

ARTSWEEK

Music 5A

Film 7A

Wigglin' and Wrigglin' at the Love Shack



Sylvester Stallone's Butt and More!



The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus/For the Week of January 11-18, 1990

Syllabus

Of Note This Week:

MUSIC

Top 5 This Week

at *Morninglory Music*

1. The Ministry, "A Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Taste"
2. Lenny Kravitz, "Let Love Rule"
3. Indigo Girls, "Strange Fire"
4. Bob Marley, "Legend"
5. Jesus and Mary Chain, "Automatic"

at *Sam Goody Records*

1. Milli Vanilli, "Girl You Know It's True"
2. The B-52's, "Cosmic Thing"
3. Janet Jackson, "Rhythm Nation"
4. Soul II Soul, "Keep On Movin'"
5. Phil Collins, "But Seriously"

FILM

Tonight:
"Wings of Desire," at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.; \$3/students, \$4/non-students.

Friday:
"Up In Smoke," at Campbell Hall, 7, 9, 11 p.m.; \$3.

Sunday:
"Heavy Petting," at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.; \$3/students, \$4/non-students.

LIVE

Tonight:
Dance — Repertory-West Dance Company, at the Main Theater, 8 p.m.; through Saturday, \$8.

ART

Tonight:
"You Are Here" by Amy Hautf, at the Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum, 12-5 p.m.; through Feb. 10.
"Art of the Diorama" by Ray Strong, at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; through March 1.
"Transformations" by Ines Roberts, Sheldon Kaganoff, and Conway Pierson, at the Arpel Gallery. Call 965-1551.

the **1** top

five

records

of the

5 year

What were the top five records of the year?

We're sure the question has been around as long as music itself, and it has given people something to talk about at boring social functions from a long way back.

"No way, man. Moliere's stuff beats the %\$*&! out of Mozart.... Elvis who? I liked the Pat Boone record a lot more.... Yeah, Paula Abdul dances pretty good, but Milli Vanilli has great hair."

ARTSWEEK asked this question of lots of people in the name of truth, justice and Milli Vanilli's hair, and got a whole lot of different answers. We expected some kind of consensus, an indication of a close race between the Stones and Guns & Roses or something, but nope.

So this list isn't as much about really finding the truth about the best records of the year as it is about finding what different people have grooved to, and quite possibly danced around the house nude to.

Turn to page four for some different opinions on the top five records of the year:



Speaking Out, Making a Difference

Former Soviet Dissident to Lecture at UCSB

Natan (Anatoly) Sharansky, the former refusenik whose imprisonment in the Soviet Gulag unleashed a worldwide protest in his behalf, speaks on "Glasnost and the Continuous Struggle for Human Rights" Wednesday, January 17 at 8 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall. Sharansky has become a symbol and a spokesman in the struggle for human rights, and his is a story of courage and strength, of iron will and an unshakeable belief in the central importance of freedom (and love).

In 1977 Sharansky, a computer programmer who had become involved in dissident activities, was arrested by the Soviet secret police, following four years of harassment and abuse by the KGB, which was particularly concerned with Sharansky's involvement in Soviet Jewish emigration. Charged with treason against the Soviet Union and espionage for the United States (which was vigorously denied by the U.S. State Department), Sharansky endured a nine-year confinement, in which his captors attempted to break his spirit with both physical and psychological intimidation.

Try as they might, the authorities could not diminish the implacable will of this one-time technocrat now turned human rights activist. Rather than weaken Sharansky's impact, however, the Soviet policies

resulted in Sharansky transcending his imprisonment and deepening his commitment to Soviet Jewry and other oppressed nationalities and religious groups in the U.S.S.R.

During her husband's imprisonment, Avital Sharansky, who emigrated to Israel the day after their wedding in 1974, waged an international campaign for his extrication. On February 11, 1986, the Soviet government finally relented and released Sharansky who joined Avital in Jerusalem, where he formally took the Israeli name, Natan. Sharansky's courage in the face of injustice is brilliantly presented in his book, *Fear No Evil*, in which he recounts his years in prison with remarkable calm and even biting humor. Currently a leader of an Israel-based refusenik group with contacts in the Soviet Union, Sharansky continues to speak out for justice for all prisoners of conscience and the oppressed.

Tickets for this special event are available in advance at the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office. Any remaining tickets will be sold at the door beginning at 7 PM. Tickets are \$10 for the general public, \$7 for UCSB students. **Charge tickets by phone: call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 961-3535 (minimum charge order: \$10).** The program is presented by UCSB Arts & Lectures, UCSB Hillel and the Global Peace and Security Program.

