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 6a
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arts

AND ENTERTAINMENT



see animation story, p.6a

1989 HONORS EXHIBITION

P A R T 1 & 2



by walker "guitar" wells

Capping off a year of independent projects, eight undergraduate honors students will be exhibiting their works at **Undergraduate Honors Exhibit** in the Ucen gallery. Each year a new group of honors student is selected by the art department to work on independent projects. In addition, the artists receive personal studio space for the length of the year. This year's group has spent the year exploring different styles, mediums and techniques, a wide variety of which will be on show during the exhibition.

Split into two separate week-long shows to better provide space for the artists, **Part I** runs from May 22-26 with a reception from 5 to 7 p.m. on May 23, **Part II** from May 29 to June 2 with a reception on May 30.

Set up to provide both an opportunity for the public to see these artists' works and to give the artists a chance to exhibit their work, the Honors Exhibit is a great chance to see what all those people in the art building do all day.

Part I features the following four artists and their works: *Sharon*

Carlisle focuses on our relationships with biological and social systems in her sculpture; *Sonya Knapp* relies heavily on the lyrical nature of dream imagery in her large scale oils; *M. Giuseppe Cqerto* explores the process of unedited intuition in his mixed media "Konstructions" series; *Kirsten Bahrs* links five contiguous images together to create both cinematic motion and an isolation metaphor with her underwater photographs.

The works in **Part II** represent the creative output of four additional artists. *Kirk Maxon* uses newspaper to create a space filled with objects representing different phases of memory. *Frank Wessels* drifts into the world of the surreal and metaphysical in his group of paintings, drawings, and etchings. *Barbara Pucci* addresses women's issues in her work with printed word on wood and paper. *Jennifer Ellis-Nolte* reflects the beauty and Dionysian qualities of spring in her abstract etchings and paintings of collaged imagery.

A show not to be missed; don't go just for the free food. Besides, these folks are struggling artists so it might be just bread and water.

The MultiCultural Center
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Foods of Sri Lanka & India available in the courtyard outside the MultiCultural Center at 5:30 pm
 Presented by the MultiCultural Center, Global Peace and Security Program, The Humanities Center and the Office of International Students and Scholars as part of South Asia Week. For more information call 961-8411.

UP&COMING THIS WEEK



May 18: The finale to A & L's French Revolution on Film series will come tonight with **Danton**. This film, by exiled Polish director Andrzej Wajda, parallels the French Revolution and present-day Poland in the story of the life and death struggle between Georges Danton and Robespierre for control of the Revolution. Gerard Depardieu (one of my favorite actors up there with Rourke, Nicholson, Malkovich and C. Glover) stars in this flick as a yet-again passionate and vulgar dude.

May 18: Also tonight we can't quite believe that the German Club is offering a *free* screening of one of the very best movies that'll ever warm your soul: **Bagdad Cafe**. It shows that people can have problems, find hope, believe in miracles and be nice to each other without the help of even one extraterrestrial. Deep. Don't be dumb — get there. It's in Phelps 1409, which isn't huge, so come early and go to the bathroom first.

May 18-19: **Michelle Parkerson**, noted filmmaker, poet, activist and wearer of great dreadlocks, will be on campus today and tomorrow to screen and discuss her work. Today she will be in Girvetz Hall 1004 at 4 p.m. where she will screen and discuss *But Then, She's Betty Carter* and *Storme: The Lady of the Jewel Box*. An instructor at Howard University's Department of Radio/TV and Film, Parkerson will give a free public lecture on Friday at noon in the UCen Pavilion entitled "Did You Say the Mirror Talks?" This lecture will touch upon the common ground shared by Black women writers and filmmakers who equip their work with methods for social change. Lastly, Parkerson will present a free poetry reading, also tomorrow, at 4 p.m. in the MultiCultural Center. She's all over it.

May 19: Are you ready for this? **Star Trek!** Some all-old original episodes are gonna be at Isla Vista Theater tomorrow night at 7 and 9 p.m. for \$2.50. The double feature of fun will be the "Space Seed" and "The Trouble With Tribbles" episodes. If we're real lucky, these shows might include a young bare-chested William Shatner, Terri Garr, a Spock neck pinch and/or Scotty's bad accent frantically saying, "I'm givin' 'er all I can, Captain!"

