

Off The Cuff



Goes

Cajun

with

A lot has gone down since we last checked in on the closet-sized Cota street haven known as the Palace. Inevitably some of the changes, though minor, are questionable. Nevertheless, they represent decisions that will probably do little to affect the good feelings and great food which emanate from this place. Its undisputed popularity in Santa Barbara, like the element in those proofs that gave you hell in high school geometry, is a given.

I suppose a spot like this has to be thought of as hip. Hey, I'm up on my trends. Cajun-creole cooking is all the rage these days. Spin off restaurants are popping up all over the place, and everyone from The Sizzler to State & A is blackening SOMETHING. The Cajun appellation has been tagged on concoctions that would surely escape the vocabulary of the average Louisianian. Yeah, sure — just throw in a little pepper and spices and whistle dixie — no problem.

Owner Steve Sponder counters that, "We wouldn't have done it (go strictly Cajun-creole) if we thought that people would stop coming." But Cajun *light* dishes?! Talk about an extreme addition to the food fare! Sure there's something positive to be said for America's well-being obsession. People generally feel better about themselves when healthier and it's good preventive maintenance. But restaurants are a release from our personal dietary regimens; a time to let someone else take care of you for a while. The "diet plates" and reduced

calorie/sodium/animal by-product/fat specials so disturbingly prevalent on menus today are bad enough. But to desecrate what is meant to be a delightfully heavy oral-sense fiesta! How many people do we really have to appease here?

Sponder shrugs. After a phenomenally successful first year, he's experimenting — but thankfully just a little bit. Running out of crawfish can do that to a guy, you know. The risk-taking, however, has presented some pleasant surprises to offset annoyances like Palace-label mineral water. Local solicitation landed a collective brass section (largely comprised of UCSB students) to entertain patrons lined up outside waiting for a table. And through collaboration with notable Zaca Mesa winery, the Palace now features an excellent house Sauvignon Blanc, complete with an appealing label that depicts the trademark trumpeter painting which dominates the restaurant's main wall.

The rest of the Palace remains ever-pleasing, creating a feeling that, as Sponder likes to say, "It's right." An establishment which rightfully prides itself on authenticity, it's hard to discount his integrity while being stared down by gallon-sized Tabasco bottles and a vacated alligator head idling on the bar. The Palace has dedicated itself to its Cajun-creole specialization, a culinary tradition which goes back about 200 years. Menu selections, augmented by the daily specials

scribbled on a blackboard over the door, change with the season. However, "must try" dishes like Jambalaya and Key Lime pie can be had virtually year-round.

One last surprise to throw in the grab bag. From the new found confidence gained from his first venture, Sponder plans to soon open another Santa Barbara restaurant. A hark back to his south Florida childhood, "Key Largo" will be an upbeat and informal Caribbean style eatery (no, there won't be Hawaiian shirts or reruns of "South Seas" — and the straw hats will be kept to a minimum). Sponder's new place plans to feature regional seafood (like stone crab claws—ooh, all the East Coast transplants are wincing) and specialties like Cuban black bean soup and fried bananas.

As a Scott Joplin rag punctuates the momentary silence in the informative bull session with Sponder, my attention is diverted to the heavenly aroma of the crab claw appetizer placed under our noses. Ah, to be back at the Palace again. Not a frequent occurrence when the parents aren't in town. Yet thanks to an ever-hospitable owner and his amiable staff (if you're lucky, one will even tease you with magic tricks), a persistent and appreciative Isla Vista refugee was able to satiate his craving for REAL food while quelling recurrent Cajun withdrawal symptoms. It seems the novelty will never wear off of this establishment. Check it out soon.

— Brent Anderson

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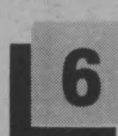
entertainment



More Movies

Twist and Shout

Soul Man



UCen Gallery

On the Surface

Beneath the Surface



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Abrams Paints the Personal

Melba Abrams manages to paint very unpretentious paintings of which one can sense her deep personal involvement.

Born in 1913, she first raised a family and only at the age of 40 did she turn to art as a serious occupation. She seems to have given the same amount of love and devotion (which the blurb in the literature assures us in words almost embarrassingly irrelevant) she had previously given to her children and garden. But whether she had been a woman or not, and a nurturing, life-affirming woman at that, does not add or take away from her work.

They are nice pictures, which, although they will not gain a major place in the history of art of the last two decades (particularly as they ignore the artistic changes and developments of this period), concentrate on the use of imagery developed in the 50's and before. There is an affiliation with Expressionism, we are bound up here with feelings — though they have the lightness of some Impressionist pictures rather than the melancholy of the Expressionists.

These are very personal paintings, not painted for a market or to say something or for fame, but because she wanted to paint them.

Each painting confines itself to a limited color range. Orange being predominant in one, dark green in another, light blue in

another. One is a wooded landscape in which the trees are discernable; in others the landscape has been obliterated with a single color and we only see its remnants in spaces in the paint. In others, figures are just discernable, and flowers in still-life form the subject matter for others. The work shows a strong element in tradition for its time, perhaps a belief in the past and security.

The most satisfactory pictures

pression that, even though perhaps unconsciously, that home is where they were destined for.

For reasons beyond my grasp, the paintings of Melba Abrams are obviously by a woman. It could be the subject matter, the flowers and landscapes and the occasional figure, that gives this impression. Or it is perhaps the fluid pleasantness on the pictures which might drive a man to despair as he seeks sharper lines and a greater degree of self-assertiveness.

Melba Abrams did not pursue her career at a professional level, and this almost seems to be conveyed in the pictures themselves. They are certainly saleable, but they have a sort of inner comfort and acceptance. They do not ask or demand attention, nor did their creator seek attention for them.

The show presents half a career instead of a full one. It is the fate of most women to spend their time in the care and upbringing of their children. This is not a bad fate necessarily, but it is difficult to pursue another career when this one is so demanding.

The exhibition is during the inaugural year of the Melba Abrams Prize, which has been instituted by her husband and is to be distributed by the Women's Center in her memory. The grant is for art supplies and is open to all students at UCSB.

