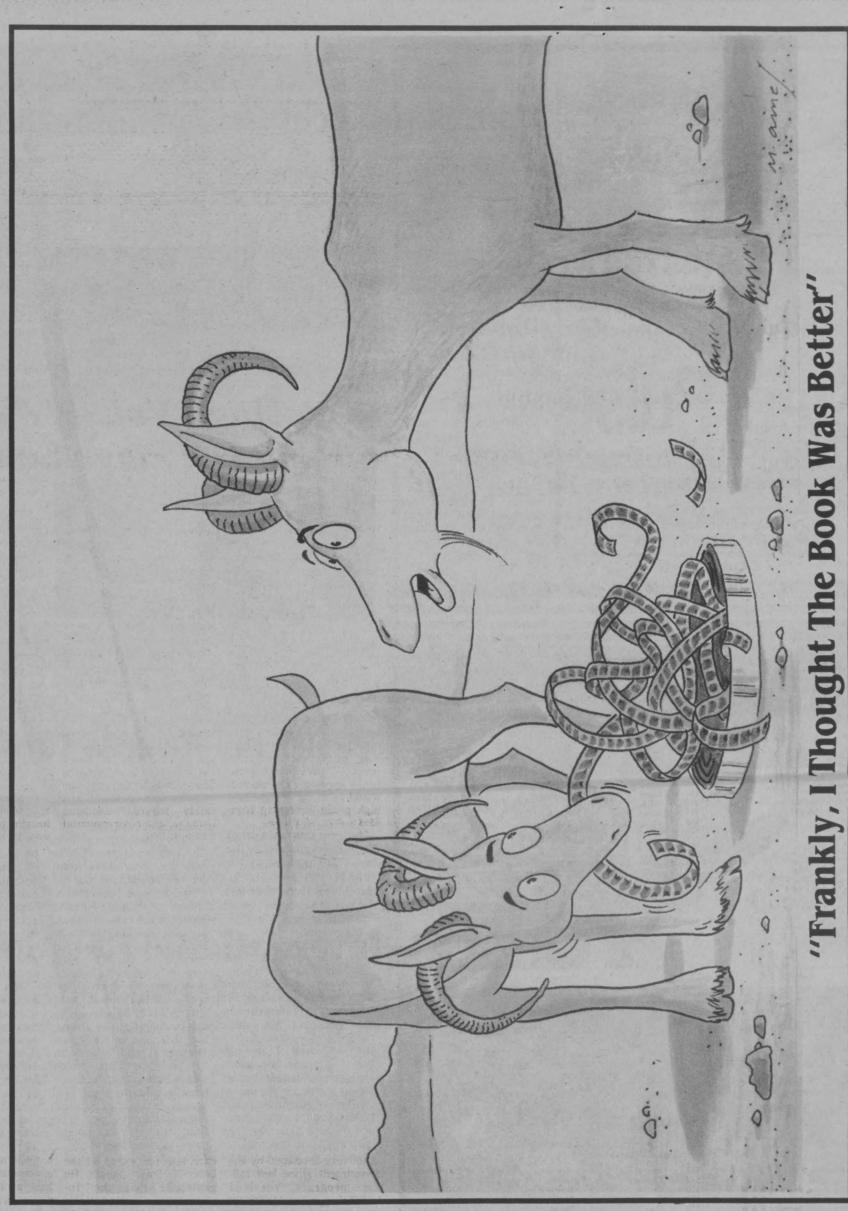
Mostly About Films Issue

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Academy Awards Bunk

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filmfilmfilmfilm

Film Series Feature Pickford, Malle

by Roman Baratiak

The UCSB Committee on Arts and Lectures is offering movie buffs two unique film series this quarter. The series entitled "America's Sweetheart: Mary Pick- and her special Academy 1925 Little Annie Rooney ford!" pays homage to America's first movie queen. If popularity were the sole criterion of stardom, then Pickford is without doubt the greatest star of movie industry. For most of the 24 years (1909-1933) she was on the screen, she was the biggest audience draw of them all, her popularity surpassing even that of Charlie Chaplin.

This series opens with a biographical documentary on next Thursday, April 9 at 7:30 p.m. This film biography, America's Sweetheart, traces Pickford's career from her early silent film days with D.W. Griffith and the Biograph Company in 1909; her role, along with

Chaplin, Griffith and Farm (April 16); the 1917 Douglas Fairbanks, in the Poor Little Rich Girl (April 1919 formation of United 22), the 1920 Pollyanna Artists; her first talkie, (April 30), the 1920 Suds Taming of the Shrew, in 1929, (May 7), the 1921 Little Lord with Douglas Fairbanks; Fauntleroy (May 14), the



Award given in 1975 in (May 21) the 1926 Sparrows recognition of her contribution to American film.

The UCSB series will screen such Pickford Rebecca of Sunnybrook shown in Campbell Hall at 961-2072.

(May 28), the 1927 My Best Girl (June 4), and the The Taming of the Shrew on

beginning at 7:30 p.m.

The "Cinema, Mon Amour" film series will feature the work of Louis Malle and Alain Renais, two French directors at the forefront of international cinema who have recently directed the very successful films Atlantic City and Mon Oncle d'Amerique, respectively.

The series will open on Sunday, April 5 at 7:30 p.m. in the Chmistry 1179 Theater with a screening of Malle's 1958 film The Lovers, a landmark of both modern French cinema and screen eroticism. Jeanne Moreau stars as aimless, fashiondominated provincial wife whose shallow life is changed overnight when she encounters an unhypocritical young man.

