

# ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the *Daily Nexus*, For the Week of November 18-24, 1993.

• THE FINEST IN NEW MUSIC FROM •  
• LA, SB, NY AND SF •

THE POPPY FIELD, PAGE 4A



## The Black Watch

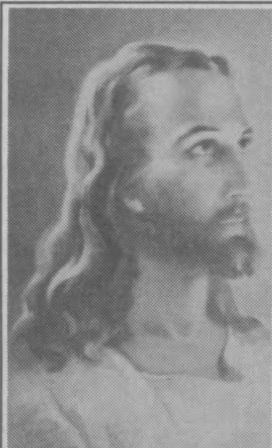
THE HASKELLS, ALL ABOUT CHAD  
AND THE MOMMYHEADS

Advertise in the Daily Nexus  
 By the end of the Quarter



**ONLY 5 NEXUS left this quarter!**  
 Nov. 22, 23, 24 & Dec. 2 & 6  
**AD DEADLINES:**  
 2 working days prior to publication!

Paid Advertisement



Love one another; as I have loved you.  
 —John 13:34



# WHITE FLIGHT



**Red Dog** THURSDAY NOV. 18  
 Have Your Party, Banquet, or Special Event at  
**Red Dog SALOON & RESTAURANT**  
 110 Santa Barbara St. • 965-2231

**TONIGHT**  
 AT **Alex's** IN GOLETA  
**LIVE** music from  
**RAIN** and **Hybrid Soul**  
 and **TED SCHRAM** and **FRIENDS**  
 bands start at 8:30pm • \$3 at the door  
 all proceeds go to IV Elementary School  
 18 and up

UCSB Arts & Lectures presents  
**James Gleick**  
 Thursday Nov. 18 8 p.m.  
 Isla Vista Theater Free  
**Tonight**  
**An Evening with the Author**  
 Author of the bestselling book *Chaos*, will read from and discuss his new book *Genius: The Life and Science of Richard Feynman*.  
 Courtesy of the UCSB Bookstore, copies of *Genius* (Vintage Books, \$17) and other titles will be available for purchase and signing at the event.  
**For more information, call 893-3535.**

I don't know anyone who doesn't like Warren Miller.

I know people who haven't heard of Warren Miller. So what's the point of writing about a guy that everybody likes?

Because he's got a new movie out. If you haven't seen the posters all over the place, it's called *Black Diamond Rush*. It stars everyone from the men's and women's Olympic ski teams right through to some ad executive at Heavenly (who, as the movie goes to pains to point out, only skied eleven days in the last season. At least they admit that they shamelessly bow to corporate pressure and include some fool who barely parallels).

I thought this might help show that what the real skiers do is really, really amazing, but it didn't. Those young turks know how to cut the snow, no doubt, and some idiot trying to get with them just shows how unsuccessful

his therapy has been so far.

Which brings me to the reason everybody should, despite the opening of this review, go see this movie. I don't care that it is remarkably formulaic moviemaking. I don't care that Warren Miller's jokes are actually funny one time out of three. I don't even care that corporate sponsors' names are splashed all over the movie.

This movie is incredibly entertaining. The stunts are real — and what's more, they're not Hollywood stunts, where everyone miraculously survives. They're real stunts, stuff that professional stuntmen wouldn't do for all the safety equipment and libel insurance in MGM Studios.

People don't always come out OK at the end of the movie — one of the skiers died. This isn't sick, twisted entertainment, either. It's about what people will do to test themselves. It's about what can be done, not about what

shouldn't be done. It's about skiing and loving it.

It's amazing to me that at his 44th film, Miller can still produce this kind of incredible excitement. But the truth is that Warren Miller Entertainment is being turned over to Miller's son Kurt, and much of this film's freshness and excitement comes from a new music soundtrack featuring bands like The Alarm, General Public, dada, Kirsty MacColl, and some band called Arousal.

Techno finds a real home in this movie, because some of the slow

motion shots of skiers doing insane things in fantastically exotic places (like Count Dracula's Transylvanian Alps) really fit techno's otherworldly sound.

Warren Miller's *"Black Diamond Rush"* will be showing today in Campbell Hall at 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. It's showing again on Friday at the Arlington Theater in downtown Santa Barbara at 7 p.m. and 9:15 p.m. Bring all your ski buddies. Remember, these are trained professionals, and you shouldn't try these things at home. —Chris George

**NOTICE**  
 Students, Faculty & Staff

The Santa Barbara Metropolitan Transit District will hold a meeting to discuss proposed bus route and schedule changes planned for January 1994. Your comments are important!  
 Please join us...


**Monday, November 22**  
 12 noon - Ucen Room 2



Here's what students are saying about **Sociology 91B, Alcohol & Other Drugs...**

I will recommend it to anyone & everyone!

Great for personal enrichment!



Winter Quarter, T & Th, 9-10:50 am, 2 units P/NP  
 Don't miss out... A few spaces are still available!  
 Sign up through RBT Enrollment Code 47902  
 For information, call 893-2914

KTYD NISSAN PATHFINDER PRESENTS **WARREN MILLER'S**


**BLACK DIAMOND RUSH**

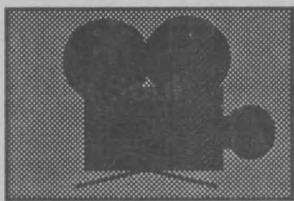
**TONIGHT!**

**FREE LIFT TICKET!**  
 With every admission.  
 (Snow Summit Pre Season)

**NOV 18 • UCSB CAMPBELL HALL**  
 Thurs • 7 & 9 pm • Sponsored by UCSB Student Activities • Tickets at Ski Shops & Student Body (IV)

**NOV 19 • ARLINGTON CENTER**  
 Friday • 7 & 9:15 pm • 1317 State St., Santa Barbara • Tickets and Info at Ski Shops





# ORSON'S NOT FORGOTTEN

An unfinished movie, especially one by an unrecognized genius of the medium, is always the object of speculations and mixed expectations. By following Orson Welles through the difficult shooting of the complete and incomplete parts of *It's All True*, a movie in itself is created, as an autonomous and controversial period piece which is much more than a documentary.

