

All these college writers sure like to kiss my behind. All these college writers, except the ones who write for ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of
April 4



TODD FRANCIS/Daily Nexus

Simply A

Guy Simple Mind's Jim Kerr Doesn't Need His Bootie Smooched

"There wasn't a singer for the band (Simple Minds) until one night when I got drunk and ... Actually, we are still looking for a singer."

One would probably expect things much more pretentious to come from the mouth of Jim Kerr, the supposed lead singer of the United Kingdom's provincial political band, Simple Minds. His environment nurtures such arrogance. Yet, this is really not the case. Well, maybe a little, but how can one not be a little pretentious when one tours for Amnesty International with the likes of U2, the folks who claim along with Vanilla Ice and Milli Vanilli to be bigger than The Beatles?

Because he is not a cocky bastard like many of his contemporaries, his true appeal was wasted at recent college Q&A session in L.A., where he was promoting the band's new album, *Real Life*. The reporters seemed a lot more like groupies, trying to jerk off a big time star. While the juvenile journalists dropped to their knees, drooling all over his long Scottish argot, licking up his tales of life on the road and swallowing the load he had to say about Amnesty International, it was much more interesting when he broke from their starry-eyed bobbing and talked about real life.

In these brief instances, he spoke of beer. While at home, it's Guinness, but in the United States, he drinks Corona. ("That's why I'm here ... oh, and then there's that album stuff.")

He spoke of artists he wished he could jam with.

"Probably James Brown ... and Bob Mar-

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POT LUCKY

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VIDEO GUY EATS HIS MEAT

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KING OF FUNNY CRITICIZES TV CRITICS

CINEMA: THE INTERMISSION FILM FEST WRAP-UP

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Carter Brey of Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival

Do You Know the Way to Santa Fe?

“World-class, the best, alpha and omega”

Is it possible for a classical music group to be described as “hot”? Yes, indeed, especially when it comes to characterizing the sizzling Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival. Each year, this ensemble of the “best and the brightest” of the classical world goes on a national tour that leaves audiences, including reviewers, dazzled and awed. The quintet performs at Campbell Hall on Tuesday, April 9 at 8 PM.

About last year’s UCSB performance, *Santa Barbara News-Press* critic Daniel Kepl enthused, “It can be said without fear of challenge that the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival is world-class, the best, alpha and omega.”

The ensemble consists of cellist Carter Brey (a Santa Barbara favorite who returns for the fourth time); bassist and composer Edgar Meyer who is equally at home on the bluegrass as well as the classical stage; violist Martha Strongin Katz; violinist James Buswell; and pianist Christopher O’Riley.

The program features Schubert’s “Trout” Quintet (filled with fresh and invigorating melodies) and the Ravel Sonata for Violin and Violoncello.

As a special treat, the group will perform a new composition, Quintet, written by their very own Edgar Meyer, the 31-year-old Southerner who speaks with a quiet drawl but plays with a speed, accuracy and articulation that is amazing. Meyer, who has composed five original works for the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, also records and performs with such artists as Hank Williams, Jr., Rosanne Cash and James Taylor.

Making Saints

Senior writer and longtime religion editor for *Newsweek Magazine*, Kenneth Woodward has written stories ranging from televangelists’ scandals to Papal visits. In mid-1988 he took a leave of absence from the weekly to write the just-

published book *Making Saints*, which explores how the Roman Catholic Church canonizes saints. As the Regents’ Lecturer in Religious Studies, Woodward will give two free public lectures, “What Is a Saint?” on Monday, April 8 at 4:30 PM in UCSB Girvetz Hall 1004 and “Landscapes of Belief: Religious Faith in the Soviet Union and the United States” on Thursday, April 11 at 4:30 PM in the UCSB University Center Pavilion.



From *Making Saints*: Portuguese-born Alexandra da Costa experienced “passion ecstasies” during which she reenacted the sufferings of Christ. For the last twelve years of her life, it is said, she took no food or water, a claim verified by a team of physicians.

Hungarian Films

As Eastern European countries continue to redefine their political and social realities, it’s useful and revealing to take a look back at the way filmmakers anticipated (and perhaps influenced) the changes now taking place. The films from Hungary made during the 1980s, for example, were marked by impeccable crafting, technical brilliance, a strong sense of humanism and a subtle ability to thwart the deadening nature of totalitarianism.



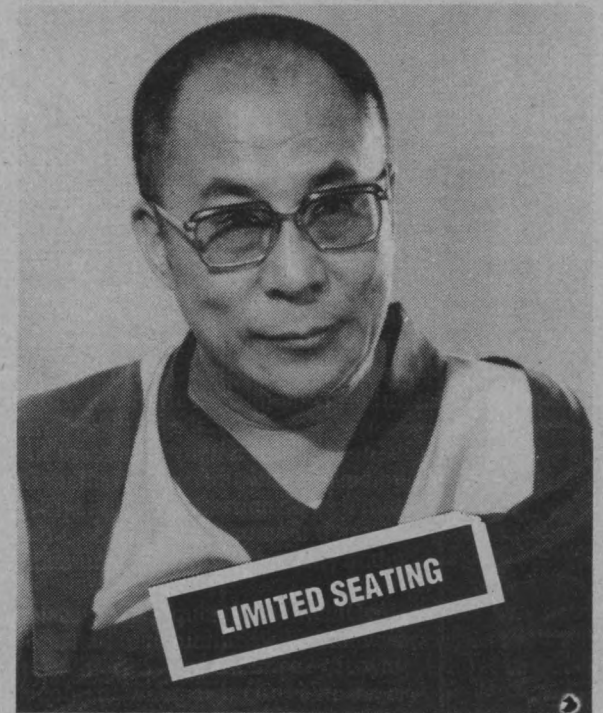
Klaus Maria Brandauer in **COLONEL REDL**

This quarter Arts & Lectures offers the *Hungarian Spring Cinema Series*, a select group of films by directors who managed to create great cinema under politically restrictive conditions. The series screens at Campbell Hall on Sunday nights at 8 PM and is presented as part of “Hungarian Spring 1991: A Cultural Festival in Santa Barbara.”

The series begins on April 14 with *Colonel Redl*. Director István Szabó (*Mephisto*) spins a complex and powerful drama of ambition, betrayal and intrigue around the mystery-shrouded suicide of a high ranking military commander of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Other films in the series are *Diary for My Children*, the story of an orphaned young woman trying to survive in post-World War II Hungary, *Time Stands Still*, in which two boys rebel against the drabness of 1950s Hungary, and *Angi Vera*, the tale of an innocent nurse who is propelled into the very apparatus of the Communist Party.

