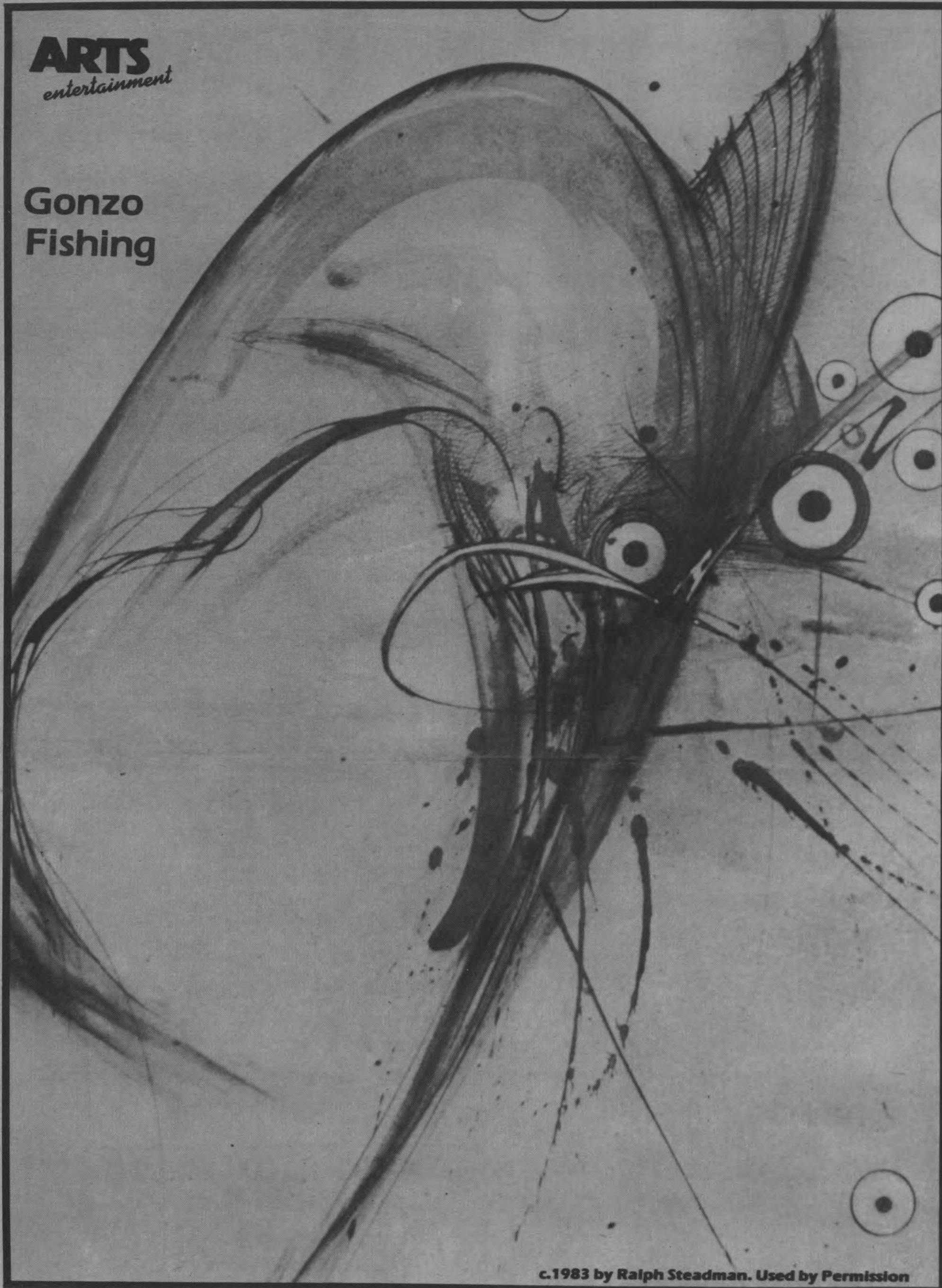


**ARTS**  
entertainment

## Gonzo Fishing



c.1983 by Ralph Steadman. Used by Permission

### America's Addiction: Will The Beaver Ever Grow Up?

BY JOHNNY GRAHAM

The following article is an attempt by the author to draw an analogy between the direction of political thought and cultural phenonema, 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 Presely, 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 sure is fun, it ain'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 variated 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

(Please turn to pg.11A, col.1)



# Vinyl Exams Are In Season

By HUGH HAGGERTY



was a year old when "My Generation" was released) and yes, Pete produced this record and yes, there are a lot of similarities here with Pete's stuff. Simon's lyrics are just as full of that self-righteous don't-you-love-it-when-I'm-pitifully-profound tone which pitifully profound people take to like flypaper.

**JoBOXERS: Like Gangbusters —**

The four musicians of JoBoxers' were kicking around London for a while under the name of Subway Sect until the lead singer left. They picked up a hot American vocalist/songwriter named Dig Wayne and the result is this fine album of street-wise white R&B. Like a lot of British bands, their image is what makes them stick out. Floods, suspenders and workcaps, these guys fit their name perfectly. Maybe you've heard the song, "Just Got Lucky" on the radio ... well, their sound is kind of a throwback to early Joe Jackson/Graham Parker/Elvis Costello and if you're still partying to those records, you'll party to this one, too.



**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 uncomplicated blues jams dished out with an intense Louisiana fervor that says "it's 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.

**SIMON TOWNSHEND: Sweet Sound —**

Yes, he's Pete's little brother (very little — Simon



**WISHBONE ASH: Twin Barrels Burning —**  
Cars, guitars and women. Period.

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 jazzes up R.E.M.'s sound but here, you can also understand the words. Psychedelic pop at its best, Faye Hunter's pathetic painting on the cover of this E.P. doesn't do the music justice.



**JUMPSPACE: Jumpspace**

This is a nice Santa Barbara band playing pretty pop/jazz music for nice and pretty Santa Barbara people. Vocalist Rose Burns 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.



**LET'S ACTIVE: Afoot —**  
The notable trivia concerning this band is that Let's Active producer/songwriter/guitarist Mitch

# Short Shorts Are A Must This Winter

Short Shorts: An Anthology of the Shortest Stories Edited by Irving Howe and Ilana Weiner Howe Bantam Books, \$2.95

By SCOTT LEWIS

Short shorts aren't just part of some women's summer wardrobes. They're also a fascinating literary sub-genre. And Irving and Ilana Howe have shown just how absorbing they can be with their new anthology of thirty-eight miniature masterpieces. There's not a bad one in the lot.

Where ordinary short stories run from three to eight thousand words, short short stories (short shorts for brevity's sake) don't run much longer than twenty-five hundred words and average only about half that. Many of them are shorter than this review.

Short shorts are not merely short stories writ small. As Howe puts it in the introduction, "Our short shorts are indeed like ordinary short stories, *only more so* — but that's just the point, *only more so* makes for important differences."

