

Dancing
with
their
feet ... 4A

Fear
of
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ARTS WEEK

february 11 - february 17

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This Week's Bets

today

•HAMLET —
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friday

•VENUS WRECKS
— this up-and-
coming band
from Los
Angeles will
perform in
Storke Plaza
at noon

saturday

•SANTA BARBARA
RAPE CRISIS
CENTER BENEFIT
— a rocking
fund-raiser for
a Spanish
hotline
featuring
Jacob's
Brother, Dirt,
¡Santa Mierda!,
Appel Kore,
Agent 94 and
Evil Farmer;
Anisq 'Oyo Park

sunday

•VALENTINE'S
DAY ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ —
be with the one
you love or
love the one
you're with,
whichever works
best

monday

•CONSOLIDATED —
check out this
performance at
the Roxy in
Hollywood

tuesday

•VIOLINIST GIL
SHAHAM —
21-year-old
virtuoso will
perform the
works of
Dvorak, Brahms,
Debussy,
Korngold and
Sarasate at the
Lobero Theatre,
8 p.m.

wednesday

•SHE MUST BE
SEEING THINGS —
a film exploring
women's
sexuality
followed by a
discussion;
UCSB Women's
Center, 7 to 9
p.m.

King Missile: First-level Freudians

interview, page 5A



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2/24 Wed. **LUNACHICKS, CREAMERS**

2/26 Fri. **Youth Brigade Xtra Large**

3/7 Sun. **Cannibal Corpse UNLEASHED, EPIDEMIC**

3/9 Tues. **SICK OF IT ALL, BIOHAZARD, FEAR FACTORY**

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music reviews



Jesus Jones

We're So Alternative

Jesus Jones
Perverse
EMI Records
☆☆☆☆

This lyrical avalanche bombards us with such efficiency and precision that the album is over almost right after it begins. Not because it is shorter in terms of seconds and minutes, but because the techno beat and poppy words flow fast like fluid.

Jesus Jones have the same problem Jane's Addiction and the Seattle contingents have: How can I remain as alternative as I think I am while *Rolling Stone* and MTV are lavishing the establishment's finest honors on me?

Their answer seems to be, I am so alternative that I am going to make up my own sound — and thus "Virtual Reality in music form" is born. But they really aren't the only band using computers, keyboards, sequencers, drum machines, midi guitars and samplers. In fact, their sound

is most reminiscent of the groups most notorious for their use of technology: Nine Inch Nails and the Pet Shop Boys.

Their first track, destined for Billboard, "Zeroes And Ones" is aptly an ode to the binary influence. Their tracks "From Love to War" and "The Devil You Know" will probably also receive undesired accolades, such as *Rolling Stone's* "Best Single of 1993," etc.

In other words, this album is actually quite good. Try very good. The beats of house and techno often bore those jaded skeptics that have not been initiated yet into the new sounds. But the maturity of Jesus Jones is obvious as this new album's eclecticism offers little deemed redundant.

"Yellow Brown" is a particularly good song about what Jesus Jones sees all nations having in common, namely pollution. While we would like to see nations sharing peace, ideals and unity we just instead see "every other color blended into yellow brown."

—Martin Boer

Sweet Suzy

This Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, Suzanne Vega will be at the Ventura Theater. Maybe it's fitting because, while Vega is the virtual antithesis of a popstar or publicity-monger (i.e. Madonna), she still remains everyone's sweetheart.

Indeed, without mass marketing or a production line of videos swarming the airwaves, Vega's reputation holds strong — always attracting solely by word of mouth more young'ns who missed the boat in the '80s.

She rocks with words and that quiet, bemused smile of hers that blows away flashy stage-sets, smoke and even pointy bras; Vega is the rock star for people who like to dress comfortably and think about what they listen to. And no matter how many hopefuls rise up in her image, Vega remains the definitive folkster for those of us who know Bob Dylan only as a funny-looking old dude who was in that Wilbury band a few years ago.

Vega will be covering material from her latest 99.9° F as well as other work which ranges from the sad and lonely to the cute and flirtatious, while also touching upon serious issues like child abuse and racism which keep our society at odds with itself.



Suzanne Vega

Sunday's performance promises to be anything but what you are expecting. As Vega says in the title song of her latest album, "99.9 Fahrenheit degrees/ stable now with rising possibilities .../ It could be normal but it isn't quite ..."

The show will start at 8 p.m., when Kitchens of Distinction takes the stage.

—Jeanine Natale

Nubian No Dope

Brand Nubian
In God We Trust
Elektra

☆☆

It is amazing sometimes just how prophetic some things are.

Back in 1988, Public Enemy released a single entitled "Don't Believe The Hype." It was intended as words of wisdom to the hip-hop nation concerning the mainstream media's portrayal of the band as militant racists hell-bent on the violent upheaval of our present political apparatus. What is ironic is that the same song could be applied today in reference to hip-hop media itself. For various reasons, a situation has arisen in which many of today's artists are subject to so much hype from magazines (*The Source*, for example) that when the album is released officially to the public, it immediately blows up by virtue of its glowing review in a respected magazine.

