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UCSB



Arts & Lectures

Junebug Jabbo Jones: Black Folklore and Front Porch Wisdom

Don't Start Me To Talking or I'll Tell Everything I Know: Sayings from the Life and Writings of Junebug Jabbo Jones, Volume I is the ample title of a one-man show filled with the wit and wisdom of the rural Black South, starring actor John O'Neal. An accomplished playwright, poet and theater artist, O'Neal will portray Junebug in UCSB's Main Theatre in two shows on Saturday, April 23 at 2 PM and 8 PM. Tickets are on sale now.

Junebug Jabbo Jones is both narrator and main character of the show, a moving concoction of tales and anecdotes that present an entertaining range of personalities, including a cheating plantation owner, the pretty daughter of a preacher, and a broken-down disc jockey. The play is rich not only in characters, but also in vivid language. "I was so broke I had to borrow eye water to cry with," he tells us. Later he exclaims, "she was jigglin' things that I didn't know had muscles in 'em."

Junebug makes it clear that he is a storyteller, not a liar. The distinction? A liar covers up things, whereas a storyteller uncovers things. Junebug and his characters go about uncovering injustice on a plantation, in the boys locker room, at a lunch counter, in a jail cell — "just doing what needs to be did."

As a student in the 1960s, John O'Neal was on the front lines of the civil rights movement, a leader in the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. As he and other civil rights workers traveled around the South, they began collecting the stories and sayings, the "front porch wisdom" of rural Blacks. In this sense, *Don't Start Me To Talking...* is an oral history, as is Volume II (*You Can't Judge A Book By Looking At the Cover*) which deals with the urban Black experience. O'Neal now tours the country performing as Junebug and visiting campuses as a guest lecturer. His visit to UCSB is co-sponsored with the Center for Black Studies and the Department of Dramatic Art.

During his three-day visit to UCSB, O'Neal will join actress Lillian Lehman and UCSB faculty in a free panel discussion titled "Critical Condition: Black Theater and the 1980s" today at 4 PM in the Main Theatre. Tomorrow (Friday) at noon he will give a free mini-performance as Junebug in the Santa Barbara Museum of Art Auditorium. He will visit campus classes and entertain young students at Franklin Elementary School as well. Following each performance of *Don't Start Me To Talking...* he will participate in a discussion with the audience.

Tickets to *Don't Start Me To Talking...* are \$10 for the general public, \$7 for UCSB students. Buy your tickets now, at the A&L Ticket Office in Building 402. To charge by phone (minimum order \$10), call 961-3535.

Three lectures of special interest to students are coming up soon: tomorrow night **marine environmentalist Jean-Michel Cousteau** will show films and discuss his work; next Tuesday afternoon **Mexican novelist and Regents' Lecturer Elena Poniatowska** will present a lecture on "Feminism, Literature and Society: A Mexican Perspective"; and on Tuesday evening **counselor-author Geneen Roth** will give an inspirational presentation on "Feeding the Hungry Heart: The Experience and Resolution of Eating Problems." Roth is the author of *Feeding the Hungry Heart* and *Breaking Free from Compulsive Eating*, and the leader of successful and popular workshops that help people overcome habits such as overeating or compulsive dieting. Says Roth, "We must cut the cord between our body and our self-worth.... We've lost touch with what hunger feels like and how to differentiate it from other feelings."

And don't forget: there are only seven more ticket office shopping days until **Frankenstein**, so avoid the rush and buy your tickets now! The Ticket Office is open from 9 AM to 5 PM, Monday through Friday. Student-priced tickets for the Guthrie Theater's *Frankenstein* are \$12, \$10 and \$8. (And that includes the thunder-and-lightening special effects, too.)

April

21 Panel Discussion with John O'Neal

"Critical Condition: Black Theater and the 1980s"
Thu., Apr. 21 / 4 PM / Main Theatre

TODAY

21 Paisan

Roberto Rossellini's neo-realist film about WWII.
Thu., Apr. 21 / 7 & 9:30 PM / Campbell Hall

22 Jean-Michel Cousteau

"Rediscovery of the World"
Fri., Apr. 22 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

23 John O'Neal as Junebug Jabbo Jones

"Don't Start Me to Talking..."
Sat., Apr. 23 / 2 & 8 PM / Main Theatre

24 Das Boot

Terror and adventure aboard a German U-boat.
Sun., Apr. 24 / 7 & 9:30 PM / Campbell Hall

26 Elena Poniatowska, Regents' Lecturer

Mexican feminism, literature and society.
Tue., Apr. 26 / 4 PM / Girvetz 1004

26 Geneen Roth

A lecture on conquering eating disorders.
Tue., Apr. 26 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

27 Open rehearsal: Anthony de Mare

Hear a concert pianist prepare for the stage.
Wed., Apr. 27 / 7 PM / Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall

28 Anthony de Mare, piano

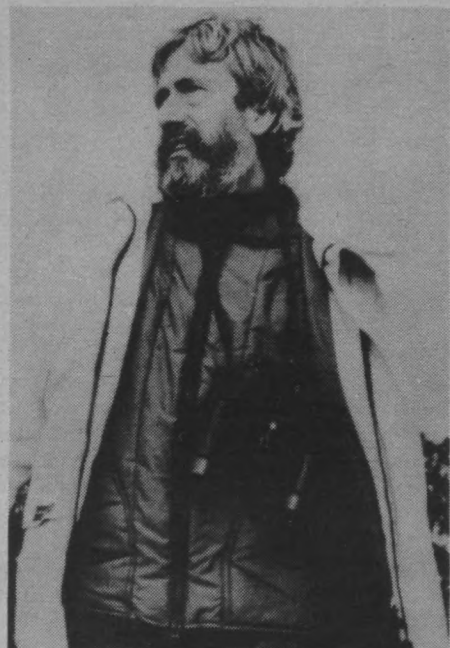
An award-winning pianist plays new works.
Thu., Apr. 28 / 8 PM / Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall

