United States.

Let me issue a warning to the James audience, of what not to expect when

purchasing this album: a colorful, well-textured assortment of pop songs, finely produced lullabies, thought-provoking political lyrics and MTV-esque song structures.

However, one may experience a variety of sentiments, reactions and mind revelations which do not

present themselves upon listening to any other new alternative release. This one's different, my friends. My suggestion is to spin the disc in an elegantly lit room, with the sole agenda of listening to the sounds and voices of *Wah Wah*, and the mere pleasure of meditating to Tim Booth's soothing voice. Let the unpop music take you under to experience how open your mind can get to accepting unique melodies and rhythms. Just as *Wah Wah* is raw, intentionally unfinished and uncut, it leaps into flames of inseparable intimacy, concentration and potency.

It is impossible to write a review on particular songs because the album blends its tracks into each other, and rightly so. Some tracks may pose you with an unhurdable dissonance. There is a high quality of cacophony to some of the tracks. In the same light, it is important to note that James and pro-



ducer Brian Eno recorded *Wah Wah* raw, and so did not rerecord any of the tracks. It was compiled from a set of spontaneous recordings which were done in an adjacent studio during the recording of

Laid. The bold production strategies have Eno written all over them. And *Wah Wah* has 23 tracks—over 68 minutes full of mind-blistering, ear-blanketing music.

—Radha Patel



LUSCIOUS UCEN SHOW

Luscious Jackson In Search of Manny Grand Royal

Luscious Jackson's music has a flavor all its own, a flavor that screams of their native New York, a flavor unswayed by the tired rap and rock standards. 1992's *In Search of Manny* brought Luscious Jackson considerable respect as a versatile band with a unique knack for songwriting. *In Search of Manny* boasted a bass-heavy sampling of obscure '70s funk records, along with live drums, singing, guitar, bass, keyboards and, of course, MC's.

As the first band with a release on Beastie Boy Mike D's infamous Grand Royal Records—even before *Check Your Head*—Luscious Jackson endures countless comparisons to the Beastie Boys and have even been referred to as the "girl Beastie Boys." However, Luscious Jackson definitely has its own sound, which runs the border halfway between hip-hop and indie rock (even though they're now on Capitol/Grand Royal).

Manny refers to the archetype of the male



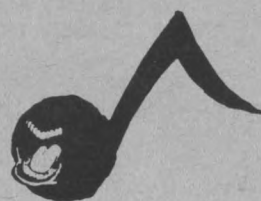
player, emotionally immature and unable to face responsibility. Aggressively feminist, Luscious Jackson takes a serious approach to their music with topics like physical abuse, sexual pride and fighting male apathy. Their lyrics don't shy away from being tough or abrasive: "I'm the cold reminder of defeat, I'll be there when you wake up next week, I'll be there when you freak the next freak."

With their new album, *Natural Ingredients*, Luscious Jackson returns with a deep, heavy sound, recalling vintage styles from the '70s. The

album's first single, "Citysong," is strictly a hip-hop record with primarily rapping, screaming horns and a rolling bassline. "Citysong," along with Luscious Jackson's overall feel, pays tribute to New York's rich culture and dangerous streets.

What's best about Luscious Jackson is that they're playing at UCSB in the UCen tomorrow night. The second, or possibly third, best thing about them is that the show is only \$5 for students, a bargain if there ever was one. I'll see you there.

—Noah Blumberg



Something real is happening in Goleta. Since the middle of last year, there's been a local concert venue that's heartfelt, exciting and honest. Not surprisingly, UCSB can't take the credit. Located at 7190 Hollister, it used to be a union hall. It used to be called the UFCW. I think they're now calling it the Living Room.

The club's atmosphere is very distinctive and unique. All ages are admitted. No alcohol is served or permitted. There's a definite politics in the air. The admission prices are low

UNUSUAL FRESH CONCERT WORLD

—the place has the feel of a collective. While the club exists as a substance-free entertainment alternative for the local high schools, it's been snowballing as the only place in this area where you're going to see a certain niche of independent live music.

Bands on tour play there, like Shove, Catfood, Hush Harbor, Witchypoo, Heavens to Betsy and an unadvertised Canadian pop group called Gob, to name just a few.

There's also a layer of relatively "local" bands that come and go and interchange members and return in new incarnations. Sparker, Young Pioneers and the late, great Vulvalution have gone by the wayside. But Ventura's Phooey is thriving (and Dan Silver too).

Phooey has a new seven-inch single out on Reality Control? Records. The packaging and tweaked layouts are amazing—they seem to have cut up their old *Booster Gold* comic books to stick inside the sleeves. Herve Villechaize, cartoons, David Letterman and random pop art are all inside in a massive book, along with four strange, appealing

songs on blue marbled vinyl. Phooey, Schlong, Crack and a fourth band will be playing Anarchy Under the Sea, the cross-dressing prom, on Dec. 17. The Living Room has shows pretty much every weekend. And they're a lot of fun. For details, call the hotline at 564-0130. Reality Control's address is 5970 Birch, #2, Carpinteria, CA 93013.

