



arts

Monsters 2A
Manifestos 3A
McManus 4A

Everybody do the ...



by adam liebowitz
and
jeffrey C. whalen

If you went digging deep under campus, you might find a few Chumash Indian bones, but you won't find any dinosaurs; during the Mesozoic era, when all the really fun dinosaurs were wandering the Earth, Santa Barbara was under water.

Now, in this era when you can't find any water in Santa Barbara, the Museum of Natural History has taken its cue and has finally brought the Dinosaurs (meaning *Terrible Lizards*) back to our town.

The "DISCOVER DINOSAURS!" (meaning *Discover Terrible Lizards*) exhibit is back showcasing five "scientifically accurate," moving, 3-D dinosaurs that will roar, shout and generally menace you. They've got an Allosaurus (meaning *Different Lizard*), a Stegosaurus (meaning *Roof Lizard*), a Tricerotops (meaning *Three-Horned Faced*), an Apatosaurus (meaning *Deceptive Lizard*), and a Dimetrodon (meaning *Two-Measured Teeth*).

These monstrous bastard sons of animatronics, made by Dinamation (meaning *Terrible Hydrolics*), are truly shocking. They stand at full or half-scale of their dead predecessors, and come fully equipped with bending necks, snarling lips, roaring tonsils and acute appendicitis. In the dark showroom, with painted Mesozoic backdrops all around, the

effect is liable to strike primordial terror into the heart of any dino-phile Santa Barbarian.

Well, maybe not full size Barbarians but at least the half size ones. It's common knowledge that kids love dinosaurs ... or do they?

Faces of fear and dread peppered the crowd of children and their bewildered parents as these faux-asaurus (meaning *Fake Lizards*) ranted and tore at the air before them.

Four-year-old Rick (meaning *Cowering Munchkin*), backed against swamp scenery and wondered what was keeping the Apatosaurus (meaning *Dif'rent Lizard*) from jumping off his platform and eating Rick's face. "It must be some kind of special glue," he decided.

The biggest kid draw (other than the gift shop) is the Control-Your-Own Stegasaurus (meaning *Play With The Roof Lizard*). Stephen (meaning *Bored Videophile*), age 10, wasn't scared, but he certainly wasn't very impressed. "Nintendo is funner," he quipped.

The giftshop, called the DinoStaur (meaning *Terribly Jacked-up Prices*), was as interesting — and covered nearly as much space — as the exhibit itself. Giftshop cashier Jennifer (meaning *Bemused Minimum-Wagist*), informed us that the DinoStaur was doing "faa-abulous ... faa-abulous," but unfortunately she was not working on commission.

For interested shop-

pers, the best DinoStaur deal is a one dollar Pterodactyl glider (meaning *Styro-Lizard For Cheap*). The worst deal is assorted snakey-shake Dinosaurs running from fifteen dollars. Serious Dino collectors will be charmed by the one-hundred and fifty dollar, hand crafted Dinosaurs imported from Mexico.

If you get hungry, wander over to the DinoDiner. The fest-minded menu includes Tricerotip Sandwiches (meaning *Fossilized Meat*) and Mesozoic Muffins (meaning *Dated Bread*).

But it's not all theatrics at the museum; at moments it's down right educational:

— *Fact*. It's now illegal to refer to an Apatosaurus as a "Brontosaurus," which is something you've done for years, isn't it? Brontosaurus (meaning *Thunder Lizard*) is a much better name for swamp roaming behemoths and besides now all the *Flinstones* episodes will have to be redubbed so that Fred and Barney step out for "Apto-Burgers."

— *Fact*. Despite appearances, dinosaurs weren't fat — just big boned — which brings us to a disturbing revelation. As "scientifically accurate" as these beasts may be, they're just a low-tech jumble of electronics and general plasticity. Sure, this plastic was made from fossil fuel, but that's not really in the spirit of dinosaur discovery.

How come no bones?



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Thelionious Monster: redefining excess.

by tony pierce

"There are three bands that matter in music: N.W.A., us and The Beatles." — Bob Forrest, singer, Thelionious Monster.

