

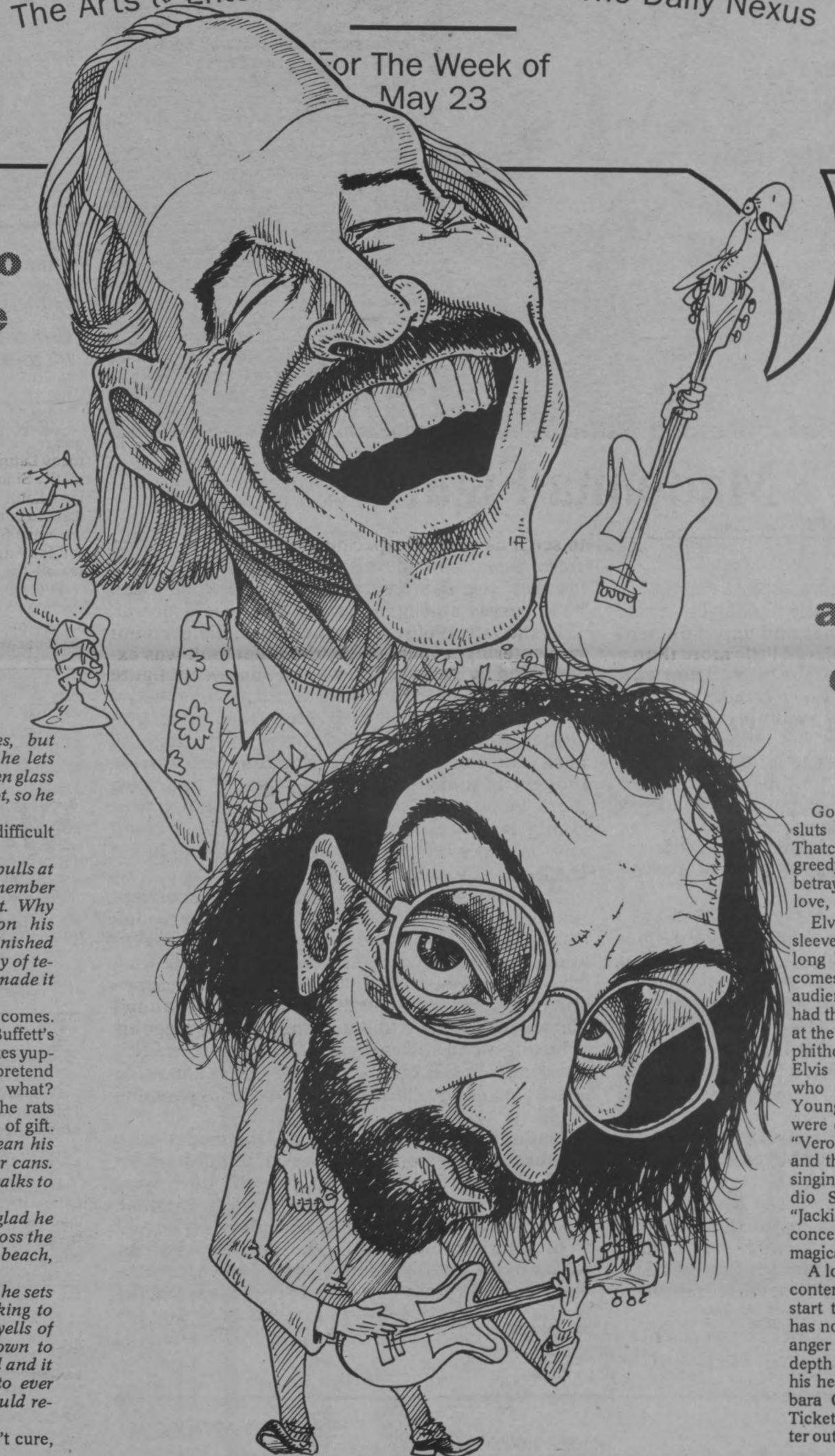
As much as we love all the money and all the women, the real pay-off of all this success is being on the last cover of ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of
May 23

Elvis and so
Digs do we
Jimmy



Jimmy
and so
do we **Digs**
Elvis

The sunlight stings his eyes, but warms the rest of his body, so he lets them suffer. There is a lot of broken glass in his courtyard and he is barefoot, so he walks back into his house.

The Buffett philosophy is not a difficult one to understand.

Looking down at his futon, he pulls at his lip and smiles, trying to remember what happened on it last night. Why was there banana pudding on his sheets? He thinks of his newly finished relationship, and how a Saturday of tequila, beer and meaningless sex made it seem a thousand miles away.

Life is. You have to take it as it comes. Many have said that Jimmy Buffett's music is a lot of hick junk that makes yuppies put on Hawaiian shirts and pretend like they have no ambition. So what? Anyone that can actually stop the rats from racing must have some kind of gift.

He makes a weak effort to clean his apartment, picking up three beer cans. Instead, he grabs his towel and walks to the beach.

The sun is now hot and he is glad he has his flip-flops on, walking across the blacktop. Few people are at the beach, yet.

He is asleep almost as soon as he sets his sore body on the towel. Waking to the sound of the ocean and the yells of enraptured surfers, he walks down to the ocean. It is too cold and good and it attacks his senses. If he were to ever forget that he was alive, this would remind him.

Anything that a margarita won't cure, the ocean will.

God damn that Alison, and all the other sluts like her. God damn that Maggie Thatcher and all the other coldhearted, greedy swine. God damn poverty, inequity, betrayal and dishonesty. Thank god for love, friends and rock-n-roll.

Elvis Costello wears his heart on his sleeve like a prize fighter's trophy from a long bar brawl with life. Nothing even comes close to his ability to captivate an audience when he is really on fire. Last fall I had the good fortune to see Elvis go all out at the Bridge Benefit at the Shoreline Amphitheater. Completely acoustic and solo, Elvis held an audience of 20,000 people, who probably really came to see Neil Young, absolutely spellbound. People were crying all around when he fired off "Veronica," a song about his grandmother, and the entire audience was dancing and singing along when he turned his song "Radio Sweetheart" into Van Morrison's "Jackie Wilson Said" and back again. In concert he is a man possessed, and it is magical to watch.

