The following article is an attempt by the author to draw an analogy between the direction of political thought and cultural phenomena, popular music as an example, in America's recent history. The intention is to show the reader that we have merely gone to where we came from in the last twenty-five years, that is, the irretrievable past, clung onto by nostalgia and its fear to enter into the future bravely. The question then should start as such — What is this "homesickness," this love of nostalgia we possess?

The year is 1983 (going on '84), yet we find much of our popular culture and politics fixated on the images, thoughts and sounds of 1963 and 1945 and 1955. Today, politics and popular music have come full circle. We're again wearing "Leave It To Beaver" T-shirts, flat-top haircuts and listening to Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran. Our own president, a man as immersed in style as John Wayne was in his war movies, has said himself that he wishes to bring this country back to a time when things were good, a time when you drank a glass of milk before you went to bed. In other words, our chord progressions have not changed. We're celebrating our past achievements and not moving earnestly onward. This drug, nostalgia, stagnating when used as a way of life, can be found in such cultural meters as popular music. A group like the Stray Cats is the perfect symbol of a culture come full circle in its growth. Although the music is fun, it isn't new. Kids of all styles and genres are wearing the same clothes their mothers and fathers wore twenty or thirty years ago. Move over old order and let the old order take over again!

This is not to say, though, that change has not been attempted, that the movement of thought and the construction of the progression has not been at one time varietated on. The new music to come about in the sixties as a result of Elvis and Chuck Berry (the Hippies and "Eight Miles High," "Purple Haze" and "Break On Through To The Other Side") touched many people: old and young, rich and poor, hawk and dove — much like the aspirations of the Kennedy presence. If the Western and American victory in World War II was analogous to the mid-fifties emergence of
Sweet Sound —

SIMON TOWNSHEND: brother (very little — Simon still partying to those Elvis Costello and if you're Jackson/Graham Parker/- records, you'll party to this throwback to early Joe well, their sound is kind of a you've heard the song, "Just Gangbusters —

What makes them stick out. Wayne and the result is this American vocalist/- left. They picked up a hot British bands, their image is American vocalist/-

Townshend is enough, thanks.

B.J. FRANKLIN: B.J.'s mean saxophone and in this section.) Featuring Teddy Pendergrass and women. This is a nice Santa Barbara hand playing pretty pop/jazz music for nice and pretty Santa Barbara people. Vocalist Rose Burn has a smooth Minnie Riperton-like voice and songwriter/guitarist Josef Woodard plays and writes with a cool George Benson approach. Support the locals — even if they have a hard time being fresh.

THE BONGOS: Numbers With Wings. Having giggled around New York since 1979 and after a string of European hit singles, the Bongos are finally getting nationwide notice. They integrate strains of Latin, rock and folk and a bit of psychedelia for a remarkably original dance sound. Despite the momentum which the band seems to have, they're not looking for them now, it's still too easy to dismiss them as another nomenclature band in Kelp's Jukebox or canned, we'll definitely be seeing more of them in the future.

B.J. FRANKLIN: B.J.'s Velvet Allstars Live! — This album's release coincides with the opening of B.J. Franklin's Mardi Gras Cafe which happens tomorrow night. (See article in this section.) Featuring B.J.'s mean saxophone and the keyboards of Danny O'Neill, this is an uncomplicated blues jam dished out with an intense Louisiana fervor that says "party-time." The spirit of the Mardi Gras is packed into these classic licks and the best part is, you'll be able to see Velvet live every weekend at the Mardi Gras Cafe.

LET'S ACTIVE: About — The notable irony con­cerning this band is that Let's Active producer/­songwriter/guitarist Mitch Easter is also R.E.M.'s producer. With the help of two talented women, Faye Hunter on bass and Sara Romweber on drums, Easter encourages us if you can tell this band here, you can also un­derstand this words. Psychedelic pop at its best, Faye Hunter's ethereal singing on the cover of this E.P. doesn't do the music justice.

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THE BONGOS: Numbers With Wings.
The Curse of Lono
By Hunter Thompson & Ralph Steadman

Reviewed by
MENNON TEMPLE

When the gods of old were still gods, the reign of Carter lasted, but to future historians two things are certain: the age of Nixon still seems like a foreboding shadow, and the rocks in front of my porch are still being pounded relentlessly by the filthy sea... A huge cloud hangs over the island at all times, and this goddamn bastard never sleeps or even rests...

