

We're three guys who thought ourselves soooo cool, that we could make it on our own. We were obviously right, since we've made the cover of...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of
January 24



Three For The Road

Sting's Sad Songs Don't Satisfy

When The Police first started out, their music was incredible. Being pioneers in New Wave music, they didn't have a set mode in which to put their sound, and this made it raw, creative and, most of all, inspired. As the band grew from stealing instruments to playing sold out shows in the biggest venues in the world, their music also matured. Wit and creativity were given back seats to cynicism and knowledge of "how The Police were supposed to sound." No matter how brilliant Syn-

See STING, p.4A

Peter Gabriel Gives The Good Stuff

Most of the time, pooled efforts or combinations amount to more than solo efforts.

But Peter Gabriel blew that theory to bits when he separated from Genesis in the '70s. Not to knock the powerful music of Genesis, but Gabriel has proven that solo introspection has been more effective than group brainstorming.

Gabriel's newest album, *Shaking the Tree* — which is nothing less than a compilation of "16 Golden Greats" — is ex-

See PETE, p.4A

David Lee Roth's Record Rocks

There has always been a battle between good and bad. Superman smushed Lex Luther's plans to take over the world. The Dynamic Duo constantly had to defend the "good citizens" of Gotham City from the likes of the Joker and the Penguin.

Conflicts of this type have gone on forever. Now, the time has come to uncover another fundamental, archetypal battle that has existed for at least a week now. Is the new David Lee Roth album, *Little Ain't Enough*, good, bad or whatnot? To

See DAVE, p.4A

POT LUCKY

5A

SOME JUNK TO DO IN THIS TOWN OF OURS

MORE POT LUCKY

6A

PART 2 OF THE LATE NIGHT REVIEW

THE VIDEO GUY SAYS: AMERICA, SHOW US UNDERNEATH YOUR UNDERALLS

7A



Definitely Dance

Twists, Turns and Leaps

The Garth Fagan story is a modern classic: A Caribbean-born choreographer took untrained dancers from the inner-city of Rochester and turned them into a first-rate company that has toured the world. Now, in its 20th year, the Company has no intention of resting on its many laurels. Those of you who saw Garth Fagan Dance (Garth Fagan Bucket Dance as they were known then) at UCSB four years ago, can remember the flair, gusto and energy of that performance. Now Garth and his loyal Company return to campus, just after receiving rave reviews for their recent productions in New York City.

"In my mind, dancers have to be people who are parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles who dance as a profession," says Fagan, "not hybrid strange creatures who get on stage and try to be brothers, fathers, uncles, what have you."

Still, these are dancers who manage to sustain the most amazing balances, leg lifts and sudden unexpected movements. This is dance that manages to illuminate, fascinate and entertain.

Garth Fagan Dance will be performing two different wide-ranging programs, one on Tuesday, January 29 at 8 PM, the second on Wednesday, January 30 at a special 6 PM showtime. Both performances are in Campbell Hall.

The Tuesday program features *Until, By & If*, which Fagan just premiered at the Joyce Theater in New York. Critic Tobi Tobias writing in *New York Magazine* calls the piece "the most satisfying I've seen from him . . . Fagan suggests the nature of contemporary urban life for adults who still have more ahead of them . . ."

Fagan varies his choreography for the Wednesday performance, highlighting the major work he premiered the year before, *Telling a Story*, with music by Miles Davis. The evening also includes Fagan's romp to Vivaldi, *Traipsing*

Through the May. Before the 6 PM performance we'll be selling a tasty assortment of finger foods, snacks and beverages to whet your appetite for dance.

Animal Behavior

During the 1980s, animal rights activists gained national attention in their attempts to ban the use of animals in the fur industry, product testing and medical research. As the activists continue to demand the more benign treatment of animals under human care, scientists warn that such animal welfare issues are slowing down the advance of medical research.

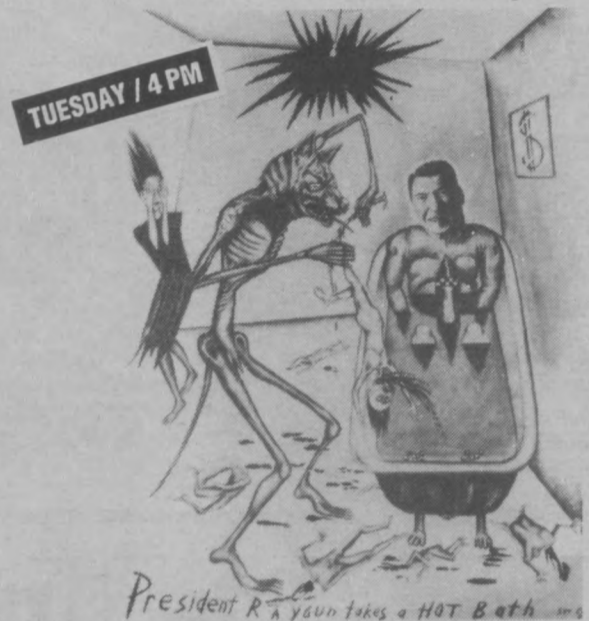
Dean of the School of Veterinary Medicine at Tufts University in Massachusetts, Frank Loew has not shied away from participating in the debate over the use of animals in scientific and medical research. Lowe discusses the animal rights issue in his illustrated slide lecture, "The History, Science and Politics of the Use of Animals in Research," on Monday, January 28 at 4 PM in the Main Theatre. The free public lecture is part of the Issues for the 1990s series Ethics and Morality in the United States.

