

Talking
with
Primus,
Yah...

2A

Kissing
Butt
at
Cannes...

4A

This Week's Bets

today

• Rain and Jacob's Brother are playing a benefit for the Environmental Studies Student Association at Alex's Cantina at 9:30 p.m.

friday

• Irie-Ites, a reggae band will be performing at Toe's Tavern, on 416 State Street.

saturday

• Bay Area punkers Green Day will be taking down the house at the Anaconda. Rhythm Collision, Driven Down and Iron-Ons will be playing as well.

sunday

• Last day to see the photography exhibit "In Rodin's Studio" at the McCormick Gallery in the SB Museum of Art.

monday

• Take a break from the arts, pack your books and go straight to the library. Finals are nearing and summer school can still be avoided.

tuesday

• Dream Theater and the Galactic Cowboys will be performing at the Ventura Concert Theatre at 8 P.M.

wednesday

• See the talent of UCSB student artists at the Art Studio Undergraduate Exhibition in the University Art Museum.

ARTS WEEK

may 27 - June 2

UCSB's First Full-Length
Color Feature Film

Death, Paranoia and Homage to Horror Flicks

[See Page 5A]





Primus' Larry Lalonde finds watching what Les does easiest.

Sucking on Primus

by Molly Meade

Primus is one of those really charismatic bands you would just die to meet in person. Their stage presence alone makes the audience feel part of the show as they practically invite and taunt the audience into yelling "Primus sucks!"

Besides their stage antics, their music has fared extremely well. After the success of their third album, *Sailing The Seas of Cheese*, they were soon touring with the likes of Rush, U2, Jane's Addiction and Public Enemy. Now with the success of their recent album *Pork Soda*, Primus has been much in demand and has even garnered a place in the Lollapalooza tour's lineup.

Primus consists of the always eclectic drummer Tim Alexander, banjo and guitar wizard Larry Lalonde and the wonderfully weird Les Claypool. *Artsweek* interviewed Larry "Ler" Lalonde over the phone on May 13. An edited transcript follows.

Artsweek: I guess a good place to begin is with the question everyone's been asking: What genre would you guys consider yourselves?

Lalonde: Rock and roll. Good time rock. Freedom rock.

AW: I've heard that you don't like to be called a funk band — is there any reason for that?

Lalonde: Pretty much just 'cause we're not really a funk band. Not compared to something like the Meters or Funkadelic or something.

AW: What's your inspiration — how did you come up with this sound?

Lalonde: Pretty much just from jammin' and stuff.

AW: Just playing around?

Lalonde: Yah, just playing for so long and being lazy, probably.

AW: How do you come up with your lyrics?

Lalonde: Pretty much Les just writes all the lyrics. He's got, like, tons of notebooks full of stuff.

AW: So, do you guys really just consider yourselves a

big joke — how did you get started anyhow?

Lalonde: Well the band's been around for eight years or somethin', but I just knew Les from jammin' in this other band, and then he called me up one day and he said "Hey, you wanna be in Primus?" and I was like "Sure."

AW: What about the title *Pork Soda*?

Lalonde: That's another thing Les came up with. It's for, like, another time when everybody wants to be fat instead of skinny. They drink pork soda.

AW: Do you have a favorite place to play? A favorite club?

Lalonde: There used to be a place — well, I guess it's still here actually but I haven't been there in a while. It's called "Gillman Street." It's a punk club. That was, like, one of my favorites.

AW: I've heard that *Pork Soda* might be fleshed out into a comic book. Is that true?

Lalonde: Yah, it's just kind of an idea right now.

AW: Who came up with the idea?

Lalonde: Of course that's another one of Les's ideas.

AW: So I guess Les is kind of the brains behind the whole thing.

Lalonde: Yah, well a lot of things come from him just because he's like the guy singin', and he's just pretty much the focus guy, ya know.

AW: What kind of audience do you think you attract?

Lalonde: God, I don't know. Over the years its just kind of been a mish-mash of just all different kinds of kids, ya know. Not a whole lot of older folks at our shows.

AW: Did you expect it to take off the way it did?

Lalonde: No, definitely not. I mean, when we started off, I always thought we'd just kind of be like a small cultish band — which I guess we still pretty much are.

AW: No, you're not small. If you weren't doing Primus, what do you think you would be doing?

Lalonde: Um, god, who knows. That's something I definitely never think about.

These Meaty Tunes Are Sure To Please

Primus
Pork Soda
Interscope

☆☆☆

Now that summer is here and the hearty rays of Mr. Sunshine are smiling down on us all, I am sure there is many a parched mouth out there. But Coke is too carbonated, water too healthy and Crystal Pepsi is just plain dumb. So what are we to do? Never fear, there is a yummy new swine byproduct on the market called *Pork Soda*.

You may ask, "What are the ingredients of such a scrumptious idea?" Well, the ingredients are rare, but can be found in Primus' three previous concoctions. First, added as a base, there is a good deal of thunderous drumming a la Tim "Herb" Alexander. Second, Larry LaLonde's eerie rifts and strange distortions are poured all over for guitar flavor. The third and most important ingredient is a heavy dose of Les Claypool. The Claypool provides the nasally lyrics which are sprinkled over the bubbling intricate bass lines that give *Pork Soda* its unique taste.

Sound weird? Well, this band is not for the musically conservative. When listening to Primus, you must keep an open mind. Acceptance of their demented style allows you to think, "Man that's some weird shit, but I dig it," instead of "What the hell is that? That's not music."

In their fourth release, *Pork Soda*, Primus was able to grow and improve technically without losing their distinct style. Claypool's nasally voice is still only rivaled by Kermit the Frog, and his six string bass plucking skills continue to blow minds.

Following in true Primus tradition, all the tracks are strange and comical, ranging from tales of wacked hicks named Mud to dissonant satires of Santa Claus. "DMV" relates the annoying experiences of the place many know all too well and is a strong track reminiscent of Primus's first album, *Suck on This*. The Ol' Diamondback Sturgeon sympathizes with the plight of the game fish with a distinct intricate middle eastern flavor as Claypool plucks the bass somewhat Ravi Shankaresque.

The Pressman (from *Suck on This*) makes an appearance in a new and improved version, but is unnecessary in strengthening the album. "Wounded Knee" is a must peep as polyrhythmic percussion dazzle the blunted senses. Be sure to check "Hamburger Train" for out of control bass that you won't believe is one man.

So go out and get a pack of *Pork Soda* to enjoy with some friends and swill it down.

