

Even though I already have the haircut, I know that if there is a draft, my name is far behind those saps who edit ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of January 17



T90

Back in the television days when a post-pubescent Jane Pauley ruled mornings and a leathered Fonz was the nighttime hit, network late-night TV battles meant little more than "Art's Hair Weaves" vs. "Reverend Lou and the Bikini Choir." But, as advertisers jockey for even greater positions on America's airwaves, post-midnight broadcasting has increased its production — and financial — value.

Television, 1990s style, is God's gift to insomniacs. So what if you have to be at work at 8:00 a.m.? At least some easy, late-night programming will calm your suffering as you try to think yourself to sleep for the hundredth time. And if you still fail, at least there's a news replay at 3:30 a.m.

Try watching the replay, even if it means keeping your eyelids open with bobby pins. For some reason, watching the news replay at 3:00 a.m. — making the news day-old already — gives the viewer the feeling that he or she can actually predict the news. Who would have thought that the answer to one of man's age-old quests would be simply later programming?

Late night television's newest darling is Arsenio. Along with his posse (five musicians who are ab-

Up A Two-Part Series
All On Late Night
Night Television by **Brian Banks**



PART ONE:
Weeknight
TV

out as hip as Cheese Whiz), Arsenio tries nightly to redefine the talk show genre. He should instead try to redefine his writers. His monologue is usually inane and his questions lack substance ("So when did you get into golfing?"), but Arsenio does manage to get the best guests of any talk show. Recent coups include interviews with Madonna and Robert De Niro — episodes that salvage "The Arsenio Hall Show" and make it one of late night's best.

The Kings of Late Night, Johnny Carson and his dog Jay, still attract the largest ratings. "The Tonight Show" manages to get some very good guests and the best comedians, but Johnny's booking people need to do some thinking. Having Jimmy Stewart, Waylon Jennings and Cindy Crawford on the same show sets new records for alienating every cross section of America.

Beginning at 12:00 a.m., when insomniacs take over the remote controls, television offers its most diverse programming. Unlike at noon, when all shows are geared toward women, or at 8:00 p.m. when the networks offer only family shows, late night TV has some-

See LATER, p.5A

POT LUCKY

5A

RICE ON CULTURE CLASH & MENUDO
 FRANCIS ON ANIMATION & WARM SPIT

MORE POT LUCKY

6A

BARFLY, PET SHOP BOYS,
 SARA HICKMAN

CINEMA: TWO TRYING TO GET TO THE USA

7A



TUESDAY / 8 PM

photo by Sydney Goldstein

Rare Public Appearance by Novelist Doris Lessing

Noted Author Visits UCSB

A writer of epic scale and scope, Doris Lessing is one of the most impressive, prolific and important of contemporary novelists. Whether she is writing what critics term "social realism," "autobiographical fiction" or "space fantasy," Lessing insists that similar themes concerning the human condition are always present in her novels, short stories and essays. In a rare public appearance, the noted author will read from and discuss her work on Tuesday, January 22 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

Children of Violence, based on her childhood years in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), skillfully portrays race relations and social conditions of colonial Africa. Feminists praise her understanding of women's roles in the 20th century as revealed in her multifaceted novels *The Golden Notebook* (1962) and *The Memoirs of a Survivor* (1975). *Briefing for a Descent Into Hell* (1971) is what she terms an "inner space fiction," an attempt to see reality from a very different perspective.

Radical politics, feminism, Jungian psychology, and Sufism have all been influences in Lessing's work, but such parts do not equal the whole of her ever-expanding philosophy. Her themes of relations between the sexes, colonialism, identity and cosmic consciousness all stem from her urge to see ourselves and the world afresh.

Her lecture is co-presented with the Department of English, the College of Creative Studies, the Women's Center and the Women's Studies Program.

Let's Hear It for Culture Clash

Rooted in Chicano daily life, the three man team of Culture Clash offers street-wise comic theater that will delight audiences of any and all cultural backgrounds. On Wednesday night, January 23 at 8 PM in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall, Culture Clash performs *The Mission*, a hilarious full-length play about three struggling Latino comics driven to kidnap Julio Iglesias for media attention. On Friday night, January 25 at 8 PM, also in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall, they perform a spicy mix of skits, stand-up and improv in *Bowl of Beings: A Comedy Revue*. Don't miss the chance to see "Stand and Deliver Pizza" or "Laurie Anderson on Training Wheels."

Founded in San Francisco's Mission District on Cinco de Mayo 1984, Culture Clash has tickled audiences nationwide with its satirical sketches of opera-singing low riders, the world's biggest boom box and the living taco. Culture Clash equals Richard Montoya, Ricardo Salinas and Herbert Sigüenza, described by playwright Luis Valdez as "the cutting edge of fresh, new Latino comic genius."

The group, which has opened for such musical superstars as Santana, Los Lobos and Ruben Blades, is currently negotiating with Fox Broadcasting to develop a weekly comedy series.

