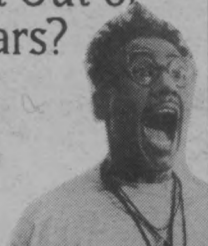


ARTSWEEK

Film 3A

Video 7A

Why Was Spike Lee Shut Out of Oscars?



The Video Guy Recommends a Magazine On B-Movies



The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus/For the Week of February 15-22, 1990

Syllabus

Of Note This Week:

... because without art, your life is the knot-muscled neck of an amateur, intimacy-averse headbangress.

MUSIC

Top 5 This Week

at Rockhouse Records:

1. Basia, "London Warsaw New York"
2. Toad the Wet Sprocket, "Pale"
3. The Cramps, "Bikini Girls with Machine Guns"
4. Lightning Seeds, "Cloudcuckooland"
5. RKO, "Revenge is a Beautiful Feeling"

at Morninglory Music:

1. Black Uhuru, "Now"
2. Toad the Wet Sprocket, "Pale"
3. David Bowie, "Hunky Dory"
4. Peter Murphy, "Deep"
5. Lenny Kravitz, "Let Love Rule"

From My Personal Collection:

1. The Minutemen, "Double Nickels on the Dime"
2. They Might Be Giants, "Flood"
3. New Order, "Technique"
4. The Minutemen, "Post-Mersh Volume 1"
5. Beastie Boys, "Paul's Boutique"

FILM

Tonight:

"Dust in the Wind," Taiwanese cinema at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.; UCSB students \$3.

"All Dogs Go to Heaven," at Isla Vista Theatre, 7, 9, and 11 p.m.; \$3.00.

Sunday:

"Romero," at Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m.; UCSB students \$3.

LIVE

Tonight:

Way-cool willy-wriggling — Pub Nite featuring "Odds 'n' Ends" and "The Mudheads." Bring your trouser umbrellas! 8 p.m. at The Pub; \$1/students, \$3/general.

Folk music — Singer Charlie King at the MultiCultural Center, 7:30 p.m.; Free.

Friday:

Latin American music — "Huayucaltia" in The Pub, 8:30 p.m.; Free.

Saturday:

Lecture — Timothy Leary at Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m.; UCSB students \$4, general \$6.

— Leslie Lawson Live at Lotte Lehmann, midnight, students \$18, general free.

THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY!

"SHAD" ROE VS WILSON WADE

9 ROUNDS

CAESAR'S PALACE

NEW YEAR'S EVE

1994

"After forty-three contradictory rulings on abortion in state courts, the Supreme Court ordered in late 1994 that the long-disputed legal case, Roe vs. Wade, be settled in the public arena ... at Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas"

The Nineties

A L O O K B A C K

Review by Patrick Whalen

Page 6A



Playing with the Laws of Motion

The Alchemedians Keep Things Moving

Some call it the new vaudeville, others performance art. Whatever the name, **The Alchemedians** inhabit a fanciful laboratory where metal mixing bowls scurry and bounce like planets spinning out of orbit, where silver rods seem to take on midair geometrical designs, and crystal balls appear to hover like soap bubbles. Nimble-fingered Moschen is an exquisite juggler and mime, and his partner, Bob Berky, dressed in the traditional circus-clown getup — checked shirt, suspenders, false red-bulb nose — the clown of clowns.

They never speak, although the two communicate quite clearly through body language, facial expressions and Bob Berky's eloquent kazoo playing. This is an evening filled with the delightfully absurd, divine beauty and sheer virtuosity, as any who attended their sold-out 1986 *Foolsfire* show in Campbell Hall will attest. As the *London Daily Telegraph* noted, Bob Berky is "one of the greatest mimes in the world today." Of Michael Moschen the *Village Voice* wrote: "A genius, an extraordinary juggler/dancer."

Theirs is like a circus show without the big top or animals but filled with the essence of sheer magic, astonishing feats of the imagination and brilliant illusion. They bring their highly original and mesmerizing visual spectacle to Campbell Hall on Wednesday, February 21 at 8 PM.

A Latin American Poet: Pacheco

Award-winning Mexican poet José Emilio Pacheco offers a free reading of his recent work on Thursday, February 22 at 4 PM in the UCSB University Center Pavilion. The reading will be given in Spanish with English translation. Highly respected in his own country, Pacheco has published seven books of poetry, winning Mexico's National Poetry Prize for his collection *No me preguntes como pasa el tiempo* (Don't ask me how the time goes by), which was published by Columbia University in 1978.

