

2A Thursday, November 14, 1991



A CARE AND ARE ME



happy with his oversized guitar.

PRISMS-NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE

issued on the spot!

New director Nico Abondolo narrates a program of high energy works by William Kraft, Jeremy Haladyna, Mark Aingèr and Vincent Persichetti.

Friday, November 15, 8 p.m. Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall Tickets anly at the door: \$5

An Evening of Persian **Music and Dance**

UCSB's Middle East Ensemble directed by Scott Marcus Special Guests Robyn Friend and Neil Siegel and the vocal artistry of Parvaneh.

Saturday, November 16, 8 p.m. Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall \$8/General \$5/Students - Tickets: A&L Box Office, 893-3535

elcome to the only column where cheap bathroom humor meets intense spiritual lamentation. Prizes? A free "Cautionary Whoop Meter" to anyone who can correctly count the number of times the word "perpetrator" appears in this week's issue. But, for now, here's the straight-up on the week ahead:

Music:

• Ever heard of Pub Night? With bands like Rogue Cheddar, headlining to-night at 8 p.m., this series may be making a comeback. It's only a buck for students, and, with promising new act Cain opening, it's the best thing goin' tonight.

• On the subject of campus institutions, KCSB will be holding its annual Member-ship Fall Festival this Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Anisq' Oyo' Park. Featured acts include: Rogue Cheddar, Jazz Mind, Los Guys and The Crawdads.

ncore vents

• The UCSB Middle Eastern Ensemble presents "An Evening of Persian Music and Dance" this Saturday, Nov. 16 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. Tickets are \$8/general and \$5/students. Call 893-3535 for more info. Lectures:

Lobsang Samten, a Tibetan

bald-guy monk, will give a free lecture in Girvetz Theater next Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8 p.m. But Mr. Clean he is not, 'cuz he'll be talking about sand, most notably "The Tibetan Buddhist Sand Mandala," and perhaps expounding on the particle theory of grainal separation.

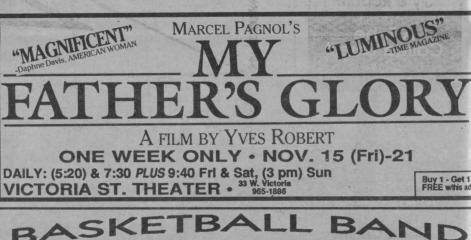
Film:

 Do you suffer lower back pain and feel like the Doan's guy with the red flashes? Then get animated this Friday with From Near & Far. Local and International Animated Shorts at I.V. Theater at 8 and 10:30 p.m. • You like bald guys? We Tickets are \$5/general and sure do. The Venerable \$3 for anyone dressed as the

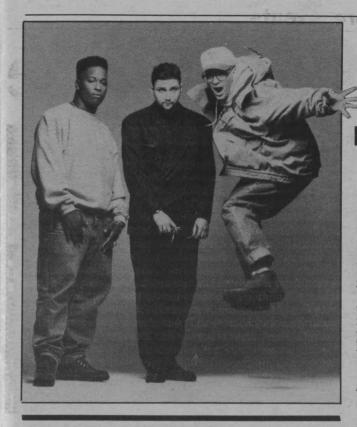
Seeks

Drummer

ass-end of a cow.







"(The music should) agitate you enough that you want to grab your professor by the neck and say, 'yo, you're not teaching me the truth.' ... (or enough) to write rhymes and become an M.C."

MC Serch

Word to the 3rd 3rd Bass Boo-Yas Critics With Hip-Hop Purity

By Jamin O'Brien

rd Bass hit the hip-hop scene in 1989 with their debut, The Cactus Album, and were received with the mixed feelings one would expect for a rap group with two white MC's, Prime Minister Pete Nice and MC Serch. Since then, they've boo-yaaed the skepticism regarding their abilities as rap artists with their new hard-hitting Derelicts of Dialect. On this album they've added Jamaican-born DJ Richie Rich, whose roots background has given 3rd Bass just the touches needed to

ncore nterview

go platinum — sales are topping 1 million already. 3rd Bass is a group committed to the culture that spawned hip-hop — the Black urban milieu — where the rhythmic rhymes of rap were created. The philosophy to preserve rap's authenticity is strictly adhered to in lyrics like:

"I've got a squabble with a list of entertainers I should've started RAPE, Rap Against Phony Entertainers

So we can make it known that we can't get swayed It's '91 son, so something's gotta change guess it's the fact that you can't be artistic Intricate rap is becoming so simplistic"

Their ability to handle the rap medium proven, they are now concentrating their lyrical efforts on enlightening the masses about the truths and travails behind the hip-hop tradition. One of their focuses is to dis the "perpetrators and falsifiers" of hip-hop. Two victims have been Vanilla Ice, b.k.a. "Vanilla Queef," as Serch puts it, and MC Ham-mer, now known simply as "Hammer." The members of 3rd Bass are purists to a Black tradition, giving credit where it is due. Their game is not to infiltrate

rap, but to keep it pure - and that does not mean racially. Their goal is to educate through entertainment. "KRS says it best," Serch points out, quoting the rapper KRS-One: "It's edutainment."

