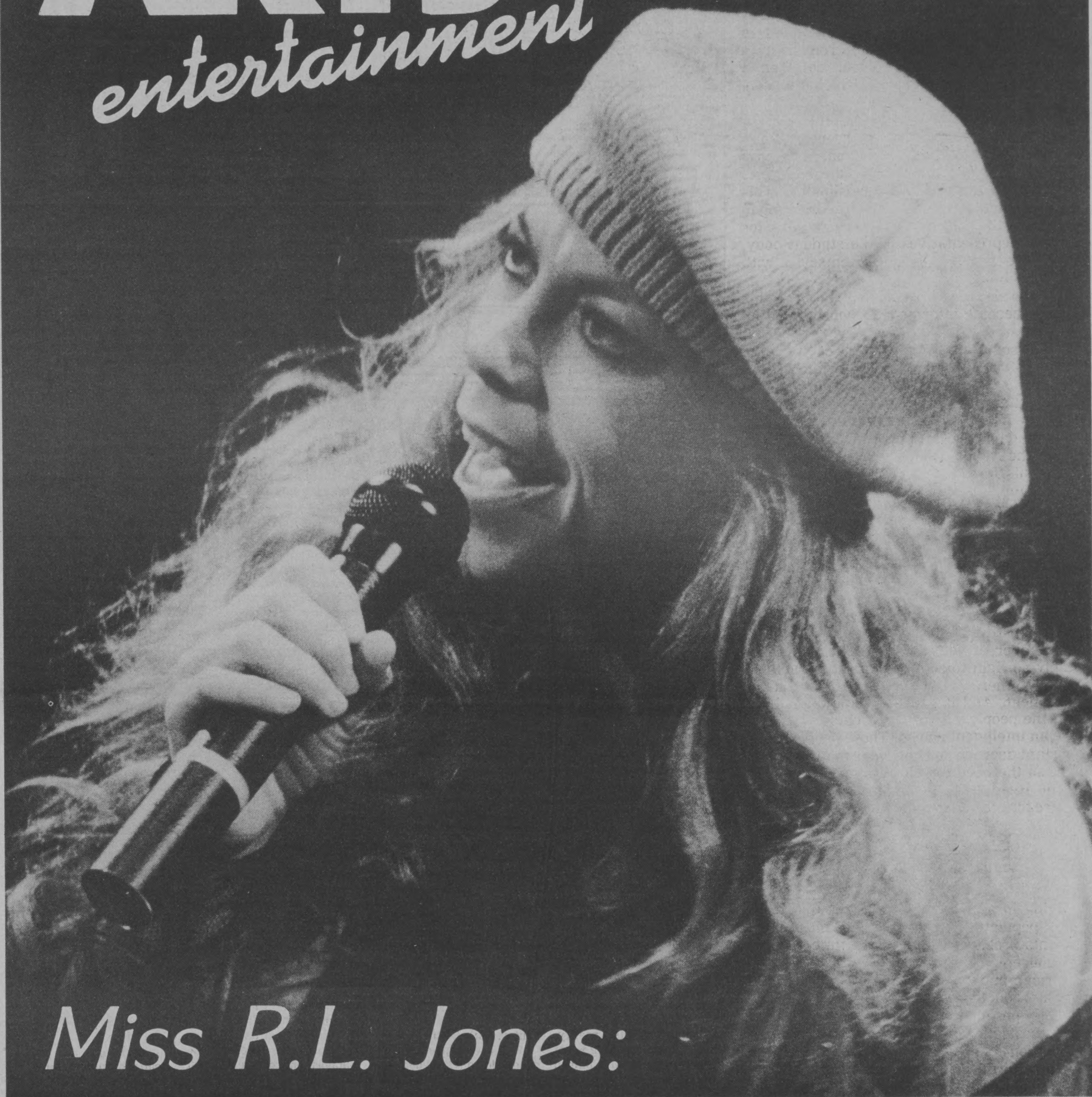


ARTS

entertainment



Miss R.L. Jones:

By EVE DUTTON

Mixing her vampish, low-key style with several swigs of her "good friend" Jack Daniels, Rickie Lee Jones stumbled through a musically moving, yet emotionally unsettling performance at the Arlington Monday night.

Jones, known for her compassionate, stirring lyrics, revealed in Monday's performance an insecurity and tension that is usually absent from her music. The audience seemed to cheer her on at times just to give reassurance that they were there supporting her through the entire evening — no matter what the outcome.

After an unexplained 80-minute delay, the show began beautifully with the band's talented saxophonist playing a blues solo as a city skyline backdrop slowly illuminated. Jones then appeared at the keyboard playing and singing "We Belong Together." This piece as well as the following song, "Living It Up," demonstrated Jones' true skill in touching the audience with her melodic, moving songs.

After displaying her skill in original works, Jones moved on to a more upbeat pace, singing and dancing to a past hit by the Jackson Five and performing for the first time on stage Carol King's "Up On the Roof." In addition, Jones mixed her performance with other music classics such as

"My Little Valentine" which provided the band and the audience with a very special moment in the evening's performance as Jones enveloped her entire self in the lyrics.

Compliments must be given to all the band members for their great talent and patience in following Jones through her performance. As she grabbed for a bottle of Jack Daniels and missed lyrics here and there, the band covered her mistakes with their clear, strong, tight backup. Special mention to Jones' keyboard player who followed her through all her ups and down, even as she sometimes drifted into mumbled speech, quite unexpected to the audience and band.

