

ART'S

BONUS
Art in the
American League West
Issue

W E E K

The Daily Nexus' Artsy Fartsy Part for July 18-24, 1990

Plans?

Tonight

Art songs written by Ravel, Brahms and Strauss, among others, will be presented tonight (and Friday) by students from the Vocal Institute of UCSB. \$3 for students, \$6 for the rest of youse. 8 p.m. Lotte Lehmann.

Thursday

You've read the book, seen the movie, played the game on your Nintendo, eaten the cereal and collected all the action figures — now go out and see *Faust* the play. Performed by the Theatre Artists Group this weekend (Thurs. through Sat.) and next weekend in the Main Theatre, \$8 (\$12) will get you whopping portions of Parts I and II of Goethe's classic drama (one of Art's faves). Seriously, it's a classic and part of this highbrow weekend and right here on campus.

Press Release of the Year nominee: "Super-producer and musical visionary Maurice Starr should rest contentedly on his laurels: New Edition, Bobby Brown and the multi-platinum phenomenon called New Kids On The Block. But Starr's restless creativity and unerring eye for new talent have led him to a young performer with unlimited pop potential. The artist: Rick Wes ... (blah blah blah)"

Friday

Art is always in the mood for a little *Glenn Miller* (in the mood, get it? Haha-haha, oh god). Really, what good American wouldn't like a giant like Glenn or wouldn't want to be at the Lobero to hear such contemporaries as the Modernaires and Paula Kelly Jr. salute one of the greats of American music? 8 p.m. \$17.50, pay, go, smile.

Saturday

Movie composing giant *John Williams* brings his Star Wars tunes (and a little Peter I.) to the County Bowl for an evening of music near and dear to your heart. 7:30 p.m.

Sunday

Killer flick, pun intended. *Blood Simple* 8 p.m. Campbell Hall. Simple enough? See page 2A.

Isla Vista Bands to Join Together at The Graduate for Fire Victim Benefit



MUTSUYA TAKENAGA Daily Nexus

Scott Bell of Tilt, Kelly Green of Garden Party, and Daryl Sweet of Rogue Cheddar... together a Sweet Green Bell?

Rock Relief

After the fire a few weeks ago, Associated Students President Michael Chester and Cindy Headly approached A.S. Program Board Commissioner Randy Banchik with the idea to throw a rock and roll benefit to raise money for the fire's victims. Program Board soundman John Monson and I.V. band Circus Frequency also separately approached Banchik about the gig, which they wanted to stage at The Graduate. Banchik then contacted the I.V. nightclub and was informed that some guy named Mike Crolius was already putting together four shows all around Santa Barbara with similar intentions — and just that quickly, a day of rock was born.

It turns out that Crolius is more than just "some" guy; as head of the Santa Barbara Songwriters Guild, he had enough pull and chutzpah to get together shows at not only the Grad, but also at the Red Lion Inn (on Sunday, July 22), B. B. O'Brien's (Saturday, July 28) and the ever-slick City Broiler (Sunday, July 29).

The Graduate gig will feature most of the faves of the I.V. party scene: Rogue Cheddar, Collage of I and The Itch. Its \$5 cover is the best value of all the shows, as its whopping nine-band lineup is the meatiest.

Of note at the Red Lion (\$7) will be Raw Silk and four other acts; rocking B. B.'s (\$10) will be Toad The Wet Sprocket, Spencer The Gardener and six others; and The City Broiler (\$5) will present Hot Corn, The Roosters and Leo Downey.

Although The Graduate will be more-than-flexible with their exit policies, you'd be a fool to stray too far from the

home of the Countdown as the lineup presented offers very little room for improvement. Opening the festivities at around noon will be the prolific Rogue Cheddar fellows whose frontman Daryl Sweet is involved with a virus which seems to have formed a blister on his right eardrum. Sweet insists that the virus is not fatal and will not affect the band's performance.

"When the doctor saw the blister," Sweet reminisced, "he said, 'Whoa.'"

No, he wasn't calling out one of the many names Scott Bell's band Tilt has used before (they've been named Hoe and Hmmm in the past). They're also known informally and, increasingly as "the quietest band in I.V."

Although every other band seems to be changing its name, Garden Party will keep theirs — for now, at least, according to front-babe Kelly Green, who's not so fond of it.

"It's a wuss name," Green said, "that's two S's. We might change it to Stretch Mark. That's the antithesis of Garden Party ... sorta."