You might have never heard of Compton's premier rap group N.W.A., made up of ex-gang members. Odds are you've heard a thing or two about Liverpool's famous foursome. But pity the poor soul who hasn't heard of L.A.'s Thelionious Monster or seen them live like they played at the Ventura Theater last Friday night.

"What would you like us to be tonight?" Forrest asked the 90 some people at the show, most of whom were slam dancing in front of the large stage. "We could be a professional band. We could be pretentious and boring. We could play like the Dream Syndicate. We could play like Black Flag." The drummer kicks into a fast rock beat, "or we could play like this."

Enter Thelionious storming into a deafening version of Led Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll", which evidently turned the 10-minute-old show's tone into a 2-hour free-for-all. The improvised playlist ranged from an X song, to an a cappella version of Janis Joplin's "Mercedes Benz," including dozens of covers and original material in between.

The band has trimmed down its number, composed of two fine guitarists (instead of six) who were lead-footed when it came to stomping down on the wa-wa pedals. The dreadlocked bass player was great, but the drummer consistently pissed off Forrest by missing changes and stepping over his lines. During an impromptu recitation of the traditional "Amazing Grace" sung by Forrest, the drummer kicked into the

beginning of Tracy Chapman's "For My Lover" before the head monster could finish his last two lines. The band rocked hard during the folk singer's number, very much like they've done on their new record. But Forrest was obviously upset and stalked offstage, missing some lines. When the song was over, he stubbornly sang it again saying, "see I only had two fucking lines left."

The new look Forrest looks like XTC's Andy Partridge since having his long blonde dreadlocks cut off because, "my girlfriend dumped me." However he still acts like a cross between David Lee Roth and Johnny Rotten and still loves addressing the audience.

— Before playing their version of The Replacements' "I'll Be You," Forrest said "with all these bands like Guns n' Roses an Bon Jovi around ... God, I hate Bon Jovi ... I don't understand why a band like The Replacements are still struggling. They are my favorite band."

— Concerning a request to play a Doobie Brothers song, he said, "Doobie Brothers? Have you guys heard that new song? Them and the Who and Van Halen. They all fucking suck shit. And Sammy Hagggar's the worst." The band promptly banged out a grinding helping of their latest single "Sammy Hagggar Weekend."

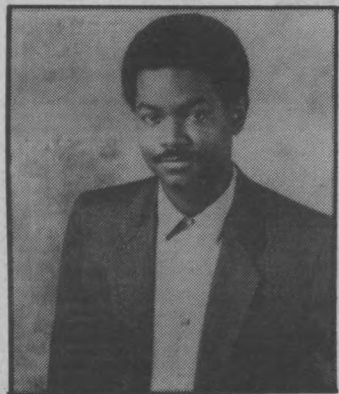
— After they had done The Rolling Stones' "Happy" (accompanied by a random audience member who knew more of the words than any of the band), Forrest apologized a few songs later for wanting to play another Stones number. "I'm sorry, but I just love the Stones. And you'll like this too. I promise. No really, we really rock out near the end. A lot like 'Freebird'."

(See MONSTER, p.4A)



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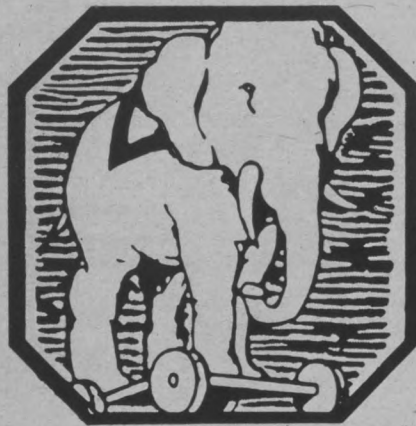
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something completely different

by laura funkhouser

Diva, the definitively cool French new wave movie, was my first introduction to opera, and it convinced me that opera was not just for the rich and the old but, for anyone in search of the sublime. True, opera is a bit more demanding than a rock concert or a musical, mostly because it requires its audience to have a knowledge of several different languages or at least previous knowledge of the opera being presented. But even if you are lacking in both areas, there are many reasons why you can still enjoy opera and The Summer Vocal Institute's student performances tonight and Friday.