A lot of songwriters let age, success and contentment get the better of them, and start turning out complacent crap. Elvis has not. If anything, age has tempered his anger and discontent, giving it a richer depth and perspective. He will be bringing his heart and his sleeve to the Santa Barbara County Bowl Saturday night at 7. Tickets are still available at all Ticket Master outlets and the County Bowl box office.

— Andrew Rice

Please see BUFFETT, p.3A

TODD FRANCIS/Daily Nexus

Please see accompanying review, p.3A

POTLUCKY

6A

COFFEE TALK

GOODBYE

THIS RAG IS DONE, AND WE'RE HEADING OUT, SO LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS

ART: A KINDER, GENTLER MFA REVIEW

7A

INTERMISSION **INTERMISSION** **ADMIT ONE**

starring...

Brian Banks	Doug Arellenes	Denis Faye
Dan Jeffers	Karen Peabody	and
Ali Shraim	Cindy Kemacorn	Andrew Rice
Todd Francis	David Rosen	are blowing this
Dyan Calligan	Walter Trego	cheese stand
Marc Brown	Os Tyler	

SCENE ONE
A Calendar of Upcoming Events



**HEY GUESS WHAT?
THERE ARE 6 MORE
ADVERTISING DAYS
LEFT BEFORE THE END
OF THE YEAR—
SHOCKING ISN'T IT?**

All good things must come to an end and yes, it is time for *Intermission* to bid you adieu. This is the official last-ever edition of *Intermission* as next year's arts editors have decided to change the name back to *Arts Weak*, or something like that, in order to cast off the stigma of being associated in any way with Denis Faye and Andrew Rice, those filthy degenerate scum. Needless to say, the resale price of a complete set of *Intermissions* is expected to skyrocket like the price of a Ferrari the day after Enzo died. We would like to thank all of you out there who loved and hated us for all your love and hate, and a big wet kiss on the lips to all of you, especially the Women's Center women, who we know have deeply rooted fantasies of going to the drive-in theatre with the Video Guy. ...

□ **Moose-ick:** Bob from the A.S. Program Board has been losing sleep and bugging us incessantly trying to make sure that you know that the Brothers Figaro will be playing the afternoon of May 29 in The Pub. They are two guys from L.A. who have made up a really lousy bunch of hype about how they are brothers who were separated at birth in Sicily and later reunited. Despite their lame attempt at novelty, musically they are truly excellent. Their gypsy/folk sound is really neat and people say they really jam in concert. It is free and you can't beat that with a stick. Now light up a fatty,

put on the Allman Brothers and relax Bob. ... **More classically speaking**, violinist Ronald Copes will perform Friday May 24 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. Tickets are only available at the door and cost \$8 for Generals and \$5 for people of lesser rank. ... **The Leslie Spit Treeo**, some kooky guys from Canada, will be at Carnival on the 29th. They are supposed to be a 10,000 Maniacs kinda group.

□ **The Ate Her:** Ellen Anderson's "Liz Istrata" plays May 23-25 and May 30-June 1. It is very sexual and very good.

□ **Sin-a-manla:** *Eating* is a movie about women's obsession with eating and will premiere Sunday at 1 at the Vic Street Theatre. The director and star actress will be there and there will be a dessert served afterward — no kidding.

□ **Graffiti on the Mission Steps:** The end of May once more summons up that wonderful time when people paint Italian street art all over the ground in front of the mission. Last year's paintings varied from really great to insipid cliches. Either way, it's really fun to watch the artists at work and it's cheaper than flying to Rome.

Lastly, *Intermission* would like to welcome the new director of the University Art Museum, Dr. Marla Berns. Good luck and best wishes. ...

As our good friend Porky Pig likes to say, "Aba dee, Abe dee — ... That's all folks!"

On The Grad Again

Doors and windows will be rocked, and the last vestiges of I.V.'s now defunct Graduate night club excoriated, from the newly established Anaconda Theatre tonight, as the virgin club hosts a christening, four-band rock-and-roll show. Along with three of Isla Vista's most potent rock ensembles, the event will feature Voodoo Love, an L.A. band boasting members of The Untouchables and a largely hard-rock sound. Described as a fusion of "Janes Addiction and some

other band that rocks that hard," Voodoo Love offers listeners a scathing musical attack, according to Anaconda managers. And while Voodoo Love may be the only band at the show with a following outside the Santa Barbara area, the three I.V. groups Garden Party, Rogue Cheddar and Glitterbug will also give locals something to scream about, Anaconda entertainment manager Keith Brown said, calling the event "a small *extravaganza* of local talent."

Featuring the sweet and powerful vocal stylings of UCSB's Kelly Green, the hard-edged pop sound of Garden Party will lead off tonight's rock procession, followed by the Pixiesesque power trio Rogue Cheddar and then the newly reformed and ever-glitz gang of make-up clad glam rockers — Glitterbug.

Amps begin feeding back at 8 p.m. See you in the slam-pit.

— Dylan Callaghan


SENIOR COMEDY NIGHT

As Master of Ceremonies, the star of the television hit show *Growing Pains*:
Alan Thicke

introducing L.A. Comedy Club's top five young comedians at Campbell Hall

Stop joking around and buy your ticket to Comedy Night.

