

# ARTS

*entertainment*

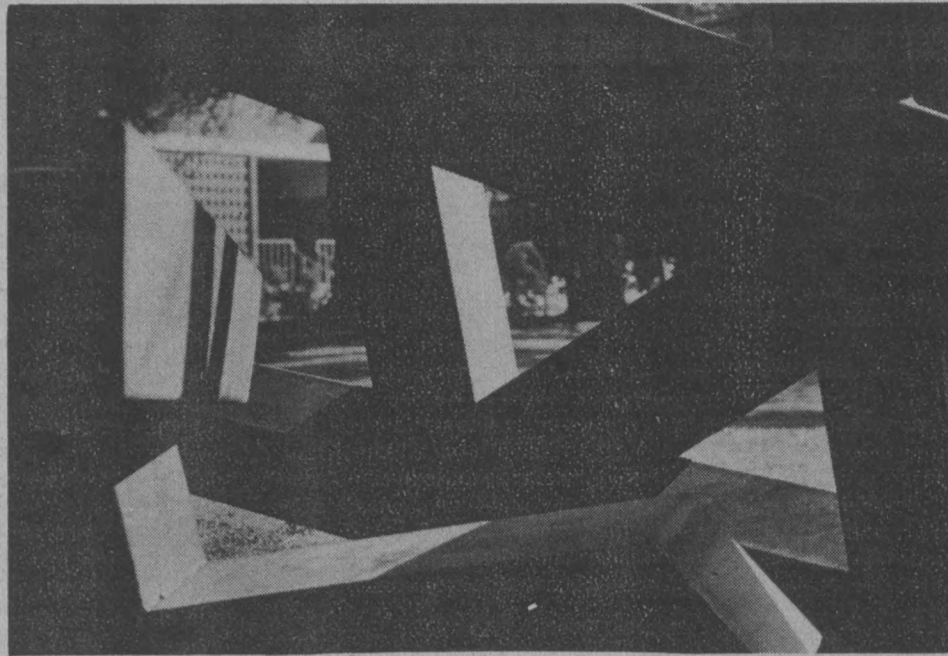


**Special Movie Issue**

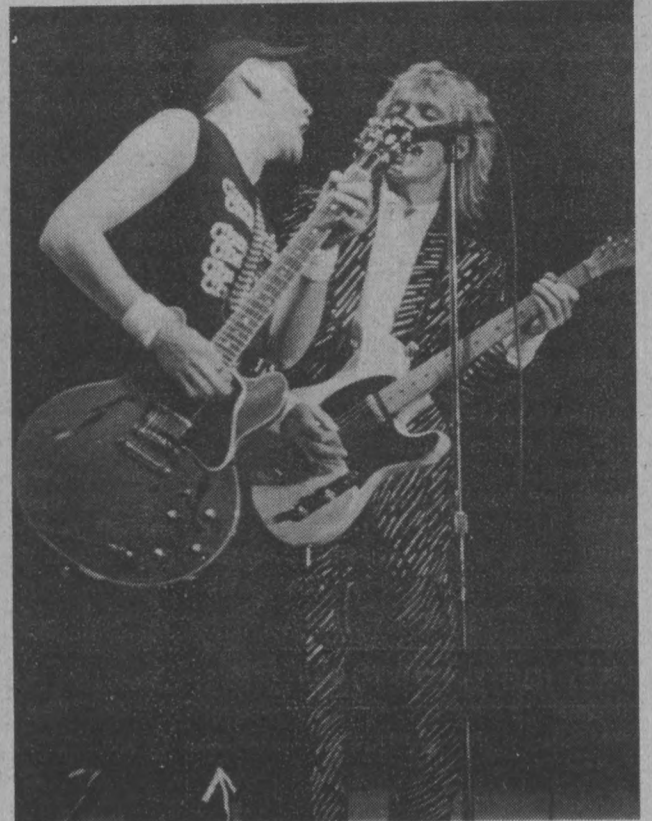
R. Gray 83

## ARTS entertainment

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This sculpture, *Ruins VII*, by New York artist Dr. Ernest Shaw, is one of three new campus art pieces given to the University Art Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Don L. Gevirtz. It is constructed of black painted steel. Photo by Greg Wong.



Cheap Trick rocked the Arlington Theater last month. Photo by Tom Siegel.

## Interior Works at Museum

An exhibit of the interior works of New York artist Mary Miss, a distinguished alumna of UCSB and one of America's foremost sculptors, will be shown at the University Art Museum from Jan. 12 to Feb. 20, 1983.

An opening reception, hosted by the museum and the University Art Affiliates will be held Tuesday, Jan. 11, from 5 to 7 p.m. for the Santa Barbara community, students, and members of the general campus.

Since the mid-1960s, Mary Miss has created a legacy of structures and spaces that often suggest architectural metaphors. Although primarily known for a body of large-scale outdoor sculpture, Miss has also constructed projects and

made objects that were essentially intended to be experienced in interior, architectural environments. They are works that investigate the same spatial and perceptual phenomena.

