

In the early fifties, The Beatles, The Stones, and a brown- eyed handsome man

by the name of Elvis Presley took a drive up the beautiful western coast in search of a place outside of stuffy L.A. to play a little rock-n-roll. They came upon a place later called Harder Stadium and voila, UCSB's Extravaganza was born. Some people think it all started when Fishbone, Lone Justice, the world reknowned Babylon Warriors and the Busboys played Harder three years ago. Most folks think Extravaganza really began two years ago when Jane's Addiction, Mary's Danish, Toad the Wet Sprocket, and MTV (with luscious Lita Ford) came to Harder and barely anyone showed up. Well, a few thousand. But last year Extravaganza was moved to the Faculty Club Green and the music smelled as good as the nearby lagoon - and all we had was suntan oil and egg tosses at Mike Stowers to cover up the stench. This year's incredible line up of Trulio Disgracias (made up of the most notorious funky people from the L.A. alternatively musically adept), UCSB's darlings Mary's Danish, newly signed Polygram artists Ugly Kid Joe (who still live in I.V., God Bless 'Em), some acid-jazz band with a cool name - Dread Flimstone - (B.Y.O.D.), and you're assorted fringe bands whom we don't know and we'll probably be getting drunk or eating while they're playing anyhow. So where were we? Oh yeah, most of the young kids will look back at this year's immensely cool (actually, it'll probably be a little warm, bring yer bathing suits) Extravaganza and sigh and reminisce and mistake this as the first Extravaganza, but we will always remember the day when Elvis sang about Blue Suede Shoes in the moist lush grass of Harder and the Stones crooned of wanting Satisfaction and John and Paul harmonized about holding someone's hands...
-A.J. Goddard & Tony Pierce

Santa Barbara, I'm Marc Brown! I rock because I will be an
M.C. at Extravaganza, and because I read ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of
May 9

Extravaganza!

Pot Lucky

Art Review Is Not Always Pretty

Life Is Life & Nothing But

MFA Show Needs To Offer Us More Real Art

Art by its very nature is hard to define — Webster's has eight separate definitions, all of which pretty much beat around the bush. That's also the problem with much of the work in the Master of Fine Arts exhibition that is presently on display at the University Art Museum.

With the exception of one or maybe two of the different displays, these artists seem to have confused artsy-fartsy for art. While the very fact that they are enrolled in the

master's program at UCSB speaks for the technical competence of all of the participants, most of them fall flat on their faces in the realm of the conceptual.

Call us traditionalists if you will, but we here at *Intermission* still abide by the belief that art should do something to the viewer. It can be esthetically pleasing, shocking, terrifying, sensual or whatever, but the one thing we cannot stand is boring or pretentious art. That is the only way that the majority of works in this exhibition can be described.

By far the most pretentious of all the exhibits is Maya Avina's exhibit chronicling her work as an environmentalist. Good deeds are good, and there can be no doubt that Avina has led and will continue to lead a very admirable lifestyle. Contrary to the theme behind her project however, life is not art. Life is life and art is art. Her attempt to pass off her lifestyle as a work of art is the very pinnacle of artistic pretentiousness. Not that art shouldn't be a reflection of life, but simply slapping together a photo album and calling it book-art or stapling some pages of a report documenting a recycling project to the wall does not constitute art. If it were, everyone's mother could stick her photo albums in a museum and say "Look, I raised these kids, now give me my master's degree."

Another bad example of thinking that life is art is the exhibit in the next room by Wilma Nakamura. "My work focuses on sacred

want in their houses, that is actually a compliment. His work is weird and Jordan should be proud of that. Weirdness is preferable to insipidness and pretentiousness any day. The best piece of his sculpture is actually not in the main exhibit but in the window outside the museum. Don't forget to look.

The crown jewel of the entire show is photographer Michael Honer's mixed media installation piece which very powerfully makes a point about the politics of water in this arid land we call California, and it alone is a worthy reason to go see the show. Honer gets a three thumbs up from *Intermission* for conceptual creativity, technical brilliance and practical competence. Unfortunately that seems to be a combination of traits which is very scarce around these parts.

The first MFA show will be finished on May 12. Then from May 15 to May 26 the second part of the Master of Fine Arts exhibition will take place. Secret sources have told *Intermission* that the second one is going to be much better than the first so don't let this one discourage you.

— Andrew Rice

KCSB Welcomes
Fri. May 10



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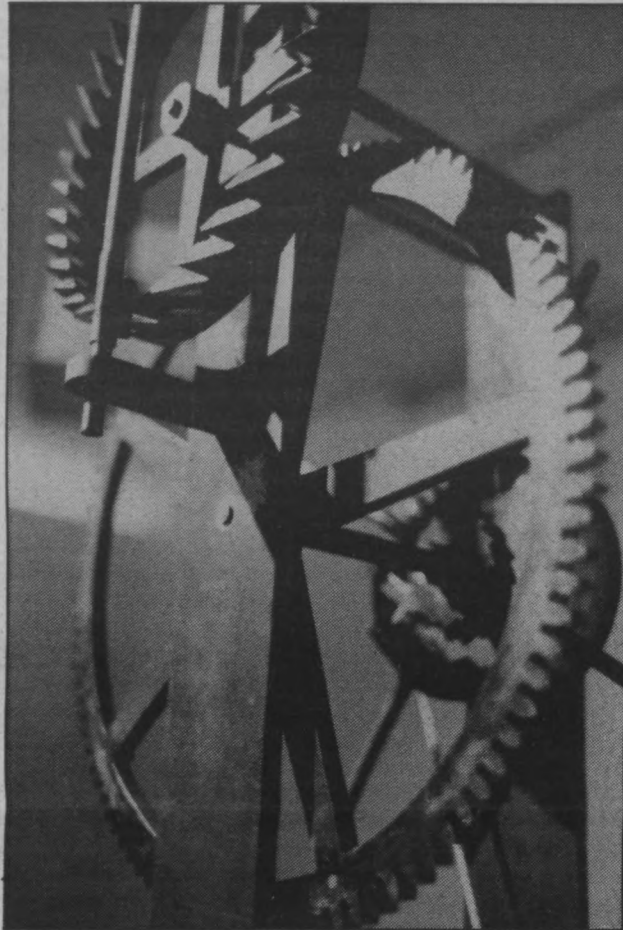


