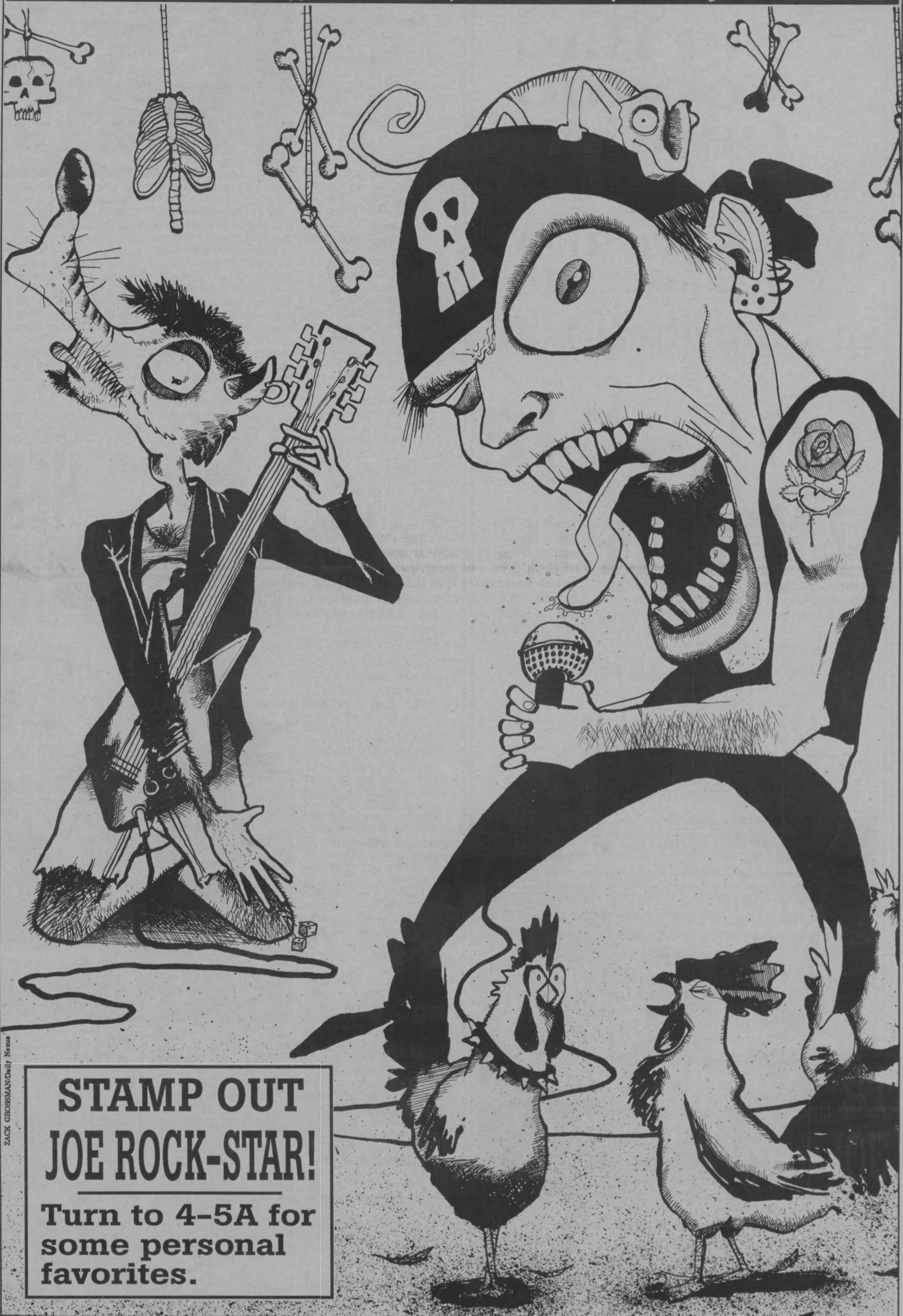


Artsweek

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, for February 23rd through March 1st, 1995



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Peter Kater/R. Carlos
Nakai
How The West Was Lost
Vol. 2
Silver Wave

Native American flutes, drums, rattles and an eagle bone whistle come together in harmony with European instruments to create the music on the second volume of the soundtrack to the Discovery Channel's miniseries "How The West Was Lost."

The Peter Kater compositions, released earlier this year, are mostly instrumental. Some do feature beautiful vocals, including those by Native American songstress Joanne Shenandoah.

As the solo voice on "Indian Territory," a composition of just under two minutes, Shenandoah's vocals echo over drums and synthesizers to create a dreamlike atmosphere.

"Challenge at White River" is an emotional duet between a piano and a native wooden flute. The piano is the driving force of the song, pushing the music forward, while the flute lightly glides from



There's been a resurgence of a certain comic-book style over the past few years and it's been mainly due to the work of one pair of creators. The style is Western and the men responsible have been Joe Lansdale and Tim Truman.

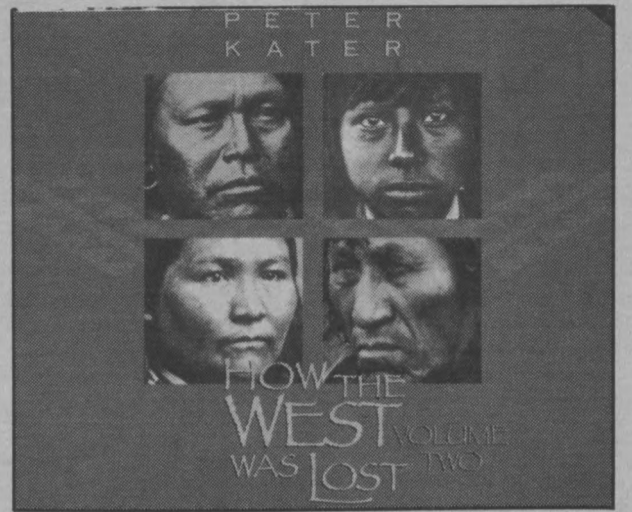
Almost two years ago, the pair shocked readers with their five-part series, *Jonah Hex: Two Gun Mojo*, which blended a tough-as-nails Southern gunfighter against a traveling snake-oil salesman and his troop of zombies. The comic was an excellent mix of Old West and horror, Truman's art and Lansdale's witty plot and dialogue. It was a realistic depiction of the time ... except for the zombies.

