

As eccentric as I am, I sure am glad that I am not
as daft as those clowns who produce ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily
For The Week of
April 25

Rachel Rosenthal:

A Polished Artist

Posted around campus were flyers depicting the foreboding performance artist donned with far-out jewelry, a freshly shaved head and her hands poised dramatically next to her face as if she were in pain. The Nexus classifieds showed an imposing mug shot with the caption, *Rachel's Here!*

Described by critics as a bellowing, gravel-voiced gargoyle, she has been billed as a marvel, a force of nature, a husky and unrelenting revolutionary artist. She is an artistic Kojak with a sound intellectual foundation and a righteous social agenda.

But when Rachel Rosenthal, renowned performance artist from Los Angeles, who is in residence at UCSB for two weeks as a regents' lecturer, walked out of the art studio building accompanied by her two dogs, she was a far cry from the intimidating worldly sophisticate I

had expected. She was relaxed, earthy and had a soothing feminine voice. Her casual style, her clean-shaven scalp and her sturdy stature aptly disguised her 64 years. She could be described as sweet if she weren't so shrewd and provocative.

Even in casual conversation, the dynamics of her persona come out. One minute probing her intellectual curiosity about the inner-workings of the Earth, she suddenly becomes furious and dynamic, screaming at her dogs — who had chosen to bark at unsuspecting students — in French. "*Hytoo, qu'est que tu fait! Vien ici!* Enough hoodlumism!" Her dogs, Barney and Hytoo, were strays and now travel with her whenever she does not have to fly.

"(The dogs) just came to me. I never try to acquire animals. They just sort of find

Please see BALD, p.3A

CINEMA: THE LOVEBOAT PROMISES SOMETHING FOR ANDY WARHOL

3A

MUSIC

6A

CRASH TEST DUMMIES, DAVE WAKELING, GRATEFUL DEAD

JUMPS

7A

CONTINUATIONS OF STORIES THAT DIDN'T FIT ON THEIR ORIGINAL PAGES

SCENE ONE
A Calendar of Upcoming Events

Welcome *Intermission* fans and detractors. For purely personal reasons *Intermission* has declared this **Love Is A Pissed Off Wolverine In Your Lap Week**. Don't ask why. Just let it suffice to say that the powers that be have been listening to Syd Barret records and actually identifying with old Syd ...

Back on a more even keel, this is an art section and this is what's going on in the wild and wooly world of art around town this week ...

◆**When the going gets weird, the weird get welder:** Some of I.V.'s less traditional musicians are getting together tonight in The Pub for I.V. Freak Night ... *Intermission* knows some of these freaks personally and can attest to their freakiness so don't miss your chance to see Bearded Youth, PMS, The Sean White Band and Agent 94 on the very same stage (probably at different times though). As the flyer says, "1 Potato: Students, 3 Potatoes: General." Bring some real spuds and see if they mean it. **Oh yeah, we almost forgot ...** Jeff Whalen has been reminding us hourly to be sure and mention that his new band, Glitterbug, is opening for Rogue Cheddar at the Cantina Friday April 26 at 9 p.m. Just think, you too can get your band mentioned in *Intermission* if you are pesky enough, but don't forget that we have big mean dogs and lots of guns.

◆**Who is Ruby Keeler and why do they want to pay tribute to her?:** The Civic Light Opera will host "A Tribute To Ruby Keeler" at the Arlington on Saturday. Go and see a bunch of famous people who your parents might recognize but you probably won't. Call 1-805-966-2324 for more info ... No, Dolly Parton does not star in it, but the SBCC Theatre group's presentation of *Steel Magnolias* by Robert Harling is probably pretty good anyway. It runs May 1 thru 18. Call 1-805-965-5935, or, outside

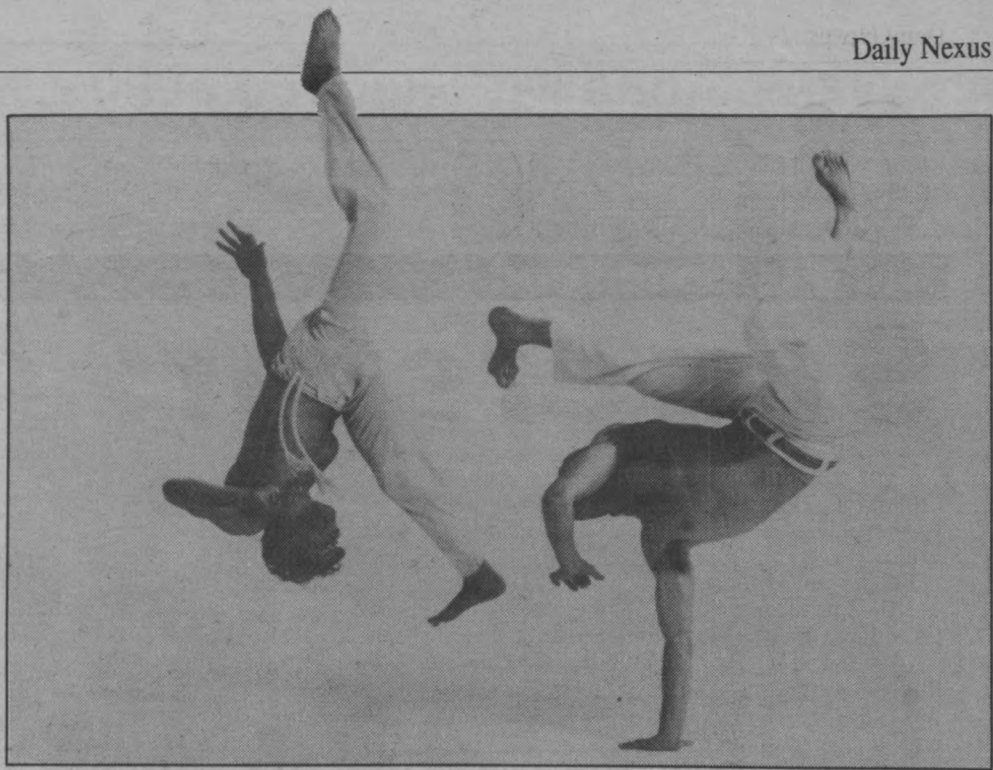
the continental United States, call 011-1-805-965-5935 for reservations and info.

