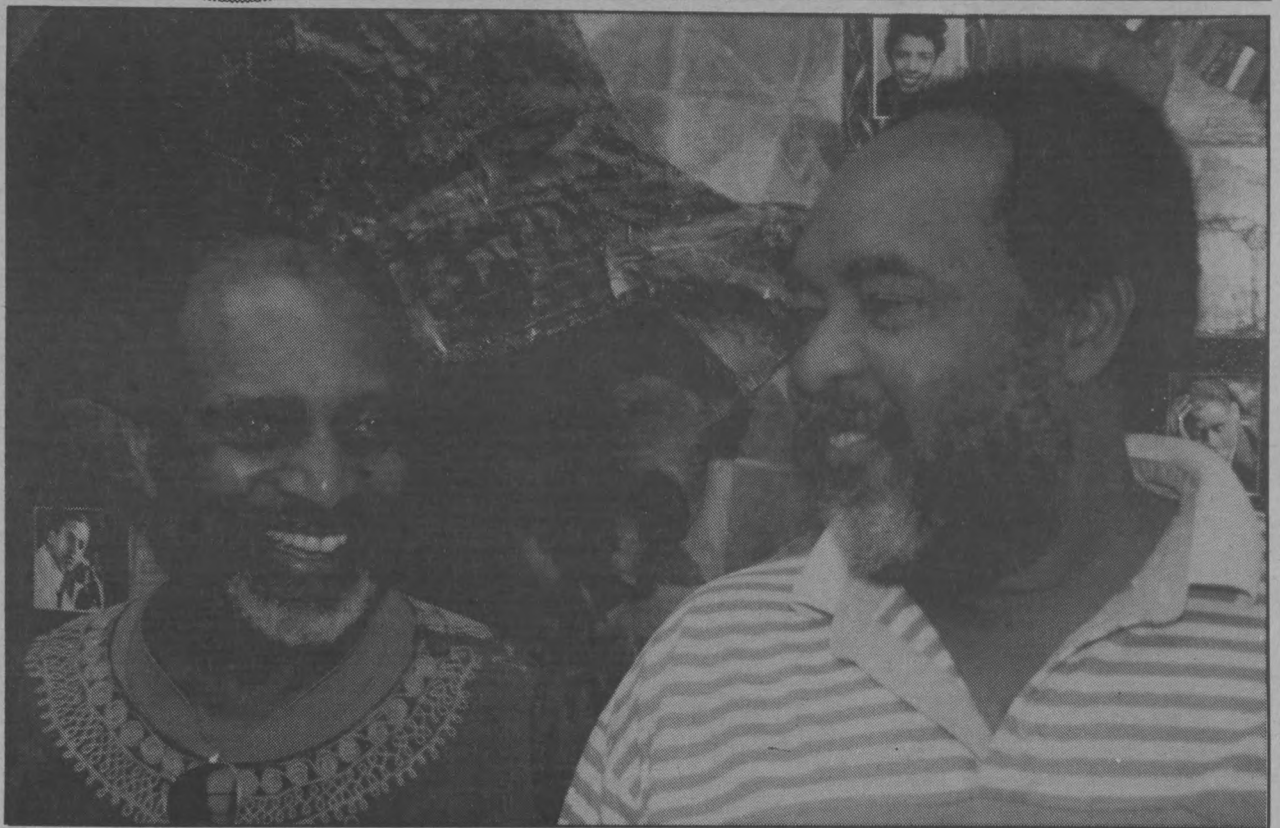


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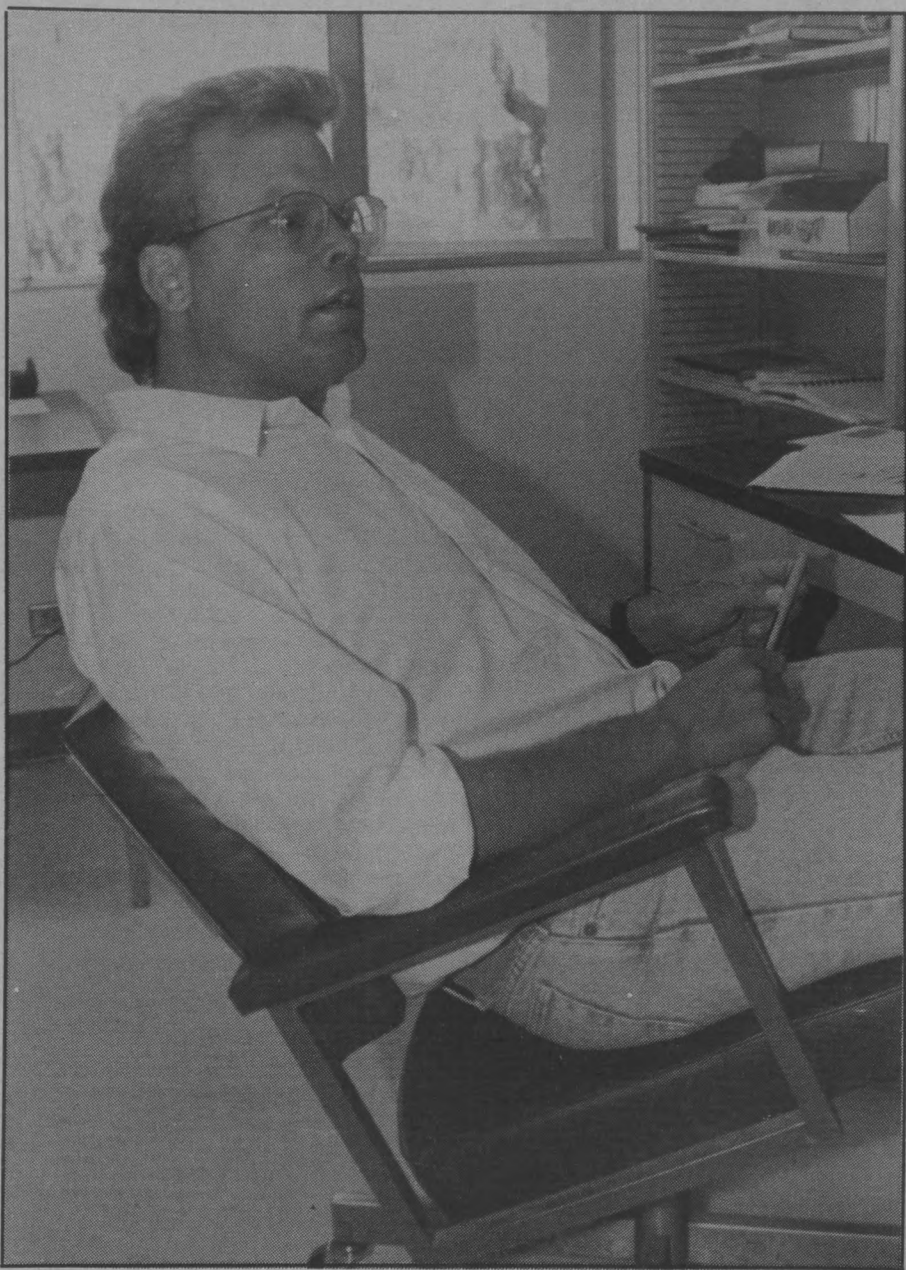
The Weekly Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus

NO TV?



Cedric Robinson (left) enjoys literature while Otis Madison admits to being a couch potato.

Nicole Milne Talks to UCSB Faculty About How They Spend Their Time When They're Not Working.



J. D. Appelen discusses his love of the outdoors.

Is this a daunting question: What is your favorite form of popular entertainment? Rather innocent, right? Apparently many professors on campus don't think so. The responses I got to this probing intellectual question ranged between fright, dumbfoundedness, intense seriousness and certified, full-fledged weirdo-dom exposed in all its glory.

Students, think about the professors who have marked your academic existence. Picture the private lives of those mysterious women and men who stand distantly at their podiums and dispense information (well, *some* information). The outside lives of these cerebral folks may (or may not) surprise you.

"Tap dancing. I think it's great, and I like watching it," responded Elizabeth Cook, professor of English. Dr. Cook does not actually tap herself, but finds performances most alluring.

Other purveyors of naive fun include Constance Penley, professor of film studies, who declared a taste for literary master Henry James. "*Portrait of a Lady* and *The Golden Bull* are my favorites," she said. I will venture a guess that Professor Penley may be somewhat tongue-in-cheek in speaking about her fave entertainment, considering she is oft under attack from UCSB's conservative faculty for her film class, which focuses on lesbian pornography.

