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'Noise to Go' Needs to Go

By HUGH HAGGERTY

When two old farts like Nick Lowe and Paul Carrack joined forces after both leaving their formal back-up bands (Rockpile and Squeeze, respectively, mostly for reasons of ego) expectations were high. Expectations were largely met in their recent studio work together, but they should have kept their live act in the archives where it belongs.

Monday night's show in Campbell Hall was a clear example of what happens to old men whose minds have been dulled by their past glories. Consequently, the show seemed like a typical party with the local garage band sloppily playing all the old favorites just to please the crowd. If it made money before, why risk playing the new stuff?

The antiqueness of the

show was enhanced by the physical actions of the performers. Martin Belmont, the lead guitarist (poor guy) has recently suffered from two slipped disks and spent the show pickin' and grinnin' on a stool. I don't know why, but Nick played rhythm guitar and left his old forte, the bass guitar, in the hands of some guy who might as well have had a stool, too, as he spent the night in one spot making sure he was playing the right notes. With Paul Carrack and the drummer also seated, the only one moving at all was Nick Lowe, and that was only when he wasn't singing. It was kind of a shock after seeing Rockpile perform a while back with Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe duck-walking and running around with bigger grins than Howdy Doody.

The two alternated songs between each other, mostly

sticking to the oldies. I liked Nick Lowe's new album, but he only played three songs from it, and the band performed as though they had just learned them. Nick's songs had the audience dancing up front, as they had a heavier dance-rock flavor, while Carrack's material might've stood up well at a Las Vegas ice palace. He managed to cook up a nice jam session during the revival of his early '70s hit, "How Long Has This Been Going On," which he recorded with the Ace band. He also did all the oldies he wrote while he was in Squeeze. I was very disappointed when Nick brought out his old rocking standbys, "I Knew the Bride," "They Called It Rock," and "Heart of the City," because they were performed at a much slower pace than Rockpile did them which made them sound like hillbilly tunes from a hick-

band on *Hee-Haw*.

In addition to the ennu of the set, whoever was in charge of the P.A. deserves congratulations at making a tedious show all the more irksome: the left speaker column sounded like a special K-Mart transistor radio.

The opening band, 20/20, will forever be just that: an opening band. They've been working at it for almost five years now, and there is no future for them. Their sound is too washed out to generate any real excitement. The guitar sounds as though it's coming from the bottom of the ocean and someone should tell the keyboard player to quit working so hard at being a poser and drowning out the vocals with his stunning three-note leads.

The half-capacity crowd enjoyed themselves but those of you who missed the show didn't miss anything. The steep admission price would've been better spent on beer and a warm evening at home with friends and trusty stereo.



Eventualities

The Big Sleep, the classic film with Bogart and Bacall, will screen tonight at 7:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall as part of the Detective Fiction on Film series.

Rosalind Newman and Dancers will present "4:Stories," a full-evening work in three parts, Friday night at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The work brings together live narration, dance and music. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.

Father Brown, Detective and The Alphabet Murders will be screened Sunday evening in Campbell Hall at 7:30 and 9 p.m. respectively.


Delphin and Romain, the outstanding duopianists from New Orleans, will perform works by Schumann, Mozart, Luboshutz, Walker and Rachmaninoff Tuesday, April 26 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. For tickets, call 961-3535.

The Annual Graduate Exhibition opens at the University Art Museum Tuesday, April 26. That evening from 5 to 7 p.m., there will be a reception in honor of UCSB's MFA candidates whose works are featured in the show. The entire group of 1983 candidates will show in two group exhibitions, with Cycle I running through May 8. For more information, call the museum at 961-3013.

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'Let's Dance' Bowie Explores Modern World

By JAY DE DAPPER

To say that David Bowie is unpredictable does not do justice to the situation. Just when he seems to have settled down a bit in one vein, he comes back with something completely different. Things haven't changed much lately as Bowie's follow-up to *Scary Monsters*, *Let's Dance*, demonstrates.

Let's Dance is Bowie's first release in almost three years and follows in the wake of the odd, off-beat pop sound that he has developed over the past five years. This new record exits stage left from the realm of quirky pop and enters stage right into the reborn world of English neo-disco.

On the face of it, it seems as though Bowie has sold out by cashing in on the latest musical fashion. Such is not the case, however. *Let's Dance* is an exploration into our modern world from the viewpoint of a romantic David Bowie, in which he looks at the state of love and the state of the world.

Musically, *Let's Dance* is deceptively frivolous; it seems to be no more than a retreat of both the old American disco and the new English disco. Remembering, however, that we are speaking of Bowie, it comes as no surprise to find a good deal of brilliantly innovative and masterly conceived detailing that rivals anything Bowie has done in the past.

The big reason for the difference in sound is Bowie's choice of producer. Dropping long-time associate Tony Visconti, Bowie called upon Chic's Nile Rodgers for the helping hand. Rodgers took Bowie's concepts and meted them out very well. The result is one of the best sounding albums ever — it is cleaner than a Windex shine.