Just as the short story length does not permit the same development of character, plot and theme as does the novel, so the short short allows less room for development than the short story. Short shorts render these elements down to their most compact form. They afford us brief but brilliant flashes of people and places, humor and horror, faith and fear.

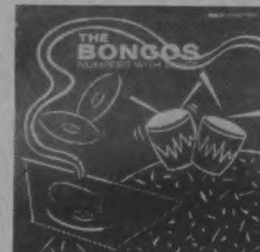
The lack of space forces the authors to give us the just barest necessities of characterization and so the characters in short shorts tend to be only bare skeletons. As Howe says, "Situation tends to replace character." Almost all we learn of the old man in Hemingway's "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" is that he is alone and incredibly lonely — we don't know about his past or future, and we don't even learn his name. But his name isn't important here, for we are more interested in his present circumstances. Likewise we aren't told the trapeze artist's name in Kafka's odd but affecting "First Sorrow" because his name doesn't really matter, either. What does matter is that he spends all his time aloft: "His social life was somewhat limited." Nadya Zelenin in Chekhov's "After the Theatre" is a rather ordinary girl in a rather ordinary situation who is sketched perfectly. Although the characters in a short short may range from the mundane to the bizarre and back, and although they are not as real as their novelistic counterparts, they are fleshed-out enough to serve their creators' purposes.

If the plot of a short short is not simple nearly to the point of nonexistence, it is probably a variation on a very well-known theme. An extreme case of the former is Jerome Weidman's moving "My Father Sits in the Dark" wherein the narrator's father sits alone in a chair in a dark house. A good example of the latter is "The Eclipse" by Augusto Monterroso. In this story, one of my favorites in a fine book, an exceedingly popular adventure-story cliché is turned on its ear. James Thurber also turns a very familiar story inside out with "If Grant Had Been Drinking at Appomattox."

The short short length also requires that the theme of the work not be built block upon block. Instead the theme is honed to a razor point. Sherwood Anderson's "The Untold Lie" is a sharp and pungent examination of marital doubt. Leo Tolstoy's "The Three Hermits" examines faith versus liturgy in a perfect parable. Giovanni Verga's "The Wolf" is a narrative on the power of repeated passions. And "A Yom Kippur Scandal" by Sholom Aleichem is a sharp and amusing vignette about the craft of tale-telling itself.

I could go on and on about the individual stories, but I'd run out of sufficiently good things to say before I run out of stories. Buy this book for yourself, you will enjoy it. Buy another copy to give to somebody else, maybe someone who claims to have insufficient time for Tolstoy (that'll show them!), or maybe a younger reader you want to get hooked.

An appropriately short short review would simply say, "BUY THIS BOOK!"



**THE BONGOS: Numbers With Wings —**

Having gigged 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 going for them now, it's still too easy to dismiss them as another nuevo-tomato band. Ketchup or canned, we'll definitely be seeing more of them in the future.



**POINTER SISTERS: Break Out —**

**THE JONES GIRLS: On Target —**

Both of these vocal groups got their start singing back-up for other big names in pop. The Pointer Sisters did it for people like Elvin Bishop and Dave Mason in the early '70s and didn't stick with it for very long before going out on their own. The Jones Girls spent years backing up more soulful artists like Aretha Franklin, Teddy Pendergrass and Diana Ross. This is the Pointer Sisters' sixth L.P. done with producer Richard

(Please turn to pg.9A, col.1)



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'The Curse of Lono'

# Gonzo Journalist Makes Tracks For Hawaii Marathon



The Curse of Lono  
By Hunter Thompson  
& Ralph Steadman  
Bantam, \$9.95

Reviewed By  
SIMON TEMPLAR

When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro.

The reign of Carter fades, lost to future historians, but the age of Nixon still looms like a foreboding shadow, incarnate in the new right. The Reagan Administration marches along to the beat of an all too familiar drummer. One begins to question where the American Dream actually resides, what it has become, if it even exists. One further wonders what has become of the anti-spokesman, pen dipped in red ink, ready to point out rampant malignancies.

Just as one is prepared to toss up his hands in resignation, along comes an author of mystery and legend, the fabled King of Gonzo, the quintessential outlaw journalist, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson.

Thompson's return from a self-imposed retirement is brought in the form of a wild sea adventure, *The Curse of Lona*. 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; disembowling 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.

And what a bleak world this is: A tourist *Inferno*. Gone are leis and luaus; sunny beaches and tropical sunsets. Instead there are drug-crazed fishing expeditions in weather so foul Captain Cook would have steered clear; insane runners entered in the Honolulu Marathon; criminal real estate brokers; Wild Turkey nights in hurricanes and high seas.

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

"We are paying \$1,000 a week to sit out here in the rain on the edge of this savage black rock and wait for the annual typhoon — like the fools they know us to be. Well, fuck these people. They lied to us, and their lies have caused us to suffer... which means we must go to the mattresses and bomb them them into the sea.... The time has come for vengeance..."

Master of the random element, Thompson's story is told in a dark, humorous, often incredulous prose. In his seven-month stay, Thompson attacks virtually every foundation of Hawaiian culture past and present, including religion, creating more than his usual handful of enemies. This man does not understand the concept of cease and desist; he pushes everything to the edge of human endurance, then crawls out beyond with a banshee scream.

This is not a book for the weak-souled, the idealist, or the criminally insane, but if one is planning a vacation to the islands, it is required reading; except you may not want to go... or you may.

Yesterday's weirdness is tomorrow's reason why.

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'Not Quite TV Guide'

# Is Not Quite Funny Enough



Not Quite TV Guide  
By Gerald Sussman  
Crown Publishers, \$3.95

Television and its major attendant magazine, *TV Guide*, are both institutions overripe for parody. Gerald Sussman, a former editor-in-chief of the *National Lampoon*, would seem eminently suited for the job. Unfortunately, his recent satire reads like one of the *Lampoon's* worst issues.

Most of the material here is about as effective as the Grenadian Army. Two major program listings are for *Rocky XIII* and an *NBC News Special with Roger Mudd: Ex-Nazis in Show Business*. The last in a series of witless articles reveals the dirty secrets of dry-cleaning NFL uniforms. The hapless buyer is luckily spared from the nadir of this enterprise: the advance publicity brochure where the author interviews himself in a

Reviewed By Scott Lewis

display of self-indulgent pointlessness.

In spite of the general low quality of the book, there are a few gems. *Fantasy Island*, is deservedly warped into *Reality Island*, where three stories intertwine as their characters meet ghastly fates. There's also a squib on Suzanne Somers optioning Henry James' *Portrait of a Lady* for a TV movie where she'd co-star with Gary Coleman and either Tom Selleck or Larry Hagman. The final effort is a phony ad advising readers, "Reach out and piss off someone. Call collect."

But the few good parts are not sufficient to salvage an otherwise dismal book. All but fanatical and forgiving *Lampoon* fans are better off spending their hard-earned cash on other books (Try Berke Breathed's hilarious book of *Bloom County* cartoons.).

