

Pot Lucky

I Could A Been Somebody



Ain't No Toothpicks Here

El Teatro de La Esperanza Tells Us Real Women Have Curves

Elle MacPherson, Cindy Crawford and Paulina are all women, certainly, but *ay!* — real women have curves. The social pressure to conform to a set standard of "beauty" is among several issues explored in the play "Real Women Have Curves," to be performed by the San Francisco-based Latino company *El Teatro de La Esperanza* May 7 at UCSB's Campbell Hall.

The local debut of "Real Women Have Curves" marks a return to the birth place of *Esperanza*, which was founded by UCSB students in 1970, before finding a permanent home in San Francisco's Mission District in 1986.

Latino cultural art has gained influence and attention since *Esperanza's* birth, as the Latino population has continued to boom in the United States — a fact noted by Artistic Director Rodrigo Duarte Clark, a UCSB alumnus, when pointing to the importance of the troupe's work to the non-Latino community. "The demographics are quickly changing," he said. "In the near future there will be no 'majority' in California. This state, particularly southern California, has become a multicultural community. What that means for people as a whole is being shaped at this time.

"There's a type of basic conflict going on in society," Duarte Clark said. "People are trying to push for an Anglo-oriented America. But society must be multicultural if this

old as *El Teatro de La Esperanza*, Lopez is the type of artist the company focuses on in its goal to create, produce and tour more Latino work, Duarte Clark said.

While other Latino artists have pursued television and film deals, Duarte Clark states that *Esperanza's* primary goal is to remain on stage. "There's an obvious trade-off by going into television or film — there's greater exposure to a wide audience, it's a very powerful medium. On the other hand, it's a very powerful system and people in the past have, shall we say, been diluted. Not just Latinos, but any progressive movement. We're really a theatre company and that's our goal — to be the best theatre company we can be."

Founded during the height of the Chicano Movement and the anti-Vietnam demonstrations, *Esperanza's* mission has been to combine political ideology and entertainment on stage. "It's now a tradition for us, who were pretty

much the first Latino students at (UCSB), and definitely the first Latino students there with a political ideology," Duarte Clark said. The desire to explore political issues has not always made it easy for *Esperanza*, he said. "We had to fight to really survive because of that. There are people who believe that art and politics don't mix. And, of course, over the years that's been proven wrong. Conflict is the essence of a dramatic piece."

But delving into political conflict does not mean that the company has abandoned entertainment, he notes. "Real Women Have Curves" uses humor to explore the sex lives and relationships of the characters. "People laugh from start to finish," Duarte Clark said. "Lately, a lot of political art has been heartbreaking and humorless — but ("Real Women Have Curves") is an expression of the positive human force that can be achieved."

—Michelle Ortiz Ray

"Lately, a lot of political art has been heartbreaking and humorless."

country is to live up to the democratic nation it purports to be. Not only all people, but all cultures are of equal value. It worries me that you could have a society that's very split if people don't come to terms with the differences and similarities within society."

"Real Women Have Curves" bridges such cultural gaps with a script understood by both English and Spanish speakers. The play centers on five Latina women working under a feverish deadline in a cramped Los Angeles sewing factory. The factory's owner, Estela, struggles with her business while hiding from the immigration police; her sister Ana is trying to break free of the traditional Latina role; their mother Dona Carmen ponders American society; Pancha seeks refuge from her marital troubles with tacos and *mole*, while Rosali fights her body with a dose of diet pills.

"Real Women Have Curves" is the first full-length play by the 22-year-old playwright Josefina Lopez. Barely as



These ladies just saw Benito Santiago catch one in the cojones.

He Was Really Sloshed

Trout Technocolor Yawns All Over The Video Guy's Shoes

The
Video
Guy

"He puts that camera everywhere short of up his butt."



My humble apologies go out, Video Crumpets, to all of you for being absent from *Intermission* last week, but, well, tough. You see, Trout turned 21.

Being a good, moral upstanding member of the community, liquor had never touched his lips, especially beer, really great beer, like Keystone. This Saturday, Trout rushed home from the probation office and was ready to do some boozing and shmoozing, and a little pleasing and teasing.

The night was a blur of Trout, drinking everything that was put before him. Marmalade cocktails, horseradish Schnapps. At one point, we stopped for gas and Trout said he'd pump me up my butt. Knowing Trout for his butt sitting-on capabilities, I thought I smelled something fishy but I said OK. When the pump read 26 gallons, I started to get suspicious, seeing as the Plymouth Sport Fury only has a 25 gallon tank. When I got out of the car to see what this silliness was all about, I found Trout drinking straight from the pump, or "the tap" as he referred to it.

So, to turn a long story into a story that is much more shorter, we get home at around 2 p.m. Trout's stomach is hanging out of his mouth. He took a spill in a bar and ripped off 48 percent of his face and he is having a great time. Later that morning, he would fall into a stove and accidentally tear out his spine. That, he didn't like too much.

The next day, he wasn't in his bed. Af-

ter 10 minutes of searching, I found him, clinically dead, hiding in the Betamax. To quote his sentiment at the time, "Sometimes I feel good, sometimes I don't feel so good. Right now, I don't feel so good."

Oh, that slap-happy Trout, what are we going to do with him?

By the by, let's talk about *Evil Dead 2*. *Evil Dead 2* is flat out better than *Evil Dead 1*, which was brilliance.

The entire plot of *Evil Dead 1* is the first 10 minutes of *Evil Dead 2*, so don't sweat it if you missed *Evil Dead 1*.

The plot of *Evil Dead 2* is simple. We spend two hours watching the hero of *Evil Dead 1* (He-ro hee-roo 1, the only guy to survive a horror movie 2. The Video Guy) getting the dickens beat out of him. Ashe (his name) gets so thrashed and dismantled that Jason, of *Friday The Thirteenth* fame would probably see this, sit back and go, "Ow."

Sam Ramai, the beloved director, is very experimental with his cinematographic. He puts that camera everywhere short of up his butt. Dirt Cam, Chainsaw Cam, Ashe Cam, Demon Cam, Zombie Cam, Eye Cam, Hand Cam, Cam Cam, Cam and Eggs, Cam Sandwich, Catch Me If You Cam, Cambodia- I'm telling you, this guy is groovy.

On The Mondo Movie Beer-o-Meter, I give *Evil Dead 2* like, a case or even a bottle of scotch- this is a must see.

This is The Video Guy asking, "Have you trying Alana's ham sandwiches?"

SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

In honor of certain candidates in the A.S. run-off elections *Intermission* is declaring this week, **Dirty Pool Week**. If you can't make yourself look good, make someone else look bad. Yeah, that's it. We've always thought that we should elect student leaders who obviously flunked the first lesson in kindergarten. All we can really say is that people like that obviously don't listen to Jimmy Buffet or like Boat Drinks so we're not voting for them.

