

# ARTS

# week

july 15 - july 21

the arts and entertainment  
section of the daily nexus

## INSIDE:

### Ministry Sings a Psalm

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## SYLLABUS:

### Wednesday, July 15

•Rockers Rogue Cheddar, Circus Frequency and Ariel to shake down the Prime Directive; 21 and over

### Thursday, July 16

•African beat-master King Sunny Ade to perform at the Anaconda Theatre in Isla Vista

•"Happy Hour," Improv, Inc.'s hour of improvisational dance on the lawn in front of the Santa Barbara Public Library; 5-6 p.m.; repeat performances on July 17 and 18, same time, same place

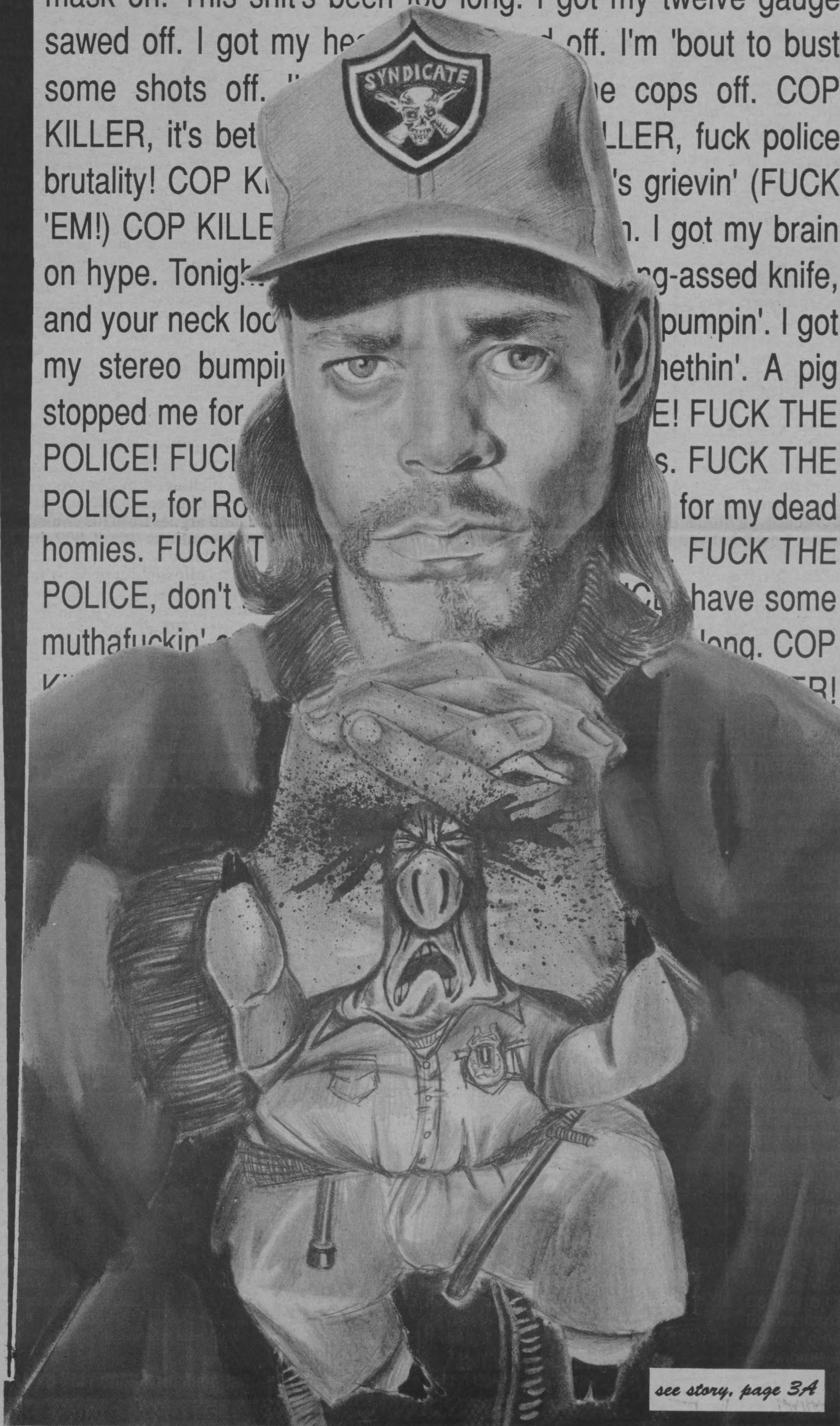
### Friday, July 17

•*Into the Woods*, a musical fantasy by Stephen Sondheim, performed by the Santa Barbara City College Theatre Group; runs until August 1, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m.