Truman and Lansdale then went on to produce last year's *Lone Ranger and Tonto*, but now have returned to the character that started the ball rolling, with *Jonah Hex: Riders of the Worm and Such*.

Hex is a confederate officer who, after the war, spends time as a bounty hunter, at least when he isn't being pursued by trouble. Hex is easily recognizable because of a terrible scar down one side of his face, and by his bright red eye. He always seems to have some interesting quip to explain what happened to him: "My mother kissed me too hard" or "My toothpick slipped," but mostly Hex is a likable character due to his cactus-like wit, supplied by Lansdale.

"Times is changin'," Hex says. "These days, you shoot a bunch of bullies all to pieces and set a town on fire, the law takes it personal-like. Law wants you to pay for them killin's

The Sound of Loss



note to note in a whimsical fashion.

The mood of the album is altered, however, when the listener encounters "Landscape of War." The composition is quite unsuited to the feeling the album evokes. It is here that Western synthesizers and snare drums take away from the indigenous sounds, moving the music toward '80s television drama land with a track more suited to a car chase scene from "Magnum P.I." than for background music to an austere cultural documentary.

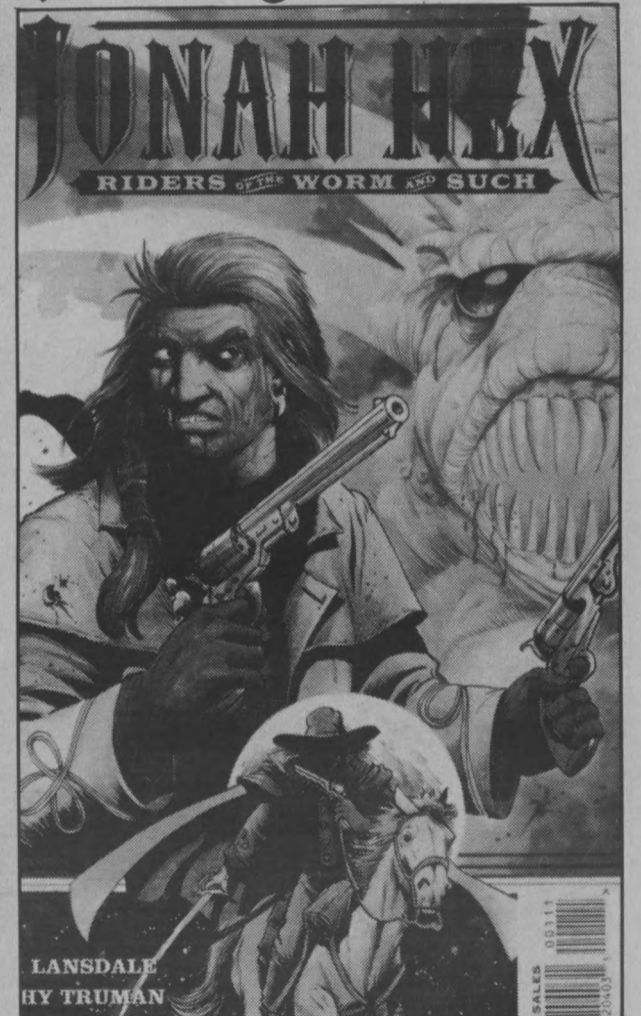
Vocalist Chris White ut-

ters in a Native American language over the soft flutes and drums of "Chief Ouray's Death Song." His message and somber mood transcend the tongue in which it is spoken, and communicate well.

How The West Was Lost concludes the way it opened, with Shenandoah ooh-ing over soft synthesizer chords and a gentle piano solo. The music for the miniseries is beautiful, and if the listener is open to the sounds, they will create striking visuals for the imagination.

—M. Jolie Lash

There's **WORMS** after **HEX**



even if it weren't all your fault and them folks needed holes in 'em anyway. It saddened me to see what Texas was comin' to ... gettin' so danged civilized and all."

The story begins with Hex on the run from bounty hunters, due to the aforementioned incident. They catch up to him, but have a little trouble bringing him in. After dealing with the situation, Hex runs into some fellow travelers, one of whom closely resembles the outlaw, Billy the Kid.

It wouldn't be a Truman and Lansdale story without something a bit super-

natural in the mix, which comes in the form of giant worms living underneath the prairies of the Texas Panhandle. The worms have been living under the earth for centuries and have decided to come up to the surface to get themselves a little snack.

Lansdale brings out the characters of the Old West with amusing results, while Truman keeps a Western feel in his art and keeps the details as close to reality as possible. It's obvious that with two Old-West successes under their belt, this pair of creators are on to their third.

—Matt Nelson



Bonanza!

Tricky
Aftermath and
Ponderosa
4th & B'way

There is a remix on Tricky's single *Aftermath* that is parenthetically known as the "Hip Hop Blues" mix. That is as good a description as any of what Tricky — the man and his "band" — do.

Imagine being a 26-year-old Black man growing up in a part of Bristol, England known as the "Bristol Bronx," raised by a rather old-fashioned grandmother and getting into music at an early age, as well as alcohol, marijuana and acid.

