



## Not Miserly With Laughs

### Seattle Rep's Wacky Miser

Think "Molière" and associations such as the "Age of Reason," the logical world of Descartes, the finery of Louis the XIV and sublime Versailles come to mind. But there is another spirit and rhythm present in Molière's works — a wild and comic slant such as we find in his comedy *The Miser*, the stinging satire about a stingy old man and his conniving offspring. But even productions of *The Miser*, in time, became stodgy and sluggish. Well, leave it to the adventurous Seattle Repertory Theatre to bring out the play's more fantastical, fairytale dimensions.

Recipient of the 1990 Tony Award for Outstanding Regional Theatre, Seattle Rep presents *The Miser* on Saturday, April 20 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

Now don't look for this Molière done up in tall wigs, lace cuffs and foppish mannerisms. As the Seattle Times notes, this romp has an "ambiance recalling scenes from Dickens

novels about English misers and their prey . . . It prefers to gambol along at a merry clip, tossing us a bit of modern slang here, a dash of commedia-style slapstick there, a somber reflection or two along the way and blithe comic acting all around."

*The Miser* takes aim at an aging penny-pincher, Harpagon, who treats his children, Cleante and Elise, as mere property. And though each of his offspring has a lover, Harpagon has other plans for them that feed his lust and avarice. (Molière's depiction of human nature still applies perhaps too well, as we try and put the greed decade of the '80s behind us).

"I was more interested in *The Miser* as a primal tale — a horrible comic dream about having the world's worst father — than I was in making the production a feat in archaeological construction," said Hughes. "We're trying to get at things that never change, at the struggle between parents and children."

### Rachel Rosenthal's Artistic Mission

In the performance art field one individual— Rachel Rosenthal — remains the most accomplished, creative and impressive. Rosenthal explores the "big questions" with a penetrating gaze, spirited vocalizations and an explosion of movement. She is a high priestess, a magician, a teller of incredible tales.

Rosenthal is visiting UCSB as a Regents' Lecturer in Art Studio from April 22 through May 3. On Tuesday, April 23 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall, she gives a free public lecture titled "Art — Gaia — Art," (*Gaia* is Greek for Earth) which tackles the thorny issue of the artist's role in making social and political change.

She performs her newest piece, *Pangaeon Dreams*, a Shamanic Journey, an exploration of the environment, censorship and



her own aging, on Tuesday, April 30 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall. The performance includes live music and video and computer animation special effects.

Life in Paris was a cultural dream for the young Rachel that shattered in 1939, when the Germans invaded France. The Rosenthal family escaped to Spain and then Brazil, finally arriving in New York City where Rosenthal spent her teenage years. As a New Yorker, Rosenthal befriended artists such as Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, John Cage and Merce Cunningham.

In 1955, she moved to Los Angeles and founded the experimental Instant Theater, a 10-year project, which featured spontaneous, unscripted plays. During the 1970s, when she became active in the feminist movement, Rosenthal shaved her head and began focusing on solo and group performances. She has created more than 25 performance pieces, vibrant expressions of a strong inner conviction combined with powerful stage techniques. An evening with Rachel Rosenthal is like a personal meeting with History, the Cosmos and Gaia.



### Paul Offner's Successes

At a time when many Americans lament the quality and intentions of their elected officials and government administrators, individuals in public life can and still do make a positive difference. Paul Offner is one such public official. Currently a senior advisor on poverty issues to Senator Daniel P. Moynihan of New York State, Offner has worked as both an elected official and an administrator for two decades to address the needs of the poor and the underprivileged. As the Regents' Lecturer in History, Offner will be visiting the campus from April 22 through May 3 to work with students and faculty and to deliver two free public lectures: "Reforming the American Political System," Wednesday, April 24 at 4:30 PM in the Main Theatre; and "Helping the Poor: A National Failure," Monday, April 29 at 4:30 PM in Girvetz Hall 1004.

### The Revolt of Job

Set in a small Hungarian village in 1943, *The Revolt of Job* tells the story of an elderly Jewish couple — Job and Rosa — who adopt a small Catholic boy as their heir. They intend to pass on their wealth and knowledge before Nazi oppression consumes Hungary, but to do so they try to tame the wild child through understanding and patience. Directed by Imre Gyongyossy and Barna Kabay, the film received an Academy Award nomination for Best Foreign Film. As the next film in the Hungarian Cinema Series, *The Revolt of Job* screens Sunday, April 21 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

Susan Sontag  
Tonight



8 PM / Campbell Hall

For tickets or  
information, call  
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# SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

Well, heck. It's school election time again and, well, to quote a buddy of ours, "Who gives?" Many of our faithless readers have been applying pressure on *Intermission* to endorse someone for *el presidente*. So we sat around, listening to Jimmy Buffett's *AIA* and drinking Fuzzy Navels, hoping that the Gods of Tropical Cocktails might clue us in as to who would rock the house as prez. Finally, we decided that it just doesn't matter. We endorse everybody, as long as they like boat drinks. As a matter of fact, we are naming this week "Hot Sex On The Beach" Week, in honor of what everyone should be drinking. Down a cocktail, listen to the new Hoodoo Gurus album, go to the voting booth, and *vote how ya like*.

**\* Mo-hoohoo-hoo-ovles: Oh Beautiful Hungary.** A&L continues its Hungarian Spring Cinema Series on Sunday at 8 p.m. with the Academy Award nominated film, *The Revolt of Job*. It is the story of a Jewish couple struggling to raise a young, feisty Catholic boy before the Nazis get to them.

