

ARTS WEEK

True blues times two ... 2A

Madonna — guilty as charged ... 5A

february 4 - february 10

This Week's Bets

today

•ALEX HALEY VIDEO PRESENTATION — a conversation with the author shown as part of Black History Month; Multicultural Center, noon

friday

•LA TRAVIATA — Verdi's opera performed by the UCSB Opera Theatre; Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall, 8 p.m. (Also playing Sat. at 8 p.m. and Sun. at 2 p.m.)

saturday

•IN DIALOGUE: THE ART OF ELSA RADY AND ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE — an exhibition at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art; opens Sat. and continues through Mar. 28

sunday

•AMERICAN DREAM — Oscar-winning documentary by Barbara Kopple about Hormel meat packers; Campbell Hall, 7 p.m.

monday

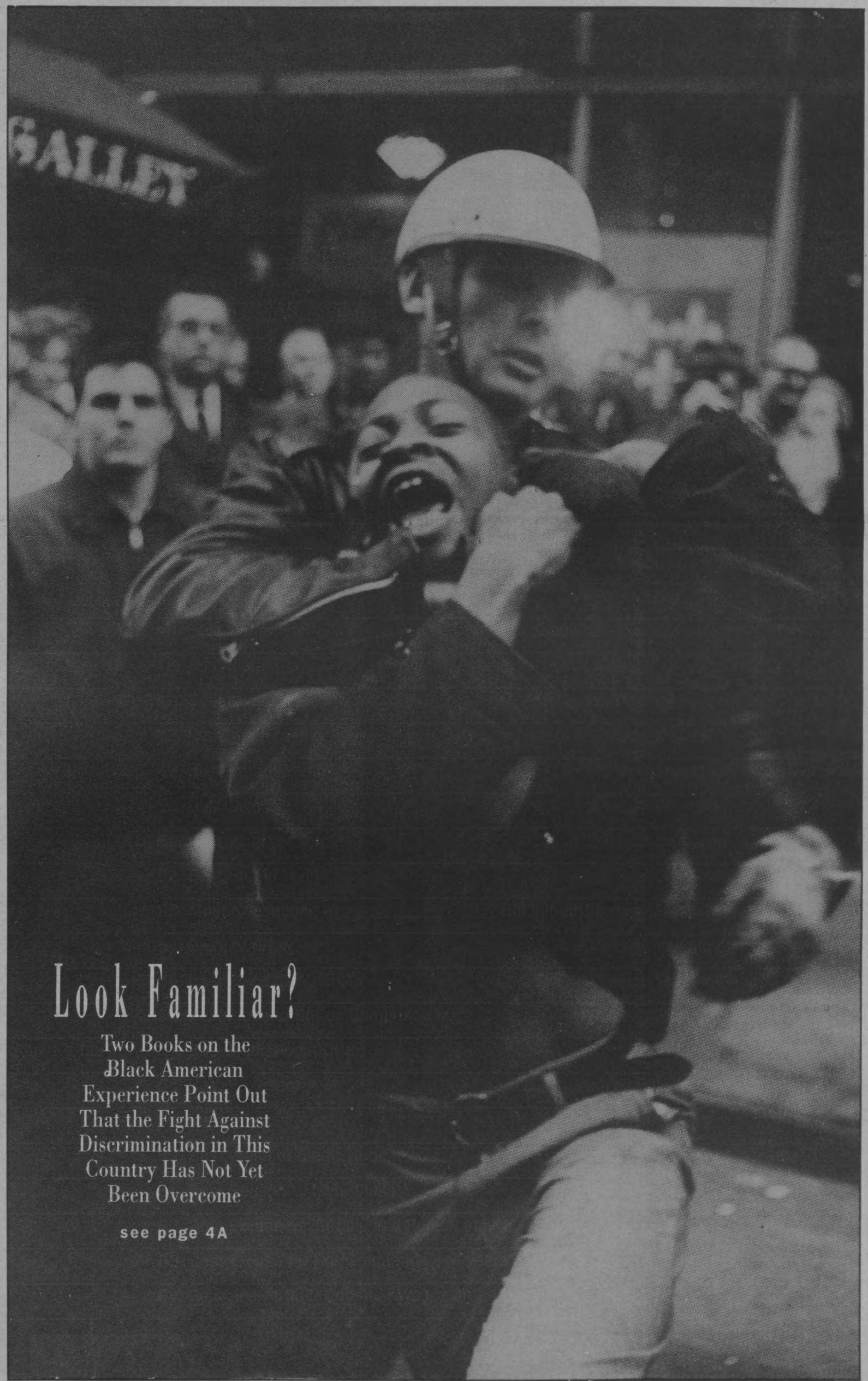
•WEBA AND THE HARRY KNOWS QUARTET will bring their songs about love, sex and romance to Zelo, 9 p.m.

tuesday

•JOSE DONOSO, Chilean novelist, will give a lecture titled 'Latin American Writing in Exile;' Girvetz Theater, 8 p.m.

wednesday

•LOVE SUCKS — see 'The Lonely Guy' and 'Singles' at the Isla Vista Theater in preparation for Valentine's Day; 7 and 9 p.m.



Look Familiar?

Two Books on the Black American Experience Point Out That the Fight Against Discrimination in This Country Has Not Yet Been Overcome

