

Browne & Lindley Live

stage, there were no show stealers, but a night full of wonderful, harmonious surprises.

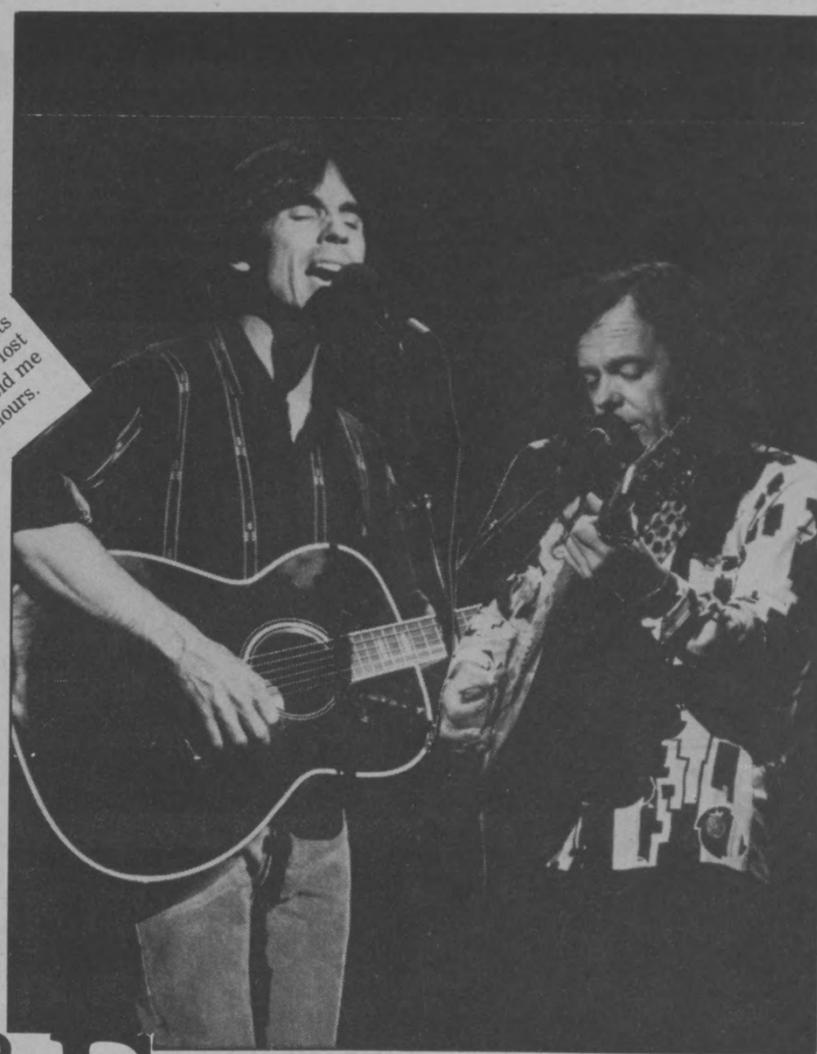
Browne took the stage twice to jam with the opening act, Sangre Machehual, a multinational, five-man band. Singing in Spanish, the band set the stage for an evening that was not to be so blatantly political as moving — the silent message carried as those dedicated "peace with justice" and an end to the bloodshed in Central America. The music reflected the ongoing controversy over covert American military involvement there, a key aspect of the Christic Institute's case.

With Browne's reappearance on stage with Sangre Machehual, the six musicians kicked into a fantastic rendition of "Lives in the Balance," the album. It was a surprise to hear it sung so early in the show, but there was added impact to the message of "men in shadows" when the familiar English lyrics were echoed in

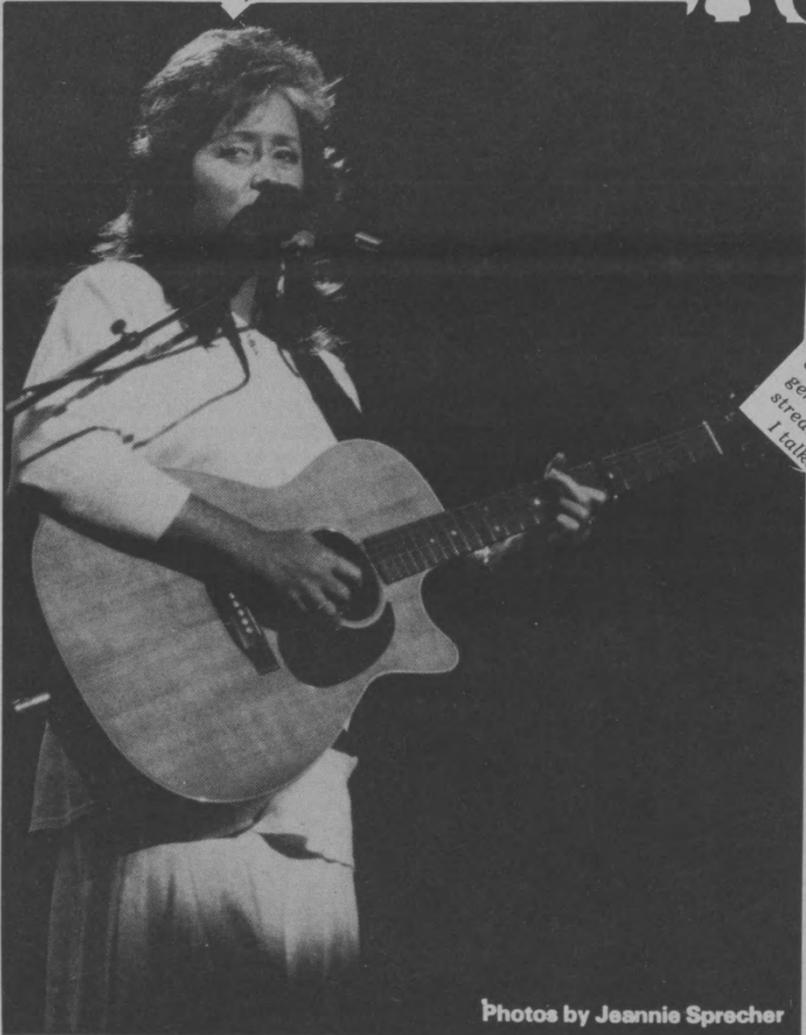
Spanish by Sangre Machehual. The crowd gave them a standing ovation at the end of "Lives." The virtuosity of Sangre Machehual's two lead guitarists was inspiring to watch. I must admit that I'm one of those rare birds that, for the most part, hates concerts; normally I find myself conning for a quick conclusion. But Saturday night, Browne and Lindley kept me so wrapped up in the words and pleasure they took in playing together that at the close of the concert, when the houselights finally came on, I was still lost in the mood which had held me captive for almost four hours. (See CONCERT, p.5A)

By Mary Hoppin
Artswriter

Acoustic ecstasy filled the air in Santa Barbara last weekend when Barbara Browne and David Lindley headlined a benefit concert for the Christic Institute, an interfaith public interest law firm, at the Arlington Theatre. In an atmosphere where the next song and who would sing it seemed decided by whoever felt pumped enough to take the



A&E



Photos by Jeannie Sprecher

By Mary Hoppin
Artswriter

Raitt Interview

Bonnie Raitt has been active on the music scene for over 20 years now, and although her name is not nearly so well known now as it was 10 or 15 years ago, her stunning performance at Saturday night's Christic Institute benefit concert provided strong evidence of her still strong vocal and musical talents. She's been politically active for almost as long as she's been musically active, having worked in support of causes as far back as the No Nukes benefit. Her friendship with Daniel Sheehan, lead counsel for the Christic Institute case, has given her a view to the current contra scandal not generally shown in the mainstream media. I talked with Raitt backstage

after the concert, and found that her words without accompaniment can be as charged as they are when she's holding a guitar.

