

If it's music you want, Santa Barbara gets da most of it. And to think, you'd of never known that, had you not read ...

INTERMISSION

The Arts & Entertainment Section Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week of
February 14

LOCAL

KCSB: Alternative Listening Fun

Hey you! Yeah you: the average, everyday Joe standing right over there. Do you listen to KCSB? Have you tried it??

KCSB is a station with a plan.

KCSB plays "alternative" music. What the hell does *that* mean, you ask? Tony Pierce says, "The idea of KCSB is to play music you wouldn't hear anywhere else." Whoa, you say, isn't that *the* Tony Pierce? Yeah, it is, but we're talking music, not politics, OK?

The supposed purpose of KCSB is to give exposure to musicians of the noncommercial genre (local bands, independent labels, bad bands, etc.), a noble goal indeed. The catch-22 is the fact that the haphazard format and "alternative" music style tends to put off a large portion of the listening audience. Hmmm.

KCSB disc jockeys know what's up. They're not in it for the money. (The cash benefits of being a KCSB dee-jay are just about nil.) They're not in it for the fame. (Fame? Do you listen to KCSB?) They are in it for themselves. Being a dee-jay is a great excuse to delve into the depths of the alternative music archives, searching for the obscure, the different, the limited-edition album that no one else can get their hands on — not to mention the added benefits of free demos and concert tickets.

With rubbery amateur hands and glassy tuned-eyes, KCSB programmers spin their wisdom over the airwaves, sharing their passion for alternative music with the many (few who care).

KCSB's format over the years has taken the gritty plunge from mostly classical programming to the current shows which center on alternative rock, jazz and blues. According to Assistant Program Director Perry Anderson, KCSB is trying to get more student programmers to do non-rock shows like jazz and blues, shows largely dominated by non-students.

The program schedule is drawn up by KCSB Program Director Dave LaDelfa and Anderson. The format is random and inconsistent on a day-to-day basis. Set your alarm to KCSB, and one morning you could be blasted out of bed by a screeching grunge-guitar belch and the next morning you could be lulled back to sleep by a soulful blues-singer's baritone.

Some listening picks at KCSB:

Weekend programming consists mostly of jazz,

See KCSB, p.4A



LICKS

Santa Barbara Music: IT'S LIVE

Are you tired of spending your weekend nights fighting the crowds on Del Playa just to see some live music? Well, fret no more. The following is a guide to some of the most jumpin' S.B. spots to catch the most happenin', the hippest, live stuff in the area.

For those with an aversion to leaving the greater Goleta area, or who just dig really spicy reggae and Caribbean music, *Caribbean Cuisine* is the place to go. Located at 5838 Hollister Ave., Caribbean Cuisine is only a proverbial blink of a gnat's eye from Isla Vista.

On weekend nights, Caribbean Cuisine continues to serve delectable dishes until 11:00 p.m. But if you're not there for the food, it's going to cost you four bones just to get inside, although you don't have to be 21. The interior is saved from being a dive by a few nice touches that makes the place seem more steamy than seedy.

The music, which begins around 9:30 on Fridays and Saturdays, is almost always excellent. Local reggae faves like Jah Be One and One Love Vibration are frequent players. Caribbean Cuisine, however, is not for the weak at heart. The food is hot, and the crowd is hotter. The seating arrangements are poor, so don't go unless you wear your dancing shoes, because there's plenty of room for that. There's a full bar, but try one of their Jamaican beers. And don't sit near the restrooms, what with all that spicy food...

For those who enjoy the occasional venture into the jungles of downtown Santa Barbara, there are a number of places to catch some great music — depending on your mood and taste. On the weekends a good place to start out is *Joseppi's*, where the live music begins at 3:00.

With a \$3 cover charge, Joseppi's features live music seven nights a week. The bands range from R&B to jazz, and a lot of stuff in between. Located in a tiny room at 434 State St., it's a good idea to come early, because the limited seating fills up fast. In fact, Joseppi's is so small, you have to walk through the band while they're performing if you want to go to the bathroom, so be prepared to hold it.

Despite these minor inconveniences, Joseppi's is always groovin'. The bands and the audience, in such tight quarters, don't have any choice but to get to know each other. Besides a full bar, Joseppi's serves funky little hors d'oeuvres on the weekends and 50-cent oysters during the week.