Thursday, November 14, 1991 **3A**

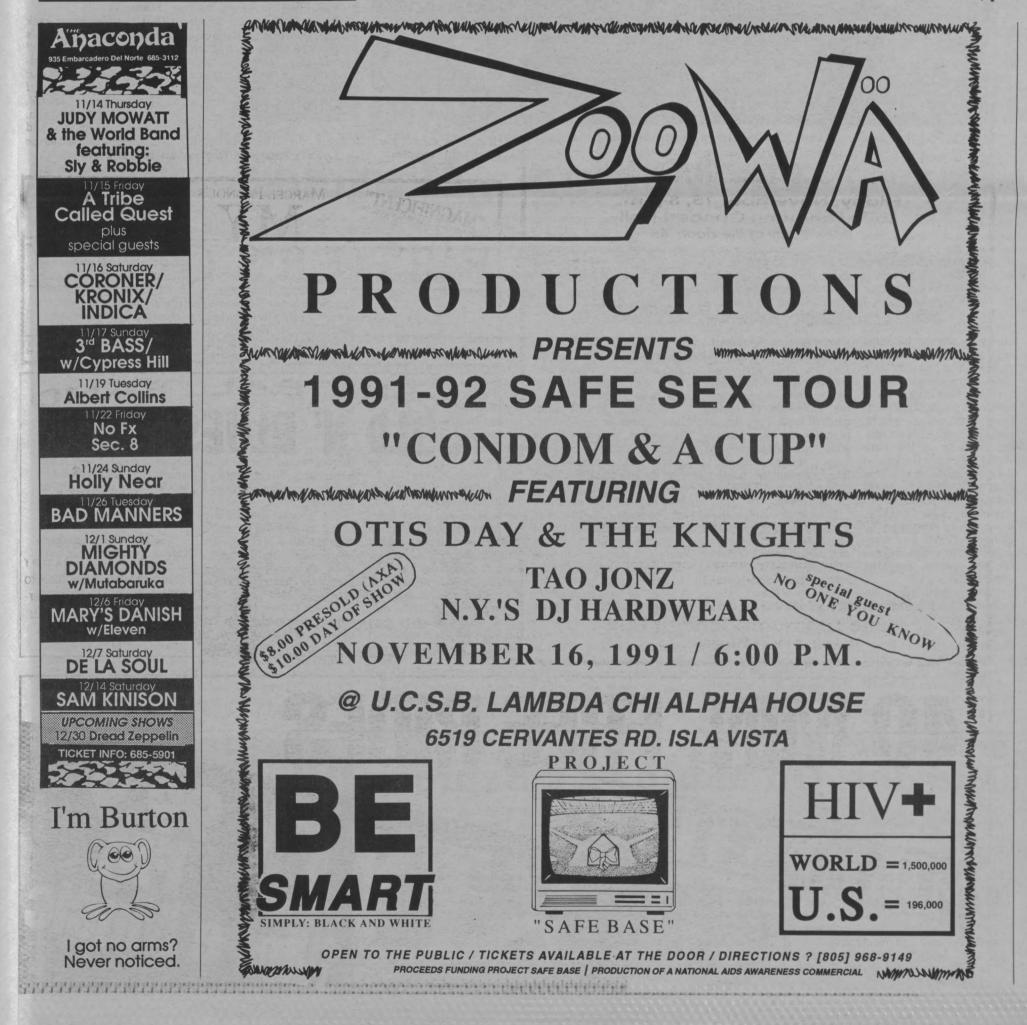
"If someone can listen to our music and try to formulate something deeper, ... look at their parents not as the devil, but as ... people who are basically ignorant ... (they will) try to step above that," says The Minister. As Serch puts it, the music should always be "soulful, honest, truthful, inspiring and agitating." To what end?

"To agitate you enough that you want to grab your pro-fessor by the neck and say, 'Yo, you're not teaching me the truth," he says. "Or enough to grab your priest and say 'Je-

sus wasn't white, he was brown,' or your father and say 'je-sus wasn't white, he was brown,' or your father and say 'You were never a figure to me, you were never a leader,' ... or to write rhymes and become an MC." The racial implications of religion in the United States hit home pretty hard for Serch. He tells a story of growing up in Far Rockaway, Queens, a community where different races and religions lie adjacent to one another. "I was the head Torah reader in my school in my suma

"I was the head Torah reader in my school, in my syna-"I was the head Torah reader in my school, in my syna-gogue," he says, "and one day after synagogue I threw on my grips and I went out with my man Shamik and this kid Mathematics and we went to play ball, which I did every-day. ... And my Rabbi saw me. So the next day in Torah school he pulled me in, he said, 'Why do you want to be a *schwarze* (derogatory term for Black)?' And I said, 'See ya. I'm outta here, because that's not what you're supposed to teach me," he recalls.