—Matt Turner

AW: Well, what do you do in your spare time? What do you do for fun?

Lalonde: Pretty much, what little spare time there is, I try to get out and go skating as much as I can.

AW: Little time?

Lalonde: Yah, we've been just touring, and recording, and making videos and just getting things ready to do all those kinds of things. So now I just kind of sit in my house and record things.

AW: You've toured with a lot of big bands — did you have a favorite?

Lalonde: Not really a favorite ... but some of them were, like, you know, touring with Public Enemy. It was like, you know, "Wow, there's Chuck D," ya know. It was pretty weird meeting Rush and, like, meeting U2 and stuff. But every band we toured with was, like, some band that was totally amazing, ya know. It was cool to watch them every night.

AW: Your famous saying is "Primus sucks." Where did that come from?

Lalonde: It just came from ... like, we'd go out and come out and be all "Hey, we're Primus and we suck," ya know. And then after a little while there would be a couple of guys going "you suck," ya know. And then we started coming up with all these things like the mosquito because, like, they suck. And I don't know, I think people just like to be able to yell that at the band.

AW: What's your favorite food?

Lalonde: Ah, dirt.

AW: Excuse me?

Lalonde: I don't know, it seems like for the past week all I've eaten is, like, tofu hot dogs.

AW: So I guess you're into health food?

Lalonde: Yah, pretty much.

See PRIMUS, p.7A

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Experiencing English Ecstasy



KATHLEEN RODGERS/For the Daily Nexus

Harriet Wheeler

Angelic English pop group the Sundays will be playing at the Ventura Theater on Thursday, June 3rd. Their second album, *Blind*, has been lulling listeners into quiet ecstasy since the middle of Winter quarter.

Everyone's kneecaps buckled at the sound of Harriet Wheeler's beautiful voice when they played at the Palace in the winter. I personally gloobed a bit more at the songs from their 1990 album *Reading Writing and Arithmetic* than those from *Blind*, but only because I've had a few years to get addicted to the old songs.

If it's anything like their LA show, they'll play alternative favorites like "Here's Where the Story Ends" along with new singles like "Goodbye."

So forget about that early Saturday language final and go to a concert during Dead Week. You weren't going to study Thursday night anyway. The music is sweeping and moving, the lyrics are plaintive, Harriet's voice is beautiful, and Harriet is beautiful. That's all there is to it.

—Kevin Carhart

Taking Blues on the Road

Blues Traveler — the new Dead, beating a dead horse or exploding dead stereotypes?

Since their self-titled debut in 1990, Blues Traveler has generated a sensation by simultaneously jamming as good as the Grateful Dead and breathing dynamic new life into basic blues, while somehow still managing to make it sound all their own. And indeed, as excitedly self-righteous fans from all over the country will tell you, Blues Traveler made their mark long before anyone bought the album.

Traveler, made up of four longtime friends from New York, has made it their credo to tour for as long and as often as possible, and — partly because it's all so new and exciting, partly because they're so damn good — the band has made friends from New Orleans to Las Vegas, and now Ventura.

High water marks so far include actually opening for the Great Dead one him-

self, Jerry Garcia, as well as Carlos Santana and Lynrd Skynrd; and enjoying a wildly successful stint in Vegas last May. (Coincidentally, the shows were booked for the same weekend that Steve Miller and the Grateful Dead played at the Silver Bowl, but who's counting?)

And now Blues Traveler is playing in the next-best-thing-to-your-town, the Ventura Theater. Tonight's show will feature material off of their newest album, *Save His Soul*, which also marks a rather triumphant return to the circuit following singer John Popper's harrowing motorcycle accident, which left him temporarily wheelchair bound.

Back on its collective feet, Blues Traveler is itching to play, and by all accounts, it's going to be Whhiild, man! Wild!

Blues Traveler will be playing tonight at the Ventura Theater at 8 p.m.

—Jeanine Natale

Speedy Pop and Surly Reggae

adorable
against perfection
Creation

☆☆☆

The new album by Adorable is worthwhile guitar-addicted pop from England.

When I started to listen to it, I noticed some kind of familiar words and music. When the singer goes "She's got a sunshine smile," on the first track, and sings "...shiver at the sight of you..." on the track "crash sight," it wouldn't be out of place on a Ride album.

Well, this sort of shimmering guitar pop, which Creation was instrumental in molding over the past few years, has never been too concerned with its overt content. The emotional punch comes from being overrun by it, losing track of the walls and floor around you in a wash of sound.

But just because "sunshine smile" wouldn't be out of place on a Ride album doesn't mean they don't break away in places. The track "breathless" speaks of a communication breakdown in getting affection across, which is perceptive and apt as well as being a great song topic.

"...my second rate poetry just is not enough to describe you..." sings vocalist Piotr Fijalkowski. "I'm scrambling around on the floor, looking for some fresh metaphor..."

Is this why the tone becomes kind of 'samey' after a while? It could be the expression of a single burst of emotion, expressed many times and from many sides rather than something actually capable of changing.

Are they covering old ground because they're being derivative, or because there really is nothing else? I don't know, but "breathless" makes me wonder, because it seems like a genuine sentiment.

Another batch of songs within the album are more upbeat and rocking than Creation usually gets — tracks like "favourite fallen idol" or "sistine chapel ceil-

ing" are squealing with feedback and rock noise.

So basically, this album does it all. It's both new and old. It's derivative and it's original. It's mellow, and it rocks out. It's pretty good.

—Kevin Carhart

Chaka Demus & Pliers
All She Wrote
Mango

☆☆☆

Not everyone can have a cool name. For every Nudeswirl, there's an Ugly Kid Joe. So don't let the aesthetically flat "Chaka Demus & Pliers" band name let you write these guys off. No, Pliers and co. are worth a listen.

Their hit song "Murder She Wrote" consists of ragamuffin tales as smooth as silk and funky beats combined into the nearest thing to a poppy reggae tune. With the smash hit, this Jamaican dance hall team is already commandeering car stereos in London, Toronto, Kingston and the states.

Aside from respectful nods to the former masters Curtis Mayfield ("She Don't Let Nobody"), George Clinton ("One Nation"), and Toots Hibbert ("Bam Bam"), the duo has created some very original work. Under the direction of reggae royalty, producers Sly and Robbie, the cuts have also come out super smooth.

The sultry "I Wanna Be Your Man" and sexy "Let's Make It Tonight" prove Pliers is as romantic as the best of them. On the other hand "Bam Bam", "Tracy" and "Road Runner" are very upbeat pulse-pumping and finger-shocking grooves to get you out of your seat.