The record begins with an upbeat condemnation of the various diversions of modern sexual mores. "Modern Love" is a honky-tonk dance tune complete with all the dirty sax lines you could possibly ask for. (Clarence Clemmons couldn't do it better.) "China Girl," co-written in 1977 with Iggy Pop, follows and is memorable for the Santana-like quality of Stevie Ray Vaughn's guitar soloing.

All seven-and-a-half minutes of the title cut are next. While this appears to be no more than a calculated dance-floor hit, Bowie throws things off balance with lyrics that insist on being taken seriously. "Let's Dance," in the context of the record, is a confused look at the actions, as opposed to the inner feelings, of love. Musically the tune is quite good, especially during the long breaks in which the tenors fight each other off. It is definitely something more than

another mindless dance tune.

"Without You" ends off the first side in a surprising way. It doesn't ask to be danced to or listened to in the same way as the first three tunes. This is Bowie at his most romantic — we're dealing with the real, old-fashioned love here, folks. Nonetheless, it is perfectly placed to bring side one to a close while building anticipation for side two.

In "Ricochet," Bowie dares us to look at the root of our social problems, suggesting that we will find them to be merely ricochets of our own bullets:

*Like weeds on a rockface waiting for the scythe ricochet-ricochet
The world is in a corner waiting for jobs ricochet-ricochet
Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall
And who can bear to be forgotten
March of flowers — March of dimes
These are the prisons, these are the crimes*

"Criminal World" is another tune concerned with the modern world but on a more personal level. The theme song from the movie *Cat People* is next and is slightly different from the original with no noticeable change for better or worse.

Bowie's parting shot is an utterly danceable exercise. "Shake It" is all about the "virtues" of the nightclub dance spot and the mating ritual indigenous to the scene. It is a bit of irony in which Bowie leaves us standing. The journey through the Bowiesque modern world is sharply different from most of the other attempts at this type of thing. But then again, one expects that from the man who brought us *Low* and *Station to Station*.

Let's Dance is unusual also for its cover. Bowie is fitted as a turn-of-the-century prize-fighter which juxtaposes nicely with the seemingly air-headed title. What the cover represents is again what we find inside: while the world exists today with its many bad attributes, there is an underlying hope that prevails. Bowie isn't trying to be philosophical here, he is just looking at our confusing world through his special view and giving us some of the images. Maybe those images are clearer than our own.

Most people won't like this album for those reasons, however. This is a fun record and most will buy it to dance to, which is fine. It is ironic, however, that those are the same people that Bowie is humorously exploring and exploiting.

Enough interpretation already, let's dance!

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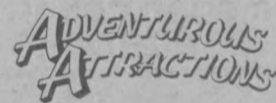


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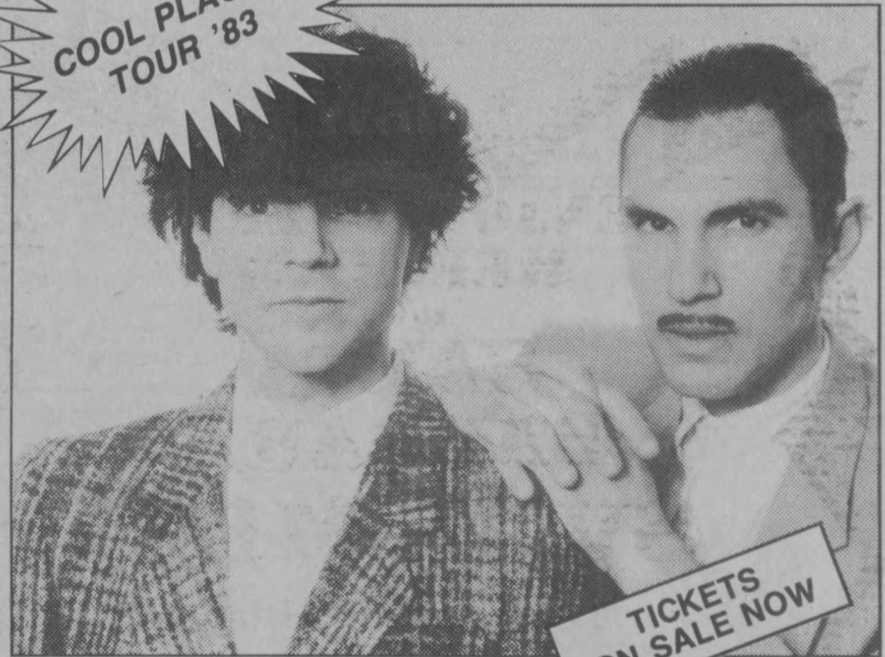
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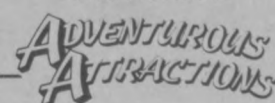
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'Flashdance' Fizzles Out

By JOHN KRIST

I suppose one can't expect a lot out of a movie that opens at a drive-in theater, but I admit to a certain attraction to slightly offbeat films — you know, the ones that could have been terrific and unique, but have too many flaws to be considered successful. Drive-ins are often good places to find them.

