



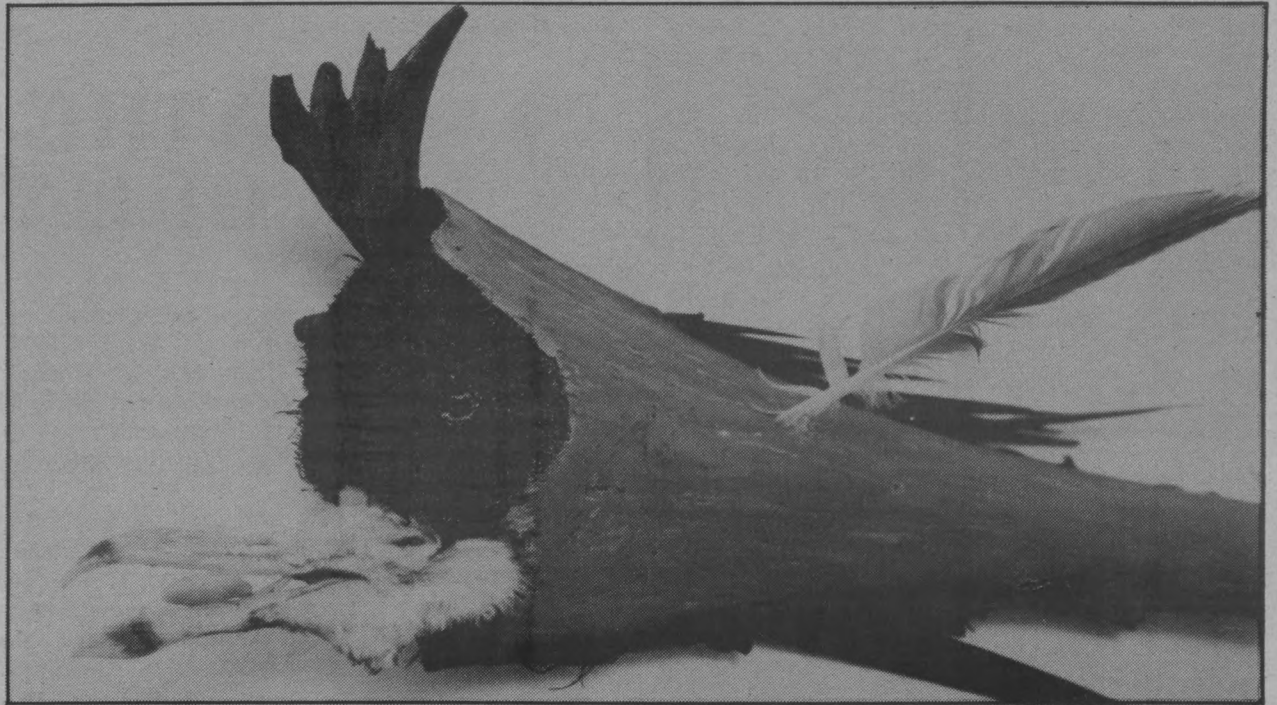
# arts

Harry 2A  
Al 3A  
Tom 4A



Former art teacher Mike Kresky with his piece "The Struggle Continues."

## Art Finds a Home



Brian Cabot describes his totemic palm-frond work "Cowfish" as "not your average mackerel."



"Ogglers of Babylon," by Erik Weisenberger, a work in paint and mixed-media.

by **laura funkhouser**

If you live in Santa Barbara long enough you begin to realize that underneath its hip looking surface, this town is a hermetically sealed mason jar, keeping out what challenges local tradition and the established social order — especially anything that hints of a takeover by L.A. culture. Sure, Santa Barbarans love new trends, but don't mess with the carefully balanced ecosystem here, of what's what and

who's who; such as what gets built here and who gets free advertising in the *Independent*.

The local art scene is no exception to this rule. The new art show at **Gallery G** is a carefully placed bomb which wipes out any ideas you might have had about any previous Santa Barbara artists being even close to the cutting edge of the art scene. Without giving in to big city art gallery pretentiousness, this show is effective enough to make an impact in L.A., New York or any real art center.

Gallery G is what you've always dreamed of. It's an unconventional industrial factory style loft where the five artists in the show work and gather. They're a small serious circle of young artists (ranging from 21 to 28), some from here, some from L.A., but all attended either UCSB or City College. Jeff Overlie, one of the artists in the show, who teaches at City College, turned the downtown studio from Work Inc. building into Gallery G. He did this to bypass the route of the cliquey local art scene, in order to have a space to show work on his own terms. The others have formed a close-knit group around the space.