Highlighting the evening for many was Jones' generosity with her alcohol. After many swigs on her own, and staggering about on stage, she broke out a fresh bottle of whisky and began filling cups for a few lucky members of the crowd.

Rickie-Lee provided Santa Barbara fans with a true glimpse of her highly emotional works as well as her personal insecurities. Her performance was a pleasure despite occasional tense moments and can be best summarized by Jones' own lyrics: "A little sad and a little mean."

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THE BOAT IS FULL: FOLK SPIRITS

By RICHARD DULANEY

Throughout twentieth century Germanic thought and experience runs a notion of *voelk*, which is an idea of the classic Teutonic person. While it roughly translates into our "folk," *voelk* connotes a deep sense of the traditional German peasant lifestyle — ruggedly individual, capably self-sufficient, strappingly proud. *The Boat is Full* poignantly captures this *voelk* concept with superb cinematography and acting.

Set in war-torn Germany and Switzerland, *The Boat is Full* is the story of a group of German Jewish refugees seeking asylum in Switzerland from Hitler's impending holocaust. Unfortunately, the Swiss authorities have decided that there are too many such refugees entering the country, needing food, shelter and medical care — even though most have simply passed through to other countries. The crew of refugees is an unlikely mix: Judith Krueger (Tina Engels), a young woman hoping to join her husband, and her brother Olaf Landau (Martin Walz), head the team. The elderly Lazar Ostrowskij (Curt Bois) and his granddaughter Gitty (Simone) are also along, accompanied by a five-year-old French orphan, Maurice (Laurent); the group is led across the border into Switzerland by Karl Schneider, a deserter from the German Army.

After the group steals across the border, they are discovered by an innkeeper, Franz Fluckiger (Mathias Gnaedinger), and his wife Anni (Renate Steiger), who erroneously report them to the authorities. The Jews attempt to disguise themselves as a family in order to gain legal entrance to the country; when their deception is uncovered, the police plan to deport them. Franz attempts to spirit the refugees into the Swiss countryside, only to be foiled at the last moment by Swiss mounted police. As the refugees cross the misty Rhine back into

Germany, their chilling fates are revealed: Judith and Gitty were gassed at Treblinka, Lazar died on the journey, Olaf mysteriously disappeared in Germany.

Shot primarily on a Swiss peasant farm that doubles as an inn, *The Boat is Full* is richly textured, fully portraying a lifestyle mired in centuries-old *voelk* tradition. The attitudes of the Swiss innkeepers and townspeople reflect not only a growing realization of the Nazi horror, but also the typical efficiency and parochialism of a small, neutral nation sandwiched between two major military and economic regional powers, Germany and France. All this is set against a stunningly simple background of lush greenery and a generally rustic atmosphere that borders on quaintness.

Director Markus Imhoof maintains a high level of tension and urgency throughout the film by infusing this idyllic scene with the constantly overshadowing Nazi presence, a tactic that often extends to strong symbolism. When Franz presents Judith with a fancily packaged bar of soap, her expression reflects gratitude, but also the tragic knowledge that many of her fellow Jews would be used to manufacture that very product. Similarly, when the refugees pose as a family, Judith must ironically share her bed with her "husband," the Nazi deserter.



Engel, Gnaedinger and Steiger turn in especially strong performances, illu-

minating the Jewish plight during World War II. None of the characters dominate the film (which won several international film awards and was nominated for an Oscar as Best Foreign Language Film), and the political setting and tense personal drama are blended well, making *The Boat is Full* a worthwhile artistic, political and social statement.



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ARTS entertainment

Editor,
JONATHAN ALBURGER

Cover Photo,
GREG HARRIS

Pettet as G.B. Shaw

A witty and penetrating look into the mind of George Bernard Shaw was offered to the University community April 7 by Dr. Edwin Pettet. In an Arts and Lectures presentation, Pettet incarnated Shaw, the British philosopher, through a script derived from some 40 researched sources.

Dr. Pettet, a playwright-actor-teacher and Shaw authority, showed a Shaw who was a modern and relevant as he would have been 50 years ago. Shaw challenged contemporary thought, believing that "if you don't say a thing in an irritating way, you may as well not say it at all."

Yet Shaw spoke with tact, and wit as well. His literary guidelines were to "take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say, and then say it with the utmost

levity." Poking fun at the academic world, Shaw once said, "He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches."

One of Shaw's favorite topics was popular attitudes toward women. Shaw was straightforward in his support for equal political and economic rights for women. He believed simply that "a woman is a person exactly like myself."

As quoted by Pettet on marital affairs Shaw said, "Family life will never be decent, much less ennobling, until the central horror of the economic dependence of women upon men is done away with." His views are startlingly contemporary. Pettet's performance provided a good look at past and present issues while giving his audience a strong sense of the personality of an extraordinary man.

