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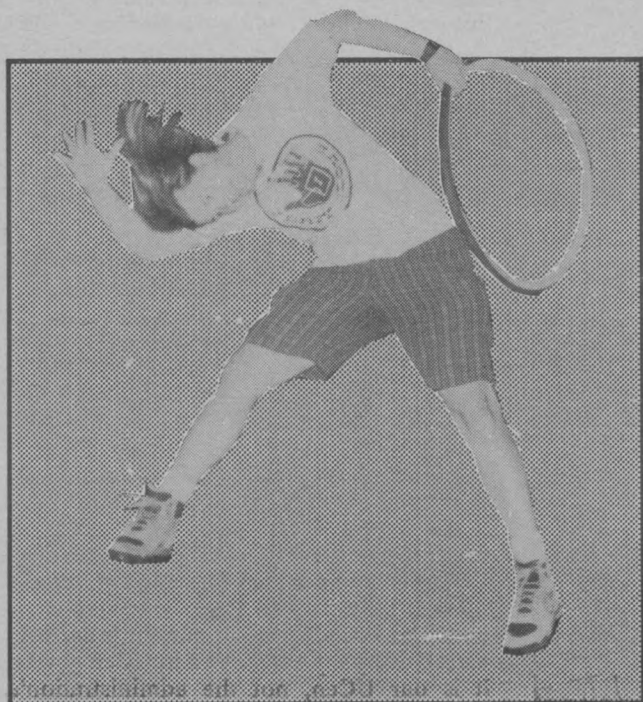
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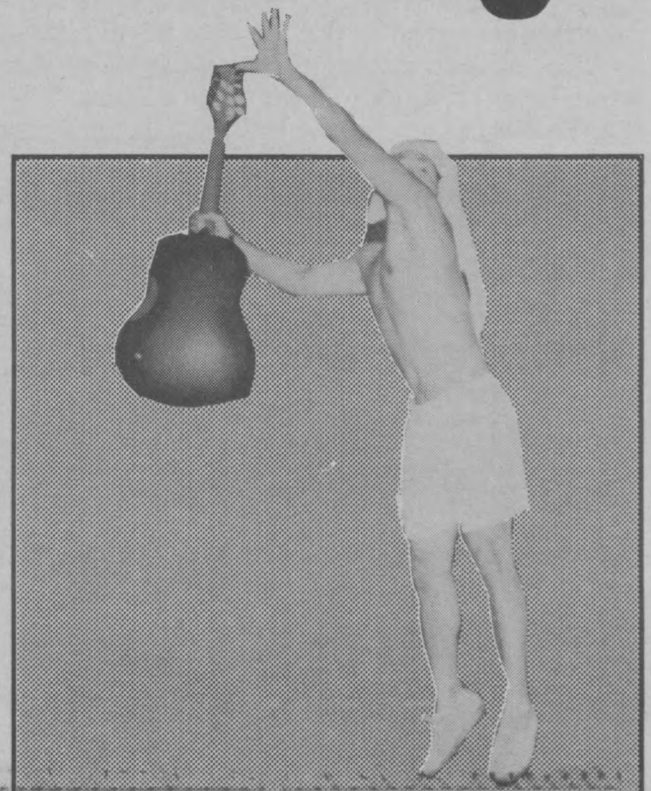
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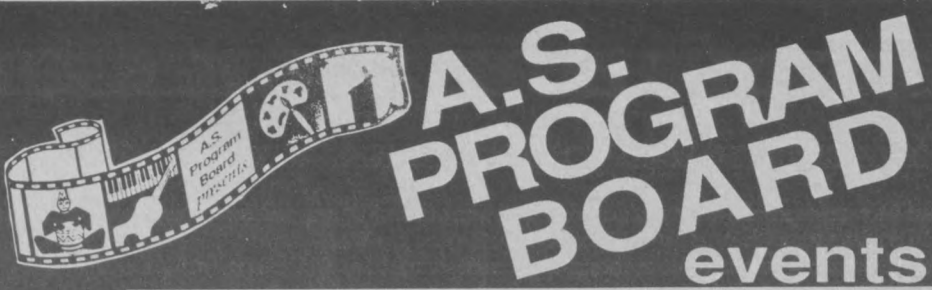
Why Are These Guys Smiling?



Because Their Acoustic Guitar Band is the Hottest Act at Local Clubs. As Los Guys, Jeremy Donaldson (left) and Harold Lee, Are Finding Success With a Stripped-Down Sound.

Interview, pg. 6A





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Burn This Examines Societal Angst

The Dramatic Arts Department presents a searing look at contemporary society tonight with the premiere of Lanford Wilson's controversial play *Burn This*.