The Summer Vocal Institute, in its third year, brings together a faculty of international specialists in direction, vocal instruction, and movement. Directed by Elizabeth Mannion, a world renowned mezzo-soprano and the head of UCSB's Voice Department, The Institute functions as an intensive six-week course for young opera singers at various stages of development; from those just entering the field, to masters students. Focusing on technique and performance, the Institute prepares singers for the

rigors of their field, providing practice, individual attention and encouraging self-examination. If you can imagine pursuing a career that combines singing, acting, music, interpretation of

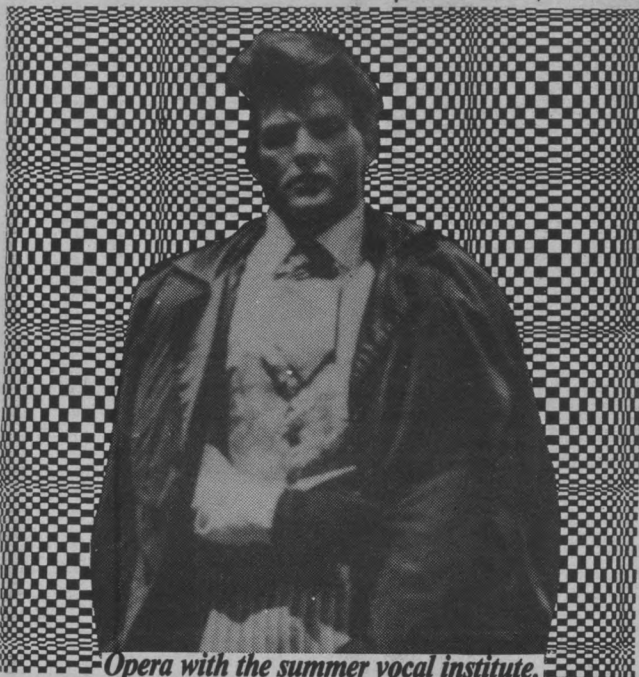
starting next school year, the vocal department will begin staging five operas a year.

Tonight, the Vocal Institute is presenting the second of three evenings of opera scenes, with fully

stitute's high school workshop will present its culminating recital Thursday, free to the public.

Opera has recently gained a wider appeal through opera-based movies and Broadway, but there is still no substitute for it's live, pure form. If you're already interested in opera, don't miss these. And for those of us at the pre- or post-Diva stage or who barely passed French, a standard opera guide provides background information, story synopses and can help you fake expertise.

Opera Scenes are at 8 p.m., Lotte Lehman Concert Hall, tickets are available before the performance.



Opera with the summer vocal institute.

literature, movement and a fluency or working knowledge of at least four different languages, then you can see how important the Vocal Institute is.

In addition to its practical aspects, Mannion wants the Vocal Institute to become a place where world class directors will know to look for new talent. The vocal department is rapidly expanding, with plans for working with the Santa Barbara Symphony; and

orchestrated scenes from Handel's "Guilio Cesare," directed by Frans Boerlage and Fiore Contino. The story centers on war and seduction, with Julius Caesar avoiding assassination (following his victory over Pompey) while falling in love with Cleopatra. Friday's performance will feature scenes from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," Shakespeare's "Falstaff" and Verdi's "La Traviata" among others. The in-

by christina zafiris

Boogie is the operative word this week. Wax Trax, an American industrial dance label from Chicago, released a whole slew of stuff recently. These records are the vinyl solution to get your blood pumping.

The Meat Beat Manifesto release is a double record extravaganza to follow up the "God OD 12" released earlier this year. Although Storm the Studio contains two records at 33 r.p.m., it consists of four songs, each with four versions. Each version is different yet strangely the same. Powerful and loud, this record has consistently aggressive beats that cause your body to move. This record is great to listen to on headphones, full of intricate sampling and changing rhythmic patterns. Meat Beat Manifesto is a great hiphop/industrial crossover band that parallels Tackhead in intensity and intelligence.