see page 4A



DAILY NEXUS
Classifieds
Storke Tower
Room 1041
8-5pm
Open 4 Lunch

Honolulu
\$129*

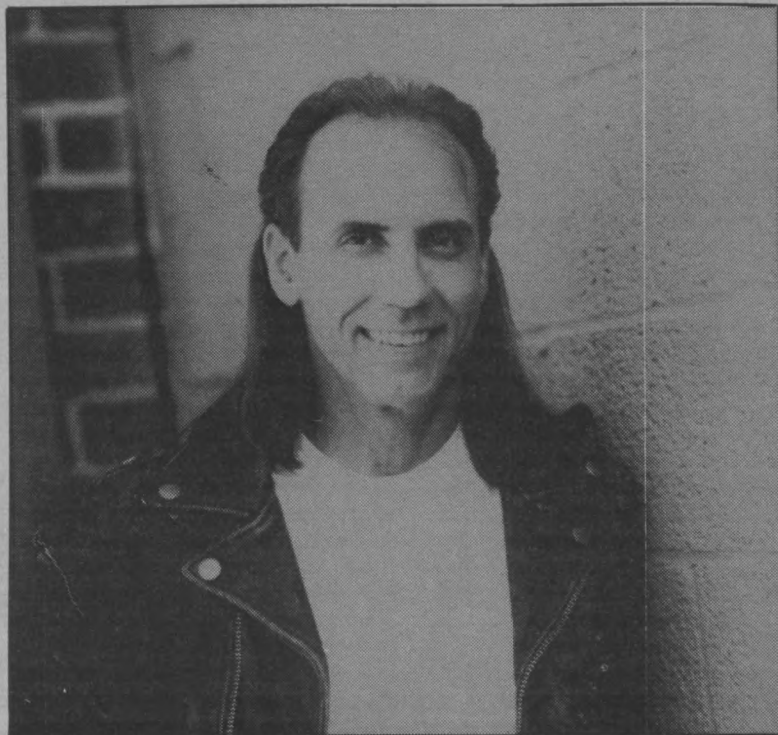
Drop by for your **FREE**
Student Travels Magazine
Denver \$ 89*
New York \$159*
London \$199*
Paris \$199*
Guatemala \$220*
Sydney \$349*

* Fares from Los Angeles and are each way based on a roundtrip purchase. Restrictions apply and taxes not included. Student status may be required.

Council Travel

903 Embarcadero Del Norte
Isla Vista, CA 93117

805-562-8080



Two blues shows will grace the Santa Barbara area this week. Guitarist John Cephas and harmonica-wizard Phil Wiggins (above) will jam at UCSB's Campbell Hall on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Hill Street Blueser Larry Carlton (left) and his band will join Robben Ford at the Ventura Theatre on Saturday at 8 p.m. If you like the blues, or even if you don't, these are two shows worth checking out. You'll love it. True blues. Baby.

GET CASH

FOR USED COMPACT DISCS!

- Highest prices paid!
- We'll give you instant cash!
- You'll get unlimited 10% discounts forever!
- Large collection? We'll come to you!

morninglory music

"We'll Recycle Your Music"

Downtown • 1218 State Street • 966-0266
Isla Vista • 910 Embarcadero del Norte • 968-4665

Spike's Party Schedule

- Thursday, Feb. 4 One Love Vibration 9-12pm
- Friday, Feb. 5 Finn, Greg & Dave 9-12pm
- Saturday, Feb. 6 Bill Fernberg 9-12pm
- Sunday, Feb. 7 Late Night Happy Hour
- Monday, Feb. 8 Regular Stuff
- Tuesday, Feb. 9 John Lyle 9-12pm
- Wednesday, Feb. 10 Alan & Marsha 9-12pm

SPIKE'S PLACE

6030 Hollister
964-5211

National Muzik Production, Lets Party and Fiji present:

The Sixth Annual Isla Vista Bob Marley Day

Saturday, February 6
12:00 noon to 10:30 p.m.

AT THE ANACONDA

\$9⁰⁰ At the Door
\$7⁵⁰ Presale



Featuring:
Soul Force
Lion F's
Jah Bone
Common Sense
Ras Leon
Underground Roots Syndicate
with guest Beenie Man
Innasense
Miami's Hottest Reggae Band
Norman Jones
from Crucial DBC
Muzik, Food, and Crafts in the Park
FEATURING: **WINDCAK**

Proceeds to: Let Isla Vista Eat **966-3174**

Tickets available at Morninglory, The Compact Disk and Tape Store, Deep Groove, The Anaconda, Emerald Video, Fiji and all Ticket Master Outlets. Get your tickets in advance because the show will sell out. ONE LOVE

morninglory music KTYD, 99.9 METRO
Let's Party OREX The Copy Company DISC KING Tux FIJI

They've Always Got the Blues

Wooooohooooo! They're BACK!!
Acoustic blues studs John Cephas and Phil Wiggins will play Campbell Hall next week — their first campus performance since the 1991 "Masters of the Steel String Guitar" presentation proved that Cephas is just that. Wiggins, meanwhile, is the harmonica wizard of all time — when he plays, stunned audience members have been known to look in vain for the awesome power supply he surely seems plugged into. Together since 1977, Cephas and Wiggins have remained faithful to a backwoods finger-picking style that has its roots in America's earliest history, but which might be most recognizable as the format of last year's "MTV Unplugged" with Eric Clapton. But believe me, this will be an even better performance because it's the real thing, baby. Indeed, Cephas and Wiggins are often called Ambassadors of the Blues. In addition to playing in other countries where blues music is an imported delicacy, these bluesmen have plenty to teach American audiences who have been raised on the more mainstream electric blues-slash-rock sounds of the last three decades. The blues that Cephas and Wiggins play are as stripped down as it comes, giving listeners an intimate experience of at least one side of traditional African-American culture. Come on — if we make enough noise, maybe we can convince them to play out here more often. Cephas and Wiggins will give the blues to a Campbell Hall audience on Wed., Feb. 10 at 8 p.m. —Jeanine Natale

It will be a night of steamy jazz and roilin' boilin' blues on Saturday, Feb. 6, when Larry Carlton, Robben Ford and their amazing bands will perform at the Ventura Theater. Even if you're sure you have never heard of Larry Carlton before, you've actually been listening to his music for years. In the 30 he's been playing, Carlton has taken his turn as Los Angeles' top studio guitarist, meaning that if you've listened to any music in the last 20 years, you've heard Carlton jam somewhere down the line. If you're still skeptical, did you know that he wrote the "Hill Street Blues" theme song? Told you. On Saturday night, Carlton will return to his jazz roots, featuring material from "Kid Gloves," his new album. Robben Ford, meanwhile, is slightly more intriguing. He's staked his flag deeper in the territory of Chicago blues, alongside masters like harpist Charlie Musselwhite. But he's also made the crossover to mainstream blues with both Jimmy and Stevie Ray Vaughan. Ford shares a jazz background with Carlton which promises to make Saturday's show a shake-your-head, rip-off-your-clothes-and-dance, blowout jam session — especially since Ford has promised to live up to his rockin' blues reputation. Larry Carlton and Robben Ford and their bands will play the Ventura Theatre, Saturday 13, at 8 p.m. The theatre is located at 26 South Chestnut in Ventura. —Jeanine Natale

R E C Y C L E

Start the New Year Fresh & Healthy... GOLETA FARMERS MARKET

at the Calle Real Shopping Center
between Warehouse Records and China City Rest.

