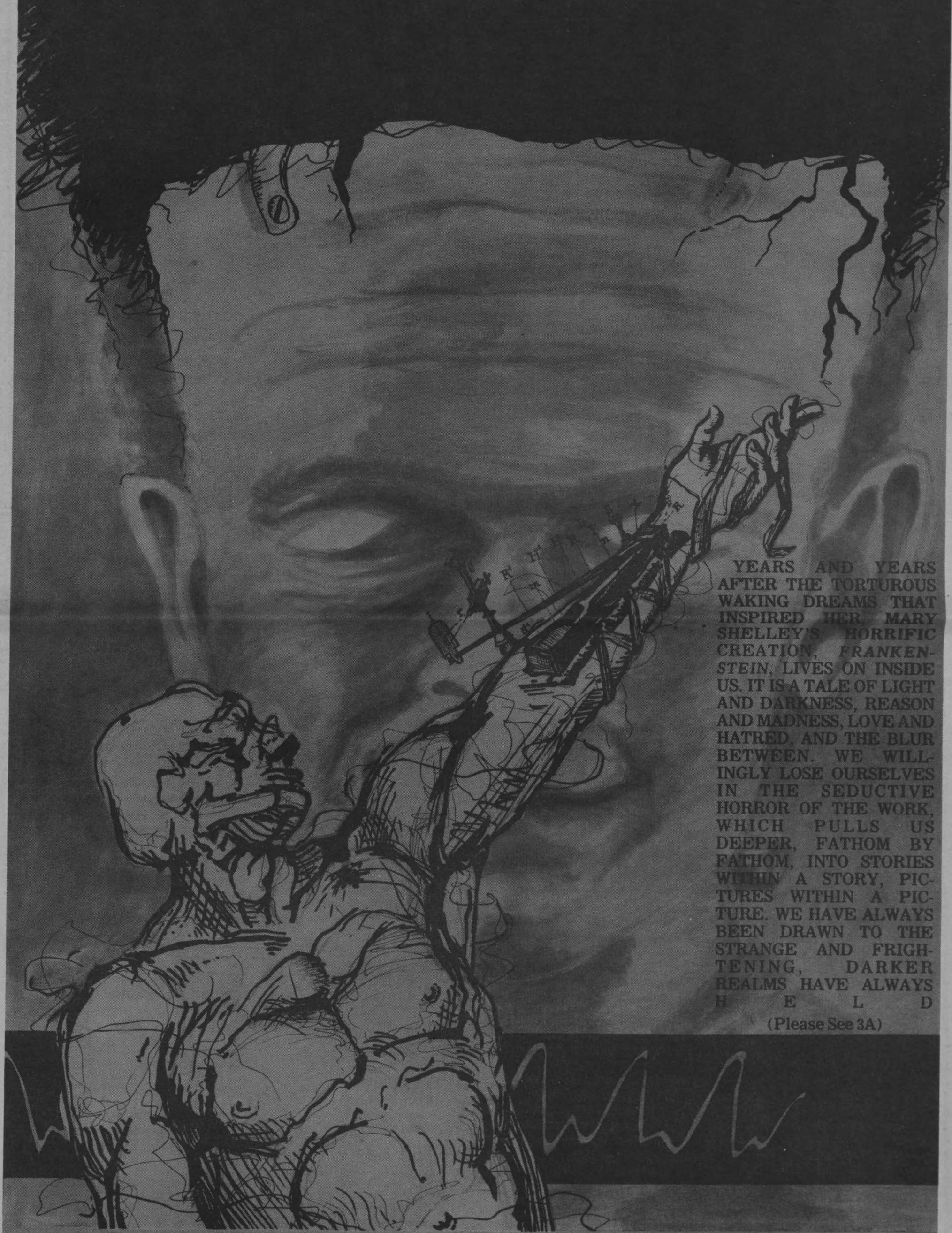


# THE ART OF FRANKENSTEIN



YEARS AND YEARS AFTER THE TORTUROUS WAKING DREAMS THAT INSPIRED HER, MARY SHELLEY'S HORRIFIC CREATION, FRANKENSTEIN, LIVES ON INSIDE US. IT IS A TALE OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS, REASON AND MADNESS, LOVE AND HATRED, AND THE BLUR BETWEEN. WE WILLINGLY LOSE OURSELVES IN THE SEDUCTIVE HORROR OF THE WORK, WHICH PULLS US DEEPER, FATHOM BY FATHOM, INTO STORIES WITHIN A STORY, PICTURES WITHIN A PICTURE. WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DRAWN TO THE STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING, DARKER REALMS HAVE ALWAYS

H E L D  
(Please See 3A)

illustration by Lisa Gallegos

creation myth by Britton Manasco



UCSB

A

## Arts &amp; Lectures

# The real Frankenstein: all heart, no bolts in the neck

From Boris Karloff to comic books to Andy Warhol to Saturday morning television, popular culture is filled with images and variations on the Frankenstein myth. Now the highly acclaimed **Guthrie Theater** brings to the stage a new look at **Frankenstein**, on Saturday, April 30 and Sunday, May 1 in Campbell Hall.

Writes scholar George Levine, "A phenomenon of popular culture,... *Frankenstein* has become a vital metaphor, peculiarly appropriate to a culture dominated by a consumer technology, neurotically obsessed with 'getting in touch' with its authentic self and frightened at what it is discovering."

The real Frankenstein is a character in Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's classic Gothic novel *Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus*. Victor Frankenstein is a young university student who becomes obsessed with the possibilities of science and, drawing upon his knowledge of biology, discovers a means by which he can re-animate dead tissue and create a living creature, the "monster" of the story. Rejected by his creator and reviled by society, this creature becomes deeply enraged and wreaks havoc on Victor's world.

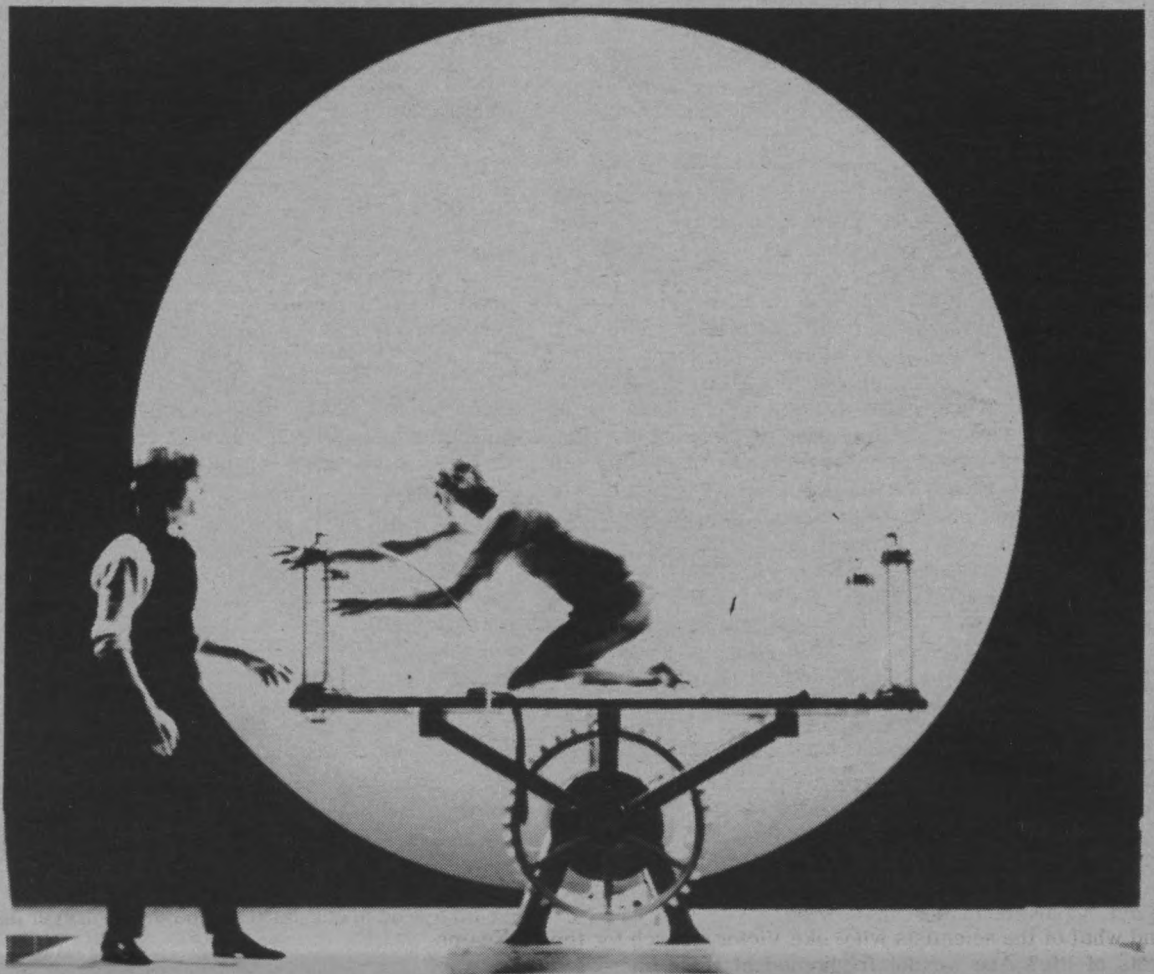
Only 19 years old when she wrote *Frankenstein*, Mary Shelley had already suffered loss and known social rejection: she was the daughter of a radical socialist (*William Godwin*), and a women's rights pioneer (*Mary Wollstonecraft*) who died when Mary was an infant; she had already lost a baby of her own; and, despite social convention, she lived with her lover, poet Percy Shelley, when such arrangements led to social ostracism. *Frankenstein* is in many ways a response to the revolutionary ideas of the late eighteenth century — a time of political and economic upheaval in the Western world — as well as Mary Shelley's unique personal vision.

