

The Boer Model of Frank Black. See Page 3A

ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of April 21-27, 1994.



New Luna and Its Roots, P. 4A



Shrew and Improved

Courtships, trickery and funny servants are in Girvetz Theater! Tonight begins the second weekend of performances of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" by UCSB's American Shakespeare Company.

The potent humor of Shakespeare's comedies comes through more easily when viewed than when read, and this company does a brilliant job of making it all very funny.

The two overlapping casts will alternate, each playing twice over the span of Thursday to Sunday. Cast A, featuring Heather Piccotto as the central figure, Kate, plays Thursday and Saturday. Cast B (pictured), with Jen Gamble as Kate, plays Friday and Sunday.

The band of servants in colorful, ragged

clothing will have you cracking up and falling in the aisles with laughter, especially after the intermission. The action is fast and the plot developments involving mistaken identity and romantic rivalry are numerous. Even if you watch the scenes come and go in semicomprehension, as I did, you will enjoy the niches carved by the excellent performers and appreciate all the slapstick, innuendo and jokes.

"Taming of the Shrew" plays at 7:30 p.m. in Girvetz Theater from Thursday, April 21, to Sunday, April 24. Tickets can be purchased at the door or in advance from Arts & Lectures, which can be reached at 893-3535.

—Kevin Carhart



Babes in Gotham?

Anyone with an ounce of interest in comics and animation has surely seen by now the award-winning "Batman: the Animated Series," currently airing weekday afternoons on FOX-TV. For those of you who passed this excellent series by, thinking it merely more of the same cookie-cutter Saturday-morning-style "Super-friends" pablum, I highly recommend you give it a

that merely watching the show *just isn't enough*, DC Comics has been currently publishing *The Batman Adventures*, a monthly series that mirrors the funky, simplistic style of the animated series. At first glance, the comic may look to be aimed at the under-12 crowd, but don't let that deceive you.

Not restrained by all the ultraviolent, depressing

TAS" fans need to go out to the comic shops and start searching now for *Batman Adventures: Mad Love — A Harley Quinn Romance*. Released in January, it's a little difficult to find, but well worth the effort.

Written by Paul Dini, story editor for the animated series and writer of most of the best episodes, the graphic novel reveals the origin of Harley



second look. "Batman: TAS," produced by Warner Bros. Animation, is an animated drama, pure and simple. Taking the best elements from 50 years' worth of the Dark Knight's adventures, the series boasts excellent scripts, eye-pleasing character designs and some of the best animation ever produced for television.

For those fans of the television series who find

claptrap currently found in the "real" Batman comics, writer Kelley Puckett and artist Mike Parobeck consistently turn in some of the funniest, most engaging and occasionally most heartbreaking stories around. Of particular note is Parobeck's art, which simulates the feel of the series without merely parroting it. This is what all comics should look like.

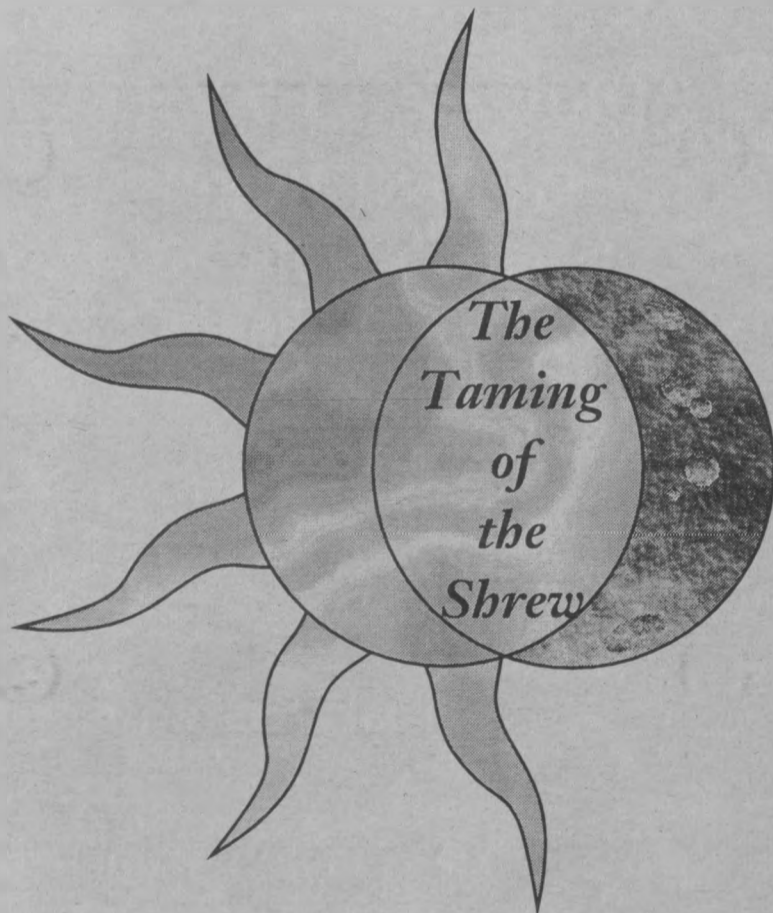
Finally, all "Batman:

Quinn, the Joker's adoring "hench-wench" introduced in the TV series. The book is illustrated by Bruce Timm, supervising animator and creator of all the original designs for the TV series.

Mad Love is stunning; possibly the best single-issue story you'll read all year. It will make you laugh out loud and put a lump in your throat. Don't miss it.

