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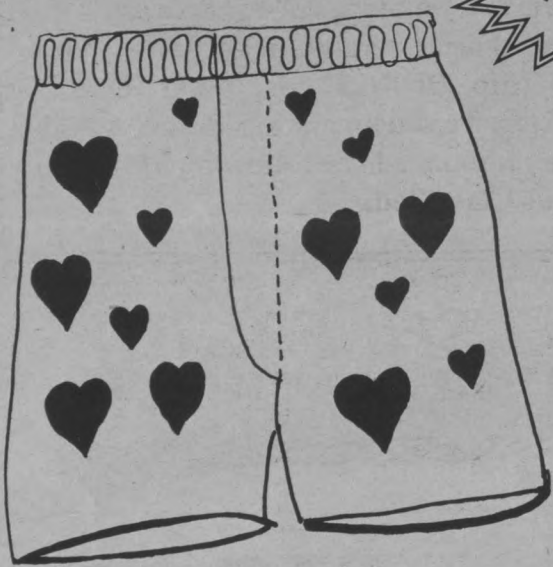
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## SAY HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

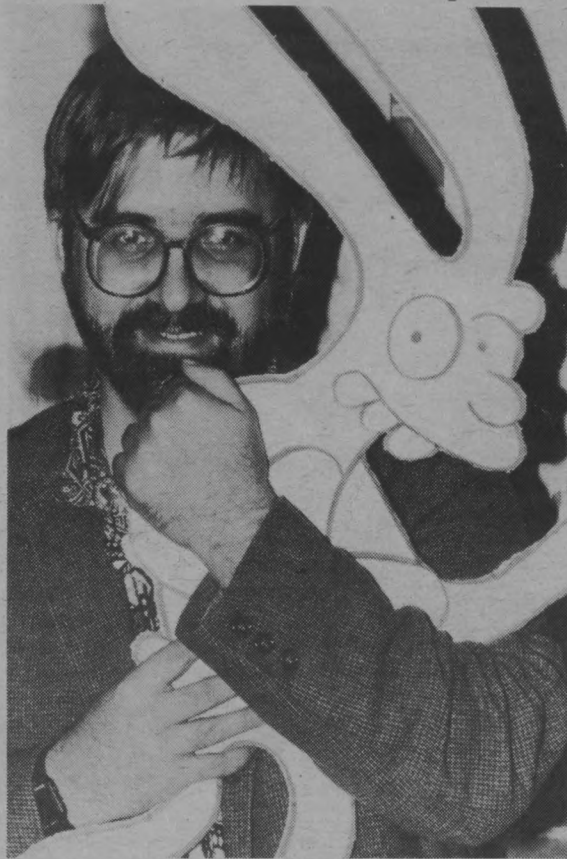


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## The Joys of Hell on Earth



Matt Groening & friend

**Work Is Hell**  
by Matt Groening ("rhymes with 'complaining'")  
Deborah Caplan & Associates, 36 large fun-filled pages,  
for only 6.95!

Matt Groening, the creator of the cool crazy comic *Life in Hell* (appearing weekly in the *Santa Barbara News and Review*), was in town over the weekend. At Andromeda Bookshop on Saturday and Zelo on Sunday, fans waited in lines to chat with the cartoonist and have him sign and draw in their copies of his new collection, *Work Is Hell*.

In his cartoons, Groening hilariously chronicles the alienation of "assorted crudely drawn rabbits," including Binky, the miserable star; Sheba, his "easily irked girlfriend;" and young Bongo, the one-eared "Sullen Teen" coverboy.

Groening explained a few things when he chatted with readers, including why he thinks Santa Barbara has some weird people: after the "Tofu Hut" cartoon (a fake ad for a disgusting fast-food health-food place) ran, S.B. was one of three cities where readers called the newspaper wanting to know when it would open.

In the book *Work Is Hell* and especially in the title section, "a cute and cuddly 10-part cartoon miniseries," Groening strikes a chord, making one wince and laugh at the same time. Chapter 1 asks,

"What do I want to be if I grow up? Why would anyone

want to hire me? What if I make the wrong career choice? What if I don't like my job? How come I have such bad luck? How can I get rich? Does life have to be this tedious? When is my coffee break? Why me?

"Answer: Get back to work."

Groening covers everything from that all-important first job to getting fired. Groening describes "The 9 Types of Bosses" — from "wonder boss" to "the psychotic boss-monster from hell" — and "The 81 Types of Employees." He also tells how to get a raise and "How to Get Along with All the Jerks at Your Crummy Job."

The pinnacle of his negative attitude toward work is the final chapter of the miniseries, "The Game of Work."

"You can play alone, or with any number of so-called friends."

"You will need: a pair o' dice and a small insignificant object to represent you."

"Rules: Take turns going around and around and around and around the board...."

"The game is over when you die."

How encouraging.

But wait, there's more!

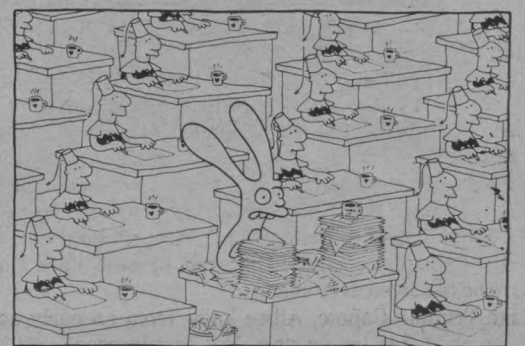
There are more cartoons on the joy of work. And five mixed-up magazine covers. And there are two restaurants — Santa Barbara's fave, "Akbar and Jeff's Tofu Hut," and its predecessor, the even viler "Weenie Barn, where every meal is batter-dipped, double-coated, triple-checked, deeply fried, and served to you by underpaid pasty-faced teenage runts."

And much more for a total of 34 cartoons.

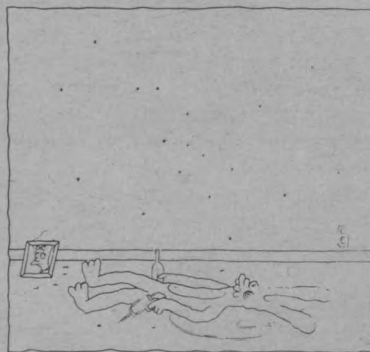
Groening knows how to connect with the part of you that is dissatisfied, especially the part that hates your awful job. If your work is hell, you obviously need this book. If you like your job, you need *Work Is Hell* for two reasons — in the future, you will have a job truly amazing in its wretchedness, and right now, your co-workers hate you.

— Scott Lewis

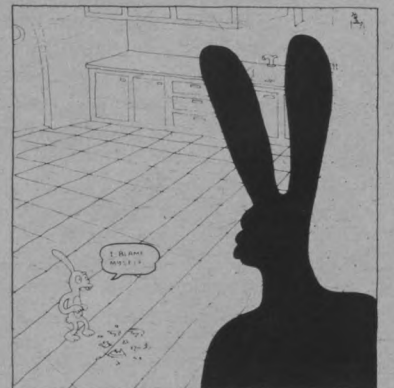
## WORK IS HELL



A CARTOON BOOK BY  
MATT GROENING



IF YOU DRINK, DON'T DRIVE



## Spring Registration

Priority Registration for Spring Quarter:

**Tuesday, Feb. 11 — Friday, Feb. 14**

Priority days are assigned by class level.