Other films include Renais' brilliant anti-war film Hiroshima, Mon Amour (April 12); Viva Maria (Malle-April 19); Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime (Renais - April 26); Murmur of the Heart (Malle - May 17); and Renais' Providence, screening on May 31. All films will begin at 7:30 p.m. in the posh Chemistry 1179 aforementioned 1929 classic theater. For more information call the Comtriumphs as the 1917 June 11. All films will be mittee on Arts and Lectures



mindBEYONDmind communications By Demand...Dr. Gilbert Atencio LIVE...at the Lobero Theatre SUNDAY | April 5th HYPNOSIS THE ART/THE SCIENCE THE EXPERIENCE AN EXHIBITION DEMONSTRATION will include its protound use in: MEDICINE * SPORTS * EDUCATION * BUSINESS * CREATIVE & PERFORMING ARTS AN EXPLORATION ects in harmony with an outstanding ensemble of performing artists in a 2000 YEAR JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD AND BACK Recommended age range 16 and older Photography: James Macari Graphics: Fenton-Wietzel Art Service LOBERO THEATRE RESERVED SEATING ONLY Sunday / April 5th / 2:00 PM Lobero Box Office Lobero Box Office 33 E. Canon Perdido St. Santa Barbara / 963-0761 Admission: Advance \$8.50 At Door \$9.50 (Group prices also available) * For additional ticket and/or group price information call 687-2065

Academy Awards Tarnished

by Rich Perloff

Every year, someone makes a point of telling us that the Oscar statuette is not really gold, it's just gold plated. It makes sense to me. After all, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is doing their level best to cheapen the award,

anyway. I don't care how many pocket packages of Kleenex you went through while watching Ordinary People. Wimpy sentimentality doth not a Best Picture make, and the best film of the year was not rewarded the other night. And as for Robert Redford? Well, I love the guy; he's bright, handsome, eloquent and honest, but his award is a slap in the face to the likes of Martin Scorcese, David Lynch, Richard Rush, and Roman Polanski. The best that can be said of Redford's direction is that he stayed the hell out of the way and let his fine cast do the work. For that they give him what allegedly is the highest honor in the business? To digress for a moment, did you notice that Lillian Gish, in her creditable attempt not to act her age on national television, almost called the film Ordinary Picture? My sentiments exactly.

If you don't see the trend, I'll spell it out for you. Oscar is becoming a popularity contest, pure and simple. What's the point? Just once, I'd like to hear that tuxedoed crowd gasp with disbelief when an award is announced; something, anything, that would persuade me that all the results were not known beforehand. Well, at least Mary Tyler Moore didn't get Best Actress. There's still some justice. Not much, but some.

I have no complaints with either the Best Actor or Best Actress awards. For both Robert de Niro and Sissy Spacek, it was just a matter

of time. Besides, it's rare to see the two top winners both accept their honors so graciously.

Mary Steenburgen as Best Supporting Actress? No comment. I've never cared for her acting, but she did give a nice acceptance speech. Timothy Hutton? Well, I'm a bit disappointed. My pick was Joe Pesci, who was probably snubbed because he hasn't led a typical Hollywood existence these past few years. I felt that both Hutton and Judd Hirsch would be strongly in the running for the award, but that was before I saw Michael O'Keefe's work in The Great Santini, which was splendid. I mean, if you have to give the thing to a youngster who makes us all cry in a "family crisis"-type film, O'Keefe was a far better choice than Hutton. Perhaps The Great Santini's director wasn't good-looking enough.

The Elephant Man was snubbed, and why not? After all, how dare David Lynch expect to win an Academy Award for his brilliant piece of cinema? It was only his second feature length film. Come back in about 50 years, dues. We'll trot you out like Cukor, and you'll at least get to hold one of those little And, while I'm on the subject, let's talk about this disturbing habit Hollywood has of equating magnificent achievement with age. Granted, Lillian Gish was one of the great ladies of the silver screen, and both Vidor handful of fine films, but let's give them a welldeserved rest, huh? Do we through her presentation? I

film clip from the soon-to-bereleased On Golden Pond, in which Katherine Hepburn's head was bobbing like one of those dolls you see in the back of lowriders. And I'll tell you something else: I'd be willing to bet anything that On Golden Pond is a huge success. What with the aging Hepburn paired with the aging Fonda, it's surefire Kleenex time, and that means big box-office for certain.

How about old Hank Fonda? Well, as Carson put it, those are the moments that make the whole Oscars extravanganza worthwhile. Henry Fonda is a national resource and it's high time his film career was honored by the Academy. Fonda is not a flash actor, nor is he an ebullient sort of person, so he tends to be overlooked. But all it took was that nice collection of short film clips to make this filmgoer remember how many times he's been charmed and intrigued by Fonda's many characterizations.

Speaking of film clips, did you notice how bad some of them were? How poorly chosen? And, while I'm at it, why didn't Dustin Hoffman and Peter O'Toole just read Dave, after you've paid your the damn cue cards, instead of trying to ad lib their way old King Vidor and George through a speech filled with words they obviously didn't understand? And why did statues for a few minutes. they let Dionne Warwick mash her way through a potentially beautiful song she couldn't possibly have rehearsed? And how much could they possibly be paying the ever-wonderful Mr. Carson to continue his association with this inand Cukor have directed a creasingly flawed spectacle?

For the evasive and unreally want to see Ms. Gish satisfying answers to these gasping and stumbling and other burning questions, tune in next year, same think not. For me, the low time, same sponsors. Oh, point of the evening was the and don't forget the Kleenex.

filmfilmfilmfilm

Punk Cinema Mugs U.S.A.

by Phil Heiple

A number of rock movies recently released in this with a means to enjoy the intensity and spectacle of modern rock without running the risks of getting LP. mugged or having someone spit in your hair on the dance

Starting with the documentaries, the best of the lot is several years old. If It Ain't Stiff, It Ain't Worth A... (Great Britain, 1977)) is Stiff Records World Tour Dury, Nick Lowe, Wreckless Eric, and other Stiff Records originals. Squirrelly inlook at the best of English plastic-punk.