Adapted from the novel, the drama *Frankenstein* is the work of playwright Barbara Field (author of the Guthrie's rollicking, rambunctious adaptation of *Great Expectations*). Shifting the emphasis from Shelley's original text, Field chose to focus on the issues of life and moral responsibility, of biology and ethics. She called her script a "response" to the novel and titled it *Frankenstein: Playing With Fire*.

Much of the play revolves around a dialogue between creature and creator, a passionate exchange that touches the depths of human feeling and poses the basic questions of existence in a most remarkable manner. But the play is also rich with excitement, drama and splendid visual effects.

Following the Sunday matinee performance, members of the company will join the audience for a discussion. Tickets for all three performances of *Frankenstein* are on sale now, at the A&L Ticket Office in Building 402.

**Pianist Anthony de Mare** will give a concert of intriguing, challenging, twentieth century piano music in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall tonight at 8 PM. An award-winning musician with a special love for contemporary music, Anthony de Mare communicates his enthusiasm so well that he "converts" audiences to an appreciation of this



music. So if you think that contemporary music is inaccessible — you're in for a big surprise! Tickets for Anthony de Mare's concert will be available at the door.

## April

### 28 Aaron Ettenberg

The 1987-88 Plous memorial lecture.  
Today / 4 PM / Girvetz 1004

### 28 Let There Be Light and The Battle of San Pietro

Two war films by John Huston.  
Tonight / 7 & 9:30 PM / Campbell Hall

### 28 Anthony de Mare, piano

An award-winning pianist plays new works.  
Tonight / 8 PM / Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall

### 30 Frankenstein

The Guthrie Theater in a classic Gothic tale.  
Sat., Apr. 30 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

## May

### 1 Frankenstein

A psychological tour-de-force.  
Sun., May 1 / 2 & 8 PM / Campbell Hall

### 2 Memories of Prison

A film by Nelson Pereira dos Santos.  
Mon., May 2 / 8 PM / Isla Vista Theater

### 5 Bridge on the River Kwai

Starring Alec Guinness and William Holden.  
Thu., May 5 / 7 & 10 PM / Campbell Hall

### 6 Sukay, Music of the Andes

Traditional music from South America.  
Fri., May 6 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

## FRANKENSTEIN



Buy *Frankenstein* tickets now.



The Bridge on the River Kwai



Sukay

Tickets/Charge by Phone: 961-3535



# FRANKENSTEIN: Cruel Creation Myth

(Continued from p.1A)

our imaginations captive. But why does this particular myth persist with such gravity? Perhaps the enduring horror of the work can be found in the looking glass. Maybe we are experiencing the cruel realization that we, too, stand within the frame of young Mary's haunting dreamscape.

There is something truly frightening in the dying words of Victor Frankenstein, who urges his aspirant friend Walton to "avoid ambition, even if it be only the apparently innocent one of distinguishing yourself in science and discoveries." The words are familiar. Sometimes, these whispers of warning take hold, staining our faith in advancement.

It is a thirst for achievement that has always turned the wheels of the world, and yet, still, we approach new technologies with a sense of ambivalence. Time and again, we encounter evidence of man's genius turned against him. Our visions of the future are weighted by the atrocities of the past and present.

In creating life from lifelessness, Victor would challenge the laws of nature, he would cross forbidden boundaries in defiance of a God. Like Prometheus, he would present fire to a world in darkness. But when his experiments were complete and he gazed upon his creation, he realized that his footsteps had trailed too far.

Once, man feared nature and all her mysteries. We cowered and writhed at the mercy of the elements. But now, our scientific advances have instilled in us a growing feeling of pride that centers on the limitlessness of possibility. We expand the boundaries of life, we traverse the planet without hindrance and we build impressive shelters that shut out nature's frost. At times, it seems as if we've made a servant of our former master. There is inestimable greatness in the technologies of our age, but with every step forward we feel a tremble within. Like Victor Frankenstein, we may be setting free the forces of our ruin. The extensions of man's mind have a way of coming full circle. There are indeed certain limits to what nature will yield. The Frankenstein myth points out that there may be certain barriers better left alone.

In the nuclear age in which we live our ambivalence is a powerful emotion. Our cities are lit with the brilliance of man's thoughts, but still we feel the chilling fear of a future turned black. In our times, we both admire and fear the scientist. He can stand us on the shoulders of giants, take us to faraway stars and his glories can bury us in ashes. One must wonder if Robert Oppenheimer ever shared the thoughts of Victor Frankenstein. When he created the weapon that would finally put an end to a long, bloody war, did he imagine the tremendous implications? On the fortieth anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing, one crew member of the Enola Gay pulled the trigger on himself. He understood Victor's sufferings. Our technological nightmares draw a disquieting parallel to those in the myth.

And what of the scientists who, like Victor, search for the secrets of life? Are we not frightened of their uncrossed borders? One can't help but shudder when a woman tells a national television audience that she would willingly conceive and abort a fetus to lengthen the life of her dying father. Questions of morality sometimes jar us from our trusting complacency. In our times, we've come to worship the disciples of medical science for their sacred commitment to

rage against the bounds of existence. To allay our fears of death, we give science a free reign.

Last year, a story ran on the front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle* that drew the attention and concern of many. According to the story, a group of Italian scientists have been trying to cross human reproductive cells with those of apes. The scientists said that the hybrid creature could be used to perform menial tasks. True or not, it seems entirely possible and entirely frightening. Even creation seems within the reach of our hand.

The distinct quality of Shelley's characters is their compelling humanness. The Hollywood movies turned Frankenstein and his creation into rather shallow symbols of evil, but originally, they were far more pitiable. Still, in both versions we recognize their emotions and desires. Loneliness is a constant theme in the novel, an emotion that we find painfully familiar. The Earth spins so fast and still we spend our time in a state of detachment, staring into computer and television screens. And like Shelley herself, our culture has abandoned certainty in a God and perhaps, as a result, suffers from unanswered questions.

Like Victor and his creation, we struggle with our loneliness and isolation. Victor's growing desire to create life was most certainly a response to the death of his mother whom he missed terribly. And of course, the creature's alienating burden was the hideousness of his appearance. Unlike Boris Karloff's inarticulate rendition however, Shelley's creature taught himself to read and became a very sensitive and intelligent being. But knowledge, as with Adam, was his downfall for he soon realized the desperate horror of his circumstance. With love and admiration he watched man from afar, increasingly becoming aware that his hidden vantage would remain permanent. Shunned by man for his deformities, madness was inevitable. The murder of love (all that which his creator treasured) became his only compensation for the injustices of his existence.

