Art Honors Show: Compelling Work From UCSB's Best

Film 'Gods II:' The **Producers** Must Be Crazy

The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus/For the Week of May 3-10, 1990

Of Note This Week:

...because without art, you're that balding loser guy you meet at a party who attempts to mock you and everything you stand for, while smiling at you and hijacking your date simultaneously.



Debbie's Top Five Albums Or Sexual **Euphemisms**:

- The Rolling Stones, "Let It Bleed"

- The Rolling Stones, "Let It Bleed"
 "Pasting Up"
 The Clash, "Sandinista!"
 "Earth Day"
 David Bowie, "Changes One"
 "Going To Temple"
 X, "Under the Big Black Sun"
 "Painting the Canvas Red"
 Various Artists, "The Daily Nexus'
- Greatest Hits" 10. "Bonding"



Tonight:

"Heavy Metal" at Isla Vista Theatre, 7/9/11 p.m., \$3

"Amadeus" at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m., UCSB students \$3

"The Handmaid's Tale" (through Thursday, May 10) at the Victoria Street Theatre, 7 and 9:10 p.m., call 963-7868 for information.

"Sugar Cane Alley" at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m., UCSB students \$3

THE VIDEO GUY'S 900 NUMBER O THE WEEK

The "Superstar Gossip Hotline" 1-900-230-8000

"Kirk Cameron works out mighty hard to keep up his studly bod."

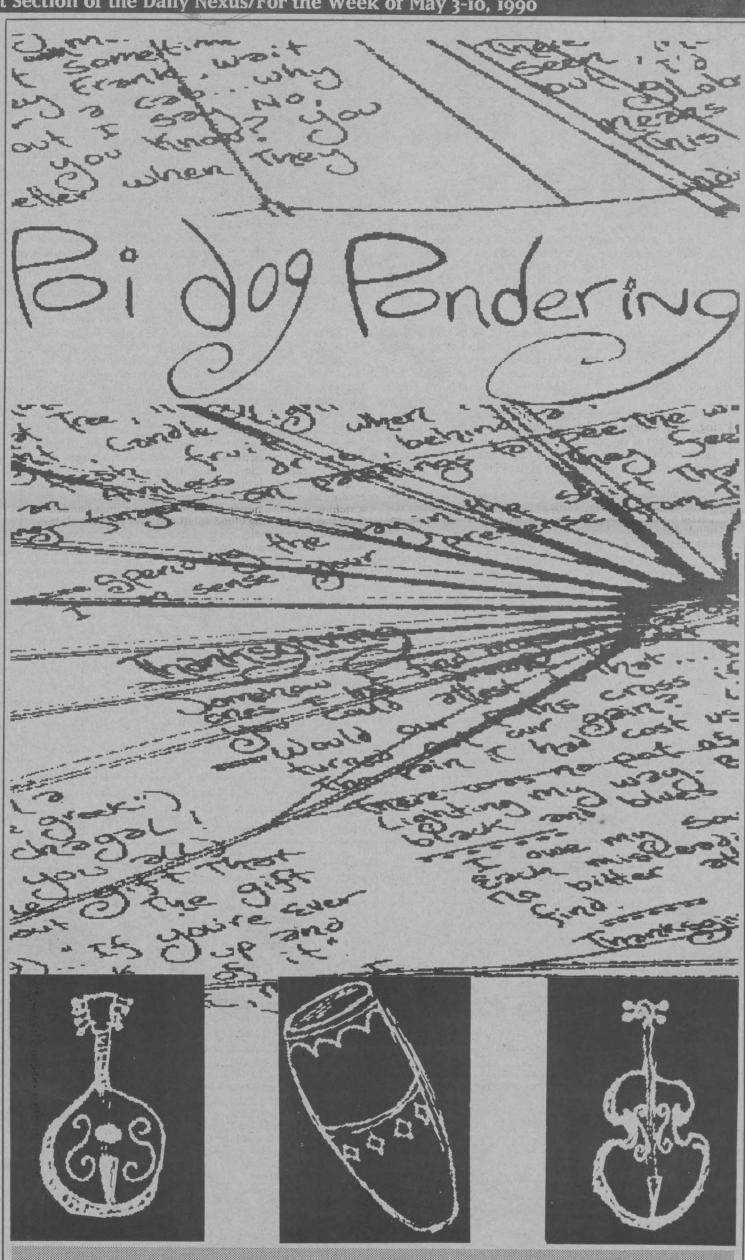


Tonight: People in other countries are dying for what we take for granted, not — holy moly, it's Pub Nite, featuring "Electric Blue" and "The Goleta Waters Blues Band," 8 p.m. at the Pub in the UCen. \$1 students, \$2 general

Friday:

Concert — Mary's Danish with Will & The Bushmen, Liquid Jesus, and Dada at the Pub in the UCen. \$9 students, \$11 general (therefore, the show will undoubtedly be 900% to 1100% better than Thursday's Pub Nite)

Press Release Quote of the Week: "With Bauhaus, Peter Murphy created both a look and a sound which came to be called Goth-rock, one of the most influential of the post-punk musical movements. 'It was very deep and powerful,' remembers Murphy."



Interview by Jeffrey P. McManus, Staff Writer



Drama, Intrigue, etc.

Theater Like This You've Never Seen, ; Verdad?

This play has it all: drama, intrigue, high emotion, retribution. And those fluent in Spanish and theater lovers with a minimum of Spanish (or none at all) will be moved by Repertorio Español's production of *El Burlador de Sevilla* (The Rake of Seville). This is the classic Don Juan story of seduction, murder, hubris and justice by the premier Spanish-language company in the United States. It will be performed Tuesday,



May 8 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall. And if you're apprehensive about wading into a sea of unfamiliar Spanish, extensive program notes and a plot scenario will be available, and Professor Juan Bautista Avalle-Arce of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese will provide an informative preview starting at 7 PM in Campbell Hall.

