

ARTS WEEK

Playing with the three of hearts ... 2A

Claes Oldenburg would be proud ... 6A

may 6 - may 12

This Week's Best Bets

today

•NASTY JACK and the Ska-casians will perform at Toes Tavern downtown

friday

•CREATURE FEATURE, Rugburn, Decline of Paisley John Shaver and Debris Stream will perform at the Anaconda

saturday

•A HOT NEW BLUEGRASS BAND, as yet unnamed, will debut at the Bluebird Cafe at 8 p.m. The band will include former Cache Valley Drifters Wally Barnick, Bill Griffin and David West and former Acousticat Mike Mullins.

sunday

•POETRY READING by the winners of the Second Annual Santa Barbara Poetry Festival contest at the Bluebird Cafe, 8:15 p.m.

monday

•DAMAGE, the Louis Malle film about a Parliamentarian who has a torrid affair with his son's girlfriend; Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.

tuesday

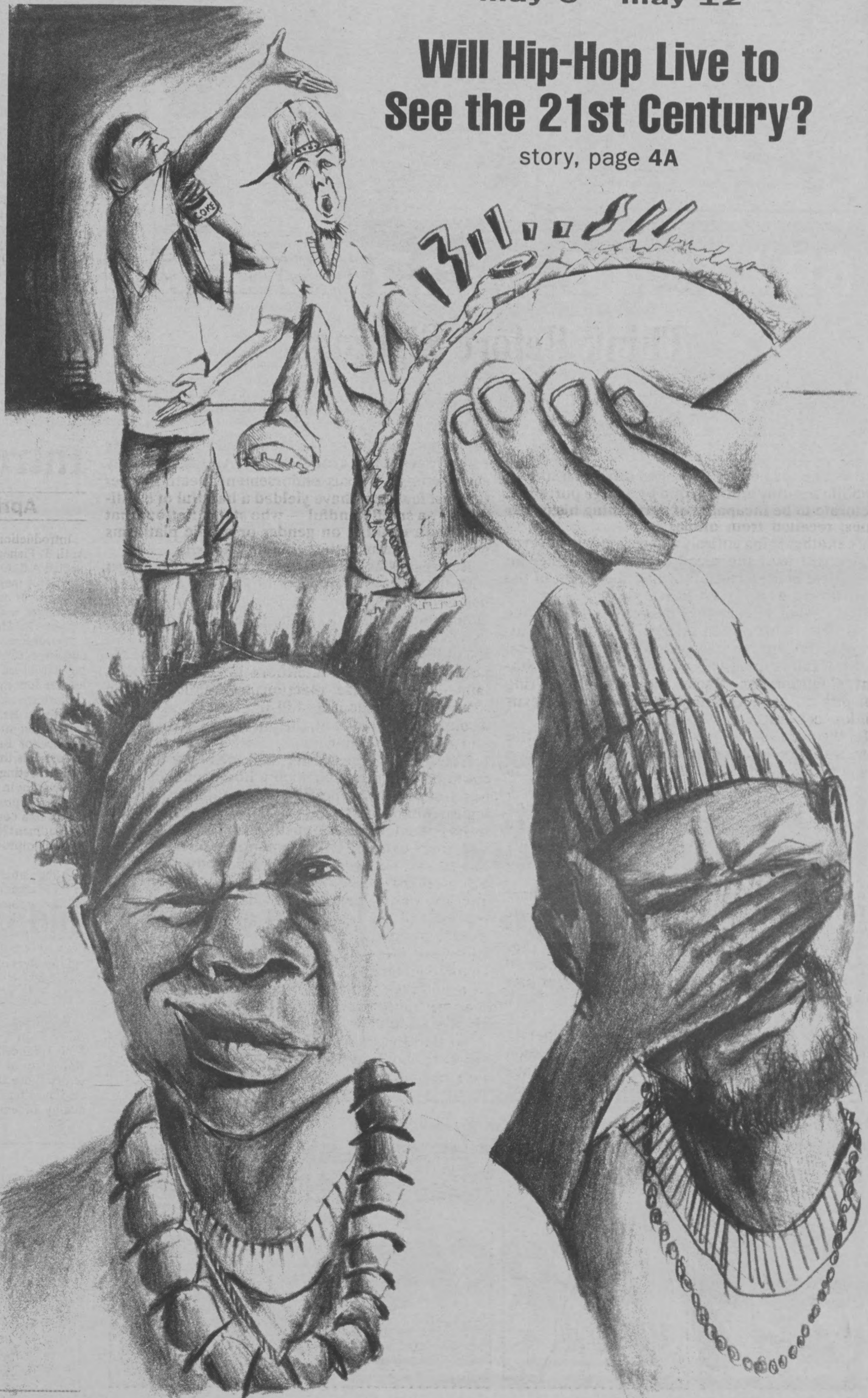
•STEPHANIE HEYL, an artist teaching in the College of Creative Studies this quarter, will talk about her work; Building 494, Room 136, 4 p.m.

wednesday

•UCSB JAZZ ENSEMBLE will perform the music of Duke Ellington, Miles Davis and others; Music Bowl, noon

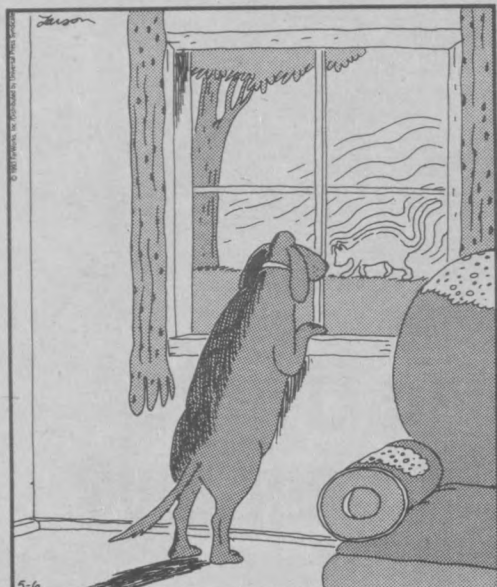
Will Hip-Hop Live to See the 21st Century?