FEATURING:

- early tulips
- abundance of fresh greens
- juicy oranges



OPEN:
Thursdays
3-6:30pm

RAIN OR SHINE
...962-5354

music reviews

Too Cool to Worship

Quicksand
Slip
Polydor
☆☆☆

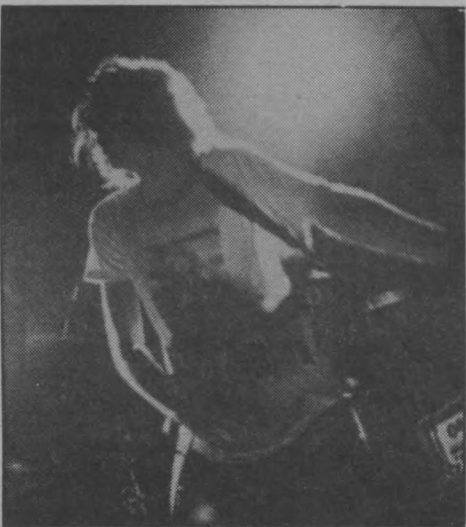
At long last, Armageddon has been declared, as Polydor has announced that its secret weapon for '93 will be unleashed on Feb. 9. That's the release date for Quicksand, and let me tell you, it'll be worth the wait. This is the shit, plain and simple.

An onslaught of harmonics, dissonant guitar riffs, feedback, and Walt's melodic screams, all under one cut and dry package entitled *Slip*. This is the next big thing that *everyone's* been waiting for; the band that'll be "cool" to worship before anyone else; the band that everyone will love to hate when songs like "Fazer" or "Dine Alone" reach redundant rotation on your local cable music channel. Twelve songs of pure frustration, fear, tightness — all just waiting to burst at the seams like an extra snug pair of jeans that is smart in the delicate areas.

All euphemisms aside, the CD has two songs from the previous 7-inch on Revelation ("Omission" and "Unfulfilled") and the trademark instrumental "Baphomet." You may already know Quicksand's "all-star" members from previous Revelation outfits like Burn, Gorilla Biscuits, Moon Dog, Youth of Today, Bold, Beyond Shelter, Absolution, etc. Whatever the case, those bands don't influence this CD in any way.

This is the most original and appreciative sound to arise from a major label since World War II. My pick for '93 as the best release.

—Ted Perez



Baton Rouge Bilingual

Buckwheat Zydeco
Menagerie: The Essential Zydeco Collection
Mango

☆☆☆☆

Down around N'awlins, you know, not in town but out in the parish, that's where Buckwheat Zydeco's latest effort is comin' from. That's the place where Buckwheat does his cookin'. His recipe combines a peppery shuffling snare drum with an equally active rhythm guitar, and the whole thing is smothered in Buckwheat's hot and spicy Creole accordion sauce.

Zydeco is the fast-paced dance music of Louisiana's Black French-speaking Creole population. Buckwheat is the holy Trinity of the Zydeco accordion. He sings too, and the lyrics soulfully resonate from his very core. Not smoothly though. They seem to just barely make it out of his mouth.

Trinity? No doubt. His clear and carving virtuoso accordion crunching is what holds it all together. If the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost all had accordions, they would be



spiritually pressed to match Buckwheat. He is the chef in the Zydeco kitchen.

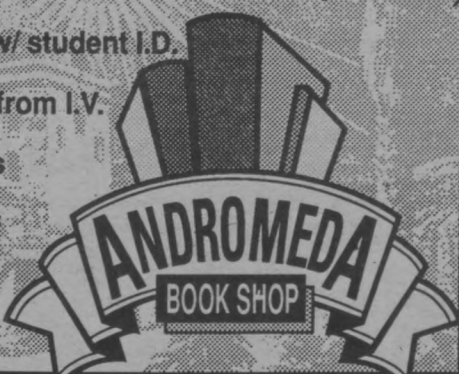
Some songs are performed in English and some in French and they cover an array of topics. This is not important, because the eclectic nature of the compilation melds nicely with the continually changing, and at times drawn out, dance beats. The combination is definitely the Jambalaya of the American ethnic music menu.

What is left to be said, besides that the cuts on this release sizzle like their Cajun edible counterparts? They are blackened accordion-powered excitement, and sprinkled with spicy red pepper. A true menagerie of quality and authentic Zydeco music is what Buckwheat and his ivory philharmonic accordion have performed this time. Definitely to be washed down with an icy Dixie Beer.

—David Rittenhouse

The Alternative Alternative...

- Golata's Busiest Full Service Book Shop
- 10% Discount w/ student I.D.
- 5 minute drive from I.V.
- Gift Certificates
- Great choice of comic books & a huge sci-fi selection



5756 Calle Real • 967-8980

(1/2 mile south of Fairview) HOURS: Mon-Sat 10AM-8PM / SUN 11AM-7PM

A.S. PROGRAM BOARD presents...

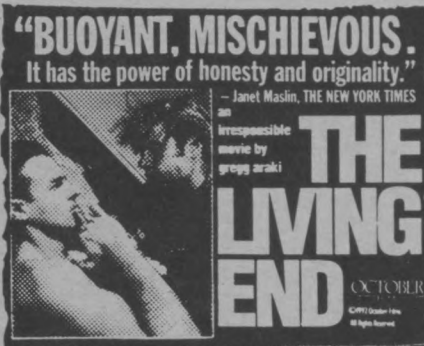
TUESDAY, FEB. 9

8 &

10:30

I.V.