Coming down off of our bully pulpit now, *Intermission* would also like to let you know what is going on around town. This is it...

♦**Bad Bad Bad Poetry:** For an event you can really lower yourself down to, try the Very Third Annual International World's Worst Poetry Contest, otherwise known as VTAIWWPC. VTAIWWPC is the scion of bad poetry. We know that someone in the UCSB student body has the wrong stuff to win this one for the gipper. If interested, and we know you are, call (800)443-7778. As the Video Guy once said, "Roses are red, Violets are purple, Excuse me now, I've got to burple!"

♦**Musica: Salsa, It's not just for breakfast anymore!** Salsa band Rubaya will play Pub night tonight \$1 students, \$3 civilians. Put on your dancing shoes and go shake it! ... **Jazz at City College.** Friday, that's tomorrow, the Santa Barbara City College Jazz Festival kicks off with a performance by the Billy Mitchell Jazz group at the Garvin Theater at 8pm. Reserved seating is \$10 at the Garvin Box office, 965-5935. ... **Opera - just for you.** The UCSB Opera Theatre will present Three One-Act Operas Friday and Saturday at 8pm and Sunday at 2pm. Tickets are \$5 for students and \$8 for mere mortals. ... **Last but not least,** An Evening of North Indian Classical Music will be performed Friday May 3 at 8pm at the Center Stage Theater in the Paseo Dinero shopping cen-

ter. Call 893-3230 for info.

♦**Teatro:** El Teatro de la Esperanza has sold out the Tuesday, May 7 performance of Real Women Have Curves. However, tickets are available for the Powerhouse of Chicano Culture Night at La Casa de la Rasa at which they will be performing on Monday May 6. Call 965-8581 for the facts.

♦**Dalai Lama re-broadcast:** for those of you who either couldn't be there or were there and couldn't hear because of the sound problems, Arts and Lectures is sponsoring a re-broadcast of his April 7 lecture this Monday, May 6 at 8pm on Cable Channel 21. Hopefully the sound will be functioning this time.

♦**Movies are Groovy:** Time stands Still is the story of rebellion and adolescence in Budapest (that's Budda-Pesht to you). It will play in Campbell Hall Sunday at 8pm. Tickets are \$5 general and \$3 for people with reg. cards. Another groovy film playing on campus is *A Handmaid's Tale*, not *A Handmaid's Tail* as you may have thought, will be shown tonight at 8pm in Campbell Hall.

♦**Artsy Fartsy Smartys:** the Ballpeen Hammer Boys survived and in fact prospered due to the controversy surrounding their showing of *Nude Las Vegas*. This Saturday at 8pm in Campbell hall they will be putting on a performance art "Mega-Event" called "Huge." If hype and hyperbole count for anything this could be something to see. The press release lists Kathy Ireland, Michael Douglas, Bo Derek and all sorts of glamor ninjas as "Invited to attend," so we at *Intermission* feel obligated to one-up them by reminding the public that we invited Charles Bukowski, Hunter S. Thompson, Annie Liebowitz and your mamma to contribute to this week's issue. We're sure they're just having problems with their fax machines and the stories will soon come rolling in...

The most amazing motion picture of all time!

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

ADMIT ONE

INTERMISSION

Starring...
 Monty Luke
 Brian Banks
 Walter Trego
 Pat Whelan
 Michael Ray

and
 Denis Faye
 Andrew Rice
 haven't got time for the pain

Recycle Your Music

We pay cash for used Compact Discs and Cassettes!

Browse through the best selection of used music in the Santa Barbara area.

Thousands of titles!

ROCK • BLUES • REGGAE
 JAZZ • ALTERNATIVE
 AFRICAN • WORLD BEAT

morninglory music

ISLA VISTA • 968-4665
 910 Embarcadero del Norte
 Open 10-10 Daily, 12-8 Sundays

SANTA BARBARA • 966-0266
 1218 State Street
 Open 10-10 Daily, 10-6 Sundays

Amsterdam \$363

London	\$325
Paris	\$328
Frankfurt	\$335
Lisbon	\$389
Athens	\$459

These are from Los Angeles and are 1/2 roundtrip based on a roundtrip purchase. Other restrictions apply and space is limited. Student status may be required. Many other destinations available, both one-way and roundtrip.

Open Saturdays too!

Council Travel
 1415 Ventura Blvd. #250
 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
800-888-8786
 Eurallpasses
 Issued on the spot!

Isla Vista Recreation and Park District Presents:

19th annual

Rock & Reggae Spring Fest

Sat, May 4

Cinco de Mayo

Sun, May 5

LIVE BANDS

- JAH B ONE
- NOONE YOU KNOW
- THE ITCH
- UGLY KID JOE
- CRUCIAL DBC

ANISQ'OYO'PARK

ISLA VISTA LOOP

LIVE BANDS

- MARIACHI SANTA BARBARA
- LOS TECNICOS
- PELIN
- LOS CIRIOS

ALSO SAT:
 CAHOOTS
 CIRCUS MINIMUS
 LLOYD of LONDON
 MC: JEFF WALSH

ALSO SUN:
 TEATRO CHICANO de SBCC
 CAJON Y QUENA
 MC: TONY FRANCO

FREE ADMISSION! NOON to DUSK!!

This is an Isla Vista Recreation & Park District Event. Co-Sponsors are: KCQR FM, KSPE AM, Sam's to Go, Shadowfax Audio Systems, El Congreso

1 Month Unlimited Tanning for Only \$49

CLUB TAN



coupon expires: 5/14/91 968-3384 6576 Trigo Rd., Isla Vista

Pot Lucky



I Could A Been A Contenda



Valerie Hannah Weisberg is a local writer and poet. She was born and educated in England, then she came to the U.S. and received an M.A. in English at UCLA. Her most recent published novel is called Sewage. The following is a poem from her collection, In Nuclear Time.

Demolition

*Flying over boarded houses
pigeons hover leaving their
grey crust masses
on the window sills of
eyeless skulls*

*Alone at dawn,
I retrace familiar steps on
pebbled tarred streets
on which I had run and
fallen as a child*

*Where were the smells and cries now
or the blowing curtain
or Jimmy's ball
hurtling unrelentingly into
the Grocer's window pane?*

*A scuttling rat crosses my path
a forgotten stray stirs
then slinks
beyond a broken wall.*

*The iron railings,
grass,
glass and
all my neighbors are
gone now.*

*Bulldozers crushed them
cranes scooped them
over demolished flats through
billowing powder clouds*

Then the last pigeon flew away.

The UCSB Opera Theatre presents

Three One-Act Operas

We are Three Sisters Who Are Not Sisters
by Ned Rorem
with libretto by Gertrude Stein
Punk rockers, role playing in a junkyard,
engage in a game of fictional murder plots.

