

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Tandy Beal & Bobby McFerrin

Duo of Dance and Narration Creates Play of Whims

By Pam Carniglia

Lean and casual in black 501s and tennis shoes, Bobby McFerrin sauntered onto the stage with his only props: a stool, the microphone, a giant bottle of Perrier, and his unbelievable voice. A few minutes later Tandy Beal appeared, tall and graceful with long, dark hair pulled back from an expressive face which was never far from a smile. The two clasped hands and smiled into each other's eyes as they prepared to turn Campbell Hall into a fascinating and whimsical playground for everyone present.

The evening was a rare one of magic, improvisation and inspiration. The creative genius of McFerrin's spontaneous vocals and the jubilant dancing of Tandy Beal and her company were masterfully woven together to create a powerful and playful spell that entranced and involved the entire audience. The closeness and chemistry between all the performers was immediately apparent and highly infectious.

Beal started the show with some quick, random dance steps and pantomime, freezing in place after a few seconds and looking toward McFerrin with a challenge in her eyes. He raised the microphone and translated her movement into sound with his voice. The conversation between the two different artistic mediums continued with Beal's movements becoming more elaborate and expressive and McFerrin's vocal interpretation of them increasingly appropriate and amusing. The positive interplay between the two was both amazing and uplifting.

McFerrin had the same rapport with the other dancers as well, the dynamic intricacy of his vocals blending perfectly with the fluid grace and captivating clowning of their spirited dancing. The show was a quick-paced series of short, varied dances interspersed with solo work by McFerrin which delighted and astounded the audience. It was hard to believe that the symphony of sounds and rhythms we were hearing could be coming from a single man.

The movement was entrancing as well; the six dancers incorporated many themes and costumes into the vignettes that held something of interest for everyone. Their timing and spontaneity was flawless, as were their superbly sensitive reactions to each other. They turned their bodies into parts of a machine existing purely as forms and shapes for some pieces, other times incorporating very human emotions and organization into their dances.

One section that illustrates the playful genius characteristic of the entire evening began with shiny silver streamers being strung across the stage. The dancers dodged among them and using their bodies and huge cardboard musical notes, turned them into a leaping, jumping, madcap melody. McFerrin's voice followed the notes on the silver staff demonstrating incredible range and a multitude of sounds and tones.

McFerrin's signature charisma and humor had everyone entranced. Frequently he ventured into the audience, making a whole song out of someone's name, affecting a British accent while showing late comers to their seats, and even spraying his Perrier out over the first few rows. Our

inhibitions were nearly nonexistent, leaving us to enjoy the show from a refreshingly free and child-like perspective. He even performed an entire encapsulated version of "The Wizard of Oz."

At one point, McFerrin divided the audience up and orchestrated a giant round which had everybody singing and swaying. Volunteers ran up on stage to form a four-part choir which sang an even trickier tune. Finally, the dancers swept through the hall pulling people out of their seats to form a swirling, careening mass of contrasting movement and patterns. The intimate involvement we enjoyed with the performers made their art accessible to us in an especially tangible way.

When things had quieted down again Tandy Beal appeared in a white jumpsuit playing with a mammoth, slow-moving pale blue balloon nearly twice her size. The classical grace and joy of her dancing held us in breathless silence, all eyes raised to the strangely symbolic bubble suspended above her. The hush was broken only by McFerrin's rippling sound effect as the globe left her hands and was passed by many

others until it had circled the room and returned to her open arms.

The curtain opened revealing a towering pile of small white balloons. Soon, arms and legs appeared turning it into a giant, disjointed bubble bath which in turn became a mad chase as one red balloon floated from the sky and became the object of everyone's desire. It popped loudly in a cloud of dust and as the dancers stood startled and bewildered, a multitude of colored balloons poured from the ceiling and transformed the finale into a fantastically unified game.

The whole experience can only be described as an inspiration. There was not a single face without a smile, and every heart was lighter for having experienced the work of these two incredible artists and dreamers. We had been given the priveleged present of an understanding and appreciation of extraordinary vocal improvisation and innovative modern dancing. It was a precious gift, wrapped in an enticing, colorful and irresistible package which we will always treasure in our memories. I only wish that you all could have been there.



UCSB



Arts & Lectures

A Celebration of Australian Art (and a word of caution)

This year marks Australia's bicentennial, and as that nation continues its continent-wide celebration, we are celebrating with a performance by the Australian Chamber Orchestra, on tour from the Sydney Opera House.

On Saturday, February 20 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall, the **Australian Chamber Orchestra** and American pianist **Jeffrey Kahane** will present a delightful concert of works by Mozart, Bartók and Schubert, plus a new work by Barry Conyngham, an Australian composer. Headlining the program is Mozart's unforgettable Piano Concerto in B-flat, No. 27 — a musical piece that's about as old as Australia and just as unique in its vision and sensibilities.

The work by Barry Conyngham, "Suite from *Bennelong*," is an orchestral arrangement of a new musical theater piece commissioned for the bicentennial and based on the life of Bennelong, the first Australian Aboriginal to travel to England.