If you like ska, ragamuffin, dancehall, African-Caribbean rhythm or funk, check this album out. Also, if you're curious about how the Jamaican music scene has evolved since Marley, Chaka Demus and Pliers are sure to do you right.

—Martin Boer

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Direct From the Daily Nexus Paris Bureau

Boo•tee lik•ing

A Young Cinephile Learns the Art of Schmoozing and Boozing at the Cannes Film Festival

By Morgan Freeman

CANNES, FRANCE — It's well known that everyone who's anyone in the film industry unites here for two weeks each year, but it's not so evident why. Yes, films are screened, and stars are seen. Awards are presented, parties attended — but when you really scrape away the silver gristle, it's clear as day what's in the middle: Bootylicking.

(BOO-TEE LIK-ING) *n.* With the intent of promotion, and/or a moist tongue, the act of generously licking the hind side of any person placed higher in the film industry than yourself. Synonyms: networking, name-dropping, schmoozing, brown-nosing, ass-kissing.

The 46th International Cannes Film Festival is no dead fish. This place is happening. The beaches are packed, the streets are packed, the bars, restaurants and markets are packed. There ain't space for one more face in this town — but the faces already here are all smiles.

I'm here as an intern in the American Pavilion — a large white tent next to the festival's main headquarters. I work the VIP Center, where American journalists and film makers take care of business. The festival doesn't care about me, and I'm not that fond of it. But it's fun.

While the city manages to accommodate — barely — thousands of cinematic wanderers, the theaters and parties have their problems: it is simply not possible for everyone to see and do everything. This disparity animates the festival's three most valuable components: The Accreditation, The Ticket and The Invitation. Without them, experiencing what really propels Cannes is difficult, if not flat-out impossible.

So how does one obtain these prized items? You wouldn't think that half a planet from Hollywood, you'd still find its evil gears grinding away — maybe even stronger. In Cannes, you have to know someone, or someone who knows someone. Or someone who knows you must know someone, or...

In the end, the Cannes Film Festival is the world's largest closed party, with a guest list carved in stone. If you want to experience this festival in shoes like mine, those of an independent film maker who believes \$100,000 is an enormous budget, you have no choice but to bootylick.

I've licked booty, and I'm seeing tickets, I'm seeing invitations. In fact, I'm seeing so many of these little treasures, I'm having my booty licked. This article will explain the process: the films, the parties, the people.

The Accreditation

This is what the festival organizers say will get you tickets. It comes in the form of a badge, each sporting your picture and a large letter signifying how much importance these organizers vest in your existence. For each genre of badge — actors, directors, buyers, sellers, students, staff, cinephiles — there is a separate area for obtaining tickets. For Schwarzenegger, DeNiro or DeNeuve, not to mention any people they might know, tickets come as natural as long fingernails, and worrying about badges is out of the question. But for those in my camp, a badge is as obligatory as air. Don't leave home without it.

Badges start with the best-known unknown, before trickling down to me. I'm badged as a cinephile — a lover of cinema, someone here to watch films, or in other words, one without money. What matters is that I go to the Cinephile Tent for movie tickets. Waiting at the Cinephile Tent is the equivalent of being last in a 1,000-person line to ride a roller coaster that will take the first five people before stopping forever. There is but one way to bypass this line and get those tickets. Bootylicking.

The Ticket

People will die for these. Blood has been spilled. They are required to see all films in competition, which pass in the Grand Palace — a screen and auditorium so massive, words would be worthless: to comprehend, you have to have a ticket. People have been scalping them for up to 1000 francs (\$250) — and you can't even look at the entrance without being approached by those in search.

There are two types of Grand Palace tickets: orange and blue. An orange ticket must be accompanied by an accreditation — the ticket alone is worthless. Blue tickets are more sought-after because they do not require ac-



MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexus

creditation. People love blue tickets.

I've seen eight films in the Grand Palace. I've bypassed The Line. As interns in the American Pavilion, we are exposed to a limited supply of tickets — which are acquired by a smaller scale of bootylicking. On my second day here, there were eight tickets available for a screening scheduled to start in fifteen minutes. We were all working. No one could go. Not knowing what would come of it, I toted the tickets over to the Cinephile Tent and gave them to the people working the tent. They were astonished, speechless, amorous. This was some original bootylicking. I was given a 24-hour rendezvous to pick up tickets to what I want, when I want. With unlimited access to movie tickets, it was time to tackle the invites.

The Invitation

The cream of the crop, the chocolate-dipped cherry, sauteed frog legs, cow eyes. Invitation means party. And party means free booze, food and stars — only the best. The most interesting thing about the parties is you have to lick booty to get to a better bootylicking situation. You see, people go to parties to schmooze. That's why they are thrown.

There are after-screening parties, before-screening parties, even during-screening parties as many stars opt to take the "walk of fame" up the red-carpeted stairs — movie cameras rolling by the dozen, flash bulbs simulating an average rave atmosphere — rather than staying for the entire screening. Remember, this isn't about watching movies.

Accreditations do nothing for invitations. There are no lines you can wait in. You simply must know someone. On the cinephile or intern level, invitations are obtained via photocopying. Of course, one of us must stumble across the original or have the puppy-dog eyes needed to borrow one. Fortunately, someone on our staff of 30 knew someone.

Color photocopy machines are amazing. Parties take all shapes and forms. Some unroll on the beach, others in hotel ballrooms. And don't forget the yachts and castles. Last night, Friday, there was a Moving Pictures party in an enormous castle. Large buses transport the invitees from the festival about 10 miles up the coast. It was the hottest party ever. Elaborate bars and buffets scattered across a lush courtyard lined with ancient statues and creatively hedged shrubbery. Television crews buzzed around like moths. A rave was going on in the dungeon. A jazz band in the ballroom. Scattered smaller parties, some requiring even another invitation, were happening in strange caverns and dwellings. Drunk producers in tuxedos were urinating in royal bushes.

Sandwiched between hundreds of dressed-to-kill parties was me: shorts, battered Doctor Martens, ripped sweat shirt, baseball cap and backpack. It was brilliant.

The Grand Palace: Films

Meters from the beach is the Grand Palace. Here is where the red-carpeted stairs lead to The Top. Screenings start at 8:30 a.m. and sometimes continue until dawn. There are dozens of other theaters serving the festival, but the Palace is tops. The films competing for the Palme d'Or screen here.