A prolific perfectionist who continues to revise his published work, he is also the author of *Los elementos de la noche*, *El reposo del fuego*, *Irás y no volverás*, *Islas a la deriva*, *Desde entonces* and *Trabajos del mar*. A collection of short fiction *Battles in the Desert and Other Stories* deals with themes of childhood and innocence betrayed.

While still in his twenties, Pacheco was already keeping company with the established Spanish speaking poets of Latin America. Known for his singularity of vision and the multiplicity of his poetic forms, both traditional and modern, Pacheco currently lives in Mexico City, site of the devastating 1985 earthquake he anticipated by 20 years in his second book *El reposo del fuego*. But he also writes frequently and powerfully of the sea, Veracruz being where he spent a large part of his childhood.

Pacheco's appearance at UCSB is a part of UCSB Arts & Lectures' ongoing effort to present distinguished Latin American writers and thinkers, such as Carlos Fuentes, Octavio Paz, Isabel Allende, Manuel Puig and Elena Poniatowska. Pacheco's visit is co-sponsored with the Department of Spanish and Portuguese, the Latin American and Iberian Studies Program and the Interdisciplinary Humanities Center.

Film Time

When a pair of small-town lovers drop out of high school, leave their Taiwanese village and move to the big city in search of work, they undergo a profound transformation on the way to adulthood. Told in a languid succession of deep-focus compositions, Hou Hsiao-hsien's *Dust in the Wind* is a moving drama that builds upon the daily existence of the young couple and their friends. Named one of the 10 best films of the year by J. Hoberman of *The Village Voice*, *Dust in the Wind* is part of The Cutting Edge: A World in Film Series. It screens Thursday, February 15 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.



RAUL JULIA

ROMERO

A true story of a modern hero

In *Romero*, Raul Julia (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*) brings a keen intelligence to his role as Archbishop Oscar Romero, the idealistic Salvadoran cleric who stood up to the Salvadoran right wing at the cost of his life. As tragic events continue in this war-torn country, *Romero* remains a poignant and passionate story of El Salvador — its oppressed peasants, its devoted priests, and its cold-hearted death squads. The film will be shown Sunday, February 18 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall.

Third in the Cutting Edge II series is *The Last of England*, which screens Thursday, February 22 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall. Described as "scenes from the daily apocalypse," British director Derek Jarman's (*Caravaggio*) film, with its punk sound track, is a very personal commentary on what Derek sees as "the decline of the country." An intriguing mix of documentary-style footage, three generations' worth of home movies, and sections of an imagined portrait of a repressive society, *The Last of England* is a strong indictment of the Thatcher years.



On Achieving Social Justice William Kunstler

Friday, February 23 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				15 <i>Dust in the Wind</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	16	17
18 <i>Romero</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	19	20	21 <i>The Alchemedians</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	22 José Emilio Pacheco 4 PM / Free UCen Pavilion <i>The Last of England</i> 8PM / Campbell Hall	23 William Kunstler 8 PM Campbell Hall	24

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Handicapping the Oscar Nominations

■ Film Analysis: Why Was Spike Lee Shut Out of Major Categories? Arcane Hollywood Ways

By Brian Banks
Staff Writer

Hollywood has shut Spike Lee out again.

Lee, the controversial, strong-willed film maker who has repeatedly accused the film industry of racism, was all but forgotten when the list of Academy Award nominees was announced Wednesday morning.

His film, "Do The Right Thing," was thought to be a contender in some of the top categories. Instead, it received only a Best Supporting Actor nod for Danny Aiello and one for Lee in the Best Original Screenplay category.

"In a little way I'm happy, in a little way I'm disappointed," Lee told reporters. "We got jerked outta Best Director, Best Film."

Other films dealing with racial issues fared better. Grabbing the most nominations with nine was "Driving Miss Daisy," the story of the relationship between a testy Jewish widow and her Black chauffeur in the 1960s South. "Born on the Fourth of July" was second with eight nominations. "Glory," the story of the first Black regiment in the Civil War, and "My Left Foot," got five each.

This year produced many surprises, clearing the way for an open race in almost every category. But Academy voters are sometimes predictable, so here is an early handicap of the Oscars.

Best Picture: "Born on the Fourth of July" seems to be the favorite. After all, it has already won the Golden Globe as Best Dramatic Film and the films that took the critics awards, "Do the Right Thing" and "Drugstore Cowboy," weren't even nominated. Perhaps the voters will wake up and realize that "Field of Dreams" is amazing, but don't count on it. Besides, the last time any film won this award without its director being nominated was 1927, so it doesn't look good for "Driving Miss Daisy," either.