—Scott Tipton

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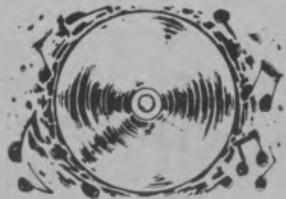
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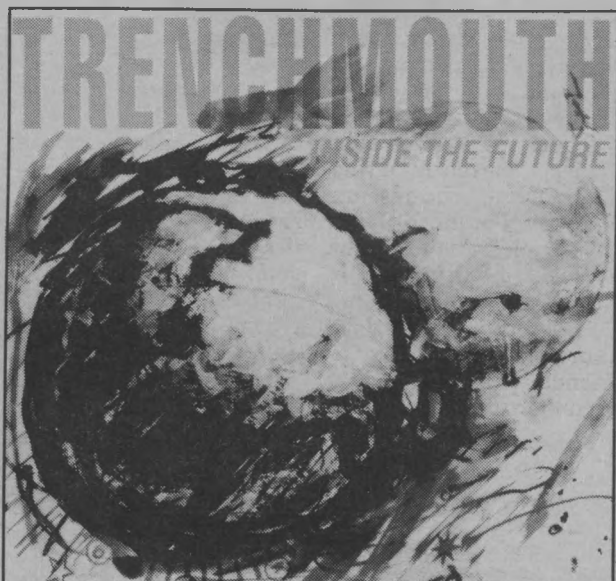
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YUKK-MOUTH!

Trenchmouth, also called Vincent's angina, is both a disease and an innovative punk rock band from Chicago. Consulting the *Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, "The Voice of Authority" regarding the former, we find, "a progressive painful disease of the mouth that is marked especially by dirty gray ulceration of the mucous membranes, spontaneous hemorrhaging of the gums and a foul odor to the breath that is associated with the presence of large numbers of a bacillus (*Fusobacterium nucleatum* syn. *F. fusiforme*) and a spirochete (*Treponema vincentii* syn. *Borrelia vincentii*) in the lesions." We find further that it was not named after someone called Vincent who suffered from trenchmouth, but after Jean Hyacinthe Vincent, a treacherous French bacteriologist.

Regarding the latter, The Voice of Authority has nothing to say. Consulting myself, The Collegiate Voice of Arbitrary Taste, and other shameless rock critics, Trenchmouth is a dynamic mix of emo-core, Latin jazz, reggae, feedback and other choice noises. Their music is hard to describe, each song



containing a virtual stew of surprisingly different sounds. What first impresses the listener, though, is this cathartic wave of energy coming and going as the vocals modulate between a monotone Gang of Four speaking voice and an explosive, maniacal rant more similar to Fugazi's Ian MacKaye. Under discordant spurts of flanged guitar, the omnipresent drums threaten to overwhelm you, beating a frantic rhythm on the cowbell and toms.

After a couple of listens, this initial vertigo is balanced by a more intellec-

tual appeal. Trenchmouth doesn't just experiment with all of these different genres; they forge them into a coherent style within individual songs. What could be a potentially ludicrous mix of styles (Latin, jazz and punk rock?) becomes three-dimensional music; an intricate, multilayered space with critical mass.

The UFCW is in Goleta on Hollister Avenue across from Lucky's Mega Consumption Center. The dumb editors around here don't know any of the other specifics.

—Chris Dunlap

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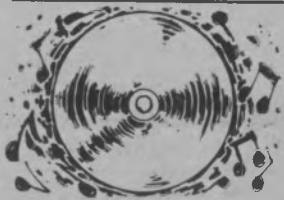
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April 22, 1994

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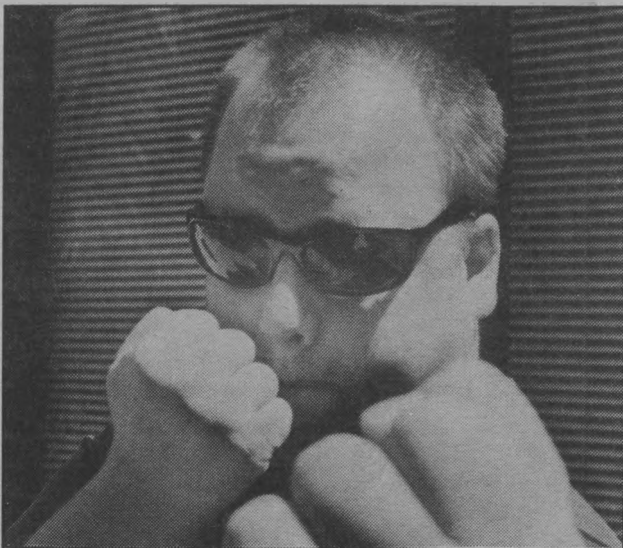
COOL OR FOOL? LAME OR FAME?

My good friend Tony interviewed Frank Black for *Artsweek* just last July. He was very excited on the phone, asking his idol about the Pixies, Kurt Vonnegut and *SPIN* magazine. Tony was riding high in a stream of bliss that only box seats for a Cubs game could match.

Unfortunately, Black turned out to be a condescending bastard who refused to give my man Tony a quotation of any substance. Let alone an ounce of respect. The former Black Francis was a straight-up punk, clowning one of the only people to have graduated from UCSB with a sense of reality. Now I hear that my other good friend Tony, who works in an I.V. coffeehouse, is really looking forward to seeing Black perform in Campbell Hall this Friday night at 8 p.m.