—Caddie Grenier

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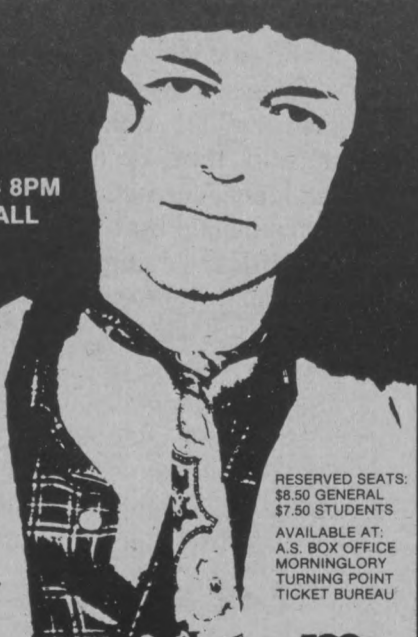
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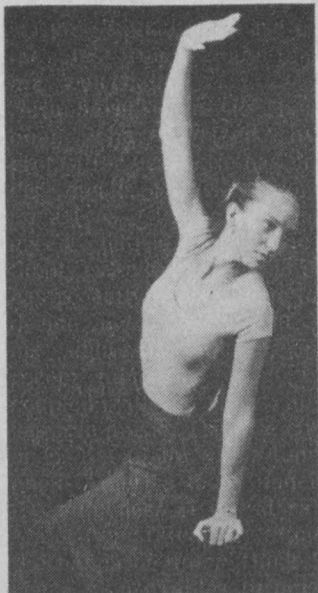
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'DANSCAPE': TIGHT SHOW MATTHAU IN 'PICTURES': ANOTHER SIMON APPLE

By CATHERINE BOWMAN
Modern dance is much like modern art: the excitement of the artistic endeavor is in allowing the observer to interpret the image. Such was the case with Danscape, a dance concert presented last week by the UCSB Department of Dramatic Art.



Directed by Tonia Shimin, the event was a spectacular series of pieces — a compelling coordination of costumes, light, and stage scenery accompanying the dancers. Six of the eight pieces were intense, dramatic interpretations of emotions, conflict within human nature, or nature itself.

The highlight of the evening was "Portrait," a solo performance by Nolan Dennett and choreographed by Ellen Bromberg. A member of the UCSB faculty and a veteran of dance, Dennett's portrayal of a man possessed was a chilling embodiment of personal hell. Inspired by Arthur Rimbaud's "A Season in Hell," Dennett skillfully detached himself from the audience as a character absorbed into and destroyed by a suffocating torment. Dressed in black and white and using a single pillar of

light as the setting, Dennett's contorted, staccato movement (accompanied by Brian Bromberg's hauntingly beautiful music) seemed like involuntary spasms of emotion rather than the staged action of a performance.

"Reunion," choreographed by Anne Elizabeth Rohrs, also focused on a dramatic mood, with three female dancers clad in black dresses with open backs. Accentuation of bare backs against black dresses, designed by Patricia Whitelock, provided an

exciting contrast which proved to be the highlight of the piece. The accompanying dialogue, however, was difficult to understand.

Though the evening's theme was heavy, Danscape had a few memorable light moments. "Gonzo Bondo or Muk Kwan Do" and "High Seas Romance" stole the show with a wonderful sense of humor. Dubbed as "a not so serious look at martial and other related arts," and accompanied by traditional Japanese and Chinese music, "Gonzo Bondo or Muk Kwan Do" was one of the two pieces in which the dancers truly made their performance seem effortless and enjoyable. Dancer Larry Kronish was outstanding in his performance of the crazed thunder god stalking the tender maiden.

The problems in the performance were minor. There were a few faltering moves and problems with lights during Thursday's performance. And though the movement of dancers across the stage was beautiful, the squeaking of legs sliding across a stage was slightly distracting.

Like good art, the art of Danscape was the experience itself.

By MICHELLE TOGUT

I have this theory about how Neil Simon writes his screenplays. Simon has an Apple computer programmed with trite plots, cute characters, witty one-liners and stock confrontations. When the spirit moves him, he sits down in front of his Apple, punches his latest idea into the memory and up onto the screen pops the appropriate characters, insults, retorts and occasionally moving dialogue, which he then arranges into another successful comedy.

Simon's latest, *I Ought to Be in Pictures* is proof of this sort of formulation. So similar is it to his previous work, *Only When I Laugh*, that the viewer gets the impression that Neil was so impressed with the theme of *Laugh* — long lost parent gets to know precocious adolescent child — that he just rewrote it using different characters and settings.

Nonetheless, *I Ought to Be in Pictures* is enjoyable. Libby Tucker — played by the charming Dinah Manoff — journeys from New York to Hollywood, ostensibly to break into acting, but coincidentally to meet her father, Herbert (Walter Matthau), who abandoned his wife and family when Libby was three years old.

Matthau, in another persnickety-but-lovable-old-coot role, is supposed to be a successful screenwriter, but Libby discovers that dear

old Dad has been suffering from a long bout of writer's block and is supporting himself in rather humble style through gambling. Confronting him in his ramshackle Hollywood flat, she manages to offend his sensibilities and storm out in a snit. Herbert, encouraged by his girlfriend, played by a subdued Ann-Margret, later finds his daughter and drags her back to his flat, allowing her to remain until she can launch her acting career. Thus, the two have a chance to get to know each other, providing the main thrust of the film.

Simon, as usual, proves himself the king of the one-liner. Father and daughter can both whip out a clever quip in the most emotionally harrowing situations with the speed rivaling an SST. Whether this is realistic conversation or not is secondary; it is funny.

Unfortunately, this slick wit is not tied to a plot that has any real depth — Herbert and Libby establish a caring, loving relationship in a matter of weeks and with a couple of soul-baring conversations. Annoying little details, like the goons who come after Herbert to collect on his gambling debts, are quickly ignored, and reform and transformation of all major characters happen far too quickly.