See BASS, p.7A





Thursday, Nov. 14... The 1945 film Murder, My Sweet, introduced by director Edward Dmytryk. 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall Friday, Nov. 15... A symposium featuring Charles Champin, T.R. Steiner, and Marianne Shaternikova. 3 p.m. at Girvetz Theater Nov. 15-17, 19-23... The world premiere of Pearls and Marlowe, a look at Chandler's Philip Marlowe. At the Studio Theatre

A Mixed Media Homage to **Raymond Chandler**



(from left) Dick Powell as the film Marlowe, symposium speaker Edward Dmytryk, and Kerry Neel with Jason Cottle's stage Marlowe.

On Making ... Marlowe

wo individuals lie dead in grotesque positions, a third writhing in agony, after a flurry of gun shots. The air is still. From the distance, a loud, echoing voice is heard like a calling from above: "Could we stop for a minute please? We'll take it from 'I shot him in the knee, the most painful place I could think of."

The actors break the clenching silence on stage with giggles that grow into guffaws. They start in on a series of private parodies — serious text they have turned into comedy, a com-mon ritual among actors, when it wasn't vot moneity, perhaps engaged in to ease the intensity of the dark world they have worked so many weeks to create. This dark and intriguing world belongs to the detective sto-ries of Raymond Chandler, wonderfully arranged to comprise Pearls and Marlowe, UCSB's studio theater production opening Nov. 15. Crime is the theme — detectives, cigarettes and highballs, missing pearls, intricate plot lines, sultry and seductive saxophone music, and death. This is the crime of another era; when its relative infrequency allowed it to serve as serious and fascinating entertainment, when acters and stories which

detective drama was an integral part of popular culture, pulp mystery maga-zines and the stories of Raymond Chandler being all death.' the rage. A time when gun-shots and death were still

shocking and significant. Chandler portrays the America and, specifically, Los Angeles of the 1940s, rampant on the surface, when people, perhaps, hadn't reason enough to fear its imminent threat so they could find intrigue in

its particulars.

By Genevieve Anderson

"Crime is the theme — detectives, cigarettes and highballs, missing pearls, ... and

Robert Egan, the director and arranger of Pearls and Marlowe, says "celebrate the rational mind."

The language in Chandler's drama is "visionary," says Egan, pinpointing the seeds of crime in society: greed, obsessiveness, corrupt dreams and the willingness to turn human values into objects to be exploited and cashed in on. Chandler understood the roots of darkness in men and women and dug deep to give his readers and viewers the blood and guts beneath the veneer of commercialized entertainment. He slows death down so we can really see it; it is dramatized and elasticized (much of this is Egan's direction) so we can truly absorb its horror. He was a writer who didn't seem to let the romance of his own era mask the true content of his work. The "romantic" elements: smoke, saxophones, mystery, etc., were accessories appropriate to current trends, but Chandler's work is remembered, perhaps, be-cause he embraced the dark, ugly side of crime, the true side, above all else.

Marlowe, Chandler's main detective-hero, lived as modern-day crime fight-ers inevitably live (although Hollywood won't admit this); in the dirt, at the core of crime, where truth won't permit glamour or heroism. Chandler quotes, referring to his star character, "Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean. ... He is a relatively poor man, or he would not be a detective at all. He is a common man or he could not go among common people. He has a sense of char-

acter or he would not know his job."

The richness of his storytelling also merits Chandler's well-deserved attention. His stories entangle the listener in their poignant and insightful detail, in their surprising and shocking descriptions and in their pervasive dark tonality.

Egan has arranged the two stories that make up provised through the talent Pearls and Marlowe — "Goldfish" and "Red Wind" of the actors. Corpses de-scribe the particulars of like a beautiful, yet distheir deaths, and the abrupt turbing dance. The result is sound of gunshots are made on stage with wooden blocks. The stories are so a surprising, fascinating and infinitely creative evening of theater. rich that convention might Set pieces are fluidly only serve to detract. rolled in and out of place The vitality of Chandler's with the rhythm of the narrative, whirling the audi-ence in anticipation and stories questions the basis of crime entertainment from languidly unfolding new scenarios. The colors are deep and dulled, creating a a modern perspective. They are evocative in their directness, providing a historical framework to the madness world contained in woeful blues and serious grays, a we witness on modern TV. Pearls and Marlowe offers world that is somehow susa highly entertaining evenpended and elasticized, telling of theater, but one that ing stories of crime and death and sorrow and madwon't allow audiences to escape unscathed by its relevness, waiting, perhaps, for the future. This work makes ant darkness.

no pretenses about theatrical conventions and suspending disbelief. Egan makes the viewers very aware that they are watching narrative come to life, and, in this, experiencing phenomenal storytelling. He lets the content of Chandler's work take care of itself, emphasizing and bringing to life its poetry. This is a theatrical experi-

ence where the props we might mostly rely on to punctuate the story are mimed: guns, cigarettes and even pivotal props like fish and pearls are creatively im-

Chandler's works, then, would seem to represent the precious past, a time that we can harken back to through remembering his fascinating stories. But there is something different about Chandler's stories, something that sets them apart from others of his time. The worlds of crime he created echo an unshakeable relevancy to crime in modernday society. This is nothing like Bond or Holmes, char-

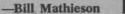
FILM REVIEW **Jurder: On Marlowe's Express**

From novel to the silver screen, "hard-boiled" private detective Philip Marlowe has turned from an anti-hero into a real hero. It really makes me sick. Especially since he was perfect as an anti-hero.