Of course, many professors take entertainment as seriously as their intellectual day jobs. One of the most prevalent answers given was actually a denial: no TV.

"I don't own a TV and it's easy to survive," commented Richard Helgerson, professor of English. In fact, Helgerson thinks that yanking the cord on passive consumption would result in raising the standard of living for children across the world. "I think they'd have better lives," he said.

Another academic who eschews America's dearest home accessory is writing Professor J.D. Appelen, who said he just wants to escape his office. "I have to sit inside and read a lot, so I like outdoorsy things — scuba diving, kayaking," the instructor commented.

On the other side, TV-loving professors *do* abound, and they seized the opportunity to declare their favorite shows. A rather precise catalog was given by Dwight Reynolds, religious studies professor: "*Star Trek: The Next Generation*, *Voyager*, *DS9* [*Deep Space Nine* to the uninitiated] or the four *Real World* series, except for the Manhattan Beach one."

This man was serious about his TV. (This was pleasant, after so many profs attacked me for asking such a simple question. It makes you wonder what these people are downloading.) According to Otis Madison, professor of black studies, the most pleasurable way to be entertained by TV is "couch potatoing, if I'm honest about it. Just me and my remote control."

English professor Chris Newfield showed through his TV viewing that he actually parallels his lectures with his choices of entertainment forms. "I like *X-Files* because it's about trying to develop other ways of dealing with oppressive power than what's in our repertoire," he said.

Some professors never, ever stop reading. I was amazed by how many instructors, after I interrupted them from their reading to ask my perky little question, answered promptly that they read as entertainment. Hours later, when I returned to bother them again, they were still reading.

Cedric Robinson, chair of the Black Studies Dept., is most entertained by classical literature. "I enjoy English mystery literature, novels that have historical grounding as well as questions that have to do with language, literature and academia in general," Robinson commented. His peer and compatriot in literary love, Earl Stewart, enjoys literature known to the masses as French pseudo-Broadway plays. "My favorite entertainment is classical literature, short stories — Montpassant, Victor Hugo and Keating," he pointed out.

Beyond those entertainment genres mentioned above, my survey somewhat supported two stereotypes about professors' private selves. The first was a tendency toward antisocial, "I-withdraw-into-academia" behavior. One professor who will remain unnamed stated, "I don't have time to do anything. I don't entertain myself," and rushed off to brainstorm about something searingly brilliant.

The second student daydream that was reinforced in my survey was the dual-life image, that of professors having some sort of freaky other life. One professor denied the photographer's request to take his picture because of past Mafia connections; another claimed to be in the witness protection program.

Others skirted the issue because of their questionable entertainment choices — "There's not one that I can share, because I have a reputation to think about," according to one mysterious professor.

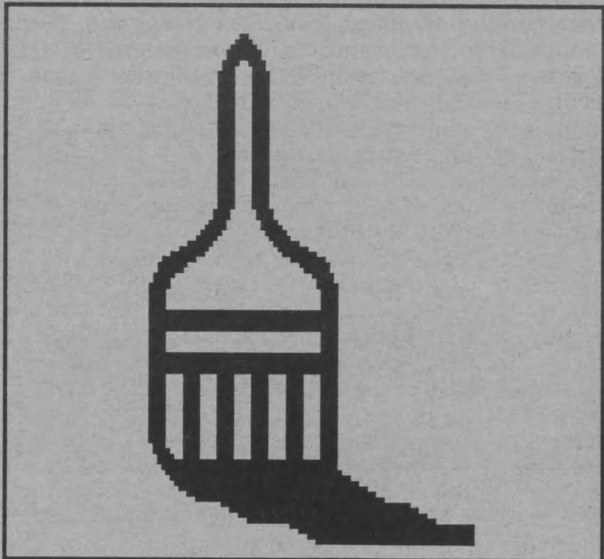
Spanish Rocks

The Spanish Box Art Gallery Exhibits

This past weekend, I was able to go to a reception at the Spanish Box, a very small, discreet gallery located somewhere off State Street. I walked in and saw people chatting in rooms as big as any in Isla Vista. I took a breather outside and saw many people talking casually in the night, and it hit me: The gallery was actually a small, Spanish-style home!

When I returned inside, I quickly noticed that the lounge was actually a kitchen and that the office was a living room. Someone was actually *living* among these awesome contemporary works. The resident's house was an art gallery!