What should I tell him? Should I tell him that Black's former band, the Pixies — with Kim Deal, later of the Breeders — is the best band ever formed in America? That Frank Black's solo album, *Frank Black*, is an amazingly complex record in which every song, backed by Black's nasal and frilly voice, helps redefine rock 'n' roll? Or that Black is a patronizing chump who is in it for himself?

Well, I told him what Tony told me right after Frank let him down: "Black is beautiful." Because it doesn't matter how eccentric or accessible rock stars are, as long as they entertain. And if they want to be rude, get arrested or kill themselves,



ROB SIMPSON/Daily Nexus

fine. As long as they entertain us the way jesters should.

The situation has always been that we cannot all be famous. Most of us have to lead drab lives rife with ennui, while a fine eighteenth-of-a-percent live in worlds we think we desire. A.S. Program Board knows this. So rather than sponsoring some nice young man from Montana who plays decent and healthy sounds, they naturally decided to bring somebody to campus who really rocks.

I had the pleasure of seeing Frank Black and the Reverend Horton Heat last July, with Tony, at the Ventura Theater, and while the big howlin' reverend could sure tug those strings, it was obvious who the audience came up and went down for. Black's element howled the lines of his song about the Ramones, "I heard Ramona Sing," and to "Los Angeles," an urban tale about seeking

Patagonia.

His Beach Boys cover, "Hang On To Your Ego," got the moshing started, and soon everybody was frenzied up properly. I suspect the same will happen here, as Black tests the boundaries of our pristine campus.

Frank Black will be performing along with Inch at UCSB's Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. this Friday night. Contact A.S. Program Board at 893-3536 for more vital information.

—Martin Boer



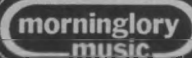
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Luna by Kevin Carhart

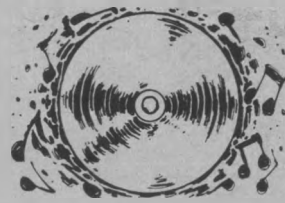
The new album by Luna, *Bewitched*, is a lazy wonder. It is also the next step of a pop "supergroup" with roots going back years and years, all offset by talent and a devotion to good lying-around music. The lead vocalist and guitarist, Dean Wareham, was previously in Galaxie 500, an underground trio that could be as scary as it was beautiful. Bassist Justin Harwood used to play in the New Zealand group The Chills. Drummer Stanley Demeski used to be in the Feelies, a long-time favorite of many. And guitarist Sean Eden used to be on a golf course, where Dean and Justin found him.

With this kind of lineage, you know that they know how songs work. Every new step Luna takes is likely to be finely honed, and it is. When he was in Galaxie 500, Dean had a tendency to stretch his vocals out, dividing them into five parts. The first Luna album, *Lunapark*,

kept this feature going with a sped-up tempo. The new album sounds that much further away from Galaxie 500 — very slow and mellow, generally putting Dean's vocals in new situations.

Where *Lunapark* ran out guitar spirals like a waltz might, but etched onto a different beat, *Bewitched* stretches out the spiral until it's a straight line. It goes for lounge relaxation. It's like the singer in a San Luis Obispo hotel bar, amid the weekend psychic faires and beauty contests. He is accompanied by Hammond organ, and vibes, and he makes you drink. *Bewitched* is to *Lunapark* what dub is to reggae.

Is it a next step of something? I guess not — all it means is that these four musicians are still with it, still in California in spirit, hanging out in the "egg chair." This is an album that takes advantage of the "moon" connection in being called Luna — it is nocturnal, rounded, like bells.



New Zealand pop by Kevin Carhart

Justin Harwood, coming from the Chills, brings with him some cool New Zealand pop from the Flying Nun label. Justin played bass on The Chills' *Submarine Bells*, a shimmering album full of promise. The first track is "Heavenly Pop Hit," and it is not a hollow assertion. The bass bobs, Martin Phillips' vocals reach to extremes and the tunes chug like a train.

Especially on "I Soar," whatever ambitions the Chills set for the song, they attain with the words and the sounds at the same time. "He rises in the air," Phillips sings, and a line from a high clarinet or something similar — it could be a keyboard — propels the ear while the vocals propel your visual imagination. The Chills hit a wide range of popularity with *Submarine Bells*, while Phillips and various other members created a body of songs like "Pink Frost" and "Rolling

Moon," revered by a smaller audience.

The members continued to come and go. Justin Harwood went to Luna, and the next album, *Soft Bomb* (pictured), is reportedly the Chills' last, although Phillips surely has more songs up his sleeves.

There is a relentless core of magically talented songwriters at the heart of Flying Nun — Phillips, Robert Scott of the Bats, the Kilgour Brothers of the Clean. Alongside these groups are the wonderful Able Tasmans.

On their 1990 album *Hey Spinner!* the Able Tasmans keep up that chugging pop sound, matched with a ringing guitar and harmonies by Graeme Humphreys, Peter Keen and Ronald Young. Carousel organs on "Patience" lead you into tight, synchronized songs that are frenetic, then eerie, then chugging again. The echo-play that Michael Brook or the Kitchens of Distinction like to set out

meets a pacing that turns the music on and off with precision, over the course of a couple of seconds, within a distinctive, chirpy frame. It's assertive music that knows what it's doing, impressing you on every listen.

The chugging changes faces at every turn, with every band and every songwriter. It wears the droning face of the Terminals and Bailter Space, the high howl of the Chills or the keyboard pound of the Clean. It runs hot and cold, clean and unwashed, with a head for smirks and images.

