

Terminator 2 a Feast of Violence for a Hungry World

♦ Film Commentary

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By J. Christaan Whalen Staff Writer

Terminator 2 is a bruising ride through a bad neighborhood, an abusive gift from your insane Uncle Charles, a vice-grip of violence on your sensibility's neck, an over-thelimit blood credit card, a sevencourse danger feast in a bite-sized package and a just-baked fright pie cooling on the windowsill of Beelzebub's domain



bub's domain.

Terminator 2 is not the sciencefiction masterpiece that we should expect from director James Cameron. Indeed, it's a stock-plot, Schwarzenegger-as-hero, unneeded science-fiction sequel.

And it's damn good.

The action rumble-flies off the screen like a mad banshee hollering naughty Rolling Stones lyrics in German. The tension is so claustrophobic that — Metropolitan Theatre seats aside — if you're ever comfortable during this movie, check your pulse, you're probably dead. The special effects are overused as to be brilliant — like a Vegas skyline impressive in its extravagance. In general, it's just too much, but don't settle for anything less.

The main problem with *Termina*tor 2 is that director/writer James Cameron has somewhat forsaken the elements that made the original such an innovation. In the first film, by casting superhero Arnold Schwarzenegger as an amoral mur-

See TERMINATOR, p.2A

2A Wednesday, July 10, 1991

Daily Nexus

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Terminator 2: Satisf-Action!

Linda Hamilton is no wimpy lady in "Terminator 2."

Continued from p.2A der machine and casting a woman as the hero, Cameron flipped some of the genre's icons on their tortoise-shelled backs. Seeing an actor that moviegoers normally identify as the defender of all that is good in the role of a bad guy — kill-ing as many people as is cinematically possible — is a disturbing element that no amount of computer-aided special effects could hope to

Although Linda Hamilton, still named "Sarah," is by no means the generic pas-sive female victim, she is not the hero of T2. The womanas-action-hero and warriormother themes are some of Cameron's strongest suits, and though he did them up right in the original *Termi*nator and even more so in Aliens, he falls back on stock, tough-bitch stuff here, making Sarah selfish, stubborn and rather uncaring for large portion of the

Schwarzenegger returns as the cybernetic killing machine, only this time he has been "reprogrammed" to be a good guy. Still a machine with no morals, true, but we learn through ridiculously unappealing scenes that robots have feelings too. Face it, it's a cop-out, and he's not a robot, he's Arnold as we all know him in every one of his other movies. But he's still great because he's rock and roll. He's supposed to be the "man" of the future that is, half-human/halfmachine — but he carries himself through the film like some kind of missing link. His eyes squint, his brow compacts and his jaw juts out like an enraged monkey as he lumbers from one scene to the next. Quite impressive acting for the amount of steroids he must have taken in the '70s.

Cameron's other films were so successful in part because he was able to combine truly aggressive action with interesting character moments, a rarity in this genre. Here, he fails quite noticeably on the human level, falling into cheap robot-learns-slang humor and cheesy voice-over narration. To his credit, though, there is no cornball new-age tripe like there was in The Abyss.

Perhaps to the benefit of all involved, the paradoxes inherent in any time-travel movie are all but ignored.

Schwarzenegger doesn't start fading away like a monstrous Marty McFly, nor does he start theorizing about killing your grand-father. Strangely, Michael Caine is not in this movie.

There's a lot of blood in this movie, but you have to remember that it's all fake — no one really gets hurt. There is a lack of realism, to be sure, (for example, nobody ever goes to the bathroom) but if you want realism from this movie then you probably need to wise up, jerk!

Like the gangster movies

of the 1930s, people seemed to identify with the Schwar-zenegger villain of the first Terminator. People thrilled vicariously through the idea that, if someone is bothering you, you can kill him without any kind of moral quan-daries. T2 fails in this light,

by making Schwarzenegger learn the value of human life, an obnoxious sentiment in such a violent movie. According to Cameron - who apparently likes to be photographed in flannel shirts, big fluffy vest jackets, a large watch with a lot of dials on it and holding a cup of coffee - Terminator 2 is "a violent movie about peace." Of course, that's bullshit, but what the hell. I think I'll go burn a flag for

through Aug. 18. An open-ing reception for the show will be held at the gallery, located at the Livery Arts Center at 34 N. Palm St., Ventura from 2-5 p.m. on the 14th. The show is named Alberta Finns:

... Waiting for the chance to lose yourself in a tale of intrigue? Well, here's your chance. And just to sweeten the deal, you get to see the hilarious Oscar-winning actstylings of the incompar-able Jeremy Irons, too. Not to mention Glenn Close. real good movie. Try to sneak in a lot of food on Sunday at 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall.

