

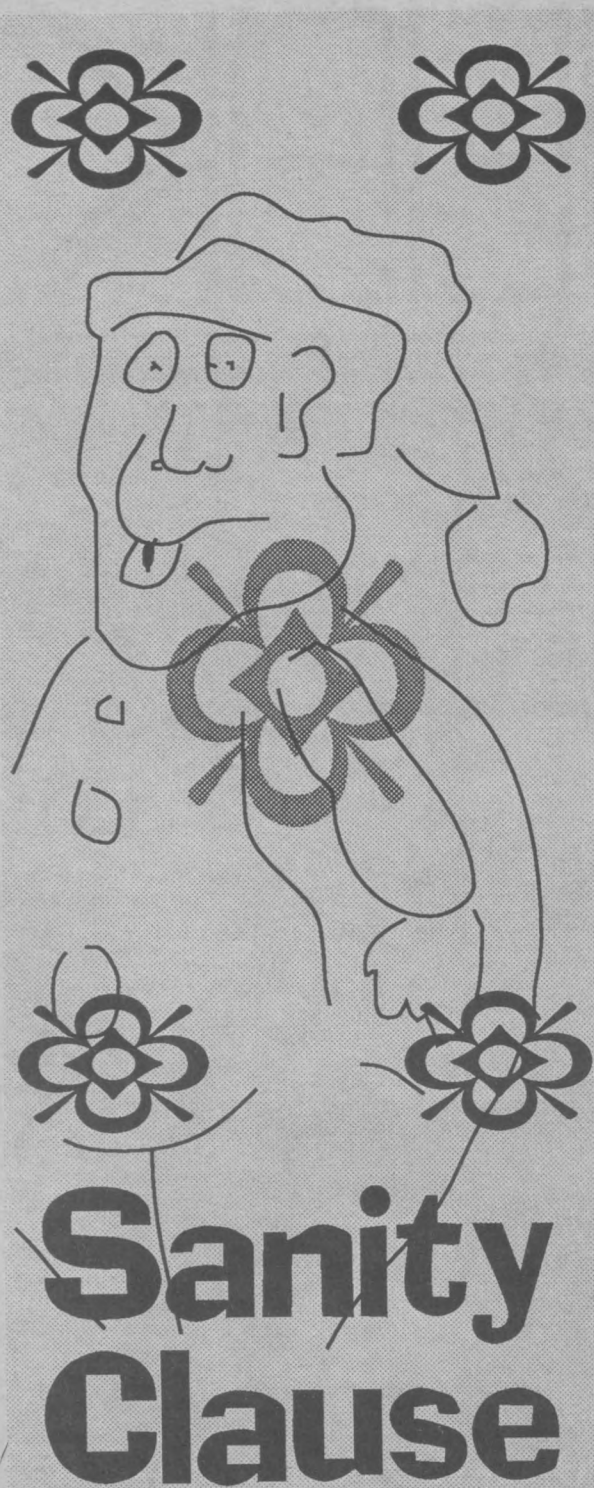
ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the *Daily Nexus*, For the Week of September 30-October 6, 1993.



Texan Tuna's Worth Your While Yet! All On Page 2





This Winter Go Tuna!

By Christian Lincoln

Imagine 142 costume changes for two actors during one show. Imagine the 22 inhabitants of one town being portrayed in one sitting. Imagine some very sweaty dressers in the wings of the wholesomely funny new comedy, "Tuna Christmas," opening tonight at the Lobero Theater.

It was devilishly hot in Tuna, Texas, where "censorship is as American as apple pie," and the Lions Club is viewed as dangerously liberal. As I passed by the dressing room in back of the theater at intermission, Joe Sears, one of this Texas tag team's character virtuosos, leaned his sweaty, bald head out of the window — still in a dress and garters — and exhaled a very hospitable cloud of smoke in my direction.

"Y'all don't smoke around here, eh?" He sighed in the same deep Texan drawl that whirls his half of Tuna's citizens along.

"It's against the law here," I said.

"Well, this heat should be against the law, I'm about to start incubatin' eggs

... I'll just shove em' back up my dress." Grinning profusely and wishing me a good second half, he delicately closed the curtain.

The veteran acting/writing team of Joe Sears and Jaston Williams collaborated with playwright Ed Howard ("Laughing

"I'm about to start incubatin' eggs..."

Stock") for the original smash hit, "Greater Tuna," back in 1982 which enjoyed an eight year-swim on Broadway. The trio is back again with the incorrigibly well-oiled holiday sequel, "Tuna Christmas." And as D.D. of D.D.'s

Used Weapons in downtown Tuna answers the phone, "If we can't kill it, it's immortal."

