

TOP TEN ARTS REEFERS of 1986/87

10. The Bigger The Bill, The Bigger The Thrill
9. Jeannie Double Life, Brett Double Chin
8. It's Better To Die On Your Feet Than To Live On Your Knees.
7. This Is The Arts Reefer
6. No Signs of Sobering Up — Fifteen Yards
5. Oh Boy!! 8 Pages O' Good Stuff
4. The Mind Is A Strange And Wonderful Thing
3. It's All Fun And Games 'til Someone Gets Their Eye Put Out
2. Like Fish, The Arts Section Is Wrapped In Newspaper  
— AND TIED FOR THE No. 1 A&E REEFER OF 1986/87 —
1. Boy Trapped In Refrigerator Eats Own Foot To Survive
1. Boy Trapped In Refrigerator Eats Own Foot To Survive

TOP ~~TEN~~ ELEVEN ARTS HEADLINES OF 1986/87

11. Hubba Hubba, These Guys Are The Cat's Pajamas
10. Richard, Look At This
9. Rebel Without Applause
8. Back To The Toilet
7. She Mates, She Kills, She Dies
6. UCSB Lagoon Show Adds Merriment To The Muck
5. Hackman: Nice Set Of Hoosiers
4. Egan Tears Out His Own Liver
3. Aliens Come Twice In Seven Years
2. Drama Department Plug  
— AND TIED FOR THE No. 1 ARTS HEADLINE OF 1987/87
1. (sorta got drunk and forgot this one)
1. "Wall Street Can Eat My Meat"

3. Shit.
2. Fuck.
1. Gnad-pumping.

These are a few examples of the words we *couldn't* print in this year's Arts section. This is our last one. What are they gonna do — fire us?!

Thanks for your patronage.

*Jeannie and Brett*

I would just like to give a more-than-fond farewell to my friend, my foe, my headache, my Tylenol, my co-editor Brett A. Mermer. He may be burnt out enough to graduate and move away from my side, but his red hair is still on fire, and his blue eyes will always ignite my ... mind.

(Someone once said that if I didn't mail any letters, I wouldn't get any back. This isn't the case. Thanks for your diligent correspondence throughout the year, and especially for your response to my seemingly obscure sense of humor.)

And what would life have been without my co-editor, Jeannie Sprecher, this year? Undoubtedly bliss — but a hallow bliss. Light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul — my Sprecher. Anyway....



▲ HOME/LESS

▲ a confrontation

▲ Ginny Brush



■ Concerts

■ Stevie Ray Vaughan

■ Howard Jones



● Replacements

● Rock & Roll

● "Introspective Shit"

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## No Replace for this Band

I must admit I was a little nervous when I heard the new Replacements album, *Pleased to Meet Me*, was out. Since the release of their last album, the phenomenal *Tim*, rumors had been flying that guitarist and certified madman Bob Stinson had been kicked out of the band. Eventually, the truth became known and yes, Stinson's lack of contribution and love for the bottle had forced the other members to give him the boot. After hearing the news, I wondered what good could possibly come from this seemingly tragic turn of events. Would they lose the raw sound, and therefore the source of their strength, or would they try to continue as a three piece? I thought there is no way anyone could find a replacement for a Replacement but could the band cut it without Bob's blazin' guitar? With this myriad of thoughts running through my head and the album in hand, I hurried home to decide if the future of rock-and-roll was still worth waiting for.

The sweat ran down my cheek, my hands trembled, clocks stopped around the world and then the needle hit the vinyl! Immediately the familiar thundering roar of guitars filled the room. My face broke in a smile as all my fears vanished and a new hope filled my heart. The album rocks, the album rolls. It does both at the same time. It's dirty, dissonant, loud, rude, pretty, melodic, and poetic. In short it was *The Replacements*, with all guns loaded and firing, no watered down, milktoast version of a once-great band — nope this is the real stuff, and damn good stuff at that. Not even a major label, professional production, or the loss of Bob could take away that thunder and brilliance.

