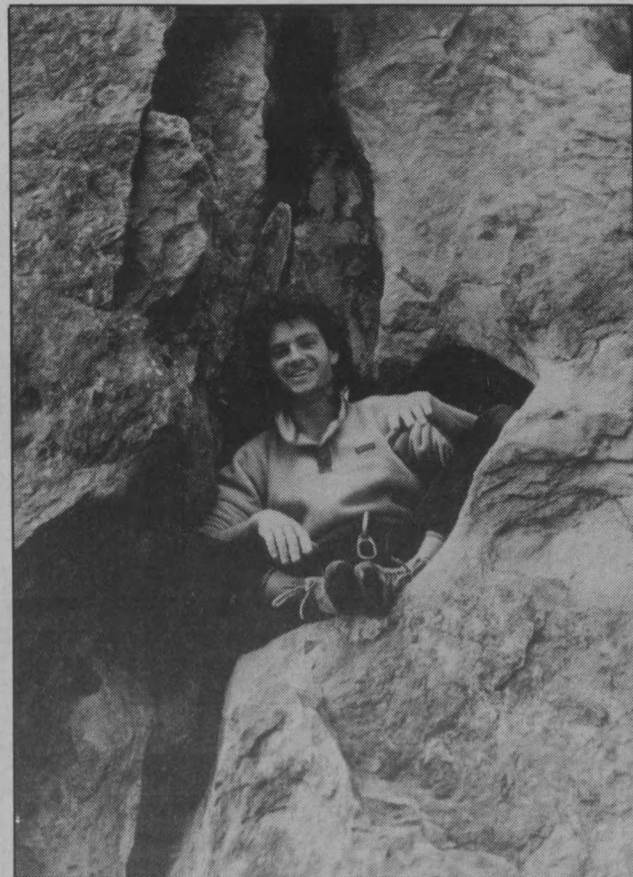


Santa Barbara Scene THIS WEEK



Thelma & Louise (with Susan Sarandon and Michael Madsen, above) plays at Campbell Hall on Friday. Mountain climber Kevin Steele (right) will speak on Monday at Campbell Hall.

We are approaching the end of another baseball season, and it looks like National League Commissioner Bill White is a bigger Dodger fan than originally thought. Why else would he reinstate Reds reliever Norm Charlton to pitch against the Braves under the guise of not wanting to affect the outcome of the divisional race, and not reinstate Atlanta leadoff man Otis Nixon for the pennant drive? Think if we beat White silly he'd bleed Dodger blue?

Fans of the 24 teams currently *not* involved in a divisional race have plenty to get excited about this week in the entertainment world. So go out, spend some money, and if you run into Commissioner White, give him a solid chop in jaw for all of us here at **ENCORE**.

Film:

• Men, get out those attack whistles. Everyone's favorite girls with guns are back, and this time, *Thelma & Louise* aren't taking any crap. The film plays Friday, Oct. 4 at 7 and 9:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Just one question — why is it OK for a man to have a mid-life crisis, but when a woman has one, she is considered a raving lunatic bent on unleashing her frustration on the male community?

Theater:

• The Ensemble Theatre Company of Santa Barbara continues its run of Tennessee William's *A Streetcar Named Desire* at the Ensemble Theatre. The show ends Nov. 9, so get there early before you catch that post-Halloween crunch. Tickets are probably too much to be included in the press release, but you can find out by calling 962-8606.

Lecture:

• Climber Kevin Steele speaks while scaling Mt. McKinley. Actually, he speaks *about* scaling Mt. McKinley, but that may be just as interesting. Steele, a mountain-climbing Santa Barbaran, will give his free lecture (repeat, **FREE** lecture) on Monday, Oct. 7 at 8 p.m.

Music:

• Our Band Which Should Wear a Skirt But Doesn't Award goes to the Tannahill Weavers, a Scottish group caught suspiciously wearing Levis. Doesn't anybody have any national pride anymore? If you catch this act, which plays Tuesday, Oct. 8 at 8 p.m., and they aren't wearing kilts, be sure to heckle them loudly. Chanting the Scotland national anthem should do the trick.

ENCORE Staff

Contributors

- Dave Brooks
- Denis Faye
- Ross French
- A.J. Goddard
- Scott Lawrence
- Christian Lincoln
- P.E.A.C.E.
- Karen Skanderson
- Pax Wassermann

Assistant Editor

Jamie Reilly

Editor

Brian Banks

Isla Vista Recreation & Park District Presents:
20th annual FALL FEST '91



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Somewhere to Blow

S. B. Hosts Jazz Lovers' Festival

The words Santa Barbara and Jazz Festival had almost become a running joke in the music industry. Though the area had some fine shows in the past (including a string at the long-defunct Oscar's, and an occasional surprise, like Wynton Marsalis at the Long Bar) it seemed as though a full-scale festival might never get off the ground. Summer Solstice, even with its cheesy Wave jazz, only made it a couple of years, and attempts at large shows, like the Pacific Coast Jazz Festival, scheduled to take place on *this* very campus with Wynton Marsalis, Etta James and, yes, Stevie Ray Vaughan, petered out due to flaky funding sources.

