

# ARTSWEEK

Santa Barbara's  
Best Recipes



REVIEW

3A

PROFILE

7A

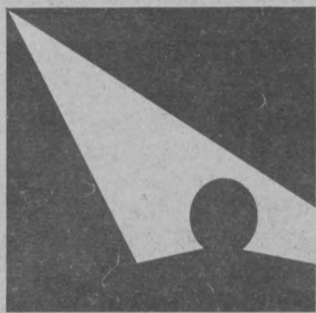


Pop Will  
Eat Itself

The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus/For the Week of Oct. 5-12, 1989

## Syllabus

OF NOTE THIS WEEK



### PERFORMANCE

**Saturday:**

*Classical* Joseph Swensen, violin and Jeffrey Kahane, piano; 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall.

**Sunday:**

*Public Forum* Sponsored by A.S., it no doubt will degenerate quickly into open mike poetry. At Anisq'Oyo Park.

**Monday:**

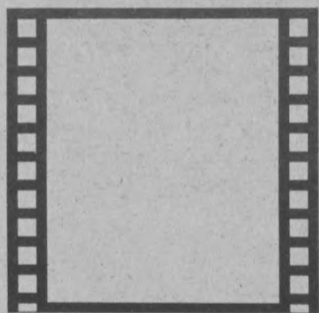
*Pop/Rock* Headless Household at Joseppi's in S.B.

**Tuesday:**

*Pop/Rock* Fine Young Cannibals at the S.B. County Bowl.

**Wednesday:**

*Chamber music* UCSB Faculty artists perform at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall.



### F I L M

**Tonight:**

*The Wizard of Oz* at Campbell Hall, 8 and 10:30 p.m.; Tickets: \$3/students.

**Tomorrow:**

*Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* at I.V. Theatre, 9 and 11 p.m. Tickets: \$3

**Sunday:**

*Do the Right Thing* at Campbell Hall, 8 and 10:30 p.m.

*Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* at I.V. Theatre, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. Tickets: \$3, \$1.50 for kids under 12.

**Monday:**

*Navajo Talking Picture* An outstanding documentary about a Native American filmmaker and her traditional grandmother. At Girvetz 1004, 4:30 p.m. Free.

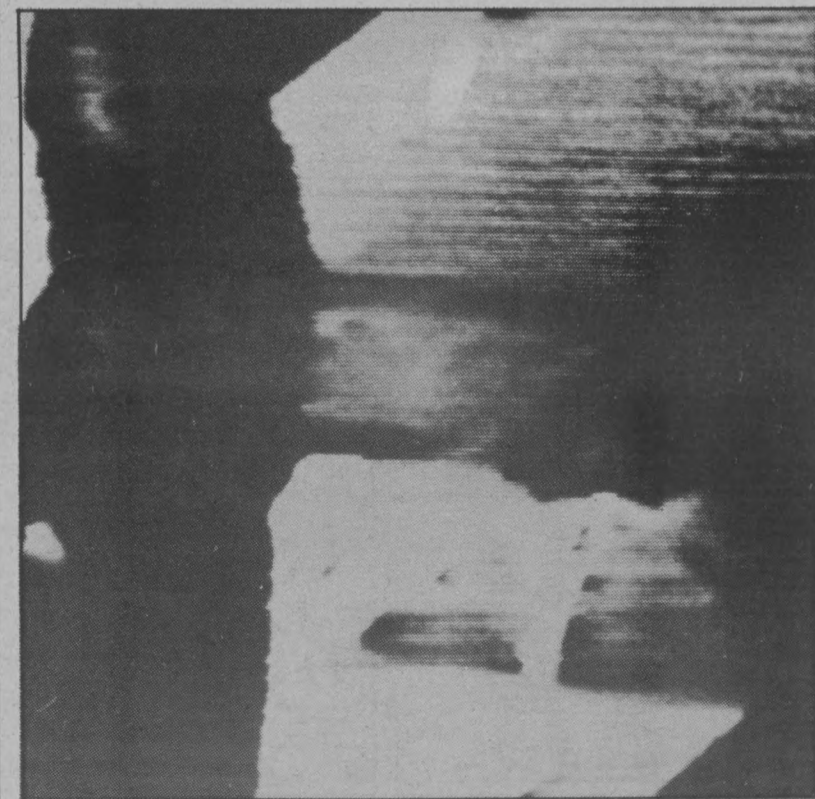
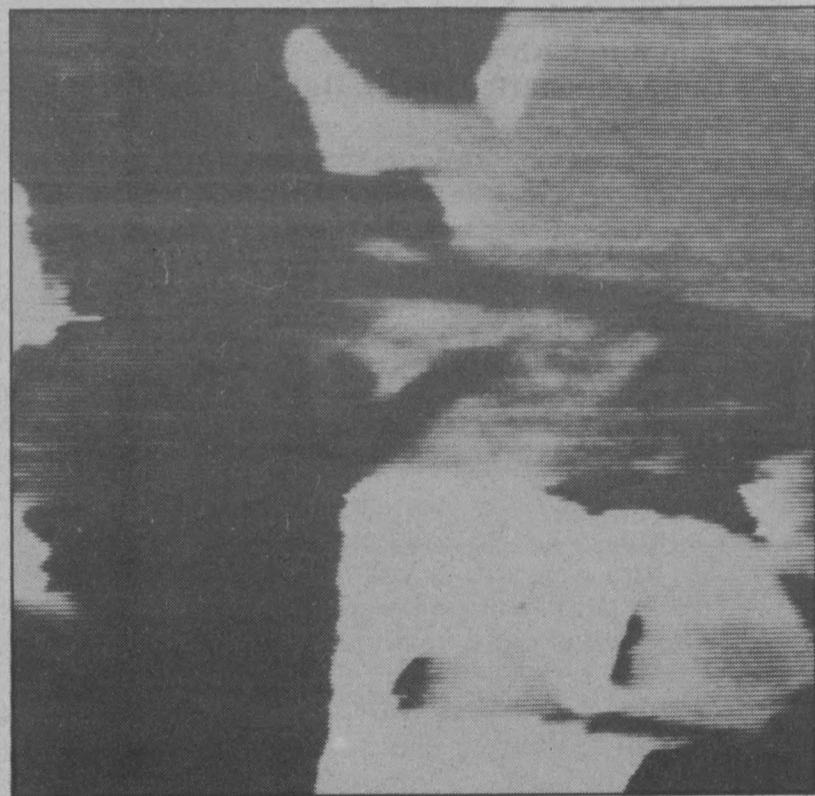
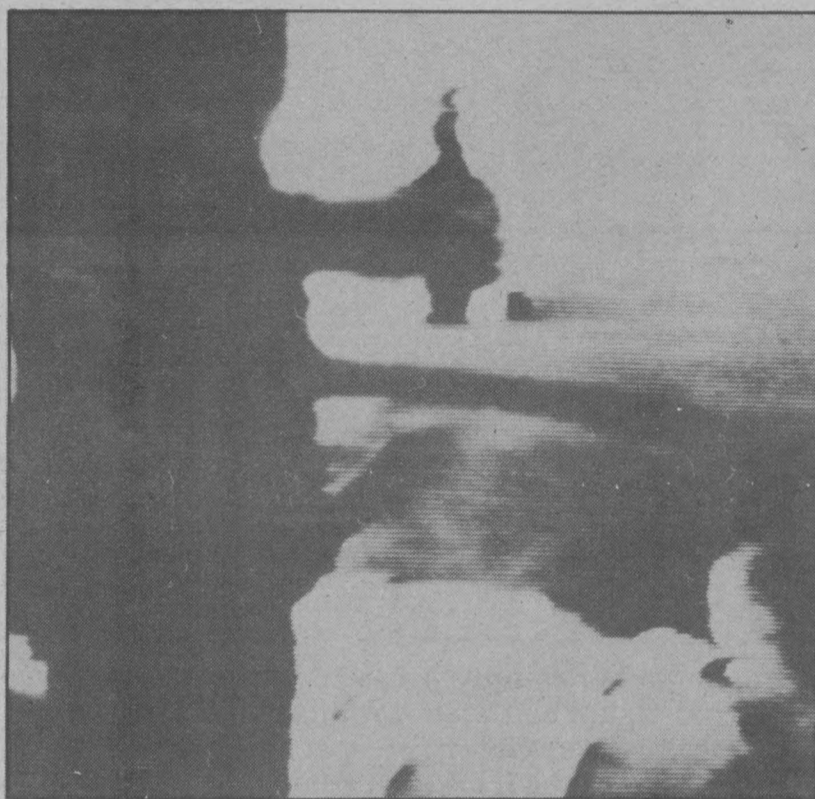
**Tuesday:**

