

For the week of October 18-25, 1990

A

R

OINGO BOINGO

HENRY ROLLINS

HENRY AND JUNE

INSPIRAL CARPETS

T

S

Cover art by Todd Francis

**TONIGHT / 8PM
CAMPBELL HALL**



Turtle Island String Quartet photo, Ed Kashi

A Jazz String Quartet on the Loose

TISQ: A Musical Opportunity

Those poor souls who missed out and did not get in to the sold-out ISO and The BOBS concert have another chance. Tonight, the Turtle Island String Quartet is going to shake Campbell Hall loose from its foundation with a concert where jazz, rock, world music, bluegrass and who knows what else all meet.

Imagine this: four musicians with classical music and jazz backgrounds who can play the velvety harmonies of Duke Ellington, the carefree chord runs of Stephane Grappelli, the spicy moodiness of the Bulgarian folk style, the hoedown fiddling of the American West or a faithful rendition of Cream's recording of Robert Johnson's classic "Crossroads." And it's all created by a very untraditional string quartet — Darol Anger and David Balakrishnan on violins, Katrina Wrecede on viola and Mark Summer on cello. Don't miss this get-loose foursome, tonight at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

**Turtle Island:
where jazz, rock,
world music,
bluegrass and
who knows what
else meet.**

Now More Than Ever

Christian Science Monitor columnist Rushworth Kidder became intrigued by an idea when he was working on a series of interviews with influential thinkers from around the world. Is there, he wondered, an underlying code of ethics that can be found in all societies, no matter what their political philosophy? Kidder was so taken with the idea that he took a

leave of absence of the *Monitor* and set up the Institute for Global Ethics. With the help of advisors both here and abroad, Kidder is amassing data and developing a system to track values here and in other countries to see if there exists such a global code of ethics.

Kidder is developing a system to see if there exists a global code of ethics.

For example, notes Kidder, if you were to parachute into any country, walk over to the first person you meet, take something of value from that person and run away with it, you would be violating a universal ethic that applies to all cultures. Applying such



examples on a greater scale, Kidder firmly believes that to solve today's major problems, thinkers and doers must look at the underlying issues of ethics and values.

He delivers the lecture Global Ethics: Common Values for a Shrinking World on Wednesday,

October 24 at 8 PM in the Main Theatre. The free program is presented as part of the Issues for the 1990s series ETHICS AND MORALITY IN THE UNITED STATES.



Rastafari Woman

The *Independent! Films by Black Women* series continues on Monday, October 22 with *An Evening With Film Historian Pearl Bowser*. A film archivist, Bowser will discuss the work of Black women filmmakers and will present the film *Omega Rising: Woman of Rastafari*, a documentary by D. Elmina Davis. The film is both a history of the Rastafari movement and an exploration of the role of Rastafari women. Davis, herself a Rastafari member, addresses the myths and narrow stereotype of women in the movement. Interviews with Rastafari women in England and Jamaica are interwoven with contemporary images of Rastafari culture. The program is free and begins at 8 PM in the Isla Vista Theater.

On Other Film Fronts

Have you made it to any of the intriguing films in this quarter's International Cinema series? These contemporary films really do offer you the chance to see what today's best international filmmakers are producing. For example, in the Italian charmer *A Boy From Calabria*, showing on Sunday, October 21 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall, a 13-year-old boy of peasant stock doesn't let parental expectations get in the way of his love of running. Directed by Luigi Comencini (*La Bohème*), the film explores the tension between a determined youngster who runs for a sense of freedom and a traditional father convinced he knows what is best for his son.

SPEAKING PARTS

**THURSDAY
OCTOBER 25**



For the avant-gardist in you, there's *Speaking Parts*. Thirty-year-old Canadian independent filmmaker Atom Egoyan (*Family Viewing*) jumps off from a basic plot about the making of a movie to smartly rove through the terrain of post-electronic relationships in *Speaking Parts*, screening Thursday, October 25 at 8 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall. A revved up *sex, lies and videotape*, the film presents a devious tangle of relationships involving an ambitious actor, a lovesick chambermaid, a frustrated scriptwriter and the video equipment that separates yet connects them.

For tickets or information call: 893-3535

U C S B
A&L
ARTS & LECTURES

| Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|--|--|---------|--|---|--|----------|
| | | | | 18 Turtle Island String Quartet 8 PM Campbell Hall | 19 | 20 |
| 21 A Boy from Calabria 8 PM Campbell Hall | 22 Omega Rising 8 PM IV Theatre | 23 | 24 Rushworth Kidder 8 PM Main Theater | 25 Speaking Parts 8 PM Campbell Hall | 26 Gustavo Romero 8 PM Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall | 27 |



James Seawright and Mimi Gerrard

Pulse Last

The light-sculpture-dance-performance *Walking on Gravel*, which will be held at the University Art Museum from October 22 through October 26, holds up to be just as interesting as the artists who created it.

The artists, Mimi Gerrard and James Seawright, were discovered in Manhattan a few years ago by UAM curator Phylis Plous while she was making her routine studio visits across the country. She was impressed by the collaborative work and made arrangements for them to come down and perform their creation at the museum, which organized the whole exhibition.

The performance itself is best described by a quote from Plous: "This exhibition permits light to be used as part of the process from the beginning. This enables Gerrard to use light to create and shape the movement."

In an interview with Gerrard (who was in New York at the time), she explained the piece as four modern dancers, a tap dancer and a clown dancing to American music as slides of American themes flash around them.

Q — Did you meet James through art?

A — "We grew up in the same town. We both grew up in Mississippi and we didn't really go out at that time ... so we met really quite early, but we didn't meet through art. I think we both influenced each other's career, but after, when we were both in New York, I started working in dance and he worked at the electronic music center and his first sculptures were sort of traditional sculptures."

Q. Why did you pick this title?

A. "Well, for a number of reasons which

are fairly complicated. But one reason is that the sound of walking on gravel is used in the piece and it's sort of an integrating element. I mean I think that walking on gravel is just something almost like an irritant in a way. The piece in some way is about what lies under the surface. What seems like a very smooth-sailing world, but underneath the surface there is something else going on and I think that the walking on gravel is somewhat of an image of that."

Q — Why is this art, in your opinion?

A — "Well I never think about whether it's art or not, we just do it and I don't go around saying it's art. I mean I think that we try to be an artist in the sense that you've gotta do work that means something to you and you hope it's meaningful to someone else. In fact, it's the first time I've ever done something in a museum, the first time I've done something quite this complicated."

Q — Have you performed this piece before?

A — "No. This is new. This will be the premiere of it in California. It's very exciting."

Q — Is there anything else you would like to add?

A — "I think that we are really excited about coming to California, we're excited about doing something using the museum's space, and we really liked making something for a specific place. We've had some showings of the piece and I think everybody said that it's unlike anything I've ever done before, and I think that's exciting that I've had the opportunity to do something I've never done before."