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
			11 <i>Wings of Desire</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	12	13	14 <i>Heavy Petting</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall
15	16	17 Natan Sharansky 8 PM Campbell Hall	18 <i>Nobody's Fault</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	19	20 <i>BalletMet</i> Free Open Rehearsal 4PM / Campbell Hall <i>BalletMet</i> 8PM / Campbell Hall	21 <i>Little Dorrit's Story</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall

All the Right Movies

This winter, UCSB Arts & Lectures continues its commitment to present the best in international and independent filmmaking with 14 contemporary films from around the world. Featured are eight Santa Barbara premieres, including six gems from the adventurous series *The Cutting Edge II: A World on Film*, which specializes in finding films that are of high artistic quality but have been judged too risky for theatrical release by commercial distributors. Note: Save more than 50% off single ticket prices by purchasing a series ticket (\$20 for UCSB students, \$25 for general public). That way, even if you only see seven of the films, you're still saving money.



The International Cinema series gets off with a flying start tonight with *Wings of Desire*, Wim Wenders' prophetic film about Berlin and its inhabitants. When a disenchanted angel (Bruno Ganz) who hears but cannot effect people's deepest thoughts and wishes becomes enamored with a beautiful trapeze artist (Solveig Dommartin), he must choose between a dry immortality or an all-too-human mortal existence. With photography full of symbolic import by cinematographer Henri Alekan, the film deftly focuses on the lost souls of post-War Berlin.



David Byrne, Laurie Anderson and Spalding Gray all have something to say about the Fabulous Fifties in Obie Benz's cinematic collage of the decade that gave us Davy Crockett hats, drive-ins and, of course, heavy petting in the back seat of a '57 Chevy. *Heavy Petting*, screening Sunday, January 14, is a tongue-in-cheek retrospective with telling excerpts from *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Bus Stop*, plus vintage Army VD films. If you missed out on that decade the first time through, here's your chance to see what petting and parking are all about.



A&L's International Cinema Series is cosponsored with KCSB radio. All screenings begin at 8 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall and all the films are in their original language, with subtitles as necessary. And don't forget about the advantages of buying a film series ticket. You don't have to wait in line to purchase single ticket seats. You pay less than \$2 per film. And you'll have 14 terrific films to entertain you throughout the winter quarter.

You can buy series tickets today at the A&L Ticket Office (Building 402, adjacent to Campbell Hall). Single tickets may be purchased at the door only, one hour before showtime. For more information, or a free brochure, call the UCSB Arts & Lectures Ticket Office at 961-3535.

For tickets or information call: 961-3535

U C S B
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ARTS & LECTURES

THE BUZZ

FILM	THEATRE	COMMENTS
★★★★ The Little Mermaid	Metro 4	Great songs and great characters make Disney's latest one for the ages.
★★★½ The War of the Roses	Fiesta 4, Goleta	A dark, uniquely funny look into that hellish rite of passage called divorce.
★★★ Back to the Future II	Granada 3, Fvw. Twin	Swiftly paced and very entertaining, but has enough endorsements that it seems like the official sponsor of about a dozen products.
★★★ Enemies, A Love Story	Metro 4	1940s Brooklyn is impressively reconstructed in this well-acted film but you might find yourself reching for your No-Doz.
★★★ Born on the Fourth of July	Arlington	(Reviewed this issue).
★★½ Always	Granada 3, Fairview Twin	Somewhat sappy, but typical direction by Steven Spielberg and Holly Hunter in a great dress make this one watchable.
★★½ We're No Angels	Fiesta 4	Robert DeNiro and Sean Penn mug their way through a nice-looking film that should have been a lot funnier.
★★ Christmas Vacation	Fiesta 4	A stupid ending just about ruins what was a semi-funny look at the further adventures of America's favorite idiots, the Griswalds.
★½ Blaze	Plaza De Oro Twin	This movie can't decide if it wants to be a romantic comedy or a political biography, so it comes across as a bungled mess. And from the man who gave us Bull Durham!
★ Tango and Cash	Granada 3	(Reviewed this issue).

Not yet reviewed: Patrick Swayze Live on the Sunset Strip, The Tormented, The Pleasure Box of Nimh, The Little Mermaid's Left Tit.



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BORN On The Fourth Of July



Reviews:

Oliver Stone's New Vietnam Epic Receives Two Wildly Differing Opinions From Artsweek Film Critics

PRO

By Barbara Dannov
Reporter

I always hated Tom Cruise. I couldn't sit through "The Color of Money" because his hair was too large. I watched "Losin' It" one time on cable, and my friends and I bagged on the B-class acting. Tom Cruise was a pretty boy, no ifs, ands or buts. "Cocktail" and "Top Gun" were just showcases for his smile. Then "Rainman" came along, which I liked, and Cruise did seem to do some good acting in the flick, holding his own against Dustin Hoffman. Yet, he still bothered me intensely.

Cruise's performance carries the whole picture.