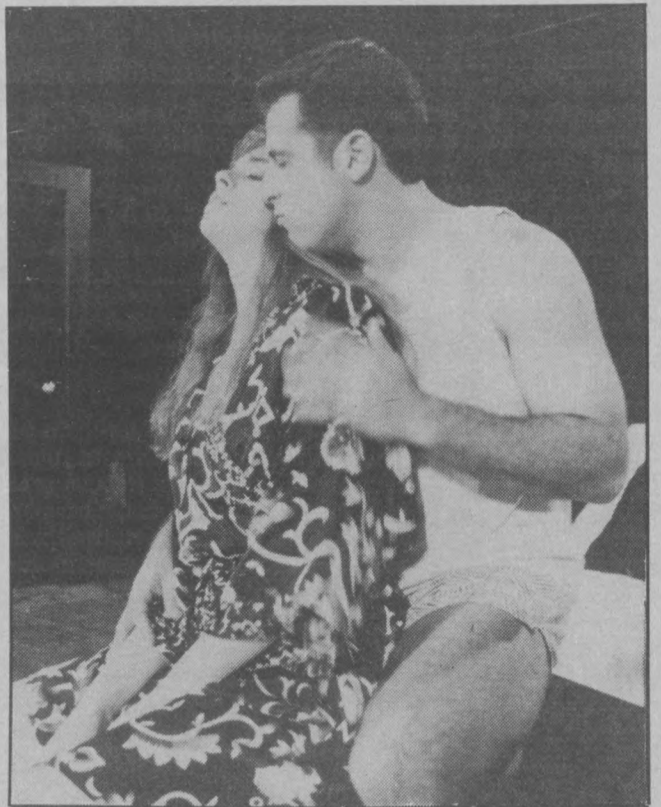
Directed by graduate student Victoria Gilbert, *Burn This* is a confrontational piece dealing with the complex issues of sex, homosexuality, violence, relationships and the stresses of the thirtysomething generation. According to Gilbert, the unique production features something which will affect everyone in the audience.

"The play has to do with the inability of the characters to maintain intimate relationships," as a result of the alienating society in which they live, she said. Each of the characters is forced to deal with alienation on some level during the course of the play.

Because the play deals with adult themes and contains severe language, Gilbert cautioned that viewer discretion is strongly advised.

The play begins when Pale, an angry man of contemporary society played by Michael Sulprizio, enters the life of his dead brother's roommate, Anna, a modern dancer/choreographer played by Miranda Holmes. The story develops with Anna's attraction to Pale, despite her serious relationship with Burton, an increasingly successful screenwriter played by Jeff Graham. The play also delves into the life of Anna's current roommate Larry, a gay advertising copywriter.

Despite the nature of the characters — an angry man, a modern dancer, a gay ad-



Miranda Holmes as Anna (left) and Michael Sulprizio as Pale in *Burn This*.

vertising writer and a screenwriter — Gilbert said she tried to avoid turning the characters into stereotypes by creating them as multidimensional human beings. Each of the actors was required to research their characters to transform them into genuine people rather than mere characters on a stage.

Burn This is a workshop production, using limited space and lighting. Gilbert described the production as "actors' theater" — the focus being detracted from the production and setting and concentrated on acting and directing.

Wilson's play was originally performed on Broadway starring John Malko-

vich, and later Eric Roberts, as Pale, and some consider it a *tour de force* for any actor in the lead role. But Gilbert disagrees with this idea.

"Every single actor and character is important," she said. The play is more of an ensemble, focusing on the lives of all four characters and the problems they encounter, not just Pale's story.

Burn This opens tonight in the Old Little Theater at 8 p.m. It will also be presented Friday, March 6 at 8 p.m. and Saturday, March 7 at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. A \$1 donation will be collected at the door.

—Karen Skanderson

Local Bands Featured At Awareness Concert

Anisq' Oyo' Park will be the site of "Wake Up," an AIDS awareness concert Saturday afternoon, featuring local bands Rogue Cheddar, Los Guys, Graceful Punks, Made of This, and Milgrim's Pilgrims.

The event is being sponsored by the A.S. Program Board and the AIDS Awareness Task Force. Speakers from several organizations involved in both AIDS and sexual awareness issues will be giving brief educational talks between the sets.

Marc Kaplan, the event's organizer, was involved in a similar event in Northern California and has since become eager to bring something like this to the Santa Barbara college crowd.

"We're supposed to be the most enlight-

ened age group, and we still don't know the facts about how AIDS is transmitted," Kaplan said.

Park veterans Los Guys — who, like each of the participants, are donating their time — are planning some topical set changes in honor of the event. The taller half of the band, Jeremy Donaldson, said, "We're absolutely not doing it for the money, because there is absolutely no money."

The concert is scheduled to run from noon until 6 p.m. and is absolutely free. Complimentary condoms will also be available. For more information, call 893-3536.