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Conrad Schuler's Clock

DAVID SOTELLO/Daily Nexus



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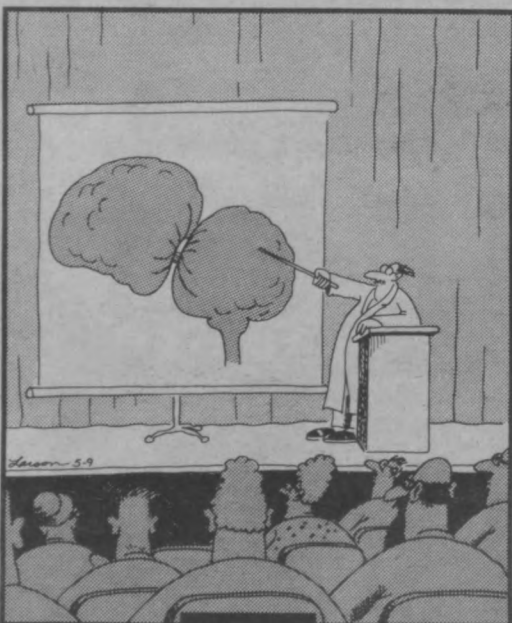
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presents... with

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON

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Professor Lundquist, in a seminar on compulsive thinkers, illustrates his brain-stapling technique.

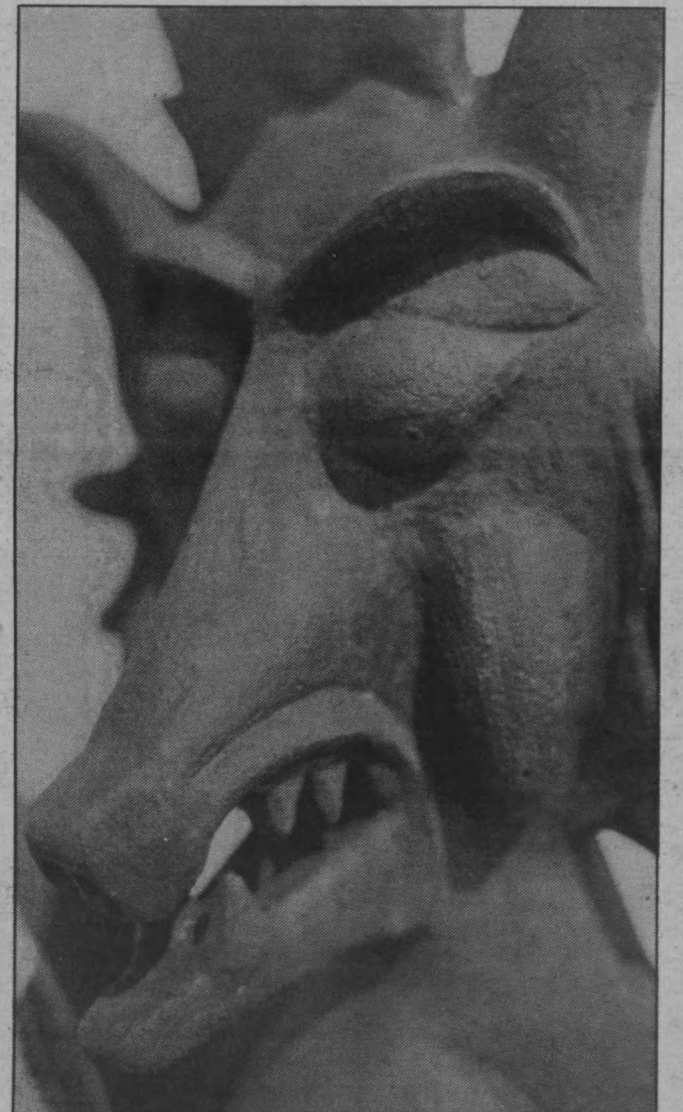
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space, transcendence, markers and the Otherworld." Remember that if you go see the exhibit because it won't be the first thing that pops into your mind. This exhibit consists of sycamore leaves pasted at chest level at about one foot intervals around the room. In the center of the room is a small table with some chemistry equipment and another pile of leaves. Leo Buscaglia would dig it. Most other people will say, "So what?"

Lost way in the back of the museum where it probably doesn't belong is Conrad Schuler's clock. It is big. It is "neat". No more, no less. Schuler obviously put a lot of work into it and the craftsmanship is to be appreciated even if the overall effect is less than captivating.

Now for the bright side of things.

David Jordan is a sculptor. He makes art about the way he sees things, not just about himself, saying, "(His art) is about the strangeness and mysteries of the existing world that I have transformed from the mental into 'solid' form." While the majority of his large, colorful, sometimes abstract work is not something which most people would



Sculpture by David Jordan

DAVID SOTELLO/Daily Nexus

Huge Not Grand

Breaking plaster figurines in the name of art is like baking a medium-sized loaf of banana bread in the name of architecture.