If it's some sultry jazz you're itching to see, then

See S.B. MUSIC, p.4A

CINEMA

ACADEMY AWARDS, THE INTERMISSION WAY

6A

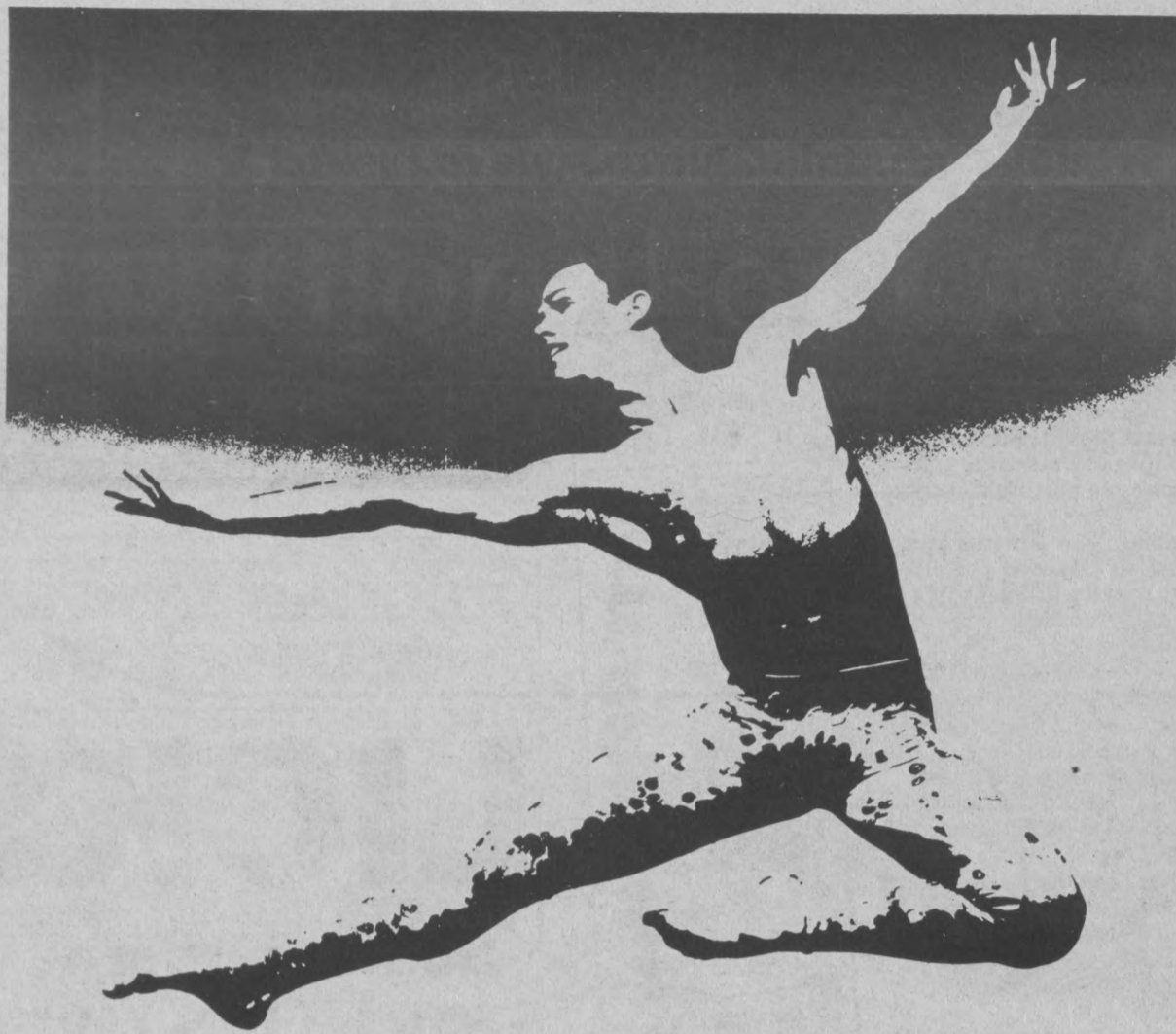
SON OF CINEMA

LA STORY: THIS GUY LOVES STEVE MARTIN

7A

THE PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY

3A



Paul Taylor Makes It Look Easy

PAUL TAYLOR TICKETS:
BEST BELATED
VALENTINE'S GIFT!

Well actually, it doesn't look easy at all. It looks dazzling and mysterious and wonderful and inspiring, and yet at some level you think that if you just tried it, you could fly too. Watch *The Paul Taylor Dance Company*, and you'll never look at the human body in motion the same way again.

Along with Merce Cunningham and Martha Graham in the upper ranks of American modern dance stands Paul Taylor. As one of the century's most accomplished dancers and choreographers, Taylor creates monumental yet subtle works. He can achieve a celestial brilliance and also plumb the nether regions of the psyche. Now in its 36th season, his Company (not seen here since 1979) comes to UCSB to inspire, entertain and delight with Taylor classics such as *Esplanade*, the Company's signature piece. *Airs* is a distinctively quiet and lyrical piece, a dance about dancing. *Cloven Kingdom* charts a clever exploration of men and women in evening clothes who bit by bit reveal their animal nature. The Company performs on Monday, February 18 and Tuesday, February 19 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

From 1955 until 1962, Paul Taylor danced with Martha Graham's company, but at the same time, he was drawing attention to his own ambitious solo work. Breaking with the pioneers of modern dance, Taylor sought a fresh approach that managed to combine everyday movement with his strong lyrical impulse. Taylor choreographed and danced in his own works until 1974 when he retired from performing but continued into a new and fruitful phase as a choreographer.

Taylor has earned more than 40 awards and six honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degrees. In 1985 Taylor received the MacArthur Foundation Fellowship (the so-called "genius" award). In 1989, he was elected one of 10 Honorary Members of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.



In his contribution to the book *The Modern Dance: Seven Statements of Belief*, Taylor writes, "One idea that I would start with and attempt to achieve, no matter how ruthlessly, is the idea that the stage should become a magic place and unbelievably beautiful in a curious way that cannot be described, but would cause the viewer to say, 'Yes, yes!'"

Get your tickets now — either performance provides a great way to cap the Presidents' Day Weekend!



Philosophy in Motion

Forget your stereotype of the philosophy professor finding refuge in an ivory tower. Philosopher Rachelle Hollander is taking a direct look at the ways modern science and technology affect how we live and think. Hollander is program director at the National Science Foundation with special responsibilities in Ethics and Values Studies. She'll discuss "Beyond Algorithms and Sermons: Ethics, Values, Science, Technology and Society" on Thursday, February 21 at 4 PM in the UCen Pavilion. The program is free and open to the public. It's all part of the Issues for the 1990s Series ETHICS AND MORALITY IN THE UNITED STATES.



the WASH

Next Thursday: *The Wash*

A poignant story of love in the sixty-something generation, adapted from the award-winning play by Philip Kan Gotanda called *The Wash*. Showing in Campbell Hall at 8 PM on Thursday, February 21.



Albert Lee

And the Week After That: Guitar Heroes

Rockabilly powerhouse Albert Lee, late of Emmylou Harris' Hot Band, and Dobro god Jerry Douglas, and four more awesome guitar talents — it's almost too good to be true. It's *Masters of the Steel String Guitar*, coming to Campbell Hall Wednesday, February 27 at 8 PM.... We'll tell you more about it next week — but bear in mind that we've only about 200 tickets left...

UCSB
A&L
ARTS & LECTURES

For tickets or
information, call
Arts & Lectures
at 893-3535.

SCENE ONE

A Calendar of Upcoming Events

Intermission just barely survived its big anti-censorship issue. We withstood a lot of spankings last week. This issue, we are calming down. It's a nice, relaxing, lovely issue. Yessiree! Actually, this issue is so pleasant that when you finish reading it, you can cut it into strips and make herbal tea out of it. So, with no further ado, it's...

Folk Baroque & etc.: UCSB Gamelan Ensemble will be playing their own special brand of Indonesian Music, using chiefly metallic percussion instruments, next Wednesday at noon in the UCSB Music Bowl. ... **Or if Andean** Panpipes are more to your liking, Huayraq Taki will be playing the Zamponas tonight at 7:30 in the MultiCultural Center. ... **Western Civilization** gets to put in its two bits when Prisms-New Music Ensemble and the Repertory West Dance Company team up for "Motion-Sound-Poetry" on Friday at 8 p.m. at Lotta Lemons Concert Hall. ... **Santa Barbara Symphony** will be performing on Saturday and Sunday. Alongside them will be 17-year-old pianist Anders Martinson. Call the Arlington for more info. ... **Cool, Cool Blues** Get down and dirty with Blues greets The Mighty Flyers at Felix's on the 19th. ... **Radical Environmentalism** fundraiser in Old Gym. A smorgasbord of environmental Who's, How's and What's — the important part is that Wind Cave and Jungle Payne

will be performing. It is at 6 p.m. and their will be a \$3 donation required. ... **Kirsten Candy** is beautiful. And she, not to mention the rest of those zany, yet talented musicians in *Circus Frequency*, will be playing at The Long Bar with *Spencer The Gardener* on Friday night at around 9 p.m.

