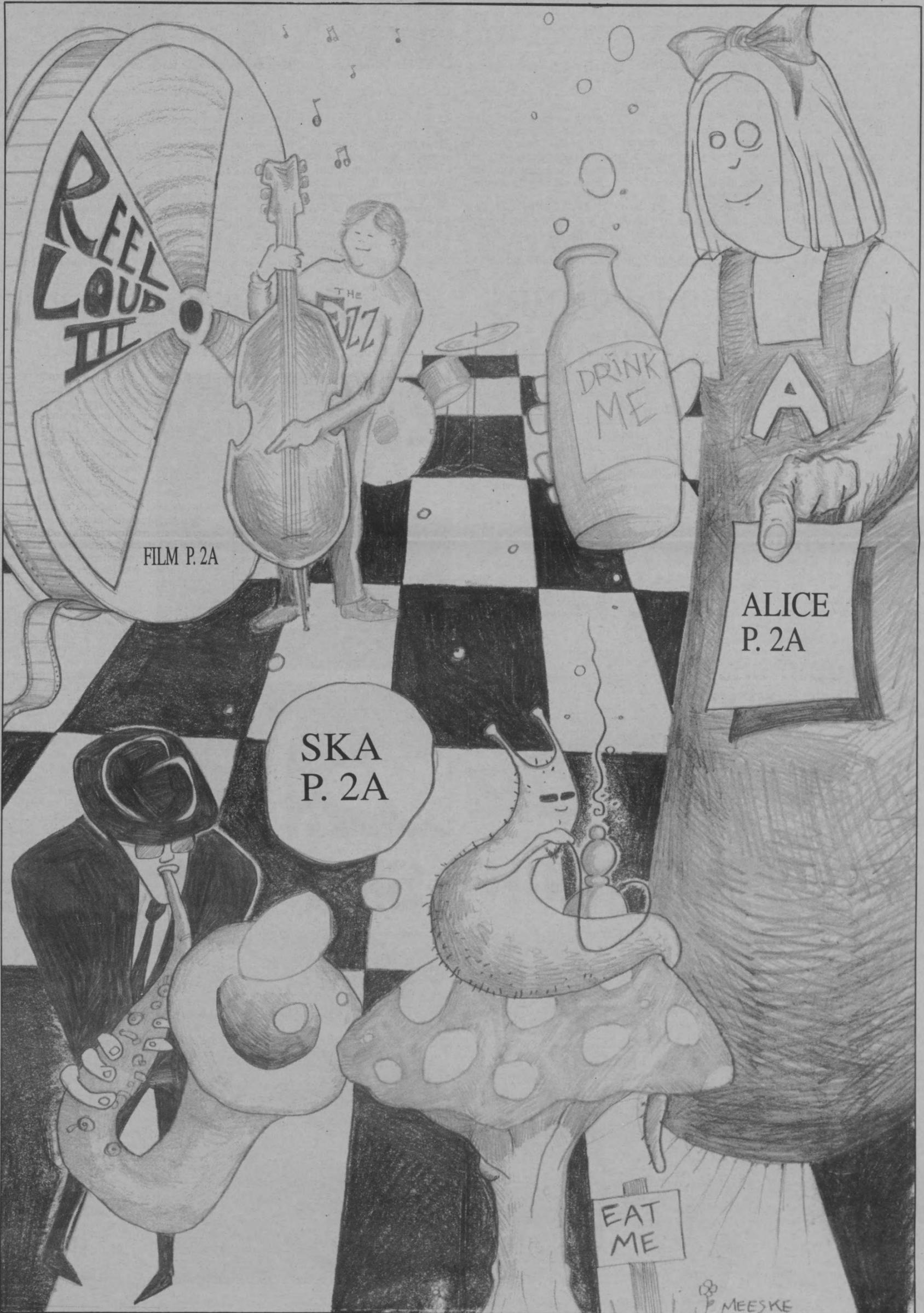


# ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of May 12-May 18, 1994





# ALICE'S ADVENTURES ON STAGE

Looking for a good time? Head on down to Paseo Nuevo's Center Stage Theatre and catch a performance of "Through the Looking Glass," the Lit Moon Theatre Company's adaptation of Lewis Carroll's book of the same name.

It's hard to go wrong when you're adapting a source as brilliant as *Through the Looking Glass*, the author's second book about Alice's fantastic adventures, following *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. The company has taken these fanciful works to heart, giving them a physical presence worthy of Carroll's writing. Director John Blondell uses a combination of dance movement, Michael Mortilla's beautiful music, and a sparing number of

props to give this production the same dreamy childhood fantasy feel as the book.

In the play, Alice travels through her looking glass to Looking Glass Land, as strange a world as Wonderland was. The land and its characters are based on chess, which is spelled out for us by Theodore Michael Dolas' lighting.

Once she has arrived, Alice begins a trek across the chessboard as a lowly pawn, on a quest to become a queen. For every one of the seven squares she crosses, she has an adventure. Finally, she reaches the other side of the chessboard and accomplishes her goal, only to suddenly wake yet again from her dreamworld.

Rather than transferring the stories straight from

their source in a simple translation, Blondell has interpreted and transformed the book into theatre, all the while considering the differences in the media and making necessary adjustments. By adapting the tales so well to the trappings of theatre, he successfully intensifies the experience without sacrificing any of the author's original intent.

With the complexities of theatre, one would be easily swayed to increase the work's complexity, but Blondell does a good job of keeping the production from becoming too lofty, thus retaining the original feel.