Word gets around fast in this town and their opening show in May brought in an estimated 200 people and sold 13 works — an astounding number for any gallery anywhere. The new show which opened Saturday night includes sculpture by Jeff Overlie and Brian

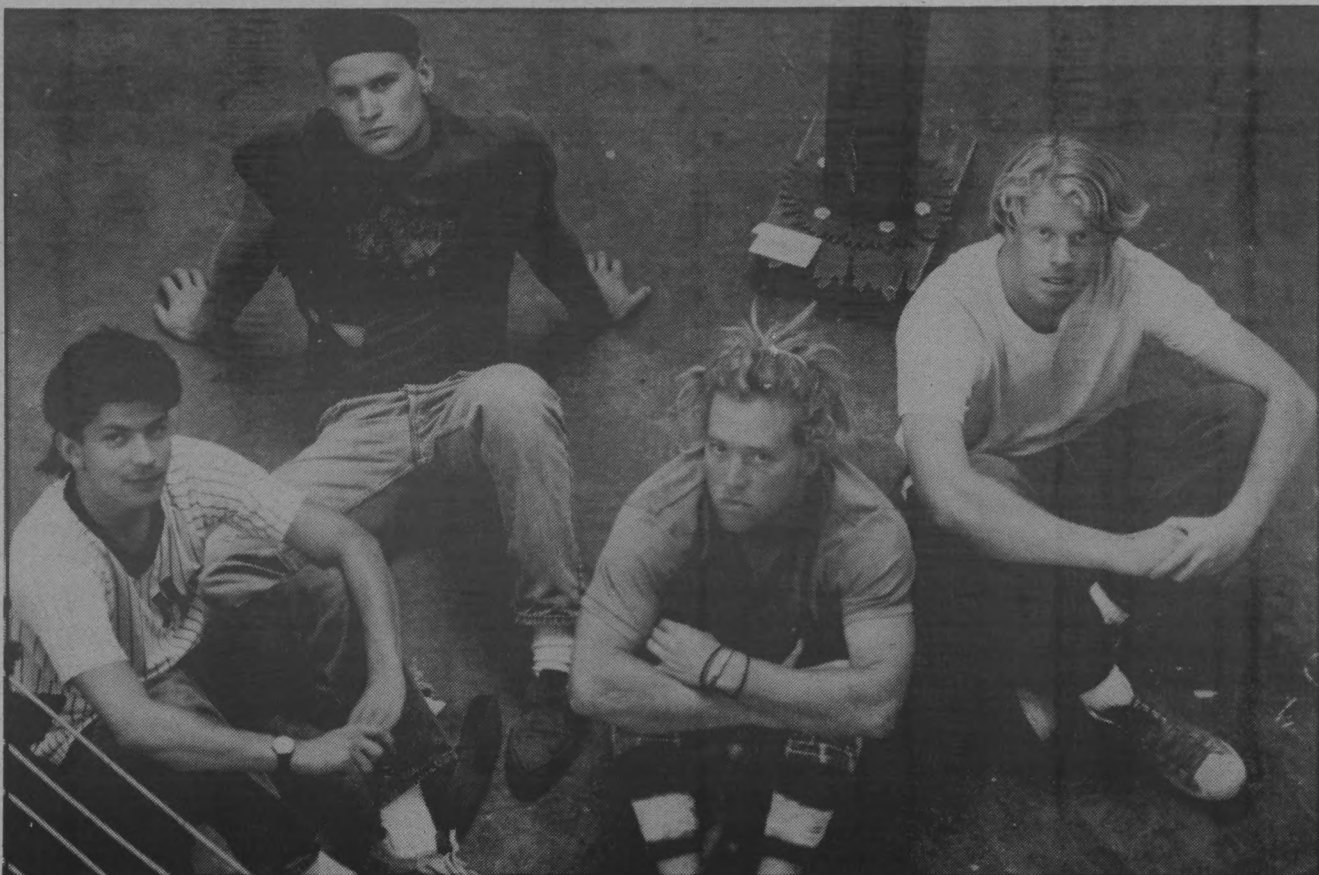
Cabot, and paintings by Mike Kresky, Bill Barany and Erik Weisenberger — and it proves that the first show was no fluke, they've gotten even better.

Jeff Overlie works with elemental materials such as metal, chain, cables, marble and alabaster. All of his pieces are mixed media — and all of them are very disturbing. His piece, "Primordial Ecstasy," is a huge chunk of marble that has been broken in half and rejoined with a large stainless steel hinge. Half of the slab has been left raw, the other half is sculpted into a subtle profile, with the hinged part forming the jaw. Overlie's work is influenced by industrial style art, but his materials belong to no specific time in history, they constitute the marrow of all cultures in all time periods. What makes his work so jarring is how he manipulates his media as if he were tampering with the laws of nature.

Bill Barany has photographic mixed media images of classical sculptures works in the show, and rough, expressionistic pastel and charcoal portraits. Both of his styles are delicately balanced and quite beautifully poignant — a 180 degree opposition to Overlie's massive caustic pieces, although their works are not in conflict.

