

arts&entertainment



UCSB GOSPEL CHOIR

LIVE!

by jesse engdahl
arts editor

(gäs'p'l) n. 1. the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles 2. anything proclaimed or accepted as the absolute truth.

"You guys are electric!" someone told **Gospel Choir** Director Michael McCurtis during the intermission of their show last Saturday, and there's no better word. No warning could have prepared me for the sheer force created by 40 voices booming in absolute, sweet harmony. The only show I can compare it to is Living Color, who blew the doors off Campbell Hall two weeks ago. UCSB Gospel *rocks*.

"We're going to be throwin' down tomorrow night!" Michael McCurtis told the crowd cheering his choir last Friday at the Ethnic Studies Requirement Rally. McCurtis and the choir proved Saturday night that they don't just talk the talk, but can definitely walk the walk.

McCurtis had brought most of his choir to the rally because they could add some entertainment to the Teach-In, and any teacher knows that entertainment will always help the education process. Luckily for us, the Gospel Choir delivers vital knowledge in the form of sweet, mighty music. "We demand a miracle!" sang the director, and he has shown this campus that with our help he can create one.

I had stopped by my friend's house on my way to the rally. "You're going to the rally?" his roommate John asked me. "Yeah, the Gospel Choir's there. Are you?" "I'm supposed to. I'm in it."

I didn't say anything, feeling a mixture of jealousy and disbelief. All my life, even more than wanting to play basketball like Magic Johnson, I wanted to sing like Marvin Gaye. If I could sing, the supreme form of communication would be mine; I figured happiness (beautiful girls) would follow. Well, these guys are after an even greater happiness (so you know I'm skeptical).

Gospel is an example of mankind's finest potential: creation, making a sum much greater than the parts. This happens when we add imagination (spirituality). If you saw

the Mona Lisa in an early stage, with only the browns or greens painted, you could not begin to understand its beauty. The miracle is that each single part is then greater for its creative possibility. Seeing what John was accomplishing as a part of the group made me appreciate him more as an individual. I decided I liked John a lot.

Still, before Saturday's concert at Lotte Lehman, I wondered if my hopes were too high; I'd been let down by many concerts just by expecting too much. A moment (See **GOSPEL**, p.4A)

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JACK IN, TURN ON, FLIP OUT

Gibson's *Mona Lisa Overdrive* Charts New Territory In Fiction

It is sometime in the future. That's all you need to know.

William Gibson's newest novel, *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, is an incredibly inventive combination of powerfully poetic imagery and post-post-postmodern science — jacked into a big stack of Marshall amps, fuzz turned up past 11.

Compared to the wanking pseudo-philosophical gibberish being cranked out by the Brat Pack writers, Gibson's work is a sleek matte-black artificial-intelligence robot 10 meters high on a maniacal search for the bodies of Jay McInerney and Tama Janowitz.

And since this is an age of relativism, a good way to describe *Mona Lisa Overdrive* is to imagine Gabriel Garcia Marquez and Allen Ginsberg meeting Isaac Asimov and Stanley Kubrick, and the four of them plugging Metallica's guitars into a stack of really fuzzy amps.

This is what they call *cyberpunk*, baby. Fuck the descriptions. Read for yourself:



Mona dreamed she was dancing the cage back in some Cleveland juke, naked in a column of hot blue light, where the faces thrusting up for her through the veil of smoke had blue light snagged in the whites of their eyes. They wore the expression men always wore when they watched you dance, staring real hard but locked up inside themselves at the same time, so their eyes told you nothing at all, and their faces, in spite of the sweat, might have been carved from something that only looked like flesh.

Not that she cared how they looked, when she was in the cage, high and hot on the beat, three songs into the set and the wiz just starting to peak, new strength in her legs sending her up on the balls of her feet...

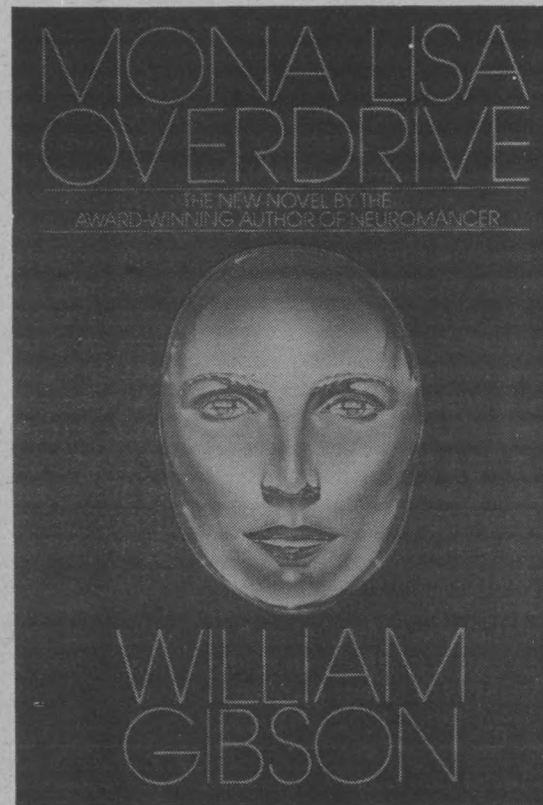
One of them grabbed her ankle.