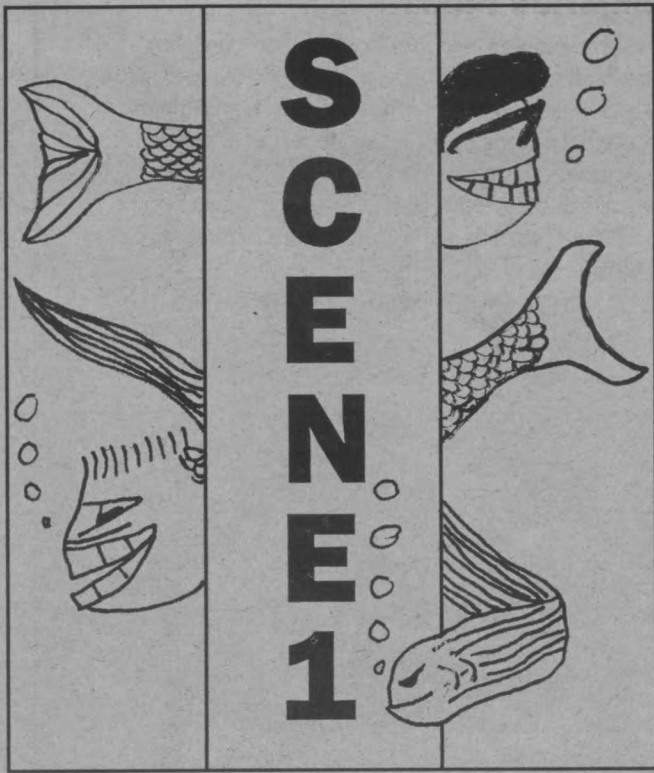
Series tickets for the *Hungarian Spring Cinema Series*, at up to a 50 percent discount, are available in advance at UCSB Arts & Lectures Ticket Office and at the door. Single tickets are available at the door on Sunday evenings only, one hour before showtime.



On Sunday, April 7 at 4 PM in the Events Center, His Holiness the XIV Dalai Lama of Tibet will deliver a major public address entitled “Freedom and Responsibility in the Global Community.” LIMITED TICKETS REMAIN FOR THE PROGRAM AND ARE NOW ON SALE AT THE ARTS & LECTURES TICKET OFFICE. Any remaining tickets will go on sale the day of the address at 2 PM at the Events Center.

For tickets or information, call Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

UCSB
A&L
ARTS & LECTURES



The big entertainment hotspot these days is the area in front of Cheeto Hall where all the campus tour robots bring their happy little clusters of All-American, smiling nuclear family units (just turn off the lights and watch them glow) to tell them of the wonders of the UCSB Beerocracy and how they will be coddled and spoon-fed throughout their soon-to-be college careers. Thus we have seen fit to call this the *Tell Me Lies, Tell Me Sweet, Sweet Lies* edition of *Intermission* although we promise to tell the truth and nothing but. At least as far as our pathological little minds can decipher it ...

▲La artista es una pequena dios: The Women's Center is sponsoring *Artistas Chicanas* and they have told us that *Artistas Chicanas* is not in fact Spanish for "Artistic Chicks" but really means "Chicana Artists." Damn, that Spanish is sure a tough language to figure out. This symposium and exhibition of Chicana art is, according to secret *Intermission* sources, very interesting and for lack of a better word, good. It will be going on all month at various places on campus, so call the Women's Center at 893-3778 for more information.

▲Put on your dancing shoes and warm up your pipes: A student run production of the musical *Caravan* will be holding auditions for all roles Monday and Tuesday, April 8 and 9. This production is open to all students. That means you! Sign up outside the production office in Snidecor Hall **HMS Utopia setting sail soon.** The Lobero Theatre is the host of the Gilbert and Sullivan Com-

pany of Santa Barbara's presentation of *Utopia Limited*, one of G and S' lesser-known musicals on Sat. at 8 p.m. and Sun. at 2 p.m. (That's daylight savings time, you know, so don't forget to move your clock.) ... Also of the theatrical vein, the Ensemble Theatre Company will present *The Granny* through April 14, call 962-8606 for the facts.

▲Their last band was better but this one's hot too: Strunz and Farah, who wowed UCSB a while ago are going to wow the Center Stage Theatre April 6 at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$18 for non-jazz society members, but just may be worth it if you like hot latin guitar ... **Ad Vielle que Pourra**, which *Intermission* sources say means "pigs in a blanket" in French, will work their Francophone wonders at the Ojai Women's Club in a performance of traditional, you guessed it, French Music on Tuesday the 9th. Call 805-646-5163 and ask for Jean Claude for more info ... **Yoko Ono Park** in I.V. will be chuck full o' music from 1 to 6 p.m. Amnesty International UCSB presents The Remarks, Chameleons and Dead Farmer. Word, we are with that.

▲It ain't art but we're going to tell you about it anyway: Sunday April 7 at 4 p.m. the Dalai Lama is going to rock the Events Center. No, the Dalai Lama is not a new metal band from L.A. He is the spiritual and political leader of the Tibetan people and was the recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1989. Though he doesn't play a cool Kramer or tie scarves around the mic stands, this is not one to miss.

Chamber Music and Childhood Fantasies

As one ascends into adulthood, one passes certain milestones as signs of oncoming maturity. From these points on, sounds and images surrounding them will bring back a flood of memories. For our generation in particular, seeing Bo Derek in the nude for the first time is one of those milestones.

Many of us first experienced Mrs. Derek, *sans vêtements*, in Blake Edwards' film, "10." The scene that comes to mind is that in which Bo and Dudley Moore are having wild sexual intercourse and a randomly thrown pillow knocks the needle off a record. At this point, Bo, naked of

course, gets out of the bed and fixes the record.

