

# Cocker, Benatar Will Rock for Victims



**ART'S**  
WEEKLY Artistic Mind  
Control For The Week  
of July 25-31, A.D.

Art's plans

**Thursday:** When was the last Time you treated yourself to some fine Yugoslavian film? This is a question you should ask yourself from Time to Time and now happens the be the Time when asking such a Timely question could get a pretty interestingly quirky answer. If you know what Time it is, you'll find yourself at Campbell Hall watching *Time of the Gypsies*. What Time? 8 p.m. • **Friday:** Jimmy Cliff and Feela at the County Bowl for some smokin' reggae ditties or spend 95 cents and see The Georgia Satellites at the Ventura Theatre, why not? • **Saturday:** Stan Ridgeway brings his mosquitoes, Mexican Radios and packs a big hunk of heat when he takes the stage, don't miss him at the Ventura Theatre. Either that or see Toad the Wet Sprocket and Spencer that Gardener and other bands rock B. B. O'Brien's for the fire victims. • **Sunday:** It'll make you laugh, it'll make you cry. Academy Award winner for Best Foreign Film last year, *Cinema Paradiso* for all of you asking yourself, gee, when was the last time I treated myself to some fine Italian Cinema? Campbell Hall, 8 p.m. • **Tuesday:** Folk? John Doe at Carnaval. Jazz? Wynton Marsalis at the Long Bar. Either way you'll be treating yourself to some fine American music and when was the last time you stopped and asked yourself, gee, when was the last time I... • **On going:** PULSE-2, radically different art than you're used to: at the University Art Museum, College of Creative Studies, UCen, The Lagoon, Storke Tower and Downtown.

## After Fire, Local Musician Organizes Biggest Benefit/Bash Yet. They're Hoping To Raise Over \$100,000.

Music. The universal language. The one medium that can bring society together for virtually any common cause — and it seems to be doing a lot of that these days.

Seven months ago it was in San Francisco for the Loma Prieta Earthquake. Three weeks ago it was Knebworth in England. Two weeks ago it was for humanitarian aid on lower State Street. Last weekend it was at the Berlin Wall, and in Isla Vista and Santa Barbara where local bands came together for the Painted Cave Fire victims.

Now local resident Joe Cocker is to perform a benefit concert "With a Little Help For Our Friends" with Pat Benatar on July 31 at the Santa Barbara County Bowl to raise money for the fire victims and for a future prevention fund. Recently, ex-Eagle guitarist Joe Walsh confirmed that he will also be performing.

"The fire came about 50 yards from our front door, burnt one of our lower sheds and burnt everything around us," said Joe Cocker's wife, Pam. "But many of our friends and neighbors lost their homes. We were very fortunate."

The idea for the show was suggested to the Cocker's by Bill Garlock, coordinator of the annual Strawberry Festival in Oxnard. "In 48 hours this went from an idea to an event," Garlock explained, "We had to rely on a lot of verbal handshakes to get it together so quickly."

When Pat Benatar was asked to perform with Joe, she and her band quickly agreed, Pam Cocker said.

Both bands are donating all talent and time, and all advertising has been donated from local media

and from media outside of the area, including the *Los Angeles Times*.

Pam Cocker, who has been actively involved with fund raising and political organizations in the past, is the chair of the six-person committee that will be collecting the money from the benefit, evaluating a needs assessment and distributing the funds accordingly. Other members of the committee include the Santa Barbara city water commissioner and the president of the Wildland Residence Association.

She has also coordinated a backstage party to raise more money, which will be held at the Red Lion Inn after the concert. Joe Cocker and Pat Benatar will both be there with their bands and if all tickets for the concert and the post-celebration party sell, upwards of \$112,000 will be raised.

Cocker is in the middle of his U.S./Canadian tour and will be depart for Europe in January. Benatar, who hasn't toured since her "Wide Awake In Dreamland" trek which ended in December of 1988, is currently in the studio working on an upcoming release. Benatar said that most of her set at the benefit will be new material.

"This is one of those projects where you really get back more than you give," Garlock said of his involvement.

