

# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT AT THE SATURDAY NIGHT

There are still many people out there who only know the name Agent Orange as it refers to the defoliant U.S. Naval Operations sprayed all over French Indo-China in an effort to reduce casualties. If you are one of those people, this story probably isn't for you. Why? Well, because you've probably never been to a concert which had to be broken up by the arrival of the K-9 unit — as was the case with the band Agent Orange's show at La Casa de la Raza last Saturday night.

The concert wasn't initially going to be a story. Sure, I was excited about seeing Agent Orange, and for good reason. They were wildly better than my high expectations. Their sound could have easily stripped the leaves from the trees in the forests of Viet Nam. I was almost getting nostalgic. But my enjoyment was fleeting as the show turned into a story; as it turned into a near riot.

The seeds of the problem were planted early on. The promoter from Rockpile Records, who has done a great job in bringing bands like Firehose and Saccharine Trust

and people like Michael C. Ford and Jello Biafra to the area, made a small error in only booking La Casa 'til 12:30 with five bands on the bill. Agent Orange ended up taking the stage about ten minutes after twelve. Half the bands before Agent Orange ran over their allotted time to play; Blast, who did some fast-moving although thoroughly average thrash, and Mentors, a group of wimpy shitheads who use black hoods and hardcore as a pretext for violent sexism (and I bet they think they're being provocative).

But things were far from being all bad. The crowd seemed to enjoy themselves; some were thrashing and slamming about in a pit that never got too violent. There was a minimum of real trouble (a couple of near fights and one arrest) until the very end. And the Lazy Cowgirls, the second band on the bill, were just plain great. Everyone was getting pumped up for the legendary last group.

Agent Orange not only looked and sounded more professional than those that came before, but they played way out of the opening bands' leagues. From "Pipeline" to "Bloodstains", the band sent a swell like a sonic boom through the hall which swirled incessantly, descending into the maelstrom of the raging pit. I thought that I had died and, instead of going to heaven, went back to 1981. Even the stuff from the new Agent Orange album was terrific. But bliss was brief.

(Continued on p.6A)

## AGENT ORANGE OCTOBER 4, 1986



Carlos Santana

# FIGHTS



Agent Orange

## SANTANA OCTOBER 4, 1986

Carlos Santana is a 39-year-old guitar legend who nevertheless writes songs that live in relative anonymity on the rock radio scene. Most album-rock fans could tell you that the man is a fantastic guitarist, yet probably could not name many of his songs besides "Black Magic Women," "Oye Como Va," "She's Not There," and maybe "I'm Winning." Why is that? How can a man whose debut album went number one and whose subsequent five albums went gold not have a plethora of hit songs? The answer lies in the catch-

phrase that has been used to describe his work since he began: Fusion.

Santana has successfully melded rock, blues, jazz, Latin rhythms, and even catchy pop to form a varied collection of music that is never stagnant.

When I walked into the Santa Barbara County Bowl, the first thought that entered my mind was "My God, there are more people here than at R.E.M.!" That seemed damned strange at first, but makes sense when you consider Santana's extremely loyal following.

The second thing that caught my attention was the fact that I was by far the youngest person there not accompanied by parents. It was then that I started to slowly comprehend the diverse variety of people that make up Santana's fans. There were people from all walks of life between the ages of 25 and 40. There were many Latinos, whites, blacks, Democrats and former Democrats, lower,

middle, and upper classes, all there to see their hero. These people weren't there to see a semi-live replay of the latest video, they were there to see a man who was never a trend, a man whose music and guitar playing they appreciated.

There was no opening band, nor should there have been. No one band could ever have been expected to please the diverse mix on that warm evening.

The lights went down, the spotlights up, and Carlos and his eight-piece band entered the stage. They played a bouncy, Latin-rock instrumental, which set the tone for the night. About half of the songs they played had little or no vocals, which was okay because the band was so talented. Joining Carlos Santana was a bassist, two keyboardists, a drummer, and three additional percussionists. All were very adept and played with style and confidence.

