

ARTS WEEK

A fresh, exciting festival of films ... 2A

Not just a bunch of fascists ... 5A

march 4 - march 10

This Week's Bets

today

•PROSPERO'S BOOKS - the Shakespeare on Film series continues with Peter Greenaway's wacky version of 'The Tempest,' UCSB Campbell Hall, 4 and 8 p.m.

friday

•ROGUE CHEDDAR, with Dirt, at Buster's in Goleta, 9 p.m.; all ages
•ALSO: check out the Queer Art at The Pub, 224 Helena St., featuring paintings photographs and film exhibitions

saturday

•BLUEGRASS FIDDLE SPECIAL, with Byron Berline at the Bluebird Card, 8:30 p.m.

sunday

•CANNIBAL CORPSE, controversial death metalists on the Tomb of the Mutilated tour, will perform with Unleashed and Epidemic at the Anaconda Theater in Isla Vista

monday

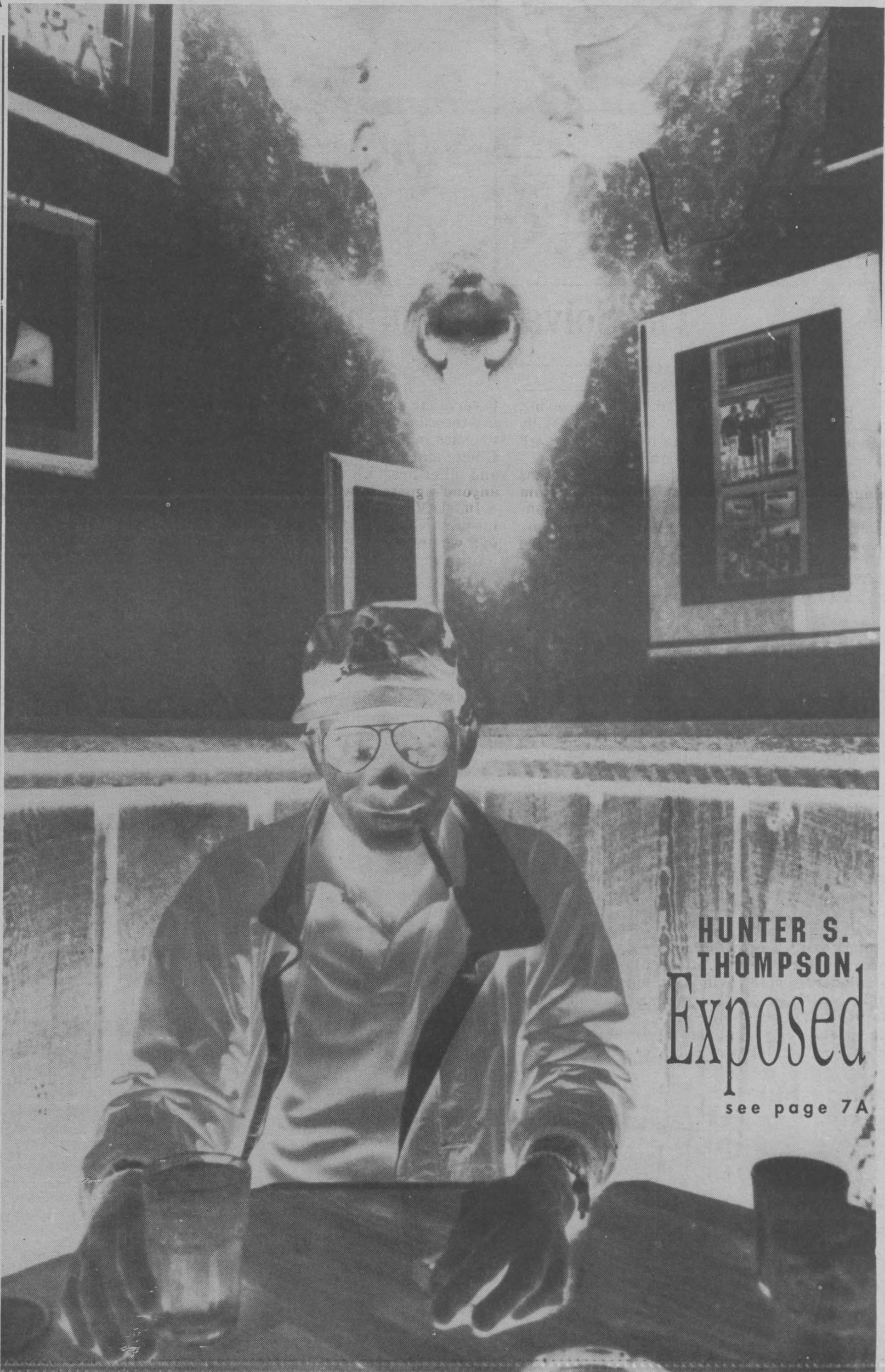
•REGULAR STUFF at Spike's Place in Goleta. Zounds.

tuesday

•SICK OF IT ALL, Biohazard and Fear Factory will perform at the Anaconda Theater in Isla Vista

wednesday

•WOMEN'S ENSEMBLE AND COLLEGIATE CHORALE, conducted by Mark Sumner, will perform in UCSB's Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall at 8 p.m.




HUNTER S. THOMPSON
Exposed

see page 7A

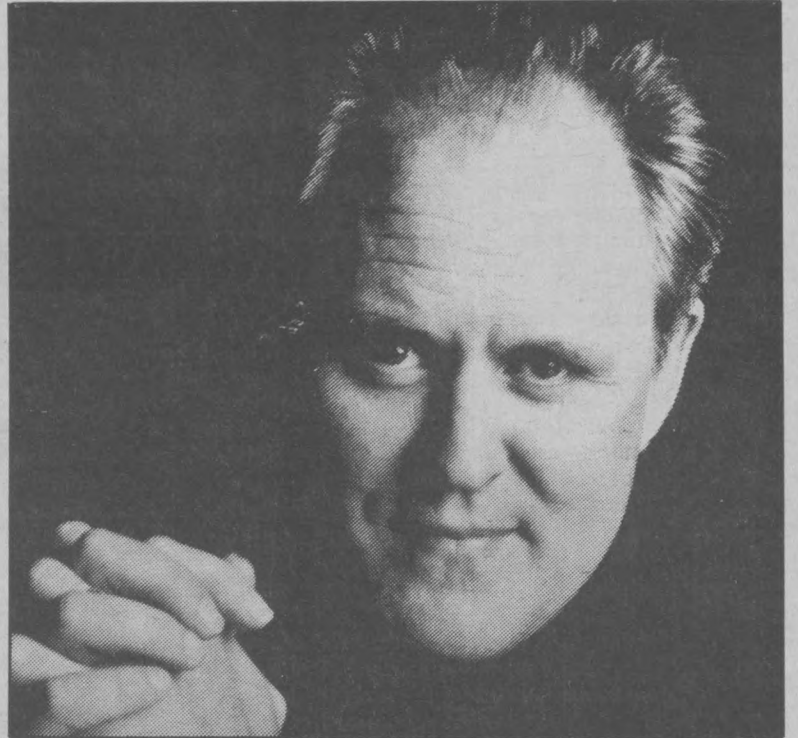
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upstairs Plaid Retina,
Rythm Collision