The profit earned by these concerts will be given to the Red Cross Disaster Relief Fund for the Santa Barbara fire victims and for disaster preparedness. Banchik said that a good portion of the bar receipts at the Grad are also going to the victims. Use of the facility, the security, the posters, advertising for the show and the sound have all been donated as well, Banchik said, adding that everyone involved has been quick to help and generous with their time and effort.

— Tony Pierce

Mars, Memphis and Buckwheat 2A • Devo Meets The Dead 3A • What The Chancellor's Listening To 4A

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Sunday / 8 PM
July 22
UCSB Campbell Hall

Thursday 7/26: Time of the Gypsies / 8 PM

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She likes Elvis He Likes Carl Perkins in *Mystery Train*.

OK I go to the movies to see this film I know absolutely nothing about. ... It turns out that *Mystery Train* is about everything. And nothing.

There are these three stories that apparently have nothing to do with each other, but then it seems they have everything to do with each other.

The things that tie them together are equally odd. There's a sleazy hotel with hysterical bellmen. There's Tom Waits as this smooth DJ. There are Elvis portraits. And there's a train.

Weird? Art Housey? Yeah, but also Cool.

The stories are undeniably cool all on their own. Then when you realize how they are woven together, it makes things twice as quirky, twice as strange and exponentially fantastic. The fact that a teenage Japanese couple, an Italian widow, an overtalkative young girl and a drunken

blue-collar worker really do fit together is not only believable, but only because director Jim Jarmusch (*Down By Law*, *Stranger Than Paradise*) makes it perfect.

I don't know what you've heard, but Jarmusch has made a fully understated film about strange and wonderful characters in a once-musically-important town that sort of died when Elvis somehow managed with his roving camera angles to show that this is still electric, that the sparks from The King live in the electric academies across the town.

Go see it for tremendous performances by Joe Strummer as a min' Jay Hawkins. Go see it for its brilliant black humor. Or hear a memorable cameo of Tom Waits' unmistakable voice. The damn thing already.

— Sara

Video Guise Likes Rock Lobster

Those art film wuss-heads over at the Victoria Street Theater have finally wised up to Santa Barbara's real movie needs and will begin a series of quality movies this Friday. I'm talking *The Lobster Man from Mars*, *Frankenhooker* and *Dr. Caligari* over a period of three weekends, one movie per weekend late show. It's kind of a Midnight Movie kind of thing, but since those guys at the Vic are just beginners at this sort of stuff, they'll be showing the movies at 11:30 p.m.

But they do know what's good for them, so they let me, the Video Guise, take a look at the three movies before they screened 'em so that I could give my OK.

They seemed rather stupid at first — and I'm talking about the Vic people, not the films — because they normally search far and wide for those long, long terrible "art" movies that they usually show. I mean, their regular movies have less violence than a Ravi Shankar concert and fewer breasts than a ten-piece combo from Kentucky Fried.

These movies are different. The first one, starting Friday, is *The Lobster Man from*

Mars. It's a fine movie and not just because they spent more on catering than they did on special effects (notable because they were eating 2-for-99-cent burgers at the local am/pm).

It's about this lobster that flies to Earth to steal air and make people be bones. The only way you can kill him is with cheap special effects. Chilling. Makes you think you're watching a bad movie real late at night because there's nothing else better to do, which, of course, is actually the case. Tony Curtis reprises his role of a jerk and Billy Barty is short and compelling in the role of Billy Barty. On a lighter note, the film does know how to wank, wank, wank on your olympia dukakis, which they prove by putting Billy Barty second in the credits even though he's only in the movie for five minutes.

Since it's supposed to be a parody on '50s monster movies, there's no room for shower scenes or real blood and gore. But that's OK, 'cause the Vic has that part of the program all lined up for the following two weeks. Watch for it.

— Video Guise



Jennifer Jason Leigh

a r t s

Buckwheat Zydeco
Where There's Smoke,
There's Fire
Island Records

It is indeed ironic that the 1987 death of the "King of Zydeco," Clifton Chenier (pronounced "shen-yay"), came at a time when Zydeco music began to snowball in popularity worldwide. Spurred on by Paul Simon's *Graceland*, this Louisianan music began to spread its own gospel, but had no prophet to lead it into the promised land.

Enter Stanley Dural Jr., a.k.a. Buckwheat Zydeco. He picked and chose from among Chenier's stylistic idiosyncrasies, discarding the slower ballad material and concentrating on the shredding, accordion-orama of sound that is the trademark of the Zydeco stamp.