Then, on the second song, out came blues great Buddy Miles. Miles is a huge black man who sings with bluesy flair and basks

(Continued on page 2A)



▲ A&E Record Rundown

▲ Talking Heads

▲ Boston



■ Movie Reviews

■ Amazing Surf Stories

■ Captain Eo + Surprise



● M.C. Ford

● Language Commando

● The Cutting Edge

# A&E Record Rundown

It's been over a year since a new release has been seen from either Fishbone or Talking Heads, so I was pretty darn excited when I saw *Fishbone in Your Face* and *True Stories* in the new-release section at my local record store. Both these albums had the potential to be monster dance-party hits, but somehow something went wrong. A year is a long time to wait for something; just think how long it takes Christmas to come around, and I felt like a kid who didn't get anything bad from Santa, but just didn't get what he wanted.



The name of this band is Talking Heads.

So you want to know about the new Fishbone album? Well, the story goes somethin' like this. I was looking through the new releases and suddenly this ugly, distorted yet familiar face was staring back at me. This face belonged to Angelo Moore, Fishbone's lead singer and sax player. I put two and two together, figured out it was Fishbone's new and long-awaited album, bought the record, and sang "Lyin' Ass Bitch" all the way to my turntable. I was all ready for a great record and then (drum roll) the needle hit the vinyl. Instead of jumping off the record, pulling me out of my chair and making me skank around my apartment, the music just laid there like it was napping. The record sounds like it was pressed on wet cardboard.

*Fishbone in Your Face* isn't so

## Fish Heads

much a bad record as a record that doesn't live up to the potential shown by the band's first release. It starts off with "When Problems Arise", a song which does little more than show off the band's skills, which, although considerable, don't make for a great song. After its dead start, the album picks up speed and the next three songs are the album's best. "A Selection", "Cholly", and "I Wish I Had a Date" are all fun, goofy, groovy and skankable. The side ends with a nice ballad called "Movement in the Light."

The second side is mostly comprised of political songs which are just plain LAME. The music never hits a good groove and the lyrics don't cover anything which hasn't been covered before. Besides, I thought, if I wanted politics I would have bought Bob Dylan, not Fishbone. The answer to what is wrong with this album lies in this discovery.

The goofy, straight-ahead ska songs work because no one can do those kind of songs better than Fishbone. The political and more soul-style songs don't work because there are people who can do those kind of songs better. Fishbone seems at home with the frivolous tunes but they seem to be forcing themselves into other areas they just aren't comfortable in, and the songs show it.

*Fishbone in Your Face* has its moments, but it didn't produce what I wanted it to. If you're looking for fun, buy their first record and "Party at Ground Zero" — because Fishbone's keg seems to have run dry.

Talking Heads' new album, *True Stories*, is the band's versions of songs David Byrne wrote for his upcoming movie of the same name. The actual soundtrack album for the movie will feature

the same songs, but they will be performed by the actors who appear in the movie. Sound-wise, the new album is similar to the band's last release, *Little Creatures*. The songs are simple and the Heads cruise through them in a pleasant, casual way.

Although this is a good album overall, it seems to be lacking something when compared to the band's previous releases. That something is nervous energy. The Heads were a product of New York City and their early records' quirky, kinetic feel was probably caused by the metropolis: Byrne sang like a man who was always lookin' over his shoulder; his songs were disturbing and unsettling.

Byrne's movie was shot in Texas, and perhaps the wide-open spaces and laid-back lifestyle have affected him. He recently said he doesn't want his songs to be disturbing anymore and on the album's inner sleeve he writes, "Thanks, this was fun." I can hardly imagine Byrne writing his early songs for fun. It seems the move from the city to the country has made Byrne a more relaxed and happier man. The relaxed David has produced an album which would be good to put on when you want to kick back at home. I can hardly imagine putting on *More Songs About Buildings and Food* when I want to relax. The earlier albums make me feel like I should be moving around, not sitting down.

The statement that the album was fun is telling in another way. It seems that the Heads have gotten so good at what they do that they could whip out an album of good songs in a couple of days. Although the songs on *True Stories* are at the groovy end of the spectrum, it seems obvious that no one in the band managed to sweat very much making the record.



The ugly, distorted yet familiar faces that belong to Fishbone.

"Both these albums had the potential to be monster dance-party hits, but something went wrong."

The songs range from the straight-ahead rocker and album opener "Love for Sale", to the popish single of "Wild Wild Life", to the atmospheric "Dream Operator". Byrne still writes great lyrics like "I love you like a color T.V." and he even gets political on the song "City of Dreams", which is about the plight of the Indians. The most un-Talking Heads song on the album is "People Like Us", which could have been a smash hit for Alabama. Its country sound and corny lyrics perfectly illustrate Byrne's new-wave ruralosity.