story, page 4A



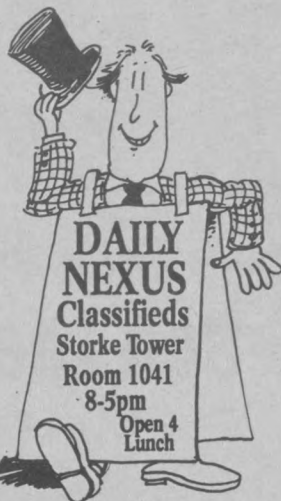
JOHN TREVINO/Daily News

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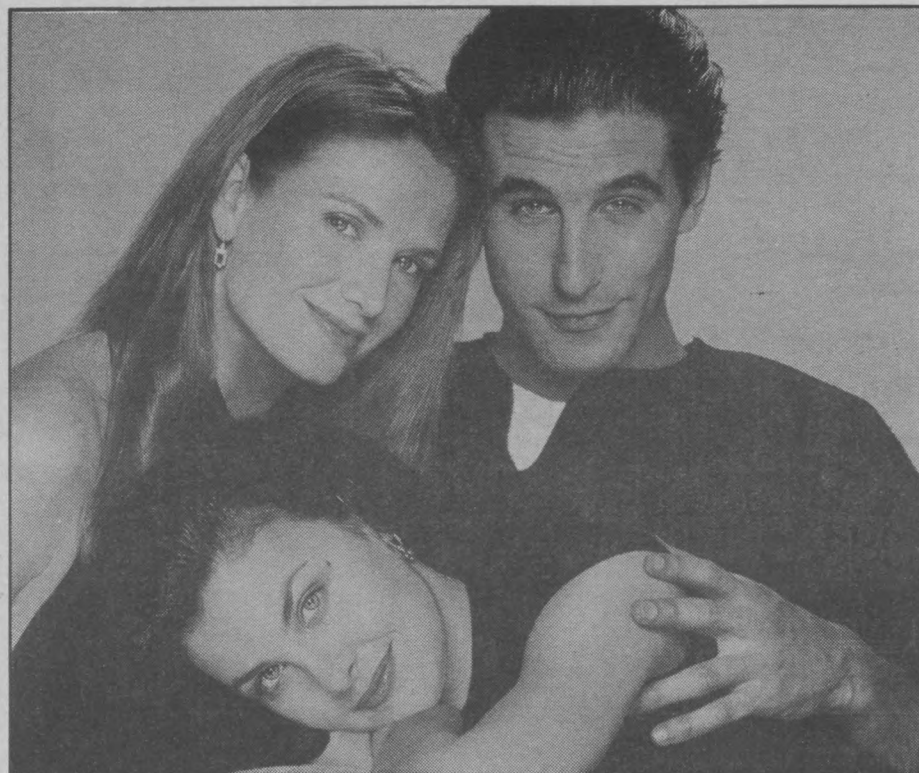
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Three hearts, two couples — not a good combination.

The Threesome to See

It seemed as if only foreign filmmakers dealt with interesting, provocative subject matter, that is, until a money-hungry Hollywood studio would capitalize on the original's success with a remake, lacking the courage to produce daring films in the first place.

Dare I say that the enthralling *La Femme Nikita* and its sorry sister, *Point of No Return* as well as *The Return of Martin Guerre* and its Americanized equal *Sommersby* would exemplify this phenomena. Refreshingly witty, funny and a joy to watch, *Three of Hearts* breaks through the curtain of juvenile prudity that surrounds most American tales to present the story of a lesbian relationship's breakup.

William Baldwin, Kelly Lynch and Sherilyn Fenn all deliver in this film. Baldwin is a male prostitute and a phone sex worker with the ability to seduce — "any woman, any time, anywhere." He even tries to pick up women in a homosexual bar. "You ain't king in this joint," retorts a woman. Baldwin commands the screen as a ladies man who sort of finds himself, or rather, decides to find himself.

Kelly Lynch (Ellen) and Sherilyn Fenn (Connie) are perfectly coupled. Lynch is a bit more masculine. Baldwin's character says a photo of her, "looks a little like Axl Rose." "Thanks," she replies.

Lynch brings a great physical element to her role. Much of her expressive dialogue is in the form of body language. Fenn's Connie, on the other hand, is an English teaching assistant at New York University who has the longing, eyelash batting, feminine Doris Day act down.

"Everybody, my girlfriend is dumping me because she needs more space," screams Ellen in the middle of a park.

Connie had just dumped her first homosexual relationship. (She's bisexual.) Gender preference is only important in this film as far as it creates suspense as to who will end up with who. But whether a woman sleeps with a woman or a man sleeps with a woman doesn't really matter. In *Three of Hearts*, sexuality is an expression of love between two people. If love exists then there is nothing exploitive about its expression — homosexual, heterosexual or whatever.

The film mostly deals with how Ellen freaks out after stewing on her feelings of abandonment. She hires a male escort to win Connie's heart and then dump her, thus sending Connie running back to the security of her relationship with Ellen.

In addition to the main performances, the colorful minor characters that move around in the film's background are worth the price of a ticket. A great deal of attention was obviously given to such details. (Listen to the background noises and dialogues as well. You will hear phone sex operators, carnally inspired students and crazy Polish wedding guests, just to name a few.)