Philip Marlowe, as Raymond Chandler created him in his novels, is not the gun-toting, all-purpose, generic hero who gets the girl in the end, as *Murder, My Sweet* and *The* Big Sleep have portrayed him. In fact, the real Philip Marlowe would rather get drunk on scotch or whiskey than get involved with women. That's what makes conflict between Marlowe and beautiful blondes, who are taken by his masculinity, so intriguing and exciting

In the book, Farewell, My Lovely - which Murder, My Sweet was based upon — the character Anne plays a bigger role, because she is interested in detective work and hinders, as well as helps, Marlowe's investigation. The screenwriter eliminates all this and the story becomes more complicated, so much so that even I, who had read the book, was left absolutely puzzled.

However, despite this less-than-perfect adaptation, the film is rather good. It captures Marlowe's sarcastic and insulting sense of humor. Indeed, with the exception of certain points when Marlowe is all over a blonde and a brunette, Dick Powell's Marlowe is generally unyielding to characters around him, exactly as the real Marlowe would act.





MUSIC REVIEW **A Tribe Fulfills Its Quest**

All I know is when I got an advance copy of the new Quest record, the shit didn't leave my Walkman, my tape deck, or the portable in my bathroom for at least a month straight. The Low End Theory is the second release from A Tribe Called Quest. Straight up, this record is strictly killer, no filler on the foonkee foonkee tip. Fourteen def jams; some rough, some smooth in that trademark Quest/Native Tongues flavor.

A Tribe Called Quest hails from Brooklyn (ho-o! ho-o!), and consists of three members, DJ Ali Shaheed Muhammad, Phife and Q-Tip the Funky Abstract Poet (Jarobi has left the group). Quest was the first group to fuse jazz ele-ments into hip-hop and do it well. Their first album, *Peo-ples Instinctive Travels and the Paths of Rhythm*, was a jazzy, funky, transcendent trip through the eyes of the Tribe. Songs like "Push It Along," "Footprints" and the classic "Bonita Applebum" exemplified Quests' knack for

dope and obscure loops and beats to convey their message. On *The Low End Theory* the principle is the same, but comes across much clearer. One main difference is the increased presence and rhyming ability of Phife. Word life, this is Phife-Dawg's record. Just listen to his open verse on the track "Buggin' Out." 'Nuff said? Q-Tip comes off hard, too, on the lyrical stylings. Solid production, and some special guest appearances (by L.O.N.S., and members of Brand Nubian) add up to one of the best record releases of this year, across the board.

The Tribe will be at the Anaconda tomorrow to prove it

FILM REVIEW

The Lowest of Highlanders

Highlander 2. Starring Christopher Lambert, Sean Connery, Michael Ironside, and Virginia Madsen. Screenplay by Peter Bellwood. Characters created by Gregory Widen. Produced by Peter S. Davis and William Panzer. Directed by Russell Mulcahy.

Highlander was the story of a race of immortals who battled to the death over the centuries in order to attain complete enlightenment.

Highlander II somehow manages to twist this tale ar-ound so that the Highlanders are aliens in exile on Earth. It forgets that Christopher Lambert's Connor McLoud attained complete enlightenment in the last film. It forgets that in the first movie, he was shown growing up amongst his Scottish clan, and was confused when he suddenly became immortal. It forgets the fact that Highlander is a term for people from the highlands of Scotland, not aliens. It, more or less, forgets the entire plot of the first movie. Then, halfway through the film, it starts to forget its own plot.

They must have been making it up as they went along. Highlander took the concept of immortal beings roaming the Earth and made it somewhat believable, as McLoud becomes a millionaire by dealing antiques, relics of his past lives

Highlander II doesn't even try to make anything believ-able. Among the new heights in lowliness this film achieves are

• We see an alien arrive on Earth for the first time, land in a subway, and become excited because he's "always wanted to drive one of these things." (Do they have subways on Dune-like alien planets?) After this he grabs the controls and makes the subway train go 500 miles per hour. Who

to you. Don't miss it! It's going to be the first official Hip-Hop show in town since Rob Base (who?). Support Hip-Hop in Santa Barbara!

-P.E.A.C.E.

thought that up?

• Who will ever forget the great scene where Sean Con-nery magically reappears in Scotland, after being dead for 500 years, and hops on the first plane to the U.S., with his saber and without a passport. It just gets worse from there. At least Sean knows how to say his stupid lines. How could anyone make this movie? How could Sean Connery make this movie? Why didn't he just look at the

Connery make this movie? Why didn't he just look at the script and say, "Look, there is no logical explanation why my character comes back in this film. All my lines are absurd. I've won an Academy Award and you want me to act with people who were bad guys on 'The A-Team' and 'Mac-Gyver.' Go to hell, I'm not appearing in this.