This concert will be the Australian Chamber Orchestra's Santa Barbara debut. But pianist Jeffrey Kahane already has a "name" here — he surprised audiences with a performance of style, depth, skill and maturity when he played here in 1983, as a guest on A&L's young artists series. In the past five years Kahane's reputation has continued to grow — by now he has accompanied many of the best symphony orchestras of the United States and played in major recital halls as well.

Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko has been a folk hero in his own country and well known to American readers for several decades. Two years ago he visited UCSB and gave a poetry reading; next Sunday his first feature film, **Kindergarten**, will have its Santa Barbara premiere at Campbell Hall.

Kindergarten is obviously the work of a poet; its images and ideas come from deep within his memory of wartime childhood and, like memory, the film has a rhyme and reason all of its own. *The Los Angeles Times* called *Kindergarten* "an unabashed, jubilant, heart-on-its-sleeve, brimming with energy" kind of film, acknowledged Yevtushenko's evident love of filmmakers like De Sica and Fellini, and praised the film for possessing "a little of the startlingly naked feeling and rash experimentation of that other poet-amateur cineaste, Jean Cocteau."

Psychiatrist **Alvin Poussaint**, psychological consultant to *The Cosby Show*, will present a free public lecture on "The Media and Multiculturalism" next Wednesday. A professor of psychiatry and associate dean of Harvard Medical School, Poussaint advises *The Cosby Show*'s screenwriters on matters of family psychology, commenting on the level of realism in the scripts of Bill Cosby's extremely popular comedy series. Poussaint speaks

with great eloquence and a deep understanding of the collective psyche of a racist culture, and the psychology of those who suffer under racism.

ATTENTION

If you are planning to see either *Shaw This Evening* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and you have not yet purchased tickets, do so immediately. There are only 860 seats in Campbell Hall — and when a show sells out (and many do), it sells out. If you do not buy your tickets now, you may not be able to see the show.

February

18 Sharon Pollock

"Female Roles, On Stage and Off"

CANCELLED

Today / 4 PM / Main Theatre

18 Without Witness

A psychological drama by Nikita Mikhalkov.

Tonight / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

20 Australian Chamber Orchestra

With pianist Jeffrey Kahane: Mozart and more.

Sat., Feb. 20 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

21 Kindergarten

Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko's first feature film.

Sun., Feb. 21 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

23 Ronald Graham, Regents' Lecturer

"Computers and Combinatorics"

Tue., Feb. 23 / 4 PM / UCen Pavilion

23 Louise Hay

"A Positive Approach to AIDS:

The Healing Power of Love"

Tue., Feb. 23 / 4 PM / Girvetz 1004

23 Threat and Inughuit

Two documentaries look at native Northern peoples.

Tue., Feb. 23 / 8 PM / Isla Vista Theater

24 Alvin Poussaint

"The Media and Multiculturalism"

Wed., Feb. 24 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

25 David Ireland

"Art & Architecture: A Merging of Forms"

Thu., Feb. 25 / 8 PM / Isla Vista Theater

25 Blue Mountains

A comedy of manners from Soviet Georgia.

Thu., Feb. 25 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

March

1 Shaw This Evening

The wit and wisdom of George Bernard Shaw

Tue., Mar. 1 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

LIMITED SEATING

5 A Midsummer Night's Dream

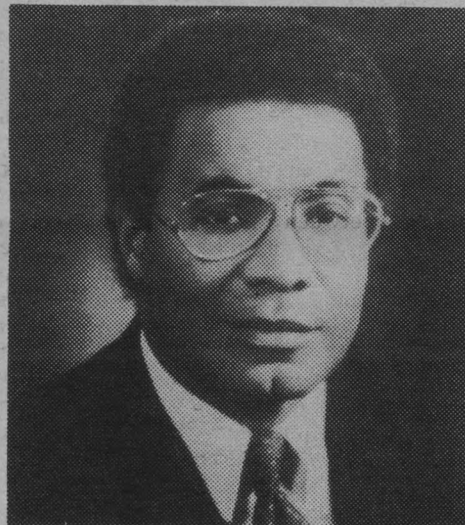
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Alvin Poussaint



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OPERATION

STOP THE WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA



COOPERATIVE AWARENESS

By Christine Bruno

Something exciting is happening in Santa Barbara and awareness is at the heart of this happening. Under the name of *Operation: Cooperative Awareness* community organizations, businesses, filmmakers and artists have joined together to create a month-long series of film and art events aimed at raising public consciousness of the human and political situation in Central American countries.

Motivation for the project rests on the belief that global peace will not result from the work of politicians but must begin with individual awareness and a people-to-people understanding between nations. The project's founder and organizer, Carol Corlee, hopes the event will promote cultural understanding and communicate social concerns through art and images on screen.

