

Review: A Cure For Love.....pg. 3A



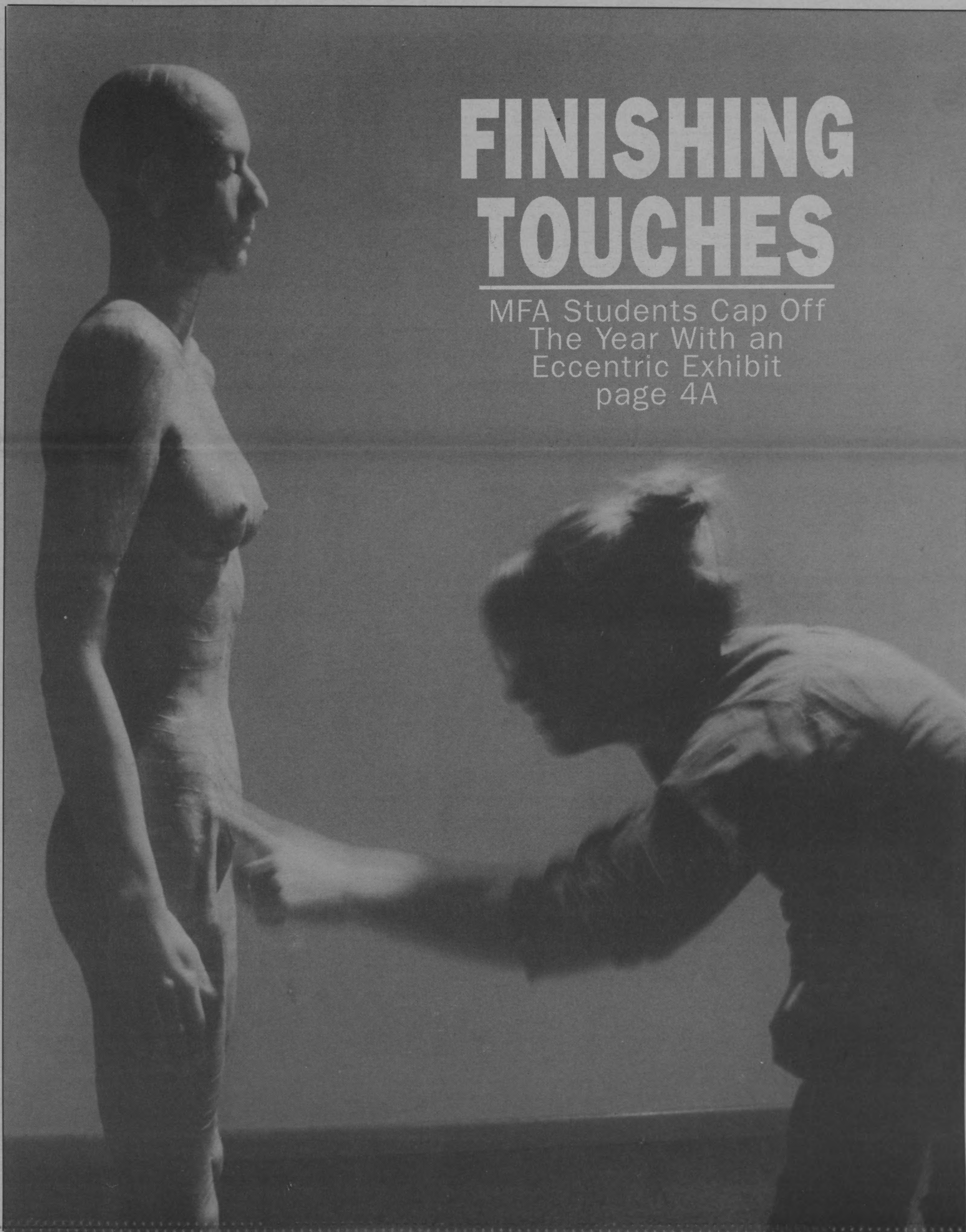
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F o r T h e W e e k o f A p r i l 3 0 , 1 9 9 2

FINISHING TOUCHES

MFA Students Cap Off
The Year With an
Eccentric Exhibit
page 4A



Delivering a Good Word to the Masses

Author Kate Braverman and Poet Mark Strand Bring Free Readings to UCSB

Kate Braverman, Los Angeles-based writer, embraces the shadows of our lives. A novelist whose background has been more poetic than prosaic, Braverman boldly forges the lives of the "walking wounded" in her female protagonists.

Meet Laurel Sloan, a UCLA creative writing teacher recovering from alcohol and drug use and precariously heading towards 40, alone. She arrives on campus early to "walk through the sculpture garden and consider the state of her sensibility as she prepares to turn 40."

Laurel begins to recall her 20-year-old self, and her re-

lation to that self. "She was a collector of landscapes and boulevards then, the names of churches, and the descriptions of miracles. Words opened like flowers, fragrant with implication."

Laurel is not a sentimentalist but one of many women in Braverman's recent book of short stories, *Squandering the Blue*, who struggle to stay away from booze, cocaine and lecherous drug dealers. Braverman's taunting of her characters with their own addictions coupled with their savagely honest dialogue is enough to drive the reader to drink.

"You have to sabotage (people's) consciousness.



Kate Braverman

You have to seduce them and then blow them up before they know what's happening," Braverman said.

There is pain here, a long

See **AUTHOR**, p.4A

Ink runs from the corners of my mouth. There is no happiness like mine.

I have been eating poetry "Eating Poetry," Mark Strand

Digesting words is an immortal delight, even if expressed by a poet whose words ring truer to our most mortal experiences.

Mark Strand is coming. The nation's former poet laureate will read from his soon-to-be-published book, *Dark Harbor*, consisting of one poem in 45 sections. "The poem may have epic proportions," Strand said, "but I don't think epic intent. It's not a single story but many

threads woven together — many themes."

