

cows 2a
 pigs 3a
 monkeys 4a
 chickens 5a
 rhinos 6a, 7a

arts

AND ENTERTAINMENT



"How to kiss"

replacements

by dawn mermer and jesse engdahl

What do you do with four bored musicians whose manager won't let them play with their fans or perform drunk or do anything but chew stale gum and wait for their tour bus to be loaded for the ride to Fresno? Party with them backstage, of course.

The Arts thugs all went down to Rob Gym last Sunday night, after sufficient

motorcycle riding and J.D.-injecting, to see **The Replacements**. After being semi-shocked by Jane's Addiction Saturday, we were fairly impressed with Program Board's connections; hey, this was *college radio* heaven. As for the boys from Minneapolis, the new album *Don't Tell a Soul* suffers a certain lack of edge, a condition that was mirrored by the lethargy they exhibited (for the first time we know of) on stage. Even if they didn't seem too happy, they still rocked and the crowd loved it.



photos by tizoc tirado

Years ago all The Replacements did was party on stage and play half-songs because they were too drunk to figure out how to finish any. It was nice that they at least couldn't finish "Unsatisfied" Sunday, but it was more because they just fucked up on their instruments. Now we don't look for total oblivion in every band (hardly any band, as a matter of fact), but the rep of being the world's greatest drunken guitar gods is what made The Replacements. All we can say about "moderation" (they'd obviously had a few) is don't drink unless you feel good about it—you'll do better sober. Sure bands need to "mature," and that's been the key word to explain the cleaned-up image and bad songwriting on the new album, but backstage, especially when talking to former wild man (now clown look-alike) Tommy they didn't seem too stoked on their new-found

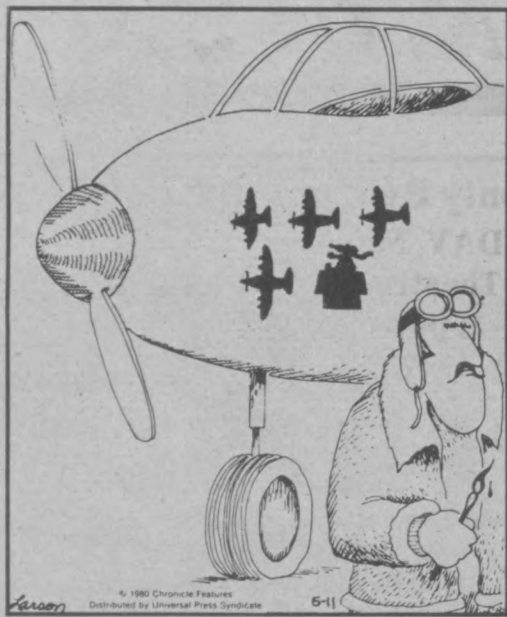
somber/sober lifestyle, which is monitored by an evil manager (who tried not to let us into the dressing room). Leader Paul Westerberg seemed even more bummed than he had on stage. It wasn't just ugly, it was boring, and from the guys whose credo was "even if we're ugly, we're never boring."

Still, the after party shouldn't be as important as the show (for most of you at least) and they did play some songs off *Let It Be* and *Tim*. The highlights of the night came with their cover of Kiss' "Black Diamond" and when Tommy jumped down in the pit to play because he "liked it better there." We think he misses being a spit away from the audience and knowing his breath is as bad as the best of 'em.

UP & COMING THIS WEEK

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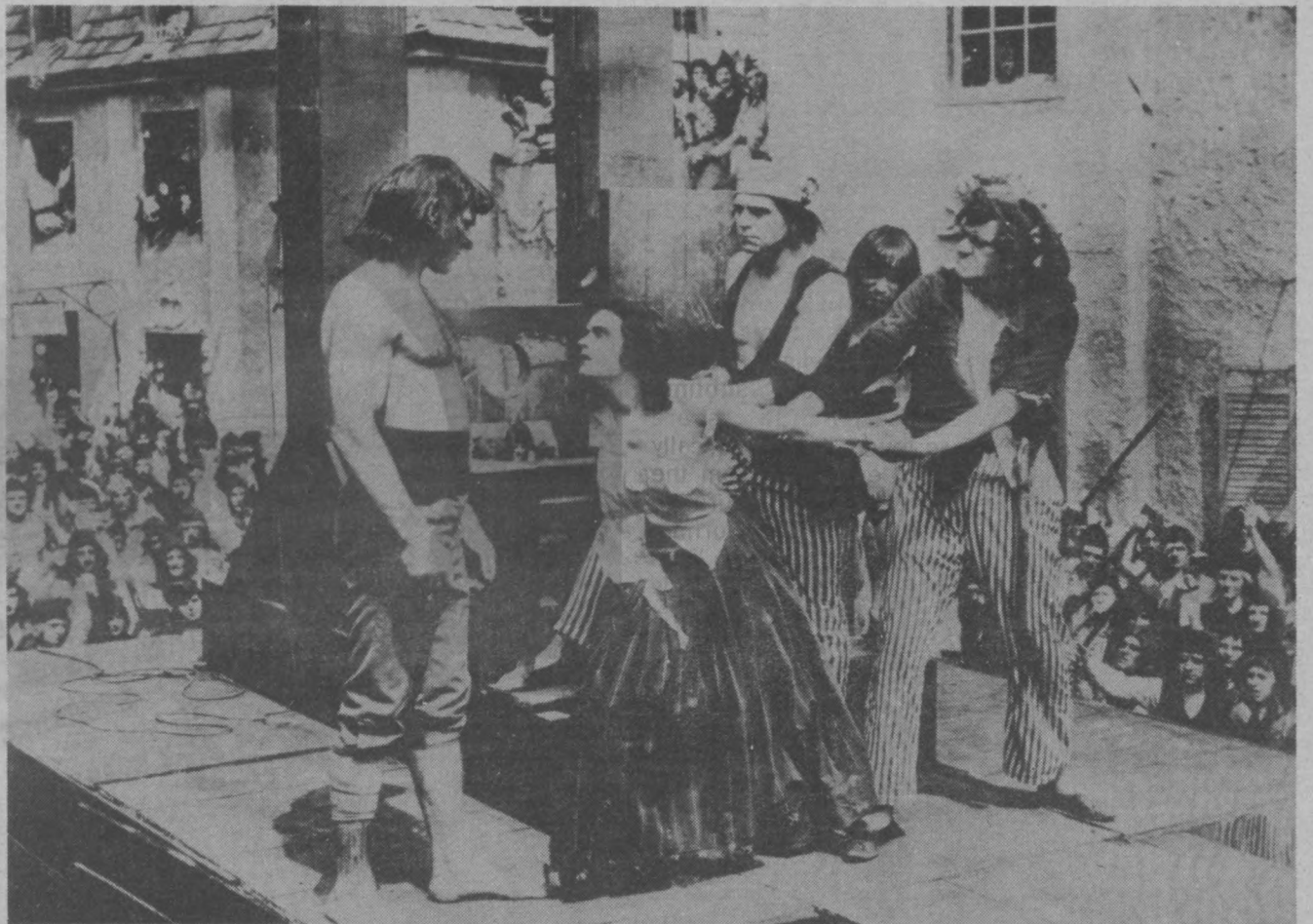
THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