OK, so my description is one of absolute naiveté. But Spanish Box really impressed me, and I thought it was a



great way to expose artists. If need be, why not do it out of your house? That's exactly what Steve Hertzog has been doing for about the past four months.

The current show is entitled *The Mod Squad* and consists of six artists: Sam Durant, Darcy Hueblen, Jim Isermann, Dave Muller, Jorge Pardo and Pae White. It was organized by Michael Darling and can be seen in Hertzog's home until June 8.

You can visit the Spanish Box on Fridays and Saturdays from 11 a.m.-6 p.m. (or by appointment). If you're smart enough, you can try and find it on your own: It's at 219 W. Canon Perdido. If not, you can call Steve Hertzog at 568-1983 and get directions.

—Connie Maher

Tap, Tap, Tap

National Tap Dance Day Festivities Come to Campus

Nationally recognized guest artists and local performers will present an evening of ear-catching rhythms and high showmanship as they celebrate National Tap Dance Day Friday at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

Fred Strickler, Sam Weber and other renowned tappers will treat both the ear and the eye during the fourth annual Tap Dance Day Celebration produced by local non-profit rhythm tap dance company TAPS Ltd. and the UCSB Rhythm, Tap, Jazz and Swing Club.

Declared an official holiday by Congress in 1989, National Tap Dance Day is observed by dancers across the country to honor the birthday of Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, considered by many the ultimate tapper.

The local celebration offers a chance for tappers to

Mendonca will hold audience members with the complexity of his rhythms.

"He's more youthful and has more intense energy," Carlson said. "It's more of a street style."

Fred Strickler, of Orange County's "Rhapsody in Taps," set his own choreography on local performers for the show and will also perform during Friday's production. Strickler is known for his modern-dance influenced technique.

Steve Zee and Christy Wynant will also perform, and tap legend Fayard Nicholas, of the Nicholas Brothers, will be on hand to sign autographs before and after the show.

In addition to the guest performances, the six-member



share their choreographic ideas and present them to Santa Barbara's dance spectators, according to TAPS Ltd.'s artistic director Beth Carlson.

"What's so great about the day is the tap dance world is very small and connected," she said. "This once-a-year event allows everyone on the Central Coast to come together."

This year's celebration will focus more on rhythm tapping than Broadway-style tapping, but the variety of performance approaches lined up is sure to please a wide audience.

Jazz Tap Ensemble member Sam Weber, often called the "Tap God" of improvisation, will perform in his trademark intricate, breakneck-speed style.

"He generally taps to jazz standards and improvises his whole performance," Carlson said. "He's known for having the fastest feet in tap dance."

In his unique dance approach, guest tapper Mark

TAPS Ltd. company will present several pieces. A half-hour production titled *Global Pulse* will feature over 40 local dancers performing choreography by TAPS Ltd. members.

The community piece is set to eight separate pieces of music, each from a different country, and will showcase dancers of all ages.

"It's all going to be really varied, and I think that's what makes the show so neat," said TAPS Ltd. member and UCSB student Juliet Weiss. "You'll see all different forms and all different styles and all different levels. You'll get the grand picture, and that's really our goal — to show what tap's all about."

Tickets are \$12 general admission, \$7 for children under 12 and are available through UCSB Arts & Lectures in advance or at the door.

—Rachel Howard

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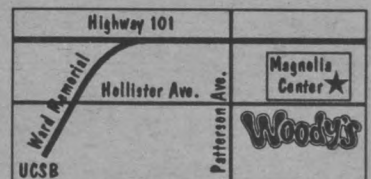
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Film

No Plot Twister

In the relatively recent rash of films based on old TV shows, America has gotten a painful reminder that the creativity of Hollywood's masterminds has diminished in favor of attempting to appeal to the masses, who know nothing more than the countless hours wasted in their childhood watching the tube.

Mission: Impossible is by no means an exception to this rule, but I honestly had much higher expectations of it when walking into the theater. You see, I love the old late-'60s series that had it all: drama, suspense, intrigue, romance, cool gadgets and clever plot twists before every commercial break.



