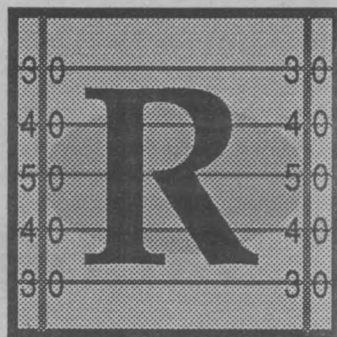
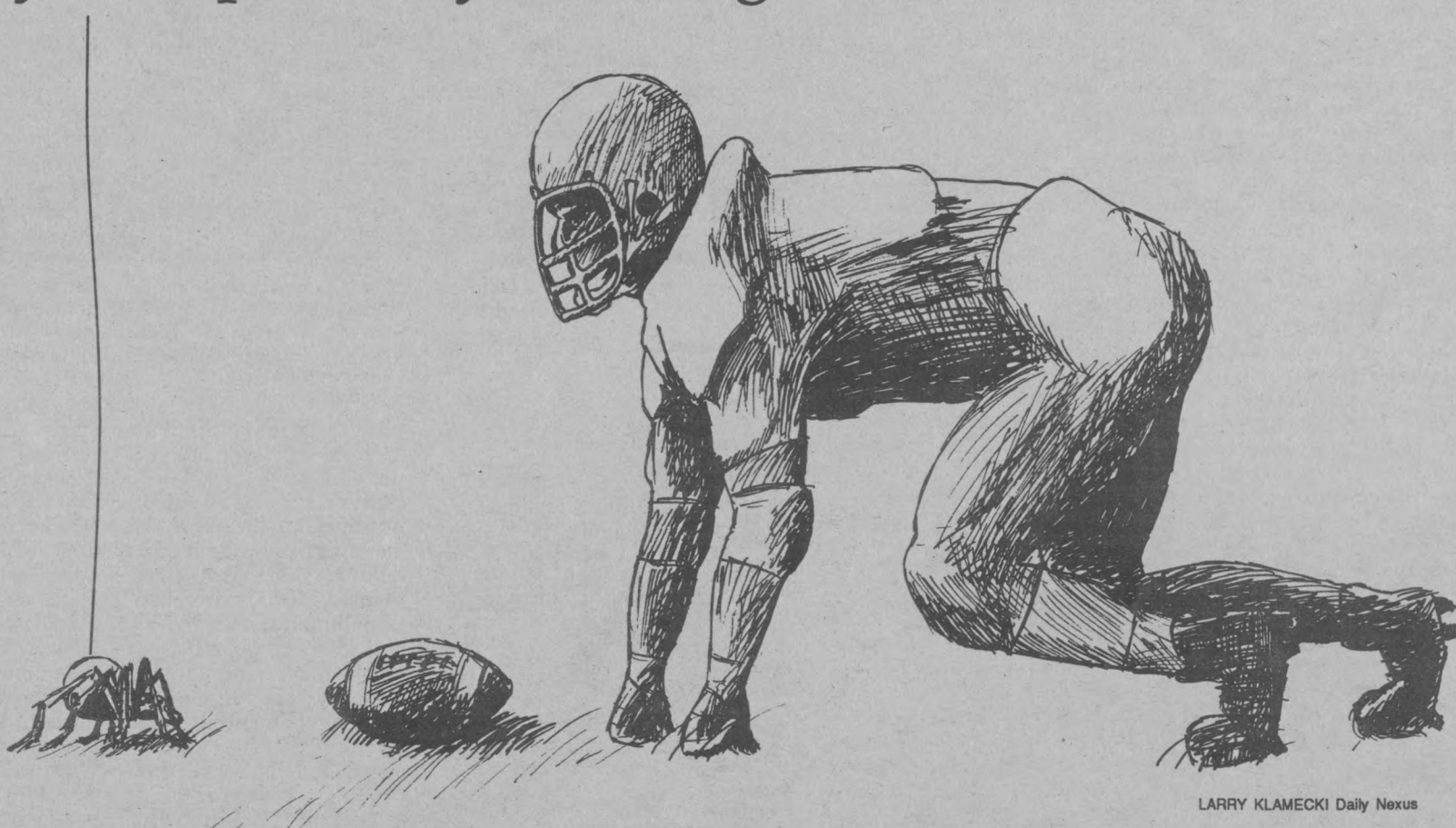


The Art & Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus

"The get out of jail soon Issue"



It's the middle of summer. The surf is up. And you're probably thinking...Gee, I wonder...



