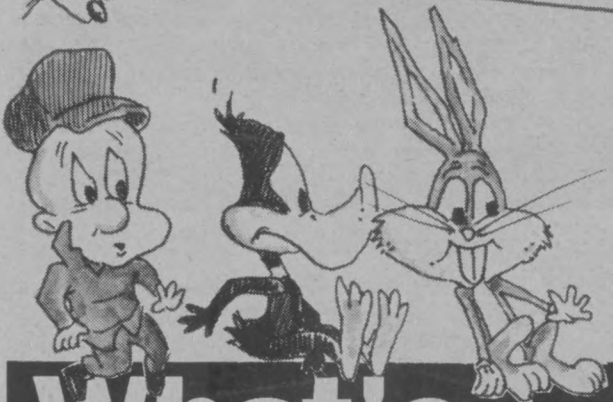


I'm going to destroy the world with the Illudium Q-36 Space Modulator, but first I'm going to read ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily News

The Week of October 26, 1990



What's Up, Chuck?

A New Book Traces the Life and Work of Animator Chuck Jones
Review by Todd Francis

If there is anything that we all have in common as vivacious, hot-blooded, young Americans, it's that we all had the same gang of friends when we were growing up.

No, not little Joshua, Randy, Suzie or even lil' Freddie.

I'm talking about the after school buddies who really influenced you, from the way you talked to the way you played tricks on your other, less important friends. These guys were the ones who made your formative years really formative.

They had names like Elmer, Daffy, Sniffles, Pepe, Wile E., Foghorn and Porky. And they all talked funny.

No, they weren't gang members; in fact, they were all animals, but not the kind you could reach out and pet. Because they lived their madcap lives outlined in ink and hued in Technicolor, protected from our little grubby hands by a television screen.

They were the offspring of the creative team of directors and animators at Warner Bros., whose animated shorts have delighted and inspired kids and adults alike for over 50 years. One of the most influential of these people was Chuck Jones, who is responsible for creating, among others, Wile E. Coyote, Road Runner, Marvin Martian and Pepe Le Pew, and was significant in developing Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd and Porky Pig.

Jones has detailed his bumpy climb to animation immortality in his new book, *Chuck Amuck: The Life and Times of an Animated Cartoonist*, which begins with his amusing childhood summers spent in Balboa, Calif., and continues through to his activities today (which range from television specials to lectures and workshops conducted at universities and art schools nationwide).

Most of the book is devoted to the so-called "Golden Years" of Warner Bros., which constitutes the years 1940 to 1962. During that span, Jones was directing some of the best shorts that Warner Bros. produced, garnering two Academy Awards and a great deal of recognition. The most enjoyable part of the book is his descriptions of character development, as he and his fellow animators were struggling to create personas for their fledgling characters.

Daffy Duck, for instance, who Jones says is the one "whose behavior I most clearly recognize and for whom I have the greatest affinity and understanding," goes from a rabid duck, a madman who hoots a lot and bounces around on open bodies of water, to a sucker, a sap, a greedy loser whose cowardice and dishonesty wind up getting him in the end. In other words, according to Jones, "Daffy gallantly and publicly represents all the character traits that the rest of us try to keep subdued."

See CHUCK, p.4A



POT LUCKY: TOP TEN, SINBAD, VIDEO GUY

4A

MUSIC: IRON MAIDEN, RAY CHARLES, CAT RAPES DOG

3A

CINEMA: QUIGLEY DOWN UNDER, HUNGARIAN FOLK TALE

3A



Gustavo Romero Plays the Key Notes

The Daring Young Pianist

Gustavo Romero has a knack for winning prestigious piano competitions, but he says gaining the prize is not his primary goal. "It's extraordinary how powerful and how important these things have become — reviews and competitions," says the 25-year-old pianist who grew up in San Diego. "I never took them so seriously, but I'm very grateful that they have turned out well for me."

Indeed. Just last year in Vevey, Switzerland, Romero vanquished 42 other competitors from 20 countries to win the valued Clara Haskil Prize for young classical pianists. The *Los Angeles Times* headlined its article on Romero's feat: "Winning Isn't Anything to Him, but He Does It Anyway."

"Winning Isn't Anything to Him, but He Does It Anyway."

Romero takes the victories and the rewards that come with winning seriously. But he manages to keep such rankings in perspective. "The idea of judgment in art is such a very peculiar thing, and the apotheosis of this is the competition and reviews," he says. "I have a lot of critic friends — it's interesting to see when they go to a concert, what they listen for, what attitudes they have."

Romero brings his celebrated, energetic performance style to Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall for a solo concert on Friday, October 26 at 8 PM.

The UCSB concert includes three sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti, Ludwig van Beethoven's Piano Sonata, Op. 90, Claude Debussy's Images, Book II, Frédéric Chopin's Andante spianato and Grand Polonaise, Op. 22 and Franz Liszt's Piano Sonata in B minor, Op. 58.

Romero eased into his commitment to piano. "I was playing by ear and on my own as a youngster of four, five years old," he says, "but I didn't start lessons, seriously with a teacher, until I was eight or nine years old." During his teens, he won scholarships from the Epstein Scholar Program of the Boys Club of America which, he adds, "carried me through my high school and college years in New York."

