

Hi, I'm Sean White. My band has gone through many names over the years. Yet, we've never found ourselves desperate enough to call ourselves ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of
January 31

THE INCREDIBLE CHANGING BAND:

Local Boys Do Weird!

Thirsty Thursday Rob first turned me on to *Looking For Bongos* on a night that they were called HmMMM.

"Come hear the quietest band in Isla Vista," Rob said with this fantastic enthusiasm emanating from his Jesus-like mug.

Last year, they played Storke Plaza at noon to a pretty confused crowd who couldn't figure out the pop-surf-lounge-jazz weirdly fun tunes by the trio named Plaza Bull that day. Back then, they were supporting their first tape *I.V.E.P.N.A. ON LP OR CD*, which was recorded live on a glorified Walkman. This summer they put out a little more money and recorded the mostly live *Sacrificial Lamborghini* tape and their latest venture, *Looking For Bongos*, just made it to Isla Vista a few days ago and it's just as funny and sweet as the last two tapes.

The only problem is, you can't ask for Plaza Bull's new album, or even HmMMM's new tape, because this band doesn't work that way. As soon as the gig is over, that's it for the name, too. *Looking For Bongos* was the name of the band when they recorded the tape, and just to make things confusing, that's the name of the tape, too.

Help!

"(Changing the names of the band) isn't a gimmick so I don't have any patented responses to it," Sean White, guitar, keyboards and Casio sax, said. "We haven't felt compelled to find one single name and we haven't found one that has stuck to us."

Although the names are complex, the songs this band play are interestingly simple. On guitar, Sean plays mostly chords, his keyboard solos sound amusingly childlike — which only matches the word-game style of his lyrics. The volume the band uses to suck you in is equally matched by the accessibility of the music and the lyrics. Somehow, it rarely loses its charm.

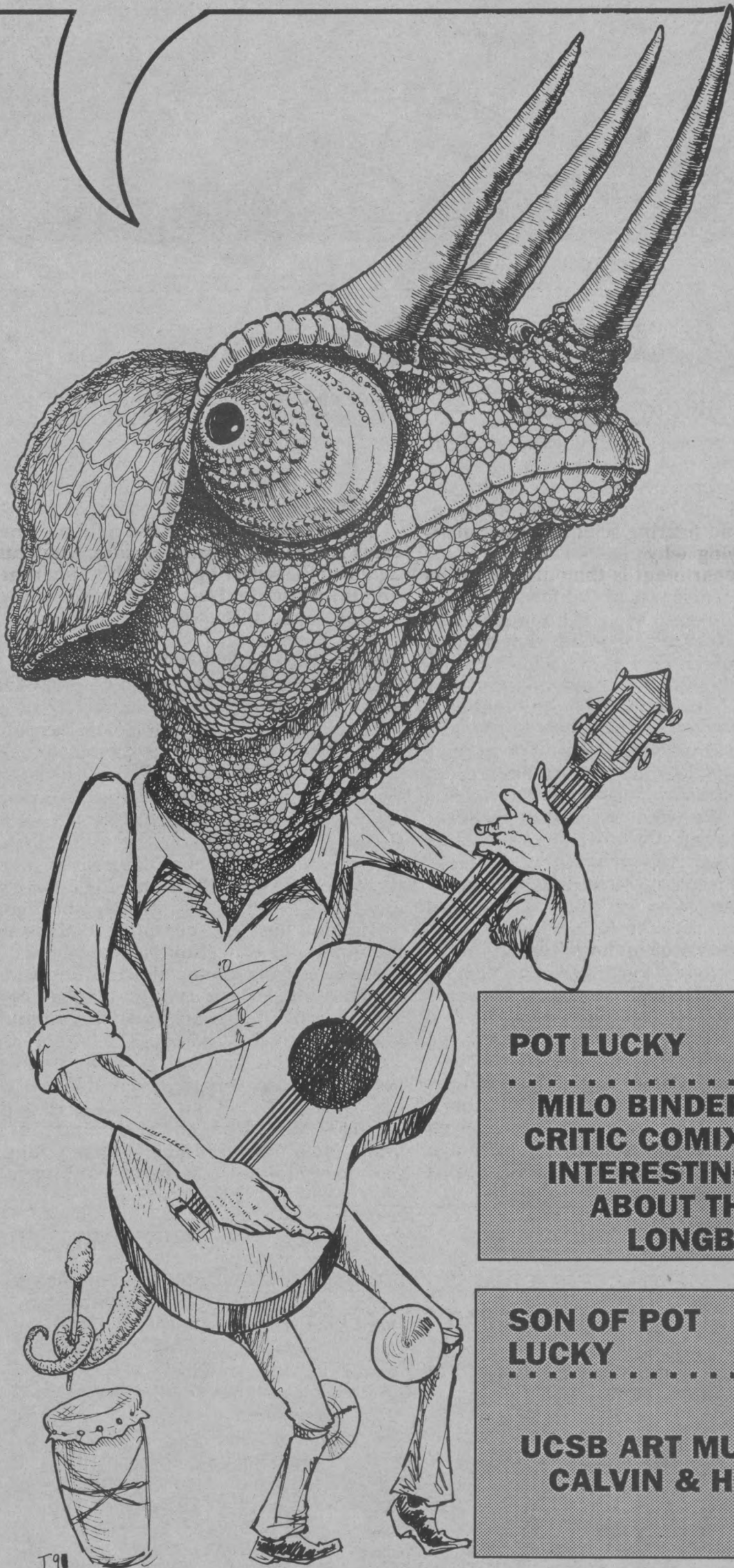
"We've never played the same song the same way," drummer Jamie Bell said. "We can in some ways, but we're very playful in how we do things. A lot of times we practice and it gets goofier and goofier. We play things four times faster than we normally play them, or play it really slowly, then something new comes out of it."

This band with many names met in 1988 when Sean's The Shells played a gig with Taylor and bassist Scott Bell's I.V. garage band Burning Couches. Those bands soon broke up. After a month and a half of practicing instrumentals and Sean's songs, the trio went out to the weeds in West Campus near Devereux under the name Rocktails. Since then, the group has played all over I.V. and the State Street scene and have noticed that their music has a funny way of attracting a following.

"(Sean's) niece is ten and she digs it," Jamie said. "We've played shows where the only person who even comes close to us was a three-year-old who danced the whole time, and (Sean's) friend's mom, who's 85, loves the tapes. So between three and 85 is our target audience."

The title track of *Looking For Bongos* is as wide-eyed as a 10-year-old, lyrically as well as musically, who's tempo is a fast skip.