*Visions of the Spirit*, a video about author Alice Walker, at the Women's Center, 12:30, 2:30 and 5 p.m. Free.

**Continuing:**

*Lawrence of Arabia* at the Arlington Theatre. Phone: 963-9503

*Animation Celebration* at the Victoria St. Theatre. Ends Sunday. Phone: 965-1886



## One Hung Lowe

■ Review

Sure, His Video's Been Out a While, But UCSB Is Getting Glimpse of Demo Party Member

By Jeffrey P. McManus  
Staff Writer

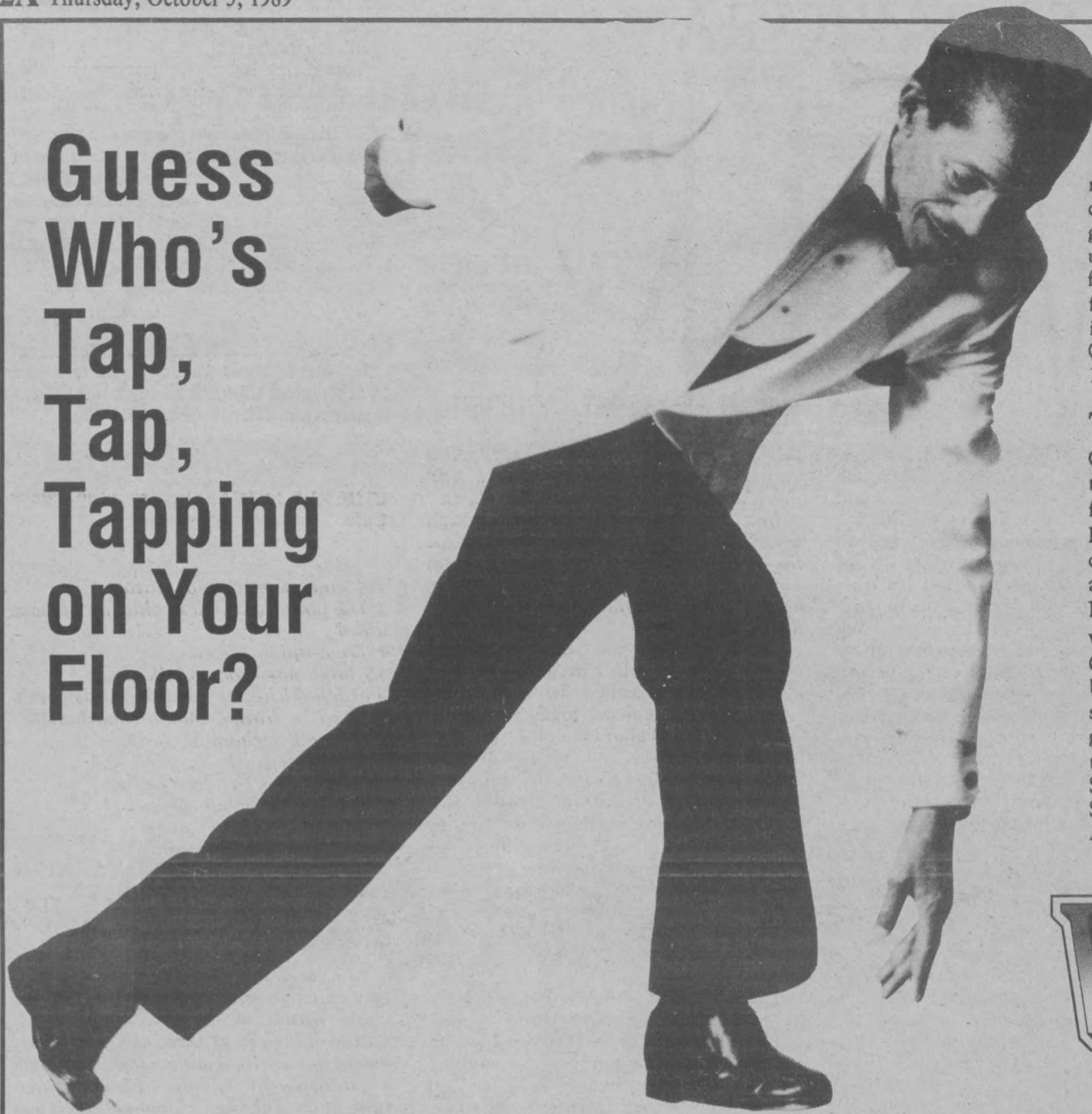
What more can be said about a man who makes a mediocre career for himself in Hollywood, stars in a lot of dumb yarns in which he plays a good-looking post-pubescent male (ooh, what a talent stretch!), and blows it all (or most of it, anyway) after it is revealed he has documented — so to speak — his ... ahem ... er, exploits, on videotape?

Go, man, go! This is what super-duper stardom in America is all about! These are the Rob Lowe sex tapes, and they're now playing on a VCR near you!

Copies and copies of copies of the Rob Lowe sex tapes have been slowly but surely making their way across America ever since their presence was announced in a star-shattering lawsuit a few months ago. This week, *our* copy came down the pipes. So, solely for the purpose of artistic evaluation, *Artsweek* opera-

See LOWE, p.6A

(Top to bottom) Rob Lowe's experience is obviously a metaphor for the male condition.



# Guess Who's Tap, Tap, Tapping on Your Floor?

## Rhapsody in Taps Clicks into Place

Put a little shim-sham, ball change and shuffle into your daily routine when *Rhapsody in Taps* comes to campus for a residency program and an evening of non-stop tap dance on October 13. To the accompaniment of a live jazz quintet, artistic director Linda Sohl-Donnell, legendary hooper Eddie Brown (the one-time partner of the great Bill "Bojangles" Robinson), and four toe tapping colleagues offer a stage-full of movement and delight that pays homage to the tap specialists of the past yet finds a contemporary way to expand the tap dance tradition.

These performers know their way around a dance floor. Eddie Brown, the sophisticated master of lightness and grace, has been putting on a classy act for six decades. During his stellar career Brown has worked with the greats—Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie. Now he's passing the tradition on to a new generation of tap aficionados.

