

# ARTS WEEK

Music 5A

Film 3A,6A

San Francisco Underground: Getting Way Into the Funk



COMMON PORPOISE

Hey Vern! There's a New Movie About Sex & Death!



The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus/For the Week of April 12-19, 1990

## Syllabus

Of Note This Week:

...because without art, you question authority. Or you question those who question authority. Or you try to usurp those who question those who question authority. Or, in a last-ditch desperation attempt, you coat yourself with some sticky goo, drop a few tabs of LSD and bake yourself to death inside a malfunctioning tanning booth somewhere. While questioning authority.

## MUSIC

Haden Guest's Top Five Albums This Week

1. Public Enemy, "Fear of a Black Planet"
2. A Tribe Called Quest, "People's Instinctive Travels and the Paths of Rhythm"
3. Various, "Brazil Classics I (Beleza Tropical)"
4. Digital Underground, "Sex Packets"
5. Sonic Youth, "Daydream Nation"

900 HOT LINE o' THE WEEK  
New Kids On The Block:  
1-900-909-5543

Donny, on the American Music Awards: "My manager was mad because I was chompin' on gum on the stage."

## FILM

Tonight:  
"Ran" at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m., UCSB students \$3

Friday:  
"Aliens" at Isla Vista Theatre, 8 & 10:30 p.m., \$3

Saturday:  
"A Clockwork Orange" at Campbell Hall, 7, 9, and 11:00 p.m., \$3

## LIVE

Tonight:  
Quivering Pulsation of Love — it's caffeine-free Pub Nite featuring The Inclined with The Decline of Paisley John Shaver. Sounds like a La-Z-Boy advertisement? It kinda is. 8:00 p.m. at the Pub in the UCen.

Friday:  
Rock — Psychefunkapus at the Pub, 8:00 p.m., students \$4, general \$5  
Dance — Danscape '90 at the Main Theatre, UCSB students \$6

Press Release Quote of the Week:  
"Dangerous Toys back up their kickass songs with a load of talent."

## THURSDAY'S GAMES

DODGERS (ss) 5					METS (ss) 4				
L.A.	AB	R	H	BI	NEW YORK	AB	R	H	BI
Samuel cf	5	1	3	2	Jeffens 2b	3	0	1	0
Searage p	0	0	0	0	Elster ss	5	1	2	1
Maybery p	0	0	0	0	Johnson 3b	5	1	1	1
Rndlph 2b	4	0	1	1	Marshi 1b	4	1	2	2
Brooks rf	4	1	1	0	Hughes lf	3	0	0	0
Murray 1b	2	0	1	1	Valera p	0	0	0	0
Hartley p	0	0	0	0	Lmbrd ph	1	0	0	0
Gwynn ph	1	0	0	0	Schourk p	0	0	0	0
Gott p	0	0	0	0	Rosebor cf	4	0	0	0
Gonzalz ph	1	0	0	0	McDanil rf	4	0	2	0
Hamitn 3b	4	0	0	1	Mercado c	2	0	1	0
Shelby lf	5	1	3	0	MMiller p	0	0	0	0
Scioscia c	2	0	0	0	Reed lf	1	0	0	0
Dempsey c	1	1	0	0	Darling p	1	0	1	0
Griffin ss	3	0	0	0	Hundley c	3	1	0	0
Offman ss	0	0	0	0	ROCK-CRAB				
Nedinger p	0	0	0	0	AMERICAN LOBSTER				
Stubbs ph	1	0	1	0	HUMPBACKED WHALE				
Crews p	0	0	0	0	LAMB CHOPETTES				
Bean ph	0	0	0	0	WALLEYED PIKE				
Hatcher 1b	1	1	1	0	GLAZED LAMB SHOULDER CHOPS				
Total	34	5	11	5	DEBBIE	36	4	10	4

Los Angeles 000 112 010-5  
New York (ss) 111 100 000-5  
Errors: Hamilton, Shelby, Offman, D.  
LOB: Los Angeles 11, New York 11  
Marshall. HR: Marshall (1).  
Murray.

Los Angeles	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
Neidinger	2	3	5	3	2	0
Crews	2	3	2	1	1	3
Hartley (W)	2	1	1	1	1	1
Gott	2	3	2	0	0	0
Searage	2	3	2	0	0	0
Maybery (S)	2	1	0	0	0	0
New York	2	1	0	0	0	0

## WEDNESDAY'S GAMES

WHITE SOX 2					PIRATES 3				
PLAYER	AB	R	H	BI	PLAYER	AB	R	H	BI
Johnson cf	4	1	1	0	Slaught c	3	0	0	0
Fletchr 2b	3	0	1	1	Ortiz c	1	0	0	0
Lyonis 2b	1	0	0	0	Bell ss	4	0	0	0
Sosa rf	3	0	1	0	LILY OF THE VALLEY	0	0	0	0
Pasqua rf	1	0	0	0	VanSlyk cf	2	0	1	0
Kittle 1b	3	1	0	0	Reynlds cf	1	0	0	0
Walker 1b	1	0	0	0					
CMrtz lf	3	0	0	0					
Willard c	1	0	0	0					
Ventura 3b	2	0	0	0					
Woodsn 3b	1	0	0	0					
Karkovic c	3	0	0	0					
Hemndz p	0	0	0	0					
Davis p	0	0	0	0					
Segura p	0	0	0	0					
Boston ph	0	0	0	0					
Guillen ss	1	0	0	0					
Grebck ss	2	0	0	0					
King p	0	0	0	0					
Thigpen p	0	0	0	0					
Gallaght lf	1	0	0	0					
MARLIN									
Totals	34	2	5	1					
Chicago (A)									
Pittsburgh									
Errors: Guillen, CMartinez, Slaught, Bell, Johnson, Seattle									