Flashdance, a new film by British director Adrian Lyne, has flaws to spare. The dialogue is insipid, the plot is plodding, and acting has been kept to an absolute minimum. That's fine — with writing like this, the characters are all caricatures anyway, so any attempt to breathe life in them would be doomed to absurdity from the start.

The story concerns the dreams of a bar dancer named Alex Owen (Jennifer Beals) who makes her living working as a welder during the day. Not satisfied with the limited opportunities for personal fulfillment offered by erotic gyrations in a working-class bar in Pittsburg, she hankers after a career in classic dance. She also has two friends — a woman named Jeanie (Sunny Johnson) who wants to be a professional ice skater, and a fry cook at the bar who wants to be a professional stand-up comic. The author's message here, drummed into the viewers' minds with all the subtlety of a sledgehammer being applied to thick concrete, is that everyone needs to have a dream. Just in case no one figured it out, Alex's boss and lover (sappily played by Michael Nouri) tells it in so many words — "If you give up your dreams, you die."

Whew. Heavy stuff. I kept being reminded of *What's New, Pussycat?* where the words "Author's Message" flashed in neon in the upper right corner of the screen when this kind of garbage was being spewed out in forthright tones by the protagonist.

The problem is that such sentiments are true, but *Flashdance* presents them in such an unappealing manner as to make us feel like sneering at them. To feel the aspirations and disappointments of these characters, we must empathize with them, but there is precious little incentive to do so. Alex can't dance — she has no classical training (she can't even get up on one toe), and she's a spoiled, immature bitch besides. How much can you care about someone who wants it all but isn't willing to pay her dues (like training for 15 years before she tries to take the

ballet world by storm).

Jeanie can't ice skate very well. Again, who cares all that much about her bruised feelings when she falls on her ass during a show? Well, she did train for two years. *Two years?* Come on, this is the big time. Olympic calibre skaters strap on the skates as soon as they stop crawling on all fours.

And (you guessed it) the aspiring comic isn't funny. How many dumb Polack jokes can you listen to before your thoughts turn to tossing your salad at the offending comedian?

Pursue your dreams — it's a worthy cause. But if you expect anyone to root for you while you do it, you'd better first make sure that you have the innate talent, drive and courage to do so. Just wanting isn't enough.

The film's only strong points are in its unusual style of photography and film editing. Two scenes — one in a gymnasium where the flashdancers from the bar work out, and one actual performance by Alex on stage — are vital and eye-catching in their intensity and sense of rhythm. The visual style is a little like that of rock-video — quick cuts from one angle to another, static camera positions, while bodies and faces move in and out of frame in time to the music (Joan Jett and the Blackhearts doing "I Love Rock and Roll" in the gym scene) — that are interesting in small doses.

Even this doesn't save *Flashdance*, though. Apart from these two scenes, the cinematography quickly becomes flat and boring. Every scene is backlit, which makes for a nice effect once in awhile (the silhouettes of lean and muscular females engaged in strenuous activity takes on the flavor of moving sculpture occasionally), but used unrelentingly it seems to indicate severe limitations in the director's vision.

Halfway through the movie, one gets the feeling that it is nothing more than some bastard hybridization of television soap operas and television commercials — absence of logic, emphasis on petty personal relationships, and shallow perception of human needs and motivations — and as such, it is a little frightening. After all, it's bad enough when that kind of crap appears on the tube (no one has ever seriously claimed that commercial TV is an art form), but we have a right to expect a little more from a medium as rich in possibility and history as the cinema. Are feature-length video games the wave of the future?

'Max Dugan' One of Simon's Best

By PETER LEFEVRE

From the animated titles to the end, Neil Simon's new movie, *Max Dugan Returns*, is by all accounts a winning picture full of improbable but not impossible events and an enthralling cast. It exemplifies the style that Simon has developed in his years of writing. It is fast-paced and clever and uses the character relationships to evoke laughs rather than merely stringing together a number of loosely related jokes. There are slapstick falls, car chases and nosy neighbors, and although these elements seem familiar, they produce an overall effect that is a monument to Simon's genius. It works, and that's what counts.

Marsha Mason plays the lead again; this time she is a

teacher who lives in a low-rent urban California area with her son. One day, their car is stolen and detective Donald Sutherland is assigned to the case. The car is found wrecked, but Mason and Sutherland hit it off instantly. That evening the mysterious Max Dugan returns. Max is Mason's father, a man just released from jail. Max, played by Jason Robards, has six months to live and a briefcase full of cash. He wants to spend his last few months alive with his grandson and is willing to pay a high price. Mason refuses the cash, but cannot stop Dugan from buying presents which he does in the best of extravagant styles. Police Lieutenant Sutherland begins to get suspicious, and Max clears off to Brazil after

hiring a batting coach from the Chicago White Sox to teach his grandson to hit.

