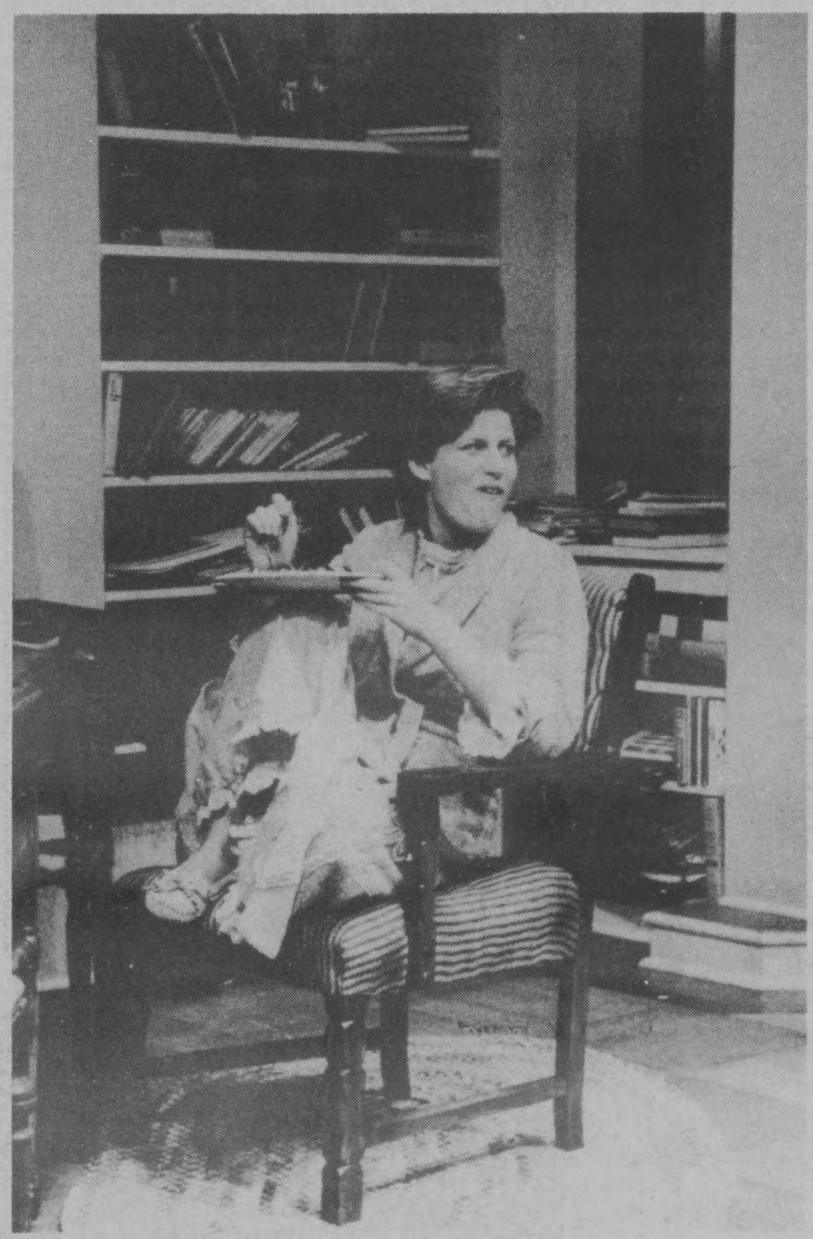


# ARTS

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## 'Miss Reardon' Opens Tonight



# 'Something Wicked': Disney Botches Bradbury Book

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

Although it may be a sweeping generalization, good books just do not translate well into film form. And despite the fact that he wrote the screenplay himself, Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes* is yet another example of this sad phenomenon.

Walt Disney Studios has been expanding its motion picture projects in order to shed their strictly-G image and reach a broader audience, although recent

efforts such as *The Black Hole* and *Tron* have been financial and critical disasters. While *Something Wicked This Way Comes* is less pretentious than those siblings, it comes nowhere close to the calibre of a classic like Kubrick's *2001* or even *Poltergeist*. The former two comparatives were substanceless special effects shows, while the latter pair managed to develop interesting stories in addition to superficial dazzle. Disney's latest is somewhere in between.

*Something Wicked* fails to engage our emotions because character empathy is lost in the flash and pop of sophomoric special effects. The film seems forced and rushed, as if the producers realized they would be running over budget soon and so they hurriedly completed the climactic — and most important — scenes. By the end of the film, consequently, we hardly know the people beyond shallow sketches; *Something Wicked* becomes just another movie pressed

out of the Disney mold.

Jason Robards leads the cast as a man torn by his inferiority complex, his private guilt and public shame. Anger from "not being man enough" to save his own drowning son manifests in depression and sends him into the volumes of the public library as a wormy recluse. Here he must address his hamartia, and it is among the stacks where the film's confrontation scene unfolds.

Robards' psychological crime is that he is full of self-disappointment. The sinister carnival leader, Mr. Dark, preys on this weakness, as he does the character flaws of a barber who fantasizes about erotic encounters with exotic women, a tobacco salesman who wants nothing but money, and a spinster schoolteacher who wants to renew her youth. Only when the townspeople divorce themselves of their mental shackles will they be free souls; only then will Mr. Dark and his goulsh sidekicks be destroyed.

Comparisons to its book

source are unavoidable. Bradbury drafted a short story in 1948 in which he introduced Mr. Electrico (Mr. Dark). He expanded the Electrico theme into a film treatment in 1957, but was unable to gain enough financial backing for the project despite efforts from friends such as Gene Kelly. Bradbury shelved the idea until 1962 when he published *Something Wicked This Way Comes* as a science fiction novel, owing his title, of course, to Shakespeare's cauldron-brewing, future-predicting witches in *MacBeth*.

Bradbury has said that all science fiction writers are moralists and in *Something Wicked*, his allegorical treatment of evil and redemption in the form of a traveling carnival, run by mysterious, macabre characters, perfectly underscores the various dissatisfactions which haunt our lives.

His pages also bring to life the anxieties and strange fantasies entertained by boys living in emotionally

strained family situations. Retreating to dreams born out of comic strip fantasies, Bradbury's small town boys are like Tom and Huck chucked into a bizarre, alien vision of Illinois, Earth. The book reads like a swirling phantasmagoria, full of freaks and magic, madmen and secret pacts. What I remember most vividly are the sections which color a grey, moody ambience: feeling strange in familiar surroundings, hiding in a storm gutter, waking up from a bad dream, leaving home in the middle of the night, sensing a presence.