Not anymore. With Born on the Fourth of July, Cruise establishes himself as ... dare I say it ... a great actor. As Vietnam veteran Ron Kovic, Cruise plunges into all facets of the man's life. From the good-looking, athletic Kovic before the war to the wheelchair-bound, mustachioed, and balding paraplegic, Cruise's performance carries the whole picture. After "Cocktail," it was apparent that Cruise's gorgeous smile could carry a film. After "Born," however, it's apparent that Cruise's great acting could do the same. Oliver Stone's second film dealing with the Vietnam War takes us on a grueling three-decade-long journey, with Cruise acting as navigator. Without Stone's direction, however, the journey wouldn't have been as effective; his style shows that it is he who wrung the performance out of Cruise's soul.

Although main characters in Kovic's life come across as only supporting players in the film, the gritty details are not lost in the fold. From the graphic scenes of injury on the combat fields to the demeaning enema and hose-down administered at the Veteran's Hospital, nothing is spared.

Perhaps the most notable of the sup- See PRO, p.7A

CON

By Brian Banks
Staff Writer

The preview for Born on the Fourth of July is arguably the best ever. The voiceovers, the quick, emotion-filled shots, and Buffalo Springfield's "For What It's Worth" in the background make it the best 90 seconds on screen this year. "Born on the Fourth of July," the preview, tells a compelling story and stirs many emotions. In short, it is everything "Born on the Fourth of July," the movie, is not.

Boasting credits that would closely resemble a studio chief's dream, "Born on the Fourth of July" had all the makings of a great film. Oliver Stone, the Vietnam veteran who wrote and directed "Platoon," here goes back to his most personal experiences. Stone co-wrote the screenplay with Ron Kovic, the man whose life the movie is based on. And starring as Kovic is the man with the billion-dollar grin, Tom Cruise.

(Stone's direction) drowns out his actors.

Somewhere, somehow, something went wrong. It is surely not in Cruise's performance. He has grown as an actor since 1983's "Losin' It" (who couldn't?) and began to show his potential in "The Color of Money" and "Rainman." Here, he distinguishes himself as an accomplished actor, with a performance with such range and character that it may be the finest of the year.

However, Stone's direction is heavy-handed for this material. In the past, he has used this effectively. Films like "Platoon" and "Talk Radio" needed shock to get their point across. But in what is supposed to be a human emotion film, his direction drowns out everything his actors are doing.

Perhaps the biggest problem lies in the screenplay. In this story about a gung-ho American patriot who volunteers for the Vietnam War and then comes home para-

See CON, p.7A

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "TAMPOPO"

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-Siskel & Ebert

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ARLINGTON 1317 State St. S B	Born on the Fourth of July 2, 5, 7:45, 10:30 No passes or bargain nights	
GRANADA 3 1216 State St. S B	Always 12, 2:30, 5, 8, 10:25	
	Back to the Future II 12:30, 3, 5:15, 7:45, 10	Tango & Cash 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:50, 10
METRO 4 618 State St. S B	Steel Magnolias 12, 2:30, 5, 7:40, 10:20	Little Mermaid 1:05, 3, 5:05, 7:05, 9 No passes or bargain nights
	Family Business 12:30, 3, 5:25, 8:05, 10:30	Enemies, A Love Story 12:15, 2:45, 5:20, 8, 10:35 No passes or bargain nights
FIESTA 4 916 State St. S B	War of the Roses 12:45, 3:05, 5:50, 8, 10:20	Christmas Vacation 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45
	We're No Angels 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10 No passes or bargain nights	The Wizard 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
		She-Devil 6, 8, 10
PLAZA DE ORO TWIN 349 Hitchcock Way S B	Triumph of the Spirit 5:35, 8:05, 10:25 No passes or bargain nights	Blaze 5:20, 7:50, 10:10 No passes or bargain nights
RIVIERA 2044 Alameda Padre Serra S B	Girl on a Swing 5, 7:15, 9:30	
CINEMA TWIN 6050 Hollister Ave. Goleta	Born on the Fourth of July 5, 7:45, 10:30 No passes or bargain nights	Steel Magnolias 5:10, 7:40, 10:05
FAIRVIEW TWIN 251 N Fairview Goleta	Back to the Future II 5:30, 7:45, 10	Always 5:10, 7:30, 9:50
GOLETA 320 S Kellogg Ave. Goleta	War of the Roses 5, 7:30, 10	
ARLINGTON TICKET AGENCY 1317 State St. S B	Hours: Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30 Sunday Noon-5 Information 963-4408	
SWAP MEET	EVERY SUNDAY 7 AM - 4 PM Santa Barbara Twin Drive-In 907 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta	964-9050 Swap Meet Information
GIFT SHOP	ARLINGTON COURT GIFT SHOP 1317 State Street, next to the Arlington Theatre Open 12-8 PM Daily	966-3638 Gift Shop Information



the top

five.