Strand's metaphor of eating poetry could not be a more fitting directive for anyone embracing his work. Strand, along with poets like Robert Bly, were among the first to popularize "deep-image" poetry, which posits more than a mere reading. They continue to pose pedagogical problems for the New Critics whose critiques are based on simple face value.

Deep-image poetry often alludes to experiences that are hidden away in ventricles of the body, muscle tissue and the unconscious mind. The metaphor of "eating poetry" is not just a fig-

urative denotation used to dramatize an experience, but a much more acute description of how poetry enters the body and with which organs it might interact. "Dress," for example, sleepily beckons us out of the moonlight and into a lonely darkness:

Lie down on the bright hill with the moon's hand on your cheek, your flesh deep in the white folds of your dress,

and you will not hear the passionate mole extending the length of his darkness,

or the owl arranging all of

See **STRAND**, p.5A

At the Anaconda...

Smoke 'em If You Got 'em!
The Reverend Horton Heat
SubPop Records

Hot damn! On the heels of a much-needed rockabilly revival comes the Reverend Horton Heat, arriving just in time to save the world from the current onslaught of corporate punk rock bands that seem to be spreading like chlamydia.

Smoke 'em If You Got 'em, the band's SubPop debut, is a scorcher—a real "Psychobilly Freakout" chock full of throbbing, filthy, primal rhythms straight out of the golden days of rock and roll.

The Reverend's vocals (which suggest a revved-up and demented John Doe) are in top form on rip-roarin' numbers like "Big Dwarf Rodeo" and the raucous "Marijuana," in which the good Reverend hollers and shouts like the very devil. Sam Kinison would have been proud.

Other highlights include the introspective "It's a Dark Day" (a three-chord stunner in the tradition of the Vis-

counts' rockabilly classic "Harlem Nocturne") and the novelty cult hit "Eat Steak," a song that is certain to offend vegetarians with such lyrics as "Eat a cow, eat a cow 'cos it's good for you/Eat a cow, eat a cow, it's a thing that goes moo!" The carnivorous sing-along even includes some handy slaughterhouse techniques; Ingrid Newkirk of PETA won't like it, but who cares. There hasn't been a hilarious novelty song like this in quite some time.

Those who like their rock & roll lewd and lascivious (like it was meant to be all along) will want to check out the Reverend Horton Heat in Isla Vista this week. Rumor has it that the Reverend's preachy rockabilly tirades are absolutely electrifying. Local 'billy band J.D.'s Last Ride starts off this psychobilly hootenanny, so get there early!

The Reverend Horton Heat and J.D.'s Last Ride will perform at the Anaconda Theatre on Monday, May 4. For more information, call 685-5901.

—Andy Bailey



Uh-huh.

To those who care,

The Daily Nexus is currently accepting entries for the second edition of S.W.A.T. magazine. Independent ART, SHORT FICTION, POEMS and related KNICK KNACKS OF ABSTRACTION are to be submitted to the Nexus office below Storke Tower by MAY 1. For further info. call Dylan at 893-2691.

Thank You,

The other people who care.





The members of The Cure, including former Spinal Tapper Viv Savage (far left) offer their unique gift of gloom for you, their fans.

MUSIC REVIEWS

Love and Death

The Cure's *Wish* Is Standard Doom-Pop

Wish
The Cure
Elektra Records

Robert Smith is in love. On the Cure's latest album, *Wish*, frontman Smith just can't seem to wallow enough in the sorrows and joys, the heartbreak and happiness, of love and lust. And as would be expected from rock's biggest moper, the emphasis of this 12-song work is on the heartbreak, not the happiness.

On *Wish*, Smith once again proves he is the master poet of the most basic of human emotions. On much of the album, Smith wails about dying love, once-love, unrequited love, bad love and even good love. Most of the heartfelt "Open," however, is not a love song. A dark journey into the tra-



vails of alcoholism, this track — with its brooding, twanging guitar and bitter lyrics — matches the musical and lyrical angst of the Cure's previous work on *Disintegration*. Smith sings: ... and I'm starting to laugh like an animal in pain and I've got blood on my hands and I've got hands in my brain and the first short retch leaves me gasping for more

and I stagger over screaming on my way to the floor

From there, *Wish* moves away from crash-and-burn and into the catchy guitar riffs for which the band is famous, piling up jangly guitar melodies to produce the kind of sad pop that is Cure-to-the-max. A few tracks, like first-single "High," and "Doing the Unstuck" (where Smith actually instructs the listener to "kick out the gloom, kick out the blues") even hint at optimism.

There are no surprises on this album, no trends, no Manchester beat; the Cure has simply taken a formula that works and perfected it. No, *Wish* is nothing new. It's the same old Cure doing their doom-pop thing.

But it sure is good.

—Bonnie Bills

Charlatans UK Stuck on The Road to Massive

Between 10th and 11th
Charlatans U.K.
Beggars Banquet/RCA Records

Out of the dying embers of Manchester comes yet another attempt to revitalize a music scene that was virtually dead to begin with.

Between 10th and 11th is the mysteriously titled sophomore effort by the Charlatans U.K., the Northwich group responsible for 1990's intriguing *Some Friendly* album. It was this debut project that contained the singles "The Only One I Know" and "Then," two relentlessly catchy numbers that separated the Charlatans from the huge wasteland of disposable pop groups dabbling in the extremely overhyped Manchester sound.

The second Charlatans release hardly qualifies as talent-confirming material. *Between 10th and 11th* is a dismal 10-track affair that bears the less-than-honorable distinction of having absolutely nothing new or exciting to say. The result is a rather nerve-racking 45-minute ordeal that absolutely smacks of sellout.

"Weirdo" is a rotten choice for the first single. It incorporates the same tired



Charlatans U.K.

