

# ARTS WEEK

The Tao of Pooh Sticks ... 3A

The Vic bites the dust ... 6A

January 21 - January 27

## This Week's Bets

### today

•IN SEARCH OF THE HIP-HOP NATION: LANGUAGE AND SOCIAL REALITY, a lecture by Marcyliena Morgan; UCSB Multicultural Center, 4 p.m.

### friday

•INDIAN TALES, a series of visual narratives by Luiseno Indian performance artist James Luna; Center Stage Theater (Paseo Nuevo, Second Floor), 7:30 p.m.

### saturday

•SANTA BARBARA DANCE THEATRE will perform a program of six traditional dance pieces at the Music Academy of the West, 8 p.m.

### sunday

•ZENTROPA, surreal black and white thriller by Danish director Lars Von Trier; UCSB Campbell Hall, 7 p.m.

### monday

•CHITRA DIVAKARUNI will read her poetry which chronicles significant moments in the lives of South Asian women; UCSB Multicultural Center, noon

### tuesday

•CARRIE MAE WEEMS, photographer, will give the 7th Annual Abrams Lecture on Women and the Visual Arts; UCSB Main Theatre, 4 p.m.

### wednesday

•BALKAN AND GREEK FOLK DANCING, sponsored by SB Folkdance Club; Oak Park Dance Platform, 8 - 10 p.m.



Where's the Party? — In D.C.

(and on pages 4A and 5A)



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Friday, Jan. 22	Bill Fernberg 9-12pm
Saturday, Jan. 23	Swinging Tikis 9-12pm
Sunday, Jan. 24	Late Night Happy Hour
Monday, Jan. 25	Regular Stuff
Tuesday, Jan. 26	John Lyle 9-12pm
Wednesday, Jan. 27	Marv Green 9-12pm

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film reviews

**Tears Highly Recommended**

Who knows the secrets of the human heart? *The Crying Game*, a British film written and directed by Neil Jordan, does, and reveals them through an exploration of human nature coupled with unavoidable actions dictated by that nature.

This review may sound evasive, but only because it would be wrong to divulge any major plot points or even any character traits. As it is in a person's nature to behave a certain way, it is in this film's nature to differ from all movies made prior. *The Crying Game*, independently made for a paltry \$5 million, follows no formula, is in no way predictable, and is therefore completely refreshing and ultimately fabulous.

If only this review came with a soundtrack, perhaps the general ambiance could be recreated — the alternate reality, that other time and place feeling which this film projects. And then again, maybe not. *The Crying Game* is pure excellence, a high point in the art of filmmaking, wherein every element — acting, cinematography, music, directing — is enhanced by the other.

The brilliant acting in this perfectly cast film is led by Forest Whitaker as a Black British soldier. His nemesis is Fergus, a member of the Irish Republican Army, played with a gentle subtlety by Stephen Rea.



Miranda Richardson plays a terrorist in Neil Jordan's must-see, *The Crying Game*.

Adrian Dunbar, last seen in the superb Irish film, *Hear My Song*, is perfectly cast in a supporting role where he capitalizes on his ability to play an irrational jerk.

The music is an important and enjoyable part of the film. Several versions of "The Crying Game" are sung, one by the character Dil, and another, interestingly enough, by Boy George. Many of the songs are from the '50s which initially causes confusion as to when the film takes place. While it does take

place in the present, it actually speaks the message of all times.

Though not always aesthetically easy to digest — there are several violent scenes — *The Crying Game* offers beautiful insights into the notion that life is ironically simple. This idea is explored through the characters' heartfelt secrets, which are difficult to deal with, but understandable. Life is full of love, turmoil, hatred and intrigue, but a man simply must follow his nature.

*The Crying Game* points out the importance of stories. It is in itself an important story. Every discussion-loving, or just plain loving person should see it. No, everyone should see it.

Like a sleepy child at bedtime begging for "just one more story, please," you will want to hear more after seeing this movie. But, like the child, you'll have exhausted all of your energy just thinking about the things you've already learned.

—Allison Dunn

**Scent of a Damn Good Actor**

Al Pacino is a writer's actor. He is a director's actor. He is an actor's actor. He is the kind of performer who makes good material great, plain direction smart and average actors brilliant.

Pacino's intense, New York back-alley theater style has been on the screen for over 20 years, and he has established a film persona that rivals only Robert De Niro and Gene Hackman for sheer consistency. Doubt it? Check out his performances over the years, from the great films (*The Godfather*, *The Godfather Part II*, *Dog Day Afternoon*), to the average (*Scarface* and *Godfather Part III*), and even the horrid (*Revolution and Author! Author!*). Pacino's body of work is like a contemporary Hall of Fame of film.

His latest is *Scent of a Woman*, a very-1993 drama which boasts Pacino in the kind of made-for-Oscar,

character-with-a-disability performance that would make his fans puke if he weren't so terrific in the role.

It's one of the actor's best, if any contemporary performance can equal his classic roles like Frank Serpico and Michael Corleone. The 1970s Pacino tainted each of his characters with parts of his own identity. Each were young, cocky and brooding. This is a new Pacino, of the middle-aged set, whose gray streaks of hair and wrinkled forehead turn a character's wild rage into seasoned anger.

In *Scent*, he is retired Lt. Colonel Frank Slade, whose family hires a young prep school lad (Chris O'Donnell) to watch over him for the Thanksgiving weekend. It is not as easy a task as it may seem. The colonel is blind,

See SCENT, p.7A

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I LOVE THE CULTURE OF VICTIMHOOD.