Sentimental, yes, but not unpleasantly so. The construction may seem to be too artistic to make a real visceral connection with the audience, but it is just this type of comic structure that is most effective. The heightened sense of truth gives occasion to amusing commentary in ways that real life can never hope to match. While what happens is so unlikely it may only happen in the minds of playwrights, it offers a version of how things should be.

While certain actors, sports heroes, or politicians may serve as role models, in that they provide a person to identify with, the elements of the plot in a Neil Simon work give one a sense of attitudinal aspiration. The characters act as we would like to act in that situation. Whether that situation has

the remotest chance of ever occurring is not a point. It projects what is acknowledged as morally, spiritually or emotionally right in senses of the extreme, and the audience has an opportunity to absorb those attitudes and incorporate them in their own life. While it is not possible, and not in the least desirable, for there to be a million Humphrey Bogarts, it is somewhat desirable to live in a world in which people can confront catastrophe with a nominal sense of humor and wisdom.

This is what makes the difference between a writer's film, an actor's film and a director's film. A movie with Faye Dunaway is usually termed a Faye Dunaway film. A film directed by John Ford is usually termed a John Ford film. This is a Neil Simon film. What distinguishes it is that it concentrates on the (Please turn to pg.7A, col.1)

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'Local Hero' a Rich Find

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

After the press screening, one hostile and particularly disgruntled audience member called it capitalistic crap and oil industry propaganda, but *Local Hero* is neither. One could interpret this David Puttnam (*Midnight Express* and *Chariots of Fire*) produced and Bill Forsyth (*Gregory's Girl*) directed film as an attempt by some elitist concern to whitewash the average movie-goer's mind with petrochemical piffle; however, *Local Hero* is really a gently uplifting and affirmative film, representing a belief that today's society has its faults and weaknesses, but we are not inextricably bound together in a downward spiral toward abyssmal ruination. As writer and director, Forsyth has issued a mild indictment of corporate oil power playing. Yet the film never lashes out with preachy indignation, as did *The Formula* of two years ago. *Local Hero* is successful as a comedy-drama because it is not simply ribald slapstick, nor is it arrogant, mordant intellectualism; it is just a groove to the right of subtle — without being insulting or boring. The film has problems, but it must be appreciated for its small film feel, melding imagination and craft.

Mac MacIntyre (superbly underplayed by Peter Riegert of *Animal House* fame) is called up from "Mergers and Acquisitions" and sent to Scotland to purchase a quaint fishing village so it can be transformed into a giant refinery which will give Knox Oil and Gas a North Sea stronghold and, therefore, a global advantage. The major hurdle is not the very down-to-earth townspeople, who are more than willing to part with their small fishing hamlet lifestyle, but it is a hermit beachcomer named Ben who has title by virtue of an ancestral deed to six miles of waterfront property. None too coincidentally, Ben's last name is Knox. The plot thickens with the addition of a saucy



marine biologist (Jenny Seagrove) whose watery predictions and webbed feet are clues that something fishy is going on. Ben and Marina, of course, provide the necessary conflicts the film needs to arrive at a very predictable but satisfying ending.

Burt Lancaster is excellent in a supporting role as Mac's Knox boss, Felix Happer, a megalomillionaire whose eccentricities make him very charming in a neurotic sort of way. With a planetarium and a kitchen built into his skyscraper suite, Happer can stargaze and whip up an omelette with only a few paces of effort in between. When Happer gives Mac his "go east, young man, and look to the heavens every night" speech, Lancaster brings to mind the salesman optimism and droll humor he's been perfecting from *The Rainmaker*, *Elmer Gantry*, and *The Swimmer to Atlantic City*. He is childish and powerfully commanding at the same time. He possesses a radiance of vitality, despite the inner disturbance of a man who has not found total peace of mind. To combat pressures and balance his tendency to dream, he engages in abuse therapy with a psychiatrist who assaults Happer with the raunchiest of insults, going to such lengths as to hang from a window washer's belt outside Happer's office suite window and spray paint

"Happer is a mother f---." And it's all very amusing, especially when Lancaster quietly rings his secretary and informs her that there is a lunatic outside his window and she should inform the police to shoot to kill.

Forsyth shows his maturity as a filmmaker by dipping very warm and believable characters into situations which poke fun at our milky American notions. Despite a few unfortunate excesses (such as the way he presents a Scottish punker) *Local Hero* is a bittersweet comedy that offers an enticing escape.

Mixed Bag of Musicians at La Casa

By DAN FLYNN

A small but dedicated band of fans turned out to see Long Gone Miles and the Down Home blues band deliver their non-nonsense brand of blues music at La Casa de la Raza on a stormy evening last Monday.