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By DAVID COSTANZA  
Another WhiteFront

Two summers ago the WhiteFronts appeared in Isla Vista. Armed with garbage can cymbals and a psychedelic trombone they began an assault on the local music scene that still continues today. Their musical adventures have taken them across the country to Ann Arbor, Michigan; to Joe's Star Lounge and some of the great garages and living rooms of America; and back to the backyards of Del Playa. Unable to find suitable housing for their act in Isla Vista they took it on the road to lower State street, where it is now housed inside of a spacious adobe warehouse. A cold warehouse I might add, but they insist the cold keeps them awake during rehearsals. It is in here that I am about to speak to Dr. D. Beatrok — groove director and drummer of the WhiteFronts. A member since the band's formation, Beatrok is an accomplished Jew's harpist and saxophone player along with his spot as the band's drummer, but he really only plays one thing: "the groove." There is a tape deck playing the WhiteFronts covering an old Byrd's tune, "The Bells of Rhymney." As the song begins the Doc immediately starts to gyrate around the room. Bill and Anne, who are also WhiteFronts join him in the middle of the warehouse, dancing around a cement mermaid. "The WhiteFronts are canned goods!" the Doc yells and he begins to instruct Bill and Anne on some of the finer points of being groovy.

I'm here on the occasion of the band's re-emergence tomorrow night at Halverson's Scandinavian Deli (640 State Street) where the band will be exchanging music for food. (50 cents for those who believe in cover charges). The neat-o psychedelic strains continue as I look about the warehouse at all of the different instruments, wondering if any of them work. I suggest to the Beatrok that we begin the interview. The dancing and the music stops, Bill and Anne climb on top of an old refrigerator and Dr. D. Beatrok speaks:

**Dr.D:** You know, the WhiteFronts doing a Byrd's song is sort of like an Apache Indian barbershop quartet.

**D.C:** Doctor, if you had three pails of troubles and I gave you two, what would you have?

**Dr.D:** Five pails of troubles?

**Bill:** No.

## The White Fronts Are Stone Groovy



**D.C:** That's not it?

**Dr.D:** The Gross National Product of Chad?

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

**Dr.D:** Well ... it's just my mother and me ...

**D.C:** Are you sure that's all?

**Bill:** His mother was a Greyhound Bus driver.

**Anne:** His father was a greyhound.

**D.C:** About the gig at Halverson's tomorrow night, what's the game plan?

**Dr.D:** We intend to pass a lot.

**D.C:** Do you ever think of food while you're playing drums?

**Dr.D:** No. For a while I think of playing drums, but that usually goes away after a couple of songs.

(This was leading nowhere. He was unable to tell me anything important about the band.)

**D.C:** What is the aim of all serious art?

**Dr.D:** To make noise.

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

**Dr.D:** You see, if people gave us money, we'd just spend it on food. We're just eliminating the unnecessary step. I am personally fond of canned corn and grapes. If you don't want to give us food, give us 50 cents, or a bus token, if you have one.

**Bill:** It's a new thing we're trying out, sort of like barter.

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

**Dr.D:** Shuffle.

**D.C:** Like ... cards?

**Dr.D:** Like ... off to Buffalo.

**D.C:** What are your musical influences?

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

**D.C:** What is your goal as a drummer?

**Dr.D:** To play nude in front of a big audience ... also, I'd like to have this hovercraft, where I could start it up during a gig and fly above the band and out over the audience. Girls would be on it too ... feeding me grapes.

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

**Dr.D:** I'm not sure ... I think I might have been filling up space.

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

**Dr.D:** Did I say that?

**D.C:** Yes. I believe you did. Are the WhiteFronts tight?

**Dr.D:** I don't think so ... it's hard to tell.

**D.C:** You were an actor before ... which do you prefer ... Drama 5 or Jackson 5?

**Dr.D:** Jackson 5, though Drama 5 was pretty cool.

**D.C:** Do you consider yourself a good actor ... I mean, could you act convincingly like a strip of bacon?

**Dr.D:** Sure, if I had the right costume.

**D.C:** What kind of costume are you wearing now?

**Dr.D:** These are my clothes, man.

(It seemed as if we were coming to a close. The warehouse had become extremely cold. Dr. D. Beatrok had gotten up to light a sofa cushion and throw it in the middle of the stone floor. As black smoke rose to the sheet-metal ceiling he plugged the WhiteFronts tape back in and began to dance. A groovy attempt to keep warm I assumed, and

(Please turn to pg.9A, col.1)

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## Brandenburg Concertos In Campbell Hall

The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra opens the holiday season with a performance in UCSB's Campbell Hall tonight at 8 p.m. Their program features all six of Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos*. When they played the *Brandenburgs* here in 1981, the sold-out house responded with a standing ovation.

The *Brandenburg Concertos* are some of the best-loved pieces of concert music today. Written between 1719 and 1721 by Johann Sebastian Bach, the concertos are dedicated to Christian Ludwig, Margrave of Brandenburg. But the music was not new when it was presented to the Margrave; some of the concertos were written for the orchestra at Cothen, a small principality in Saxony, while Bach was *Kapellmeister* there. Judging from their style and instrumentation, however, some music scholars suggest that portions of the *Brandenburgs* were written earlier than 1719, while Bach was employed by the court at Weimar, from 1708 until 1717.

The familiarity of the *Brandenburgs* allows the listener to lose sight of their magnitude. "Compared to concertos of his predecessors and contemporaries," one music scholar wrote, "they exhibit an unparalleled contrapuntal complexity and richness of instrumentation. Compared to one another, their sheer variety is breathtaking."

The *Brandenburg Concertos* are uplifting, inspirational and cheerful, full of the heart-felt emotion and dignity. For more information or to charge tickets by phone for the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra's December 1 concert in UCSB Campbell Hall, call the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office at 961-3535.

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## 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 (535 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 cafe. Velvet is gonna rock the house with its New Orleans brand of Cajun bluesjazz 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've come right to the party time!"

Managemusician B.J. Franklin says this is a dream come true for him. Having played with his band, Velvet, for 12 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 which would guarantee a fun time for everybody.

When Beaudelaire's closed down over the summer, he saw his chance and snatched it up. He has completely remodeled the place with the emphasis on a New Orleans party atmosphere. A new stage has been built complete with a curtain (It's showtime!), and a big bar and a bright new kitchen have been added. Complimenting the groovy music will be great Cajun food at great prices along with beer and wine. Happy hours? Of course, complete with a happy hour dinner special Wednesday through Friday from 4 to 6:30 p.m.!