Consult your registration form and the

**Schedule of Classes**

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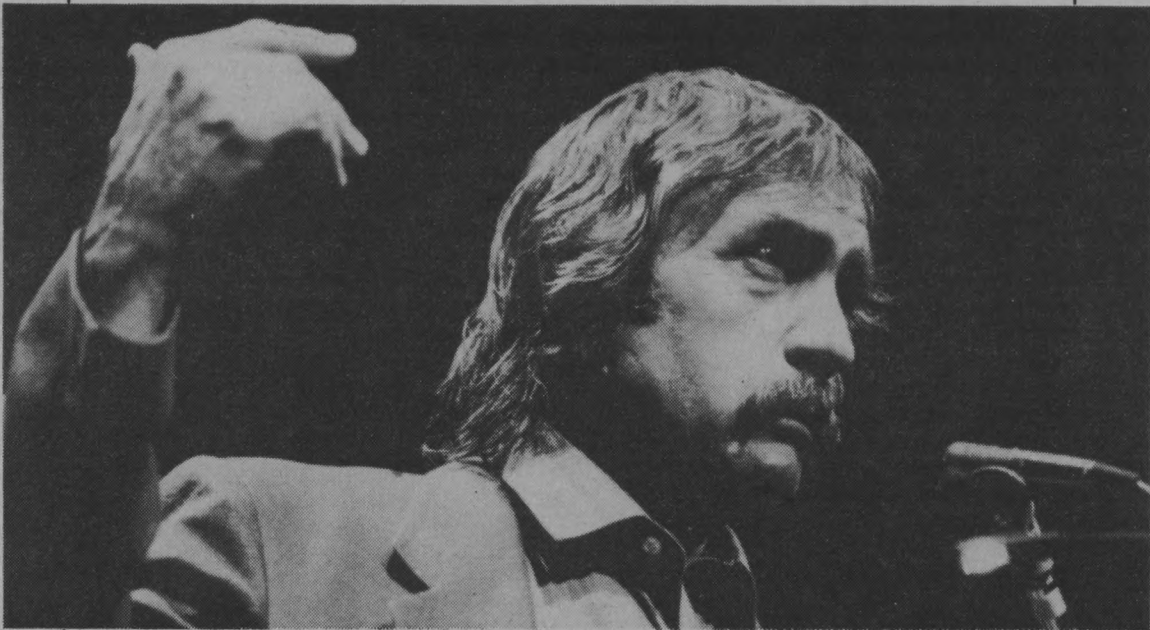
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THE DAILY  
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## Albee Tells the Truth about Art



The ominous Edward Albee: "Art is not created for critics."

If a theatrical figure such as Edward Albee did not exist, it would indeed be necessary to invent him. But what would more likely happen is that Albee would invent himself. It is to our benefit that he was created, that he continues to create, and that he cares deeply about creation. A full house at Campbell Hall was treated last Monday to a discussion of Albee's career, concerns, cures, and candor. Most were unaware of how desperately the treatment was needed.

An imposing literary personality, he began his lecture after an eloquent introduction by simply stepping up to the podium and saying, "Hi, am I the only one in the house with a necktie?" After shedding that garment, Albee settled into his past. He recalled his fleeting affair with formal education, having been thrown out of prep school after prep school merely because he wanted to be home. Somewhere along the line, he was enrolled in the Valley Forge Military Academy.

"There were only two courses taught at the Valley Forge Military Academy — sadism and masochism," Albee remembers. The playwright escaped the clutches of this institution by contracting chicken pox and measles concurrently. Albee survived well enough to make it to the only school from which he was graduated, the Choate School in Connecticut. After a quick tour of Trinity College, he planted himself in New York City where he has lived ever since.

Like Truman Capote, Albee knew from an early age that he needed to be a writer. The problem was that he didn't realize for some time what *kind* of a writer he was. He wrote poetry for twenty years, completed two epic novels as a teenager, tried his hand at the short story, but still felt unfulfilled. Then at age thirty came his first play, *The Zoo Story* — and he discovered that he had been a playwright all his life.

There have been twenty-five plays in twenty-six years. Albee prefers "the immediacy, the act of aggression against the status quo" that the theatre offers. Drama is not simply "what people say and what they don't say" as he puts it, but it is risk, it is danger, it is some form of truth. Albee's work has consistently and passionately delivered these elements.

"Art is useful, tough, ugly; and it is most important," he said as he turned his attention away from his art and that of the theatre to a perspective on all of the arts. Feeling that America is continuing a hazardous (even deadly) trend, Albee spoke out against art that lies to its audience, removes the audience from itself, makes the audience comfortable with itself by ignoring the hard truths.

He traces the decline in support for the arts (both public and governmental) back to the renaissance feeling of the sixties which was seemingly ended by the sentiment which elected Nixon as president. This retreat

from the government's responsibility to the aesthetic education of this country is being furthered by the Reagan administration's huge cuts in spending for the arts.

Albee voiced his concern over the censorship that Americans are forcing on themselves. "We act as our own censors," he pointed out. Unlike life under a totalitarian regime, people in a free society have the right to choose any kind of art they wish. What worries Albee is that the passive arts (commercial film, television) are beginning to eclipse the active arts (theatre is one). He fears that there may soon develop a gap between the audience, with what it wants to hear, and the artist, with what he wants to present.

Artmaking separates us from the other animals. "Our tails fell off, and we grew art," Albee says. He views the participation in art (as artist or audience) as the necessary "practice of evolution", and left the audience with the unsettling thought that the value of this society will rest on its participation in the arts, in its engagement in becoming more human.

After a thirty minute question and answer period in which he gave advice to a budding playwright, suggested TV use tax in support of the arts, discussed what he didn't like about the *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* film, and hinted at his creative process, I had the rewarding opportunity of talking with Albee. He revealed plans for his next three plays.

The drama that he is in the process of writing is about his "favorite subject, marriage," although he's never been married. He will be taking time off from his directing and touring schedule in the spring to write his next play which will deal with incest. The third work is still brewing in his subconscious.

Albee spoke in no uncertain terms of his feeling for theatre critics, especially those of New York City. "The best critics of the arts are practitioners of the arts," and he lamented the power reviewers have over what work is seen. He added "Art is not created for critics."

He sees the education and cultivation of the young with exposure to performances, recitals, records, and pictures as a way out of this spiraling decline in support for the fine arts. He added that he would enjoy coming to work in some capacity with young actors and playwrights at UCSB.

His lecture left the audience with much the same deep impression that his plays do — that there is something we need to look at in our lives, perhaps something that needs to be changed. Coupled with the power to make us see ourselves is his belief that we can change. We in turn believe in Edward Albee, as practitioner of his art, as aid to evolution, as human being.

— Brett A. Mermer

### RELATIONSHIPS and PERSONAL CHANGE Soc. 191 C & D

Learn about self-awareness, values clarification and communication skills while being trained as a Peer Health Educator in the area of relationships, body image, eating disorders and sexuality.

2 units, class meets Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5:30 - 7:30 p.m. Spring quarter. To enroll students must register for the class and complete an application, available in Student Health and Soc. depts. For more info. call 961-2630.

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Brazil

## A New Cult Classic



Jonathan Pryce

Terry (Time Bandits, Monty Python) Gilliam has surpassed himself with his latest film. *Brazil* is nothing short of phenomenal. In a time of smooth and comfortable drama, it is the antithesis of the norm. It is a witty, sardonic, dark comedy, the sort that hits you hardest when you're off guard.

Drifting through a mass of ethereal clouds "somewhere in the 20th century" we first learn about designer heating ducts and then about terrorism; "it's bad sportsmanship, I say." But this obscure beginning is only the, shall we say, tip of the iceberg.

The world of *Brazil* is a world of the absurd, the ironic, the surreal. It is a world of hybrids, of old merged with new. In much the same way, the film is a hybrid of nearly every worthy classic that's passed before. There are elements of *Citizen Kane* and *Casablanca*, *Fahrenheit 451* and *THX 1138*, *Star Wars* and *Superman*, Monty Python and Woody Allen and, yes, the myth of Icarus. Likewise, it is a skillful hodge-podge of social satire sprinkled with slapstick wit.