Master of the random element, Thompson's story is told in a dark, humorous, often nightmare vision of reality; disemboweling the image of the American Dream in order to read portents hidden amongst the diseased viscera.

This time around Thompson dissects and examines the island paradise of Hawaii. Along for the ride, once again, is artist Ralph Steadman. With a style just on the other side of sanity, Steadman is to ink and paper as the Luftwaffe was to London. Tortured characters, closer to death than life, adorn the pages in full color. These illustrations, responsible for Steadman's elevated status of co-author, capture and accentuate Thompson's world.

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And what a bleak world this is. A truth-teller. Gone are the sunny beaches and tropical resorts. Instead there are drug-crazed fishing expeditions in weather so foul Captains Cook would have steered clear... A huge cloud hangs over the island at all times, and this goddamn bastard never sleeps or even rests...

"We are paying $1,000 a week to sit out here like the fools they know us to be. Well, fuck these mean drunks at night.... A huge cloud hangs over the island at all times, and this goddamn bastard never sleeps or even rests...

"They call it Kona Weather: grey skies and rough seas, hot radar in the morning and mean drunks at night... A huge cloud hangs over the island at all times, and this goddamn filthy sea pounds relentlessly upon the rocks in front of my porch... the bastard never sleeps or even rests...."

Thompson's return from a self-imposed retirement is brought in a form of the wild sea adventure, The Curse of Lono. As in Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas and The Great Shark Hunt, Thompson drags the reader into the world of the weird, exposing every repressed nightmare vision of reality; disemboweling the image of the American Dream in order to read portents hidden amongst the diseased viscera.

In spite of the general low quality of the book, there are a few gems. Fantasy Island, in which the author interviews himself in a television and its major attendant magazine, TV Guide, are both institutions. Two major program listings are fore Rocky XII and an NBC News Special with Roger Mudd. Excerpts and illustrations used by permission of Bantam Books. All rights reserved.

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LEAD: GORDON/ BOWIE'S LATEST
ALBUM: LET'S DANCE
 Hits from: INXS, JAGGER, KEITH RICHARDS,
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The White Fronts Are Stone Groovy

Dr. D: That’s not it!

D.C.: The Gross National Product of Chad?

D.C.: How about a little of your family history?

D.C.: Are you sure that’s all?

Bill: His mother was a Greyhound Bus driver.

Dr. D: Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids, Flintstones...

D.C.: What is your musical influences?

Dr. D.: To play nude in front of a big audience... also, I’d like to have this blowtorch, I could start it up during a gig and fly above the band and out over the audience.

D.C.: You once said if you want to play in a band you have to travel to another planet. What does this mean?

D.C.: You also said that if the WhiteFronts ever got tight, they’d have to start getting drunk before gigs.

D.C.: Do you consider yourself a good actor...

D.C.: What is your musicalèmes?

D.C.: Do you ever think of food while you’re playing?

D.C.: We intend to pass a lot.

D.C.: Do you think of food while you’re playing drums?

D.C.: Back to the gig, the WhiteFronts will exchange anything for food —care to explain?

D.C.: If you could be a verb, which one would you be?

D.C.: Shuffle.

D.C.: How about a little of your family history?

D.C.: Do you consider yourself a good actor...

D.C.: Like... cards?

D.C.: If you could act convincingly like a strip of bacon?

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D.C.: If you could be a verb, which one would you be?
**B.J. Franklin Opens Mardi Gras Cafe**

**BY HUGH HAGGERTY**

Santa Barbara seems to be aching for a place like B.J.'s Mardi Gras Cafe (525 State St.). The club is having its grand opening celebration tomorrow night (continuing Mardi Gras style throughout the weekend), and if the hubbub around town is any indicator, it is going to be one happy party. The Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce is even going to cut the ribbon!

The partying will hardly cease this weekend. B.J. will blow his last notes on his old saxophone and have it enshrined on the walls of the club. Violin is gonna rock the house with its New Orleans brand of Cajun bluegrass while B.J. breaks in his new sax. There will be free samples of the food to be served — gumbo, chili and ribs — and lots of door prizes. B.J. says, "When you walk in the door, you'll know you're coming right to the party time!"