Three of Hearts is an interesting film to watch, not only because of the ingenuity of its subject matter, but also because of its sense of richness. It is visually interesting and Yurek Bogayevicz's direction is brilliant. The film's overall ambience is reminiscent of the classic Hollywood look where the camera treated two subjects as if they were the only two people in the world. Bogayevicz also employs several interesting camera angles that are in the style of Alfred Hitchcock.

But nothing like *Three of Hearts* has been done before.

—Allison Dunn

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These Guys Could Do Better

Splitting Heirs is the worst film ever made.

Seriously. It's worse than Bill Cosby's *Leonard Part VI*. It's worse than Shelly Long's *Hello Again*. It's even worse than all of Melanie Griffith's films rolled into one, long, whiny marathon.

This fact is even more disheartening when the supposed "talent" behind this film is considered. It stars and was scripted by Eric Idle, late of Monty Python greatness. If this film is any indication, Idle might not have contributed to Python's success as much as previously thought. This conclusion is drawn in the same way that the true genius of the Beatles — Lennon and McCarthy — was revealed when Harrison and Ringo started making solo albums.

In any case, Idle plays a member of Britain's royal family who is accidentally switched at birth with American Rick Moranis. Horribly miscast, Moranis walks through his role a fun-loving duke with all the charisma and coordination of a thumbtack. To regain his rightful place on the throne, Idle's working-class stiff (now a 20-year-old raised by a strict Pakistani family as one of their own — one

of the film's many failed gags) plots to kill the duke with the help of John Cleese's maniacal lawyer.

The greatest tragedy here is in the presence of Cleese, another former Python member who has proven his talent in other post-Python efforts (*A Fish Called Wanda* is the best example). But in *Splitting Heirs*, Cleese proves only his eating proficiency, weighing in at a shocking large 250-plus pounds and offering little amusement.

The movie wants to be another rollicking British farce, but saddles itself with dead jokes, such as a sexual innuendo with an inflatable fish. Where was Idle during all those Python writing meetings? This stuff simply isn't funny; not to Americans, not to Brits, not to anybody whose level of humor is higher than Rick Moranis skating around an office on roller blades.

If *Splitting Heirs* is in fact the worst film ever made, the only good news for its film makers will come if it becomes a box office smash and spawns *Splitting Heirs II*. Remember, sequels are never as good as the original.

—Brian Banks



The Circle Bar B thespians (pictured) will feed you, too!

Ranch Styled Theater

Thespians with tri-tips, as motifs go, is better than it sounds. Dinner theatre is done brash out Goleta parts. The meat is well done. At the Circle Bar B Ranch Dinner Theatre, they look you in the eye when they fill you with red, delicious meat. And they laugh at you when you try to find parking amidst the horseshit, in their cowboy sort of good-natured, "Bet ya saw the last Woody Allen flick, huh, ya urbane jerk." Their dogs are friendly, too.

The theatre, and the ranch house they feed in, are quaint as all hell. Not because they designed it that way, but because this is a working ranch. It's run like an old-fashioned family affair, the kind where folks don't get divorces. When you buy your ticket, you're part of the family. An older guy with great hair and the quiet, tough-guy demeanor feeds you off his grill, then Janet Caballero invites everybody down to the converted barn where she holds court every year with a season of plays.

Ken Ludwig's *Lend Me a Tenor* is currently running at the ranch. With experienced actors from Santa Barbara troupes, the homey feel of the playhouse takes nothing away from the professional quality of the production. If you haven't heard of this classic musical comedy, it's about what happens when an opera com-

pany sort of loses its star tenor. I won't go into the plot because it's so basic that I might wreck the show. Suffice to say that emerging from a cocoon of tenor-denial into a public display of the talented fundamentals of opera and fraud, the main character nearly has a breakdown.

The highlights of the play are its charming characters. Led in a wonderful performance by Mark Ostendorf, a local actor/engineering consultant, the cast truly shines. Jonathan Winters was in the audience last weekend, and they had him rolling 'til he looked like he was gonna cough up a lung, or at least a big underchewed piece of tri-tip. OK, that's exaggeration. But he liked it a lot, and he knows funny. He's a personal friend of Robin Williams. The Circle Bar B is *that* kind of place.

At the intermission, they sell candy bars and coffee for around 75 cents. No rip-offs. Then Janet Caballero comes out and goes, "Hey, if you'll all get inside we can get started," and the whole crowd of yuppies chuckles, forgetting that their new \$250 cowboy boots are giving them blisters. You don't know from funny. It's good food and good times for all, but call and get tickets early, because they were all sold out last week up at the Circle Bar B.

—Dan Hilldale

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Cover Story

HIP-HOP

Survival

It's everywhere. It's on MTV and in the movies. It's even in Santa Barbara, where (white) kids with baggy pants spray paint their tags on walls, the latest recruits to an Afrocentric subculture. But will this surge of mainstream popularity mean the death of hip-hop?

by P.E.A.C.E.

The peckerwood never could play the victim.
—House of Pain, 1992

Hip-Hop, 1993 — Looking over the current state of hip-hop, several questions become clear for those who wish the culture to survive into the 21st century. First, what is hip-hop's purpose as a culture, and how have its aspects been maintained since its inception some 15 years ago? Second, how do rap music's past, present and future phases affect the existence of the hip-hop culture as a whole? And finally, what role does hip-hop play in modern African-American culture, and what affect has it had upon mainstream (i.e. white) culture?

In the essence of hip-hop lies the youthful expression of people of color (mainly African-American and Chicano) who dwell within the depths of America's socio-economic scale. The dance, method of speech, music, clothes and other features that make up hip-hop are all initiated as a response to mainstream culture, which takes every opportunity to disenfranchise the youth from it while simultaneously attempting to coerce those same individuals into assimilation. Hip-hop was founded as an outlet for disenfranchised youth of color to express themselves on the issues they faced daily.