Artistic director and choreographer for *Rhapsody in Taps* is Linda Sohl-Donnell, whose training includes modern dance, ballet, jazz, and studies with such tap pros as Honi Coles, Foster Johnson, and, of course, Eddie Brown, whom she met in 1982. In August 1988 *Rhapsody in Taps* made its debut in New York and received a rave review from *The New York Times*. The dancers show their stuff with the aid of a live jazz group featuring Steve Fowler on flute and sax; Phil Wright, piano; Al "Tootie" Heath, drummer; Mark Berres, percussion; and Jardine Wilson, bass.

Tickets (\$12/\$10/\$8 for UCSB students) for the *Rhapsody in Taps* performance, Friday, October 13, at 8 PM in Campbell Hall are still available — but they're selling fast!

## Our Friend, Phytoplankton

Environmental issues are making daily headlines. The rapid reduction of the tropical rain forests, the ozone holes opening up over Antarctica, and even the possible influence of the greenhouse effect on Hurricane Hugo's velocity are all more than mere topics for conversation. These are matters directly related to our existence. During his three-week fall quarter visit to UCSB, Regents' Lecturer in Geography John T. O. Kirk will deliver two public addresses on the environmental theme. The world-renowned scientist whose interests include both research and societal concerns is an acknowledged authority on cellular biology and environmental optical biology. Dr. Kirk has also been involved with the Society for Social Responsibility in Science focussing on environmental quality, urban planning and resource use.

His first lecture, "Phytoplankton and Global Climate Change," will be given Wednesday, October 11 at 4:30 PM in Girvetz Hall, Room 1004. In his talk Dr. Kirk will examine the role that the microscopic floating plant cells play in shaping the world climate. As a major component of the planet's photosynthesis process, oceanic phytoplankton strongly affects the level of carbon dioxide, which has enormous significance for the habitability of the planet. Dr. Kirk's second public lecture, "Science and Environmental Concern," is on Wednesday, October 25, also at 4:30 PM in Girvetz Hall, Room 1004.

## When Grandma Just Won't Cooperate

Navajo filmmaker Arlene Bowman set out to record her grandmother's daily routine on the Navajo Reservation but ran into some unexpected cultural roadblocks when her grandmother, who

still lived the traditional life of her ancestors, refused to cooperate in the project. Bowman, who was thoroughly urbanized and did not speak the Navajo language, had to change the focus of her documentary *Navajo Talking Picture* (1988, 40 min.) and ended up taking a serious look at her own cultural heritage. Yet in the confrontation, the two generations of Navajo begin to achieve an understanding of who and what they are. The filmmaker, who received her master's degree in film in 1986 from the UCLA film school, will introduce and screen her documentary on Monday, October 9 at 4:30 PM in UCSB Girvetz Hall, Room 1004. The event is free and open to the public.

## The Thing's the Play

Get ready for a real taste of British theater. During their week-long residency at UCSB, five Actors from the London Stage, well versed in the rich English theatrical tradition, will take on contemporary British playwright Tom Stoppard in an anthology of his works entitled "Stoppard This Evening." The playful rapid-fire selections of the witty playwright will be performed Tuesday, October 17 at 8 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall. UCSB student tickets are \$12/\$10/\$8 and they are selling quickly. Actors from the London Stage will give two performances of *The Winter's Tale*, a tragicomedy written during the last period of Shakespeare's career, at 2 PM and 8 PM on Saturday, October 21 in UCSB Campbell Hall. Again, tickets are going quickly.



## Follow the Yellow Brick Road

If your only experience of *The Wizard of Oz* has been its annual showing on television, then drop whatever you're doing and follow the yellow brick road over to Campbell Hall tonight for the screening of this 1939' film classic. Here's the chance to experience this magical fantasy right up on the big screen in Technicolor, which is exactly the way Dorothy's adventures in Oz are meant to be seen, Thursday, October 5 at 8 PM and 10 PM in Campbell Hall.

For a film of a different style and intent, don't miss what is being described as one of the most important films of 1989 — Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*. Refusing to bend under Hollywood's rules, Lee has fashioned an honest and complex (and musically alive) mirror of contemporary life. He puts you in a Brooklyn neighborhood on a hot summer day when the irrational fear we call racism boils over. The film screens Sunday, October 8 at 8 and 10:30 PM in Campbell Hall.



Violinist Joseph Swensen and pianist Jeffrey Kahane — it'll be a night of great music on Saturday, October 7 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall. If you don't have tickets yet — well, this time you're lucky, because the A&L Ticket Office still has some left. Get 'em today!

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
For information call 961-3535.			5 <i>Wizard of Oz</i> 8 PM & 10 PM Campbell Hall	6	7 Joseph Swensen & Jeffrey Kahane 8 PM Campbell Hall	8 <i>Do The Right Thing</i> 8 PM & 10:30 PM Campbell Hall
9 Arlene Bowman 4:30 PM Girvetz 1004	10	11 John T.O. Kirk 4:30 PM Girvetz 1004	12 Richard P. McBrien 8 PM Buchanan 1910	13 <i>Rhapsody in Taps</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	14	15 <i>The Navigator</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall

UCSB  
**A&L**  
ARTS & LECTURES

**H**ilary Dole Klein, weekly restaurant reviewer for the Santa Barbara News-Press, has written a cookbook with "original recipes from Santa Barbara's best restaurants." It's called *Santa Barbara Cooks!* Her exclamation point.

I read cookbooks for entertainment as well as for cooking, and for me the fun part is getting to know the cook as a person. For those of you who don't read cookbooks there are usually anecdotes, disaster stories, gossip, tips, encouragement and short essays discussing various ingredients.

So I had high hopes for the book; I was looking forward to hearing many voices, getting to know many people. But, in this book, Hilary Dole does all the talking; the chefs provide recipes only. Her tone is personal and, to me, annoying. The book opens:

*"When my family took me out to dinner on Mother's Day in Fort Benton, Montana in 1981, we dished up turkey and mashed potatoes from steam tables set up in the middle of the restaurant. I was the only woman in the room not wearing a corsage on polyester."*

Aha! A food snob. Food snobs, like other snobs, do not necessarily have good taste or high standards; their main concern is with appearances. In her opening blurbs she often seems more interested in a restaurant's decor than its food. This is how she starts out talking about the Biltmore:

*"In the sixties, I attended debutante parties at the Biltmore, and my husband and I had the rehearsal dinner for our wedding there, so naturally I feel that the Biltmore and I go way back.... My favorite dining room is the Patio, a vast solarium filled with a beautiful, diffused light coming through a stunning glass ceiling."*

I read that and I'm about to lose my appetite. What gets me, and I know I'm being unfair here, is that Hilary Dole Klein obviously eats at fancy restaurants all the time. I can't even afford to cook most of these dishes at home. But the book isn't really about cooking; it's about eating out, and so for most Artsweek readers it's a fantasy book. You can read it while you eat your evening Wheaties and imagine that you are at the Biltmore in the vast, stunning solarium.

You can also read the recipes and imagine the food, which brings me to all the

# SANTA BARBARA

## Cooks!

### Recipes of Local Chefs Save Self-Indulgent New Volume



#### Review

By Katie Johnston Reporter

nice things I'm going to say: I think the recipes are terrific. I haven't tried them all, but I can usually imagine the taste and smell and texture of a dish by reading the recipe, just as a conductor can read an orchestral score and hear the music. It's not a very humble comparison, but it's true. Reading this cookbook makes me hungry.