She tried to scream, only it wouldn't come, not at first, and when it did it was like something ripped down inside her, hurt her, and the blue light shredded, but the hand, the hand was still there, around her ankle. She came up from the bed like a pop-up toy, fighting the dark, clawing hair away from her eyes.

Mona Lisa Overdrive is basically about four unrelated women in the not-too-distant future, a future with computer interfaces that connect directly with the central nervous system, with most commerce controlled by Japanese megacorporations and most crime controlled by the *Yakuza*, Japan's version of the Mob.

Mona, the woman who has the dream in the excerpt above, is a Cleveland prostitute caught in a dead-end existence, willing to do almost anything to get out. *Kumiko* is the daughter of a *Yakuza* warlord, forced to go into hiding in London when infighting gets too intense. *Angie Mitchell* is an international star of the stims, the computer interfaces that act as movies, except with all senses intact; born in a laboratory/factory, she can see into cyberspace without a computer. *Cherry Chesterfield* is a medical-technician, or at least impersonates one, and keeps tabs on a comatose man known as "the Count," who is hooked into an extremely powerful version of the computer-brain interface.

Intrigues and counter-plans are the norm, and the womens' stories cross and double-cross, but plot mechanics don't do *Mona Lisa Overdrive* justice. Had Gibson stayed with a standard science-fiction approach, with flat characters and flatter prose, his books would have ended up at the old Merlin's free box.



Instead, Gibson's text is both feverish and cool, violent and serene — a hallucinatory vision of things to come on an entirely new level. I remember seeing an interview with Gibson in *Interview* magazine, where he said he gains inspiration from the music of Steely Dan. Like Steely Dan's often disturbing lyrics obscured behind glossy instrumentation, Gibson's prose is often so smooth and polished that the brooding images he conjures go unnoticed.

Mona Lisa Overdrive is also a fairly short book, an excellent diversion for the pre-Dead Week stress syndrome. It is one of the most innovative works of fiction I have ever read, and I cannot recommend it highly enough.

— doug arellanes

**The
END
is
Near...**



**...The last Daily Nexus
for the Quarter is
THIS FRIDAY March 10!**

But, for those of you who forgot to place your "roommate" ads, or for those who'll need a ride home after finals we're publishing a "Classified Section"* on Tuesday March 14th - This will be THE LAST CHANCE Deadline 4 pm Friday 3/10

* with our coupon issue



Don't Stress
It's not too
late!

A brief excerpt from William Gibson's *Mona Lisa Overdrive*:

The catwalk groaned and swayed. The stretcher was too wide for the walk's handrails, so they had to keep it chest-high as they inched across. Gentry at the front with his gloved hands clamped around the rails on either side of the sleeper's feet. Slick had the heavy end, the head, with the batteries and all that gear; he could feel Cherry creeping along behind him. He wanted to tell her to get back, that they didn't need her weight on the walk, but somehow he couldn't.

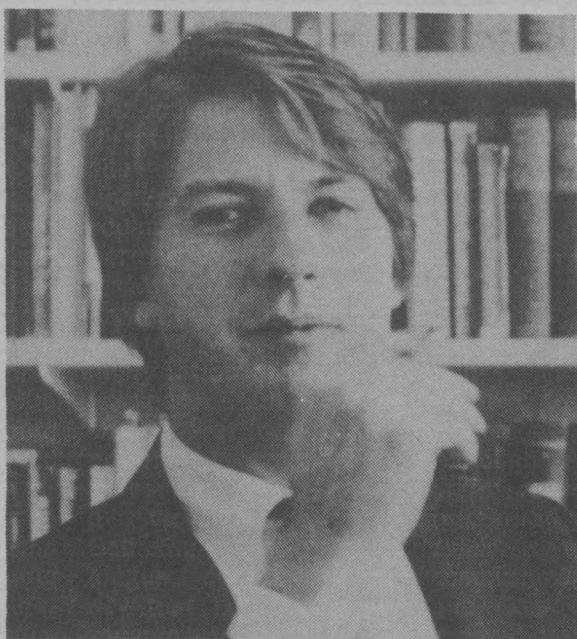
Giving Gentry Kid Afrika's bag of drugs had been a mistake. He didn't know what was in the derm Gentry'd done; he didn't know what had been in Gentry's bloodstream to begin with. Whatever, Gentry'd gone bare-wires crazy and now they were out here on the fucking catwalk, twenty meters over Factory's concrete floor, and Slick was ready to weep with frustration, to scream; he wanted to smash something, anything, but he couldn't let go of the stretcher.

And Gentry's smile, lit up by the glow of the bio-readout taped to the foot of the stretcher, as Gentry took another step backward across the catwalk....

"O man," Cherry said, her voice like a little girl's, "this is just seriously fucked."



A LOT O' HELL



P.J. O'Rourke's Holidays In Hell

College students have a tendency to wander about the earth wreaking all kinds of havoc as if the world was one big Palm Springs weekend (you know who you are). Attribute this largely to Daddy's money and a complete lack of responsibility. But with these being the post-stock market crash days as well as the Time of the Cheap Bush Dollar, more and more "tweedles" (those between adolescents and adulthood) will be forced to stick to summer by the pool. STAY HOME AND READ, WHY DON'T YOU!

