

# SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

Intermission is always looking to meet fun, new and exciting people to write for us. So, if you can A) burp the "Brady Bunch" theme B) not see your toes from a standing position or C) write, come by the Nexus Offices under Storke Tower, ask for Denis or J. Christaan, and we'll do you up right. And now ...

**Hong Nung:** The Reduced Shakespeare Company will be performing the complete works of good old Will in about two hours, at the Lobero Theatre tonight at 8 p.m. Call 963-0761. It could be interesting. ... Also at the Lobero Theatre, *Storm Warning*, a play performed by and about the times of disabled playwright Neil Marcus. It happens on Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. Call 963-0761, again. ... *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, by Bertolt Brecht, begins its two weekend stay at the UCSB Studio Theatre tonight at 8 p.m. Call 893-3535.

**Nung:** Campbell Hall, tonight, *Henry V* will continue the A&L International Cinema Series, as does *Ariel* on Sunday (reviewed this issue). ... *Monday, November 12*, a series of short films put on by the Black Studies Dept. about, among other things, Lost-Wax Casting in Ghana and West African Strip-Woven Cloth will be shown at South Hall 4506. It all starts at noon.

**Plang:** Ventura Concert Theatre will have Dokken on Thursday, Warren "Ah Wooo" Zevon on Saturday and The Rippingtons on Sunday. Is that talent, or what? Call 648-1888. ... **Fresno Flute Ensemble** will be performing alongside the UCSB Flute Choir on Sunday in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall at 8 p.m. Admission is only three buckeroones, so do it. ... **The Santa Barbara Oratio Chorale** opens its sixth season this Saturday at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 4:15 p.m. at First Presbyterian Church. Call 684-7686 or 965-7289. ... **Music, Song & Dance** from Ireland will be happening for one night only at the Victoria Street Theatre on Saturday, starting at 3. Call 563-0662. This show is strongly recommended. ... **Hot Mamas Abound** on Tuesday at Zelo. This Ascension rocks with Garden Party, and it's only \$2!!!

**Luop:** *Spirit or Our Time*, an exposition featuring over 20 SoCal artists will be running Nov. 6 through Dec. 27 at The Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum. Call 966-5373.

**Bapb Nan:** Printmaker Alice Fong will present a slide lecture about the work of Asian American women artists at 4 p.m. on Tuesday in the UCen Pavilion, and it don't cost nothing.

Now that we got the facts, Ma'am, it's ... Intermission!

**Dennis and Denise Swing Dancing!**  
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Stacie Hougland  
Andrew Rice  
Doug Arellanes  
Cindy Kemakorn  
Seana Fitt  
Cynthia Gathman  
Todd Francis  
Tony Pierce  
Trevor Top  
Oz Tyler  
Mike Blois  
Shira Gotshalk  
Denis Faye as The Editor  
J. Christaan Whalen as The Ass.  
and Janet Jones and Janet Jones as "Exotic Dancer #2"

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Art by Todd Francis

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FEATURES AND SHOWTIMES FOR TODAY ONLY

**HOT SPOT (R)**  
FRI & MON - THURS 7:00  
SAT. & SUN. 2:30 7:00

**MARKED FOR DEATH (R)**  
FRI & MON - THURS 5:00 9:30  
SAT & SUN 12:45 5:00 9:30

**POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE (R)**  
FRI & MON - THURS 5:05 9:20  
SAT & SUN 1:00 5:05 9:20