Tickets on sale in the A.S. Ticket Office

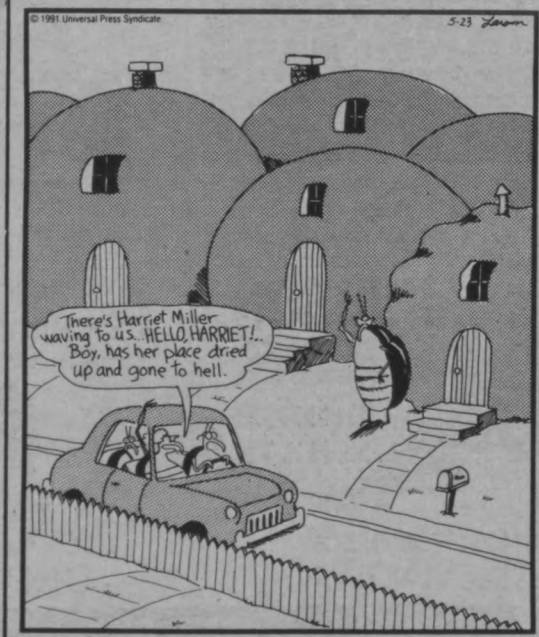


**NOTE THE DATE CHANGE!!!
Tuesday, May 28th
NOT May 30th**

WOODSTOCK'S PIZZA

presents... with this ad **\$1**

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



Dung beetle neighborhoods

**O*E
F*E
F*E
A*Y
N*Y
P*I
Z*Z
A**

Pot Lucky

Barmaid, Bring A Pitcher, Another Round Of Brew



Buffett: Tequila & Rum

Continued from p.1A

He swims until he can't feel his toes, lets his body dry in the sun and heads home. At his apartment, he eats a grapefruit. This, and the ocean have cleaned his soul out. Life is good.

He goes to his stereo, music would be nice right now. The perfect record calls to him from his collection.

Jimmy Buffet, A1A.

The music fills his currently cleaned-out soul, he likes that.

He sits on his couch, sips a beer and listens to some old singer from Key West tell him both their life stories.

The world is a great big amusement park. If you ride one ride too long, you'll get sick. Ride all the rides you can, see all the world you can. Don't think about who and what you left. Look forward to who and what you will meet.

Margaritaville.

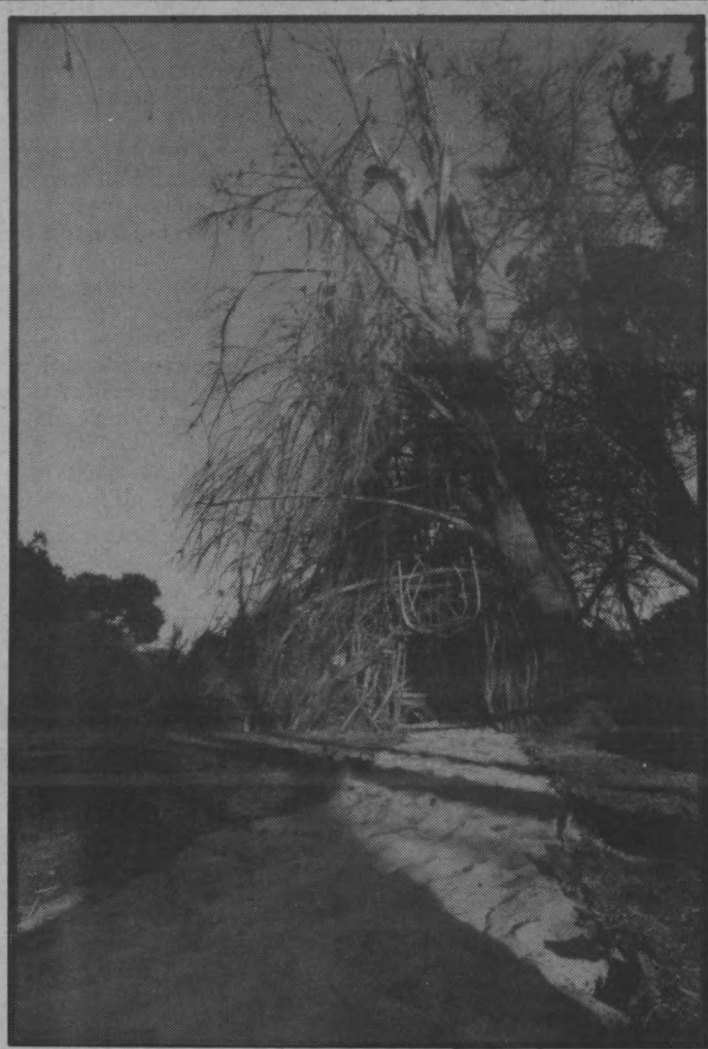
California Promises.

One Particular Harbor.

Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw.

Jimmy Buffett will be playing the Santa Barbara County Bowl on Friday Night, May 24. Contrary to what you have been told, tickets are not sold out. Call Ticket Master at 583-8700 for ticket info.

— Denis Faye



Art Work At Sands Beach by Eric Marshal:

part of an Art Studio lower division project, this is a shelter designed with branches.

photos by David Rosen



Mighty Like A Rose

Elvis Costello
Warner Bros.

Elvis is King! Unfortunately, his new album is a little too overwhelmed with royal pomp and circumstance to be really good listening.

For some reason Elvis, one of the most soulful guys to ever write a song, smothers the beauty of his incredible lyrical ability with arrangements which can be downright dizzying. It sometimes sounds as if Elvis wanted to put as many disparate sounds as possible into one song in order to leave the listener with the feeling that he has a carnival midway stuck in the disk player with the new album.

Lyrical, Elvis is as clever and sharp as ever. Even though he's rich, famous and happily married (we hope), he's still pissed off at all the women who have ever fucked him over, all the friends he's been betrayed by and, as he once said, "all the people who are trying to turn this world into a living hell." In addition to lacerating multiple victims with his razor sharp wit, Elvis can write a damn fine love song. By far, the best song on *Mighty Like a Rose* is "Couldn't Call It Unexpected No.4," which is dedicated to his lovely wife Cait.

Elvis paints masterpieces with his words. Hopefully, he will stop hanging them in rococo frames and let the words speak for themselves.

— Andrew Rice

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Saturday, May 25 — 7, 9:30 & Midnight
Sunday, May 26 — 4 & 7:15 pm
Monday, May 27 — 7 & 9:30 pm
Tuesday, May 28 — 7 & 9:30 pm
Wednesday, May 29 — 7 & 9:30 pm
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FOR INFORMATION,



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THE King of Funny PRESENTS:
A Few of Our Top Directors

This Week's Installment:
Pros & Cons



Kevin Costner
(*Dances With Wolves*)

PRO: Popular icon with lots of Oscars.
CON: On every magazine cover from *Boy's Life* to *Guns & Ammo*



Francis Ford Coppola (*The Godfather Trilogy*)

PRO: Has enough clout to get 3-hour epic running times from studios.
CON: Stretches 2-hour films into 3-hour epics.



