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Little Cesar Meets Mormon Madonna

As I fumbled through Saturday's Entertainment section in desperation, my mind raced for something that would start my vacation off with a bang. My instinct said "stop" and I turned back to page three, only to find that Marie Osmond and her brothers were giving a special holiday concert at the Long Beach Terrace Theatre. What more could I ask for? I figured this was a twice in a lifetime opportunity since I'd seen Donny and Marie in concert when I was just a toddler.

Now came the hard part. Such important dilemmas as "What do I wear to the Osmonds?" "Can I afford it?"

"Is Donny gonna be there?" and "Was this show going to be a little bit country or a little bit rock 'n' roll?" rushed through my brain. Time was running out, so off I went with my partners in crime, Jan Farrell and Steve Towle. The time had come. I was now going to find out if Marie could live up to the "Mormon Madonna" title bestowed upon her by the L.A. Times.



Jan Farrell, Marie Osmond and Our Little Cesar.

After downing a few refreshments we sauntered in at \$18 a person, only to find out that Jimmy and Donny weren't going to be there for this performance. It seems Donny's trying to get his act together for the release of his new pop-funk album. By the way, he's dropped the "ny" and prefers to go by Don these days. I guess he's all grown up now, but to me he's still little Donny Osmond.

To our astonishment, Marie was headlining with her brothers (Wayne, Alan, and Merrill) as the opening act. It appears that Marie has recently had two Top 10 singles on the country charts and is in the process of a major comeback. Well, bad news sure travels slow.

It was time for the Osmonds. Out went the lights and out came Alan, Merrill, and Wayne clad in designer suit, leather jumpsuit, and cowboy outfit respectively. So much for the good ol' matching fringe jumpsuits. I could have sworn they were still in style. Their set included cover songs, but I couldn't figure out where I'd heard most of them before. It was probably a bad dream, but one thing that I had blocked out of my mind was that the

Osmonds are a very talented family. They did it all; trumpets, trombones, spoons, tap-dancing, and there was even a girl from Kentucky who had come just to get Merrill's banjo pick. C'mon sweetie, you can ask for a little more than that, especially if you came all the way from Kentucky. But then I got to thinking that maybe the Osmonds don't give out anything more than guitar picks. After all, this was an evening of Good Clean Fun. I also came to the conclusion that Donny was the family's only hope for rock 'n' roll, since the set was geared to the Ben Gay on the verge of country crowd.

I must tell you it was very disappointing. Not one good old Osmond rock number was done. They could have at least done "Hold Her Tight," "One Bad Apple," or "Having A Party," but this was not the situation. The set soon came to a close with their traditional version of "He Ain't

Heavy if He's My Brother" and on came the lights. I turned around and got my first glimpse of the audience. As I suspected, it was family night at the Terrace Theatre. Siblings in their matching ensembles ran amok in the aisles with hopes that they were soon leaving or at least that Mommy would escort them to the bathroom.

I was sweating bullets in eager anticipation of Marie's arrival, and sure enough, within twenty minutes she took to the stage. As usual she was all smiles as she tore through such standards as "Paper Roses," "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden," and even a twenty-minute tribute to Broadway musicals. Not that it's never been done before, but then Marie always was one for trends. She had us eating out of her hands and for the grande finale, she and her brothers sang beautiful Christmas songs for approximately twenty minutes. There was no stopping them now as they had the audience participating in those timeless sing-alongs. What a show! My friends and I even waited around in the hope of being photographed with such Utah nobility. Our wishes were soon granted and in closing I'd just like to say "Goodnight Everybody."

— Cesar Padilla

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BIG ART

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Ten men in tutus and toe shoes — these outrageous "primo ballerinos" are back for their fifth encore performance in Campbell Hall with their trademark parodies that satirize (and celebrate) the best of classical dance.

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ARL

Spaghetti & Pool Cues

I just finished watching Sergio Leone's *A Fistful of Dollars*. I've got a cigarette smoldering off the edge of my lip and an erect pool stick in my hand while deciding which solid to hit. I saunter over to the table as I reach to press the play button and listen to the only band that I can think of at the present moment. I'm about to let the departure of Stan Ridgeway leave my mind and openly listen to the new *Wall of Voodoo* album entitled *Seven Days in Sammystown*. I'm a firm believer that new-wave (a horrid term) doesn't get much better after *Wall of Voodoo*, and lo and behold I am not let down. Though surely this isn't the same band I first heard as a freshman in high school, they still represent my only immediate contact with the old west. For this I

thank them.

A long-time fan of spaghetti westerns, I often fantasize about one-horse towns, saloons, shoot-outs, and of course the lynchings. These, along with March Moreland's stringy guitar sounds, quench my thirst for the real America. Of course I can't leave out my hero, Johnny Cash, and once again *Wall of Voodoo* takes a Cash song one step further. This time around it's their haunting rendition of "Dark as a Dungeon."

If it hadn't been for the extra money I had after a ski trip six years ago, I might never have picked up their first four-song LP on Index records. In fact it was one of my first records: a wise choice.

I've now got four solids left on the table and it's my turn, "Blackboard

WALL OF VOODOO



Sky has just started and I'm quickly lost once again in the Voodoo vacuum. I easily submit, and I find the jerkiness of Stan's vocals and lyrics have been replaced by Andy Prieboy's fluidness, but hey, that's okay with me. There's enough ol' Voodoo mixed with new to make this one hell of an album. In fact this album is excellent, but then which (See SPAGHETTI, p.7A)

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Tales From The Crypt

It's an hour before showtime and the bible-thumpers have already set up temporary residence outside the sold-out Santa Monica Civic, anxiously awaiting the fire-and-brimstone arrival of The Damned. As the band van, adorned with the self-assured message "We are not the Sex Pistols", crept silently through the gates, the saviors made final attempts at rescuing the lost souls queued outside. Falling on unreceptive ears, their side show was soon taken on the road. So much for the wrath of adversity and organized religion.