The exhibition will include both small works and several larger pieces that are more akin to the kinds of structures Miss has created outdoors. The pieces reflect Miss' basic concerns to extract images from everyday life, to isolate them for our inspection, and to exploit the character of her chosen materials. Miss uses common substances, such as wood, canvas, pipe and rope in her sculpture and amplifies their qualities by recreating patterns that can be found in everyday

life. "I'm trying to pull out imagery that's all around us," she said, "but that people just don't use or pay much attention to." The exhibit is the first retrospective of Miss' interior works and will include 20 of her projects, dating from 1966 to 1980, reflecting every phase of her career.

Miss will speak about her own work and about art in public places at 5 p.m., Wednesday, Feb. 15, in Lotte Lehman Concert Hall. The public is invited to attend free of charge.

Museum hours are 10-4 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays, and 1-5 p.m. Sundays and holidays. For more information, call 961-2951.

## 'Nutcracker' Performed

By JULIE DESNICK

If you skipped the slopes this vacation and stayed in Santa Barbara, you may have had the pleasure of seeing a performance of *The Nutcracker Ballet*. The Santa Barbara Symphony and The Goleta Civic Ballet collaborated in a grand production of Tchaikovsky's holiday classic, presenting two performances on Dec. 18.

The cast of the ballet consisted of members of the Goleta Civic Ballet, students of all levels from the Goleta School of Ballet, adults from the community, and two guest artists from Canada. Carol Hanlin skillfully employed the wide range of talents in choreographing the work.

The ballet begins with a Christmas Eve party in the home of a German family in the 1800s. We see the guests arriving and the children playing and fighting. Lively action and the rich and colorful period costumes, designed by Marina Harris and Hanlin, make this a charming scene. We meet Clara and her naughty brother Fritz. Twelve-year-old Kristianna Bertelsen danced Clara's part with natural grace and musicality.

Uncle Drosselmeyer arrives at the party and shows the children two lifesize mechanical dolls played convincingly by Andrea Lommen and Dan Dowker. At the end of the first scene, Clara receives a nutcracker and Fritz a mouse king doll.

The rest of the ballet consists of Clara's enchanted dreams that Christmas night. The ballet is a children's story but the beauty and fantasy would appeal to anyone. Neither the story nor the classical mode are outdated.

Frank Collura directed the Santa Barbara Symphony Orchestra for the ballet. It is increasingly rare to have live music for a dance performance and it is a special experience. The music was played with

energy, without being overbearing. The clear angelic voices of the Santa Barbara Boys Choir, directed by Robert Van Handel, O.F.M., highlighted the music.

In the second scene of the ballet, the Christmas tree in the parlor begins to glow and then grows to a gigantic size. Lee Strasbourg and Marina Harris did a wonderful job with the scenery and lighting throughout the production.

There is a battle between the Mouse King and the Nutcracker and then the room is transformed into a snowy forest. Now the ballet takes a different turn as the snowflakes appear having the effect of a cool refreshing breeze on the audience. Yvonne Armstrong and Thomas Johantgen danced the Snow Queen and Cavalier with control and precision.

The second act takes Clara to the Kingdom of Sweets where she sees dancers from foreign lands. These dances with international flair seemed to be the best vehicles for the young dancers to demonstrate their talents. Maria Potter made a fiery Spanish dancer and Janine Cherry and Thomas S. Johantgen were captivating as Arabian dancers. The Chinese doll was danced with ease by Jane Potter.

Cynthia Todd was also lovely and enchanting as the lead in the Waltz of the Flowers. The climax of the ballet came with the Sugar Plum Fairy *grand pas de deux* danced by artists of The National Ballet of Canada. Susan Dromsky was strong and confident and David Roxander showed astounding technique in the *pas de deux*.

The Goleta School of Ballet was founded by Robert and Carol Hanlin in 1964. They began presenting the *Nutcracker* in 1975 and feel that this year's production was the best ever.

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## Music, Dance

## Coming this Month

January offers you performances of farcical theater, "Yiddish jazz," Renaissance music and dramatic, humorous dance. Presented by Arts & Lectures, all performances are at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

Low Moan Spectacular, the company that has delighted Santa Barbara audiences with *Bullshot Crummond* and *El Grande de Coca-Cola*, returns with a new production on Saturday, Jan. 15. *Footlight Frenzy* is a "laugh-until-you-cry" farce.



What do the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Sergei Prokofiev, Benny Goodman, Kurt Weill, George Gershwin and Betty Boop soundtracks have in common? All were influenced by "klezmerim" — itinerant Jewish musicians who wandered the streets of Eastern European cities. Transplanted to America by Jewish immigrants, "klezmer" blended ragtime and vaudeville to become an important part of American jazz and popular music. The Klezmerim, an ensemble of six extraordinary musicians, will bring this brassy, upbeat, infectious music to Campbell Hall Wednesday, Jan. 19.

Calliope, a Renaissance Band will perform a program featuring three centuries of Italian instrumental music from 1300 to 1600 on Tuesday, Jan. 25. Named for the Greek muse who invented music, this popular quartet is known for its delightful and infectious interpretations, and extraordinary expertise on an incredible variety of authentic instruments.