LARRY KLAMECKI Daily Nexus

HOW FOOTBALL RELATES TO SUMMER MOVIES

By Dan Jeffers

The summer movie season will soon subside to the rising NFL preseason splash, but there's still time to rush out and give a little more cash to the bloated coffers of MTC.

While the first summer wave washed up a lot of techno-horror fun stuff, mixed in with some over-produced over-hyped trash, the second half weighed in with lower budgets and a lower level of social consciousness, but some genuinely solid acting.

I learned all this in a whirlwind, two-day marathon which included four movies, (five counting *Frankenhooker*, but we won't count that). I also learned more about what makes movies tick, and can now confidently project the winner of the next Super Bowl.

The Denver Broncos don't have a chance. Whoopi Goldberg, in the movie *Ghost*, is like John Elway. She can run, she can throw the ball, she can improvise in tough situations.

The rest of the cast fails to get up and move, though. Patrick Swayze does take off his shirt frequently, which makes Demi Moore go all dewy-eyed, a condition she maintains throughout the movie. *Ghost's* game plan is innovative, but the whole thing is telegraphed in the first five minutes of the movie, and runs out after half an hour. After that, the Broncos rely on a couple interesting trick plays/special effects and some staggering around while they think of a good finish.

Marlon Brando weighs in a lot heavier than the cast, script or camera-work of his latest movie, *The Freshman*. However, like Joe Montana, Brando is greatness surrounded by pretty-darn-goodness. His performance sweetens the movie in a relaxed manner which is too subtle to describe. Matthew Broderick is no slacker, though, he plays a good Matthew Broderick if nothing else.

The rest of the cast is in there swinging too. While no one can compete with Brando, they all make their parts interesting and memorable, as if they aren't afraid to go all out with Brando around to give them credibility.

Some reviewers believe Brando's role is a parody of his *Godfather* role, and the movie even alludes to this occasionally. However, Brando is playing something new here, something

different, a complete role that doesn't completely reveal itself until the end of the movie. But it's always a joy to watch.

The Forty-Niners are not going to win the Super Bowl this year though. Joe Montana may be great, but he is no Marlon Brando.

What's big, black with silver markings, hairy and at the top of the food chain? It's got to be either Spielberg's giant spiders from hell-or-South America, or Al Davis' giant Raiders from Oakland-or-Los Angeles.

Art Shell is a new head coach, but he represents the Good Old Los Angeles/Oakland/Irwindale/Camaroon Raiders. The Raiders represent a simple, fun way of doing football. A little horror, a little intimidation, surrounded by a lot of high-tech exaggeration.

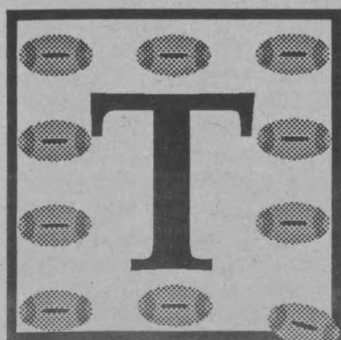
Frank Marshall is also new to directing, but he is an old member of the Spielberg team, and he has brought back some of that good old Spielbergian horror in *Arachnaphobia*. Remember *Jaws* (the original) and *Poltergeist* (the original), not to mention some of the thrill of the *Indiana Jones* stuff? It's not Art (Shell), but it is a lot of fun. Scary too.

On the other hand, Al Davis is no Spielberg, and his antics may have done more damage to the Raiders than *Always* did to the Spielberg Empire.

Presumed Innocent is the best kind of ensemble performance. Harrison Ford is no Marlon Brando, but he is a solid performer who brings his part to life. Brian Dennehy is like Wilbur Marshall, he can play many roles, and if no one notices his acting, it's probably because his role is being accomplished perfectly. Everything else works. Veterans and newcomers all get room to develop their parts, gradually filling the story with a realism that few movies achieve.