Since "Through the Looking Glass" is a sequel to the Lit Moon Theatre Company's interpretation of "Alice in Wonderland,"



the production team seems to assume an audience familiarity with their style right from the start. Their immediate leap into some of the show's most abstract ideas is their only substantial flaw. These opening scenes will catch the new members of the audience off guard. Though this is only a brief uncertainty, the company would do well to soften

the introduction a bit.

The true strength of any show is its performers, and this show is no exception. They move with a great energy, and considerable speed. Victoria Finlayson, Matt Tavianini and Stan Hoffman are constantly running, jumping or changing into Lesley Finlayson's wonderfully simple costumes. It is a wonder they have time to

breathe, much less deliver their lines.

Shana Lynch plays Alice superbly. She and the rest of the cast really keep the story's innocence alive through their mannerisms. It is this sense of childhood and imagination gone wild that makes "Through the Looking Glass" such a wonder to behold.

—Davin McHenry



## IT'S DINNER! IT'S THEATRE!

Just a few miles up the coast, a mere jaunt, lies a tranquil ranching area where people go to the theatre only to have fun. That's right — not to be seen, not to frown, cough or ponder, but just to have fun.

Near the shores of Refugio Beach, a small but bold drama company has been performing most amusing plays for years at the Circle Bar B Ranch Dinner Theatre, where guests dine, drink and then gather into a red barn for some not-so-highbrow amusement.

The ranch is currently

performing "Bullshot Crummond," a quirky spoof on black-and-white detective movies of the 1950s. The play features George Lemire in 1930s London as Hugh "Bullshot" Crummond, a man with as firm a grasp on a situation as Inspector Clousseau or Mr. Magoo, trying to fight evil with the luck of the good.

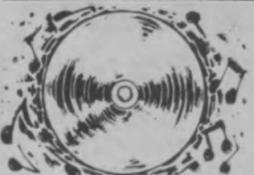
In the first scene, two nasties from Deutschland, Otto and Lenya Von Bruno, kidnap the fragile but oh-so-brilliant Professor Rupert Fenton, whose synthetic diamond-creating formula will help

them rule ze world. The academic's ditzy daughter, Miss Rosemary Fenton, seeks the aid of Crummond to save her father from the nasties.

On that premise, the play takes the audience through plane crashes, car chases, castles, dungeons and the Carlton Team Room. All of this on a tiny stage might seem inconceivable, but the company pulls it off brilliantly.

"Bullshot Crummond" shows through June 4. Dial 965-9652 for more information.

—Martin Boer



## THIS MIGHT SKA YOU

Now's your chance to see one of the founding acts of Jamaica's most popular music, a band that virtually created ska and sat in on the most important early reggae sessions with heavyweights like Bob Marley and the Wailers, Toots and the Maytals, Desmond Dekker, and Jimmy Cliff.

Spawned from a late-'50s Jamaican musical culture where American R&B, jazz and mento (a calypso derivative) were the prevailing styles, the Skatalites, along with a couple of other less popular groups, created a monumental new form. Combining the rhythms of New Orleans shuffles with a distillation of Jamaican rhythms, Lloyd Knibb (drums) and Lloyd Brevett (bassist) concocted a powerful dance beat to under-

score virtuoso saxophone and trombone solos by Tommy McCook, Roland Alphonso, Don Drummond and Rico Rodriguez.

Although the new Skatalites have lost Alphonso, Rodriguez (who played with the Specials, the Selecter, and Madness) and the immortal Don Drummond (who died in 1969), their latest CD, *Skavoovie*, is evidence that in over 30 years, they haven't lost any of their energy.

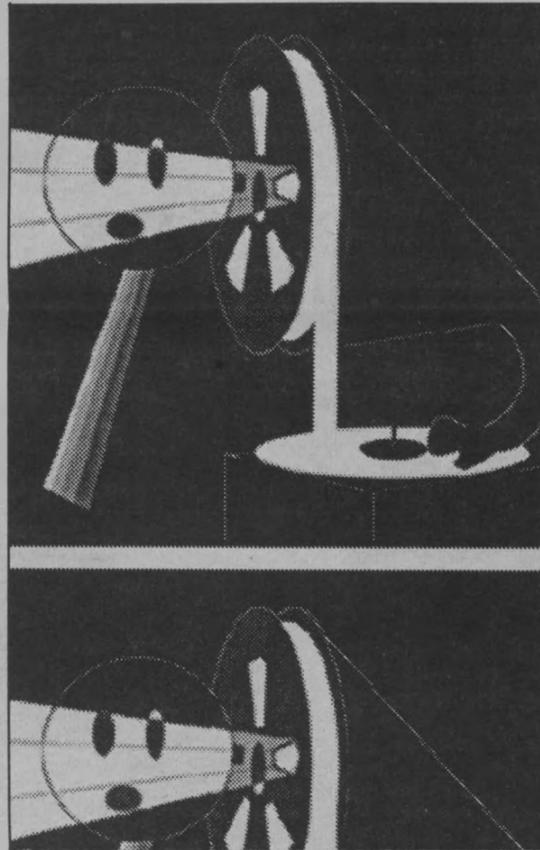
If you missed the Skatalites show that came through L.A. and Santa Cruz earlier this year, with the Selecter, the Toasters, and the Special Beat, as I did, this will be a fine consolation.

The Skatalites will be playing at the Red Dog Saloon on May 13.

—Chris Dunlap



## FILMS THAT PLAY BALL IN CAMPBELL HALL



In the beginning, there were the Ballpeen Hammer Boys. They put on a performance art show at Campbell Hall called "Huge." The dry ice sizzled, the trampoline was taken, and music was made by Black Clothes, Pointy Shoes.