There have been countless versions of the Don Juan story, including Mozart's opera, Don Giovanni, but Repertorio Español has reached back to the Golden Age of Spanish literature to stage the first play about Don Juan, written around 1616 by a Spanish priest who used the pen name Tirso de Molina.

"It's fast paced, like cinema," says company co-founder Gilberto Zaldívar of the current production, which is being staged in a modern, sleek manner with actors in contemporary costume. To those whose Spanish is rusty or limited, Zaldívar is confident there is much to be gained from attending a play spoken in Spanish. He does have some advice, however. "First I recommend you read the synopsis included in the program notes. Second, come to the preperformance lecture," says Zaldívar. "And then sit and enjoy it. When you go to a Shakespeare play there are many words you don't know, but the essence, you know the essence."

This is a production to be savored for its heightened drama, its virtuosic acting, and, yes, its presentation in a language that captures the essence of Don Juan: part seducer, part trickster, a rebel who challenges society and nature.



Cesar Chavez Speaks Out

Founder and president of the United Farm Workers Union, Cesar Chavez has followed a determined, non-violent path to win basic rights for his fellow farm workers. As a

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				3 Amadeus 8 PM Campbell Hall	4 Cesar Chavez 5 PM / Free Campbell Hall	5
6 Sugar Cane Alley 8 PM Campbell Hall	7 Samuel Betances 4:30 PM / Free Girvetz Hall 1004	8 Repervorio Español 8 PM Campbell Hall	9 Four Ethnic Perspectives 4:30 PM / Free Girvetz Hall 1004	10 Guenter Ahlers 4:30 PM / Free Main Theatre Corne and See 8 PM Campbell Hall	11 Ravi Shankar 8 PM Campbell Hall	12

youngster working with his parents in the fields, he experienced first hand the dehumanizing conditions endured by migrant workers.

He delivers the free public lecture "It's Up to Us: Government Policies Versus Public Solutions to Pesticide Poisoning" on Friday, May 4 at 5 PM in Campbell Hall. Presented in celebration of Cinco de Mayo, the program is co-sponsored with El Congreso and a number of campus departments, programs and divisions and community organizations.

At age 35, Chavez moved to California's Central Valley and began to develop his first farm workers' organization. In September 1965 Chavez, with the help of Dolores Huerta and others, began the grape strike that was to change the course of farm-worker history. The fledgling union of 1,700 members endured a dramatic five-year struggle resulting in a three-year contract for the workers in 1970.

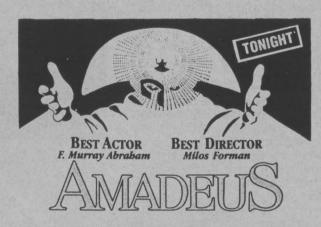
In 1984, to protect farm workers from the reappearance of inferior working conditions and a slippage of gains already made, Chavez called for another grape boycott, one that is currently going on. Most recently Chavez has been focusing attention on the health dangers of pesticides used in modern agriculture. Determined to win and maintain basic rights for farm workers, Chavez has said, "We have nothing else to do with our lives except to build our union. We will continue whether it takes one year or 20. We will never give up."

The Other Side of Stereotypes

No one ever said it would be easy to break through the stereotypes that many social or ethnic groups have towards each other. But Samuel Betances — sociologist, teacher, political consultant and journalist — offers a way of seeing beyond the stereotype. He delivers the engaging lecture "Respecting Racial, Ethnic and Gender Differences While Building a Common Agenda for Positive Social Change" on Monday, May 7 at 4:30 PM in Girvetz Hall1004. The lecture is free and open to students and the general public.

Four Ethnic Perspectives

In a panel discussion titled "Four Ethnic Perspectives" four representatives of advocacy groups explore the primary concerns of ethnic minorities in the United States. The speakers include Rachel Joseph from the National Congress of American Indians, Theodore Shaw of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Maryann Reyes from the National Council of La Raza, and Dale Minami from the Coalition of Asian/Pacific Americans. Michael Young, Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs, will serve as moderator. Free and open to the public, the panel discussion takes place on Wednesday, May 9 at 4:30 PM in Girvetz Hall 1004.



For tickets or information call: 961-3535





'So Many People Have Heads:' Whoopi!

Review:

What Could Have Been a Night of Star Ego Instead Was a Moving, Funny Show

By Daniel H. Jeffers Staff Writer

As far as we could tell, only one person in the audience ever looked at his watch during the performance of "So Many People Have Heads." Every other head in Campbell hall — and there were enough to fill the place — was filled with the fascinating interplay of three dynamic performers as they injected new meaning into bits of prose and poetry from a wide range

I can understand why the watch-checker in the loud shirt had resisted coming to the performance. I'm sure he looked at the ad, saw that Whoopi Goldberg, Patrick Stewart, and Charles Keating were going to read a little poetry, crack a few jokes, and sing a couple songs, and said to his ever-patient wife, "Why don't we rent The Color Purple and watch The Next Generation?" He's really lucky he lost the ensuing ar-

gument. Because, as he sat in the fourth row back, he was treated to a funny, sad, and hopeful exploration of the many facets of human existence. No doubt, when he got home, he maintained that what he had seen was an incoherent mixture of mismatched pieces; but he knows better. Each piece of prose, poetry, or song was given new meaning through its context in the performance. The meaning in the traditional song "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya" was brought home to modern listeners when it followed on the heels of a piece about the effects of napalm.