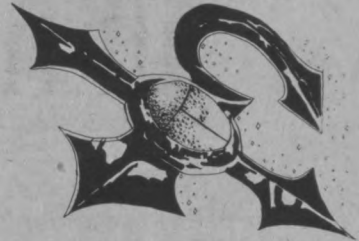
This dark creature does not exist solely in our imagination, however. One need only turn the pages of a newspaper to find him among us. We see a world in endless pain, suffering from torture and murder and the knowledge that man is capable. Once, we almost believed the calm assurance that there were no monsters hiding under the bed. Sadly, we've come to know that they can be found almost anywhere.

Frankenstein is a powerful metaphor of the times, a brilliant icon of our feelings and fears. A myth survives only because it encapsulates a certain element of truth. Let us wander back to 1816 in a Swiss chateau where a group of alienated intellectuals spent long nights discussing the "principles of life" and telling ghost stories. Out of an opium haze came Mary Shelley's terrifying creation, a legend that would live on in our darkest thoughts... forever disturbing our dreams.

The Guthrie Theatre will present "Frankenstein: Playing With Fire" an adaption by Barbara Field this Saturday and Sunday at UCSB's Campbell Hall as part of a nationwide tour by the Minneapolis and St. Paul based company. Tickets are available through Arts and Lectures or for information phone 961-2080.

Sun. **MAY 1st** at 7:30 pm

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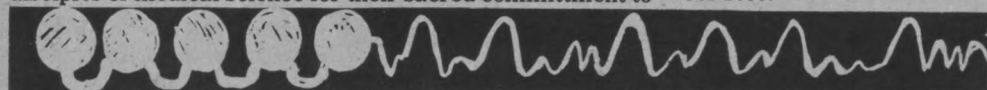
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### LET'S LOVE THE CRUELITIES

#### WE CRUELLY STOP

till we burst into self-consuming flames creating us. HEY, we're in the car roar. We're in the car roar. We're in the car roar. Hey, we're in the car roar. We're in the car roar. HEY! HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY!

WE'RE WE'RE

IN IN

DANGER DANGER

OF THE LOSS OF OUR DEEP, OUR DEEP BEHAVIOR.

I AM MY DEEP BEHAVIOR!

I'M MY DEEP BEHAVIOR!

I'M MY DEEP BEHAVIOR!

Dancing in my hungers!  
Dancing in my hungers!

I AM ME — THOU — THEE! — ME — THOU — THEE!

WE ARE THE NATION! WE ARE THE NATION!

WE ARE THE NATION! WE ARE THE NATION!

IN THE GLORY OF THE ACID RAIN WE ARE THE NATION!

In the rising buildings — Mammal Nation!  
In the crumbling light we are the Nation!  
WHAT WE ARE

INSIDE,

BELOW THE SOCIAL WHIRLING

IS THE NATION, NATION, NATION!

IS THE NATION, MAMMAL NATION!

We're in danger.

THAT'S WHAT WE LOVE!

WE LOVE THIS DANGER!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

WE ARE DEEP INSIDE!

dancing in the car roar,

dancing on the beaches in the car roar,

dancing on the beaches in the car roar

in the Acid Rain, in the Acid Rain. No fear!

NO FEAR! NO FEAR! HEY! NO FEAR!

NO FEAR! NO FEAR! HEY!

NO FEAR!

Excerpted from "Stanzas Composed in Turmoil" by Michael McClure, Selected Poems copyright 1983.

deep behavior  
l. mccullough, editor  
j. engdahl, assistant

j. hinman  
j. smith-meyer  
k. york  
m. klein  
c. scheer  
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The apparent value of completing a Master of Fine Arts degree is not that it provides conclusions but that it allows candidates to develop their questions. Evidence of this pervades the MFA exhibit, *Trouble and Play*, which will be at the University Art Museum through May 15.

What unifies the separate installations by each of the seven UCSB artists is a sense of pursuit. The artists have been able to explore their media of choice while also exploring themselves. The result is a broadly diverse exhibit likely to offer something to everyone who experiences it.

Sandra Schwimmer has "found that even spontaneous associations that seem like nonsense initially can leave a strong emotional impact." Her work actively embodies this finding by almost uniformly combining printed word and visual image. Four huge pages from a book called "Human

## In Pursuit of ... Trouble and Play

unaffected by changes in temperature; they did not perspire with tongue extended. They had remarkable olfactory ability for raw meat, and their hearing, especially for slight noise. Their eyes were dark-adapted and for a long time after they were disturbed by bright sunlight. During the day they hid in a dark corner, but prowled about at night with no fear. Their vocal gestures were grunts and howls. They had no socially interesting behavior except their howling at night, which they imitated from their wolf companions. They tore off any clothes they were dressed, resisted being washed, and avoided human contact as possible. They were shy or else showed aggressive reactions—scratching, or scowling at anyone who approached them too closely. Kamala used either her feet and hands or her mouth for all purposes. She was trained for rapid transit, and she learned to walk on her hands. She was trained for large callosities on her feet to enable her to walk barefoot in human society with a minimum of communication, all sorts of tools clearly constituted the shift from wolf-like behavior to the domestication of their guardian. Mrs. Singh massaged her feet in terms with her.

It was ten months before Kamala would take food directly from the hand. See Plate I. Later she would extend her hand for food and a half she learned to hold a dish in both hands. Kamala, but not till two years had passed did she give up lap and only much later that she learned to drink milk from a glass. Kamala first stood erect; she did not walk normally, however, till some time after that. The death of Amala was a severe crisis for Kamala. Kamala shed tears at that event. For days she refused food and drink, and she spent long hours lying about smelling the places where Amala had been. But again

Nature in Society" hang in sequence, each with a mounted glass of milk in the middle. Some words from those pages are repeated in conjunction with a solitary black squirt gun leaving the field for interpretation wide open.

Symbolism-rich paintings of significant size constitute the work of Jacquelyn Cavish, who also offers printed word in connection with each piece. She draws heavily on the tradition of myth in Apollodorus, *Book of the Dead*, the Bible, and the Iliad. Frustration in understanding the work can be soothed by Cavish' use of rich, often earthen tones.

An inspired manipulation of light and stringent examination of Christianity give coherence to Andrew Stoia's appealingly uncluttered exhibit. The thirteen foot "Before and After the Crucifixion of Christ" evokes images of vast repercussions in the implied movement of large discs arranged vertically at alternating 45 degree angles to the sculpture's base. "The Judas in Us All" portrays the universal difficulties of betrayal and regret. Stoia has created unusual combinations of sculptural materials including glass, marble, stainless steel, copper, and bronze that add pure visual interest to the thematic issues involved.

In creating unflinchingly direct works marked by exacting craftwork, Leonardo Nunez addresses current social and political issues, and demands the same from a viewer, while capturing an inherent vital force, however suppressed, in the subjects of his portraits. Ten small photographs of homeless Afro-American men in Los Angeles, whose direct focus into the camera confront a viewer with his or her own preconceptions, set a mood that is carried out in the inner compartment of Nunez' exhibit. Delicately detailed etchings with mezzotint and lithographs, also portraits of solitary Black men, are contrasted with the exciting, vibrant colors and clear delineation in the paintings. This exhibit is refreshing in its clear unity and accessible and thought-provoking subject matter. Also, notice the background references to UCSB's big campus sculptures.

Machelle De Jonge's sculptures, while abstract, are mighty and command attention. The titles, though, allow them to be absorbed on very personal terms. A favorite work is "Fruit of an Honest Heart," in which actual fruits can be seen atop a stack of full pods concealing probably much more fruit inside. The three part "Similitude of Truth" exerts a strong presence in the exhibit from both its sheer magnitude and the repetition of simple, sturdy forms.