records

of the

year

Roger Freedman, Professor of astronomy

1. k.d. lang, "shadowland"
2. Fine Young Cannibals, "The Raw and the Cooked"
3. Madonna, "Like a Prayer"
4. Soundtrack from "The Little Mermaid"
5. Neil Young, "Freedom"

Jeffrey P. McManus, Staff Writer

1. The Pixies, "Doolittle"
2. De La Soul, "3 Feet High and Rising"
3. B-52's, "Cosmic Thing"
4. Poi Dog Pondering, "Poi Dog Pondering"
5. Beastie Boys, "Paul's Boutique"

Doug Arellanes, Artsweek Editor

1. De La Soul, "3 Feet High and Rising"
2. Boogie Down Productions, "Ghetto Music: the Blueprint of Hip Hop"
3. Bad Brains, "Quickness"
4. Soul II Soul, "Keep On Movin'"
5. Neil Young, "Freedom"

Rob Antonini, owner of Rockhouse Records

1. Nick Cave, "Tender Prey"
2. The Fields of the Nephilim, "The Nephilim"
3. Jesus and Mary Chain, "Automatic"
4. Queensryche, "Operation Mindcrime"
5. Nina Hagen, "Nina Hagen"

Jeff Levy, manager, Morninglory Music

1. Neville Brothers, "Yellow Man"
2. Elvis Costello, "Spike"
3. Richard Thompson, "Amnesia"
4. NRBQ, "Wild Weekend"
5. John Zorn, "Spy vs. Spy"

KCSB DJs:
T.J. Matthews, "Man In A Circle," (Jazz) Monday 10 p.m.—12 a.m.

1. Jack De Johnette, "Zebra"
2. Strata Institute, "Cypher Syntex"
3. Terge Rypdal, "Singles Collection"
4. Bill Frisell, "Before We Were Born"
5. Michael Shrieve, "Stiletto"

Matt Takenaga, "Fantasy," (Soul) Friday 12 a.m.-2 a.m.

1. Soundtrack from "Do the Right Thing"
2. EPMD, "Unfinished Business"
3. Big Daddy Kane, "It's a Big Daddy Thing"
4. Soul II Soul, "Keep On Movin'"
5. The D.O.C., "No One Can Do It Better"

Sheri Higgins, (Reggae) Saturday 4-6 p.m.

1. Donovan, "Banzani"
2. Mutabaruka, "Any Which Way Freedom"
3. Wailing Souls, "Kingston 14"
4. Frankie Paul, "Gimme That Feeling"
5. Lillian Allen, "Condition Critical"

Mitch Fogleman, "Panic In Detroit," (Rock) Wednesday 8-10 p.m.

1. No Means No, "Wrong"
2. Lubricated Goat, "Paddock of Love"
3. Nirvana, "Bleach"
4. Electric Eels, "Having a Philosophical Investigation With..."
5. Claw Hammer, "Candle Opera (7" single)"

Michelle Ball, "Vomit Kitchen," (Industrial) Saturday 12-2 p.m.

1. Frontline Assembly, "Gash Senses and Crossfire"
2. Greater Than One, "Now Is The Time"
3. Clock DVA, "The Act"
4. Legendary Pink Dots, "Legendary Pink Dots"
5. Ministry, "The Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Waste"

Matt Hoffmann, (Substitute for Blues DJs)

1. John Lee Hooker, "The Healer"
2. Big Daddy Kinsey and Sons, "Can't Let Go"
3. Katie Webster, "Two Fisted Mama"
4. John Lephass and Paul Wiggins, "Guitar Man"
5. Willie Dixon, "Hidden Charms"

this issue
has been
brought to
you by the
number...

The Metal Box

By Katie Adler
Staff Writer

Guess what Hammerheads? There's a hell of a lot more going on in New Jersey than god-awful Bon Jovi! Enter **Jersey Dogs**, Hoboken's answer to the axe-grinder's dream. Heavy is the key word here, and on their debut album **Don't Worry, Get Angry** on Los Angeles-based **Wild Rags Records**, heaviness abounds, my friends.

Sporting an aggressive, vocal approach along with some darn mean guitar work, Jersey Dogs takes a satiric look at the world today, as witnessed in the record's title pulled from the "Don't Worry, Be Happy" shit that drove us crazy last year.

Three crunching originals and two covers to bring you back to your youth (AC/DC's "Dirty Deeds" & Van Halen's "Somebody Get Me a Doctor") make Jersey Dogs something to reckon with.

Bang your vicious head to the other side of the globe and prepare to be hit face-to-face head-on with West Germany's **Blood**.

Vocalist Chicken sounds like he hails from the deepest pits of hell. No kidding, this dude's voice is unearthly. And drummer Ventilator hits those skins faster than anything I've heard in ages. Grinding out 23 songs in 35 minutes Blood's debut album **Impulse To Destroy**, also on Wild Rags, has angry tunes such as "Foulmouthed Politicians" and the lighthearted "Skate is Great."