Since his first coast-to-coast tour of the United States during the 1985-86 season, Romero has awed audiences and critics alike. His New York debut at Alice Tully Hall, under the sponsorship of the Epstein Scholar Program, was a sell-out performance. A graduate of the Juilliard School of Music and the recipient of the 1983 Avery Fisher Young Artists Career Grant, Romero has appeared at the Kennedy Center and the Mostly Mozart Festival, to name only a few of his major appearances.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				25 <i>Speaking Parts</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	26 <i>Gustavo Romero</i> 8 PM Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall	27
28 <i>A Hungarian Fairy Tale</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	29 <i>Ayoka Chenzira</i> 8 PM IV Theatre	30	31	1 <i>The Runner</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	2	3

Did Romero have any idea as an eight or nine year old that his interest in music might someday turn into a career?

"Once I understood the idea of a concert pianist," he says, "that became a goal. I did love the idea of playing regularly in public and traveling. The minute I understood what it was about, I wanted to do that."



**IN PERSON:
DIRECTOR
GYULA GAZDAG**

Hungarian Rhapsody

Don't be misled by the title of the upcoming film in the International Cinema series. A modern fantasy, Gyula Gazdag's *A Hungarian Fairy Tale*, Sunday, October 28, at 8 PM in Campbell Hall, is a modern tale that turns on the bizarre Hungarian law requiring every birth certificate to bear a paternal name, even if the information is fictitious. The law produces unanticipated results, for when his unmarried mother dies, a young boy sets out to find his "father" and enters into a world both fantastical and inspiring. Shot in luminous black and white, the allegory occupies the unpredictable terrain between the actual and the imaginary. This is magical realism, Hungarian-style. **Please note: Director Gyula Gazdag will be a special guest and will answer questions after the screening.**

... enters into a world both fantastical and inspiring.

Independently Minded

Ayoka Chenzira, an independent film and video artist living in Brooklyn, New York, will discuss and screen three of her diverse films in the last segment of the *Independent! Films by Black Women* series on Monday, October 29 at 8 PM in the Isla Vista Theater. A major force in the drive to create a wider audience for Black Independent films, Chenzira creates films not only of the Black experience but of what she sees as the "human experience." *Syvilla: They Dance to Her Drum*, made in 1979, is a documentary portrait of Syvilla Fort, the role model for a generation of African-American dancers.



Hairpiece: A Film for Nappy-Headed People

Hairpiece: A Film for Nappy-Headed People is a satire on the ways Black women try to contend with living in a society where hair that blows in the wind is the epitome of beauty. In the animated film *Zajota and the Boogie Spirit*, a kindly spirit helps the Zajota people use the power and ritual of their dance to survive. Chenzira won a 1989 Black Filmmaker Hall of Fame award for the same film.

For tickets or information call: 893-3535

UCSB
A&L
ARTS & LECTURES

SCENE ONE
A Calendar of Upcoming Events

Art's Week is dead; a thing of the past. Art has washed his grubby little hands of the whole project. It is almost certain he will be moving on to bigger and better things, things that will be much more appreciative of his odd genius.

But enough sentimentality; with no further delay, after years of research and carbon testing, a cast of thousands is proud to present to you ... **Intermission.**

■ **Die Musik:** On Wednesday the 31st, we got *Dramarama* playing The Ventura Concert Theatre. Opening for them are *The Way Moves* and *Clyde*. Call 648-1888 for more. ... If you're looking for Chamber Music that "collides the intellectually stuffy with the brazenly hilarious," get a load of *Fat & Fucked Up* on Wednesday the 31st at

Center Stage in Paseo Nuevo. For this, call 962-3575. ... **Friday, Oct. 26,** A & L welcomes world-renowned pianist *Gustavo Romero* to Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. 893-3535 is where you wanna call. ... **Cellist Janos Starker** and pianist *Shigeo Neriki* will be performing Friday, October 26, in Abravanel Hall on the campus of Music Academy of the West. All you Music 15 guys call 969-4726 for more info. ...

Redrum and Indica will be playing in Anisq' Oyo' Park on Sunday afternoon. ... **This just in!** *Jane's Addiction* has decided to pay us another visit. They are coming December 16. Unfortunately, those ingrates are steering clear of Campbell Hall and going to the Terrace Theatre in Ventura instead.

■ **Im Kino: Arts & Lectures** continues its "International Cinema" Series with Canada's answer to *Sex, Lies and Video Tape*. It's called *Speaking Parts* and it plays tonight at 8 p.m. Also, *A Hungarian Fairy Tale* (reviewed this issue) will be on Sunday. Both will be showing at Campbell Hall. ...

■ **A number of Black Woman Filmmaker Ayoka Chenzira's** films will be shown at 8 p.m. on Monday. ... **Noch Mehr:** Members of the improv group *Cahoots* will be improv-ing at The Center Stage on Sunday, Oct. 28. Call 963-0408. ... **The Hunt For Red October** comes out on video this week. ... **The Zeppelin Box Set** came out Tuesday. ... And finally, *Mariachi, Santa Barbara* at the UCSB Music Bowl on Wednesday at noon. Phone 893-3230.

INTERMISSION **INTERMISSION** **ADMIT ONE**

INTERMISSION
starring...