"Huge," a performance-art show put on by those wily and outrageous pranksters, the Ball Peen Hammer Boys, was a valiant attempt at doing something that isn't done very much. The attempt is appreciated, but the outcome is of questionable success.

If memory serves me correctly, nothing as ambitious as "Huge" has been attempted by a student group at UCSB in some years, and I'm including the dreadfully unsuccessful "Big Art" and "Big Art is Back!" shows that were done by some old art club called Sfumato or Clamato or something back in the '80s.

"Huge" was a good idea and I'm glad they did it. They had a bagpipe guy blowing steady on the steps of Campbell Hall as the audience walked in. Nice. They gave out programs and had a paper sack resembling an air sickness bag (it was labeled a "bedside disposal bag") on each armrest with a packet of Up-Time food supplement inside. Good. There were a lot of musically butt-kneading voices and general sound fun noodles being played before the show and an impressive slide demonstration of "things round."

At its worst, "Huge" was just an "anything goes, let's break the lamp 'cause we're crazy and anything goes!" venture into the land of gratuity. It's best moments were during the more thought out pieces. Funny sometimes, yes. Unnerving at points, sure. Still, there was no certainty in the art, no reason given that any of this should be happening, no real feeling that we should be there in the audience and not out bucking some broncos of our own.

Most pieces employed the "breaking of things" which I guess is the thinking behind the name Ballpeen Hammer Boys. It's not that I'd really want them to be breaking really expensive or meaningful things like a signed Picasso or an original copy of John and Yoko's "Wedding Album," but when they brought a cheap Tijuana plaster figurine or a ceramic ashtray on stage, there was no irony in the smashing.

It really wasn't that bad, indeed, it was a meaningful step in the right direction regarding student performance art. In the end, "Huge" becomes something you'd defend in an argument, but not something you'd feel comfortable inspiring in others.

— J. Christaan Whalen

SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

As you all well know, being arts people is a complete cake walk. While all the idiots who were dumb enough to get involved in Nexus news are one by one quitting, being asked to quit or dying of heart failure, we here at *Intermission* are tossing off a silly little eight-page art section once a week, telling all those who want us to quit or see the evil in our ways to take a flying hump and spending the rest of our time at the beach. Henceforth, this week's edition is the *Normally, I like it when you touch that, but don't touch it tonight, because it's sunburned* issue of *Intermission*. Enjoy.

• **Word, I Am Acting That:** The Ensemble Theatre Company is presenting a comedic drama (that's kind of like a happy funeral or a hip Wayne Newton show) set in a small town in 1956 called *The Alto Part*. It plays weekends, May 10 thru June 16. Tickets are between \$10 and \$14. Call 962-8606 for more facts. ... *Just put a little George Clinton in the box — it makes writing Scene One so much more fun! Did I mention that he might show up at Extravaganza?* ... **Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera** ends its 1990/1991 season with *A Chorus Line*. Call 963-0761. Our favorite song from this musical is "Tits and Ass", as if you didn't know that. ... **At Long Last Leo** opens at The Center Stage Theater on May 10. It is a comedic comedy

about a guy that wants to save the world. How gallant! It is put on by the Access Theatre Group. Call 963-0408.

• **Word, I Am Singing That:** Today, at The MultiCultural Center, Master *Kora* Player Papa Bunka Susso will be giving a lecture and demonstration on the *Kora*. The *Kora* is kind of a harp kind of dealy, and it sounds kinda like a blues guitar. It is at 4 p.m.

• **Word, I Am Projecting That On A Screen:** The Riviera Theatre once again plays the weird movies. *Girl Friends* — it's directed by Claudia Weill and, well, that's about all that we know. It runs for one week, starting on the 11th.

• **Word, I Am Benefiting That:** Benefit Number One: This is a benefit for The United Cerebral Palsy Association. It is a beach party type thing at Goleta Beach from 12 to 5 on Saturday. You don't have to donate anything, but if you go and don't, you're a dirt bag. If you give \$8, you get food (from Woody's), a frisbee and other stuff. ... **Benefit Number Two:** This one is for SBCC Fine Arts and it, too, offers food. This time, though, you gotta shell out 25 shells. But you get gourmet food, wine tasting, music from SBCC Symphony, Jazz Combo, Vocal Jazz Choir and The Chamber Singers.

And now ...

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INTERMISSION

INTERMISSION

starting...

Tony Pierce	Keith Cody	Denis Faye
Whalen	Joe Singer	
Michelle Ortiz Ray	Doug Arellanes	Andrew Rice
Joel Brand	Zeigler	are about ready
Dan Hilldale	Erin Fulfer	to move on
Whalen, Part 2	A.J. Goddard	

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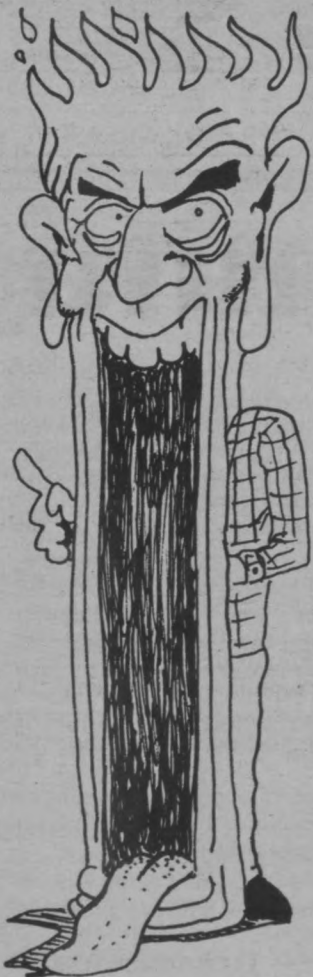
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Music

"Do Not Study" - Was That Lame, Or What?