The three main aspects of the culture — graffiti art/tagging, breakdancing and rap — are all presently enjoying quite a bit of popularity, but it is clear that rap is the most dominant. This is probably because it's the most lucrative: The music industry takes in hundreds of millions of dollars from rap.

It seems almost as though wherever the music goes, the rest of hip-hop follows. Clearly, the future of hip-hop depends in a large part upon rap's future. And we can assume that if hip-hop continues on its present path of commercialism, overindulgence and fusion with the mainstream music industry — in other words, watering down — that the entire culture will do so, and as a result will cease to exist in a distinctive form.



Hip-hop culture on the walls of Storke Plaza.



Public Enemy's Chuck D (above) may well be the prophet of the Afrocentric movement, including hip-hop. So does that make House of Pain's Everlast (right) the Anti-Christ?

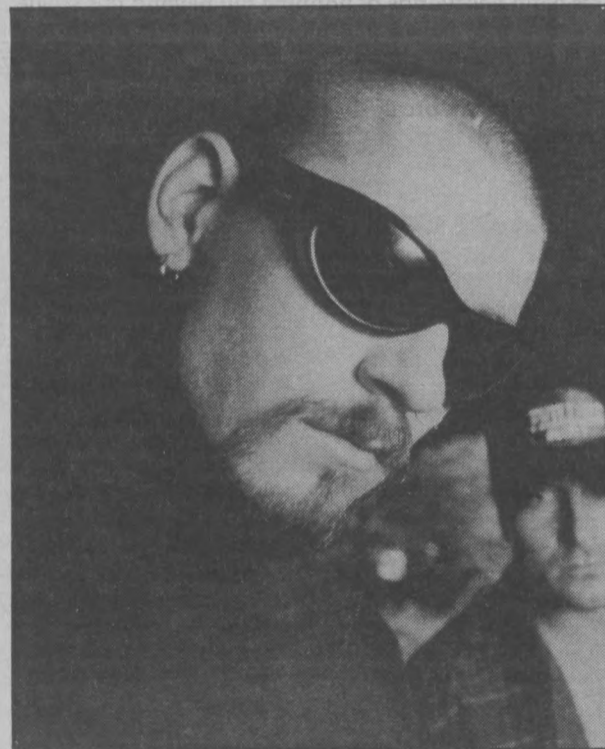
The effect that hip-hop has had upon modern African-American culture is undeniable. Heightened political awareness (Black nationalism and self-determination) as well as historical and religious consciousness (Nation Of Islam) have been largely facilitated by hip-hop's influence. The entire Afrocentric movement could very nearly be attributable to one man: Chuck D. But hip-hop's enormous effects on African-American culture have inevitably spilled over into mainstream society, with interesting effects.

Just as early R&B and rock 'n roll did in the '50s, hip-hop has moved into the eyes and hearts of the mainstream elements of pop culture. No longer is the music confined to the urbanized areas of this country. Now we've got platinum record sales, "Yo! MTV Raps," media use of rap music as marketing strategy and a recent resurgence of the Black Cinema (*Juice*, *Do the Right Thing*, *House Party*, *Who's the Man*, et al.). Even the issue of tagging in Santa Barbara is an example of how hip-hop has penetrated into the hallowed lanes of America's sacred suburbs.

What has popularized hip-hop so much? Most likely, it is white America's interest. It's no accident that mainstream white interest in hip-hop music coincides with multiplatinum record sales. This new-found fascination has had some curious results. For one, if hip-hop remained confined to the state it was in circa 1989, we probably would never have seen the mass self-censorship that went on in response to Tipper Gore's PMRC campaign (it's clear that Gore & Co. had no concern about rap until it hit the suburbs).

Further, hip-hop music has ultimately been diluted by mainstream influence. The demands of the mass popularity have led the music industry to manufacture "hip-hop" artists. Remember Vanilla Ice? Vanilla Ice was created as a response to the mainstream demand for an icon audiences could readily identify with (i.e. a white one) in a popular music form dominated by relatively unidentifiable ones (Black, Chicano). Like Elvis, Vanilla Ice was created to provide an acceptable role model for this new hip-hop audience.

They wanted you to believe that Vanilla Ice was down 'cuz he came from the hard streets of Miami (a lie) and that he was authentic hip-hop 'cuz he could rhyme (a bigger lie). More importantly, Ice caricatured "Blackness" in a manner which told gullible white kids that if they shaved a few lines on the sides of their head and bought some baggy clothes — and his record — that they could understand and be an authentic component of hip-hop culture. This of course was incorrect and fortunately, groups like 3rd Bass put Vanilla Ice to rest after a short time. It wouldn't be long before more groups and performers would be created to



accomplish what Vanilla wanted to — which brings me to a discussion of the recent House of Pain show at the Anaconda.

To me, House of Pain is not hip-hop. They have the gear, the attitude, even the music, but they don't represent my image of hip-hop, which lies in the basic foundations of the culture itself. Why? The reasons are several. Mainly though, it concerns their whole Irish gimmick. I say gimmick because that's exactly what it is; a ploy emphasized in their music and overemphasized by their record company's publicity outlets. If the band were truly concerned with increasing Irish awareness, they would rhyme more about the real aspects of Irish culture instead of four-leaf clovers, leprechauns and beer drinking (negative stereotypes). I also don't think that hip-hop, a mainly Afrocentric subculture, is the appropriate arena for increasing awareness about a culture that is a part of a European aesthetic. The two seem incompatible to me.