The club is already booked up for the first month. Monday nights will feature a dance contest with local DJ's playing judge with qualifying rounds for an eventual grand prize of \$500. When that's over, Mondays will alternate between dance nights and Santa Barbara Blues Society-sponsored Blue Mondays with top name blues artists. John Lee Hooker and another Jimmy Witherspoon show are tentatively set for sometime in early '84. Tuesdays will showcase the Milton Kelley Band, Wednesdays will have blues singer Jenny Hood, and Thursdays through Saturdays B.J.'s band Velvet will groove the Cafe. On Sunday nights, there will be open jam sessions with local musicians. B.J. guarantees that his killer sound system will insure that the audience hears exactly what the musicians are playing.

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!

## McCartney Lights Up 'Pipes of Peace'

By IAN DEPTH

"Say say say what you want but..." Paul McCartney has a new album climbing the Christmas Charts. The single (a collaboration with Michael Magic Ingredients 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. Have you seen the video? It's sweet and subtle and sleek ... kind of a cross between a pleasant dream and a cereal ad. Good taste (Paul's & Michael's?) prevails and the video vignette 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 stardust opulence you can expect from McCartney's records; perfect, sexy yet almost androgenous vocals mixed with funky textures and percussive effects and concrete sounds whirring amidst elastic (but not plastic) melodies that support but do not subvert the urbane lyrics in this latest George Martin produced set of 11 songs. Spin it and you get "The sweetest little show in town."

Corny, you say? But do you mean corny or comfortable or sublime? 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 notice how sublime the experience is. How sublime is it? Let's get down to the songs.

As side one begins we hear the orchestra tuning up (corny?) and then Paul comes on crooning a paen, the band (complete with tabla drums) is behind him and then a chorus of unison voices join in — the Pestalozzi Children's Choir(?): "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 kookily 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 resem-



blance to Gichy Dan's *Beachwood* record and there are a few traces of Beachboys 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 off then takes off: "What good is art when it hurts your head?" a rhetorical question the wallbanger aesthetes among us might consider. Paul sings the ballad *Love You So Bad* so good it hurts — soulful falsetto.

*The Man* is another McCartney-Jackson co-op number with a guitar solo

intro 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 squeeking and scattling in the back-up tracks don't hurt either. *The Sweetest Little Show* has the sweetest little guitar solo in it, reminiscent of the 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 *Average Person*, an advanced rockumentary 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 "lacked a little extra height." The average person? Paul's got kaleidoscope eyes. What's next? *Hey Hey*, an instrumental number co-authored by Stanley Clarke, not un-like a Jeff Beck jig played by Santa's Elves in the tropics. What a lovely bass line during the satin section. Next is *Tug Of Peace*, a big clapping vamp, almost juju music (Sunny Ade style) with arguing counter-melodies, "It's a tug of war. No no, your troubles cease when you learn to play the pipes of peace."

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

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## Vinyl Exams...

(Continued from pg. 2A)  
Perry. On *Target* is the Jones Girls' debut; after that brief history, something should tell you which album is better. Right On *Target*. The Pointer Sisters tried to update their sound with drum computers, extra synthesizers and a new rag wardrobe but the result just sounds like another Pointer Sisters album: mostly trite, danceable disco. The Jones Girls cook up some sizzling funk grooves and their great harmonies sit on top pretty as you please. These Joneses are definitely worth keeping up with — they're absolutely gorgeous, too!



**THE JAM: Snap!** — Just the thing for the up and coming Mod in your family who thinks (s)he should be convinced that Paul Weller invented fashion. Seriously though, this is one fantastic collection of songs only it's sort of like coming out with a book called *Shakespeare's Greatest Hits*. The real fans will tell you to buy it all. But, hey, all the hits back-to-back! And they used the English mixes and the demo version of "That's Entertainment!" What a Christmas present!



**THE SUBURBS: Love Is The Law** —

These guys are too cool. They're into tongue-in-cheek profundities like *Mona Lisa* is into smiling. Just look at these song titles: "Monster Man," "Accept Me Baby," "Hell A," (like smelly) and "Perfect Communist." The trouble is, it sounds like they stole a buttload of riffs and studio tricks from Iggy Pop. No matter; Iggy's last album was pretty bad and Minneapolis (home of the Suburbs) deserves to have its own rock and roll heroes — Prince is not a hero, he's a king.



**PAUL KANTNER: Planet Earth Rock And Roll Orchestra** —

This might've been a great Jefferson Starship album if it weren't for Kantner's inflated ego and that his concept for this album veils it in pretentiousness. To put it briefly, it's about a band with telepathic powers that sends its fans to the mind's

far reaches. The evil government wants to exploit their powers for espionage so the band forms a commune somewhere in Australia. The government ends up attacking the commune whereupon it forms a protective telepathic shield around itself and the Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra flies off into space. Damn LSD escapists! Giving up on world peace so easily, huh? Anyway, the album is impeccably produced with some great special effects and trademark Starship choruses. Kantner is now making a movie of the same name and I'll bet his imagination outruns his money supply.



**JOHN COUGAR: Uh-huh** —  
By DAN FLYNN

John Cougar has gotten quite a bit of critical flak lately for being somewhat of a pedestrian product from the Bruce Springsteen school of hard knocks. On last year's *American Fool* LP, Cougar showed that he had all the attributes necessary for success in this style; tough, grating vocals, street-wise lyrics and a winning rock n' roll beat. The problem was that Cougar wasn't outstanding in any of these qualities, (which really didn't matter since the album ultimately went to

the top of the charts). On Cougar's new album, *Uh-huh*, the mediocrity is still present, but there are enough crowd-pleasers to make it a success.

Cougar demonstrates on this LP a creditable knack for writing convincing, stripped-down rockers. The best cut is "Pink Houses," a steely critique of conventional ideas on success in America. However, in the song's anthemic chorus, Cougar laments that often the fruits of a lifetime of labor are "little pink houses for you and me." Well heck, John, we really can't even look forward to that anymore.

A number that particularly annoys me is "Authority Song," Cougar's attempt to align himself with the rebellious tradition in rock music. When I listen to Cougar's vague sloganeering ("I fight authority, authority always wins"), I get a strong hankering for more articulate spokespeople like Chuck Berry or The Who.

There is one novel tune on the record that Cougar co-wrote with underappreciated artist John Prine called "Jackie O." The music on this cut is performed on one of those abominable keyboard consoles (you know, the kind that simulate dozens of instruments and you can see them performed in shopping malls). Cougar backs off from his earnest "rock and roll-is-my-life" stance and shows that he does have a sense of humor. All in all, *Uh-huh* isn't a bad record, but you probably won't be playing it a year from now.

## Latin Fusions Plus: Argentina's Arco Iris

By BILL THOMPSON

As any artist knows, no work of art is completely original; that is to say, without the influence from others' work. The mark of a true original artist comes in their ability to take the multitude of past experiences and add to them the individual creative touch that makes their work different.

The musical stylings of Arco Iris, the Argentinian jazz band now based in Los Angeles, is a perfect example of this blending of past influences and creative touch.

On their latest recording, *Blue Pheasant*, their first release here in the U.S. the band has compiled a very infectious blend of Latin percussion, jazz improvisation, and beautiful melodies that make the album accessible to all those who enjoy music and are willing to listen to anything that isn't presented to them on Top 40 radio.