For Justin to emerge in Luna is especially cool since many of the Flying Nun bands have dispersed to other labels and are difficult to find and keep track of. One aid in doing so is the huge Flying Nun discography, all of which is worth hunting for, available by FTP (on the Internet) from Dave Datta's huge music-related site at cs.uwp.edu.



When Galaxie 500 split up and Dean formed Luna, the remaining members recorded an album as Damon and Naomi. More Sad Hits was released on Kramer's Shimmy Disc label in 1992.

Damon and Naomi by Jennifer Chedar

It's folk music with flair. Damon and Naomi canvas the songs on *More Sad Hits* with polyphonic background progressions. The female voices are sweet, melodic and musing to the ear. But alas, they find a placid place to put their problems in the song "G.T.A." I see rolling fields and soft horses. "All day I stay away from the noise of the engines racing." Undulating electric guitars, remarkable and unpredictable like molasses candy, pave the way to pleasure.

"Little Red Record Co." engages male voices as

counterparts and complements to the female cotton candy cadence of the previous song. The lyrics swaddle in solitude and alienation, recurrent themes in the male dialogue of this post-modern age: "And when the bubble breaks, will we fall too far, will we fall in place, or will we ever fall?"

A combination of the sexes executes a ballad of confusion, regret, desolation and realization in "Laika." Isn't that the way it always goes — "our lives are not the same, they never were, we're not the same, just nostalgia?"

"The Car Climbed Mt. Washington" conjures up pretty fluffy phonation, flowing and fanciful in an adrenal dream state while bringing in the notion of frustration and fascination in love. "Turn your head and let me see you, see you backwards in my eyes" — the only way to accomplish satiation in a reci-

procal relationship.

The darker side of the human voice is invoked in "Memories," in an endless swirling spiral of hope, hanging the listener if he allows its progressive persuasion of the tone to take hold.

Unfortunately, many of the album's bridges are a mixture of hopelessness and happiness. On "Astrafiamante," wobbly wind instruments weave the backdrop as the colors of the painting come alive with words and phrases. A bluesy jazz gospel choir sounds as an organ sings its version of salvation and seduction, moving your soul to sensation.

"Boston's Daily Temperature" is very Cranberries-sounding. The bridge moves into the realm of operatic voices and eerie chord progressions as a nice switch from the monotonous. Perhaps we are in a modern melodrama, meandering through

life with the opposite sex to counterbalance our complacency and conscience. "I hear you calling, I let the phone ring on. I don't answer, can you hear? Now that you're driving on, you should keep on driving and stay as you are. Are you near me?"

"Sir Thomas and Sir Robert" belts brass instruments, begging an almost Middle Eastern feel. Like a sinuous snake strapped to the whip of the melody, the listener feels his very body move in relation.

And on "Once More," the soaring sound of freedom bleeds onto the blanket of reality, where life takes its turns and falls and bends back to the chorus, climbing, reaching, releasing and feeling that that's what it all about. "You've seen it all before ... and I'll be back once more."

Galaxie 500 by Miz E.

Like the car it was named after, Galaxie 500 has become part of the cult of American myth. Both were big and spacious, with plenty of room to lounge around in the back seat, where you could just as easily spend an afternoon listening to the band or gazing up into a pale blue sky. While they existed, Galaxie 500 were unwitting heroes for a handful of misguided souls.

They only released three albums: their 1988 debut for Rough Trade Records, *Today*, which was subsequently reissued on CD in 1991; their critically acclaimed and marginally overlooked sophomore release, *On Fire*, in 1989; and *This Is Our Music* in 1990.

What Galaxie 500 did was create hushed masterpieces that glimmered softly like the moon on newfallen snow. Covering Joy Division's "Ceremony" as one of their B-sides, Galaxie added a languor and spaciousness to the song without sacrificing its angst-filled yearnings. Dean Wareham's wry, weary voice always seemed to hang somewhere between a private joke and the quiet snowstorm of his guitar. "I wrote a poem on a dog biscuit but the dog re-

fused to be formed us July" (from *Music*).

"When home?/W alone/wa on my ow in his apat On Fire.

Of cou bassist songs, to starred se Ono's "Li Falling," f Music, or ment "An On Fire. I uid basslin hidden t Dean and mon Kruk to build both fragi they prog occasional on Today and flow Music.

What C was cool lent. Not have ever talented, the Velv would ha they were both can s relatively sn fan base. who loved languid, l tions (an videos of Galaxie missed.

THE HOLY TOLEDOS



The Flying Nun label has been a large part of jangly New Zealand pop since the late '70s, but the two are not inseparable. It's exciting to see great bands popping out of the woodwork to this day.

The Holy Toledos by Radha Patel

Roll out the red carpet for New Zealand's new rock foursome, The Holy Toledos, and their new album, *Blood*, from TriStar Music. The band fits the post-late-'80s makeup: a drummer, a bassist and a few guitarists. Brothers Michael and Brendan Gregg write and sing the songs.

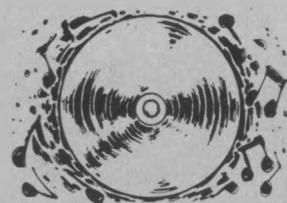
My reaction to the album as a whole is varied, because of the Toledos' insistence on changing their styles. Several songs, including "Only For You" and "Love's Not Fair," tame their guitars to blend into the recipe for your average pop song (if such a recipe exists — use your imagination for this one). In other words, it sounds like the kitchen sink of a few electrics and a bass just scrambling to fit the chords in so the vocalist can push his lyrics through the mic.