The reasons for this hype can be numerous; one is that the reviewer is friends with the group and wants to give them as many props as possible. Also, the reviewer knows that a record is weak, but still hypes it out of fear of negative response from the group (verbal and/or physical).

Why am I writing about this? Mainly cuz we all read the review of Brand Nubian's new record, *In God We Trust* in *The Source* a few months back, right? And we all know that they gave it more props than Universal Studios. So why was I so disappointed when I heard it? Straight up, you may think these brothers are on the positive, knowledge-kickin' tip and all that, but yo, most of this record needs help. If you heard *All for One* (their first release), and listen to *In God We Trust* back to back, you have to ask, "What happened?" OK, so Grand Puba left the group, that's one thing. His skill is definitely missed here. But the production is poor, and the samples and loops are weak and sometimes just plain unimaginative. Tracks like "Allah U Akbar," "Punks Jump Up To Get Beat Down" and even "Meaning of the 5%" work well here, but yo, that shit is negated by tracks like "Black Star Line," "Allah And Justice" and "Steal Ya Ho." If you're a hardcore Nubian fan, you'll probably like this record, but I don't think they'll be making any new fans this time.

—P.E.A.C.E.

Europhiles Unite

The Jennifers
Just Got Back Today
Nude Records

☆☆☆

Maybe the best way to describe The Jennifers is "surprising."

Anybody up for a ride through the English countryside? One way to do it (without stepping on an airplane) is to pop this CD in the player, close your eyes and let The Jennifers take you there. The band's mixture of guitar, drums and harmonica melodies creates catchy tunes that exemplify the alternative style of music which the British "Manchester sound" is based on.

Their first EP, *Just Got Back Today*, features four tracks that hone a unique acoustic sound, ranging from the slow, mellow rhythms of the song "Tomorrow's Rain" to the fast-paced spinning sound of "Danny's Song." The four-man band of Nick, Danny, Andy and Gareth perfectly cater to the tastes of those who love to listen to bands like Ride, Blur and Teenage Fanclub.

The Jennifers keep their tracks simple. There are no annoying 15-minute Led Zeppelin-style guitar solos. As a matter of fact, they have made sure that all of their tracks do not exceed four minutes. No frills, but a great acoustic guitar sound.

What makes The Jennifers unique is that it is hard to categorize them. Their music is not the type you can slam to, and it's not the type you can dance to, either. Yet it is a little more than music to simply listen to. I guess it's the kind of music that makes you stand in the middle of the living room and pretend to be playing the guitar. It's also the type of music that makes you bob your head left and right while driving in the car.

Or, if you happen to be in England, it's perfect for hopping on that little scooter, slipping the CD in a little Discman and heading towards the green hills. It's ironic that the title is called *Just Got Back Today* when it actually makes you want to take off and go somewhere.

—Tom Santos

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RECYCLED



There's plenty of room to groove at Noise Chamber II, an alternative club at Zelo (downtown) on Mon. nights. Put on your red shoes.

Let's Dance

Generally, when you head into a Santa Barbara club looking for some good music to dance to, you're bombarded by the same Top-40 "hits" you hear on 97.5 when you're stuck in traffic on the 101 and kicking yourself in the head for not investing in the model with a tape deck. So, hoping to get away from the same-old same-old, you try a club that promotes itself under the "alternative" banner, only to be greeted with an "innovative" remix of Duran Duran's "Reflex." Doesn't quite cut it, does it?

Now there's a bright spot among the downtown strip of Santa Barbara clubs at Zelo on Monday nights. This new club, Noise Chamber II, is a night of music that takes the term "alternative" one step further, presenting the best variety of gothic and high-energy industrial dance mixes you'll find in these parts.

Santa Barbara has never had a great alternative club scene. Zelo's Thursday night club, Channel Zero, comes close,

but its music selection is a far cry from that of the alternative clubs in Los Angeles. Local industrialites have had to drive down to L.A. or Ventura to hear the likes of Nitzer Ebb, Front 242 and Ministry. But now Noise Chamber II has broken through with a selection that matches the L.A. scene. It's also a chance for Santa Barbarans who aren't typically drawn to this type of music to finally get some exposure to bands like the Sisters of Mercy and Bauhaus and learn that there *are* gothic bands outside of The Cure that are good. And, unlike most of the downtown clubs, you can get into Noise Chamber if you're 18.

"A nuclear meltdown!" said UCSB student Steve Watkins, describing his experience at Noise Chamber II. "Psychedelic lights flashing in your face, the music just makes me go crazy. No more Thompson Twins style of music. It's great!"

—Tom Santos



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Dirty Dancing?

Dancers Honor the Father of American Dance With a Performance Tour That Has Sparked Controversy Over Its Provocative Content

by Aaron Santell

In honor of Ted Shawn — the man many refer to as the father of American modern dance — the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival has organized an international tour in which some of the nation's finest male dancers will perform a selection of works by Shawn and those influenced by him.

"Men Dancers: The Ted Shawn Legacy" will be presented on campus next week by UCSB Arts and Lectures and will be accompanied by a photography exhibition, "Images on Common Ground: Dance Photographs by John Lindquist and Philip Trager — 1938-1991."