30/1 Frankenstein

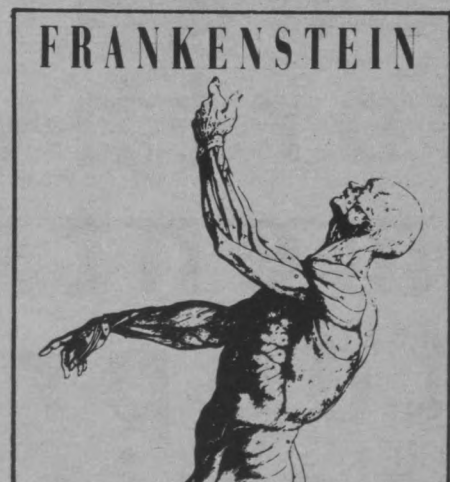
The Guthrie Theater in a classic Gothic tale.
Sat., Apr. 30 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall
Sun., May 1 / 2 & 8 PM / Campbell Hall



John O'Neal



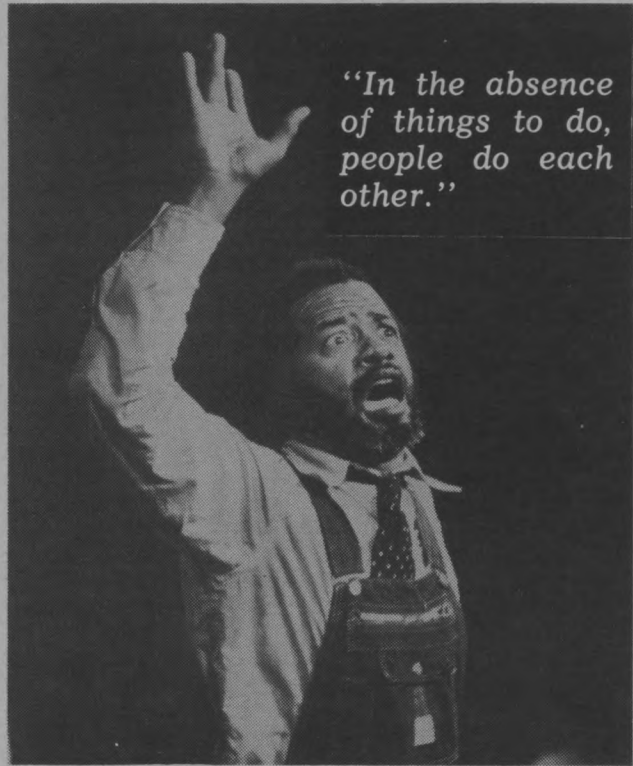
Jean-Michel Cousteau



Buy Frankenstein tickets now.

Tickets/Charge by Phone: 961-3535

Jabbin' With Junebug



"In the absence of things to do, people do each other."

Junebug Jabbo Jones has a message for you. He's got some tales of truth about the common folk. He's the storyteller from the past that your present has been missing. He's not a liar, who he explains is "somebody who covers things up." He's in the business of "uncovering things."

Junebug Jabbo Jones is the mythic character portrayed by his creator, actor/director/playwright John O'Neal in the one-man play *Don't Start Me Talking or I'll Tell Everything I Know: Sayings From the Life and Writings of Junebug Jabbo Jones. Volume I*, which he will perform this Saturday in the Main Theatre. The mouthful title says something about the mouthful of collected anecdotes and tales O'Neal has put into this character. Part narrator, part main character, Junebug is the vehicle to do the "work the needs to be did."

Junebug is the product of many collectors in the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s. It is said no one person can be solely attributed with the invention of this preaching folk character, but that his birth was part of a collaboration of stories and folk sayings brought together by O'Neal and his friends in the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee in the rural South.

In the following interview an animate weary traveled O'Neal, who was rushed over from the airport to the Nexus to make the arts' press time, discussed with true storyteller's grace the relativity of Junebug Jabbo Jones.

Nexus: Tell me about the freedoms and the limitations of using the storyteller's form. Are modern audiences prepared for an art like this?

John O'Neal: Oh yeah. We tell stories all the time. We don't recognize it as what we're doing. I bet you there's a whole bunch of stories about UC Santa Barbara. And part of the task of becoming a UCSB student is learning what those stories are so that you can tell your version of them. So I think people are ready.

N: What is the work that Junebug needs to do?

JON: There's a song that goes "Tonight I'm blue, but I won't be blue always, cause the light's gonna shine in my backdoor someday." And the other one that occurs to me is the Percy Mayfield song that goes "Heaven please send to all mankind understanding and peace of mind, but if it's not asking too much, please send me someone to love. I lay awake at night in a world full of trouble and I find that the answer's always the same. Unless man puts an end to this damnable sin, we'll leave the world all a flame." That's Junebug's work.

What Junebug represents is the celebration of the wisdom of common people. We have a tendency in this country to draw the conclusion, I think invalidly, that if you're poor, you're evil. Because if everybody in the land of liberty, in the land of the free and the brave, doesn't get their's — they're probably just lazy. I think that's probably incorrect. (He chuckles.) But what happens is they start to believe it, without knowing it. I don't think most people are malicious, but we do fall into these malicious ideas. And so it becomes Junebug's work to challenge this bad thinking and celebrate the wisdom of the common people.

N: It might seem too obvious that your focus is on the South, but why is that?

JON: Well, it's home. It's not only my particular home; it's the home of Afro-American people in this country, and it's the base from which we will have whatever influence we will have. Because of our particular relationship and our peculiar history here, we have an especially important role to play.

Just as the condition of people nearest to the bottom of the social pyramid raises the tendency of the whole social pyramid to raise and their conditions change, so changes the conditions of the whole society. If we are to do an effective job of making a more humane just society in this country, and through that in the world, an especially important role has to be played by the Black people and the means are not in these urban centers.

N: You're also giving a lecture here entitled "Critical Condition: Black Theatre." What is that critical condition?

JON: I didn't invent that title. I suspect what it sort of implies is that there has been a decline in the number of performing groups that identify themselves as Black and that aim to serve the Black community in some way compared to what was available in the sixties. I think the point is that age-old axiom that we tend to underestimate the value of and that is that "art reflects life;" the condition of the people becomes the condition of the art. You can look at what is being sold in the art galleries and get a pretty good idea of what the quality and the character of life is for the people who buy and make that art.