The feeling of connection between the three actors added strength to the performance as well. In one segment, Stewart and Keating sang one of the "young man seeks adventure at sea" ballads while Goldberg looked on in bemusement. The audience could see that the performers were conscious of her exclusion, and played with it until, at the end of the song, Goldberg started her piece with "at last her period was over." Even when Goldberg struggled with one of the more intricate lines, the performers worked the problems into the act, making the whole thing seem that much more personal.

The obvious way to structure a show about human existence would be to start with birth and proceed into old age. This show spoke about death first. It makes sense when you think about it; death is a fact when birth is only a possibility. You

No doubt, when he got home, he maintained that what he had seen was an incoherent mixture of mismatched pieces; but he knows better.

can't have an honest show about existence while ignoring that. The show did not close on death however, the last line was "Yonder, yonder, yonder," also an honest statement about the unknown.

In a way, talking about the individual performances would be misleading. Each

actor worked off the others in such a way that any of the three could have been called the star of the show. But the sense of ensemble acting was so deep that none of the performances should really be discussed by itself.

There are a few things about the acting that I have to bring up though. First, Patrick Stewart speaks so well that you begin to wonder if the rest of us are really native speakers. Second, Charles Keating went from the melodic voice of the Irish ballad to the gravel-deep blues sound of "F-train" without any trace of difficulty. He even did it a cappella. Finally, Whoopi Goldberg has a sophisticated stage presence that allowed her to change the audience's understanding of what the two men were up to — even when she had no

I'm sure the guy with the watch loved the show. He was swept up in the standing ovation along with everyone else. But he had been dragged in, and he certainly hoped his wife would continue to feel a touch of guilt. If he had sat through the whole performance without a glance at his wrist, he would have forfeited his right to that guilt in later arguments.

An Honors Exhibition Not to Be Missed

Review:

CCS Gallery Hosts Uniformly Compelling Sample of Work by Some of UCSB's Best

By Jenny McLean Reporter

Seven UCSB seniors, recognized by the Art Studio department for their outstanding achievement, presented their work in an Honors Exhibition on May 1 in the College of Creative Studies Gallery.

The students were nominated by their professors and selected by a review board of Art Studio professors on the basis of their selected best work. The Honors Exhibition represents a culmination of the artists' yearlong independent study in

The opening attracted professors, cri-



tics and students, who attended either to appreciate the art, or to gorge themselves on nameless white cheese and wine. Everyone stayed for quite a while — even after the food had run out - discussing the meaning behind Jane Lees' copious arrangements of glass jars filled with water. "Is this supposed to be a lot of urine samples?" questioned one UCSB

Art Donnelly is responsible for the confusingly simple boxes scattered about the exhibit. Nobody knew what any of them meant, and when you ask Art what he is trying to get at, he'll turn around and ask you what you think. "That's no help, Art," you mumble to yourself, but you keep opening the boxes over and over, again and again.

We all stopped in front of Paolo De-Leon's "Dispelling the Myth of Neurosis in the Creative Genius" to let the power of the canvas catch us up in a swirling metamorphic experience with a frat guy, a demon, and a maiden. His other diptych shows a woman in red and a self portrait, the contrast of the two symbolically inter-

dependent yet strikingly apart.
Barbara Pucci's printwork depicts fear through the eyes of the feared in her silkscreen representation. Reminiscent of last week's Twin Peaks episode, the material picks away at you until you can honestly say, "This stuff is creepy." Her other work consists of three superb screenprint books. One theme is "Virgin Mother Whore" — rather unsettling, eh?

Stephen Metts describes the interconnection between the self and the environ-





When you ask Art what he is trying to get at, he'll turn around and ask you what you think. That's no help, Art.



"On the surface, my skeletons look biologically correct, but they're not. I've mixed the bones so the torso of a man is attatched to the head of a woman."

(Above) Paolo DeLeon's diptych "My Only Land is the Land in My Heart" (left) Jane Lees' jarring installation.

ment in his depiction of the "Internal Landscape." "This is not figurative art," he announces. "I am trying to surpass that and express this interdependency more

Anne Cashman, an x-ray technician at Goleta Valley Hospital, combines her talents in the arts and sciences through her osteological studies on canvas. "On the surface, my skeletons look biologically correct, but they're not. I've mixed the bones so that the torso of a man is attached to the head of a woman," she

explains.

There is a peaceful quality in Carol

Goehausen's art work. Her paintings and drawings are pretty in the kind of way you just don't find anymore in a world of destructive, abstract art. "How can anyone not like that?" injected one art student pointing at Goehausen's "The Goddess," a rich, colorful painting rejoicing the fer-

The 1990 Honors Exhibition will be open to the public until May 11. You really shouldn't miss the oppurtunity to see this stuff before it goes big time, and you don't have the money for the plane ticket to New York or Rome where it will eventually end up.

Art and a Damn Fine Cuppa Joe

■ ARTSWEEK Trip Tip:

S.B.'s Green Dragon Shows Lots of Local Art. They Also Make Only Pesticide-Free Coffee Drinks and Food

By Jenny McLean Staff Writer

Did Willy Wonka just speak? "Everything you see, sit on, taste, drink out of, and hear at the Green Dragon is available for purchase," said the bright green leaflet resting on top of a hand-carved bar.

A steady flow of customers came up to order a steaming organic latte or a trail mix cookie, each acting as casually as if it were home.

No, the Green Dragon isn't one more trendy cappucino cafe, nor is it another cheesy tourist hamlet bound for nowhere.