—Kevin Carhart

PHOOEY



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COMB FOR CULTURE

Digable Planets
Blowout Comb
Pendulum/EMI

Blowout comb. The blowout comb was an essential tool of the African-American community in years gone by — used to pick out and shape our naturals, in celebration of the unique kinkiness of the locks which grow on our heads. And in defiance to the limiting definition of beauty and style prescribed to us from above by chauvinistic Western culture, it was these picks, whether with a raised clenched Black fist on the top, or with the extra-long “cake cutter” handle which hung out the back of your pocket, which became a living symbol of the African renaissance in America. Physically as well as culturally and politically, the dominant American/European culture took a back seat to the very real motto of “Black is Beautiful.”

This is why I feel that the image of the blowout comb is regaining its past significance in the midst of our current cultural renaissance, which can be seen in the replacement of styles such as the Jheri curl with the natural beauty of dreads and fros, where the political conservatism and racial hypocrisy from the powers-that-be is being met with open physical and mental rebellion, and where the artistic musical expression of hip-hop continues to thrive with social relevance despite unremitting external and internal threats to its survival.

Helping define this new era in the musical vanguard is the Brooklyn trio Digable Planets, with their long-awaited second album, *Blowout Comb*.

To say that this album is dope would be an understatement; here, the Digables, consisting of Brothers Doodlebug and Butterfly, along with Sister Ladybug, pick up brilliantly from where they left off on their debut effort, *Reachin'* — musically, lyrically and politically. As with their Grammy-winning first album, the production is very tight and heavily jazz-based, reflecting the continuity of African musical expression in America throughout the generations. But it is the lyrical content and expression within the album which makes *Blowout Comb* a magnificently fat LP.

In *Reachin'*, we were first invited into the universe of Digable Planets, where a dynamic range of progressive-minded topics were discussed lyrically. Every-



thing from women's reproductive rights to Marxist theory were expounded upon beneath the backdrop of urban New York. On *Blowout Comb*, the intellectual discussions of today's society are still there, with the primary focus on the liberation of Black Folk from the clutches of American capitalist greed.

Throughout the 13 tracks on the album, this central theme is manifested as the trio lyrically pays homage to various heroes and martyrs dedicated to African liberation within America, as on “Jettin,” and stresses the necessity for unity and social cooperation among Black people in order to achieve liberation, on “Dial 7” and “Black Ego.” They pay homage to Black music, culture and especially their home of Brooklyn, NYC, on “Borough Check,” featuring Guru; “Graffiti,” with Jeru; and “9th Wonder.”

With *Blowout Comb*, I feel the Digable Planets have proven not only that the brilliance of their first album was not a fluke (nor was it dependent on their commercial success), but they have demonstrated that they are not afraid to grow artistically, despite the many pressures which often befall a successful debut LP.

I am curious to see if this album receives as many accolades from the mainstream and alternative liberal and yuppie types who attempted and failed to separate the Digables from the underground revolutionary ideals of hip-hop music and culture, where they have always belonged. Hopefully not, but if so, the Digable Planets can rest assured that they have released a classic and the message brought forth within its contents will be received by those it was designed for. All power to the people and seize the time, baby. Peace.

—Fruzz



FEEL GOOD MUSIC

Skadanks
Give Thanks
Elektra

Everyone has a few designated albums that they can throw on and instantaneously be transported to some place where everything is all right — music that clears your thoughts of whatever happens to be the problem and uplifts you. Music that magically puts everything in perspective. For dancehall reggae lovers, *Give Thanks* by Skadanks has potential to become one of those albums.

Skadanks' strength lies within their full and forceful sound. The music is driven by a heavy bassline and drum track which motivates the listener to move to the rhythm. It's the type of music you just can't help but get into as you listen to it. You just want to play it loud and groove to it. The rhythm is complimented by the strong voice and Jamaican accent of singer Rocker-T.

The lyrics on *Give Thanks* are not deep or very substantial in any way. What *Thanks* does provide is a unique example of straightforward, not-a-care-in-the-world, feel-good music. It grabs ahold of you and elevates you to a higher ground, leaving you there to relish in this musical bliss. Rocker-T's chatting blends, together with the music, add to this feeling.

There is only one track on *Thanks* — itself a solid song — which does not belong on this album. The track is titled



“Pass the Herb.” This is a result of the silly and repetitive changing of “Pass me the herb, and I'll burn the herb” in the chorus. Additionally, the music on this track seems out of place when compared with the tone set by the others — a little too hip-hop for this album. Although it is unfortunate that this is the first track on the album, reserve judgment, because this one gets much better.

The highlights of *Thanks* come in the song “Rock And Come On.” Complete with loud and strong horns, this is everything a song should be. It epitomizes the sound and feel of Skadanks. *Give Thanks* is an album that will be a welcome addition to the collection of anyone who ever needs a little pick-me-up, and hey, who doesn't?

—Michael Abramson

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SUPER FORD!



Star Trek: Gettin' Back to the Nexus

Where do you go if you need help saving the universe and the only one who can help you is Captain James T. Kirk?

Why, to the Nexus, of course.

Star Trek: Generations, the seventh *Star Trek* film, has been released as a joining together of the two casts of the popular TV shows. Although it is the most recent addition to the series of *Star Trek* films, the actors and producers have tried to stress the fact that *Generations* should stand apart from the previous six *Star Trek* films. Captain Kirk (William Shatner), Chekov (Walter Koenig) and Scotty (James Doohan) make sparse appearances, while the rest of the film is occupied by *Next Generation* stars.