What was your favorite part about doing this concert tonight? I always really love to help and sing with Jackson and David. I'm very committed to the cause and it's just been an amazing week for all of us. It started out with the Tower Commission and the Iran/Contra connection and the Christic Institute getting its case to light. It's an opportunity for us, we all happened to be off at the same time so we could do these benefits. It's just an exciting time to know that you're making history.

Do you think that a lot of the people who came to hear the music tonight have no idea what the Christic Institute is all about? I don't think a lot. I think most people probably knew. I really didn't interview them all. What I'm saying is that it's not something that many people really know about. They know what the issue is, but they're going to learn what the Christic Institute is. It's just coming out. I think they'll have their interest tweaked.

What kind of message do you hope people left here with tonight? Just to stay informed and to get involved and to find out all the information that's coming to light about the secret team and the CIA and all the crime that's been done in our name. (See RAITT, p.5A)



▲ Callis,

▲ Jo

▲ Ann



■ More M

■ F

■ A



● Song & Dance

● Cabaret

● Ishtar

It's a Fethtival, Folks



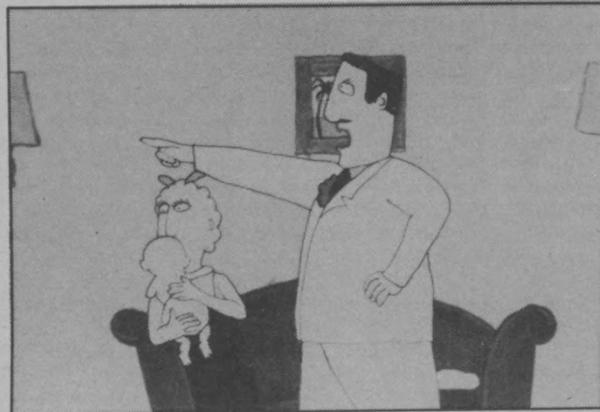
When we were younger, we used to make it a point to be back from high school in time for the "Bugs Bunny/Porky Pig Hour." I'm not sure where they moved that hour because it's not where it used to be. Still, I sometimes get up real early Saturday morning to see those classic cartoons with Yosemite Sam, Bugs, Daffy, and the rest. Where have Cecil and Beanie gone? Some people never outgrow the need for cartoons. Animation was a big thing a few years ago with *Wizards* and the *Doonesbury* movie, and I guess it still is judging from the enthused support of Spike and Mike's annual *Festival of Animation* held at the Victoria Street Theater.

Each year these two seek out what they consider to be the worthiest and most masterful bunch of animated shorts and combine them into one giant extravaganza of comic strip fun. It is rather difficult to judge these sketches, although there must be some standard set. I suppose for the average animation amateur the film that is remembered most vividly would be the one worth considering for such a festival. In this case I found the films that fell in this category generally got the most laughs, presented interesting stories, displayed awesome ability

of the craft, and were overall very entertaining.

The animations represented were from Canada, the U.S.A., the Netherlands, and Czechoslovakia. Each ranged from three to eleven minutes, and illustrated the varying styles and talents of these international animators. Some focused on detailed caricatures, others choose simple lines and sparse detail, even computer animation, or claymation, as was seen in the "Commercial Medley" featuring those lovable dancing California Raisins doing the grapevine.

The festival is probably best remembered for the short "Bambi meets Godzilla" about an innocent little doe who is abruptly squished by a monstrous foot from the top of the screen. Although that favorite was not shown this year, something was there to take its place — "Snookles" by Juliet Stroud, a three-minute cartoon about a little bird

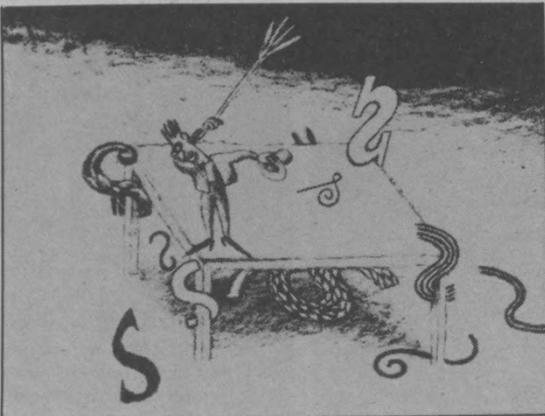


lamps. The 1979 Academy Award winner "Every Child" by Derek Lamb was shown, and having seen it for the third time, I found it to be even more endearing.

An added freebie not mentioned in the program was "The Fly," a incredible peek of life from a fly's point of view, and "Lupo the Butcher" about Lupo and his lamb chops. All shorts were carefully chosen and well worth seeing, a definite alternative to the funny papers.

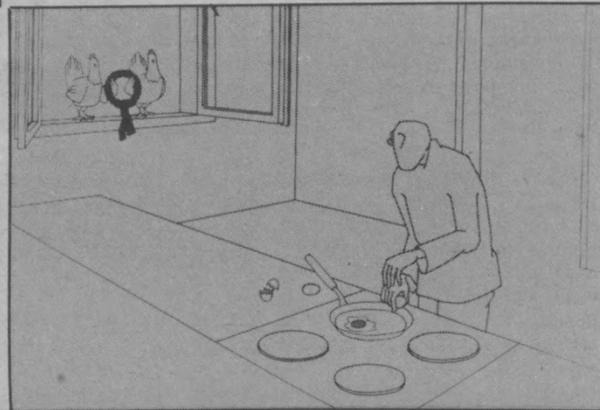
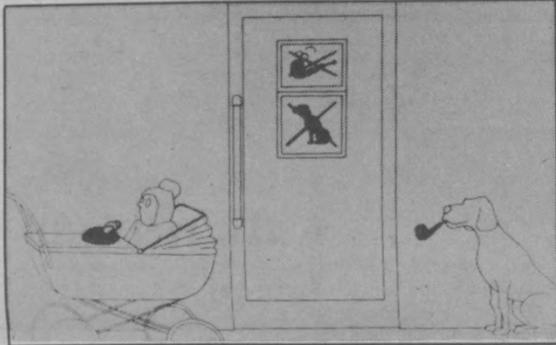
The *Festival of Animation* will continue at the Victoria Street Theater through May 24. Showtimes are at 7 and 9:30 p.m. nightly with a Sunday matinee at 4 p.m. For ticket information call (805) 965-1886.

