

ARTS WEEK

november 12 - november 18

Heroes of a Different Sort ... 6A

Ewww. Gag me with a maggot... 7A

This Week's Bets

today

•SOCKET AND IN MOTHER'S GARDEN in the Pub. This is yet another good chance to experience UCSB's only cool beer joint whose end is drawing ever near.

friday

•THE ANACAPA QUARTET, UCSB's quartet-in-residence, will perform works by Mozart, Beethoven and Ginastera in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall at 8 p.m.

saturday

•BANDS IN THE PARK to promote KCSB's 1992 Membership Drive. From noon until dark, bands like Mama Mayhem, Creature Feature, Evil Farmer and Spoon will rock Anisq'Oyo Park.

sunday

•SANDRA BERNHARD and the Strap-ons will perform at the Arlington Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

monday

•MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL

tuesday

•SKANKIN' PICKLE will bring their groovin' blend of funk, ska, punk and reggae to the UCSB Pub. Doors open at 7:30 p.m.

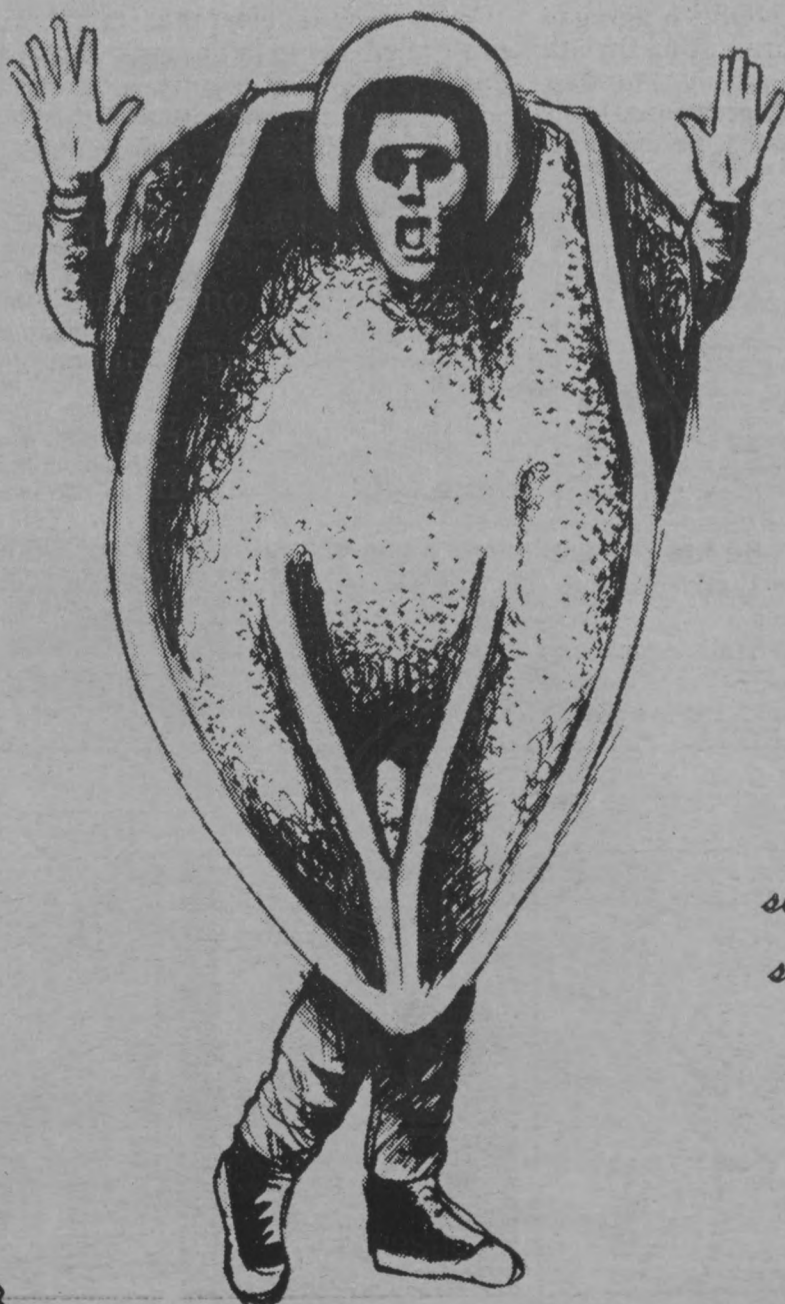
wednesday

•LETTER FROM THE YELLOW CHAIR, based on the letters exchanged by Vincent Van Gogh and his art dealer-brother Theo; Santa Barbara Museum of Art at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Show repeats on Thursday, same times.

LOVE, AMERICAN STYLE

THE GAY and LESBIAN

FILM FESTIVAL



see story, page 5A
schedule, page 5A



Lots o' Letters

Das EFX (pictured), EPMD, Red Man and K-Solo will rock the house down at the Anaconda on Friday at 10 p.m. This show is NOT to be missed.

