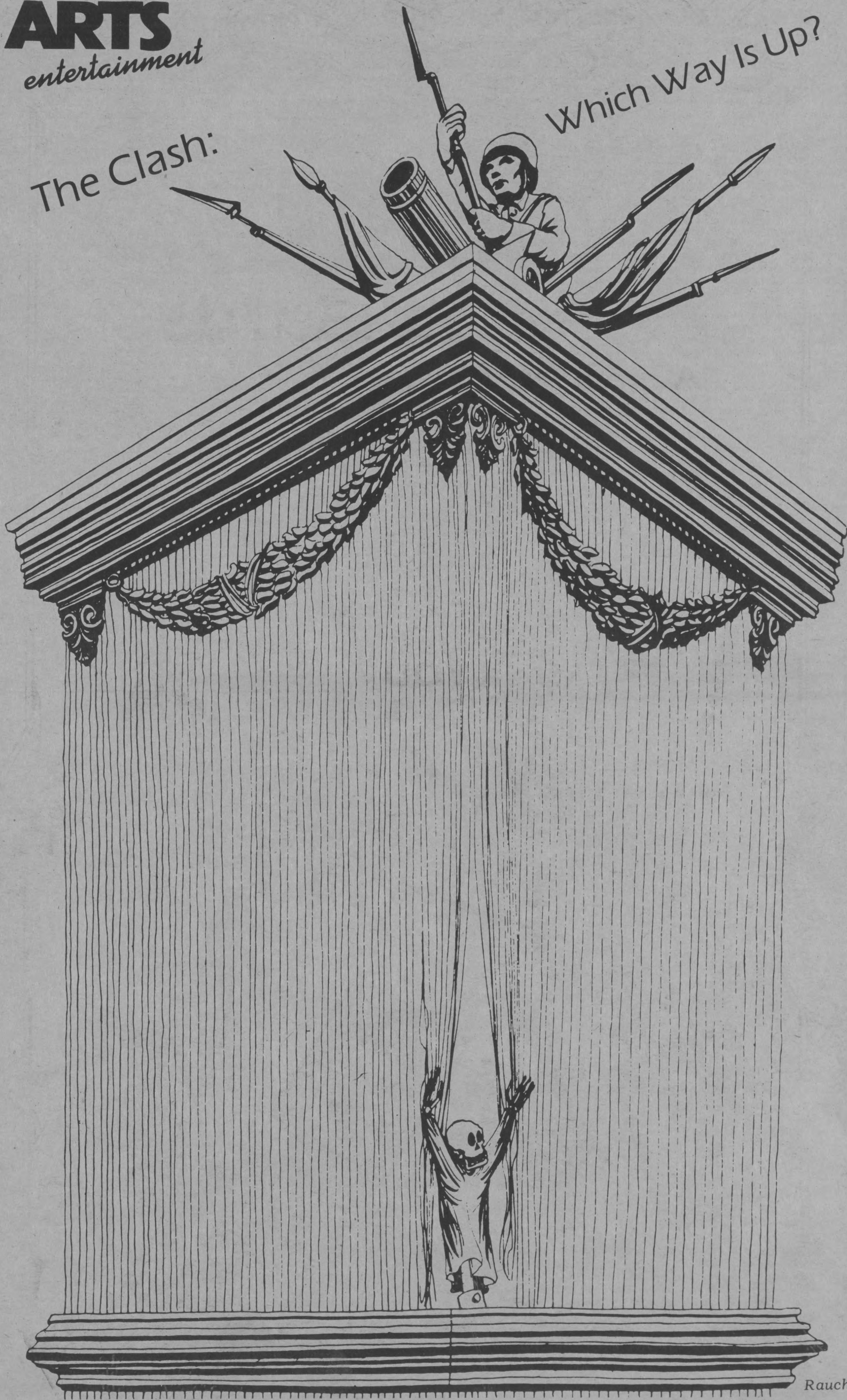


**ARTS**  
*entertainment*

The Clash:

Which Way Is Up?



Rauch



# ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ The Clash: Both Sides Now ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

By KEYVAN BEHNIA

A few years ago when I was a senior in high school, a handful of my friends and I firmly believed in the prophetic qualities of Joe Strummer. Last Thursday night, when the Clash played their second live show with their new line-up, Joe Strummer looked more human than ever before. There was a sense of urgency in everything he did. The way he sang, the way he talked between songs, the way he played his guitar (occasionally) and the way he led his band all pointed to the predicament he was in. Strummer and his band were in search of lost respect and trust.

There were many hurdles in front of this new Clash. Thursday night, the biggest and most unjustified one was set before the start of the show. I had never seen so many people go into a concert with such skyscraping expectations. Moreover, it seemed that most people had come to see the Clash fail so they could rush off and tell their friends, "Look I told you so..." With all these negative attitudes and high expectations, it looked inevitable that the Clash would be a disappointment. Even more absurd was the fact that in order for Joe Strummer and Paul Simonon to justify their sacking of Mick Jones, the new group had to surpass their old standards at such an early stage. In light of this, after the concert you could hear people bitching, "Why did they play 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go'?" That's Mick's song." So what? Nick Shepard did a terrific job on the vocals of that song and proved to be a consistent guitar player. Isn't that enough?

Amid all this hype, the Clash played a set which for the most part was made up of songs from their first two albums. The most notable numbers were a flawless "Janie Jones" and great versions of "White Riot" and "Police And Thieves." They also played four new songs which all shared the energy of their early days. Maybe their next album, on the whole, will be more reminiscent of their earliest and finest musical moments. A magnificent version of "The Magnificent Seven" capped a show which stood up on its own but was short of spectacular.

I will not argue that for some people there is no Clash after Mick Jones. So be it, they can move on. But for those who were still interested in the Clash, last week's concert should have cleared the smoke around the group's future. Before the concert, I had imagined that during the show we would be elevated to a mountain top in the group's career. On one side was the band's glorious past, on the other it's uncertain future. We should have been able to see what awaited the Clash, whether it was a fresh grave for yet another band with lost ideals or the promise of resurrection of a group which was once the greatest on Earth. At the concert, it was evident that Joe Strummer felt this pressure and anxiety. This may be the answer to why he talked so frequently between songs. He wanted everyone who cared to, to understand what his band stood for and how little it had changed since it's early days.