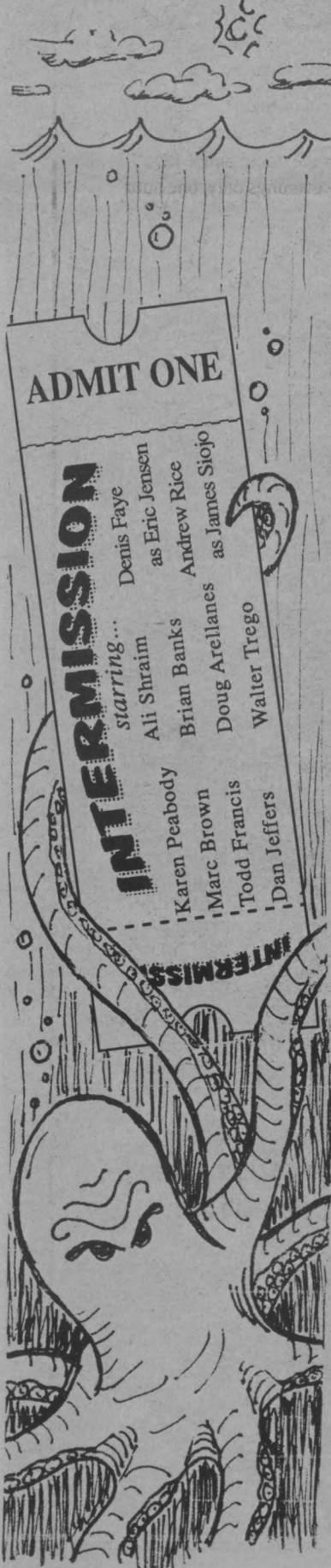
The music that is playing, Bo's favorite, is *Bolero* by Maurice Ravel. Ravel's music, which for the most part is very sexy, seems to be a recurring theme in the nudity of Bo Derek.

As fate would have it, another one of Ravel's works, *Sonata for Violin and Violoncello*, will be the first of three pieces performed by the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival on Tuesday, April 9, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Bo Derek, however, will not be there, only her lingering memory. The five-piece group, consisting of James Buswell on vi-

olin, Martha Strongin Katz on viola, Carter Brey on cello, Edgar Meyer on double bass and Christopher O'Riley on piano, will also be playing Edgar Meyer's *Quintet* and Schubert's *Quintet in A Major for Piano and Strings*. The latter piece, nicknamed "Trout," has a particular appeal for this reporter.

The charm of this performance is that while these are hip, they are not overplayed, unlike Bo Derek's flesh. Tickets range from \$16 to \$12, or \$14 to \$10 for students. For more info, call 893-3535.

— Denis Faye



ON SCREEN THIS WEEK IN GOLETA

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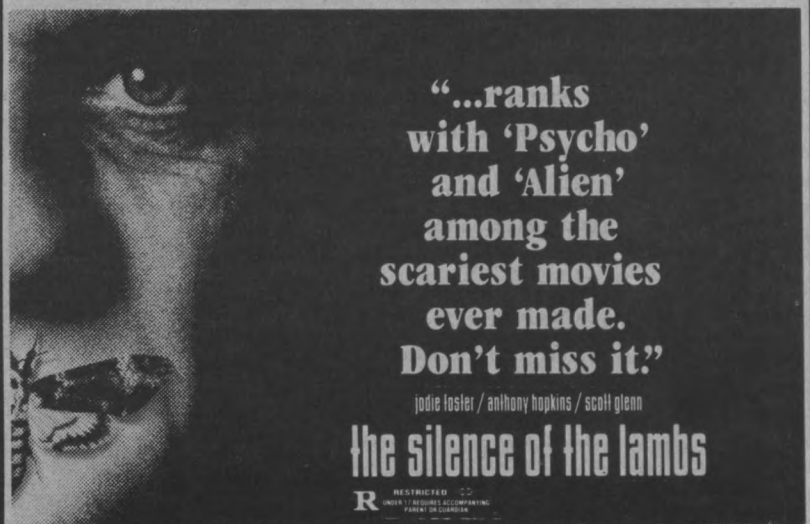
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Music

It's Cold Gin Time Again!



College

Not Tonight Honey, I have An Earache



Unbelievable
EMF
EMI

EMF recently played at The Whiskey in LA, believe it or not. Unfortunately, *Intermission* wasn't there, so the only thing we've got to go on as to the quality of this band is their first release, *Unbelievable*.

The disc has five songs. They are "Unbelievable — Single Version," "Unbelievable — Cin City Sex Mix," "Unbelievable — Boot Lane Mix," "Unbelievable — House Mix," "Unbelievable — Hip Hop Mix" and "EMF Live at the Bilson." Now get this — these are all the same song, but with different mixes.

It can be believed that EMF (short for Ecstasy Mother Fucker), heralded by many as "The New Kids on the Block, with an attitude", is a good band. *Unbelievable* is a darn good song and the mixes are very loyal to their subtleties. They are sexy, raunchy, hip-hoppy or whatnot, but shelling out the clams for the same song five different ways is to be questioned. So, if you are fanatically into that Manchester sound, or a DJ, this disc comes highly recommended. If not, wait for an EMF album, one that has at least five different songs.

— Denis Faye



Let The Mad Rumpus Begin
Disposable God Squad
Entropic Carnival

The Disposable God Squad are very poignant writers despite the long windedness of their name and the title of their new album, *Let the Mad Rumpus Begin*. More than anything this album resembles REM and the Replacements in their leaner, hungrier days. If that weren't enough to make you buy the album, I'll throw in the real kicker — they cover that musical milestone of the late seventies (or was it the early eighties), "Hot Child in the City." If anyone can tell me who originally sang that song I'll pull some strings I have at K-TEL to get you a job.

— Andrew Rice

World Beat



Los Clasicos de Cuba 1
Silvio Rodriguez
Warner Bros.

David Byrne has been stepping back from the limelight in the last few years, using his respected position in popular music to try to promote lesser-known genres of music which he finds interesting. In doing so, he conned Warner Bros. into believing that it was worth their while to release a series of albums which were essentially compilations of Byrne's favorite tunes from throughout Latin America.

The previous albums have been very very, yes, that means very good. Damn good. David Byrne has great taste in music. That is until now.

From the press information on Silvio Rodriguez, Cuba's biggest musical sensation, one would think that he is a cross between Pablo Neruda, Che Guevara and all the heroes of all the Latin American revolutions combined. Yeah, sure he sings about revolution, but the guy is a crooner. Even in Spanish, a language which is pretty flattering to crooning, Silvio's songs ring hollow. Crooning about the revolution sounds about as silly as Tom Jones trying to sing about life in Compton.

If you want to hear a lot of good Latin tunes, buy Byrne's other compilations. If you want to see what happens when you cross Perry Como with Menudo, buy this one.