Manager/musician B.J. Franklin says this is a dream come true for him. Having played with his band, Violin, for 13 years in the Santa Barbara area and putting up with the runaround that a musician has to deal with, he dreamed of opening a club where musicians and audience alike could be in a cool, comfortable, happy atmosphere. The Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce is getting down to the business of making this club happen. They've got open jam sessions with local musicians. B.J. guarantees that his killer sound will showcase the Milton Kelley Band, Wednesdays will have blues singer Jenny Hood, and Thursdays will have top names in the blues with the Jesse James Band. B.J. plans to call the Mardi Gras Cafe "home" for a long time, and from the sound of it, he shouldn't have any problems getting support from the Santa Barbara community. Be a part of the historical grand opening this weekend — you won't regret it!

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**McCartney Lights Up 'Pipes of Peace'**

**BY IAN DEPTH**

"Say say say what you want..." Paul McCartney has a new album climbing the Christmas Charts. The single (a collaboration with Michael Jackson), "Say Say Say," plays over and over on AM and FM radio and on Music TV and as we all know, repetition is the name of the game game game. Have you seen the video? It's sweet and subtle and slow... kind of a scene between a pleasant dream and a cerebral ad. Good taste (Paul's & Michael's) prevails and the video footage bears no resemblance to the song's lyrics. Isn't it a bore when the video image is dictated by the damn song? But back to the music. Theoretically this is a record review, still, the Say Say Say video is very much a product of the same technical mastery and stunning opulence you can expect from McCartney's records. Perfect: sexy yet almost androgynous vocals mixed with funny textures and percussive effects and concrete sounds whirring amidst melody. But not plastic melodies that support but do not subserve the urbanly lyrical in this latest George Martin produced set of songs. Spin it and you get: "The sweetest little show in town."

"Sorry, you say? But do you meanorry or comfortable or sublimate?" The trouble with sublime art is its real power is often sublimated in skill and skill is pleasing and pleasure is comfortable, so comfortable, in fact, that one might not often sublimate in skill and skill is pleasing and pleasure is comfortable, so comfortable, in fact, that one might not notice how sublime the experience is. How sublime is it? Let's get down to the music. As side one begins we hear the orchestra tuning up ("comfortably") and then Paul(except on creating a pane, the band (complete with tamba drums) is behind him and then a chorus of union voices join in the "Pentaniziri Children's chorus" and they go: "Will the human race be run in a day?... what are we gonna do?... Play the pipes of peace."

"Pipes of Peace" is the title of the record and pipes of peace, both the musical and smokeable varieties, are the motif of the album cover. The back photo shows Paul in coolly casual clothes reeling as if between puffs from a classical Indian peace pipe that is mounted on a tripod, like a telescope. Effective, don't you think? Back to the music.

The overall sound of the record bears notable resemblance to Gichy Dan's Beachwood record and there are a few traces of Beachwood boys scattered about. After "Say Say Say" comes The Other Me, a latin shuffle about Paul's alter ego. "I acted like a dustbin lid" Yowza Yowza, the voice is there but it isn't in the dustbin. Keep Under Cover starts then takes off: "What is art when it hurts your head?" a rhetorical question the wallflower abounds among us might consider. Paul sings the ballad Love You So But so good it hurts — soulful testalett.

The Men is another McCartney-Jackson co-op number with a guitar solo under born right out of an Isley Brothers record. Paul & Michael both sound like happy men in this one but what's the song about? Being happy... demonstrating that Paul's (and in this case Michael's) lyrics aren't so much trite and superficial as they are abstract, like a painting that decorates as it defines ideas. Michael's squeaking and scatting in the back up tracks don't hurt either. The Sweetest Little Show has the sweetest little guitar solo in it, reminiscent of Beatles' White Album, which is followed by its own little applause track and angels could be proud of the long notes of harmony held by the golden voices that fade and surge into Avenge, an advanced rocrocummary series of imaginary interviews with average people: an engineer who wished he'd worked with lions in a zoo, a waitress who failed an audition for a Hollywood film part, and a boxer who 'fished a little extra height'. The average person? Paul's got kaleidoscope eyes. What's next? Hey Hey, an instrumental version of a song written by Stanley Clarke, not unlike a Jeff Beck jig played by Santa's Elves in the tropics. What a lovely bass line during the satiric section. Next is Fog Of Peace that is reminiscent of the title of a book by a German author, then a Latin shuffle, almost jazzy music (Sunny Ade style) with arging counter-melodies. "It's a fog of war. No, your troubles cease when you learn to play the pipes of peace."