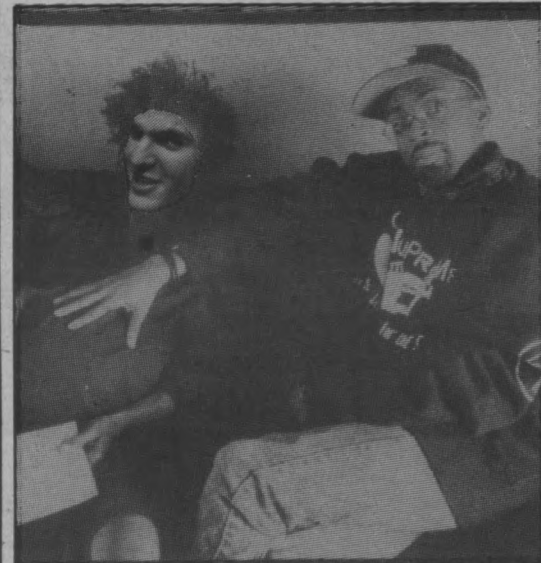
Woody Allen (*Annie Hall, Hannah and Her Sisters*)

PRO: Respected writer, director, actor.
CON: Always plays a neurotic shmoo whose goal in life is to make it with Mia Farrow.



Oliver Stone (*Platoon, The Doors*)

PRO: Makes important movies that earn money.
CON: Will probably film anti-Gulf War movie and get blacklisted.



Spike Lee (*Do the Right Thing, Mo' Better Blues*)

PRO: Young, angry filmmaker with lots to say.
CON: Studios hate young, angry filmmakers with lots to say.



David Lynch (*Blue Velvet, Wild at Heart*)

PRO: Bizarre visionary with a love for midgets.
CON: Could move in next door to you.



Clint Eastwood (*Bird, White Hunter, Black Heart*)

PRO: Wants new persona as eloquent filmmaker.
CON: Made more money with *Bronco Billy*.



Robert Townsend (*Hollywood Shuffle, The Five Heartbeats*)

PRO: Rising funnyman with courtside Laker seats.
CON: Often confused with Arsenio Hall.



Tim Burton (*Batman, Edward Scissorhands*)

PRO: Visualist whose film heroes inspire dolls, lunch boxes, etc.
CON: Scissorhand condoms didn't sell well.

Critics all over the world are constantly saying the French do it better and cheaper. After a visit with nine of this country's best, however, I can assure you that filmmaking in the U.S. of A. has never been stronger. What other country has the NC-17 rating? Budgets are bigger, running times are shorter, and the future is as bright as the good ol' red, white, and blue.

- Brian Banks

THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER

"I'm a Glant Cockroach!" Says Man
Prague Dung Beetle Terrorizes Family

Travelling salesman Gregor Samsa woke up late one morning to find that he had not only missed his train—he was now a giant bug! His family is more than a little surprised at the change, seeing their son has become a giant cockroach. "We are trying to maintain a normal life," says Mrs. Samsa, the victims mother, adding that "we're keeping his room exactly how it has always been." Sister Greta Samsa is not so pleased with her brother's change—"He never leaves his room any more...and he stinks!" Brother Gregor seems unfazed by the Metamorphosis, he says only that he is unfortunately not able to continue his previous position at the firm, and that, "I now enjoy rotting food in a way I never did before..."

The Santa Barbara premiere of Ivo Dvorak's cinematic interpretation of Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* takes place tonight in Campbell Hall at 8:00 pm.



Let's smoke that roach! Gregor Samsa relaxes at home with sis Greta

KAREN PEABODY/Daily News



We're Leaving, Learn to Rate Your Own!

BYE!

Most of you read our reviews for the plitty commentary, the insightful analysis, the reliable and consistent opinions. Some of you admit it now—just adopt our opinions as your own in the heated conversations that surround many movies nowadays.

Well, we're hitting the road soon—going to Toronto and Denver and D.C. and, God knows, maybe Kuwait or Jordan. And you are stuck. (If you just switch cars and quote the video guy, people might catch on.) You might even have to think for yourselves.

Fortunately, we're going to tell you how. Stick it out, plant your feet firmly on the ground, shoulder-width, and give that movie an up or down with the old thumbs. Yes or no. Either/or. No stupid numbers.

Here's how.

— Dan Jeffers and All Shraim

You can safely lean back, look superior, and say "It's a bit over-rated" if the movie:

- makes more money than the UC budget.
- stars any of the "Brat-pack."
- has too much sex, too much violence, or too much dialog.
- wins any academy award but doesn't advance the viewpoint of any previously oppressed group.

...ers Sly Stallone, Chuck Norris, or Brian Bowerth.

Thumbs Down!

You can stick your thumb into the middle of a conversation and say "I loved that movie!" if:

- you've seen other films by the same director, and no one else has.
- the movie has too much sex, too much violence, or too much dialog.
- the movie appears to have no ending, but was filmed in black and white.

Thumbs Up!

Finger Up!

Some movies are more than just bad—they contribute to the decay of our civilization. You should stand up and say "That really sucked!" when:

- there is too much sex, violence, or dialog.
- major religious figures, such as Brian, are denigrated.
- any character says "Denigrated."
- Video Guy gave it a good review.