Which brings up P.J. O'Rourke (also an arrested adolescent), who has written a book about his traipsing about the globe in search of the truly awful in order to make fun of it. O'Rourke, who you might remember from his days as editor of *National Lampoon* or more recently from his gig at *Rolling Stone*, is a witty guy and a tad bitter about the state of life on our home planet. But from his perspective, that's no reason not to have a good time.

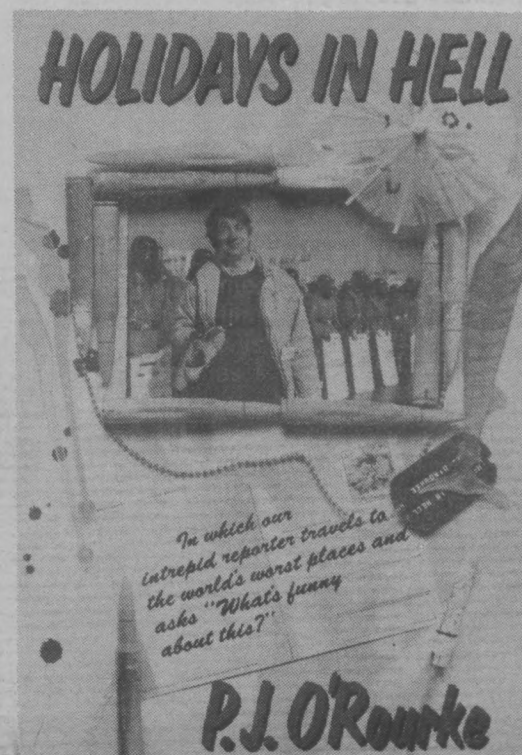
Even more so, why not cash in? *Holidays In Hell* is just that: a collection of previously published articles cashing in on the bad goings on around the globe (isn't that what *all* journalism is about). So what if he's getting rich being a jerk — he's funny.

Think of P.J. O'Rourke as a second generation

gonzo journalist — as a *Rolling Stone* reporter, he's the heir to Hunter S. Thompson. But unlike Thompson, O'Rourke is not obsessed with his indulgences (unless you count the occasional dozen G&Ts). Also breaking from the Thompson route, O'Rourke has a decidedly conservative bent.

O'Rourke reports on Communist concrete: *Commies love concrete but they don't know how to make it. Concrete is a mixture of cement, gravel and straw? No? Gravel, water and wood pulp? Water, potatoes and lard?*

But before you sign him up for the NRA and the John Birch Society, understand that nothing and no one is sacred in his eyes, from the PTL to Simon LeBon. O'Rourke's a little xenophobic, but considering where he's been, maybe he's right. He's been everywhere and returned to tell us it's a mess. But that's okay, the only enemies out there are those who want to take our fun away and if we're going to Hell, that's no reason not to have a good time.



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FISHBONE ALIVE

Fishbone, one of the most energetic bands in existence, will be playing at the Ventura Theater this Saturday. The band has evolved from its first EP *Fishbone*, in 1985, through another EP and two albums to emerge as a mature team of performers who have brought forth a wider variety of sounds. Fishbone, who played last quarter at the Graduate in Isla Vista, plays live frequently, as it is an excellent live band.

Fishbone incorporates punk, funk, soul and rock into its music to create a unique sound. The band has recently moved into a more mature phase, playing a wider range of styles of music, defying the classification of a particular type of music.

The tone of the music has grown from its early songs, such as "Cholly," about having sex with a fat woman, and "Ugly," about people who are just that, to devoting its attention to more humanistic subjects such as the song "Ghetto Soundwave," about racism, and the song "Ma and Pa," which deals with divorce.

Fishbone's live performances are just about as good an act that comes to this area and to miss them would be satanic.

— joel brand



WILD ABOUT HARRY ???

I'm kind of ashamed to admit it, but I first got into jazz in high school because jazz sets a certain type of mood that horny teenagers often think is "romantic." I'd either swipe some Thelonius Monk from my parents' record pile or I'd tape an hour or two from a jazz radio show. The way my dates went in high school though, I didn't spend a lot of time making out to these tunes. I ended up listening to them alone.

It was on such nights that I realized how heart-breakingly beautiful jazz music could be, especially the old greats like John Coltrane, Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday. I learned that even a 17-year-old could tell the difference between emotional jazz and the less expressionistic fusion-cheeze.

The first time I heard **Harry Connick Jr.**, I was amazed and a little jealous that a guy my age (20) was not only signed to the largest record company in the world (Columbia), but also touring the country and getting paid to play piano. I could just hear my dad, who was sitting next to me, think, "Why isn't my kid up there? He's a smart-ass 20-year-old. I should have given him piano lessons instead of sending him to the Cub Scouts."

Aside from the age though, Connick's music didn't do anything for me. I shrugged it off, thinking that it must have been really nerve-racking to be a 20-year-old white kid playing jazz on Hollywood's Sunset Strip alone and in front of strangers who were mostly Black. I gave him the benefit of the doubt.

But with Connick's second release "20", which just came out, I feel as though the honeymoon is over and that it's fair to judge this man not on his age, but on his playing.

It's good, but not great. Not by a long shot.