As Loew wrote in a recent article for *Veterinary Economics*, "How we meet our obligations to animals and to people will be one of the thorniest issues of the new decade."

Art With Bite

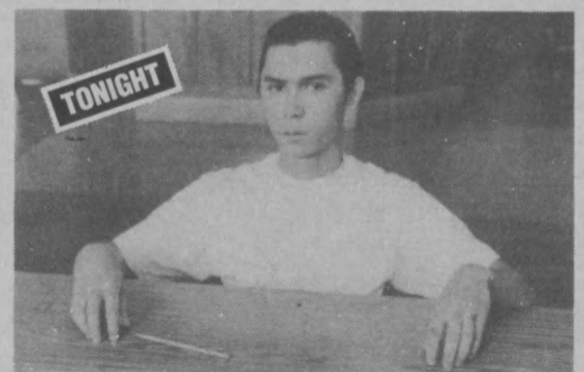
Artist Sue Coe is no stranger to controversial topics. Political prisoners, the homeless, battered women and animal experimentation have all been subjects for her startling graphic works of social protest. One of the central activist artists working today, Coe creates a form of art that critic Donald Kuspit calls "somewhere between political cartoon and history painting." She delivers the 5th Annual Abrams Lecture on Women and the Visual Arts and shows slides of her work, including her "Porkopolis: Animals and Industry" series, on Tuesday, January 29 at 4 PM in the Main Theatre. The program is free and open to the public.

Since landing a job as an illustrator for the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* in 1972, the British-born artist has received international recognition for her uncompromising representations of those in pain and misery. Strongly committed to social and political causes, Coe grew up in a working class family, and some of her earliest memories are of post-war Europe, of walking through areas that had been blitzed in London. Living in New York City since 1972, she has divided her time between painting, collage and graphic art, and her representations have been featured in such diverse publications as *Mother Jones*, the *London Times*, and even *Discover Magazine*. Her exhibitions have included a series of drawings and paintings about Malcolm X (reproduced in her 1986 book *X*), a series called *Police State* (a retrospective of works from 1982 to 1986) and *The Rape Series*.



"My work is violent," says Coe, but she also acknowledges that her art "is nothing close to the reality of what we see on the street and what happens in conflicts with groups of people; it's nothing but a pale shadow. . ."

Immediately following the January 29 lecture, there will be a reception for the artist at the College of Creative Studies Gallery, which is showing a selection of her work.



Tonight: *Stand and Deliver*, starring Edward James Olmos and Lou Diamond Phillips, at 8 PM in Campbell Hall



Tomorrow night: Culture Clash in "Bowl of Beings: A Comedy Revue" at 8 PM in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. Tickets going fast...

For tickets or information, call Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

UCSB
A&L
ARTS & LECTURES

SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

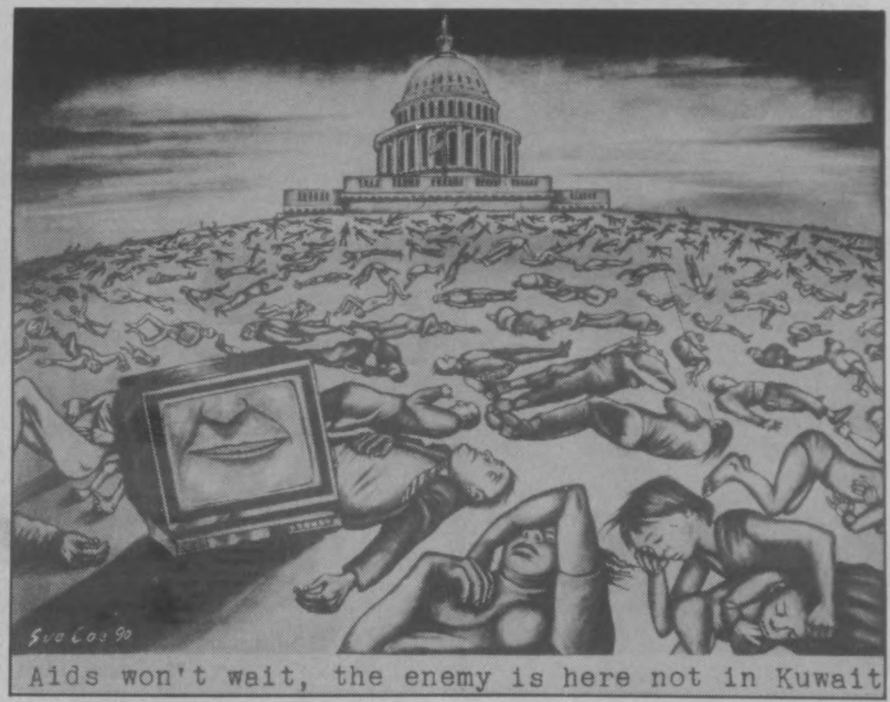
Life as a bunch a whiskey-swilling, brawling, wife-beating fiends gets tough even for a bunch of heartless, critical scum like us. Thus, we have declared this week "Just Say No to Meanies Week." Help an old lady across the street, give up stealing people's mail for a week and most of all, stop covering up other people's political posters with your own, you white-bread, censorship-crazy, neo-nazi, wanna-be yuppie scum... Down Cujo, Down!