## music reviews

## Oh, Pooh!

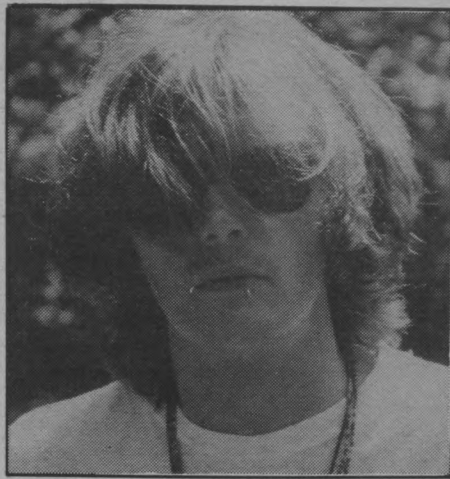
Pooh Sticks  
*Million Seller*  
 Zoo Entertainment  
 ☆☆☆☆

Here we are, only three weeks into January, and we already have the best album of the year. *Million Seller*, the latest sparkling gem from the Welsh Beatles, the Pooh Sticks, is a work of such intense brilliance and ironic genius it can be considered the speech of angels. At last, conclusive proof that there is such a thing as perfect art.

One of the most important things we can learn from *Million Seller* is that the sincerest form of flattery is not imitation, but rather, flagrant, glaring theft. The Pooh Sticks are not influenced by other bands; they are entirely convinced. Every note, chord change and hook has been marinated in detailed and well-thought-out love of the one-hit bubblegum bands of the early '70s.

The result is a soaring masterpiece of plagiarized invention and stolen inspiration that ranks among the best albums of all time. Buoyant, scintillating, a breeze so fresh... Big irony: They stole it and yet they own it completely, entirely, fiercely. They cram more irony into a simple drum fill than Spinal Tap did in their entire last album. What we have here is mobius strip pop self-reflection of the first division. It is a bruising pop vision of mercy and danger, the real Operation Restore Hope. It is something you may not want to hold in your hand, for fear you might die from naked joy.

The album radiates and rides rainbows; Hue, the band's lead singer, can sum up the history of rock and roll lyrics in a single, devastating, "Hey." He casts off the darkness of '90s doubt and anger and draws you into himself and his mind. Indeed, Hue puts the "u" in "He." And so he's the last fearless melody man, romping in your sweet fields. You remember important things you haven't thought about in years. This is no angst for the masses. No suicide, no deranged sex — just playful, clear-conscience lust and energy. Yet *Million Seller* shuns the hippy and the dippy. It's a youthful celebration of melody, groove and hook, and I will say that these fellas know a hook from a



handsaw. The guitars howl with sheen, melodies and harmonies burst out in every direction like roman candles on a dance floor. And it only takes about 30 listens before you *really* appreciate it. It's either see the dentist twice a year or it's the Pooh Sticks, baby; tell 'em that.

The album opens with a heartfelt exploration into the harsh realities of rock superstardom. Yeah. The absurdity of applying this theme to the Pooh Sticks is not lost on anyone who has heard the Pooh Sticks. Most people who have heard them say, and I quote, "They stink." But — and here is where the "perfect art" bit comes in — the Pooh Sticks concept is constructed so that you are not allowed to really think that. Giving in with the all-too-easy "they stink" is the musical equivalent of falling down because you tripped. You bet "they stink" — now let's move on to the more vital issues. The Pooh Sticks' greatest and most triumphant irony is that they've taken ultra-sweet and catchy candy, sung about it with superstar braggadocio and, yet, all they have created is some of the least popular music in the world. Stand down, Warhol.

Finally, *Million Seller* dashes any fears you had about raising children in a world without hope. It's either some stupid zen thing or it's the Pooh Sticks, baby; tell 'em that. Whatever. Restoration for the Recovery Revolution. Irony-heads, trade in your disco bellbottoms. Polly and Esther, it's time to play hardball with the big boys. And it's the perfect gift for your little sister if you intend to alienate her and have her think you're stupid, crass and petty. This album is the last day of the sixth grade.  
 —J. Christaan Whalen

## Dre Is No Crack Factory

Dr. Dre  
*The Chronic*  
 Interscope Records  
 ☆☆☆

As hip-hop simultaneously becomes more progressive while achieving more and more popularity (read: mainstream), it's clear that two sub-genres of the music are rapidly emerging. The first is the progressive, less commercially viable group, where lyrical, topical and musical boundaries are expanded. This type of hip-hop — represented by groups like L.O.N.S., Freestyle Fellowship, Organized Konfusion and the Pharcyde — is usually only truly appreciated by the underground core of hip-hop junkies.

The other side of the spectrum is the mainstream, "platinum sales out of the box" group, where not much new or original is recorded in any respect (overused beats, loops and samples, hackneyed lyrics and topics, etc.) Despite its redundancy, this subgenre is still popular because it fits the general view of what hip-hop is supposed to be. The Geto Boys, N2 Deep, and this week's topic of discussion, Dr. Dre, fit this category.

I'd been told by a number of people

that the new Dr. Dre record was doper than a crack fiend in a chemical lab, but after listening to it, I must beg to differ. The album, entitled *The Chronic* is yet another average gangsta hip-hop record that talks about the same ole shit: bitches, hoes, shooting people and the word "fuck."

There are several main problems with the record. First, knowing that Dre physically assaults women and brazenly brags about it, it should come as no surprise that this record is full of blatant sexism. (I'll give a dollar to the first male gangsta rapper that does an entire album without being sexist.) Second, Dre isn't exactly the best rhymers in the world. Both his flow and content are weak and rehashed. Finally, Dre relies much too much on other rhymers to keep his record afloat. Side 1 uses Snoop Doggy Dogg on virtually every track, and three of side 2's eight tracks don't have Dre on them at all.

There are some good aspects to "The Chronic." It is well produced, most of the beats and music aren't samples, and there are some genuinely funny disses on Eazy-E, Luke and Tim Dog. This LP is OK, but overall it's a disappointment.

—P.E.A.C.E.



## You Want It All

Oh my God! Like, that band, you know, Faith No More, the one with the cute lead singer Mike something-or-other — I heard he's such an asshole... Um, so anyway, I hear they're playing at the Anaconda tonight. Like, they, like, put out that video with the fish, you know? Lots of people felt sorry for the fish, you know, like those animal rights groups and all, but I didn't. I eat them.

