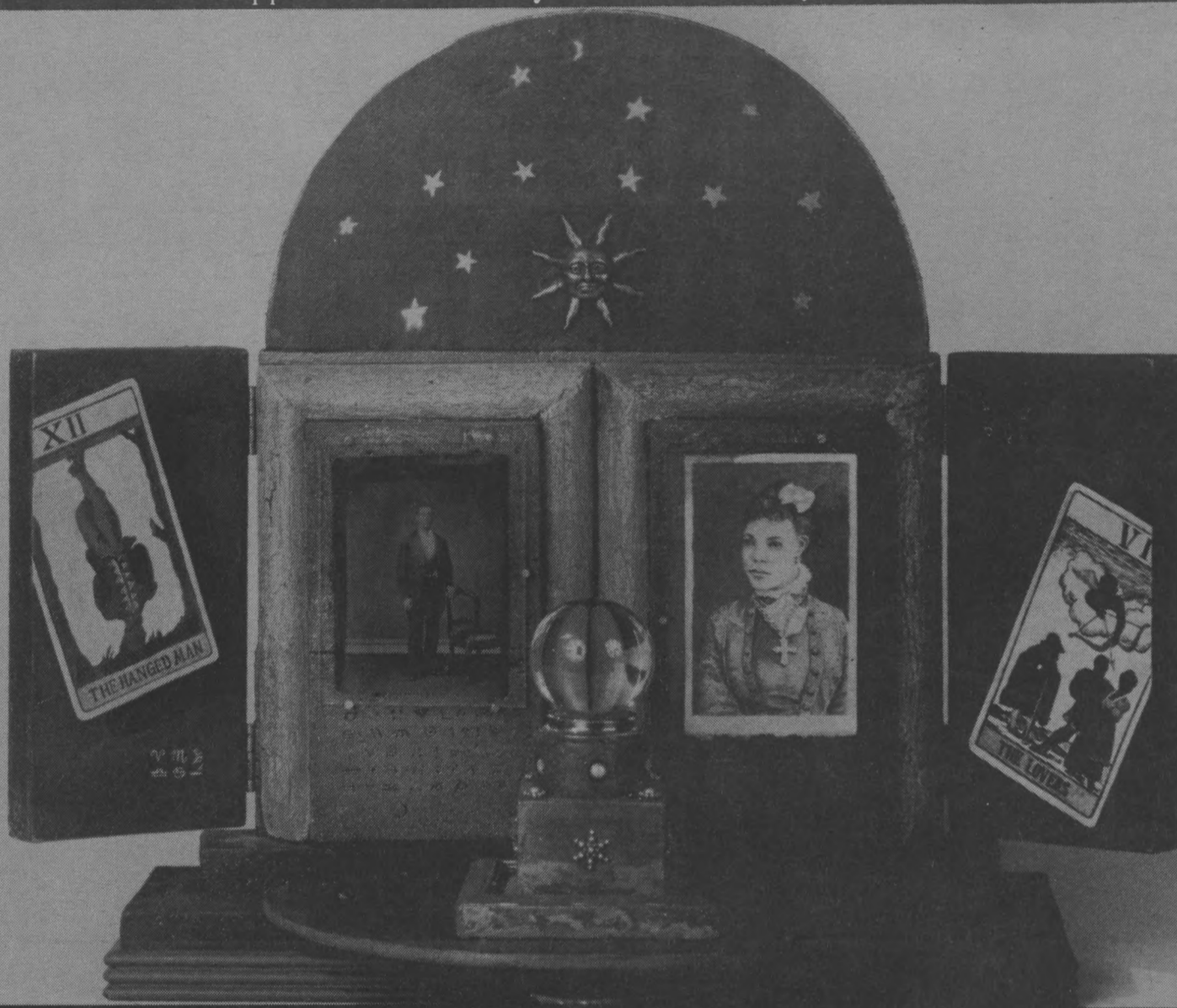


# Artsweek

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, for January 19th through January 25th, 1995



New Exhibits Come to the University Art Museum. See Story, Page 4A.



*Babylon*

*L. Margolis*



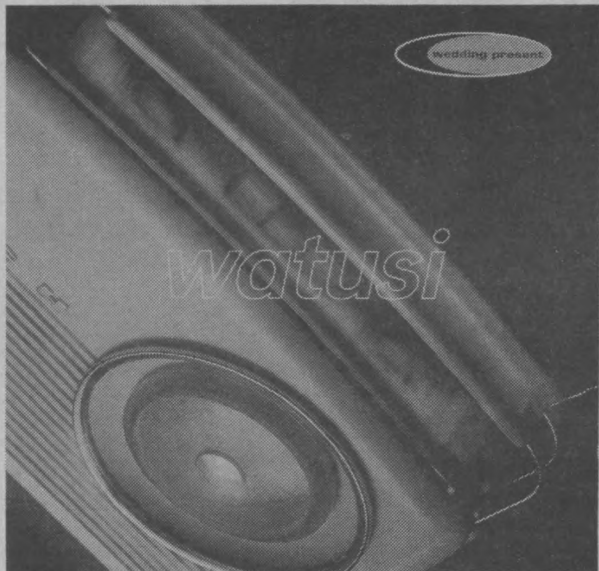
# OPEN THE PRESENT

The Wedding Present  
*Watusi*  
Island

It's difficult to get The Wedding Present's message with such an extroverted sound, and on an album in which the liner notes fail to even give the band members' names. One would think they are trying to remain the small, yet widely respected band they are, but when their first American single is titled "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah," it's hard to know what to think.