Fables
by Ned Rorem
with Marianne Moore's "Fables"
translations of La Fontaine's "Fables"
A menagerie of operettas with
anthropomorphic animals mimicking
human behavior.

The Lantern Marriage
by Jacques Offenbach
This earthy farce with a country western flair,
relates the tale of peasants competing
for wealth, marriage and a pretty young girl.

May 3 & 4, 8 p.m., May 5, 2 p.m.
Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall
\$8/General \$5/UCSB Students - Tickets
at the Arts & Lectures Box Office, 893-3535

Psycho: he's nuts!

Continued from p.1A

are all female has raised an outcry — (Obviously Mr. Ellis missed his seminar on social sensitivity at the local school of "If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all.")

As a result, despite laying out a cool \$300,000 advance to Ellis and allegedly reading his manuscript, publishing giant Simon & Schuster backed out of publishing the novel after receiving heated criticism in both Time and Spy magazines. Thankfully, Vintage Contemporaries, a subsidiary of Random House, immediately picked up the project.

Following the book's release, socially righteous groups such as the National Organization for Women rallied to boycott the book, calling it "The most misogynistic communication we've ever come across." Others, such as Peg Yorkin, a board member for the California chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, said, "The book does transcend the boundaries of what is acceptable in mainstream publishing," adding that "if this is acceptable, what is the next step?"

The book-critics elite, salivating at the site of a literary bloodletting, have also become ensconced in the frothing attack. *The Washington Post's* Jonathan Yardley called *Psycho* "exploitive, sensationalistic junk," and Roger Rosenblatt of the *New York Times* (Don't even try to get on our high horse) Book Review blankly dubbed it "obvious rot," posing the question, "Standards anyone?" loftily at the end of his article.

Standards? Acceptable Mainstream Publishing? Aside from the rare Updike or Morrison, U.S. publishers seem to have no conception of value other than the dirty green one, pushing pointless trash-fiction like Danielle Steel, Jackie Collins and Sidney Sheldon. The spinelessness of the S&S chiefs, failing to support a project which is clearly more meaningful than most of what they are currently offering, is almost more horrifying than Bateman's emotionless, materialism.

Yes, *Psycho* is grotesque to the point of absurdity. Yes, it is misogynistic with a big M, and, yes, it is not the most well-written of novels.

However, despite its clinically graphic murders and

continuous cataloging of Armani suits, eelskin briefcases and high-tech stereo systems, it is almost impossible to put down. Beyond his blatant depiction of materialism gone awry, Ellis orchestrates a brilliantly subtle and deeply affecting critique of the largely meaningless decade of the 1980s.

After surveying the mutilated body of one of his victims — whose arm he has removed to bludgeon her head — Bateman launches into a repeated ritual of casually critiquing one of his favorite '80s pop singers — in this case, Whitney Houston. Along with chapter titles such as "Killing Child at Zoo", "Facial," "Tries to Cook and Eat Girl" and "Taking an Uzi to the Gym," this novel is clearly not attempting to be read at face value. It is utterly absurd and at the same time chilling, and that is its point.

"Ellis proves to us that we identify with perhaps the most absurd, amoral, utterly unredeeming character ever created."

Despite a monotone narrative, we read it eagerly — and not simply because of the gruesome murders, which don't start happening until 160 pages into the book. We read because of our own greed and fascination with the pure materialistic psychopath within all of us — in our society — and that is this book's accomplishment. Ellis proves to us that we identify with perhaps the most absurd, amoral, utterly unredeeming character ever created.

Being sensitive to all readers or the meaningless concept of "standards" is contrary to serious literature, which *Psycho* clearly is. For those who are able to look beyond their intellectual, emotional shackles, Ellis delivers a very worthy, almost allegorical case study of a morally vacuous character in an equally hollow setting — apparently a reality people like Rosenblatt would rather live with than read about.

— Dylan Callaghan

HEY UCSB!

KTYD 99.9 AND ORCHID BOWL PRESENT

ROCK N' BOWL

EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT

9:30 - MIDNIGHT

- All you can Bowl for \$10/person
- KTYD DJ plays rock videos
- Prizes from

THE COMPACT **disc** TAPESTORE
Santa Barbara Goleta Isla Vista

- 99¢ Beer
- Domino's Pizza Specials

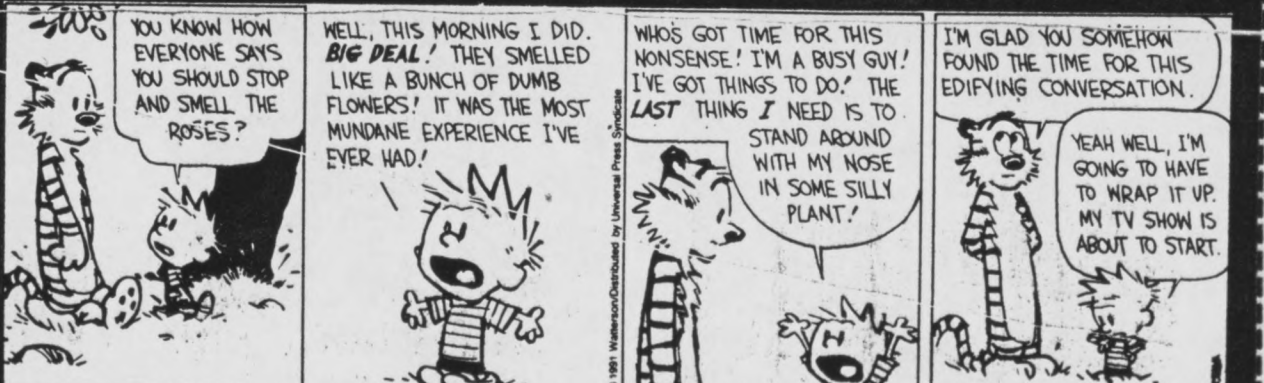
ORCHID BOWL

5825 Calle Real • HWY 101 at Fairview in Goleta • 967-0128

EMERALD VIDEO
6545 Pardall Rd., Isla Vista, CA 968-6059

Presents... **CALVIN & HOBBS**
By Bill Watterson

FREE MEMBERSHIP \$1 OFF ANY RENTAL w/this comic void w/other offer

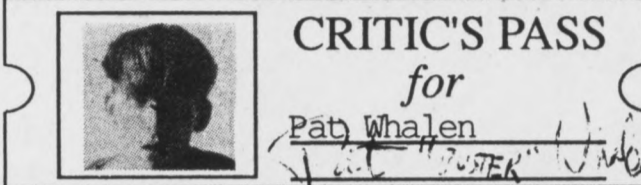


Cinema

Intermission- Not All Fun & Games

G & R Are Dead

Not Guns & Roses- This Is Much Worse



CRITIC'S PASS

for

Pat Whalen

The best thing to be said for *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, the movie, is that it makes you work a lot harder than the play ever seemed to. This must mean one of two things: 1) Tom Stoppard is a lot smarter than was previously suspected, or 2) Tom Stoppard is a remarkably bad movie director.