FOOD					TWINS 2				
MINNESOTA	AB	R	H	BI	CINCINNATI	AB	R	H	BI
Gagne ss	3	0	0	0	Sabo 3b	4	1	2	0
Knoblgh ss	1	0	0	0	Quinns 3b	0	0	0	0
Moses cf	3	1	1	0	BLarkin ss	3	1	1	0
Powell lf	4	0	0	0	WEAKFISH	0	0	0	0
Hrbek 1b	3	0	1	0	ONeill rf	3	1	2	2
STEAKS 1b	0	1	0	0	Roomes rf	1	0	0	0
STEAK 3b	3	0	2	1	Davis cf	3	0	1	1
STEAK 3b	1	0	1	0	Morris 1b	3	0	0	0
Harper c	4	0	0	0	Griffey lf	2	1	1	0
Mack rf	3	0	1	0	Lazor p	0	0	0	0
Hale 2b	3	0	0	0	Allen p	0	0	0	0
Smith p	1	0	0	0	Engle ph	1	0	0	0
Cook p	1	0	0	0	Winghm cf	0	0	0	0
Brito ph	1	0	0	0	Dibble p	0	0	0	0
Candelar p	0	0	0	0	Oliver c	2	0	0	0
CROWN LAMB ROAST					McGriff c	2	0	0	0
					Oester 2b	3	0	1	0

CARDINALS 7					PHILLIES 4				
PHILA	AB	R	H	BI	ST. LOUIS	AB	R	H	BI
CAPRICORN	4	1	1	0	OSmith ss	2			
Booker 2b	4	1	1	1	Jones aa	1			
Kruk rf	3	0	0	0	Zelle c	2			
McDowl p	0	0	0	0	Lankfrd cf	1			
Gibbons c	1	0	1	2	Perez p	0			
Jordan 1b	3	0	0	1	Guerrer 1b	2			
Adduci 1b	1	0	0	0	Brewer 1b	1			
Mrtinez lf	3	0	0	0	Brinsky rf	2			
Vatcher lf	1	0	0	0	Mathews p	0			
CHayes 3b	3	0	0	0	Morris ph	1			
Hollins 3b	0	0	0	0	Stephens c	1			
Jeltz ss	3	0	0	0	McGee cf	2			
Gray p	1	0	0	0	Horton p	0			
Lake c	3	0	1	0	Gilkey cf	1			
Rosario ss	1	1	0	0	Pena 2b	4			
Carman p	1	0	0	0	Thmpsn lf	4			
Malone p	0	0	0	0	Wilson 3b	3			
Ready rf	2	1	1	0	Tudor p	1			
STEELHEAD TROUT					Collins rf	2			
Total	34	4	5	4	Total	30			



Philadelphia	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
Carman	3	2	3	3	2	3
Malone	2	0	0	0	0	1
LARK SPUR	2	1	0	0	0	1
BNLS (L, 0-1)	1	4	4	4	0	0
St. Louis						
Tudor	3	0	0	0	0	0
Mathews	3	1	1	0	0	0
Guerrer	2	4	3	3	0	0
Winghm	1	0	0	0	0	0
Time: 2:13. Attend: 5,090.						

## BIG TIPS

Only seven players have had 200 hits more and failed bat 300, the last being Boston's Bill Buckner in 1985 (201, 300).

# INSIDE

# The National

The Upstart All-Sports Daily Gives Great Coverage.

But the Question Is: Can It Make Major-League Moolah?

By Craig Wong, Staff Writer

Page 4A



## Dancin', Big City Style

### Susan Marshall & Company: On the Move



Susan Marshall is bringing her creative brand of big time New York City dance to UCSB. She's a choreographer who manages to stay on the forefront of the contemporary dance scene without tripping into trendiness, a gifted New Yorker, who won a 1985 Bessie award for choreographic achievement and the 1988 American Choreographer Award. Marshall and her company of seven superb dancers have been wowing audiences across the United States and Europe. The group performs at Campbell Hall on Tuesday, April 17, 8 PM.

Marshall, who trained at the Juilliard School, quickly achieved a reputation for presenting fresh, original and powerful choreography when she began showcasing her work around New York in 1982. Her dances resonate with psychological meaning. In her 1984 piece "Arms," for example, which will be performed on the UCSB program, a man and a woman stand side by side and proceed to let their limbs do the talking, so to speak, an entire relationship being revealed in the fumbling, groping and interweaving of appendages.

The company will also be performing excerpts from the ambitious 1989 piece "Interior with Seven Figures," a study of cruelty and kindness in human relationships, and the new 1990 work "Articles of Faith," a multi-leveled piece that explores the struggle to advance, both personally and by society as a whole.

Aware of the temptation to seek safety in stylistic patterns, Marshall attempts to create dances each with their own movement vocabularies. And she always tries to keep the human element of dance in mind. "Because I saw dance before I even started dancing," she said in a 1987 *Los Angeles Times* interview, "I've always interpreted dance in human terms, not dance terms."

To get to know Susan Marshall a little bit better, you're invited to a free lecture-demonstration by the choreographer and her company on Monday, April 16 at 4 PM in Campbell Hall. It's a grand opportunity to hear one of New York's finest talk about her techniques and illustrate how she develops those cutting edge moves.

### The Poet Laureate of the United States

Richard Wilbur says he writes for the sheer love of writing, but themes do emerge in his work: observations on nature, comments on social mores, and explorations of philosophical issues. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize (in 1956 and 1989) and the National Book Award, he has created a body of poetry distinguished by its mastery of technique and a dazzling creativity in theme and language. In 1987 he became the second person, after Robert Penn Warren, to assume the title of Poet Laureate of the United States. Wilbur reads from his work on Wednesday, April 18 at 8 PM in the Main Theatre.

This is a poet who defies the conventional wisdom that a poet either flames out in youth or stumbles into a dour old age. He has not followed the fashions of the day, steering clear of the Beat rhythms or the self-displays of the confessional poets. In fact, in a 1988 *Time Magazine* review he admitted, "It just naturally comes to me to work in meters, rhyme, stanza forms. There were times when it seemed dreadfully stuffy, in some sense reactionary, to write in that manner. I have no case against any other way of writing. I did what I could do."