THEATRE

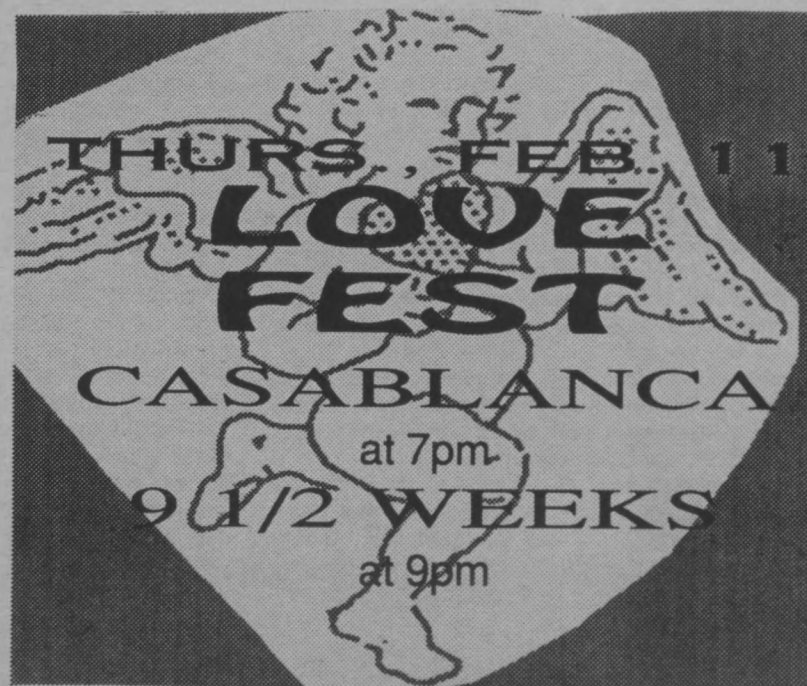
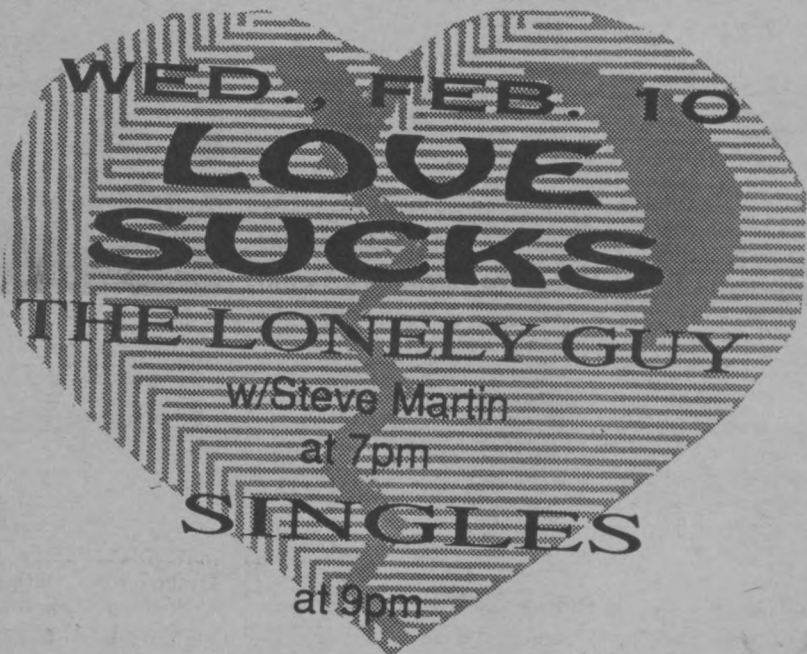


\$2/STUDENTS \$3/GENERAL

Presented in conjunction with HIV/AIDS AWARENESS WEEK

A Valentine's Film-Fest

DOUBLE FEATURES



All shows in IV THEATRE

TWO MOVIES for \$2.50
free candy

FOR MORE INFO CALL 893-3536

Cover Story

Civil Rights in Review

Photographs From the Past Meet Today's Trials Head On

by Martin Boer

In 1954, the Supreme Court ruled that segregated schools were unconstitutional, marking a new era in American history where Blacks — legally — were considered equal citizens with equal rights. In 1991, Clarence Thomas was nominated to that same court after overcoming a sexual harassment hearing that gave the nation a lot of political and social fat to chew on. The next year, the police officers that beat Rodney King were acquitted. Just how far has our nation come in granting Black Americans those rights as free individuals that our highest court upheld 39 years ago?

Two important new books about the still fragile and precarious African-American experience have recently been released that bring up important questions on just how much life has changed for Black Americans since the '60s.

Memories of the Southern Civil Rights Movement is Danny Lyon's photographic memoir of the civil rights struggles that occurred more than 30 years ago. Lyon was the official photographer for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, one of the more dedicated — as well as confrontational — organizations on the civil rights front. His writings are complemented by more than 200 of his black and white photographs and introduced by former SNCC leader Julian Bond.

Court of Appeal: The Black Community Speaks out on the Racial and Sexual Politics of Thomas vs. Hill is a recent collection of sharp essays edited by Robert Chrisman and Robert L. Allen of *The Black Scholar*, an influential African-American publication. It is written by prominent Black Americans about the firestorm of national debate that arose from the Thomas confirmation hearings.

The volume begins with primary documents from the hearings to (re)introduce the reader to speeches by Judge Clarence Thomas and Professor Anita Hill. Maya Angelou, Derrick Bell, Julian Bond, June Jordan and UCSB Professor Gerald Horne are a few of the many writers that contributed individual commentary. The book ends with reprints of legal and position papers from a number of groups including the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Urban League.

These two books seem to offer few comparisons, but it is staggering to juxtapose the two distinct eras in Black American history and realize that the '60s dreams of "we shall overcome" are far from reality in the '90s. The pictures in *Memories* portray a strong bond between Black and white, student and worker, hope and future. *Court of Appeal* shows us that after 30 years racism has left the Constitution and adopted the Institution. Black Americans continue to be overrepresented in jail and underrepresented in the universities, 39 years after *Brown v. The Board of Education*.