The artist died in 1984 and the show covers the previous 23 years, 1960-1984. We are presented with the artist's life, not only the pictures. She seems to have led a happy and contented life — there is no hint of the disquiet that haunted the Expressionists. The pictures have almost been reared as children and lavished with love and affection. This is indicated in the blurb which says "Melba Abrams did not sign her works nor paint them to sell."

All enquiries about the Abrams Prize and annual lecture should be made at the Women's Center.

— Anthony Emerton



for me are those which depart totally from any recognizable subject matter and show a simple painting with a relatively uniform color scheme. I find these pictures also the most disconcerting, as you appear to be gazing almost at a void, albeit a pleasant void.

These works have a domesticity about them and would be more comfortable in a home than a gallery. And one gets the im-

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Taiwan's Pride Pupils



Colorful costumes and youthfully energetic enthusiasm delighted the Tuesday night audience of Taiwan's "Youth Goodwill Mission." Presenting selective aspects of Chinese culture in skillfully choreographed dances, the group quite ably transmitted an abundant measure of their rich cultural heritage with an overflowing infectious friendship.

The 15 college students who comprise the group displayed tremendous versatility throughout their performance. Traditional Chinese cultural subjects and more contemporary scenes found equally strong expression. A traditional flavored portrayal of a banquet and dance in the Royal Palace of the Ching dynasty was followed by a skillful dance entitled "The Happy Omens of Silver Trays."

Youthfully oriented dances elicited spontaneous laughter and applause from the enthused audience. The "Taiwan Aboriginal Dance" was fierce and strikingly graphic while the opening of the "Village Folk Song" was as beautiful as a fresh flower petal under a dew dampened and pleasant morning sun.

Choreography was especially well done. It made superb use of the group's youthful energy and diversity of talent. All group members are college students, but fewer than half of them have theater, dance or music as their major field of study. The other performers are students in such diverse subjects as physics, agriculture, tourism, psychology, architecture, communications, and physical education. To become part of the group each member was passed through a three stage

process that culminated in an intense two month training camp, according to director Dr. Fu of National Cheng Kung University.

Two of the performers calling themselves by the English names Christina and Aileen, spoke afterward of their wish to make more friends for their country and to share their energy. There are many similarities between Taiwan and the United States, although Taiwan is perhaps a bit more conservative, the women said. Both strongly affirmed the desire and mission of the group to establish friendship between our countries.

The "Youth Goodwill Mission" was brought to UCSB through the joint efforts of the Chinese Students and the Alpha Phi sorority. The Office of International Students and Scholars acted as a liaison between the two student organizations and the "Youth Goodwill Mission." The Office of International Students and Scholars works as a facilitator to "promote sharing of cultural values," said Dan Smith of the Office. The enthusiasm for this program and the significance of the cultural exchange it provided is a positive sign for other students and the A.S. Program Boards who may wish to consider similar exchanges from other countries, Smith indicated.

Finally, well directed adaptations of dance and musicals from the United States included Broadway productions such as *Oklahoma!* and *Cats*. The lingering farewell dances tugged the emotions of many in the crowd as the powerful "In Praise of Free China" dramatically used the whole group and stage. A nearly melancholy warmth was spread by an ending rendition of "Auld Lang Syne."

This performance went beyond the strengths and limitations of its performers and the beauty of the choreography and costume. It expressed more than a cultural outreach. The "Youth Goodwill Mission" conveyed a sincere desire for friendship summed up in a line from the finale: "We hope tonight's show has brought a better understanding of our people and our culture so we can become better friends ... Thank You!" We thank you too, youth of Taiwan!

— Bill Spaulding

National Theater for the Deaf

Watching the National Theatre for the Deaf's sold-out performance at Campbell Hall last Wednesday reminded me of drinking lukewarm lemonade on a hot day. Their adaptation of *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* is very good, but it somehow falls short of perfection.

NTD structures their adaptation of Carson McCullers' first, and possibly best, novel as a series of isolated vignettes, each focusing on a particular character. John Singer, a deaf-mute gentleman played by Adrian Blue, befriends the several lonely characters, thus weaving a common thread through the individual scenes. This structural approach, combined with the narrative style of both signed and spoken dialogue, works much like a storytelling session. The writers fit a fair portion of McCullers' lengthy novel into an hour-and-a-half script, but the drama suffers from jumps in time sequence and lengthy pauses between scenes. The constant, slow plodding of time intrinsic to McCullers' depiction of the depressed South is lost in the translation.

By no means am I saying that *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* was a poor production; it is unquestionably better than many shows I've seen lately. Compared to *On The Twentieth Century* at the Arlington last weekend, it verges on ranking as a masterpiece. Nonetheless, I went into this play expecting a feast and came out still waiting for dessert.

Numerous outstanding performances by NTD company members compensate for the less-than-wonderful script. Elena Blue, an extremely talented, deaf-mute actress, portrays Mick Kelly brilliantly. Exhibiting exaggerated facial expressions and sharp, jerky signing and movement, she exquisitely develops Mick's awkward, lonely adolescent character. Adrian Blue effectively plays

John Singer as a silent, depressed listener, and Cathleen Riddley gives a commendable performance as Portia.

David Hays' simple setting of multiple slatted screens works with his lighting design to create the varied atmospheres of *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*. His use of saturated, colored sidelight gives an airy, dance-like quality to parts of this drama; an appropriate approach, as NTD's use of signed dialogue adds a choreographic element to spoken language.

The National Theatre for the Deaf's Campbell Hall performance marked their second stop on a brief tour of Southern California, which will conclude in San Diego at the beginning of November. The troupe considers itself a "typical bus and truck company"; NTD spends five months a year on the road, and has toured all 50 states and every continent of the world except South America. Additionally, it sponsors a children's theater program and a four-week summer session.

NTD does most of their casting during this summer session, which is attended by prospective actors, teachers, and community members who want to brush up their signing or acting skills. "You audition. It's like anything else," said Elena Blue to a theatre appreciation class Wednesday morning. "After a month of classes and drinking with the company, we pick through (the candidates) and choose new actors."

The National Theatre for the Deaf has broken down barriers for deaf actors. Their goal is to establish signing as both an art form and a language, thus presenting a "fourth dimension" on stage. Despite a somewhat flawed script, NTD successfully meets this goal in *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*.

