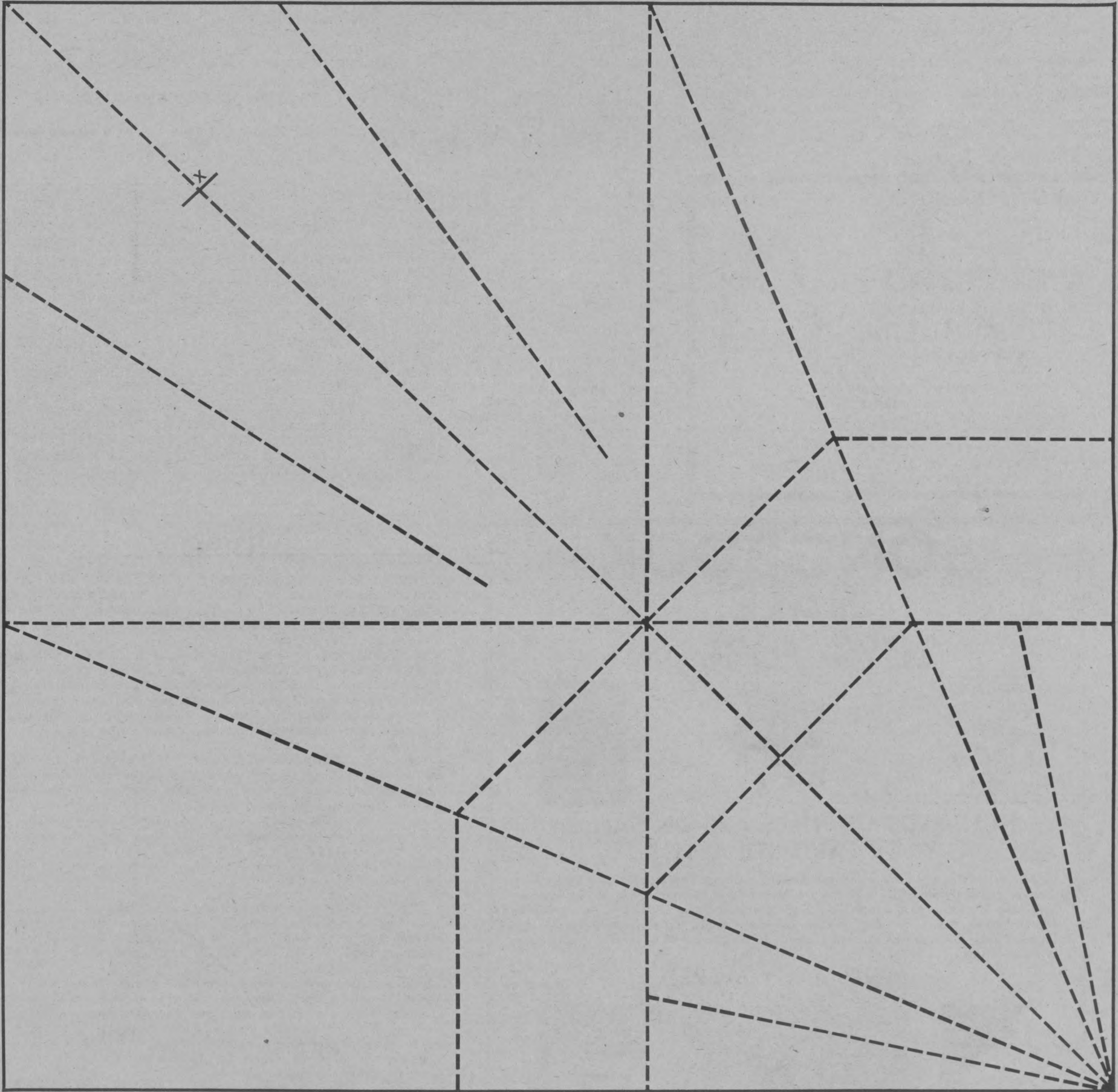


ARTS AND LEISURE

PAPER AIRPLANES



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Dance

In The Support Of Dance Dancers (IT'S OD/D) is having its first student operated dance concert, called "IT'S Concert," Saturday, June 7 at 7:30 p.m. and Sunday, June 8 at 3:30 p.m. in Rob Gym 1420. Works of ballet, jazz, modern and comedy are among the variety to be presented, as choreographed and performed by both dance majors and non-major students. Admission is free, but bring a pillow to