Born in 1921, Wilbur grew up in rural New Jersey, was educated at Amherst College and Harvard University, and served with the military in Europe during World War II. His first book of poetry, *The Beautiful Changes*, was published in 1947. Over the

next four decades he combined a varied literary output with university teaching at Harvard University, Wesleyan University and Smith College.



His third book of poetry, *Things of This World* (1956) won both the Pulitzer and National Book Awards. In 1971 Wilbur received the Bollingen Prize for Poetry. For his 1988 book, *New and Collected Poems*, Wilbur received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry and a *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize. As for Wilbur's Poet Laureateship, the job requirements include the duties of poetry consultant to the Library of Congress, a lecture and a poetry reading, and whatever else the laureate wishes to bring to the position.

Wilbur's reading is brought to you by UCSB Arts & Lectures, the Department of English and the College of Creative Studies.

### Days in Court

Throughout her career, ranging from eight years in the U.S. House of Representatives to District Attorney in Brooklyn to her current position as Comptroller of New York City, Elizabeth Holtzman has been a constant advocate for women's rights and a protector of the disenfranchised. She delivers the Donald R. Cressey Lecture titled "Sex Discrimination and Its Effects on Violence Against Women" on Monday, April 16, at 8 PM in the UCSB Isla Vista Theatre, 960 Embarcadero del Norte. The event is free and open to the public.

## RAN



### An Epic and a Fight

A decade in the making, *Ran* is the epic masterpiece of director Akira Kurosawa (who recently received the lifetime achievement award at this year's Academy Awards). It's the awe-inspiring story of a great lord (Tatsuya Nakadai) who decides to abdicate and divide his domain among his three sons. Against a backdrop of majestic mountains, great plains and powerful storms, filial loyalty breaks down and warfare ensues. The title, which translates as "chaos" or "turmoil," conveys Kurosawa's meditation on Shakespeare's *King Lear* melded with the history of Japan's 16th-century civil wars. *Ran* screens tonight at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

*Raging Bull*, the powerful Martin Scorsese film that made number one on numerous "Best of the '80s" lists, is the perfect combination of incisive character development, meticulous period detail, and absolutely amazing camera work, including boxing scenes that display the essence of both grace and brutality. Robert De Niro won an Oscar for his complex portrayal of Jake (the Bronx Bull) La Motta, who pursued the championship at the cost of his private life and his integrity. *Raging Bull* screens Thursday, April 19 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

For tickets or information call: 961-3535

UCSB  
**A&L**  
ARTS & LECTURES

# 'Death': It Ain't Worth It

■ Review:

'I Love You to Death' Misses, Although It Has Its Moments

By Brian Banks  
Staff Writer

Let this be a lesson to director Lawrence Kasdan. For the first time in his successful career, Kasdan ("Body Heat," "The Big Chill") has directed from a screenplay he did not write. The result is "I Love You To Death", and it is clear that he should always stick to his own stuff.

Kasdan is lost among the darkly comedic story of a philandering pizza man (Kevin Kline) and his vengeful wife (Tracy Ullman). Along with her mother, a co-worker, and two drugged-out hit men, Ullman plots to knock off her husband. Each bungled attempt results in another failure, until a few surprises in the final minutes give us a happy ending.

This is not the fall-down, laugh-out-loud comedy you would expect with actors like Kline, Ullman, William Hurt, and Keanu Reeves. Kasdan tries to make it a black comedy, something along the lines of "The War of the Roses". But he goes too far, and the result is an amusing, often-boring movie.

The actors cannot be blamed. Hurt and Reeves, as the hired killers, provide much of the laughter, their appearance halfway through resurrecting the film after it is almost dead. Hurt has already established himself as a great actor, skillfully playing roles ranging from the despondent loner in "The Accidental Tourist" to the imprisoned transvestite in "Kiss of the Spider Woman". He turns what could have been merely a throwaway slapstick role into a believable cross somewhere between Frank Zappa and Charles Manson.

Reeves, who does a little too much of the bump-into-doors, hit-head-on-



The cast of "I Love You To Death" in a rare, candid moment — little did they know the horrible mistakes they were about to make

lamp bit, cannot quite reach Hurt's level. But the chemistry between them is great and Reeves' inexperience fits perfectly that of his dimwitted character.

In the lead roles, Kline and Ullman do not fare as well. Kline puts on a heavy Italian accent that fades somewhere in the middle

*Kasdan goes too far, and the result is an often-boring movie.*

of the film. He created a memorable, of not extreme character in "A Fish Called Wanda", but here he cannot make his Joey Boca anything special. He tries, but if anything he makes him too nice and comic that the audience doesn't see why his wife

wants him dead. Ullman, a talented and versatile comedienne, has the film's only straight character. What a waste it is to have such a great performer in such a boring role.

But the real problem lies with Kasdan's work. His pacing is terribly off. Some scenes go on much longer than they should, and the plot takes forever to develop. Screenwriter John Kostmayer has given him an interesting story to work with (based on an actual event), but Kasdan doesn't quite know how to approach it. Needless to say, the finished product comes up like a lame version of something you'd see on "Geraldo."

*I Love You To Death is playing at the Fiesta Five theatre. For "the finest in movie information," call 963-9503.*



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## Ventura CONCERT THEATRE

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KTYD Rock 99.9 welcomes  
**April 19 DEVO**

**April 20 JOHN MAYALL & THE BLUESBREAKERS**

KCQR welcomes  
**May 16 BOB WEIR & ROB WASSERMAN**

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at (805) 648-1888  
or Heck Music or Video Tyme

### UPCOMING SHOWS

- 4/13 KTYD Comedy Night
- 4/14 KCSB presents Grammy Award Winner Chick Corea Elektric Band
- 4/15 SURFERS The Movie
- 4/19 KTYD/KCSB presents Devo
- 4/20 John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers The Walter Trout Band
- 4/21 Raphael
- 4/22 KCQR presents Hot Tuna w/special guest Peter Kaukonen
- 4/26 Carl Perkins/ Roadhouse Rockers
- 4/27 Country Dance Night w/Steve Hill Band & country dance lessons with Jewel, 7-9 PM
- 4/29 Big Band Dance Party with the Melodymakers Orchestra
- 5/8 Restless Heart/ Caught Red Handed
- 5/9 Legendary Reggae King Toots & the Maytals
- 5/10 KTYD presents Comedy Night
- 5/12 KTYD welcomes Badlands/Gun
- 5/13 Dave Mason Band
- 5/16 KCQR welcomes Deadheads! Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman
- 5/25 KCQR welcomes Tower of Power
- 5/27 Big Band Dance Party with the Melodymakers Orchestra
- 5/28 KCSB presents Psychic TV/Celebrity Skin
- 6/1 Michelle Shocked/ John Wesley Harding
- 6/10 Tanita Tikaram
- 8/11 Ray Charles/ Comedian June Boykin

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# Inside The National

Media: The Country's First All-Sports Daily Paper Slams, Jams, Punts, Spikes and Buttresses Its Way to Success. But Can It Survive Growing Pains?