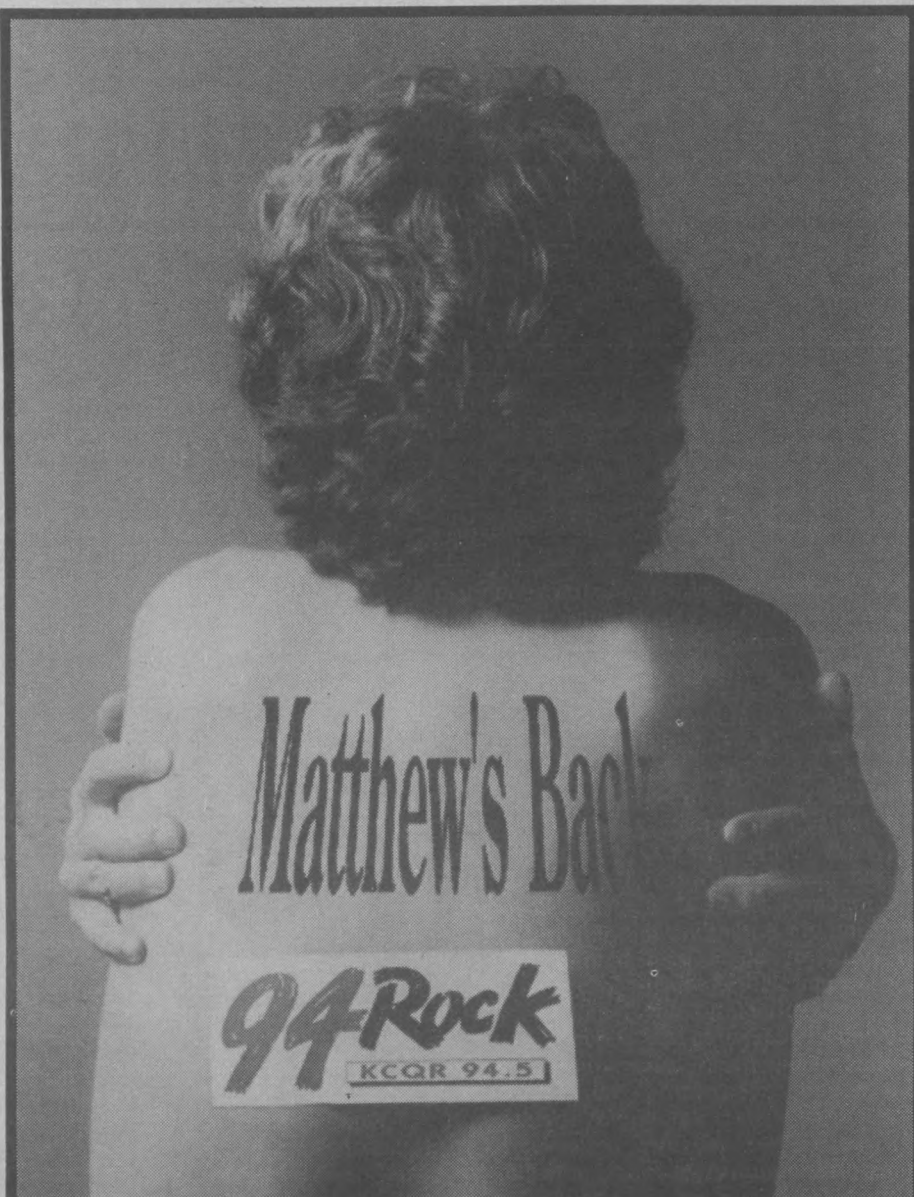
There really isn't much going on in Tuna except Christmas. "Christmas used to be about family — that's back when I could stand my family," says ol' Pearl Burras to her bench buddy, Helen Bedd. There is the Bake-off. Stanley Bumiller is still drunk and still cheating on Bertha. Charlene Bumiller is in the school play, and flaunting an attitude about it. Sheriff Givens is still looking to catch Dixie Deberry in some act of delinquency. Vera Carp, the waitress at Taste Kreme is in love again, and R.R. Snavelly continues to have experiences with UFOs until he is finally invited on board and disappears from the desert floor before our eyes.

It is the Lake Wobegon formula of pulling bucolic, small town sensibilities through the wringer of urbane, modern life for a picture of our own absurdity — on both sides of the fence. The stereotypes are too clever to be cruel.

These actors gracefully metamorphose into each character's oddball idiosyncrasies with such comfortable familiarity and finesse that a certain element of theatrical risk is forsaken for the sure laugh. The laughs are a little too patently written in and the acting follows suit.

The show is as loaded with punch as a bar-room brawl. I want to say overloaded, but smash hit comedy is its own breed. And when it is working and you just want more, particularly if you are short on plot — which Tuna is — you must keep the punches rollin'. It is a "formula one" script at its best; a sitcom script worthy of a stage or a stage script unworthy enough to be aired. Unfortunately, I had a few fleeting moments during the show in which I caught myself contemplating its sitcom potentialities. The feat of doing it all with two actors is, however, "actors' theatre" and made for the stage.

Perhaps if the long-running sluice of witty one-liners were a bit more anchored in some element of climax (not necessarily plot, as the lack of it works some sort of charm on our over-plotted lives) they would find a more resonant laughter. Instead, the six to 10 second formulaic joke intervals begin to lull us like a pogo stick outside our bedroom window, tapping out iambic pentameter. A steady chuckle is the result. A collusive edge to the tale might also give the show more of a story in which we could see cause for some of the



Matthew in the Morning
6-10am Mon-Fri
94 Rock KCQR 94.5 FM

Eat The Music

Wiggling restlessly in my seat, waiting for the curtain to rise, my mind systematically preoccupied itself with those merciless thoughts provoked so successfully by the beginning of the school year: Is it fair to conclude so soon that my roommate is an asshole? Should I move out? Can I handle my unit load? I need it to graduate this year. What do I want from life after graduation? What do I want from life today? Who am I?

Finally, just in time to delay a nervous breakdown, the musical began and my mind was instantly subdued into total

one memorable scene in Jud's smokehouse. It is, instead, a very successful and delightful musical comedy.

Ado Annie, the traditional sidekick, and her two alternating suitors, Will Parker and Ali Hallim, do a wonderful job in making "Oklahoma!" a radically fun play. The cast and crew makes it a wonderful musical to listen to and watch.

"Oklahoma!'s" witty, humorous songs are used to characterize the cast of the play and keep its plot in progress. The music is very much an integral part of the play rather than a noticeable break from



bliss. The opening set enticed me with a surprisingly beautiful and thoroughly captivating sunset. Sounds of the wildlife from invisible speakers invited me to the countryside. Thousands of miles away from Isla Vista I was glad to find myself in "Oklahoma!"

"Oklahoma!" the story, is about a man, Curly, and a woman, Laurey, who are too full of pride to admit their love for one another. Jud Fry, the villain of the play, adds to the tension of this problematic romance by attempting to prevent the young couple's union. The play relies on these three characters for its drama and suspense. The Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera's production of "Oklahoma!," however, is not a serious drama, save for

it. The singing is wonderful in both a musical and theatrical sense. It is alive and full of expression.

Just as impressive is the choreography that accompanies the music. The dancing is complex, diverse and original throughout the course of the musical. The costumes make each scene of action colorful and exciting. The set is always captivating in its beautiful simplicity and striking efficiency. On the whole, the Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera's production of "Oklahoma!" is an innovatively sexy, energetic, funny, delightful musical that cannot help but intoxicate its audience into a joyous mood.

—Karmit Bar-Lev

comic eccentricity, and less of a feel of "extremely well-crafted series of vignettes," which is associated more with theatrical exercises.

These characters are of

square with his delivery as Pearl Burras, an irregular Methodist grandmother looking like she has made quite an effort to get her huge self into a cute, flowery dress, her face all

Carp, is ridiculously silly with her exasperated jaw-hanging squeals at everything and anyone that passes her by.