Imagine at age 19 getting involved with a bunch of young, wild musicians of a similar age who pursued music and drugs with equal abandon. Imagine being a part of the group that created Massive Attack's influential and critically acclaimed debut album, *Blue Lines*, in 1991. Underground heroes, all of them.

In 1993, Tricky (the band) released its debut single, *Aftermath*. It was a slow concoction of low-down bass, a sampled garage-blues guitar riff and a shuffling backbeat with the pulse of the streets. And it boasted the voice of Martina, an 18-year-old student who has since become, with Tricky (the man), a core member of Tricky (the band). It was like the cool jazz of Portishead, crossed with the messy blues of Tom Waits. (Of course, to be fair, at this time Portishead had not even recorded an album yet — they were only a glimmer in Geoff Barrow's eye.)

Aftermath did not see release here in the States until 1994, and by that time, Tricky had recorded another single. *Ponderosa* upped the ante and pushed the envelope even further. Martina's sensual murmur had become more visceral, along with Tricky's parenthetical mutters, groans and asides, creating something



more eerie and strange than ever before. It has to be said that they recorded stoned out of their minds.

The remixes on *Ponderosa* were more creative, as well, than the ones on *Aftermath*. There were completely funk-up disco mixes of "Ponderosa" by Dobie, and a monotonous, ambient "Terrorists Power Club Mix," by the Ultra-magnetic MCs.

Since *Ponderosa*, Tricky has released a new single on 4th and B'Way, called *Overcome*. It's a Tricky cover of "Karmacoma," one of the songs he contributed to the new Massive Attack album, and it features vocals by Martina. I've heard it's disturbingly beautiful, but,

like all Tricky releases, it's pretty hard to find.

Sometime this month, Tricky will be releasing a debut album, *Maxinquaye*. It remains to be seen if they will be heralded as the "new sound of acid jazz," as so many people would like to assume of Massive Attack, or if they'll be taken up as the next Portishead. Tricky, the man, has always been very mysterious about his music.

"Basically, it's music you can do whatever you want to," he says. "If you want to dance to it, go ahead. I'd like to see you try. If you want to sit in a darkened room and let it fill your head with strange thoughts, that's fine."

—Miz. E



KCSB 91.9 FM

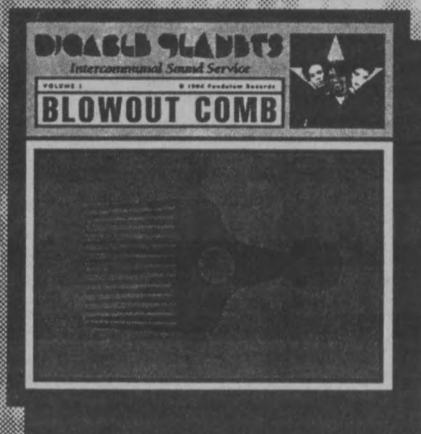
Top records of the Week

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P.J. Harvey | 11. Coup | 21. King Tee |
| 2. Sebadoh EP | 12. Wolfgang Press | 22. Group Home |
| 3. Alkaholiks | 13. Team Dresch | 23. Heavenly |
| 4. Throwing Muses | 14. Elastica 7-inch | 24. Jewel |
| 5. Three Mile Pilot | 15. Tricky | 25. cub |
| 6. Mary Lou Lord | 16. Minxus | 26. Showbiz & A.G. |
| 7. sleeper | 17. Channel Live | 27. Scarce EP |
| 8. Quicksand | 18. Artifacts | 28. Redman |
| 9. Common Sense | 19. Jennifer Trynin | 29. Jessamine 7-inch |
| 10. 18th Dye | 20. Trip Hop Test compilation | 30. DJ Quick |

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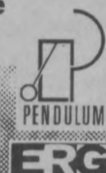
digable planets

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Love Spit Love
Love Spit Love
Imago (1994)

Here we go:

I promise to say these two things only once: I got this column-type thing because I asked, and I got my other job, copy editor for your *Daily Nexus*, for essentially the same reason. I'm here because every time this is published, I want to try to write something interesting and different, encasing my attempt in a (slightly slanted) review of an album special enough to be deemed one of "James'z Favorites."

The album found here won't always be as recent as this one, but since *Love Spit Love* has made such an impression on me in the three weeks I've owned it, I'm sure it will remain with me indefinitely. I didn't dig this album when I first listened to it, so if you pick it up, I recommend sitting down with it once and then coming back to it after doing the dishes and watching *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. Or something.

Love Spit Love is the new band put together by Richard Butler, who likewise led and wrote the words for the Psychedelic Furs. (Y'know, "Ghost in You" (she don't fade), "Love My Way" (it's a new rooo-oom), and John Hughes' grossly misinterpreted "Pretty in Pink" (Isn't she ...).) I bought the album because I'd heard some acoustic versions of its first singles on 91X last summer, and because Richard's voice is so amazingly distinctive and evocative.

Also in for this strangely unique and truly alternative rock music are Butler's brother Tim on bass, Richard Fortus imitating Knox Chandler on guitar and other str-



inged instruments, and Frank Ferrer, a pointy-goateed guy who I have added to my list of Most Creative Drummers on This Planet.

The first song is "Seventeen," which sounds to me like the song Pearl Jam thought to be too terrible to put on *Ten*. (I won't be reviewing that anytime soon.) The angst-youth-frustration motif runs deep for much of the album. But if this isn't your favorite lyrical style — and it sure isn't mine — the irresistible combo of Butler's voice, beautifully designed music and the fact that the lyrics are universal, even to an angstless pseudo-intellectual guy like myself, make the album worthy.