There are, however, other tracks that rather im-

pressed me. Michael Gregg sings "Mistakes in Remembering," a good upbeat remedy to the couch potato blues (definitely something to dance to in your living room, curtains closed, of course). His voice definitely carries forward, and he almost sounds like Paul Heaton, the vocalist for the Beautiful South and the Housemartins, a few times in the song.

"Waking Up" is to me a cruising ballad about every individual's oblivion in life. The title track, "Blood," is delicately decorated with sweet guitars and accompanying vocals that sound very similar to Cy Curnin (lead vocalist for the Australian '80s band The Fixx). My favorite was "Sunday's Whiskey," which is the kind of song you'd wanna have a chocolate malt to. Actually, you could do the Midwestern Sideswap to it, and get away with it.

In closing, The Holy Toledos have the confidence of the Miltown Brothers and a pop energy nearly equal to that of Blur. They also have some notable vocal deliveries. Their lyrics sound clever and satirical — it's a shame they aren't printed.



SIDE OF SAUSAGE

Sausage
Riddles are Abound Tonight
Interscope/Prawn Song

Sampling the first few beats of the new release by Sausage, I could swear I heard the familiar twappin' of Les Claypool from Primus. My heart leapt to my throat as I pondered the thought that Primus must be kaput and this must be Claypool's new band and damn ... I really need to read the paper, cuz I'm out of it.

Anyway, for all you Primus fans, who I'm sure are more in tune than I am with these matters, the band is still together, and yes, that is Les Claypool as lead singer and bassist. Sausage, containing the phat ingredients of Claypool, drummer Jay Lane and guitarist Todd Huth, features the original lineup of Primus, and is actually the name of the classic demo tape that initially gained the band strong local notoriety.

Huth shared co-writing credits on some of the tracks from Primus' first two releases, *Suck on This* and *Fizzle Fry*, but as the band's popularity grew outside the Bay Area, Huth left to raise a family and Lane moved on to other projects. Mark-

ing the fifth anniversary since this trio has played together, *Riddles are Abound Tonight* is a collaboration of old songs that never quite left the drawing board.

"We had all these tunes that we thought were great, so we revamped 'em," explains Claypool. "A lot of these songs on this record are old Primus songs that nobody has heard. Folks who are already 'in the know' are gonna figure that out, but I don't want to harp on the Primus connection."

The production of *Riddles are Abound Tonight* commenced last fall in Claypool's home studio in coalition with his Prawn Song label and Interscope records. Though Huth's performance is bluesier and more melodic than Primus, the two bands seem one and the same. With Claypool's distinctive vocals and hard-hitting bassline, it's difficult to leave behind any affiliation with Primus. It's kinda like Perry Farrell moving from Jane's Addiction to Porno for Pyros: regardless of the absence of Dave Navarro's orgasmic guitars, it's still Jane's ... only weaker.

So, to reiterate the most important fact, no, Primus has not broken up. Sausage is only a side project for Claypool. However, the sizzling threesome has plans for a summer tour of gin joints and other small clubs, so keep your eyes peeled and your mouth open.

—Erin Wilson

BLUE TIME

Ted Hawkins
The Next 100 Years
Geffen

As I first pondered Ted Hawkins' *The Next 100 Years*, I found myself drawn to the photography, the acoustic guitar and the bluesy feel I received. I have since found out that Ted Hawkins is a distinct guitarist and vocalist who performs primarily on streets. Ted spent eight years playing on the streets of Venice Beach. The street feel is fine-tuned and integrated into his personal style on the CD.

This album reminds me of a slice of bread with all the goodies and lots of cheese. Put a slice of bread in the oven and toast it up. The music makes the room real hot. Pretty soon, you notice that cheese is dripping everywhere. But who cares?! You're loving it because the cheese adds to the musical sandwich of goodies, making it real good!

Ted's music does con-

tain a directness of observation reflected in his style and songwriting, and he incorporates rock 'n' roll and country into his blues-based style. *The Next 100 Years* takes the listener along a vocal journey, gusting with emotional blues harmony.

This is a man with big things going down, as portrayed in the song "Big Things," which is about a man searching for lost time as he realizes that the time to complete many personal objectives is running out.

Songs like "Afraid" portray the sense of loss one feels in a relationship gone awry. Hell, the bluesy melody and twang of the guitar set the mood, and I was flashing back to a certain breakup that occurred years back. I thought it was all over emotionally, until the next song gave me hope regarding a certain green-eyed girl.

—Rob Simpson



used to look at it," he informed us on "Fourth of July" (from *This is Our Music*).

"When will you come home?/Watching TV all alone/watching 'Kojak' on my own," he mourned in his apathetic falsetto on *On Fire*.

Of course, there were assist Naomi Yang's songs, too, like the sun-starred serenity of Yoko Ono's "Listen the Snow is Falling," from *This is Our Music*, or the groovy lament "Another Day," from *On Fire*. But Naomi's liquid basslines were her true hidden talent, allowing Dean and drummer Damon Krukowski the space to build sonic cathedrals both fragile and febrile as they progressed from the occasionally choppy work on *Today* to the gentle ebb and flow of *This Is Our Music*.