"Tuna Christmas" is worth every bite, although



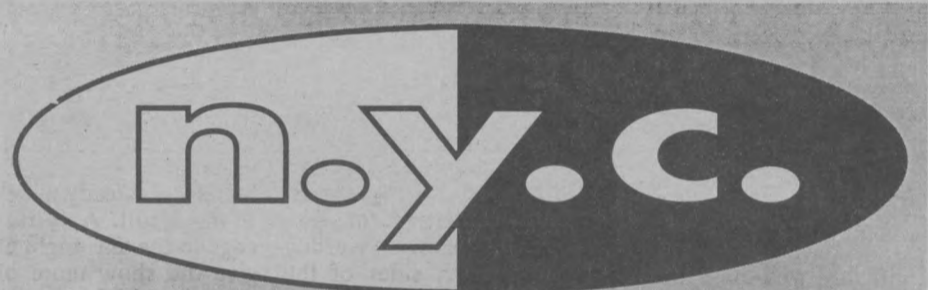
Tuna players Joe Sears and Jaston Williams Share a laugh over the ever-changing perils of Christmas time.

course much funnier than they imagine themselves to be, and that is part of the charm. Consequently, the task demands nothing less than perfect deadpan humor. Sears is hilariously

screwed up in general dismay of the world. Jonathan Winters could not have done it better. William's gumball chewin', Bouffant-poufed Tastee Kreme waitress, Vera

it could use a few jalapeño peppers or a tomato to spice things up.

"Tuna Christmas" opens tonight at 8 p.m. and runs until Oct. 10, at the Lobero Theatre.



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By Kevin Carhart

The new album by the Verlaines, *way out where*, is the latest in a flawless line of melodic, powerful pop music by groups spawned by the New Zealand record label, Flying Nun.

The music and lyrics of every track on the Verlaines album give off a feeling of a weary procession hiking through a desert. The front cover shows a vulture or buzzard (with a halo?), Graeme Downs' words paint a bleak landscape, and the songs tend to reinforce each other, until you are left with an overriding picture.

Mixed into songs about relationships are a couple of recurring elements. Elements of a dangerous, militaristic scenario keep on popping up. "There's a sniper on every hillside," in Downs' world. The other motif is a sense of pointlessness. "We've murdered the crew, we've planted the bomb," he sings on "Mission of Love," "We haven't a clue which direction we're on." And on the plodding "Dirge," he repeats, "You don't argue the point ... yeah no point matters."

The music creates the tension of this invented world. Several of the tracks on the album blaze along with an underlying push of punkish guitar, and Darren Stedman's fierce percussion. On "Mission of Love," "Way Out Where," "Blanket Over the Sky" and "Incarceration," the sensation is of being in the middle of a busy situation. As the track roars forward, it takes work to decipher the base of fuzz, covered by a punching beat, weaving musical lines and the voice that narrows down what the music is creating: "plundering under an old threadbare sky. and we thrive."

The other tracks manage to continue the tension in a softer setting. A nice keyboard line reels you in on "lucky in my dreams," but he's singing, "you're poisoning my world." Actually, they do a great job of combining noisy energy and memorable tunes on every track.

The Verlaines have signed to Slash/Warner Brothers, and seem to be doing fairly well. But The Chills, another of Flying Nun's excellent offspring and also signed to Slash/WB, have disintegrated. The group has broken up due to lack of commercial success, according to an interview with primary member Martin Phillipps, in the latest issue of the Big Takeover magazine.

Phillipps is the only member common to all the incarnations of the group. Former bassist Justin Harwood went on to form Luna with Galaxie 500 member Dean Wareham (and Feelies drummer Stanley Demeski).

It's sad to lose a group that has produced so many gems. Every Chills album is great, including last summer's *Soft Bomb*. Their old song, "Rolling Moon," is one of those pop songs that hook you the first time you hear it, and stick in your head for days demanding to be whistled.

I can only think of a handful of songs like this, often driven by a '60s-style organ, and many are from Flying Nun. Their 1991 compilation album, *Getting Older*,



features a lot of these songs, like "Rolling Moon", The Able Tasmans' "Sour Queen," and Look Blue Go Purple's "I Don't Want You Anyway." (It's too bad that The Clean's great "Beatnik" isn't included.)

In spite of the Chills breaking up, Flying Nun seems to be thriving these days. They are releasing material by brand new bands (some of which are probably hard to find outside of New Zealand), and their mainstays Baiter Space, The JPS Experience, Straitjacket Fits and The Bats have all recently released material on a variety of labels. The Terminals, who used to be on Flying Nun, have a new album on another New Zealand label, Xpressway. Flying Nun is just one more vein of underexposed music, and crucial listening for melodic pop lovers.



Poor Righteous Teachers
Black Business
Profile

☆☆☆

It's '93 and Poor Righteous Teachers are dropping their third bomb in three years. One that, no doubt, will blow up in their usual large manner. Since their 1990 debut, *Holy Intellect*, the New Jersey-based trio have been busy improving themselves not only musically, but lyrically. Always innovating, PRT came back in '91 with *Pure Poverty*, on which they flexed their newly developed regga-muffin style.

In their latest LP, *Black Business*, PRT continues with and further develops their lyrical skills on the West Indian tip. This Jamaican flavor, combined with smoothly sung verses and tight lyrics, brings PRT to a fully mature lyrical level that is held by few hip-hop groups.

Like many hip-hop artists and groups, PRT does their share of dissin' other wack mc's and praising themselves. However, PRT, who consists of Wise Intelligent, Culture Freedom and Father Shaheed, is not afraid to veer from the pack and say what they feel. Because of religious views, PRT preaches and practices abstinence from drugs and alcohol. PRT don't preach on the subject or diss on those who use, but just drops shit like "Don't smoke a hoota 'cause there ain't no buddha like Judah." Now, I don't have anything against spliff twistin', I just think it is refreshing to listen to something not on the chronic's jock. On the downside, PRT isn't afraid to kick



homophobic lyrics, which is also a result of religious views.

Anyway, on to the album. I personally like to skip the somewhat unimpressive first track, "144k," and start the disk with "Da Rill Shit," 'cause dat's what it is! On this one, PRT teams the mic with Power Israel, Black Prince & Omar Superstar to show they on with the new school. The third track, "Nobody Move," will get the heads nodding with bugged-out horns and an industrial-strength metallic beat. Tracks four and five ("Mi Fresh" and "Here We Go Again") both kick ill baselines via upright bass, and are chalk full of horns. They are two of the best on the project. With the exception of "Ghetto We Love," the B-side definitely lacks the harder edge of the five tracks mentioned above, but all are worth listening to.