Karen Peabody	Brian Banks	Denis Faye
Larry Speer	Todd Francis	as The Editor
Marc P. Brown	Susan Matthews	J. Christaan Whalen
Christy Smith	Spencer Wetter	as The Ass.
Stacy Houglund	A.J. Goddard	and Beau Bridges
Andrew Rice	Tony Pierce	as "Spanky"
Doug Arellanes	Trevor Top	

"A LANDMARK. WARM, FUNNY AND COMPELLING."
- Susan Granger, AMERICAN MOVIE CLASSICS

LISTEN UP
THE LIVES OF QUINCY JONES

"TERRIFIC! EXCEPTIONAL!"
- Jay Scott, TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL

"CAPTIVATING. MOVING. SEE IT."
- Charlie Kopp, GLAMOUR

"A MUSICAL TRIP THAT WILL KNOCK YOUR SOCKS OFF. WONDERFULLY WARM."
- Roy Leonard, WGN Radio/TV (Chicago)

"ASTONISHING AND MESMERIZING."
- Brian D. Johnson, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

"DYNAMIC AND IRRESISTIBLE."
- Lynn Samuels, WBAI Radio (New York)

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS A COURTNEY SALE ROSS PRODUCTION LISTEN UP: THE LIVES OF QUINCY JONES
MUSIC BY MILTON MOSSES GINSBERG PIERRE KAHN ANDREW MCKENZIE LAURE SULLIVAN PAUL ZEHNER QUINCY JONES COSTUME DESIGNER ARTHUR BAKER PRODUCTION DESIGNER STEPHEN KAZMIERSKI EDITOR MELISSA POWELL
PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
© 1990 COURTNEY SALE ROSS WRITTEN BY ELLEN WEISSBROD
DIRECTED BY THE WARNER BROS. STYLING BY JANE WOODS
A WARNER BROS. PRESENTATION
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OPENS OCTOBER 26TH EVERYWHERE



SUSAN SARANDON JAMES SPADER

The story of a younger man and a bolder woman.

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS A MIRAGE/DOUBLE PLAY PRODUCTION A LUIS MANDOKI FILM "WHITE PALACE" SUSAN SARANDON JAMES SPADER MUSIC BY GEORGE FENTON COSTUME DESIGNER BILL FINNEGAN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER SYDNEY POLLACK BASED ON THE SCREENPLAY BY TED TALLY AND ALVIN SARGENT PRODUCED BY MARK ROSENBERG AMY ROBINSON GRIFFIN DUNNE DIRECTED BY LUIS MANDOKI A UNIVERSAL RELEASE
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Leno v. Letterman

Whose Book Really Packs A Lunch?

Ever since television has become the best thing since Otter Pops to the postwar child, concerned parents and teachers have extolled the virtues of a good book. It was only a matter of time, though, before the two mediums merged, the result being either a sitcom based on *Lord of the Flies* or a book based on late-night talk shows.

Fortunately, we have received the latter.

The Late Night with David Letterman Book of Top Ten Lists and More Headlines are the best reasons to turn off Arsenio and read a book. Letterman's top ten lists are already legendary, and the long-awaited compilation of them is, as the book's cover says, "like watching TV in convenient book form."

Meanwhile, Jay Leno, a witty guy with possibly the worst hair in show business, has put together a sequel to his successful *Headlines*. It features funny, crazy, and just plain ludicrous headlines from the nation's newspapers.

Letterman's book is superior to his late-night counterpart's piece. Both have the same number of pages, but with the top ten lists, there are ten, *count 'em ten*, punchlines on every page. There's even an additional ten on the back of the book (*Top Ten Reasons To Buy This Book*). Now you decide which is the better buy.

There's more. While Leno's book is very amusing, Letterman's is downright hysterical. Even the for-

ward (by Dave himself) is funny. It doesn't make much sense, though — something about the 1980 Olympic hockey team. Looks like Dave's been watching a bit too much David Lynch.

But with the first page (Top Ten Words That Almost Rhyme With "Peas," the very first top ten list on the show), the laughs start. And they keep coming. Page 20 features Top Ten Dukakis Excuses (#4 —



TOP 10 WAYS TO TELL THE "NELSON" TWINS APART

1. Gunnar is the "cute one," while Matthew is considered the "intelligent one."
2. Matthew can tie own shoes.
3. Gunnar played "Isaac, your bartender," on TV's "Love Boat."
4. Gunnar has a tattoo on his brother, Matthew.
5. Matthew looks like Gunnar, whereas Gunnar looks a lot like Edgar Winter.
6. Matthew drinks "Yoohoo," while Gunnar is a "yahoo."
7. Gunnar is the one with the silly name.
8. Matthew prefers "fro-yo" to a slow, painful death.
9. Matthew can live for six months off two carrots and a pork chop.
10. Gunnar's real name is "Kirsten."

Fell for Bush's old "you vote for me and I'll vote for you" trick). For sports fans there is the Top Ten Indy 500 Pit Crew Pet Peeves (#9 — Being played in the movies by Jim Nabors). Rock enthusiasts turn to page 75 for the Top Ten Things Overheard at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony (#4 — "Keith is such a healthy blue color").

Letterman's lists, like the Letter-

man show, clearly mirror the current trends and attitudes of our society. In turn, this book may soon become dated. In a year, will people really care about the Top Ten New Features of the Stealth Bomber (#6

— Easiest plane for pouring Pepsi upside down), or the Top Ten Good Things About Leona Helmsley (#10 — Doesn't overburden IRS with large unwieldy tax payments)? Letterman, always in tune with America's attitudes, will have to release a follow-up.