Arts and Lectures' summer film series, "Two Thumbs Up!" (whooool) continues tomorrow night with Henry and June. According to reports, this flick's got more steam than a crock-pot in a sauna on a cold day in August in an ice rink on Teen Night in a small country near the equator. The show begins at 8 p.m. SHARP! Bozo! At Campbell Hall. Bring a

If you don't get enough of looking at our fair countryside, well then, you should go see Santa Barbara Paintings down Santa Barbara. It's a collection of works by 17 local artists with titles like "Sunday Morning, Cha-



pala Street" and "Tidepool at Goleta Beach." The opening reception is this Friday at 5 p.m. at 32 E. tinues through Aug. 31 of this year. Whoool

thing, come get that way with Alberta Finns. The chemically melted and deeply impastoed work of

better air quality.

Immersed.



REG. TAPES

REG. CD's

on display for all to see at the Momentum Gallery in downtown Ventura, start-... If immersion is your ing July 14 and continuing



Daily Nexus

Wednesday, July 10, 1991 **3A**



Napalm Death: Mick, Jesse, Mitch, Yolanda and Barney.

Napalm Death: Not Grindcore!

♦ Album Review

NAPALM DEATH Harmony Corruption (Combat/Earache)

By Pax Wasserman *Reporter*

Geez, these guys get a lot of press. If you're into this kind of music, you've probably already checked this out. If you're not, let me enlighten you. These guys play what a lot of people like to call "grindcore," a fast, angry and intense blend of metals, although I think there's already been too much attention devoted to what we should call it. It is metal taken to its most extreme conclusion. To some, that means noise — irritating, non-stop aggression.

Drummer Mick Harris pounds his double kick drums like a speed freak pounding nails into a coffin. And Barney Greenway's vocals? The guy sounds like Satan in the morning. But, despite being labelled as the perfect soundtrack to global annihilation or, as one re-view put it, "deathcore-powercore-badasscore," this is music. It is rock n' roll, not just novelty, and these guys deserve all of the attention they've been getting. Each song, or "burst" of music, contains enough changes to keep any serious musician amazed. The guitars of Mitch Harris and Jesse Pintado form this spiraling web of beefy doom, punctuated by bassist Shane Embury. I played the album four times in a row, getting more out of it each

time. Let's just say I liked it. Ideologically, the band is

part of a new movement of socially conscious metal their grinding sound is meant as a literal translation of their attitudes on vivisection, meat-eating and animal slaughter. Says bassist Embury of the band's lyrics, "Just because we play metallic music doesn't mean we have to write bullshit lyrics. If you have a chance to say something, why waste it?"

This may not be the beginning, or the end, of music, as many of their reviews might have you believe. But it is worth a listen. And definitely worth checking out their live show at the Anaconda, Aug. 28th with Sepultura, Sacred Reich and Sick of It All.

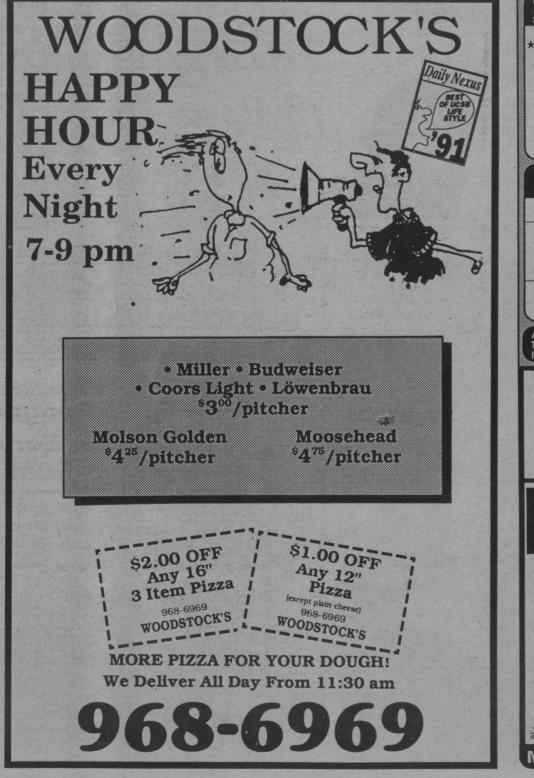


FRIDAY, JULY 12

BUT PLEASE NOTE THAT **REGARDING HENRY**, STARRING HARRISON FORD AND ANNETTE BENING,

STARTS TODAY AT THE METRO 4.





4A Wednesday, July 10, 1991

Daily Nexus



French Fest to Rock House!