May 21: It's also going to be the end of A & L's International Cinema series this week folks. They'll be finishing off with **Gaby: A True Story**, the film by Luis

Mandoki about Gabriela Brimmer, an inspiring Mexican writer whose entire body is paralyzed except her left foot. This film gives an honest, unsentimental account of Gaby's relationships with her nurse Florencia and the man with whom she falls in love with. Liv (ooh baby) Ullman stars and S.B. local Michael James Love co-scripts with Martin Salinas here.

May 22: Poet, critic and novelist **Howard Nemerov** will be on campus at the UCen pavilion on Monday at 4 p.m. to give a poetry reading and discussion entitled "The Poet's Voice." Nemerov is truly a jammin' dude. In 1978, he won both the National Book Award for Poetry and the Pulitzer Prize for his *Collected Poems* and in 1988 he was named poet laureate of the United States. Quite a resume.



May 23: On Tuesday night at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall filmmaker Arthur Dong will present a free public screening and discussion. Three short films will be highlighted, including his 1984 Academy Award-nominated documentary *Sewing Woman, Lotus* and a work-in-progress about the notorious 1940's San Francisco nightclub Forbidden City called *Forbidden City, USA*.

Hey, it's getting darn near finals, so these are the weeks you should save your brain cells and get out to a movie, play, song or dance. Call MTC and complain that *Heathers* isn't showing any more, then go see *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*. Check out what the people around campus are doing, especially the Art Studio Honors and the Gospel Choir (who work out Tuesday nights and enjoy a few visitors). If you want to be in an upcoming *upcoming*, or offer any type of contribution or complaint to A and E, call Dawn, Jesse, or Walker at 961-2691.

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UP CLOSE: BLOODY POETRY



by adam liebowitz

Most of the time when we hear about poets like Shelley and Byron, we think of greeting-card sentimental poetry. Or if you've seen one of the movie versions on their lives, you might consider them the original death rockers, getting wild on opium and thinking up romantic monsters.

In recent years, there has been a surge of interest in the lives of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Lord George Byron — not their work, but their lives. It might be that in the age of AIDS, the decadent style of living portrayed in the films *Haunted Summer* and *Gothic* fulfill some voyeuristic, romantic ideal of how to live as the crazed artist.

Somewhere between their reputation as poets and the mythical image of wild living is a story about the creative geniuses they were. At least to fill in some gaps, the Drama department is putting on *Bloody Poetry*, a play about a few years in the the relationship between Shelley and Byron. Written by Howard Brenton, a playwright who is known to take radical stances politically, the play explores not only the outrageous characters these very real men were, but also

how their political visions lead to destructive ends.

"Brenton, who is a Marxist playwright, admired Shelley and his artistic vision," said director Geoff Pywell before Tuesday's dress rehearsal. "Shelley and Byron were both visionary. Shelley believed in a moral order moving towards community — anti-marriage, anti-religion. Byron confronted the same social problems (as Shelley) and came out with poetry of despair, cynicism and satire."

This very real philosophical battle and how it became part of their lives is the focus of the play. Kevin del

Aguila, who plays Shelley, finds both characters intriguing: "They contradicted but complemented — together they'd be another Shakespeare."

To bring out the political arguments over any characterizations, *Bloody Poetry* will be performed out of period costume. The style will also be enhanced by Amy Gilley's set design.

Intriguing-looking at rehearsal, it is best described as vacuous. Gilley noted she was mostly aiming for texture with her mix of sagging material, spray paint and a romantic marble look to the floor and walls. "The effect is of them coming



out of a picture," she noted just before the first full dress run-through.

Certainly, with the volatile material of the real lives and thoughts of the two greatest Romantic poets, the production cannot fail to at least provoke some thinking about the impact these artists had on Western culture. Shelley was a poet who took his beliefs seriously, trying to live them out. Byron had less faith in the human race and took advantage of his fame, as Christopher Vore who is portraying him puts it, "to sleep with any man, woman or animal that came across his doorstep."

The result is Shelley not only destroyed himself when his ideals became too impractical for life, but also damaged the lives of those who loved him. Following Shelley's turbulent and eventually suicidal last years, Brenton's play, although not necessarily a moral judgement, is meant to show how difficult it is for an artist to upset the moral order.

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See No Evil Hear No Evil (R)
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Sat & Sun also 1:25, 3:25
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All programs, showtimes & restrictions subject to change without notice

GERMAN KRISHNA ROCKS

The Cro-Mags at Casa De La Raza

by ramona

College students come and go, but some of us have been around for a while. And if we delve way back and dig around in our minds we can find some nostalgic memories.... Okay, so not too many people will remember *The Exploited* or *Black Flag* shows at the Goleta Valley Community center on Hollister Ave. But what about all the Casa de la Raza shows about four years ago? When Gary Tovar of Goldenvoice (promoter) actually gave a shit about S.B. yuppieville and live punk rock was happening on a rather continuous basis (this, of course, was before his capitalistic monopolizing frenzy at larger venues like Fender's in Long Beach...). May be hard for those of you who weren't here to imagine.