The final factor which may explain why the album is not quite up to par with the Heads' usual

greatness is that the songs were written for specific people to sing. When the Heads perform the songs in basically the same style, the tunes inevitably lose some of the personality which each actor would give to the song. Because the band is playing songs which were written specifically for other people, *True Stories* is more just an album of songs than a true Talking Heads album.

This is a good album filled with good songs, BUT (and Pee Wee says that everyone has such a big BUT) don't expect any revelations. I'll be waiting for the movie and the soundtrack.

— Walker "Guitar" Wells

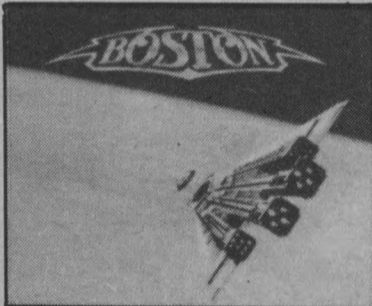
## "Longtime" Coming

In 1981, a Licorice Pizza store in L.A. announced that the third Boston album would be due out in 1986. They must have been psychic as *Third Stage* has arrived.

To recap the Boston story, the group literally exploded on the music scene in 1976 with songs such as "More Than a Feeling" and "Longtime." Their debut album sold more than eight million copies. Two years later came *Don't Look Back*, delivering more of the melodic hard rock that

defined their sound. The sound was so similar that critics accused guitarist/songwriter Tom Scholz of knowing only one riff and just rerecording variations of the first album.

In 1980, Scholz and vocalist Brad Delp began to record *Third Stage*. The other members appear to have left the group. In 1981, stories of recording delays began to surface. Tom's broken thumb that year didn't help matters. Finally, CBS Records sued the group for not



delivering five albums in seven years. Counter suits followed. Boston won and MCA Records picked up the group's contract. Unfortunately, it was discovered that some of the older master tapes

had turned into adhesive tape. That was remedied and recording finished earlier this year — *Third Stage* has finally been released.

Six years of recording has yielded 41 and a half minutes of music. The music ranges from the acoustic ballads of "Amanda" and "Hollyann," to hard rockers "Cool the Engines" and "Can'tcha Say," to instrumentals "The Launch" and "A New World."

Lyrical, the songs deal with themes of love, companionship, and caring, all parts of the whole "third stage of life" concept. All songs are instantly recognizable as

having that distinctive Boston sound and feel. Unfortunately, the group repeats itself on "My Destination," an electric version of "Amanda."

No synthesizers are used on the album. Scholz uses the guitar and his invention, the Rockman, to create the sounds of violins, thunderstorms, rocket engines, and UFOs. The Rockman is also used to recreate that classic Boston guitar sound. This background combined with Brad Delp's soulful vocals gives us a type of sound that has been missing from the music scene lately.

Is this album worth the wait? Definitely.

*Third Stage* leaves us with three questions: 1) Will there be a tour? 2) Will Boston record a fourth album? 3) If so, will it take another six years to record?

— Tom Rejzek

## SANTANA

(Continued from cover) in the spotlight. He added a key element of charisma as well as providing another genre to be dealt with by the Fusion Doctor.

Santana, playing the role of conductor, achieved an almost unprecedented mix of great rock guitar, soulful blues singing, backed by a fast-paced conga rhythm. The miracle is that the concoction sounded good at all, and it sounded great. When he wasn't fusing these sounds, he was playing straight rock & roll, jazz-rock, Latin-rock, and on one memorable occasion, pure blues-rock.

All of these mixes worked, except for an occasional punchless blues-Latin tune. The only other slow moments, occurring in the middle of the two-hour set, were the extra long Latin-rock

(Continued on p.3A)



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(Continued from p.2A)  
 songs. Every song they played, with the notable exception of their best known hits, seemed to last 5-10 minutes long. In fact, the show was in danger of falling into a rut when bassist Alfonso Johnson played the best ten-minute solo I will probably ever see. From that point on the adoring crowd never left its feet.  
 What kept them there was Carlos himself. It was apparent after the first few songs that he is every bit as good — sometimes

even better — live than in the studio. Even guitar hotshots like Eddie Van Halen could learn from his tuneful and calculatedly wild solos.  
 The original set concluded with a six-song medley starting with "Black Magic Woman," the crowd's favorite. The band came back out for two generous encores, to the delight of the marijuana-laced throng. At the end, Carlos, who had sung only three songs and talked briefly

twice, introduced the band in a high-class manner. When Buddy Miles introduced Santana himself, the crowd demonstrated its love with a long standing ovation. "Thank you for supporting us through the years," he managed to say before departing.  
 The full house enjoyed the band but came to see the Fusion Master himself. Nobody, I think, went home disappointed.