N: A parallel difficulty, if you bring it to UCSB, is the separate Black fraternities and sororities. The argument is that they are segregating themselves, and yet their argument is "no, we're creating a base where we can relate to ourselves, where we understand where we are going and creating a platform for ourselves."

JON: What I would say in regard to self-segregation is a story. I use to direct The Free Southern Theatre. We set about to create a book of our own which was to be called the axiom of the Free Southern Theatre. Now we only got two of them before the theatre expired. The first one was "In the absence of things to do, people do each other." The second is not an axiom at all but sort of a little metaphor. We called it the truth in the bottom of the well. And the idea is that you need water in Santa Barbara. So you have to dig a well. I don't know what the water table here is like, but you probably have to go

pretty deep. I'm in New Orleans. I too have a need for water and so I have dig a well, but the water table in New Orleans is only about six inches. But wherever you are you have to dig in your particular place to get at the water. But when you get that water, your water will do the same that my water does for me.

What that metaphor meant to say was that we can't get to the universal truth without going through the particulars of our own circumstance. Just like performing, you can't make a universal character without making a particular character. You have to be somebody in particular. If I tell Laurie's particular truth and really get to her story then I will be at the truth for all humankind. But I can only do it by a particular truth.

Let me speak some encouragement to you. One of my great idols is Pete Seger. In a concert he sang a historical song about the founding of the republic and there was a verse about the writing of the Declaration of Independence. The verse went "Wasn't that a time, a time to try the souls of men. Wasn't that a terrible time." And he ended with a verse about now about the time we were singing in during the civil rights, peace and women's movement and instead he sang, "Isn't this a time, a time to try the souls of men. Isn't this a wonderful time." It's saying that yeah there's a lot of pitfalls to face, but for every danger there's a cause for finding potentiality.

by Laurie McCullough

.....
 "Live all you can; it's a mistake not to."
 Henry James

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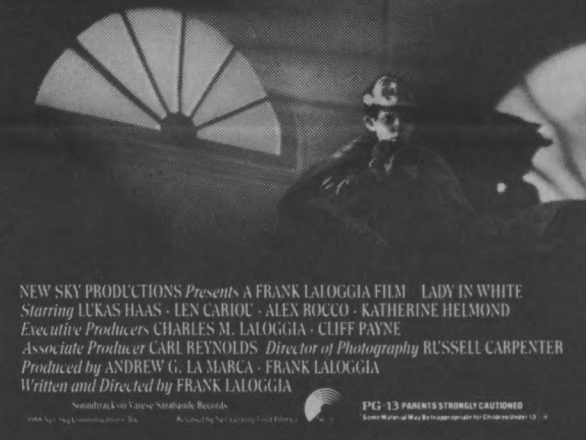
"No lover of mystery or suspense should miss 'LADY IN WHITE.' It will keep you in mounting suspense right through the film's chilling climax."

—Stu Levin ENTERTAINMENT REPORT

The year is 1962. The place is Willowpoint Falls.
 Nobody talks about what happened in
 the school cloakroom ten years ago.
 Now, in the dead of night, Frankie Scarlati
 is going to find out why.



Lady in White



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INSIDE ON THE LAST PAGE ON THE INSIDE ON THE LAST PAGE



"We're here to be friends ... but we simply couldn't pull back from what we feel to be the truth..."

Peter Garrett

"I don't want to get up on a soapbox, but when this world is ruined we can't just get a new one." With that succinct summation of their state-of-the-world view, Midnight Oil propelled into another thumping yet thoughtful tune.

The Australian band kicked off their American tour in front of a large and raucous crowd at the Arlington Theatre last Thursday. Known as the "Oils" to their loyal fans, they are famous for their politics as much as their music. Lead singer Peter Garrett ran for the Australian Parliament and wrote a book about Aussie politics focusing on environmental, nuclear and

Aborigine issues. The concert, however, let the music do the talking to create a solid show which rarely lost momentum.

The Oils have been cranking out slamming, churning, smashing tectonic plates of rock & roll for eleven years now. The latest more acoustic album seems a bit limp compared to earlier stuff. At first I thought the band might have lost some of their musical fervor, the old rock "I had a child and it really mellowed me out" excuse. But no, the Oils as usual have a more encompassing explanation. Garrett told KCSB's Jason Fiber "going into the bush and spending time in the outback softened

Oiling the Issues With Power and Passion

our way of putting music on tape...we wanted to try and leave a little of the atmosphere and give a sense of the land..."

Well, I'll buy that. But live I expect all the mad energy back, and Midnight Oil produced. Taking the "world beat"-esque songs of the album, they infused them with a fluid hydroelectricity which carried uninterrupted through the entire show. With a loping rhythm and strong drums, the songs — while not that musically diverse — built upon each other and never gave way to excess.

Sharing much in common with Aussie friends Hunters and Collectors — using a trumpet to give a haunting effect, for example — Midnight Oil manages to avoid the self indulgent meanderings of their colleagues and keep their swing and slide rhythms smooth.

But what made this concert special — rather than merely interesting or fun — was the presence of Garrett. His voice is fairly lousy but that's irrelevant when the real joy is his visuals. He's six foot seven, with a bald pointy head that has a sort of reptile ridge running down the dome. The man commands attention. Was it disconcerting that such an avid environmentalist could look so utterly alien? The antithesis of earthy, Garrett would look ridiculous in a forest. On the other hand, the outback is always referred to as moonscape.

Garrett's dancing is big fun. Imagine a bobbing and weaving Kareem Abdul Jabbar on speed, bleach him out until he is the color of a cave fish and then step back and watch the giant hands fly. Supposedly fans down under like to dance like Garrett — or attempt it anyway — at Oil's shows. Garrett

told Fiber "It's a great compliment..."

Countering Garrett's austerly bizarre stage presence were his frequent smiles which seem to give off sincerity and allowed him to easily connect with the fans. Every time he flashed his pearly whites the crowd gave an extra communal scream.