It is unfortunate that despite some beautiful photography, a couple of cute kids, and hords of creepy tarantulas, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, the film, is craftless cardboard. It is a circus without movie magic.



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## Ackroyd Inventive in 'Detroit' Despite Ridiculous Script

By PETER LEFEVRE

Can Dan Ackroyd make it on his own? What would it be like to find yourself up to your eyebrows in trouble with the Chicago mob, armed only with extensive knowledge of the works of Thomas Mallory? Do long limosines, stacks of cash and gorgeous women pique your interest? If these questions remain burning in your psyche, demanding immediate attention, *Doctor Detroit* has the cure.

As you might have guessed, this is not a serious film. It borders on the completely unbelievable. It's the type of movie where things happen that could only happen in the movies. Ridiculous, crass, bizarre and socially demented behavior abound. The images don't hit you over the head with their obviousness, they pound the cerebellum relentlessly with a cinematic baseball bat. *A Night at the Opera* has subtler moments.

Chi town has a new boss. The seat vacated by Al Capone is now filled (overfilled, to be sure) by a ruthless and sinister grandmother spoken of in hushed and petrified tones as "Mom." Fear and anguish strike in the hardest of hearts upon hearing the ominous and foreboding words, "Mom wants to see you...now."

This death knell sounds for Howard Hesseman early in the film. In order to explain why he doesn't have 80,000 bucks that he owes to Mom (and thus escaping an

untimely death by, perhaps, poisoned chocolate chip cookies) he concocts a vicious gangster muscling in on Mom's territory, the mysterious Doctor Detroit. Hesseman picks college teacher Dan Ackroyd off the street and after an evening of utter debauchery, he talks Ackroyd into being the Doctor.

Ackroyd as the college professor by day, wacko tough-guy by night, gives a truly weird performance. His concept of fashion, (yellow jacket, lime green pants, crimson shirt and steel hand) gives new life to the meaning of the word loud. On the otherhand, his supremely nerdish professor is not only an inventive comic persona, but a very intelligent one too.

The women that the Doctor inherits from Smooth (Hesseman) are exactly what they are supposed to be. Beautiful, friendly, fun and constantly smiling perfect rows of pearl white teeth. Fran Drescher, Lynn Whitfield, Lydia Lei and Donna Dixon are splendid in their portrayals of beautiful women who smile a lot.

Andrew Duggan guests as a rich tycoon making a donation to Ackroyd's college in the name of Harold Robbins Memorial.

Based on a story by Bruce Jay Friedman ("Scuba Duba, Steamboat") the script is fast and funny, though the plot is too silly at times. A special appearance by James Brown adds to the fun.

## ARTS entertainment

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## Siblings Square Off in 'Miss Reardon'

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

And *Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*, a play by Paul Zindel which focuses on the griefs and conflicts between three sisters seven months after the death of their mother, opens tonight in UCSB's Main Theatre. The play, which is being directed by Richard L. Homan who is an assistant professor in dramatic arts, is a production of the UCSB drama department.

Homan's interest in the play began eight years ago when he was a graduate student in Minneapolis; but his first impression of it was as a "black comedy with very sardonic — almost sick humor." He read it again more recently and became intrigued with what he saw in the play which the production he had seen had failed to bring out.

"In the process of studying the play I found out that I was really sympathetic to every character in it," Homan said, adding, "but every character in the play is really quite obnoxious. However, the fascinating thing for me has been finding out why these characters do obnoxious things." Homan likened the Reardon sisters to wounded animals who lash out because they have been hurt.

They are especially concerned with dealing with the grief associated with the death of their mother, Homan explained. In order to help the actors understand this further, Homan invited Rabbi Baker to study the play and attend a few rehearsals. Baker, who has counseled grief stricken families before, said that Zindel's rendering of the situation is "clinically textbook correct." He also pointed out the effect of having the mother in the house while she was dying; "she became the center of everything on all levels," Homan said, and because of the upbringing they had under her hand, the three sisters are still only able to overcome her influence to varying degrees.

Because the mother's influence on the three sisters is still so important within the world of the play, Homan and scene designer Sharon Perlmutter decided that the house should reflect the character of the mother; the sisters have not changed her interior decorating style anymore than they have changed their own outlook since she had been alive. From indications in the script, Perlmutter gathered that Mama Reardon was a woman who had "a level of bad taste in decor." The living room that Perlmutter has created then is based upon these design decisions combined with the look associated with an eastern 1930s apartment.

From there, Marion Ruiz, who is designing the lighting, set about to "light a realistic room with no dramatic or intense colors or angles, yet support the action with warm and cool colors to accentuate the more dramatic moments." One example of how Ruiz incorporated this concept into her design is the way she lit the two hallways leading into the room. The hallway leading to the exterior world is lit to be cold and uninviting whereas the hallway leading to the back rooms is warm and comforting. From the point of view of Zindel's characters the transition from mama's table to the outside world is a difficult and threatening one.

Costume designer Patty Whitelock worked within a similar concept. She observed that the characters are all very different, but was able to group them into personality clusters. For the characters who are the most afraid of the world, and the happiest within the Reardon household, Whitelock used light weight, faded fabrics which compliment the dominant mauve colors of Perlmutter's set. For the stronger and more outward characters, Whitelock used heavy fabrics with more saturated colors.

The sister who falls closer to the faded side of Whitelock's palette, but nonetheless is able to deal with the outside world to an extent, is Catherine Reardon who is the middle sister. Christine Stevens who plays Catherine says that Christine's way of dealing with the world is through her wise cracks.

"She views the whole world as one huge joke," Stevens explained. Catherine's reason's for being obnoxious lie in

her feelings of being in her older sister's shadow as well as being caught between the vulnerable youngest sister and the strong and independent oldest sister. A lot of the play's humor lies in Catherine's nastiness, however. "She has a sense of humor with a point — it is destructive in a lot of ways but it is very, very funny," Stevens said.