— Jamie Phillips

Karush Quartet To Play Lotte Lehman

The *Larry Karush Quartet* calls their blending of New Music, World Music and jazz "Music for a New World". By combining improvisation with influences from musical sources around the world — Africa, India, South America — this jazz ensemble creates an interplay of styles and techniques that is intuitive and innovative, adding to the excitement of improv.

Larry Karush, who teaches a class on Performance Improvisation for the College of Creative Studies, says that he has always improvised since he started studying piano at a young age.

"The whole tradition of Western music is based on improvisation," he said. "Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, all the great composers (improvised). Mozart wrote improvisation into his piano concertos. As far as I'm concerned, Mozart was a jazz player."

But isn't improvising on stage rather tricky? "It's a skill, like anything else," Larry says. "You've got to spend time and focus on it. It's really about doing it. We have a piece called 'Da-da-da-dat' — it's onomatopoeic. We play the composition, which is about a minute long, then the improvising is just based spontaneously on whatever you took out of the composition and it goes from there."

Quite a daring way to perform, even with a group that's been working together for a while. "Sometimes you can sense what people are going to do before they do it. That's when it starts getting magical. Any minute, anything can happen. It gets really exciting and the audience senses that."

The Larry Karush Quartet has been creating together for nearly three years now, with Randy Tico laying down rhythms on the electric bass, Tom Lackner playing trap sets



Jay Clayton

(drums) as well as percussion and Junior Homrich playing Afro-Brazilian percussion. "He has quite an array of instruments," says Larry about Junior. "From silver goblets to cymbals to Japanese woodblocks to all kinds of things." Silver goblets?! "He picks them because they have a very beautiful ringing sound, and he does some other fantastic things with them which I won't tell you about — come watch!"

The Quartet is especially excited to welcome their unique guest vocalist, Jay Clayton. After having worked with Jay some years ago in New York, Larry has finally been able to bring her down here for some music workshops. Singing right from the heart, Clayton has a wide range of styles that she works with, including some new electronics; her wordless vocalization, occasionally referred to as "far-out vocal stuff", has brought her much respect and renown.

The show will feature some of Larry's original compositions and some of Jay's, as well as some standards, and plenty of improvisation. So bring your spirit of adventure and your heart to Lotte Lehman on Saturday night and experience for yourself the creation of songs you will never hear again.

— Susan Matthews



(Highest Rating)

"IF YOU LOVE CHALLENGING, ENTERTAINING AND INNOVATIVE FILMS GET THE ANNUAL *TOURNEE HABIT*."

—Jack Garner, Gannett News Service



(Highest Rating)

"EACH YEAR THE *TOURNEE* GETS BETTER AND BETTER."

—Nat Segaloff, Boston Herald



"THE STRONGEST ANIMATION COLLECTION TO DATE!"

—Gary Arnold, Washington Times



"A COLOR-SPLASHED ANTHOLOGY OF THE BEST IN WORLDWIDE ANIMATION."

—Robert Denerstein, Rocky Mountain News

"THIS IS THE PLACE TO BE!"

—Jami Bernard, New York Post

ALL NEW!
18 PREMIERES



Featuring *BALANCE*,
the 1989
ACADEMY AWARD™
WINNER
for Best Animated
Short

THE XXII INTERNATIONAL TOURNEE OF ANIMATION

©1990 Expanded Entertainment

- EXCLUSIVE 2 WEEK ENGAGEMENT -
STARTS FRIDAY OCT. 19
DAILY: 7 & 9:30 • SAT. MAT. AT (4:45)
SUN. MAT: (2:15 & 4:45)

FRI. & SAT. LATE SHOW (19th & 20th ONLY) AT 11:45 PM

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

- VALUABLE COUPON -

\$1.00 OFF

THIS COUPON GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR
OFF THE \$6.00 ADULT ADMISSION FOR
EITHER FRI. OR SAT. (OCT. 19 or 20)
11:45 PM LATE SHOW

Desperate Hours
starring Mickey Rourke
directed by Michael Cimino

Michael Cimino, entirely incapable of making anything resembling a good movie since the *Deer Hunter* (did you see *Heaven's Gate*?) has done us wrong once again with *Desperate Hours*, which hurts where the shoe pinches.

Take Mickey Rourke—he's dumb! Who said he was good? Let's get him a shower and a shave! He looks terrible! Not that he's always been so bad, but now he's full of himself like an arrogant jelly donut, and I've seen better Jack Nicholson impersonations done by an Arby's Beef 'n' Cheddar. Here he is again playing a Miss Manners asocial case study, FORM OF ... a serial killer!

At the beginning, Rourke is about to go to jail, but he manages a courtroom escape with the help of his attorney, Kelly Lynch, who was Matt Dillon's girlfriend in "Drugstore Cowboy." Tell her to put a shirt on! Jeez! She's gonna catch her death of pneumonia in one of these pictures!

After the escape, the plot centers around Rourke and his criminal badboys hiding out in a nice house where they annoy the family and compete for the most close-up shots. *Desperate Hours* is supposed to be a suburban horror story and Cimino purposefully makes the family generic, intended to inspire a personal familial identification with the audience. This plan comes flying back in Cimino's face like so much cream pie and the characters have no depth beyond the thin polyester screen. He tries to make Anthony Hopkins everybody's dad, and Hopkins is all right, but he's not my dad, nor is he anybody's dad that I know. Non-specifically, Cimino tries to have a little bit of everybody in the characters, but he fails to give them any specific bit of anyone. Little boy likes Nintendo. Husband works too much, family kind of hates him. Wife is bored, scared, makes turkey sandwiches. Teenage daughter is snotty, talks back, has goofy boyfriend. No good!

Since the husband and wife are having trouble with their marriage, Cimino thinks he'd like to play with that a little—almost enough to make you think that that's the main theme of the film—but he never brings the issue out in the open. It's supposed to be a "people falling in love with their captors" theme that psychologists sometimes talk about. Not a bad theme, but Cimino throws in a "spouses as captors" deal as well as a "people falling out of love with their spouses and back in again" and goes about it in such an undeveloped way that he might as well have trashed the whole idea. In the end, all we get is Anthony Hopkins yelling at his wife, "Trust me! Me! Me! Not him! Me!" No good!

— J. Christaan Whalen

Miller's Crossing
starring Gabriel Byrne

Sometimes you see a movie and you don't feel comfortable recommending it, but you really can't bring yourself to bash it either.

After all, a lot of people put a lot into *Miller's Crossing*. Jon Polito is excellent as Caspar, the rival mob-boss in town; his ideas of ethics and loyalty are, though steeped in crime and violence, apparently sincere. He is also the center point in the one truly masterful scene in the film, a scene in which two men struggle to demonstrate their loyalty to him while we are supposed to sympathize with his betrayer, and a third man, brutalized already, sits in the background howling, unable to speak.