Forming in their native England in the late '70s, The Wedding Present has been largely a European phenomenon until recently. Few of their albums were released domestically before the last couple of years. In several circles, however, they have made an impact, particularly in the Washington, D.C., punk scene. Guy Picciotto of Fugazi and members of Shudder to Think have cited The Wedding Present among their influences. Likewise, the band has appreciated American music, covering songs by Pavement, the Monkees and Julee Cruise.

On the new album, *Watusi*, singer David Gedge pours forth more excuses for being a schmuck to former girlfriends than ever thought possible. Most of the slower songs on *Watusi* deal with love lost: on



"Gazebo," Gedge sings, "I'm seeing someone here, you don't know her / she's one in a million but she isn't you / and we could never be as close as we were / I hate to say it but I think it's true." Never hesitating to sink low lyrically, he sings, "shake it / yeah baby shake it / we got to make / make it tonight."

With their mix of somber, playful, dark and even goofy songs, the band's members have no single style that encompasses them. More than on previous records, The Wedding Present sounds like a surf band. The treble-heavy guitars and bouncy drumming are almost a constant on *Watusi*.

*Watusi's* best moments are on the rousing, jan-

gling number "Swimming Pools, Movie Stars." When the chorus comes along, a sloppy, loud guitar comes in, producing an almost ridiculous sound that pushes the song into an ecstatic din.

Wedding Present fans may wonder where the rough and bleakly beautiful songs ("Brassneck" from 1991's *Bizarro* and "Crawl," a 1992 B-side) are on *Watusi*. The new album has more of a pop sound. This is not necessarily a minus, because *Watusi* congeals well as a unique Wedding Present album. Plain and simple, this is a fun album to listen to, and is representative of the immense talent the band possesses.

—Noah Blumberg



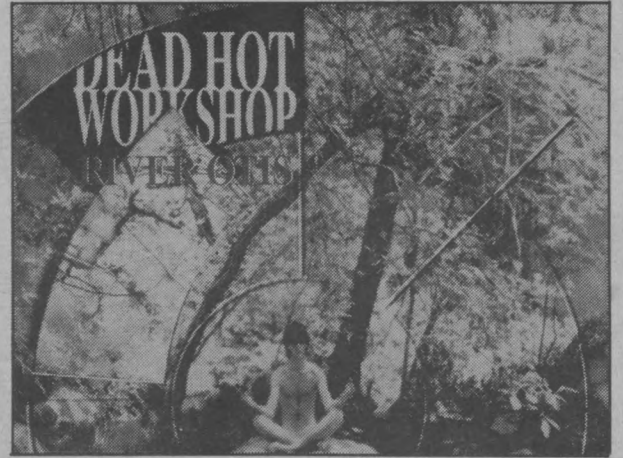
■ The Return of Potter

# REMINISCENT ROCK

Dead Hot Workshop  
*River Otis*  
Seed

The weather was just splendid. I sat looking out my window at the half-full pool (I'm an optimist) in the back yard. Music from my childhood friends, those crazy, young whiz-bangers Dead Hot Workshop, was playing in the background. Their new CD, *River Otis*, reminded me of the grand old days when Brent Babb, the lead singer, and I used to throw stones at the great big tree stump down by the swamp. We'd meet up after school by the jungle gym. Brent (or Dr. Fez, as we called him, due to his semi-conical haircut) would be waiting, having already grown a mustache. Mr. Widget always let Brent's P.E. class out early. Then we'd moon-walk down to the swamp and huck a little rock.

Then there's that nutty drummer Curtis Grippe. More than once, Curtis (or Crouton, as we called him, due to his semi-conical haircut) and I stirred up a little trouble at Buck Shrapnel's Motorized Rug Worms & Ribs. You should have seen the way ol' Buckmeister looked when Crouton made the half-eaten short ribs float about three inches off his plate. Crouton just had this gift for levitating half-eaten food.



Eventually, the music in the background came to the song "257" and a tear formed in my eye, reminding me of that one time when I counted up to two hundred fifty-seven. Numbers were never quite the same after that.

After listening to the disc for a while, the song that I kept coming back to was "Rise of Decline." It wasn't so much the music as the snappy title that caught my interest. Notice how the clever wording has that razor-sharp taste of irony, almost approaching a first-alert oxymoron. Looked at systematically, the title can be effectively split up into "rise," meaning "to rise," and decline, meaning "to go down." In other words, these two words elicit a chuckle or snicker due to their inherent contradiction. Truly the work of board-certified wordsmiths.

Speaking of great songs and great particle board, we can't forget master guitarist Steve Larson. Captain Shoe Horn (as we called him) was a natural on that guitar, and he was also pretty good at hitting the ground with a stick. Oh yeah, he could also break rocks — boy, could he break rocks. He would take one and lift it high off the ground, above his head, and then scream, "Eat Muffler," and then it would either break or it wouldn't. If it didn't break, then "The Captain" would get mad and throw it to the ground, and then it would break.

As for the bassist G. Brian Scott, I've never heard of him.

Wow! What a terrific group of individuals and a commanding medley of songs. Oh, those Dead Hot Workshop days!

—David Potter



"Building Community!"  
It's a Team Thing.

## RESIDENT COORDINATOR SELECTION

For the 1995-96 Academic Year

The **Resident Coordinator** is a live-in position for the Santa Ynez, El Dorado, and Westgate Apartment Complexes. An **RC** is responsible for the overall operation of an apartment area which houses upperclass, graduate and international students. The responsibilities of the **RC** include counseling, programming, outreach, evening and weekend duty as well as various other administrative tasks.