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Through Our Love classes out side 2 and shows McCartney is still the old optimist staying young to love. "Just want to do whatever feels right..."
Vinyl Exams...

(Continued from p.2A)

Perry’s Target is the Jones Girls’ debut; after a six-year absence, the group is back with a new LP. The band is a perfect example of this blend of past influences and creative touch. The musical stylings of Arco Iris, the Argentinean jazz band now based in Los Angeles, is a perfect example of this blend of past influences and creative touch. The band is a perfect example of this blend of past influences and creative touch. The musical stylings of Arco Iris, the Argentinean jazz band now based in Los Angeles, is a perfect example of this blend of past influences and creative touch. The band is a perfect example of this blend of past influences and creative touch. The musical stylings of Arco Iris, the Argentinean jazz band now based in Los Angeles, is a perfect example of this blend of past influences and creative touch. The band is a perfect example of this blend of past influences and creative touch.
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962-1416
Swami Dayananda says of himself:

"I am never at home with sadness; I feel most true to myself when I am happy. Does this fact not reveal that happiness is my nature, and one of the things that I want to become happy, is to find myself clapping with the rest of the audience when I hear that vision so that one need not consult him again."

As the problem is one of ignorance, only the ignorant is concerned. As soon as Dylan arrives in swinging mod London a herd of groupies and groupings rushes to see the great man. The G.M.O.U. agreed to back her. At times Streisand experienced terror and anxiety at having taken on such a task, but as G.M.O.U. is now boasting, she is, "the first woman in the history of motion pictures to produce, direct, write, and perform a film's title role." Streisand proved capable through her direction and delightful performance. The concert footage is not what it might be. The film seems to be almost a parody of cinema-verite. The music, a collaboration by Michel Legrand and Alan Bergman, is also quite good, and the story and script are the other half of this film's charm. Streisand, the only singer in the movie, weaves a soulful performance, but the story and script are the other half of this film's charm. Streisand, the only singer in the movie, weaves a soulful performance, but the story and script are the other half of this film's charm. Streisand, the only singer in the movie, weaves a soulful performance, but the story and script are the other half of this film's charm.

The film opens with shots of Dylan performing and speaking. The interviews are a model of forthright documentary. He is always vicious. But if anything, he's treating these people more courteously than they deserve. This type of human possession—of the forgetful, the nouveau riche—is what is known in the vernacular as an "asshole." There's no rock and roll here, just the infamous nasal twang, primitive acoustic guitar, and bowing harmonica. The concert footage is not what it might be. The interview footage is not what it might be. The music, a collaboration by Michel Legrand and Alan Bergman, is also quite good, and the story and script are the other half of this film's charm.

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**Crafts Sale**

A Christmas sale of Indian crafts will take place in the Indian Hall at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, 3350 Puesta Del Sol, on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Dec. 2, 3 and 4 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. There will be pottery, rugs, jewelry, miniatures of Rainbow tree ornaments, paintings and bead baskets. For further information, call 882-4711.

**Art Exhibit**

Lovers of the traditional watercolor will delight in the over 60 English watercolors being shown at the James M. Hansen Gallery, 27 East De La Guerra, Santa Barbara.

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**Nexus Arts & Entertainment**

Editor: Hugh Haggerty

**Contributors To The Gonzo Christmas Issue:**

David Costanza, Ian Depit, Dan Flynn, Bill Thompson, Simon Templar, Scott Lewis, Ted Costas, Katherine D. Zimbert, M. T. Hanson & Johnny Graham

We Wish You A Happy Holiday Season

See You In 1984
The Critic Speaks Out  
.MODEICRE': Sounds Like A Smelly Shoe 
BY KATHERINE E. ZIMBERST 
Charles Chaplin does it. Walter Kerr did it; all great critics at one time attempt to defin or explain their profession, lambasting their fate of being hated for being too critical or criticized for being too understanding. 
Chaplin (LA Times) has written many pieces on the defense of the critic theme, and Kerr, the New York Times theater critic, once tried to convince readers that reviewing a bad play is in no way, and in fact is quite exhausting. "A good show makes a man want to review it," Kerr wrote, "whereas a bad one only makes him want to go home and lie down." Kerr's main point is that a bad play is so difficult to watch because of the effort he has to make to stay awake, find something worthy in it, and find something to write about when he gets home. After such a negative experience, who wants to write about it? I agree, but far worse for me is the mediocre play or film - because it doesn't affect me. Can you imagine having to write about something that was so bland, so unimportant, that it gave you no impressions, no thoughts? 
Strong feelings, negative or positive, are easy to articulate because they're definite. I either like something or I don't like something, and then I tell why. Easy.