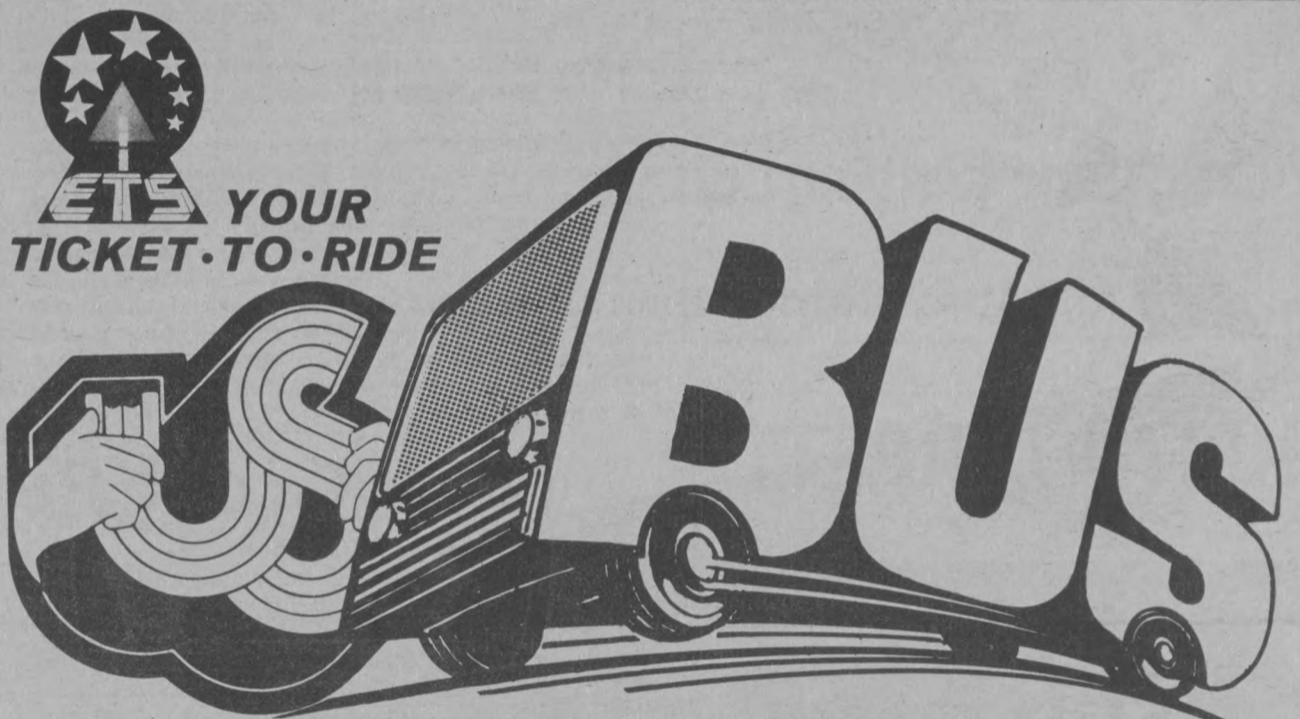
The oldest sister, Ceil, who is played by Suzanne Irving, is the most successful in terms of her career and personal life outside of the family. Irving expressed concern over the possibility that Ceil may appear heartless. "She has little tolerance for weakness, especially in her younger sisters," Irving explained. Unlike them Ceil's way is to "drive forward, pull herself up by the bootstraps and go on," Irving said; her sisters cannot forgive her for making it in the outside world, and although Ceil would like to have the respect and affection of her sisters, she is afraid of getting dragged down into their world.

Susan Verducci plays Anna Reardon who, as opposed to Ceil, deals with the world and her grief by indulging in hypochondria, thus hiding from the world outside. Rabbi Baker helped Verducci understand that in a sense Anna likes to be ill because she does not have to deal with the responsibilities of coping with life.

Because of her illness, however, it is Anna who brings the family back together much the same way their mother did when she was the center of attention before she died. What is especially interesting to Verducci about this play is how the alliances between the three sisters are continually shifting; "All three of them are jealous of the other two being close, and so they're always trying to break the other two apart." It is not until Fleur and Bob Stein arrive in the second act, that the three sisters protect one another and observe how Fleur and Bob antagonize each other instead.

James McCarthy, who plays Bob, feels that he and Laura Wernette (Fleur), provide much of the comic relief in the play. Bob is a little ignorant, McCarthy stated, but he is not a villain. "Bob tries to exonerate himself by making a sincere effort to tell the Reardon sisters what he thinks is wrong with them, but his approach is a simplistic one." Much of the humor in the play is derived from the way the Reardon sisters deal with the people from outside. When Bob and Fleur, Mrs. Pentrano (Julie Edwards) and the delivery boy (Patrick Duffy), enter the Reardon abode they are pitted against themselves as well as the three sisters who delight in poking fun at such figures of the establish-

(Please turn to pg.7A, col.5)



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## Blasters Examine Hard Knocks of Life

By HUGH HAGGERTY

With all the exploitation of synthesizers and techno-pop these days, kicking up your heels to rock-roots revival bands like the Blasters can be a welcome relief. Their third release, *Non Fiction*, is an impressive addition to this reactionary movement. The Blasters can be thought of as a nice mix between the honky-tonk sleasiness of Joe Ely and the bawdy brashness of the Stray Cats. While the music of all these bands emphasizes partying and good times, *Non Fiction* is especially commendable for its provocative lyrics. Like the title of the album suggests, there aren't any fairy tales on it.

In the vein of Bruce Springsteen, the lyrics on this album reflect how the strains of everyday living can take all the fun out of life. Routine and hard times make people lose hope and forget their dreams. Fulfilling your dreams is what life in America is made of and sometimes it's hard to live when your dreams get trampled. Contrasting the seeming gloominess of the lyrics to the catchy rockabilly romp of the Blasters' music, the end result is that when you've got the blues, the best thing to do is to sing it out and dance away so that you can laugh about it when it's over.

The opening "Red Rose" reminds me of the Jam's "That's Entertainment," because of its allusion to the attempt to find meaning amidst the wasteland of a concrete jungle. "You said we could never come back and walked away through the housing tract/ Leaving me with what's left: one red rose from a new black dress."

A rather optimistic moment on the album is "Jubilee

Train" which expresses the hope that people out of luck will rally together. "You could see the men in the Hoovilles/ You could hear the poor women cry/ Get on board there's a New Deal comin'/ Heard about a Jubilee Train..."