Founded by Shawn in the early 1930s with the conviction that "something drastic should be done to restore masculine dancing to its ancient and rightful prestige and legitimate dignity," Jacob's Pillow is perhaps the world's most important dance festival. Located in the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts, Jacob's Pillow has supported accomplished masters in the field of dance as well as new artists throughout its 60-year history. It is the site of this country's oldest dance festival and the first theater ever built specifically for performance dance in America.

The show itself will feature an eclectic chronology of modern dance including works such as Shawn's "Kinetic Molpai" and "Dervish," José Limón's "The Unsung," Garth Fagan's "Oatka Trail," Pilobolus' "Ocellus" and dances by Rick Darnell, Stephen Petronio, Demetrius Klein and Ann Carlson. The repertoire contains some nudity and deals with various aspects of the masculine experience within the artistic realm, including



The chief dancers of the internationally-known Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival will bare all in Campbell Hall next week.

homosexuality.

Tour director and dancer Gary L. Lund said in an interview that the show "gives a wide current perspective" as well as "a broad historical perspective of how men in dance have been portrayed." Lund explained that the show focuses on masculinity as "the movement of man and his choices," and not as a confrontation or exclusion of feminism. He also said the women's movement has helped men to understand different aspects of their own sexuality.

On an early leg of their tour currently underway, their mildly provocative publicity generated a controversy which almost blocked their performance in Duluth, Minnesota. When scheduled to perform for students of grade school and high school age, the principal of the school received pressure to cancel the program. After attracting attention from the local news and the Associated Press, it was reinstated by a number of parents and students who were determined to see the show.

On the subject of homosexuality, Lund, who has taken time off from his teaching at the New World School of the Arts to perform, explains: "As an issue we don't

hide it. It's part of our performance — and a part of the male experience."

With a high number of artists in the high-risk group of homosexuality, the field of men's dancing has undergone a crisis with AIDS which has been responsible for a devastating loss of talent. "Men's dancing has been hit fairly hard. We all have friends who have passed away. To see another human being die and not reach their potential is hard to deal with," Lund said.

Coming to Santa Barbara between stops in Carmel and San Francisco, the tour will later travel to Amsterdam, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Siberia, Estonia and end up in Florida.

"Men Dancers" will be performed in UCSB's Campbell Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16 and 17, at 8 p.m. The photographic exhibition is currently open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. through next week in the College of Creative Studies Gallery. On the two nights of the performance, the Gallery will stay open until 7:45 p.m.

New Journal Breaks Ground

Rallies and rhetoric — this is the crutch that many culturally based campus organizations lean on. Speeches and protests are the meat of campus politicking, which aims to eliminate cultural oppression by enlightening the people who can make changes about the changes that need to be made. The line between culture and politics has blurred as political means are used to achieve culture-advancing ends.

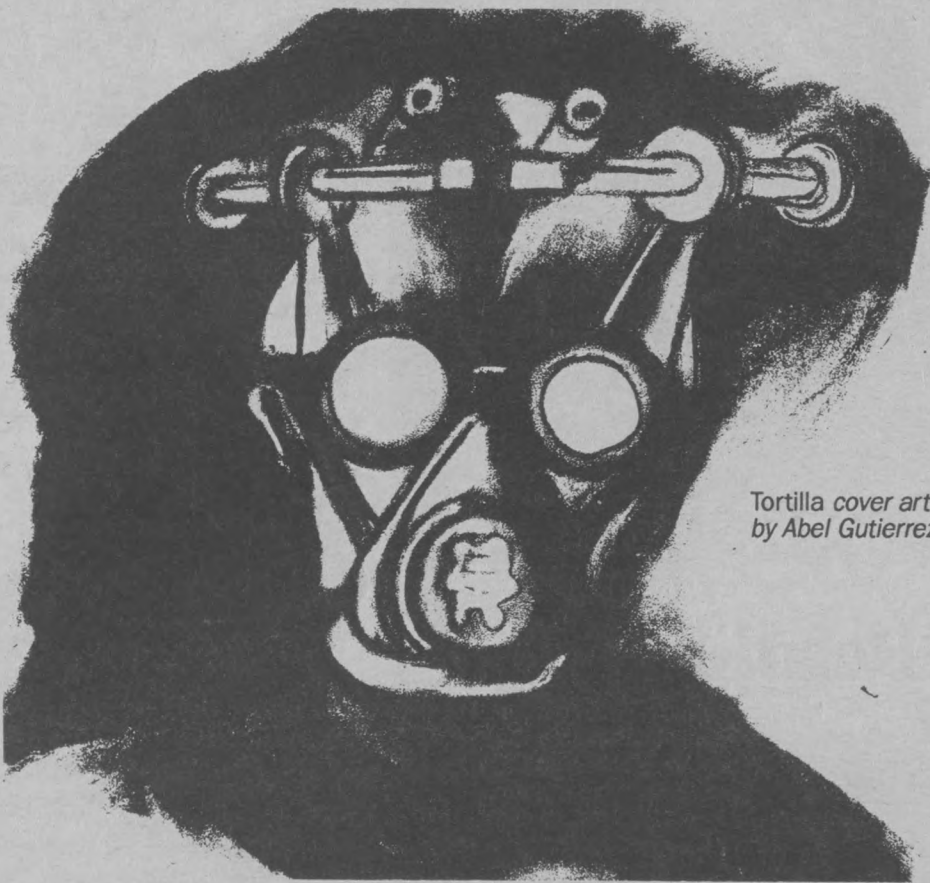
But the fact is there's more to culture than rallies and rhetoric. Sometimes certain facets of culture are obfuscated by the political issues which, while hugely important, hog the spotlight on college campuses. Take, for example, art. Literature, poetry and visual art are all definitive cultural elements. But while students, especially minority students, have various outlets for political expression, the means for artistic expression on campus are few and far between.