The band seemed loose and comfortable, even taking a few digs at the venue of the last show, the upscale Santa Barbara County Bowl "you know, that place up where all the white gloves and black ties live." The Arlington was more their speed as they told KCSB "I don't think I've ever played in what looks to be a classy Mexican restaurant ... the stars lighting up made our day."

The stage itself was a piece of art, a sort of Outback as done by Walt Disney on a bad acid trip. A stuffed kangaroo and dingo, a spinning windmill and bits of hanging barbed wire created a real atmosphere of nighttime in the desert. Garrett said "we wanted to reflect our experience with the stage" and "our fascination with the bush." It was even functional, the drummer using a corrugated tin water tower to give the sound of a low steel drum.

By the encore the crowd had been keyed sky high by old and new power chord anthems "the Power and the Passion" and "Beds Are Burning." A boom and a slash and it was all over.

Rather than some half wit cutesy sum it all up review big ending, I'll leave you with the immortal words of Peter Garrett — "We don't pay attention to critics."

CHRIS SCHEER

XX WHISKEY LIVE XX

With their latest release, *Live At The Whiskey A Go Go On The Fabulous Sunset Strip*, X has catalogued their claim to the unofficial title, the Greatest L.A. Band Since The Doors.

With 24 songs spanning the band's nine-year career, the double-album offers listeners something of a musical time machine. Beginning with "Los Angeles," the band rips its way through several of the earlier songs which set them apart from the other angry bands of the late 1970s and early 1980s, including "House I Call Home," "The Once Over Twice" and "Blue Spark."

One of X's most endearing qualities has been their ability to consistently reproduce the energy and vitality they exude on stage into studio-recorded albums. But just in case their previous efforts have left you wanting something a little angrier, a little more amped, now you've got it.

Although guitarist Tony Gilkyson chooses to play the songs his way, rather than offer a musical Xerox of former-X guitarist Billy Zoom, the music retains its original intensity, thanks in part to the increased emphasis on drummer D.J. Bonebrake.

At times, however, one almost wishes that Gilkyson would follow Zoom's original chords and riffs, especially on "Hungry Wolf" and "Burning House of Love," where his solos, while displaying an undeniable guitar prowess, are more flashy than contributive to the overall quality of the songs.

Although *Live* is mostly reworkings of previously released songs, the album does offer three new pieces, including a moving



rendition of the Woody Guthrie song "So Long."

In this song, lead singer John Doe laments the band's inability to gain wide-range musical acceptance and seems to foreshadow the eventual breakup of the band:

"Some friends that I know had a mighty great band.

They played and they played all across this great land.

But the radio would not play their heart-felt songs,

So they packed up their bags and they moved to Wyoming.

Singing so long, it's been good to know you."

Well OK, it doesn't rhyme, but hearing the sadness in Doe's intense, bluesy voice is enough to bring a tear to the eye of any diehard X fan.

If you like X, buy this album now. If you don't, borrow a copy from a friend and make a copy. You won't be sorry.

BEN SULLIVAN

BELLY DANCIN' FELLOWS

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tiNuINg tHe BoRSoDi's fRiDay
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KEITHBEAT FRESH PRESSED

As far as new records go, there's too much to write about. A few exceptional things have flown by the desk this week that are noteworthy. To start off with the new LP by The Fall, *Frenz Experiment*.

Fall fans shouldn't be misled by the single "Victoria," as this album contains several examples of Mark E. Smith's distorted vocals and wife Brix's guitar crescendos. As a whole this project is more accessible than anything they have attempted before. Lookout for future singles, hopefully the title track "Frenz" will be a dance floor innovation.

In the solo artist file we find Peter Murphy and Richard H. Kirk. Ex-Bauhaus persona Murphy delights the audio world with his new record *Love Hysteria*. Following in the same dance vein as his previous album and collection of singles, *Love Hysteria* presents us with Peter's unique view of love, philosophy and history. The single "Indigo Eyes" proves Peter's love for the dance floor, yet escapes the texture of the rest of the record. The cover of the Bowie/Iggy Pop collaboration "Fun Time" also destroys the ambience set up by "Dagnet Drag," and "His Circle and Hers Meet." Being more accessible doesn't mean that Peter's chilling, macabre feel for pop doesn't shine through. A must for the fan.

With the inevitable breakup of Caberet Voltaire in the past, keyboardist Richard H.

Kirk's collaborative effort with ex-The Box founder Peter Hope is finally released in its entirety. Releasing the 12" "Leather Hands" two years ago, Voltaire fans got a glimpse at the project's direction.



PETER MURPHY

The LP *Hoodoo Talk* is a mirror image of Kirk's earlier efforts. Butt-shaking rhythms and keyboardic ecstasy clash heavily with Hope's blues vocals. A stirring record through and through.

With the ever-growing following of *Skinny Puppy*, one must wonder about all of the people who helped them get their status. Ex-Pup William Schroeder, a.k.a. Bill Leeb, founded his own band two years ago with the name Frontline Assembly. After working

on the first three *Skinny Puppy* records, "Bill bought his own synth and started a band" explained Cevin Key in a recent interview. Frontline's new LP *Corrosion* is a direct response to his previous project. Mutated vocals, reverberated bass rhythms and the driving force of the sequencer, culminate into a hauntingly danceable disc.

All one needs to do is mention the name ... Jesus and Mary Chain, and ears turn. The new 12" release entitled "Sidewalking" is another turn for the better for the Scottish based trio. "Trio" in the sense they haven't consistently held onto a drummer. "Sidewalking" is eight minutes of extended J&M Chain. Yes, a dance record, and a good attempt at that. "Sidewalking" still reminds us of Jim Reid's vocal style from the early singles, as well as the guitar/bass drone. The drums change it all, reminiscing the Three Johns "Never and Always" 12". The B-side is the highlight by far, two live tracks taped in Detroit; "Taste of Cindy" and "April Skies" show the Chain's maturation since the days of the 20-minute live set, and these examples well provide the listener with the front-row mashed against the stage feeling.

That's the best beat for this week, but you'll be back.