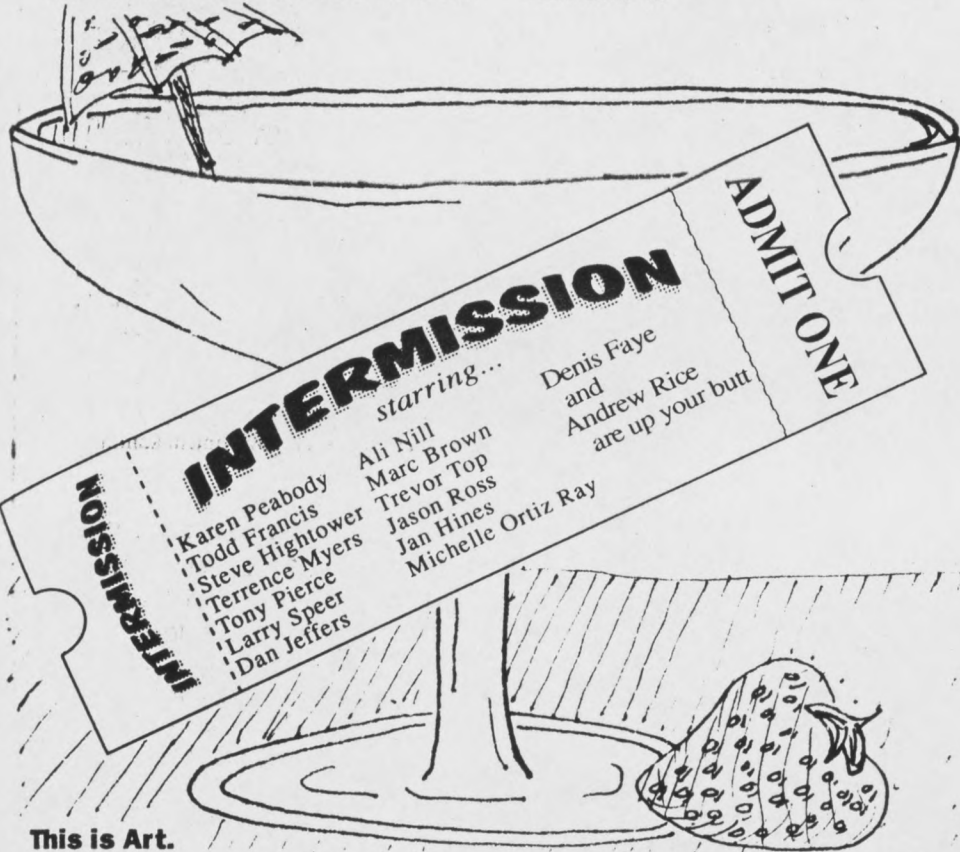
**\* Mu-huhuhuuu-usic: The SB Oratorio**

Chorale will be gettin' down with an orchestra as they perform Mozart's *Requiem* at the First Presbyterian Church on Saturday at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 4 p.m. Tickets are \$9, or \$7 if you are a student or a senior. Call 684-7686 ... **In The GalleonRoom** at Orchid Bowl is Vernon Snow and Tulsa. It happens Friday and Saturday — YEEEEEE-HAAAAA! ... **Free, Wednesday, In the Pub** from 4 to 6 p.m. is that "acoustic eclectic," Ken Bewick.

**\* Da-hahahaa-ance:** In celebration of Asian American Culture Week, The Multi-Cultural Center will be presenting a Korean Classical Dance Performance at Lettuce Lime Concert Hall. It is Wednesday at 8 p.m. It is FREE.

**\* Final-alalal-aly:** Author Susan Sontag will be speaking at Campbell Hall, tonight at 8 p.m. Why is she speaking? Well, she will be speaking in honor of the fact that the library just got it's two millionth volume. (Rumor has it that this book #2,000,000 is Lovell's hard-bound edition of "The Canadian Mounted.")

And now ...



This is Art.



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## Acting In Seattle

At Campbell Hall this Saturday, the Seattle Repertory Theatre, 1990 Tony Award-winner for Outstanding Regional Theater, presents a darker, more fantastic view of the classic Moliere comedy, "The Miser."

The ever-current issues of man's obsession with money and sex, and of children's struggle against parental control, are satirized in this tale of a tyrannical old man, Harpagon, whose son and daughter both try to secretly marry.

This production, based on a new translation by Douglas Hughes, the company's associate artistic director, feeds on the rawness of the play's primal concerns: lust and greed.

Originally intended by the great satirist as a criticism of 17th century French bourgeois society, the Hughes translation takes contemporary interpretations of the characters and sets them in a grimly romantic, surrealistic Victorian world.

This imaginary society, influenced by the

writings of Charles Dickens and Lewis Carroll, is the perfect backdrop for the dark, nightmarish fairy tale that is Hughes' production. Borrowing more from the obsessive, oppressive mood of the Victorian era than its historical particulars, the Hughes translation is decidedly a tale of universal human foibles.

Inspired by the Victorian-style drawings of Gustave Dore, Max Ernst and Edward Gorey, set designer High Landwehr creates this dark fantasy world by filling the Harpagon's house with gruesome visual images: huge machine gears, strange plants, organ pipes, a skeletal dinosaur.

This double opportunity to see a classic play, and a new interpretation which promises to be a visual adventure, makes the Seattle Rep's "Miser" unmissable — and this production has one showing only, Saturday April 20, 8 p.m. (Please note: Sunday's matinee performance has been cancelled.)

— Ali Nill

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— Marcia Pally, PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

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2. Middle East Ensemble 1:00 pm  
3. Rich Stillwell 2:45 pm  
4. Tao Jonz 5:00 pm  
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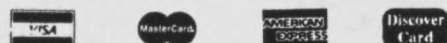
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# Pot Lucky

## Does Anyone Actually Read These?

# Hip-Hop Head To Head

Rap music has, since its origin, been an avenue for musicians to publicly express society's shortcomings, as in Run DMC's "Hard Times" or in Ice T's "Highrollers." Also, it provided a forum for the bolder rappers to offer solutions to some of these problems, as

do X-Clan's "Funky Lesson" or Public Enemy's "Fight the Power." All of such songs have helped rap music continue to gain popularity and respect. Unfor-

tunately, in this day and age of "Keep Kids Out of Gangs" slogans and "prayer for peace" rallies, Gang Starr's *Step in the Arena* is a step in the wrong direction.

Besides the inappropriate group name, the music is also a throwback to the old days, with its old style "scratchin'". Eighteen songs, each with virtually the same tempo, a couple of which are almost fast enough to dance to. You ask, "Is it really that bad?"

No, the music is bearable in the background.

The positives of the album include shortness in the length of songs and an attempt to follow in the footsteps of the bolder forefathers of rap with the songs "Just to Get a Rep" and "Form of Intellect". The former describes the perils of a young brother, while the latter offers the solution — intellect. No, there is nothing new about these ideas.

Quite frankly, there is nothing very new about the album.

— Steve Hightower



## Step In The Arena

Gang Starr  
Capital Records

When Video Guy stepped up to me the other day and asked me, "Have you heard of this, this rap group named Gang Starr?" I said, "Yo! Is the Pope catholic, money grip? Anyone down with real hip-hop and not the CRAP (short for commercial rap) that has recently invaded most radio and MTV *should* know the 411 on Gang Starr. They have been building a strong underground following since 1989, when they dropped their first record and the slammin' ass remix of "Manifest." Now, two years and a record label later, they're back with the DOPE SHIT:

### Step Into The Arena.

From the get-go; on the opening track, "Name Tag (Premier and the G.U.R.U.)", it becomes obvious that the listener is in for something different. Instead of the brash, aggressive cacophony of P.E., or the booty-wack beats and rhymes of Vanilla and Hammer, you hear a smooove astronomical loop of jazz guitar great West Montgomery over the mellow voice of the G.U.R.U., Keithy E., steadily repeating the words, "the DJ's name is Premier and I'm the G.U.R.U. ..." almost

trancelike, then BOOM! The title track drops like an opponent in a Tyson toe-to-toe. And yo, the remaining 16 tracks kick like ninjas, money. D.J. Premier's incorporation of jazz, fusion and blues components achieves a unique style never before heard in the world of Hip-Hop. At the same time, G.U.R.U. Keithy E.'s style on the mic is ALL THAT!