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Wednesday, January 25 • 7:00–8:30pm • Anacapa Res. Hall

Thursday, January 26 • 7:00–8:30pm • El Dorado Rec. Room

Jameson Community Center is located in the Santa Ynez Apartment Complex on El Colegio Road

Please direct all questions to the Office of Apartment Living at 893-4501. Apartment Living is an Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Employer.

University of California, Santa Barbara

The Department of Communication

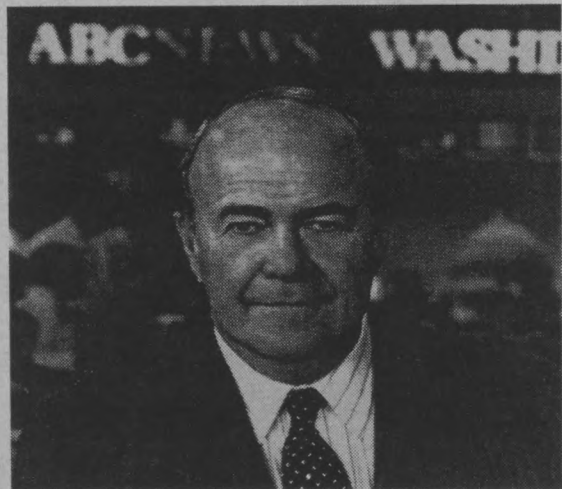
Presents

## THE FRONT PAGE

The 1931 original screen version of Hecht and MacArthur's classic portrait of the tough but honest Chicago newspaperman of the 1920's who shields an escaped murderer and fights city corruption.

starring Pat O'Brien and Adolphe Menjou

Remade in 1940 as *His Girl Friday* with Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell and a 1974 version of *The Front Page* stars Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon.



with an introduction by

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Internationally Renowned Political Correspondent

Friday, January 20 at 7:00pm

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\$5.00 at the Door

Meet Sander Vanocur at reception immediately following.



## COMP POWER

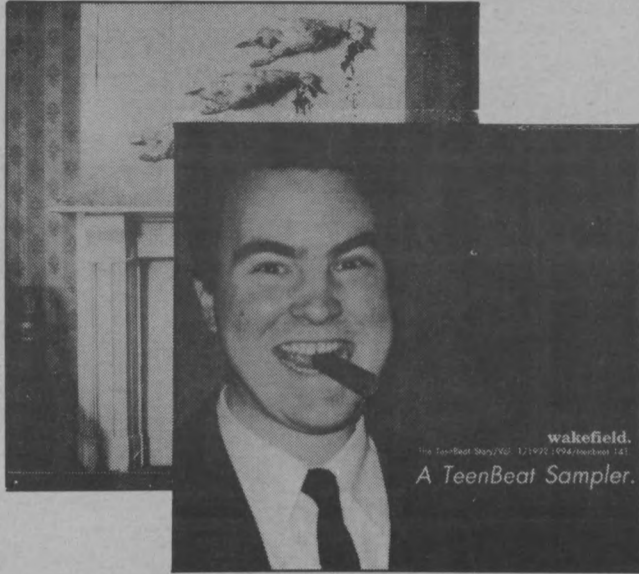
Various Artists  
Hey Drag City  
Drag City

Various Artists  
Wakefield  
TeenBeat

There are hundreds of compilation albums released every year. Some feature tacky rejects that should never have been recorded, a few consist of out-of-print singles and other rarities and many highlight unknown bands hoping for stardom. The two samplers that have the best mix of music that veers far from the mainstream are label compilations — you get noisy hybrid rock from *Hey Drag City*, and kitschy pop from *Wakefield*, a TeenBeat sampler.

These very different labels have one thing in common: They both feature bands with a generous sense of humor, with which they are surviving in the shadow of the major music conglomerates quite nicely, thank you.

Drag City has quietly built a solid reputation on the basis of their currently signed bands, and ones that have gone on to major record deals. The most famous of these on the *Hey Drag City* compilation might be Pavement, but acts like Red Red Meat and Royal Trux enjoy some notoriety as well. The tracks by these bands are not throwaways at all, and are good introductions to the distinctive sounds they produce. Royal Trux's "Δ70 of ♥s" blasts us with untuned cheap guitars and the honey-over-tar-paper voc-



als of Neil and Jennifer singing a duet in different keys, or zip codes, possibly.

Red Red Meat's slightly countrified "Make You Gone" swaggers and sneers like Jon Bon Jovi always wished he could. Pavement gives us "Nail Clinic," catchy as usual, but not quite as inane as its last hit single.

Other highlights include the Palace Brothers' "For the Mekons et al," recorded no doubt while the boys were partaking in a little moonshine. Also, "Ike" by Fruitcake could have been a Jefferson Airplane song if Prozac was the drug choice in the '60s. "Your Face" by Smog, which is Bill Callahan's heartfelt tribute to the female orgasm, definitely provides the funniest moment on this compilation.

For unabashedly swanky pop stylings, *Wakefield* is the way to go. We are told not to pay more than \$6 for the CD, stuffed with 17 songs that

delve into TeenBeat's obscure past and the very latest offerings. Notables on this compilation, the first volume of a planned four-volume TeenBeat retrospective, include Vomit Launch, Blast Off Country Style, Versus, Gastr Del Sol, the up-and-coming Tuscadero and Eggs. Air Miami, the band born out of the ashes of Unrest, showcases "Fight Song," and Grenadine, composed of one band member each from Eggs, Air Miami and Tsunami, makes us tap our feet and sigh longingly with a cover of the cheesy Bacharach song, "This Girl's in Love With You."