Indeed, watching *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is a remarkably horrible moviegoing experience. Stoppard, author of the seminal 1967 play of the same name, makes his directorial debut with the movie, and thus he must be held directly responsible for the miserableness of this big-screen translation.

I dare say I would even go so far as to suggest that Stoppard, who, from all the photos I've seen of him, seems to embody the word "affable," should perhaps, in the future, be denied money with which to make movies.

I can make no excuses for a movie this poorly accomplished. It truly is a dreadful little piece of film that leaves one exhausted at the conclusion and with a headfull of shadowy ideas about what was meant. It needn't have been this complicated.

The title, of course, refers to the gullible pair of nincompoops from *Hamlet* who are outfoxed by the tragic hero and then, like everybody else in that play, killed. They are compassless fools-for-hire whose amiable flaw is their failure to see the hirsute forbidding forest for the tan and pretty trees. For this alone we may rightly vindicate the dark prince for their deaths.

Keep in mind, however, that *Ros and Guil...*, the play and the movie, has very little to do with "Hamlet" at all, other than the fact that both are stories. Instead, the movie is about fate and chance and the futility of trying to interpret such an uninterpretable world, a world where things just don't add up—even though the evidence is right there in front of your face, if you'd just open your eyes. Thing is,

they're already open.

All of these ideas, of course, exist only in the mind, only in the stories we choose to acknowledge. Essentially they're word games, or as Guildenstern observes: "Words. Words: they're all we have to go on." Right. This kind of thing is funny but sad and, in a way different from *Hamlet*, tragic. In this, Stoppard's play wins.

Stoppard's movie, meanwhile, is just plain tragic. It is a dead piece of celluloid, an example of a wanna-be art flick undone by its own artsiness, or lack thereof. Its art is half-assed, not knowing whether it wants to embrace the ambiguity of the story or dance in the potentially cheapening arena of crossover pop-culture sensibilities. It fails in both respects. It's often pretentious, claustrophobic and unclear where clarity would seem to be simply achieved and

"I can make no excuses for a movie this poorly accomplished."

beneficial to the movie's point. The lighting is also poor and very annoying. But what does that say? Is it intentional, telling us something about our perceptions? Maybe. It's also just bad lighting.

The fine actors Gary Oldman and Tim Roth (Ros and Guil) and Richard Dreyfuss (a traveling tragedian) give fine, if murky and un compelling, performances. But Stoppard's dreary handling of his own material makes you plain tired. Go see *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (now showing at the Victoria Street Theatre) if you want your brain to be regrettably limp afterwards.

- Pat Whalen

FILM SHORTS FESTIVAL
Friday 5/3
8 & 10 pm
IV Theatre
\$3.50
Sponsored by
Dance Rep.

PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT
PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT
PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT
PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

THE GRIFTERS
SAT., MAY 4
8-10:30 pm
IV Theater \$3.50
Sponsored by
Comm Career
Association
& A.S. Underwrite

MUSIC
AT
CENTER STAGE
THEATER

The UCSB Department of Music presents
An Evening of North Indian Classical Music
with guest artist
Ramesh Kumar, tabla
Scott Marcus, sitar
& UCSB's Indian Ensemble

Friday, May 3, 8 p.m.
Center Stage Theater
\$5.50/General Tickets- Center
Stage Box Office, 963-0408

Burrito: the king?

Continued from p.1A
A good investigative reporter would first interview all the parties concerned to get to the bottom of this dramatic development. My first move was to see if I could get some free food from the dueling restaurants. No point in continuing this piece if I couldn't get some *comida gratis*, I figured. But it was actually a lot easier than I had anticipated. I just dropped the name of this newspaper, and wham!, I was in burrito heaven. Remember, all you have to do is mention the Nexus and have a couple of tough interview questions ready and you could probably have a Mexican feast of your own. Both restaurants sell a good burrito, but Tacos Acapulco should be noted for its cheaper prices. A "Monster" burrito at Freebird's sells for \$3.95; a comparably sized one at Tacos Acapulco goes for \$3.06. And they don't sacrifice quality... at least it doesn't taste like they sacrifice quality. Freebird's has the better rice, Tacos Acapulco gives the tastier beans. But it comes down to meat and

cheese. With 15 kinds of burritos to offer, Tacos Acapulco has the meat part down in about five. Freebird's beef and chicken is tasty, and the "Monster" comes with cheese, a glaring omission from the Tacos Acapulco burritos. After taking a few days off to recover from my self-inflicted bean barrage, I contacted Albert Hernandez, proprietor of Tacos Acapulco. He's the guy who signed his name under his restaurant's prominently displayed Pledge of Allegiance to Fresh Ingredients, no lard and locally grown avocados. When I asked him about the burrito competition in Isla Vista, he replied, "What competition?" It seems that a little success in the Mexican food industry can quickly go to one's head. My last hope was with the Freebird's people, and I tried contacting El Freebird's himself. I left a couple of messages at El's office, and got a phone call back when I was out of my office. Their message to me read simply "No Comment." I hadn't even asked a ques-

tion yet, and they had no comment! Next to charging money for food when the mere mention of your restaurant will provide tons of free publicity, I couldn't think of a bigger insult to an investigative reporter... or to me. I was at a crossroads. This assignment was going nowhere and all I had to show for it was guacamole stains on my shirt with the "Hey, Vern" guy on it. I had learned a couple of things of the Burrito Wars: both restaurants claim to have the best burritos and claim to be doing the most business, the other Mexican food establishments in Isla Vista will be upset because I'm not talking about them, and, finally, I.V. is big enough for two Burrito Kings. With the food feud behind me, I'm now looking for my next investigative piece. I can't stop wondering why Tacos Acapulco would open its doors on the anniversary of JFK's assassination. Is there some connection? What about that Albert Hernandez-Lee Harvey Oswald conspiracy theory? Did JFK like burritos? This is going to require much more energy than I thought. — Brian Banks

"MERCILESSLY FUNNY!"
— Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

ROSENCRANTZ GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD
A Tom Stoppard Film

MAY 3-9 • 7 & 9:20 • 'VIC' THEATER • 965-1886

Buy 1 \$6 Ticket
Get one free w/ this AD

the Graduate

DRINK BEER,
THINK
BEER.

TONIGHT
THE ITCH
18 & over
Starts at 8

the Graduate A PROVERB

Come all ye music lovers to A.S. Program Board's own
PUB NIGHT
 As we proudly present:

RUBAYA

Come and experience a fun-filled evening of
 sizzling and exciting Salsa and Latin Jazz.