Also on Tuesday, Mayor Sheila Lodge presented Pam Cocker and Bill Garlock with a proclamation deeming July 31 as "Santa Barbara gets by with a little help from it's friends day" in appreciation of their efforts.

— A. J. Goddard



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## Live from NY, It's Marc Brown at New Music Seminar

NEW YORK CITY — This town is always a hot-spot for entertainment, but during the New Music Seminar it erupts. NMS is a forum for all forms of new music and this year it attracted 8,000 delegates from around the world. The most fun can be found at the night clubs in lower Manhattan where record labels put on showcases of their current acts.

The underground scene in New York still seems to be influenced heavily by grungy distortion guitars and screaming vocals. Many of the performers were local acts, most notably: Surgery, The Lunachicks, The Dust Devils, The Unsane NYC and Cop Shoot Cop. San Francisco rockers The Thinking Fellers Union Local 282 also put on an excellent show as they opened for Amphetamine Reptile recording artists Boss Hog. Boss Hog's line up includes two members of Pussy Galore and the bass player from The Unsane.

One of the best live shows was the Velvet Monkeys at Woody's In The Village. The Monkey's are an alternative "Super Group" who include two more members of Pussy Galore (both on guitar), Thurston Moore from Sonic Youth (bass), Sargeant Rock (lead guitar) and Don Fleming of Dinosaur Jr. (vocals). Not only did the players rock — the entire club was groovin' to this gala event. Let's all hope that the Velvet Monkeys go into the studio to record a reunion session soon.

Rock 'n' roll was not the only thing going on during the new music nights. Each night, delegates from NMS were allowed free admission to more than 25 different venues. One night there was a huge rap-music showcase at a club called the Irving Plaza. Although I got there at nearly 2:30 a.m., there were many acts yet to perform. Ice-T was the host of the festival, and each act only did one or two songs — the whole idea was just to get a taste of the act's talent. I

saw YZ, Low Profile, Tarrie B and a couple of unsigned acts. For the most part they were all pretty awful, but Tarrie B (a white woman) had a couple of dancers with her who did Madonna-like moves to a funky beat while she rapped. A highlight of this show was when an unseen crowd-member threw a vial of crack on stage as Ice-T announced an act. Ice responded by insulting the audience-member's mother several times.

At the Sound Factory, an all-ages dance club, each night there were DJs from the notorious Hacienda Club in Manchester, England. The Hacienda has gained a reputation for its patrons' hallucinogen intake as well as for spawning many new bands and DJs. Several of these groups from the Manchester scene performed: The Happy Mondays, 808 State, Adamski and Northside. After the performances, patrons could dance to the house-music sounds of England until closing time — 4 a.m. — Marc Brown

## Those Soaring Satellites



One good dose of thunder — The Georgia Satellites: Mauro Magellan, Rick Price, Dan Baird, and Rick Richards.

After hearing the Georgia Satellites' 1985 hit "Keep Your Hands To Yourself" for the 600th time on the radio and on MTV a few years ago, I was pretty fed up with their pop schmaltz with teasing little twangs. But when these knuckleheads opened for Bob Seger at the Forum a year later and Fucking Rocked, I bought and enjoyed the Satellites in the context of who they were: white trash, blue jean wearin', whisky drinkin', bad teeth sportin' rock and roll dynamos from the old school of the South.

Specifically, the school of Lynrd Skynrd meets ZZ Top at the scene of an Amtrack derailling.

Their new album *In the Land of Salvation and Sin* shows growth where you'd want it: around the edges of last week's leftover po'kchops in the icebox. Head Satellite Dan Baird is 36 now and as he ages, his band's records are getting cleaner in the production, while the product gets gnarlier. Guitarist Rick Richards sounds as sassy as Joe Walsh

in tunes like "Shake That Thang" while Baird's vocals are delivered with as much no-nonsense rock story-telling as Bon Scott used to give up.

In a telephone interview from his new home in Nashville, Tennessee, Baird explained that he had been listening to a lot of old AC/DC records right around the time he was writing *Land of Salvation*, but was also listening to old Stones and the Velvet Underground.

"The trick is you can't tell the band which old song you had in mind when you play it for them," Baird said. "That way they'll bring their own style to the song instead of copying what you were copying."