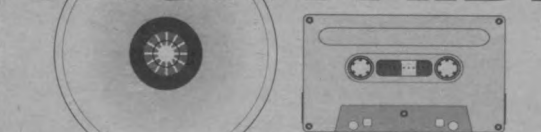
formula (a Hammond organ, some wah-wah guitar solos, and five lads with ugly haircuts) used by countless other groups associated with the Manchester sound. Only the dirge-like "Can't Even Be Bothered" explores new territory, slowing things down a bit and scrap-

ping that bloody Hammond organ for a change.

Vocalist Tim Burgess possesses a relatively unique voice — particularly on the songs "Page One" and "Tremolo Song" — but his flat, emotionless style of singing eventually becomes cloying and downright annoying. The cocky and outspoken Burgess has been known in the past to make flippant statements to the press like "The Charlatans are going to be massive!" Until he does something with his flaccid voice, these delusions of grandeur remain completely unfounded.

—Andy Bailey

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Masters at Work

The MFA Exhibit Highlights a Truly People-Conscious Group

By Christian Lincoln

Artists want to help you. Make no doubt about it, this year's clan of master of fine arts candidates now showing their work at UCSB's Art Museum are not out to bury you in self-deflating, neurotic, goopy, black karma.

This is a truly edified and people-conscious group. Large, colorful installations invite you to participate in your own existence, laugh at your own sobriety, heal your heart wounds, and gently re-examine a few "Miss Representations."

Are these just regional, new-age themes or real evolutionary steps away from Post-Modern angst? Are we being guided back into the sunlight of politically and spiritually uplifting consciousness? The answers are not clear.

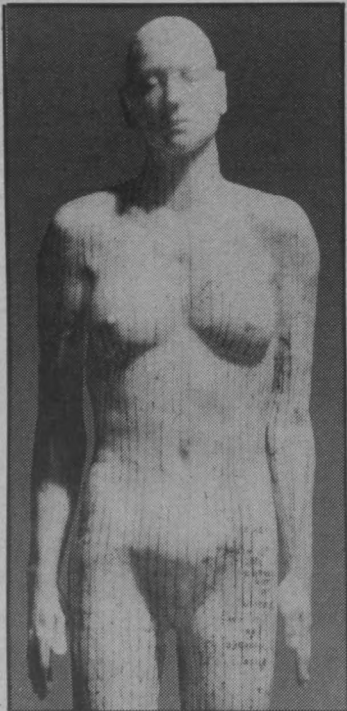
Kathryn Miller is making soil sculpture. 30 dwelling-shaped sculptures made of compressed soil and plant seeds have been installed in Isla Vista in an effort to "re-vegetate a site that is attractive to people, wildlife and birds." A scaled-down version of the site was recreated at the museum.

"I wanted to do a piece that had a long-term benefit for someone besides myself; (one) that wouldn't just end when the exhibition ended," Miller said.

Miller's piece calls into question not only our sensibilities about defining art, but more importantly our relationship to the earth, and other species. The message here is that we need to bring the art back into living. Miller invites visitors to take a "seed bomb" from her installation; a tiny version of the soil-seed conglomerate that can be used to bomb barren plots of land with wildflowers and indigenous vegetation.

Trixie Nibbelin does big, colorful oil paintings — the only canvasses in the show. Her depictions of interpersonal and inter-celestial interactions have a childlike purity and an irrefutable, if unintentional, adoration for impressionist Marc Chagall.

"I liked that fantasy world of Matisse and Chagall in the



beginning of my education." Nibbelin's philosophy is an uplifting one: "Humor can ease a great many of the uncomfortable and unpleasant situations that we all face. I hope that my art reflects this lighter side."

In the heart of the exhibition, you will find just that — an enormous heart suspended from the ceiling that looks something like a huge Mesozoic puffer fish you would find in the natural history museum. According to creator Dana Freeman, the piece is about the "movement from leaving a relationship to 'finding one's own voice.'" Anyone recovering from a recent breakup might want to pack a lunch and spend the afternoon in this impregnable chamber of goodness.

"I explore what I call the 'personal/universal,' or common experiences we usually tend to alone, such as dreaming, pain, one's relationship with nature, risk-taking and loneliness," said Freeman. "I bring these experiences to the public to collectively acknowledge and to perhaps stimulate a dialogue."

Freeman integrates video imagery as well as live voice exercises in this multimedia presentation. "I am learning that voice is indicative of inhibitions or psychological states. I'm trying to connect the emotions I have to the words I'm speaking."

A startling congregation of female bodies entitled, "Miss Representation" is the work of Janine Klees. She has made meticulous molds of her own body and cast them in varying hues of wax sculpture. The sensation is like walking into a *Playboy* morgue. It is particularly powerful if you wait until the room is empty and walk right up to these ethereal cadavers, breathing the dead air spaces between their toes and on the backs of their necks. Quotes from the murder scene in Dostoevski's *The Idiot* are tattooed into the wax limbs of these creatures.

"I wanted to use myself, in that way I could eliminate the judgments I might have had in choosing someone else," Klees said. "You are more responsible if you use yourself."

At the end of the journey you will find an eerie red glow. This red aura is the familiar milieu of photographer-painter Pamela Wilson, whose large



(Clockwise from top left) Scenes from Klees' figure made from a mold of herself; one of her pieces; Dana Freeman and Malk admires Kathryn Miller's work; and head gear are pushed into place. Photos by David L.

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AUTHOR

Continued from p.2A suppressed pain that has, in our literary traditions, been relegated to a highly stigmatized periphery.

"It's very hard to find a fiction where you have women who are outlaws, women that are single parents, drug addicts, substance abusers." Braverman said she was trying to work against stereotypes like the

"Leave It To Beaver" mother.