The movie is true to the atmosphere it strives for, claiming an origin in the literature of Dashiell Hammett. There's plenty of hard men, easy women and blood everywhere, more than in other gangster films that aspire to lower literary standards.

However, the central triangle is weak. Tom (Gabriel Byrne) and his mob-boss friend Leo (Albert Finney) are supposedly quarreling over Verna (Marcia Harden), but we never really see why Tom and Verna go for each other. The love/hate conflict is boringly conventional, and nothing fresh is added to this particular mix.

— Dan Jeffers & Ali Shraim



Jon Polito having to be restrained at *Miller's Crossing*

Memphis Belle
starring Eric Stoltz

World War II flicks are generally not my cup o' tea. Somehow they tend to be these hardcore pro-America propaganda epics that make me want to gag on their conceptions of a glamorous wartime. Not that being pro-America is bad or anything, but the movies are just too gung-ho for me.

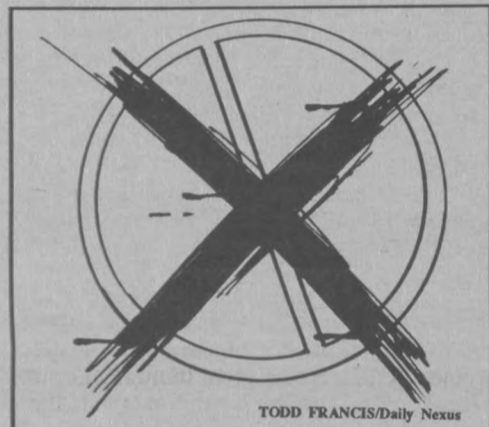
Memphis Belle, however, is a bit different. Dramatizing the story of the ten-man crew who flew the American B-17 bomber on their 24th (and last) Nazi air-raid mission, *Belle* is more a character study than a pro-war film. Interestingly enough, it even places some (albeit little) emphasis on the horrors of war.

If anything though, *Memphis Belle* is your standard everyday feel-good pic dealing with enough good times, fears and emotions to firmly tug on those heartstrings.

Matthew Modine does another great turn as the straight-arrow pilot and leader of the pack, while Eric Stoltz stands out as the poetic-romantic radio controller.

Belle is slow-moving at times and does have its jabs of corniness, such as when Stoltz recites poetry or when Modine gives a personal farewell to his beloved bomber plane, but the cast of characters is so likeable that you can't help but be forgiving. All you can do is sit back, cheer and wave your flag.

— Barbra Danno



Henry and June
rated NC-17

High in the hills overlooking the placidity of Santa Barbara, underneath the vaulted ceiling of the rustic Riviera Theater, away from the eyes of youth, writhing and panting were going on.

Writhing, panting, bumping, grinding, sweating, and gasping were displayed at the Riviera, and audiences packed the theater to witness a daring mixture of sex and art.

Not a film for the bashful, *Henry and June* earned its NC-17 (no children under 17 years admitted) rating hands down. Director Philip Kaufman's eye explicitly captures unmitigated sexuality in much the same way as his critically acclaimed *Unbearable Lightness of Being* captivated audiences with stark, sensual experience.

Neither film backs down. *Lightness* was a revolution in popular film—an opinionated, existential film about politics, art, sex and almost everything else that makes life worthwhile. *Henry and June* goes even farther.

It is extremely likely that *Henry and June* won't be getting major billings in Louisiana as the lesbian sexuality, only implied in *Lightness*, is actualized—explicitly—in *Henry and June*. The heterosexual scenes are (refreshingly) brazen and erotic.

Taken from excerpts of the diaries of Anais Nin, the movie is a pageant of sensuality and experience, a biography of the love triangle between controversial author Henry Miller, his wife June and Nin, the faithful recorder of their transgressions.

In one dextrous montage, Kaufman alternates shots between Nin's husband Hugo (Richard E. Grant), who is eating downstairs in the kitchen, and the arduous sex of Nin (Maria de Medeiros) and Miller (Fred Ward) in the upstairs bedroom. Following one segment from the bedroom, Kaufman intrepidly cuts to the kitchen, where the family maid is shoving a heated, phallic-shaped loaf of bread into Hugo's open, waiting mouth.

— Charles Hornberger



Tonight Only

David Lynch

Back to Film School
student films of famous directors like Woody Allen, David Lynch and Orson Welles screening at the Victoria Street Theatre

You've just finished seeing David Lynch's *Wild at Heart* and you can't believe that one man could be so weird. After viewing *Goodfellas*, the latest from Martin Scorsese, you wonder, "Has he always been that bloody?"

The film school works of these and other now-famous directors gives us a look at their true passions. Before there were million-dollar productions and before there were studio honchos breathing down their necks, today's premier directors—equipped with only a camera, amateur actors and a tiny budget—made their own personal statements.

Six of these film school productions can be seen tonight only at the Victoria St. Theater. The program, titled *Back to Film School*, features the early works of Steven Spielberg, Scorsese, Lynch, Roman Polanski, Orson Welles and Woody Allen. The show is disappointing if you are expecting something even close to these geniuses' later films, but the opportunity to view their amateur productions is a rare, and recommended, treat.

The best of the lot (Welles' and Polanski's films were not available for preview) is Scorsese's "The Big Shave," a six-minute short about a nightmare shave.

Spielberg's "Amblin," perhaps one of the most famous student films ever made, is a dated tale of two hitchhikers traveling up the California coast. The film was made in 1968 and has not aged well, as the romantic acoustic guitar soundtrack and "lost souls wandering" theme suggest.

Allen's contribution to this group is a must for fans of the filmmaker. It is a 30-minute pilot for a never-aired sitcom that features a young Alan Alda and Louise Lasser and contains some great one-liners later to be used in Allen's films. It's funny stuff, but there's not much else here to separate this sitcom from any other currently airing on "Nick at Nite."

"The Grandmother" is a college-age Lynch's venture into weirdness. A lonely, abused boy plants a seed on his bed and grows a grandmother. It is at time touching, but the combination of animation and the inconsistent editing take their toll, resulting in a merely nice effort by Lynch.

— Brian Banks

The XXII It'l Tournee O' Animation
starring various characters including *The Beastie Boys*

The lineup for the *XXII International Tournee of Animation* is promising, for most of the animated shorts shown this year are either international award winners, award nominees or world premiers. Also promising is the return of several notable animators whose works have been popular in animation tournees over the last several years, such as Bill Plympton and Paul Driessen. And while these high expectations are not entirely fulfilled by this year's shorts, several notable films make the tournee more than worthwhile.

Of particular interest are two European shorts; "The Cow," an Academy Award nominee by Soviet animator Alexander Petrov, is a beautifully reflective story of a young boy's memories and reflections upon the family cow. Rendered in startlingly realistic swirls of paint on glass, the scenes are extraordinary to behold. Despite its 10-minute duration, which by animation standards is long, not once does it become less than enthralling.