Those who have seen Gilliam's adept animation on "Monty Python's Flying Circus" will recognize the swift and relentless barrage of images, abstract and otherworldly, that bombard the viewer. Camera angles and lighting, the use of wide-angle and fisheye lenses, exaggerated make-up and a series of extraordinary sets all add to the polish of this daring endeavor. And Gilliam is the genius behind it all. His experience with the making of *Brazil* and the subsequent fight to have it released parallels in many ways the film protagonist's plight. (The *Los Angeles Times* ran numerous articles on the technicalities if you're interested.)

The anti-hero is Sam Lowry, an employee of the Ministry of Information (MOI) who dreams of flying on silver wings to the love of his life who lives in the sun. She is Jill Layden, truckdriver and suspected terrorist. Their lives cross-cut each other throughout the film and forge a romance and love story that rivals the best. It is Sam's quest for Jill that ultimately leads him astray and into a fate which he never would have expected.

There are other notable characters in *Brazil*. Robert De Niro plays an extraordinary blend of Superman and heating engineer in the character of Archibald Tuttle. The role surprised me, but De Niro breathed life and quiet comedy into it. Jonathon Pryce is perfect as Sam Lowry, the rather small-headed man filled with big dreams. Kim Greist is Jill Layden. She transforms her petite, leather and khaki-clad body into a gruff and relentless but wholly loving heroine. Is it she who will ultimately save Sam?

*Brazil* has too many subplots and layers to be explained in the usual quip of the tongue manner. If I had to give a simplified synopsis I would have to say it's about a bureaucracy in which paperwork and redtape become ends in themselves. Consequently the sole purpose of man is to shuffle papers. Sounds faintly like our own system. That's where the difference lies. In *Brazil* our worst bureaucratic nightmares take on monumental proportion and humor. But that's not all. Gilliam has managed to create a symbolic depth in the film that can only be grasped through multiple viewings. For this reason *Brazil* will become a new cult classic that will surpass its predecessors (*Rocky Horror*, *Harold and Maude*, *Quadrophenia*, etc.) by its sheer artistry and depth. That is not to say that those of you who want pure entertainment won't be satisfied. There's just a lot more to film than that.

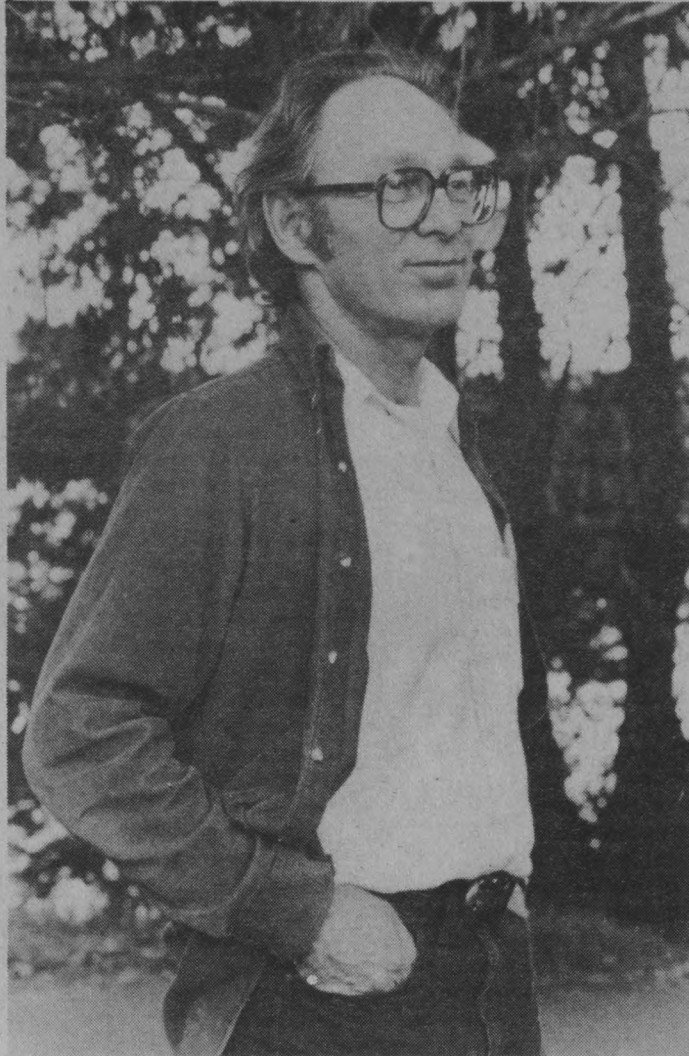
It is easy to understand why *Brazil* won the Best Picture Award from the Los Angeles Film Critic's Association. It is sophisticated, unpredictable, and funny while (See *BRAZIL*, p.7A)



Kim Greist

Faculty Author

## Max Schott on Writing and



CATHERINE OMARA/NEXUS

"The trouble with most movies is that they are made by committees ... instead of being the imagination of just one person."

— Max Schott

He is the author of the novella *Murphy's Romance* on which the movie starring Sally Field and James Garner is based. It's nice to be able to say that your work has been made into a movie but in this case, Max Schott's book has been made into a movie credit — which is to say that the two share nothing save the title.

When he heard that his book was being made into a movie, Schott was delighted. But when he read the screenplay, reality set in.

"I suspected they'd change it a lot. I suppose at the very first I had some hope that they would stick more to the story — but I was glad to get the money and whatever publicity came with it."

He went through stages of disappointment and finally came to grips with the fact that it didn't resemble his original work at all. "But it's easy to comfort yourself with all that money," he laughed.

\$40,000 is plenty to comfort yourself with. Schott was paid \$5,000 for the original option, \$20,000 to make it into an actual movie and \$15,000 for the original title.

The book was written in 1975-76 and was published in 1980 by Capra Press in Santa Barbara. It is common practice for either an agent or a publisher to send new releases out to movie companies. "As far as I knew, it was turned down by every movie company it was sent to."

Four years later producer Laura Ziskin, who had been

carrying the book around for some time, showed it to Sally Field who was in search of a new project. The two collaborated on the movie production, but by the time she had given it to her screenwriters, Harriet Frank, Jr. and Irving Ravetch, "it kept changing and the interest in it got turned around."

"The trouble with most movies is that they are made by committees ... instead of being the imagination of just one person," he says.

Schott tends to like off-beat, sincere and honest movies, citing Robert Duvall's *Tender Mercies* as one of his favorites. He also likes European films. "Even when they're bad, more interesting," because it seems as though European filmmakers have more control over the production — more of themselves into it.

"If you have a movie made from a book that you've written, it's probably a mistake to act as a critic." He pointed out there is no way to be objective. He said he would suspect someone who didn't like the movie version just because it was different but he would also suspect someone who loved "loving themselves."

*Murphy's Romance* (the movie) is a typical Hollywood story, complete with a happy ending. The book differs considerably in almost all respects.

Schott prefers down-to-earth characters in real-life situations, dealing with personal interactions as human beings — not as Hollywood prototypes.

He had never intended for *Murphy's Romance* (Toni Wilson in the book) to end up together. "I don't think I ever conceived of Toni and Murphy getting together — part of the original conception that she'd turn him down and he'd just have to live with it."

Although he feels that James Garner did a good job of portraying the character in the screenplay, he wasn't exactly *Murphy Jones* Schott had in mind. The screen-Murphy was too full of wise sayings which took away from the book's realistic nature.

As far as looks go, Sally Field was ideal for the part. Emma (Toni), but Schott believes her personality was realistic either. "She was too brave and noble."

In the book, Murphy marries Toni's Aunt Margaret, seems to handle Murphy's private romance very realistically, according to Schott. He feels that if more attention had been given to the relationship between Murphy and Margaret, it would have taken away from the romantic aspect of the relationship between Murphy and Toni. But Schott believes that realists like Margaret exist.

(Incidentally, Margaret is portrayed in the movie as a spinster who keeps trying to rope Murphy since they were part of their childhood necking behind the barn.)