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FOLGNER PRODUCTIONS

May 12: A & L is trying unsuccessfully (okay and maybe unintentionally) to mess with your minds by having this week's French Revolution on Film Series feature show on Friday instead of the usual Thursday. Luckily you got me to set you straight. **Madame DuBarry**, *cette* film on the wacky day, will feature live piano accompaniment by Robert Israel to this 1919 silent film. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, it's about a commoner's daughter who is sought for marriage by Louis XV. If you want to see what a sensuous film from the early 20th century looked like (like, no boob shots, dude) then go to Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. on Friday and sit in the dark for an hour and a half.

May 12-18: Mike and Spike are back in town to

party S.B.ers down with their **Festival of Animation**, and you (whoever you are) should not miss out. Playing at the Vic all week at 7 and 9:30 p.m., this festival, or fethtival as David Letterman would say, will feature 16 animations including *Tin Toy*, which won the 1989 Academy Award for best animation. Tickets are \$5.50 at advance outlets and \$6.00 at the box office. Just a warning: don't let anyone, especially film documentary/animation stud Dana Driskel, hear you call these shorts cartoons, 'cause you might just receive a good shaking. And you would deserve it. Highly, *highly* recommended.

May 13: Is it every day that you get a chance to see a double feature of **Charlie Chaplin** and

Laurel & Hardy? I think not. So scoot down to I.V. Theater this Saturday at 6 or 9 p.m. to see A.S. Program Board's presentation of Chaplin's **The Gold Rush** and L & H's **Way Out West**. This night of yucks will cost you \$2.50, and don't think that it would cost you less to be tickled by fat men with big purple feathers.

May 15: Isn't the Huston film family great? You've got up-and-coming hot director Danny, actress Anjelica (who is incredibly cool), and then there's now-deceased proud papa, adventurer and one of the best directors ever, John. What genes. Anyway, all three of these Hustons got together a few years ago to make a film called **Mr. North**. Danny directed it and

Anjelica and John were set to act in it. Well as it turns out, John got ill and had good buddy Bobby Mitchum (you know, chest like an icebox) take his place. So to make a long story short, Mr. North only ended up having two Hustons involved and it's going to be playing Monday night at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. at Campbell Hall for \$3.00.

We found out that some of you had bets placed on the arts section babes not recovering from the Extravaganza — Replacements weekend. Well we did, and then wrote about it just to prove what bad-asses we are. So don't mess with us. We can drink any of you under the table, especially when equipped with the breakfast of champions, Daddy Jack (that's Daniels, not Nicholson).



Tin Toy

SURF PUNKS LIVE!

by ramona

I was wild about the **Surf Punks** in high school. Living in the Sacramento Valley (miles away from the beach and Southern California's trendiest surf spots) I never saw them *live*. However, on Friday when I saw them at Carnival, the guys took me by surprise with blasts from the past that sent me into a regression of vivid teenage memories.

The Surf Punks (minus Dennis, who's "in Australia") were exactly like I'd always thought they'd be live, except that Drew didn't skateboard on his

guitar (Oh well ... can't always be a legend). Their obnoxious, whiney voices screamed out classics like "My Beach," "Somebody Ripped My Stick," "Locals Only," "Beer Can Beach" and "Shark Attack."

Unfortunately, I had to miss the end of their set, but at least I caught an unexpected mini-Ramones medley cover of "Do You Wanna Dance?" and "Beat On The Brat," surfpunk style. Overall, the Surf Punks tore it up and proved their timeless parodies of the Southern California surf scene are still amusing — even if their albums are "The Nice Price" at places like Tower Records.

The MFA Exhibit At The University Art Museum

by jennifer siegal

The Masters of Fine Arts Graduates Show is now on display at the University Gallery. The graduating artists are: Raphael Perea de la Cabada, Cathy Callaway, Sara Bates, Katie Upton Benner, Mark Maxwell, Brian Katz, Adam Ross, Greg Dagget, Steve Swanson and William Durham. The show represents an incredibly diverse body of work.

There is plenty of talent to be seen: indian mixed-media works, photographs, contemplative chair drawings, paintings on wood, pastel ceramic vases, bronze pieces and clay bulk forms which, in the artist's words, "relate to decay and erosion."