Mike Kresky has huge paintings on paper and canvas. His diptych, "Malcolm X," is black on black paint through which his primal, bone-like forms emerge as totems written on an ancient, (See **STUDIO G**, p.4A)

Photos by **Richard O'Rourke**



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## A&L'S "BELL"

by walker "guitar" wells

The Arts and Lectures Summer Series film this Thursday is controversial Chinese director Wu Ziniu's **Evening Bell**. About a group of five Chinese corpse collectors who blunder upon 33 Japanese soldiers at the end of the Second World War, the ensuing physical and psychological struggle is the focal point of the film. Wartime always pits man against man in situations that seem artificially black and white. When given time to think, the questions: who has the right to kill, and how can any one believe that a country or

an economic philosophy is more important than a human life, begin to creep their ambiguity into wartime decisions. The role and future of humanity is the big question the film grapples with. Banned in China for several years, **Evening Bell** has been re-released in a re-cut, shortened and less controversial form. By breaking from the traditional "China as victor" format, Wu shows that times are indeed changing throughout the socialist world; the feature that makes this film definitely worth your precious Thursday night.



Queen Ida

July 26 — ?  
a jug o' wine, a plate o' food, and a stage full o' folks singing and dancing

and making you laugh. If you haven't been to a dinner theater before, do yourself a favor, splurge and see **The Little Shop of Horrors** at the Savoy Dinner Theater on 409 State St. You've seen the movie now go and eat. For details dial 966-0999.

July 26 — sept 9  
"a fast-breaking wise-cracking comedy," **Shooting Stars**, a play continuing at the Alhecama Theater (962-8606) about a female

professional basketball team. Not just your average night out, **Shooting Stars** boasts UCSB's Amy Love as the team's star. July 26

**A Band Called Horse** is playing at Zelo (966-5792) at 10 p.m. I've never heard them or seen them, but don't they just have the best name?

July 28 — August 5  
**Moliere's The Miser**, a hilarious indictment of greed and the lust for money, has for three centuries continued to be

one of the most popular comedies in world theater. And for only a short time will it be right here at the Main Theater. Tickets are at the A&L ticket booth, 961-3535. Go.

L.A.'s **Thelonious Monster**, (that band with 6 guitar players) will be at the Ventura Theater with Crucial D.B.C. If you're lucky they'll play Tracy Chapman's "For My Lover" which appears on their new record. KCSB is sponsoring it so call

## MEATHEAD'S WORST GREAT MOVIE

by jesse engdahl

Meathead just became moneybags. If that doesn't bother you, or if you want Billy Crystal to keep hosting the Grammy's, go ahead and see Rob Reiner's newest flick, **When Harry Met Sally....**, the latest yuppie love comedy starring Crystal as Harry and Meg Ryan as Sally (no relation to Sally Bunker/Stivak).

This movie reminded me a lot of *Dead Poet's Society*, which starred Crystal's Comic Relief partner Robin Williams. Just like Poet's was a watered-down, commercialized vision of what Great Literature can do for your life, Harry... is a watered-down, commercialized vision of what True Love can do. The fact that Great Literature is there for the taking and True Love has yet to be verified makes Harry... infinitely more forgivable in retrospect; too bad it's not as manipulatively entertaining in the process.

It's just so annoying that directors Reiner and Peter Weir are getting all of these disgusting accolades by disgusting people like Gene Shalit and Gary Franklin for their "best effort to date." What's actually being said is "congratulations for bringing part of your artistic talent down to a level that non-creative morons can understand and enjoy. Now your movie will get plenty of *Batman* overflow at the multi-plexes and soon you'll be making enough money to be a respected director in America."

The killer is that Weir has directed such haunting, powerful films like *Gallipoli* and *Picnic at Hanging Rock* (rent that for viewing after *Dead Poet's* and get really freaked on the liberating and destructive power of poetry and nature at an all-girls' school), while Rob Reiner has turned out such comic masterpieces as

*This Is Spinal Tap*, *The Sure Thing*, *Stand By Me*, and *The Princess Bride*. *When Harry Met Sally...* isn't his best effort; it's by far his weakest. But what really hurts me is admitting it's pretty cute.

See, if I hadn't been so bugged by all the T.V. critics telling me it was brilliant, friends telling me it was great, and previews giving away the best jokes (all of which were not Reiner's fault), I'd have been rather entertained. *When Harry Met Sally....* is a more than adequate adult romantic comedy, especially in light of the recent competition.

Meg Ryan, as Sally, is both gorgeous and hilarious, while Billy Crystal is shockingly bearable and believable in a part that allows him to be both a sensitive guy and a pig.

You will die laughing when you see Crystal running through the streets of New York to declare his love for Ryan, even though it's supposed to be the dramatic climax (at least she wasn't waiting for a plane or about to say "I do" to someone else). Everybody is in love with her from the beginning, which is why she's dressed down in slacks and blazers for the dual purpose of fitting her character and being a barely-believable match for Crystal.

Too bad Ryan is one of the most spontaneous and sexy actresses around, with a bod to match. Her outfits are too reminiscent of Annie Hall's, and the whole movie smacks of low-rent Woody Allen, from the New York setting to the Jewish guy-shiksha couple to the semi-tough comedic insights on men, women, and love. It's pathetic that Reiner is a lot closer, both philosophically and artistically to Allen than the pap-infected movie he's got here. It'll definitely play Peoria.