KEITH YORK

T PAGE ON THE INSIDE ON THE LAST PAGE ON THE INSIDE



LAURA JELLIFFE/Daily Nexus

John Andrew
Fredrick is St.
Valentine

Black Downy Mildew Watch

I get to Oscar's about 9:30 after searching high and low for the place. It's not really on State, but more like a half-block back in some parking lot. The place looks like a yupster watering hole. Brass railings and everything. We sit down and eyeball the stage. Immediately I get a sense of dread. "We're really in for it tonight," I mutter to my companion.

There, directly in front of us, lay the stuff nightmares are made of. The stage was littered with paraphernalia from the most dreaded genre on earth: Poofster-Haircuts-'n'-Attitudes Brit-pop. All the evidence was there: Fender guitars, Roland Jazz Chorus amps with stomp-box effects, and a stripper drumkit. I was gonna be bombarded with Chorused Guitars and more Songs About Depression. I'd probably hafta blow my brains out on the drive home or something.

Well, I took a long walk around the joint and discovered, to my surprise and dismay, a pair of restroom doors with real-life, honest-to-God punk-rock spraypainting on each: "Sid," for the little boys and "Nancy" for the girls. No matter that Sid would've just wet himself, and Nancy would likely pee on the floor.

People were just beginning to show their faces, and I was eager to see who would turn out for this kinda show.

Turns out, just about everybody. Not that everybody was there, 'cause only about 75 people showed up. But all kinds were there: the frat boys with their matching sorority girlfriends in their uniforms of sweats, Avias, and wrinkly pastel socks; the Rock Guys wearing black vinyl Style Auto jackets with "Z-28" on the sleeve; Siouxsie Sioux corpse chicks straight from the set of "Dark Shadows" and their modified-mohawk, punk-guy boyfriends.

Downy Mildew is NOT a hardcore band from L.A., as their name would suggest, but a more moody and introspective unit whose live set differed markedly from their latest LP, *Mincing Steps*.

The LP's a strange one — impossible to pigeonhole, even describe, with no obvious influences. The songs have a brooding, ethereal quality about them, with almost laissez-faire arrangements. All this results in a very powerful album that I knew would be difficult to reproduce live.

Downy Mildew (the name comes from a fungus that grows on cabbage) simply sidestepped this problem by playing a majority of songs from their two earlier releases, *Broomtree* and the self-titled debut. Their live set had a much more obvious influence: that of the Velvet Underground. To say that several of the songs were "Velvety" would be an understatement. They chugged along, a veritable wall of sound, propelled by Nancy McCoy's spartan bass playing and John Hofer's tub-slugging drumming.

More often, though, the songs became a sort of soundtrack for emotion, as Jenny Homer's plaintive vocals (reminiscent of Airplane-era Grace Slick and especially Natalie from *10,000 Maniacs*) reached from deep within her soul. This woman can sing with a sincerity I have rarely seen and can change the crowd's mood instantaneously. Both Homer and Other Vocalist-guitarist Charlie Baldonado are exceptional frontpersons. What they lack in overt charisma they more than make up for in honesty.

Local faves The Black Watch opened the show. Tearing through a set which included most of the songs from their new long-player *St. Valentine*, the newly unveiled rhythm section of drummer George Fields and bassist Rodney Spalding lent new depth and excitement to The Black Watch's live show. Fields, a jazz player, and Spalding, who comes from a progressive-rock background, brought along a virtuosity which was exciting to watch and to listen to.

Singer/Songwriter/Guitarist/Producer/Leader/Frontman John Andrew Fredrick reminded me quite a lot of The Cure's Robert Smith in posture, build and demeanor. He displayed a keen sense of humor throughout the set, once inviting soundman Paul Howard onstage to play sax. "So we can be John, Paul, George, and Rodney."

"Whatever you do, whether it's eating breakfast or killing someone, it still is just something to do," I explained to Fredrick, "and that applies to teaching English or playing in a band." John Andrew Fredrick paused, and told me, "That's great! You can use that to open our interview."

I had merely been explaining why I didn't feel that his former position at UCSB had anything to do with his music. He had been

NICKWIT KREST

afraid of another article that would focus solely on his teaching role and ignore his music. "I won't even mention it," I promised. But my editor kept at me to at least mention the fact that Fredrick's students are up in arms about his dismissal from UCSB's English department. So I just did. End of discussion.

The following is stuff I asked him about the band.

N: How long have you been doing The Black Watch thing?

JAF: I formed the band in January 1987, so about fifteen months.

N: Where does the name come from?

JAF: The Black Watch is a military regiment that was formed in the 14th century in Scotland. I wanted the name to have both a military and a musical history, plus reflect my Scottish background.

N: Do you mind if I ask you who your musical influences are?

JAF: No. I think it's important to have influences. I'm really very heavily influenced by Robyn Hitchcock, particularly his later work. I think his new album (*Globe of Frogs*) is sheer genius. Also, early Echo and the Bunnymen and the Cocteau Twins, although we don't really sound like them.

N: Any other projects going at the present time?

JAF: I'm also publishing a record-review magazine called *CHILL*, which is available through local record stores.

N: Any plans to tour in the near future?

JAF: No solid plans as of yet. If we do go out, it'll be as a support band.