Friday morning I woke up and realized that I had only been to a hill top with the band. What was on the other side were more hills and then a great mountain, namely their next album due in June. Their future lies on the other side of that mountain.



Joe Strummer: passion is a fashion.

By HUGH HAGGERTY

In Joe Strummer's book, the dilemma of pop music is "If you say something real, no one wants to hear it. If you say a lot of crap it'll sell a million." The trouble is, Strummer is busting his balls straddling the fence and it seems he'll never catch his breath long enough to make either side listen to him long enough to make a difference. (He lost a lot of his credibility for many old fans when the Clash started putting out "commercial" albums.) The die-hard fans are on one side of the fence pulling Joe's leg and on the other side are the mad record executives in cahoots with Strummer looking to make a buck. That still doesn't take into account all of the millions of people who buy millions worth of crap because they don't give a crap.

The Clash played their second live gig since regrouping last Thursday night here at the Arlington Theatre and the results merely reflected that the new band can play covers

and write an original song or four. The concert showed an attempt by Joe Strummer et al. to return to the good ol' days, when getting the grim realities across as (relatively) fast and as loud as possible was the Clash's banner. (Wanna spit? Go ahead!) Close to half of the show consisted of songs from the first album and Mr. Strummer, obviously enjoying his freedom from carrying around a heavy guitar had a lot of smart things to say to the audience. Bassist Paul Simonon worked with drummer Paul Howard as well as any previous drummer and new guitarists Vince White and Nick Shepard showed their true "Garageland" colors with their guitars cranked to the distortion level and occasional romps around the stage. They seemed happy to be finally going somewhere.

My sarcasm arises out of a sarcastic situation. After deciding to tour before going into the recording studio, Strummer couldn't have picked a better place to make a fast buck than California: land of the huge concert hall and huge admission prices. Of the some four new songs which the band performed, two were notable. "Sex Mad World" is a laudable anti-sexism (and "anti-rape") song while "We Are The Clash" is outrageous for its bombastic facade. In refuting the saying, "The Clash ain't nothing but trash," Strummer also managed an underhanded blow to Mick Jones whose name is stamped on almost every other song the band performed except for Simonon's "Guns of Brixton." Furthermore, the Clash has refused interviews, even over the telephone, to every Southern California college media outlet. I would suppose that colleges and universities, often equipped with a non-commercial radio station, where people ideally become integral parts of the way the world is run after they graduate, would be of prime interest to the ideology of the Clash. Strummer also congratulated Santa Barbara for being the only town in the U.S. to burn down the Bank of America. This praise went into an audience ignorant of knowing what it's like to burn a bank down. "Gosh, why'd THEY do a thing like that?" Not to mention the fact that most of Joe's songs go in one ear and out the other of most kids.

It's too early in the game to blame the Joe Strummer Experience for any wrong-doing besides letting the new band's merits rest on a live performance. He admits he's a "limey son of a bitch" which at least shows he can be honest. As a rock'n'roll show, the Clash is still one of the prime bands to see in concert and their next album, although it's not due to be released for six months or so might be the greatest thing since Martin L. King.

The history of the Clash is something of a cornerstone in rock music and that's part of what's keeping Strummer stuck on his fence. He's going to need a lot of help to get off it. What do you say?

Watch for photos of next Tuesday's show in next week's issue.

## Arts & Lectures Winter Events

# THE ARTS ARE ALIVE AT UCSB

Arts & Lectures winter events again provide concerts by some of the leading professional performing artists touring the United States today. Whether in music, dance or theater, these artists draw from classical traditions and contemporary innovations to produce an overview of the performing arts scene for 1984.

The outstanding Yugoslav chamber orchestra I Solisti di Zagreb comes to Santa Barbara on their 30 year anniversary tour. The Actors from the Royal Shakespeare Company return for a two-week residency. Two distinguished companies offer contemporary dance — the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company and the San Francisco-based Oberlin Dance Collective. The German/American ensemble Sequentia performs medieval religious and secular music. Two young musicians hold solo recitals and teach master classes to UCSB music students.

### WINTER MUSIC & DANCE

Winter Quarter performing arts events begin with cellist Carter Brey in a "Discoveries" recital on Friday, January 13 in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. "Discoveries," a series of concerts by emerging artists, opened in October with pianist Jeffrey Kahane, whose recital ended with wild applause in a sold-out hall.

Carter Brey was one of the winners in the 1981 Rostropovich Cello Competition in Paris, where Mstislav Rostropovich called him "one of the best cellists of the new generation" and *The New York Times* called him "a first-rate player, a musician with a warm sound, an unusually firm grasp of intonation and a sensitive, well-directed passion both for his instrument and for the music before him."

Brey's program for his Santa Barbara concert includes Francois Francoeur's Sonata in E; Zoltan Kodaly's Sonata for unaccompanied cello; Lucas Foss'



Lar Lubovitch Dance Company

"Capriccio"; and Frederic Chopin's Sonata in G minor, Op. 35. Brey will be accompanied by pianist Barbara Weintraub.

During the following week, the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company performs in Campbell Hall (Tuesday, January 17).

Lar Lubovitch once danced with the Harkness Ballet; in 1968 he left that troupe to create his own company and, shortly thereafter, gave up his role as principal dancer of the new company to dedicate his time to original choreography.

There is profound repetition in the vocabulary that dance critics use to describe Lubovitch's choreography and his company's performance style: words like acrobatic, ecstatic (he even has a piece entitled "Exsultate, Jubilate"), kinetic and sculptural pop up often in reviews of his work.

In addition to their Campbell Hall performance, members of the dance company will hold a free lecture-demonstration in Campbell Hall on Thursday, January 12 at 4:00 PM.