John Goulet offers portrait style paintings with added twists in the materials area: concrete, rubberbands, and sticky stars of the sort awarded to grade school spelling test aces. The textural variety of these materials expand Goulet's often thick use of oils and his layering of color. Of special note are the seven teeny portraits on wood nearly hidden in the last corner of Goulet's gallery.

Remarkable sensory exhilaration is an effect of Mauricio Robalino's holistic treatment of the available space and his celebratory images of life. The "Jungle Love Series" combines bright colors and ritualistic ink drawings which respond to the pervasive feelings of renewal in the current season. The joyfulness in the title of Robalino's mixed media installation, "Life Springs Eternal," is manifested in the implied and actual motion of the piece and the attention paid to vibrant details in color, arrangement, and materials.

Paul Prince has designed the Museum space along with the artists to build seven separate galleries. The mood with which each artist has imbued his or her gallery reflects and highlights the distinct work to be found in it.

By Judith Smith-Meyer

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# The grown-up con game

So you want to know what's inside the *House of Games*? Well, how do you know I am not going to lie to you? Do you even know if I am really telling you about this movie? Do you trust me? You should because I am offering you my confidence, not trying to con you. So trust me, because in David Mamet's *House of Games* you cannot trust anyone or they will take you for all you're worth. "It's the American Way."

In *House of Games*, David Mamet, writer of such plays as *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, *American Buffalo*, and the Pulitzer Prize winning *Glengarry Glen Ross*, brings his gruff, hard hitting dialogue and clever characters to the silver screen. In a film that is reminiscent of the thrillers of the '50s, *House of Games* involves the relationship between a disgruntled psychologist and an alluring con man. Mamet's rough dialogue exposes the real world through characters who talk like real people; there is no fancy dialogue or memorable speeches, just people talking. Mamet's sense of the way people really interact elevates this film above the regular

Hollywood thriller by eliminating the hysterical knife-wielding mistresses that audiences love to eat up. This is strictly psychological violence with believable victims.

Joe Mantega, playing Mike, a romantic "confidence" artist, captures the interest of psychologist and best-selling author Dr. Margaret Ford, played by Lindsey Crouse. Workaholic Ford, unadmittedly upset by the lack of spice in her life, first "professionally" involves herself in Mike's intriguing world. Just as her personal need for excitement is answered on intellectual and passionate levels, she finds herself caught in a vicious mind game based on a very different type of psychology.

In one scene Mike tells Ford "Don't Trust Nobody," that people can be conned because they want to be trusted. Mamet's movie works because we don't know if the house of games is confined to the pool hall where Mike hangs out, or the world in which these people, and presumably ourselves, live. In this house the doors lock from the outside, trapping the players until

the final buzzer or gunshot announces a winner.

When Ford enters the dimly lit, smoke-filled House of Games, the door slams loudly behind her. This threshold closes Ford in, making her play the game. When she finds herself an accomplice to the murder of a policeman, his dead body blocks her exit, as only a shaft of light from the outside world comes through the door. She can see her world on the outside but cannot reach it because of the doors which she closes behind her. Mamet successfully puts her on her own therapy couch as she begins to realize that she suffers from the same doubts and fears about reality that her patients struggle with.

Mamet's con men work like average American businessmen, always trying to get the upper hand. In "Glengarry Glen Ross" Mamet exposed the seedy business practices of the slick-tongued serpents who work mainly for personal gain.

In *House of Games*, he brings these same ruthless businessmen to the world of

by Matt Klein

crime. To play you have to talk and when you find yourself on the losing side, as both Mike and Ford eventually do, there is very little to say.

Mamet's trademark is his dialogue. In *House of Games* it is simple and straightforward, often becoming a monotonous drone that causes the characters to appear shallow and two-dimensional. Only after the schemes are uncovered do we realize that the beauty in Mamet's script is that people really do speak this way. Rarely ever revealing their true intentions, a sort of ambiguous chatter fills the air. In this game talking merely allows you to stay and play.

Cinematographer Juan Ruiz Anchia captures the mood of the classic thrillers of the '50s by transforming the shadowy streets of Seattle into a realistic crime underworld. The surreal feeling that absolutely anybody can be perpetrator or victim is accented by a cool steady jazz score — bringing back the time when gangsters were human, and violence was mainly psychological. *House of Games* succeeds in being a thriller by not succumbing to

the tricks that recent thrillers have relied on: no sudden surprises, blood bath shootouts or out of control psychotics. Only intelligent players can sit in this game.

In the con business ruthlessness counts. Mamet shows that we are all capable of getting what we want and that all it takes is a little confidence and no regrets. So trust me, you can enjoy being conned by *House of Games*. But don't take it personally because they are just doing their jobs.



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How in the hell did I get here?

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# newfilmnonewfilmnonewfilmnonewfilmnonewfilm

## Trite Teens: Kill Yourself

The soundtrack to *Permanent Record*, a new film dealing with a teenager's suicide and the emotional aftermath, contains some great songs and instrumental work by ex-Clasher Joe Strummer. It also sported one of the best trailers in recent memory, creating a feeling of poignant interest about why someone close to our age would kill himself.

By the way, did I mention that *Permanent Record* has some great songs by Joe Strummer? — because it's the best thing this film has going for it. On the technical level, *Permanent Record* is a great motion picture. From the dark hues tones created by cinematographer Fredrick Elmes to the "real life teens" costuming, *Permanent Record* looks and sounds great. But this is only a pathetic example of style over substance, a dilemma that would more likely induce suicide than help us come to terms with it.

*Permanent Record* is weak melodrama. In fact, it gives the impression of being Hollywood's answer to the independent production *River's Edge*. Where *River's Edge* delved deep into the root of contemporary American culture — why America's youths have become insensitive to the basic issues of life and death, of right and wrong — *Permanent Record* glosses over the surface.

Why does the "everything is going his way" David decide to kill himself? Why do his friends and family find it difficult to express their anger and sorrow? Interesting and important questions that are never even touched on. You can't even begin to like the suicide victim before he decides to end it all.

*Permanent Record* is an example of a film being overproduced to the point of not being about anything.

The screenplay, which is credit to three writers, has the feel that the three were working separately, re-doing each other's work at each level of Paramount's system of corporate script approving. Rather than being a film about feelings or issues, *Permanent Record* seems to fulfill every statistic that probably came out of Paramount's research on what 17-year-olds want to see in a "teen-suicide" film. (If *Permanent Record* is a commercial success, then maybe we'll see a new "teen-suicide" genre — the late '80s post-aids replacement for teen exploitation films.)

While viewing *Permanent Record* you can almost hear the boardroom "power" conversation that led to its

production.

"Ya know J.J.," says C.J., with his cigar bouncing in his mouth, "We need a serious film for these serious times."

"No good C.J.," his yellow power-tie glaring from his chest, "We'll lose the teen audience."

But that *River's Edge* thing almost caught on, it just needed better posters."

"No good, that murder angle will never go over with Tipper Gore or the PTA."

"Heh, I noticed a script down in development about a kid who jumps off a cliff. Its got the emotion angle and some beer drinking teens,

there's room for a little T and A even."

"I like it. Send it to the script doctors to clean up anything messy."