Post-reggae ska is your heart out to the best London's black youth set

Selecter, Madness, the reggae competition. Music is English Beat, the country provides everyone Bodysnatchers and Bad Manners. The superdanceable soundtrack is already a locally-available

1981). The newest of these films, it also attempts an historical overview with vintage footage of Bill a frenzied record of the first Haley, Eddie Cochran, and Gene Vincent, as well as the with lots of terrific live more recent Ray Campi, music by Elvis Costello, Ian Freddie "Fingers" Lee and Crazy Cavan. Snap those fingers.

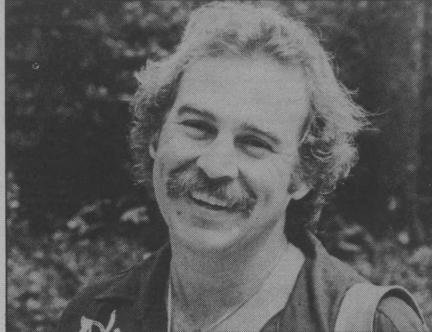
In another category are terviews and hilarious tour new films using rock footage combine with the musicians and subcultures music for an entertaining as dramatic devices. In the tradition of The Harder They Come and Rockers, Franco Rosso's Babylon (Great featured in Dance Craze Britain, 1980) is a merciless (Great Britain, 1980). Skank portrait of the frustrations of

tunes of the Specials, the against the background of a by Aswad.

The chaotic rise and fall of a punk band is dramatized in Brian Gibson's Breaking Glass (Great Britain, 1980). Singer Hazel O'Conner That odd English makes a screen debut with fascination with American Quadrophenia's Phil Daniels rockabilly is covered in Blue as an unleashed young Suede Shoes (Great Britain, punker achieving an ambiguous and unenviable success.

Stephen Frears uses London's punk underground as a metaphor for self-made hells in Bloody Kids (Great Britain, 1980). When their elaborate practical joke goes awry, two youngsters flee the law by plunging ever deeper into the increasingly bizarre punk underground.

Rather than wait for these films to sneak into town, get your friends together and order one for your next fundraiser. You'll be glad you did; there certainly won't be any competition.



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Decline of Western Civ.

by Jim Reeves

The difference between good rock films (Gimme Shelter, Woodstock,) and poor ones (Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rolling Stones, Let It Be) is that in the good ones there is something going on besides the monotony of the music. So even if L.A.'s punk rock scene, the basic subject of The Decline of Western Civilization, is ultimately repulsive to most viewers, the interviews and color of the performers and clubs make the movies' exploration of this sub-culture fascinating. While the footage of seven of Southern California's bands might bore or disgust most people, The Decline of Western Civilization legitimately and successfully accomplishes all that a good documentary

Beginning with the disclaimer given by each band at the beginning of each performance, complete with curses and insults, the film gives a brief set of interviews with promoters, writers and fans with the consensus that it's "for real." Then we're thrown into a club featuring Black Flag, one of the most hard-core L.A. punk bands, with fans slamming themselves at the stage, each other and the performers. Like most bands in the movie, Black Flag's punkheavy metal sound is tedious but the different camera angles provide different sights that make the spectacle interesting even if the music is grating.

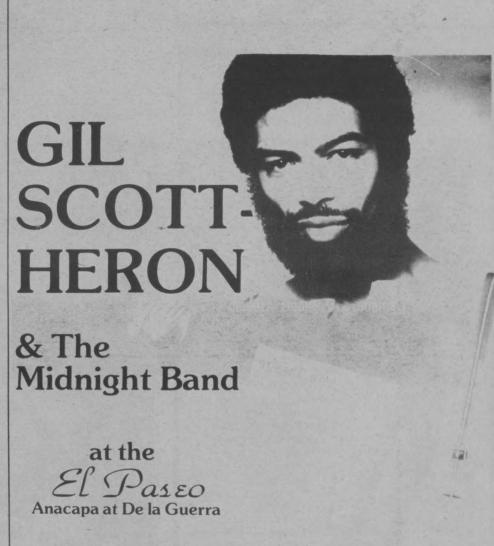
Another plus soon becomes apparent: the sound is quite clear considering the poor P.A.s the clubs have, although this doesn't help the Germs, the next band featured. After an interview with the band's manager, who quit soon after the interview was filmed, the film spotlights singer Darby Crash who overdosed on heroin late last year. As the manager complains that she can't get Darby to sing into the microphone, we are treated to the Germs' "Manimal" with a slurred vocal from Crash as he crawls on the P.A. stack babbling incoherently. Director Penelope Spheens thoughtfully and ironically provides subtitles for each band's best song.

The next segment of Decline... is among the most interesting, showing a different aspect of L.A.'s punk rock scene. Dealing with Slash magazine, the late tabloid that chronicled local bands with some of the best writers in all of rock journalism, the film includes interviews with the editors and writers that are witty and show unexpected intelligence. Singer Kickboy Face of Catholic Disciple, the next band to be shown, discusses his writing for Slash and the fact that he likes to perform even if he "makes an ass" out of himself. Catholic Disciple performs two songs at the Hong Kong Cafe, which, along with the band, no longer exist, and their Roxy-Musicish new wave is a refreshing contrast to their threechord compatriot bands.

The premier L.A. band, X, is given more exposure than any other band but comes off as being very contrived. Sitting in a room giving themselves tattoos, the band discusses their music and their image, but lead singer Exene appears to be as a bratty punk. And on stage, playing "We're Desperate," guitarist Billy Zoom shows his talent which is the main factor in the band's success. Following X are two forgettable hack bands, the Circle Jerks and the Alice Bag band, who show little talent or humor as they play their sets at the Fleetwood Club in Redondo Beach, another club that has since closed its doors.

The last band, Fear, is probably the best not only in music and lyrics but in crowd interplay. While lead singer Lee Ving is cursing at the crowd and punching out a leather-clad female who jumps on stage, Fear rocks through "Beef Bologna," and "I Love Living in the City," with the best lyrics of the movie dealing with crabs in pubic areas and other similar punk themes. Shots of this crowd are the most violent of the film as the skinheads and punks take out their frustrations on each other.