The focus of the event is the Central American film festival, held at the Victoria Street Theater with 2 p.m. screenings on Saturdays the 13, 20 and 27 of Feb. Most of the films featured are documentaries which are struggling to achieve large scale circulation. The festival provides a rare opportunity for the community to witness the works of filmmakers who have traveled to Central America and are working for peace. Gatherings with filmmakers are planned as part of the project. Also as part of *Operation: Cooperative Awareness* is a collection of art shows, lectures, music and dance events scheduled throughout this month.

Canadian filmmakers Ron Levine and Rene De Carufel's *Bread and Puppet Theatre: A Song for Nicaragua*, is scheduled for screening this Saturday. The film depicts the travels of Peter Schumann, leader of the Bread and Puppet Theatre, as he and his troop travel throughout Nicaragua sharing their performances. The film combines interviews with footage of the troop as they rehearse and perform the story of Archbishop Oscar Romero of El Salvador who was executed in 1980 for his advocacy of Liberation Theology.

This film is an important part of the festival because it is in itself a reflection of

the ideology of *Operation: Cooperative Awareness*. It demonstrates that through art human contacts can be made and that such contact is the foundation on which to begin work for peace. Friendships develop between the 18 North Americans and the 30 Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans who work as members of the troop, but more importantly the film captures the communication between audience and performers. Villagers young and old watch as a surreal representation of their own struggle and suffering is played out before them. Actors and large puppets along with the audience cry out for courage, truth, solidarity and hope as the largest figure, that of Archbishop Romero, is raised.

There is one point in the film when Schumann comes out and tells his audience what is inherent to his work with theatre in Nicaragua, that not all people of the U.S. are supporters of the U.S. government's policies in Central America. He wants to tell people that all Americans are not necessarily represented by their government. *Operation: Cooperative Awareness* is a similar statement. Awareness is at the heart of the project but at the same time the tone of events is one of dissatisfaction with U.S. intervention in the affairs of Central America.

The media continually presents issues that seem complex and overwhelming. It is exciting that *Operation: Cooperation Awareness* is happening in Santa Barbara because besides promoting individual awareness, the project provides the framework for community solidarity in addressing important issues. Project coordinator Corlee has worked for the involvement of community organizations and businesses. Many of the events planned have the potential to create an atmosphere of community unity and strength. Corlee hopes that the Santa Barbara experience will be used by other communities as a prototype around which to organize similar projects which will hopefully expand to include a variety of controversial topics. Now all that is needed is individual participation to make the event a success.

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THE CHANCE OF LIFE

By Debbie Boehm



Claude Berri's *Manon of the Spring* is a carefully crafted set of gears, moving in unison from beginning to end. This anticipated concluding sequel to *Jean de Florette* is a well-balanced mixture of beauty, humor and reality. The script was intelligently adapted by Gerard Brach from Marcel Pagnol's novel *Water of the Hills*. Voted one of the top five foreign films of the year by American critics, *Manon of the Spring* should not be missed. Although the characters speak French (with subtitles), the messages of this film are universal.

The movie focuses on the mysterious shepherdess,

Manon, daughter of the town hunchback and granddaughter of the beautiful Florette of *Jean de Florette*. Manon, who has had virtually no contact with civilization, becomes the object of two townsmen's love, but while Manon's and the new village teacher's reciprocal affection grows, Ugolin becomes trapped in unrequited love. As the springtime love triangle develops, a series of related intrigues becomes apparent: the dishonest dealings of two townsmen, Manon's revenge for wrongdoings against her father, a town crisis and the resurfacing of a secret from the past.

A large portion of the film

is strictly visual. Descriptive non-verbal scenes capture the characters' individual emotional experiences. Until the end of the film, Manon does not speak; her inner struggle is expressed outwardly. As Manon blocks the spring with rocks, the power of her physical action precisely narrates her determination to seek revenge. Similarly, upon realizing that his love for Manon will not be returned, Ugolin grasps for a final connection with her, and in a shocking scene, he sews Manon's hair ribbon to his chest, near his heart. And as Papet confronts Ugolin's suicide, his silent contemplation virtually shouts

his feelings of despair and desolation.

Manon of the Spring comments on the complex relationship of fate and chance in life. When the village's water supply mysteriously ends, the priest immediately blames an unknown sinner who has not confessed. The community believes all events have meaning and that a divine force determines one's destiny. The irony is that although God is not punishing a sinner, Manon's simple action of revenge against Ugolin and Papet affects the entire village. Although fate may not have caused the "drought," it was (See pg. 6A)

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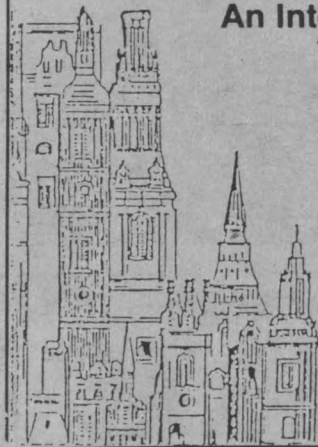
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COP

By Jesse Endgahl

The Western may be gone, but the American cowboy lives on. A role impeccably defined by Henry Fonda in *My Darling Clementine*, our hero is a man who only knows what's right by immersing himself in what's wrong, the darkest side of man. No longer able to ride the "wild" (untamed and evil) west, he is now a cop, a homicide or vice man who can't function within the restraints of his system because the only way to battle evil is to approach it on its own ugly level.