Best Actor: It was nice of the Academy

to nominate Kenneth Branagh, Robin Williams and Daniel Day-Lewis, but this is really a two-man race. Morgan Freeman and Tom Cruise have both won Golden Globes for their performances, but Cruise will probably pick up the Oscar. The voters still feel bad about not recognizing him last year for "Rain Man."

Spike Lee, the controversial, strong-willed filmmaker who has repeatedly accused the industry of racism, was all but forgotten by Oscar....

Best Actress: This is the only race that is already over. Jessica Tandy is one of those actresses that will be rewarded for both a fine performance and the fact that she has had a great career and has never won anything.

Best Director: Only twice in the last 22 years has a director whose film wins Best Picture failed to win Best Director. So why should anything be different? Stone will win here. Jim Sheridan, the newcomer director of "My Left Foot," will make this a tight race.

Best Supporting Actor: The supporting categories are always the toughest and always produce the most surprises. Everyone nominated could conceivably win, but look for Denzel Washington to get it, mostly because the voters will feel bad about not giving another Black actor, Morgan Freeman, an Oscar. Hey, it sucks, but that's the way it works.

Best Supporting Actress: Another tough one, especially because the favorite, Anjelica Huston, may split the vote with co-star Lena Olin ("Enemies, A Love Story"). The last time co-stars were nominated in the same category was 1986 when Tom Berenger and Charlie Sheen were up for "Platoon." Michael Caine ended up winning. Look for Julia Roberts ("Steel Magnolias") to take this one.

The awards will be on March 26 in Los Angeles. Oh, and don't expect a token appearance by Spike Lee.

Storm Brewing Over Radio 'Safe Harbor'

■ Commentary: Now Is the Time to Act Decisively In Favor of Free Speech and Against PMRC

By Tony Pierce
Staff Writer

If Adolf Hitler were alive, his paranoid little mind would be leading the battle in favor of rock 'n' roll censorship.

"We're protecting our children," he'd plead in utter earnestness to the maddening hoards beneath his platform (television is the medium he'd use today — bigger audience).

The frightened flocks who never understood rock music would cheer blindly. These are the folks who were never hip enough to enjoy Elvis, not cool enough to smoke dope with Janis and Jimi, and too old to disco with Sly.

Their children used to like Madonna and Prince, but now listen to the Beastie Boys, Metallica and Slayer. And when

they drive their kids to the supermarket the radio plays The Cure, AC/DC and Ozzy Osbourne.

The fortysomething crowd is confused, scared and out of touch.


As the Hitler-cum-Gore-cum-Helmses preach their morally "correct," idealistically "sound" looks-good-on-paper dog(shit)ma, the hoards get excited as the speaker lets the crowd sample some of the "nasty" lyrics tied to the stake being taken out of context ... and lo, there actually are some strikingly powerful words behind those "irritating" rap beats and within

heavy metal's thrashing chords.

The masses listen to the comments, Adolf barks, and a dangerous thing happens — they start to believe.

While Adolf preaches his point and the group comes closer to hearing every word, those who doubted him tend to forget that they wouldn't buy a used car from such a highfalutin so-and-so. But he keeps on stressing that he's saving the children. The Children. How can anyone say Adolf is full of shit without looking


See CENSORSHIP, p.5A



UPCOMING SHOWS

KTYD ROCK
99.9
Welcomes

Feb. 23
The Hooters



KTYD ROCK
99.9
Welcomes

Feb. 27
Deborah Harry
of Blondie fame



KCSB
Community Service Broadcasting
Welcomes

Mar. 2
Mary's Danish



KCSB
Community Service Broadcasting
Welcomes

Mar. 4
Fishbone

2/23 KTYD welcomes The Hooters/ Nuclear Valdez

2/24 Russ Taff/The Choir
No alcoholic beverages will be served

2/27 KTYD welcomes Deborah Harry of Blondie fame

2/28 Sam Kinison

3/2 KCSB welcomes Mary's Danish/ Something for Nothing/ Durango 95

3/4 KCSB welcomes Fishbone

3/8 Junkyard

3/9 L.A. Guns/ Love Razors

3/10 KCQR welcomes John Prine

3/16 KCQR welcomes Holly Near

3/17 Leon Russell

3/18 Al Dimeola

3/23 KTYD welcomes Warren Zevon/ Raindogs

3/24 Country Dance Night with Steve Hill Band/ Sky King & country dance lessons with Jewel, 7-9 pm

