

By Debi Howell
Artswriter

Upholding justice can be an ugly and dangerous business. But on April 15, 1986, three Los Angeles policemen were ready. "We have a victim," declares L.A. Deputy District Attorney Michael Guarino. There was a search warrant. There was a six man back-up, compliments of the San Francisco police department. There was free airfare to San Francisco, and a Clint Eastwood Film Festival at Alcatraz no self-respecting cop would miss. On April 15, 1986, these nine policemen were on a mission for ... a PENIS POSTER!

"Harmful matter?" For those not familiar with the case, here's the story. *Frankenchrist* is the name of the Dead Kennedy's third album, in which a poster by Swiss artist H.R. Giger was included. This horrific

poster, "Landscape #20, Where Are We Coming From?" was seen by lead singer Jello Biafra as "the consumer culture on parade", therefore a perfect complement to the *Frankenchrist* album. The poster was seen by the L.A. District Attorney's office as pornographic, therefore a perfect complement to California State penal code 313.1, "Distribution of Harmful Matter to Minors." While the law is shrouded in vagaries, the punishment leaves NO questions. If convicted, Biafra and the other four defendants could face a year in jail, and a \$2,000 fine.

"Biafra deals with story grubbing journalists." Nearly one year later, the *Frankenchrist* Five trial is far from resolved. The American Civil Liberties Union rallied to the defense of the five, saying the charge violated first amendment rights of freedom of speech. On February 11 this contention was made in a demurrer hearing which failed — the judge ruled that the first amendment did not protect the five from

prosecution.

Biafra has his spiel down pat, after a long year of dealing with us story grubbing journalists.

"How about an update?" I ask.

"OK, let's see, uh..." Biafra sighs into the dictaphone, "Superior Court turned down our demurrer, so now a writ of prohibition has been filed with the California court of appeals. It may or may not mean a stay for the arraignment ... which is still scheduled for April 13. And that will be a long one," Biafra says.

"So you don't even know when the trial is going to be yet?"

"Oh no, it might not be till 1988. That's the new prediction ... from Carol Sobel of the L.A. ACLU."

Needless to say, another year of "fighting for my right to exist" doesn't excite Biafra. Biafra's attorney, Richard Scott, feels that they have an excellent chance of winning this precedent-setting case. And thanks to financial support, via the "No More Censorship Defense Fund," Biafra's record company, Alter-

native Tentacles, is still alive.

"The chilling factor" But guess what music fan ... you've already LOST! There's an insidious form of De Facto Censorship that has crept into the aisles of your favorite chain record store. Ayup—check for yourself. Start by going to Wherehouse records on upper State Street. Wherehouse was an original defendant in the case, but when they "cooperated and pulled Dead Kennedy's from the shelves," they were dropped from the suit. And although that nasty old penis poster was pulled out of the album to avoid further hassles, *Frankenchrist* stayed off the shelves. And guess what joined *Frankenchrist* in exile? ALL of the old DK's material! *Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables* ... GONE! *Plastic Surgery Disasters*, *In God We Trust, Inc* ... GONE! ALL records, tapes, and CD's by the DK's, that Wherehouse has traditionally carried, were yanked off the shelves. They even pulled out the plastic album separator with the

Dead Kennedy's name on it!

Take note: This is NOT because of peaked interest—the corporate office of Wherehouse records admits that all DK's music was pulled permanently. "We're not censors," the manager of Wherehouse records confides. "It's not like we're against freedom of speech or anything. We just have to protect ourselves." The manager remains anonymous and Wherehouse employees are strictly forbidden to talk to members of the press. He talked because I pretended to be a concerned, albeit pushy fan ... (yeah, a la Mike Wallace and crew, I've been taking notes!)

"Big brother was here" Licorice Pizza isn't exempt from corporate dictates, either. In fact, on your way from the visit with Big Brother at Wherehouse, stop by Licorice Pizza. Julie Aumus, LP's manager, openly acknowledges the presence of the chill-factor. "Where's *Frankenchrist*?" I ask. "We just stopped getting it," she replies flatly. No memo from the corporate (See R.I.P., p.4A)

WARNING!
The inside fold-out to this record cover is a work of art by H.R. Giger that some people may find shocking, repulsive or offensive.
Life can sometimes be that way.