In a recent interview, lead singer, guitarist, and songwriter Paul Westerberg said the songs on this album were shaping to be more straight-forward rockers than the tunes on *Tim*. "The songs we have now lean towards quasi-'Stink' era, but I'm sure there will be another handful of the more introspective shit." Now the Replacements albums take a few listenings before all the subtle brilliances start showing up, so I listened to the record through a couple dozen times and decided Paul hit the nail right on the head. The album seems to be basically divided between the rockers and the introspective shit. "I.O.U.," "Red Red Wine," "Shootin' Dirty Pool," and "I Don't Know" are all full steam ahead, turn up the volume rockers with plenty of loud, dirty guitar licks, raspy vocals, and that patented Replacements roar. The other side of the coin gives us Paul at his rock visionary best. These series of tunes start off with "Alex Chilton" a song for the Mitch Easter, Don Dixon-esque producer and songwriter. "Nightclub Jitters" gives us Westerberg's philosophy on the whole night-life scene. The beauty of this jazzy number is that it shows his disdain towards the situation but doesn't whine or point fingers while doing so. When Paul sings "it don't matter much, if we keep in touch," he's not condemning, just observing and understanding. The first side finishes off with "Ledge," a song that gives a glimmer of how clean and professional the band could sound if they wanted to. The second side of the record features what are in my opinion the best songs on the album. The first is "Never Mind," a powerful heartfelt tune with a punchy chorus and great singing which is also the first single off the record. *Pleased to Meet Me* ends with two brilliant tunes, the first of which is a beautiful acoustic number which features drummer Chris Mars on foot tap and East Memphis Slim on vibes. Closing the album is "Can't Hardly Wait," a poppy tune that has some of Westerberg's best lyrics — "Jesus rides beside me, but he

never buys any smokes" — and the talents of The Memphis Horns. The three Replacements play almost all the music on the record but are also very effective at using extra musicians to liven up the mix. Vibes, sax, bass flute, trumpet and six stringed bass are

all tossed in at opportune times. This album seems to be a conscious effort on the part of the band to take themselves and their music more seriously. Fortunately, they have also managed to hang onto the raw energy and raunchiness while also showing their smooth and thoughtful side. This is a damn good record and all I can say is, guys, it was my pleasure.  
— Walker "Guitar" Wells

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## Stevie: Ray of Soul

Sure, it seemed harmless. Your basic concert, in a basic town with a basic crowd. But from these inauspicious beginnings sprang quite an explosion Saturday night, as Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble electrified a rowdy audience in the summer premiere of the Santa Barbara County Bowl. As it stands, seeing a concert out under the stars at the bowl is quite a pleasurable experience. Having Stevie Ray Vaughan present to

provide the entertainment in those cozy confines only makes it that much better.

Nestled out amongst the hills, Stevie Ray and his band Double Trouble pumped out two hours of cleanly mean rhythm and blues like only he can, from blistering originals like "You'll Be Mine," to a ten-minute version of Jimi Hendrix' "Voodoo Chile." With characteristic warmth and friendliness, Stevie and bassist Tommy Shannon, keyboardist Reese Wynans and drummer Chris Layton involved the audience, utilizing the whole stage to reach out and strut their stuff.

While they certainly dress the part, usually decked out in wide brimmed hats, flashy boots and suits and plenty of jewelry, the man and his band are far from prima donnas. But they have definitely carved a substantial niche in the often stifling popular music industry (all the way up to the going rate of \$16 for a gotta-have-it tour t-shirt). Since starting out as a guitar prodigy "discovered" by David Bowie and asked to play on Bowie's 1983 *Let's Dance* LP, Stevie Ray Vaughan has gone on to record four critically acclaimed albums and forge an intensely personal musical style and technique.

Stevie and Double Trouble have come of age and it is increasingly evident with each successive tour. Their latest sojourn through the west is in support of a new live album, *Live Alive*, which captures intense live versions of some of the



band's more popular tracks. Saturday's show showcased much of that new release's material, including two of the record's best songs, "Willie the Wimp," and a cover of Stevie Wonder's classic 1973 hit "Superstition."

A characteristically cadaver-like Santa Barbara crowd responded in kind. No, no Bic lighters flickering away in the front rows. The wonderful seats at the bowl provided for this display of audience participation, as seat cushions became projectiles and rained from the night air, coating the stage and giving the band a good laugh.

Stevie reflected back on the incident after the show with a smile, saying that this was one show that in its own strange way was unforgettable. Double Trouble will be continuing on to Los Angeles and then heading up north on their usual hectic touring schedule. But for Stevie Ray Vaughan, it's far from a grind. Playing live is "the best part about this business," he said.