Of course, the game-plan is the key here. In a rigorous, Joe Gibbs fashion, the story gradually develops, never giving away too much, always creeping up to take the moment. And, like the Redskins at their best, the ending is tight and exciting without destroying the carefully built plot.

The Redskins will win the Super Bowl this year.



2^a The Lonely 3^a The Dead 4^a The Sex Pistols

For August 1-7, 1990

graphics by Jeffrey P. McManus



The Best Band In Bakersfield

Where the ideal materialistic Californian Dream butts heads with an ingrained and often unyieldingly thick hick mentality, where the sense of community is dichotomized by social contempt for things off the main and for individual expression and tolerance, there's Bakersfield.

One of the last bastions of true musical amateurism, the city is usually the final resting place for groups looking to break out from within — evidently, record companies don't bother looking at the city's music, thinking very little of it is any good, anyway.

And for Bakersfield-bred band *the lonely* (note the lower case), the quest to make it big and win a ticket out of Hicks-ville, U.S.A. enters its fifth year. After three demo tapes, the four-member band has managed to put together a CD on its own label — titled, ironically enough, "our city."

Lead vocalist Mark Davis says the album adopts an analytical, non-judgmental view and doesn't speak about Bakersfield per se, but rather can be talking about anyone's city. Nonetheless, he says the roots of contempt among band members for their own city run deep.

"I have an ingrained hostility toward this city," Davis said. "I'm not a fascist and I don't believe in beating people up. I don't want people asking me for money or commenting on how I dress. You can't get real with people here, they're just so consumed with themselves."

"You go into a restaurant and you see these old farts who say 'cut your hair' and you have to deal with that stuff," he adds. "I have a tendency to forget things that bother me until they occur again. I get comfortable talking to people and I forget what it's like here because I have my own shielded world of associates and friends."

"The other day I went to a party and a club and then a Taco Bell and it seemed like everywhere I went, I was surrounded by assholes, and that reaffirms what I'm doing. We're not here to bag on Bakersfield, we just use it as a target because of all the attitudes that are present here. ... I like people who are tolerant of other people and artists, and allow people to be who they are. The hicks here want you to conform to the image they have of you, which isn't cool. Now I'm just looking at the city and commenting on it."

The band is currently distributing the 1,000 tapes and CDs



Bastards of young, *the lonely* — Mark Davis, John Barajas, James Garza, and Don Collins.

it produced, trying to secure management as well as gigs to promote the album in San Francisco and San Diego. The album is on their own independent label, and is currently selling in two small Bakersfield records stores.

But the Bakersfield jinx is ever-present, says drummer Don Collins, noting that the group's address is not even listed on the album.

"We learned about a year ago, you just don't tell people you're from Bakersfield," Collins says. "There's something about Bakersfield and music that just doesn't mix. We knew we would leave the address off; Bakersfield is the butt of everyone's jokes — everyone makes fun of it."

But if local appeal is any indication, the lonely is anything but a joke, with the group outselling some big bands and people cramming into Bakersfield bars and clubs to catch a glimpse and grab a listen to one of the — if not the — hottest musical things to come out of that city since Buck Owens.

Collins says the group now has *carte blanc* to play any show they want in the city, but that that's where it stops.

"What amazes us is a lot of people think we're really good, but we can't seem to break out," he said. "We're like this big thing here and we can play anywhere we want, but we can't get out and try to be good somewhere else — it's kinda scary."

Born from the sounds of the Church, the Cure and the Beatles, the lonely has compiled seven new songs for the album, while recreating four others from previous efforts.

"It's fresh," Davis says. "We're heading into the 90s and it's

a fresh look at what's going on — like flowers up out of the soil: there's a lotta crap and garbage on the surface, but you hope to break out."

An upbeat, keyboardless collection of tunes, the group manages to incorporate subtle tinges of morbidity amidst humor-stained messages, which are actually very serious commentary on modern relationships and the growth process. Says Collins: "We like the dark in some of the songs, and we started trying to write songs in complex directions. We're not that big on strong words."

And not that big on high-profile. Collins said the group has few friends and keeps pretty much to themselves (hence the lonely), opting more for the low-profile stance, which Davis says is evident in the lowercase letters.