See DRAGON, p.4A

Coca-Cola Se Coca-Cola





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DRAGON: Art 'n' Coffee

Continued from p.3A

It's an art studio and an espresso bar, the creative product of Tiffany Lach and Edwin Germaine, an enthusiastic and talented pair who came all the way from Philadelphia to set up a place named after a mythical dinosaur.

The Green Dragon is a converted Episcopalian chapel. Before that it was the famous "Flying A" movie studio, where in the 1910s Charlie Chaplin made his

This history lends charm and a feeling of importance to the Green Dragon. Lach and Germaine have set out to share local literary, musical, and visual art with the Santa Barbara community. All this in ad-

dition to serving coffee.

Germaine, a tall, slender 30ish man with a mane of brown curls is the Green Dragon's house wood sculptor and espresso maker. According to him, the Green Dragon is selling itself. "Basically people hear about us through friends and then drop by to check it out," he says. Inside the cafe, Germaine is responsi-

Inside the cafe, Germaine is responsible for the chairs you sit on, the bar you order your coffee from, and the rather phallic-looking wood sculpture you can't help but notice in the middle of the room.

The idea to combine art and coffee, Germaine explained, came from the original Green Dragon in 1700s Boston, where George Washington and other conspirators would gather over a steaming cup of Folgers and discuss plans for the revolution.

The menu is comparable to Cafe Roma, but all the coffee is organic, which means they don't support the export of FDA-banned pesticides to coffee-growing Third World countries. Bought from a special roasting company in Oregon, "our coffee has only one half the caffeine level as traditional coffee, so it won't give you the jitters or headaches," he claims.

The art displayed in the Green Dragon isn't designed to give jitters or headaches either. The whole place has a "work in progress" feel about it. Germaine's art studio is an open space in the rear where anyone can go and watch. He also keeps an open canvas out so that artists can drop by and paint as they wish.

If feels like you're in a museum after hours because you can get close up to the art and really see it. Ceramic sculptures in contorted facial expressions, silkscreens, paintings, photos, and Germaine's wood sculptures are up right now, but new artists are constantly coming, so don't expect it to stay the same. Right now there is a fascinating photo exhibit by Brenton Kelly, an '85 UCSB grad, titled "Global Imagery," a collection of pictures taken in his several trips around the world.

"We provide local artists a place to show their work at a 20 percent commis-

The whole place has a "work in progress" feel about it. Germaine's art studio is an open space in the rear where anyone can go and watch.

sion, when L.A. joints charge 50 percent," says Germaine. "This is a very cultural town, and unlike the big cities, there isn't the politics of art which go along with a scene like that."

The Green Dragon is more concerned with celebrating art than the selling it, and it becomes obvious in its mellow, just-hanging-out atmosphere. Nobody breathes down your neck waiting for you to buy anything.

But if anyone were to breathe down your neck, it would be over the muffins. Huge, gluttonous chocolate chocolate chip, apple cinnamon, ginger cheesecake, and these are just a few of the tempting flavors. I had the chocolate chocolate chip ... three times. The food is all really healthy as well; sugar free, cholesterol free, and all that.

The place also offers open poetry readings, live musicians and dance concerts, and the vast majority of events is free.

and the vast majority of events is free.
On any given day, the customers sitting at the carved tables of the Green Dragon represent a cross-section of Santa Barbara. Men in tweed, boys and girls in fluorescent, ladies in purple polyester pant suits, all sit, soaking up the atmosphere, the food and drink. And they are, quite possibly, plotting the next revolution.

The Green Dragon is open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily, and is located at 22 West Mission in Santa Barbara, between State and Chapala. For further information, call 687-1902.

RTSWEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus Nov. 9, 1989

Contributors

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Thursday May 3 7-9-11 pm IV THEATRE \$3.00

Sponsored by Capitol Hill

The Fine Print

This issue of ARTSWEEK features the scanned imagery of J. P. MacManus, and is part of our continuing luv-thang with low-resolution imagery. There's an aesthetic that we just dig. So we jut out our hard disks and proudly say "Fuck y'all. We got a lo-res thing goin' on herel Also, congrats to Michael "Fight the Power" Chester, on an A.S. win. Video Guy's bummed, but a couple of viewings of "Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity" and he'll be back to normal.

This Weekend - Great Theatre!



" You won't find better theater between Los Angeles and San Francisco."

- L.A. ENTERTAINMENT REVIEW

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'Gods II': The Producers Must Be Crazy

■ Review:

Once More Into the Mild Kingdom, Except Without the Humor of Original

By Tony Pierce

The Gods Must Be Crazy II
Written and Directed by Jamie Uys
Playing at the Metro 5

White folks suck.

According to Jamie Uys, who wrote and directed the original Gods Must Be Crazy as well as its new sequel, if you're caucasian, you're a bumbling idiot. It's odd, but somehow the first film said this in such a light-hearted manner that it could be easily overlooked. The film revolved around an African Bushman discovering a Coke bottle and all of his troubles in trying to give it back to the gods. The original mixed the beauty of Af-

rica's landscapes and the honest innocence of an unspoiled tribe with the comic opposition of a clumsy white dungscientist and his femme fatale bungling through the jungle, getting their jeep stuck in trees, and so on.

Gods II begins and ends miserably, but has about 30 minutes of the same Wild Kingdom charm and comedy of its predecessor. Mostly, though, the movie drives home the stereotype that whites are either stupid, sex-driven or snakes-inthe-grass waiting to strike. Meanwhile, all the African characters (even a Black Army dude) are Good and Right, especially the super-heroish Nixau whom everyone loved in the original.

everyone loved in the original.

