



'Fitzcarraldo'

Herzog's Movie Monumental Yet Mediocre

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

West German filmmaker Werner Herzog is as self-absorbed and prepossessed an auteur as he is recklessly dramatic a visual essayist. Perhaps this is why he is so attractively inscrutable. His films are darkly surreal, misty with a veneer of emotional greys, and colored with a wry and often sardonic humor. Herzog's preference for conveying an extremist's perception of mankind, with often indicting statements about human progress, imbue his rich and varied cinematic offspring with a radiance of mad love and passionate discontent.

Aguirre, The Wrath of God (1973), *Woyzeck* and *Nosferatu* (both 1978), and 1982's *Fitzcarraldo* are all lavishly textured and finely detailed treatises on the self-reliant man at his potentially most self-destructive, and thrust into the wild, woeful elements of nature in order to test the limits of his creative intelligence and will to survive. Herzog's pictures are stirringly unusual yet straightforward, resolved yet ambivalent, meticulous yet wasteful; he is a great film stylist and motivator of thought.

Only Herzog can elevate a cliché to a profoundly inspiring proverb, as he does in *Fitzcarraldo*, an inexhaustably ambitious but monumentally mediocre movie:

Only dreamers move mountains...

Perhaps it's the gypsy blood in Herzog that always transfers to his film characters; they dance on the cutting edge of existence to the orchestrations of carefully manipulated, psychologically-based phantoms, under the duress of society's ever-enveloping follies. Herzog succeeds most when he combines his narrative discipline with the storyteller's wit and feel for drama. This director's volatile mental make-up is exciting and controversial, pushing the creative/destructive urge in a man to the outer limits. "I am my films," Herzog said.

Fitzcarraldo defines man as a self-determining creature, and celebrates the invariably uphill battles toward fulfillment, but recognizes human error, foibles, unpredictable disappointments; to Herzog, the thrill of living lies not in the moment of victory but in the scheming and thinking that comes before the attack. *Fitzcarraldo*, aside

from all its merits and opulence, unfortunately carries with it the unattractive stretchmarks of a huge project with a grand idea that has lost, due to Herzog's production errors, foibles, and unpredictable disappointments, considerable impact and weight.

Burden of Dreams, Les Blank's superlative documentary on the making of *Fitzcarraldo* and the unmaking of Herzog, is especially interesting because it not only conveys the essence of *Fitzcarraldo*, but it also brings to life the trials of the usually concealed mastermind behind the celluloid. Because *Fitzcarraldo* (Klaus Kinski) in the Amazon jungle-as-metaphor is a shoot springing from Herzog, getting the opportunity to get inside the director's mind in *Dreams* is more than twice the *Fitzcarraldo* experience.

"I know that I have the ability to articulate images that sit deeply inside us, that I can make them visible," Herzog has said. Observing life with a critical, analytical eye, Herzog has a fondness for the strange, the disfigured, the *outré*; here, motivation, thought and action are less defined

(Please turn to pg.3A, col.1)

Tragedy of an Ambiguous Film

By JOHN KRIST

Standard conventions of filmmaking, the type which most moviegoers are familiar and comfortable with, mandate a resolution for every conflict, simple dichotomies between attraction and repulsion in personal relationships, and some form of closure at the end. Films which diverge from this formula — those which accurately reflect the ambiguities and vagaries of

life — may be applauded for the sense of realism they impart, but they often make for frustrating viewing.

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man, a 1981 film directed by Bernardo Bertolucci which plays this Sunday in Campbell Hall as the second entry in the Arts & Lectures "New Directions in Film" series, is precisely this sort of movie. On the surface at least, it is a taut analysis of terrorism in contemporary Italy;

through its devotion to capturing the ambivalence, murkiness and senselessness of acts such as the politically-motivated kidnapping of members of the upper class, it manages to etch a stark portrait of modern anarchy, but it also loses the viewer in the process.

The story revolves around the family of Primo Spaggiari (Ugo Tognazzi), a wealthy cheese manufac-

turer, whose son Giovanni is kidnapped during the opening sequence. Spaggiari's wife Barbara (Anouk Aimee) responds to the loss by focusing all of her energy on an inventory of the family's assets in preparation for the kidnappers' ransom demands. Primo alternates between anguish over his loss and puzzlement over the motivation behind it.

Along the way, an enigmatic pair of characters enter: Adelfo, a "worker-priest" (Victor Cavallo), and the kidnapped son's girlfriend Laura (Laura Morante). Both seem to have some sort of connection with the missing son, but its precise nature is left unexplained. The first communication with Giovanni comes in the form of a letter which mysteriously appears inside the Spaggiari home immediately following a visit by Laura. Adelfo brings cryptic news to Primo about Giovanni in captivity, and adorns the walls of his room with photographs of the two of them.

Eventually, the ransom demand appears: the kidnappers want one billion lira in cash, but to acquire such a huge sum Spaggiari will have to destroy his factory, his life's work.

Gradually, as Primo begins to believe hints that his son is dead, the cheese manufacturer instigates a plan whereby, with the assistance of Adelfo and Laura, he will borrow the full sum of money but inject it into his ailing factory instead of paying the ransom. Accordingly, he makes the rounds of the money lenders, arranges for a phony set of directions for the delivery of the ransom to be discovered, and leaves the money in a hut in the

forest. Upon returning, he is told by Laura that the money has been taken to a place of safety to ensure that it will not simply end up in Spaggiari's Swiss bank account. Adelfo leads him on a silent journey to a local dance hall, where Primo is astonished to discover his missing son dancing with Laura and Barbara.

Ambiguity is the key to understanding this film, but it also serves as the feature that contributes to its ultimate inaccessibility. Primo does not really know the actual circumstances of the crime; although he witnessed the abduction, there are hints from the police and, indirectly, from Laura that Giovanni could very well have been a participant instead of a victim. Primo seems to accept his son's death all too readily, and becomes eager to save his factory dishonestly without ever displaying sorrow.