Religious nutters are but the most minor problems that have plagued The Damned during their roller-coaster career. The band has survived the bailing out of their infamous original bassist, Captain Sensible, as well as being broke and unable to maintain a record contract. After two years in what drummer Rat Scabies termed "The Wilderness", The Damned are regrouped, augmented with new guitarists Bryn Merrick and Roman Jugg, and back on the English charts with *Phantasmagoria*, an album indicative of their new-found direction.

One can't underestimate a band like The Damned. Their resiliency over the past few years could make even teflon-coated Reagan envious. Born in the pubescent stages of the punk scene in 1976, The Damned

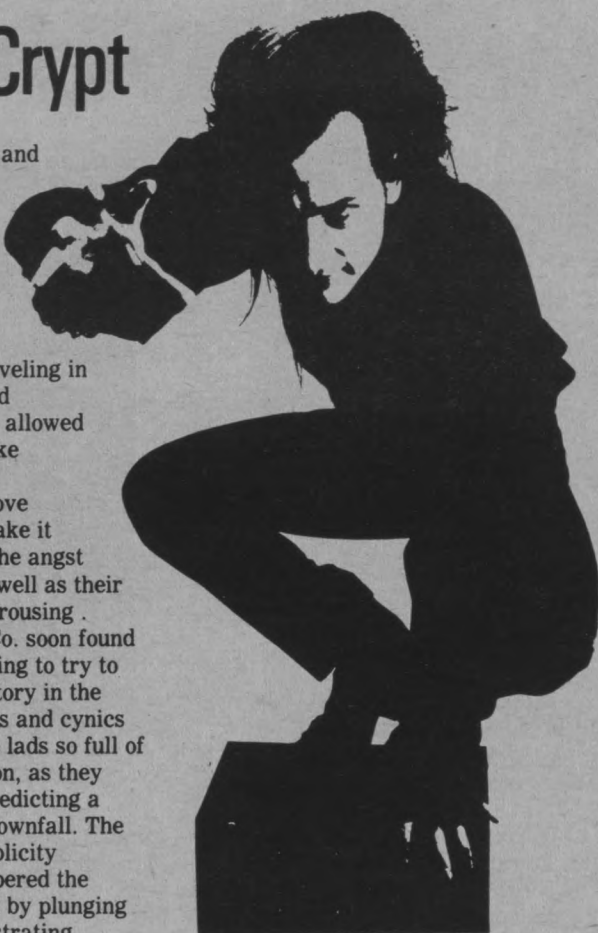
quickly earned and perpetrated a reputation as demented rousers who loved to trash stages and be caught pissed out of their heads. Reveling in the freedom and outrageousness allowed them, efforts like "Machine Gun Etiquette", "Love Song" and "Shake it Up" reflected the angst of the times as well as their penchant for carousing.

Scabies and Co. soon found themselves having to try to calm their history in the eyes of the press and cynics who loved these lads so full of reckless abandon, as they were forever predicting a blaze-of-glory downfall. The unfavorable publicity inevitably hampered the band's progress by plunging them into a frustrating sabbatical, with record companies scurrying for their ten foot poles (all the better not to touch you with).

The Damned eventually found a friend in MCA man Steve Kuttner. A long time fan of the band, Kuttner went boldly where few had gone before, and signed on The Damned. The rest, as they say, is about to become history.

Seems The Damned have finally solved the internal problems and gotten their act together. *Phantasmagoria*, their first release in over two years, has caught on and they are once again the darlings of the press (although Scabies still prefers to greet them with a curt "Fuck off").

The album is one that the English music press could easily get excited over. Largely put to rest are the sawing guitar and vacant screams



of their earlier material. What remains is an interesting progression for the band; the addition of more instruments like sax and brass and greater emphasis on Vanian's now stylish vocals.

Their new sound may send some former fans running for the sanctity of the crypt, but The Damned are merely proving wrong the punk disclaimer of bands with no musical talent. They have taken a darker path, hence the album and song titles and gothic organ on songs like "Grimly Fiendish" and "Sanctum Sanctorum." For those who are ready to give up hope, however, the B-side of "The Shadow of Love" contains "Night Shift", a fast-paced song reminiscent of older days.

The Damned are a band which appears to be in no danger of vanishing. After nine years and (See CRYPT, p.7A)



Phantasmagoria

Author O'Faolain — Time and Infinity

UCSB Arts & Lectures presents a reading by Irish author Julia O'Faolain on Wednesday, Jan. 22 at 4 PM in Room 136 of the UCSB College of Creative Studies. This free event is co-sponsored with the College of Creative Studies and the Department of English.

O'Faolain will read from her most recent novel, *The Obedient Wife*. Her other novels include *Women in the Wall*, *No Comedy for Young Men* (nominated for the 1980 Booker Prize), and *The Irish Signorina*.

The Obedient Wife is an incisive, wickedly funny novel of one woman's attempt to balance the conflicting demands of new styles and old values: after fifteen years of traditional Italian marriage Carla Verdi finds herself adrift in the Los Angeles suburb of Beverly Glen, a locale that erupts in random acts of violence (someone is after the neighborhood pets) plus the many natural disasters that herald the changing seasons in Southern California (rain and mudslides exhume the dead from

graveyards and wash rattlesnakes down on suburban backyards).

But *The Obedient Wife* is not just a novel about that which is "weird" in Southern California. O'Faolain writes with a deep, mystical yet earthbound sense of time and infinity that reveals her Irish Catholic cultural roots. It was in this vein that she wrote *Women in the Wall*, the gripping story of a fictional medieval convent. "Ms. O'Faolain can be alternately heroic and iconoclastic, lyric and mordant," wrote the *Sunday Tribune*. "And her language is as rich as any novelist writing today."