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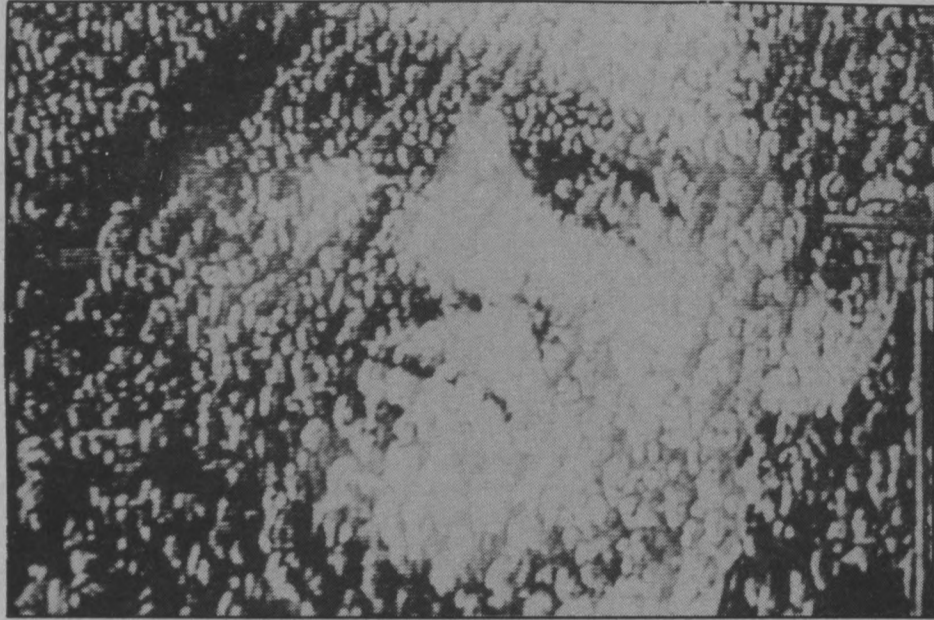
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# INAUGURAA

Essay:

Clinton's Slick Bash Suggests That Old Corporate Interests Have Begun Slithering Around the New Guard



GERRY MELENDEZ/Daily Nexus

Do Bill Clinton's interests reflect those of the masses, as he would have us believe, or is he just another Ivy League cutout with his head in the corporate clouds?

As the short-lived Reagan Revolution came to an end with the sound of thousands of Republican suitcases closing on their way out of town, a strange brew of fresh-faced baby boomers whooped it up in Washington to the strains of bad 1970s tunes and even worse television commentary.

In contrast to Reagan's inaugural, which Nancy Reagan engineered like a Hollywood gala at huge expense, the Clinton inaugural festivities are being viewed as a down-home affair, accessible to even the grubbiest of America's huddled masses. From his intimate chat with Mr. Rogers, to whom he confessed to throwing temper tantrums as a willful tot, to the newly renamed Hillary Rodham Clinton's cute sing-a-long with Kermit the Frog perched on her shoulder, the First Family has steeped itself in American popular culture as in a giant vat of sun tea.

The media, catering to the eighth grade mentality in all of us, has duly reported every detail of the Clinton mystique: the "soft, milky thigh" revealed by the president's jogging shorts, the wedding dress bought "straight off the rack" by Hillary the bride, as well as Socks the Cat, who we learned stayed behind in Little Rock to avoid those pre-inaugural White House jitters.

According to *USA Today*, the president enjoys chicken enchiladas, doughnuts and something called lemon chess pie, but he must avoid chocolate because he is allergic. "He's running four miles and running faster all the time," Tom Brokaw informed us from a position close to the Capitol.

The media's inexplicable seizure of the saxophone as the new totem of the Clinton presidency typifies all that is most embarrassing about American culture. The South gave us clogging, fundamentalist Christian snake dancing, Elvis and Lynard Skynard, and now our newest chief executive. But lest the Bubba facade mislead, Clinton's humble origins gave way to a politician whose patrician education coats him like so much Hush Puppie batter. (Hush Puppies are fried cornmeal balls to me and you.)

While the Clinton Inauguration is being publicized as a celebration of the common person's march on Washington, a look at who is footing the bill rather than who is fast-footing with Bill is in order. Corporate titans such as the American Bankers' Association, Boeing, Chevron, General Dynamics and Philip Morris cosponsored a December dinner in Clinton's honor. The theme of the banquet was "Celebrate the New Democrats." Something called an environmental gala was dominated by mining and petroleum industry lackeys who snatched up most of the tickets before ecology activists could get their hands on them.

While Clinton and Al Gore promised to shake up business as usual in D.C., and lessen the influence of nefarious capitalist pressure groups during the campaign, their reliance on corporate largesse to run the inaugural festivities points to more waffling than the syrupy kind served at star-studded breakfasts.

Although the lowbrow Americana being dished up this week has been slammed in the media for exemplifying all that is crass and tacky in this country, I'd rather listen to Elvis' worst live album for the next four years than see another corporation cynically manipulating its way around the capitol.

In light of the acres of forest land sacrificed for fodder for news articles on Hillary Clinton's dress size and

Socks the Cat's media savvy, the casual observer is tempted to ask, Who the hell cares already?

But deconstructing the wardrobes of our elected officials has recently become a boom industry among media flaks, who have just about run the "Place Called Hope" fable into the ground. Producing endless reams of trivia about the first family's musical and culinary tastes is always easier than tackling the serious issues facing the incoming administration. Who wants to spend hours combing through government documents when there are soirees featuring ribs and alligator sausages to review?

A visit to the television during Wednesday's inaugural hoopla provided a glimpse into the hungry journalistic frenzy that trailed the Clintons' every move. Television anchors informed their audience that Chelsea was named for the Joni Mitchell song, "Chelsea Morning," and Willard Scott declared, "The last time we were here we froze our weenies off."