— Cris Carusi

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The Return of Twist and Shout

I knew something was up this summer when the Beatles' version of "Twist and Shout" was back in Billboard's Hot 100 after twenty years. The song being featured in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and *Back to School* couldn't be the only reason for its renewed popularity. The missing piece to the puzzle showed up Saturday night in the form of Danish director Billie August's new film *Twist and Shout*. It seems fitting that as one of their earliest songs hits the charts, a movie set in Amsterdam, The Beatles testing ground, is hitting the screens. As a film, *Twist and Shout* deserves as much popularity and commercial success as the song.

Twist and Shout (released in Denmark as "Faith, Hope and Love") is about love, or the lack thereof. Love between parent and child, between friends, and between boy and girl. It's also a movie about rock-n-roll. Not a rock-n-roll band but about the freedom and rebellion found in the music and culture of rock.

The story is set in early sixties Amsterdam and the Beatles are all the rage. Bjorn is so fascinated by the Beatles and rock-n-roll in general that he buys a Beatles outfit complete with boots. The boots give him huge blisters but he still wears them everywhere he goes.

Although this is movie based on a musical era, it doesn't get trapped into becoming a frivolous story about growing up with the Beatles. Instead, the film deals with the pains of growing up in a direct, timeless fashion.

One night when playing a gig, Bjorn looks out from behind his drums and sees the beautiful Anna (exceptionally played by Camilla



Sueberg) smiling back at him. He tracks her down and they immediately fall head over heels in love. His new found happiness causes him to discard his old girlfriend Kirsten (Ulrikke Jaul Bando). Kirsten is the apple of Bjorn's best friend's Erik's eye but she is fiercely devoted to Bjorn. Erik's mother is sick and conditions make it imperative she stay at home constantly. Having his sick mother continually in the house makes Erik unable to have friends over or have much of a social life. Additionally his father goes to a meeting every Friday night so Erik has to stay home and care for his mother. His mother's sickness is a type of mental disease which is brought on by the

presence of her husband. Erik has a feeling that his father is not as concerned and thoughtful but he is afraid and intimidated by his dad.

While Erik is staying at home with his mother, Bjorn and Anna are falling deeper and deeper in love. They share the kind of love that most people dream of and it seems it will last forever. Unfortunately, all is not meant to be so perfect and the resulting events produce the most powerful scenes in the film. Their relationship ends in an awkward, confused mess with each still in love with the other.

On the rebound, Bjorn returns to Kirsten and before he knows what's happened he is due to be engaged. The strength of his love for Anna is ingeniously demonstrated through the use of good casting. Instead of having Kirsten played by a plain, boring girl, she is very attractive and outgoing. Bjorn doesn't dislike Kirsten because she doesn't have Anna's physical attributes, he just doesn't feel the same closeness to her as he did for Anna.

The movie closes with both boys doing what they know in their heart they must do. In a way they act as each others' saviors. Erik needs help from Bjorn and he ends up interrupting the engagement. Bjorn gives his friend the support he needs to stand up to his father after he learns the lecherous truth about his father's "meetings." The film ties together nicely as the opening scene doubles as the close.

Twist and Shout evocatively chronicles the changes Erik and Bjorn go through as they become men. Bjorn seems to get older from scene to scene. His relationship with Anna changes him from a boy who wants to be a rock star into someone who is ready and confident to make adult decisions. In her final note to him she writes, "In the last few months we have grown several years older." Erik also matures in the

film but in a different way. He never had much of a boyish attitude because his youth was spent looking after his mother. He's basically adult in every way except that he cannot face up to his father. Throughout the film he always does what his father tells him no matter how wrong or inhumane it seems. Finally he reaches the breaking point and his transformation into a tough, confident man occurs over the course of a few minutes.

I liked this movie for several reasons. The film, although serious and powerful, never gets too impressed with itself or too deathly serious. There are several excellent comedy scenes and many hilarious moments which keep the story from becoming too oppressive. The camera work and the beautiful Danish and Swedish scenery also keep the film interesting. Director August employs several overhead and ground level shot angles which are effective and interesting.

The clincher for me, in addition to the great acting, excellent story, and good camera work was the overall feel and look of the movie. The Nordic look of the characters and the freshness of the environment in which the film was made gave it a special, unique texture. I believe that if the same story was with a Hollywood production, the fragile balance of the film would be lost. A low-key operation (the film cost just one million to make), the Danish movie industry doesn't usually see many of its products distributed internationally. *Twist and Shout* has brought the Danes some of the recognition they deserve. In addition to being the highest grossing Danish film ever, it won first place at the European Film Festival.

Twist and Shout steers clear of the usual cliches and portrays a classic story in fresh enjoyable way. Come on, come on, baby now. Check it on out.



The Music Academy of the West inaugurates its sponsorship of Masterseries on Wednesday, Nov. 5 by presenting in recital two of its finest students in recent years, Kaaren Erickson, soprano and Thomas Hampson, baritone. Ms. Erickson and Mr. Hampson will be accompanied by their long-time friend and associate Armen Guzeliyan.

Mr. Hampson and Ms. Erickson will come to Santa Barbara direct from the stage at the Metropolitan Opera, where they are cast as principals in the company's new production of *Le Nozze de Figaro*. Mr. Hampson made his Met debut on Oct. 9 in the role of Count Almaviva, while Ms. Erickson plays Susanna, the role in which she made her Met debut last Christmas eve.

Hampson, who the New York Times predicts "will rank among the leading lyric baritones of the late century," has received much acclaim in both Europe

Masterseries at the Music

and America.

In 1981-82, Mr. Hampson made his debut with the Opera Theatre of St. Louis again as Fuflielmo in *Così*. The international press heaped acclaim on the production and Mr. Hampson was singled out by New York Times critic Donald Henahan for special praise. He has since played this role in the famous Jean-Pierre Ponnelle production in Cologne and in a BBC-TV production directed by Jonathan Miller which is scheduled for world-wide distribution this year.

In the summer of 1983, Mr. Hampson made his debut at the Santa Fe Opera as Maltesta in the company's new production of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and in the same season, was a sensation in the title role of Han Werner Henze's *Der Prinz von Homburg* in Homburg in Darmstadt, West Germany.