From West Germany comes "Balance," a highly surreal and symbolic short film set to a melancholy score. Utilizing puppets trapped atop a floating platform, the brothers Lauenstein have succeeded in creating an extremely memorable short that carries heavy political and social references. "Balance" is an extremely strong and powerful piece, very much deserving of the Academy Award it garnered.

Another fine short is the French film "Gisele Kerozene," which takes the tech-

nique of pixillation (stop motion photography) down strange roads. Animator Jan Kounen sticks a bunch of Wicked-Witch-of-the-North look-alikes and plops them on motorized broomsticks, then has them chase each other through a deserted city until they all wind up bloodied and frustrated. Using camerawork reminiscent of the Mad Max films, "Gisele Kerozene" is violently funny and somehow appealing.

"Vykrutasy," another Soviet entry in this year's tournee, is also quite good, as we watch a coil of steel wire incredibly come to life as an animated man. He sets out to create the perfect environment around him out of the same wire from which he has emerged, but as his little problems become serious obstacles, the "life" that he has created comes crumbling down.

Also interesting are "Shadrach," a *Beastie Boys* video that uses paintings and drawings of concert footage to create a dynamic and unique take on the same-ol', same-ol' of rock videos; "Juke-Bar," a tale of some nocturnal cockroaches who invade a new jukebox and throw a party; and Bill Plympton's popular "Plymptoons," a series of MTV-funded animated shorts that use Plympton's unique draftsmanship and wit to often ribtickling results.

It seems that every year there are a couple of mediocre shorts, but they are always overshadowed by the good ones. This year there seemed to be more bad ones than good, which is surprising. Still, this year's good ones are as good as any that have appeared in previous years, which makes this year's *International Tournee of Animation* well worth attending.

— Todd Francis

The Video Guy ... is in Storke Plaza watching John Candy
By Denis Faye

When Punk Meets Funk, It's Wartime

By Tony Pierce

The first thing that came to my mind while I was being introduced to ex-Black Flag singer Henry Rollins was that he didn't like shaking hands.

At least not shaking hands with dudes.

"All these boys want to shake my hand," Henry Rollins wrote in his 7/18/85 journal entry published in the 1986 collection of entries *HALLUCINATIONS OF GRANDEUR*. "I don't want to touch any boys, man, no thanks."

This is coming from a guy who, a month later (8/21) wrote "Last night girls were grabbing my cock, my balls, my legs. Felt good. That stuff and this dude I cracked in the ear with the mike is the only things I really remember from the two sets. That dude had blood dripping down the side on his head. Oh yeah, this other dude pulled me into the crowd and I was chewing on his neck trying to tear off some meat. Felt good chewing hard a living body, it drove me crazy. I had a mouthful of that muscle that goes down the side of the neck. I was thinking, you wanted me, this is me."

Henry Rollins is most widely known for his singing for L.A. punk gods Black Flag, but he's also a surprisingly talented poet, an interesting storyteller during his spoken word performances, a world traveller, a self-motivated workaholic, and a consummate letter-writer — that's forgetting that he's one of rock's most powerfully gifted voices.

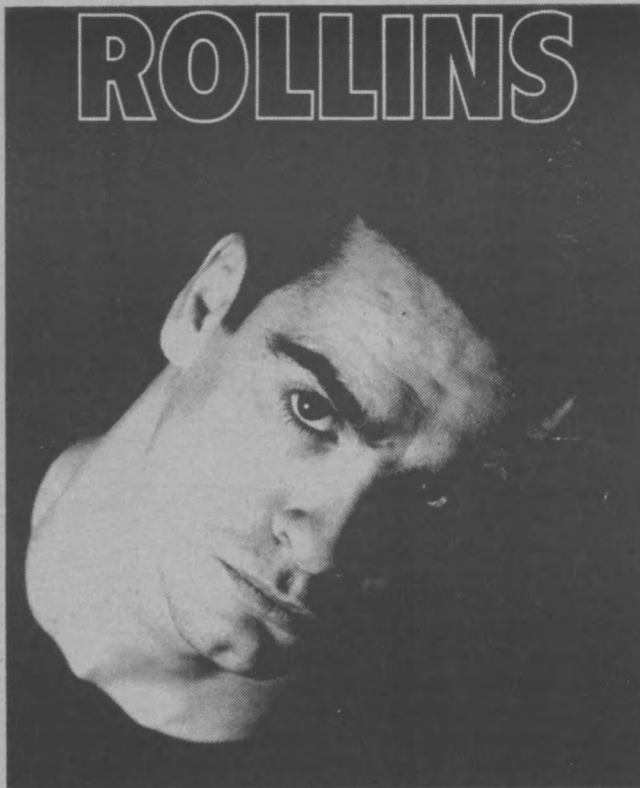
Unfortunately, when you meet someone, there's this weird instinct to shove your hand out towards them as a symbol of friendly greeting. And that's what I did to the namesake and leader of The Rollins Band in the West Hollywood office in which I was sweating nervously while awaiting the reaction of the guy who was driven crazy by chewing on flesh.

And yeah, I was scared and I knew I was being stupid. Rollins stuck his heavily tattooed arm out, grasped my palm, intertwined my fingers tightly and raised and lowered his hand in a quick manner. Great, I shook his hand. Big deal.

A lot of the interview was like that, as Rollins seemed tough, but not stupidly so. And I felt dumb for not trusting him for what seemed like a fake facade. In all his journals, he reveals himself in painfully truthful ways, and onstage, nearly naked in plain shorts, Rollins reveals himself more so vocally. Nothing's shocking, but sometimes the truth is.

The plan was to interview him before a Rollins Band gig at the Hollywood Palladium with Virginia swamp monsters/necrophilic child-molesters GWAR. It turned out that we ended up driving him around L.A. for an hour last Friday as he took care of business and answered questions, mainly about his new funk side project Wartime, but also about sex, drugs and electrician's shoes.

• • •
"I have no friends besides myself. None. I made that deci-



Punker with a cause: Rollins

sion today. People turn, pull attitudes, lie, don't come through. I see it all," Rollins wrote a few years ago. But because in his spoken-word shows he's almost a comic, and more interestingly, onstage seems like he's taking on the world with anger, I asked him which side of his personality he felt was closer to the real Rollins?

"It's all me," he states clearly, slowly and flatly. "See, I got nothin' to hide. I'm accountable for everything I say, everything I do. You can even hold me accountable for every penny I spend and make. I have nothing to hide. That's why I can always be in the eyes of the truth. That's why a person can ask me a question, a personal question, and I don't give a fuck, I'll just answer it and know it's OK."