COLLEGE



From Strength To Strength
Pete Himmelman
Epic Records

"I feel like I should be watching the slide show from my summer church camp as I listen to this" a friend says to me as we listen to this album. I guess that's a pretty good summation of what this album's all about. Pete's trying to be both James Taylor and Cat Stevens at the same time, and he usually does a pretty good job at it. A couple of times I found myself tapping my foot, and was I surprised. I don't even like this kind of music! But hey, if you're into that sort of mellow kind of music with that cool acoustic-like guitar in the background, you know, the music that just makes you feel good all over, try it. You never know, you just might like this album.

— Erin Fulfer

METAL



Electric Rattlebone
Blackeyed Susan
Mercury

When the second song on Blackeyed Susan's new disc came on, my roommate turned to me and said, "What the hell is this?" After I explained it to him he clued me in. "Have you noticed that when they all sing together, this sounds just like a metal version of 'We Are The World'?" I don't have his refined ear so it took a minute to hear, but it's there. All I could say was, "Yeah, but doesn't everything?"

This is your basic hard-rockin' album by a bunch of guys with a lot of hair and leather. All the basics are there. They rock hard for a majority of the time, with songs like the title track and "Ride With Me," then they slow down into (you guessed it) a nice mushy little power ballad called "Best of Friends." I almost cried.

On the whole, it's a decent effort, and they use a sitar for a couple of strange openings. I don't think this album will be any milestone in rock, but its fun to listen to while you drink.

— Dan "Chief" Hilldale

BLUES



Walking On Fire
Kenny Neal
Alligator

Kenny Neal may not have actually lived life in the gutter but he probably knows some people who did. While most electric blues artists these days seem to have lost touch with their roots, Kenny Neal has retained some of the Blue that is so critical to making good blues. In addition to the Robert Cray-fancy guitar sound that is so popular these days, Kenny can also play the old acoustic guitar and harp down-home blues sound that is so often neglected by big name players. Howlin' Wolf he is not, but he's not a total sellout either.

— Andrew Rice



**It's The
Intermission
Extravaganza
Fun Box!**

WHAD UP AT ...

EXTRAVAGANZA
SATURDAY MAY 11, 1991

11:30 AM: Montage w/ Soul

The dance troupe is back.

12 PM: Ugly Kid Joe

Local boys just signed to Polygram.

1 PM: Lula and Afro Brasil

11 piece band whose music ranges from Afro-Brazilian to Afro-Samba.

2:15 PM: Dread Filmstone

Jazz, rap, soul, funk, reggae all mixed up. It's Acid Jazz. We dig it.

3 PM: No Doubt

From L.A.. Marc Brown says, "The lead singer is rad!"

4:15 PM: Trulio Disgresias

See Interview.

5:45 PM: Mary's Danish

See other Interview.

It's A Disgrace

Trulio Disgresias Is A Funk Gumbo

They've been called "the band that saved the world."

A Superfunk group, if you will.

Call 'em a 28-piece Funkestra.

What? Twenty-eight, you say??

Yeah, it's truly disgraceful, ain't it.

No, my friend. Just call 'em *Trulio Disgresias*.

It seems vaguely reminiscent of some latin love song swooner... no no no no.

What do you think it'll sound like if you throw in a bunch of the boys from Fishbone, a Brand New Heavies guy, accomplices from Parliament and Funkadelic, an Electric Love Hogs dude, ex-Rhyme Syndicate boyee Bronkstyle

Bob tearin' up the front, and some Peppery Spanish spice-type funky-as-funky-can-be musicians called Flea and John bringing on some backup singers who will Knock you Down, among other hip-hop and rap artists??

That's right. As those Beastie Boys would say, "Let's get Funky."

Trulio Disgresias is Norwood Fisher's (Fishbone) little brainchild come alive. It started as a cover band with an original lineup of 13 to open for one Tackhead show at the Hollywood Palace. Or, according to Fish-

bone's Kendall Jones, it started as a ploy to get everyone into shows for free just by playing.

So they played the one gig. Time went on. One year later Living Colour was coming to town and needed an opening act. Trulio banded together again and the fun was getting enormous and so was the interest. So they held open rehearsals and anyone who showed up was officially in the band. Twenty-eight attended and there was created what we now affectionately know as Trulio Disgresias.

They've opened for Soundgarden, Public Enemy, De La Soul and Mary's Danish. How's that for variety?

"Sometimes we have to find out about gigs in the *LA Weekly*. I don't think there's anything we wouldn't do," Kendall Jones said of the immense band phone list.

They've also racked up a solid list of benefit gigs to their name, including the Covenant House for runaways and "Heal the Bay" in protest of the toxins and pollutants being bestowed on the Santa Monica Bay, which is where "the band who saved the world" motif comes in.

"We did a lot of (benefits) at one point. We won't be

See DISGRESIAS, p.7A

Rogue Cheddar: Not At Extravaganza

Talk about your ironies.

In Isla Vista, a town stuffed with cheesy rock & roll bands, the band with the smallest cheese quotient happens to be called Rogue Cheddar.

Unlike some I.V. rockers, you won't find Rogue Cheddar gussied up in faux-beards, or dressed in hokey glamwear. They don't favor big hair or other barbell infatuations. No, there are no women in this band, no guys jiggling about with violins or amplified battle axes. They're not interested in changing the band's name each time they play live.