In contrast, Mark Maxwell paints psychedelic patterned

images which almost generate their own decorative light energy. Adam Ross' sublime landscape drawings are so tender they practically whisper to you from the wall. In the figurative tradition, William Durham paints himself in life's different realities. Finally there are Raphael's paintings which discuss biblical themes. The artist feels that, "God has given us art to remind us that we were created." and believes that a work's theme becomes secondary to the aesthetic experience.

Therefore, even if the meanings or intent behind the works displayed alludes you, what's more important is that after seeing the show, your eyes and right brain will have gotten a high!



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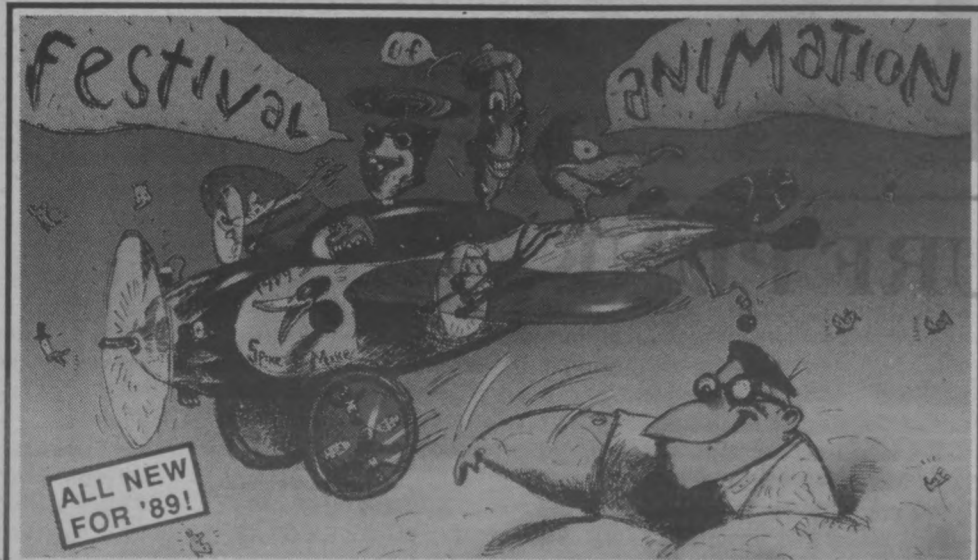
TRANSCENDING ART
Rosalind Wholden's CCS Exhibit

by jennifer siegal

Rosalind Wholden is having an eye-opening and awe-inspiring show at the College of Creative Studies Gallery entitled "Contemplation and Image." The show, open until this Friday, portrays the rather out-of-body experience Wholden felt upon seeing two abstract paintings by Sam Francis, a Fra Angelico fresco and a Hans Memling portrait. Upon entering the gallery, one is immediately struck with a religious feeling.

Wholden emphasizes the theme of the show, which contains only four works, by presenting two book reproductions in an altarpiece fashion. Next to each piece is a one-page statement disclosing the "personal transfiguration" Wholden experienced upon seeing these works of art. Wholden's written statements read just as eloquently and poetically as the ideas she is addressing. About Sam Francis' painting she writes, "In the hands of a master, art awakens images of the eternal. We see the world in signet form. The flash of time scratches space like trajectories of subatomic particles. Essence and interval dance." Wholden also pays tribute to Fra Angelico's mastery, in whose frescos she felt "mortal talent served divine mystery." In contrast, the artist tells how Memling falls short of realizing art's holiness because she is more caught up in optical accuracy than he is willing "to risk the undefinable."

There is much to be said on this topic about art, and Rosalind Wholden has certainly examined a most worthy placement which art can hold for a mortal. Her words and thoughts may appear heavily transcendental and mythical, but so are the powers of some works of art.



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Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown (R)
6:20, 7:15, 9:10
Sat & Sun also 1:40, 3:30
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

PLAZA DE ORO
349 Hitchcock Way, S.B.
Criminal Law (R)
5:15, 7:35, 9:50
Sat & Sun also 12:45, 3
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Scandal (R)
5:30, 7:45, 9:55
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Say Anything (PG13)
1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45

Major League (R)
1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:45, 10
FRIDAY at Midnite
Rocky Horror Picture Show

K-9 (PG13)
1:15, 3:25, 5:30, 7:45, 10

GRANADA
1216 State St., S.B.
Dream Team (PG13)
12:25, 2:35, 5, 7:25, 9:50

Adventures of Baron Munchausen (PG)
12, 2:30, 5:05, 7:50, 10:35

Pet Sematary (R)
1:10, 3:20, 5:40, 8, 10:20
Sun only 5:40, 8, 10:20
No passes, group sales or bargain nights
Sun Field of Dreams 1, 3:15

GOLETA
6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta 941
DOUBLE FEATURE
Dead Calm (R)
7:30; S&S also 3:30
Heathers (R)
5:25, 9:30; S&S also 1:25

K-9 (PG13)
5:30, 7:40, 9:45
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:30

GOLETA
320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta
Say Anything (PG13)
5:30, 7:40, 9:45
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:30

FAIRVIEW
251 N. Fairview, Goleta
Lost Angels (R)
5:25, 7:50, 10:05
Sat & Sun also 12:55, 3:10

Major League (R)
5:35, 7:40, 9:50
Sat & Sun also 1:20, 3:25

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See You in the Morning (PG-13), 10:25
Lover Boy (PG13)
8:45, F.S&S also 12:30