Narrated by Miguel Ferrer and edited in the usual style of alternating historical background, film sequences and interviews, the movie is a great inside story for anyone who loves films and filmmaking. The documentary is comparable to *Filming Othello*, but it is more interesting since the struggle for authenticity is inevitably bound to the tentative neorealism of the filmed action. Those who are interviewed are still proud to have been a part of the never-finished production, viewing it as possibly the main event of their lives ("My name is Francisca Da Silva and I was the star of Orson Welles' movie").

The introduction is by Welles himself, telling an anecdote about voodoo magic and his supposedly cursed movie. However, the real curses of Hollywood — shifts of power and political manipulations — soon become evident.

The movie initially shape-shifts into a documentary, and an historical reconstruction of Wel-

les steps into and out of the filming. Originally intended as a collection of "true" stories from around the world, *It's All True* had to bear the burden of being a worthy successor to the revolutionary *Citizen Kane*. Rather than compete with himself, Orson Welles apparently decided to go back to an unsophisticated use of the medium, in order to be identified with the poor and authentic look of his true stories.

However, the condescending Arcadian atmosphere depicted in the rhetoric of the poverty-imbued first episode ("Bonito and His Bull") makes evident that this was going to be no ageless masterpiece. Fortunately, the first episode was soon to be abandoned. Political pressures forced the director to move the shooting to Brazil, during Carnival. It was just after Pearl Harbor, and the Nazi influences in President Vargas' government were feared in the United States.

Welles had to take the role of a reluctant ambassador to sew and seal the alliance with Hollywood-brand golden thread. Thus Welles found himself shooting tourist-bait embassy ballroom scenes and absurd and totally anonymous Carnival-in-Rio scenes.

He was still looking for a "true" story, however romanticized it might be, and apparently the *favelas* do not lend themselves to any epic idea.

Finally, in the newspaper

ers he found the idea for his third episode, which probably would have been the most touching and spontaneous of the collection.

The core of the movie is the re-proposal of this central episode. The starting idea is the chronicle of four *jangadeiros* (fishermen) sailing on their small fishing raft all the way to Rio to protest the lack of government support and retirement benefits for fishermen and their families. The episode is shot with an incredible poverty of means, casting people from the village of the *jangadeiros* and the protesters themselves. The episode is a deeply moving apology of everyday life, enhanced by beautiful light and shade shots of the fishermen's faces, sculpted in leather by winds and burned by sun and salt water.

A side note to the movie is the supposed "communism" of Orson Welles, suspected by authorities of subversive activities during his Brazilian period. In Rio, the director befriended Jacare, leader of the *jangadeiros*, who died during the shooting. And indeed the episode has much in common with many silent post-October Revolution epics, as the ensemble scenes of work convey the harmony and the pride of the collective.

But there is definitely a difference between this and the filming of the Soviet working class heroes.

—Paolo A. Gardinali

# JOCKIN FOR JOKES

There comes a time in the existence of every *homo sapiens* on this fine planet traveling in a largely elliptical path around our proud and glorious sun, when he or she just has to do something solely for the good of humanity. Well I'm still waiting to do my part, but I did catch the performance of Comedy Sportz at Alex's Cantina the other day.

Being my first time at this event, I was a little skeptical because I'm no sports fan, unless it's a lumberjack competition, and then only the axe-throwing and custom hot saw events. But since it was comedy, I was willing to give it a chance. Then when I heard that it was improvisational, I practically self-combusted.

I've flipped on Comedy Central and seen bits of "Whose Line Is It Anyway?" a few times too many to not be worried about improvisational humor.

But as the show unfolded I found myself gasping (for a 79% nitrogen, 21% oxygen mixture) between chuckles, snorts, giggles, wheezes and laughs. My stomach felt like I had been watching "Abs of Steel" for hours. I would recommend to prospective audience members to wear one of those back supports with the suspenders, to keep

from collapsing due to excessive laughter. Wear it under a jacket though, or people will think you just got back from shoveling something. Or else choose from one of the many elegant styles and colors that are available on the market today.

The show lasted about an hour and a half, as the

1-900 numbers.

The team members were incredibly talented comedians, and still are, being able to adapt to any situation and add their own character and humor to the games/sketches. Of course my favorite parts were when they used bathroom humor (like poopoo or peepee jokes) ... that



"Goleta Guppies" and the "Santa Barbara Surf Report" played improvisational games with added input from the audience. Included were an opera, a breath-holding/storytelling game, a bluffing game and a spur of the moment joke-telling competition. All of them were more than amusing and made the time go by faster than calling those damn

stuff always gets my approval.

This past weekend was Comedy Sportz's 300th showing, and as you might have guessed, no two games are the same. Not even the players are the same each time. In conclusion, I have to say that a good time was had by all.

—David Potter



A.S. Program Board is proud to present

de la *&* A Tribe  
soul *&* Called  
Quest

with  
*Souls of Mischief*

November 30

8pm

Campbell Hall, UCSB

Tickets still on sale !!!!