**MR. DESTINY (PG-13)**  
FRI & MON-THURS 7:15  
SAT & SUN 3:00 7:15

# Indulge Yourself

**BAD INFLUENCE**  
NOV. 1-10  
Rob Lowe, James Spader

**GLORY**  
NOV. 2-11  
Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman

**FIREBIRDS**  
NOV. 6-17  
Nicolas Cage, High-flying action.

**THE FIRST POWER**  
NOV. 11-25  
Be warned. Lou Diamond Phillips.

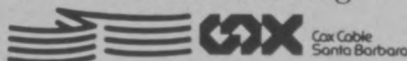
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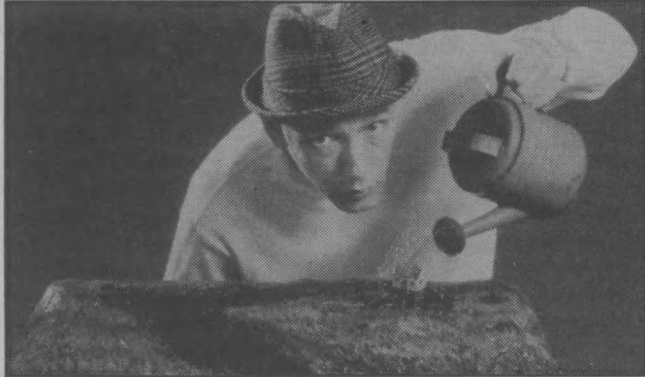
More Variety Than A Well-Made Party Mix



## Performance Art On The Edge

### Joe Goode Sees Life In A Way Most Can't

by  
**Cynthia Gathman**



"The point that interests me is the line between laughing and being disturbed"

There is a thin line to be drawn between the injustices in the world, and the humor which can be derived from them. Joe Goode performs on this line, on a psychological high wire that combines dance, music and dialogue. His *Disaster Series*, the current incantation of his commentaries, will be performed Wednesday, Nov. 14, at Campbell Hall. Several natural calamities, including floods and landslides, are paralleled to personal crises in this series of 10 insightful skits.

Goode is regarded as one of the really serious dance artists on the West Coast. According to Marty Pearlman at Arts and Lectures here at UCSB, "this is the most creative dance piece we have this fall."

Goode sees every performance as a milestone, a mark and an arrival at someplace new. He deals with aggregate problems which each of us faces every day. In one skit he waters a model village expounding various lines about the injustices which have occurred to imaginary characters in his mind. These characters are all related to him and have all fallen short of his ideal mark for them due to natural calamities. This notion of a "disappointment" within one's family can be universally applied. It can be hypothesized that most humans, loving their relatives, create excuses or, in this

case, natural disasters, to make sense of shortcomings. When asked if his works are autobiographical Joe said, "I always tell people no, but I'm not sure that's true. The material is real, and collagist, one experience, one thought giving way to others to create an array of feeling."

Part of his material is from the people in his company. "The Doris Day" piece came from a Liz Burritt — a girl in the company who has always reminded me of Doris Day. She has very Doris Day qualities," he said.

He cited these "qualities" as being a girl-next-door innocence, which they decided to confront in the segment "Doris in a Dustbowl."

His focus is on the epidemic problems facing humans. "I don't want to be entertaining, I aim at providing an experience," said Goode. Furthermore, his works demystify many things we deny or ignore due to fear. Goode has dealt with suicide, something he said "people don't want to hear about; it's heinous and frightening. (If they can look at it in a different light and confront it, then maybe they can) laugh but at the same time feel uncomfortable." This way, Goode feels that they are dealing with a problem.

"The world is a scary and disturbing place. It's terrifying, what are we going to do?" he said with a little chuckle, "We

have to laugh. The point that's interesting to me is the line between laughing and feeling disturbed."

Goode strives to attain a positive energy between the performers and audience. His emphasis is upon the subjects and crises that will apply to the lives of many. He said that he has not succeeded if the audience is saying, "That's terrible and I'm glad that happened to you and not me." When asked if he was surprised at the positive public response to his works despite the fact that they have been labelled "beyond conventional or polite," Goode replied, "I'm not interested in pretty dances, parading around or how many times you can spin around on one leg. ... I am interested in the connection between my work and the audience, if I wasn't I'd stay home and perform in my garage."

A six-foot-six actor and choreographer who deals with such issues may seem intimidating, yet he is shockingly real and engaging not only during his performance, but also during his interview.

His use of laughter as a tool is extremely successful in dispelling one's fears and anxieties temporarily, thus allowing personal exploration without these barriers. The performance here at UCSB promises more than mere entertainment.

## Interview With A Scantily-Clad Maid

*The Maids* will be playing Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 2 in the Old Little Theatre. It is student directed.