See WEIRD, p.5A



POT LUCKY

5A

.....
MILO BINDER, MOVIE
CRITIC COMIX & SOME
INTERESTING STUFF
ABOUT THE CD
LONGBOX

SON OF POT
LUCKY

6A

.....
UCSB ART MUSEUM &
CALVIN & HOBBS



Get on the Shtick

Slapstick Mixes Humor With a Message

Larry, Curly and Moe live on in *Slapstick!* The Dell'Arte Players Company is on tour with its newest work, a boisterous homage to the Three Stooges, Abbott and Costello, and the Marx Brothers. *Slapstick* uses tried and true comic forms but with a fresh contemporary twist to say something about violence in family relationships. That may not sound funny, but the Dell'Arte Players know how to use humor to make a serious point.

The play gets off to a bouncy start with big-bellied Norm (Donald Forrest) and big-derriered Sheila (Joan Schirle) "on the boards" doing their vaudeville routines until Sheila succumbs to the pressures of performing. The couple decides to go on an all-American family vacation with their kids (soft-sculpture dolls) and Sheila's dotty old father (Michael Fields). They take to the woods, where an escalating series of push-comes-to-shove turns the trip into a freewheeling slapstick extravaganza. This is low comedy with a message, burlesque shtick that's also thought provoking.

The high-energy performance takes place Tuesday, February 5 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

Fields, Schirle and Forrest are all Dell'Arte veterans and each fulfills a variety of roles within the group, helping to write the scripts as well as appearing on stage. Fields is the Company's Managing Director. Schirle is one of the founders of the Company. And Forrest teaches acrobatics and juggling at the Dell'Arte School of Physical Theatre, whose graduates go on to careers in clowning and comedy.

Masks, mime, music, acrobatics, juggling, martial arts, silent comedy and vaudeville are just some of the techniques the troupe makes use of in its attempt to entertain, dazzle and enlighten.



Decline of the West

Here's your chance to get a double dose of *The Decline of Western Civilization*. Both Part I (the punk scene) and Part II (the heavy metal years) will be screening on Sunday, February 3 as part of the American Adventures Cinema Series. Black Flag, Circle Jerks, X — they're all here in Penelope Spheeris' sympathetic as well as critical exploration of the L.A. 1980 punk scene. Technically stunning, with a soundtrack that plops you right onto the dance floor, *Decline, Part I*, says *Musician Magazine* "is the closest thing to a sane, non-hysterical look at a violent and confusing scene that we're ever likely to see." Part I screens at 8 PM.

In *Decline II: The Metal Years*, Spheeris captures the pounding music and the glittering lifestyle of the heavy metal musical tradition. Part II features Alice Cooper, Ozzy Osbourne, Poison and members of Aerosmith, KISS and Motorhead. The second film screens at 10 PM, but you can get into both films with a single admission charge.

Danny Glover Dazzles

In *To Sleep With Anger*, Danny Glover (*Lethal Weapon*, *The Color Purple*) achieves his finest performance to date as the charming trickster Harry in a comedy of unusual substance and feeling. Steeped in the ways of the South, Harry turns up one day to visit old Southern friends turned Los Angelenos. Welcomed at first for his yarn-spinning talents and easygoing style, Harry soon causes (or seems to cause) an unlikely run of bad luck for the family. Independent filmmaker Charles Burnett (*Killer of Sheep*, *My Brother's Wedding*) avoids stereotypes, triteness and one-liners in favor of a generous story, complex characterizations and even a bit of mystery. Part of the American Adventures Cinema Series, *To Sleep With Anger* screens Thursday, February 7 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

TO SLEEP WITH ANGER



Tickets are going fast to Tim Miller's brazen performance art piece *Sex/Love/Stories*, coming to the Main Theatre on Friday, February 8. The 8 PM show is sold out, so if you want to see this hilarious yet sincere meditation on life and art, get your tickets for the 10 PM show — today!

Sex LOVE STORIES



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



SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

Hey babies! another week, another *Intermission*. This issue, as you will well notice, is very well-rounded. Yes, this is the **Well-Adjusted** issue of *Intermission*. Which is good, because next we get **down and dirty** with the censorship issue. We promise lots of **Naked Bodies** and **Sex and Violence**. But that's then and this is...

Boleiros, Tangos & Fandangos: World Music is what's going on every Wednesday at noon in the Music Bowl on campus. This week is the Sitar Ensemble (a sitar is kind of a hippie harp — good stuff) and it don't cost nothing. ... **S.B. Theatre Organ Society** will be jammin' in the Arlington Theatre on Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2 p.m. They will be playing accompaniment to that 1926 John Barrymore classic *Don Juan*. Tickets are \$8 and \$12. Call the Arlington. ... **Bawk! Bawk! Bawk!** Acclaimed British organist John Butt will be giving a free performance on Friday at 8 p.m. in Lotta Lemons (Lotte Lehmann) Concert Hall. He will be performing **BACH!** ... **Showboat! Sherbet! Schubert!** Birthday No. 194 of Franz Schubert will be observed in Lottery Laymen Concert Hall on Sunday at 3 p.m. It will be starring The UCSB Schubertians and it only costs \$3. ... **Town & Gown** will feature "award-winning music students" on Sunday Feb. 3 at 2 p.m. in the Faulkner Gallery at the S.B. Public Library. Yes, it's Free! ... **More Classical Stuff.** Young Artists — Haydn — Bartok — Mendelssohn — Feb. 5 — Lotte Lehmann — 8 p.m. — \$3. ... **Pub Night! Tonight! Milestone Easy!** Special Guest — Busface! Doors open at 8! It's only a buck (with reg card). ... **The Center Stage** has got two swell things going on!

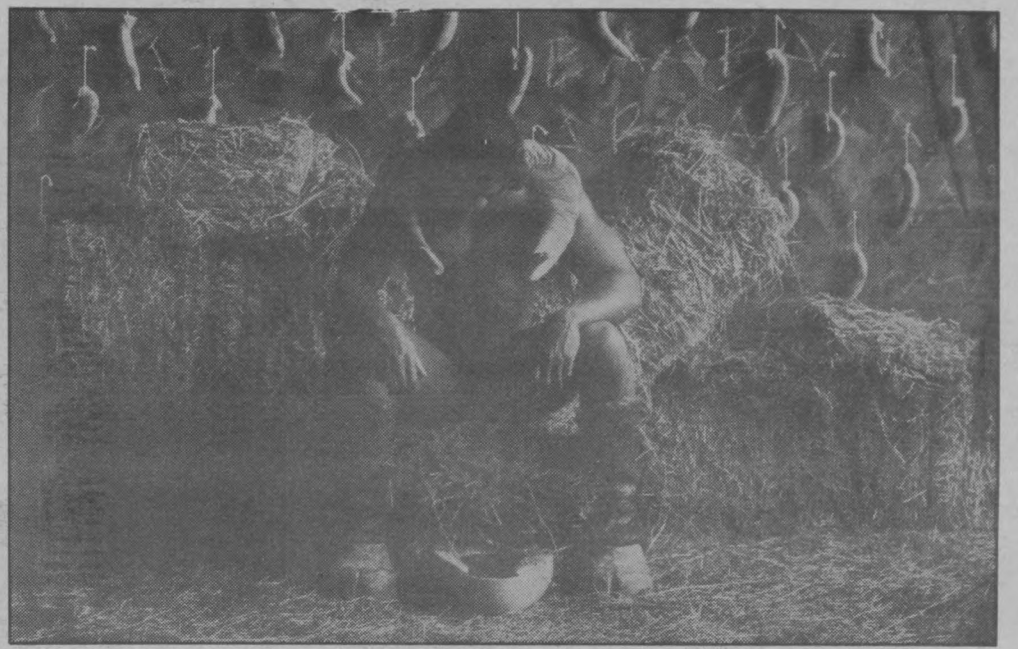
The John Carter Quintet will be doing that modern jazz thing on Feb. 2. Then, Jean Redpath will be doing that traditional Scottish Folk music thing on Feb. 6. Call 963-0408 for info. ... **Also on Saturday** the 2nd, Los Lobos play the Ventura Theater at 9:00 in support of their new album, *The Neighborhood*.