Rogue Cheddar just gives it to you hard — workingman hard, howitzer-hard. Rogue Cheddar makes you wanna do a kinky pogo spider-dance, scream your face purple. Makes you wanna throw your head so hard your brains chuff out.

Rogue Cheddar might be the best band in Isla Vista.

The music of Rogue Cheddar is like a blitzkrieging Tonka truck loose in a Habitrail. It is the sound of a furious and nimble guitar, spitting and puking out tight coils of distorted menace. It is the noise of a million nuclear-weight drum bullets. It is the ominous moan of leviathan bass thunder, surrounding and dwarfing it all.

And then there is the vocal: This is the sound of a man staring at the long end of a glowing cattle prod. This is the sound

of a man trying to stay under control. This is the sound of a man whose brains are chuffing out.

Rogue Cheddar is Darryl Sweet, Thomas Csicsman and John Collins — two UCSB students and a guy from Goleta. Rogue Cheddar is a band on the prowl.

The band's third and most recent demo cassette, *Into Blind*, has dusted more than a few eardrums since it was re-



leased in February. It landed them on the cover of the April 5 College Music Journal, an influential Billboard-type publication read by the nation's college radio stations and music industry talent scouts, whose reviewer rated it a "Jackpot!" "... (T)hey're actually one of the most compelling and brutally sinister bands we've had our ears icepicked by of late," the reviewer wrote. This, in addition to sales of more than 200 units in the I.V. area.

In the wake of the exposure, Cheddar reports that a few indie labels have expressed interest, as well as a caller from a major music conglomerate. Rogue Cheddar, I.V.'s own power-trio, is threatening prime time.

But what is it with this beguiling name fetish? What is Rogue Cheddar, what is *Into Blind*? Is it all some cheeky art experiment, or merely some post-adolescent undergraduate dada game?

"I don't know," said Sweet, Cheddar's singer, guitarist and chief lyricist, a man who personifies the phrase "manic intensity." "It's just words. Words that fit."

And songs that are musically ferocious and lyrically charming. Each cut on *Into Blind* is a searing blast of energy, brief and to the point, quirky but not obnoxiously so. It combines the warm earnestness of 1990s *Rug Shredder* — the

Once

Somehow UCSB has adopted funkrock band Mary's Danish, and today the group is making a grand statement by headlining the campus's biennial shindig: The Extravaganza.

The adoption began to take shape around the last week in February. Mary's rocked The Pub in their performance at UCSB. Steve Horgan of the *L.A. Times* had recently called them "the best test club act of the year," and they lived up to the praise that night. They helped them gain second-billing. Addition three months later.





More Time! R O C K

as adopted the L.A. Danish, and this Saturday a grand homecoming mpus's biggest annualanza.

to take place right ar February 1989 when b in their first ever perve Hochman of the y called them "the hot," and they more than that night. That show cond-billing to Jane's onths later in the



Mary's Danish! SB! Surprise!

Extravaganza-to-end-all-Extravaganzas (the one that simultaneously introduced UCSB to Toad the Wet Sprocket while bidding adieu to Toad the Wet Sprocket).

Although the documentation still hasn't surfaced, somewhere around that Extravaganza, UCSB started to believe in the multi-ethnic, multi-gender, and multi-talented group. Whenever Mary's was asked about coming back to UCSB, they always responded positively, and whenever they played anywhere near the campus, their audience was equally receptive.

"When we came up for that Extravaganza, me and Gretchen (Seager, co-vocalist) pretended that we were on tour," Danish singer Julie Ritter said in a phone interview. "So we drove up early and stayed at (a Goleta motel) and we sat in the room and we said 'isn't this great, we're on tour.' So we went across the street to the palm reader and knocked on the door but nobody was home."

Fortunately Mary's Danish got to tour more interesting towns than Goleta — Omaha, Kansas City and far-off ports like St. Louis where Julie

said that even "the guys with long feathered hair and Trans Ams listening to Rush" appreciated the band.

Between Extravaganza '89 and this year's Extravaganza, Mary's has steered their wondertruck through our general area quite a few times. Fall '89 they opened for the Chili Peppers at the Ventura Theatre in a mindblowingly rocking show which ended with the Chilis wearing only their socks. The show was such a success for both acts that the Chili Peppers found themselves playing much larger venues and when Mary's came back to the Ventura Theatre in March of '90, they were the headliners and they recorded the show for their latest album, Experience. That next May they rocked The Pub pretty darned hard.

1991 came and went like a wild rollercoaster ride for the sextet as they recorded the follow-up to their debut smash *...there goes the wondertruck*, while at the same time trying to reel in a contract at a larger record company. They managed to hit Storke Plaza and persuade students to register to vote as part of the Rock The Vote campaign, which included a concert so hot that it literally blew out a generator.

Now, after tours with the Chilis and Jane's and after the last-minute Extravaganza cancellation of The Happy (flavor-of-the-month) Mondays and Jellyfish, Mary's is coming home again to give their faithful fans a sneak at some new material due to come out

See MARY, p.7A



Union

Yes
Atlantic

Yes, they're back; Jon Anderson, Bill Bruford, Steve Howe, Tony Kaye, Trevor Rabin, Chris Squire, Rick Wakeman and Alan White and anyone and everyone else who has ever been a member of the great 1970s Progressive Rock band Yes.

The new Yes CD, *Union*, is out, and to paraphrase the CD jacket, the guys from ABWH (that's Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman and Howe, for those unaware) were making their second album, and then all the other guys who were ever in Yes joined them and it was a perfect "union." — get it? *Union*.