For those who have watched the *Next Generation* series for the past seven years, the film is an interesting and exciting

foray for the cast and crew into the elaborate and versatile world of the silver screen. But for anyone who sees the movie without that background, it becomes a meaningless group of subplots that are impossible to comprehend or appreciate.

The story revolves around a random energy phenomenon called the Nexus. The new captain of the brand-new *Enterprise B* receives a distress signal from some ships caught in this thing, while Captain Kirk and his companions are taking a tour. Kirk doesn't need much prodding to step in and try to save the passengers, only to find that they like it in the Nexus. (Who wouldn't?) But problems ensue as Kirk is blasted by part of the energy ribbon and dies. ... Or does he?

Added to this are further complications, as Captain Jean-Luc Picard (Patrick Stewart) and the

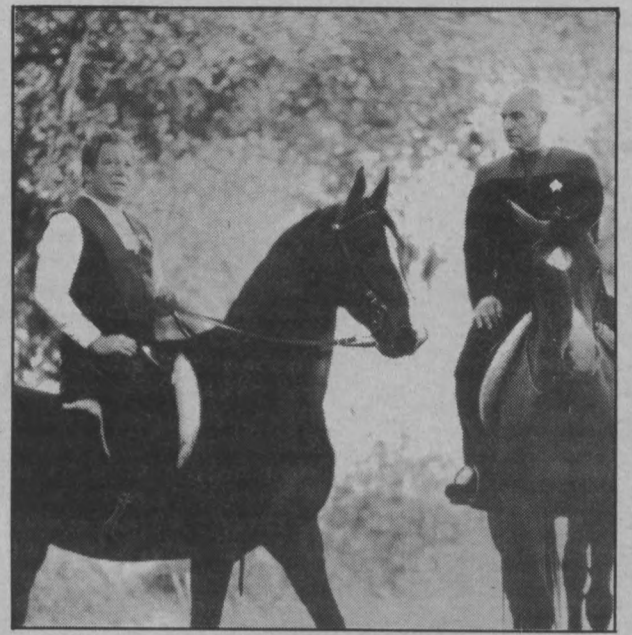
crew of the *Enterprise D* have to deal with one of the survivors that Kirk saved. He blows up stars in an effort to get back to the Nexus. I know a few people like that.

The action in the film is fairly fast-paced — after it ended, I was left wondering if it was really done. The person who really steals the whole show, in my opinion, is Brent Spiner, who plays the android Data. After so many years of watching Data as a cold, emotionless machine who always yearned for more, it's a real treat to watch Spiner go to town with the character when the decision is made to place a potentially dangerous emotion chip in his brain. Data then flies from fits of uncontrollable laughter to unbridled fear as he tries to get his new feelings under control. Throughout the film, I found myself waiting for his entrance in the next scene so I could see

what emotion he would have next. The only problem, once again, is that if you have no idea who Data is, then what do you care if he has emotions or not?

The rest of the film is interesting but not quite as fun. After months of waiting for the epic meeting of the two captains of the *Enterprise*, I must confess I was a little disappointed. During the course of the film, Picard eventually finds himself thrust into the Nexus, while an entire galaxy is destroyed behind him. Never one to accept his fate, he searches for help and finds James Kirk. Seems that he's been stuck in the Nexus and out of time since the 23rd century. Picard eventually convinces Kirk to help save the universe, to which Kirk replies, "Sounds like fun!" and off they go.

For those who know nothing about *Star Trek*, the film will be confusing,



but can be appreciated, if for nothing else than for the special effects done by Industrial Light and Magic — they're spectacular. And for those who are hardcore Trekkies like me, the film is fun to watch and

worth the wait, despite its problems.

At the very least, it's worth it to go just to hear all those good "Nexus" lines.

—Matt Nelson



A DEATH IN THE SOCIETY

The Dramatic Art Dept. here at UCSB has again pulled off a perfectly timed production. Just when America is reaching a new peak in its fervor over crime, and no one dares utter a word against the more and more expensive measures being taken by our government, a voice

from the grave has erupted in the Studio Theatre. Eugene Ionesco would be proud. Ionesco died earlier this year, but his play *The Killer* has been taken up by the Dramatic Art Dept. and given new life.

The Killer opens with the main character, Mr. Berenger, settling in on the

floor for a little nap. Ionesco thrusts us into Berenger's dreams and gives us his own Wonderland-gone-industrial world where Berenger, like Alice, seems the only source of logic. He wanders through this dream state, encountering a stoic architect/police chief who tells him the strange story of "the killer." With a modus operandi more complicated than a space shuttle launch, the killer stalks the people of Berenger's town with a ruthless, arbitrary thirst.

The rest of the play details Berenger's frantic running about in his desperate attempt to catch the killer. Berenger battles against the illogic of his dream world, where killers are not lone citizens, but part of the society. Berenger's struggles to capture the killer, in the end, are futile, as the killer is not a person but a collective evil

created by Berenger's world.

The play climaxes in a stunning monologue by Berenger to the entire cast, who in their role as the society laugh and toy with Berenger as he grows more furious. Finally, he collapses to the ground and wakes from his dream, but the theme holds true for the waking world just as strongly.

Ionesco's ideas in *The Killer* could not have come at a more appropriate time. America is currently obsessed with the idea of eradicating crime through any means necessary, whether it be education, incarceration or legislation — three strikes and you're out. If we look around today, our country is filling up rapidly with prisons and jails, and the costs are skyrocketing. Ionesco calls out to us to take a long look at our "solutions" to the problem

of evil in society and to the flaws inherent in these solutions.