Silver Screen: All the hippest people are going to A & L's American Adventures Film Series. *Desert Hearts* is tonight at 8. But wait, Sunday night, you gotta go see *The Decline of Western Civilization: Parts I and II*, starting at 8 p.m. These two documentaries are basically everything that you ever wanted to know (and a lot you probably didn't) about offensive music (namely punk and metal, part III will probably be about rap). \$3 covers both shows, so hell, bring the Mrs.

Stage; not Screen: Hats: A Tribute To Harriet Tubman is a one-woman show playing at the Lobero Theatre on Friday at 8 p.m. Call 963-0761 for tix. Closer to home, Arts and Lectures presents the Dell'Arte Players Company in a presentation of *Slapstick* Tuesday at 8 p.m. Call 893-3535 for more facts.

So on and so forth: Next Thursday, it's Talent Night at The Pub. STAR and GRAPE (two alcohol awareness groups on campus) and A.S. Program Board will be putting it on. Ya got Free Stuff and Free Drinks (nonalcoholic, of course). Actually, the whole thing is free.

And now, with the wind at our backs and gum on our shoes, we present... **Intermission.**



In conjunction with Sexual Awareness Week, The UCEN Art Gallery will be presenting AIDS Awareness Art, featuring the work of Richard Peterson and Mark Daughette. The show is Feb. 4-16.

Some Guy from Fishbone & Some Other Guys To Play

The Travelling Dingleberies will be knocking the dust off the rafters in The Pub with their own interpretation of Ska on Tuesday, Feb. 5.

The band's members include Angelo Moore of Fishbone fame and James Gray, Greg Bell and Lonnee Marshall, who are all members of the band Trullio Disgracia, a band which originally rotated through members of Jane's Addiction and the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

The original idea behind the formation of this

band was to form something in which the talented members could play without the impersonality of headliner shows, according to Jamie Loeb, a coordinator for A.S. Program Board.

A more intimate, fun atmosphere has been the result of this idea for previous concerts. Jamie added, "The crowd will probably be limited to about 500 people, which will also give people the chance to get really close to some great musicians." The opening band for the

group is going to be Natural Fades, a local band which periodically changes its name. The band has been previously known as The Shawn White Band. (Ed. Note: If you aren't familiar with this particular group of musicians, you should have read the cover story, stupid.)

The pre-sale price for tickets is three dollars; entrance will be five dollars at the door. Go.

—Cynthia Gathman



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Music



Tonight, Intermission Is Gonna Rock Ya, Tonight!

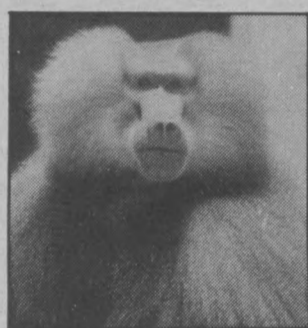
Sex Farm Studs

Due To Rumors of **Spinal Tap's** Return, **Intermission** Takes A Look At Their **Huge** Influence On **Rock**

Prepubescent girls with their perfect little bodies in perfect little clothing parade their perfect little assets in an amphitheatre. Heels tall, skirts small, bras yea, shirts nay. Alongside them, unsmiling boys with more hair than muscle, trying to look like drugged-out rock stars. There is more hair here than on month-old bread.

The Bics start flicking, feet start stomping and headbangers commence their cranial whomping. Brain cells die like lemmings. In a burst of white-hot light and explosions, out they come ... Ric, Vic, Lick and Worm capture center stage in a blaze of glory.

"Omigod Roxxi, look at the pout, Lick's POUT!"
 "Worm's tattoos are just to DIE for, Mikki!"
 "Check out that ARMADILLO in Ric's trouser's"



Rocker or Ape- You make the call

(In unison) "And all that HAAIIR!"

OK, so it's not a real band ... but it is familiar. On any given day, on any given night, a band just like this is forming and bleaching its roots on the Sunset Strip ... on an Indiana sex farm ... on Dial MTV ... and on Star Search.

A new era in rock 'n' roll dawned one early morning in 1984 when that band-to-top-all-bands released its first documentary/concert film. Was it the Stones? Black Sabbath? PDO Bach? Aerosmith? You probably thought it was Zeppelin.

Nurtz to you!

It was Spinal Tap, and they live on.

The illegitimate offspring of Rob Reiner's Rockumentary, *This is Spinal Tap* satirized the excesses of the rock 'n' roll world as we knew it at the time. The boys (men to the politically correct) of Spinal Tap have since then proven to be messiahs of a sort for the next generation of rockers.

Taking a cue from David St. Hubbins, Nigel Tufnel and Derek Smalls, the new wave of glam has "tapped" into the boundaries of immense creativity. When The Tap threatened to push the amps up to 11, some people laughed. Others recoiled in horror. But Sebastian Bach thought it was a good idea.

When Nigel, following the lead of his friend Ziggy Stardust, tested the waters of androgyny, sales of blue eyeshadow went up around the country as throngs of young rockers stamped the Mary Kay displays at Sav-On. Boys with soon-to-be-famous names like Vince Neil, Rikki Rockett and Michael Monroe delved into mom's vanity in search of the look that Nigel personified. And when Nigel took off the goo, they did it, too.

Spinal Tap initiated a new wave of shock-rock. They repulsed record store owners, rock critics and Tipper Gore with their violent themes against women and overtly vulgar sexuality.

"Workin' on a sex farm/
 Tryin' to raise some hard
 love/ Gettin' out my
 pitchfork/ Pokin' your
 hay"

Big Bottom:

"My baby fits me like a
 flesh tuxedo/ I'd like to
 sink her with my big tor-
 pedo ... Big bottom, big bot-
 tom, talk about mudflaps



my girl's got 'em ... how could I leave this behind?"
 e.e. cummings, watch out.
 Compare these to Whitesnake's classic "Cheap and Nasty":

"You're fully loaded with cruise control/ My four wheels rock with your back seat roll"
 Slaughter's "Loaded Gun":

"This girl could chew you up/ and spit you out/ Even after a damn big lunch."