—Alex MacInnis

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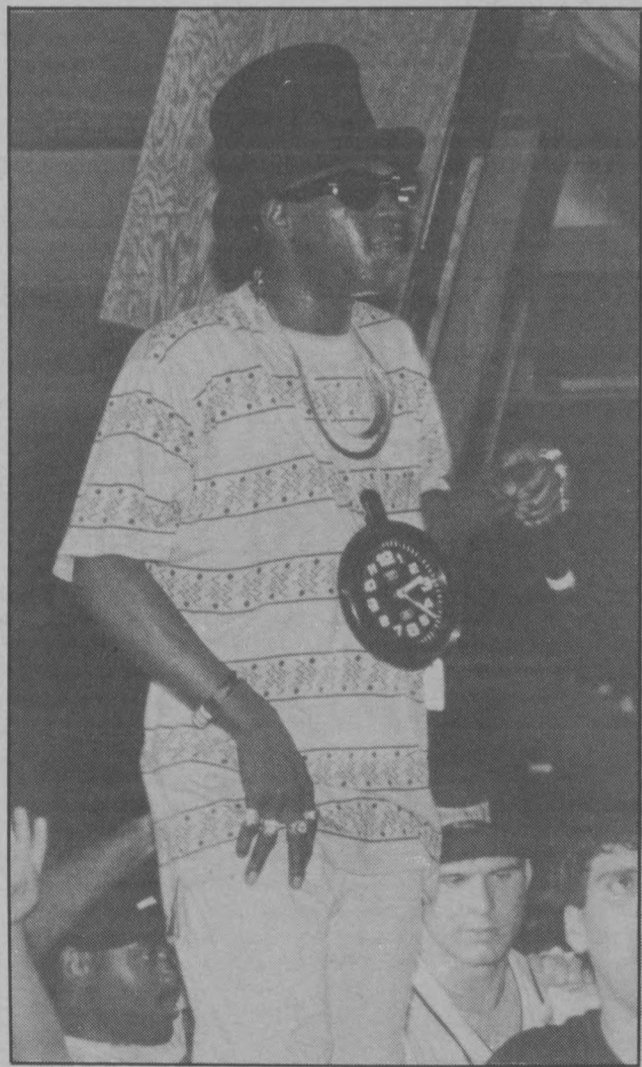


CONCERT REVIEW

Word to the Masses

In an Explosive Show at the Anaconda, Public Enemy Lets Loose on Racism, Their Image, and Arizona

By Bonnie Bills and Charles Hornberger



It took over an hour for Public Enemy to get to the stage Wednesday night at the Anaconda Theater, but once the spotlights hit Flavor Flav, Chuck D and Terminator X, there was no doubt that everyone was going to get exactly what they paid for.

They rocked the Anaconda to its knees. They pumped up the volume past all acceptable levels. They soliloquized. They dissed Arizona.

And Flavor Flav even took his hat off.

Stalking the stage like a barrel-chested panther for over an hour, Chuck D belted out the lyrical assault P.E. is famous for, while his bony-kneed partner strutted around in classic Flavor style, grinning and slapping hands with fans. Though Flavor's birdlike prancing — and an impressive headful of dreads — may have caught most of the crowd's attention, his solo performance of "Yo' Nigger" proved he can stand up against Ice-T, KRS-One or anyone else you'd care to name.

Aside from some unfortunate skips on Terminator X's turntables (due to the Anaconda's shaky stage), the show was seamless from start to finish. The only problem was that it had to finish at all.

Heavy touring apparently hasn't tired Public Enemy, who looked — and performed — as if they just came back from a weekend in Phoenix, where they *definitely* wouldn't have worn themselves out bringing down the house like they did in Isla Vista. And when Chuck D started droppin' knowledge, you knew Governor Mecham wasn't far from his mind.

And he *did* dis' Arizona. As political as ever, Chuck D put the hip hop on hold for 15 minutes for a litany on racism, the media's portrayal of P.E., Christopher Columbus and the historical destruction of Black culture in America. "We're agents for the preservation of the Black mind," he told the cheering, mostly white audience.

They may be the one and only group that can stop a roof-shaking show for a political speech without alienating the audience. In fact, P.E.'s politics were as welcome as their music.

After Chuck D finished, Flavor took the mic and continued with the lesson, talking mainly about the allegations that Public Enemy is racist. "How can we be racist when we bring all these Black and white people together and proclaim them brothers and sisters?" he asked.

And then he said it. "Yeaaaaah Boyyyyyyy"

As Terminator X's beats pounded through the thick, 90-degree air of the Anaconda, the crowd exploded. Heads bobbed, a sea of arms waved and some guy fainted in the front row.

In the end, all you could do was marvel at the band's ability to not only pump out some of the best hip-hop ever made, but also leave their audiences with a powerful political message.

Too bad Babs couldn't make it.



From top, clockwise: Chuck D addresses the crowd at the Anaconda Theatre Wednesday about a variety of topics, including Public Enemy's image and Black culture; A member of the S1Ws (Security of the First World) surveys the scene; Flavor Flav plays to his audience; Chuck D busts a rhyme; Flavor Flav shows everybody what time it is. Photos by Hillary Kaplowitz/Daily Nexus.

One might consider a sense of humor that refers to former Soviet Premier Konstantin Chernenko as a "comic figure" and communism as "Kafkaesque absurd Soviet reality" as somewhat cynical.

The owner of this sense of humor, Marianne Shaternikova, doesn't consider it cynical at all. Actually, she doesn't even consider it a sense of humor.

"You can call it whatever you like, but I would (call it) bitterness, rather, and disappointment," said Shaternikova, who is teaching a course in Soviet Film this quarter at UCSB.

Although she has never taught in the United States before, the UCSB film studies department did not have much difficulty in deciding to give Shaternikova the job. Her resume is impressive — while she's not vacationing in the United States, she teaches at the Moscow Film School in Russia.

Shaternikova was born in 1934 in St. Petersburg, formerly Leningrad. Her father was well-known Soviet filmmaker Sergei Yutkevich.