The concoction of classic rock licks and sensible lyrics in *Land of Salvation* is a tasty one, the band's finest yet, and will be featured when the Satellites play Friday at the Ventura Theatre for 95 cents as a special deal with KLOS FM, a cheap date and a great band. — Tony Pierce

## Faculty's Faust Now Playing At Main Theatre

Maybe I missed something because my butt hurt after three hours of sitting still. Maybe I blinked at a pivotal moment. Or maybe it's difficult at best to cut an 18-hour classic tragedy into a three-and-a-half-hour *Reader's Digest* version.

*Faust*, now in the second half of its two week run at UCSB's Main Theater, is an amazing spectacle of time travel and cold chillin' with the devil himself. It's not boring by any means, in fact the first half of the play makes perfect sense.

But the second act was like being a kid at the dinner table watching my parents talk about politics. Fascinating, but I just didn't get it.

Goethe's classic tragedy was written in two parts between 1770 and 1830, and the first part is often staged on its own. I can see why. It's the familiar tale of a deal between the devil and a man who gives up his soul to gain true wisdom — with the man wanting to renig on the deal.

According to Director Peter Lackner in his playbill note, the last half of the play incorporates "dramatic forms as diverse as the passion play, farce and classical tragedy and ... a vast compilation of Goethe's delvings into mythology." Because of its complexity and its length, most experts have condemned it as unstageable.

I'm going to agree with most experts. Faust (the hero) and Mephisto (the devil) wander through ancient Greece, the Renaissance and a really warped version of the modern-day punk era, with little or no link between the adventures. How could there be, with so much cut out from the original?

On a positive note, the translation by retired UCSB Professor Stuart Atkins was modern without sounding out of sync with the time periods presented. I understood what was being said onstage. The problem was what was left out.

Robert Egan (UCSB professor and chair of the dramatic arts department) and Simon Williams (UCSB professor) were also excellent as Faust and Mephisto, respectively. As the only two characters whose behaviors are constant and predictable, they serve as a common thread through an inherently confusing play, guiding the audience through even the weirdest scenes.

I don't think I'll read the whole thing anytime soon, but TAG's staging did make me curious about what I was missing. So in that sense, it was a success.

*Faust* is playing tomorrow, Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Main Theater.

— Kim Kash



Getting Fausty — Simon Williams, Geoff Pywell, and Ames in Faust.

## SANTA BARBARA FIRE CONCERT RELIEF SERIES

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# Late, Late Vic Films Find Fab Video Guise Frankenhook'd

*Frankenhooker* has the most exploding buttocks of any movie in recent memory, but this is not why it becomes the Video Guise's top movie of the year. No, it's because *Frankenhooker* is also a warm, touching, life-affirming movie that lets you know that somewhere, there are still people who know how to make quality movies.

Sure, by watching *Frankenhooker* you may well be sacrificing all hopes of making it to heaven, but it's worth it. Certainly, no moral God would let somebody slip past the pearly gates after they've witnessed this movie, but I figure that 98 percent of you guys don't have much of a chance anyway, so what the hey.

It's about a brilliant young scientist whose fiancée gets splattered onto a lawn dwarf when a large lawnmower gets uppity. Needless to say, he saves the head in an Igloo icechest and begins preparations for bringing her back to life. He decides to find the perfect body for his fiancée's head to set upon by cruising Times Square looking at prostitutes. He mixes up a batch of synthetic "Super Crack" and when a hotel room full of prostitutes smoke it, all 25 of their naked bodies explode. It's pretty funny.

Even if you missed *Lobster Man From Mars* last week because you were off fulfilling some disgusting hedonistic desire, witness *Frankenhooker*. Since the Vic is still being run by those "art film" types, they're only going to show "Frankenhooker" late at night, Friday and Saturday at 11:30 p.m. this weekend and next weekend. Without a doubt, you will never be able to see this movie if you don't do it now!

Do it or you all suck.

— The Video Guise

## staff box

this staff box is dedicated to those wacky Cubs who felt like doing something bizzare so they won 8 games in a row. don't get scared though, they choked yesterday.