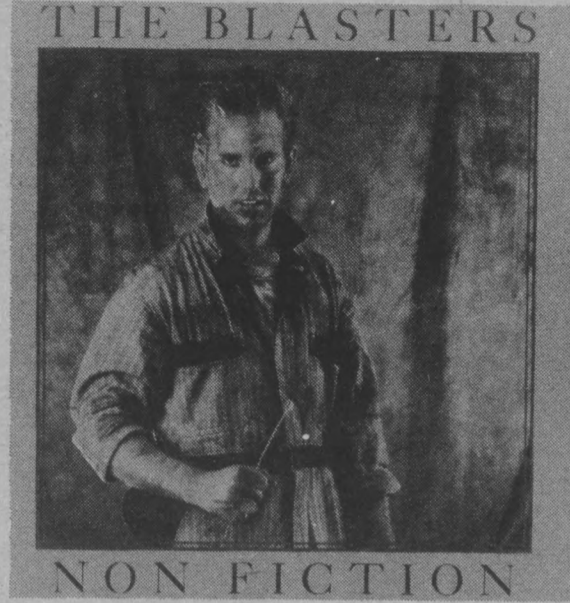
Two songs on the album, "It Must Be Love" and "Fool's Paradise," are extremely ironic because they narrate a series of cliches about love and small-town life and it is hard for the listener to decide whether to condemn these traditions or to celebrate them the way the music wants you to.

"Long White Cadillac" moans about a famous guy who lost what he had. Incidentally, it's dedicated to Hank Williams. "Boomtown" is dedicated to Po' Joe Williams who I can just see crooning out the verses with a banjo on a wooden porch in Kansas. "Skyscrapers rising from the desert floor, eighteen people in a shack next door/ It ain't so easy living in this boomtown."

Closing the album, the Blasters included an upbeat cover tune in "Tag Along" which affirms the good faith

the Blasters have for music to cure all ills.

The Blasters are part of the country/blues rock musical genre which goes back to pre-Elvis Presley days but the exuberance and quality musicianship of the band make them a hearty substitute for the sterilized blandness of many of today's synthesizer bands. The Blasters just recently joined the list of bands to bust out of the competitive Los Angeles music scene and their new *Non Fiction* promises some fierce competition for the strutting space currently dominated by the Stray Cats.



## New Order Remains Isolated

By JONATHAN CHARD

Out of Joy Division came New Order. A new name, a new beginning...or so it should have been. During their first year of existence it was as if New Order labored under a great weight: to them, Ian Curtis was more of an albatross than a dead hero. Beleaguered by an adoring music press and public in England, they released a classic single called "Ceremony" (a Joy Division song), the heavily electronic "Everything's Gone Green" and a clumsy album called *Movement* which cooled the press's ardor considerably.

It is as much easier to judge things in retrospect, but that album, dour and mostly uninspiring, appears now to represent a band almost trapped in its search for a dual identity — public and private. Coming soon after the last official Joy Division release *Still*, *Movement* was not the brave new start that its title suggested.

Even live, the tension was evident, as they played to packed audiences of hero worshippers. But don't get me wrong, I was as guilty as the rest. Boy, did it feel good, marching along Brighton seafront to the club they were playing in; passing the unfortunate throngs waiting impatiently outside, shrugging my shoulders to the oft repeated question: "Got a ticket to spare?" Excursions of this kind were the gauche and trendy thing to do, if you possessed the foresight to purchase a ticket in advance.

On stage, New Order just played their set and left, with no introductions, no encores, no goodbyes. They still do, but now it's with the experience of two years in the limelight.

Since that first year, releases have been few. Before this spring the only new material has been "Temptation," a single in distinctly different seven- and 12-inch versions. Many months after *Movement*, it came as a reaffirmation of faith: proof that when left to themselves, they could produce the kind of music Joy Division had led people to expect of them. Yet it successfully transcended the Joy Division mold more than any previous song. Aimed at the dance floor, "Temptation" hit at the heart as well as the feet through Bernard Albrecht's nervous, precise, almost religious vocals:

*Up down turn around  
Please don't let me hit the ground  
Tonight I think I'll walk alone  
I'll find my soul as I go home*

To expect more of the same intensity is to expect a lot. Yet with New Order perhaps more than any other band currently operating, the expectation is there. The question is, does their new album, *Power Corruption and Lies* (along with its preceding single "Blue Monday," New Order's first official releases in America) fulfill it?

As with *Movement*, the album's packaging gives very few clues about the nature of its contents. Both the inner and outer sleeves are devoid of all information bar the origins of the cover painting. This in itself is a surprise. Gone are the Peter Saville adaptations of 1930s futurism which marked so many of their earlier releases, and instead we have a reproduction of a simple painting entitled "Roses." If anything, the few details given suggest a further move toward isolation. For example New Order are now self-produced, having dispensed with Martin Hannett who had been with them since the days of Joy Division.

Much of the music on "Power Corruption and Lies" is surprisingly warm, ranging from the majestically atmospheric "Your Silence Face" to the almost frivolous "The Village" which owes a great deal to "Temptation." If you want Joy Division seriousness, it is there in such pieces as "Ultraviolence" and "We All Stand," the former being

characterized by pounding drums and pointed lyrics, the latter more than any other track a journey to the dark side.

The main ambiguity of this album is in its lyrics. New Order's mastery of electronic music is beyond doubt and instantly recognized, but their lyrics are a different matter. Here they range from the trivial, to arrogance and even to despair. In "The Village" Albrecht could almost be making up the choruses as he goes along:

*Oh our love is like the flowers  
The rain the sea and the hours*

And

*Oh our love is like the earth  
The sun the trees and the birth*

At other times his arrogance is crushing, as in "Your



Silent Face" where the soaring synthesized beauty of the music is contradicted somewhat by its closing couplet:

*You've caught me at a bad time  
So why don't you piss off*

This anger works best of all when it is mixed with hopelessness, as in "Leave Me Alone" — the album's piece de resistance. Over a solid foundation of bass, drums and guitar, Albrecht philosophizes about life only to ultimately tell us:

*From my head to my toes  
Through my teeth through my nose  
You get these words wrong  
You get these words wrong  
Every time  
I just smile*

The whole thing is reminiscent of a Baudelairian search for something in life you never manage to find, eventually resigning yourself to your fate:

*But for these last few days  
Leave me alone*

The effect is frightening. As with "We All Stand," one (Please turn to pg.6A, col.6)