Acclaimed as the "most brilliant young dancer/choreographer working on the west coast," Tandy Beal will perform with her modern dance company — Tandy Beal & Company — on Saturday, Jan. 29. Combining a remarkable gift for comedy and a sure sense of theater, Beal creates dances that are "altogether exhilarating." In residence at UCSB Jan. 27-29, the company will also present a free lecture-demonstration Friday, January 28 at 4 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

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

## The Jam

## British Band Breaks Up

By ROB NOXIOUS  
Well, it's finally happened. Those quintessentially British, eminently talented, impeccably tailored, and just plain fantastically good spokesmen for English youth, the Jam, have broken up.

Formed in 1974, the Jam, (consisting of Paul Weller on guitar and vocals, Bruce Foxton on bass, and drummer Rick Buckler), originally distanced themselves from the fashion-conscious trendiness of the early punk movement/scene by dressing in suits, slacks and ties — forever earning for themselves the mislabeling epithet of "mod." In fact, an entire mod revival sprung up around these unwilling heroes, much to their chagrin. The group also managed to differentiate from the normal "sound" of the period by actually tuning their instruments and putting genuine care into the writing of both music and lyrics. At one point, an English music fanzine criticized them for such "unorthodox" behavior. The next night, the mag was

burnt, onstage, as the Jam tuned up.

Foxton has said, "The sentiments in our songs still must be easy for Americans to relate to, even if they don't understand a bit of slang, or some references, or whatever. The Clash have gone and copped out and aimed at the U.S. market with their latest album(s). Fair enough, but we're trying to be honest...feeling what we do is right. If it comes off, great. If it doesn't, well, there you go..."

From the very outset, the message the Jam have presented has been about the vitality and viability of youth culture — how fresh ideas and approaches are necessary for society to progress. The Jam never preaches, preferring to point out problems and offer possible solutions. They don't claim to have all the answers — instead, they encourage independent thought and creative action. From their first single, "In the City," to their last, "The Bitterest Pill," the Jam have shown a single-minded devotion to quality and honesty, which has been projected in their

music.

What caused this dynamic, esoteric, accessible, intelligent group to break up? Certainly not lack of success, for they have remained one of Britain's most beloved favorites for many years. Creative strangulation? Hardly. One need only listen to any of their most recent releases to dispel that notion. Tensions within the band? Nope — the Jam have been the most strife-free line-up I can think of. Most likely, they just decided to call it quits before they got boring, before they got old, before the music got redundant,

before they lost their creativity; breaking up at their peak — instead of winding up like the Who or the Stones. One can only anticipate and speculate on what will become of the band's members now — three immensely talented people — who used to be the Jam.

*We're never gonna change a thing and the situation's rapidly decreasing.*

*But what can I do, but try to be true,*

*That's more than you. at least I do something.*

*"Sounds from the Street" (Weller)*

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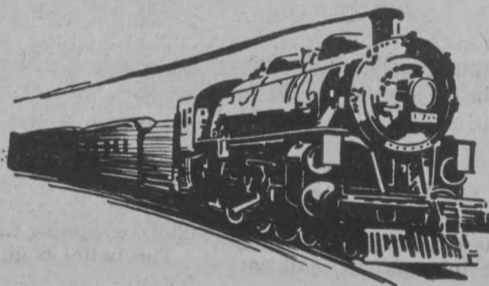
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| BIOLOGY 101  | HIST 4B(2)        |
| BIOLOGY 130A | HIST 17B(1)       |
| CHEM 1A      | HIST 140          |
| CHEM 1B(1)   | HIST 173T         |
| CHEM 1B(2)   | MATH 33           |
| CHEM 1C      | MECH ENG 10       |
| CHEM 113B    | PHYSICS 2         |
| CLASSICS 20A | PHYSICS 4         |
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| COMP SCI 5F0 | POL SCI 2         |
| COMP SCI 174 | PSYCH 102         |
| ECON 1       | SOCIOLOGY 1       |
| ECON 2       | SOCIOLOGY 152     |
| ECON 3A      | SOCIOLOGY 142     |
| ECON 3B      | SOCIOLOGY 154     |
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## Christmas Movies

# Entertaining '48 Hours'

By PETER LEFEVRE  
48 Hours is an action-packed San Francisco shoot-em-up in the tradition of Bullitt and Dirty Harry. It is a unique film, however, because the bad guys are especially vicious and the good guys are hilarious in addition to being tough.

Nick Nolte is a cop. He drinks whiskey for breakfast, crumples his traffic tickets, and walks like John Wayne. One morning he wakes up to discover some typical killers-on-the-loose have typically barricaded themselves in a hotel. At the scene, they kill two of Nick's partners and escape. To track them down, he enlists the help of a convict played by Eddie Murphy of Saturday Night Live.

The combination of Nolte's white, gravel-voiced pig and Murphy's black, jive-talking con proves to be unbeatable. There are plenty of scenes that work beautifully because the two obviously don't get along very well, yet both are after the same criminal for equally important reasons. Walking into a country western bar inhabited by rednecks that would put

Billy Carter to shame, Murphy ambles up to the bar and orders a drink with a casual "How do?" After a very uncomfortable moment, he proceeds to rough up the entire crowd giving the impression that he is a cop and working

flaws in the movie. Nolte's girlfriend seems to exist in the action purely for the reason that the hero needs a woman to dump on. Nobody, male or female, would take the kind of treatment she takes in real life. Why should we stand

that leads them closer to the killers wins him time away from his guardian and time to spend with a woman he finds. This speeds up the tempo of the film tremendously.