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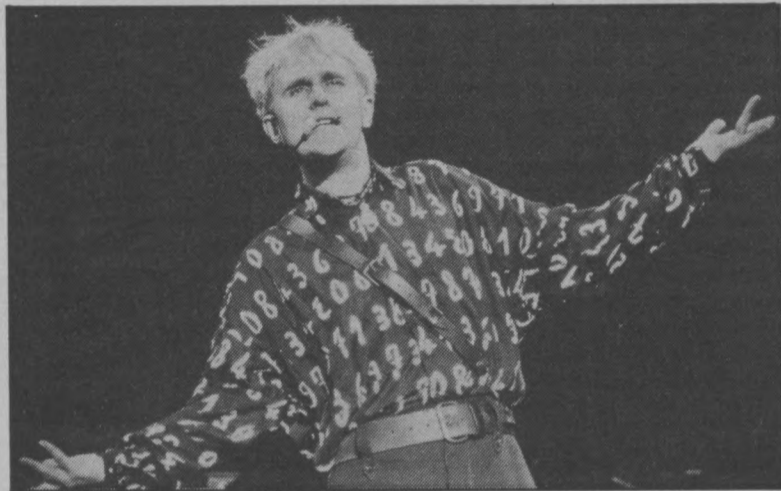
# Sober Graduation '87



## HoJo Improves Limp Disc Live

Looking at Howard Jones' new string of single hits it would seem that things can only get better for this upbeat Englishman. Yet judging from the quality of Jones' third album *One To One*, unfortunately things only sound worse. As his music has become more commercially successful, his art has become increasingly sappier.

Lyricaly, Howard Jones' earlier pieces such as "What is Love" and "No One Is To Blame" were poetic ballads proving Jones to be more than a mechanical synthesist. On his new album, however, his lyrics



was a nice night. Not brilliant as I've seen HoJo before, but there might be hope that the composer will shed the wings of the popman, one day.

We couldn't see the opening band because the record company was fussy about their tickets; funny when they want publicity for new bands and they won't let you in on time. Well we weren't disappointed, with a name like Frozen Ghost one would suspect a very short and cold history.

— Laurie L. McCullough

have become more meaningless in a seeming attempt to be more meaningful. It is not so much a case of selling out — the favorite word to criticize musicians able to sell their music — as much as it is a case of accessibly weak song writing.

Fortunately for fans attending the HoJo concert at the Arlington last week, the quality of the new album was not as apparent as the crowd's willingness to dance to some rhythmic beats and sing along to some repeating, if not memorable words. Incredibly weak songs on vinyl like "Give Me Strength" were saved and enlivened by gospel-style backing vocals. It seems Jones has been listening to some Black Uhuru and Spyrogyra as much of the live music has lengthened choruses and some jazz-influenced chords.

As a forerunner in the use of the synthesizer in all aspects of recording, Howard Jones was previously adamant about remaining a one-man-band. In his early Santa Barbara shows he played all the instruments via programmed keyboards, as well as performing vocals. On his last tour, however, Jones added a bassist, an apeman stand-up drummer, and the incredible three woman backing vocal group, Afroziak. The move to work with a band has given him a freedom in his vocal work as well as allowing him to get closer to the audience by not being wrapped up in a circular keyboard set-up. On the *One To One* tour he has further expanded the group by moving his brother,

Martin Jones to back-up keyboards (thank-you) and adding an incredible bassist, "Jingles." The change has not affected his music as much as it has improved the quality of performance that can now get more attention in his concerts.

Howard Jones has always been somewhat of a ham and, with the accompaniment of mime/dancer Jed Holie, theatrics and imagery played an important part in Wednesday's concert. The show opened with Holie and Jones dressed up in paper-mache Ninjamic costumes having a sword fight with much dry ice. It was an ironic effect for a man who has based much of his writing and ethics on pacifism and the individual's duty in a troubled world. But I love Jed Holie. During the song "Conditioning" he came out with another paper-mache mask that looked like a nightmare from Binky's closet. He's a goofy dancer that has become as much a part of Jones' concerts as now old favorite hits "Pearl In the Shell" and "New Song."

The performance quality of Jones and his band is what saved some of the more mediocre songs, but the true highlights of the concert were the strengths of both ballads and cover songs. The Arlington theatre is great venue for ballads. I was amazed; people actually sat down and listened. Combined with a screaming rendition of The Beatles classic "A Day In the Life" and the anthemic "What a Beautiful World This Would Be" by Donald Fagan, it

## University Art

The University Art Museum is pleased to announce the *Annual Undergraduate Exhibition*, scheduled from June 3 through June 14. A reception honoring these students will take place Tuesday, June 2 from 5 to 7 p.m. in the Museum. The public is invited.

