



MAMMOTH, p.4

arts

GUNS 2A

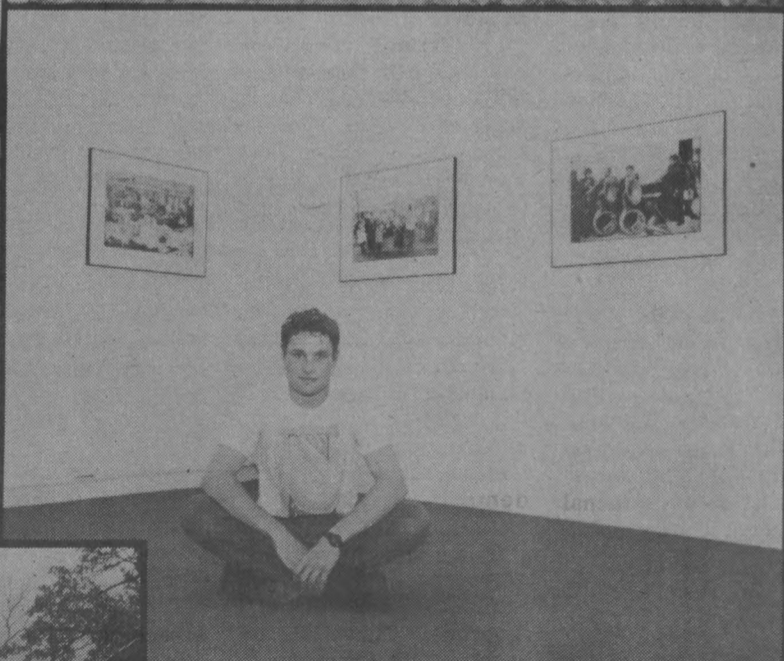
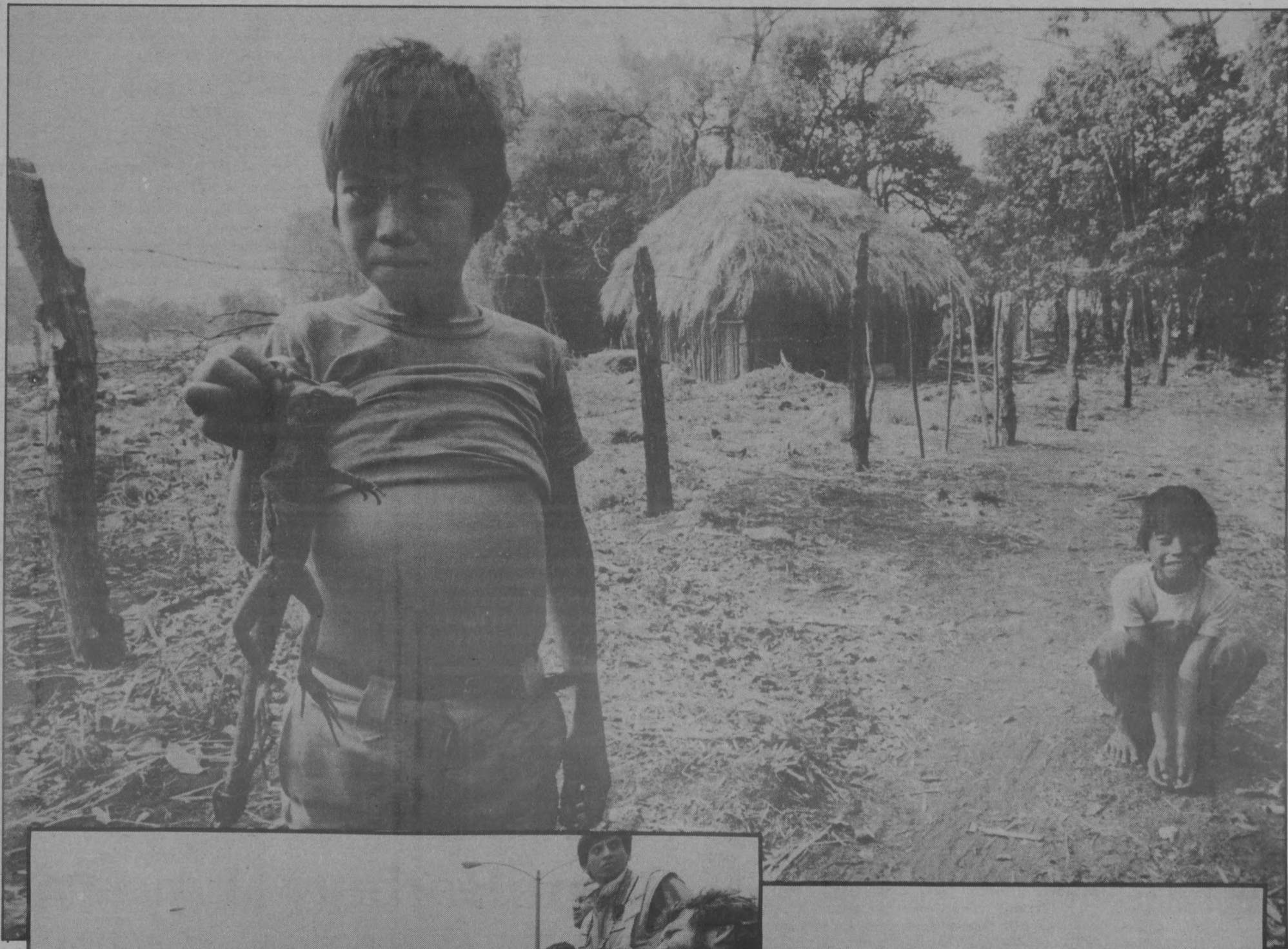
GUNS 3A