Songs that I can't get out of my head include Cobalt's "Sea Nine," "Mrs. N" by Bells Of, and the loud and out-of-tune Butch Willis singing "The Girl's On My Mind." For that authentic trailer-park, boozing in a bowling alley lounge feeling, *Wakefield* will satisfy.

—Rena Tom



## THE NEW NUBIAN

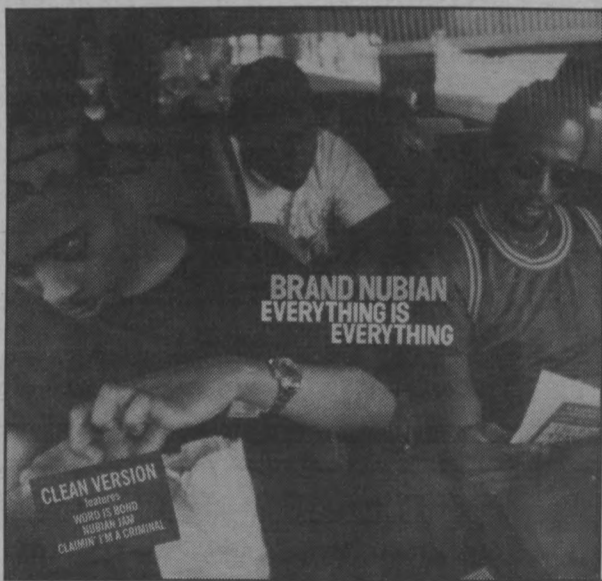
Brand Nubian  
*Everything Is Everything*  
Elektra

Rummaging through the tangle of CDs and press releases blanketing the *Artweek* desk, a vision of loveliness passed my eyes. Could this be? A familiar band? A decent CD to review? A gift from the gods? Well, I don't know about that, but *Everything Is Everything*, the brand-new release by the not-so-brand-new Brand Nubian, is a gift that keeps on giving.

To start with, the instrumentals are solid. Featuring samples from The Average White Band to Curtis Mayfield and even live instruments, the mix stands alone. But the tight beats leave open a path for the skilled vocals of Sadat X and Lord Jamar. Rich in sound and razor-sharp, the two MCs deliver the goods with hard lines about hard times:

*If the money ain't made  
talkin' millions  
but spending pennies  
and gettin'  
cheap shoes from  
Kinney's*

Equipped with head-



nodding beats and a melodic low vibe, the second track, "Straight Off Da Head," flows a relaxed, laid-back free style that resembles a 45 played at 33 RPM. All in all, "Alladat" is by far the tightest track on the album. With the flava of Busta Rhymes, the beat hooks ya with a left and Busta with the right.

Unfortunately, this is the climax for Brand Nubian, and as you can tell from these contradictions, I'm at odds with the whole situation. On one hand, the basement vibes lay

down somethin' you can groove to, but on the other hand, the all-too-recognizable samples lack true creative mixing. At times it's as if the Nubians are just rapping over one of their favorite records, with a few new beats added here and there.

So I'm stuck. Am I true to the Nubians, do I go along for the ride? "Oh, yeah ... right there baby ... oooooohhh!"

Or on the real tip, say, "Is that it?" You decide.

—Erin Wilson

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# WAYS OF LOOKING AT THE PAST BY SAM GARCHIK

The methods we choose with which to remember the past are as different as the events that reside there, and the actual display, or rather, that process of depicting what sleeps in our memory and our day-to-day sense of the past can be as difficult as it is unique.

On that note, it is our privilege as students of the University of California, Santa Barbara to host a collection of exhibits that asks us not only to think about the past, but also to think about how we as individuals choose to reveal it to others.

Running from Jan. 11 to Feb. 26, braving floods and cancellations, the text works of Glenn Ligon, the mixed-media sculptures of Renée Stout and the photographs of Marion Post Wolcott, as well as a collection donated to the university by Ken Trevey, are almost entirely different, and one would hardly expect to see them all in one place. But it is this subtle juxtaposition of themes and backgrounds of the artists and collections that makes a cohesive theme arise.

The initial exhibit, or perhaps the most bizarre, is Glenn Ligon's *Narratives*. In a series of nine etchings, Ligon remakes the frontispieces of 19th-century slave narratives. Through a technique called *chine colle*, in which a piece of Chinese paper is adhered to heavier paper, Ligon can place a grouping of words together and lay them out exactly as he wants. He raises a question about art in the process: does it have to be pictorial?

Through his allusion to the period of slavery, Ligon makes the point that as an artist, he is not given an identity beyond his works, similar to the way in which the structure of slavery failed to define slaves beyond being thought of as tools and commodities.

In *Black Rage, or How I Got Over*, Ligon uses this frontispiece style to describe his condition. "Containing a full and faithful account of his commodification of the horrors of Black life into art objects for the public's enjoyment," the work states in introduction. In few words, Ligon gives a sense of what could easily be a topic for an entire book.

This may be one advan-

tage of his medium. By creating a work of art composed only of words, Ligon removes the middle step of interpretation, in which works that are pictorial are analyzed after the fact. Here, the meaning is more direct, and there is less chance for misinterpretation.

To reaffirm his point, Ligon adds a quote from bell hooks, a leading civil rights figure and professor. "When we talk about the commodification of blackness, we aren't just talking about how white people consume these images, but how black people and other people of color consume them, and how these become ways of knowing ourselves."

