arts & entertainment

Cover drawing by Art Studio Instructor Erica Daborn. Slide Presentation Today at Noon, Arts 1434



2B Thursday, December 1, 1988



ABAS

Jimmy Jammed



Laid back like always, Jimmy Cliff cruised onto the stage at Rob Gym. Starting with an all-rhythm congo jam, Monday's concert was like a lesson in the history of reggae. Jimmy played everything from classics like "Jonny You're Too Bad" and "Many Rivers To Cross," to the reggae/rock tunes off his new album *Hanging Fire*. He even threw in a hot version of "The Harder They Come" so we could go home satisfied. As expected, the show was a feel-good, good time for everyone.

My friends can probably say it best.

Scott: It was fun. Anne: Yeah, it was fun. Scott: My legs are tired. Anne: From dancin'? Scott: Of course. Anne and Scott: IRIE!!!!!!!

Although the fire marshall's funky seating arrangements made things a little weird, nobody seemed to mind, least of all Mr. Cliff. Jumping and skanking around the stage with a constant grin, Jimi looked like he was having the time of his life. This night of fun and love was brought to you by those folks at A.S. Progam Board.

-walker "guitar" wells



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Chances are, the most commonly heard comments one will hear sitting next to someone flipping through Separated At Birth will be something like "No way ha ha, that's pretty good."

When they're done with the book they might say "Those cats at Spy are pretty nutty."

And they're right. Who else but the staff at Spy, New York's most happenin' recent addition to satire magazinedom, would think to lay side-by-side pictures of sewer-mouthed El Segundo hater Redd Foxx and lock-brained Supreme Court judge ex-nominee Robert Bork? Clever eh?

Comparing and making jokes about shared characteristics of friends or celebrities is a pastime that starts at a early age - telling kids on the playground that they look like boogers etc., then progressing into the teens and comparing puberty



victims to the likes of storkes and pepperoni pizzas it's good fun at others' expense.

And one has to give the folks at Spy credit for being capitalistic and clever enough to put this book together to make some easy money and provide fodder for dead week procrastination.

For the most part, the book is loaded with photographic comparisons on par with the Foxx/Bork page, but towards the end one can sort of tell that they were trying to stretch the page count by including a few faces that you've never seen or names you've never heard of.

This is one of those books that, because it lists for \$6.95, it would probably be best to borrow someone else's copy or get a job at a newspaper where the publishers send promotional copies.

- wade daniels



Thursday, December 1, 1988 3B







SPECIAL HOLIDAY SCHEDULE!

Saturday, December 10th, **December 17th and December 24th** 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday, December 4th, **December 11th and December 18th** 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. BUY! SAVE!! SELL!!! For Information 964-9050





Sculpture by Thomas Swords

A.R.

Horsey Shine by Theresa Lawing

With an ominous and tortured expression, a human torso thrusts out of the wall at the UCen Gallery, where it hangs a part of the Juried Student Art Show. The steel sculpture, by Thomas Swords, is one of the highlights of the A.S. Program Board-sponsored event, which ends December 9th.

The show is a rare opportunity for aspiring artists to display their work on campus. Chosen from a field of 142 submissions, the works on display have been created by students from a variety of majors including Art Studio, Political Science and Chemistry.

The eclectic collection features oil paintings, sculptures, photographic prints and etchings. The mannequinlike "clothing assemblages" by Theresa Lawing and Kathy Davis create their own category. Lawing's piece, La Capricha (which, if you're curious, means 'the freak' in Spanish) consists of brightly colored bits of clothing and jewelry assembled together into a stylized human form. Similarly, Davis has created an amusing assemblage with a denim jacket, complete with astro-turf collar, fake potted flowers and hanging cement chunks.

One of the more traditional works is Frank Wessels' Where The Sky Meets The Sea. The gold foreground of this intricately detailed etching contrasts with brilliant iridescent blue outlines. Another more conventional work is Theresa Lawing's Horsey Shrine, an interesting combination of colorful, primitive and psychadelic imagery.

The emotional content of the works varies from the silly to psychologically tortured. Abelino Bautista's UCSB: Past.... Future humorously portrays a pre-Columbian pyramid capped by Storke Tower, sitting on a barren shore. Cheadle Hall is nowhere to be seen in the picture; does this mean BARC statements are a thing of the past? Ed Lagapa's Let Go explores the darker side of the human psyche, portraying the surreal nightmare of a naked and unhappy man being dragged by unhappy looking horses through the dirt. Jennifer Ellis-Nolte's 4 A.M. is also painted on a more serious note. Among black and angry lines, a dark and diseaed looking fowl hangs over an intensely brooding xerox self portrait.