How could a movie based on this brilliant show, with '90s visual effects technology and the direction of Brian de Palma, fail to disappoint? This is no *Brady Bunch* or *Flintstones* — it's *Mission: Impossible!* We're talking Peter Graves and Leonard Nimoy plotting out a ridiculously intricate scheme where every second counts, the mysterious evil general from behind the Iron Curtain always on the verge of discovering their true identity and a marvelous escape at the last second, when they seemed doomed from the start. It's a contemporary screenwriter's dream, a perfect blend of the sagacity from *The Usual Suspects* and the action from *Die Hard*. What could go wrong?

Well, in this movie, just about everything. The plot is extremely confusing, the bad guys are embarrassingly normal and about one-third of the story depends on

Internet technology, which turned me off from the first time Tom Cruise, as Agent Ethan Hunt, uttered "dot com." Who wants to watch a spy sit down at a computer and browse Web pages — which Hunt does for at least a solid seven minutes in one excruciatingly boring scene — when you can see freshmen doing the same thing over in the UCen?

But what tears this movie apart and makes it worse than *any* episode of the original show is what the plot is based on: agents of the team double-crossing their formerly trusted friends and trying to profit from it in money and power.

In the original show, although they often wore disguises and would sometimes turn on their cohorts to protect their own secret identities, members of the Impossible Mission Force were always a team, solid and true. There was no question in the viewer's mind that they would always come through for each other in the end, and they always did, no matter what the risk or circumstances.

However, the movie *Mission: Impossible* has a plot line completely based on members of the team turning against each other for no particular reason other than personal greed or desire for power. And it is this that makes the film almost unwatchable, since you can never tell who's on what side when or where. Not only does this inconsistency make the movie adlepted and disjointed, it disappointed me to see what was originally created as a loyal and strong team portrayed as petty and selfish, looking out for only their own interests.

Although some of the action scenes are pretty entertaining, they weren't enough to keep the gin-reeking fat guy sitting next to me from falling asleep midway through. All in all, *Mission: Impossible* is a good way to kill a couple of hours, but when I want to see a team of skilled espionage agents work together to conquer a common foe, I'll turn on the F/X network instead.

—Nick Robertson

Twister is the latest product of schlockmeister Michael Crichton (he wrote the script with his wife, Anne-Marie Martin), the creator of, among other things, *Jurassic Park* and *ER*, and certainly a man with his finger on the pulse of the mass audience. *Jurassic Park*, directed by Steven Spielberg (who's also a producer of this film), is indeed a fair preview of what's in store here: a spectacular central idea (in this case chasing tornadoes in Oklahoma) wrapped around with transparent attempts to give psychological "depth" and "motivation." It's diligently researched to give a veneer of plausibility, but nothing is sacrificed for the smoothness of consumption. The result is a charmless affair of comic-book sensibil-

Speed, gets a good performance from Hunt but is again cursed by his leading man. Paxton is so old-fashioned and wooden that you can't help thinking of an antique wardrobe. I can't believe audiences are still falling for this kind of moth-eaten machismo.

The film is supposed to build in a meteorological suspense, but instead of a maelstrom of excitement, we get a low-pressure zone of hot air with a plot that can be read from a weather satellite. The more the bone-crunching soundtrack tries to convince you that what's happening onscreen is dramatic, the more your eyes linger in hope on the exit signs. With nothing to hold them at anchor, thoughts drift untethered on a stream of conscious-



ity, decorated with technical mumbo jumbo and saved only by groundbreaking special effects. The characters are cardboard cutouts, the dialogue is dead on arrival.

The action starts when a pair of meteorologists, Bill (Bill Paxton) and his wife Jo (Helen Hunt, of TV's *Mad About You*), race across Oklahoma (a somehow appropriate place, given the biblical violence of tornadoes) to test out their new research machine. This involves placing the device in the path of the beast and then running like hell, trying to avoid both the twister and the next patch of awkward script. Director Jan de Bont, who made the Keanu Reeves vehicle

ness. Perhaps if I leave now, I can bike home before dark. I wonder if Pierre La Fraud is still open.

The visual effects are, admittedly, pretty impressive, which is I guess what's drawing the crowds of mostly teenagers who are seeing it. There's some nice aerial shots, too, as the convoy of wind chasers crisscross their way over the state. But even as a secondhand thrill show, it never really convinces, because tornadoes have just too neutral a personality for real engagement. The best you can say about it is that people who like this kind of thing will like this kind of thing.