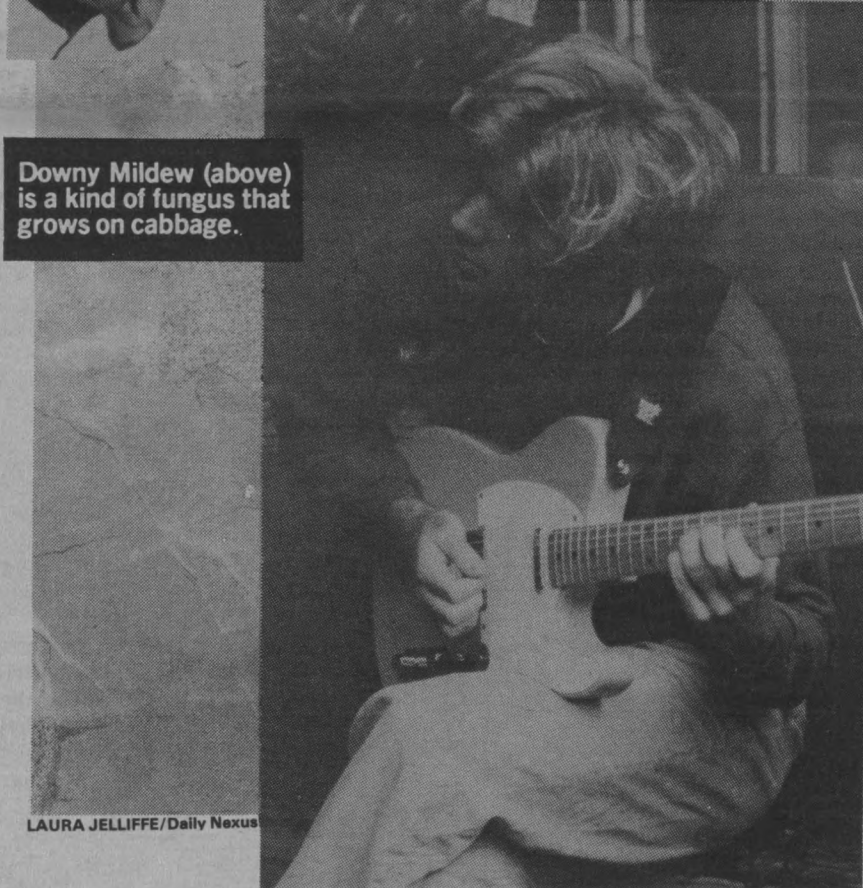
N: Any plans to record again in the near future?

JAF: I've already got several new songs written, but I'm holding off on recording 'til I see how *St. Valentine* does.

Have a listen for yourself. The *St. Valentine* cassette is available at Morninglory Music, Rockpile, and the rest of the bigwig record stores in town.



Downy Mildew (above) is a kind of fungus that grows on cabbage.



LAURA JELLIFFE/Daily Nexus

PINK FLOYDIAN THINK

The beer lines were tremendous.

Fortunately, so was everything else about the Pink Floyd concert in the L.A. Coliseum last Friday night. The "new" Floyd (sans Roger Waters) played to a capacity crowd on the second leg of their Momentary Lapse of Reason World Tour.

As could be expected, the band played all of the songs off the new album while interspersing the new material with older Floydian favorites such as "One of These Days," "Welcome to the Machine," and "Us and Them."

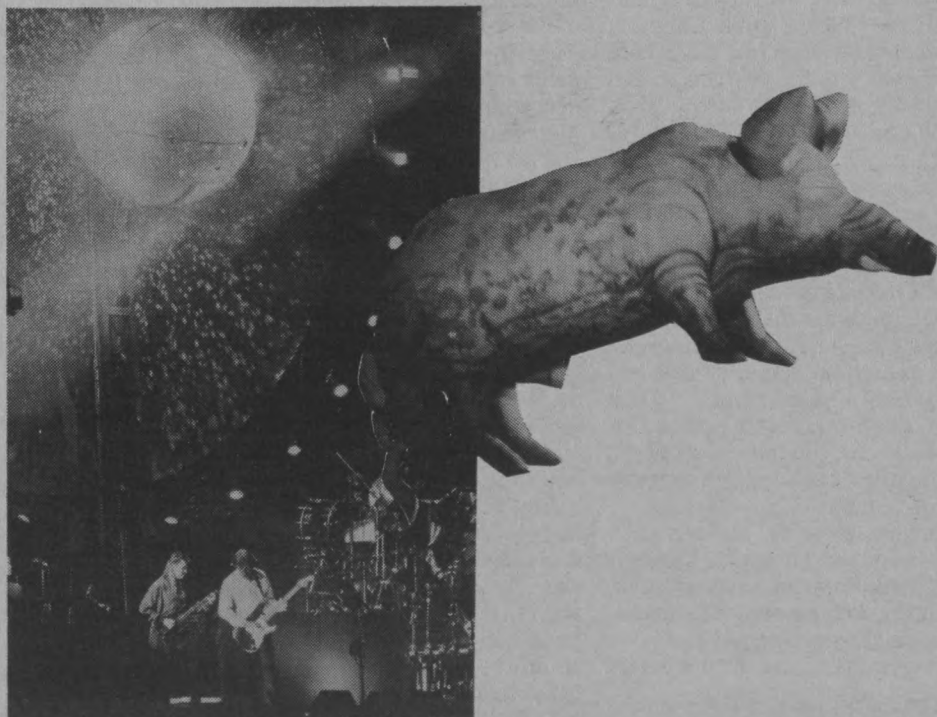
The climax of the show was undoubtedly toward the end of the second set with "Comfortably Numb." At least ten thousand lighters and eight times that many voices filled the Coliseum with a feeling of unity unlike any other gathering of that magnitude which I have experienced. There were, of course, the obligatory ethereal David Gilmour guitar solo, Nick Mason and Richard Wright drum and keyboard jam,

followed by a shattering performance of "The Great Gig in the Sky" by Floyd newcomer Rachel Fury.

As if the music were not enough, Floyd's stage show and special effects were staggering. A gigantic pig hovering over the crowd, a two-ton flying bed, a spectacular laser light show (including a four hundred foot undulating green sine wave) a stadium-sized mirror ball, and an immense circular video screen (accompanying the music with brilliant animation, film and light effects) combined to create a truly fantastic performance.

Gilmour carried off the vocal duties extremely well considering the daunting task of replacing the modern-day Orpheus, Roger Waters. After the three-hour performance there was little doubt left in my mind which one's Pink. Wish you were there.

SEAN DEMONNER





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Manzarek and McClure's Lyric Inspiration

Michael McClure's poetry rolls off punctuated heavy beats with rhythmic and hard-ending phrases. Sharp and heady, his oral delivery inspires the kind of mind fugues you only wish you had in your English classes. Beyond thought provoking, this program is a fusion into that altered state of the karmic nothingness of knowing.

Ray Manzarek's accompaniment of lilting, acoustic piano is the distinctive score to this ancient mode. Together, the legendary keyboardist of The Doors and the famed San Francisco beat poet, Morrison mentor, and playwright have conspired an evening of aural and oral delights set for performance at Zelo's Monday evening at 8 p.m. that promises to send your more intelligent spirits soaring.