The delicate balance of influences is evident from the first cut, "Acancagua," with its folkish melody that invites one to take a serious listen. "Chacarera Dance" is powered by the clean guitar playing of John Chioldini, and the driving rhythms congas, drums and other various Latin percussion instruments. This is the strongest piece on the album and the overall performance of the band is enhanced by an absolutely brilliant production.

What really sets this band apart from others in the Latin-jazz genre is its insistence on not falling into the standard groove that is typical of most Latin groups. Arco Iris has the freedom and spirit of solid jazz improvisation. They are not shy of using silence as a means of musical expression. There is not a barrage of guitar solos or percussion wars to lull the listener into a Latin haze.

The flute and woodwind playing is delicate in pieces like "Acancagua," and cutting in others as in "Blue Pheasant." The drive of Ara Tokatlans saxophone playing gives the listener a strong impression of the hectic city life, while his work on South American woodwinds is reminiscent of small village life in his native country. Adding to this rural feel is the vocal stylings of Danais Wynnycka, whose voice seems to float throughout the whole album. Not to be forgotten is the element that pulls the whole thing together, the bass playing of Micho Leviv. His funky accents mix well with all the other elements to form a whole that is as unique as it is listenable.

If you are one of those jazz purists who won't even pick up "fusion" album, you'd be making a big mistake by shunning this one. And if you are one of those daring listeners who's tired of Top 40 or commercial jazz sweetness, it's time for Arco Iris. The record is available at the Sound Factory and Gramophone Records.

## Department of Dramatic Art Events

This page provided and paid for by the Department of Dramatic Art



"By Leaps and Bounds" includes works by both faculty and student choreographers. Pictured above are "Celluloid Summer" choreographed by Marian E. Johnson and (to the



right) "Rectangle Sky" choreographed by Janet Vucinich. Photos by Christopher Glennon

## Musical and Play Auditions Set for January 3 & 4

The UCSB Department of Dramatic Art will be presenting the musical *No, No Nanette* in late February and early March in the Main Theatre. *Letters Home*, a play concerning the life of Sylvia Plath, is also scheduled for Winter Quarter in the Studio Theatre.

Auditions for both shows will be held on January 3 and 4. Audition information is available from the Drama Production Office (Snidecor 1603).

## By Leaps and Bounds Opens Three Run Night

*By Leaps and Bounds* plays tonight through Saturday at 8 P.M. in the UCSB Main Theatre. The modern dance concert is directed by Susan Alexander and presented by the Dance Division of the Department of Dramatic Art.

Featured in *By Leaps and Bounds* are original choreographies by Alice Chouinard, Anne Goodman, Nadya Hollstein, Marian Johnson and Janet Vucinich, all dance majors. In addition faculty members Susan Alexander and Nolan Dennet have also prepared works for this concert.

Dennet's dance piece is titled "L'Invitation au Voyage." In addition to his

studies and professional work in dance, he has earned degrees in drama. He reports that the work of playwright has influenced the development of this dance.

"Strindberg," relates Dennet, "is known as the precursor of modern drama and was the first to develop a method of writing which became known as abstract expressionism. His works are filled with densely symbolic action set in dream-like states. He insisted, however, that he was a realist first and last because his point of departure was realistic detail.

"I, too, have chosen

reality as my point of departure for L'Invitation. The final product, however, will probably not be able to be defined in literal terms and it will be difficult to determine a specific narrative. Reality is a personal thing. Whatever we experience is our reality. Our nightmares—our fantasies—our descents into madness.

"L'Invitation's personal statement about communication between men. Something that, in my experience, rarely gets beyond the superficial. My title is somewhat ironic, for there is no more intimate communication than the nurturing that takes place

between a parent and a child or between any two than in the singing of a lullaby. Such an exchange calls up very primitive emotions. Hopefully, my dance will call up some of these same emotions when, in our innocence, intimate exchanges between men was an easy and natural thing."

The dance for three performers is set to songs of Saint-Saens, Schuman, and Duparc and is one of seven original choreographies that will be presented in *By Leaps and Bounds*. The other works in *By Leaps and Bounds* range from character studies to romantic summer follies, and have been discussed in previous Nexus articles.



SOLD OUT. Final performances of Euripides' "Hecuba" will be given tonight through Saturday at 8 pm in the UCSB Studio Theatre. These performances like the ones in November are sold out however. The Greek tragedy is directed by Stanley Glenn and presented by the Department of Dramatic Art. Next quarter the "Hecuba" company will tour to other college campuses, including UCI and UCSD.

Photo by Christopher Glennon



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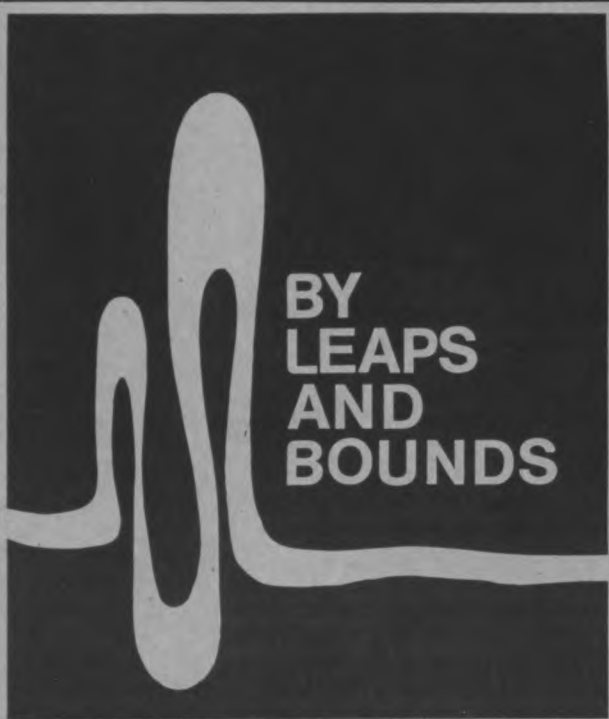




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Swami Dayananda is a teacher of Vedanta and a Sanskrit scholar, who has been teaching in India since 1967 and has lectured throughout Europe, the Middle East, and North America since 1976. He has given talks at many universities in the United States including Cornell and M.I.T. and has spoken before the United Nations.

Swami Dayananda says of himself:  
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**Writer, Producer, Director & Star**

**Streisand Succeeds At Them All In 'Yentl'**

By M.T. HANSON

Seldom does an actor both direct and star in a major motion picture, a feat commonly marked by failure, but this doesn't stop Barbra Streisand. Not only does she direct herself in the lead of MGM/UA's *Yentl*, but she co-wrote and produced it as well. And she succeeds at all four endeavors.

Along with Streisand, Mandy Patinkin and Amy Irving provide excellent performances during the film, making it not only a delight to see, but a possible contender for several Oscars. Streisand directs the film with a soft touch, and subtleties, from soft lighting to character close-ups, lend the picture its brilliance.