During their four-day stay in Santa Barbara, the comedians of Culture Clash will engage in a number of educational (and entertaining) activities on campus and in the community. In one of the free special programs, sponsored by Arts & Lectures, the UCSB Professional Development Committee and the MultiCultural Center, the members of Culture Clash will discuss "Using Humor to Explore Cultural Conflict" on Thursday, January 24 at 4 PM in the UCSB MultiCultural Center.



A TERRIFIC MOVIE
ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST
 One of the great recent American movies — completely original from beginning to end
ACADEMY AWARD MATERIAL
 —Roger Ebert SISKEL & EBERT
MICKEY ROURKE FAYE DUNAWAY
BARFLY

Just a Barfly? TONIGHT

The next film in the American Adventures Cinema Series aims low, right at the level of the gutter, but with unexpected doses of humor. In *Barfly*, directed by Barbet Schroeder with the screenplay by L.A. poet Charles Bukowski, Mickey Rourke is Henry, a down and out boozier with a gift for the poetic remark. Faye Dunaway is Wanda, a fellow alcoholic who befriends the poet in his favorite dive. And Alice Krige is Tully, the beautiful magazine publisher who takes on Henry and his poetry as her pet project. *Barfly* screens Thursday, January 17 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

Coming Soon: Garth Fagan Dance

Get your tickets now for one of America's hottest dance companies ... January 29 & 30.

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



Culture Clash



SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

DRAFTED



Greetings and welcome to the "Winds of War" issue of Intermission. The winners of this year's "Scare the living shit out as many people as you can while casually disregarding human life and limb" doubles competition are our beloved leader Georgie Mad-Dog "Don't call me a wimp" Bush and his partner So Damn Insane. We know we're sweating. They win a scratched copy of Judas Priest's *Screaming for Vengeance* and a pair of dueling pistols. With no further adoo-doo we bring you the rest of what's happening in this world and the next.

Ffuts: For your multicultural vitamin supplement this week UCSB is the place to get it. Tuesday the 26th, novelist Doris Lessing will lecture in Campbell Hall. ... Then, the MultiCultural Center will present Chicano comedy troupe *Culture Clash* in a presentation on using humor to explore cultural conflict, a very timely subject. Go check it out and lighten up on your neighbors for a while. ... Finally, at the Black Studies Center, you can find Ron

Daniels discussing the *Resurgence of Racism*.

Cisum: Make your own week! Break out the old Sparklett's bottles and dust off the old Banjo. Go check out your favorite I.V. band' cause the big guys are staying away in droves this week.

Amenic: A&L presents *Talk Radio* Thursday at 8 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. as a continuation of their American Adventure series. Tickets are three smackaroonies for students.

Tra: British born Artist Sue Coe is a heavyweight in the realm of social protest. She has received universal recognition for her portrayals of the miserable and oppressed. Coe will present UCSB with a slide show of her recent work, including a series on slaughter houses. If you're feeling lighthearted, check this one out Tuesday, Jan. 29 in the UCSB Main Theatre.

Well, if it's art you want, it's art you get. Grab that Chili Dog and sit back to enjoy *Intermission...*

HEY UCSB!

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INTERMISSION

INTERMISSION

starring...

Brian Banks	Stacy Sullivan	Denis Faye
Tony Pierce	Ali Nill	as Andrew Rice
Todd Francis	Ross French	Andrew Rice
	Doug Arellanes	as Denis Faye
		and George Bush
		as Guido, The
		Killer Pimp

ADMIT ONE

The 3rd

Animation CELEBRATION

The MOVIE!

AN INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION OF THE BEST ANIMATED SHORT FILMS

★★★★ (HIGHEST RATING)
"THIS IS ONE TO RUSH OUT AND SEE!"
S.F. CHRONICLE

ALL NEW!
ALL PREMIERES!

VALUABLE COUPON

\$2.00 OFF

ADULT MOVIE TICKET FOR FRIDAY, JAN. 18 ONLY

7 OR 9:30 PM SHOW

COUPON GOOD FOR 2 PERSONS
THIS COUPON MUST BE PRESENTED

EXCLUSIVE 2 WEEK ENGAGEMENT STARTS THIS FRIDAY JAN. 18

DAILY AT 7 AND 9:30 PM
SAT. MAT. AT 4:45 (BARGAIN)
SUN. MATS. AT 2:15, 4:45 (BARGAIN)

VICTORIA STREET THEATER
33 W. VICTORIA ST. • 965-1886

Our Feature

Intermission Says "War? Shmore!"

Freud would say that the purpose of the Persian Gulf Crisis is to allow politicians to use guns, missiles and airplanes as phallic symbols for what they lack. We at Intermission tend to prefer microphones, guitars and movie cameras ...

WAR

(PPTOOIE!!!)

War And Breasts

So the Trout and I were sitting around the other day, talking about this whole war thing. Now, I told Trout that I didn't know much about "Sedan Hussongs" and furthermore, I had absolutely no interest in Mexican luxury cars. Trout, on the other hand, who had gone to Iraq and actually went to Taco Bell with this Sedan guy, said that except for a prostrate problem, he wasn't such a bad egg.