In 1989, Ventura businessman Jack Butefish, with a pittance of city money, put together the Santa Barbara Jazz Festival. The show was scattered about the Santa Barbara area, with big-ticket names like Poncho Sanchez at the County Bowl, and David Benoit and the late Stan Getz at the Arlington. The only free part of the festival was a sparsely attended day show at De la Guerra plaza. Though the festival organizers understood the aesthetics of fine venues and classy accoutrements, they failed

to achieve the unity and excitement of a classic outdoor jazz festival.

The following year, Butefish succeeded with the free beach festival package that is continued in 1991's show. Set on Leadbetter Beach, just off the edge of the City College campus, the bill features jazz piano stud Les McCann, salsa big-guy Poncho Sanchez, the Cal Tjader Band/Radcliffe and one of the big daddies of acoustic blues, Spencer Davis.

The festival begins Friday night, Oct. 4, with The Avant Gardners at six, and the Spencer Davis Duo at nine. Saturday and Sunday's lineups begin at about noon each day, with Les McCann at 7 p.m. Saturday (followed by the Zydeco Party band), and Poncho Sanchez at 4:15 on Sunday. Make an effort to catch the Billy G. Watts Band, a blues act that smoked last year's festival, also on Sunday at 3 p.m.

As with last year's event, there will be some fine local food and, yes, booze (beer served in a glass(!) and nifty waftable wines) on hand. So check this thing out while we've still got it. I've heard rumors that the city has denied funding for next year's event ... word.

— Pax Wassermann

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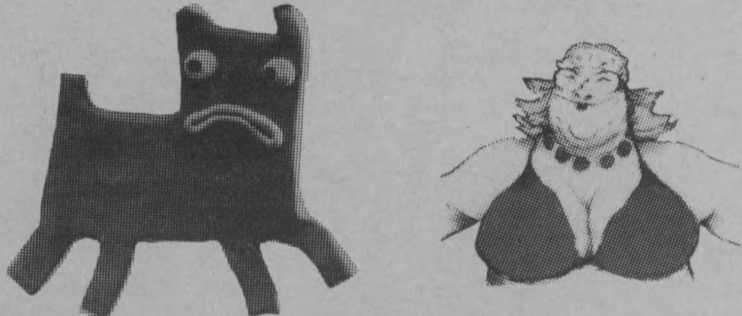
"SMART AND WITTY."

A cross between early John Lennon and Monty Python."

—Stephen Holden, NEW YORK TIMES

"IN A WORD, IT'S FUN."

—Stewart Klein, WNYW-FOX TV



"DELIGHTFUL."

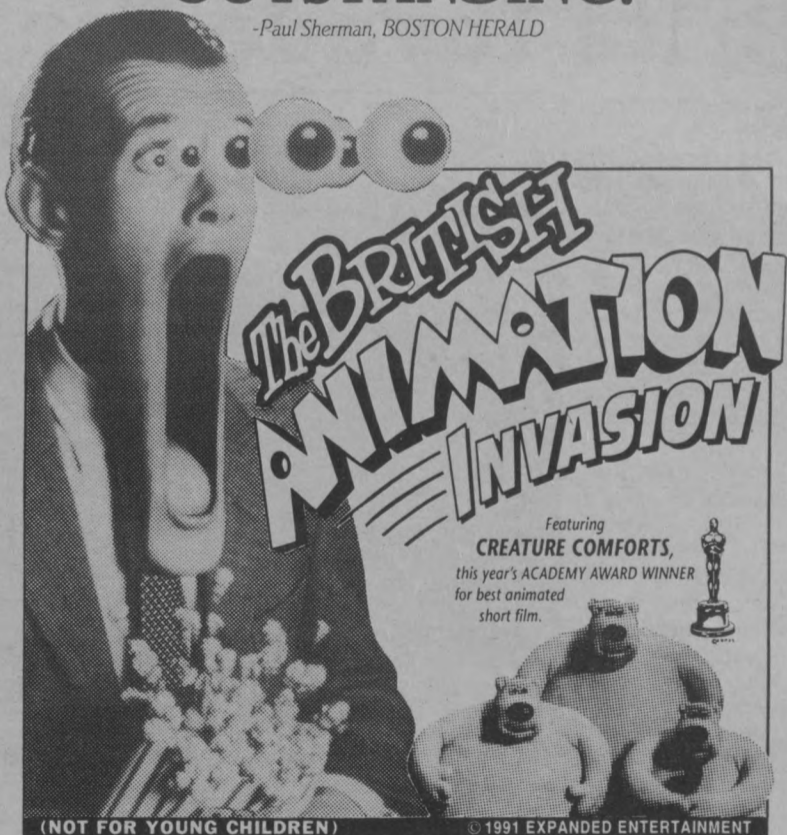
—Kathleen Carroll, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

"PHENOMENAL."

—Niel Rosen WNCN-NEW YORK

"OUTSTANDING."