What's more than OK is Henry's latest side project, Wartime. So funky, Rollins could easily take the act back home to Washington, D.C., and do some damage to its go-gos. Produced and played by Rollins Band bassist Andrew Weiss with oomph, soul and trippyness, Wartime is unstoppable when Rollins' juicy chops take hold. This is most evident when, on the final cut of the 5-song *Fast Food For Thought*, Weiss goes crazy with psychedelic swirls of bass effects and Rollins whispers the lyrics as the pair wallop the Grateful Dead's "Franklin's Tower."

"That was Andrew's idea," Rollins says. "I think the Dead are a great band. I like some things better than others, but when a band puts out 20 million records it's going to be like that."

Like other hardcore "straight-edge" bands that came out of D.C., Rollins isn't into the drug and alcohol scene.

"I don't drink. I don't do any drugs. I tried a few (drugs), like, one time. Like, I've tried LSD a couple of times; it was cool, you know. I smoked pot one time. One time. I've got-

ten drunk about seven times in my life — total. And that's all the drugs I've ever done."

In fact, Rollins says that none of his bands have ever been typical of the drug-taking rock star myth. "Black Flag were never really into drugs — sometimes a joint," he said, adding that they scarcely even drank. And the same goes for the Rollins Band, where "maybe someone'll have a beer after a show, but you'll never see anyone (drunk). There aren't any rules like 'you drank beer!' But nobody in the band is interested in being dull, being unable to stand up. It's also our schedule; I mean, we play all the time, we play very hard and we live very hard."

More surprises: "The sun rises in Madonna's panties," Rollins once wrote of the Material Girl, adding, "The light comes glowing softly through the cloth like a warm pink grapefruit." Again, that was a few years ago as well, but things haven't changed, and even though he'll soon turn 30, The End of the Century Man recently cut a video for Wartime which blatantly tributes the ex-Mrs. Penn.

"I did some of the choruses just like 'Cherish,'" Rollins said proudly about the first Wartime single, "The Whole Truth." "I got in the ocean. Used the same lighting. Same black and white. Same angles. So crass."

While Rollins is the muscle behind Wartime, Weiss is its bones, and Henry had only kind words for his bassist as he explained how they came up with the project. The first record that he's cut for a major label.

"Andrew is so musically talented. Hasn't even scratched the surface. He hasn't even had a chance to try anything yet. Three years from now that guy's gonna be serious, man. He always wanted to do funk that was really heavy and had a groove. And me, too. And one day we were just talking about it. And that was in '86 and both our bands had broken up, so we just did it."

Rollins says he wasn't worried for a second as to what the public would think about punk's biggest hero (next to Johnny Rotten) doing "disco." In fact, he says he doesn't have to worry about maintaining a certain image because he says he doesn't even have one to uphold.

Even though I said he was full of shit, he still maintained that he was imageless, insisting that he was what he appeared to be.

"I don't have an image, I don't think. I'm me. I dress like this every day. Same backpack for years. I buy the same pair of shoes every 18 months — Sears electrician's shoes. It's just

"I don't have an image, I don't think."

—Henry Rollins



the way I dress. I don't think I'm anything. I get my work done. Everything I do is out of function. I play in shorts and no shoes and no socks because I sweat a lot. That's function.

"I even put out my own books because I don't want someone else putting a disgusting price tag on it, so I do it myself. And I've hired three awesomely honest, totally integrity-ridden guys to handle the business, so everything that comes out with my name on it you can go 'fuckin' A, man, that guy didn't sell me out.' And what you get from that is an image. But me? I'm just Rollins. I work for a living. I'm an okay guy. And that's all."

A Magic Carpet Ride



Manchester Natives Say No To Acid

By Barbra Dannov

"Grab one of those chocolate croissants, Barb. Better yet, make it three."

Here we were, sitting in the immaculate offices of Elektra Records where everything was marble and mauve. Spread across the intimidating conference table were piles of muffins, bagels, juice ... all two starving college writers could wish for.

Of course, we were too nervous to eat, so

Barb stuffed a few croissants in her bag while we waited for the band called Inspirational Couches? No? Inspurral Cows? Nah. Oh, Inspirational Carpets, yeah, that's it!

It was kinda strange, sitting in the same office that was once home of the Doors and the Eagles, and we waited intently for the other college journalists to meander in for the press conference. Fifteen minutes and

two cups of coffee later, another writer entered the room. He was old, bearded and wearing a Grateful Dead cap — was he in the wrong place, or were we?

We had all our questions ready to lay out on the table and dazzle the boys from the Carpets. They seemed nice enough when they came in. Very cordial. The impressions we got of them were as diverse as their musical style (but we'll get to that in a minute!).

"And your name?" lead singer Tom Hingley took Stacie's hand oh-so-lightly. The lilting British accent sent shivers up our spines. Barb leaned over and whispered to her, "Honey, we ain't in Kansas anymore."

They reminded us of the Monkees of yore; Tom's bowl cut brought Ringo Starr (without the nose) to mind, and organist/singer Clint Boon resembled a cross between Joey Ramone, Ray Manzarek and the infamous Rodney on the Rock (KROQ, that is).

We were still expecting more journalists to arrive, and as we waited, we got a sneak peek at "Biggest Mountain," their new video. This was a creative endeavor, full of psychedelia, strobes and silhouettes.

We were unsure if the interview proper was beginning when the older guy asked them some casual questions. When it looked like this was it, we flipped open our notebooks and furiously scribbled as this Dead-loving, brown-nosing journalist slyly stole the scene.

Inspirational Carpets emphasized their diversity in image, musical style and technique. They emerged a full year before the Acid House movement took off in Manchester, England, and they take pride in the fact that they were removed from that whole trendy Stone Roses-type thang.

According to Tom, the Carpets' sound does take a cue from the psychedelia-inspired Manchester scene, but also has its roots in Andy Williams, the Walker Brothers and even Liberace. While we didn't see the relationship between the Carpets and crooners like Williams, other influences were a little more obvious, like

the Seeds, the Beatles, ? and the Mysticians and, especially, the distinctive waltzy organ sound of the Doors. Mix those in with a dash of the Damned, a smidgen of the Jam and a pinch of Echo and the Bunnymen, and you've got the Carpets. Ecclectic, to say the least, should be their middle name.

"We're mainly going for diversity," Tom said, with a nod from Clint. "We never want to get boring. We get bored quickly ourselves and are very self-critical."

Added Clint: "We want to keep changing. We don't want to replay old tunes — we're keen to develop. We'll see who's around in 10 years."

While their following in England is now strong, initial press and radio support was basically nonexistent. Due to their association with the Acid House scene, much of their material was banned from British radio. They depended on their fans, therefore, to spread the word. "Word of mouth," said Tom, "is always the best way to sell records." Before long, their gigs were sold out. In fact, a recent show at the Roxy was packed to the rafters.

"We headlined but a lot of people went to our show to see the opening bands, like Nick Cave or the Pixies," Clint smiled. "But they ended up getting their heads turned by our music. Next week, our album was up 11 points."