Where There's Smoke, his third Island outing, is his

strongest yet. Produced by David Hidalgo of Los Lobos (himself an accordionist), the result is a blistering-hot compendium of originals and covers. If you've never heard "Beast of Burden" or "Route 66" ripped out on an accordion and washboard, you haven't lived.

Zydeco music is the ideal stuff for wheeling around in a drunken whirl, hooting and spilling beer everywhere on a hot July afternoon. And all the songs end up glorifying the noble cause of intoxication.

— Nick Krest

Sonic Youth
Goo
David Geffen Company

What has the music industry come to? New York's Sonic Youth are on a major label! Their new album *Goo* has finally been released and it is on David Geffen's newest label, David Geffen

Company.

Have no fear, though: *Goo* is Goo(d).

I admit when I first laid my eyes on the CD-single "Kool Thing" I was frightened at the thought of drum-machine laden remixes, but there were none, thank God. The single manages to combine Kim Gordon's smooth vocals with the rap superstar Chuck D. and it kicks butt. Public Enemy and Sonic Youth were recording in the same studio, so a collaboration was inevitable.

This album was produced in association with Ron St. Germain and also incorporates guitar gods J. Mascis and Don Fleming from Dinosaur Jr. This record should be awesome and it is.

— Marc Brown



Harry Connick Jr.
We Are In Love
Lofty's Roach Shuffle
Columbia Records

This guy's hot. He's on TV, on the radio, been selling lotsa records, scores films — he's EVERYWHERE. So what's the deal? Who is Harry Connick Jr.?

Hailing from New Orleans, Harry Connick Jr. is a mere 23 years old, but he certainly didn't play in a metal band in high school. Rock 'n' roll never happened for Connick. His style clock stopped far before.

The world is 1948 New York City for Connick. His most obvious influence, and target, is Frank Sinatra. The postwar, late big-band/early bebop era is his thing. The guy must have spent years studying Sinatra, especially Sinatra's formative period in (you guessed it) the late 40s.

We Are In Love is Connick with a big band. The majority



His Boss is Her Husband in *Blood Simple*.

believable, it's per-
son By Law, *Stranger*
has made a beauti-
ful characters in a
when Elvis did. He
to show that Mem-
ve in the cheesy rid-
rummer and Screa-
humor. Go see it to
le voice. Just go see
— Sara Seiberg

A witty, cogent comment on sex and miscommunication in the '80s, *Blood Simple* delivers the goods and the bads on murder in the Lone Star state, which is Texas.
The Cohen Brothers — who later went on to make the riotous *Raising Arizona* — made their cinematic debut in 1985 with this *noirish* thriller about an adulterous marriage counselor who just can't seem to communicate and gets himself into a wide and varied assortment of trouble.
The Dennison-thick tension in the air, intended to make your entire body itch, gloms onto your head like a school of tiny, terror-sucking monsters. Each scene more bizarre than the previous three combined, *Blood Simple* rejects the cliched trappings of conventional suspense, effectively assuring its classic cult status.
Blood Simple playing at Campbell Hall 8 p.m. Sunday, July 22, is a must-see for anyone who enjoys sitting down and getting up two hours later.
— J. Christaan Whalen

Depressing, But Great 'Last Exit'

The only way to describe Uli Edel's *Last Exit to Brooklyn* is "depressing" — or more accurately, "conducive to suicide." Right up there with *Bambi* on the how-wonderful-life-is scale, this film initially inspires intense hatred.
I hated *Last Exit*, but I hated it so much that it's a testament to the quality and effectiveness of the work. Edel's is a wrenching and insightful betrayal of the typical glossy nationalistic representation of American life.
Set in 1952 New York, *Last Exit* is loosely centered around a union strike at a local brick factory. Edel covers vast territory, though, successfully encompassing the family life of the brick factory workers and the unfamiliar world of 1950s transvestites.
Normally, addressing such seemingly diverse topics produces a disjunct, disarrayed mess. But the various components here are handled with such precision that the viewer readily accepts these separate subplots as obvious complements to one another.
Edel, supported by despicably accurate performances from Stephen Lang as the failed hero Harry Black and Jennifer (Fast Times at Ridgemont High) Jason Leigh as Tralala, constantly understates the dialogue