May be hard to believe that grindcore such as this could be melodic, but these hell-raisers sure give it their best shot. Interesting music, to say the least. Revolutionary as well. And it even comes on blood red vinyl so you can fantasize that it is a large pool of blood spinning on your turntable as you lose what's left of your soul to the horror of Blood.

Alistair Jeffs, Promotions coordinator

1. Beastie Boys, "Paul's Boutique"
2. The Jazzmen, "Reel Sessions"
3. Pixies, "Doolittle"
4. Fugazi, "Fugazi"
5. The Zulus, "Down On The Floor"

Linda Cicero, "Victims of Industry" Saturday 8-10 p.m.

1. Front Line Assembly, "Gashed Senses and Crossfire"
2. Ministry, "The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Waste"
3. Sugazi, "13 Songs"
4. Various Artists, "Dr. Death Volume 3"
5. The Cure, "Disintegration"

The Del Fuegos
Smoking in the Fields
RCA Records
★★★ 1/2

This is a record to buy and feel good about, a rich, sometimes angry rocker that barrels into you like a runaway beer truck across a frozen lake. It's also got its tender moments, songs whose sentiments and emotions make you wince and contemplate the wrenching, hollow feeling of being alone.

It's difficult to pinpoint why "Smoking in the Fields" works. The Del Fuegos are essentially straight-ahead R&B bluesers who sound a little like R.E.M. and a lot like Thelonusious Monster, with a dash of Howlin' Wolf. It's a hard, uncompromising sound, not unlike many hard-drinking, hard-playing bar bands.

The Fuegos don't clutter their mix with artsy funk crap or dilute it with techno-smooth production gimmickry. Instead they smolder and crack like stones at the foundation of a fire, charging at you with spitting, careening guitars and thundering artillery percussion — like a band honest enough to still know that the best way to play is loud.

Vocalist Dan Zanes grunts out a prime performance. His voice is edgy and raw, meaty and unquestionably bad. That Zane's lyrics (he's listed as writer or co-writer on all the cuts) are so bone-down real, so backwoods and deeply penetrating, is a testament to the band's integrity.

"Smoking in the Fields" is The Del Fuegos' fourth album and possibly their finest. If the rugged landscape they've so far charted during their 10-year career is indicative of anything, more good stuff is on the way.

Jungle Brothers
Done By The Forces Of Nature
Jive Records
★★★ 1/2

The first thing you hear on this absolutely amazing release from the Bronx's Jungle Brothers is the orgasmic choral buildup of Grandmaster


Flash's "White Lines."

You know, the aaaaahhh, aaaaHHHHH, aaAAAAHHHHH, AAAAAHHHH part. By using it on their own record, the JB's establish themselves as the worthy heirs of Bronx hip-hop. Rap was invented there by Cool Herc and Afrika Bambaataa in the '70s and reinvented there by Boogie Down Productions in the '80s, and the JB's are one of the few rap acts to give credit where it is due.

Enough history. *Done By The Forces Of Nature* has what some call "basement flavor," a rough, low-tech sound that sounds like it comes straight from a house party in the South Bronx. "You Make Me Sweat," a great big Zapp-athon, is my candidate for jam-o'-the-month, and "Sunshine" out-De La De La Soul. To quote Chuck D, it "reaches the bourgeoisie, and rocks the boulevard." Buy immediately.

— Doug Arellanes

Michael Penn
March
RCA Records
★★

Now why is this li'l scamp making records? I don't remember anybody asking for anything else from the Penn brothers, but here's Michael with

his debut bit, all decked out in his L.A. rockman black vests and crushed-cotton button neck T-shirts and floppy dumb hair and serious face stance. Ooooh, where's a cream pie for this guy?

I wanted to quash Penn, but actually, March isn't all bad. It's a spare, anguished, intensely crafted platter that really doesn't do anything except sound healthy and unthreatening. There's nothing exceptionally interesting about it. The tunes are techno-folkie, guitar-strummed, drum-machined ditties about love and yearning and innocence and loss of same, and we've heard it all before. As such it's OK.

Although Penn can spin a thoughtful lyric now and again and insert the random catchy hook (witness the current hit "No Myth,") he often gets tripped up by doofus lines, such as the chorus from "This & That":

I'll do this
and I'll do that
I'll be burning canyons for you
I'll do this
and I'll do that

and I will wait forever if you'll be there.
Uh-huh. One wouldn't be too far off to call Penn the white man's

Lenny Kravitz: neither can sing too well, they share many of the same production values, play most of the instruments themselves and most of their songs are vaguely about love (Penn, however, isn't quite as drippy as Kravitz).

But I think there's a better comparison for Penn — Simon & Garfunkel — only without the Simon and without the Garfunkel. Penn is just their ampersand (&), a humorless non-man with little muscle or observational prowess. His music is in the same vein as S&G's, but where's the mystery? What does he have to say?