Rainman (R)
8:30, F.S&S also 12:45

Fish Called Wanda (R)
11:00

All programs, showtimes & restrictions subject to change without notice

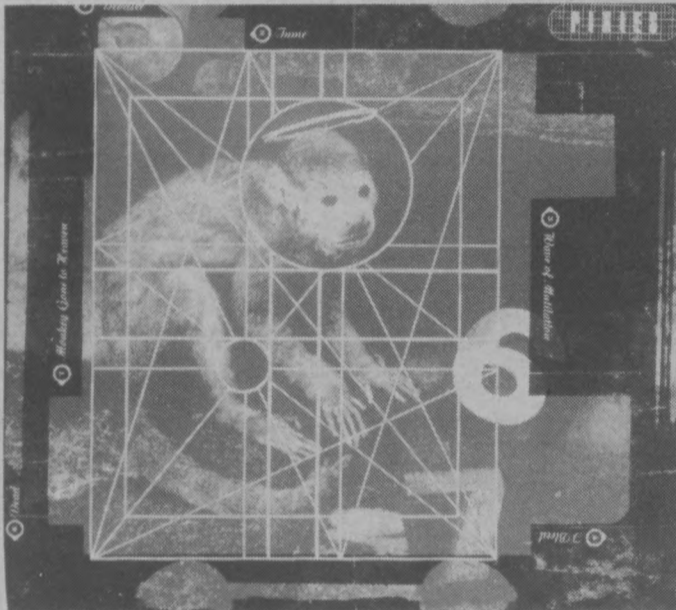
ME AND MY MONKEY

by walker "guitar" wells

Boston keeps churning out bands like rock 'n' roll is gonna be outlawed soon. Beantown's legacy is a long, impressive journey through the history of rock.

Think about it — there's the kings of the city, *Boston*. But don't forget *Aerosmith*, *The Cars*, and hey, how about *Del Fuegos*, and *Til Tuesday*? As the old guard withers with the years, or moves into the stadiums, a new generation of music gurus has worked its way to the top of the proverbial beanpot.

The new bands have names like *Christmas*, *Dinosaur Junior*, *Throwing Muses*, *Volcano Suns* and **The Pixies**. All of these groups have new albums out and are on the road trying to open some ears and sell some records. The Muses came through with New Order, Christmas and Dinosaur Junior are playing in L.A. this weekend and The Pixies are touring England with Ultra Vivid Scene.



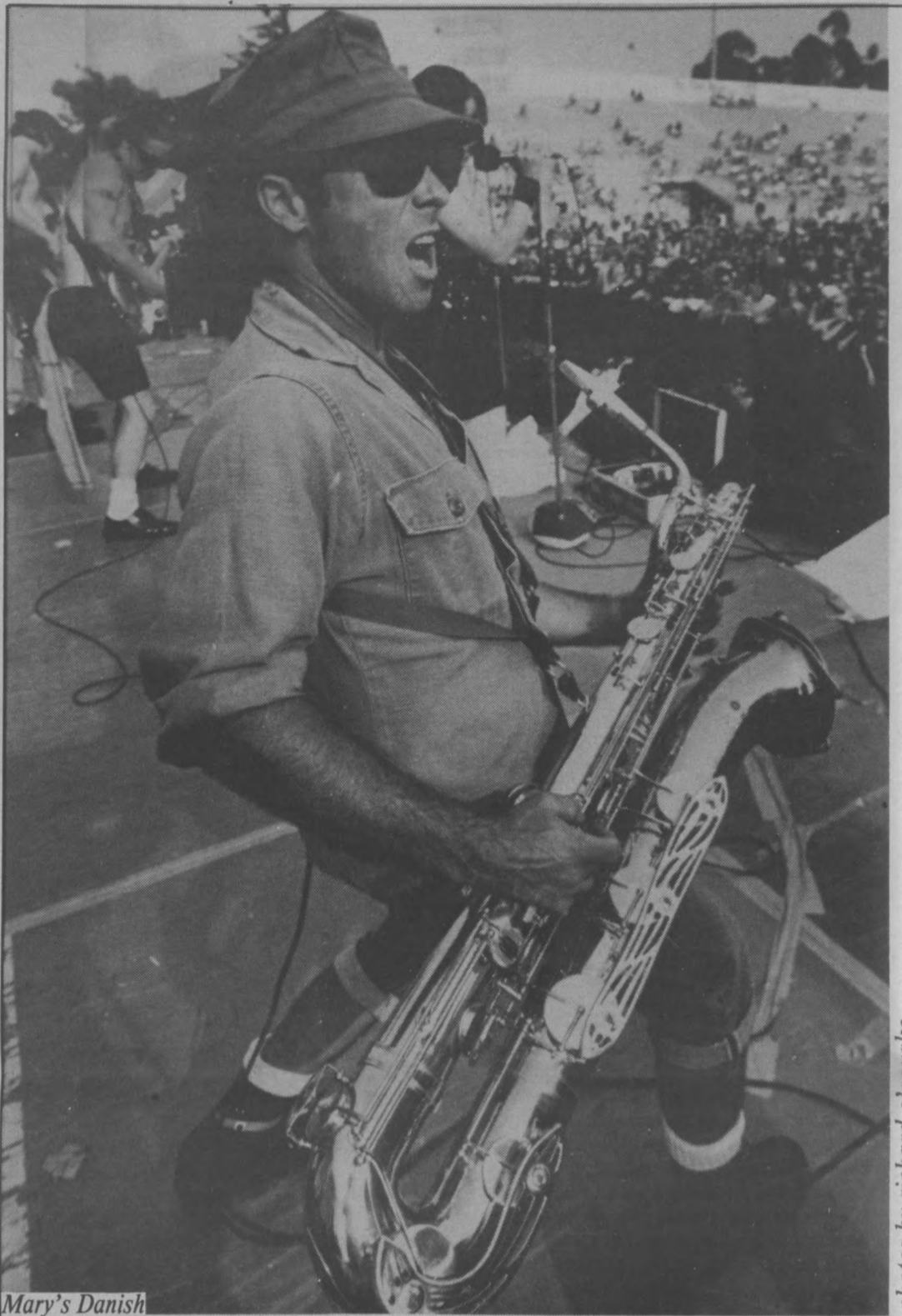
The Pixies are a strange breed. A hard rockin' quartet fronted by raspy-voiced singer Black Francis, The Pixies lay slicing riffs on top of rhythms so groovin' that you just can't keep from moving something. Using the old "it's who you know" style of getting your foot in the door, they followed their pals Throwing Muses onto English label 4AD. Using almost all the Muses people, The Pixies' first E.P., *Come on Pilgrim*, was released in '87. After a European tour with the Muses, (reportedly a nightly trade of who would blow who off the stage), they came back and recorded *Surfer Rosa*. A dazzling record inside and out, the cover is a brown-tinted photo of a dancing senorita who has arguably the most beautiful breasts in the world. The crackling vinyl inside spawned the college hit "Gigantic" and a whole new batch of on-fire songs.