Great thanks to barb mclean, dan & ali jeffers, aj

goddard, os tyler, marc brown, kim kash, jeff whalen, jeff mcmanus, trevor top, scott lawrence, matt sumner, seana fitt, debbie urlik, adam moss, bill detko and melly mel.

study hard, be nice, love, art



"Elizabeth," after, in *Frankenhooker*

Well I guess it was just a matter of time before those art-freaks at the Vic started to sneak some "film" into their movie series that's been going on for a couple weeks. At first, the idea of the series seemed pretty noble to me, the Video Guise, and they did so well with the first two movies (*Lobster Man from Mars*, *Frankenhooker*). But listen to this, and tell me if this is OK American film making.

*Dr. Caligari* has this lady who's feeling herself all over while this five-foot tongue does a postage stamp routine all over her face. I don't mind that she's naked — I've got an open mind about this kind of thing — but then she's rolling around on the floor like some kind of Communist, feeling, rubbing, touching herself in places that don't need to be touched in a movie. Then they start talking about all kinds of technical talk that I just don't understand, like "female orgasms" and weird talk like that. They can't get the camera to stay in one place, and it ends up zooming here and there at all kinds of weird angles, and then they pull out this thing — and see if you can imagine this — that looks like a long, slender, flesh-colored watermelon and do some disgusting thing that I once heard about in a Village People song.

Everything is done in black and a couple of Dick Tracy colors in a set that looks like the inside of somebody's stomach. It's gross and depraved and done with a bunch of actors that you might find lying in a gutter wearing a Wild Bill Hickock costume trying to do a Rubik's Cube with their feet.

Where are the monsters? Where's the violence? Where's the good clean sex? Where are the things that make movie going great?

— The Video Guise

(Art's note) — because the Video Guy (Denis Faye) has been on summer vacation, The Video "Guise" has been played by J. Christaan Whalen to all of our good great benefit.

## Cliff, Fela to Bring Culture to County Bowl

Carrying on the momentum of African consciousness from Mandela's American tour, Fela Anikulapo Kuti and Jimmy Cliff will bring the *irie* sounds of African roots and Caribbean Reggae to the Southland this weekend. With the recent rise in popularity of World Beat music, the pulsating rhythms of Fela and Cliff will provide ample excitement for the local Rasta crowd here in the heart of Babylon. At the same time, any show of two roots icons like Fela and Cliff will be sure to give all the white-bred, sexually-liberated, college-educated, Earth muffins of UCSB a unique opportunity to experience the enrapturing beats that feature

several elements of African culture set in the natural environs of Santa Barbara's scenic County Bowl.

Righteous roots, rhythm and reggae — what more could a white-boy dred ask for?

This show will be a good way to escape Babylon's broadcasts from the boob tube and to invigorate the soul with the rasta vibrations and tap into the power of Jah. As Jimmy Cliff sings, you will be "drinking from the fountain of life, walking where the sun shines." Mother Earth's sacred herbs, righteous music and her kindred souls will all be present 6 p.m.

— Trevor Top



TREVOR TOP Daily Nexus

Jimmy Cliff gettin' funky at Rob Gym in '88



in *Faust*.

## Jungle Book, Not Just for Children

Taking one tentative step forward, Mark turned his head left, then right, making sure no one was watching. "OK," he whispered as we tiptoed into the theatre with a popcorn in one hand and a box of *Ju Ju Bee's* in the other. As unobtrusively as possible, we slipped into our seats. But still we felt the cold hard eyes of 10-year-olds glaring at us. "What are they doing here?" we could almost hear them whisper.

Well, so what if two 20-year-olds want to see *The Jungle Book*? It's not just for kids, right? Right! We found the Disney classic *Jungle Book* to be just as riveting and exciting as it was when we were seven. After the enchantment of the computer-aided animation of *The Little Mermaid*, the 23-year-old *Jungle Book* does pale a bit in animated comparison. But the classic Rudyard Kipling story is still enthralling.

Before we knew what we were doing, Mark and I found ourselves singing along with Baloo the Bear as he explains to Little Mawgli, the man cub, about the "Bear Necessities." It was amazing how hearing a few bars could bring it all back for us. Of course, when we realized we had been singing loudly, we sunk down even lower in our chairs.