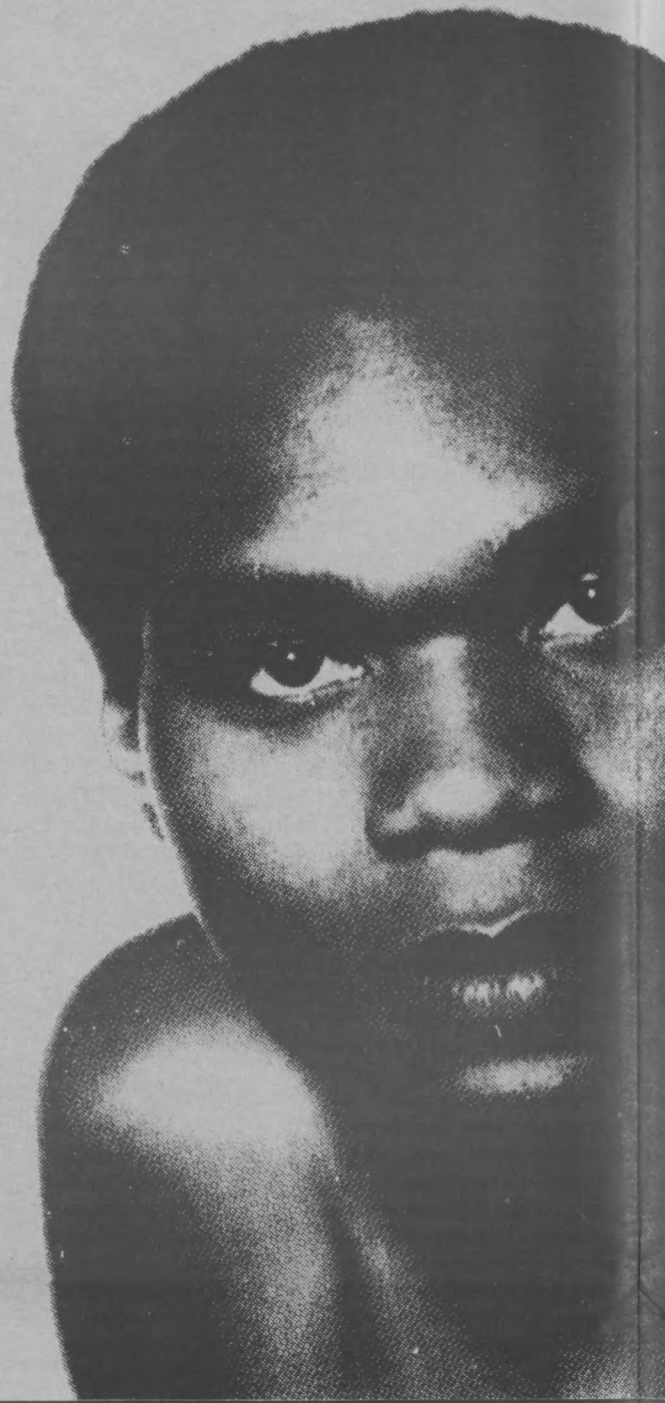
The English bands touring all came through. *Broken Bones*. *Abrasive Wheels*. *GBH*. *The Subhumans*. Local promoters also participated in keeping the La Casa hardcore shows thriving, but after an *R.K.L.* (Rich Kids on LSD) show where someone (??\$\$ no one seems to admit to knowing who...) spray-painted the building and adjoining law offices with the band logo — La Casa punk shows stopped for awhile. Meanwhile, Goldenvoice lost interest in Santa Barbara.

A few months later Rockpile Records brought *Agent Orange* to La Casa. Unfortunately, the building's power got shut off (not to mention the cops showed up) and the show ended prematurely. Since then other venues — The West Side Boys Club, Rockpile Records itself, the (R.I.P.) "Golden Eagle Pool Hall," and more recently the Graduate in Isla Vista — have hosted the thrash bands. At times, local promoters even go as far as Oxnard to secure places where "alternative" bands can play.