Among this year's films in competition are Jane Campion's *The Piano*, the most talked about contender along with Chen Kaige's *Farewell My Concubine*; Wim Wenders' *Far Away, So Close*, the sequel to his much-celebrated *Wings of Desire*; and Steve Soderbergh's *The King of the Hill*. Soderbergh is a festival hero after his *Sex, Lies and Videotape* was a surprise success in 1990, launching him into cinematic heaven. For schmoozing reasons, the USA sent Joel Schumaker's *Falling Down*. Michael Douglas on the red carpet is money in many pockets. Get it?

Films out of competition include Peter Greenaway's *The Baby of Macon*, Allison Anders (*Gas, Food, Lodging*) *Mi Vida Loca*, and Michael Steinberg's *Bodies*,

Rest and Motion, among dozens of others. There is also a program of short films, including *Coffee and Cigarettes (Somewhere in California)*, a 10-minute, black and white film by Jim Jarmusch in which Iggy Pop and Tom Waits sit in a bar discussing the positive and negative sides of coffee and cigarettes.

Each evening at around 7:30, the spectacle arrives. The red carpet is rolled down the stairs, the crowds are exploding: The stars have landed. They look funny in fancy gowns and slick tuxedos under the beating sun, just a hop from the beach. The photographers and sound recorders must wear tuxedos and gowns, too. Imagine, if you will, 300 photographers in black tie apparel lining a red-carpeted staircase, on which stands Sylvester Stallone screaming "Adrian!", all of which is surrounded by thousands of hooty-tooty, star-crazy frenchies dressed for a day at the beach.

Real Bootylicking

Although my kind have to do it for tickets and invitations, real bootylicking applies to a much larger concept — work. People are here to deal. Money, money, money. Although I didn't come here in search of a job, I experienced this level of schmoozing.

Working in the VIP office, we register some important people. I happened to be on shift when a young producer from MTV came in. Just out of curiosity, I asked what they were doing.

"Wow, you're doing The Big Picture," I repeated. Then I quietly thought to myself, "Hum, MTV in Cannes. They couldn't have flown over an entire crew." So I asked, and spent the next day running around the city with the crew of MTV's *The Big Picture*. We interviewed stars at big hotels, topless women on the beach, party goers in bars. I made the connection. I got work. It was fun.

But my conversation was incredibly innocent in light of business as usual. The standard talk on the streets, in the parties and even in the bathroom is much more stomach-churning — bootylicking in the purest form: "Oh, you did Wild Palms. I loved it. It was absolutely astonishing. We must have a drink."

"Well, I've just finished my 45th feature. God, am I ready for a small Jamaican break. Sebastian and I are..." "Billy Templeton is great friend of mine. You know, we did the Bakers episode in Frisco."

But there is nothing like reading a magazine on the can and overhearing something like this: "You know writers. I mean, my role was moving, man, moving. I mean, we're talking Rick Springfield. Then they just wrote me out. But it doesn't really matter. I got real close with Charlie Sheen. Yeah, we're great friends. What we're doing is going to change the course of film as we know it, man, no kidding..."

Name Drop Capital. Schmoozeville. Brownnose. You can't take a single step, or even stand still, without overhearing some cheesehead sapping about what's to be produced, bought or backed. Streets full of script-loaded arms, cafes full of readers and dealers. Everyone's interviewing everyone, taking pictures, exchanging cards and numbers. For two weeks each year, Cannes is one giant deal. Come to think of it, I've been spending too much time in front of the lap-top. I've got to get going: there's some bootylicking to be done if I want to come back next year.

Alienating Film Process Works

After Reading Way Too Much Pynchon, Director MacInnis Creates the Surreal Himself

by Charles Hornberger

Whirling giddily through the macabre, grinning like a schizoid delicatessen meat carver, and laughing deep, low, musical and emotionless, death licks Alex MacInnis's face.

Daily, it seems.

But now, 15 months after the 1992 UCSB grad lifted his head from a bed of Thomas Pynchon novels and began scrawling the first lines of a full-length screenplay, MacInnis is finally relaxing, ready to let death go on its merry way. All it's going to take is one last send-off, scheduled for tonight at the Isla Vista Theater.

Armed with 93 minutes of dense color footage and a soundtrack deep enough to wade in, MacInnis is set to reveal his reading of urban paranoia, violence in full bloom and the problems associated with knowing anything at all in a world full of police scanners, tabloid journalism and conspiracy theories run amok.

His full-length, color feature film, *Death Licked My Face*, the first produced on campus, has been more than a year and just under \$15,000 in the making, and he's finally brought last February's brainstorm to its celluloid completion.

"I think that around that time I was finishing *Vineland*. I had already read all of Pynchon's work, in chronological order. And much of it scarred me deeply," he said of beginning work on the script. "I thought, 'Would it be possible to make a film out of *Gravity's Rainbow*?' And then, 'What if Pynchon was given the opportunity to write a script?'"

What MacInnis owes perhaps his greatest debt to is Pynchon's 1966 *The Crying of Lot 49*. (Besides which, no one in their right mind would try to make a movie out of *Gravity's Rainbow's* 700-plus pages).

The film is a literary sprawl at 24-frames-per-second, not just mirroring Pynchon's work in its density, but also happily mimicking its plot structure, its hokey romantic interest, its open-endedness and Pynchon's love for kitsch.

Writer/Director/Producer MacInnis, however, calls his film *post-camp*. It's got tongue-in-cheek musical numbers, conspiratorial Leninist zombies, roving bands of drunk teenagers and at least one hat-tipping nod to *Night of the Living Dead*. It's a half-mystery, half-chase movie, all tangled in fantastic webs of conspiracy. The first signs of a nasty, blue and purple intellectual hematoma just begin to appear beneath its surface.

MacInnis admits tipping his own hat to Pynchon now and again as he wound his way through the author's four published novels, finding in them an uncommonly funny sense of humor amid unsettling narratives about entropy and worldwide plots.

Perhaps his favorite part, though, came when Pynchon's books abruptly broke into song.