On a nicer note — and nice is what we always strive to be — thanks to all the poets, musicians, painters... who have been dancing with the big bear and doing what they do best. Just remember, angst, suffering and misery are what makes the art world go 'round, so our prize of the week is three one-way tickets on an El Al flight to Tel Aviv for **Wilson Phillips**. Go gettum girls.

• **Music:** After the musical famine of last week, we enter a week of plenty. At 4 this afternoon in the pub, we have those famous frau-wowers **Papa Heinz and Company** oom-pa-pa-ing up a storm. Bring your own lederhosen. ... **Then at 8:30 p.m.**, Pub Night opens with **Makina Loca**, a African-Brazilian-Cuban influenced

band. ... **Friday, Jan. 25 at 8 p.m.**, **Strunz and Farah**, a latin folk group, play Campbell Hall for free. Dust off your Latin dictionary and check it out. ... **Then Tuesday, the 29th at 8 p.m.**, New York Ska masters **The Toasters** will have the crowd skankin' at Caribbean Cuisine in Goleta. The rumor is that Ska is dead, so don't miss this chance to see The Dead playing in such a small venue. ... **Baby Dangerously**, that hep, new, all-acoustic band, will be stoking you all at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, at the State and A. ... **Back Roads** play Irish music at the UCSB Music Bowl. Where the Heck is that you ask? Try the music building across from Lotte Lehmann. ... **Finally, on Wednesday the 30th**, local hesh masters **Grandma Dynamite** hit the big time at Carnival at 634 State Street.

• **Film:** "Left Overs on a Cardboard Pizza Box Week." Either check out the final week of the Third Animation Celebration at the Vic, or, as part of the American Adventures series on campus, go watch **Stand and Deliver** tonight at 8 p.m. or **Talk Radio Sunday** at 8 p.m., both in Campbell Hall.



Aids won't wait, the enemy is here not in Kuwait

Artist Sue Coe will be speaking and showing slides of her recent work on Tuesday, January 29 at 4 PM, in the Main Theatre. Admission is free.

INTERMISSION
starring...

• Brian Banks	Stacy Sullivan	Denis Faye
• Tony Pierce	Trevor Top	as King Creole
• Todd Francis	An Bastiaens	Andrew Rice
• Cynthia Gathman	Jennifer Adams	as Prince Valiant
• Kevin "Trout" Casagrande		and Barbara Eden
• Karen Peabody		as Rick Dees

ADMIT ONE

A comic tale of true love and high adventure.

Sun. 1/27/91
8 & 10 pm
IV Theater \$3.50

Spons. by
American Indian S.A.

THE PRINCESS BRIDE

DARKMAN IS...

Sat. 1/26/91
8 & 10:00 pm
IV Theater \$3.50

Spons. by UCSB Cycling Team

GHOST

Fri. Jan. 25, '91
7 • 9:30 • 11:30pm
IV Theater \$3.50
Spons. by I.E.E.E.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

celebration of cultures

4th annual
ucsb university center
January 22, 23, 24 1991

Thursday, January 24

- 11:00 am Black Lifestyles exhibit
UCen Art Gallery (all day)
Cultural Displays by student groups
UCen Pavilion (all day)
Video displays sponsored by the Chinese Students Association—(all day) throughout the UCen
- Noon Spanish Dancers from Cruz Studios
Pub
German Buffet
Pub
- 12:30 pm Mexican Folklorico —a children's dance presented by students from Cruz Studios
Pub
- 1:00 pm Vernon S. Martin and the Young Giants of Jazz
Pub
- 3:30pm Struggle of the Tibetan People presented by the Friends of Tibetan Women's Association in conjunction with the April visit by the Dalai Lama
UCen Room 1
- 4:00 pm Papa Heinz and Company—German polka music
Pub
German Hors d'oeuvres and beer specials
Pub
Culture Clash
Multicultural Center
- 8:30 pm Pub Night featuring Makina Loca (Crazy Dances) — Central African based music with Cuban and Brazilian influences
Pub

Friday, January 25

- Noon "Chicano Park"
A film presentation at the Multicultural Center
 - 8:00 pm Strunz and Farah—A special performance by this Latin Jazz group co-sponsored by AS Program Board
Campbell Hall
Culture Clash
Sponsored by Arts and Lectures
Lotte Lehman
- The Celebration of Cultures is co-sponsored by University Center Programming Committee, A.S. Program Board, Campus Activities Center, UCSB Bookstore, UCSB Dining Services,
Logo Design by UCSB student Melinda Zieg

Music

DO RA ME FA SO LA TI, ETC., ETC.