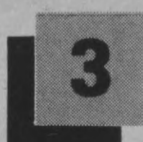
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Bossman's Left Foot:
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Bossman:
"Stu" Sprecher

Firecrackers in Mid-March

On Friday, April 3 at 8 p.m. the Ensemble Theatre opened Lanford Wilson's play, "A Fifth of July," which will continue through May 16. The story takes place in Lebanon, Missouri in the Talley house in 1977. Four of the eight characters are reunited from the '60s where they first met at Berkeley.

It's not so much the plot that makes this performance by Mr. Wilson a success, but his style which conveyed the characters' lines with feeling. Interruptions, voices drifting off while remembering, or talking all at once and no one paying any attention to anyone else — it was all like a family sitting in a TV room just being a family. As Rex Reed wrote in the Daily News, "Characters don't wait for the end of sentences: they impregnate their own pauses."

At first I was depressed by the characters because I saw their unfulfilled dreams and their erratic lives. But Lanford Wilson has a talent for perceiving characters as they naturally are. His characters are human and their imperfections are revealed as they show how they think and feel. Ken (Remi Sandri) is a crippled Vietnam vet who is gay. He finds himself in the late '70s with even his desire to teach shattered, and is like a recluse to the old Talley house. June (Katheleen Hoffman), Ken's sister, who once supported the anti-Vietnam peace movement now spends her time trying to raise her illegitimate adolescent daughter. Gwen (Nina Ryne) is a loudmouthed character with a flamboyant personality. She takes whatever drug is in style, as she goes for the top in her Nashville singing career. John (Craig Taylor Peoples) is Gwen's husband who Ken used to have the hots for. John used to be a radical also, but now he is a

businessman who supports Gwen's singing. These four characters live in the past and are scraping together what they can to carry on for their future. Each strikes a chord of tender seriousness in the audience's heart, but the added touch of humor keeps the story effectively light. Sally (Rojan Disparte) stands for the older generation. While Ken wants to sell the family mansion, Sally prefers to keep it for cherished memories. On the other hand there are three who represent the youngest generation. Wes (John Kelley) is a hippie that relates life to things he has read in books; Jed (Dan Lavery) — Ken's lover who works well with plants; and Shirley (Georgia Emelin), June's overdramatic daughter who believes she will be famous in the arts one day and save the family name from disgrace.

My favorite character was Gwen. I liked the way she stormed across stage with that boisterous mouth of hers, not afraid of showing others who she was. This aspect of her personality was commendable.

This show was directed by Robert Weiss, the Artistic Director, who designed the set with Jonathan Sabo. Carol Sherry designed the costumes, which were so appropriate for the setting of the play. The lighting design was done by Theodore Dolas, and the photography was done by Christopher Gardner.

"A Fifth of July" will be running at the Alhecama Theatre, which is located on 914 Santa Barbara Street. The play will be presented April 3 through May 16 at 8 p.m. Wednesday to Saturday; 7 p.m. Sundays on April 5, 12, 19, 26, and 2 p.m. on Sundays, May 3 and 10.

— Heather Shaw

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You just got your black clothes back from the dry cleaners, and now you're ready for the Messiest Show on Earth. Skinny Puppy will appear at Ahzz on Wed 15 at 8pm. Admission is \$8 and is brought to you by Rockpile Records. This band has been described as a "hellish mixture of Alice Cooper, Joy Division, Captain Beefheart, and Ultravox."

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FIREHOSE RAGIN' FULL ON

FIREHOSE will headline a benefit for the "No More Censorship Defense Fund" for Jello Biafra and the "Frankencrist Five" on April 12th, from 5 — 11 pm. in the Old Gym. Also playing will be SST artists DC-3, and local bands Alice Fell, Common Sense and Red Fish Blue. Tickets — \$6 presale, \$8 day of the show, available at Rockpile Records, Sound Factory, Morninglory Music, and the A.S. Ticket Office.

It seems fitting that the birth of *FIREHOSE* should be as unconventional as that of the Minutemen.