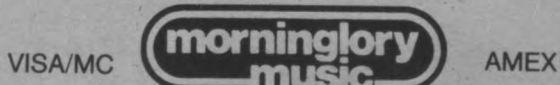
(Please See 6A)

by Adam Liebowitz

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Tao Jones  
Last Rites

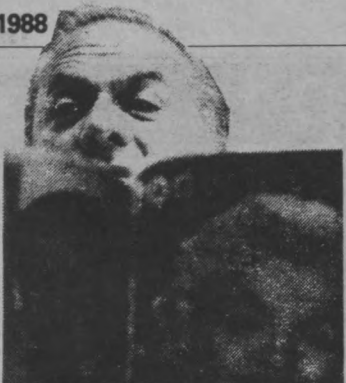
Happy Trails  
SUNDAY MAY 1st  
Collage of I  
Tom Ball & Kenny Sultan  
Das Beat  
Crucial DBC

Co-Sponsored by: I.V. Recreation & Park District, KTYD-FM, Associated Students UCSB, Borsodi's





# on Record



**"DESTINED TO BE A CLASSIC—  
THE BEST OF THE SEASON."**

—Joyce Harner WNBC RADIO

**"The most stylish thriller in a long time!  
Wonderfully directed and acted."**

—Jeffrey Lyons SNEAK PREVIEWS

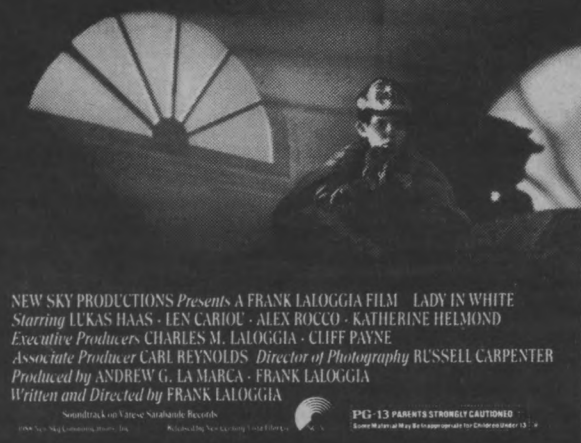
**"No lover of mystery or suspense should  
miss 'LADY IN WHITE.' It will keep you in  
mounting suspense right through the  
film's chilling climax."**

—Stu Levin ENTERTAINMENT REPORT

*The year is 1962. The place is Willowpoint Falls.  
Nobody talks about what happened in  
the school cloakroom ten years ago.  
Now, in the dead of night, Frankie Scarlatti  
is going to find out why.*

**NOW  
PLAYING**

*Lady in White*



NEW SKY PRODUCTIONS Presents A FRANK LALOGGIA FILM LADY IN WHITE  
Starring LUKAS HAAS - IEN CARIOU - ALEX ROCCO - KATHERINE HELMOND  
Executive Producers CHARLES M. LALOGGIA - CLIFF PAYNE  
Associate Producer CARL REYNOLDS Director of Photography RUSSELL CARPENTER  
Produced by ANDREW G. LA MARCA - FRANK LALOGGIA  
Written and Directed by FRANK LALOGGIA

**NOW PLAYING**

**FIESTA FOUR THEATRE IV 963-0781  
916 STATE ST. SANTA BARBARA**

Sep. Adm. Req. No passes or Group Sales

Regular Engagement Begins Friday

Daily Showtimes: 5:45, 8:00, 10:15 Sat & Sun (1:15, 3:30)

## MY BUTT ITCHES

A sort of anthem for me in early high school was the Butthole Surfers' epic "The Shah Sleeps in Lee Harvey's Grave." I can't forget lyrics like, "There's a time to live and a time to die/I smoke Elvis Presley's toenails when I want to get high." Six years later, the Butthole Surfers are hailed as the messiahs of America's underground rock/noise/experimentation sub-sect and are able to sell out large halls like L.A.'s Variety Arts Center and the Fillmore in San Francisco — all this despite having a name that can't be printed in "family" newspapers, and a sound that calling horribly uncommercial would be a grave injustice. Their current release, *Hairway to Steven* could actually be called "wimpy" compared to its predecessor *Locust Abortion Technician*, but again, this is all relative on the Butthole Surfers scale. At one moment the grooves emit twisted, chaotic death-grunge, the next a lilting acoustic guitar instrumental with birds chirping in the background. The Butthole Surfers have always seemed to be playing some sort of joke on the listener throughout their seven records but I've never been able to quite put my finger on what it is.

As if the music isn't confusing enough, there are no song titles listed anywhere in the LP package, only pictures that are supposed to correspond with the songs. A song about Julio Iglesias has a picture of a rabbit and a fish, while a song about a "little crippled midget lesbian boy" has a picture of a cigarette. You figure it out — the best way to do this would be to purchase *Hairway to Steven* and thank me later. God knows, if this starts blasting out of fraternity house speakers nationwide we'll all be in better shape. — J.H.

## I'M STUMPED

Some people look for that one band that is trying something new, making a mockery of the press and really having fun doing what they do. *Stump* is here and will be forevermore. Since 1985's EP *Mud on a Colon*, *Stump* has been a club legend in the UK. Their music has been of the most dissonant, mutant-pop recorded in the light of the 80s. A *Fierce Pancake* presents Americans with *Stump's* first U.S. release and produced by the infamous Holger Hiller. Sounding at times like early XTC or Talking Heads, *Stump* is an inferno of fun and sarcastic revelry aimed at American tourists and British politics. By far the best thing released by any major label this year!!!! — K.Y.

## INDUSTRY COMP

A new attempt at bringing experimental music into the U.S.? You may ask why? Or who cares? But the fact remains someone cares. *Lud Hysteria* is a West German who is devoted to the spreading of what he calls "Listenable Experimental" pieces collected through a proficient release of albums compiled from material sent to him vis a vis his address on the back sleeve. Out of 200-300 tapes sent to him he picked nine artists from the States to Sweden. This record is the finest collection of noise, ambiance, dance and industrial strains of eclectic music. From tape-loop generation to sampling wizardry *Ecstasy* by Current wins hands-down over any Dry Lung International compilation. — K.Y.

## CHANTEUSE

kate bush. new age folk. baby heavy hand produce. layer. layer. lay this on me forever. mix fugue. gregorian round. round. row row your indian motor fuedal chant. "dance (dumb) clown." billy, it's better when it's slow. you're no idol here. cool. clear. the big sound. gabriel robertson modern mythic mature. print word. print image worth seeing. again. floating into the story. returning to heart. welcome home Joni Mitchell.

— 11m

## WAITER, UM FLY

In a follow up to last years *Hang Ten!* lp, the Soup Dragon's new record serves up a look at the new Dragons. Retaining all the same musicians, the album takes a turn from British ('60s) guitar pop ala the Creation record label to psychedelia. Along with their fashion change and new haircuts comes a record similar to the likes of...gasp...Redd Kross. Paisely guitars, underproduced rhythms, reaching vocals, and the occasional attempt at rapping culminate in a questionable listening endeavor. The new single "Majestic Head?" fades in with a generic string arrangement and follows through with adolescent vocals and sarcasm. Hold on to your earlier singles by them.... — K.Y.

## BURMESE SATAN

I've tried very hard to hate the compact disc since its inception, but I may have to change my view on the matter now that this is out. Claimed to be "the world's first 80-minute CD," and there's not a whole lot of bands that could benefit more from the increased dynamics and sound of the CD than Boston's now defunct *Mission of Burma*. In their time (late 70s to 1985) they were ignored by the masses but worshipped by the select few that chose to clean their ears. "Art-rock" is a tag that's been thrown at *Mission of Burma* many a time over the years but don't start hyperventilating — they had more to do with the burgeoning punk movement of the time than they did with King Crimson, etc. Roger Miller's loud ringing guitar neatly textured with Peter Prescott's (now of Volcano Suns) drumwork and Clint Conley's basslines set them apart from their contemporaries and virtually everyone else who's come since — I mean, how many bands do you know that have included their SOUNDMAN as a 4th member of the band? *Mission of Burma* as a 4th member of the band? *Mission of Burma* as a 4th member of the band? This CD comprises their first two 45s, their EP *Signals, Calls, and Marches* (featuring "That's When I Reach for my Revolver" — a song that will go down as one of our generation's best), the masterful LP vs., two songs off their live LP *The Horrible Truth About Burma*, and two new numbers from old studio vaults. 80 minutes of *Mission of Burma* — maybe the CD ISN'T the Great Satan after all. — J.H.