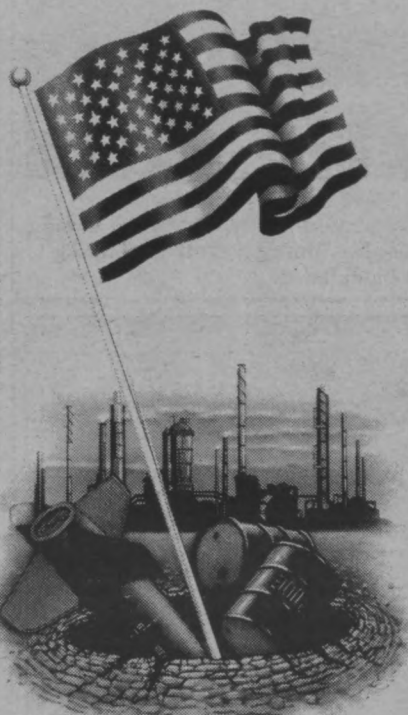
"The Hardest,
 Liberal,
 Vegetarian,
 Pro-choice,
 Lesbian and Gay
 Supporting
 Mother Fuckers...

from
 S a n F r a
PATRIARCHAL



DEATH-MACHINE

CONSOLIDATED
friendly fascism

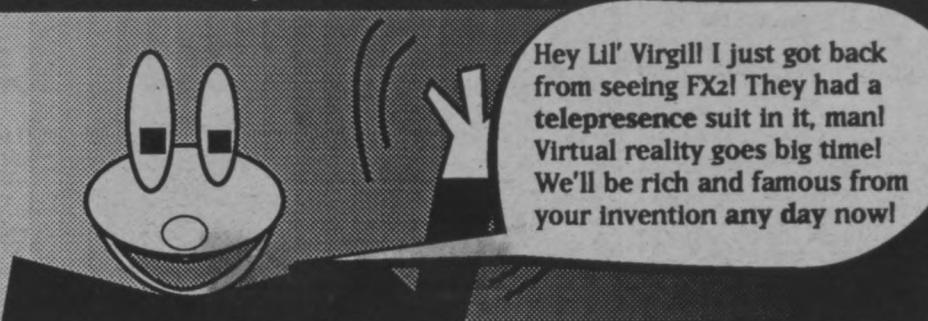


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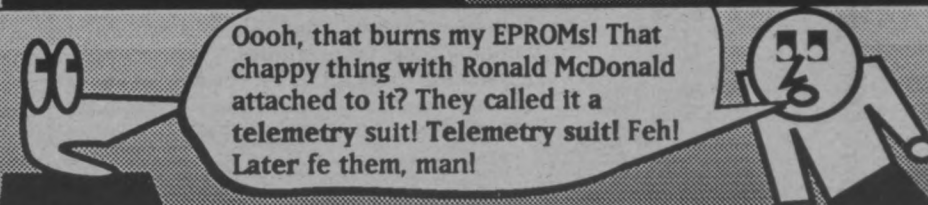
FRIENDLY
 FASCISM
 music with a
 message
 for the people
 buy this, live long
 and always prosper
 peace to ucsb
 -mc brown

Lil Virgil Reality
 by Doug Arellanes

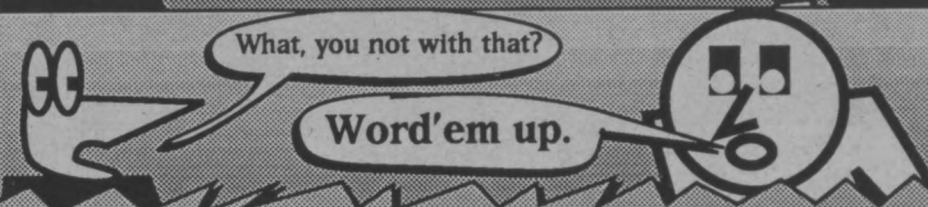
Another ho-hum day at the Casa de Fiesta apartments...



Hey Lil' Virgil! I just got back from seeing FX2! They had a telepresence suit in it, man! Virtual reality goes big time! We'll be rich and famous from your invention any day now!



Oooh, that burns my EPROMs! That chappy thing with Ronald McDonald attached to it? They called it a telemetry suit! Telemetry suit! Feh! Later fe them, man!



What, you not with that?

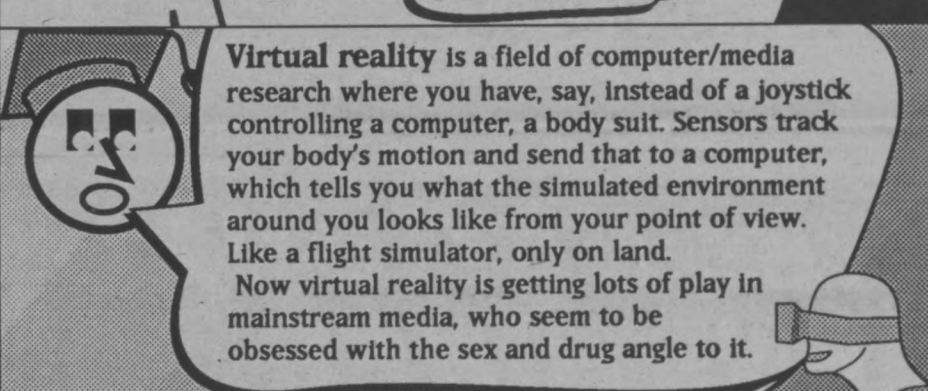
Word'em up.

Hold up! Hold up! Hold up! **Rewind!**



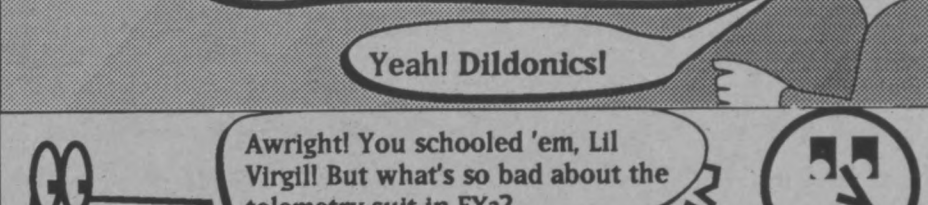
This is the part where we school the uninitiated to what's going on.

I'm with that.



Virtual reality is a field of computer/media research where you have, say, instead of a joystick controlling a computer, a body suit. Sensors track your body's motion and send that to a computer, which tells you what the simulated environment around you looks like from your point of view. Like a flight simulator, only on land. Now virtual reality is getting lots of play in mainstream media, who seem to be obsessed with the sex and drug angle to it.