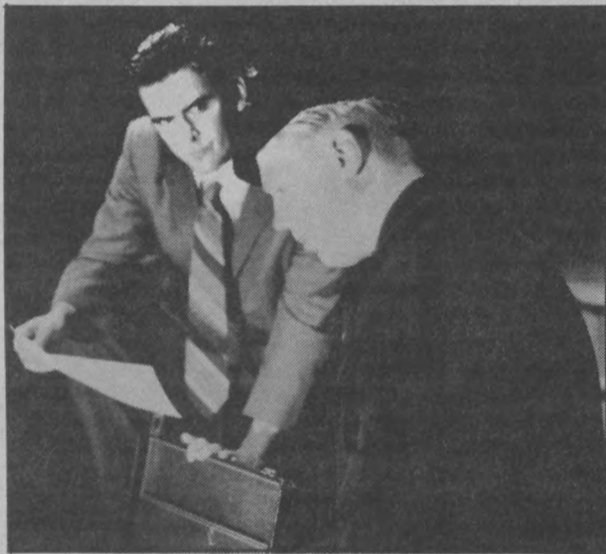
What really makes this production take off is the players. Ionesco's play writing is a very cerebral form that seems to favor deep thought more than action. Thus, it is up to the cast to fill the audience in on what is physically going on. Turning in his best performance yet is lead Kevin Murphy. He combines perfect amounts of logic and slapstick to create a believable protagonist in Ionesco's whirling madness. Murphy explores every range of emotion, from madly wrestling with John Mediero's comic drunk to an intense nail-biting soliloquy under blaring lights.

Estefanie Ruiz is impressive in the complex role of the architect/police chief, but seemed in over her head at times with the character's multiple moods. As the picture of

the blind citizen, Ryan Hoover convinces you completely that his character's sickness isn't just in the body but in the mind and soul. Andrea Watson's direction, which is embellished with shadowy choruses and imaginative umbrella choreography, compliments the surreal style of Ionesco's play. This production of *The Killer* supremely balances the ideas of Ionesco in an entertaining and visually interesting production.

—Davin McHenry

The Killer plays December 3rd at 2 p.m. and again at 8 p.m. For further info, call the box office at 893-3535.



MUSIC FOR A MOODY BRISTOL BURG

Portishead
Dummy
On Go Beat Records

There is a new sound now, out of England. It is the sound of the city. People are writing songs about all the love and all the hatred of London, trying to capture the bustle and clatter of the streets, trying to mix the idealized vision of the cool city with the boiling realism of the overcrowded, underfed, multicultural tenements that England's cities have become.

Some bands, like Moonshake, are succeeding in doing just that. Others seem to have a way of painting it in shades of blue, capturing an atmosphere, as if on film, and putting it down on tape. That atmosphere is not

without its gritty realism — boombox beats, hip-hop scratching, rasta rhythm, soul food samples. But it floats in darkness, the way a projector beam captures motes of dust floating in the air in a darkened, stuffy cinema. It is the film noir music of England's streets.

Or, to be exact, the streets of Bristol, England, for Bristol, it seems, is where this cool, atmospheric stuff is hailing from. Bands like Massive Attack and Tricky have been doing it for a few years now. But it looks as if Portishead, who took their name from their hometown — a small burg in Bristol — are the ones who will take it to the masses.

We've already been exposed to the groovally-

ously forlorn strains of "Sour Times," and that voice intoning, "Nobody loves me ... it's true ... not like you do ..." like Billie Holliday's finest moment in her worst hour.

And there's more. Like "Strangers," which samples Weather Report's "Elegant People" for a cool, jazzy effect. It'll make you feel like a true swinger. And the supple, soulful voice is the sound of a true jazz/funk diva. It belongs to Beth Gibbons, an unassuming English woman who sang folk songs and ballads in a local café before joining up with soundsmith Geoff Barrow and guitarist/bassist Adrian Utley, who manipulate the samples, rhythms and textures that move precisely through a Portishead song.

They sample balladeer Johnnie Ray's "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" for a truly strange effect on "Biscuit," one of the album's most chilling, gorgeously gloomy moments. Beth's voice can go soft and warm, brass and jazzy, or deeply forlorn. She is the flesh to their bare-bones approach.

Portishead can do upbeat funk pop, if you like, too. Check out "Numb" or "It Could Be Sweet." This could almost be fodder for the "adult contemporary" charts if the music wasn't so damn precise and cool. But that's what this band does best — cool. "Wandering Star" is their perfect, dark, glassy dream — even with an ultra-funky sample of War's "Magic Mountain" added for effect. "Roads" is purely

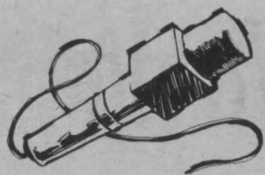


down. It's so mournful it could almost draw a tear if it wasn't for that cool, atmospheric Portishead funk.

But this is not a bad thing. The sounds on this record will move you. Portishead knows its city, and the strange joys and complete despair that can accompany living in it. They've measured them

out in palatable parcels that make it easier to consume, but no less easy to understand. *Dummy* is an intriguing album that may take some getting used to. As it aspires to, the music forgoes the teeming externals and goes straight for the cold, red, beating heart of the city. Portishead found it.

—Miz E.