While Ligon's work occupies the museum's vestibule, the main room of the gallery contains works that were done before Ligon was born, printed by an almost homogeneous grouping of white artists working in New York for the government.

The Ken Trevey collection of American Realist Prints is perhaps the museum's most fantastic recent acquisition.

Ken Trevey, a television scriptwriter responsible for *LBJ: The Early Years*, among others, and a UCSB graduate, left the collection to the university upon his death in 1992.

The only specifications were that the university publish the collection, and that if UCSB were to sell some of the prints, it would have to use the money to buy others that were of similar scope.

"[The collection] feeds into the student community from which it came," said Associate Professor of Art History Bruce Robertson, guest curator and cataloger of the collection.

The majority of the prints were made in the 1930s at the height of the Depression. As such, the works of art are inextricably linked to the situations that permeated the times, depicting human dramas and urban life. In addition, this collection was the result of a heavy federal investment into the arts in the form of the Federal Arts Project, under the guise of the often-heard Works Progress Administration.

What this governmental solution offered was a way to produce these prints for a mass market, which both explains the number that were once in circulation and the ease with which

they were manufactured for mass production. On record, 12,000 prints were made, and 300,000 copies then created.

Furthermore, these prints were mediums of exchange. As Robertson says, in a cash-poor economy, "If you used to give a local museum cash, maybe, instead, you'd just buy them a print."

The collection, of which only about half is showing currently, is divided into nine categories — Urban Dramas, Country Dreams, Women in the World, Men in Industry, Old Boys Clubs, Couples and Lovers, Institutionalizing Health, African-Americans and Organizing Leisure.

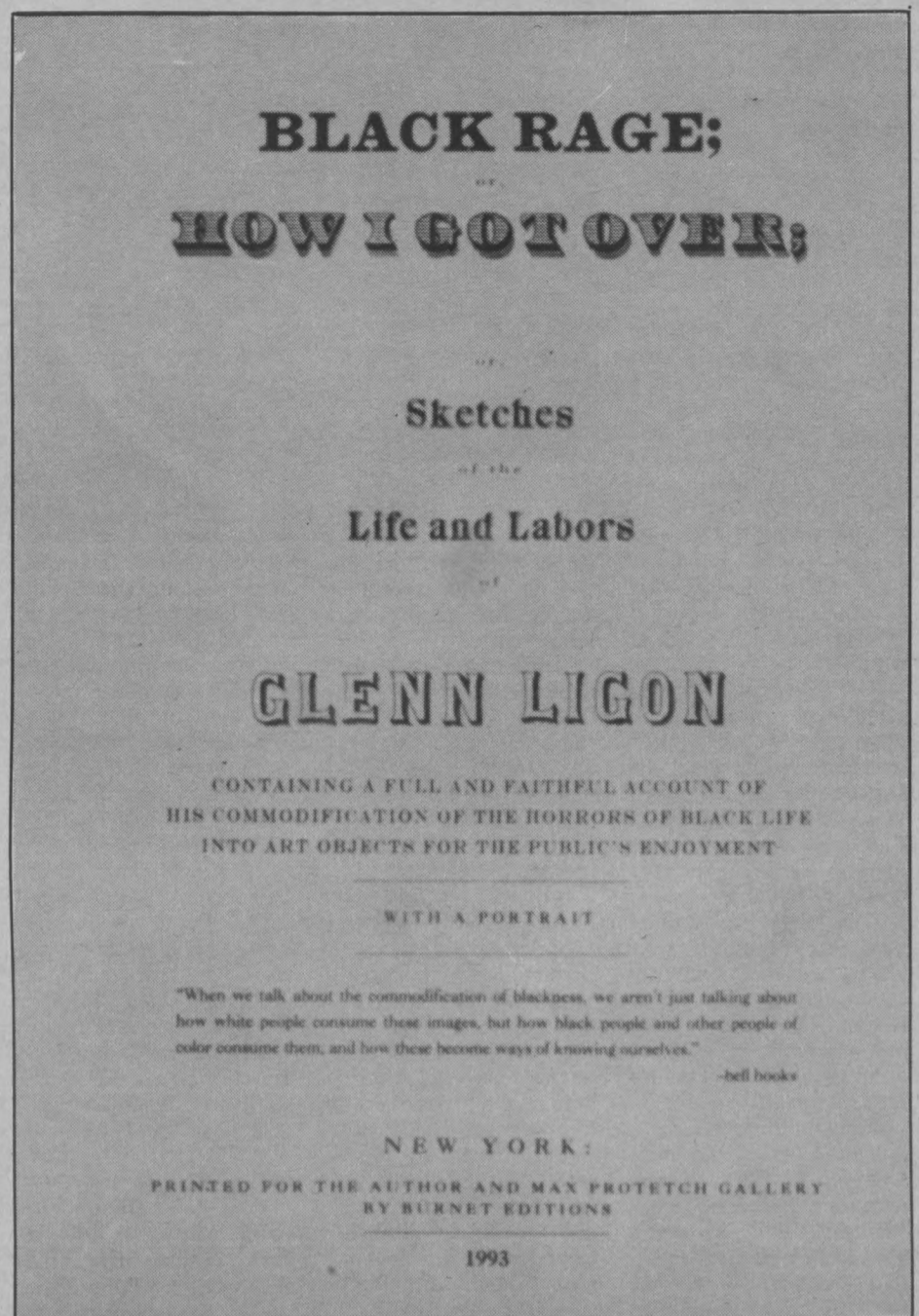
The artists shown vary in name and reputation from the world-famous Grant Wood and Paul Cadmus, who have works in the Old Boys Clubs and Couples and Lovers, respectively, to the lesser-known Samuel Margolies, whose *Babylon* opens the show in the Urban Drama category.