POODLES 4A

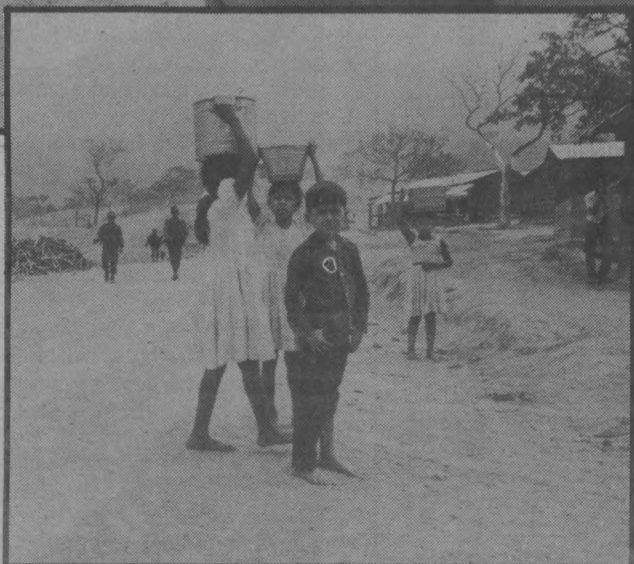
CENTRAL AMERICA

Through the Camera's Eye

Photos by Mark Stucky



MUTSUYA TAKENAGA/Daily Nexus



(Top) Guatemalan boy with captured iguana lizard in Ojo de Agua, near the border of Mexico. (Above left) Security police and press face off as opposition leaders Rigoberta Mercha and Rolando Castillo return to Guatemala City from exile to test new commitments to political freedom as promised under the Arias Peace Plan. (Bottom) Honduran military patrol through San Antonio Refugee Camp for Salvadorans who have fled oppression in their own country. (Above right) Photographer Mark Stucky.

When Mark Stucky went on vacation, he brought his camera, and this is what he saw. His pictures capture the tragic beauty of the poverty and political upheaval that permeates the ins and outs of daily life in Central America. These and other photos from his *Images of Central America* series can be seen at the Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum, in the Outerspace Gallery.

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Tampopo comes **The Funeral**, a comedy, believe it or not, as well as being "arty" and "foreign" — impress your friends and amaze your



date by taking him/her to Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. It'll be good for you.

