

ARTS & entertainment



three faces of Angelo Christopher Moore.

Fishbone Out-Flashes the Grand Master

The world needs more bands like Fishbone. Opening Friday night for Grandmaster Flash (I know they must have gotten the order mixed up), these six L.A. schoolboys' eclectic mix of thrash, funk and ska styles was truly fun stuff and stole the spotlight in a show of very mixed musical styles.

What a setup these guys have. They actually get paid to come out on stage, pound out a few chords, shed a few pounds and literally go completely bonkers. Such is life in the music industry, I suppose, and Fishbone obviously revels in it.

Coming out just itching to play around, they hit the audience hard with a few heavy guitar blasts and headbanging rhythms. Building up to a fever pitch on songs like "Another Generation" and newer material, the stage was an endless display of manic energy, punctuated by twisting bodies and an occasional flying trombone.

Complete, nonstop action is the key to Fishbone's show, and it's not just an act. The drummer is the only member who stays in one position for more than two seconds, and that's only because he's in a chair. Antics like jumping offstage and taking a quick lap around the theatre highlighted the show, setting up a finale of maximus (gluteus) proportions.

To put it simply, we were mooned, and it was a beautiful "take that" Santa Barbara display, I must say. On for an encore version of "Shake Your Ass", lead singer Angelo Christopher Moore just felt he had to demonstrate ("You all know what an ass is, right?"). The raucous lyrics and his unabashed exposure was the most

refreshing exhibition I'd seen in a long time, and it sure beat the hell out of the overly choreographed "band" that was about to take the stage.

I hope the women in the audience (whom he was trying so hard to please) enjoyed Grandmaster Flash, because I was sorely disappointed. Set up with five microphones for his entourage and a set of frequently malfunctioning turntables for himself, Grandmaster's self-gratifying songs and show never really got started, and the strangely short set left fans wondering who they really came to see.

Focusing on material from their recently released album, the show seemed meticulously rehearsed, with Grandmaster's group flitting around the stage, striking macho looks and exchanging aerial high-fives. Chauvinism reigned supreme as each member professed his virtues as a ladies' man and threw out the customary lot of "aahs", "par-tays" and "oh yeahs".

No matter how hard I tried to accept "Larry Love" boogeying around in front of me, the new grouping lost the novelty of the old "Furious Five". Where the outrageous leather getups and characters of the former band were entertaining, the latest collaboration seems a cheap imitation, and an abbreviated version of "The Message" just didn't suffice.

There must have been some grand vision lying in the recesses of Grandmaster's brain, for throughout the whole show he presided over his obnoxious new group of rappers like a proud papa, occasionally stepping to the forefront to strike a pose and rub his chin in wonderment.

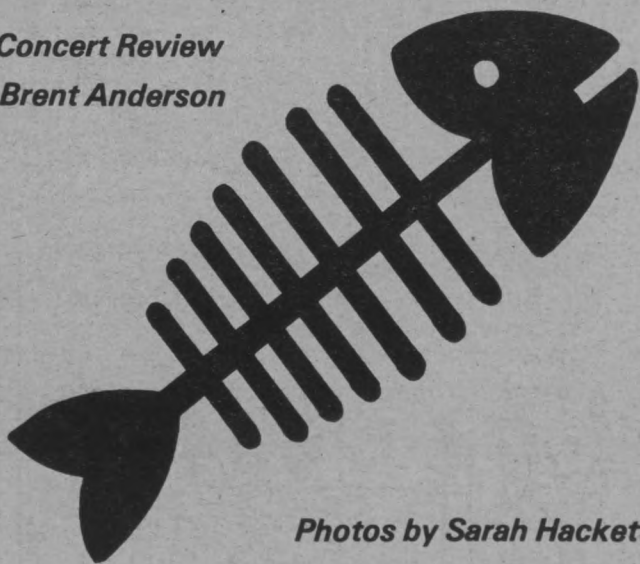
Crowd chants for more familiar songs like "White Lines" fell upon unreceptive ears and by the time the extremely short performance had ended, Grandmaster Flash wisely chose not to resurface for an encore.