"Hello, is this Mike Watt of the Minutemen?"

"Yeah, who's this?"

"Um, well, uh, this is Ed. I live in Ohio...and I understand you might be auditioning guitar players."

"What? Well, no, not really. Who told you that?"

"Well, you know, this band was here last night, and they said..."

"Yeah, well...look, you ever seen the Minutemen?" inquired Watt.

"Twice, and blah blah blah," raved Ed.

"Yeah? But what did you like about us?" Watt posed.

"Blah blah blah," Ed continued, searching for the "right thing" to say.

Well, you sound like a nice guy and everything, but I don't know about the band. See, I haven't been doing much music lately. Can you send me a tape?"

"I'll fly out to LA first thing Monday, I'll call you when I get there," continued Ed.

"Uh, look, I don't know...a tape. Could you send me a—"

"Okay, great. I'll call you Monday. Thanks. Bye."

Poor ole Mike Watt. When he's 12 years old, this kid named D. Boon dropped out of tree and onto his back — they were best friends ever since. As teenagers, Watt and Boon would spend their time playing guitars in "redneck" San Pedro. Then they "learned punk rock in Hollywood" and, together with George Hurley, formed the Minutemen. These self-described "corndogs" defied categorization. *LA Times* critic Richard Cromelin called the Minutemen, "one of the most musically daring and politically acute bands in America." They took diverse genres — jazz, punk, funk, rock, folk — and mixed them into tunes

that whirled, twirled and raged. D. Boon played lead guitar and sang out the lyrics that used insight and intelligence to take on topics from Vietnam to Corona beer.

Keeping up with big D. Boon was no easy task, but Hurley and Watt met the call. With Hurley on drums and Watt on bass, the trio was perfectly balanced. Besides the music, the Minutemen were really something special. They were genuine; they had soul. These Pedro corndogs played like they meant it. Watt feels the Minutemen "wasn't a musician-type thing." The band was instead based on fraternity and friendship. The Minutemen's last album, *Three Way Tie For Last* was a tribute to



(Left to right) George Hurley, Mike Watt, (on top) Ed FROMOHIO.

that idea of three "dudes", all equals, up there speaking their minds.

D. Boon died in a car crash in December 1985. Watt was devastated.

"I didn't want to do anything. I didn't want to play anymore. No bass, no guitar, nothing," he said. "See, I relied on him emotionally. I used to look over there and I thought if he was up there, anybody could be up there. He was inspiring, I got to tell you...I didn't really need inspiration. He was the reason I played." Watt could barely bring himself to go out of the house, much less D. Boon's funeral. Kira, former bassist for Black Flag, got Watt out of the house and back into the land of the living. They put a band together called Das, but Watt had no intention of starting up another Minutemen.

Ed Crawford had other ideas though, and the kid from Ohio wasn't easily discouraged. Armed with a plane ticket, Watt's phone number, and a third-hand (false) rumor that Minutemen were

auditioning, Crawford flew out to California.

"I couldn't believe this guy would come out here," Watt laughs. "He was stumbling through our tunes; I thought, 'the audacity!'" Crawford had only been playing the guitar for one self-taught year, and had never been on stage, but Watt had a hunch about the pesky Crawford. "I thought, 'That's what the Minutemen were all about — giving anybody a chance.' This kid really impressed me. I thought since he had the gumption, more spirit instead of the careerist thing, people would see I was legitimately starting over."

Crawford packed up and left Ohio and came to California to live under Watt's desk, learning everything that Watt could teach him about electric guitar. Watt called up Hurley and told him about Crawford. Hurley responded, "(Watt), I've been waiting for you..."

FIREHOSE's first album, *Ragin' Full On*, is outrageous. This shedding vinyl proves two things — *FIREHOSE* was worth the wait, and Crawford was worth the gamble. *FIREHOSE* is not the Minutemen, nor do they aspire to be. D. Boon can't be replaced, Watt asserts, but it seems obvious that the "torch has been passed." Jazz-funk stand out strongly on *Ragin' Full On*, and lyrics seem more introspective, rather than the hard-line political stances of many Minutemen songs. And you better believe that the rhythm section of Watt and Hurley is a welcome sound! This is one of those albums that you just can't bring yourself to stop playing — it's got the ballads, it's got the "ragers." There are the wildly flailing bass lines by Watt, and Hurley's bag of percussory tricks is never exhausted. Genuinely great music.