This time around N!xau has two kids: one about 9 years old, the other about 3 ½. They both discover a truck, driven by two white-beard wearing, ivory-poaching bad guys, who drive away with the kids stuck in the back (unbeknownst to the bad guys). So N!xau follows the tire tracks through Africa to find his young.

white lady lawyer flies from New York to Africa to read a proposal. Her tiny airplane gets stuck in a tree with a white tough-guy who takes apart the plane, lowers it to the ground, and puts it back together as hyenas laugh at the woman in the pink dress, who curiously finds ways

Mostly, the movie drives home the stereotype that whites are either stupid, sexdriven or snakes-in-thegrass waiting to strike.

to show the crowd what color underwear she's wearing. What does this have to do with life in Africa? About life anywhere? About comedy? About the color pink?

In a stranger, stupider, symbolic subplot, a Black nationalist is fighting a Cuban in the middle of the jungle when N!xau shows up. It's bad European Jerry Lewis Porky's mentality at its worst, exploiting the fact that if you stick a cute half-naked kid on-screen and make him cry because he's lost, folks'll be sympathetic — in the same way bleedingheart liberals will hate the nasty white folks as they disrupt the peace and quaintness of deepest darkest Africa.

I'm sorry, but it didn't manipulate me. It had its moments, like in the middle when Uys isn't so concerned with plot and political correctness (he's an apologetic white South African). So do yourself a favor: show up late and leave early if you really want to see this flick.

One film that you may not have known

One film that you may not have known about is an obscure docu-comedy that Uys made right before the original Gods, called Animals Are Beautiful People. It's shot just like these two, including the quirky narrator, and stars the nutty wild animals of Africa and its countrysides. On Video Guy's Beer-O-Meter, it would probably rate about 8 beers.

Video Guy Waxes Philosophical

Meanwhile, in some weirdo sub-plot, a

■ Extremely Bad Video: Still Smarting From the "Stolen" Election, VG Waits For Your Dream Date Entry

Here's a little brain teaser for all you Video Peasants to ponder. On the show Wonder Years, Kevin Arnold is what, fourteen? Which means that in 1990, the time that he is narrating the show, he is 35. My question to you is, "How does a 35 year old man remember, right down to the shirt he was wearing, what the hell he was doing 21 years ago?"

But that's a beer of a different flavor. What you need to dwell on is the fact that you are the only person in the California Coast area that hasn't entered the "Win a Date with The Video Guy" contest. Letters, Beers — really Great beers, like Keystone — Fruit cakes, Simulated Andy Rooney Dolls and Naked Women named "Olga" have all been flooding the office,

You're not gonna buy it, huh? OK, well, several people have entered. So, if you don't, no free eats for you....

Still no, huh? OK, then, PLEASE, PLEASE ENTER MY CONTEST! I'LL DO ANYTHING! I'LL EAT A BUG, JUST LIKE CAL WORTHINGTON!

ANYTHING!

Sorry, my sense of dignity got a little fuzzy. Speaking of fuzz, my 1992 presidential running-mate, Trout, got the bologna beat out him in Cal Poly last weekend, by the cops. He was simply on his way to the local neighborhood video store, to rent "The Happy Hooker Goes To Washington." He was trying to bone up on his politics, so to speak. Next thing he knew, Trout was face to asphalt, bully

We never get a good look at those curves, but hey, who needs highly attractive women disrobing to enjoy a film?



club to ear, and Officer Bob's knee to lower back.

I want you to do me, The Video Guy, a favor. If you see The I.V. Foot Patrol, thank him or her for not randomly beating up long haired men in yellow sweat shirts. If you see a Cal Poly Cop, kick him in the goleones, and tell him that The

Video Guy sent you.

Speaking of Mutants, this week's video is a science fiction comedy called "Mutant on The Bounty."

"Mutant on The Bounty" is unique in that it stars four guys named John, my favorite being John Durkin, who plays kind of a cross between Pee Wee Herman, Ernest P. Warhol and Charles Manson.

Another good point to this film is a fabulous pseudo-french babe called Babbette. Being French, she just loves to hump, or as they say in the country of love, France, "La pomme est verte." We never actually get a good look at those European curves, but hey, who needs highly attractive women disrobing to enjoy a film? Certainly not me, The Video

Guy.

The film is about two bad guys in space looking for some secret weapon. They end up on a ship where, among others, there is a mutant with a phone grafted through his head.

Some guy gets flushed down the toilet while reading a copy of "Girls who love Big Aliens," which is always funny.

The end of this film was a bit sadistic, so

The end of this film was a bit sadistic, so it only earned a 7 on the Beer-O-Meter, but what the hell, rent it anyway.

And remember, she said to me, she says, "The cause is completely inapplicable to the effect."

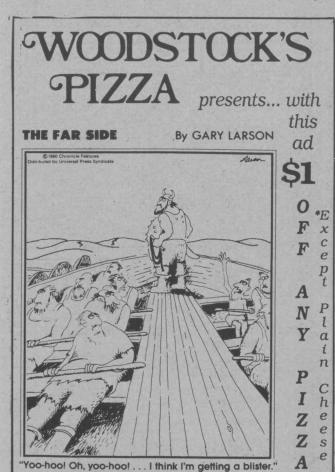
Mary's Danish to Rock UCSB's Very Own "Pub" Tomorrow Night

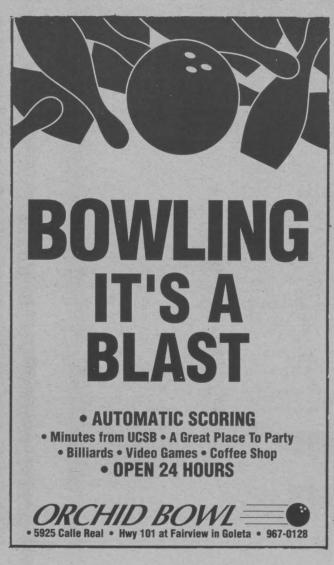
The most exciting band ever to be named after a breakfast food is coming to town; for the first time in some time you can break your fast with Mary's Danish at the Pub, and you don't even have to wake up early.