An offbeat delivery coupled with his unique rhymes makes each jam on this record flow on and on way past the breaka dawn.

Definitely one of the best records of '91 across the board. Anyone wishing to learn about the essence of true Hip-Hop, and who is interested in hearing what the future of the music will be like, should definitely not sleep on Gang Starr.

— P.E.A.C.E.

# You Make The Call

# The Tree Did What?!?

Many of us have our own private gods. I don't mean the giant Bob's Big Boy in the sky, mind you. I'm talking about personal heroes. Elvis was a hero to most. Still others look to Jimmy LaSorta for a brand of spiritual inspiration that is, quite frankly, tough to beat. However, if the Video Guy had to pick some one to throw flowers and Twinkies at, it would more likely than not be a guy named Sam Raimi.

This is a guy who made student films of The Pillsbury Dough Boy being slapped around. The guy knows his entertainment. Most of you Video Simpletons probably know him for his sell-out feature. He had an idea for a character based on The Shadow (The Shadow knows! — that guy). Anyway, he went to a big movie company with this really, really dark and scary script. They said, "We'll give you mucho million big ones — if you tone it down."

He said, "That would be sacrificing my artistic integrity and would ruin everything I like about the script ... but, did you say \$40 million clams? ... Ok! I'll do it!" The name of this movie was Darkman.

But before Darkman, there was Evil Dead 2.

But before Evil Dead 2, there was Evil Dead 1.

I first experienced Evil

Dead whilst sitting in my spacious Bel Aire living quarters with my The Video Guy Review Board — Bob, Ed, Dave, and sometimes Flint, Paul and Boozy — when those three yucksters aren't too full of beer, really great beer, like Keystone.

It is the story of some teenagers spending the night in a deserted cabin in the woods. (Only this is not a rip-off Slasher Flick. Sam did it first!) I'm not quite sure, but I think it was filmed in Super-8.

The fun begins when this

chick's window shatters and her hand gets possessed and she hears voices. So what does she do? Well, the logical thing, of course, she goes out into the woods in the dead of night, alone (quite naturally). Here, she is promptly porked by — get this — a tree. Ok, I know, rape is not a source of amusement, unless you are a 12th century Hun, but you gotta see this Arboreal Molestation scene to believe it.

So now she is possessed. She floats four feet off the

ground, her pupils white out and she announces that she is host to a demon. Hearing this, her friend looks to her boyfriend: "Ashe, I'm scared, what's wrong with her?" she asks.

And so the stupidity continues.

Sam didn't have the budget to buy real decomposing zombies, so he had to rely on clay, stop-motion decomposing, which tends to have the feel of "Death by Claymation."

Sam also has an affinity for fluid. He must have made a deal with some fluid supply company. There are about a zillion gallon of red, clear, green, blue and white fluids, just gushing everywhere in this flick. I can account for the use of the red, green, clear and maybe the white fluid. But why blue? Was it a bargain? Was it buy two gallons of red fluid, get one gallon of blue fluid free? Sometimes, for no reason, BAM! Blue Fluid! I guess Sam just figured, well, fluid is fluid.

On The Video Guy Mondo Movie Beer-o-Meter, I give this a 12+ Hell, since, halfway through, we had run over to Liquor Shack to refuel the Beer-o-Meter. This is a true movie.

This is The Video Guy saying, "Next week, Evil Dead 2 — this week, let's see more ham sandwiches."



The  
**Video  
Guy**

Sometimes for  
no reason ...  
**BAM! Blue Fluid!**

We're Sorry ...

If anything in this week's **Intermission** has offended you, please check the box, carefully cut this out and **stick it up your butt.**

check  
here



# Cinema

Yeah, We Said "Up Your Butt."

## Out For Justice!



Steve, what a bad-ass.

*Out For Justice* is the kind of film that loads of middle-aged men, sporting paunch bellies full of beer, sink into theater chairs to live two hours vicariously as a stoic karate hero, knowing full well that their feeble reality is only a few blinks of an eye away. In other words, the latest Steven Seagal flick is destined to rake in millions of dollars like his past three testosterone-charged features.

Maybe I am one of those "zeros" that demands such fantasy escapism in place of an unsatisfying reality, because I found myself enjoying this film. Don't expect it to win critical raves, but Seagal (ranked a distinguished #46 on the Premiere magazine chart of Hollywood's 100 most powerful figures) has developed a loyal following of moviegoers who are willing to shell out over six bones to see him dispatch his kung-fu justice.

Although the plot isn't much more than a mishmash of themes from Mafia movies, revenge melodramas, crime dramas and the much-hailed late night chop-socky opus, it benefits from slick production values, snappy dialogue and Seagal's undeniable screen presence.

Seagal portrays Gino, a tough Jersey cop who is out to take down his partner's killer, who coincidentally is an old neighborhood friend turned "crackhead" and wannabe wiseguy. Asking only for an unmarked car and a 12 gauge,



CRITIC'S PASS  
for  
Terrence Myers

Gino vows to his superior that he will bring down the crazed killer and his compadres. What ensues is endless mayhem, marred only by occasional pauses for filler dialogue.

Although Seagal's abilities as an actor have never really been challenged, it is obvious he is comfortable spewing out one liners prior to snapping limbs, cracking skulls and filling meanies full of lead. Much of *Out For Justice* plays as a sick joke, with acts of violence so desensitizing that one's only response is a combination of a wince and nervous laughter.

Ranking high among all-time exploitation moments are such sequences as when Seagal breathes new life into the cliché barroom brawl and makes short game of a barrage of fools with the aid of a billiard ball wrapped in a towel. In another scene, Seagal corners a man out of ammo who claims, "You wouldn't shoot an unarmed man —" only to receive the reassuring reply of "No, I have something better in mind!" as Seagal hurls the guy through a window to plummet to his death. But the film's best scene cannot be spoiled, let me only say that a number of kitchen utensils are put to good use, including a corkscrew, as Seagal confronts his main adversary.

If you cannot stomach such mayhem, then I recommend staying away from *Out for Justice*. But if you get some masochistic pleasure out of seeing vile people get their comeuppance in the most excruciating way, then this film is a true treat.