Brokaw was a virtual Liz Smith of the political set, announcing that the \$250,000 presidential limousine is "done in tasteful tones of polished wood and blue." After Brokaw told on-the-scene correspondent Katie Couric that the limo is bulletproof and features a public address system, Couric exclaimed, "That's like James Bond, isn't it?" To which Brokaw replied with verve, "It's the incredible talking limousine."

No wonder people kept blocking the UCen's big screen T.V. to ask if we all wouldn't rather just watch *All My Children*.

From the thousands of miniature flags hastily dispensed to crowds on Pennsylvania Avenue before the Inaugural Parade began, to the flatbed trucks thoughtfully provided to journalists who perched on them cheerleader-like while leading the pres-

idential motorcade, the inaugural ceremonies were packaged and delivered to the American public, which devoured every detail with gusto.

Never mind the fact that only 15% of the tickets for bleacher seats on the parade route in this national be-in actually went to the American public.

Never one to dwell on unpleasanties, and obviously thinking that describing mundane details of an inauguration is women's work, Brokaw demanded a fashion commentary from Couric as the Clintons made their way on foot to the presidential reviewing stand. "Help us with what Mrs. Clinton is wearing," Brokaw said.

"Uh, she is wearing a hat as you can see, which completes her ensemble," Couric managed.

"Well done," Brokaw intoned.

Perhaps illustrating best the spirit of the baby boomers' move to the White House, NBC correspondent Tom Pettit stuck a microphone into the face of an 89-year-old Tennessee woman, and after asking her how she felt, said, "You're thankful that you're here and ALIVE, right?"

After the saxophone souvenir pins and Fleetwood Mac reunion paraphernalia is put away and forgotten, Bill Clinton will face questions arising from the discrepancy between his campaign promises and the reality of his rise to the presidency. If down-home cooking and the promise of an American reunion are not to become clichés as hollow as Bush's thousand points of light, Clinton must take steps toward real reform that put a priority on the people of this country, not the multinational corporations that have sought to buy him as they so cheaply bought his predecessors.

—Brooke Nelson



I'd rather listen to Elvis' worst live album for the next four years than see another corporation cynically manipulating its way around the capitol.

# GENERATION 1993

Review:

## Boomers Wouldn't Know Rock if It Hit 'em in the Face

Get a job at the car wash, Axl Rose. Pawn the turntables, Terminator X. Donate that Fender Stratocaster to the Centre for Troubled Youth, Kurt Cobain. If there's a rock 'n' roll canon — and this week's events in Washington give strong evidence that there is — then it's about time you guys and anybody else who isn't played by 24-hour classic rock stations resigned your *pop-kultur* icon status and understood the sad and demeaning truth.

The appalling musical fact is, MTV takes second stage from now on. You have been consigned to second-class status by the love-rock of the '70s. The reunion of Fleetwood Mac, the apotheosis of past-vintage Chuck Berry and the ascendance of post-human Michael Jackson all suggest one terrible maxim: As much as the Baby Boomers have come to control the new media (through "news" magazines), they are now in a position to assess and control pop culture.

And you're not it.

From the neo-stoned ramblings of *Rolling Stone* Editor Jann Wenner to MTV's own dirigible-headed hosts, we have heard this year's *coup d'état* heralded as a huge

victory for Youth. The key number to remember when calculating the rise of the next generation is 46. That's Bill Clinton's age. What we in the 13th Generation of Americans — the "twentysomethings," or "posties" (meaning post-Cold War, post-Vietnam, post-everything that counts as *important* in news magazines) — need to keep in mind is that, while the World War II GIs pass into retirement, we still have a president who doesn't have the slightest clue why men in their 20s ride skateboards and wear their baseball caps backward *a la* Spanky from *Our Gang*.

Hailing from a generation that has given us such social niceties as political correctness, "nonviolent conflict resolution" and feel-good anti-drug conditioning, the president has much reason to be suspected. Yesterday, he called on the "young people of America" to enter into a "season of service" to heal the nation's ills. And to make such profitless enterprises seem more palatable, he played pedestrian riffs on a tenor sax at the Arkansas Ball. He had Kenny Loggins sing back-up. He got Michael MacDonald, former Doobie Brothers flunkie, to play "Takin' It to the Streets."

What, exactly, will be taken to the streets? Ourselves, it would seem, armed with brooms, shovels and college degrees.

But, of course, that message was disguised as the coming of a "season of service" Wednesday night. It was backlit by poor '70s music. It made no mention of punk rock, which was, by most estimates, the most important musical message of that decade. But of course, Clinton came of political age in the sugar-satire days of Arlo Guthrie, when he and his Rhodes scholar buddies (but not their girlfriends, one should note) were still looking forward to a more prosperity that their parents had enjoyed. In other words, they would still be more bourgeois than the bourgeoisie they so despised.

Last night, Al Gore made a similar pitch on MTV's "Rock & Roll Inaugural Ball," asking such vacuous questions as, "Is there anyone here who is ready to help change the global environment?" He credited "young people" with swinging the election for the ticket of his generation, which somehow he seemed to interpret as our generation as well. He didn't choke on the MTV slogans "Choose or Lose" or "Rock the Vote." Ironically, it was his superior, Love Child Clinton, who has asked us to Choose him and Lose our chances for relative material comfort.

The both of them seemed to forget that it was not just the World War II generation that overstuffed landfills and relaxed regulations on the banking industry. It wasn't just the old guard that let polluting be profitable. By any standard, they — the Baby Boomers — occupied most of the government jobs. By any standard, they are to blame.