In spite of myself, I gripped my chair in suspense as Shere Khan the evil tiger stalked the innocent Mawgli through the menacing jungle. And I sighed happily when Mawgli fell in love. "It's always a woman," Mark grumbled.

If you think you're too mature and sophisticated to appreciate a silly cartoon like *Jungle Book*, then I guess you're not as grown up as you thought. A real adult understands the need to get out the child in himself. So go see *Jungle Book*, and don't forget to bring the candy.

— Seana Fitt

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# e t c e t e r a

During the summer some of us do and wear different things. Some of us whistle.

**Spencer Daniels**, skater, vocalist, masturbator  
 1. Primus, *Frizzle Fry*  
 2. Ice Cube, *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted*  
 3. Disaurafus, *We Love Ewe*

**Chris Ferrante**, current Indica bassist, KCSB Traffic Manager  
 1. Primus, *Frizzle Fry*  
 2. NOMEANSNO, *Wrong*  
 3. Jane's Addiction, *Nothing's Shocking*

**Mike Stowers**, past president, tank-top wearer  
 1. Depeche Mode, *Violator*  
 2. The Cars, *Candy-O*  
 3. Michael Penn, *March*

**Mike Chester**, present president, T-shirt wearer

1. The Toyz, "Smoke Two Joints"  
 2. The Grateful Dead, "Women Are Smarter"  
 3. Public Enemy, "Fight The Power"

**Melissa Lalum**, babe, Trojan fan, "feisty"  
 1. Original Soundtrack, *The Sound of Music*  
 2. R.E.M. *Life's Rich Pageant*  
 3. Led Zeppelin, *II*

**Mark Wright**, pizza dude, longhair, skater  
 1. The Red Hot Chili Peppers, *R.H.C.P.*  
 2. The Grateful Dead, *Skull and Roses*  
 3. Jane's Addiction, *Jane's Addiction*

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### Arlington

1317 State, S.B.  
*Days of Thunder*  
 (1, 3:15), 5:30, 8, 10:10  
*Starting Friday*  
*Presumed Innocent\**  
 2:10, 5:05, 7:50, 10:15

### Granada 3

1216 State, S.B.  
*Die Hard II\**  
 (12, 2:40), 5:20, 8:10, 10:40  
*Another 48 Hours*  
 (1:30, 3:30), 5:40, 8, 10:10  
*Starting Friday*  
*Jungle Book*  
 12:30, 2:30, 4:30  
 Separate admission required  
*Double Feature*  
*Ghost Dad*  
 (1:45), 5:45, 9:45  
*The Jetsons*  
 (3:45), 7:45

### Fiesta 5

916 State, S.B.  
*Navy Seals\**  
 (12:45), 3:15, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30  
*Quick Change*  
 (2, 4), 6, 8, 10  
*Ford Fairlane*  
 (1, 3:15), 5:30, 7:45, 10  
*Fri. M-Th*  
 5:30, 7:45, 10 only  
*Jungle Book*  
 (1, 3), 5, 7  
*Moves Friday*  
*Total Recall*  
 5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
*Moves Friday*  
*Robocop II*  
 8:45, 11  
*Moves Friday*  
*Rocky Horror*  
*Friday at Midnight*  
*Starting Friday*  
*Days of Thunder*  
 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
*Starting Friday*  
*Problem Child*  
 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45

### Metro 4

618 State, S.B.  
*Arachnophobia\**  
 (12:45), 3:05, 5:30, 7:55, 10:10  
*Ghost\**  
 (12), 2:35, 5:15, 8, 10:35  
*Dick Tracy*  
 (12, 2:30), 5:05, 7:45, 10:15  
*Starting Friday*  
*Freshman*  
 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:20, 9:50

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349 Hitchcock, S.B.  
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*Pretty Woman*  
 5, 7:25, 9:45  
 Sat & Sun also 12:20, 2:40  
*Betsy's Wedding*  
 5:15, 7:30, 9:40  
 Last day Thursday  
*Starting Friday*  
*Total Recall*  
 5:15, 7:30, 9:40  
 Sat & Sun also 12:45, 3