Hark! Art: Fighting With Art: Applique Flags of the Fante Asafo. "What on earth is that?" you ask. Well, be at the UCSB Art Museum on Saturday at 2 p.m. to find out. **Santa Barbara Contemporary Art Forum** will be having a reception for two new exhibitions at its Norton Gallery on Friday. The exhibits are *Assemblages* by Claire Rabe and *Near Goleta But Closer* by Harry and Sandra Reese.

It's Acting! Alan Bennett's *Outrageous* farce on human sexuality, *Habeas Corpus*, will open today at the Carpinteria Arts and Lectures Center. Call 684-6380 for more info.

Furthermore: Model Train Show happening Friday through Sunday. It's in Atascadero, which is about two hours up the coast, but *Intermission* artist Todd Francis insists, "It's a nice two hours; it goes by like an hour and a half." Call 461-3559.

And now, having thoroughly combed this calendar of upcoming events for anything that would offend anyone, unless you are from Atascadero, we invite you to read... *Intermission*.



Dennis and Denise, Swing Dancing!
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UCSB Discount!!
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New Session Begins
February 18 & 19

Monday	Tuesday
Performance: 6 pm	Masters: 6 pm
Advanced: 7 pm	Intermediate: 7 pm
Beginning: 8 pm	Beginning: 8 pm

Partner not required! New session begins every 6 weeks!

Goleta Valley Community Center
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For information & pre-registration, please call: 964-1990

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Dance With Paul

After a 12-year absence from UCSB, The Paul Taylor Dance Company returns for a performance which should not be missed. The company has been praised by critics around the world, and is "one of the most intelligent, stylish and physically magnificent dance troupes we have," according to New York critics. The popularity of the company today has been compared to the popularity once enjoyed by such dancers as Merce Cunningham and Martha Graham.



ary Dance Theatre and the Joffrey Ballet. The music of Corelli and the drums bring out the nature of this piece: human animalism.

Paul Taylor was raised in Washington, D.C., and received his education at Syracuse University, where he studied painting. He continued to pursue his career as an artist in dance in New York City. He performed as a soloist in the Martha Graham Dance Co., and also as a guest artist with New York City Ballet. His career as a choreographer began early; at his company's beginning, the other dancers were also his peers. After 36 years, children of original company members are now a part of the company. His distinguished career includes many choreographic honors, including the Dance Magazine Award, the Scripps Award, and the New York Mayor's Award for Art and Culture. He was also elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and is highly honored by the French government.

— Carolyn Keeler

For 36 years, Paul Taylor's troupe has been performing around the world, including over 300 cities in the United States. The quality of the dancers is outstanding; many have performed with other fine dance companies across the nation before joining Paul Taylor. Most important to the success of this company, however, is the ingenuity of Paul Taylor's choreography.

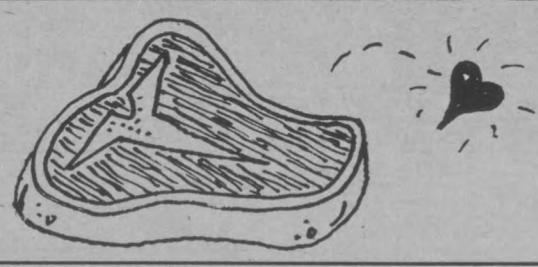
The pieces to be shown on Feb. 18 and 19 are a prime example of Taylor's incredible creativity. The company's "signature

piece," *Esplanade*, is considered to be not only one of his finest works, but also a classic of 20th-century dance. Set to the music of Bach, the piece opens with pedestrian movement, which later develops into something wildly exciting.

Airs, which is set to the music of Handel, has a romantic theme, yet is still marked with Taylor's progressive style.

Cloven Kingdom is a popular piece which has been performed by other dance companies, such as the London Contempor-

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the Graduate

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Music

For Valentines Day, Put On Some Soft Tunes & Curl Up With ...

S.B. Music

Continued from Cover

you have a choice between elegant and sassy.

The City Broiler, located at 1129 State St., has a romantic little courtyard leading into the restaurant. Their delicious dinners are served until 11:00, and you can hear the jazz from anywhere in the restaurant. However, if you just want to sip a martini and enjoy the music, the bar area has ample seating and just reeks of style.

There's no dance floor, but that's probably best. Otherwise, the customers' jewels might clink. The jazz is soft, but pleasant. The City Broiler is a good place to go when you want to impress someone but you're too cheap to pay a cover charge.

If The City Broiler proves too stuffy for you, SoHo's the place to be. Located right next to the Victoria St. Theatre at 21 W. Victoria St., SoHo's serves up tasty portions of jazz and dinner seven nights a week. Dinner is served as long as there are people who want to eat, and the jazz is played long into the night.

The bar area is separated from the restaurant, which

provides a more intimate atmosphere. Although there is little seating, the audience is comfortably crowded around the bar and the band. The jazz is a little more hoppin' than at The City Broiler and the atmosphere is charming. It's a good place if you want to look hip.

A little out of the way from the State St. strip, there's a bar that's well worth the wait in line to get in. It's called Brewhouse Grill, and if you can find the train station, then you've found this bar.

Located at 202 State St., Brewhouse Grill has a \$4 cover charge that's well worth the cost. If Joseppi's is good for groups of two or three, then Brewhouse Grill is where you want to take the whole gang. Not only does The Brewhouse have a lively atmosphere with lots of group seating, but they brew their own beer, and boy is it good.

As if this weren't enough, there's a separate room in the back of the restaurant just for bands. It has no seating, so you can start your own slam pit if you want to. A variety of groups play there, usually of the "cutting edge" type, which means just about any type. If you want to drink some unique beer and get really sweaty in the process, Brewhouse Grill is the bar for you.

So there you have it. Now get off your butt and go see some real music.

— Seana Fitt

KCSB

Continued from Cover

blues, soul and Latin music. Get down to a Friday evening conglomeration of rap and funk shows from 2 p.m. until midnight. This funky jam is interrupted by Mr. Salty's New Wave Hour (really a half-hour), a show for those nostalgic new-wavers out there who miss the electro-alternative sounds of the late '70s and early '80s.

Care what's going on in the UCSB community and around the world? News and sports kick in at 5 p.m. on weekdays, with public affairs shows following. Shows such as "Culture of Protest," "Women's Radio Forum" and "Gay and Lesbian Perspectives" take alternative looks at world events.

Classical music lovers are stuck with only one show at KCSB—Dave LaDella's Monday night program featuring the works of that brave, underrated class: the 20th-century composers.

Heavy-metal shows are another minority at UCSB. Metal-heads can bang their heads to independent metal sounds on A.J. Goddard's "Speed of Sound" and Evelyn Lindic's "Green Eggs and Spikes."

Hallelujah! Brother Matthew Brown's "The Better Way Gospel Hour" spouts out the harmonious wails of Christian soul music with a message.