"20" is as if someone placed a really good microphone next to a good player piano that just happened to have some New Orleans-flavored jazz pieces stuck into it. The music has no feeling, no style and no substance.

The worst part about it is that he plays better than he sings, which should tell you how I feel about his singing.

Pick up any magazine this month and there's old Harry getting interviewed, and he's sayin' stuff like, "I'm only 21, of course I don't have a style," (*Rolling Stone*). Or "Maybe in 15 years I will have contributed something to jazz," (*Spin*). But that's no excuse, and should not be taken as modesty.

Michael Jackson was like nine or something when the Jackson 5 was kickin' pop and soul music seriously in butt and he never had to explain that he didn't have style on account of his age — mainly because he had tons of style and he knew how to use it. Jackson also contributed to music in a big way and at the same time is doing something Connick is aspiring to do ... entertain.

Perhaps Connick should decide whether or not he wants to entertain or play serious jazz. I doubt Miles Davis ever lost any sleep wondering if his audience enjoyed the show — he didn't have to — Miles let his trumpet do the talking and that alone was entertaining.

The first step Connick might take would be to choose a different song from the Wizard of Oz; instead of singing "If I Only Had A Brain," try "If I Only Had A Heart." That would be real and emotional jazz music that would not only liven and contribute to the genre, but it might just get a few more teenage boys laid.

And that's entertainment.

— tony pierce

Jack Nicholson's evil twin brother stole Neil Young's Crazy Horse era guitar, along with Todd Rundgren's wit and sense of party circa "Bang on de Drum" days. He has held these very cool things hostage and refuses to let them go until he gets some R-E-S-P-E-C-T.

those at the Pub plenty of reasons to shake our collective booties. When Lindley and band, *El Rayo X*, rocked, it was melodic, funny and funky. When they played reggae it was sincere and reminded me how techno Ziggy Marley's album was. I know this may sound blasphemous to roots fans, but Mr.

POLYESTER POWER

In other words, **David Lindley** played at the Pub Saturday night and it was the wild, wacky dance party that everyone said it would be.

I had never heard of this man, which isn't rare I guess, because when I told all my friends how great this guy shredded on guitar they looked at me like I was crazy and said, "David who?"

David Lindley, you morons.

But he must have been doing something right in the last couple of years because he scored the Stones' touring keyboardist, Ian McLagan, and this drummer whose arms were big enough to make Hulk Hogan jealous. There was a rhythm guitar player who was really getting into it, and a bass player, but the show centered around Lindley's strangeness, McLagan's organ solos and the drummer's funky beats.

This core of crush gave me, my friend, and all

Lindley could teach young Zig a few things about the art.

Lindley's solos on slide guitar reeked of Stevie Ray Vaughn's more inspired jams. His eight-string guitar-looking thingermajigger sounded really cool, but he really blew me away when he whipped out his violin and proceeded to rip on even THAT!

To say the least, I was thoroughly impressed.

By the way, the self-proclaimed "King of Polyester" wore a very tight red and black zig-zagging polyester dress shirt, and orange felt-like bell-bottomed polyester "I stole this from a waitress at Howard Johnson's" pants.

That fashion report was courtesy of A.S., who was kind enough to supply us with comp ducats. Merci.

— tony pierce

GOSPEL

(Continued from cover)

before the show began I was surprised that it was practically sold out by a mostly student crowd. *One note* into it I couldn't believe this was the only performance. Just one blast by those 40 harmonizing voices, so loud and perfectly clear, and the whole crowd knew we were into something serious.

"I don't know what it is that makes me love my enemies...."

What it is is the power of truth, the ability of the imagination to contemplate something perfect, something absolutely good and true. It motivates the greatest singing I've heard.

I grew up thinking religion was harmful to personal expression. But if so much forceful music is individuals crying out to be recognized within the oppression of society's institutions, these are attempts at communication; the power built out of isolation comes from the hope to bridge it. Gospel is the natural extension of that desire. It was created by American slaves, a whole *group* of voices bonded together by an absolute need for the most basic self-expression: Freedom. Not forcing another institution, but delivering the simple philosophies that apply to us all, regardless of our religion, if any.

During "I Want To Be More Like Jesus," each member of the choir turned to whoever was next to them and sang directly to that friend. To stand one foot away from somebody, look into their eyes and sing your heart out is one of the bravest and most honest things I could imagine. Every member of the audience was profoundly affected. *Seriously*. This may sound like so much flattery, but everyone I talked to was really blown away, with *joy*. I know it sounds cheesy, maybe even scary, but it happened.

Listening to the students talk really makes you understand what's happening within the choir. These kids have all been spiritually affected by the bonds of love created by McCurtis and the music. After a rehearsal a girl talked about a fight she got in when she was nine. She was white, and a black friend had beaten her up. She didn't know what provoked the friend, and the anger of confusion had stayed within her until she was 22. Being in the choir, believing the words she sang, had released that pain from her.

Many believe that such power comes from Jesus, period. Yet Michael has always stressed that the power is there for all, no matter where we believe it comes from. Religiously unconvinced as I can be, I'll verify you don't have to do anything more than go and listen to these guys and you will *feel* it.