# Roxy's Romantic Concert in Paradise

By JAY DE DAPPER

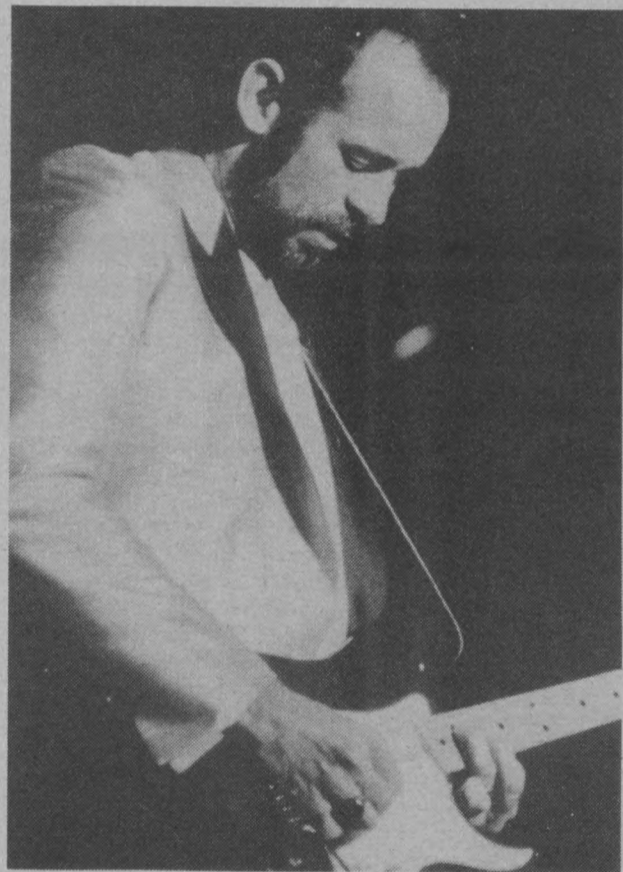
It is very unusual that a band is so engrossing on stage that the music is inseparable from the show. There are bands that rely on props and gimmicks to carry the music. There are also bands that rely on the music to carry the evening. In both of these all-to-common situations the show is for the most part forgettable. Friday night at the Santa Barbara County Bowl was definitely not forgettable, however, thanks to Roxy Music.

Roxy Music has existed in various forms since 1971 and has toured the U.S. three times. The tour they are currently on is the first American tour in seven years, yet their hiatus seems only to have made them better. Friday's show was unquestionably one of the very best concerts to come our way in many years.

The Stranglers opened the show and were the perfect compliment to Roxy Music, both bands being very European at heart. The Stranglers, dressed entirely in black were quite good at what they were doing. Guitarist and vocalist Hugh Cornwell performed vigorously to a



Above: Bryan Ferry; below: Phil Manzanera.



polite, but unenthusiastic crowd. They did manage, however, to turn some ears and consequently heads their way which, while in Europe is quite easy for them, seems to be a Herculean feat stateside. This is a real shame because they do have a lot to offer. The crowd was waiting nonetheless for Roxy Music. It turned out to be worth the wait.

Technically Roxy is superb. Bryan Ferry has one of the best voices in popular music and his poetic air does nothing but enhance his performance. He is an artist poetically, musically, and theatrically so he doesn't need to act that way. He doesn't dance around like some coked-up kid. Ferry has class and exhibits it without pretention. He is the "lounge lizard" that some call him.

The other two original members, guitarist Phil Manzanera and reedist Andy MacKay do their best to be heard and not seen. They certainly aren't flashy performers but they play as well as anyone. Manzanera is versatile enough to play effectively the most moody passages one minute and turn around and happily bash out power chords the next. (Well almost power chords...). MacKay is equally versatile. From the quiet, somber passages of "Main Thing" he easily moves into Indian-influenced soprano sax solos in "Both Ends Burning." By the time he duckwalks across the stage on "Editions of You" he has spanned a whole range of styles.

Drummer Andy Newmark is as good as the frontmen. His abilities developed with Weather Report, he plays right into Roxy's vein. Percussionist Jimmy Maelen and keyboardist Guy Fletcher seem to be well-prepared, if not exactly



Andy MacKay. Photos by Jay De Dapper.

outstanding. Vocalists Tawatha Agee, Michelle Cobbs and Fonzi Thornton round out the group, complimenting both Ferry's dancing and the band's look. And the look is very important.

Roxy starts with a very understated, simple set. There are 11 people on stage yet things are neat. Flanked by Manzanera and MacKay up front and bassist Alan Spenser and guitarist Neil Hubbard near the risers, Ferry commands the center of both the stage and the audience's attention. The drum kit rises behind Ferry and is flanked by the keyboards and the percussion set. The three backup (Please turn to pg.7A, col.3)

## Koko Taylor Blows Roof Off of La Casa

By DAN FLYNN

La Casa de la Raza was buzzing with anticipation before the start of the Koko Taylor show last Monday night. Koko has a reputation for delivering raucous, hard-driving blues music, and Santa Barbara oldtimers fondly remember how she raised the roof off of Baudelaires three years ago. Well, Monday's show was no less exciting as Koko and her band turned the smoky, dimly-lit La Casa into a big-city nightclub with two sets of electrifying Chicago blues.

The Blues Machine, Koko's back-up, took the stage shortly after 8 p.m. and two things immediately became apparent. First, I realized that there was no way I could remain seated for this show. The band's playing was tight, loud, spirited, and highly danceable. Secondly, lead guitarist Emmet "Maestro" Sanders had enough talent to

tour in his own right. Brandishing a double cut-away electric Gibson and playing in a fluid, B.B. King-style, Sanders churned out one astounding solo after another, drawing appreciative yells and applause from the audience. Sanders also displayed a fine singing voice on a couple of the numbers, and before long the crowd was worked up into the loose, celebrative spirit that characterizes Santa Barbara blues shows.

Sensing that the time was right to bring out the star, Sanders began his introduction: "Are you ready for the Queen, that is, the Queen of the Blues..." and the crowd made some respectably loud noise. Playfully unsatisfied with the response, Sanders began again: "I said are you ready..." and this time the audience came thundering back. Gold teeth flashing, Koko made her way onto the stage and led the band into

"Let the Good Times Roll." Those in the audience that had not heard her sing before expressed amazement at the strength of her vocals — it's a wonder how she can tour so extensively and still maintain her growling, gut-busting delivery.

"Let the Good Times Roll" was followed by a slow number "Blow-top Blues," and then another blues anthem "Sweet Home Chicago." When Koko encouraged people to get up and boogie, the small area in front of the stage quickly filled up and dancers flooded into the aisles.