Good jazz picks are new student dee-jay Brent Hill's "Nimble Fingers" and Jazz Director Peppermint Patty's "Citylights." Michael Yeoman's eclectic show "Audiodrome" fuses jazz and rock into one of the station's most popular programs.

Greg Drust's droning "Back at the Chicken Shack" is the longest show on the winter schedule. It's pretty long. Drust is a KCSB old-timer whose never-ending show features American folk music, blues and this occasional noise called polka. It's kinda long.

Fans of the hard side of alternative music have muchos listening choices at KCSB, although most of this listening must be done in the "amphetamine zone" from midnight until 6 a.m.—the lightly censored "safe harbor" hours. The theme of Dave Turbow's "Grungefest" is self-explanatory—grinding, whining, hard-rock noise reminiscent of a boozed-up Saturday night in Isla Vista. "Splattercore Radio" is a hardcore, in-your-face show with a sense of humor. The not-so-reverent Reverend Keith Cody's show "Dawn of the Dead" meshes the blackness of Gothic music with the bleakness of death rock for a show which is definitely not for the unstable.

Industrial music is on the decline at KCSB, as new releases from the previously worshipped Wax Trax label have been disappointing. Dee-jays Jason Fiber and Perry Anderson integrate the lighter side of industrial music (What's that? Fiberglass?) with ethereal artsy-European stuff in their cutting-edge shows, while dee-jay Michel Ball shakes the airwaves with her vivid show "Vomit Kitchen," a mixture of industrial dance music and post-punk rock. Vincent Baker's "Shocktreatment Radio" is a harsh, loud conglomeration of hardcore-industrial, speed-metal, thrash, and punk rock; a show to stoke the beast in all of us.

The most indescribable shows at KCSB are "Off the Air" and "The Wobbly Brothers." These shows present weird audio collages of noise and music, and welcome listener response. Interesting stuff, but almost unbearable for long periods of time.

Think you spotted a UFO lately? You say you went bowling with Shirley MacLaine in a past life? "Timeless Voyager Radio" is a new-age talk show treating topics like meditation, levitation, and reincarnation.

The show "Live in the Raw" features... guess what? Live bands! Practically anyone can play on this Saturday night show hosted by Brian Codd and Nick Crest—from local talent (or un-talent) to out-of-town bands who just happen to be in the neighborhood.

And of course, what would college radio be without a

Stop! To

Local Band Socket Is A G

A whirlwind suddenly sucks you up from your mindless stroll along Del Playa. You are tossed into a pit of slam dancers and your physical and mental senses are knocked out of whack. But wait, you hear music, damn good music. And then it stops. The singer asks the body-bashers to please lovingly bump into each other. And the music starts again.

The whirlwind is Socket, and the music is skate jazz. Socket is a melting pot, the America of music. Actually, the jazz influence is seen mostly in the composition and structure, with forms of funk, ska and fusion permeating their music.

Socket's tastes and influences run the gamut from Fishbone to Mr. Bungle to Shakespear to Star Trek to gorgonzola cheese. At least that's what bassist Nico Peruzzi likes. Vocal's front man Rusty Gantt prefers a good hunk of Monterey Jack, while guitarist Andy Davis goes for mild cheddar, and drummer Randy Banchik (who beats the skins in iambic pentameter in honor of Shakespeare) is reported to only eat brie.

Playing all originals, with the exception of the Go-Go's "Vacation," Socket claims there wasn't anything of musical value before the '80s. Their songs range from "Too Much Pee in the Sea," which really "rocks balls live," to

"Public Restroom," a ditty influenced by a prolonged toilet stoppage which made Gantt lyrically question, "How would you feel if you were a piece of poo?"

"Basically, we're about frolicking," Gantt said, talking about their impending rock video. "There would be lots of midgets, progressively getting shorter in the shape of a V, with us jumping around in the middle. The midgets would have to talk and sing backwards, but we would then play the tape backwards so they would sound normal. We would also have a lot of flat-chested women wearing baggy Levi's and turtle-necks. There would definitely be a lot of lip-synching, 'cause that's what we're all about," according to a brief Socket brainstorm.



They're Irreverent and

show focusing on environmental awareness? Angry co-hosts Cristina and Wayne expound environmental wisdom and get generally pissed-off at the state of the world today in their show "Thinking Like a Mountain."

So do you listen to KCSB? Think you won't like it? Well, if nothing here turned your crank, don't forget—KCSB always plays requests.

— Bonnie Bills

<div style="text-align: center;">  </div> <h2 style="text-align: center;">Schedule Winter 1991</h2>								
	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	
Midnight	pudding Time	Speed of Sound	The Other Side of	The Wobbly Brothers	Vomit Kitchen	Splattercore Radio	Classic Oldies	Midnight
1 a.m.	Chris Ferrante	A.J. Goddard	the Fence Tom Kayser	The Wobbly Brothers	Michel	Ramona & Dig	Williams/Smith	1 a.m.
2 a.m.	Green Eggs & Spikes	The Early	You Bet We've		In the Wee Wee	Laundromat		2 a.m.
3 a.m.	Evelyn Lindic	Bird Show	Got Something	Pagan Orb	Hours	Razzmatazz	Crushed	3 a.m.
4 a.m.	Product	Jon Bisom	Against You	Milhaus	Kevin Whelan	Ted Perez	Elisa	4 a.m.
5 a.m.	Curtis Doty		J and D					5 a.m.
6 a.m.	Better Way Gospel	Huh? Yeah!	International	Sad Rabbit Hours	The Salsa and	Dawn of the	Saturday Morning	6 a.m.
7 a.m.	Brother Matthew Brown	Jeff D' Ambrosia	Airways	Difficult Listening	Cheese Fiesta Hour	Dead	With Your Mom	7 a.m.
8 a.m.			Elli G. Neumann	Manfred Schaub	Bob Kaufman	Rev. Keith Cody		8 a.m.
9 a.m.	Ital Soundz	Thinking Like a Mountain	Take Five	On the Barricades	I.V. Today & Tomorrow	Viewpoints	Katz Pajamas	9 a.m.
10 a.m.	Bernard Hicks	Timeless Voyager Radio	John Paine	Infernal Chamber	Noontime Night	Grungefest	The Black Nag	10 a.m.
11 a.m.		Broadway Jungle	Hipster's Haven	David Layton	Train Bob Proctor	David Turbow	Pat Cardenas	11 a.m.
Noon	Jazz	Cosmick Rider		Politics in Perspective	Radio Free Santa	Word Sound Is	Latin Times	Noon
1 p.m.	Sylvia Curtis • Matt Cohen	Radio Surprise	Back at the	One-Three Show	Barbara Perry Anderson	Power Joseph I	Cristina	1 p.m.
2 p.m.	The Freakshow		Chicken Shack	Paul Stinson	Bum'n' Biscuits	Funk You	Nimble Fingers	2 p.m.
3 p.m.	Ken Hinton	Rockin' in Rhythm	Greg Drost	Shock Treatment	Blues Time Robert Pullen	Dougy Gyro	Brent Hill	3 p.m.
4 p.m.	African Kaleidoscope	Geoff Hanson		Radio Vince Baker	Radio Is My Bomb	Mr. Salty's New Wave Hour	Citylights	4 p.m.
5 p.m.	El Gigante de	News & Sports Big West Week in Review	News & Sports What's on Your Mind?	News & Sports A.S. Show	News & Sports	News & Sports	Peppermint Patty	5 p.m.
6 p.m.	Tex Mex	Women's Radio Forum	Writer's Gallery	Speaking of Sex (aftermath with You Can't Keep a Good Woman Down)	Culture of Protest	Soul Patrol	Boydsongs	6 p.m.
7 p.m.	Ray Ramos	Behind the Headlines Audio Topics	Third World News in Review	Gay & Lesbian Perspectives	Latin American Journal	Michelle DeRei	Kevin Boyd	7 p.m.
8 p.m.	Onda Latina	Jazz After Hours	Controlled Substance	Negative Freedom	Blues on the Rocks	The Housequake!	In the	8 p.m.
9 p.m.	Raul Rico Jr.	Daniel Escalzo	Broadcasting Jason Fiber	Marc Brown	Mitch Stockton & Matt Hoffman	Vincent Leo	Raw	9 p.m.
10 p.m.	Live at Knitting Factory	Late in the Century	Hitchhiker's Guide to Galaxy	Ghettoradio	Sound Clash	Good 2 Go Show	Audiodrome	10 p.m.
11 p.m.	"Off the Air"	Dave LaDella	Joe Frank: Work in Progress	Monty Luke	Jamin O'Brien	Oren Glasman	Michael Yeomans	11 p.m.