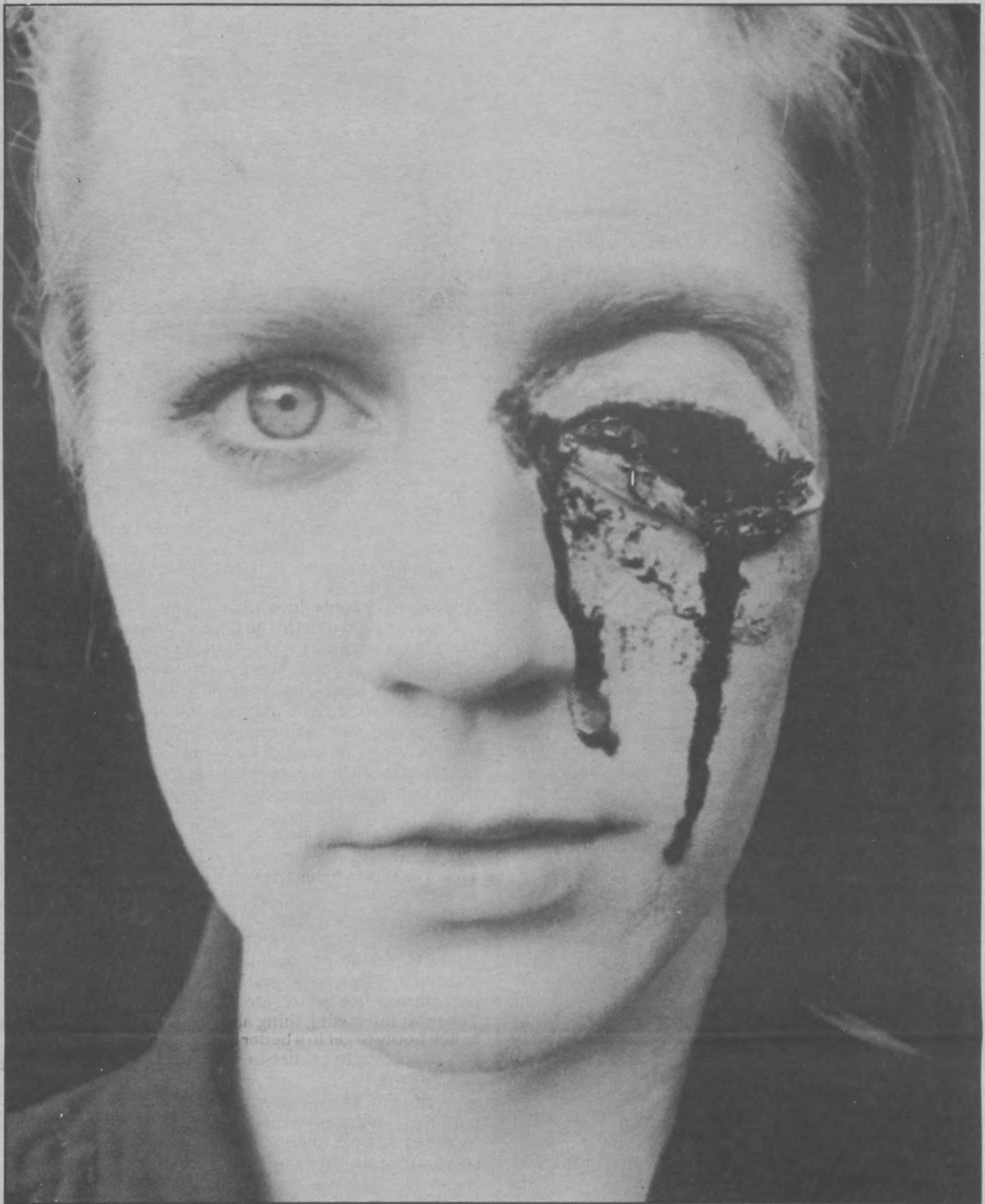
"To me, that's brilliant. I don't know what you'd really call it — it's kind of surrealism. That ability to deviate from reality when the mood strikes seemed like it would be refreshing in a film," he said.

So he took that, along with death and paranoia, and made a film. On the death thing, which winds its way into the film in more ways than viewers could possibly notice on one viewing, MacInnis seems a bit self-conscious.

"It's kind of a convenient premise for a film because you can have all this violence and destruction and then say you're just deconstructing it," he said.

Junior Film Studies major Peter Rubi, the cinematographer whose Russian Krasnagorsk 16-mm camera continued as the film's camera even when he wasn't around to stand behind it, has noted these tendencies in MacInnis for a while.

"I've always been intrigued by Alex's vision. It's kind of twisted and a little bit inhumane — at least that's how I see it," Rubi said of his friend. "It's alienating but it's fun. ... It's depersonalizing, but that can be enlightening." And perhaps Rubi ought to know. He spent last sum-



From photographer to cyclops: Shana M. Lynch plays Gail in 'Death Licked My Face.'

mer totting film equipment around in an old, green Volvo station wagon so much that now, he says, it rides about six inches off the ground. (Alex's 1979 Buick Riviera, a massive blue sedan, was totaled "somewhere in Santa Monica" at 3:30 in the morning as he drove down to check out a North Hollywood filming location for the next day's shoot.)

Put together on a frazzled shoestring budget and almost entirely created by the hands of UCSB film students, the film led a hand-to-mouth existence. MacInnis and editor/sound designer/assistant director Pax Wassermann were cutting film while shooting new scenes. Crews had to soundproof an Isla Vista apartment by laying a discarded mattress up against the windows. They often worked from midnight to dawn. They cut in the sounds of high-budget effects — explosions, gunshots — to avoid paying for the real thing.

What they ended up with is a pretty well-polished mile and a half of film — scratchy in spots, ragged in a few places maybe, but admirable for a movie whose budget Hollywood producers would say was no budget at all.

"When they talk about ultra-low budget films, they're talking about less than \$100,000. Under \$30,000 is con-

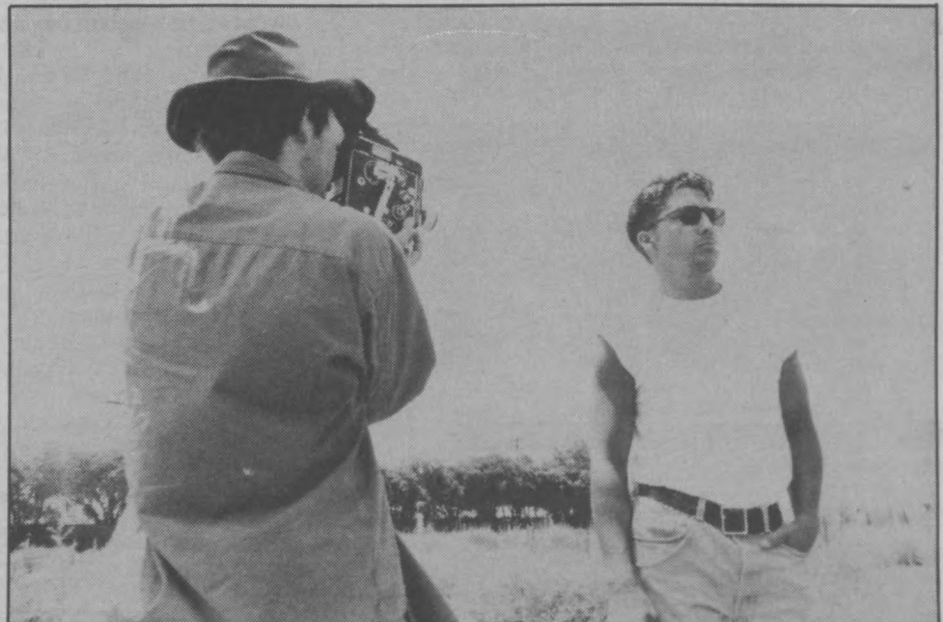
sidered a no-budget film," Wassermann, a senior in film studies, said.