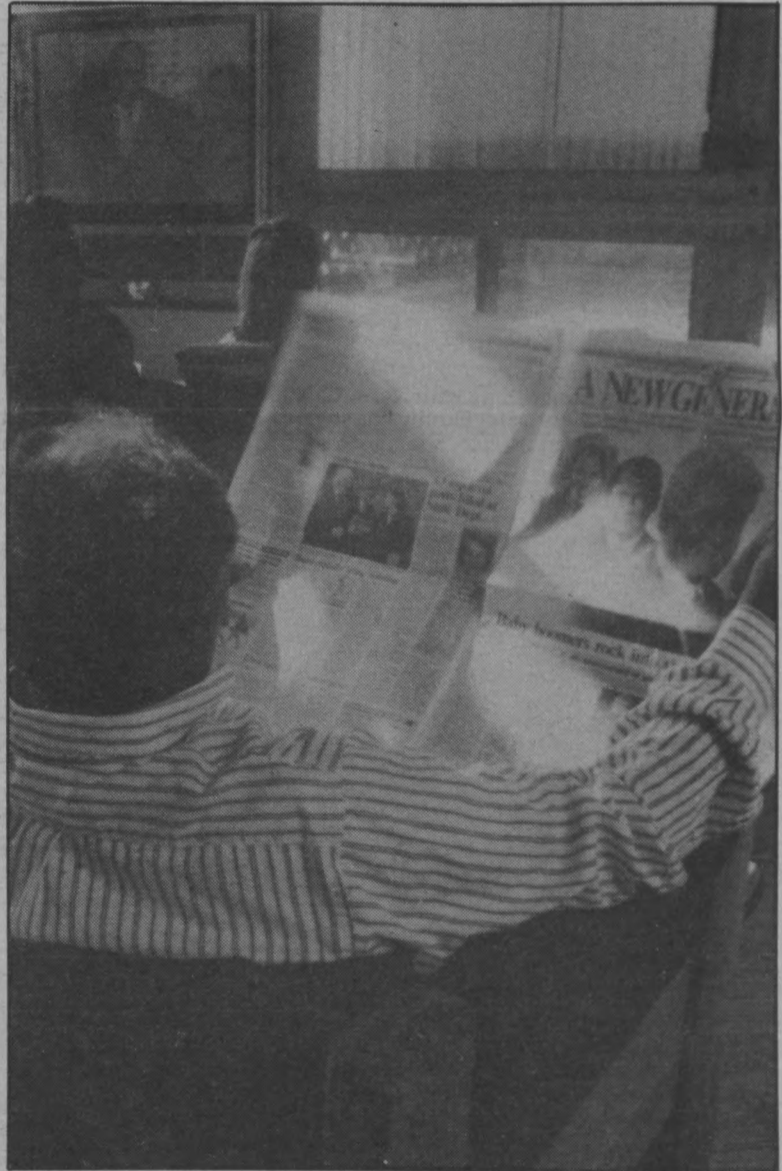
So what do we get? "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow."

Well, if you're anything like your peers, you can't stop thinking about tomorrow. That's when our parents' chickens will come home to roost, crapping liberally on the porch along the way. Tomorrow, for the college-educated 22-year-old, is the day when you'll be lucky to land a remotely rewarding job for anything close to a rewarding salary. While Clinton's generation was prom-

ised a median income higher than that of their parents, the numbers show that, for our own generation, tomorrow is the day when we make less, at dumber jobs, than our high-flung predecessors.

No wonder we developed, in this age of impeccable digital sound, the likes of Seattle grunge rock. No wonder we still ride skateboards well past legal drinking age. Ours is a pooper-scooper generation. One whose mightiest task will be plucking the withered fruits of a "season of service" which a wiser age would not have left us.

The inaugural festivities do not augur well for us. They suggest an age when the candidates endorsed by the Boomer-controlled major media will have come to rest in seats of legitimized political power. An age in which they can appear on MTV, whose reassuringly self-mocking voice was once a refuge from their sound-bite politicking and societal criticism. An age in which the idiot video-jockeys of MTV will swallow the empty lines that they drop off the pier of wealth. (It was indeed hard to watch Soul Asylum's lead singer say, just before he tripped and fell on his ass, "We're all here to usher in a



DAVID RUDDY/Daily Nexus

Bald patches, antiquated tastes, self-righteousness and a stranglehold on media interests: the Baby Boomers take control.

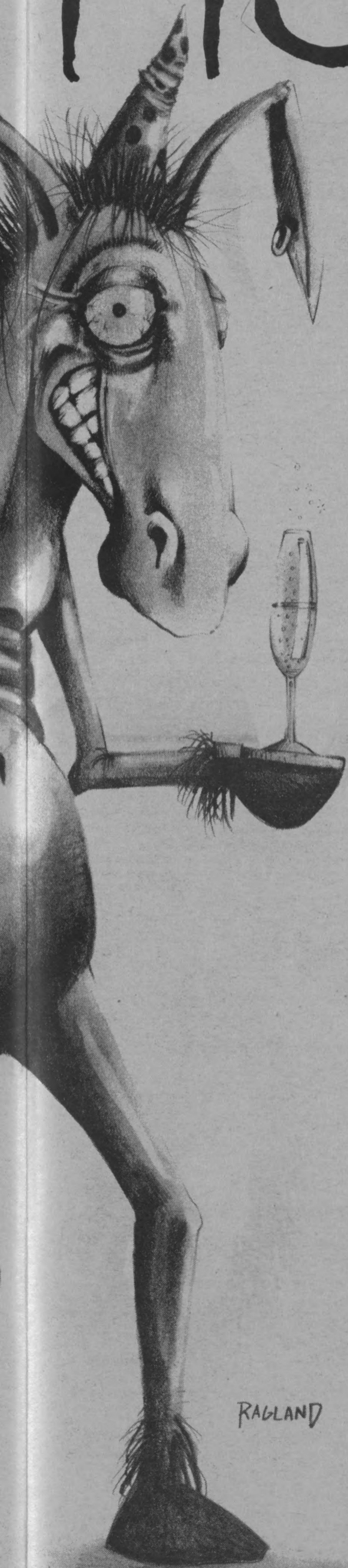
new kind of peace and understanding. In South Africa and Kuwait, or any of those places, let's make this country a caretaker and not a troublemaker.")