"In my opinion, that has to do with the basic humility of the band," he says. "They say humble is a bad word — everyone's talking about pride — but we're serious and we want to be the best we can be and we'll just let the music speak for itself. We're not a stand-up-front-type band saying 'look at us' — we're more lowercase and I think people appreciate that; we want to let down the high walls and let people see you for what you are."

Collins said the group is looking to distribute the album in Isla Vista and Santa Barbara and is also trying to get playing dates secured in the local area.

— Scott Lawrence



Best Band In The World

You always see the Ramones getting compared to the Clash, the Sex Pistols or the Stones, but I've always thought of another New York group when I hear such hits as "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend" or "Weasel Face." I instantly think of The Beastie Boys.

I don't know why this is, maybe it's the fact that I'm not sure if either band is being serious or just making fun of the whole rock scene. I mean how can you take half of the Ramones songs seriously — or any of the Beastie's stuff, for that matter? Yeah, I know the Ramones wrote about Reagan in *Animal Boy*, but, come on, I really don't see them sharing the bill with Jackson Browne and Kenny Loggins at the next Earth Day gig. (Thank God.)

This is not to say that they're not a great American rock band, they are. When Joey Ramone said in a recent *Los Angeles Times* article that he firmly believes that his band started punk rock, fuck, I'll take his word for it, simply because he has the balls to say what he thinks. The attitude itself is punk, and the fact that they're still lunking around grunging out great rock songs, wearing T-shirts and jeans and sportin' their hair long and without mousse, to me, they're the only punk band, simply because they're the only ones still left with guts.

The Ramones also remind me of the Beastie Boys because Beastie creator/producer Rick Rubin reminds me of one-time Ramones producer Phil Spector. Spector created his "Wall of Sound" in the 60s with girl groups, and Rubin created his own wall of thunder with B-Boy groups like Run-DMC, L.L. Cool J and Public Enemy. The same way Spector was crossing over from his established roots of quasi-Motown soul when producing the Ramones' *End Of The Century* LP in 1980, Rubin was actually right smack dab in the middle of his transition period when he was sampling Led Zeppelin in the middle of their *Licensed To Ill* rap album.

But who am I fooling? I like the Ramones because they don't give a fuck about the Beastie Boys. They don't give two shits about pop music or top-40 charts for that matter either. When Alex Cox commissioned them to write a track for the Sid & Nancy movie, their "Love Kills" was allegedly too hardcore. My kinda band.

The Ramones alone would be well worth any price, but now that they're touring with Debbie Harry, the Tom Tom Club and Jerry Harrison (August 10 at the Ventura Theatre), you'd be a pinhead to miss em.

— Tony Pierce

Tairrie B.
The Power Of A Woman
Comptown/MCA Records

"Here I come, baby." Straight outta Comptown, the full-aggro, "Ruthless Bitch" droppin' some serious egotism with the R.A.W. of The Kane, the ruthlessness of N.W.A. with the subtlety of Madonna on crack.

This chick is white but hits harder than a Tyson uppercut. Cuts deeper than a Ginsu. Drives smoother than 560 SEC. She's white, she's Tairrie B. and she's schoolin' the ever evolving hip-hop world to a new understanding of 'hip' in her debut album *The Power Of A Woman* pulling no punches in her attempt to break into the male-dominated world of hip-hop.

And she comes correct with a menagerie of producers from the

ever-popular Quincy D III to, none other than the Immortal Schooly D out of the East Coast.

This is pure, unadulterated attitude, bumpin' through every groove of the album, and I do mean Attitude, and I do mean Bumpin'. Her sharp, sassy tongue lashes over funky, hard hittin', bone shakin' BASS. Bass that causes heart attacks. Enough to jar your buggers loose, baby. Strictly B-boy. The home mutha fuckas crusin' State on Friday nights are going to eat this up. Guaranteed.

So there's Tairrie B. ... a ray of hope in this miserable depot we call life? Mmmmm ... maybe. Revolutionary genius leading rap to greater heights? Hmmmm ... possibly. The object of every pre-adolescent's relief ritual. Fuck yeah. So whatcha sayin'? Well ... step off! Tairrie B.'s in the house and she's floorin' suckas. Got that? Now go get it.