Julia O'Faolain is the daughter of the eminent author Sean O'Faolain, who wrote *The Decameron*. She lives in Los Angeles and London.

For more information call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 961-3535.

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SUPER SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1986 NEEDS A POSTER DESIGN!

"SUPER SATURDAY" is the theme for UCSB's annual open house. We are searching for a poster design that will stimulate interest while emphasizing academic focus as well as fun and celebration.

The poster will be displayed throughout the state to advertise the event.

The finished poster will measure 21½" x 15". Posters used in previous years are on display in Cheadle Hall 1325.

Please submit your design by **FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1986**, to: Linda Lindberg, Coordinator of Public Events, 1325 Cheadle Hall, UCSB.

We reserve the right to select a design other than those submitted in this contest.

'Out of Africa'

Extraordinary...

First there was *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Then there was *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Silkwood*, *Sophie's Choice*, *Plenty* and a few assorted roles in between. Now there is *Out of Africa*.

Meryl Streep is the actress of her generation. Her talent and artistry on screen far surpass that of her peers. Any role she plays is transformed from fiction to surreality. She breathes life and depth into characters so complex their weight would overburden the bulk of today's performers. Her latest role in *Out of Africa* is no exception.

Streep is Karen Dinesen Blixen (aka Isak Dinesen), a young Danish woman frustrated by the social game playing and confining expectations of her goal-oriented, gender-conscious family. When her lover spurns her affections she strikes a deal with his twin, Bror, exchanging her money for his title and the freedom of adventure in an exotic land. And so she journeys to Africa, and they marry.

Through her eyes we see Kenya and its peoples with a wonderment and awe equaled only by their astonished perceptions of her. Soon we come to realize that Karen is no ordinary woman. She is a story-teller. And it is she who communicates her story to us in the most eloquent terms. Her life, by its very nature, is epic. Her strength, by its magnitude, is heroic and relentless.

Upon her arrival in Africa, she is only momentarily out of element. Her ceaseless courage, wit and insight overcome the monumental cultural boundaries that she encounters. She is one who will always win over the toughest of opponents by her resolution and daring, be they the stodgy, chauvinist Brits in their all-male club or a young native boy with a diseased leg.

Streep's acting is impeccable. Her hands and tousled hair offer as much expression as her face. Though her accent is off at times, her intonation and superb delivery more than compensate. She is the proprietor of a coffee plantation and does not hesitate to labor side-by-side with her Kikuyu workers.

Bror Blixen, Karen's playboy spouse, is superbly played by Klaus Marie Brandauer. He is a low-down but lovable scoundrel of sorts whose dignity arises from his honesty, rather than his pursuits.

Robert Redford is Denys Finch Hatton, Karen's ultimate love and companion. Though the character is rich, Redford makes terrible miscalculations in his transference to the screen. Granted Finch Hatton was a solitary man, but Redford's attempts at aloofness seem more like inept pretension. Though he has the expressions and gestures mastered, his lack of intonation is annoying and ineffectual. He takes brilliant words and sounds as if he's reading for a high-school drama audition. Still there is a magnetism between the two — Streep and Redford, but the credit for this must surely go to Streep who, more often than not, profoundly



Isak Dinesen, 1885-1962

enhanced Redford's amateurish performance. Redford's Denys is like a smooth and polished stone off which Karen is reflected like an image in a still pond.

The relationship between the daring Baroness and the existential Finch Hatton is a beautiful example of what love can be. They are adventurers, mystics, lovers of life. Their connection rises above the trivial and into the realms of philosophy, literary consciousness and synergistic existence with nature. The discrepancies that did exist in their relationship seem reconcilable with time since each contributed considerably to the other's emerging world view. The real characters must have been truly magical together if their relationship in life was as all similar to the film's portrayal.

The cast as a whole was exceptional. The camera recording the characters in their environment with a soft and filtered focus served to soften the sharper edges of this distant and dangerous land. Sydney Pollack is, perhaps, an evolving American Attenborough. His technique is not so well refined but his pacing is perfect. *Out of Africa* courts its viewers in the tradition of the period in which it's set. It is gentle and rhythmic. The camera editing is appropriate, neither too sharp nor too slow. The imagery is as epic as Karen's personal adventures and triumphs.

The relationship she has with her houseman Farah is based on their kindred hearts. Though the cultures could not be more polar, Karen's respect and ultimate love for the native people is answered with their affection and loyalty. And though she is somewhat ethnocentric, she is overall beautifully human.

Out of Africa is a multifaceted film and, in that sense a reflective microcosm of life. It is a story of longing, the search for an end to longing, and, finally, the realization that there is none.

—Susanne Van Cleave

Filmmaker Neufert In Residence



West German director Detlev Neufert

West German filmmaker Detlev Neufert will visit UCSB through Feb. 10 as a Regents' Lecturer in the film studies program and the department of Germanic, Oriental and Slavic languages. As part of his lectureship, Neufert will give two free public presentations, sponsored by UCSB Arts & Lectures. The public is encouraged to attend.

On Jan. 16 at 3:30 p.m. in Girvetz 1004, Neufert will screen and discuss his film *Take Away the Night*. On Jan. 28 at 3:30 p.m. in the same location, he will discuss filmmaking in the Federal Republic of Germany in "Notes on the Most Recent German Cinema."

Neufert considers himself part of the "second generation of the New German Cinema," a group of young filmmakers separate from the older, well-known directors like Wim Wenders, Werner Herzog and the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder. These filmmakers had the still massive job of coping with the Nazi past and the war's devastation; thus many of their works reflect the conflicts of fascism and collaboration.

In contrast, Neufert and other young artists have turned their attention to the drama of everyday life in contemporary Germany and are now free to create new images of German life.