◆**Just cause you don't have a home doesn't mean you can't make art:** The Homeless Artists Project will be providing studio space for 20 homeless artists at La Casa de la Raza from April 29 till June 28. The show will culminate in a one-week exhibition and sale of the artists work. We don't know if there is still space available but it is worth checking out ... Six of UCSB's finest artists including *Intermission's* own *Todd Francis* will be putting their work on the line at the College of Creative Studies Gallery April 29-May 11. The official reception where you can eat free food and wipe your greasy hands on *Todd's* new shirt is Tuesday from 5 to 7 p.m.

◆**Writers, writers, writers, writers, writers, writers:** Seven Asian American writers are coming to campus this weekend to read and discuss their work as part of the literary conference dubbed "Asian American Cultural Transformations: A Literature of One's Own." The Conference and readings are free to UCSB students and \$3 for civilians. Call 893-3535 for the scoop.

◆**Movie Junk:** The Hungarian Spring Cinema Series continues with *Diary for My Children* this Sunday at Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. It is the story of a orphan trying to resist being indoctrinated into the hard core Stalinist ideology of her aunt ... Finally, our friends at the Victoria Street theatre present *Superstar*, a movie about Pop Art maestro Andy Warhol. The Hotline number is 965-1886 for times and other such nonsense ...

Intermission wishes you all a happy Thursday and until next week, watch out for spoiled beef jerky ...



Dancing In Brazil

Capoeira, an Afro-Brazilian form of martial art that is sweeping the nation with it's hip dance style moves and strong rhythm, will burst onto the mellow Santa Barbara scene Saturday at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

Cartwheeling and handstanding is a common feature of capoeira, which originated from a form of street dancing popular with African slaves in Brazil. The company DanceBrazil was created by Jelton Vieira in 1977, and has been an increasingly major influence in the U.S. since it's inception.

Following massive waves of popularity that put rap music and Asian martial arts on the map, DanceBrazil creates a taste of what bringing these two forms together can be. Afro-Brazilian rhythms have been popping up in everything from dance music to movie soundtracks, while fighting moves

in Mel Gibson's *Lethal Weapon* were lifted from capoeira defense tactics.

The roots of capoeira stem from the 18th- and 19th-century Brazilian slave trade, where more than a million Blacks were shipped from the Congo and Angola to South America. As a result, Brazilian dance is heavily influenced by its African origins and finds similarity in rap music and break dancing.

Most of the defensive moves evolved from African games and friendly sparring matches, similar to Western modern-day wrestling. It is here that the similarity to martial arts is apparent, although there is virtually no real relationship besides the use of the body in fighting.

Call Arts & Lectures at 893-2080 for tickets and information.

— Jan Hines

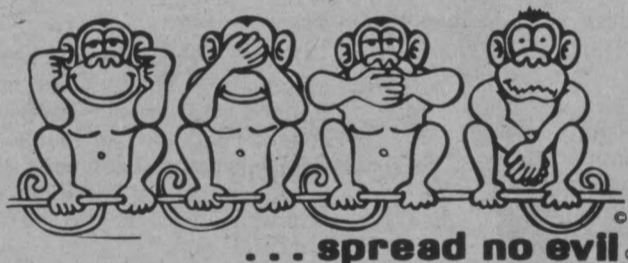
INTERMISSION ADMIT ONE

starring...

Karen Peabody	Jan Hines	Denis Faye
Todd Francis	A.J. Goddard	and
Tony Pierce	Pat Whalen	Andrew Rice
Hunter S. Thompson	Stacy Sullivan	are really selfish

Hey!

We just wanted to let you know that there is going to be a listening party at The CD & Tape Store on Friday at 1 PM. It is for the new band 13 Engines. Not that we are particularly concerned with the band, mind you. We just want you to know that they will have **FREE FOOD**- at least a dinners worth



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PROVERB

Cinema

Soup Is Good Food

Superstar: Andy Is Dandy

I got a chance to see this new documentary called *Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol*, which will be playing at the Victoria Street Theater starting this Friday.

Fuckin' rad, friends. Now I never met Andy, but after seeing this documentary I have a feeling he would have liked it.

It's done with a lot of the humor of *Roger & Me*, except this is a true biography of an American artist who truly did revolutionize his field by just painting a dumb soup can, and that's pretty interesting.

Since Andy didn't talk to the press much, the director of *Superstar*, Chuck Workman, could only paint the picture of Warhol's life by letting his friends tell the story.

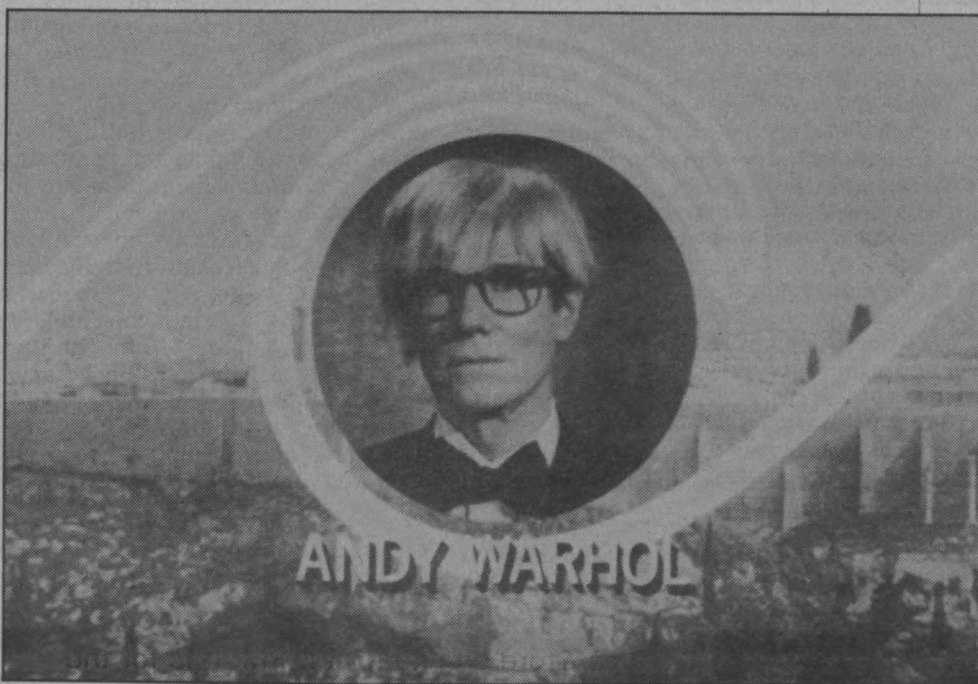
Andy's friends ranged from extremely famous celebrities to 5th Avenue diamond clerks to his brother, a Pennsylvania farmer. By trying to prove guilt by association, the verdict can only be that Andy Warhol was a silent,