— Terrence Myers

## Defend That Life!



CRITIC'S PASS  
for  
Dan Jeffers

Sometimes you almost want to lie about a movie just to get people to go see it. To say something like "Albert Brooks' *Defending Your Life* is funnier than Monty Python and deeper than Woody Allen" is just such a case, even though you know it's not true.

It's a damn good movie. But a true description would say something like "mildly wonderful," "entertaining yet thoughtful," or the deadly "charming, witty, a low-key delight." But how can you say those things knowing that nobody goes to movies like that? I don't even go to movies like that.

It isn't just critics who are struggling with this movie; the guys who did up the trailer (advertisement) also screwed up. Without the slow-paced build up, without the perfectly relaxed, logical reasoning behind the trams, the malls and the other scenes, they look goofy.

But on the screen, in the context of Brooks' vision, everything works. The reason his setting looks sort of like Disneyland is that this Judgement City is for the recently dead from the Western U.S., designed to make them feel more or less at home.

The movie, which Brooks wrote, directed and starred in, is apparently a realistic interpretation of his view of the afterlife. The movie won't stand or fall on the truth of his premise — in which a man must defend his actions or go back to Earth — but it seems as reasonable as any other view. And it sure beats collecting flyers in front of the



A. Rice in the sequel, "Offending Your Wife." UCen.

The acting is strong, with Albert Brooks starring, Meryl Streep playing the love interest, and Rip Torn as the defense attorney. Nothing you'll see come Oscar time, but not everything should be done to Academy tastes.

There are a few weaknesses though, and the whole movie slips from leisurely into slow just after halftime. The differences between the living conditions of the different guests seems to be stretched, illogical and done only for cheap humor. Also, Shirley McClaine doesn't quite pull it off as the host of the Past Lives Pavilion. It's only funny if we see her as a kook, but the movie doesn't really say that.

Definitely worth seeing, though. If you go expecting non-stop laughter, you may be disappointed. Brooks does not sacrifice his story for humor — he just uses what's given. Instead, go expecting a fun, challenging story that is sometimes funny and sometimes moving.

— Dan Jeffers

## The Taxi Blues!

As Glasnost stretches and yawns its way into the '90s like a fuzzy cat waking from a long, long nap, colorful, bright films like *Taxi Blues* creep out of the woodwork and surprise you with their realism, humor and brightness.

Filmed in the Soviet Union through French eyes, *Taxi Blues* will send a new feeling of what the Soviets are really like. If you never truly believed that they were as cold and gray as everyone said, now you can see the fact that they are (thankfully) human, kind and witty.

It will make you laugh, it will make you cry and then it'll make you laugh again in a fast-paced film about singin' the blues and then having chocolates fed to you while you're taking a long, warm bubble bath.



CRITIC'S PASS  
for  
Tony Pierce

*Taxi Blues* is playing at the Victoria Street Theatre starting on the 18th, for one week only. I think you shouldn't miss it, it's not your average goulash.

— Tony Pierce

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GANDHI

Saturday 4/20

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Admission:

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MICHAEL KEATON  
PACIFIC HEIGHTS

Film:

Pacific Heights

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Thursday 4/18

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8 and 10pm

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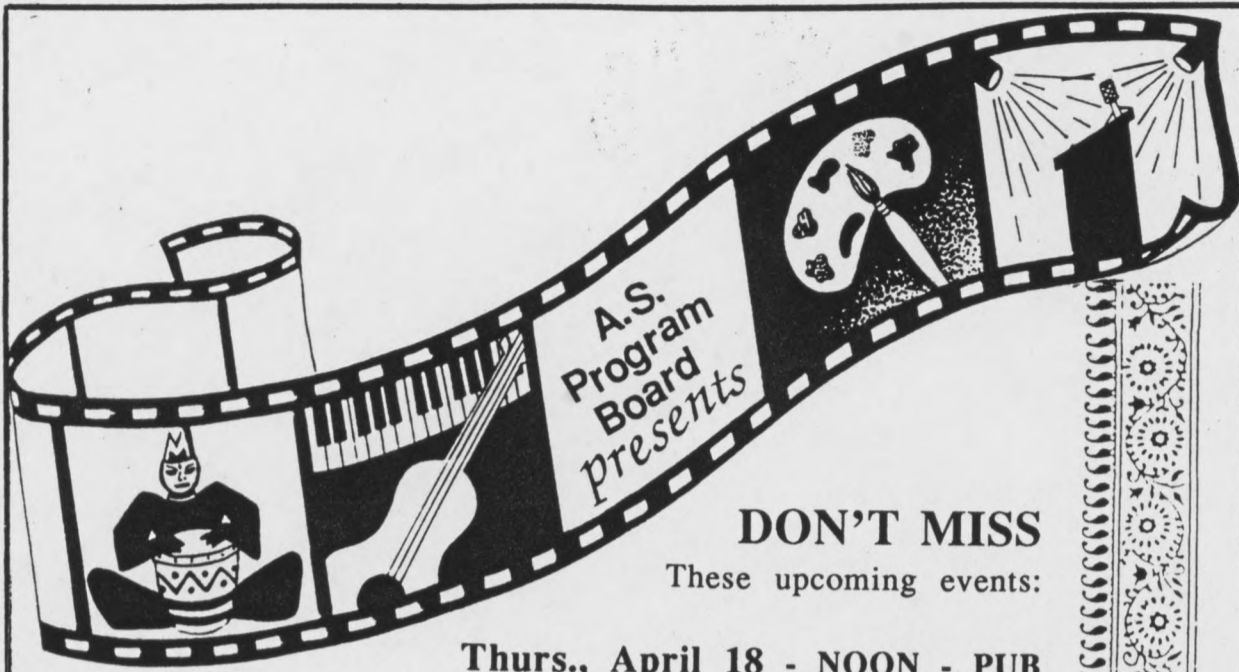
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**INDIAN SITAR ENSEMBLE**

Sat., April 20 at 6:00 & 9:30PM  
**GANDHI** (the movie)  
at I.V. Theater - \$2.50

Mon., April 22 FREE SNEAK  
PREVIEW of **TOY SOLDIERS**  
**FREE - 8:00pm-** Campbell Hall  
Tickets will be available on Mon. at  
noon in front of the UCEN