What follows is an informal dialogue/interview with Jackie Apodaca, who plays Claire — one of two leads/maids.

*The Maids* is based on a

true story in France where a maid killed herself because she screwed up one of her madame's dresses, so believes society. Jean Genet used the play to expose how maids are stereotyped and given a lower place in society. Apodaca says that the maids live in an imaginary world. Soulange (Angela Paul) and Claire, the two sisters who are maids, poi-

son the tea of the madame (Lauraliisa O'Conner). When their mistress doesn't drink the tea, Claire feels that there's no end to this subservient life — so she takes her own life.

**Intermission:** What's striking about this play?

**Jackie Apodaca:** Well, it exposes the dark ugly sides of human nature and interaction. It is reminiscent of *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*. It has

that bitter irony and scathing satire.

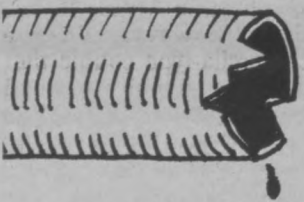
**I:** Is there a message or moral to the story?

**JA:** Genet's point is individual choice. Somebody has the right to choose to kill themselves if they want to. Being born into poverty, the maids have no hope in life: no money, no status, no respect.

**I:** Entice our readers with something... will there be any sex, drugs or violence?

**JA:** I'll be scantily dressed and there is a bit of weird energy between the two maids, but this ain't no David Lynch.

—Trevor Top



## Toxic Honor Society From Hell

Trout: **Gone**  
Vid Guy: **Green**

Trout, my faithomeric sidekick, you gotta love him! He just got back from Iraq, and he is already gone again. You see, last year he got a ticket for riding his bike nude on campus. Now, just last week, he got another ticket! This time it was for riding the campus nude on his bike, with a side of guacamole!

He went to court to try and clear the whole thing up, but Judge Wapner said "No Way, Jose." Trout appealed to the Supreme Court, where he was pelted with choruses of "No-No-Nellie." Finally, in a desperate hour, Trout appealed to The Star Chamber, which replied simply, "Motod, motod, your butt is imploded!" Trout now had his nude bike path cake, and darnit! he was going to have to eat it.

Anyway, he got real nervous-like, because he didn't want to tell the old Video Guy here, so he made a run for San Diego. There, he tried to get a job on a cruise ship, so he could be like

his idol, the Love Boat's own "Captain Stubing."

This didn't quite pan out, so he went to Phoenix and got a job in disinfectant at a Naugles. Soon, he got fired for stealing straws. Last I heard, he was in Doreensndorf, The Netherlands, working at a Circle K. Good luck, Trout, wherever you may be.

The film to be reviewed this week is a Video Guy classic. It is the predecessor of *The Toxic Avenger*. That's right, it's a little ditty that Troma liked to call *The Class of Nuk'em High*.

The influences that this film had on *The Toxic Avenger* are real big. You got your melting nerds, and most importantly, there is a scene where the hero contorts into a mass of warped flesh and rips bad guys up. Is that *Toxic Avenger*, or what?

The plot isn't too tough to master. It's about two innocent teenagers, Warren and Chrissy (played by ... well, who cares, really), who smoke pot that has been grown in nuclear waste. The high from the hemp makes them horny, so they hump. She gives birth to a mutant tadpole; he has dreams about having a six-foot stiffy. Then a motorcycle gang

takes over the school (they were once the honor society, thus my headline) and almost everyone dies, the end. Is that a good plot, or what?

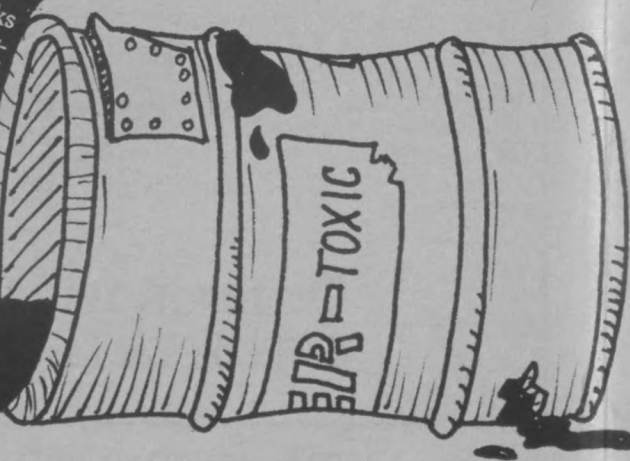
In the first five minutes, a nerd named Dooney drinks nuclear waste and dies. Upon doing this, he shrivels up. At this point, disappointment was evident on the old Video Guy like an old tomato than a corpse exposed to toxic waste. Believe you me, I've seen my share of corpses exposed to toxic waste, and I know what they look like.