Laura and Adelfo are completely enigmatic — the viewer is given no clues whatsoever as to whether they are lying, what their actual relationship is with Giovanni and with each other. Both Barbara and Primo are so out of touch with their son's life that they do not know that Laura is his lover, they are informed by the police that their son made a trip abroad several months before, and Barbara must ask the housekeeper whether or not her son ever invited friends to the house, and what they were like.

Primo's failure to know his son cannot even be explained away as stemming from his absorption with the business — although both Adelfo and Laura are his employees, he does not know this until Laura tells him. It cannot be explained through some intense focus on his wife

either — they don't spend very much time together. The only way, perhaps, is to say that Primo is simply not in touch with anything — even himself. He characterizes himself as "ridiculous," albeit with style, but this assertion is not supported by the narrative. Primo is no more ridiculous than anyone else, and there really is no tragedy at all in this film.

Although camera techniques are used to great extent as a way of involving the viewer in the film's action — many over-the-shoulder shots, and close-ups that bring the point of view inside the frame — there is never any opportunity for a connection to be made between the characters on the screen and the individuals sitting in front of it. It is impossible to care about people one doesn't know, and by the end of the film we know no more about these people than when we walked into the theater.

The film is definitely a challenge to the viewer — Bertolucci seems to have thrown the responsibility for uncovering motivation and explaining actions on the audience, just as the responsibility for explaining terrorism itself lies on the society that produces it and suffers from it. *Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man* reflects the ambiguity that imbues the reality it claims to portray, and thus becomes less a pleasurable cinematic experience than an exercise in intellectual theorizing.



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Herzog's 'Fitzcarraldo'

(Continued from pg 1A)
 or fixed; unique qualities invite unique expression, which is where Herzog excels. He creates whole new worlds from a universe we already know, but occasionally the burden of the filmmaker is the weight of his dreams, which is why the history of *Fitzcarraldo* is more engaging than the film *Fitzcarraldo*.

Filming of *Fitzcarraldo* commenced in early January, 1981. Six weeks into principal photography, Kinski's predecessor, Jason Robards, fell deathly ill with an intestinal infection, was flown out of Rio Camisea, and doctors refused to allow him to return. Shortly after, Mick Jagger dropped out of the film due to other commitments. (Jagger and Robards are seen in outtakes in *Dreams*. Jagger's departure is remembered by Herzog as one of the biggest disappointments of his career.) A 40-ton Caterpillar earth-mover had to be flown in to the film site (1,500 miles deep in the heart of jungle darkness) for the scenes requiring the 320-ton steam vessel to be moved up and over a 40-degree mountain; new parts had to be obtained from Miami. A dam and a canal had to be built. A permanent charter plane crashed. A violent altercation between Machinguenga Indians and Amehucacas broke out, threatening the well-being of cast and crew. And due to the river water level, critical for the filming of two important steamship scenes, shooting was prolonged long into November and December. By the close of the ordeal, Herzog, in

Dreams, is seen looking exhausted and calling the jungle — formerly an unspoiled paradise — an "obscene," "miasmatic cesspool."

Herzog's favorite actor, Kinski, stars as Brian Sweeney Fitzgerald, aka



Klaus Kinski

Fitzcarraldo to the natives of Peru, an enigmatic entrepreneur whose dream is to build an opera house in Iquitos. He is the cultural liaison from the modernity of the city to the backwards rubber lands, and his tool is the music of Verdi and Bellini — immortalized by Enrico Caruso, for whom *Fitzcarraldo* rows 1,200 miles down the Amazon to see.

To finance his fancy, *Fitzcarraldo*, with perseverance and wild-eyed cunning, tries to be an ice producer and, upon failure, becomes a self-proclaimed rubber baron. Sealing a contract with the king baron of South America, Don Aquilino (memorably played by Mexican television celebrity Jose Lewgoy), *Fitzcarraldo* uses money appropriated by his long-time lover and friend, Molly

(Claudia Cardinale, always attractive and sometimes sweetly affecting), a brothel madame, to purchase a riverboat with which he can carry raw materials. A motley crew in tow, Panama-hatted *Fitzcarraldo* steams upstream (in the

with his gramophone and a passionately pursued enterprise. Midway, he encounters warring Jivaro Indians who, it so happens, have incorporated into their culture mythology about finding guidance and salvation from a white god whose magical vessel will deliver them safely over the evil rapids of Pongo das Mortes. Imminent conflict is averted. With 500 eager workers at his command, his sojourn takes on a religious, cross-cultural dimension, although *Fitzcarraldo* intends to moor his vessel before the rapids. Racing against time, but fiercely determined, *Fitzcarraldo* moves brushingly close to realizing his life's ambition, a fairytale vision which he describes as similar to "the cow that jumped over the moon."

Foiled by the fulfillment of the Indians' mythological participation, *Fitzcarraldo* is put to the test of his creative improvisation.

Months of setbacks and suffering have not snuffed *Fitzcarraldo's* flame for opera and Herzog, in his brilliantly playful if lazily-staged resolution, has *Fitzcarraldo* employ the earlier opera troupe transported down the Amazon for a one-shot, floating performance of "I Puritani." If you can't make it, fake it; *Fitzcarraldo* has moved his mountain and fulfilled the dream. Hail to the adage, "Man's test of genius is his ability to improvise."

Fitzcarraldo is rhapsodic for the same reason that it is periodically annoying: Herzog's penchant for the grandiose — the moments when narrative time stops and we are beckoned to sit in awe at his meticulously arranged mise-en-scene, his beautifully lighted and photographed tableau after tableau. Herzog is masterful, but too often in *Fitzcarraldo*, art, entertainment and storytelling become vying egos rather than symphonically connected facets.