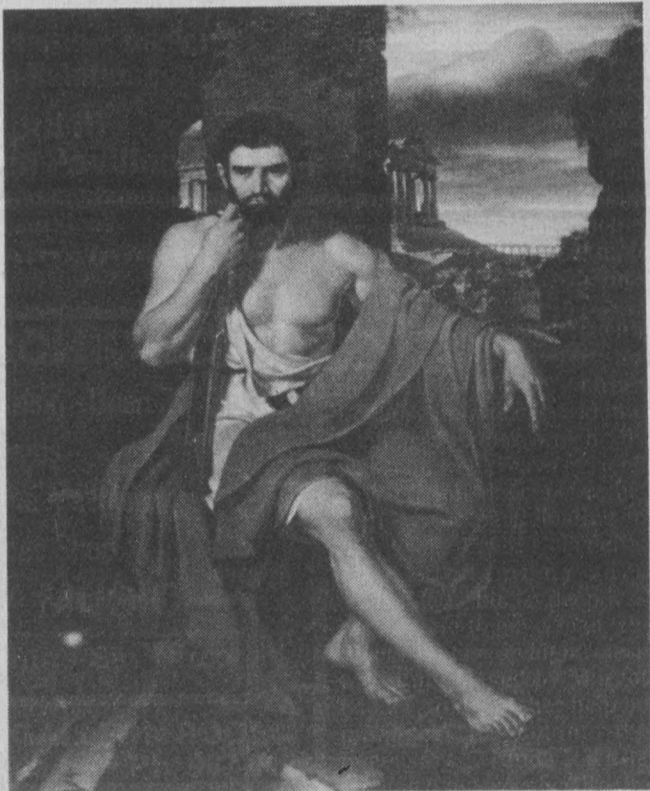
Simon, in his work, prefers to tie up every little plot detail into a happy ending rather than to leave things askew as they often are in real life. This film is no

exception. Libby, in her brief stay with her father, manages to transform his flat from slobdom to terminal cuteness, transform his car from junker to classic, and transform her dad from dried-up old screenwriter to writer with a creative new lease on life. She also comes to the cosmic realization that she didn't really come to Hollywood to launch an acting career but to build a relationship with her father which, of course, she manages to do. Uh-huh.

And yet, the story still manages to be touching, due to the quality of Simon's writing and the acting abilities of the film's main characters. Manoff is believable as Libby, a brash kid who suffers from a not-so-latent inferiority complex. She sparkles in this role and is a perfect foil for the curmudgeonly Matthau, who manages to wring a fine performance out of a character-type he has played too often. Ann-Margret manages to shed the sexy/bubbly personality she exuded in *Middle-Age Crazy* for that of a more mature, much less dizzy character.

As with most other Simon works, though, seeing *I Ought to Be in Pictures* can be likened to eating chocolate mousse. Both are tasty and sweet even though you realize they have been fluffed-up to appear as if they have more substance than they actually do.

Anglo-American Artists on Campus



Currently featured at the University Art Museum, UCSB, is *The Anglo-American Artist in Italy, 1750-1820*, which will be on view now through May 9. The exhibition is supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency.

Pictured to the left is one example of the works at the museum. By John Vanderin, "Marius Amidst the Ruins of Carthage" is an 1807 oil on canvas which is on loan from the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco.

Photo of the painting is by Bill Duke.

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Point, Counterpoint: Two View

By BARBARA ALLEN

Cat People, Paul Schrader's reconstruction of Jacques Tourneur's 1942 flick, feeds the American appetite for mindless killing, erotic fantasy and explicit nudity. The film might be said to be an attempt to cut away and expose man's mysterious primal desires embedded in the unconscious. Despite the stylized cinematography with its absorbing surrealistic tone, *Cat People's* storyline, like a series of fragmented events in a nightmare, refuses to engage our emotions.

Virginal beauty Irena (Nastassia Kinski) arrives in humid New Orleans to meet her religious fanatic brother (Malcolm McDowell) after a long separation and discovers her horrid fate as a cat person: an incestuous human breed that transform into black panthers when they mate outside the Gallier family.

German-born Nastassia Kinski holds the film together. With her sleek, graceful body, curious green eyes and full lower lip, Kinski is believably feline in motion and convincingly naive of her own sensuality. Brother Paul (Malcolm McDowell) continually tries to lure his sister into bed while at the same time combing the back streets for victims to make love to and then devour. McDowell is affective as one of the peculiar cat people; his bouncy walk in human form and wide fixated stares personify the fiery panther that terrorizes New Orleans.

McDowell may have succeeded in seducing his sister if it wasn't for cute blonde zoo curator Oliver (John Heard). Heard's Oliver, a fervent romantic, becomes emotionally entangled with the childlike Irena and the movie no longer portrays the archetypal horror story aimed at scarring us to death, but becomes a love story with a strange, distancing overtone. Irena becomes increasingly aware of her own sensuality as the series of bizarre events progress, and what Schrader seems to tell us is that female sexuality needs to be curbed, or in the case of Irena in *Cat People*, caged.

Cat People is absorbing, yet it loses its credibility when loose ends are never connected. Irena, for example, is sipping a drink with the zookeeper's old girlfriend (Annette O'Toole) when a cloaked woman with heavy lipstick approaches her to whisper, "Mi hermana," then quietly slips away. Schrader never drops a hint whether or not this woman has any relationship with the wicked Gallier family or not. Another bothersome point is when Paul awaits the called-for prostitute in panther form. If he had to secure the hotel reservation in human form, and we know he must engage in sexual intercourse before his transformation, then why does he greet the brazen hooker as a furious feline? Another problem with *Cat People* is the prologue. Here a parade of tribesmen, some colored with spots and others not, unveil a young woman in sacrifice, as a black panther circles the dry, orange scenario. It isn't until later on that we are able to realize that Schrader is presenting a bit of historical background about the cat family's heritage.