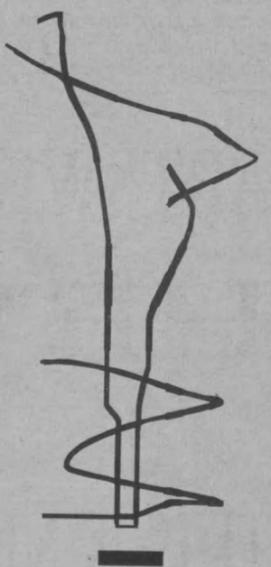
That was another day, and a different UCSB. But the same creativity, weirdness and fun will be coming once again to Campbell Hall, in the form of the third annual Reel Loud.

Reel Loud is a program of student silent films, presented by the UCSB Filmmakers Co-op. Music will be provided by Evil Farmer, Sparker, and Fuzz, each awesome and beloved. The films will be incredibly good, because they always are, and because our film studies department is great.

Reel Loud shows Wednesday, May 18, at 8 p.m. Tickets are available at the door. Come early!

And incidentally ... another student film, *King of the Wheel*, will show tonight at 9 p.m. at Gus' Bar, 5871 Hollister. Check it out!

—Kevin Carhart





# FRIEND OF A FRIEND

*Six Degrees of Separation* was already a big stage hit before it made it to the movies. When it arrives at UCSB's Campbell Hall tonight, it will have garnered some of the highest praise offered to a play or movie in a long time.

The play, written by veteran script-smith John Guare and directed by Fred Schepisi, won huge critical acclaim, taking a New York Drama Critics award, an Obie and several other honors before going to the silver screen.

Taking on the themes of wealth and poverty, and of parental care for children,

the movie is packed with thought-provoking insights.

We begin with the parents, Ouisa and Flan — how's that for nonsensical upper-class names? Played by Stockard Channing and Donald Sutherland, respectively, they pursue their dream of wealth and prestige, which turns out to be a lot of work.

Just as they are about to cut a deal on a painting for their art collection, Paul (Will Smith) shows up on their doorstep, bleeding. He says he knows their kids, and is the son of re-

nowned Black actor Sidney Poitier. They decide to take him in for the night. Thus we have the crux of the movie.

The title of the film refers to the idea that every person is only six people away from knowing every other person. It's hot stuff, and definitely worth the time. Smith is sterling as a wannabe rich guy, and the experience that he's received from "Fresh Prince of Bel Air" serves him well.

The real star of the film has to be Stockard Channing, who played Ouisa on the stage. She has a genuine change of heart at

the end of the movie that really moved me. That must be why she was nominated for a Tony for strutting the boards, and later the Oscar for best actress.

Director Fred Schepisi has won a number of Australian Film Awards.

*Six Degrees of Separation* will be playing at UCSB's Campbell Hall tonight at 7 p.m. Tickets are \$4 for students, \$5 for nonstudents. For more information, call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

—Chris George



# THE MANY LIVES OF HECTOR

The new Robin Williams film *Being Human* is one tough movie to like.

Like an unruly party guest, *Being Human* makes a poor first impression and only proceeds to make things worse — much to the chagrin of everyone who has to watch.

"This is a story about a story," begins the nonchalant and rather uninterested narrator during the opening credits. But, as the viewer soon finds out, the story is not at all sure what story it is trying to tell, and appears to confuse itself more than anyone else. In fact, for most of the first half of the movie, the audience is left hoping that the story telling the story will just go get some good counseling and work out its schizophrenia before it even thinks about telling another story.

And yet, through all the confusion, the movie has something worthwhile to say after all — but only if you really, really look for

it. What starts as an off-the-shelf tale of a divorced father named Hector (Williams) trying to reacquire himself with his two children, suddenly turns into a prehistoric yarn about a hunter-gatherer named Hector (again, Williams), whose wife and two kids are taken away by a gang of other caveman types. A parable about a Roman Empire-period slave named Hector (Williams yet again — notice the pattern?) follows, as does a fourth story about a Scotsman named ... uh, Hector (Williams). Hector the Scotsman is eventually replaced by Hector the Portuguese (Williams), a Renaissance-period nobleman shipwrecked on the African coast with his slave, a former lover, his new boyfriend and a bunch of other people. Finally, the story laps itself and serves up Hector the modern-day divorced father again, picking up a full day before it started.

This is not a plot about an immortal guy named Hector, or even about reincarnation — it really is about five totally different yet remarkably similar Hectors. Each of the four episodes from past centuries mirror events from the life of the modern Hector, starting with separation from family and ending with a longing for reconciliation. The message of *Being Human* would seem to be that there is nothing new under the sun; anything that you have done, are going to do or might do has already been done by somebody else in another place and time. Lost touch with your wife and kids? Been there. Caught between a rock and a hard place? Done that. Trying to figure out life, death, sex and chickens? You and everybody else.

These are experiences that resonate through the lives of so many people, regardless of the place and time of their existence, and

*Being Human* tries to show that any person's life is really just the latest chapter of a timeless story. That story may not be the most sensational ever written; it may not even be at all interesting at first glance (or even second and third glances). But that timeless story is certainly one of being ... oh, you know.

This movie does have more than a few problems — particularly the narrator, whose distant commentary is infuriating to listen to. The apparent lack of connection between the various episodes can also be disturbing for viewers who like their narratives to be of the linear variety. Again, this movie is a tough one to like; most people will find it impossible to like. But, for a certain few moviegoers, *Being Human* is an interesting experience in storytelling that can really grow on you.