—Paul Sherman, BOSTON HERALD



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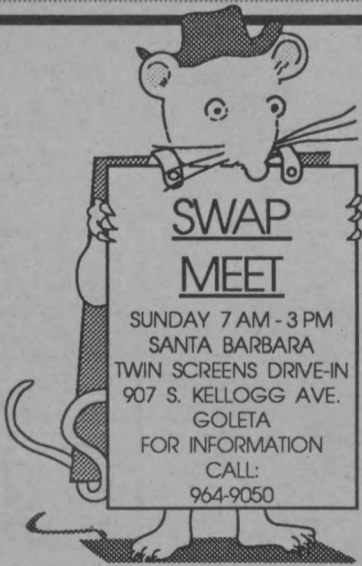
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Still Fantasia

On Nov. 1, 1991, *Fantasia* will die. This is the date set by the wonders of technology and the evils of excessive capitalism for *Fantasia* to be released on video cassette. That shouldn't be.

This film is more than 24 images per second flickering on a screen to give the illusion of motion while some classical music plays in the background. It's an event that happens every few years where parents try to show young children the power of this masterpiece. Somewhere between the random animated images and eclectic music, most children seem to respond to the film with disorientation and tired sobs. It's an event where adolescents try to ignore the confused and bored crying of younger children and suddenly realize that the concept of the "stoney trip" was alive before even their parents were. It's an event that the excesses of a VCR would only ruin. Too much of a good thing and all that.

This isn't the only film to bruise when shoved into the small screen. Films like *2001* are meant to be painted on 30-foot silver canvases. This just adds to the irony that the same technology that is used to diminish classics like *Fantasia* is also used to restore old film stock and re-add scenes that were left on the cutting room floor the first time around.

Two early '60s Hollywood epics known

to dull considerably on the television yet sweep one off one's feet at the cinema have become beneficiaries of this recent restoration technology. *Lawrence Of Arabia* has, for the first time since director David Lean's cut, been restored to its original three-and-a-half hour length. *Spartacus*, too, has been recently restored to what its director, Stanley Kubrick, had in mind — something that the censors of 1960 found a bit too racy.

These two, and *Fantasia*, are movies featured in Arts & Lectures film series this quarter, *Rediscovered, Restored and Re-released*. Other films to fall under the "restored" part of this series are Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*, *Tabu*, the 1931 Best Cinematography Academy Award Winner, and Jean Vigo's *L'Atalante*.

With the sudden resurgence in interest with '30s "cabaret star" Josephine Baker, two of her recently discovered films could prove to be quite interesting. They are *Zou Zou* and *Princess Tam Tam*.

However, above all these films is the masthead of this series, *Fantasia*.

1,000 artists and technicians labored over this piece for three years. The finished product is what many consider Disney's crowning achievement, using intensely well-crafted animation to bring out the many levels to the interpretation of various classical works ranging from Tchai-



Mlle. Upanova and a ballet corps of alligators perform Amilcare Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours", part of the rereleased *Fantasia*.

kovsky's Nutcracker Suite to Stravinsky's Rites of Spring.

To mark the 50th anniversary of *Fantasia* in 1990, Disney spent two years restoring the film, actually working with the original nitrate negative. Also, the guide sheets of Leopold Stokowski, the original conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, were studied so the original "Fantasound" could be recreated, using modern, digital

equipment.

It was recently said that after the video is released, *Fantasia* probably will not play again until the 21st century. If you have never seen this movie, go tonight to Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. If you have seen it, this might be the last chance that you'll have to see it, the right way, in a very long time. So maybe, just maybe, you should be there.

—Denis Faye

Also Coming....



Three upcoming films in the series are (from left) *Lawrence of Arabia* (Sunday October 6), *Spartacus* (Thursday, October 10), and *Citizen Kane* (Sunday, October 13). All movies are shown at Campbell Hall at 8:00 p.m. Tickets may be purchased through Arts & Lectures.

Brits Invade Vic

Those wacky limeys, my goodness!

The Victoria Street Theatre starts its yearly run of the various animation festivals with *The British Animation Invasion*. These are always big draws at UCSB, especially since an animation fest makes good dating material because it's not really just a movie. It's a touch of class and chicks dig that.

This fest is no exception. The animation has, oddly enough, a strong English feel to it. This means a severe lack of the typical fest scatological humor and, due to those nutty acid houses and the pills they rode in on, many drug-induced pieces that would probably make much more sense if one is mentally three planes higher, or lower.

David Anderson's "Door" is one of these. Using stop-motion and xerography, Anderson's dark world exhibits poetry somewhere between e.e. cummings and Bukowski. It was best described by the fellow who said, "Duuuude, that guy is messed-up."

Andrew Staveley's "Strangers in Paradise" is really too weird to talk about.

These were among the many shorts that dealt with fact that the world sucks. Unfortunately, these were also the strongest anima-



Too much popcorn at the British Animation Invasion could cause serious eye damage.

tion. ("Wow, that was amazing object animation, too bad I feel like committing suicide or robbing a 7-11 now.")