— Valerie De Lapp



and a baby dragon, and it was marvelous. Shorts of this type are obviously more clever than they are technical and it's refreshing to know that Mike and Spike aren't discriminating against films others may have considered to be less than artful.

There were few "once upon a time" type shorts, "Spinolio" by John Weldon being the most reminiscent of the Rocky and Bullwinkle's "Fractured Fairy Tales." Spinolio is a wooden puppet who the good fairy forgot to change into a real man until he has past the pinnacle of his life and is residing in a garbage can. "Get a Job" by Brad Caslor was a brightly exaggerated old fashioned type of cartoon featuring Bob Dog and a backup vocal group of pigs. Academy Award nominee "Luxo Jr." featured computer animation and a clever pairing of two desk



Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum (CAF), 7 W. De La Guerra, invites the public to attend the kick-off event of *The Dionysian Revel & Auction III* — an exhibition reception on Saturday, May 16 from 5-7 p.m. at CAF. The exhibition from May 19-27 will culminate in the Auction to be held on May 30. Sixty distinguished American artists have been invited to make paintings, drawings, photographs and sculptures, based on the theme "A Garden of Earthly Delights," and contribute the work for sale at the May 30 Auction, taking place at Santa Barbara Aviation. Silent bidding on the works of art will be accepted during the exhibition and sealed bids may also be left at the gallery for those unable to attend the live auction.

About 30 artists working in Santa Barbara are participating, including Cheryl Bowers, Steven Cortwright, Teen Conlon, Dick Dunlap, Michael Dvortcsak, Sam Erenberg, Elena Siff, and Rick

Stich. Other artists who have been invited include John McCracken, George Rickey, Sam Francis, Masami Teraoka, Roland Reiss, Terry Allen, William Wiley, Charles Arnoldi, Billy Al Bengston, Mineko Grimmer, Joyce Treiman, David Ligare, George Herms, Paul Wanner and Wolf Kahn. This stellar list of artists will present many dazzling and irresistible works.

"A Garden of Earthly Delights" exhibition will be open from May 19 thru May 27. Gallery hours are Tuesday - Saturday, 12-5 p.m.

Most of the artists will attend The Dionysian Revel and Auction III party and the opening reception of the exhibition. Pamela Auchincloss, CAF Board member and Director of Auchincloss Gallery, is the organizer of "A Garden of Earthly Delights," and is assisted by CAF's Board of Directors.

For further information about obtaining tickets for the Auction gala party on May 30, please call 966-5373.

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Callis: Seductive Emotions in Focus

Last Thursday evening I attended the final in a series of five photography lectures presented by the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. The repertoire of speakers included Marie Cosindas, Harry Callahan, David Hockney and Ruth Morgan, which put this final photographer in admirable company.

This speaker surely didn't need the other names to draw a crowd, for her reputation as a photographer preceded her and filled the auditorium. She works in black-and-white and color, creating images of emotion, tactility and fantasy, and was one of a select few chosen to take artistic photographs at the 1984 Olympics.

"So, with no further ado, I'm pleased to present Jo Ann Callis."

Callis is a woman whose prelude to her photography career is quite atypical. She was a mother of two by the time she was 22 years old, and her previous art background was in sculpture and painting. Callis re-entered the art world when she started attending UCLA under the guide of Robert Heineken, where she admits was the first place she had ever picked up a camera.

We all enter our fields of study with existing baggage and, as usual, these past experiences stand to enhance our focuses help to make our statements personal and unique. This holds true for Callis, for her love of painting and sculpture sets the standards for her work. With these related skills, she creates contrived photographic works filled with the care and thickness of time found in paintings, and the tactile, tangible surfaces found in sculpture.

Her early works, done in 1974, are absolutely stunning, and even after viewing the rest of her photographs, I still left with the memory of these initial images of beauty and light.

These images are from two series done in black-and-white, one of nudes in Yosemite, and the other entitled *Morphe* which is Greek for form, shape and dreams. The former captures the delicacy of a little girl amongst the great redwoods, and displays the different surfaces of these two innocent creatures, the smooth silk of the child's skin against the serrated roughness of the trees. Also in this first series is the girl lying in a pristine bedroom, and the same bedroom void of human form. In each case, Callis masterfully painted with the available light, and washed each image with a distinct sense of time and space.

The second series, *Morphe*, focuses on ecstasy, dream, sleep and death. Callis framed what she termed "androgynous" women in a bathtub, immersing both the model and cloth in the water. Once again the combination of flesh and material, true above

and distorted below liquid, creates a stunning quality of facets and romance, the surfaces smooth and then swirling within the translucent pool. These pieces shine with a very seductive emotion, which is an aspect barren in some of her later works.

In her next series, done in 1976, Callis used color, and attempted to transfer the same characteristics of emotional vulnerability found in her black-and-white prints to this new medium. Although her ideas behind the use of color were fascinating and valid, the end product lacks the the simplicity of light and form, and are crowded by the addition of color. She views color as an emotional element, as temperature rather than tone, and places her figures in tentative situations, unfortunately clouded rather than enhanced by color.

The interesting point in these photos is her



Raven and Strawberry Cake

use of antithetical surfaces and states, flesh and metal, sleep and waking, fantasy and reality. She verbally described the feeling we all have while steaming in a hot bath and initially leaning back against the cold porcelain of the tub, and proceeded to show images with this sensitivity. One image that did stand out was that of a little girl facing the wall of a shower with a stream of soap running down her back. The colors are subtle and few, and the image is angelic.

At this point in her career, Callis said, "Enough of this serious stuff," and began combining a variety of disjointed objects in a lyrical, humorous way, still with color, but in a format where the color enhances rather than detracts. She tried to get away from the human element and started using animals, live and stuffed, which with a 4x5 camera she termed "quite an experience."

These images celebrate the bright crisp-

ness of color as the end, not the means, which was her previous downfall. These latest images are 20x24 inches and exhibit a wit that plays with the obvious, as the viewer is hit on the head with the odd juxtapositions of objects. Some titles, which are fairly self-explanatory, are "Raven and Strawberry Cake," "Goldfish and Stringbeans," and "Bird in the Hat." The premise is admittedly quite stupid, but the result is charming and quick.

For her last body of work, Callis jumped back to color, and printed as large as 30x40 inches. She shied away from the slap-in-face realism, a quality inherent with scrapbook color photography, by using a slow shutter speed and blurring the figures, which created a feeling of fragility and flux. Her humor is also apparent, as she told her model to stand on her head and look as normal and calm as possible — "like everyday life."

Some of these titles are "Performance," "Juggling," and "Twirling" and all have a theatrical feeling through use of subject and saturated color. These begin retrieving the special qualities of the photographic medium which she exhibits in her initial black-and-white prints, but still lack the innocent sensitivities and stunning plays on light and form.

Finally she showed some of her Olympic shots, which went back to black-and-white. When first approached with this proposal, Callis wondered how she could use her practiced eye for contrived interiors in the outdoor action of the games. She opted to photograph the locker rooms and workout rooms, vacant of life and motion.