3/28 Robin Trower/ Walter Trout Band

3/30 Don McLean/ Evans & Van Loan

4/5 Spyro Gyra

4/14 Chick Corea Electric Band

4/20 John Maytail & The Bluesbreakers

4/21 Raphael

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'Roger & Me' is Situation Tragicomedy

■ **Review:**
Documentary Examines Life
In Flint, Michigan After GM
Has Left Its Company Town

By Christopher Scheer
Staff Writer

Roger & Me is a documentary. Wait! Don't run, just keep your eye and mind here for a moment. "Roger & Me" is a documentary but it doesn't have any long boring interviews with old war heroes or endless footage of dying marshland. You'll find no arty pan-shots of frozen tundra in this flick.

What you will find is a witty, wildly funny and terribly sad movie which documents — in the best sense of that word — the plummeting decline of one of America's heartland cities. The movie draws its coherence from writer, producer and narrator Michael Moore a native-son-

turned-intellectual who leads us through the American-Dream-turned-sour world of Flint, Michigan with a dead-pan eye.

In the process we get Bob Eubanks telling anti-Semitic AIDS jokes and Anita Bryant telling the poor to be thankful for the sunshine. We see the grand opening of "Autoworld," the "largest indoor amusement park in the world," which features an animated auto worker singing a love song to the robot which replaces him on the assembly line (the name of the song: "Me and My Buddy"). We see a man slowly pushing a large TV in a wheelbarrow through a ghost town of deserted houses.

These images and interviews layer throughout Moore's epic journey: a facetious search for General Motor's Chairman Roger Smith, architect of GM's massive layoffs. Moore is a frumpy and sardonically obtuse Joe Blow character who gently harasses a string of GM publicists, doormen, security guards and anal-retentive private club desk clerks, frequently prompting them to wondrous heights of inanity. Moore's object: to personally bring Smith to Flint to see the damage his policies have caused while he was off giving himself \$2 million raises.

In between, Moore and his cameraperson follow a deputy sheriff as he goes about his job of evicting tenants at a breakneck pace, even putting families out onto the street on Christmas Eve. He interviews a woman staying alive by selling rabbits as "pets or meat." She casually kills and guts a bunny and talks about her plans to be a veterinary assistant because "someone's got to take care of the animals."

Flint, the birthplace of both General Motors and the United Auto Workers, was decimated in the late 80s by GM's decision to shift a great deal of production to the cheap labor havens of the Third World. Switching between a powerfully direct approach and subtle black humor, "Roger & Me" captures a process which has affected numerous American steel belt cities since the 70s. It does so in a clever and rarely ham-fisted way, a highly watchable tour of economic fallout and failure.

Whatever your politics and however you feel about the larger machinations at work in GM's decisions, "Roger & Me" is an invaluable lesson in how the larger movements of economic change grind down working class individuals like rocks under a glacier. Given that, it is even more amazing that "Roger & Me" is so much fun to watch.

ARTSWEEK

The Arts and Entertainment
Section of the Daily Nexus
February 8, 1990

Contributors

Brian Banks
Charlie Denny
Denis Faye
Seana Fitt

Tony Pierce
Christopher Scheer
Patrick Whalen
Debbie Urlik

Assistant Editor

Jeffrey P. McManus

Editor

Doug Arellanes

The Fine Print

Reasons for the Marilyn Quayle photos:

- 1) Remember, this is the section that gave you Rob Lowe's penis. Equal time and all that, with Marilyn Quayle being a Republican.
- 2) We're a college newspaper.
- 3) Nuff said.



'Music Box' Jerks Tears

By Charlie Denny
Staff Writer

"It made me cry," says X, walking out of the theatre. If a movie has the power to evoke tears, it is presumed to be a success — it is "good." So X, who cried at the movies, tells two friends how "good" it is, and they tell two friends, and, yes, the movie is a success. Financially.

Because millions of suckers paid six dollars to cry. Which actually makes the movie cheap in two respects: 1) six-dollar emotional therapy sessions are an even better deal than K-Mart Blue Light Specials; and 2) the movie achieved success in the cheapest way possible — appealing to the audience's emotions.

If a film has the power to make an audience burst into tears, it doesn't necessarily follow that it is well-directed or involves good acting. Which brings us to the conclusion: not all successful movies are truly good. Elementary.

Of course, optimistically speaking, a class of films exist which are good. Some are financially successful, some aren't.