while blitzkrieging the audience with devastating visuals. Together, they depict a Brooklyn in which misery is so pervasive that the characters' only recourse is an acquiescent detachment.
Tralala is a provocative young woman who lives on money stolen or seduced from drunk and sex-driven GIs. Her bleak, bitter upbringing has left her with no aspiration but the accumulation — and wasteful spending — of money.
Harry Black represents the ultimate adherent to the American Dream. As strike organizer for the local union, he believes that a title and a cause will deliver him from hopelessness. However, he ends up crucified as retribution for his blasphemy. No one escapes from Edel's Brooklyn.
If this is Thoreau's quiet desperation, I want no part of it.
Last Exit to Brooklyn demonstrates that effective, moving films needn't be exploitative, happy or conclusive. With realism his primary goal, Uli Edel drives this one home.
Last Exit screens at the Victoria Street Theatre at 7:15 and 9:15 p.m.
— Os Tyler

t a p e s

of the cuts are of the swingin' attitude-laden variety, the kind that put lotsa emphasis on style and delivery. This is Connick's strong point, because he can do his best Sinatra imitations here. Tossed out in a half-spoken, half-sung style, he can blaze through his delivery so fast that you can't spot his less-than-perfect vocal ability. But on the slow ballads, Connick's not-yet-matured voice shows its inexperience, and this can be sometimes grating on the ear. But with maturation, maybe Connick will be the new Sinatra.
With Connick on piano, Benjamin Wolfe on bass and Shannon Powell on drums, *Lofty's Roach Souffle* is the Harry Connick Jr. Trio moving into that jazz stage where the big bands were being dismantled and the formation of bop was taking place. The result is some deliciously retro neobop, which, if not up to the standards set by past

masters, at times comes pretty darned close. This is far "cooler" stuff — the kinda stuff you'd hear being done fairly competently at one of your better restaurant lounges in town; and this really is dinner music — no horns or any outrageousness allowed.
— Nick Krest
Devo
Smooth Noodle Map
Enigma Records
Devo formed on the premise of de-evolution in the late 1970s. Now, over a decade later, nearly all of the original members from the L.A.-based band are still travelling the musical highway. Currently, Devo is cruising with the help of one very large *Smooth Noodle Map*, a lot more rockin' journey than their last trek, *Total Devo*.
I am certain that many of you await new Devo albums

only so you can hear what classic song they've decided to De-evolutionize. In the past they've altered tunes from the Stones and Hendrix; this time Devo does The Dead.
That's right, the spud dudes rock out with the Grateful Dead's "Morning Dew." **Caution:** for avid Dead fans, I would advise against listening to this song if on an acid trip — it is certain to send you into a bad De-evolutionary spiral.
Even though Devo have been in the business for a long time, they have not lost the biting sarcasm that is prevalent on most of their albums. The tune "Jimmy" is about a guy who was mean to his family, his friends and even his dog. Now Jimmy is in a wheelchair and can't do all of the wicked things that he did before. The chorus is "Jimmy's in a wheelchair and I don't care."
— Marc Brown

