

Get into the Grooves ... 2A

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny ... 5A

ARTS WEEK

february 25 - march 3

This Week's Bets

today

•KING LEAR - the Shakespeare on Film series continues with this production from the former Soviet Union; with a score by Dmitri Shostakovich; UCSB Campbell Hall, 4 and 8 p.m.

friday

•YOUTH BRIGADE, Xtra Large and Dirt (!) will perform at the Anaconda Theater

saturday

•MUSICA ANTIQUA, Italian music from the 16th and 17th centuries, Karl Geiringer Hall, 8 p.m.

sunday

•UNIVERSITY PERFORMING ARTS SERIES, featuring a program of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, at the Music Academy of the West, 4 p.m.

monday

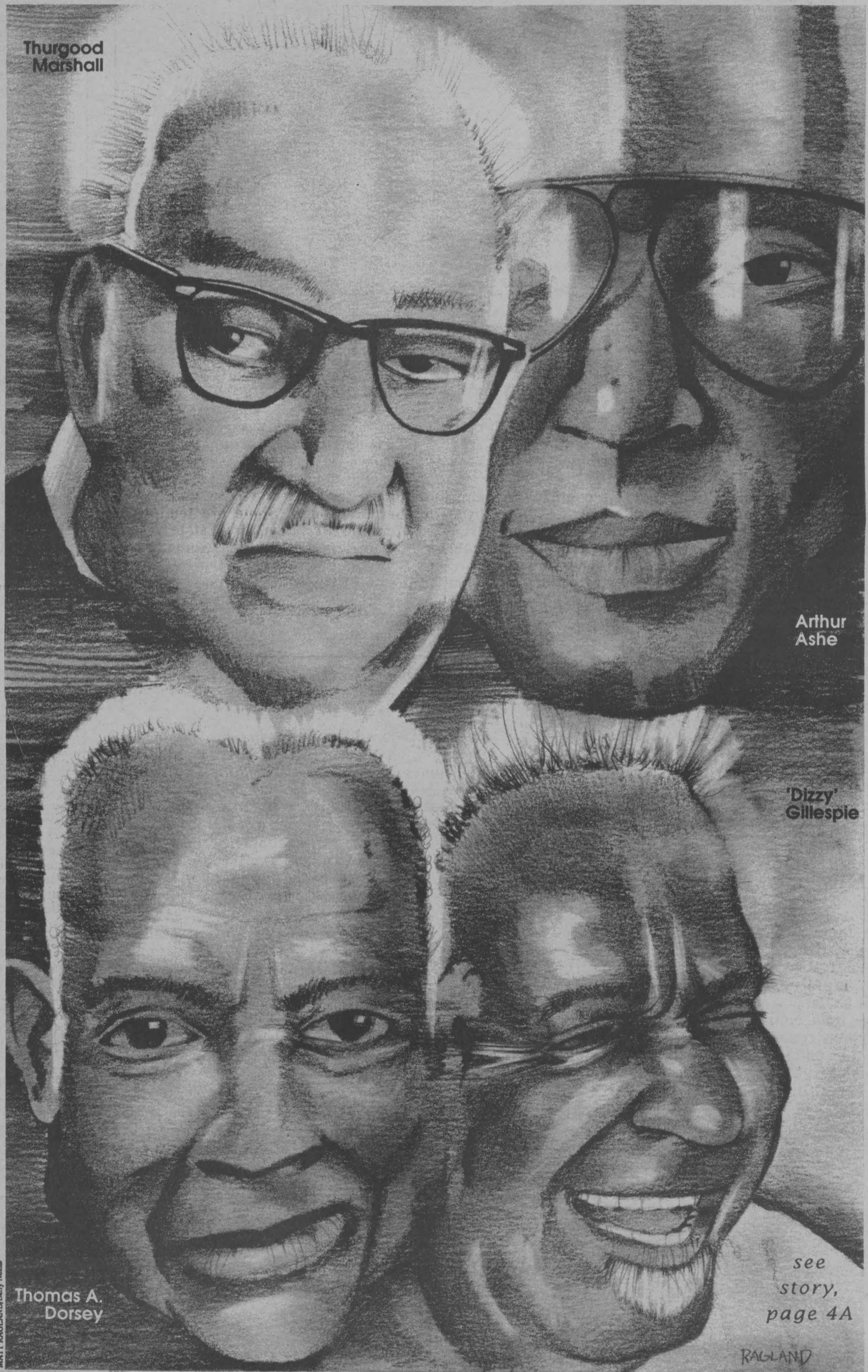
•WIE HAT uns der zu weite Raum verdünnt. Plötzlich besinnen sich die Überflüsse.

tuesday

•ASPECTS OF PAINTING IN LOS ANGELES, an art exhibition in the College of Creative Studies Gallery, reception from 5 to 7 p.m.; runs through April 16

wednesday

•DAVE FOREMAN, the co-founder of the radical environmental group Earth First!, will present his views on the importance of environmental activism; UCSB Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.