A&L music events resume with pianist

Andre-Michel Schub in concert in Campbell hall on Friday, January 20.

Schub first made headlines in May 1981, when he was named Grand Prize winner of the Van Cliburn International Piano Competition. The 29-year-old New Yorker studied at Princeton University and the Curtis Institute of Music; in 1974 he won the Naumberg Competition and made his New York debut at Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center.

For his UCSB concert, Schub will play Mozart's Sonata in F, K. 332; Brahms' "Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel"; Four Preludes from Book II by Debussy; and three works by Chopin including the Scherzo in C-sharp minor, Op. 39; the Nocturne in F, Op. 15, No. 1, and the Ballade in G-minor, Op. 23.

When he performed in Seattle last year, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* wrote, "Seemingly, he can do anything on the keyboard from thundering octaves to beautifully controlled passage work. He impresses with his bravado — speed and accuracy — as well as dappled coloristic effects. The variation in sonorities was awe-inspiring."

A&L continues their artists-in-residence program in Winter Quarter; most of the visiting performers will be on campus for a few days prior to their concerts working and talking with students, teachers and the public. The UCSB community will again have a golden opportunity to be present as these artists share their expertise, thoughts and feelings about their work, art and life.

For more information about specific campus activities scheduled for Winter Quarter and to purchase tickets to all A&L events and film series, visit the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office in Building 402, adjacent to Campbell Hall, or call 961-3535. All evening performances begin at 8:00 PM.

The arts are alive at UCSB!



## Rivers Runs Slow

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

Joan Rivers told the Nexus last year: "Comedy changes very, very slowly.... My album now is about one-third of the act. It's been evolving since I did the album ... it's like a living thing."

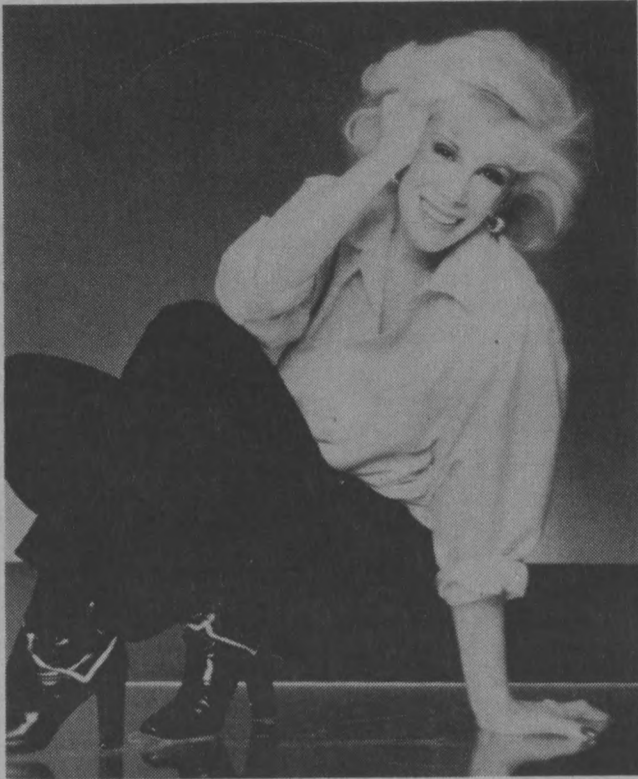
When Rivers checked into the Arlington Theater Friday for two performances, it became immediately clear that her comedy does change very, very slowly. After listening to her album so many times, I didn't find her terribly amusing last week, as indeed at least a third of her routine came straight from the album.

It just goes against the grain of one's funny bone to know what the next punch line will be. When her joke did not come verbatim from the album, it was a one-liner with an interchangeable punch. For example, on the album: "Elizabeth Taylor's bumper sticker says, 'my other car's a refrigerator.'" Live: "Elizabeth Taylor's bumper sticker says, 'my other car's a salami.'" Ha, ha. Over-exposure to anything — especially Joan Rivers' style — can get wearing.

Vulgar and gossipy, she is, nevertheless, a great crowd pleaser and deserving of the crown for bitch-comedy queen. She screams at you with all the wind her tiny, frail body can summon; if you don't laugh, you had better just grow up.

The eight o'clock audience gave Rivers a short, but standing, ovation.

Rivers is effective when she talks about human foibles and everyday problems, such as middle class stagnation (bored tract home wives secretly want a burglar to break



## Alan Holdsworth At The UCSB Pub

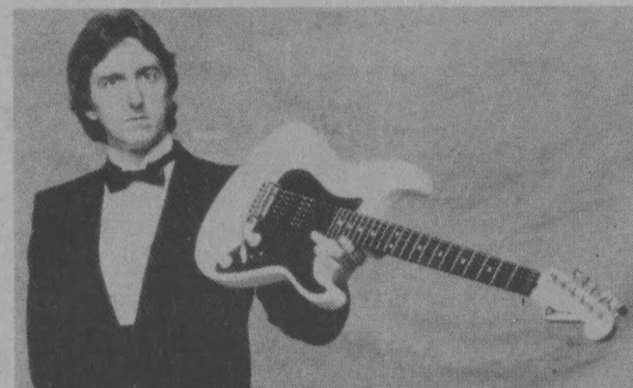
By WILLY THOMPSON

With the trend in popular music today in the States being forever modeled after the hype from the U.K., the appearance of a guitar virtuoso like Alan Holdsworth on the UCSB campus is not only a rare treat, but an important event because it offers the students here the opportunity to hear an exceptional performer in an intimate setting.

Holdsworth led his quartet through an hour-and-a-half set of energetic, if not totally superb, fusion. But labeling music can always distort the purpose of it. Holdsworth, the composer, seems to be trying to transcend any type of this "labeling" of his music. The concert, held at The Pub last Saturday night, proved this intention out.

