

ARTSWEEK

TWO GREAT
FILMS FROM
SOUTH
AFRICA
9A

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO VIC
DUNLOP
11A

The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus

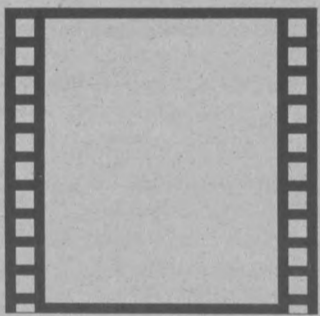
Syllabus

OF NOTE THIS WEEK



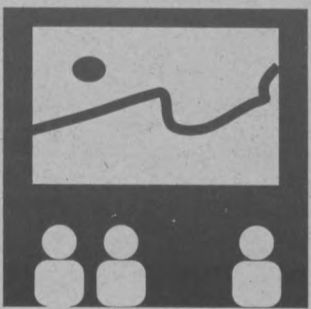
MUSIC

Saturday: Don Henley at the Santa Barbara County Bowl. 7 p.m.
Sunday: The Jefferson Airplane returns. S.B. County Bowl, 3 p.m.
Tuesday: k.d. lang and the reclines, country music from Canada. 8 p.m. at the Ventura Theatre
Wednesday: Eek-A-Mouse delivers fun reggae to the Pub. 8 p.m. Definately worth blowing off Countdown for.



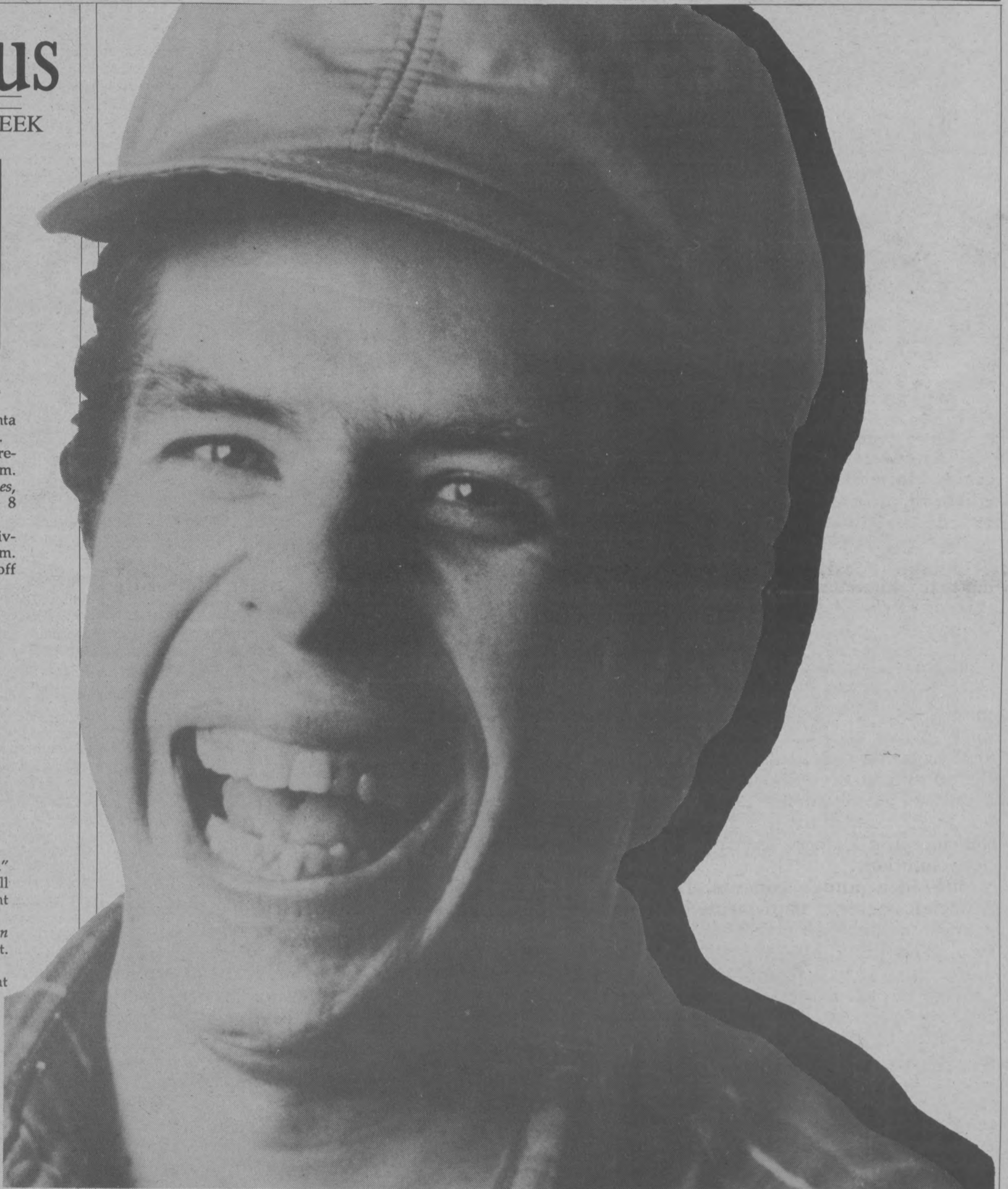
FILM

Tonight: "Gone With The Wind," The Classic is back at Campbell Hall, 7 p.m. Tickets: \$3 w/student ID 961-2080
Tomorrow: The Second Animation Celebration, at the Victoria St. Theatre until Oct. 8.
Saturday: The Flight of the Eagle at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.



ART

College of Creative Studies' Art Gallery: Thomas Nozkowski' paintings. Ends Oct. 28.
 University Art Museum: The Other Side of the Moon: the World of Adolf Wolfli until Nov. 5; Free. Phone: 961-2951
 Women's Center Gallery: Recent Works by Stephania Serena. Large color photographs that you must see to believe; Free. Phone: 961-3778

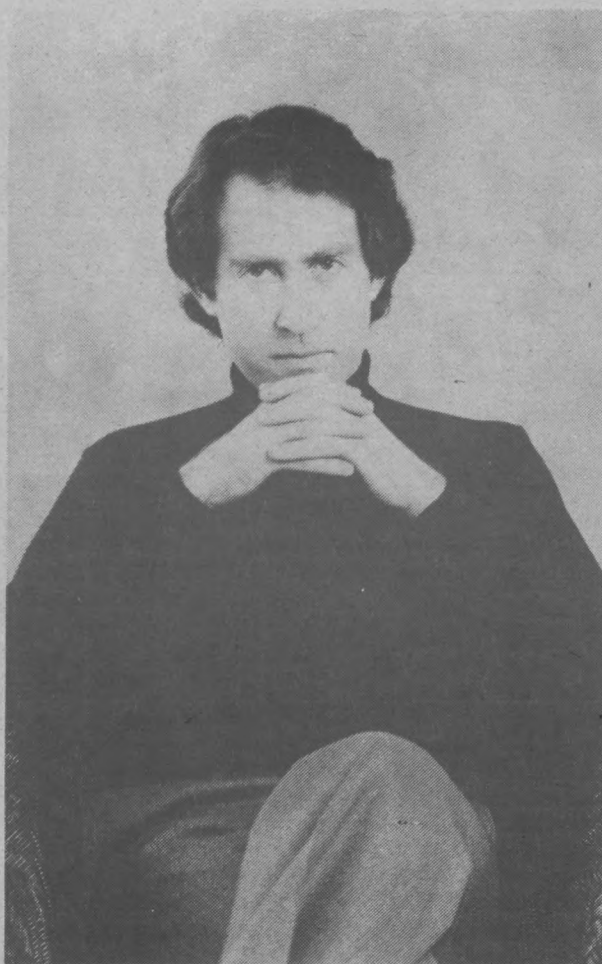


Got My
MOJO
Risin'

Mojo Nixon is the man your parents prayed you'd grow up to be. Let alone your virginity
 Mojo is in a band with his partner, Skid Roper, who plays the washboard while Mojo plays guitar.



Joseph Swensen, violin



Jeffrey Kahane, piano

Let There Be Music (And Movies and Filmmakers and Engaging Speakers and...)

Making Superlative Music Together

Violinist Joseph Swensen and Pianist Jeffrey Kahane

Words like 'genius,' 'renowned' and 'best' are tossed around too easily these days, for even when such labels can correctly be applied to a performer, we tend to dismiss the descriptions as promotional hype. But in the case of violinist Joseph Swensen and pianist Jeffrey Kahane who perform Saturday, October 7 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall, the hype really does match the reality. These two young performers have won a lion's share of international music contests, both regularly play with the finest world class orchestras, and their music recordings are winning rave reviews from critics and classical music lovers alike.

Jeffrey Kahane, 32, was born and raised in Los Angeles. (He played rock and roll guitar in his teens.) His technically superb yet subtle piano playing won him first prize in the Van Cliburn and Arthur Rubinstein competitions when he was in his mid-20s. Currently the professor of piano at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, Kahane has appeared with (among others) the New York Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and Philadelphia Orchestra. Joseph Swensen, 29, trained with Juilliard's Dorothy De Lay and has been compared with Isaac Stern, though Swensen is emerging with his own lyrical style and ability to make every note count.

For their program at UCSB, the two musicians are playing an adventurous and diverse selection of 20th century music including Debussy's impressionistic Sonata in G Minor for violin and piano, Bartók's sterner Sonata No. 2 for violin and

piano, Estonian composer Arvo Pärt's celestial "Fratres," and a set of songs paying homage to American music makers such as George Gershwin, Cole Porter and Jerome Kern.