The 1984-85 season saw Mr. Hampson at the Zurich Opera where he is participating in the Harnoncourt/-

Ponnelle complete Mozart-oper

Ms. Erickson has been sho claim since her four summers in the late 1970s and early 1980. Singher, she scored a major first prize at the prestigious Competition in 1982.

Since her Met debut last De the admiration for her perfor *Last Songs* which she sang v chestra conducted by Neville M debut at Carnegie Hall in fabulous talents — a vibrant seamless technique and profou Her presentation of these song heard from anyone anywhere, music critic for the New York k

This past season, Ms. Eri

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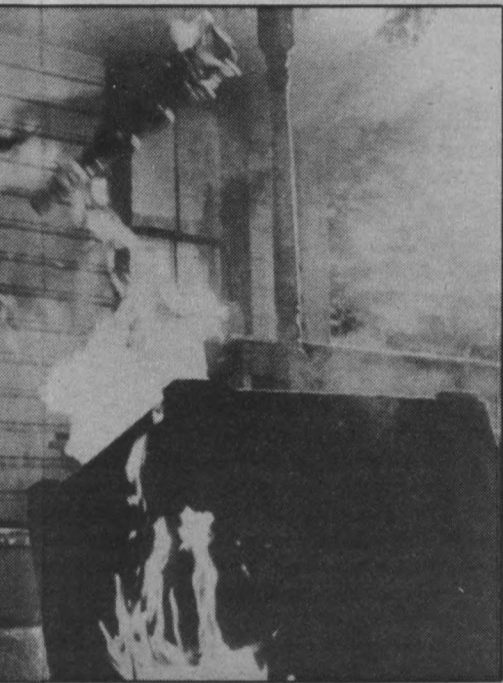
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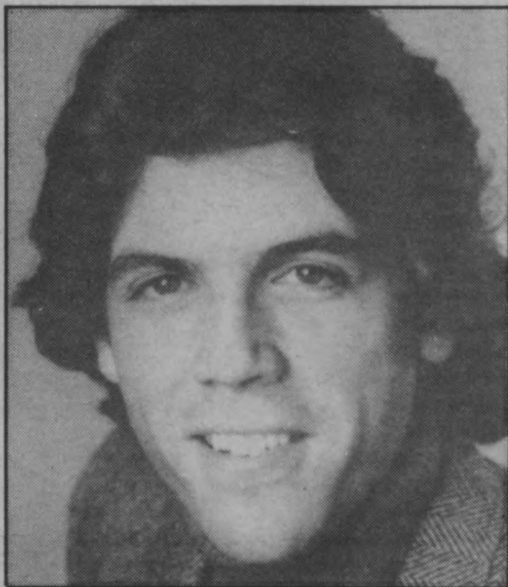
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Music Academy of the West

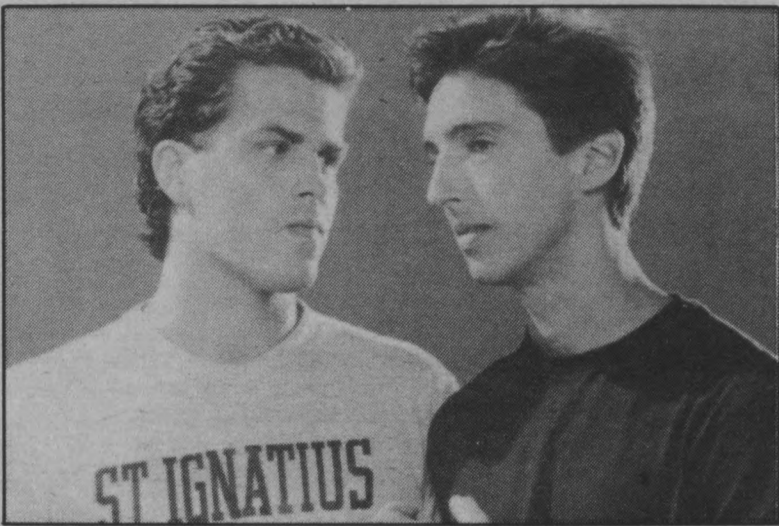
zart-opera cycle.
been showered with critical ac-
summers at the Music Academy
arly 1980s. A protégée of Martial
a major triumph when she won
restigious Munich International
last December, she has earned
er performance of Strauss' *Four*
e sang with the Minnesota Or-
Neville Mariner in her New York
Hall in May. "She possesses
a vibrant, wide-ranging voice,
and profound interpretative sense.
ese songs was as fine as I have
ywhere," wrote Bill Zakariasen,
ew York Daily News.
Ms. Erickson returned to the

Seattle Opera in the role of Fiordiligi in *Così* and was
heard in the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* with the
Minnesota Orchestra and in Haydn's *Creation* with the
Dallas Symphony.
Along with her current engagement at the Met in
Figaro, Ms. Erickson will also be heard in Poulenc's
Dialogues of the Carmelites in the spring. She will be
heard with the San Francisco Symphony in Mahler's
Symphony No. 2, the Tulsa Symphony in the Brahms
Requiem and Handel's *Messiah* with New York's
Musica Sacra under Richard Westenburg.
Armen Guzelimian, who served seven years on the
faculty of the Music Academy of the West is now a
member of the faculty at the School of Music at the
University of Southern California. Mr. Guzelimian has
made a career for himself as both a soloist in the
concert hall and as a chamber music ensemblist,
partnering violinists Daniel Heifetz, Young Uck Kim,

Stephanie Chase, and cellist Jeffrey Solow among
others. He has collaborated with a number of
vocalists, among them, Plácido Domingo, Leona
Mitchell, Catherine Malfitano, and has long-standing
associations with Marni Nixon, Kaaren Erickson and
Thomas Hampson.
This concert marks a reunion for the three artists,
who met at the Music Academy ten years ago.
Although Miss Erickson and Mr. Hampson appeared
together this summer in *La Finta Giardiniera* at New
York's Mostly Mozart Festival, Nov. 5 will mark the
first time that all three artists have appeared together
in concert.
"It is an occasion of great sentimental value to us,
personally, and hopefully, of some musical
significance as well," Mr. Guzelemian said.



Not Enough Soul, Man



I'm a soul man, do do do do, I'm a souuuuuul man, yeh, play it
Steve, do do do do.