- the City Broiler presents Windam Hill melody maker **Scott Cossu**. Extremely hip, very cool, profoundly mellow, so drink coffee, I mean espresso, of course. 8 p.m. (965-8500).

- why is the **UCSB Faculty Concert** held during the summer when

only a fraction of the community are around to hear it? Modesty? Who knows, go anyway, tickets are only \$3 for students at the door. Series passes available for other Summer Session Vocal Institute Concerts (which this is part of) at the A L ticket window (961-2080).

- the County Bowl offers **Steve Miller** in concert at 7 p.m. July 23

- "a festival of early 20th century costumes and music," **Gigi**, at the SB Museum of Art. 1 p.m. and 3:30. Eva Gabor's in it too, how can you miss.

If you can think of anything better than this, write a note or come by. We accept all major credit cards, cash, and perky summer juniors who've never seen submarine races at the lagoon. Make checks payable to Tony or Walker.

stylish spy who battled non-anglo meannies.

But the new Dalton-Bond seems oddly *working class* along the edges and he is certainly not playing within any chivalric code. Only once does he pause to consider the result of his actions (interfering with various investigations and hostage deals) but tosses conscience aside in favor of his personal vendetta.

Perhaps Stallone and Bronson films have crept slowly into the psyches of the filmmakers. The one man against the world plot suits modern times. Why save the world from a mad man's destruction when the government you work for helps puts holes in the ozone layer? Isn't it better to spend armageddon getting back at the guy who killed your friends?

If Dalton-Bond is only a variation on old tough guy themes, at least the 007 version seems fresh, with a bit more of a cerebral interpretation.

Guns, Girls, Gibson



by walker "guitar" wells

When you think about it, all anybody really wants from a summer movie is a few hours of good entertainment in an air conditioned theater. You can leave the intellectual "I just can't stop wondering about..." kind of movies for the winter when there is nothing else to do but sit around and think. In the summer you just want to leave the theater with an empty mind and go buy some beers.

Using this as the criteria, **Lethal Weapon 2** is a great summer movie. Like its predecessor, it's about international crime, tough cops and male bonding. Mel Gibson chases cars (on foot, of course), Danny Glover wonders why he hasn't retired yet and plenty of things explode. In fact, this is the perfect movie for the guy I overheard on the fourth who, obviously tired of waiting for the fireworks said, "C'mon man, light something on fire — blow something up." If I could count that high, I'd say how many people get killed (in some extremely imaginative ways) but, put simply, the death and explosion toll makes it worth six bones.

Even though its drawing power is based on fast action and a chance to see Mel in his birthday suit (swoon), **Lethal** is probably the most politically correct cop movie even made: Glover's daughter gives her dad the whole scoop on why he should not eat albacore because they kill Flipper to catch tuna, the bad guys are bunch of uptight, Aryan, gold-drug smuggling South African diplomats and condoms pop up everywhere. High thrills for high brows?

Lethal 2 shows a goofier partnership between Gibson and Glover and somehow manages to recreate whatever it was that saved **Lethal Weapon** from being just another cop movie. Mel does a great job of playing the slightly psychotic lawman, and Glover seems even older but is still as tough as nails. This isn't really a sequel but more like another episode in a really long, R-rated, TV cop show. With its fast and furious mix of studly guys, lots of shooting and explosions, steamy, prolonged sex and a bagful of well-placed jokes, **Lethal 2** entertains without making you think when it's over. Buy some beer and be glad it's summer.



KILLDOZER

Ladies Only" 7-inch box set. This little package is 5 singles with 9 cover songs of cool 70's favorites from Conway Twitty to The Steve Miller Band to Neil Young. Their crushing sound shows what a little intelligence and humor can do to spice up these old staples.

The newest vinyl from Killdozer is the "Yow! Killdozer" single with a loud, grinding song called "Lupus" from their forthcoming album *Twelve Point Buck*. On the flipside, a special rendition of Janet Jackson's "Nasty", complete with synthesizers and that special Killdozer touch.