Now it's 1989 and The Pixies' second "real" album, entitled *Doolittle*, has just been released. It looks great and sounds like an organized thunderstorm. The good news is that almost nothing has changed. Bouncy bass pushes the songs constantly forward, guitars screech out surf/slash brilliance, the singing is as roughly soothing as always.

The biggest change can be found in the single "Monkey." String musicians add a startling softness to the song's intensely sedative atmosphere. Bassist Kim Deal softly, sweetly, sings the song's chorus, "This life is mine to happen," like a powerful mantra.

Doolittle, on all accounts, is brilliant. The Pixies have a magic sense for both subtlety and power. Guitarist Joey Santiago's licks are loud, he plays with a heavy, loose style, but knows the beauty of the hook and doesn't kill the songs with noise. The vocals are raspy, but the mix of Francis' and Deal's voices is so intriguing it draws you in instead of scaring you away. Finally, they're cool enough to sing a couple tunes in Spanish.

If I had to call The Pixies anything, it would have to be ignorantly clever. Putting such wildly raw music in strikingly beautiful packages is a reflection of their whole genius. The Pixies understand that the most disturbing things can also be the most beautiful. That's the twist that makes this band one of the best things since sliced bread.



Mary's Danish

photos by richard o'rouke

THE REAL EXT

by wade daniels

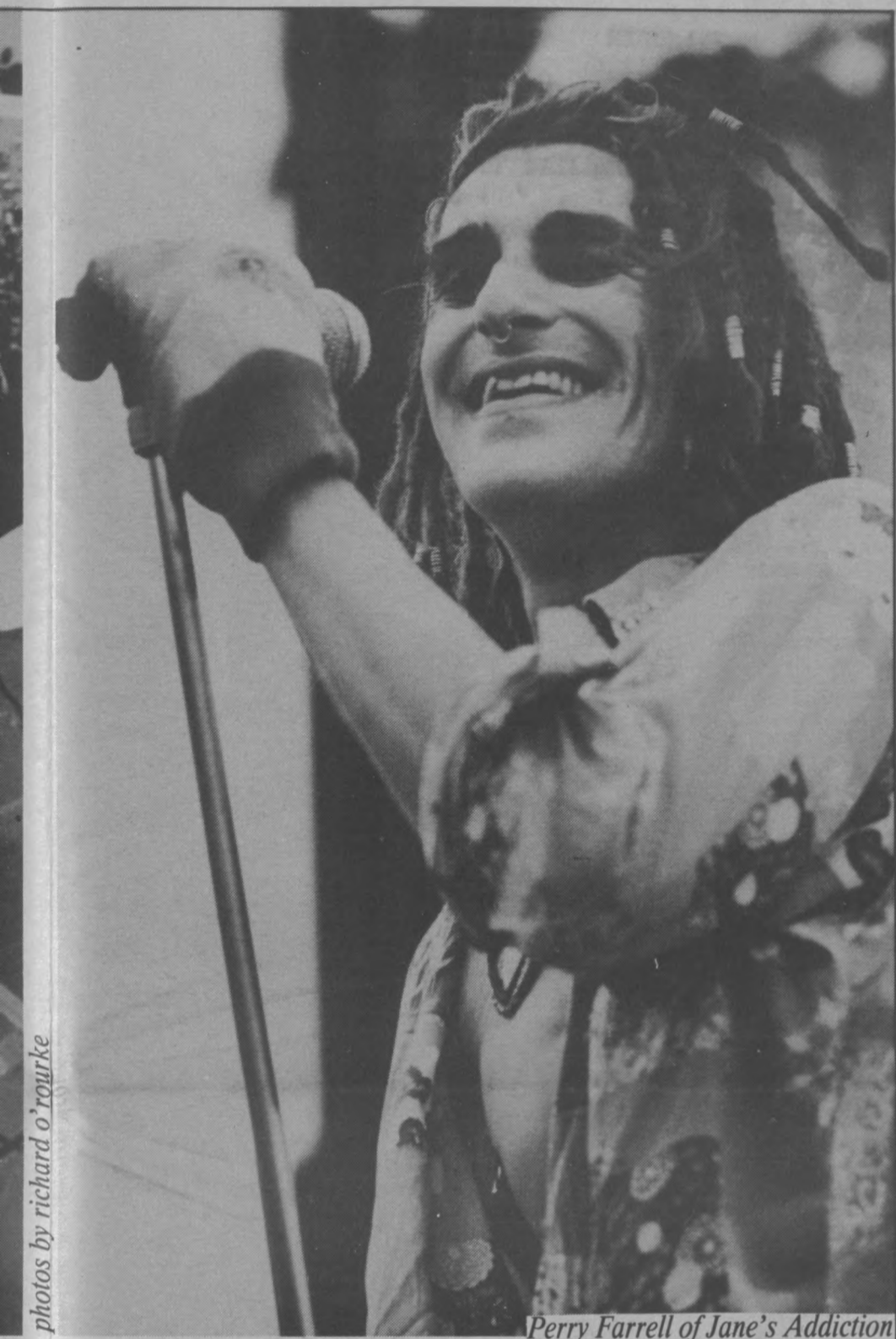
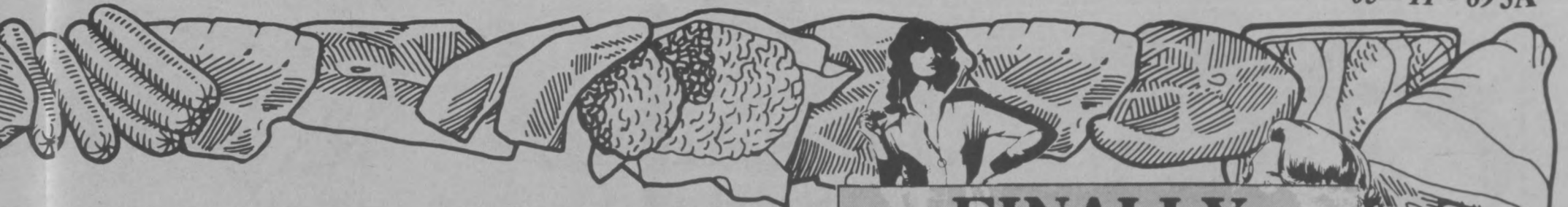
Extravaganza '89 was sort of like a Grateful Dead show, only the Dead weren't there and neither were many of their fans. The audience was almost as much of a show as the bands. It was like a contest to see who could be most decadent — my skin paler than thou; oh yeah, well just check out all this shit in my hair; well look, I'm definitely in more danger of dy(e)ing at any point than anyone here.