By Craig Wong, Staff Writer

**A**cross the top, it reads *ludus aequus omnibus iocus ludique*. For us Latin-deprived folk, it's better known as "fair play for all, fun and games". Fair play for all? If *The National* sports daily hits it big, the *USA Today* may need to huddle and come up with a new gameplan. The National is busting loose and everyone better watch out.

The brainchild of *New York Post* publisher Peter Price and Mexican media baron/billionaire Emilio Azcarraga Milmo, the sports daily hit the racks on January 31 and now circulates to approximately 200,000 readers.

Currently, Los Angeles, New York, Chicago and the immediate suburbs of each metropolis receive the 50-cent tabloid-sized paper and can be purchased for a yearly subscription rate of \$187.20.

Having a six-time Sportswriter of the Year helps. Frank Deford, the former *Sports Illustrated* writer and NBC commentator, is editor-in-chief. It also helps that he's possibly the premier sports journalist in the country.

*Santa Barbara receives the twilight edition, whereas L.A. has the metropolitan edition, which contains everything. It's a little irritating.*

"Peter (Price) asked me if I was interested, and I said, 'Yeah, it's very intriguing,'" Deford said. "It was one of those things that I said was just the right moment in my life to do this."

Deford also writes a column Mondays; it's a must.

**THUMBS UP:** The National has writers. Period. Big-time people with big-time names and salaries to boot. How 'bout for West Coast fans — Scott Ostler, a five-time California Sportswriter of the Year who left his job with the *Los Angeles Times*. Or you want New York flavor? Try ex-*New York Daily News* star Mike Lupica. Maybe Dave Kindred, former *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* columnist.

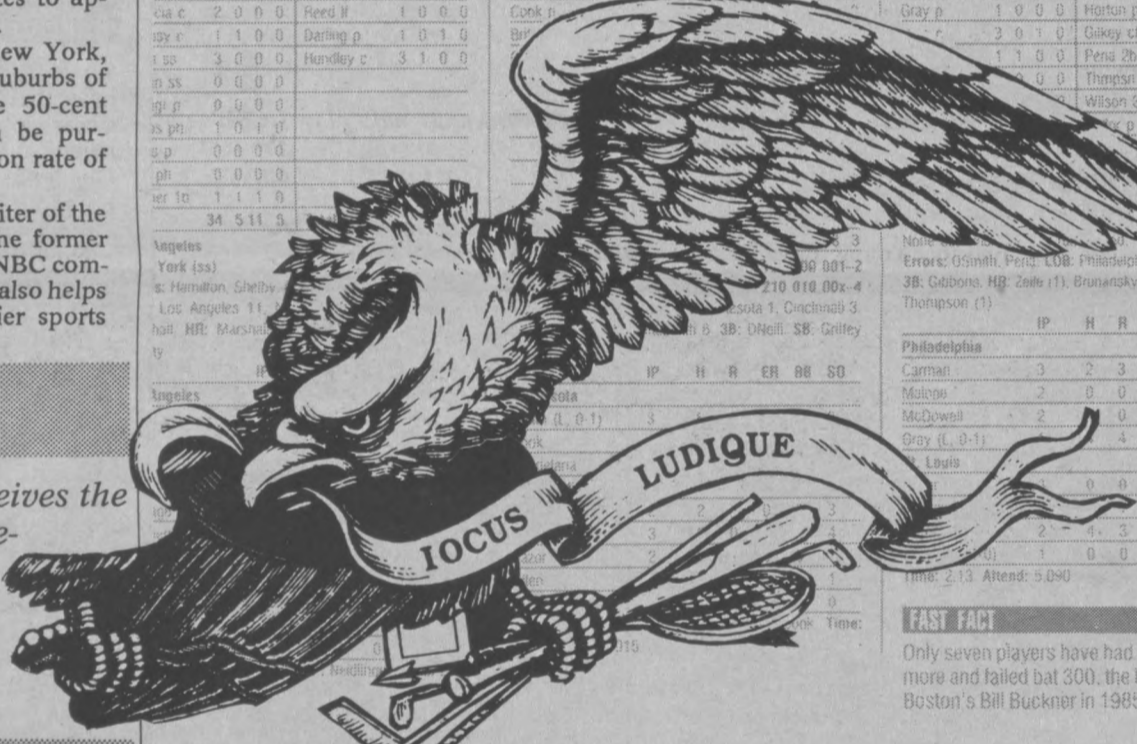
A bonus to having such qualified and award-winning writers is there will be a different opinion in each column, giving the fan a well-rounded look at sports. The National recruited writers like Dean Smith does Tar Heels. It would seem to be a huge gamble leaving a secure job with a daily, well-respected newspaper.

"The risk is what makes the business," said former *Los Angeles Daily News* sports editor Steven D. Clow, who is now the National's Los Angeles bureau chief. "A lot of us left a very solid job. But we all believed the market was ready for such a publication."