We're sitting there talking when suddenly, from the other side of the office, a chick friend of ours who goes by the name of Stacy "Boom-Boom" Strongbody bellows, "Ya know, if we go to war, there'll be a draft."

Trout and I got really excited. After all, who doesn't love draft beer, especially really great draft beer?

Boom-Boom then made it exceedingly clear that "draft" meant that we would be shanghaied to go to Baghdad. Bummer.

Trout and I reacted quite differently. Trout decided that he would move out of the country, namely to Hawaii. I, on the other hand, wasn't too worried because although I don't have really bad acne, I did get chicken pox in third



grade, and I have an ingrown hair on my left thigh, so I think that I can make them believe that I'm still contagious.

The only thing that I'm really concerned about is the fact that if that doesn't get me out, my mother said she would shoot my toe off as to insure that I don't go over there.

But you know, in all cerealness, war or no, my job is to review movies and offend women, so with no further dew ... let's review!

As I was walking through the video shop, I saw the box for a movie called *Wheels of Fire*. Much to my surprise, when I reached for the box, it leaped from the shelf, got down on its hands and knees, and begged, "Please, please let me be just like *Mad Max*, but with boobs."

Now, how is a self-defecting Video Guy supposed to ignore a film like this? I rented it.

Wheels of Fire isn't really like *Mad Max*. It's more like *Somewhat-Annoyed Louis* or *Drowsy Joe-joe*. It is the story of a guy named Trace who cruises around in a post-apocalyptic desert. I never really understood what post-apocalyptic guys see in the desert, but I can accept that.

So, he cruises around killing evil bad guys and villains named Scourge who look like Wayne Newton and he has this sister with these big, huge, enormous, white, swinging, jiggling Doogie Howsers. About ten minutes into the film, she gets raped and she just can't keep her shirt on for

Not The Same Old Protest Song

What do we want?
(Insert Slogan Here)
When do we want it?
Now!

Like just about every sentient being in the vicinity, I'm scared as hell about the Persian Gulf War. I'm scared as hell about the draft, about the possibility of friends returning dead or maimed, and on a much more petty note, I'm scared about gas going up to \$4 a gallon, which will effectively keep me stranded here.

But in the midst of all this fear, I'm getting mad. I'm getting mad because I feel particularly powerless. I'm just one student at a California university, far removed

from the political power structure in Washington. I'm even further away from the military planners in Dhahran and Jidda.

I bring this up because I went to the anti-war rally on Armageddon Day, January 15, and I got mad. I got mad because everywhere I looked, I saw important and vital issues reduced to tired t-shirt slogans.

I saw t-shirts saying "Drop Acid Not Bombs," "Make Love Not War," and my particular favorite, "World Peace," in the Rastafarian tricolor framed around a happy face.

Don't get me wrong. I want world peace. I support making love instead of dropping bombs. Jimmy is the capital of the world. But I'm mad because we aren't just *complacent* about the political situation. We are complacent about the way we express ourselves on the issue. We put on happy-face t-shirts and everyone knows where we stand.

Where are the poets? Where are the artists and musicians able to not only express a political point of view, but do so originally and in a thought-provoking manner?

The call goes out. We are in a situation of life and death. The least we can do is make new art about it.

While I wait around for the next wave of political art, provocative new marching slogans, and (oh please, Lord) new t-shirt expressions, I can console myself in a number of new music releases that make the top of my head want to blow off.

An Intermission Commentary by Doug Arellanes

See, I'm mad because when most people think of protest music, who comes to mind? Dylan, Joan Baez, maybe Country Joe and the Fish? In recent years, people could put on a Dylan CD reissue and feel like they were Making a Statement.

Before giving up, however, take hope. Hip-hop artists are producing protest music that not only frees the mind, but makes the ass follow as well. Here's a short list of records I have in rotation currently available.

One that's been high on my playlist even though it's been out awhile is Public Enemy's "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos," which almost seems prophetic with its opening lyric "I got a letter from the government the other day/I opened and read it, it said they were suckers/They wanted me for their army or whatever/Picture me givin' a damn, I said never..."

Straight from the underground, from the South Bronx, New York comes politicopathic rapper MMG, whose record "Burn Baby Burn" is one of the most, well, incendiary records to come along in some time. The "burn, baby, burn" MMG (abbreviated form of Mad Muthafuckin' Gangstas) speak of is the stars and stripes. When the flag-burning "issue" came out a couple of years ago, people forgot why anyone would be angry enough to burn the flag. Hang out in the South Bronx for a few minutes and you'll understand why.

Another record worth several listenings-to is "Brown and Proud," the debut from A Lighter Shade of Brown, who have strong pro-Chicano lyrics (one song is about Pancho Villa) and a tough, relaxed sound.