3/7 Sun.
Cannibal Corpse
UNLEASHED,
EPIDEMIC

3/9 Tues.
SICK OF IT ALL,
BIOHAZARD,
FEAR FACTORY

3/28 Sun.
HANSON BROTHERS
(aka No Means No)

3/31 Wed.
BAD MANNERS
UPBEAT

4/11 Sun.
NUISANCE,
SUPERTOUCHE,
SCREECHING WEASEL

4/15 Thur.
HOUSE
OF
PAIN

4/22 Thur.
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- The Lump
- Lolita
- The Hanged Man
- The Shower
- Until the End of the World
- Me and Veronica
- The Cool Surface
- Voice of the Dolphin
- Joey Breaker
- Disposition

A Whole Lot of Films

International Cinema, Local Movies and World Premieres To Be Featured Downtown

The world premiere of the film *Painted Desert*, this Friday evening, will mark the opening of the 8th Annual Santa Barbara International Film Festival. The 10-day event, running from March 5-14, might very well be Santa Barbara's greatest cultural centerpiece. It annually attracts film enthusiasts from all over the world, and this year will feature over a hundred movies, as well as seminars about cinema by prominent actors and directors.

This event will certainly create much fanfare considering many celebrities will be in attendance. Names like Corbin Bernsen, John Lithgow, Martin Sheen, Shelley Winters and many others will grace the more exclusive events, sporting their black ties and evening gowns.

But much more important than all the Hollywood hoopla is the direct access to incredible films the community gains. Many films that are rarely shown on the big screen will be screened, a sure delight for film enthusiasts. How often can you see Federico Fellini's *Intervista*, Stanley Kubrick's *Lolita* or George Roy Hill's *The World According To Garp* in your local theatre? Also, some of the more recent pictures will be introduced by the producers or directors themselves.

Besides these masterpieces, a plethora of interesting films from around the world will be shown, including movies from Australia, China, Mexico, Spain, etc. as well as documentaries and discovery shorts. The youngsters will enjoy the Ca-

nadian film, *Bach and Broccoli*.

Another valuable resource this festival provides is the chance for local directors to show their work to a large and international audience.

Waiting for the End of the World, a film that UCSB graduates Jamin O'Brien and Morgan Freeman co-directed and produced, will screen.

O'Brien said his film is about "false dreams and false hopes. People put their faith in individuals supposedly larger than life and end up hurting themselves. The means to really break out of life's cycle is found within yourself."

Dan Marks, a UCSB graduate in Film Studies, is pleased to have his film included in the festival. "I'm glad. I take all the exposure I can get. It's good to see UCSB in there."

His movie *Express* is "a film about an artistic person overcoming censorship through different means of expression."

While involving locals in the festival seems like an amiable gesture, O'Brien is somewhat skeptical as to whether the big names and local talents will be equally presented.

"For me the festival is the one time that Santa Barbara becomes a first-run theater. They are giving opportunities for local directors to get exposure. But it's still token because they're scheduled at times when people might not see them."

Programs for the festival are available at the UCSB Film Studies Dept. and the Arlington theatre.

—Martin Boer

Averill's Arrival

Talk 16

The Toothfairy Gets Greedy

Red Ripe Trains

Blue

The Kiss

Prufock

Video Blues

On My Own

Emma and Elvis

It Was a Wonderful Life

Black Harvest

Intervista

Together Alone

Mac

ShadowHunter

The Sniffing Bear

... and more!!!



Clockwise from top left: A scene from Masato Harada's *'Painted Desert'*, featured speaker John Lithgow, a scene from Andre Melancon's film for kids, *'Bach and Broccoli'*, and a scene from Federico Fellini's renowned work *'Intervista.'*



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CLASS, DID CALVIN COME IN HERE? HAS ANYONE SEEN HIM?
HERE I AM, MISS WORMWOOD! BOY, WAS I THIRSTY!

film reviews

Opposites Attract

Passion Fish is a film which portrays the trauma, the emotion and the beauty which unfolds before each of us along the path of human life.

Because *Passion Fish* embodies a tale about real life, it occupies a special place amidst "typical" American cinema. John Sayles writes and directs a film very distinct from the romances, thrillers or horrors that do so well at the video store.

Sayles sends a deep message to his viewers through the two main characters, Mary Alice (Mary McDonnell) and Chantell (Alfre Woodard). Mary Alice is a daytime soap actress whose life transforms when she is paralyzed from the hip down in a car accident. Traumatized and depressed, she moves to her hometown in Florida and drinks alcohol to numb the reality of the new life which she has fallen into. After Mary Alice rudely drives away several caretakers, Chantell enters the story. A recovering drug addict, separated from her daughter, Chantell seeks a job where she can continue to kick her habit.

Mary Alice and Chantell seem to have nothing in common at first glance. Yet as the development of each character formulates upon the screen, it becomes clear that they are both trying to get away from something. Chantell is attempting to escape from her past addiction to cocaine and Mary Alice is trying to escape from her new life in a wheelchair. Through the bond which these women develop, each enables the other to begin life anew.



Mary Alice and Chantell bond on a boat.

Passion Fish leaves the audience with many unanswered questions. The film constantly questions the future, up to the last sequence. Mary Alice and Chantell each have a lifetime behind them with a history which has shaped them. But both characters learn how to make the best out of what they have been given. This idea is best displayed through the title *Passion Fish* which represents a childhood wishing ceremony. Anyone who sees the film will understand the beauty behind the meaning of its title. *Passion Fish* stands for the appreciation of life, the creation of children and the wonders of nature.

John Sayles has a style which is unique in that he treats a film as if it were real life. Sayles is attempting to tell a real story that has a real message, instead of merely raking in money

for movie production companies. The dialogue of his characters combined with the peaceful scenery of Florida invite a viewer to become a part of the film. Sayles does not manipulate his audience like other Hollywood films. His film creates an art form which is simple to comprehend and has no hidden meanings.