It's too simple, really, a prophetic poet who meshes the wiles of mother and motherless nature, bringing what critics call a "solidarity with the beasts" on stage; just saying words like we were some Kings in court, he the Fool bound to offer painful insight in riddles we must choose to ignore or understand. Coupled with the music, an improvisational blend of jazz, new age and classical strains. Yea. It's classic. So classic I'd never seen anything like it until I experienced it on a Fall run in Seattle at the U of W.

Perhaps you've been encouraged one too many times to see something



special when perhaps we should reserve ourselves for moments like these, a show that you truly don't want to miss. Manzarek and McClure just call it music and spoken word. I call it the essence of live. Get beyond the idea of a literary poetry reading. Manzarek thinks we're more than ready for it.

"People didn't know what to expect," said Manzarek in an interview conducted by phone last fall, "But ten, fifteen minutes into the set they understood exactly what we were doing and were frankly mesmerized and transfixed. They accepted it extremely well. You go into it thinking it's

going to be a little weird, but once you hear what we're doing it's extremely natural and organic and very transporting. It's a very liberating kind of performance."

Manzarek's ability to create the backdrop for poets is more than formidable — just check The Door's *Live at the Hollywood Bowl*. Hopefully the two will do a poem McClure wrote after seeing Jim Morrison for the last time to the backing chords of "Riders on the Storm." It will probably be the only appearance of Morrison in the evening however, though they have been doing a hazily slithering piece about snakes he wrote. But if Jim

won't be there ("If there's anyone in rock 'n' roll who could pull it off...") Manzarek's and McClure's powerfully continued sense of 1965 will.

"Michael's got a wonderful grasp of what it means to be a human being, alive, living for your allotted years on this planet. What it means to be a creature. A creature with intelligence is basically what we are, and Michael's got a good grasp of that."

Now that we've survived the twentieth anniversary revival of the sixties, we can perhaps look to some of its better inspirations to enlighten the emerging '90s, a hope of this performance.

"I think people today are starved for some commitment — not necessarily just spiritual — but a spiritual, political, ecological commitment. That's what the sixties were all about. We were at the wall. There were many wrongs that had to be righted and the young people were up in arms about it."

Considering the wrongs, just how have we turned out?

Not too good," he says with an extended slow irony. "I'm surprised at the rise of the mercenary aspect of the stock market. It's just a little bit too economical for me. So much concern with a dollar. It's much better to live in harmony with your brothers and sisters."

"We're trying to set up a vibration that will inspire people to do something with their lives, or the way things are to make the world a little bit better."

Out of date?
Just in time.

by Laurie McCullough



Colors blind: It's Memorex

O.K., you've heard the hype. *Colors* is bringing the bad boys to the silver screen, 20 feet tall, "high on crack, toting a machine gun..." It's been the first page daily in the L.A. Times Metro section, the front page of the *New York Times*, the cover of *Newsweek* — 100 percent prime-time gang-bangers, pumping themselves full of junk and each other full of lead at a steadily accelerating rate, learning fast that surviving isn't squat when only the "lucky" get a minimum wage that keeps you below the poverty level in a city where money talks and all others can walk with the slow, bored and hungry. Now mayhem and murder aren't just unavoidable, they're profitable, and you don't have to go south to Central America, just to south-central L.A.

An awfully tasty vision of the modern world, crack-headed cowboys brawling it out over turf and dress codes, a kind of Kubrick *West Side Story*, with 16-year-olds who screw and shoot faster than 30 second bites. It may be ugly, endless, and viciously void of purpose, but it'll look neat and make great drama. Do you get it? It's *real*, the brats that Crockett and Tubbs only have reason to blow away on Miami Vice aren't just media creations, they're really out there, armed and dangerously giving police brutality a good name. We can have it all, blood and guns, sex, drugs and rock'n'rolling Uzifests without Norris or Stallone and all their simplified, fantasy crap. Just the facts ma'am. That's enough to make the story exciting and interesting, for once.

What director Dennis Hopper has given us, however, is a movie that tries to be Hollywood and honest, a hopeless juxtaposition that loses its own edge. Yes, a decent cop flick, which for me is unexcusable with such a potentially genre-exploding story (and an ad campaign implying just that). We have a reality here that begs to be typecast, with a script

that's been written in real blood and doesn't have to rely on the tired cliches of cops and robbers. The best of both worlds, but it takes guts to try to eat it too. The cruel irony of this situation is lost because of the crueler irony that Hopper of all people can't take it deep enough. He gives us the same old dramatized cop plot, then by trying to make it realistic only makes it boring.

The movie is shot and cut as clean and neat as *Tightrope* or *First Blood*, and the "realism" is just Hollywood, not the deliberate pace of *Blue Velvet* or *River's Edge* that makes everything so strange you oh-so-slowly feel it's life, not Memorex. (I wouldn't draw the comparisons of two films Hopper happened to star in if his own advertisements hadn't so blatantly done it first.) It's as if Dennis is saying, look, I'm sober, I can cut it in Hollywood. Baby, the fact that it's hip to be mainstream is the whole problem, and what made *Velvet* so timely. Getting kicked out of Hollywood is a laurel you (or at least your reputation and your advertisers) have been resting on, but this effort is anything but "visionary."

They keep telling us the key is to anticipate nothing, but this film isn't only hinged on preconceived interest, its plot sets up our oldest cop flick expectations. No one who sees this movie hasn't heard the news, but the first 20 minutes still contain three of the driest, most cliché-ridden spews about how "they've got shot guns, they've got Uzis, they're actually killing each other over colors." Thanks a lot for common knowledge. Then we get Robert Duvall as the paternal old-timer one year from pension teamed with hot-shot Sean Penn who likes to kick the bangers back. They make their good points, Duvall telling Penn he's just a gangster too, after Penn has complained that all the boys Duvall thinks he's getting respect from are only laughing at him, then going off to fuck someone else up.

by Jesse Engdahl

(See COLORS, p.7A)

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would not run into Divine dressed to the hilt in a McDonald's. Rather he was an actor, an artist with more than 900 stage performances and European Gold and Platinum records to his credit.