—Matt Turner



Genitorturers
120 Days of Genitorture
Shock Therapy / IRS

☆☆☆

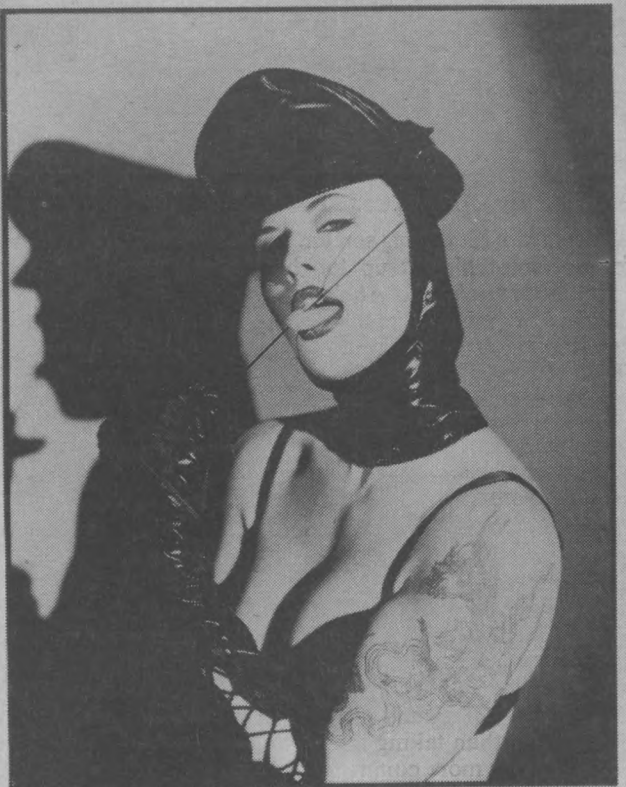
Genitorturers are a band from the S&M Disney underworld of Orlando, Florida, whose recent release *120 Days of Genitorture* combines industrial metal (a la Skinny Puppy and Ministry) with fetishes of "modern primitivism" and literary references to the Marquis de Sade. They are billed as a "unique conceptual band" at the intersection between "performance art" and cutting edge rock. Bollocks.

120 Days of Genitorture is a parody of itself without meaning to be. Their "ritualistic" live body piercings and S&M displays are a perfect example of the kitsch of the '90s. They are especially ridiculous when compared with their "performance art" predecessors like Ozzy and Kiss. It's not hard to imagine their lead singer/dominatrix, Gen, being inspired by Ozzy's famous appetite for bat heads.

Unfortunately, Genitorturers have gotten the stupid idea into their heads that they are artists. Performance art is bullshit. Their music and lyrics are like pornography without a sense of humor. This is compounded even further when they claim that their show is not just a sensationalist spectacle, but an extension of their private lives. Gen, a worker in an organ transplant clinic who removes eyeballs for a living, insists that their "art" is real life, not just tattoo rock. How cute.

As far as the music goes, they're all right. Not the musical pioneers we're led to believe, but pretty funny as glam rock. Sort of like Gwar.

—Chris Dunlap



When I Think Of All The Things I Could Do I Get Too Overwhelmed.

Kal's Korny

The antichrist will be a woman in a man's body with seven heads and seven tails.

Intriguing? Yes.

Irrelevant? Very.

However, the first 45 minutes of *Kalifornia* left my mind swimming with questions ... "I wonder if I can do a month's worth of laundry with \$1.50? Do I have enough gas in my car to make it home? Why am I here?"

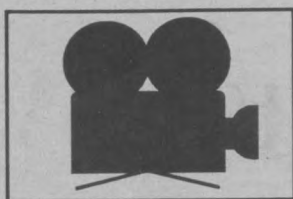
Fate matches an aspiring writer (David Duchovny) and his photographer girlfriend (Michelle Forbes) with two backwoods hillbillies (Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis). With a map in hand, destination California, and the top down, the foursome hit the road. Ironically following the trail of famous murder sites, Pitt leaves his own trail of blood. Shedding his "heartthrob" image, Pitt plays the stereotypical hick to a tee. Greasy, grunting and "spatting," this ex-con gives Duchovny hands-on experience trying on the shoes of a serial killer as well as a victim. Fitting the mold of Classical Hollywood Cinema, *Kalifornia* is predictable and unstimulating. Even Lewis can't save the cast as her passive, naive, childlike character quickly turns from cute to annoying. An entanglement of Hee Haw and 90210, *Kalifornia* appears to be a lost episode of an Aaron Spelling production. The first 10 minutes of character introductions could have been accomplished in five minutes, leaving more time for the actual development of a plot.

Most disappointing was the strange spelling of California. Like many of you, I pondered the significance of the K as a replacement for a C. Let me save you some time and money and give you my interpretation ... K= Killer, Kash, Korny, Koma.

—Erin Wilson

KCSB 91.9 FM Top Records Of The Week

- | | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Masta Ace | 11. Verve | 21. Adorable |
| 2. Breeders | 12. MC Lyte | 22. P. J. Harvey |
| 3. De La Soul | 13. Gumbo | 23. Blackmoon |
| 4. Allied Recs Compilation | 14. Del the Funky Homosapien | 24. Reality Control Compilation |
| 5. L.O.N.S. | 15. Fudge Tunnel | 25. Coup |
| 6. Curve | 16. Boo Radleys | 26. KRS One |
| 7. Poor Righteous Teachers | 17. Biz Markie | 27. Morbid Angel |
| 8. Coolio | 18. Souls of Mischief | 28. Cranes |
| 9. Alkaholiks | 19. Therapy? | 29. Unrest |
| 10. Jesus Lizard | 20. Top Quality | 30. Catherine Wheel |



Much Ado About Sex

With an Americanized adaptation of William Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," Kenneth Branagh is at it again with his boyish zeal for big picture, big dollar, big fun and big breasted Shakespeare Showcasting, making his favorite playwright saddle up to the tune of a multi-million dollar shindig.

This time it's no holds barred; it's a touchy feely-let's party-playground for the kids just home from war, riding into town in what seems like a well-played farce on *Young Guns*. Yes, sex is on the brain. Well, it's in the script, dammit! Will felt the same way.