Works to be exhibited have been selected throughout the academic year by Art Studio faculty. All media (painting, drawing, printmaking, photography, sculpture and other three-dimensional work such as ceramics and in-

stallations) will be represented.

UCSB's student exhibitions are always innovative, colorful and guaranteed to contain visual surprises. In short, the student whose works are selected are motivated and hard working. There is energy in this group.

The University Art Museum, located on the UCSB campus in the Arts Building complex, is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 to 4, Sundays 1 to 5, and closed Mondays.

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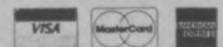
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## Brush with Homeless

There is something sprouting in the art world today, in this time of pop charities and hip causes, that is taking attention away from the ever popular "useless" art of isms and focusing on contemporary statements and purpose.

In a sense, the art of advertising has come into play as legitimate art. Many times, however, there is a negative connotation attached to what could be construed as exploitation of the people involved in these tragedies that artists portray. Most harmful is a total inundation of the matter in the public eye — pushing anti-apartheid like *Big Macs* — to the point where we are anaesthetized to the issue all together. When we looked across the breakfast table at photos of lost children plastered on milk cartons for a month or two, our eyes dried, and we went back to memorizing the backs of our cereal boxes.

I hate to sound flip, but I am someone who has been amused and bemused by these causes that have a faster fashion turn-over than skirt length. A few of the more trendy crisis' are missing children, hunger, apartheid, and lest we forget Santa Barbara's personal favorite — the homeless.

Last Tuesday evening I attended the opening of an exhibition that bore the title of one such current concern — HOME/LESS: a photographic installation by first year graduate student, Ginny Brush. I was set to see another wall of cliches, of surface scratching, of the expired artistic license. But what I was confronted with OPENED MY EYES, my rose-colored eyes. Brush's approach to this issue was thorough and thoughtful and was taken from the ground level of intense research and dedication up to a rare grasp and understanding.

This exhibition cannot be reviewed on the surface, items other than composition and color must be discussed. The final show raises questions about a variety of things: of course, the plight of the homeless, but even a more controversial, the combination of art and news. Does it belong in a gallery? Is it art? Yes, it's that question again, but in a much

different context. I'm not asking about a cigarette butt smashed expressively into a crimson red canvas called "Extinguished Love." I'm not asking about no context, I'm talking about all context.

Let me address the latter, first. Brush's endeavor really did the improbable. She successfully combined art and news, her works are informative, have more aesthetic qualities than I've seen in "useless" art lately, and they most definitely belong in an art gallery.

Each piece consists of primarily three items: a black-and-white photograph, factual text, and a suitcase with a recorded message by each image. Now for some detail.

The photographs are larger-than-life portraits of a select group of people — some alone, some with their families, and all homeless. They have a feeling of detachment — from society, from our day-to-day existence — through Brush's use of a blank background. They appear to float hopelessly in space, with no surroundings to call their own. Brush used a 35mm camera rather than a larger format, so the photos would not be too polished, so the figures would soften when the viewer moved in closer.

Hanging over each photograph is a window blind printed with appropriate text for the related picture: "Twenty one percent of those that are homeless are homeless with other members of their family." "Thirty eight percent of the homeless have chronic problems with drugs and/or alcohol." The text is hard fact, usually removed from specific individuals, and it bounces provokingly off of the vulnerable faces.

Brush consciously chose to print the information on blinds. For her they represent an interior/exterior space which is a re-occurring theme in this work. She also wants the viewer to consider the true purpose of blinds: they are used when you don't want people to look in, and more importantly, they hide faces and facts that people just don't want to see.

Hanging beside each photograph is a suitcase, with a built-in, recorded message from the pictured homeless. Their personal statements contrast the removed, cold facts printed on the blinds and do a successful job of uniting these usually separated entities — people tend not to join news headlines with real life, and when they see people lying on the street they tend not to connect them to the headlines — to the bigger picture. The voices bring the still faces to life and give their predicaments validity and sentiment. Their voices emerge from (See HOME/LESS, p.7A)

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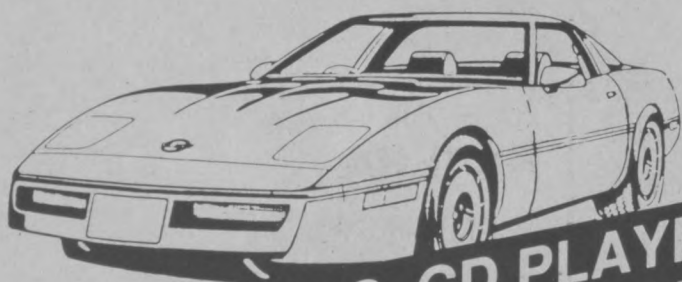
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# Arresting the Gullable Public