"What we're doing here is a purely positive thing. This choir is open to anybody — I don't care if you don't think you can sing, I have 45 students who can," McCurtis told me. The choir has gone from approximately 80 percent African-American to around 50 percent in the last year. McCurtis has been approached with the idea of his group being used as a recruiting tool.

Since competition for outstanding minority students is just as strong as for white students, it has been speculated that charges of racism at UCSB may deter many non-white students. "We are fully integrated," explained McCurtis, "and we can show what is being *done* here." The choir symbolizes brotherhood and all of its advantages, both in its music and make-up.

"I want to continue the work of Martin Luther King, to just go and do good, and hold that up, no matter what happens," says McCurtis. Any problem parts of the music department may have with him, his inability to get lecturer status, or the number of units his students get will not deter his mission. "Michael is just the most inspirational guy," John had told me, and watching him work on and off stage confirmed that in every way. I expect at *least* two shows next quarter, and I bet they'll be full houses. If they're not, someone is really missing out.



A BIG LITTLE AMERICA

You can buy a six-pack of Shasta, a pound of elbow macaroni, or a bag of marshmallows for 99 cents. And although these are all good things, they don't bring happiness.

But don't despair, young friends, because this Saturday at the Graduate **Little America** will be putting on a show sponsored by KTYD for a mere 99 percent of a dollar. It's just a little something to brighten up your life.

Little America just came out with their second album, *Fairgrounds*, after touring around the States with the legendary super-group, Chicago. But most importantly, two of the group's members are UCSB graduates. Local boys makin' it big. So come rock with these guys, because they're kickin' some butt in the music industry. And, since the show only costs 99 cents, you still have a penny for some gum or a one-cent stamp.



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UP AND COMING SCOOP

Attention all black-clad, pale-faced art people and those of you who are already cool without the pretentious garb! This being our last Arts issue of the quarter — sad, I know — I thought that I'd just mention some of the art, and aht, due to come on campus in the near future.

To start off with, *The First Year Graduate Shows* at the UCen gallery are continuing until March 16. There will be an opening reception with Celtic harp and violin recital by Mark Schlenz and Janie Freeman on March 10. Don't ask me why the opening reception takes place four days after the show starts. I guess those art-types aren't too good with numbers. But anyway, the show will exhibit the talents of Marilyn Brooks, Gary Duncan, Christopher Collett, Erik Kreis, Peter Kilian, David Webb, Rose Bilat, Nikos Charitonid, Rowland Hill, Byron Johnston, Alfred Ramirez and Isabel Ronchietto.

At the *University Art Museum* from March 8 to April 16 there will be an exhibition featuring Richard Ross Museology, Mitchel Syrop's work and the Ester Bear collection. Don't worry, I didn't know what museology was either before I looked it up in the dictionary. But not in just any Webster. The big kind. I'm talking about the big kind that only libraries and grandpas have. So to spare you already-schooled-out nymphs another trip to the library, I'll tell you that museology is "the branch of science which treats of the systematic collection of objects for museums, their arrangement, care, etc." There, now you figure out from there whether you can understand that meaning and then if you want to see it.

As for music here on campus, we got shows aplenty this weekend. First of all, there will be the *A Cappella Cordena* on Friday, March 10. Then on Saturday 11 there will be a *Joint Choral Performance* at 8 p.m. Sunday 12 at 4 p.m. is the *music faculty's recital*. All of these music events are to take place in the Lotte Lehman Concert Hall.

But wait, we've got more music. American's best known *a cappella* ensemble, *Sweet Honey in the Rock* will be belting out the tunes this Sunday at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Sweet Honey is five singers and a sign language interpreter and together they will bring the music from the church and the streets to all of the lovely people who made their performance a sellout.

Okay. Now I've got to break down and mention an event outside of campus, but only because it promises to be the social event of the season. It's the world premiere of *Fletch Lives!*. Woo Wee. Finally, the long-awaited sequel to "Fletch," starring funnyman Chevy Chase, is here. This world premiere is a part of the Santa Barbara International Film Festival and will be shown at the Vic this Saturday at 7:30 p.m.

Well, that's the scoop. For the next three Thursdays, you'll be wondering around devastated, lost and artless without the Nexus Art section. But don't despair. We'll be back next quarter to shake you up again until you almost puke from gratitude. If you have any questions or comments about what's up and coming, or if you need Shaun Cassidy's home phone number, or if you want to write for us next quarter, or if you want to drop by with a blank cheque paid to the order of commie rag Art editors, or if you just want buy us a whole lot of donuts, contact Dawn, Jesse or Jeff at the Nexus.

PSYCHEDELIC CITRUS

Flaunting their neo-psychedelic style more boldly than ever, XTC returns with *Oranges and Lemons*, their follow-up to 1986's critically successful, *Skylarking*.

Oranges differs greatly from the psycho-Beatles *Skylarking* in overall power and finesse. Whereas the Todd Rundgren-produced 1986 album exchanged XTC's usual energy for a clean, melodic and deliberate style, *Oranges* recaptures the energy without sacrificing pop accessibility.

The result is a two-record (one CD) set of lead vocalist and songwriter Andy Partridge's finest moments. Opening with the decidedly upbeat "Garden of Earthly Delights," the entire album's Summer of Love tone is firmly established. XTC has finally integrated their trademark atonal style into the pop song formula. With such prospective radio favorites as "The Mayor of Simpleton" and "King for a Day," *Oranges* promises to be XTC's biggest commercial success.