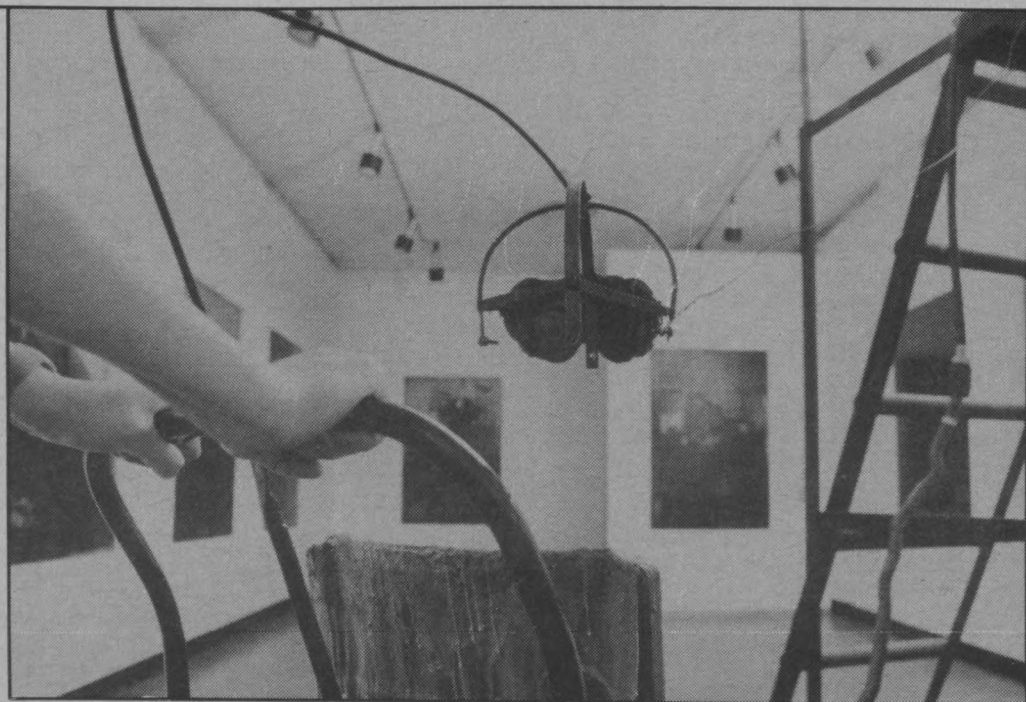
"Women are the casualties of biography. Everyone can tell you that Plath, say, put her head in the oven. But how many people can quote two consecutive lines?"

Braverman's highly autobiographical characters recall imperfect pasts with such exactness and sincere scrutiny that one might expect to feel estranged — just the opposite takes place.

There exists in her voice, even if oblique, an encouraging allure to acknowledge our own lives in the same way her characters do.

"I've just learned to use poems as fuel in longer pieces of fiction — you throw them in and they spark up and illuminate the darkness."

Braverman will give a free reading Wed., May 6 at 8 p.m. in the UCen Pavilion.





es from the MFA exhibit: Janine of herself; Trixie Nibbelin in front of an among her assemblage; Simon work; A chair with a baby's eyes o place by artist Pamela Wilson. David Rosen



photos have heavy, bleak industrial motifs. Juxtaposed to these settings are anonymous women in what looks like bondage.

"I am very concerned with the battles many women fight these days, usually against themselves, struggling to overcome what they have learned to believe about themselves," Wilson said.

The darkroom mood has different effects for everyone and can feel as uncomfortable for some as it is peaceful for others. "I like to find that surreal space I think that we all have, and I'm primarily visual, so I express myself in those terms," she added.

Al Munoz's installation (not available for preview at

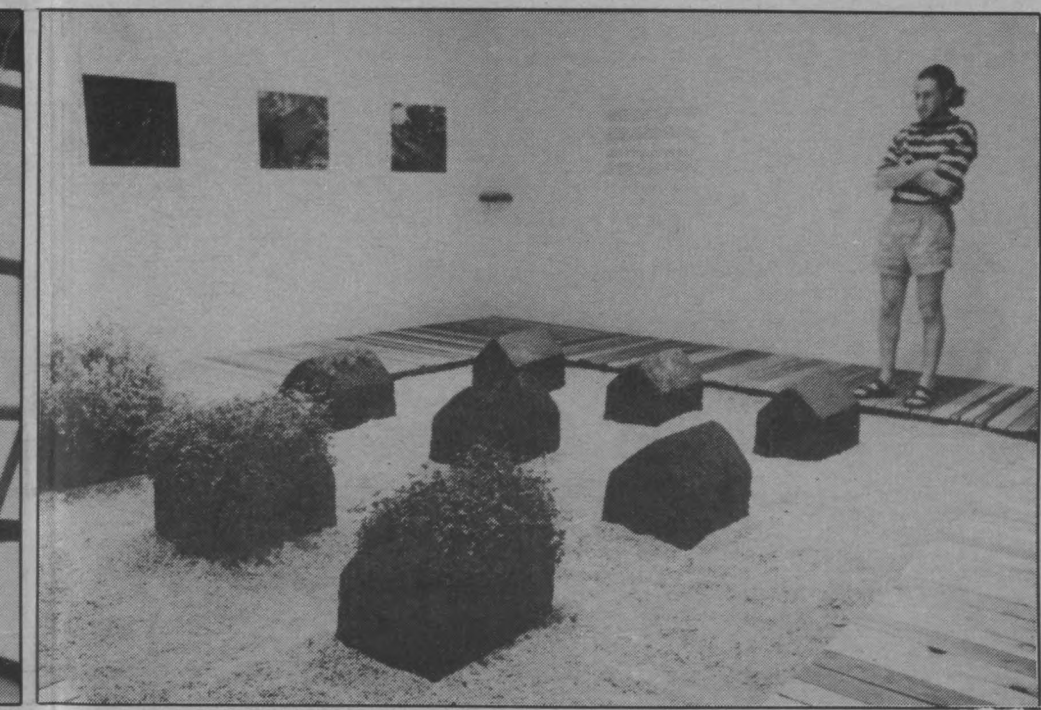
press time) will be complete Friday and promises to be a unique experience involving clay and ice.