As the film ends, we are treated to interviews with three rejects from society: a young skinhead who gets into fights for fun, a huge punk with an "X" haircut on the top of his head whose step-father won't even talk to him, and "Pat" who is uglier than most I.V. derelicts, hates all females and was forced by the police to take a bath. With this last segment, for better or worse, Decline... completes its purpose of showing all aspects of L.A.'s new music scene and becomes a worthy study and signpost of our changing times.



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filmfilmfilmfilm

Filmex: Good, Bad And The Awful

by Sandy Robertson

For the dedicated film buff, the mere mention of an upcoming film festival causes ecstatic utterances and results in a frantic reshuffling of the calendar in order not to miss that new film by a favorite Czech or Mongolian director which will probably never be shown in your neighborhood theater. A film festival is any collection of more than two films that for some reason are being screened for the public. These can and do range from a one night of Godzilla movies to a fortnight of genuine film pleasure crossing over cultural boundaries.

The Los Angeles Film Festival, Filmex, is one of the latter. Lasting three full weeks, Filmex begins tonight with the premiere of Louis Malle's Atlantic City and closes on April 23 with what is billed as the premiere of Michael Cimino's Heaven's Gate, the \$40 billion flop of 1980. Heaven's Gate originally opened in New York, where critics struck with unparalleled ferocity, some calling it the worst film of all time. In response, the film was pulled from distribution, Michael Cimino was no doubt burned in effigy in executive board-rooms, and

the three hour-plus epic was sent back to the editing room. What will be screened at Filmex is the new re-edited version which will not be previewed for the press (they're not stupid; there's a lot of money riding on this venture)

Any major film festival is guaranteed to include many good films, a few excellent ones, and some trash. Of the cross-section previewed at Filmex, none of the films were outstanding, although there are at least three movies that are definitely worth driving to L.A. to see: Babylon, a social/musical documentary on poor blacks living in London who escape the crisis of racism and poverty through reggae culture; To Woody Allen From Europe With Love, an insightful portrait of the master filmmaker by Andre Delvaux; and an absolute must for cinemaniacs, the se Goodbye Flicmania which depicts the relationship between two avid movie buffs, a virginal 19-year-old college student and a jaded mid-30s worker.

One of the several films that feature pop music (including Blue Suede Shoes, Asphalt Night and Breaking Glass, Babylon is structured around the story of a young Jamaican named Blue who strives to understand and improve his life through reggae music. Concerning the plight of Jamaican blacks in Britain, Producer Gavrik Losey said, "We're dealing with a general problem faced by poor kids on the street: how to escape. The classic route

for the uneducated is through pop. In black terms, that's reggae."

Blue spends his days in a car repair shop (until he's fired for tardiness caused by family problems) and works at night in a radio station as a "toaster," a disc jockey who improvises vocal lines over recorded reggae music. Blue and his friends hang out in a warehouse garage where their sound equipment is stored, hassling through daily altercations with racist neighbors in the housing project who make threatening remarks and snide comments about their "jungle bunny music" until the verbal war escalates into

vandalism,

finally murder.

Babylon is interesting because of both its subject matter and its technical treatment of that subject matter. Rastafarian culture is rich and varied in color, and Rasta culture juxtaposed with London's East Side slums creates wonderful visual possibilities. Director/co-screenwriter Franco Rosso (who coscripted The Who's Quadrophenia) has seized the artistic potential of such locales as a London bus on a neon-lit night, a Rasta church service, and a Jamaican engagement party held in an English church

basement. The quality of the soundtrack in Babylon is without a doubt the best I've heard on screen in a long time clear tones, a variety of volume levels, and silences where there are supposed o be silences instead of clicks, pops and whirs. The images are rhythmically edited to the music in a manner that increases the impact of the visuals and the sound without making the film a manipulative

Babylon will be screened for the public on Friday, April 3,

at 10 p.m. in the Aquarius Theatre.

to Woody Allen From Europe With Love is a tribute to one of America's finest directors. Filmmaker Andre Delvaux begins his movie with several false starts in a humorous attempt to establish the person of Allen as director, first as a lonely artist, then as a personality surrounded by beautiful women, then as "just plain Woody" - a comic who makes films. "We tackled many subjects," said Delvaux, "although never his private life. The main thing: how the cabaret comedian became a director, from the accumulation of gags to get a laugh to the treatment of serious themes." Much of Delvaux's film was shot on the location where Allen was filming Stardust Memories, his statement about the inability of directors to grow and change without losing their public appeal. The beauty and artistry of Allen's Stardust Memories is made apparent through Delvaux's color shots of scenes from Stardust Memories, juxtaposed with clips of the finished black and

To Woody Allen From Europe With Love includes clips from almost all of Allen's films, including Take the Money and Run, Love and Death, and Annie Hall. The film will be screened on Sunday, April 5 at 9:30 p.m. in the Aquarius

By far the most entertaining film of the preview selections was Goodbye Flickmania. Written and directed by former Japanese film critic Matsato Harada, Goodbye Flickmania is dedicated to American film director Howard Hawks, and includes numerous references to American and Japanese films. The movie is definitely a critic's film; while the narrative concerns the lives of two men, their friendship and their fantasies, the larger question addressed is the distinction betw between life in the movies and life in the real world. Dan-San, the protagonist, is a worker/drifter who lives out his fantasy through Brando impressions, Bogart lines and endless hours spellbound in darkness. Shuma, Dan-San's friend, is a young film buff who is awed at Dan-San's enthusiasm and knowledge. Together Dan-San and Shuma watch films, drink coffee, wander around Tokyo, and watch more films. In the course of the film Dan-San and Shuma become involved with some local tough-guys, and Dan-San loses hold on reality, killing several people and hacking his way through a stronghold, samurai-style, in a phantasm of blood and gore (please turn to pg.6, col.5)



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Zappa's Baby Snakes: A New Man?

I don't want to spread any vicious rumors, but it appears as though Frank Zappa is coming out of the closet.