Jake and Elwood Blues sing about what it is and what it was. To be
a soul man, naturally. What's it like to be another color, really? It's
basically vicious, like ripping a tennis ball inside out. And so is the
feeling you get while watching Steve Miner's major motion picture
Soul Man.

The film happens to start out fair enough, rather funny, if I may be
so forward. Mark Watson (C. Thomas Howell) gets accepted into
Harvard Law School, actually that's "Harvard Fucking Law School."
His father is experiencing psychoanalytic distemper and decides to
make sonny-boy pay for his own schooling. Without a doubt, my worst
nightmare come true.

In an attempt to seek financial aid, Mark finds a plump scholarship
in excess of 50 grand for the most qualified black applicant in Los
Angeles. One problem: Mark's not black, or is he?? Get it? He is
now, and on his way to Massachusetts with a new doo, not to mention
one hell of a California tan, and some soul in his step.

Harvard is waiting with the usual pretentiousness. Mark's landlord
is concerned about renting the apartment to a NEGRO, his colleagues

fancy repeating BLACK JOKES to one another, the basketball team
wants Mark because he's a NEGRO, and the landlord's daughter
Whitney wants to sleep with Mark because he's experienced 400 years
of OPPRESSION. Every possible prejudice is disclosed in the film,
but the seriousness that was intended to move our very soul and rock
our oppressing, bigoted sentiments is lost through the banal attempts
at humor.

It is disappointing to see that Miner surrenders to such insipidness,
causing the treatment of an otherwise very delicate subject to
become trite. The film was full of potential but it fell short of
presenting any insight to the discrimination which is still present in
modern society.

The acting was tolerable, and some performances were actually
quite brilliant: Ron Reagan (junior) in his big role as Frank, the
basketball team captain, James Earl Jones as the accomplished
Professor Banks, and Arye Gross as Mark's best friend, Gordon
Bloomfield. However, the two big stars ★★, Rae Dawn Chong as the
love interest, and the lead himself, C. Thomas Howell, were
hopelessly sedate.

Thin on plot, thick on cliches, *Soul Man* has definite HBO potential.

— Valerie De Lapp



Before each great social movement in the
history of the known world, the cultures and
the countries involved have been faced with
the fact that ideology is often lost when it is
matched with tradition. In the feudal years
before the Communist takeover in China,
this feeling must have been especially
evident for their country was actually up
against centuries of tradition. Moreover,
many chose to cling during these years to
blindly accepting and practicing the fate of
their traditions and of feudalism itself. This
era is strikingly portrayed in *Yellow Land*, a
film from mainland China.

Yellow Land takes place in the north of
the Shaanxi province during 1939. The
heroine of this film, Cui Qiao (Xue Bai),
seems to experience the pressures of her
land's heritage most heavily as she sings of
the tragic fate a woman must face; she will
be married off against her will to a man she
does not love, and, in her case, does not
even know. The barren land upon which 12-
year-old Cui Qiao lives with her widower
father and quiet younger brother receives a
spark of hope when a young soldier from
Yan'an stays with them.

The soldier (Wang Xueyin) is there to
collect folk songs to bring back to his troops
as a source of inspiration in their fight
against Japan. Cui Qiao is captivated by this
soldier not only because he is the first man
she has known from outside her region, but
also, if not more, by the fact that he is
from the South, an area he describes as the
new future where women help fight in the
army and where they are free to choose
whom they marry.

Young Cui Qiao is intelligent enough to
possess an independent mind which wants to
reject her lot as a child bride, but the

soldier represents the outside force needed
to actually escape. With the new found
knowledge that she is to be married off in a
matter of months, she desperately asks the
soldier to come back for her before the
wedding. Unlike the people around her, Cui
Qiao will not submit to the feudalism, nor
will she leave her chance at freedom to the
soldier who returns a day too late. On her
wedding night she says goodbye to her
younger brother and sets sail down the
Yellow River, possibly to her death, in a
small boat to search for the freedom of
which the soldier spoke.

This is a powerful film. It strikes its
audience where they least expect it, aurally
and visually. Such great attention was paid
to the plot, which was developed with a very
minimal use of dialogue. The effects of this
film can be seen perhaps best in the last
scene.

Here, the younger brother struggles from
amidst a large crowd of local men pitifully
praying for rain as he tries to make contact
with the late-coming soldier who stands atop
a parched mountain. The feeling is that here
perhaps the soldier realizes the irony of
collecting folk songs meant for inspiration to
those fighting for a better life from a region
so sad and fatalistic. The songs echo that.

But aside from the haunting tale *Yellow
Land* tells, there is the matter of how it is
told. The cinematography by Zhang Yimou
is stunning, especially how he accented this
barren landscape with sharp imagery like
his use of the color red. The music of Zhao
Jiping will get under an audience's skin. It
goes from being part of the plot, almost like
(forgive me for saying this) a Hollywood
musical, to intertwining with the image
track to become then a part of the sound-

track.

However, I must save the most impressive
aspect of the production for last — this is the first
effort ever by the young director Chen Kaige. This
remarkable debut by the 32-year-old director
gives rise and hope for more important films like
the ones that have already come out of the
People's Republic of China.

— Dawn Mermer



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On the Surface Beneath the Surface

The Mark Siprut and Cathy Calloway exhibition at the UCen Gallery ends November 8th.

Mark Siprut uses images of dolls and children. He has taken pictures of smiling and happy children. The mother in “?????” smiles a warm smile, the old lady smiles pleasantly and benignly. They have the innocent pleasure of a happy family and could easily come from a family album. Though family albums are usually of posed happiness, these have all the appearance of being realistic.

The realism is very selective; it is scarcely realistic to always be happy. However, the prints themselves are not family album prints, though they smile pleasantly, they smile pleasantly from torn fragments. They are faces glimpsed through holes in walls, images taken of a single figure repeated again and again but seconds apart in time and printed inches apart on the paper, so that there is time and change in these images of innocent childhood.

There are no limbs or bodies to support the smiling faces, like remembered images, they hang in mid-air. They are impermanent, and float over or through brick and wooden walls which form backdrops to the pictures. They do not exist in real space. There is no attempt at the construction of three dimensions and this too adds to the insolidity of the environment created. Like stills taken from a moving picture, everything points to impermanence, even the brick walls are no longer solid.