A collection of creative and conceptual installations, the MFA show provides a unique opportunity

to integrate the psychological discoveries of our modern age in a very informal artistic setting. These artists may not have definitive answers about whether we are in the midst of a great transition between angst and en-

lightenment, but they do offer meaningful — and profoundly helpful — insight.

The show runs through May 10, at which time the second portion of the MFA work will be installed and will remain until May 24.



STRAND

Continued from p.2A
the night,
which is his wisdom, or the
poem
filling your pillow with its
blue feathers.
But if you step out of your
dress and move

into the shade,
the mole will find you, so
will the owl, and
so will the poem,
and you will fall into

another darkness, one
you will find
yourself making and re-
making until it is
perfect.

There is an austerity that
assumes nothing in his
words.

Strand began his career
as a painter and attributes
some of his initial ease with
poetry to his training in
painting.

"When I began writing
poetry I was further along
than I might have been had I

not been a painter; I think
the reason is submission to
formal discipline. To give
oneself over to formal ideas
and to have had the experi-
ence of living in the center
of what I was producing.
"The experience of mak-
ing is the important thing."

Strand will give a free
reading Monday at 8 p.m.,
in Broida Hall. For more
information, call
893-3535.

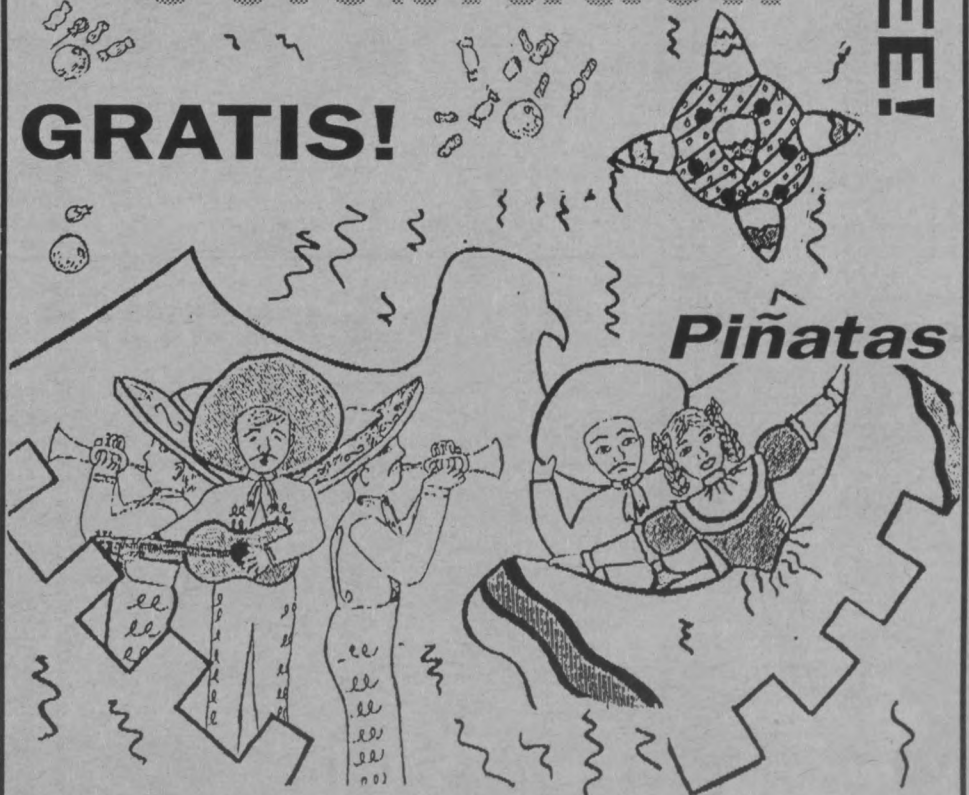
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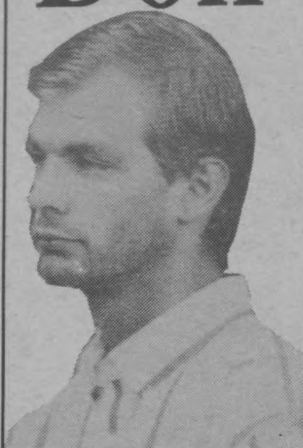
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■ FILM REVIEWS

Rite of a 100 Stars

Altman's *The Player* Offers More Than
an Opportunity for Trendy Cameos

Is there a director more qualified to baste Hollywood and its consistent foolishness than Robert Altman? The system put him through more trials than John DeLorean, forced him into filmmaker's exile (also known as low-budget) when his work didn't make money, and finally took away his title of "Genius" when he strayed too far from the studio nest.

Now, Altman has returned to big-time, big-name movie-making. His inevitable product of years of Hollywood observation is a tight, obscenely astute satire of deal-making and deal-breaking, of story pitches and writer's glitches. *The Player* (at the Paseo Nuevo) is what everyone even remotely connected to films has had on his or her mind for the last decade but was too afraid to do anything about it.

That's where Altman and screenwriter Michael

Tolkin (from whose novel the film was based) come in. The pair, individually as creators of daring works and collectively as veteran filmmakers, know the ins and outs of the system. Every film is pitched for either Julia Roberts or Bruce Willis; every ending must fade into black with a passionate kiss.

Trying to keep his head above this mess is studio story developer Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins). He also is keeping his eye on anonymous death threats coming from a rejected screenwriter. Pushed to the brink, he kills the man he suspects is responsible for the threats, and quickly begins a fling with the dead man's "ice-queen" girlfriend (Gretta Scacchi). Mill also must worry about job security, script go-aheads and, of course, a happy conclusion.