By Jay Hinman, Laurie McCullough, Keith York

**"TWO THUMBS UP!"**  
ROGER: "...one of the ten best movies of the year."  
GENE: "This is like 'The Sting' for adults."  
"Our only argument...is who liked it more."  
in DAVID MAMMET'S  
**HOUSE OF GAMES**  
April 29 - May 10 ONLY  
7 & 9:10 NIGHTLY • 3, 5, 7, & 9:10 SUN  
"Vic" THEATER • 965-1886

**MTC METROPOLITAN THEATRES CORP**  
Movie Hotline 963-9503

<p><b>GRANADA</b> 1216 State St., S.B. 963-1671</p> <p><b>Above the Law (R)</b> 6, 8:20, 10:30 Sat &amp; Sun also 1:25, 3:40</p> <p><b>Last Emperor (PG13)</b> 6:15, 9:30 Sat &amp; Sun also 11:45, 3</p> <p><b>Permanent Record (PG13)</b> 5:30, 7:45, 10 Sat &amp; Sun also 1:05, 3:15</p>	<p><b>ARLINGTON</b> 1317 State St., S.B. 966-9382</p> <p><b>Beetlejuice (PG)</b> Fri, Mon, Tue, Wed, 5:30, 7:45, 10 Sun 8:15, 10:15 Thur 4:30, 6:45 Lateshow 9 pm Sat Community Arts &amp; Music</p> <p><b>FIESTA FOUR</b> 916 State St., S.B. 963-0781</p> <p><b>Return to Snowy River II (PG)</b> 5, 7:15, 9:30 Sat &amp; Sun also 12:30, 2:45</p> <p><b>Stand &amp; Deliver (PG)</b> Fri, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thur 5:30, 7:45, 10 Sat 1, 5:30 Sun 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10 Beetlejuice Saturday 3:15, 7:45</p> <p><b>Colors (R)</b> 5, 7:30, 10 Sat &amp; Sun also 12:30, 2:45</p> <p><b>Lady in White (PG13)</b> 5:45, 8, 10:15 Sat &amp; Sun also 1:15, 3:30</p>	<p><b>RIVIERA</b> 2044 Alameda Padre Serra S.B. 965-6188</p> <p><b>Au Revoir Les Enfants</b> 7:20; Sat &amp; Sun also 3 Separate admission required</p> <p><b>A Time of Destiny (PG13)</b> 5, 9:20 Sat &amp; Sun also 12:45 Separate admission required</p> <p><b>CINEMA</b> 6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta 967-9447</p> <p><b>Appointment with Death (R)</b> 7:30; Sat &amp; Sun also 3:30 Separate admission required</p> <p><b>The Unholy</b> 5:30, 9:30 Sat &amp; Sun also 1:30 Separate admission required</p> <p><b>Beetlejuice</b> 5:20, 9:50; Sat &amp; Sun also 1 Separate admission required</p> <p><b>Biloxi Blues</b> 7:40; Sat &amp; Sun also 3:10 Separate admission required</p>
<p><b>PLAZA DE ORO</b> 349 Hitchcock Way, S.B. 682-4936</p> <p><b>Moonstruck (PG)</b> 5, 7:25, 9:40 Sat &amp; Sun also 12:40, 2:50</p> <p><b>The Milagro Beanfield War (R)</b> 5, 7:25, 9:50 Sat &amp; Sun also 12:20, 2:40</p> <p><b>SWAP MEET!!</b> 907 S. Kellogg, Goleta 964-9050 Wednesday Evenings 4:30-10 pm EVERY SUNDAY 7 am to 4 pm</p>	<p><b>GOLETA</b> 320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta 683-2265</p> <p><b>Last Emperor (PG13)</b> 6, 9 Sat &amp; Sun also 2:30</p>	<p><b>FAIRVIEW</b> 251 N. Fairview, Goleta 967-0744</p> <p><b>Casual Sex? (R)</b> 5:45, 7:45, 9:45 Sat &amp; Sun also 1:45, 3:45</p> <p><b>Wall Street</b> 5, 9:35 Sat &amp; Sun also 12:25</p> <p><b>Good Morning Vietnam (R)</b> 7:25 Sat &amp; Sun also 2:45</p>

All programs, showtimes and restrictions subject to change without notice

## RECORD

(Continued from 5A)

I would think that the original intent of the story was to look at how modern teenagers are under tremendous pressure to perform — to have perfect permanent records. But while the pressures are so great to do the right things, teens sometimes no longer know who they're performing for — Mom and Dad, teacher, God or Ronald Reagan?

Instead, *Permanent Record* introduces us to a perfect 17-year-old who just decides one day to leap off a cliff. Why does he do it? Offering no insight into the reasons, the film only seems to give us an unsolvable problem. Friends and family summ it up with "We'll just never know," and everyone gets over their grief through a "let's put on a show in the dead guy's honor" attitude. Not even a sense of irony exists in the fact

that the town's only response to the suicide is to erect a fence around the cliff where David jumped from. Apparently no one will kill themselves if society builds more walls and fences for our protection. This simplistic attitude is contrary to the film's only other apparent philosophy, presenting the only problem with the world being the authoritative superintendent of schools who thinks singing David's songs at a school assembly would make him a martyr. (Hey kids, watch out for guys in bad-fitting suits.)

*Permanent Record* does succeed in portraying realistic teens. Their clothes and hair are not designer Hollywood and their sneaking joints or ditching school to view rock stars makes these kids seem true to life. (Although everyone has that typically Hollywood 24-year-olds playing 17-year-olds look.) But the realism is a high production value lie that the film is about something. Whether it is the fault of director Marisa Silver or the producers,

*Permanent Record* is a film made by people that fail to notice that they are just another symptom of the teen-suicide epidemic. David is presented as someone who just couldn't make the cut in the Knute Rockney school of American success. But that's O.K., his friends will learn from the experience and all will grow up to be rock stars and writers and astronauts — just so long as they don't slit their wrist. As the person accompanying me, who herself had lost a friend to suicide when she was in High School, summed it: "Bullshit, Bullshit, Bullshit!"

— Adam Liebowitz

**Tommy**  
Sat. April 30th  
I.V. Theatre  
7 • 9 • 11 pm  
\$2.50  
Spons. by Political Network

**"About last night.."**  
Fri. April 29th  
I.V. Theatre  
7 • 9 • 11 pm  
\$2.50  
Spons. by Alka Hall & A.S. Underwrite



# t h e l a s t p a g e

## BATTLE OF THE BAD I.V. BANDS

by Christopher Scheer

*We got sixteen strings of fury  
and four-skins of pounding doom  
and if you didn't know already  
you'd better start making room,  
Cause we're a band!  
Yeah, we're a band.  
— Umbilical Chords*

**W**hy would someone allow themselves to be stripped and have garbage thrown on them on stage merely to win a bowling trophy? Why the needless self-degradation? What makes the bourgeois educated social members of America want to throw cabbage on each other? Is this how youth movements begin?

These were just some of the questions being asked at last Sunday's "Battle of the Bad," a free concert in Anisq' Oyo' Park. Several hundred young cultural gluttons gathered to get sun, throw vegetables, fill out ballots and otherwise exercise their democratic rights. They were there to choose the worst band in I.V., an award which recognizes the sometimes loose standards of melody applicable in our fair community.

Of the 10 bands in the running there was a noticeable absence of the top-40 cover bands which truly deserve the title of "bad." With one notable exception, all of these "Battle of the Bad" bands play mainly originals, a fact which mitigates their "badness." It may be shit, but it's their own creative and expressive shit. Anybody who has heard an I.V. band cover Run-DMC or REM knows what I mean.

For those of you who haven't noticed, I.V. has had a veritable bottle rocket orgy of new bands of the post-punk "underground" variety. The prolific "scene" has already produced one band of certifiable note, Alice Fell, who are to play their L.A. debut Saturday at the Anti-Club. Headless Youth Speeding Through Life with the Throttle Wide Open may soon follow. But who will be next to top the scum club circuit? Who from the faceless mass of alternative musicians will climb the golden ladder and claim their fair spoils in the hallowed halls of rockdom?

They came from as far away as West Germany to throw their first punch at

seductive and whimsical Destiny, the rest — as someone used to say — is rock 'n roll.

Ground Rules:

1. Traditional Judeo-Christian values have been turned on their head and "bad" is now to be considered "good." Using reverse psychology, we are going to reward these little malcontents in the hopes that they will rebel and become productive members of society.