Leno has already taken that step. The original *Headlines* was his way to make some money from the popularity of a bit he does on *The Tonight Show*. But before you label Leno as a money-grubbing, public-raping nuisance, you should know that all the profits from the two books go to charity, almost reason enough to buy them. (Letterman's profits go into his pocket.)

There is some worth to Leno's books. They hit the mark as often as they miss, with memorable headlines like "Death Ends Fun" and forgettable ones like "Skiing Season Opens in Iran." Leno's mug dons every page, with one of his own comments about the particular headline to add to the humor. They, too, are often as funny as they are dumb. He responds to "Tribal Council to Hold June Meeting in June" with, "Yes, but when is the August meeting?"

These books won't challenge you, they won't "take you to another land," and they certainly won't improve your English proficiency. Letterman and Leno make no bones about it — this is not Shakespeare. But, then again, Shakespeare was never this funny. — Brian Banks

He's Got Two More TV Shows Than You - Plus Comedy Gigs o'Plenty. He's Not Bad, He's...

Sinbad

During college, Sinbad thought he'd like to play basketball for the Harlem Globetrotters.

At the time, he thought his hoop talents would lead him from a University of Denver scholarship to a career with the clown princes of basketball.

Well, fate rained on the comedian's parade in the form of a career-ending knee injury, and it seemed his comedic aspirations were fading like his jump shot used to.

Faced with very few options — sort of like Bill Murray in *Stripes* — Sinbad decided to join the Air Force, an experience he laughs about today.

"I got thrown out for going AWOL three times," he said during an interview last week. "I don't know what happened — I just told 'em I wanted to go away for awhile."

After getting tossed from the services, the wheel of fortune turned in Sinbad's direction again. He did stand-up

"I've never told a joke in my life."



at college campuses, then appeared on *Star Search* and finally won a starring role on an NBC sitcom, "A Different World."

Now, Students Against Drunk Driving has lured the former stand-up artist back to the college circuit for a series of benefit performances. On Tuesday, Oct. 30, Sinbad will headline a Pub Comedy Night, starting at 8 p.m., with one dollar from every ticket sold benefiting SADD.

Hopefully Sinbad will be funnier in person than he was during the Nexus interview. Excerpts follow:

What to do with a drunk:

"I don't drink — never did. Back in college all the guys knew that, and they'd say, 'Hey, let's get Sinbad to drive.' That was all right with me. I drove 'em all over the place, and a lot of the time they'd all be loaded. So we'd go somewhere and I'd leave 'em there. That's funny."

I don't tell jokes:

"Man, I've never told a joke in my life. I never could. People can ask me to tell a joke and I just can't do it — I'm terrible at it. I don't tell jokes when I'm doing standup; I just talk and tell stories. It ends up coming out funny."

And finally, the name, where'd you get the name?

"My Mom gave me. I don't know why she did it — guess she just... knew I was gonna be crazy. It's really my name." — Larry Speer

CHUCK

Continued from p.1A

Another interesting aspect of this book, which is chock-full of drawings and stills of everything from caricatures of co-workers to color panels of Martian landscapes, is the way that Jones so ably describes the charged working environment that the Warner Bros. animation studios possessed. He describes everything from the involved process of film production to the friendly janitor that used to collect popsicle sticks for Jones to stir his paint, all with a very witty style that is both pleasing to read and complimentary of Jones' ability as not only an animator/director, but as a writer as well.

Equally noteworthy is the humble fashion with which Jones seems to approach life. From his less-than-spectacular beginnings as a lowly cel-painter, to his positioning now as one of the highest regarded animation specialists in history, Jones has never seemed to suffer from an inflated ego.

He has kept his wits about him through both good times and bad, despite the unfortunate demise of Warner Bros.' cartoon department and the demotion of the animated short from the big screen (for which it was intended) to the television, as well as the untimely loss of his first wife of 43 years. The book is pervaded with an undeniable sense of Jones' vigor; he seems to have never lost his lust for life, living it like that of a 14-year-old, a thought that is extremely encouraging.

We have a great deal to be grateful to Chuck Jones for, not only for his inseparable influence upon our imaginations and our insatiable desire to laugh, but for his refreshingly childlike approach to life and its many offerings, both sweet and sour.

— Todd Francis

No Film Review Here!

VG Hasn't Got Time Or Space To Do The Job He Is Paid To Do

The Spacial Video Guy Make Your Own Movie Sloppy Joe II is now playing in theatre 12.

Welcome to my column, little Video Boys and Girls. But first, the news: the John Candy FilmFest went great, lotsa dough. Trout and I had a ball-and-a-half and made lots of money for *Storyteller*. Please see the attached box for the list of all the swell peoples that helped out

Unfortunately, in a vain attempt to stay awake, I drank an elixir of some mauve turpentine-like goop, which Mickey "Marc Brown" Roarke insisted worked "much better than cafe au lait." Seeing as Mickey hangs out at Roma quite often, I figure he knows his caffeine and other chic substances, so I said "what the gravy" and drank it on down.

Ever since then, I've been having muscle spasms. Needless to say, this has been

impairing my typing ability, so tthat somw-tdeehgdsfjhbgsdfl;khjjeffissillykjdfhsb;fuiyjkghbndszg;jhkn.

Excuse me; I do apologize, I'll try and control it.

Anyway, making a movie part II: finding a cast.