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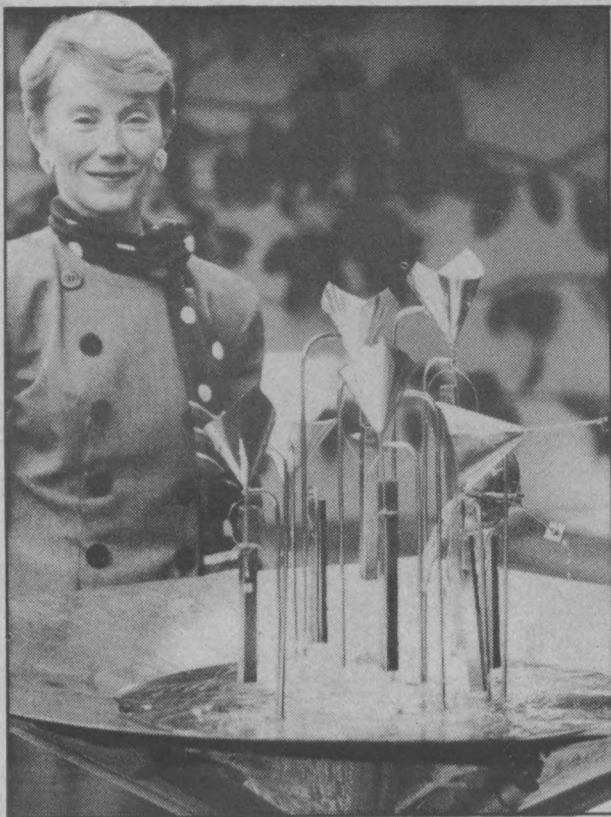
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1317 State, S.B. Days of Thunder* (1), 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:10	618 State, S.B. Dick Tracy* (12, 2:30), 5:05, 7:45, 10:15 Ghost* (12), 2:35, 5:20, 8:10, 10:45 Starting Friday 12, 2:35, 5:15, 8, 10:35 Betsy's Wedding (12:45, 3) 5:20, 7:40, 9:55 Moves Friday Starting Friday Arachnophobia* 12:45, 3:05, 5:30, 7:55, 10:10	6050 Hollister, Goleta Days of Thunder* 5:20, 7:45, 10:05 Starting Friday 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:45, 10:05 Dick Tracy 5:05, 7:30, 10 Moves Friday Starting Friday Arachnophobia* 1:20, 3:30, 5:35, 7:50, 10:05
Granada 3	Riviera	Fairview Twin
1216 State, S.B. Die Hard II* (12), 2:40, 5:20, 8:10, 10:40 Another 48 Hours (1:30, 3:30), 5:40, 8, 10:10 Ghost Dad (1:45, 3:45), 5:45, 7:45, 9:45 Starting Friday 1:45, 5:45, 9:45 Starting Friday The Jetsons 3:45, 7:45 Double Feature w/Ghost Dad	2044 APS, S.B. Jesus of Montreal* 7:05, 9:35 Sat & Sun also 2, 4:30	251 N. Fairview, Goleta Ghost* (12), 2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 10:05 Die Hard II* (12), 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10
Fiesta 5	Plaza de Oro	Goleta
916 State, S.B. Jungle Book* (1), 3, 5, 7 Quick Change (2, 4), 6, 8, 10 The Jetsons (12:30, 2:30), 4:30, 6:30 Moves on Friday Total Recall (3:15), 5:45, 8:15, 10:30 Starting Friday 5:15, 7:30, 9:45 Sat & Sun also 12:45, 3 Ford Fairlane (1), 5:30, 8, 10:15 Starting Friday Also 3:15 Robocop II 8:45, 11 Separate admission required Starting Friday Navy Seals* 12:45, 3:15, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30 Rocky Horror Fri at Midnite	349 Hitchcock, S.B. Pretty Woman 5, 7:25, 9:45 Sat & Sun also 12:20, 2:40 Back to the Future III 5:10, 9:35, Also: Bird on a Wire 7:30 Show ends Friday Starting Friday Betsy's Wedding 5:15, 7:30, 9:40 Sat & Sun also 1, 3	320 S. Kellogg, Goleta Jungle Book* (1), 3, 5, 7 Robocop II 9 Moves Friday Starting Friday Dick Tracy 9 Separate admission required
S.B. Drive-In		
907 S. Kellogg, Goleta DOUBLE FEATURES! Days of Thunder* 8:50, Fri & Sat also 12:35 Another 48 Hours 10:35 Die Hard II* 9, Fri & Sat also 12:45 War of the Roses 11:15 Sunday 7 am-4 pm SWAP MEET		

METROPOLITAN THEATRES

Chancellor Uehling and her neat-o art, *Fountain*.

DAVID ROSEN Daily Nexus

Art In the Chancellor's Own Backyard

"Go around back, step in front of it and talk to it," UCSB Chancellor Barbara S. Uehling said with a hint of a snicker in her voice.

Like most of the art in the ongoing PULSE-2 exhibit, Mrs. Uehling's interactive *Fountain*, on loan from the University Art Museum, is curiously witty, mysteriously odd and a new twist on typical sculpture concepts.

The piece features spherical metal containers shaped like wine glasses, which fill with water when the viewer steps near it. Once filled, the glasses tip and spill into a ba-

trousery because they felt the sculpture should be part of the exhibit — if not in a public forum, then in a private one, Major said. The chancellor accepted it warmly.

"Everyone who comes through the back door I drag out here," Uehling said. "I love to tell people about it. I think it's a marvelous piece."

Art lent from the University Art Museum is nothing new, Mrs. Uehling said, pointing out several paintings hanging on her living room walls. Uehling, who says she is very fond of art, graciously explained other pieces of her

Everyone who comes through the back door I drag out here. I love to tell people about it. I think it's a marvelous piece.