Neufert's *Take Away the Night* is a surprisingly pleasant telling of the rather depressing story: an orphan's search for freedom in a hostile, overly restrictive world of adults. Neufert gave his hero a vivid imagination and successfully blended an acutely realistic vision of life's terrors with the hopes and fantasies that allow the youth to escape from the seeming hopelessness of his existence.

"The mixing of dream and reality is what is interesting in filmmaking," Neufert has stated. "This mixing of dream and reality has something to do with German culture as well. This metaphysical origin — *Faust* from Goethe — is a complete mixing of metaphysics and reality."

Currently, Neufert is completing a full-length feature film called *Henry's Cadillac*, starring Peter Fonda. He has also completed a number of music videos and documentary films.

For more information about Detlev Neufert, call Arts & Lectures at 961-3535.

It'll Be A Big Season...

UCSB Arts & Lectures announces a diverse schedule of performing arts events for Winter 1986, which began Tuesday with *Foolsfire* and ends in March with the *Actors from the London Stage*. Nine music, theater and dance presentations have been chosen to reflect a broad spectrum of artistic traditions and ideas.

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo bring their outrageous parodies of classical and modern ballet to Campbell Hall next Wednesday and Thursday, with a program of old favorites — *Swan Lake Act II* and *Les Sylphides* — plus new works. The all-male "Trocks" have developed a reputation for riotous comedy as well as superb interpretation of dance technique and an astute sense of classical choreography.

Alexander Schneider conducts the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program on Saturday, January 25. Soloists from the orchestra will demonstrate the range of talents available to this well-established ensemble by performing music with special roles for bassoon, piccolo, violins and oboe.

Continuing a tradition of presenting young artists with plenty of promise, A&L introduces the Lydian String Quartet in Lotte Lehmann Concert hall on Thursday, January 30. The four young women of this ensemble won the 1984 Naumburg Award for excellence in chamber music. They will perform works by Mozart, Schubert and Charles Ives.

Returning to Santa Barbara is pianist Graham Johnson of the *Songmakers' Almanac*. Johnson's witty narration and vast depth of information intrigued audiences in his last visit here; now he accompanies three vocalists in a song

anthology entitled "A Tale of Two Cities: A Song Salute to London and Paris." The *Songmakers' Almanac* draws its repertoire for this program from the works of Britten, Poulenc, Holst, Debussy, Walton and Noel Coward.

The Tulsa Ballet Theatre, an

performing arts season is the return engagement of the *Actors from the London Stage*, in residence during the last week of February and the first week of March. Co-sponsored with ACTER and usually billed as the *Actors from the Royal Shakespeare Company*, the small



remarkable regional dance company, comes to UCSB for one performance only, on Wednesday, February 19. Performing the repertoire of the legendary Ballet Russe, the Tulsans create lush, exotic visions with excellently rendered classical choreography, dazzling costumes and well-loved music.

A highlight of the 1985-86 BIG ART

(Mar. 4).

Pianist Anton Kuerti (Mar. 5), a well-known Beethoven specialist, will perform a varied program of works by Schumann, Brahms and Schubert, in addition to Beethoven's Sonata Op. 78. One American critic compared his piano style and technique to Arthur Rubinstein and then stated, "Listening to Kuerti

(See BIG, p.7A)

professional touring ensemble this year draws actors from both the Royal Shakespeare Company and the National Theatre of Great Britain. They will perform a special five-actor version of a full-length Shakespeare play (Feb. 28 and Mar. 8) and Beckett's *This Evening*, an anthology program featuring the works of the great contemporary playwright Samuel Beckett

Ever Lost A Button-Hole

It was New Year's Eve and my lover was off in the Bahamas, while I, with my new-found monogamy, was destined to the less exotic, though comfortable, company of my family.

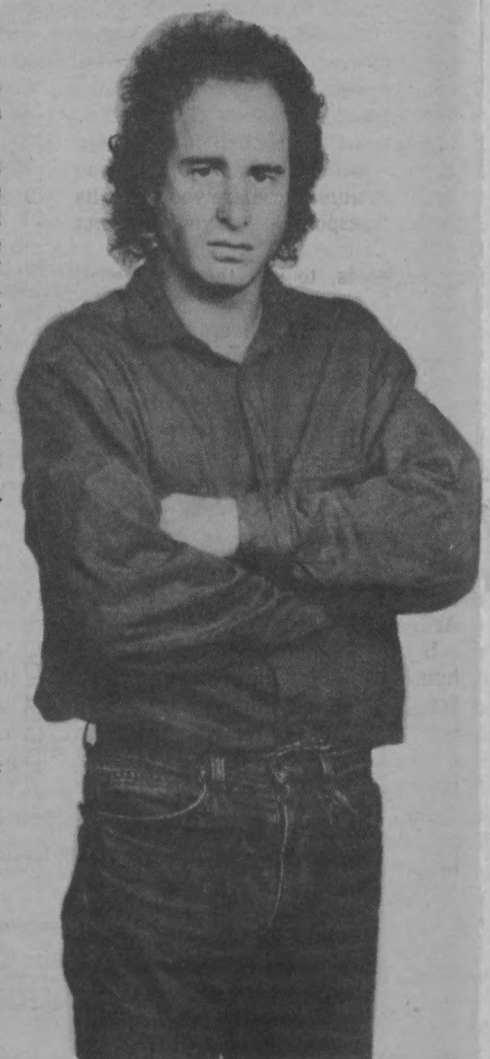
We settled lazily before a fire with the Christmas tree lit, the three various TV/VCR controls at hand and half a dozen bottles of champagne chilling to ring in 1986. On goes the TV and a tall man with a receding hairline and a swallowed grin appears; his sensibility betrayed only by his laughing stare. Within a few oneliners the subdued mood of the evening had been pleasingly shattered. I had tears in my eyes and

"My face won second place in the science fair."