Not all of the pieces in the show would be suitable for display in the Museum of Modern Art. But what the exhibition lacks in consistency it makes up for in variety. This show is an admirable use of the UCen Gallery, and provides an all-too infrequent chance to see what students are up to in the field of art.

bruce mcfadden

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Pluck and I out, damn mind. Growing web of Routines. Emotional acts consume. Workaday world gone blind Plot without motives in view.

Visceral I wired To guts around a taut spine. Your me dissects soft I With detached, granite line.

Know What and How but not Why. Invert mind, show Unseen. Me carves up dead cares of I.

Cannibal — devour life In half-chewed morsels of time. Choke on the bone of I. Spit out gristle of life's grime.

I/Me I/Me I/Me Know them both before they flee.









Mike, Jim and Ray Show



Poetry and rock-n-roll go hand in hand like biscuits and gravy. With this idea in mind, the combined efforts of musician Ray Manzarek and poets Michael McClure and Jim Carroll should have made for a highly entertaining show. However, their performances last Tuesday at Campbell Hall saw them hide behind a smokescreen of pretention and mousse-drenched hair.

Poetry readings — by definition contain a generous helping of somber intellectualism; it's part of the fun. But even the best dogs have fleas, and at the show, the Parasite of Pretention was jumping out all over the place.

Although he received lowest billing, Manzarek was the real star of the show. He hasn't forgotten any of the adventuresome keyboard antics that characterized the Doors' legendary music. In the past, he claimed that he never twice played the same solo to "Light My Fire." Today, he continues to wander through wild-growing fields of improvisation. His style switched from augmented blues riffs to Doorsesque meanderings to Classical gasses, without breaking a sweat.

Normally, the combination of music and poetry can command an audience's attention. Yet McClure and his poetry could not fill this perscription. His murky, poorly enunciated speaking style sent several people to la-la-land in the latter part of the set.

One of the most charismatic pieces of the evening was a strange little thing apparently titled "Going Back to Cali." McClure smiled lovingly as he laid down this commentary on the state of popular music.

Even Manzarek got cheesy. He talked about Jack Kennedy, flashed a

postscribing one autograph with the words "LSD Forever."

McClure was still backstage after Manzarek took off, looking loathefully at the sorry sandwiches someone had set before him. An anonymous man apparently drunk off his rocker — was talking to Jim Carroll's guitarist as she was trying to warm up for the show. Sensing the distraction that the man was causing, McClure turned and told him to "Beat it, pal ... go on, beat it ... you're sucking up her energy."

Jim Carroll's guitarist did seem to have had her energy sucked by the time she took the stage. Before she came on, everything was going fine. Carroll had gotten over his initial stage jitters and was working the audience like a good standup comedian. His readings were spontaneous and alive, choosing material almost exclusively from his two books, Basketball Diaries and Forced Entries. Sipping from a can of Sprite (putting him in self-described 'Sprite Limbo''), Carroll seemed to choose the poems on the spot, one of the best being about two sexuallytransmitted crabs sprinting to a carnal finish line.

He spoke freely with the crowd between pieces, but then decided he wanted the unneeded guitar accompanyment. So she came out. Carroll, who has recorded three rock albums, started to sing a number of his compositions in a strange, out-of-key, performance art-manner with the guitarist strumming away. He did far too many songs, probably knowing full well that the audience wanted to hear more poetry. But, hey, he did it in the name of ART.

As a whole, Manzarek, McClure, and Carroll had hair problems. Let's just be

Tickets: \$20

Available at the UCSB AS Ticket Office & All Offices of County Savings Bank peace sign, and said "Make Love Not War." He also added a commercial air to the evening by plugging *Wilderness*, Jim Morrison's newly published book of "lost writings."

Backstage was quite a scene while Jim Carroll was preparing to come on stage. Smoking a borrowed Marlboro Red, Manzarek signed autographs with a rare goodnaturedness, jokingly honest here: should Manzarek be trying to look like Billy Idol? Should McClure be copying the stylings of Jim Bakker? Isn't Carroll's frazzled moptop a bigr don't? It's would probably be a good idea to place both Manzarek and McClure in the Betty Ford Clinic for Hairspray Abuse. C'mon you guys! Just Say No!