quiet artist who attempted to stretch the bounds of art by including every person he came in contact with: from the very very famous (Mick Jagger, a Campbell's Soup can), to the very unknown (his family, himself).

I left the film wanting not to see more, but wanting to see it over again. I felt this way because the story about Andy appeared complete, so I couldn't ask for more. I wanted to see it again because it was a story about a loving, talented man who truly loved his environment and succeeded well beyond the dreams of his most famous friends.

Which do you think will last longer: The music of the Rolling Stones, or the image of Warhol's soup can. Hell of a film.

— Tony Pierce



Warhol as Isaac, your bartender.

BALD: Unique!

Continued from p.1A me. That's how I got my rats and my cats," Rosenthal explained.

"You're probably wondering what happened to my face," she said removing her glasses to display a scab above her eye. "I was playing ball with Barney yesterday and we somehow bumped heads," she said laughing.

Rosenthal's love for animals is often depicted in her art and spreads into her general concern for life.

Although her social message coincides with the traditional leftist agenda of societal ills — racism, sexism, animal rights, poverty, feminism, toxic waste — she says all of these issues are interconnected and stem from one source.

"Really there is only one issue. It's our separation from the whole." It is this premise, combined with her enthusiasm for the Earth's natural processes that inspired her current performance, *Pangaen Dreams*, which she will perform Tuesday, April 30 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The piece is about the separation of the ancient supercontinent Pangea and the formation of Earth's current geography. With it Rosenthal confronts issues of the upcoming era.

"We are destroying the livability of the Earth when all other organisms are contributing to its vitality," she said, adding that human beings do not seem to realize

"She could be described as sweet if she weren't so shrewd and provocative."

that they are "totally connected to everything. If you come to this realization, you cannot hurt wilfully. There is no hierarchy. We are all one."

Pangaen Dreams is a paean to the Earth during which Rosenthal travels 250 million years through time to the ancient supercontinent Pangaen. During the piece, Rosenthal lives with dinosaurs, travels with the continents and traces the development of mountain ranges and the evolution of mammals.

"I think plate tectonics is absolutely the sexiest subject. It's creation and destruction simultaneously!" she said, as if she were still stumped by the concept.

It was this concept of creation and destruction that prompted her to shave her head several years ago during a performance at UCSB. "It was a ritual of killing to allow things to grow," she said.

Rosenthal uses the simultaneous creation and de-

struction of the Earth as a metaphor for the political and social development of the world and its modern problems. She sees the breaking up of the Earth and the subsequent development of life through evolution as proof of the inter-relatedness of humans and their environment.

She said all of her works, no matter how universal the issue, are autobiographical. Born to Russian-Jewish parents who fled to France during the Russian Revolution, Rosenthal grew up in Paris before fleeing to Brazil during the Nazi regime—an obvious metaphor for land migration. Her family then ventured to New York where Rosenthal attended the High School of Music and Art. She moved west in 1951 and founded a theatre for improvisation.

Rosenthal said the theatre did not draw attention in the art world, and although she was disappointed, her dedication to Zen Buddhism enabled her to ignore the lack of prestige and live for the moment.

"A few years later, when the Zen aspect somehow began to fade, I woke up one day thoroughly pissed off," she said during her lecture Tuesday night.

Although Rosenthal said she "loved the fear and the danger" of improvisational theatre, she said she is a

Please see BALD, p.7A



CRITIC'S PASS
for
Tony Pierce
Tony Pierce

"A LANDMARK PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER."
—Vernon Scott, LPI

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Music

Rock And Bowl, All Over The Whole Damn World

Seattle Rocks Real, Real Hard

Temple Of The Dog: A Tribute To A Dead Guy Who Sang

"I want to show you something like joy inside my heart/Seems I been living in the temple of the dog."

—Mother Love Bone, "Man of Golden Words"

Wish Andrew Wood would've shown us his joy, or maybe not hid his pain so much. The cool Seattle day when his breath fell like rain was too late, lonely, left a looming dark cloud over the city of grunge-fathom music, a dawning of a new tragedy not so soon to be forgotten.

The lead singer's heroin overdose left Mother Love Bone with an unowned fate and tears spewed "what ifs". Their album *Apple* was released six months later, leaving the band members with the difficult task of promoting an

album which would never be supported by a tour.

Chris Cornell, Soundgarden frontman and Andy's previous roommate wrote two songs about him and asked MLB bassist, Jeff Ament, and guitarist Stone Gossard to record the songs with Soundgarden's drummer, Matt Cameron. An obvious "yes" created Temple of the Dog.

Meanwhile, Jeff and Stone were already forming their new band, Pearl Jam. On a fairy-tale whim they found their lead guitarist, Mike McCready. Jeff claimed, "Stone and I were at a party and (Mike) plugged in a guitar and started playing." That was all it took.