INTO A MOSAIC OF SOUND WITH ORBITAL

INTERVIEW BY
MONTY LUKE

Continued from p.1A
you're a criminal....

AW: Do you want to talk a little more about that?

Phil Hartnoll: Well basically, it covers a lot of aspects about civil liberties really... the way the British government are selling it to the public by earmarking, scapegoating certain specific minority groups: the subculture of rave, the new age travellers and squatters... the people that come between 15 and 25 — the youth, basically.

But to get a wider grasp of it, it's... when you get arrested now, they're stopping your right to silence, well, you've got a right to remain silent, but that will be taken into evidence, almost against you. "Yes, well, he kept quiet, therefore he must be guilty."

introduction of this, those people who organize it are now criminals, whereas before they weren't really....

It's [fox] hunt saboteurs as well. It's a very horrible bloodsport that the aristocracy follow, so you've got a lot of quite right-on people that totally object to that, and now, basically, you're a criminal if you object to that....

It's all about interpretation. They could arrest my dad for this, but they're earmarking the drug-taking, housy people. That's how they're selling it to the public. ... They're getting at the minorities — that's their excuse for introducing this new law, but what I think the public don't realize is that it will affect them very seriously, and I think that will come

cause of overpopulation.

Phil: No it doesn't! It's got nothing to do with....

AW: Well, I think it's a bit of both of what you're saying. The white supremacy thing is more of a feeling by a lot of people who happen to be white, this feeling of superiority. And the thing that's funny about that, is that, in this hotel, a lot of the people who are cleaning up, who are doing the shit work, are Hispanic people. Now, many of these people may or may not be documented to work in this country and be here legally, but if these people are rounded up and kicked out, who the hell is going to do these jobs? No one, because people like you and me think we're too good to do these jobs anymore.

Phil: Yeah. ... Yeah.

AW: What quality in your music do you feel sets you apart from the other groups out there?

Paul: I don't feel set apart, really. ... I just feel like we're a part of music. We meet other musicians and it's like being a TV repairman and meeting other TV repairmen. I see every band as being individual.

AW: What is it about the new LP, *Snivilisation*, that stands out relative to everything you've put out in the past?

Paul: It's a bit of a themed album, isn't it. The other two are just collec-

tioned of a mosaic. ... It seems as though each track starts with a small piece and eventually builds by adding many other pieces to create a whole song. Could you talk a bit about your creative process?

Phil: Well, I'd say that's hit the nail on the head.

AW: Augh! There's a spider on my head! Or it felt like it anyway....

Paul: He's on LSD, I can tell! (laughter)

Phil: No, I think mosaic's a good description, and what's strange about that is that in the end, it never has any resemblance to how it was when you began.

AW: What's your favorite house song, or techno song?

Paul: It changes all the time, depending on what I've heard recently. ...

"Voodoo Ray," by A Guy Called Gerald, it came out when I was still "House music! Give it to me!"

AW: That song reminds me a lot of your music, too.

Paul: He's an influential character.

AW: How about now?

Paul: Well, I only just heard his second-to-last single, which I really liked, and I thought he'd returned to the "Voodoo Ray" angle, but the way he works now, which is almost a lighter-framed jungle world... almost not dance music, I thought it was really good.

you were getting unadulterated music from the people to the people. It does happen with white labels and the whole dance thing, and you know the people's creativity is not being stifled in any way.

Paul: I don't think there's much in common in attitude that goes along with the music. They're both subversive in their own ways, but dance music is sort of a passive subversiveness, instead of trying to do something about it, it's "we'll just live how we want to live."

AW: As far as performing live, what do you see as some of the limitations that a group like yours has, and what do you do to alleviate them? I don't have a problem with seeing two people up on stage and just playing

because we're twiddling knobs and pushing buttons.

But the element of the actual music, we're improvising with the structure of the songs. We can make a track last a minute or an hour if we want to. The communication between us and the audience via the music, we're responding to how they're acting. If we're building up to a crescendo and they're really loving it, we can sustain that and it makes us go wilder. Or if people are quite mellow, we might be sparser.

It's going to be different, and it's hard because we've been playing clubs and people don't know how to react to it because... it's quite boring. You get a good deejay and you don't stand there and watch unless you're really

"Ideally, what we'd love to do is set up on the dance floor, which we've done in the past, so people can just wander past and see what you're doing."



What's so devastating is, to read this criminal justice bill, it's absolutely ludicrous.

Paul: You're not allowed to have about seven or 10 people — even if it's in your home, it's classed as a gathering, and if you're playing music with a succession of repetitive beats, that's illegal as well.

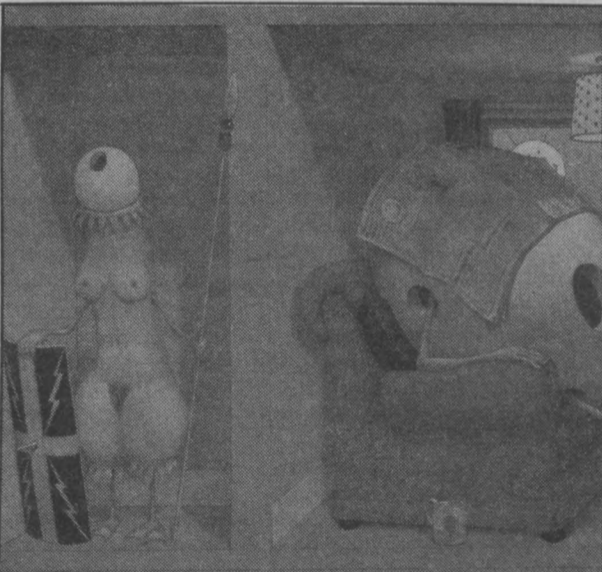
Phil: It's attempting to specify what house music is, really, but it's ridiculous.