Music Heds ROCK

Don't Come Easy
Tyketto
Geffen

Originality obviously *Don't Come Easy* to these limpies who seem to be trying to exorcise the ghost of Journey by sounding as much like them as possible. The '70s and early '80s were bad enough once: puberty, acne, junior high, herpes, Reagan being elected, Reagan being shot and then surviving to haunt us for seven more years. Please go away Tyketto and don't make us relive it all again.

— Andrew Rice

College

Lovelier Than The Queen Of England
Christy McCool
Dr. Dream

Ain't no eco-vegetarian folkie, it's a #!-damn band!*

Named after their schizophrenic, red-stained, teddy bear-keeping neighbor, who lit her room on fire while smoking filters and watching cartoons, the four-member band Christy McCool just came out with their debut album. It happens to be *Lovelier than the Queen of England* and certainly more original.

It takes you to a dark, concrete forest filled with weird, primal, shrieking beings, possibly refugees from a crack-addicted, prostitute-filled Hollywood apartment complex.

Singer Tomas Tree comments, "The environment that we all live in reflects (our) sound, and so did (Christy McCool). It's almost like we captured her soul. I think we should make her a cult figure."

The psychedelic-metal sound of *Lovelier than the Queen of England* is a frapping experience.

— An Bastiaens

Dave

Continued from p.1A

answer, this album is certainly NOT whatnot, and it ain't bad. So, what is it then? Well, after listening to the album about six and a half times, it's great.

Since David Lee left Van Halen, his two previous albums have basically joined your 10th-grade yearbook and the light saber of your Luke Skywalker action figure in the place where all your lost (read: unwanted) stuff goes. Now, thank God, he has returned in part to the classic Van Halen style that made him great. But wait, there's more. There's a harmonica and a rhythm guitar and slide, which, if $12 + 45.7 = 57.7$, means that there are a few blues songs. "Sensible Shoes" and "Tell the Truth" are a few.

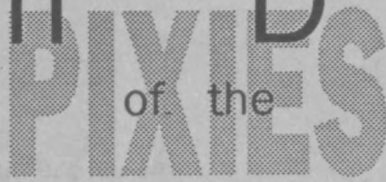
When you hear "Shoot It," although it was written and sung by Roth, I'll bet my roommate's entire boxer collection that Aerosmith actually performed this in a previous life.

Three helpful hints: 1. Buy the CD — the box mine came in is really, really neat. 2. Do your dishes 3. Don't eat apples smothered with strawberry jam.

I give this album an 8.3 on the Richter scale. Peace.

— Kevin "Trout" Casagrande

An Intermission Interview With: Kim Deal



by Tony Pierce

The Pixies are a rock band from Boston who sound nothing like Aerosmith — or The Cars.

They are a rock band off the English

label 4AD but sound nothing like The Cocteau Twins — or anyone else on the label.

The Pixies are a cross between crushing guitars, doomsday screeches, angelically sweet harmonies, thundering drums and some of the cutest little pop hooks you've ever laid your ears on.

It all adds up to a collection of songs that sound like mysterious canoe rides down dark streams of liquefied dreams: this part of the river's dark, this part is mellow and smooth, here's the rushing rapids.

Kim Deal plays bass for this incredible group who've managed to produce three delectable albums in the three years they've been around. She provides the pep, the beauty and the sweet icing to this quartet.

With the success of "Here Comes My Man," off of 1989's *Doolittle*, The Pixies followed up last year with *Bossanova*. Last year they also took part in Elektra Records' (their U.S. distributor) *Rubaiyat* compilation with bands like The Cure, 10,000 Maniacs and Metallica. They are one of the most creative bands being recorded today and have the possibility of becoming HUGE despite Pop Music's fear of talent.

In an hour-long, spastically fun conversation, Deal discussed The Pixies' tour with Jane's Addiction, dropping acid in her hometown of Columbus (Ohio) and her splinter group, The Breeders. But first things came first.

Intermission: Hey, what's your sign?
Kim Deal: I'm a Gemini.

out like that.

I: You guys are the only band on the compilation not to have listed a producer. I know Steve engineered it, but

was there really a producer?