Sweat Blood, Baby

Midterms are over. You're in the mood for safe, harmless violence. Basic, barbaric release of aggression. This is real fun, people. Yes, you're going to mess up your hair and sweat — blood, that is.

Nothing could relieve intellectual tension like a good dose of Pantera, live. They will drag your mind through the mud until your body breaks out of the cement-mixer mode and you become Neanderthal. But primate-brained they are not — the band roars about racism and narrow-mindedness.

Their second endeavor *Vulgar Display of Power* (Atco Records) is a much thicker piece to digest than first effort *Cowboys from Hell*, and it will work your

soul over until you have considered trephining to release it. But it all comes down to the basic need to liberate overactive hormones. Brothers and sisters, let me give it to you straight — this is the safe sex way to do it!

Speed-metal fans should check these guys out at the Anaconda Theatre where they will perform with *Trouble on Sunday*, Nov. 15. Pantera has been touring for several months in support of their most recent release, and this could be the last show before they start on the next recording project. For more information, call 685-5901.

—Dipali Murti



Pantera (l to r): Diamond Darrell, Philip Anselmo, Rex and Vinnie Paul. The band will hit the Anaconda with their blood-boiling speedmetal on Sunday.

HEY UCSB!



ROCK N' BOWL

THURSDAY NIGHTS
9:30 pm - Midnight

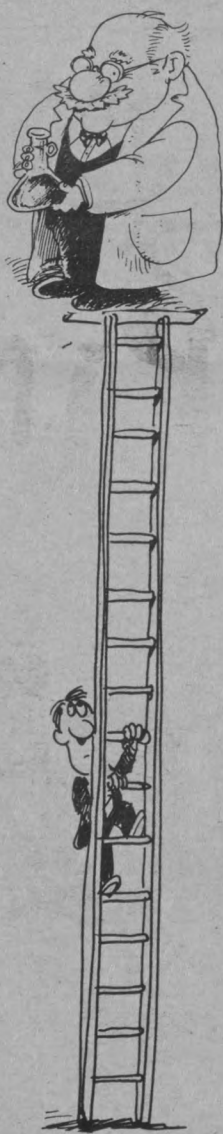


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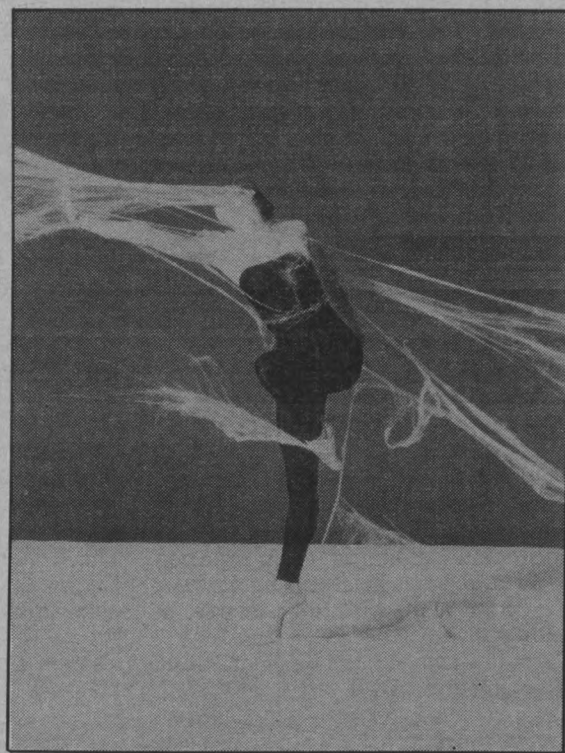
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Linear Feet

These ballerinas seem to be all tied up in their work. Lines artistic director Alonzo King stretches a linear silhouette into a contorted shape through with his *LINES* Contemporary Ballet Company. King, a Santa Barbara High School alumnus, founded *LINES* in 1982 in San Francisco, creating new moves which have garnered praise across the country. The core group of dancers in *LINES* are a diverse blend of ethnicities, body types and temperaments who give this modern ballet fluidity and strength.

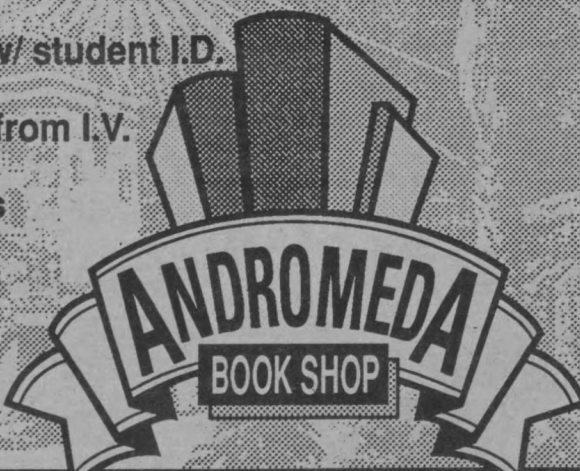


LINES will be performing in UCSB's Campbell Hall tonight at 8 p.m. The troupe will perform the premier of *Compelling Geological Evidence*, set to music by Donald Fontowitz and *Without Wax*, one of King's most acclaimed works which was originally commissioned by BalletMet. They will also perform a work called *Gurdjieff Piano Music*. The company now performs a home season each year in San Francisco and performed as part of the 1984 Olympic Arts Festival and the Black Choreographers Festival in 1989.