Schrader lets us witness all, as if there is an intense satisfaction derived from seeing things destroyed in a realistic manner. A zoo caretaker's arm is ripped from the socket by the gnarling panther, and we watch the blood stain the virgin white sandals of Irena. Paul licks the remnants of a tattered victim as a thick residue hangs from his mouth.

The cinematography draws on odd angles and perceptions; Schrader has created an impressive psychosexual panorama that unfortunately means absolutely nothing.



RICKIE LEE JONES: ALCOHOL AND



Rickie Lee Jones Photo

Review of CAT PEOPLE

By JOHN KRIST

Serious students of film compare it to the earlier version on which it is based and find it lacking ... but they shouldn't. Analysts focus on the Freudian themes of sexual tension and fear, and the relationship between desire and animalistic drives ... but they shouldn't. Critics complain of plot inconsistencies, two-dimensional acting, and gratuitous gore ... but they shouldn't.

They're right, of course. *Cat People*, directed by Paul Schrader, contains all of the preceding characteristics. What such people also have in common is that they are approaching the movie with the wrong set of expectations and values. Although it might be debatable, I consider *Cat*

People to be firmly ensconced within the genre of horror films. Such films must be judged on their own terms, few of which are applicable to any other genre. And, conversely, the standards by which other types of movies (romances, adventure stories, emotional dramas) are judged can seldom be applied to films like this one.

Cat People has a very simple plot line. Reduced to its basic components, it concerns a brother and sister (Malcolm McDowell and Nastassia Kinski) who are members of a family that bears a strange heritage — if they have sex with anyone except another of their own kind, they turn into black leopards and can't return to human form until they kill someone.

Sound silly? Perhaps. It takes a substantially active imagination to enjoy films like this, for if you can't accept the movie's premises you're wasting your time in the theater. Go home, make your own popcorn and watch something believable, like *Love Boat* on the television. To enjoy a film such as this, you have to enjoy scenes that drag your nerves across a cheese grater, the deliberate prolonging of a sequence wherein the viewer can anticipate what's coming — but not when it's going to actually happen. The sudden loud noise, the abrupt act of violence, the long tracking shots as an imperiled character walks with infuriating slowness down a dimly-lit corridor, the sheer tension that attends becoming emotionally involved with characters that continually wander into situations of mortal danger — these are the hallmarks of a true-to-art horror film. *Cat People* uses them all to good effect.

This particular film goes beyond just standard cinematic techniques, however. Despite a couple of scenes that are so ambiguous and removed from the bulk of the narrative that they are virtually inexplicable, it presents us with a coherent allegory about the loss of sexual innocence. Irena (Kinski) is a young, beautiful woman who is mystified by the aura of sexuality she exudes — an aura sufficiently powerful to cause men to instantly focus on her as if nothing else existed.

Losing her virginity, she also loses her innocence and her humanity, becoming a creature of prey in more ways than one. In leopard form she presents us with a straightforward image of animal passion unleashed. As a post-defloration woman, she turns into a huntress, actively stalking Oliver (John Heard), the zoo curator with whom she has fallen in love.

This is a rather disturbing view of the nature of sexuality but, then again, sexuality in itself is a deeply disturbing thing. Kinski is perfect for the part because she is not really playing a human character — she's playing a human characteristic. As sex is mystifying, the film bewilders. As sex is dark and dangerous, the movie draws on fear and tension. As sex is often uncontrollable, so the movie grabs the viewer and runs away with his/her sensibilities. It is a guided tour of some very strange terrain — the human unconscious.



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Album Analyses

UTOPIA, JANKEL: A NOTCH ABOVE



By JAY De DAPPER

While most everyone has heard of Todd Rundgren, few know anything about him. He has produced hit albums — from Grand Funk to Meatloaf to the Tubes. He has written hit songs recorded by Robert Palmer ("Can We Still Be Friends") and England Dan and John Ford Coley ("Love is the Answer") to name but a few.

He has also released seven solo albums and seven albums with Utopia, as well as six or seven other albums recorded with groups that have since disbanded. From all this has emerged consistently strong critical acclaim and a loyal, if not huge (huge being defined by Journey's multi-million member fan club) following. To this day Rundgren has only had one hit record — "Hello It's Me" — released

in 1972. With the release of the latest Utopia album this may well change.

Rundgren's music has been characterized by protest for years. He has, in his music, attacked corporations, government, greed, hatred, and practically everything else that it has recently become chic to deride. *Swing to the Right* is his lightest criticism in recent memory, but it is coupled with the most accessible music. The title cut opens the album with a tune about America today under the influences of the Moral Majority and Reagan: "Stop the hands of time/ Think I see a sign/ Tables turning round/ Hear a different sound/ Stop the hands of time/ Looking out for mine." The tune then breaks into '40s swing tempo leading into a long guitar/synth solo.

Following this is the great "Lysistrata." Based on Aristophanes' fifth century comedy of the same name, it

revolves around men, women, and war. Rundgren adapts the humor in a tremendously effective way. Backed by an upbeat melody played on acoustic guitar, "Lysistrata" is one of the best Utopia tunes ever. Fortunately the band doesn't let down after the two strong openers.

As its title suggests, "The Up" is even more uptempo than "Lysistrata." It's a straight-forward dance tune with all of Utopia's best riffs incorporated.