— Matty T.

underground w/
TARRIE B.

'Dead Keyboardist Mydland Found Dead

SAN FRANCISCO — Brent Mydland, singer, composer and keyboardist of the psychedelic San Francisco band, The Grateful Dead, died Thursday of unknown causes.

Mydland was found dead in the bedroom of his Lafayette home by friends who were concerned when Mydland didn't answer the telephone, a spokesperson for the Dead's record label, Arista, said. An autopsy performed on Friday proved inconclusive and results of a toxicological test will not be known for two to four weeks, the spokesperson said.

Band publicist Dennis McNally said the group will continue with its scheduled tour, which includes dates in Europe this fall. However McNally did not know who would replace Mydland as keyboardist for the tour. The next scheduled series of shows is over the Labor Day weekend at the Shoreline Amphitheatre in Mountain View, California.

The 38-year-old keyboardist was born in Munich, Germany but moved to Antioch, California when he was one year old. He grew up in the East Bay area of S.F. and it was there that he developed his love for music. He played keyboards for the band known as Silver before joining the Grateful Dead in 1979.

Mydland was the third Grateful Dead keyboard player to

die since the band's inception 25 years ago. Founding member Ron "Pig Pen" McKernan died of a liver disease in 1973 and his replacement, Keith Godchaux, was killed in a car accident in 1980, one year after he had left the band.

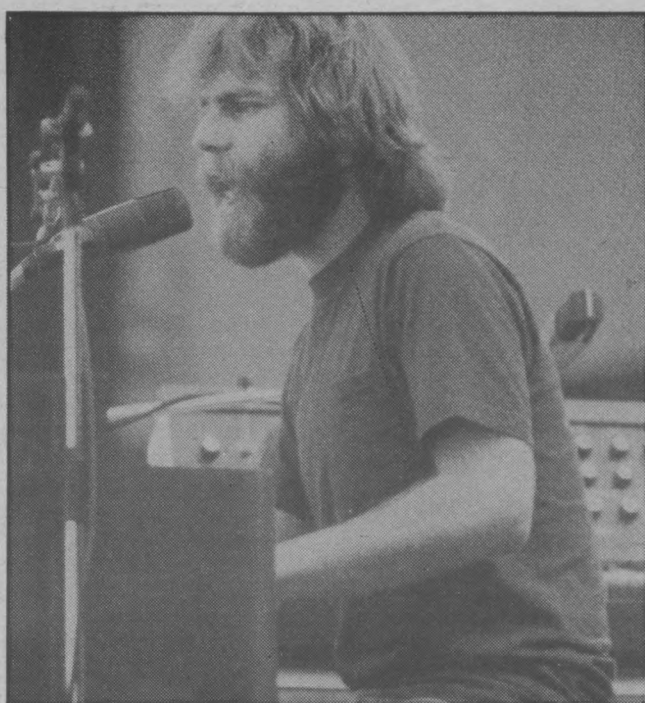
Many of the band's fans, affectionately known as Dead Heads, mourn the loss of Mydland. UCSB junior Bill Spahr believes "he was just kind of getting into the full flow of the Grateful Dead. I loved his voice, especially the slower songs like 'Brokedown Palace.' He would rip it out (on stage) ... get the whole band excited," Spahr said.

UCSB junior Andrew Weiner described Mydland as someone who "was kind of out there on the edge. (He had) that crazy look in his eyes. Brent had a high-energy style of playing, with lots of emotion."

The inconclusive autopsy combined with the band's well-known relationship with drugs has many people speculating about the cause of death.

"I'd be let down if it was a drug overdose," Spahr said. "They've always had a problem with their keyboard players," Weiner said, "it's too bad the cycle had to continue."

— Seana Pitt



The Lady Must Have Presumed Our Reporter Was Far From Innocent

I was all set to cure my hangover with a good dose of Harrison Ford when I arrive at the Arlington and get abruptly halted by some big blonde lady. Apparently, either they screwed up or Art screwed up, but whatever it was, the lady just wouldn't believe me when I said I was there to review the flick. To make a long and ugly story short, she refused to let me in to see *Presumed Innocent*. For the sake of good journalism, I would've paid to see the flick, but since the last of my funds went to Saturday night's keger, that alternative was nonexistent.

