

ArtsWeek

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the *Daily Nexus*. For the Week of July 21-27, 1993

Places To Go

• **Wednesday.** Tonight marks the opening night of *Orlando* at the Riviera Theatre. Based on Virginia Woolf's high literate and fanciful novel, this will surely be the most discussed art film of the year.

• **Thursday.** *Tous les matins du monde* presented by Arts & Lectures is showing at 8 p.m. This beautiful film including Gerard Depardieu is based on the lives of Baroque Composer Marin Marais and his mentor M. deSainte Colombe. A must see.

• **Friday.** The Vocal Institute opera night at UCSB starts at 7 p.m. and will feature gifted singers, after which faculty members will lend critical comments. Director Elizabeth Mannion hopes the audience will participate in the commentary before and after the performances. Admission is free.

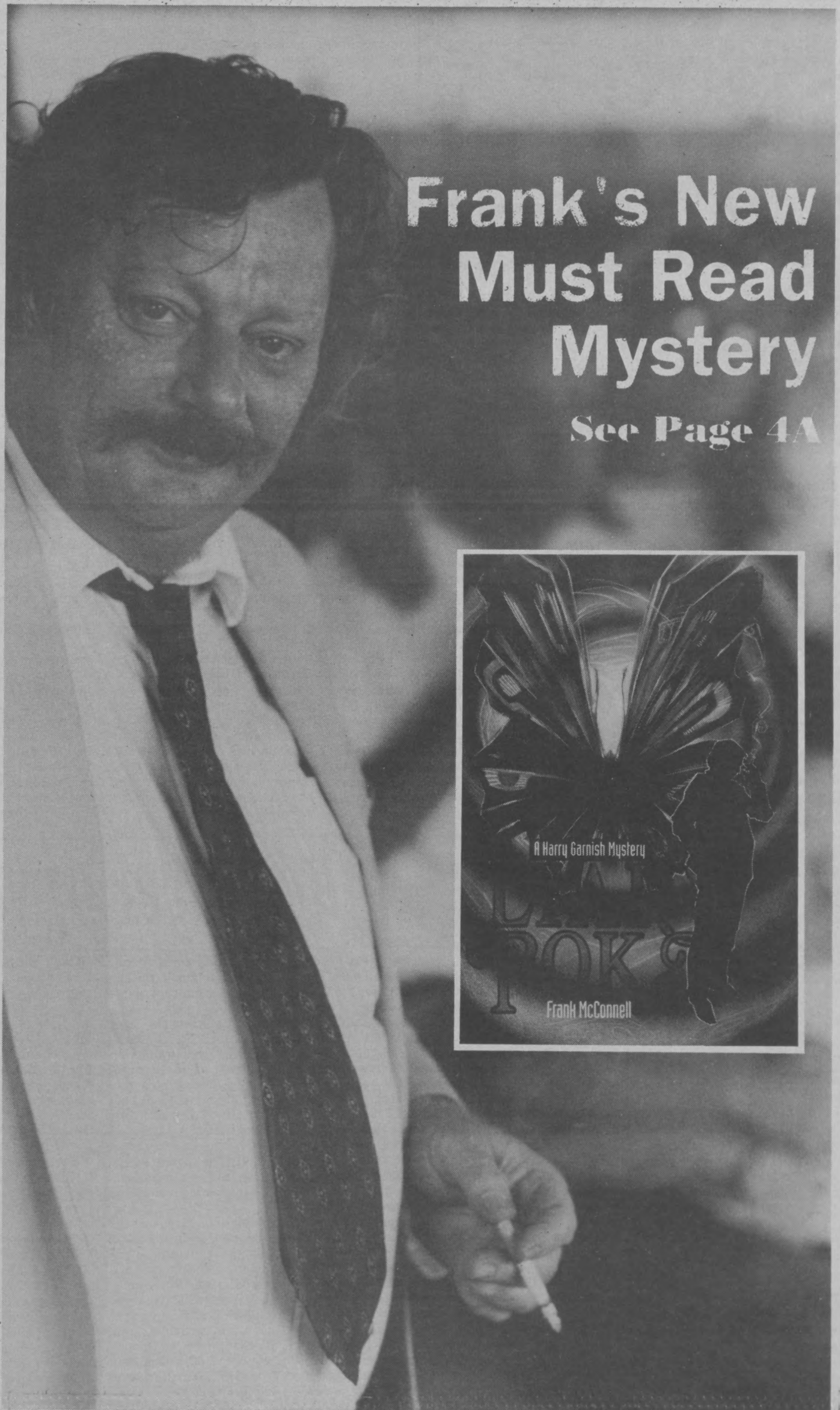
• **Saturday.** A trio called *Two Good Reasons*, who offer a neo-folk original sound, play at the Green Dragon art cafe.