Request Line: 893-2424 Business: 893-3757



oo Zany!

A Group of Fun Lovin' Guys

Socket, a name with many non-traceable meanings, coagulated last summer when Banchik asked for the best funk bass player in I.V. and received Peruzzi. Peruzzi then rounded up two of his roommates, and I.V. gave birth to the best skate-jazz band to grace the planet.

Opening for Mr. Bungle this January was the pinnacle of Socket's career. "It was absolutely maniacal," said Gantt, adding that they are, by far, the hugest Mr. Bungle fans in Isla Vista, and perhaps the universe. However, the peak of the musical achievement pyramid in Socket's eyes remains the opportunity to vie for the championship on Star Search.

Not only is the band musically inclined, they are also involved in the recent barrage

of social protests. Today, in a memorable Valentine's Day protest, Socket will hold an anti-love rally in Storke Plaza. A conglomeration of broken hearts, convening in front of the library with lots of blood and screaming, will follow the rally.

Creative differences are avoided by eliminating political ideas from the thought process, as Socket's political views are as diverse as the audience they serve. The lead singer, a Fascist-turned-Libertarian is the polar opposite of the drummer, who reportedly sports a "Censorship is un-American" T-shirt five days a week, while Peruzzi and Davis comprise the silent majority. "I think everyone has just jumped on this huge censorship bandwagon. If censoring something can stop the rape of one woman or keep one kid from being abused, I'm not against censorship," Gantt said. However, the band did agree that they are all against "stupid censorship."

So allow yourself to be sucked up into Socket's whirlwind. You'll love it, honest. Besides, they need a fan club, a following, a band mom. In the soon-to-be immortal words of Socket, "Think how unhappy Jim Jones was when he didn't have followers, that's how we are. We need followers."

— Shira Gottshalk



nt and Candid- Socket!

COLLEGE INDUSTRIAL



Fatal Joy
29 Palms
IRS

In this tar pit of digital self-importance, 29 Palms has skimmed the slag off the worst of late-'80s pop, sloshing it together into a haphazard lube for their own audio masturbation. It's like Crowded House does Ecstasy with Sting, then the lot of them go skinny-dipping with Tears for Fears.

No really — it's that bad.

Lead singer Simon Wilson wears suspenders and howls his own lyrics emphatically. Davy Simpson (swear to God: Davy) plays the part of a sterile Michael Hedges, while his tinny rhythm guitar licks sail into predictability. Wilson apparently bought off the mixing crew who played his voice loud and clear, greatly simplifying our task of finding out just how sharp he can get.

Everything about the album is negligible. A few nice lines permeate the lyrics, but mostly the words are jumbled, with no hint of continuity or rhythm. What these guys really lack is musical courage — a set of balls.

Sometimes you find rock stars who just want to get the women, but none of the women I know will be fooled by this stuff.

— Jason Ross



Running Sacred
Exene Cerveaka
RNA

Exene Cervenka of X fame, which is much better than being ex-famous, turned out a very spotty effort for her first solo album. One thing Exene is very good at is the Cat-in-Heat yowl that characterized her work with X. Unfortunately, she indulged in a bit too much crooning for this album and often ends up sounding like a Susan Vega from the Valley, Omigod!

The songs which she did bless with her true vocal talents are fantastic and actually end up breaking some new ground toward the end of the nuevo-funk spectrum, although Exene then sounds like Mary's Danish copying Exene.

Her solo band is very tight and capable. They unfold the musical map which Exene is trying to follow much faster than she can navigate. The result is at times great, and in other instances annoying. If you really loved X you may want to check this out just for the curiosity value. Otherwise, try some of Exene's earlier work.

— Andrew Rice



Wish List
Falling Joys
IRS

It's a little known fact that the hip Aussie expression "Throw another shrimp on the barbie," is a derivative of an earlier expression, "Throw another compact disc on the barbie." However, due to the fact that the chemicals this creates are environmentally unsafe, not to mention the fact that it is a bit of a strain on the CD itself, the expression was slowly phased out.

The producers of The Falling Joys' effort *Wish List* are particularly glad of this because, as is the case for most Australian Rock, this CD sounds a lot better than it tastes.

Wish List has that lovely Aussie make-you-want-to-watch-a-surf-movie guitar sound (ala Hoodoo Gurus, Midnight Oil and Gangajang) with a twist. One of the lead vocalists is a woman, Suzie Higgie. Female vocals are something that have been sorely missed in Australian exports.

When you buy this, make sure to recycle the box, don't burn it. Also, don't burn the CD, it sounds better raw.

— Denis Faye



Tyranny For You
Front 242
Sony Music

When you think of the head honchos of Industrial music, what bands come to mind? More often than not the answer will be "What the hell is Industrial music?" Yet, if you know anything about the genre you will probably think of those rockin' Belgians, Front 242.

For several years now, Front 242 have been releasing their records in America through the Chicago-based label Wax Trax. However, Wax Trax and Front 242's Belgian label have split their licensing agreement, so the band needed to find a new domestic label. Commencing with the release of their new record *Tyranny for You* they have struck a much better record deal with Sony Music Inc., so now they are gettin' paid in full. Word.