Thursday,
2 May 1991
 Starting at 7:30 PM
 @ El Pub



Admission:
 Students: \$1.00 Public: \$3.00
 All ages welcome:

WORLD MUSIC SERIES

Duo Svetlina
 Bulgarian Music
 Wednesday, May 8

Wednesdays / 12:00 noon / Free
 Music Bowl
 Food will be available for purchase

AN ACOUSTIC EVENING WITH
BOB MOULD
 Tuesday, May 21
 Doors open at 9:00pm
 UCSB PUB
 \$10 students/\$13 general
 Presale tickets available soon

A.S. Program Board presents

ACOUSTICATS

MAY 8TH
 MIKE MULLINS & CYRUS CLARK
 FROM THE ACOUSTICATS
 AMERICAN TRADITIONAL MUSIC

SPONSORED BY THE A.S. PROGRAM BOARD
 ALWAYS WEDNESDAY-ALWAYS 4:00 TO 6:00 PM
 ALWAYS IN THE UCSB PUB
 ALWAYS FREE

Join the
2nd Annual Celebration
 OF
CINCO DE MAYO
 Sun., May 5
 ALL DAY
 Anisq'oyo Park

CAMPBELL HALL **EXPLODES**
 ONE NIGHT ONLY AS
THE BALLPEEN HAMMER BOYS
 REUNITE IN

HUGE

loud!
 cheap!
 disgusting!

SATURDAY, MAY 4
 8 P.M.
 \$5 STUDENTS/\$7 GENERAL
 ADVANCE TIX: A.S. TICKET OFFICE
 INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH PERFORMIN' SARTRE!

EXTRAVAGANZA '91

with
MARY'S DANISH & TRULIO DISGRESIAS

SATURDAY, MAY 11
 11AM TO 7PM
 FACULTY CLUB GREEN

THANKS LIS!!

Pot Lucky



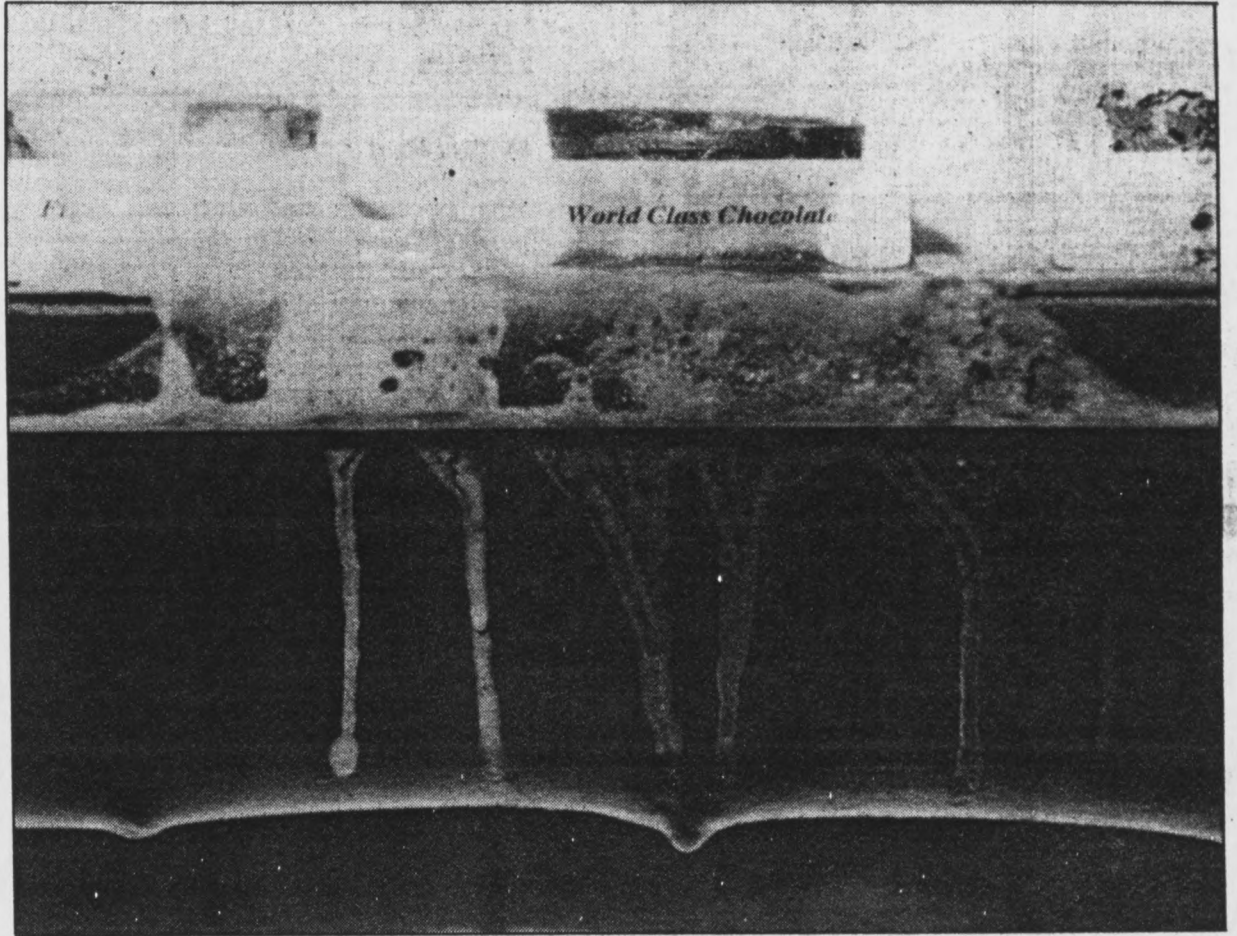
Ahhh! Look At The Young Minds Bloom!

They Are Most Honorable

Honors Art Studio Majors Show Us About Life Via Art Noir



Brenda Dodson's "Transcendence."



Art Domantay's "31 Flavors of Hell."

"I think that a lot of work is 'angry' - I just wanted to make it excessively angry. ... Doing happy stuff is to be ignoring the more important things."

Todd Francis

Happy art was cartoons when we were children. It makes you feel warm and good inside.

It is very complicated to do, happy art. I don't agree with Todd. Happy art can embrace you with feelings lost in cynical society. It can, sometimes, when your senses revel in it, sneak up behind you with an important lesson.

None of the happy art does that at the UCSB Art Studio Honor Exhibition, now displayed at the College of Creative Studies Gallery.

The six artists, Brenda Dodson, Art Domantay, Todd Francis, Carol Goehausen, Drew Martin and Dawn Vagts display their talents in a barrage of different mediums, ranging from mixed media to oil on canvas. As well-crafted as all the works are, those that try to express joy and revelation and tranquility don't shine as much.

Brenda Dodson had a sad manner about her. It was that kind of sadness that one feels when one

gives too small clothes away to The Salvation Army. Favorite jeans and shoes worn on a first date.

"Those shoes always hurt my feet ... but I loved those shoes," she said, as she looked at a pair of high heels she had incorporated into her piece, "Transcendence."