A hell a lot of outta-towners were at this one, which is a good thing. And it was pretty easy to tell. Never has UCSB seen such an onslaught of funky black clothes with lots of weird colored things hanging off them.

What was weird, though, was that *Extravaganza* organizers were telling people beforehand that there wouldn't be any alcohol allowed in the stadium — understandable — but then someone changed someone else's mind and said that people weren't even supposed to have little tailgate parties. They were afraid of some drunken punker gangfight frenzy or something.

It reminds one of the early '80s, when Reagan's Secretary of the Interior James Watt decided to have Wayne Newton sing at the capitol's annual Fourth of July party instead of the Beach Boys. He said that the group would attract the "wrong element."

The MTV hype-thing didn't really seem to play as



photos by richard o'rouke

Perry Farrell of Jane's Addiction

XTRAVAGANZA

big a role in the whole deal as it was drummed up to be, which is also a good thing. It seems like MTV has really gotten too self-important for their own damn good. A self-appointed cultural barometer. Ooh, they say our Extravaganza was supposed to be one of the "three most important" college events of the year. So they come and film a bunch of our babes and crowds of guys flipping off the camera (It'll air May 21st).

It also seemed like people really thought the choice of bands was pretty solid. With the local bands and all, it sort of seemed like an extended Pub Nite, only you couldn't get loaded while you were inside. Actually, at last week's Pub Nite they weren't selling alcohol, so it was real similar.

And the main attraction, *Jane's Addiction* — a lot of people say they didn't like them, who knows why, but of course it's all relative. The yukky overcast weather really added an element of weirdness to their presence; sunshine and blue skies wouldn't have really matched and would have made them look too mortal.

But whether you liked them or not, they were operating under some "restrictions." When they played their recent seven-night gig in L.A., they had babes come out and fling heaps of tortillas at the audience. Understandably, Program Board made it clear that they weren't going to have that. Perry Farrell also usually likes to show off his penis during their shows.

Not this time.

FINALLY A GOOD FILM

Women on the Verge

of a
Nervous Breakdown

Oscar Wilde offers this advice: "All art is surface and symbol. Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril. Those who read the symbol do so at their peril." Obviously Mr. Wilde had the pleasure of way too many pretentious art dorks who felt the product couldn't be appreciated until they polluted it with a lot of pre- and post-analysis.

One of the best things about Pedro Almodovar's *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* is that no one has to go beneath or read into any part of it to see that it's art. Neither do they have to see that it's art to know it's funnier than hell. But if you're as sick as I am of making "Romantic-comedies" enjoyable by expecting no depth whatsoever (talk about peril), you'll be thrilled to find that if one does delve into this movie's depth and symbolism, they'll discover all sorts of brilliant little philosophical insights (in a delicious variety of shapes and sizes), each one of which is a laugh in itself. This will reassure you that neither good art nor high comedy must be had at the cost of intelligence (nor must they remain mutually exclusive).

The best thing about all of this is that however deep you choose to go, you never lose touch with the fact that this is a hilarious, furious farce; you'll just appreciate it more. Almodovar somehow pulls off comedy's most impressive and delicate trick: he rips us all at our weakest points of inconsistency, but instead of offending he just identifies, and thereby saves himself from pretention. Teaching us to laugh at images of ourselves in crisis is what makes *Women on the Verge* so beneficial, letting us feel warm and strong (not mushy) inside.

The key to this may be that this is a movie about women, who know that instead of choosing to be John Rambo or Phil Donahue, they can tap both for the best and junk the rest. Pepa (played by the incredibly versatile Carman Maura) is the center female on the verge, an actress who has just been dumped by an aging Romeo who lies with each verbal caress of his Ricardo Montalban voice. She tries to go insane, committing all of the foolish crimes of passion (phoning the other woman, waiting by the phone, ripping the phone out of the wall and throwing it out the window) because she has the right to. Along the way she finds herself involved in a series of unbelievable circumstances reminiscent of old Cary Grant movies, but she's a veteran of life (and probably lots of Cary Grant movies), and she takes it all in stride. This inner strength keeps her sane, makes her pain more viable, and slams a punchline on each wonderfully weird situation.