Kim: No, just us. And that's pretty much how we did (1988's) *Surfer Rosa* too, and some of our B-sides. Steve Albini would prefer to not be listed as a producer, he thinks producers are dweebs. He thinks it's criminal that they get (royalties) after their work is already done. But then when you talk to a producer they'll say, "Well, my work is on the album, as long as the album sells I should get pieces of that work." But (Albini) doesn't take points at all, he's really cheap to use. He charges a flat fee for the time involved, and expenses and stuff.

I: Do you guys work together well? Do you think he understands what you're trying to do in your music?

Kim: Beats me. I don't know. I can't imagine him working well with anybody. But he's good at what he does. In a way, yeah (we do work well). Cuz we'll say "What do you think of this, Steve?" and he'll say, "I don't like the song, so I couldn't care less what you put on it." But if it's a song that he does like he'll say "Oh it's non-pussy, that's good." But (if we asked) "Do you think we're singing in tune?" He'd say "I don't care, I don't like vocals anyway."

I: The Breeders album sounded a lot more basic down to the bones than Pixies stuff.

Kim: Yeah, it did.

I: Was that what you were shootin' for?

Kim: No. I thought Albini would have more of a tolerance for messing around. Like on *Surfer Rosa* there's this song called

Sting

Continued from p.1A

chronicity was thought to be, it paled in comparison to the energy of *Outlandos d'Amour*.

When the group broke up, it seemed as if the musical soul searching of the days of yore began anew. Sting's first solo attempt, *Dream of The Blue Turtles*, experimented with everything from jazz to gothic novels. Once again, it was raw, creative and, most of all, inspired.

Now, with the debut of Sting's fourth solo album, *The Soul Cages*, an unpleasant cycle is returning. The music is often predictable. Where The Police went bad in a pool of world doubt, Sting seems to be slipping into a pool of self pity.

There are, as in any work by anyone who has any knowledge about music, high points to the album. "Mad About You" is a song of obsession, and as Sting has proven through not only music but also his attempts at acting, obsession is an emotion that he can portray quite well.

However, other than this and a few others, Sting doesn't utilize his powerful voice for anything but despair — not protest, just despair. The recent death of his father is a constant theme, but he could have made a much stronger statement of love by way of his enormous creative potential and not by just pondering in misery. "Island Of Souls" and the title track remind us of how sad the world was, how sad the world is and how sad the world will be. Sting's raw sorrow and desperation, as well as slick studio production are no substitute for what he is capable of. That is the real tragedy of this work.

— Denis Faye

Pete

Continued from p.1A

emplary of his solo perfection.

A journey through Gabriel's musical decade, the album provides a diverse combination of music that disregards technological, political and ethnic boundaries.

Ranging in content from playfully provocative to probing the depths of world politics, feminism and personal loneliness, Gabriel gives us songs such as "Solsbury Hill," "Biko" and "Shaking the Tree."

Heavily influenced by Brazilian and Egyptian rhythm, a passion for short-wave radio, personal trauma and pertinent social issues, Gabriel has written and performed more vibrant, original and inspirational music in one decade than most artists could ever hope for in five lifetimes.

Although he bungled with top-40 songs such as "Sledgehammer," he makes up for it entirely with songs that are impervious to time, such as "Solsbury Hill."

But while a greatest hits album is a much needed Gabriel novelty, hopefully he will compose some new material soon.

— Stacy Sullivan



HICKS ON ACID often protest the performances of The Pixies, as well as other mythic beings

I: You guys are pretty big in Europe, much bigger than you are in your home country. How does that make you feel?

Kim: Still we don't get that much radio play over there. What it is, is if you don't get much radio play over here, you're nothing, you just remain on college airwaves. But in England, in Europe, even if you're not on the radio there are (newspapers) and that has a large say on how big you are and we get written up in that a lot. (Pasadena's) KROQ plays us, though.

I: On the *Rubaiyat* compilation you guys did "Back to Chicago," a Butterfield Blues tune ... tell me about that band.

Kim: Don't know about 'em, don't care about 'em, never heard of 'em. It's (lead singer) Charles's (AKA Black Francis) thing. But I don't particularly like the song.

I: You don't even like the way you guys did it?

Kim: Oh, we did it OK. It's just a basic blues number, you know.

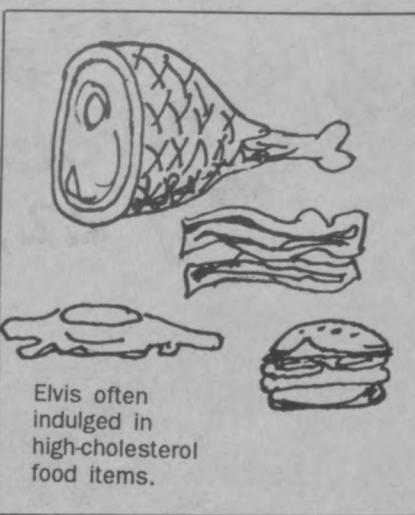
I: Was it a coincidence that you guys recorded it in Chicago or did you plan it?