— Matt Welch

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# Here Comes the New Wave

"Amazing Surf Stories" is the best surfing movie in at least a decade. Unfortunately, that's not saying much. Sure, it's chock full of bitchin' waves and seemingly impossible camera angles, but it can't quite avoid falling into the rut that all surfing/skating/biking movies seem to trudge into.

I came into this movie trying to remember that the Reader would be seeing it at Campbell Hall on a Monday night (Oct. 13th) or at the Victoria Street Theatre on Wednesday or Thursday (15-16) with a bunch of rowdy friends, instead of at the top floor of Rusty's Pizza with a mix of local businessmen, surfers and writers. I also tried to keep an open mind about the quality of the film, but I couldn't help but have my doubts. I was further soured at the lame format: six of the coolest surfing stories that narrator Matt George (who is editor of *Surfing Stories*) has in his repertoire. Well, I was quickly blown out of my skeptical shoes by

the opening installment, "North Shore Profiles," which chronicled a day on a particularly active Maui swell. Sounds kind of tame, but man you should see the footage!

This section, as well as the rest of the movie, is just a bunch of world class surfers casually cutting up on great waves for the sheer fun of it. It is a celebration of the non-competitive, non-professional, aesthetically joyous aspects of surfing. Or, as Matt George told me, "This movie is the answer to all parents who ask their kids why they surf."

As promising as that sounds, the movie falls far short of capturing the fascinating surfing culture, which is a glaring lack considering the format. Between the great rides and waves, we are forced to sit through some lame narration and some brutal comments by nervous surfers.

The film shifts from radical North Shore to shreddin' southern California without skipping a beat.

The filmmakers were faced with the dilemma of either showing bad interviews or overkilling great rides in slow motion. Happily, they solve this with one of the best skateboarding scenes ever captured on film.

The next part is by far the best, and is the reason everybody who surfs or enjoys surfing should go see this movie. It is a profile on World Champion and local boy Tommy Curren. "This is really the only thing ever done on me that traces my career from the early amateur days to the World Championship," he told me after the movie. Curren has been widely acclaimed as the Golden Boy of surfing, and for good reason.

"Tommy is unique in surfing and the entire sporting world," said Matt George. "People look up to him. He's happy, well-balanced, and lives clean."

He's also articulate, which puts him far above the other surfers who speak in the movie. "Surfing

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## 3-D 4 Disney

It's 8:15 Thursday night at Disneyland. The park is eerily quiet. Stores are closed. Streets are empty. The lines of people filing through the gates are silent.

A hundred spotlights scan the sky above Tomorrowland. A large, quiet line winds through the area. A number of people look strangely familiar, like I've seen them somewhere before. This happens every time I come here.

Everybody is here for the same reason — *Captain Eo*. You know about it. George Lucas. Francis Ford Coppola. Michael Jackson. Anjelica Huston. Walt Disney. \$20 million. 17 minutes. 3-D.

After a twenty minute wait, we are outside the doors of the theater. Video screens hang from the ceiling. They display the *Captain Eo* logo against a background of computerized

stars. A calm female voice reminds visitors to "please refrain from wearing the 3-D glasses outside the theater, as they will impair your vision." I flash to thousands of tourists eager to try on their glasses, suddenly going blind.

A man in a black satin jacket with Mickey Mouse and the word *Imagineering* on the back complained to his wife that his glasses didn't fit.

A behind-the-scenes video plays on the monitor. The people around me in the black satin jackets are in the video. I then realize who I'm here with. Set hands, costume designers, storyboarders, miniature makers.

The doors open, and I walk into the theater. I turn around and stare. I love to see crowds in 3-D glasses. In the row behind me,

five seats down, is Michael Jackson. Next to him is Quincy Jones. Even superstars have to wear 3-D glasses.