They also asked Mike to play on the Temple of the Dog

project, two guitarists giving the music a fuller terrain of sound. Pearl Jam grabbed vocalist, Eddie Vedder from San Diego and with only about two weeks left on the side project, asked him to do some vocal work on Temple's album.

"Chris had some backing vocals he wasn't really happy with and Eddie had sort of a deeper voice, so he could pull it off," Jeff said, "He'd only been here a week."

"The whole thing was just so spontaneous. There wasn't any preliminary plans to do it a certain way or take a certain angle, so we just kinda' went in and did it."

Unfortunately, the one-

time side-project will not be complimented with any live shows to speak of, disheartening for fans of music with a soul.

But there will be a video for the single "Hunger Strike". "We really wanted to do a video because it wasn't gonna' be a thing that would be played live," Jeff said, adding that it was filmed at Discovery Park on the bluffs of the Puget Sound in Seattle. "It was a really painless thing."

Stone and Jeff wrote the music on a few tracks, but Chris Cornell did the majority of the writing on the album, cons away from the Soundgarden motif.

Temple worked up one MLB song that Andy hadn't written lyrics to before he died. "Times of Trouble" is the title Andy had for it. It was one of the last songs that Mother Love Bone had jammed on," Jeff said. So Chris wrote some lyrics using Andy's title, and iced the record with it.

"It seemed appropriate. I think (Chris) picked up the vibe of the title."

A priceless gift for a lost friend.

— A.J. Goddard



Temple Of The Dog
Temple Of the Dog
A&M Records

Seattle, the city crowned "King of Band Incest," has brewed yet another delicious musical concoction, Temple of the Dog.

For this incestual act, members of Soundgarden merged with Green River/Mother Love Bone players who are currently reeling notes in Pearl Jam. Then, two more of the Pearl Jam guys hopped aboard, together creating a solid mix of influence and style.

The extraordinary powerhouse voice of Chris Cornell, virtually unmistakable even here, drips with soulful sentiment.

The album started as a small dedication to deceased musician extraordinaire, Andy Wood, but turned into a melange of solid, honest music. Chris wrote "Say Hello to Heaven" and "Reach Down" for Wood, both songs showcasing his life and reminiscent of his unfinished dreams.

Mike McCready adds a bluesy underbelly to the music, topping the fullness of the sound — a sadly beautiful story that misses a friend.

Digestible for all levels, the highly accessible sound will surely grab the attention of all radio mediums, already checking in at #5 on KCSB.

— A.J. Goddard

I.V. Has Zany Rock

Bearded Youth Had Their Balls Cut Off

How many bands wear football helmets and beards when they play in I.V.? How many band's lead singers have gotten naked in front of a party full of screaming fans just so his band will play one more song? How many bands list their influences as Johnny Cash, Slayer, Wayne Newton, Helen Reddy, John Denver and Olivia Newton-John?

One, and they are Bearded Youth.

Bearded Youth granted *Intermission* the pleasure of a private audience at the top-secret Bearded Palace where they appeared sans facial hair. Ever mindful of our source's sensitivity, *Intermission* has agreed to keep their true identities secret. The following is a brief glimpse into the "Electric Fondue Gizzard Rock" world of Bearded Youth.

History—

"We used to be called Kiss, but our record company wanted us to take off the make-up and stuff but we didn't"

"We wear helmets because if we could hear what we were playing it wouldn't sound right."

want to sell out. So we let them hire some impostors. Then we started Bearded Youth."

What about the helmets? We wear helmets because if we could hear what we were playing it wouldn't sound right... We want our fans to start wearing helmets so they can hear how its supposed to sound."

Being rock stars you guys must get laid a lot don't you?

"We never get laid but the money makes up for it. We all had our genitals removed. We do a lot of neutering benefit shows for the SPCA."

You guys seem to have a fascination with white trash? It's our culture. We're all white trash, were just getting back to our roots.

What about Vegas?

"We love Vegas. "Bozo the One-Nostril Clown" is our tribute to Vegas. It's about when (Jake Beardsley) was eating popcorn out of the gutter in Vegas 'cause he'd lost all his money and this clown came and chased him down the street."

Let's talk about your groupies.

"We try to appeal to as many people as possible. Punk rockers, alternative people, child molesters, disco people... Whenever we go on tour we try to provide camping and everything else for the Beard Heads so they can follow us around the country."

As rock stars, what is your pet peeve?

"People that come to our shows to live out high school football fantasies. We've noticed that I.V. is getting alot more violent. Our motto is "Interact, don't attack," and that's kind of hard to keep together. That's what our song "Ego Anchor" is about."

... I got a Heavy Ego Anchor that I'm Draggin' Around Climb Atop My Muscle Padded Hormone Throne Got A Brain Overdosed with Testosterone ...

What do you think about politics?

"Bearded Youth and politics don't mix — except for our heavy anti-rollerblade stance. They're leaving asbestos snail trails all over the earth."

So let's get down to the real question. Why do you wear the costumes?

"We first started wearing costumes because we were embarrassed we were so bad."

So where do you get the beards?

"That's a secret."

What's your favorite beer?

"King Cobra 32 ounces. We're working on a sponsorship from King Cobra."

As musicians, what is your ultimate ambition?