Hope the wife enjoys the new Mercedes, Rob.

### WHAT TO DO IN SANTA BARBARA AFTER 2:00 A.M.

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Wait for the paper to arrive...

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## Moliere's *The Miser*

*A hilarious indictment of the lust for money*

Directed by William Glover

July 28, 29 – August 3, 4, and 5  
8 p.m. – UCSB Main Theatre

Ticket Information  
General \$9.00, Student \$8.00 with I.D.

For Information and charge-by-phone call  
Arts & Lectures 961-3535 (9 a.m.-5 p.m.) or  
Box Office (evenings of performance only)  
961-3021

## UNDERGROUND

by christina zafirris

Now for a crash course on a small record label the big guys are watching with Confusion. **Subpop Records** from Seattle, Washington, a label that has grown from a few friends putting out records by local bands to a highly respected enterprize the major labels look to steal bands from.

One of the fist bands on Subpop, **Soundgarden**, released a single and two EPs (*Screaming Life* and *Fopp*) which managed to get their heavy but funky rock sound noticed. From Subpop, they moved to SST (the "Black Flag label") where they released the *Ultramegaok!* LP and the *Flower 12"*. They kept going until they were signed by A&M, who'll release their new album in matter of weeks.

Going to a major label can be good for a band's ego and pocketbooks, but it's normally detrimental

to the band's sound. Soundgarden is no exception to this rule; but, although their best stuff is the Subpop vinyl, the production on the SST releases is really pleasing to the ear. I haven't heard the A&M release but my guess is that the necessary measures will be taken to help the general public understand the message of Soundgarden, and I haven't decided if that is so bad.

Another band on Subpop but much more faithful to the label is **Mudhoney**. One can call these guys the college sensation of 1988 and 1989. Consisting of members of the now defunct Green River and Hiss, Mudhoney captures the honesty of amplified guitar melodies mixed with the whining screams of lead singer Mark Arm. It sounds composed from the bottom of a slimy bog.

The *Touch Me I'm Sick*

single, their which sold o has since b by popula Their LP, S (named a guitars) got acclaim and sales without of major lab behind the radio suppo release on S *You Got It (K Face)* single stronger m less distorte This sh Mudhoney's smooth and of change s get boring. Currently working on a preparing fo California they head of to dazzle under. Oth bands inclu **Fluid**, **The Swallow**, an All have rece LPs, and Ni is especially



Nirvana

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them or the Ventura Theater for details of the show that will kick anything Love and Sprockets will ever do.

Speaking of kicking, Grammy winner **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band** will be ripping up the Lobero Theatre with all that cajun and Delta blues you've grown up with. Todd "Mr. Doe" Francis saw her last summer and raves "it was fun." As an added treat, the Palace Cafe will be serving authentic

tastes of their fine cajun food and drink, for a modest charge, on the Lobero's front patio starting at 7 p.m. The Monarch or Zydeco goes on at 8 p.m., for more info about this foot-stompin, stomach-pleasin evening dial 963-0761.

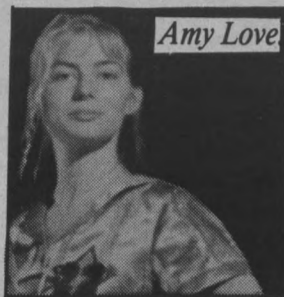
Perhaps you'd like a nice evening listening to some live Beethoven and Ravel? Heck, we got that too. **The Essex String Quartet** will be playing Ludwig's "Quartet in G, Op 18, No 2" (an old

favorite of the sports dept.), and Ravel's "Quartet in F," 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. Tickets only at the door (\$3 for students).

July 30

**The Way of the Lotus** finishes up Arts & Lectures fine summer presentation of International Cinema. If you haven't seen anything in this series, you've missed out. Make up for it by seeing this philosophical drama from Sri Lanka. Your parents will be quite

impressed and may even send you more money. See, we're always trying to look out for you here, even if it means peeking through that part in your curtains late at night.



Amy Love

**UHF GETS GOOD RECEPTION**

by jeffrey c. whalen

The world would be a much easier place to live in if you could hate "Weird Al" Yankovic as much as you'd like to.

"Weird Al" is the comedy *auteur* of the entire goonsquad of the eighth grade, embodying all the dumb jokes that these kids come up with during lunch period: puns, gross food jokes, amateur parodies and general goofing off. This is the kind of humor that makes junior high girls give that special scowl exclusive to females of the thirtensomething crowd.

The cool, the artsy, and the beautiful don't want to find "Weird Al" funny because he's so unhip — but if hipness had anything to do with humor, then Pee Wee Herman wouldn't have two movies, and a T.V. show under his white belt.

The just-opened *UHF* is "Weird Al's" first film, and depending on ticket sales, could very possibly signal the end of his career. With that being all

well and good, the problem remains: this film is funny.