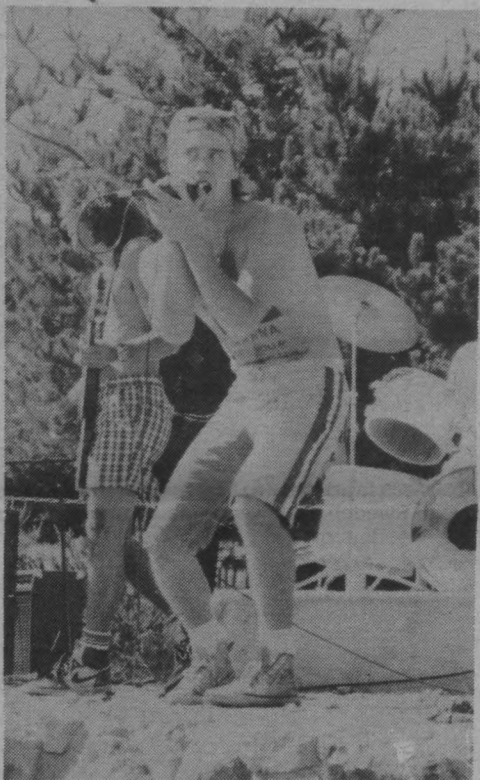
2. This is not bad as in "I am so bad that I make better love than a mint makes money." No, this is bad as in "I am so bad that sometimes I feel guilty I am not making more of a contribution to humanity."

3. The algebraic equation of badness (B) is as follows: Desire to leave = DL, Feeling of Embarrassment for Performers = FEP, Bad Aftertaste = BA. DL + FEP + BA = B.

Let the judging begin.

Special kudos to Master of Ceremonies Mike Lupro for being damn funny. He started with straight humor and then moved on through a well developed and definitive dramatic presentation on the effect of alcohol on the body and mind. A tip of the tam-o'-shanter...

I missed **The Boiling Idiots**; **Litterbox** and **M.O.F.O.** so who knows how hideous they may have been. Let me add that I've seen **The Boiling Idiots** and they didn't make my nostrils flare. **M.O.F.O.** found the crowd's soft spot by letting a five-year-old do some impromptu jazz vocals in mid-set.



LAURA JELLIFFE/Daily Nexus

**We sacrificed Boiling Idiots for croissants; it was bad.**

**The Umbilical Chords** get mad when they screw up so they obviously don't understand the resigned attitude towards the disharmony one needs to be truly bad. They practice in my living room so I may be a bit biased, but if their next album doesn't go platinum you can damn well bet I'll be placing some miffed calls to Casey Kasem and the powers that be. I can't wait until the kids at **The Graduate** start rockin' out to "Cabbage Generation," a once-a-decade kind of anthem. On the other hand, I don't see a bright future for an eight-second instrumental named "Coitus (Reprise)." Eight seconds ... it's just not very long for an act of love.

Predominantly German **Damage Done** — known for their worship of Glen Miller — weren't all that bad. The lone American provided shrill and domineering vocals, singing analogous to U.S. foreign policy. The music itself was a churning thing that shifted speeds well. The excellent German bassist did his bit for **People's Diplomacy** by turning to the crowd periodically to shout "fuck you." It wasn't until the encore that I realized what he was doing: Campaigning, trying to irritate people into voting for **Damage Done** as **Bad Band '88**.

Lead songstress **Elisa Brasil's** MTV look gave **Floating Bordello** a slickly professional feel which put them out of the running — badness needing a strongly amateurish element. New kids on the block, this fairly tight band is shake and baking its way to the top. I'll let them speak for themselves:

*I've got a girlfriend who's short and blond...*

*It doesn't matter if she won't let me in bed 'cause there's a million little sisters to give me head*

*'cause I'm a Grecian boy, yeah a Grecian boy...*

—**Floating Bordello** "Grecian Boy"

Here we begin discussion of the bands which purposely attempted (to give them the benefit of the doubt) to push the limits of badness, the "edge of the envelope" so to speak. For the most part they succeeded and they claimed the top three spots on my list.

**The Mystic Sultans of Ben Wa** have been consistently awful for three years running, and Sunday's show may have been their career *coup de grace*. The sophomoric humor, the garbage tricks, the extreme self-degradation ... it was all such a neat package. The question is where do they go from here in their quest for badness? Will the travesty continue into another autumn?

Keeping the Sultans from getting my nod as this year's champs is this: they wanted it too badly. You just can't reward that kind of bald-faced ambition to be the worst. In the end the Sultans' downfall was that they made their show too memorable; badness must be as forgettable as your last bowl of Top Ramen.



LAURA JELLIFFE/Daily Nexus

**Steve Garvey's Hair** covers it with bad hats.

Forgettable was the word on everybody's lips when describing the early morning **Xion** show. This Jewish theme band played an acoustic set to a few hardy roadies and other hangers-on. I ran across the street to get a croissant and missed the entire show. I was assured of its outright badness by all involved but their lyrics are too clever to be number one on my hit list:

*We've been held back for thousands of years,*

*And now our rock will split your ears,  
We drink everyday — shitloads of beer,  
We live rock and roll — our parents will fear.*

(chorus)

*Jews rock too, Jews rock too...*

—**Xion** "Jews Rock Too"

From the very first of **Linda Akyuz's** high cheezy keyboard notes, **Steve Garvey's Hair** owned all the spots of my heart devoted to judging badness. As the rest of the band filed on in black, hefty bag costumes, I knew we were in for some really lousy shit. **Steve Garvey's Hair** is an all Devo cover band which turns the clean plastic pop of the originals into oatmeal grunge.

Beginning with a fair version of "Mongoloid," singer **Brett Remy** led the band on a quick tour de force of the Devo opus. A series of ever more depressingly bad renditions climaxed with the inevitable "Whip It," the **Steve Garvey** attempt summing up the word limp. All in all, an exceptionally bad set. Thumbs up.

The actual winners according to the unwashed masses were tallied up with the integrity of a Philippine election and unknown at press time. Apparently the singer of the **Mystic Sultans** was worried they might be upset so he trashed the ballots. After the Sultan drummer threw himself into the moss ridden I.V. pond, election results became irrelevant. Next week we might know who got the bowling trophies.



To speak of **Burning Spear** is to speak of **Winston Rodney**, for the two names refer to one powerful force. It was the **Winston Rodney** show at both concerts this weekend, Saturday night at the **Savoy**, and Monday night at the **Graduate**. As the music started with the band on stage, the anxious audience began to simmer. From offstage **Rodney** began to sing, and immediately the crowd could sense that they were handing their souls over to him. After a few minutes **Rodney** came on stage and took control of all of us who were fortunate enough to come hear the gospel of **Burning Spear**. Starting off strong with "Marcus Garvey," from their 1975 album, **Spear** simply took the crowd for an intense journey through roots style

## Chanting down Babylon

reggae, which **Rodney** is largely responsible for.

Hypnosis through strong chanting is the only way to describe **Spear's** performance. For **Winston Rodney** does not jump around stage, wear spandex pants, or have some super high technology light show. On the contrary, **Rodney** hardly moves at all when he is on stage. Rather, he keeps all his energy controlled and then tunnels it into his intense lyrics and overpowering voice.

A little later in the show the **Spear** began to take off as they played, "Old Marcus Garvey," **Rodney** asserted, "No one remember old Marcus Garvey ... Garvey's old yet young." After playing for just under an hour, which seemed like a mere few minutes, **Rodney** stepped offstage, but was soon back. The crowd revitalized on the realization that the end was near, and **Spear** was handing back their souls. This was hardly the case though, for they played for another forty-five minutes, turning the intensity level up another notch.

At Saturday night's show **Spear** literally owned everybody in the quaint crowd at the **Savoy** theatre. With reggae bass and horns booming, you could feel the music beat from inside the body outward, a feat that could only be achieved by someone as dynamic as **Winston Rodney**. As I looked around the entire theatre, everybody was dancing

and smiling in peace and harmony with one another, as if it were some sort of holiday. The coziness of the **Savoy Theatre** in downtown Santa Barbara made for a perfect atmosphere, for no matter where you stood you felt as if you were in the front row, like the **Spear** was right there in your living room.