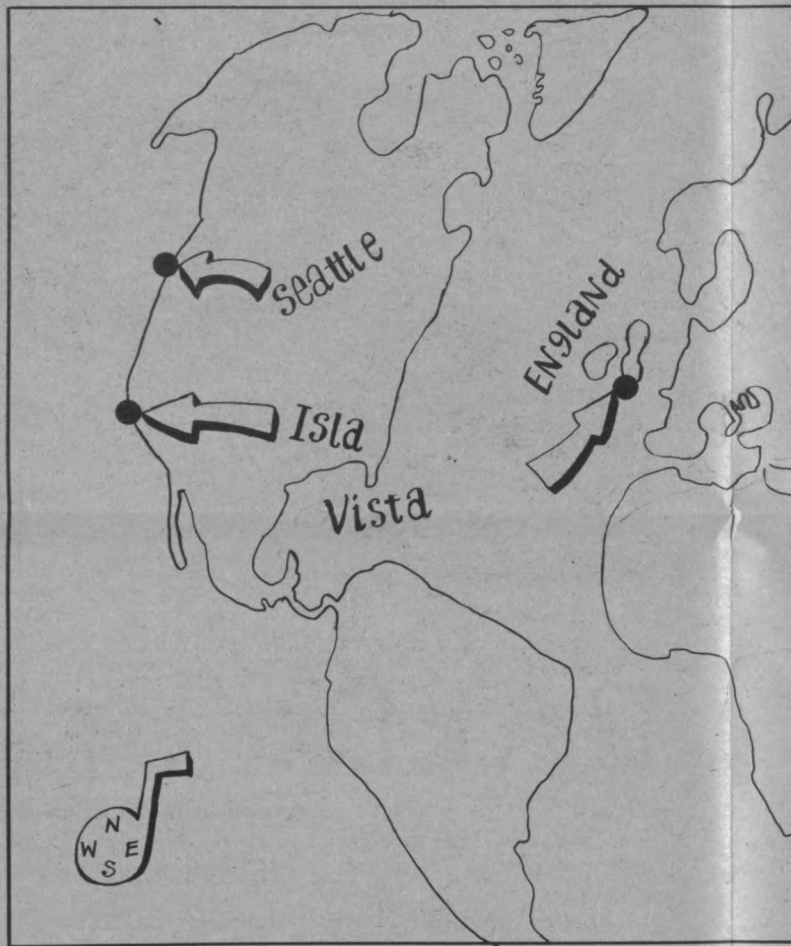
"Our dream is to open for Johnny Cash at the Galleon Room at Orchid Bowl. We want to go on tour but we're afraid Wayne will overdose."

Is there anything you'd like to say to the public?

Yeah, we're playing The Pub and you're not. Come see us.

Editor's Note— Bearded Youth will be playing tonight in The Pub with PMS, The Sean White Band and Agent 94. Doors open at 7:30 and rumor has it that The Pub has made a special purchase of King Cobra for this very special occasion. Bring your kids and pets.

— Andrew Rice



Bearded Youth also shops at Nordstrom.



In Britain It Just Ain't So Great

The Rolling Stones Join The Ranks Of Wayne Newton with Flash Point

Corporate America might indeed learn a few things from the Rolling Stones, and shadoobie on you if that ain't some kind of zany irony. Actually, it's the most sane thing in the world.

As if it wasn't enough that the Stones have already perfected the art of album/concert/T-shirt/video packaging for max profit, Mick Jagger has added a weapon to his business oeuvre: Japanese. Although one can never be sure with Mick, it does appear that the Belipped One mashes his way through several Japanese phrases in between songs on the Stones' new live album, *Flashpoint*, an exhumation of the band's 1989-90 world tour.

Well shoot. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Chief Executive. More than just a goodwill touch (hey, Japanese people are Rolling Stones fans too), the language thing must indicate — it simply must — that the Stones at this point will stop at nothing short of world domination, the sins of Bill Wyman be damned. Why not? The Stones have always been about making money, and they're quite good at it: Almost single-handedly they took rock & roll hedonism, a

supernatural greed, the best rock/pop records ever made and hype-hype-hype and turned it all into a form of "legitimate" business. They also single-handedly defined the term "rock & roll outfit," the standard by which all rock bands are judged. The name itself — The Rolling Stones — means too much now to deserve any explanation other than that its taken its own definition: frenzy, godhead, destructive orgasm.

All that said, *Flashpoint* is a weird triumph, whereby the aging Stones — as if proving some kind of Brit-popstar point — can shake their fists and declare "Sho' 'nuff, we're old but we're putting out live albums and we're making millions and we're rocking and Roger Daltrey is not in our band!" *Flashpoint* is also a horrible, sick, abject failure, the quivering evidence on the Petri dish: The Vegas-like slickening and slackening of the greatest rock & roll band in the world. Also, I didn't like it much.

Slide in the *Flashpoint* disc and suddenly its 1989 in LA Coliseum. The apocalyptic tremolo of "Continental Divide" washes over the soul, and boom! Explosions! Flashes of light! — there it is, in all its strange glory, the massive set to the Steel Wheels tour. And then: Zounds! Keith Richards' guitar, ornery and squalling, rears its head like an electrified cobra, and ohmigod!, suddenly it's "Start Me Up" and the whole world is bobbing up and down to the song that means par-tay in any language. A million dancing dumb freaks, smoke, explosions, a rude sexuality blowing up everybody's shirt — hey, man, this is a Rolling Stones concert, nothing like it. Charlie thuds down the epic backbeat, and Mick — why his hips surely are greased. Never stop!

This ecstasy lasts for about four minutes, until Mick introduces the next song, "Sad Sad Sad" from the *Steel Wheels* album. It's an average song on vinyl, but simply awful done live. Must they sell more copies of that mediocre record, and more importantly, why spoil a live cut on a tune so sickeningly self-derivative (and for the Stones that's saying something) while NOT including "Honky Tonk Women"? This is the first of many, many problems with *Flashpoint* specifically and the Stones en general.