Simple and easy, finding a cast is. First, extras:

For extras for a boob-and-butt flick, put an ad in the paper offering free beer

tic. You should get athletic supporters as well.

ghfdcx mfgheisarealwiseacrebxcvn ,kmjhlxcvdfmbgh.

Male leads in both boob-and-butt and slasher flicks are no problem. Try the freshman dorms. For example, the P.T. dining commons are what I, The Video Guy, would consider Fred Kruger's wet dream. All those cute little Video Froshen are just waiting to

ask them "What is you favorite hue?"

If she says "khaki" or "olive," tell her to take a hike.

If she says "electric bkjhvndfchcghm vncx

If she says "electric blue," she's a maybe.

If she says that her favorite hue is "Hefner," you've got yourself an actress.

Normally, this isdbhs the time where I do a review, a really great review. Yet, as I look down, allow space for eyes I see that I have run out of room. So I'm going to put off my *Deathstalker II* for a while. Instead, I'm going to review my Music 15 mid-term, because Prof. DeWilde and T.A. Raymond were swell enough to give it to me early so as to secure the happening of the John Candy FilmFest.

The *True and False* were rough waters; the listening part was a walk in the park. On The Video Guy Mondo Post-Test Beer-o-Meter, I only had to drink four beers to settle my Video Nerves and pry the faithful #2 from my digits. Not Bad!

This is The Video Guy saying, "She offered her honor, he honored her offer and all evening long he was on her and off her."dfxgzhfxjngyhdm.

The Video Guy By Denis Faye

John Candy FilmFest
would not have been done up right without...
All Those Swell CABeters
@ % * // Video Shop
Prof. Craig De Wilde and T.A. Raymond Warner
KEY NEWS
Doug A. Hedor at SB News
A. J. Goddard Emerald Video Press
Marc P. B. April VCR Babe
PAT and PAX John Hughes
and Everyone else...Thankyou

—really great beer, like Keystone. For a barbarian flick, offer free raw venison, and for a hacker flick, well... mjkghsolomonisdingyfgzsgcvdfxb.

Excuse me. Anyway, now that you got your extras, you move on to your leads and supporting roles.

For the male lead in a barbarian flick, English is not a necessity. However, the male lead should be athle-

get their lymph nodes gouged out, or, if you're making a nudie movie, to look through peep holes at former *Playboy* Playmate Kathy Shower nude up in the girls' locker room.

The female roles in all genres of Video Guy Film are a cakewalk to find. Make sure that they have ample golden bozos. After you've got that rounded away, all you have to do is

Music



Intermission ... We're Playing Your Tune

BLUES



The Hot Spot
Various Artists
Antilles Records

Take master bluesman John Lee Hooker, renowned jazz trumpeter Miles Davis and respected blues artist Taj Mahal, toss in a few studio musicians and tell them to construct a bluesy movie soundtrack and good things are bound to happen. In the case of the soundtrack to *The Hot Spot*, what they've done is almost too good.

It's unfortunate that this group only got together for this one album, because what we have here is some of the most driven, threatening blues you've ever heard.

Taj Mahal's poetic guitarwork and Davis' sporadic trumpet injections mix wonderfully with Hooker's woeful moaning, creating an atmosphere that can almost be seen and felt without any assistance from a movie. And with song titles like "Murder," "Blackmail," "Bank Robbery" and "Moanin'," you know you're in for a long ride on the other side of the tracks.

Several pieces are instrumentals which, instead of diluting the soundtrack's impact, energize the album and enhance the mysterious ethereal effect that it so masterfully wields. In fact, this album is so good that the movie could be eclipsed by the soundtrack which is supposed to do little more than support it.

— Todd Francis



Would You Believe?
Ray Charles
Warner Bros. Records

The Decline of Ray Charles?



1. Over the years, Ray has become a blues icon.



2. His music has influenced many a generation.



3. Yet lately, he has sacrificed soul for synthesizers.



4. Will he fall to the ground?

When you think of Ray Charles, you'd either envision soft-drink commercials or, like most people, you'd think of uptempo soul, the gospel-influenced stuff that makes even hemophiliacs want to jump up and dance, music that could make a lemon smile, a dog meow. In short, you expect the swaying, throaty R&B keyboardist to pump out some of the good-time music that he has popularized so well.

So what's he thinking? His latest effort, *Would You Believe?*, strays pretty far out of bounds for Charles, who has decided to give bad synthesized soul a shot. Complete with drum machines, uninspired keyboards and plenty of mixing, this album rarely emerges from behind the sellout mask it so snugly wears. Only a couple of songs recall any sense of the Ray Charles we are all familiar with, as few of the songs can keep up the constant energy that has always been so apparent in most of Charles' music.

It is saddening to think that someone of such immense talent as Ray Charles could scrap his ability for a shot at commercial success. Hopefully he won't continue to put out such half-rate material as his new album flaunts, because this material is both hard to believe and, considering Ray Charles' potential, tough to stomach.

— Todd Francis



5. Or, is he a Ray of hope?

POP



Rubaiyat
Various Artists
Elektra Records

Not since the '60s, when Barry Gordy asked guys like The Jackson 5, Stevie Wonder and Smokey Robinson to record traditional holiday songs for the "Motown Christmas" album have so many superstars joined together on wax to sing tunes that weren't theirs with such great results.