There are recipes from 41 chefs, coming from all over the world. I decided to try a recipe from Guy Bergounhoux's restaurant, The Chalk Board. "Bergounhoux calls his food 'Provençal cooking with American ingredients.'" Five years ago I worked as a bus-girl at the Grand Hotel where Guy was head chef, so I had tasted his food before and found it wonderful. I wanted to see if the recipe measured up to his own cooking.

#### ESCALOPE DE VEAU A L'ANANAS

- 1 lemon
- 2 cups pineapple juice, preferably fresh
- 2 tablespoons grated ginger
- 1 teaspoon orange marmalade
- 3 teaspoons white vinegar
- 10 pine nuts
- 2 tablespoons butter or vegetable oil
- 4 veal cutlets, 4 ounces each, thinly pounded

*Peel the lemon and julienne it. (Julienne the peel, we assume. Ms. Klein should have caught that one.) In a saucepan, combine the pineapple juice with the lemon and ginger, and bring it to a boil. Cook until has reduced by half. To*

*this reduction, add the marmalade and vinegar, and bring to a boil again. Add the pine nuts and remove from heat.*

*In a non-stick frying pan large enough to hold all the veal, melt the butter or heat the oil and cook the veal over medium high heat for one minute on each side. Remove to a platter and top with the sauce. Serves 4.*

I didn't follow the recipe exactly; I couldn't help myself. I used a little more ginger than was called for and I used boned, pounded chicken breasts instead of veal. I also forgot about the pine nuts until halfway through the meal. Recipes shouldn't be followed exactly, anyway.

I certainly never saw Guy measure anything or use a recipe. He calls for 10 pine nuts, but he used to add them by the handful, though sometimes it was a very small handful. Maybe now that he pays the bills he counts the pine nuts, but I doubt it. I can just see him giggling and trying to guess how many teaspoons in a longish splash of vinegar.

The dish was delicious, but of course not as good as it would have been if Guy himself had done it. And that's to be expected. When Guy Bergounhoux cooks, he's going by experience, instinct, taste, smell and luck, and he's a smart, talented chef, so everything is superb. But my rendition was very, very good too. It was light, very slightly sweet and a little hot, from the ginger. The sauce went well with the rice and sauteed, julienne carrots, which I served on the side, in fact it was so good that we all

wanted more, so I got up and made more (it doesn't take long once you have all the ingredients prepared).

This recipe is especially impressive because it's truly original; it's not the kind of thing that really sounds good — I mean veal and pineapple? — but it's good. The combination is terrific, and it's not the kind of thing you would ordinarily think of. A lot of experienced, well-trained chefs develop a professional indifference to their art. They seem to shut down imagination and rely only on expertise. Guy Bergounhoux is obviously still excited about cooking.

I want to quote some very different recipes, just to show the book's variety. I've tried to select things that don't require expensive ingredients or special tools.

#### CHICKEN FRICASSEE, from the Palace Cafe

- 1/4 cup margarine or butter
- 1 1/2 pounds boneless chicken breasts, diced
- 1 large onion, diced
- 15 large mushrooms, sliced
- 3 artichoke hearts, cut into thirds (fresh, canned or frozen, but not marinated)
- 2 teaspoons chopped garlic
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon black pepper
- 1 1/2 cups heavy cream
- 3 tablespoons Creole mustard (or 1/2 Dijon and 1/2 grain mustard)
- chopped parsley for garnish

*In a large saucepan, combine the butter, chicken, onion, mushrooms, artichoke hearts, garlic, salt, and peppers. Saute on high heat, until all the chicken pieces have turned white, and the onions are transparent. Add the cream and mustard, and reduce heat. Simmer until it has reached the desired thickness. Garnish with parsley. Great with rice and vegetables. Serves 4-6.*

See COOKS!, p.4A

## Ventura CONCERT THEATRE

**PRESENTS:**

TONIGHT!  
Oct 5th  
**BODEANS**



KTYD CO-PRESENTS

TOMORROW  
Oct. 6th  
**STRAY CATS**



KTYD CO-PRESENTS

Oct.  
13th  
**JOHNNY THUNDERS**



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**UPCOMING SHOWS**

10/5 Bodeans

10/6 Stray Cats

10/7 Average White Band

10/12 Nils Lofgren (Bruce Springsteen's Guitarist)

10/13 Johnny Thunders

10/14 KTYD welcomes an Evening of Comedy with Bruce Baum (Arsenio Hall Show) Joann Dearing (Hostess of Comedy Express) & Kip Adotta

10/17 Dirty Looks with Stage Doll

10/19 the Godfathers

10/21 Tower of Power

10/25 Jimmy Cliff

10/26 KCSB co/presents Pixies with Bob Mould

10/27 Arlo Guthrie

10/28 the Bombers

11/3 Metal Fans Dr. Know w/Dark Carnival Bold Creed

11/4 Shenendoah

11/5 Animalogic featuring: Stewart Copeland (Police) & Stanley Clarke

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# THE BUZZ

FILM	THEATRE	COMMENTS
★★★★ Lawrence of Arabia	Arlington	A classic film, a great print and sound. Peter O'Toole's Lawrence verges on both greatness and madness. (Dan Jeffers)
★★★★ Do the Right Thing	Campbell Hall	The best new American movie in years, and Spike Lee's best yet. Fight the Power (Doug Arellanes)
★★★★½ Animation Celebration	Victoria St.	Several superb shorts shine supreme. (Todd Francis)
★★★★½ Sex, Lies & Video Tape	Goleta, Riveria	Underwhelming, but watching it is like having a long, in-depth, probing talk about sex with a close friend. (Doug Arellanes)
★★★ Parenthood	Granada 3	It didn't quite make me want to go out and father a gaggle of whelps, but the little kid's stressed-out mug made me want to rest nonetheless. (Jeffrey P. McManus)
★★★ When Harry Met Sally	Fiesta 4, Fairview Twin	OK, so nothing like that ever happens when you go to a deli, it's still a great movie to take a date to. (Reviewed this issue)
★★★ In Country	Cinema Twin	
★★½ Uncle Buck	Fiesta 4	A large John Candy gets laffs, cut lil' kids get awwws. Several moments of good slapstick make Uncle Buck surprisingly good. (Todd Francis)
★ Black Rain		Part "Dirty Harry," part "Robocop," part "Year of the Dragon," the movie plays like this year's Yankees — lots of power but no point. (Jesse Engdahl)
★ Sea of Love	Fiesta 4, Cinema Twin	Al Pacino is flawless, Ellen Barkin wears a tight red dress, but the characters are cardboard cut-outs. Why, Al, why? (Julee Stover)

Not yet reviewed: Johnny Handsome, Romero, Shirley Valentine, War Party, Welcome Home

## 'In Country' a Surprising Changeup for Willis

### Review

By Brian Banks  
Reporter

Where is the real Bruce Willis?

You know, the smart-aleck who made all the wisecracks on TV's Moon-

lighting and in the action pic *Die Hard*.

What happened to the fun-loving guy who sang odes to Seagram's Coolers in every other commercial on television?

A better question would be: *Who is this quiet, sensitive guy pulling off one of*

*the best performances of the year?* He claims his name is Bruce Willis. Can it be?