Speaking of Tackhead (an industrial band who've been compared to Public Enemy), a member of that band, Adrian Sherwood, mixed two out of the three tracks on the new KMFDM 12", More x Faster. This record is heavy in bass and interesting in the movement of its sound. All of the changes in the music are subtly connected and overlapped for flow. The lead track, "Rip the System," chants "Black man, white man, yellow man, rip the system," which represents the uncommon unity of this strong release.

The two long dance tracks offered on the Colosseum Crash 12" by A Split Second have a lighter touch. The melody is emphasized more than the bass lines; the record is quite minimal in its sound. Really interesting distortions and sound manipulation is sure to carry over into their to be released LP.

A new LP by Front Line Assembly, Gashed Senses x Crossfire, was just released to follow up the Digital Tension Dementia 12". A heavy low growl of vocals moves in between repetitive sampling and minimal melodies. This record has its dance moments, but is more reflective on the other tracks. Front Line Assembly tends to tickle the senses in a straightforward way.

Released along with Play it Again Sam Records, Borghesia's Surveillance and Punishment 12" will make Depeche Mode fans take notice. The sampling is similar, yet Borghesia charts territory that other band never knew existed. Indian sitar sounds on the track "Raja" lay the groundwork for this record. Borghesia mixes traditional motif with a touch of modern invention.

All of the many Wax Trax releases (they have about 60 records out now) are adventures into the world of the electric instrument. Some may say that "all of these records sound the same," but this claim is just as valid as the claim that all jazz sounds the same, or reggae, or rock for that matter. We all know that every band, every record, and every song is unique. So as Beth "Ramona" Allen once said, "Listen before you leap."

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ARLINGTON
1317 State St., S.B.
Batman (PG13)
12:20, 2:30, 5:05, 7:45, 10:20
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PLAZA DE ORO
349 Hitchcock Way, S.B.
Dead Poet's Society (PG)
2:35, 5:10, 7:50, 10:20
No passes or group sales

Indiana Jones... (PG13)
2:30, 5, 7:35, 10:05
No passes or group sales

RIVIERA
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Do the Right Thing (R)
2:40, 5, 7:30, 10

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1216 State St., S.B.
Lethal Weapon II (R)
12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30
No passes or group sales

At II & III
Turner & Hooch (PG)
12:50, 3, 5:15, 7:35, 9:50
No passes or group sales

FIESTA FOUR
916 State St., S.B.
DOUBLE FEATURE
Honey I Shrunk... (PG)
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45
No passes or group sales

Tummy Trouble (G)
12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45
No passes or group sales

License to Kill (R)
12, 2:30, 5, 7:45, 10:30
No passes or group sales

At III & IV
When Harry Met Sally (R)
1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 8, 10
No passes or group sales

GOLETA CINEMA
6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta
License to Kill (PG13)
5, 7:30, 10
No passes or group sales
Separate admission required

Babar the Movie (G)
12, 1:45, 3:30
No passes or group sales
Separate admission required

Lethal Weapon II (R)
1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15
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GOLETA
320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta
Weekend at Bernie's (PG13)
1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45
No passes or group sales

FAIRVIEW
251 N. Fairview, Goleta
Peter Pan (G)
12, 2, 4, 6
No passes or group sales
Separate admission required

Batman (PG13)
7:30, 10
No passes or group sales
Separate admission required

Friday 13: Part VIII (R)
1:30, 3:45, 6:45, 7:45, 10
No passes or group sales

SANTA BARBARA TWIN DRIVE-IN
DOUBLE FEATURES
UHF (PG13)
8; No passes or group sales

Shag (PG) 10:45
Turner & Hooch (PG)
8:15; No passes or group sales

Three Fugitives (PG13) 10:55

Shows starting Friday, August 4

Arlington
Batman (PG13)
12:20, 2:30, 5:05, 7:45, 10:20
No passes or group sales

Granada
Lethal Weapon II (R)
12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30
No passes or group sales

Turner & Hooch (PG)
12:50, 3, 5:15, 7:35, 9:50
No passes or group sales

DOUBLE FEATURE
Honey I Shrunk... (PG)
12:15, 2:30, 4:45, 7, 9:15
No passes or group sales