From the opening chords of the show, Holdsworth and his band played a mixture of driving rock guitar improvisations, and unfortunately irritating vocal pieces. Most of the tunes were from his most recent release on Warner Bros., *Road Games*, and were executed brilliantly. The band as a whole was competent in backing up Holdsworth and keeping the music together. Although Holdsworth's solos were the spotlight of the evening, Jim Johnson's melodic bass solos offered a brief but enjoyable respite from the searing guitar-oriented show. But of course, this domination by Holdsworth and his guitar is what the band is all about.

His command of the guitar is not limited to his fast fingering. On the contrary, some of the evening's brightest moments were reached when Holdsworth slowed the blistering pace and struck some sensitive harmonic chords. His conservative use of electronic gadgetry kept the music free from cliché. This is what keeps his music from falling into that predictable vein of "jazz fusion." His skill as a composer was evident throughout the concert as he shifted gears from slow to fast, and from free to melodic.



The drummer, (whose name I didn't catch) was an essential element in carrying the band through the more driving compositions. The weakest link in the band was obviously the vocalist. Although the importance of the lyrics in Holdsworth's tunes are seemingly non-existent, Paul Williams' voice seemed to be little more than just another texture — and an unnecessary one at that. Holdsworth's ability as a player surely cannot be contested; and his compositional skills are growing rapidly to match the former. Commercial viability doesn't seem to be important to Alan Holdsworth; his musical integrity is held intact by this attitude. As long as he continues to play what he wants to play, not what the record executives want him to play, he'll always have an audience that will appreciate him, if not worship him.

The opening act of the evening, a Los Angeles jazz/rock band, The Fents, played an uninspiring but adequate set of predictable fusion, complete with fast licks, sharp breaks, and funny titles. Get serious guys; this music died ten years ago.

## Galas Provides Escape



By TORY MILLER

What did the audience at the Lobero Saturday night expect to experience? Her publicity stated that Diamanda Galas was the *avant of avant garde* performers — and she was. Galas turned the implosion of her own soul into performance art, and Santa Barbara's conservative arts community may not have been ready for that.

During her first piece, "Wild Women With Steak Knives," Galas used four microphones and a system of triphonic sound; each microphone represented a different personality, but

there were many voices that escaped her in rushing staccato and whirling speed.

Galas' theme seemed to deal with the judgement of the human soul. In "Steak Knives," it sounded as though millions of women were jumping from Galas' diaphragm to the top of her throat, each fighting to crawl out her mouth, to pass their judgement, and punish the next. Each voice pushed for space; each one was individual and uncompromising to the next.

In her second piece, "Panoptkin," the most frightening judgment took place. Galas stood on her

platform playing Cerberus, the three-headed dog guarding the gates of hell. When she spoke, it was as though the heads spoke — scoffing and judging man and all his earthly works. Man was allowed one statement, (the only one I heard) — "But I tried." Galas, like the devil itself, responded, "the man has no right."

While all this vocal interplay was going on, Galas stood on her platform with either two microphones in her hands, or one hand-held microphone above three stationary ones. When she extended her free hand, her fingers moved like a jellyfish, and the backdrop revealed the dual shadows of her movements — all three shapes moving and writhing as each horrible character emerged.

Diamanda Galas' show was not one to love or hate. People in the audience simply allowed their imaginations to run wild or didn't bother. Those with a fertile perverse side to their imaginations allowed themselves to be touched. It was a nice escape from the standard pounding pop riffs playing everywhere else, but I wouldn't recommend her album, *Litanies of Satan* for daily listening.

and enter) and parent-child relationships. But it is with the right audience member or *Tonight Show* guest when Rivers demonstrates how quick-witted and cutting she can be in the impromptu situation. There is the mark of the fine comedienne.

Wisely, Rivers brought two young, fairly unknown comedians with her. Garry Shandling and Dennis Blair provided diverse approaches to stand-up comedy. Shandling received the warmest response for his sexual anecdotes and underdog delivery. He looks at the world with lopsided self-assessment, portraying himself as a single and willing kind of guy who just can't make it with the women. Much of his routine was also talk show rehash. Blair, however, presented a refreshing pastiche of impressions of music personalities from the Bee Gees to John Denver, poking fun at their vocal characteristics and twisting their lyrics to make comments on sex and violence. Blair's theatrical versatility worked extremely well in the concert setting, but I suppose he too would wear thin under a needle.

Comedy has to keep the audience hungry for more, not fed up with left-overs. For someone as public as Rivers, spontaneity and versatility are essential for longevity.

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## Dancers Shine In Campbell Hall

By CHERYL ROSENSTEIN

"What is a Lar Lubovitch?" asked Glenna Syse of the Chicago Sun Times in September of 1982. I asked the same question myself Tuesday night last week as the Lar Lubovitch Company unfolded its act on the stage of UCSB's Campbell Hall. It wasn't too long before I had an answer.

Lar Lubovitch is the epitome of the modern choreographer — intense, thoughtful, guarded, a bit dogmatic, remarkably controlled and utterly serious about everything. Lubovitch's dances though equal in intensity and control, are far from being guarded. His choreographies explode from the stage with an energy unsurpassed by any other dance troupe.

In "North Star," for example, the dancers began their movement abruptly. Grouping and regrouping, each formation of bodies proceeded logically and orderly from the previous one. Movement blended magically with Phillip Glass' patterned, rhythmic score to produce a dance that was simultaneously loose and free and structured.

Peggy Baker's solo captured the essence of the dance in its entirety. Her feet frozen beneath the glare of a stark and solitary spotlight, the remainder of Ms. Baker's body

writhe in a frenzy of jerks and twitches, making her appear as though she'd been captured in stop-action animation. Meeting her movements in poetic contrast was the solo of Rob Besserer, a giant of a man who filled the stage with every graceful reach of his limbs.

The piece following "North Star" could have been called a dance only through the broadest stretches of the imagination. "Nine Person Ball Passing" was nothing more or less than what the title suggests. Certainly it required a degree of dexterity and perhaps some concentration. But when the man in the middle of the factory square got bored and began tossing little balls into the air one by one, you knew he was bound to lose one. And he did. The comedy persisted without the ball, and as silly as the whole thing was, the crowd loved it. Mercifully, a guest choreographer, Charles Moulton, was responsible for the comic relief.