This is part of the reason why UCSB student Aida Salazar has put together a publication of Latino writers and artists. The magazine, debuting this week, is called *Tortilla: Machinations of the Mind*, and it gives the campus Latino population the chance to express themselves outside of the rallying rink.

Salazar said that student groups like El Congreso, a UCSB Chicano/Latino organization, often get so wrapped up in their politics that they forget about other aspects of their culture.

"El Congreso speaks for everyone. They're the voice of the Latino community. I'm glad they're there and I applaud their efforts. But what they do is hold rallies," Salazar said. "Creative products can catch the attention of the people as well, either for aesthetic or intellectual reasons."

Not that *Tortilla* is devoid of politics. But when political thought is taken out of Storke Plaza and transferred onto paper via typewriters and drawing ink, it be-



Tortilla cover art by Abel Gutierrez

comes personal. It is then turned into a representation of an individual mind, rather than the mind of the group.

Latino art reinforces the community it is born in while at the same time educating outsiders. "I think art has a way of enhancing the culture," Salazar said. "But we know about our culture. Art lets other people know about our culture. ... Look what we're doing, we're not just bussing your tables and cleaning your houses."

Hence the name, *Tortilla*. "Mexicans use it for white bread. This magazine is like a tortilla; you can decide how you

want to chew on it. It's a substitute for your mainstream magazine," Salazar said.

The fact that Latino writings and artwork have not been highlighted on campus in the past made it difficult for Salazar to recruit artists for her publication. It's not that the talent wasn't there, it's just that she didn't know where to look for it.

"I don't know who writes, because there's never been any publication like this on campus," she said. "If we're not getting published, we have to publish ourselves. The Latinos, we know our real-

ity, we know how we're not in the newspapers and other publications."

Although this quarter's issue happens to include only Latino artists and writers (that's who submitted the poems, Salazar explained), future editions are open for anyone willing to give it a try.

"It's not exclusively for Latinos. It's for anybody who can eat tortillas and appreciate our culture." She added that the quality of the final product is what's important, not the identity of the artist.

The first issue of *Tortilla* includes poems, short stories and drawings by 12 literary contributors and three artists. If Salazar can keep it up, it will continue to come out every quarter, at least for a while.

Salazar, a busy junior Chicano Studies/sociology major, is paying for this first venture out of her own pocketbook. "I don't want to have to succumb to anybody's political pressures or monetary pressures to say and do what they want. ... I want to keep it alternative, not involved with any group or institution. I want the writers to create their own image of this."

To be sure, *Tortilla* will probably offend someone. The poems and stories run the gamut of potentially offensive topics, from homosexuality to erotic love to the violence of rape. It's not, as Salazar puts it, "safe." This is the language that breaks rhetorical bonds; it is obtrusive, harsh and quite often very beautiful.

Salazar hopes she can give *Tortilla* enough momentum to keep it going after she graduates next year, but it won't be easy to find a replacement — even she admits her shoes will be hard to fill.

"I don't know anybody who's willing to do this," she said.

An opening reception for *Tortilla* will take place at the Green Room in Isla Vista on Friday at 8 p.m. The event will include poetry and prose reading from *Tortilla* contributors as well as live music.

— Bonnie Bills

Waxing You Too

Vocalist John Hall Calls His Band King Missile Because His Friends Told Him To

by Austin Sincock

Occasionally a band will come along that challenges the idea that mainstream music is conventional, unchallenging, normal. King Missile is one of those wacky bands who defies the mainstream label because their music is so downright weird. Yet lately, a single off their latest release, called — of all things — “Detachable Penis,” has been broadcast all over the airwaves of major radio stations.

Combining bizarre forms of rock music, spoken atrocities and outrageous lyrics, King Missile puts out a truly original product, although they've only recently been discovered by the masses. After they released their first album, *Fluting on the Hump*, in 1987, they rose to cult popularity in underground circles. Then came two albums on the Shimmy Disc label, followed by an Atlantic release, *The Way to Salvation*, which turned out to be successful, proving that the band could handle the corporate music industry thing. Their latest album, *Happy Hour* is a hit too.

King Missile is John Hall (vocals and lyricist), Dave Rick (guitars), Chris Xefos (bass, keyboards), and Roger Murdock (drums). *Artsweek* caught up with Hall and asked him about his band, their success, Sigmund Freud and U2.

AW: How do you think *Happy Hour* compares with some of your previous albums?

Hall: It's better, a lot better. This is the first record where everybody had ideas they were able to pursue.

AW: What is it like being on Atlantic Records, as opposed to Shimmy Disc?

Hall: It makes it a lot easier.

AW: You haven't found any creative restrictions by being part of a major label?