Message to Michael Penn: Leave Los Angeles immediately and start playing solo shows in country bars. Come back in a few years and we'll see what you've got. And wipe that serious smirk off your face.

— W. Patrick Whalen

Spy's Bad 1980s "Authors" At A Glance

■ **Review:**
**Fame-Tweaking Magazine
 Aims at Literary Brat Pack
 In Cliff's Notes Parody**

By **W. Patrick Whalen**
 Staff Writer

The ironic thing about *Spy Notes* (Dolphin/Doubleday, \$7.95) is that they're much better than Cliff's Notes. The analysis and critical observations are so much better, in fact, one can actually learn something about contemporary fiction from them. Somehow, though, that doesn't seem to be the point.

Like its namesake glossy monthly magazine, the humor in "Spy Notes" is elite, cynical and probably seems downright boorish (or uninteresting) to those who couldn't give an effluvious metaphor about the spasms of the trendy New York literary scene. If you don't give a hoot about Bret Easton Ellis and his co-chroniclers of 1980s drug-addled, ambiguously-sexed, urban angst fiction, good for you; "Spy Notes," essentially, is for culture junkies who get a kick from seeing would-be Important Writers slapped silly, from seeing the works of these writers reduced to white tendrils leaking from a humming paper shredder.

Perhaps people should keep up on that nutty New York scene, however. Despite near-continual flogging by Spy and other critics, Jay McInerney's "Bright Lights,

Big City" has shown up on the reading list for some English 2A and 2B courses at this university, and (gulp) there's no telling when Ellis' "Less Than Zero" also will become required. In this respect, "Spy Notes" are oddly (ironically?) valuable, a mother lode of insight, analysis and laughs for the lazy freshman English student.

The primary focus of the notes are the most famous works of this genre: "Less Than Zero," "Bright Lights, Big City" and demonic heiress Tama Janowitz's "Slaves of New York." But the book also snipes at the lesser-known works of Jill Eisenstadt, Peter Farrelly, Mark Lindquist and others, and includes such bonuses as the Spy Novel-O-Matic ~ fiction writing device and an hilarious "Becoming the Literary Voice of a Generation" flow-chart. And it's done within a comfortable 92 pages folded between an immaculate yellow and black Cliff's Notes parody cover.

The intent of "Spy Notes" is to slash away the pretension and seriousness that surrounds these novels, and to show how redundant and inconsequential are the works the young authors of this genre are producing. Spectacularly, it works. In a commentary near the end of the book, "Spy Notes" sums up its main point, using as a foil Michael Chabon's well-received "The Mysteries of Pittsburgh":

"Chabon ... is also frequently included in this genre, primarily because of Chabon's relative youth, the large publishing advance he received and the fact that the protagonist's mother is dead. In fact, his

book does not fit in the genre at all. Chabon's characters are not glamorous-but-unhappy urbanites, and the novel's strong, compelling plot appeals to the vulgar interests of readers who prefer diversion and entertainment rather than being confronted with the hollow malaise of life in the 1980s chronicled in the many novels which do define the genre."

"Spy Notes" gives Cliff's Notes a total bruising, and it's easy to see why Cliff's publishers attempted to keep "Spy Notes" off the shelves. Cast in the shadow of Spy's thoroughness and sprite, animated writing, Cliff's Notes seem disappointing and downright insulting. Spy writer Paul Simms hits the bull's eye on the majority of his observations, and at times it is difficult to draw the distinction between serious, illuminating criticism and vicious satire.

The mixture makes for an entertaining read and a hard indictment of the McInerneys in our midst, as well as providing some much-needed perspective to the direction some popular fiction has taken.

For example, a mythical conversation between Ellis, McInerney and Janowitz, constructed from quotes culled from the many interviews the trio have given, shows the pomposity of the authors and how seriously they take themselves. It's also darn funny, if grotesquely so. Indeed, very few comedy writers can match a serious Jay McInerney.

(The conversation quotes McInerney: "As long as I'm keeping my mental and physical health intact and am continuing to write, if I really sustain a high level of

dialogue with my past work and the work of those writers I admire, my work is not going to be limited in appeal to those who are interested in the chronicle of a certain era. It will also have rewards for people who are interested in American fiction — and maybe even world fiction.")

It would be a disservice, however, to praise Spy unduly for the importance of its spoofery. The success of "Spy Notes," like Spy magazine, is in its triviality — a triviality that nonetheless strikes a populist chord by taking spiteful swings at the rich and arrogant in our society.

To move beyond the golden looniness that has so far defined Spy — which "Spy Notes" to a degree does — would mark the decline of what is now a valuable publication. "Spy Notes" gets personal with its criticism, and this tack doesn't seem to serve a whole lot of purpose — save for giving Spy's staff of young, ambitious writers a belly full of jolly good laughs. Jealousy? Who knows. We'll just have to see how good Simms' first novel is.