It is not uncommon that alternative movies don't grab the public. Similarly, the films of John Sayles do not often make a profit. Perhaps people in this society look to films for pure escape, although *Passion Fish* does provide an escape world involving life as we live it every day. This film does not lie; it displays pain as well as sorrow. The difference is that *Passion Fish* reveals the ability in all of us to turn our sufferings into joy.

—Jennifer Borenstein

Still More Slime-O-Rama

The Universal Studios marketing brass may not have had the balls to release *Army of Darkness* under the intended title, Medieval Dead or Evil Dead III, but true fans of Sam Raimi's stony, horror/fantasy series know what lurks behind the name. That's right, Ash is back, buffoonish heroics and all, to battle the unseen forces that gather in the dark of the forest.

Ash's life is just peachy—a killer job in appliances at the local S-Mart, a beautiful girlfriend and a primo '73 Olds Delta 88. Then one day, while he and his lady are on a camping trip at an obscure forest cabin, Ash accidentally unleashes the powers of unimaginable evil found in the Necronomincon—the Book of the Dead. Next thing you know he's dismembered his girl, hacked off his possessed hand with a chainsaw, and opened a time portal that leaves him trapped in the feudal age. All of this happens in the first 10 minutes of the film.

The rest of the film chronicles Ash's screwball exploits battling the undead evil that plagues the world as he attempts to get back to the 20th century and his peaceful job in appliances. Alright, so the story may not be exactly Academy Award material, but Raimi pushes the conventions of filmmaking with his hyperkinetic

visual style and amazing comedic flare. He makes no pretensions of enlightening the audience with messages or morals; instead, he dazzles the senses and attacks the funny bone.

It is this deft mixture of sick humor and amazing acts of comedic violence that garnered the first two *Evil Dead* films X-ratings from the film board. With the third, Raimi has virtually eliminated the savage blood-spewing without sacrificing the insane action that seems to leap out as if from the pages of a comic book. The violence is of the sort used in the best Looney Tunes shorts or those cheap chop-socky kung-fu flicks we've all marveled at on late night TV. Each act of daring-do by Ash is punctuated by a hysterical one-liner that is so intentionally cheesy and pseudo-macho that it will make you giggle many minutes after it has long passed and the next one approaches.

Army of Darkness won't garner many raves from snotty critics awaiting the next E.M. Foster costumed boredom fest, but it is sure to expand Raimi's fanatical cult following, taking willing audiences on a ballistic ride full of manic energy and screwball slime-o-rama humor.

—Terrence Myers

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music reviews



Lulabox

Programmed Alternatives

Lulabox
Full Bleed
Radioactive

☆☆☆

Lulabox is like a long, even, patterned process of sound — deliberate and digitized — but good nevertheless. Like many of its cohorts in the alternative realm, this music isn't played — its programmed. Steady and hypnotizing, it's a swim through the stream of a drum machine. The rapids rise and transitions drop, evenly spaced, perfectly timed — a musician's mathematic equation. Spell casting and trance inducing, strong deep driving underwater dark red purple sublime evil and pristine; paradoxical, enclosing, encasing, submerging and bombarding — it's an erotic undertow of undertones.

It's versatile, yet repetitious. It has variety and it's predictable with echoing clouds of voices and guitar. It has vocals and eccentric guitar which pull the music across the full spectrum — from monotony to captivating originality.

Lulabox's tight and clean four-song EP, *Full Bleed*, opens with "Ride On": constant, driving, upbeat, catchy and cyclical. Mary Cassidy's soothing voice of innocence and sin delivers the lyrics with

conviction — "I wanna see you dance/I wanna see you crawl/I wanna see your face/Smashed against the wall."

The sound is fresh and unique but reminiscent at the same time of Deborah Harry vocals, Love and Rockets rhythms, U2 guitars and the Cocteau Twins in general. The second song, "Ivory Hill," is soft, smooth, nostalgic, erotic, tactile, sensual and almost a ballad. "Innocent Love," track three, is pounding, indulging, visual, upbeat, with a groovy, rising, jangling guitar. The alternate version of "Gift" on track four is a smacking drum with erotic sighing and good transitions that build and let loose at the end. Four songs, four minutes each, is all you get.

Cassidy (vocals) is from South Ockendon in England, Stephen Ferrera (drums, bass, keyboards and programming) is from Boston, and Mike Cozzi (guitars) was born in Wales. The eclectic trio has produced 16 minutes of cream that tops the programmed music of the '90s. If you like alternative, digital and synthesized, then you'll love Lulabox. If you are allergic to drum machines and loathe computer generated sound, you'll still probably like this stuff.

—Aaron Santelli



Whitney Houston — Singer, Actress, Tycoon

Since 'The Bodyguard' soundtrack, featuring the Whitney Houston single 'I Will Always Love You,' has been on top of Billboard for thirteen weeks, we figured we'd give credit where credit is due. However, in this case, we have no idea where that would be. Uh ... congratulations? Whitney?

'Classic' Computer Music

Balanescu Quartet

Possessed

Mute

☆☆☆

An album of Kraftwerk songs arranged and played by a modern string quartet may sound like a half-baked idea on paper, but as soon as the first few bars of "Robots" is played on The Balanescu Quartet's new album *Possessed*, it makes perfect sense.

Whereas most people mistakenly remember Kraftwerk as icy German automatons, composing bloodless music on computers, the selections on *Possessed* reaffirm what they actually were: four men with a penchant for minimalist yet warm melodies who embraced new music technology long before anybody else.

The five pieces are given straightforward arrangements by second violinist Clare Connors, often note for note. Not

that this succeeds all the time; reproducing the drum beat with scraped strings is redundant when the bassline is also carrying the rhythm. Cellist Caroline Dale does manage to create an impressive car engine sound, however, on "Autobahn."

Though it contains no real surprises, the album works. "Robots" has flesh and blood, "Computer Love" has human emotions, and "The Model" has a melody that hints of "Greensleeves" when transferred to violin.

The second half of the album, with three long pieces by violinist Alexander Balanescu and an arrangement of David Byrne's "Hanging Upside-down," is not as initially interesting. But Balanescu's rhythmic and stark originals are a nice counterpart to the Kraftwerk tracks. However, the Byrne piece, one of his least successful songs, shows the quartet can't pick a winner every time.

—Ted Mills



Digital Orgasm

The Flemish Can Groove

Digital Orgasm

Do It

Def American

☆☆☆

This rave scene band hails from the village of Aarschot, located only 22 miles northwest of Brussels, Belgium. The two main trippers — both of whom produce, compose and perform — are called Praga Khan and Jade.