The strength of the album, however, does not rely simply on its accessibility, but also on the charm and wit of the lyrics. After such XTC standards as "Love on a Farm Boy's Wages" and "Earn Enough for Us" highlighted the group's last two albums, no XTC record could be complete without at least one song dealing with love in the working class. This time, Andy Partridge delivers "Mayor of Simpleton." He sings of a simple man who doesn't know much of anything, except the things that matter to him. It's mushy ol' love stuff: "If depth of feeling is a currency/Then I'm the man who grew the money tree."

After the first record in the set finishes with "Scarecrow People," a satiric look at human short-sightedness, the tone curiously becomes more somber. Still, the album never loses its irreverent tone. In "Pink Thing," Andy Partridge sings homage to his, well, little pink thing. "Don't you think it's time you/Met some female pink thing?" Partridge once asks his flaccid friend.

The sound quality of this analog recording tops many of the nasty digital recordings out there. It certainly has better imaging than most rock CDs in recent memory. But sound quality is just another reason to buy *Oranges and Lemons*; it's also one of the most entertaining big-label records to come out in a while.

— tim hoffman



ART IS...



... fine bone china

THE DUALITY OF MAN

In a coffeehouse:

Sycophant: Film is the dream that never awakes. As an example, take *Law of Desire* by acclaimed Spanish director Almodovar and *Dream a Little Dream*, starring acclaimed post-brat packer Corey Feldman. Almodovar has been called "the Fassbinder of the '80s" for his unabashedly sexual movies which are radical both in subject and technique. Corey Feldman has matured significantly since hanging around theaters showing *Stand By Me* wearing a Polo shirt, chinos, windbreaker, socks and tie, asking young girls and old men what they thought of his film.

Einstein: A radical film and a movie where people say "Radical" a

lot. Nothing in common here, you say? *Au contraire!* What we have here are two existential, metaphysical, spiritual, sexual love stories — one disguised as art and the other as a teen flick.

Bob: You may be right, but I'm not sure which one was disguised as art and which one was disguised as a teen flick.

Sycophant: Let me, as briefly as I can, give the plot summaries: *Law of Desire's* hero is a gay, egotistical film director whose young lover doesn't love him so he moves away. The director then meets another young man who falls in love with him, but the director still loves his first lover. The new lover gets jealous and kills the first lover, so the director crashes his car and gets amnesia. The director's

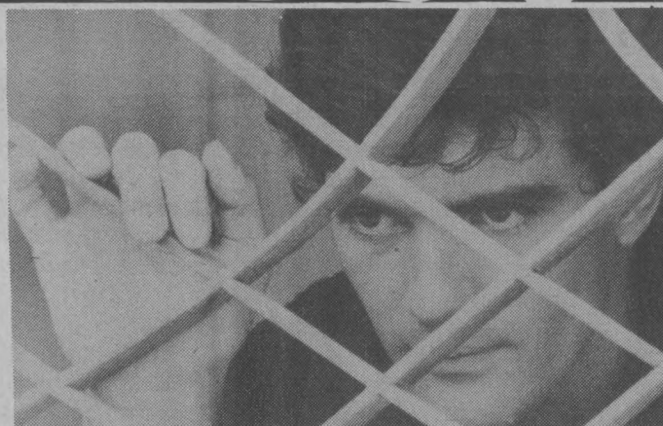
sister, who's a transsexual, tells him that when she was a he he was sleeping with their father, who got him (now her) the operation. Ever since she has not loved a man. So the new lover/killer seduces the sister, in order to have one last chance at the director (who now has his memory back). *Dream a Little Dream* is much easier. Corey Feldman is in love with his friend's girl, and Jason Robards is the old man who yells at them for cutting across his yard on their way to school. One night when Robards and his wife are experimenting with mutual dreaming, Corey gets a strange feeling and starts running toward their yard just as his friend's girl is biking in the same direction. In the ensuing collision, Robards mind

goes into Feldman's body, while Feldman's mind goes into Robards's dream with the old guy's bod.

Einstein: So what we have here is art imitating life imitating art. Both directors use extreme situations to point out the universal desire for a soulmate in a less-than-perfect world. *Dream a Little Dream* employs a dream world in which the best wishes of imagination can be worked out, *Law of Desire* shows that when the power of imagination takes over reality, disaster follows.

Bob: You speak with bold tongue, my friend. One day that just might get you into trouble.

Sycophant: Shut up, Bob. Samuel Johnson called this "the folly of the imagination," and though both films use fantasy states to illustrate our strivings for absolute



perfection, the European thinks it's destructive, while the American champions its possibility. Although Almodovar is more realistic and intellectually superior, *Dream* is quite an accomplishment for a Corey and Cory ("I eat pizza every night") Haim teen flick.

Bob: He eats a pizza every night?

Einstein: Yes, and although critics may scoff at teen films, we should not forget the importance of those that can be commercial, cute, but not stupidly simplistic.