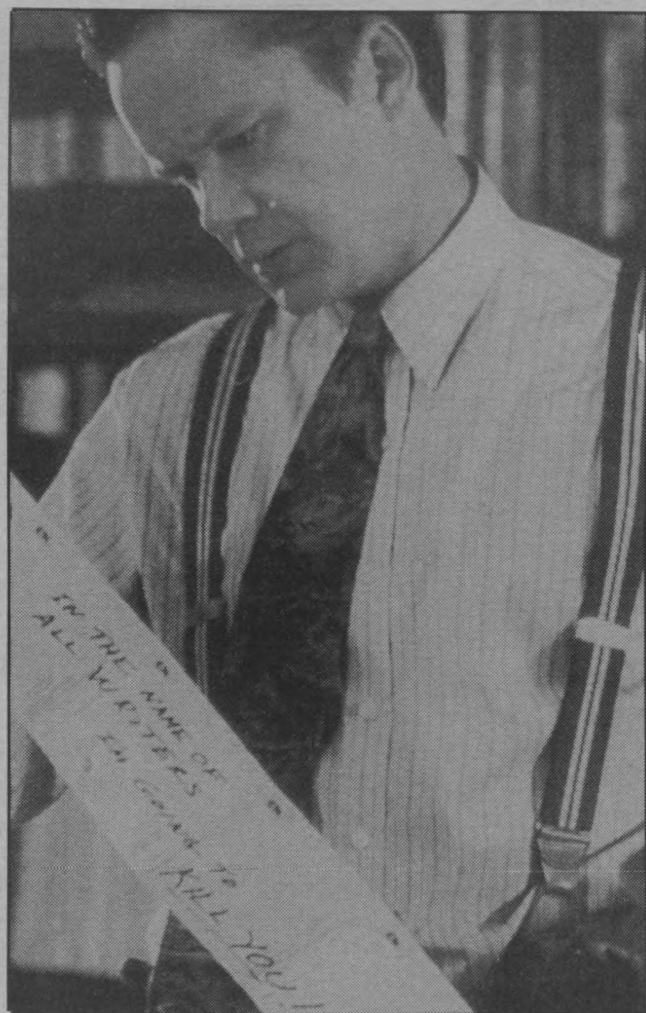
The "big-star, Hollywood-ending" idea

has never been realized more expertly than in *The Player*. Yes, there are stars. Appearing as themselves (and this is an abbreviated list) are: Angelica Huston, John Cusack, Andie MacDowell, Cher, Nick Nolte, Jeff Goldblum, Jack Lemmon, Susan Sarandon, Peter Falk, Lily Tomlin, Scott Glenn, Burt Reynolds and Young MC.

And the film does have its happy, hilarious ending, which is more a commentary on the workings of studios than anything else.

The irony here is that while all these people parade in and out of Altman's frames, he makes a mockery of the system in which they thrive. Altman has finally found his perfect film — it allows him to satirize Hollywood from the outside and enjoy the splendors of it from the inside. It's a welcome homecoming.

—Brian Banks



Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins) will kill the threatening writer, or your money back.

Hollywood Thrillers: Nothing to Them

White Sands (at the Metro 4) begins promisingly enough as New Mexico Sheriff Ray Dolezal (Willem Dafoe) discovers a body in the middle of the desert with bundles of money, but not much of a head on his shoulders. After some creative autopsy work, Dolezal finds himself assuming the identity of the dead man in an attempt to find out why he lost his head and if anybody helped him in this task.

A true Renaissance man, Mickey Rourke graces the screen as a shady arms dealer. Having little time for thespian pursuits lately, he instead has enlightened himself by being a tattoo artist, a fledgling boxer and a Harley-riding rebel owner of a high-priced beauty salon for the stars. It

is good to see that when he can find the time to pry himself away from such pressing affairs he can still turn out a good performance.

Screenwriter Daniel Pyne captures the allure of quirky noir characters, but his malaise-filled world of political corruption and deception rings hollow in the end. The film's central mystery becomes consistently more convoluted and by the conclusion it is difficult to really care about the whole little affair. It looks like those involved in *White Sand* paid too close attention to the look and style of early noir, failing to realize that a tight script is what complements alluring visuals and gives them depth.

—Terrence G. Myers

Directed with confident visual flare and pacing by Bill Duke, *Deep Cover* (at the Fiesta Five) is another example of compelling characters struggling to overshadow plot holes and the lack of an effective ending.

Larry Fishburne plays John Hull — a uniform cop with a strikingly similar psychological profile to that of a criminal. Hull's superior believes these odd qualifications will aid him in assimilating into the seedy Los Angeles world of cocaine and crack pushing.

Fishburne (*Boyz n the Hood*) announces his ability as a leading man with a vicious and searing intensity. Perfectly complementing his tight-lipped intensity is Jeff Goldblum's radiant turn as a lawyer attempting to market a new design-

ner drug. Even when the screenplay tests the limits of believability or degenerates into action film clichés, Fishburne and Goldblum remain in control, steering the film back into the realm of reality.

The film provides pungent characterizations and consistent black humor, but relies on far too much conventional plotting. Instead of finding a new and exciting resolution for their film, the pair turn to the trusted shoot-out on a dark and secluded pier scenario. This lacks the intensity of Fishburne and Goldblum's interactions and detracts from the central vision — a man who must challenge the very laws he is supposed to uphold in order to make a difference.

—Terrence G. Myers

Fine Favorite Film From Foreigners

Given the corruptibility and absurdity of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' annual awards (The "Oscars"), it is perfectly reasonable to expect that the winner of the Best Foreign Film would be a piece of garbage.

Surprisingly, it isn't. *Mediterraneo* (at the Paseo Nuevo) is the story of a

group of Italian soldiers who are stranded on a remote Greek island in the middle of World War II. As the film progresses, the group realizes that there is more to life than war and nationalism. As campy as it sounds, they realize that life is all about living.

This Italian film is pro-

duced by the people that made *Cinema Paradiso* and it has a similar theme. It contradicts the Classical Hollywood Cinematic Myth, where the hero and the heroine have sex and live happily ever after, with their ages trapped in some late 20s limbo. In both these films, all of life is shown and praised, not just ages 20

through 40, where we all look damn good.