• **Sunday.** The mystery writer Gail Petersen is reading and signing her new vampire book *Making of a Monster* at 3 p.m. in the Earthling Bookshop. Also a cast of Dolphin Dancers of the Santa Ynez Indian Reservation will share traditional Chumash songs, dances, music and stories of their rich cultural legacy at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, at 2 p.m.

• **Monday.** The Music Academy of the West is hosting cello, piano and string chamber performances throughout the day, in their spacious Montecito Mansion.

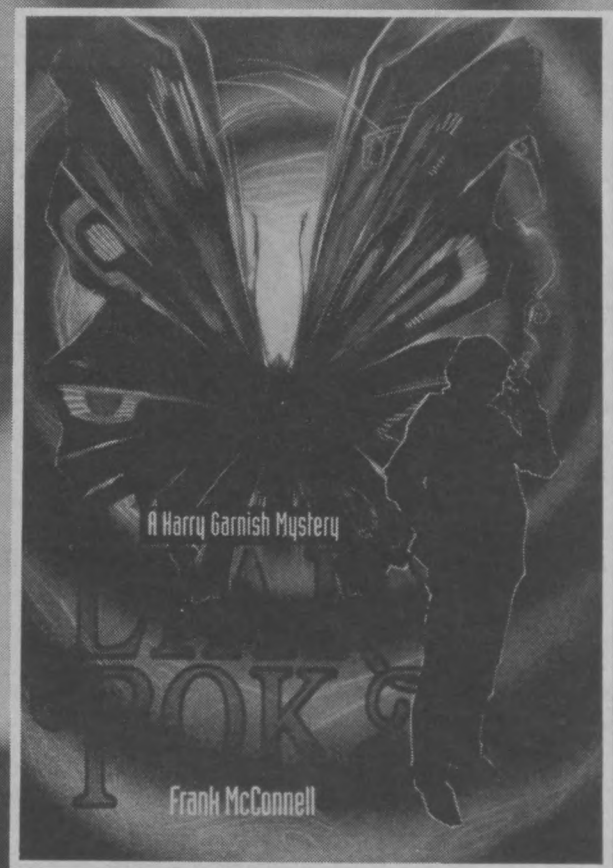
• **Tuesday.** A gallery tour at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, "Reflections of life in Antiquity: Greek Vases," will prove to be revealing. Also, the Wedding band will take requests at Toe's Tavern. Get hitched.

• To get your gig, exhibit, reception or opening listed in "Places To Go", fax your press releases to Artsweek at 893-3905, phone at 893-2691, or just write.



Frank's New Must Read Mystery

See Page 4A



The Poppy Field

By
Kevin
Carhart

I was just about to write a column on God Knows What when the mail arrived. My copy of the Rhode Island fanzine *Burning the Midnight Firefly* #2 had finally shown up, and it came with a 70-minute compilation cassette, *The Moderna Wunda Major All-Automatic Convenience Centerette!* Looks like my exposé on the Magic Lanterns and the Lemon Pipers will have to wait.

The 'zine, book-shaped and roughly the size of a Beta video cassette, arrived in a Ziploc bag with a corner full of glitter stars and circles—a good sign! Among the music, which Keith D'Arcy writes about in colorful detail, most of which I've never heard of, and most of which sounds really fantastic, are Japanese bands The Nelories and Jzaccato 5, The Idea, Richmond Records, él Records, Jessica Griffin, Deux Filles and John Cunningham. Aside from the UK and the USA, he seems to concentrate on France and Japan.

He profiles the actress Hayley Mills, known for the Disney classic *The Parent Trap*, and the French film star Alain Delon, brought on by the song "Hair Like Alain Delon," by the band White Town, which appeared on the SpinART compilation CD *One Last Kiss*. (Like I haven't raved about that thing enough!)