"Junk Rock" is a slow, relatively discordant stab at the new music that little resembles music at all. Although it isn't supposed to be taken seriously, it is poorly placed in terms of the three excellent songs before it. Nevertheless, the first side is quite good, especially by today's low standards.

The last time Rundgren did a remake was on 1975's *Runt* — that is, until *Swing to* (Please turn to p.8, col.5)



By JAY De DAPPER

England's music trends reach us here in the colonies several years after they occur there. Punk became new wave while we were just getting into Foreigner. New wave became power pop and we were hearing the Pretenders for the first time. The trend has now moved from power pop to English funk and here we are enjoying the Plasmatics. The English funk scene is not like its American counterpart, though. One of the latest releases in this vein is from Chas Jankel.

Jankel was the co-writer of such great Ian Drury classics as "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick" and "Sex & Drugs." He left the Blockheads in 1979 and released his (Please turn to p.8, col.1)

Pryor's 'Some Kind of Hero'

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

Although I am not a great fan of Richard Pryor, *Some Kind of Hero* is an engaging movie which exemplifies why Pryor has such appeal. The film suffers from a mediocre script and a silly plot, but thanks to Pryor it succeeds in being respectable entertainment.

Pryor plays the good-natured, gentle hero Eddie Keller who comes home after six years in a Vietnam prison to find his wife unfaithful, his mother in a rest home, and himself left with no way to pay for his mother's home care. Because he was coerced into signing a paper which, he was told, would save a friend in Vietnam, denouncing his country for participating in the war, Pryor's benefits from the army are suspended; he is penniless and unable to get a loan. He meets Toni, a high class prostitute played by Margot Kidder, and with her help he manages to obtain the necessary funds while dealing dangerously with the



Richard Pryor and Lynne Moody

Mafia.

Written by James Kirkwood and Robert Boris (from the book by Kirkwood), the movie is fast-moving and evenly paced throughout.

The Vietnam scenes are surprisingly humorous, at the price of being unrealistic. Indeed, Pryor seems to have more fun in prison than he does when he comes home to his string of misfortunes.

Hero is wholly for Pryor's talents, and he is the one who really makes the picture. Eddie is a mixture of the shrewd, the crude, the naive, and the gentle; Pryor succeeds in making Eddie believable and likable.

Pryor could not do much to

make his relationship with Kidder believable, however. Their meeting is so spontaneous that I was left wondering how these two people could come to care about one another in so short a time. Kidder's performance of the spunky-yet-sensitive prostitute is good; she manages to give emotion and substance to a rather cut-out role. Despite some of their more ridiculous lines, Pryor and Kidder are a good team by the close of the film.

Ray Sharkey is memorable as Pryor's prisonmate and best friend, Vinnie. The friendship between Sharkey and Pryor is one of the stronger narrative strains in the film. Unfortunately, Sharkey disappears from the story

ambiguously, and it is some time before we learn of his fate.

Ronny Cox is appropriately hypocritical as Pryor's superior and advisor, Colonel Powers.

The most refreshing (and original) thing about *Some Kind of Hero* is that there is no racial self-consciousness. Eddie is just a likable character; he is another good-guy, and the audience roots for him. The movie is worth seeing, if only for the performance of Richard Pryor. It is interesting and fast moving enough so that the unbelievable of the plot and the insufficient amount of development of the supporting characters was not apparent until after I had left the theatre and thought about what I had seen.

Some Kind of Hero was produced by Howard Koch, Jr., and directed by Michael Pressman. It is rated R for some harsh language, a mild sex scene, and a touch of bathroom humor. The Paramount Pictures release is playing at the Plaza de Oro Theatre in Santa Barbara.

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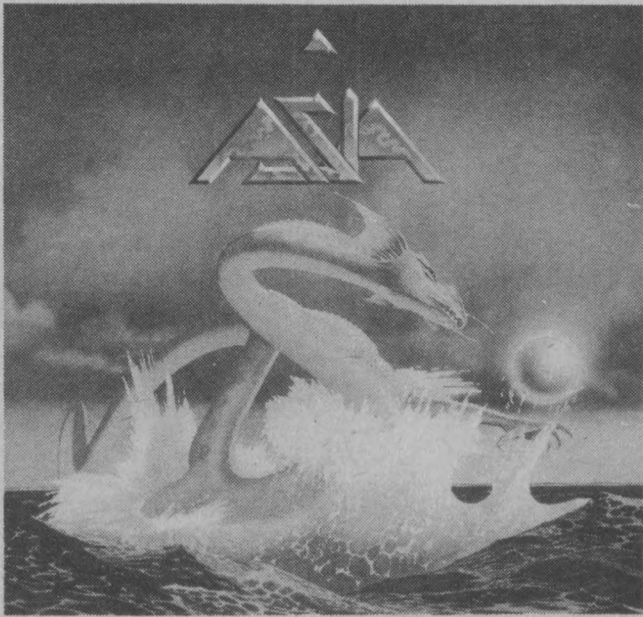
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By JOHN SANDERS

It's not that the debut album *Asia* by a group of the same name is so bad. It's just that rock fans might have expected more from a band whose members would make anybody's all-star list.

Asia features former Yes stalwart Steve Howe on lead guitar and backing vocals. Geoffrey Downes, of several bands including the Buggles, plays keyboards and sings. Carl Palmer of early '70s supergroup Emerson Lake and drummer with former King Crimsonian John Wetton, provides lead vocals and added bass guitar. Song credits are fairly evenly divided among the band except for Palmer.