Co-written (with Yankovic) and directed by Jay Levey, *UHF* takes place at a soon-to-be-bankrupt UHF channel that "Weird Al's" uncle wins in a poker game. "Weird Al" becomes manager of the station after he loses his job at Big Edna's Burger World, and starts a battle with network station Channel 8 that climaxes in a chilling and uplifting *people vs. the corporates* ending.

Yankovic's audience are boys in that "difficult" age group: 9 to 14. The boys are pleased to laugh at a silly, homely character that spoofs everything that the boys would rather not take seriously.

The humor is small-minded, but for what it lacks in quality, it more than compensates in quantity. There are about four or five great jokes, and about four or five hundred "uunuhhhnhnh" jokes. With a couple dozen chucklers to take

up the slack, *UHF* succeeds on a comedic level. There are not going to be any serious people lauding Yankovic's film as "beautifully shot," "flawlessly executed," "wonderfully acted," or probably even "good." But with the understanding that most people would rather not laugh, getting this movie made is a success in and of itself.

*UHF* knows that this is a kid's movie, and attempts to please the parents on a number of occasions. However, these moments probably only end up alienating all age groups by doing *childish* allusions to movies that children won't remember, namely: *The Shining*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and *Ghandi*. A perfect example of this is during the horrendous opening sequence when Yankovic plays a very *Hollywood* *Insiders* joke on Steven Spielberg, a joke most people in the audience will not get. The film's major flaw is in the motive of the humor; they're done for the wrong

reasons.

For the college student *UHF* may play upon a simpler happier time, when jokes came easier than dates, and everybody wore too much corduroy. Or it may disgust. It probably depends on what you were doing during lunch period back in eighth grade.



"Two thumbs up" Siskel & Ebert

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**SANTABARBARA**

**ARLINGTON**  
1317 State St., S.B.  
**Batman (PG13)**  
11:45 am, 2:20, 5, 7:50, 10:30  
No passes or group sales

**PLAZA DE ORO**  
349 Hirschcock Way, S.B.  
**UHF (PG13)**  
3:10, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30  
No passes or group sales

**Dead Poet's Society (PG)**  
2:35, 5:10, 7:50, 10:20  
No passes or group sales

**RIVIERA**  
2044 Alameda Padre Serra  
**Do the Right Thing (R)**  
2:40, 5, 7:30, 10  
No passes or group sales

**SWAP MEET!!**  
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964-9050  
Wednesday Evenings  
4:30-10 pm  
EVERY SUNDAY  
7 am to 4 pm

**GRANADA**  
1216 State St., S.B.  
**Weekend at Bernie's (PG13)**  
12, 2:30, 4, 7:30, 10  
No passes or group sales

**Indiana Jones... (PG13)**  
12, 2:35, 5:20, 8:10, 10:45  
No passes or group sales

**Lethal Weapon II (R)**  
12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30  
No passes or group sales

**FIESTA FOUR**  
916 State St., S.B.  
**DOUBLE FEATURE**  
**Honey, I Shrank... (PG)**  
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
No passes or group sales

**Tummy Trouble (G)**  
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45

**License to Kill (PG13)**  
12, 2:30, 5, 7:45, 10:30  
No passes or group sales

**Fiesta III & IV**  
**When Harry Met Sally (R)**  
1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 8, 10  
No passes or group sales

**GOLETA**

**CINEMA**  
6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta  
**License to Kill (PG13)**  
12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10  
No passes or group sales

**Lethal Weapon II (R)**  
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:45, 10  
No passes or group sales

**GOLETA**  
320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta  
**DOUBLE FEATURE**  
**Honey, I Shrank... (PG)**  
1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15  
No passes or group sales

**Tummy Trouble (G)**  
1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15

**FAIRVIEW**  
251 N. Fairview, Goleta  
**Shag (PG)**  
8:30, 10:15  
No passes or group sales  
Separate admission required

**Peter Pan (G)**  
1, 3, 5, 7  
No passes or group sales  
Separate admission required

**Batman (PG13)**  
12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10  
No passes or group sales

**SANTA BARBARA TWIN DRIVE-IN**  
**DOUBLE FEATURES**  
**Indiana Jones... (PG13)**  
9: No passes or group sales

**Ghostbusters II (PG)**  
11:15

**Weekend at Bernie's (PG13)**  
9:15 No passes or group sales

**Karate Kid III**  
11:00

All programs, showtimes & restrictions subject to change without notice

**Shows starting Friday, July 28**

**Arlington**  
**Batman (PG13)**  
12, 2:30, 5:05, 7:45, 10:20  
No passes or groups sales

**Granada**  
**Lethal Weapon II (R)**  
12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30  
No passes or groups sales

**At II & III**  
**Turner & Hoock (PG)**  
12:50, 3, 5:15, 7:35, 9:50  
No passes or groups sales

**Plaza de Oro**  
**Dead Poet's Society (PG)**  
2:35, 5:10, 7:50, 10:20  
Sat & Sun also 12  
No passes or groups sales