And who could forget Warrant's "Cherry Pie":
 "She wanted me to feed her/ So I mixed up the batter/ and she licked the beater"

The pate frois gross of music.

... and "Love in Stereo":

"It's love in stereo/ Lovin' from the bottom/ Lovin' from the top."

Ahhhhh!



Arrrrgh!

Sheer poetry.

But lyrics weren't the only mark of brilliance and artistic wizardry for The Tap. By combining the dazzling synthesizer work of The Who, the rampant tongue exhibitionism of Kiss, the big lips of the Stones, the obnoxious wives of the Beatles and the symbolic Celtic mysticism of the mighty Zeppelin, The Tap created a legacy awash with sex, drugs and rock and roll, babe.

They reached a musical crescendo with David's trashy, drawn out guitar solos. Nigel even took Jimmy Page's violin bow technique one step further — he used (get this) the ENTIRE VIOLIN! Whitesnake, who still use the bow, admits they're not yet as advanced.

Working in a fickle and unfair industry, The Tap seems to be spending vacation time in the "Where Are They Now?" zone — something Warrant, Trixter and the Skids may look forward to. But just as Tap was resurrected, so may these bands as they turn fortysomething and play their 2,017th show. Although a thorough search through all the retirement villages in the Des Moines area could not aid us in finding their current location, Rolling Stone reports that the Tap are back and here to stay. Watch for their upcoming album and tour.

So, what does it take to be the perennial glam rocker? Talent, style, great songwriting, killer riffs, the ability to play your instrument well?

Nah. All it takes are some damn good looks, and these three things.

1. THE SCARF: Steven Tyler was the first, David St.

Hubbins immortalized it, Tony Bennet wears them in foul weather, Axl made it cool, and Bret Michaels ripped it off. The scarf has many versatile qualities. It can be: a) worn about the head in a turbanesque fashion; b) tied gaily about the neck like the swashbucklers of old; c) placed around the microphone for that "gypsy" effect; or d) stuffed down the pants (see: THE

Music Heds



Grains of Sand
 Mission U.K.
 Polygram

Grains of Sand, a compilation of cuts from previous recording sessions, makes you wonder what kind of idiot they hired as a producer that would cut these songs from an album. This is British gloom and doom elevated to a high art. Being true artists, they don't simply drone on about gloom and doom as many others in this genre would, but vigorously explore the realm of the macabre, melancholy and morose without sounding mundane. The vocals are piercing, the composition is intricate, mixing well-performed music with intelligently written lyrics and, best of all, it comes with a parental advisory sticker to impress your friends with.

—Andrew Rice



Iguana
 Ray Obeido
 Windham Hill

Kenny G. meets Tio Taco. 'Nuff said. Thank you, goodnight.

—Michelle Ortiz Ray



Maggies Dream
 Maggies Dream
 Capital

Lenny Kravitz on some very funky steroids. Maggie's Dream used to play with Lenny, but he had the good sense to marry Lisa Bonet, who in addition to her many charms also has big bucks and lots of connections. He made it big and they are forever doomed to languish in his shadow (as this review shows). Put it on during a party to get some booties shakin' or while working on your indoor aerobic conditioning with a loved one. Otherwise it's better left sitting in your "someday" pile of disks.

—Andrew Rice



The Samples
 The Samples
 Arista

If people wearing causes on their sleeves annoy you, don't listen to The Samples. They wear environmental causes on their sleeves, pants, jockey shorts, hats and probably tattooed on their asses as well. Despite singing relentlessly about the imminent destruction of ol' Ma Earth, The Samples have put out a pretty upbeat little album. They play a boppy sort of white man's reggae, mixed with some REMish chimey guitar work. Sean Kelley, the lead singer, has a falsetto voice which grows monotonous quite quickly. Puberty did not treat him well apparently, or else he wears his trousers much too tight. The big question of the hour, though, is "What's with the name?" Perhaps I've spent too much time around the medical establishment, but when I think of the word samples, it does not connote things I'd name my band after.

—Andrew Rice

BULGE).

2. THE TATTOO: Band symbols, swords, snakes, skulls, sluts and Superman — these rank among the most popular. You're nude without one.

3. THE BULGE: Every rocker must have a seething volcano of burning love waiting to erupt under his spandex slacks.

"Roxxi, could you DIE? The Tap! The Tap!! They're coming back!!!"

"Oh Mikki, David's scarf! Nigel's lips!! Is that a cucumber in Derek's pants?!?!?!"

(In unison) "And all that HAAIIR!!!"

Stacie Houglund and Barbra Dannov



The mystic, almost **Stonehengesque** influence of **The Tap** is apparent in ...

Bon Jovi **Winger** **Whitesnake** **Poison** **Trixter**
Nelson **Bonham** **Motley Crue** **Europe** **Skid Row**
Warrant **Slaughter** **Spread Eagle** **Autograph**
Dokken **Y&T** **Gun** **Anthrax** **Vixen**

Pot Lucky

Intermission and Cold C.A. - A Winning Combination!

CD LONG BOX: Soon To Be Long Gone

The traditional 5.5x12-inch glossy hermetically-sealed paper package, that we in the business refer to as "the compact disk longbox", that you so wastefully tear apart and throw away with every new CD purchase, may soon become a thing of the past.

As consumers become more and more attuned to the environmental problems of our troubled planet, superfluous packaging like the longbox has come under scrutiny by the public and recording artists alike. Such a large package being used to encase the 5x5-inch "jewel box" has been deemed wasteful, especially since it is purely for display purposes. Possible alternatives are being sought.

In an industry where public image is everything, record companies have felt the pressure to respond to this issue. In doing so, they show both an environmental responsiveness and a wise publicity strategy. Sting's recently released CD *The Soul Cages*, for example, notifies purchasers to hang on to the longbox packaging, as it is "a collector's item, a rare object, an endangered species." Sting's company, A&M, has decided to do one printing with the original longbox design, with all subsequent pressings to be shipped in environmentally safe packaging, thus turning a throwaway package into a collector's item.

Other companies that have continued to use longbox

Such a **huge package ...**
has been deemed wasteful.

packaging now are constructing the boxes from recycled paper and have begun labeling them as such, while yet others feature environmental messages, such as Phil Collins' *Serious Hits... Live* CD, which includes tips from the book *50 Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth* on carpooling and energy conservation.

Hindrance in the search for an alternative to longboxes exists strongly from retailers who prefer the standard size of the long box and are reluctant to purchase CDs that are inconsistent with display racks. A recent Peter Gabriel release, marketed only in the actual 5x5 CD case — "the jewel box" — was not stocked by many retail chains. The Tower Records chain, however, has carried the release in spite of the minor display difficulties and reports it is selling well.