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music reviews



Dread Zeppelin

The Word on Dread: C-R-A-P-O-L-A

Dread Zeppelin
It's Not Unusual
I.R.S. Records

It's a sad state of affairs when the best thing you can find on an album is a Bachman-Turner Overdrive cover.

Let me warn you right at the top: Dread Zeppelin has a new record out entitled *It's Not Unusual*. It's not very good.

DZ has jettisoned their reggae roots in favor of some sort of neo-'70s-lanky-Leisure Suit Larry kind of look and it just doesn't come off well at all. These are the only guys I've ever heard of who are trying to emulate the FAT Elvis.

Their press release calls this new sound "grinding up the cream of the '70s boogie classics and spitting it out wrapped in a magical guitar mystery," and asks, "What the hell can all this sound like?"

Well, I'll tell you, Sparky: C-R-A-P-O-L-A. Crapola. Period. End of story. This album couldn't even be marketed by K-Tel.

Admittedly, DZ has always been about parody. But instead, this album is so hilariously bad it's an American tragedy. The Velveta just starts getting under your fingernails halfway through the second song on the album, "You Should Be Dancing."

For a really special treat, listen to their butchering of Led Zeppelin's "Ramble On." They produce the kind of noise that — according to rumors from the Surgeon General's office — sterilizes frogs at 400 yards.

Then, there is the cover of the Bee Gees' "More Than a Woman." It prompted one listener to shout, "Oh my God, and I used to like this song."

Those bastards.

—Jay Bennert

Healey Offers Blow Pop in Second Effort

The Jeff Healey Band
Feel This
Arista Records

The latest by The Jeff Healey Band, *Feel This*, kind of makes you wonder what you're supposed to be waiting for. This "hard-rockin'" album is just a little too smooth and superficial to dig its way under your skin with any degree of passion.

Take, for instance, the lyrics of "Cruel Little Number": "Well, she's got to be a 20 on a scale of 10 ... One in a million from her head to her toes, she follows her heart to where the next man's money goes."

Healey's rich, husky voice really seems wasted on these tunes — the kind of bubblegum pop we would expect from some

'70s garage band, but not from the artist who soared on "Angel Eyes" and "Still My Guitar Gently Weeps" just a few years ago.

Not even Healey's guitar work rescues *Feel This* from its morass of mediocrity. Packaged and predictable solos merely lead from one rowdy song to the next. Thankfully, "Lost in Your Eyes" breaks the mold to offer a beautiful, slow-motion glimpse of Healey's better side. Ironically, the song was written by Tom Petty. "You're Coming Home" also testifies to Healey's magic slow-touch, so sorely missed on the rest of this album.

Overall, *Feel This* sounds like a soundtrack to a bad Teen Movie of the Week, full of stereotyped bad women, hard luck and broken hearts.

At least the cover looks good.

—Jeanine Natale

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'An Angel at My Table' is a bittersweet film made by New Zealander Jane Campion about the life of award-winning writer Janet Frame. Pictured: Karen Fergusson, Samantha Townsley and Sarah Llewellyn play young sisters in 'An Angel at My Table' (top left). Jane Campion directed the 1990 film (bottom left). Kerry Fox (Janet Frame) and William Brandt play happy lovers in Ibiza, Spain (top right).



'Angel': An Art Film at My Lecture Hall

Jane Campion's *An Angel At My Table* is the remarkable story of a New Zealand writer's experiences as a woman growing up on an isolated farm, surviving an insane asylum, and rising to fame as a respected author.

The film is set in the early 1900s, and follows the life of Janet Frame, a painfully shy, chubby little girl with a shock of frizzy red hair, who becomes a

painfully shy, chubby woman with the same amazing hair. She has a gift for writing though, and is much more at ease with her notebooks than she is with the strange and sometimes painful events of growing up.

Anyone who's ever felt like social dandruff or whose self-esteem has ever had all the sparkle of a used condom can instantly enter the world of Janet. She desperately tries to fit in, but her looks are just too different from the norm, and her sensitive, daydreamy personality sets her apart from her peers, even as an adult.

As the introverted Janet comes of age, she's driven further into her own world by the drowning death of her favorite and more sociable older sister. By the time she gets to a women's college on a writing scholarship, Janet is helplessly trying to hold on to a few underdeveloped social skills, and ultimately retreats to her notebooks.

Finally, as the result of a long depression, Janet ends up in a monstrous, prehistoric insane asylum; the only kind that exist at the time. She can't decide whether she should stay in the hopes of getting better,

or if she's made a horrible mistake. But the one person she has confided in — an English professor who decides he knows what is best, has committed her, partly because he, like so many people in Janet's life, just doesn't understand her.