In *Rubaiyat*, a celebration of Elektra records' 40th anniversary, the assignment given to 38 Elektra artists was to cover any song on their label's wide-reaching catalogue. Apparently, creative control was totally given up to the bands. When Metallica rips through Queen's "Stone Cold Crazy" or when Ernie Isley souls-out the Cars' "Let's Go," the outcome could be mistaken for "new originals" — and this is exactly what makes this compilation more spectacular than novel.

Highlights include The Gypsy Kings' Tex-Mexing of The Eagles' "Hotel California," the Kronos Quartet's classical reworking of Television's "Marquee Moon," The Cure's two versions of The Doors' "Hello, I Love You" (one is a ten-second punk version, the other is a #1 hit), and John Eddie's folky reading of The Cure's "Inbetween Days."

Another reason to buy the 2 CDs or cassettes is the 54-page all-color book, written and styled as a true celebration to the label's rich history, diversely promising future, and glittering present.

— Tony Pierce



Over the years, Elektra's Singles Have Varied Greatly

ROCK



Under the Red Sky
Bob Dylan
Columbia Records

Dylan has cranked out a real roadhouse rocker this time. *Under the Red Sky* sounds like something you'd hear hanging out with the Harley boys on a Sunday afternoon up at Cold Springs Tavern.

An impressive list of reformed coke hounds, guitar gods and British sunglass collectors have joined Dylan on this album. Slash, David Lindley, George Harrison, Bruce Hornsby, David Crosby, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Jimmie Vaughan and Elton John are all guest stars, although it seems like Bob kept them reined in a bit too tight, probably not wanting to be overshadowed by his famous friends.

While the music is unusually strong for a Dylan album, the lyrics are uncharacteristically weak. If most of these songs are about anything, they must be inside jokes.

Not only this, but apparently he's lost his ability to rhyme anything longer than one-syllable words. What happened to Bob's acid wit? Maybe he's been breathing too much Red Sky.

Dylan will forever be haunted by comparison to his earlier work. *Under the Red Sky* is no *Highway 61 Revisited*. However, I doubt you'll see many people using it as a frisbee, for, compared to the musical atrophy which has struck many of his contemporaries, Dylan is holding up quite well.

Maybe for his next album he'll move out of Beverly Hills and regain some of his lyrical fire. Remember war, oppression, poverty, love and hate — all those things you used to sing about, Bob? There's still plenty of it out there.

— Andrew Rice

INDUSTRIAL



Gods, Guns and Gasoline
Cat Rapes Dog
KK / Cargo Records

Gods, Guns & Gasoline is the second full-length album from sound wizards Cat Rapes Dog. This record definitely has all the makings of a great industrial record. The label is from Belgium, the band is from Sweden, they use very little in the way of traditional instruments and they incorporate plenty of found samples (even some from low-grade porno flicks).

The vocals on this record pound out with the intensity of a sped-up Laibach and, luckily, they have thought enough to enclose a lyric sheet so we can all sing along.

"I've got an ass instead of a brain" and "Jesus Christ's sitting upon the hood / He sniffs some glue and God drinks a beer / Ain't got no faith ain't got no fear ..."

This record really is great, and even better is the fact that you don't have to pay import prices for it. KK Records from Belgium have recently entered into a U.S. distribution deal with Cargo records. This means that you should be able to buy KK's new release in even more stores and you will have money left over to get some food on the way home.

— Marc P. Brown

METAL



No Prayer For The Dying
Iron Maiden
Epic Records

Maybe it was the subliminal messages hidden in Eddie's image and newly grown hair, but what did I go and do? I went and bought Iron Maiden's latest, *No Prayer For The Dying*. And surprise! SURPRISE! SURPRISE! It ripped out of my stereo and destroyed my soul and I liked it.

Adrian Smith, the band's old guitarist, was fairly expendable, for there is no real difference in the sound now with Janick Gers now on the six-string. It's still unmistakably Maiden, with hard-edged, fast-paced, morbidly creepy tunes backed up by the growling, gravelly voice of Bruce Dickinson.

Not a ballad among them, all the tracks are basically gloom-and-doom, and like all the others, *No Prayer* has a vague theme running throughout — that of war and destruction. "Holy Smoke," "Public Enema Number One" (how's that for a title?) and the title track are among the best cuts here.

When you play *No Prayer* on a programmable CD player, set the memory to skip "Bring Your Daughter ... to the Slaughter." That song is bad meaning bad. It was used on the *Nightmare On Elm Street: Part 5* soundtrack, if that tells you anything!

Overall, while maybe not containing any classics like "Run to the Hills" or "The Trooper," *No Prayer for the Dying* is good old Iron Maiden and it ain't top 40.

And hey, there's always Eddie.

— S.H.



Iron Maiden at Recess

Wailing Souls to Play I.V.

Friday night welcomes the return of reggae legends *The Wailing Souls* to Santa Barbara. This authentic roots group will send positive vibes throughout a building that has been fraught with tension — The Graduate. The show begins at 6:30 p.m. with Jah-B-One opening.

With Bread and Pipe, the band's two original members, leading the sounds of an upbeat dance hall party, there will be nothing but peaceful times for those revelers that come. Bread and Pipe began the band back in 1969.

This performance will bring local Rastas as close to Trenchtown, Jamaica as possible — no ganja necessary. *The Wailing Souls'* latest album, "Stormy Night," has calmed many seas and refutes any cynical reggae buffs who have the notion that reggae has become technopop. Their soulful sound beats deep into the heart of the Caribbean and provides uplifting entertainment for anyone who wants to escape the chaos of Santa Barbara's babylon.