The most promising alternative to the longbox at this time, the new Digitrak package, in which the actual CD case doubles as a display case, has been appearing on music store shelves lately. Although it is the same size as the old longbox, record companies claim it contains no wasted material, is less bulky and is entirely recyclable. Officials at A&M Records, who will be shipping their next release — *The Best of Supertramp* — in Digitrak packages are enthusiastic; "There is a possibility that every future release could have Digitrak packaging".

For those of you, however, who face the dilemma of continued longbox packaging, consider recycling as a way of doing your part for the environment. The Tower Records chain already offers in-store recycling for CD purchasers, and reports a great deal of support from consumers.

— Karen Peabody

MILO BINDER: PUB GRINDER

On Thursday, UCSB will be blessed with the acoustic presence of a guy with a mean guitar, some powerful verbal *cantus planus* and a very weird name.

If you heard him from afar, you'd be convinced it was John Wesley Harding or perhaps some new Elvis Costello, but then again, he's on campus and besides that, this guy is better.

His guitar is that good and his lyrics are that clever. His name is Binder. Milo Binder as it were, and he's playing right here in our very own Pub.

Nobody really knows where he came from, but Program Board found him and we should all be grateful that he and his guitar are paying us a visit.

With songs named, "Suffering into Art," and "Coffee Shop Women," you might be inclined to think he's just another one of those guitar-playing bastards that makes bad poetry and sings maudlin verses of days gone by in the artsy-fartsy scene of pseudo-everything. But guess again.

This guy is honest, straightforward and clever in his music. With caustic lyrics such as, "Last night I was a doctor, Did acupuncture on your effigy, Then rubbed it with a chicken bone, That's what you get for loving me, I learned all the songs you used to hate, And I sang them for your effigy, Then I did a fire dance," you just know he's a good guy. None of this tearful, "she left me" bullshit, this guy means business — and he makes it sound good too.

"Coffee Shop Women" starts off with cockroaches breeding, and in my mind, anyone who can make good poetry out of horny cockroaches, write some music to the theme, then has the balls and ability to sing about them and make it sound harmonic and profound deserves kudos all the way around.

He has that James Taylor quality of singing about the banal — the stuff that the average American family can relate to — except that he is way too wise, too clever and too cynical to get cheesy. No, he incorporates familiar themes and images in his lyrics, but he throws you off with stuff that is unexpected, original and very twisted.

Binder's music is real, his lyrics clever, his guitar masterful, his person energetic. No doubt his performance promises to be all of the above.

— Stacy Sullivan



Ladies & Gentlemen, Mr. Tony Bennett

Movie Critic Comix by Doug Arellanes

The other day I was at Roma and who should be serving me coffee but Woody Allen?

So I finally got a chance to ask him what was up with his latest movie, "Alice," which I happened to like very much.

Yo Woody! What's with the movie? You must be on the Gabriel Garcia Marquez tip, right?



He said he couldn't talk at Roma, that it was too noisy, so we hopped on skis and flew to Manhattan.



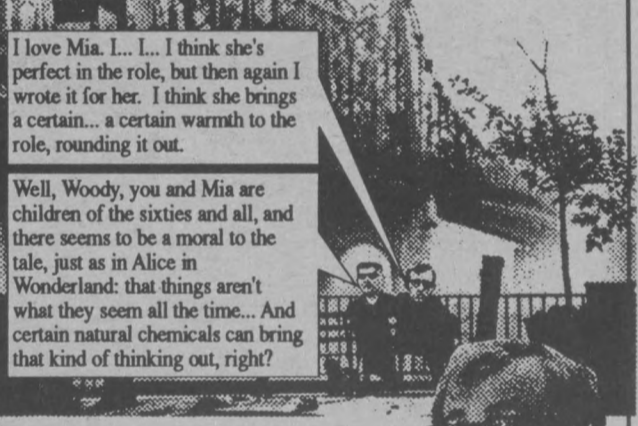
I... I... I dunno. I'm a fan of magic realism, I guess. I wanted to do a magic realist movie set among the people I know best - upper-class Manhattanites. But I didn't want people to think I was weird or anything, so I based it on "Alice in Wonderland."

Mia Farrow stars as Alice, a fortyish woman who happens upon an acupuncturist, who happens to have a number of amazing "herbal" remedies that allow her to examine her life in great detail, much to her surprise and consternation.

I love Mia. I... I think she's perfect in the role, but then again I wrote it for her. I think she brings a certain... a certain warmth to the role, rounding it out.

Well, Woody, you and Mia are children of the sixties and all, and there seems to be a moral to the tale, just as in Alice in Wonderland: that things aren't what they seem all the time... And certain natural chemicals can bring that kind of thinking out, right?

He didn't say anything, and instead just sat there looking off over the East River. Was it something I said?



WEIRD

Continued from p.1A

"I know a guy from Bedford-Stuy/I couldn't lie I said/I'm looking for bongos./That's how this song goes/We're looking for bongos."

Sean's ultra-politeness comes off perfectly on "Don't Block the Driveway" where the chorus goes: "Please don't block the driveway/try to see things my way/I'll have you know/I'll have you towed."

Maybe this band works because it doesn't seem like you're being sold to. Nobody's trying to play a million notes a second. You're impressed by the simplicity, but you pay attention to the crackup words and Sean's inventive train of thought.

If Devo and They Might Be Giants lost their herky-jerkiness and didn't try so hard, they'd be these guys in

a lazy-day surf sense. When Sean is asked for help in describing the group, all he says is "Good luck. No association has bothered me so far." When asked if "weird" is OK, he says "we call ourselves 'weird-out,'" which is close.

What's definitely weird is the way this band normally dresses alike in the cheesiest white-guy-living-in-suburbia regalia. Even for a recent radio show, where they were called raW fluG, they had captain's hats and plaid ties. For radio!

"It just disarms people a little," Jamie says in his calm manner. "If you see these people up there, and they all have funnels on their heads with feather dusters coming out and they're wearing plaid shirts and plaid coats and shorts with blue shoes up to their knees, you'll see the sense of fun and the sense of play going on."

Jamie goes on to explain

"(Sean's) niece is ten and she digs it."

that the playfulness in dress is just another way to get the audience closer to the band — who only wants to get closer to their fans. Another way to achieve this, he said, is to continue to play at a soft volume.

"Loud doesn't make it. It pushes everyone away," Ja-

mie says. "I think it should be like a campfire where everyone gathers around with warmth of the music, but when you play loud it's like the wind."

"Also you don't have to impose what you want to hear on other people," Sean said. "If they want to hear it

they will listen, if they don't they can carry on with what they're doing."

Still, Jamie doesn't think they are the Quietest Band in Isla Vista any more. "I think there's one band out there who can overwhelm us occasionally: The Galatian Carpet Service. Although we've played at their (volume) level occasionally," Jamie said.

Some people have deemed the group The Sean Band, for lack of ... any other name, but that would only produce a frown on Sean's normally cheery face.