Others to check out:

Too Short "The Ghetto" (Jive 12")
Living Colour, "Time's Up" (Epic LP)
Intelligent Hoodlum, "Intelligent Hoodlum" (A&M LP)
Terminator X, "Buck Whylin" (Rush Associated Labels 12")
X Clan, "To the East, Blackwards" (Island LP)

At least as we slouch toward Armageddon, the sounds are pretty good.

Editors Note: Arellanes, alias Dougy Gyro, hosts KCSB's "Funk You" Fridays from 2 to 4:30 p.m.

"War! Good God Y'all! What Is It Good For?"

- Edwin Starr



Intermission's List Of Ten People That War Is Indeed Good For

1. Guys in Texas named "Diamond Jim."
2. John Wayne and Sly Stallone.
3. Cockroaches
4. Ted Koppel's toupee maker, with their new line of "Desert-Camo Hair Wear."
5. The manufacturers of Stealth Condoms, Tang and Coppertone.
6. Bernard Shaw's psychotherapist.
7. The Baghdad outlet of Kentucky Fried Chicken.
8. A lot of Bob Hope's friends, who would not be able to find work elsewhere.
9. Future history textbook makers, because "George Bush" is easy to spell.
10. The makers of "Human Waste Disposal Units"- (Body Bags).

Intermission's List Of Ten People That War Is Indeed Bad For

1. Me.
2. My Family.
3. You.
4. Your Family.
5. Them.
6. Their Family.
7. The entire male population of The World.
8. The entire female population of The World (hard to find dates).
- 9-10. Everyone who is into this whole "life" thing.

the rest of the film. She likes to call people "miserable dirt-bag" and "fucking pervert." She's a fine one to talk, showing off her naughty bits like that. I think she's a Playmate.

So the special effects in this film are amazing. Amazingly bad. Some of the high points include a flame thrower that has flames that go 50 feet, then turn at a 90-degree angle. There are a bunch of explosions where the guy being exploded misses his cue, then turns around, sees the burst and says "Ohh, I'm supposed to explode," then promptly does so.

But probably the biggest boner of all in this flick is that nutty Trace, when he jumps off a 100-foot cliff firing a machine gun, lands on jagged rocks and doesn't lose his balance. So you sit there and think "That was really lame. He couldn't possibly have done that." But before you get a chance to rewind, *he does it again.*

Oh, and all of you Video Feminists, not only does this film feature two male butts, but a guy also gets raped.

This film normally would get a 9 on the Beer-o-Meter, but I was viewing it with a bunch of cynics, a limey trollop, Trout and a babe in a wet one-piece, so I give it an 11.

This is the Video Guy saying, "Make beer with that great bottled taste, only put it in a can, not war."

Pot Lucky



You Don't Have To Leave The Western World To Have Fun With Intermission

iViva Culture Clash!

San Francisco-based Chicano comedy troupe *Culture Clash* is set to invade Lotte Lehmann Hall on Wednesday, Jan. 23, and again on Friday the 25th, like a wacky, satirical pot of menudo — the soup in which you put a pinch of this a pinch of that and, whammo! It hits you like a rubber hose (as opposed to *Menudo*, the pre-pubescent singing wonders).

The goal of Culture Clash is to broaden the spectrum of American entertainment away from the blandness with which it is currently stricken by presenting Chicano humor to all audiences. "We're trying to open up the human landscape a little bit to show what the country is made of," related Culture Clash's Richard Montoya.

On Wednesday, they will present *The Mission*, a satirical poke at just about everything and everybody based roughly around a plot involving time travel, peyote, Julio Iglesias (July Churches) and Santa Barbara's

favorite soon-to-be-beatified Indian whipper, Father Junipero Serra. When asked about their satirical targets, Montoya replied, "Nothing is sacred" is pretty much our philosophy." It's irreverent, it's silly

and it's funny as hell. "The Mission" recently ended a very successful run at the L.A. Theatre Center where even the white, stress-addled yuppies in the audience laughed. Now that's success."

Most of their work is autobiographical to some degree. The Culture Clash boys (that's *men* to the politically correct) are embarking upon a TV series directed by Cheech Marin which will be based on the

theme of three struggling Latinos trying to make it in the entertainment business. If all goes well, it will be appearing on Fox sometime this year as a weekly sitcom.

In addition to their two performances at UCSB,

they will be appearing at La Cumbre Junior High to perform snippets of their work and basically shoot the breeze with the kids in order to provide awareness of the Chicano culture and to be that most dreaded of nouns, Role Models. "We call ourselves Chicano. We're proud of it ..." said Montoya, "We've kind of become reluctant role models, only because there's such a lack of Chicano role models."

With two performances on two different nights, conveniently located practically in your back yard, it's going to be damn hard to justify to yourself not prying open your minds a little and going to see Culture Clash, since you don't even have to skip your TG at the local frat house or doing the noodle to some Grateful Dead cover band down on Del Playa.

Tickets are \$12 and \$9 for students and \$14 and \$11 for others. Call Arts & Lectures at 893-3535 for more info.