The children with the grandmother in “Then and Now” portray old age and childhood, with the grandmother looking over the child's shoulder, perhaps even threateningly. But the title and the picture together make a question. If this is indeed a grandmother with her grandson, the title should be, “Now and Now,” as they both exist in the present. So is the child an image from the grandmother's childhood, or the grandmother an image from the child's future? Or does she look at the child and remember her childhood?

The unreality is added to by impressionistic ideas, the computer produces Seurat-like dots and the Xerox brighter-than-real tones.

The dots, obviously, are much more regular than Seurat but still make us feel as if we are looking through a haze or at a television screen. The image is there but distant, somehow not there.

We are even looking at something that is not the present but is the past. These are images of how the little boy was at one moment in the past, and, like snapshots in a family album, we know that this is not so anymore. We are now much more grown up and don't look like that or do those things anymore. A child, however, likes change and is pleased that it isn't so childish. These finished montages don't see change as inherently good, they see it simply as a fact. The past may have been happier and the future doubtful. We can't get closer to the past than these small remembered fragments, the rest of the image — the actuality of being there — is gone. It's a wall; we can see things through it, but we can't penetrate.

The images in the original photographs that Siprut takes are as direct as those of advertising or Photorealist painting. The subtlety is added by the imposition of these images, torn but not mutilated, on to a uniform background and, together with his, they form a complex montage.

I am slightly worried about how similar they look when all hung together. The color balance is roughly the same in each picture, the reds and browns of each print echo the reds and browns of the others.

The work of Cathy Calloway utilizes eucalyptus branches, stripped of their bark, as legs for ceramic pieces. They appear to stride and graze like animals on a prairie, in this case a rectangular prairie of dark gravel chippings. They are airy and light with a feel of open spaces and the hills of the saddles give the impression of a landscape as one piece is positioned behind and above the other. Fire bricks project in a rectangle from the gallery wall and enclose the space to separate them from us and make a smaller environment in the gallery, protecting the structures from accidental contact. The lightness of the pieces, the feeling of insubstantiality gives an impression of space and expanse. The repetition of similar forms are like the repetition of hills or trees or animals in a landscape.

The work resembles that of James Surls, a Texas artist who uses stripped branches, but the feeling is different, lighter, less about the branches themselves. They are here composed to make something else and don't contain axes to break the feeling of harmony.

Calloway's work is restrained, delicate and careful. One can sense a moment of suspended time in them, knowing how fragile they are and how easily they could fall to the ground.

There are two pieces, a group of three and a group of two but the feeling created is of one landscape. The very, very different work of these two artists, the one with its fragile structures, the other with its strong direct images nevertheless fit surprisingly well together, for once with two artists together the UCen Gallery doesn't have the feeling of being overcrowded.

Both artists are in the MFA program at UCSB.

— Anthony Emerton

Editors:

Brett “Clean the Desk” Mermer
Jeannie “Or Else” Sprecher

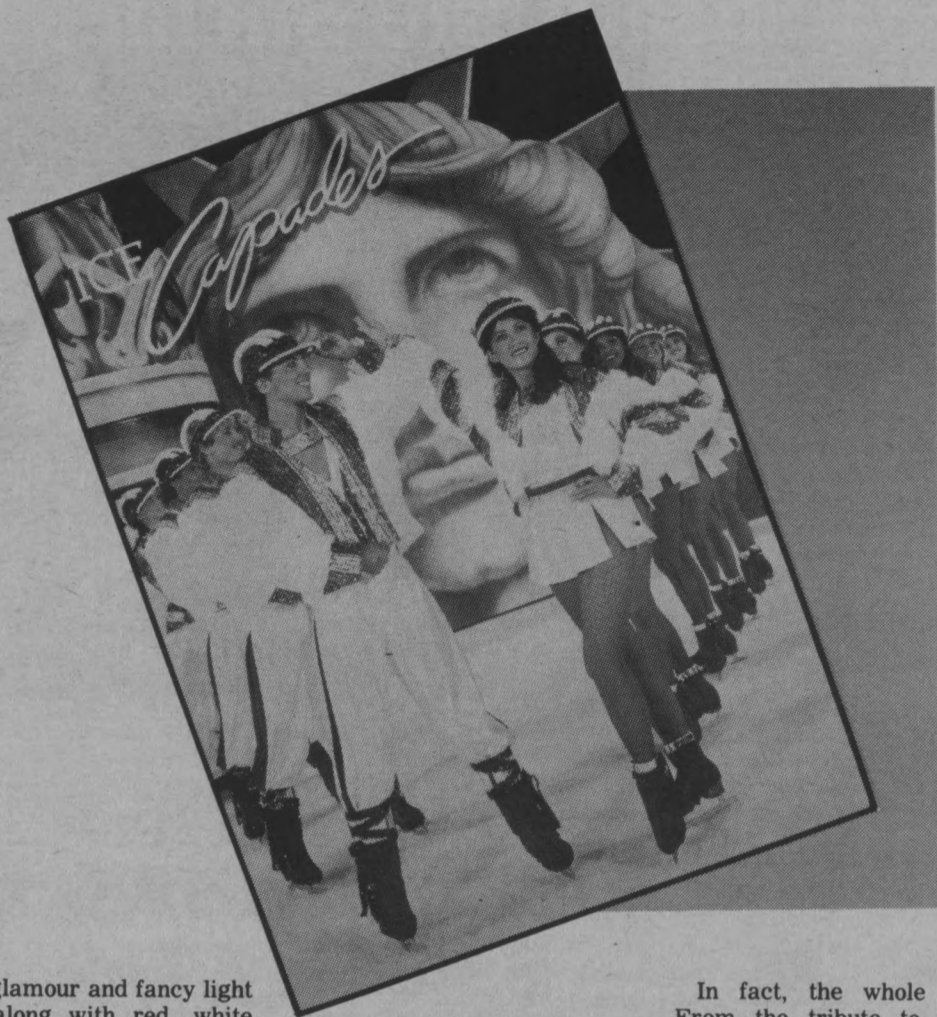
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Adventures on Ice



Glitter, glamour and fancy light displays, along with red, white and blue banners and costumes, may make this year's Ice Capades production "Bravo, America!" seem like just another appeal to American patriotism, but the show, despite its nauseating sense of promoting all things American and beautiful, has a charm that makes it difficult to wipe the smile off your face.