This coming weekend however, *Casa de La Raza* will bring back memories (after a long wait) with a show headlined by Southern California's *Bad Religion*. The band's latest release "Suffer" follows closely the mood of earlier albums, with similar melodic rhythms and expressive anti-

establishment think for yourself lyrics about life's frustrations. Continuing their ideas of the early '80s, *Bad Religion* is still building upon the intense energy they started with. Also playing this Friday at La Casa (which is at 601 E. Montecito Street in S.B.) will be *NOFX*, *Rat Pack* and *Lethal Dose*. And if this show flows — meaning no damages to the building and no fights — new local promoter Santa Babble-On productions claims frequent hardcore shows will follow. We'll see....

Like I mentioned, La Casa hasn't been the only host of questionable music. On Tuesday, May 23 New York's *Cro-Mags* and their crushing power will detonate the Graduate in I.V. (Their recent lp, "Best Wishes" will be suprising to those who liked the sound of their first album "Age of Quarrel.") With vocalist John not around anymore, the now four-piece has bassist (and band inspiration) Harley singing too. With the second lp, the *Cro-Mags'* songs have not only gotten longer, but have lost the simple style of the first album. Although they've expanded musically, they've also begun to sound like "other bands." Cuts off "Best Wishes" are easily comparable to Megadeath, Metallica, or Corrosion of Conformity. Not all that bad — just different than the *Cro-Mags* we used to know. The karmaconsciousness and Eastern Indian religious influences, however, are still an apparent inspiration for the band whose lyrics may at first seem suprising when combined with the loud forceful music. And although the *Cro-Mags* may look tough and scary — all tattooed (Harley has a snake creeping up out of his pants which peers at you from his navel area, while drummer Pete's neck boasts a bold skin illustration), and buff — you just gotta know they're spiritual purists inside. (And far from mainstream at any rate!) Local *Lethal Dose* and the speedmetal band *Destruction* from Germany will take the stage at the Graduate before the *Cro-Mag* boys.



SMOKIN' G

Robert Cray: The Nexus

by wade daniels

A couple years ago, when Robert Cray busted into the Top 40 with his album *Strong Persuader*, a slew of music and guitar magazines put him on their covers, calling him things like "The Great Blue Hope" and asking "Will Cray Save the Blues?"

It doesn't seem like the blues ever came close to death, although the form has naturally undergone many cross-mutations over the years, with a somewhat less than steady stream of artists hitting the big time, but with an underground solid as dried mud. On the more commercial, rockin' side, guys like Stevie Ray Vaughan and his brother's Fabulous T-Birds (the kings of sell-out), Led Zep and Eric Clapton are largely credited with "keeping the blues alive." More recently and even more ridiculously, U2 was lauded for doing their part in "giving new life to the blues" when they co-opted B.B. King to do a song with them so they could show how versatile they are and prove once again that they're not racist.

Robert Cray doesn't want to pigeonhole himself as a "blues artist." And it's understandable. His first album, *Who's Been Talkin* was two solid sides worth of blues. But his three or four albums since then, including the recently released *Don't Be Afraid of the Dark*, include sizable helpings of soul and gospel-type grooves along with the blues thing that gives him and the band a distinct identity.

During a recent interview with *Arts*, Cray, who will play the Santa Barbara County Bowl Friday night, explained that the band members all have very diverse tastes that lead them in different directions, often bluesy and often not. Expanding on that, here is an edited transcript of that interview.

Arts & Entertainment: When the Cray band heads into the studio to record, is there any sort of formula you use to write and record?

Cray: It's partly that. We just basically look for good material. If somebody has a song we'll throw it around while rehearsing or something like that and if time were ready to decide which 10 are going on the album, we'll sometimes 20 songs rehearsed recorded.

A&E: How important is it to you to be commercially successful? I know that a lot of the so-called contemporary blues artists like ZZ Top and Eric Clapton, it seems like they've tried to conform much more to the "popular" sort of formula in recent years and have had albums with higher sales was a polite way of asking "are you out?"

Cray: Basically, we're doing what we want to do. We've done that (our own thing) on the records we had on the independent labels. Then Mercury/Polygram (a big label) knocked on our door for what we did. It was a stipulation in the contract saying we didn't sell a certain amount of records they would have somebody come in on our next album and work as our producer. The record just went far and beyond everybody's expectations.

A&E: On your albums and every time you've seen you play, you've used a Fender Stratocaster guitar (the same guitar used by Hendrix and Clapton) and stuck with a very clean, non-distorted sound. Have you always preferred that sound?