The spirit of the late Muddy Waters hung over the evening, having died on April 30, and was probably the most important link between blues and rock music. Having toured with Muddy in her earlier years, Koko dedicated a song to him — a reworking of his "I'm a Man" to "I'm a

Woman." It was an impassioned performance, with a sweating Koko leaning against the microphone and belting out the new lyrics with her eyes shut. It also embodied the qualities about her that I find laudable: she is a fiercely independent woman who can hold her own in a style of music that is often characterized by patronizing males putting down their women. Other tunes in Koko's repertoire also reflect this assertion of female autonomy, such as the humorous reply to male sexual advances, "Thanks, but No Thanks."

Tune followed tune, with Koko trying to honor as many requests as possible. She gave an extended version of her million-selling hit "Wang Dang Doodle" and included a blues favorite "Hey Bartender."

Interdisciplinary Graduate Symposium



Technology Power and  
Human  
Responsibility

May 13 & 14

Session I: Fri, 3-5:30 pm Centennial House (Poll Sci, Rel St, Soc)  
Session II: Fri, 8-10 pm UCen Pavillon LANGDON WINNER: Guest Speaker  
Session III: Sat, 9-Noon, Centennial House (Physics, Hist, Rel St.)

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For further info, contact Roger 961-3578

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# Ayer's 'Philosophy': Rationalists vs. Empiricists

By CHARLES CRELLIN  
A.J. Ayer's *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century* begins with a defense of philosophy against the criticism that it has not made any real progress since Plato. The natural sciences can boast a relative amount of progress (e.g. Einstein's theories superseded Newton's as a tool of explanation) but philosophy cannot make this claim. The same questions debated by Plato and Aristotle are still being debated in a different fashion today.  
To see if philosophy has made any progress, we must

first understand the perennial set of problems it faces. Ayer considers the chief problem of philosophy to be objectivity. This problem has divided philosophers into two camps: the rationalist and the empiricist. It is a rough division, because throughout the history of philosophy, philosophers have borrowed and synthesized each other's ideas in forming their own systems. But generally, it is the credo of rationalism that there is a universal system of axioms explaining the nature of reality. Empiricism, on the other hand,

looks for a single phrase to capture the stage to which philosophy has progressed, 'the study of language'...the study of evidence goes further inasmuch as it does not limit us, as 'the study of language' appears to do, to elucidating the content of our beliefs, but also raises the question of our warrant for holding them..." The study of evidence, Ayer says, has returned two questions to the forefront of philosophical interest: "What are we justified in taking there to be? and, How far is what there is of our own making?"

The function of philosophy, in Ayer's opinion, is that it should be critical in the sense of "the study of evidence," and explanatory in that it takes its "subject matter from elsewhere, whether it be from one or other of the arts or sciences, or the pre- and semi-scientific beliefs and discourse of everyday life." Philosophers in the 20th century have discarded the idea that they can proceed from self-evident first principles and arrive by pure reflection at a picture of the world. "One of the discoveries which has been

made is that it (philosophy) lacks the capital for setting up in business on its own," Ayer asserts. This sounds interesting and sensible enough. But anyone at all familiar with 20th century philosophy knows that it deals in obscure currency. Even given its own critical constraints philosophy has been unnecessarily pedantic and recondite. Academic philosophy is without a doubt a valuable campus business, and it has even, though rarely, sold its product to the outside world with startling success.

Ayer himself has been a distinguished participant in 20th century philosophy ever since publishing *Language, Truth, and Logic* in 1936, and has since published such important books as *Metaphysics and Common Sense* and *The Central Questions of Philosophy*. Ayer considers this book a sequel to Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy* which ended at the beginning of the 20th century. And like Russell, Ayer is a good writer who combines a sense of humor with a sense of honesty. But neither Russell's or Ayer's book is as sure and thorough and reasonable a guide to philosophy as Fredrick Copleston's *History of Philosophy*.  
A.J. Ayer's *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century* is a good map to a very small territory.

## the movies

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## New Order

(Continued from pg.4A) gets the impression that these three men and one woman are exploring depths few would dare to venture into. Whichever way you view "Power Corruption And Lies," ultimately it is difficult not to admire it. The main problem with New Order is understanding them. Their steadfast refusal to court the pomp and ceremony of the rock circuit, to advertise and be interviewed means that the songs stand alone as representatives of their intent. And how much they actually want us to know is doubtful. Such blatant isolationism is not necessarily a good thing, but here at least the music is more than enough to carry the album.  
Try it at your own risk, just be prepared to appreciate rather than understand.

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# Author Services Announces Screenplay Contest

By JOHN BURSCHINGER

Author Services, Inc., a Los Angeles literary agency, has recently announced its plans to inaugurate a nationwide contest among college students for a screenplay or detailed screen treatment based on the best-selling science fiction novel, *Battlefield Earth*, by science fiction author L. Ron Hubbard.

According to Bill Widder, Chairman of the Board of Dateline Communications, (representatives of Author Services), the details of the nationwide contest are now being finalized.

According to Widder the idea for a contest was formulated by Author Services last fall. "We had the idea for a contest, but it never took form until now," he explained.

The reason for sponsoring a college student contest was Hubbard's willingness to encourage young writers, Widder said. "He was once a screenwriter himself," he said.

Widder also believes there is plenty of young talent around to produce a fine script. "I was astonished that there was no Goldwyn award (an annual award given to aspiring young screenwriters) given this year. Apparently there were not enough entries of sufficient quality. That's disturbing; there is plenty of quality material out there," he said.

Widder is unsure as to what kind of response he will receive. "I don't know how many entrants we will get. I hope the response is heavy. I can guarantee all entries will

be read and considered," he said.

When contacted by the Daily Nexus about the contest, Bob Potter of the UCSB Department of Dramatic Art, said, "There are many screenplay competitions each year. I have not heard about this one, but I assume it may have more to do with Scientology than screenwriting."

The success of *Star Wars*, *Star Trek* and other science fiction films prompted Widder to choose *Battlefield Earth*. "It is an appropriate area. We believe we are only seeing the beginning of a long trend in science fantasy and science fiction films. This genre has really taken off recently. You can say that these science fiction films are the new westerns," he said. "We also represent the L. Ron Hubbard people on their major projects."

Widder said the details of the contest are still being worked out. "In regard to prizes, a number of states have specific legislation governing what we can do in this kind of contest.... Quite possibly, the winning screenplay will be produced, which is the ultimate prize."

The selection of the judges has also yet to be determined. "We are looking for both science fiction and non-science fiction people," Widder said. "We want it to be as fair as it can be."

The local Hubbard group, Dyanetics of Santa Barbara, is enthusiastic about the contest. "It is a great idea. The book is entertaining and positive," spokesperson Will Ragsdale said. "It is not like *Friday the 13th*; there is a moral to the

story."