Baby Snakes, the featurelength film on which Zappa has been working for some time, is soon to be in general release, and it's going to change a lot of people's minds about Zappa... that is, if they'll let it.

Frank Zappa has long been one of the least understood figures in popular music. Would-be fans, turned off by what they've heard (and rightly so) about Zappa's "weirdness," never take the time to explore the subtleties and nuances of Zappa's formidable musical attack. But Baby Snakes could really change Zappa's image. It shows him as a serious composer and conductor of extremely complex popular music, a warm and gracious performer, and, generally, as a very level headed fellow, hardly the image he's presented (or at least been content to have us accept) in the past.

Baby Snakes is basically a concert film. It was shot during the tour of 1978 (which eventually produced the live double album Sheik Yerbouti), during four shows Zappa played in New York City. The great majority of the concert footage is taken from the Halloween eve show, and Zappa gets a lot of mileage out of the vast numbers of costumed crazies in he audience.

Zappa's backup band is nothing short of phenomenal. Patrick O'Hearn (bass), Tommy Mars and Peter Wolf (keyboards), and Adrian Belew (guitar and vocals) are all top-notch players (Belew has since gone on to join the Talking Heads), and drummer Terry Bozzio all but steals the show, beating the skins like a man possessed. Why is the band so good? Well, Zappa's guitar solo on "City of Tiny Lights" will answer that question. Zappa attracts the very best musicians around, because he himself is so gifted. Zappa directs Baby Snakes in such a way as to leve no doubt that he is rock's neglected guitar hero,



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wailing through such instrumental standouts as "The Muffin Man" and "Black Napkins."

Sharing the spotlight with the concert footage is a good deal of superb clay animation by Bruce Bickner. Bickner's work is inspired madness, and compliments perfectly Zappa's music.

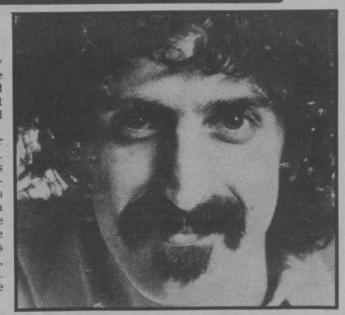
If Baby Snakes has one major fault, it is that Zappa tries a little too hard to come off as a swell guy. There is shot after shot of him leaning down to shake hands with fans, kissing a bunch of featuring Roy Estrada (one This one you might even be young ladies, and ad- of the original Mothers of able to understand.

really bad for you." I almost overly protracted, and could himself a candidate for damaging the overall public office after seeing the product, which is quite good. film. Personally, I've seen a few Zappa concerts, and I've any of the audience found Jesus.

dressing room sequences you'll love Baby Snakes.

monishing dope-smoking Invention, who is as unfunny patrons, "Hey, that stuff is today as he was in 1966) are expect Frank to declare easily be edited without

Baby Snakes is a far better than average concert film. never seen him engage in The sound, in dolby stereo, is very fine. The added atcomraderie with which Baby traction of Bickner's Snakes abounds. Maybe he animation makes it a film not to be missed by the The film is a bit long, serious Zappa fan, or the running just over two and a serious rock fan. Put it this half hours. A few of the way: if you liked 200 Motels,



vie Entertainment Guide Santa Barbara-Goleta

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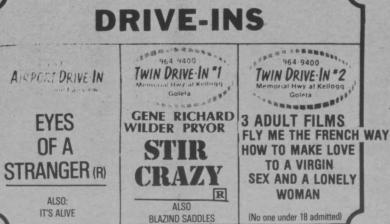
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Postman: Lust, Adultery, Etc.

as an X and edited down to Lange). She's a sexually an R - then edited down a unfulfilled woman married second time - The Postman to an older man, Nick (John Always Rings Twice Colicos), who happens to emerges with a mixed bag of own the joint. Nicholson and merits. This Bob Rafelson Lange's torid affair turns (Five Easy Pieces and The dark when they plot to kill King of Marvin Gardens) directed remake of James Cain's novel of the same name is at times daring and noir, disturbing and sensual; but, at other points, it is slow and a let down - only a tease.

Cain was a prominent novelist who's popularity culminated in the forties with screen versions of his Mildred Pierce, Double Indemnity, and the 1946 MGM The Postman Always Rings Twice. While the book was published in 1934, a Hollywood adaptation of Postman was virtually impossible for twelve years due to the Hays Code.

Tay Garnett's 1946 Lana Turner-John Garfield faithfully Postman paralleled the larger plot elements of the novel, but failed to detail - besides innuendo - the prevalent equation of sex and violence found in Cain, which is more ostensible in Rafelson's remake. Indeed, Cain was so obsessed with his notion of the inextricability of sex and violence that it became a quasi-religious experience, one of all-consuming passion and purgation.

Jack Nicholson stars as Frank, a drifter who falls in lust, and later in love, with a voluptuous bobcat

EL MERCADO PLAZA

By Jonathan Alburger roadhouse waitress-propri-As a film reportedly shot etress named Cora (Jessica

latent laciviousness, visually represented by Lange writhing on the ground in passionpain and removing her panties. Nicholson follows her cue. In the book, this is the place where their sexual abandon reaches its pinnacle, but the film



Colicos, which, they believe, will free them from the inhibiting manacles of matrimony.

In the scene where Nicholson and Lange murder Colicos by faking an auto accident and hitting the old Greek in the head with an oversized wrench, the two proceed to batter each other so as to make it look as though they, too, were injured in the "accident." This physical abuse arouses their

greatly compromises the heat by settling for a few explicit gestures, followed by a kiss and a fade.

Hardly a secret anymore, leaks to the press have turned to publicity over the fact that Rafelson filmed the love-making scene between Jack and Jessica with a skeleton crew, consisting of the stars, Rafelson, and cinematographer Sven Nykvist (Ingmar Bergman's long-time, and highly touted,

cameraman). But the final cut doesn't fulfill the promise. What comes across on the screen are a few explicit and illicit shots of groping and massaging, but that's it. There's nary a bosom exposed. It's rather humorous when you consider that all through their "hardcore fornication," they always have clothes on.