And yet, who could resist Herzog's rugged originality, his energy or the way only he can capture a vermilion sunset, the touching of hands, or the curious splendor of Kinski's chisled physicality and haunting blue eyes?

Fitzcarraldo is neither riveting nor unshakable from thought, but it is vividly memorable. *Burden*

of *Dreams* is one the best filmmaking documentaries I've seen; as such it is eminently stimulating, and assuredly one of the best films of 1982, for it gives us a portrait of a dazzling man who has just tapped the source of his awesome interiority.

Fitzcarraldo is wrapping up its two-weeks-only run at the Victoria Street Theatre.



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Jam's Career Captured Live

By JAY DEDAPPER

Now that the phenomenal British pop band the Jam has disbarred, the fans have a mass of "new" releases to look forward to. While the British have a very good Motown-influenced five-song double seven inch EP, the American fans have been treated to a mediocre EP *The Bitterest Pill*. Surprisingly, it is the Canadians that have given us what we really wanted — live Jam. *Dig the New Breed* is an excellent collection of tunes recorded at various times throughout the Jam's career, following the band from their early gigs in London's The 100 Club to some of their final shows in Scotland. While there is a high concentration of tunes from the newer albums, the few old tunes provide a very good look into the Jam's past.

Side one opens with an early (1977) recording of "In the City," the title cut from their first album. Being the only recording on the record from their first few years of touring, it brings home the reality of their early successes. The freshness, vitality, and reeking youth of the Jam that gave them their early appeal comes through exceedingly well on this cut.

Reminiscent of early Stones and Who, the Jam was at first much more rough than they eventually became. This rawness is more pronounced in these early live recordings than it was in the studio. Yet the band sounds very melodic on this and all of the cuts thanks to producer Peter Wilson.

Following "In the City" on this chronological journey are three great cuts from *All Mod Cons*. "All Mod Cons," "To Be Someone" and "It's Too Bad" follow one another in rapid succession. Recorded at London's legendary Rainbow, the tunes bring out the best of the Jam's third major tour, the first one to bring the band to the States. These recordings capture the band during the first rapid ascent up the success ladders. While "All Mod Cons" is well done, "To Be Someone" loses some of the layers that make the studio cut so good. Especially disappointing is the lack of enough bass volume.

"It's Too Bad" is a bit of a surprise, however, as Rick Buckler opens with a clap-along dance drum riff. As guitarist Paul Weller and bassist Bruce Foxton join in, the tune jumps to life — if only we could see them on this one cut.

The album progresses from here into three tunes recorded in 1981 at the Hammersmith Palais. The first of these, "Start," is the perfect song to follow "It's Too Bad" as the audience participation increases. While European audiences are well known for both their recklessness and their knowledge of the music, rarely does this make its way into albums, especially ones that reach our shores at domestic prices. Chalk up another one for producer Wilson — he and the band picked some fine recordings.

While the package is obviously aimed at true Jam diehards in terms of the song selection, it remains a brilliant chronicle of the band's live performances. This is seen as the first side ends with a rousing rendition of the favorite (albeit obscure) "Big Bird" followed by a very inspired "Set the House Ablaze;" proving that performed live, the

tunes from *Sound Affects* are substantially better than they were in the studio.

"Set the House Ablaze" is an excellent example of Weller, Foxton and Buckler playing independently within the framework of the group. Each member is truly excellent on the respective instruments, especially within the open frame of the song. As the side ends, the crowd breaks into a rhythmic encore applause. Wilson here whets our appetites for side two.

The only tune from *The Gift*, "Ghosts," opens the second side. While it might seem that other, more Jam-like sounding songs would be chosen from the last record, this choice is perfect for an album that, as Buckler says, is "more than just 'an account of songs played live,' or a 'Greatest Hits'-type album."

"Ghosts" is a great tune and the live horns point out the maturing Jam. This recording is from March of 1982, a little over nine months ago.

Almost as a flashback, "Standards," from *This is the Modern World*, is a look at the Jam performing this tune over two years after its release. This is followed by a 1982 version of "In the Crowd." This is interesting, considering the adapted horn parts. The tune is somehow transformed live into something far removed from the original.

From here the band jumps into a crowd-pleasing version of the concert favorite "Going Underground." This tune is really great and deserves some attention here. It combines many of the band's best attributes, like the angry vocals and the strong union between Foxton and Buckler underlying Weller's violently melodic guitar licks.

The single "Dreams of Children" is a treat, showing new sides of the band. At times it is almost psychedelic; the repetition at the end is mesmerizing.

The album is wrapped up with first an almost acoustic "That's Entertainment" and finally an incredible recording of "Private Hell." There is probably no better song (especially this version) to end this type of record. It wasn't a hit, but it was one of those tunes that has great potential live. This time the band expands to allow some serious improvisation, Sounding almost like a talented Motorhead, the sonic assault continues to build and as the applause fades and the tonearm picks up, you reach for record two — only to find this is unfortunately a single record.

Peter Wilson and the band crafted this record almost to tease. The record opens up a new side to the band in terms of records. There are so many more tunes that we'd like to hear; the album begs for a sequel. Wilson can probably be given as much credit as the

Jam for the success of this record. What Wilson has managed to do is to capture the band on the stage and to successfully put it on vinyl. This is no mean feat, especially considering their live performances and the amount of feeling conveyed by their physical presence. While few live records are good to begin with, only a very few can even claim to capture the essence of a live act and be a good recording. *Dig the New Breed* heads this handful.



Still of the Night

Streep, Scheider in Thriller

By KEVIN CONDER

Still of the Night is an extraordinarily well-crafted psychological thriller. It is cut from the same tree as Brian De Palma's stylish *Dressed to Kill*, but is a vastly more involving film.