The film starts, and the opening image is of a rock rotating in space. I look back again, and notice the crowd. I then look over at Quincy Jones again. He is reaching out to grab a 3-D rock that isn't there. I'm not likely to forget the sight.

The movie finishes, and the crowd leaves, not noticing who was in the theater. I feel awkward, about to ask the two a question. But Jackson is wearing a surgical mask. He's trying to lay low. Incognito. Right. Then I decide to leave the poor guy alone, let him have his room, his film. I leave knowing I could have asked him something. Something really stupid, like "How do you feel?" I'm glad I didn't.

— Doug Arellanes

## Jackson or Eo?

Is it a movie? A music video? A roller coaster ride?

*Captain Eo*, the 3-D collaboration between George Lucas, Francis Ford Coppola, and Michael Jackson now showing at Disneyland may be a difficult thing to describe, but it is anything but a waste of time.

Walt Disney Productions spared no expense on this film. With a budget reportedly around \$20 million, one may question whether the film was produced by the Department of Defense. All doubts disappear as soon as the film (?) begins.

The story goes something like this: *Captain Eo* (Michael

Jackson), and his crew of odd-looking creatures (a mouse with butterfly wings; a short, purple elephant with flute-like holes on his trunk; a robot that looks like what would happen if Sir Lawrence Olivier and the Tin Woodsman had children; and a two-headed gorilla/llama cross called a *Geekx*) are on a mission to find a homing beacon on a desolate, industrial planet, to bring the evil Supreme Leader (Anjelica Huston) a gift.

"This gift is not only seen, your majesty, but heard," *Eo* says. Just then, *Eo's* crew metamorphose into a band, and jump into some seriously great music. The music

gives *Eo* the power to turn the Supreme Leader's minions into orange-clad dancers not out of place in *A Chorus Line* (Jeffery Hornaday, choreographer extraordinaire, worked on the project as well). He also turns the Supreme Leader into a beautiful princess and everybody lives happily ever after.

So it isn't *The Big Chill*. Don't try to compare this to a feature-length film. It's not. What it is, however, is simply the finest music video ever made.

Jackson's songs show a sharper edge than his previous work, and he seems to have taken a few funk lessons from his younger sister.



Anjelica Huston, as the evil supreme leader, has hoses everywhere. Everywhere.

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# My Friend Flicks



is filled with characters and Tom's just one of them," says George.

Beyond that section, the movie is just more well-shot surfing on huge waves 'round the world. The highlight is some great footage of Hawaii's Maalaea breaking for the

first time in over a decade.

"Amazing Surf Stories" is a good try and a promising beginning — the producers plan to make this an annual thing that will always feature the current World Champion. The surfing was great,

the cinematography was better, but like all surfing movies it got repetitious and almost boring. If you like surfing, see it, and if you don't, don't.

— Matt Welch



Michael Jackson, Francis Ford Coppola, and George Lucas: The new ZZ Top?

"We Are Here (To Change The World)" is vintage Jackson. A hopeful chorus, a bass line low enough to burst your kidneys, and Jackson's impassioned singing combined with the Gloved One in 3-D add up to some serious excitement.

"Just Another Part Of Me" takes the idea further. If this song is at all indicative of where Jackson is going with his music, we are in for a pleasant surprise. More super-deep bass, and Michael letting loose with singing reminiscent of Patti LaBelle on a hot streak, makes this the song the one you remember on the way out of the theater and on long, empty stretches of Highway 101.

The real genius of *Captain Eo* lies in its stunning visual effects. One scene features spaceships flying down a trench (a la *Star Wars*). In 3-D, you find yourself

ducking and weaving with the spaceships.

Lucas' touch is evident throughout the film. Eo's crew wouldn't seem out of place in a *Star Wars* film. The bad guys all brandish whips. The Supreme Leader looks like what Darth Vader would have nightmares about, with huge fingernails, and hoses connected everywhere. Everywhere. She dangles from hoses, and in 3-D you brace yourself in case she falls from them.

Anjelica Huston, in her horrible-but-great costume, is underutilized. Even at the end, when Eo transforms her into a beautiful princess, one only gets a glimpse of her, as Jackson steps in front of the camera and dances away.

The theater itself should get mention as a new special effect.