Thurgood Marshall

Arthur Ashe

'Dizzy' Gillespie

Thomas A. Dorsey

see story, page 4A

RAGLAND

Super Freaky Grooves

Infectious Grooves has once again trashed the music world with the release of their second album, *Sarsippius' Ark*. Infectious Grooves is a combination of funk and metal that slams your head right through the wall. Their dance and thrash style makes the Grooves some of the harshest music today that you can still shake your tail to. The band's musicians are a virtual mosh pit, including Mike Muir and Robert Trujillo from Suicidal Tendencies, Adam Siegel from Excel and Dean Pleasants from Jane's Addiction. The album itself is full of freaky tunes with the occasional commentary from Sarsippius, the band's character mascot. This project is a lot different from anything each of the band members has done before, and the result is truly bizarre.

Artsweek: What were the circumstances behind the formation of Infectious Grooves?

Adam Siegel: Everybody who decided to play with Infectious Grooves wasn't funk or soul, it was heavy stuff.

AW: Do you see Infectious Grooves as a side project or is it something more?

Siegel: No, I see it as a band. I think everybody does, too. We're just in two bands, which keeps us busy.

AW: You don't find that too difficult?

Siegel: No, it's really cool.

AW: Who do you play with now?

Siegel: I've got a new band. There isn't a

name yet, but we're doing a four song demo for labels this week. Hopefully it'll work out. ... I play guitar and sing.

AW: Do you enjoy working with the other band members?

Siegel: Oh, I love it. Everybody's probably one of the best musicians I've ever played with.

AW: Who writes most of the music?

Siegel: On the first album it was mostly Robert and Mike and its sort of the same on the new album. But the third album, which we already have written, is a combination of the whole band. We all wrote a lot of it.

AW: Where do you get the ideas to do the stuff in between some of the songs with Sarsippius?

Siegel: I came up with the character, the way he looks for the albums, and Mike came up with the personality. Our friend, Sarsippius, is the voice and the character. It's just a group effort.

AW: Is there any one band member you like to party with?

Siegel: I probably hang out with Dean the most, but I like everybody a lot. On tour, Dean and I will go out to bars and look at shops. It's probably because we were roommates on the first tour.

AW: How did you like touring with Ozzy?

Siegel: It was great, we played huge places. I'm an old Black Sabbath fan. The



Adam Siegel, Mike Muir, Robert Trujillo and Dean Pleasants (l to r).

crowd was a little too metal for my tastes. Well, it wasn't really metal, just old 30 and 40-year-olds bringing their kids to see them.

AW: How was Infectious Grooves received?

Siegel: Not great in some cities, but not bad at all.

AW: Was that tour a good opening for the band?

Siegel: Yeah, it was good. We played a couple of our own shows that went over great — thousand seaters.

AW: Do you like being with Infectious Grooves more than Excel, or is it just

different?

Siegel: It's different. I don't play with Excel anymore, but the guys were close friends for eight to 10 years. Infectious is turning into more of a friendship thing now, we feel more like a band and not a project.

AW: What do you do in your off time?

Siegel: Just write music and do artwork. Occasionally I get out to County Line and body board.

Infectious Grooves will perform at the Ventura Theatre on Saturday, Jan. 28 at 8 p.m.

—Austin Sincock

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Cajun Jazz Is Craziest

When the Preservation Hall Jazz Band goes marching into the Lobero Theater tonight at 8 p.m., the saints will have to run for cover because this gang will bring the house down!

The Preservation Hall Jazz Band does just what its name implies, keeping the wild, joyous spirit of ragtime and genuine New Orleans jazz alive and kicking. And it has a set up that is pure Bourbon Street: clarinet, horns, banjo, stand-up bass and drums.

The Band is bringing its proud heritage to the Lobero Theater for the first time.

Along with its many followers, the Band feels that jazz "is the only truly American art form," and for those who love jazz — especially the New Orleans kind — it's as much an art form as a way of

life. It's got a personality, a dialect, a culture, even a cuisine all its own, and in fact, a real live gumbo from the Palace Cafe will be served at the show starting at 7 p.m.

For those who aren't familiar with the passionate, Bacchanalian frenzy of New Orleans jazz — especially during this Mardi Gras week — the music of the Preservation Hall Jazz Band will be a baptism into a whole new wild and crazy attitude. If you didn't make it to any bizarre costume parties, tonight's show will more than make up for it. Come see what the spicy-hot, Cajun-crazy half of American culture has been brewing down South. And be sure to take a biiiig bite!

—Jeanine Natale

DRAMA AT UCSB

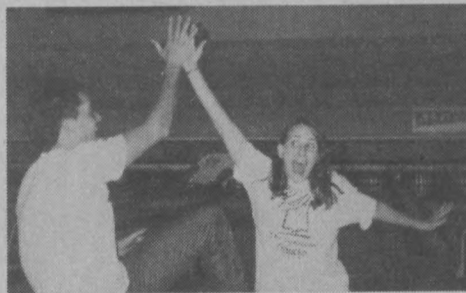
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- Sunday, Feb. 28 Late Night Happy Hour
- Monday, March 1 Regular Stuff
- Tuesday, March 2 Jeff Pine 9-12pm
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music reviews