The half-capacity audience seemed more concerned with looking good than feeling good (thanks, Fernando) at the show anyway, and provided a people-watcher's delight. What an array: giggling girls with squeaky clean hair trailing behind older beaus. High-topped kiddies in their Puma warm-ups just craving a chance to break, one-night punks and little mods coated with more ska badges than should be allowed. Not to forget the stylish gaggles of women sweeping around the lobby followed by the madras shorts, topsiders and surf T-shirt men's crowd. I had almost as much fun watching them as I did the show.

To round out a rather rough evening, The Vandals completed the three-band bill sporting a new look than in older days (they probably couldn't believe they were playing in a theatre with seats). No thrashing this time around as band members stayed rather tame, unlike the spastic case quaking away a few rows down. Vandal selections ranged from "a nice mellow song that my mom can dance to," according to singer Stevo, to the audience favorite "Urban Struggle." And even though Stevo had a little trouble getting his pants to stay up, The Vandals turned in a satisfactory performance and, if for nothing else, deservedly receive a pat on the back for Jan Ackermann's Budweiser label guitar.



Concert Review
by Brent Anderson



Photos by Sarah Hackett

Christopher Dowd and Angelo Moore of Fishbone




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**Santa Barbara
OPTICAL**

'Pretty In Pink' **Pink & Pretty, Pride & Prejudice**

High school. Those words always strike a particularly resonant chord of nostalgia. Yet no matter how often we discuss those old days among friends, whether rolling on the floor or with tears in our eyes, what transpired then remains as incomprehensible as does our future. That's why we need John Hughes.

Animal House does not a high school make. The Hollywood practice of random T and A are a 13-year-old's wet dreams. High school meant dealing with head trips. It meant tremendous pressures of defining a myriad of new emotions, while life at home was sometimes as difficult as school. It meant either being in or being treated as an outcast.

Hughes showed all this well in *The Breakfast Club*. Through moving confessions and abrasive discussions, we were able to examine the differing lives of a small group of kids. In *Pretty in Pink*, a film under the new Hughes banner (Hughes wrote the script himself) the stereotypes involved are more black and white. Yet that we are drawn into the empathy is unavoidable.

This film focuses upon Andie Walsh (Molly Ringwald), who, in contrast to the snobby socialites that inhabit her school, shops for clothes in thrift stores and hangs out at a local punk dive. At home, she helps her father cope with the fact that her mother left them three years earlier. At school, she has to deal with the obnoxious "richies" and a spastic friend. This is Duckie, complete with pompadour and round-rimmed shades. Between his undying crush on Andie and his run-ins with the tough goons of the BMW crowd, he becomes a walking ball of pent-up frustration.

They say that opposites attract, which is certainly what occurs here. Andie sets her heart on a society boy, Blane

(played by teen stud Andrew McCarthy). The feelings become reciprocal, and the two face persecution from their respective cliques. An '80s version of *West Side Story* is thus the premise, but it is actually more like B-grade *Valley Girl*. It's a traditional theme, which pits self-pride and the mysteries of love against the trials of social acceptance.

What really makes *Pretty in Pink* a success is insightful character development and some stylish acting. It's amazing how a script so simple could be so adeptly utilized.



Andrew McCarthy, Molly Ringwald and Jon Cryer

No emotion flashes by on the screen without a corresponding ripple through the audience. Watching this film with a capacity crowd of teens is an added thrill. Hearing the release of some 30-odd heavy sighs as Andie and Blane are about to kiss for the first time makes the nostalgia ring even truer. Certain scenes are overly stylized, but identification with the protagonists is almost automatic. From Andie screaming with delight after she's been asked to the prom, to Duckie philosophically revealing his love for her to the ceiling you can't help but smile as the feeling

of *deja vu* seeps in.

This film makes you feel good, despite a slightly sappy ending. The flagship of the new "John Hughes Productions," this is indeed a film of promise. It reinforces Molly Ringwald's image as "actress most likely to succeed." Also inspiring was the smooth performance of newcomer Jon Cryer as Andie's funky adoreteur. He has a flair for both drama and skepticism. With director Howard Deutch (a veteran of rock videos) at the controls we're given a tainted yet faithful look at teen anxieties. A film doesn't need to have an "R" rating to be a hit with the teen market.