Old age has not been kind to Mick's voice, and in fact it's been quite mean. Instead of the thick syrupy smoky whining breathless ham & cheese Mick voice that was thrilling and special and vaunted more due to the quantity of sex it suggested rather than due to its actual vocal quality, the post-modern Mick-voice is a sharp, cutting instrument that demeans itself with hollow howls and useless shrieks and unnatural yelps. It seems a studied, in-shape Mick-voice, as if perhaps he took vocal lessons from Diana Ross or something to "tune-up" for the world touring, instead of just "what-the-hell"-ing it like he did when he was younger and money was used like kleenex and the drugs were more frolicsome in nature and more crucial to individual and rock achievement (and perhaps — just perhaps — when the music more important to him). On *Flashpoint* Mick's voice is so sharp and clean it might be-

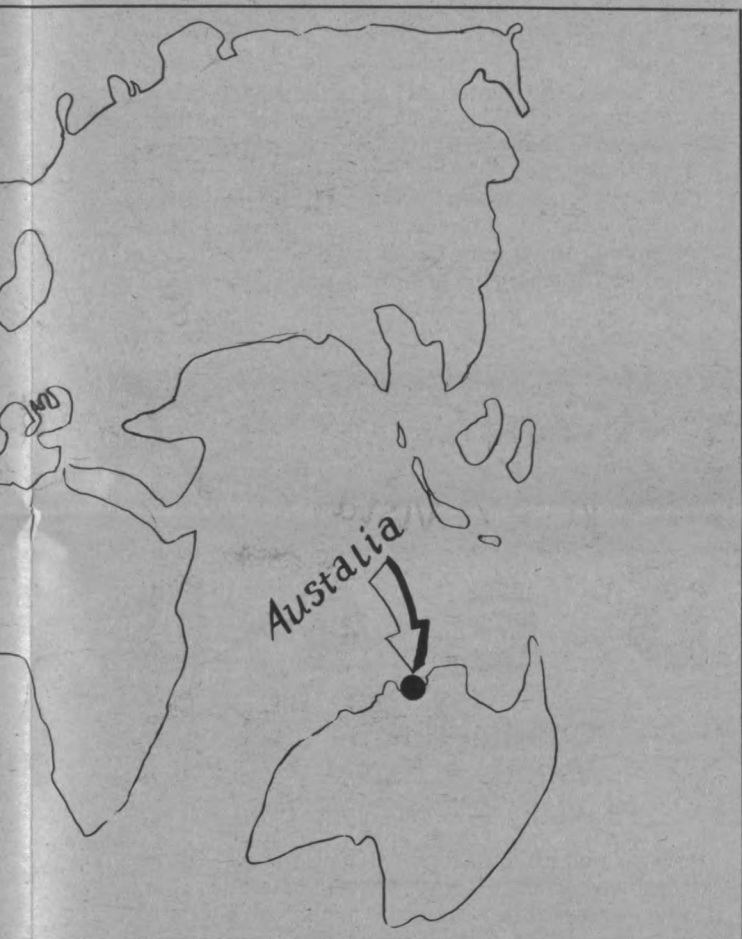


come from a void or vacuum or abyss, a contagion so curdling and repulsive you might wish to preserve it in a jar, hoping it'll mulch and mutate and manufacture winged babies that you can sick on your dogs.

But so what, right? The Stones straight out jam, more rockin' hits per mile than any band since Elvis and the Beatles. Right. But SO WHAT? What are the Rolling Stones, the best rockinest combo to ever mount a concert stage, player to player, song to song, without a bit of madness, a bit of sloppiness or at least a teaspoon of ill-reasoned self-indulgence for which we all must at the same time be awestruck and disgusted? This is the major problem with *Flashpoint*, for even with all of its sterling production values and Eric Clapton cameos and Japanese flourishes and loud explosions, the album is a spiritually bankrupt rendition of the Rolling Stones, the work of a merely competent band that no longer has the audacity or the will to rough things up and take some chances. It's too clean, too springy, too bouncy, too optimistic, and sober, too musically flawless, too shiny, too blunted, too embellished, too scripted. No Mama: This ain't the Rolling Stones.

And again: "Honky Tonk Women" is not on this record. Neither are there blowup replicas of the tour's Amazon kewpie dolls. Bungle-opolis, I say. And the new studio bonus cut, "Highwire": I like it some, but beyond that it's not

Please see FLASH, p.7A



Australia Is Truly Hep

The Hoodoo Gurus Wage War Against Nerds All Over The World

Hoo-doo (hoo'doo) *n.* [var. of VOODOO] 1. Same as VOODOO 2. [Colloq.] a) a person or thing that causes bad luck b) bad luck 3. a natural rock formation of fantastic shape, esp. as found in the W U.S. -*vt.* [Colloq.] to bring bad luck to

Gu-ru (goor'oo, goo roo') *n.* [Hindu guru < Sans. guru-h, venerable, orig. heavy < IE. base *gweru-:cf. GRAVE] 1. in Hinduism, one's personal spiritual advisor or teacher 2. any leader highly regarded by a group of followers: sometimes used derisively

... just in case someone was wondering ...

"We do like the sort of dark and the light aspect of the hoodoo being the sort of southern equivalent of voodoo or something and the enlightenment of the guru aspect. That sort of amuses us."

One may choose to believe this interpretation, given by Hoodoo Guru guitar guy Brad Shephard. Or, if that is not to be bought, one may find truth in an interpretation that he made earlier.

"What is a Hoodoo Guru? I don't know. Certainly the name is just something that we just sort of threw together, there is no real secret behind that."

Everything about this band can be looked at this way. Some might say that the Hoodoo Gurus are just a bunch of silly Aussies whose only salvation from becoming yet another Dr. Demento Funny Five band is their damn near inspirational Australian Surf Rock sound. On the other hand, others say that the boys are one of the last salvations

for that particular brand of college party music that is innocent enough to be naughty, yet poignant enough to make the Roma crowd say, "Hummm ... Clever."

"We tend not to take ourselves seriously. We (feel) comfortable in portraying ourselves completely and utterly as we are. So, if it's perceived to be silly, well then fair enough. Certainly it's fun."

Silly's not bad.

"I know. Certainly in my life a lot of things are silly. The way I view life, you know, it's funny — in all aspects and manners. So, I don't really relate to bands who, like, have this sort of poker-face attitude towards their 'art' or 'craft'."

However ...

"It's not like every song of ours is like the Three Stooges, either. In some respects, some of our lighthearted approaches to various subjects overshadow the fact that we can write a serious, poignant pop song about whatever takes our fancy."

For example?

"'Shadow Me' perhaps, off the last album ... or 'A Thousand Miles Away' or 'Desiree' and 'Dressed in Black' as well (off this album)."