In spite of the intermission, it was difficult to settle down and take the performance seriously after watching nine people in work clothes pass a few balls around. Mozart's Adagio and Rondo in C minor for Glass Harmonica helped — especially since the dancing, as always, was perfectly tuned to fit the music. Unfortunately, one of the dancers in the "Adagio" section suffered an injury. The dance con-



tinued on smoothly without her, and the audience was unaware that anything had gone wrong. However, the grand finale, "Cavalcade," was left with a brief moment of bare stage and blowing streamers where Christine Wright's reputedly fiery solo should have been.

"Cavalcade" was characterized by Lubovitch's usual dynamic blast of excitement. The dancers' explosive leaps, twists and turns, uniquely juxtaposed with a "raggedy man" kind of jazz step, was neatly tied up with a swirl of streamers — all of which made the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company a very nice package indeed.

## Pianist Shows Dexterity, Lacks Heart

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

Pianist Andre-Michel Schub gave a technically flawless rendering of a well-balanced program Friday night in Campbell Hall. The only thing missing was the emotion, and while two out of three ain't bad, it's not outstanding either.

Of all the technician pianists I have heard, however, Schub is the best — a fine example of a digital recording, perfection-oriented age.

Schub opened the program with Mozart's Sonata in F Major, K. 332, a work suited to his coldly precise playing. He was disconcerting to watch, however, because he moved around so much, swinging his feet when he wasn't pedaling, reeling until his face almost touched his hands, and then rolling back around to repeat the cycle.

The music that evolved didn't merit such a display; in fact, Schub played with more feeling when he wasn't moving around. It was obvious that Schub's keyboard theatrics were merely a mannerism when he played the Brahms Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel.

Unlike Mozart, Brahms' works are more erratic, multi-textured, and brooding. In the Handel Variations, Brahms took a simple little theme and built massive, intricate, musical boulders atop quiet, peaceful, delicate melodies. Each variation is followed by one startlingly different, so the pianist has to make quick transitions from quiet to thunderous playing.

Schub's transitions were squeaky clean, but he bounded into the more powerful variations so loudly that he had nothing to build up to. There is forte, and then there is double forte; Schub began with the latter.

I resisted watching Schub, to see if his movements were

detracting from his music making, but that only reaffirmed what I already felt — his Brahms lacked heart. The audience seemed impressed enough with his technical rendering, judging from their thunderous applause, however.

Schub's mannerisms worked wonderfully for the Four Preludes from Book II of Debussy, though. With little or no scales to pound out with his immensely powerful fingers, Schub concentrated on evoking the coolly seductive mood so indicative of the French composer. The first prelude, *Brouillards*, meaning "mists" was exactly that. Schub portrayed the cold, secretive, delicate texture of mist with his gentle trilling and caressing of the keys.

Schub handled two other preludes, *Les Fees sont d'exquises danseuses*, and *Bruyeres*, with equal sensitivity, and the last prelude, *General Lavine* — eccentric, a tribute to ragtime, with the appropriate jazzy flair.

Three works by Chopin concluded the program and Schub once again revealed how impressive technique can be. The Scherzo in C-sharp minor is a booming work, providing many opportunities for Schub to make his ten fingers look like twenty. The Scherzo is another textured work, shifting from harp-like blending of notes to pronounced scales. Watching Schub's amazing fingers almost made up for the subtle melodies lost in the speed. The Nocturne in F Major, and the Ballade in G minor suffered the same fate of the Brahms — the passion was lacking.

Schub was rewarded with enough applause and gasps of wonder from the audience to give an encore — Liszt's Paganini variations, a send-'em-home-happy-number, which he played with a final burst of impressive, demonic energy.

## Utopia Returns To Psychedelia

By JAY DE DAPPER

Being a Utopia fan is a little like being a Chicago Cubs fan — frustrating. Utopia, fronted by Todd Rundgren, has been around since 1974. Yet only a handful of people can claim to be "fans." Making matters worse, Utopia seems to release new records almost incessantly. After a while, one tends to just give up: Those who like Utopia will probably like the new record while those who don't like them probably won't change.

Well, guess what? Yes, there is a new Utopia record. *Oblivion* is really nothing more than Utopia's return to their late seventies psychedelic sound. For the most part it is a poor album that only Todd devotees will like. But who knows? I've been wrong every other time. I've predicted that each new Todd or Utopia record would be the breakthrough. Well, not quite.

*Oblivion* seems to be some sort of hack job trying to combine the best elements of their recent pop style and the older "progressive" style. Unfortunately it turns out to be a combination of the worst elements of both styles. The songwriting is generally mediocre, and the performance is



sub-par. Most songs fall into a kind of generic category that could easily be labelled "outtakes." I need not go into details.

All is not lost, however. "Itch on My Brain" is a fine, if (Please turn to pg.7A, col.1)

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By KIM SHIELL

It is 1978 at the Blitz in London. Steve Strange is standing in the doorway, flagging down the trendies off the street. He's dressed outrageously, with a flair for fashion that has influenced designers in Paris and New York. Inside, Rusty Egan is manning the turntables with an array of European dance music. But Strange and Egan were ambitious and decided to form their own band. Together with members of Magazine and Ultravox came the birth of Visage and a movement known as new romanticism, which has since been absorbed into the burgeoning techno-pop era.

Visage and the concept of new romanticism were a sharp contrast to the pessimism and bleakness characteristic of

the prevailing punk scene. As pioneers of electronic dance music, they created a visual style in clothes and videos that was as much, if not more important than the music. Ever wonder where the MTV aura came from? Visage achieved considerable success in Europe, although they have remained relatively unknown in the U.S.