Cray: I've used a Stratocaster (exclusive) for about 10 years now and before





ANOTHER SHADE OF LIPSTICK

The Cure's New Album *Disintegration*

by tony pierce



Somewhere there is a hopelessly melancholic teen in the world thrilled to death because he/she just bought the new Cure record hoping that the Prince of Pout has penned some more dreary depression. Well, Sir Robert Smith has championed some more disciples of doom with his band's new album *Disintegration*.

The record kicks off with "Plainsong," a tune that has a long instrumental introduction that sounds like a pleasantly drifting dream you might have on a farm in the middle of a Venusian electrical storm as Smith comes in murmuring, "You said, 'It's so cold it's like the cold if you were dead'—and then you smiled for a second." This might remind you of '87's "The Kiss," which kicked off *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* and it should, but where "The Kiss" erupted in pleas and a climax of echoing guitars, "Plainsong" never changes; instead, it stays smooth and pretty.

Also like their previous album, *Disintegration* is a basically consistent LP filled with the same haunting synth sounds such as ghosts and eerie wails from Smith's grieving heart that you've grown used to. "Prayer For Rain" sounds like an electronic movie soundtrack typhoon and, as Smith means, you can actually see the blue-black silvery clouds floating across the lightning black sky when

he cries "i suffocate i breathe in dirt and nowhere shines but desolate/and drab the hours on spent on killing time again/all waiting for the rain."

A friend of mine says that he worries about Smith's mental stability, but songs like "Lullaby" made me think of the playfulness of "Lovecats," and you see that the lipstick one still has a small sense of humor. In a cross between The Who's "Boris the Spider" and Cure's B-side "A Man Inside My Mouth," Mr. Smith concludes his skipping little comic book-like story claiming, "and i feel like i'm being eaten by a thousand million shivering furry holes/and i know in the morning i will wake up in the shivering cold/and the spiderman is always hungry...." The man has bizarre feelings.

For some weird reason The Cure likes to put really good songs on the B-side of singles (on their greatest hits tape and c.d., *Standing on the Beach*, half of the songs were B-sides) which is kind of nice, but a little too bad. "Out Of My Mind" is the

most complex song on the hour-long record, but it's not even on the record! It's a confusing song set in a swirling turmoil of biting guitar screams and synthesizer streaks that are like tiny arrows sawing through your ears. Unfortunately, you can only hear Smith "screaming at the moon in the middle of the day" on the 12" and c.d. single of "Fascination Street."

Disintegration, though, has very few flaws and is a perfect record to wake up in the morning to after a long night of drunken abandon, as the dreaminess The Cure dish out is soft to the senses though harsh to the eyes. "Untitled" concludes the record with Smith saying how after an hour of mostly instrumental music, he "never quite managed the words to explain to you/never quite knew how to make them believeable/and now the time has gone/another time undone hopelessly."

But it's a good, mellow, depressing record that anyone who has ever worn black will appreciate, and those that wear it religiously will devour.

'GUN Nexus Interview

en the Robert studio to cut a formula you guys

sometimes used a Gibson ES 345. I went to the Stratocaster because I like the brighter sound.

at basically look dy has an idea and while we're that and by the which 10 songs, we'll have rehearsed and

A&E: In concert and on records you are obviously very partial to the bright, clean sound, but do you ever crank up the distortion on the the amp and rock out?

Cray: I like the cleaner sound; I mean, I'll play through a couple of Fender Super Reverbs (amplifiers) and crank 'em up about half way.

to you to be ow that to some y blues artists, pton, it seems much more to in recent years her sales. (This are you selling

A&E: Did the major success of *Strong Persuader* take you by surprise when it was released a couple of years back?

Cray: "Smoking Gun" caught on really quick because of the sound, it's got this rock groove to it. I think it caught everyone by surprise. It caught the record company by surprise because they weren't ready for it and didn't have enough copies printed up. It sold about a million copies and it probably would have sold a lot more if there were more printed up.

what we want n thing) on the ependent labels. ig label) came we did. There ct saying if we f records that ome in on our producer. But and beyond

A&E: When the album took off and your band got picked up to be the opening act on the Clapton tour, and you had earlier played with Albert Collins, weren't you just shaking in your boots stepping up on stage with these guys you had admired all your life?

Cray: We had done some work with Clapton prior to *Strong Persuader* comin' out. He recorded the song "Bad Influence" off the *Bad Influence* album of ours and we had toured with him in Europe before the *Strong Persuader* album came out.... But when we met him we were already committed to go on tour with him starting the next day. Yeah, I was shakin' in my boots.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHN: FEEL GOOD CONCERT

by wade daniels

Depending on how one looks at it, Stevie Ray Vaughan's git-down jam at the Arlington last Friday could be either a good or a bad thing. If the concert had been a movie, reviewer guys like Siskel would say something corny like it was the "feel-good smash of the season."