### Sunday, July 19

•Music Academy of the West's Music Academy Concerto Competition Extravaganza; six hours of concerto performances beginning at 11 a.m.; Music Academy, 1070 Fairway Rd.

I got my black shirt on. I got my black gloves on. I got my ski mask on. This shit's been too long. I got my twelve gauge sawed off. I got my he... off. I'm 'bout to bust some shots off. "I'm 'bout to bust some shots off. COP KILLER, it's bet... LLER, fuck police brutality! COP K... 's grievin' (FUCK 'EM!) COP KILLE... I got my brain on hype. Tonigh... ng-assed knife, and your neck loc... pumpin'. I got my stereo bumpin... methin'. A pig stopped me for... E! FUCK THE POLICE! FUC... s. FUCK THE POLICE, for Ro... for my dead homies. FUCK T... FUCK THE POLICE, don't... have some muthafuckin'... long. COP K... ER!



see story, page 3A

ARTS *interview*

# Bad Boys Tool Aren't as Evil as They Sound

Newly-Signed Rockers Give a Rip-Fuck About Old Van Halen, Voting, Abortion

By Bonnie Bills  
*staff writer*

Tool sounds bad. Not bad in the milk that's been around for two weeks too long sense. (Or in the Michael Jackson sense either, for that matter.) They're just bad. In the good sense.

The Los Angeles-based quartet (who got signed to Zoo Entertainment after a mere six months together) have grunged into the floodlights with a quaking first EP, "Opiate." They're currently taking their wailing wall of sound on the road with demigod Henry Rollins, and, lucky for us, this raw doubleheader will hit the Anaconda this Friday. The band is also scheduled to play an acoustic no-animal-cruelty benefit with Pornos for Pyros next month, an event lead singer Maynard James Keenan termed a "save the cats and rabbits kind of thing" in an interview with *Artsweek*. We asked the mohawked pseudo-bad guy (who likes to introduce himself as "Satan") how he feels about the animal rights thing, Van Halen, and other socially important issues.

**Artsweek:** How do you feel about the whole animal rights thing?

**Maynard:** There are points on both sides; it's really difficult for me to really take a firm stand on it. I'm the kind of person who realizes that in about 40 more years there's gonna be the Save the Carrots benefit because people will start realizing that plants actually have a consciousness, too, and we should start eating rocks.

**Artsweek:** Your sound, it's just evil. How do you do it?

**Maynard:** No, it's not evil. Not evil at all. It's inspiring. **Artsweek:** Well, if your music's not evil, then what is it? What's the inspiration behind it?

**Maynard:** O.K. Take the

first song on the CD, "Sweat." It's about a time I took acid and listened to all the Joni Mitchell albums. ... If you can get through that explanation for that song then you can start opening some doors for the other ones.

**Artsweek:** What about "Jerk Off"?

**Maynard:** No comment.

**Artsweek:** Is Satan a big influence on you?

**Maynard:** Nah, he just seems to stir up some shit when he's mentioned, so ... There is no Satan, anyway, only Bono.

**Artsweek:** How do you feel about Sammy Hagar?

**Maynard:** Eh, you know, he's a guy. He's a business man. Van Halen — I don't think it's a musical thing anymore, I think it's just more business. Early Van Halen shows ... those were pretty intense shows, those were some live situations that were definitely worth witnessing cuz they were some pretty intense people, going off. As that kind of goes on, I think it got kind of outta hand, you know? As the audience gets bigger, it gets dumber.

**Artsweek:** Rollins is a big influence on you guys. What's it like touring with his band?

**Maynard:** I couldn't ask for a better gig. He's an intense person; he's sincere and we talk a lot. And the band's amazing, definitely some fantastic musicians here. It's a pretty inspiring situation. **Artsweek:** How do you feel about it when kids at an intense show like yours are out there in the audience slamming, moshing, stage diving and just generally abusing each other?

**Maynard:** It's something that you can't really draw a line on. A lot of times they're not getting hurt and anyone who's in that center part knows what's up, that they have to watch out. ... You end up having to kind of pick out the few individuals



Tool's Danny Carey, Maynard James Keenan, Paul D'Amour, and Adam Jones

who don't have that consideration and humiliate them somehow.