The token "scary monster" looks like a cross between *Alien* and a porcupine. Some guy gets a spiked heel to the groin. Some other guy says the word "Poontang." And if a babe has more than three lines of dialogue, it's guaranteed that you will get a good gander at her Dashiell Hammetts.

On *The Video Guy Mondo Beer-o-Meter*, this flick gets eightish, since that guy who looked like an old tomato really upset me, and *The Toxic Avenger* got the same job done, with fewer calories.

This is *The Video Guy*, saying, "Stop."

The  
**Video Guy**  
By Denis Faye



# Cinema

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## Dark and Eerie & Hot and Heavy

### Jacobs Ladder: Scary Movie

They say you know whether you like a movie or not within the first 10 minutes.

*Jacob's Ladder* took about a minute and a half.

It's one of those movies that grabs you in the opening scene and plunges you into the escape that is film, suspended disbelief at its finest, one of those movies that is too emotionally disturbing to be really pleasing, yet won't let you look away for a moment.

Jacob, played by Tim Robbins, is a Vietnam vet plagued by bizarre flashbacks and quasi-religious hallucinations — but are they his fantasy, or his reality?

The plot is fascinatingly vague, and raises difficult questions about Jacob's past — what happened during the fateful Vietnam battle continuously referred to as "That Night," when he was bayoneted by an unseen soldier? Jacob searches for answers in cherubic Danny Aiello, who is Louis, a chiropractor/advisor/father figure. His words are few, but key: "When you die, and you keep your memories with you, the devils will tear them to pieces. But if you let them go, they will turn into angels and free you from earth."

You feel for Jacob, as he is helplessly tossed from one

horrible hallucination to the next. He can trust no one — every time the situation seems stable, he's whisked off into another terrifying trip into hell. He has visions of demonic creatures out of the corner of his eye; as the story progresses, they become more like real-



Tim is scared. See Tim run.

ity and less fantasy. Who are they, and what do they want with him? How does the government figure in all this, and who's been trying to kill him? Jacob must wrestle with these questions as well as with the personal demons that haunt him: the death of his favorite son Gabriel, divorce from wife Sarah and his war memories.

What makes this film infinitely more horrifying than *Halloween XIV* or any Freddy Krueger movie is not

its blood-and-guts scenes (often unnecessary but yeah, you still cringe), and not the fact that Jacob's girlfriend Jezebel (Elizabeth Pena) can't seem to keep her shirt on for more than a minute or two, but the raw fear and desperation of one human being. Jacob can't escape, can't shove it away — the paranoia is in his head, and it doesn't go away by itself.

Director Adrian Lyne, who has *Fatal Attraction* and *9 1/2 Weeks* to his credit, was creative and daring enough to play with the convoluted script and make it understandable. While in most films flashbacks are often confusing, Lyne transitions them well — there is never any doubt if Jacob is in the past or present. Visually intense and exciting, Lyne's style is in your face, with lots of graphic and disturbing shots. There are special effects without the typical makeup and technology; use of unusual and sometimes dizzying camera angles contributes to the unsettling effect and helps Lyne create a story out of pictures rather than words.

This film succeeded in part because the surprising and provocative end pulled it all together, not leaving a messy, open-ended question for the audience to ponder. *Jacob's Ladder* is a stairway to hell, or heaven — once you take the first step down, you'll go all the way ... kicking and screaming ... and like it.