Both movies make use of a psychiatrist who becomes obsessed with a deeply secretive woman, a string of knife murders, and a very similar style of classy production.

In *Still of the Night*, Roy Scheider plays the former analyst of an art dealer who has recently been murdered; Meryl Streep is the dealer's past assistant and extramarital lover.

There's no doubt that, with

films such as *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Streep has firmly established herself as one of the screen's most talented actresses and, in *Still of the Night*, she delivers an intense performance as the fragile, yet powerfully sensual, mystery woman.

It is with Scheider, however, that we attain the critical character empathy that the film's freezing suspense relies on. It is with his character that we walk through Central Park, climb shadowy staircases and watch glittering knives move toward us.

The most fascinating moment in the film is a flashback to a Hitchcock-

style dream that the art dealer describes to Scheider. This sequence is a stunning and nightmarish network of Freudian symbolism; it is a frightening and breathtakingly photographed voyage into the workings of the dealer's mind.

The sequence contains such bizarre symbols as a screeching white eagle, a hollow-eyed little girl, a tint green box, and a bleeding stuffed toy.

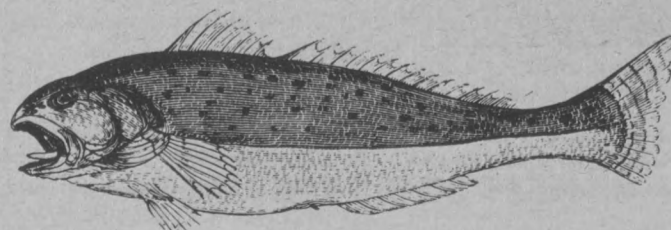
As Scheider looks through his notes from past sessions with the art dealer, he discovers that by unlocking the hidden significance of these symbols, he can figure out the murderer's identity.

Much of the plot unfolds

from Scheider's interpretations of this dream and, as *Still of the Night* flies along, suspicion for the murder seems to focus on Streep.

The story line from here on in is somewhat run-of-the-mill, but there are enough adrenaline-pumping moments of terror to keep the audience neatly perched on a razor's edge.

Perhaps the place where *Still of the Night* loses some of its considerable impact is at the predictable, although well-staged ending. But, for suspense and psychological terror, this is an outstanding and nerve-twisting film.



Trans Music

Young's Adventurous Leap

By BARRY EBERLING

Neil Young will have to use more than an acoustic guitar to reproduce the sound of his new record at his solo Events Center concert next Wednesday.

Trans is not a typical Young album. Rather, it is perhaps the most adventurous leap into the eighties that an established rock/pop star has made yet. Young has dispatched with his band and even his own voice through the use of three Vocoders.

Things begin normally enough with "A Little Thing Called Love." This rocker is the type of thing that Young can turn out in his sleep. Backed by such musicians as Bruce Johnson and Nils Lofgren, Young sings nondescript lyrics like, "Only love can give you the blues;" it's pleasant but nothing we haven't heard before.

"Computer Age" is a different story. First comes a synthesized lead in, followed by Young's electronically distorted voice. We hear several Young vocals as the song moves on, each more unrecognizable than the last. This could have been the theme song for the film *Tron*.

The rest of side one is devoted to what Young has dubbed "trans music." "We R In Control," "Transformer Man," and "Computer Cowboy" are all impossible to identify as Young songs if you judge by voice alone.

Side two leads off with "Hold On To Your Love," another conventional piece; and ends with "Like An Inca," which Young calls the future of his music as seen 15 years ago. In between are the trans song "Sample and Hold" and a

remake of Young's 1967 Buffalo Springfield hit "Mr. Soul."

It is this remake which shows most dramatically the new direction that Neil is taking. The song is a hybrid. Young's lead vocals are his own, but the harmony is inhumanly high-pitched and the guitar solo is played on a synthesizer. Young's past and present co-exist in this song.

Of course, a good record has to be more than just off-the-wall. So Young can play his voice out on a keyboard and end up sounding like an IBM creation. Why is that worth listening to?

Young pulls this record off because his trans songs are as well-crafted as any he has ever done. What's more, they are recognizably his own despite the space-age sound. If "Computer Cowboy" had a rock arrangement and a few lyric changes, it could have come off of last year's *Reactor*, or even 1969's *Everyone Knows This Is Nowhere*.

In other words, Young has been able to retain the best qualities of his old music while redefining it. "Computer Age" is futuristic, but it also has one of Young's most gorgeous melodies.

Still, a whole album of trans music could get tedious. And, given the transitional nature of this record, that would be the next logical step.

Don't bet on it, though. The man who followed up the commercially-slick *Harvest* with the hard-rocking *Time Fades Away* can't be expected to be predictable. Even an all-trans record would undoubtedly have a few new twists to it.

'Motown Hits' a Hit

By BETH GLAZER

Maybe I would have a hard time convincing you to buy one, let alone two, albums stuffed with Motown hits from the '60s. Maybe you would consider it when you realized that each album is a couple of dollars less than some supergroup's new album. The price, however, shouldn't be the only reason you decide to buy an album. With 16 *Number One Hits from the Early '60s* and 16 *Number One Hits from the Late '60s* from Motown, the low price is just a nice extra.

Almost anyone who enjoys good music should find things to like about these albums. Since these songs are from the golden years of early Motown, the selection of songs is not your average collection of '60s songs. There are a few clunkers, songs whose charm seems to have been lost over the past decade, but those are mostly confined to the *Late '60s* album.

Many songs on the albums will be familiar to anyone who listens to the radio, since many different types of radio stations play them, and also many bands do covers of them. Often the original is less well known than another group's version. For instance "Shop Around" seems to be an insipid song written for a woman if you're familiar

with the Captain and Tenille's version. The original by Smokey Robinson, is a lively dance song, and the lyrics have a slightly different meaning coming from a man.