Playing the blues means that one has some serious problems in his or her life — addictions, love problems, no money, the usual — and those are expressed through the medium of the songs and, in Stevie's case, kidney-spitting guitar. If your life's in order and everything's groovy, then you aren't blue and the music can become somewhat contrived. That's what it seemed was the case with his opening band, *The Delta Rhythm Kings*. They were a trio of really solid musicians who nonetheless didn't seem to have much to really play about, emotion-wise, that is.

Then Stevie came out. And in contrast to his other S.B. appearances in recent years, he actually seemed happy to be here. In fact during his usual schmeal, during a break in the long slow song type-thing, he started talking about how good it was to be alive and kickin' and that he doesn't get loaded anymore. Yeah, people sez he used to be pretty fond of suckin' down a big load of Jack Daniel's with diluted cocaine mixed in and being about half passed-out towards the end of the show. Well, he told us that he almost died because of too much partying a couple of years ago and asked the audience that they simply take care of themselves. He smiled some and even showed us his eyeballs a little bit.

Basically, afterward everyone felt like he was this big lovable lump of stuff and you wanted to go up and give him a bear hug. It was really cool, him not being dead and all.

But, one can only hope he doesn't fall into Clapton syndrome. Eric made all this really great music in the '60s and '70s, when his emotional life was basically a piece of crud, but he has gotten quite commercial in recent years whilst ridding himself of a bunch of nasty life-threatening vices.

So how will all this affect Stevie's music? Well, he said he's got an album coming out in about a month; that'll be one way to tell.

He played a lot of what was guessed to be new material during the Arlington show, and it was damn solid stuff — which means that this whole business about music being negatively affected by quitting drugs might be incredibly warped logic.





THESE ARE NO SATURDAY MORNIN' TOONS



by todd francis

They say that variety is the spice of life. If this is true, then the latest **Festival of Animation** now showing at the Victoria Street Theatre is the animated equivalent of Cajun cookin' with plenty of cayenne pepper.

The animated shorts screened at the festival varied the subject matter from the whimsical to the morose. *The Thing That Lurked In the Tub*, a short produced at Cal Arts by David Wasson, is a hilarious and graphically incredible tale of a toxic monster that threatens to devour a hung-over, underwear-clad loadie. *The Tower of Babel* is altogether different, a simple yet deep and thought-inspiring story of a man who spends his life reflecting upon the past as he endlessly falls through space, unable to change his position in life.

Tin Toy, the computer-animated winner of this year's Academy Awards for Best Animated Short, is startlingly realistic, depicting the plight of a hapless tin soldier in the precarious grasp of a monstrous baby. While the graphics and perspectives of both the characters and setting were dazzling, I found the look to be too polished and perfected, which I consider to be a problem inherent to computer animation. This kind of animation tries to be too real, and it is along these lines of reality that elements are to be judged by and ultimately anchored to. I think the beauty of animation is that there are no guidelines to follow, nothing that separates the possible from impossible.

Bill Plympton, the master draftsman who created last year's gem *Your Face*, is at it again with his instructional short *How to Kiss*. To the reassuring voice of a narrator, the audience is subjected to a series of fantastic scenes in which a couple encounter seemingly endless problems in executing various kisses — it's a real knee-slapper.

Equally funny is Christopher Hinton's, *Nice Day In the Country*, a seemingly romantic short which quickly grows darker and darker as a planned picnic for two sours dramatically.

A different approach to storytelling is taken by Christoph Simon in *Earth to Doris*. Set to the pulsing beat of *Was Not Was*, we are told a strange story of lust at a truckstop hotel in the middle of nowhere. The images are frighteningly haunting, as blinking neon and passing headlights provide the liason with its only illumination, an effect that makes this short all the more distinct and interesting.

The lone representative for puppet animation in this year's festival comes from the Soviet Union. Entitled *The Door*, it focuses upon a group of strange people in their vain attempts to gain access to an apartment building through an uncooperative door. In the 10 minutes that it runs, this short creates its own universe of possibilities, in which old men spring from fallen suitcases and pass through solid matter, and yet, this simple door remains impenetrable to all who try to enter.

From Cal Arts comes another great one: Chris Miller's *Lea Press On Limbs*, a witty and satirical mockery of commercialism in which amputees can now replace lost appendages with Press on Limbs, which come in a variety of colors. The line drawings are very funny, and the short elevates the concept of the nuclear family to new heights.