—Martin Knight

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Sure Shots



Antonio Artese
Italian Sketches

There is a great artist in our midst. *Italian Sketches*, an album of piano improvisations by UCSB graduate student Antonio Artese, is a fearless display of individuality. There's not a distinct musical category that Artese's music could possibly fit into. It's an album heavily influenced by jazz, classical and blues traditions, yet it does not strictly adhere to anything other than Artese's own imagination and vision.



Italian Sketches is powered by what is essential in improvisation: a daring that succeeds because it is not haphazard. A strong, constant left hand provides a structure from which the right hand feeds, giving the music a clear sense of dynamism that makes it active and immediate for the listener. The liner notes state that the inspiration for the music is, "like the Greek logos, the tension between sounds and images." It is this tension that draws the listener into each successive burst, and it is this tension that has the capability of tearing the listener's feet from the ground and carrying them with the blazing movements that Artese presents.

In listening to *Italian Sketches*, one can trace the path of Artese's ideas as they grow and adjust throughout a piece. Even though all of the music is improvisational, Artese usually has a clear focus on what he is trying to accomplish. From the bold and urgent strains of "Mono-

logue Blues" to the thoughtful lullaby "Ninna Nanna" to the almost chaotic "Maestrale," one never feels lost as a listener, just *taken*. The improvisation is used as a way of taking the listener into a gallery of sounds and ideas. Artese does not use improvisation to show what *he* can do — he uses it to show the possibilities of what can be done. For this reason, it would be difficult and unfair to label this music as belonging to a specific genre.

Artese's sense of imagery can't be ignored. The imagery drives the ideas that eventually becomes realized in the music. "Homeland" and "Italian Sketches" suggest comfort in an element. "Maestrale" captures the chaos of phenomena like windstorms (either that or a cheetah with his ass on fire).

Artese's piano skills are not masked by anything on this album. That he is a very thorough piano technician is obvious. His playing is dynamic, powerful and complete. Artese can make the listener feel what he is feeling; witness the affection for his native Italy in *Italian Sketches*. That he develops this feeling so well through improvisation only makes his music more expressive.

Listen to Artese. He can grab you even when you are not paying attention. If you feel like something is lifting up your guts from underneath, don't worry — it's just the music. This is one to pay attention to.

Italian Sketches is available at Cymbaline Records and Borders bookstore.

—Jack Zedlitz

Chemical Brothers
Loops of Fury EP
Astralwerks

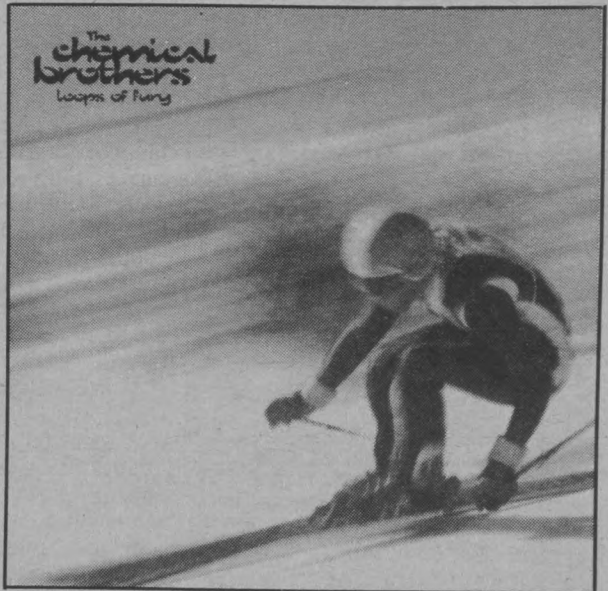
If the DMV agreed to play the Chemical Brothers' *Loops of Fury EP* through their Muzak systems, the pace in that office might pick up a bit. It might even be possible to register a car or boat in under an hour without witnessing five children topple the line dividers as they deviate from their parents and suck on the countertops.

The title track is reminiscent of the ad now in rotation on TV for Bally's Fitness Centers. It is digital, inhumane and unnatural. Inundated with mechanic percussion, the *Loops of Fury EP* starts off unabashedly, thrusting straightforward into an unnecessary high-impact cycle of beats. There is no Gatorade, just an uncontrollable feeling of acceleration.