Blues has always attracted a mixed-bag of fans — at any given show you're likely to see people of all ages and social statures. However, I have never seen such diversity in a group of blues musicians as in the Down Home blues band: The lead guitarist was the spitting-image of Kris Kristofferson, complete with cowboy hat and boots. The drummer's long hair, rat's nest beard and generally stoned expression made him look as if he'd be more at home in the Grateful Dead or Lynyrd Skynyrd. The bassist was a dumpy old fellow who hung his mouth open in a dopey fashion and had hair the color of old dishwater — my friend commented that this joker looked like he owned a hardware store. Where did Long Gone find these characters — at a swap meet?

None of these guys were outstanding musically, either — although they did play some pretty good, straightforward blues. The true stand-outs in the band were the guest artists — local harmonica man Tom Ball and veteran keyboardist

Ernest Lane. Ball appeared comfortable and worked well in the electric format, and his solos received appreciative applause from the hometown audience. Lane, however, emerged as the hero of the evening — his deft piano playing and pounding solos earned more than one standing ovation.

Long Gone Miles, decked out in a three-piece suit and hat, obviously enjoyed being back in the spotlight after his 13-year retirement. The lanky Louisianan kept the spirit of his former partner Lightnin' Hopkins alive by favoring many Hopkins' tunes in his repertoire, including "Trouble Blues," "Mo Money, No Honey," and the rousing closing number, "Long Gone like a Turkey through the Corn." Miles' affable stage manner quickly endeared him to the audience, and many in the crowd raced to the front for a bit of free-form dancing during the up-tempo numbers.

Although Miles doesn't have the creativity of Albert Collins or the dynamism of Johnny Copeland (Copeland's show last month at La Casa was a sizzling display of live blues at its best), he is a solid performer who is keeping the time-honored blues tradition alive. The next local blues show will be on May 9, when legendary bluesperson Koko Taylor will blow in from the windy city of Chicago.

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Celt Harpist to Play

The harp is not one of the most common instruments in the world today, particularly in the genre of folk music. But Alan Stivell from the historical land of Brittany has revived the Celtic harp after centuries of disuse.

Stivell has used the Celtic harp, an ancient instrument which is smaller than the modern harp, in leading a growing Celtic music revival in Europe and North America. It was only last year that 39-year-old Stivell first played in North America, but local folk music lovers will have the rare opportunity to see him next week.

Stivell's involvement with Celtic music dates back to his early childhood, when his father built the first modern Celtic harp; Alan debuted the instrument in 1953.

The Celts themselves have a long and somewhat distinguished history. Originating in what is now southeastern Germany during the Bronze Age, they reached their height as a people in the last five centuries B.C. when they expanded to Italy, defeated the Roman army in 309 B.C. and occupied Rome for half a year. They later invaded parts of Spain and Britain, eventually mixing



with other ethnic groups.

Stivell's songs are in a variety of languages, including the Celtic tongues of Welsh, Cornish, Breton and Gaelic, along with a few in his native French. Although the English-speaking listener may not understand the actual words, reviewers have marvelled at the ease with which audiences still absorb the basic message.

The songs on Stivell's 13 albums range from Irish jigs to lively drinking songs to political pieces, such as one recounting the Irish Revolution of 1916. Most of his albums are available only as imports, but Rounder Records has released some of them in this country, including the classic *Renaissance of the Celtic Harp*, and the recent *Journee a la Maison*.

Musically, Stivell's work centers around the harp and the wide variety of emotional sounds it evokes. But he also plays the bagpipes, tin whistle and the rarely-heard bombarde, a primitive oboe-like instrument. The music is both rhythmic and eloquent; one reviewer describes it as the 15th-century version of *Tangerine Dream* — music which tends to flow over you rather than piercing the skin.

Stivell will be in concert at the Victoria Street Theatre on Wednesday, April 27 at 8 p.m. The show is a presentation of Stephen Cloud and the Jazz and World Music Society.

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Comedy Troupe Addresses Feminist Issues

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

On Saturday, April 23, Hot Flashes, a San Diego-based four-women comedy improvisation group, will make its debut in Santa Barbara with two evening performances at the Westside Community Center, 423 W. Victoria Street. Hot Flashes promises to be unusual because two-thirds of their show is based on improvisation and audience participation.

The improvises are sparked off by suggestions from the audience, and require the four members of the troupe to trust each others' imaginations and to think fast. Hot Flashes member Sheri Glaser explained, "We take suggestions from the audience and then decide how to set it up — we have to trust each other enough to go on and on and deeper and deeper into the improv."

The key to doing improvisation, said Robyn Samuels, is "getting out of the way of yourself and not just trying to be funny." By "just trusting, relaxing and looking" at the other members of the group, Samuels said, the improvises come naturally to the four. The remainder of the show comes from shared personal experiences and views on the things affecting the society at large. In one skit, the group inacts the lives of four 13-year-old girls at a slumber party. "That was a time when everything seemed so tragic for all of us we didn't know how we'd ever get through it," Samuels said, explaining that all of the women in the group have been through some "really hard times."