Lange and Nicholson turn in admirable performances, both together and apart. My main criticism, however, is that what at first appeared to be precision and artfullness in direction, I later redefined as stodgy pace and unnecessarily murky imagery. Too often, the plot progression virtually stands still and the narrative fails to reinforce the crucial elements of spontaneity and impulse, seeming contrived at times and irritatingly onedimensional.

Cain fans who see this film will undoubtably recognize that the ending has been altered. Without discerning too much, suffice it to say that Rafelson has opted for a less conventional resolution of moral and social rectitude. Although the final moments are imbued with a strong degree of the salient "the bad guys get it in the end" ethic, this dogma doesn't fit neatly. The abruptness of the climax and the awkward denouement bothers the mind and leaves you walking out of the theatre dismayed and unsatisfied.

(continud from page 4) Goodbye Flickmania will be shown next week on April 17, at 9 p.m. in the Aquarius

Theatre. Filmex is more than just a collection of international recent releases. Each year of individual artists, schedules special film critics to lead discussions on recent movies. This year Filmex honors actress range from \$10 to \$25. Loretta Young with a four-

Saturday, April 11. Filmex will present a special collection of rare silent and early sound films called Treasures of the American

Broadway Bill (1934). The climax of Filmex's archive presentations will be the recently discovered

buckle's Leap Year (1921)

spectacular 1927 masterpiece Napoleon, made by Abel Gance. Francis Ford Coppola has been instrumental in the resoration of Napoleon, originally a four-hour epic with images projected simultaneously on three screens. A full orchestra, directed by Car-Filmex highlights the work mine Coppola, will accompany the film. Napoleon will be screened after events, and invites local Filmex is over, on July 14-18, for five showings only. Ticket prices for Napoleon

Filmex always includes a hour tribute, with a personal variety of free events; the appearance by Ms. Young on best of these are the afternoon Film Essays, in In recognition of the im- which a major recent film is portant contributions of screened for the public archivists to film culture, followed by a lecture by and/or discussion with a Los Angeles film critic. Of the Film Essays, this week the most promising appear to be Film Institute, featuring Friday, April 3, in which a such films as Fatty Ar- discussion with Stephen Farber (New and Frank Capra's Magazine) will follow a screening of Love Among the Ruins, and Monday, April 6, when Charles Champlin (Los Angeles Times) will appear after a free screening of Lacombe Lucien. Both of these events will be held in the Aquarius Theatre.

In a city like Los Angeles, where everybody knows somebody "in the biz," and where everybody talks about film deals and nobody talks about films, a major cultural event such as Filmex is a welcome relief. Filmex events will be held all over Hollywood, with the major screenings at the Aquarius and Mann's Chinese Theatres, For complete ticket and schedule information, contact the Filmex Box Office at 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 90028, or call (213)465-6134.



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You Want Concerts? Here, We'll Give You Concerts

by Leda Doggslife

By now everyone but uninformed freshmen have come to realize that Santa Barbara is not really the concert capital of the world. Let's face it: The Rolling Stones will never play here; the Who will never play here; the late Led Zeppelin would never have played here; bands like Van Halen and REO Speedwagon will hopefully never play here. So if you're into the big name bands then you'd better hop on the bus and head down to the L.A. Forum to burn matches and wave glow-sticks with the rest of the muttonheads down there.

However, if you don't necessarily equate good music with platinum albums or KMET, then take heart, for after a relatively dry spell the Santa Barbara area has been inundated with a flood of upcoming concerts diverse enough to relieve even the most demanding ears.

Heading the lineup is the queen of the Texas Chili Factory (or whatever Mark Ward calls her) Emmylou Harris and her Hot Band, playing two shows tomorrow night at the Arlington Theatre. Tickets for the early show have been sold out for days, but there were at press time many seats remaining for the 11 p.m. show. Harris has just released her ninth album, entitled "Evangeline," on Warner Bros. and no doubt will feature in concert many of that album's polished attractive tunes. Combined with her consummately talented band, this show promises to be a hoedown.

Opening for Emmylou Harris will be the Tony Rice Unit, a quartet composed of guitar, mandolin, violin and acoustic

bass whose music is almost classical in its high caliber of musicianship yet is thoroughly grounded in the improvisatory jazz tradition. Their sound has been described as "cool", "flashy", "mellow", "intricate music that is very easy to take." In other words, all the more reason to attend Friday's concert.

For more hardcore jazz fans Gil Scott-Heron and the Midnight Band will be performing two sets at 7:30 and 10 p.m. next Wednesday, April 8 at the El Paseo restaurant (Anacapa at De la Guerra). Notorious as a musical muckraker, acclaimed as one of the few artists who is capable of making "haunting music of genuine relevance and usefulness," Gil Scott-Heron ended the 1970s at a peak of creative activity. His stance against nuclear energy culminated in a thundering performance at Madison Square Garden's MUSE concert (captured on the No Nukes disc). The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner says of Scott-Heron, "His voice has become a mesmerizing deep, rough instrument that conveys urgency and irony at the same time. Simultaneously, his songwriting has achieved the political-pop synthesis he's striven for over the past decade"

Meanwhile, A.S. Program Board, Avalon Attractions and KTYD will present that patron saint of tequila and margarita drinkers Jimmy Buffet and the Coral Reefer Band on Friday February 24 at 8 p.m. at the Events Center. Buffet is best known for his smooth, mellow blend of inocuous pop-rock. So get tanked to the gills, sit back in the intimate setting of the Events Center, and drift away in an

alcoholic stupor to the laid-back sound of such socially relevant songs as "Son of a Son of a Sailor."