FRED: OK. *Beverly Hills Cop* is a hit. Thanks to Eddie Murphy it's the ninth largest grossing movie of all time. What do we do about it?  
 NED: Uh, we make a sequel?  
 FRED: That's it, a sequel! What an idea! We can make it just like the first one. Only this time we'll get a bigger budget, with more guns and stars and...  
 NED: But won't we need a plot?  
 FRED: Oh, yeah. Well, how about this. We'll have somebody get gunned down, only this time we'll make it one of his buddies from Beverly Hills so he can drop out from the middle of an undercover operation in Detroit to rush out there and save the day.  
 NED: You mean we're going to kill a member of the cast?  
 FRED: No, no, no. We'll, we'll make it the police chief who came up with the big lie at end of the last one, Ronnie Cox's character, and we'll just wound him enough to put him in a coma so he can't tell anyone about the ring of crooks he was about to crack down on when they decided to try to waste him.  
 NED: I get it. That way Eddie can team up with the other two cops, John Ashton and Judge Reinhold and make fun of them while they're cracking the case.  
 FRED: Yeah, but this time let's give the other guys some character so they don't get boring. We can have John Ashton go through a separation so that will give him a reason for being uptight so Eddie can loosen him up.  
 NED: And the wimpy one, Judge Reinhold, is getting pretty popular on his own now. Maybe we can give him a bigger part, you know, like maybe make him a repressed "Rambo" so he's got both a collection of plants and automatic

rifles at home.  
 FRED: That's a good idea; everybody will laugh at him trying to fire off submachine guns and bazookas. And just to make things even tighter, we can give the Beverly Hills police department a new supervisor who is just a total wimp but who loves to abuse power and fire people left and right so Ashton and Reinhold will have to go against him to help out Eddie.  
 NED: How about the bad guy?  
 FRED: We just need somebody who can stand around and glare real hard. And who can give the orders to have someone killed with the same care that he'd order the soup and salad combo at a restaurant.  
 NED: And his right hand man can just be this huge, overpowering guy who towers head and shoulders above everybody else. How about the guy who played the Russian in *Rocky IV*? That'll be a real challenge for Axel.  
 FRED: That's good; the only problem is I think he's working on some other movie, *Masters of the Universe* or something. But how about this for a twist, we'll get a female hitperson. Yeah, that's it; we'll get the girl who played his wife in *Rocky IV*, Brigitte Nielsen, you know, Stallone's wife. I bet we can work in a whole bunch of wild pick up lines for Eddie to use on her!  
 NED: And she can lead all of the robberies, and we can make them all super violent with lots of guns and action. I mean, audiences like the action stuff in the first one, didn't they?  
 FRED: Of course they did, and they'll want even more this time around, and they'll want more wild situations for Eddie to get out of,

LOTS more.  
 NED: But what about the story and plot structure? Shouldn't it kind of be believable, or at least make sense?  
 FRED: Are you kidding?!? Who needs plot when you've got Eddie and a hilarious supporting cast and villains who look as evil as the ones we're getting. Throw in all the high tech weaponry and the action packed shootouts and...  
 NED: And what?  
 FRED: I've GOT IT, Ned! The clincher! This one will make *Cop II* the biggest movie of the year for sure. Who do we know who's a red hot director who knows how to handle all those fast action scenes perfectly? I'll tell you who, Tony Scott, the guy who directed *Top Gun*, that's who! We get him to direct and the audience will forget all about plot; they'll be too busy just catching up with all the insane situations and wild gunfight and chase scenes! I tell you, this is going to be hot!  
 NED: Sure, sounds good, I guess. I mean, we'll make more money and we'll be giving the audience what they want, right?  
 FRED: You bet we will, you bet, Ned! I'm telling you, we're performing a community service; we're giving just what they want to see, the opportunity to see Eddie and the gang outsmart the system and bring in the bad guys! And if we happen to bring in a profit, there's no harm in that. It can't miss; I'm telling you, Ned, we've got a hit on our hands!  
*Beverly Hills Cop II* is playing at the Arlington Center at 1317 State St. in Santa Barbara and at the Cinema Twin at 6050 Hollister Ave. in Goleta.