On the set in Czechoslovakia, the costume mistress came up to ask Streisand a question: would she be wearing the same hat on for a just completed shot in a scene to be filmed later?

Streisand recalls, "I caught myself saying, 'well, I'll ask the director.' Then I went, 'Ohhhh.'" It may have been a surprise for Streisand to both produce and direct, but this isn't evident in the film. Reminiscent of a toned down Coppola, the film's bigger-than-life perspective solidifies Streisand's attempt at presenting a realistic fantasy. It works. Each inch of footage is careful work, but so careful one isn't conscious of this until after the film is over and one finds himself clapping with the rest of the audience.

*Yentl* is a film about triumph, both the character Yentl's, and Streisand's. No major film company would agree to finance *Yentl*, believing the subject matter too Jewish and the star too old. Streisand persisted though, and eventually, after many considerations and compromises, MGM/UA agreed to back her. At times Streisand expressed terror and amazement at having taken on such a feat, but as MGM/UA 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, but the story and script are the other half of this film's charm. *Yentl* is an Eastern European girl who desires nothing more in life than to study Talmud and Torah, which at that time was forbidden to



Mandy Patinkin and Barbara Streisand in *Yentl*.

women. Her scholarly father, played by Nehemiah Persoff, lets her study at night. "God won't mind you should study, but the neighbors I don't know about." When he dies she is left to the guiles of the village women, who are determined to get her a husband. Rather than that she cuts her hair, dons men's clothing, leaves town in pursuit of an education, and thus begins our story.

Mandy Patinkin is good as Avidgor, with whom *Yentl* (as a boy) falls in love, and Amy Irving as Hadass delivers her best performance yet. No need to ruin the movie by further revealing the plot, but if you enjoy the likes of *Twelfth Night*, or *Much Ado About Nothing*, you'll love this movie.

Streisand dedicates her film to both her own, and all our fathers, but the elation at viewing such a complete, consistent, humorously serious work, is truly her crowning glory. The music, a collaboration by Michel Legrand and Marilyn and Alan Bergman, is also quite good, and Streisand, the only singer in the movie, weaves a soulful melody with her beautiful voice.

*Yentl* is a triumph and clearly one of the year's best films. Streisand put her heart and soul into *Yentl* and it shows. During several crucial scenes *Yentl*, with heartfelt passion, pleads with Avidgor, "Nothing is impossible," and in light of the film's problems and history, it's quite obvious that this is Streisand's *tour-de-force*.

**Bob Dylan's Dumpy Years: 'Don't Look Back'**

By RONE WILLIAMS

Once there was a skinny little man that was loved, respected, and listened to by one and all. He was what was known as "the spokesman of a generation." Only he didn't like the idea a whole lot so he set about doing everything he could to dump on his image and his followers. It took him a while, but after the more or less notorious "Slow Train Coming" it seemed as though he'd pulled it off. At any rate, the ranks of Bob Dylan fans have thinned out quite a bit and I doubt that even the solid "Infidels" will bring back the lost sheep or win many new converts. But that's as it should be. His time has passed and he's clearly relieved.

I don't suppose any of that's news to you, but *Don't Look Back* was obviously shot on the assumption the audience knows Bob Dylan almost intimately and desires to hang on his every sneer. This was okay by me, but if you're not fascinated by Dylan, folk, or the sixties counter-culture there's probably not too much in D.A. Pennebaker's cinema-verite portrait of the Great Man to keep you amused.

*Don't Look Back* was shot in the spring of '65 during a three-and-one-half week tour of England. Though Dylan had just released *Bringing it All Back Home*, his first electric masterpiece, he toured England as a folkie.



There's no rock and roll here, just the infamous nasal drawl, primitive acoustic guitar, and howling harmonica. The film's opening shows such promise, too. With "Subterranean Homesick Blues" hammering away in the background as Dylan leans and flips narrative placards for the ignorant as he stands in a dirty New York street with someone looking suspiciously like Allen Ginsberg shuffling and gesticulating behind. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. At this juncture I was all set for some straight-ahead rock and roll anarchy of the sort that I would never admit to liking any longer if I was at a cocktail party. Not a chance. All I got was circular cynicism, some of which was incredibly funny, but not exactly what I'd had in mind.

As soon as Dylan arrives in swinging mod London a herd of would-be-hipster journalists descend upon him and begin to ask questions of mind-boggling stupidity. It's as if someone paid them to behave like morons so that Dylan could verbally shred them. Sometimes his replies are funny, sometimes confusing, often egotistical, and nearly always vicious. But if anything, he's treating these people more courteously than they deserve. This type of human being is what is known in the vernacular as an "asshole." These exchanges take up a very large portion of the film. Which is not as bad as it might sound since the interviews are informative, humorous, and thought-provoking while the concert footage is not what it might be.

The film seems to be almost a parody of cinema-verite. Pennebaker must have gone out of his way to make a film this rough. The concert footage is particularly rough.

(Please turn to pg.9A, col.2)

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# Fronts... 'Don't Look Back' ...

(Continued from pg.4A)

joined him dancing next to the fire, trying desperately to keep some sort of contact with the young beat wizard. Everyone was up now dancing around the burning sofa cushion. The warehouse was filling with the thick, black, poisonous smoke, but we were having too much fun to care.)

D.C: If you were the last man on earth would you still practice drums?

Dr.D: Yep, I'd beat on rocks.

Dr.D: Who's your favorite drummer?

Dr.D: Ringo ... well, a cross between Ringo and Sly Dunbar.

(We could barely see each other, only our stomping hands and clapping feet showed that anyone was left alive. Dr. D. Beatrok yelled out: "In L.A. the WhiteFronts are good ... cough ... in San Francisco they're even better ... cough cough ... in Canada they're out of it man ... cough cough ..." and he threw in another cushion. Bill followed him by throwing my tape deck into the fire.)

D.C: Anything left to say, Doctor?

Dr.D: Yeah ... you know, peace ... and love ... cough cough ... love everybody ... cough-coughcoughcoughhhh ... even the animals and people you hate ...

(Continued from pg.8A)

Nevertheless, there are some truly great shots and the film convinces one of its spontaneous authenticity. This seems to be an almost calculated strategy, however. The film was cut to its present hour-and-a-half from twenty hours of raw footage. Albert Grossman (Dylan's unpleasant manager) produced the film and supervised the editing. And it was not released until two years after it was shot. All of this would seem to point to the fact that things are, as usual, not what they seem to be when they show up on the screen.

Dylan has sweet, beautiful dumb Joan Baez in tow and she's awfully fun to watch. Another bonus is some great early footage of Dylan singing at a civil rights meeting down south somewhere.

I enjoyed the film enormously, but I don't think it was the sort of thing most people go to a rock movie for. If you're the sort of person who's interested, and you know who you are, go by all means.