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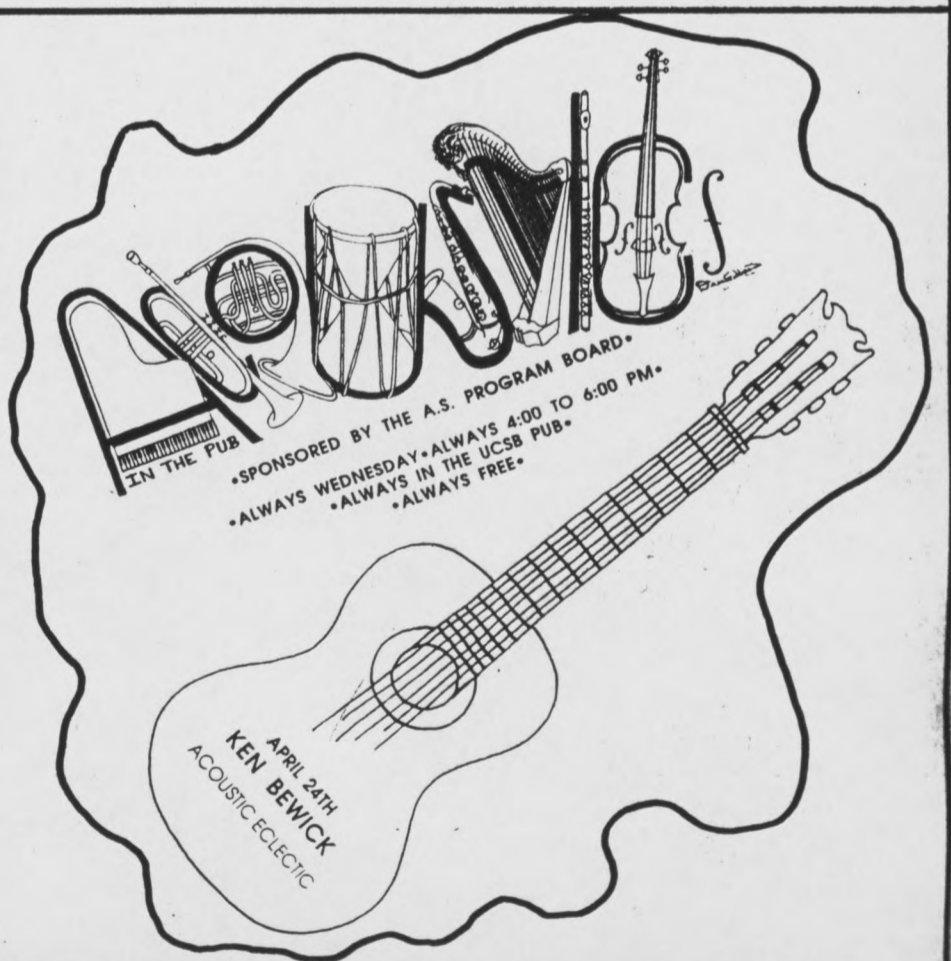
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**HAIL MARY**

Denounced by the Pope, winner of the International Catholic Cinema Office Award, the object of worldwide protests, Hail Mary demonstrates that Godard has lost none of his ability to challenge dogma and generate controversy. Almost overlooked in all the furor was the film itself, a surprisingly serene, sensitive, and lyrical work which translates the Virgin Birth into tangible, contemporized terms, with Mary as a basketball-playing attendant who receives the Annunciation by jetliner and has to fend off the advances of her frustrated boyfriend Joseph. Pitched somewhere between Robert Bresson and Henry Miller, Hail Mary is a richly paradoxical, comic-cosmic meditation on the sacred and the profane, the exalted and the prosaic, the spirit and the flesh.

Wed., April 25 I.V. Theater  
8, 10:30 pm  
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# Music



## It's A Marc Brown Sandwich!

# POP



### Vagabond Heart

Rod Stewart  
Warner Brothers

Consistency is the key word for Rod Stewart's *Vagabond Heart*, a collection of songs that barely change a beat throughout the entire course of the album. Stewart fans will enjoy his characteristic mellowness and strong voice, and if this kind of music makes you feel like a warm fuzzy, then this may be a great one to try. But if you write off lyrics about the ocean meeting the sky in a beautiful world of lovefesting people as sappy, chances are the word "cheesy" may come to mind when the full chorus kicks in in the background and the orchestra suddenly appears. Stewart has a powerful sound that mixes nicely with a mixture of guitar and keyboard, and some of the slower songs are really romantic, but there is not much room for interpretation in the simplistic lyrics. "It Takes Two," a duet with Tina Turner, comes off as cutesy at best and "Broken Arrow" is a slowly sexy tune, but lacks any inventiveness. Most of the 12 songs could not be told apart either in content or sound.

— Jan Hines



### Out Of Time

REM  
Warner Brothers

Something about the new REM album *Out of Time* reminded me of an interview I heard once of ZZ Top by Dick Clark, Casey Kasem or some other dork who has no business even pretending to know anything about rock-n-roll. The afore-mentioned shlub asked the members of ZZ Top, in all seriousness, why they didn't move to L.A. with all the other famous people now that they, too, were rich and famous.

"We like it were we are — in Texas," was their reply. That is something Dick Clark would ask REM. Come on guys, after ten years and so many albums, aren't you ready to quit your Georgia weirdness and come down to earth?

Thank God the answer is no. This latest REM album is a strange amalgam of musical mish-mash.

Like all other REM albums, it doesn't sound much like anything else they've ever done. But it gets even weirder than usual with guest stars that range from rapster KRS-1 to the B-52's vocalist Kate Pierson to a string section.

A particular highlight is "Shiny Happy People," where Pierson harmonizes with Michael Stipe in a tune guaranteed to make even the perennially glum smile. Also, "Endgame," with its strings and ethereal harmonies, is some sort of crazy REM-meets-the-Beach-Boys hybrid.

— Andrew Rice



### Outland

Gary Numan  
IRS Records

Alright, let's go back. I mean *waaaaay* back to the days of Atari machines. Remember all that crap? Pop Rocks and AMC Pacers? Muppets? Jogging suits?

Remember that song "Cars?" A true innovator, Gary Numan was leading one platoon of the New Wave advance with his techno-drone single. Nothing was like it. He was nuts. Fantastic.

Too bad for us, Gary Numan is still playing his musical Atari, and it's an old cartridge.

*Outland* may be new, but it's nothing new. From first track to last, Numan fires up his disk drives and drum machines and cranks out duplicate files of the data Tangerine Dream and the New Agers wore out six years ago. It's still high tech, but that won't cut it anymore. These aren't the days of Mork & Mindy; today, computers are boring and so is computer music.

If Numan has grown at all, it has only been into more megabytes and a bigger microprocessor. The quality of his simulated chords, buzzes, whoops and thumps has evolved along with the ability to produce them.

But you can't make a new sound out of new hardware — especially if your software's all pirated.