—Stacie Houglund

### White Palace: Steamy Movie

While Aretha Franklin belting out "What you want, baby I got it," is used purely as a promotional device for Louis Mandoki's new film *White Palace*, the sexually repressed should clue in to this movie.

The movie revolves around the eternal relationship-type arguments like whose family to spend Thanksgiving dinner with and whether or not a Dustbuster is a romantic gift. James Spader (*Sex, Lies, and Videotape*) and Susan Sarandon (*Bull Durham*) tackle these issues and calm the domestic turbulence with one remedy: sex.

Spader plays a yuppie advertising man intent on keeping his dead wife's memory alive and well, even in his vivid sexual fantasies. He drives a Volvo, lives in a townhouse and constantly straightens the fringe on his persian carpet. This should give you an indication of his stress level.

As a burger-joint waitress, Sarandon spits fire directly on any customer daring to challenge her cashiering ability. Her victims include Spader, creating the scene of their auspicious beginning.

At some point, the idyllic picture must crack, and it does from the sheer force of Sarandon's lust. This ham-

burger hamlet harlot demands carnal payment when Spader passes out on her couch, not easing up until he begs for more. Spader does eventually, like 15-seconds-eventually, get quite into the mood and we, the audience, are allowed five more fascinating mi-



Sadly, Moranis wasn't in Palace.

nutes of their sexual romps, thereby taking a scenic tour of Sarandon's house.

Spader so enjoys his newfound sexual freedom that he even hears distant orgasmic cries while visiting his wife's grave with his mother. (A very sensitive touch added to reinforce the attraction between these two opposites.) One would have to be an earless mutant with vacant eye sockets not to pick up on that point.

So now you're thinking, "This movie is awful!" But

it's not like last-Halloween's-pumpkin-decaying-on-your-front-porch awful, it's just a bit one-tracked.

*White Palace* follows the development of Spader and Sarandon's relationship from the frequent passionate pit stops to the disastrous consequences of half-truths, culminating into one giant horizontal reconciliation on top of a New York restaurant table.

Spader continues his yuppie portrayal from *Bad Influence*, although he now sports a freshly coiffed pompadour. His acting has tremendously matured, allowing him to capture multifaceted characters and display them with confidence and ease.

Stepping down a rung or two on the social ladder from her *Bull Durham* character, Sarandon is convincing as the slightly sleazy woman from the other side of the tracks perpetually searching for her knight in shining armor.

This movie provides the basic elements of most modern movies, minus the violence. You have your steamy sex, a car crash (albeit between a volvo and a trash can) and a turbulent relationship. *White Palace* does, however, offer a cinderella-type couple that doesn't end with roses and champagne. If you're into torrid sex scenes or just out to see an entertaining flick about ordinary folk, this movie is for you.

— Shira Gotshalk

### Ariel

#### Foreign Movie

When you're out of work, down on your luck, on the wrong side of the law through no fault of your own, there's something about having your own white vintage Cadillac convertible that keeps life from being one long, bad dream.

Director, producer and writer Aki Kaurismaki (*Leningrad Cowboys Go America*, *A Match Factory Girl*) combines deadpan comedy with Hollywood genre films in his 1986 film *Ariel*, about life in contemporary Finland.

Laid off when the town's mine is closed down, Taisto Kasurinen (Turo Pajala) is given a Cadillac convertible by a destitute co-worker who, after urging Taisto to hit the road and head for the big city, proceeds to shoot himself in the men's room. So Taisto takes his money out of the bank and takes off for Helsinki.

Life in the city gets off to a bad start when he is hit over the head and robbed by two muggers, but Taisto is able to get work at the docks and a bed in a flophouse. Things begin to pick up when he gets out of a parking ticket by going to bed with the meter maid. Thus begins a ro-

mance with the hard-working Irmeli, who, with her 10-year-old son, sticks with Taisto through the downward spiral of events that turn him into a fugitive on the lam.

In *Ariel*, Kaurismaki creates a bleak landscape with stoically determined characters that never loses its comic quirkiness. He mixes minimal dialogue with both Finnish and American songs, whose lyrics become even more humorously appropriate when printed on the screen as subtitles — the *Wizard of Oz*'s "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" narrates the melodramatic ending.