There's a tone to this thing that I can't get across in words. His points of reference include the Monochrome Set, the Go-Betweens, Japanese bands like Flipper's Guitar, and Creation records artists like Emily and Momus. There's a sort of affection to it, an enthusiastic ornamentation, with flowery, elaborate language and a shameless synthesis of lots of fun elements. I think maybe it's a European tendency that the USA has learned to shun. Or maybe it's an East Coast thing—there's an awful lot of good stuff coming out of Rhode Island.

A dozen new outlets of sight-unseen amazement to take an educated guess on would be amazing enough, but the compilation cassette is why I sent off for this in the first place. I don't think I would be too happy with all this indulgent writing if the music didn't give it all a core sensation that there's something real going on. The cassette is excellent! Sampled clips of cartoons, movies and other sources alternate with 17 excellent tracks. The Red Sleeping Beauty track "Yesterday's Lies" is a great opener which sounds a bit like Heavenly, Melody Dog or Flying Saucer with their shimmering vocals. Our American Cousins entry is an upbeat smasher—a little more mellow than the others I've heard by them, but with plenty of energy. "Sugar-puff" by The Besotted is drawn out and lazy, but it doesn't damage the track. It sounds a bit like the Pastels' cover of the Stone Poneys' "Different Drum." According to Keith, they're going to take a "louder" approach and rename themselves Scd-E-Ment.

The Waking Hours produce some nice harmonies on their track "Tragedy." The group Kennedy present a brief track, "And Finally Stanley," based around a winding string section and an acoustic guitar. The Halo Bit is a side project of Small Factory bassist Alex Kemp. Their track, "Kiss for the One," is a great pop song with a less manic pace than Small Factory.

A dialogue in Japanese precedes the Goldenrods' track "Cirque D'Amour." (I don't know what they're saying.) The French vocals on the track are quiet and unassuming. The short Cat's Miaow track, "Ice Cream," is sort of a folksy lullaby with vocals that aren't mixed very high. Speaking voices with strong English accents follow.

Side two opens with a jokey conversation with Woody Allen, about his spy comedy film *What's Up, Tiger Lily*. The first track is the upbeat "Trampoline," by Tree Fort Angst, whom I had heard nothing of since their song "You Should've Seen the One That Got Away," on *One Last Kiss* last year.

Glo-Worm, Keith writes, is Terry and Pam Berry from Black Tambourine, one of the early crop of great Slumberland Records bands with amazing tunes up their sleeves. "Tilt-a-Whirl" is a sad track. "Distant Sunday," by Rhode Island band Johanna's House of Glamour, features one of the more prominent drumbeats on the tape and strong vocals by Laura Darrow.

The vocals in the featured Lorelei song, "Probe," as in others, are fuzzed into indistinct washes, which does not detract from their beauty. Next to Our American Cousins track, the jigsaws' "Solid Ground" is the most rock-oriented, which works very well with all the soft sounds elsewhere on the compilation. Driving guitars and drums give it a powerful character. The Bomb Pops track, "Plastic Toy Gun," does become a bit repetitive, as they sing "you say you want to be plastic toy gun" over and over. It improves when the refrain does let up, with vocals against a rippling background.

Keith writes that the band Santhe has become Frantic Spiders. Their track "Antoria" begins with a woman singing opera. It turns into an acoustic, understated gem.

It might be banjos that dominate the Kitchen Cynics' "Skin Deep." I'm not sure, but this, combined with some lovely vocals in Scottish accents, a faint hiss of a beat, and what sounds like an extremely distant tin whistle make for an outstanding, soft track.

Just word that the tape would include the final song, an unreleased Small Factory tune called "Hopefully," was enough to make me want to track it down. The flip-pant vocals, the harmonizing and the pacing make a winning tune to close out a winning collection.

In cookie terms, this cassette is a Circus Animal. Info on any of the above is available upon request.

Invasion of The French Flicks

"Tous" enthralled in the beauty of sound
"Coeur" tells it how it is... Damn straight!

When I first sat down to see *Tous les matins du monde* I posed some questions: Could a subtitled French movie about classical Baroque viola composers really keep my attention? Would it have silly characters and fun music like *Amadeus*?

Like most non-Hollywood films *Tous* contained no jokes, fights, car crashes or explosions. But more importantly, the movie did prove interesting and fascinating.