— Kent Silveira

## Homeless

(Continued from p.6A)

these portable homes — the only substantial part of their existence. The suitcases are worn and weathered, and chosen for their deeper meaning and for their surface, aesthetic quality. The handles are purposefully left standing, to leave the viewer with the tactile presence of their purpose.  
 I don't know whether or not the placement of the suitcases was a preconceived, conscious decision, but I very much enjoyed watching the direct viewer participation. The voices coming out of the cases are just soft enough, and the cases are hung just low enough so the viewer is forced to crouch down, even kneel, and put his/her ear to the side of the tattered surface. I've never seen such direct involvement with these people, a newspaper article does not put you cheek to cheek with the people, with the problem.  
 I have quipped a great deal lately about appropriation, about framed toilets and plagiarism. But Brush has appropriated in the manner which the art gods had written. Granted, she took a suitcase, not a piece of art to you and me, but she altered them sufficiently and presented them in terms of their surface beauty, their aged, shellacked, canvas quality.

She gave them the same presence of worth as one would the refurbished work of a master.

Since sound is one of the rarest things one will find at an art opening, the messages heard left a deeply etched impression. And since voice has a power that the written word lacks, I won't attempt to reiterate in type what the



homeless people confessed with honesty and conviction.

I hate when movie reviews reveal the entire plot of the film, and for this, I will stop short before I tell you that the butler did it. The taped portion of this show is by far its most unique feature — the exception to the wine and cheese voyeur's rule of art openings.

What I should tell you, that you won't know by seeing the show, is the way that Brush went about this hefty project. She didn't just walk

down the streets of Santa Barbara and say, "Oh, this looks like a homeless person." She didn't want her biases involved in choosing the models; she wanted to remain objective toward their situations and their lives. So, she went through various local shelters, and had them contact the homeless people they were aware of. Brush then met them on neutral ground, told them exactly what she had in mind and got their approval before she infringed on any of their personal stories.

Her approach to the people and the project is typified in this caring and concern. Brush accomplished quite a bit with this project — she got much of the community involved by making it a collaborative effort, took a giant step in linking one of this community's biggest concern with the community itself, and she did so in a context that reaches those other than the hardcore philanthropists. Although the Almost Home cookies Brush served at the opening won't last, her statement will, and should be strongly considered as a permanent portion of the archival history of Santa Barbara.

HOME/LESS is on exhibition through June 19. Live, let live, and learn — see the show.

— Jeannie Sprecher

### Soon to be Fired Editor

Jeannie Sprecher

### Newly Fired Assistant Editor

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**GRANADA THEATRE** 1216 State St., S.B. 963-1671

1. ISHTAR (PG13) 5, 7:25, 9:50:  
 2. SECRET OF MY SUCCESS (PG13) 5:25, 7:50, 10:15:  
 3. GARDENS OF STONE (R) 5:30, 8, 10:25:

**FIESTA 4** 916 State St., S.B. 963-0781

1. OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE 5:45, 9:45:  
 TIN MEN (R) 7:45:  
 2. PROJECT X (PG) 5:15, 7:30, 9:45:  
 3. HOLLYWOOD SHUFFLE (R) 6, 8, 10:  
 4. ARISTOCATS (G) 5:00:  
 CREEP SHOW II (R) 6:45, 8:30, 10:15

**RIVIERA** 2044 Alameda Padre Serra, S.B. 965-6188

**WORKING GIRLS (R)** 7:15, 9:15:

**PLAZA DEL ORO** 349 S. Hitchcock Way, S.B. 682-4936

1. RAISING ARIZONA (PG13) 5:30, 7:30, 9:30:  
 2. WAITING FOR THE MOON (PG) 5:40, 7:35, 9:30:

**GOLETA THEATRE** 320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta 683-2265

**BLIND DATE** 5:20, 9:25:  
**PROJECT X (PG13)** 7:15:

**CINEMA TWIN** 6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta 967-9447

1. BEVERLY HILLS COP II 5:30, 7:45, 10:  
 2. BEVERLY HILLS COP II 5:30, 7:45, 10:

**FAIRVIEW TWIN** 251 N. Fairview, Goleta 967-0744

1. ERNEST GOES TO CAMP (PG) 5, 7, 9:15:  
 2. CHIPMUNK ADVENTURE 4:30, 6:00:  
 SECRET OF MY SUCCESS 7:25, 9:30

**MISSION THEATRE** 618 State St., S.B. 962-8616

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1. CREEP SHOW II 8:25:  
 EXTREME PREJUDICE (R) 10:00  
 2. DOLLS 8:35:  
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