— Trevor Top



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Intermission ... Good Reviews, Good Times



Quigley 6 Feet Under

Selleck's New Flick Can't Fill The Boots It Would Like To

Quigley Down Under, originally intended to be a TV movie starring Jack Klugman, hit the theaters last Friday with a terrifying splat, spewing a busload of bland clichés all over audiences nationwide. Yet another attempt to update the Western, "Quigley" fails miserably and is as much a Western as *Beaches* was an Egg McMuffin.

The film takes place in the late 1800s in the Outback of Australia, where Tom Selleck, as the affable Matthew Quigley, does his best to save the Aborigines and rustle up some grub.

Tom travels from Wyoming in response to an ad requesting the best long-distance marksman in the world. Once down under, Tom proves his mettle by shooting a bucket and is hired on the spot. Problems arise when he finds out that he was really hired to kill all the Aborigines in the surrounding area. He teams up with a wacky, off-the-wall American woman who killed her own child to save her life, and together they eat caterpillars, shoot dogs and successfully noogie the bad guys into submission.

Everything we need for a good Western is denied us in "Quigley." Classic Westerns thrive on paradox. Simultaneously presenting the West as the land of plenty and a barren wasteland is an integral element of the

Western.

The West, the furthest end of American expansion, most famous for its escapist technology (movies, aerospace, amusement parks) was the perfect setting for an archetypal battle of good versus evil. The West was portrayed simultaneously as a Garden of Eden and a barren desert, women were both madonnas and whores, technological progress destroyed the West and, at the same time, made it liveable. These paradoxes are essential to a Western.

"Quigley" hardly qualifies as a Western. A better example of an Australian Western would be "The Road Warrior," which is often considered a remake of the classic, "Shane."

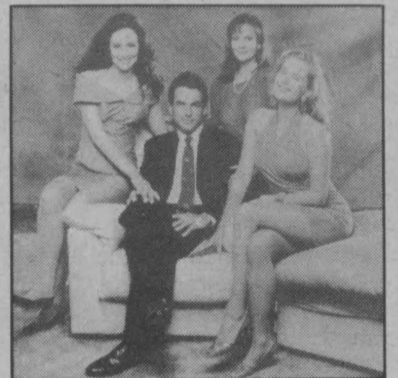
One of the film's main problems is the casting of Tom Selleck as the quintessential sharpshooting, high-moraled Western hero. Only people with a burning, itching sensation can honestly claim that they identify Tom with the West in even a remote context. Our automatic association of Tom in a Hawaiian shirt and sandals or of Tom in a nice suit playing tiddlywinks with Leonard Nimoy effectively frustrates the impact of him rolling around in the dust and trying real hard to rustle up some grub.

Laura San Giacomo (the naughty sister in *Sex, Lies and Videotape*) is more annoying than your ex-girlfriend, and she no more belongs in a Western than Gopher from the "Love Boat" belongs in Congress.

Esteemed movie critic Gary Franklin gave this movie a "10," but I'm certain that he was actually referring to the number of minutes you can watch

"Quigley" before you start analysing the ingredients in your Sour Patch Kids.

— J. Christaan Whalen



The Pope, Mark Harmon Decline Role of Quigley

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Two Souls' Quest for Reality

"A Hungarian Folk Tale" Isn't Exactly a Bedtime Story for the Kiddies



Are we all just orphans in a bureaucratic world? Assigned our identities to fit the scheme, can we ever feel sure of our place in society? And without that confidence, do reality and fantasy blur into one?

Internationally distinguished director Gyula Gazdag explores these themes in black and white with his 1987 film *Hungarian Fairy Tale*. Making its Santa Barbara premiere this Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8 P.M. in Campbell Hall, as part of UCSB Arts and Lectures' International Cinema series, this magical tale is worth exploring.

Conceived from a particularly great

Orphans Take Flight

one-night stand between his mother Maria (Maria Varga) and a handsome stranger, son Andris is born. Now, according to Hungarian law, every birth certificate requires a father's name and description, whether one exists or not — it's Hungary's way of legitimizing illegitimate children — so when Maria arrives at the office to register her child, she is forced to fabricate. The clerk, Antal Orban (Frantisek Husak),

agrees to let her use his name and collaborates with her in creating a fictional father.

When Maria is killed in a freak accident — hit by a falling brick — Andris, now nine years old, naively sets off in search of his non-existent "father."

At the same time, the clerk, Antal, goes berserk, quits his job and burns all his carefully fabricated files. He too sets off, in search of an identity apart from the bureaucracy he has spent his life a part of. Thus, the two begin similar odysseys, which become increasingly fantastic and dreamlike as their paths cross.

"A Hungarian Fairy Tale" features music from Mozart's "The Magic Flute".

Director Gyula Gazdag will be present at the screening and will answer questions following.

—Karen Peabody

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Conversations

Talk to Intermission ... Talk to the Best

A (Para) Normal Guy

Black Crowes Frontman Chris Robinson is an Average Joe Who Does Things You'll Never Do - and Probably Did This Interview From Bed

I learned a big lesson from the Robinson brothers and the other **Black Crowes** while hanging with them last Spring while they were shooting their "Twice As Hard" video in L.A.

I learned that rock stars are just human beings like all the rest of us.