— Andrew Rice

Until recently the British record label Earache has been known only by a few avid heavy metal fans. Earache was originally started as a hard-core label and throughout the years cultivated a sound in their bands known as "death metal." The U.S. label, Relativity, has now begun to issue the Earache bands domestically and the question is whether America will understand it? With band names like Carcass, Cadaver, Napalm Death, Entombed and Godflesh, I am certain that mainstream America will get an earache from Earache.

The band Carcass has been an underground metal sensation for several years now but their records were very difficult to find in stores. Now, this trio of ex-mortician students has issued its latest morbid release here in the States. The music is fast, hard and loud and the vocals are unintelligible for the most part.

Although it is difficult to hear the lyrics in Carcass songs, we are fortunate enough to receive a lyric sheet with the CD. If you have a weak stomach I do not suggest reading the words to the songs. "Crepitating Bowel Erosion" begins: "Wart-encrusted sebaceous growth; Pustulating, bleeding piles are what I boast. Scabby and blistered pectoral skin flakes away as my crushed bowels evacuate much to my dismay ..."

Keep in mind, some of the Carcass songs are even more disgusting.

Unlike Carcass, the Earache Records' band, Godflesh, does not fall into the death speed metal of the Earache scene. Godflesh is much more of the slow and grinding trip. In 1989 Godflesh released their record *Streetcleaner* in the United Kingdom and it has only recently become available in the United States. However, this record is definitely worth the wait. I recently spoke with the front-man of Godflesh, Justin Broadrick. He called me from his home in Birmingham, England right before embarking on their first concert tour of America.

Godflesh formed in 1988 immediately after Justin left the band Head of David. Prior to that Justin was in Napalm Death, the other band that Godflesh is assaulting America with on their tour. The three-piece band came together easily since Justin had been in a band with his two other fellow Birmingham residents while he was in Head of David. Paul Neville plays one of the guitars and G. Christian Green attacks the ears with the bass. This leaves Justin in charge of the machine programming, vocals and the other guitar.

The music of Godflesh is very difficult to describe. In a way it is like easy-listening speed metal. While there is a metal sound to what Godflesh does, Justin declares that



It's Godflesh

they are "not a metal band, and that will become more clear when we (Godflesh) tour the States."

There is a steadily pounding beat, produced by a drum machine and a pounding bass, while the two guitars focus on producing as much feedback as possible. Godflesh is somewhat similar to the New York band Cop Shoot Cop and very early material by the Swans.

Justin's vocals on *Streetcleaner* often become blended in with the incorporated samples and the loudness of the rest of the music, but this technique of production is what the Godflesh sound is all about. "I use my vocals mostly for sounds rather than for the actual statements contained in the lyrics," says Justin. The words he writes are very personal and do not reflect any certain dogma of the band.

In the year and a half since the release of *Streetcleaner* in England, Godflesh has changed their sound a bit. According to Justin, they have recently been incorporating a lot of samples into their songs to "make the sound bigger." The future of Godflesh definitely holds a lot of promise. They have re-signed to Earache Records and this month they will be releasing an exclusive seven-inch single on the Seattle-based record label Sub Pop. During this tour of the USA they will also be stopping for a while in Chicago to record a side project with Al Jourgenson of the band Ministry.

If you are tired of the same commercial dribble then be sure to check out the hard and heavy sounds coming from the loudest label in England, Earache Records. Three bands from the label, Godflesh, Napalm Death and Nocturnus, are storming through America right now and will hit the Reseda Country Club in Los Angeles on April 20. Be at this show and dress casual for you are surely going to be assaulted like never before. You may also want to bring earplugs to avoid a total Earache.

— Marc Brown

Rock



Mama Said
Lenny Kravitz
Virgin Records

The Seventies are musically remembered mostly for such miserable slop as the Bee Gees, Walter Murphy and the Big Apple Band and ABBA. Lenny Kravitz's new album *Mama Said* is a tribute to the less reviled side of that decade.

Mama Said draws its inspiration from guys like Jimmy Hendrix, George Clinton and Stevie Wonder, leaving John Travolta sitting in the gutter asking "Who are these dudes?"

Funk and Soul Gods is who, Johnny. Disco is dead! For those of you who just can't wait for the new Guns N' Roses album to come out, Slash, like that other Seventies icon, herpes, keeps popping up all over the place, including on this album. Also, Sean Ono Lennon (Oh no, Lennon), plays piano on one piece.

Despite these rather desperate attempts at cashing in on other people's fame, Kravitz' second album is a very fine stroll down nostalgia lane and well worth a listen.

— Andrew Rice

Hip Hop



Live Hardcore Worldwide
Boogie Down Productions
Delicious Vinyl

My favorite live album has to be Cheap Trick's *Live at Budokan*, but BDP's new *Live Hardcore Worldwide* is a close second.

Hip-hop's never been a live medium, partially due to lip-syncers like Nilla and Hamma, but more due to the fact that rappers can't play in a lot of places (like here) due to the rap-violence knee-jerks. So it's exciting to listen in on KRS-ONE live; his audience knows his lyrics as well as he does.

Word. I am with this album. But *Live Hardcore Worldwide* has a couple of drawbacks. KRS gets pretty excited on stage, and when he does, a lot of his trademark relaxed phrasing is lost. And although there are some twenty-odd songs, few go over three minutes, hardly enough time to work up a sweat. Minor problems with what is otherwise a landmark album.

Now if only certain wack fake suckas in the Program Board would get off their asses and book crews like this, we'd get to see this in the flesh ... but that's another story.

— Doug Arellanes

Lil' VIRGIL REALITY
by Doug Arellanes

Lil' Virgil, I've almost given up! I've tried and tried, but most stuff that passes for funk is so synthetic.

Them's fightin' words, Fred! I'm synthetic!

Sorry, Fred, but that duct tape won't hurt much!

Now what you need to get over your synthetic blues is this album from the Brand New Heavies. They play a style of music they call...

MORAL!
Be nice to your friends. Hip them to the coolest record since the first Soul II Soul. Virgil and Fred agree on that. Word.

That's right. Acid Jazz. Think of Earth Wind and Fire, but hard. Think of Miles Davis, but funky!

Well, what did you think of the Brand New Heavies, Fred? Fred? - Whoops!