**Indiana Jones... (PG13)**  
2:30, 5, 7:35, 10:05  
Sat & Sun also 12  
No passes or groups sales

**Fiesta IV**  
**DOUBLE FEATURE**  
**Honey I've Shrank... (PG)**  
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
No passes or groups sales

**Tummy Trouble (G)**  
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
No passes or groups sales

**License to Kill (PG13)**  
12, 2:30, 5, 7:45, 10:30  
No passes or groups sales

**At III & IV**  
**When Harry Met Sally (R)**  
1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 8, 10  
No passes or groups sales

**Friday at Midnite**  
**Rocky Horror Picture Show (R)**

**Riviera**  
**Do the Right Thing (R)**  
2:40, 5, 7:30, 10  
Sat & Sun also 12:20  
No passes or groups sales

**Cinema**  
**License to Kill (PG13)**  
5, 7:30, 10  
No passes or groups sales  
Separate admission required

**Babar the Movie (G)**  
12, 1:45, 3:30  
No passes or groups sales  
Separate admission required

**Lethal Weapon II (R)**  
1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15  
No passes or groups sales

**Fairview**  
**Peter Pan (G)**  
12, 2, 4, 6  
No passes or groups sales  
Separate admission required

**Batman (PG13)**  
7:30, 10  
No passes or groups sales  
Separate admission required

**Friday 13: Part VIII (R)**  
1:30, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 10  
No passes or groups sales

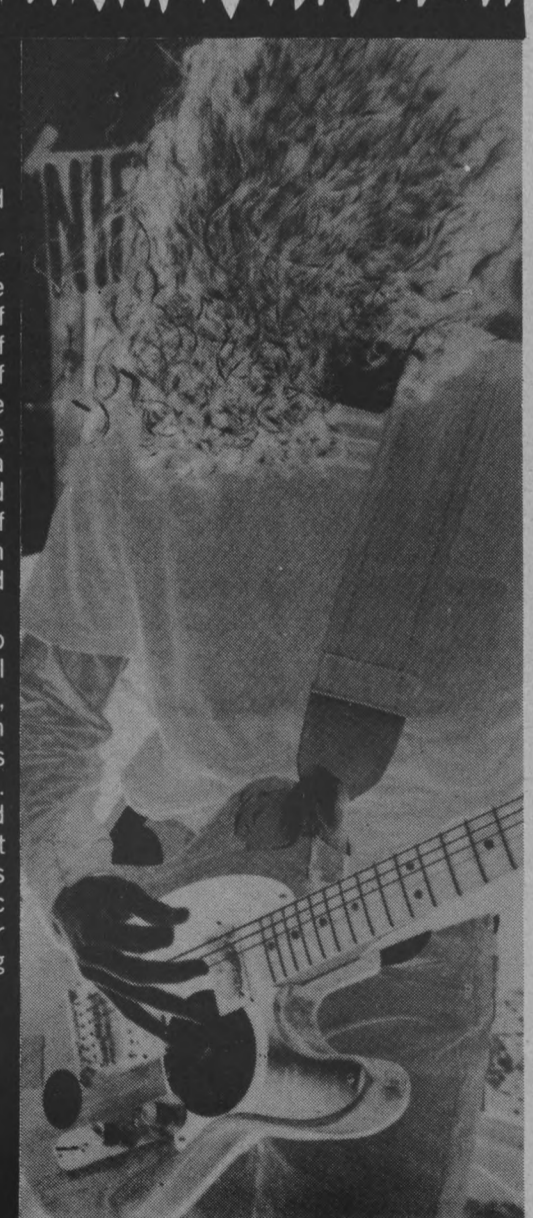
**Goleta**  
**Weekend at Bernie's (PG13)**  
1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45  
No passes or groups sales

**SB Drive-In**  
**DOUBLE FEATURES**  
**UHF (PG13)**  
9, 12:25 am  
No passes or groups sales

**Shag (PG)** 10:45

**Turner & Hoock (PG)**  
9:15, F, S & S also 12:35 am  
No passes or groups sales

**Three Fugitives (PG13)**  
10:55



for its packaging and sound. The black and silver negative image of the band on the cover of *Bleach* leads the theme of this record, some of which come on white vinyl to complete the bleached look. Nirvana can ultimately be called heavy metal for about half of its album and a down home country influenced band for the other. Most of the Subpop bands, plus special guests from other labels, appear on the compilation *Subpop 200* which was recently released on CD. This little ditty is a good example of the different sound innovations stemming from the Pacific Northwest the major labels are scratching their heads about. Other Subpop bands include *Tad*, *The UHF*, *The Walkabouts*, *Low*, and *Nirvana*. They have recently released *and Nirvana's Bleach* specially noteworthy

## THE SONGS

## THE

## NAME



by tony pierce

It's hard to believe, but it's been 10 years since KCSB's favorite band, Led Zeppelin, released *In Through The Out Door*, the band's last true, complete album. After drummer John Bonham's death in 1981, the band broke up and Atlantic Records released *Coda*, a sloppy collection of rejected material left over from their older albums. But for the exception of a drunken Live Aid gig, and an appearance for Atlantic's 25th an-

niversary, Led Zep hasn't played together, let alone record anything as a group.