Hey, I may not have seen the actual movie, but I heard it's really good and my roommate liked the book. Whether there's a correlation between the two I don't know, but my roommate did say that Harrison Ford was a good casting move. The only thing was that neither of us could understand why Mr. Ford opted for a serious buzz cut. I figured that the shaved hairs were supposed to signify oppression

or some serious hardcore tendencies, but it could also have meant that Harrison was too cheap to get a real haircut. He probably let one of the electricians on the set do it for a couple of beers. Cheap beers.

I don't know anything about the two women in the flick, but for some reason I always associate Bonnie Bedelia with that racing movie with Beau Bridges. I don't know why I think of her in that movie, I mean I've never seen that one either and she is in *Die Hard* and all, but it's one of those images that I saw on Entertainment Tonight and it just, well, stuck. I'm sure she's good as Harrison's wife, but even the commercials make me wish she'd put on a racing helmet and do a few laps in the Indy 500 or something.

Harrison's love interest, Greta-something, bothered me, but she didn't bother me as much as Raul Julia. I know he's supposed to be a great actor and all, but he just bugs me intensely. I think it's because the first real visions I had of Raul

were in *Tequila Sunrise* (where he plays Mel Gibson's very sneaky Mexican drug connection) or in those Puerto Rico travel ads. I'm sorry, but just as I picture Bonnie Bedelia in a race car, I picture Raul Julia snorting coke off of a Dorito and telling me to come to glorious Puerto Rico, a "home away from home." And hey, anyone who poses a threat to Mel Gibson's life has some serious minus points.

Like I said, I don't know anything about the movie, but if it bugs in a Raul-Julia-kind-of-way, then I suggest everyone stay away for the sake of their sanity. If he and Harrison's hair do not get in the way of a good flick, then all power to it. Come to think of it though, I'm glad the lady wouldn't let me in. I still want to see *Presumed Innocent*, but at the time, those two bugging factors probably would've made my hangover worse.

—Barbra Dannov

Art's plans



This art by Howard Finster showing in Carpinteria.

Tonight: Three bucks'll get you in (tonight and Friday) to hear Reveka Mavrovitis, Monica Harris and others take selections of operas from the likes of guys like Strauss, Mozart and Verdi. Singin' starts at 8 p.m. at Lotte Lehmann, \$6 if you're not a student. •Thirsty Thursday: Break up the week by piling the kids into the Aerostar and taking a little trip down the coast to our neighbors to the south, Carpinteria. Besides sporting an air-conditionally cooled Foster Freeze, the town also boasts a fine folk(y)-art gallery called the Frances Puccinelli Gallery (888 Linden Ave., 2nd Floor, 684-6301), which will be showing funky, quirky new

stuff by creators from the Deep South. *Outsiders* is the name, August will be its game. Co. •Friday: VIVA LA FIESTA! Sure there's more going on than this dumb parade, but Hell, nothin's better than buyin' a few dozen eggs filled with confetti and whippin' em at strangers while yelling drunkenly "Viva..." You won't know why you're yelling this at them, why they're responding so friendly back at your swill mug, or why you're having so much fun. Later you'll find yourself in a franchised bar/restuarant chain which is nothing more than a sterilized slap in the face of Mexican culture (much like the town you're in) and you'll ponder this for

a few moments over a Corona, but today ain't the day to think globally. Act locally: eat, drink, and Viva! •Saturday: VIVA LA HANGOVER! •Sunday: While you and I were watching Batman last summer, a musicologist named Jay Rosenblatt happened across one of old Franz Listz's piano concertos in central Europe. "Recently Discovered Piano Concerto" received its world premiere this May in Chicago and tonight at the Lobero Theatre, the Music Academy of the West Festival Orchestra will perform the piece's West Coast premiere and selections of Mozart, Ravel and Carter. It's a priceless event, but du-cats are \$12.