Available at the AS Ticket Office

To order by phone: 893-2064

For information: 893-3536



NIGHT

at the

MOVIES, IV Style



Feast on the Passion,  
the Romance and the Magic!

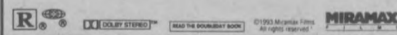
"Enormously  
Entertaining!"

Two Thumbs Way Up!"

—Roger Ebert, SISKEL & EBERT

LIKE WATER  
FOR  
CHOCOLATE

SCREENPLAY BY LAURA ESQUIVEL A FILM BY ALFONSO ARAU



\$3 student

\$5 general

Saturday & Sunday  
November 20 & 21  
8 & 10 pm

N

Storke Plaza

N



"The Band Called"



FAR

(They're from Sacramento)



N

N

The  
Poppy  
Field

By  
Kevin  
Carhart

**New from New York:** The new SpinART 7" by All About Chad, *Meet Me in the Hallway*, is a real treat. A SpinART mailer calls them "NYC pop gods." Full of hooks, the title track seems to be a high school love story, or a bastardization thereof. The vocalist seems not to take it all too seriously. That's the deciding factor in how they come across, on top of loud, powerful music. "Meet me in the hallway, meet me in the schoolyard." You can fill in the blanks for yourself.

Maybe it's a junior high love story, judging from the next track, "Chad's Driving Me Home." Fast but mellow, the narrator is living in the world before licenses. "Chad's driving me home, what a lucky dog I am, he couldn't leave me in the cold."

Over a brooding background, they would be a very different band if they sang like a hard-rock group. I can imagine them being pretty loud live, but softening the tone for the record. At times they sound similar to the Dambuilders.

"We're in Chad's Corolla, and I'm the tallest kid, so I get the shotgun seat. I put my knees through the dashboard, and that's all she wrote — Chad says put on your walking feet." The last line repeats. It's a tragic ending, as the kid walks home. Who is this Chad person? Of course, he's the cool older kid who we all knew at some time. He's lived a thousand lifetimes.

I've talked plenty about SpinART in the past, but this is one label that really knows its songs-about-kids. The recently released Small Factory album, *I Do Not Love You*, might be their answer to the angst of aging, by acting and sounding like big kids. (I'm sort of guessing here, but songs like "What to Want" make me want to find a costume, join a pack of kids and trick-or-treat surreptitiously.)

The band Suddenly! Tammy, who have been on SpinART ever since the compilation *One Last Kiss*, have signed to Warner/Reprise, says SpinART's mailer. They are supposedly embarking on a tour with Van Halen. I don't know if the SpinART people are lying, but I hope so.

**Dateline Los Angeles:** It always makes me happy to see more material by The Black Watch. If there was ever an underexposed, underappreciated pop band, this is it. The new single is out on San Jacinto records.

"Whatever You Need" seems on the surface to be full of unabashed warmth. Beautifully poppy and memorable, I almost had it pegged as wholeheartedly upbeat, with a nice fiddle tug (and a nice solo at the end), and great vocals — really beautiful. But the device of hiding lines like "Sometimes I just want to cup your pretty little mouth, and push out all your pretty little teeth," within a lush, catchy scenario is tricky and hard to spot. Brrrr.

That edge on "Whatever You Need" is another thing the Black Watch never leave far behind. It's also there on the B-side, "Television Addict Kid." It's kind of a funny song, but played with a straight face. And with good reason — it's easier than ever to zone out in front of the TV these days. "You're a television addict kid ... Didn't think I'd notice but I did," they sing over the recording of a game show. Funny, tuneful, weird ... bands as nearby as L.A. don't usually get this good.

**Santa Barbara:** Moving up the coast, local band The Haskells have a new 7" out on Ouch! That Smarts Records (which is just the band's own imprint). With a clean, fast sound, the title track "Spinning Around" sticks in your head. Above some guitar squalls, songs with upbeat simplicity reel you in. "She Said" actually sounds a bit like the Verlaines. The softer "Drown in Me" provides an equally catchy contrast. The Haskells far surpass the crap that usually passes for a local band. Coming soon to an Anisq' Oyo' Park near you.

**San Francisco:** Keep on traveling up the 101 and you will arrive in San Francisco, home of The Mommyheads. They have a new single, jointly released by the Hairy Records and Simple Machines labels.

On my first listens to their *Acorn* album, I thought at first that they were kind of dissonant, or were tuning their guitars in novel ways. This does not harm the songs — they are very good. "The World is Round" is as accessible as anything, from the start. The harmonizing is great. There's a lot going on in the song, as it tells you "I didn't realize that the world is round."

The second song, "Waiting for a Remedy," is odd and engaging. The singer has a friend in the hospital. He's waiting for the test results. His parents are writing him out of their will. There are strong intimations of AIDS, but the song doesn't conclusively declare what the problem is.

The song captures the tense, restless waiting of hospitals. Lyrics like "Why am I here at the hospital, playing Chinese Checkers, as it rains?" sound funny at first, but killing time in trite ways, with worries on your mind, is all too familiar.

"You whisper in my ear that you are dying to get back again, but you're waiting for a remedy." It's horrifying — that quiet, stoic hope sounds as though both friends know there's not going to be a remedy any time soon. The strong content is bounded by engaging music.

**In La Brisa de la Palma, a teenage Rasputin takes the sting from a gin.**  
---Grant McLennan

## IN A WILD MUSICAL SATIRE THE BABES MEET FEMINISM

Last Friday, the Drama Dept. opened their second production of the year, "Sword of the Goddess Babes." Directed by Jyl Hewston, the production will play in the Studio Theatre this weekend and the next.