What should we hope for when *Newsweek* will agree with Bill Clinton that the insouciant racism of Axl Rose or Sister Souljah is a boldfaced crime against the brilliant white legacy of MLK? What can we expect of a generation, now inheriting the reins to the rickety carriage we ride in, that actually *believes* in Fleetwood Mac? What do we really think of a generation who would dispose of heroin addiction — and its semi-fashionable status — by simply designating rock stars a "bad influence"?

More than we expected from George Bush, to be fair. A man who embarrassed himself by vomiting the latest of chic antidepressants on the prime minister of Japan was certainly a blight. He built his reputation by bombing the Japanese, then ruined it 50 years later by hurling on them.

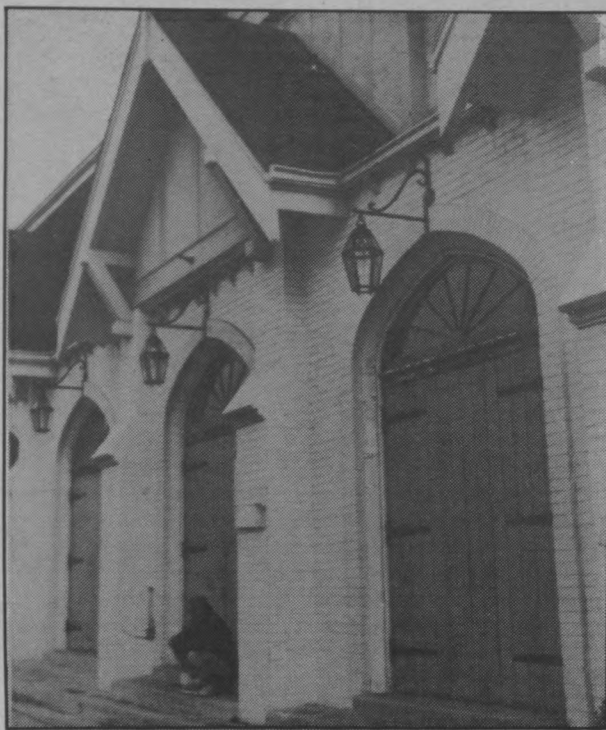
Obviously, we'd rather have a man who can hold his sushi. But the question remains: Do we really want a president who *eats* a lot of sushi?

—Charles Hornberger and Jason Ross



MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexus

# Negotiations Break Down, Vic Closes Down



RICK BESSEY/Daily Nexus

The Victoria Street Theatre, the only independent movie house in Santa Barbara, has closed its doors.

by Ted Mills

The screen came down — literally — at the Victoria Street Theater earlier this month when managers and friends tore down and hauled away film equipment from the well-known white building on the corner of Victoria and Chapala streets.

"It really broke my heart," said business manager Andrea Woodward with a melancholy smile. "The screen — that's where the magic happened."

But no amount of movie magic could stop economic reality. Negotiations between the theater's landlords and tenants broke down in mid-December. After 11 1/2 years of operation, 3 1/2 of those without a lease, the "Vic," as it was affectionately nicknamed, is no more. Fans of foreign, experimental, controversial and other non-mainstream films are still reeling from the shock of losing the only independent movie house in Santa Barbara.

The problems began when three nonprofit agencies who share the building with the Vic — Child Abuse Listening and Mediation, the Retired Seniors Volunteer Program and the Council of Christmas Cheer — got the go-ahead in November to begin a major remodeling effort costing over \$190,000. The main purpose of the renovations was to alter the movie-house seating arrangement, creating a space that could host not only films, but other events like wedding receptions and business seminars.

One of the major changes undertaken was the removal

of the front rows of seats, which were replaced by a sunken dance floor, a design similar in style to the Ventura Theater. It was this loss of seating that became the main point of contention in negotiations between theater managers and landlords.

According to Woodward, the plans called for a large concession stand in the lobby which would block off center aisle exits. In order to get this approved by the city and fire departments, the landlords asked Woodward to agree to a 10% rent increase and a 35% cut in the seating capacity.

At first, Woodward was willing to pay the price, despite the cut in capacity. "It was so out of line with what a movie theater usually pays, but we were willing to do it because we loved that space," she said.

But the loss of seats meant the loss of the ability to diversify. Woodward said she had hoped to include live concerts among the Vic's schedule of films, but the planned reduction in capacity would mean zero profits for music promoters.

When the economics of the situation became apparent, the Vic opted out. "We could have promised to pay that amount of money and we could have gone out of business slowly or very quickly," Woodward said.

Rory Rye, president of the Victoria Street Community House building managers committee, oversees the current remodeling and is the spokesman for the committee of landlords. His committee consists of two representatives from each of the three nonprofit agencies who own the building, and four community members, who vote collectively on the operation of the building.

Rye said the committee was forced to cut down the seating in the building because of zoning regulations. "The architects started on these plans a long time ago and they believed they'd end up with over 400 seats, only 50 or 75 less than what they had." However, the committee discovered that the Vic's current occupancy was over the legal limit. The only way to increase the legal capacity was to alter the front of the building, which would have cost more, and would have meant dealing with landmark building laws.

"The seating dropped to 299 only because that was the legal occupancy. We could have easily put more seats in here," Rye said.

While Woodward hopes to open an independent movie house at another location, the Vic is currently facing a \$25,000 debt. The Vic had no income for the six weeks of negotiations — during which they were evicted from the building — and now they are unable to reopen and recoup their losses.

Woodward faces a choice of either looking to the community for financial support, or selling off equipment to satisfy the debt. If the latter is the case, she said it is "very unlikely" that the Vic — in whatever new shape or form — will ever reappear.

Rye said that working out a lease with the Vic was essential for the planned remodeling, since only a tenant with a proper lease could financially handle vacating the building for three months or so. He went on to explain that the theatre managers were evicted from the building because the Vic had previously been operating on a month-to-month rental agreement; when the remodeling finally got underway, the committee was legally bound to send out a notice. The eviction notice was simply a formality, he said.