The novel is a saga of earth and a handful of its surviving inhabitants pitted on desperate rebellion against the psychotyranny — unfolding across a vast canvas of planetary invasion, nuclear annihilation and interstellar war in the year 3000 A.D. *Battlefield Earth* has already been on *Time* magazine's national top ten bestseller lists.

The novel is currently seventh on Waldenbooks' best-seller list, compiled from more than 800 Waldenbook stores across the country.

## 'Reardon' ...

(Continued from pg.3A)

ment.

Homan explained the play's humor by pointing out how farce and pain are so closely linked. "In *Miss Reardon* we are not laughing at physical or intellectual pain; we are laughing at the kind of pain that I think American society is most concerned with these days — the pain of family relationships."

*And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little* runs May 12-13 and 18-20 at 8 p.m. and May 14 and 21 at 5 and 8:30 p.m.

## Eventualities

The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra performs tonight with pianist Veronica Jochum in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. For tickets, call 961-3535.

*And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*, a play by Paul Zindel, opens tonight in the Studio Theatre. (See story on pg. 3A.)

For colored girls who have considered suicide when the rainbow is enuf, a celebration of being black and being a woman, opens Friday, May 13 at the Ensemble Theatre Project, 914 Santa Barbara St. The show runs through June 18. For tickets and information, call 962-8606.

*Macbeth* opens tonight at 8 p.m. in Girvetz 1004. The show, performed by the Shakespearians, runs through May 28. For tickets, call Claudio Furguie, 966-7258.

*Two Pieces for Music Theater*, *A Facade Cabaret* and *The Frieze of Life*, will be performed by the UCSB Opera Theater Friday and Saturday, May 13 and 14 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. Admission is free.

*Pandora's Child*, a play, will be performed Friday, May 14, at 9 p.m. in the Santa Rosa Dorm Formal Lounge.

*The Drowning Pool* starring Paul Newman screens Sunday, May 15 at 7:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

*A Life in the Theatre*, a play by David Mamet, will be presented at the Timbers Dinner Theatre in Goleta through June 26. For information and reservations, call 685-4342.

Bertolt Brecht's *The Good Person of Szechwan* opens May 19 at 8 p.m. in the Main Theatre. This UCSB Dramatic Art Department production runs through May 28. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.

The Festival of Animation returns to Santa Barbara Friday, May 13 through Monday, May 16 at the Victoria Street Theatre. For more information, call 965-1886.

The Art of the Troubadour, a summer residency course in Dorset, England with famed teacher/performer Martin Best, is being offered by UCSB Extension and the Alliance for Creative Theatre, Education and Research (ACTER). For information, call the ACTER office, 961-2457 or 2911.

## Roxy Music

(Continued from pg.5A)

singers top off the pyramid.

The lighting is very straightforward with the exception of the tubular spots on the Venetian blinds that fall behind the players. When things are real emotional, the blue lighting is augmented by just the right amount of mist. The selection of techniques and colors for each tune is exceptional — nowhere is there anything that seems out of place. Outdoors on a coolish Friday evening in "paradise," it seemed as though the show was custom-made for the surroundings.

Ambience is the commodity Roxy Music deals in and they are professionals in that business. What sets them apart from their many imitators is that they are simply quite brilliant. The band uses everything at their disposal to transform the show into a kind of musical feast of romanticism. (Is that pretentious and overwritten or what?)

Friday night the audience responded to all of this just right. As the band segued from "Dance Away" into "Love is the Drug" they pulled the crowd in. "Editions of You" and "Do the Strand" were both placed to assure similar success. Roxy Music moved through more moods than a schizophrenic, yet nothing dragged nor did anything seem rushed. The crowd floated through the seductive "Jealous Guy" and danced through "Love is the Drug." Choreographed in every way, the Roxy Music show was really as much as anyone could have asked for from some of rock's most influential, but aging members — a hair short of perfection.

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**FRIDAY, MAY 13**  
**7:30 & 9:30pm**  
*A New Surf Movie by Hal Jepsen*  
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## THE PEOPLE'S STORY: SANDINO: TODAY AND FOREVER

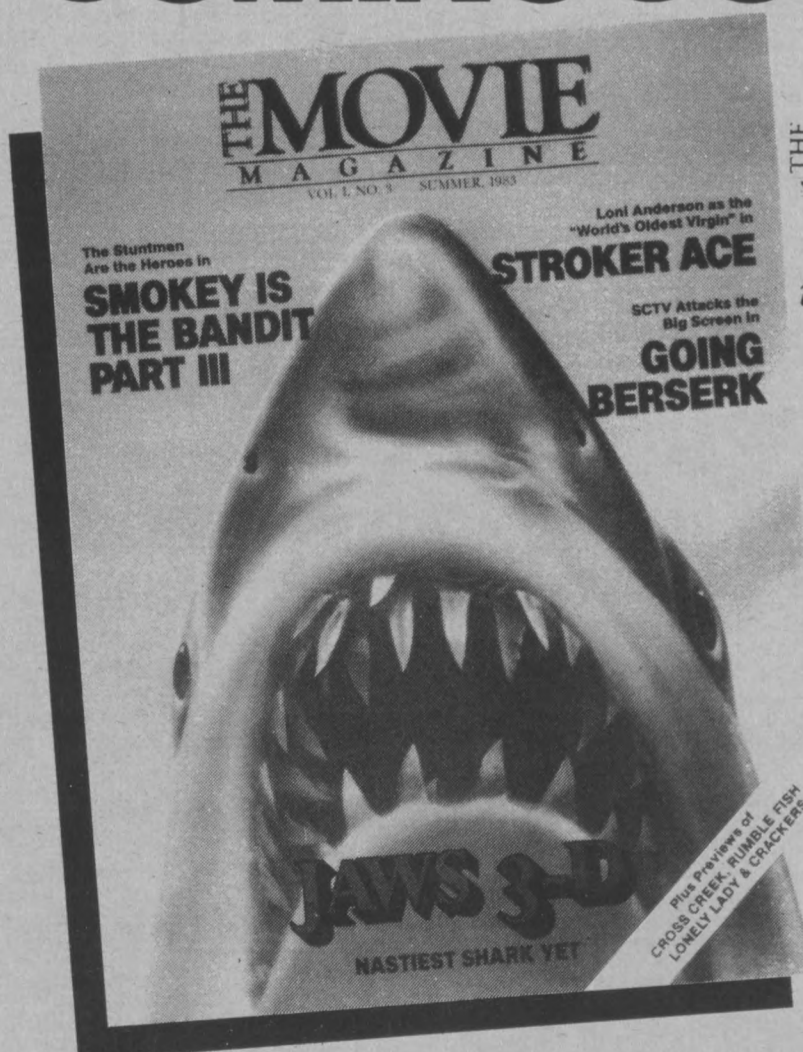
A film about the revolution and reconstruction of Nicaragua.