Yes, yes, these two performers really do make beautiful music together. Tickets (UCSB students \$12/\$10/\$8) for this Arts & Lectures opening night event are now on sale.



"GONE WITH THE WIND"
CLARK GABLE
VIVIEN LEIGH

Films from Then, Films from Now

There's always time for a film, right? Well, this quarter's Arts & Lectures movie temptations begin tonight with *Gone With the Wind*, the first offering in the 1939: Hollywood's Glorious Year series. *Gone with the Wind* — that classic of classics — is based on Margaret Mitchell's saga of love and war and stars Vivien Leigh as the impassioned Scarlett O'Hara and Clark Gable in his unforgettable role as the dashing Rhett Butler. In coming weeks you can enjoy six other movie greats from 1939, including *The Wizard of Oz*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, and *Stagecoach*. The 1939 series screens on Thursday nights in Campbell Hall.

And for those of you who want to see what's happening in current world cinema, Arts & Lectures presents a bounty of international films.

WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN



The series begins with Spanish filmmaker Pedro Almodóvar's stylish and satirical romp, *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, the 1988 winner for Best Foreign Film by the New York Critics Circle. This latest hysterical installment in the war between the sexes screens Sunday, October 1 at 8 and 10 PM. In coming weeks the Sunday night series will feature films as wide-ranging as Spike Lee's controversial summer hit *Do the Right Thing*, the novel French film *La Lectrice* (The Reader) starring Miou Miou, and the New Zealand film *The Navigator*, the story of two brothers who travel from the plague years of the 14th century to present-day and equally frightening New Zealand.



Series tickets to both the 1939 and the International films are available at nearly a 50 percent discount. Come by the A&L Ticket Office and discover the economic joy of pre-purchasing.

Special Films

Internationally respected Swedish filmmaker Jan Troell visits UCSB on Saturday, September 30 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall to introduce and screen *The Flight of the Eagle* (1982, 135 min.), starring Max von Sydow. The cinematic epic, nominated for an Academy Award as Best Foreign Language Film, is based on the true story of an ill-fated 1897 expedition that attempted to reach the North Pole by hydrogen balloon. Screening on Friday, September 29 in UCSB Girvetz Hall 1004 at 3 PM, the day before Troell's guest appearance, is his highly revelatory documentary of Swedish life *Land of Dreams* (1987, 185 min.). Admission is free. Tickets for *The Flight of the Eagle* are \$3 for UCSB students, available at the door beginning at 7 PM.

Two powerful anti-apartheid films will be shown Tuesday, October 3 in a program entitled *Conflict and Courage in South Africa*. *Mapantsula* (1988, 104 min.) centers on Panic, a cynical, streetwise hoodlum compelled to take a stand against apartheid. The film, which was directed by Oliver Schmitz, has been banned in South Africa. *Mapantsula* screens in Campbell Hall at 8 PM, and tickets are available at the door only.

The Academy Award documentary nominee *The Cry of Reason* (1988, 56 min) focuses on the Rev. C. F. Beyers Naude, who once preached to South Africa's most powerful whites. Naude, who came from a long line of politically influential Afrikaners, underwent a spiritual transformation, took up the cause of Black freedom, and was ostracized for his stand. The free screening is at 4 PM in the MultiCultural Center.

For more information about these or other events, call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 961-3535.

UCSB
A&L
ARTS & LECTURES

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
			28 <i>Gone with the Wind</i> 7 PM/Campbell Hall	29 <i>Land of Dreams</i> 3 PM / Girvetz 1004	30 <i>The Flight of the Eagle</i> 8 PM/Campbell Hall	1 <i>Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown</i> 8 PM & 10 PM Campbell Hall
2 <i>Araro Madrid</i> 4:30 PM Girvetz 1004	3 <i>The Cry of Reason</i> 4 PM MultiCultural Center <i>Mapantsula</i> 8 PM/Campbell Hall	4	5 <i>Wizard of Oz</i> 8 PM & 10 PM Campbell Hall	6	7 Joseph Swensen, violin and Jeffrey Kahane, piano 8 PM/Campbell Hall	8 <i>Do The Right Thing</i> 8 PM & 10:30 PM Campbell Hall



Bill Wyman, Keith Richards, Charlie Watts, Mark Mothersbaugh, Ron Wood

Although Hard Times Have Hit, DEVO Still De-volving

Profile

Upcoming Gig In Ventura Proves Spud Guys Alive

By Marc Brown Reporter

Q: "Are we not Men?"

The answer will ring out this Saturday night as Devolution returns to the Ventura Theater. Even though they are currently working on a brand new DEVO album, I was fortunate enough to speak with Mark Mothersbaugh, one of the founders and current members of the band that has decided to take a break from the long hours in the studio and engage in a quick tour.

ARTSWEEK: What was the very first DEVO project? I read somewhere that it was a short film.

MARK MOTHERS-BAUGH: The first thing we ever did was a single on Booji Boy Records, our own label (later re-released on Stiff Records in UK). One side had "Jocko Homo" and the other hand "Mongoloid." Immediately following that we did a film called *The Truth About Devolution*, part of it was filmed at Kent State University, in a lecture hall.

ARTSWEEK: Is DEVO studios in Marina Del Rey busy these days?

MM: No, actually we just



recently lost our lease on the building. We knew we would, but we were holding on to the space as long as we could. So now we've been at a place in Burbank called Master Control for a while.

ARTSWEEK: So are you going to open a new studio?

MM: Yeah, but who knows? Maybe we will find an old fallout shelter somewhere that is not used and take it over.

ARTSWEEK: Are there any other bands that DEVO is working with these days? Any projects such as Bob Cascale's work with Martini Ranch a couple years ago.

MM: We are working on different odd things. I just sang a song for an Italian album, which I doubt will ever be released over here. I do things with different people in Japan too. (Note: Mark is currently awaiting the release of seven CDs of his solo work by Enigma Records. The first volume is currently available as a CD-only release, entitled *Muzik for Insomniaks Volume I*).

ARTSWEEK: What about DEVO's lineup change after the album *Shout*?

MM: Alan Meyers, our drummer who had been with us for ten years became un-brainwashed a couple years ago. What can I say? He became un-DEVO, so we had looked for a new drummer. We were lucky enough

to find another human metronome, which we were not sure would be possible; but, we came up with David Kendrick, who had played in Sparks and also Gleaming Spires before. Now he has been with us for two albums, *Total DEVO* and our current live album, also this is his second tour (with DEVO).

ARTSWEEK: How has your current concert tour been going so far?

MM: Last night (at the Coach House) was our first show. It went pretty interesting, it was pretty DEVO. We had a number of technical mutations that made things even more interesting than we could have imagined.

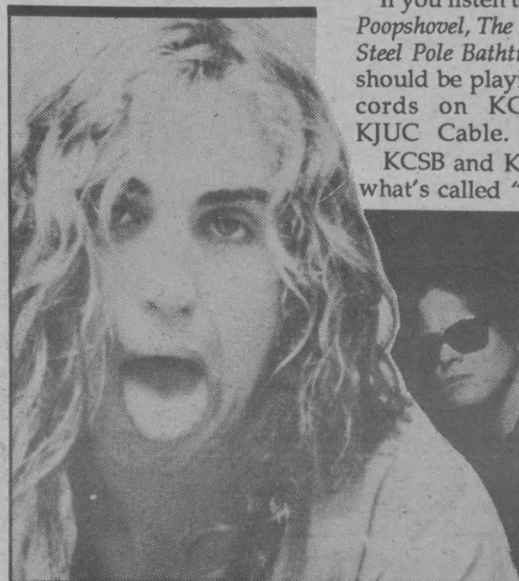
ARTSWEEK: For example...

MM: Little microchips malfunctioning so songs came out even more DEVO than ever before (a Total DEVO experience).

ARTSWEEK: Is your current live show just about the same as the live album, *DEVO, Now It Can Be Told* (recorded at the L.A. Palace Dec. 9, 1988)?

MM: No, No... There are a number of different songs. We do about half of the songs that are on that live album. But we are doing a lot of other things that were requested on the tour that we didn't do last time over that things we did. Like "Smart Patrol," "Mr. DNA"... "Planet Earth" sort of things. We are also doing brand new things that we are just working on. We are kind of in the process of determining what the final form (for many new songs) will be.

KCSB WANTS DEE JAYS



If you listen to bands like *Poopshovel*, *The Hard-ons*, or *Steel Pole Bath tub* then you should be playing their records on KCSB-FM or KJUC Cable.

KCSB and KJUC deal in what's called "alternative"

radio. That means no Classic rock, no Guns n' Roses, no Paula Abdul. Alternative radio provides the community with new music that can't be heard on "normal" radio stations. Without stations like KCSB, bands like R.E.M. would be mumbling to themselves and pumping gas — not mumbling to millions and pumping out hits.

KCSB and KJUC need new programmers (d.j.'s), so if you've got what it takes come to their orientation meeting at Storke Courtyard (next to the Nexus), today (Thursday) at 6 (p.m.)

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY BOWL

KTYD ROCK 99.9



DON HENLEY

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

EDIE BRICKELL & NEW BOHEMIANS

THIS SATURDAY!

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 30-7PM

RESCHEDULED! TICKETS WILL BE HONORED!

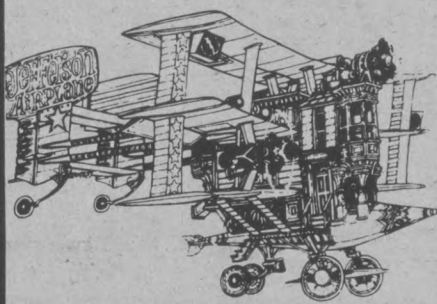
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

WITH ORIGINAL MEMBERS...