However, "Seventeen" becomes a true introduction to the album. In spite of its chorus, "17 — cannot see / I can't believe it's been so long / 17 — follow me," the rest of the lyrics are filled with compelling imagery and intellect and are characteristic of Butler's style, like a veteran of the wars of maturity versus life.

"Seventeen" also gives the listener an impression of the music on the album. The song includes a quirky shrill note at the very start, which then churns itself into crashing guitars, Richard jumping into a falsetto for the bridge, and a suddenly light and pop-like arrangement of stripped-down guitar and open hi-hat during the chorus. In short, the music on the whole album is not only unpredictable from song to song, but *within* each song.

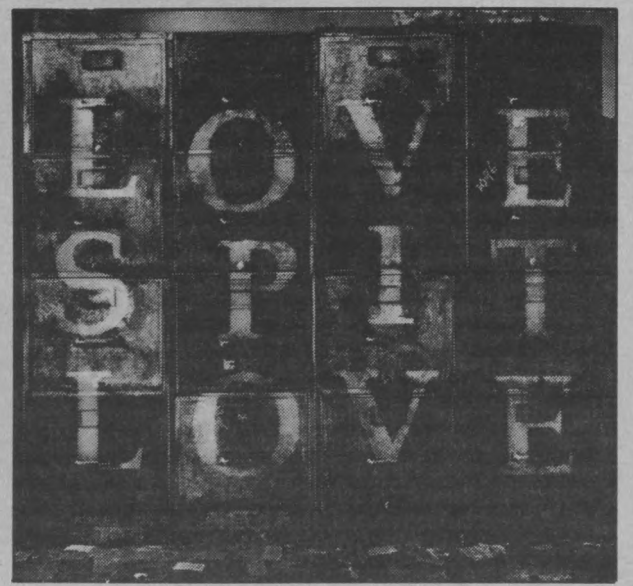
The third track is by far my personal favorite, the kind of song I could listen to until my roommate was blue in the face. It was also one of the three songs played on 91X, called "Half a Life." Whenever Richard sings these words, it's as if he's summing up everything he's been through so far, and that it simply hasn't been enough: "I hear the lies blowing through my teeth / and at my back, I can feel you breathe," he monotones in his baritone, moving on to "there for no one / there for change / no

"So this is a favorite of mine for its variety, consistency and Richard Butler's voice. (Aaah, if only he were a woman!)"

good reason / no one came ... half a life."

Now, even a happy-go-lucky guy like me could come closer to depression after this song, were it not for the music. Fortus gives skillful, tense mandolin strumming throughout, and even the cymbals sound plaintive. All in all, the song reminds me of sensual sex outside at sunrise.

The oddity of the album is found in "Jigsaw," opening with a German sample of a flügelhorn oom-pah-pahing, and then a kazoo! One may wonder if these guys are *trying* to be weird. But then Richard starts up in belated anger at a relationship: "I've got to get this crossword done of everything you said / all the one-way conversations,



words that I forget." And then the guitar layers come crashing in to accent his fury, as he screams, "And it would be so easy / if I could be there — right now!"

The rest of the songs contain simple but vivid, metaphorical lines like "You know it's me that picks you up / You know it's me that puts you down" on "Change in the Weather" and "Don't make promises that don't mean anything / Wake up, it's light out, honestly" on "Wake Up." Both songs feature odd feedback loops and contrast sharply with "Am I Wrong," *Love Spit Love's* most radio-friendly song. And it's no question why — lines like "When I break, I wish no one in my place" and the chorus refrain of "good-bye, lay the blame on luck" show a high point in the band's songwriting, and the music is perfect, intelligent pop.

But the album's crowning musical achievement is "St. Mary's Gate" (can there be a more obviously English song title?). This track, the last before the album-closing "More," alternates between stripped-down rock, peaceful melodies from Fortus' electric guitar and organ, and luxuriously crafted orchestral arrangements. There is a series of no less than three melodies of different layers of instruments played one after another in an extended solo block, before coming back to the acoustic theme set up by Fortus and winding down with the album.

So this is a favorite of mine for its variety, consistency and Richard Butler's voice. (Aaah, if he were only a woman!) If you're into this sort of thing, the richness also found in good Tears for Fears, R.E.M. and XTC, and you see verisimilitude in the lyrics, some Love Spit Love could be your cold cup of tea.



Some Personal Favorites

I have some strong opinions about music. For instance, MTV Buzz Clips can be immediately discounted as bad, almost without exception. As a rule, I stay away from bands that have one-syllable, one-word names (Bush, Prick, Yes, Rush, Sponge). I also try to avoid all bands with "box" in their names (Candlebox, Hammerbox, Anything Box, Living in a Box) except Jawbox. So, I just thought I'd share what are my favorite albums right now. Here they are, in no particular order:

American Music Club's *Everclear*. This is a dark, beautiful collection of songs, with each one exposing a new element of the human psyche. When singer/



songwriter Mark Eitzel sings, "I wake up still walking in my sleep," on "Sick of Food," I shiver with goose bumps. Something new pops up every time I listen to *Everclear's* sad majesty.

De La Soul's *Three Feet High and Rising*. Here De La Soul has created a unique style of rhyme where not everything makes perfect sense the first time. Of the close

to 20 songs, each is worthy of its own individual praise. "Eye Know" is the first intelligent rap love song. This album contains the first use of some later widely used samples. And the beats, oh the beats!



The Spinanes' *Manos*. Singer/guitarist Rebecca Gates' gentle whisper of a voice and her self-invented chords just sound right. Drummer Scott Plouf plays hard and solid, providing the twosome all it really needs. "Epiphany" is one of the most beautiful songs I've heard.

Drive Like Jehu's self-titled debut. Guitarist John "Speedo" Reis is a riff machine, pounding your face with his Les Paul. Pushing the limits of punk music, *Drive Like Jehu* is harder and more strangely melodic than I ever thought possible. Songs like "Caress" and "If It Kills You" are infinitely intense yet still listenable.