I saw Mary's Danish play a week ago in L.A. and to put it plainly, I came into their kitchen and they blew me out the back door. I am talking about some serious hype. They rocked thousands of tanned So-Cal co-eds and they turned the passive USC crowd into a bumping, thumping, pumping mass of sweat and anxiety, which as we all know is considered so cliche that it is passe, in Los Angeles anyway. With no cellular link to their therapists, the aforementioned co-eds went ape shit.

The point of this story of course is that Mary's Danish is good and they are playing in the Pub tomorrow night and you should go see them and Will and the Bushmen and Liquid Jesus and DaDa, who also played in L.A., and are sort of a long haired, surfy, Simon and Garfunkel pair, and the whole thing is only nine bucks if you're a student and what a bargain.

— Jaime Reilly









Soul to Sole With I.V.'s Own The Groov

■ Local Music:

Band Voted I.V.'s Favorite Talks About Music, Things

By Denis Faye Staff Writer

James Brown is out of the Big House, but you're still not going to see him gettin' funky at the Apollo. The Blues Brothers are no longer and New Kids on the Block are tearing up the charts.

Furthermore, any stroll through Isla Vista or Santa Barbara at night, reveals that the headbangers are loudly infecting the local band scene. The music of UCSB is being wisked down those toilet bowls that we so affectionately call slam pits. We are being threatened by an evil hoard. Soul Cats of the world, who can save you now?

The Groov. Yes, The Groov is that ray of hope on the horizon. They play what lead singer Bruce Sweet likes to call

"Funky, Jazzy, Soul-y Rock."
Although their repertoire of original music is a bit brief (one song), their style is something to write home about. Getting funky through hits by Sam and Dave, The Commodores and Earth, Wind and Fire, one might think these were the Groov's own songs, with all the "cool" they put into them. They were voted "Best Local Band" in the Nexus Poll because they sound good. Damn good.

I remember my meeting with this vast, eight member band as though it were the day before yesterday. I was sitting in a jazzy little blues joint, smoke filling my eyes, beer wetting my lips, or I might have just been at Woodstocks, I can't remember which.

I was sitting with Bruce and Dave Simon-Baker, the guy on guitar in the band. Soon we were joined by Marc "The Bass Man" Manashil, Eric Ware, the key-board player and a loud, yet hip, cat who went by the name of Randy Brizee. He plays sax. After a while, The Trombone



RODENT-EATERS — The Groov admit they've got weird appetites.

Man, Rod Gode, showed up and let us know that Mike Moore, who plays trumpet, and Brent Wiggins, of drum fame, couldn't make it, because they were having a jam session with B.B. King and Muddy Waters.

We sat around. We chewed the fat for a while. It went a little something like this. ARTSWEEK: What was the early his-

tory of the Groov?

The Bass Man: The Groov started, actually, out of another group called "Shaken Not Stirred." The sax player, the drummer and myself were in that band. We played freshman and sophomore year. When that band broke up, us three decided that we wanted to form a new band, and that was the beginnings of the

Bruce: Actually, there is no early history of the Groov. The Groov has always

ARTSWEEK: Why "The Groov" and where's the "E"?

Eric: Well, we were playing a gig at

Stork (also conspicuously missing an "E' ed.) Plaza. It was our very first gig. We

still didn't have a name. So these two girls come up to us and say, 'We're making a little poster for your band' and they asked us for our name. We were all, 'we really don't have a name.' Bruce had come up with the name "The Groove" or something, so we just decided to put it on the poster. We don't really know what happened to the "E."

Dave: We wanted to be "Juan Corona

and the Iguanas."
ARTSWEEK: What do you guys think about James Brown's jailing and work

Dave: We don't like the competition. We arranged the whole thing.

Randy: Right when he went to jail, we

started playing his songs.

Dave: The Commodores went to jail, Santana, Donald Fagan, even DeBarge

ARTSWEEK: You don't seem to play

I.V. much, why is that?

Dave: In I.V., we've only played two parties where we didn't get shut down in the first five minutes.

Randy: Some of us want to and some of

Dave: I don't like to play I.V. when people come up to us and say, 'Oh man, don't you guys know any Poison?' I swear to God, there was a girl that came to three of our gigs. She was like, 'Every Rose Has Its Thorn.' She was six feet tall and had a total Dick Vitale voice.
The Bass Man: You know what I hate?

The Power Team. The stupidest thing I have ever seen is guys who break stuff for

Rod: Oh, collectively, The Groov's favorite I.V. band is Bearded Youth.

ARTSWEEK: What do you guys think

of The New Monkees?

Bruce: We don't.
ARTSWEEK: Do you use your band status to get chicks?

Rod: Two people have ever recognized me as part of the band. Of course, I'm always on the left side of the stage, behind

everyone else.

The Bass Man: You know, they say that we have groupies, but I've never really met any.

Rod: You know, Brent had panties thrown on stage last year.

Randy: They were men's boxers. They

ARTSWEEK: When is the last time you barbecued?

Eric: About two months ago. You

know it was ribs. - ARTSWEEK: Who do you think will play Robin in the next Batman Movie?

Bruce: George Michael, except he'll

have to have a stunt butt. Dave: Yeah, did you know that in that video for "Faith" he had someone stand in for his butt, a stunt butt.

ARTSWEEK: What's the biggest thing you've ever put in your mouth?

Randy: A large furry rodent, but don't write that.