Produced and directed by Robert Turk, the show features appearances by world champion pair skaters Paul Martini and Barbara Underhill, Canadian National Champion Kay Thompson and U.S. Olympic Team members Carol Fox and Richard Dalley. Though none of these names may have the drawing power of past ice capade greats like Dorothy Hamill, Peggy Fleming and Scott Hamilton, these talented young skaters performed with both strength and confidence that brought cheers and loud applause from the crowd at the Inglewood Forum.

The show opens with "Lights! Camera! Hollywood!" a look at the history of the film industry in America, highlighting the silent film era with performances by Thompson, Fox and Dalley. From silent films, the tribute moves quickly into a look at the world of special effects as former National

Junior Men's Champion Tom Dickson is lowered by cable to the ice, which through fancy lighting and props is made to look like a space frontier out of *Star Wars*.

Dickson then moves into a powerful, moving display of skill and agility as he whirls around with the ice with astounding leaps and spins. Swedish champ Catarina Lidgren next takes over the ice with a sleek, sensuous performance that makes it easy to understand why she has taken on the nickname "Cat."

The children in the audience had their chance to cheer when the "Ewoks," the creatures from George Lucas' *Return of the Jedi* box office hit, appeared on the ice in a fantasy-cartoon where they must battle the dreaded Duloks to defend their sunberry seeds.

This may sound very corny, and in all honesty it is, but it's hard not to enjoy the silliness of the performance when you hear the voices and see the faces of all the little kids around you, who think this is the greatest thing on earth (at least for the moment). The whole scene forces you to recall how much you liked cartoons when you were young, and transports you into a world where magic exists and good always wins. It's a welcome escape after having to deal with the troubles of everyday life.

In fact, the whole show is. From the tribute to American composers, to Steve Taylor's leap over a Plymouth station wagon, to the salute to the Olympic games, everything appears wonderful and has a happy-ending. The world seems at last to have found peace and harmony in its crazy existence. What could possibly be wrong in a world where everyone is beautiful, makes no mistakes and moves perfectly in line with everyone else?

It would be easy to criticize the rousing "Miss Liberty" finale, with its fireworks and red, white and blue banners that reek of American egotism, meant to "reinforce the great spirit of national pride and honor," according to an event press release. However, even the overdone light displays, pro-America theme songs, flag-waving audience members and pasted-on performance smiles fail to ruin the enjoyment and sheer beauty of watching the skaters' magical performance. The feeling is transporting and, even if it is a short escape, it's one worth making.

The Ice Capades will run through November 2. Tickets range from \$7 to \$11 and are available by calling (213)480-3232.

— Tonya Graham

Alice in Wonderland

The nightmare returned to Santa Barbara as Alice Cooper played his first U.S. show in six years at the Arlington Theater. Alice's shows in the early '70s were a combination of music and theatrics that would act out his songs; this almost a decade before such things became commonplace on MTV. This current tour keeps up the tradition.

The stage set-up was very elaborate. It could best be described as the back alley to a fun house/haunted house, with pumpkin heads, ghoulish heads, and mannequin parts stuffed into garbage cans. There were a multitude of tiers for the musicians. The crowd seemed to be a part of the stage set-up too, as they were a peculiar mix of bikers, metal heads, punk rockers, and death rockers; the kind of crowd you would expect to find at an Alice Cooper concert.

Billowing white smoke and carnival music preceded Alice's stage arrival. He burst out of a sewer pipe on stage and launched into "Welcome to My Night-

mare". Unfortunately, technical difficulties gave either muddled or non-existent music for the first few songs. Alice went through a set of his early hits such as "Billion Dollar Babies", "No More Mr. Nice Guy", and "Eighteen" before giving the audience a sampling of the songs from the middle of his career as "Go To Hell" and "Cold Ethyl". He ended the show with his biggest hit, "School's Out". An encore yielded "Under My Wheels", which finished off the hour and a half show.

The theatrics were complex and well choreographed. Alice was constantly tormented by a nurse who wheeled out a baby carriage with baby dolls (paternity suit?), extracted a pint of blood and put him in a straight jacket. He later broke free and strangled her to a cheering crowd. On the free-flowing blood and gore side of the show, Alice skewered the dolls, stuck a microphone stand through an onstage photographer, and had his head chopped off in a guillotine. During one song, he tossed around a female man-

nequin, only to have it come alive and slap him on the next song. His 19 foot boa constrictor was a disappointment, as it only looked to be about eight feet long.

Alice could have done better with his back-up band. The lead guitarist looked like Rambo and should have spent more time practicing guitar than working out. The guitar work on Alice's older music has a lot of subtleties that the new guitarist glossed over or masked with volume. He couldn't keep up with the chord changes on "No More Mr. Nice Guy" and tried to throw in Eddie Van Halen-style solos where they just didn't fit. The rhythm section was okay and the drummer played all acoustic drums, a rarity these days.

All in all, the show was entertaining and humorous. After the show, those exiting the front were bombarded by a loud-speaker from those people wanting to save everyone's souls. Alice probably paid them to be out there. It made for an appropriate ending.

— Thomas Rejzek, Wildman

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FIESTA 4	916 State St., S.B. 963-0781
1. STAND BY ME (R)	5:45, 7:45, 9:45
2. SOUL MAN (PG-13)	5:30, 7:45, 9:45
3. CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD (R)	5:00, 7:30, 10:00
4. PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED (PG-13)	5:45, 8:00, 10:15
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2. TRICK OR TREAT (R)	7:15, 9:25
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A.S. Program Board Presents

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UCen Art Gallery

Just opened in the UCen Art Gallery are photographs taken by photographer Mark Siprut and sculptures by Cathy Callaway. "On the Surface/Beneath the Surface" is the title of his exhibit which will be running until Nov. 8.

Mark Siprut's large ektacolor prints are of collages made from photographs and text which are printed on various Japanese, hand-made and cotton papers via a color xerox machine and/or a Macintosh computer and printer.