The Swirlies' *What to Do About Them*. This album has its own elusive mood. It sounds like a noisy sleep. "Sara Sitting" and "Cousteau" are so catchy that they must be fought out of your head.

The Beastie Boys' *Paul's Boutique*. The Beastie Boys are hip-hop revolutionaries. This album showed for the first time what was really possible with sampling. *Paul's Boutique* is one of the most underrated albums of all time. It is a maze of funk and humor capable of shakin' your rump.

Yo La Tengo's *Fakebook*. Singer/guitarist Ira Kaplan has no problem with putting beautiful 10-minute solos all over his songs. "Can't Forget" and "Barnaby, Hardly Working" are mournful, weeping epics that conjure images of vast, rainy landscapes.

Rites of Spring's *End on End*. Band leader Guy Pic-



ciotto, now a member of Fugazi, expands punk's definition on *End on End*. The songs had such feeling for him that he often cried while singing them. But bear in mind that these are punk songs, punk songs that effectively and honestly express anger.

—Noah Blumberg

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On the Threshold

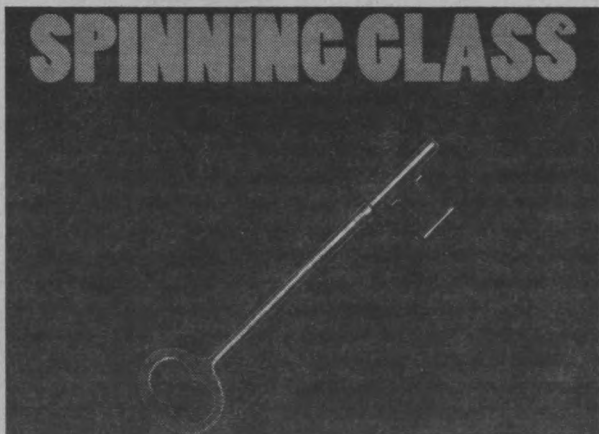
Spinning Glass
Threshold
Mad One

It seems that today's popular music climate has created a boom for independent labels. The lines are being blurred — labels like Caroline, Sub Pop, Matador, American and Vernon Yard aren't quite indies, but they aren't quite the major labels. And the increase in total number of imprints makes it easier for something brand-new. Strangely enough, in these times of plenty, an independent pop band is still hard to find, so I'm happy that bands like Spinning Glass exist.

Spinning Glass is a local band comprised of singers Jill Fischer, Bart Grady, Jenn Jaffe, Wendy Werges and musician Paul Ardoin. The singers swap lead vocals while singing harmony and backing for each other, accompanied by a myriad of keyboards, drums, bass, guitars and piano arranged by Ardoin.

While following the convention of singing about love, *Threshold* does not have the usual cheesy lyrics that saturate pop. Instead, we're given intelligent songwriting and good singing, a combination that creates some pretty good music.

The first track, "Hold," opens with a rather interesting combination of haunting keyboards and slamming drums, but quickly changes, with pop bass and keyboards setting a pace that the Irish-accented Fischer easily slides into. "Hold" sings of the intoxication of being held by a lover. But lines like "Watch out for phan-



toms, beware of ghosts and take me again" establish a complexity that is rarely seen. The sharp imagery of the "run of water, the birth of a scene, the color red" maintains mystery.

Fischer continues to see red in "Red Skies," which begins with a classic keyboard and dance beat. She wraps her voice around the music until the instruments get coy and begin to sneak in little solos. The song starts with a red dress and soon progresses to the "sorrow of the day."

The haunting mood continues with "Into Deeper Sleep," a light, airy tune that Werges uses to create a dream world of love, sex, mystery and shadows. The music and singing perfectly fit the lyrics, in which "movement softly slips into deeper sleep."

The music quickly changes in "I Fell in Love With An Actress." Ardoin creates a hard, pounding groove that everything revolves around, but Grady's voice feels out of place with the gritty groove. The lighter chorus allows Grady more freedom in his singing.

Werges' other song,

"More," really showcases her voice. "More" begins with a light twinkling of keyboards with a funky dance beat that sets up her lush voice. She sings out to a lover in the crowd of a perfect night. It feels like an old pop song from the '80s but sounds new and original with its echoes of jazz and blues. The best song is "Double Line," a six-minute epic ballad that consists mostly of a piano with occasional keyboard glimmer. Jaffe uses her beautiful voice to chronicle the search for direction in life.

Threshold sets itself apart with beautiful, intelligent music and lyrics that weave wonderful stories. While the music stands out in places, the album is really a chance for the singers to shine. They each display wondrous voices and are the stars of the band. It's definitely an album to listen to.

Spinning Glass will play tomorrow night, Friday the 24th, at the Living Room, located at 7190 Hollister. The show begins at 8:30 p.m. The Living Room's information line is 564-0130.

—Michael Lin



The Poppy Field

Robert Forster
I Had a New York Girlfriend
Beggars Banquet

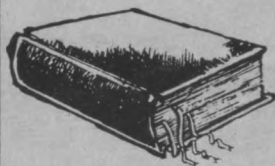
In the summer, Beggars Banquet released the third solo LP by Robert Forster, formerly of the Go-Betweens. His former songwriting partner, Grant McLennan, has been around the states recently — he played Santa Monica early this quarter, and his own third album was just released by Atlantic — but Robert has had less American exposure. Which is too bad, because *I Had a New York Girlfriend* is a fine album. It's

all cover versions, which might have been a tedious thing to face. As it is, the only drawback seems to be that we have to wait a bit longer for another album of Forster originals — his cover choices are great. They cover quite a wide range — you're liable to have listened to some of the originals, but not others. I came out liking them all and even wanting to investigate some of the original artists. That logic of extension doesn't always work — *who's the favorite singer of my favorite singer? I might like them too* — but Robert really has an ear for great

songs.