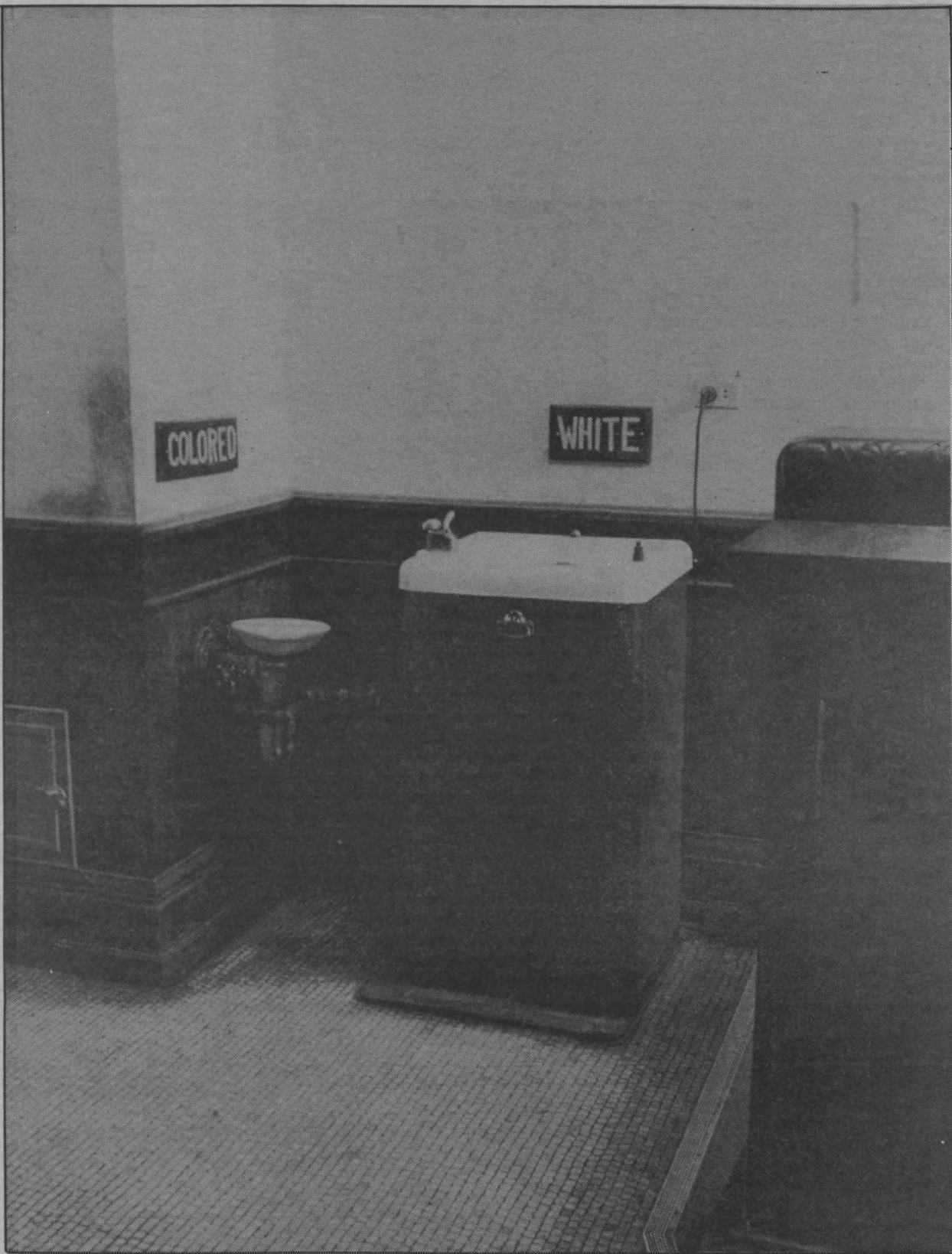
Thomas has replaced Thurgood Marshall and after reading the two books we realize something is terribly wrong.

Horne, a Black studies professor here at UCSB and former senatorial candidate, addresses the history of post-civil rights African-Americans in "The Thomas hearings and the Nexus of Race, Gender and Nationalism." He takes a quote from the popular Black magazine *Jet*: "Justice Thomas is the first black-skinned man ever to hold such a major post in American history" — and uses history to tear it apart:

"Such a query is the unfortunate but logical corollary of a narrowly nationalistic form of thinking," Horne writes, "that has not been interrogated sufficiently within the African-American community that since the dawn of the Red Scare has been dominated intellectually by various forms of nationalism, be it progressive, reactionary or bourgeois."

Horne goes on to criticize rap musicians because they have "been praised unduly for their 'energy' and 'nationalism,' while their treatment of women has been assessed as an irrelevant detail or minor flaw."

While suggesting that the Black community has played into the Establishment's hand — and that rap is part of the problem — Horne makes it clear that to



"blame the victim" is not his intent. Instead, he calls on the progressives to follow the example of "the African National Congress [who] refused to break its allegiance with the organized left, including the South African Communist Party."

And if Clarence Thomas does anything, he'll give us something to think about, Horne says. "Above all, Clarence Thomas should force us to think a bit more profoundly about questions of nationalism, racism, and gender, and their explosive intersection," he writes.

In a clever parody piece, "A Radical Double Agent," Harvard Law Professor Derrick Bell argues facetiously that Thomas' conservatism is really a mask for radicalism.

"Judge Thomas is not really a conservative, but, rather, a committed Black revolutionary," Bell writes. "I am convinced he plans to use right-wing dogma to spark a racial revolt ... a necessary response to this society's growing hostility to African-Americans."

Berkeley professor June Jordan's "Can I Get a Witness?" and freelance writer Barbara Ransby's "The Gang Rape of Anita Hill and The Assault Upon All Women of African Descent" are two strong articles that blast the way Hill was treated by both Thomas and her all-male

jury.

"The scapegoating of Black women, is predicated upon an increasingly male-centered definition of the Black experience and Black oppression," writes Ransby. She ends her piece with the declaration that "no one will speak for us but ourselves."

Other issues brought up in the collection include the fixation of white America on Black sexuality, the values of post-civil rights Blacks and third-wave feminism. Because the book contains essays that support Hill, Thomas or both, a myriad of very relevant ideas are offered within the book.

Lyon's book brings the ideas home through powerful images of activists with hackneyed faces and bags under their eyes gazing with optimism into the distance. But the choke holds, handcuffs, pepper gas, bayonets, prison bars and caskets are very real. Lyon's experiences as a northern University of Chicago student protesting in the South touch upon the stark days of Jim Crow that many of us thankfully cannot relate to.

While the treatment of African-Americans has officially improved since the times that these images depict, incidents like the beating of Rodney King remind us that much still needs to be done.



Danny Lyon documented the push for civil rights for Black Americans in the 1950's and 1960's. His photographs are collected in 'Memories of the Southern Civil Rights Movement' and include a marcher's arrest (on cover), segregated fountains (above) and images of Martin Luther King, Jr. (left).

film reviews

Is She a Cold-Hearted Bitch or Just a Whore?

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I submit to you that the new Madonna movie *Body of Evidence*, which has been dismissed by every credible movie critic in America as a worthless piece of garbage, has been unfairly panned by the greater viewing audience.

While the wanna-be courtroom drama/seductive thriller is no cinematic classic, I object to the criticism this film received before its possible meanings and implications were taken into serious consideration.

I submit that there are three possible classifications under which this movie can fall, each of which has sufficient evidence from the film to support it.

This movie is, therefore, one of the following:

•A brilliant sociological statement regarding the cultural phenomenon of Madonna.