What Galaxie 500 had was cool, irrefutable talent. Not that they would have ever said they were talented, in the same way the Velvet Underground would have never said they were musicians. But both can still boast of a relatively small but devoted fan base. For those of us who loved them for their languid, lonely introspections (and their groovy videos of exploding cars), Galaxie 500 is sorely missed.

GALAXIE 500



The Damon and Naomi album was on Shimmy Disc, the label synonymous with a man named Kramer. He ran the label, he played in Bongwater and he produced other bands, like Galaxie 500's On Fire, and now I Could Live in Hope by Low. If there is a distinctive Kramer production style, it is still around today.

Low by Brenda Maxwell

Consisting of 11 soothing, almost entirely instrumental tracks of repetitious words and minimal phrases, Low has produced *I Could Live in Hope*. This three-member band has created an album with a sound of melodic tunes and mellifluous lyrics.

Comprised of tracks with single-word titles, the CD develops this notion of simplicity in each piece by keeping with the fundamental components of an easygoing compilation of comforting tunes. Phrases and words are repeated throughout individual songs in order to intensify their meaning and importance to the piece, and, in turn, the listener.

The opening track, "Words," initiates the theme of words being overused, as lead singer and guitarist Al reiterates, "Too many words, I can't hear them." Like all of the songs on the album,

"Words" includes very few lyrics, but emphasizes the instrumental quality of the piece and uses vocals only as an accompaniment to the music itself.

Al's subdued vocals blend smoothly with the musical sound of "Cut," a selection about a possible breakup of the lead singer and his girlfriend. "She used to let me cut her hair" is repeated throughout the piece until the music reaches a crescendo and finally mellows out in the end. This is one of the few pieces that demonstrates dynamics in a range of musical beat as the majority of the tracks are kept to a more repetitious rhythm.

"Lazy" is in direct reference to a lazy girl named Sarah. The echoing vocals and melodic, almost trancelike tune give this song a hypnotic quality in which Al sings over again, "Sarah, Sarah, you are lazy."

Mimi, percussionist and vocalist, sings solo on "Lullaby." This emotionally powerful piece is perhaps the slowest on the entire album, but carries the most weight and sensitivity. Like children, Mimi sings, "We all want. We all yearn." The "Lullaby" ends in a peaceful instrumental spanning the second half of the track.

The final piece, "Sunshine," is a remake of the famous folk song "You Are My Sunshine."

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 Greg Schell ('92) Development Executive
 Laurie Hansen ('88) Director's Assistant
 reception & refreshments follow

The MultiCultural Center Presents
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 Latina comedienne/writer/performer Monica Palacios asserts her identity and her sexuality in this performance where racism and homophobia are objects of criticism.
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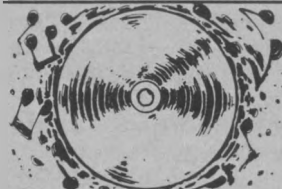
Pre-Pretension Films

Cinema remains one of the most overwhelming media. Films are so hard to turn off, especially when a masterful one grips the audience easily, leaving today's problems up the aisle and out the front door. Yes, movies remain a safe haven for that post-industrial angst we all harbour unwillingly. They continue to tax and tug at our sensibilities. Among the more flavorful films are those by the educated yet idealistic. These are the film studies

major, far away from the bland, jaded approach of Hollywood. This is where the esteemed Sherrill C. Corwin-Metropolitan Theatres Corp. Award comes in. UCSB's top film studies directors compete annually for this honor, doled out this year for Best Short Film, Best Editing, Best Sound and Best Cinematography. The first award includes a \$750 prize, while the latter three, sponsored by the Video Shmideo video

store, are worth \$150 apiece. *Getting Out*, directed by Peter Rubi and Ronan P. Nagle, won Best Film, Best Editing and Best Sound this year. This film features a lovesick hood who ruins his gang's criminal plans. Renee Bergan's *Persistent Discretion*, a short documentary on battered women, won honorable mention for Best Film. Finally, Diane MacKenzie's *Girl in a Window* won Best

Cinematography. These films will be shown Friday night at 8 p.m. in Isla Vista Theater for a paltry two dollars admission. Last year's winner for Best Film, Eric Archer's *Sasquatch Now*, will also be shown. This movie is a mock-umentary about the efforts of a filmmaker to produce a documentary about Bigfoot.
 Call the Film Studies Dept. at 893-2347 for more information.
 —Martin Boer



Hüsker Dü
The Living End
 Warner Brothers

1987 stands as a memorable year for music. Aside from being the year that Bon Jovi truly broke into stardom, it was also the year of Hüsker Dü's last album, *Warehouse: Songs and Stories*. The band broke up in early 1988, and since then, the music world has seen a slew of Seattle bands reshape rock's attitude to show the world that Bon Jovi is to rock music what the *National Enquirer* is to credible journalism, what Vanilla Ice is to rap.