A few are essentially country. I don't know a thing about Guy Clark — Grant and Robert are great admirers of him and Townes van Zandt — but after hearing Robert's cover of "Brokenhearted People," I've been humming it. This album has a way of getting beyond connotations that might normally put you off something, getting to the good song underneath. If I hear the lines "Take me to a barroom, driver, take me to a stool / If I can't be her man, I'm damned if I'll be a fool" coming out of a country radio station, I might roll my eyes and switch it off. But here, it has credentials. It's impressed someone who doesn't impress easily. There's likely to be emotional potency here.

Another couple of tracks that might raise some eyebrows, or lead to mock gagging gestures at first, are the covers of "Alone" by Heart and "Look Out Here Comes Tomorrow" by Neil Diamond. That's right, a Heart cover! And a Neil Diamond cover! Coming from Robert, I give them another chance. With Robert's voice and arrangement, both are won-



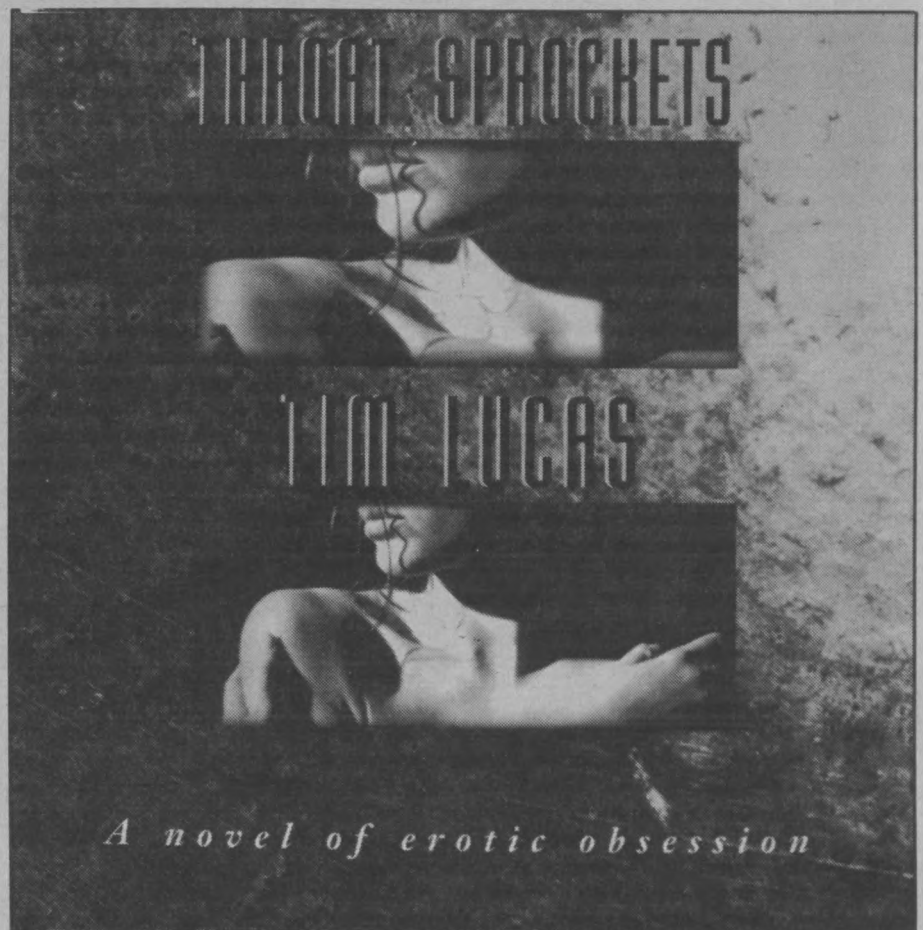
Obsessive Sprocketing

What should I expect from a first novel by a film and home video critic? Rants about an unfeeling community stifling the artistic dreams of filmmakers, or perhaps a little T & A, judging from the none-too-subtle title and cover? Well, I got a little bit of both from *Throat Sprockets*, named for an almost mystical film that becomes a cult phenomenon. Actually, the book deals with the many shapes of madness associated with obsession, using the film medium and yes, vampirism, to take that emotion to higher levels.

Books have been written (and films

because its surrealism would sound ridiculous unless experienced in the first person. I can say that Lucas manages to include discourses on the meaning of fidelity, fetishes and their morality, and their purpose of war in modern society, all pointing toward the act of "sprocketing" itself (and yes, "safe sprocketing" is practiced in this novel). His eye for odd little details does give us, tritely enough, a cinematographer's viewpoint into our nameless narrator's obsession.

Throat Sprockets was intended to be a graphic novel, part of which made it into



created) about losing oneself in one's work, and confusing fiction with reality to the point where one is a character in one's own fantasies. Tim Lucas presents his ideas about obsession in strange and jagged prose, as if he conducted some splicing and overdubbing on his own work. It is this mixture of banal subject matter (addiction to cigarettes, home shopping channels, cheap porn flicks) with an enthusiasm and belief in the magic of everyday events, and having the words to communicate that belief, that put this book far above the average vampire/erotic thriller novel, just like *Throat Sprockets* the movie is above the average vampire/erotic thriller film.

I won't even begin to describe the story,

—Rena Tom

derful. I guess once in a while, a second look from a pop genius can resuscitate something so knee-deep in mundanity.

You may also recognize Martha and the Muffins' "Echo Beach" or Grant Hart's "2541." Quite a variety. It's like a mix tape of widely disparate talents with similar musical values, sung by a voice that has come to mean innovative, pretty and eye-opening.