Their music is a meth-techno industrial jam. Although there are some fairly impressive layered she-vocals from the echo chamber, most of the time the groove is muddy techno. In the right place and the right time (say 5 a.m. at a warehouse with a solid amount of abuse under your belt), the sound of some of this album's tracks would be candy for the ear and definitely danceable. But there is only so much tunnel sound you can take. And the would-be-catchy lyric hooks need to be sharper.

—Mark Kunde

Hitchcock Brews a Loser

Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians

Respect

A & M

☆

I never thought it would be possible to make alternative music with a folk music sound. Generally, people who like alternative music don't like folk music, and vice versa. Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians, in their latest release *Respect*, try to mix the two sounds together in order to draw in both crowds. Unfortunately, alternative and folk do not mix, and the result is mediocrity that sounds outdated.

Although *Respect* claims to have been produced in 1993, the album sounds like it was made in 1971. There's nothing innovative about Robyn Hitchcock's most recent work, and with the exception of a few tracks, the album is simply boring.

The first tune, "The Yip Song," may be just enough to drive the listener away, with annoying the "yip" sounds in the background and pointless rhymes. It is followed by "Arms of Love," a wonder-

fully melodic mellow tune that gives a ray of hope that the rest of the album might be good. But this is just a deception. "Arms of Love" and the following track, "The Moon Inside," are the only stimulating tunes on this decaying album. The rest sound like a John Lennon fan club got together and tried to recreate his sound. At times Hitchcock actually starts to sound like Lennon, while the music fails miserably.

The second half of the album might as well be one big song. The guitar sound is very acoustic, but the tones have very little variation. The only exception is the final track, "Wafflehead." Hitchcock's band, the Egyptians, throws out a kitchen sink of sounds — harmonica, bass drum, a water jug, a cheese grater and telephone rings. "Wafflehead" is a tune for psychedelics because of its variety of sounds, but even this song gets irritating after a while.

It's ironic that the work is entitled "Respect," because after listening to it, that is the last word that comes to mind.

—Tom Santos

music

Hard Knocks

Hardcore's Often Misjudged, But Local Bands Don't Care

by Bonnie Bills

Sometime during the '80s, American punk blew up. Someone who heard the hard, heavy, angry sound that was created decided to call it, appropriately enough, hardcore.

Although labeling musical styles can be somewhat helpful if used very loosely, there are two problems that arise when people attempt to define genres. One is that the application of labels automatically implies conformity to pre-set standards, musical or ideological, that bands in this or that category are supposed to follow. The second problem is that the first problem makes it very easy to ascribe specific characteristics that only a very few groups may embody to every band in a genre. For example, hardcore has taken kind of a beating in the mainstream press because a few bands that have that angry, hard sound are violent neo-Nazi types. Therefore, it is surmised, every hardcore band is neo-Nazi.

Or take the case of Sick of It All, a New York "hardcore" band who will be performing at the Anaconda next Tuesday. They came under media fire when a youth on a shooting spree killed two people and injured four at a junior college in Massachusetts last December. The 18-year-old murderer, Wayne Lo, was arrested wearing a Sick of It All T-shirt.

Although it is obvious that Lo has a very, very severe personality disorder, newspapers like the *New York Times* implied that Sick of It All — and hardcore in general — was at least partially to blame for the shooting. "When his music changed, Wayne Lo changed, and in time two people lay dead ..." began a front page story by Anthony DePalma. The rest of the story ran with the idea that once Lo started listening to hardcore, he turned violent.

Although the band received support in other publications, including mainstream magazines like *Rolling Stone*, it leaves a nasty taste in the mouth to think that people like DePalma can so grossly and illogically misrepresent a type of music. And on the front page of a wide-reaching publication at that.

For one thing, hardcore fans like KCSB DJ Bob Fracisco don't even consider Sick of It All a real hardcore band — "They used to be straightedge when they started in New York, but they're more metal now." — which brings us back to the whole genre-definition problem.

But regardless of what category Sick of It All belongs



Sick of It All — murderers or musicians? Find out when they perform at the Anaconda on Tuesday.

in, DePalma called the band "hardcore." Sure. fine. But then he kicked in the common stereotype that all hardcore is "violent."

It's all pretty ironic considering that at the time of the murders, Sick of It All was playing an anti-fascist concert in Berlin.

While the violent stigma attached to punk rock is somewhat understandable, the idea that all hardcore is violent is really just an anachronistic misrepresentation of most of the bands making that kind of music today. Not only do most condemn violence; the whole scene is so segmented that it is impossible to apply all-encompassing stereotypes to any of its members.

Hardcore (quote-unquote) is produced by a multitude of bands producing singular sounds all across the country, including Santa Barbara. "No one really has any idea of what it is," says Chris Ganchoff, the bassist for local hardcore band Manumission. "The value of the word has really been demeaned. You really can't generalize about it." The scene is surprisingly decentralized, he emphasizes, with each city marked by its own brand of hardcore.

As a matter of fact, Santa Barbara County produced a

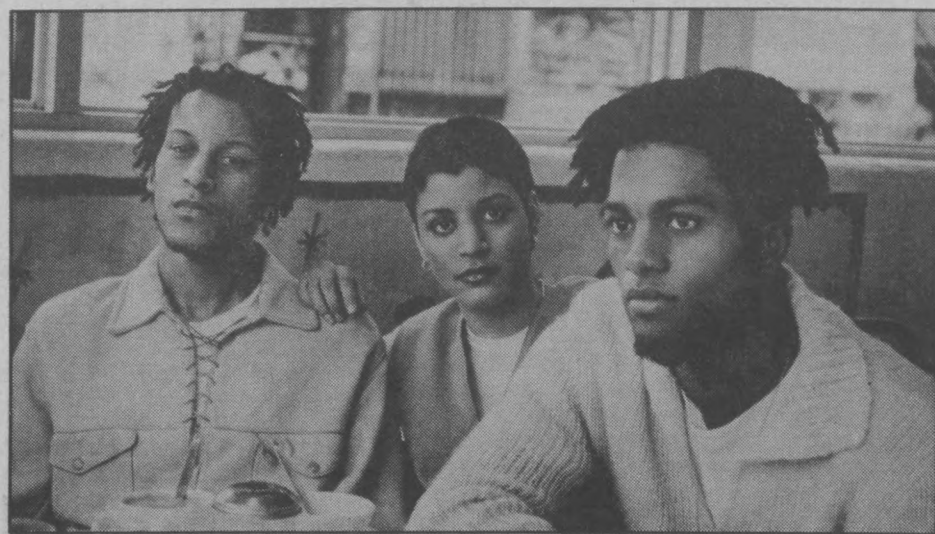
crop of unique hardcore bands during the mid-'80s. "Some really fuckin' rad bands," according to Ganchoff. These were the days when bands would play at the Red Barn in front of wild crowds. Actually, this wildness is what eventually killed local hardcore for a while. "This area was notoriously violent and the scene just kind of self-destructed," Ganchoff said.