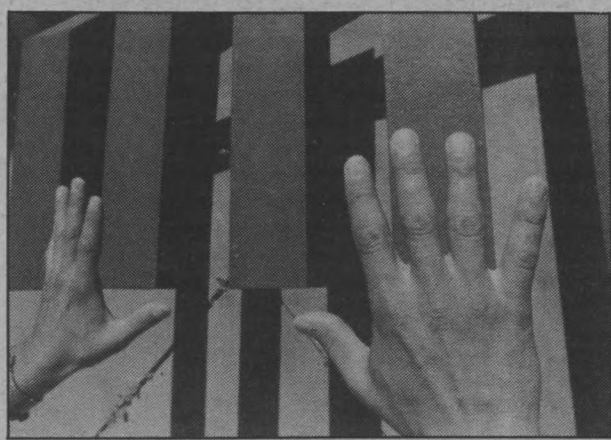
The Brand New Heavies?!? Word! I am with that!

Next Week: Fred gets a job at Roma!

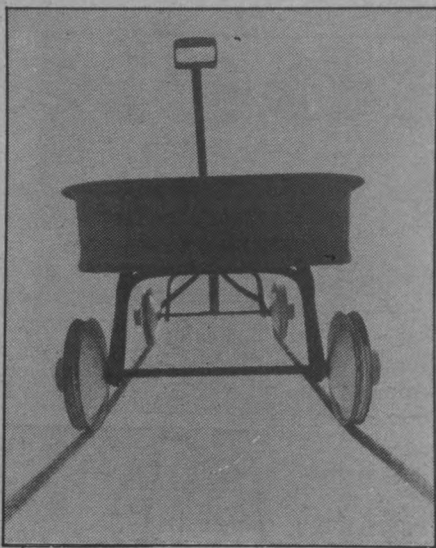
3 days later...

Pot Lucky

Peabody- The Intermission Lifestyle



Who said art belonged locked away behind closed doors? Intermission paparazzi photographer wAlter trEgo caught these UCSB students, a flagrante, with the funky art around campus. Our condolences to the family of the guy who got run over by the little red wagon at Creative Studies. Bringing you the news as it happens- Intermission.



Simple continued from cover

Continued from p.1A

ley. I would like to be in a room with him and just play. My brother saw him perform and said it was like he was in another world."

In this list he included Jim Morrison (just like everyone else and their mother) whom he also included as an influence. He didn't mention any desire to jam with any of his other influences, Velvet Underground, the gems of the London punk scene and, most of all, his father.

"My Father had certain values. He showed us that the world begins at the end of the street, it doesn't end there."

Even in answering the many questions that were tailor-made for pretentious rock stars, Jim kept the air of just a guy in a band that likes to do nice stuff.

"We aren't up there (on stage) with the answers; we are up there with the questions, and if people don't like it, there are another 29 albums on the charts."

A little cocky, but not pretentious.

"Some artists have a power — they can really say something. Then they look out and say 'Pepsi-Cola' ... that's a shame."

A little lofty, but not pretentious.

"I respect (rap music), but I don't identify with it. I'm from Glasgow ... To me it's geographically a music of the ghetto. I respect it but I don't own it. I like melody and singers."

A little ill-informed, but not pretentious.

Sadly, most of the journalists at the session probably walked away thinking, "Golly, I just shook hands with Jim Kerr, the lead singer of Simple Minds. Boy, am I chic!" They fantasized that night of the Land of Big Time Entertainment Reporting that they were coming to. They didn't understand that this was one guy living a life, a real life.

"It doesn't matter if you are a fucking astronaut, everyone has a real life," said Jim Kerr.

— Denis Faye

Tribe After Tribe Beats It

Rock music has always acted like it was afraid of the drums. Sure they sometimes let their drummers go wild, but for the most part rock drummers are condemned to laying down the back beat while that great rock-n-roll paragon, the guitar god, basks in glory.

Enter *Tribe After Tribe*, a South African band who will perform in Storke Plaza at Noon on Monday, April 8 in support of the human rights organization, Amnesty International. *Tribe After Tribe*, who play what they call Afro-Acid Rock, combine the guitar fury of Acid rock with African Rhythms.

Drummer/percussionist P.K., the man behind the stand-up drum set, is ironically the only member of the band not from Africa. In fact he's from L.A., but hey, what the hell, rhythm is a state of mind, not a place. The remaining two members of the band, Robbi Rob and Robby Whitelaw, recently moved to Los Angeles after things became a little too hot for them in South Africa due to their annoying (in the eyes of the police) habit of speaking out against apartheid and other injustices while performing in front of thousands of people. On many occasions they have been shut down by the police (sounds familiar, doesn't it?) during concerts and finally *Tribe After Tribe* decided that maybe they should take a little vacation from home before they got a full-length guided tour of the South African prison system.

— Andrew Rice

Dead Cow

The Video Guy on Red Meat & Virgins, in a Literary Sense that is

Taking another drag off his smoke, Trout looked up at me and said, "I don't eat red meat any more."

"What in the wide world of sports are you talking about?" I demanded.

Taking another healthy slam from his St. Ides 40-ounce malt-liquor beverage, Trout looked over at me and said, "Red meat is a thing of the past for me — no more."

This just wasn't registering in my head. All I could think of were the nights, when after slurping down a few beers, really great beers, like Keystone, The Trout and me, The Video Guy, would stumble down to the local Sloppy Burger outlet and slap down a few Elvis Deluxes. The Elvis Deluxe is two slabs of lightly buttered, 100-percent, United-States-of-American, pure beef, done up medium-rare. You slide that on a nice white bun with a little Dijon, lettuce, onion, garlic, pineapple, veal, two eggs, a quart of milk, pickles, bacon and some more lettuce, and you are all set.

So, Trout was going to give that up. Why? What could he be thinking? Did he think that the killing of turkeys and lobsters was more humane than cow killing? Would



"Would he still eat salmon- which is, technically, red meat, you know."

he still eat salmon — which is, technically, red meat, you know.

Taking another bite of his candy bar, a Greasy Ruth, Trout looked diagonally at me and said, "Red meat isn't healthy."

"Oh," I said, turning the channel back to "Studs" and opening my second bag of Fritos, "Maybe you are right."

And while we are on the topic of bad meat, let's have a little peekola at this week's choice film, *Virgin High*, where, and I quote from the poster, "School is in, rules are out, and everybody gets to make it."

It is the bizarre, ironic and downright Hitchcockian tale

of a guy trying to sneak into a Catholic school to visit this chick he digs.

Two very famous people star in this film. Linnea Quigley (*Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-Rama*, *Party Nerds*) acts her little shirt off. And because of this, her Larry "Bud" Melmans got a bundle of screen time. The other famous person is Burt Ward. Yes, Robin himself takes off the tights and dons a suit to become the strict religious dad who is really into S&M. And get this, he only makes six Batman references. This beats out the two other overly referred to icons in this film, Elvis and Lambada.