She spanned Dodger Stadium, UCLA's Pauley Pavillion, the Coliseum, and the like. Void of action, these sites look surprisingly similar, and her vision captured a sterility and lack of color least associated with the Olympics. This personal vision is quite nice, and brings validity to the idea that original ideas do exist.

Jo Ann Callis does have original ideas, which is, perhaps, the quality behind her success. She has an eye for the obvious, which is more rare than one would think, and which she utilizes with humor and skill. Even more important, she has an insight for the less obvious themes of texture, ambiguity and emotion. She will probably continue flipping from black-and-white to color, and even continue her painting and sculpture. But this variety can only enhance her photographs, making her proficient in all that she attempts, and blanketing her photographs with personal vision.

—Jeannie Sprecher, Arts Editor

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Jeannie Sprecher,
most improved bowler,
And
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Rep-West Dance

The Lobero Theater came to life Friday night with a masterful performance by Kathryn Posin and the Repertory-West Dance Company. The only surviving professional dance company in Santa Barbara, Repertory-West has been in residence at UCSB since 1976. This eight-member troupe under the direction of Alice Condodina performed with unmatched enthusiasm and expertise in their three featured works. Kathryn Posin, distinguished dancer and choreographer, contributed to the evening with two original works, "Blue Lagoon," a solo, and "Blind Love" a duet with guest artist Robert Mason from Posin's dance company.

Condodina describes her company as "a repertory which included the heritage of American choreography as well as the choreographic art of the West Coast. Repertory-West is the only modern dance company on the West Coast that maintains work by the many major American artists. We feel honored that these well-esteemed artists have expressed their belief in the standards and integrity of the company."

The evening began with "Aquarium", a frolic through the sea featuring Delila Moseley as Pursued Fish with Scales, Rocky Angelini as Official Fish, Jennifer Joe as Endangered Species, and choreographer Alice Condodina as Bathing Fish. Each fish's character was well defined and wonderfully demonstrated. The coquettish Pursued Fish, petite and conservative in her movements on stage tried in vain to stray from the Official Fish whose inquisitive nature led him to bother the smaller amphibians. In black costume with elaborate sequins, the fish swam the stage enhanced with an aquarium of live goldfish and a fish dip of sorts which served a spring shower for the bathing fish who seemed to come alive under the flow of water.

"Blind Love," a physically demanding duet with Robert Mason was skillfully timed and wonderfully accompanied by the music of Kate Bush and Tom Waits. The movements were quick and unharmonious, explosive and at the same time painful. It is obvious that Posin and Mason possess the rare quality which only arrives after years of accompaniment, after a trust and knowledge of the other's physical abilities can be learned. Posin's second piece was a solo, "Blue Lagoon" set to the Kate Bush song of the same title. In sunglasses and a leather coat, Posin sat in a beach chair surrounded by a sun foil. She set the choreography to match the situation in the song, a woman alone on a desert island who receives a letter from her lover.

The Repertory-West Dance Company has the talent and skill needed to continue the beautiful art of dance. In an attempt to expand their knowledge the company will be participating with Spain and Portugal in an exchange program this summer.

— Val De Lapp

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MFA II Exhibition Draws on Realism, Fantasy & Talent

"Magical realism does not depend on natural or physical laws to give it validity. It combines objective reality with the fictitious world to present an unconventional reality — an amalgamation of realism and fantasy as it were."

—Clinton Crawford

"Appropriation," if you haven't heard, is the latest catch-all hip form of acceptable perjury in the art world today. This case being, I feel an obligation of twisted loyalty to leap on the Du Champs bandwagon, and adapt Crawford's introduction as my own.

Clinton Crawford, an artist in the MFA II exhibition, is a master of words as well as oils. His definitions of realism and fantasy define the essence of the individual pieces along with the group of works as a whole.

Many group shows suffer from the oil and water syndrome — media and statements that just don't mesh. But amongst its other commendable traits, this exhibition achieves the improbable — a blend of styles that braid together with finesse and success. Quite clearly, this was possible for only one reason: each artist displays undeniable control and talent in his/her medium, an all-consuming devotion that warrants our attention and respect.

Although I quoted Crawford at the start, I will take the most democratic way of reviewing and begin at the beginning — the front space in the museum.



Saint Patrick's Rage

Jeremy Postar's large oils on canvas occupy this room. These figurative works are thick with paint and expression, and look like blankets of crude swirling taffy. They work well on two levels, the imagery is seductive from afar and once inevitably drawn closer, the rich surface quality is no less than delicious. Postar uses predominantly bright colors that emphasize the playful childishness of taffy, however I was most strongly drawn to a piece which relied on a more muted palette. "Saint Patrick's Rage" combines his trademark of layered surfaces with a layered design of imagery, and in doing so, builds an enticing movement and depth.



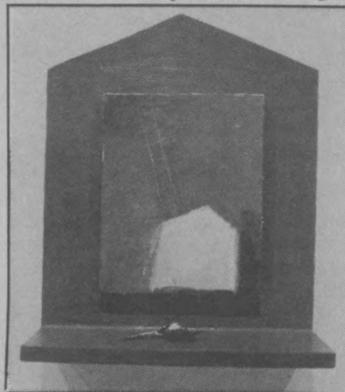
Charming the Fish Out of the Sea

Diane Trenholme also deals in large oils on canvas, but stays strictly in the boundaries of muted tones. Each canvas has two basic parts: imposing dark shapes and streaks of subtle colors shooting from within. Unlike Postar, Trenholme's paintings give the illusion of a thick surface, but on closer inspection reveal a delicate, sparse dispersal of pigment. The quality of these surfaces is also its charm; the top varnish ranges from dull to shiny and a series of scattered marks dance across its finish. Her use of titles is intriguing — the sort of names that leave the viewer with questions of her intent, but complete confidence that it is valid and well thought out. "Charming the Fish Out of the Sea" is one such piece that again has the large, ambiguous shape that is defined abstractly only by her title.



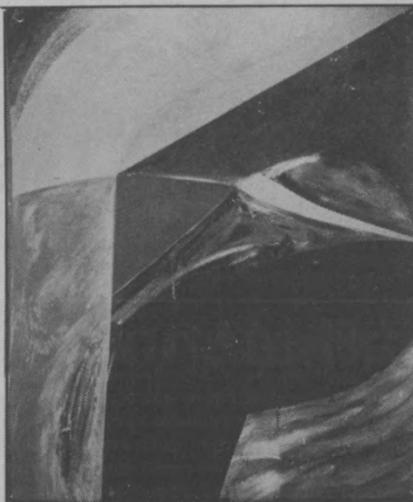
Above It All

Clinton Crawford is next in the maze. I gave an unconscious sigh of relief when I first saw his work. I can appreciate bold forms and emotion like the next guy, but it is so refreshing to see hand-eye coordination alive and well again in this age of therapeutic, personal, undefinable subject matter. His works loom tall against the walls and encompasses, not only skill — empty on its own — but also vision and reason. The room is alive with swirling oceans and melting clouds, all done with inviting color and energy. An egg symbol is used throughout his works, which gives a specific reference to what might have been a general land/seascape. "Above It All" combines his talent and intelligence, and does so with a profound message.