Monday night's show at the **Graduate** was not as intimate as Saturday's but the **Spear** put on a spectacular performance, adding a few songs (such as "Slavery Days"), and pounding out a vigorous roots beat, led by their lady trio on the horns, which kept the audience on its feet for the entire show. **Rodney** was more outspoken during Monday night's show, stressing political autonomy as he proclaimed, "Free Africa!" As both shows ended, **Rodney** repeatedly asked the audience, "Do you feel alright?" to which the response was a collective "IRIE!"

Before the show on Monday, I was able to speak to **KCSB's** reggae master **Peter Kraus**, who is currently touring with the **Spear**. According to **Kraus**, after finishing up their tour in the U.S., **Burning Spear** is going to Europe and Asia, and will then continue their worldwide tour by returning to Southern California some time in August. Keep an eye open for **Burning Spear's** upcoming album set to be released on May 21. And, remember the words that the **Spear** closed with, "Peace and Love."  
— Gary Raskin

Oow! Why aren't there more bands like **The Young Fresh Fellows**? These guys promised sizzle and they delivered. Their cunning mockery of the early mod/post punque genre of mainstream music was easily spelled out in one word: Hilarious. Underneath their big charade, they managed to evoke clear reminiscence of classic sixties rock bands such as the **Guess Who**, the **Standells** and **Cream**. The entire band agreed that their biggest peeve with the current musical direction of bands they've played with (i.e. **Rain Parade**, the **Cramps** and the **Smithereens**) is that while their music is indeed talented, on stage they are BORING. Well, boring this band is not. Nothing about them is serious, from their bizarre fluffy hats to their animated and twisted version of the "Love Boat" theme song.

The **Fellows** have such an outrageous stage manner that the crowd may have been too busy laughing at their antics to notice the more subtle and truly hilarious lyrics: "If you love your brother don't you swim in the same pool." **Chuck Carroll** remarked backstage that, "I think I'd make more money working in a grocery store. Actually, we would all be making more if we had grocery store jobs." **Drummer Tad Hutchison** agreed but added, "the best thing about us is that we're old. Not that we've been around a long time, but that we're individually OLD. It's great because the older we get, the more absurd our name becomes — **The Young Fresh Fellows**."

With that, bassist **Jim Sangster** laughed and remarked, "A big part of our trip is not taking ourselves too seriously. We're not afraid to fall on our faces!"

Shedding some light on the subject of the availability of their music was onlooker **Jason**, who with contrasting seriousness pointed out that their fourth album, **Totally Lost** was to be released last Friday.

— DeeAnne Rodeen

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# A.S. Program Board Presents

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**PUB NIGHT • TONIGHT**  
8 pm • in the Pub

All gather around for a  
**WILD and EXCITING** time with  
**"FREE BEER"**  
and special guests  
**"SHAKE and NOT STIRED"**

• PUB • PUB • PUB • PUB • PUB • PUB • PUB • PUB • PUB • PUB •

## Art Gallery News

This week — April 25-30 features work by the Native artists for a contemporary Art Show.

Next week — May 2-6 features silkscreens by the Royal Chicano Air Force. Opening reception and signing ceremony 2-5 pm Thursday, May 5. Get ready for Cinco de Mayo!

## Sneak Preview:

May 3 - I.V. Theater  
8 pm - Tuesday  
*A World Apart*

Check out this flic and gain a deeper insight of apartheid in South Africa. A special guest speaker will be there to answer any questions. This event is FREE and everyone is welcome!

## Asian Film Fest

Last Two Movies:  
*Unfinished Business*  
Wednesday, May 4, 7 pm, Girvetz 1004  
*Color of Honor*  
Thursday, May 5, 7 pm, Girvetz 1004  
Movies are free  
everyone is welcome!

## Casino Night

The dice are ready to roll —  
Come to the Graduate on Tuesday, May 10 for Casino Night, brought to you by A.S. Program Board, CalPIRG and Panhellenic.

## Come Play Musical Chairs

Sigma Nu and Chi Omega present this incredible event Saturday, April 30 at 10 am on Storke Field. Come play Musical Chairs — only a \$2 donation for a charitable cause. Be there or be square!

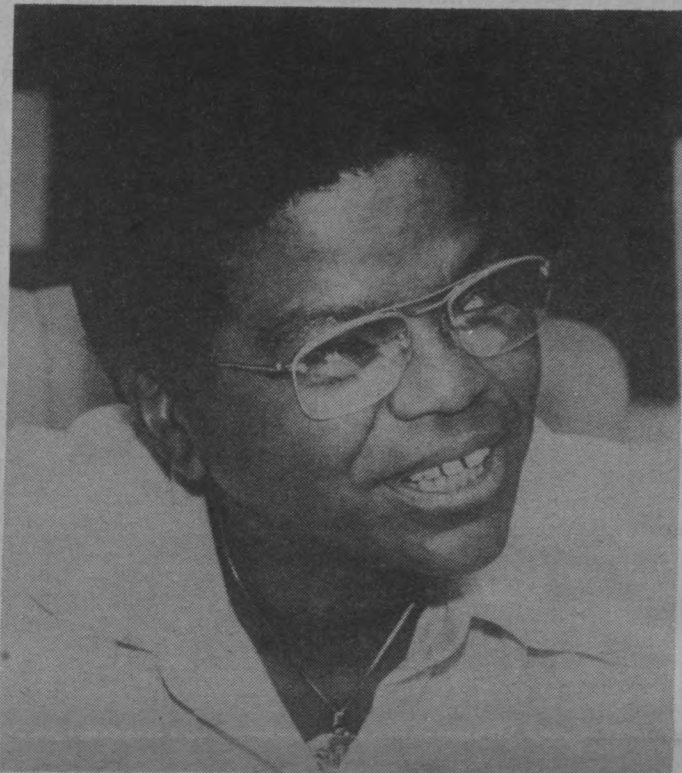
discussion/seminar on

# HAZING

On Sunday, May 1 Eileen Stevens, founder of CHUCK (Committee to Halt Useless College Killings), will evaluate and discuss the problems of hazing on college campuses. Her presentation will be informative and enlightening, providing a greater understanding of the problems plaguing fraternal organizations while offering suggestions for positive change.

This event, sponsored by Sigma Chi fraternity and Delta Gamma sorority, is scheduled for Sunday, May 1 at 8:30 pm in Old Gym. All are invited and admission is free.

## Mary Frances Berry Wednesday, May 11



Mary Frances Berry has said, "The happiest day of my life was when Reagan fired me. I was fired because I did what I was supposed to do." Berry, a Carter appointee in 1980 and one of the most respected constitutional and civil rights law historians in the United States, was reinstated to her position on the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights by Congress a year after President Reagan removed her in 1983.

An outspoken critic of the present administration's lack of civil rights enforcement, Berry has recently published the book, *Why ERA Failed*, and will present a free public lecture, "Constitutional Politics and Women's Rights: Some Historical Considerations," on Wednesday, May 11 at 8 pm in Campbell Hall.

In *Why ERA Failed*, Berry addresses a breach of alliance between Black women and White women which, while temporary in her opinion, still exists. She compares the struggle to have ERA ratified with other controversial proposed Constitutional amendments and describes the history of the amending process from the Constitutional Convention to the present day.

Prior to her work on the Civil Rights Commission, Berry was assistant secretary for education in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, overseeing nearly \$13 billion of Federal education programs. Together with Randall Robinson and Walter Fauntroy she founded the Free South Africa Movement to focus attention on apartheid in that region.

Berry has a long history of active involvement with education. From her first position as an assistant professor at Central Michigan University in 1966 to being Chancellor of the University of Colorado at Boulder to her current work at the University of Pennsylvania where she is the Geraldine R. Siegel Professor of American Social Thought, Berry says teaching is her first love.

This lecture is co-sponsored by Arts & Lectures, Departments of Black Studies, History, and Political Science, Center for Black Studies, Martin Luther King, Jr. Committee, A.S. Program Board, A.S. Commission on the Status of Women, Women's Studies Program, Women's Center, UCSB Library, EOP/SAA and the Black Students Association.

For more information please contact Arts & Lectures at 961-3535.

**There's more to college than just going to class**