— Karl Irving

ACTER in residence — A tour de force

*Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.*

If the title *Measure for Measure* implies a balanced equation, I might say that last Friday's performance of the Shakespeare drama by the touring Actors from the London Stage was beyond simple mathematical logic. The play was staged with five actors in nearly twenty roles. There was one table, nine chairs, five twentieth-century tuxedos, and a seventeenth-century text. I also might say that it was a performance without equal. The only numbers you really need know if you missed the first presentation of *Measure for Measure* are two and eight (p.m.) this Saturday at Campbell Hall.

Shakespeare is only a part of what the five actors are here to do. The quintet performed an anthology piece designed by UCSB professor H. Porter Abbot entitled *Beckett This Evening*. These stage presentations can be viewed as a reflection of the work the artists are doing in classrooms. Their residency includes nearly fifty appearances in dramatic art and English classes in two weeks. Their visit is organized and partially funded by ACTER — the Alliance for Creative Theatre, Education and Research, centered at UCSB and founded by Professor Homer Swander.

Measure for Measure was the starting point for actors Julian Curry, Lisa Harrow, Stephen Jenn, Joseph Marcell, and Paul Whitworth. After the decision as to who would play which roles was made, the actors themselves came up with the staging; a sort of direction by

committee. The intimate effect desired is what Julian Curry describes as "chamber Shakespeare". And how effective it is. The reading of the play is faithful without being a eulogy. Swander says in the program notes, "(the ACTER production) is in the true spirit of Shakespeare; it places all possible emphasis on the words, the actors, and a simple theatrical space" — it is vital and thrilling.

The presentation is an all-around tour de force for the Actors from the London Stage. Julian Curry is terrific as Vicentio the Duke (which is a dual role in itself as the Duke disguises himself as a friar for most of the play) and as Elbow, a simple constable. Lisa Harrow, known for her performances as Nancy Astor for Masterpiece Theatre and in the New Zealand film *Other Halves*, portrays two women and two men, with her best role the lyrical Isabella. Stephen Jenn is right on target with his characterizations of Provost, Barnardine, and, in particular, Lucio — giving that role enough of a smart-ass quality to justify his end. Joseph Marcell is wonderful as each of his characters, as hilarious as Miss Overdone as he is ominous as Angelo (especially in Act II, scene ii). Paul Whitworth threatens to steal the show at various points with his inspired readings of Escalus, Pompey, and Mariana. His Pompey seems to flirt with acting abandon and yet maintains control just on the edge. This cast is a well-oiled machine, losing neither spontaneity or flair.

In conversation with Julian Curry, I was struck by the beauty of the artist-in-residence idea. It gives actors a rarely afforded opportunity to teach (and learn by teaching).

Curry gets to instruct and travel — allowing him to spend the coldest February in English history touring the United States. He has been on several previous ACTER tours and finds Americans very hospitable. "This is a nice part of the world," he said as we stretched out on the grass under a pleasant noon sun.

The heart of the residency program is exchange. We are enriched by professional productions like *Measure for Measure* and *Beckett This Evening*. Lectures and workshops offer insight into ways Shakespeare can be approached, and what can be done with the language of one of this century's great playwrights. The essence of the actor's art and the theatrical experience is explored.

Julian Curry said that the whole idea of their production (and their teaching) was "to say (his hands make a gesture of an opening book), 'This is the play'". And in a way, it can be said that the two-week program with these actors is saying (same gesture), "This is the theatre, this is its art." This intimate contact between performer and audience onstage and off is a tremendous chance to explore a different avenue, another way of seeing things.

And as much as the actors as performers and as teachers are to be applauded, as much as Julian Curry is to be thanked for talking with me about his love for the acting he does, it is important to recognize the contributions of those who helped bring these actors here (and hopefully will continue to do so) and those who helped once the actors arrived. It is the wonderful balance of exchange which is the real measure for measure.

— Brett A. Mermer

It's a Reggae Dance!