The film is based on the novel of the same name by Pascal Quignarda, which translates to "All the Mornings of the World." While I've only seen two movies about classical music, this is definitely the most beautiful.

Tous is set in 17th century France, unfolding in the mind of the Baroque composer Marin Marais, played by Gerard Depardieu (*Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Green Card*), as he reflects upon his life. This reflection, the majority of the film, portrays the tragic love-hate relationship between a younger Marais, played by Depardieu's son, and his mentor Monsieur de Sainte Colombe, played by Jean-



Guillaume Depardieu and Anne Brochet: A Moment

Pierre Marielle. The film opens with Marais, the elderly protagonist, telling his students of his young life with teacher/mentor Saint Colombe.

The story is simple: Teacher gives student a hard time, student falls in love with teacher's daughter, teacher gets mad and throws out student. The rest is a magnificent, emotional making-up of student and teacher.

Besides a rich plot, the film was aesthetically pleasing in other ways as well. Though I am not much of a classical music fan, I found the soundtrack captivating and beautiful. The scenes set in a French chateau were most impressive.

The lighting was another matter. Most of the film took place in the dark, aided merely by a reddish glow stemming from the fireplace. The solemn darkness helped reinforce Sainte Colombe's depression and loneliness, while helping to convey the realistic lack of bright light of the period. Though the director may have meant to create this atmosphere, it did make watching the movie more difficult.

Tous les matins du monde is a French combination of *Say Anything*, *Karate Kid* and *North Shore*. The beautiful soundtrack combined with an incredible setting and brilliant actors make this a delectable gem for both classical music lovers and foreign film fanatics.

Tous les Matins du Monde is playing in Campbell Hall, Thursday, July 22, at 8 p.m.

—David Potter

How does a scandalous tale of friendship, romance and deception sound? No, this is not your college biography, this is Claude Sautet's compelling new film *Un Coeur en Hiver* now showing at the Riviera Theatre.

Did I mention betrayal? Oh yes, you must see the story of these three characters. Maxime (Andrée Dussolier) is the owner of an elite violin repair shop in Paris and Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) is his trusted partner, but not for long. Their friendship is disrupted when Stéphane sets out to seduce Camille, a beautiful violinist whom Maxime has just fallen in love with and left his wife for.

Stéphane invades Camille's thoughts and makes her believe that she is in love with him. She feels a passion for him that previously she had only felt for her music. He holds a power over her that Maxime cannot match, but as soon as she surrenders herself to him he coldly steps away.

It is Stéphane's stoicism and unrelenting silence that is so disturbing. Sautet based Stéphane's character on one from Lermontov's "A Hero of Our Time," a character that he says, "isolates himself in the comfort of denying emotions."

Un Coeur en Hiver translated means "a heart in winter."

Stéphane, in the process of excluding his pain, has also managed to deny himself pleasure. It is the rich contrast of Camille's passion and Stéphane's lack of it that



Andrée Dussolier: Alone With a Thought

makes this film so enthralling.

The intense violin music parallels the feelings of the characters. "I was interested in the main character, in his destructive nature, but I had to find an environment for him," Sautet said. "Immediately, the world of musicians came to mind. There was so much potential for expression in the characters."

The music was so important that Sautet insisted Emmanuelle Béart learn to play the violin in order to become Camille. The music in the film is by Maurice Ravel and proves to be very difficult. When asked why such challenging pieces were chosen Sautet replied, "It just so happened that certain passages corresponded perfectly with the dramatic situation at hand."

Un Coeur en Hiver is a beautiful film that reveals truths about human nature—its passions and the pain of unveiling them. Go see it!

—Scarlet Praitt

The power of youth rules

Some say it's the dream of every red-blooded American boy—and even adult—to want to play in the Big Leagues, but for the Chicago Cubs? The concept of fulfilling this dream is the plot of what just might become the biggest family hit of the summer, *Rookie of the Year*.

Actor Daniel Stern (*Home Alone*, *City Slickers*) makes his directing debut with this fantasy formula film that asks, "What would it be like to wake up one morning and be able to play Major League Baseball?"

Young Henry Rowengardner (Thomas Ian Nicolas) is your typical clutzy preteen who just loves the game. Unfortunately, the game is not too fond of him. An over-anxious desire to succeed leads Henry to make every error imaginable with a simple fly ball and later to trip up on "the ol' cowhide" while attempting to shag a pop-up at school, leaving him laid up for most of summer vacation with a broken arm.