With the Vic in limbo, the community is left only a few places to see films outside the mainstream. Roman Baratiak, film and lecture manager of UCSB's Arts and Lectures, said that his department won't increase the number of alternative films shown on campus, but they may be able to acquire more premieres. If other theatres don't pick up such Vic mainstays, like the popular film festivals, he said, Arts and Lectures will try to acquire them. But, as usual, it will boil down to a matter of money.

The Riviera will also continue to show foreign films and their Sunday series of classics, but as for an independently owned theater, Santa Barbara now has a vacuum.

The Vic was opened in an empty church 11 1/2 years ago by Paul Arganbright, the theatre's managing general partner, who had previously set up film showings at Montessori School benefits for three years. The theater passed from one owner to another, and was finally sold to the three nonprofit groups in February, 1988. In July of that same year, the Vic signed a one-year lease and when that ran out the disagreements began.

The Victoria Street Community house is still interested in renting the space for showing films, but is uncertain until the remodeling is completed whether or not this will be its primary function. Whatever the building becomes, Rye claimed that the rental fee for the space will be one of the cheapest in town, and that a variety of organizations will benefit from the new design. Rye hopes the building can reopen in mid-February, but some unforeseen "damage" caused by the removal of movie equipment may have the charities looking for some extra donations to cover costs.

Despite the outcome, Woodward said she has no ill feelings towards the three nonprofit agencies who own Vic. She and Arganbright are currently looking for a new location, preferably a shared location with either an arts organization or a business that is complemented by the people that the films would bring in.

"We want to be able to have the freedom to program alternative films, not to be obligated to a huge debt and therefore forced to show commercial films," Woodward said.

G G  
of  
G A

Attention Artists  
Guernica Gallery of Graphic Arts  
invites you to participate in a

## Jefferson's Birthday Poster Competition

Eligibility: Open to all artists in Santa Barbara County  
Conditions: Each artist may submit a maximum of two works. The work must be of a size suitable for the production of a poster (approx. 24 x 30). The Artwork will be judged on how well it combines "artistic" quality with the interpretation of the following quotation of Jefferson.

"It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions of it in the case of others: or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own."

The quotation will be placed at the bottom of the poster.  
The Artwork will be shown at the Gallery beginning on Jefferson's Birthday, the 13th of April through the 22nd. A panel of judges will determine the winner: Prize - \$500.00.  
The Gallery reserves the right to publish the Artwork in poster form for sale.  
The artist will be given 25 copies of the poster.  
Artwork must be received, framed, suitable for hanging, by 1st April, 1993.  
Please sign below to indicate acceptance of the terms as indicated.  
To participate in the contest the signed ad must be sent to the Guernica Gallery by 1st Feb.

Signature:

Address:

Name (Print):

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For additional information please contact the Guernica Gallery.

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## book reviews

# A Media King on Acid

by Alex Wilson

Autobiographies are often said to cut deeper to the bone of a subject than biographies. When an author examines his own life, it is argued, he can take greater narrative liberties, and certainly he doesn't really know anyone else as well he knows himself.

What about an autobiography consisting not of one static narrative line, but of over 100 first-person accounts? It seems such a telling would come across as schizophrenic at best, and at worst would fail to shed enough coherent light on its main subject.

This is not the case with *Bill Graham Presents*, as it would be impossible to understand the man who created the business of rock as it exists today without hearing first-hand from the performers whom he promoted. So the rich mosaic of views — including those of Jerry Garcia, Keith Richards and Carlos Santana — actually shed more light on Bill Graham than Graham and coauthor Robert Greenfield could have done by themselves. The occasional ambiguities that appear as a result of the many different perspectives and opinions presented by these voices serve to illuminate the times and personalities better than would have been possible through one static viewpoint.

The great paradox of Bill Graham's life is that he was at once a monument to the counterculture revolution of the late '60s, while at the same time a cautious and consummate businessman. The book takes the reader back to the heyday of the San Francisco hippie scene, while at the same time spinning a tale of high finance capitalism. Bill Graham's success was due to the fact that he had a knack for keeping his head together while those around him were losing theirs.

Which is not to say that no one was trying to mess with Bill's head.

"Starting in 1967, it got to be a thing with the Dead to get me high on acid. I'd never touch anything they gave me. I'd never hug them. Their ladies used to want to kiss me because they had first put a blotter of acid in their mouths," Graham

writes. It got to the point where he carefully wrapped all his food in tamper-proof wrappings for fear of being dosed while he was working.

Graham's precautions proved futile one night, however, as Mickey Hart, one of the drummers for the Grateful Dead, ingeniously put liquid acid on the rim of a soda can. Bill mistook the LSD for condensation and threw it down his throat. "Twenty minutes later, *snap!* I started feeling weird. I looked in the mirror and all I saw was green and yellow and blue. I went backstage and saw Mickey Hart. He was thrilled and I could have killed him. 'You sonofabitch,' I said. And he said, 'We're going on, Bill. You want to play?'"

Thus began Graham's fateful one night stand with the Dead. While Graham usually tried to maintain a low profile at his shows, that was simply not possible this night. It turned into a show that Graham, as well as the audience and the band, would not soon forget.

Bill took to the stage like the musician he never was, and as Mickey Hart told it, "The next thing I knew, he was hanging over the gong on stage. And he had no mercy. He was beating the gong *wildly*. He was smiling and just whacking that gong and foaming at the mouth. I mean he was just *gone*. And I said, 'Bill, this is a *ballad* song.'"

"He was *in* the band. He was right there. He became one with the universe. And we couldn't stop him."

The insight *Bill Graham Presents* generates about the major figures of rock 'n' roll is worth the cost of the book alone.

The list of performers who played at Bill's clubs or whose tours he helped produce — the Jefferson Airplane, Led Zeppelin, Sting, The Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, The Sex Pistols and Bruce Springsteen, just to mention a few, reads like a Who's Who of rock.