Her parents divorced when she was young, and on June 22, 1941, she was with her mother, a movie actress, at an audition when the Germans took Leningrad. Fortunately, the audition was in Moscow.

She was relocated with her mother and the movie studio she worked for to Central Asia. She lived there for two years, until after the 1943 Battle of Stalingrad, when she returned to Moscow where she lived in a two-room apartment with 11 other people for "11 or 12 years."

After this, she moved into a three-bedroom "communal apartment" with her mother and two other families. It was here that she finished school and got a job at Mosfilm Studios as an interpreter, where she had an encounter with then-Soviet Premier Nikita



CHRIS FITZ/Daily Nexus

Broken English

Lecturer Marianne Shaternikova's Accent Doesn't Obscure Her Message on the Reality of Soviet Film

By Denis Faye

state and all the enterprises worked under very tight plans. So, by the 31st of December, all your quotas had to be filled.

"Of course, people cheated," she continued. "But on paper, in the reports, your plans had to be fulfilled ... so the film was ready by the 31st of December. It was not exactly ready because there existed only the Indian version. The Russian version did not exist yet."

We all know that our opinions didn't count. What counted (was) the opinion of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

dio just to entertain themselves and also to see what kind of films are being produced."

Shaternikova arrived at the studios on time and, after a sweep of the facility by the secret police, the premier made his entrance.

"Khrushchev came with a big entourage — well not so big, maybe 10 or 12 of them," she recalled. "I think they were all *politburo* members. Khrushchev began shaking hands with everybody and everybody was silent because he was silent. The soviet 'protocol' — so to say — says that if you are not addressed, you should keep your mouth shut.

"But when it came up to me, I couldn't help it. I said — only my voice sounded in this room — I said, 'Happy New Year, Nikita Sergeevich!' because my mother taught me that I should be polite. He didn't say anything; he didn't answer but he shook my hand. His wife, Anina, who was following him — such a plump, cozy looking lady — she immediately gave me a candy."

The film went without a glitch. Shaternikova didn't know the Indian language but managed because she had the film memorized

from working on it. She did, however, notice that, "it seemed to me that some of (the politicians) were a little bit sleepy."

After the film, "we were saying goodbye, very silently, and suddenly a man, a big man, stopped in front of me and said, 'Good Articulation!' and I only knew that this man had these big bushy dark eyebrows.

"Later I was told that it was Brezhnev."

The eccentricity of this encounter aside, she still has a respect for Khrushchev.

"Despite the opposition from the leadership of the party, he had the courage to expose Stalin and to tell the whole world that he was a tyrant and to tell much — not all the truth — but much of the truth."

After language school, Shaternikova enrolled in film school at the age of 23. Since then, she's hosted a Soviet television show called "The Films of the Years of the Past" and has been to the United States twice.

She has served on many committees, although their goals have often seemed futile, given the nature of the U.S.S.R. and the anti-Semitic re-Stalinization of

the seventies.

"The film ministry had a special commission which decided whether foreign films should be bought," she said. "I was, for some time, a member of this commission and we were writing our opinions — but, of course, we all knew that our opinions don't count. What counted (was) the opinion of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

"For instance, two American films were sent.

added. "But they were not bought. They were never bought. No one would have told you so, but you understood very well — Barbara Streisand was playing a Jewish girl who was openly Jewish and the word 'Jewish' was mentioned on the screen. Norma Rae was the same thing. The union organizer who came from New York was Jewish. That was enough."

After the censorship and angst that artists of the old Soviet Union experienced, Shaternikova looks at American artists' hardships with a little bit of cynicism.

She has a hard time comparing the terror involved in Stalin's destruction of entire countries to, say, the Red Scare of the 1950s United States. Specifically, she referred to the Hollywood Ten, a group of filmmakers who were accused of being communists. When they pleaded the Fifth Amendment at their hearings, they were held in contempt of court and sent to jail for a year.

"Well, of course I'm not saying it (jail) is not hard, but I had been reading the letters of one of them, Dalton Trumbo ... I got this book ... and I begin telling my friends what I was reading. They began laughing hysterically because I was reading that he was absolutely free to write to his wife and that the warden of the prison was talking to him like a human being.

"They even, I think, allowed him to lecture other prisoners," she added. "The job he was doing was unloading beef carcasses for the prisoners. Everyone was laughing like mad because meat in Soviet prisons was unheard of. It was incomparable, absolutely.

"I'm not saying, once again, it's good — it's very bad — but compared to the Soviet prisons and gulags it was a joke."



CHRIS FITZ/Daily Nexus

Marianne Shaternikova was born in 1934 in St. Petersburg, U.S.S.R., formerly Leningrad.

Khrushchev.

Shaternikova was working on a Soviet/Indian co-production about a soviet trader in India called *Afanasy Nikitin*, which she described as, "a nice film ... a little bit boring, but nice."

"I remember in the Soviet Union, until very recently, everything was owned by the state — so the (film) studios were also owned by the

"Suddenly on the first of January, the New Year's Day, there was a phone call to my place and the studio told me to come immediately. They said there would be a very important screening and I understood that someone from the government would come to the studio (and that she was to translate the film). Sometimes they came to the stu-



CHRIS FITZ/Daily Nexus

On vacation from Moscow, the lecturer is teaching a class on Soviet Film at UCSB.