- jeffery c. whalen



Thursday, December 1, 1988 7B



Go Scrooge Yourself



The holiday season is upon us, which means the big studios have to think of interesting ways to convince you to spend 6 bucks between mall tromping and egg nog slurping to sit in the dark year leading man abwith strangers. What better way, then, to combine the directorial skills of Richard Donner (Superman), some funny and spooky ghosts a la Ghostbusters and lots of (guess who) Bill Murray antics. Unfortunately, all these holiday movie bonuses add up to a film which is - O.K.

which has a nuerotic desire to be both wickedly satirical and sappily sentimental and never satisfies either angle. The funniest part (like most comedies) is the first ten minutes. The hilarious opener, a fake T.V. promo life's ambition is making

of Lee Majors saving Santa from terrorist, is as good as the film gets (imagine a really big budget Saturday Night Live skit). And of course, there's Bill. After a two scence, he's back in form, witty, mean and ruling the world with an evil sense of humor. But once the very basic plot is established it's a slow ride to an obvious conclusion.

Bill Murray fans will be pleased. He gives a tour de farce performance; in his wicked moments he's Scrooged is a holiday film as funny as ever and in the sentimental moments he's like a loveable family dog. But he's all the film has to offer. The surrounding characters are weak, the worst being Karen (Raiders of the Lost Ark) Allen who proves her

googly eyes.

The biggest problem with Scrooged is the premise the film's creators presumably set out to satirize. If they wanted to make big money with a Christmas release there was nowhere else to go with the timeworn Scrooge plot than a sappy ending. Which really wouldn't be so bad except that in the middle of a thousand department store Santas and a trillion showings of It's a Wonderful Life no one needs to be reminded that the meaning of Christmas is something about "Be Nice to the Homeless Week" and giving expensive VCR's to your brother. Especially when it's more fun to watch Bill Murray be naughty than nice.

— adam liebowitz





months, The Noise Chamber put out the welcome mat three weeks ago. The original idea was to have a place for bands to play and people to go. It's already become more than that.

The lack of available work space at the university has been an issue for a long time. Like usual, some people complained and some people decided to do something. In a search for somewhere to show their work, Jen-

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Santa Barbara is known for its closed-minded attitude. Reagan's home town and all that. If you don't play reggae or covers there's no place to play; if your art is about more than sunsets and seagulis there's no walls to put it on; if you've got something new to say there's no one to listen. If you're trying to try something new, the city will probably try to stop you. Sad but true facts about living in paradise.

Anyway, like usual, some people sat around and complained and some people decided to get up and do something about it. Two of these people are named Matt and Ollie. What they've done is put their lives on the line to open a new club downtown. Put together over the course of several

nifer Ellis-Nolte, and Laurie Mc-Cullough stumbled on to The Noise Chamber. Laurie said "the space was small enough to control and seemed perfect for what we had done and were doing." The result, called **Beautiful** Women and Ugly Scenes, is happening Saturday, Dec. 10 at 8:30.

Revolving around the themes of entrapment and control, the show is a result of positive feedback the women have received about their work. Jennifer has designed and built several pieces including a hanging metal "nest" especially for the space inside the club. Laurie a writer/performance artist, has written five new pieces for the show. An incredible opportunity for two young artists to collaborate and show their work, Beautiful Women and Ugly Scenes and The Noise Chamber are working to keep Santa Barbara a town with a heart and soul, not just a pretty face.

The easiest way to find the place is to go to the Savoy Theater and walk down the alley to the right as you face the theater. Then just follow the noise. Tickets (\$5) are available at the door.

- walker "guitar" wells

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Associated Students Wishes You Good Luck on Finals!!!

Meeting Schedule for Winter Quarter 1989

Academic Affairs Board — T.B.A. Advertising & Publicity Board — T.B.A. A.S. Information Agency (ASIA) — T.B.A. **Business Services Committee — T.B.A.** Commission on Minority Affairs — Tuesdays 4-5:30 pm Community Affairs Board — Tuesdays 5-7 pm Constitution & By-Laws — Wednesdays 4-5 pm Elections Committee — T.B.A. Finance Board — Mondays 3-5 pm Judicial Council — T.B.A. Legislative Council — Wednesdays 6:30-11 pm Program Board — Tuesdays 3-4 pm Status of Women — Wednesdays 4-6 pm Student Lobby — Wednesdays 5-6:30 pm Underwrite Board — Mondays 5-6 pm

These are some of the Associated Students activities you can participate in so check your schedule and GET INVOLVED! For further information check with the A.S. Main Office, located on the third floor of the UCen, Room 3177, or call 961-2566.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