— Art

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art's tapes

LIVE AT CHELMSFORD TOP SECURITY PRISON

The Sex Pistols
Live At Chelmsford Top Security Prison
Restless Records

"Good evening you load of ... having a nice holiday? Oh shit, Paul's pissed. Come on, let's all get pissed. Let's have a riot!"

The Sex Pistols recorded in jail shouldn't be all that surprising. Johnny Rotten insulting 500 plus inmates to begin the show isn't all that odd either, I guess. But this record isn't like your father's prison albums.

He's got Johnny Cash at Folsom County, probably, maybe a Bing Crosby plays Attica. But I'll betcha that Bing never performed such frat-band standbys like "Stepping Stone" or "Substitute" in between taunts and insults. And then there's "Liar" in all it's pissed off glory.

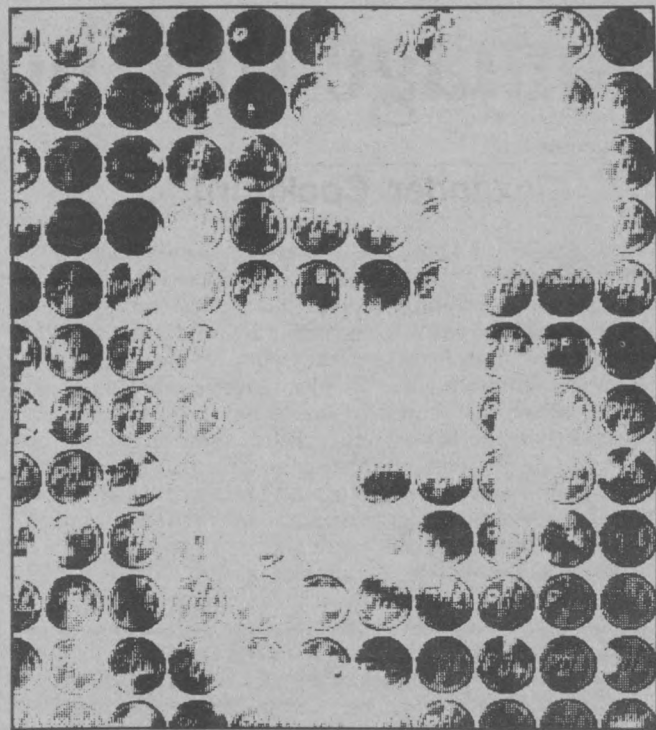
The quality is about as good as a Dead bootleg from 1973, and it doesn't feature Sid Vicious on bass (original bassist Glen Matlock plays here), which actually evens itself

up if you think about it. Would you rather have great quality and hear Sid miss most of his notes, or a crappy recording of some pretty good music and some great cut-downs and all around snottiness?

Right after the boy's cover The Who, Johnny starts preachingly putting down the inmates, "don't say I didn't warn you. We all wound up in this shithole in different ways. Come on, wake up. Change you're grobbing ways. We need some anarchy in the U.K. Anyone know what anarchy is? Any brain cells in 'ere? It means no more leaders, no more governments and no more prisons..." setting the stage for "Anarchy In The Prison," which allegedly has a few different words, but the sound quality is so syrupy that I couldn't hear any altered lyrics.

If you like the Pistols you should get this only if you're used to medium-quality bootlegs of good shows, as this one'll be a perfect addition to your collection.

—Tony Pierce



Suicidal Tendencies
Lights...Camera...Revolution
Epic Records

When the Suicidal Tendencies first broke the scene with their self-titled LP in 1983, spear-headed by the instant classic "Institutionalized," skate-metal was not only born, but it quickly became an irritable loudmouthed Bart Simpson with a flannel shirt buttoned to the collar wearing an upturned baseball hat.

Seven years and four albums later, the instigators have returned to the scene of the crime, bringing with them the knowledge they've swiped from the likes of Metallica, Motorhead and Iron Maiden. Fortunately they didn't forget their own brand of angst and the end result is a focused frolic of fevered fury.

This shit was designed for pimply-faced teenage boys with Slayer T-shirts at the foot of their beds, dog eared Penthouse mags under the cases of model-airplane glue in their closets, and broken baseball bats doubling as handy air guitars.

If Rocky George and Mike Clark don't become the newest guitar heroes in rock, there is no justice.