Sycophant: Yes, "positive message" movies are quite fine if they're not too predictable or philosophically

impossible. All storytelling is myth-making, and without being overbearing or inconsistent, *Dream* is very good. *Desire* is excellent for being a true love story; the braveness of making a movie about homosexuality doesn't have anything to do with how good it is. It applies to all sexualities.

Bob: Stop the heresy. *Dream* is a combination of *License to Drive*, *On Golden Pond* and *Nightmare on Elm Street*. And *Desire* is a combination of *Prick Up Your Ears*, *Beaches* and *Fatal Attraction*. Take it from me, *Dream* is the best teen film of the decade, *Desire* is one of the best movies I saw last week.

— adam, jeff, jesse

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Fletch Lives



Elmer Fudd Gantry



Billy Gene King



Claude Henry Smoot



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Ed Harley

A MICHAEL RITCHIE FILM
DOUGLAS/GREISMAN PRODUCTION "FLETCH LIVES" HAL HOLBROOK JULIANNE PHILLIPS R. LEE ERMEY RICHARD LIBERTINI
WRITTEN BY LEON CAPELANOS BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY GREGORY MCDONALD MUSIC BY HAROLD FALTERMEYER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BRUCE BOONER
AND CLEAVON LITTLE PRODUCED BY ALAN GREISMAN AND PETER DOUGLAS DIRECTED BY MICHAEL RITCHIE A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED - 25- SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

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JOHN GETTING HIMSELF IN SKIN DEEP

The first thing that must be pondered about *Skin Deep* concerns John Ritter's beard. During the first half of the show, throughout the whole movie actually, he has a beard, and one doesn't really think about it, you just accept that he has a beard.

But a little more than halfway through, it seems that he had to shave off the real one for some reason and then had to use a glue-on for the remainder. One conjecture was that he had some sort of previous contractual obligation to fulfill during the course of production, such as the "Where There's a Will There's an 'A'" commercials he does for that program for poor readers.

It would seem that John hasn't really hit the "I want to play a serious role" stage of his career yet. *Skin Deep* has a rather serious storyline (your basic male menopause rehash) with a whole heap of Ritteresque physical pratfall-type gags. Many of them are pretty funny, like the scene usually shown in the movie's promo, where he warbles epileptically down the

staircase. But some of the comedy gets pretty lame; like later on while he's staying at a beach house, a report comes over the radio warning of possible tsunami waves. Suddenly the ocean becomes a big seltzer bottle.

It must be said that the show is overall pretty enjoyable, not a total waste of time or anything like that. John basically carries the show; there are no real supporting cast members, only a whole lot of young babes that he boinks (as Rex Reed would say, "the thekth was hot"), and his estranged wife.

The main disappointment is the end of the movie; there's just no grit, it ends with everyone happy. Recall at the end of "Pee Wee's Big Adventure" when he walked along at the drive-in and joked with all the people he had met and gotten beat up by. There's one of those at the end of *Skin Deep* and it's just plain goofy.

Again, it's not a total loss, but wait for bargain night to see this one.

—wade daniels

BIG NOISE



The latest on the perennially down-but-not-out *Noise Chamber*: Last month's benefits managed to extend the State Street club's shaky existence, which should be to everybody's delight; whether you're interested in their stuff or not, the contribution to the community is purely positive. It's the only place in town where you can try anything.

Tomorrow night the UCSB Art Club will circle the wagons to try and secure another month's rent or two. *Collective Intentions* will feature nine different artists given the freedom of expression and a non-captive audience.

Performance artists Kelly Richardson and Lyle Nisenholz, spoken-word performer Laurie McCullough reading her "It Can't Happen Here," The Ball Peen Hammer Boys ("In exploring the process of making and breaking sound we break a lot of shit"), Art Studio Honors Students Jen Ellis-Nolte and Kristen Bahrs, and painters Phread Conrad and Jack Monaghan will all be there. *Recommended*, tomorrow night at 9 p.m., 411 B State Street.



Ventura CONCERT THEATRE

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| Mar 11 | KCSB 91.9 Presents:
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| Mar 12 | ALBERT KING
Special Guest: Hammersmith |
| Mar 15 | LIVE BOXING
Abe Gomez (12-2)
vs.
Carlos Marquez (13-2, 7 KO's) |
| Mar 17 | EDDIE MONEY |
| Mar 18 | BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS
Featuring David Clayton Thomas |
| Mar 21 | KCSB 91.9 FM Presents
LET'S ACTIVE
TOAD THE WET SPROCKET |
| Mar 22 | YELLOWMAN |
| Mar 23 | ERIC BURDON |
| Mar 24 | DICKIE BETTS BAND |
| Mar 25 | ROBIN TROWER |
| Mar 26 | FRANK MARINO and
MAHOGANY RUSH |
| Mar 30 | GATO BARBIERI |
| Mar 31 | RANDY NEWMAN |
| Apr 1 | SPYRO GYRA |
| Apr 7 | LEON REDBONE |
| Apr 16 | Benefit to Aid Nicaraguan Hurricane Victims
Featuring: STRUNZ & FARAH |
| Apr 18 | GREG ALLMAN BAND |
| Apr 25 | LEO KOTTKE &
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| May 11 | THE FIXX |
| May 13 | YELLOWJACKETS |
| Jun 3 | STEPPENWOLF |
| Jun 4 | HIROSHIMA |
| Aug 5 | CHUCK MANGIONE |