Samuels feels, however, that the issues raised in their show are universal ones. "We want people to be able to recognize that and say 'hey! I know what that is' or 'I've been there too.'" After recognition comes the laughter. Samuels explained, "We don't shun pain, but we show the other side — and that is how pain and happiness go together."

Maureen Gaffney summed it up quite simply: "Great comedy comes from great pain."

Included in their repertoire of subjects are aging, sexual freedom, equal opportunity, lesbianism, dieting, and the news.

Most of their material is not written down, however, and because of this their rehearsals are rather unusual. Besides rehearsing the songs they sing in the show, the four women practice improvisation — unpreconceived, spur-of-the-moment drama — in their case it is comedic drama.

'Return of Max Dugan'

(Continued from pg.4A)

words as the communicative source more than any other technique.

A director's film may use any number of gimmicks including huge visual effects, grandiose soundtracks, symbolic editing and others to give his version of the world to the viewer. The actor's film offers the persona as the prime focal point. The actor need not say anything, merely be in the middle of a series of interrelated actions. The actor's film is one of beautiful people whom we wish we shared physical qualities but not necessarily moral qualities.

The writer's film uses the language as the medium. Since the language is the clearest and most direct form of communication, it appeals to our senses on several levels other than our capacity for excitement in watching space battles or our appreciation of poise and beauty. It appeals to our

dramatic sense of unity. It is what we want to see when we see someone like us strike it rich and do so in an attractive and grammatically amusing fashion.

It is for this reason that this movie is so successful in its realization of its goals. These are people we resemble unlike several of Simon's past films such as *Murder by Death* and *The Cheap Detective*. Not only could one see no parallel between what is happening on screen and what might happen outside the theater, but the mere unbelievability of the characters and plot

Sometimes the urge to practice improv comes as a whim, however. Glaser recounted one incidence in which she, Samuels, and other Hot Flashes members, Gaffney and Maggie Gillette, went to a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant. While two of them went in to order the food, the other two pretended to be two 16-year-old boys waiting for their girlfriends. When the others returned with the food, the four of them continued to play out the activities of two 16-year-old couples at a take out place. "I wish we had it on video," Glaser said of the incident.



The Hot Flashes act is not limited to small theaters and fast food restaurants, however. According to Gaffney, a 70-year-old man, after seeing the show, arranged for Hot Flashes to do their act at his birthday party in his private home. "Most of the people there were in their 60s and 70s," Gaffney said, "and they loved us."

So far everyone else who has seen their show loves them or at least is inter-

ested. "The audience may not agree with everything we say, but most likely they'll go home thinking about it," said Gillette. "Our idea is not to ram anything down people's throats, but just to present things and share things," explained Glaser. She feels that much of the group's success is due to "our ability to laugh at ourselves and situations without putting ourselves or anybody else down." Although they bill themselves as a "feminist comedy cabaret," the group is very much concerned with reaching audiences of all ages and sexes; they try to bridge the gap between gay and straight audiences as well.

They particularly want audiences to be able to see past the stereotypes of women and feminism. They all agree that the term "feminist" is a necessary one, "because we have been second-class citizens for so long." To Samuels, feminism is "an acknowledgment and honoring of women, women's qualities, and things associated with women." Feminism does not, says Gillette, imply "a castrating female out to get the male race." Nor is the term "feminist comedy" a contradiction. "I was sitting in a cafe once, and I overheard this conversation between two women who had seen the show and didn't recognize me; 'I just went to see this show called Hot Flashes,' one of them said. 'Isn't that a feminist group?' the other asked; 'Oh no! they're really funny!'"

The two performances, which are a benefit for the Women's Community Building Project, run at 7:30 and 10 pm. For ticket information call 965-6073.