When Henry returns to the doctor to have his cast removed, a remarkable thing has happened: The tendons in his arm have healed rather stiff, giving him the ability to throw a blazing fastball. Coupled with the pitching accuracy he demonstrated earlier by nailing the strike zone on a front-loading washer with a detergent disc, Henry is now ready to enter the fantasy portion of this picture.

He is first spotted by the Cubs while participating in the Wrigley Field tradition of "throwing back" an opposing team's home run ball. Where most "Cubby Fans" can barely get the ball back into the outfield, Henry throws a sizzling bean ball more than 400 feet back to the Cubs' catcher. This causes announcer Cliff Murdock (John

Candy) to broadcast, "I just figured out why the Cubs lose so much—they have more talent in the stands than they have on the field."

The rest of the film is filled with a series of fantasy-type subplots. Henry, who has no father, is taught all about life by an aging Cubs' pitcher, Chet Steadman (Gary Busey), who has never had a family. His mother, Mary (Amy Morton), is given the opportunity to strike back at her demeaning and egocentric boyfriend Jack (Bruce Altman) without reprisal. And the Cubs, who haven't won the National League pennant since 1945 and the World Series since 1908, might possibly go all the way. Note: See if you can spot the *Wizard of Oz* parody.

Stern, the director, did a marvelous job of providing the illusion that a few hundred extras are actually a capacity packed crowd of 35,000. If Stern, the actor, could have only done as good a job in his role as the film's disturbed pitching coach, Phil Brickma, then he would have really scored big.

But in all fairness, the failings of the Brickma character may have been the fault of writer Sam Harper. Harper put together a wonderful story that can be enjoyed by adults and children alike, but his character development is rather weak.

A final note, which is more of a question? What's up with John Candy having pivotal roles in Chicago-based comedies with absolutely no mention in the credits? If you know, give me a call and share the wealth. I certainly can't figure it out.

—Duke Conover

Whatever Sounds Good

The Dwarves
Anybody Out There
 Sub Pop

Not much to say here — typical DWARF-ish fare, meaning more grainy vocals, loud, obnoxious bass guitar and simple punk drum beats. The single sounds like it should have been on Blood, Guts & Pussy. The B-side doesn't even sound like the Dwarves — more like an EBS Sound Test meets Dead Can Dance. If this is any indication as to what Sugar Fix (the upcoming new album, which is supposedly available, but na-

DWARVES

ANYBODY OUT THERE

turally hard-to-find) sounds like, then fans will not be let down.

For the record, Hewhocannotbenamed is NOT dead; rather, he made up that story to avoid telling stories as to why he

wanted to leave the band. This is his official last recording. Now rumors have circulated that Sub Pop dropped the band because of this farce. Go figure. In the meantime, find this record and be offended.

—Ted Perez

KCSB

This Week's Top 34 Most Played

1. PJ Harvey
2. Bjork
3. Freestyle Fellowship
4. Clutch
5. Cockpit
6. Rev. Horton Heat
7. Fugazi
8. Da King & I
9. Diamond D
10. Alcohol Funnycar
11. The Fall
12. Rogue Cheddar
13. Trends of Culture
14. Catherine Wheel
15. DMX
16. Smashing Pumpkins
17. Cypress Hill
18. Alkaholics
19. Masta Ace
20. Ultramagnetic MCs
21. Huggybear/Bikini Kill
22. Jungle Brothers
23. KAM
24. Yall So Stupid
25. Run DMC
26. Tragedy
27. Hill Billy
28. Frankenstein
29. Ant Banks
30. Smut
31. Rauciel
32. Coup
33. His Name is Alive
34. Masters of Funk

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 Geffen Records

Various Artists
Sweet Relief
Thirsty Ear / Chaos

"Mmmmm Mmmnnhhh!"

—Tony Pierce

Björk's Worth A Listen, Or Two

Björk
Debut
 Elektra
 1/2

It's always a bad sign when that cool song you heard on the radio is track one on the album. By track two, it's over, and more times than not, everything tends to sound the same or just suck. You feel had. Placed deeper, even if things aren't opening great, you still have something to look forward to.