One section of the exhibit that links this collection to the other works is the African-American section. Here, John Turnbull has depicted, among other things, a Ku Klux Klan lynching. That the atrocities of the Klan were presented, even in an environment of government-sanctioned Jim Crow laws and racial segregation, is a testament to the unusually responsive nature of the WPA project. "Because the WPA saw the artists as workers," Robertson says, "it employed a lot of African-Americans and women."

The most offbeat part of the museum's Winter Quarter exhibits is also the most creative. Although Renée Stout's Jan. 10 lecture was canceled because of flood conditions, her exhibit "Dear Robert, I'll See You at the Crossroads" nevertheless maintains a potent dose of spiritual awareness.

Stout, who collects what most people would call junk from the street, things like buttons, bottle tops, dirt and bones, says that she didn't really get into the type of three-dimensional sculpture that is seen in the museum until she went to Washington, D.C.

"By seeing African art visually in stores," Stout says, "I was able to make connections." What her art does is portray the



transformation of traditional African mysticism into an American context, which is similar to the end results of the Ligon and Trevey collections. But her medium, three-dimensional sculptures created out of knickknacks, is unique.

The "Robert" alluded to in the title of the exhibition refers to Robert Johnson, a celebrated blues guitarist who, it was rumored, made a pact with devil and eventually died of poisoning, but not before he was able to make an exquisite set of recordings in the early days of the 1920s. This link between music, specifically the blues, and deep-rooted spirituality is something Stout aims to achieve.

In addition, this allusion to the "crossroads" is a reference to a West African belief in a place where the sublime and the actual, and the religious and secular meet, and where people

are forced to make serious decisions.

To show this in its entirety, Stout uses lighting and music as well as her sculptures to surround one's senses. In one room, we are reminded of a roadside diner, where a formica table stands, as if awaiting patrons and a waitress.

Another sculpture is of a cot ringed with spikes, representing Johnson's untimely death involving a lover of his, and her husband.

Finally, the fourth exhibition is a collection of Depression-era photographs by Marion Post Wolcott.

While the Trevey prints were made under the guise of the Works Project Administration, Wolcott's work was sponsored by the Farms Security Administration. Hired by Roy Stryker, who was also responsible for Walker Evans and his treatise *Let Us Now Praise Famous*

*Men*, Wolcott was used as propaganda for the poor, essentially drumming up support for FDR's programs.

While the entire project netted 270,000 images, Wolcott, who moved to Santa Barbara sometime after the 1938-1941 years in which the pictures were taken, has represented here 13 photographs.

What Wolcott's work does prove here is an immensely helpful and acute visual aid. Her photographs provide us with a precise sense of what the rural poor faced, and combined with the Ken Trevey exhibit of urban poverty, the Ligon works on identity and interpretation, and Renée Stout's examination of the spirit of the blues and rural Black life, one cannot leave the museum without at least feeling the phenomenon of having traveled back in time.

## Great Classics

And Today's Best  
New Rock 'n Roll





# A MUSICAL WAR

WAR  
Anthology 1970-1994  
Rhino

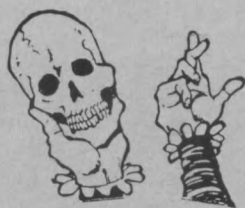
Foundations. Sly & The Family Stone. Foundations. Santana. Foundations. James Brown. Foundations. Parliament Funkadelic. Foundations of funk, soul, R & B, house and hip-hop. This list would never be complete without the inclusion of WAR. Still together as a band today, WAR has proven to be one of the seminal fun-rock-salsa-fusion groups of our time. Evidence of this is the fact that their music has been sampled almost infinitely by hip-hop, house and acid jazz-heads worldwide.

To celebrate the band's 25th anniversary, Rhino Records has released *Anthology 1970-1994*, an excellent collection of rare, well-known and remixed WAR tracks. This double CD really has it all, from early recordings with the



Animals' Eric Burdon, to hip-hop remixes from 1992. And, of course, *no* WAR anthology would be complete without old faves like "Cisco Kid" and "Lowrider." Those of you who think you've never heard WAR are most likely mistaken — tracks like "Slippin' into Darkness" have been sampled in hip-

hop for years. In an age where most "funk" comes from a drum machine and sampler, *Anthology* harks back to an era where grooves were created, in an original sense, and not borrowed. Support your foundations! Highly recommended. —Monty Luke



# IMAGINATION OVERCOMES

It takes a rare strength of character to turn an accident into an opportunity. But Jaehn Clare has done so.

As a 20-year-old student at the University of South Dakota, Clare was severely injured in an accident while working on the lighting crew for a university production. As she puts it, she "fell on her butt," breaking her back and paralyzing her from the waist down. She is now in a wheelchair.

After several acting roles, she is now performing and directing her own original script, *Belle's on Wheels*, on a nationwide tour. Opening in Santa Barbara's Center Stage Theatre tonight, the show originally debuted in 1990 in England and toured England and Scotland for seven weeks.

*Belle's on Wheels* tells the story of Belle, who finds herself confined to a wheelchair. Her emotional machinations and spiritual journey on the way to accepting her disability is the stuff of the



play. Part of the inspiration for the play was her own dealings with directors and casting agents who had a hard time getting around her disability. "People had very little imagination of what people with disabilities can do," she said. "Clearly they had this covert idea that a woman in a wheelchair did not want to be seen on stage." However, she coped. "Screw them," she said. "I like doing this, I'm going to do it. It's their lack of imagination, not my inability."