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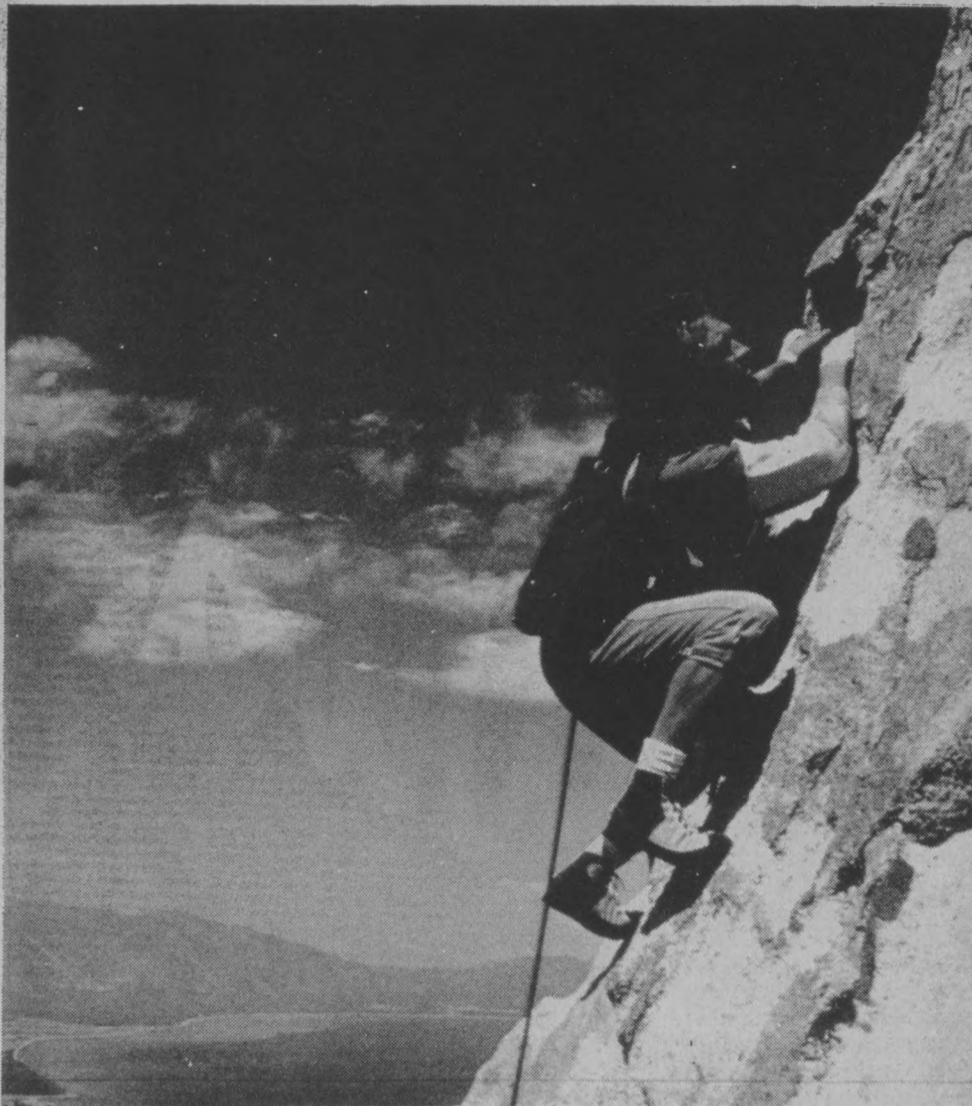
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A. S. PROGRAM BOARD

Editor:
James Watts

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'5000 Mile Earthwalk'

Armed with only the bare essentials, including two cameras, Dave and Phil Walker completed a 14 month, 5,000 mile journey from Alaska to Mexico. The result of this spectacular achievement is a 55-minute, 9 projector, 3 screen multimedia presentation narrated by Orson Welles, and with the music of Vangelis and Pink Floyd. "Earthwalk" is an aural and visual trip through every imaginable terrain, exposing portions of the North American continent normally unseen.

Always preferring the less-travelled back country route, grizzly bears, glaciers, snow-capped peaks and raging rivers

were frequently encountered. Variations in the weather didn't stop Dave and Phil. They swam near-freezing streams, trudged through waist-high snow, scaled mountain peaks and bushwacked over dense trails. Throughout their trek, they recorded what they saw on film.

Most of the 2,100 slides in their presentation were taken with an assortment of lenses from wide-angle to telephoto, along with a tripod and time-release shutter. Their amazing photography, depict them hiking and jumping over gapping crevasses, perching atop finger-wide pinnacles, or canoeing down a peaceful Canadian lake. One of the most baffling

slides is a shot that was taken on an Oregon Coast beach with Dave and Phil's footsteps leading to two abandoned pairs of shoes. The strange thing is there are no footsteps leading away from the scene.

"Earthwalk" is an exhilarating experience for anyone who sees it. For the amateur photographer, "Earthwalk" is inspiring. Sponsored by Eastman Kodak, "Earthwalk" will be seen on several campuses in the northeast and in California. This breathtaking multimedia event will be presented on Thursday, April 21, 1983 at UCSB in the Old Gym. For further information call the A.S. Program Board at 961-3536.



"Girlfriends" will be the first film in this series.

Women's Film Series

The ASPB Women's Film Series has been rescheduled for the month of May. The films will be shown every Tuesday night at 7 and 9:30 p.m. in Geology 1100. Admission charge is \$2 for students and \$2.50 for non-students unless otherwise indicated. Series tickets can be purchased in the A.S. Program Board office for the low price of \$4. The schedule is as follows:

- 5-3 *Girlfriends*
- 5-10 *Not a Love Story* (free) * Chem 1171
- 5-17 *Lady Sings The Blues*
- 5-24 *Julia*

Sponsored by A.S. Program Board and the A.S. Commission on the Status of Women.



The Centenary of Marx

"His name and his work will live through the ages," said Friedrich Engels at the gravesite of Karl Marx one hundred years ago.