The Music Box is balancing on the edge of this class of good films. "The Music Box," of course, makes you cry. Who wouldn't cry at the possible ruin of a father-daughter relationship? Who wouldn't have tears running down their face while hearing a victim of Nazi atrocities relive the experience on the witness stand? These ploys are the constants in any formula to reduce an audience to a mass of tears and snotty noses.

The rest of the formula for "The Music Box" is a bit involved. Jessica Lange is an attorney who is defending her Hungarian-born father. He's been accused of committing Nazi war crimes; as part of the case, Lange must not only learn more about her father but haunting details of what the Nazis did to Hungarian Jews as well. In addition, Lange encounters some wheeling and dealing between the U.S. and Hungarian governments.

The plot itself is interesting, and when a hefty dose of dramatic talent is added, "The Music Box" is saved from falling into the trap of the run-of-the-mill tear-jerker.

Lange gives an especially remarkable performance — her character comes across as both vulnerable and strong, intelligent and capable of mistakes. Armin Mueller-Stahl's performance as Lange's father is also a strong one; the most memorable thing about him are his very large, very blue, very cold eyes, which give absolutely nothing away.

The unique quality of "The Music Box" is that it makes you realize how little you know the people in your life. It's usually assumed that when you know someone well enough to love them, there are very few secrets, if any, in that relationship.

But the moral of "The Music Box" is not to be to hasty in our assumptions; the people you thought you knew so well may not be the loving people you thought they were. Some day that loved one might really make you cry.

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Drug-Free Motley Crue Still Rock Hard

■ Concert Review:
Individually, the Band's Members Really Can't Play, But Together, It's Different

By Seana Fitt
Staff Writer

Monday night marked the return of the kings of sleazy glam rock, Motley Crue, to their old stomping grounds. A sold out show at the Great Western Forum in Los Angeles greeted the four shaggy-haired recovering addicts. After the disappointing theatrics of the 1987 Girls Girls Girls tour, The Crue have finally accepted what their fans always knew. It's not the purple eyeliner or the tacky scarfs that made them so popular, it was the music.

As the lights were dimmed, the sound of revving motorcycles resonated

throughout the Forum. Suddenly, a blaring display of pyrotechnics lit up the room as the band bounded on stage to the opening riffs of "Kickstart My Heart." Decker out in the requisite black Melrose leather, the Crue immediately whipped the crowd into a sweating, hair flying frenzy.

Although the show was a success by any fan's standards, it wasn't perfect. With five albums under their belt, the Crue have a plethora of songs to choose from. Yet they insisted on playing some of the weaker numbers instead of more solid tunes. How could they leave out "Ten Seconds to Love," the consummate live Crue song?

What the band did play sounded tight and fast, exactly like any self-respecting metal band would want to. Although Mick Mars' mercifully short guitar solo was unsurprisingly bland, Tommy Lee stopped the show with his drum display.

If you thought Jon Bon Jovi's flight across the audience was just too cool, you should have seen Lee put wings on his drum kit. Clad in a black rhinestone-studded Speedo, "T-Bone" took the already ecstatic audience to new heights of group orgasm. Playing his own personal favorites, Lee swept from one end of the forum to the other, suspended above the audience by a track.

Lead singer Vince Neil, as always, fulfilled his role of surf-dude-turned-rocker-stud. With his hip-shakin', butt-wigglin' strut he had the girls screaming and the guys, well, doing guy things. To ensure the guys had just as much opportunity to get their hormones flowing as the girls, Motley Crue has the Nasty Habits. On their second tour with the band, the Nasty Habits consist of two highly intelligent blondes "singing" backup on certain tracks. Their microphones don't seem to be turned on, but the little nurse

outfits adorning their nubile bods for "Dr. Feelgood" was a nice touch.

Party-Animal-turned-race-car-driver Nikki Sixx seems intent on proving to everyone that, even though he no longer has track marks on his arms, he is still a man. During the closing chords of "Jailhouse Rock," the concert's final number, Sixx performed some sort of strange pagan ceremony which involved thrashing about the stage and smashing his bass into pieces. Well, the kids loved it.

After the final explosion of the fireworks had stopped ringing in my ears, and the empty beer bottles had been kicked out from under my tires, I could still hear the songs driving through my head. As individuals, Motley Crue may not be the best musicians around, but put them on a stage together and something magical happens. A Motley Crue concert is more than just a show, it's a fucking celebration.

CENSORSHIP: 'Safe Harbor' Ban?

Continued from p.3A

like they are against protecting little six-year-old kids?

They can't. It would be like being in Salem, Mass. and saying, "She's not a witch!"

The people with guts would be burned as well.