To the average music buyer this means we can find the band's record in any record store around, but the big question is what does it sound like? For those of you who have heard the previous Front 242 recordings, there are no new surprises to be found here. The 242 gang has kept their electronic sound consistent for their last couple of albums, and their effort sounds pretty much the same.

For those who have not heard Front 242 before, I think *Tragedy for You* is a very good sample of the band's sound. Some of the up-tempo songs will make you want to shake your rump on the dance floor, while the mellow tracks will leave you chillin' out on the couch.

With this record, Front 242 has continued their trend of releasing music that is rich in electronics and full of distorted vocals.

— Marc Brown



HIP-HOP



Geto Boys
Geto Boys
Def American

Anybody found taking the Geto Boys seriously should be slapped, perhaps with a big, surly cucumber. Whack!

There. Now go on and start laughing. These guys are really funny, not to mention great.

The Geto Boys, of course, are the unruly, Houston rap quartet who caused a minor foofaraw last fall when Geffen Records refused to distribute their eponymous-titled debut. Turns out that Geffen, home of Guns ("I used to love her, but I had to kill her") N' Roses, didn't want to be associated with the Geto Boys after they got a listen to their disk.

But what's so bad about rape, necrophilia, general killings and the domination of women? If you listen to this album, you'll learn that such behavior can be fun, profitable and fulfilling.

C'mon. The Geto Boys got a dwarf as their front man. Honest. And he can rap. That simple fact alone should tip you off that these "horror rappers" are, first and foremost, big jokesters. Somebody once called these guys a rap version of Friday the 13th, but with raps this cheesy and bad: "I kick more ass than a donkey..." A way better description would be to call them the Evil Dead of rap.

And anyway, if you don't dig the message, or lack thereof, the beats are ferocious and shame anything else lucky enough to earn the label "obscene." Devil producer Rick Rubin (Slayer, etc.) is behind it, and you may want to pick it up for that reason alone.

Oh — the disclaimer on the album jacket is also a classic: "DEF AMERICAN RECORDINGS IS OPPOSED TO CENSORSHIP. OUR MANUFACTURER AND DISTRIBUTOR, HOWEVER, DOES NOT CONDONE OR ENDORSE THE CONTENT OF THIS RECORDING, WHICH THEY FIND VIOLENT, SEXIST, RACIST AND INDECENT." If that ain't standin' up for your principles, I don't know what is.

Ain't it?

— Pat Whalen

ROCK



Uncle Anesthesia
Screaming Trees
Epic

The Screaming Trees are, by far, one of the best acts to come out of the woodworks of Washington. Although they dismiss all assumptions that the Screaming Trees are a "Seattle band", they have definite Seattle-rock qualities, like it or not.

Not too raw. Not overly produced. Just right. Producer Terry Date (Alice In Chains, Mother Love Bone) has done it again with the help of Chris Cornell (Soundgarden vocalist) on the Trees' new album, *Uncle Anesthesia*.

The guitar-pedal-play-things run the proper gamut, and some horns are even included. Mark Lanegan's tamely raspy voice soothes more than it could ever disturb. Rock for the soul.

The title track is particularly permeating, with the wawa pedals and drawn-out notes characteristic of the Trees. Repetitive melody-riff-harmonic-like-note-conglomerations with a touch of psychedelic descent constitute most songs on the album, developing the asset of simplicity into artform. Not too many bands can secure such a lock on the factor.

So, the Screaming Trees justly own a hanger in the elite closet of original contemporary rock. A wardrobe staple to wear often. Rock on.

—A.J. Goddard



Katmandu
Katmandu
Epic

This album needs a lot of help. A familiar voice from Ireland (you remember Fastway?) and nifty, glossy production not outstanding, this band maketh bad formula fodder.

So what makes one processed hard rock band different from another, anyway? Nothing, and that's the problem. These guys rock big, fat and hard most of the time, but lack any real glimmer of creativity.

— Chris McCann



has been in hiding, working on his junior honors project: **The Porky's Trilogy: A Search For Man's Id.** He will be back next week, same Vid-Time, same Vid-Intermission.

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Academies Away

The King Of Funny On The Oscars

Never overestimate the Academy. Just when it looked like the Oscar nominations might be denied to movies whose sole artistic quality is a big budget and huge box office, *Ghost* is given a nod for Best Picture. Just when it looked like an actress, whose most challenging part was squeezing into tight dresses, might not be nominated, Julia Roberts snags one for *Pretty Woman*. And just when it seemed that the Academy might swallow its sexism and finally nominate a deserving female for Best Director, Penny Marshall is shut out for the Best Picture-nominated *Awakenings*.

These are some of the surprises, or — considering unfortunate Academy history — non-surprises from yesterday's announcement of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award nominations: Each year, movie critics and fans hope that the voters will wise up, but post-nomination depression seems to inevitably set in.

Everyone has a favorite movie that was not nominated; everyone has a sure-winner that was overlooked. But it is not the Academy's job to award prizes for the Best Film of the Year. To maintain its reputation as the most important, desirable and expensive award, Karl Malden and everyone else on the Academy board must never leave home without an award for the best films money can make.

But since I — an innocent, starving college student — can do little to change the bureaucracy and politics that ruin what should be a celebration of the best in film, here's a quick recap and forecast of the 1990 nominations.

Best Picture: When a movie like *Ghost*, which was fine as a romantic fantasy but still flawed in many ways, is nominated for the most prestigious film award in the world, it's enough to want to throw out the entire category. It's like Soupy Sales being elected to the British Parliament. But the Best Picture category still has a few great movies, and it will be a surprise if *Ghost* gets any votes from anyone

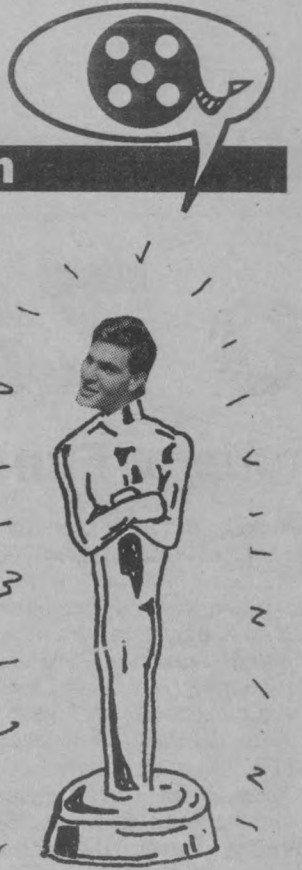
other than psychics and dead dancers.

Dances With Wolves will win easily, as it's the kind of movie the voters love to award. Kevin Costner's epic has great-looking scenery, a three-hour running time, and white voters might actually feel vindicated by choosing this drama about the plight of Native Americans. *GoodFellas*, *Godfather III* and *Awakenings* are also nominated in this category, but — as Gene Shalit would say — Kevin Costner will be dancing with Oscar.