GRACE SLICK
PAUL KANTNER
MARTY BALIN
JACK CASSIDY
JORMA KAUKONEN

THIS SUNDAY!

OCTOBER 1-3PM



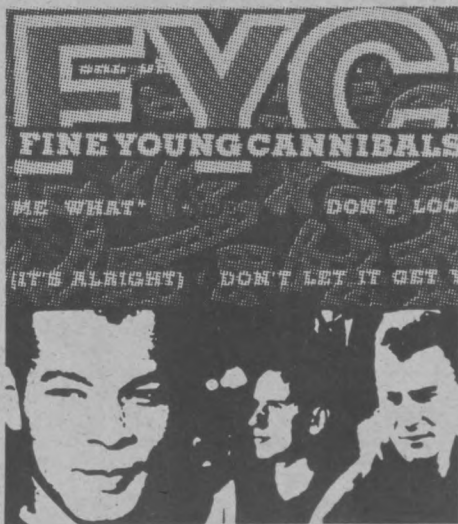
DOOBIE BROTHERS

THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS...

TOM JOHNSTON
PATRICK SIMMONS
JOHN HARTMAN
TIRAN PORTER
MICHAEL HOSSACK

THIS TUESDAY!

OCTOBER 3-7PM



FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

THE TOM TOM CLUB
AND THE MINT JULEPS

OCTOBER 10-7PM

TICKETMASTER including Arlington box office, Captain Video, Morninglory Music, May Co., Music Plus and M & M Records in Lompoc. Also the County Bowl box office. To charge by phone call (805) 583-8700.

PACIFICONCERTS

'Black Rain:' Ridley Scott Fails Miserably

New Michael Douglas Cop Movie Routine and Trite; Makes You Frown on Hollywood

By Jesse Engdahl
Staff Writer

"Black Rain" starring Michael Douglas directed by Ridley Scott Paramount Pictures

★



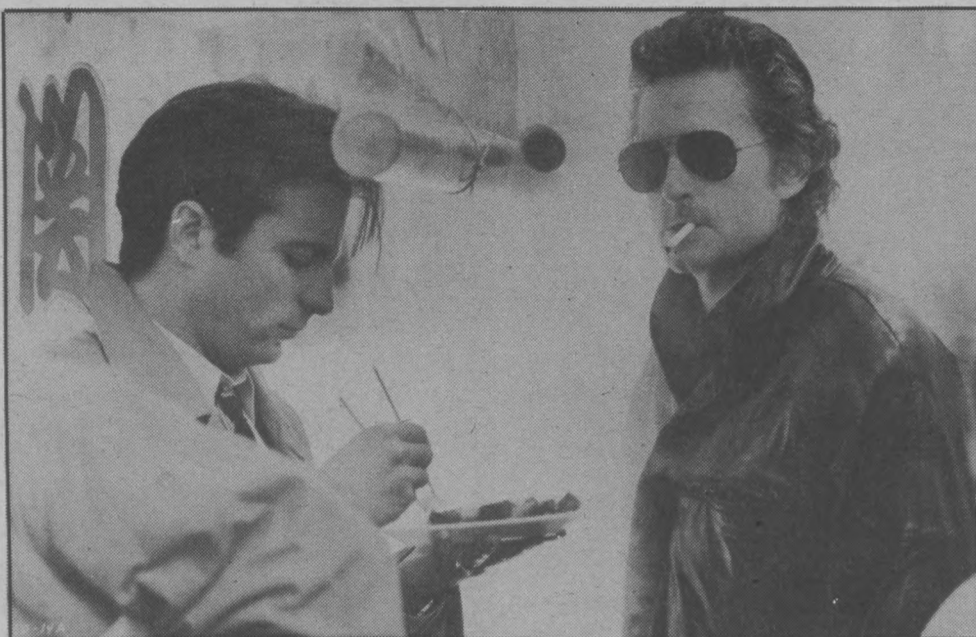
FILM

"Black Rain" sucks. Really sucks.

A movie so much anticipated for its potent potential, everything good about it only gives weight to the massive letdown. With Ridley Scott — everyone's fave underrated director ("Alien," "Blade Runner") — conducting, and Michael Douglas, the UCSB alum and Oscar-toting, macho-yet-fatally-attentive venture capitalist as The Star, it seemed as sure a thing as the '27 Yankees. Instead it plays like New York's current team — lots of power but no point.

If pitching is 90% of baseball, the main thing that movie-makers have forgotten lately is that the story is absolutely the most vital part of the flick (especially when Hollywood seems to equate "art-film" with AIDS). It's starting to seem like a big conspiracy; everybody saying, "If no one else has anything interesting or original, why should I?"

"Black Rain" is part "Dirty Harry," part



Michael Douglas looking for a fork

"Year of the Dragon," part "Robocop," your basic fish-out-of-water, renegade-cop-fighting-the-system concept. Ever wonder why the writers go on strike so much, and why the rest of Hollywood never gives a fuck? This is the second (or is it the third?) generation raised on TV instead of literature, and there's a toll being taken.

The thing is, Scott dealt with this theme incredibly in "Blade Runner," taking the basic comic book detective story and painting a post-noir, ethereal, existential masterpiece, with a lot of insight and irony. After the misguided "Legend," a seductive "Someone to Watch Over Me" indicated that the modern, mature cop, caught in an extenuating, multi-level dilemma is a genre over which Scott should be presiding.

"Black Rain's" premise, therefore, should have fit Scott better than one of his Armani suits. Douglas is the street-smart, jaded New York investigator with an attitude to match his reputation. He catches an exceptionally vicious Japanese mob assassin whom he is forced to extradite. However, the psycho gets away by virtue of the language barrier.

Then it's up to our hero to fight the rigidly inept local police as well as the insanely violent (yet supremely fashionable) underworld. All of this set against the beyond-gothic, super-industrial, Las Vegas-meets-Pittsburg (wet neon and smoke) landscape of Tokyo (Osaka, actually).

So do we get the selfish, self-righteous American seeing the destructive pathos of rampant capitalist decadence and coming to some sort of realization? Do we feel the cross-cultural paranoia hacking painfully at moral integrity, or question the search for justice becoming an act of revenge?

Not very often. These concepts are touched upon almost accidentally by the shallow script, then tritely wrapped up or avoided by its conclusions. It's probably only racist by mistake, too. All of the characters are basically one-dimensional, as realistic as the bullets that always just miss the good guys and nail the bad ones. Any duality is represented by things always going unbelievably wrong or right, with either incredible coincidence or predictability.

Scott's visuals, which begin brilliantly in

the jarring syncopated cuts from sweeping wides to dizzying close-ups in both New York and Japan, become irrelevant as the story deviates into retro-action and melodrama.

Indeed, the only hint of irony in the film is completely unintended; Scott seems to know how to frame a mood so perfectly that he starts to back off on his close-ups (the laughingly banal exchanges between Douglas and either his Japanese partner, Ken Takakura, or love-interest, Kate Capshaw), and come in on the wider shots (your standard chases, blow-ups and shoot-outs).

Likewise the fine acting of Douglas and Takakura is pointless — with neither good lines nor interesting motions. Andy Garcia ("The Untouchables") does such a fine job —

Ever wonder why the writers go on strike so much, and why the rest of Hollywood never gives a fuck?

This is the second (or is it the third?) generation raised on TV instead of literature, and there's a toll being taken.

in the only good part — that he gets killed off half-way through the movie (they must have realized he was too smart to play the idiotic conclusion with a straight face).

If you doubt that the whole thing was ever more than some accountant's wet dream, all the corporate tie-ins make "Black Rain" look like one big music-video ad for Suzuki and Northwest Airlines. At one point Takakura admonishes Douglas' attitude with "...you Americans! You're good for music and movies, but we make the best of everything else." He doesn't realize that it's his country's pathetic idolization of such glossy, commercialized fare that not only keeps our movie and music studios churning out the shit, but it also keeps our economy at pace with his.

P.S. "Black Rain" enjoyed an extremely large opening for a non-holiday film last weekend, taking in nearly \$10 million dollars nationwide. On Monday, Sony bid \$3 Billion for Columbia Pictures. (Columbia is already 49% owned by Coca-Cola.)

THE WEEKEND CONNECTION

GET CONNECTED

listen. listen
look. look.
drink. drink.
dance. dance.
eat. eat.
enjoy. enjoy.
soon. soon.
U.C.S.B.
S.B.



POSTERS...

Something to get excited about!!

Enlightened Sights

813 State St. in front of Piccadilly Square

SOUND BITES

Aerosmith
"Pump"
 Geffen Records
 ★★★

A lot of what's on Aerosmith's *Pump* can be likened to making love in an elevator: quickly satisfying, with a lot of cheap thrills, rocking hard when it's moving fast, yet quite a downer when it starts to get sappy.

Although nothing on the album comes close to their classic cuts, almost every song has a riff or chord that grabs you, shakes you, makes you wanna reach for some brew and boogie.

Yet, while the music is pumped by some catchy licks, the lyrics... well, they're kind of dumb, to say the least. In "F.I.N.E." ("Fucked Up, Insecure, Neurotic, Emotional," probably how Steven Tyler felt when penning the lyrics), Tyler sings such inspirational phrases as "She got the Cracker Jack, now all I want is the prize." And who could forget that someday-classic, but still dumb lyric: "Love in an elevator, living it up when I'm going down/ loving it up 'till I hit the ground."

Then again, you can't complain — Aerosmith was never praised for their depth. Hey, if it weren't for Mick Jagger, Tyler would be the undaunted king of rock campiness. Keeping that fact in mind, the lyrics become catchy, almost fitting in a way.