But my downfall comes, too often, when I am sitting in a theater-uninterested. Another adequately made, sufficiently acted, and well-enough produced film rolls by, and I know it the fragments into a rational justification for my lack of feelings. 

I have to do this because I'm a reviewer, and reviewers have a responsibility to their readers, I tell myself. So I pass another grueling couple of hours before the typewriter. There's no hope of coming up with memorable, glowing praise, or witty, withering remarks that will take their place among the list of reviewer's cliches. No. It's just another mediocre play or film that will produce an equally mediocre review. 

Sometimes I can get around the problem by asking myself what was missing. Then I write one of those "this film would have been really good if..." or "the only thing that kept this film from being interesting was" type reviews. 

The other option I always try to consider is how I was feeling the day I saw the film. Did I have a headache? Was the theater too hot? Or was I just too tired to be swept up in it? If so, should I take these factors into consideration? Are movies made to cater to tired critics? 

No. A really excellent movie will transcend the stuffy theater; headache, or sleepy critic. Tomorrow's English paper will be forgotten, and the exhilaration of the event will provide me with enough energy to write a decent review. 

In bad movies, the headache gets worse, the theater grows hotter as I become angry at what I saw, the writing adjectives will already be swimming about my brain as I eagerly await the chance to go home and give the neger piece of junk the rip job it deserves. 

The mediocre movie does nothing but make me more aware of the limitations that are already there. The theater doesn't get better; it's just more noticeable that the picture sucks.

The headache isn't forgotten, it becomes all the more important as there isn't anything else to think about.

Perhaps the worst insult a critic can give a film is that it wasn't memorable enough to merit praise or criticism - it just fell in that limbo state of mediocrity. 

Katherine E. Zimbert will be the new assistant editor for the Arts/Entertainment section next quarter.

How To Ease The Burdens Of Campus Life.

1. Take a break. I know it sounds obvious, but it's true. My advice: Take a break. 

2. Go outside. I'm sure you've heard it before, but it's true. Sunshine, fresh air, and sunshine are great for your mental health. 

3. Listen to some music. Music is a great way to relax and ease the stress of college life. 

4. Take a nap. Napping is a great way to recharge your batteries and get ready for the next day. 

5. Take a shower. A warm, relaxing shower can help you feel refreshed and ready to take on the day. 

6. Go to the gym. Exercise is a great way to release stress and improve your mood. 

7. Talk to someone. Whether it's a friend, a family member, or a counselor, talking about your concerns can help you feel better. 

8. Practice self-care. Take time to do things you enjoy, like reading, writing, or meditating. 

9. Get enough sleep. Lack of sleep can make you feel irritable, fatigued, and unable to focus. 

10. Seek professional help if needed. If you're struggling to manage your stress, consider seeking help from a mental health professional. 

Remember, it's important to take care of yourself so you can take care of others. 

Daily Nexus

******Attractions******

Dolls on Holiday, featuring intricate mechanical toys, an historic German Santa Claus and a variety of period dolls, is one of the featured exhibits at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art opens its new Alice Keck Park Wing Dec. 1.

To mark the occasion the museum will host public hours from noon to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3 and 4. In addition to the inaugural exhibits there will be live entertainment ranging from instrumental music to puppet shows, children's theater, and games and more.

According to Museum Director Richard V. West, "Dolls on Holiday" visitors will see a wonderfully preserved selection from the Alice F. Schott Doll Collection of dolls, toys and puppets. Dolls in the exhibit will be grouped by type before settings that evoke their periods and places of origin. Elaborately costumed Porcelain, or French fashion dolls enjoy a regal display. Others, created of wood, cloth or papier-mache display a simple charm for children of another time and place.

There are wax dolls from England, bisque dolls from France and Germany and rag dolls from America, all in beautiful condition, many having recently undergone restoration or cleaning.