Their latest L.P. *Fade to Grey — The Singles Collection*, is a compilation of previously released and unreleased material. The album begins with "Fade to Grey," an irresistible dance song with a haunting tune that creates a feeling of being lost in the rhythm. An interesting, previously unreleased cover of "In the Year 2525" is also included in this collection. The intention of bands that cover older top forty hits is often questionable. Quite surprisingly, Visage does a respectable job with this song. It's danceable now, yet it resists being a parody of the original. The highlight of the album is "Pleasure Boys." It has added energy and substance that's lacking in some of the other tracks, and its incredible beat won't let you sit still.

It will be interesting to see what will become of Visage. Disbanded for awhile, there is the possibility that they will reform. But will the original members come back? Two of them are again with Ultravox which is at the peak of its success. And if Visage does get back together, will they be able to compete with the more established bands? After all, they have never performed live. *Fade to Grey* will, no doubt, give them some new fans with its choice selection of dance songs. This leaves the future of the band up to themselves. Whether or not it's worth worrying about, Visage definitely has some potential; it's time they put it to use.

THE THREE O'CLOCK  
sixteen tambourines

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By BRIAN HUTCHINS

Quoted on the back of the Three O'Clock's *Sixteen Tambourines* album, producer Earle Mankey says of the album, "Three O'Clock's best shimmering ever, more textures I've never seen at once, like many dramas, major explosions, swirling faces like they had forty brains — hurry before it melts."

This quote refers to the delightful sounds, better experienced than described, of the Three O'Clock. *Sixteen Tambourines* phantasmagorically offers swirling keyboard bits, light and melodic guitar pieces, bass doodlings, vocals as fresh and clear as a blue sky, peppy horn parts, faint strains of strings, and triumphant blasts of powerful riffs, held together by the ever-present steady beat.

This music seems to have only one purpose — to make

you fall in love until your heart pounds joyously in your mind. Remember that happy feeling that rushed through your body when Chad and Jeremy appeared on *Batman*? (don't tell me you missed that episode). Well, put that feeling under an electron microscope and you'll have a notion about what this music is all about.

"And So We Run" may be the happiest song on the album. An anthem of independence, its chorus, "And so we run/ We've begun/ To think as we want to/ We've begun/ To do as we want to/ We've begun" is one of the most irresistible sing-along pop hooks I've heard in a very long time.

The five-minute, "A Day in Erotica," while not a 25-minute Dream Syndicate opus, is an epic by Three O'Clock standards. It describes a love-starved girl — who most of us would unjustly label a tramp — in an understanding way, using dreamlike musical trances, jumpy pop choruses, carnival organ licks, and a dramatic, energetic jam, like a knight in shining armour galloping off to battle.

Perhaps if you are a somewhat enlightened pop fan, you might know that the Bee Gees were not always the sniveling little disco brats they were before they were forgotten, but rather a living tribute to the mimicking of the Beatles, (nothing wrong with that). In covering the Bee Gees' "In My Own Time," the Three O'Clock give new life to an old fact.

Not all of their music is completely happy. In "Fall to the Gound," a cheerful tune about a girl who jumps off a bridge, the listener is called to the somberness of the song by an ominous bass line at the end, steadily driving nails into the girl's coffin.

However, most of the Three O'Clock is about feeling groovy.

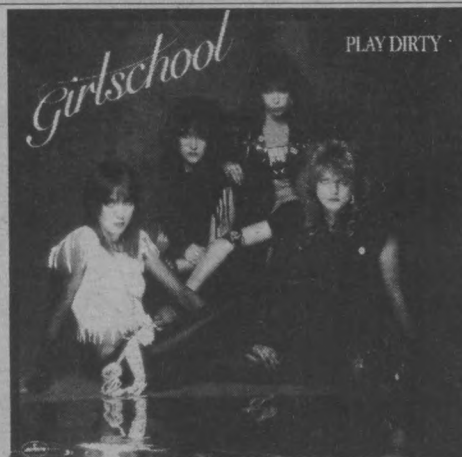
blame them any more than I would blame any bad band. They are just doing their best; fitting a juvenile's vocabulary, some shrill screams, and the same three bar chords to each song.

Girlschool has just released their third album, *Play Dirty*. You'd think that after three albums they might try and use a little originality in their album titles. However, these girls do deserve a little credit; after all, it's not easy making the Go-Go's look good.

This band has absolutely no redeeming qualities. As musicians they have no talent; I couldn't find an impressive piece of musicianship anywhere on this album. As writers they are walking leather cliches; their lyrics consist of typical lines like "Running For Cover," and "Breaking All The Rules." As women they are simply ugly; the least they could do is be attractive and give the public some kind of ridiculous reason to buy their album. Face it, sex is a big part of rock and roll, especially if you have no talent — just look at Adam Ant.

It's a sad state of affairs. Most heavy-metal fans would laugh at this album; others would wince. All I can do is plug up my ears and cry.

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By TED COSTAS

If I was to say that Girlschool is one of the few truly hard rocking bands who can also write great songs, I'd be lying. I guess this is what happens when you take four untalented girls and give them some leather and guitars. Yet, I don't

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**On Golden Pond**



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## Moronic 'Angel' Displays Crassness

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

High school honor student by day, Hollywood hooker by night: "It's my life. Do you think I'm proud of what I do? I'll pay the price. Who are YOU anyway? What do you know? You don't know anything about me."

Words of a liberated working woman? Hardly. If you were to hear this torrent of raw emotion before seeing the film, you would probably realize two things: 1.) the dialogue was written late at night by two men hunched over a coffee table; and 2.) the movie will be really awful. Robert Vincent O'Neil and Joseph Cala have dug deep into the far recesses of their sordid fantasies and created *Angel*, a trashy,

exploitative, and just plain moronic movie — as their dialogue illustrates. *Angel* plays like the worst Playboy channel pornography, only less interesting.

The title character is a 15 year-old prostitute juggling books and johns, and in her spare time avenging the deaths of her "sisters" who have met grisly deaths by a knife-wielding maniac. Deserted by her father, abandoned by her mother, *Angel* takes to the streets to stay alive, maintain her family ideals and wait for her father to come rescue her. Right.