—Scott McPherson

**LITTLE LAMBS OF GALILEE**  
A NEW PLAY BY TONY K. DAUM

MAY 13 - 14 and MAY 17 - 21 8:00 PM  
MAY 15 and MAY 21 2:00 PM  
STUDIO THEATRE 801 LATE SCOLLARD  
General \$8.50 Student \$7.00

**UCSB DRAMA**  
1993 - 1994 SEASON  
DEPARTMENT OF DRAMATIC ART  
BOX OFFICE 805 893-3535  
PATRONS WITH SPECIAL NEEDS SHOULD NOTIFY THE PRODUCTION OFFICE AT 893-3022 ONE WEEK PRIOR TO PERFORMANCE OF ANY REQUIREMENTS

**MEASURE FOR MEASURE**  
by William Shakespeare  
May 20 - 21 and 26 - 28 8:00 PM  
May 22 2:00 PM  
**HATLEN THEATRE**  
General \$10.00 Student \$7.00

**ISN'T IT SATISFYING WHEN ROB LOWE SHUTS UP FOR A WHOLE EIGHT HOURS?**

ARTSWEEK TRADING CARDS! COLLECT THEM ALL!  
Clip and Save

HEY KIDS!

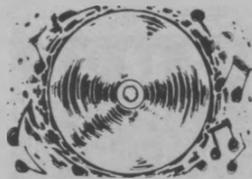
Clip and Save

THIS IS NUMBER ONE IN A SERIES!

Clip and Save

#1

**Chris Dunlap**  
Rear Guard of the Proletariat



# MUSIC WITH DRIVE

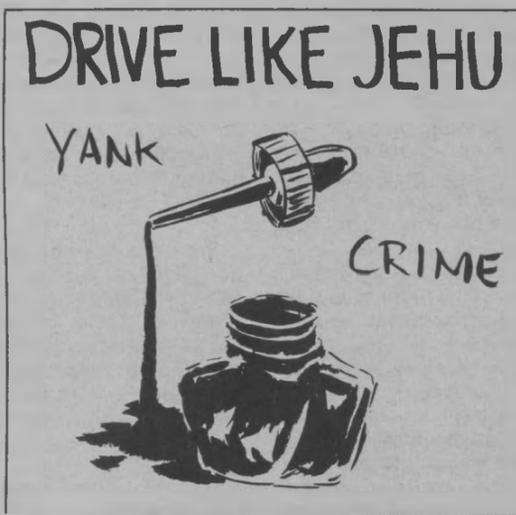
**Drive Like Jehu**  
*Yank Crime*  
Interscope Records

Drive Like Jehu's second album, *Yank Crime*, takes two listens to believe. Each song is memorable; each song has its own sound. Even with their trademark intense and chaotic sound, Drive Like Jehu always maintain an undertone of sarcasm. On their new major label, Interscope, they have kept their independent ideals, remaining as noisy and mean as ever. Drive Like Jehu, along with their new album, are something to aspire to.

Guitarist John Reis, who produced Rocket From the Crypt's last album, displays his ample punk virtuosity on *Yank Crime*. He seems to be playing a hundred miles an

hour using his staple harmonics and power chords. Beneath Reis' abandon is singer/guitarist Rick Froberg, who provides the sense of stability in Drive Like Jehu's sound. Froberg typically plays chords under Reis and occasionally spits his sparse lyrics in a strained and diabolical voice.

*Yank Crime* opens with "Here Come the Rome Plows," a loud, scratchy song covered with muted guitar chops and feedback that starts fast and stays fast. Songs like "New Intro" and "Human Interest" place layer after layer of guitar over bass and drums until no single party is discernible. "Super Unison" is something entirely new for Drive Like Jehu; it is nothing less than beautiful. The song quiets to a hush as Reis whispers, "It



wasn't me that called to let that man inside your home," creating a surprising sound of sincerity.

This CD, like all of Drive Like Jehu's recordings, is a masterful work of

creativity. It is a perfect example of the rare veracity and dedication Drive Like Jehu display in their music.

—Noah Blumberg



**Various Artists**  
*The Secret Life of Trance*  
Planet Earth

The compilation disc *The Secret Life of Trance* takes the hyper-real space of everyday techno and sets it on a pedestal, panting above the rest of the noise, to a meditative state of memory.

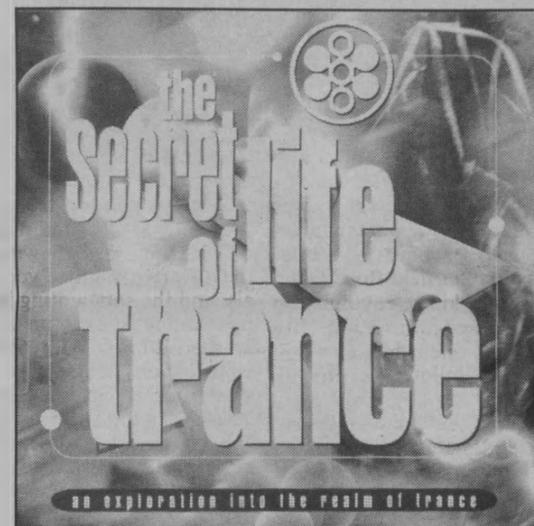
The only way to describe the intro to the track "Flexor," by Influx, is "hiccups in a cup." It's a workout for the occipital lobe, to combat the encompassing industrial indigestion of our age. This seems to be the focus of most technological/tribal trance. The truly unusual bassline creeps around the corner and climbs into your cortex, while allowing the listener the luxury of a laser lullaby. The end ... well ... imagine an old Depeche Mode tune during a severe power outage.