Barbara S. Uehling
UCSB Chancellor

sin below.

Because the 1974 sculpture uses water, some members of the public considered the work inappropriate for the drought-stricken Santa Barbara community, University Art Museum Public Relations Director Sharon Major explained.

"Because it has water, even though it recycles it back, it was considered to be in bad taste by some people," Major said.

Art collector and PULSE-2 originator David Bermant and Major approached Uehling after the mild con-

private collection. However, when it came to the question of the PULSE-2 experience, she was beamingly excited.

"It's fun," she said smiling. "I think art should be fun."

According to Major, one reason the museum lends works to the chancellor is so that when she entertains university guests, they can receive a firsthand impression of the goings-on at the Art Museum.

Fountain, made of stainless steel, a pump and a gallon of water will be on display privately in the chancellor's back garden for the length of the exhibit.

— Tony Pierce

Still Dying, After All These Years

The arm-ripping antics of your Schwarzeneggers and the muddy schmaltz of your Stallones and the scruffy REAL America of your Chuck Norrisses defined the action hero of the '80s. These were men of few words who could always find an interesting way to off someone, if only to be able to make a funny, funny joke about it afterward. *Oh, Buzzsaw? He had to split! Need a light?*

Even as *Total Recall* beats its summer movie competition into a sad lump of cinematic gravy, we find America looking for more — looking for a man, perhaps — a man who is not beyond our world. Looking for a man, perhaps, who could both save the world and get his car towed within a two-hour period. Looking for a man, perhaps, who could slay all sucker Marines and still get in trouble with his mother-in-law. Welcome to the age of the Sensitive Executioner.

Bruce Willis' John McClane is as good as we've gotten yet. He sweats, he gets nervous, he jumps from a helicopter onto

the wing of an airplane traveling at 100 mph and beats two people up and then makes the plane explode after he's jumped off onto the icy runway and then cries when he's reunited with his wife. He's not just a hero. He's *real*. I mean, he's not *really* real, but were it not impossible for someone to do the things he does, he certainly would do it, and then cry. Right?

The premise of *Die Hard 2* is fanciful and imaginative, although not quite up to the speed of its predecessor. And whereas the first *Die Hard* veered almost entirely away from the more annoying points of the action genre, a few of them leak in here in the form of the clichéd inept police force, the easy villains and the needless explosions.

Nevertheless, *Die Hard 2* remains witty and effusive, charming and electric, thrilling and good, a sturdy boat in the stormy seas of quality sequels.

— J. Christaan Whalen

etc.

During the summer some people go fishing, others listen to music.

E. W. Helmick, UCen Retail Divisional Manager, screenwriter

1. Ennio Morricone, I Western
2. Original Soundtrack, How The West Was Won
3. Peter Maffay, Steppenwolf

Dan Kern, Roma dude, bassist, artist

1. *Celebrity Skin*, *Celebrity Skin*
2. The Coolies, Dig
3. ABBA, Greatest Hits V.2

Barbara Uehling, jogger, art collector, chancellor

1. New York Woodwind Quintet, Bach Preludes and Fugues
2. James Taylor, Greatest Hits
3. Various, Smithsonian Collection: Jazz Piano

Sharon Major, public relations: University Art Museum, homemaker

1. Beach Boys, Endless Summer
2. Vivaldi, Four Seasons
3. Talking Heads, Speaking In Tongues

SANTA BARBARA FIRE RELIEF SERIES

Portion of proceeds to benefit the Red Cross Disaster Relief Fund for Santa Barbara Fire Victims and disaster preparedness.

The Graduate Sat. July 21

12 noon to 11 p.m. \$5

Up N' Arms

Ugly Kid Joe (Overdrive)

No One You Know

The Itch (members of)

TILT

Collage of I

Circus Frequency

Garden Party

Rogue Cheddar

B. B. O' Brien's Saturday July 28

1 p.m. to 1 a.m. \$10

Toad the Wet Sprocket...Spencer the Gardener...

Ric Reeves & The Future Blues...Out of Order...

The Ex-husbands...Plato's Cat...Crawdads...Stepsons

Fess Parker's Red Lion Resort Sunday July 22

2 p.m. to 8 p.m. \$7

Raw Silk

The Dan Pollack

Blues Band

Randy Cobb

The Curves

Night Shift

KCSB

The City Broiler Sunday July 29

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The Roosters...Leo Downey...Hot Corn

Tickets will be available at the door immediately prior to each performance.

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