Willis stars in *In Country*, adapted from Bobbie Ann Mason's book of the same name, the story of a teen-ager (Emily Lloyd) who wants to learn the truth

about the Vietnam War — a war that killed her father.

She hopes that her uncle, who also fought in the war, can answer her questions. It seems, however, that he has a difficult time dealing with the subject and, like his

Continued from p.3A  
TACO DE HONGO, from La Super-Rica

- 2 1/2 tablespoons peanut oil
- 1 large white onion, roughly chopped
- 3 cloves garlic, chopped
- 1 large fresh tomato, peeled and chopped
- 1 pound mushrooms, well washed and thickly sliced
- 2 large sprigs of epazote (an herb which grows wild, commonly found in Santa Barbara) or substitute fresh thyme
- 16 corn tortillas, warmed

Heat the oil in a large skillet, and fry the onions, without browning, until soft. Add the garlic, and fry for a few more seconds, stirring constantly. Add the tomato, mushrooms, and epazote. Cover the pan, and cook over a low flame until the mushrooms are tender. They should be very juicy at this point. Serve with warm tortillas. Serves 8.

### CORN RELISH, the Montecito Cafe

(They serve this with grilled sword fish and lemon butter, but I think it would be good with all kinds of things. And corn is so good right now.)

- 4 ears corn
- 1 red onion, diced
- 1/2 bunch chopped cilantro
- 1 jalapeno, seeded and chopped
- 4 limes
- 1/4 cup olive oil

Barbecue the corn. (A little charring is okay.) Cut off the kernels and put them in a bowl. Add the onion, cilantro, jalapeno pepper, lime juice, and olive oil. Stir well, makes about 1 1/2 cups.

I think I said earlier that I was annoyed with Ms. Klein. I take it back. The more I read the recipes, the more I'm just glad she put this book together.

Santa Barbara Cooks!  
by Hilary Dole Klein  
Conari Press  
\$10.95

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<b>GRANADA 3</b> 1216 State St., S.B.	Black Rain (R) 12, 2:35, 5:15, 8, 10:35 <small>No passes, groups sales or bargain nights</small>		
	Welcome Home (R) 1:20, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:45 <small>No passes, groups sales or bargain nights</small>	Parenthood (PG13) 2:30, 5:05, 7:50, 10:25	
<b>FIESTA 4</b> 916 State St., S.B.	Uncle Buck 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45	When Harry Met Sally (R) 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45	Rocky Horror Friday Midnite only
	Johnny Handsome (R) 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 <small>No passes, groups sales or bargain nights</small>	Sea of Love (R) 1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15 <small>No passes, groups sales or bargain nights</small>	
<b>PLAZA DE ORO TWIN</b> 349 Hitchcock Way, S.B.	Romero (PG13) 5:30, 7:50, 10:05 Sat & Sun also 1, 3:15	Shirley Valentine (R) 5:35, 7:50, 10:05 Sat & Sun also 1:15, 3:25 <small>No passes, groups sales or bargain nights</small>	
<b>CINEMA TWIN</b> 6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta	In Country (R) 5:25, 7:40, 9:55 Sat & Sun also 1, 3:10	Sea of Love (R) 5:30, 7:45, 9:50 Sat & Sun also 1, 3:15	
<b>FAIRVIEW TWIN</b> 251 N. Fairview, Goleta	War Party (R) 10 <small>Separate admission required</small>	Parenthood PG13 5:15, 7:40, 10 Sat & Sun also 2:45	When Harry Met Sally (R) 6, 8 Sat & Sun also 2, 4
<b>GOLETA</b> 320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta	Sex, Lies and Video Tape (R) 5:15, 7:30, 9:30 Sat & Sun also 1:15, 3:15		
<b>RIVIERA</b> 2044 Alameda Padre Serra, S.B.	Sex, Lies and Video Tape (R) 5:05, 7:15, 9:25 Sat & Sun also 1, 3		
<b>SANTA BARBARA TWIN DRIVE-IN</b> 907 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta	The Abyss 7:30 Fri & Sat also 12 Indiana Jones ... 9:55	DOUBLE FEATURES Theatre Closed MTWT nites	The Package 7:40, 11:25 Lethal Weapon 11:30
<b>SWAP MEET</b>	EVERY SUNDAY 7 AM - 4 PM Santa Barbara Twin Drive-In 907 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta		964-9050 Swap Meet Information
<b>GIFT SHOP</b>	ARLINGTON COURT GIFT SHOP 1317 State Street, next to the Arlington Theatre Open 12-8 PM Daily		966-3638 Gift Shop Information

# An Eagle Chickens Out Live on Stage

## Review

### Don Henley Tour Could Be Great, But Only if the Synthesizers Go

By Tony Pierce  
Staff Writer

People try to put us down...

It seems like whenever pop stars get older they always lose their punch. The feedback childness is replaced with soundtrack sappiness. Inventiveness takes a back seat to repetitiveness. And creativity turns to predictability.

The shit just ain't the same no more.

Godheads Bob Dylan, Lou Reed and Neil Young are the only guys I can think of who are exceptions to this pitiful rule.

Even Pete Townshend has lost his bite to the point that his songs are filled with synthesizers and drum machines.

Which brings us to Don Henley.

Henley played the Santa Barbara County Bowl Saturday night and the music was loud, the words were brilliant, but the overall feel was polished to the point of pathetic.

He had had two unreal guitarists that could have played for any Cult this side of Sunset Blvd. They had the longhaired anorexic motorcycle look that you expect from most guitar gods. But more importantly they had the musical rip to back it all up.

The drummer was equally loud and furious. Former Eagle-drummer Henley had obviously turned up the drums, exemplifying where his heart still is.

Unfortunately, his music reeks of synthesizers.

This point was really blatant during the last few songs of the first set after the band had finished a blistering (and at times, sloppy) version of "Hotel California" when the band broke into Henley's "All She Wants To Do Is Dance."



The new Don Henley

## MUSIC

The large doses of guitar melodic had given way to layers of sappy synthesizers in a terrifyingly ugly example of how technology has infected rock n' roll. It makes a guy like me wonder why Henley would waste such guitar talent if he was only going to abuse their value during the older numbers. It also made me wonder what Henley has against rock n' roll guitar as opposed to pop schlock synthesizers.

"...just because we get around..."

Hey, don't misunderstand me, I really like Don. I saw him about 4 years ago at this benefit concert to stop Contra Aid. He was nervous, honest, and vulnerable. He said that he hadn't

played in front of a crowd in a long time and we all expected the worst. But when he looked over his shoulder and nodded to the band, they cranked out about 25 minutes of great Eagles songs in the smooth, harmonic, rock n' roll way we've come to expect.

Saturday, I got MTV. The lights and the smoke machines and the choreographed dancers/background singers and the fake pillars in the back looked straight out of the pages of Solid Gold specials. I was expecting Dionne Warwick to come out any minute to present Dexy's Midnight Runners. Swear to God.

Getting back to that fine Henley rock classic "All She

Wants To Do Is Dance", while Don was trying to do his best Jackson "I'm so sensitive, listen to me preach about how shitty everything is," Browne, saying that the title track of his new album *The End Of Innocence* was brilliant because "it proves people want to listen to good songs instead of just dance around mindlessly", he was right. But then how can he explain "...Dance"?