Don't Look Back opens Dec. 9 at the Victoria Street Theater.



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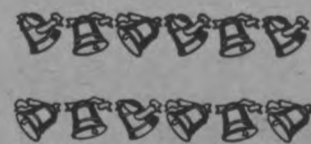
## Crafts Sale

A Christmas sale of indian crafts will take place in the Indian Hall at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, 2559 Puesta Del Sol Road on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Dec. 2, 3 and 4 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. There will be pottery, rugs, jewelry, tree ornaments, paintings and baskets, and the miniatures of Rainbow Hand, a local Sioux artist, will be featured. For further information, call 682-4711.

## Art Exhibit

Lovers of the traditional watercolor will delight in the over 60 English watercolors being shown at the James M. Hansen Gallery, Dec. 4 through Dec. 27.

The show "British Watercolors" features works from the late 19th century through the early 20th century. The gallery is located at 27 East De La Guerra, Santa Barbara.



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The Critic Speaks Out

# 'Mediocre': Sounds Like A Smelly Shoe

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

Charles Champlin does it. Walter Kerr did it; all great critics at one time attempt to defend or explain their profession, lamenting their fate of being hated for being too critical or criticized for being too understanding.

Champlin (*L.A. 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 no fun at all, 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 unaffected. Another adequately made, sufficiently acted, and well-enough produced film rolls by, and I know it is headed for the drive-ins within the next week. I could write a one inch long review; that can be effective, but not all the time; besides, I might not get paid.

So what I usually do is flip through my notes, finding nothing but a "things to do" list and the beginnings of the English paper due tomorrow, and try to dredge up the reasons why I don't remember what I just saw.

That's the hardest part; trying to remember something I have no interest in remembering, and then piecing together 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 review.

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 see, the scathing adjectives will already be swimming about my brain as I eagerly await the chance to go home and give the meager 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 hotter; it's just more noticeable that the picture. The headache isn't forgotten; it becomes all the more important as there isn't anything else to think about.

Maybe that's the answer. 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 D. Zimbert will be the new assistant editor for the Arts/Entertainment section next quarter.

## \*\*\*\*\*Attractions\*\*\*\*\*

**Dolls on Holiday**, featuring intricate mechanical toys, an historic German Santa Claus and a variety of period dolls, is one of the exhibitions visitors will see when the Santa Barbara Museum of Art opens its new Alice Keck Park Wing Dec. 3.

To mark the occasion the museum will host public open houses 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 theatre, mime caravans 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 Parisiennes, or French fashion dolls enjoy a gossip, while their American cousins created of wood, cloth or papier-mache display a simple charm far different from their European counterparts. 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 Affiliates will present the **University Symphony Orchestra**, conducted by Serge Zehnacker, in its first concert of the year on Friday, December 2 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall.

The program includes "Symphony No. 29 in A Major, K. 201" by W.A. Mozart, "Suite No. 2 for Small Orchestra" by Igor Stravinsky, "Unanswered Question" by Charles Ives and "Polovetsian Dances" by Alexander Borodin.

Admission is \$4 or a Music Affiliates Series Ticket, with proceeds to benefit the Music Scholarship Fund.

Four performances of Tchaikovsky's delightful Christmas fantasy, "The Nutcracker" will be presented on Dec. 2, 3 and 4 in Oxnard Civic Auditorium.

Joining forces for this lavishly mounted offering in music and dance will be the Ventura County Symphony orchestra, conducted by Frank Salazar, and members of Oxnard's Academie Ballet Theatre under the direction of Mme. Mara Lysova. This year marks the fourth consecutive collaboration between the arts groups to bring this classical favorite to county audiences.

Beginning at 8 p.m. on Friday, Dec. 2, "The Nutcracker" will be repeated on Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 8 p.m., concluding with a matinee only on Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3 p.m.

Reserved seats for *Nutcracker* performances at \$9 and \$6 are available through ticket outlets at Henson's in Oxnard and Camarillo; Jailhouse Records, Ventura; Blue Sky Music, Ojai; Donna Tours, Santa Paula; or through the Symphony office in Poinsettia Pavillion, 3451 Foothill Rd., Ventura, (805) 643-8646. "Nutcracker" Coloring Books and Story Books are on sale at \$3.50 each at the Symphony office and will be available at all performances.

When the Santa Barbara Drama Workshop's production of Ross Canton's original play "The Jungle" opens tonight at 7 p.m. at La Casa De 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 to go to Los Angeles.

"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 thoughts 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 TheaterTheatre. The Gala Wine and Cheese opening on Dec. 1 at 7 p.m. is a benefit for SANE (committee for a sane nuclear policy). "The Jungle" will continue through Dec. 4 at La Casa De La Raza, 601 E. Montecito St. For more information call the SBDW office at 969-3505 or SANE at 962-8991.

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## English as a second language



### Beat Poetry Is Back (In L.A.)

# 'English As A Second Language'

By HUGH HAGGERTY

You're in Los Angeles and can't believe you're in the dirty part of town — perpetual dust, even if it's Westwood. You hear things which assault your innocence and defend your guilt; the smog inhales your lungs. "Hey, can you spare a change?" Ignore it 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 Kubernick's *English As A Second Language*: a two-record set of no less than 84 pieces of retarded, mutated, 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 Plugz, Cigle Jerks, Surf Punks, a couple disc jockeys and a bunch of people that I never heard of.

Some cuts have music accompaniment or just tonal 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 that 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 grafitti run on Malibu or you might want to just punch them and take off — maybe even lift the needle on your turntable.

The record is a "social document." It breathes down your back and in your face. It's fantastic L.A. and it's greatness.

## America's Addiction With The Beave...

(Continued from front cover)

rock n' roll, then the ambitions of J.F.K. were the same to the sixties 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 his time he created a mythic 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 threat, the ideals and the apparent bravery led both integrated worlds to their graves. They murdered John Kennedy for playing his guitar too loud in the street 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 have come full circle, imitating Elvis, fearing commie-pinko-fags, and, of course, the "Leave It To Beaver" T-shirt syndrome. We said goodbye to Kennedy and hello to Johnson and Nixon. Yet most discouraging of all is our current president who stands as a symbol for all of this nostalgia intoxication — his plastic, black hair has stayed the same since "Bedtime for Bonzo!" So many, it would seem, are captured, crying and homesick. No president after Kennedy can run for office outside the shadow of his style, charm and youth.