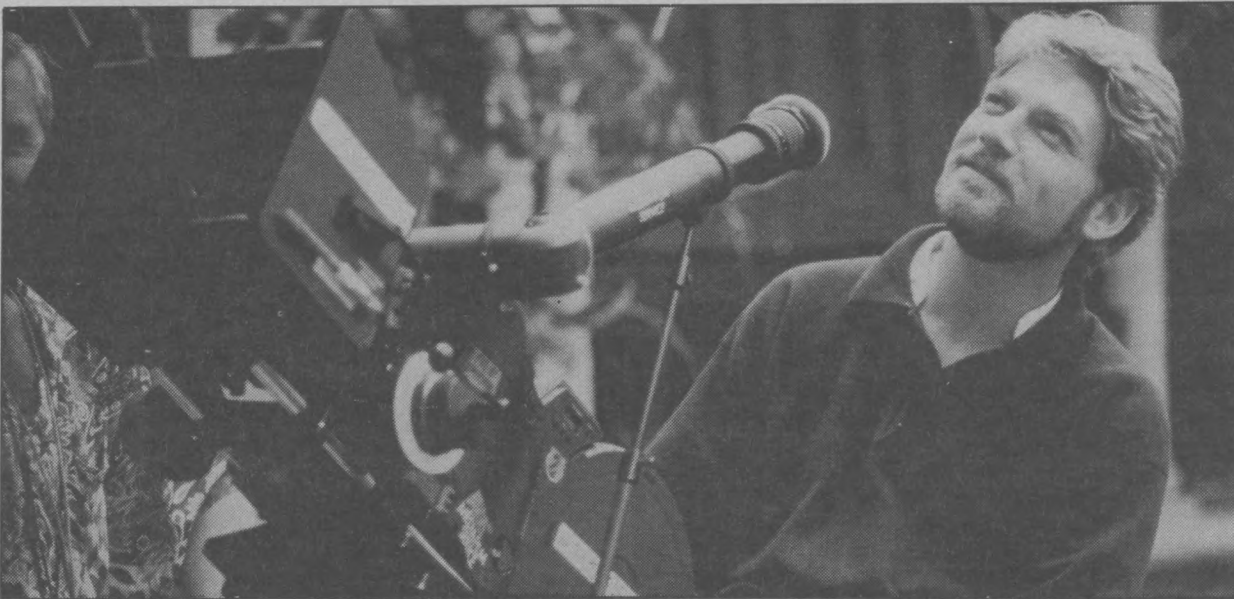
This film is the antidote to what director Peter Brook calls "Deadly Theatre," which could similarly spawn Deadly Cinema, I imagine, when it comes to Shakespeare. Deadly Theatre, in its most advanced stages, masks "excruciatingly boring performances," (particularly Shakespearean) with such elegant and aesthetic pretense that you can't see through its fog, or have fun for that matter. "Having fun" is an idea central to Branagh's current cinematic thrusts.

Not since Paul Czinner's 1936 film of *As You Like It* starring Sir Laurence Olivier, have we had good comic

After years of delicate utterance, anapests, troches and tempered anticipation in the dark wings of English theaters by which to polish his stage craft, Branagh finds the big screen getting even bigger with his *Much Ado*. Unfortunately, he forgot to tell the Americans what to do. They took the title literally. Actually, he told them to "Just do it," thinking the Nike motto would sufficiently inspire direction for the American contingency of Claudio (Robert Sean Leonard), Dogberry (Michael Keaton), Don John (Keanu Reeves) and Don Pedro (Denzel Washington).

NOT! It was not the key to unleashing the vivacity and fervor he was looking for. Good idea though. I know, an American accent is supposed to more closely resemble the Elizabethan speech, and I have a certain biased penchant for well-spoken words, particularly with an English accent, but these cowboys were sorely slipshanked by Wild Bill Branagh and his purdy lil' sidekick, Miss Thompson.

Forgive me, but I'm just still wondering why he's so good and they're so bad. Technically, it's obvious, but why didn't he brief them, I mean, on some of this "verse



An irreverent director's reflection can be deep.

Shakespeare hit the big screen. Bless you Branagh! And for not splotching it up too badly.

It's not *Much Ado About Nothing*, it's *Much Ado About Sex*. There is much adoing in the sparring, yet cunningly restrained libidinous rhetoric of Benedick (Kenneth Branagh) and Beatrice (Emma Thompson). They have both unwittingly been struck by Cupid's love shaft, or an artificial semblance thereof devised by Don Pedro (Denzel Washington).

Both Thompson and Branagh leave a lot to be desired, and one might ruminate as to the ease in which one could design one's own glorious self-inflation by being one's own boss, couldn't one? Lucky devils. And boy, did Branagh back into the industry the right way. Picture the young upstart in a small tent staked in a field neighboring the Royal Shakespeare Company. After reading everything he could, and acting his proletariat little heart out, he pulled a Spielberg by walking into one of the oldest theatres in England only to start giving stage directions rather than taking them. Well, almost. But in any case, it's even more commendable to mount the fortress of English theatrical tradition than to sneak past the pearly gates at Paramount in someone's limo.

stuff." It's almost embarrassing for him and for us. He didn't want to show off or anything ... naah.

Don't let Reeves scare you — it's just acting. He is the villain out to sabotage the romantic aspirations of Claudio and Hero (Kate Beckinsale). He is as villainous as a pussycat. He seems to be mostly frustrated that he can't speak that goddamned iambic pentameter, and ready to take revenge for it. Keaton is still somewhere off in *Beetlejuiceland*, and Leonard is ... dashing. Well, Washington is not bad — he has some genuine moments, but the rest ... ahhh, forget it! Go see it yourself and have a good time, and you will.

The film is still probably more fun with Shakespeare than you have ever had, though I hope not, and gloriously situated in a golden Italian villa Vignamaggio, not far from where Romeo was said to have bushwhacked up to Juliet's terrace to utter those immortal words, "Juliet, Mi amore, Baby, your cousin Zeffereilli is makin' a film and he wants us to be in it."

The Film *Much Ado About Nothing* is being shown at UCSB Campbell Hall, by Arts & Lectures, this Monday, Oct. 4, at 8 p.m.

—Christian Lincoln



Faced

This Kid's All Alone

The first thing about this movie is, go see it. If you've got kids, bring them. If you've got parents, take 'em. Go see *The Man Without A Face*.

It's a good movie, the way *Dead Poets Society* was good. It's especially good if you like men, because that's what this movie is about. Come to think of it, that's what *Dead Poets Society* is about, too.

An old drama teacher of mine said that in *Dead Poets Society*, Robin Williams rewrote the script to make himself appear much nicer, smarter, better-looking and generally an all-around great guy to be with, rather than confront some of the ugliness that arose from Williams' character's radical teaching style. He did this to boost his general movie image as the eternal good guy, and thus guarantee leads in movies that only have Santa Claus parts, like *Peter Pan*.

This same phenomena happened in *The Man Without a Face*, about a boy named Nordstad who seeks to escape his family by attending a military boarding school, and enlists the help of the town Boo Radley, a former recently deformed teacher named Justin, played by Mel Gibson, as a tutor to help him pass the entrance exam. Although I cannot say for certain that Gibson did anything to the script outside of accepting the role, it is incredible to me how mean the kid's environment is from all sides. Nordstad's friends hate his studying, his kid sister nearly sells him out, and his mother and sister chase off his best friend and set him up for a big fall (don't you wish I'd tell you what that fall is). Most painful for Nordstad is that his own mother fails every time to understand the kid's desire for a father. The closest she comes is hugging him and saying, "You don't need me much anymore, do you?"