BMX Bandits
Life goes on
Creation/Tristar

I think juxtapositions are really where it's at. The expression of two tones at once is clever and unsettling, and now that all the good ideas are used, originality is probably being defined in terms of a combination anyway.

Robert Forster does this as he sets an old clunker in a new context. And it's also heard in the clean, pristine pop sounds of the new BMX Bandits, which is now out domestically thanks to a deal that the UK label Creation signed



with Tristar last year. There's something here that calls up the unseen menace of the old-fashioned. Like seeing Norman Rockwell paintings after reading accounts by the grown children of dysfunctional '50s families.

It's quite a trick. I don't know exactly how I know it's happening, except that there's a vague familiarity in the organs and trumpets that embellish the close harmonies and primary-color tunes. Like rainy nights in grammar school, a forgotten FM hit coming

over a tinny radio with a pull-out antenna. Echoes of a tame, domestic genre of music, put through the wringer of serious drugs. Put through the wringer of whoever came up with the *weird* front cover.

Like on "intermission (bathing beauties)." Pristine chiming sounds and a sample: "Do you like him, mother? Yes ... but he is the sort that makes you take all sorts of tranquilizers before breakfast, isn't he. And wash them down with bloody...." Brrrr.

—Kevin Carhart





Drop The Anchor

Chris Newby's film *Anchoress* displays the conflict between paganism and Christianity in the early 14th century, but from the first 45 minutes you would never know. It starts with images of a young girl setting up apples like rays around the base of a new statue of the Virgin Mary. After what seems like the start of a silent film, the first words uttered are "Christine, Christine," and then a flash of a woman pouring wine from a carafe into a grave. For me, who has never studied 14th century paganism and Christianity, it was an incredibly dif-

icult film to follow. It was shot in black-and-white with sharp transitions between shots. Dark images overwhelmed the screen, resembling an Expressionist film, with distant images flashing up. It is up to the viewer to correlate them in a logical manner.

After convincing a priest that she has contact with the Virgin Mary through this statue, Christine becomes an anchoress and devotes herself wholeheartedly to the church. Her mother, Pauline, laments with overbearing tears as the last brick is placed on her daughter's new cell of

devotion.

A pagan, which socially is equated with being the Antichrist, Pauline participates in such un-Christian activities as gushing wine into the earth as if to quench the Mother's thirst. Additionally, she partakes in other witch-like rituals such as committing bestiality with a goat.

Isolated in her cell and secure from the advances of the reeve and the priest, Christine is seen as the soothsayer and town mentor. People lay flowers at her single window. A couple asks her why they can't have children. People line

up for hours to seek her divine counsel, until she embroiders the Virgin wearing a red robe into an altar cloth instead of the conventional blue. The priest is horrified at this act, and Christine must escape her imprisonment or be damned by his wrath.

The characters do take on their roles quite convincingly. Perhaps the film's slow, sparing dialogue has a good side as well—it allows the actors' talents to be acknowledged through their pensive expressions.

Striking images couldn't save the film from being boring, difficult to



The film will be shown in Campbell Hall on Monday at 7 p.m. Tickets will be available at the door beginning at 6 p.m. —Melissa Altman

Digable Planets Play Campbell Hall Saturday the 25th at 9:00

Time: circa March/April, 1993. Place: the Anaconda Theater, Isla Vista. Event: Digable Planets in concert. ... Yeah, I'll know within the first 10 minutes whether or not this is gonna be wack. If they just stand around, tangle up their mic cords and bust rhymes to a DAT instead of a DJ, this shit is

gonna be boring. I mean, the album is good, I can't front. But, yo, it's real mellow. Actually, it sounds kinda like three 5-year-old space aliens who hooked up with a dope producer. I swear, these major labels will sign anyone these days ... but hey, I like weird shit, especially when it comes to music, so

this should be a good time. Yo! Wait a minute ... they have a full band?!? An upright bass player?!? And a DJ too! Oh snap! The band is tight, listen to that! The songs seem to take on an added phatness in the live setting. And yo-o, these kids can rhyme too! And yo-ooo, is that Ladybug? Lovely ... the whole thing is just lovely....

It's now two years later and the Planets are back. Somehow someone managed to trick them into coming back to Santa Barbara for the nine-five. Particularly since the release of their second record, *Blowout Comb*, Digable Planets seem poised to set it off once more with their brand of positive, progressively Black hip-hop. Set it off indeed.

Whereas the first Planets album, *Reachin'...*

was a strong effort that introduced them to the world as a trio of enigmatic munchkins with funky sensibilities, this second album seems to have a different, more important vibe to it. *Blowout Comb* oozes with Blackness and cultural awareness in a manner that is inviting to everyone, regardless of ethnicity. From the album's 1970s progressive Black newspaper theme art, to its dope, abstract pro-Black rhymes, *Blowout Comb* is a celebration of Blackness for all y'all conscious party people to get down to. Need proof? Check tracks like "Dog It" and "Dial 7." For an even more complete frame of reference, check out Digable live this Saturday night at Campbell Hall (note the change of venue from The Hub. It seems the folks who run the UCen



marketplace/plaza don't know the funk when they smell it). And I can't forget Spearhead, Michael Franti's new band. They'll be opening the show. Don't miss this joint—live funk, def rhymes and mecca, in effect, wake up. —Monty Luke

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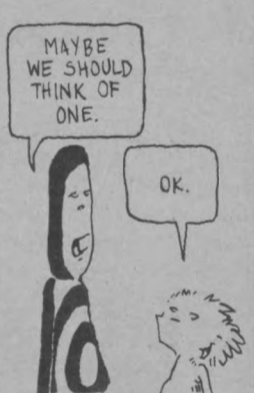
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Informational meeting at UCR:
Wednesday, March 22, 7-8:30 pm.