And ready or not, here it comes. For the stats nut, *The National* certainly does not gyp you of numbers and re-

**THURSDAY'S GAMES**

RED SOX 5					METS 4					REDS 4					TIGERS 2					CARDINALS 7					PHILLIES					
AB	R	H	BI		AB	R	H	BI		AB	R	H	BI		AB	R	H	BI		AB	R	H	BI		AB	R	H	BI		
W. Lee	5	1	3	2	J. Jeffers	3	0	1	0	G. Gaige	3	0	0	0	S. Sabo	4	1	2	0	C. Campan	4	1	1	0	O. Smith	3	0	0	0	
G. P.	0	0	0	0	E. Elster	5	1	2	1	K. Kucyich	3	0	0	0	G. Guimaraes	0	0	0	0	H. Howker	4	1	1	1	J. Jones	0	0	0	0	
E. Perry	0	0	0	0	J. Johnson	5	1	1	1	M. Muroga	3	1	1	0	B. Blalock	3	1	1	0	K. Kruk	3	0	0	0	Z. Zelle	0	0	0	0	
M. M. 2b	4	0	1	1	M. Marsh	4	1	2	0	P. Powell	4	0	0	0	R. Ruffin	0	0	0	0	M. McDowell	0	0	0	0	L. Lankford	0	0	0	0	
S. S. 1b	4	1	1	0	H. Hughes	3	0	0	0	H. Herbek	3	0	1	0	O. O'Neill	3	1	2	2	G. Gibbons	1	0	1	0	P. Patez	0	0	0	0	
R. R. 1b	2	0	1	1	V. Valera	0	0	0	0	G. Galarraga	0	1	0	0	F. Flores	1	0	0	0	J. Jordan	3	0	0	1	G. Guerrero	1	0	0	0	
Y. Y. p	0	0	0	0	L. Lombard	1	0	0	0	B. Beath	3	0	2	1	D. Davis	3	0	1	1	A. Adduci	1	0	0	0	B. Brewer	1	0	0	0	
M. M. p	1	0	0	0	S. Schwack	0	0	0	0	V. Valdez	1	0	1	0	M. Morris	1	0	0	0	M. Martinez	0	0	0	0	E. Emswiler	0	0	0	0	
Y. Y. p	0	0	0	0	R. Roseboro	4	0	0	0	H. Harper	4	0	0	0	G. Griffey	2	1	1	0	V. Vatcher	1	0	0	0	M. Mathews	0	0	0	0	
M. M. p	1	0	0	0	M. McDaniel	4	0	2	0	M. Mack	3	0	1	0	L. Lazor	0	0	0	0	C. Chayes	3	0	0	0	M. Mome	0	0	0	0	
M. M. 3b	4	0	0	1	M. Merced	2	0	1	0	H. Hale	3	0	0	0	A. Allen	0	0	0	0	H. Hollins	0	0	0	0	S. Stephens	0	0	0	0	
Y. Y. p	5	1	3	0	M. Miller	0	0	0	0	S. Smith	1	0	0	0	C. Coombs	1	0	0	0	J. Jett	3	0	0	0	M. McCree	0	0	0	0	
C. C. c	2	0	0	0	R. Reed	1	0	0	0	C. Conk	1	0	0	0	B. Bur	0	0	0	0	G. Gray	1	0	0	0	H. Horton	0	0	0	0	
D. D. c	1	1	0	0	D. Darling	1	0	1	0	B. Bur	0	0	0	0	P. P.	0	0	0	0	G. G. c	3	0	1	0	G. G. c	1	1	0	0	
L. L. p	3	0	0	0	H. Handley	3	1	0	0	L. L.	0	0	0	0	L. L.	0	0	0	0	P. P.	0	0	0	0	T. T.	0	0	0	0	
M. M. p	0	0	0	0																										
IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO																									
34	5	11	0	0	3																									



records. It does the little things that most papers omit. I never imagined the day when I would see a goalie's record in the past ten games or a player's point per minutes ratio in last night's hoop game. "We can give much better statistics than everyone else," Deford claims. "The *USA Today* came out with new box scores the other day, and ours just blow them away."

For readers in a rush, the National offers excellent quickie analysis in its preview boxes. The recent coverage of the NCAA Tournament can attest to that. While the *USA Today* spits out names and numbers, the National also has several feature stories per issue on many sports, ranging from Laker girls to the latest in baseball players.

"Sure, timeliness has a lot to do with a feature," Deford said. "But some of our features are just good stories. We've got Jimmy the Greek on the cover Friday. We could have run that story a week, a month, or six months ago. It's just a damn good story. That Laker girl story and the movie (on CBS) was just a coincidence. I thought we needed to have a skin issue like everyone else."

The daily doesn't skimp, either, featuring insider's info on the professional teams plus sections like FYI, a puzzle page, gossip and regional beat coverage. It has also shown a commitment to sports that get obligatory news like hockey, golf and tennis.

**THUMBS DOWN:** Well, we're lucky we even get the National in ol' SB. Sorry, Las Cruces.

Sorry, Seattle. Too bad, Tallahassee. Like I said before, only L.A., the Big Apple, Chi-Town and its neighboring cities in the immediate areas get the National. Thus, many towns will be on the outside looking in, yearning to get a glimpse of the paper.

Deford says expansion will move to the San Diego area and the Bay Area this year as well as Dallas-Fort Worth. According to Price's projections, circulation will hit 750,000 a day within two years and the paper should break even. That's contrary to reports that it might not gain a profit until '94. The *USA Today* took eight years and expenditures of over \$800 million before getting out of the red. Though advertising sales are 20 percent above initial projections, very few ads make the page. Losses are predicted at a \$100 million during the National's expansion to other cities, but Deford says that after three years, Emilio Azcarraga should be getting his money back. However, it remains to be seen if the National will keep its head above water.

"I don't know how it will do economically," KEYT-TV Sports Director David James said. "But its major test is how well it can cover baseball. A lot of people here, at least, root for out of town teams.... It could be hard to keep up with other teams. For football, it's only once or twice a week and college hoops is only 30-40 games.... It also has to do a lot better job with misspellings."

Errors, another peeve of the hardcore sports fan, will definitely be examined

under the microscope. In the rush to move a paper via satellite and piece together stories cross-country daily, the chance for mistakes will be high. A national publication must be error-free to keep its respectability.