These coincidences have characters careening off other each other at all kinds of obtuse angles, making the whole movie a goofy riot that is hilarious just to look at. From the campy clothing to the bad wigs to the love quadrilaterals, it's a plethora of side-splitting images and events at once ridiculous and realistic, that roasts the human condition perfectly. Lots of Wilder, Hitchcock and other great old Hollywood stuff splattered against a deconstructionist attitude towards misconceived fairy-tale endings makes for an uproarious comedy both Oscar and Alfred would go see twice (in a row).

If the best art imitates life (and vice versa) note that Maura is an Almodovar veteran. Always a maverick storyteller, Almodovar has concentrated on man's stoniest and most destructive desires (sex, power, security), often using vicious satire to make his points sting. This may be his lightest comedy, but the fact that it's still so funny and wise makes it his best. When life's plot is driving us crazy, another perspective makes it all look pretty comical. Almodovar lets his characters in on this view, thus finding some justice in a world that has a sick sense of humour. Hey, Jane Fonda just bought the rights to this story. Maybe Leonard Nimoy will direct.

by jesse engdahl





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A FILM ABOUT BASEBALL

Field of Dreams

by tony pierce

My dad saw *Field of Dreams* a few days after it opened, and what he told me I'll tell you: He said to forget about reality when you see this movie and you'll like it a lot.

This is a hard thing to do, because Kevin Costner, the star of the film, looks like a normal guy and so does his wife (played by Amy Madigan); but you almost have to forget they're playing real people because there isn't one realistic scene in this film. And that's what makes this such a strange flick. Strange basically because, well, I'll admit it, I cried during the film. But hey, I've cried during some other films, I think, well probably at least I have at one other film.

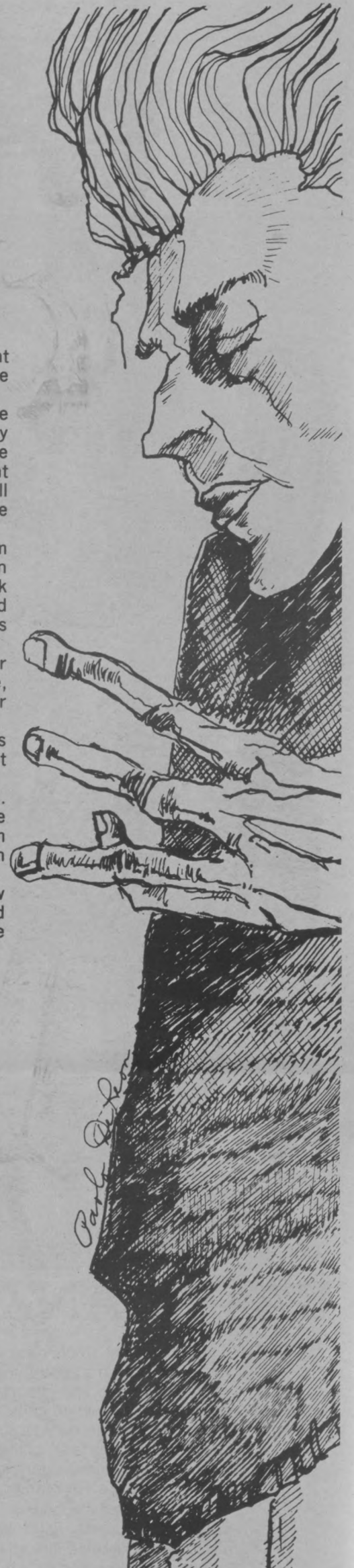
Field of Dreams was also weird because the acting was far from believable, the story is fantastical and the speeches were just plain drippy. The photography was spectacular, however, and you'll ask yourself if Iowa can really look that beautiful. I've been to Iowa and corn fields do have their certain charm, but they're not the Swiss Alps or nothin' so don't go starting up any road trips.

Even though this film is about baseball, it's no "Bull Durham" or "Pride of the Yankees" — I couldn't even tell you what it's like, really, because it's actually closer to a Spielberg flick like "E.T." or "Close Encounters" than anything I've ever seen about baseball.

Speaking of baseball, if you aren't all that hip toward this planet's greatest sport, you'll still like this movie, so relax ... but get with the program, will ya?

Ray Liotta plays Shoeless Joe Jackson and he's creepily good. Everyone else pretty much sucks, including the little girl and the bearded guy from "thirtysomething," but that didn't stop me from misting up a bit, and it didn't stop my date from lusting over Kevin Costner.

So listen to my old man and check this one out before the new Indiana Jones flick storms into town. Just bring an open mind and slug anyone around you who chuckles at the dumb parts, because this is a really weird movie that can be really great if you let it.



Collage

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KAMIKAZE FILM

The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On, a Japanese documentary from 1987, is unique in terms of theme and filmmaking techniques. No intentional dramatization was used during the making of the film.

Directed by Kazuo Hara, the hero/villain of this documentary portrait is Kenzo Okuzaki. An eccentric, self-centered auto mechanic, he scandalized Japan in 1969 when he used a homemade slingshot to fire four pachinko balls at Emperor Hirohito while crying out the names of fellow soldiers killed in World War II. Representing the first direct action against the war crimes of the emperor, the event made an enormous impact on the people of Japan.

Shot over a period of three years, the film is not about Okuzaki's shooting but about the murder of two soldiers. Members of the 36th Engineering Corps scattered into the jungle instead of surrendering to the Japanese. The

film starts with interviews of some of the survivors. The interviews reveal a hidden truth, that two soldiers were executed for desertion — 23 days after the war was over.