Webster Hits New Heights

Eddie Murphy
Love's Alright
Motown

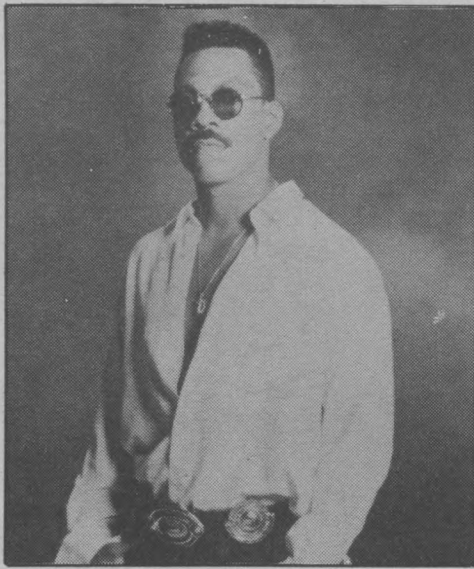
☆☆

Eddie Murphy plays the congas, with the help of Trenten Gumbs, who co-produces and writes most of the music, and fetches sandwiches. All because Murphy's money made his aura strong, and his strong aura drew a coterie of friends and admirers. Or maybe they were just drawn to his money. It's been said that money can buy anything. Eddie now has plenty, enough to hire some good producers and song writers. He probably bought enough sycophants to convince him that despite *Harlem Nights* and *Boomerang*, and the paternity and copyright lawsuits, he was still good. "You're bad," Emmanuel Lewis purred at Eddie as he borrowed the keys to the Countach. It was just this kind of hiring policy and aura-motivated career move that came to produce *Love's Alright*, complete with all the proof that Eddie Murphy is still a star.

He hangs with the King of Pop. They hang well together, like your favorite matching pair of Nagels, the ones that match your new mauve Integra so well, the shade of your track home. Oh, admit it. Your whole neighborhood. And your neighborhood is *in love* with someone on this sky-blue offering, be the icon dead or alive. They already have it on Sony Mini-Disc. After all, it co-stars mo' stars than you can hand a Pepsi to.

There's Garth and Hammer. Herbie H., Stevie W., Pendergrass, Bon Cougar MelenJovi, McCartney and Elton. *The Emmanuel*. That Social Securitized, many-voted entitlement-sucker next door bought it because it features Julio. *Julio-fucking-Iglesias*. Murphy knows what kills them. These are just some of the names that surface for second helpings in the first song, "Yeah," on Eddie Murphy's new investment.

"Cuteness" is a study in the results of lyrical composure from the mutterings of yes-men. "Look at all the things I got, Look at all the bags of gold, there's no denying I got a lot, but I'll give you everything that I got ..." He's going to have to keep giving it to them, or someone might stop to tell him his future's about as bright as Uehling's. His last album failed. His movies are falsetto action with stolen



plots. Gumby, who knew better, is not heard from. It's all yes-men and 12-steps and "I'm still young. How 'bout introducing me to Brooke?"

Emmanuel Lewis still hasn't returned his Countach, and he scrapes across the speed bump in the sweltering Santa Monica parking lot, lost on his way to the studio, where he is later to find out he has been kicked off the recording of "Hey Joe." It seems Eddie doesn't feel Webster has the swagger to pull off a Hendrix cover. He always *did* have a feel for what the people want. "Fuck him. I'll show him," Lewis mutters. What? "Yes, sir," he says, touching his pot belly deferentially.

Eddie Murphy, it turns out, is a really good back-up singer, with the help of producers Gumbs, Trenten and Jones. No kidding here. Murphy is listed as a Backup Singer on every track of this album. He is at the top of each list and Emmanuel only knows who does the leads. It can only be guessed this is what is meant at the bottom of each list by "Recorded By." Example: "Recorded by Andre Jackson, Kaz Masumoto and Keith Evans at Bubblehill Studios." Murphy's music is administered by Pushy Publishing.

Conspicuously absent was Ice Cube, who rang in with congrats from the ranch of that guy who "Never met a man I didn't like." So many people came by the studio that it was compared to the "Hook" set. This was encouraging, until *People* magazine interviewed the wrong guy. "Let's all remember what a shithole that fantasyland was. ... And I can't believe you're asking me these questions with all the pain and suffering in the world," Sinéad O'Connor said, pursing her lip implants for the camera.

—Dan Hilldale

'Sufferbus' Is Masterful

Masters of Reality
Sunrise on the Sufferbus
Chrysalis

☆☆☆

They call themselves the Masters of Reality, and their new album is called *Sunrise on the Sufferbus*. They have defiantly chosen to print the silhouette of a bicycle-pedaling rabbit on their cover. Those are their bads. Right as you are about to unplug you find out that their debut single "She Got Me" is clawing its way up the college/alternative charts.

Maybe they're just the midterm-dressed Undergraduates of Reality.

What we have on "Sunrise on the Sufferbus" is a self-proclaimed and conscious revamping of classic rock by a scene-smart threesome. Ginger Baker, the drummer, was actually a founding member of Clapton's classic band Cream.

Guitarman Goss and bassist Googe are also credentialed hipsters, with a 10-year history of associations in the New York alternative rock scene.

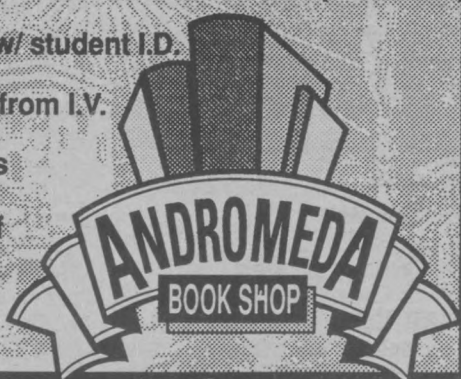
With cuts ranging from misguided and misogynistic ballads to almost-Zep guitar heavies, the Masters can change it up. One of the best songs on the album, "Tilt-A-Whirl" reminisces over the lost deluxe attraction park days of youth and is intriguingly snobbish. Other tunes like "Jody Sings" and "Madonna" are tweaked and romantically redundant.