Vinyl is one thing, the test is live performance. I ventured down to LA to see the guys of *FIREHOSE*

play McCabe's. To use their own "SST-speak," the "dudes were fuckin' phenomenal." The hour set was tight and polished and great! *FIREHOSE* isn't a spin-off of the

Minutemen, except in one way, they are genuine. They've got soul and integrity and you'll feel totally great after you listen to them.

— Debi Howell



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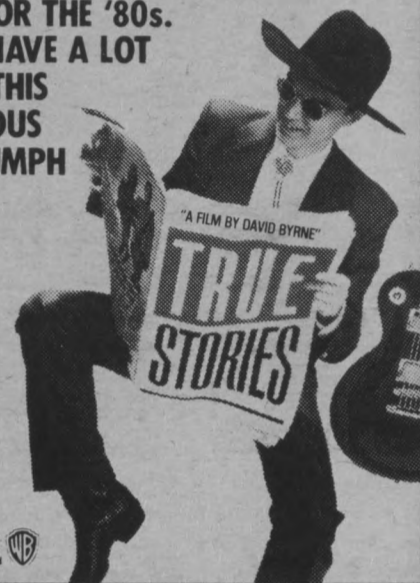
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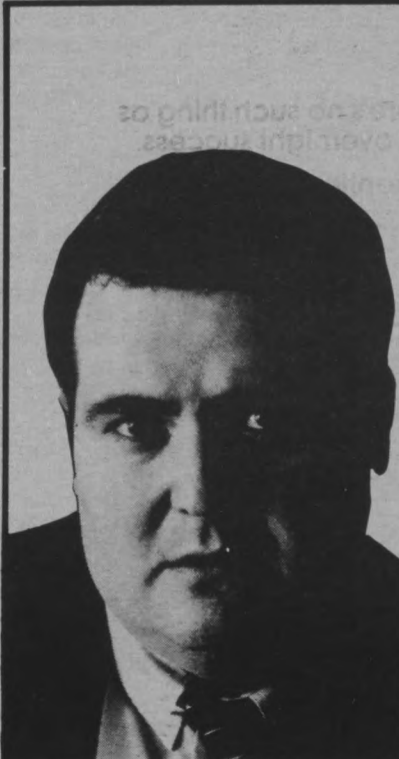
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Farewell to Charms

And the letters keep coming. The question on every taster's tongue stands: "What happened to the weekly wine reviews?"

The majority of our readers have never met the suave and colourful chap behind the words of wine wisdom, but I think I can speak for most when I say that Anthony Borges' advice for the novice "sipper" and his unassuming British charm will be greatly missed.

So, what did happen? Was he fired? Did he jump on the wagon? Or did he just know too much for his own good?

None of the above. Wine reviewer, taster, and corker extraordinaire, Anthony Borges, was deported over spring break. Well, almost.

I recently spoke with Doug Margerum, owner of the Wine Cask, and the man who was responsible for initially bringing Mr. Borges to America. His account of the series of events that followed Borges' arrival to the California wine capital of the world will both shock and amaze you.

The facts in this case are still a bit hazy, for an "almost" deportation order issued from such a high governmental level is securely guarded; information such as this in the wrong hands could be grape-grower's suicide.

Margerum was hesitant in disclosing any facts when I first approached him in his wine preaching pulpit above the store, but with each pleading letter of disbelief from Borges' fans he read, Margerum slowly opened up until he finally poured us some vino, and spilled his guts.

Apparently, as clearly as I could make out, Borges came to California (specifically the Wine Cask) to "learn about California wine, wine making, and marketing." In the months that followed, Borges did indeed learn. Although forbidden to drive the delivery truck, due to his somewhat illegal state of residency, he soon learned how to uncork some of the finest, and eventually mastered the techniques of swirling, sniffing and sipping.