The claymation here is outstanding. The British seem to have a skill for dealing with soft mushy things. Peter Lord's "Going Equipped" features what appears to be an interview with a real ex-con, with the title character being recreated in clay. Aardman Studio's Oscar-winning "Creature Comforts" is an interview with various zoo animals, whose clay representations go into intense facial gestures.

Some of the better drawn animation includes Richard Olive's tribute to turn-of-the-century children's book art, "Night Visitors" and Joanna Quinn's stab at blue-collar body snobbery, "Body Beautiful."

The various animated commercials laced through the show should be put into one clump and Candy Guard, who's annoying "Cathy, But With a Tude" characters were in three films, should be bound and gagged, forever. However, besides these flaws this was an overall good collection.

—Denis Faye

Connelly's Ghandis

The Hot Spot is Cool Until Jennifer Bares

A bonanza of good fun, this summer was. The Video Guy spent the summer shmaltzing with the likes of Roddy McDowall and Jean-Luc Picard. All was well until I encountered a couple of problemos. Moo-eee Grando Problems.

"What," you, my loyal Video Ga-gas, readers of The Video Guy column for three years now, ask, "are those two problems?"

Well, let me tell you. Jennifer Connelly's babaloos.

It was a mild obsession. No, it was a yuge expression. The only obsession I've ever had that was/is better would be for beer, really great beer, like Keystone.

So, Trout and I go to see *The Rocketeer*, that action-packed summer hit that got completely reamed into the ground when T2 came out (that's what us in the industry call *Terminator 2*). Anyway, after we leave the delightful Disney action/adventure, Trout looks at me and says, once again, the obvious.

"Did you see the Dan Randy's Handies on that babe?"

Indeed, this Connelly



dame is stacked like pancakes and therefore, I decided that they must be seen, bare.

I wipe out my Celebrity Sleuth collection to find out where I can lay my eyes on these Mahatma Ghandis. I thank my lucky stars that she was in a Don Johnson movie, *Hot Spot*.

Oh, I got my shot of those *Hot Spot* knockers, alright but, man alive, what a drag. I mean, I was hoping for a little passion, sex, Riunite (on ice) and, baboom, in a fit of Don Johnson passion, full frontal nudity.

But no. We see the objects in question about 5/6ths into the film and she is kind of sitting by a lake, topless. No passion, she wasn't even sitting up straight. No big deal. If she's going to show them off like that, I'm going to have to give them, like, a

two on the Beer-o-meter.

I'm sorry if this story has bummed your mellows, and to make it up to you Video Youngins, I'm going to tell you about my new favorite film, *Malibu Bikini Shop*.

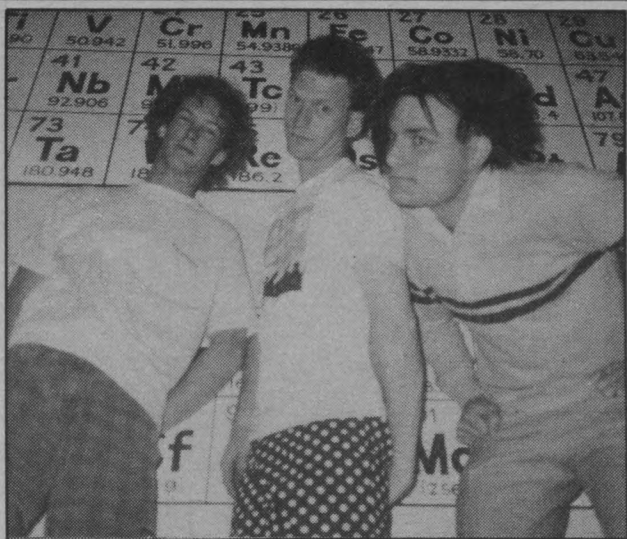
It is about these brothers — a nerd and a cool sloppy guy- who inherit a nice house and a bikini shop run by three hot mommas. The nerd brother (kind of a Bob Saget kinda character) wants to sell it, changes his mind after it is too late, goes to great extents to get it back, and then gets poked for his efforts. Good movie.

So what it is, as is the theme of many Boob and Butt films, is good blue collar proletariat battling the evil bourgeoisie ... and then some knockers.

The opening soundtrack is "I'm Only Looking" by Naomi Delgado. To bad they couldn't play her early 1982 hit "Gettin' Any?"

At this point I'm going to dust off the Mondo Movie Beer-o-meter, after a long summer and give *Malibu Bikini Shop* 11 out of twelve beers.

This is The Video Guy saying, "Lassie go home."



Sounds Familiar

College Rock's New Spins

Fear
Toad the Wet Sprocket
Columbia Records

Fear, the third release from locals Toad the Wet Sprocket, marks their induction into the world of slick, jangly guitar production. And, for the most part, it's a welcome one.

Fear features some of their best work yet — the strong melodies of "Walk on the Ocean," "Nightingale Song" and "Butterflies," the most interesting cut on the album. But in the end, it's an album that has the same pitfall as its predecessor, *Pale* — a heap of whiny, unoriginal jangles in the second half of the album, although it costs about 20 times as much.