ARTSWEEK: What's your favorite

Bruce: I love mushroom pizza. Randy: Yeah, he loves shroom pizza. Eric: Shroom pizza? That would be





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GO GAUCHOS!

ot very recently (OK, a few months ago), Poi Dog Pondering visited Santa Barbara. Frank Orall, the brain behind the Poi, fin-ished the day by curling up in a Goleta motel room — the way nobody's day should ever, ever

He wore a kilt, ate Domino's pizza, drank red wine from a sanitized-for-yourprotection plastic cup, and watched James Bond on the motel's cable TV. The beaten-up, stock-white tour van was

parked outside.

In the tour van, the primarily acoustic Poi Dog Pondering generally listens to The Clash and Public Enemy. But Poi Dog Pondering's sound is anything but guitar-cut abrasive. It's original, complicated and harmonic. It blends country guitar and jungle bongos, frying pans and bicycles with playing cards stuck in the spokes, tying them together with the clear, honest vocals of a white Hawaiian guy named Frank.

Through all the muddle, the motel and terrible prefabricated food, Frank Orall explained that playing live — usually for free, usually outdoors — is one of his fa-

vorite things about the band.
"I love doing stuff like that," he said. "When we were up in San Francisco, we played in Davis during the afternoon for an outdoor show, with microphones and everything. Then at night we went into the city and played an impromptu gig at this little bar that we really like. And then the next day we went and played acoustically in front of the college coffee house, that was one we just went and did, it wasn't organized or anything. And then we played on a radio station."

The prospect that the band might someday be unable to play such intimate gigs didn't seem to bother Orall.

"I'd like to do things like when we opened for Robin Hitchcock," he said. "We played big, old theaters, and that was fun. I like the nightclub thing too, it just needs to be evened out with acoustic stuff. I like doing the live, in-club thing, because it gives you a chance to think up a show, think up a song list, even think about using slides or films with it. It's more

musically satisfying."
Small clubs and concert halls also give the band the chance to explore different

performance modes.

"We never do slow songs on the street," Orall said. "That doesn't work. But you can do that in a club. People's attentions are more focused. But we did a TV show once in Austin, and Ted, our mandolin player, was wearing a dress and encouraging us to do a song that we barely knew. That was good, because otherwise we would have been way too flat and stiff."

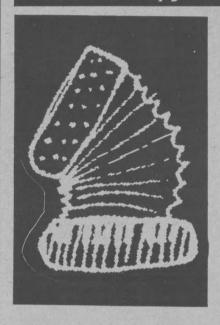
The band first got together three years ago in Hawaii. They travelled around the States for a period of time, playing in front of coffee houses, more as a way to see the mainland than anything else.

They were starving, but the surviving members persevered. They eventually found their way to Austin, Texas in 1987,

Poi Dog Pondering

■ They're Hawaii's Multi-Whatevered and Best Band. Now They're Heading West

Interview by Jeffrey P. McManus, Staff Writer





Poi Dog Pondering Wishing Like a Mountain and Thinking Like the Sea Columbia Records

want to be your watermelon Let me sing into your radio Let me be the yeast inside your bread, Let me be the new thought

inside your head "Watermelon Song"

Yeah! Yeah! My sentiments exactly! This second album by the pundits of poi does

what their first outstand-

ing, self-titled platter did, only better.

Poi Dog Pondering is the world's largest one-man band, mixing the efforts of over sixteen people (on over thirty different instruments including bass, marimba, congas, violin, trombone and accordion, among many others) to create symphonic, acoustic grooviness bottled and delivered to you directly thereby eliminating the middleman.

Poi Dog brings ooh-ahh vocals you can understand and feel good about, mmm-hmmm melodies you can whistle, and a beat you can tap-tap-tap your muddy, bare feet to.

When I'm at a party, I'll listen to Public Enemy or Technotronic. When I'm studying, I'll play Count Basie or Benny Goodman. But when I'm hanging upside down in ironglad. side down in ironclad gravity boots, thinking about how much money I owe and when the heinous crimes of my earlier life will catch up to me, I'll take the Poi, any day.
Ponder that for awhile,

if you will.

- Jeffrey P. McManus

picking up and losing members along the way. In early 1989 they signed a contract with Columbia Records and released their first, self-titled album (an amalgamation of their first two EPs, which were released previously on the independent Texas Hotel label). Orall describes the name "Poi Dog Pondering" as "just a name" — a "poi dog" is a mutt in Hawaiian slang.

Orall, who was born and raised in Ha-

waii, described the experience as often tense, but essentially positive. "Growing up, people were angry at me because I was a white person, because white people came over there and took the land away from the Hawaiians. It was a weird dichotomy; I was caught in a weird place where I was going 'I didn't take the land, I was born into this just like you,' but yet I can't really say that, because they have more right to say that to me than I have to say it

to them. Actually I do have just as much right to say 'hey, I was born into it,' but it's a real difficult situation."

The band, which consists of eight full members and twice as many "satellite" members, can be thought of as a diverse, multicultural melting pot of creative energy - for better or worse. "You have a band this big, the whole idea of having a unified thought reduces with each person and becomes far more individual," Orall said. "The interesting thing about that is that's life in a whole lot of ways. Our band becomes more and more a nutshell, a slice of life, as each person is added to it. It moves farther away from this sterileband-with-a-mission thing."

One example of the band's diversity is its wide range of instruments. For example, Orall plays the i'pu, a traditional Hawaiian percussion instrument. "It's just a hollowed-out, dried gourd," he said. "You just hit it on the bulbous end. I don't really know how to play half the instru-ments I credit myself for, I just pick 'em up

and hit 'em."