So since they won't swallow their pride and get a new drummer (or at least use Bonzo's kid), 11 struggling Californian bands hooked up with producer John Baccigaluppi and released *The Song Retains The Name*, new covers of old Zep classics.

It's very cool.

Cooler than Rhino's collection of Bruce

Springsteen songs called *Cover Me*, because where Rhino collected major groups like the Beat Farmers and Manfred Mann, this has been made by guys you *know* stay up late trying to figure out "The Lemon Song."

Making you immediately realize that these are completely new versions of the songs, the album kicks off with a Beastie-like rap assault of "Black Dog" by a group called The Royal Mixers. Those who take this song seriously are missing the boat. The joke is the fact that guys are rapping over crushing metal guitars and yelling "black dawg." Get it? ★★★★★.

Rich Hardesty and The Del Reys bring a little cow-punk to "Living Loving Maid" which gives one visions of what The King might sound like filling Robert Plant's curly locks. B plus.

"Good Times, Bad Times" by the Dali Lamas reminds you that it's a lot

easier to copy music than vocals. Like most of the other bands on this compilation, this song epitomizes the mastery garage guitarists have copying (arguably) rock's greatest guitar hero; meanwhile the vocals suck in comparison. 94.

The Earwigs add horns and completely change the arrangement of "Four Sticks." To add to this confusion, the singer thinks he's on a Doors record. toss-up.

The "Immigrant Song" has never been the same since Dark Angel thrashed it earlier this year on their own record; however, Headface does a damn good job, themselves. Better yet is the fact that the singer sounds like Ozzy. Thumbs up.

It could have been really easy to screw up "In The Evening" with its "oh oh, I need your love"s and Twice Shy kills itself in many ways on this track, including a lame three second

harmonica solo in the middle of the song. On the Franklin Scale of 1 to 10, 10 being best, I give it a 2.

One of the best songs on this 41 minute offering from Mad Rover Records is I Love Ethyl's Neil Young-esqe version of "No Quarter." Where they lack in originality, these boys make up in note for note perfection of drums and guitars. But because you can never be exactly perfect, Ethyl's cover sorta turns into its own song. Four Quarters. Helen Keller Plaid gives the best guitar performance and the vocal production is really nifty too on "What Is and What Should Never Be." It's just like how mom used to sing it to you when you were falling asleep. AAA.

The Tent Poles reminds us of Zep's heavy blues influence with a Honky-Tonk Woman-like version of "Rock and Roll." They finish up the record with great harmonica, per-

cussion, and acoustic guitar.

There aren't any "Stairway to Heaven" covers on this particular hunk of wax, which adds just that much credibility to this pretty good record that encourages young folks to ramble on.

DREAD  
ZEPPELIN

If this record wasn't enough Zep covers, there's a new single out on Birdcage Records (p.o. box 784, Sierra Madre CA, 91024) by a group that calls themselves **Dread Zeppelin**. In a quasi-reagae attempt to poke fun/celebrate the music of John, Rob, Jimmy, and Bonzo these boys have released a clear vinyl single of "The Immigrant Song" with B-side "Hey Hey What Can I Do." It's very accessible and pretty funny and much more cleaned up than "The Song Retains..."

## TOM JONES' SATISFIED SLOPPY WET KISS

by joel brand

Imagine Michael Jackson, Rick James and your dad just kickin' it in a recording studio and that's what *Move Closer*, the new album from Tom Jones, sounds like. The album is a compilation of cover songs from Prince's "Kiss" to the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction," with a little Billy Vera and the Beaters thrown in. These songs might be appealing, but the stuff in-between is iffy.

Soul fans will be glad to hear the heavy bass that was lacking in Devo's version of "Satisfaction," but after Jones' producers got a hold of this new version, it's hard to believe that even Mick Jagger wouldn't even recognize his own song on this album. Not that Mick remembers much, but the music is cleaned up, toned down and has had guitar riffs added that your parents could snap their fingers to.

I wonder how Keith feels about his reworked guitar riffs.