— Andrew Rice



Later

Continued from p.1A
thing for everyone. Recommended viewing for the 12:00-12:30 a.m. slot is anything but "Into the Night Starring Rick Dees," the best reason yet to make the production of talk shows against the law.

This is proof that you don't have to be well-known to get your name on a TV show (see weekend's

"The Howard Stern Show"). Dees, known to Los Angelenos as the morning disk jockey on pop-40 station KISS-FM, brings his own brand of stupid humor and pointless interviews to TV. Second-rate guests (he once billed Gary Busey as a "major, major star") and the most kiss-ass questions this side of Arsenio Hall make this easily the worst talk

show on the air. Desperate for an audience, Dees even offers cash prizes for viewers. Has there ever been a more desperate nightly ploy to get ratings?

All remote controls should tune to NBC at 12:30 a.m. for "Late Night with David Letterman," still clever and innovative after 10 years on the air. Letterman has a terrific sense of who his audience is and caters terrifically to the taste of viewers who are unsatisfied by banal prime-time network television. The show offers good guests not really

interested in plugging much and allows its host to make fun of pretty much everybody.

The 1:30-2:00 a.m. slot is fairly weak, but ESPN usually offers a good tractor pull. NBC airs "Later With Bob Costas," a fine talk show that has Bob, better when he sticks to baseball, interrogate one guest for a half-hour. Bob always wears a sweater and holds a mug of some unidentified liquid, making him look like a cross between Roger Ebert and Alistair Cooke.

The later it gets, the thin-

ner the programming becomes. By 4:00 a.m., the best choices are either TBS's "Tom and Jerry's Funhouse" or whatever movie is airing on the independents. The news (live, not a replay) starts up again at 5:00 a.m., but I suggest tuning in to the first of a morning-long lineup of old sitcoms on TBS. Currently, reruns of "Gilligan's Island" show at 5:00 a.m.

Somewhere, as boredom begins to set in from all the channel switching, the viewer inevitably begins to think of his or her own late-

night programming. Combining the elements of all four thousand talk shows, I have actually built a structure for my show. It's called "The Super-Late Party Hosted by Brian Banks, The Man Nobody Outside of His Apartment Has Ever Heard of." I'll have a nutty musician-sidekick to assist me as I give away free Jack-In-the-Box vouchers, and I'll get all the latest sitcom actors to plug ... Usually by this time, I'm fast asleep.

Next Week: A review of late-night weekend television.

Get Animated

A famous philosopher once said that animation festivals are almost always like a delicious five-course meal that is served with a complimentary glass of warm spit. While the glass of saliva wasn't particularly tasty or satisfying, it was free, and the quality of the meal itself was more than enough to make you forget how disgusting that warm spit tasted... In other words, the good is good enough to make you forget about the bad. And *The Third Animation Celebration* is no exception to this wise and ancient proverb.

Several animated shorts in this year's festival were: "Welcome," painted on glass by Alexander Petrov (creator of last year's incredible "The Cow"), is both beautifully rendered and funny, using the example of an accommodating moose and his selfish woodland co-inhabitants as an allegory of man's greed; Ren Hoek and Stimpy in "Big House Blues," created for Nickelodeon by John Kricfalusi, are spastically energetic and brutally funny; Bill Plympton's "The Wiseman," popularized on MTV, showcases once again both his impeccable draftsmanship and his irreverent sense of



humor, humor which, despite beginning to grow a little predictable in its unpredictability, still remains fairly successful.

Probably the two tastiest entrees shown this year both utilize clay in their production. "Darkness, Light, Darkness," written

by veteran Czech animator Jan Svankmajer, is a brilliant combination of shock and comedy, as an array of clay body parts slowly merge to form a complete man, a merger that ultimately traps the individual that the monumental effort has sought to

create. Although most attempts at symbolism fall short in this year's *Celebration*, Svankmajer's film is extremely well-executed and unforgettable.

The other great film is a recreation of an old British worker's experiences during World War II, his monologue being re-enacted in claymation. Called "War Story," Peter Lord's film is interesting not only for its flawless animation, but also for the deeply accented recording of an actual conversation from which the animators had to work. Wonderfully down-to-earth and unpretentious, "War Story" is the kind of short that just sneaks up on you with its charm.

As for the rest of the shorts premiered *The Third Animation Celebration*, they range in quality from mildly flavorless to, at times, downright annoying. But, as that wise philosopher once said, a delicious five-course meal must not be ruined by a sip from the glass of warm spit. And as long as you can tolerate the taste of saliva once in a while, you will find this year's meal to be, for the most part, delicious.

— Todd Francis



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!
But it's still Art!

Pot Lucky

Steer Our Leaders Away From War, And Back To Censorship

Tony Pierce Doing Bukowski Writing About Chinaski Watching Barfly

Henry Chinaski walks into UCSB's Campbell Hall Thursday at 8 p.m. A 40 oz. bottle of Olde English beer bulges from his front pants pocket. He smells of sweat and rum. A pint of whiskey rests in his \$10 suit jacket. The freshman usher forces a smile as he tears his ticket. Henry looks around at the crowded auditorium, finds a seat in the back and sits down.