When Captain Eo gets into a laser fight, real lasers within the theater fire out into the audience. When his ship crashes, a plume of smoke emanates from the screen. And the sound system reminds me of the one in the old Maxell audiotape ad, with a man in a scarf sitting in front of a speaker, hair pulled back. It's that good.

Different locations in the theater highlight different effects. For the best 3-D, sit in the first five rows. To see the lasers best, sit in back. The music is best in the middle. The screen is curved, so seats on the sides are terrific as well.

*Captain Eo* (from the Greek *eos*, meaning 'dawn', the press releases say) is more like a rollercoaster, or a trip into a fun house. But oh, what a rollercoaster ride. A definite must-see.

— Doug Arellanes

## Desperately Lacking Something

It really was not much of a surprise (Shanghai or otherwise) when Sean Penn and Madonna finally got it on in China. No doubt they would; however, it was boring. Penn simply tried too hard. We all know he has the ability to command the big screen with his moving and painful facial gestures, but this time he was in too much pain. Madonna, excuse me, Mrs. Penn, was a monumental disappointment. She left us with a promising role in *Desperately Seeking Susan* and returned as an ineffectual, tiresome whine.

What proved to work against the film rather than with it was the complicated yet adventurous plot whose coherency was quite incapable. A missing half-ton of opium is the object of desire (much like most good drugs), however, no one is certain who's stashed "Faraday's Flowers" and every lame duck in China is looking for them.

Here comes Penn as Glendon Wasey, slimy businessman in the making. He's recently purchased giant quantities of hip fluorescent ties, and is prepared to make his million in L.A. Then there's Gloria Tadlock (Madonna) of the Helping Hands

Mission. She would like to save the world and the lives of many a brave soldier, but needs the opium in order to begin her lifelong struggle to propagate the faith.

With the aid of the pious father, Gloria convinces Glendon to search for the opium. Here we go frolicking around Shanghai meeting all sorts of neat people, one even has no hands and tortures Penn, but not enough. It is a confusing network of stereotypical bad guys which goes around in circles. The film reaches a point when it could perhaps end on a tolerable note, but instead, our heroes continue to pursue the missing opium until all plausibility is bereaved.

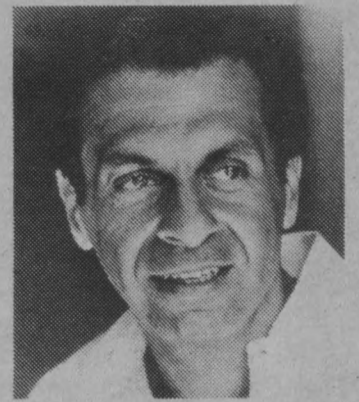
The most promising features of the film were not taken advantage of competently. George Harrison's soundtrack could have been elevator music for all it added, and the magnificent surroundings of the Far East might as well have been Lot C at Universal. It seems the "right place at the wrong time" cliché worked overtime in *Shanghai Surprise*.

— Valerie DeLapp

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# Ford Word March

Jello Biafra and Michael C. Ford, spoken word performances, October 14th, Rockpile Records, two shows, 8 and 10:30, \$5.

You may hear poetry about "blithe spirits" or "the appearance of evening stars", but you won't hear it from Michael C. Ford. Ford is a poet who will not call himself a poet; he feels it is a title that is given by others, a title that is earned. There are many things which Ford is not —

versation with Ford feels as though it takes place within the context of one of his poems. The man has learned to speak in quotes. He achieves a similar level of intensity in a casual chat as he does in his writing — he shares "an emotional and spiritual fever."

But that's just the way he is. Ford rails against those who hide their heads and read off their stuff without ever looking up, without ever giving of themselves. Being a

contain and belong to many cultural sets, from the beat/jazz era on. People like Jello Biafra and Exene Cervenka can be considered his contemporaries and compatriots, but then again so can Jim Morrison and Ray Manzarek, and, even further back, Art Pepper and Shorty Rogers.