A band of surprises, Killdozer stands on its own in the alternative music cesspool. The dudes of rock don't stop innovating new avenues of musical expression. You won't know what they will do next, whether it's singing about working in a sausage factory to covering "American Pie", Killdozer sets the example to laugh at others, and yourself. *Killdozer* will appear Tuesday July 25th at the Club Iguana (525 State) with IV's *Monoshock and Sluggo*.

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BASTILLE BASH: Brie Burgers, Berets; Bad



by adam liebowitz, and
jeffrey C. whalen

Thousands of *francophiles* gathered this weekend at Oak Park in Santa Barbara Proper to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the storming of an ugly prison in the middle of Paris by irate baguette bakers. Contrary to most historical accounts, only six prisoners and a convicted sex pervert were sprung in the event. And where that prison once was, now stands a pizza parlor.

That the most significant landmark to modern French history has been turned into a pizzeria is an ironic fact which suits any description of the **French Fest**, which was more about French food than French anything else. Of

the dozens of display booths, only a handful were not selling food.

The Snacks

Heading straight to the heart of French cuisine, we sought out the Frenchiest-sounding food available. It had to be the "Brie Sandwich."

"Brie is brie is cheese," a vendor responded to the question of what was on a brie sandwich. "Just brie?" we asked. "Just brie," she replied.

We passed. Two bucks was a lot to pay, what with brie being a substance that would be described as cheese-like if found coming out of your body, but if found on bread would be called pus-like.

Barely recovered from the harrowing brush with brie, we headed straight for "CHEF BURGER: hamburgers a'la francais."

The abbreviated menu included the "ham-hamburger" and the "brie-burger." When asked about what was French about the "ham-hamburger," Noelle, a squeaky-of-voice-Thousand-Oaks-vixen, replied, "Dijon mustard is French, if you get Brie it's French, ham is French."

"Ham is French?"

"Yes," replied Noelle.

The French probably *did* need a lot of pigs to dig up all those truffles.

There were more traditional French culinary items, too. Along with other vegetable and animal delights from the garden, escargot was available cheap. Many people ask: why eat snails? Our theory: if you sautee *anything* (bark, leather, etc.) in butter and garlic, it's edible. And it tastes just like chicken.

Looming over the proceedings was a rickety mock-up of the Eiffel Tower. A few solid shakes of the structure convinced us to keep our distance. The real Eiffel Tower is a structure whose appeal stemmed from the fact that it was so ugly. And, because no one could figure out how to get rid of it, it turned

into a famous landmark. Ignoring most local safety codes, the organizers of the "Fest" thought a white plywood *faux-Tower* would be neat because the real one is so *French* (i.e. useless and ugly).

See related

photos on page 8.

Also capitalizing on the event was Ed Brough, hypno-numerotherapist. Ed wasn't offering any French variations on his craft, so we offered him five dollars to do Jerry Lewis's numerology. "I'll

do anyone for twenty," retorted Ed.

Patrick Peuliard, licensed massage therapist, offered a special "French touch" massage for the occasion. Since he normally specializes in Swedish and Oriental massages, we asked what exactly was a "French touch." "I am French ... I give a French touch," he explained, making menacing New Age pinching gestures at us.

Unfortunately, we missed the much-touted Poodle Parade. However, we did run into one of the contestants, April, decked out in patriotic red, white, and blue bow and painted red toe nails.

Excepting yogurt, the closest the "Fest" ever came to real French culture was in the hats everybody wore. One sidewalk artist's confusion about the hats may best sum up the attitude of the "Fest."

"Is your art French?" we asked.

"No," he replied.

"Are you French?"

"No."

"Is Tom Selleck French?" we asked, pointing to his portrait of the mustachioed star of film and television.

"No."

"Is your tie French?"

"No, this is just a scarf."

"Is your hat French?"

"Yes."



Photos by Richard O'Rourke

Bernie's Blows



by alicia w. rich, and
jeffrey c. whalen

If **Weekend at Bernie's** was *The Wizard of Oz*, Andrew McCarthy could have clicked the heels of his purple hightops and gotten the hell out of this bad movie.