Paul: Pearl Jam has repetitive beats... so basically if there's like 10 or 11 friends, listening to some thrash metal harmlessly in

out after a few sort of monstrosity arrests, that they'll realize what's happened.

We were brought up to think... capitalism, yeah, freedom — bollocks! And this country's full of it as well, the hypocrisy of civil liberties, freedom and justice for some.

AW: We just had a vote on a proposition, 187, that was drawn up to deny services for anyone who is not a citizen of the United States, and it passed by an overwhelming majority, believe it or not. You can't go to school, you can't get a flu shot — if you get arrested,



"We were brought up to think ... capitalism, yeah, freedom -- bollocks! And this country's full of it as well, the hypocrisy of civil liberties..."

their home with a few cans of beer, they'll be apt to go in and grab 'em, as it were, and call them criminals.

Phil: It's about interpretation, really. They've put in all these stupid laws. ... The whole rave scene in Britain has been used to running away from the police anyway... for harmless free festivals in fields in the middle of nowhere. What's happened with the

immediately the police ask you where you're from. If you don't have citizenship, they're legally obligated to notify the INS. And the chilling effect has been devastating.

Paul: It's sort of like the effects of overpopulation.

Phil: It's not just population, it's more to do with the white supremacy of people.

Paul: That happens be-

cause of things over time, and on this one, we sat down and said, "Let's try to write it beginning to end. Let's give it the theme of sticking to reality. Any voice samples must come from the real world and not fiction. And any slants will come from, like, a soundtrack to living in the western world." Mostly urban, I'd say, 'cause we're both living in London.

AW: Describe an un-snivilised individual.

Paul: (laughs) An un-snivilised individual would be somebody really pleasant, like a bunch of really unmolested people living in the rainforest who don't have police or crime, haven't got a word for crime, or....

Phil: No, I suppose it's a very open-minded person.... I suppose a Buddhist attitude is the closest thing I can think of to an un-snivilised human being, where they care about other living creatures.

AW: When I listen to an Orbital song, I'm re-

mindful of the most embarrassing remix you've done or been asked to do?

Phil: The Human League one.

Paul: That was the silliest one. We did a remix of Yellow Magic Orchestra's "Behind the Mask" and it turned out cheesy and poppy, in the traditional Yellow Magic Orchestra style, and they said, "Why don't you redo this but replace the vocals with Phil Oakey and the girls from Human League!" And it was absolutely hilarious, wasn't it?

AW: Elaborate on the link between early punk rock and current dance-music culture.

Phil: I think the similarities are... the sort of do-it-yourself, record-at-your-home, record-in-your-garage. In Britain, there was an explosion in independent record labels only comparable to when early punk came out, which was a very similar thing. What you got there, you knew

music, but I think a lot of the criticism about dance music in a live setting centers around that.

Paul: — Normally because the criticism's coming from the rock-journalist angle. If it comes from a dance angle, it's more to do with the music that's created, and the environment, than watching the actual artists perform. It's just people getting used to that because there isn't much to watch with dance music, and there won't be, you know what I mean? You can link up with other people who do dance work or video work

into deejay techniques. But we're not restricted as a deejay's restricted; we're not restricted as a band, in song mode, so it's a trying to re-educate.

Ideally, what we'd love to do is set up on the dance floor, which we've done in the past, so people can just wander past and see what you're doing. There's no, sort of, focal point — it's more a sort of union. It's not us and them, it's more all of us.

AW: Last question — what's the future for Orbital? And dance music as a whole?

Paul: Future of Orbital



and have them perform their thing at the same time, but....

Phil: It's very difficult. ... We go see live bands and we go to clubs. You've got your deejay on one hand and your live bands on the other. I see us in this unexplored area in the middle. With this equipment, it enables us to set up a basic studio on stage. And what we're doing is very subtle

— I don't think about it too much. If I get an idea, I prefer to sort of be able to do it then and there. As for dance music, things just progress and march on, don't they. It's like watching a plant grow. You start off with one stem and then break off into two, into four, into eight. That's what music does, I think. Who can tell — loads of little fragments.



A SUBTLE BLEND OF ACTION, ROMANCE AND MOOD

Sometimes it's the silences, not the voices, that speak the loudest. Few films I have seen carry the kind of subtle emotion implicit in the silence of Luc Besson's *The Professional*. Absent is much of the "glitziness" that makes

films like *Natural Born Killers* and *Pulp Fiction* stand out. *The Professional* keeps an understated dignity of its own. Besson's ability to show us both gritty, cold violence and an endearing love story with confident

mastery makes him one of the few true auteurs working today.

The plot of the film is deceptively simple: After 12-year-old Mathilda's (played by Natalie Portman) family is killed by crooked DEA agents, she

takes shelter with a hermitic neighbor (Jean Reno) who turns out to be a "professional" mob hit man. The two quickly form a sort of father-daughter relationship, and the rest of the film deals with the way the relationship changes

them. Aside from Gary Oldman, the name value of the cast may mean nothing in today's market, but proves that there is still work for decent actors in Holly-

the same league as most action films. If the hard-boiled intensity of films by directors like John Woo is to your liking, you will probably be disappointed by *The Professional*.