Virginia Madsen as the love interest? No! That's so wrong

I just ... this movie ... uhn.

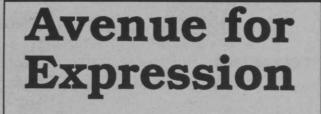
Queen doesn't do the soundtrack. It is packed with pointless cinematography; which would be OK if Queen was doing the soundtrack, because then this would be like a big, cool video. But it's not a rock soundtrack, so that doesn't work. The camera work comes across as nothing but cinemagraphic masturbation. As for the new soundtrack? Stewart Copeland really should consider giving Sting a call.

The only redeeming parts of this film are a violent ode to the classic death of Bonnie and Clyde and a cameo by Late Night comedian Jeff Altman, who has the funniest line no, word — in the history of film.

I mean ... it's so bad. The script has more cliches than four episodes of "Charles in Charge." It's just really so bad. I ... I don't feel so good. I'm so disoriented. This really stunk. I don't know what to say next. And then there was ... and then it was ... I ... It was supposed to be ... ah ... Larry.

-Denis Fave

Thursday, November 14, 1991 5A



Prisms Takes Modern Beat

Prisms, a university music ensemble that performs pieces composed by students, faculty and other contemporary musicians, will begin its season under new conductor Nico Abondolo in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall on Friday, Nov. 15.

The group of up to 10 musicians will perform a program featuring compositions by Vincent Persichetti, William Kraft, Jeremy Haladyna and Mark Ainger, as well as an improvisational piece by Abondolo and percussionists David Brogan and Kent Thompson. Abondolo himself will

be performing Perisi-chetti's Parable for Solo Double Bass. The piece by the well-known late 20th century composer combines musical genres in an interesting fusion of solo bass literature and jazz orchestration.

Kraft's Encounters III replicates a lengthy medieval war scene where trumpeter Charles Baker and Brogan battle to the finish. Kraft, a former composer-in-residence with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, was recently appointed to the Sherrill C. Corwin Chair in Music.

Two pieces by UCSB graduate students are also on Friday's program. Fa-culty violinist Ronald Copes will be performing Haladyna's Jove's Whistle, accompanied by Haladyna himself, a UCSB graduate composer and pianist. Also featured will be graduate composer Marc Ainger's Garden Secrets, with flutist Ann Stimson and a small chamber orchestra.

In order to give the audience a sense of the individual behind the composition, Abondolo will informally introduce three of



Nico Abondolo

the composers -Kraft, Haladyna and Ainger - at the performance. He hopes to show the audi-ence that the composers are real "flesh and blood" beings, with emotions and attitudes reflective of the society in which we live.

Prisms' style of contemporary music is often criticized for its allegedly weird or violent content, and contemporary performances rarely garner the large audiences that a performance of, say, Handel's Messiah would receive. But Abondolo believes that audiences should understand and respect this kind of music because it is a reflection of today's attitudes.

"Contemporary artists are not out to deceive the public. Anybody ... can understand this music if they can understand the world around them," he said.

Abondolo said that Prisms gives local and contemporary composers an avenue for expression hard to find elsewhere. "It's always important to give the contemporary artist a venue to express himself," he added.

Prisms will be performing in UCSB's Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall on Friday, Nov. 15 at 8 p.m. Admission is \$5 at the door, so arrive early for the best seats. -Bonnie Bills

An Established Doctor and One on His Way Up

MUSIC REVIEWS

Weld Neil Young Reprise Records

Neil Young is the Doctor. He is the man.

He is everything that you would like to be. Weld is a triple CD set that cooks hotter than the Cajun Chef. The first two CDs have eight songs each on them. Each one familiar but interpreted in a way that fits today's context. On the opening track, "Hey Hey, My My," Neil wrenches out the words "It's better to burn out, then to fade away." It sounds like he's trying to do the former, as he again effortlessly skirts the latter. I mean, hey — he's no kid. But he consistently plays the hell out of his "standards" and dumps his guts on the stage to illustrate his point.

You will recognize many of the titles on the album, but the interpretations will leave you rubbing your eyes. A cover of Dylan's "Blowing in the Wind" leads off with a P.E. "Countdown to Armaged-don"-inspired siren and gunfire, then into a feedback/distortion-laden rendition of the political folk anthem.

This is a very heavy Neil Young record. The third CD houses a minute-long medley of considerable power. Also considerable feedback, distortion, lingering power chords and what not. While this may not be Neil Young's music at its best, it is Neil Young at his best, adapting and moving with the times, and Neil Young, even if he were at half his peak level, would still be



Gut-wrencher Neil Young is everything you would like to be.

twice as good as 95 percent of what is passing as music these days.