**Artsweek:** How?

**Maynard:** You pull their pants down on stage and french kiss them and put a big old anarchy symbol on their forehead. ... Henry's got the *banditos d'amor* on either side of the stage. They're basically his bouncers that are wearing gold underwear with bandito masks, and if a kid gets out of hand, then they hold him down and bite his ass.

**Artsweek:** Where do you envision yourselves heading now that you've been signed? Any ultimate goals?

**Maynard:** I want to be on Saturday Night Live with Dennis Hopper introducing.

**Artsweek:** Any special messages for our dear readers?

**Maynard:** Yeah, tell the kids to vote. Vote. Vote. Vote. Vote. Vote. Vote. Even if it's just to humor yourself to see what would happen.

**Artsweek:** What do you see

as the source of apathy, especially among college-aged kids who should be voting, but aren't? What's the problem?

**Maynard:** Well, there's a lot of things to clean up, a lot of mess to clean up, and people are kind of apprehensive to grab a hold of it, and they're staying in school too long. ... Coffee, television. Fluorescent clothes. Lobbyists, activists, a lot of problems like that.

**Artsweek:** What's the problem with activists?

**Maynard:** A lot of activists — their strings are being pulled. Certainly the issues that are coming up that activists are involved with are valid issues, but there are bigger issues that are causing them to get involved with one thing. You know, like some idiot running around, standing on a soapbox and screaming about aluminum cans cuz somebody got to him and said don't you realize that this poly-alloy-blah-blah-blah does this and the guy gets all active because he realizes

out something. ... So here he is screaming about aluminum cans, while he doesn't realize that his government is thoroughly eliminating his civil rights and putting up smoke-screens just for him to busy himself while they do that. ... Like the abortion issue. If you really think that George Bush or anyone in the government gives a rip-fuck whether you have an abortion safely or legally, you're missing the point. They really don't care — they're not that hardcore. It's all business. They realize that there's a bunch of idiot Christians out there that feel a certain way, and that there's a number of people out there — most of the people — who are pro-choice. So they confuse the issue by saying there's an issue, but there isn't, most of the world is pro-choice. They just want you busy fighting that so they can continue to eliminate your other civil rights.

Wow. Go "saw" Tool Friday.

ALBUM *review*

## 'Psalm 69' Psounds Psatanic, Psoothing

*Psalm 69: how to Succeed and How to Suck Eggs*

Ministry  
Sire Records

★★★★

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAH!!!!!!

"CONNECT THE GODDAMMED DOTS!!!!!!"

Now really, when you get right down to it, an album with a name like *Psalm 69: How to Succeed and How to Suck Eggs* has got to be good. Or at least interesting. Listening to the long, much delayed (final-production was supposed in the works last April) follow-up to Ministry's 1989 neutron blast *The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste* is like popping down four double espressos in five minutes — it really gets you going. And there's nothing you can do about it. Show me anyone who can listen to this album without running around in a circle, faux-slam pit style, with head-a-bangin' and I'll show you a friend of mine named "Hutch."

"YOU'RE LYING THROUGH YOUR TEETH!"

When you listen to Ministry, pressing matters like, say — nuclear holocaust, the depletion of earth's natural resources, famine, Ross Perot etc. — suddenly seem just about as important as toe-hair. I'm not sure why this is, I just know my neck is sore.

"WHO AM I TRYING TO IMPRESS???"

Ministry cerebrum Al Jourgensen has taken the Chicago-based band from the eardrum-crunching industrial-hard rock fusion of their last album to a new kind of punkish speedmetal which is, well, fast and loud as the fucking dickens. Still utilizing the traditional sampling, Ministry has wandered from the synthesizer-beaten path and come back with a pocket full of gold, but with a new twist — more guitar, more drums. More rock.

"WHO COULD CARE LESS???"

Tracks like "N.W.O." (which oh-so-appropriately features a sample of dear old George repeating his favorite three-word placation, "New World Order," in a voice which sounds ironically deadpan over the chaotic hail-



storm of sound), "Corrosion" and "Psalm" match the intensity of old Ministry janglers like "Thieves" and "Stigmata." And of course there's "Jesus Built My Hot Rod," a rollicking rocker which was released last year as a single along with "TV song," a modified-for-the-better version of which is on *Psalm 69*. The war, mass destruction theme Al seems to favor turns up in tracks like "Hero," featuring Jourgensen ranting in an evil bad-movie Satan voice layered over racing chords and crowds chanting "fight, kill!" Wailing sirens, screaming, gunfire — it's in there.