Overall, the songs are quite optimistic. All but two are about finding, keeping or losing love. Their titles range from "I Can't Help Myself," "My Guy," "My Girl" to "Stop in the Name of Love."

The two exceptions are about "feeling good." They can get surprisingly sophisticated, though. The Supremes' "I Hear a Symphony" and "Someday We'll Be Together" are good examples of how far Motown can get from "Please, Mr. Postman" (Also on the

album, by the Marvellettes). The early '60s album is in some ways a better album. First, there is a larger variety of artists. The contributions of less well known groups like Junior

by the Supremes; and "I Heard it Through the Grapevine" by Gladys Knight and the Pips appear in amazingly different incarnations than the popular versions by Linda Ronstadt, Soft Cell and The Slits, respectively.

The Supremes were Motown's biggest group, and have a total of 12 songs on the albums combined. The Temptations follow with six songs, among them the sad, almost to the point of silly, "I Wish It Would Rain." Smokey Robinson is behind only to Diana Ross and Stevie Wonder as the biggest talent to come out of this era at Motown. The Miracles, with Smokey Robinson, do three songs, and Smokey writes three others.

The only other singer/songwriter is Stevie Wonder. His two songs "Fingertips 2" and "I Was Made to Love Her" are easily two of the best songs on the album. Other artists like the Four Tops, Mary Wells, The Marvellettes, Jr. Walker and the All Stars, and Gladys Knights and the Pips fill out the album with one or two of their best.

All in all, the combination of popular and rare songs, by both popular and almost-forgotten artists, makes either of these albums a good change of pace.

Walker and the All Stars, and The Contours, add a lot of vitality. Their songs "Shotgun" and "Do You Love Me," respectively, are among the most exciting. Since they aren't heard as often as some of the more popular songs they sound especially fresh and new.

Most of the songs of this album haven't lost the simple bounce of the '50s. This often gets lost in others' versions of the songs. "Love is Like a Heat Wave" by Martha and the Vandellas; "Where Did Our Love Go"

Eventualities

Footlight Frenzy will be performed Saturday night at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Brought to you by Low Moan Spectacular, this fast-paced farce is a play-within-a-play. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man, a film by Bernardo Bertolucci, will be shown Sunday at 7:30 in Campbell Hall as part of Arts & Lectures' New Directions in Film series. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.



Tognazzi, Bertolucci and Aimee.

Eadweard Muybridge's collotypes will be on view at the University Art Museum through Jan. 30. The show includes plates from the artist's *Animal in Locomotion* series made in 1887.

The Santa Barbara Songwriters' Guild presents their "Best of Showcase" concert Sunday evening at 7:30 p.m. at the Lobero Theatre. The show features 17 original songs performed by local songwriters. For tickets, call the Lobero box office, 963-0761.

Magic Music Magic will be performed at le P'tit Cabaret Dinner Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings through Feb. 5. For reservations, call 965-8982.

The Klezmorim, an ensemble of six musicians, will play the unique Yiddish jazz of Eastern Europe Wednesday, Jan. 19 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.

An evening of Jewish music featuring Serenade will be held Sunday, Jan. 16 at 9 p.m. at Borsodi's Coffeehouse in Isla Vista. The evening is sponsored by Hillel. For information, call 968-1555.

New Work in Color, photographs from G. Ray Hawkins Gallery, Los Angeles, will be on display at the College of Creative Studies Gallery through Jan. 28. The gallery is open Monday to Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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Unique and Exciting Bands to Play

By BARBARA POSTMAN



Wall of Voodoo

The job of the concert promoter is a difficult one. He or she must find two bands that complement each other, yet are not too similar. The Motels and Romeo Void were a good billing. The Motels and David Lindley would not be so good. Oingo Boingo and the Tubes were a good billing, as were Wall of Voodoo and the Surburban Lawns. Get the idea? The two bands should be of the same genre, so none of the fans will be shocked, bored or disgusted, but should not sound too much alike, because they shouldn't have to compete.

Judging by these guidelines, the Wall of Voodoo/Oingo Boingo concert at the Arlington seemed at first to be a grand mistake on the part of the promoter. Two bands could not have less in common. While a rhythm machine dominates the minimalistic music of Wall of Voodoo, sophisticated horn riffs are the backbone of the ostentatious, big-band sound of Oingo Boingo.

Stanard Ridgway, lead vocalist for Wall of Voodoo, wears a worn, black overcoat on stage, and sings in an almost dreary, caustic moan. He has been called "a rock 'n' roll Bogart in a trenchcoat," and one would guess from his appearance that he likes to hang around sleazy bars.

Lead vocalist for Oingo Boingo, Danny Elfman, on the other hand, has an incredible vocal range and energy, wears tank tops, and looks a bit like a muscular circus clown. While Ridgway rarely varies his vocal patterns, Elfman moves his voice up and down numerous octaves — one moment he's a screeching alto, another a smooth baritone.

Looking below their surface differences, however, one can find a surprising number of similarities between the two bands; the promoters are not as insane as one may have thought.

Both bands write songs that are biting and socially relevant. Oingo Boingo's now-classic "Only a Lad" is a comment on what society can do to a boy. At first listen, the tune seems to be just an upbeat, spry pop song, but if one listens carefully to the lyrics, an incredible depth is revealed.

The same is true of many of Wall of Voodoo's tunes. Sure, "Mexican Radio" approaches silliness (though its hooks are enough to keep one humming for hours), but most of the cuts off their recent *Call of the Wild* conjure up dark images of the seedy, depressed side of the west, one not seen in the average John Wayne flick. Witness the title track:

Air conditioning, good plumbing for sure, and to sell time/life books...above all to have a fair shake, to get a piece of the rock and a slice of the pie and to spit out the window of your car and not have the wind blow it back in your face.