Mediterraneo is by no means some action-packed adventure or zany sex farce or not-to-be-missed suspense thriller. It's a very subtle film with subtle humor and subtle commentary. This will disappoint those of us who have de-

cided that film should punch the viewer in the head with guts, breasts, sociopolitical commentary or scathing satire. If you let it, *Mediterraneo* will make you think. If you don't, it will put you to sleep. It's your decision.

—Denis Faye

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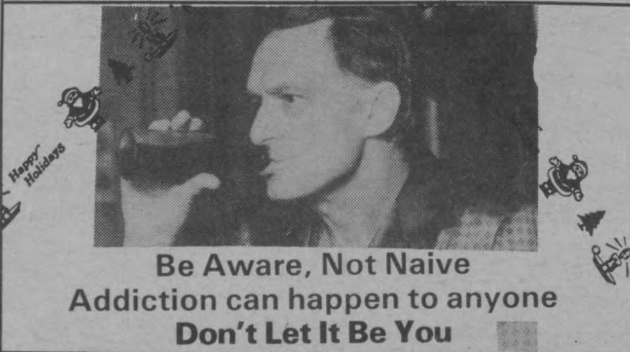
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**A Comet Way
Out of Control**

Year of the Comet, (at the Metro 4) is for audiences who can believe that people would kill and risk their lives for a bottle of wine. Of course, the bottle in question doesn't contain just any wine. It is a huge bottle that was sealed by Napoleon Bonaparte himself in the year of the comet, the most important year for wine. The priceless worth of this bottle causes the wild chase that continues throughout the movie and manages to entertain.

Predictability, however, brings down the film. The good guys often have a step up on their foes and the romantic interlude between the two wine hunters (played by Timothy Daly and Penelope Ann Miller) is expected.

Even worse, several portions of the movie appear unrealistic. Daly's Oliver seemingly has the ability to leap tall buildings in a single bound. He flies helicopters, climbs rock walls, opens locked doors, beats up four guys at one time and still gets the girl of steel emotions to fall for him in a matter of hours. This is all a little too much to handle.

—Tom Santos

Kudo-Fu and a 4.5 GPA

Journalist's Retrospective Uncovers Startling Facts

Ed Note: The following is the second of a two-part retrospective on *The Video Guy*, written by journalist Fred Dorphman.

What happened to *The Video Guy* in between grade school and college is unknown. Some speculate that he migrated to Indoesia, where he became the minion to an elite group of nudist Buddhist Monks, who just so happened to have a yen for beer, really great beer, like Key-stone. Others still insist that he was en-

listed into a highly elite government group of a top-secret nature, where he was taught the ways of Karate, Kung-Fu, Kudo-Fu, Boulean physics, Judy-zu, Peggy-Su, Guess-Wu, That's-Wu, Who are-U, Drink-Bru and advanced analysis of B-grade films.

Others still insist that he just kind of sat there and drank a lot and watched TV until his eyeballs bled. In any case, when he resurfaced a few years later, he had gained some special gift that would change all of our lives forever.

The *Video Guy* transferred to UCSB after seven years at Ojai Community College. He had a gpa of .01, according to official documents. This was a far cry from the steady 4.5 he would receive through his years at UCSB. Some experts are skeptical of this unusually high gpa, in that the only proof of it are the report cards that *The Video Guy* kept on file, and these are all handwritten.

Regardless of his academic records, *The Video Guy* was a hell of a journalist. His whirlwind takeover of the hearts and minds of UCSB students made him a leading figure at the Nexus, although his first appearance at the paper was a little more understated. The arts editor of the Nexus be-



tween 1989 and 1990, who wished only to be identified as "Doug" remembers:

"It was a dark and stormy night and I was alone at the office. The paper was finished for the evening, and I was scrambling to complete a history paper on Upper Mesopotamia. This Guy (*The Video Guy*) walks in and says he wants to write for the paper. I was feeling a little tired and I could use a nap so I tell him 'Sure. As a matter of fact, we need some one tonight to write a 8-10 page 'news analysis' on Upper

Mesopotamia.'

"He fell for it and wrote my paper. But you know what? I got a 'D' — I hate that son of a bitch."

The *Video Guy* had an antagonistic relationship with all his editors, save last year's — Denis Faye — who was quoted as saying, "I feel as though a little part of me has died."

This year's arts editor, Brian Banks, doesn't feel the same way. "When I first heard the son of a bitch was dead, I was happy," said Banks. "I mean, there are so many other stories that I could run in the space that damn column took up. Had I known that all these salutes and commentaries were going to be run, I wouldn't have gone with Hornberger's evil plot to kill him. ... Oh, don't print that ... seriously ... that was a little joke. ... That son of a bitch."

Regardless, *The Video Guy* is dead, and most of us will grieve his loss. For the *Daily Nexus*, this is Fred Dorphman. Goodnight.

Henry Does Death Again

On Saturday night, Henry dies again.

The first feature film made at UCSB, by UCSB students and graduates, *Henry Dies at the End* is getting its second Santa Barbara run May 2, at an I.V. Theatre screening sponsored by Mask and Scroll, the UCSB drama club.

Greg Eliason and John A. Shaw are the producers of the film, an uninhibitedly morbid comedy about love, death and good theatre etiquette. The two first worked together on a 30-minute film that Eliason directed, *She's Funny That Way*. "On the set during the first week of shooting, we started talking (about making a feature)," said Shaw, who wrote and edited both films.

Shaw wrote the script for the feature over the following Spring Break, with the working title *A Comedy in Black and White*. They started production in the spring of '90, shot through the summer, and had the film finished the following spring.