Ironically, the band's one attempt at consciousness, "Janie's Got a Fun," a kind of Skid Row-meets-Suzanne Vega tune fails miserably, as does the we-wanna-make-another-cool—"Dream On"-type song, "What it Takes."

Yet, for all its shortcomings, *Pump* is still rock-solid, fun-loving fare, topped by some trademark Aerosmithsonian camp.

— Barbra Dannov



THE METAL BOX/KATIE ADLER

Consistently churning out metal gods, the Bay area is at it once again. Testament's latest Megaforce release *Practice What You Preach* is one hot, hot album, showcasing this amazing band at their absolute best.

Vocalist Chuck Billy's energy is raging throughout such notable tracks as "Envy Life," "Perilous Nation," and "Greenhouse Effect"; and the incredible title track is sure to be the breakthrough for this righteous band.

Definitely not to be missed, these guys are coming to town! So thrash on down to the Ventura Theatre next Wed. Oct. 4th at 8pm and experience the energy of TESTAMENT as they blow your mind and send you into a headbanging frenzy! Opening for TESTAMENT will be Roadracer recording artists ANNIHILATOR so don't you dare miss this groovy show. See you there!

Eurythmics
We Too Are One
 Arista Records
 ★

Disappointing is the only word to describe the new Eurythmics album. This record is definite VH-1 material.

Annie Lennox, arguably the best female vocalist in rock, wimped out this time around. She sounds like she'd rather be anywhere than in a recording studio, which is too bad. The best part about the diverse talents of Dave Stewart is his guitar playing, which is relatively non-existent on this album.

All in all, the Eurythmics album leaves you with a bland taste in your mouth, kind of like oatmeal. Only unlike the cereal, this album really isn't the right thing to do.

— Seana Fitt

James McMurtry
Too Long in the Wasteland
 CBS Records
 ★★★

What caught my attention about *Too Long in the Wasteland* was that James' little finger was wrapped in a slide on the sleeve photo, and the supporting musicians listed include Dobro and National Steel Guitar.

McMurtry's influences range from Dylan to Lou Reed to John Cougar Mellencamp (who produced the record). Mellencamp's influence is especially evident; almost every song is a middle America ballad of some small town or working man.

The title track grooves, a couple of bluesy riffs appear courtesy of National Steel, and then BOOM! It really starts moving; heated electric solos and a start/stop staccato power that leaves the rest of side one in shambles. The last song on side two, "Talkin' at the Texaco," is an interesting, improvisational jazzy blues jam, with scattered bits of conversation, clarinet and a large dis-chorus. It's the most original piece on the record, but I don't think it, or *Too Long in the Wasteland* will be topping the charts in the near future.

— Jamie Reilly

Tears for Fears
Seeds of Love
 MCA Records
 ★

This once-mighty, now-artistically-castrated duo, best known for their phenomenal burst onto the alternative music scene with the outstanding, new-wave genre-defining *The Hurting* and pop-crossover smash *Songs From the Big Chair*, have gone off the deep end this time out, shucking what vestiges of alternativeness they retained on *Chair*. *Seeds of Love* is a straight-dumb-sleepy-jazzy-pop, with none of the tricky African beats or clever Fairlight riffs that made their mid '80s stuff so distinctive. Somebody had better find and reattach whatever appendage that has been cut out of these two gentlemen, and quick, before they make another album. *The Seeds of Love? Kill them before they grow, please.*

Public Image Ltd.
 9
Virgin Records
 ★★★

If Sid Vicious were alive, he'd roll over in his grave. His former bandmate, John Lydon, and the rest of PIL are at it again.

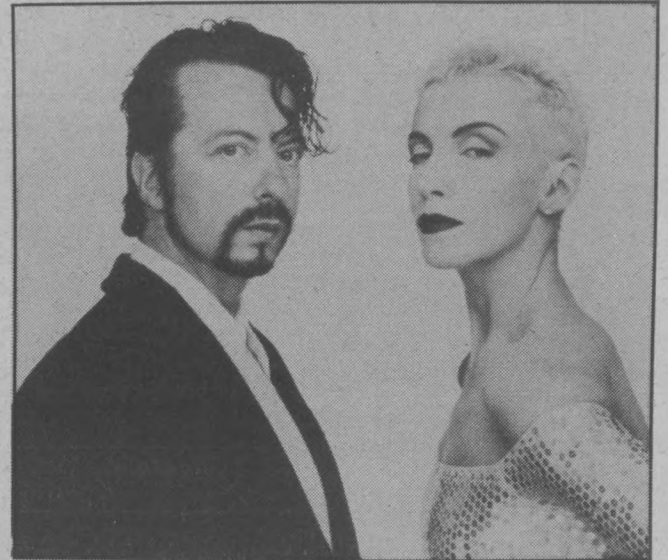
This loud-yet-unobtrusive album, sharing the worst features of synthetic techno-pop and hollering, whining punk-rock, really makes you wish that Johnny had stayed rotten, or at least refrained from leaning on those dang synthesized violins so much.

Not that the music is the only offensive part of 9, there are a few lyrical... ironies present as well. Rotten Johnny attacks *those Oh! So trendy in their flapper and flair* — a bold, courageous statement that gives rise to the musical question *now, isn't the pot calling the kettle black?* Lydon's most recent creation is the latest in a long string of trendified, uninteresting yearnings for the greener pastures of the yesteryear — yearnings which never come to fruition, if we're lucky.

— Jeffrey P. McManus



(Above) Aerosmith — old guys trying to look like high school geeks. Rik Emmet, Lee Mazilli, Mick Jagger, Sammy Hagar, Moxie. (Right)



Dave Stewart (no, not the Oakland A's pitcher who went out with a prostitute that turned out to be a man — but Dave didn't notice — and then the cops found the pair and busted 'em) and the beautiful Annie Lennox; collectively, the Eurythmics.

Ventura CONCERT THEATRE

UPCOMING SHOWS

& **KCSB** COMMUNITY SERVICE BROADCASTING PRESENT:

Sept. 30th
DEVO



Oct. 4th
TESTAMENT
 with Annihilator



Oct. 13th
JOHNNY THUNDERS



- 9/29 Cecilio & Kapono/Kalapana
- 9/30 Devo
- 10/1 Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
- 10/3 k.d. lang & the reclines
- 10/4 Testament w/Annihilator
- 10/5 Bodeans
- 10/6 Stray Cats
- 10/7 Average White Band
- 10/13 Johnny Thunders
- 10/14 KTYD welcomes an Evening of comedy with Bruce Baum (Arsenio Hall Show) Joann Dearing (Hostess of Comedy Express) & Kip Adotta
- 10/17 Dirty Looks
- 10/19 the Godfathers
- 10/21 Tower of Power
- 10/25 Jimmy Cliff
- 10/27 Arlo Guthrie
- 10/28 the Bombers
- 10/31 Halloween Eve King Diamond
- 11/4 Shenendoah

For Ticket Information and Dinner Reservations
 Call the Ventura Theatre Box Office, 26 South Chestnut,
 at (805) 648-1888
 or Heck Music or Video Tyme

Concert Line
 (805) 648-1936

TICKETMASTER
 MAY COMPANY & MUSIC PLUS
 (805) 583-8700

MOJO NIXON:

The Artsweek Interview by Tony Pierce

Continued from p.1A

tar and sings songs like "Debbie Gibson is Pregnant with my two-headed Love Child."

Mojo Nixon: Well, you know we made love that time. Y'now she's startin' to show a little.

Artsweek: You got her pregnant a while ago. I'd have expected a Mojo/Gibson baby by now.

Mojo Nixon: Well, a two-headed love child takes twice as long to incubate. You know, I reviewed her record in *Playboy*, and I said she should get rid of those computer hacks she had working with her and hire The Replacements to get 'em drunk and stop trying to be a teenage multinational corporation, and just have some fun!

It turns out Mojo is a big fan of the Minneapolis hard-slop band. But Mojo admits he didn't like the Mats' latest record *Don't Tell A Soul* too much.

Mojo Nixon: I entertained the idea of having (Westerberg) produce our record (*Root Hog or Die*), and we talked about it, but we never got the ball off the ground or nothin'. I think he's a good song writer and a good dude, but I don't know about this last record. I think what happened was ... they spend so much time telling the record business, record industry, whatever you call it, to fuck off, and then they realize that they've dug themselves a hole and now they're trying to get out of it. They're trying too hard to get out of it.

Artsweek: Have you ever had any problems like that with record labels?

Mojo Nixon: No, they're so damned afraid of me they're just hopin' I don't come in there and kill 'em.

Artsweek: I read somewhere that you said that fear was America's biggest problem. What's Mojo afraid of?

Mojo Nixon: I'm afraid of turning into Bon Jovi. I'm afraid I'm gonna sell out. People are offering me money to do commercials for Hardees and shit and I'm just like '...I don't know...' I'm not saying I can't be bought, I'm just saying it's gonna take a lot of money. Definitely EIGHT digits. I have a price, but its a great big 'un.

stead of creative control, the station offered him more money.

Mojo Nixon: I told 'em, 'I ain't showin' no fuckin' Warrant videos.' Warrant can kiss my ass. Only Warrant video I'm showin' is them suckin' my butt.

Artsweek: I heard that you thought every one in the U.S. oughtta have sex with everyone in the Soviet Union.