The killers are the most brutal pair of gangsters seen on the screen in a long while. Shooting people for the fun of it takes on an entirely new interpretation. Not only does murder look amusing to these nuts, but it also looks like they aren't into anything else. It's their job to kill and they do it well.

This might be to make a stronger case for the total disregard for due process in the film. From the beginning it is assumed that since cops were killed, the only way to avenge their deaths is to kill some more. This kind of thinking is borrowed from defense policies around the world, but the killers are so obnoxious it doesn't matter much.

Nolte guns down the last criminal with a shot that only happens in the movies, but the film never claims to be true-to-life. What it is is fast-paced, funny and suspenseful; not high art, but incredibly entertaining.



Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy

alone. Nolte looks on in wonder as Murphy takes guns and knives from the cowboys while throwing out comments like "Y'all are rednecks. That means I'm enjoying this."

Past the chemistry of the good guys, there are a few

for it in films? Murphy, on the other hand, treats women very well. After all, he has been in jail for three years.

Gradually Nolte and Murphy begin to work on a reward system in which any lead discovered by Murphy

# 'The Sequel' Does Nose-Dive

By PETER LEFEVRE

When *Airplane* was released, the American moviegoer was treated to a show like few others. The jokes were very fast and very good. It was an all out assault on the funny bone. It was sheer lunacy from start to finish. Its worst problem was that it was too funny. At six punchlines a minute, there was no time to breathe. Well, just when you thought it was safe to inhale again, along comes *Airplane II: The Sequel*. Surely a movie with the same cast and the same style would be as good as the first? Well, it isn't, and don't call me Shirley.

The sequel is like an old-timers' game. It's nice to see everyone again, but it's not like it used to be. Paul McCartney put it well when he said, "You can't re-heat a soufflé."



William Shatner takes command.

The sequel doesn't deliver the same punch as the first. Situations are set up and left alone without a topper. Several scenes are played that don't make sense unless one saw the original, and the flashbacks in the sequel to the original illustrate the sequel's inferiority. You didn't have to see the first to get the jokes, they're just not as good. This might be because it was written and directed by someone who had nothing to do with the first. That the original creators of *Airplane* had nothing to do with the creative process of the second is an interesting and obvious point. They must have known a sequel would be artistically excessive.

Quite a few familiar faces return in the sequel although none match their original performance. Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty are both back in splendid deadpan form, though it must be said that keeping a straight face in this one isn't as difficult. The only other performance that captures the nonsense with a serious attitude of the first is the lunar base commander of William Shatner. He rescues the sequel from being a complete turkey. His character personifies the qualities needed to bring off satire. His face is so rock hard it is a joy to watch him command his bridge as if he were back on the Enterprise again, ordering his crew to perform such intricate, scientific tasks as "Stop those lights from blinking out of sequence and get them to blink in sequence."

There are cameo appearances by Sonnt Bono and E.T., among others, and occasional flashes of the insanity that pervaded the original. The movie is set in the future and it was amusing to see a poster advertising *Rocky XXXVII*, but on the whole, the film drives a good idea far, far into the ground.

# Dull 'Crystal'

By PETER LEFEVRE

Saying that *The Dark Crystal* is a poor film is akin to kicking one's grandmother. The act is even more dispicable in light of the appalling quality of children's films released in '82. E.T. stands alone as the best film for the younger set, rising high above such forgettable film as *The Secret of Nimh* and *The Last Unicorn*. Even *Tron*, a remarkable achievement using computerized animation, suffered from a weak story. It would be nice to say that *The Dark Crystal* captures the magic needed for a fantasy film to work, but it does not. Without the novelty of puppets in all the roles, this film would never have been made.

The film concerns a crystal that went dark one day and since that day, evil ruled the land. Now, if a Gelfling puts back a piece of the crystal before the three sons of the land converge, good will rule for a change. This Gelfling does not know what he is supposed to do for half of the film because directions given to him by the wise ones are enough to make one wonder how wise these things actually are. And even if he understood perfectly, it would be hard to care because of the inexpressiveness of the Gelfling puppets.

Jen, the Gelfling, goes out into the world and because he is so small and cute, he survives and puts the shard in and good rules again. The dialogue of the movie is so innocuous that the plot looks like Shakespeare in comparison. Creator Jim Henson spent a few too many years on *Sesame Street*. No mystical language. No fantastical exclamations. The closest the characters get to wonderous expression are phrases like "This is weird."

One character ends all his phrases with the exclamation "Hmmm." Another ends all hers with "Hmmmph." They seem to be made for each other.

It has been said that the best way to show evil on film is to make it look good on the outside. The subtleties of suspense are lost on this crew. The evil Skeksis are just as repulsive and ugly as can be. They are petty, rude, vicious and cruel. The good ones are wise, patient, sensitive and kind. Is anyone surprised?

Another distressing element of the film is its utter lack of humor. As the film was designed for very small children, (one assumes), why are no light-hearted moments included? Most of the scenes were drenched in self-important, puppeteering razzle-dazzle. It was as if all through the movie, the filmmakers were saying "The plot is lame, but just look at these puppets!"