— Steven Wright

couldn't sit up straight (from laughter, not champagne). The comedian's name, I learned later, was Steven Wright, a Boston-born humorist with unmatched wit and jokes so obscure they make you wonder what mind could possibly fashion anything so utterly bizarre.

To hear him describe himself, the term "weirdo" might seem appropriate. He says his face won second place in his elementary school science-fair and that he has the unnerving habit of losing his button-holes. His friends include an inventor



who makes synthetic hair-balls for ceramic cats and a woman who had poison ivy so bad it infected her brain. The only way she could scratch the elusive itch was by thinking of sand

Highway as Habitat — Birth of the Backseat

The images presented in the University Art Museum exhibit *The Highway as Habitat* depict the evolution of an entire culture in and around the automobile. The careful selection and juxtaposition of images in the exhibit make apparent the sometimes peculiar and often bizarre structures and institutions which evolved in America earlier in this century.

The imagery follows a very well defined theme; the automobile's assimilation into almost every aspect of American life. The scenes vary from rural to urban, from distant to intimate with an equally diverse range of viewpoints conveying to the contemporary audience a more than nostalgic idea of the varying scales of the American cultural and physical landscape. Images such as Arnold Eagle's "Luden's Esso service station, Elmira, New York" and

Harold Corsini's "Colorado State Highway 13" emphasize American tradition and continuity at a very human level. Other images such as John Vachon's "Under a viaduct, Bethlehem Pennsylvania" imply a society which has outgrown the individual.

Many of the aspects of America depicted in the photographs are nonexistent today. The images emphasize an America which blossomed and flourished during the development of the automobile and the highway and disappeared sometime thereafter. Photographs of neon signs advertising roadside bars, motels and diners, a restaurant topped with the tail of a World War II bomber, a forty foot bottle of Oceanspray Cranberry Cocktail, a hub cap display on U.S. highway 1, and the Hammtown (population 27) Diner tempt us to reminisce about that which we have never seen. There is a strangeness

inherent in many of the pictures for although the subject is America it is an America which is foreign to us.

The photograph as a tool for communication as well as a means of documentation was developed extensively by Roy Stryker and others during the Depression era. Stryker was appointed to document the effects the depression was having on the lives of the American people during their time. Under the Farm Security Administration one of Roosevelt's New Deal agencies, Stryker was employed to send photographers to all areas of the nation to record the lives of Americans caught in a dynamically changing society and economy. The result was an immense and unique document of American social history. The photographs give us a feeling and texture for the period with an impact no historian or textbook could ever reproduce. A number of photographers, including



Seghers, Children wait in car while mother and father do Saturday shopping in Albany, GA: 1955

Dorothea Lange who was commissioned to document the dust bowl and the displacement of farmers and sharecroppers in the 1930's, combined to produce a body of work which survived much political tumult. *The Highway as Habitat* eloquently presents us with one of the most important factors in shaping America's sense of self during the first half of the 1900's.

The prints in the exhibit are the result of one of Stryker's later projects. The political context which allowed Stryker to pursue his goals changed once Roosevelt left office. The Cold War, communist paranoia, the birth of McCarthyism and a general air of intolerance in government led Stryker to resign from FSA. His work in the advertising branch of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was an ironic compromise between a corporation aiming to sell big business (as well as their products) to the public and a man whose goal was to record the lives of the American People for the purposes of education and communication.

Stryker used his position and the pretext of promoting corporate interest to employ the insightful sensibilities of photographers with whom he had previously worked. The sensitivity Stryker and those who worked under his auspices felt toward their subject is evident throughout the exhibit. His vision of

honestly portraying the rich diversity and irony of American life during his time has been elegantly realized in *The Highway as Habitat*. The exhibit consists of selections from a body of work which was instrumental in the development of photography as a fine art.

Ulrich Keller, currently a professor of art history at UCSB, and University Art Museum's director and curator, David Farmer and Phyllis Plous have collaborated to create an exhibition that serves "a broad teaching purpose... by introducing unfamiliar works of art that have a special relevance to our society and ... (will) teach us something about ourselves." *The Highway as Habitat* can be enjoyed "as social documents or as works of art" or preferably both at UCSB through February 23.

— Charles Hutchins



Libson: August, 1945



Bubley, N.Y. mechanic helper Benjamin Green changing a bus spring; July, 1947

'Cammina, Cammina'

When You Wish Upon A Star



The Wise Men...

"Behold, wise men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying, 'where is He who has been born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and have come to worship him.'" Thus reads the Book of Matthew, and it brings to mind my early days of illustrated Bible stories and Christmas manger scenes. Scenes both glorified and glamorized, but around which reigns the shadow of mystery and innocent skepticism. It is this skepticism that *Camina, Camina* ("Keep walking, keep walking"), by Italian director Ermanno Olmi, strives to impartially explore.

Olmi examines these philosophical questions concerning the journey of the three Magi (and certain points of religion itself) exceptionally well without being overly hostile. He is, in fact, a devout Catholic himself. Most of

these questions stem merely from his love of neo-realist cinema. From the portrayal of the "star" as a comet or meteor to his meticulous blending together of all the accounts he could find concerning the Magi (including one by Marco Polo), he tears apart your traditional thoughts and forces you to remember that, the baby Jesus aside, these are real people we're dealing with. After a long tiring journey they finally arrive at their destination to find a young couple and their newborn child. The King? With their followers all around, their expectations peaked, Mel (Melchior, the first Magi) turns to his two comrades and says, "At this point we have no choice but ... certainty."