"(The Best Part of) Breaking Up" follows like a momentary cool-off session. It does not persist like the first track, building a sting with lactic acid in the muscles, but is finite, almost forgettable. The best part is, perhaps, this lack of duration. It's short and sweet and a good con-

trast to the epic title track. It is manageable.

"Get Up on It Like This" makes one forget the breakup altogether. There is too much else going on. Casio guitar inserts float around the core beat like insects to one of those night zappers (i.e., big sizzlers — a satisfying sound accompanied by a little guilt of such a rapid fate, and very exciting). Windbreaker/corduroy jean swish sounds weave in and out of the upbeat instigator. For the first time on the EP, vocals arise, encouragement that there is life somewhere in the midst of this chaos.



Finally, and too soon, the EP comes to its final track. The Dave Clarke remix of "Chemical Beats" is textured heavily like the tracks on *Exit Planet Dust*, the Brothers' 1995 full-length. Relentless in generating energy, this track marks an unfortunate end to too short an offering from such a hyperactive duo. It's like waiting for the *Buns of Steel* tape to end but then realizing, in the end, that it's just not enough for a full workout (hypothetically). With luck, the Chemical Brothers will bring out something for the abs soon.

Loops of Fury is compacted with straightforward energy that encourages the listener to eat out more often, blink less and drive faster. The trouble is, you have to loop it back regularly on the CD repeater because it is shorter than an episode of *Extra!*

—Adrienne Robillard

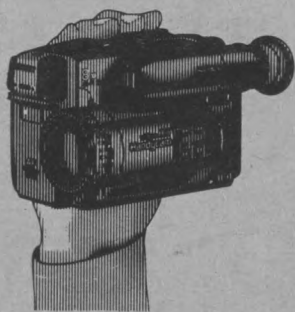
Samy's Camera



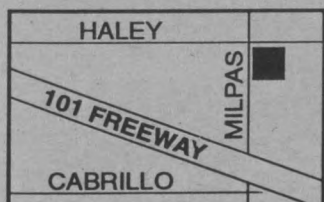
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In Concert

Various Musicians Perform This Week

The next week will offer students the opportunity to experience sounds ranging from the unique flavors of the Peruvian Andes, to the cha-cha-chas of Cuba, to pieces from the Baroque and Romantic periods.

INCA, the Peruvian Ensemble, will perform traditional and ancient forms of Peruvian music tonight at the UCSB MultiCultural Center. The group, which has performed at the Hollywood Bowl and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, will give music aficionados the chance to hear a festive brand of music played in the mountains, jungles and sea-coasts of Peru.

While charangos, qui-jadas, zamponas and quenenas may sound like spicy items found on the menu of a Peruvian restaurant, they won't give you heartburn — in fact, these are instruments INCA employs to perform the fascinating rhythms of Peru.

A charango is a small

10-string guitar-like instrument made from the shell of an armadillo. A quijada is an Afro-Peruvian percussion instrument made with a donkey's jaw. A zampona pan pipe is made from bamboo, and the quena is a bamboo flute traditionally played in the Andes Mountains.

(Struggling I.V. bands looking for a distinguishing sound might want to check this out. Imagine the reception one might receive from a drunken crowd by wailing away on a donkey jaw solo.)

Those starving for a taste of Cuba need look no further than Meta Rambon, a group performing Cuban dance music at the Music Dept.'s concert bowl next Wednesday. The concert is the final installation in the Music Dept.'s world music series.

Meta Rambon's director is the Music Dept.'s very own Robin Moore, a lecturer in ethnomusicology. Moore will lead the group in the performance of a variety of different Cuban dance music genres, including boleros, sones, cha-cha-chas and cumbias. The concert is at noon and free, so be sure to stop by between classes.

Harpisichordist and pianist Janice Sharon and guests will perform selections from the Baroque and Romantic periods tonight. Sharon, also a campus music lecturer, will be



Harpichordist Janice Sharon

joined by bassoonist Gary Echols and oboist William McMullen, guest artists from the University of Nebraska, Lincoln School of Music.

Sharon is the founding member of the Santa Barbara Baroque Ensemble and has performed as a soloist with many local groups. Selections the group will perform include Telemann's *Tafelmusik II* (the sequel), Chopin's

Mazurkas, Scarlatti sonatas, Vivaldi's *Sonata*, R.V. 53, and Elgar's *Romance*, Op. 62.