Friday night at 9 p.m. is the occasion of the last reggae dance in the Old Gym prior to its conversion into office space. The Los Angeles based band *Kushite Raiders*, who

have played with such reggae greats as the *Wailers* and *Burning Spear*, will play at the benefit event. Proceeds will go towards Protocol for Peace which is an exchange project between UC and Nicaraguan

students. Providing enough funds are raised, UCSB representative Mikhael Smith will leave for Nicaragua next Wednesday.

Everyone is welcome. Admission is on the basis of donation; please give whatever you can afford to show support for this important project.



Yevgeny Yevtushenko

Russian Poet to Read

asionally been questioned, his daring and candor stand unmatched.

Yevtushenko's current visit to the U.S. coincides with the debut of his first film, *Kindergarten*, which is scheduled for broader release this spring. It took him nearly a year to find a distributor for the semi-autobiographical feature-length film. Of this difficulty Yevtushenko said recently to the *LA Times*, "I have knocked on many Hollywood doors in vain, and I have found that American censorship can be as strong and tough as Soviet censorship."

Yevtushenko has been very outspoken about such films as *Rambo*, *Rocky IV*, and *Red Dawn* which promote false images of both countries. He feels it is time for both countries to learn about each other in positive light and has expressed this sentiment many times.

Of *Rambo* Yevtushenko said the film is "pushing onto the screens a new type of hero, a killer with ideological convictions." (*NY Times*, Jan. 4) He continued, saying, "Americans are being brought up with the idea that you can only deal with a Russian with a gun." He added that "it could be dismissed as

rubbish except for the harm it does to the consciousness of Americans." He speaks favorably of the United States as a whole but considers himself a devout Russian and has been a staunch supporter of official Soviet policies. He has, however, often criticized the amount of censorship practiced in the USSR, particularly on his work, calling for more literary freedom.

Yevtushenko was born July 18, 1933 in Stanzia Zima, Siberia. He is described as "tall, athletic, with ice-blue eyes" who is highly theatrical. His visit to UCSB next Monday evening promises to follow well in the wake of such fall quarter events as the Evening with Allen Ginsberg and the reading by Sasha Sokolov.

This event represents a rare opportunity to hear a Soviet speak of politics as well as art. It will be a prime time to broaden our cultural horizons and gain insight into our neighbors in the ever shrinking global community. Though the pressures of dead week can be somewhat overwhelming it is important to take advantage of this unusual event which will be presented by Arts and Lectures. For more information call 961-3535.

—Susanne Van Cleave

On Monday, March 10 at 8:00 pm in Campbell Hall Soviet poet/filmmaker Yevgeny Yevtushenko will give a free poetry reading.

Yevtushenko is the best read, most widely published Russian poet but it is often his politics that draw international media as well as the attention of Soviet officials. His poem "Babyi Yar" is famous for condemning Russian anti-Semitism while "The Heirs of Stalin" stands as scathing memorial to the former ruler and his regime. Critic Andrew Field has called Yevtushenko "the best of the political activists writing editorials in verse form." Though his technical virtuosity has oc-

Presenting the Noble Merchant

A vehicle as large and challenging as *The Merchant of Venice* needs the strength of a commanding director and the support of dedicated and hard-working crew to sail smoothly. While the maiden voyage of the UCSB drama department's production of Shakespeare's "romantic comedy" had its share of stormy waters, on the whole it was a success.

What allowed this production to survive some unfortunate inconsistencies was the strength of the major performers, and their rapport with Artist in Residence Al Ruscio. There was potential here for a noticeable unevenness between Ruscio's theatrical expertise and the students' relative inexperience. However, the major characters who appeared in scenes with Ruscio handled the challenge aptly and professionally. Though there was a recognizable difference in their delivery, in comparison to Ruscio's, it was not distracting.

It is evident that the comical aspect of the play intrigued the troupe most; comical acts and expressions were carried out brilliantly. Paul Babb's Prince of Arragon delighted the audience, as did Peter Byworth's Launcelot Gobbo. Byworth's performance was characterized by a keen sense of intonation and timing and is almost reason enough to see the play.