The first part of the work is a big brown dress, or "dress apron." Brenda equates it to the labors of motherhood. She pokes at the bottom and sighs, "It's a bag, which is now empty."

"It's about hard work and responsibility. You take on a role as mother - even when you take it on voluntarily, you find it confining. You can't get out by yourself."

The second part of the piece, the transcending part, is an escape from this, which might be considered "happy" but not quite.

It is not difficult to see the sarcasm in Art Domantay's "31 Flavors of Hell." All of Art's works are laced with this wit. His interactive piece, "Can You Let Go?" allows you, the layman to take part and commit crime, by shredding legal U.S. tender in a paper shredder, much like the one used by Ollie North.

It is not easy to grasp the goal of Drew Martin's

"Typar." It is a typewriter rigged to piano strings, so that when typed, it plays music. Is it a commentary on the harmony or the cacophony of the written word, or is it a neat invention? Most likely, the former.

Dawn Vagts paintings, such as "Tel Aviv," are excellent abstracts, but they really don't call out. Carol Goehausen's "The Lagoon" is well-crafted, but it too doesn't really kick. They really don't pack much of a punch.

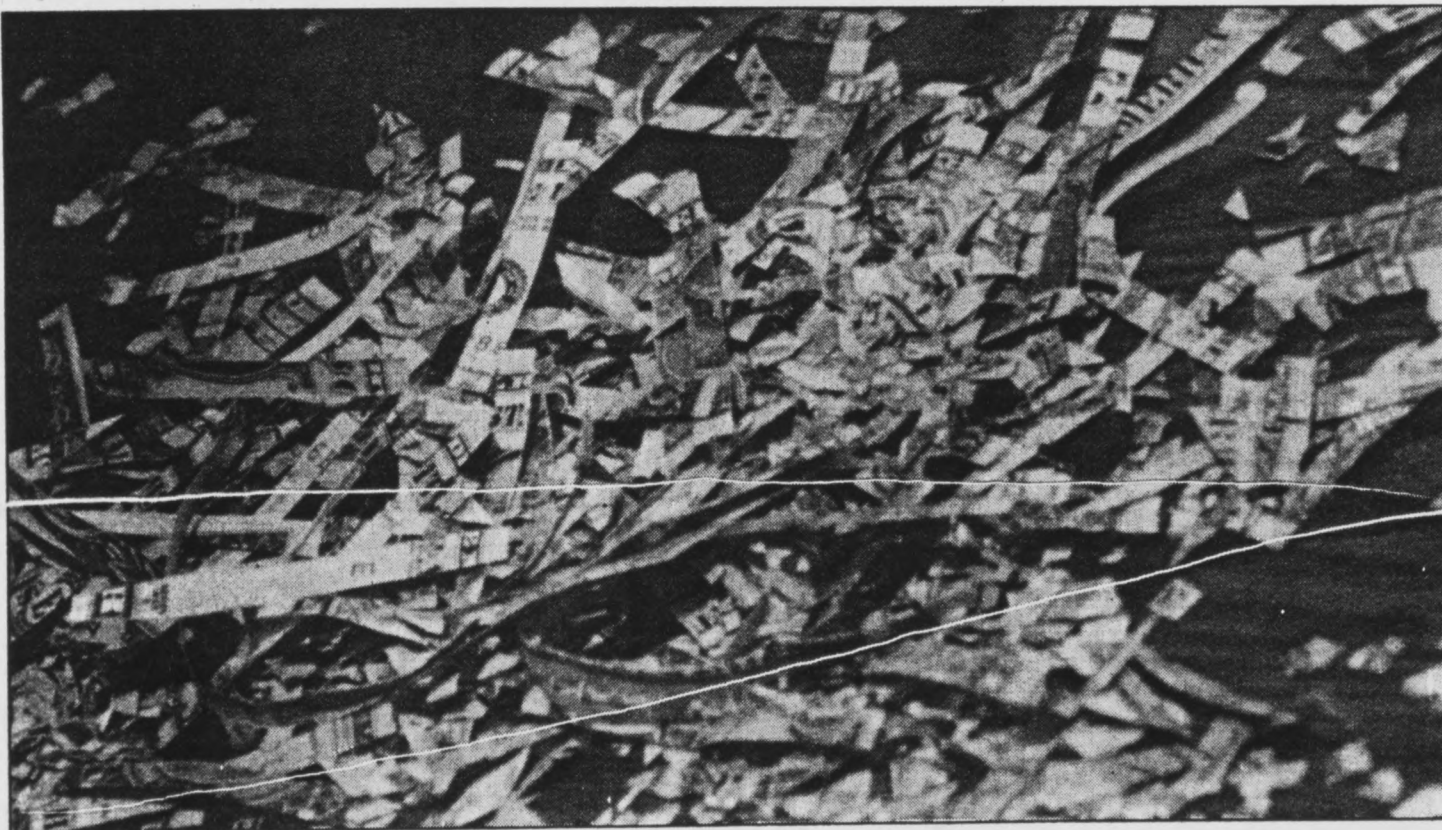
"Love It Or Leave It" is one of two works done by Todd Francis at the show. It is a two-part series, scraping at the American Way, and the men whose erections fuel it.

"Masculinity rules. It is king. It is doing a bad job taking care of everything else. It is men that make all the decisions and it is men that execute them. And this, to me, causes a lot of problems."

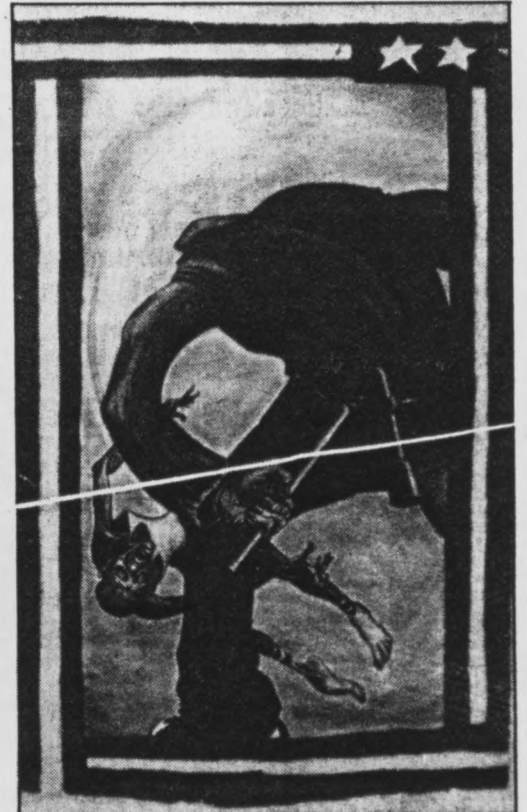
It is not difficult to feel the power in the charcoal sketches.

The show goes through May 11.

— Denis Faye



Shreds from Art Domantay's "Can You Let Go?"