— Jason Ross

# These Guys Love Drugs

## The Spaceman 3's Sonic Boom Talks Of Vengeance & Dope

Sonic Boom is one of the two main guys from the British band Spacemen 3. Last week he called me from his home in Rugby, England for a little chat. Although it was initially scheduled to be a quick interview it turned out to be a 40-minute-long, action-packed conversation involving his favorite subjects — music and drugs.

Spacemen 3 have just released a new record on Dedicated Records entitled *Recurring*, and it will be their last. This is their fourth studio album but it is not officially a project of the band since they broke up before recording it. The first five tracks are tunes by Sonic Boom, the sixth track is a cover of Mudhoney's song "When Tomorrow Hits" and the final five tracks are written and arranged by Jason Spaceman. Sonic did not perform on any of Jason's songs because "he didn't ask me to play on them."

Sonic told me that they did a cover of the Mudhoney song on their album since Mudhoney had previously recorded the Spacemen 3 song "Revolution" and "their lyrics were a piss-take of our version." Mark Arm, the lead singer of Mudhoney, apparently took artistic license with the vocals to change them around and then credited Sonic Boom with writing them. This upset Sonic since he didn't want the credit, so then Mudhoney said in a music magazine that Sonic had his "head up his ass." So

the cover of the song "When Tomorrow Hits" was Sonic's way to show the Seattle band who the real boss is.

When Sonic Boom formed Spacemen 3, the motto he had for the band was, "taking drugs to make music to take drugs to." Ever since that early point in Sonic's life, he has been very open with discussing his drug use and its creative influence on his music.

Here is a bit of what Sonic told me about drugs: "Drugs are inspiring to my music. I was taking drugs to take the mainly benign feelings that I got from them and translating those feelings into sounds. People can then take those sounds and, within themselves, translate them back into feelings. So they (the listener) would be able to feel the same feeling as the feeling which inspired the song."

He continued to let me know about, you guessed it, drugs for the next 15 minutes and some of the things he told me were pretty wild. Controlled substances that Sonic particularly enjoys include LSD, MDMA (Ecstasy), mescaline and peyote, as well as such classics as heroin, morphine and cocaine. Not to mention cannabis. He also feels that alcohol has "as much, if not more potential for abuse as does heroin or cocaine." "Crack is a pretty heavy" drug and Sonic thinks that it has more

potential for abuse.

Drugs were important for Sonic Boom because in his formative early teen years (14-16), he was "taking drugs like LSD" and they were making him ask himself a lot of questions about himself and the society he lived in. There is also a great spiritual understanding that Sonic feels he receives from psychedelic drugs. "I felt that I was gaining years' worth of experience in eight hours." Sonic added that "that can be very tiring and very heavy on the mind" but they are something that he needed to form his ideas.

Sonic does acknowledge the detrimental effect of drugs as well. "There is a kind of Yin and Yang type of thing which makes everything balanced and what it is ... there is not just an upside to drugs and I think that it is important to get that across."

Sonic Boom is now busy preparing his new band, Spectrum, for the recording studio. He will probably continue transferring the drug vibe to his recordings for quite a while. In the meantime you should check out the Spacemen 3's final album ever and then maybe you too will understand what the hell Sonic Boom is talking about.

— Marc Brown

# COUNTRY



### The Original Singles Collection ... Plus

Hank Williams Sr.  
Polydor/ Polygram Records

In my mind Hank Williams is the greatest songwriter ever. And Hank's dead. Been dead.

Writing about Him, therefore, is difficult because it's hard to describe Him without sounding like he's some sort of deity.

Hank is God. Sure, He had some tunes which were great, even His worst material still kicks the shit out of anything on today's Top 40, which should make it no surprise to anyone when the likes of Elvis Costello, The Replacements and The Red Hot Chili Peppers cover His material.

The latest CD box set lives up to the legend by presenting 84 of Hank's most popular recordings in chronological order. The tracks have been digitally remastered and cleaned up with a few overdubs added to make the collection as clean as Hank's own directness and purity.

And if you order now, not only will you get the Ginsu knives, the 18 stainless-steel steak knives and the fabulous cleaning solvent, but you will get the accompanying book, chock-full of rare photos of Williams

and a 6,000-plus word essay.

Actually, the book is pretty cool, almost as genuine as the music, and the essay is written much, much better than this review.

The first cut, "I'm Not Coming Home Anymore," is allegedly Hank's first recording ever. The scratches on the original 1942 acetate make it sound like the first recording ever, but its charm soon makes you concentrate beyond the distractions and you see the seeds Hank is planting not only in His own songwriting style, but those that He sowed in country, pop and in rock-and-roll music.

It's now been almost 50 years since Hank recorded that first song and still nobody has come close to the clear manner in which He told stories in such a painfully honest way. Fortunately, this collection also reveals Hank's comedic and religious sides as well, which are routinely overlooked.

Hank Williams lives. Long live rock.

— Tony Pierce



## No Means No!

Raw, unharnessed, relentless, driving rhythm. These are just a few of the words that come to mind when No Means No steps out on stage and unleashes their powerful sound unto the crowd.

The last time No Means No played in Santa Barbara at the Savoy Theatre, most were awed by the tightness and energy of the band. I was stunned that this three-piece band could pump out sounds that excelled their studio tapes — we're talking hip-swaying, foot-stomping rhythms.

This ordinary-looking bunch of guys will give Santa Barbara an extraordinary look at alternative, college-radio music 8 p.m. Sunday night, April 21, at the Graduate. Tickets are \$10 at Rockhouse Records in Isla Vista.

One of the opening bands will be local, underground sensation Rogue Cheddar, which was recently featured in the latest issue of the *College Music Journal*. Bass player Tom Csicsman had a lot to say about No Means No, their own sound and opportunities. What follows is a brief moment somewhere underneath Storke Tower.

Although both No Means No and Rogue Cheddar are three-piece bands, "We're

playing two different kinds of music," says Tom.

By the sound of their name, people might think No Means No is an all-female feminist band, but it is "an angry band into social change and dissatisfaction with the way things are going." No Means No recently combined with Jello Biafra to produce an album, "The Sky is Falling, and I Want My Mommy," that exposes the soft underbelly of a bureaucratic monster known as The System.

Rogue Cheddar, like No Means No, is not limited by their numbers because they explore the different blends of music that defy conventional genres of music. They don't play for an audience or a record label: "If nobody came to see us play, we'd still keep playing. This blend is exciting because it's different than anything that's been played before, it's undefinable."

Rogue Cheddar's been around for a little more than a year and has managed to put out a four-track tape *Photosynthesis* and two studio tapes — *Rug Shredder* and *Into Blind*.