Brad Shephard joined the Hoodoo Gurus in 1982, shortly after the release of their first single, "Leilani." He has risen to prominence in the band, writing lyrics for two of the songs and music for five of the songs on the band's latest release, *Kinky*. But even though he is such a talented musician, he is still a human being.

If you burp and fart and sneeze at the same time, what do you think will happen to you?

"Nothing. I did that yesterday and ah, actually, it felt pretty good."

"It's not like every song of ours is like the Three Stooges, either."

Furthermore, his sense humor isn't all vented in his music.

What's the biggest thing that you have ever put in your mouth?

"Let's see about that ... I think I actually once put, like, an entire banana in my mouth, just to, kind of, impress this gay guy. He was, like, 'If only you were gay, Brad.' I said, 'Sorry, but you can forget that.'"

Are you offended by that? Are you offended by the bawdy taunting that dribbles from the jewel case of the *Blow Your Cool* or *Magnum Cum Louder* CDs? Don't these men realize that this is the era of AIDS and Political Correctness?

"I'm worried about the '90s and AIDS and the fact that people are using AIDS as an excuse to, like, be conservative in every other aspect of their life, you know. By all

Please see GURU, p.7A



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Music

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COLLEGE



No Warning
 Dave Wakeling
 IRS Records

So this Dave Wakeling guy, the lead singer of English Beat and General Public, comes out with a solo album. His voice is amazingly great and, dare I, being a male in a homophobic society, say, sexy. *Almost* any popistically bad tunes can be saved by those vibrating muscles somewhere in Wakeling's throat. The ska-influenced tunes are swell; it was kind of like hearing new Beat songs. Not as powerful, but Beatlesque none the less. The two or three overly pop songs are bearable, to get to the good stuff, or so I thought.

All of a sudden, the last track on the album is "She's Having A Baby," a god-awful piece of poop that sounds like a Toyota commercial and that also was the title track to a god-awful piece of poop movie.

What the hell! What was he thinking? This was an OK album, then Dave says, "HmMMM, not enough songs. Instead of writing a 10th song, I'll just staple on this trash I wrote for some bad John Hughes movie." He ruined it, just ruined it.

Why did you do it, Dave?

— Denis Faye



Dream
 Tuck and Patti
 Windham Hill

From what I had heard about Tuck and Patti I expected to hear something that sounded like Jimi Hendrix coming back from the grave to do an acoustic jam with Tracy Chapman. Either my friends have been lying to me or they've got a hold of some really good drugs.

Yeah sure, Patti has a nice voice. I'm sure she was the hit of her church choir and all that, but it is the sound of technical training, not soul. On guitar, Tuck has that nice coffee house sound that might be kind of soothing if it didn't have an Aretha Franklin wanna-be shrieking over it.

These people managed to mangle Jimmy Cliff's song, "Sitting in Limbo" — what more do I need to say.

— Andrew Rice



The Ghosts That Haunt Me
 Crash Test Dummies
 Arista Records

The scary gothic jacket for this album and the title, *The Ghosts That Haunt Me*, suggest that this is another group of silly Ministey "life sucks" kind of people. But, then again, with a name like Crash Test Dummies, how can this be true?

It's not.

This band is the Warren Zevon of the 1990's, bringing the dark humor of "Werewolves of London" and "Excitable Boy" to the New World Order with "At My Funeral" and "Androgynous."

Somewhere in between lead singer Brad Roberts' singing (not grunting, not forced wailing but true, melodic, deep singing) and the faint to strong Scottish influences, the listener can't help but get into it, unless the listener is stupid.

— Denis Faye



DEAD



Deadicated
 Various Artists
 Arista Records

Rock-'n'-roll philanthropy is a weird thing. To raise money to save the rain forests, a bunch of famous people sit down and record covers of their favorite Grateful Dead songs. What is the connection between Lyle Lovett, Jerry Garcia and the tropical rain forests? Hell if I know but if it works, more power to them.

This compilation is, as are most compilations, a very mixed bag. It ranges from the brilliant to the mediocre, but in general the quality is very good.

The most notable performances are Los Lobos covering "Bertha", Elvis Costello doing "Ship of Fools", Dwight Yoakam singing "Truckin'" (really!), and Midnight Oil, a band which had never even listened to the Dead before being asked to play on this album, doing "Wharf Rat". For those who like that whiny Perry Farrell sound, Jane's Addiction's cover of "Ripple" will no doubt give you a big boner (figuratively speaking, that is).

The disc comes with a groovy little booklet with all the lyrics and liner notes by the contributing bands. Only one real question: Why does a record slated to save the rain forests come in a long box? Do only tropical forests concern the Dead and their record company? All you Dead Heads out there ask them.

— Andrew Rice

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GURU: Square Is Bad

Continued from p.5A means, you should take care — it's a horrible disease and it affects everybody, but I don't think that gives people the right to, like, feel that it's OK to start waging war on other countries. I think that the '80s was an incredibly conservative period in our history. The reason the album is called *Kinky* is because this album is our own personal war on conservatism. That's the way I see it, anyway.

"I just think that people are too square, generally. Ms. Freeloze (this first single off of *Kinky*) — the song isn't about an unmoralistic sexual orgy or anything like that. It's really about a state of mind, even though it's fairly blatant and detailed about a party that happened at Dave's (the lead singer of the band's) place after we finished our Japanese Tour. What the song is really saying is don't be so square."

But before he gets signed off as another dope-smoking rock and roller, pay heed to the fact that he isn't as on the wild tip as might be thought. He does not have a fondness for booze — it makes world tours easier when all is re-



membered. Pot does nothing for him. Although, as can be seen by the psychedelic influence of the Hoodoo's music, he does worship old biker flicks and Jimi Hendrix, he hates hallucinogens.

But before he gets signed off as another clean and sober, Nancy Reagan rock and roller ...
"I think your curiosity is

going to get the best of you, if drugs are available. I think you have to make your own decisions, weigh up the pros and cons yourself."

Take what ya like. Although he likes the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, he feels Mick Jagger has become "bogus."