From 1981-86, McMullen was a regular substitute with the New York Philharmonic. Sharon will also be joined by faculty member and cellist Geoffrey Rutkowski and flutist Ilana Eden, assistant conductor of the Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera.

—Brian Norton

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*SOME RESTRICTIONS APPLY

Chicago Hope

Productions of *Chicago* and *Diviners* Dazzle the Campus

This week in the Studio Theatre, Theatre UCSB presents *The Diviners*, a play by Jim Leonard. Set in a small Indiana town in the 1930s, this play is interesting to watch, due mainly to the constant presence of the entire cast onstage, which effectively creates a small-town atmosphere.

The placement of the cast seemed especially important in this play, which focuses around a young boy with mental disabilities. The omnipresent cast, always willing to offer an opinion, depends on the boy for his powers to divine water, as is displayed in the opening sequence.

Justin Bowler, in the lead role of Buddy Layman, offers a compelling performance, played with innocence and sensitivity. Bowler's physical prowess is also to be noted—several sequences were impressive through his and his cast members' excellent use of movement. The supporting cast includes Tobias Geye, T. Ryan Arnold and Krista Swager, who, as Buddy's family, show the strain of living with the boy, who has a morbid fear of water. A sense of irony pervades the play, as it is Buddy's ability to predict rain that endears him to the town. Waiting for the rain (which comes sporadically), the cast enacts a series of vignettes which, staged differently, could be dangerously long. This version, however, has a good pace.

Excellent scenic and lighting design and an energetic cast save this period play from being merely commonplace. The constant motion of the cast provides a small-town feel and keeps the eye moving; the simple set is used in a number of interesting ways.

Estefanie Ruiz and Denilya Akens are worth watching as the small town's gossipy women. Rebecca Martin is funny as their leader, Norma Henshaw, the town's resident



Bible thumper. Scenes with the three women are especially entertaining.

Tickets are available through UCSB Arts & Lectures. *The Diviners* runs through May 25.



On a totally different theatrical note, opening Wednesday in the Hatlen Theatre is the musical *Chicago*, which promises to be an extravaganza of sight and sound. *Chicago*, continuing the spring season, is presented by the UCSB Dept. of Dramatic Art in conjunction with the UCSB Music Dept. Written by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, this musical is a series of splashy and vaudevillian acts that tells the story of lead character Roxie Hart and her cellmate Velma Kelly, who attempt to ride a media wave of murder accusations to fame and fortune. Under the direction and choreography of Frank W.D. Ries, this play tells a compelling story of life, celebrity and show business with a theme that, in light of recent sensational celebrity murder stories (O.J., anyone?), should ring true even today.

Nominated for 11 Tony awards in its original incarnation, this show is lively and colorful, with showy costumes and set design adding to the Roaring '20s theme. This show also contains many talented UCSB student cast members, including Faline England as Roxie, Leilani Francisco as Velma and Gwen Eyster as Matron Mama Morton. Face it—any show with a character named Matron Mama Morton is worth an evening at the theater.

Chicago runs May 29-June 1 at 8 p.m. and June 1-2 at 2 p.m. Tickets for both *Chicago* and *The Diviners* can be purchased through UCSB Arts & Lectures or by calling 893-3535.

—Lori Culwell

Congratulations

1996 Activities Awards Recipients!

Organization of the Year Environmental Affairs Board

Leslie Griffin Lawson Outstanding Leadership Award
Sherelle Adams

Most Creative Program Award
Smakom Thai-Lao

Community Service Award
Alpha Kappa Alpha
Lambda Sigma Gamma

Outstanding Student
Organization Advisor Award
Dennis Whelan
UCSB Rowing

Senior Excellence Award
for Co-Curricular Activity
Monica Lopez • Melissa Raaff
Yasmin Tarver

Junior Excellence Award
for Co-Curricular Activity
Anedra Harper

Sophomore Excellence Award
for Co-Curricular Activity
Dawaree Sriyaphai

Freshman Excellence Award
for Co-Curricular Activity
Leslie Meyer

JOIN IN THE CELEBRATION! THURSDAY, MAY 23, 4 PM IN THE MULTICULTURAL CENTER THEATRE

Performance by Folklorico: Raíces de mi Tierra

Reception to follow in the lounge with refreshments by Party Toads