"Sword of the Goddess Babes" is the story of a first-century Celtic Queen, Bodica, thrust into the twentieth century.

across without being weighed down. From my first glance at the program and the play's billing as "a musical comedy adventure feminist satire fantasy," I was worried that it would end up being 99% feminism and 1% "musical comedy adventure satire fantasy."

I was pleasantly surprised as the show unfolded, and it became ap-

some pretty good songs, especially with titles like "Penis Envy Lullaby" or "Just Call Me Dr. Dick."

Unfortunately, the songs never seemed to live up to their adventurous titles. Instead, they settled for lackluster melodies and funny lyrics. Rather than the songs becoming another way for the characters to express their feelings, they became distract-

Her performance is very good, and she is full of energy. Joanna Roberts is good as the confused Bodica, yet her inexperience shows. Christina Jioras performed adequately as everything from the supreme being to a bartender, yet her most memorable role for me was as Dr. Electra, mostly because I couldn't figure out if she was a man or a woman.



Together with her new-found friend Hippolyta, a neurotic modern-day woman, she explores the twentieth century and the art of modern womanhood. She explores every aspect of being a woman with Hippolyta, from working out at the gym to shopping for clothes. She even undergoes a wild, musical gynecological examination from the self-anointed Dr. Dick.

Gradually, Bodica convinces Hippolyta of their worth as women. The play ends as Bodica's patron goddess eventually shows up and returns her to her own time.

On the whole, "Sword of the Goddess Babes" is a good show. It is funny and has just enough social activism to get the message

parent that each of the billings were getting pretty much equal emphasis. I was most impressed with the fact that it was not a "preachy" show. The authors did an excellent job of avoiding lengthy feminist speeches and keeping the activism from becoming too serious. This is a musical comedy, for God's sake!

It is the musical aspect of the show with which I have the biggest problem. Music is an important part in "Sword of the Goddess Babes" — with seven songs in an hour-and-a-half show, the songs easily took up a good quarter of the running time, and probably closer to a third. With that much of the show being dedicated to singing, one would expect

ing sideshows. It also seemed as if they needed more work on the presentation of these songs. Even in the small studio theater, I had a hard time hearing the singers, and with the combination of overpowering orchestrations and a lack of power on the behalf of the players, the lyrics were a blur. Director Jyl Hewston did appear to realize the problem, as some of the choreography seemed aimed at delivering the lyrics to both sides of the audience. But in the end, the musical numbers were reduced to boring melodies with lyrics you could hardly hear.

"Sword" is full of interesting performances. Sacha Denison leads the way with an insecure, neurotic modern woman.

Mark Elk Baum's effeminate Fashion Consultant was good, but his drag performance as Buffy in the gym scene was a scene stealer. Christopher Corbett was very good as the chauvinistic male characters, although his Dr. Dick and Barfly seemed to have the same drunken characterization. Sarah Lampro and Dana Marie Lazzareschi were both good in their limited roles, especially as the amazingly shallow Barb and Dawn.

While "Sword" is far from perfect, it is an enjoyable evening, and I urge you to catch this show.

"Sword of the Goddess Babes" will be performed at 8 p.m. Nov. 18-20, and also at 2 p.m. on Nov. 20, in UCSB Studio Theatre.  
—Davin McHenry



## TOGETHER ALL THREE MUSKETEERS WORK

The motto, "One for all and all for one!" is absolutely appropriate for this remake of the Dumas classic, *The Three Musketeers*. The folks at Disney have taken the best of all the Musketeer movies and brought them together in a colorfully exciting film.

Director Stephen Herek has brought together a strange cast whose personalities are as diverse as those in the original story. The result: a film that is fun, clever and an all-around genuine pleasure.

The cast of Charlie Sheen, Kiefer Sutherland and Oliver Pratt — Aramis, Athos and Porthos, respectively — really bring their characters to life by providing the proper mix of their own personal characteristics.

Aramis, educated to

take the holy orders of the church, is the mildest of the three friends. Sheen uses his usually silent style to make Aramis shine.

Athos, the typically snooty French aristocrat of the time, is well played by Sutherland, who brings to his part the air of playful arrogance he demonstrated in *Lost Boys* and *Flatliners*.

Porthos, the embodiment of physical strength and good fellowship, was the perfect part for Pratt, whose oxlike, bumbling movements were ideally combined with his sure-footedness and sharp wit.

Add to these three the cocky playfulness of D'Artagnan (played by Chris O'Donnell, seen in *Scent of a Woman*) and the die is cast.

A classic scene that best

displays the different personalities of the characters is when D'Artagnan is learning how to "woo a wench," with Aramis and Porthos as instructors and Athos sitting alone in a melancholy stupor. Look for it.

The story begins with D'Artagnan facing off in a duel with the brother of a young woman the swordsmen had deflowered. D'Artagnan defeats his foe. But before he can kill him, his brothers ride in and together they chase D'Artagnan into Paris.

One of the few flaws in the film was that D'Artagnan was not successful in finishing the duel. The comic relief that is inferred through this recurring foe becomes rather nauseating.

Meanwhile, in Paris, the

king has been killed by the evil Cardinal Richelieu (Tim Curry), and the brigade of the king's musketeers have been disbanded and unarmed — with the exception of the three rebels, Aramis, Athos, and Porthos.

Curry is truly evil in a comical sense — a revisiting of the Frank N. Furter personality he first displayed in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* some 15 years ago.

With a screenplay adaptation by David Loughery, *The Three Musketeers* may be missed by those who feel it is just another cheap attempt to turn adventurism into box office gold. Well, you cynics will be missing one hell of a film.