To cement the illusion that they spent more than they did, they kept on adding layer after layer of sound, and filmed in as many locations as possible. For MacInnis, making his film on such a small budget was a one-time opportunity.

"I realized that I would never have the chance to do it again this cheaply," he said. Part of doing it this cheaply, however, was deciding to sleep on other people's couches for 15 months (to save rent money) and spending days upon end working long hours.

"Wherever I was geographically located at any given time was expressly related to the film. Over Christmas break, I would spend 19 or 20 hours a day editing, sometimes sleeping in the editing room and then getting back at it in the morning," he said.

But enough's enough. After its two screenings tonight, MacInnis will start shopping around for someone to buy the film. If he does sell it, he says he'll plug the money back into another film "and start the cycle all over again. If I'm lucky, that's what I'll be doing for the rest of my life."



Director Alex MacInnis faces the camera in his typical non-plussed fashion (left). Right: he directs Tony Morales in 'Death Licked My Face.'

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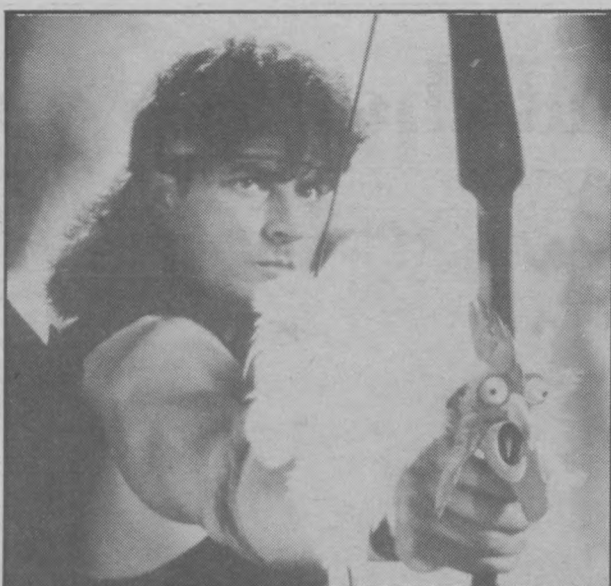
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CORRECTION:



The photo credit was omitted from last week's amazing cover shot. It was taken by Steve Olsen.



Sheen, as Topper Harley, wields a chicken.

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Silliness, Again

Just deux it! Due to the box office success of *Hot Shots!* in 1991, Director Jim Abrahams of *Airplane!* and *The Naked Gun* fame has created another spoof to treat all those who love slapstick comedy.

After mimicking *Top Gun* in the original *Hot Shots!*, Abrahams now moves his character Topper Harley into poking fun at Rambo movies in *Hot Shots! Part Deux*.

Feeding off the hype of Operation Desert Storm, Charlie Sheen resumes his role as Topper Harley and is sent on a mission to rescue hostages from the war, being held captive by Saddam Hussein (played by Jerry Haleva). Along the way, the audience is subjected to vaguely familiar scenes that ridicule a lot of popular films — *The Godfather*, *Lady and the Tramp*, *Terminator*, *No Way Out* and *Basic Instinct*.

"No originality is our credo," Abrahams proudly states. "What we set out to do first of all was to find a genre that takes itself seriously, and that whole genre of 'going in to get the guys' is a genre that takes itself very seriously. Then, keeping in mind our motto, 'No Originality,' we had to steal our love stories, our bad guy stories and the rest of our stories from real movies."

Despite the lack of originality, this sequel still manages to raise a lot of laughs because of the effective use of exaggeration. Unfortunately, the scenes eventually cease to be funny and become plain stupid.

This is a film that ridicules the violence of the Rambo movies; it goes as far as making the main point of the final scene be the rescue of the main character and the other captured men, as it was in Rambo. After the rescue, this supposedly "brilliant" man was transformed into an idiot, happily falling off a cliff in an attempt to take a picture of Topper and Ramada together.

Possibly the greatest addition to this sequel is the presence of Brenda Bakke, who portrays CIA agent Michelle Huddleston, who happens to have the hots for Topper Harley. This adds an ironic dimension. In the original, there were two men fighting over Ramada; in the sequel, there are two women fighting over Harley.

Charlie Sheen is credited for having built up his body for this movie, undergoing a six day a week regimen of road work, weight training, yoga, swimming and martial arts to become the Rambo look-alike.

Richard Crenna, who plays Colonel Trautman in the Rambo movies, was the biggest steal of all, playing a similar character in Colonel Denham Walters.

The amount of nonsense in this movie is so great that after a while, no form of ridicule is surprising. Although *Hot Shots! Part Deux* is funny in general, there were some noticeable instances of racism toward people of the Middle East and African-Americans. The audience may laugh most of the time, but leave the theater with a sour taste.

—Tom Santos

Mapping Out The Human Experience

Map of the Human Heart is a precious gift to movie lovers everywhere. Vincent Ward, who wrote, directed and produced this film has performed a small miracle. Not just spinning yarn, Ward has woven together an unbelievable plot, beautiful score, stunning cinematography and unique characters to create a spiritually rich and memorable film.

Map doesn't fool around. The suspension of disbelief which this film creates is sustained throughout its screen time. From the opening scene, the viewer is thrust into the vast white, virtually uninhabitable Arctic. It is the story that begins here that is truly unbelievable.

"I'll tell you a true story about those maps and how they changed my life," says an Eskimo named Avik (Jason Scott Lee) to a government map maker played by John Cusack. The year is 1965, and the rest of the film is a retelling of the events which profoundly affected Avik's life. It is a true love story which picks up on other issues that influenced his life along the way, mainly racism and war.