"WHO, WHAT, WHICH, WHY, WHO, WHEN DIDJA SAY THE EARTH WOULD STOP TURNING???"

*Psalm 69* is pure hedonism. One warning — once these songs get in you, you can't get them out. It's kind of like tapeworm of the brain — you have to shoot yourself in the head to get rid of it. But you wouldn't want to do that; you want to ding-a-ding-dang-a-dang-a-long-ling-long.

—Bonnie Bills

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7/29 WEDNESDAY  
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THE MAYTALS

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8/1 SATURDAY  
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w/Body Count

8/3 MONDAY  
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COVER story

# The Ice Man Cometh?

As the Controversy Heats Up Nationally, Local Groups Chill on the 'Cop Killer' Flappy

By Rebecca Eggeman  
staff writer

Ready ... Aim ... Fire! Ice-T's song "Cop Killer" has become the target of police officers across the country who are using boycotts and protests as weapons to shoot the album, *Body Count*, off store shelves.

One central question draws the line across which the opposing sides of the controversy face each other: Is there a point where freedom of expression can justifiably end? You can't yell "Fire" in a crowded movie theater, should you be allowed to shout it in the street?

On one hand, those who argue against the censorship of *Body Count* (including consumers and music production and industry representatives) say the right of deciding if a song is "appropriate" or not must be left to the individual listener.

On the other hand, some feel that "Cop Killer" — with lyrics such as "I'm 'bout to bust some shots off/I'm 'bout to dust some cops off" and simply "die, pigs, die" — sends out a message advocating violence and has no business being in public circulation. Outraged police groups from Houston, New York City and other areas of the country want the album off the shelves and have taken severe measures to put *Body Count* underground.

Doug Elder, president of the Houston Police Officer's Association, one of the main groups outraged by "Cop Killer," urged the Houston City Council to pass a resolution against Sire Record's parent company, Time Warner.

"We wanted Time Warner to acknowledge that they had been irresponsible by releasing 'Cop Killer,' apologize, and take the song out of distribution," Elder said in a telephone interview from Houston.

"The album," said Elder, "glorifies violence against human beings to solve problems and advocates the killing of police officers. We don't criticize Ice-T's right to say this, but by Time Warner mass producing this message, they are shirking their corporate responsibility of being good citizens."

Locally, the album is more of a best-seller than a cause for outrage, a fact which can largely be attributed to the comparatively calm social climate of Santa Barbara, Isla Vista in particular. Isla Vista Compact Disc & Tape Store employee Michael Greene said there have been no complaints to remove *Body Count* from the shelves at his store.

"Our location in I.V. is student-based, so our customers are younger and have a tendency to be more liberal-minded about freedom of expression," Greene said, adding that Ice-T's album is a top seller in the store. "Our shipments of *Body Count* sell out constantly. On average, we sell a copy or two each day."

Ice-T, the veritable flap-magnet, is even scheduled to perform in Isla Vista on August 1 at the Anaconda Theater. According to the Anaconda's promotions director, Brando Pimienta, who prefers to go by just "Brando," the previous Ice-T show at the venue, last March, went over with no incidents of violence beyond the gouging patrons took from the over-priced tickets. Natch!

"There were expectations from some authorities that fights might break out in the audience because Ice-T was playing, but the show went off peacefully. Even though there was a sold out crowd, the performance had the atmosphere of a big party and everyone had a good time," "Brando" said.

Although Ice-T's music is embedded in controversy, "Brando" does not predict any kind of censorship in the rapper's show. "It is Ice-T's decision whether or not he wants to sing 'Cop Killer' or any other song. He believes in freedom of speech and does not like to be told what to do," "Brando" said.

Although Dr. D, the owner of American Pie Records in Santa Barbara believes that rap music "sucks" and refuses to sell it at his establishment, he denounces censorship of music, rap or otherwise, by the government. "No one should be told that they can't listen to an album if they choose to, even if the music is (not very good)," he said.

"The recording industry should know better than to put out such an album in the first place," said Dr. D, who believes the motive behind producers releasing volatile music material is profit. "They just want the big bucks, because controversy sells," he said.