SPECIAL ADVANCE SCREENING

Nicolas
CAGE

Jon
LOVITZ

Dana
CARVEY



Trapped in PARADISE

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX Presents A JON DAVISON/GEORGE GALLO Production A GEORGE GALLO Film
NICOLAS CAGE JON LOVITZ DANA CARVEY "TRAPPED IN PARADISE" JOHN ASHTON MADCHEN AMICK DONALD MOFFAT RICHARD JENKINS Music BY ROBERT FOLK Lyrics BY TERRY RAWLINGS
Produced by BOB ZIEMICKI Directed by JACK N. GREEN, A.S.C. Executive Producer DAVID PERMUT Produced by JON DAVISON and GEORGE GALLO Written and Directed by GEORGE GALLO
MPAA Rating: PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
DOLBY DIGITAL
MUSIC BY ROBERT FOLK
LYRICS BY TERRY RAWLINGS
CASTING BY JANE WOOD
PRODUCTION DESIGNER BOB ZIEMICKI
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JACK N. GREEN, A.S.C.
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER DAVID PERMUT
PRODUCED BY JON DAVISON AND GEORGE GALLO
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY GEORGE GALLO
DOLBY DIGITAL
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wood. Once again, Oldman seemingly changes his inner persona for the role, and his conviction as Gary Stansfield, an on-the-edge, PCP-addicted DEA boss, proves again that he is one of the best character actors working. Reno brings a sort of silent excellence into his role as Leon, an emotionally immature "cleaner" who proves that even the coldest of killers has the ability to love.

In her film debut, Natalie Portman shows a natural talent as the emotionally over-mature Mathilda, and Danny Aiello (in a bit part) makes the most of his role as Tony, the Italian "capo" who sends Leon work.

What really surprised me about *The Professional* was how well Besson mixes an intense and power-packed action plot with an emotionally charged and touching love story. While the film could easily be considered an action film, the violence in the film serves a point, an idea that runs contrary to most action films produced today, where the violence of the film is merely spectacle. Besson, who directed such greats as 1992's *La Femme Nikita* and 1990's *The Big Blue*, displays a thorough understanding of the art of writing, directing and cinematography (all of which he did himself), masterfully weaving together action and emotion into one film.

But the film works on such a deep emotional level that it would be impossible to consider it in

While the action sequences are beautifully directed, and do contain a lot of violence, there really aren't enough of them to satisfy those accustomed to the *Die Hard* genre. On the same note, if you like touching love stories, but can't stomach intense violence, *The Professional* might not be what you're looking for.

Characterization and mood is where Besson is really at his best, though. Characters in the film have an emotional complexity characteristic of French filmmaking, which generally places more value on character development than Hollywood films ever attempt. Here, the art is not conversation, but the lack thereof — the subtle moods struck in tiny interactions where words are not even necessary. Besson gives us characters we can see and feel.

As a curious side note, one could easily make the comparison between Warner Bros.' *The Specialist* (released earlier this year, and often confused with *The Professional*) and this film. While the two deal with very similar plots, *The Specialist* uses big-name actors like Sharon Stone and Sly Stallone to sell the film, while Besson keeps high integrity, relying on a firm understanding of the art of cinema. In a day and age where companies "produce" films in the same way that a car is "produced," Besson's personal touch restores film to its highest artistic mode.

—Kelly L. Hartman



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FANCY-DANCY REGGAE

The Mighty Diamonds
Speak the Truth
RAS Records

Good music you like and bad music you don't like. *Speak the Truth*, from The Mighty Diamonds, is not a personal favorite of mine. I don't like poppy reggae. Their new package is all Casio-disco-like pop music. It's the synthesized hand-clapping that perturbs me. In almost every song there's this thing going on that sounds like "smack, smack, smack...."

Other than that, the Diamonds are the most soulful roots reggae band of the new releases coming out. They *are* roots music, and are being distributed on Doctor Dread's RAS records.

A lot of poppy British-Jamaico reggae music, like Steel Pulse and Aswad, have that fancy-sound, but have lost it when it comes down to loyalty to their roots and why they're making music (other than \$\$\$). Unlike these bands, the Mighty Diamonds have had a rough relationship with the music industry. The title track was inspired by the experience of being lied to by one of their managers when they were in



Germany. Yet they have remained together through the years, and still travel around the globe playing their music. They returned home to Kingston, Jamaica, to produce *Speak the Truth*.

The Mighty Diamonds have a long performing history. In 1969 they formed a group called The Limelight. In the mid-'70s they made an album called *Right Time*, which is still highly praised and has never been out of print. In the '80s their song written in praise of the mighty herb, called "Pass the Kutchie," was adapted and sold by Musical Youth

as "Pass the Dutchie." That became a "four million sold" wonder for Musical Youth.

The Diamonds CD does seem to get better after you listen to it a couple of times. It definitely has radio potential. For some people, this might be a nice smooth CD to have around. It has love songs for the people and our planet, songs of unity and peace, and songs about corrupt cops, all good topics. So if you are interested, go look for this one yourself and give it a listen before you buy it.