It all began when the white man came to the Arctic. In 1931, Walter Russell (Patrick Bergin), a map maker, goes to the Arctic to map the land. But when Avik, his loyal protege, catches the "white man's" disease, tuberculosis, he must leave his people and go to Canada where he will receive "white man's" medicine. It is in this Canadian hospital that he meets his soul mate. The success of the love story relies on absurd twists of fate.

The actors are what lend this film its credibility. Jason Scott Lee, currently starring in *Dragon: the Bruce Lee Story*, gives a great performance. Anne Parillaud portrayed Albertine, the "half-breed" whose father was white and mother was Indian, beautifully. Her hint of an Indian accent is subtle and well executed. In the presence of the white characters, she desperately wants to be liked, so she suppresses her native accent. But when she is within the safety of her relationship with Avik, Albertine's speech is candid and she becomes comfortable with the Indian element in her voice.

The relationship between Avik and his grandmother is beautifully portrayed. As Avik struggles with loyalty to her and to himself, he must decide between joining Russell to search for his true love, Albertine, whose chest x-ray he keeps close to his person at all times, and staying with his ancient grandmother and his starving tribe. But his tribe rejects him. They tell him, "You think like a white man and it brings bad luck." In this truly moving scene, his grandmother gives herself to the sea and Avik is free to pursue his own life and love.

Small miracles occur throughout the film. Each one is unbelievable and incredibly beautiful. The elements of reality in this film — including war, lost love and racism — accentuate its poignancy. Just looking at the images on the screen is an enjoyable experience. The cinematography is stunning.

Director Vince Ward handles his story with a haunting, dreamlike surreal touch. His use of symbolism together with the technology of filmmaking (sound, lighting, film speed, etc.) enable him to slow down images and add characters' dreams and hallucinations, creating a film that feels more like poetry than just a slew of scenes. The film's material does add up to a whole, but rather than just touching the viewer in the theater, its images linger in the beholder's mind.

What this film realizes is that you can not map the human heart. It is possible to use maps to follow your heart's will, but maps are just tools and the human heart is a mystery. Hearts are joined together by fate.

Walter the map maker, who is the dominant "white man" in the film hasn't figured that out. He says, "Women are a map — you have to understand their longitude and their latitude." The film proves him wrong. Ultimately *Map* is a story about true love. If allowed to be taken for truth within its cinematic reality, it is definitely worthwhile.

—Allison Dunn

DRAMA AT UCSB

THE SUICIDE
A COMEDY
BY NIKOLAI ERDMAN
translated by Peter Tegel

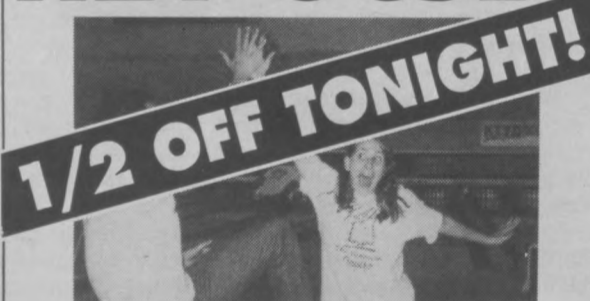


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Drama Department Play Is Finely Acted

It is interesting to be able to view a play which Josef Stalin did not "have a very high opinion of," but when speaking about Nikolai Erdman's *The Suicide*, this is where the interest begins and ends.

Written in the late 1920s, this play was the thorn in Erdman's side for the majority of his career. It was responsible for his three-year exile, and was banned from ever being produced in the Soviet Union. One year before Erdman's death in 1970, *The Suicide* received its world premiere in Sweden.

The play concerns an ordinary man, Semyon Semyonovich, whose name sounds remarkably similar to the character Akaky Akakievich from Gogol's play *The Overcoat*. Was Erdman in admiration of Gogol's work or was he just ripping him off?

In the play, several characters come out to meet Semyon, hoping he will commit suicide on their behalf. The humor depends upon whether or not he will die and whether or not he is dead. The jokes get old very quickly.

On an interpretive level, one can see that in the course of the play, Semyon transcends his superfluity to become extraordinary. It is a very nice idea, but Erdman does not succeed in conveying it in an elegant and sophisticated manner.

While the text is clumsy, the production is largely well-

done. The costumes are believable, down to the suspenders on Semyon's pants. As for the set, the large, wooden frames suffice for Semyon's apartment building, but it only manages to make the second scene, which is supposed to take place in the back of a restaurant, look like a barn.

Semyon makes the building look even more like a barn by climbing up a 'ladder' which is part of the wall of the set. It is understandable that by climbing the "restaurant ladder," he is attempting to raise himself above the status of an ordinary person literally and figuratively.

If no other element proved to be satisfactory, the music was at least entertaining. It was catchy and proved to help the audience become more interested in Semyon's fate. Particularly impressive, as well, were the few measures of Semyon's requiem.

In spite of the problems of the play, there are several good performances. Semyon, played by Kevin Murphy, walks with an appropriately goofy gait. Egor the postman, played by Howie Lotker, is a perfect unthinking Marxist, complete with shortly cropped black beard. The writer, Viktor, played by Benjamin King, though performing the same cosmopolitan character he played in *The Amazons*, was ideal in his floppy hat and pipe.

—Bill Mathieson

Painting Around the Mission

A Celebration of Chalk Drawings Fills up Santa Barbara's Streets

by David Rittenhouse

The beautiful thing about the I Madonnari Street Painting Festival, which is coming to the Santa Barbara Mission plaza this weekend, is the variety of its participants. From the Tiger Lilies campfire group to seasoned local artist/artisans, the group dynamic is always more congenial than competitive. Here's a preview of what the interested browser or expert critic can expect to find at the Mission this Memorial Day weekend.

Bright colors engulf the plaza literally to the curbs, when hundreds of participants in the festival come out on Saturday morning. Armed to the teeth with chalks, the Madonnari (painters of Madonnas) are a spirited bunch whose strategies for creation vary from detailed and preplanned color sketches to on the spot ad hoc prayer-and-a-set-of-pastels inspirations. Whatever the skill level, it is certain that all will leave with chalky knees and with a certain satisfaction.