The lights dim, the music plays, and the titles show on the screen: *Barfly*.

The college audience cheers.

Chinaski hopes he'll see some breasts.

"Written by Charles Bukowski."

The crowd hoots and wails.

Henry finishes off the whiskey and chases it down with the beer as Mickey Rourke comes on the screen to the audience's pleasure. Rourke is dressed as a bum and enters a sparsely attended bar in Los Angeles in the afternoon.

Two young girls whom Henry assumes to be freshmen giggle as Rourke slowly delivers drunk philosophy in slurs and smiles. All the drinking makes Chinaski thirsty. He wishes they served beer at the movies. He remembers how he hates movies and 20 minutes into the film, he readies himself to leave when Faye Duna-way, looking like complete shit, is introduced into the story.

Henry instantly falls in lust and reaches down his pants to make room for his throbbing member.

The girls in front of Henry look back at him when he pushes his legs forward and gasp when they notice him. He grins embarrassingly, but then he doesn't care and they notice that too.

"We're gonna go drinking. Wanna come?"

"Hmmm. Sounds o.k.," he says and they adjourn to an Isla Vista pizzeria across from a cafe where they discuss the film.

"I thought it was dreadfully boring," the second girl whines and takes a sip of Coors Light.



Mickey "Marc Brown" Roarke toasts to the fact that he has given Tony Pierce the chance to once again write in a vulgar manner.

When the movie ends, Henry tries to leave but is stopped by one of the girls.

"Aren't you Henry Chinaski, the poet?" she asks. "Uh, yeah."

"Me and my girlfriend here have read all of your books and we love you." "You're kind."

"I just didn't get it," says the second girl. "Nothing happened."

Chinaski finishes his beer. "Everything happened. Life happened. Good times, bad times. Love, war. Drinking. To drinking!"

They raise plastic cups,

toast and drink.

"The bar did seem real, I guess," the second girl concedes.

"The bar was real and all the people were too," Henry says. He'd read Bukowski's novel *Hollywood* describing the making of the screenplay and film and tells them about it.

He feels good in the pizza place. It's warm and there's no neon to strain his tired eyes. The food's not bad and the beer is cheap. The girls look like they've had enough and Henry realizes he isn't as young as Mickey Rourke was on the screen. He relishes the memories of that youth, even though while he was in it he dreaded most of it.

The girls pay for the beer and kiss the older man on the cheek.

Henry walks to his car. It starts and on the way home he remembers how beautiful Faye's legs looked and the way Rourke's voice brought back hints of Mae West's.

When Henry gets home, he cracks open a beer, turns on the radio and lies down trying to think if this was his favorite Mickey Rourke movie. But he keeps trying to convince himself that Rourke starred in "Foot-loose," and that image haunts him as the rooms spins and he fades off to sleep.

— Tony Pierce

Ventura CONCERT THEATRE

26 S. Chestnut, Downtown Ventura

Jan 18

BLUES ALIVE
featuring
Rick Reeves & The Future Blues Band plus Big Daddy's Blues Band featuring B.J. Franklin

Jan 19

Future Leaders of America Benefit
Latino Dance Party
featuring
SABOR LATINO

Jan 22



AVERAGE WHITE BAND
w/FAT CHANCE

Jan 24 0105



TEENA MARIE

Jan 25

KBBY welcomes
COMEDY NIGHT
w/Steve Mittleman Wendy Kamenoff Dave Zasloss

Jan 26



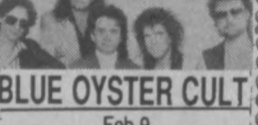
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POP



Behavior
Pet Shop Boys
EMI

In the mid-80s, when the Pet Shop Boys came out with "West End Girls," they knew who they were — a couple of pretty boys who put out some good dance music. Gerbil jokes and others aside, when you felt like dancing, in the end, you turned on the Pet Shop Boys.

But since then, the darling duo has lost its way and their new album, *Behavior*, is a blatant illustration of admittance.

The past excitement of their music — back when synthesizers were a novelty, when their lyrics talked about the now, the progressive, the future — is no more. The fast-paced dance music has been replaced by synthesizer rhythms that drag. Their clever mysterious lyrics have been replaced by maudlin statements of self-pity and insecurity.

Instead of provocative songs like "Suburbia," they've resorted to weak emotional confessions. The dance beat is still there, except the inspiration to move isn't, and only their seventh song on the album, "So Hard," gives the necessary impetus to get off your butt.

But in the end, you still have to hand it to The Pet Shop Boys. Their music isn't as empty as most dance music. Even though they lost some of their genius, they still manage to provoke curiosity of the unconscious, and there is something mysterious and sensual about them — an element that so much dance music lacks.