If this is what the so-called figurehead of our country is to present to us as a goal, then we must separate ourselves from it in order to have any working future. For years there has been a rift between government and people. Are we then Un-American because of this rift, this disagreement? What makes us Americans we find is not the decisions of our government, but the culture we live in; American by right of culture. Many of us are not proud of the actions of our government, but rather we are proud of the achievements of our culture. We are proud of the films, music, books, games and people, the private heroes, that populate our land. If the government network wants to lay claim to these institutions as its own, then let it; but the latter may not lay claim to te government. It is this culture and its contemporary and established icons (E.T. and Kilroy) that integrate the country into one lot known as

Americans. They are the psychic head who influence its progress yet they are not necessarily the popular images; the most famous faces are often not doing the most important work. Financially, the Beach Boys are a success, but critically the group X is saying more about the country's potential for brilliance than the Beach Boys could even fake. The Beach Boys on the White House Lawn? What's the difference between them and Glenn Miller forty-five years ago? Maybe one day we could have had the Doors on the White House Lawn with Jackie boogying at the front of the stage and the whole country turning on! Hail to Bukowski, Ginsberg and Kerouac! To the showers with Rod McKuen, Bob Hope, and Joe McCarthy!

The Right Stuff, the *real* Right Stuff, leads you to influence 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 writing books and teaching at universities. When was the last time, America, that They put someone up there you really wanted to vote for? and you didn't use your vote as a defense against the one who was worse than the other? When this happens, as it has, the system becomes an AM radio government with an AM radio majority for a population, and only a smaller percentage really doing anything to variate the continual "blah" of muzak that spills forth from such a system.

If America is afraid to enter into history, to kick its nostalgia addiction by separating its past from its potential future, then it can only live on in its mediocre present. Let's remain faithful that the music *can* change — most of us know it must change — and try to avoid the problem of history repeating itself. Maybe all the good lines have been said (and after punk, all the hair styles), but that shouldn't deter us from at least trying to write our own lines. Mr. Reagan might be trying to bring us back to his good 'ole boy America, but let's face it: style is fiction, a costume worn by reality. No matter how many flat-tops, Eddie Cochran records or glasses of milk we drink, it won't save us from being dragged uncontrollably into the uncaring Future. What this essay is trying to say, I suppose, is to stand up and rattle the cages of Tradition; because if you don't, there are people with guns out there in the world abroad who are just waiting to tear that Stray Cats shirt of your tanned, pretty boy back. It's needless to say what they'll do with it when they get it off you... Why waste a bullet when you can hang someone — like they did in those old John Wayne movies.

## Yes Is Back: '90125'

BY TED COSTAS

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

— Emerson.

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 forward, with a different sound, like true artists. Not commercial, not stagnant, but different, and certainly acceptable.

YES has gotten back together after almost four years of separation. They have played musical chairs with the members all along, but this time only a new guitarist has been added. Their new album, *90125*, is very good, and very different. The songs are shorter and more structured than their songs of the past, but equally as musical. Jon Anderson, lead vocalist, is the main influence on this album. His voice is as clean and mystical as it has ever been, and the lyrics are quintessentially Jon Anderson's.

The musical element is where YES shows its progression. They seem to have put away their old "seminar sound" (back to back solos) and instead use only tastefully orchestrated "licks" where appropriate. Only the single, "Owner Of A Lonely Heart," leans towards commerciality.

Former guitarist, Steve Howe, who is currently with Asia, is not missed at all. New member, Trevor Rabin, adds a driving rock element to the YES sound. Chris Squire, bassist/song writer, and Alan White, drummer, have never been so clean and tight as they are here. Veteran keyboardist, Tony Kaye, is no Rick Wakeman, but he definitely does his part for the band.

Overall, the sound is quite different. It pulls on you, captures you, and stays with you. It is a newer and more consistent YES sound. The band has moved on, and has moved forward. Their new album, *90125*, might not be what you expected, but it is certainly anything but a disappointment.



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# A. S. PROGRAM BOARD

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## Stevie Ray Vaughan: Guitarist Extraordinaire



Texas' best-kept secret is about to explode wide open in the person of Stevie Ray Vaughan, the 28-year-old blues guitarist from Austin, whose electrifying live appearances and singularly fluid playing style coupled with a razor-sharp attack moved New York's *Daily News*' Bill Carlton to proclaim: "Stevie proffers a can't-miss mixture of bring-down-the-house showmanship a la Jimi Hendrix plus the seamless taste and intelligence of Eric Clapton."

This music critic wasn't alone in heaping praise upon Vaughan, for he was present at the now legendary private audition that Vaughan and his band Double Trouble performed for the Rolling Stones on April 23, 1982, at New York's Danceteria club. Ron Wood was said to have stood mesmerized in front of the stage, his eyes "big as saucers," and begged off the request to jam with Vaughan by saying, "What could I possibly play after that?"

Three months later, Vaughan and Double Trouble found themselves in Montreux, Switzerland, at the urging of veteran producer Jerry Wexler, who, after seeing the band perform in Austin, convinced the Montreux Jazz Festival's promoters to book Vaughan, even though he was unsigned to a record label and little-known outside of Texas. David Bowie happened to be in the audience, and was so impressed with Vaughan's performance that he ended up talking backstage for hours about blues guitar and their mutual love for old blues records. This chance meeting landed Vaughan the job as lead guitarist on Bowie's new album, *Let's Dance*. Stevie Ray and his band Double Trouble have released their first album, *Texas Flood*, which has received much critical acclaim besides moving up record charts nationwide. Stevie Ray will perform in Campbell Hall tomorrow night at 8 p.m.

## CONTEST UCen Art Gallery University Center Gallery Announces A COMPETITION IN THE VISUAL ARTS

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# QUARTER IN REVIEW

## Cultural Events

Cultural events — Fall North Hall, 1983:

- 1) Co-sponsorship of "Dia De Los Muertos" — with Chicano Cultural Arts, November 2, 1983, Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall.
- 2) Co-sponsorship of "Los Folkloristas" — with Chicano Cultural Arts, November 9, 1983, Campbell Hall.
- 3) Co-sponsorship of "Zubin and the IPO" — with Jewish Students Action Coalition, November 5, 1983,

*What other cultural organizations have had (to name a few events of what they're doing):*

- 1) Arab-American Association — 1. Potluck Cultural Dinners, 2. Lectures on Cultural issues.
- 2) International Students Association — 1. Coffee hours every Friday night. 2. Lectures.
- 3) Black EOP, Asian, Chicano EOP components —

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 place). ALL ARE WELCOME TO ATTEND!!!
- 2) Cultural week celebrations from various groups: 1. Yiddish Culture Week — February. 2. Black History Month Celebration — February.

## UCen Activities



Laurie Dalton of Giant Eden performing in the PUB. One of the many FREE events sponsored by A.S. Program Board.  
*Photo By Dwight Rim*



Judy Gorman-Jacobs  
Rich Stillwell  
Famous People  
Kelsey Walker-Quintet  
Coffeehouse Musicians  
The Colours  
Me First

## Lectures

The Women's Center, Arts & Lectures, A.S. Commission on the Status of Women, and A.S. Program Board present

### PORNOGRAPHY, NATURE, AND CULTURE

A lecture by  
**SUSAN GRIFFIN**  
Feminist Poet and Philosopher  
Author of *Women & Nature and Pornography & Silence*

Wednesday, October 19  
8:00 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall

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UCEN Pavilion Room

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The Medflies



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## 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