When the movie production was finished, Schott went to the premiere in L.A. He says it was fun but ask him to wear a suit. "I don't have a suit. I guess I haven't worn one since my first wedding almost 30 years ago .... But we'll wear one down there anyway."

When he met Sally Field, she told him that she had problems riding the horses. She had never ridden and didn't want to learn. She wanted to know if she represented a horrible trainer well enough. Of this Schott said, "she looked good on a horse ... but instead of having her train a horse, they ride a very well trained horse. But she looked good."

The person he most enjoyed meeting was co-producer Ziskin — it seemed she really liked the book and may have been the only one sincerely interested in the original.

Schott admits that although the movie was not much like the book, it "has its affect on the sale of the book and also has its affect if I write something else."

Which is what he is doing now. He's about half-way through a new endeavor and though he doesn't mind discussing it, he doesn't think it sounds interesting to talk about, but he'll read.

"It's about people who were important to me in my childhood; my father, mother, Ben Webber (the cowb

The Best of Times

## A Chance to Right A Wrong

Most everyone has, at one time or another, done something that he or she regrets. I can think of a few, anyway. And when we do start to fill the brain with these embarrassing moments of past humiliations, we have only one desire: to relive the past and change what we did wrong. If one is granted this sort of opportunity, then it should not be passed up.

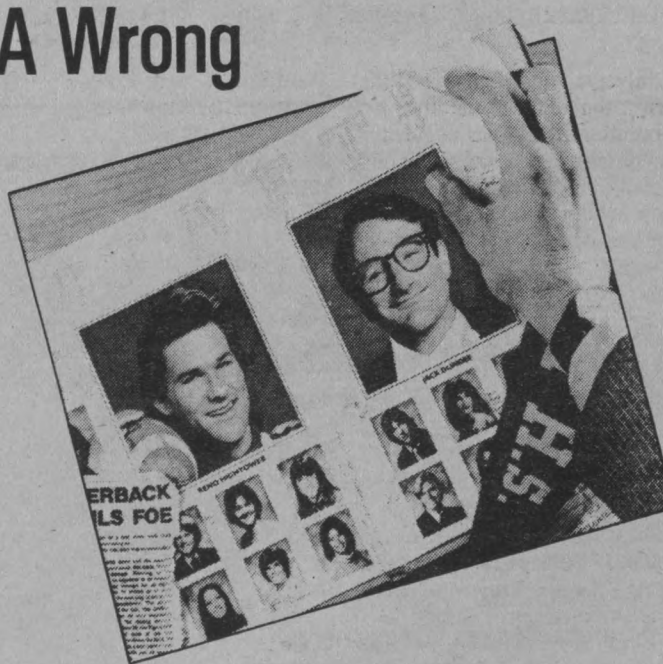
One is granted in *The Best Of Times*. Jack Dundee (Robin Williams) is obsessed with a mistake he made 13 years ago in the big Taft versus Bakersfield game. He dropped the football which caused his team to lose. Jack is depressed. Jack needs psychiatric help. He spends countless hours locked in a room with a film projector replaying the dreaded drop which made him what he is today: the guy who dropped the ball.

Jack gets a brilliant idea to play the game over again, thus giving him a chance to prove himself. He tries to persuade his best friend, Reno Hightower (Kurt Russell), who happened to be the team's quarterback, into replaying. Reno and the gang at the Caribou lodge (who comprise the majority of the old team) reject Jack's idea vehemently. In the meantime, the Bakersfield team is planning strategies and practices.

Jack insists that replaying the game would put Kern County on the map, and give the town a sense of pride. There's a lot of talk about cleaning out the bowels of their souls and the town, but nothing convinces, until Jack plots an underhanded plan to arouse spirit. It works.

In the wake of this confusion, both Jack and Reno separate from their wives. The pressure is paramount; if they can win the game and bring recognition to the town, they can also win back their wives.

Directed by Roger Spottiswoods, the film is quite inconsistent. There are a number of funny scenes which somehow become isolated from the rest of the movie. The audience waits patiently for Williams to be unleashed into fits of high energy improvisation. Williams does very nicely in these undisciplined moments, but they are so unlike his character in the film that we wonder if Spottiswoods wasn't just trying to show off Williams the comedian.



The scenes between Russell and Williams verged on an intolerable level. Basically, there wasn't a great deal of enthusiasm on Russell's part. He seemed impatient and bored with the situation. On the other hand, Williams needed to be subdued, he brought an excess of intensity to a rather simple character. However, when the two clicked, the film absolutely succeeded.

*The Best of Times* is an amusing movie. The plot is generally thin, but the nostalgia involved with playing the football game is universally appealing, and you've got to find out whether or not Jack catches the ball this time.

— Valerie De Lapp

UCSB Drama

## 5 Fighting

During World War II when men went to war, the women of their lives — their wives, mothers, and lovers — were left at home to fight a war of their own. In their new roles as factory workers and heads of households, these women were left to fight a different kind of war, a war where the enemies were despair, loneliness, and waiting and the weapons were camaraderie and hope.

John Murrell's *Waiting for the Parade* is a sensitive look into the inner lives of five Canadian women who must fight such a battle. Presented by the UCSB Department of Dramatic Art, this compelling, funny, and noble drama is positive praise of the strengths of these intelligent women who find their own ways to endure and win. Directed by Judith Olason, *Waiting for the Parade* will be presented Feb. 20-22 and Feb. 25-Mar. 1 in the university's Studio Theater.

Cast as the women who must endure loss and loneliness while waiting for their loved ones to return are Wendy Tasker as Catherine, Diana L. Ward as Janet, Allison Gendreau as Margaret, Cindy Cooper as Eve, and Dana Lynn Kopfer as Marta.

Setting and lighting are designed by Douglas Gould, costumes by Claremarie Verheyen and Paula Donnelly is stage manager.

Curtain time is 8 p.m. with a 2 p.m. per-



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whom nine-year-old Max fell in love) and his (Ben's) wife." It's a little different than *Murphy's Romance*. It's only partly a western because of Ben's character but there is no real horse activity in this one.

Schott's father was an L.A. city person which makes the story of the contrast between he and the Ben Webber character more pronounced. "There's also a little boy in the middle who narrates and acts as sort of a tape recorder or camera — he doesn't do or say much."

Now that he has had one work made into a movie, he says that if the thought of a second movie crosses his mind, it's only at those times when he is not actually writing.

"I think that's often why people write worse. The more they write the worse they get because they become recognized. They begin worrying about the public, worrying about how much money they're going to make, worrying about their reputation, worrying about whether somebody's going to make it into a movie — all of which, I think, are disadvantageous to their work."

When Schott sits down to write, he immerses himself completely in his work. The feeling he gets while writing "is probably a disillusion, but it's a pleasant feeling. Sometimes you feel that way and you write terrible trash — but still it's a nice feeling. If I didn't have that feeling, I probably wouldn't bother to do it."

The book is a delight to read. It's only 129 pages, written in a very natural, unpretentious tone that gives it a realistic quality unmatched by the movie. The plot isn't earth-shattering, but it's real — the kind of book you can read at a nice calm pace — no need to rush through it. Relax and enjoy it. Instead of paying \$5 at the movies to see the Hollywood romance come and go, spend \$5.95 and experience the real romance — get to know the characters like they's yer next-door neighbors.

For a man who's "life's dream was to be a cowboy", Max Schott has realized that dream through his writing. Part of the dream came true during his childhood spent at the stables and ranch of his good friend Ben Webber, and another part of it came true during his rodeo days when he would "win a little; lose a little."

At UCSB Max is both a teacher and a student. He has been a lecturer at the College of Creative Studies for about 15 years, teaching Literature and Fiction Writing, and is currently enrolled in the Ph.D. program where he takes classes from essentially two professors — Marvin Mudrick and Alan Stephens. He says he takes classes mostly for the fun of it, but he also really loves learning. He enjoys working in the CCS because he believes the students are great people and fun to be with.