Mel's reliance on faith ("What would be the use of faith if everything were clear?" he asks some disillusioned pilgrims) is

matched by the child-logic of his young apprentice Rupo. Early on, while sacrificing a lamb for the sins of a young woman, Rupo defends the lamb's innocence by asking, "Why can't she (the woman) risk her own neck?" Later he asks, "But why do you always ask me things and then say that I can't understand?" We're given a record of credible human doubts, and of normal reactions to religious phenomena throughout the film that you wouldn't find in Bible study. Olmi's point was to separate what he sees as the reality of Christ and the dogmas of the Church. The followers who came to view the hope of a sacred birth are to be told later to worship the child's death.

It's an interesting film to say the least, and should be seen by Christians and non-Christians alike. Although the film's realization isn't as impressive as its intention, it should spark much thought. At 2 hours 40 minutes, the film's epic length detracted from its effectiveness a bit for me. At times, there was some Monty Python style satire which wasn't in keeping with the main focus of the film. I don't think farce and realism should be juggled around too often. Although Olmi's continued practice of using non-professional actors and the primitivism surrounding this film stray from my idea of the best style for this film, Olmi's work is admirable. In this case, content triumphs over form.

Showing at Campbell Hall, 7:30 Sunday.

— Karl Irving

Images in Third World Modern Cinema

"The Representation of the Third World Subject in Film: Cultural Production and Ideology" is the title of a mini-conference to be held on Thursday, Jan. 23 beginning at 7:00 p.m. in UCSB's University Center Pavilion. This free event is presented by the Center for Black Studies and UCSB Arts & Lectures.

The mini-conference will explore how the ideology of our society is expressed within the ideology of cultural artifacts (for example, motion pictures) and how these forms of expression reinforce structures of domination within society, such as racism, sexism and imperialism. Panelists Elliot Butler-Evans (UCSB), Edward Guerrero (UCSC), Cynthia Hamilton (CSULA) and Triloki Pandey (UCSC) will present four papers about the relationship between cultural practices and ideological production. They will discuss how feature films depict Third World people, using Steven Spielberg's film adaptation of Alice Walker's book *The Color Purple*; Michael Cimino's *The Year of the Dragon*; Sir Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi*; and John Sayles' *The Brother From Another Planet*.

For further information, please call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 961-3535.

n-Hole?

paper. He says, too, that he knows when his comically sordid life will end because his birth certificate has an expiration date. Some people fear heights, Steven has an excruciating fear of widths. If you ask him "Do you have the time," prepare yourself. His typical response — "yes, but not now."

Wright is, to say the very least, original. His show consists of a series of rapid-fire oneliners that are guaranteed to keep you at his comic mercy. You may have seen him on *Saturday Night Live*, or *David Letterman*, or *Johnny Carson*. Perhaps you've seen his recently released HBO special. Or maybe you've never seen him at all. Whatever the case, Santa Barbara has the rare opportunity to see him in person this Saturday, Jan. 18 at the beautiful Arlington Theatre.

If you like humor without a victim, humor that's intelligent and off-beat, fast and furiously funny, you have an opportunity to see the best comedian of the decade. He'll keep you off balance and hysterical, all the while maintaining a demurely amused presence that only serves to augment his performance.

If you see no other performer this season, see Steven Wright this Saturday. If it's true that what you're doing in the midnight hour of New Year's determines the rest of the year, I ought to be in tears with laughter. The expiration date on his birth certificate hasn't been disclosed yet, so don't risk him expiring before you experience his extraordinary drollery.

— Susanne Van Cleave

Commencement Schedule 1986

Saturday, June 7

3:00 p.m. College of Creative Studies
UCen Pavilion

Saturday, June 14

9:00 a.m. Social Sciences I
1:00 p.m. College of Engineering
4:00 p.m. Science and Mathematics

Faculty Club Green

Sunday, June 15

9:00 a.m. Social Sciences II
1:00 a.m. Arts and Humanities
4:00 p.m. Graduate Division

Faculty Club Green

1986 Commencement Groupings

Social Sciences I

Anthropology, Cultural
Anthropology, Physical
Black Studies
Chicano Studies
Business Economics
Economics
Economics-Mathematics
Liberal Studies
Combination Social Sciences

Social Sciences II

Communication Studies
Environmental Studies
Law and Society
Law and Society (Criminal Justice)
Political Science
Political Science (International Relations)
Political Science (Public Service)
Developmental Psychology
Experimental Psychology
Physiological Psychology
Psychology
Biopsychology
Sociology
Speech and Hearing Sciences

Science and Mathematics

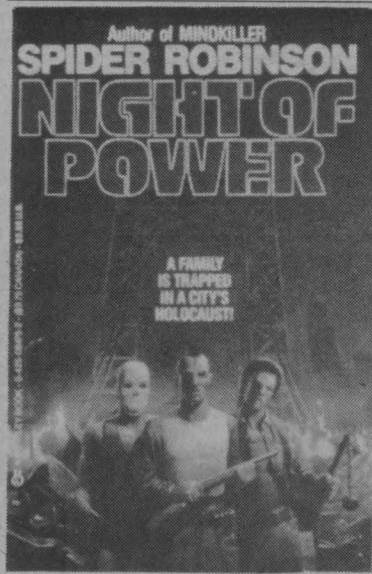
Aquatic Biology
Biochemistry-Molecular Biology
Biological Sciences
Botany
Chemistry
Computer Science (B.A.)
Ecology and Evolution
Environmental Biology
Geography
Geological Sciences
Geophysics
Mathematical Sciences
Mathematics
Microbiology
Pharmacology
Physical Education
Physics
Physiology and Cell Biology
Zoology

College of Engineering

Chemical Engineering
Computer Science
Electrical and Computer Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Engineering

Arts and Humanities

African Area Studies
Art History
Art Studio
Asian Studies
Chinese
Classical Archaeology
Classical Civilization
Classics
Comparative Literature
Dance
Dramatic Art
English
Film Studies
French
Germanic Language and Literature
Greek
Hispanic Civilization
History
History of Public Policy
Italian
Latin
Linguistics
Medieval Studies
Middle Eastern Studies
Music
Philosophy
Portuguese
Religious Studies
Renaissance Studies
Russian Area Studies
Slavic Language and Literature
Spanish
Theatre (BFA)



Night of Power
by Spider Robinson
Berkley Books, 287 pages, \$2.95.