The Way We Were with Barbara Streisand. Ideologically, absolutely an ideal film. You know, McCarthyism in America. The other one was Martin Ritt's *Norma Rae*, a very good film about the union worker who tries to organize the textile workers.

"For both films ... we said yes, 100 percent, absolutely!" Shaternikova

Shaternikova is insecure about teaching in the U.S.; she thinks her deficiency in the English language impairs her from getting her point across. On this, she is wrong. Whether it is bitterness, disappointment or cynicism, her message makes an impact. As members of a democratic society, whether or not we understand it is our responsibility.

MUSIC REVIEWS

No Ugly in Wayne's

Just the Good/Bad in Film Soundtrack

Because Penelope Spheeris directed *Wayne's World*, it has a good soundtrack. Before hitting the big time, Spheeris's crowning achievement was the documentary *The Decline of Western Civilization II: The Metal Years*, which was heralded as being almost as funny as *This is Spinal Tap*, despite its obvious handicap of being about real people.

Because she made *Metal Years*, Spheeris knows bad/good metal. Somehow, with a few exceptions, she managed to offer us a soundtrack that is a melange of laughably old good rock music (Jimi Hendrix's "Foxy Lady"), laughable old good rock music (Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody"), laughable good new rock music (Red Hot Chili Peppers' "Sikamikanico") and laughably bad/good new metal music (BulletBoys' "Rock Candy" — had the band that did this song originally, Montrose, done it, it would have fallen under the category of laughably bad/good old metal music — but instead in that category

you get Alice Cooper's "Feed My Frankenstein").

Fortunately, Mike Myers and Dana Carvey do a down-and-dirty version of the "Wayne's World Theme", and the overly produced Aerosmith version is absent from the soundtrack.

The only truly horrible thing about this soundtrack is that there are two songs by Tia Carrere, the film's love interest. Her rendition of Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz" is particularly disgusting. It's too bad, since the original version falls under the laughable old good rock music category.

A noticeable absentee from the soundtrack is I.V.'s own Ugly Kid Joe, whose smash hit, "Everything About You," was in the background of the now-infamous "dinner scene." The boys in the suits want you to buy Ugly's album, and if they put the only song that everyone likes on this soundtrack, no one would buy UKJ's album.

—Denis Faye



Drivin-N-Cryin ages well, like squishy grapes.

MUSIC REVIEW

Drivin-N-Cryin Like Fine Wine

Fly Me Courageous
Drivin-N-Cryin
Island Records

First of all, I've got to say that the name of this album is amazing. *Fly Me Courageous!* Wow! Secondly, these guys play some pretty good rock 'n' roll — not the kind where you immediately start dancing, but the kind that grows on you each time you play the album.

Coming out of Atlanta, Georgia, Drivin-N-Cryin follows in the footsteps of acts like REM and the Indigo Girls. Their sound, however, holds a much harder edge in the style of new college bands like School of Fish and Nirvana. Lead guitarist Kevn Kinney weaves melodic but tough sounding riffs around themes of world weariness and scarred but wiser survivors.

Sometimes this works and sometimes it doesn't. The first track on the album, "Around the Block Again," is a catchy song pounding the age-old image of man scorned by woman, or perhaps the difficulties of a rock 'n' roll lifestyle. Other songs, like "For You," try for a more intimate, melodic sound but don't quite make the grade. The lyrics on this album are not always completely coherent, but I guess coherency is pretty passe in this new age alternative music.

On the whole, Drivin-N-Cryin puts together tight sounding songs which are thoroughly enjoyable, especially their faster and harder sounding numbers. This is a very good but not spectacular album which will only get better with age. Hopefully, this band will get better with age as well.

Drivin-N-Cryin will appear at the Anaconda on Friday, March 6. For more information, call 685-5901.

—Alex Salkever

When Five Is Four

Nobody Said It Was Easy
The Four Horsemen
Def American Records

A second after I put in the new Four Horsemen album, I felt the need to fetch my trusty ole bottle of JD and do a couple slugs. For some reason I couldn't turn the volume up loud enough and I durn near blew out my roommate's speakers in the process.

Plain and simple, these guys rock out hard. Emerging from the swamps of Los Angeles and led by an ex-convict lead singer named Frank Starr, the Four Horsemen (although there are five band members) worship the God of traditional heavy metal, the



The 5 Four Horsemen
power chord. Their songs are familiar three-chord blues and heavy metal, but there is something new in their music — an element which links Southern rock and roll with the original metal masters, AC/DC.

Horsemen tunes like "Rockin' Is Ma' Business," and "Nobody Said It Was Easy" roar off the stereo, out of control, and chase you around your living room screaming for blood with a slight Georgian accent.

The Four Horsemen may not offer any amazing philosophical insights or any wildly innovative music, but they will drive you to drink in the most positive of ways. And they definitely live up to their namesake.

The Four Horsemen will appear at the Savoy Theatre in Santa Barbara on Saturday, March 6. For more information, call 818-973-4545.