Kim: I don't know. Charles might of planned it but I think we were just on tour and we wanted Steve Albini to come in and (engineer) it real quick, like in a night, and he lives in Chicago. So it just kinda worked

"Tony's Theme" and there's a little section about seven seconds long — it's gonna be a lead solo. So we have Joe (Santiago, lead guitar) play all these noises. He actually takes pliers and cuts the strings, and it's way too loud. Then we cut them up and we have all these snippets of tape and we label them "Uuum's" or "Zooooms" or "high pitched feedback notes". Then we wrote down on a piece of paper "the lead solo will consist of: two Slurs, one Bing, three feedback notes ...". Then we did that and taped them all together and we turned it all upside-down and we put that through. And I thought we'd do more of that stuff, but when we got in there he was really cranky and a really moody bastard and we told him that. So we weren't allowed to do anything over again once without really pissing him off. So it is bare bones.

I: The *Musician* interview said you took a lot of acid in high school.

Kim: I didn't do a lot. I was just explainin' that this ONE time I was drivin' to Picklewood, Ohio and we were trippin' and there was a lot of snow comin' down and it was really cool seein' the snow hit the window. I was not an acid-head, but yes, I have tripped before. See, people just take things the wrong way.



Elvis often indulged in high-cholesterol food items.

Pot Lucky

Fun In Your Own Backyard, With Intermission



MUSIC DANCE
THEATER CULTURE

Garth Fagan

Imagine the physical brilliance of the human body moving through space, timed perfectly, executed with precision and full of sensuality.

A troupe of performers, known as *The Garth Fagan Dance*, combine all of these elements and more — dazzling audiences and tantalizing the imagination. Their high energy modern dance comes to Campbell Hall Tuesday at 8 p.m. and Wednesday at 6 p.m., when these dancers will make their powerfully dynamic presence felt.

Using a combination of Caribbean and African rhythms, Garth Fagan has created a unique dance form. The Jamaican-born Fagan learned his trade from fellow *paisanos* such as Martha

Graham, and African-American phenom Alvin Ailey.

Fagan discovered many of his dancers on the playing field, where the athletes' grace and artistic expression caught his eye. He wanted dancers who were moldable and had "little to unlearn" — just as long as they were hungry. Avoiding the trap of using Balanchine-sculpted dancers, Fagan combed the streets to discover the talents of those who would not have otherwise chosen dance as a career. He consciously wanted to create a place for Black dancers, however "The Bucket," as the dance company is affectionately known, includes people from all walks of life.

Fagan requires his dancers to "expand their minds" by taking in all that is around them — museums, theater, books and music. Local dance student Aija Paegle is excited by the presence of *The Garth Fagan Dance* because of the interaction they have with their audiences. "They give me inspiration in their well-roundedness and their ability to articulate the art, the thoughts, the issues that they encompass," she said, adding that they are on the forefront of a moving, living, breathing, thinking art form.

The Garth Fagan Dance will be in residence at UCSB from Sunday until Thursday to share many of their experiences with students, as well as participating in activities in the Santa Barbara dance community.

— Trevor Top

Strunz & Farah

Last summer I found myself standing in a crowd of thousands in the New York club the Palladium. My ticket stub was embossed with the words "New Music from Spain" — that was the only clue I had for what I was about to experience; I had bought the ticket blindly. The floor was tight, and the strongly Latino/Hispanic crowd was restless. It was an uncomfortable situation with the potential for becoming worse when the 15-foot high speakers hanging overhead suddenly started rotating and then blasted forth with an intoxicating rhythm — a groovy 4/4 beat of spicy acoustic guitar, flavored with a percussion line of raw congas.

The crowd became friendly, I began to dance with the strangers around me. We peppered the music with lightning-fast handclaps. A woman next to me smiled seductively and shouted, "This is the most beautiful music I've ever heard."

The concert that followed this musical warm-up was magical, but I'd always wondered who it was that the Palladium DJ had put on his

turntable. Who had cast that spell. I knew I had found them when, months later, I popped a mysterious cassette labeled "Strunz & Farah" into my stereo.

In an attempt to encompass all of what the duo Strunz & Farah produce, record industry types have put them under the label of "World Beat" — a genre so all-encompassing that the personalities of the particular artists are lost. But there is not yet a name for this type of music; founded on gypsy acoustic guitar, accented with Latin, Persian and Mediterranean melodies. Native Costa Rican Jorge Strunz and partner Ardeshir Farah, born in Iran, lead a cosmopolitan band with members from Cuba, Mexico and Africa.

Though Strunz & Farah have developed their speed-racer guitar technique over the last 10 years, their recent album "Primal Magic" is their first recording on the Mesa/

Bluemoon label — and the album has been a successful one, reaching the top spot on Billboard's World Music Chart this month.