Ender's Game
by Orson Scott Card
Tor, 357 pages, \$3.50

Often when I like a novel, I find it difficult to review because I don't want to give away any surprises. When I don't like a book, I have no trouble discussing what's wrong with it (unless it's something like the latest Xanthian drivel from Piers Anthony or the current Harold Robbins abomination, in which cases I wouldn't have enough space to list, let alone discuss, the problems). With this pair though, I expect trouble — they are both so damn good.

In addition to high-caliber writing, they have a few other things in common. Both came out too late last year for me to review then, both are science fiction, and both are set against backgrounds of conflict.

Spider Robinson has written many good books before, such as *Star-dance* and *Mindkiller* and *Melancholy Elephants* and *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon*, but here he outdoes himself. *Night of Power* is a charmed effort — a thoughtful book

Spiders & Cards

that moves. Dena Grant is black, her husband Russell and Jennifer, his teenage daughter from a previous marriage, are white; all three are Canadians in near-future New York City. The Grants normally wouldn't go there, for, in addition to being a pit, the Big Apple is racially polarized like never before, thanks to heavy U.S. involvement in an African war, among other things.

But "Dena is a gifted dancer.... Dena is a thirty-seven-year-old dancer.... She has no more than one or two good years left," and a she is offered one last big chance. So they have to go.

As soon as they get settled in, a race war breaks out, and the Grants are in the thick of it. Now, it wouldn't be too difficult to combine this idea with any of the current cliches to create a truly witless action story. But Robinson avoids this. He obviously has considered the causes and effects of racism a great deal and his thinking informs the story throughout — I love the way he casually demolishes the "property values" argument.

Sensible discussion of a current problem, combined with intelligent social extrapolation, combined with convincing, human characters, combined with exciting action, make *Night of Power* pretty near to ideal.

Ender's Game approaches conflict from a different angle. Andrew Wiggin (nicknamed "Ender" by his sister) isn't someone who is involved by chance, as are the Grants. He is at the center of the struggle even though he is only six when the book starts.

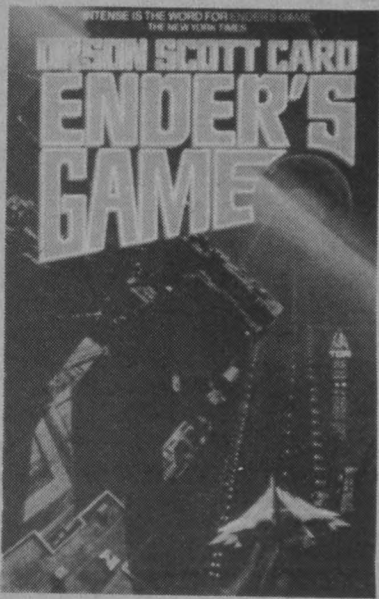
As a third child, Ender normally would not have been born at all, but he was bred as a military genius by the world government. Aliens have attacked the Earth twice and have almost wiped us out; the world

needs brilliant commanders before the Bugs finish the job. The brass take Ender away from his family and put him in a school with other budding geniuses, where he is subjected to grossly unfair training so that he might be a better, smarter leader. Ender turns out to be the best of them all.

But is the best good enough? I'm not going to spoil it by telling you who wins. What I will say is that after that happened, I thought the story was over and I thought it was pretty good, but it was neither, for the ending lifts *Ender's Game* to excellence. It is the best kind of stunning conclusion — a complete and satisfying surprise, yet one which has grown from the preceding story.

Ender's Game is currently leading the Nebula award nominations, and that is completely understandable. I haven't read much of Card's work in the past, but I will certainly be doing so in the future.

— Scott Lewis



Spaghetti...

(Continued from p.2A)

one isn't? I guess you could say I'm having my cake and eating it too. One clue is the fact that I have no favorite side. I want it all.

"Museums" has just ended and I'm in the process of sinking the wretched three ball. The ashes collapse on the floor while the madness sung about in "Tragic Vaudeville" possesses those noodles in my head. It's almost as if I were Bobby Brady ("Brady Bunch") in the quest to be just like Jesse James. The tape is now on its third play. They say "things get better with age." Maybe I'm stretching the validity of that statement to an extreme, but regardless, this record only gets better.

It's too bad that Wall of Voodoo is forced to live with the scar of being known as the guys who sang "Mexican Radio," but then the eight ball's just been sunk and my cigarette's on the verge of filter.

— Cesar Padilla

Free Reggae Celebration Dance

A free Reggae Dance will be held Saturday evening in the Old Gym as a tribute to Martin Luther King Jr. The event begins at 8:00 p.m. with an open musical jam session; bring an instrument.

At 10:00 the Rastafarian sounds of Jah-B-One will play for your skanking pleasure. This dance for racial equality is in celebration of Bishop Desmond Tutu's upcoming lecture, Tuesday, Jan. 21.

Crypt...

(Continued from p.3A)

almost as many record companies, their spirit will not be broken, even by religious fanatics. A cautionary warning to Satan; don't expect these boys in the near future. Looks like somebody up there has a soft spot for them after all.

— Brent Anderson

Big...

(Continued from p.4A)

play made one think of Gene Kelly dancing. You forget the technique. You just sit back, marvel, relax and enjoy."

Tickets for all Winter and Spring events are on sale now, as well as Choose-Your-Own series tickets for any combination of Arts & Lectures performing arts events. For more information, or to charge tickets by phone, call the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office at 961-3535.