The lack of quality women's roles and no better alternative probably led to Roberts' nomination as Best Actress, but this is really a two-person race. Angelica Huston has won everything but the Nobel Prize for her role in *The Grifters* and will compete against *Misery*'s Kathy Bates for the Academy's top award. Look for Huston to edge out Bates and other nominees Joanne Woodward (*Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*) and annual nominee Meryl Streep (*Postcards from the Edge*), who must be somewhere thinking, "This Oscar thing is sure easy — I didn't even need an accent this time."

Costner may get the Best Picture prize and even Best Director, but his nomination for Best Actor — along with Robert DeNiro (*Awakenings*), Gerard Depardieu (*Cyrano de Bergerac*) and Richard Harris (*The Field*) — is no threat to Jeremy Irons. The *Reversal of Fortune* star seems a lock-on to win the Best Actor award for his portrayal of Claus Von Bulow. So while poor Sunny Von Bulow lies endlessly in a coma, Claus gets rich and Jeremy gets an Oscar out of it. What a country!

Costner's likely victory in the Best Director race should be the instigator of this year's cries of "I can't believe he didn't win!" The "he" in this instance is Martin Scorsese, arguably the best director in the world right now and five-time non-winner. Other 1990 nominees are Francis Ford Coppola (*Godfather III*), Stephen Frears (*The Grifters*) and Barbet Schroeder (*Reversal of Fortune*), but Scorsese's direction of *GoodFellas* was easily the best of the year, combining inventive camera work with stylistic editing. But he will again be the bridesmaid, joining the company of Orson Welles and Alfred Hitchcock as great directors who never won an Oscar. But then again, the Academy never liked genius anyway.



— Brian Banks

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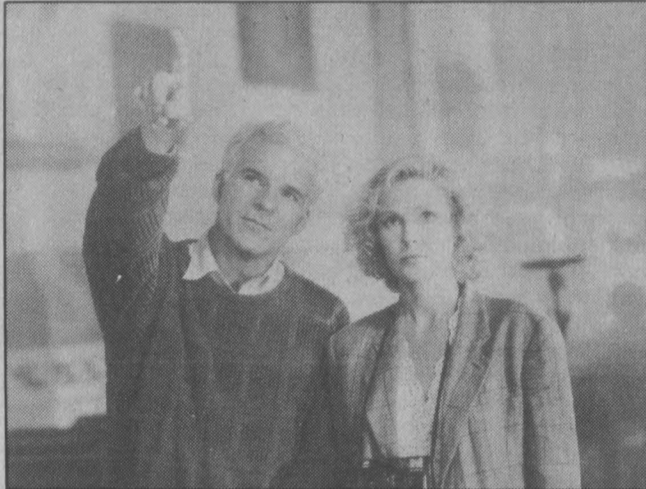
A common affliction which comedies often succumb to is the old "let's give it a plot with a moral and stuff" trick, in which the writers decide to take a funny movie and oversaturate it with some weak attempts at true romance or spirituality. Rare is the film that can succeed at both ends of the stick; able to tell a convincing and meaningful story and simultaneously make the audience laugh, and *L.A. Story* is one of these rare few.

Steve Martin stars as "Wacky Weatherman" Harris K. Telemacher, a silly television meteorologist whose eccentric Los Angeles lifestyle is both hysterical and strangely acceptable in the richly parodied social whirlwind that city boasts. His habitual daily practices are dealt a crippling blow with the appearance of English journalist Sara McDowel (Victoria Tennant); he breaks off his relationship with his snobbish longtime girlfriend, Trudi (a great performance by Marilu Henner), his job security disintegrates and his indifferent and easygoing lifestyle is derailed. Terribly enamored with Sara, he attempts to snuff this distraction with a meaningless fling with SanDeE (Sarah Jessica Parker), a young and bouncy clerk with little in common with the ex-Wacky Weatherman.

As his life begins to metamorphose, Telemacher's only guide is the prophetic assistance he receives from a mysterious traffic-report freeway sign which he visits with increasing frequency. The sign, which informs him of its previous life as a set of bagpipes, provides Telemacher with invaluable clues to his fate, clues which he must observe and follow if he is to find the happiness he so dearly desires.

As these clues seem to draw him nearer and nearer to Sara, and as the two find themselves falling reluctantly in love with each other, Telemacher finds his life transformed into a strangely wonderful fairy tale, one which is destined for the happy ending that such stories usually offer. However, there is something magical about *L.A. Story*, a combination of subtle charm and outright comedy that is difficult not to appreciate.

A great deal of it is Steve Martin's rare ability to be both hysterically funny and convincingly touching, sometimes both at once. There are few people who can evoke a laugh



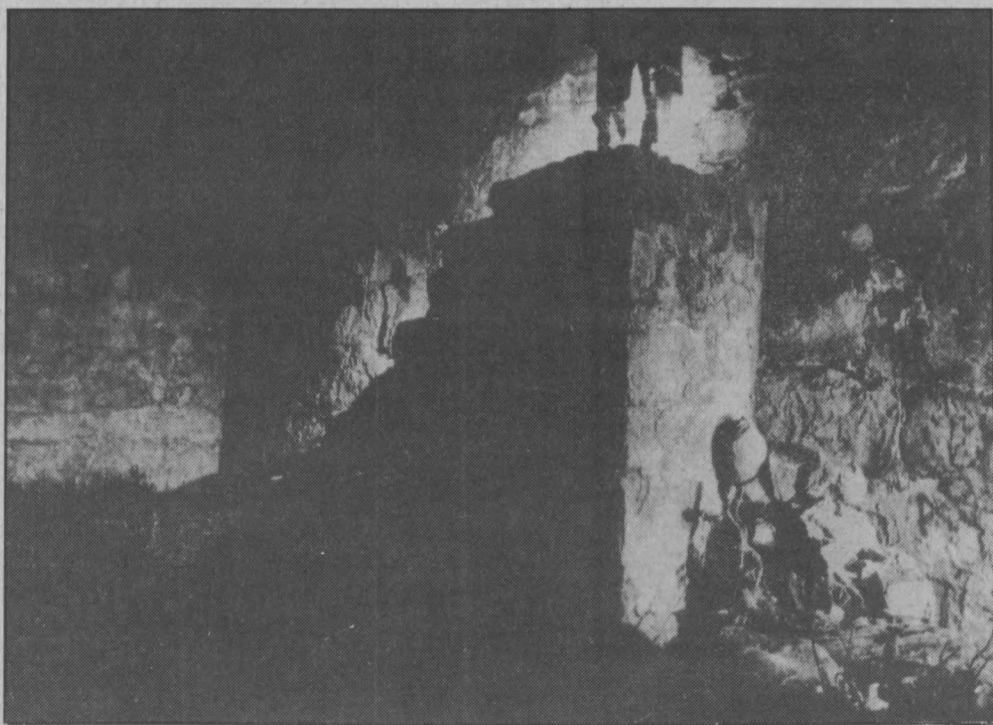
Steve seems to like his headline

as effortlessly as Martin, and yet, in this movie, he doesn't have to rely upon that talent alone. He plays the heartsick Telemacher with as much compassion as was evident in his wonderful performance in *Roxanne*. Combined with his penchant for humor, a humor that is achieved almost flawlessly and without seeming forced, Martin's performance is incredible.