Unfortunately, the album doesn't live up to the expectations created by its members' pasts. Instead, the whole affair seems like some kind of time capsule, safely sealed away back in 1975 when most "progressive" rock groups were running out of gas, only now to be unearthed. Even the album cover with its pseudo-psychedelic dragon seems a remembrance of a period past.

Asia sounds rather stale after seven years in the can. Most songs sound frightfully familiar, even on first hearing. Lyrics center on opaque themes juxtaposed with absurdly over-hyped vocals. Wetton's serious tone might leave the listener saying, "gee, this stuff must really be profound," if only the light-weight nature of the themes wasn't so immediately apparent.

Of all the members, only Steve Howe's guitar work holds much appeal. Whereas the others usually sound unnaturally rushed or pretentious, Howe sounds like he's actually thinking about what he's playing. This gives his performance a freshness lacking from *Asia* in general.

The album features excellent production qualities,

By JAY De DAPPER

I guess it's time to throw in the towel when a musician's biography is substantially more interesting than his music. This is the case with Roy Sundholm. Born in Norway, Sundholm was raised in England and held many jobs from beach photographer in Torquay to cathedral builder in Bristol. Not only was he employed in many ways, he has lived in Morocco, Italy, and Spain. Unfortunately, all of this seems to have been of little benefit to his (limited) musical talent. But then again, what can you expect from a guy whose first professional band was called Rat Bites from Hell?

East to West is positively forgettable. The album's 10 tunes are almost indistinguishable from one another. The first two tracks, "The Bridge Across the River" and the title track, are lame attempts at... well, music. They are described by the record company as "hard rocking" and

however. The sound is rich and technically impressive, if too often mechanically performed. In the future the band would be wise to explore new possibilities of sound rather than being content to recreate a second-rate LP.

Asia will headline at the Arlington Theater in a concert scheduled for May 27.



"memorable." Hardly. Both are Graham Parker sound-alikes. Not coincidentally, Sundholm was the road manager for Parker's *Rumour* for several years. He seems to have picked up a little. Also on the first side is "Me and My Mercedes" — a track memorable only for its title.

Side two provides us with a glimpse into the depth of Sundholm's plagiarism. "My Heart's on Fire" is right on the money as a Springsteen rip-off. The horn parts are so blatantly Clarence Clemmons I wouldn't be surprised if there

was some copyright infringement. On and on he goes, imitating everyone from Bob Marley to Nick Lowe. Every hackneyed lick and lyric imaginable is strung together in a seemingly endless run

of musical (actually little music is involved) boredom. Witness this utterly ridiculous chorus: "Don't believe what they tell you/It's just a trick of the light/It's just a notion

they're trying to sell you/These days, these days/Good girls don't wear white." The Knack was more original than this.

East to West isn't bad per se, but it is so generic and hackneyed that it becomes unlistenable much faster than things that are even worse musically, if there is such a thing. After four listenings I couldn't bear to hear anymore — the guy made me so mad in that he could steal so much from so may so blatantly, and get it on vinyl.

EVENTUALITIES

Choreographer/dancer Bill Evans will bring his Seattle-based modern dance ensemble, the *Bill Evans Dance Company* to UCSB's Campbell Hall for one performance Saturday, April 17, at 8 p.m. Sponsored by Arts and Lectures, the concert is presented in conjunction with University Day at UCSB.

In addition to the home-based activities, the Company tours throughout the country and participates in the National Endowment for the Arts Artists-in-Education program. Evans' works are performed by 18 professional ballet and modern dance companies in the United States and Europe.

For information and reservations call the Arts and Lectures Ticket Office at 961-3535.

Yankee Doodle Dandy, starring James Cagney, will screen TONIGHT in Campbell Hall at 7 and 9:30 p.m. *Showboat*, starring Irene Dunne and Paul Robeson, will be shown by Arts & Lectures Sun. in Campbell Hall at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

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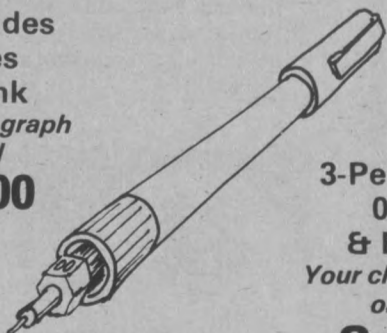


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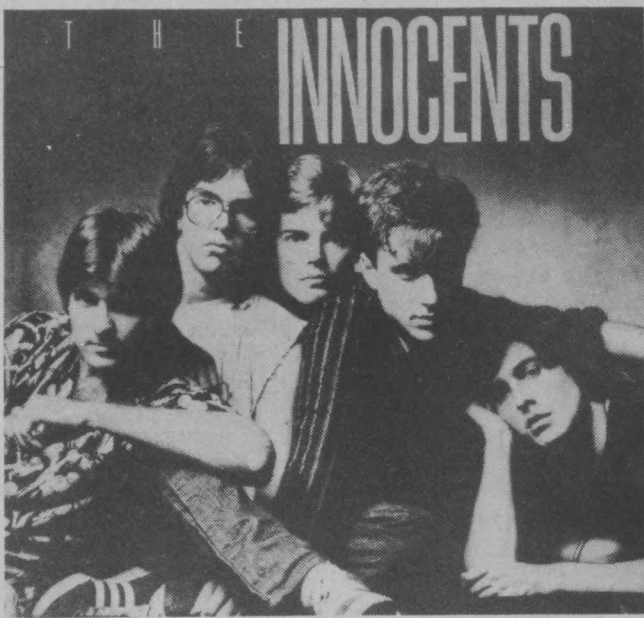
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INNOCENTS: All Packaging

By JIM REEVES

Due to the increasingly conservative attitude of rock radio and the record-buying public, the marketing of new bands has become a large factor in whether a band becomes successful or not. Promotional campaigns have to hit hard at radio and the rock press by sensationalistic means to introduce new talent to the general public. Since these promotions cost thousands of dollars, record companies take few chances; they rely on established trends that follow past successes.