Hall: There were creative restrictions on Shimmy Disc, not nearly as much on Atlantic. On Shimmy Disc you had to use the same producer and you didn't get any

money to tour. There is a lot more creative control on Atlantic, a lot more options for the band.

AW: Where did the idea for “Detachable Penis” come from?

Hall: Um ... I don't really know. It just sounded like a funny idea. The first part of the song was not really about a detachable penis, but about something that got lost. Then, after that part about taking a leak, I didn't know what to do. Then I was eating breakfast at this restaurant and after I finished I walked down second avenue and I thought that was a good ending for the song — to have it be found on the street where these people sell whatever stuff they've stolen.

AW: How does it feel to get something out that becomes that popular?

Hall: It's good, it makes it easier next time around for them to just trust us to do what we want to do. At the time when we recorded it there wasn't a problem at all. But no one thought it was going to be a single. It was just sort of thrown onto this advance EP; we figured that college radio would take it, and do whatever they were going to do with it. But instead it's become sort of this cult classic, I don't know.

AW: Where do you see the future of King Missile?

Hall: I'd like to be recording more often. We used to do an album a year, but we didn't get one out last year. I would just like us to be more focused about our writing. I'm sitting on a whole load of stuff right now that I'd like to have recorded. I would like to step up the pace of our recording.

AW: Where did the name King Missile come from?

Hall: I was asking a bunch of friends of mine what the name of my new band should be and they said, “King Missile.”

AW: It doesn't have any phallic representations?



Looking forward to Monday ... King Missile's John S. Hall, David Rick, Chris Xefos and Roger Murdock (clockwise from bottom).

Hall: Possibly ... missiles are phallic symbols. That's just first-level Freud.

AW: What do your relatives think about your band and your music?

Hall: They're like everybody. The people who like what I do tell me, and the people who don't usually don't say anything. My mom likes what I do.

AW: Where do the inspirations for your music come from?

Hall: Well, not really from any bands, because I don't write the music, I write all the lyrics. My influences come from literature. I read a lot of non-fiction and I read a lot of philosophy, religious stuff. Then there's just day-to-day living.

AW: Do you like sushi?

Hall: Yeah, I love sushi. I'm basically a vegetarian, but I eat fish. I like soy products and I eat a lot of grains and fruit.

AW: How do you and other band members get along?

Hall: Um ... (ha-ha) nobody has ever asked me that. I would call it mostly a business relationship. We don't really hang out, outside of band activities, but there

AW: What is the most experimental song on your new album?

Hall: The last song, “Happy Hour,” is the most experimental. We worked a long time to get those sounds and to get that mix. It's more a spirit of improvisation, I think, and just willingness to try things at the drop of a hat. It's not so much the results, but the process that's important to us. That we're willing to consider any idea for inclusion on the album.

AW: What were you saying in the song “Martin Scorsese?” Do you like him?

Hall: What do you think?

AW: I got the impression that you do like what he does.

Hall: Yeah, it's a tricky thing. People don't understand the sincerity behind humor and satire. I don't know what to do about that, except I just keep doing what I do and hope it's not being misinterpreted.

AW: Do you like any other experimental music?

Hall: I like Negativland. I think they're great.

AW: Yeah, the parody of U2 they did was

“... I love sushi. I'm basically a vegetarian, but I eat fish. I like soy products and I eat a lot of grains and fruit ...”

— King Missile's John Hall

are a lot of band activities. I think that things go smoothly because we respect each other.

AW: What is important to you personally as a part of King Missile?

Hall: Most people point out that from song to song the music is very diverse. It's just something that's always been important to me. And you can't tell from a previous album what the next one is going to sound like. We don't know either, only in a general way. I hope we make some more commercial-sounding music and some more out-there, more experimental, type music. I want to make albums that can have a “Revolution 9” on them and a “Martha My Dear.” To me the White Album is the perfect model of what an album should be, with that kind of diversity.

really cool, except now they're being sued.

Hall: What U2 is doing to them is really fucked up. I completely blame [U2]. Any band has the power to get their lawyers to do what they want, their lawyers work for them. And if they didn't know, then they are irresponsible, and certainly once they found out they could have undone it. They can still undo it, but they refuse to. So, they suck. I kind of thought U2 was a cool band; I think they make good music. I thought their last record was a good record for them. At least they're trying to do interesting things musically. But they're fucked. I hate them.

King Missile will perform with Monks of Doom at the Anaconda in Isla Vista on Feb. 15.



Why are the Monks of Doom smiling? Because they'll be performing with wacky guys King Missile at the Anaconda on Monday.

film reviews



Jeff Bridges and Sandra Bullock leave us with a bad aftertaste.

A Wretched Re-make

The Dutch cult film *The Vanishing* is yet another example of Hollywood's inability to keep interesting movies just that.

The original film was an intentionally slow-paced psychological thriller about a man whose girlfriend is kidnapped. He then becomes somewhat crazed after knowing nothing of her whereabouts for three years. When a new girlfriend finds his obsession so disgusting that she leaves him, he is met by the kidnapper himself.

The original movie's script had well-written characters that didn't fit into the typical good guy/bad guy paradigm; the film was so good that for a while we even began to understand the kidnapper's point of view.