Hardcore has recently re-emerged in the area, with the formation of bands like Manumission, Not for the Fact of Trying, Rugburn, as well as out-of-town-bands that frequently perform here like Moorpark-located Still Life.

"It's starting to come back a little bit," Ganchoff said. Shows formerly held at the Barn are now held at the Anaconda, which features Punk Nite and often has hardcore shows upstairs. Not to mention that "there's a whole mess of fanzines going on."

The current local hardcore scene is a far cry from '70s punk or the violent stuff that was going on here in the '80s. Rob Fracisco, a very straightedge guy who has a hardcore show on KCSB, said today's Santa Barbara

See PUNK, p.6A



Digable Planets

These Planets Are Buggin'

Digable Planets
Reachin' (A New Refutation of Time and Space)
Pendulum Elektra

☆☆☆☆

All you hard-core gangsters and booty hoppin' Miami beach rappers best clear the way 'cause there is some new shit in town. The name is Digable Planets and they're about to turn the hip-hop world on its ass.

This fresh new trio from New York have landed on the hip-hop scene with a cosmic sound straight out of the early '50s jazz culture. With their fusion of early jazz and modern hip-hop beats, the Planets have cooked up a fat platter of funk with a delicious psychedelic aroma.

Members Butterfly, Lady Bug and Doodlebug lay down mellow raps filled with deep messages that don't smack you in the face, but find your mind after close inspection. Influenced by heavies like Camus, Marx, Sartre and Kafka, Planets kick flavor never before heard in hip-hop.

Lead "insect" Butterfly grew up with his father, who schooled him on early traditional jazz, Blue Note and Prestige artists. In the sixth grade Butter picked up the alto sax with aspirations of being

another Charlie Ralph. Also a basketball player, he gave up the horn for a ball in high school and college. But this multit-talented man was also into hip-hop, which began to dominate his interests until he gave up basketball to commit full time to rapping.

Fly girl, Ladybug, grew up on Brazilian jazz and samba and was then recruited by Butter right out of high school. Experienced hip-hopper, Doodlebug, was deep in the music scene at Howard University before teaming up with the other two. Together they dedicate themselves to amalgamating their different styles into one dope sound.

Through the Planet's cosmos drift concepts ranging from paying respects to the great ones in "Jimi diggin' cats" to the reality of everyday living in New York as "children of the concrete" in "Pacifics." Butterfly flexes his beliefs in "choice" in "La Femme Petal," a lyrical tale of a female friend in a bind.

"Fascists are some heavy dudes," Butter speaks, "Pro-lifers need to dig themselves because life don't stop after birth and for a child born to the unprepared, it might even just get worse."

Word.

—Matt Turner

No More Sri Lanka Videos

Duran Duran
Duran Duran
Capitol Records

☆☆☆☆

Okay Duranies. Pin those life-size posters of Simon, Nick and John back on your walls. Pull out the Fab Five scrap book you put together from *Teen Beat* and *Bop* clippings. The boys from Britain are back ...

As I pressed PLAY on the CD player, I wondered what Duran Duran's ninth, self-entitled release would hold in store for me. Would my teen idols sound as heavenly to me as they did during my years of puberty? Could Simon Le Bon's gyrating wails still have the power to warm certain parts of my body? Did their lyrics make no sense whatsoever?

Well, "heavenly" may not be the appropriate word to describe Duran's music these days; feelings of nostalgia were the only sensations I had listening to Simon's strained voice. However, two keepsakes from the Golden Years have stayed with the band. Simon has managed to keep his voice intact and their lyrics are still incomprehensible.

The pioneers of the video generation have bid adieu to their flashy glam looks that many youth once adored. And they've toned down the synthesizers to make room for acoustic guitars and social statements, making the transition from "New Wave" to "New

Romantic."

Le Bon (let the name roll off your tongues ladies), Rhodes and bassist John "Hunk-o'-Burnin'-Love" Taylor are the last original band members. According to a story from a 1986 *Tiger Beat* issue, Roger Taylor gave up his drum set after he suffered a nervous break down and former guitarist Andy Taylor quit when he got fed up with the Tiger women and video shoots in Sri Lanka.

The first track, "Too Much Information," is a shocker. It makes sense. Opening with a foot tapping/head bobbing acoustic guitar riff, the song criticizes commercialism and the MTV generation — which not only made Duran Duran big, but was boosted by the band in the '80s. Age not only brought the band

wrinkles, it gave them a chance to self-reflect.

The band goes all out with a cover of The Velvet Underground's "Femme Fatale," which makes about as much lyrical sense as Lou Reed, and sounds like The Monkees.

Unfortunately, these are the only songs I really feel comfortable describing. I don't understand what the other songs mean. But, for fairness' sake, I'll at least attempt an analysis some of the songs:

•"Drowning Man" is about Uncle Sam. I think. But it sounds like EMF.
•"Shotgun" and "UMF" sound like Prince and the New Power Generation drunk on cheap wine.

•The remaining songs sound like "Save A Prayer" and could be about a failed relationship. Or about enjoyable S&M.

—Anita Miralle



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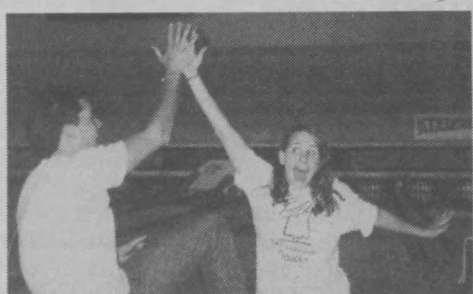
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Spike's Party Schedule


Thursday, March 4 Los Guys 9-12pm
Friday, March 5 Tom Ball & Kenny Sultan 9-12pm
Saturday, March 6 Nick Pyzow 9-12pm
Sunday, March 7 Late Night Happy Hour
Monday, March 8 Regular Stuff
Tuesday, March 9 John Lyle 9-12pm
Wednesday, March 10 Alan & Marsha 9-12pm

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book review

Stories Reveal Life's Truths

Joyce Carol Oates Sets Real Emotions Down on Paper

by Brooke Nelson

Featuring titles such as "Area Man Found Crucified," "The Ice Pick," "Biopsy" and "Pain," Joyce Carol Oates' latest collection of short stories *Where is Here?* illustrates the awkwardly concealed terrors and obsessions that undercut ordinary life.