There is one scene that comes off reasonably well. The evil ones talk over their plans at dinner, and a more repulsive, yet interesting scene would be hard to find. Still, they are the bad things, and they are only doing what bad things are supposed to do.

This film cost around \$20 million to make and over five years of planning. The only thing that really shows it is the set design, a difficult task in itself that far outshines the action that occurs on it. The puppets for the most part are inexpressive although the Garthim (henchthings of the Skeksis) are frightening at times. Also of note is the pet of Kira, the only other Gelfling in the world. Kira is a very pretty puppet and her pet, Fizzgig, a ball of fur with eyes, is a fit companion.

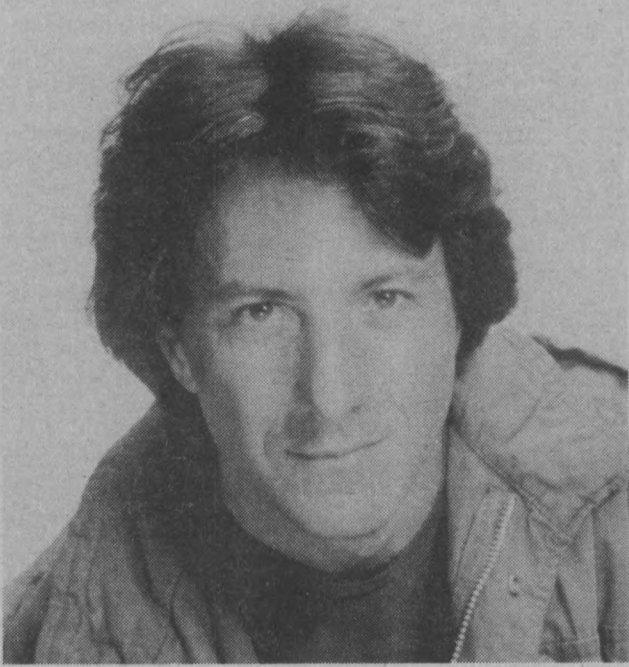
Most of the movie is a connected series of excuses to show that Henson and company can do other, more serious projects than muppet work. They can do them, but not very well.

# 'Tootsie' Explores Sex Roles

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

According to Dustin Hoffman in a *Los Angeles Times* interview, actors and women have strong emotional similarities: "They're never allowed to make the big decisions. They're told, 'We'll make you look nice. You're an emotional creature.' That's why it was easy to play a woman."

Hoffman's *tour de force* portrayal of an out-of-work actor who, after a series of demoralizing casting denials, takes on the appearance of a female to land a full-time acting job on



Before

a soap opera, underscores a series of well-drawn and often sensitive assessments *Tootsie* makes on the way people — man to woman, woman to woman, man to man — relate.

*Tootsie* is a psycho-sociological and -sexual exploration that, despite its statements, never seems to preach, offend, or lose its good humor. As can be expected, *Tootsie* is most funny when it shows people at their worst (social awkwardness, squashed expectations, wrong decisions, derision, reversals) and most poignant when the frantic pace slows, the actors make eye contact and deliver the big, significant, how-truisms on life and love. *Tootsie* is ribald and bright, lovable, brilliantly acted, beautifully crafted, sometimes predictable and pat, but genuinely warm and generously entertaining. Even when the plot is structurally formulaic, ringing of good old Hollywood drama, the dialogue remains fresh, crisp and witty. The film succeeds additionally as a colorful, fully textured portrait of the actors' world: actors acting (but mostly waiting, and waiting on tables), and the fast-paced, anxiety-filled milieu they inhabit called New York City.

During the opening credits, Michael Dorsey (Hoffman) is shown going through the wonders of theatrical make-believe, applying costumes, facial hair and cosmetics to become a new character. A quick cut later, Dorsey is teaching a class of aspiring actors, imparting to them as much professional encouragement as he does precautions about the harsh realities of finding work. His advice: "Don't do a part that isn't in you." Led by his playwright roommate Jeff (Bill Murray) to a surprise birthday party, Michael is told, "Instead of being Michael Dorsey the great actor or Michael Dorsey the great waiter, why don't you be Michael Dorsey the great person?" The film's foundation is set, and a network of repetition of duality and complications is foreshadowed.

Acting and disguise are both tool and metaphor for *Tootsie* when Michael Dorsey successfully fools his agent and the public by imitating a female and becoming a separate social identity, Dorothy Michaels. Through the two skins Hoffman wears, we are given the essential masculine and feminine sides of one person, each taking on different shades of personality, but remaining parts of a whole. Michael learns about himself and, by putting himself into the shoes of a woman, he displays an awareness and sensitivity toward male-to-female sexism which makes even fat, egoed, chauvanistic Ron Carlyle (Dabney Coleman, perfecting his pig boss persona began in *9 To 5*), Dorothy's director, review his relationship with Julie (Jessica Lange).

Carlyle is the simplistic type whose thinking naturally links femininity with passivity and masculinity with aggressiveness; therefore, a woman cannot be feminine and aggressive, powerful or a leader. When Michael/Dorothy auditions for the role of the hospital administrator, a role which his student/girlfriend Sandy (Teri Garr) tried to get earlier, he is dismissed for being too feminine and



After

passive, but as Carlyle walks Dorothy out with an arm around her, she proves that appearance really is only skin deep. "I am an actress, Mr. Carlyle!" The soap's producer Rita Marshall (Doris Belack) sees the fire in Dorothy, feeds Carlyle's frail ego and gets Dorothy the part.