—Duke Conover



# HERB'S COOL

The Pogues  
*Waiting For Herb*  
Chameleon Records

*Waiting For Herb* is the Pogues' eighth release, arriving three years after their last, *Hell's Ditch*, and one year after the departure of Shane McGowan, their former lead vocalist.

Taken on its own terms, *Waiting For Herb* is a great record, an incredible combination of such unlikely instruments as accordion and banjo with solid lyrics and an enduring punk voice. The album is also a well-balanced mix of Pogue drunken revelry ("Smell of Petroleum"), hard-boiled down-and-out pieces ("Sitting on Top of the World" and "Big City"), high spirits and even love songs ("My Baby's Gone" and "Small Hours"). On the whole, the music is faster and more frantic than *Hell's Ditch*; more like some of the tracks on *If I Should Fall from Grace with God*.

"Drunken Boat," my favorite song on the LP, evokes the same mysterious drama as "The Turkish Song of the Damned," combining the same sense of loss with the galloping



cadence of "Bottle of Smoke." Drawing a frenzied sense of excitement from the music and a feeling of tragedy from Spider Stacy's vocals, it creates a beautiful synthesis of poetry and music:

"Now the only deck I'd want to walk/Are the stalks of corn beneath my feet/And the only sea I'd want to sail/Is the darkened pond in the scented dusk/Where a kid crouched full of sadness/Lets his boat go drifting out/Into the evening sun."

It's hard not to imagine what this record would have been like with Shane McGowan, though.

Spider Stacy is good, but Shane was the Pogues. He was their link with '70s punk and the perfect embodiment of their attitude and music, a drunken poet reeling through each number with incomparable panache and robust energy.

Oscar Wilde once said "We are all in the gutter; but some of us are looking at the stars." McGowan was just such a mystical guttersnipe. Fortunately, he hasn't disappeared altogether. I've heard from a couple of people that he's formed a new band.

—Chris Dunlap



# TRIBE'S FALL

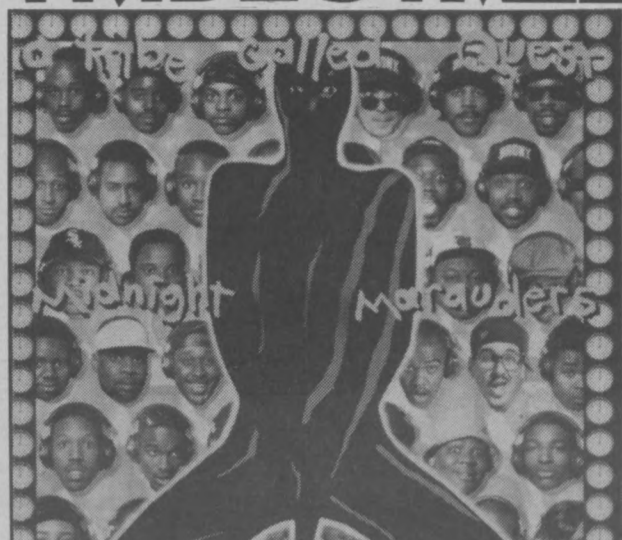
A Tribe Called Quest  
*Midnight Marauders*  
Jive

Since day one, A Tribe Called Quest has gotten very much props from everybody in and outside the industry for all the right reasons. Who else flows so much positivity so hard? How many other rap groups continually refuse to bow into the industry's wrong trends and continue to stick with the original two-mic and a turntable prescription?

And then their albums: *People's Instinctive Travels And The Paths of Rhythm* shook so hard from here to El Segundo that the true are still asking "can I kick it?"

Then *The Low End Theory* educated most everybody east of the Pacific on how the rap should be done. "Scenario," "Check the Rhime," "Show Business," "Buggin' Out" and "Everything Is Fair," will always be party favorites, regardless.

Yet this eagerly awaited new album, *Midnight Marauders*, leaves true fans wondering what to think. First off, there's this strange female robot voice between tracks that lec-



tures about various 'isms' in a patronizing tone — if this type of sensitivity was also reflected in their lyrics, it might work.

Phife-Dawg and the Abstract have played down the beats quite a bit this time around — maybe to highlight their much rhyme skills? — and the result is tried and cranky. Tracks like "Sucka Nigga," "God Lives Through," "Steve Biko" and "Clap Your Hands" make it difficult to sit through the entire album.

But because this is a Tribe recording there are of course some very fresh songs as well. Definitely

check out "Award Tour" and "We Can Get Down," where the three prove they certainly still have the skills.

I don't know if this album was recorded on the road, or under the influence of some distracting spirit, but it matters not. The Tribe will certainly remain one of the leading bands in hip-hop in spite of this new release.

Be sure to check out their live performance with *De La Soul* and *Souls of Mischief*, in *Campbell Hall* on Tuesday, November 30th, presented by A.S. Program Board. —Martin Boer



# TWO TIMING

Cocteau Twins  
*Four Calendar Cafe*  
Capitol

As an effort to filter out the discordant screams and concert hall style of Isla Vista nightlife, I find myself perplexed by the variety of sleeping aids offered to lull one to slumber.

Earplugs? No ... too squishy. A pillow over the head? No ... too confining. Music? ... ah ... perfecto.

My roommate first introduced me to the Cocteau Twins in my sophomore year, and the Twins and I have been sleeping together ever since. Now, I'm not claiming monogamy. Mingus, Coltrane and Miles still warm my sheets, but the sensuous euphonic vocals of singer Elizabeth Fraser have filled my bedroom for the past two weeks.