Glen Phillips' voice is, as always, perfectly in-key, crisp, clear and melodic. And drummer Randy Guss breathes soul into a style of music usually better off with a drum machine. The bulk of the album is about as good as most mellow alternative rock is these days — pretty, and worth a listen, but ultimately a dullingly commercial product. Should we expect more? When we hear songs as good as "Walk on the Ocean" and "Butterflies," yes.

But maybe all this "120 Minutes"-style alternative rock is stuck in a hole it only briefly popped its head out of in the early '80s, destined to take a back seat to the harder and more innovative edge of rock n' roll. Please, prove me wrong. I can only take the acid-house beat so much longer.

—Pax Wassermann



Two bands with the I.V. sound: Rogue Cheddar (top left) and Toad the Wet Sprocket (above) score with their latest releases.

Mountain Rotor Wash
Rogue Cheddar
Independent

Rogue Cheddar — just another Isla Vista band ... think again! This threesome (fronted by guitarist/singer Darryl Sweet) produces more sound than most bands can shake a stick at.

The band's unique sound becomes increasingly creative in their latest release *Mountain Rotor Wash*. Not unlike their last release *Into Blind*, *Mountain Rotor Wash* is also a live-studio recording (but this time vocals were dubbed in later). Although the drums are a bit weak on some tracks (because of the recording, not due to drummer John Collin's ability), it is more than compensated for by the bass and driving guitar. Tom Csicsman's extremely powerful bass slams in the melody, and in a completely different way than these wannabe "Flea" types who, on a whim, will bust into a pseudo-funky bass lick (just to show that they, too, can play video games).

This band has come a long way from their first release, and to compare them to any other band would only take away from their music; so I won't. *Mountain Rotor Wash* is a wise listening choice.

—David Brooks

Tingles
Ratcat
rooArt/Mercury

The great thing about this six-song EP from the Australian three-man alternative group is that its brevity allows me to go over each song individually. So here we go ...

"That Ain't Bad" —

Kind of sums up the whole song. It's not bad, especially for your typical I.V. band. In fact, I think I heard this at a party a couple of weeks back.

"Tingles" — The best song on the album. Simple, but great guitar and great sound.

"Don't Go in the Water"

— A wise warning about the UCSB Lagoon, but a really weird song.

"Getting Away" — This song uses samples from the NASA announcer's call of the ill-fated *Challenger* launch. The first time I heard it, I wasn't sure if it was meant as a tribute, or just in bad taste.

"Skin" — Damn, the disk player is busted. It's playing song one again. Oh wait, it sounds identical to song one, just not as good.

"My Bloody Valentine" — This is the sixth song on what should have been a five-song album.

—Ross French

Plain Rap

Brainstorm
Young MC
Capitol Records

Young MC is not going to change the world with his rap. His delivery and sound are too familiar and his near cliché messages are already too ingrained in our heads. He doesn't move like anything revolutionary and he looks too conservative to ever make a lasting impression.

But that's not to say he can't and won't entertain the hell out of you while trying to enlighten you, which is exactly what he does on his second album *Brainstorm*. In fact, one of Young's purest appeals in his first album was that he didn't try to exceed his own limitations as a rapper, showing an innate ability to write about the common person and the common situation with an almost-too-simplistic redundancy.

And *Brainstorm* is more of the same. But this time, Young manages to spice up the riff just a little, while appealing to the youth to avoid drugs, respect women, be righteous, think with the big head and not the little one, stay focused in life, and stay in school.

—Scott Lawrence



The M.C. himself

Young's attraction is that he has very few pretenses; these moral precepts are what he's all about and if you don't want to hear the same old "walk the right path" monologue, then don't listen. Others mirror this style, but lag in trying to convince us of their sincerity.

Young probably won't be around longer than one more album, but then again, he doesn't profess more. It's obvious he's content with getting his message across in a language people can relate to, and then stepping back and trying to decipher its influence.

Beehive Stings

Honey Lingers
Voice of the Beehive
Polygram Records

In 1988, *Voice of the Beehive* was on the verge of becoming a success with hits such as "I Say Nothing" and "Beat of Love," but a lack of airplay on mainstream radio stations limited their exposure. Hopefully, *Honey Lingers* will bring the band the recognition they deserve.

"Monsters and Angels," the first single, resembles the sounds of their debut album *Let it Bee*, but tracks like "Look at Me" and "Just

Like You" exude a harder sound than the hive's previous material. This band has definitely grown up in the last three years.

But no matter what the type of song, vocalists Tracy and Melissa Belland reach such an incredible harmony with their voices that they make even cheesy love songs like "Adonis Blue" sound great. Despite a few influxes of meaningless and borderline cliché lyrics, I found it hard *not* to enjoy this album.

—Karen Skanderson

Hard-Pounding, Sludge Grunge, Technohouse

Badmotorfinger
Soundgarden
A&M Records

Warning: this album does not get mushy in milk. Besides having an ultra-mega OK name, *Badmotorfinger* is probably the most incredibly crunchy album of all time. We're talking serious cookies, kids.