Hear what ya like. Harvey Korman's character in *Blazing Saddles* in-

spired the name for their new album.

Watch what ya like. They will be touring the U.S. this summer with three other bands, possibly Jellyfish and Pop Will Eat Itself. Their new album is called *Kinky*. It's out this week.

That's what I like.
— Denis Faye

FLASH: Blahh!

Continued from p.5A much more than "Steel Wheels" rehash, feisty lyrics and all — and yet it's still the best new thing you're liable to hear on commercial radio. Is it any surprise then that it failed on the charts?

I'd take great pleasure in listing the defects of each individual song (from the me-

chanicalness of "Factory Girl" to the overkill French horn on "You Can't Always Get What You Want") but this article is nearing book length. I recommend, for folks wanting some live Stones: *Love You Live*, a jumbled '70s look at a great live band at its most wretched and most effective, complete with the sala-

cious and sweaty El Macambo Side, a bare roots-rock fun-down with no foreign languages, only bad Jamaican accents. That is the Rolling Stones.

Go loudly into that red night, my wayward saboteurs, and may hell be with you.

— Pat Whalen

BALD

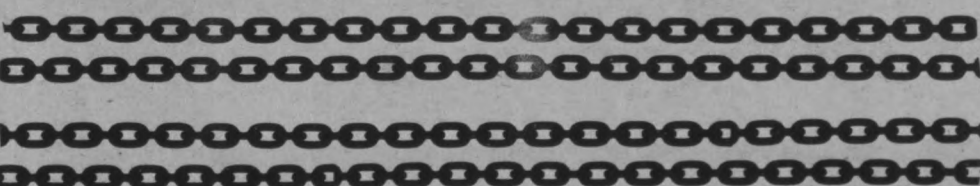
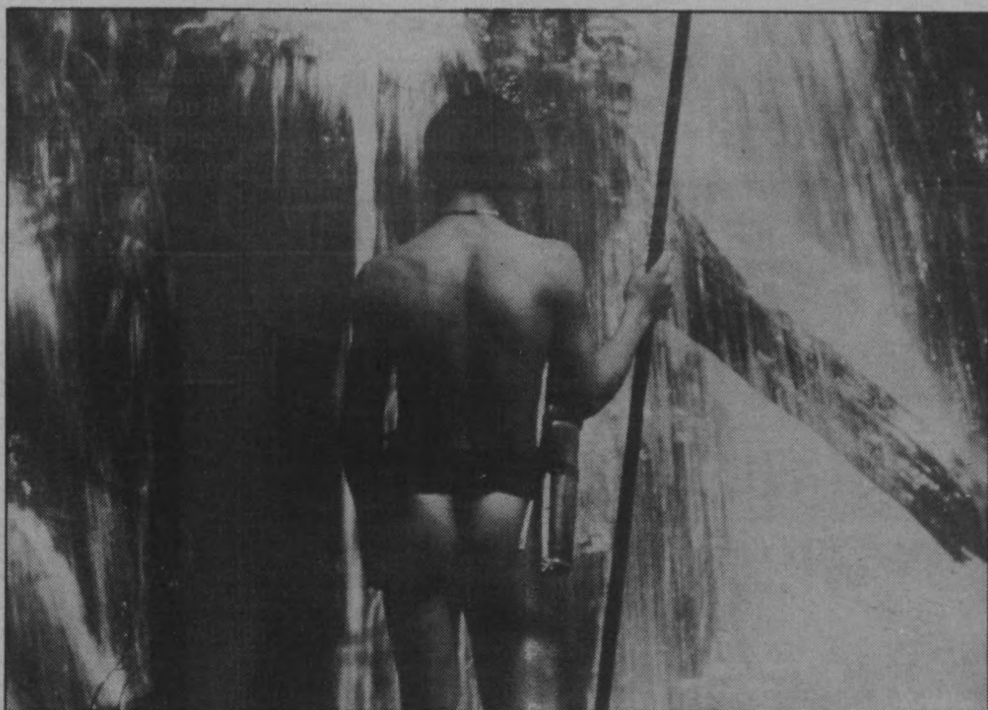
Continued from p.3A "theatre fascist" — a term she uses to mean she demanded total control of her work, and thus she became a "performance artist."

In 1990, Rosenthal was awarded an \$11,250 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. However,

finding herself unable to sign the NEA pledge promising to abstain from creating "obscene" work, Rosenthal turned it down. She finally received her grant money after a Los Angeles Superior Court judge held the NEA clause to be unconstitutional. Rosenthal said she blackened out the pledge, signed the paperwork, received the money and promptly donated \$1500 of it to the Campaign

for Freedom of Expression. When asked about the so-called attempt at censorship from the left in order to protect traditionally oppressed groups, Rosenthal said simply that she is against censorship, period — no matter where it is coming from. "I think there are ways of making people aware of the hurt they can inflict with their comments without censorship."

— Stacy Sullivan



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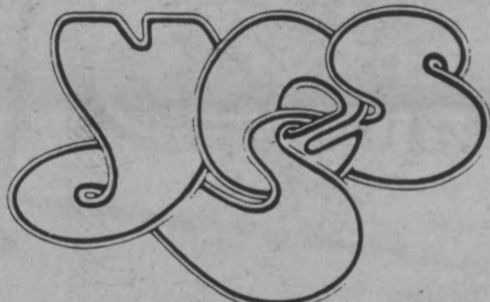
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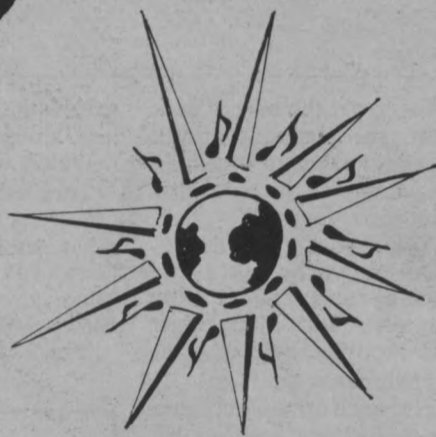
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