Almost every woman in the movie sells out this kid, with the exception of his sexual interest, whose only line is "Hi Nordstad" and a broad smile a few scenes later. Then, Mel Gibson comes in and saves the day, sending the kid off to an all-male military academy.

At the same time, Gibson is facing growing local mistrust, mainly because of his reclusive ways and badly burned face. No one in the town even remotely defends Gibson in this witch hunt. The kid and Gibson are natural magnets for each other.

It's hard for me to believe that everyone in the entire movie, outside Gibson, wants this child to stay home, and that even his mother would fail to understand him. It's equally difficult to believe that no one would step up for Gibson. This movie would be more interesting if his mother understood maybe a part of him, or if the town had come up with maybe one advocate for Gibson. I am obligated to say that much of this movie is too easy, too black and white (Gibson versus the town, and the kid versus his family), with too many sexist overtones to be a really great film, but it certainly is well-acted, directed and written, and it is definitely worth the look. Even if its title should be changed to *What It Takes to Get Into a Military Academy*.

—Chris George



Coming Soon:
My Dinner With Ed



Come Check Out The Irie

I cannot think of a better way to musically start off this October than chilling out to the rocking reggae vibes of Boom Shaka. On Friday, Oct. 1, Santa Barbara will be honored by the return of one of L.A.'s hottest reggae bands, when Boom Shaka plays at the Beach Shack in downtown Santa Barbara.

Those of you who have had the opportunity to experience a live performance from this band can attest to their energy and vitality, as they assail their audience with flowing riddims and conscious lyrics.

Diving deep within the sounds of Boom Shaka, one finds a twist to the regular tradition of reggae music known as sufferers' music. Keeping true to the reggae foundation that gave rise to their special style, Boom Shaka blends elements of soul, funk and hip-hop into their rocking reggae beat, drawing from a conglomeration of talent and musical backgrounds. The five-piece band is formed around a core of three highly talented individuals. On lead vocals and backup guitar we find the main songwriter, Trevor Felix, with his brother, Ra Bas-

sie, harmoniously backing up Trevor's vocals, while kicking down some mean riffs on his bass guitar. The lead guitar of Lesterfari Simbarashe serves to carry the listener through the hypnotic rhythms that are consistent with the personal style of Boom Shaka.

Opening the show will be Santa Barbara's own veterans of reggae, Jah Bone. The "wake and bake" sound system will be controlled by Santa Barbara's own selector, DJ LP Stylee, as he spins the finest reggae hits under the influence of the most high. So check it out! An evening with the Boom Shaka crew can guarantee not only a rhythm that moves your dancing feet, but a tight, compelling visual performance that stimulates the senses. The lyrics of reality concerning the everyday hardships involved with living in Babylon serve to educate the audience.

This is the new school — simply listen and you shall receive. Jah shall provide!

—Rob Simpson





Sunstreamed And Ready

The Jayhawks
Hollywood Town Hall
American

☆☆☆

Maybe it's a sign of me getting older, or something, but I was actually impressed by this album. That's not too surprising because I like music, but this is *Country Music*. Suffice it to say as a city boy I detest Country Music.

(It's really more country rock — an admix of some Gram Parsons project, the Flying Burrito Brothers and the Everly Brothers, with the vocals of Mick Jagger blarin' through.)

But like I said, this is a good album.

When asked why they named themselves the Jayhawks — do they like

baseball — the band waxed in typical midwestern fashion "because we liked the name. But there's no mystical meaning either. The name didn't pin the group down."

These guys are for real; it's real music for real people. If you like wearing your brother's boots from the '70s then this is your type of group. Then again if you're wearing fat-laced old school pumas you might consider checkin' out something a little fresher.

Because this foursome comes from Minneapolis, they have a very distinctive view of America peculiar to the Midwest. On *Hollywood Town*, the perfect record for those who like their country music with a healthy infusion of rockin'

soul — this perspective from sunstreaked plains and frigid winter nights is on display in all its glory.

The Jayhawks' songs recall a time when musical elements like melody, harmony and lyrical sincerity were not clichés but rather still open to exploration, and yet the band has only a minimum of naiveté.

The strong title track "Waiting For The Sun," with its dope piano chords, is sure to get you going. Of course, my favorite is track number 10, beautifully titled, "Martin's Song."

While there are a lot of flavor-of-the-months, these guys might very well be the flavor-of-the-years, because they are able to



groove a funky country-rock with a matter-of-fact urgency.

Be sure to check out *at the Ventura Theater, The Jayhawks when they Friday, Oct. 8, at 9 p.m. open for Matthew Sweet* —Martin Boer

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Twelve Stories
Twelve Stories
Demo

So how many local bands are there nowadays? It's easy to lose count, especially since they all play the same songs at the same places for years and years on end. Not to bag the local music scene, which is still pretty good.

So what's one name more? And what a fine addition it is. We are talking about Twelve Stories, who have thrown their hat in the ring with a pleasant three song tape currently being distributed at Morninglory Records.

First of all, I want to say that Twelve Stories is made up of ordinary people. No Barbie-doll lead singer, no GQ drummers — just nice ordinary looking folk. It's kind of refreshing to see someone in the music business who is just selling their music and nothing else.

The lead singer of Twelve Stories, Tina Sicre

A Local Dozen



(yet another UCSB graduate) is the driving force behind this band, with a voice that varies from haunting and tender to bluesy to straight-up me-

lodie. And all this in a three song demo tape. Sicre is ably backed by a troupe of local troubadours. With Jim Mason on guitar, Roger Len Smith

on bass, and Bryan Smith and Mike Pearl rounding it out on the rhythm section, the band sounds slick and tight.

—Martin Boer

Live Jazz

- featuring -

OUT CAT OUT

THIS FRIDAY NIGHT

from 9:00-11:00

AT THE ANNEBERG

Things To Do

Hey, are you sick of school yet? Did you enjoy the Week One Lull? Don't worry — you still have the Week Two Lull to look forward to. In the meantime, here are some of the events going on in the coming week.

If you have an event, concert, gig or humongously entertaining activity of some sort you would like to see in this space, let us know. Call at 893-2691, fax at 893-3905 or drop us a line ...

Tonight, Sept. 30, acoustic duo the Blocks will play their original compositions at the Green Dragon art café. The performance begins at 9 p.m..