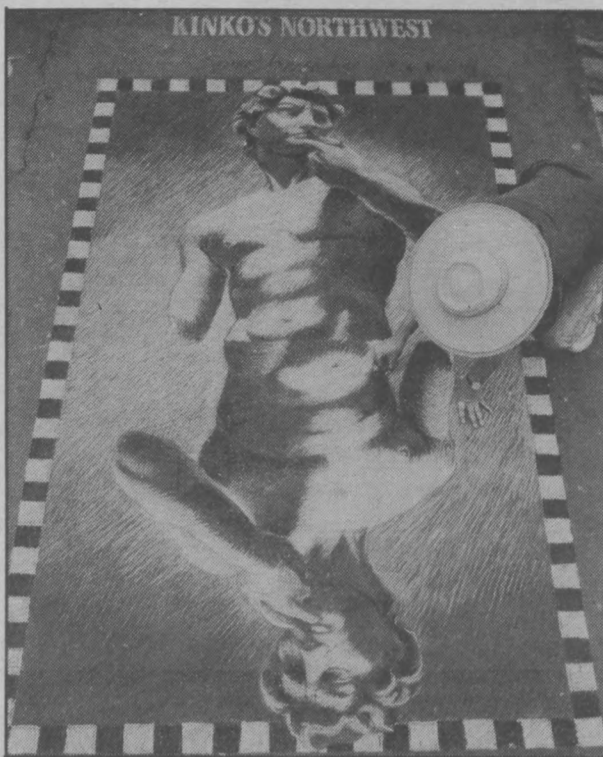
This feel-good finale comes from knowing that they were all out there to raise monies for the Children's Creative Project, the Santa Barbara division of the Department of Education which insures continued quality art instruction across the county. The event benefits the very conscious Santa Barbara artistic community in multiple methods — and that's not including the sun tanning that comes from outdoor arts.

The festival was imported to Santa Barbara seven years ago by founder/event coordinator Kathy Koury. Recognizing street painting she witnessed while traveling through Italy as a perfect outdoor community event that fits our paradisiacal surroundings, she wasted no time in establishing the event as a means for funding art education in our public schools. It's been all downhill from there, as behemoth successes have followed the festival's snowballing participation stats.

Although the community aspect is ubiquitous at the three day event, there is a certain group who annually sets an individual high standard for true-to-form, traditional Italian chalk painting. They insist on the use of historic methods and materials, which date back to the 16th century. One such stalwart group is that headed by local architect/artist Tom Meaney.

From making their own chalks from organic materials to preparing large-scale stencils days in advance of the event, Meaney's group are involved with great zeal. They carefully select recognizable works from notable artists of the past, choosing only works that display vibrant and playful colors that will jump off of the black pavement and astound even the curious accidental bypasser.

"One of our goals is to bring the masters to the masses," confided Meaney without a hint of self-appreciation. The goal of using and recreating such a



One of last year's pavement chalkings.

long-lived art form to raise capital to keep art in the classroom rhymes not only with the community participation, but with the educational element which rides in the wake of the their dedication to traditional methods.

Needless to say, the chalky art is ephemeral even though rain is not one of the more threatening factors. The true art lies in the production of the works and takes on a performance-based importance. Photographs and memories are what remain of the festival after the last grains of chalk are carried from the Mission pavement on the sneaker of a visiting tourist. Oh yeah, and a couple of thousand in the finger painted coffers of the CCP.

With chalk painting festivals becoming more popular across the state (the I Madonnari now has younger cousins in San Luis Obispo and Fresno), Santa Barbarans have much to be proud of with this precocious civic event. There will be at least 200 groups art-ing it up at the event, along with street vendors, musicians and people selling Italian foods.

So whether you are a supporter of the Tiger Lilies campfire group or a serious art aficionado with sketchbook under arm, the I Madonnari has something for you. Your support in turn has something for the 20,000 kids who benefit from the CCP's art education programs which pepper our sun-drenched county.

The festival will run from Saturday, May 29 to Monday, May 31 out in front of the Mission, and there is no admission fee.

PRIMUS

Continued from p.2A

AW: Are you guys all into health food?

Lalonde: No, definitely not.

AW: Are you pretty healthy when you tour?

Lalonde: I try to be, but like, if you're in Germany or something, ya know, it's like you can either go to McDonald's or you can go and order something — you have no idea what it means.

AW: Germany. So have you gone all over Europe then?

Lalonde: Yah.

AW: Did you have a favorite place?

Lalonde: Probably, like, Holland was pretty cool, and Italy was pretty cool but you can't really talk to anybody there unless you speak Italian.

AW: So ... how's your love life?

Lalonde: Oh god, horrible.

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AW: What? Why?

Lalonde: When you're a guy that looks like me ...

AW: Come on, don't you have lots of groupies following you all over?

Lalonde: No way, this is definitely the band that doesn't have any groupies.

AW: Really?

Lalonde: Yah, just like a bunch of guys wanting to know what kind of bass Les plays. They'll come up and go "Hey dude, what kind of bass is that?"

AW: What kind of bass is it?

Lalonde: It's a Carl Tom.

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A Journal Dispels the Myths About Both Men and Women

While most journals are banal attempts to bring new light to an old topic, *Herstory* attempts to break down the establishment's norms of women through thought-provoking poetry and in-your-face pieces of literature.

This women's journal, created by the A.S. Women's Commission, is a collection of writings that can be loud, offensive and angry, yet at other times touching and tragic. Either way, the writing is intelligent and not afraid to offend.

Descriptive references to rape, female circumcision, S & M and oral sex may seem rather accusatory to some men and women. But touching personal accounts of date rape will bring the seriousness and the reality of the issues home to its readers.

The journal was created expressly for women because its creators felt that her story had not been told. "It is a chance to let her voice be heard and understood through her eyes, through her life," promises its creators. Though most of the articles were written by women, the editors hope men will read the issue as well.



Kelly Douglass, an editor of *Herstory* has so far been delighted by the positive feedback she has received from male readers. "It would be enjoyed by a lot of people. I was first worried about men and how they would receive it. The men whom I've talked to had a very positive reaction. I think everyone should read it, and for men to read it through eyes they don't have," said Douglass.

Printed for the second year in a row, *Herstory*

contains some extremely radical material — like the meditation into misogyny titled "tattoo" — that expresses the thoughts of a few angry students, yet touches chords that run through all of us.

While the blend of art and politics seems to be a success, the editors had not initially intended the journal to be overtly political.

"It's a bigger issue than last year, with more of a concern for sexual politics. I don't know if that was intended. We had to work with our submissions. Things like putting vaginas around the page numbers made it more clear we support the politics, but we mainly revolved around submissions," said Douglass.

A journal specifically geared towards women seems long overdue at this campus, considering UCLA has its own women's newspaper. Apparently impressed, the library has put *Herstory* on its shelves, an honor it shares with no other student publications.

Herstory is available throughout campus and Isla Vista free of charge.

—Dori Merifield and Martin Boer

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