So don't even try to fight this one, cuz POW! it'll throw you down so fast you won't know what the hell hit you. Soundgarden's new album is loaded with such unrelenting force that it will render you completely unable to breathe, yet at the same time, totally unable to divert your attention, or even think of turning it off. Might as well just lie in its merciless stronghold and take the whole fuckin' journey, 'cause at the end, your mouth will be left wide open in complete and utter astonishment.

Chris Cornell is one of the most amazing musicians happening today. The lyrics here are self-professing and Soundgarden has definitely learned the art of condensation and channeling their energy into a fiercely steady undercurrent that explodes on every song. Not one song lags or loses that ferocious intensity.

If you have yet to bat eyelashes in disbelief and fall willingly into the arms of Soundgarden, this album will make your knees give. Smoke some green — or don't — turn this bad-ass-motherfucker up to the highest possible decibels and feel the ground underneath you shake and rumble for 60 minutes of dopeness. Quite definitely their best work yet. It'll leave ya breathless without a milli-ounce of romance.

Soundgarden is doing it up live at the Day on the Green in Oakland on Oct. 12 with Metallica, Queensryche and Faith No More. Definite road trip material.

—A.J. Goddard

Nevermind
Nirvana
David Geffen Company

Rad ... bitchin' ... so fuckin' cool ... surpasses all hopes and proves wrong any negative expectations of overproduction in the band's necessary and well-deserved signing to a major label. So there.

This is the week of long-awaited, end-of-summer releases as Tuesday the 24th blessed us with the new Red Hot Chili Peppers and Cult albums, along with the anxiously awaited second album from Nirvana, *Nevermind*. I feel sorry for the little kids (and the big ones) who have to scrape up all of those rare, well-earned dollars and pick and choose between all the awesome new stuff. *Nevermind* would be a good choice, and money splendidly spent.

Nirvana is gonna take down all the stops and blow it up with this one. A month ago, they left an entire audience with jaws on the floor at a sold-out Roxy gig that catered to about a million stage dives and serious inner-ear hair singing. And bigger things can and will happen.

Nirvana's doublefold raw simplicity has set them apart from other bands, combining the fast energy of '80s under-produced hardcore, and Seattle sludge grunge. They've carved their own unique niche with Kurt Cobain's alternately low, soothing and grisly, screeching voice, coinciding with the music's constant pushes and stops.

Nevermind carries out the simplicity we so adored on debut effort *Bleach* with "In Bloom," "Breed" and "Polly," as well as others ... "polly wants a cracker/think i should get off her first/think she wants some water/to put out the blowtorch." Don't ask me. It's just inexplicably great.

—A.J. Goddard

The Orb's Adventures Beyond the Ultraworld
The Orb
Big Life/Mercury Records

The phenomenon of "Techno" (a.k.a. Techno-house Music) has become a huge ever-growing pulsating brain that rules from the center of the ultraworld. Raves both legal and illicit have been occurring at a staggering rate, from the UK, New York to L.A. and even Santa Barbara. Techno-house has proved its worth in the chaotic world of dance music. It has become the present's music of the future; with its characteristic bleeps, whoops and robotic wails, the techno-house movement is responsible for bringing us some of the most innovative music currently available.

The techno masters of The Orb is actually one man, Dr. Alex Patterson, and the release *The Orb's Adventures Beyond the Ultraworld* is just that: from beyond, far beyond. This collection of deep techno, ragga and ambient house travels where 808 State, LFO, N-Joi & others dare not tread. From the open, spacy & humorous opening track, "Little Fluffy Clouds," through the trance-inducing "Into the Fourth Dimension" and finally ending the trip with the completely hallucinogenic "A Huge Ever Growing Pulsating Brain That Rules From the Center of the Ultraworld: Live MK Mix 10," this record is proof that you don't need drugs to see, touch and taste the music you listen to. In my view, this is one of 1991's best and most original recordings. Now, if they only pull it off live ...

—P.E.A.C.E.



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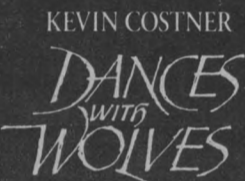
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"I've Been Seeing Some Very Disturbing Things..."

Comedian Paul Rodriguez Uses His Ethnicity As a Basis For Material, But Knows How Unfunny Hispanic Life Can Be.



By Pax Wassermann, Staff Writer

"Beverly Hills, 90210." "America's Funniest Home Videos." "Thirtysomething." "Cheers." It's easy to think the television world revolves around shows like these pillars of the network TV community, with their weekly dose of double-digit shares and perfect hair. And then you hear about a guy like Paul Rodriguez (set to appear in Campbell Hall this Saturday night), whose entertainment talk show, "El Show de Paul Rodriguez", is one of the highest-rated programs in 17 countries, the equivalent of "The Tonight Show" in the Spanish-speaking market.