The remake stars Kiefer Sutherland as the obsessive Jeff, Jeff Bridges as Barney the kidnapper, Sandra Bullock as Diane the kidnappee and Nancy Travis as Rita the girlfriend. It tries to squeeze the original's two-hour storyline into an hour, so that a truly awful confrontation and "happy ending" can be tacked on. To do so, all initial character depth had to be replaced: It's a psychological thriller without the psychology. Giving Bullock's Diane a total of about seven minutes screentime means that when she disappears it is insignificant to us. It's only five minutes later, with an edit of three years, that Jeff meets Rita: Thank you for saving

us from empathizing with him.

Bridges takes a serious role, the one the movie entirely depends upon, and hams it up with an inexplicable European accent. Though he doesn't go so far as hang a neon sign around his neck saying "EVIL," he might as well have. Add to this a dreadfully mawkish and silly score by Jerry Goldsmith (somebody please keep him away from movies — make him write elevator music or something), and *The Vanishing* becomes a textbook case of everything that can go wrong once an original idea falls into the cesspit of mainstream moviemaking.

What makes this movie worse than other boring "thrillers" is that both the original director and the screenwriter took part in the remake. Whether they made the changes voluntarily or with a gun to their heads is unknown, but writer Todd Graff's once solid script now has plot holes big enough to drive a tractor-trailer loaded with dung through them. Director George Sluizer's subtlety is replaced by a depressing obviousness usually reserved for action movies.

For a good night at the movies, rent the original to watch at home; don't waste your money on this disemboweled carcass.

—Ted Mills

'Used People' Is Useless

"You know what my kid did, Doris? Not today. Last week. You know what he did? He ran across the subway tracks — this is for real — ran across them, thinking he was Superman — Doris, you awake? — thinking he was Superman, he touched the subway rail. You know, the one that's 30,000 volts. Guess what happened? He's okay, not fried chicken, like you'd expect. Oh, and there was this business about him seeing a psychiatrist behind my back on the money he made from his lemonade stand. You know, thinking he was crazy because he thought he had his dead grandfather's spirit in him and consequently was invincible to every pain. Either that or he thought he needed to see a shrink because no subway could run if there's no electricity to run it."

"Really?"
"Well, maybe not the lemonade stand. Maybe he wasn't charging anything. Maybe this psychiatrist was one of those kinds of people. If you know what I mean."

"Really?"
"Oh, and did you hear about the time Swee' Pea (that's his real name, Doris — I love Popeye's strong, strong arms!) climbed over a fence, still thinking he was Superman, mind you, while an attack German shepherd was heading straight for his delicious neck? Well do you know what happened? He tamed him. Yes!

Right there and then! My boy! My boy, the animal trainer!"

"Really?"
"I heard that my mother once told my sister that just because my mother was brought up during the Great Depression, that that was excuse enough to treat my sister like shit, saying she smelled, and to treat me like an angel. My sister's a fat whore, and, well, you already know, I'm a beautiful whore. I used to dress up and act like movie stars to attract loads of gorgeous men, one of which I took to my father's funeral. He wanted me in one of the mausoleums, but I had a hard time trying to push him away. He had a hard time, too. But anyway, like my mother, I used to make fun of my fat sister, but now because of a magic wand I pulled out of my ass, we're the best of friends. And I don't even dress up like Marilyn Monroe any more!

"Want to know something else about my family? My father was once named Schulman, but for some pointless reason changed it to Berman. What a fathead! It's hard to believe that the whole point of this stupid movie was to show that old Jews, played by old WASPs like Shirley Maclaine, and old, desperate Italians could get married. This is, mind you, before the big familial arguments and long divorce cases. Doris? Doris? Are you there, Doris?"

—Bill Mathieson

'Loaded' Shoots Blanks

When is a film spoof not a good idea?

• When the genre being spoofed has already become a parody of itself. Such is the case with the buddy-cop movies, which have degenerated into such fluff that even Gene Hackman and Dan Aykroyd were once paired as partners. But the makers of *Loaded Weapon 1* have decided that enough was not enough, and they needed to make a comedy out of this genre, overlooking the fact that nothing they could possibly come up with could be funnier than some of the failed attempts at copying the *48 Hours* formula.

• When the film isn't funny. Director and co-writer Gene Quintano didn't even have the good sense to make *Loaded Weapon 1* particularly hilarious, a dramatic fault considering there is nothing else in this film to keep the audience's attention outside the potential for laughs. Few are delivered, but what can we expect from the man that brought us two of the *Police Academy* sequels?

• When Emilio Estevez replaces Mel Gibson as the romantic-comedic lead. This pretty much speaks for itself.

• When cameos from the likes of Bruce

Willis, Erik Estrada and "CHiPs" partner Larry Wilcox, Whoopi Goldberg and Charlie Sheen are wasted. Quintano and co-writer Don Holley haven't come up with any good reason for these people to be in this film, so they wander on and off the screen expecting laughs based solely on their appearance. *Look, it's Charlie Sheen, acting with his brother Emilio! How fantastically funny!*

• When the film has the gall to attempt *Airplane!*-style humor with none of its panache. The gags come every couple of seconds, but few of them hit. Estevez's co-star, the requisite African-American partner, is played by Samuel L. Jackson, who has a few good moments. But the cast seems to be laboring through tired material, trying to revive jokes when they are D.O.A.