The melodic gibberish of the Scottish trio emanates in and out of the ab-



stract, hypnotizing your consciousness to the subconsciousness. Riding a wave of continuity, each song oozes into the next, as Fraser's telestic vocals kiss your ears.

With their eighth LP, *Four Calendar Cafe*, the Cocteau Twins strut a bold new style; you can actually

understand the lyrics. This new form of enunciation shatters the dreamlike state of their previous formality as it negates their traditional structure. Short but sweet, this 40-minute album of muzak for the '90s is the sleeper of the month — literally.

—Erin Wilson



# GRACED UP

Grace Jones  
*Sex Drive*  
Island

So the *Artsweek* guy asks me if I want to do a CD review. I figured sure, it can't be too bad.

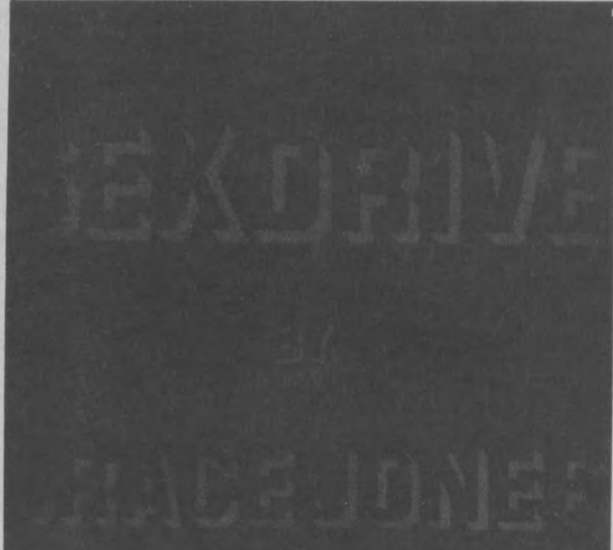
Then I saw the disc, *Sex Drive*, a mix of singles by Grace Jones.

"Didn't she used to be some kind of a weirdo back in the '70s or something?" I thought to myself. "She was in *Conan the Destroyer* and *A View to a Kill*, too."

Well, my mom used to like her, and my mom has pretty good taste in music (i.e. X, The Cramps, Smashing Pumpkins), so for Mom's sake, I took the disc in hand and away we go.

The title did at least pique my curiosity, but then I started the music.

Three of the songs are remixes of "Sex Drive," while the fourth is called "Typical Male." Being the atypical male that I am,



that kind of turned me off. But, you know, I bet Grace could kick Lita Ford's ass if they ever squared off against each other. Where's pay-per-view when you need it?

Drum machines and synthesizers (the bane of good music everywhere) abound, leaving Jones' sultry though overpro-

duced voice as the only savior.

"Relax and enjoy the ride ... *Sex Drive*," Jones exhorts, but that's kind of hard with the drum loops and wannabe techno background piercing my ears. Then again, she does have this Lita Ford thing going for her.

—Brett Chapman

# Artsweek's Like That.

## Got The Phat A

KCSB 91.9 FM Top Records Of The Week

- |                       |                                 |                                |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Tribe Called Quest | 11. Alkaholiks                  | 21. Pegboy                     |
| 2. Souls of Mischief  | 12. Reality Control Compilation | 22. Entombed                   |
| 3. Das Efx            | 13. Ultramagnetic Mc's          | 23. DOA                        |
| 4. Ice Cube           | 14. Del The Funky Homosapien    | 24. Curve                      |
| 5. De La Soul         | 15. Fudge Tunnel                | 25. Buzzcocks                  |
| 6. Krs One            | 16. Mudhoney                    | 26. Rakim                      |
| 7. Sinister 6         | 17. Devil Dogs                  | 27. Judgement Night Soundtrack |
| 8. Greg Osby          | 18. Akinyele                    | 28. The Breeders               |
| 9. Agent 94           | 19. Shaq                        | 29. Slant Six                  |
| 10. Coup              | 20. Queen Latifah               | 30. Sepultura                  |

These Positions Reflect What Musicians Were Played The Most On KCSB This Past Week.

**\* Win Tickets \***  
to Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul  
Nov. 30th Show

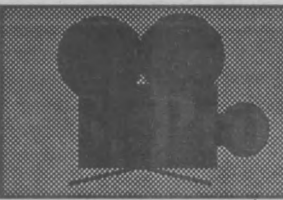
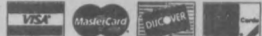
- Sell back 5 CDs
- Get up to **\$4.50 CASH** or **\$6.00 Credit** each
- Enter your name for the drawing to be held Monday, Nov. 29th

SEE STORE FOR DETAILS

**morninglory  
music**

More Music For Less Money

910 Embarcadero del Norte  
Isla Vista  
968-4665



# HE NEVER TELLS HER

Remains are entrancing. Images of crusty, stale, cold, green and dark brown matter — in a wooden box, perhaps — come to mind when thinking about remains. Dirty minds, bodies and lives are fascinating as well. *The Remains of the Day* is an enthralling, beautiful and captivating film about unrequited love ... and what lurks behind gorgeous, seemingly innocent and definitely proper facades.

Anthony Hopkins carries the film. His performance evokes the painful precision so key to the position of heightened propriety which his character must embody as head butler at the home of a key member of parliament, in a world on the brink of World War II. "Your performance here will influence the course of world politics," he tells his staff

before a dinner party hosted by his "master." He is a slave, not only to his employer but to the ridiculous rules and etiquette of educated English high society. Hopkins' butler is the living, breathing, embodiment and definition of repression.