This is not a fictional story in that witch burning is going on in your neighborhood right this second. It's called censorship.

According to an article printed in Sunday's *Los Angeles Times* Calendar section, record industry types are very worried that soon, quite soon, rock 'n' roll will be illegal.

Sounds like a joke, right?

It is a joke in that it really could become a reality. As freedom grows in Eastern Europe and South Africa, it is being suppressed by constipated, conservative moralists. They're trying not only to label, ban and prevent records from being sold, but are doing their best to keep them from being played on the radio.

You've probably heard of Tipper Gore's PMRC, a group of Washington, D.C. wives that has done an excellent job of pressuring record companies into labeling "indecent" records so parents will know that Madonna's "Like A Virgin" might not be the best gift for Sally's 12th birthday.

Rome wasn't destroyed in a day, and the record industry's sales weren't hindered either, but the second stage is here.

On radio there is a period between midnight and 6 a.m. when material considered "indecent" can be aired. This is called the "Safe Harbor Period." If you want to hear N.W.A.'s "Fuck Tha Police," you can only hear it during the Safe Harbor hours. This is, among other reasons, set up to protect The Children.

Some think that The Children need a little more protection. On Tuesday, Feb. 20 the Federal Communications Commission will decide if radio needs a Safe Harbor Period — that is, if N.W.A., most rap groups, interview shows, heavy metal programs, or anything bordering on "indecent" should be aired at ALL.

Again: on Tuesday, the FCC is going to decide if it's OK for certain types of music and talk to be aired at all.

No joke.

How hard is it to imagine "Love Shack" being blacklisted because of its "indecent"?

At first glance you may laugh and say, "it's a stupid, fun song", but Tipper Hitler would say (just like the Church Lady) "it's about sex, premarital sex".

So when the B-52's get yanked off the air and have to be plumbers or whatever, imagine what's going to happen to The

Rolling Stones or AC/DC's "You Shook Me All Night Long."

As the dominos and Hitler's horrors topple upon the ever-widening range of what will be deemed "obscene," it's not hard to imagine even a Muzak version of an "indecent" song to be illegal.

Imagine silence.

I've never written to anyone to persuade them to think a certain way. I'm not

a lobbyist and I don't play one on TV. But I am going to write the FCC at 1919 M Street N.W., Washington D.C. 20554, today and tell them not to take away radio's Safe Harbor Period.

Rock 'n' roll's just too important to see it gassed by a bunch of morons who don't even know who the fuck Eddie Van Halen is.

Do the right thing.

Collage of I Holds Mandela Benefit

Collage of I will perform at the Graduate on Thursday night, Feb. 15, honoring the release of South African political activist, Nelson Mandela.

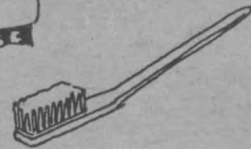
The three-year old Santa Barbara band has played several local benefits, their "world beat" fusion of funk, jazz, reggae, and African-influenced music. This "freedom music," described by Joyce, coincides with the South African struggle against apartheid. Joyce, a former student

activist involved in movements to divest funds to South Africa and anti-apartheid peace rallies four years ago here at UCSB, says the music of "Collage of I" has an international perspective.

"The release of Nelson Mandela is a major and positive step in the movement to end apartheid," said lead vocalist and UCSB graduate Darryl Joyce. "This is a reward for a long fight and it brings hope to the struggle," he added.

Everyday 500 People Jump . . .

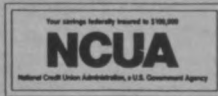
- . . . out of bed . . .
- . . . into the shower . . .
- . . . brush their teeth . . .
- . . . fix breakfast . . .
- . . . pack lunches . . .
- . . . kiss the kids . . .
- . . . hit the road . . .
- . . . park the car . . .
- . . . get to the office . . .
- . . . start to smile . . .
- . . . and . . .
- . . . open the doors . . .



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So these guys are friends. They work for successful, New York-based humor magazines and now they've got some vacation time.

It's a Saturday and they take big bites of chili burgers and stare at the hoop game on the tube, wondering: Where's the chicks? Where's the hard dollar bills? Why won't Bill Murray return my phone calls?

One of them spills chili and mustard on his fish tie. He says, "Hey, let's do a book on the 90s. You know, before they happen, a comedy thing. It'll be fun. We can bash on women, Dan Quayle, Elvis, animal rights activists, foreigners, and then we can get Howard Hesseman and Ed Begley, Jr. to be in it. Yeah, 90s hype. It can be a satiric tour de force! It'll be great!"