So basically what you have here is two drummers, two bassists, a whole lotta guitars and way, way too many synthesizers (11 people play synthesizers on this album, and so you know what that means). Oh, and Chris Squire's "distinctive vocals."

Either you like Yes or you don't, and while I do like Yes (and Chris Squire's "distinctive vocals" — however, I also like Geddy Lee and Gregorian chants, for what that's worth) *Union* is a fairly uninspiring, uneventful album. Not terrible, not great, just average, post-Big Generator Yes.

The songs "Ankhor Wat," (referring to the great Cambodian temple) and "Saving My Heart," try to get funky and ethnic-sounding, but all "Ankhor Wat" did was conjure up images of the forest in *Return of the Jedi* before the Ewoks showed up and made the scene cute, and "Saving My Heart" reminded me of those soda commercials which now feature background reggae music. You make the call.

On the plus side, however, Roger Dean is still doing that surrealistic "Penguin Dreams and Stranger Things"ish cover art, and the CD is also painted by Dean and is quite pretty.

— Chris Ziegler



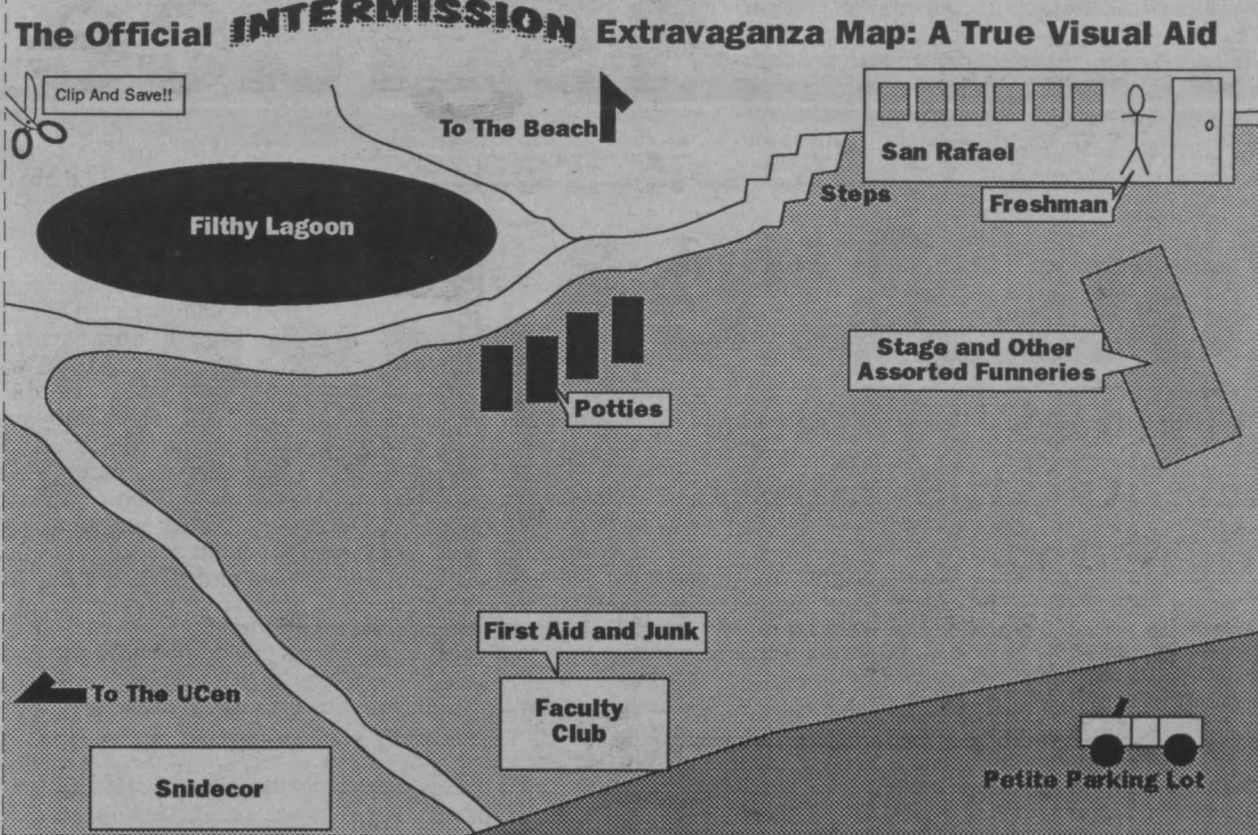
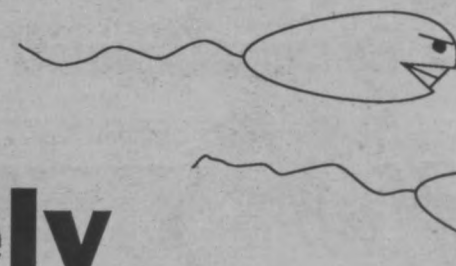
Earth Inferno

Fields of Nephilm
Beggars Banquet

Editors Note: our new alternative music reviewer, Keith Cody, is a rather odd individual.

Buy! Buy! Buy! For about the same money as 17 Double Capps at Roma you could have one hell of a live album. Second only to *Press Eject and Give Me the Tape*, *Earth Inferno* is 77 minutes and 29 seconds of sonic doom. Unlike some Sisters' bootlegs I bought for about the same price, the sound quality is excellent. It's a good amalgam of songs from all their albums, though "Celebrate" and "Dust" are disappointingly absent. Make sure you listen to it on your buddy's five-grand stereo, with the Dolby Surround Sound set on Valhalla. Turn it up so loud that it will overwhelm and vanquish your neighbor who's playing "Stairway to Heaven" for the scillionth time. Throw it on and wake the dead. These guys should be Huge. Everyone sing along now: "Pray for Leviathan, Pray for Leviathan."