The play's brightest student performance comes out of Heidi Wilson's portrayal of the multi-faceted Portia. Wilson shows outstanding flexibility in her handling of Portia's various roles in the play — the loyal daughter, the faithful lover, and the clever lawyer. Her mastery of the

character was evident not only in her delivery, but also in her amusing facial expressions.

The colorful and animated nature of the play was conveyed well on several levels. The set design was both practical and creative, allowing efficient transitions between Venice and Belmont. The incidentals were effective as well; the music, costumes and props combined to give a convincing impression of the action's time and location.

Minor annoyances that appeared frequently throughout the play served only to rock the boat a little, but never threatened the soundness of the production. Mostly, these problems seemed to arise out of a combination of faulty communication and opening-night nerves.

Where the director did risk creating a major distraction was in the length of the performance. Watching Shakespeare for any substantial duration of time is a challenge but past three hours it becomes extremely difficult. With such a large stage, scenes with little or no movement are at best tedious. By the end of the play, however, such scenes are disastrous. Audible sighs could be heard from members of the audience following the trial scene, as it became evident that that was not the end of the play. The difference in pace between the two scenes was visible and anticlimactic. There is a need here for better utilization of the stage or more editing, especially considering the potential of this very noble performance.

—Terrence Ireland

Red Hot Russian Jazz

"The only Stalinistic purge that failed was the attempt to control jazz," says S. Frederick Starr, author of *Red and Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union*. You might now be asking, "What's this? Jazz in the USSR? But jazz is so American." Jazz is one of the few truly American art innovations and it spread rapidly — even into Russia. However, jazz has not always been viewed favorably there. When jazz was first introduced to Russia between 1922 and 1925 it was condemned by most as a "monstrous product of a bourgeois society."

It is in this context that *Jazzman* (the last film in the Arts and Lectures New Directions in Film series) is set. The film opens with a young Russian pianist, Konstantine Ivanov, enthusiastically playing an upbeat jazz score to an auditorium full of his somber-faced comrades at a music school. It seems Ivanov has been accused of a counter-revolutionary activity — he loves to play jazz. When faced with the choice between dismissal and never being allowed to play jazz again, Ivanov readily chooses dismissal. He is determined to convince Russia that jazz is truly revolutionary. He argues that blacks are America's oppressed and, therefore, their music, by its very nature, makes a revolutionary statement. Though it makes perfect sense, staunch and Stalinistic attitudes prevail and Ivanov must fight to have his music heard.

He sets out to form a band and teams up with three odd-

ball musicians through a variety of comic adventures. The story follows the quartet from Odessa to Moscow as they quest for an audience willing to listen. The story is an amusing and uplifting fictitious chronicle of the real struggle jazz had before it gained official tolerance and widespread approval in the USSR. Director Karen Shakhnazarov has done a fine and funny job adapting the musical genre to fit his Russian style. Though somewhat primitive by Hollywood standards, the simplicity only adds to *Jazzman*'s charm. There are more than a few moments when I lost the struggle to contain my laughter. The

characters are inherently comic. They manage to walk a tightrope of humor without too often falling into slapstick. Though the story is simple and the characters quaint the film succeeds in telling the trials and tribulations of the early days of Russian jazz in a wholly entertaining way.

Jazzman also provides a glimpse into the lifestyle common in Russia as it was in the 1920s. The street scenes are full of detail. We get

a sense of the clothing, occupation, and attitude. The score is catchy and I couldn't help but tap my foot. Only 80 minutes long, this short and lively film is guaranteed to add a light note to your pre-dead week Sunday. If you're in the mood for some jazz, charming entertainment and a bit of Russian culture, don't miss *Jazzman*, Sunday at 7:30 in Campbell Hall. It's red hot.

—Susanne Van Cleave



The 'Jazzman'

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FREE LECTURES

Al Santoli

Tonight Al Santoli will speak in Lotte Lehmann at 8 p.m. The lecture is open to all and is free of charge.

Many of us have read Al Santoli's book *Everything We Had* in Dr. Capps class on the Vietnam War. His book has special meaning for many of us — especially those who fought in the 'conflict.' Santoli's 'war stories' are gripping accounts of Vietnam offering long-overdue insights into soldiers.