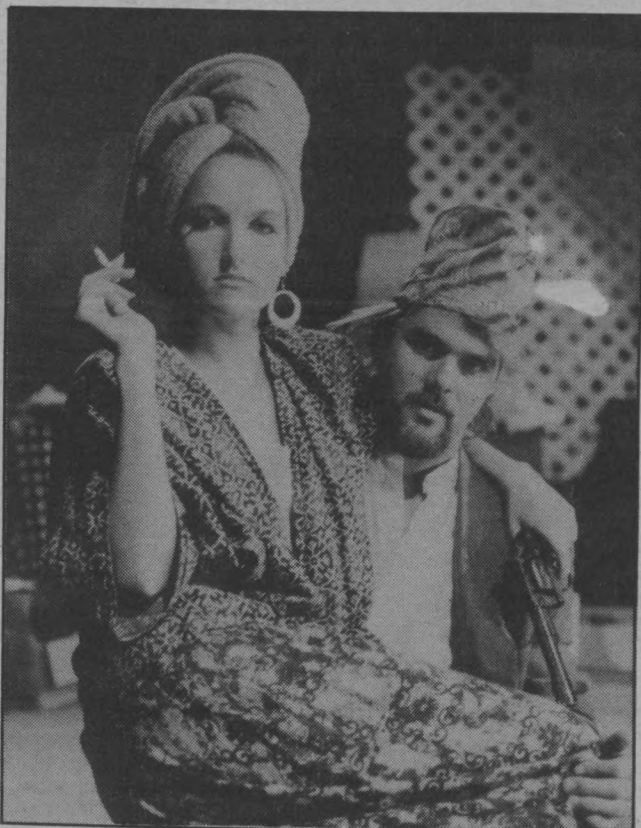
"In our case, nobody had done this before. Once we said (we were making a feature), we had to, or else we'd be burying our faces," said Shaw.

"We went into pre-production without any money ... but if you need it you can find it. ... We still owe money; this screening will help pay off a lot of that. And we still owe the cast and crew videocassettes (of the film). Any extra money goes into the film account. We're not going out and buying tacos with it."

Since the unofficial premiere of the film last year in Santa Barbara, the two producers have not been idle. "*Henry* played at the Breckenridge (Colo.) Festival of Film last October," said Shaw. "It was interesting being in a crowd of celebrities and critics. I fought over a Swedish meatball with Gary Bussey."

In an attempt to pay off their debts from the film, Shaw and Eliason drove to Alaska to look for work in the fisheries, unfortunately arriving in the middle of a fisherman's strike. After their premature return, Eliason started managing a chain of one-hour photo stores in Santa Rosa, and Shaw began roaming California ("I haven't paid rent for 10 months.") and working on the script for *The Gentleman*, the duo's next project, which will be the first venture for their new production company, Film Dogs.

"The future basically hinges on *The Gentleman*," said Eliason. "Hopefully we'll be able to get into medium (budget) filmmaking. ... I want to create a moneymaking



Tess Gill and Richard Maher will kill Henry at the end of the film, or your money back.

venture. A place where myself and my friends can work." Shaw elaborated. "Jack Dempsey said, 'You have to think you'll win the fight, or else you wouldn't be fighting at all.' That's a paraphrase, by the way."

"We're not going to let these supposed rules about getting into films and climbing the Hollywood ladder stop us," he continued. "I know what the rules are, and I'd like to try it our way. Not that we're going to succeed, but I'd sure as hell like to try it anyway."

When asked about their thoughts on the final outcome of *Henry*, Shaw responded, "It ain't *Citizen Kane*, but it sure as hell ain't *Howard the Duck*."

Henry Dies at the End plays Saturday, May 2, at 8 and 10 p.m. in the Isla Vista Theatre. Admission is \$4.

—Alex MacInnis

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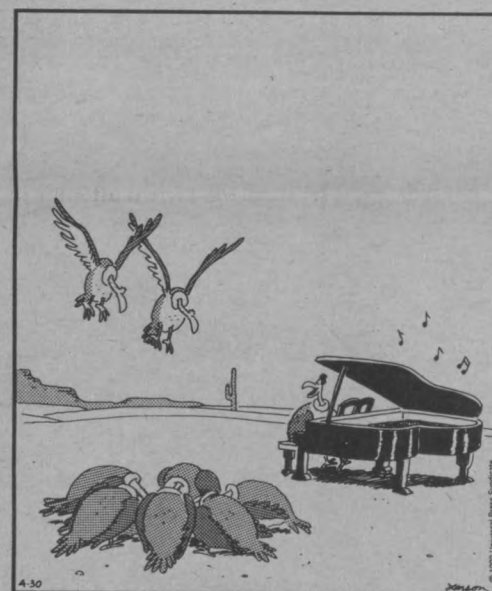
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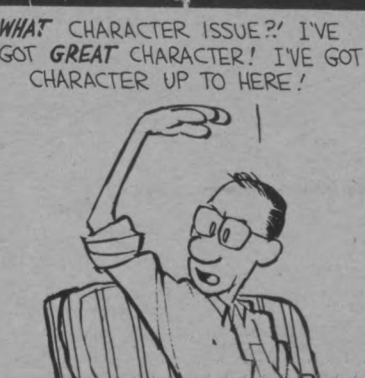
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ViAnn Oden, Director of Volunteer Services

Special Recognition for Exceptional Programming for Student Volunteers:



Isla Vista Youth Projects

Lu Ann Miller, Executive Director



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Shirley Major, Activities Director



Special Olympics

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Devereux School
Direct Relief International
Dos Pueblos High School.
Ellwood School
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Fighting Back

Fire Department
HELP (Helping Everyone Live Productively)
HelpLine
I.V. Elementary School
I.V. Mediation Program
I.V. Medical Clinic
Independent Living Resource Center
Internal Revenue Service/VITA (Volunteer
Income Tax Assistance)
Jodi House, Inc.
Klein Bottle Youth Programs
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Love Yourself Foundation
March of Dimes
Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History
Non-Profit, Inc.
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The National Volunteer Week Recognition Program is sponsored by
AS/UCSB Community Affairs Board

with support from Associated Students, Staff Appreciation Week Committee, Graduate Students Association, Residence Halls Association, and community organizations.
For more information on how you can get involved in volunteering drop by the CAB Office, UCen 3rd Floor, Mon.-Fri 10am - 4pm.