The best of the album is definitely moved to a prime position, as "Trip to Paradise" by Sequential boards the boat to an Industrial Island. "You are now entering the safety

zone. No unauthorized personnel beyond this point. Trip to paradise — your mind will not know the difference."

The message seems to massage your mind, with fingers and arms that will numb the small of your back. "Total Eclipse" by RD1 can agitate any fantasy while creating the image of a drooling Gerber baby on X. My advice is this: you have to let the album happen to you. You absolutely have to give yourself to it, and let it be your "Eternal Prayer" by OBX. "This is not the promised land, just a feel of what's to come." Sounds like Moses on mushrooms!

The song is a definite limb-lifter, filled with religious symbolism for an agnostic age. "Parasite" by Balil holds the host hostage as it babbles in technological tongue. But it's all chips and disks to me! Yet this compilation disc does manage to incorporate a slice of human nature along with its machine-mimicking mumbo-jumbo. "Voices of



the Rainforest" by the New London School of Electronics gives anthropology addicts a song to get off to.

The song amplifies the sadness that an industrial age brings to the unindustrialized people of the planet. Congo drums are heard beneath the monotonous drone of electronic devices. It is appropriately followed by a dark intro to the next melody, "Pick Whistle," whose background grooves sound like

one of those sinister mildew-remover commercials. I suggest listening to it when you're forced to clean the bathroom.

Not far behind is another personal favorite, "Non Stop" by Positive Science. Horrendously hairy, severely seismic and remarkably rotund! The song wrings out your eardrum with Homo sapiens sighs of satisfaction. That's a wrap!

—Jennifer Chedar

# Techno Pedestal



By  
**Kevin Carhart**

The yearning sounds of East River Pipe can be heard on a new 7-inch single on Hell Gate Productions. Singer-songwriter F.M. Cornog has produced two more poignant little rails at the world.

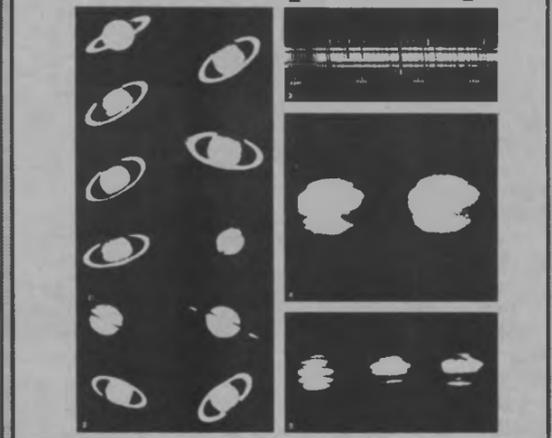
When you play the single, you hear him singing, "ahhhhhh ... dictaphone." What's a dictaphone? Isn't that an early tape recorder? Who else would sing a song of love and loss, as if to a human being, to an old machine?

It's the future in the past, like Tomorrowland at Disneyland in the '60s, when there was still a Mission to the Moon. The only thing worse than a look at dehumanizing technology is when that technology has already come and gone. Whatever we have now must be worse.

"Dictaphone," he sings, "sped my life up much too fast ... we both know my wedding ring will never last." He puts all his words to use, in dense little verses lasting a couple of lines. "Dictaphone ... I know you're just a new machine ... dictaphone ... come closer to the guillotine." Like the Buggles' "I Love You (Miss Robot)," scary, and disarmingly pretty.

Based in Queens, New York, F.M. and Barbara Powers have released music on the English label Sarah Records, as well as Hell Gate. They can be located at Hell Gate Productions, P.O. Box 6053, Astoria, NY 11106. Their first full-length CD will be out this summer on Ajax, which is a label and the origin of a great mail-order catalog, at P.O. Box 805293,

## East River Pipe *Ah Dictaphone*



Chicago, IL 60680-4114.

I recently heard from the Scottish musician Alan Davidson of the Kitchen Cynics. Being a really cool, generous guy, he sent me a cassette of some of his favorites I'd never heard of — Reefus Moons, Bridget St. John, Green Pajamas, and Jeff Kelly.

Alan also sent me a few 7-inch singles from continental European labels. One of my favorites is the "Peter Ustinov" single from Crockett & Jones. Although not as strange as an emotional ode to a dictaphone, "Peter Ustinov" is an unlikely one. This has got to be the prototypical pop song, with a ticking rhythm box and banjo licks. "On the screen of my telly is where I want him to be, and I know there is only a limited number of movies, with Peter Ustinov," the charming pair belts out.

Immediately following is "Crockett's Jig"! Not only are they the bug under the proverbial indie-pop log, they play Celtic music! It's a little on the staid side, a little too ceili-ish for my tastes, but it follows "Peter Ustinov" really great.

Of all the records I've heard from labels like Noet Lachten in Holland and Roman Cabbage Vinyl in Germany, one of the weirdest is the song "Cactus inne Potjel" by the Dutch group De Ja-Knikkers.

You may suspect that "Potje" is a toilet bowl, and it's true. Personally, I had a translation from my comrade Martin Boer. (I knew he was good for something!)

Apparently, *in de zomer* of 1986, the group had the idea of recording a *carnaval* single. I can't make out the rest, but it sure is a carnival single! A happy hoard of people with a boisterous tuba section bellows "cactus inne potjel cactus inne potjel" and it sounds as though a brass band is crashing through your walls. Pretty cute.

Noet Lachten Records is the home of De Ja-Knikkers and many more. Write to them at van Coothplein 7, 4811 NC, Breda, Holland, if you pine for cactus world news! Roman Cabbage Vinyl is at Gartenstraße 6366, Wölfersheim, BRD, Germany.