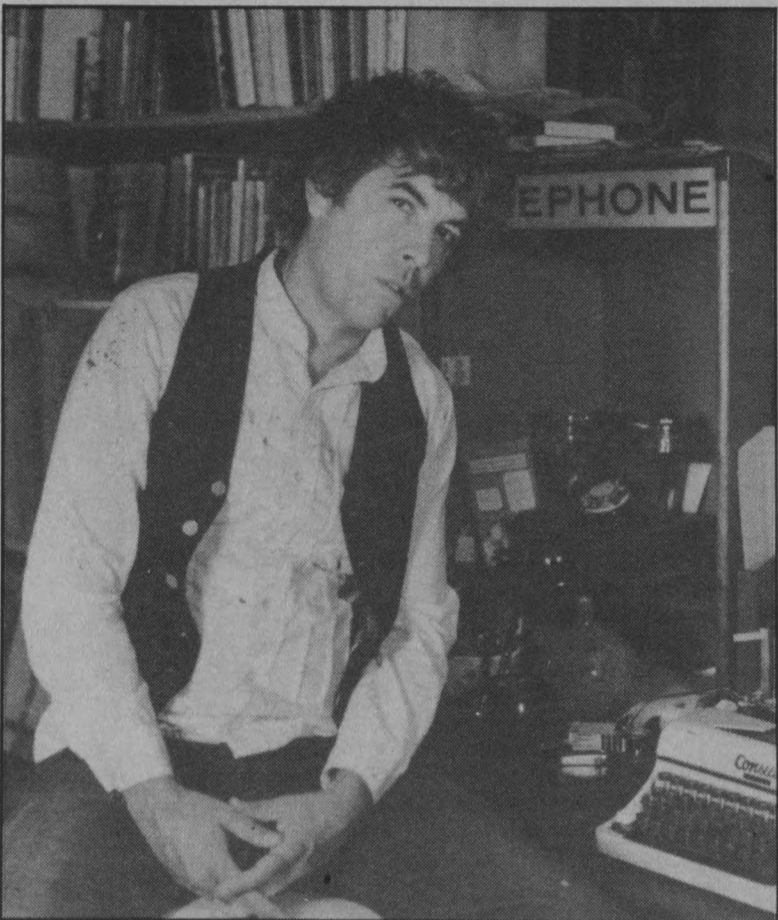
Ford entered college at age 15. The name of the institution of higher learning that he attended was called the LA Jazz Concert Hall. His professor was club owner Jack Hampton, who was giving Ford bluebook exams with every show. The A+ inspiration of those days are written, or rather, spoken all over Ford's album *Language Commando* (produced by Harvey Kubernik, who is in many ways the father of the spoken word revival).

Ford, however, resists the notion that he is a nostalgic idiot — he wants "to redefine the corruption that's been going on." This concerned voice tells of the shocking death of JFK and the inevitable one of our ocean ("The Pacific Ocean Prepares For Its Own Funeral"). He finds a metaphor for the decay of this age in the fall of movie madonnas (small M) of the past. These tales of the silver screens turned gray are detailed in "Clara Bow", "Dorothy Dandridge", and (my favorite) "Rita Hayworth Has Been Declared Mentally Incompetent". Ford doesn't just sit and sulk in the cinema of the past; his film stars are living, potent, vital ideas. He tries to pass on this spark in his teaching — a class in "Poetry as Movies of the Mind", under the leadership of Ford, is available at University of Pacific.

"I grew up with my skin turned inside-out and my nerves exposed," said Ford, and thus, he feels somewhat responsible for providing some "educational rearmament" for his students and audience. He uses words such as "inform" and "share" rather than "read" or "recite" when talking about his spoken word appearances. Instead of doing things at us, Ford wants to be there with us and for us, pushing things to the limits.

Yes, I'd call him a poet. He simply describes himself as being "on the cutting edge", then adding thoughtfully, "I hope I'm not a bleeder."

— Brett A. Mermer



Michael C. Ford — teacher, poet, language commando.

tiresome, loathsome, humorless, unconcerned, stupid. These are adjectives which Ford rebels against; he fights them as a Language Commando (the title he does allow himself and his latest record). His spoken word performances with Jello Biafra at Rockpile Records are our chances to join Ford as a poet in the trenches.

My "special operations training" with Ford came in the form of a telephone interview while he was burning in "Car Hell" (his auto having lapsed into a coma in Los Angeles). A con-

poet means entering into a "noble and dangerous profession", thinks Ford. It is not a line of work for people who have "no tolerance for rage" or "no capacity to listen to the truth." The dim view that Ford holds of much of the established world of poetry seems to come from the mouth of a saboteur. He ain't ever gonna win the Poolit Surprise (not that he shouldn't be considered). But Michael C. Ford is more outcast than outlaw, and more for his subject matter than for his biting chatter.