Then he wipes his hands on his pants and wishes Letterman would have him as a guest — "I am funny" — although he's certain it'll never happen. He softly passes gas while the others nod their heads and dream about the limitless comedic possibilities of ... Geraldo as president! The friends finish their burgers and run off to call Mariel Hemingway's agent.

And like that, an ugly yellow book called "The 90s: A Look Back" is born. It wails and screams and puts on its best overalls, but it's tired and needs a nap. After all, it's hard to be funny when you're busy schmoozing.

This book speaks volumes about the evils of incest. The brainchild of former National Lampoon exec Tony Hendra and somebody named Peter Ebling, who put out a similar-themed book in 1979 ab-

The strength of the book is its photography and its brush-artistry, definitely worth a flip-through in a bookstore.

out the 80s, "The 90s" teams Lampoon and Spy magazine editors and writers with a host of other bona fide, talented humorists. The result is a big turd tossed on a doorstep.

With rare exception the tome falls flat on its face, an example of blaringly unfunny stuff forced into publication simply because 1989 was ending, shlock-chock full of gratuitous star-power gladhanding of quasi-stars who hang out in New York bistros. These people should have known better. They've stroked their buddies very hard.

Satire hasn't been this lousy since Anthony Michael Hall was a regular on "Sa-

The Nineties

A L O O K B A C K

Review:

New Book By Editors of SPY and National Lampoon Just Isn't As Funny As They Think



In one of the book's funnier predictions, Marilyn Quayle poses for a nude calendar to promote a Quayle-Quayle ticket in '92.

By Patrick Whalen, Staff Writer

turday Night Live."

Are Elvis jokes funny anymore? Is there a need to make Bill Murray the mayor of Chicago? Is having Howard Hesseman as the Secretary of Education

telling us anything about ourselves? Is the idea of Iran hosting the Olympics the best our best cynics have to offer? Is Japan buying Pearl Harbor the incisive commentary we've all been looking for?

Certifiable stars are trotted out — Keith Haring and David Mamet among them — and the text is well-written in that endearing Spy-style: nudge-nudge, wink-wink, we're being-condescending-bastards-but-at-least-we-write-well. But the best thing about Spy, the magazine, is that they work with reality, their facts are there. "The 90s" seems bloated and foolishly written in this style, and the fact that the editors of Spy conspired in this makes the agony of reading it all the more ... *ironic*. The humor is tired, much too 70s to have Spy implicated, and if that magazine's editors keep wanking off like this, they may be headed the way of the Trumps.

The strength of the book is its photography and brush-artistry, definitely worth a flip-through in the bookstore. The Marilyn Quayle nude calendar, Pope Whoopi (Goldberg) and the Rome-boys and humongous photos of Harrison Ford, Grace Jones, Barbara Streisand and Robert DeNiro with brushed-in HUGE noses (the joke: see, in the 90s people will have plastic surgery to become *ugly*. Funny, isn't it?) are winners.

The best writing comes from David Mamet on the book's last page, where he spins a little tale about what'll things be like in one hundred years. To save you a hassle it's reprinted here:

Picture a classroom in the year 2090. A class is preparing for its final examination on its "sister" period, just one hundred years before.

The astute teacher turns to an anxious youth, "Yes, Doug," she says, "what is it?"

"There are two things I still don't

The tome falls flat on its face, schlock-chock full of gratuitous star-power gladhanding of quasi-stars who hang out in New York bistros.

understand," he says, "about the 1990s." "And what might they be?" she says. "The resale of Alaska to the Soviet Union..."

"Yes..."

"And the statute granting protected status to 'Women's Writing.'"

"Let me deal with both your queries at once, if I may," she says, "what would you do, if you had a vast, unusable mass of oil-soaked material?"

"Yes," he says, "but what about Alaska?"

There. Now go ahead, find the book in a bookstore and look at the pictures. Then put it down and walk quickly away.



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Who will win? Daily Nexus "Best of UCSB Lifestyle" 1990

"Read This. Quick," Says V-Guy

Often I get these phone calls, late at night. Most of the time, I pick up the receiver, only to fall prey to a chorus of heavy breathing, moaning and vulgarities.

Even though I enjoy these calls a great deal, I sometimes get midnight calls that mean much, much more.

"Video Guy!" they demand, "Who are you? Why are you? What are your goals? What is your *raison d'être*?"

These calls make me ponder. **What is my existence all about?**

Many have told me that in order to learn the answer, I must see the world. So I did. I saw Tibet, Bangkok, Australia and even Detroit. But these National Geographic Specials taught me nothing.