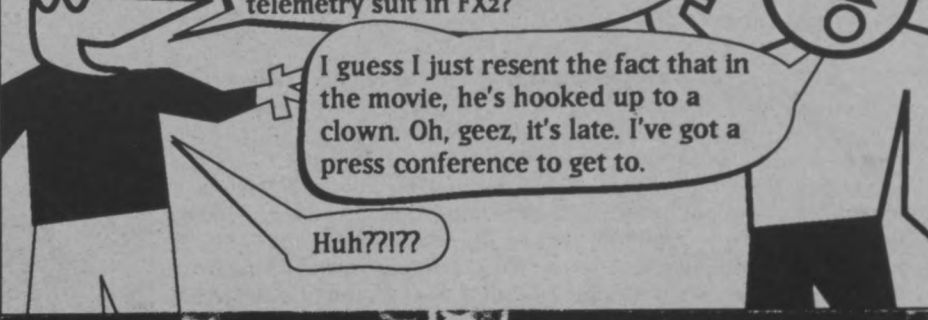
Yeah! Dildonics!



Awright! You schooled 'em, Lil Virgil! But what's so bad about the telemetry suit in FX2?

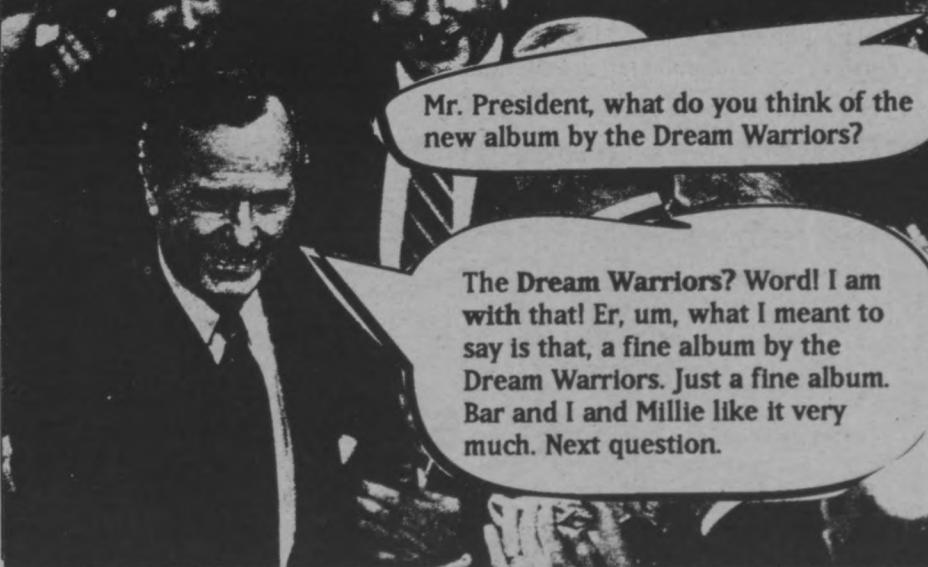
I guess I just resent the fact that in the movie, he's hooked up to a clown. Oh, geez, it's late. I've got a press conference to get to.

Huh??!



Mr. President, what do you think of the new album by the Dream Warriors?

The Dream Warriors? Word! I am with that! Er, um, what I meant to say is that, a fine album by the Dream Warriors. Just a fine album. Bar and I and Millie like it very much. Next question.



MORAL:

Check out FX2 and the Dream Warriors record, sillies!

But what about the President?

Audio-animatronics made this country what it is, baybee.

The Video Guy presents ...

Marc BROWNROOM

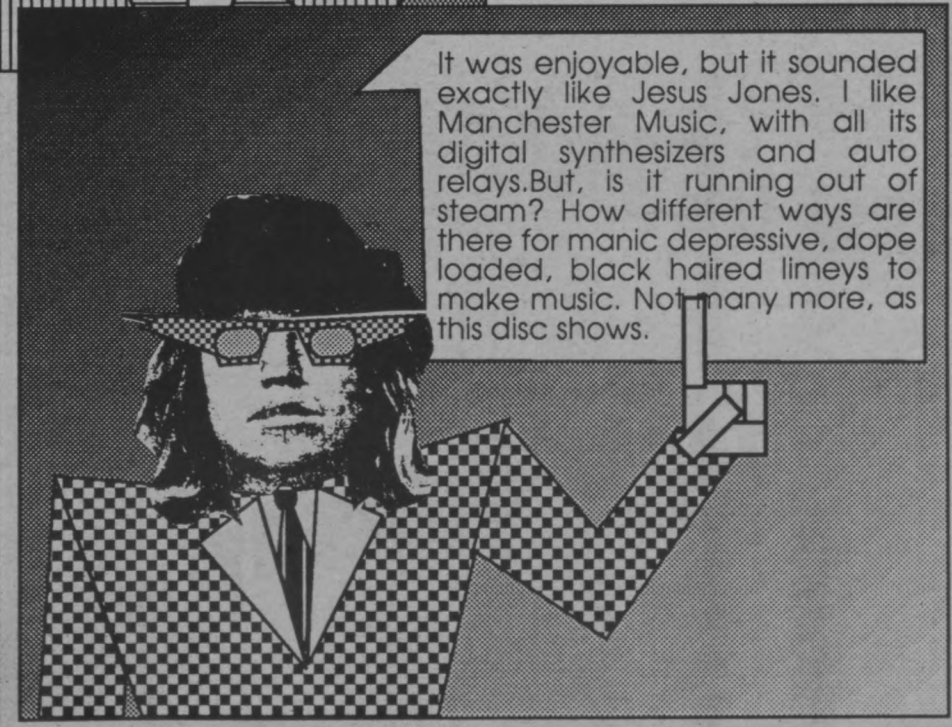
not the actual Marc Brown, but a computer facsimile of the man, with an eerie, cyberpunk sense of humor. this is pretty creepy, right?