"Human Behavior" opens ex-Sugarcube Björk's debut solo album *Debut*. Björk is one of those Madonna, Prince, Edge-like things.

"Human Behavior" is a cool song. And the video is cool, too. Stuffed animals storm through some jungle-like set. Sort of eerie, but it makes you want the record. Unfortunately, most of the songs sound like bad versions of the opening track. Same beat, same tempo, same voice. Björk's babyish vocals are at first very attractive, but an hour of them can drive an entire ecosystem to mass suicide.

A couple of the 11 tracks attempt a jazzy style, somewhat akin to Europe's current thriving wave of acid jazz, but even these are disappointing.

If you've heard "Human Behavior" on the radio, or seen the video, and like it, just keep on liking it. Think of it as a single. The album doesn't exist.

—Morgan Freeman



Björk

Over The Bridge

Coneheads Soundtrack
 Warner Bros.
 **

The first star is for The Red Hot Chili Peppers' contribution to this shitty soundtrack. "Soul to Squeeze" kicks butt, even if it sounds a little under-the-bridge-ish. Unfortunately, people you don't like are going to pick it up and start singing it and talking about it and then you'll start saying it sucks. Don't let them get to you. They aren't worth it.

The other star is for new songs by R.E.M. and Digable Planets, and maybe the original versions of Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" and Paul Simon's "Kodachrome." Other than that, it's a disc-like piece of shit. R.E.M.'s "It's A Free World Baby" does use the word "baby" in the title, but it is R.E.M. Even if it sucks, it's still sort of OK. Oh, the k.d. Lang track's all right, too.

—Morgan Freeman

REBEL SPIRIT

The Sounds of Lucky Dube

Hail, the King of African reggae royalty, Lucky Dube, will be descending upon Santa Barbara. While just last week Burning Spear rocked the area, local reggae enthusiasts are already bracing themselves for what will undoubtedly be another great performance.

After recently releasing *Victims*, Dube is now touring the world with his 12-piece South African band "The Slaves," which includes three female backup singers.

While many reggae stars like Marley and Tosh have



Lucky Dube

been quite popular in Africa, Lucky Dube is their first home-grown reggae success. Even more impressive is his appeal to both Blacks and whites in South Africa, the most overtly racist country in the world.

One of the chief reasons why Dube has been dubbed "Africa's Peter Tosh" is his fine range of vocal ability. His rich, buttery voice, capable of soaring through three octaves, slips effortlessly from a Peter Tosh-like midrange to shades of Smokey Robinson highs. Couple his full, seductive tenor with a rich, melodic writing style, and an anthem-like sound is created whose throbbing is hard to resist.

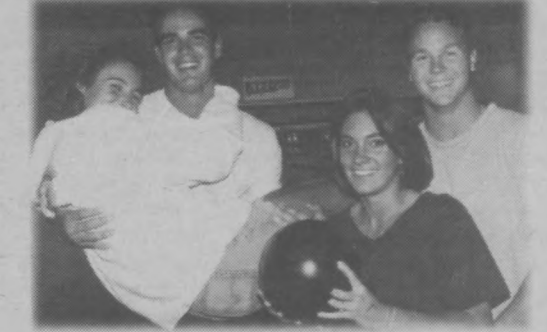
While fans agree his musical abilities are profound, his political stance is widely lauded as being a potent representative of international Black liberation.

The title track "Victims," for example, invokes Bob Marley's lugubrious "Redemption Song." Here Dube points out the hypocrisies in African tribalist nationalism: "Bob Marley said/How Long shall they kill our prophets/while we stand aside and look/But little did he know that/eventually the enemy will stand aside and look/while we slash and kill our own brothers."

While the South African government has tried hard to censor this new herald of Black liberation, Dube has been able to continue performing — very much so because of his tremendous international success and support. Don't miss this opportunity to abet this agent of peace and unity.

Catch Dube in Victoria Hall, Wednesday, July 28, at 8 p.m.

—Martin Boer



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Frank McConnell: The Fine Man Behind Harry

an interview with the writer himself by martin boer

It's midday, and an English professor is holding his office hours at Isla Vista's Time Out Pizza. In between ashing a Viceroy cigarette and taking a swig of Lowie Dark, Frank McConnell asks a dozen-or-so students, "What do you get if you cross a used car salesman and a deconstructionist?"