Clint Eastwood in *Tightrope*, Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon* and now James Woods in the new movie *Cop* have expanded the psyche of this hero to help us understand his drive — he has his own demons to struggle with, and the easiest way to fight inner turmoil is to prove your ultimate good against the vileness of others. When Wyatt Earp rode off into the sunset he was just looking for more trouble, unable to live the good life in the town he had tamed. Is this contradiction a sickness, a sign that these "heroes" have indeed their own brand of evil, "the only job where you're allowed to shoot people?"

In *Cop* James Woods has given us the deepest and most powerful exploration of this psychological dilemma yet, an incredible performance that delicately balances the razor's edge between the control and madness of being a man whose line and life is murder. Woods has established his ability to focus and convey the angry intensity of existence, to let us see true eccentricity by and in his utter honesty of expression. It is pain further compounded by the simple rationalizations of others, their willingness to be so sure of themselves while condemning the weaknesses of others.

Cop offers Woods the perfect vehicle to bring out this dilemma of existence and anger with others for denying it. He isn't insightful to his contradiction because as a homicide dick he doesn't have to be easy to be sure when you're after killers and you've got to be ready to kill or be killed. It is the movie's scope which lets us question his "sickness", its cause and necessity.

When his wife tells him he is a disturbed man for telling their eight-year-old daughter too real cop stories, he tells her that it is a lack of reality that has gotten so many innocent little girls killed, that every murdered junkie prostitute he's seen was just another disillusioned baby who was raised to expect a knight on a white horse. We are left to wonder what kind of a world it is where a man like this can have such a good point.

It's an ugly one indeed, and the movie opens with viciously cutting humor to bring it home. A street-smart house burgler

is dialing numbers on a push button phone, getting a computerized voice with the L.A. Sheriff's emergency number, which in turn gives him a recording telling him to please hold. He calls the operator, who offers him the police number he's already tried. "I want to report a murder and I'm out of change, can I use my stolen credit cards?" She connects him.

Woods hears the burgler explain that he had intended to rob this house until he saw what was in there — "I didn't want no part of that shit. It looked like something out of Peckinpah." This is a crook, and he can deal with that; he did want a part of one crime, but not another. Woods, on the other hand, has no reservations. "I want this one," he says, heading out the door.

When he gets there he sees the horror show, and even he's not quite ready for it: a beautiful young woman mutilated and hanging from the ceiling, blood everywhere. He explores and finds she had an interest in feminist poetry and swinger's newspaper ads, so we know something funny is up. Soon he's got enough to be sure that this killer is a repeater, a serial killer with an interest in young women who are seemingly inconsistent in their beliefs, who may do such crazy things as question love but still have sex. Feminists and prostitutes are all just innocent girls, and this guy will make them pay just as Woods predicted.

Thus the juxtaposition is set: Here is Woods, a man who can objectize his own wife, a man who will take home the girlfriend of some crook he's just wasted. He wants to save these other women from a serial killer even though he thinks they're innocence (stupidity) is what has gotten them killed, and he only acts like he cares about their feelings when he is only interested in saving their lives. We sit and wonder if he's the right man for the job, but we'll soon have to admit he's probably the only man for it.

Woods plows through the interesting but rather simple plot with a ferocious humor. He is a cop who knows it all and can keep us laughing in amazed shock because he doesn't give a shit—he can't and still get the job done, which is the only thing that matters. On one level he cares more than anyone. Is it selfishness, a need to prove he can give everything when he only does it for self-satisfaction? Each person he comes across is just another victim, another hilariously sick punch line in this absurdly demented landscape. He's up to his ears and maybe just too goddamn honest about it, but what else would you do? Run home to more fairy tales, and leave the dirty work to someone who can deal with it. Exactly his point, and one incredibly conveyed.

OF CELLULOID

ANNA: A STAR IMPLODES

By Kent Silveira



Paulina. Her name brings to mind images of magazine covers, swimsuits (as if they were really made to get wet) and superstardom. But how many know of Paulina Porizkova? This is the person whose life parallels that of the title character of *Anna*, starting Friday at the Victoria Street Theatre.

Paulina, who is from Prostějov, Czechoslovakia (yes, the same country who defeated the U.S. Olympic hockey team Monday, grrrr...) was left in her grandmother's care when her parents escaped to Sweden just three days before the Russians closed the Czech borders in 1968. In 1974, after an abortive

kidnap attempt by her mother and subsequent imprisonment, media pressure from Sweden forced her release.

In *Anna* she plays a Czech refugee who has come to 1987 U.S. in search of the title character, who was one of Czechoslovakia's greatest stars of the 60s. Anna had fled to the U.S. years earlier when the Russians stormed the country.