*Ariel*, another film in UCSB Arts and Lectures' International Cinema Series, will be screened on Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

— Karen Peabody



The Hero, His Woman & His Cadillac.

### Graffiti Bridge Prince Phooey

The Tiny Purple Master, Prince, has returned once again to the big screen. Last Friday marked the ecstatic and turbulent release of *Graffiti Bridge*, billed by those "in the pithy rotunda" as a sequel to *Purple Rain*.

In mid-August, when the *Graffiti Bridge* soundtrack hit the stands, each cellophane-wrapped copy rested eagerly in the racks, waiting to be escorted home by one of the tens of thousands of Prince fans lurking about in shopping malls, or driving across the country in black foreign imports.

While the Prince fanatics were heralding, and buying up, yet another great Prince album (Every Prince song, you'll notice, is great — once you get past that denial stage.), they moaned collectively to the news that *Graffiti Bridge* would be delayed some months.

After viewing the choppy, lightly concealed two hours of MTV at the theatre, which will cause you to wretch from nausea at such pretense and sap, it will be very clear that the movie release was delayed in hopes that sales of the new Prince album would not suffer by it.

Did I mention ... don't go?

— Os Tyler

### Icicle Thief Crazy Movie

If Buster Keaton took acid and ran across David Lynch in Italy, he may have come up with something like "Icicle Thief," but Maurizio Nichetti saves him the trouble by doing it himself.

By using fantastical editing techniques which merge 1940 black-and-white ideals and imagery with 1990 color and context, Nichetti's latest comedy is a successful snubbing of television, marriage and modern day movie-making.

Homer Simpson was an unemployed Italian who had a cute little Bart scrubbing the floors for the local Padre

and a cuter little six-month-old Maggie who was always playing with light sockets and bowls of spaghetti. Meanwhile Marge wants to be a singer/songwriter and is fed up with homely Homer's shortcomings. The result is a twisted conglomeration of sub-plots of different times and dimensions mixed with the original Simpsons storyline set in the television set of a modern-day, Italian middle-class family.

Nichetti, frustrated that his films were being interrupted every 12 minutes on his native Italian television, interrupts his own film regularly with his own commercials, plot twists and a self-induced blackout.

Because Nichetti's means of transporting his characters between times and places is so hokey, it is doubly believable as a fantasy set within a movie, and so it doesn't get in the way. Similarly, when black-and-white characters are suddenly colorized (and vice-versa), the attention is focused on how the director pulled it off, instead of on its believability.

The escapism Woody shot for, and missed, in "Purple Rose," Nichetti scores a bullseye with in "Icicle Thief," now in the middle of a two-week run at the Victoria Street Theatre, ending on the 17th.

— Tony Pierce



The Italian Bart with a Blonde Lady.

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# Conversations



Intermission Adores Rocking!

## Don Dokkensky

### No! It's Dokken, An Interview With Don Dokken!

by Seana Fitt

In the early days of the 1980s, the seeds of a new genre were planted. Emerging as a retaliation to the East Coast's short-lived punk movement, the club scene of Los Angeles' infamous Sunset Strip began to resonate with the sounds of a new kind of noise. The bands were made up of lower-middle-class white boys who grew up listening to Black Sabbath, Iron Maiden and Kiss. They wanted their music loud and fast, just like their chicks.

The locals called it heavy metal. By the end of the decade, with the help of an evolving radio format and the creation of MTV, so were millions of record buyers around the world. A few bands, like Motley Crue, Guns and Roses, and Ratt, led the pack. Closely following in their wake were a host of grade-B bands. They weren't racking in the millions, but they packed in the arenas, and they had their own head bands. Dokken was one of these groups.

In a move significant of the beginnings of the '90s, the namesake and head crooner of Dokken, Don Dokken, has gone and got himself a brand-new band. The band is called "Don Dokken," and they've just released their new album



From L to R: Norum, Dee, Dokken, White, Baltes

*Up from the Ashes*. It sounds hauntingly like any other Dokken album, with the exception of former Dokken axeman George Lynch's burning licks. In fact, the group's logo looks exactly like the former band's logo. Actually, if you sort of squint at side-by-side pictures of the two bands, they even look alike.