— Keith Cody



ganza, But Still Just Lovely

band's first studio effort — with a harder, faster edge, making improbable gains in the process.

The strength of Rogue Cheddar is the band's coherence, its ability to transmit recognizable pop structures and yet be loose and aggressive enough to showcase the punk spirit at the core of its musical soul. Each song also contains a lyrical treat of some kind, from the mock-serious "Tremendous" to the forlorn simplicity of "I'm So Lonely." Neither unduly vague or tiresomely literate, Rogue Cheddar invites listener interpretation.

The result makes for moments of danceable, power-pop ecstasy, a musical blend that is at the same time original and agonizingly familiar — a singular feat amid the genre-driven excesses of most I.V. rock outfits.

Tracing Cheddar's musical lineage might lead one through the Stooges and *Look Sharp!*-era Joe Jackson by way of the Ventures and Walt Disney: It's all amped-up white noise. A more recent comparison could be made between Cheddar and those other college faves, the Pixies — but that is where the comparison ends. Rogue Cheddar is more accessible. They're easier to dance to.

"We're not angry, we're not that dissatisfied, we're not mean-spirited," said bassist Csicsman, a fourth-year film stu-



dies major who works in the campus library's mail room, explaining the band's appeal to "alternative" hepcsters and greeks alike. "We don't have a mission to get the government. We want to be fast, to get people to move, to dance."

Part of the success of Rogue Cheddar seems due to the easy-going nature of the band members. On-stage, they might have just shown up after their day jobs. And physically, it's re-

markable how much their showmanship mirrors their musical assault: the limber Sweet is a mad gymnast, leaping and leg-kicking to his guitar's sonic ululations; Csicsman is rangy and solid, like the miles of heavy undertow unleashed by his bass; and drummer Collins is just barely under control, like the kinky tendrils of his wagging surfer's mane.

The group got its start when Csicsman and Sweet, old high school chums from Santa Clara, reunited in front of the International Market in fall 1989. Sweet, who has toyed with a guitar since the fourth grade, had just returned from two years at the University of Oklahoma, where he had majored in aviation, and Csicsman asked him if he was interested in joining a band. Sure, Sweet said. The five-member Rogue Cheddar debuted on Friday, Oct. 13, 1989 in the back parking lot of a Sabado apartment complex.

Simple attrition trimmed the number of band members to three, and the name Rogue Cheddar just stuck. Where did it come from? "For five practices in a row, everybody had to come with 10 band names," Csicsman said. "Finally we just got sick of it. No one vomited when we heard Rogue Cheddar, so we just kept it. No one's sure if it means anything."

Except rock & roll.

—W. Patrick Whalen

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Surfers 2: A Socratic Analysis Of Those Who Shape Surfing

The surf film tradition, if nothing else, is plagued by narrow-focused, and often routine productions which feature surfers, different only in name, performing the same incredible maneuvers on the same incredible waves, *ad nauseum*.

If there was anything the surf movie industry of the past 10 years desperately needed, it was a truly original inspiration — not a new angle, not a new narrator, not even a few outtakes of "surfing-related" sports. It was as if the industry had taken a good record and put it on repeat. And left it on repeat — for a solid decade. Yes, there were different songs on the record, but it was all the same outdated album. And then, in 1990, came *Surfers The Movie*.

And *Surfers* made reviewers happy. It was hailed as a landmark film, a chronicle of not only surfing's history, but of its evolution. It featured not just the moments' top surfers, but those from yesterday, and the day before — and they spoke! The film abandoned narration and let the footage and the surfers speak for themselves. Coupling this with the best, most expensive and most well-suited surf soundtrack to date, the audio for *Surfers* made the experience educational, without losing its primal attraction. *Surfers* was a film not to be missed.

Now, a year later, Bill Delaney, the masterful parent behind the *Surfers* epic, has brought forth *Surfers The Movie, Take Two*, a revamped version. *Surfers, Take Two* is not an entirely new movie. It is a spruced up mutation of the original with 25 minutes of replacement interviews and surf footage. The new scenes only freshen the original film's already well-developed documentation of surf culture.

The *Take Two* is for all those people who could not get enough last time around and for those whose memory of last year's tour has faded. The film has brought the top surfers of several different surfing eras on to one canvas and

Delaney has painted a masterpiece which leaves behind much of past movies' esotericism for a format which stokes the surfers and gives insight and enjoyment to others.

A snippet of thought-provoking film entitled *Sky Surfer* will be shown before *Surfers*. This piece, sure to enthrall some and bore others, is a curiosity that at the very least deserves a glance.

Surfers The Movie, Take Two will play in Campbell Hall Tuesday, May 14, and at the Victoria Street Theater on Wednesday and Thursday, May 15 and 16. All shows are at 7 and 9 p.m.

— Joel Brand



You Are Idiots

Guy Video Is Worried About You, His Video Children

It has become painfully obvious to me that many of you are maroons. Steve from #"%**! Video and I were sitting around, watching *Cannibal Woman in The Avocado Jungle of Death*, he with his eggplant nectar (he's a healthy lad) and me drinking beer, really great beer like etc., etc., when Steve pointed out the fact that I had some dried guacamole on my cheek. After that, he pointed out the fact that a lot of chumps, claiming to be Video Guy fans will come in, singing my praises. Then, they go and rent *Rambo* or *Steel Magnolias* or one of those types of movies, which they have probably seen about a google times. What the hay?