Hopefully, they get all this *Behavior* out of them in this album and can start to produce some more good dance music next time.

—Stacy Sullivan



Shortstop
Sara Hickman
Elektra

In the game of baseball there are hundreds of cliches and expressions. But often overlooked amongst this myriad of hardball adages is a little known one pertaining to music, which reads "Record albums named after baseball terms are generally good, while musical groups named after the same are frequently awful." This has been proven in recent years with John Fogerty's "Centerfield" (a "Babe Ruth" among albums), and 3rd Bass and the Outfield (a couple of "Johnny LeMasters" among groups).

Following in this tradition is Sara Hickman's *Shortstop*. While there is really very little that is new or different on the album, it is a solid set of folksy music which tries to say something without jamming rhetoric and ideas down your throat.

Where the album excels is in Hickman's refusal to adhere to one particular style, reflected in the variety of instruments on each track, as well as her Margo Timmons (Cowboy Junkies)-like vocals and flowing guitar work.

In fact, there is very little pertaining to baseball in this album, save for a shot of a Louisville Slugger, a team photo of the Cleveland Indians from the late 40s, and the title track, in which a "Shortstop" refers more to times in life than a overpaid middle infielder.

— Ross French

War got your poetic juices flowing? Then type it up and send it in!

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Cinema



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NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER: But Definitely Without Us

CRITIC'S PASS for



Stacy Sullivan

Talk about a plug for the war effort!

Not without My Daughter, the new Sally Field film based on a true story, rivals President Bush's open letter to college campuses, except its tactics are 10 times as powerful.

In the movie, a sweet American wife, Sally Field, and her caring husband, Alfred Molina, the victim of anti-Iranian sentiment in the U.S., pay a visit to his parents in Iran — a two week vacation.

But upon their arrival in Tehran, the sensitive doctor from Michigan, Moody, suddenly reverts back into a fanatical Muslim and holds his wife and daughter, Mahob, hostage for two years.

The plot revolves around an American woman, Betty, who is desperately trying to get out of Iran with her daughter — efforts which are continually thwarted by Betty's evil Muslim husband and his fanatical family who keep a 24-hour watch, prohibiting her from using the phone or going out alone.

Although the film is powerful and moving, Moody's metamorphosis from the caring American husband into the fanatical Iranian woman-beater is totally unconvincing. At the same time, Sally Field's portrayal of a

determined American woman fleeing Iran somehow doesn't work — the fact that she evokes images of Gidget aside, she simply failed to exude toughness.

But perhaps the most disturbing element in the movie is the one-sided portrayal of Iranian culture. Even if you're the most loving open-minded person in the world, you can't help but walk out of this movie feeling no-



Tone Loc won't like this film

thing but contempt and disgust for Iranian culture. Iranians are portrayed as evil, fanatical, primitive lunatics with no regard for women.

Equally as offensive are the down-home corny references to America as the land of all that is moral and good. Throughout the story, Betty and Mahob frequently pray together with bowed heads, "Dear Lord, please get

us out of Iran and back to America..." But the clincher comes at the end of the movie.

After being helped through the Kurdish desert by Iranian peasants via four wheel drive, horse back, etc., Betty and Mathob cross the Turkish border and are dropped off in front of the American Embassy. There, through the trees, are the colors red, white and blue. Yes, you guessed it, the American flag appears, full blown on the screen with angelic images of Betty and Mahob joyfully hugging each other proclaiming, "We're home."

Although a powerful moment, you're left with a feeling of being exceedingly pissed off with such a one-sided, trite storyline; and while you're disgusted with Iranian customs and treatment of women, you can't help but think the film missed a crucial element of its purpose.

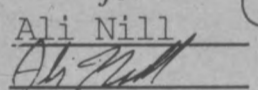
Moody was caught between two cultures. The Iranian and the American. His struggle could have been used to vividly portray the misunderstandings between the two and his hardship. But instead, he was simply a bad Iranian guy.

In the end, one has to wonder about the timing of the film's release. When was it made and why was it released a week before the U.S. was authorized to invade Iraq?

After the movie, back out in the sophisticated American world of State Street, I couldn't help but notice the Jesus fanatic running up the street wildly waving his arms, screaming, "Jesus is your saviour!!!!" It suddenly made the bias in the movie become even more apparent.

ROMANCE: Green Card Makes You Sigh

CRITIC'S PASS for



Ali Nill

As if blown in on the environmentally-conscious winds of a new decade, *Green Card* takes the familiar story of a marriage of convenience turning to romance and breathes new life into it. The unconventional coupling of a vegetarian American botanist and a street-wise French composer makes this romantic comedy refreshingly different and invigorating. The film's concentration on creation — of both artistic and natural beauty — establishes a vision of hope for life in the '90s.

Appropriately set in New York, a city frequently viewed as hopeless but still the melting pot of national and artistic cultures, *Green Card* proves that life can flourish in a metropolis.