## Instructions

- 1) Clip and save
- 2) Laminate with clear plastic!
- 3) Trade them with your friends
- 4) Hoard, snarl, covet

## Clip and Save

**VITAL STATISTICS**

Special Interests:  
Jehovah's Witness art, midgets, kickball, King Cobra, café anarchism

Turnoffs:  
shit-for-brains politicians, ontological proofs of God's existence

Sexiest Literary Critic:  
Frederick Jameson

Batting Average: .025

Clip and Save

# TEAM ARTS



# MUSIC FROM THE HEART

Danny Peck  
Danny Peck  
RCA

Can you dig Steve Winwood, Bruce Springsteen, Don Henley and an old blues singer from the South compacted into one package? Well, you don't have to, 'cause here it is. It's innocently brilliant, with a dash of passion, blended by the hands of experience. You can feel Danny Peck's voice, his sadness, his hope, his joy for love and life — what is to come and what has been. This album is a celebration of the soul.

"Lover" creates a breeze of soft naive love, exulted by knowledgeable musical excellence. "Underneath

my skin," he sings, "Deeper in my dreams, baby don't you know I'd do anything, anything to find you. Get down on my knees, baby, just to wake and find you here with me." Where is this guy?

Like a religious calling, the album is a bible of fresh and exciting, enduring human expression. "And I've been standing under the cross, and I've been standing at the holy rock, and I've been standing at the mountaintop, but baby, it's a feeling and it just won't stop." Many of these tracks will undoubtedly go straight to the top. (Remember, you heard it here first.)

On "Anyway I Can," there's that marry-the-girl-

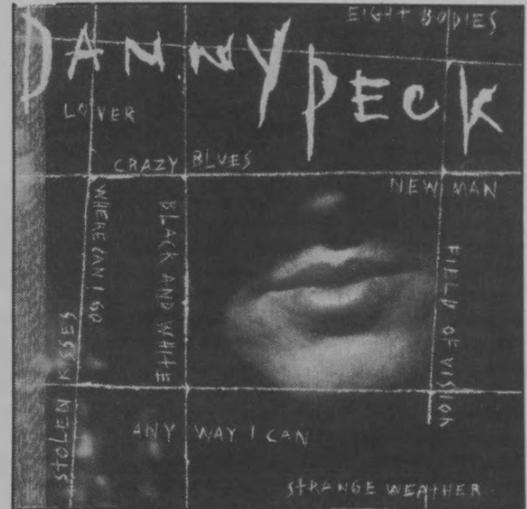
next-door feeling that brings tears, blushes and brides to the altar. The small-town aura of uncomplicated companionship: "Flowers at your door, Candy from the store, You know I give you more, even when I can't, any way I can." Fabulous! I love it! And it goes on to culminate in tender memories. "Well, times are tough, and life is short, so hold on to love. How sweet the sun shines upon your face."

Peck doesn't claim to know the secrets of life, but he questions the ostentatious attempts of others to disclose the passages of truth through unnecessary complications and ceremonies.

And just in case he missed your funny bone for those down and dirty blues, "Strange Weather" and "Wake Up Call" get out the steel guitar and raspy vocals

Peck's music directly addresses the atrocity of racism, prevalent even in the music field from which he draws his essence. In "Black and White," Peck reveals his hope for reversing prejudice and its petty preoccupations. "Black and white, I seen caramel-colored babies, riding zebras through the sky. Black and white, I seen everyone, Singing out into the night ... Children know the truth." Amen.

—Jennifer Chedar



# TONING DOWN THE DIRTY GOO HASN'T HURT MUSICAL YOUTH

Sonic Youth  
Experimental Jet Set,  
Trash and No Star  
DGC

Kim Gordon's last words on Sonic Youth's latest album are, "Look, it's changing." These few words perfectly sum up another extraordinary album from a complex band, and the change that takes place within its 14 songs. The intelligence of the foursome is still intact. The unpredictability is more evident than ever. There are still blasts of white-hot noise from Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo. So what's changed? Maybe the band's mood.

Experimental Jet Set,

*Trash and No Star* is, on average, of slower pace than anything since 1986's *Evol*, and the group's most consistent and focused album since 1988's *Daydream Nation*. Sonic Youth is wise enough to borrow these attributes from earlier successes without duplicating the songs themselves. While songs such as "In the Mind" and "Waist" contain enough of the band's signature sound to appear on any of the last five albums, the remainder of the CD is a step forward. A temperate, confident step.

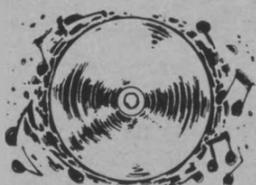
The surprisingly low-key opener, "Winner's Blues," and the next song (and first single), "Bull in the Heather," are both mi-

nimalist and enticing. "Bull" and other casual romps, like "Skink" and "Quest for the Cup," owe their appeal to Gordon's smooth purring.

Preventing tranquility from completely taking over, the Youth submerge themselves in acts of controlled mayhem on "Bone" and "Starfield Road," and out-of-kilter rhythms on "Androgynous Mind." In a bold conclusion, an act of true mellowness, the album actually ends on a quieter note than it began. The greatest noise-band of all-time occasionally turning down the volume and lightening the pace doesn't indicate a sign of weakness or old age. It's an exciting deviation.