Amid the raving lunatics and uncaring doctors, though, she once again turns to her notebooks for company. It becomes easier and easier to see this world from Janet's eyes — no one has ever understood her because they don't ask, and Janet is too shy to offer any information, except through her writing. And it is her writing that ultimately becomes her stand in a world that too seldom stops to listen.

Rather than become a polemic against a cruel world, though, *An Angel At My Table* is simply a testament to this woman's childlike innocence and dedication to the only friend she has — the gift of writing.

An Angel At My Table will be screened in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. on Sunday. Tickets are \$5/general and \$3/students.

—Jeanine Natale

film reviews

'Light': Sleeper With Teeth

Loaded with talent, style and intensity, *Light Sleeper* is a film which, both literally and figuratively, shows its teeth.

The latest from writer-director Paul Schrader (*Comfort of Strangers*), the part psychological thriller, part drug flick stars Willem Dafoe, perfectly cast as "sensitive" drug dealer Johnny Latour. Fans will remember Dafoe for his incredibly toothy roles in both *Wild at Heart* and *Born on the Fourth of July*. With *Sleeper*, Dafoe is given a chance to prove that indeed he has a healthy mouth, as well as a gritty, contemplative acting style, reminiscent of Robert De Niro and his portrayal of psychotic Travis Bickle ("Are you looking at me?") in Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*.

"Red hot" is the only way to describe Susan Sarandon, who plays Latour's counterpart — known as "her majesty" — as the reigning drug queen of New York high society. Her character wants to move into cosmetic sales, but, until that day comes, is a perfect blend of the harsh drug queen and the simple businesswoman.

This is not a "feel good," make your heart soar kind of movie. It is quite simply an interesting look at the New York drug scene and how it affects the life and associates of Dafoe, a drug dealer extraordinaire who — like Sarandon — desperately wants to go straight.

The mise-en-scene in the film is incredibly stylized, as an alternative reality is created with a rich display of color, artistic lighting and strategically placed art works.

But perhaps the strongest visual motif of *Light Sleeper* — and the one most masterfully employed by Schrader — is trash. Filming in an already refuse-ridden New York City, Schrader adds even more garbage to his sets and uses it as an effective thematic cue. As Dafoe goes deeper and deeper into his own emotional garbage, mounds of trash frame the entrances and exits to the buildings which he enters. Notice the subtle appearance of trash men removing a mountain of crap from a corner as Latour's life begins to clear up.

The film is laced with themes of luck and psychic readings, which add an otherworldliness to the already unconventional filmic style utilized by Schrader. In one such instance, he shoots his characters from an overhead camera angle and drenches them in a blue light, which on their bare skin creates the illusion that they are marble statues, unreal, and we wait to see them come back to life. But, like its characters, *Light Sleeper* does not lie still, but holds the viewers attention right up to the enigmatic end.

—Allison Dunn

Prof. Recounts Sexcapade

In the course of everyone's education, there have been many teachers, some inspiring and some not. But how many people can say they had a mentally disturbed history teacher who recited — in class — anecdotes of his teenage sexcapades? How about the students of Tom Crick, the fictional instructor of the new film *Waterland*, who did just that.

Based on Graham Swift's best-selling novel, *Waterland* is the story of Tom and Mary Crick, a childless British couple living in Pittsburgh. Because his high school students are indifferent to the importance of history, Tom relates stories of his youth in World War II England to them in the hopes of "bringing history to life." What follows are flashbacks intercut with scenes of the Cricks' current lives.

The film has all the necessary ingredients for a rich and absorbing romantic epic. Unfortunately, the end result is only half-baked.

The performances in the film are particularly strong.

Jeremy Irons gives an Oscar-caliber performance as Tom Crick, as does John Heard as Tom's brother Dick. Also of note are Sinead Cusack (Irons' real-life wife) as Mary and Ethan Hawke as one of Tom's cynical students.

Robert Elswit's stunning cinematography and Carter Burwell's haunting musical score are also impressive.

However, the film as a whole is ruined by director Stephen Gyllenhaal's poor execution. He cuts too quickly, and too often, between flashbacks and the present. This device may work well in the novel, but it fails in the film; the frenetic scene-hopping convolutes an otherwise straightforward plot, causing unnecessary confusion for the filmgoer.

Although arriving short of its potential, *Waterland* is still a semi-enjoyable, mildly satisfying film. Jeremy Irons' brilliant portrayal of Tom is worth the price of admission alone.

—William Yelles



So, Who Killed Vincent Chin?

Director Renee Tajima will introduce and answer questions at the screening of her latest film-in-progress in the UCSB Girvetz Theater on Friday at 8 p.m. Tajima is the director of the powerful documentary 'Who Killed Vincent Chin.' The filmmaker and Village Voice film critic will also join in a group discussion about excerpts of her films on Saturday at 9 a.m. in the Engineering II Pavilion.