When questioned further, Margerum admitted to hiring two English "aliens" prior to this Borges scandal, and came clean to his initially selfish motives: "The alien will hopefully go forth and sell California wines, thus helping our crippling trade deficit and helping the slumping California wine industry."

When you get right down to it, Borges was a modern day hero, a champion of do-good, a man of truth and justice. (Close friends

even suggest that they spied a big letter "B" scrawled across his chest.) It was Borges' quest for "doin' it the right way" that brought the final Pinot Noir crashing to his feet, staining his chances of living out the American Dream.

Borges was issued a standard six-month visa from Maggie herself, and arrived bright-eyed and naive-as-hell to this land of opportunity on September 15, 1986. Doug Margerum and his lovely wife Laurel put up him and his girlfriend, Debbie, until they could find suitable housing. (Hopes of suitable housing looked grim, so they opted for a place in Isla Vista.)

Debbie A. Snaith, alleged girlfriend of Borges, was his main reason for coming to the States. He wanted to "make sure she didn't get into any trouble." Ms. Snaith has been living in seclusion since this tragedy struck, but I managed to catch up with her yesterday at Woolworth's, hitting the soda fountain pretty hard. "This whole affair has driven me over the brink," Snaith commented. "I've been drinking my way through each day, and these chocolate malteds are killing my figure." Indeed, the Borges "almost" deportation has affected some more than others; this is a true

life, pound-a-day tragedy of the worst proportions. Snaith's courage and forced optimism is heroic. "I'm really quite lucky," she uttered, "due to Anthony's involvement with the wine industry, I have no desire to go pub crawling, or to even look at alcohol. I've just been drowning myself in a chocolate hell."

According to Snaith, Borges went to Mexico, not to buy blankets and paper mache pinatas, but to renew his soon-to-expire six-month visa. He was acting on the advice of an on-campus Immigration Advisor for International Students. It was her suggestion that he leave the country — a.k.a. Mexico — and renew his visa as he re-entered the United States. Unfortunately life is not so simple, and Mexican authorities were not willing to let Borges back into America. They thought he was trying to enter illegally, and tried to get him to sign a document stating these criminal tendencies before he was deported. Borges refused to sign. They requested that Snaith post enough money so Borges could leave directly from Mexico, but were then forced to allow him to return only for the few remaining days on his original visa to pack and kiss a heart-broken Debbie good-bye. "We were misinformed by the on-campus advisor," stated Snaith, "Everytime we tried to do things the right way, everything

went wrong."

Snaith relived the past few months as we spoke. Anthony and Debbie lived on a cloud. She attended UCSB, and he worked heartily at the Wine Cask, sharing his knowledge with the Arts and Entertainment readers through his in-depth articles and critiques. You may recall some of his more famous articles such as, "Char-donnay," or "Colour and Tannin;" lest we forget the revealing "Rotten Grapes, Great Wines" and his thought-provoking, controversial "Wine Psychology."

Yes, Anthony Borges is not a man who will soon be forgotten. His presence filled the already vibrant wine community with verve, and his absence has left a g(r)aping cavity in the lives of all who were fortunate enough to meet him. I speak for others (and I usually do), in wishing him great success his future endeavors. Rumor has it that his luck is already changing, for he has recently announced his engagement to Ms. Snaith who is returning to England after the term is up. Anthony has already found work back home, and is saving enough for the upcoming wedding. One last bit of advice, my good man, although the weather is great this time of year, don't plan a Puerta Vallarta honeymoon.

Cheers.

—Jeannie Sprecher,
Arts Editor

Seats in Rare Form

Paul Tuttle, Design and the '80s, University Art Museum, March 4 — April 18.

According to designer Paul Tuttle, in every exhibition there is a "Funny Chair," but this says something about the conservatism of his audience and his general politeness. His "Funny Chair" is certainly the most interesting. It is made of curved metal elements and foam rubber balls colored black, silver, red and green. Unfortunately, at the exhibition, it is impossible to find out whether this arrangement is comfortable, though I presume it is, for designer Paul Tuttle gives the impression of being someone who would not foist a chair on someone that he himself could not sit on for two, three or four hours.