Mojo Nixon: Oh yeah; I think it would be good. It would cut down on the tension a lot. I think, in general, we should be more concerned with fuckin' the Russians than killin' 'em. It's like the movies. Mickey Rourke in "Angel Heart" can kill 47 motherfuckers, but we can't show his ass while he goes in to find Lisa Bonet. Are we for destroying life and against creating life? Is that where our priorities are? We spend, what, a billion dollars a day on military, on blowin' shit up. We don't spend nothin' on sex farms, we need to spend all that money on a giant sex farm in Nebraska and then teach people how to fuck better. If people could fuck better, see, a lot more good shit would happen. People would be a lot more relaxed, they wouldn't be violent, they wouldn't be mean so much.

I warned you about Mojo.

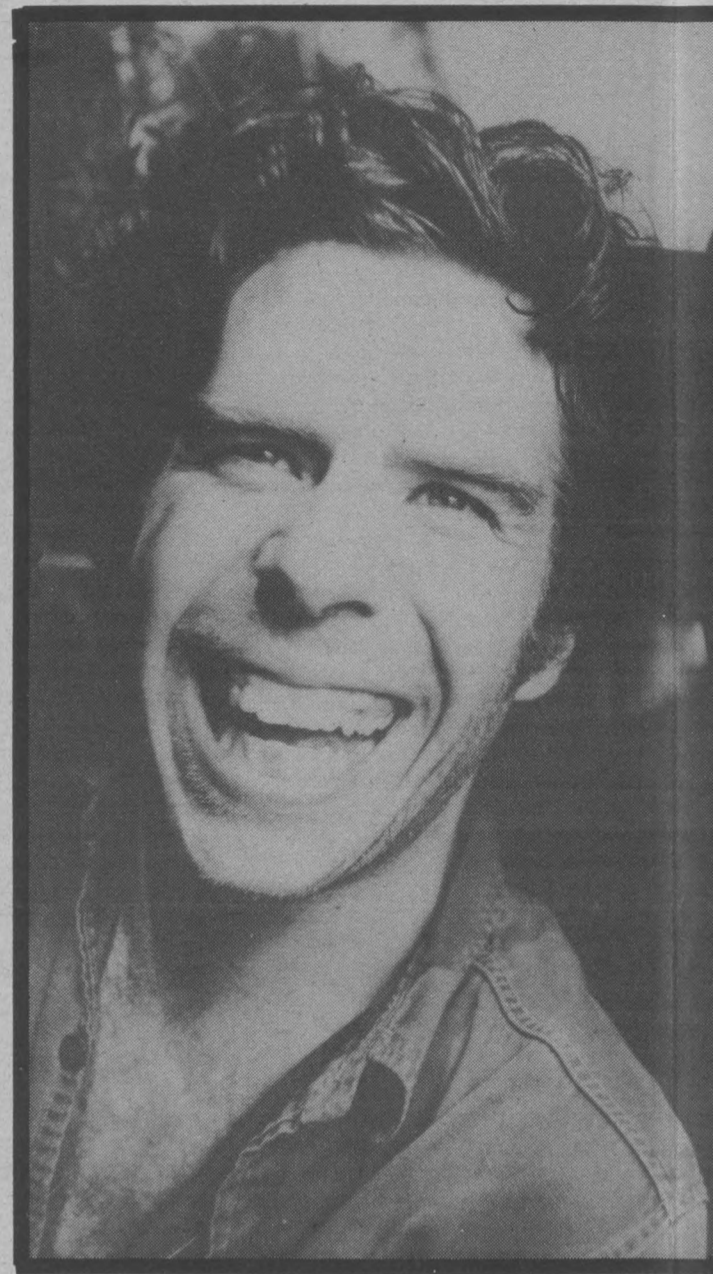
Mojo Nixon: People in New York need to get fucked, 'cuz there's some mean and ugly lookin' motherfuckers out there. I was there, man, and I'll tell you, I haven't seen so many ugly people in one place at one time. They need to ship in some good lookin' folks to fuck some of those folks, 'cuz if all those (ugly) folks fuck each other, they'd have Super-Ugly babies. They gonna be uglier than Mayor Crotch.

Artsweek: What do you think yours and Debbie's baby is gonna look like?

Mojo Nixon: Oh, it's gonna be fiiiiiiiiinne. A strappin' handsome young man. Little Mo, we'll call him. That's what she's been sayin', "Give me a little mo' of that dick."

Artsweek: Hey, tell us about Mojo's first woman.

Mojo Nixon: Oh yeaaaah, man. Well see, my first woman was my hand, see. Y'all heard about The Great Pussy Drought of the '70s? I was hooked up in that mothufucka'. I couldn't even see. I was a desperate man. My first woman was some



Mojo's rock and Skid Roper's roll will be showing Pub Night of the year and all ages are welcome. Admission or almost a case of Schaefer, whichever you prefer.

Mojo claims that he's been offered a show by MTV, but in-



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Name _____

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Phone _____





woman sent to my town ... some girl in high school who'd gone bad and she was sent to my town to be good, and I made her go bad again. Lucky me.

When Mojo Nixon plays concerts he requests beer backstage. Although for his Pub show he can't be provided with any alcohol (because A.S. is sponsoring the night, and student funds can't be used to purchase alcohol) he requested "nothing better than Budweiser".

Mojo Nixon: No, we prefer Black Label, Stag, Schaeffer. I view beer as a utilitarian thing. It's somethin' to get you drunk. They all taste the same after two beers anyway, so why spend \$4 a beer when you can spend 30 cents? I would love to do a beer commercial for some Super Beer, like the Jolt Cola of beers. If I could say, "this beer will make you drunker than any other beer. Why buy six of those when three of these will knock you on your ass!" If someone wants me to do that commercial, I'm ready.

Mojo has a song called "Elvis is Everywhere" which says that the late Mr. Presley can be found in everyone except for Michael J. Fox.

Artsweek: Do you think George Bush has any Elvis in him?
Mojo Nixon: I doubt it very seriously. There hasn't been any medical studies or anything, though. But Bush is a sniveling twit (who) ought to be executed. You can't trust him as far as you can throw him up. Now, Reagan ... I think when they operated on Reagan, when they operated on his head, they probably took what little Elvis he had in him. They gave him that mohawk hair cut, though. The Ramones oughtta write a song "Reagan is a Punk Rocker." Hey, is he comin' to the show?

Artsweek: Well you know he lives up here.
Mojo Nixon: I know he does. Why don't you call him up and invite his ass.

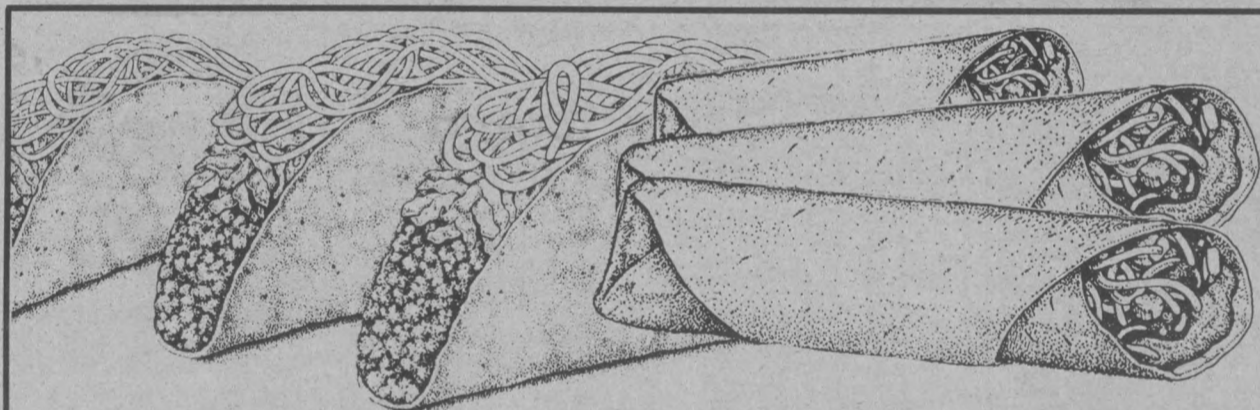
Speaking of asses, in our discussion, somehow, the topic of underwear came up.

Mojo Nixon: I don't wear underwear. I ain't worn underwear in years. The only time I wear underwear is when it's so cold your balls turn to the size of b.b.'s.

Artsweek: What can we expect from Mojo on this show at the Pub?

Nixon: We were out there about two years ago. I remember I climbed up on the rafters and people had to catch me when I jumped down. I felt like "Bone-O" or something. Mojo Nixon music is grindin' in d'pussy. It's rock and roll.

showing at UCSB's Pub tonight at 8 p.m. It's the first time. Admission is a mere \$5, enough for a twelver of Bud, if you prefer.



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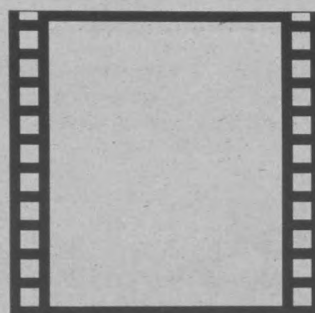
CAPSULE REVIEWS:

'Sea of Love:'
Pretty Lousy,
Pacino Wasted
in Bummer

By Julee Stover
Reporter

"Sea of Love"
starring Al Pacino
A Universal Picture

★ Al Pacino, an extremely talented and well-respected actor who most certainly has his pick of choice roles, chose to re-enter the celluloid spotlight



F I L M

with *Sea of Love*, an assumed sultry thriller that generates about as much excitement as tepid beer ... and the aftertaste is just as bad.

Pacino's performance as Frank Keller — the divorced, haggard, middle-aged, chain-smoking and drinking cop on the verge of a midlife crisis is not the problem. He plays the part flawlessly. The only ste-

reotypical (note: stereotypical) feature he lacks is a mustache, but cops in movies, other than ones played by Burt Reynolds, never seem to have one anyway.