The images incorporated in the collages are a combination of artifacts, persons, places and environments. Textural surfaces (walls, rocks, pebbles, sand, etc.) are used to create a field in which to interweave the imagery and create an ambiguous figure ground relationship. Although familiar images are used, the manner in which they are presented is unfamiliar to our normal experience.

His intent is to make visual statements that both investigate personal issues and that are socially relevant.

Lifesize hand-built clay slab shapes, mounted on eucalyptus limbs, form the body of Cathy Callaway's new work. As they stand in groups in a shoulder to shoulder stance, their great size establishes a relationship among themselves as well as to the landscape formations they resemble. The texture and color of the low fire, unglazed surfaces have the muted organic appearance of grass hills and sandy deserts.

Formerly a builder of large unglazed vessel forms, Cathy was moved to take new risks in her work after being exposed to a barrage of new ideas in Ann Hamilton's sculpture class at UCSB. She recently exhibited her ceramics at Westmont College and is preparing to apply to graduate school.

So come by the University Center Gallery and see the photographs taken by Mark Siprut and Cathy Callaway's sculptures before Nov. 8.

PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB PUB

Tonight at 8 pm



The triumphant return!

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WANTED

Once again the UCen Gallery and the A.S. Program board invites all interested students to submit work (in all media) for consideration as part of its Winter Quarter Juried Student Exhibition. Students may submit no more than two pieces. Each piece must be accompanied by an application (available in the Program Board Office, UCen rm. 3167, after Nov. 5). Work can be submitted to the UCen Gallery Nov. 10-13 between 11 am and 4 pm.

Down and Out in Beverly Hills



Come see Nick Nolte, Bette Midler, and Richard Dreyfuss give their most hysterical performances in Paul Mazursky's "Down and Out in Beverly Hills." This satirical comedy on the "nouveau-riche" Beverly Hills we all know will capture your attention from the start. You'll be laughing your way out of the I.V. Theatre — Friday night, Nov. 7 — three shows at 7, 9, and 11 pm with tickets \$2.50 at the door.

"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" is co-sponsored by A.S. Program Board and UCSB Lacrosse.

Gene Loves Jezebel

Plan ahead now not to be studying on Thursday, Dec. 4, because Gene Loves Jezebel plus special guest will be playing in Campbell Hall at 8 pm. Tickets are on sale now at the A.S. Ticket office and other usual outlets, so plan ahead and have your studying done in time to attend this concert.

Open Call for Ushers

The A.S. Program Board will be needing ushers for the following shows:
Chick Corea and Allan Holdsworth on Nov. 15
The Bodeans on Nov. 22
Gene Loves Jezebel on Dec. 4
All those interested please sign up in the A.S. Program Board office on the third floor of the UCen by Nov. 12 at 5 pm.



Chick Corea and Allan Holdsworth — Saturday, Nov. 15

On Saturday, Nov. 15 "Chick Corea Elektric Band" with special guest "The Allan Holdsworth Band" will play two shows in Campbell Hall at 7:30 and 10 pm.

Corea's Elektric Band made its first appearances with Scott Henderson, bassist John Patitucci and drummer Dave Weckl during the summer and late fall of '85. He is working with a power band now, creating music that is vibrant and solid. Their hard-driving jazz is centered around electronic keyboards playing melodies that are typically catchy, while the band is rhythmic and the energy level is high.

His pitch-bending and choice of notes make his electronic work as instantly identifiable as his piano playing. His new ensemble is said to rock harder than Return to Forever, thanks in part to Patitucci's dominating bass work and Weckl's punchy drumming.

Heavily influenced by Mozart, Corea says that his Elektric Band "makes music that is hopefully an antidote to the ailments of the world; it's the mission of every artist."

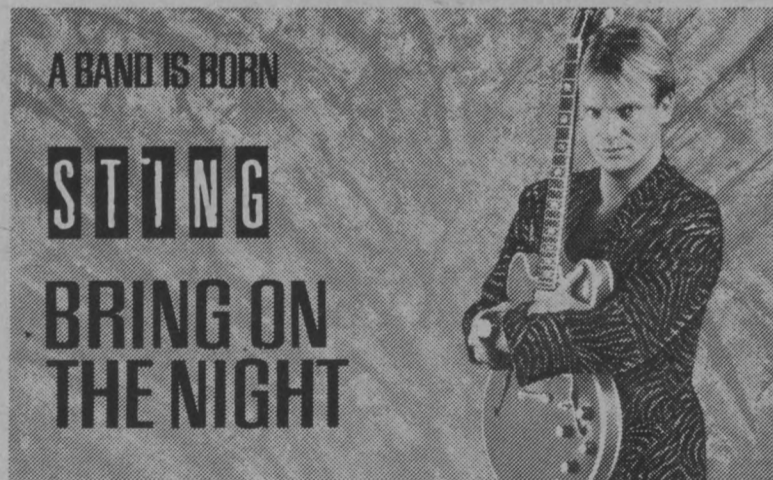
Grammy award winning Corea

dropped out of Julliard in the early '60s to pursue his inspiration full time. He has collaborated with such long-time playmates as Flora Purim and Airto Moreira, Joe Farrell, Michael Brecker and Chaka Khan. Corea has put his diverse activities aside, and currently he is employing the latest high-tech gear — synthesizers, keyboards, sequencer, and a drum machine to aid the sound of his new electric band.

Allan Holdsworth is known as one of the most accomplished and innovative guitarists in the world today. It has been said that he: "Plays so much, he covers anything. A totally comprehensive player. He's one of those revolutionary guitarists," — Carlos Santana. Holdsworth credits much of his astounding technique to the fact that his first teacher, his father, was a piano player and not a guitar player. He used to help him with chords and scales but couldn't criticize him because he wasn't a guitar player.

Don't miss the "Chick Corea Elektric Band" on Saturday, Nov. 15 in Campbell Hall. Tickets are on sale now.

Bring on the Night



Are you planning to have a WILD HALLOWEEN NITE? Come relax and enjoy Sting's "Bring on the Night" with us at I.V. Theatre Saturday, Nov. 1 — at 7, 9 and 11 pm. Tickets are \$2.50 at the door.

"Bring on the Night" is sponsored by A.S. Program Board and Santa Cruz Hall.

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