Tummy Trouble (G)
12:15, 2:30, 4:45, 7, 9:15
No passes or group sales

Fiesta IV
At I & II
Parenthood (PG13)
12, 1:30, 2:30, 4:10, 5, 6:45, 7:30, 9:30, 10
No passes or group sales

At III & IV
When Harry Met Sally (R)
1:15, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10:15
No passes or group sales

Friday at Midnite
Rocky Horror Picture Show (R)

Plaza de Oro
Dead Poet's Society (PG)
2:35, 5:10, 7:50, 10:20
No passes or group sales

License to Kill (PG13)
2:30, 5, 7:30, 10
No passes or group sales

Riviera
Do the Right Thing (R)
2:40, 5, 7:30, 10
Sat & Sun also 12:20
No passes or group sales

Cinema
Young Einstein (PG)
2, 3:45, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
No passes or group sales

Look Up (R)
1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:45, 10
No passes or group sales

Fairview
Peter Pan (G)
1, 3, 5, 7
No passes or group sales

When Harry Met Sally (R)
2:50, 5, 6:50, 8:40, 10:20
No passes or group sales

Goleta
Friday the 13 Part VIII Jason Takes Manhattan (R)
1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 10
No passes or group sales

S.B. Drive-In
DOUBLE FEATURES
Lethal Weapon II (R)
8:45; F, S & S also 1 am
No passes or group sales

Batman (PG13)
10:50

Turner & Hooch (PG)
9; F, S & S also 12:20 am
No passes or group sales

Three Fugitives (PG13)
10:40

DANCIN' IN THE STREET

by tony pierce

When someone asks you what you did over your summer vacation, what are you going to say? I know I'm going to lie and make up something really good. But I don't think it will be half as good as saying that I was in a record-breaking musical at the Lobero Theatre.

UCSB sophmores *Sheri Kochenburg* and *Denise Bradley* are in **42nd Street** which has been extended three more weeks at the Lobero Theatre by popular demand. In fact, the demand was so high that it has shattered all of the Lobero's ticket sales in its 106-year history.

"Everywhere you go, it doesn't matter if it's in a store, or a bank, or a restaurant. People will either recognize you or have heard of the show or have seen the show," Bradley said of the terrific Santa Barbara response to the musical. "I mean I was at the (Cerrillo) pool the other day swimming laps. And this guy's all 'what do you do all summer.' And I didn't want to say anything about the play because I was like 'I'm swimming, leave me alone' (laughs). And he said 'how do you keep in shape?' And I said, 'I kinda tap dance.' And he said 'why do you tap dance?' And I said, 'I'm kinda in this play. You've probably never heard of it, it's called 42nd Street.' And he said, (loudly) 'I saw your closing night! It was great!' And he kept on going on and on."

Being part of an eight-week performance that will attract over 30,000



Denise Bradley and Sheri Kochenburg in and out of costume.

people (after its final performances) was a nice surprise to these young actresses who aspire to be a writer/director (Bradley), and a Rockette (Kochenburg).

"In April they were saying, 'yeah, you're going to see what it's like to run four weeks because we're running longer than we've ever run.' No one would have ever dreamed that we'd be going from April to September!" Kochenburg says, an ensemble member in the play; laughing, happy at how successful the show has been.

"Usually a show will run about three weeks, and it'll sell about 70%. But for this show, cast members couldn't even get tickets for our friends."

Success of the show can be attributed to many reasons: director/choreographer Jon Engstrom; the \$50,000 budget for costumes, designed by Janis Martin using the same materials as the original cast wore; the plentiful amount of dancers and dance numbers. The young women say that most of its success is due to its well-written story that has popular

songs that most people know ("We're in the Money," "Shuffle off to Buffalo," "Lullaby of Broadway," as well as the title song). But Bradley reiterates that the mass-success involved some risky business.

"This budget has been \$250,000 for the five weeks that we've done it," Bradley, a film studies major said. "They usually only put in maybe \$100,000. They're getting their money back, but it was very risky."