Live Album from Defunct Band

Hüsker Dü was an important precursor to this rock movement, a part of the early '80s Minneapolis music scene that spawned the Replacements and Soul Asylum, among others. As Krist Novoselic of Nirvana once said of his band's own music: "It's been done before. Hüsker Dü did it." Singer/guitarist Bob Mould went on to record two solo albums and form a trio, Sugar, while singer/drummer Grant Hart has recorded as a solo artist and with his band Nova Mob. In this year of reunion tours (The Eagles, Traffic) a Hüsker Dü reunion has come in the form of *The Living End*, a live al-

bum recorded from shows from October 1987. Though some shows from this tour consisted of the *Warehouse* album played in its entirety (a double album, no less), this disc is a retrospective of sorts, the songs ranging from the band's earliest days ("In a Free Land") to their last ("Ice Cold Ice," "Standing in the Rain"). Mould's wall-of-distortion guitar playing stands out in these recordings since the sound isn't up to usual live album standards. Bass player Greg Norton is lost in the mess when, at times, the disc merely sounds like a really good bootleg. But all

this is hardly a concern, because the chaotic energy and emotion of Hüsker Dü's live shows stand out above the oft muddy production. *The Living End* may, sadly, be just that — the last hurrah from an influential, prolific band. It is a collection of songs that escapes bearing a mark of time: songs about hope, anger, sadness and discontent that can never seem dated. More importantly, it's 77 minutes from the past, a relishable time capsule that pays homage to a great American band.
 —Glenn Peoples

ANDY PHARO

YOU'LL NEED A CONSTITUTION, AN ARMY, TAXES, A POLICE FORCE, A COURT, SOME COMMITTEES...

I'VE GOT A COMIC-STRIP TO RUN HERE! DON'T YOU SEE MY AUDIENCE THERE?! I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS GOVERNMENT STUFF!

HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF A TEMPORAL ELLIPSIS? JUST PUSH THIS BUTTON!

10 MONTHS LATER
 HEY! IT WORKED! YOU'RE STILL HERE.

WAIT A SECOND! JUST A MINUTE!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST TURN THE CAMERA OFF?

HUH?

ROOM 101

GAD... IT'S SO CONFUSING SOMETIMES...

YEAH... IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

EVERY TIME I LOOK UP AND THINK ABOUT IT, I REALIZE HOW MEANINGLESS IT ALL IS...

YEAH...

EVERYDAY IT'S THE SAME... WHY DIDN'T WE REALIZE IT BEFORE?

THAT ANDY PHARO COMIC UP THERE MAKES NO SENSE!!

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OK CALVIN, YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, HUH?

GREAT MOONS OF NEPTUNE! SHE MUST HAVE SUPER POWERS TOO!

YOU'VE GOT TWO SECONDS TO GET YOUR CAPED BUTT IN BED, OR I'LL PUT IT THERE FOR GOOD!

OH NO! THE EVIL AMAZON IS USING SOME PSYCHO-BEAM TO WEAKEN MY STUPENDOUS WILL!

I'M COUNTING! ONNNE...

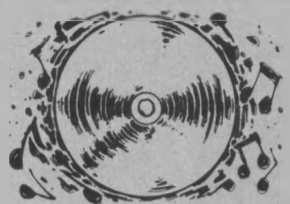
GASP I... I... MUST RESIST!

TWO!

IN A VERMILLION FLASH, STUPENDOUS MAN IS IN THE AIR!

24-Hour Budget Headaches in a Plastic World

Clotting the Wound that is Rock



Jawbreaker 24-Hour Revenge Therapy Tupelo

What can one say? The toughest album of the year, so far. Let's see, it's like ... a full-body massage: smooth, aggressive, gentle, rough, soft, removing all of the pain from the past week. It's complete and thorough auditory medication that analyzes our post-modern hip culture — which we remain separate from. Eleven confessional songs. You'll laugh. You'll cry. You'll jump up and down with joy.

Imagine tying the first and second Jawbreaker albums, *Unfun* and *Bivouac*, into a musical square knot, combining energy and emotion, leaving everyone with a big honkin' smile on his face. Overall, this platter of vinyl deserves a gargantuan thumbs-up.

Flatus Budget Beer Self-Released

First, go down to the nearest liquor store and purchase at least one case of the cheapest beer possible. Next, return home and put those puppies in the fridge. Call up your friends

and tell them to come on over. When they arrive, start willin', and throw *Flatus* on the turntable.

Now, begin to jump up and down, knock over furniture and sing along. *Flatus* serves up three catchy drunk-punk originals destined to become classics. The fourth song is a fun cover, originally by the almighty new wave supergroup The Cars, titled "Just What I Needed." Overall, perfect for drinking beer on a sunny Saturday afternoon. They can be reached at 15 Lawrence Street, Hamburg, New Jersey 07419.

Victim's Family Headache Remedy Alternative Tentacles

Try pounding nails in your head. Try drinking another beer when you awaken. Try putting a Victim's Family song on repeat. An instrumental is good. I don't have this album on CD, but I think songs from this would do the trick. The artwork and lyrics from the newest album offer a suggestion or two on how you can cure the headache induced by your *urban* surroundings. You can drive through grand natural scenery and

absorb tranquility through your windshield. Or try this:

"Back at the house I put the Tar Babies on. Pulled out a poker, started cleaning my bong."

This is the solution to the throbbing you feel: "Third world sweatshop workers making 15 cents an hour. Welcome to the trickle-down economic golden shower."

These are the erratic, thrashing, screaming sounds of the Victim's Family, from Petaluma. They mix odd time signatures with the kind of groove you get when you listen to bands like the Tar Babies, the Blochunks and Plaid Retina, all of whom are subtly mentioned somewhere on this album. Don't miss their shit, because these three have been at it since the early '80s, along with bands like No Means No.

Naked Aggression Plastic World Mighty Records

Naked Aggression always seems to take an extremely political stance, and this new 7-inch is no exception. They have gained speed, with the new rhythm section going

back to its original, aggressive sound. The singer, Kirstin Patches, addresses issues of capitalism, class war and media — which seem to go hand in hand. Imagine a round from a machine gun of politics shooting right down your throat. This is a fast-paced political lesson coming straight out of an earthquake-trodden L.A. squat. Check it out, punk.