Bearing in mind that the Masters are inspired by the granddaddies of classic rock, like Zeppelin and Black Sab, their listener can contextualize their random nature. They are definitely writing their own credo. Whether they are effective rocker-neoclassicists is not of the utmost importance, because they are already the Masters.

—David Rittenhouse

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Cover Story

Late African-Americans Remembered

Trumpeter Bobby Bradford to Jazz Up Tribute As Campus Community Honors Four Heroes

by Jeanine Natale

Arthur Ashe, Thomas A. Dorsey, John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie and Thurgood Marshall. Though they held very different occupations, each of these Black leaders — the tennis star, the composer, the jazz trumpeter and the Supreme Court justice, respectively — broke down racial barriers and redefined the roles of African-Americans in this society.

These four influential figures will be honored on campus this Friday at a tribute performance featuring the Bobby Bradford Jazz Ensemble. Considering that they made contributions in very different spheres of American life, each of these men could quite well be honored individually.

But according to organizer Charles Long, a professor of Black Studies and Religious Studies, "it makes sense to honor them together because they've all died recently, and within a short time of each other."

Long said that he will personally recognize each leader in a eulogy on Friday. Indeed, this tribute will be much more than just a free jazz show. In honor of Dorsey — who was a prolific and extremely influential gospel composer — former UCSB Gospel Choir Director Diane White will perform his masterpiece "Precious Lord," and the other speakers will give spoken testament to the emotional

as well as cultural impact each of these men has had on people everywhere.

Tribute coordinator Lester Monts, a music professor as well as the dean of undergraduate affairs, emphasized that the works of these leaders have had incredibly far-reaching effects. "It's amazing that I can stand here today as a dean at a major university, when I grew up in a segregated Arkansas. But people like

"It's amazing that I can stand here today as a dean at a major university, when I grew up in a segregated Arkansas."

— Lester Monts

Thurgood Marshall have made that possible."

A trumpet player himself, Lester Monts also counts Dizzy Gillespie as a major influence. Gillespie, together with fellow jazz masters like Thelonious Monk and Miles Davis, was one of the founding fathers of the rhythmic and atonal bebop style of jazz that set the music world on its ear in the early '50s.

Black Studies Professor and jazz history demigod Douglas Daniels said that giants like Gillespie completely rearranged the face of American culture.

"Just imagine if Gillespie had made some good movies when he was really

big in the '50s and '60s," he said, describing what it would have been like to have pure genius captured on film instead of just vinyl. "I don't think he would have ended up like Elvis Presley at all — he was way too smart for that."

Daniels also stressed the fact that it is still a struggle for African-Americans who make valuable contributions to society to get the recognition they deserve, despite efforts like Black History month. "Look at Hollywood, for instance, and how it tends to serve itself and its own interests," he said, explaining that African-Americans aren't yet considered a part of that community, contrary to its self-professed liberal views.

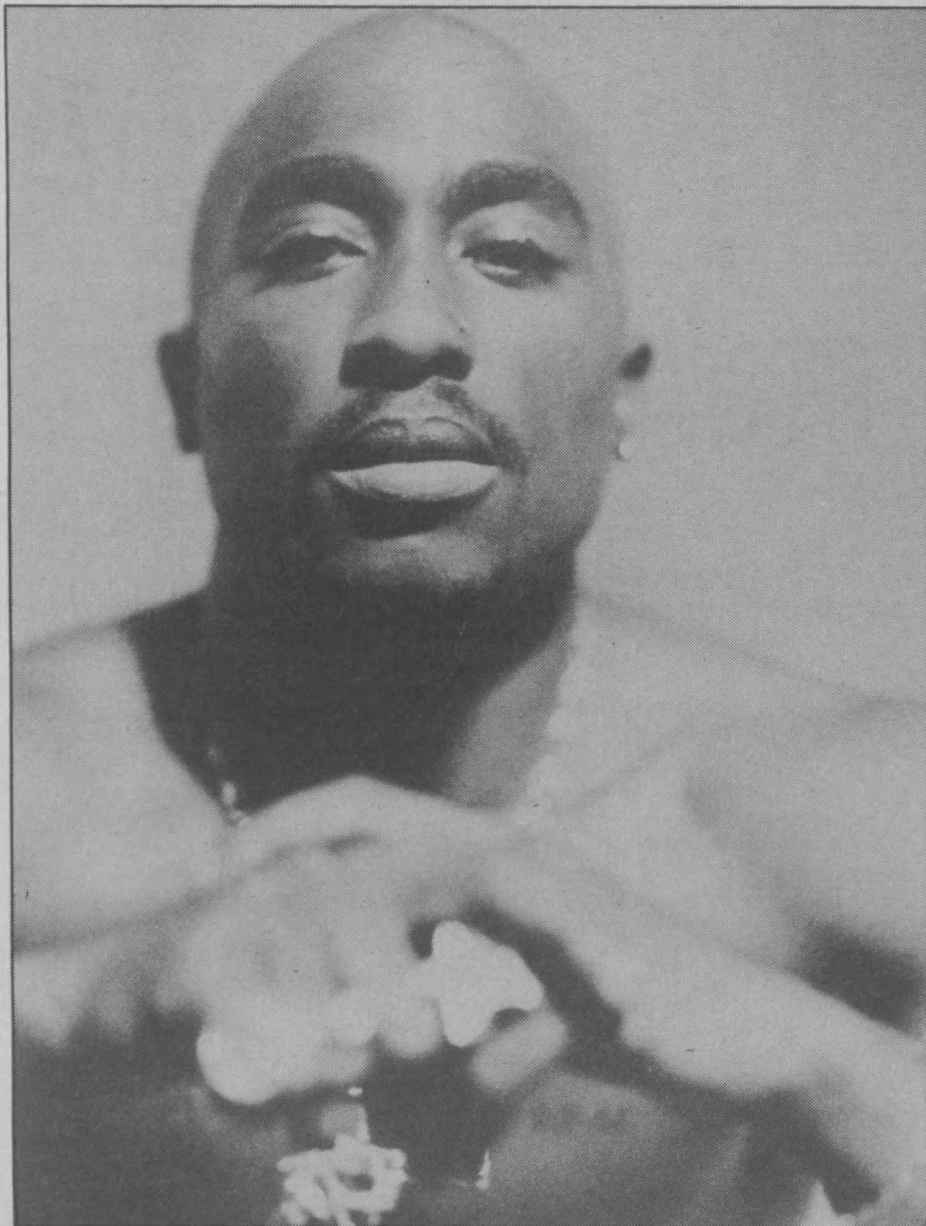
"Spike Lee was right when he said that he had no reason to expect anything from [the Academy] for his work on [the biography of Malcolm X]," Daniels said.