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Cover Story

First Time Out

Gay and Lesbian Filmmakers are Highlighted in New Santa Barbara Film Festival. Two Days of Screenings and Lectures by the Artists Mark the First Time Such an Event Has Come to Town.

by Anita Miralle

Every year, hundreds of films are directed and produced by lesbians and gays depicting issues of homosexual life. However, only a minuscule number of these films ever find their way to the projection booths of public theatres. Even fewer films that deal with homosexual content gain notoriety in Hollywood, and most of these perpetuate gay stereotypes.

In hopes of breaking the narrow images of homosexuals portrayed in Hollywood films, and representing the diversity and presence of gays and lesbians in the film industry, members of the local community have organized Santa Barbara's first annual Lesbian and Gay Film Festival.

"First Time Out," which begins tomorrow evening at 8 p.m. at the Victoria Street Theatre and continues through Saturday evening, will present 21 films representing the "diversity, excellence, creativity and importance of lesbian and gay films," said festival Publicity Director Jerry Schwartz.

"This will be a chance for the gay and lesbian community to see themselves and to show that there is a market for these films," he said.

According to Schwartz, rarely do outwardly gay films receive funding or acceptance in the commercial industry, even if the director is an Academy Award winner, such as the creator of *The Life and Times of Harvey Milk*, Richard Schmiechen.

"Most of the time, when a Hollywood movie employs a gay theme, the characters are crazy or neurotic. It's almost impossible for an outwardly gay or lesbian director to make it in Hollywood," he said.

One exception to the rule was this summer's release, *The Living End*, which was widely distributed throughout the nation. Schwartz believed the film was better received due to its subject matter.

"It dealt with AIDS and was sophisticated enough to be accepted," he said.

According to the assistant director of the Santa Barbara Gay and Lesbian Resource Center, Steven Sharpe, film festivals tend to be the only opportunity to present works displaying homosexual issues and ideas.

"The homophobia of society shines through in this area," Sharpe said. "At the L.A. Film Festival we saw 10 days worth of GLB [Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual] Films that were made in the past year alone. We



selected from about 200 films to put on our festival. There are vast numbers of GLB films out there, but theatres don't want to show them because they are not marketable in our society."

Sharpe hopes that this weekend's event will prove to the Victoria and Metropolitan theatres that there is a demand for homosexual films.

Changing Our Minds: The Story of Dr. Evelyn Hooker, produced by Schmiechen, will be shown opening night and has had drawn quite a large mainstream audience.

Hooker was a psychologist in the 1940s who studied gay men. During a time when homosexuality was believed to be a mental illness or disease, Hooker

broke new ground when she challenged this theory. It was not until 1974 when her studies were accepted to be truth.

"Her studies were the first evidence and documentation of accepting homosexuality in America," Schwartz said. "The start of her research was the start of gay men to take pride in themselves and realize their only sickness was from the oppression and repression from society."

The highlights of the festival will be the three remaining feature-length films, *American Fabulous*, *The Twin Bracelets* and *Vegas in Space*.

American Fabulous is an off-the-wall and very unusual look at the life of a gay man. Produced in 1991, director Reno Dakota takes us on a journey through

Columbus, Ohio, with a gay man as he drives through the city describing his experiences.

Set in a tiny village in Hong Kong during the 1980s, *Twin Bracelets* tells the story of two women who grew up together in a small, isolated community with age-old traditions and beliefs. When the women acknowledge and act upon the attraction between them, they must deal with the scorn they receive from the townspeople they knew all their lives.

Vegas in Space, directed by Phillip Ford, is described by Schwartz as *The Rocky Horror Picture Show meets Star*

"(The Festival) is a chance for the gay and lesbian community to see themselves ..."

Wars. "It's a take-off on the science fiction films of the '50s and drag queens."

Besides viewing some of the top gay and lesbian films from the past five years, the audience will have the opportunity to ask questions of directors, who will be present at the festival, and to attend a panel discussion on Saturday at 4 p.m.

Members of the panel include Black lesbian filmmaker Aaron Burch (*Spin Cycle*, *Dreams of Passion*), Schmiechen, *Los Angeles Times* film critic Kevin Thomas and the Victoria Street Theatre's program director, Andrea Woodward.

"The panel will discuss issues regarding the creation and making of gay and lesbian films, stereotypes of homosexuals, homophobia, and the future of gay and lesbian film," Schwartz said.

Constance Penley, a UCSB professor of film studies and women's studies, supports the festival and encourages the idea of offering the audience an opportunity to discuss the films in an educational setting.

"The best film festivals are the ones that make room for discussions to give an intellectual and political focus," she said.

Penley believes it is possible for UCSB to host its own gay and lesbian film festival, presenting works by students, and would like to see one organized in the future.

"It could be funded by student groups, and organizers could be helped by groups who do this sort of thing for a living," Penley said. "Someone just has to come up with the idea and the energy to do it."

Film Festival Schedule

Friday, 8:00 p.m.