There are two brilliant quotes in this film.

"Let's get in there and slurp up a little poontang." And of course, "Oh yeah? Well, what do you have in mind? Mr. Potato Chip up the Butt?"

Art.

On The Video Guy Mondo Movie Beer-o-Meter, I gave *Virgin High* a 9. It was funny. I liked it. But it had a definite lack of "John Sununus," if you get the picture. Work on the boob count, boys.

This is The Video Guy saying, "I feel good."

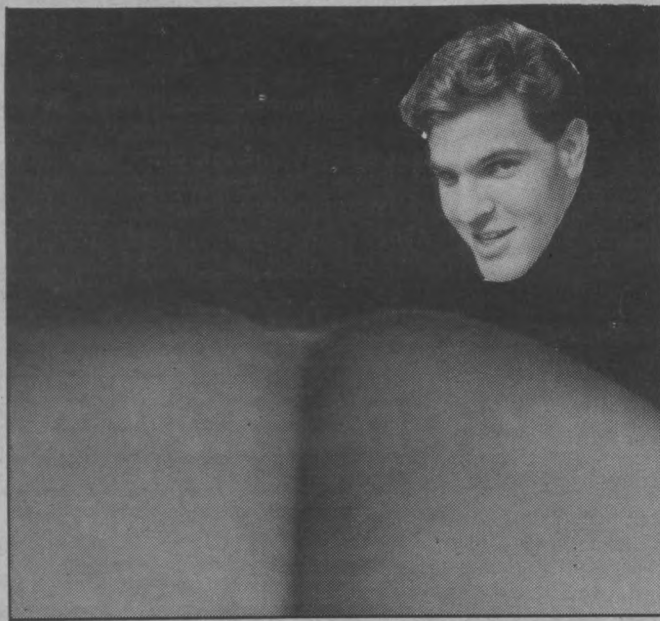


Pot Lucky

Mama Said Knock You Out

The King Of Funny Asks,

"What the heck is up with those TV Critics?"



Everybody has an opinion. Some, like mine, are more important than others. Likewise, everybody sees movies. Some, like the NC-17 kind, are better than others. And everybody forms opinions about all these movies in their spare time. But would you believe there are actually people out there who get paid for this?

They're called critics. They went to college, to grad school, and to the DeVry Institute just to learn how to form an opinion about the movies they see. Some even took summer courses to learn how to translate their reviews into a certain number of stars. There are hundreds of professional movie critics in America, and some are definitely better than others.

The ones with the highest profile, those seen on television, are often the worst. In their quest to describe the plot, show a clip, and smile a whole lot in a span of two minutes, these critics usually forget to add a little something about their opinion. This leads to the invention of a critic's "system," 1-4 stars, Thumbs Up or Down, Beer-o-Meter or a scale from 1-10.

The most inane use of these is by ABC's Gary Franklin. The longtime Los Angeles reviewer has made a living off rating movies on his "Franklin Scale," a complex system

which grants his favorites a 10, his second-favorites a 9, his third-favorites an 8, and so on. Sometimes, when a movie is terribly made and nobody else likes it, Franklin will be extra-kind, giving the film a 10+. Most ridiculous is his 9+. *Nine plus what? Give it 10, dammit!*

Other L.A. television darlings include David Sheehan of NBC and Steve Kmetko of CBS. Sheehan's system is to label a film, such as his titling *The Hard Way* Fairly Amusing. The acting? The writing? The directing? It's fairly amusing! And Kmetko's problem (aside from the fact that it is hard to tell him apart from the other Ken doll-looking, suspender-wearing, thirty-something anchors on CBS) is that he has about as many facial expressions as a carrot. He delivers positive and negative reviews with the same lack of enthusiasm, making it very apparent that he is simply reading off cue cards.

You might recognize Joel Siegel's name from the number of times it appears on movie ads. The "Good Morning America" critic seems to be on a quest to appear in the newspapers more often than Norman Schwarzkopf. And since film studios aren't real big on putting bad reviews on

their ads, Siegel simply makes all of his positive.

If you happen to catch "The Today Show's" Gene Shalit, remember — he is not a cartoon; he only looks like one. The Yosemite Sam look-a-like brings enthusiasm and vigor to his poorly written critiques. He seems to have a fixation on coining phrases to convey his opinion, like this review of Kevin Costner's *Dances With Wolves*: "Kevin'll be dancing with Oscar!" Or this evaluation of Jessica Tandy's performance in *Driving Miss Daisy*: "Jessica'll be driving with Oscar!"

But what these solo acts fail to realize is that the whole point of forming an opinion about a film is having someone to disagree with it. With this in mind, it is no surprise that the finest critics on television are also the most popular — Siskel & Ebert.

What sets these guys apart from their colleagues (aside from their really bland sweaters) is their willingness to argue and defend their reviews. It is not uncommon to see some major-league insults flung on the "Siskel & Ebert" show. In addition, they actually make good points and demonstrate a thorough knowledge of the film industry and its history.

They are complete opposites: Siskel, the tall balding one who never likes a movie with the words "destruction," "co-ed," or "mutant" in the title, and Ebert, the overweight lug o' fun who never hesitates to give any of the *American Ninja* movies the traditional Thumbs Up. They are often called the most powerful critics in the country; fans revel in their comments; stars tremble at the thought of a bad notice. They are what all film critics should be — feisty know-it-alls who maintain that their opinions are always right.

— Brian Banks

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Three Things About The Fest

Here is a Little Post Santa Barbara Film Festival Wrap-Up For You Guys

by
Dan
Jeffers &
Ali Shraim

Not satisfied with an admittedly great film festival, the promoters of the Santa Barbara Film Festival also took credit for ending the drought in their press release, a doubtful claim but one that cannot be entirely denied.

It was fun though. Not only were there plenty of top-quality international films — challenging films of the type that MTC usually either avoids altogether or banishes to the Riviera — there were also plenty of stars and near-stars willing to talk about what makes them go, and what they do to make the movies go.

We skipped the opening ceremonies, since it was mostly a "parade the stars in front of the local camera" event, punctuated with a made-for-HBO movie. (The movie, *The Josephine Baker Story* is no great piece of filmmaking, but the material makes it worth watching anyway.)