Nonetheless, last summer we all blissfully "Jumped Around" without really thinking about what the emergence of House of Pain meant. Most of us still don't get it, but if you went to their show a few weeks back, you could probably figure it out. Their heavy metal remixes, lack of lyrical and turntable skill and the appearance of racist skinheads in the crowd told me that this band could possibly mean the end of hip-hop music as we know it, and ultimately the end of hip-hop as a whole.

"Who's the Man?" I don't know, but if you ask who's the fan, it ain't me.



Toy Dolls

Punk Rock Cartoons

Toy Dolls
Absurd Ditties
 Receiver Records
 ☆☆☆

Oil! There's a new album by cartoon punk band the Toy Dolls!

If this excites you, it's most likely because you heard their song "Nellie the Elephant," about an elephant who jumps out of the circus, on the radio some years ago. But this band has worlds of hopping fun beyond this single, and now they have a new album full of *Absurd Ditties*.

These ditties depend on the same proven elements that made The Dolls' earlier six albums so successful. It doesn't exactly break new ground, but after all this is punk rock.

•**FAST GUITARS:** Marti, K'Cee and "Olga" Algar are spiritually related to heavy metal. They play really, really fast. Olga playing live looks like a whopping whirlwind. But their voices are understandable — not some sort of Motorhead induced Lemmy growl or something — and their blazing playing manages to create hummable, infectious tunes.

•**PEOPLE:** The Dolls' specialty is singing songs containing stories about some particular character. On this album alone we get "Dez the Demon Decorator," who joins other absurd rogues from past albums such as moody "Frankie's Got the Blues," nongregarious "Neville is a Nerd," the solemnly cloistered "Geordie's Gone

to Jail," karma's-gonna-get-you "Keith's a Thief" and the cunning rebellion of "Lester Fiddled the Tax Man." Some of these characters are based on friends and local familiars in the Sunderland, England surroundings, where the Oil lineage is rich.

•**LYRICS:** In his song writing, Olga employs a plethora of nouns, verbs and adjectives — more than you could possibly want. This album's offerings "I'm a Telly Addict" and "Don't Go Up the Reeperbahn" should suggest to you the sort of jokey interactions they write about, complete with lots of nagging wives and bosses. Equally zany titles like: "One Night in Moscow (and We'll Be Russian Home!)," "The Sphinx Stinks!," "You Won't Be Merry on a North Sea Ferry!," "Yul Brynner was a Skinhead!" have spiced up their prior albums. They blend punky energy and quaint English charm into a potent mix.

•**COVERS AND GIMMICKS:** On *Absurd Ditties* they cover the classical Toccata in E minor. In the past, they've even covered such eclectic works as the Russian Sabre Dance, "No Particular Place to Go" by Chuck Berry and even the fastest version in the world of "HaHa-HaHa...Wipeout." These versions are all very fast and very funny. They also cashed in on the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles with their highly unauthorized song "Turtle Crazy!" And the first track of another album begins with a few seconds of Madonna's "Material Girl."

There's nothing on *Absurd Ditties* that isn't on *Idle Gossip*, *Bare Faced Cheek* or *Fat Bob's Feet*, all of which get three or four stars as well — that's partly why this review mentions the past albums with the present one. But if you want a funny, high speed band with an attitude, this album is well worth your checking out.

—Kevin Carhart

Nice, Tight Pop Sound

Odds
Bedbugs
 Zoo Entertainment
 ☆☆☆

Hey! Zoo already released this band! What is this? I've already got Matthew Sweet's last album.

Which is not to say *Bedbugs* isn't a fine piece of work, or that the guitarists don't know exactly how to notch their pop knives with reverb and distortion, or that the lyrics and vocals don't amusingly feign rock and roll seriousness, or that they haven't got their sound down tighter than a dead cat hammered into a pine tabletop with threepenny nails. It's just that after *Girlfriend* came out last year, I listened to these songs, with only minor alterations, for about 10 months straight.

At least they're better than Toad the Wet Sprocket, for God's sake. They (and probably Matthew Sweet) fall into the same acoustic guitar here, tense not-quite-screaming vocals there, lots of harmonies everywhere category — if you stretch it far enough.

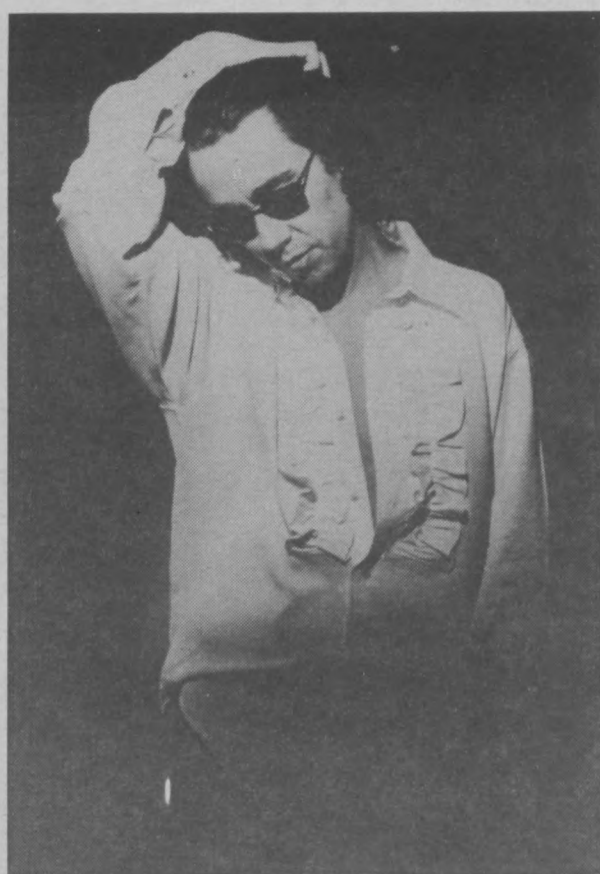
Maybe it's just that self-conscious pop is coming into its own, parading onto mainstream radio on the coattails of *Girlfriend*. Maybe that's why Zoo is releasing another album filled with songs about love gone wrong. ("Sweetness & Love" is almost a remake of Sweet's "Divine Intervention.")