Remember this guy? He had a TV show, "a.k.a. Pablo", produced by Norman Lear, that lived and died in the early '80s. He's had a couple of parts in movies like *Quicksilver*, *Born In East L.A.* and, ahem, *The Whoopie Boys*.

Rodriguez is uniquely qualified to talk about the differences between Hollywood and the hispanic entertainment world, and, with his recent success, uniquely situated to do

something that unites the two. Or better yet, to throw them both out the window in favor of something completely fresh.

He's done that, to some extent, with his Univision network talk show. Having persuaded TV execs that English-speaking stars could be a benefit to a Spanish-language show, he's broken some new ground. And been proven right. David Carradine, of the hugely syndicated "Kung Fu" show, was his biggest guest yet, garnering record viewer mail.

Yet audiences may be skeptical that even the Univision network will let him address too many issues of race, or that this is a man who wants to do that kind of work. He's got ideas — series called "Compton, 90250" and "City of Gangs," that sound funny, but lack any kind of redefinition of the racial status quo. But the proof will be in the viewing, since both are in the works for Fox.

ENCORE spoke with Rodriguez last week, and found him congenial and talkative, with a healthy sense of his success but sans the big ego. We talked about America, Kevin Costner, Hollywood and his new talk show.

ENCORE: What's the situation with your talk show?
Rodriguez: The show right now, we're in 17 countries. It's more successful than anything I've ever done. I started the show on a low budget — the Spanish stations don't have the money the American stations do — and all of the sudden we got big sponsors.

ENCORE: What's your format?
Rodriguez: I try to do the Letterman show in Spanish. Basically, I just took the themes that I liked out of these shows.

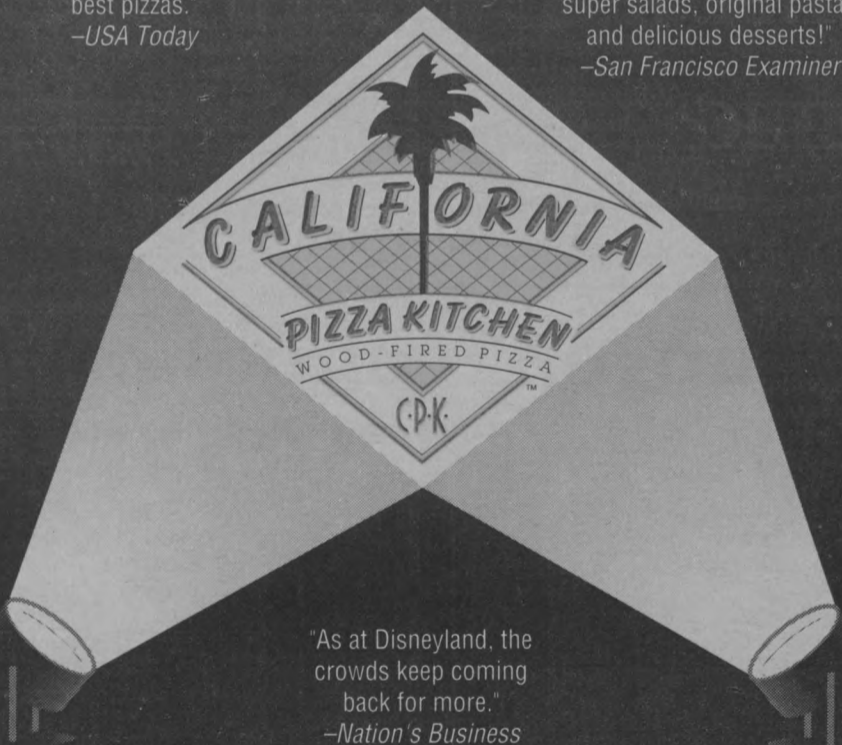
ENCORE: So I take it you didn't try to emulate the success of Rick Dees (of "Into the Night").

Rodriguez: I ripped off the best is what I did. I always knew that the rest of the world had a tremendous appetite for anything American. I tried to explain to (Univision network) execs that English-speaking stars would be a hit on Spanish shows. When I was a young man in the air force, I travelled to about 33 countries. And every country I went to, they were crazy about America. It's like this dual thing — they disliked Americans but they were crazy about our culture, they were crazy about our chewing gum, anything American. I remember being in Japan, and all the billboards for Sapporo beer had this big, gorgeous blonde on them. The Japanese have no breasts, so they import them just like everything else.

See RODRIGUEZ, p.7A

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Jean-Luc Godard's "Soft and Hard" is one of the many video art works on display at the University Art Museum until October 20.

The Art of UCSB

Faculty Work, Video Art on Display at Museum

Four, yeast malt, salt, butter, eggs, poppy seed and aluminum meld to form what looks like a grave, monochromatic, culinary mishap in Sheldon Kaganoff's new work, "We do not live on bread alone."

The piece is one of our first encounters as we enter the UCSB Art Studio Faculty Exhibition. In the tradition of pop art's namby-pamby edibles, Kaganoff's work acts to throw our senses into an *a priori* pandemonium. He combines the organic textural appeal of something yummy (bread-almost), dements its shape into intestinal-like configurations and colors it blue or aluminum.