I've saved my favorite for last. Cordell Barker's madcap *The Cat Came Back* is an animated narrative that brings the horrible song to life, where a sympathetic man turns into a crazed maniac by an adorable kitten with a penchant for destruction. The stylized drawings are incredible and the whole production is filled with strange subtitles that make it so much fun. If the thought of watching a kind soul twist agonizingly into the warped shell of a man appeals to you, then you have stuck gold. Nominated for an Academy Award, I think Barker's crazy tale received the short end of the stick in not winning the Oscar.

There were numerous other details I found appealing in some of the other shorts. The Fleischer brothers' 1941 *Superman* brimmed with melodrama and simplicity, and Fredric Vivalis' *Les Assassins*, although all but denied a plot, is enjoyable for the creative dynamics that become the film's focal point. Some of the computer-animated shorts and commercials were interesting, but only *Particle Dreams* really stunned me in its approach to computer-generated graphics. The Bulgarian *Wednesday Eve of Tuesday* has several moments of strange hilarity surrounded by minutes of near boredom. And *Primiti Too Taa* was very interesting for the fact that it took nothing more than the stop-motion animation of unintelligible typed print being read by a narrator.

All in all, the Festival of Animation is well worth the six dollars for admission. It is probably the most consistently good festival to appear in several years, and Spike and Mike, who brought the whole thing together, deserve praise, as do the incredibly imaginative minds that went into producing these excellent animated shorts. The festival will continue to show at the Victoria Street Theatre through Sunday, and I highly recommend you go prepared to enjoy yourself.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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Film Grad Makes Good



Leopard, the Young Cinema Jury Award and the International Federation Film Critics Prize, is going crazy over. Well hey, Araki should be good, considering that he graduated from the UCSB film department in 1982. Student filmmakers and buffs, prick up your ears.

This Friday in I.V. Theater 2 there will be a panel discussion at 11 a.m. with UCSB film grads who haven't quite failed in the film world, and Araki will be a part of it. Then at 3 and 5 p.m., Araki's two features will be shown. This man is hot, hot, hot, and we still highly, highly recommend him. Brain-picking and the what's and wherefore's of his ticking will be allowed and hopefully revealed.

the long weekend (o' despair) — "A minimalistic gay/bisexual postpunk antithesis to the smug complacency of regressive Hollywood tripe like *The Big Chill*."

three bewildered people in the night — "Shot in raw, naturalistic black & white, (it) exhibits a neo-beatnik style reminiscent of Jarmusch's *Stranger Than*

Paradise and early *Godard*."

Statements that mean nothing, and everything. These are some choice words about Gregg Araki's "guerrilla"-style, no-to-very-low budget feature films that the film world, including the Locarno International Film Festival in Switzerland where *three bewildered people* received the Bronze

LOVE IS LIKE AN ACRYLIC NAIL

Earth Girls Are Easy

by jesse engdahl

"It's just that I don't want you to think *Earth Girls Are Easy*." Omigod, is that like a title or what? Actually, Julian Temple, the first person to ever get famous for being a music-video director, is just the dude to have directed this wacky, tacky, campy farce. Julian gets a little ironic wit going here, admitting how absurd it is to respect a director for his color schemes while milking color schemes for an unbelievable number of laughs. *Little wit* is emphasized, 'cause this flick doesn't show much more than how funny Valley culture and its vast variety of airheads are, but it takes that premise and really runs with it, making a better-than-decent comedy.

Earth Girls has two great things going for it: Writer-co-star Julie Brown and Oscar-winner Geena Davis. If you love

the kind of humor Brown exhibits on her MTV variety show ("How to be a Video Bimbo"), you'll love the whole movie. If you could care less, Davis is at least sweetly alluring enough to keep you interested as the Val-girl manicurist who has aliens land in her swimming pool (Brown wrote the part for herself). When she says "love is like an acrylic nail. If it breaks, you can't glue it back together, but it won't be as strong," you know the movie has a heart of gold.

Hey, this is pop-art meets pop-tarts, but it really kept me giggling. That's because I figured it would be kind of misguided, like *Absolute Beginners* (Temple's last feature-length musical extravaganza), which is exactly what it isn't: It doesn't try to be too smart, so just chill, "have a mental margarita" and enjoy the show.

SEE NO HUMOR HEAR NO HUMOR

by jeffrey c. whalen

See no humor, hear no humor. Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor, the celebrated '70s comedy team, are at it again. They're not really funny like in *Silver Streak*, and they're not really wild like in *Stir Crazy*, but they are at it again.