"I hate to see any mistakes," Deford said. "We've made some bad mistakes as far as technical errors more so than typos. But we're just beginning and we're getting better at it everyday.... I'd hate to think that after two months that we have major weaknesses. It's just a matter of

*For the stats nut, The National certainly does not gyp you of numbers and records. I never imagined the day when I would see a goalie's record in the past ten games or a player's points per minute in last night's hoop game.*

massaging it, tinkering with it. I don't think we have any huge, big, gaping holes to fill."

One negative, at least for towns like Santa Barbara, some West Coast scores aren't listed. Santa Barbara receives the twilight edition, whereas Los Angeles has the metropolitan edition, which contains everything. It may not be a life-threatening hang-up, but it's a little irritating when you don't have the Warriors' box score or the Padres' line for the next day.

**THE FUTURE** Another thing to remember is that this daily will appeal to the eat-drink-and-sleep sports person. It probably will not be as attractive to the person who is just interested in a score or one event. How this affects the paper is uncertain, but KTMS Sports Director Jim Rome isn't quite sure that having the diehard fan as its primary readers will be enough to keep the daily afloat.

"I'm not convinced that there are (enough)," Rome said, referring to sports nuts. "I love the product. Already I have trouble getting by without it, but I'm not sure that they can really support something like that. I mean the *USA Today* was five or six years into the thing and they still hadn't even turned a profit. And that's just not a sports page, that's a national daily.... I don't think it's the most feasible undertaking. I think they know they're going to lose money. But deep down, they really do believe it's going to turn a profit. But more than the finance of the thing, I think it was a challenge they wanted to meet."

And they're doing just that. Funny to think that such well-respected journalists like Deford, Lupica, Ostler and Kindred, such qualified editors and publishers like Clow and Price — are basically getting their collective feet wet. But for right now, the National is getting the job done with the basics — writing and stats. So are they worried about the future?

"In the long term, no one's putting a gun to our head," Deford said.

## S.F. Underground: It's Funky

### ■ Scene Report:

One Promising Band Called Psychefunkapus Will Play the Pub Tomorrow Night

By Trevor Top  
Reporter

In these dog-doo days in time-warped Isla Vista the sixties may have never left. But in the fog-filled days of rage in the post-UCSB mecca of San Francisco, the seventies are back.

Many a club on the SF music scene has disco, funk, and bad sentimental glop from that great epoch of American music — the '70s. To a few it may be a serious return to those disco days, but to most it means a spoof on that time when bell bottoms, hairy chests, platform shoes, plaid and polyester all ruled the fashion trends. Paradise Lounge featured a band called *The Dinos*, the night I arrived; they exemplified everything I just mentioned.

As a music fanatic from Oregon I combed the local alternative papers, the *Bay Guardian* and *SF Weekly* to discover what was happening in this culturally avant garde city. No doubt the clubs are happenin' and I was struck by all the bad-ass biker women. The hipness of the people I met and saw put any I.V.er to shame.

I don't know about you, but I've had it up to here with red-necked "Classic rock" and any other pseudo-psychedelic simply suppressive shit. What a relief to see a band making fun of themselves, their audience, their school, etc. Chico State's *Brutillitus Maximus* was a comic relief. With lots o' fake gold, a fake fur that didn't cover the lead singer's beer-marked belly, a James Brown cover, a Rod Stewart number, and their



Psychefunkapus.

own song "Frat Boy Party" (reminiscent of Thelonus Monster's "Sammy Hagar Weekend") you couldn't go wrong with this 12-man party band.

The irony of the evening was having this foolishly philosophical band opening for a wannabe funky band called *Smoking Section*, whose lead singer was the most pretentious, bad Brian Ferry imitation I've ever seen. He proclaimed repeatedly that they were SF's "funkiest band."

I couldn't have disagreed more. They took themselves way too seriously and their idea of funk seemed to be Roxy music with a bass chord. Blah. The pool game I played rocked all over their music.

They didn't even compare to the likes of *Psychefunkapus*, *The Limbo Maniacs*, and *Primus*. When I saw *Psychefunkapus* on Saturday night (my first night in town) I was impressed by the tightness and funkiness of this shades-of-Chili-Peppers crew. Their lyrics seemed a bit juvenile, but *Psychefunkapus* is definitely a band to see after having a few beers to get the jelly rollers moving.

As they played "Young Love is a

Bitch" someone brought forth an ironically interesting tidbit — a subpoena. Apparently, it involved one of the members and a presumably underage 'funkapulette. Can't say I was surprised. The place was packed with longhaired beauties from both sexes and all ages.

The club I was at, *Nightbreak*, was crowded as corporate hell in the post-Reagan years, but the sights were more heavenly than Anisq'oyo on a jubilant weekend. The atmosphere *Psychefunkapus* generated was reminiscent of a Borsodi's show with *Happy Trails* or *Camper Van Beethoven* — the vibe was live and this band is down. So all you IV hipsters who like to boogey, get down Friday night at the Pub, 'cause this band puts *The Groovy* to shame.

My favorite of the town was *Primus*, who rocked the DNA lounge on Tuesday night in a benefit for *Sadie O.* (a heavy metal DJ who was in a severe car accident). This band held nothing back as they ripped thru a two-hour set unleashing the funkiest thrash I've seen since *NoMeansNo* played the *Savoy*. Much like my favorite *Vancouver B.C.* band, this 3-man get-up gets down, gets it on and gives you the feeling that this is an electric acid test that you've taken and can't get enough of.

*Primus*' bass player rivals any in the world as he grooves and slaps and strokes his custom-made whammy-barred bass that looks like *Witchy Poo's* nose turned to mahogany. No doubt this is one of SF's hottest bands as their innovative funk seems to be the torch bearer of the funk bands in the Bay Area's ultra-hip, ever-present music scene.

*Psychefunkapus* will play UCSB's own Pub tomorrow night at about 9 p.m. In addition, they will be appearing as *Dougie Gyro's* special guests on *KCSB's Funk You* tomorrow around 3 p.m.