My reason of etre is in question here. I'm feeling faint. Wheezy, get me a cold pack. Oh, Lordy.

No, I must remain in control. I must be on the ball. I have two actions from which to choose from — 1) Keeping in the tradition of my recent fixation with butts and rumpuses, I could give you all spankings. And believe you me, there are quite a number of booties on this campus that I

would like to spank, maliciously, or purely for recreational purposes. But (so to speak) no, this is not what I am going to do. I am going to 2) Go back to basics and start naming the directors that you should know, in order to be proper sub-Video Guys and Video Chicks.

We start with Ken Russel.

Our boy Ken is the epitome of trendy. If it is hip, he's on it like nobody's business. The Who was on fire. BOOM — he makes *Tommy*, a rock opera by The Who, where Ann-Margaret has a wet jump suit contest, with baked beans. Sensory Deprivation Tanks come to be. KERBAP — he makes *Altered States*, about William Hurt taking drugs, going into a deprivation tank and turning into an ape. Kathleen Turner having sex? ZIPOLA — *Crimes Of Passion*, a story about, well, Kathleen Turner having sex. Freddy Kruger, Jason and Pinhead in vogue? ZING-BANGBLOP — *Gothic*, which was, you guessed it, really gory.

So you get the point, if you want to know what's hep, watch Ken Russel's latest masterpiece. But his work is not all for naught, mind you, because, as trendy as he is, his work is also really, really twisted. It is like, "What if Downtown Julie Brown took a bundle of hallucinogenic drugs, and started making movies?"

The movie I speak of now is called *Salome's Last Dance*. It was made by Ken during the "It's cool to make movies that are really sexual and will thus piss the dickens out of censors" phase that we film people are just finishing. It was banned in the United Kingdom — but then again, big whoop, those guys also banned ABBA during that Gulf thing.

It is the story of Oscar Wilde going to a house of ill repute and molesting a little boy and watching a play about this Salami chick who strips for her step-dad, Harry Rod (the dance of the seven veils, no less) and then requests that he give her John the Baptist's head, on a platter. This yarn is supposed to be fairly true.

Some of the more interesting features are loogies, farting, incest and one penis. I give it about a 9 on the beer-o-meter, not bad, Ken.

This is the Video Guy saying, "Atomic Ham Sandwich."

The Video Guy

"Some of the more interesting features are loogies, farting, incest and one penis."



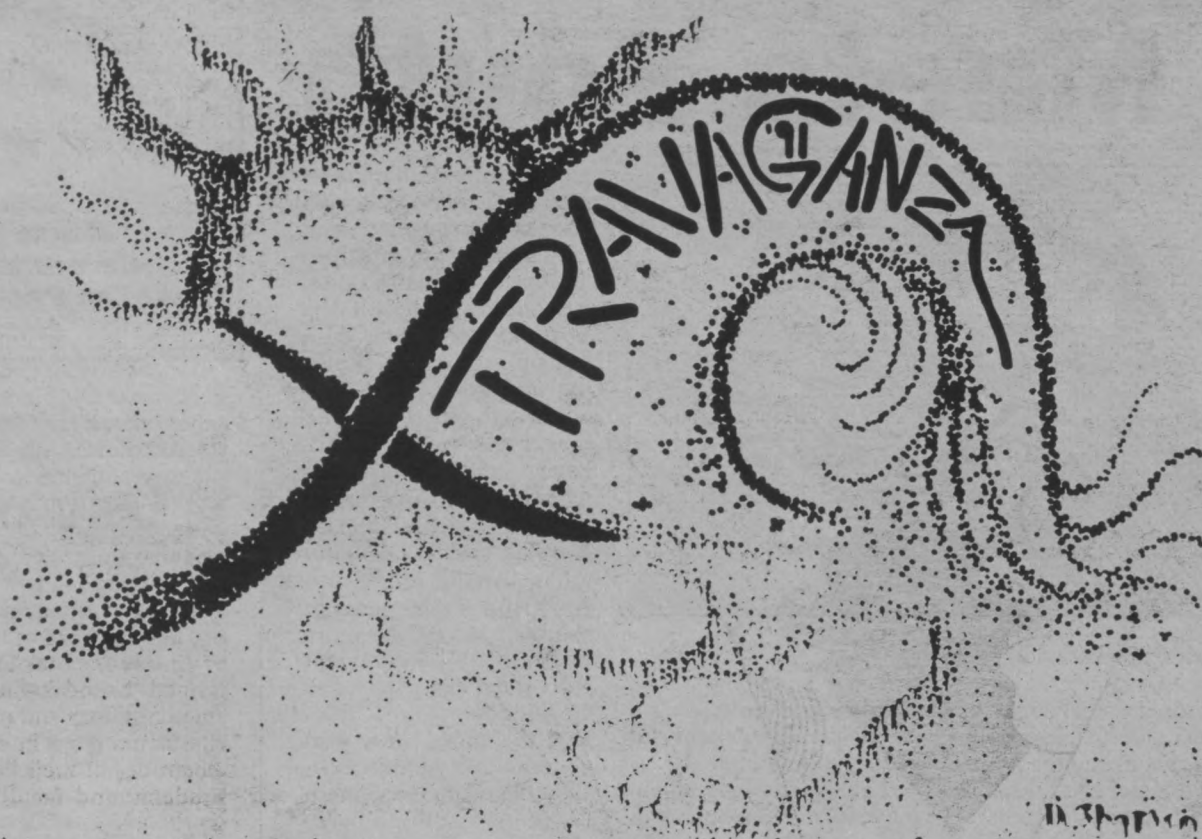
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