As an actress, however, Anna finds that while she was unique in her homeland, she is just another of thousands of talented persons here. Sally Kirkland gives a powerful performance as a good woman who is slowly losing her

livelihood and her spirit. Between the competition and her own gradual aging Anna faces the despairing reality that she can no longer be what she once was.

From the very opening scene Anna is presented as a person desperately clinging to a dream. She is awakened by a call from her agent informing her that she is about to be late for an important audition (the first for her in quite a while). Her face is drawn and haggard in the morning light. As with so many others involved in the American rat race she puts on a new face and races for appointment. Her movements suggesting a grace and prestige that have

since faded under many ignominies.

Her manner at the audition is proud and bullheaded but it lands her a lowly position as an understudy. Her professional failings are made all the more frustrating to us as her past is revealed. She suffered imprisonment and the loss of her child before her exile. Once in America her husband, who had preceded her, divorced her claiming that she was a painful reminder of the past, and went on to success as a music video director.

When Anna finds Krystyna (Paulina) on the streets of New York Krystyna keels (See pg. 6A)

BEAUTY IN THE WEEDS

By S.M. Wenrick, asst. arts editor

In this age of flash-pan, million-dollar Hollywood extravaganza, *Ironweed* is different. It is ostensibly about an era bygone, about good Americans on the bum, but it is also a probe of the too-easily dismissed realm of the homeless. Historical distance helps in this case, as it's Albany, 1938, but its implications should not be ignored. *Ironweed* is about bums, but William Kennedy who penned the screenplay based on his Pulitzer Prize-winning novel of the same name is at pains to show the randomness of nomenclature. These bums are better than we are. They are humanity in the raw and true to their ideals.

"Swells and bums, there ain't no difference," Francis Phalen says, and the bartender adds, "except swells like to look like swells, and bums like to look like bums." To call a man a bum is in a sense of the highest praise in this story and, even when meant as an insult, seems to slide right off wet feathers. In this realm, the term is a sort of password into a desperate but cheerful fraternity, and a man knows when he's worthy of the name. This group has hearts of gold.

One of the most touching moments comes at Sandra's death early in the film. She is described as an old Eskimo whore from Alaska, but Francis isn't satisfied with this. He presses his friend Rudy, who finally shrugs and says, "before that I guess she was just a little kid." That is a kernel of truth containing a whole world of realization.

Francis is played to perfection by Jack Nicholson. Indeed, this is perhaps the quintessential role for Nicholson, at least since *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Francis is a good-willed, ex-ballplayer with an iron fist who is finally, if unwittingly, on his way home after a rough 22 year flight from the reality of his dropped child. His is the face of memory, particularly when he squints, and the streetcar offers a great scene when the mild ghost of the first man he killed confronts him. Eventually the vision disappears, leaving Francis yelling at the air and the audience wondering exactly what those men on Skid Row see when they "talk to themselves." His friend Rudy reassures him, "I ain't no dead scab." Francis, ever on the offensive, settles the matter with, "Well, you look like one."

Strep is as magnificent, even sans the

protruding tumorous stomach of the novel's Helen Archer. Strep's and Nicholson's respective worn-out walks must have been difficult to coordinate for the scenes in which they walk in tandem. Indeed, these two, which one critic calls "among the best actors on the planet," are even a bit much at first until we settle into the consistent characterization of Francis and Helen which lasts for more than two hours. If one critic regretted that *The Whales of August* "crumbled under the weight of its stars," the reputations of the two leads here are so weighty that they could have demolished a less skillful production.

The bit players are wonderful as well, particularly Hy Anzell as Roskam the rag man. His upper lip positively hangs with lasciviousness when he enquires of Francis how he likes it, this "sex business, women stuff." Francis' angelic wife Annie is a slightly buxom, dark-haired darling. And the actor who handles Rudy is an understated marvel with a deceptively simple careless "crazy kraut" grin. He dies christened "Rudy Newton," because he knows about the apple that discovered gravity.

This is a world devoid of surnames, where bums sleep on sidewalks before store beds boxed in from the inside with cold glass. Part of the genius of the film is the fact that no one will heed cruel irony, at least not publicly. The bums are surrounded by light imagery, for example, but refuse to deal with anything other than the 15 minutes at hand, although Kennedy makes clear the richness of their inner lives, as well as their personal tragedies, from which no one is exempt.

The texture of the film is rich, shot mostly in rich yellows and browns. There are no clear colors except maybe the red carnations worn by dead men. *Ironweed* already feels like a classic. Organ music beckons one towards Beethoven's Elysian Fields, but *ironweed* is a flower with a very tough stem, and Francis is a man with a very real past. That he holds out and comes to terms with it is a minor miracle, considering the obstacles. The road, in the meantime, is strewn with worthwhile wisdoms.