Francis's "Love It or Leave It."

Music



Geeeee, Why Am I Doing This?

COLLEGE



Why Do Birds Sing?

Violent Femmes
Slash/Reprise Records

Sitting in The Pub, talking to Marc Brown about stuff. The new Violent Femmes, *Why Do Birds Sing?* Marc Brown says, "How can you ever make an album again when your first album was, like, God?"

This is very true. Few things in life are greater than watching a group of drunk athletes in a circle, singing "Blister in The Sun." Little do they know that they are singing praise to the glory of masturbation.

Wandering home, drunk. This is a good time to listen to the new album, the guys performing it were probably drunk as well.

It's good. Real good. It is the same acoustic guitar and whiny voice that you have to get used to — but they try some new stuff. A lot of strange '50s and '60s and even '80s influences — not the funk and psychedelic that is so hip now, but other stuff. Do-wop, fandango, a cover of Culture Club's "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me."

— Denis Faye



13 Engines

13 Engines
SBK Records

It says something about someone's lack of creativity, and I'm not sure if it's mine or their's, that almost every time I listen to some new band's album that the record companies have sent us I say, "Gee, this sounds just like ..."

Everyone has their influences, and a lot of people say that everything that can be done with rock music has been done, but somehow I think that is just a lame excuse by people who can't do anything new or exciting. Anyway, I digress. The new album by 13 Engines is a perfectly unoffensive collection of 13 (gee, witty) songs. It is competently performed and recorded. Oh yeah, it sounds an awful lot like the Kinks so maybe you should just wait and buy their album when it comes out.

— Andrew Rice



Vote Elvis

Popinjays
SBK Records

If you ask my pal D-Rod, he'll tell you that the Popinjays go good with macaroni. But he can't even remember the name of this alternative group.

"The PopinGo-Gos? R.E.M.jays?" he would stammer. "Ahhhh, Buddy Holly."

D-Rod was actually never far off — eclecticism runs rampant here. The musical talent of the Popinjays owes more than a pound of flesh to the Go-Gos, who are surely the inspiration for the vocals and cliché chord progressions.

Acoustic guitar strumming is definitely R.E.M.-ish. With Buddy Holly, D-Rod meant to insinuate that what is alternative to the Popinjays now was mainstream in the late '50s. If you listen hard enough, you can hear "Peggy Sue" in each of the tracks of this CD-5.

Critical analysis aside, take the Popinjays to the beach — it's great let-your-hair-down, smile-a-lot and get-a-tan music.

Don't forget your 1950s-style 3-D glasses — the cover looks like it's comin' right at ya. Go figure.

— Jason Stover



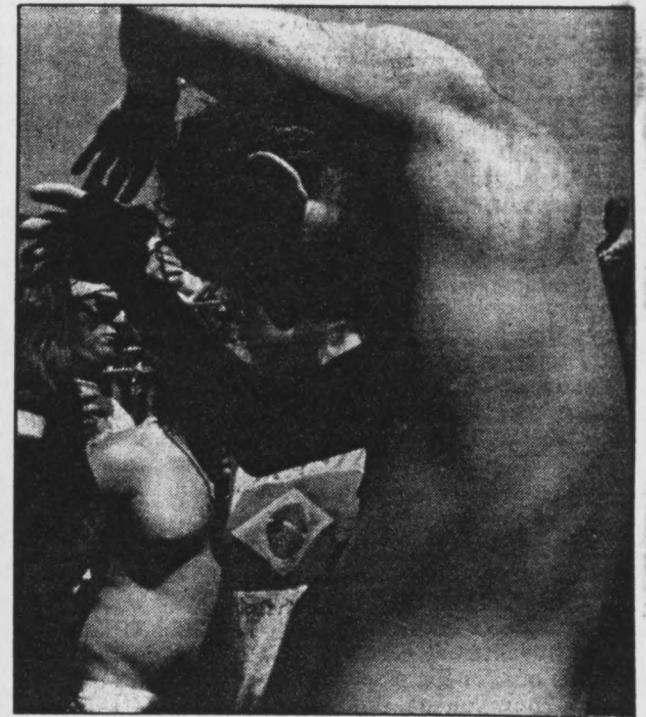
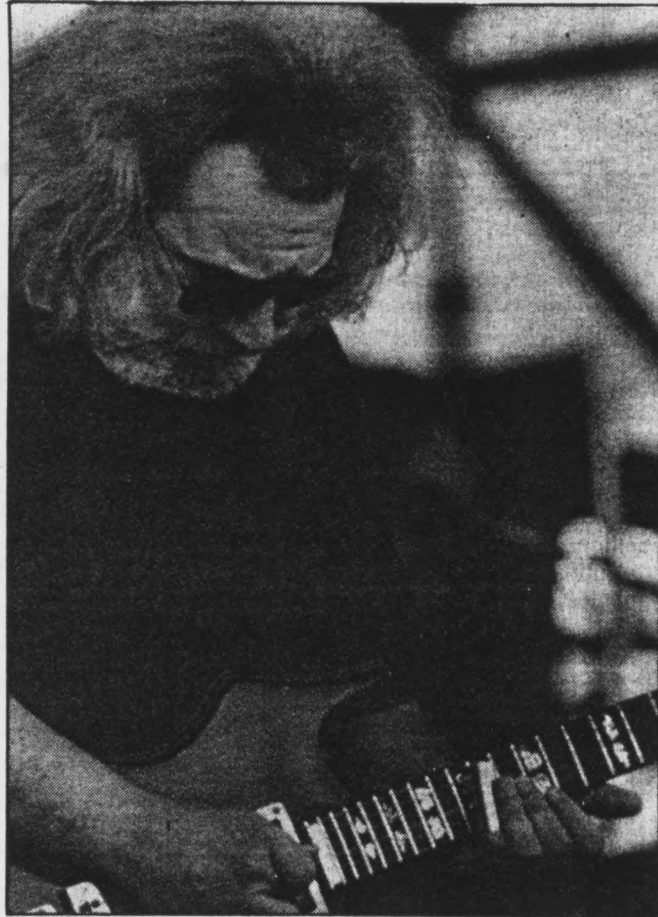
Phoenix

Xymox
Mercury

There are certain bands out there that are just there. You know the type — the kind of band who's music is never really exciting or, for that matter, even interesting. The kind of band that breaks up & nobody really cares. Xymox is one of those bands and their new release *Phoenix* is a good example of just how unexciting their music can be. Proof: this review was supposed to be in last week's *Intermission*; did you notice? No, neither did I.

In the past, Xymox had *some* juice. What little they had, however, got sucked dry when they started to make every song sound like all their other songs. On *Phoenix*, it's no different. I listened to this record several times and I couldn't even tell you what the songs sound like, with the exception of "Phoenix of my Heart/Wild Thing," which is so silly, Patti Smith should sue for libel. Hey, I tried to like this record, I really did. But I'm sorry, no one should have to pay for this record. It's booty. If you really want it though, come by KCSB & hit my man Marc Brown up for a copy. I'm sure he'll be glad to get some off of his hands.