-Jamie Reilly

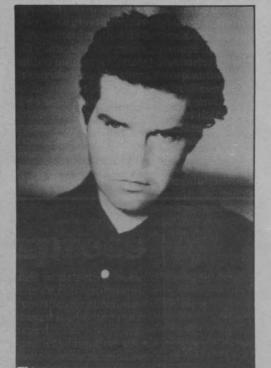
Don't Get Weird on Me Babe Lloyd Cole Capitol Records

Llovd Cole is an artist who is all-toooften overlooked by everyone except alternative radio stations, but his second solo effort should be the one to propel him into

stardom. Don't Get Weird on Me Babe presents a wide range of songs that showcase Cole's talents as a vocalist, songwriter and musi-cian — he plays guitar, keyboards, piano, organ, percussion and harmonica on the album — and bridges the gap between al-ternative and rock, allowing him the mainstream radio play needed to win some much-deserved attention.

The first six tracks on this album feature honest vocals backed solely by guitars, percussion and a hint of keyboards, but the second six are fully orchestrated. The set, arranged and conducted by Paul Buckmaster (known for his work with such greats as Miles Davis and Elton John), ventures away from the typical radio-ready rock and into a melodic jazz mode. The soulful "There for Her" is an enveloping lament, while "Half of Everything," a song about a man's reaction to his divorce, is more upbeat than the previous three songs in the set.

The first single, "She's a Girl and I'm a Man," is already well on its way to being a hit, and subsequent singles should follow in its footsteps. Don't Get Weird on Me

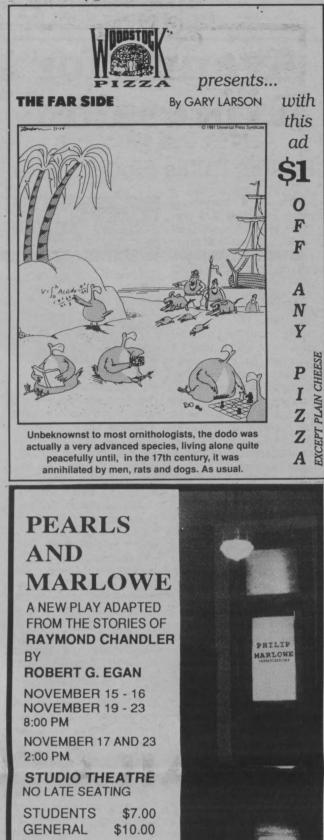


With his Don't Get..., Lloyd Cole is a man lookin' to get paid.

Babe is sure to please old Lloyd Cole and the Commotions fans as well as garner Cole a few new ones.

-Karen Skanderson

OA Thursday, November 14, 1991



FILM REVIEWS **Could It Be?**

Swan Is Beyond Belief

nameless man (for this account we will name him Man), escapes from a Ukrainian prison three days before the end of his sentence.

He finds a place to stay in a large, hollow hammer and sickle monument, where he is discovered by a nameless beautiful woman (Woman), whose nameless 12-year-old son (Boy) uses the monument as a hideout where he keeps his dirty magazines. Woman and Man fall in love, and Boy, jealous of his mother's newly found lover, squeals on Man, who is summarily sent back to prison.

Our nameless hero, upset that his escape attempt and sex life were both foiled by a prepubescent, attempts to commit suicide by drinking a can of Dutch Boy paint. The prison guards, eager to get rid of him, pronounce him dead. Ahh, but at the morgue, Doctor, with a keen eye for the obvious, discovers that he is still alive!

Prison Guard, the kindhearted guard who took Man to the morgue, offers his own blood for transfusion. After the operation, Man goes back to the Big House. Isn't Man an admirable soul?

If you think the action stops here, you're out of your cell. Man's prison buddies have turned on him because of the 13th Unwritten Law of Gulag Prisoners, which states that any prisoner receiving blood from any guard is liable to be castrated and his lover beheaded. In order to redeem him-



scene from Swan Lake: The Zone, 1990 **International Critics Prize winner at Cannes.**

self, he must spit in the guard's face and be locked up for five more years as a consequence. Man, however, cannot get up enough spittle and is forced to slit his wrists.

In spite of the serious drawbacks of believability in the screenplay, Yuri Illienko's direction is fairly good, with the exception of several shots that last from four minutes to half an hour.

Don't expect any dialogue until half an hour through the film. Instead, expect sound effects of Man slurping dirty water, and Man trying to get comfortable inside his little monument of a home.

Arts and Lectures will present Swan Lake: The Zone Monday, November 18 at 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall Director Yuri Illienko will introduce the film.

-Bill Mathieson

The Good and the Bad & Ugly

ncore Gitic's Voice

City City of Hope. Starring Vincent Spano, Tony Lo Bianco, Joe Morton, Gloria Foster, and Todd Graff. Written and directoed by John Sayles.

Writer-director John Sayles (Eight Men Out, Matewan) has given us a realistic yet poetic vision of city life on the East Coast in his new film, City of Hope, one of the strongest and most wellmade American films this year

Similar in structure to Bonfire of the Vanities, City of Hope paints an epic portrait of a city (the fictional Hudson City, New Jersey) on the edge of col-lapse. Sayles tells his story by focusing on the indivi-dual lives of around 30 or 40 different characters, all of whom in some way revolve around a block of con-demned but inhabited tenements that the city council wants to demolish to build luxury apartments.