The evidence: It's no secret that no one can quite figure out why Madonna is an American pop icon, and that bewilderment is transferred to her character in *Body of Evidence*. As wanna-be vamp Rebecca Carlson, Madonna is on trial for murdering her lover by engaging in intense sex — involving bondage — with him and giving him a heart attack. This sets her up as a woman that is misunderstood because of her non-mainstream sexual preferences, a role which Madonna likes to cast herself in.

"The women all hate me — they think I'm a whore," says Madonna/Carlson. "And the men all think I'm a cold-hearted bitch."

Why are people drawn to Madonna? For perhaps the same reason that men — such as her character's lawyer, played by Willem Dafoe, as well as every other man in the film — are drawn to Rebecca Carlson: she exudes sex. Carlson handcuffs, ties up, burns, bruises and bloodies her lovers, but they come back for more; there's no reason to like her, but men do anyway. Both Carlson and Madonna milk the attention for all its worth.

"I fuck," says Madonna/Carlson, who stands to inherit her dead lover's fortune. "It's what I do. And it made me \$8 million."

The parallels between the actress and the character are everywhere. From "misunderstood public figure" to "irresistibly erotic seductress," this part — and this movie — appear to be a statement regarding the nature of Madonna's popularity.

•A brilliantly hilarious satirical comedy. *The evidence:* Everything about this film makes one want to burst out laughing. As Carlson's trial opens, the prosecuting attorney (Joe Mantegna) claims that not only did Carlson murder her lover, but her body — which the audience gets to see exposed repeatedly during the movie — is the murder weapon. By claiming that Madonna's naked body could excite a man to death during sex, Mantegna proves that *Body of Evidence* is a farce.

The laughs are nonstop. The sex scenes between Madonna and Dafoe — complete with bondage and supposedly erotic pain — are so stupid, so ludicrous and so bizarre that they should leave the audience shrieking in laughter.

The dialogue is the best part of *Body of Evidence*. "You have a very inflated opinion of yourself," Dafoe says to Madonna, one of dozens of hilarious lines delivered during the film. Each implausible conversation and scene invites tons of laughter, from sex involving scalding candle wax to a ludicrous "confrontation" between Carlson and Dafoe's wife in the court's bathroom. We're talking serious humor.

•A worthless piece of garbage. *The evidence:* Despite the hilarity, despite the deeper meanings one can read into it and despite some supposedly solid cast members, the film tries to take itself seriously. The sex is supposed to be steamy, the suspense is supposed to be gripping, and the plot is supposed to be at least half interesting.

What a sad, sad joke of a film this is. —Scott McPherson



About the only thing Madonna's got going for her in 'Body of Evidence' is her body. And even that fails her after awhile ... Willem, what were you thinking?

This Horror Isn't Horrible

Matinee has something special and original at its core — a fond remembrance of the schlock horror films that influenced baby boomers like director Joe Dante, a sort of *Cinema Paradiso* with a really crappy marquee sign. Yet, in typical Hollywood fashion, *Matinee* never lives up to its brilliant opening minutes.

The movie this movie happens to be about is "Mant!" a cross between *Them* and *The Fly*, presented by Lawrence Woolsey (John Goodman), a bargain-basement Roger Corman. It is in Key West, during the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis, that Woolsey plans to premiere his latest film.

It is also here where the rest of the film takes place. Waiting for the arrival of Woolsey (and "Rumble-Ramal" — his new movie process) is quite a drag. The film's main character turns out to be not Woolsey, but Gene (Simon Fenton), a morose teen whose Marine father is stationed near Cuba. Quick, can you say, "Woolsey equals father figure"?

Gene eventually falls in love and into a bomb shelter with Sandra (Lisa Jakub), the likewise moody daughter of progressive parents. These high school scenes are only a tiny notch above an episode of "The Wonder Years," so when the big

show arrives, the children are not the only ones looking to Woolsey as their savior.

The opening matinee segment does redeem the film in some ways. Woolsey is a brash but humane showman, who actually wants to entertain his customers in the best way possible. This is a rather romanticized view; typically these movie hacks were concerned with churning out product and exploiting their audience for profit. "Mant!" actually seems quite good as well. The cast in Woolsey's film hams it up like nobody's business — I'd rather watch this than *Matinee*.

Matinee would have been an interesting character study (if it had had a few more interesting characters), but it is undone by the usual Hollywood need to have a spectacular ending. Is it necessary to have Gene rescue his little brother from the collapsing balcony? The voice of scriptwriter Charlie Haas, channeled through Woolsey, tries to link the catharsis of surviving a horror movie to the American public making it through the frightening days of 1962, but *Matinee* is too lightweight to properly support such a "heavy" comparison.

—Ted Mills

Rugby Pricks Find God

From bacchanalia *a la* dead bodies to liturgies in a passenger seat, *Alive* combines all the repulsive facets of human experience in a desperate and futile attempt at entertainment. Indeed, without a doubt, this film does everything it can to make 20-year olds, fresh from a fateful airplane crash, into martyrs and heroes. What it neglects to include with the price of admission, however, is an airline barf bag.

It starts off on slippery ice when one of the survivors recounts his experiences with the neutral yet pompous phrase, "We all found God." The hilarity of that statement is found in one character who starts the film as an agnostic, but due to unforeseen circumstances, namely the

threat of a possible avalanche, is magically reborn into a Christian. The storyteller is wrong. He didn't find God. He found a fucking avalanche.

On a small turboprop airplane bound for Chile, our "heroes," a group of rugby players, who seem to have no home since the film has designated them as merely "South American," manages to annoy both the pilots and the steward by chucking a football around and smoking when told not to do so. Not to our dismay, the plane crashes in the Andes and predictably, the blame is placed on the pilots. At this point in time, it doesn't really matter what happens to these pricks, the more

thrown out of a crashing plane the better.

As these people are in such desperate straits, God must be brought up to calm their frightened senses. Indeed, the Cardinal Mahoney of the group must take it upon himself to waste flashlight batteries by shining the light into the face of the infidel agnostic in an attempt to convert him, for without a recital of the rosary they will not be saved. In the end he succeeds, as an avalanche is rumbling.

The cannibalism aspect was not played up as much as the religious aspect. Characters were not nibbling on toes as much as they were blathering about the deity. Through its religious affrontery, the film loses a great deal of its audience.

I'm not going to communion, but go ahead and pass me a finger food.