"That's what we're after — turning people's heads," Tom reaffirmed.

Since most of the Carpets' stuff has only been released on import and played on college radio, they're here invading the States in an attempt to cross over. The next single, to be released in May of 1991, is "Biggest Mountain," which they estimate to hit number 12 or 13 on the British charts. Already, their debut album on Elektra, *Life*, is getting rotation on stations like L.A.'s own KROQ. "You guys are the largest American press conference we've had so far!" Clint laughed.

There were still only three of us press

See CARPET, p.6A

Boingo To Play Bowl

By Dino Scoppettone

At first I thought maybe it was the video game version of Dungeons and Dragons.

Though I had never listened to their music, the first time I heard of the group Oingo Boingo, I envisioned albums full of screeching birds, roaring lions and other jungle sounds. It wasn't too long before I finally realized why this picture came to mind: I was associating them with the video game Congo Bongo.

Then I discovered that the name of the band's leader was Danny Elfman. Elves? Being an old D&D veteran, I wondered if the group had put together songs that would fit on the soundtrack to "The Hobbit."

Soon after, I finally heard their music. It has nothing to do with elves or jungles. In

actuality, much of it deals with morbid themes, but does so with an upbeat, crazy style that has permeated through seven albums and a live compilation. And Danny Elfman, it should be pointed out, doesn't have pointy ears. What he does have is a knack for keeping the eight-member group energetic and the crowd frantic during live performances.

In anticipation of Boingo's appearance at the Santa Barbara County Bowl on Oct. 23rd, I had a chance to speak with John Avila, the group's bassist since 1984. Having helped to produce the band's last two albums, Avila offered some insight into the cult success of Oingo Boingo.

Tell me about the band's origins.

Avila: The band was originally a theatrical street ensemble, playing on street corners and such, doing a totally

different style of music. It was closer to '30s jazz. From there they went to a vaude-villian (style), more theatrical as well as musical ... gorilla suits, eating fire, stuff like that. From there they became a rock band around '78 or '79. They used to originally be called the Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo.

Does that name mean anything in particular?

Avila: Not that I know of. The word Oingo Boingo doesn't really mean anything, except for in Japanese it means "large breast."

It's obvious the band has a huge following, but you've never really cracked the Top-40 charts. Would you like a number-one hit or are you happy with your current success?

Avila: We're happy with all the success we've had over the years, but it would be crazy to say we wouldn't want to be on a more national scale. It's always fun playing for more people. I think it's just a matter of time ... especially in the last couple of years. Our radio airplay has been way more open to us than it has been in the past.

What's your popularity like in the Midwest and back East when you tour?

Avila: The further east you go, it's more in pockets. There are some towns like Phoenix and Salt Lake City and Denver where there are



Oingo: third from the left is John Avila

Out O' Control

huge Boingo followings, in the thousands, and then it turns into pockets after that. Still, there are some very enthusiastic fans out there, and we always seem to find them.

Has Danny's success with movie soundtracks helped the band at all?

Avila: Absolutely yes — just from all the musical experience he's been gaining from doing these movies. He's been getting a lot of well-deserved notoriety.

Where's your favorite place to play?

Avila: Los Angeles would be always one of my favorites — it's great to play for the hometown. We recently went to Brazil and had a great time there. It was the first time we'd been out of the States. At one point, we played at a concert in Rio de Janeiro in front of over thirty thousand people. Back there, the song "Stay" was number one for ten weeks and everybody knew the words to the song. At the same time, the older songs, like pre-"Dead Man's Party", were totally unknown to them. Over here, the people like to hear the old songs, but the new songs are really coming around.

Having eight members, is it hard in concert for the band to keep on the same level, to stay in

synch?

Avila: When the band gets on stage, you become a Boingo. Something comes over you, that's for sure, and the combination of the adrenaline, the crowd, and just getting up for the gig, you just get out there and do it.

Danny Elfman writes all of your song lyrics. What is his fascination with the themes of death and dying?

Avila: He has a happy relationship with the macabre. It's always been one of his favorite subjects ... he enjoys writing and thinking about it, dwelling into it. Just another fascination of Danny Elfman.

On the new album, *Dark at the End of the Tunnel*, it seems that Danny is a little more serious with his lyrics and the band in general is a little less dance-oriented. Is the group moving in a new direction?

Avila: Always. That's been one of the things that I think has kept the band alive all these years, is that the band never stops moving and growing. I think that's what keeps the blood in the band rich, always trying something different. Before, they were playing more up-tempo grooves, faster-oriented songs, and the band decided to try something different — more layered

sound, as opposed to faster gyrating tempos. The band can still play the shit out of all that stuff, and I think it makes for a more exciting concert when you have more of a break in different directions.

On the new album, the song "Out of Control" seems to be an open letter about suicide. What prompted that song?

Avila: Danny gets letters and such from different people, fans, and I think it was from a letter he had gotten from someone who was contemplating that. I guess it was almost like an answer, saying "Hey, don't do it." I mean, there's a lot of worse things that can happen, and it really isn't as bad if you really just take a big look. I think that's what that song covers.

What can we next expect from Oingo Boingo? Is there anything in the works yet?

Avila: Not at the moment. We're always looking forward to the next record. There isn't any absolute scheduling started on that yet, but you can look for a new record in '91.

"An Evening with Oingo Boingo" will take place at 7:00 on Oct. 23rd at the Santa Barbara County Bowl.

PRETTY WOMAN

Thurs. 10/18
8 & 10:30
IV Theater \$3.50
Sponsored by UCSB Fencing Club

CROSSROADS Ent. & THE INDEPENDENT Present

The Keeper of the Blue Flame

MICHAEL FRANKS
& Special Guest Barbara Wood

This Sat. Oct. 20
Arlington Theatre
8pm

Pick up his latest release "Blue Pacific" at your nearest

THE COMPACT DISC & TAPE STORE

Marriann's Italian Villa, **101.7** KSBF, **Picture 40** weekly picture advertisement

Sat. Nov. 17
MIGHTY DIAMONDS
w/ Special Guests
at the Graduate in Isla Vista
Doors open at 7:00 • Show at 8:00

Tickets available at all outlets including Compact Disc & Tape Store (Goleta), Morninglory Music (I.V.), the Arlington Theatre box office 963-4408, Castle Music, Michael's Music 964-9827, or call Crossroads 966-1466. To charge by phone call (805) 583-8700.

GTE Mobilnet THE INDEPENDENT MICHAEL'S MUSIC Castle Music of Santa Barbara

For further information call the Arlington Box Office: 963-4408

carpets

Continued from p.5A folks there.

They don't want to follow the usual trends. "It's hip to say you like Sly Stone and Led Zep right now. I don't particularly like them, so I'm not going to follow them because other musicians think it's the thing to do. But you can't write off any kind of music as crap," he added. "I used to hate Neil Young and old generation music during the punk era, but I love it all now."