That is to say, they're doing the same old gags, with the same old punchlines ... and they're doing it together!

Pryor says "fuck." We laugh. Wilder gets hysterical. We laugh.

Except, this time, we're not laughing.

The so-called film, which looks more like a two-hour "Family Ties Goes to Europe" episode than a Major-Motion-Picture, is the story of a deaf man (Wilder) and a blind man (Pryor) who go on the lam to prove themselves innocent of a murder they didn't commit.

Can you imagine that? To be sure, nothing this complex comes from a movie that doesn't have at least five screen writers.

It seems as though the great body of writers was needed in order to come up with an hour-and-a-half's worth of jokes that wouldn't be offensive to the blind or deaf. Although they usually succeed in that respect, the lack of cohesiveness brought upon by such a groupwrite takes all the edge and most of the humor out of the picture.

At first it looks like the film will at least be offensive enough to be interesting. The opening credits are

stuffed with prejudice and stereotypical cultural humor: first a scene with some squabbling rabbis, then a cut to a Greek deli where people are fighting about food, then a shot of some Hispanic ruffians ruffing, and finally a street view of two Black men washing the windshields of cars at a red light. Apparently, they wanted to get all of their racist commentaries out of the way within the first minutes so they could get on with the story.

The plot is insipid to a vomit. In a highly contrived "switched luggage"-type situation involving a super-conductor (the super-conductor is sure to replace microfilm as the plot device in the mindless movies of the future), Wilder and Pryor find themselves accused of murder. In order to prove their innocence, they have to battle the usual cast of foes: the Obese-'n'-Stupid-Police-Chief, the Cigarette Smoking 'n' Mustachioed Villian, the Evil But Beautiful Villainess, and the James Bondian Grand Villain in the Red Smoking Jacket.

Expect the usual shenanigans from Wilder and Pryor. Although Wilder still has a semblance of timing and delivery, Pryor continues to slip down the greasy slide of comedic loss. He looks bad, too. I thought he was wearing a wrinkled turtleneck sweater until halfway through the film, when I realized that it was actually his neck.

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A.S. Program Board Presents

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I DIG VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT

A.S. Program Board would like to say a special thank you to I DIG VOLLEYBALL and all the players who participated in the volleyball tournament as part of the EX-TRAVAGANZA festivities. Those two weekends of exciting volleyball action were brought to UCSB courtesy of I DIG VOLLEYBALL!!!! Program Board looks forward to the continuation of this awesome volleyball tradition.

STAR TREK:

THE ORIGINAL EPISODES



DOUBLE FEATURE

"SPACE SEED"

"THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES"

FRIDAY, MAY 19
ISLA VISTA THEATER

7:00 & 9:00
\$2.50



Free Slide Presentation and Informal Talk on Estonia

Three UCSB students recently visited Estonia in the USSR. This informal presentation will provide anyone interested with an account of their experiences in the Soviet Union as they helped Estonians to develop their own student government and to set up a student exchange program. This informative and entertaining session will take place on Tues., May 23 in UCen room 2 from 3-5 pm. Everyone is welcome to attend.

As part of Black Cultural Week REGGAE with RAS BENGI I

Share in the culture and enjoy what promises to be an entertaining performance on Wednesday, May 24. This will be the last big dance of the year so don't miss out. The show starts at 8 pm in the UCen Pub.



EXTRAVAGANZA T-SHIRTS

Printed by Absolute Images are still on sale! If you were there and want to remember this awesome day, or even if you weren't, these shirts are hot items. But you better buy yours today, there is a limited supply. Come on up to the Program Board office on the 3rd floor of the UCen, room 3167 and pick up one of these hot t-shirts for only \$6.

Tonite

COMMON SENSE

All it takes is a little COMMON SENSE to realize that this Pub Night will be absolutely jammed. This I.V. reggae giant has more longevity than Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup in the refrigerator. But don't count on anybody moving that slowly at this show, because this band has got the groove!! Showtime is, as always, 8 pm in the Pub.

Price is \$1 students with current reg card and \$3 nonstudents

HA! HA! HA!
HEE! HEE! HEE!

HA! HA! HA!
HEE! HEE! HEE!

Stop laughing and pay attention for a minute. This is just a reminder that the last comedy night of the school year is Tuesday, May 30. As the quarter winds down, don't miss this last opportunity to blow off some steam before you go into finals. Show starts at 8 pm in the Pub. The cost is a mere \$1.