→ *Rosebud*

By Cheryl Farthing

→ *Changing Our Lives: The Dr. Evelyn Hooker Story*

Director Richard Schmiechen and producer David Haugland will appear in person

Saturday, 11:00 a.m.

→ *Eye to Eye*
By Isabel Hegner

→ *A Certain Grace*
By Sandra Nettlebeck

→ *Relax*
By Christopher Newby

→ *Spin Cycle*
By Aarin Burch

→ *Dreams of Passion*
By Aarin Burch

→ *Flames of Passion*
By Richard Kwietniowski

→ *Doll Shop*
By Christine Rasmussen

Saturday, 2:00 p.m.

→ *State of Mind*
By Angie Black

→ *American Fabulous*
By Reno Dakota

Saturday, 4:00 p.m.

**Single Exposure: The Challenge of Achieving Greater Visibility for Gay and Lesbian Films*

A free panel workshop with UCSB Women's Studies professor Judith Ragskin, filmmakers Aarin Burch, Christine Rasmussen and Richard Schmiechen, film critic Kevin Thomas and Victoria Street Theatre manager Andrea Woodward

Saturday, 5:45 p.m.

→ *Night Out*
By Lawrence Johnston

→ *Because the Dawn*
By Amy Goldstein

→ *How to Kill Her*
By Ana Maria Sirno and Ela Troyano

Saturday, 8:00 p.m.

→ *True Blue*
By Maureen Brownsey

→ *The Dead Boys' Club*
By Mark Christopher

→ *Twin Bracelets*
By Yu-Shan Huang

Saturday, 11:00 p.m.

→ *Always on Sunday*
By Connie B. DeMille

→ *We're Talking Vulva*
By Tracy Traeger and Shawna Dempsey

→ *Beauties Without a Cause*
By David Weissman

→ *Vegas in Space*
By Phillip R. Ford

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Michael Franti (left) and Rono Tse of The Disposable Heroes of HipHoprisy performed in Isla Vista last week and were nice enough to give Artsweek's own Cactus an interview.

Hip-hop, Politics and the Greatest American Heroes

by Cactus Raazi

More than a year after their *Hiphoprisy Is the Greatest Luxury* album scorched the flabby white asses of Jesse Helms' would-be music censors, ARTSWEEK caught up with The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, who performed at the Anaconda Theater last week. As vanguards in hip-hop's new school, The Disposable Heroes never play the fool. Michael Franti does the lyrics and the rappin'; Rono Tse keeps ya jumpin' and clappin'. They kick new flavor to the tired punks, layin' dope rhymes over heavy funk. Political lyrics with a leftist lean; a beat that just might bust your spleen. So we talked for half an hour; read this shit and fight the power.

Artsweek: What are your feelings about the outcome of the elections?

Michael Franti: I feel as happy as I could have possibly felt. Nobody who I wanted to get into office got into office (none of them were running) but everybody I wanted out of office is now out. We got Bush out of office. ... We got John Seymour out of office.

AW: We kept Herschenson out of office!

Franti: So the situation in terms of what can happen is pretty good, but we're still facing the fact that in the election we had a choice between right-wing capitalism or liberal capitalism.

AW: Where are you guys coming from on that? Do you have a more socialist stance?

Rono Tse: Well, a lot of young people feel left out. There are so many terms and so much dialogue that these politicians are trying to pump out to us, that we get lost in the smoke screen.

Franti: But in terms of socialist ideas, America's foreign and domestic policy has always been to meet the needs of big business. That's why we've invaded Grenada, invaded Panama, invaded Iraq, invaded South Central. Until we can get people into power who are going to change the agenda of America, basically things are going to go on the same way, whether we have Clinton or Bush, or Pat Robertson.

Tse: In your own community is where you have to create some kind of family unit. We need to come together and get organized.

AW: You see that a lot in the Chicano community ... the feeling of *La Raza*. People get together with such a strong feeling of pride in their community and I think that aids in their attempts to try and conquer some of the evils all around us everyday.

What were your reactions to the L.A. rebellions?

Franti: I feel that what took place was precipitated by the situation that we have in America. Bush came on TV and said, "Please try to be fair," but where was the fairness when they moved the trial to Simi Valley? He said, "Please don't loot," but we've had the savings and loan industry looted to the tune of \$500 billion over the last 12 years with nobody held accountable!

AW: If you had an opportunity to say something to Bill Clinton, assuming he reads the Nexus (which I'm sure he does), what would it be?

Franti: I would tell him that he needs to pay attention to the voice of young people today. Political leaders today need to tap into the youth and what's happening on the street. And they need to listen to rap music.

Tse: Clinton needs to organize more events where he puts himself out there where people can ask questions.

Franti: The one encouraging thing about Clinton is that for all my adult life I've experienced right-wing tyranny in this country and now at least we have an open dia-

logue about things like national health care. Back in '84 or '85 you would have been called a communist for even bringing these things up.

AW: How things change. Now you guys just finished up your tour with U2.