—Tom Gallagher

Grey Owl Video

Presented by Rich Gralewski,
President of local Grey Owl Society



Tuesday, December 6th, 7 P.M.
Faulkner Gallery, S.B. Public Library
No Charge

"Why should the last of the Silent Places be destroyed ruthlessly whilst we stand by in listless apathy, without making an effort... to provide sanctuary for the Spirit of the Wild and for those of us, and they are not few, who live to commune with Him and His furred and feathered people."

"He gave his extraordinary genius, his passionate sympathy, his bodily strength, his magnetic personal influence, even his very earnings to the service of animals, and of man through the right understanding of animals."

London Times

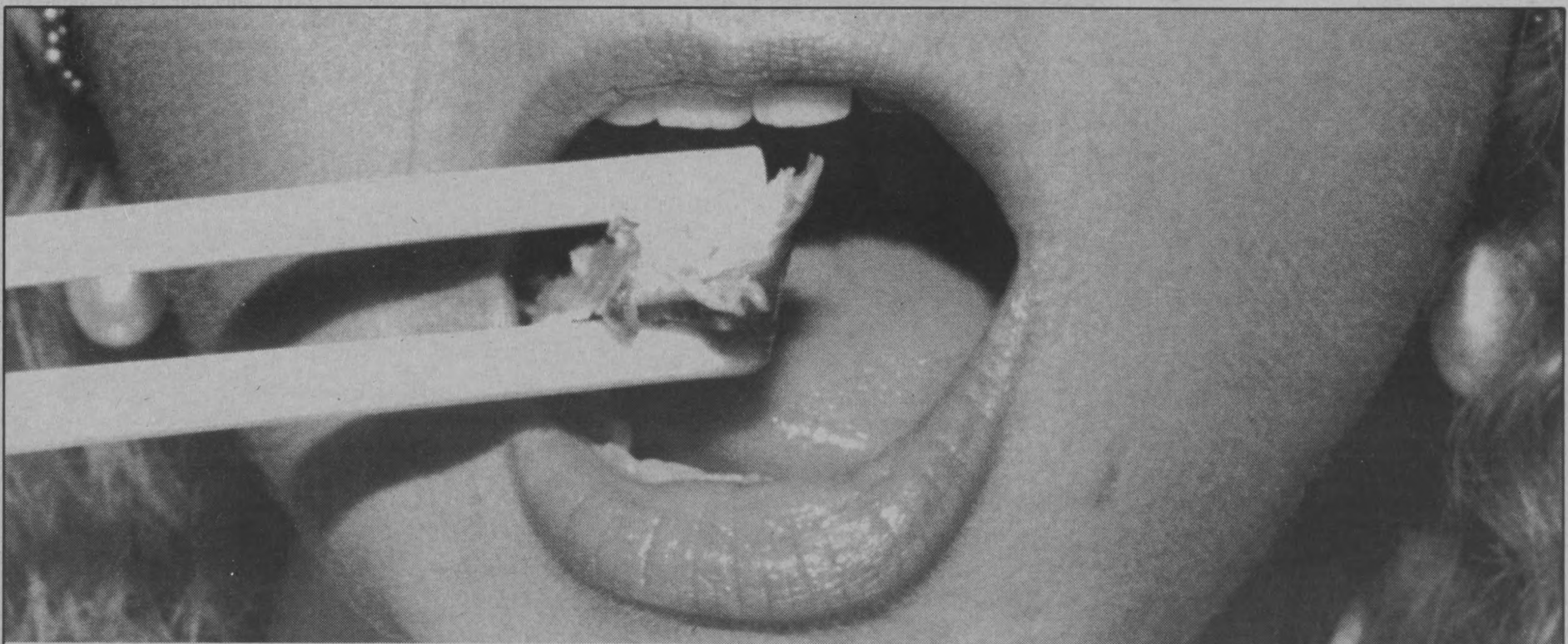
"He was not they say, a real Indian, So What?"

Shooting Times, April 30, 1938

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SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93106

December 1, 1994

To the Campus Community:

Today, December 1, is World AIDS Day. Let us come together in observance. We join with the communities around the world in honoring those who are on the front lines of the battle against AIDS as well as remembering our loved ones who have died as a result of this terrible pandemic. We have no cure for HIV infection. Only through education and prevention can we stop the spread of AIDS.

The theme of World AIDS Day is "AIDS and Families." All of us are members of families, whether they be families of origin or families of choice. Although our individual families may look different from each other, what makes a family is the love and caring that we can all recognize. The observance this year honors family members living with HIV infection and AIDS and the family members who are giving care and nurturing to those who are infected.

In order to raise awareness of the magnitude of this plague, we will have several events today to which the entire campus is invited. At noon there will be a Die-In at the Arbor. This is a very moving ceremony which graphically depicts the loss of human life around the world and right here at UCSB. At 7:00 p.m., in San Nicolas Hall Formal Lounge, people infected with HIV as well as their families will be telling their very personal stories of living with this disease. Also, there will be tables staffed by Peer Health Educators at several places around campus where you can get information, buy a button, or get a free red ribbon to show your support. I encourage every member of our community to take the opportunity to learn more about AIDS and how to prevent it. Better yet, invite a friend or colleague to join you at one or more of these events. All of us are touched by the impact of AIDS in some way. Please become part of the solution. Together we can make a difference.

Sincerely,

Henry T. Yang

Henry T. Yang
Chancellor