### Riviera

2044 APS, S.B.  
*Jesus of Montreal\**  
 7:05, 9:35  
 Last day Thursday  
*Starting Friday*  
*Without You*  
*I'm Nothing\**  
 7, 9:15  
 Sat & Sun also 1, 3, 5

### Cinema Twin

6050 Hollister, Goleta  
*Arachnophobia\**  
 (1:20), 3:30, 5:35, 7:50, 10:05  
*Days of Thunder*  
 (1, 3:10), 5:20, 7:45, 10:05  
*Moves Friday*  
*Starting Friday*  
*Freshman*  
 1:15, 3:25, 5:30, 7:45, 10

### Fairview Twin

251 N. Fairview, Goleta  
*Die Hard II*  
 (12), 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10  
*Ghost\**  
 (12), 2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 10:05

### Goleta

320 S. Kellogg, Goleta  
*Jungle Book*  
 (1, 3), 5, 7  
 Separate admission required  
*Dick Tracy*  
 9 only  
 Separate admission required  
 Last day Thursday  
*Starting Friday*  
*Ghost Dad*  
 9:15 only  
 Separate admission required

### S.B. Drive-In

907 S. Kellogg, Goleta  
*Double Features*  
*Days of Thunder*  
 8:50, 12:35  
*Another 48 Hours*  
 10:35  
 Last day Thursday  
*Die Hard II\**  
 9, 12:45  
*War of the Roses*  
 11:15  
 Last day Thursday  
*Starting Friday*  
*Ford Fairlane*  
 8:50, 12:50, Sun-Th 8:50  
*Robo Cop II*  
 10:45  
*Problem Child*  
 8:40, 12:05, Sun-Th 8:40  
*Parenthood*  
 10

# meeting John Doe

John Doe is a patient man.

Tuesday, as he prepared a promotional compact disc containing a few acoustic songs that did not make it onto his solo debut *Meet John Doe*, he took a few minutes to talk shop about his career with and without X, the Los Angeles group that headed the L.A. punk scene in the early 80s. He's coming to Santa Barbara to play Carnival on State Street July 31, and I'm sure he figured a little press couldn't hurt.

I warmed him up with questions about the CD promo, which features a censored version of "Worldwide Brotherhood," a song from the new album:

Me: How do you feel about censoring parts of "Worldwide Brotherhood"? (note: the edited song will read, "I'd hate to bleep-up worldwide brotherhood.")

Doe: I feel great. ... We're putting bleeps like Johnny Cash did in "A Boy Named Sue." So I'm not compromising my artistic impression. You can hear the real thing if you go out and buy it.

Me: I giggle nervously and I try a hypothetical question that goes over like a lead brick in a wading pool: If you came across a 12-year-old kid in a record store who had \$15 and was trying to choose between *Los Angeles* (X's first record, a classic) and *Meet John Doe*, what would you suggest?

Doe: I'd say buy 'em both for six or seven dollars apiece.

Me: Say he only had six bucks.

Doe: That's not a fair question.

Me: What if the kid was choosing between *Los Angeles* and Mary's Danish's debut record? Basically I'm asking you what you think of Mary's Danish.

Doe: I didn't get through their record the first time I listened to it because the melodies were so similar from song to song, but yesterday I listened to it and liked it. I would recommend that.

Me: Do you hear the influence of X on Mary's Danish?

Doe: About the same way that I can hear Jefferson Airplane having an influence on X.

Me: What if the kid decided to buy a 2 Live Crew album?

Doe: I'd say he spent his money the way he wanted to. I tell you what, you know, this hypothetical question...

Me: Yeah.

Doe: The reason it's not going anywhere is because I no longer think one kind of music is better than another. I don't judge music. Maybe at one point it was important to damn Peter Dinklage so he would get out of music, which I guess he did eventually. At one point it may have been necessary to separate yourself from the rest of the stuff you didn't feel was relevant.

Despite general bumbling on my part, however, I did manage to learn that:

- X may work together again early next year.
- Doe called Patrick Swayze a "chicken-shit dick" in the film *Roadhouse*.
- And Doe is placing music before his acting career, at least until he has some spare time.

— Adam Moss



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