Then one day I received an answer. It came through a drunken haze of beer, really great beer, like Keystone. The truth hit me in the form of a magazine called "Psychotronic." This is a periodical concerned completely with B-movies. And B-movies are my life.

"What?!" many of you may protest. "Video Guy — you actually expect us to ... read?"

Relax, I say. Despite the fact that video is the dominant and better media, there is nothing wrong with the written word. As a matter of fact, many a young lady has been wooed into my waiting

Comedians to Perform at Campbell Wednesday

Those nutty, kooky/whacky Jacks-of-all-trades, The Alchemedians, are coming to UCSB's Campbell Hall Wednesday at 8 p.m. As the name implies, their performance is an alchemic experiment — in comedy.

These two men, Bob Berky and Michael Moschen, sometimes likened to a circus act, can juggle, dance, clown around and basically put on a funny show.

The zany, kazoo-proficient pair toss and spin a medley of objects (including metal rods and mixing bowls), somehow managing to create a mystical illusion of art in mid-air. They also have been known to parade around the stage in tutus and bathing caps.

Although Berky is more of the clown and Moschen brings a sober grace to the act, they have an amazing common talent. The combination of their divergent styles promises to result in a night of off-the-wall fun.

(For further information, call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 961-3535.)

— Charlie Denny

clutches, impressed by my huge literary collection consisting of Playboys and Celebrity Sleuths dating back to 1984; my connect-the-dots version of "Naked Came the Stranger," and the complete collection of Nancy Drew

The Video Guy

By Denis Faye

mysteries.

But I'm not here to talk about what a great guy I am, I'm here to discuss "Psychotronic."

tasteful load of shit I ever watched).

"But ... but Video Guy," you query. "Who in the wide world of sports is Sid Haig?"

Well, let me tell you. Mr. Haig, unbeknownst to you, has played roles in some of videodom's most shining moments. Among these are guest shots in "Batman" (with Adam West), a starring role in "Jason of Star Command," and his most recent effort,

"Goddess of Love," with everyone's favorite hussy, Vanna White.

And that's just the tip of the iceberg! So if I were you, I'd throw down this paper, forget about the rest of your history teacher's lecture, and run to the Book Den in Isla Vista. The meager investment of three dollars will change your life.

At first glance, "Psychotronic" appears to be a big disappointment. Not being a big-budget-mass-circulation magazine, costs have been cut and it has been printed on rather cheap paper, second grade handwriting practice paper to be exact. You know, the kind with the big pieces of unrefined wood floating in them. But don't let this deter you, for the good outweighs the bad.

First off, the cover looks really cool under a black light, which is something I always look for in reading material. Second, the written contents of this mag are more pertinent to your life than any other thing you personally are capable of reading.

CAMPUS REVIEW TALENT SHOW

with Gaucho Joe & Leslie Lawson

DATE: Tuesday, February 20
TIME: 7:30 p.m.
PLACE: THE PUB

Presented by: S.T.A.R., G.R.A.P.E., T.E.Q.U.I.L.L.A. and A.S. Program Board

Who will win?

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Glory 12, 2:30, 5, 7:40, 10:20
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Hard to Kill 2, 4, 6, 8:15, 10:15
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A.S. Program Board

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Thurs., Feb. 15:
Panel Discussion: "The Spiritual Foundations for Black Progress"--12 p.m. MultiCultural Center.

Tues., Feb. 20:
"Eyes on the Prize," part 3. 12 p.m. MultiCultural Center.
"The Black Male in Crisis"--panel discussion among UCSB Faculty/Staff/Students. 4 p.m. MultiCultural Center.

Wed., Feb. 21: Film: "Wild Women don't Have the Blues"--12 p.m. MultiCultural Center.

"Twenty years ago in Isla Vista a bank stood burning... Now twenty years later the smoke and ashes are long gone but the community remembers."

Join us on Sat. February 17 when the A.S. Program Board proudly welcomes Timothy Leary to UCSB's Campbell Hall. For those of you familiar with the mind blowing qualities of hallucinogens, it should be easy to see why Timothy Leary continues to proselytize his Think for Yourself and Question Authority' motif. Currently Leary is exploring the interface between the computer and the human nervous system. Projecting untold leaps in our capabilities while recognizing the need for humor, Leary continues to espouse increased intelligence, brain change and interface potential. Don't miss this opportunity to clue in on future realities. Show time: 7:30 p.m.--\$4/students; \$6/general.

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