Kochenburg, however, says that her big risk is going out in front of 500 plus people every night in a costume so ugly that she says the costumers even apologize about it. "This costumer from L.A. who has costumed this show like three or four times said, 'you know that's the ugliest dress I've ever seen.' Sherie laughs. "It's orange, it falls apart, it's got this big dog on it (a fox scarf). Seriously, the costumers look at it and say they're sorry."

Bradley said that when she saw herself in her wig for the first time, she actually cried. But being in the hottest musical this summer north of *Phantom of the Opera* may not have these two Gauchos laughing to the bank; they don't get paid very much, but at least they're laughing and joking about how fun the actual performance is.

42nd Street will start its encore performance August 23rd and conclude September third. Of the 35 shows, 34 were sell-outs so call the Lobero Theatre (963-0761) about how you can get tickets to *The Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera* showing of this fine Broadway musical.

TEXAS, SCOTLAND



by jeffrey p. mcmanus Texas' Sharleen Spiteri.

Amid the sea of pretentious, posturing heavy-metal-mongers and light-headed dance floor doofuses dominating pop music, it's refreshing to finally get a taste of something different. **Texas**, a new group comprised of four great Scots, is a departure toward more traditional, melodic, complex rock. *Southside*, their debut album to be released domestically this week, is a breezy collection of country-influenced ditties, bound together with the singing talent of a beautiful young muse who could make wheat grow in hot tarmac with the sheer power of her voice.

This band is *10,000 Maniacs* without the phony moralizing, *Lone Justice* without the goofy fake sensitivity, and *k.d. lang* without the corny sentimentality.

Texas' vocalist, Sharleen Spiteri, is honest, real and a darn good singer. And producer Tim Palmer has intelligently seen fit to leave Spiteri's clear vocals alone, allowing the cool, solid force to come through without a ton of dumb, gimmicky studio tricks to muck things up.

The compliment to Spiteri's sharp-as-a-bullwhip vocals is the sometimes sleepy, always masterful guitar of Ally McErlaine. This guy knows how to play with style, moving from a sunbaked, strumming spaghetti-western-soundtrack style to a jamming freeform solo before you can say "Beware the Thane of Fife." Perhaps the most maddening thing about the band comes from McErlaine's guitar — you expect a Scottish band named Texas that plays American country-influenced pop to be really, really cheezy. But McErlaine's style makes you forget that this music comes from a place where people regularly drive on the wrong side of the street.

One of *Southside's* few shortcomings comes from the writing department. The band wrote all their own stuff, and a lot of it comes across as too-pop-country-conventional. A first album is a time for experiments, and there just isn't enough of that kind of risk-taking here. But the album as a whole works well nevertheless.

bring me
Walle "guitar" Walle
kleenex

Well, folks this is it. That's right *good bye*. My Nexus days are over, I'm packing my bags, leaving town, burning my bridges and letting my heat rule my mind.

Naturally, when someone like myself gets to write an article like this it means it's time to sit back, reminisce and wax sentimental. But hey, I just don't see the point, I mean you've all got your own stories — why do you need to read mine? If you're really desperate, I'm sure you must know someone with a copy of *On the Road*.

I guess when all is said and done, (if that ever happens) the coolest thing that ever happened to me because of the Nexus was that I got to meet Peter Buck, next to that glorious event everything else pales in comparison.

So with a little larger vocabulary, a little worse eyesight, and a few less brain cells I bid this rag and you, my beloved readers, a fond farewell.

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MONSTER: continued from p.2A

Actually, the band started off "You Can't Always Get What You Want" using only a slow and soothing acoustic guitar melody. But when the song, like the show, ended, the crowd was sweaty, energized and ready to go and get as "fucked up" as Forrest had suggested they do.

Every once in a while a rock show like this will completely take your breath away and have you feeling so damn glad that rock exists and bands like Thelonus Monster haven't sold their souls to pop music's tempting mediocrity. The next time these guys play, do your self a favor and check them out; it's what the Replacements used to be like, how Jane's Addiction try to be, but mostly like how rock and roll should be played: with honesty, guts and humor.