Dorothy uses her assertiveness to maintain her secret identity primarily, but the warding off of a pat on the behind or a scene calling for a passionate embrace with a man is magnified into a command for human decency and respect at all times. Michael as Dorothy transforms characterization into a personality whose strength and determination become an inspiration to not only the other women on the set, but, in less than one television season, a national sensation.

Dorothy becomes a confidante to Julie, with whom Michael falls in love; Julie, sensitive and intelligent and ravishing, loves Dorothy but can't love Dorothy. This comedy of errors fuels some of the film's later slapstick cum sensitive moments. As Dorothy becomes a significant role model for Julie, Julie brings to the surface of Michael all the qualities people often label as womanly — mainly the ability to empathize with a woman without feeling his manliness threatened.

## Newman Shines in 'Verdict'

By ANDREA WOODWARD

Paul Newman is as brilliant as his blue eyes which dominate the screen for almost every minute of *The Verdict*. The film, however, is only as brilliant as Newman's performance as a down-and-out lawyer transformed into a crusading knight in slightly-tarnished armour.

*The Verdict* is a nice but predictable tale of good versus evil set in Irish Catholic Boston. Newman as Frank Galvin is the underdog, hired by a woman whose sister became a vegetable on the delivery table of a prestigious Catholic hospital. Galvin believes his case to be a strong one and decides to take it to court rather than accept a generous settlement. His motives are twofold — to try to ensure that justice is done, and to redeem himself before the eyes of the law. However, the archdiocese who runs the hospital retains Boston's sharpest lawyer for the defense. Galvin's ad-

versaries, including the hot-shot lawyer Ed Concannon (James McMahon), play dirty. Key witnesses are bought off, and Galvin's case falls apart.

Even against these odds, the end is not much in doubt, which makes waiting for the inevitable trial rather like waiting for the appearance of the monster in a horror movie. The trial itself is almost anti-climactic. Furthermore, the trial is not terribly true to the law. For example, Perry Mason-style surprise witnesses are not a common occurrence, yet Galvin produces his star witness at the last minute during the rebuttal portion of the trial after all witnesses are supposed to have appeared. Other deviations from the reality of the courtroom for dramatic purposes include a judge who interrogates a witness in fine Inquisition style, an emotional summary statement which does not refer in the least to the facts of the case, and a prestigious law firm that assigns a dozen

young obnoxious lawyers to handle the case.

Adding to the lack of realism in the courtroom drama is the story's simplistic dichotomy of good and evil. Director Sidney Lumet, who also directed *Serpico* and *The Prince of the City*, seems to be so absorbed in the idea of the evil of The System that he is determined to bludgeon it to death. Newman's adversaries are painted so black as to be almost ludicrous, and seem merely to form a backdrop for his performance. It may be difficult for some to accept that members of the church would be so concerned with maintaining the prestige of the hospital as to overlook the negligence of their staff doctors.

Even the lighting of the various situations in the film emphasized the division between good and evil. Saint Catherine's hospital was dark and gloomy, covered by ominous shadows. Galvin's office got its act cleaned up about the time Galvin

started getting his together, but the courtroom remained a dark place.

Despite its failings, the movie is engrossing. Newman plays the transformation from drunken bum playing pinball to lawyer with courtroom presence perfectly. The opening scene sets the tone for the film with its poignancy as Newman, framed by the window showing the cold, yellow New York day, plays his pinball game while getting soused. Another scene which remains indelibly imprinted is the one in which Galvin meets the woman who has betrayed him to the enemy and belts her. The film seems to justify violence toward a woman by calling her a traitor, though in my mind, it was not justified. I almost wished Galvin would lose at that point, but hitting her is completely in character for him.

It is Newman's performance that makes the film worthwhile.

LOW MOAN SPECTACULAR'S

## Footlight Frenzy

From the creators of "El Grande de Coca Cola" and "Bullshot Crummond!"

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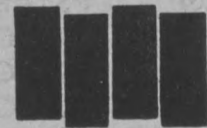
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**Book Review**

**Multiple Personalities Examined**

By **EVE DUTTON**

*The Minds of Billy Milligan*  
By Daniel Keyes  
Bantam Books  
1982, \$3.95, paperback

Psychology is a complex and often misunderstood subject which Americans seem to approach with the same cautious interest as they do when they see a burning building. The curiosity is there but so is the fear — fear that the horrifying tales so often read about may be true. Despite Americans' almost common exposure to the abnormal, with news of a cyanide poisoner and star-struck assassin, the fear keeps them from ever looking beyond the bare reported facts.

Such was almost the case for 22-year-old William Stanley Milligan when in October 1977 he was arrested and charged with the rape of three female Ohio University students. The case appeared open and shut until the day the examining psychologist walked in and greeted Billy. "I'm not Billy," was the response. "I'm David."