That Kennedy wrote the screenplay (See pg. 6A)

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5, 7:25, 9:50
Thursday 5, 7
"Lateshow" at 9
Last Emperor (PG)
6:20, 9:40
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PLAZA DE ORO
349 Hitchcock Way, S.B. 682-4936
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Manon of the Spring (PG)
7:10, 9:25
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12:40, 2:45, 4:50

FIESTA FOUR
916 State St., S.B. 963-0781
Couch Trip (R)
6, 10:30
Wall Street (R)
8
Satisfaction (PG13)
6, 8, 10
Cop (R)
5:30, 10:15
Broadcast News (R)
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251 N. Fairview, Goleta 967-0744
Serpent and the Rainbow (R)
7:30, 9:45
Sat, Sun & Mon also
1:30, 3:30, 5:30
Shoot to Kill (R)
7:20, 9:30
Sat, Sun & Mon also 1, 3, 5:10

CINEMA
6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta 967-9447
Ironweed (R)
6:45, 9:30
Sat, Sun & Mon also 1:15, 4
Empire of the Sun (PG)
6, 9
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ANNA

(Continued from p.5A)
 over from hunger. Anna takes her home to care for her. From here the film delves into their relationship. It centers on Anna's actions although we hear Krystyna's thoughts as she writes back to her relatives in her homeland.
 Anna begins to see Krystyna as a protégée, another self as she was twenty years earlier. The filmmaker, Yrek Bogayevicz (who is from Poland) plays with the parallel lives of the two women. Oftimes he will juxtaposition their faces and motions to accent their similarities. At times the camera will show Anna in a

complementary way, stripping the years away from her. Other times it only serves to heighten the decades that separate them. This is in much the same manner as Bergman's *Persona*. At one point, through use of a mirror, the camera shows two halves of their faces merging to become one.
 Anna has an off and on lover in the film named Daniel (competently portrayed by Robert Fields). Daniel is a 44-year old child still living off of his parents. He is himself another sign of Anna's downfall. Through Anna's efforts and his own, they begin to mold Krystyna into an actress for the 80s.
 At first all goes well as Krystyna learns English and American mannerisms. But

then things go too well and Krystyna's rapid ascent as a model is mirrored by Anna's tragic descent. It is not long before Anna's already unstable personality reaches the breaking point and she snaps in a very graphic way.
 There is an underlying tone of the impersonalness and cruelty of American life running throughout the film. Although Krystyna remains primarily an innocent her letters become more and more superficial in their content as the film progresses. The lack of respect Anna is shown by others is another factor. Even the modernized soundtrack (provided by The Cars' keyboardist, Greg Hawkes) serves to underscore the darkness in the American lifestyle that is in

part destroying Anna.
 Despite these thoughtful themes and stirring performances all around *Anna* is not what it could be. The pacing is very uneven and what's worse, the characters do not engage the audience with their lives. Anna is a pitiful figure, but she fails to become a very sympathetic character. Krystyna is never dealt with directly enough for us to become involved with and Daniel is ultimately a spineless jellyfish.
 Bogayevicz has presented us with an in-depth look at a modern day tragic heroine. At the same time he has made an interesting comment on life in the fast lane here in America. It's too bad he couldn't have made it a little more absorbing to watch.

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MANON

(Continued from p.5A)
 not merely caused by chance either. *Manon of the Spring* repeatedly illustrates the potentially vast effects of seemingly insignificant actions.
 The youth and vitality of Emmanuelle Beart as Manon are contrasted by Yves Montand's com-

mendable performance as Papet, an aging man facing his mortality and reflecting on the events of his life. Although the action centers around Manon, the film is Papet's story. It is difficult not to empathize with this man, for he is representative of us all.
 If you haven't seen *Jean de*

Florette, don't let it stop you from seeing *Manon of the Spring*, as the movie contains a story in itself. *Manon of the Spring* is an honest, well-crafted examination of life's questions and although it may not provide the answers, it works the self-reflection necessary to our individual struggles.

IRONWEED

(Continued from p.5A)
 enables no significant moment of his book to be lost. "You gotta be fair in this life," Francis tells the ragman. Director Hector Babenco professes this credo as well, for the

film carries integrity to the novel to artistic sublimity. This is no flashy Hollywood tale but Babenco has managed a lasting, golden glow.