It was Karl Marx who originated and developed the social science of dialectical-historical materialism, contrary to the philosophical idealism of Hegel, yet still maintaining the "kernel" of Dialectics, and transcending further to include Ludwig Feuerbach's ideas of materialism.

In a rare UCSB visit, Raya Dunayevskaya, the founder of Marxist-Humanism in the U.S. will give a lecture on "The Centenary of Karl Marx: The Revolutionary consciousness of Minorities and Women" Monday, April 25, 7 p.m. A \$1 donation will be requested at the door.

Raya (one time secretary of Leon Trotsky during his exile in Mexico between 1937-38) is the author of numerous "provocative and critically acclaimed works," like "Rosa Luxemburg, Women's Liberation and Marx's Philosophy of Revolution," "Marxism and Freedom"

and "Philosophy and Revolution."

Raya has been a participant of the black freedom movement during the Civil Rights struggles, reflected in her book, "American Civilization on Trial, Black Masses as Vanguard," and in the recent introduction to "Frantz Fanon, Soweto and American Black Thought."

Raya Dunayevskaya is a dynamic speaker, stimulating audience discussion and engaging in "the battle of ideas." She has lectured throughout the world on a wide range of subjects. Most importantly though, as Herbert Marcuse said of "Marxism and Freedom," "(she) shows not only that Marxian economics and politics are throughout philosophy, but that the latter is from the beginning economics and politics."

As a teacher, she has presented a series of six seminars on "Women as Thinkers and Revolutionaries" for the University of Michigan-Wayne State University Courses in Adult Education.

Her latest work, "Rosa Luxemburg, Women's Liberation and Marx's Philosophy of Revolution," reveals the startling feminist dimension of the revolutionary theoretician Rosa Luxemburg and reveals new moments in the last decade of Marx's life.

For decades Raya has persistently and consistently insisted on freedom for women. She believes the current Women's Liberation Movement has made significant gains and made unique contributions. She has been featured at a multitude of special women's programs — from Women's Week at UCLA to the Women's Festival of San Diego's Center for Women's Studies; from International Women's Day Celebration at Wayne State University to the Berkeley Women's Center.

For those who question the effectiveness of Marxist-Humanism in society this lecture can only imply inevitable controversy and question raising. Such a thing is what Raya Dunayevskaya encourages. We encourage you to come.

Tonight

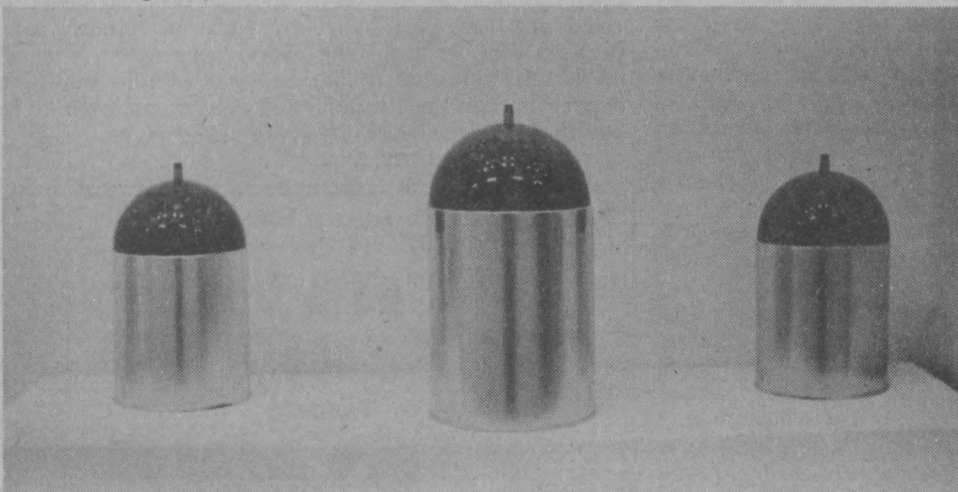
Israel's Best Folk Singer

Israel's Best known folk-singer Chava Alberstein will be appearing in concert at UCSB. Chava Alberstein, winner many times of Israel's "Grammy" and The King David Award for top female vocalist, will be appearing with Parvarim, Israel's most celebrated folk duo. Yossi Hury and Ori Harpaz play traditional and contemporary songs

which include selection in Hebrew, Yiddish, Latino, Greek, Spanish and English, with a distinctive Middle East flavor.

Chava Alverstein has a wide-range repertoire in many styles of music including, folk, ballad, jazz, cabaret, soul, and pop in Hebrew, Yiddish, and French as well as English. These CBS recording stars

will be performing at Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall at UCSB, Thursday, April 21 at 8 p.m. Tickets are on sale at the UCSB A.S. Ticket Office, third floor University Center and at the Santa Barbara Ticket Bureau. Admission \$6 students and \$8 general public. For more information call 961-2064, A.S. Ticket Office.



Sculptures created by Ras. Michael (above), and mixed media compositions by Ras. Kali (below) are presently on exhibit in the UCen Gallery.