Repetitive or not, they're funny. The bassist keeps the songs from running into the ground with some really inventive lines. The drummer is solid and doesn't fuck around too much.

I swear it works. And why shouldn't it? It was just fine last time.

Odds is performing with the *Gin Blossoms* and *Ariel* on Saturday, May 8, at the *Anaconda Theater* in Isla Vista.

—Charles Hornberger



Karl Wallinger

Party All Night

World Party
Bang
 Chrysalis
 ☆☆☆

At a world party, the music is going to be eclectic, of course, but you wouldn't expect to constantly be saying, "Where did I hear this?" If you did, it would probably have been on the radio. I think this album has already scored a hit with its second song, "Is it like today?", which sounds psychedelic and is, leading you through the history of humanity's search for truth and the Creator: "It moved out 'cross the Mediterranean/Came to western isles and the Greek young men./And with their silver beards they laughed/At the unknown of the universe/They could just sit and guess God's name."

Throughout the album, references layer themselves as the World Party looks to the Stones, the Who and other British rock for the best songs on the album. They fall a little flatter when they bring in the funk while failing to loosen up the tempo and the no-misses production.

This band has something that always keeps you college kids coming back for more, and that's deep-rooted cynicism. "Hollywood" is all surface: "Said she's just a mirror/Said she leads the way/Babble on and dooming me." With this song, World Party addresses that worn-out question: Does trash art reflect our trash culture or create it? They fail to answer that one, but with "positivity" it becomes clear that they'd rather be dead today, so that they could have lived in a better time of their own choosing in the past. Why? Because, as they put it in their hilariously cynical swan song "And God Said:" "And God said, 'Look after the planet'/But man said, 'Fuck you.'"

Those are the only lyrics in the song, and they will surely appeal to all the environmentalist, anti-divisionist, idealistic Don Henley commiserators out there. At least the ones who like good music.

Maybe God will strike down our trash culture for crossing his verdant path, like he did to the original "Babbleon."

—Dan Hilldale



Nexus File Photo

Oooooh Cheesecake!

On Friday, Rogue Cheddar will play their last show in these parts before they move to San Francisco. They'll be playing at *Buster's*, so stop in and say 'bye' to Darryl (pictured, screaming), John and Tom.

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THE ODDS, ARIEL

5/14 Fri. **GRINDCORE ALL NITE W/**
POWER ASSAULT, MUTALAGE, CRAWL
(featuring Christian Fletcher)

5/15 Sat. **NERVOUS SHEEP**

5/19 Wed. **FLOTSAM & JETSAM**
DAMN THE MACHINE

5/21 Fri. **THE FLUID,**
Poster Children, Overwhelming Colorfast

5/23 Sun. **NOFX**

5/25 Tues. **ROBERT FRIPP**

6/5 Sat. **FIREHOSE, Blackbird**

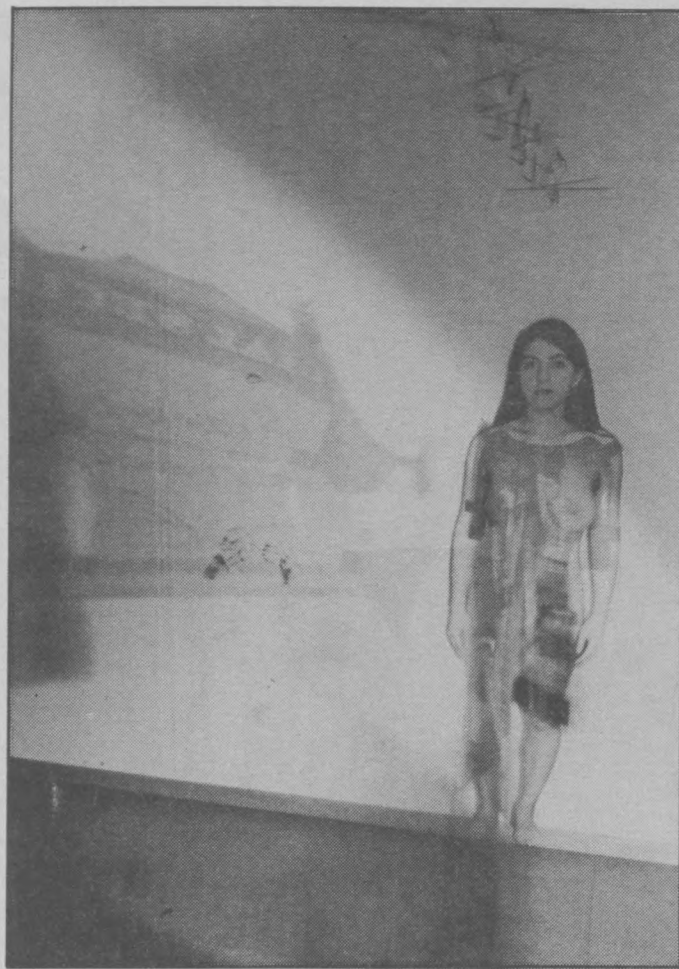
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These installations are just part of the five fun MFA exhibits in the University Art Museum. Photos by David Ruddy.