To attend the informational meeting, call Karen: (909) 787-4346.



What You See Is Real

Rare is a war film which captures actual footage while the war still continues. *Bosnal* contains no death and violence that has been acted, rehearsed or memorized for the cameras. Rather, it delivers timely, truthful pictures of the people of Bosnia, taking the audience through their torn nation.

Often, filmmakers have the difficult task of showing in movies the details of a war, while using only the memories of the tragic images. But the directors of *Bosnal* challenged themselves to provide the au-

war in Bosnia, filming it in segments from September 1993 to January 1994, finally completing the film last April.

Levy narrates the film in French, while providing English subtitles for American viewers. An acclaimed philosopher in France, he also writes about painting and theater. He also works as an editor for the French magazine *La Regle du Jeu*, and as a columnist for the magazine *Point*.

Ferrari, also a philosopher, works as a television director, making several musical television shows in France. Levy and



dience with real images. Editors then placed these images into movie form to relay the story of the war in Bosnia to the viewers. The directors decided to tell the real story while it occurs, rather than using actors to portray the truth of the story.

The documentary, directed by Bernard-Henri Levy and Alain Ferrari, was shot mainly in Bosnia, with interviews also in Paris and Warsaw. Recording a total of six weeks of the duration, the directors attempt to show the tragedy of

Ferrari had collaborated once before in 1989 to direct a show called "Les Aventures de la Liberte."

Bosnal will be premiering in Santa Barbara at Campbell Hall tonight at 7. Tickets will be sold at the door beginning at 6 p.m. The cost is \$4 for students and \$5 for the general public. For more information, contact UCSB Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

—Sonja Ventura

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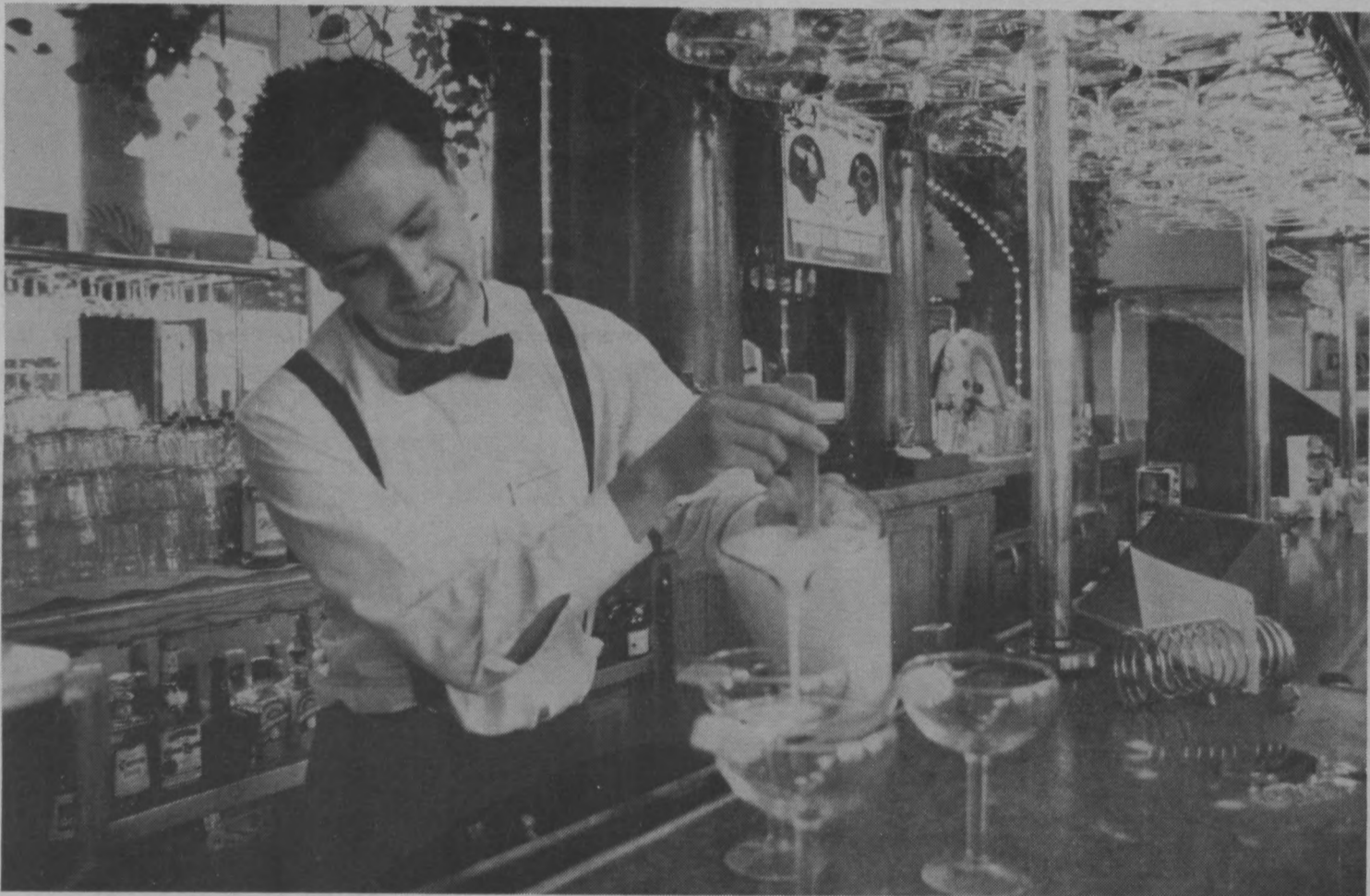
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