"I don't know, what?" the students eagerly reply back. Frank's attention drifts. Someone just set a new pitcher of Lowenbrau on the table, generously spilling over the top. "I'll tell you," he smiles. "An offer you can't understand!"

One of the most popular and entertaining professors at UCSB, McConnell enjoys discussing the ins-and-outs of *Spinal Tap* to the shades of reality within the work of Thomas Pynchon with able conversationalists. But he still finds time to write — not the usual deconstructionist academic droll, the MLA fancies, but real words about real people.

His most recent novel, *Liar's Poker*, published by Walker Mystery, is the fourth novel in his Harry Garnish/Sister Bridget O'Toole detective series. *Artsweek* met with the professor over a couple of Lowies during his office hours last Tuesday. What follows is an abridged transcript.

Artsweek: Your latest book is titled *Liar's Poker*, which is a betting game about bluffing. How does that concept fit into the book?

McConnell: It's just a metaphor. Halfway through the book I realized that everybody is running a game on somebody else, and nobody in the book is being really forthright about what they like, what they are and who they are, so it's like liar's poker. Everybody is bluffing.

AW: Is not bluffing, bluffing?

McConnell: Well, if everyone is bluffing it gets hard to tell when you're not bluffing, and when you're telling the truth that's a kind of bluff, too. And when I realized that was the title, games started running through the whole book.

AW: Is this a book someone would understand without having to have read the first books in the series?

McConnell: Oh, sure, the whole point of a detective series is that the basic situation has to be made clear in every book. What I'm trying to do, from my mouth to God's ear, is to do a whole series of Harry Garnish/Bridget O'Toole mysteries. The basic situation is always explained at least in the second chapter, so you don't have to have read the previous works. All detective writers do that. The basic situation is always clarified very early in the book.

AW: Do you think there are limitations to working within a series?

McConnell: Some of the limitations are that you're obviously not doing anything else. My agent at this point really wants me to do something different next time. He wants me to write a straightforward thriller, not a private eye novel — for the very simple reason that thrillers seem to be selling much better now than private eye books. Ten years ago they were selling well, now not so much, due to complicated reasons. And I'm thinking about whether I want to do a thriller and sort of leave the Harry Garnish series alone for awhile. The financial advantage of it is, if you do a series, and it gets picked up, and enough people like the character, they keep coming back, because a series is always predictable, and you've got a guaranteed income. And the other advantage for me, which is more than the financial because I have a



LESA SHIBER/ATT/Daily Nexus

McConnell, the writer, posing reflection.

daytime job already, is that I love writing Harry, and I love writing Harry's language because he writes like I do. He's easy to write, and he's funny.

AW: Is he from Chicago?

McConnell: He is from Chicago. Harry Garnish is a chain-smoking, hard-drinking, foul-mouthed Chicago Catholic. I don't know where the fuck I got the idea for this guy. He just came to me one day, out of nowhere.

AW: What are the advantages about remaining within a series?

McConnell: Because I love the series, I love the characters, I love Chicago. There are actually three main characters in the book, Harry, Bridget and the city of Chicago. And I like the idea of writing series. I've been reading detective fiction since I was 10 years old, and I love serious detectives. I really don't write for plot; I write for characters. The series allows you to go around to different bit players.

AW: Your last book had weird porno stars, prisoners,

etc. Colorful, but ephemeral.

McConnell: Basically I meet a lot of weird characters, and I like to put them all in my books.

AW: So the characters in your books are based on people you know?

McConnell: Absolutely, almost all of them, sometimes with their real names, sometimes not. The biker in the Frog King, Cato, he really grew. He was supposed to be there for one chapter, but I liked him so much that he stayed throughout the whole book. Cato is a guy I met in jail. Maybe the composite of a couple guys I met in jail. I like putting my friends' names in books.

AW: As a writer and an academic, do you think writing courses can teach writing? Do you think students are learning, or is college getting in the way of their education?

McConnell: I wrote my first novel when I was 40 years old. I think if I hadn't gone to graduate school I would have written my first novel much earlier, to be honest with you. That doesn't mean I think graduate school is a mistake, because I am also a literary critic. That is part of my life too; I have written other books besides the novels. But I would have written fiction much earlier if it hadn't been for graduate school, because one thing graduate school does is sort of discourage you from writing.