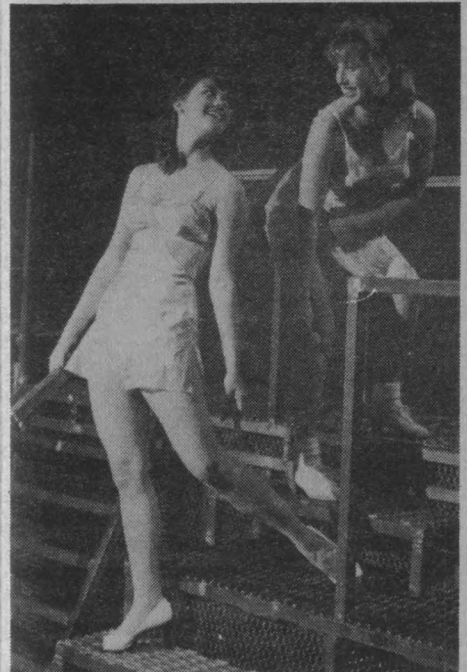
— Catherine O'Mara



Sally Field & James Garner in 'Murphy's Romance' — the movie.

## ng Women

formance on Saturday, Feb. 22. Patrons are reminded that there is no late seating in the Studio Theater. Tickets are available at the Arts and Lectures box office or by calling 961-3535.



Wendy Tasker & Cindy Cooper

A & L Film

## A Family of Yuppies in Japan

One always hears about "the Westernization of the East" and how more and more the ideals of Europe and its "descendants" are infringing upon traditional Eastern wisdom. What one seldom hears of, though, is how a person who lives in the elusive "East" feels about the influence of those encroaching Western values. The chance to gain some insight will present itself in *The Family Game*, on Sunday night.

A relative newcomer to feature length film making, Yoshimitsu Morita not only directed the film, but also adapted the story by Honma Yohei for the screen. His direction is both subtle and hysterically funny. The cultural differences between a Japanese viewer and myself at first left a question about whether *The Family Game* is satire or serious social "statement." Does the first bit of the film's narration, "Everybody in my family is too much..." indicate disgust or drollery? Are the pieces of film that tickle me to laughter also funny to a Japanese filmgoer?

Shortly into the film, there isn't any doubt that Morita found the "new Japanese middle class" to be a

suitably absurd subject for his fantastically entertaining comedy.

Evidently the United States isn't the only society afflicted by the phenomenon we call "yuppy." The Namata family has got it bad. The father, an evidently "successful" business-type man, most often intoxicated on those rare occasions when we see him, continually reprimands his sons for not achieving more than whatever they do achieve, and is usually giving the mother flack about her management of the household. She, stereotypically demure, spends her time waiting on the rest of the family, crafting leather, and perpetuating the doomed goals set up for the family by society.

The older brother, Sinichi, is accepted into the best high school and maintains good grades there; everything a parent could want. Shigeyuki, on the other hand, digs rollercoasters and frankly doesn't give a hoot about which high school his upcoming entrance exams will prescribe. In this petit-bourgeois world of high-rise residential complexes and industrial landscapes, superficial academic suc-

cess is the objective for a young man.

To relieve the distress Shigeyuki is causing his parents, they hire Yoshimoto, one in a long line of tutors, with the promise of extra big bucks for numerical improvement in the boy's grades. Naturally, he rises to the lucrative prospect. Yoshimoto is a seemingly arrogant, patronizing university student who is by turns friend, mentor, proctor, coach, and harsh disciplinarian to Shigeyuki. He recognizes the emptiness of the family's attempts to fulfill a contrived ideal and lets them know it climactically in an irresistibly silly scene during a celebration of Shigeyuki's exam success.

The actors' performances in *The Family Game* are excellent. Shigeyuki is the paragon of a sensitive brat in a family of apathetic conformists and Yoshimoto is the inspiration of covert (at least, sometimes covert) rebellion against deleterious trends. Emotion seems to have already evaporated from Sinichi and, for the parents, there simply isn't a hope in Hades.

The cinematography is extremely clever and quite different from that

which American audiences are accustomed to. The camera is generally very close to the actors, and when the angle is wider the intent is clear; this family is not isolated in its predicament but really a microcosm of an entire society's direction. The lure of the new "culture" is captured in a moment with a breath-taking view of a royal blue twilight settling over a mass of industrial architecture. However, the fact that not a single reference to nature is made in the scene, short of the distant moon, is unavoidable. The visual aspects of the film, its alluringly dry humor, and the portrayal of each character as a moving part in an insipid social machine makes *The Family Game* utterly charming, but as far from sappy as it could be.

Morita has filled the film with subtle but nonetheless strong indications of the humorous and problematic quirks of "modernized" Japan. The decor in the apartment hints of a Corningware-Corelle invasion in the first dinner scene, and the fact that the place where Father holds important or private conversation is the car, testifies to the imitation authentic ideal for which the family strives. Morita's at- (See FAMILY, p.7A)



Director Haskell Wexler on location in Nicaragua.

## 'Latino' — The Message Is Clear

Last Tuesday night director Haskell Wexler brought his controversial film *Latino* to Campbell Hall. The film screened to a full house and drew mixed reactions from the crowd; some embracing *Latino*'s sentiments wholeheartedly, others finding the content too laden with propaganda. Though I agreed with the film's condemnation of the nature of war, and the U.S. government and military involvement in Central America, I found myself agreeing with those in the audience who found the film too simple.

The world does not operate in black and white terms but Wexler's *Latino* does. The problems in Nicaragua are complicated and far-reaching and *Latino* tries too hard to make those problems accessible to the uninformed viewer. The result is a film that, while accessible, is too slick to be convincing.

Filed on location in Nicaragua, Wexler's cinematography is clean and well edited. Where the film fails in narrative it compensates in its visual content. Four months in Nicaragua gave Wexler enough time to record some beautiful footage of the country and its people. What the contrived dialogue fails to convey, the faces of the people (many of whom are locals and not actors) do. Wrinkled skin, weathered hands, tired bodies and hopeful eyes tell the true story of the Nicaraguan struggle. It is a story of a country torn by war, of people weary with sadness and loss but no less eager to fight for freedom.

By effectively utilizing his experience as both documentary and narrative filmmaker, Wexler creates an aura of visual authenticity that the narrative fails to support. Despite its inadequacies, *Latino* is one of the few feature-length films that deals with the Central American plight. It was not well received in Hollywood and has yet to gain widespread release in American theatres. The industry's reluctance to back *Latino* cannot be justified by the film's simplicity and approach. There are a lot of films which have no redeeming qualities but still get all kinds of hype and publicity.

The fact remains that Hollywood does not want to confront U.S. audiences with criticism of its leaders and their choices. Though I may not agree with some of the narrative choices Wexler made in *Latino*, I see no reason why it should not gain wider release. Though far from perfect, it offers insight into the country that has yet to be found elsewhere.

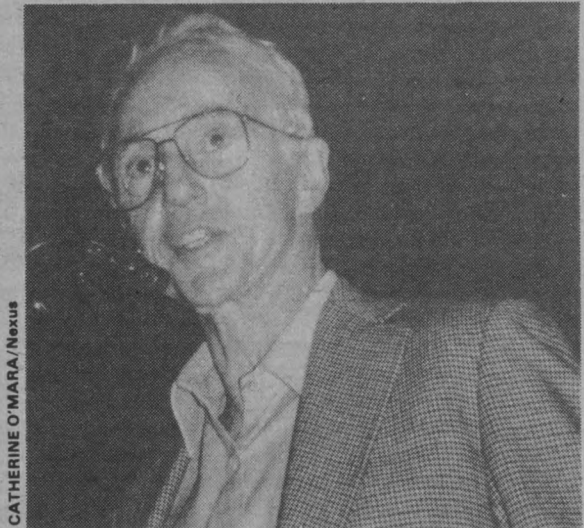
When asked about the difficulty he's had in distributing *Latino*, Wexler replied that, "all the major film companies are parts of multinational corporations. For example, Gulf and Western, which owns Haiti, also

owns Paramount Pictures...and they're not about to distribute a film which by its nature...could only make trouble for them in their dealings with the government.... As you know big corporations have to deal with the FCC, the IRS, the EPA.... So it just doesn't make good business sense for them to deal with films that run contrary to where the administration is now taking us."