Keller's mid life crisis is on the verge of happening at the emergence of a macabre serial murder case. A woman is suspected of killing men who advertise in rhyming verse in the personals section of a New York magazine. After three men have been found dead, face down and naked on their beds, Keller and his affable partner Sherman (burly actor John Goodman from ABC's hit series *Roseanne* — the only character that takes on a third dimension in the film and really gives it some much needed life) get the go ahead to submit their own personal to the magazine in order to track down the

killer.

Enter possible suspect actress Ellen Barkin as the femme fatale perpetually clad in tight fitting clothing and standard leather jacket (red...for color, for symbolism, both?!). She is the only woman screened who doesn't stick around long enough on the staged date with Pacino to leave her fingerprints. She claims that the animal magnetism wasn't there, but it certainly is a few nights later when they run into each other at the neighborhood market. Barkin and Pacino enter into what appears to be a very physical affair, all the while Pacino still doubting her innocence.

The ending of "Sea of Love" proves redeeming, but not quite enough to enable the cardboard cut-out characters it contains to stand out among its contrivances. It doesn't even have a good soundtrack to fall back on. Any movie that would not only feature but take its title from a song as tedious as "Sea of Love" (at least we are spared The Honey Drippers version) is bound to raise some doubts (and I'm not even mentioning Queen's smash hit *Another One Bites the Dust* featured during the wedding scene).

Why Al? ... Why??

'The Package:'
Hackman Packs
Back in Black

By Brian Banks
Reporter

So, after a summer filled with whip-snapping heroes, heroes in kid's costumes, and kids the size of Legos, the release of *The Package*, a smart, fast-paced thriller, is a refreshing change.

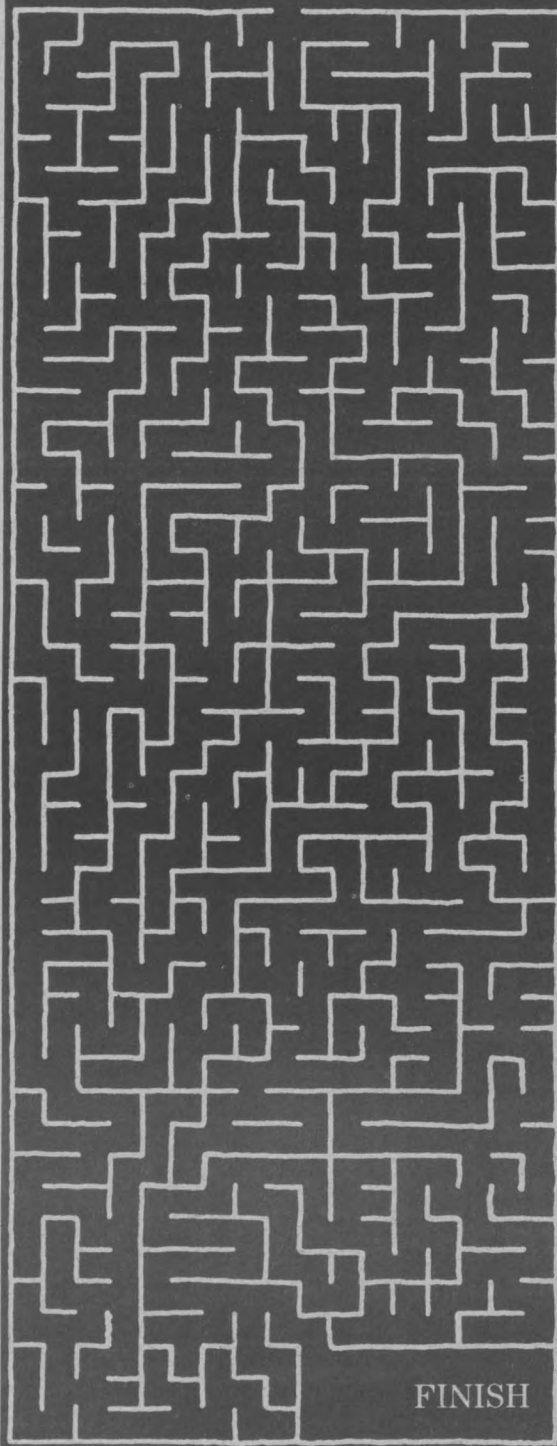
Gene Hackman stars as career military man John Gallagher, who is assigned to deliver a "package" — a court-martialed soldier played by Tommy Lee Jones. When his prisoner escapes, Gallagher realizes that he is entangled in a much bigger incident.

Despite the farfetched plot, the acting and pacing of the film make the story watchable — if not somewhat believable. Not since 1987's *No Way Out* (which, coincidentally, also co-starred Hackman) has a political thriller been made with such attention to intricate details and clever plot twists.

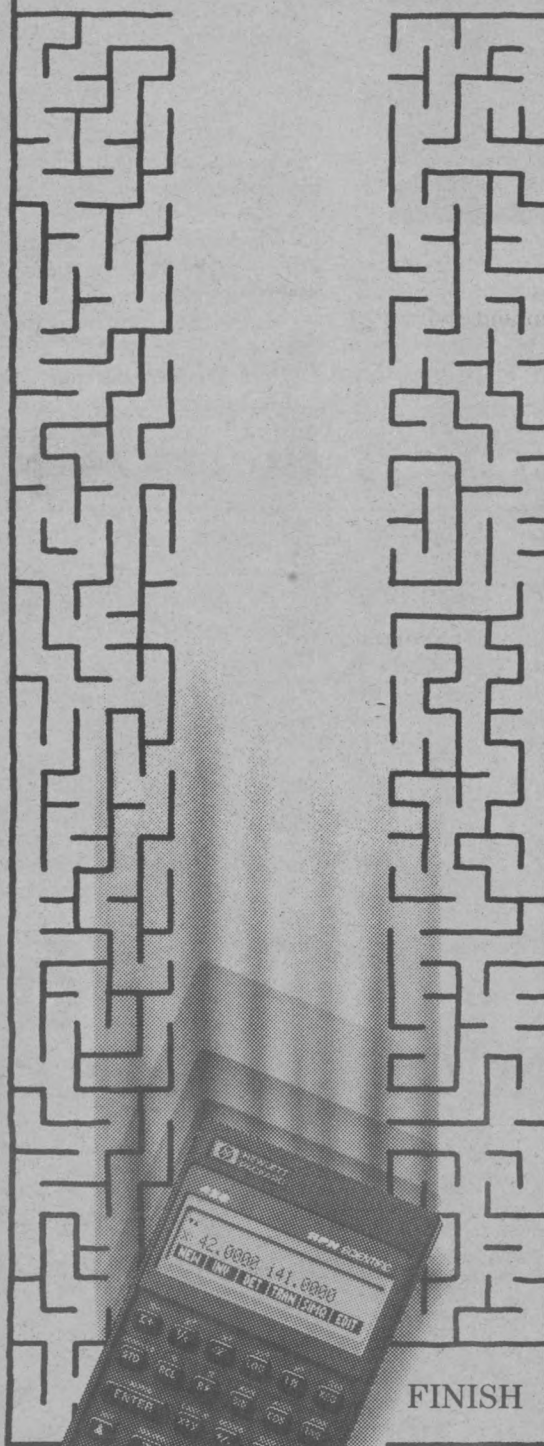
Throughout *The Package*, a series of seemingly separate incidents take place that may puzzle the moviegoer. It all comes together in the end nicely, and, surprisingly, quite simply.

Equaling Hackman's skill is Tommy Lee Jones. Consistently an underrated actor, Jones is convincing as the hit-man who must complete his assignment despite Hackman's pursuit. The rest of the supporting cast includes some fine performances from seemingly stereotyped actors. Dennis Franz, who excelled as a bend-the-rules Hill Street Cop on TV's *Hill Street Blues*, here plays a bend-the-rules Chicago cop. Also in a familiar role is John Heard. Heard, who has been cast as every type of white-collar criminal, plays — guess what — a villainous general.

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Two Films Probe South Africa's Struggle With Apartheid

'Panic' Tells Tale of Black Couple Forced to Endure Rich White World



F I L M

By Bridget Dittman
Reporter

"Mapantsula"
Directed by Oliver Schmitz
showing at Campbell Hall,
Tuesday Oct. 8 at 8 p.m.

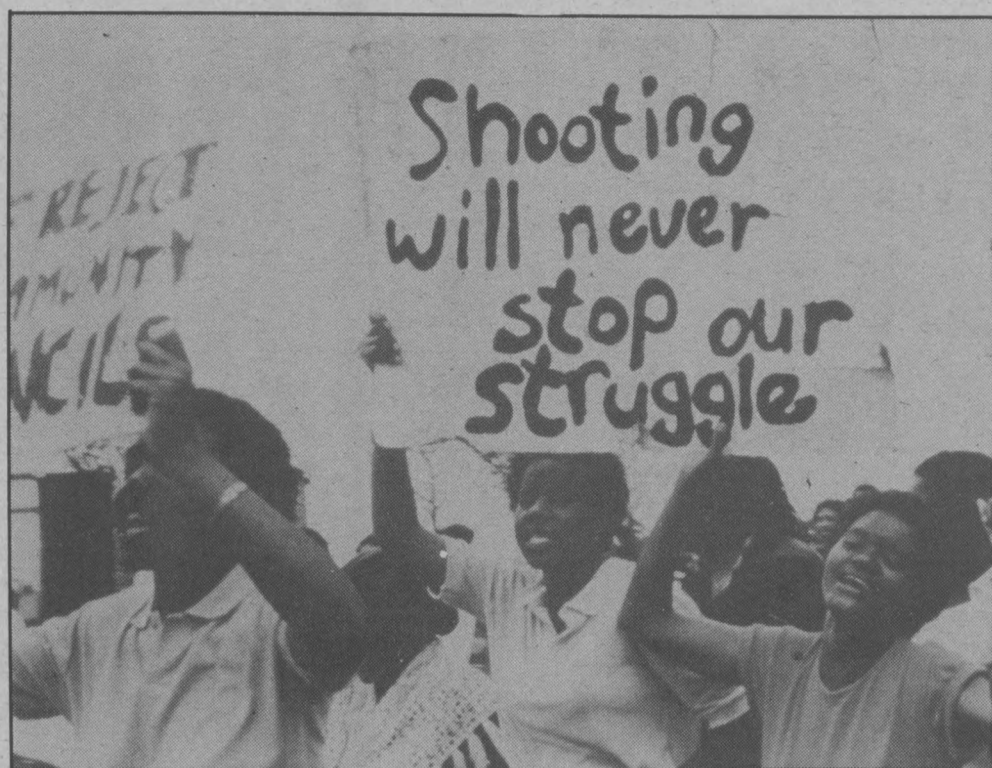
Mistakenly arrested with a group of anti-apartheid activists, Themba Mapantsula, alias "Panic," awakens to a painful social conscience.