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# DON'T MISS IT!

# A. S. PROGRAM BOARD

Editor:  
James Watts

This page provided and paid for by the A.S. Program Board



"The Man Who Fell to Earth," which marked one of David Bowie's first attempts as a cinematic actor, will be shown in the UCen Pavilion, Wed., May 18, at 7 and 9 p.m. This marks the third in the series of films which were requested by UCSB students as ones which they most wanted to see. The film, which also features offbeat performances by Candy Clar, Buck Henry, and Rip Torn, has been extremely popular with audiences who have never even heard of Ziggy Stardust. Admission for the film is \$2.00 students/\$2.50 general.

## Stokely Carmichael African Liberation Day Recognized

The Associated Students Cultural Events Committee will be sponsoring a lecture featuring Stokely Carmichael aka Kwame Ture (Kaa-May Too-Ray), former Civil Rights Advocate and leader SNCC (SNICK) Student Nonviolent Coordination Society in the '60s. Carmichael also laid a foundation for the All African People's Revolutionary Party. In the sixties he was at the forefront of the Black Power Movement. In the seventies he seemed to be missing in action. Now 15 years later, having resurfaced as Kwame Ture, Stokely Carmichael continues to struggle for the motherland. Kwame Ture now makes his home in Guinea, Africa. His lecture will be focused around the attitudes of Africans and African Americans in regards to African Liberation and what it means to the African and the African American.

Tickets for this event will go on sale Fri., May 13, at Morninglory Music in Isla Vista, The Lobero Theatre, Santa Barbara and the A.S. Ticket Office, UCSB. General Admission \$5, Students \$4.

This event will prove to be culturally enlightening and extremely educational. For more information call the A.S. Ticket Office, 961-2064.



This unusual composition created out of various ready made materials is currently on exhibition in the UCen Art Gallery.

## Tomorrow

# A.S.P.B. Psychedelic Conference II

(May 13 & 14, 1983)

## PARTICIPANTS

Walter Houston Clark, Ph.D.

Professor of Psychology of Religion (ret.) Andover Newton Theological School; expert in entheogens and mystical experience; author of numerous articles and books including *Chemical Ecstasy*.

R. C. Gordon-McCutchan, Ph.D.

Religious Studies Department, University of California at Santa Barbara; expert in Church-State relations and first amendment protections for religion.

Albert Hofmann, Ph.D.

Head of the Pharmaceutical-Chemical Research Laboratories, Sandoz, Ltd. (ret.); Discoverer of LSD, Synthesizer of psilocybin; author of *LSD-My Problem Child*.

Ralph Metzner, Ph.D.

Psychologist and one of the fathers of experimentation with entheogens; co-author of *Psychedelic Experience, The Ecstatic Adventure* and *The Psychedelic Reader*.

Humphrey Osmond, Ph.D.

Psychologist, coiner of the term psychedelic; one of the earliest researchers in the field of entheogens; author of *The Psychedelics* and *The Hallucinogens*.

Jonathan Ott

Independent chemist and free-lance writer; contributor of many books, translations and articles on entheogens; (ed.) *Teonanacatl: Hallucinogenic Mushrooms of North America*.

Carl A. P. Ruck, Ph.D.

Professor of Greek, Boston University; expert on entheogenic usage in ancient Greece, author of *The Road to Eleusis: Unveiling the Secret of the Mysteries*.

Alexander Shulgin, Ph.D.

Research chemist and scientific consultant; expert in future drugs and the chemistry of entheogens.

Andrew Weil, M.D.

Research Associate, Harvard Botanical Museum, author of *The Natural Mind and Drugs: Chocolate to Morphine*; expert on contemporary usage of entheogenic substances.

## A.S. Logo Contest

Artistic? Think you have the talent to design a new A.S. Program Board Logo?

Well now is your chance. Come up with a winner and you will receive recognition. Your Logo will be used in all future Program Board activities. Deadline for New Logo is Friday May 27 at 5 p.m. Drop design off in Program Board office.

## What is A.S.P.B.?

What is the A.S. Program Board?

What is its purpose on this campus?

What do students have to benefit from this entity?

These are all questions that concern many of us. If you are one of those, feel free to come up and talk to me, Mark Wolff, Rep at Large. Office hours are Monday 1-3 p.m., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 1-2 p.m. in the Program Board Office, third floor of the UCen.

## CONFERENCE PROGRAM

Friday May 13th (7:30-9:30 p.m.)

### Ethnobotanical And Historical Perspectives On Entheogens

Andrew Weil: "Curandera, Shaman and Ayahuasquero—Entheogens in South and MesoAmerica"

Carl Ruck: "The Wild and the Cultivated—Entheogens in the Eleusian Mysteries"

Jonathan Ott: "The Soma Mushroom—Entheogens in Vedic Culture"

Saturday May 14th (1:30-3:30 p.m.)

### Entheogens And Psychological Integration

Humphrey Osmond: "The Early Days—Mescaline Opens Huxley's Doors of Perception"

Ralph Metzner: "Entheogens and Psychospiritual Transformation"

Alexander Shulgin: "Future Drugs"

Saturday May 14th (7:30-9:30 p.m.)

### Entheogens And The Life Of The Spirit

Walter Houston Clark: "Chemical Ecstasy"

Albert Hofmann: "LSD: My Problem Child"

R. C. Gordon-McCutchan: "Entheogens and 1st Amendment Protection of Religious Freedom"

All sessions will take place  
in UCSB's Campbell Hall



The Women's Film Series, co-sponsored by the A.S. Program Board and the A.S. Commission on the Status of Women, continues with "Lady Sings the Blues," that much-acclaimed debut of Diana Ross as a film actress, playing that most tragic blues singer, Billie Holiday. The movie also features a slightly offbeat performance by Richard Pryor. The film will screen May 17 at 7 and 9 p.m. in Geology 1100, and admission is \$2.00 students, \$2.50 general.



The White Fronts will be appearing tonight at 8:30 in the Pub. Admission is free.