The first event for us was a seminar entitled "How to Make a Documentary Movie." The self-absorbed stereotypical director didn't show up, instead the speakers were all working-class movie producers who sat down and talked about the nuts and bolts. The group included the Oscar-winning Chuck Workman, who did the sequence for this year's Oscar show in which actors described their first filmmaking experience. Workman is also a prof at USC, and the audience had the feel of a class, an interest-

ing one.

Our favorite foreign movie was certainly *La Femme Nikita*, which *The New Yorker* called "The end of French film as we know it." Probably, as the movie does turn its back on much of the French film tradition, but *Heavy Metal* was stolen from the French, and seeing this movie reminded us of that magazine's early days.

The best of the domestic stuff at the festival was called *Sketches*, but it will be released this fall as *Hold Me Tight*. Neal Israel, the director, and Jonathan Silverman (who acted in *Weekend at Bernie's* among others) were both there for the screening and took some time to talk to us afterwards.

There were a couple disappointments. *A Row of Crows*, with John Beck, seemed like a made-for-TV special until near the end, when a token sex scene clued us all that this movie was intended for adults. Nothing in the plot supported that notion though.

Charlton Heston starred in *Crucifer of Blood*, which really was made for TV. It's unclear why they brought it here, though Charlton and his son came along. The movie was directed by Heston's son, much like Bill Keene's son draws *Family Circus* once in a while. We can hardly begrudge the public a chance to see Charlton live though, and many plainly enjoyed it.

We can't go without mentioning the people. Obviously, a film fest is a lot more fun than renting a stack of videos, and the big screen is only one part of the difference.

The crowd was a lot of fun, and seemed to grow together in a sort of dark, anonymous fashion. The volunteers were very friendly; movie lovers serving art rather than commerce lovers selling tickets. A refreshing change.

Midnight Madness

Art ran into madness as the festival clocks approached midnight, at least on Saturday night.

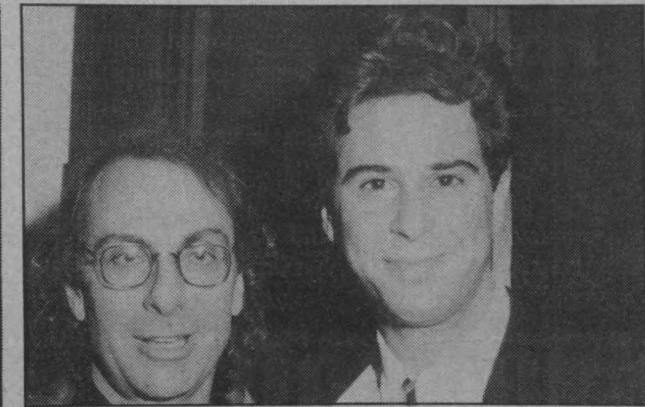
Two movies hit the late night screen at this year's festival, Daniel Peterson's *Girlfriend from Hell*, and James Cummins', *The Boneyard*. The first was actually a very fun, very funny horror-comedy; the second was an awful, horrible film that was fun anyway.

Before I start talking about how great a movie *Midnight Madness* is, in spite of the title, I should admit that the director went to the same high school I did. In fact, we know one or two of the same people — he told me he used to date Carla Bechtel and I thought "Wow" though I couldn't for the life of me remember what she looked like.

But it is a really good movie, and if you were to compare what he did to his budget, you'd have to admit it is a great movie. Peterson made this for only \$500,000, about 1 percent of what it takes to make a mediocre movie like *Ghost*.

What really carries this movie is the acting of Liane Curtis in the lead role. She transforms from a funny, geeky, super-shy girl on a blind date, to a funny, sexy, randy, devil-possessed woman with an attitude so effectively that you wonder if they really used two different actresses. She isn't Kathy Bates yet, but she does deserve more attention than she'll get from this straight-to-video release.

Hopefully she'll get it too. According to Peterson, she'll be appearing in an upcoming Roger Corman (original *Little Shop of Horrors*, and a whole



bunch of stuff) movie *Rock n' Roll High School Forever*, as well as a new Zalman King movie, *Blue Movie, Blue*.

This movie surpasses the recent spate of comedy-horror because it avoids cheap parody, the driving force behind most of what you see late at night on your cable channels. Instead of bringing in absurd elements from classic horror movies, this movie uses gags set up within the framework of the film, gags that draw a lot out of real life made slapstick.

The Boneyard was nowhere near as well made, though it does stick to a consistent story-line, something many big-budget movies fail to do. It does have some very funny moments, though it tries to take itself very seriously. No matter.

What made this movie a film festival gem was the audience. Having sat through the opening festival credits about a million times, the crowd started whistling the national anthem to fill in the excessive silence.

From there it just got wilder, the crowd doing a running commentary on the dialogue and special effects. Pretty much everyone joined in, and no one seemed offended. Fortunately, the director didn't show up as the crowd consigned any character who got too sensitive for the movie to death by the ghouls. It wasn't great, but it was fun.

Dean Stockwell

One of the biggest benefits of hitting a film festival, as opposed to just going to the movies, is the opportunity to meet, rub elbows with, ask embarrassing questions of, and generally feel closer to the talent that makes the movies go.

The best chance this particular festival offered was the *Evening with Dean Stockwell*, starring the guy who plays Al in *Quantum Leap*.

Stockwell was open and down to Earth, in spite of the efforts made by the festival interviewer to force Stockwell into admitting his pretensions to 'art.' Fortunately, in addition to watching him give funny answers to stupid questions on stage, we also got a few minutes 'alone' with him at the party afterwards.

But first, we had to sit through *Married to the Mob*, a movie which starred Michelle Pfeiffer, but was carried by Stockwell as Tony "The Tiger" Russo. Carried so well that he was nominated for an Oscar. Carried so well that few people noticed the gaping narrative gaps, especially at the end.

The movie led to the natural, first question which Dean anticipated, so that no one had to actually ask, "What was it like kissing Michelle Pfeiffer?" His response? "It was neat. Really neat." Of course, what else could he have said?

Since Stockwell played a role in David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*, and since his best friend Dennis Hopper directed *Colors* — a movie which went through some of the controversy *New Jack City* is surrounded by now — we asked him about the controversy surrounding violence in movies that has once again reared its ugly head.

"I felt it (*Blue Velvet*) was a film dealing with subconscious violence, conflict within the self. ... That is very different than social violence."

Stockwell refuses to go see the Rambo genre of movie, believing that the revenge — justified killing — is dangerous on a social level.