However, Professor Long maintains that as long as socially prominent African-Americans are alive and making contributions, "they are doing the work they feel they should be doing, and that work is its own reward."

The Bobby Bradford Jazz Ensemble will perform in Lotte Lehman Concert Hall on Friday, Feb. 26 at 4 p.m. This show is free, seated on a first come, first serve basis.



Armed with a trumpet, Bobby Bradford and his jazz ensemble will play their respects to four African-American leaders Friday in Lotte Lehmann.



2Pac's 2 come 2 La Casa de la Raza in 3 days.

Oaktown Gangsta

by Martin Boer

If you want hard and angry gangsta rap, 2Pac is as hard as they come, talking more head than Rush Limbaugh. His new album *Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z...* on TNT Records is yet another lethal chapter of the Los Angeles/Oakland contingent's steady infiltration of rap music. But it's not only hard, it is deep.

First assaulted by the police in downtown Oakland — for jaywalking — and then nationally berated by the then-vice president of the United States after a Texas state trooper was killed by a teenager who was listening to 2Pac's first album, *2Pacalypse Now*, 2Pac has been janked into the national spotlight. While this album answers his critics with violence, he simultaneously offers the Black community encouragement.

Much of 2Pac's political consciousness comes from his family's influence. His mother, a high-ranking member of the Black Panthers, was pregnant with him when she was sent to jail but, acting as her own attorney, won her case. His godfather is famed Panther Geronimo Pratt and his stepfather Dr. Mutulu Shakur. After having grown up in the Bronx, Baltimore and Oakland, coupled with his political credentials, 2Pac has become one of the most significant and credible of the underground rappers.

In "Souljah's Revenge" 2Pac asks "who's the biggest gang in the city?" Not the Bloods or Crips, but the "police ... fuck 'em." Since, as he explains, "they all wear the same colors, carry guns, stick together and lie together." 2Pac then asks "What the fuck does Quayle know about what young Black males need?"

2Pac uses the classic Oaktown groove

formula, perfected by Too Short and King Tee, which includes heavy bass and relaxed stoney raps. Besides 2Pac, the album is filled with cameos from his homies Ice Cube, Ice-T, Deadly Threat, Live Squad, Naughty By Nature and Digital Underground.

In "Something 2 Die 4" he declares that freedom is something to die for — not jealousy or drugs or a bottle of juice — like the late Latasha Harlins. On other tracks he raps about the pains of single-mother parenting, the ghetto streets resembling jail, post-King L.A. and other politically "right" issues.

But 2Pac also quickly jumps onto the misogynist-rap bandwagon by calling all women "hoes" and "punk bitches." We won't even ask what "Got ya runnin' like a fag" means. But he then drops a rhyme, "Keep Ya' Head Up," in which he drops so much knowledge about the treatment of women in our society that we have to reconsider just where he stands.

"Since we all came from a woman, and got our name from a woman, I wonder why we take from our women, rape our women. Do we hate our women? I think its time to kill for our women, heal our women, be real to our women, and if we don't, we'll have a race of babies that will hate the ladies. And since a man can't make one — he has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one. I know you're fed up ladies."

2Pac is coming to Santa Barbara, along with Yo-Yo, to throw a benefit concert for the Casa Rosa, a shelter for battered women and the Omega Girls Club. The show will be on Sunday, Feb. 28, 6 p.m. at the Casa De La Raza. The event is sponsored by Delta Sigma Theta sorority, A.S. Student Lobby and the Kevanzaa Committee.