I have friends who teach creative writing, some dear friends. I have never taken one, and I have never taught one. My assumption is it can help, but if you're gonna be a writer, you're gonna be a writer. If you really wanna write, you're gonna do it. It's not so much a matter of plot or structure, it's really more a matter of working up the nerve. How do you teach that? I don't think you can.

John Gardner once said to me, "A writer writes — that's what he does." I believe it.

AW: What happened to rock 'n' roll?

McConnell: Too much money. And also an absolute disassociation between the performers and the fans. The reason it's dead is that somehow the business got so complicated that the performers became absolutely product. It's all come down to excess. Plus, who the hell is any good? I don't see any talent. Maybe I'm an old fart, but I haven't heard a goddamn thing since Bruce Springsteen.

AW: Has the idea of rock 'n' roll maybe moved to film, writing or science?

McConnell: I haven't the slightest idea. Rock 'n' roll died about as many times as Dracula. I'm just waiting for the next Springsteen to come along, and it will be authentic again. I think a lot of what happened is the fuckin' Bush-Reagan years, which changed the whole shape of American life.

Cheer on cyclist Sheri Wright as she begins her 69 day solo U.S. bike tour to raise money for the Santa Barbara Rape Crisis Center

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Punk's Due Influence

by Chris Dunlap

After first writing a seminal work *Lipstick Traces*, in which Greil Marcus placed the punk voice in the 20th century's "secret history" of anarchist protest, the author has now rereleased a series of punk reviews written from 1977-1992.

Taking material from *Rolling Stone*, the *Village Voice* and *ArtForum* on such bands as the Sex Pistols, the Clash, Gang of Four, Essential Logic, and Bikini Kill, *Ranters and Crowd Pleasers* explores the relation of punk to pop culture in Margaret Thatcher's England and the USA of Ronald Reagan, "a man who simultaneously incarnated Mickey Mouse and Pinochet — The Great Cretinizer."

One of the more interesting highlights is an article from *New West*, written in 1980, entitled "Rock Death of the 1970s: A Sweepstakes." In it he creates a nearly exhaustive list of 70s rock 'n' roll martyrs, ranked in ascending order according to three criteria: Past Contribution to rock, their hypothetical Future Contribution and their Manner of death. The scale starts with unsung heroes Miss Chrissie and Vinnie Taylor and ultimately reaches a peak with "greats" Jimi Hendrix and Ronnie Van Zant. Here are some of the winners and losers:

Rock Death	Pe	Fe	M	T
Miss Chrissie, age unknown, 1972, formerly of GTOs, Frank Zappa-backed groupie rock band, heroin.	1	0	1	2
Vinnie Taylor, 25, 1974, Sha Na Na guitarist, drugs...	1	1	1	3
Sid Vicious (John Ritchie), Sex Pistol bassist, heroin overdose*	5	1	1/10	7/16
Jimi Hendrix, 29, 1970, singer and guitarist, inhalation of vomit after use of sedatives, complicated by poor medical treatment.	10	10	5	25
Ronnie Van Zant, 28, 1977, Lynyrd Skynyrd lead vocalist, plane crash.	8	9	8	25

* Vicious' death is rumored to have resulted from a "hot shot," i.e., murder. Deduct nine M points for disbelief in this explanation.

Sid Vicious' death manner score indicates that drug overdoses were a 70s rock cliché and deserved very little credit. The biggest points awarded to manner of death are lauded on freak accidents, murder and fatal mishaps on stage.



Although this is a pretty formidable list, my roommate has pointed out that Marcus overlooked Bon Scott, rock 'n' roll icon of AC/DC. His style points for drug-induced vomit asphyxiation would be ameliorated by the fact that his death could not have happened if he weren't looking up at the stars when he passed out in the manner of a Romantic poet.

Another kooky article entitled "Born Dead" typifies the tone of the book by making the claim, "MTV is the pornography of semiotics." This is the distinct charm of Marcus' writing; he can elevate the semiotic criticism of academics like Jacques Derrida and Company to the height of the Dead Kennedys' "MTV Get Off the Air" and Mojo Nixon's "Martha Quinn."

Although he ignores crucial punk developments like the hard-core of Minor Threat, Bad Religion and Bad Brains, his reviews of English punk are amazingly intelligent and compelling.