The kind of violence in Lynch's movie appeals to him more, "It's provocative, it mixes things up inside you, but you don't get swept up."

What about the mafia movies though? After all, Stockwell's Tony "The Tiger" Russo character is a mobster. "Tony is a 'tongue in cheek' character, I think you can sense that. I don't think that films affect the Mafia worth a shit. They don't give a shit what we do."

The real problem with film violence is with underprivileged groups, Stockwell said, with few roads to success, these people may be more susceptible to the glorification of violence.

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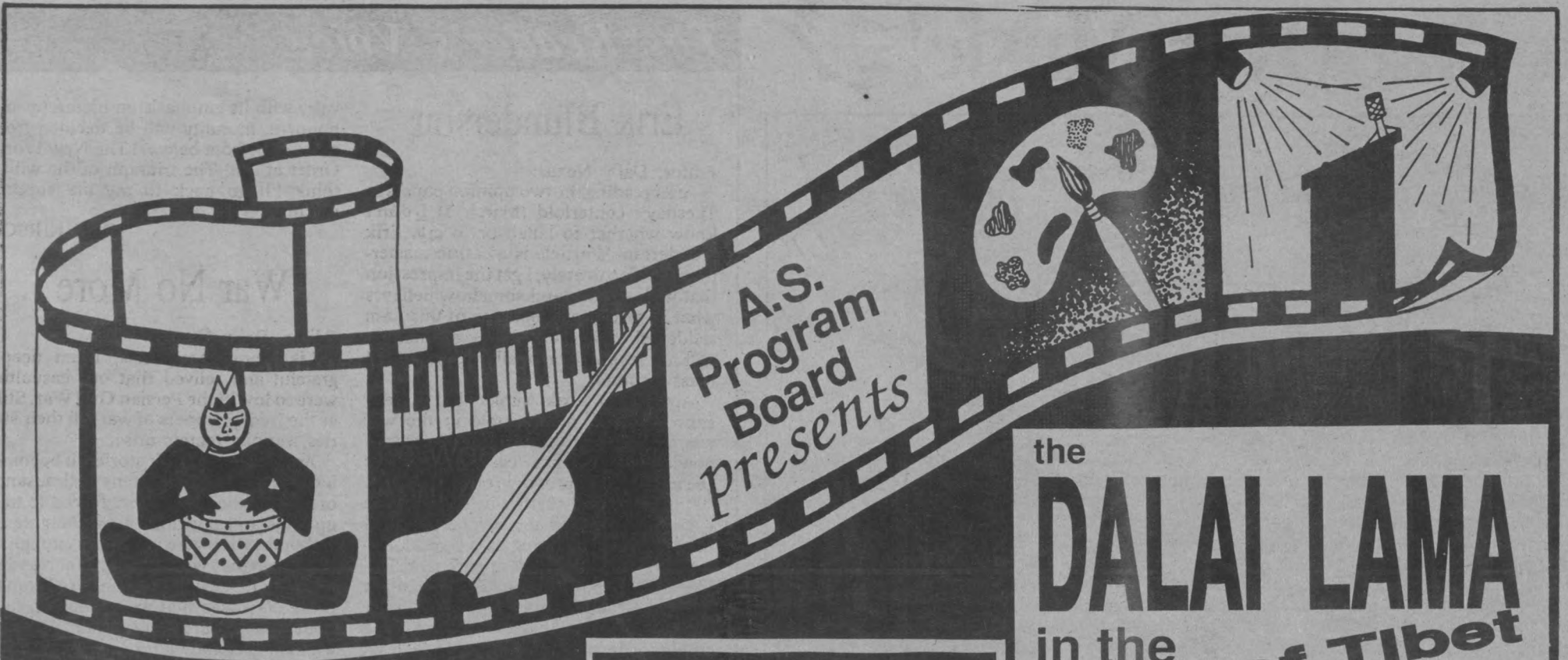
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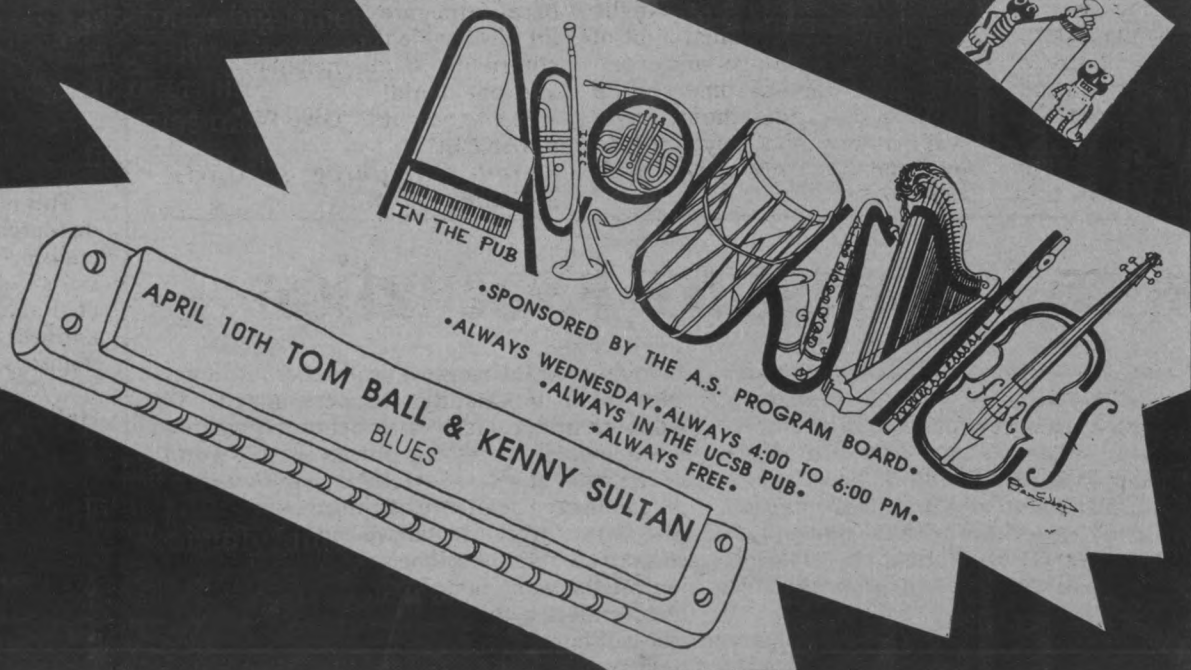
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