The first track "You Can't Bring Be Down" has more GSPS (guitar shredding per second) than anything from Steve Vai's new wax, and the words alone ("maybe sometimes I do feel like shit/I ain't happy about it, but I'd rather feel like shit than be full of shit/and if I offended you, oh I'm sorry, but maybe you needed to be offended/but here's my apology/and one more thing: Fuck You/You can't bring me down...") guarantee the tune to be instantly banned from any mass broadcasting medium and automatically launched into the realm of Coolness by any teenager or metalhead. For good reason.

—Tony Pierce

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Arlington

1317 State, S.B.
Presumed Innocent*
(2:10), 5:05, 7:50, 10:15
No 2:10 show on Friday

Granada 3

1216 State, S.B.
Die Hard II
(12, 2:40), 5:20, 8:10, 10:40
No 12 or 2:40 show on Friday
Jungle Book
(1, 3), 5, 7,
No 1 or 3 show on Friday

Starting Friday
Without You
I'm Nothing
8:45, 10:30
Separate admission required

Double Feature
Ghost Dad
(1:45), 5:45, 9:45
No 1:45 show on Friday

The Jetsons
(3:45), 7:45
No 3:45 show on Friday

Metro 4

618 State, S.B.
The Freshman
(12:30, 2:45), 5, 7:20, 9:50
No 12:30 or 2:45 show Friday
Ghost*
(12), 2:35, 5:15, 8, 10:30
No 12 or 2:35 show Friday
Arachnophobia
(12:45, 3:05), 5:30, 7:55, 10:10
No 12:45 or 3:05 show Friday
Dick Tracy
(12, 2:30), 5:05, 7:45, 10:15
No 12 or 2:30 show Friday

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Riviera

2044 APS, S.B.
Without You
I'm Nothing*
7, 9:15
Moves on Friday

Starting Friday
Mo' Better Blues
7, 9:45
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 4:15

Fiesta 5

916 State, S.B.
Navy Seals
(1:15, 3:30), 5:45, 8:15, 10:30
No 1:15 or 3:30 show on Friday
Problem Child
(1:45, 3:45), 5:45, 7:45, 9:45
No 1:45 or 3:45 show on Friday
Days of Thunder
(12:45, 3), 5:15, 7:30, 9:45
Friday & Mon-Th
only 5:15, 7:30, 9:45

Ford Fairlane
5:30, 7:45, 10
Moves on Friday

Quick Change
(2, 4), 6, 8, 10
Starting Friday only
8:45, 10:40
Separate admission required

Starting Friday
Duck Tales
1, 3, 5, 7
Friday only at 5 & 7

Starting Friday
Young Guns 2
1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15
Friday only 5:30, 8, 10:15
Rocky Horror
Friday at Midnite

Plaza de Oro

349 Hitchcock, S.B.
Pretty Woman
5, 7:25, 9:45
Sat & Sun also 12:20, 2:40
Total Recall
5:15, 7:30, 9:40
Last day Thursday
Starting Friday
Ford Fairlane
5:15, 7:15, 9:15
Sat & Sun also 1:15, 3:15

Cinema Twin

6050 Hollister, Goleta
The Freshman
(1:15, 3:25), 5:30, 7:45, 10
Arachnophobia
(1:20, 3:30), 5:35, 7:50, 10:05

Fairview Twin

251 N. Fairview, Goleta
Ghost*
(12:10), 2:45, 5:15, 7:50, 10:15
Die Hard 2
(12, 2:30), 5, 7:30, 10
Moves on Friday

Starting Friday
Young Guns 2
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45

Goleta

320 S. Kellogg, Goleta
Jungle Book
(1, 3), 5, 7
Starting Friday 1, 3, 5 only
Separate admission required

Ghost Dad
9:15 only
Separate admission required
Moves on Friday

Starting Friday
Navy Seals
7, 9:15
Separate admission required

S.B. Drive-In

907 S. Kellogg, Goleta
Double Features
Ford Fairlane 8:50
Robo Cop II 10:45
Moves on Friday
Problem Child
8:40, Fri & Sat also 12:05
Parenthood 10
Starting Friday
Ghost
8:50, Fri & Sat also 1
Days of Thunder 11

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