The 33 personal accounts of what Vietnam was like and what it meant to the soldiers who fought is captured by Santoli. A highly decorated veteran himself, Santoli provides insight into the political issues that Vietnam surfaced and into the minds of those who were there.

A lecture which proves to be an insightful, enlightening as well as intimate and shocking portrayal of the Vietnam era.



TONIGHT!

Charlie Gott

On Monday, Charlie Gott will teach you how to "read" your professor's mind profile so you can respond accordingly.

What sounds at first gimmicky is actually backed by fact! Gott's communication model is based on Sperry's right brain and left brain research — you've actually got five brains, each with it's own view and vocabulary.

Gott is here to teach us how to use the part of the brain appropriate for the task. He believes we can actually change brain orientation through hobbies or associating with certain people.

People with right brain dominance talk a lot and fast, according to Gott. Those who are more oriented towards the left are cautious; they rewrite and edit their material. Some professors lean towards the lower and emotional right — they probably want a lot of sub-



jectivity, feeling and humanity. Others may be more concerned with facts and form — pay attention to those bibliographies!

An important part of Gott's model involves looking non-judgementally for the interest and the value of what someone is saying. Couples do not necessarily fall out of love, but out of communication. Listen carefully to Charlie Gott Monday at 8 pm in the UCen pavillion.

FRIDAY'S ENTERTAINMENT

Fashion Show

When was the last time you sat in the Pub on a Friday afternoon during the lunch hour and wished there was a little entertainment? This Friday A.S. Program Board is happy to announce our first annual fashion show — in the Pub at noon. Students will model the latest fashions from Loring and Company, The Field House, The Merona Store and Rumours.

Different styles of apparel will be modeled for men and women — ranging from the dress to success look from Loring and Company, casual sporting attire from The Field House and The Merona Store to formal wear including tuxedos and gowns offered by Rumours of Piccadilly Square.

The Master of Ceremonies will introduce the models and their attire — providing an enjoyable noontime show. The models will occupy the stage on the dance floor in the Pub, so be sure to grab a strategic table for the best view.

Make-up and hair styling is provided by Apace in Santa Barbara.

Music Wars

Friday night at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall is kick off time for the Music Wars lip-sync and air-guitar competition. Tickets are now on sale at the A.S. Ticket Office. Only \$5 for students and \$6 for general admission. Tickets will also be available at the door the night of the show.

A panel of judges including Y-97 D.J. Brian Link, local band members and UCSB staff will have the tough job of deciding which of the eleven acts comes the closest to looking like the real thing. Some of the lip-sync bands in the show include Prince, The Bangles, The Who, Talking Heads and Rapping Ronnie and the Secret Service Men.

The groups will be judged by how well they imitate the original bands; how closely they mimic their gestures and how close their costumes match the real band members. Originality, entertainment and professionalism all effect a judge's decision.

Be sure you don't miss the event of the quarter — Music Wars — tomorrow night in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets are on sale now!

AND MORE...

Simple Minds

Simple Minds with special guests The Call, Wednesday, April 23 at 7:30 p.m. in the Events Center.

Next Week for one week only (March 10-14) students can buy tickets at a special rate of \$13 at A.S. Ticket Office. After next week the ticket price will return to \$14.50 for reserved seats.

Don't wait to buy your tickets it's simply too good to pass up!

Look For...

WORLD COMMUNITY CONFERENCE V

will be taking place in mid April. All those interested in helping program speakers and panel discussions please contact the Program Board office; Bob Boemer 961-3536.

STUDENT GROUPS!

Interested in getting involved in a Casino Night fundraiser for Multiple Sclerosis? Attend the planning meeting Tuesday, March 11 at 5:15 p.m. in UCen Meeting room 2.

EXTRAVAGANZA!

Committee meetings will be held as soon as we begin school in April. Be a part of the extravaganza and help plan the last event of the year. It's a day of music, fun, friends and more music.

A.S. Program Board thanks you for your support this quarter. Look for even more during spring. Good Luck on finals.



This page written and edited by Janell Pekkain.