The Creative and Performing Arts Department at Westmont College will present its annual Joys of Christmas concert on Saturday, Dec. 10 at 8 p.m., at the First Presbyterian Church on State and Constance. Admission is free.

The UCSB Department of Music and the Music Aflliates will present the University Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, in a special Christmas concert on Friday, December 2 at 8 p.m. in Lottie Lehmann Concert Hall.

The program includes "Symphony No. 29 in A Major," by Mozart, "A Christmas Festival," by Elgar with soprano soloist and accompanist Sara Irwin, "Unanswered Question" by Charles Ives, "Messiah" by Handel and "Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Admission is $14 or a Music Aflliates Series Ticket, with proceeds to benefit the Music Scholarship Fund.

Four performances of Tchakovsky's delightful Christmas fantasy, "The Nutcracker," will be presented on Dec. 2 and 3 in 0xord Civic Auditorium.

Joining forces, UCSB's annual offering in music and dance will be the Ventura County Symphony orchestra, conducted by Frank Schwartzkopf, and the members of Oxnard's Academie Ballet Theatre under the direction of Mme. Mara Lysova. This year marks the fourth consecutive collaboration between arts groups in the city.

Beginning at 7:30 p.m. Saturday, Dec. 2, "The Nutcracker" will be repeated on Saturday, Dec. 2, and 2 and 8 p.m., concluding with a marina dockside tree lighting ceremony.

Reserved seats for Nutcracker performances at 9p. and 8p. are available through ticket outlets at Bennion's in Oxnard and Camarillo; Jailhouse Records, Ventura; Blue Sky Music, Ojai; Donna Taura, Santa Paula; or through the Symphony office. For tickets call 993-8646. "Nutcracker" Coloring Books and Pre Show Books are on sale at $3.50 such as the Symphony office and will be available at all performances.

When the Santa Barbara Drama Workshop's production of Raisin's "The Ballad" opens at 7:30 p.m. at the Casa Del La Raza, it will mark the beginning of a new stage in the young theater company's development. "The Jungle" written and directed by SBDW founder and executive director Ross Canton is the first production geared for an adult rather than child audience and the first SBDW production of Los Angeles origin. "The Jungle," which stars Ben Bottoms and Nina Rodgers in the title roles of the Soldier and his young wife Janice, is a highly intense and personal journey through the Vietnam War as seen through the eyes of two young people who are experiencing it. Controversial and timely in its perspective of war and its effects upon individual lives, the play strives to understand the thought and feelings of two people caught up in a war neither wanted but are forced to face.

The Jungle" will only have four Santa Barbara performances before it goes down to Los Angeles on Dec. 9 and 10 at Theater/Theatre. The Gala Wine and Cheese opening night on Dec. 1 at 8 p.m. is a benefit for SANS committee for a same nuclear policy. "The Jungle" will continue through Dec. 4 at La Casa Del La Raza, 601 E. Main St. For more information call the SBDW office at 641-2965 or SANS at 963-8991.

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Westmont College hosts its annual "Holiday Extravaganza" Saturday, Dec. 3.

This year's celebration degrades for an adult rather than child audience and the first SBDW production of Los Angeles origin. "The Jungle," which stars Ben Bottoms and Nina Rodgers in the title roles of the Soldier and his young wife Janice, is a highly intense and personal journey through the Vietnam War as seen through the eyes of two young people who are experiencing it. Controversial and timely in its perspective of war and its effects upon individual lives, the play strives to understand the thought and feelings of two people caught up in a war neither wanted but are forced to face.

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Beat Poetry Is Back (In L.A.)

By HUGH BAGGERTY

You're in Los Angeles and can't believe you're in the dirty part of town—perpetual dust, even if it's Westminster. You hear things which concern you, don't believe them and defend your guilt; the smog inhales your lungs. "Hey, can you score a change?" ignorance, so that all you see are the cigarette butts lying against the curb. Squint down the street to see a phantom approach you and ask for a dance. Sure.

Such are the "voice prints" which went on Harvey Kubrick's 

American's Addiction With The Beaver.