The most striking similarity between the two bands is their difference — neither are even slightly like any other band working today. There is no one to compare them to musically, no predecessors or obvious influences. These are incredibly original and talented bands, and Friday's show promises to be entertaining and exciting.

The concert begins at 8 p.m. Tickets are available at all of the usual outlets and at the door.

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Irish Rebel to Confess

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

Irish actor Shay Duffin, hosted by Santa Barbara's resident theater company, Ensemble Theatre Project, will perform his one man show, *Confessions of an Irish Rebel* tomorrow, Saturday, and Sunday nights, at the Alhecama Theatre, 914 Santa Barbara St.

Duffin once made his living as an upholster for Princess Margaret, and later went to Canada as a singer of Irish folk tunes before he created his one-man show about Brendan Behan. It was in Canada that he had the inspiration to work on this show after viewing Hal Halbrook's rendition of Mark Twain. Duffin, who grew up in the same area of Dublin as the Irish rebel whom he creates in his show, describes himself as similar to Behan in build and countenance, though Behan, Duffin said, was "much pudgier than I." Behan was also an alcoholic which Duffin is not, although he does manage to polish off a few pints of Guinness during the show which, Duffin confesses, he does not enjoy nearly as much as Behan would have.

Duffin has personal feeling and admiration for the man he portrays. "Our personalities are very much removed," he said, "and intellectually I would like to be half way up to his standards."

Behan, who died in 1964, was a famous playwright, poet, and social outrage in Ireland, England and the United States. He was a man who painted vivid pictures of the Ireland of his time, criticizing war, capital punishment, and the penal system in his writings, while becoming famous for such radical behavior as falling asleep drunk on live T.V., and other various escapades which defied social propriety.

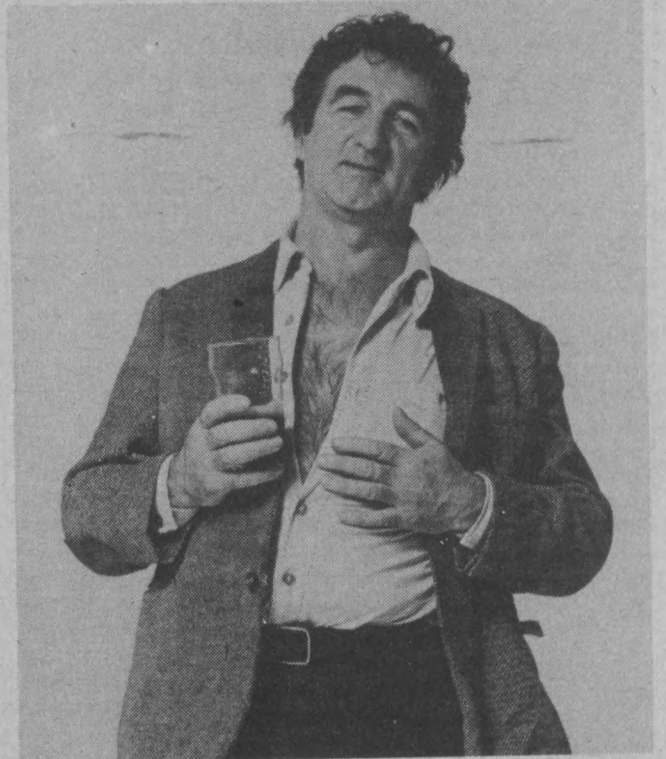
Behan's appeal, Duffin said, was caused as much by what he said, as by his wild antics in public. He won critical acclaim for his literary contributions as fast as he became the press' favorite topic for outrageous headlines on his latest public display. He was an honest man who stood up for what he believed in regardless of social conventions, Duffin explained, and he was known to come to the aid of those more downtrodden than he.

Duffin, who has been touring with this show for the past 12 years, is close to the rebel in some ways. Besides living in the same town as Behan, Duffin is familiar with members of Behan's family including the latter's 92-year-old mother who came to see *Confessions* in Dublin. Duffin described the part of Dublin he shared with Behan as housing such renowned writers as James Joyce, Samuel Beckett and George Bernard Shaw. Behan himself was also a great reader. "Brendan would have almost preferred to go into a bookshop than a pub," Duffin said. "There was a magic about him, but when he was drunk he could be a terror."

The two sides of Behan's personality were revealed early on when Behan, who was a published poet at 10, was caught six years later in England while working with the IRA. His prison experiences which followed were the subject of his best known works, *The Borstal Boy*, *The Hostage*, and *The Quare Fellow*.

Excerpts from these works make up much of Duffin's show as well as old Irish rebel songs and Guinness. Duffin essentially recounts the rebel's life with fragments from his literary works and actual occurrences in Behan's life. The show offers those interested in Irish history a chance to view it through the recreation of an important historical and literary figure: most importantly *Confessions* promises to be a fun evening of theater and entertainment.

The show begins at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday, and at 7 p.m. on Sunday. For tickets and information, call 962-8606.



Shay Duffin



Fast-Paced Frenzy

By PETER LEFEVRE

On Saturday night, UCSB is presenting the latest offering of the Low Moan Spectacular troupe, *Footlight Frenzy*. Given the reputation of the company for fast-paced scripts and super-energetic performances, the evening should be at least entertaining, if not painfully funny. Only two other shows have been produced by the group in their 12-year existence. The first, *El Grande de Coca-Cola*, received tremendous reviews from its New York critics, and the second, *Bullshot Crummond*, arrived from the Edinburgh festival in Scotland to play four years at the Hippodrome Theater in San Francisco.

In an interview this week, Ron House, a founder of the company, discussed the show and several other subjects.

Nexus: What is *Footlight Frenzy* about?

RH: It's a play within a play. A group of actors are putting on a show for the Rye School for Unusual Children. The play is called *Tarnished Silver*. That show is played backwards.