Oates' faithless lovers, suicides, madmen and murderers thread the American dream with guilt. Thwarted people eagerly divulge their sins and fears to complete strangers, and in a world of uncertainty and alienation, obsessions sustain them.

"Why do you lie to me, she is saying to her son, her fingers closing about his arm as if they have a right to close, her nails digging gently into his skin — do you think I don't know what your life is like now? the things you do? you and your girls? you alone? in your room? with the door locked against your mother?"

The characters who manage to salvage moments of peace, sensuality and human understanding do so guiltily, consuming time hungrily as if expecting their luck to run out any minute.

Despite their often grim endings, Oates' stories are not depressing. They are marked by a simplicity and restraint that keep them from being mired in despair or pathos. Their power lies in their familiarity of the subjects: half-cooked relatives and neighbors, impossibly perfect lovers, the world-obliterating agony of a migraine.

Most of the stories are two to three pages long, and Oates often does not bother to name the characters. Instead, she leaves only the essentials of their hapless mistakes, pasts that keep intruding into the present, the inevitable giving-in to the forbidden.

In "Insomnia," a college student tries to escape her dying brother's plea for her to steal a lethal dose of anesthesia for him. In a coffeehouse she meets another troubled soul on which to fix her attention, a man who calls himself Radar Ray.

"Sometimes he was melancholy and gentle, sometimes he was rough, talking talking nonstop with manic acuity insisting we'd known each other back in grade school hadn't we and I said I didn't think so ... but Radar Ray didn't seem to hear insisting he'd known me and I'd known him, we were fated, we'd been brother-sister lovers in another lifetime too he was convinced, certain dreams he'd had suggested it, he believed it had been Egypt: ancient Egypt: his eyes not so beautiful now



Joyce Carol Oates

with their mad damp glisten but I could not look away."

In "Old Dog," an expectant dog waits patiently for his owner to return, not knowing that he has been dead for years. Oates writes, "In some creatures, love is a clock we set ticking. We see it start but are rarely around to see it end."

The title story centers on a nostalgic stranger who comes to visit his boyhood home, unwittingly provoking hostility in the family that now occupies the house. As the tearful old man wanders through rooms he lived in as a child, he is followed warily by the present occupants, who are afraid he will unleash currents of emotion they have worked hard to suppress. Always there is the threat of disclosure, the danger that other people's secrets like mirrors may reveal hiding places in a vast American oblivion.

PUNK

Continued from p.5A
hardcore scene is "very progressive; it's probably what hardcore is going to be tending to these days."

Still Life guitarist/vocalist Paul Rauch said that people who don't know anything about the hardcore of today make the mistake of associating it with the violent punk of the '70s and early '80s. "People like Sid Vicious walked around with swastikas on their arms. But it's matured a lot since then. Hardcore has had a lot of time to evolve and it's changed," he said.

Today, "you'll find more Nazis in the fraternity system than in punk shows," asserts Ganchoff.

Another cause for concern over punk shows is the notorious Slam Pit. "A lot of bands, their music is angry and noisy and loud, and slam dancing has become kind of a big problem," Ganchoff said. "There's nothing more sexist and elitist than a pit. Plus, pits create a need for bouncers and security who have no clue about

what's going on and it starts creating this really, really intolerable environment."

Still, Ganchoff stresses that "you don't want to tone down the music." So how do you calm down roiling pit? "You tell them to stop slamming." Simple.

Rauch said that shows he's involved in don't condone rowdy slam pits. He added that if things get out of hand at local punk gigs, people in the front will just sit down so the slamming can't continue. "You'll hear crazy fast music but you won't see anyone moshing; the point is to give everyone a chance," he said.

The idea of giving everyone a chance doesn't really sound like what Wayne Lo was thinking about, does it? The only message it's likely Lo — or anyone — might stretch out of hardcore music is a call for thoughtful, unpoluted self-expression.

As Fracisco says, hardcore "is about putting aside the values of the society you live in and recreating your own values in a way that would benefit not

only yourself, but the rest of the world around you."

Ani Mukherji writes Manumission's lyrics. "Working things out for yourself helps you work things out all over. You can't really change things politically unless you change yourself first."

"With a lot of bands, rebellion and politics is really what's popular right now," says Mukherji. "I think hardcore is a lot more honest. It's really a music of self-empowerment."

Following along these lines, it is easy to understand why "hardcore bands could really care less about the media," as Mukherji says. An individual musician who composes from the heart can't be concerned about what anybody else thinks, be they audiences, or major labels.

Ganchoff believes that it misses the point when a hardcore band signs to a major label. "Some of the bands coming out on major labels are really surprising," Ganchoff says. "But a lot of bands lose what they were early on [when they sign to a major label]. ...

Selling out means a loss of control over what you're doing, and that happens when you go to a major label."

"It's the lure of money, really, and when a certain sound is deemed popular, it really puts bands to the test," Ganchoff says. "It's not that bad, though, because then a new kind of music pops up."

But some hardcore bands are signed to major labels; some are political; some are even violent, reflecting the racist values of the skinhead "Oi!" music in Germany. American hardcore is highly factionalized — into various cliques like peace punk, anarchist punk, etc. It seems as if the word hardcore is about as meaningless as the associations Anthony DePalma made.

So what is hardcore? To Ganchoff, "It's all about setting your own rules and not going by the rules that are set by your parents or Warner Brothers or the government. ... It comes down to a true resistance to what goes on around you."

"After that, it's wide open."

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Cover Story

The Doctor We Know

Biography of Hunter Thompson Tries to Chronicle Madness

by Martin Boer

I feel sorry for E. Jean Carroll. How does a biographer effectively write a book about the most irreverent, most violent, most offensive and most brilliant social commentator of this century? Carroll calls *Hunter*, her biography of the great gonzo journalist Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, "by far the greatest American biography of the 20th century." But in reality, she doesn't shed any new light on a man whose private life is so intermingled with his professional writings that any deep, dark "secrets" he might keep are already accepted public knowledge.

Thompson's writing is so close to autobiographical that his readers are already familiar with the life of this human *faux pas*. His books are virtually documented diary entries, laced with prosaic license, about trips to Vegas or trekking with his illustrator and the Hell's Angels. Thompson's near-mystical infamy and his subjective style of journalism have given us a pretty good idea as to what this guy's all about, so it's easy to enter a biography about Hunter with heavier expectations than one concerning, say, Billy Joel.