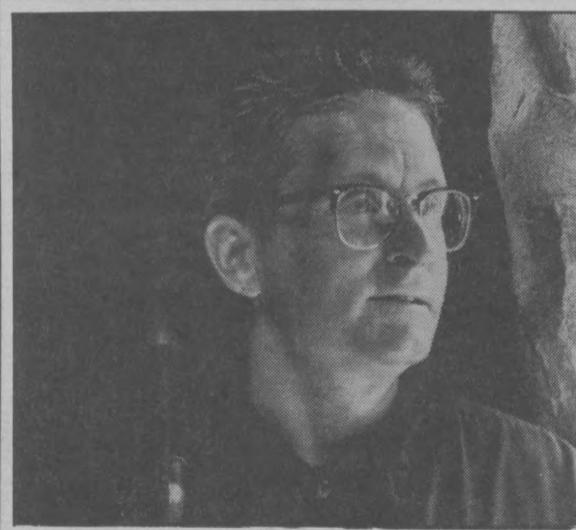
• When the masters of the film spoof — Jerry and David Zucker, Jim Abrahams and Mel Brooks — are still working. Please, leave the hard stuff to the professionals.

—Brian Banks

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THE TEMP

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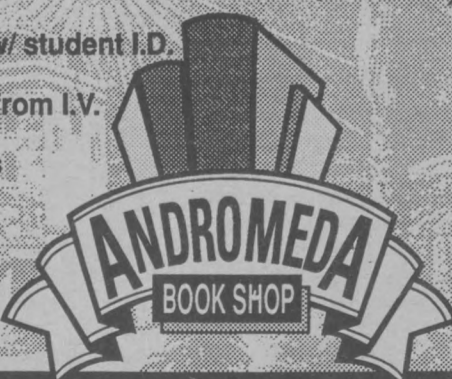


He's Looney

The world premiere of 'Falling Down' will be held at the Arlington Theater to benefit the Access Theatre and Heath House. The premiere will take place on Feb. 17 at 8 p.m. Actors Michael Douglas and Robert Duvall will be on hand. Douglas stars in this film about one man's odyssey into madness.

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book review

She Can Write, Too, Thank You

by Martin Boer

Right after Erica Jong first tasted literary success with her 1974 novel *Parachutes & Kisses*, she found a few scribbled lines from Henry Miller in the mail.

Jong only vaguely recalled patches from undergraduate readings in his *Tropics* novels and *Remember to Remember*, and began to brood "about how to respond to a living legend."

That was how, in April of that year, their relationship began via the U.S. Postal Service. This is also the same point at which her new book, *The Devil at Large: Erica Jong on Henry Miller*, begins.

According to Jong's account of how things went, she quickly amassed a stock of Miller's works and set out to read him before responding to his initial letter. But when a second letter arrived, she responded right away: "I love your writing — love its wonderful energy and life and I've always felt a deep kinship with it." It's not exactly poetry, and in the book Jong admits she made it look like she had read more of his books than she really had.

From such austere beginnings comes a warm exchange of lyrical letters on any number of subjects, regardless of how banal, including their simian dislike for Nabokov. Writer's talk — *The publicity the NAL are giving you is fabulous. Good for you! The bastards won't even reprint my books* — is often rejoined with a Milleresque question: *Did you know that the Japanese are not allowed to show the pubic hair?*

Within a dozen letters, the two meet at Miller's Pacific Palisades home and, owing to circumstance that truly are unrelated to Miller, Jong moves to nearby Malibu. This closeness, however, has an undesirable side effect: the letters stop. It's simply more personal for Jong to take the 20 minute drive down the coast (Miller is an invalid at this point). Therefore, little written, untampered evidence of their relationship remains.

So early in the book Jong is caught in somewhat of a bind. How can she write about the Miller she *knows* when the letters, which started as the basis for the book, merely touch upon the formal part of their relationship?

Easy. Her response is to handily banish the bulk of letters to an appendix. Because, in a sense, the post has become incidental.

She then continues writing about Miller in somewhat of a memoir-ish, biographic fashion, though at first she isn't not entirely comfortable with this position.

"Normally a fluent writer, I couldn't write," Jong relays to us. Why? "I was furious at Henry." It was when a friend asked what was stopping her that she admitted, "I don't really like Henry Miller."