It is fitting to view the unusual Milstead through the character that was both his claim to fame and forever stereotyped him. As Babs Johnson in *Pink Flamingos* Divine plays a woman obsessed with being the filthiest person in town. She is helped by a son with unusual sexual habits and a crib bound mother who has an extreme fondness for eggs. (A role played by Edith Massey, "the egg lady," who is rumored to have eaten 100 eggs in the film).

But all is not well in this vision of suburbia gone to hell. A bizarre couple rivals Babs for the title of filthiest person. The competition is to say the least downright dirty throughout the film. However, in the finale Babs triumphs over competition by eating a dog feces, proving once and for all that she is the filthiest person in the world.

Sick? Yes. Disturbing? Yes. Hilarious? Yes!

To eat a dog turd to prove a point is a bizarre action to take, but in a sick ironic way it is a powerful statement. How many of us are willing to take any action at all just to prove a point? Divine was that rare person who was willing to take the plunge with his whole self — all 375 pounds.

A "cult classic" like *Pink Flamingos* is in fact a statement for our times. The excess of plastic pink flamingos that overflow on Babs's lawn are signs of an affluent suburbia gone mad with its riches. An

outrageous person like Divine doing the sickest things possible is just pursuing the American dream of being an original individual and the best one at that. But in a world with identical pink flamingos in front of track houses, how many ways are there left to be a person who stands out?

Divine was both proud and ashamed of his *Pink Flamingos* performance, mostly though he tired of answering if he really ate it. Still it was the role that made him "famous," a fact he never tried to live down.

Yet his recent comic performance in *Hairspray* and playing a male role as oily gangster Hilly Blue in the film *Trouble in Mind* were all signs that Milstead had begun to find the star status he really wanted. The fact that he died on the verge of his greatest success is a kind of poetic statement on someone who was a little too different for this world.

Still, others like Divine will follow. The more the better, as they are the rare people who add life to an increasingly sterile world. Lyrics from Jimi Hendrix's "6x9" may give some insight into what people like Divine represent:

White collared conservative flashing down the street,
Pointing their plastic finger at me.
They're hoping soon my kind will drop and die...

Go ahead, Mr. Business Man, you Can't dress like me.

Sing on Brother, play on drummer"

Like Hendrix, Divine was a performer who knew how to go all the way, who knew what it meant to be different. A Divine memorial presentation of *Pink Flamingos* will be shown by the Sfumato Art Club on Monday, April 25 in Campbell Hall. *Hairspray* will show at the Victoria Street Theatre this Friday through Thursday.

illustration by
Lisa Gallegos



by Adam
Liebowitz

Would you consider a 375-pound transvestite a rebel, an eccentric or just plain disgusting? Harris Milstead, better known to the world as Divine, would probably prefer to be remembered as a star. But whatever your personal view of such an outrageous character, one thing is certain: following his recent death last month Divine is achieving the legendary status worthy of a deceased cult figure.

If you fail to recognize Divine in name or form, you may better know he/she as the star of the recent hit John Waters' film *Hairspray*. Or possibly you remember him as one of the other creations of "sultan of schlock" director John Waters: as the nasty Babs Johnson in *Pink Flamingos*, or as the rape victim of a 15 foot lobster in *Multiple Maniacs*, or the pathetic suburban housewife in the

odiferous *Polyester*, or as his own lover in a duel role in *Female Trouble*. If you've been fortunate enough to catch one of his outrageous and surrealistic performances then you understand that Divine can only be defined as one of those rare characters who dared to push it to the edge.

Harris Milstead was not just a fat weirdo in a dress — he was strange, but not weird. That is to say you

UCSB Filmmaker Goes To Student Academy Awards

Four films created by UCSB students will be screening tomorrow night in I.V. Theater 2 at 8 p.m. Two of these shorts, "The Way Out" and "Mirror Mirror," were North Western regional finalists in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' Student Academy Awards. This Tuesday "The Way Out," produced, written, and directed by Danny Friedman, went on to the national finals.

Created by students in Dana Driskel's Film Studies 106 class, these films represent a purer form of information and entertainment than Hollywood can afford to offer. In addition to "Mirror Mirror," producer/writer/director Lori Handler will

also be showing her last year's project, "Lovebytes." Premiering will be Mitch Braff's "Jazz in the Classroom," a documentary about a Bay Area exploratory program that uses music as an educational tool and exposes school children to jazz artists like Wynton Marsalis. All three film makers give necessary credit to their crews, as the smaller these productions were, the more work there was to go around.

Only 149 seats are available, so you should be prompt as the film crews, their family and friends will get many seats. The combined length is only an hour and a half, no cover, no commercials, so hit it!

COLORS

(Continued from p.6A)

It's two great actors doing a lot with a little. The dilemma is laid out, with no solution. So life contradicts; so this is mature filmmaking? Bullshit, when we sit waiting for the outcomes of the most elementary cop drama situations: if Duvall will live long enough to retire; if Penn will finally get wasted by the much tougher hoods he abuses; if the gangs will use two Uzis or 12 and what'll be the body count. Thus Hopper's technique of taking out the excess of bullets that miss by inches, speeding sports cars, comic subplots and other Clint/Sly/Arnie mainstays give a minimalist touch to a story that's mired itself in an exploitive genre; the result is a plodding feel instead of a deliberate pace, with the action Hopper had hoped would shock us out of natural complacency instead coming as a letdown to anticipatory boredom.

I'll tell ya, as just another cop movie this is a stupendous effort. With this story and these actors, I just expected something special. Potential is a word I can't stay away from, but fortunately Orion let me off the hook by promising Hopper and his flick would "take us places we've never seen before." Not even.

"Visitors? Visitors? I need vistors like a dog needs fleas! Go out there and stuff frogs in their mouths! Piss on them! Burn them!"
"Jean Paul, Jean Paul ... you had an appointment..."
"All right ... shit ... I'll be right out ... I'm going to jack off first.... No, no, I'll wait ... something to look foreward to...."

Exerpt from Charles Burkowski's novel in progress Interview Magazine

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7:15, 9:15

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