(Continued from front cover)

rock 'n' roll, then the ambitions of J.F.K. were the same to the sixty freedom in music; the chords that had been established by tradition were in both cases varied freely. There were no fears, if you were any good, to involve a little engaging dissonance or shake up the status quo. The Beatles (too much talked about sometimes) took the E-A-B-E chord progression of "Roll Over Beethoven" and liberated its form; from Chuck Berry's "Roll Over Beethoven" came the likes of "Helter Skelter" and "A Day In The Life." In the same way John Kennedy took the victory of World War II and expanded it to mean almost anything is possible for Us. During this time he created a mythical world where it was alright to allow for idealism. For a time there, the opening crescendos of Utopia had Tradition shaking in its black leather wing-tips. Yet what happened? The thread, the ideals and the apparent bravado led both integrated worlds to their graves. They murdered John Kennedy for playing his guitar too loud in the streets and cut down John Lennon for being more than just a country-singing, home boy, like Elvis Presley was. The chord change died as did the coming variations and so we present to us as a goal, then we must separate ourselves after Kennedy can run for office outside the shadow of his Johnson and Nixon. Yet most discouraging of all is our enganging dissonance or shake up the status quo. The same since "Bedtime for Bonzo!" So many, it would murder its form; from Chuck Berry's "Roll Over Beethoven," leads you to in­

The Right Stuff, the real Right Stuff, leads you to in­

fluence your culture; but it also tells you something very important: anyone smart enough doesn't run for president. The greatest presidents of this country right now are those who look back and in your face. It's fantastic L.A. and it's greatness.

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To the showers with Rod McKuen, Bob Hope, and Joe McCarthy!

Pre-Christmas

America by reality. No matter how many flat-tops, Eddie Cochran was after the one who was worse than the other? When this happens, as it has, the system becomes an AM nostalgia intoxication — his plastic, black hair has stayed up, pinko-fags, and, of course, the "Leave It To Beaver" T-

Flesheaters, one or more members of Black Flag, the Minutemen, the Last, the Bangles, the Beastie Boys, The Cicle Jerks, Surf Punk, a couple disc jockeys and a bunch of people that I never heard of.

Yes Is Back: '90125'

BY TED COSTAS

Perpetual modernness is the measure of merit in every work of art.

There are three distinct possible directions the band, YES, could have taken with their new album, 90125: 1) Commerciality — they could write "bubble gum music" like Asia or the newer Genesis. 2) Backward — they could revert to their old "Yes Album," progressive seventies sound. 3) Forward — they could move on, leave the past behind, and drive towards new and innovative sounds in music. So, what did they do? The latter of the three. They went for­

The record is a "social document." It breathes down your neck and makes you want to get drunk with; you might like to join them on a progressive adjectives raised by the maternal City of the Angels. It'll sit on your turntable and warp the present tense for two hours if you let it.

Contributors to this project include John Doe and Exene of X, Charles Bukowski, Wanda Coleman, Dave Alvin of the Blasters, Steve Wynn of Dream Syndicate, Chris D. of the Flesheaters, one or more members of Black Flag, the Minutemen, the Last, the Bangles, the Beastie Boys, the Ciccle Jerks, Surf Punk, a couple disc jockeys and a bunch of people that I never heard of.

Some cuts have music accompaniment or just vocal accompaniment. Name tracks are "After The Revolution" by a bloke named David James. "I Don't Sweat," by Dave Alvin and "RTD Boogie" by Chris Morris. "When I told people in this fair city that I didn't drive, they looked at me like I said 'Yeah, I chopped my babies head off, sauteed it in mushrooms and served it for dinner.'" Give it a chance and pick your own favorites. Some of the "poets" you might want to get drunk with; you might like to join them on a graffiti run on Malibu or you might want to just punch them and take off. — maybe even lift the needle on your turntable.

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CONTEST
UCen Art Gallery
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Send original work or slides — enclose SASE or, if in a mailing tube, return postage.

QUARTER IN REVIEW

Cultural Events

Hosted a Halloween Dance in the Pub.

Events to happen during Winter Quarter 1984:
1) Cultural meetings to be held Wednesday afternoons (please check times and places): ALL ARE WELCOME TO ATTEND!!
2) Cultural week celebrations from various groups: 1. Yiddish Culture Week — February, 2. Black History Month Celebration — February.

Lectures

UCen Activities

Laurie Dalton of Giant Eden performing in the PUB. One of the many REEF events sponsored by A.S. Program Board.

Photo By Dwight Rim

SPECIAL EVENTS

— The infamous Comedy Nites in The Pub were put on by this committee to name a few:

Tim Jones
Ross Bennett
Robert Aguayo