—Alex Salkever

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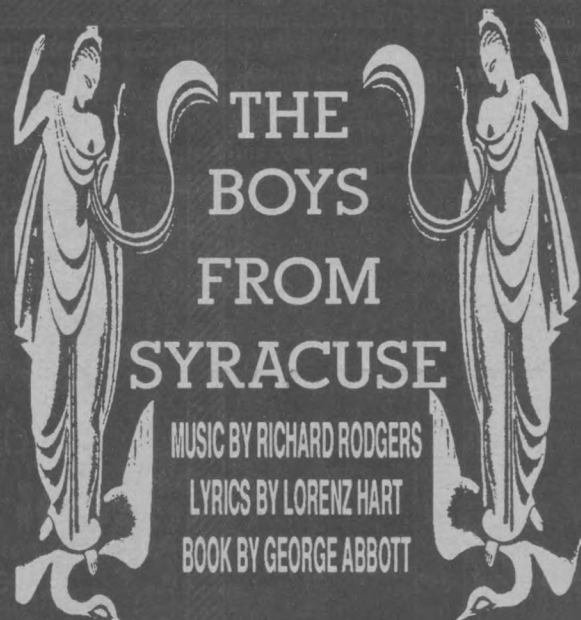
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Ha! Ha!

Stripped to Their Most Natural Elements, Hungry Dogs Los Guys Have Heard the Soup Bell and Are Here to Feast

Interview by J. Christaan Whalen

Los Guys are a fresh-faced yellow dog, smiling because it just found a wounded turkey caught up in a barbed wire fence. They've bitten into the ripe flesh of UCSB's acoustic party music market, and they hear the soup bell ringing with almost deafening tinnabulation. Indeed, 1992 is Los Guys' time to feast.

Combining a sonically-naked two-guitar-only format with an I.V. cover-song sensibility, Los Guys have come up with a formidable attack. And their popularity is waxing like a bad candle.

Los Guys. Jeremy Donaldson, 21, Taurus, rhythm guitar, vocals. Harold "I'm sure glad I had broccoli tonight, tomorrow morning I'll feel good" Lee, 21, Virgo, mango-smash lead guitar. Together, they may have forever changed the way Isla Vista listens to music.

Like grapes to wine, people seem hard-pressed to describe Los Guys' style. "They're a rock and roll band without the rock and roll band," some say. "They're just two guys playing tunes on acoustic guitar," say others. Even the Guys themselves disagree.

Harold: "We're a rock band without the drums and bass."

Jeremy: "Yeah, but are we?"

Hmmm. The chitty-faced Jeremy, the writer of the band's original songs, prefers the adjective, "Rockfolkbluesgroovyhiphopvocalguitarduofearlessenvironmentalensemble." Their fans, however, just call them Los Guys and have seen to it that these dormish heavyweights have risen from sofa obscurity to KTYD-hyped lionization on the local bar scene.

Their countrified originals span the gamut of clever parody ("Blowjob") to ham-fisted social commentary ("Colorblind"). And they do real well with an audience.

They're natural-born crowd-pleasers, seeming not to perform out of what they know would please, but out of what is pleasing to each other. They know 70-80 cover songs, most of them by Crosby, Stills and Nash, they don't use set lists and their motto is "When in doubt, do another Dead cover."

"It's a good motto," Jeremy says.

They don't practice — ever. That tradition started at their first public performance, just over a year ago, at the Pub's Campus Review amateur night. Then known as Double Dose, Jeremy and Harold went on stage completely unrehearsed and walked out with the first prize as



well as a big, fake cardboard check for \$200.

For those of you who have never seen Los Guys, one guy sings while the other guy solos for two weeks. They both smile, one wears a hat, the other wears only boxers and combat boots. It's fun music. Sun music. Music to play for your friend, Charlie, when he comes over at four in the morning after he took some bad acid and he can't find his wallet and he knows that *it's all just this big sham*. It's music that might not save the world, but might just make you glad you heard it.

The following is an edited transcript of a conversation with Jeremy and Harold.

ENCORE: Why don't you have a drum and bass?

Jeremy: That's something I want to put down for posterity.

ENCORE: What's that?

Jeremy: Well, people come up and they're, "So are you guys looking to start a band?"

Harold: Ha ha ha!

Jeremy: I mean, it's like, you know, we'll play the park or we'll play at a party somewhere and people, seriously, I don't know how many times people come up, like, you know, everybody's a closet drummer or a closet bassist and they're all, "Hey, you guys looking to start a band?" And it's like, you know, what the fuck? I mean, are we missing something? You know, we didn't notice it. So, it's like, I don't know, *we are a band*.

Harold: I think Jeremy's just under a lot of stress.

Jeremy: I am. Ha ha! Fuck everybody! Ha ha!

Harold: He's really a lot nicer than me.

ENCORE: Why are you so angry at the people who want to play music with you, play wonderful music with you?

Jeremy: I'm not angry at people who want to play music with us, but, but, it's just, I don't know. It's kind of weird to have someone come up and, it's like, say "Are you looking to start a band?" Because it totally, just, I don't know.

ENCORE: So you think, you're thinking, is it their fault then that they don't perceive you as a band, or is it perhaps a fault of your own?