— Trevor Top

# Pot Lucky

Got More Art Than The Mofo Louvre



## An Artist Named Art, Honest!

Intermission  
Presents

### A Five-Part Series On The L&S Art-Related Majors

by  
Karen Peabody

#### PART TWO:



Art studio majors are people of few words. Ask them what they're doing and they may stare at you blankly. Why would they explain to you the object of their efforts, be it sculpture, drawing or other is before your eyes, when the art makes its own statement? Art, after all, is self-expression. For students, the art studio major is a path to that expression.

Being an art major is much more interesting than watching paint dry, or clay, or ink, or even photo processing chemicals. However, art studio majors will spend quite a while doing this throughout their college careers, all in the name of fine art. The art studio major consists of clas-

ses in painting, drawing, sculpture, ceramics, photography and printmaking, and students are urged to try a bit of everything before deciding on a speciality.

The exploration of artistic media is one of the most valuable parts of the artist's education, and is one of the strong points of the major here at UCSB, according to some students. "You should know a little bit about everything," advises art major Bill Goldfield, a transfer student. "This is giving me enough background to see what I want to do, what I want to specialize in. It's a long process."

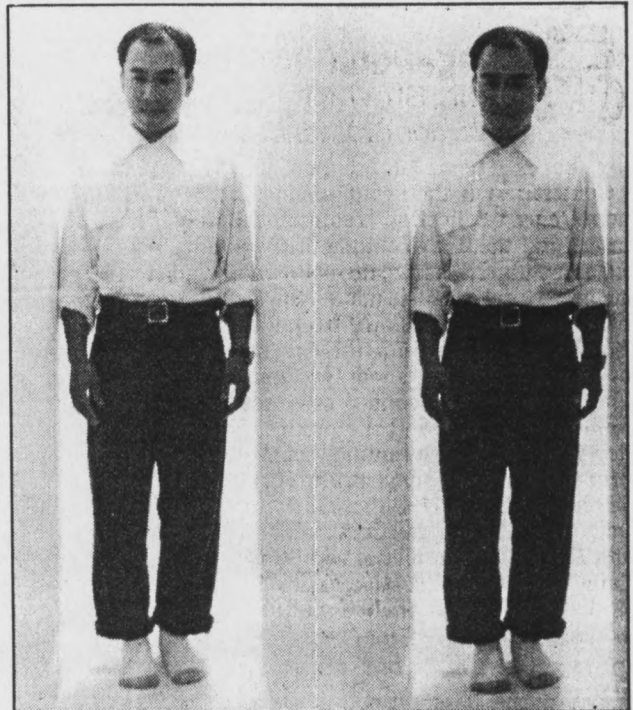
First year graduate student Alex Munoz agrees, "I think it's good because it allows the student to explore all of the possibilities in art. I think it might be a little harder because it's so wide open in terms of your mediums. The student has to decide where he or she has to go and then take the steps to accomplish their goal. It requires a lot of self-discipline to accomplish your work."

The program also requires a background in art history, giving students a better understanding of their craft. Most students appreciate this aspect of their education. "I think it helped a great deal," said art major Jonathan Eun. "To study art you have to study art history and music. If you really study art you learn a lot about other things, too." Jolyn Fry, also a art studio major, commented on the universality of art. "It's everywhere. Everything you see has art in it."

"I don't think there's enough respect for it," added art major Stephanie Deyerl.

Both artists agreed the major is unique in that students receive a great deal of individual attention. "Classes are small. It's a very personal major," commented Fry. The limited class size and the nature of the program itself put students under the scrutiny of both teachers and peers. "Everything we do is critiqued — we don't just get a scantron," added Deyerl. "We have to defend ourselves."

For the artist, the ultimate critique comes with exhibition, and showing their work becomes another of the students' learning process. Art studio honors major Art Domantay, who collaborated with his colleague Jeffrey Hurlow on an installation piece currently displayed in Gallery 1434, credits the student-run gallery with giving students the opportunity to exhibit their work and become familiar



This is Art.

DAVID SOTELO/Daily Nexus

with all that it involves, including promotion, installation, advertising and, in this particular case, gaining approval from both the health and safety inspector and the fire marshal.

The highlight of every art student's career is the chance to stage an exhibition. Sculptor Brenda Dodson is very enthusiastic about the upcoming 1991 Honors Exhibition opening in the College of Creative Studies on April 29, the culmination of a year-long program, commenting that a great deal of work is still being prepared. "It's coming along," she said, adding however that, "Artists are never finished until the last minute."

## Rubbish? Yes! Art? Yes Also!

Old plastic bottles and tin cans aren't trash, they're recyclable products, and this week, they're art.

To celebrate California Recycling Week (April 15-21), sculptures made by elementary school children out of recyclable materials are being displayed in the courtyard of the Art building, and between classes, they are attracting quite a crowd.

Sponsored by the California Department of Recycling and the UCSB Art Gallery, Art Museum Curator of Education Corinne Horowitz hopes the exhibit will, "Raise recycling awareness" among people who see it.

But those benefiting from the exhibition the most were the children from elementary schools in Santa Barbara and Goleta ranging from kindergarten to sixth grade. Sunday they attended the opening of the show and were honored with certificates and recycling kits (and a free lunch). "The children learned that you can take what most people think is trash and recycle it to

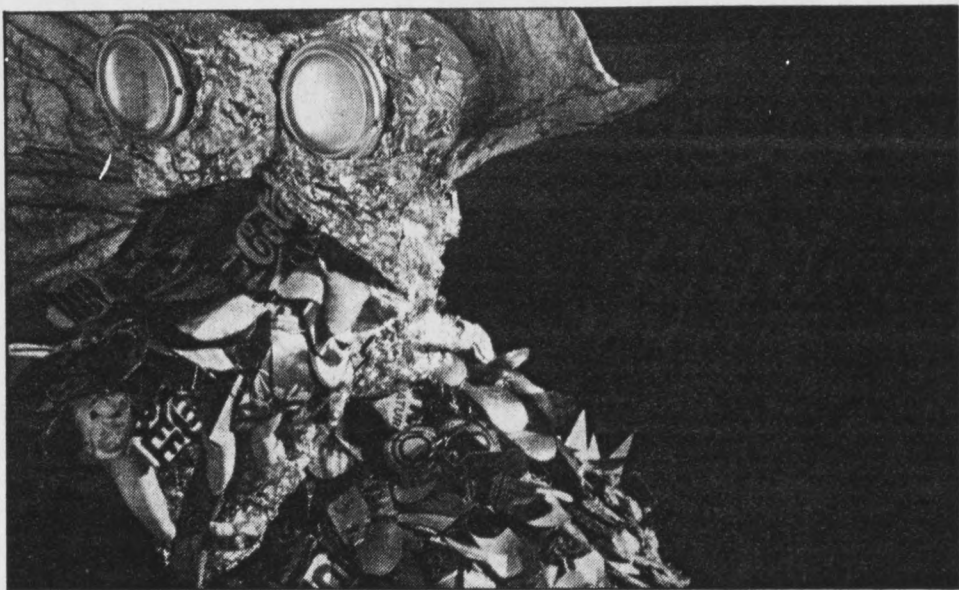
make something beautiful while having a good time," Horowitz said.