N: Backwards?

RH: The action of *Footlight Frenzy* is backstage, so the play within the play is performed to a dummy audience at the rear of the stage.

N: Who did the bulk of the writing?

RH: Myself, Diz White and Alan Shearman. We would write, then have actors come and do what we'd written and then go back and rewrite.

N: Are these the same people you started with?

RH: This is all the original company writers. We wrote *Bullshot Crummond* and *El Grande* together, too. The thing is that in L.A. you can get yourself in the position where you write a lot of movies and you do a lot of things and you get paid for it but it never gets on. That's when we went back to doing *Footlight Frenzy*. Because we had enough money under

our belt to say "Alright, I'm tired of doing non-projects that never get done." They never get on and they spend so much on a script and some executive reads half way through and passes.

It's nice to have the money. You have X amount of money and say "I'm alright, I do not wish to continue doing scripts that never get done. What's the point? The only way I could write a script and get it done is to do it myself."

N: How many are working with you now?

RH: We have a core group of about 30 or 40. It's a fairly big ensemble company. Low Moan is essentially a European company. I graduated from college at 24 and went to Europe where I stayed for 10 years. In London. I spent a lot of time in Spain too; that's where *El Grande* came from. That was a really great sacrifice time. I had one pair of shoes.

When I say European theater tradition, it's just that in England if you choose to be an actor you make a lot of money. You chose it because you wanted to do it. And the end product was theater. It was not a showcase to be transferred to television.

N: Why did you leave?

RH: Eventually we were faced with the decision of touring the Soviet block countries with *El Grande*, with performances in Prague, Warsaw, and Moscow, or to take it to New York. There was a better future in New York.

N: Can you compare British and American theater?

RH: The British attitude is that theater is a part of the civic cultural center. In America, it sometimes gets too crass, like you might be afraid that they'd close down a library if it didn't turn a profit.

N: How about the east coast and the west coast?

RH: It's a little bit easier on the west coast, but *El Grande* had a rave review from Clive Barnes in New York. I think there was over a month of the run where we had four seats unsold.

N: Which theater?

RH: The Mercer Arts Center which fell down.

N: Huh?

RH: It collapsed at five in the afternoon one day. Five people were killed. It was lucky the show wasn't on. We had to move it uptown.

N: Any early influences?

RH: I did a lot of Shakespeare early on. I've done 17 different ones, some very good roles.

N: Any favorites?

RH: "Now is the winter of our discontent..." (Here House recited a lengthy excerpt from *Richard III*.)

Both *Bullshot Crummond* and *Footlight Frenzy* have appeared on national television and the company is currently working on a play for possible performances as early as this fall. From Santa Barbara the play goes to Los Angeles, where House hopes to establish a permanent home for the show.

Footlight Frenzy is presented by Arts and Lectures Saturday at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. For tickets, call 961-3535.

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A.S. PROGRAM BOARD

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the bottom line...

An interview with A.S. Lecture Chair Adam Wolpert

Photos by Kevin Margulies



Last year's A.S. Lecture Chair, Dave Henson, is currently attending UCSB as a senior environmental studies major.

Dave: Why did you become lectures chair? What did you wish to accomplish?

Adam: I was interested in lectures last year when I was on Leg Council and through working on the World Community Conference and the Psychedelic Conference I gained enough experience to apply.

I wished to accomplish a few things. I don't bring big names who charge huge honorariums and only say what's expected of them. The hype and opportunism which has corrupted so much of society has crept into lectures as well. I'm interested in alternative viewpoints and creative programs which give students something they can't get in a class. As a student programmer I try to be more non-institutional and creative in my approach — this has been harder than I thought.

I also wanted to work with other campus groups and do a lot of co-sponsorships, that way the school gets more out of a speaker.

Dave: Adam, what were your programs like last quarter and how do you feel about them?

Adam: Last quarter I did three types of programming. The Nuclear Weapons Freeze, and the issue in general seemed to be central in students' minds. I organized a series on nuclear weapons and atomic radiation, which presented three perspectives and drew quite a few people. We had slide shows and a film, and worked with the Hutchins Center and Arts and Lectures. Larry Badash from the History Department got involved in the Nuclear Convocation, but it bombed because it was after the freeze and the issue had been beaten into the ground.

Arts and Lectures, Program Board lectures and some others brought Elizabeth Janeway and George Wald. They both brought important ideas to the campus.

The Middle East debate was the most popular event and the only one which students really got involved in. Doug Kaback and Rosanne Wood did most of the organizing. It was a good program — very emotional. I think people learned a lot.

Dave: How was the response to last quarter's lectures?

Adam: It varied. sometimes it was good. Generally

students here won't go to anything out of class that seems academic. I'm trying to let students know that lectures can be exciting and can expose them to new ideas in a more relaxed way. The ones coming up might have a wider appeal.

Dave: What are you working on this quarter?

Adam: The two major projects are the World Community Conference II and the Health in the 21st Century lecture series. There will be a few other music programs as well, and I'm doing a number of co-sponsorships.

Dave: Why are you focusing on the areas of world community and holistic health?

Adam: The World Community Conference started last year in February and we did our first in April. It was a totally new type of event which asked questions about world community, which are rarely heard and are not directly addressed in any class on campus.

World community is an important concept to explore and Santa Barbara is a good place to begin. Until we turn our minds away from the next five years and the money that we all must make and focus on the current global catastrophe, our situation will keep getting worse. Perhaps the conference will provoke some thought in this direction.

Health is everyone's concern and reliable information about health and healing alternatives takes time to find. The health series will bring students current experts in various health fields and hopefully will answer a lot of questions and concerns.

Dave: How do you see A.S. Lectures evolving?