The Carpets have been around for about five years and during that time established their own British record label, Cow Records. At the moment, they plan to focus on their own up-and-coming career but eventually plan to sign other bands to their label. They'll only sign bands that share their similar diverse qualities, and one such band, Asia Fields, is a hopeful candidate, they say.

But for now, they're trying to conquer America. Inevitably, their success will spawn one question: "Why 'Inspiral Carpets'?"

"Well," Clint said, "we wanted to be called 'The Doors,' but somebody already took that."

"Really," Tom explained, "it was one of those drunken things. We were trying to come up with something weird, so we came up with the Carpets. We added the Inspirial part for a psychedelic touch."

Clint added, "People used to ask us, 'How far are you going to get with a shit name like that?'"

Very far.

— Barbra Dannov

94.5

DEAN at DAWN

Finally, Good Morning Radio!

KCQR
QUALITY ROCK 94.5

Rush
Chronicles
Mercury Records
Rating: Good Deal O' Love

When I first heard Rush, I was 13 and sitting around the coffee table in the living room of a cabin in Lake Tahoe playing Bullshit with two decks of cards with my little brother and two family friends.

It was one of those cozy winter nights and our parents had gone out and left Doug, our older brother, to supervise. Doug wasn't playing because he was too cool to play with a bunch of kids.

It was during this scene that Doug decided he wanted to hear a little music, and so he popped on 2112 and the room filled with the thunder, shriek and wail of Rush's sci-fi epic of revolution, evil priests and salvation. So there we were playing Bullshit and partying to this weird Led Zeppelin metal/Pink Floyd art rock.

Now nearly nine years later, I'm still listening to Rush, and, I confess, I own every one of their 16 albums. Yes, I still dig those three rockin' Canadian guys even tho' they have gone commercial and you can even hear some of the songs from their more recent albums on the radio, the "Hold Your Fire" and "Time Stand Still" stuff.

The band has just come out with a compilation two-disk CD with songs from every one of those 16 albums which I happen to own. It has some good selections, like "The Trees," "Red Sector A" and the early "Lakeside Park," along with your obligatory "Fly By Night"'s. But I think there should also be some "I Think I'm Going Bald" (for the title alone, it's a great song), "Red Gloves," and "Jacob's Ladder." They also commit blasphemy for leaving out any version of "YYZ."

On the whole, *Chronicles* is pretty good and is a good buy for all those new Rush fans who want the rock but don't want to spend the dough over nine years to collect all 16 albums like I did.

— Chris Zeigler



The Grateful Dead
Without a Net
Arista Records
Rating: St. Branford Rocks

"Without a Net" is the first live release from the Grateful Dead in 10 years. Weighing in with three whole records — 140-plus minutes of music for a total of 16 songs — it's a good showing from the band. Always on the lookout for Dead tapes of outstanding sound quality, when I heard that they were putting out a live record, I was ecstatic. No dosed heads tripping over the wires in the taper section to mess up the sound here. This record has quality sound and you can get it on CD, too.

There's all sorts of good stuff on this record, a Help-Slipnot-Franklin's (always a plus), Cassidy, Let It Grow, and a China-Rider thrown in for good measure. However, the LP's highlight is the Eyes of the World with Branford Marsalis; it's incredible.

The one odd thing about this record is that all these songs are from different places and they don't tell you where. But besides the sound quality, this record didn't excite me that much. There's some good stuff here but you might as well just go out and find someone with the tapes of any one of these shows and save yourself 15 bucks, as the band wasn't ripping on the nights that the recording equipment was around — a lot like the *Dylan and the Dead* album. If you're a head looking for an album with great sound quality, this is it; if you're a non-head that can't get tapes, this might not be as mind blowing as the Dead can be, but it's a start.

— Chris Hepburn

Eggplant
Sad Astrology
Dr. Dream Records
Rating: Filet Mignon

In our continuing series on how to turn rock into food, here's our latest recipe. — Art

How to make Eggplant:
In a medium-sized casserole dish, combine a thin layer of the Violent Femmes, a dash of REM and four cups of XTC. Bake on high for 45 minutes. Lightly sprinkle a few cheesy pop tunes on top. Serve warm. Guaranteed to leave guests satisfied.

Eggplant, a four-man funky pop band out of Huntington Beach, have released their second album *Sad Astrology*. Full of infectious pop tunes and a few rockin' numbers, *Sad Astrology* is a fun album to listen to. It's got a funky beat, and you can groove out to it.

The title track, which kicks off the album, is an ironic song, because as the band plays in a gleeful upbeat style, the lyrics tell of a girl who tells this guy she'll love him till the stars all fall ... and then they do. The rest of the songs are equally as incongruous. "The Wild Ones (Cycle on the Lawn)" is a sweet acoustic number about a girl wearing aftershave and a boy wearing mascara.

So if you're tired of the same old macaroni and cheese, and you're looking for something different, try Eggplant. You just might like it.

— Seana Fitt

Tackhead
Strange Things
SBK/Capitol/EMI Records
Rating: The Roof Just Ain't On Fire

Tackhead have evolved quite a way from their humble beginnings as the musical force behind the Sugarhill Gang.

In 1987, Nettwerk Records issued an anthology of Tackhead Sound System music. When Tackhead S.S. performed live, Gary Clail would sometimes add his vocals to the music by screaming into a megaphone from the mixing console in the middle of the concert hall.

Well times are a changin', it is 1990 and Tackhead have just released their second full length studio LP, this time on SBK Records (a division of the corporate behemoth Capital/EMI) featuring a new lead singer, Bernard Fowler, who has a very smooth singing voice.

The help of corporate finances also got some pretty interesting guest musicians to help out on a couple tracks. The song "Take a Stroll" has Mick Jagger blowing his large lips on the harmonica and Melle Mel busts out a rhyme on "See the Fire Burning."

The lyrics to this record have their heart in the right place and once again Tackhead make very strong social statements on sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. Yet, musically this record is not nearly as brilliant as Tackhead's earlier material and after a couple listens to the record I became really bugged by the lead singer. His vocals make all of the songs sound like candidates for top-40 air play.

Any Tackhead fan who feels let down by *Strange Things* should spend time listening to other Tackhead projects. Over the summer Mute/Restless records released *Metatron* by Mark Stewart and the Maffia.

— Marc Brown

MEL & GOLDIE
He's every woman's dream and one woman's nightmare.