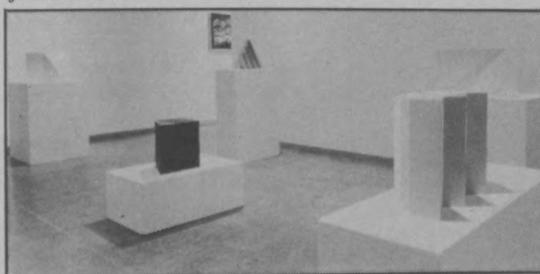
Journey to the Self (one of series)

Holly Hungett's work knocked me for a pleasant loop, a change from the large oils — introspective pieces on a more intimate scale. Hungett also has words accompanying her artwork, her focus being "Journey to the Self: death and rebirth." Her pieces done in tableau form deal with the human condition — ancient healers, mythology and modern philosophy. Each tableau, a series entitled "Inner Truth," is in the shape of a house with materials such as stones, hair and glass on a protruding ledge. Each hanging has its own painting — a personal statement about none other than an "inner truth" beautifully resolved. The reason that these succeed in the emotional genre that I quipped about before, is the fact that they are universal enough to encompass all of our individual truths — the more personal the statement, the more universal it is.



Untitled

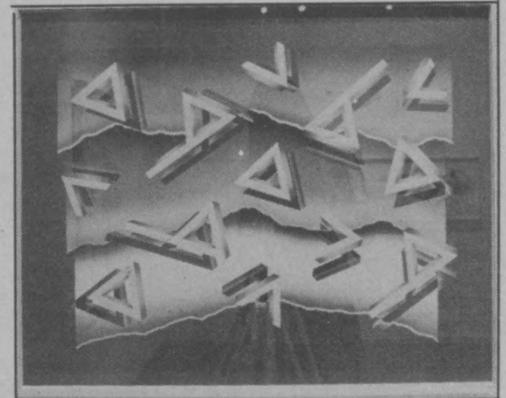
Richard Grier is the next artist in line, and although his work appears at first glance to jump back to the oils seen in the first set of works, at closer glance they are revealed as enamel on panel. They are all untitled, which makes perfect sense since they are most representational of space usage than any other specific subject. Seen again are the artist's marks in terms of brush strokes and splatters. Grier dares to utilize the space in a very unconventional manner (artistic license on the same lines as starting sentences with the word "but" when you're a "real" journalist).



Installation View

Photos by Thomas Rejzek

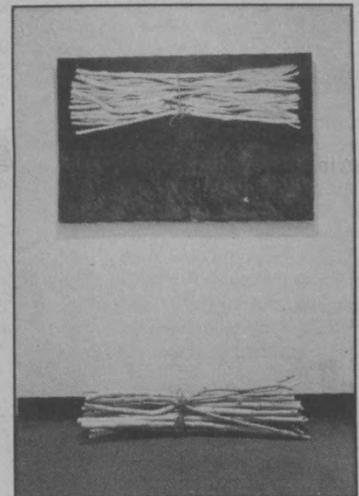
Susan Hayward follows next. Her specialty is ceramics — and it is a specialty indeed. I haven't seen skill and competence on this level in a long while. She exhibits a trained patience and an artistic eye. These pieces are simple yet complex, concave yet convex, and have an ingenious denial of material. They are so polished and camouflaged; I must admit to tapping on them gently out of curiosity, wondering what the hell the medium is. Each is painted with geometric patterns, filled with architectural references, and work together to set up a mock city of sorts. Her work is a prime example of the perfection that is possible to achieve with focused talent.



Red Steel Adrift

Steven Brown's style is one that I have not seen for quite some time. He is obsessed with perfection, with realism — this man is in control. He uses acrylics on Strathmore paper, on canvas and on type-C prints. The surface looks amazingly like airbrush, and I circled the pieces and scrutinized them from every angle with my critical reviewer's eye, trying to discern the medium, trying to find any trace of brush strokes — I would have settled for a finger print. Brown's pieces are flawless.

His subject is a series of free-floating geometric shapes done in true colors. "Lover Lure" makes obvious reference to the Levelor-type blinds in the painting — a clever coil of words and form.



Love Is As Strong As Death

Nina Morlan's work is tucked in the room in back of the museum, but don't just peer around the corner for a brief glance, you'll be missing some of the best work in the show. Morlan has transformed her space into a magical forest of twisting branches and rooted emotion. The lights are noticeably dimmer in this room, which adds to its special somberness, which also sets it apart from the other works. I was struck with the same breathlessness that overtook me when I entered the Rothko room at the Tate Gallery in London. There is nothing to do but stand silently in the center of the room and inhale the thick presence of life — the blood flowing from the artist's heart through his/her brush and into our memories.

Morlan incorporates eucalyptus branches, which are used as models for her paintings as well as self-standing sculptures. Her competence is typified in a piece entitled "Decent From the Cross," where she has placed the bundle of branches at the base of her painting of that same bundle. Nature's wood is beautiful, as is Morlan's version, and by juxtaposing these two- and three-dimensional works, she succeeds with a moving depth, she exemplifies the qualities in her trained eye and of her sensitivities.

The main space holds a triptic, "Love Is As Strong As Death." It is made of three panels, each with one predominant color — red, brown and blue. It is painted with oils, but in a sheer watercolor technique that lets the wide range of hues blow in and out of the layered branches. Nina Morlan's space is more than just a series of works on the wall, it's a garden of dancing color set against the ivory-white enamel of clouds. Bravo!

Congratulations to all of the participants. The efforts are clear and commendable, and the final product is something to be proud of. This MFA II exhibition is in the main UCSB Art Museum until May 24. Much of the work is also for sale; prices can be found at the Museum's entrance.

"Realism and Fantasy." Inadvertently or not, Crawford's words captured the essence of this exhibition — "as it were."

—Jeannie Sprecher, Arts Editor

Acoustic Ecstasy Under the Stars

(Continued from front page)

Lindley's name is not one well-known to the AOR and Top-40 junkies who have come to know Browne from such efforts as "Lawyers in Love" or "She's Got To Be Somebody's Baby" which had wide airplay. But the symbiotic interplay of Lindley and Browne on stage harkened back to the older days of Browne's music, and offered a chance to see both performers at their peak. It was most certainly a night of personal bests.

Browne and Lindley mostly played songs from the albums they had worked on together. They had some fun twisting the lyrics from "Cocaine," off the *Running On Empty* album, to fit the political mood of the evening and to make reference to the guns for drugs scam, bringing whistles and cheers from the crowd.

"Now you take Nancy/And I'll take Ron/There's no telling what



comodated by amusing, impromptu banter between Lindley and Browne, or quick jabs at the Reagan administration.