Clare reasoned that a play created and performed by a disabled per-

son that could not be enjoyed by other disabled people lost much of its momentum, so the show will be shadow-signed for the deaf by the hands of Michael Purcell. An audio description and assistive listening will also be offered. On Friday, Jan. 20 only, a Spanish translation of *Belle's on Wheels* will be available over headsets.

*The Center Stage Theatre* will host *Belle's on Wheels* from tonight through Sunday, Jan. 22. Show times are 8 p.m., except for the Jan. 22 performance, which is a 2 p.m. matinee.

—Chris George



# A CENTURY OF EARNEST

Since its opening on Valentine's Day, 1895, in London, *The Importance of Being Earnest* has entertained audiences. But more important, *Earnest* and playwright Oscar Wilde have generated vast amounts of controversy, which began on April 5, only a couple months after the play opened, when an openly gay Wilde was arrested for having a homosexual affair with Lord Alfred Douglas, and imprisoned for two years of hard labor. *Earnest* was soon yanked off the stage, in fear that a play written by a homosexual would corrupt the minds of poor, unsuspecting audiences.

Nearly a century after the death of Wilde in 1900, *Earnest* remains ageless, as company after company attempts its own interpretation. A Noise Within, an award-winning classical theater company from Glendale, will bring its take on the play to Campbell Hall Jan. 19.

"Santa Barbara needed classical repertory theater," said Judith Smith-Meyer of UCSB Arts and Lectures. So this performance will fill a void — classical theater has been missing locally.

In the tradition of Wilde, A Noise Within's performance has generated a lot of controversy. Most interpretations of *Earnest* downplay the

achingly obvious homosexual overtones, treating the play as no more than a light, little Victorian production, but A Noise Within brings the gay subtext to light. "The play is laced with lots of [gay] innuendos," said Art Manke, artistic co-director and Algernon of *Earnest*.

The play is a humorous poke — maybe even a prod — at Victorian society. *Earnest* consists of two main characters, Algernon Moncrieff and John Worthing, the pursuit of their loves Gwendolen Fairfax and Cecily Cardew, a case of mistaken identity and the comedy of errors that ensues.



Why should I watch this? you ask. First, it's very, very funny. (Trust me, I read it. If it's funny in print, it's going to be funnier in person.) These jokes will be understandable. Second, A Noise Within's production of

*Earnest* was honored as Best Theater of 1993 by the *Los Angeles Times*. Third, the company is only here for one night. It's also *Earnest's* 100th anniversary. Last, and most important, *Earnest* will be

fun. I'll see you there. The Importance of Being Earnest plays tonight in Campbell Hall. For more information, call Arts and Lectures at 893-3535.

—Michael Lin

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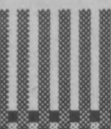
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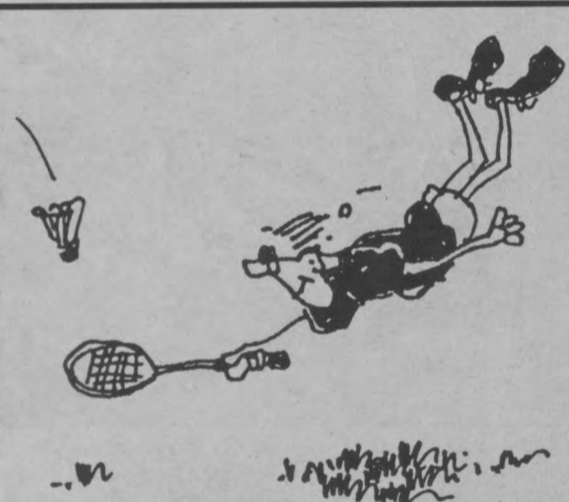
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## A ROMANTIC COMEDY WITH PHYSICS

The new movie *I.Q.* is set in the 1950s and stars Meg Ryan as Catherine Boyd, a research mathematician at Princeton (yes, that's right), Tim Robbins as the car mechanic who'd like to change her spark plugs, so to speak, and Walter Matthau as an elderly Albert Einstein (Catherine's uncle).

Whilst out driving with her English psychologist fiancé, Catherine pulls into a garage to repair their sharp-looking but unreliable sports car. Ed the mechanic (Robbins) steps forward with lanky frame and shy smile, his winsome (lose some) face angled in the cool, clean planes of a teen idol. Their eyes meet and linger, she unleashes a dazzling smile and from that moment we know — we're in for a heavy dose of indulgent sentimentality.

And so it proves. Catherine is attracted to Ed, but there is a little difficulty to overcome first: it's not enough for a man she's interested in to be just a babe, he has to be a brain too. Now this might be a problem in real life, but not in the movies. Before you can say, "Are you kidding?" he's delivering a lecture on advances in



cold-fusion physics, with a little help from Uncle Einstein, of course. So Ed manages to get the girl, thwart her fiancé and, for all I know, find a cure for cancer.

It will be seen that the screenplay is not the strongest part of the venture, but both director (Fred Schepisi) and actors wrestle valiantly with it. Tim Robbins in particular does a great job of characterizing shy awkwardness. Meg Ryan looks absurdly pretty wearing white gloves amongst the summer greenery, and Walter Matthau raises a smile in

capturing all the mannerisms (if little of the essence) of Einstein.