There is also a sub-plot similar to Bonfire ..., in which a school principal is mugged by two Black teenagers and is then unfairly branded by their accusations of homosexual advances. Soon, a Black city councilmember (played by Joe Morton) is thrown into the racial dilemmas of the case.

This is only a rough outline of the complex yet lucid film that Sayles has made. It is like keeping up with several developing stories in a city newspaper (a metaphor Sayles visually refers to); all are important, and all reflect on the city.

Sayles goes above even the noble aims of films like Do The Right Thing to posit a comprehensive examination of the American city, presenting all sides of the arguments. He doesn't pretend to have any answers in the face of such huge problems, but his questioning is subtle and astute.

-Ted Mills

The People Under the Stairs. Starring Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, and Wendy Robie. Produced, written and directed by Wes Craven.

J. Christaan: We went to see the new Wes Craven movie, The People Under the Stairs. The scariest part was when the dog jumped out when I wasn't expecting it. Didn't you think that was the scariest part, Dylan?

Dylan: I don't know. I didn't see that part. J. Christaan: The movie

is part horror, part comedy, part psychological thriller. Some of it is good, like a pizza. Some of it is cheesy, also like a pizza. It's about a scary house and the scary stuff that happens there. The main character, a little boy, has to go in and steal money to pay for his mother's operation. The little boy was pretty good, didn't you think, Dylan? Dylan: I don't remember him.

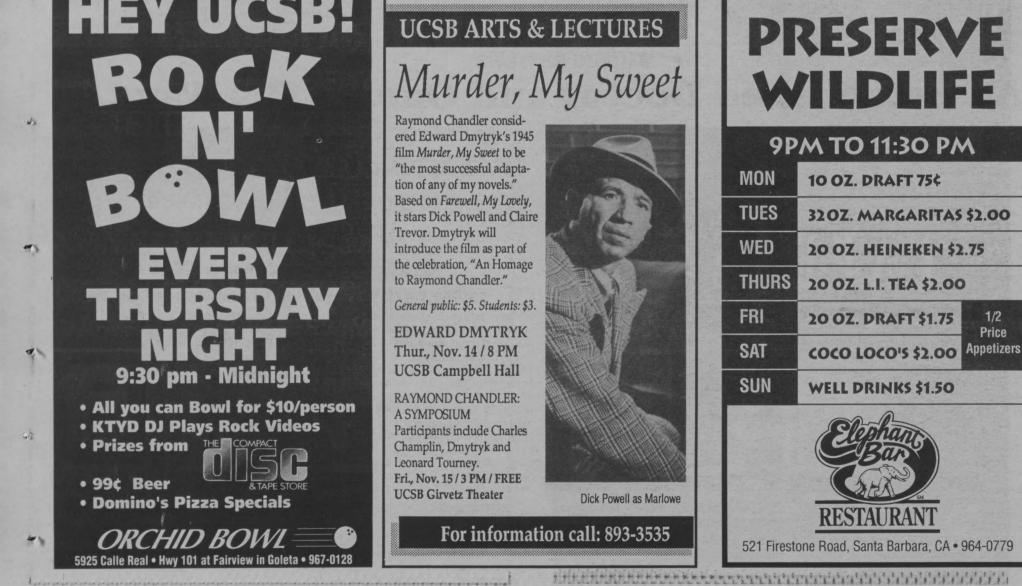
J. Christaan: The house

is owned by the little boy's landlord, who is a mean guy. For example, if you rented an apartment from him, he probably wouldn't give back all of your security deposit, even if you cleaned it up real nice. The landlord's house is weird and trippy, and it probably smells funny. I wouldn't want to be in that house. Would you, Dylan?

Dylan: No. I wouldn't. It looked like a no-Fun House from the photo I saw of it.

J. Christaan: I won't be persuaded to give away the surprise ending, but suffice it to say they won't have a sequel unless they call it The People Who Used to Live Under the Stairs but the House Blew Up and Some of Them Were Killed. Do you think that would be a good movie, Dylan? Dylan: Yes.

-J. Christaan Whalen and Dylan Callaghan



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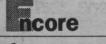
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DEPARTMENT OF

DRAMATIC AR



Did Ya Hear the One About

elcome to Kooky Sinatra's Koo-koo Klub. I'm Kooky, so, with no further delay, let's spread those gossamer wings and laugh 'til we can't laugh no more, babies.

Our first act is new to the club circuit, but he's been writing comedy for years. He likes chicks and beer, really great beer, like Keystone. Ladies and Gents, The Video Guy! Applause.

Hi! I'm The Video Guy! How many Cafe Roma people

does it take to screw in light bulb? None, because a dark ambience is good for poetry readings!

Laughter.

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Thank you! Thanks a million! Hey, what do you call a passed out sorority chick in a room full of Roma guys? Safel

Cautionary Whoop. Laughter.

No, stop! What do you call a McBurley's guy, passed out on the street, covered with vomit?

Drunk! What do you call a Roma guy, passed out on the street, covered with vomit?

A performance artist!

Laughter. Applause. Cautionary Whoop. Really, stop! What do you call one Roma guy, sur-rounded by 50 guys drinking beer in The Pub? Dead Meat! What do you call one guy drinking beer in

The Pub, surrounded by 50 Roma guys?