By Morgan Freeman Staff Writer

Ce week-end est la quatrieme Fete Francaise de Santa Barbara. Oops, let me rephrase that: The fourth annual French Festival is coming to town this weekend. Better?

On July 13 and 14 our town is going to get a mouthful of good-old, genuine French culture. Eiffel Tower and all.

"Santa Barbara is becoming a multicultural town. There really is a surprisingly large population of French people in (the area)," said Steve Hoegerman, the festival's founder.

The French Festival is just one of Santa Barbara's many annual cultural events. Throughout the year the town hosts Jewish, Scandinavian, Thai, Irish, Greek, Italian and German festivals, Hoegerman said. Spotlighted events of the upcoming French Fest include French artists, complete with berets and easels(!), musicians filling the air with the love and mysticism of traditional French music and, finally, who could forget that yumtastic French cuisine.

According to Hoegerman, "The most popular event is putting food into one's mouth. Everyone loves French food."

Indeed. This year, dozens of bonafide and certified French

chefs will be on hand, preparing everything from crepes to cajun food. Throughout the weekend, there will be con-

tinuous, free, live entertainment on stage. Performances will include outrageous cancan dancers, Moroccan belly dancers, the Antique Academy of Genteel Dance and a fashion show by Central Coast



Poodles, towers and berets. That's French.

Model and Talent.

"The public will be invited to join in on most of the dancing," Hoegerman said.

But the entertainment is by no means confined to the stage. French mimes(!), jugglers and accordion players will be wandering through the crowds. There will also be an exhibit of classic French automobiles, plus an outdoor produce and flower market.

The whole event is going to feel just like the real place. "Santa Barbara is a very European feeling place. It really does feel like the French Riviera," Hoegerman said.

Sunday at 5 p.m. there will be a Poodle Parade, which in past festivals has drawn world-class, awardwinning poodles. If you have a well-behaved, leashed and vaccinated French poodle, you are invited to bring the little rascal on down. And for enthusiastic cultural pet-owners, costumed poodles are also welcome.

To top off the festivities' events, what could compare to the ultimate French icon, the Eiffel Tower. Yes, there will be a huge Eiffel Tower towering over the festivities. "It was built especially for the festival," Hoegerman said.

The entire shindig is being sponsored by Marc Olivier's French Bakery, Air France, Vons and Perrier (the world's first soft drink). There will be a free drawterri 3, b

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ing at the door for a trip for two to Paris via Air France. To find this most trium-

phant gig, which is free to everyone, take the Pueblo or Mission exit from Highway 101 and follow the signs to Oak Park. Don't miss this chance to get a bite of French culture with no travel agents, no busy airports and no airplane food. Oo-la-la!

Dulfer's Saxuality Unsafe and Bad

♦ Album Review

Candy Dulfer Saxuality

Arista Records By Tony Pierce

Staff Writer

Candy Dulfer is a jazz messenger.

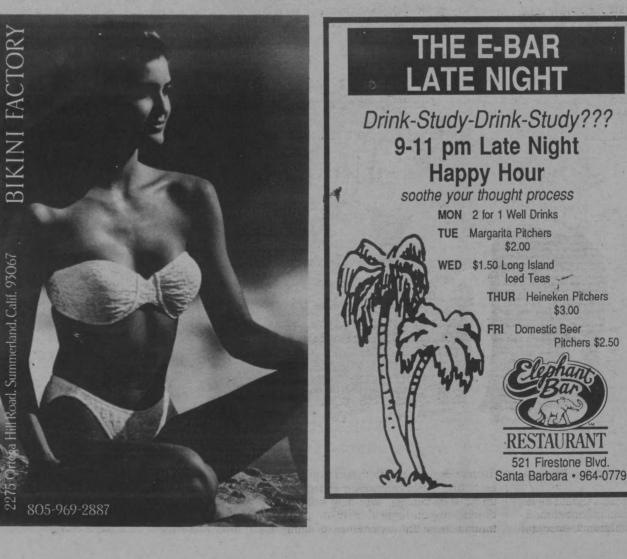
With a title like "Saxuality," the message appears to be that if you are an attractive blonde woman, the boys upstairs might give you a record contract if you blow hard enough on a brass phallus.

It may help to have a Eurythmic writing and producing a song for you with those cool DNA dudes remixing it for the CD bonus track and it may even help to have Prince somewhere behind the scenes — but, unfortunately, even with these crutches the only accomplishment Ms. Dulfer seems to demonstrate is the ability to make it through 11 tracks and a remix without showing the slightest bit of flair, feeling or talent. She just sorta plays the

notes. If this were champagne,

If this were champagne, it would be flat. If it were a chocolate Easter bunny, it would be hollow. If it were a bag of chips, you





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