Thus begins the story of Billy Milligan, a man whose psyche was occupied by 24 distinct personalities each battling for supremacy over his body — a battle which culminated in 1977 when he awoke in jail. The *Minds of Billy Milligan*, by Daniel Keyes, the bestselling author of *Flowers for Algernon*, is the true story of the first person in

history to be acquitted of a crime by reason of insanity due to a multiple personality.

Through the hard work of Keyes and Billy, readers are given an opportunity to see beyond the cold facts and understand the real events. Keyes, who spent two years interviewing Billy, his family, friends and health professionals has pieced together this story of a brutalized child whose mind defended itself against pain by splintering into separate personalities. By spotlighting each of Billy's personalities, including the 3-year-old Christene, the Yugoslav with superhuman strength, the lesbian who craves love, and The Teacher, the only personality who combines all of Billy's diverse "people," Keyes makes an utterly complicated story as understandable as could ever be done.

The author has done an excellent job in clearing the picture of multiple personalities but has also created a warmth which few could resist. In this tale we are confronted with a shocking portrait and crime thriller which should appeal to all audiences from top psychologists down to the casual reader.

Originally published as a Random House hardcover, *The Minds of Billy Milligan* has been published in paperback by Bantam Books. Included in the new Bantam edition is a special afterword by Keyes outlining the latest developments in Billy's progress.

**Confessions of an Irish Rebel**

Two nights only, Jan. 14 and 15, Ensemble Theatre Project has the privilege of hosting actor Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan, the Dublin insurrectionary, playwright, and storyteller in his internationally acclaimed one-man show, *Confessions of an Irish Rebel*.

The illusion is uncanny that Behan has somehow returned to confront us with his Irish wit, his warmth, his malice and his irreverence. The show, drawn from the playwright's works, reminds one of Behan's boisterous gift for dramatic elaboration and his own delight with his bad-boy image — a myth in his lifetime. As he once said, with obvious pride, "Most of

us grow up to be the sort of people our parents warn us against."

By Duffin's "confession," this is not meant to be a full-length or critical portrait. It concentrates on Behan's three favorite subjects — "myself, Ireland, and Ireland's contribution to the world of literature." Between gargles of Guinness, Duffin dips into Behan's writings, taking the author from his birth in 1923 to his drunken death in 1965, via such autobiographical works as *Borstal Boy*, *The Quare Fellow*, and *Brendan Behan's Island*.

Duffin, who was himself born in Behan's Dublin,

assembled the script as "a showcase of Behan's writings, lectures and social comments" and first presented it in Canada in 1971. Since then, the show has had extensive runs in Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles and London.

*Confessions of an Irish Rebel* is a humorous, bawdy and affectionate portrait full of robust songs and sly stories about how it was in Borstal Prison (Behan spent a fourth of his life in Irish and English prisons) or in Harry's New York Bar in Paris. Duffin is a skilled impersonator of a gallery of

characters in Behan's life; the senile old English judge sending young Brendan to Borstal, a hang-man calmly discussing details of his trade, and all the riotous life of Dublin pub-crawling.

You don't have to be Irish to enjoy this one Irishman's loving and zesty tribute to another. As he explains, "The Irish aren't my audience; they're my raw material."

All seats in the 140-seat Alhecama Theatre at 914 Santa Barbara Street will be \$10 for the two performances. For reservations or more information call the Ensemble Theatre Box Office at 962-8606.

**Fabulous Winter Performances at**



January offers UCSB students exciting performances of farcical theater, "Yiddish jazz," Renaissance music and dramatic, humorous dance. All winter performance events presented by UCSB Arts & Lectures are at 8 p.m. in UCSB's Campbell Hall.

Low Moan Spectacular, the zany theater company from San Francisco that has delighted Santa Barbara audiences with "Bullshot Crummond" and "El Grande de Coca-Cola," returns with a new production on Saturday, January 15. "Footlight Frenzy" is a laugh-until-you-cry farce, a play-within-a-play about a community theater melodrama complete with all the appropriate



The Klezmerim

jazz and popular music. THE KLEZMORIM, an ensemble of six extraordinary musicians, will bring this brassy, upbeat, infectious music — described as "Yiddish jazz" — to Campbell Hall Wednesday, January 19.

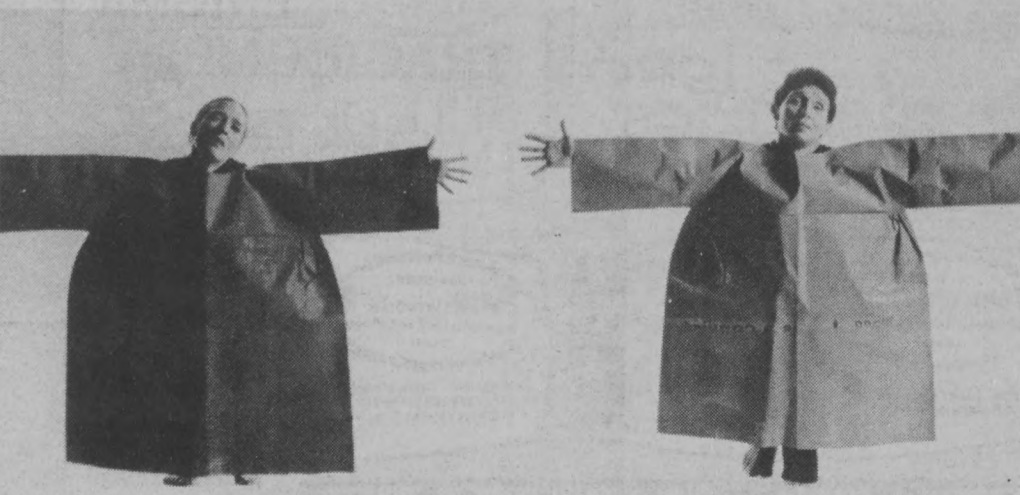
Calliope, A Renaissance Band will perform a program featuring three centuries of Italian instrumental music from 1300 to 1600 on Tuesday, January 25. Named for the Greek muse who invented music, this popular quartet is known for its delightful and infectious interpretations, and extraordinary expertise on an incredible variety of authentic instruments.