## 'Twin Peaks:' TV With Teeth

### ■ Review:

David Lynch's New Series Is the Most Bizarre, Excellent Thing On the Tube Today

By Doug Arellanes  
Staff Writer

A question for the people who saw David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* Sunday night:

Who the heck is the Log Lady?

A question for the people who didn't see *Twin Peaks*:

Why don't you know who the Log Lady is?

Put quite simply, *Twin Peaks* is one of the greatest series ever put on the air. But what else did you expect from the guy who did *Blue Velvet*, *Eraserhead*, *The Elephant Man*, and was the first choice to direct *Ernest Goes to Jail*?

For those who don't know who the Log Lady is, the plot of *Twin Peaks* isn't much different from *Jake and the Fat Man* or *Hunter*, or even *Murder, She Wrote*. A beautiful girl washes up on a river bank near a small town, and FBI agent Dale Cooper must solve the crime.

But unlike any TV show I've ever seen, the girl's death has real emotional

*Twin Peaks* is one of the greatest series ever put on the air. But what else did you expect from the guy who did *Blue Velvet*, *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*.

impact on the town, and causes it to unravel slowly. *Twin Peaks*, like Lynch's *Blue Velvet* is a story with undertow, a riptide current that only stops for household cleaning commercials.

Even in the pretty bad *Dune*, Lynch managed to curlicue away from a story to bring some oddity to light, and *Twin Peaks* is no different. A suspicious-looking woman carrying a log at a city

council meeting is just explained away. "Oh, that's just the Log Lady," says Sheriff Harry S. Truman.

As fans of Lynch's movies know, such flourishes are commonplace, like the scene in *Dune* where a villain walks past a pair of midgets administering to a cow which is suspended upside-down in mid air. The villain looks at the two midgets, hits one, then rips the cow's tongue out and proceeds to chew on it. Sick, memorable and pretty funny.

In another, more eerie scene, the morgue's lights flicker on and off while Agent Cooper examines the girl's corpse. "Sorry about the lights," the attendant says. "We're trying to get them fixed." Strangeness turns up at every possible location, including Big Ed's Gas Farm, or the Roadhouse, where bikers sit entranced by the trance-inducing music of performance artist Julie Cruise.

That's what is so unnerving about *Twin Peaks*. Even in the most riveting sequences, there's an element of bleak, sick humor. It's sort of like a hilarious version of *Raging Bull*, or an episode of *Police Squad* done tragic.

Tonight's episode is a continuation of the series, which will air regularly at 9 p.m. My advice is to drop whatever you're doing and see this series. That or incur the wrath of the Log Lady.

## 'Massacre II:' Not Even Bad

### ■ Video Guy/Trout '92

New Tape No Match For Original, Video Guy Says. Plus, I.V. Store Carries 'Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity,' and 'Barbarian Queen'

I am now going to have to do something that I rarely have to do, as *The Video Guy*. I will have to apologize. But hey, everyone makes mistakes, and everyone at one point must apologize, except, of course, Ronald Reagan, Dom DeLuise, and Bert Convy, but that's beside the point.

The point is that minutes after last week's "The Video Guy" hit the stands, I received a phone call.

"Video Guy," they said, "Gosh, we sure do think that your column is great and all, but we are a video store in I.V., and, well, gee, we do have 'Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity.'"

Indeed they do. They are *The Video Store*, across from *Dave's Market*,



where *Rock House* used to be. They have that neon sign with the cartoon swear words on it, like #\$\$\*%&! So, on behalf of the whole staff at *The Video Guy*, I #\$\$\*%&! apologize, and keep renting out those #\$\$\*%&! zany movies, *The #\$\$\*%&! Video Store*.

Now that that dribble is all cleared up, on to my review. I rented both films from *The #\$\$\*%&! Video Store*.

The first is "Slumber Party Massacre II." My advice to you is to always, always steer clear of sequels which are not in 3-D. This film was not in 3-D. To be blunt, this movie sucked, badly. It rated a 3 on the Beer-o-Meter. One for a pointless drunk-teenager-slut-go-godancing-naked scene, and the other two were drunk because this movie's drill-murderer is a mixture of Andrew Dice Clay, Elvis Presley, and Freddy Krueger. This is a "Nightmare on Elm Street" rip off. Don't ever watch it.

My second flick however, was a huge step up. Sheer art in motion. It was "Barbarian Queen."

How can you watch a film with such lyrics as, "When I command you to strip your garments off, you will do as you are told!" And a pimp and prostitute talking: "Are you going to give me a decent meal?"

"Sure, all the Gladiators you can eat." The plot isn't really worth mentioning, so I won't.

Everyone in this movie has silly, Dungeons-and-Dragons names which sound strangely like chemical elements or agricultural byproducts, like "Argon," "Korak," and "Alfana."

Lots and lots of smut in this gem, like leather-armor push-up bras, Barbarian Valley Girls, and the ever-terrifying brass-gauntlet-rubbing-nipple-torture inflicted by a guy who looks like Elton John in a beanie scene, just to many a few examples.

But ladies, before you make a judgment, this is equal opportunity smut. The bad guy's right-hand-man bears a striking resemblance to Fred Willard, who I understand can fire any woman up. Furthermore, this is a bit of a gladiator flick, which means large sweaty men in G-strings. Basically, the whole scenerio spells out good times for all, male or female.

On the Mondo Movie Beer-o-Meter, I gave "Barbarian Queen" 10 beers, really great beers, like *Keystone*.

That's it for this week, and remember, who really gives a flying %&! who's A.S. president. Instead, concern yourself with voting for *Video Guy* and *Trout* in 1992.



The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus  
April 12, 1990

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FILM

ARTSWEEK April 12, 1990

'Ernest's' Jailhouse Rock

**Review:**  
For Some Reason,  
New Movie From  
"Hey Vern" Guy  
Is Pretty Funny

By J. Christaan Whalen  
Staff Writer

Anybody who has seen a Cerritos Auto Square commercial has enough sense to avoid "Ernest Goes to Jail." But for no good reason, this third installment in the Ernest Trilogy, is different. It's fast, funny, bizarre, and probably the best bad comedy since "Weird" Al Yankovic's Truffautting "UHF."