The group doesn't usually play covers, but have been known to cover Frank Sinatra, although Sean says now that "I think I've forgotten that one, too," but admits that it would take a different sort of practicing to learn covers.

Regardless, this group, no matter what you want to call

them, does have a knack for making you have a good time, which Jamie says is the whole idea.

"You gotta goof out," he explains, "because if people see you goofing out then that takes some of the (seriousness) away. I think people are embarrassed in a lot of ways to have fun. They think you have to be very cool and you can't dance if it's not some Janet Jackson pulsating beats. We play waltzes and pogos and whatever. We're trying to have fun. That's what we're trying to do, have fun. It's not this big heavy thing: Be Like We Are. Cuz we're not even like we are."

And on that note, maybe we all have a better grasp on something so good you can't explain it, you just have to see and experience this truly enjoyable unnameable local resource for yourselves.

— Tony Pierce

Pot Lucky

Intermission Presents Drawings and Other Silly Business



Fascinating, Or What?

The University Art Museum Has A Heck Of A Lot To Offer

Parents call their college-student son to check up on life in Santa Barbara. He doesn't want to tell them that he was so hung over that he didn't make it to his history lecture. He would talk about the nice girl he met last night, but he can't seem to recall her name. So, what's left to talk about? How about ... art? The last place a young, energetic college student wants to spend an afternoon is at a dusty museum. However, the University Art Museum isn't dusty and won't take a whole day to experience. What's more, free admission makes it completely painless.

In 1960, Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick donated a collection of paintings from the Renaissance and Baroque eras, and the university gave birth to a museum. This very museum is now home to the third largest Architectural Drawing collection in the United States, and the very distinguished Morgenroth Collection of Renaissance Medals and Plaquettes. The art of the permanent collection totals 7,500 pieces, give or take a few.

7,500 pieces of art may seem like a lot for humble UCSB to own, but in comparison to many others, UCSB's collection isn't that huge. Dr. Herbert M. Cole, acting director of the UAM, explains that UCSB's facility pales in comparison to other universities, "It is not as competitive. There's not as much storage and exhibition space!" explains Cole. The small museum makes for a cozy atmosphere, and it doesn't overwhelm the art-ignorant patron. On the flip side, however, the museum cannot expand their collection. Cole laments, "We have to turn down potential gifts because of storage problems," and, he says, "People won't give us works because they know there is not adequate storage space!"

Temporary exhibits are the most exciting features the museum has to offer. The permanent collection is entrancing in the eyes of an art historian, but for the average person, it might appear to be nothing more than portraits of prudish dead people. Every two months, however, a new exhibit sweeps through campus.

Presently, African art is on display. Last fall, the UAM presented Pulse 2: People Using Light, Sound and Energy. Next month, Mayan art will be visiting campus. Sharon Major, public relations for UAM, knows how boring the permanent collection can be and says that the visiting exhibits "bring to campus the most intriguing and vital forms of art." The exhibits provide frequent opportunities to plunge into the many oceans of the artistic realm.

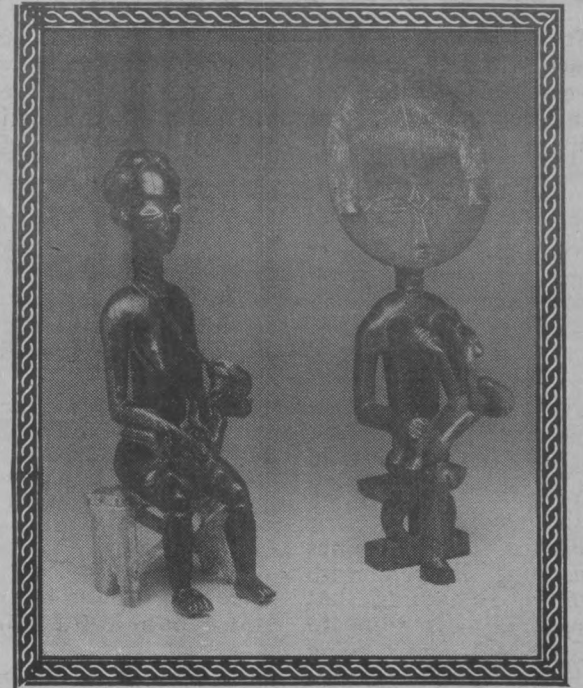
The museum is a vital learning tool for UCSB students. Not only do art history and art studio departments benefit, but those in anthropology, English, College of Creative Studies, religious studies and other imaginative, resourceful humans utilize the museum. The UAM often works with other departments in presenting joint exhibitions. In conjunction with Walter Capps' religious studies course on the Vietnam War, they offered a presentation of war art inspired from that era. Although the museum has its musty qualities, it also interjects informative and interesting art.

The staff of the UAM are "trying to revitalize the institu-

tion as a vital, evolving part of the community," says Major. When Corinne Gillet Horowitz began as education curator five years ago, "there was nothing in the way of community outreach," Major said. Now, elementary schools in the area arrange field trips to campus, where docents present comprehensible art history and organize learning activities for the children. Docents, not all of whom are art students, volunteer to give tours and presentations. They are able to communicate to the general public that what may look like a giant, chewed-up, sucked-on popsicle stick is actually an African grave marker. The African exhibit has been extremely popular. Tour groups from local schools are flocking to see it, which she says is rare. She explains, "It's not very easy to get groups to campus because of parking difficulties." Also, she commented that both tour groups and students easily become lost due to the lack of directional arrows.

Many students may not even be aware that UCSB has a museum on campus. It is tucked away, like a lonesome hermit, in the Arts building and does not scream for attention the way Storke Tower does. Once inside the museum, however, artistic creations find their viewers excited, impressed or even confused. Although the museum is quaint, it still provokes the imagination and give something impressive to talk about when parents call. The University Art Museum is open Tuesday through Saturday 10 a.m.-4 p.m. and Sunday 1-5 p.m. Tours are given regularly.

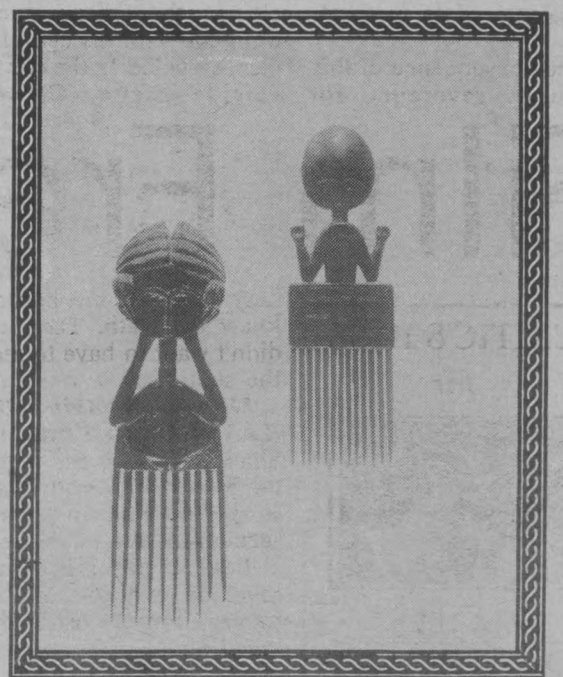
- Kia Neri



Amazingly, these two works were not made in the same place



Christiana, Grand Duchess of Tuscany- One of those "Prudish Dead People"



Some real hep combs from The Asante



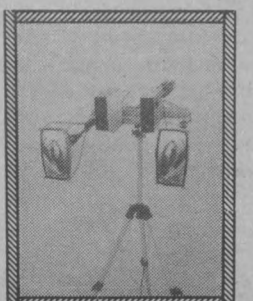
Still more prudish dead people



Just kidding, we don't have this



Funky Pulse 2 Exhibit



Funkier Pulse 2 Exhibit

This Guy Loves Calvin & Hobbes!