Kaganoff's piece is one of many varied, and fascinating installations at the show. Visiting Professor

Hiro Fukawa lays down a powerful sculpture made up of long copper-bronze channels in which rotting fish frolic to an undetermined destination. Something akin to student life.

Drawing teacher Gary Brown's monotypes are sensitive, loose depictions of bodily moments that seem to have cascaded onto the page. His simplicity of medium and dark strokes effortlessly recall the doleful moment of creation.

Another emotive, and even startling, encounter can be found at Kathleen Schimert's "Woman in the landscape" series, as she reinvents Ophelia's death in "Ophelia." Video images of Ophelia's floating corpse against lush green forest landscape the classic death for the TV generation with uncanny effectiveness.

Irma Cavats triptych, "Seed," "Self" and "Soul" isolates three objects respectively, center-canvas, and lets them swim in their own ethereal color fields. The effect is clever, visually pleasurable, but not as

orphic as the title seems to suggest.

For those of you weirdos at all curious about exploring artistic consciousness in positively non-narrative, abstract methods, the International Video Art Exhibition, "Eye For I: Video Self Portraits," is a must see. Raymond Bellour curates this extensive collection of self-portraits, which includes videos by New Wave French director Jean-Luc Godard, performance artist Bill Viola and others.

Filmmakers may watch Jean-Luc Godard fill his white screen with filmic imagery as he chain smokes, in "Scenario du Film Passion." Suffering Van Gothian loners can rejoice with Gary Hill as he torments himself in front of his camcorder, then Pier Marten's "Hope You Croak Before Me" for real video masochism.

The show runs through Oct. 20, not the 30th as originally announced. There is lots to see, so cruise over there early.

—Christian Lincoln

RODRIGUEZ: a.k.a Paul

Continued from p.6A

ENCORE: You had a show on the major American networks before your show on Univision. Was it any different to work with Universal than it was with the Univision network?

Rodriguez: Norman Lear has just seen me at the comedy store, and literally, I had been in the business about six months. Basically, he just gave me my own show, and from there, well ... I've had four prime-time series now that have all gone into the toilet. There's no trying to understand what works, and what doesn't work; because, on the other hand, I just had a special for Fox ("Paul Rodriguez: Behind Bars") that went through the roof, and got a 21 share across the country. Now I've got a contract with Fox to produce three more: I've got one called "Compton, 90250," I'm doing one "Back At The Alamo," and the one that I'm working on now is called "City of Gangs." It's a docu-comedy; I'm going to go into the hardcore gang areas, I'm going to interview Asian gangs ... there's actually a white

gang in the valley called the Mickey Mouse Club. I'm going to interview the Bloods and the Crips, and you'll see it Nov. 17th on Fox.

ENCORE: So what are you trying to do with that theme?

Rodriguez: I like Geraldo (Rivera), or all these other people who have had gang shows before. But they always just invite them to their set. I want to go right to their environment. I've been seeing some very disturbing things, and I don't have an answer — this is not a show that says "here's what we've got to do with the kids." I'm basically going to go in there, turn on the cameras, and see what happens.

ENCORE: Why did you choose to tape your "Behind Bars" special at San Quentin?

Rodriguez: I was looking for a unique place to do the show; I figured death row, maximum security, would be something. I figured, if you can make those heinous, desperate people laugh, you've got something. And America tuned in. There's something very intriguing about, well, need-

less to say, crime is in the news. I think everybody is basically frustrated, everybody has been touched by crime.

ENCORE: Do you have any feature films in the works?

Rodriguez: As a matter of fact, yesterday I went to read on a movie with Kevin Costner, called *The Bodyguard*, and they want to see me again on Wednesday.

ENCORE: Did you have any involvement with (the recent Edward James Olmos project *American Me*)?

Rodriguez: No ... I know Eddie really well, and I was down there a couple of times on the set. I personally think it's something the Latino community is going to bust his balls on, but I wish Eddie well.

ENCORE: What's your show in Santa Barbara going to be about?

Rodriguez: I'm going to do standup. That's my bread and butter, man. Come and check it out.

Paul Rodriguez will be performing in Campbell Hall this Saturday night at 7:30. Call 893-3536 for more information.

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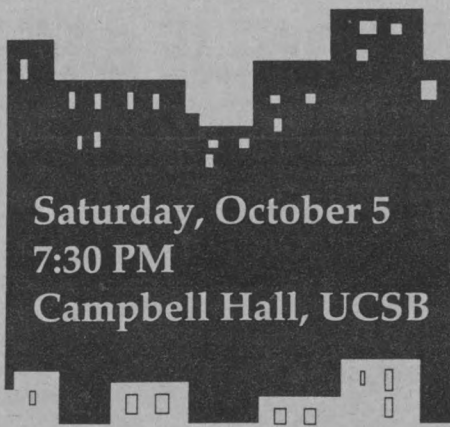
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