The cast is a menagerie of quirky, contrived characters. Director O'Neil pretends to be presenting a hard-hitting slice of life, but the precocious whore with a heart of gold and an ad-

mirable sense of justice is just one of *Angel's* numerous cliches: we get one stud football player, one crude lesbian, a most unfeminine transvestite, the stern but understanding police lieutenant, an old-timer who thinks he's still in movies, and the ineffectual oaf. Redemption is knowing and admitting just how bad you are.

Cliff Gorman — the comedian/actor in Fosse's *All That Jazz* — plays a policeman on quaaludes, staring glary-eyed into space like a zombie much of the time. As *Angel*, Donna Wilkes tries to be interesting.

Only in people moved to extremes does O'Neil see hope for a city overflowing with disease, decay and

pain. The viewer, however, is challenged to empathize with anyone. *Angel* offers no realism worthy of emotion. When *Angel* runs down Hollywood Blvd. with a .45, hunting down the murderer, she absurdly shoots into crowds, hits nothing, then pursues him through dark alleys. Needless to say, the audience howled.

Silly reversals suffice for character development, as when the neglected transvestite gets tough with the psychopath and when the reserved school counselor gets tough with the slum landlady. Yes, they do what they must to protect *Angel* from harsh realities.

Cheap, crass, and artless, *Angel* would at least be funny if it weren't so pointless and pretentious.

## Dreyfuss And Sarandon Malfunction In 'Buddy System'

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

A man needs a woman who is sexy and submissive, unproblematic and apologetic. If she's got any anger to vent, she had better be cute about it. Of course, a woman needs a man who is willing to put up with her. This is the battle of the sexes in the game of love.

Or so writer Mary Agnes Donoghue and director Glenn Jordan ask one to believe from *The Buddy System*, a film that sinks from its leaden stupidity and wastes the talents of Susan Sarandon and Richard Dreyfuss who, also unfortunately, fail to create even a drop of romantic chemistry.

If it is true that everything has been done before, then the worst crime of *The*

*Buddy System* is that it's all been done better. Sarandon and Dreyfuss are two L.A. lower-middle-class workers — she takes dictation and he's a security guard — who find each other through their mistakes with others. If together they are at their best, then they should go back to lonely and miserable, as almost always Sarandon is depressed and Dreyfuss insensitive. She hides her feelings with uncomfortable smiles, he with snotty one-liners. Must be love. The person most annoyed with this relationship is the poor fool who pays to see them.

Sarandon looks her naturally striking self, but she interprets every emotion and line with the same high-pitched whine. Pudgy Dreyfuss is hanging on to his *Goodbye Girl* reputation, managing to thoroughly alienate the audience with his insistence on Neil Simon calculatedness — all punch line and no substance. The only conceivable reason Sarandon and Dreyfuss made the movie is to pay for analysis.

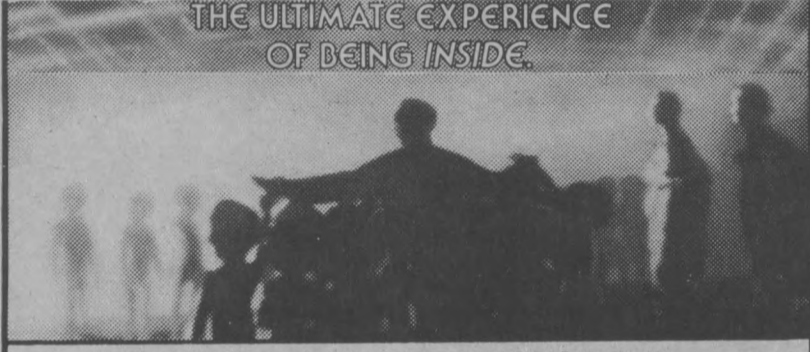
Sarandon's film son is the one who supposedly brings harmony and a sense of

family to the film, but it is beyond me how Donoghue could expect anyone to care about an obnoxiously self-centered, nerve-grating brat — "Timmy" hardly typifies the broken home kid. The leads shower him with kindness and love when you'd rather see his hide get tanned.

Other casualties include Nancy Allen who wiggles through her role as if she just finished studying with Pia Zadora. She can't even play a bad actress convincingly. But I really didn't have high expectations to begin with. Disheartening, though, is Jean Stapleton as Sarandon's constantly disapproving mother. Weaving in and out of her Edith Bunker voice as though she's trying hard to suppress it, Stapleton does little more than read her lines; she makes one wish he were watching an old *All In The Family* episode instead.

As for form, *The Buddy System's* stylistic zenith is a montage of frivolity and fun to show how well everyone gets along. Real original. Who was it who said content is inseparable from form? In *The Buddy System* the observation is correct. Sad but true.

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\*\*\*\*\* Attractions \*\*\*\*\*

Ensemble Theater Project will show two previews of their production of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Wednesday and next Thursday at 8 p.m. Tickets for preview nights are \$3.75. The show opens Feb. 3, and runs through March 10. For tickets call 962-8606.

UCSB's annual Bach-Goldsworthy Concert will take place on Saturday at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. Admission is free.

Donald O'Conner Stars in "Walley's Cafe," a comedy, opening Wednesday and running through Feb. 5 at the Lobero Theater. For ticket information call the Lobero at 963-0761.

"The Holy Land in the Footsteps of Abraham," a new film, will be narrated in person by its producer, Jean-Luc Sterckx. The film will be screened twice only, at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m., Tuesday at the Lobero Theater. The film explores Christianity, Judaism and Islam and was shot on location in Israel, Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon.

On Friday night at the Arlington Theater, the community organization, Network, will sponsor a benefit showing of the film, *Daniel* along with John Sayles' new film, *Baby It's You*. *Daniel* will show at 7 p.m.; *Baby It's You* at 5:20 p.m. Tickets are \$4.50, and can be purchased in advance by calling Network at 962-7213.

Utopia...