—Bill Mathieson

Film About Filming Fails

When people grow tired of the city life, the logical thing to do is to go into the country; to get away from all the crime and congestion. But how often do people who live safely in New York leave, only to be subject to the dangers of a small rural town?

Children of the Corn II, which was not written by Stephen King, depicts a reporter and his son visiting the town of Gatlin, Nebraska. Garrett, the reporter played by Terence Knox, is sent on assignment to cover the brutal slayings that had occurred in the first movie. Paul Scherer plays his rebellious son Danny, and the twosome soon find out the cornfield slayings from the first movie are far from over.

Although the scenery is beautiful, a full sense of imagination is needed to enjoy this movie. Director David F. Price adds some fantasy to some scenes in an effort to spice up the movie. However, he overdoes the job to the point that the scenes appear ridiculous. The cornfield seems to have some mythological evil power in which people are literally killed by the corn stacks themselves, which come to life.

Like a lot of other typical horror movies, this film has its share of senseless bloody murders, some involving voodoo dolls, and — get this — a coroner getting stabbed to death by his own syringes. The plot is filled with religious overtones, expressing a Puritan-like society in which people were burned at the stake. Led by Michael (played by Rick Bollman), the

children of the evil cult believe adults are the enemies to the well-being of society, and they use "sin" as the justification for murdering them. They do it all for the sake of "he who walks behind the rows."

The poor father-son relationship between Garrett and Danny makes the latter a susceptible victim to joining the cult, but the audience is never convinced that he is completely turned.

Price also adds an underlying theme of romance, as Danny meets Lacey (played by Christie Clark), and predictably, the two hit it off, surprisingly quickly. However, the romance seems plastic, and the audience can not find chemistry between the two; the fact they are only acting is glaringly obvious.

The acting in this movie is not very good, and in particular the children's acting is horrible. To make things worse, there are some attempts at humor, but few of the jokes are giggle-inspiring, not to mention that a lot of it is actually sick. For instance, an old woman in a wheelchair outside of a bingo game is hit by a truck, and she goes crashing through the window just as a player shouts "bingo." No smiles on that one.

Overall, the movie isn't a total flop. It gets pretty suspenseful at the end, with

fires in the cornfield and the requisite chase scenes. Unfortunately, that is the only entertaining portion of the movie, and only the last 20 minutes.

—Tom Santos

Valentine's Day Isn't Just for Lovebirds...



...it also celebrates friends and friendships;



...think of all your friends who were there for you...

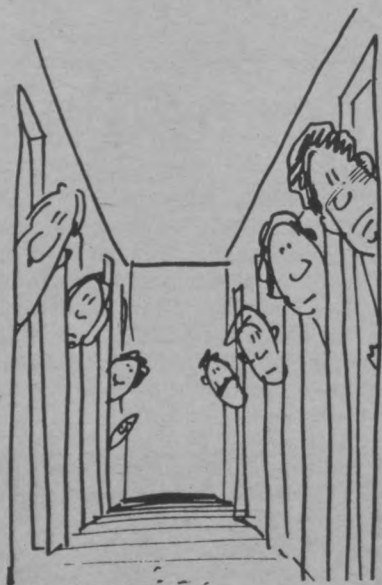
...or, who were there too often...



...who cheered you on...



...or who just let you be you...



Remember Your Friends on Valentine's Day

It's fun, it's inexpensive, and it's even in your own writing

Come to the **Nexus Ad Office** under Storke Tower, and fill out a special greeting your very own way

Pick the size & border that pleases you most, and let your creativity bloom

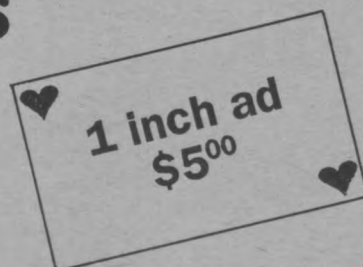
Nexus Valentines

The Nexus' Special Valentine's Day Issue, February 12, 1993

We are open Monday-Friday, 8am-5pm (open during lunch)

For further info., call 893-3829

DEADLINE: FEBRUARY 10!!



More borders to choose from!



Dean Ween and Gene Ween

Brothers From Philly

Pure Guava sounds like the great lost '70s album recorded on '90s drugs.

Pennsylvania's weirdo pop duo Ween will be playing the Anaconda on Feb. 10. Gene and Dean Ween's third album and major label debut *Pure Guava* is out now on Elektra.

Primitive drum machines running out of control back up some of the most intentionally dumb guitar soloing since who knows when. If vocalist Gene Ween isn't singing like he's strung out on helium, he's mumbling unintelligibly in a druggy low register. But lyrics such as "Check the cards at the table / Scream softly / You are able / To see the sign of thyself" are so beautifully stupid, you'll end up singing them too.

"It just might be the best record of all time, but probably not since most music sucks. I don't think there's gonna be a single from *Guava* on account of all the songs are number ones," says guitarist

Dean Ween of the album.

The Ween brothers recorded this 19-track album in their tiny fly-infested apartment between February and August of 1991, "so there's a major spring vibe throughout," according to Dean. "There was a woman who lived (and slept) about 10 feet above the room where we recorded this; just remember that as you listen."

But all this chaos is tuneful and clever enough for Ween to be taken seriously. These are not just two idiots with too much time and nitrous oxide on their hands. Ween, dare I say it, is the sound of pop being reinvented.

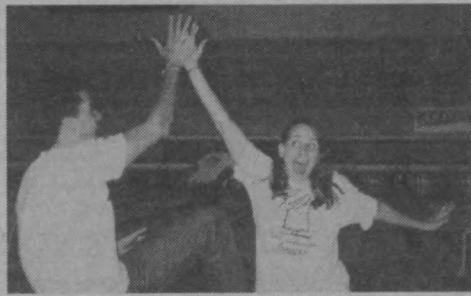
God only knows how this will all translate on stage, but there's only one way to find out. Whatever happens, it will be a strange night at the Anaconda next Wednesday.

—Ted Mills

My baby takes the morning train ... He works from nine to five and then ... he takes it home again ... to find me waiting for him. ♥



HEY UCSB!



ROCK N' BOWL
THURSDAY NIGHTS
9:30 pm - Midnight



All you can Bowl, \$10/person • Domino's Pizza • 99¢ Beer
KTYD DJ plays Rock Music, Videos
Win Prizes from Compact Disc & Tape Store

ORCHID BOWL

MINUTES FROM CAMPUS
5925 Calle Real • Hwy 101 at Fairview in Goleta • 967-0128

Buffalo Soldier

"Universal, for the people, you know?"