Poor Ophelia, She's Dead

by Aaron Santell

Trying to keep your feet dry, you carefully step from one brown stone to the next through a narrow winding passage of soft light and white curtains. The rocks wobble underfoot as you glance down into the water and then beyond at your shimmering reflection below. Images distract you on the video monitors hanging overhead. A woman floats slowly on the screen, half submerged in a wet flowing mix of colors and refracted light. Sleeping, drowning or disoriented, she gasps for air with closed eyes, floating in a deathly bliss. She is suspended in a pleasant dream — or dark nightmare — of the sublime.

Ophelia, a recent video installation by UCSB art instructor Katy Schimert, is currently showing at the Contemporary Arts Forum in an exhibit called "Love and Other Fatal Attractions." The exhibit, which deals with love and other intimate relationships, also features toned black and white works from Texas photographer Nic Nacosia's "Love and Lust" series, paintings from the "Butlers in Love" series by San Francisco artist Mark Stock, as well as works by Ilene Seaglove and Cindy Evans.

Apart from these main exhibitions in the Klausner Gallery, CAF also features "John Walker: Small Paintings" in the Norton Gallery and Russian Posters in the Partridge Library. The Russian exhibit

commemorates important events of the country's history, from the era of Lenin and Stalin to the recent revolutionary changes experienced under Gorbachev and Yeltsin.

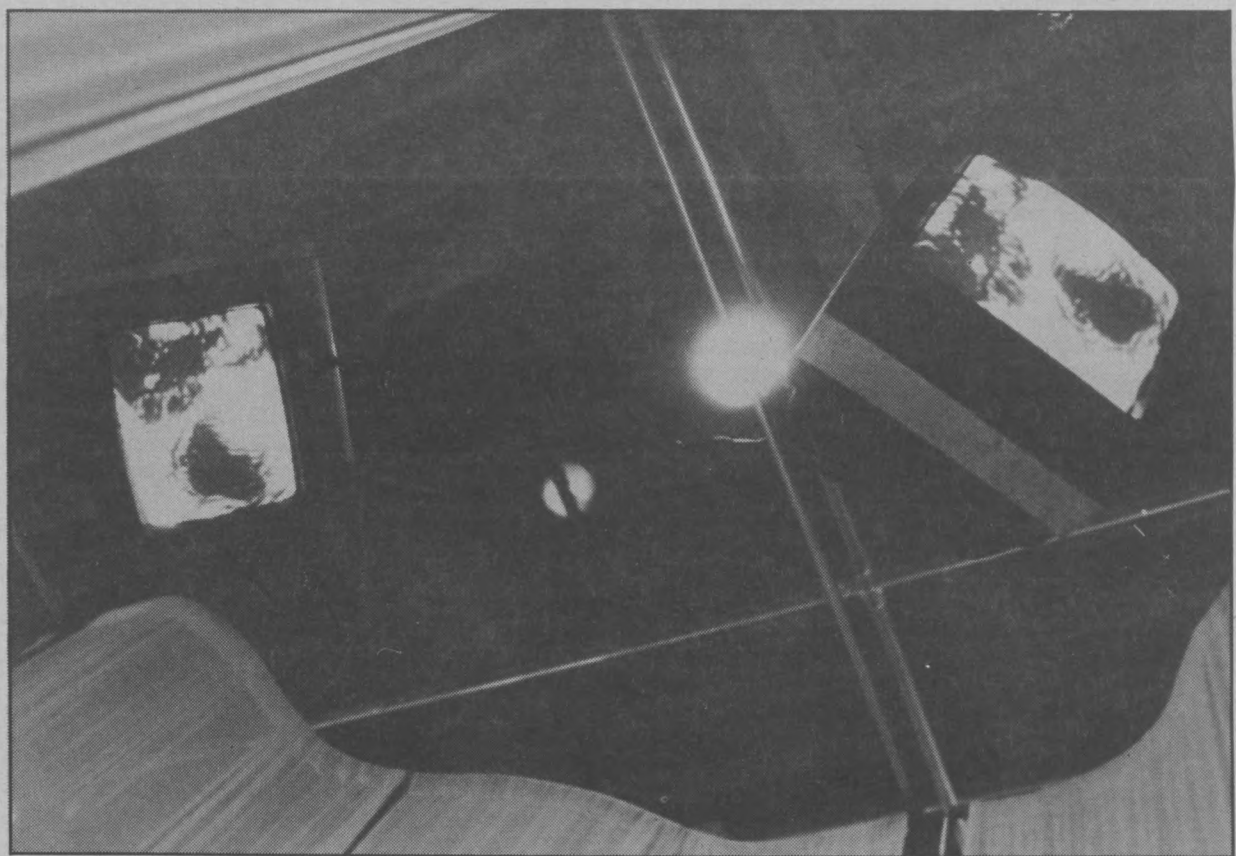
"It's such an essence of Eastern Europe," commented UCSB student Lucie Zivny, an art studio major who hails from Czechoslovakia. "The style of socialist realism, criticizing old and new regimes, is similar in Czechoslovakia and Poland."

The nonsanctioned posters present a rare opportunity to see social criticism and political events in Russia through the eyes of native artists.

"The Russian posters and Schimert's installation are a must-see," UCSB art studio graduate Saam Gabbay said at the opening last weekend. "Schimert's piece is definitely the best."

The installation by Schimert uses the tragic love story of Hamlet and Ophelia and an interconnected assortment of icons to focus on the societal constraints which confine Ophelia and her struggle between two opposing poles of existence.