Sonic Youth is talented enough to deliver songs that appeal to a greater audience than it's ever had. For whatever reason, *Jet Set* sounds like an intentional step away from the commercial success it seems to be nearing. The production by Butch Vig echoes Steve Albini with the distorted, muffled vocals, and the songwriting is freer and more experimental than it has been in the past. Making strange, adventurous music is Sonic Youth's strong point, though, and *Jet Set* captures the band in a critical transition away from the expected and toward the unfathomable.

—Glenn Peoples



# POTTER AXES NU SOUL, OUTER SPACE, SELF

Nu Soul Habits  
Meant To Be  
Motown Records

I just saw *E.T.* — the *Extra-Terrestrial* yesterday. Now that is a great movie. *E.T.* was such a cute little guy, with his funny legs and long neck. And how about that Eliot — what a lucky guy. Man, if I had a dirt bike like that I would ride it every day. But I'd buy a really bright

flashlight so that I could ride it at night, too.

I keep wondering if *E.T.* and Eliot are best friends, or if they just share some sort of Zen Master-and-Grasshopper relationship. I think a friendly alien can teach you a lot about yourself.

I've got an invisible friend named Vincent. He used to look just like Hulk Hogan, but now he looks like *E.T.* Not that I'm ab-

out to change my name to Eliot. That would just be silly.

Vincent (I call him *V.T.* for short) is great, because he and I like the same stuff. Vincent can do anything. If you think making a bicycle fly is impressive, I once saw Vincent make a whole bike shop fly, with unicyles and everything. Except he did it when no one was looking, because someone would get

suspicious.

I wonder if Eliot had an invisible friend. It would have probably been mad at *E.T.* because Eliot was spending too much time with the alien. Maybe it was the invisible friend that brought the scientists in in the first place.

Sometimes Vincent gets mad, so it was no surprise to me when he took my new CD, drop-kicked it, poured liquid Drano on it,

and ran it over with Mom's wood-paneled station wagon, accidentally crashing into the hedges in the front yard. The only problem is that now my Mom thinks that it was me who crashed the car.

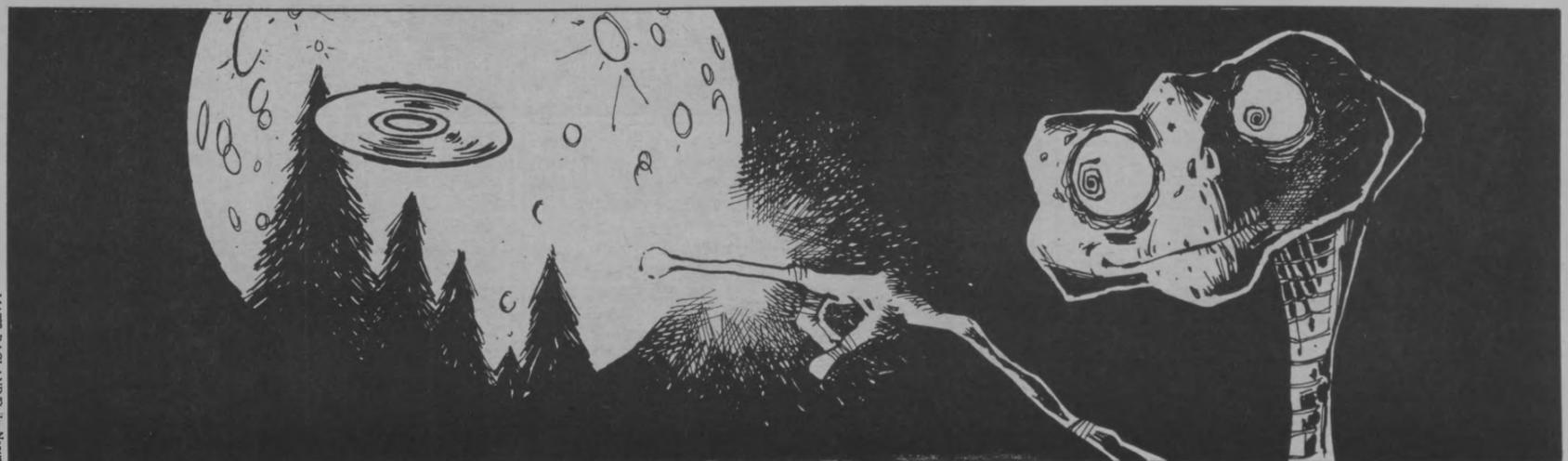
Boy, Vincent has gotten me into a lot of trouble, but he's also saved my hide a bunch. I think Vincent is great. He never tells me what to do, he's really funny, and he's willing to

steal for me.

I think the world would be a much better place if we just blamed everything on our invisible friends.

Oh yeah, the CD that Vincent wrecked is called *Meant To Be* by the Nu Soul Habits, and if you have it, I would recommend you hint that your invisible friend do the same thing Vincent did to mine.

—David Potter



**SELL US YOUR USED CDs!!!**

Get up to \$4.50 in cash or \$6.00 in credit for each CD!