The music of "Primal Magic" is a moving mosaic of tropical colors — a sound that inches down your spine and spills through your skin to make your body sway and your mind groove. It is lush with flamenco rhythm, with the charm of music stripped of electronic flash, down to the bare fire of an acoustic instrument brought to life by artistic skill.

Strunz & Farah have gained wide critical acclaim for their ability to speed dangerously down a guitar neck, while cutting close corners on the conga. Performing Friday, Jan. 25 at UCSB in the University Center Pub, Strunz & Farah are guaranteed to intoxicate their audience once again with their multiethnic groove.

— Michelle Ortiz Ray

Culture Week

Have you noticed all the balloons and noise in the University Center this week? The UCen is hosting *Celebration of Cultures Week* this week, which gives you one more reason to hang out there besides Gnarly Nachos and those cool video games. There have been incredible exhibits, dance groups and cultural buffets which let students experience foreign culture without a plane ticket.

One recent afternoon, the percussion beat of *European Gypsy Music* dominated The Pub. These musicians from UCLA actually lived with groups of gypsies in the Balkan states to learn about their music, which sounded like

funky jazz played with uncommon instruments — like the Bulgarian bagpipes.

Another great cultural perspective can be found at the Black lifestyles exhibit by Rod Rolle. His exhibit, *If The Spirit Moves You*, captured aspects of American culture which were so vibrant they were practically alive. A local artist, Rolle graduated from the Brooks Institute. His exhibit is on display through Thursday and is definitely worthwhile. Be sure to ask him about the Outunji village.

Ongoing opportunities to broaden your cultural perspective also await you in the UCen Pavilion, where stu-

dent organizations, such as Indian Students Association and the Tibetan Women's Association will have exhibits through Friday.

Also today are performances by the Indian Sitar Performance Ensemble and a German Polka band coupled with a German Buffet. Pub Night this week will also have a cultural beat when *Makina Loca* graces our stage with a "world beat" sound which combines Central African roots with Brazilian and Cuban elements. Entry is \$1 for students.

As the Celebration of Cultures Week draws to a close, UCSB is left with just a few days to take advantage of the many performances and exhibits. Do it!

— Cynthia Gathman

The Rivals

It has energy. It has strong performances. It has extravagant costumes, clever scene changes and effective sets. Unfortunately, the inherently weak script undermines these efforts.

The Rivals, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, is a romantic comedy, chock-full of witticisms and misunderstandings — not unlike an 18th century British version of *Three's Company*. It's not that *The Rivals* is all bad — it's not. The energy and mere novelty of this production create a pleasurable diversion from daily hassles. However, the script is fairly predictable. I found myself not caring about the characters because I knew their problems would be resolved in Act 2.

Especially fine performances by Gary Best (Capt. Absolute), Christo-



pher Vore (Faulkland) and Gretchen Evans (Mrs. Malaprop) created believable scenes which truly could

have drawn me into the action. For the most part, however, I found myself waiting for the tidy ending I knew was on its way.

Kudos to Robert G. Weiss, the director who did much with little in *The Rivals*, currently showing at the Alhecama Theatre with the Ensemble Theatre Company of Santa Barbara. If an 18th century British sitcom intrigues you, and you need a good dose of escapism, this play will not disappoint. Otherwise, I recommend a movie or a good book.

— Jennifer Adams

TRY THIS ON FOR KICKS BUT NOT

WITHOUT A SAFETY STRAP

Pot Lucky



Television- A Way Of Life Some Can't Live Without, Including Us

Weekend TV Fun

The **Final Part** Of A Two-Part Series On Late Night Television by **Brian Banks**

TV or not TV? That is the question many face when the weekend approaches and a decision must be made. Do I hit the streets looking for a party, or do I watch that really cool show that I've wanted to see? Fortunately, with parties on every block and a virtual smorgasbord of excellent late-night weekend programming, the troubled I.V. resident wins either way.

It seems that even at some parties, though, the television is always turned on at about 11:30 p.m. on Saturday for "Saturday Night Live" on NBC. Now in its 16th season, the revolutionary variety show seems a bit tired, and innovation is no longer its primary goal. The sketches that work are mostly ongoing routines (Wayne's World, Sprokets) and usually feature Michael Meyer, the greatest SNL discovery since Eddie back in the early '80s.

Meyer, just recently made a full-fledged member of the cast, anchors a group of eight or 10 (it depends on what week it is) talented actors who all seem to have the same look on their faces — "When will I break into movies so I can get off this show?" The writing is usually good, but the sketches seem to become worse as the evening goes on. By 12:30, it's time to tune out.

SNL still has big names as hosts and musical guests, but the pairing of the acts is a little odd. Instead of trying to match the host and musician to attract the same type of audience, they mix and match — resulting in the embarrassing Joe Mantegna/Vanilla Ice pairing a few weeks ago.

Since the 12:30-1:00 a.m. slot is fairly weak, I suggest using this time to make a little snack. Take a cookie

(crumbled), a glass of milk, and two tablespoons of tabasco sauce. Combine ingredients and season to taste. Now you're ready for the long haul — the 1:00-6:00 a.m. hours.