Tse: We just finished up a whole month on the east coast.

AW: Tell us about it. What did you learn?

Tse: It was like going to college ... and we had a free scholarship. They [U2] had a road crew of 200 people, and when we got to the venue they would hire 200 more people! Their dressing rooms were bigger than places we've played! It was definitely a learning experience, and to see 50,000 people come together was incredible. I can see hip-hop get to that scale. There's all this talk and tension about west coast/east coast. We need to cut that shit and come together. How come U2 can do a show with 50,000 people and there's no violence and no killing? We've got to think about these things.

AW: Let's discuss a bit more of the music now that we've covered the politics. A lot of people are unaware of what was going on before you formed the Disposable Heroes.

Franti: We used to be the band called the Beatnigs. I was

writing a lot of political lyrics and poetry, and it began as just me and a drummer. Then Rono got involved as a dancer. We used to go out to the shipyards in Hunter's Point in San Francisco and since we didn't have any instruments, we would just beat on anything we could find. We actually played Santa Barbara as the Beatnigs a couple of years ago.

AW: Didn't you guys cause a riot or something? Every time someone mentions the Beatnigs someone goes, "Do you remember that riot?"

Franti: I don't know about all that...

Tse: So the music we were doing as the Beatnigs was definitely very different. It was something that we did because we didn't have any money to buy guitars and keyboards and all the latest equipment. We just banged on whatever we could bang on. We started as a bunch of guys with a bunch of different ideas, and we just started exchanging ideas.

AW: What about the future? There seems to be a movement in a segment of rap towards live instruments and a more organic feel to the music...

Franti: We play with a live band on stage, but we still use samplers and stuff. But we like the freedom of the live band on stage. It puts off a different vibe and makes the live shows a lot more dynamic.

AW: I hear you're putting out a 7-inch on the Sub-Pop label?

Franti: There are some rumors about that. We've been wanting to do a single with Billy Bragg, so you might see that soon.

AW: Where do you feel you fit into the world of hip-hop? It's pretty hard to pigeonhole your music as "rap."

Tse: People ask all the time. I just say it's hip-hop. It's rap, you know? Hip-hop is just going to keep getting larger, like jazz. It keeps growing, evolving. People who try to figure out what it is and try to put a label on it ... those are people that just listen to commercial stations.

Franti: I just feel music is music. The music we're doing now is a dramatic difference from the Beatnigs, and the music we'll be doing in the future will be dramatically different from now.

"Hip-hop is just going to keep getting larger ... growing, evolving."

Something Wicked Comes

The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow Brings Its Brand of Gruesome, Deranged Freakishness This Way

A terrible thing happened at a Lollapalooza show this summer. After a performer did a face-plant into a pile of broken glass, heavy footed audience members stomped on his head, grinding his face into the razor-sharp shards of obsidian.

But this gruesome occurrence didn't happen just once; it happened over and over again at Lollapalooza shows across the country — and it wasn't accidental. The performer was Jim Rose, leader of a group of human aberrations who make up the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow.

Jim Rose and his cohorts are, it's safe to say, a bunch-o'-freaks. Freaks. These people are not even close to normal, but at Lollapalooza their show attracted large crowds and nearly as much media attention as Eddie Vedder. Now Rose is taking his bunch of misfits on a nationwide tour which will hit the Anaconda Theatre on Friday.

The aptly titled "Eyeball Terrorist Tour 1992" is not for the squeamish or faint-of-heart. Gwar is nothing compared to this. Even those types of people who are used to seeing really sick stuff — ambulance drivers, animal researchers — might have a problem swallowing some of these stunts.

Of course, the Sideshow members don't seem to have much of a problem swallowing anything. Rose himself swallows double-edged razor blades. Matt the Tube force feeds himself a vile concoction of beer, chocolate syrup and ketchup through a tube which leads from his nose to his stomach. Then he pumps



The members of the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow include Matt the Tube, The Slug, Mr. Lifo, The Torture King and Jim Rose himself. They'd be happy to see you this Friday night at the Anaconda.

it back up and offers it to audience members to drink. The Slug swallows swords and little living creatures, including those of his namesake, as well as crickets and maggots. Maggots. Maggots.

And that's not all: Mr. Lifo lifts irons and cinder blocks that are suspended from holes pierced through his tongue, nipples and other unmentionable body parts; The Torture King skewers various parts of his body and even electrocutes himself; Rose

hammers spikes up his nose and is a human target for needle-sharp darts.

It's hard to figure out why people like to watch humans mutilate themselves, and are actually willing to pay to see it. But the sideshow has always held as much appeal as circus clowns and acrobats, and tigers who jump through flaming hoops. The scary thing about the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow is that there is no circus; the sideshow takes center

ring and there is nothing nice and pleasant to take the eyes away from a full two hours of bile-inducing feats.

By the way, this show is so intensely gross that people often faint, so paramedics will be on hand in case. Just in case. The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow will perform at the Anaconda in Isla Vista on Friday (the 13th — how appropriate) at 7:30 p.m.