Bonnie Raitt wasn't listed in the program, but took the stage as Browne's special guest, along with Johnny Lee Shell. Singing "Los Cabaleros" with Shell, she added a punch to the message, saying "Viva El Salvador." Among the songs in her five-song set was Browne's "Soldier of Plenty," which she sang with energy and drive. Her performance was outstanding.

A lot of people I spoke with afterward had never heard of Raitt, but one guy gave her even higher marks than Browne for singing ability. Her range was full and powerful, her vocals expressive. She most certainly picked up a few new fans that night.

Lindley could be called one of the "men in the shadows" because for



kind of drugs they're on/ Cocaine Lot's of inter-city ghetto children/Dying slow/Ron and Nancy want to tell them they'll have to 'Just Say No'"

"I don't think cocaine's such a bad thing, there's certainly a lot of worse things, like smuggling drugs into the country with military clearance," Browne said as he tuned his guitar for the next song.

Most of the messages delivered during the evening were contained in the songs, or the brochures distributed by Christic Institute staffers in the Arlington lobby. The talk that did come through without musical backdrop occurred more often than appeared to have been planned. One of the few complaints that could be made about the concert was guitars that mysteriously went flat just moments after being tuned. The interludes between songs were then stretched and the void ac-



Photos by Jeannie Sprecher

the most part his work comprises things like the violin back-up heard on a lot of Browne's older tunes, or more recently, his work with Linda Ronstadt. He's had his own albums, but he's not well-known to the average Joe like me. His versatility on different instruments is amazing, and his encore performance on the saz,

which looks like a big gourd with a long neck and strings, has to have been the rockin'est of the evening. Purely instrumental, the song had more drive than anything else that came off the stage the whole evening.

"Lives in the Balance" got the crowd that had probably been listening to the album for a week straight before the concert excited and involved, but Dr. Dave was incredible.

BONNIE RAITT

(Continued from cover)

It's murder; it's the exact opposite of democracy. Nancy Reagan says stuff like 'no to drugs' and our tax money's paying for cocaine to be smuggled into the country. It's like cutting a cancer out of somebody's body. When it gets cut out the body can heal; until it does it's just gonna fester. I think people should just stay tuned, as Jackson said, and then get involved and write their Congressman.

How long have you been knowledgeable about what the Christic Institute's been doing? The affidavit was submitted in December of last year.

I've known what Danny Sheehan has been working on for a couple of years and I've sort of known the connection between Chile and Cuba, and Laos and Central America for a long time. In terms of this case, that event (the alleged civil liberties violations against Tony Avirgan and Martha Honey) only happened a couple of years ago. The Christic Institute (and Danny Sheehan's work has been foremost in my mind in terms of people that I would like to support and priorities. He's the most important person to watch, I think.

In listening to the Contra

Bonnie Raitt: Rating Our Future

hearings on television and comparing them to what you know from speaking with the attorney, Daniel Sheehan, what do you think that the general American public is seeing as opposed to what's really happening? Are the questions that are being asked in public the same questions that should be being asked?

No. The Tower Commission is only concerned with whether or not Reagan knew, and whether or not any money was used for private purposes. And nobody has any idea, including the Congress and Senators, until this case comes to light, the connections between the criminal actions and the conspiracy of these guys. I believe it may even tie into the Kennedy assassination. You know it's like lifting a big rock and what those guys (the Tower Commission) are doing is scraping a little bit of the moss off the top of it. (Laughs at her metaphor) It's a good thing I'm not a poet.

It's just good to get it out in the open. What's been wrong with our foreign and domestic policy for 25, 30 years, since this shadow

government that's been running in our name and murdering people, and using our money and undermining democracy as opposed to promoting it, all over the world, this has been going on and those of us who know about it feel that it's been really frustrating. Now this is an opportunity. They've messed up enough now that people don't think it's a communist plot that we want to talk about it. Actually, Watergate opened the way for people to realize that government does sometimes make mistakes and the Vietnam situation, especially with Platoon, everybody's consciousness is raised to the fact that we can make mistakes. Whether it's PTL and all these other scandals or Gary Hart, people are trying to clean up morally what's going on and do the right thing which is about time.

Does it sound to you when these guys are testifying that they're doing they're damndest to keep Reagan's name out of everything?

I think it's just various things. I'm not surprised by what's going on. It's not Ronald Reagan, or whether or not he was culpable,

that's not the issue. There's a whole lot of people who are gonna come down and let's just say that I'm waiting for the big fish to be caught. You could say that's Ronald Reagan, but he'll get dragged down. When the truth comes out, I'm certain that he would be impeached. If all the truth comes to light... let's hope (all the people the Christic Institute has scheduled to testify) get to trial and into the press, but they've already mysteriously offed one person (Steven Carr), you know, said it was a drug overdose just before he was about ready to testify. I'm afraid I don't believe that.

If the Christic Institute suit fails, would that kind of an attitude scare you?

Well, it would depend on why it would fail, but as long as the information gets in the press, and as long as people have cultural heroes like Jackson Browne and he's willing to do a concert then the information will get out.

It's like anything else, No Nukes or when we did that or any other benefit. You get people in there for

the music and they leave. If 10 or 15 percent of the people that didn't know go away even thinking about it or asking questions then you've done your job right, as U2, and the Clash, and Sting and Jackson, or people like Little Steven, Bruce Springsteen (have done).

More and more politics and music are being melded together in a way that isn't quite as preachy and fruity, you know what I mean? The music's coming out and saying something. I think the more effective the music connection between politics and your heart, I think people will start realizing that it's not gonna be like a pop quiz next week, but that we're talking about our futures here, this is real stuff. People are really getting murdered, our civil liberties are really at stake, the nuclear issue really could mess up our future, and everyone's becoming more responsible which is what democracy's all about. Otherwise, we might as well live in Russia and take what the government says as true.

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in cooperation with the Department of Music

Come to this Cabaret

"What good is sitting alone in your room? Come here the music play. Life is a Cabaret, Old Chum; come to the Cabaret."

Glitter, glamour, flash and style highlight the UCSB Department of Dramatic Art's production of the award-winning Broadway musical *Cabaret*, which opened last week at UCSB's Main Theater.

Alive with song and dance, romance and debauchery, the presentation thoroughly captured the audience's attention with its excitement and flare, as the talented performers tapped their feet, kicked their legs, and powerfully and melodically sent their voices to the far corners of the theater. Set in Berlin in the 1930s just before Hitler came to power, the play dramatically captures the feeling of the time — the fear of the rapid spread of Nazism, the hatred of the Jewish people, the intense feeling of nationalism, and the desire to escape the political and social frenzy of the period.

One such escape is found at the sleazy Kit Kat Club, where the Master of Ceremonies will tell you "the girls are beautiful, the chorus is beautiful and life is beautiful." Within the confines of the night club, one's troubles are forgotten, and are replaced by the temporary pleasures offered by wine, women and song. There, one can ignore the erupting evils on the horizon, and life is simple and enjoyable.