BIRD ON A WIRE

Sunday, Oct. 21
8 & 10:30 pm
IV Theater \$3.50

Sponsored by UCSB's Men's Lacrosse

RECYCLE



Ventura CONCERT THEATRE
26 S. Chestnut, Downtown Ventura

| | |
|---|---|
| Oct. 19 KCQR PAUL COTTON Leo Downey Band | Oct. 26 KBBY COMEDY NIGHT w/DAN REDDINGTON & Other Guests |
| Oct. 20 KMGQ & KKUR BRAZILIAN FALL CARNIVAL '90 featuring LULA & AFRO BRASIL | Oct. 27 Z-96 WILD CHILD (A Tribute to Jim Morrison) w/LED ZEPAGAIN |
| Nov. 2 KBBY AMBROSIA | Oct. 31 KTVD welcomes DRAMARAMA THE WAY MOVES/CLYDE |
| Nov. 7 KCSB GATO BARBIERI | Nov. 3 KCQR CHRIS ISAAC |
| Nov. 8 KCSB | Nov. 10 KTVD WARREN ZEVON |
| Nov. 14 KCQR KARLA BONOFF & BAND | Nov. 11 KMGQ THE RIPPINGTONS Featuring RUSS FREEMAN AXIOM |
| Nov. 15 Just Added!! TOTO | Nov. 17 KCQR THE BAND plus AL STUART (solo) |
| Nov. 16 WARREN MILLER'S EXTREME WINTER | Nov. 18 BOB MOULD |
| Nov. 23 KXBS BEATLEMANIA | Nov. 24 KCQR JOHN MAYALL & THE BLUEBREAKERS w/MAMA ROO |
| Dec. 27 KCSB DREAD ZEPPELIN | Dec. 31 NEW YEAR'S EVE w/ THE COZ BAND |

For Ticket Information & Dinner Reservations
Call the Ventura Theatre Box Office, 26 S. Chestnut, at
(805) 648-1888
Or Video Tyme at 644-4632

TICKETMASTER
AT CAPITAN HOTEL, MORNING GLORY RECORDS, UNIVERSITY TOWER, BAY CO. & MUSIC PLUS STORES
CALL-FOR-TIX (805) 583-8700

CONCERT LINE (805) 648-1936

THE FINEST SELECTION OF
blues
ROCK & JAZZ

RECORDS \$10⁰⁰ CD
TAPE \$6⁰⁰

PAUL SIMON
"RHYTHM OF THE SAINTS"
ENO/CALE
"WRONG WAY UP"

COMPACT DISCS
CASSETTES & RECORDS

"CASH PAID FOR USED CD's, CASSETTES & LP's"

morninglory music

OPEN 10-10 DAILY, 10-8 SUNDAYS
910 Embarcadero Del Norte, I.V. 968-4665
& now 1218 State St., S.B. 966-0266

TICKETMASTER TICKETS FOR LOCAL AND SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EVENTS

COUPON
MORNINGLORY MUSIC
\$11⁰⁰ ANY CD PRICED \$14⁰⁰ OR LESS
OR
We'll gleefully honor anyone else's coupons
Expires 10/21/90

HEY UCSB!
KTYD 99.9 AND ORCHID BOWL PRESENT

ROCK N' BOWL
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT
9:30 pm - Midnight

- All you can Bowl for \$10/person
- KTYD 99.9 Plays Rock Music Videos
- Prizes CD's, Tapes & Giveaways from **WHEREHOUSE** in Goleta
- 99¢ Beer, Domino's Pizza Specials

ORCHID BOWL
5925 Calle Real • Hwy 101 at Fairview in Goleta • 967-0128

pub night
october 18,
thursday
8:00 pm
 FEATURING
children's day
& far cry

\$1 w/reg. card/\$3 general

JALISH
 OCT. 27
 SATURDAY, 8pm
 The Pub
 #3 student/#5 general



*darling, it's a.s.
 program board.*

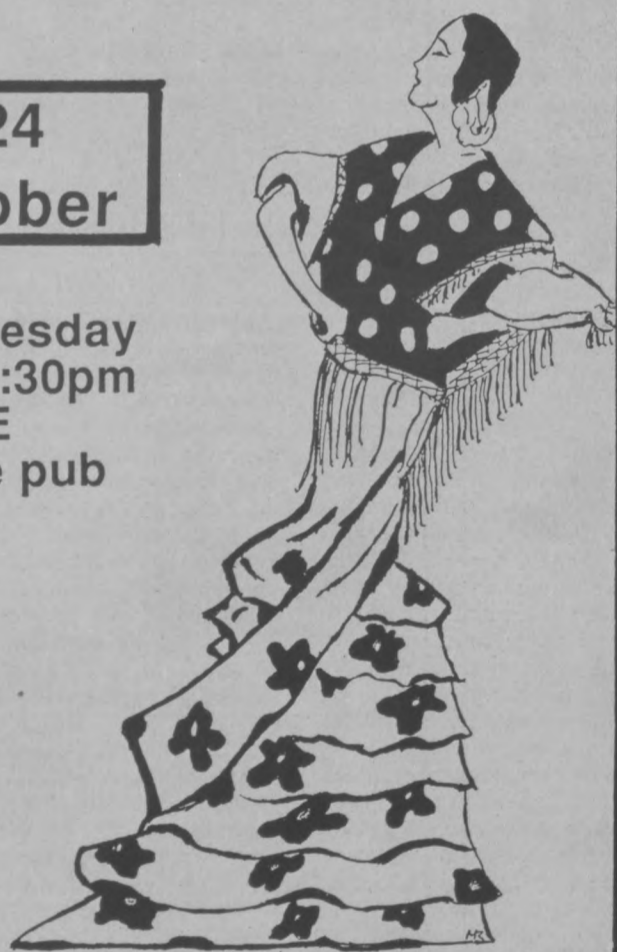
sponsored by AS PROGRAM BOARD
ALEGRÍAS DE ESPAÑA

FLAMENCO

featuring
 MARIA "LA CHA CHA" BERMUDEZ
 BENITO PALACIOS
 ANTONIO DE JEREZ

24
october

wednesday
 4 & 5:30pm
 FREE
 at the pub



A.S. PROGRAM BOARD
 PRESENTS:

SONIC YOUTH LIVE



AND SPECIAL GUEST
NOVEMBER 2, 1990
CAMPBELL HALL 9PM

STUDENT TICKETS AVAILABLE AT A.S. TICKET OFFICE. GENERAL TICKETS AVAILABLE AT A.S. TICKET OFFICE AND ALL TICKETMASTER LOCATIONS

TICKETS ON SALE NOW!!!!

WORLD MUSIC SERIES



KAPATIRANG PILIPINO DANCE TROUPE

FREE

OCTOBER 24
WEDNESDAY
12:00 NOON
MUSIC BOWL

A.S. PROGRAM BOARD



OCT. 20, SATURDAY,

9PM the pub
\$5 adv. student
\$7 general/door

SPONSORED BY CAREFREE, MAXWELL HOUSE, TDK, SALON SELECTIVES, SOFT & DRI, CRUNCH TATORS, NOUVAGE, PONTIAC, ZENITH, CITIBANK, BAUSCH & LOMB, REQUEST, SONY, COMPRI HOTELS, U.S. CONCEPTS

"Basically, Americans are too uptight about their sexuality." -M. Temmer