Frank McConnell!

Applause. Laughter. Applause. Thank you! Thank you! You're too nice! Thank you and

good night.

That's how it went for The Video Guy, just two nights ago. Now, don't get me wrong. I have nothing against Roma peo-ple, some of my best friends are Roma people. Besides, did you know those cool glasses you steal from Roma can fit exactly one pint of beer in them! It's true! Hell, I've even been known to put on my black turtleneck and go over there and discuss the likes of Playdough, Satray and the

Miller Brothers (Henry and Arthur). What's more, there's this blonde babe that works there with an amazing couple of Brechtian Theses.

My review this week is short. It isn't even about a movie, it's about a cartoon. It's on Nickelodeon at 11 a.m. on Sundays. It's called Ren and Stimpy

What happened was that Nick decided it was time to stop playing repeats of Deputy Dog and get some original animation.

Ren and Stimpy, the story of an anorexic chihuahua and a semi-retarded cat that live together, is in a class by itself. It is probably the first children's cartoon to suggest the obvious fact that when two independent-minded same-sex beings live together and sleep in the same bed - be they Chipmunks, yellow and orange puppets or a Chihuahua and a cat — they are most likely homosexuals. Ren and Stimpy tells it like it is.

Highbrow humor like farting in bathtubs and oral consumption of poop? It's in there.

The Video Guy Beer-o-Meter gives this cartoon a hearty 12. Keep it up, boys! This is The Video Guy saying, "Roma. Alright!"

BASS

Continued from p.3A

3rd Bass is focused. These two pilgrims from the white middle class have managed to reflect the truth of a medium from a different viewpoint, by immersing themselves in the culture about which they rap. They have preserved a custom and gained its respect. Songs like "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Problem Child," from Derelicts of Dialect, may use popular samples, but their redemption is seen in their attitude and lyrics. This album comes straight from the hard school, not letting up on any of the issues concerning race or religion.

"We wanted to keep a strong record and keep a strong vibe, which is why we came up with 'Green Eggs and Swine' and 'Portrait (of the Artist as a Hood),' be-cause those records (7" singles) are more important to

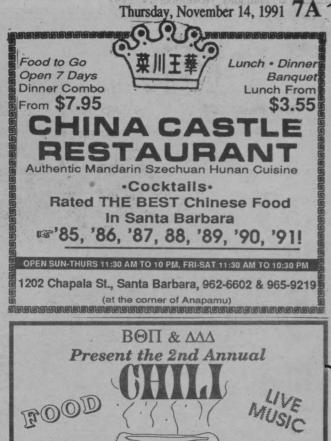
- and our street vibe is more important too," .nuc' ws. "We wanted to Serc in and make a record CO. that would state, 'You know, you're wrong.' And tell pop radio in their face while they're playing my record and taunting me that you're wrong. ... You're not playing 'Pop Goes the Weasel' for its statement, you're playing (it) because you like the hook. But unfortunately all your listeners are now going to go out and request a real hip-hop re-

were) helping some of those kinds of records grow and maybe helping the whole

rap community." When asked about what Santa Barbara can expect from their live performance, Serch was somewhat reluctant. He assured me of a live show, but when asked if they would be yielding the AK-47 props they are known to bring along, Serch had to say, "We're gonna leave the guns home in L.A., word up California, I'm not bringing no guns out there, your five-0 be bugging on the real tip, I'm not worried about the hoods 'cause the hoods I'm down with, I'm worried about the five-0."

Five-0 or no, send a big dookie shout out to the 3rd Bass posse, who are appearing with the Cypress

Hill gang and A Lighter Shade of Brown on Sun-day, Nov. 17, at the Anaconda Theatre.

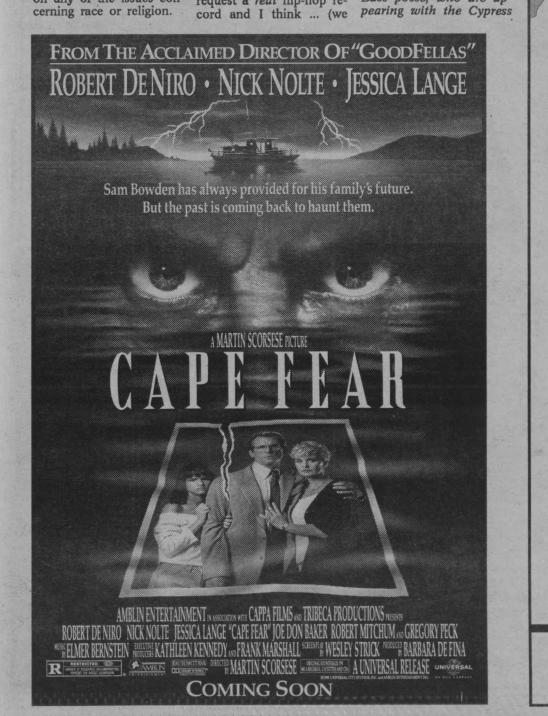


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