At the start, at least, when it's bright and breezy, the picture shapes itself to be fairly amusing, but it soon runs out of ideas and comes close to the kind of romantic comedy which is neither romantic nor particularly funny — just a flimsy structure of easy jokes and lazy thinking which collapses under a steady gaze.

You might laugh a little watching *I.Q.*, but if you prefer comedy to be a stimulant rather than soporific, a better bet would be

to get Cameron Crowe's *Singles* on video: the same subject, but so much more sharp and real.

On a personal note, the funniest part of the film for me was discovering that once again, as it habitually seems to be now, the unsympathetic character was played by an English actor (this time Stephen Fry as the ill-suited suitor). As a trans-Atlantic exile myself, I leave it to you to infer what this means about the American psyche, at least as presented by Hollywood.

—Martin Knight



## BEAUTIFUL EPIC

From the moment I saw Brad Pitt's face flash upon the larger-than-life scene at Big Newport, I knew he would be mine.

That was a year ago last summer, and his image has been haunting me ever since. Starting Jan. 13, *Legends of the Fall*, starring Brad Pitt, will not only be mine, but the whole country's.

Now, of course, he wasn't the sole reason I wanted to see this film — yeah right. I knew after countless articles, previews and four Golden Globe nominations that this film had more to it than just a beautiful leading man. Boy, was I right.

In order to be thoroughly satisfied with this film, the moviegoer must 1) appreciate the beauty and serenity of the wilderness of Montana, 2) understand the customs and culture of Native Americans, 3) enjoy movies stocked full of beautiful people and 4) have a fetish for Brad Pitt and his butt.

*Legends of the Fall*, based on Jim Harrison's novella, is the passionate saga of the Ludlow family. Col. William Ludlow (Anthony Hopkins), disappointed in the treatment of the Western tribes, builds a ranch in the foothills of the Montana Rockies, where he will raise his three sons.

Alfred (Aidan Quinn) is the dutiful politician. Tristan (Brad Pitt) is the untamable wild spirit, taught the skills and nature of a warrior by the colonel's old Cree scout (Gordon Tootoosis). The baby of the pack, Samuel (Henry Thomas), is the perfect budding Harvard idealist, loved by all.

The young woman who disrupts this happy family is Susannah (Julia Ormand). Susannah is well-bred, beautiful and down-to-earth. Coming from Boston as the fiancée of Samuel, it seems that within a day, Susannah has learned to rope cattle (a very hard task — I've tried), be an expert shot

and have all the brothers fall in love with her, including my escort to the film.

As the saga unfolds, the audience is perched on the edge of their seats. The plot spins wildly down the spiral path, enabling the audience to feel the emotions and pain that are so frequently displayed before us.

All biases aside, this is one of the best films I have

seen in ages. This is a dramatic epic for men and women alike. *Legends* is filled with action, adventure, romance and a touch of heart-wrenching sadness. If you're the type that doesn't enjoy a movie with a lot of *adjectives* and a beautiful cast, then see the movie for the scenery and the score. This is definitely a movie that will be seen winning a lot of Oscars.

—Melanie Gross



"...Newt Gingrich's worst nightmare."

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# A MUSICAL MEMORIAL



Day after day, watching his kinsmen march to their death, it was only the music that kept Leopold Kozlowski alive during the genocide that swept away most of the Jews in Eastern Europe during the Nazi Holocaust. The documentary film *The Last Klezmer* follows the life of Kozlowski, a Ukrainian Jew who composed and played Klezmer music to stay alive and to pass on the tradition.

Klezmer is not tangible — it isn't music that can be taught at any conservatory or university; *The Last Klezmer* states that this music is in the genes and the souls of those who perform it. It is the folk and spiritual music that unifies Judaism. As Kozlowski puts it, "it was not written, it came from the heart! From the blood!"

protegé Yale Strom tracked the roots of Kozlowski's life from his childhood in Peremyahlyny, south of Lvov in the Ukraine, to his current status as a Klezmer teacher.

The film effectively grasps the emotional journey and nostalgia as it portrays the incessant torture and restrictions that the Nazis put on the Jews. Kozlowski reminisces how, during one of the gatherings, the Germans called all men over 18 to meet in the city square — this included his father. They were then moved to a forest and shot. We follow Kozlowski to the site and watch him fall to his knees at the bitter memory.

We relive his courage as he attempts to hide his mother from the barbaric soldiers, only to come back to find her corpse. The spirit of the music

keeps him alive, and its rhythmic feelings and life allowed him to overcome his misfortunes.

"When I play," he says, "I think of my mother and father and I also see my brother. And I see this great tragedy that I survived." Before Hitler's reign, there were over 5,000 Klezmer musicians in Eastern Europe, but Leopold Kozlowski is the only survivor.

Not only does Strom capture the true essence of Leopold's life on film, but he does so without hype or manipulative film devices. His scenes aren't melodramatic and his portrayal of the Holocaust is not exploitative. Instead he allows Kozlowski to talk casually and openly about his life in his native tongue.

Occasionally, the camera is hand-held, which

captures each moment realistically. It follows him to the home he grew up in 50 years ago, where he introduces himself to the new tenants and passionately tells who slept in which bed, in which room, and where his father taught him the Klezmer.

*The Last Klezmer* is a moving documentary about the horrific Holocaust. It sincerely shows how one man's spirit and incessant vigor allows him to survive one of history's worst tragedies and to pass it to his survivors through his music.

The *Last Klezmer* shows in Campbell Hall on Saturday, Jan. 21 at 7 p.m. Filmmaker Yale Strom, who also consulted on Schindler's List, will introduce the film and answer questions after the screening.

—Melissa Altman

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