Emma Thompson exquisitely portrays his repressed equal, his temptation, and a bitter symbol of his failure at the part of life called living. He can not separate himself from the work, whereas she can admit to feeling and possessing feelings. Her performance is captivating because of the control she exhibits over her body language and facial expressions. With a tense twitch and clenched fists, she conveys not only her grace but her emotions and libido under pressure.

Director James Ivory

paints a picture in every frame, using majestic mansions, rich fabrics, wonderfully dressed and placed actors, sensational works of art and virtually perfect lighting in accordance with each scene's mood. There is also a tantalizingly subtle soundtrack. Ivory demands the viewer's attention — even when there is not much action on screen, there is something to be seen.

*The Remains of the Day* shows the audience the importance of what goes on "behind the scenes." This film explores layers of life that operate through and around Lord Darrington's estate. The house itself is full of secret doors, stairways and hidden rooms.

The plot of *Remains* is full of hidden agendas. Hitler's influence is felt through Lord Darrington, exposing the far-reaching

evils of the Nazi regime and the naïvete of world leaders, as well as that of their blind followers.

Finally it is about putting blinders on. Pretending not to see truth, deciding not to see love and denying reality; choosing fantasy, even though the fantasy is a variation on the theme of suppressed desire. The gaze of society is feared and sought by every character in the film, and somewhere along the line the search for individual identity and independent thought is forgotten.

However, this film will not soon be forgotten. It is a masterpiece and a successful exercise in the art of filmmaking. Hopkins and Thompson remain intriguing throughout and even exceed their penetrating performances in *Howard's End*.

—Allison Dunn

**AIM  
HIGH**

**PAY FOR  
MEDICAL  
SCHOOL.**

Today's Air Force offers a scholarship program that can help pay the cost of medical school. If selected, you can continue your present studies — and stop worrying about how to pay for them. Participation is based on competitive selection. For information with no obligation, talk to an Air Force representative. Call

USAF HEALTH PROFESSIONS  
TOLL FREE  
1-800-423-USAF



COLLEGE GRAD M/F

**IT'S TIME TO RETIRE  
YOUR COLLEGE LOAN.**



Tired of coping with payments? The Army can put your college loan to rest in just 3 years.

If you have a loan that's not in default, we'll pay off 1/3 or \$1,500, whichever is greater for each year of service. Total repayment of up to \$55,000. And we'll not only retire your loan, we'll give you other benefits to last a lifetime. Ask your Army Recruiter.

Call:

1-800-USA-ARMY

**ARMY. BE ALL YOU CAN BE.®**

**WOODSTOCK'S**  
**PIZZA**  
presents...

**2 12" Cheese  
Pizzas  
\$9.99 + tax**

(extra cost for  
different toppings)

**THE FAR SIDE**

By GARY LARSON



It had been a wonderfully successful day, and the dugout was filled with the sound of laughter and the fruits of their hunting skills. Only Kimbu wore a scowl, returning home with just a single knucklehead.

Not good with other offers • One coupon per pizza • 968-6969

**LSAT  
MCAT  
GMAT  
GRE  
DAT**

**Expert  
Teachers**

**Permanent  
Centers**

**Total  
Training**

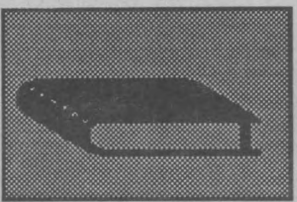
CENTER LOCATIONS

- Brentwood • Culver City
- Downtown L.A. • Encino
- Loma Linda • Pasadena
- San Luis Obispo
- Santa Barbara
- Southbay • Walnut (Pomona)

**KAPLAN**

The answer to the test question.

**1-800-KAP-TEST**



# LIFE SCIENCE

Some say our century has only produced two geniuses, Albert Einstein and Richard Feynman. And while we all recognize Einstein, Feynman is really the more fascinating of the two.

Just who Feynman was and what his contributions were will be discussed in a book reading by author James Gleick, on campus tonight. Gleick's smart biography of Feynman, *Genius*, is successful in presenting the eccentricities of the Nobel-prize winning physicist who played bongos and cracked safes on the side.

But even more impressive is Gleick's ability to write about and explain Feynman's theory of quantum electrodynamics in an entertaining and effective fashion.

Before writing *Genius*, Gleick was an editor for the New York Times and wrote *Chaos: Making a New Science* about the thinkers behind chaos theory.

Gleick will be reading passages from *Genius* and discussing the book tonight at 8 p.m., in a free lecture at Isla Vista Theater.

*Artsweek* recently interviewed Gleick over the phone. What follows is an edited transcript.

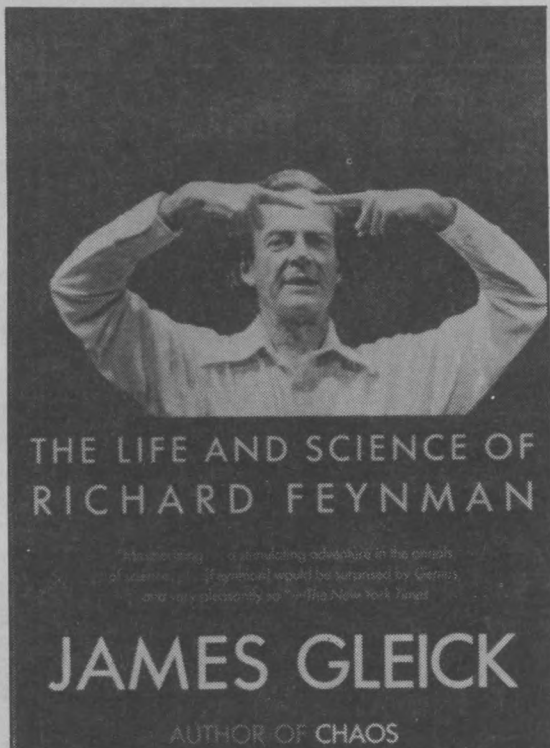
**Artsweek:** Your book *Genius* reads very easily, though the subjects are at times quite complex. How were you able, as a science writer, to write down to the layman?