In her first role since the highly praised *sex, lies and videotape*, Andie MacDowell is radiant as Bronte, the quiet plant lover with ambitions to improve the quality of life in the ghettos by planting trees. Her life is disrupted when she suddenly agrees to temporarily marry a struggling composer from France, played with tenderness by the well-respected Gerard Depardieu. She does it to nab the lease to a penthouse apartment with an amazing indoor botanical garden. He does it for — you guessed it — a green card.

The plot develops as the couple, with very little premeditation, begin to fabricate a romantic history for themselves in order to pass examination by the Department of Immigration. As they are forced to spend

domestic time together, they not only overcome cultural and personal differences, but gain insightful understanding of each other.

The film is driven by the attraction of opposites. First captivated by how beautiful she is, and how just-plain-big he is, you then realize the inner attraction: she has peace and he has passion. Like a flower, Bronte is the nurturing, stable epitome of health, while George is the energetic survivor with a lust for life, food, cigarettes and music. Her life is filled with trees and flowers; she wears green a lot. Clad predominantly in black, George, on the other hand, cannot seem to overcome his unstable, shady upbringing. Creating romantic tension, this interplay shapes their relationship.

Subtle irony underscores not only plot, but setting as well. The presence of such an abundance of natural beauty in a city of skyscrapers and potholes is unexpected, and director Peter Weir feeds us with gorgeous long-shots of a lavishly green and expansive Central Park. The fact that such a sanctuary is able to exist in the midst of Manhattan reiterates the film's message of hope.

Director Weir's appropriate choice of breathy, pulsing Enya instrumentals is outshone only by the joyous gospel of the Emmaus Singers Group belting "Keep Your Eye On The Prize" in the movie's final moments. Though the ending leaves some uncertainty about exactly how, when or where the couple will live happily ever after, *Green Card*'s musical last words give hope that, in the '90s, "everything's gonna be alright."

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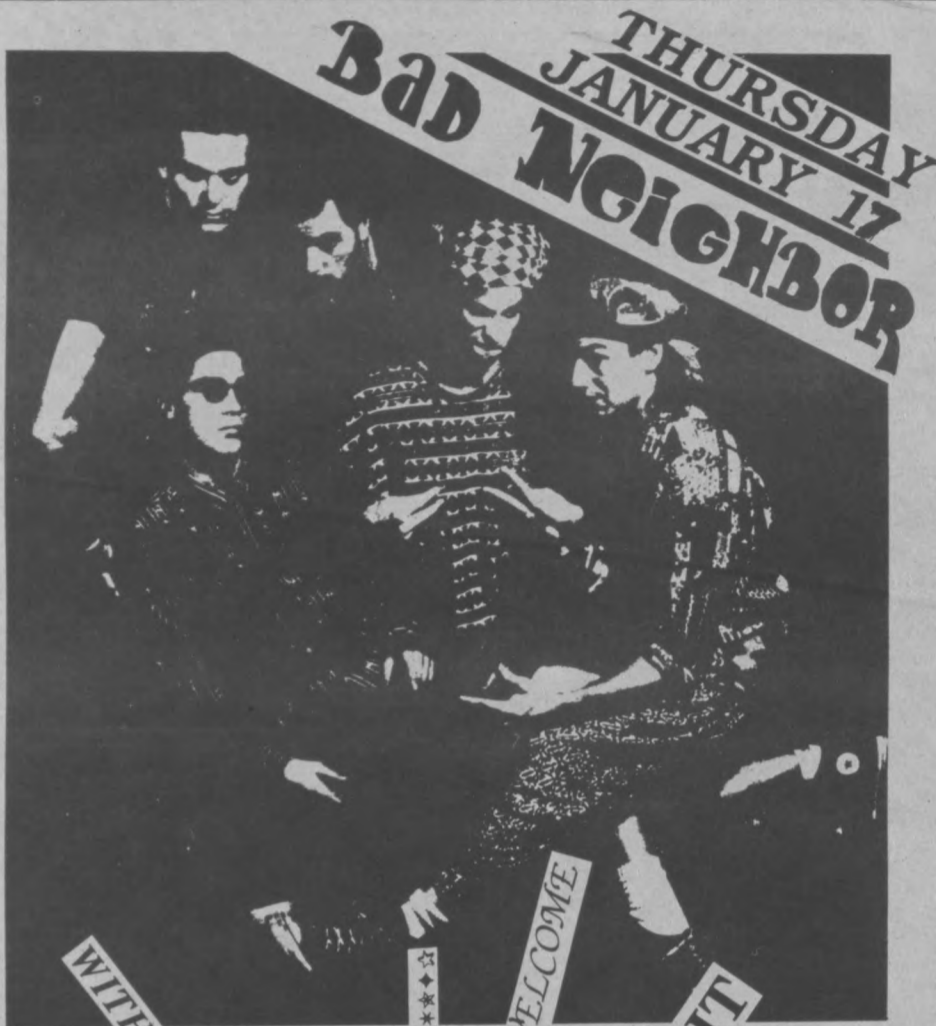
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