Elvis Costello has an equally intriguing song off of his first album, concerning women too involved in mundane activities to think about violence. Costello's "Watching the Detectives" has a strange reggaeish beat with lines like "she's filing her nails while they're dragging the lake". While Henley has "Molotov cocktails going off all around/ and all she wants to do is dance, dance."

Both songs are good, but Costello's is better primarily because the music is more diverse.

Concerts included.

Costello had a show at the Bowl about a month ago. He had just as many members on stage with him, but instead of having a synthesized guitar trying to sound like a Branford Marsalis saxophone (like Henley provided), Costello had a real sax with a real player.

Ingenious? Hardly.

Elvis also had a guy playing trombone, one on tuba, and a percussionist along with a drummer.

It was music, not just sounds.

"Things they do look awful cold..."

On one hand it makes a guy like me happy that there are guys like Costello to ruin the curve. Studs like Tom Waits, Young, The Replacements, and Costello prove that brilliant words can be paired with musical melodies which have nothing to do with computer enhanced background vocals or fancy dance steps by sultry singers in tightfitting stretch pants.

On the other hand it's disappointing to see a great lyricist like Henley fall back on his past hits and good words in favor of putting out the hits in such an obviously half-assed manner — and still sell tons more records than the above mentioned "studs."

Henley's sellout makes us realize that we'll never hear another "Hotel California" again. It makes us think that we're doomed to be deluged with "If Dirt Were Dollars". And if that's the case, retirement age of rock stars should be about 30.

Meanwhile, I hope I die before I get old.

# Pop Will Eat Itself: Great Name, But...

## Upcoming

### English Band to Play S.B.; Sound Could Use Grunge

By Christopher Scheer  
Staff Writer

Pop Will Eat Itself wants to be hip '90s rebels and though they give it their best shot they fail in the end, winding up as a wanna-be funk-rap band with a fairly apt name.

Being promoted as the "English Red Hot Chili Peppers," these guys are more like the Beastie Boys (minus the spleen and humor) meet INXS (minus the sex), and their results on their latest album, "This Is The Day, This Is The Hour ... This is THIS!" fall just short of any real power.

Blending megabass electronics play, the inevitable metal riffs and an occasional English pseudo-rap,

Pop Will Eat Itself is bringing its funk-rock-studio-wiz-kid thing to State Street's Carnival soon.

Because of the genre, the show promises to be a hipster scene with some decent people-watching if nothing else; but musically you may be better off checking out San Francisco's Limbomaniacs, a band that covers much the same ground, only better.

Actually, despite the hyped-up futuristic bass-is-the-place album packaging, PWEI have been spending less time puking on Lithuanians (they did the USSR on a bizarre double bill with Billy Bragg) and more time talking up their music as something more than just image or satire.

"I think we all felt it was time to start concentrating more on our music instead of our reputation," bassist Richard Marsh said in a phone interview from Minneapolis. Which is nice, since their much-vaunted (in the English press) lifestyle — your basic drunken aggro nuttiness — is so old even they parody it as

cliche. And as for that lifestyle, Marsh doesn't feel he's been too decadent: "We're not really pop stars 'cause we aren't seeing any money and there are no B-Bar girls banging down our doors at all hours."

Maybe it took Pop Will Eat Itself's members a little while to realize this, since they hail from Birmingham, where "not a fuck of a lot happens," Marsh notes, adding that he thinks boredom is a positive force. "It forces you to escape."

Unfortunately, despite the above-mentioned new attitude, the new music doesn't withstand a close look, failing to excite for several major reasons: one, PWEI has overproduced itself to the point of inanity — boom effects and generic guitars clumping and bashing their way past the art of noise and into eventual dullsville — and two, the singing is just too damn sweet, English and soulless to compete with the noise.

Unlike the real Red Hot Chili Peppers, whose singer Anthony Kiedis can carry you through an otherwise

muddled morass to show you the rhythm in the chaos, Pop Will Eat Itself has no such vocal power to thread the sonic needle.

When the beats are finally allowed to relax and start pumping it's all ruined by these wussy, perfectly enunciated raps or prose poems or whatever that make me wish for King Ad-Rock's pained whine or Too Short's meltdown baritone. Even Johnny Lydon's wail would have sounded better over this squeaky-clean noise. This is no rough edge grinding-away-the-angst Jesus and Mary Chain.

Maybe because of a few of these lyrics, I have a lurking suspicion that within the studio, the Frankenstein's monster that calls itself Pop Will Eat Itself is a real band which may or may not emerge live on stage.

If they can find it in themselves to put a little feeling into the vocals and cut back on the thunder enough to let us see the rhythms unfold, Pop Will Eat Itself would be good — but not mindblowing entertainment.

# On Tour: Fetchin' Bones Hits L.A.

## Profile

### Their Sound is Between The Replacements, 10,000 Maniacs

By Seana Fitt  
Staff Writer

"I think about what is screwed up in the world and it comes through in our songs," says Hope Nicholls, lead singer and lyricist of the North Carolina band Fetchin' Bones, explaining her group's "sociopolitical" leanings on their album *Monster*.

But, almost realizing that political correctness was setting in, Nicholls says with a straight face, "When I'm writing lyrics I use a channeling process with amethyst crystals; Don Henley's on the other end."

Fetchin' Bones' music

falls somewhere between a VH-1 imitation of the Cult and a warped version of the Cowboy Junkies, and the band hopes to reach an audience beyond the alternative music crowd with *Monster* and its "closed caption" video for the first single "Love Crushing."

The band members, however, loudly protest being described as "mel-low." Guitarist Errol Stewart says they are "A rock band, but not in the head banging style. We are harder than a band like 10,000 Maniacs. We would be more likely to tour with someone like the Replacements than REM."

Nicholls claims that Fetchin' Bones isn't the kind of band that "sits around in our spare time and does crossword puzzles. We listen to a lot of music."

Fetchin' Bones appear in Los Angeles along with Kill for Thrill October 11.

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# LOWE: His Acting Is Just Like His Other Movies — Stiff, Very Stiff

Continued from p.1A

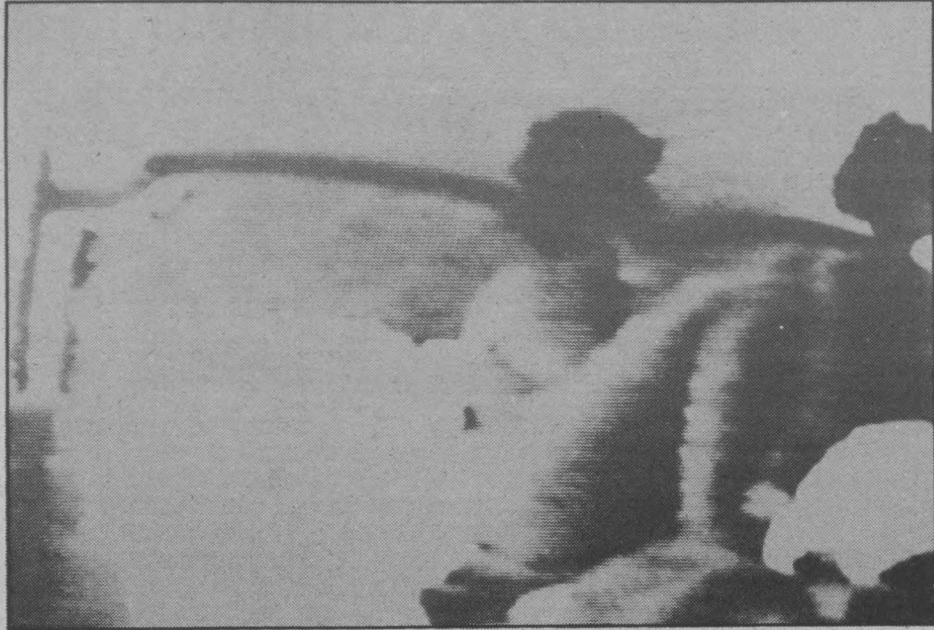
tives were recently taken to a special room in Kerr Hall on campus for this encounter with the downfall of a man destined to be known to history as a possible criminal, a so-so actor — *but one hell of a lover.*