Hello, Mar-Mar-Marc Brownroooooom and I'm going to review a dis-dis ... Compact Disc

The new album by EMF isn't that great.



It was enjoyable, but it sounded exactly like Jesus Jones. I like Manchester Music, with all its digital synthesizers and auto relays. But, is it running out of steam? How different ways are there for manic depressive, dope loaded, black haired limeys to make music. Not many more, as this disc shows.



Pot Lucky

All You Need Is Coffee



A Disillusioned Youth Looking For ...

The New Church

American Youth is hemorrhaging Faith. It gushes unchecked as if sustained by a national hemophilia.

The customary treatments have failed. The panacea Family, like the doctor's leech, has only spread disease, while that sopping rag Religion is saturated and, stripped of astringency, has been cast into the gutter of derision. And the State, the mighty State, has lost all styptic power as our fathers hold on high-dundering schwarzkopfs.

Hope, frail and weary, cowers in the corner before a towering wraith who is the embodiment, the incarnation, of a thousand atrocities committed daily in this Land of the Free. The plausibility of reparation or the chance for comprehensive change is slight.

Thus, the faithless cower, too. Cower, and wait: observing, learning, doing what they can to nurse their wounds

and console their dreams. And they congregate, to share those precious few drops of faith in a clean well-lit place.

Not in hallowed vaulted halls bathed in crimson, stained-glass light, where men in black garb purport to commune with some esoteric savior who offers redemption from such vagaries as Original Sin. No, these disillusioned souls seek salvation in dim, wooden, low-ceilinged rooms where the sibilance of the espresso steamer replaces pipe organs or angelic choirs, where communion is a black, bitter caffeinated liquid, not a red, pungent alcohol.


The coffee house is a harbor for the homeless, a refuge for recluses and a temple for the faithless, who share an

amorphous spiralling angst which yearns for some truth in Romanticism and seeks salvation from tangible sins committed by Americans content to ingest advertising slogans, to conform to the tenets of ninetofive, and to lay supine, legs akimbo, as the popularly elected government removes its genitalia.

The only hope for a resurrection of faith in America lies in the possibility that the hypocrite American Justice can be slain, that the gun-wielding megalomaniacal harlequins in blue will be rehabilitated or educated, that television can be destroyed faster than they are created, and that Liberty's slow suicide, citizen apathy, can be overcome.

For those who seek solace in coffee houses: social outcasts, misfits, punks, doomsayers, anarchists, agnostics, rebels or simple incompetents unable to function in a rational, just society, there will come a time for fight or flight. And it is my estimation that before American Youth can receive a transfusion of faith, it must leave the land of Homage to Bureaucracy and seek hope within other borders.

— Os Tyler



LIZ ISTRATA

BY ELLEN ANDERSON
Freely Adapted from
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MAY 23 - 25
MAY 30 - JUNE 1
Main Theatre 8:00 PM

GENERAL ADMISSION \$7.00
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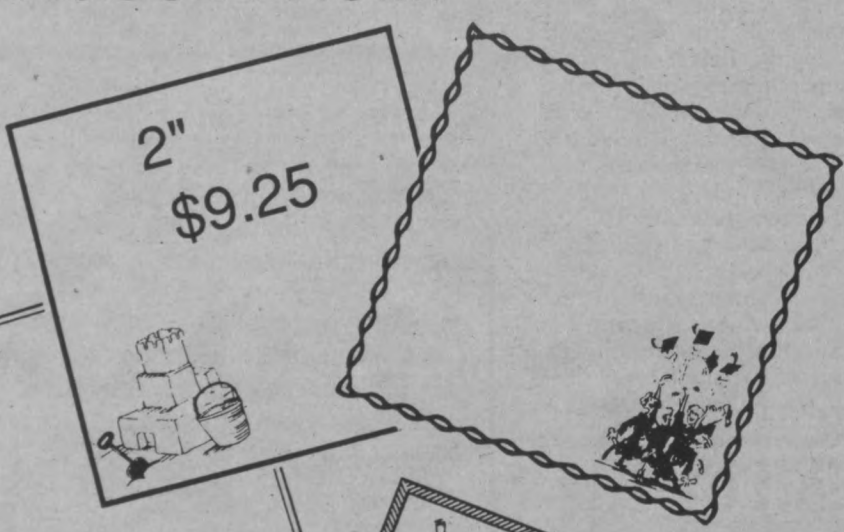
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LET'S DO LUNCH...

See You in September...

YOU'RE GREAT...

SO LONG...

Happy Birthday!...

Ads appear in our **Very** Last issue June 10.
Deadline is June 6, 3:00 pm.
Nexus Ad Office--under Storke Tower

Art

There Is Something To Be Said For Butt Kissing

MFA 2: The New Generation

This Time Seems To Be A Bit Of An Improvement

It was a perfect night for an opening reception. The winds were blowing, the sun was going down, and sharply dressed people were finding their way to the University Art Museum for the second part of the Masters of Fine Art exhibit to open the works of graduate students to the public. The museum was divided into six rooms, each dedicated to a certain artist. Every room was completely different from the next, so the journey from one to the other was always a refreshing change.

The first collection of works was done by Luc A. Fiedler, and consisted of mostly sculptures created out of brass and iron. These sculptures were set up in the entry room, which seemed insufficient for adequate exposure of the works. The sculptures were definitely worth seeing — I just hope the other viewers got to see as much as I did without having to dodge around each other.

The next room was filled with the works of Jon Basekne. This consisted of three walls filled with different variations of old photographs. One wall was a series of tiny portraits within large metal frames that were accompanied by other photographs or words which correlated to the portraits. Another wall was covered with postcards "as an ongoing project ... in reaction to social and political events," as his blurb next to the display stated. He went on to explain that his art-by-mail was "intended to elicit an immediate response from the person receiving it ... (that response being a result of) the object and the circumstances by which they have received it." His third section was the most interesting of the three. It consisted of old, enlarged photographs superimposed over a single word to create a 3-D effect. There was a photograph of a group of young women, one of whom had a hole cut out of her body so the word "HOPE" could be seen through it. There were others like this — equally thought-provoking and definitely commendable.