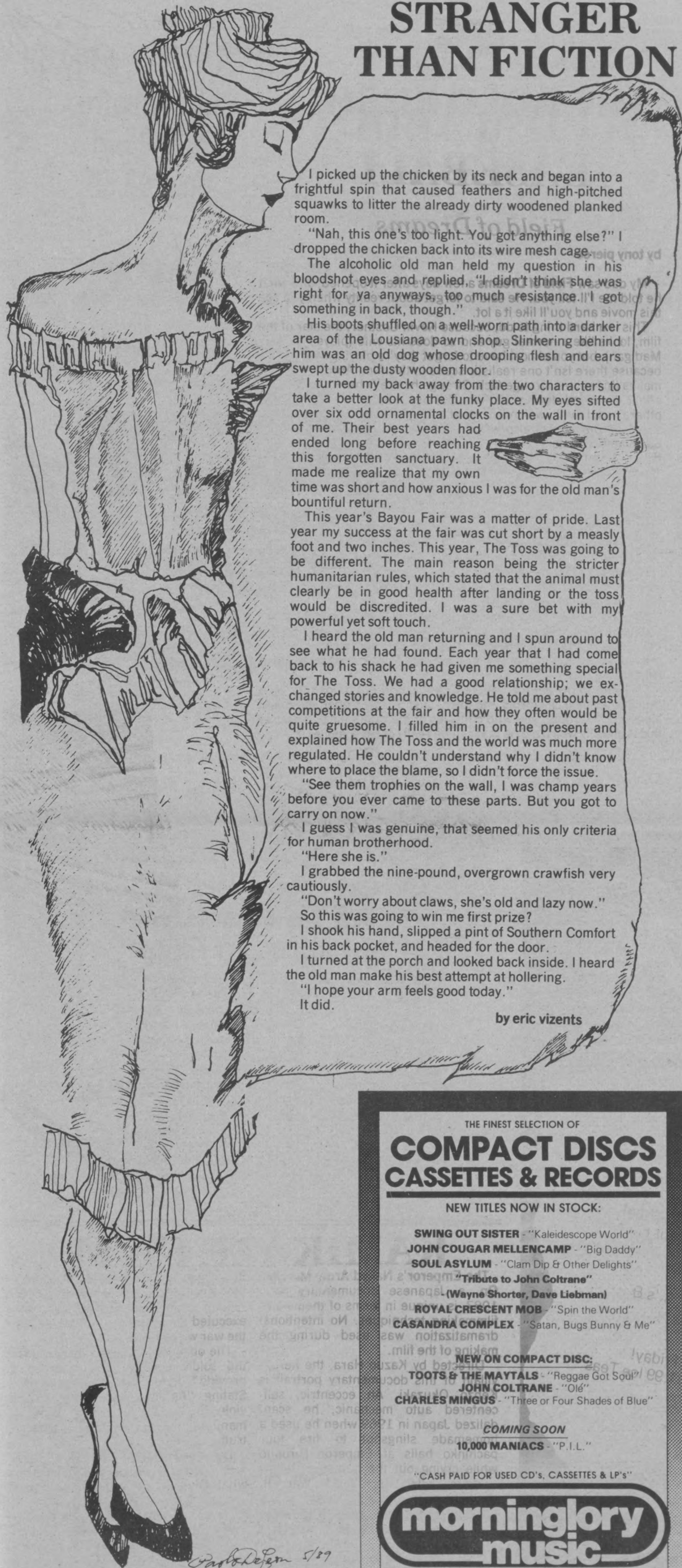
The obsessed Okuzaki suspects that the soldiers were shot in order to provide food for the remaining officers. Stating "As long as I live, I'll use violence — if it brings good to mankind," he relentlessly pursues the truth.

Director Kazuo Hara is clearly fascinated by obsessive behavior and what Okuzaki uncovered was worth exposing.

The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On is a real-time documentary illustrating one man's fanatical and deliberately outrageous pursuit of the truth. The viewer gets a forceful example of the true power involved in truth-seeking.

The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On screens Sunday, May 14 at 8 p.m.

STRANGER THAN FICTION



I picked up the chicken by its neck and began into a frightful spin that caused feathers and high-pitched squawks to litter the already dirty wooden planked room.

"Nah, this one's too light. You got anything else?" I dropped the chicken back into its wire mesh cage.

The alcoholic old man held my question in his bloodshot eyes and replied, "I didn't think she was right for ya anyways, too much resistance. I got something in back, though."

His boots shuffled on a well-worn path into a darker area of the Louisiana pawn shop. Slinkering behind him was an old dog whose drooping flesh and ears swept up the dusty wooden floor.

I turned my back away from the two characters to take a better look at the funky place. My eyes sifted over six odd ornamental clocks on the wall in front of me. Their best years had ended long before reaching this forgotten sanctuary. It made me realize that my own time was short and how anxious I was for the old man's bountiful return.

This year's Bayou Fair was a matter of pride. Last year my success at the fair was cut short by a measly foot and two inches. This year, The Toss was going to be different. The main reason being the stricter humanitarian rules, which stated that the animal must clearly be in good health after landing or the toss would be discredited. I was a sure bet with my powerful yet soft touch.

I heard the old man returning and I spun around to see what he had found. Each year that I had come back to his shack he had given me something special for The Toss. We had a good relationship; we exchanged stories and knowledge. He told me about past competitions at the fair and how they often would be quite gruesome. I filled him in on the present and explained how The Toss and the world was much more regulated. He couldn't understand why I didn't know where to place the blame, so I didn't force the issue.

"See them trophies on the wall, I was champ years before you ever came to these parts. But you got to carry on now."

I guess I was genuine, that seemed his only criteria for human brotherhood.

"Here she is."

I grabbed the nine-pound, overgrown crawfish very cautiously.

"Don't worry about claws, she's old and lazy now." So this was going to win me first prize?

I shook his hand, slipped a pint of Southern Comfort in his back pocket, and headed for the door.

I turned at the porch and looked back inside. I heard the old man make his best attempt at hollering.

"I hope your arm feels good today."

It did.

by eric vizens

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