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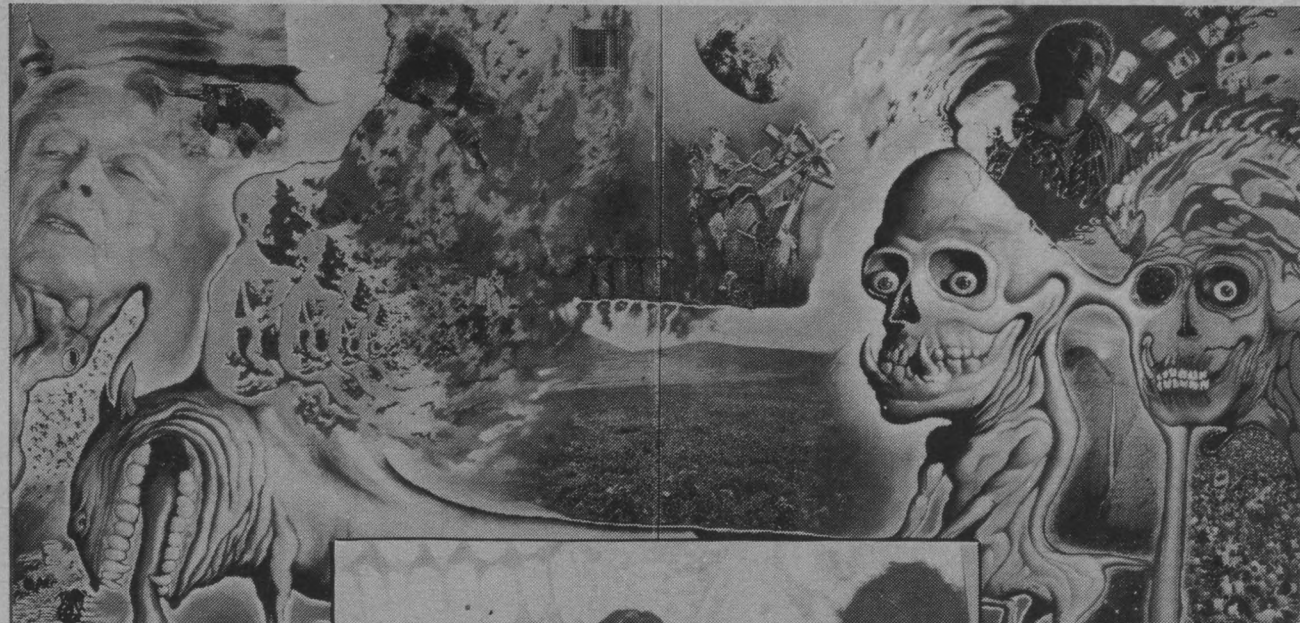
THE LAST PAGE

EVERYTHING'S EXPLODING FLAMING LIPS

By Laurie McCullough
arts editor

Some bands do little to fashion their name plates into a utile image. But with The Flaming Lips, you need not say more. Another Midwest power trio that is anything but like any other, The Flaming Lips kiss fire. They're part garage style speed jamming, sounding like they could be the band that practices in that red house at the end of Camino Del Sur. And there are some moments too pink to be the real Floyd, thus all the better for their unadulterated production style. And if you have to sound a little too much like someone, the best moments of Pink Floyd will do. Coupled with some yellow folksy acoustic pieces, somehow this Oklahoma trio touches all four corners of the plain on their latest release, *Oh My Gawd!!!*, and glows by stretching themselves.

I don't know how a song like "Maximum Dream For Evel Knievel" survives. The Flaming Lips takes this raunchy, too humorous to be petty lick with the words "Well we're standin' in the kitchen/And we're cookin us some chicken;" rocks it back and forth with some head swinging; adds "And the house is burnin down/And we don't really care;" then without a sidestep, takes four rounds of psychospiraling power chords, like



something from Red Kross, only in its 30 seconds, it's a brilliant mind spin of cascading power chords; rolls it back into guitarist/vocalist Wayne Coyne's rumbling two-beat verse, and the climax ...? An andante "Exploding Butterflies Hit and Run" played like Donovan after three days of tripping. Is this what Oklahoma does to your brain?

Yet, it's this ability to turn three songs into one without even attempting to build bridges that makes The Flaming Lips better than an exercise in treading the indie waters. They do a lot of powering through sections of songs, only to melt parts of it down to a few notes of reverb, crash crash of the



*Everything's exploding, everything
And these cars are crashing
When I look in the mirror
And my brains are falling out of my head
Well there's nothing wrong
It's just the way I feel
And if you don't like it
Write your own song cause
Everything's exploding*

cymbals, then a drumroll like they're an eclectic folk group. But "Prescriptive Love," which winds down to this simple-mindedness, starts out side two with a five-minute speed jam pilfering the best moments of *Oh My Gawd!!!*'s psychedelic mind swirl into an instrumental opening. I had to listen to this beginning with the lights off for fear I would fall over from lack of equilibrium.

Though The Flaming Lips can't shake their heavy influence of Pink Floyd, Jimi Hendrix and one of the few moments of production on the Sgt. Pepperish "Ode to C.C. Part 1" that borrows distorted sound waves, mutated voices, and drums rushing toward and away

from you, they're at least derived from the best of the rock-n-roll giant wizards.

Perhaps it's their uncanny sense of morbidly realistic humor that helps them pull off this descendants strain mingled with opposing styles. Coyne's self-consciously weak vocals almost mock lines like "I guess I was right all along reading *Mad Magazine*." And when he lets loose with a growl of "Bombs are coming in cereal packages," the absurdity of The Flaming Lips' impeccable images rings bells of a resonating reality and they become defiant. The ridiculousness of "Can't Stop the Spring"'s overlay of classical music and its sixties idealistic narrative grows a becoming symmetry. And somehow, the power trio riddle of thrash-a-nomics and untuned acoustics gets solved with a blast full of energy from Oklahoma.