Mimi LaPlant's portion of the show was filled with rich, red colors on enormous canvases. The paintings had a common theme, though I'm not sure if my personal interpretation coincided with hers. Her work entitled "Power Bundles" was the most original of her exhibit, not because it was the most easily differentiated from the rest, but because on close inspection one discovers that she had created the work out of materials she had found. Everything she had used was something many or all of us have found at one time or another. There were hanger pieces, softballs and the head of a Batman doll.

Candace Heidenrich's section was also permeated with

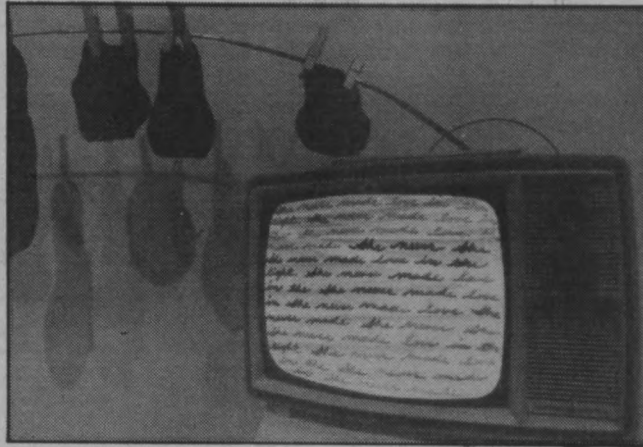
unexpected raw materials. My favorite was a piece created out of a black telephone cord draped across the wall with clothespins attached. From selected clothespins hung paired socks bundled up to resemble black light bulbs. At one edge, the telephone receiver rested on a black wooden chair, while on the other end, a TV on a pedestal flashed the written words "she never made love in the light." Don't ask what it means, but have fun trying to figure it out.

Susan Southwick's room had a much more calming effect. Her emphasis on colors and the way they contrasted with one another was apparent in what were the most softly drawn paintings I've ever seen. The colors Ms. Southwick used exuded a calm, languid feeling in all of her paintings. Each painting was accompanied with materials emphasizing the title of that painting. One example would be the work entitled, "Purity" — which was partially encased in a protective covering. In talking with Ms. Southwick, she explained that her paintings had "levels of symbolism" — to suggest that upon closer scrutiny, the viewer may discover new or deeper meanings than the one he or she had previously seen in the work.

The last room was dominated by a representation of a nude woman curled up on her knees in an exaggerated fetal position done by Sky Bergman. The picture was done in overlapping sections and completely filled the wall. The only other thing in the room was a medium-sized black frame on the opposite wall, inside of which was set a miniature picture of a woman. The result was a strange realization of an artist's control over perspective.

The exhibit as a whole was a tremendous success. As I wandered around I overheard someone describe the show as "the best compilation of works I've seen in two years." Each artist was available in his or her respective room to talk or answer questions and, although the artists won't be waiting by their exhibits for questioning for the duration of the show, it is still worthwhile to see their art.

— Cindy Kemakorn



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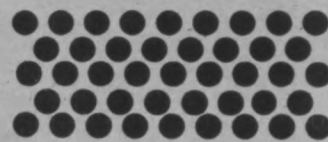
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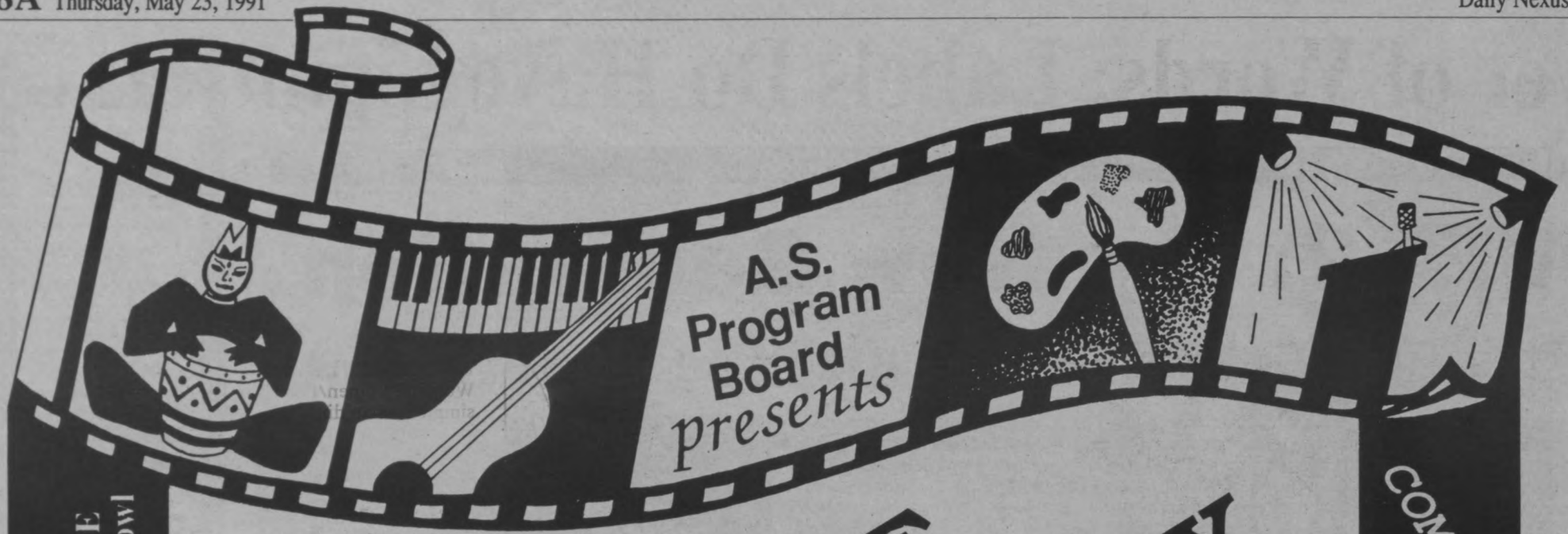
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