So what the hell is the difference?  
**Don Dokken:** (I'm) just trying to learn from my past mistakes. If you're going to be in a band you should like them. (Dokken) had a lot of internal turmoil and I tried to eradicate that with this band.

**I:** Dokken had basically the same line-up for seven years. Do you think this type of unity is important?

**D.D.:** Once you're a band, you're a band. Once you have a sound, you have a sound. I hate seeing bands changing members every week.

**I:** Did you intentionally create a similar sound for this album to that of older Dokken records?

**D.D.:** I never try to do anything intentionally, I just write what I write. I didn't think it was gonna sound like Dokken

but what can I do, it's the way I think.

**I:** There was some difference in the type of lyrics you wrote.

**D.D.:** We all grow. I'm not into making the same record year after year; that's boring.

**I:** Most of the songwriting credits on the album are yours. How does the band develop the songs?

**D.D.:** We all wrote together. But I've written songs over the last couple of years. We had like 50 songs, we just picked the ones we wanted to do.

**I:** How did you find your guitarist, Billy White, who before this band was virtually unknown?

**D.D.:** My friend Bobby Blotzer (of Ratt) and I were fooling around making a song one night at his house. He just reached down into a box of about a hundred cassettes and pulled one out to make a copy of the song. I took it home and listened to it.

On the other side there was this guy playing on like a home machine and I thought, "What the heck is this?" He was blazin'. ... I called and asked how he got the tape to Bobby. He said "Well, two years ago I threw a tape on stage

They wanted their music loud and fast, just like their chicks.

at a Ratt show." ... Somehow, by an act of God or fate, it ended up in my hands.

**I:** What do you think of videos?

**D.D.:** I'm not an actor. The only time I like to do videos is when I'm performing.

**I:** Do you think there's a difference between European and American metal bands?

**D.D.:** Absolutely. ... The Scorpions don't sound like Motley Crue. That's apples and oranges.

**I:** You've done some producing, including Great White and XYZ. Why did you agree to produce such a new band?

**D.D.:** I produced XYZ to get my producer's ears back so I could produce my own album, kind of like a practice.

**I:** What is it you like about producing?

**D.D.:** I don't. I hate producing. But it has to be done. ... If I found the right producer, I would love to have somebody else do it. We couldn't find the person we wanted so I did it myself.

"I'm nuts!"



**I:** *Up from the Ashes* took 10 months to record. Why do you think it took so long?

**D.D.:** I'm nuts.

**I:** A perfectionist?

**D.D.:** Neurotic.

**I:** Do you consider yourself a metal band?

**D.D.:** We're not a metal band. ... It's just a rock and roll record. A metal band is Metallica.

**I:** I saw you play with Dokken at Candlestick Park in San Francisco for the Monsters of Rock Tour. With this tour, your new band is going to be playing small theatres. What's it going to be like to go back?

**D.D.:** We did it on purpose. We had offers to go out and do arenas, ... but it's a brand new band. I wanted to get down to where it was real so I could have a connection with my audience. ... We have to start over, work our way back up again.

In a club situation, it all boils down to the band and the music, and that either makes you or breaks you.

The Don Dokken band will be appearing with Trixter this evening at the Ventura Theatre. For information, call 648-1888.

Don Dokken's former band "Dokken" was one of the first bands to use the last name of one its performers as a title. Other bands include:

Winger

Nelson

Bon Jovi

The delRubio Triplets

Van Halen

Bonham

&

Slaughter



# Music

Do Re Mi, And So On

## POP



**Martha's Vineyard**  
Martha's Vineyard  
Polygram Records

Martha's Vineyard's musical exploration of relationships echoes the sound of bands like the Cowboy Junkies and England's All About Eve. The cool breathy voice of singer Peggy Van Zalm soothes over the raw feelings she is singing about without suppressing them, you are right there with her man, she is connecting with you, Love Sucks!!!