**Gleick:** That was easy, I am a layman. I didn't pick a level other than the level I could have written. I just

wrote at the highest level I could. I tried to find out everything I could about the people that are concerned about science in our culture. I wrote about Feynman with as much detail as I could without boring myself. I don't know if I really am a science writer.

**AW:** Your first book, *Chaos*, was half as long as *Genius*, yet you described over 50 people, while Ge-

But there's something very curious about biographies. The biography of W. E. DuBois is 900 pages just for the first volume. I have nothing but sympathy for this author. It is not finite after all, but about the culture he affected. Feynman left his fingerprints all over the intellectual universe we've inherited. I didn't want to write a monumental biography. I could eas-



*Genius* was only about one man. Did you feel yourself taking inventive risks in trying to stretch Feynman's life out?

**Gleick:** I certainly didn't feel I was stretching it out. It was really peculiar. I wrote this enormous treatise on chaos, then I wrote this biography that was handed to me on a platter. It was finite and only the life of one person.

ily have written 2,000 pages, but I don't like to bore myself, and if this means I don't bore my reader it is a useful side-effect.

**AW:** Since you have never met Feynman, how did this affect your writing about him?

**Gleick:** Of course I would have loved to have met him. It was so frustrating to talk to people that knew him so well. I saw his videotapes, read his private letters ... it's like I almost knew him. But there's no substitute for really knowing a person.

But in some ways I feel the book is better in his not having been alive for it, because I don't have to worry about him looking over my shoulder, defending himself.

**AW:** What has the physics community's response been to *Genius*?

**Gleick:** I don't know if there is a physics community response. There's a lot of individual physicists. On the whole, people have liked it a lot. The best response has been mail I've gotten from people who knew Feynman. I think people were touched by the parts I wanted them to be touched by. It was really nice.

**AW:** What is your next project about?

**Gleick:** A history of the telephone. But I still have a long way to go. It is possible it could take me five years to finish it.

—Martin Boer



Western



Eastern

My friend Gill Sans contends that San Francisco will be the world's most significant metropolis as it can reach both Tokyo and New York in one Business Day. But then I wondered, "what about Berlin?"

Advertise in the Daily Nexus



Be the end of the Quarter  
**ONLY 5 NEXUS left this quarter!**  
Nov. 22, 23, 24 & Dec. 2 & 6  
**AD DEADLINES:**  
2 working days prior to publication!

**LAW OFFICES OF RAYMOND J. PULVERMAN**  
If you have been involved in a bicycle, motorcycle or auto accident, you should know your legal rights regarding personal injury, property damage & accident claims. Experienced Personal Injury Lawyer. NO FEE, INITIAL CONSULTATION. PHONE (805) 962-0397

**U.S. BODYBOARDING CLUB MEETING**  
• ALL WELCOME  
• UPCOMING TRIPS  
• FREE DRAWING  
• KILLER MOVIE & MORE!  
BUCH. 1920 8PM 11/18



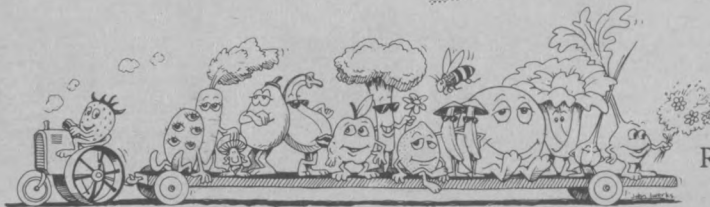
Dying for a Cigarette? You're not kidding!

## GOLETA FARMERS MARKET CALLE REAL SHOPPING CENTER

Between Warehouse Records & China City Restaurant

**EVERY THURSDAY 3-7pm**

**The Freshest Selection of Local Organic Produce, Plants & Flowers**



Rain or shine 962-5354

**ALL DAY... EVERY DAY...**

**NOVEMBER SPECIAL**

**\$1.00 BEER**

16 oz. Domestic Drafts  
Budweiser • Coors Light

GOLETA  
5112 Hollister  
Magnolia Center  
967-3775



SANTA BARBARA  
229 W. Montecito  
963-9326

Come for the Food Stay for the Fun!  
Lunch, Dinner, Sunday Brunch



For Sports Fans  
Satellite  
8 Monitors

dining • dancing



Happy Hour  
3:30-8  
7 days a week

BENEFIT FOR I.V. SCHOOL  
featuring

**Rain AND Hybrid Soul**

**Doubles Night**

DOUBLE the alcohol, single price

(TONIGHT IN GOLETA)

5918 Hollister Ave. 683-2577



**DAD SAID,  
 "YOU  
 DON'T GET  
 SOMETHING  
 FOR  
 NOTHING."**

**WELL, GUESS WHAT?  
 HE WAS WRONG.**

**WE'VE MADE A BIG DEAL OUT OF NOTHING.  
 YOU SEE, WE DON'T CHARGE AN ANNUAL FEE.  
 PROVING ONCE AGAIN, WHAT  
 DAD DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HIM.**



**IF YOU DON'T GOT IT,  
 GET IT.<sup>SM</sup>**