Likewise are both Victoria Tennant and Sarah Jessica Parker, whose characters, exact opposites in every way, are interesting and hard to ignore. Parker's flirty SanDeE is delightful and borders on caricature, while Tennant, as Sara — the object of Martin's almost-overwhelming desire, is warm and funny without going overboard.

The story could have easily flopped; more often than not, comedies with a spiritual or meaningful side fail in their attempts at such. However, under the able direction of Mick Jackson, what is created is a poetic and touching comedy, filled with jabs at the Los Angeles setting in which it takes place. Reminiscent in a way of a Woody Allen film, both for its combination of the serious with the comedic as well as for its resemblance to a Los Angeles transplant of *Manhattan*, this similarity is in no way a hindrance to the film's success.

"Life," says Harris K. Telemacher, in a phrase that seems to sum up the movie perfectly, "is a tale told by an idiot." Funny, yet sadly and insightfully true, *L.A. Story* is in no way idiotic, only joyously successful.



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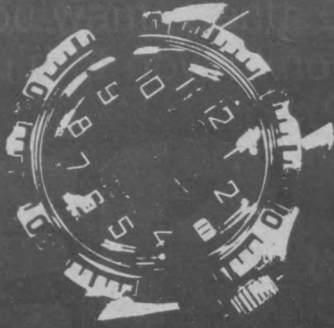
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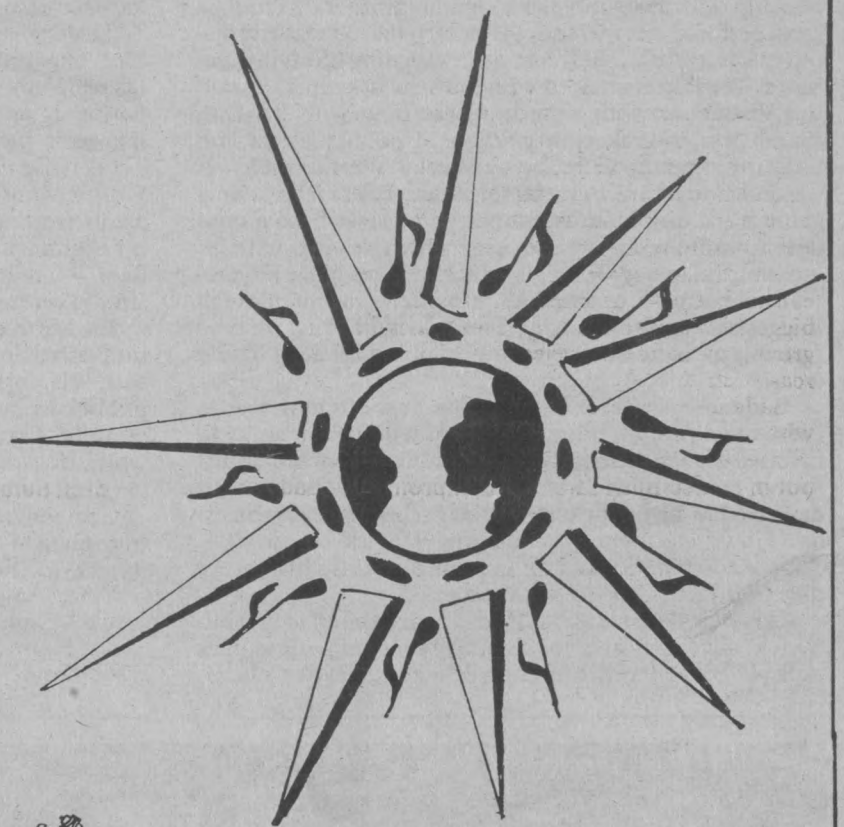
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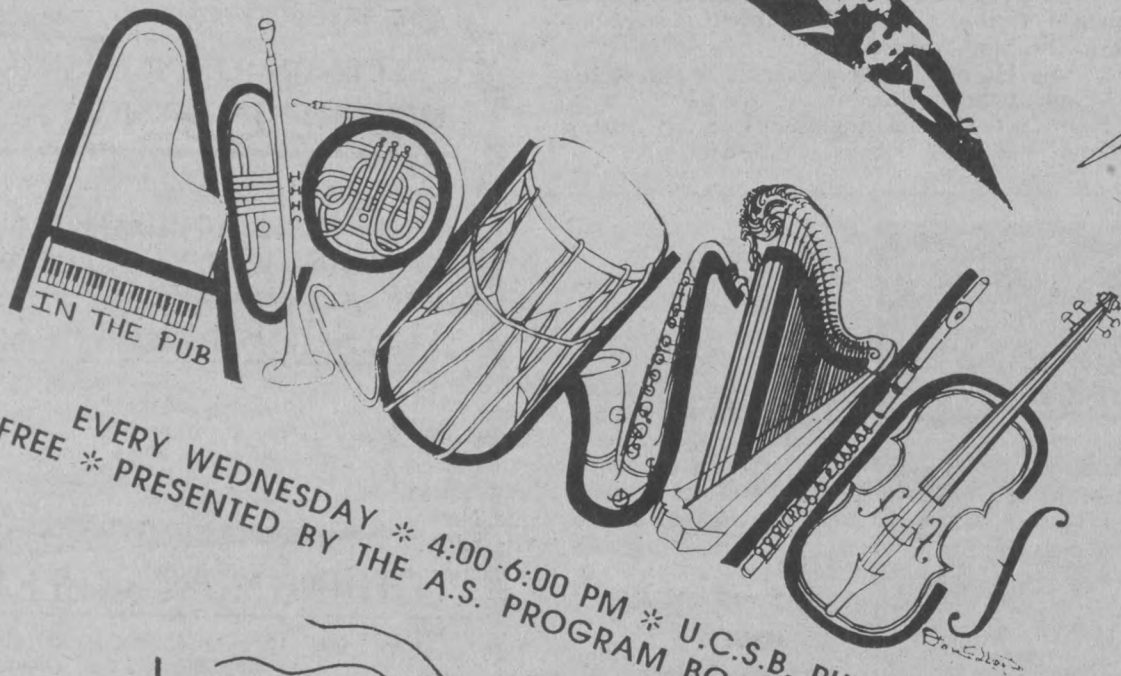
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