All things considered, "Ernest Goes to Jail" has worse acting than when you tried to convince your girlfriend that you got chlamydia from a three-bean salad. In fact, everything about this movie is

bad, but it somehow comes together and works as a whole.

The basic story line is a "classic" comedy plot stolen directly from "The Honeymooners" and a number of Gary Coleman television movies: Ernest lands in jail when he is fiendishly switched with a sinister criminal who is his exact physical double.

This brings up the obvious symbolism of the duality of man. While the Good Ernest is forced to fend for himself in jail against a bunch of meaty jail guys, the Bad Ernest, representing the hedonist in all of us, is out monkeying around, hustling chicks, drinking dry martinis, robbing banks, not filling out his census form, hardly ever recycling, kicking dogs, and helping himself to way too much shrimp.

This is not to say that much time is spent pondering the repercussions of such a situation. In fact,

no time whatsoever is spent pondering anything, which is, of course, the whole point. This movie is so mind-numbing, you should probably need a doctor's prescription just to get in.

Jim Varney, in his best performance since his "Everything's 25% Off at Standard Brands Paint Stores" commercial in late-July 1985, is truly likeable as Ernest. He's as ridiculous as a Neal Peart solo album in his exaggerated, effusive character. He seems to have actually improved as a comedian.

Apparently the casting directors scoured the Los Angeles Bus Terminal looking for people with the right "facial type" for this movie. Every bit of the film is set in an overinflated cartoon world that is quite reminiscent of Tim Burton's "Pee Wee's Big Adventure."

Ernest and Pee Wee actually share a number of si-

ilarities, although the dark aspects of Pee Wee are nowhere to be found in Ernest's character. In many ways, Ernest is a classic Tim Burton-style clown, ostracized by society because of his own self-realization; he understands himself but not society. The only difference is that while a Tim Burton clown rebels against his alienation (Pee Wee buys nothing society is selling, Beetlejuice tries to swindle society, and the Joker tries to murder it), Ernest's only goal is to one day be accepted by society. The actors have something to do with this too. You can kind of imagine Paul Reubens on the set during filming, sniffing No-Doz and taking Drano shots, but you know Jim Varney is kicking back with a case of Yoo-Hoo.

*Ernest Goes to Jail* is playing at the *Fiesta Five* theatre. For further information, call 963-9503.

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# Death in a Promising Band

**Update:**

Andrew Wood, Lead Singer of Seattle's Mother Love Bone, Dies of Overdose

By A.J. Goddard  
Reporter

It was the last weekend in March. The Cult's Ian Astbury, members of Soundgarden, Heart, Mudhoney and numerous other rockers gathered in Seattle. The occasion? A wake at the Paramount Theater.

When Mother Love Bone cancelled their show at Santa Barbara's Carnival nightclub over spring break and proceeded to cancel their whole U.S. tour, rumors were buzzing that Andrew Wood, Mother Love Bone's vocalist was dead.

"The rumor is true," said Polygram Records spokesman Thomas Westfall, my bearer of bad news. My heart dropped to the pit of my stomach.

He was found totally comatose on his kitchen floor. Brain dead. Some bad heroin was going around Seattle. Potent stuff. He took too big a dose.



Mother Love Bone in happier days

He was on life support systems for a day. If he came back he'd be a vegetable. So they pulled the plug. He was twenty-four.

The fate of Mother Love Bone, the best new groovy, Seattle-sounding grunge

band to hit alternative radio since Soundgarden, is now in limbo. Four talented musicians, three of which are ex-Green River members, are now minus a lead singer.

The band's EP *Shine*

has lit up alternative radio across the country since it's 1989 release and has been a definite favorite for rock DJs on our own station, KCSB.

Before Wood died, the band finished their debut LP, *Apple*, but the surviving members do not know if it will be released. For record company reps it may be more beneficial as a tax write-off, but this will leave a void for Mother Love Bone fans. Westfall, the PR guy, described the album as "a masterpiece," musically and in the way it was produced.

Wood had just gotten out of rehabilitation in March, and the tour of the U.S. and Europe was all lined up to promote the new album which was to be released in May.

The rest of the band are visiting family and thinking about their options. Whether or not they go on as Mother Love Bone or go on to form other ensembles, we'll be hearing more from them. But Andrew Wood's fanatic vocals and intrinsic lyrics will be sadly missed.

A.J. Goddard hosts "Speed of Sound" on KCSB-FM 91.9 every Monday night/Tuesday morning at 2 a.m.

# Rod's Big Vibrating Boxset

Rod Stewart  
*Storyteller*  
Warner Bros. Records  
★★

Sometimes when you ask for free records to review, you get dogged, and they tell us lowly college journalists to get lost. Sometimes it's cool because it puts you back in your place and makes you realize that you really should be buying your own records with your own money.

But a weird thing happened when I asked for the Rod Stewart box set "Storyteller": they gave me only one CD.

The point of reviewing box sets is to see the sound quality of all the old stuff (which usually gets re-mastered in four-disc sets) as it compares to the new material. You can also see how the new songs have evolved out of the classic hits. So when I only had 12 songs total off one

disc from a box set called "Storyteller," it reminded me of reviewing a Readers' Digest condensed version of "Moby Dick."

So even though all 12 of the songs on my lowly CD are really cool, and even though Rod's new songs: Tom Waits' "Downtown Train" and the Motown classic "This Old Heart Of Mine" (with Ron Isley of the Isley Brothers) are extremely cool, and even though it's killer to have that '76 hit "Tonight's The Night" on the same disc as "Passion" and "Young Turks" along side recent hits like "People Get Ready" and "Forever Young," I feel a little miffed that I'm not hearing any "Hot Legs" or "Some Guys Have All The Luck."

So officially I'll give it two stars, knowing full well that I'd have given it more if I'd have gotten more — which is almost exactly what my girlfriend told me last night before I fell asleep to the sounds of a hand held motor warming up.

— Tony Pierce

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