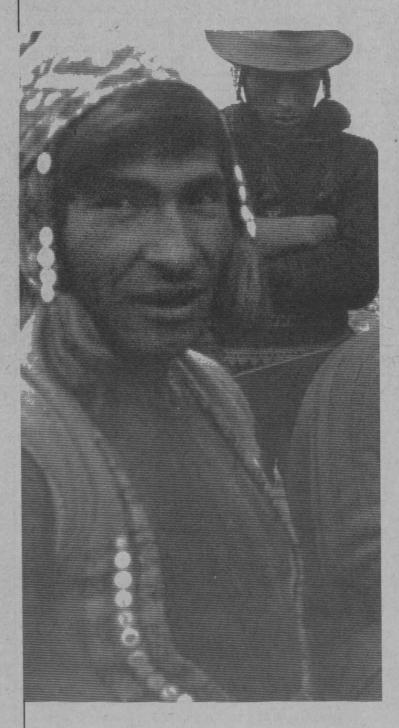
George Harrison said that the Beatles reached their performing peak in Hamburg, before Brian Epstein polished their unruly image, before the wave of Beatlemania engulfed Europe and years before "I Want to Hold your Hand" introduced them to these shores. Recapturing the Beatles' early, hard-edged sound, based on American r&b and rockabilly and toughened by the dockside atmosphere of Hamburg and the Merseyside, are Goleta's own Tearaways, who will appear tonight at Pat's Grass Shack on Dawson Avenue. These four leather-clad local lads, ranging in age from 17 to 22, are purists, fiercely dedicated to the sound of the early '60s, their musical roots untainted by any prior association with disco, psychedelia or heavy metal. Some critics would add originality as well, but there's not a closer re-creation of the ambience of Liverpool's famed cavern to be found than the Grass Shack—when the Tearaways are playing there.

For really mellow people who think Jim Buffet is some radical L.A. punk rocker, respected folk-country singer/songwriter Jesse Winchester will be performing a solo acoustic concert next Tuesday, April 7, at 8 p.m. in the Fleischmann Auditorium of the Natural History Museum. Finally, as I'm running out of room, the dynamic Celtic traditional band Silly Wizard will be in concert tonight at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall, and Beserkley rocker Greg Kihn will be in concert with L.A. new-wavers the Plimsouls there this Saturday night at 9 p.m. Don't you dare miss it!









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UCI Summer Sessions offers a fully-accredited 21-day study tour of Peru and Bolivia, which examines through first-hand archaeological, historical, and ethnographic observations the various cultures which developed among the native populations of the Central Andes from Lima north to Trujillo, south to Nazco, Cuzco, Puno, and La Paz. Special emphasis is placed on the direct descendants of the Incas: the Quechua Indians. Highlights include:

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Instructional fee: \$250; Tour Fee: \$2,200 (includes airfare L.A.-Lima and return; all travel during tour; hotel accommodations, except on Inca Trail hike; continental breakfasts; some lunches and dinners). A pre-trip orientation meeting will be scheduled.

For further information and application form for field study course on Inca Civilization, call (714) 833-5493 or write:

UCI Summer Sessions P.O. Box AZ Irvine, CA 92716

A.S. Program Board

This Sunday—

Greg Kihn At Campbell Hall

By Jim Reeves

In the tradition of San Francisco rock bands, the Greg Kihn Band has developed into one of the best "underground" bands around today. Coming to Campbell Hall Saturday, April 4, the Greg Kihn Band promises to put on one of the best shows of the year. With ticket prices at \$6.50 for UCSB undergraduates and \$7.50 for everyone else, the general admission tickets are on sale now.

Although the Greg Kihn Band has been around the Bay Area for many years, his following has never grown above cult status. With influence from the Flamin' Groovies and other sixties rock and rollers, Greg Kihn combines the energy of the late '70s new wave to produce clean rock and roll. With his latest album, Rockihnroll, the band has added keyboardist/vocalist Gary Phillips to fill the previously sparse fourman Kihn sound. With a seamless rock sound, Rockihnroll, with hits like "Valerie" and "The Girl Most Likely", the Greg Kihn Band should finally get the attention it

Kihn, himself, first arrived in Berkeley from Baltimore in 1974 and joined Beserkeley contributing two songs to their Beserkeley Chartbusters album. He sang backing vocals with local rockers before forming his own band with bassist Steve Wright and drummer Larry Lynch. As Kihn's material began to take shape, the band played local clubs in Northern California and released their first album in 1975. Kihn drafted guitarist Dave Carpender a year later and the band toured major cities across the US and Europe as a quartet until the addition of Phillips shortly after the recording and be prepared.

of their latest LP. Rockinnroll, Kihn feels, is their liveliest, hardrocking album to date. "I think it's our best album ever," Kihn says. "I had more fn making this album than any of the others and I think having fun is the main point. We're a positive band — we just want to go out and have fun and have other people get into the groove with us." With that in mind, come be at Campbell Hall on Saturday night and help Greg Kihn prove his point.

As a special added attraction, the opening band will be L.A. rockers the Plimsouls, whose debut album on Planet records has caused quite a bit of critical acclaim. Probably better is the band's live shows as the following review of the band at the Whiskey in L.A. done by Cary Darling of Billboard:

"Some groups make great albums but are disappointing live. With the Plimsouls, the case is just the opposite. What comes off as run of the mill on vinyl is roughhewn in the best rock'n'roll tradition onstage.

"In a 50-minute, 14-song set the quartet played a feisty brand of power pop culled mostly from its debut album. Lead singer and rhythm guitarist Peter Case is more than reminiscent of early Roger McGuinn with his dark sunglasses and whine-edged vocals. The music though is punchier and crisper with the single "Now", the sledgehammer "Zero Hour" and the highly rhythmic "Hush, Hush" standing out"

So if you want to hear the new rock and roll sound of two of the area's best bands, come out to Campbell Hall this Saturday night and be prepared.