(Local police have refused to comment on the "Cop Killer" controversy. "Although some officers may have personal opinions, I don't think it's appropriate to go on record with a professional opinion," Isla Vista Foot Patrol Lt. Ken Shemwell said.)

One music shopper, Victoria Dalmau, a sophomore at Santa Barbara City College, said even though she would never buy *Body Count* for herself, she believes she has no right to keep someone else from purchasing it.

"Personally, I think it's a sad thing that (Ice-T) has to sing about killing, but it's an issue of freedom of speech. Everyone has a right to choose for themselves whether or not they want to listen to the song."

"The album glorifies violence against human beings to solve problems and advocates the killing of police officers."

Doug Elder  
HPOA President

ALBUM review

## Lil' Ed Grows Big, Hunky Blues

*What You See is What You Get*  
Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials  
Alligator Records

★★★★

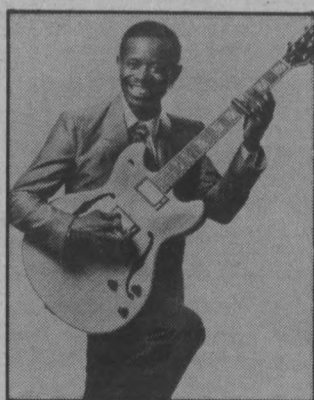
A lot of times, when a blues band has more to it than guitars, bass, drums and fire, it tends to sound overproduced. Most bands that are just getting started will sound suspiciously slick with flawless horn or sax garnishes and drum-track-sounding rhythms, and it kinda makes you wonder just what happened to that raw, downhome sound that made the blues what it is.

Well, Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials are not most bands. They're not many bands, or even a number of bands. On *What You See is What You Get*, only their third album, Lil' Ed takes his Imperials down —

way down — complete with a horn section that grinds out bleedin' raw blues as hot and steamy as the weather has been lately.

Lil' Ed plays a throbbing electric slide guitar and the Blues Imperials keep things pumping in that vein on almost all of the 14 songs — especially the slow ones like "What am I Gonna Do?" and "Long, Long Way From Home."

What's most surprising though is the contagious energy the band constantly whips up. Playing at the Ventura Theater last week, Lil' Ed was the ultimate rock and roll spastic on-stage. Listening to some of the faster album tracks evoke the stunning image of live Lil' Ed prancing around on his tippy-toes, segueing into a duck-walk and finishing with a twitch-fit flat on his back — all the while cranking out crowd-



Lil' Ed

whipping slide-solos. Like he says in "Upset Man," "All the men call me Lil' Ed, but the ladies call me maniac!" Yes, Lil' Ed is a maniac, and with his goofy, gap-toothed grin, he stole the show at the Ventura just like he does on *What You See is What You Get*. Just keep it comin', Ed!

—Jeanine Natale



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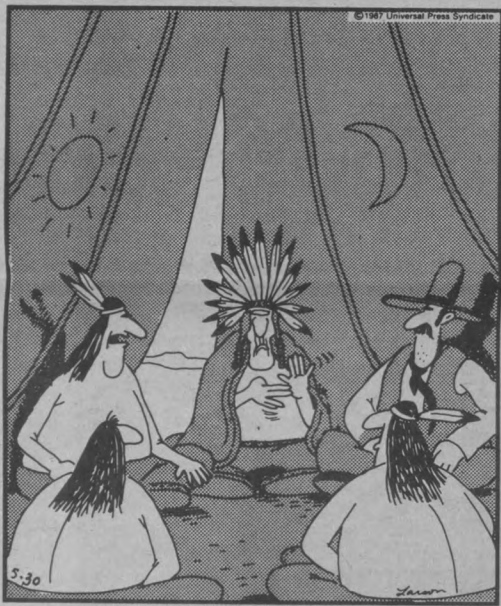


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FILM *review*

Sweet and Simple, 'Prelude to a Kiss' Is a Fairly Hale Fairy Tale

By J. Christaan Whalen  
*staff writer*

That new film, *Prelude to a Kiss*, is like a well-crafted, finely sanded, wooden toy train, one your grandfather might handle with distant pride and note that, in his day, toys like that were all kids needed. Now, he feels, kids seem to need porno and pyro to make their plastic spoonful of medicine go down, and your grandfather hopes they choke on it. He can't understand today's values, and he wonders if there are any at all. He heard about the woman and the lipstick and the message on the bathroom mirror, reading "Welcome to the Wonderful World of AIDS." He read in the *Washington Post* — if indeed he receives such liberal flapdoodle — about the 8-year-old heroin addict whose name was Jimmy.