On Friday, Oct. 1, you can dive into a Local Rock showcase at Toes Tavern on State Street. Red River Gumbo and the Gathering

will be featured. Or, go see the Central Coast premiere of "Marvin's Room," a funny and moving play by Scott McPherson. The play premieres at the Alhambra Theatre, at 8 p.m.

On Saturday, Oct. 2, local band Twelve Stories will be at Hodge Podge downtown, at 9 p.m. Also, Hava Kohav Beller's film *The Restless Conscience* will be shown at Girvetz Theater at 4 p.m. The film concerns The White Rose, one of the few resistance groups in Nazi Germany.

The filmmaker will appear in person and discuss her film, on Sunday, Oct. 3, at the Victoria Theater Assembly Room, at 7 p.m.

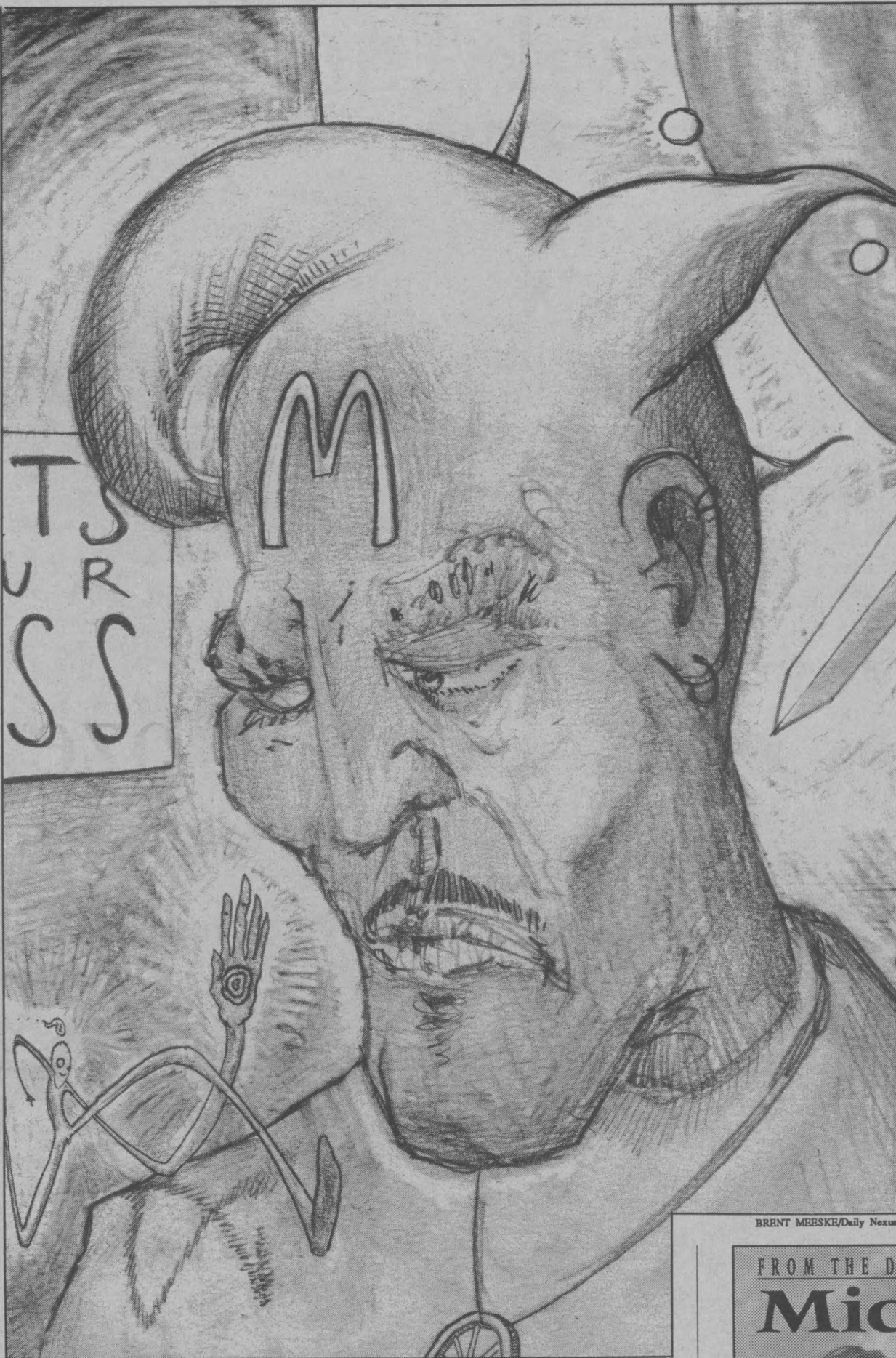
Also on Oct. 3, L.A. reggae band Here & Now will appear at Toes Tavern. Standing out amidst a veritable plethora of activities on Monday, Oct. 4, is

an audition for the Open Microphone at the Green Dragon Art Café. The open mike begins on Wednesday, Oct. 6, and will happen on the first Wednesday of every month.

On Tuesday, Oct. 5, San Diego performance artists Christine Berry, Adrienne Houle and Joan Spitzer present a performance of "Women Who Kill Too Much," at Center Stage Theater at 8 p.m. Further ticket information is available at 963-0408.

And next Wednesday, catch those half-a-mall harmonizers Twelve Stories at 9 p.m. at the Wildcat, in case you missed them the first time, (or really want to see them again). Then get some sleep.

—Compiled by Kevin Carhart



BRENT MEEBKE/Daily Nexus

The UCSB Opera Theatre announces

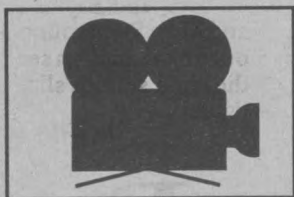
Open Auditions
for
W.A. Mozart's
The Magic Flute
Michael Ingham, Stage Director

Wednesday, October 6
2-6 p.m.

Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall
Performers should prepare
an aria or art song.
An accompanist will be provided.

Please call 893-3261 to sign-up for an audition time.

Opera performance dates:
January 28, 29 & 30, February 4, 5 & 6
Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall



Football A Go-Go

As a consummate fan of college football, and being deprived of it at UCSB due to the shortsightedness of our elected student officials, I do whatever I can to get a fix. Unfortunately, my addiction led me to *The Program*.

This David S. Ward film; a combined project by Samuel Goldwyn Jr. and Touchstone pictures, promised in its commercial trailers to show its audience the "gutsy and raunchy side" of college football while you experience the "pain of the game." Well, so much for slick PR. It got me in the door, but once in I couldn't wait to get out.