**morninglory music**

910 Embarcadero del Norte, Isla Vista 968-4665  
1218 State St., Santa Barbara 966-0266

Best UCSB Winner



**ALL THIS, FROM AN AARDVARK!**

Look at an issue of, oh, say, *Superman* from the 1970s. Then look at an issue of *Superman* published last week. Are there differences? Maybe some superficial ones. Clark Kent might be a TV news anchor instead of a print reporter and Lois Lane may be wearing a disco-style pantsuit, but by and large the status quo is pretty much the same. Things generally don't change too much in mainstream super-hero comics. Canadian cartoonist Dave Sim had a vision of something radically different: a series in which the

reader is introduced to the character in the first issue and follows his life story over the course of 300 issues, ending with the character's death. Having begun *Cerebus the Aardvark* in 1980, Sim is currently some 182 issues toward his goal, and is expected to complete it in 2004. *Cerebus* began its existence as a parody of Marvel Comics' long-running *Conan the Barbarian* series, but quickly evolved into much more than that. *Cerebus*, an aardvark mercenary in a medieval setting, soon

found himself embroiled in politics and religion. Mainstream comics also provide a steady satirical target for Sim, who has, over the years, poked fun at many of the popular trends and characters in comics, including Wolverine, the Punisher and most recently Neil Gaiman's *Sandman* series. *Cerebus* is written and drawn by Sim, with inks and backgrounds by Sim's longtime collaborator, Gerhard. Sim's talents as an artist are considerable; his innovative panel layouts and skill at facial expressions can be com-

pared to the work of such greats as Will Eisner. "Sounds interesting," I can hear you saying, "but I don't want to jump in now, when the story's more than half over." Not to worry! Sim keeps the entire series in print in phone book-sized graphic novels, available at your friendly neighborhood comic shop or through the mail from Sim himself. At about 30 bucks apiece, they're kinda pricey, but you get your money's worth. These babies are true graphic novels. —Scott Tipton

**LAGUNA SECA DAZE**

A WEEKEND OF MUSIC, ART, CAMPING & FUN STUFF!

SATURDAY, MAY 28  
PHISH  
GIN BLOSSOMS  
THE FREDDY JONES BAND  
PLUS MORE TO COME!

SUNDAY, MAY 29  
PHISH  
4 NON BLONDES  
BIG HEAD TODD & THE MONSTERS  
MEAT PUPPETS

MONDAY, MAY 30  
BLUES TRAVELER  
BIG HEAD TODD & THE MONSTERS  
TOAD THE WET SPROCKET  
SAM PHILLIPS ★ SOUL HAT

LAGUNA SECA RECREATION AREA - MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MUSIC STARTS AT 11AM EACH DAY • MONDAY'S SHOW WILL END BY 7PM

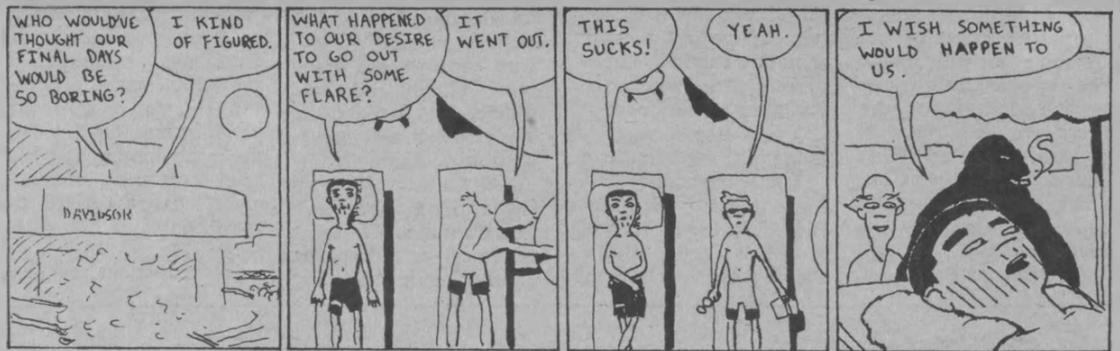
CAMPING OPENS 1PM FRIDAY, MAY 27 • FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CALL OUR HOTLINE: 415/974-4726

DIRECTIONS TO LAGUNA SECA DAZE  
FROM THE NORTH: Take 101 South to 68 West. Look for signs for Laguna Seca (almost to Highway 1).  
FROM THE SOUTH: Take 101 North to Highway 1 North to Highway 68 East. Look for signs for Laguna Seca.



ANDY PHARO

by Andre Fairon



**WOODSTOCK'S** 2 12" Cheese Pizzas \$9.99 + tax

PIZZA presents... (extra cost for different toppings)

**THE FAR SIDE** By GARY LARSON

More trouble brewing

Not good with other offers • One coupon per pizza • 968-6969

ROOM 101

by Phillip Etting



**Yes Indeeedie!**

Time for dining, drinking, and dancing—time to read the Weekend Connection. In Friday's Daily Nexus

**EMERALD VIDEO** presents... **CALVIN & HOBBS** By Bill Watterson

6545 Pardall Rd. Isla Vista, CA 968-6059

**FREE MEMBERSHIP** with major credit card \$1.00 OFF ANY RENTAL with this comic void with other offer



# ASSOCIATED STUDENTS PROGRAM BOARD

PRESENTS

# EXTRAVAGANZA

WITH  
THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

DEL THA FUNKEE HOMOSAPIEN

CASUAL ☺

THE MUFFS

THE GRAYS

BEN HARPER



FRENTE!  
SPARKER  
RICE & BEANS  
THE FUZZ  
THE CHERRIES



Water Store

DISTILLED DRINKING WATER

5342-B Hollister Avenue  
Santa Barbara, CA 93111  
W.H. Risser, Inc. (805) 683-9600

## Saturday, MAY 21st.

playtime begins at 10:30am

# Harder Stadium. FREE!

PLEASE REMEMBER...

NO Bottles, Cans, or Alcohol

NO Cameras or other Recording Devices

& BRING CANNED FOOD FOR RAFFLE PRIZES!

CANNED FOOD DRIVE

TO BENEFIT L.I.V.E.

(Let Isla Vista Eat)



# REALITY BITES

TUESDAY, MAY 17th  
8 & 10 pm  
Isla Vista Theater

\$3 STUDENTS / \$5 GENERAL