Also attending Tuesday's screening was actor Ricardo Lopez who portrayed one of the Contra commandos in *Latino*. He and Wexler both encouraged students, who are generally more aware what's really going on in Nicaragua, to try to enlighten others. Wexler said, "You have to go out there and talk to people, you have to be patient, you have to listen to what they say and what their reasoning is and you have to arm yourself with information and facts that will help change things."

Later in the dressing room, Wexler offered tales of Contra horror told to him by the common folk. Tales of people beheaded or skinned alive, of pregnant women's stomachs being slashed open and the fetuses removed, tales of brutal rape: accounts of things too horrible to try to imagine. His body tensed as he talked of these things and one could see how strongly he feels for these people. If only this intensity could have been conveyed in *Latino*. As it stands, though Wexler is a highly principled man with honorable intentions, the intensity of the Nicaraguan situation has yet to grace America's screens.

— Susanne Van Cleave



Director Haskell Wexler



## BIG ART

TONIGHT!



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Thursday, February 13  
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Presented by UCSB Arts &amp; Lectures 1986.

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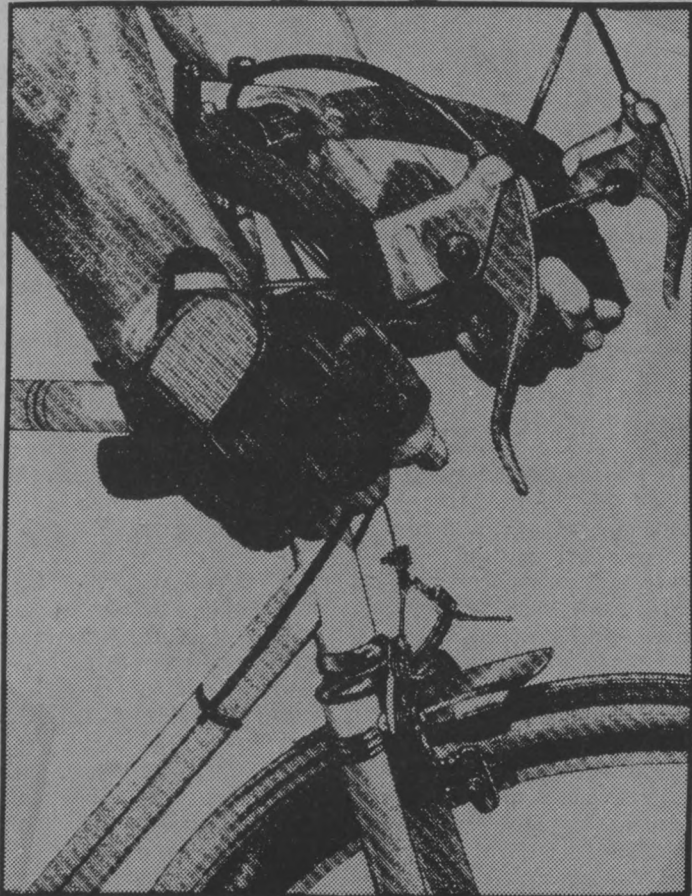
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## Jesus and Mary Chain

## Such Promising Adolescence

Every once in a while, a band appears on the scene that causes a stir. There's a big fuss that sweeps up suddenly upon them. They give an "I don't know how it happened" kind of shrug, and the next thing you know they're the hit of the year, tickling everyone's fancy. The Jesus and Mary Chain is such a band. Well... almost.

I must admit I'm a latecomer to their following. I initially avoided them when the "stir" occurred and NME started tossing their name around, practically saying they were just shy of being demi-gods. At least the bandmembers themselves thought so. On top of that, they were causing uproars by doing sets of only 20 minutes at their shows, and the word "riot" began to spread. Everything was blown greatly out of proportion by the music press.

It all seemed like an attempt to create a band out of nothing but a lot of hype. I tend to shy away from such sudden NME underground megahits. But as the "big fuss" began to take shape (following the release of "Never Understand") I listened to a couple of tunes on the off chance that they might be all the London press had made them out to be. I had obviously avoided them too much — I swear I thought I was listening to a rather fine concert recording.

Then I found out about this distortion thing. Yeah — their trademark: A LOT of feedback. But it wasn't just sitting there, creating noise. It had the flair of the new industrial bands; the feedback actually being treated as an extra instrument. It blends in marvelously with the music, a part of it by God, and it sounds good.

Though not entirely a new sound (other bands have experimented with it), this was the first time it was used consistently. I got my hands on their next single as soon as it came out and was immediately enraptured. It proved to be their best — "Just Like Honey", a bit of a change from their earlier mind-exploring psychedelics. What they had come up with here was a new-fashioned love song with a satisfying sweetness. The acoustic version shows that the distortion is more than just a cheap gimmick, and that it alone is not what makes the band so great.

What I still find offensive, fine music aside, is the band's snotty matter-of-fact superego attitude. The shrug they gave was hardly an "I don't know what happened," but more of a "Why are you making such a big deal of it? We knew it was going to happen." They think they're the next Beatles or something. Give me a break. They show a lot of talent, and may have just

released the best album of the year, but that's no reason to go waving their balls around. And this "lyrics aren't important — what matters is if the music is good. Twenty Billy Bragg songs can't equal one of ours" stuff is a load of bollocks, I say.

What gets me the most is their age. Lead singer William Reid just turned 18 for chrissakes. The ELDEST is his brother (lead guitar), Jim, who's 19. These Scottish kids are prancing around thinking they're gods. They get sloshed every chance they get like a batch of uncontrolled freshmen, and then get off with lines like "Jesus and Mary Chain are everything punk rock was supposed to be and never was." Well, maybe fame does influence people's behavior. (I STILL say they're pretentious.)

Still, they have brought the perhaps greatest innovation to the music scene since the Pistols tour in '77. Their music is good, and well-produced. Their debut album, *Psychocandy*, is my pick for best of the year. Part Beach Boys, part Echo and the Bunnymen and mostly themselves, these young lads shift from the sad beauty of "Just Like Honey" ("Listen to the girl/ As she takes on half the world/ Moving up and so alive/ In her honey-dripping beehive/ It's so good/ Walking back to you/ Is the hardest thing that I could do") to the simple adoration of cruising on motorbikes ("I feel so quick in my leather boots/ My mood gets black when my jacket's on").

Pure psychedelic ponderings are present, such as the Carroll-esque "Inside Me." But their favorites seem to be the love songs. They

profess to be romantics, although they have yet to have experienced love. "Taste of Cindy" and "You Trip Me Up" are harsher mixes, but "The Hardest Walk," "Cut Dead" and "Sowing Seeds" are all admirable attempts at achieving their original "honey"-like sound of ... yeah, you know.

They were lucky to find a producer who could do such a fine job with their unique sound, especially after they couldn't even find a concert promoter to book any shows in their hometown of Glasgow. This is why they moved to London. Such promising adolescence we haven't seen since the young Paul Weller appeared with The Jam in 1977. Their next album will tell us if they're destined for a long career or not. For now we can content ourselves with the delicious treat they've offered us. The album could not have been more aptly titled.