— P.E.A.C.E.



Lots of UCSB Students made the long trip to Vegas to see the Dead and Santana. Like they say, "It's all fun and games 'till someone's eye gets poked out," and amazingly no one's did

DAVID ROSEN/Daily News

Lil' Virgil Reality
by Doug Arellanes

After all the A.S. Elections hype, Lil' Virgil finally gets to curl up with his new Kitten Natividad VR cartridge...

Dy-no-mite!

Ten seconds in, however, he sees a vision...

Lil' Virgil, my career as a hack politician may be over, but I still have excellent taste in music. Here, take this album and study it carefully. It will bring you much joy and inner peace. I must go and do performance art now.

Wow, I'd better lay off of that Jagermeister for a while. Phew!

The new Fishbone record?! That Marc Brown, he may not be our president, but he's O.K.!

Suddenly, Fred barges in.

No! Don't Say It!

The new Fishbone record?! The new Fishbone record?! Word! I am...

... a big fan of their new album, *The Reality of My Surroundings*. In fact, I think it's their best yet, managing to mix their partying-est side with their conscious side. They show a lot of maturity here, musically and lyrically. Plus, I love *Sunless Saturday*, the first single.

You know, Lil' Virgil, Fishbone is a lot like L.A.; sprawling, funky, jittery, seemingly slick on the surface but sincere underneath. I like that. And I like L.A., for what that's worth.

That's pretty good analysis, Fred, but what I'm into right now is the virtual reality of my surroundings, if you know what I mean. Now gittoutta here while I get back to that Kitten Natividad cartridge, will ya???

Pornography in all its forms degrades all of us, Lil' Virgil. You should go and do something constructive with your time. Like me.

Naaaah!

NEXT TIME: Lil' Virgil gets a Digital Audio Tape machine!

Word! I am with DAT!



Acid Jazz, Collection One

Various Artists
Scotti Bros. Records

Acid jazz. What is it? Where did it come from? And like Run says, "What's it all about?"

Acid jazz is a musical movement that originated in Britain roughly three years ago. In its purest form, acid jazz can be described as "jazz house" music, with trancy, thumpin' ass beats incorporated with various elements of modern jazz (horns, guitars, flutes, etc.). Essentially, it's dance music where the majority of the instrumentation is organic rather than electronic. This stuff is the closest thing to what *real* soul music is that I've heard in a very, very long time. If you're familiar with the Brand New Heavies, acid jazz's claim to fame, you know of the wisdom I'm kickin' to you.

Well, finally, acid jazz has reached the shores of the U.S. with *Acid Jazz — Collection One*, the first domestic acid jazz compilation release.

I know, I know. You're probably asking, "Cut the crap G, is the record funky?" My reply is: is Seven-Up? This record isn't great, but the majority of the artists on the compilation do deliver 'nuff funk for anyone to jack their bodies to.

From the soul ii soul-inspired "From the Ghetto" by Dread Flimstone (who will be performing live at Extravaganza) to the serious science dropping of "Lesson One," through what is easily the records' dopest seminar, "Accept it Like This," and finally ending with the Apostles' jazzy, yet funky instrumental version of Marvin Gaye's "Mercy Mercy Me," one can see that acid jazz is a rich and diverse style of music that, within a short time, can potentially be the precursor to a new soul music movement. Hopefully, it can pump some vitality into a genre that has lost its sense of direction and purpose in the last 10 years.

— P.E.A.C.E.

Ahhh! Look at me! I'm a killer burrito from hell! I'm gonna go to UCSB, eat The Daily Nexus news staff, and than relax at Roma with a copy of ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of
May 2



American Psycho: A Book Review

Something funny is going on here. Something sick — that makes your stomach come up into your mouth. It's a book called *American Psycho* — the story of a handsome, Calvin Kleinesque, New York stockbroker who is turned on by designer clothes, fine toiletry products, sushi bars and finding new ways to brutally murder and dismember women in his unmistakably *nouveau riche* apartment. Yes, something strange is upon us. But, as with anything that strays from the norm, *Less Than Zero* author Bret Easton Ellis' latest novel, *American Psycho* — which landed in bookstores last month — has caught some of its readers off guard and sent a high-voltage shock-wave through the sleeping pomposity of American publishing and literary criticism. It is a book which tells the first-person story of a young, yuppified psychopath named Patrick Bateman, who delivers deadpan, but obsessively detailed accountings of numerous, mutilating, masticating, burning, ripping, sawing, eating and quite literally gut-wrenching murders. And while the frightful narrator actually kills more men than women, the fact that the more vivid murder depictions

Please see PSYCHO, p.6A

Isla Vista Asada: A Burrito Review

Investigative reporting requires a certain amount of ... what's the word ... *energy*. Reviews and columns, my specialties, require a great deal of laziness. I have never been a fan of getting scoops, gathering quotes or paying attention to the rules of responsible journalism. My reporting credo has always been, *If I can get something free, I'm all over it*. Imagine my surprise, then, when my editor assigned to me a story that actually required me to move. It was my first piece of investigative reporting, a juicy story that could potentially rock the Isla Vista community. And best of all, I'd get paid for it. So, I got the job, wrote down some questions, and began my quest to unearth the truths behind the biggest story in this little college town: **The I.V. Burrito Wars**. I never knew there was any kind of competition for the burrito crown in Isla Vista. I was always under the assumption that the burrito industry was a peaceful coexistence between those who refry their beans and those who don't. But, whoa, was I wrong! It's a war out there, and I was going to cover it. Bernard Shaw, eat your heart out. Before I begin to explain the heated competitiveness that *Carta* was signed in 1215 by King John of England. Alright, Freebirds, as it's known to Isla Vistans — has long ruled the town as Burrito Head Honcho (another perk to writing this story is that I get to use a lot of cool Spanish words). But the balance of power has shifted somewhat since the Nov. 22, 1990 opening of Tacos Acapulco. Why they chose to open a Mexican food restaurant on the anniversary of the Kennedy assassination, I'll never know. Maybe that's my next investigative report. In the months since its opening, Tacos Acapulco has established itself in Isla Vista with a combination of cheap prices, wide variety and lots of cilantro. In fact, the small eatery sandwiched between a print shop and a pizza place has become the heir to Freebird's burrito crown.

Please see BURRITO, p.7A

POTLUCKY

2A

REAL WOMEN HAVE CURVES,
REAL VIDEO GUYS DON'T

MUSIC

4A

VIRGIL, THE DEAD (AGAIN), ACID JAZZ,
NEW VIOLENT FEMMES

CINEMA: TWO SHAKESPEARE SHEMPS GET OFFED

7A