Panic is a gangster in a black South African township outside of Johannesburg. A lying, cheating, stealing ex-con who is lazy at home and nasty to his girlfriend, Panic is a parasite on an already trauma-ridden society.

It is only when his socially conscious teen-age brother is missing in the aftermath of a police-raided funeral procession that Panic begins to acknowledge the predicament of his community. With the film's complex structure, we can be alternately sympathetic and disgusted with Panic as he rethinks his world.

The film shows the crisis of the black South African family structure, as well as the children's front line involvement in the South African political arena.

Throughout the film (which was banned by the South African government), blacks who work within the structure of the apartheid system to aid it are contrasted to those who are per-



Fighting the power in "Mapantsulu."
(Below) "Panic" counts his change.

secuted while struggling for freedom.

The lifestyle of the white community is represented by the household where Panic's girlfriend, Pat, works as a domestic servant. Her employer, a bigoted, elitist, slovenly, snotty bitch, prattles on and on about her exhausting weekend of entertaining guests and going to the theater while Pat follows her around picking up after her.

The grounds of this Johannesburg house, with its manicured lawn and swimming

With the film's complex structure, we can be alternately sympathetic and disgusted with Panic.

pool, are a shocking contrast to the dirty, chaotic township that Pat and Panic are from.

The story shows the crisis of the outsider, and the struggle of a courageous, determined people against injustice. This is doubly entertaining after realizing that director Oliver Schmitz fooled the South African authorities



into thinking that he was filming an apolitical gangster movie.

Secret Lives of Members of Racist Society Examined in 'Cry of Reason'

By Bridget Dittman
Reporter

"The Cry of Reason"
showing Tuesday, Oct. 3 at 4 p.m., free at the Multi-Cultural Center

Academy Award nominee "The Cry of Reason" is a powerful documentary of the role of Rev. C. F. Beyers Naude in the history of the South African anti-apartheid movement.

Combining news footage of the daily chaos caused by the injustice of apartheid, footage of sermons and rallies throughout South Africa, and interviews with Naude



Rev. Beyers Naude
Anti-apartheid leader
and all-around good
guy.

Naude speaks articulately and compellingly throughout the film including explaining his 1963 break with the Brudabond.

and other anti-apartheid leaders, it is a story of courage and deep moral conviction.

Educated at an all-white South African university, Naude became the youngest member ever to join the Brudabond, which according to the film is "the secret Afrikaner Society that conceived and to this day manipulates white supremacy in South Africa."

Naude speaks articulately and compellingly throughout the film including explaining his 1963 break with the Brudabond. He says that he quit the group after recognizing the horrifying conditions forced upon the black community and the government massacres at peaceful protests in the early 1960's.

The documentary also focuses on Naude's work after he'd become ostracized from the white community. While attempting to gain the trust

and respect of the black community, Naude was eventually officially "banned" by the government for seven years.

A banned person cannot be quoted, cannot write for publication, cannot meet socially with more than one person, cannot enter an educational institution where publication takes place, cannot instruct anyone but his own children, and is confined to a restricted area.

Less than a month after his banning, Naude was called to replace Desmond Tutu as the General Secretary of the African Council of Churches.

Naude and the other reform leaders' diatribes upon the repressive regimes are excellently accented by the images themselves which are testimony to the years of impassioned struggle to free South Africa.



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GRANADA 3 1216 State St., S.B.	Black Rain (R) 12, 2:35, 5:15, 8, 10:35	No passes, group sales or bargain nights	
	The Abyss (PG-13) 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10	Parenthood (PG-13) 2:30, 5:05, 7:50, 10:25	
FIESTA 4 916 State St., S.B.	Lethal Weapon II (R) 5:15, 7:30, 10	The Adventures of Milos & Otis (G) 1:30, 3:30 Separate admission required ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW Fri Midnite only	
	Uncle Buck (PG) 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45	When Harry Met Sally (R) 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45	Sea of Love (R) 1:15, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15 No passes, group sales, bargain nites
PLAZA DE ORO TWIN 349 Hitchcock Way, S.B.	Romero (PG-13) 5:30, 7:50, 10:05 Sat & Sun also 1, 3:15	Shirley Valentine (R) 5:35, 7:50, 10:05 Sat & Sun also 1:15, 3:25	
CINEMA TWIN 6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta	SEA OF LOVE (R) 5:30, 7:45, 9:50 Sat & Sun also 1, 3:15	No passes, group sales or bargain nites	
FAIRVIEW TWIN 251 N. Fairview, Goleta	The Adventures of Milos & Otis Weekdays 5:45 only Sat & Sun 1:45 only	WHEN HARRY MET SALLY (R) 6, 8, 10 Sat & Sun also 2, 4	The Abyss 7, 9:30 S & S also 4
GOLETA 320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta	PARENTHOOD (PG-13) 5:15, 7:40, 10 Sat & Sun also 2:45		
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The Bottom Line

Where Todd and Stymie, superduper movie critics, review movies that nobody likes, that are no longer in theatres, but that you might catch at a drive-in, when bored.

rentable chart

- a big yes
- just plain yes
- a big perhaps

this week's feature

KICKBOXER



Kickboxer
starring Jean-Claude Van Damme

The opening scene was fan-tastic, as immediately we knew exactly what the movie was gonna be about.

Yup, the credits were nice and big, and the scene after it wasn't bad.

But I liked that.

Oh, I aint griping...

The indecipherable symbolism of the ever-present bird of prey overwhelmed me to infinity.

Yeah, I winced at the gut-wrenching intensity of his martial arts training.

Yeah, it was reminiscent of Rocky or Karate Kid, or The Man With One Red Shoe or something.

I agree.

Yeah, I didn't get it either... maybe a duck could have worked.

The casting of Tong Po as himself was nothing less than a stroke of genius, an act that Doo, one of the production assistants on the Thailand film crew, must surely have perpetrated.

How about that soundtrack?

You said a mouthful - each song, especially the perennial smash hit, "Roll with the Punches," only made a good movie great.

Needless to say, the acting was Shakespearean.

I loved Tong Po especially.

Why don't you marry him?

I did.

Congrats.

You noticed too?

Milk Duds

I did.

This Week's Rating

Todd	Score Card	Stymie
5 butts		4 butts

a grand total of: **9 hairy butts**

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Metallica: James Hetfield, Kirk Hammett, Lars Ulrich

Metallica Live Destroys "Justice"

By Stacie Houglund
Reporter

He came to me as if in a dream. He pressed his hot, sweaty palm against mine. Was I in reality? The crowds roaring around me told me yes — this was Metallica, I was in the front row, and James Hetfield was giving me a HIGH FIVE! I could've died.

Metallica, having risen to the forefront of the heavy metal scene, has come a long way in terms of music laughing, joking and ham-

and concert performance. Since this Sept. 23 show is to be their last until the 1990s roll around, they went out with a bang — literally. The heavy bass and drums pounded the hell out of the crowd, plus the sound effects for "One" (helicopters and fireworks) and the destruction of the Justice statue onstage made the show a definite deafening experience.

Front row center at Metallica is an adventure one never will forget — I was able to see the great time the foursome was having,

ming it up for the audience. At one point, they made a joke out of the ridiculous assumption made by most over-40 folk that metal fans are SATAN WORSHIPERS (organ music, please!) when a roadie stepped out in a funky Pope-like costume including a paper bag hat with "Satan" on it.

For someone who doesn't know metal and thinks "ooh, golly, how could they do such an EVIL thing?!" this may seem to be the height of blasphemy. But those of us who don't take lyrics and the preachings of the PMRC seriously, the parody was boldly comical.

During "Am I Evil" the band switched instruments — James jammed on drums and Lars, while probably never a member of the church choir, belted out the lyrics in a hyper-enthusiastic way, tripping over the microphone and dripping sweat everywhere.

Metallica's got more popular songs than can be played at one show. Outstanding were classics like "Whiplash," "Battery" and the oh-so Metallica "One." Yet, during several numbers, namely "Fight Fire With Fire" it sounded as if the acoustics had been turned up too loud, causing the sounds of each instrument to mush together.

Naturally, though, the wild crowd got into it in a big way, no matter what. I had one girl screaming "Die!! Die!!" in my ear all through "Creeping Death" — I simply chalked it up to all the drugs and satan worship she was doing....

Attention Graduating Seniors

❖ If you intend to complete all requirements for graduation by the end of Fall Quarter 1989, you must file an "Undergraduate Petition for Graduation" by September 29, 1989 with the Office of the Registrar.