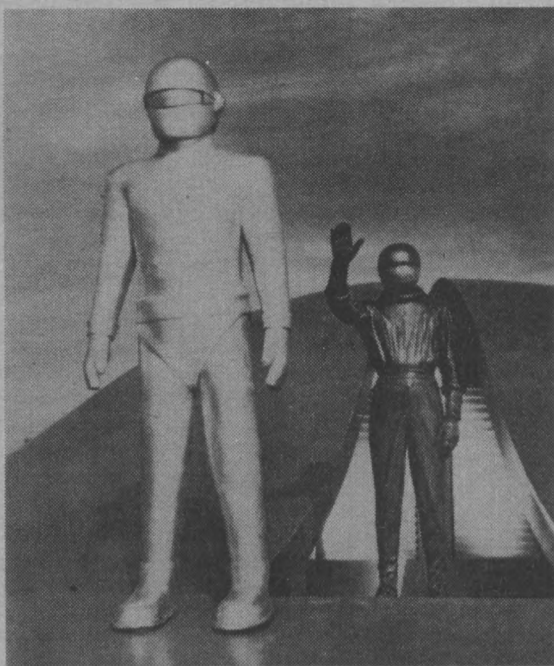
(Continued from pg.4A) standard, Utopia rocker. Both Roger Powell's keyboard solo and Todd's guitar solos are better than average and recall the Ra days. "Love With a Thinker" is pretty good too. It's a song about being in love with "a thinker." The tune is especially apropos here in blow-dried Santa Barbara where speaking about anything other than the weather, waves, or next weekend's parties is termed "intellectual discussion."

Finally, "Bring Me My Longbow" and "Too Much Water" are among Utopia's electronic dance tunes. Todd has mastered the use of tricks as we see in these two. Yet there seems to be little inspiration and even less purpose.

Oblivion is another Utopia record. It is not one of their better efforts and will undoubtedly not sell well. None of their records do. This record may demonstrate the feeling of the band better than anything else. The jacket is virtually all black. Only the white lettering of the band's name and the song titles appear. There is a blank inner sleeve. Oblivion...that may just be where Utopia is headed. But not Todd Rundgren.

Olympic Arts Festival program information may be obtained by writing the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, Olympic Arts Festival, P.O. Box 54199, Los Angeles, CA 90054.

The Los Angeles Ballet will make its third appearance at the Arlington Theatre on Saturday, Feb. 4 at 8 p.m. in "A Tribute to Balanchine." The four-part program will include the second act of "Swan Lake." For ticket information, call 963-4408.



Close Encounters of the Third Kind — Special Edition (above) screens tonight in Campbell Hall at 7 and 9:30 p.m. In another close encounter, *The Day The Earth Stood Still* (left) will be screened this Sunday evening with the same showtimes. Tickets for these Futurethink movies will be \$2/2.50.



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PG

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Get ready to dance to a different beat **tonight** at The Pub, as the Miller High Life Rock Series continues with live Calypso and African music at 8:30 p.m. Come early — The Pub fills up fast!

**Next Tuesday, January 31** is the return of *Deka-Dance*, the best domestic and imported dance music spun by KCSB's own jocks, and record giveaways by Leopold's Records.

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**Thursday, Jan. 26, 1984**  
**UCen Meeting Rm. 2 • 5-6:30 pm**

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## World Community in the 21st Century Conference

### WORLD COMMUNITY SPEAKER PROFILE

Participants in this year's conference include:

#### MICHAEL NAGLER

Associate Professor of Classics and Comparative Literature at UCB. Director of Berkeley Peace Studies Project. Director of a center for non-violent priorities. Author of *America Without Violence*. Professor Nagler will speak on the topics of non-violence in Global Relations and World Religions.

#### GENE SHARP

Director of the program on non-violent sanctions in the Center for International Affairs at Harvard University. Author of several books including *The Politics of Non-violent Action and Social Power and Political Freedom*. Gene Sharp will speak on the topic of non-violence in Global Relations.

#### NANDINI IYER

Professor of Religious Studies at UCSB and Philosophy at Santa Barbara City College. Professor Iyer has examined the subject of religion in World Community for the last two years and this year will discuss the non-violent tradition in World Religions.

For more information on the World Community Conference Feb. 10 and 11, 1984 in UCen II Pavilion, contact the Program Board.

*Thousands of people may live in the world but we cannot call it a fellowship until they know themselves and feel sympathy for each other. A true community is a place where truth and wisdom are its light, where the people know and trust one another, where they have things in common, and where there is a harmonious organization. Harmony is its life, its happiness and its meaning.*

— Gautama Buddha

## A.S. Lectures

On Friday night Sheila Tobias is speaking on "Demystifying Defense: Towards a Feminist Perspective on the Arms Race." The lecture is at 8 p.m. in the UCen Pavilion. Ms. Tobias is a co-author of *The People's Guide to National Defense*. She is also known for her book *Overcoming Math Anxiety*. Ms. Tobias proposes a feminist position on peace that does not derive from women's traditional, nurturant roles, but rather focuses on acquiring and using detailed information about weapons and military spending — an approach that will serve both women and men. This event is co-sponsored by the A.S. Commission on the Status of Women, The Women's Center, Arts & Lectures, and the A.S. Program Board.



SHEILA TOBIAS

## "Why Do Russians Drink Vodka?"

Leonid Feldman, a Soviet dissident, will present a lecture entitled "Why Do Russians Drink Vodka?" an analysis of the Andropov administration's treatment of protest movements in the Soviet Union. He will speak tonight at 8:00 p.m. in Geology 1100 at UCSB. Additionally, Mr. Feldman will give an effective outline on how people can pressure the Soviet government to change its human rights policies.

Feldman, an electrical engineer in the Soviet Union, left there in 1978 after nine days on a hunger strike in a KGB prison. Since he left the Soviet Union, he lectured extensively in the U.S. and abroad. He is currently the Director of the Russian Department for the Bureau of Jewish Education in Los Angeles, and he is on the Executive Committee of the Commission on Soviet Jewry, JFC, also in Los

Angeles.

Sponsored by UCSB Hillel, UCSB Associated Students Program Board, United

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