But this alleged comedy, possibly the worst film of the year, doesn't give anybody a break, including the audience. True, *WAB* does sparkle with potential at times, especially with two shrewd casting maneuvers (McCarthy as the loveable deadbeat and Terry Kiser as the loveable dead guy), but with a lack of support in all areas, the two heavyweights sag over time.

There is no real plot, just a two-hour gag. It's about two guys, Larry (McCarthy) and Richard (Jonathan Silverman), who get invited to spend the weekend at the Hampton Island resort of their greasy mafioso boss Bernie. Suspicion, death and ridiculous circumstances result in McCarthy and Silverman dragging Bernie's corpse around as if he were still alive. The film has the worst sound editing and mixing since *Dr. Butcher M.D.*, and a "plot" stolen almost directly from six funny minutes in *National Lampoon's Vacation*. None of the un-corpse-related comedy works. A few minutes after the

moderately funny party sequence would have been a nice time to roll the credits.

The rest of the cast should not have been. Gwen (Catherine Mary *Last Starfighter* Stewart) and Silverman make up the standard, happy, G-rated couple that will make you puke. Silverman might have been good as McCarthy's side-kick, but he's not.

Given the setup, it would be easy to make a crack about McCarthy and Silverman *carrying* Bernie through the film. In actuality, it would be more accurate to say that Terry Kiser in the role of the corpse can stand on his own.

Nobody has been real pleased with the McCarthy of late, but *WAB* re-emphasizes the fact that he was meant to do comedy. With the focus on masses of dingy girls and ridiculous people in this Hampton Island weekend frenzy, it's too bad McCarthy's witty and disarming role gets caught in the middle.

Basically a no-brainer, *WAB's* redeeming quality lies in McCarthy's charm and those purple sneakers. It's not necessarily the color that gives them such charisma but rather that they have wonderful qualities of style and uniqueness that is conspicuously absent in the rest of the movie.

Lots of neat-o people got famous writing poems and short stories. Unfortunately, now they're either rich, dead, or will have nothing to do with us. That's where you come in. If you have a cool poem or story you think is good, and if we agree, we'll print it up. It's just that easy. No salesmen will call, but type your phone #, name and vitals on pretty stationery (if you have it) and drop it in the Letters box at the Nexus office which is under Storke Tower. We won't bite ... much.



MAMMOTH Is Miserable

by joel brand

When this album came into the office there was a fight as to who was going to review it. The Nexus receives a fair share of albums, most of which never get reviewed, much less played, and considering this one was just so funny looking, it received an amazing amount of attention.

The self-titled album by the group *Mammoth* is the band's first record together. It might be important to add at this point that the implied reason behind the name "Mammoth" is the size of the band. No, it does not have 12 members, it has four, but their individual size is what made this album stand out. These men are quite big. Arguably all bands have a gimmick and Mammoth's is clearly size. Maybe they are wading where the Fat Boys have waddled before, but they appear to have taken a distinctly different route.

Despite the band's visual imagery and an honest desire, on my part, to have the band sound ultra-fantastic and live up to the expectation their cover photo produced, the album is lacking. It lacks individuality. It lacks depth. It lacks feeling.

I wanted music that had at least a few outstanding qualities; it doesn't have any. The guitar isn't noteworthy, with the exception of a few seconds of exploration on "Dark Star." The drums are all played with simple beats that fade into the rest of the music. The vocals don't seem to scream out to be heard, telling the world something interesting or funny.

Most of the songs are bad, in the sense that they have nothing new to offer. A few of the songs are okay only in that they appear to have a little more ingenuity, most notably the first and last cuts on the first side: "All the Days" and "Dark Star," respectively.

The flipside offers a tiny bit more diversity, but still stops short of breaking into something new or even something really interesting.

Despite all this, I have a sneaking fear that these guys could possibly get a song on the charts eventually. The music does sound very geared toward the Top 40 crowd, in a sub-culture sort of way. The music, which seems to be striving toward, but falling short of heavy metal will probably satiate the tastes of those who pursue MTV's visual stimulation and audio boredom, produced by the theme of finding one sound which works and playing it over and over again.

Basically, Mammoth is a big flop.