Still, "Spy Notes" is barbaric and quite off-the-wall, its cynicism a spluttering cannon that lobs delightful spitballs loaded with venom and hatred. We need more of that wackiness in our society. We need to ask questions like this one, posed after the summation of McInerney's *Story of My Life*:

"5. Although Alison's narration is very honest, it is often not very interesting. The same could be said of McInerney as author. What can boring fiction make us feel that interesting fiction cannot?"

Exactly.

After the Thawing

■ **Review:**
**'Clear and Present Danger,'
 Techno-Spy Tom Clancy's
 Newest, Set In Drug Wars**

By **Joel Brand**
 Staff Writer

Tom Clancy's *Clear and Present Danger* (G.P. Putnam's Sons Press, \$21.95) continues in the thriller tradition set by his previous books, packed so full of believable details that the story line creeps into the back of your brain as any other

news item from around the world.

In fact, I found the story line so believable I had difficulty separating it from reality. The fact that it fits so well into the news of the past few weeks did nothing but confuse my brain more.

"Clear and Present Danger" is centered around a CIA operation to curb cocaine production in Colombia, which in itself is a new leaf for the man who has remained in the relative safety of dealing with the Soviets. In his latest book, Clancy is dealing with enemies less defined, and with ethics and morality that are even grayer and less defined than the terrorists, Communists and other 'accepted' villains of his previous books.

In "Clear and Present Danger," Clancy

plays in a new arena, that of government hypocrisy and the corruption of ideals by politics. Although the book does not lack the more intellectual areas of political motivations and ethics, Clancy's calling still remains with writing about the actions and workings of the CIA and other secretive government organizations.

On the downside, the book has its slower parts. They are not exhaustingly slow, but they do exist. It would be difficult to call the slower parts of this book boring just as it would be difficult to say a race car driver is driving slowly when he slows his car from 150 mph to 100 mph. A 700-page adventure novel, by nature will have parts slower than others, and by odds should have a few boring parts, although I am hard-pressed to name them in "Clear and Present Danger."

A more difficult point about this book is that it lacks the freshness produced

when Clancy's writing was new on the literary scene. His uncanny knowledge and ability to build suspense is old hat to most of the people who read his books, creating an increasingly critical jury for his work, but it does still stand out from other thrillers as unimaginably complete and concise.

People who read this book to theorize about government policy and governmental ethics might use this as a case model because of its realism, but this book is a thriller and not a book that brings to light new ideas.

For those who read Clancy's other books and thought they were so-so, "Clear and Present Danger" won't convert anyone into a Clancy follower, but for those who like his work it should bring the same satisfaction his last two books gave, even if his style isn't novel any more.



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A Performance Artist's 'Period Piece'

Profile:

Kelly Richardson's New Work Involves Gender, Menstruation and Money

By Doug Arellanes
Staff Writer

Women's restrooms on campus today will be the venue for the work of UCSB performance artist Kelly Richardson. Richardson, who is male, won't be personally performing in the restrooms, but he hopes his art will.

Richardson plans to have female friends install small coin boxes next to the tampon dispensers in the restrooms, along with fliers explaining the piece and the sentiments behind it. He is also providing the coins for the boxes.

"The idea came to me from talking to friends who are women and they've brought up a point," Richardson said. "What if men were menstruating instead of women? Don't you think that it would be subsidized? And I think it would. It doesn't make any sense to me that all the other things in the restrooms are free, and they still want to charge a dime or a quarter or whatever for tampons or napkins."

"A Project For Women," as Richardson calls it, will start the day after a full moon, owing to the belief that some women's menstrual cycles occur in conjunction with the celestial body's phases. It will continue "as long as the money holds out," he said.

When asked if he hoped the coin boxes would one day become as common as the penny trays at mini-markets,



Richardson laughed. "It might work that way. I don't know. I'm sure some women will be put off by it and not understand it. But it might work."

"I don't think women ever thought of coming into the restroom and seeing money available for them to buy tampons. It just might be strange," he continued, stressing that he is not undertaking the project out of prurient interest.

"I spoke with another male artist, and at first I thought about doing it anonymously so that women wouldn't be put off by the fact that a male was putting this project together. He thought it shouldn't be anonymous, just so women would know that at least some males are aware that there might be something wrong with the fact that women have to pay for their tampons," he explained.

Richardson hopes the project will provoke thought from both men and women on the topic of attitudes toward menstruation. "If men did it, it might be considered a particularly macho thing to have a heavy flow on your next period or something. But for women, it's shunned and it's kept private. Sometimes women are embarrassed to be seen at the checkout stand with tampons."

"A Project For Women" has aspects in common with his previous work, mainly in giving things away. One piece involved inviting people to the now-defunct Noise Chamber nightclub/performance venue, where he gave beer and cigarettes to the guests/subjects.