"Because of her social deviations, Ophelia transgresses into lunacy, suicide, death and the eventual/acceptable return of her image and body to nature," writes Schimert. "I chose the subject of romantic love because it is a split state in which conflicting behavior and unaccountable feelings are acceptable and



almost considered normal."

CAF — one of the few, if not the only place in Santa Barbara where large installations are erected — is a nonprofit contemporary arts organization, supported by the National Endowment for the Arts, California Arts Council, the city of Santa Barbara, the Santa Barbara Arts Commission, foundations, corporations and over 800 members.

CAF director Nancy Doll said she hopes the forum can continue to maintain an active relationship with the university. "One of our intentions is to serve as an additional resource to UCSB," she said. "We try to bring new and challenging art to the community and we hope the community includes the university. We can provide students with contemporary art in a variety of forms."

CAF exhibits: A view of a gallery, including a painting by Mark Stock and photos by Nic Nicosia (top); Katy Schimert's exhibit entitled 'Ophelia' (middle); a piece from the 'Love and Other Fatal Attractions' exhibit (bottom). All of the CAF exhibits are free to the public. The galleries are located at 653 Paseo Nuevo, second floor. Hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday. Photos by April Capil.



film reviews

Western Love

Jon Amiel's *Sommersby* is as flowing, smooth and full of passion as romance novel coverboy Fabio's hair.

This predictable yet intense story starring Jodie Foster and Richard Gere is told with beautifully photographed images, superb acting and a penetrating soundtrack by Oingo Boinger Danny Elfman.

Sommersby is a romance set in the South after the Civil War. The opening scene has Jack Sommersby (Gere) trekking through the snowy northern wilderness, filmed so majestically that it conjures up a fear of the elements, akin to the intensity of reading Jack London's *To Build A Fire*.

After six years of fighting, Jack makes his way home where he finds things just a little bit off. His dog doesn't remember him. Curiously enough his feet have shrunk by two shoe sizes. But his change in personality, decorum and increased capacity to love is what is most apparent to his family, friends and enemies.

Like most epic tales of romance, *Sommersby* is filled with dramatic parallelisms that, in their obviousness, illicit cheshire grins. A newly seeded tobacco field full of sweaty men and women toiling between the soil and sun is intercut with a scene of Jack and Laurel toiling in a more pleasurable way between the sheets. Parasitic hogworms invade Sommersby's crops while three "wise" transient men pass through with knowledge that threatens to destroy Jack's world.

It is Gere and Foster's restrained and powerful acting styles that ultimately anchor *Sommersby*, keeping the viewer engaged lest he or she should have time to float in thought and mock its potential cheese factor.

Gere's character is a perfect match for his acting ability, and two time Oscar winner Foster is superb as ever. They work beautifully together and create tasteful erotic love scenes that blow the gratuitous skin shots found in most movies today out of the picture.

Although *Sommersby* is a period piece set in the South after the Civil War, its love story is virtually a metaphor for the 20-something-generation's place in society.



In *Sommersby*, Laurel (Jodie Foster) beckons Jack (Richard Gere) for a mouthful. It's beautiful.

The dearth of jobs awaiting college graduates screams freedom to youthful, eager and curious faces. Unable to penetrate society's bureaucracies with firm roots (house, spouse, children, etc.) the 20-somethings can greedily embrace the search for self, explore different cultures and experience intense places.

"I remember how we used to be — all rich and stupid and now we're broke and the house is falling apart and I've never been so happy," says Laurel to Jack on a

stormy night after he's been home for a few months.

Sommersby does not take a lot of thought to enjoy, but remains enjoyable. It places the spectator in a meditative state for two hours of contemplation on the various aspects of life that this film touches on; from true love, family, marriage, neighbors and honesty, to murder, theft and Homer.

—Allison Dunn

WRIT

Slater Pumps Up the Feeling

I can't quite pinpoint what particular quality *Untamed Heart* holds that makes it so darn likable. It is a tightly directed, well acted, beautifully shot, humorous, poignant film filled with heart. It is as full of heart as a baboon king living atop Mount Kilimanjaro.

Pausing between snuffles I got the sense that my emotions were being toyed with. Panic. Fear. Bewilderment. How had my attention been so mercilessly gripped by another cheezy teenage romance? Having been snapped back to my senses by the first-rate quality material appearing on the screen I can honestly say that this film is refreshing, humorous, beautiful and definitely different.

Untamed Heart is an offbeat love story whose main characters are young working class adults — not teenagers. Marisa Tomei, nominated in the best supporting actress category for her role in *My Cousin Vinny*, stars as Caroline, a waitress working at "Jim's Bakery and Coffee Shop," who has just been dumped by her most recent in a long string of boyfriends. Christian Slater (sigh) stars as Adam, a silent type with hidden intelligence, and a love of literature and music that, if readily apparent, would surely melt any woman's heart. "Whenever life doesn't agree with me I lie down and play these records and the rain stops falling," Adam says to Caroline.

OK, so that sounds cheezy, but read on. The characters are solidly constructed; they have strong psychological profiles and actions that speak louder than words. Tomei's performance is fabulous and Slater's is magical. Adam's intuitive, twitching, like-he's-sniffing-you mannerisms belonging to a wild, speechless animal are metamorphosed before the viewer's eyes into a speaking, warm and real human being.