— Karl Irving

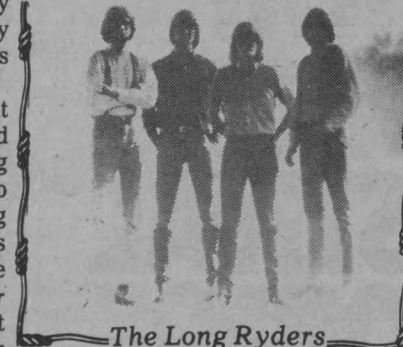
## Ryders of the Last Frontier

Charging and stampeding over the last frontier, horse hooves clapping on the pavement, and clouds of dust that disturb my view are clear signs that the legendary Long Ryders are back in action. Yet another victim of domestic greatness doing well overseas has brought about a vengeance and passion that meanders throughout the Long Ryders' music. On the verge of a victory in their native territory, and with hopes of nationwide success, the Long Ryders have arrived to stake their claim with the release of their second album, entitled *State of Our Union*. Make no mistake, the Long Ryders led by Sid Griffin, are ready for the showdown that will let every one-horse town know that these guys mean business.

Beginning with the perfect hit single, "Looking for Lewis and Clark," *State of Our Union* is paving the way for those who enjoy it to gallop along with the best. Making mincemeat of American imposters like Bruce Springsteen may not be their intention, but *State of Our Union* is living proof that you don't have to be from Jersey to qualify for what the American heartland has to offer. Making obnoxious statements referring to where they were born isn't exactly their cup of tea, either. Rather, spreading the news like the Pony Express and refusing to stand idly behind an American flag is their style.

Whether they've struck gold (or oil, for that matter) or not with their latest album, which they most certainly have, isn't at issue here. The issue is instead that *State of Our Union* addresses rock like it has never been addressed before. It's been an incredibly long wait for the right generation; one which will emerge with a sound

that owes much to the masters of western tales, most notably the king himself, Johnny Cash. Along with the incredible Wall of Voodoo, the Long Ryders are now at the forefront of what may be the best genre of music to emerge since the Ramones first initiated punk at CBGB's some ten years ago. Okay, so I exaggerate a little. It does come as a relief, though, to know that Southern Fried Rock (with the exception of Tom Petty) can now be put to rest. Maybe even such idiotic bands as Loverboy and Night Ranger will get a clue and realize that what they dish out in mass quantities is more than fit for a trash can.



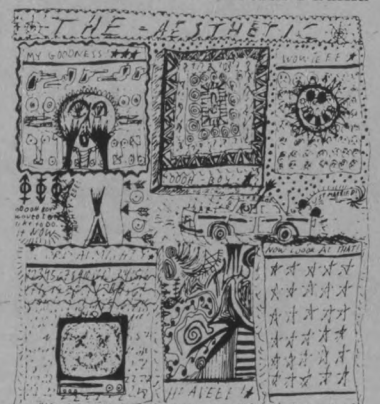
The Long Ryders

From "Mason-Dixon Line" to "Capturing the Flag," *State of Our Union* marks the maturity of singer/songwriter Sid Griffin and Co.'s best. They've most definitely come a long way since the release of their first E.P. entitled "10-5-60." It's just too bad though, that the USA hasn't caught on to what this LA based quartet has already given to Europe and the Far East.

With a newly added twang in Sid Griffin's vocals, the Long Ryders implant their ideas about the consequences of manifest destiny in us so that we might see what our impatient western expansion has led to. Though at times on the humorous side, these ideas can be heard throughout "You Just Can't Ride the Boxcars Anymore," "Good Times Tomorrow, Hard Times Today," and "Looking for Lewis and Clark." I suggest you pick this goldmine up if you haven't already because *State of Our Union* is the latest chapter in the never ending tale of yippee-yay.

— Cesar Padilla

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## WASP — No Raw Meat

Imagine evangelists preaching you that hell awaits you on the other side of the front door. Picture a men's room engulfed in hemp fumes with rockers and rockettes holding their breaths in an effort to not inhale the poisonous smoke. Envision hundreds of heavy metalers worshipping with their fists. In other words, family night with W.A.S.P. at the Arlington Theater last Friday was a tremendous success.

The wall of noise which greeted the hordes of followers consisted primarily of two screeching guitars with their amps turned up to 11, in the Spinal Tap tradition. There were various sing-alongs throughout the evening's festivities in which lead singer/bassist, Blackie Lawless, had the misled youth participating in such timeless classics as "Love Machine" and "Widowmaker."

It was an evening of non-stop guitar solos. Randy Piper and Chris Holmes alternated throughout their hour-long set. W.A.S.P.'s short set had enough stupid, heavy-metal cliches to satisfy every head-banging adolescent in attendance. Screams from manic girls trying to get a glimpse of this quartet's instruments had my ears aching. My only relief was the realization that there were no buckets of raw meat and its accompanying blood along with other crazed stage antics.

In fact, it was a rather tame show for W.A.S.P. At times, Blackie got offensive, (particularly in his descriptions of various sexual acts with eager victims) and the show even verged on repulsive, especially band members' faces and their ridiculous get-ups.

Is this our future generation, with the likes of Motley Crue, Twisted Sister, and W.A.S.P. leading the way? Will Lita Ford be the next first lady? Hopefully not, and with the large number of empty seats as my guideline, I can predict heavy metal to be just another trend.

Bombarding the audience with a dozen or so life-size posters of himself, Blackie Lawless and Co. had the crowd standing on their seats for the entire concert. When the time came for me to fight for his perspired towel (that I now hold, cherish and protect) I eagerly dove among the crazed fans, emerging the victor in a well-fought battle.

My venture into the world of headbanging soon came to a close when W.A.S.P. left the stage. They returned after a while, and the wretched guitars churned again as W.A.S.P. closed with their hit single, "Blind in Texas," a song off their latest album entitled, *The Last Command*. The lights soon came on and everyone departed ... satisfied.

— Cesar Padilla

## Brazil...

(Continued from p.4A)  
offering a bitingly satirical commentary on life in the twentieth century. It sounds cliché but, if you see no other film this season, see *Brazil*.

— Susanne Van Cleave

## Family...

(Continued from p.5A)  
tention to detail in *The Family Game* most often comprises the funniest elements of the film. Anyone who has become disillusioned with all non-Woody Allen comedies will have renewed faith that true wit lives when they see *The Family Game*.

— Judith Smith-Meyer

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## the movies

### SANTA BARBARA

WILLIAM HURT RAUL JULIA BRAGA  
**KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN**  
5:45, 8:00

Live  
Arlington  
Entertainment

2/24-Community Arts  
2/26-Vladimir Ashkenazy  
2/27-International  
Film Festival Gala  
2/28-Grandmaster Flash  
3/3-David Copperfield  
3/4-5-Jackson Browne

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CENTER**  
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966-9382

**Murphy's Romance** downstairs  
Sally Field James Garner  
4:50, 7:15, 9:35  
**GRANADA**  
1216 State Street  
963-1671

5:40, 8:00, 10:15  
ROBIN WILLIAMS KURT RUSSELL  
**The BEST OF TIMES**  
UPSTAIRS

5:40, 8:00, 10:20  
UPSTAIRS  
**POWER**  
Nothing else comes close.  
LORIMAR

### GOLETA

6:45, 9:00  
**GOLETA THEATRE**  
320 S. Kellogg Ave.  
Goleta 683-2265  
Golden Globe Winner  
**The Official Story**

6:45, 9:15  
It's only a state of mind.  
**Brazil**  
#1 CINEMA  
6050 Hollister Ave.  
967-9447  
7:15, 9:30  
ROB LOWE in  
**YOUNG BLOOD**

6:40  
PRIZZI'S HONOR JACK NICHOLSON  
KATHLEEN TURNER  
A big city cop. A small country boy.  
Harrison Ford  
**WITNESS**  
#1 FAIRVIEW  
251 N. Fairview  
967-0744  
5:30, 7:30, 9:30  
DARYL HANNAH  
**THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR**

8:30  
**WHITE NIGHTS**  
BARYSHNIKOV HINES  
#1 SANTA BARBARA  
**TWIN DRIVE-IN**  
907 S. Kellogg Ave.  
Goleta 964-9400  
6:45  
The Jewel of the Nile  
#2 INVASION USA  
AMERICA WASN'T READY  
CHUCK NORRIS  
**Runaway Train**