They eat (although often on the run), they sleep (although often sporadically), they think (about different topics, maybe), they have girlfriends that they miss (although the groupies on the road try to help out as much as they can), they talk (although often to media mongers and money-making busy-ness-reps), they read (articles about themselves) and they need people — real people — in their lives, not just faceless fans with standard lines:

- » "I love your music."
- » "I wish you'd include lyric sheets on your record."
- » "Where did your name come from?"
- » "Oh my God — can I have your autograph?"

Not that the guys don't appreciate people telling them that they enjoy what the band is doing — of course they appreciate it. But they are people who want to have real conversations with real people and enduring relationships, which are difficult to come

by when they've been touring for nine months straight with bands like Junkyard, MSG, Heart, Aerosmith and Robert Plant. Oh yeah — they had six days off to go visit Mom and Dad after the Aerosmith trek. And, yes, after Plant they'll be headlining clubs for two months until Christmas when they'll finally get a two-week break.

So maybe the pace they keep is a bit unhuman.

Needless to say, when Black Crowe frontman Chris Robinson called me last week on his day off from Tampa, Florida and was a bit spent from the previous night's musical onslaught, I could but only understand. Aren't most of us tired on our Saturday morning off at the end of the work week — especially if we danced around at a rock concert the night before that left us sweaty, exhausted and out of breath? Okay, Chris was the one performing for thousands like us the night before, and then he had to wake up and call all of these writers all over the country and field their stupid questions over and over again.

Although he wasn't his usual awakened-animated self, I learned a few things in my convo with Mr. Robinson, who was still (prob-

ably) lying in bed.

Although it was a favorite critic's subject a few months back, Chris said that the heavy Stones or what-have-you comparisons have "weedled down."

"They're not as bad, but whadaya' gonna' do? People love to deal with the obvious."

So how does touring with two superstars — Robert Plant and Aerosmith — compare?

"Different vibes, ya' know. Aerosmith is very much like a corporation and very much about rules and stuff, whereas Robert Plant is more laid-back and mellow ... I have fun regardless. The Aerosmith tour is primarily about money and Robert Plant is about something different."

But as far as touring goes, "We're still kinda' junkies for touring at this point. We're so used to being gypsies for this long, it'd be weird if you dropped us off at home."

The Crowes have been getting a good reception everywhere and the new single, "Hard To Handle" — a song with which they pay their respects to idol Otis Redding — is bombarding radio airwaves and MTV. "It's a great song. I hope I've done it justice," Chris said, adding that he'd only seen the video on MTV once — at a Tower Records in New York.

So they're digging the touring, the co-workers, the groupies, Amsterdam ("I got a real good feel for the city"),



Heckle and Jeckle: Crowes Who Rock

the David Letterman appearances — the "whole cornucopia," basically.

What else did I find out about The Black Crowes with my sneaky reporting skills?

- » they're playing lots o' new material live.
- » "No one's killed each other yet."
- » on tour, they "kinda' know what (they're) doing now."
- » the next single might be "She Talks To Angels."
- » after their November 1 appearance at the Universal Amphitheatre in L.A., they will no longer be a support band, which means they could be in the bidding for a UCSB gig.
- » and finally, Chris says he's more attractive than Sinead O'Connor.

— A.J. Goddard

Groovy Tentacles, Man

High School And Beyond With The Band Jellyfish

Moms! You gotta love 'em. When mine told me she was sending me an article about jellyfish, I thought she'd stepped right out of the **Twilight Zone**. Did she really think I cared to read about those slimy spineless sea animals? But then it occurred to me that the article wasn't about long stinging tentacles, but about the band called **Jellyfish**, which just happened to be comprised of my former high school classmates. I'd never thought of these guys who were so easy to annoy in math class as potential rock stars. But lately, things have drastically changed for these young men.

After talking to Roger Manning (keyboardist), it was obvious that these guys weren't the typical obnoxious Sunset Strip wanna-be rockers, but talented, intelligent and creative musicians.

It all began with Roger and Andy Sturmer treating their Pleasanton Valley High classmates to a taste of their musical talent by playing in the marching band. Roger confessed, "We were 'band fags.'"

Now, however, with the help of Jason Falkner (guitarist and former member of

The Three O'Clock) and Roger's younger brother Chris (bassist and band witchdoctor... whatever the hell that means), Jellyfish is revealing its talent across the nation. Their debut album **Bellybutton** is soon to be released internationally.

According to Roger, the album has such diversity that he likens it to a history of pop rock. "There is absolutely nothing phony about our music," Roger stated, "We wanted to make it more organic and go back to real instruments."



Jellyfish and Hats

Indeed one can hear the influences of the Beatles, Queen, Supertramp, and many others.

Their lyrics are deep and personal, including ballads about the loss of a father ("The Man I Used To Be"),

greed ("All I Want is Everything") and girlfriends ("Calling Sarah"). Right now, their biggest hit and first video, "The King is Half Undressed", is topping the charts and being recognized as part of MTV's stress rotation.

While their music represents something new and refreshing built upon the sounds of the '60s and '70s, their look is a direct throwback to the closets of flower children. The band didn't have to shop for their eccentric wardrobes, Roger

It's a Sight Sure to Shock Even the Most Bizarre

claims, "We'd just raid our moms' closets." The colors are bright, bellbottoms are wide and the flowery prints adorn everything from shirts to umbrellas. It's a sight sure to shock even the most bizarre.

If you're slightly curious, or if you just want to avoid the walking idiots of D.P.

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