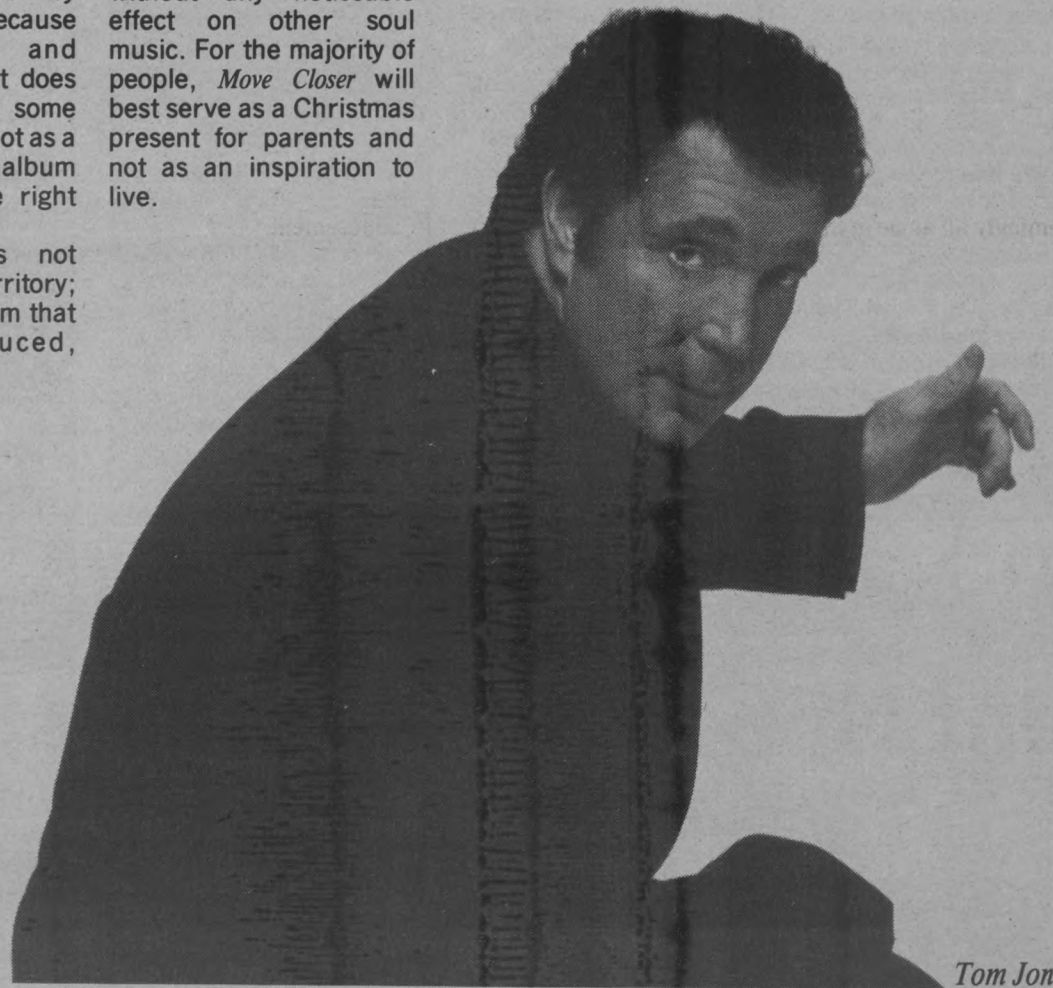
The strength of this record is that it is good soul; the weakness of this record is its cheesiness. The idea of a musical compilation as diverse as this in the style it is presented, has no other choice but to come across as an upgraded K-Tel record for the fortysomething gang. To add to the weirdness of the production of this record by this onetime seventies sex object, the album even came out on the hip "Jive" record label, a record company that works with such non-K-Tel type bands as Schooley D, Kool Moe D and Samantha Fox.

Despite doubts about the album's creativity, it does have commercial potential. There are people who will enjoy this album, and for that reason I did not simply ignore it and review something else. This

album will probably be largely overlooked by those under 40 because of its format and presentation, but it does have a place in some record collections not as a lead album, but an album to listen to in the right mood.

This record is not treading new territory; it's the type of album that will be produced,

distributed and sold without any noticeable effect on other soul music. For the majority of people, *Move Closer* will best serve as a Christmas present for parents and not as an inspiration to live.



Tom Jones

## GALLERY G (CONT.)



Erik Weisenberger and his painting "Fashion Arrest." Erik will be attending Parsons School of Art in Paris in the fall.

blackened wall. In his other brightly colored pieces, these forms look more like DNA strands, performing a dance of life.

Brian Cabot paints palm fronds to look like primitive deepsea fish. He combines them with cow, horse and bird bones to create an object that looks like nothing that could have come from our culture. His works, rather, look like they were unearthed from the remains of a lost civilization. His seemingly simple work, "Cow Fish" is actually a complex creature which suggests transmutation, tying together the earth, sea and sky realms.

Erik Weisenberger's small paintings are products of technical genius in their composition and color. They also hit you on a gut level with their pointed social comments as in "Ogglers of Babylon" which is a play on Santa Barbara and its obsession with beauty, as well as an illustration of materialism as the downfall of man.

Although their styles couldn't be further apart, there is a feeling that grows as you look at this show, that this is a family of artists with a similar frame of reference. What unites their work is their individual investigations of myth behind everyday existence, and their

developing approaches to art as a ritual act.

Gallery G is a much needed alternative to the academic and commercial art scene in Santa Barbara. Unfortunately Barany and Weisenberger are both moving — so catch this show before it comes down — you may not have a chance to see their work again, and if you show your support, maybe the rest of them will stick around. This show is running until these artists' new works overrun it. For information and directions, call Gallery G at 966-7439. Their next show is scheduled for some time in October. Watch this space.