6:50  
LOUIS GOSSETT, JR.  
**IRON EAGLE**  
#1 DRIVE-IN AIRPORT  
Hollister and Fairview  
964-8377  
#2 RAMBO (R) 9:00  
#1 MISSION  
Santa Barbara  
618 State Street  
962-8616  
2x1  
DE MIERCOLES 2/12  
A DOMINGO 2/16  
TODOS ERAN VALIENTES  
LA VENGANZA DE MARIA

5:30, 7:45, 10:00  
BETTE MIDLER NICK NOLTE  
**DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS**  
#1 #2  
5:00, 7:15, 9:30  
Is it murder or is it...  
F/X

5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
#1 FIESTA 4  
916 State Street  
963-0781  
#2  
#3 PG  
The Jewel of the Nile  
#4 LOUIS GOSSETT, JR.  
**IRON EAGLE**

965-6188  
**RIVIERA**  
2044 Alameda Padre Serra  
Near Santa Barbara Mission  
6:45, 9:30  
**The Color Purple**  
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## BIG ART

### TULSA BALLET THEATRE

Wednesday, February 19  
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Dance in the glittering Ballet Russe tradition — *Swan Lake* Act II, *Gaieté Parisienne* — plus two works by Arthur Mitchell, performed with "colorful, sumptuous costumes, flashy choreography — a visual feast" (*The New York Times*).

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# BEATLEMANIA

Back in the 60's few things were more coveted than tickets to a Beatles concert. Each Beatles song was a touchstone marking a special moment in our adolescent years.

BEATLEMANIA, a multi-media show coming to Campbell Hall, is the next best thing to attending a Beatles concert. Saturday, Feb. 22 from 8-10 p.m. we will be revisited by the Fab Four look-alikes. Tickets will be \$6 for students and \$7 general available at the A.S. Ticket Office, Morninglory, Arlington and Ticket Master.

Before your eyes, these simulated Beatles metamorphose from collarless suits to Sgt. Pepper costumes and then jeans and much longer hair. Hearing songs like "I Want to Hold Your Hand", "Michelle" and "Eleanor Rigby" certainly trigger old memories.

"Beatlemania" was the brainchild of one of its producers Steve Leber, and was given its unusual form by Tony Award winning designer Jules Fisher. The production is located on East and West Coasts, where it has enjoyed tremendous success and extended engagements in the cities it has visited.

Unique to stage production, "Beatlemania" became a theatrical presentation through an experiment in media use for theatre. Research of the decade saw an astounding list of events: the rise and fall of the Kennedy Era, the racial strife and struggle of the South, the stun and horror as the country and world witnessed three assassinations, countless student demonstrations and public protests, the Chicago Democratic Convention, Kent State, the War in

## Fab Four Look-Alikes

Vietnam, as well as Twiggy, the mini-skirt, LSD, and countless other occurrences that now seem unbelievable. Accompanying those incredible times was the personal and musical growth and expansion of the English mopped-topped quartet whose music influenced and reflected the decade's excitement and turmoil.

While Jules Fisher and a crew of media, research and graphic experts created and developed the production's continuous multi-media visuals (literally thousands of images unfold during the course of the show) to tell the story of America during the Sixties, a coast-to-coast search for Beatle lookalikes/soundalikes was undertaken. The discovery of the show's first four cast members began a long and involved rehearsal and research period.



## From Model to Militant



"Former model will parade in meat to protest Miss Calif. 'cattle show'."

— front page San Jose Mercury, June '85



Ann Simonton as "Miss Steak," "modeled a 35-pound gown of scalloped bologna and olive loaf with a hot dog neckline, as demonstrators chanted 'Judge Meat Not Women'."

— Ms. Magazine, Nov. '84

"Former Teen beauty winner now fights Miss California."

— The Associated Press, June '84

Find out why Ann Simonton, former fashion model, turned away from a lucrative 11-year modeling career to dedicate her life to end violence against women. Simonton will lecture at UCSB on Feb. 26 in Pav. B&C for FREE at 7:30 p.m. Simonton brings 5 years of activism and 2 years of lecturing experience to her slide show, *From Model to Militant*, which she has presented over 15 times. She brings a refreshingly new and unique approach to the controversial topic of violent pornography. She is pro-nudity and sexuality while also being staunchly anti-censorship. Education is her main goal and to bring about long-needed discussions on these often taboo topics. She has been arrested 9 times for committing non-violent civil disobedience. This free lecture is co-sponsored by the A.S. Program Board and the A.S. Status of Women.

A Model Call will be held for all those interested in auditioning for the A.S.P.B. Fashion Show Feb. 26 in South Hall 1432 from 6-9 p.m. Be prepared to walk and model as part of the audition. There will be four clothing stores supplying the fashions for the models. They include Loring & Company, The Field House both from La Cumbre Plaza, The Merona Store from the Galleria in S.B. and Rumours from Piccadilly Square.



## Music Wars: Name This Band

MUSIC WARS auditions have been held over to Feb. 26! Applications must be in the Program Board office by Friday, Feb. 21 at 4 p.m. It's not too late to get an

act together — the show will go on Fri., March 7 in Campbell Hall.

### APPLICATION FORM

NAME OF GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

SONG TO BE PERFORMED \_\_\_\_\_

NAMES OF PARTICIPANTS \_\_\_\_\_

PERFORMERS & NUMBERS \_\_\_\_\_

WHERE THEY CAN BE REACHED \_\_\_\_\_

\* additional applications can be picked up at the Program Board Office

## Monterey Series

The Monterey Series is in the UCen Gallery through Feb. 14. Below is a statement by artist Paige Patterson Wilson:

In the realm of the very small, phenomena occur that appear to contradict the physical laws of our everyday reality. These incidences, and their implications, closely parallel metaphysical thought. The subatomic world comprises the fabric of everything we perceive, and activity at this level is elegantly described in the language of abstract mathematical formulas. Our verbal language, however, lacks the capacity to interpret these occurrences. The visual nature of these processes is left to the imagination or intuition.

In my paintings, I am attempting to translate these process using water and marine imagery as a metaphor for the microstructure of the subatomic. Water, being the fundamental building block of our physical existence, provides us with a strong symbol of the particle world.

Winter Quarter Juried Student Show in the UCen Gallery — Once again the UCen Gallery will end the quarter with a juried student show. All interested students are invited to submit work (a maximum of two pieces) for possible inclusion in the show. Work can be submitted to the UCen Gallery Feb. 18-20 between 11-4 p.m. and must be accompanied by your completed application forms (available in the Program Board office now). The show will run Feb. 24 to March 12.

## CALENDAR

I.V. ALLSTARS  
BEATLEMANIA

ANN SIMONTON

JAZZ  
SPYRO GYRA  
FASHION SHOW

CHARLES GOTT

LATIN AMERICA

WOZA ALBERTI

TONIGHT In the Pub.

FEB. 22 The Fab Four look-alikes are here to take us back to Abbey Road. Saturday, 8-10 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Tickets are \$6 for students, \$7 for general.

FEB. 26 Ms. Meat — a model turned militant lectures on women as sex objects. The lecture is FREE in Pav. B & C at 7:30 p.m.

FEB. 26 in the Pub from 7:30-9:30 p.m.

MARCH 1 Surprise! Surprise!

MARCH 7 in the Pub at noon. Come find out what this spring's fashions will be.

MARCH 10 Another FREE lecture. The topic — Brain Dominance: A Communication and Relationship.

TODAY Art Show in UCen Pav. 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m.

Refugee giving informal talk 4:30 p.m.

FEB. 20 "Don't miss it, WOZA ALBERTI! is a masterpiece." — Clive Barnes, New York Post, 8 p.m. I.V. Theater, FREE!!!!

This page written and edited by Janell Pekkain



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