—Bonnie Bills

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book review

With Royalties and Justice for All

New Dershowitz Bestseller Offers Veritable Libertarian "Marketplace of Ideas."

by Martin Boer

The always-controversial barrister, Alan Dershowitz, waxes poetic in his new book *Contrary To Popular Opinion*, the civil libertarian views of which are apt to be both agreeable and questionable to most anyone.

The name of Dershowitz should ring a bell. Even those who missed the movie *Reversal of Fortune* — in which his defense of Claus von Bulow was pictured — have probably heard of his involvement in other high-publicity cases.

In the last few years he has represented a diverse group of clients including: Mia Farrow, Mike Tyson, the CIA, Vanessa Redgrave, Senator Alan Cranston, Louis Farakhan, Leona Helmsley, Jim Baker, Michael Milken, and the producers of the film *Henry and June*. To say that Dershowitz represents wealthy clients regardless of their political leanings is an understatement.

It is perhaps unfair to judge Dershowitz's character by the failings of some of his clients — yet it is interesting to read a book about liberty, free-

dom and equity by somebody who has represented Tyson and the nefarious CIA.

The civil libertarian will probably argue that everyone is innocent before a verdict is reached and that he is merely helping the accused present a defense. But not many accused can afford the kind of defense that brings this Harvard Law School professor to the case.

The tenured professor often refers to the "marketplace of ideas" in which a free discourse of theories regarding freedom, rights and duties should be debated. He is a finer example of the Cambridge intelligentsia which produces well-written, witty statements on every topic imaginable, laced with biting critiques of everybody outside of Harvard Yard.

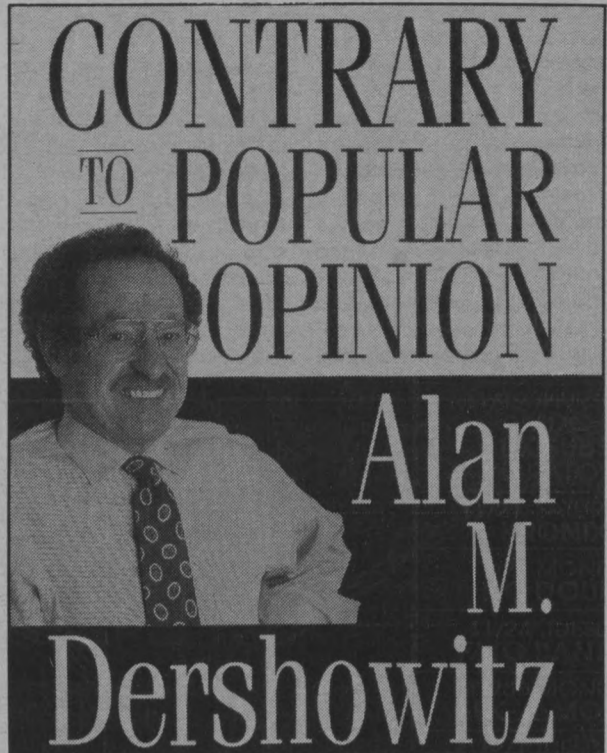
In *Contrary to Public Opinion*, those ideas are expressed in pieces about every issue of importance in the last three years, including: judicial etiquette, double jeopardy, freedom of speech, flag burning, child pornography laws, the Thomas-Hill satire, the evils of political correctness, police brutality, the entrapment of Marion

Barry, abortion, capital punishment, sex crimes and anti-Semitism.

Dershowitz takes a liberty and justice for all stance in which "my right to swing my fist ends at the tip of your nose." Everyone is free to do whatever they want until it hurts another. Dershowitz is so adamant in his vision of free speech that he encourages citizens to not only allow other voices to be heard, but to attend rallies proposing radically different views from their own. Dershowitz — who has been a victim of much anti-Semitism himself — even suggests attending one which denies the holocaust.

It is hard to sympathize with such a philosophy, considering the amount of pain caused by hate crimes. At times, Dershowitz's stubborn apologetics of all those as yet untried by the law suggests that the marketplace of ideas Dershowitz is referring to is in a vacuum.

His brilliant analysis of courtroom protocol and adamant fight for the preservation of the First Amendment is, nonetheless, entertaining. In addition, Dershowitz offers



countless opinions on foreign affairs, especially regarding Israel.

It is interesting that he stands for many of the same liberties that Noam Chomsky does, while the two remain archenemies. The author makes numerous references to Chomsky and the political-correctness trend which, Dershowitz feels, is compromising freedoms from the left. Aside from their differences regarding Israel's large army — Dershowitz supports its mor-

ality, Chomsky does not — they seem very similar.

Dershowitz is part of an elite band of intellectuals that has free reign to pontificate in any way they see fit. But, interestingly enough, the very soapboxes on which they preach are also a part of the establishment.

While many of his writings are admittedly unpopular, his epigrammatic witticisms almost convert the nonbeliever to his libertarian ideals.

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