But the band's vast repertoire of instruments can cause havoc when travelling, Orall said. "When we're out on tour, our instrumentation pares down from the records. Only 21 instruments, counting the drum kit as one instrument. Last tour, our i'pu cracked."

Besides traditional American and Ha-waiian music, Orall cites an eclectic range

of influences.

"I loved the Ramones," he said. "I remember hearing the Carter family, Buck Owens, Johnny Cash. And then I remember this blurry slough of 1970s songs, like Earth, Wind and Fire. There's some neat stuff that went by there, like Phoebe Snow, but at that time music was real peripheral to me. I was really out there. The whole punk explosion was real exciting to me; I liked the Ramones, the Pistols, and Generation X, I liked the Buzzcocks, B-52s. And all the stuff moving into new wave was real exciting to me. I was in a new-wave band called the Squids, in high school. That's when I first started following music and playing music, and in a way

my 'life as it is now' began.

"If it weren't for its diversity, there would be different ways this band would sound, and has sounded," Orall continued. "This band has been around for a while in different incarnations, and has sounded many different ways. There was a time when it was solely acoustic. There was a time when it was half-acoustic, half-electric and in coffee houses, and there was a time when it's been a '70s disco band. It still happens, when we're in the mood. We once did an entire night of '70s stuff. It was one of our rockingest gigs. We started off with a set, but halfway through we chucked the play list and called out songs, playing anything we wanted to. We played '70s disco, and we put songs together like Joy Division's "Love Will Tear Us Apart" and "Love Will Keep Us Together," by Captain & Tennille. We ended up playing for three hours, and drove half the crowd out, and had a great time."

Spencer the Gardener's new tape is Spencer the Gardener. If you loved "Boy With The Two Big Heads," you'll love Happiness Comes to My House, their newest release

"Happiness" is more of the same Spencer the Gardener that we know and love, but the album's (tape's) shortfalling is that there isn't enough new style on it. Maybe it's just that Spencer fans have heard a lot of the new tape played at clubs and parties around the town. The material is good, but little of it jumped out of my stereo and grabbed me by the short hairs on the first play or two — it took a good half dozen or more.

The cassette is good and a little more eloquent than their last, but Spencer the Gardener is no longer an up-and-coming Santa Barbara band, but a band we begin to expect a lot of. Probably the freshest number on the new tape is bassist and introvert Jeff Lewis' "Mr. Cane," which seems to go where the band has not gone before.

Whether or not the new tape kicks in that old adrenaline shot of excitement we all court, a look at what the music is, will bring back why the band is so popular: they're not only different, but good. While much of the sounds on "Happiness" will seem familiar from the band's much-coveted live performances, undeniably there are still more (maybe better) of those horn licks and funky drum beats that make Spencer the Gardener the live band

About Spencer the Gardener: They are a group of good musicians, and perhaps the novelty of Nate Birkey's trumpet and John Schackenberg's sax have drawn the attention away from their big talent, drummer Bo Fox. Of course, Spencer the Gar-dener didn't invent Bo Fox, but listening to the new album has brought out Bo's talents for me, and while I still maintain that the horn section gives the band a fresh feel in a world full of moldy apples and oranges, Bo's beats provide the jump that the horns need to construct the complete Spencer the Gardener.

The Privilege of Power CBS Records

Riot. A perfectly stereotypical name for a metal band — one of those names that gives you a pretty good idea of what the band sounds like before your eardrums ever get to fraternize with the music itself. Generic.

After scanning the song lyrics, you find that, yes, it has all the necessary ingredients for a typical, generic heavy metal album, still without even having listened to the music.

It's got death, killing, Hell, shattered innocence, drug addiction all of the suicidel there. Times Company and the suicidel there are the suicidel the suicidel there are the suicidel the suicidel

tion, all of the suicidal themes Tipper Gore would eat up. "Maryanne" is the ode to lost love, the ballad that no heavy metal album would be complete without. Sort of like Kiss's "Beth" or like their new "hit" "Forever."

I can't decide if I like "Metal Soldiers" or "Black Leather and Glittering Steel" better. Gee, they both sound so powerful and

invincible. Hmmmmmmmmm.

Dubbed in-between all of these "socially conscious" songs are a bunch of sound effect psycho-nothing-noises that don't really do anything for the album except give the listener a good example of bad production and mixing.

Since the lyrics are audible and the album contains a few

catchy beats, Riot gets an "A" for effort, but failing innovatively, they score an "F" for originality, culminating in a generic "C.

Social Distortion Social Distortion CBS/Epic Records

I remember how cold my toes were as I was standing outside of Carnaval on Valentine's Day trying to get into the Social Distortion show. I won't go into the details of that horribly disappointing night, but I never got in to see the band play.

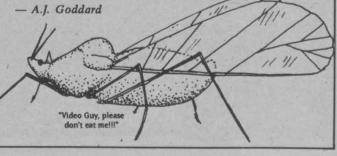
I did however get to stand outside for an hour listening to the music, wishing I was inside. They played their own version of the old Johnny Cash classic "Ring of Fire," which now appears on their latest self-titled album.

The disc still has that easily identifiable Social Distortion punk-lite melodic ring; but it may not be, perhaps, quite as innovative as their 1989 release Mommy's Little Monster. These songs have a bit of a typical or more-expected sound to them. Regardless, if you're a Social Distortion fan you'll be pleased

with the album. It still holds to its credit the whining Michael Ness vocals, in harmony with the trademark twangy/prolonged guitar work and simple riffs that give the band their sound.

If you look at the picture of the band on the album you find

them to be a bit more clean-cut and watered down, the same bittersweetness you'll feel from their new record.



- Joel Brand

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