There are three basic parts to *The Program*. First, James Caan, who in typical major box office star fashion has his name above the movie title, plays a very minor role as the head coach of the fictitious Eastern State University Timberwolves. He's a desperate man who may lose his job if he doesn't get a major bowl

bid in the next season.

Enter Darnell Jefferson (Omar Epp), a high school All-American tailback described by an envious teammate as "just another gangbanger with speed." Oh boy, writing doesn't get much better than that.

Darnell's love interest, Autumn (Halle Berry), is torn between her father's feelings, who wants her to be with the envious pre-med teammate, and her feelings for Darnell, who she tutors through remedial courses so he can pass his assessment test and be granted the chance to take "real college courses." I bet you can't guess who wins Autumn's affections.

Second, *The Program* tries to deal with some strong issues such as steroid use, and trying to get out of the ghetto by scoring a professional sports contract. But the writing is so predictable, and the plot so transparent, that it's like eating a giant bowl of fruit cocktail; you love grapes, you can see the grapes, you want the

grapes, but you have to fish through endless spoonfuls of fruits much less exciting to get grapes.

The third part of *The Program* is the quarterback Joe Kane (Craig Sheefer), who comes from a dysfunctional family of alcoholics, loves to take risks such as lying down on the freeway and playing chicken with his motorcycle, but has a golden arm and incredible leadership skills despite himself.

Sheefer could probably become an acceptable character if he would take the time to find his own identity. In *The Program*, he comes off as a Christian Slater wannabe with little hope for change.

Filed on location at Duke and the University of South Carolina, *The Program* could have been good with a little more thought and planning. But at this point, I'm planning to be sick if I give it any more thought.

—Duke Conover

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "THE ADDAMS FAMILY"

Michael J. Fox

He thought there was nothing as seductive as money.
He was wrong.

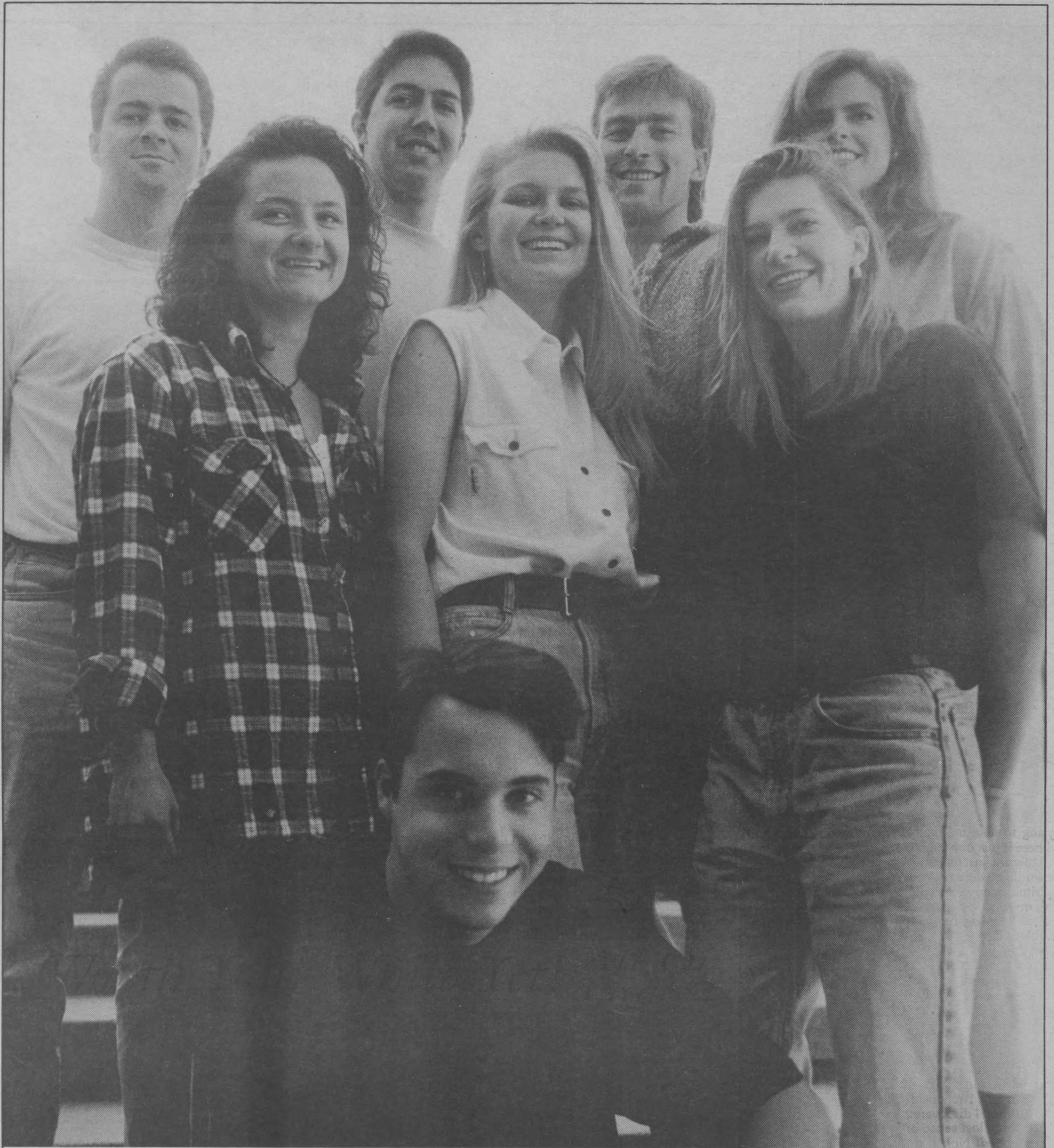
For Love Or Money

A Choice Comedy.

IMAGINE FILMS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS A BRIAN GRAZER PRODUCTION A BARRY SONNENFELD FILM MICHAEL J. FOX
"FOR LOVE OR MONEY" GABRIELLE ANWAR ANTHONY HIGGINS BOB BALABAN MICHAEL TUCKER
CASTING BY BRUCE BROUGHTON COSTUME DESIGNER SUSAN LYALL
PRODUCED BY GRAHAM PLACE EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JIM MILLER PETER LARKIN
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY OLIVER WOOD EDITOR MARK ROSENTHAL & LAWRENCE KONNER
MUSIC BY IMOSINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DAVID T. FRIENDLY PRODUCED BY BRIAN GRAZER DIRECTED BY BARRY SONNENFELD

PG PARENTAL STRONG CAUTIONED
1993 NATIONAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

OPENS OCTOBER 1ST A UNIVERSAL RELEASE



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