"I set it up so they would drink and smoke and socialize, and I would just time them and average out the times for

their ages for how long it took them to drink and smoke their cigarettes. It turned out different than what I expected. I thought it would be more scientific, but it turned out to be really loose because people started socializing."

Another of Richardson's unconventional projects involved "trying to alter the uses of money." He put various denominations in various condoms, swallowed them and later retrieved them. "I started out with dollar bills and worked my way up to twenties. Of course I would have to collect my bowel movements," he said in all seriousness. "I'd gather the money back up, and take my friends out to dinner. They thought it was kind of strange, but they were glad to have a free meal," he continued.

The project went awry when Richardson tried to swallow \$1.25. "That was a mistake because the quarter got stuck. So that caused a lot of pain, and I put off going to the hospital until three o'clock in the morning after a month of swallowing money. I got an X-ray out of it, though, and put a sculpture together — an X-ray box — so you could see my chest and the quarter, an oval (in the X-ray) stuck in my upper intestine."

Richardson said his new work promises to be more pleasant, especially because the all-female Isla Vista band P.M.S. will be performing in Storke Plaza tomorrow at noon.

An Oozing Herpe

Review:

Stallone's Newest Opus Has One Redeeming Trait - The Shot of His Backside

By Jeffrey C. Whalen
Staff Writer

I got a recipe for you, and let me tell you, Jane Brody's pissed.

- 1 Sylvester Stallone (crisp)
- 1 Kurt Russell (fresh)
- 1 Jack Palance
- 5-6 Large Monster Trucks (Bob "Hurricane" Hannah optional)
- 18-56 Dead People
- Countless Wisecracks (old)
- 1 John Waite song (bad)

Put Stallone and Russell in small mixing bowl. Stir. (Contents may not mix well at first, but they will blend in time.) Toss in wisecracks with awkward and unsavory timing. Add Jack Palance.

Let stand, plot will thicken.

Whenever it looks like Stallone and Russell might get cooked, throw in a few more wisecracks. Blow up monster trucks. Confiscate cocaine. Cook Palance's goose. Put bad guys on ice. Chill. High-five (freeze this frame and eat at convenience). Play John Waite song.

Those movie-kraftsmen over at Warner Brothers have made a movie so formulaic



that it conceivably could have come from a KRAFT recipe. A festering herpe of a film, "Tango and Cash" is a movie to see only if you plan on sneaking into a bunch of other movies while your in the theater. Hey!

This is the kind of movie that if you have to go to the bathroom right in the middle, you're not likely to walk backwards up the aisle, take one last peek at the screen when you get to the door and then bolt to the restroom, pee in a hurry, and rush back and say "What'd I miss?" This is the kind of movie where you walk out, play a couple games of "Bump 'n' Jump" out in the lobby, check out what's going on in the theater that's playing "The Little Mermaid," try to get a pickup game of handball going in the bathroom, and finally go back to the theater when the movie's over so you can wake up your date.

Of course, it's a must see for Stallone fans.

Needless to say, both actors have proven themselves before, Stallone with "F.I.S.T.," Russell with "The Strongest Man in the World," just to name a few. They turn in solid kvetches this time around, too, and don't deserve the script. The direction is sparse, but with some groovy camera work. Also, they show Sly's butt.



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Born on the Fourth of July

PRO

Continued from p3A

porting cast is Willem Dafoe, who portrays Kovic's buddy during days of post-war prostitute and booze indulgence in Mexico. Dafoe's character comes off almost as an extension of his Sgt. Elias in "Platoon," he portrays the bitterness as if Elias had survived the war and come back as a paraplegic. However, Dafoe builds upon Elias, and his scenes with Cruise also provide some natural humor in a powerful film.

Although "Born on the Fourth of July" is a stirring picture, it is not a sob-flick. Yeah, I cried at points, and yeah, the person I saw the film with cried throughout the whole movie, but that just marked the power of the film. The story on film may have been Ron Kovic's, but the messages — shattered ideals and truths among them — hit home. The most powerful message that this film conveys is that it's not just Kovic who has suffered through the Vietnam experience.

CON

Continued from p3A

lyzed, and finally turns against the war, it would be understandable if the supporting characters were merely symbols. And they are.

The biggest symbol of all, however, is the main character. Kovic's journey from "love it or leave it" to anti-war seems to mirror that of this country. He is merely a figure representing what America was going through at this time. We leave the theater knowing no more about the real emotions and feelings of Kovic than we did coming in.

Despite Cruise's effort, what should have been a touching film comes up empty. I suggest going to see Spielberg's "Always," instead. No, it's not a very good movie either, but at least, before the movie starts, you'll see a 90-second preview of what the film makers of "Born on the Fourth of July" tried to stretch into two-and-a-half hours, and save yourself six dollars.

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