Ball and Sultan In UCen II Catalyst

Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan will be bringing their unique blend of blues, ragtime and traditional music to the UCen II Catalyst tonight at 8:30 p.m. in a free concert courtesy of the A.S. Program Board. Over the years, Tom and Kenny have built up a strong regional following and have played concerts, clubs and festivals all over the west. They have recorded as sidemen with Peter Feldmann (Hen Cackle HC-501), Ed Snodderly (currently in preparation), and have just finished their first LP as headliners ("Confusion" Sonyatone ST-1006) from which they'll be playing selections tonight. In the past couple of years, Tom and Kenny have appeared on numerous radio and television

programs, and have shared the stage with some of the top names in the music industry, including Doc Watson, Maria Muldaur, Randy Newman, Byron Berline, Bryan Bowers, Peter Rowan, Cecilio and Kapono, Dan Crary, Steppenwolf, and many more. Here's what the local press has been saying about them:

"Ball and Sultan are extremely accomplished acoustic actavists, with probably the most authentic old time country blues sound, a la Mississippi John Hurt, you'll hear in a long time--authentic but not exaggerated. Ball blows a class "A" blues harp, and Sultan fingers a fine ragtime guitar...highly recommended."--Georgia Sargeant, Santa Barbara News and Review, 5-8-80.



Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan present their own musical style at the UCen II Catalyst tonight at 8:30. It's free.



The Greg Kihn Band, whose members are, from left to right, Larry Lynch, Dave Carpender, Steve Wright, Gary Phillips and Greg Kihn, will be at Campbell Hall on March 4.

This Tuesday—

Gloria Steinem At UCSB

Editor and writer Gloria Steinem will speak at UCSB's Canpbell Hall on Tuesday, April 7, at 7:30 p.m. The presentation is entitled "An Evening with Gloria Steinem."

Tickets are on sale at Turning Point, Morninglory Music, and Winning Women, as well as at the UCSB Women's Center. Cost is \$3 for general admission and \$2 for students.

Steinem, currently an editor and writer for Ms. Magazine, has become internationally known for her feminist activities and for her

writing. She serves on the advisory board of the National Organization for Women, was one of the conveners of the National Women's Political Caucus in 1971, and serves on its advisory committee.

There will be an open reception for Steinem following her presentation, at the UCSB Women's Center.

Since her first article appeared in Esquire ten years ago, Steinem's work has appeared widely in the United States and in Europe. In 1970 she received the Penney-Missouri Journalism award and was named McCall's Woman of the Year in 1971. She was the first recipient of Simmons College's doctor of human jutice degree in 1973. Her most frequent subjects are political movements among women and minority groups.

There will be an interpreter for the deaf provided for this presentation, sponsored by the Associated Students program board, and co-sponsored by Arts and Lectures, the Hutchins Center, and the Sociology Department. For more information, please call 961-

Jimmy Buffett

The A.S. Program Board is proud to announce our first big Event Center show of Spring Quarter. It's Jimmy Buffet and he'll be in concert on Friday, April 24 at 8 p.m. Tickets are already on sale at the A.S. Ticket Office, Morninglory, Ticketron, Ticket Bureau and Turning Point. Prices are \$9 for UCSB undergraduates and \$10 for everyone else. They're going fast so don't miss this great opportunity to spend an extraordinary evening with Jimmy Buffet.

Program Board Selection

Now going on our 4th year as a completely student-run board, Program Board begins its process of self-renewal. Each year at this time, we have a selection process for all interested applicants. The Board is composed of 12 appointed members. Seven Chair positions are available in these areas: Concerts, Films, UCen Activities, Cultural Events, Special Events, Lectures and Publicity. Other openings include the Commissioner, Production Security Coordinator, and 2 Rep.at-Large slots. These are demanding positions that require a lot of time, patience and sacrifice. Compensation for your hard work is in the form of unequaled experience, and a quarterly renumeration of \$250. (Exclusive of Reps). So, if getting involved in programming public events for the Associated Students might interest you, please don't hesitate to apply. It's a great way to get involved at UCSB, and offers experience seldom offered in lecture halls. Applications are available in UCen Room 3167, and are due back by

Free showcase featuring Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan UCen II Catalyst

Thursday, April 2

8:30 p.m.

Saturday, April 4 Greg Kihn concert

8 p.m.

UCSB Campbell Hall Reserved seating \$7, UCSB undergrads with reg. card/\$8 general public.

Mon.-Sun. April 6-12

KOREAN CULTURAL WEEK Variety of cultural events throughout the week.

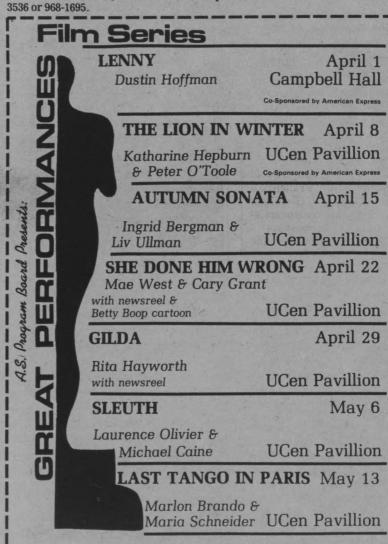
Tuesday, April 7
Free noon concert
Featuring 100%

"Next was the superb duo of Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan, whose flawless blues set was one of the most highly applauded of the festival."—Kevin MacKinnon, Daly Nexus, review of the Santa Barbara Folk Festival, 5-31-79.

"Both Tom Bal and Kenny Sultan are highly skilled veteran performers..."--Greg Drust, S.B.

"Tom Ball is a wonderfully fluid harmonica player...Kenny Sultan is a wizard with a guitar...it isn't often that you can go and see two people who know exactly what they're doing (and) make it look like so much fun."--Craig Zerouni, Daily Nexus, 4-10-80.

So, come on down to the UCen II Catalyst tonight at 8:30 and catch Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan in concert; remember, admission is free!



WEDNESDAYS

7:00 9:30

\$2.00 General

\$1.50 Students