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12, 2:30, 5, 7:45, 10:15
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1216 State St. S.B. 963-1671
Beaches (PG13)
Fri & Sat 8:10, 10:30
Sun-Thu 12, 2:20, 4:50, 7:30, 10:10
Accidental Tourist (PG)
Fri & Sat 12:50, 3:10, 5:40
Sun-Thu 12:50, 3:10, 5:40, 8:10, 10:30
Cousins (PG13)
1, 3:10, 5:30, 8, 10:15

RIVERIA
2044 Alameda Padre Serra
S.B. 965-6188
Dangerous Liaisons (R)
5, 7:20, 9:35
Sat & Sun also 12:30, 2:45

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FIESTA FOUR
916 State St. S.B. 963-0781
Working Girl (R)
12:45, 3:05, 5:30, 8, 10:15
Skin Deep (R)
1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
No passes, group sales or bargain nights
True Believer (R)
1:30, 3:45, 5:50, 8:10, 10:15
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:45, 5:50, 8:10, 10:15
3 Fugitives (PG13)
1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45
Not shown on Saturday
Sun not at 1:15
Friday at Midnite
"Rocky Horror"

PLAZA DE ORO
349 Hitchcock Way, S.B. 682-4936
Lean on Me (PG13)
5:20, 7:40, 9:55
Sat & Sun also
12:45, 3, 5:20, 7:40, 9:55
The Burbs (PG)
Fri 5:45, 10
Sat 1:30, 3:35, 5:45, 10
Sun 1, 3:05, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40
M-Th 5:15, 7:30, 9:40
F & S Preview at 8
"Chances Are"

NOTE:
Due to the Santa Barbara International Film Festival, showtimes & films are subject to change without notice. Please call theatres for information.

GOLETA

CINEMA
6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta 967-9447
Farewell to the King (PG13)
5, 7:15, 9:30
Sat & Sun also 1, 3
No passes, group sales or bargain nights
Mississippi Burning (R)
5, 7:30, 9:45
Sat & Sun also 12:10, 2:35

GOLETA
320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta 683-2265
Out Cold (R)
5:45, 7:45, 9:45
Sat & Sun also 1:45, 3:45
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

FAIRVIEW
251 N. Fairview Ave., Goleta 967-0744
Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure (PG)
5:30, 7:30, 9:30
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:30
Dream a Little Dream (PG13)
5:15, 7:40, 9:50
Sat & Sun also 1, 3:10
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

SANTA BARBARA TWIN DRIVE-IN
HER ALIBI (PG)
7: F&S also 10:35
Sun only 8:30
ACCUSED (R)
8:40; Sun only 6:30, 10:05
TWINS (PG)
7:15; F&S also 10:40
Sun only 8:10
NAKED GUN (PG13)
9:10; Sun only 6:40, 10:05

All programs, showtimes & restrictions subject to change without notice



A.S. Program Board Presents

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Tonite in the Pub

HAPPY TRAILS

Often thought of as "Isla Vista's house band," HAPPY TRAILS never fails to fill the Pub to capacity, noted especially for memorable renditions of Grateful Dead tunes and their original material, HAPPY TRAILS has been branching out recently on exciting trips of their own...to Northern California and across state lines of course!



ESTONIA & GLASNOST

Free Lecture
and Video Presentation

"The Estonians For The Record" is a video produced by expatriot estonians concerning their history. UCI political science professor REIN TAAGEPERA will give a corresponding lecture discussing the contemporary issues in Estonia. This event will take place Wednesday, March 8 at 4 pm in the Multicultural center.

ART GALLERY OPENING

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Feb 24 5-7 pm
and

March 6 - March 16
Opening Reception
with Celtic harp
and violin recital
by Mark Schlenz
& Janie Freeman
March 10 5-7 pm

May 6, 1989

Be sure to mark this date on your calendar. Why you ask? You mean you don't know what fabulous event is happening on May 6? Well, it's only the biggest, and best event of the year. Now do you know? I guess I have to spell it out for you.

EXTRAVAGANZA

That's right, May 6 is the 6th annual EXTRAVAGANZA. This year the theme is one of high technology. This will be a full day of entertainment and other great fun. All this is free to the students. A group of highly energetic and enthusiastic people have been working since the beginning of the school year to put this show on, but there remains much to be done. If you are interested in helping in any way, please attend one of the EXTRAVAGANZA committee meetings which are held on Wednesdays from 4-5 pm in UCen room 1. If you have any questions, stop by the Program Board office on the third floor of the UCen or give us a ring at 961-3536.

A.S. Program Board would like to wish you all good luck on your finals and remind you to watch out for us next quarter when we present you with even more great entertainment for great prices.

PUB NITES: Every Thursday night, come check out the hottest sounds in Santa Barbara for free. Bands range from rock to folk, and from local to national.

COMEDY NIGHTS: Take a study-break and relieve some tension. Program Board offers the laughs, all you have to do is show up.

MORE BIG CONCERTS: The people that brought Jimmy Cliff and Living Colour to UCSB are already working on bringing even more big names to campus.

All this and more lectures, films and cultural events will be yours for the taking next quarter.

There's more to college than just going to class...