The particular chapter in the Rob Lowe sexual saga we were able to screen took place in a hotel room, somewhere. Rob and a pal (for the sake of modesty and convenience, we'll call him "Binky") had coerced a nubile, boisterous young belle (we'll call her "Virginia") into a sort of tag-team exchange of bodily fluids.

Although the poor quality of the videotape underscored the spontaneity, steaminess, and — hell, the *sheer reality* of the thing, the video's real failure was the limited creativity shown by the members of the sexual triad. Although Rob and Binky were quite adept at the fine art of keeping the woman waiting ("You're torturing the fuck outta me!" Virginia declares whenever Rob or Binky slow their constant, wet, rhythmic humping action), there was not much interesting meat visible. You can only handle so much of the bouncing male buttocks — it's almost as if Rob made this tape so he could watch *himself*, his own overballyhooped butt, rather than his nymph-like love object, in action. But that's a speculative point better dealt with in a court of law, or *People* magazine, maybe.

Not to say the tape is not without its share of meaningful, soul-stirring dialogue. Binky's sole function — besides pinch hitting for Rob during his ever-so-short refractory periods — seemed to be in the role of spiritual advisor, coach, and sexual liaison coordinator. "Harder, Rob, harder!" Binky would coax, as Rob's extremely pale white buttocks pounded harder, harder and faster, and Virginia yelped for more.

The one question resolved by this masterful piece of self-exposure was: *how's the Lowe penis?* The answer is, of course *pretty dang Lowe* (when flaccid, of course). You get a great idea of exactly how well-hung this blue-eyed wonder-stud really is in a tremendous side view toward the end of the tape — Rob is standing up, having a drink from a bottle, and the more he drinks, the more flaccid his manhood becomes. Now, if *that ain't* a metaphor for the male experience, I don't know what is.



Rob and friend, obviously pondering the future of the Democratic Party.

## The Lowe-down, or What Really Happened When Rob Came to UCSB Last Year on Campaign Stop

October, 1988. Rob Lowe stalks the UCSB campus, clutching the hands of strangers, wriggling his denim-coated, often-videotaped buttocks and stumping for his fave Democratic candidate of the half-hour, State Senator Gary K. Hart.

The performance begins in a tightly guarded UCen Room 2. With surprising range Lowe sips bottled water. He tells pompous, unrealistic stories about his concern for the environment and a big-guy tale about hanging out at a Laker game with Sen. Hart.

And yet the star's swagger is fully intact as he is hustled to the Nexus offices underneath Storke Tower. But wait! A mysterious score of teenage girls has discovered him! They flood the Nexus office, snatching huge xerox likenesses of Lowe from stunned staffers — his face is scrunched like a little boy avoiding blows from a bully.

He is corralled and is escorted quickly into the editor's office, where his eyes (now devoid of sunglasses) dart unevenly over a dozen or so posters of him tacked to the walls. A random Sen. Hart flunky elicits a whimper, babbling something about "thirsty" and "outta here."

The Nexus staffers are smiling broadly. It isn't long, however, before Lowe is out on a podium delivering his churlish speech. The College Republicans batter him with nasty, snide invectives from the audience. And the rest of the crowd — a roundly dumb collection of groupies and halfhearted political "activists" — lets the Repubs take him down in bloody fashion.

It was an embarrassing day for the Democrats.

"The Democrats really made a big mistake with that guy," said Randy Tolerton, a lower-level assistant with the Hart campaign. "He's a political neophyte. And he wouldn't party with me."

— W. Patrick Whalen

## Dormies: The Rob Lowe Video Isn't Even Good Porn, But Screenings Are Good for Hysterical Laughter

It certainly gave the freshmen who watched it the wrong impression of pornography.

A good porno is supposed to get you hot 'n' heavy, right? But the only reaction that I, and 20 other freshmen jammed in a dorm room, had was hysterical laughter at watching Rob Lowe's white butt bobbing up and down. Indeed, someone had pirated the hundredth copy of the hundredth video of Rob Lowe's Saturday Night Live in the bedroom.




The show begins with Rob's friend "warming up" the girl, Jennifer, while Rob pumps his own. In fact, it's a virgin in the room who points out that Jennifer was having a great time — until Rob got on. Jennifer so obviously faked her ecstasy that after a few "Oh, oh, oh my God's," Rob's friend, who is standing over them, says, "She wants it harder, Rob."

Lowe keeps repeating, "Are you cumming yet?" and all you see is four legs and a neon white bottom.

Eventually, Rob finishes and his friend asks a turn. Meanwhile, Lowe has a few practical things to take care of. First, he's thirsty. So, standing profile to camera, he guzzles a beer. This is the funniest part because he still has an erection and the more beer he guzzles, the more it goes right to his dick and weighs it down to a flaccid position. Then, Rob must get rid of the weight so he takes a timed one-minute, four-second piss (you can hear it).

By this time, the friend is done and is announcing a 10 minute break for Jennifer. So, she smokes a cigarette and starts whining about the test she has to take in school tomorrow. She doesn't let Rob touch her but you know that tomorrow she will brag about how Rob Lowe screwed her.

Although, this disappointing ending slightly dampens the atmosphere in the dorm room, all are soon in hysterics again as the guys set off to attempt the 1:04 record.



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Return this entry form to Pescado's, 5782 Hollister, Goleta, or Pescado's, 422 N. Milpas, Santa Barbara. Entry deadline October 12. Contestants must be at least 18 years of age to win. Grand Prize winner announcement will be made at 4:50 pm at KCQR "Back-to-School" Party, October 13, Pescado's, Goleta.

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# New Film Series Examines 1939, Hollywood's Glorious Year

'The Wizard of Oz' to be Screened Tonight at Campbell Hall as Part of A & L Retrospective

By Brian Banks  
Reporter

*Dawn of a New Day* was the official march of the 1939 New York World's Fair, and the title seemed to fit the nation's suddenly buoyant mood.

And why not? There appeared to be an end to the years of the Depression and the dust bowl, and, as moviegoers would discover over the next twelve months, Hollywood would be treating them to some of the greatest motion pictures in history.

Sandwiched between the early opening of *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington* and the December 15 premiere of *Gone With the Wind* were classics such as *The Wizard of Oz*, *Stagecoach*, *Ninotchka*, and *Wuthering Heights*.

These films are part of an Arts and Lectures series that will run throughout the quarter. *The Wizard of Oz* will be shown tonight at 8 and 10 p.m.