The production centers on the romance that develops between

the glamorous, provocative English woman and Kit Kat singer Sally Bowles, played by Aynee Joujon-Roche, and the visiting American novelist Clifford Bradshaw, played by J.A. Stenger. The two meet at the club, where Cliff dazzles Sally with his English speaking abilities. After Sally is kicked out by her current lover Max, she turns up at Cliff's door and cunningly convinces him to let her live in his small rented room. The ups and downs of their relationship demonstrate clearly how different the two are in their views towards life and the future, but also draw them more closely together.

Joujon-Roche was marvellous in her role as Sally. With grace and sensuality, Joujon-Roche captured the magnetism and charm of the spicy Kit Kat singer. Her flighty movements and suggestive, pleading voice helped bring out both her character's sense of instability and her desire to escape from the problems with which she is faced. Joujon-Roche's powerful singing voice added tremendously to the show's overall excellence and ability to entertain, while at the same time catching the sense of waywardness and frivolity that characterizes the night club.

Stenger also turned in a good performance as Cliff, a much more serious, thoughtful character than the audacious Sally. With sensitivity and concern, he offered his assistance to Sally when she most needs it, and shared his advice and encouragement with those around him. Stenger for the most part was convincing in his role, but at times one could not help but remember that he was acting, and often a bit too mechanically. However, he nonetheless was successful in capturing his character's misgivings about himself and his uncertainty for the future. Cliff is one of the few characters to truly recognize the lurking danger of the Nazi party, and Stenger shared this sense with the audience.

However, freshman Matthew A.

Plaskett, with his remarkable stage presence as the Master of Ceremonies, was the crowd pleaser in this production. With a painted face and numerous costume changes — from a tuxedo to a skimpy showgirl's lacey costume to a diaper-like brief, he never ceased to amaze me with his versatility and talent. He constantly drew the crowd in with his travelling eyes and his multitude of facial expressions. Whether singing in various accents and languages about his international collection of lovers, dancing provocatively in a chorus line with the Kit Kat Girls, or sharing the stage with a costumed gorilla, Plaskett never lost his power over the audience.

Laura Ware and C. Dee. K. Carmack also turned in outstanding performances as Fraulein Schneider and Herr Schultz, two characters who's romance is torn apart by the period's political upheaval. Ware wonderfully captured the upright, reserved, motherly quality of Frau Schneider, giving her character both depth and understanding, as well as a touch of humor. The Jewish Herr Schütz, faced with Nazi prejudice and an uncertain future, finds convincing embodiment in Carmack, who brings out his character's love for his fellow man and his determination to rise above Nazi hatred with both a comic and tragic touch.

Kristin N. Baer also deserves mention in her role as Fraulein Kost, Frau Schneider's promiscuous tenant who brings home a different sailor every night. J. Stuart Mills also presents an outstanding appearance as Ernst Ludwig, a member of the Nazi party who befriends Cliff when he first arrives in Germany.

Cabaret will continue through Saturday at 8 p.m. in UCSB's Main Theater. Tickets may be purchased for \$6/student, or \$7/general. For information, call 961-3535.

—Tonya Graham

Ishtar Does the Old Song

The long overdue and over-budget *Ishtar* is finally out. The movie stars an impressive cast headed by Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman (hired at a cool 5.5 million each). Knowing that the movie's total cost reached upward of 40 million, I settled back in my seat to wait and see if Columbia Pictures got their money's worth.

The story itself is something of a throwback to the old Bing Crosby and Bob Hope comic team-ups of yesteryear. Beatty and Hoffman play Lyle Rogers and Chuck Clarke, a couple of down-on-their-luck singer songwriters. Accepting a booking in Marrakesh, they land at the Ishtar airport where Chuck comes to the aid of Shirra (Issabelle Adjani), a beautiful revolutionary who is trying to get a sacred map to her compatriots. If it were discovered the secrets on this map would threaten to engulf the Middle East in flames. She plants the map on our hapless friends so that they now, unwittingly, hold the fate of most of North Africa in their

hands. From here the map disappears as CIA, KGB, terrorists, and most everyone else pops up, all trying to kill our dumbfounded heroes.

The movie starts out in New York and spends a good deal of time there just setting up a background for Chuck and Lyle. We get to see flashbacks showing how they met and came to be friends, not to mention sharing their intense love of songwriting. They are both more or less nerds who are looking for any excuse to break out into a song and dance (which they frequently do at unexpected moments throughout the movie.) One of the interesting twists that works quite well is that Hoffman plays the ladies' man, while Beatty is the shy bumbler from the Mid-west. While the background is nicely done and quite humorous it seemed out of place, especially considering the levels of complexity the movie reaches once they arrive in Ishtar.

In fact that would seem to be the most major drawback of the whole film. Overall it is a very humorous film, I found myself smiling through much of it, but it never quite gets into high-gear and therefore doesn't live up to the level of entertainment that its talented cast and crew should have delivered. One leaves the theatre with a sense of incompleteness, as if much of the film is underdeveloped. The whole map — international intrigue storyline is admittedly contrived but contains the makings of a lot of excellent comic situations for our heroes to get into. Some of these avenues are explored to great success, such as a classic dialogue Beatty carries on with a number of vultures who are set to descend on Hoffman after he has collapsed in the desert. But these scenes are more

the exception than the rule.

The trouble is that not only are these situations not used to their fullest, they are not really resolved to the satisfaction of the audience. The map, the threatening civil war, and the growing Chuck-Lyle-Shirra love triangle are given weakly constructed Hollywood happy endings in the final moments of the movie.

This is not to say that *Ishtar* is a bad film. Indeed there is much here to recommend. The music in the movie is at times a lot of fun to listen to. And the song and dance numbers by Beatty and Hoffman are just competent enough that they could pass as an act, while being just bad enough that they're a riot to listen to.

All in all, considering the time, talent and finances that went into this film, *Ishtar* becomes a case study in unused potential. Perhaps I am placing too heavy a burden on the filmmakers, but when one considers Hoffman's last comedy (*Tootsie*) as well as the fact that Beatty also produced *Ishtar* (his previous productions include *Bonnie and Clyde*, and *Heaven Can Wait*) my expectations, as well as the rest of the audience's are more easily understood. As it stands *Ishtar* is an amusing two-hour diversion worth seeing for its stars and its clever plotting. But oh, it could have been so more.

Ishtar is a Columbia Pictures production written and directed by Elaine May, produced by Warren Beatty. Starring Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, Dustin Hoffman, Charles Grodin and Jack Weston, *Ishtar* is currently playing at the Granada I theater at 916 State St. in downtown Santa Barbara.

—Kent Silveira

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Tall Tales: A Guy Gettin' By

Sometimes a reviewer gets a lucky break. Being able to hype an already established book of integrity and creativity and at the same time review a new product in the stores just happens to be one of them.

Tall Tales, recently published by Fantagraphics Books (home of *Love and Rockets*), are the adventures of Joshua "Wolverine" MacAlistair, a 19th century frontiersman who does what he can to survive in the Michigan Territory. No superheroes, no intergalactic wars, no self-destructive futures. Just a guy who gets by.