And, before, the one thing they needed was this train — a simple "choo-choo" made of clean, unfinished wood that energized young imaginations to frighteningly American levels. Then came the bombast, and your grandfather can't understand it.

While what we have in *Prelude to a Kiss* is not exactly Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers fare (sex on the first date, stuff like that), your grandfather would probably like it and lean over and give a sweet little kiss to your grandmother, who you affectionately call "Nanna."

It's weird that the closest we get to an "old fashioned" movie these days is one taken from a shakily glib arty play and directed by a fringe-y *auteur* named Norman Rene. The movie is neither steamy nor gross. It's merely offered, with its shortcomings laid out in neat, unapologetic piles. No larger meaning to be had, no possibility of a sequel in the wings, no trumped up social angle to exploit. It's simple and cornball — there will be no riots. There will be no press

conference and tearful denial. There will be no Fran Tarkington hosting "The Making of ...." No one named Fran will see this movie. Nobody will eat french fries or chilled Caesar salad from a golden chalice labelled *Prelude to a Kiss*. The devolution will not be televised.

The most treacherous thing about reviewing this movie is that I can't say anything about the plot without betraying most of the "fun" it carries around in a little satchel. Let's let the press release do the talking for a little bit and then we'll have everybody write to Twentieth Century Fox saying how much we love whoever they have writing their press releases and I think his name is Fran. Following will be a short review of the press release and 15 minute question and answer period. Here's the press release; the italics are mine (I bought them in a darling little boutique in Half Moon Bay).

"An enchanting fable about the immortality of true love, *Prelude to a Kiss* portrays the *whirlwind* romance of a young couple (Alec Baldwin and Meg Ryan) whose wedding is disrupted when a *mysterious* visitor, an elderly man named Julius (Sydney Walker), appears after the ceremony and asks to kiss the bride.

"You never know where one little kiss will take you."

Fran! Tight, baby! This press release is fine and contains interesting details like, "(Sydney Walker) was the voice of Papa Ewok in George Lucas' adventure 'The Ewok Legend.'" I might add that the acting in the movie is sharp, especially Alec Baldwin.

The Q and A period begins now:  
How is the movie?

It's a pretty good movie, if you like that sort of thing.

ART *review*

Rodin's 'The Thinker' Reviewed

Rodin's "The Thinker," showing at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art for the next 2 1/2 years, is generally considered one of history's finest sculptures and has sparked decades of debate over its meaning.

It's stupid! Big guy on a box. Nice hair. What's he doing? He should get a job and earn a living and not be such a burden on his parents who have troubles of their own. It's been 112 years and this guy hasn't figured it out yet? Well I say, "Get a clue, Sherlock!" And this from a guy who is not even anatomically correct? I need this? I got problems! I got payments to make!

One of the most amazing

things about "The Thinker" — and there are three — is that Rodin didn't even finish the thing. I have heard that Rodin was going to "sand him down and give him a couple coats of a nice water-based latex." He looks terrible! He's got like a rash on his back and he looks like he's never heard of a brush. Did he just wake up or something? He's got company coming over and this is the best he can do? Get a robe on and put some pretzels or something out for your guests!

And he looks consternated. Hey! I said *consternated*, not *consolidated*!

—J. Christaan Whalen



Rodin's Thinker

SUMMER CINEMA

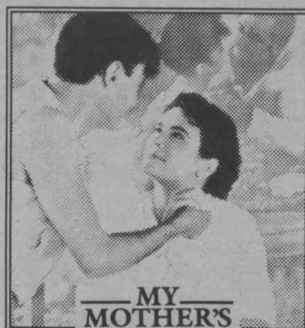
MY FATHER'S GLORY



Adapted from the memoirs of filmmaker Marcel Pagnol, a man looks back at his childhood in turn-of-the-century France and at his schoolteacher father. Director Yves Robert captures the idyllic days in Marcel's father's classroom and countryside vacation adventures.

Thu., July 16 / 8 PM / UCSB Campbell Hall

The story of Pagnol's childhood, begun in *My Father's Glory*, continues with Yves Robert's second heart-warming film. Marcel's mother arranges for the family to spend every weekend in the hills of Provence, where Marcel deepens a friendship and discovers romance.



MY MOTHER'S CASTLE

Sun., July 19 / 8 PM / UCSB Campbell Hall

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