Cultivate that feeling for a bit in songs like "3 A.M.," and "Green Heart," and then jump into the sixth song, "More of the Same," a breath of fresh air in the middle of feeling down, just like a mid-depression binge. Driven by a few choice chords and a great rumbling sound (achieved by Nor-

man Parkall's awesome stand-up bass), it drags the listener along, tumbling, stumbling, getting pissy drunk and out of depression's rut!

The music stands by itself until you look closely at the distinct progression of songs. Communication breakdowns, angry resolutions and a realization of the damning lingerings of love are dealt with in lyrics presented as a single poetic passage on the sleeve.

This is a great album for those in-between times and those who need a little camaraderie in their loneliness. Not recommended for the frivolous or top-40 minded.

— Mike Blois

## BLUES



**Harp Attack**  
Various Artists  
Alligator Records

Alligator Records went into Chicago — the blues capital of the world — and threw together four of that city's most popular and influential postwar harmonica players for a recording session or two ... whoa! **Harp Attack!** This is an album of solid harp playing, sir.

James Cotton, Junior Wells and Carey Wells have all held the enviable position of featured soloist in the Muddy Waters Band, and, along with fourth member Billy Branch, have appeared frequently with Willie Dixon, Howling Wolf, Buddy Guy, Johnny Winter and Koko Taylor. Together, with the back-up of some fine studio bluesmen, they fulfill most listen-

ers' expectations with this album.

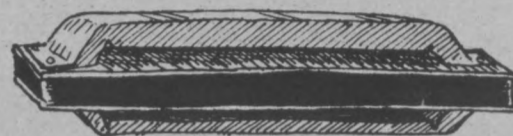
Ranging from the upbeat and excited — like "Down Home Blues," "Hit Man," "Somebody Changed The Lock" and "New Kid On The Block," a song that welcomes the younger Billy Branch into the ranks of his blues elders — to the bluesy and melancholy, such as "Black Night," the album succeeds as a showcase of the talent that the Chicago blues scene has and will continue to develop.

— Todd Francis

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Beta Theta Pi and  
AS Underwrite

## College



**Tao Jonz**  
Tao Jonz  
Tao Jonz Records

Funky, upbeat reggae. Tao Jonz has all the fixin's to make it big, at least in Santa Barbara.

The songs on this album are all produced and written by Tao Jonz themselves. They range from the cool, jazzy beats of "The Neighborhood" to just plain danceable funkiness.

The lazy kickback vocals are what set this group apart from the others. Their style seems to purposely shove you back on the

most incredibly comfy chair, double-fisted with Southern Comfort. I couldn't help but groove with "Jezebel" and "Riki Tiki Tavi." The bass of Tao Jonz just gets inside you and shakes its way out just leaving you with that post-sex grin.

The entire album's mood is consistently comfortable. Tao Jonz proves themselves to be chock full of potential.

—Cindy Kemakorn



**Shrub**  
Shrub  
Manchu Records

Shrub is a bunch of Santa Cruzians who are mercifully free of the neo-hippie angst which is so fashionable in that glassy-eyed town. Their self-titled, 14-track debut album is a funk-a-delicious smorgasbord.

Singing songs about burning down Wisconsin, getting naked in the woods, and their weird artist friends, Shrub know how to lay down a funky beat. Drummer Karen Stackpole is not just another pretty face. Her drumming is the two whole beef patties of Shrub's rhythmic Big Mac. The bass, played by various members on various songs is a definite sesame seed bun, and unfortunately the guitar is little more than special sauce, which we all know is really just thousand island dressing.

Michelle Green scorches on vocals. A little shrub of barely five-feet tall, she has

an oak tree of a voice.

For an independent release, the quality of the recording is pretty good. It doesn't capture the energy of their live performance, but nothing ever does, does it?

"Dinosaur" is a great song about our fossil fuel addiction and how it's going to kick us in the balls one of these days. While Michelle sings about how huge inefficient beasts went extinct because they consume too much, a male voice recites the names of different dinosaurs in the background in a style very reminiscent of early B-52's.

Be on the lookout for this band. They are going places, and fast. If you ever see them playing, buy one of their tapes. It's worth several times its \$5 price tag.

—Andrew Rice

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blues  
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