Watching Slater's character develop is a pleasure. Adam gains strength from a personal myth created by the

nuns at the St. Francis Children's Home where he grew up an orphan. They spoke of a mighty baboon king that gave his very own heart to the small boy whose parents were killed in the jungle. Since he was four years old he was sickly and weak, and as a result isolated from children his own age. "People were so used to trying to stay away from me that they always stayed away. I never got close to anyone," he says.

His silence almost dooms him to a life of solitude. Until Caroline gets to know him. "I got to know him. It makes sense. I don't make sense. He doesn't make sense. Together we make sense," says Caroline. OK, OK this film does dip into the oozy, warm cheezy realm. But it does it well.

"Jim's Bakery and Coffee Shop," is a lively, well decorated set where you can almost smell the cigarette smoke mixing with the fragrant grease high above the patrons' heads. It is also full of grease balls. Two guys named Bill sit side by side on the counter stools sipping coffee from their personalized coffee cups each emblazoned with "Bill," of course. They speak of a man named Bobby Las Vegas that slid on a dead squirrel and demolished his bike. Hmmm ... interesting. No one who sees this film could forget the two scurrilous men from Caroline's past who hassle her with an unbelievable fervor. And there is a bright, witty and tough waitress portrayed by Rosie Perez.

Director Tony Bill does a brilliant job directing *Untamed Heart*. The actors provide virtually perfect performances; the camera moves poetically and the script is well written. Accompanying the beautiful picture is an exciting sound track of original score, modern music and the always wonderful Nat King Cole.

—Allison Dunn

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book review

East Meets West

by Martin Boer

Do Zen and yen mix? Japan's rich traditional heritage combined with a dense technological infrastructure has produced a mystical nation with many subtleties and ironies foreign to the visitor. And to monks riding the Metro.

Santa Barbaran Pico Iyer, son of UCSB Religious Studies Lecturer Nandini Iyer, decided to live within the rising sun's cultural contradictions for a simple reason. "I wanted to put a daydream to the test: the vision I always cherished of living simply and alone, in some foreign land, unknown."

Aware of both Japan's technological dominance, as well as its Buddhist groundings, Iyer began his journey expecting nothing, and, perhaps, everything. Thus, *The Lady and The Monk* was born.

"If this imaginative Japan existed only in my mind, I wanted to know that soon, and so be free of the illusion, forever. Yet if there were truly moments in Japan that took me back to a home as distantly recalled as the house in which I was born, I wanted to know that, too," Iyer writes.

And so begins a Westerner's portrait of the East, a transcendental journey comparable to Thoreau's stay at Walden Pond. Iyer has written a truly graceful and beautiful book that begins as a diary of time spent in Japan and is transformed into a remarkably perceptive sociological text on the human experience.

His descriptions are simply poetic. "In the chill first light, when some places look exhausted and others seem reborn, Kyoto seemed always a miracle of early morning hopes."

"Inside a spotless antechamber, we sipped some piquant apple juice, in tiny tumblers, fresh as mountain water."

Although he had originally hoped to be alone on his journey to Japan, local hospitality and the comradery of travelers quickly produce a number of friends and, eventually, exciting escapades. His stay began in a Buddhist temple with two monks, an eunuch and an albino. A short while after his arrival, he meets many Californians who are attracted to the beauty and tradition of Japan, as well as romantics looking for the perfect submissive wife.

His biggest find is Sachiko, a cosmopolitan wife/mother who has never left Japan, but is infatuated with the West. Their relationship gets off to a trying start, as her English is almost as poor as his Japanese. But in no time the duo end up trekking all across the countryside



together. Iyer is immediately drawn to Sachiko because she represents everything society wants her to be — polite, proper, well-educated, artistic, musical, etc. — but at the same time she dreams of escaping the "collective script" of a country where everybody seems to act and think alike.

While Sachiko dutifully performs intricate tea ceremonies, nurses her children and awaits her husband's midnight returns, she also dreams of meeting the band A-Ha and leaving the country.

"She sensed she was a traitor to Japan's values and she knew that excommunication here was quite literally a fate worse than death (since death at least involved the preservation of honor)."

Her love for the pop band A-Ha and her devotion to other nations seem to Iyer "the quintessential Japanese balancing act... to surrender all of yourself to an illusion, and yet somewhere, in some part of yourself, to know all the while that is an illusion."

In *The Lady and The Monk*, Iyer mixes the wisdom of the Orient with Western philosophy, bridging the geography between the two. It is not just about Sachiko, or Kyoto; it is a beautiful account of how unique every culture is, despite McDonald's and MTV. Sachiko's inner conflict between her sense of duty and her dreams combine with Iyer's realizations of his own cultural baggage/bias to lay the foundations for an excellent voyage into human emotion.

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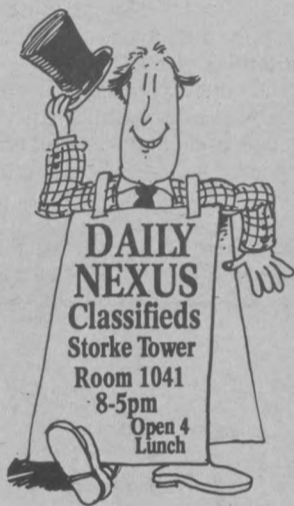
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'The Amazons,' a play put on by the UCSB Department of Dramatic Art, will be presented in the UCSB Main Theatre on Feb. 26-27 and March 4-6 at 8 p.m. and on Feb 28 at 2 p.m. Notice that they're smiling.

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