Jeremy: I think it's their fault. Ha ha. Because I perceive us as a band. I perceive us as a full package. I couldn't imagine playing with a bass and drums, because the way we play, um. You've never seen us?

ENCORE: Yeah.

Jeremy: You have seen us.

ENCORE: I've seen you twice.

Jeremy: Where at?

ENCORE: In Storke Plaza and I saw you in the park.

Jeremy: Well, then you've seen how it works. It's like, it's all very, it's kind of like, that's why we throw "jazz" in the long adjective, because it's all kind of freeform. You know, none of that stuff is practiced or stuff that we sat down and said, "OK, we're going to make this change here." It's kind of just, you know, whatever happens and however and that came about because (Harold) taught me how to play. And my whole style has evolved, you know, kind of just as a compliment to his.

Harold Lee (left) and Jeremy Donaldson express zeal over their personal discovery of the heavenly bodies. Harold and Jeremy are both 21 years of age. Their motto is, "When in doubt, do another Dead cover."

Hillary Kaplowitz/Daily Nexus



Hillary Kaplowitz/Daily Nexus

"... (We can) play 'Sympathy for the Devil' on two acoustic guitars and really carry it off with a lot of energy and a lot of fire. You might try like, 'Pleased to meeet you!' You know, like a bossanova type of thing."

Jeremy Donaldson

ENCORE: So would you say that the reason people may not perceive you as a band is because they have a closed-minded view of what bands are?

Jeremy: Yeah. I think, you know, we try to not be limited by the definition of a band. We do our best to not be limited to that, to say, "OK, two guys with acoustic guitars, do this. And only this. You know, play Peter, Paul and Mary." You know, I think just the fact that we forget that a lot of times allows us to do the kind of things that we do. I mean, to play "Sympathy for the Devil" on two acoustic guitars and really carry it off with a lot of energy and a lot of fire. I mean, if you think in traditional band terms, you know, you probably wouldn't even try that. Or you might try like, "Pleased to meeet you!" You know, like a bossanova type thing. I don't know.

ENCORE: Describe your music using terms associated with water sports.

Harold: Splash.

Jeremy: I would call it double-reverse gainer music.

Harold: Gurgle.

Jeremy: Gurgle's good.

ENCORE: In "Billy for President," you mention your six-year-old son. Is that merely a nod to country music conventions, an attempt to dissuade raging hordes of rabid groupies or an interesting personal detail?

Jeremy and Harold: Ha ha! All of the above! Ha ha!

ENCORE: Who is Billy?

Jeremy: Billy is an amalgamation of some of my freshmen from last year when I was an RA on campus and every little kid that you see running around. Just no one in particular. No, I don't have any cousins or brothers, although that was a good story for a while.

Harold: I do have a daughter named Billy.

ENCORE: What's the next step for Los Guys?

Harold: We kind of get this beer-drinking crowd, right, which is great. But, I don't know, what I kind of want to do eventually is like, you know, do a nice, mellow gig where people are really listening to the voice tone. To the little, intricate parts of our songs. The words. Definitely the words. You know, like, a lot of the good beer songs that are coming out now are just, you know, "Blowjob," funny songs. Nice songs. But, you know, Jeremy's got a whole bunch of, you know, a lot more, I don't know, *serious* if you want to call them. Like stuff you want to sit down and have coffee instead of, you know, drinking, pounding as fast as you can, beer. So that's what I kind of like.

Jeremy: Coffee music? Oh, Lord.

Los Guys will be performing this Saturday in Anisq' Oyo' Park as part of "Wake Up," a celebration of sexual awareness.

Past Groovy Columns as Hunt Goes On

Keep Looking For Him; Meanwhile, Enjoy An Old One Titled, "I Am Not a Crook."

Ed Note: Keep those responses to the Where's The Video Guy Contest coming! We'll announce the winner at the start of next quarter. However, we would like to take this time to remind readers that all those letters that attack or patronize The Video Guy are pointless, in that he is missing and probably will never read them. This is the last column of the quarter — but fret not, the contest will continue next quarter.

In the meantime, we are digging deep into the ENCORE files and unearthing the best of The Video Guy columns from years past. This week's column was dated Nov. 16, 1973. This was the last column The Video Guy would write for about eight years, until he reemerged in the early '80s. Here, The Video Guy explains the scandal that forced him into seclusion. The affair would go down in history books as "Videogate." So put on those bell bottoms and enjoy.

So Trout and me were cruisin' the other night. I had the T-top off on my Trans-Am and my hair was looking fierce. We didn't pick up any chicks that night, but the hot tub at my bungalow was hot, and we had a couple of good videos to watch, so Trout and I headed back to the pad.

Anyway, we popped *Motel Hell* and *Dirty Harry* in the Betamax, kicked back with some beer, really great beer, like Hamm's.



Anyway, we popped *Motel Hell* and *Dirty Harry* in the Betamax, kicked with some beer, really great beer, like Hamm's.

The next day, I was approached by my editor. He wanted to know what we watched last night, so I told him. Here is where it got ugly.