The exhibit is hard to miss with the imposing "Mr. Eco-Eagle" standing seven feet tall in the little courtyard. The eagle was constructed of chicken wire covered with recycled paper and plastic wings cut from two-liter soda containers. The sculpture was made by Mrs. Gerber's fifth grade class (although it looks as if Mrs. Gerber might have helped them).

"These things are great," exclaims a student passing by with a sketchbook. My personal favorite was "The Propeller Machine" made by children at Hollister School who glued together clear water bottles in an abstract configuration and filled them with florescent strips (in this case florescent was acceptable).

If you haven't already seen the recycled masterpieces, you can view them in the courtyard outside the Art Gallery until Friday.

— Dorothy Merfield



Just one of the many fine exhibits -those crazy tykes!

WALTER TRBOO/Daily Nexus

## Yo! Yo! Christo In The House

Umbrellas. Hundreds of them. Thousands of them. Umbrellas as tall as a house. Tall as a two-story house. Lots of umbrellas. Big golden umbrellas glimmering above the golden grass as far as the eye can see. Umbrellas.

As the sun rises on Oct. 8, 1991, 1,760 umbrellas will open up across an 18-mile stretch of the Tejon valley, 60 miles north of Los Angeles along Interstate 5. Almost simultaneously, 1,340 umbrellas will spring up in another valley, 75

miles north of Tokyo, Japan. Not a mere natural coincidence, mind you, but the outcome of a dream six years in the making — the fantasy of the artist Christo.

Christo explained his plan to a crowd of students and artists as part of the first Robert C. Thomas Memorial Lecture Wednesday in Isla Vista Theater. Thomas, an artist and an art studio professor at UCSB for 32 years, worked in bronze, wood, stone, clay and steel. Christo prefers to avoid such permanent media and

instead work on "temporary" sculpture, art founded on freedom — a concept shaped during his childhood spent in Communist Bulgaria.

"The Umbrellas project is about freedom," Christo said. "This project can't be bought, it can't be purchased, we can't charge for tickets, it can't be controlled. Any other use would be treason."

Christo, who's previous projects include "Surrounded Islands, Biscayne Bay, Greater Miami, Flor-

ida, 1980-83," and "Running Fence, Sonoma and Marin Counties, California, 1972-76," has developed "The Umbrellas, Joint Project for Japan and U.S.A." to reflect the similarities and differences in the ways of life in two inland valleys. Blue umbrellas (19'8" high, 28'6" in diameter) will dot 12 miles of a moist, green valley in Japan. The yellow umbrellas in California (the same dimensions) will reflect the dried out grass which floods Tejon in the autumn. Here, the umbrel-

las will be scattered with "whimsical, capricious exploration of the space," as is common in the Western U.S., while the umbrellas in Japan will be placed with precision and conservation in mind, as is necessary in that country, Christo explained.

The \$26 million project, financed entirely by Christo through sale of his sketches, has required the assistance of countless individuals and government officials. The actual presentation of the California project on Oct. 8

will be done by approximately 300 workers. (No special skills are needed, applications may be picked up at the UCSB Art Department.) The umbrellas will be up for three weeks, then closed and dismantled, with the nylon, aluminum and steel parts then recycled.

"There will be no umbrellas for souvenirs," Christo said. "It takes greater courage to close the project, lesser courage to build things in stone and concrete."

— Michelle Ortiz Ray

I just killed a bunch of guys named Pascal and Jean Claude.  
Now I'm going after those *Trous des Cues* who edit ...

# INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of  
April 18



## La Femme Nikita

C'est Une Tres Bonne Film

If *La Femme Nikita* had a smell it would probably be something between raw meat and sweet sweat.

The mix of graphic violence and overt eroticism director Jean-Luc Besson (*The Big Blue*) has used in creating his fantasy thriller about a societal outcast's life in the underworld of the French Secret Service not only draws the audience in — it holds us captive.

That *La Femme Nikita* is in French with subtitles hardly seems to matter, since most of what goes on in the movie is visual, and much of the dialogue is limited to short sentences and monosyllabic utterances. Anyway, what the characters are saying isn't what the movie revolves around — it revolves on Nikita (Anne Parillaud).

In the film's opening scene we see Nikita roaming the streets of Paris with a gang of gun-toting, strung-out, violence-prone cyberpunk types. A roving series of close-ups reveal tattoos, muscles, ear and nose rings, and wild punk haircuts, while the soundtrack eerily lets on that "something" is about to happen.

These are bad people, and they're about to get worse. They attempt to rob a pharmacy, which turns into a frenzied gunfight with heavily armed police. It's a beautifully shot scene; blue and red lights meld into a chaotic scene of mass carnage which leaves all the gang members, sans Nikita, dead.

She escaped the fate her friends suffered by hiding behind a counter while her buddies killed two policemen. One of the cops who didn't perish approaches. It seems she is being apprehended, but we know she has a gun.

And in cold blood she blows his head off. It even looks like she enjoys it.

It's rare in films to see women cast in roles where they compete with men, let alone strong women characters who outdo men in their tendency to violence. Women

are usually demure or coquettish, or simply reliant on men for protection. Besson kills all of those stereotypes with Nikita.

She's beautiful and sexy, but don't try anything, because if you do she'll kick your ass.

That's why a secret service recruiter nabs her from a life behind bars. The manner by which she is given the choice of death or a life "serving her country" may not be too believable, but realism is not what the movie is about from this stage on.

It's about morality and ethics. Whether it's OK to kill for your country but not to do it for fun. We see Nikita fully indoctrinated into the secret service. She learns to use computers and fire weapons — every kind of gun you can imagine makes its way into the movie, it's an obsession of Besson's and part of the fantasy — and to act and look like a woman.

Whether Nikita ends up a terrorist or a national hero is probably a debatable topic. She goes from being a cop killer to a government trained killer. She murders for her country rather than for fun, but the line drawn between the two is slim.

— Larry Speer

MUSIC

5A

SPACEMAN 3, REM, GARY NUMAN,  
HANK WILLIAMS, NO MEANS NO

POT LUCKY

6A

RAP BRAWLS, HORNY  
TREES AND FLUID

CINEMA: TAXIS, HEAVEN & STEVE SEAGAL

7A