❖ Only this petition will put your name on the list of degree candidates for December graduation.

❖ There are no exceptions to this deadline.

Vic Dunlop: A Very Fat Man Sells Soul For \$\$\$\$

By Jeffrey P. Whalen
Staff Writer

Vic Dunlop is a fat comedian who you might recognize if you watched a lot of bad TV as a child. With the face of a doughboy gone wrong and the wit of a Fritz Coleman on *AcuTrim*, Dunlop has already established himself as the up-and-coming-comedian-who-never-gets-his-big-break.



F I L M

What's Happening to Walter? is the first in a series of career moves intended to break the vicious cycle of pseudo-near-fame that has plagued Dunlop since his late-70s days on the classic "Make Me Laugh!" Co-written and starring Dunlop, *Walter* is a self-described movie "with an edge," destined for cult black comedy status.

In an attempt to assassinate the "wimp comedies" (anything starring Dudley Moore or involving a talking pet), Dunlop has made a film with an edge that he believes most people will fall off of. Sure to offend



Comedian Vic Dunlop

many, Dunlop says "You'll walk away either loving it or hating it — there's no in between," Dunlop said.

Aimed at the college "stoner" market, *Walter* will world premiere on Friday at the IV Theater for three huge dollars. Paramount Studios, who is releasing the modestly-budgeted movie, is trying a new marketing theory, designed to make *Walter* an instant cult classic by showing it only in college towns.

Dunlop promises that the world premiere of *Walter* will be a star-studded gala event; he will be there. Rumors that Frank Stal-

lone, JoBeth Williams, and Bianca Jagger will be in attendance have proved to be false.

The plot of *Walter* is standard stoned-people-make-a-movie fare. There's a little bit about eating aliens, something about rock'n'roll, a smidgen about homosexuality, a tad about life, a couple tasty morsels about food, and a just a dash of oregano. A presumed commentary on the stand-up comedy business, Dunlop insisted on calling *Walter* a "romantic dramedy," once again, with "an edge."

The movie's press re-

leases promise a number of extraordinary insights, but undoubtedly, one of the most important features of the film is the "de-bagging" of '70s superstar, the Unknown Comic. In reference to this, Mr. Dunlop said something pretty stupid to the effect of "I guess it just wasn't his bag."

Dunlop has way too much TV experience, and none can say that it hasn't affected his life.

He has played in many ill-fated and ill-tasting sitcoms in the past, including WTBS' stupid "Safe At Home," in which he played Dokie (that's Dokie with an "ie") Peterson. According to Dunlop, "I was the best thing on the show," which, of course, was stupid.

He appeared in the center square of "Hollywood Squares," where he had an intimate encounter with show's host Jon Davidson. "His hair is wonderful; he gives good hair," was Dunlop's only comment about Davidson.

At the Pub Tuesday night, Dunlop performed his peculiar brand of stand-up comedy freely fondling his own well-rounded breasts, and harassing drunk sorority tarts who had small bladders. His comedy was as pointed as his nipples, far surpassing the self-effacing yucks of most fat comedians who often rely on their large sta-

ture to scare the laughs out of over-protective nacho-eating audiences.

Now, just waiting on the coattails of the success of *Walter*, Dunlop has many other film projects cooking in the comedy kitchen. He has finished another film in

which he worked with entertainment giant, Billy Barty. "He's a fucking midget — write that down — he's a fucking midget!" he said.

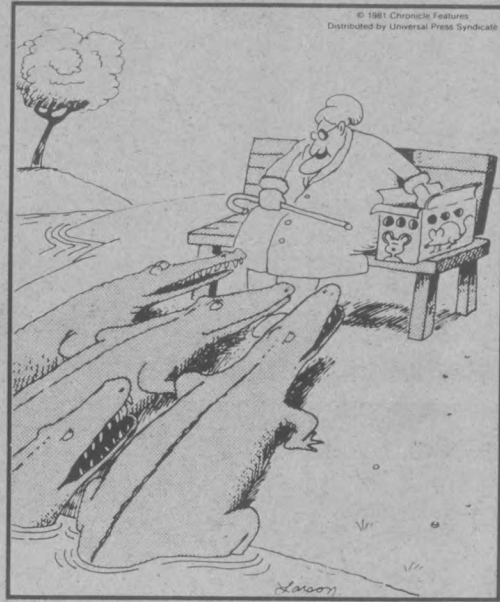
Barty was unavailable for comment.



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THE FAR SIDE

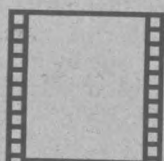
By GARY LARSON



"Yes, yes ... now don't fuss ... I have something for you all."

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Women 'Bout Ready To Fall Apart



F I L M



Oscar Wilde offers this advice: "All art is surface and symbol. Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril. Those who read the symbol do so at their peril." Obviously Mr. Wilde had not only suffered the impact of much great art, but also the conversation of way too many pretentious art dorks and their silly analyses.

One of the best things about Pedro Almodovar's "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" is that no one has to go beneath or read into any part of it to see that it's art. Neither do they have to see that it's art to know it's funnier than hell. But if your as sick as I am of making "romantic-comedies" enjoyable by expecting no depth whatsoever (talk about peril), you'll be thrilled to find that if one does delve into this movie's

depth and symbolism, they'll discover all sorts of brilliant little insights (in a delicious variety of shapes and sizes), each which is a laugh in itself. This will reassure you that neither good art nor high comedy must be had at the cost of intelligence (nor must they be mutually exclusive.)

The best thing about all of this is that however deep it goes, this film never stops being a hilarious, furious farce. Pepa, the central woman on the verge, is an actress who has just been dumped by an aging Don Juan who lies with each caress of his Ricardo Montalbon voice. This man has managed to affect the lives of a variety of women, who meet and careen off of each other at all sorts of obtuse angles. With all of the slapstick coincidences of an old Cary Grant movie, the film is a goofy riot that is funny

'Blood Knot'

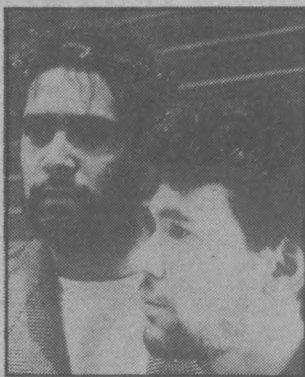


PERFORMANCE

"It recognizes dignity in a human being no matter what color their skin is," director Judith Olauson said about her newest UCSB production, "Blood Knot."

According to Olauson, "The playwright (Athol Fugard) calls it a parable of two brothers, one white skinned and one Black who share the same mother ... living in South Africa in the 1950s. Despite the differences in their color the brothers are tied by the 'Blood Knot.'"

Produced by the Theatre Artists' Group, "Blood Knot" is the first TAG production to feature only Bachelor of Fine Arts Training Program actors. Olauson hopes that more plays will consist solely of student actors. UCSB junior Kevin Del Aguila will play the



Robert Owens and Kevin Del Aguila play brothers.

white man and senior Rob Owens will fill the role of the Black man.

Olauson feels "The theme is a personal exploration of the issue of black and white ... it's obvious it's about racial oppression but it's also about the pain of two men."

"Blood Knot" will be appearing at the UCSB Studio Theatre Sept. 27-30 at 8:00 p.m. and on Oct. 1 at 2:30 and 8:00 p.m. Tickets are \$8 for students and \$9 for the general public.

just to look at. But it's more "sex lies and videotape" than "Harry Met Sally," as the uproarious images and events only underline the truthful intelligence that powers them.

— Jesse Engdahl

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Call 961-4491 for more information
Application Return Deadline October 13

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A.S. Program Board Presents

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Even if you haven't heard of his original music compilations, his prolific writings, the eccentric attire. Even if you weren't there at Jamaica's Reggae Sunsplash '81 when his unscheduled appearance first thrilled the audience of 40,000 with his international reggae hit "Wa Do Dem." And even if you haven't listened to his latest ambition "Eek-A-Nomics" on Ras Records, bear witness to Mr. Style himself when Eek-A-Mouse, with very special guests Ras Binghi and The Reggae Disciples take the stage this Wednesday (Oct. 4), 8 pm at the Pub. Tickets go on sale today!! \$10/students, \$13/non-students and at the door. Available at A.S. Ticket Office, Morninglory Music, Rockpile Records.

In the UCen Art Gallery
THIS WEEK:

"NO LIMITATIONS"
Ceramic sculpture by John Doloszycki

NOW THROUGH SEPT. 29!

WANTED:

Special Events — Hey, all you wild and enthusiastic Gauchos out there! Do you want to be part of Extravaganza '90 and many other happenin' events? Come by the A.S. Program Board office in UCen room 3167 on TUESDAY, OCT. 3 at 4 pm.

Advertising — Artists, writers and people interested in advertising who want to see their creative work used. Practical experience. Call Lee at 961-3536.

Culture and Fine Art — Complaining about not being represented by student activities? Desiring a greater variety of cultural and artistic events on this campus? Make a difference! Become a member of ASPB's Cultural and Fine Arts Committee. First meeting will be held Wednesday, Oct. 4 at 5:30 pm, the Pub or call William at 961-3536.

Business — The A.S. Program Board Director of Business Relations is interested in forming a committee for the 1989/90 year. This committee will have the opportunity to raise money and work on promotion for concerts on campus and Extravaganza in spring. All students who possess fine communication skills and are interested in gaining business experience by working with companies like Miller Brewing Company and MTV should leave their name and the phone number at the A.S. Program Board office for Christopher Ames at 961-3536.

A.S. Program Board ... Because there's more to school than just going to class.



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