And there were more... many more. In fact, a total of 388 movies were released that year. (In 1988, the studios made only 349.) Of those 388, 378 were traditional black-and-white. Ten, including *The Wizard of Oz* and *Gone With the Wind* made use of a new process called Technicolor.

## Cheers for Capra and Ford

The first big movie of the year was director Frank Capra's comedic look at corruption in our nation's capitol, *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington*. The opening was so big that the National Press Club insisted on throwing the premiere party in Washington, D.C.

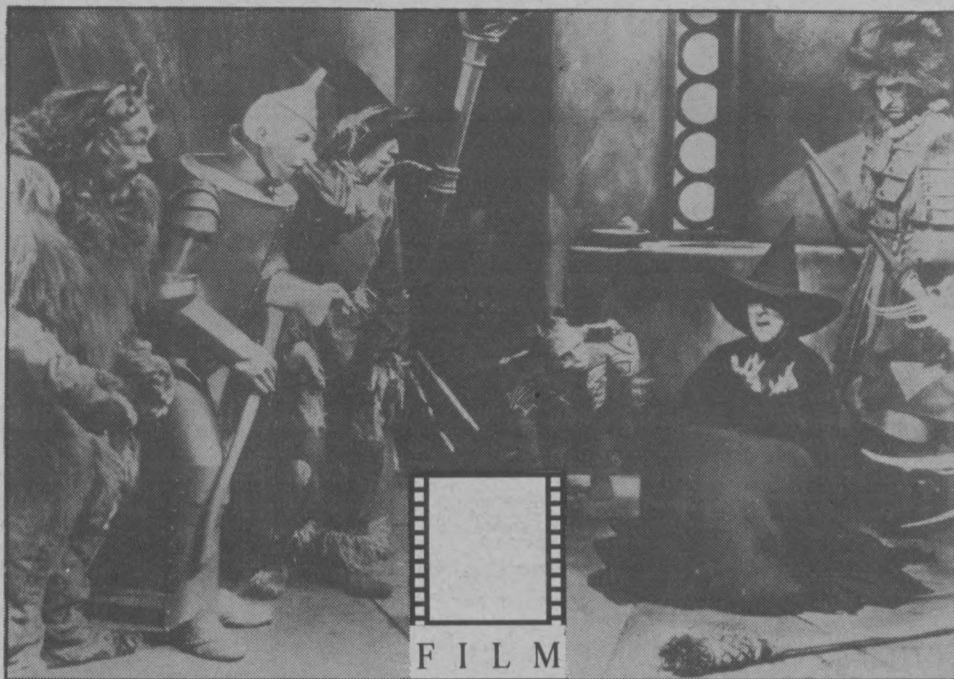
## IN COUNTRY

Continued from p.4A

niece, still wonders what his friends died for.

Directed with a steady hand by Norman Jewison, *In Country* touches all the right emotions in its intent to make the audience laugh and cry along with the characters. Jewison (*Moonstruck*, *A Soldier's Story*), always an actor's director, gives his players plenty of meaningful close-ups and lets their acting skill exist as the centerpiece of the film.

Emily Lloyd, a terrific young British actress, convincingly adopts a bluegrass accent and fills her performance with just the right balance of innocence and experience; of dejection and humor.



Even after 50 years, 'The Wizard of Oz' retains its appeal.

When the gentlemen in attendance saw themselves portrayed as heavy-drinking cynics, however, their anticipation turned to anger. The film was denounced in the U.S. Senate for "belittling the American system of government" and politicians of all sorts were attacking the film.

But the American moviegoers had a much different reaction. Audiences loved James Stewart's portrayal of a naive congressman who remains uncorrupted. Critics were raving about the movie, and *Screen Book* even predicted that it "should win every Academy Award."

John Ford shared the laurels with Capra as Hollywood's most critically acclaimed director. His 1939 masterpiece was called *Stagecoach*. The film starred a young John Wayne in his first big role. The ads promised "2 Women on a Desperate Journey With Seven Strange Men," while the *New*

*York Post* simply concluded that it was "the best western since talking pictures began."

## Moneymakers

The number-one box office attraction of 1939 was a nineteen-year-old named Mickey Rooney. Rooney starred in *Babes In Arms*, a grand musical directed by the master of that genre, Busby Berkeley. He appeared in two more of the popular *Andy Hardy* series.

Bette Davis could also do no wrong. Her four hits of 1939 included *Dark Victory*, a film that almost didn't get made.

"Who wants to go see some dame go blind and die?" asked Jack Warner when Davis approached him with the idea. When Davis persevered, Warner gave in and *Dark Victory* was one of the biggest hits of the year.

## Fleming Scores Twice

There was no bigger moneymaker, however, than Victor Fleming's *Gone With the Wind*. The main topic of conversation throughout the year was whether it was able to pull off the Civil War epic. When the movie was finally released, it pleased everyone.

Clark Gable starred as Rhett Butler and British actress Vivien Leigh adopted a Southern accent for her role as Scarlett O'Hara. Moviegoers bought tickets in record numbers to hear Gable utter the then-titillating line, "Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn."

Another film directed by Fleming made its way onto movie screens that year, but *The Wizard of Oz* did not make much money. In fact, because it was so expensive to produce, MGM ended up losing one million dollars on the film.

## Comebacks

Until the late thirties, Greta Garbo had been the premier dramatic actress. But as her movies wore on, her audience wore thin. Considered washed up by 1939, she attempted a comeback in, of all things, a comedy.

*Ninotchka*, a spoof about a Russian spy, vaulted Garbo to the top once again. Once considered "box office poison", she had audiences and critics laughing and studio executives smiling.

*Destry Rides Again* marked the return of Marlene Dietrich. Also once considered a has-been, her comeback vehicle, co-starring the venerable James Stewart, was a comedy about the Old West.

## Winter of Discontent

As the year 1939 drew to a fantastic close, America concerned itself with a new world war. What had begun as year of hope and optimism ended with real and grim reality. And soon, in 1940, films would begin to reflect those feelings. Never again was it to have the confidence and spirit of that magical year, 1939.

But this is Willis' movie. With the long hair and Fu Manchu mustache, his face is almost as unrecognizable as his acting style. This Bruce Willis gives his character a third dimension. His Emmett Smith could be anyone's uncle.

From the opening at Lloyd's graduation to an emotional finale at the Vietnam Memorial, Willis truly carries a film whose only flaw is in a script that sometimes proves sluggish.

This could be the Bruce Willis of the '90s. It is quite a shift from his old David Addison days. Will the real Bruce Willis please stand up?

**In Country**  
Directed by Norman Jewison  
Starring Bruce Willis and Emily Lloyd  
at the Cinema Twin Theatre

## Spencer the Gardener to Play Pub; Think of Spy-Beach-Latins-in-60s

"We're not going to take over the world," says Spencer, of Spencer the Gardner, who will be playing tonight at The Pub. The six member band has been playing together for nine months in what originally started out as a recording project.

For lack of admitting to any other classification, Spencer the Gardner con-

sider themselves "a latin big-band spy movie set on the beach in the sixties," type band.

Meshing together veteran musicians who have been playing for years and at least one member who never played a musical instrument prior to the band, the group's performances reflect the creativity and unstressed attitude

of the band.

Spencer the Gardner is a band that can't really alienate any music interest group — they incorporate too many styles and too many instruments to not be amazingly diverse, utilizing and maybe even leading with a horn section straight from the endangered species list.

— Joel Brand

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