Installation Art Makes a Comeback

by David Rittenhouse

Claes Oldenburg would be infatuated with the Masters of Fine Arts Exhibition showing in the University Art Museum through May 16. It almost makes up for the several decades of academic disinterest in the man whose gigantic Swiss-Army knives and monumental inflated ice bags made the phrase "installation art" a household term. It seems that five out of the five MFA candidates have chosen this medium for their senior theses, displaying a bit of revivalism in old Claes' brain child. Here is how one can navigate this penta-perplexing exhibit without getting lost:

Artist Neva Lindburg's "Salt Flat Finches" is the first work you will enter on the tour-de-installations. Upon entering, the viewer is immediately impressed with the floor which is completely covered by rock salt, a drastic change from the museum's usual parquet. The room is full of wooden perches, suspended on different length wires, on which rest varying numbers of tiny finches that appear to be sculpted out of salt. Live birds in a concealed cage provide convincing sound effects which heighten the remote feeling one gets from this artists' micro-environmental mimicking of the vast salt flats which lie somewhere behind us in the arid Southwest.

Brian Derbes' work, "Everything and Nothing," offers a slightly different interpretation of the monumental Catholic altar pieces

crafted by a forgone generation of painters. Wall art it is, painting too, maybe, but its six large panels offer none of the traditional Catholic Annunciations or Stations of the Cross associated with the ratables of the past. Instead, Derbes has injected scenes of natural phenomena which profess a sort of environmental doctrine, where saints are replaced by trees and virgins are deposited by waterfalls. The monstration is an easel framed panel displaying some very Magritte inspired clouds over a saturated azure sky, completing the artist's construction of an organically based Scripture.

John Lofaso's "Untitled" installation provides the passerby with a roomful of biographically inspired diatribing against the idea that hunting is a noble and manly pursuit. His pine needle constructed "trophies" of five near-life-size foxes surround what appears to be an unarmed hunter — he turns the tide, positioning the hunter in the tracks of the hunted. Furthermore, varying photo-angles of the figures are hung on the walls around the piece, providing a countless amount of viewpoints.

"Speaking Knots ... A Dream Journal" is Maria Velasco's artistic observations on the lingual connections associated with changing locations. She is a Spanish student who came to the United States two years ago through the UC Education Abroad Program. In this piece, large knots are scattered about a room, which echoes a prerecorded audio testimony of Vel-

asco becoming acquainted with the various meanings carried by the spoken and written word of a second language. The knots allude to the association of new English words and definitions with previously understood objects from a Spanish context. A complete wardrobe of transparent cutout clothing bearing various snippets of information from credentials, like reg cards and Social Security cards, further her contemplation of the inseparable connection between word and concept.

Gretel Huglin's "Person to Person to Person" is the last installation, and it carries elements of both performance art and progress art. In her work, two old rotary dial telephones are placed at either end of a long banquet table separated by a large steel vase of flowers. Around the room, high upon a running shelf, lie small red-ribboned gift boxes containing gifts of a reusable nature. The jist of the work is to call the artist from one end of the table, and to receive varying amounts of fulfillment based on the amount of time spent chatting. Five minutes will grant you an epiphany, 10 will get you a revelation and a half-hour will earn you enlightenment, along with one of the gift boxes. All Gretel asks in return for the gift a written reply detailing how the contents were reused, hence the "Progress Art" label.

This year's Spring MFA Exhibition has a character all of its own, and one really must pass through the works to grasp their full potentials.

What's Cooking?
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though of historic importance, the building was "oppressive," according to the mayor, who pushed the ballot in a cloud of debris. The statue that replaces it will be 80 ft. high and visible from several counties. Plans to make the land were voided because of expense said.

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RICK BESSEY/Daily Nexus

Honors artist Barbara Byron and two of her sketches. The one on the right, "Sean," is her favorite.

A Treasury of Studio Art

Barbara Byron's Detailed Drawings and the Tender Words of One of Her Close Friends Make This Exhibit a Personable One

by Nancy Bernhardt

I think of desire, lean into the swath of light, across the vault, to reach for the translucence found only in a silk aflame to the wind and billowed in the winds, never stilled before the vast break of sky.

— Selected Writings From a Friend, April 1993.

This passage introduces "Pencils," a triad of sketches by Barbara Byron, whose works are among those in an exhibition of works by College of Creative Studies Art Studio honors students. Along with Byron's work there are paintings, sketches and sculptures by John Bauer, Mitsuru Brandon, Minh Ho, Ali Khalil and Valerie Temple.

Byron's "Pencils" is a series of illustrations depicting a dove's flight, each introduced by a stirring passage serving to both guide and provoke the imagination of the observer. These eloquent soliloquies, which introduce each stage of the dove's ascension, were written by a friend of hers to accompany the exhibit.

"The drawings were put together using images from black and white photos, taken in Prague and Paris, and the rest from my imagination. The making of the drawings was affected mostly by a German literature class I took last quarter," she said.

Also featured in her exhibit are two vividly colored oil paintings, "Sean" and "Nachtschucke," a self-portrait, both crafted with impeccable attention to detail and haunting in their realistic depictions.

In addition to taking on the rigors of the honors program, Byron is pursuing a double major in art studio and philosophy, which provides a unique perspective to incorporate into her art. She says that her drawings are a "direct result of reading and learning from the literature."

"The few literature classes I have taken have affected my art work more profoundly than all of the art, art history and philosophy classes that I've taken," she added.

Among her mentors are Elisabeth Weber, assistant professor in the Germanic Studies Dept. and art studio honors advisor James Smith, whom she praises for facilitating organization of the exhibit and ensuring that the students had a voice in its production.

"James Smith is always concerned with making sure that we are aware of what the other is doing and working together getting the exhibition ready. He's concerned that we come to the meetings and have our own input into what is happening. He is a great help," she said. Smith describes Byron's works as "delightful, elegantly drawn, and skillfully manipulated."

The other students involved in the honors program are "amazing," Byron says. Although the students work individually on their respective exhibits, the small number of students enrolled in the program makes for a close-knit atmosphere.