Full of profundity (and perhaps a little pot), local reggae artist Ras Leon talks about the upcoming 6th annual Bob Marley Day as if he holds the secret to world peace in the palm of his hand.

"The music is about oneness and unity," he explains in a heavy Caribbean accent, as he pushes aside long dreads and flips through a stack of flyers from previous Bob Marley Days.

A Jamaican transplant and founding member of Santa Barbara's premiere reggae band Underground Roots Syndicate, Leon has organized Bob Marley Day — "a positive event for the community" — since it began in Isla Vista in 1988. On Saturday, the huge annual reggae-fest commemorating the birthday of Robert Nesta Marley will hit both Anisq' Oyo' Park and the Anaconda. It will be a special day for Leon, a culmination of his personal effort at spreading the "one love" message to others, by bringing people together to commemorate the seminal role which Marley played in the internationalization of reggae music.

"The music makes me high" Leon confides, adding his goal is to share the underlying message of love and harmony in his music "with everyone and to the four corners of the earth." Nothing but success can come out of such a positive gathering. He promises.

The event promises to



Ras Leon and Beenie Man

be dripping with rootsy rhythms, featuring Wind Cave, Soul Force, The Upbeats, Jah Bone, Common Sense, Ras Leon and the Underground Roots Syndicate. Special guests will be Beenie Man and Norman Jones from Crucial DBC.

Not only is Bob Marley Day the most gigantic indoor/outdoor reggae gala of the year in I.V., the event's ends are philanthropic as well. Both proceeds and donations of food will go to Let Isla Vista Eat. Yes, that means bring a can of food. (If you bring two nonperishable goods you will get in for a dollar less.)

While quality reggae sounds in the Anaconda

will be the centerpiece of Saturday's activities, prizes, food, crafts and more music will be happening in the park. So get up, stand up and get yourself down to see what Ras Leon is billing as one episode in the "worldwide and unified" celebration of reggae music. An abundance of the One Love will be shared under the sun, at the park and in the shade of the Anaconda, but you have to be there to enjoy it.

Bring a can of food and share that too.

Bob Marley Day will take place between noon and 10:30 p.m. this Sat., Feb. 6, at the Anaconda and Anisq' Oyo' Park.

—Dave Rittenhouse

Don't get mad. Get promoted.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A DAVID FERMUD PRODUCTION A FILM BY TOM HOLLAND THE TEMP TIMOTHY HUTTON LARA FLYNN BOYLE DWIGHT SCHULTZ OLIVER PLATT AND FAYE DUNAWAY COSTUME DESIGNER FREDERIC TALGORN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JEFF SCHILLER PRODUCED BY HOWARD W. KOCH, JR. SCREENPLAY BY KEVIN FALLS & TOM ENGELMAN DIRECTED BY KEVIN FALLS PRODUCED BY DAVID FERMUD AND TOM ENGELMAN EDITED BY TOM HOLLAND

THE TEMP

RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR GUARDIAN

OPENING FEBRUARY 12

Best of UCSB Lifestyle 1993

• Ballot •

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone #: _____

Check One:

- Student Staff Faculty Other
 (optional)

UCSB Readers Poll Rules

1. NO XEROXED BALLOTS.
2. Ballots must be dropped off at The *Daily Nexus* Ad Office, underneath Storke Tower, by **Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 5pm.**
3. ONE ballot per person.
4. Ballots must be filled out with reasonable completeness. Ballots with less than half of the blanks filled will be recycled with alacrity.
5. *NOTE:* The Nexus' "Best of UCSB" is intended to be a good natured contest among business groups and others in the community. In other words, this is not a cutthroat competition whose results are somehow of deep and lasting significance. Please do not take it as such.
6. Decisions of Ballot referees are final.

Fill out and bring in to the Nexus Ad Office, under Storke Tower, by Wednesday, Feb. 17 at 5pm

1. Best Sign of the Times _____
2. Best Place to Hear Live Music _____
3. Best Local Band _____
4. Best Radio Station _____
5. Best Movie Theater _____
6. Best Hike _____
7. Best Place to Stroll at Night Safely _____
8. Best Place to Commune With Nature _____
9. Best Place to People Watch _____
10. Best Place to Buy Groceries _____
11. Best Place to Get Condoms _____
12. Best Dining Commons _____
13. Best Coffee House _____
14. Best Place to Drink Beer _____
15. Best Pizza Place _____
16. Best Mexican Restaurant _____
17. Best Thai Place _____
18. Best Chinese Restaurant _____
19. Best Barbecue Joint _____
20. Best Burrito Eatery _____
21. Best Hamburger Joint _____
22. Best Vegetarian Place _____
23. Best Breakfast Place _____
24. Best Restaurant With a View _____
25. Best Place to Eat if Your Folks are Picking up the Tab _____
26. Best Ice Cream Shop _____
27. Best Bakery _____
28. Best Gym _____
29. Best Beach _____
30. Best Surf Spot _____
31. Best Surf Shop _____
32. Best Way to Get Tar Off Your Feet _____

33. Best Afternoon Getaway _____
34. Best Car Mechanic _____
35. Best Bike Shop _____
36. Best Way to Save Money _____
37. Best Secondhand Clothing Store _____
38. Best Hair Salon _____
39. Best Bookstore _____
40. Best Music Store _____
41. Best Computer Store _____
42. Best Computer Game _____
43. Best Place to Get Goofy Stuff _____
44. Best Cheap Date _____
45. Best Happy Hour _____
46. Best Margarita _____
47. Best Night Club _____
48. Best Place to Play Pool _____
49. Best Karaoke Bar _____
50. Best Dive Bar _____
51. Best Word for Vomiting _____
52. Best Stupid Thrill _____
53. Most Nauseating _____ (fill in both)
54. Best TV Show _____
55. Best Place to Watch TV _____
56. Best Place to Eat on Campus _____
57. Best Thing About UCSB _____
58. Best Professor _____
59. Best Class _____
60. Best Class to Sleep Through _____
61. Best Reason to Miss Class _____
62. Best Excuse for Turning in a Paper Late _____
63. Best Excuse for Not Graduating in 4 years _____
64. Best Answer to a Question We Haven't Asked _____

Fill out and bring in to the Nexus Ad Office, under Storke Tower, by Wednesday, Feb. 17 at 5pm