I did get a slightly uneasy feeling at the show. When confronted with all these "comfy" chairs, the natural reaction is to want to sit down. I, for one, looked uneasily around me for a chair of more boring proportions and bad craftsmanship which would indicate in this situation that it was functional.

Sadly, I had to persuade my mind to alter its preconditioned "chair" response and change to a slightly unusual, "stand and look at chair," function. With so many chairs around, the experience was bound to be one of slight frustration.

Tuttle's design is in the main modern tradition which spread, or was forced abroad, when the Bauhaus was disbanded by the Nazis. Alvin Lustig, a Bauhaus disciple, briefly taught Tuttle at the Art Center in Los Angeles until he discovered that Tuttle couldn't draw and got rid of him. But he promptly hired Tuttle to work in his office, where perhaps the need for drawing wasn't so great.

In any case, through Lustig, Tuttle learned to analyze the requirements of a design and understand the uses of various materials.

Personalized Tuttle designs cost from \$750 to \$2000, but being a perfectionist Tuttle frequently cuts into his profits to make his works as well as possible. He lives in Carpinteria and the work in the show was made by local craftsmen

Bud Tulls from Solvang, Mark Cornish and Eric Franklin. Their craftsmanship, Tuttle finds, rivals that of Switzerland's finest, a tie with which he has had close associations.



Despite knowing Lustig, or perhaps because of it, Tuttle claims to be self-taught, and refers to himself simply as "designer." He feels that this gives him a certain freedom to design anything. Many of his designs have been specifically for individual

situations and individual people. A lady in Montecito received a table with 28 legs to fit her cliff-top apartment, and an invalid needed and received a writing table with wheels.

The tubular chair is interesting because it is a step beyond "modern" furniture. "Modern" is taken to mean the style of design from Bauhaus to near present, which seems as relevant as any classification. Though the original tubular chair was manufactured at the Bauhaus, the one here doesn't have the purely functional aesthetic of the German Modernist original. The mass produced products which could easily be stacked on top of one another has turned into a singularly produced well crafted one.

It is a pity, from the observer's point of view, that this isn't the retrospective originally planned, for then the progressive changes, or confirmation, of both Modernism and the Tuttle style as it reflects Modernism would be more apparent. The show is also slightly thin on the floor, which despite an imaginative use of space by exhibition designer Paul Prince still seems slightly empty.

The methods of design and

production, and the general aesthetic, which were once innovative at the Bauhaus, now have a secure historical validation. We recognize a certain familiarity in some of these shapes and designs, which makes them comfortable to live with despite their obvious preciousness seen in the skill and care of the manufacturing.

The "Funny Chair" in the exhibition predicts future possibilities, while some of the others are echoes of where the designer has been. Tuttle says he lives in the present and in the future so it will be interesting to see his future development.

Though it may still seem strange to some, "Modern" is a word now relegated to the past, and we can refer to a "Modern period" in which we saw modern design. A walk around the Tuttle show will reveal something of this and why the "Funny Chair" stands out, because in design it does not really belong to this tradition, but bridges a gap to the present. I could suggest future ideas, but I'm not in the business of prediction. It is obvious that Tuttle's mind is still as fertile as ever, and his future will be, as always, interesting.

—Anthony Emerton

Two Snapping Successes

A small and remarkably sophisticated art exhibition is now in progress at the UCSB Women's Center, providing an opportunity for us to enrich ourselves a great deal with the expenditure of ten minutes or less. *Two Photographers Removed* is a showing of the creative work of two women artists who extend the limits of the photographic print to allow and encourage more personal interpretations on the part of the viewer (that's you and me). Laura Vines and Carolee Campbell bring freshness to this exhibition through formal manipulation rather than through relying on some elusive as-yet-unexploited subject.

Laura Vines uses black and white (silver gelatin prints to be exact if you are technically inclined toward photography) prints as a basis for her work, not the product. She enhances them with toners and artists' oils that lend a nearly surreal flavor to the photographs and move them slightly away from the frank depictions of reality that are the unique aspect of photography. In addition to the mere aesthetic attraction of the breezy hues in Vines' work, her method offers the viewer a chance to incorporate some of him or herself into an interpretation of the work.