Byron says she enjoys the rigorous challenges of the honors program because she appreciates the independence granted to the students by the faculty that lets their creativity flow, unhindered by a tightly structured environment.

Smith acknowledges that the exhibit is unique, because it is "strong in content and substance, not 'two-bit trash in a shoe box.'" Smith said he tries to emphasize foundation in teaching art, because "traditional art is not dead."

For Byron, who has been sketching ever since she can remember, the exhibit is a culmination of a year's labor of love. Perhaps the concluding thoughts of "Pencils" speak for themselves.

"A world lived in the blink of an eye, passed in subtle frames, pulled across the smooth sheen of life, lived in, taken aback and pressed on to the visionary's torch, held in the gospel of liberation's form."

The exhibit will be on display until May 7, in the College of Creative Studies gallery, open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

—Nancy Bernhardt

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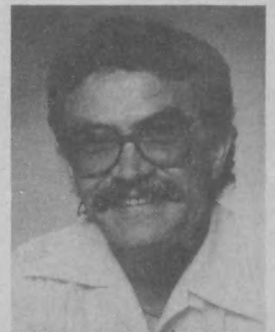
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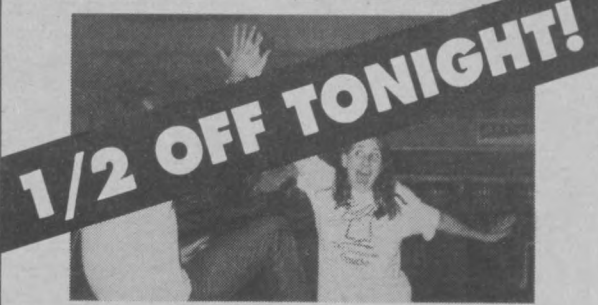
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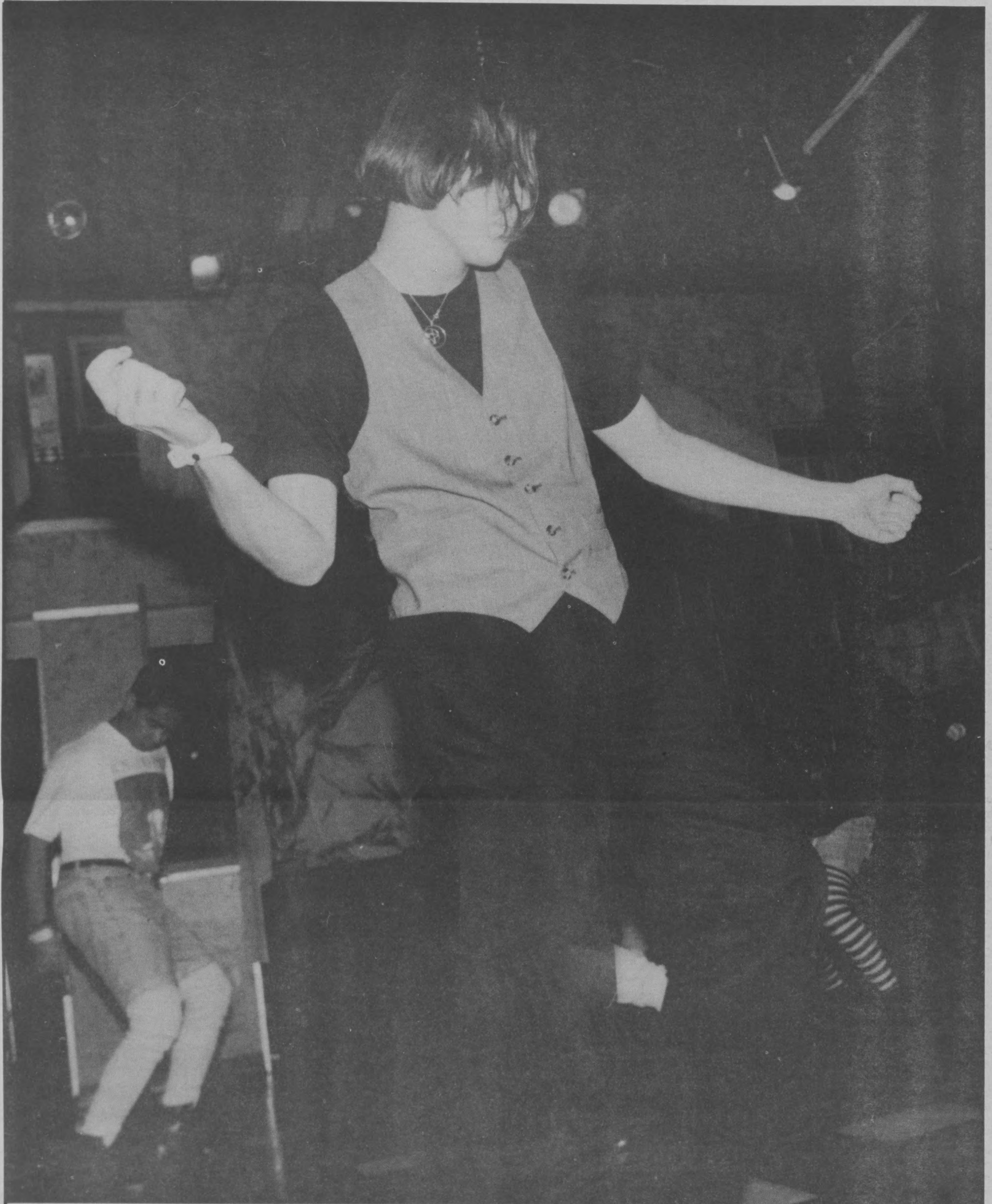
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Every other Friday in the Daily Nexus.

Your guide to dining, drinking and dancing.

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