But Bill Graham's story is fascinating as well. From his escape from the Nazis who gassed much of his family, to becoming the biggest concert promoter on earth, his life was truly a slice of the American dream, a real-life Horatio Alger.

## SCENT

Continued from p.2A

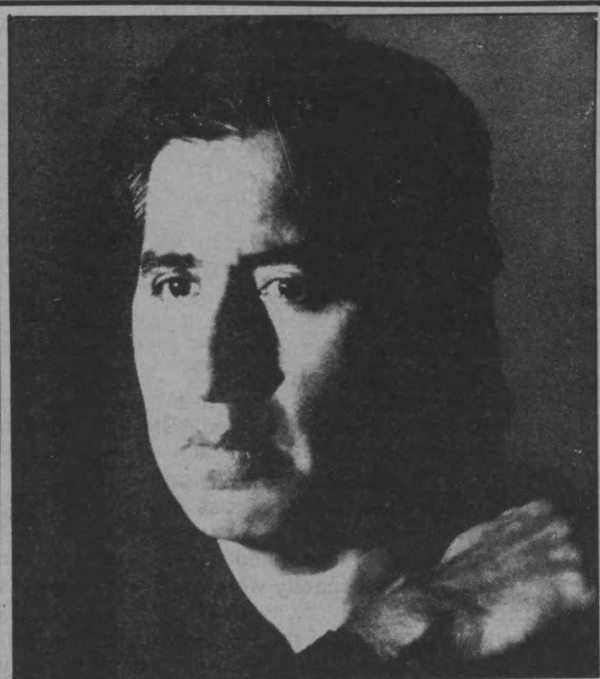
and filled with anger and bitterness which manifests itself as biting sarcasm and cruelty.

But the boy and the blind man find a bond, and — in great movie tradition — learn to respect one another on a three-day trip to New York City. The on-the-road aspect of the film resembles hundreds of other movies which utilize the same device. But the city here is just back-

ground, not a supporting character. It is neutral turf for the lonely veteran and naive schoolboy to have it out.

Writer Bo Goldman, like dozens of writers before him, owes Pacino a debt of thanks. The star takes scenes which could be hokey and lines which are corny and gives them power; real emotions which excite the mood. Pacino has the uncanny ability to raise the intensity level of the film with a blank stare. Imagine what he accomplishes with his entire arsenal.

—Brian Banks



Richard Rodriguez

## Straight-faced

by Martin Boer

Richard Rodriguez has a new book out titled *Days Of Obligation: An Argument With My Mexican Father*. If you don't know who Richard Rodriguez is, suffice it to say he's as adherent an assimilationist as Clarence Thomas and as avid an apologist for America as D'nesh D'Souza.

Rodriguez is a prominent Stanford and Columbia University educated Latino writer who knows he has Mexican roots, but favors the gold lining of California success. He is certainly not a newcomer to literature, winning several awards for his autobiography *Hunger for Memory*. He also writes for *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Los Angeles Times* and the "MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour."

In his latest book, Rodriguez tries to work out a number of uncomfortable identity conflicts including: having Mexican features while feeling "American;" being a homosexual in a straight world; the private dreams that come with a public life; Catholicism of the South and Protestantism of the North.

These tensions are explored — though not entirely worked out — throughout *Days Of Obligation*. The plot is actually a series of essay explorations seen through the eyes of a culturally confused man. The essays expound on themes including Cortez' conquest of Mexico, the AIDS epidemic in San Francisco, Tijuana's commodification, machismo, the hoax of the missions and their attempts at educating natives, the search for the missing head of Joaquin Murrieta, a 19th century Mexican bandit, and Rodriguez' own childhood in Sacramento.

While his criticisms of bilingual education and his anti-Affirmative Action stance are not pretty, his writing is. He feels trapped between cultures and identities, unable to identify with anyone, yet, we recognize ourselves through his words.

"I used to stare at the Indian in the mirror. The wide nostrils, the thick lips. Starring Paul Muni as Benito Juarez. Such a long face — such a long nose — sculpted by indifferent, blunt thumbs, and of such common clay," writes Rodriguez, painting a self-portrait.

Rodriguez then sums up his predicament within the American dichotomy: "I remember reading the ponderous conclusion of the Kerner Report in the sixties: two Americas; one white, one Black — the prophecy of an eclipse too simple to account for the complexity of my face."

Rodriguez is not afraid to admit ignorance about a culture he is *supposed* to know, whether he's heaving Spanish curse words over a toilet or humming Bobby Brown lyrics on a dusty Mexico City road.

While his chapters on Tijuana, The Head of Joaquin Murrieta and The Latin American Novel are interesting, Rodriguez feels most comfortable relating his experiences in queer San Francisco and touring California's missions.

He even recognizes that his gay identity has been compromised. "Gay men who lived elsewhere in the city, often spoke with derision of 'Castro Street clones,' describing the look, or scorned what they called the ghettoization of homosexuality. To an older generation of homosexuals, the blatancy of Castro Street threatened the discreet compromise they had negotiated with a tolerant city."

Recalling the many victims AIDS has claimed, he writes in stream-of-consciousness: "The reporter invited homemade obituaries — lovers writing of lovers, friends remembering friends and the blessings of unexceptional life. Peter. Carlos. Gary. Asel. Perry. Nikos. Healthy snapshots accompany each annal. At the Russian River. By the Christmas tree. Lifting a beer. In uniform. A dinner jacket. A satin gown."

His Mission trip spawns from San Diego to Sonoma stopping at Santa Barbara — "The Queen of the Missions" — where he is met by a grumpy Franciscan friar who complains, "I do not like journalists. You should know that. You come here and you want me to make history easy for you."

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1/23 SATURDAY  
**TOASTERS  
KING  
APPARATUS**

2/3 WEDNESDAY  
**ICE CUBE  
DA LENCH  
MOB**

2/6 SATURDAY  
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**WEEN**

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**KING MISSILE  
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2/24 WEDNESDAY  
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