There are few things we can take for granted these days. World peace? Just when it seemed within reach, we've smacked the olive branch from the dove's beak. The air we breathe? The air we've been inhaling lately is making our lungs look like overstuffed vacuum bags. Still, there is one thing that is tried and true, as dependable as the Pony Ex-

press, as reliable as Roloids ... "Calvin and Hobbes."

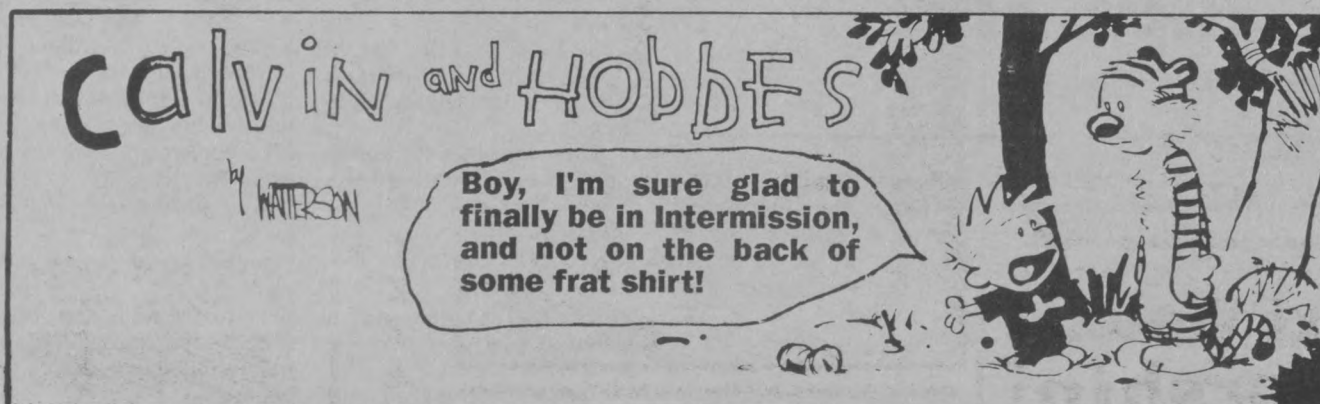
Cartoonist Bill Watterson's *The Authoritative Calvin and Hobbes* is 250-plus pages of sheer wonder and amazement, as his unbelievable knack for capturing the magic and naive creativity of childhood never breaks from

its seemingly infallible pace. Rare is the cartoonist who can work with such flawlessness — both in content and artwork — and continue to produce over the years as well as Watterson.

There is a certain mystical and dreamlike quality to "Calvin and Hobbes" that is apparent in no other contemporary comic strip; the marriage of Watterson's magnificent storytelling to his incredible draftsmanship recalls the work of '20s cartoonist Winsor McKay, whose wondrous "Little Nemo in Slumberland" was both a writer's and artist's Nirvana. Watterson's way of making each frame a successful piece of art, capable both alone as well as with its accompanying frames, is similar to the achievements of Bill Herrmann's "Crazy Kat," an enormously popular and wonderfully whimsical cartoon from the '20s through the '40s.

This collection of "Calvin and Hobbes" should be required reading for those of us who have become so self-absorbed and lost in day-to-day existence that we can no longer appreciate what we have, what we once had and what we should never lose sight of. It could be a learning experience for us all.

—Todd Francis



Cinema

Intermission Reviews An English & A French Film

Hamlet Hits Home

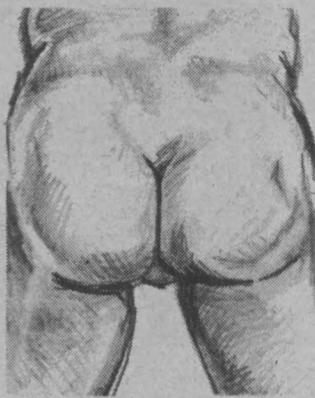
To require of a filmmaker who uses a play or novel as a basis for his work that he or she follow that script line for line or the novel scene for scene is ridiculous. Film is a particular type of art, not just a record or visualization of another form. It achieves its own kind of power using its own strengths.

Other directors, hobbled by a crippling reverence for Shakespeare, have fallen back on actors using huge, theatrical gestures that look silly under the close-up eye of the lens.

Franco Zeffirelli does something different with *Hamlet*, something that brings him much closer to the modern movie-going audience. This is not a modernist adaptation — the dialog and staging is drawn straight from the original. But it does rely more on the intimate use of the camera's eye.

One consequence of this century's reverence for

Hamlet has been to suck the virility from the prince, turning the fighter/philosopher/romantic/satirical wit into a weeping



Gibson's behind does not appear in this film

poet. Hamlet weeps not only for the death of his father, but his own death.

Mel Gibson's performance brings the prince closer to the audience, breathing life with his eyes, his face, his voice. In the classic suicide scene, Gibson

comes across as someone who may love death itself, longing for its gifts, instead of the self-pitying prince of other performances. Death is something powerful, mysterious, something more than just a resignation of life.

Zeffirelli, the director, plays around within the limits of Shakespeare's notoriously minimal stage directions. Hamlet starts showing up in many scenes, hiding in the shadows and listening. This works very well, as the hidden knowledge of Hamlet always seems superior to the situation.

Zeffirelli also concentrates the plot of the play and focuses on the central plot of marriage and death. The subplot of the loss of the throne is not mentioned at all in the film, while the hints of incest are played up a little more loudly.

The film is very visual, yet it does not neglect the poetry of Shakespeare. The

camera travels everywhere, like an omniscient being. It follows Hamlet, gets close to him, spins around him — all adding another dimension to the poetry of Shakespeare. In the "To be, or..." soliloquy, the camera complements the poetry by tracing softly over the marble surfaces of the sarcophagi, picking up the shadowed

Helena Bonham-Carter is also very well done, a character sliding from beauty and innocence into a demented, sensual madness.

One caution: as they left, a group of people were overheard complaining that it took them half the movie to catch on to the lingo. If you aren't that familiar with

CRITIC'S PASS
for
Dan Jeffers *Ali Shraim*

bones in the background.