Entering into this world are the Innocents, whose self-titled debut album and "birth" was the subject of a NBC-prime documentary a while ago. Musically, the band offers nothing. Their blend of second generation "El Lay" pop comes off as a poor cloning of the Knack. If not for the significance of the band's backers, the Innocents would soon fade back into the obscurity from whence they came. The reputations of the project's backers are the band's

sole claim to validity. The first is Neil Bogart, who has made a living by making trends sell — from bubble-gum rock in the '60s to the bombast of Kiss, Donna Summer and the Village People in the '70s. The other is Dick "I don't make culture; I sell it" Clark, whose American Bandstand has done an admirable job repackaging and homogenizing rock for the bland American palate.

What these moguls are trying to sell is not the band's music but their image, a cross between new wave and preppy. As a new trend, "preppy-new wave" is the commercial rage in this country, combining the care-free abandonment of new wave with the arrogant "me-ism" of the preppies. This monster son is the bastardization of the inherent political nature of the original British punk bands and is best shown in the recent commercial successes of the Pretenders, Missing Persons, the B-52's, and the Go-Go's, all having ridden the new wave to become pretentious imitators of the Sex Pistols and the Clash.

Luckily, the free market system has rejected the Innocents; their single and album have not made the national charts. After examining the album, it is painfully clear that the band has no redeeming or even enjoyable qualities. While the band provides competent backing, their bland approach lacks the vitality and hooks of other preppy-new wave groups. Worse are the lyrics which are based on pre-pubescent puppy love embodying implicit sexual overtones and forced out by vocalist Micheal Hurt in an obnoxiously affected style. The output is far from the commercial success one would expect.

Apparently the music industry can make radical mistakes resulting in huge financial losses that no amount of hype can change. But as the rock bureaucracy becomes more established, rock music as a popular cultural form becomes more dehumanized and homogenous. Spirit ad emotion have low priorities in Bogart and Clark's scheme where the foundations lie in passive research, dehumanized like any other modern industry in a free market economy.

Chas Jankel...

(Continued from p.6)

debut album shortly thereafter. His second album, *Questionnaire*, is a wonderfully light album. This is not the funk of Earth,

Wind & Fire or Kool & the Gang. Jankel manages to combine elements of new wave, power pop, reggae, salsa, funk, and rock into very intriguing songs. To this he adds the irreverence of his lyrical wit. The result is a really fun album, interesting not just for your feet (unlike the Go-Go's).

The album opens with "109," a Rick James-influenced tune with some interesting additions. There are no horns or flowing orchestras — it has the muscular sound of new wave. The song is made by the lyrics. The whole thing is a joke: "Oh. Give me something I can remember/-

Oh. Give me something I won't dismember."

"Johnny Funk" is an uptempo number, filled with guitar and synth fills. It is fascinating how a tune that appears to be so simple can have so many interesting interludes. Once again though, Ian Drury's lyrics prove that the point is fun: "This is the story of Johnny Funk/Who made a wish when he was a punk/He had the urge and he had the spunk/He want to learn to play the funk." The tune is filled with elements of new wave dance music integrated with strong, satirical funk.

Side one ends with a great reggae-influenced song, "Magic of Music." There is a strong reggae base here, but Jankel electrifies it with lots of synthesizer lines. There are lengthy trombone and trumpet solos and perfectly produced background vocals. Throughout, there is marvelous guitar-brass-synth interplay, pulling the elements together. Clearly, Jankel has hit upon something.

The second side opens with "Glad to Know You," a song that on the surface appears to be little different from recent Kool & the Gang efforts. The difference lies in the small but prevalent use of techno-rock bits. It's great to hear this kind of combination.

"Questionnaire" is the stand-out track. Based on straightforward funk, this is one of the busiest dance tunes in recent memory. The whole song is backed in a

super rhythm arrangement using a mix of Latin percussion instruments. With an excellent timbales solo, the tune moves along with plenty of strong Latin horn lines, and trombone and trumpet solos. This is one big musical party combining the best of pure Latin funk with more traditional American black funk. Jankel finishes his second solo album with a strange, almost psychedelic tune. Although "3,000,000 Synths" revolves around the most basic of all funk bass lines and the traditional hand claps, all sorts of freaky synthesizer fills are dropped in. The result is a provocative, though not necessarily top-notch, tune.

Don't get me wrong; I'm not into funk. I don't listen to Kool & the Gang or Rick James. That's mainly because their music is so basic it relies entirely on its beat. It is pure dance music. The same is true for most power pop — the Go-Go's, Split Enz, the Plimsouls. Again, this also tends to be mindless dance music designed for the feet alone. Chas Jankel's brand of English funk is not. The combinations of stylistic and musical elements from so many other musical forms is an exciting departure from the norm. There is much to listen to and think about while your feet gig. What pulls it off inevitably, though, are the humorous lyrics. *Questionnaire* is a great album in that it does exactly what it was designed to do.

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