This music has got to be a must live and The Flaming Lips has been blessed by all the best in indie criticism. They even make an appearance in this month's *People Magazine*. Stranger things have happened, but rarely. KCSB's bringing The Lips to The Last Place on Earth (aka The Shack) this Saturday, Feb. 20, at 9 p.m. Local psychotics Alice Fell and something about Daddy Big Pants are going to satiate the Last Place and the Last Page at least for the weekend.

IN THE LAND OF GIANTS

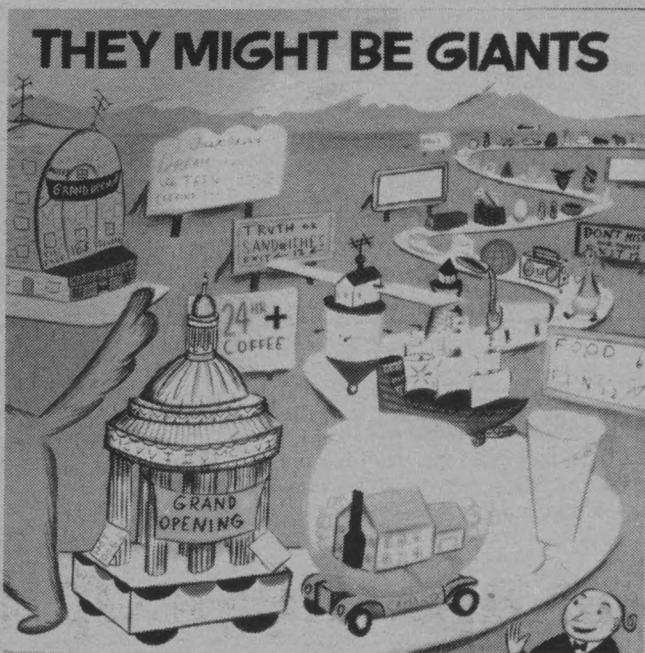
Without even hearing the great sounds that hide inside, a peek at the cover of *THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS* debut album gives you a hint of what the listener is in store for. Created in colorful crayon intensity, the picture unabashedly pokes fun. And so does this record, which is pure consumer culture on satirical parade.

For those who take their music and their life too seriously, *THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS* will appease you but will have a good time doing it. And that's what this record is all about. It takes witty and often sharp jabs at such diverse targets as government, love, apathy, insanity, idealism and growing old, but is immensely fun all the while.

Not to denigrate their obvious musical talent, but this engaging album still gives the impression that these post-punk pundits were sitting around their basement one day with a few beers, ranting and laughing about the big hairy picture of life, and decided to grab whatever instruments were lying about and pound out a lot of material. The result is an eclectic mix of 19 (count 'em, 19) songs and audio arrangements varying in length from 30 seconds to about three minutes.

No long fluid lines or even a trace of over-produced studio trickery here. The music fits the mish-mash of almost poetic lyrics. Some, in fact, such as "Toddler Highway," and "Rabid Child," are almost like spoken word performances in themselves; short and straightforward with little or no accompaniment.

Before these on side one are notables like "Number Three," sounding like a country roundabout punctuated by a butt bumping baritone sax and acoustic guitar, and "Put Your Hand Inside The Puppet Head," which shifts to a darker tone in its feelings of powerlessness:



*"Ads up in the subway are the work of someone,
Trying to please their boss;
And though the guy's a pig we all know what he wants
Is just to please someone else
If the puppet head was only busted in
It would be a better thing for everyone involved
and we wouldn't have to cry*

Put your hand inside the puppet head"

Side two lets loose right away with "(She was a) Hotel Detective," a funky harder beat that adds female backup vocals and a series of great twangs in the middle, almost mocking the silliness of the heavy metal extended guitar solo. "Hope That I Get Old Before I Die," sounds like it came straight from a beer hall, getting the fists pounding with a polka accordion and corresponding drum beat. "Alienation's for the Rich," a song "dedicated to all you modern troubadours out there," comes out like a humorous blues tune, lamenting lack of money and the fact that "the TV's in Esperanto ... that's a bitch." The side rounds out with humorous titles like "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," and "Rhythm Section Want Ad," which throws in harmonica and quicker guitar bursts in a salute to those who don't like to follow the trends:

*"So if you like a band with a chick singer
Say your cup of tea is a wall of trombones
If you dig Menudo or MDC, we salute you the way we know
For every one with dollar signs in his eyes
There must be hundreds who look at you as if you're some kind of
Rhythm section want ad"*

No one convenient label could be slapped on this record to categorize a group that mixes musical elements while throwing in a few new ones of its own. Folky at one end, funky at the other, vocals from little whoops to throaty growls highlighting quirky beats that stop and shift again, *THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS* covers a lot of ground. All of this from two unassuming young gents who look like they would be more at home with Chip and the boys on "My Three Sons" than gracing the pages of *Rolling Stone*.

By Brent Anderson
managing editor

record supplied by
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