Perhaps the most daring, on the edge, and pornographic show ever on television airs at 1:00 a.m. on Channel 13. "The Howard Stern Show" features the New York morning disk jockey in his natural habitat — late night TV where very few Standards & Practices rules exist. It's part talk show, part variety show, but it's 100 percent crude and nasty. A recent show featured "The Lesbian Dating Game," where a New York lesbian vied for a date with one of three lucky bachelorettes.

The highlight of each show, though, is the appearance of a man known only as John the Stutterer. John is an ambitious journalist with a stutter, made fun of by Howard and his co-stars. Each week, we see John interrogate celebrities with some incredibly daring questions. Finding Hall of Famer Ted Williams at a baseball card convention, he asked, "Have you ever accidentally farted in the catcher's face?"

An alternative to network programming at these hours is USA's "Up All Night," a set of two B-movies hosted by Gilbert Gottfried, the comic who seems funny only in this context. On any given Saturday, the viewer can find "Reform School Girls" and "Virgin High" airing back-to-back. The only problem is — and it's a big problem — the nudity, violence and bad language have been cut out for television. Watch at your own risk.

Sunday's late-night programming consists of talk show reruns and — on every channel, it seems — "The New Twilight Zone." The 1991 version of the Rod Serling classic is usually good, but color television takes away much of the show's effectiveness. Turn down the tint on your TV and "The New Twilight Zone" will be much better.

Late Sunday night offers only shows like "Getting Fit" and "Reality Today." Any show with more than two words in the title, I guess, cannot be aired at this hour. Your best bet is to exercise some control — pick up the remote control, hit the off button and go to sleep. After all, it is a school night.

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Intermission

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How To Deal With The War



Yes, The Video Guy knows that there is a war going on. And he also knows that it is a perfectly good excuse not to do your gastronomy lab exercises. It is also a good excuse to play "Hide The Sausage" with any sexually available sentient being in the tri-state area. But most of all, it is an excuse to admit that you *do* like Nelson, seeing as you have already put *After The Rain* on the list of CD's that you are going to take to the bomb shelter.

So what is the point? The point is that while you, My Loyal Video Underlings are thumping, humping, pumping, slumping and otherwise dumping your way to, as Bush put it, "the Nude World Order," I will continue to offer my insight and insoles. I will continue to be sensitive to the sensibilities of chicks. And I will continue to review good, quality product.

A matter a fact, this "Nude World Order" sounded like kind of a good idea. I'll be in the buff with the best of them. Actually, I don't need no stinking war to give my John Thomas some breathing space. For the duration of this Middle East thing, I hereby offer to nude-up with anyone who feels that exposing themselves will make them feel better. Here is all you got to do:

Give me, The Video Guy, a call at the Nexus Office's special **Let It All Hang Out With The Video Guy Hotline** 893-2691, that's 893-2691. We'll make an appointment, you'll show up at my door with a twelve pack of beer, really great beer, like Keystone, we'll lose our garments, and just plain have fun! Heck, who knows, maybe even Trout, who

I hear is very well hung, will get naked with us. Next weeks review will be *School Spirit*, a T&A Tour of Force — in hopes of putting you all in the *sans vetements* mood. That's German for "without clothes." This week, however, we are going to dig into the Video Guy Cult Collection, and pull out **The Warriors**.

It's a movie based on a novel written by Sol Yurick (like that really matters to us) and the thing I liked best about it is that it makes no attempt whatsoever to hide the fact that much of the background music was done on a Casio Keyboard. You see, it was made in those magical times we call the late '70s and, well, you understand.

It is the story of a street gang — The Warriors — and their flight across The Big Apple back to their "turf." The tough part is that they are wrongly accused of killing some big gang guy and every other gang in the city wants to bump them off. It is but another case of art imitating role-playing board games.

The gangs get progressively sillier as the movie goes on, to the point where The Warriors actually encounter a gang that goes by the name of The Baseball Furies. They wear KISS makeup and baseball uniforms.

Now, the way that the gangs identify each other is by their "colors" — the clothes that they wear. The Warriors are parading around brown vests that say "The Warriors" on them. If I were a warrior, and thousands of New York gangs were on my tail, I'd lose the get up, put on some ... what did they wear in the late '70s? Ah ... Maybe some Chemen De Fer Jeans, a Members Only jacket and a pair of Zips. No one would ever figure you out.

I gave this flick a 10 on the Beer-o-Meter because, while there was no actual nudity to speak of, it did star Debi Van Valkenburg, the sister that didn't have the really big Papa Dees in *Too Close For Comfort*.

This is The Video Guy saying, "Make Ham Sandwiches, not War."



This is a common reaction to The Video Guy's lugubrious sense of humor.

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Gunnar Nelson sometimes reads Intermission with his brother Matthew.

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