We are the coagulators, and as of now, we will be infecting Artsweek. To us this represents an opportunity to say "fuck you" to the mainstream rock critics and supporters of shitty rock. We do not feel

the need to waste precious time writing negative reviews of shitty music when there's a lot of really good, thought-provoking music out there that is worthy of discussion. We are purveyors of mayhem, dammit!
—The Coagulators



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The MultiCultural Center Presents

The Call of the Jitterbug

a video presentation

In the early '30s a dance craze swept the nation. Some called it Jitterbug, some called it the Lindyhop, and some called it Swing dancing. Its center was Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. This film presents interviews with musicians and dancers, plus lively vintage footage bringing back a bygone era. (30 min.)

Thursday, April 21 • 12 noon • FREE
at the UCSB MultiCultural Center

For more information call the UCSB MultiCultural Center at 893-8411

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read the *Weekend Connection* next Friday in the *Daily Nexus* and find out what's shaking rattling and rolling 'round here

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By GARY LARSON

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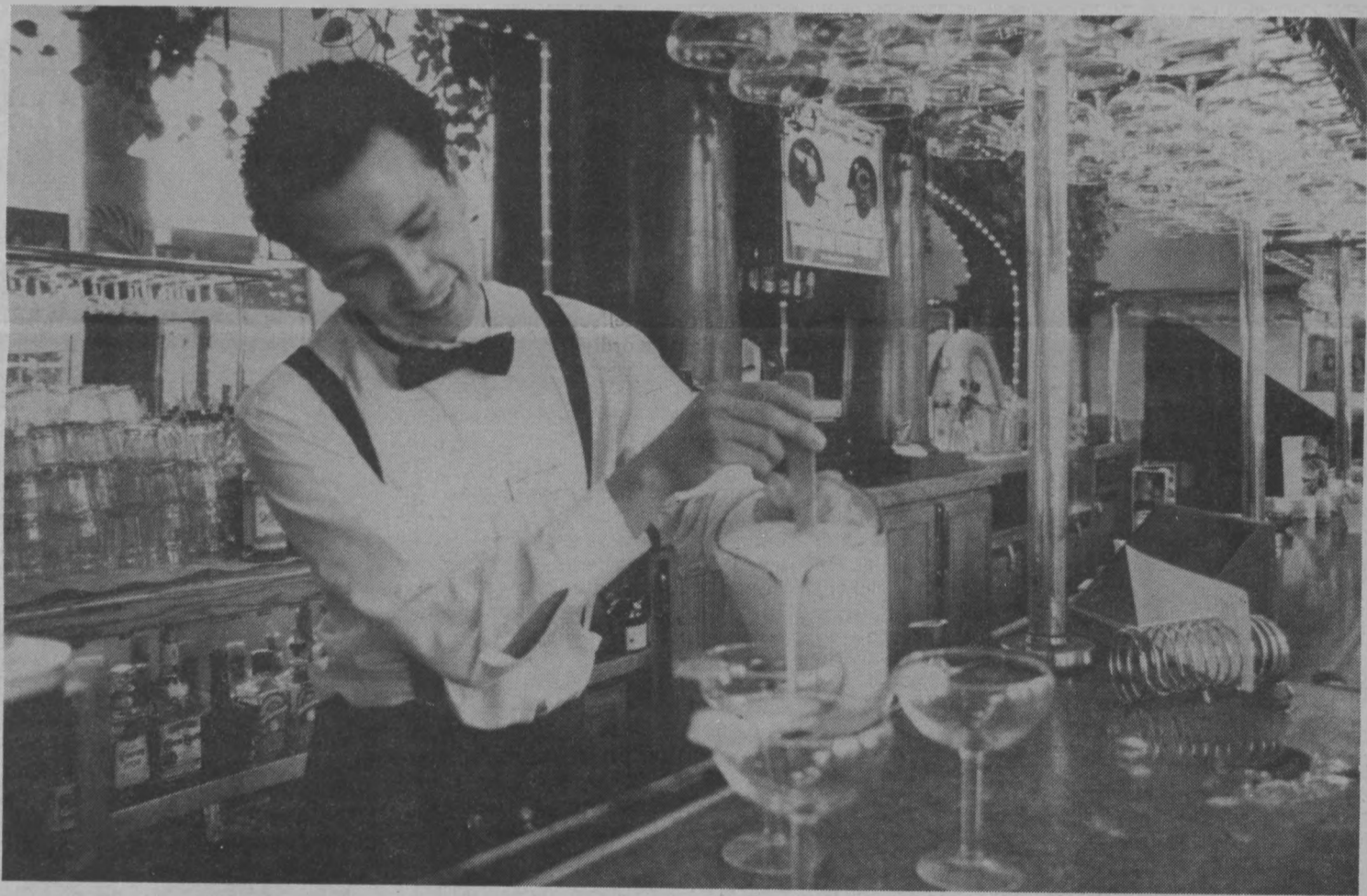
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Get it Together

Read the Daily Nexus' Weekend Connection

Every other Friday in the Daily Nexus you'll find the Weekend Connection—a special section filled with information about dining and other fun activities 'round town. Like Night Spots, Entertainment, Bars, Restaurants...and more.

Don't miss it—next Friday.

Daily Nexus