Tall Tales reprints the earliest MacAlistair stories, dating all the way back from its original feature behind the pages of *Cerebus*, into its own book, *Journey*.

So what's the big hoo-ha about, anyways?

Wolverine MacAlistair isn't your regular hero. Some might argue whether he actually does anything that would constitute heroism. But his adventures are wild and wonderful, and his creator William Messner-Loeb has a wit that makes everything just this side of ridiculous.

Tall Tales recounts the first three issues or so of the original *Journey* stories (as well as the first *Cerebus* vignette), and leaves the reader hanging in the middle of a ... journey. Of course, what would be more logical?

Only then do we notice the spine, which reads, "The Journey Saga Volume One." But this cliff-hanger aside, the stories are lucid and largely independent of each other.

Loeb's artistry is extremely loose. The plot seems to just flow along in a leisurely surreal way. The tribute to Will Eisner is obvious, but it has enough of its own character and definition to keep it unique. The writing though, is what really makes the book a treat. Loeb, who graduated with a degree in history, gives an authentic feel to the story that is exemplified in his narrative style. But what is most notable is the quality of simplicity and directness that captures the reader. The art, like the writing, like MacAlistair himself, just takes its time to get where its going.

For example, he writes in the beginning of the second story, "That was forty years ago ... 1810 ... 1813 ... I disremember. Course, a year or three on the frontier didn't make much difference. A man lived by the seasons ... by how his bones and belly felt ..."

And that's how you appreciate *Tall Tales* and the book *Journey* (it is to return to the bookshelves soon). By your gut reactions.

Overview of *Current Choices* — What to look at:

Grendel — by Matt Wagner and the Pander Brothers. After just

finishing its first storyline, Wagner and the Panders have established themselves as really awesome talents. Not that Wagner needs it after the success of *Mage*. But it isn't too late to hop on the bandwagon!

The Punisher — Mike Baron and Klaus Janson. I dunno, the art is very loose, and the stories so far (up to issue #2) have been rather typical *First Blood*/*McGyver* fare. But nobody can say that Baron doesn't do great dialogue. I figure he just needs time to warm up. It's popular, and worth the 75 cents.

What to avoid:

Superman and Action — by John Byrne. Forget it. The Man of Steel is a lost case. I don't know why I keep collecting it besides to see how bad they've screwed up the DC universe. It's popular but pointless. Byrne had his chance but lost the ball. The plots are as cardboard as ever and the art is getting sloppier than anyone could have imagined from the ex-X-artist.

Comic notes: Jim Shooter, editor-in-chief of Marvel Comics, has been discharged of his position. Tom DeFalco is to replace him. There are several rumours to the reason of his dismissal, but I like to think that it was just the long-awaited result of his really awful writing from *Secret Wars I and II*.

Nah, probably not.

Shadow of Its Former Self

If I wanted to be funny I could start off by saying "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of bumbling comic book creators?" But I won't. I got too much class for dat.

But needless to say, with all of DC's hype over the introduction of a monthly series starring The Shadow, you'd expect that reader would be given an opportunity to buy a slice of the Mona Lisa for their buck fifty. That just isn't the case.

And let's face it: DC practically had success shoved up into their rectums with this one. It all began with a best-selling mini-series by Howard Chaykin, known for his ground-breaking work in *American Flag* and *Time 2*. Chaykin redefined the Shadow concept, turning the character practically upside down. He "revealed" his origin, that has its roots in science fiction and *Lost Horizon*. He made the man himself into a fallible, less than sympathetic character with old, pre-liberal attitudes. And even more striking, he allowed Margo Lane to become an old bitter woman while the Shadow stayed the same age.

There were several arguments by readers over this new interpretation, but what did that matter? *The Shadow* SOLD. It sold so well that DC republished the series in one large trade paperback volume, and began work for a new regular series.

And that brings us to the first issue. As I said, the comic was almost assured to be a hit. With Andy Helfer (noted for his good work on the *Deanman* mini-series) scripting, and the incomparable Bill Sienkiewicz (almost a comics icon after his art in *Elektra: Assassin*) handling all the pencils AND inks, the only way it seems they could lose would be to ship all the copies to the Soviet Union wrapped in Playboy covers. Well don't let anything surprise you.

The issue opens up in a relatively suspenseful mood. Lamont Cranston, the Shadow's alter-ego, has apparently been

shot up badly. The word goes out to all of his agents that "the Master" has been taken out. That is, until we see the Shadow handing out retribution to the bad guys. We discover then that the injured party is actually the clone of the real Lamont Cranston, who was after the Shadow's ass in the mini-series. We had all thought that the clone was dead, right? So anyways, the Shadow kidnaps the clone, attempts to reach into his mind and bring out something useful to him, and the clone, angry that the Shadow is prettier than him (?), throws them both out the side of a helicopter a few thousand feet in the air.

Oh boy!

So what is the problem? Helfer is quite good at dialogue, and the action proceeds smoothly through the book. And for any other comic hero, this would be just fine. But this is THE SHADOW. He isn't just another Vigilante, or Punisher, or even Batman. He's the Shadow! Back to this later.

Sienkiewicz, always an innovator in creating mood and imagery, is unfortunately not up to his creative expectations. I guess that after *Elektra*, anything less is disappointing. And because of the tight construction of the narrative, he doesn't have the broadness of the medium to show his really best stuff. The thing that characterizes the Shadow is his almost phantom-like mystery. He clouds men's minds and flows in and out of reality like a serpent. Right? But when we see the Shadow here, we only see a guy in a hat and overcoat beating out people's brains and firing machine guns. Sienkiewicz is a master at disrupting reality, but it doesn't show up here. The art is excellent, of course, but not the best possible.

We can see the attempt by Helfer and Sienkiewicz to bring this pulp hero into the '80s and make him a relevant character in a world with new troubles. And there are quite a few aptly bizarre and interesting

characters introduced here. But beyond the usual personal gimmicks that separate the numerous comic book vigilantes — in this case an army of agents of justice — there isn't a great deal of new thought seen here. What he is now is a pale "shadow" of the current trend in lawless vigilantes, such as those mentioned above.

What we the readers really want to see is a dynamic, fresh look on the greatest pulp hero of the 20th century. This is surely within the capabilities of these two men, considering all the great work they've done before. As loose as Sienkiewicz's art already is, it needs to become looser, more stylized to the Shadow's personal world. Chaykin did good stuff because of his interplay of a modern technological world and old-fashioned ideologies and style. Not to say that he should try to imitate Chaykin, but work at making this world as equally unique.

The same goes for the writing, which is definitely good by comic book standards, but has yet to find its own voice. But I'm optimistic. It will obviously sell well, and that will surely motivate the creative team to do better and better. So in the meantime, it's worth it to stick around and see what develops. Who knows what could happen?

The Shadow knows!

I just had to throw that in.

Reviews by
Garrett H. Omata

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It's that time of the year again. The end of the quarter is near and you've got 10 weeks worth of work to do — now. Need a break? How about checking out the Daily Nexus for all sorts of fun facts and intriguing dining and entertainment ideas? Relax. Okay?