Adam: It's expanding and realizing new possibilities. Anything can happen if the students would wake up. The resources are here to provide plays, have conferences and sponsor readings, bring people and set up workshops — virtually anything can be done. The creative possibilities are infinite but it all comes down to interest and individual energy. Institutionalized education has many problems and seeking alternative ways to learn should be part of everyone's college experience. We really have wonderful options.



This year's A.S. Lecture Chair, Adam Wolpert, is presently studying studio art at UCSB.

Health in the 21st Century

January 19	"Longevity: Fulfilling Our Biological Potential" Kenneth Pelletier, Phd. Lotte Lehmann Hall, 8 p.m. Admission: \$2 UCSB Students, \$2.50 General
February 7	"Humor: Creativity and Self-Healing" Professor Norman Cousins Lotte Lehmann Hall, 8 p.m. Admission: \$2 UCSB Students, \$2.50 General
February 14	"Laughing Your Way Through Sex and Relationships" Annette Goodheart Chem 1179, 8 p.m. Admission is free
February 23	"Laughter and Catharsis" Professor Thomas Scheff UCen Pavilion II, 8 p.m. Admission is free

Sponsored by UCSB Health Services and Associated Students Program Board

A.S. News Briefs

Cultural Events

Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday celebration will be held Friday, Jan. 14 at 8 p.m. in the UCen Pub. There will be live music by "Street Riot" a local Santa Barbara band featuring the Motown '60s sound. Free ice cream and cake will be served.

College Bowl

Teams of four can still sign up in the Program Board Office in the UCen. If you lack team members, we'll find you some. Competition will be held Jan. 24-28. Sign up deadline is Jan. 19.

Concert Info

Good seats are still available for the Jan. 19 Neil Young show. Tickets are \$13.50 and can be purchased at all the Tri-county outlets.

Question Authority Series

The Question Authority Film Series will continue throughout the Winter quarter. The films are shown every Wednesday night in Physics 1610 at 8 p.m. Films for Jan. 19 include "The War At Home" and "Don't Bank of Amerika." Publicity volunteers should contact the A.S. Program Board Office.



The Rave will appear tonight at 8:30 in the UCen Pub. Admission is free.

UCen Gallery

Budgett: A Bit of Magic

By STEVE SPRINKEL
Graham Budgett's exhibition at the UCen Gallery (until Jan. 21) is personal without being self-conscious and timely without being common. The topic is largely political and economic and the vehicle is sculptural... at least in the way that word can be defined in the '80s. Even though five large photographs tend to be among the most memorable works, the subject matter of the photos related directly to the sculptures on the floor or to the artist and an associate. In this way too, the exhibit swings more towards being a unified installation — but there are some exceptions.

From the point of view of content, Budgett's show is rich and agreeably provoking. One will not mistake the stance the artist has taken, but since Budgett has often chosen a punning, humorous route to arrive at his goal he allows the viewer to wander amid the work, learning without feeling sledgehammered by political rhetoric.

Budgett is wide-ranging without being scattered. His work is perspicacious and energetic. He chooses materials and means according to the velocity at which ideas arrive at mental completion; one of the more modest pieces in his show is a series of polaroid snapshots taken of chairs made out of improbable materials; kindling, sharp metal, roofing tiles, humans, and so on. None of the chairs still exist as they were intended — except as deteriorating piles or as temporarily documented experiments (on instantaneous film). This reverts back to the more or less instantaneous way the chairs were made and the overall idea is one of

ephemera.

The photography is nothing short of marvelous. All the images were composed within the camera — and not in the lab, which should give at least a few photographers pause. The photos are composites of a performance by Budgett and his associate. Choreography, energy, motion, organization with an eye to details as well as benign accident are indicated in the prints. The words which have been printed on the photographs are central to the content of the work, but were composed after the print was out of the darkroom. The ideas then were what occurred to the artist when viewing the image for the first time.

The photos relate to the sculptures on the floor of the gallery, and both relate to Budgett's political ideas. As he himself said: "I think I have finally begun to find a way to synthesize my political beliefs and my ideas about art. It's never been completely satisfactory — but this show is a beginning for that kind of thing."

The politics is the easiest part. What's harder is letting art (and not just graffiti, murals and posters) be the medium without the effect becoming more of a bore — or demagoguery of another color. If his desire was to make us think (without being overbearing) Budgett seems to have succeeded.

Three of the sculptures are on the floor and are spheres. They are all about three feet in diameter. "Eyeballing a Perfect Globe" is made of laminated cardboard — and while on one hand alluding to Utopia in a most general manner — the artist disarms the viewer with humor and by using such a ubiquitous and ordinary (valueless?) material. Cardboard might

not be on anyone's list of perfect things, but a perfect world, impossible as it must seem, seems to always be the goal that we think can be reached by a very simple means. What else is it that causes us to keep informed with newsprint, vote when we should and pray for peace? There's not heat like that of a lovers quarrel — or a political argument. And here Budgett takes the potentially volatile subject and renews it by soft-peddling.

"Enlightened Elements of the Industrial Class" is a ball of sticks and copper tubing lit from within by a bright red light. Mention the word "Class" and use the color red and you've got a socialist commentary, and a poet's way of introducing the subject. One of the photos "Post-Videogame-ism" is a put on with a punch — and it utilizes the aforementioned sculpture well. The words printed on the photo are a mocking of an amateurish advertisement for the toys of the present. But because of intentional typos and other "accidents" what the public is asked to invest in is a Wall Street Collapse.

Despite the topical content of Budgett's subject matter he has stopped short of creating one big message. The artist wants to communicate an idea and still retain a bit of magic in the work. He's an artist and not a sloganeer. Rather than the baldfaced content of newspaper front page headlines, Budgett's art is more a prognostication for the future given the realities of the present. The prevailing political wind is what Budgett proves he can deal with and his art stands alone on that.