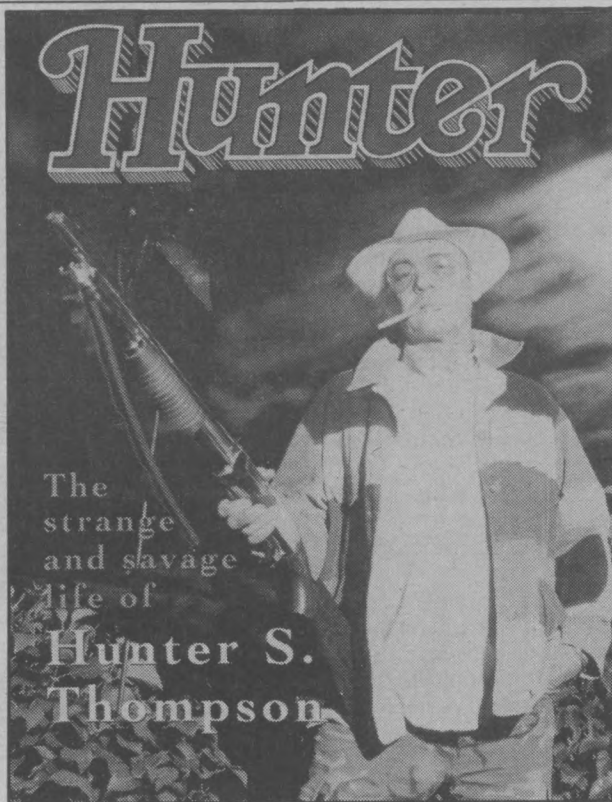
Given the fact that the only propaganda Hunter S. Thompson really needs is himself, Carroll's failure to do the man justice is inevitable. In *Hunter*, she opts not to touch upon Thompson's life and his major works; instead, she tries to out-Hunter the doctor himself.

The book begins with fictitious diary entries by Laetitia Snap, an ornithologist who visits Thompson's farm near Aspen, Colo., to check out his peacock collection, and is immediately sexually harassed by Thompson, who, once satiated, throws her into a 15 x 8 foot abandoned cesspool and forces her to write his biography.

She begins: "I have heard the biographers of Harry S. Truman, Catherine the Great, etc., etc., say they would give anything if their subjects were alive so they ask them some questions. I, on the other hand, would give anything if my subject were dead."

This ad hominem attack is a poor attempt at contrived irony by a biographer who happens to be close friends with her subject. In fact, Carroll credits Thompson with lifting her into womanhood. The book jacket reads: "[Carroll's] glorious youth ended the evening she went to Show World with Dr. Hunter Thompson to watch the live sex acts."

Snap is dropped some 20 pages into the book, and the real "biography" begins with a list of quotations Carroll gathered from interviews with Thompson's family, colleagues and acquaintances. (It should not surprise



Author E. Jean Carroll's youth ended when Hunter took her to see live sex acts. She has written a biography about her close friend that fails to do the well-known gonzo journalist justice.

dence, I'd have to advise the use of drugs." — *Hunter S. Thompson in 1974.*

They're not the only ones who have gonzo tales to tell. Thompson visited UCSB on May 29, 1987. A.S. Executive Director Tamara Scott said she made Thompson sign a contract agreeing he would not be paid until he had actually performed and that he would abide by the university's nondiscrimination policies. Despite these precautions, Thompson lived up to his reputation with a healthy display of sex, drugs and violence.

Former Nexus Staff Writer Tony Pierce remembers that "someone wanted him to autograph a book of his, so Thompson took him out back and shot a hole through the book."

Pat Whalen, another former Nexite, said Thompson was not in the most pleasant of spirits that evening. "After the speech there was a big party for him at the Nexus," he said. "The place was so full he could not get in and stood in the doorwell. People were handing him pipes and books to sign. He was taking tokes and autographing until he got frustrated. Then-Nexus Editor in Chief Steven Elzer took him up Storke Tower where he took more drugs, he then put some moves on young women from A.S. Program Board; women who were not interested. He got frustrated again and rode off into the night."

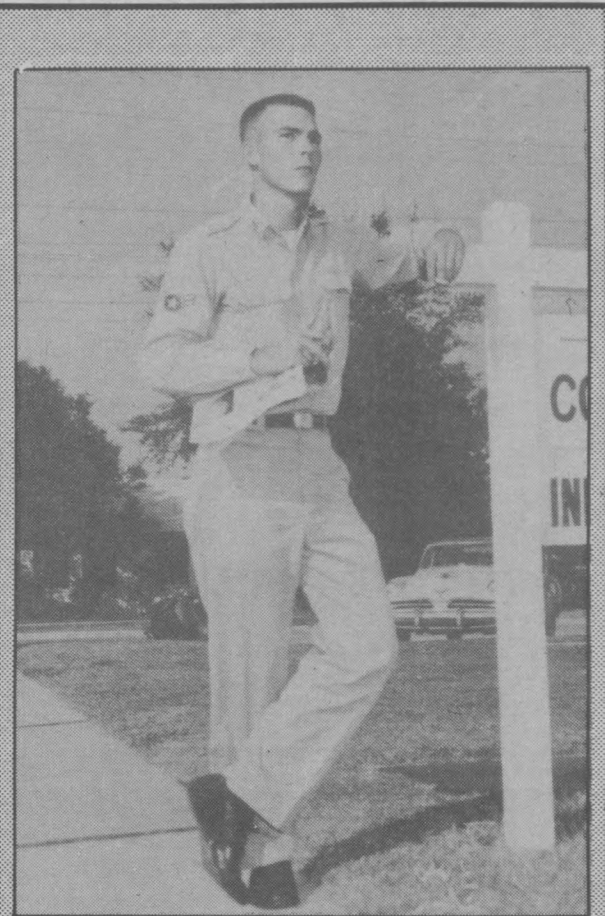
Thompson's readers that many wanted to be quoted "off the record" in lieu of his penchant for violence.) Some samples:

•"He is violent. He reduced every editor that ever worked with him on *Rolling Stone* to tears." — *David Felton, former Rolling Stone editor.*

•"I never saw a guy consume frigging drugs like Hunter. I was getting married and Hunter had this huge red limousine and he put on an Arab headdress, and this was the time of the Arab oil thing, you know, and he stood up through the sun roof of the limousine and handed out dollar bills on Fifth Avenue. It was wild, the cops came. He was handing them out like an Arab potentate." — *fight promoter Bob Arum.*

•"He kind of admires old-fashioned values. And I think he's secretly envious of people that are happily married. I just don't know how a woman can handle him. How someone could handle him for more than a weekend. Do you suppose he's a great lover?" — *Senator George McGovern.*

•"Does it look like drugs have fucked me up? I'm sitting here on a beautiful beach in Mexico; I've written three books. I've got a fine 100-acre fortress in Colorado. On that evi-



... In 1957, Thompson was serving his nation. Today, he's pounding Chivas.