Along with Allen Ginsberg, Ford is one of the few figures to span and

# Art's History of Hans

Art history TA Hans Van Miegroet believes he offers UCSB students a good education. "Before you can develop good ideas, you have to learn. You have to study with people who are known to be masters of that trade," Van Miegroet says.

With this in mind, he quotes Albert Einstein, adding that "then you come to good ideas."

When studying art "you've got to look at all of the facets of the work," Van Miegroet explains. "After looking at the different individual aspects of the work, look at it in full context. That is where the meaning is."

He believes that when he teaches, he can serve as a channel through which his students are able to appreciate the 15th century Renaissance period and experience the meaning of its art.

Van Miegroet's passion for art history, particularly the 15th century Northern Renaissance period, has proven to be quite rewarding and very impressive. At age 33, Van Miegroet has received four fellowships to prestigious museums. "You can't do everything at the same time," he explains about one from the Paul Getty Research Center he had to turn down.

Van Miegroet specializes in the study of Flemish artists and their paintings. This particular type of work is characterized by "Old Master" paintings. The medium used is oil paint, and Van Miegroet explains that the artist can paint on "canvas, a panel or a wall."

The oil paint is applied in many layers, which Van Miegroet believes "evokes translucence, and gives optical effects of depth from the many glazes which filter light."

Fifteenth century Flemish paintings were influenced by social conditions of the era, religious ideologies and various political affairs, Van Miegroet said. When asked why his main interest is Flemish artists, he responded, "I'm interested because I am a Fleming and I'm just interested in my culture."

The duration for each fellowship is one year, and for 1986, Van Miegroet is working and studying at the

J. Paul Getty Museum in Santa Monica. This fellowship stands out because he received the only fellowship awarded in the paintings department. While at the Getty, Van Miegroet will focus on the authenticity of some early Flemish work.

In 1987, Van Miegroet will leave the Getty and continue his studies at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. During this internship, he will research the make-up of these oil paintings with the use of a technique known as infrared reflectography. He will incorporate this work with Flemish artist Gerard David's panel paintings.

"Infrared reflectography," Van Miegroet explains, "involves the use of an x-ray type television camera, which allows you to see through the paint layers in order that you can see the underlying drawing."

This technique not only lets one see each layer, but can also help a person understand what the artist was trying to portray as with each layer of paint, he says.

Van Miegroet moved to America from Belgium, where he graduated from the University of Ghent. After receiving a Fulbright fellowship, he moved to America to complete his doctorate in UCSB's art history department.

At the conclusion of his fellowships, Van Miegroet would like to teach, possibly in California. "I would like to teach in a good university. I like California particularly. I think it is a very dynamic environment. It's basically the banquet of the new world. I think new things are going to happen here."

"One problem with a lot of scholars," he adds, "is that they do not have a lot of experience with the objects themselves. In America especially, there is too much interpretation by iconology, just direct interpretation of works without knowing what it is about."

Regarding the way students are taught, he says, "There are too many slides! Students don't see enough real paintings. Students usually see all paintings in 6" x 6", which is not true, eh?"

— Deborah Remez Wagner

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# RACING WITH THE MOON



“Racing With The Moon” will be the second movie shown as part of A.S. Program Board’s “BRAT PACK” film series. Come watch Sean Penn and Elizabeth McGovern in this romantic drama as they experience growing up in a war-torn country.

Tell all your friends and come cry together at I.V. Theatre on Tuesday, October 14 at 7, 9 and 11 pm. Tickets will be available at the door for \$2.00

## PUB NITE

### The I.V. All★Stars

Did you miss Pub Nite last Thursday Night? Don't despair — you can make it up by coming this Thursday night at 8:00 pm to drink and dance to the sounds of the I.V. All-Stars. This local favorite will help to make Pub Nites this year better than ever; so come by and hear the I.V. All-Stars at the second Pub Nite of the quarter.

Also, Tuesday, October 14 will be the first Comedy Night in UCSB's Pub — comedian to be announced.

## COMING SOON...



### The Outsiders Tuesday, Oct. 21

“The Outsiders” will be the last film of our three-part series, but definitely worth waiting for. Plan on attending the showing on Tuesday, October 21, at I.V. Theatre at 7, 9 and 11 pm. Come see the movie that gave the Brat Pack their nickname.

### Still Want To Get Involved?

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