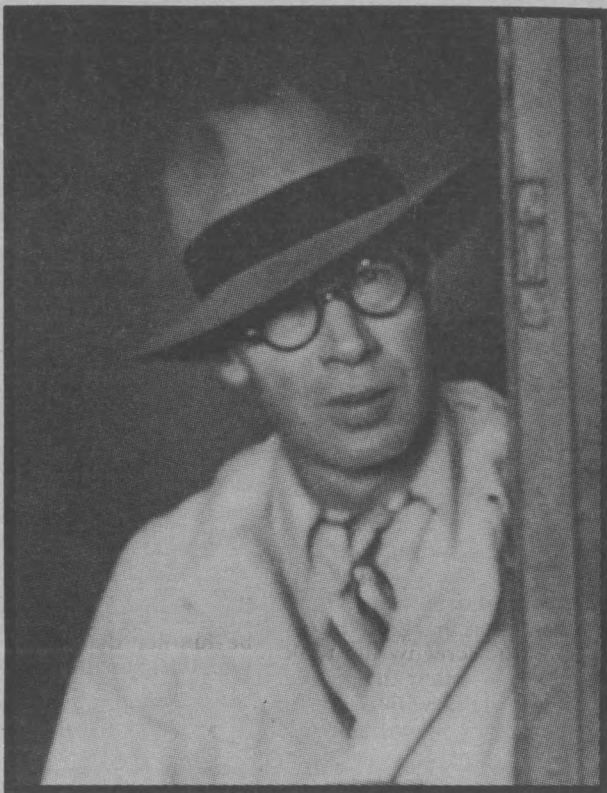
Given Miller's renown for his sexism, narcissism and jibes at Jews (Miller was never one to let his own Jewish heritage get in the way), this might look like a fair reaction. But in a way this reading is shallow — a point Jong quickly concedes — because Miller remains as important to this still deeply repressed society as he was in the '40s, '50s and '60s. In fact his works *Tropic of Cancer*, *Tropic of Capricorn* and *Black Spring* — as well as the efforts of Anais Nin and James Joyce — cleared a way for the artistic freedoms that today's Germaine Greers, Philip Roths, Kathy Ackers, Alan Ginsbergs and Erica Jong so strongly depend upon.

In short, the movements of sexual liberation and feminist consciousness that came alive in the '60s are much in debt to a man who writes about sexual conquests with the sensitivity of a regent handing down a fee hike. In fact he respects no one, man or woman, excepting perhaps Rabelais and Lawrence.

Jong, for her part, questions her role as historian, knowing full well that women are often marginalized into upholding the names of famous men rather than encouraged to write the classics themselves.



Erica Jong



Henry Miller

Her qualm is valid and she compensates for it by realizing that Miller is a friend, making the task more bearable, and acknowledging that Miller is a seminal and necessary mind not to be swept aside.

Jong writes: "Miller remains among the most misunderstood of writers — seen either as a pornographer, or a guru, a sexual enslaver or a sexual liberator, a prophet or a pervert. All the questions his life and oeuvre raise about the role of the writer in society, the impact of books on sexual politics, the impact of sexual politics on books, the threat of censorship to free speech and written expression are, unfortunately, as fresh today as they ever were."

Besides, her literary output has been nearly as prolific as Miller's; she has already written 15 books and poetry compendiums prior to *Devil at Large* — hardly constricting her into the cookie-cutter mold of just another Miller biographer.

Erica Jong will be signing her new book at the Earthling Bookstore, 1137 State Street, Sunday, Feb. 14 from 3-5 p.m. Noel Young, owner of Capra Press, which has published other Jong books, will be introducing her.

Five Reasons To See the Light

The Five Blind Boys of Alabama will be at the Lobero Theater on Monday, Feb. 15, and take note because this isn't just any show — these Boys are coming with something to say, and they say it with a mighty shout up to the Lord!

The Five Boys — actually older gentlemen who really are blind — have been singing gospel music for almost 50 years, and have mastered the harmonic art of the quintet, whether it be with a funky blues backing or an amazing a cappella genius.

Through their music, the Boys capture the joy of life, the raw excitement of a miracle-before-your-eyes and the rapture of a rockin' Holy Ghost. Then they shake it up like a warm soda, and shower it over anyone within hearing range ... it's a sensation you won't soon forget.

The Boys bring their music to secular crowds across the country, explaining that it is similar to good blues music. "If you just replace all the times a blues singer says 'baby' with 'Jesus' instead," you get the drift of gospel music, says founding member Clarence Fountain.



Five Blind Boys

So shed your skin and take a plunge in the spirit of the Five Blind Boys' music. And don't worry if you break a sweat and start acting like you've lost your head — we'll all be doing the same thing.

—Jeanine Natale

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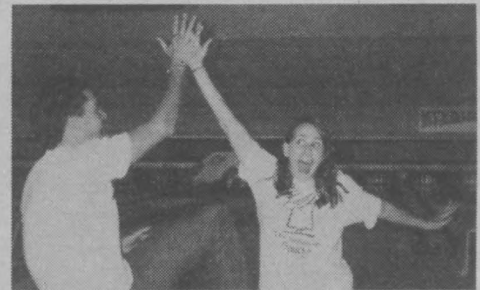
Spike's Party Schedule

- Thursday, Feb. 11 Free Juke Box
- Friday, Feb. 12 Mitch & Pat 9-12pm
- Saturday, Feb. 13 Liquid Sunshine 9-12pm
- Sunday, Feb. 14 Late Night Happy Hour
- Monday, Feb. 15 Late Night Happy Hour
- Tuesday, Feb. 16 Jeff Pine 9-12pm
- Wednesday, Feb. 17 Marv Green 9-12pm

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Best of UCSB Lifestyle 1993

BALLOT DEADLINE: WEDNESDAY!!!

• Ballot •

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.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone #: _____

Check One:

- Student Staff Faculty Other
 (optional)

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

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