Carolee Campbell's work encourages the same sort of personal projection involved in viewing Vines' pieces, but through a vastly different method. Campbell uses Polaroid photographs: manipulated sometimes beyond recognition of the original image, sometimes barely recognizable but just enough so, sometimes displayed thoughtfully alone, and sometimes in collage to evoke reactions based on the affect, knowledge, and inclinations of the viewer. Each piece can "mean" whatever you would have it mean, within reasonably thoughtful limits.

The two artists' work reflects the desire to give some interpretation of the photographs to the audience and we should take up the opportunity while it is readily available to us. To simply see some sophisticated artwork, to learn more about art by women and the usefulness of the Women's Center in exposing us to it, or perhaps even to discover more about yourself through the way you see the work of these two innovative artists, all you need to do is stroll through the very accessible Women's Center gallery between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., on any weekday before or on April 24. The longer you wait to learn about the richness and diversity in yourself, the more expensive the lessons become, so why not utilize this opportunity for free enlightenment.

—Judith Smith-Meyer

R.I.P.

(Continued from cover)

office, no explanation. "It's censorship," she asserts, censorship of the worst kind — quiet, cowardly, not allowing for protest or reprisal.

"Gasp! A penis! What kind of warped value system is being used here? *Frankenchrist*," an album tackling issues such as militant nationalism, racism/sexism, the "blind Me-Generation," is off the shelves of chain record stores. Why? Because of a picture of a (gasp!) PENIS! Now you can choose from intellectually stimulating selections such as *Eat 'Em And Smile*, or *Speak English Or Die*. (Could they have been Proposition 61 backers?) Bands

Theatrical designer Robert Israel will give a free gallery talk on "The Visual Artist as a Collaborator in the Theater," on Monday, April 13 at 7:30 p.m. at the UCSB University Art Museum, in conjunction with the museum's exhibition on Robert Israel's theatrical designs for Wassily Kandinsky's opera *The Yellow Sound*.

"Understanding the Contemporary Film Industry" is the title of a lecture to be given by well-known film theorist and

glorifying violence and sexism triumph, while a band who speaks out, unabashed in its criticism of the status-quo, is quietly being snubbed out of existence.

First Amendment, R.I.P. Don't misunderstand. I don't want to censor Mr. Spandex. Like you, I want to decide for myself what to decide to. But when albums deemed controversial aren't even making it to the record store shelves, freedoms of choice and expression die fast.

So it's one year later, and the "Frankenchrist Five" are still fighting for their right to exist. Stay tuned — censorship isn't yesterday's issue.

On Sunday, April 12, the "Goodnight Democracy Benefit"

historian Douglas Gomery from the University of Maryland. The lecture will be given tomorrow, Friday, April 10th, at 3 p.m. in Buchanan 1920, sponsored by the Film Studies Program.

The University Artists Series will present violinist Michelle Makarski and pianist Brent McMunn in a concert on Thursday, April 16 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall.

The program of French sonatas for violin a piano will include Jean-

will be held in UCSB's Old Gym, with all the proceeds going to the No More Censorship Defense Fund. Headlining the benefit are those SST dudes FIREHOSE, featuring Mike Watt and George Hurley (of the Minutemen) and Ed FROMOHIO. Also playing are DC-3, featuring Dez Cadena (formerly of Black Flag). Local bands Common Sense, Alice Fell, and Red Fish Blue are also jamming against censorship. Doors open at 4:30 p.m., show starts at 5 p.m. The line-up and times are as follows: Common Sense, 5 p.m.; Red Fish Blue, 5:50; Alice Fell, 6:40; DC-3, 7:40; and FIREHOSE at 9 p.m.

You better believe those who are pushing for prosecution are fighting a tough battle. Shouldn't we be doing the same?

Marie Leclair's "Sonata in D Major, Op. 9, No. 3" Poulenc's "Sonata," Ravel's "Sonata, Op. Post" and Faure's "Sonata, Op. 13."

Soprano Ingrid Frauchiger, assisted by pianist Joseph Lawson, will present a free recital on Monday, April 13 at 8 p.m., in room 1145 of the music building.

The first part of the program will feature French music; the second half works by Webern, Holliger and Raye.