Acclaimed as the "most brilliant young dancer/choreographer working on the West Coast," Tandy Beal will perform with her modern dance company —

Tandy Beal & Company — on Saturday, January 29. Combining a remarkable gift for comedy and a sure sense of theater, Beal creates dances that are "altogether exhilarating." In residence at UCSB January 27-29, the company will also present a free lecture-demonstration Friday, January 28 at 4 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

Arts & Lectures "New Directions in Film" series features an impressive list of the finest in new film including seven Santa Barbara premieres as well as the return of Szabo's tour-de-force work "Mephisto" January 9 in Campbell Hall at 7:30 p.m.

For information and reservations call the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office, 961-3535, or drop by the office located near Campbell Hall in building 402.



theatrical disasters, a bumbling cast and crazy crew.

What do the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Sergei Prokofiev, Benny Goodman, Kurt Weill, George Gershwin, and Betty Boop soundtracks have in common? All were influenced by

"klezmer" music, the Old World folk and cabaret music played by "klezmerim" — itinerant Jewish musicians who wandered the streets of Eastern European cities. Transplanted to America by Jewish immigrants, "klezmer" blended ragtime and vaudeville to become an important part of American



# Psychedelic Furs Buck the Trends

By CINDY ROTOLO and ROB NOXIOUS

Among the post-punk explosion of futurist/psychedelic/romantic bands, few have achieved any reasonable degree of musical validity and integrity. The Psychedelic Furs have managed to avoid the over-synthesized rut so prevalent among bands of this type and, by shunning specific labels or styles such as "neo-psychedelic," (both ideologically and musically), the Furs have managed to create a unique and compelling style that is at once esoteric and listenable.

The Furs' characteristic sound first emerged with the release of their first album (simply entitled *The Psychedelic Furs*) in 1980. Utilizing a crashing yet rhythmic style, the group has created an energetically hypnotic sound — refreshingly free from the pitfalls of the "jungle beat" formula so prevalent with their pretentious contemporaries in Britain.

The second album, *Talk, Talk, Talk*, expanded upon this style without becoming self-indulgent. Exhibiting a slightly more melodic and relaxed feel, the Furs showed subtle improvement throughout the release. Their lyrics flow over every note, utilizing metaphors and symbols of the modern world, painting portraits of a life made melancholy by love and survival without becoming obtuse. Unlike

most bands in which one or two members dominate the writing process, the Furs all contribute toward both lyrics and music in every song. An almost chanting, haunting quality pervades lead singer Richard Butler's vocals — a uniqueness rare in modern music.

With their latest creation, *Forever Now*, the Psychedelic Furs have broken new ground, as well as undergone some personnel changes. Gone are Roger Morris' guitar and Duncan Kilburn's saxophone — and Steve Lillywhite is no

longer producing. The current lineup includes remaining members: Richard Butler on vocals, guitarist John Ashton, bassist Tim Butler (Richard's brother), and drummer Vince Ely. Newcomers include Gary Windo and Donn Adams on horns, and Ann Sheldon on cello. The big surprise is the addition of Todd Rundgren as producer — who has proved himself an admirable producer (albeit a poor performer of late). The "new" sound is by no means "commercial" — it lacks the

smarmy, pop feel of "successful" bands — but it's more easily listenable. The lyrics are strong as ever:  
*A banker in a tired suit  
 Is Counting in his head  
 He's standing in your overcoat  
 He's lying on your bed.  
 President Gas is tap dancing  
 For the banker he's a thief,  
 He isn't very honest  
 But he's obvious at least*

*You and I are walking past,  
 yeah  
 Having lost our way  
 We don't count our money  
 We are giving it away*

Yeah, giving it away."  
 —Forever Now"

The music is danceable, compelling and upbeat but retains an individually intelligent character that makes it impossible to ignore. The Furs have established themselves as a substantial musical force, demanding considerable respect. At a recent show at the Santa Monica Civic, the Furs demonstrated what they are truly famous for — intriguing, cerebral and hypnotically energized performance. The whole band's stage presence was

overwhelming, the music was superb, and the lighting truly amazing (utilizing one of the most often ill-used effects, fog, to create an excellent atmosphere without becoming overly theatrical). Most memorable was Richard Butler's onstage appearance — commanding, yet never usurping attention. It was not an evening we shall soon forget.

Listen to the Psychedelic Furs, and see them on their next tour. They're one of the most worthwhile bands in existence today

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 In the Age of Wonder.  
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