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The BANGLES Heat Up UCSB Before European Tour

A.S. Program Board, KTYD, and Rockin' Chair proudly present THE BANGLES, next Friday, Jan. 24, at 9 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Tickets are \$7.50 for UCSB students and \$8.50 for general admission (subject to service charge). Tickets on sale now at Morninglory, Arlington, A.S. Ticket Office, and Licorice Pizza.

Having landed on over ten national critics' top lists, for their much heralded debut Columbia album *All Over the Place*, the Bangles captured the hearts and souls of critics and fans alike. As *New York Times* critic Robert Palmer exclaimed: "There is nothing lightweight about the group's rich four-part vocal harmonies, its solid rhythm section or the blend of its two guitars. First-rate songwriting, arranging, singing and playing make the Bangles one of the brightest new bands of the year."

The Bangles have now released their second Columbia album *Different Light* and, once again, Debbie and Vicki Peterson, Susanna Hoffs and Michael Steele have captured the spotlight with songs that demonstrate their gift for creating and blending intoxicating rhythms and contemporary lyrics. "We classify our music as 'S.O.R.' Song Oriented Rock" says guitarist Susanna Hoffs.

In the spring of 1983 the Bangles signed with Columbia Records.

Their first album met with widespread acclaim for its straight-ahead sound, well written material and tight, snappy musicianship. In reviewing the record, *Rolling Stone* wrote, "The Bangles have emerged to re-create that quicksilver moment when Beatle-esque pop commingled with American folk in a loving embrace that could give you the shivers." *BAM* magazine named it the best album of the year.

A summer tour for the Bangles saw them alternating between playing their own club dates and special guesting for Cyndi Lauper in 12,000 seat venues. They appeared on David Letterman's Late Night Program and were featured in concert at Radio City Music Hall. A quick visit to four European countries set them up as the American band to love. The scene was set.

The final step has been taken. The new album, *Different Light*, displays a growing musical maturity, while still retaining the Bangles' penchant for raucous rock music. Says Debbi, "There are more diverse sounds on the new album. It's generally a bigger sound and a more sophisticated approach." Adds Susanna, "basically we write songs about human emotions — on the new record we've explored different ways to express ourselves and our music."



From left to right: Michael Steele, Vicki Peterson, Susanna Hoffs, Debbi Peterson.

Latin American Film Series Continues Today

Missing will be shown this Tuesday at 8 p.m. in Isla Vista Theater as a part of the free Film Series, Art and Politics in Latin America. Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek and John Shea star in this film. *Missing* orchestrates a tautly constructed suspenseful political thriller about an American writer, John Shea, who mysteriously disappears in a politically torn South American country. Based on a true incident, *Missing* follows the frustrating attempts by his wife, Sissy Spacek, and his father, Jack Lemmon, to find Shea.

This film is the second in an eight-part series continuing every Tuesday until March 4. The series is free and sponsored by A.S.P.B., A.S. Student Lobby, Critical Issue Program, Central American Response Network, REAP and Students for Peace.

Film Schedule

Jan. 21	Missing
Jan. 28	The Tango is Also a History
	Ligia Elena
Feb. 4	First Look
	Black Dawn
Feb. 11	In the Name of the People
Feb. 18	Alsino and the Condor
Feb. 25	Roji-Negra, Breaking the Silence, Banana Company, History of a Committed Cinema, Waiting for the Invasion: U.S. Citizens in Nacaraqa
March 4	Todos Santos Cuchumatán: Report from a Guatemalan Village, Alpaca Breeders of Chimboya

The Sacred Hoop: Paula Gunn Allen

Paula Gunn Allen will lecture at UCSB Monday, Jan. 27 at noon in UCen Room 2. *The Sacred Hoop*, the title of her forthcoming book, concerns recovering the feminine American Indian traditions. Her lecture includes a discussion of the Sacred Hoop and the ceremonial images of the Great Mother and the centrality of female strength and intelligence in American Indian culture.

Allen, who teaches Native American Studies at UC Berkeley, writes of a spiritual and psychic geography embedded in the New Mexico skies and the deserts of Cubero and Albuquerque. Her past credits include *Shadow Country*, a book of poetry, *The Woman Who Owned the Shadows* which is a novel and her upcoming book *The Sacred Hoop*.

For Allen, poetry is both a



Paula Gunn Allen

sanctuary and a spawning ground, a place where ideas and action meet. Her poems suggest a sense of timelessness, of belonging to an ancient tribal past, of being what all poets once were; shamen, healers, prophets, translators and transformers of consciousness. Her poems are sinewy and delicate, a poetry of the lacunai and mergings of double con-

sciousness.

Her lecture, Jan. 27, promises to be intriguing and enlightening, it is co-sponsored with Arts and Lectures, American Indian EOP, American Indian Student Association, the Department of Religious Studies, A.S. Program Board, the Women's Center and is supported by the office of Affirmative Action.

Involvement Needed!

The Friday Concert Series Committee is looking for all interested folks who would like to become involved in scheduling, coordinating and working with bands. Please contact Bill McDonald in the A.S. Program Board Office (3rd floor UCen) if you would like to get involved. The committee will be working together for Winter and Spring quarter.

ASUCSB

PROGRAM BOARD CALENDAR

POP ART	Tonight in the Pub. Music starts at 8 p.m.
MISSING	Jan. 21. Tuesday at 8 p.m. in I.V. Theater.
THE BANGLES	Jan. 24. 9 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Special guests — the Stingrays. Tickets are \$7.50 for UCSB students and \$8.50 for general admission.
PAULA GUNN ALLEN	Jan. 27. Noon to 1 p.m. in Room 2 in the UCen. Visiting lecturer from UC Berkeley.



A.S. PROGRAM BOARD

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