Dr. Thompson's Daily Routine

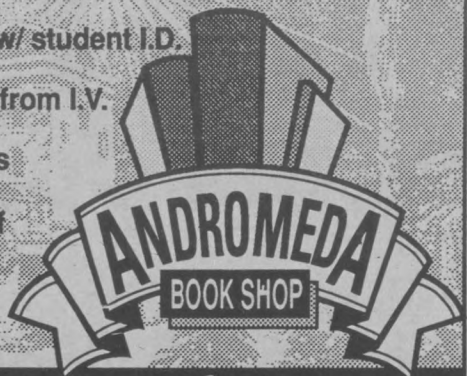
yep, daily!

3:00 p.m. Rise
 3:05 Chivas Regal, papers, Dunhills
 3:45 Cocaine
 3:50 Another glass of Chivas, Dunhill
 4:05 First cup of coffee, Dunhill
 4:14 Cocaine
 4:16 Orange juice, Dunhill
 4:30 Cocaine
 4:54 Cocaine
 5:05 Cocaine
 5:11 Coffee, Dunhills
 5:30 More ice in the Chivas
 5:45 Cocaine, etc. etc.
 6:00 Grass to take the edge off the day
 6:05 Lunch — Heineken, 2 margaritas, 2 cheeseburgers, 2 fries, a plate of tomatoes, coleslaw, taco salad, 2 onion rings, carrot cake, ice cream, bean fritter, Dunhills, another Heineken, cocaine, and, for the ride home, a snow cone
 9:00 Starts snorting cocaine seriously
 10:00 Drops acid
 11:00 Chartreuse, cocaine, grass
 11:30 Cocaine, etc. etc.
 12:00 Midnight Hunter is ready to write
 12:05-6:00 a.m. Chartreuse, cocaine, grass, Chivas, coffee, Heineken, clove cigarettes, grapefruit, Dunhills, orange juice, gin
 6:00 The hot tub — champagne, Dove Bars, Fettucini Alfredo
 8:00 Halcyon, sleep

— from 'The Strange and Savage Life of Hunter S. Thompson' by E. Jean Carroll

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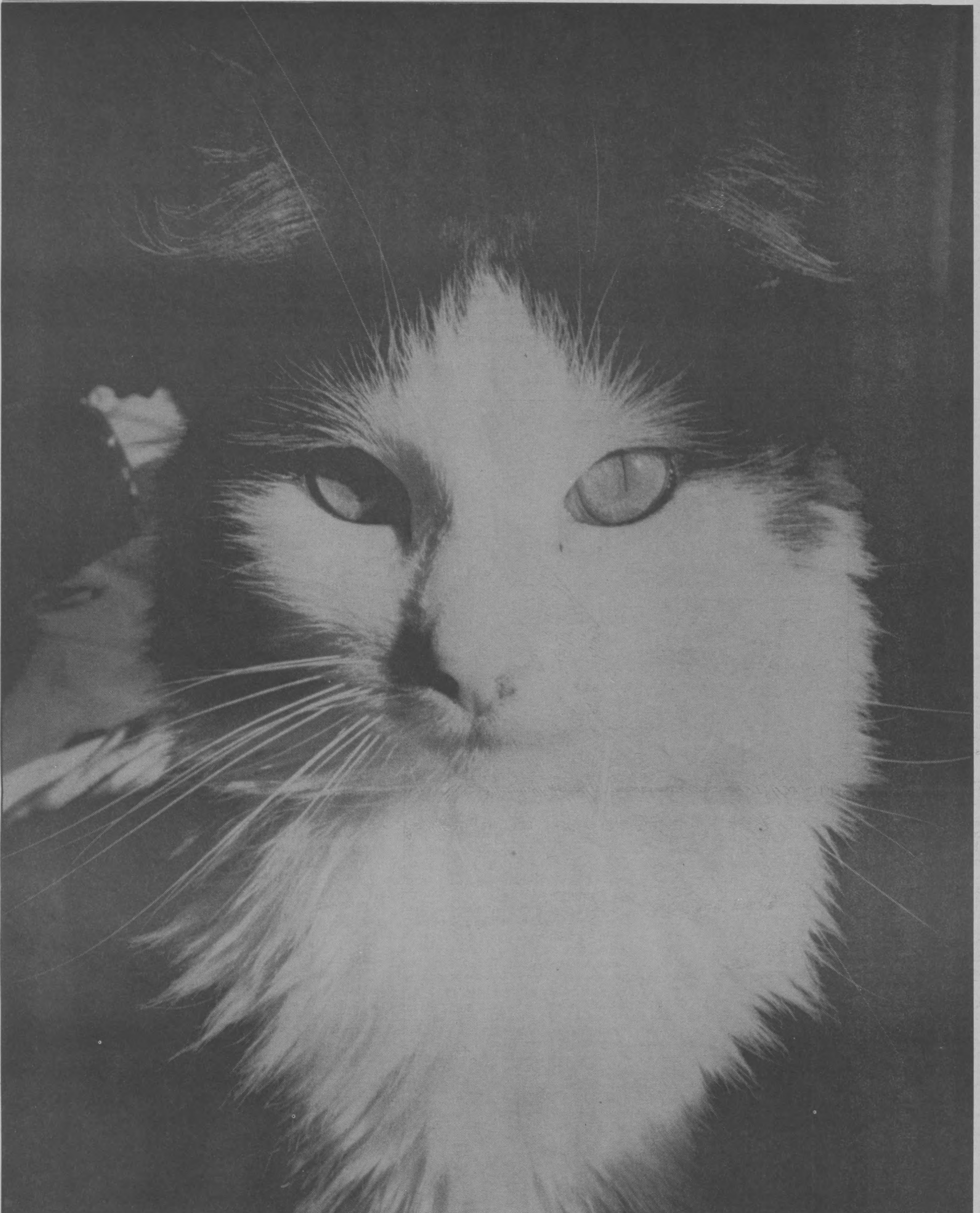
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