Mel Gibson is superb, but there are two other performers who really bring this movie to the top. Glen Close is the Queen, filled with love for Hamlet, remorse and anger — all warring. Ophelia, played by

Shakespeare, you might brush up by reading one of his plays (check out the footnotes, too). You will probably be able to catch more of the double-entendres that way. After all, with Shakespeare, the dialog is the thing.

Film Francais: Fine

CRITIC'S PASS
for

Seana Fitt

When I found out I had free access to the screening of this new French film that was going to be playing at the Victoria Street Theater, I tried to get my friends to come with me. But everybody had really poor excuses for not going, like, "I

have to wash my hair." I knew the truth. They just didn't want to have to read the subtitles.

Life and Nothing But (*La Vie et Rien d'Autre*), a film by famed French Director Bertrand Tavernier, is a story that not only transcends subtitles, but also societies and eras. It is both a touching love story and an examination of post-World War I France. More importantly though, it is the universal tale of a war-torn nation, a subject that is frighteningly real these days.

Set in 1920 France, *Life and Nothing But* is the story of two women and a man whose lives cross in the search for people lost in the war. Irene (Sabine Azema) is a wealthy Parisian look-

ing for her missing husband, and Alice (Pascale Vignal) is a poor rural schoolteacher searching for her lost fiance.

In the course of their search, the two women both come across a tough army major named Dellaplane, played beautifully by Philippe Noiret. As head of the War Casualties Identification Bureau, Dellaplane is the last hope for the two desperate women.

As the lives of these three very different people intertwine, the story becomes both tragic and hopeful, with some surprising twists in the end. However, underlying the plot is a sickening picture of the long-range effects that a large-scale war can have on the people of a nation, as not only their

men, but the very ground on which they must live is scarred by the effects.

Although it probes some difficult issues, this is an uplifting picture that promises hope in the face of grave despair. As the citizens of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Israel and Iraq are currently ex-

periencing first hand the disastrous effects of a war fought at home, it also makes you think.

Life and Nothing But opens Friday, Feb. 1 at the Victoria Street Theater. Live French accordion music will be presented opening night.

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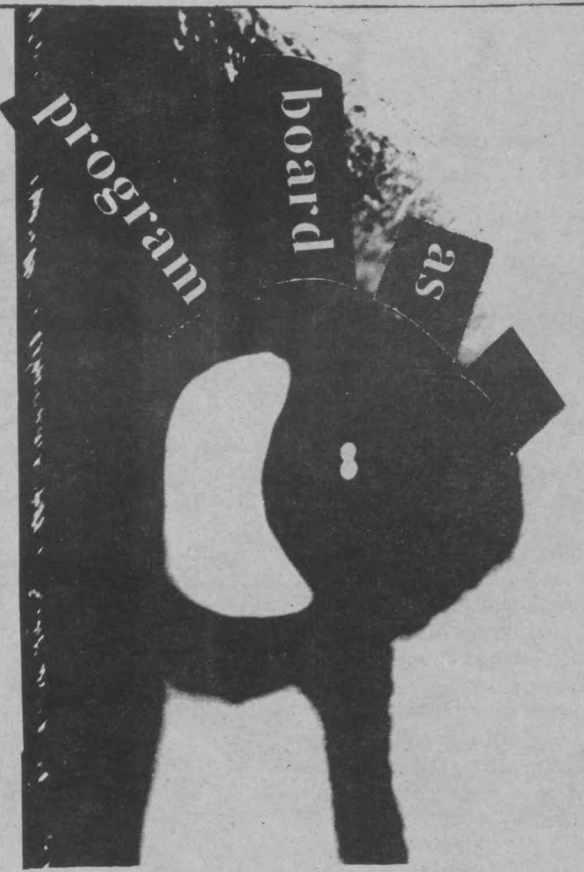
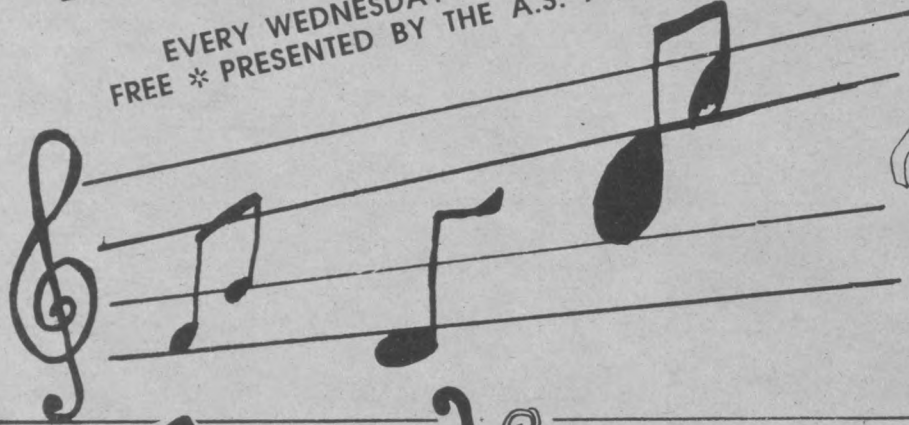
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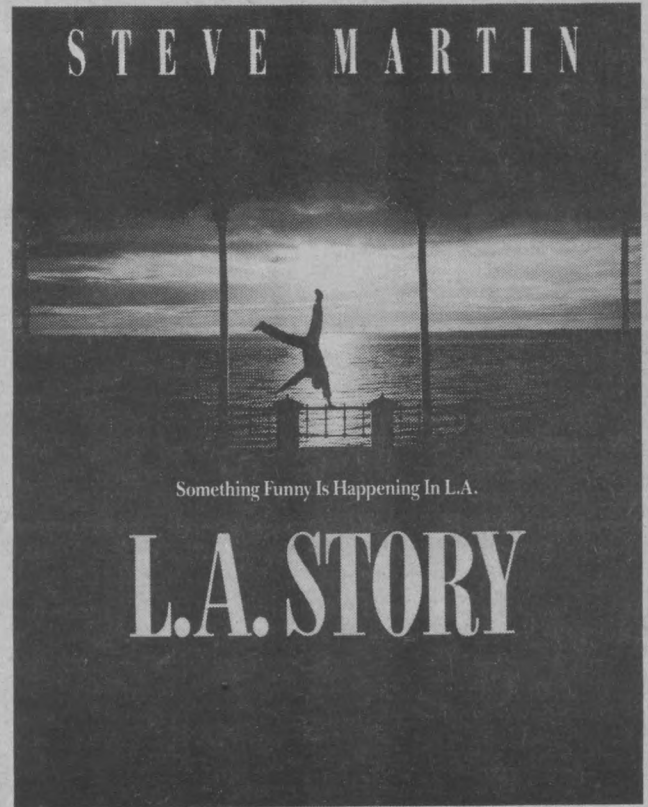


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