He says that he got hold of one of the tapes I had rented, *Dirty Harry*. He then tells me that this film is borderline mainstream and accuses me of trying to undermine the other reviewers at *Swing Time*, the art section of the *Daily Nexus*, by watching films in their territory. As if that weren't enough, he says that he has it in good confidence that the other tape I rented was *Gone With The Wind*.

I say it ain't so. He says that the tape was never returned, so I should cough it up. I tell him that I don't have the tape

and that he can't pin nothing on me. I didn't do it; I am not a crook.

This may be my last column. I may have to quit, only because I am so offended. But, I want to prove to you, my Video Fans, that I am innocent. Therefore I am going to review the movie I watched that night, *Motel Hell*.

Motel Hell is set in the pre-Civil War South. It is the story of a couple that own a hotel and kill the guests to make Farmer Vincent's Smoked Meats, which are popular all over the county. The trouble begins when this young chick falls for Farmer Vincent and he tells his old old lady that he doesn't give a damn and leaves her. Her life goes downhill from there and someone burns down her house, or something like that.

The young chick keeps her clothes on for most of the film, but in the last half hour, she drops her top and it stays off, much to my satisfaction. Another highlight of this film is Wolfman Jack's excellent portrayal of a TV preacher and Clark Gable's excellent portrayal of Rhett Butler.

On The Video Guy Beer-o-Meter, I give *Motel Hell* a nine, one beer being purely for the fact that one of the stars was named E. Hampton Beagle.

This is The Video Guy saying, "I didn't do it."

STAGE REVIEW

Farcical Chaos Lifts Syracuse

The Boys from Syracuse is a Vaudeville-type musical farce based on Shakespeare's *A Comedy of Errors*, but containing the tuneful music of Richard Rogers and the witty lyrics of Lorenz Hart. These two masters enhance the play's enjoyment, but the author of the book, George Abbott, does much to decrease it.

Though the show is interspersed with some very funny lines good enough to have been used by the Marx Brothers, there are simply too many characters in the first act and not enough explication of who these characters are. This confusion is made worse when some excited actors, at the beginning of the play, rush their lines to the point of incoherence. In spite of its certain faults, the play stands as a brilliant production.

Eric Kaufman and Brad Heberlee, who play the boys from Syracuse — Dromio and Antipholus respectively — are very impressive. Kaufman's antics as Antipholus' idiot sidekick are hilarious; the combination of the two are reminiscent of Abbott and Costello. The slight clownish makeup on Kaufman's face is a magnificent addition which contributes greatly to his chuckle-headed appearance.

Both the set and the costumes are good. The tall Greek columns, the large marble staircase and the droopy togas strengthen the play's hold over the audience's imagination. Indeed, to the play's benefit, the farce is made even more ridiculous by having each twin wear exactly the same thing as his brother.

In addition, the choreography is first-rate. The ballet with Pygmalion and the Amazons is a stand-out number and the dance during the humorous song "Come With Me" about the sergeant taking Antipholus of Ephesus to jail is very entertaining.

But the best accolades must be reserved for the play's director. During the course of the play, characters run on and offstage, chasing each other up and down staircases and around corners. Judith Olauson, a veteran comedy and musi-



Kerry Neal (left) and Stacey Plaskett in *Syracuse*.

cal director, once again demonstrates a magnificent capability to direct a comic play with these elements. In the hands of a less capable director, the scripted chaos which makes *The Boys From Syracuse* enjoyable could have been devastating.

The Boys From Syracuse continues with shows Friday, March 6 and Saturday, March 7 at 8 p.m. For more information, call 893-3535.

—Bill Mathieson

FILM REVIEW

Chevy's Movie Gigs: Invisible

Memoirs of an Invisible Man. Starring Chevy Chase, Daryl Hannah, Sam Neill. Screenplay by Robert Collector, Dana Olsen, William Goldman. Produced by Bruce Bodner, Dan Kolsrud. Directed by John Carpenter. AT THE ARLINGTON

Once upon a time, Chevy Chase was a scary guy who did funny movies and John Carpenter was a funny guy who directed scary movies. The two never talked to each other much because Chevy was busy making people laugh as Fletch or Clark Griswold and Carpenter was busy directing classic horror films like *Halloween* and *They Live!*. It was a nice time, and the people were happy and the sun shone every day.

Now, thanks to the wonderful magic of the Hollywood board room, Chase and Carpenter have come together on a film that is neither scary nor funny. It's called *Memoirs of an Invisible Man*, and it's OK.

Memoirs doesn't pretend to be side-splittingly hilarious or head-splittingly frightening but it does ask to be taken seriously — a request that can't be obliged. Chase plays one of those guys, a commodities broker whose low-scale, jiggery-pokery is a way of life. But when he turns invisible, whoo boy!

Bottom line is, the yuppified Chase becomes a lot nicer guy after he gets turned into Mr. Seethrough. Behind the film's relatively slow moving plot, there seems to be the poorly insinuated sense of a moral message. A kind of "Hey, your life may be bad, but at least you're not invisible!" type of message. What is unfortunate for this occasionally charming, witty picture is that this "message" seems to be nearly as translucent as the film's hero. It leaves you wondering whether it is even worth seeing. Ha ha.

—Dylan Callaghan and J. Christaan Whalen

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