Stage

THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATER will present two separate and different plays later in June. On Tuesday, June 24, they will perform Noel Coward's comedy of bad manners, HAY FEVER. On Wednesday, June 25, they will perform Sam Shepherd's BURIED CHILD. Both productions will be at the Lobero Theatre, and tickets for both are \$8, \$7, and \$6 students.

On Saturday, June 7 there will be a dramatized presentation of Dr. Wilhelm Reich's controversial work, LISTEN, LITTLE MAN!, an outspoken attack on the educational and general social establishment. The presentation will be performed by Tomorrow's People Lab at the Franklin Center Theatre, 1136 E. Montecito St. Admission is \$3 general, \$2 students.

Attractions



A scene from *Elektreia*.

The Committee on Arts and Lectures is excited to present the Santa Barbara premiere of ELEKTREIA, a radical re-reading of the Electra myth by director Miklos Jancso. The films of Jancso, the foremost Hungarian film director of the post-war period, usually portray bleak moments of Hungarian history through compelling and powerful visual images. These films, with their great formal beauty but very little warmth displayed in the human interactions have not been commercially successful with American audiences, hence several of Jancso's films have never had an American release. Among these is ELEKTREIA, the culmination of Jancso's unique style, perhaps the ultimate in cinematic choreography, constructed of just 13 shots in its 76 minutes of running time. This special screening will be free of charge at 3 p.m. in Campbell Hall on Wednesday, June 11.

Film

MORNING GLORY, a 1933 film directed by Lowell Sherman, will be shown in the auditorium of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, tomorrow at 7:30 p.m. and during the weekend at 1:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. The film was Katherine Hepburn's third picture, and the one for which she won her first Academy Award. Donation is \$1.

Arts and Lectures is presenting a HITCHCOCK film series beginning June 26 with REBECCA. All films will be in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m., and admission will be \$1.50 for single student tickets or \$6 for series tickets. The other films in the series are DIAL M FOR MURDER (July 3), LIFEBOAT (July 10), SPELLBOUND (July 16), TORN CURTAIN (July 24) and FRENZY (July 31).

A & L is also presenting a HUSTON series, with all films showing Sundays at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Ticket prices are the same as for the Hitchcock series. The schedule of films is: THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (June 29), THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE (July 6), MOBY DICK (July 13), THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER (July 20), FAT CITY (July 27) and THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING (Aug. 3).

THE CHESS PLAYERS, the last film in the Indian films series, will be shown tonight at 7:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall. This is Satyajit Ray's most recent film, and his first in Hindi and English. Admission is \$1.50 students.

The last two films in the Renoir Retrospective will be shown Sunday, June 8 and Sunday, June 15 at 7:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The June 8 offering will be THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL, and the June 15 film will be THE LITTLE THEATRE OF JEAN RENOIR.

Saturday, June 7 and Sunday, June 8 will see Bela Lugosi in DRACULA and Boris Karloff in FRANKENSTEIN, both at the Kris Sugich Auditorium.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH and SPELLBOUND will be shown in the Kris Sugich auditorium, 3970 La Colina Road. Donation is listed as \$2 adults, \$1.50 seniors and \$1 children.

The remaining films for this month at the Sugich Auditorium will be HENRY V (June 13), IDI AMIN DADA AND HARLAN COUNTY, USA (June 14 and 15), WOMEN IN LOVE (June 21 and 22), SHERLOCK, JR. AND STEAMBOAT BILL, JR. (June 27) and Z (June 28 and 29).


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Music

RUFUS AND CHAKA KHAN, THE BROTHERS JOHNSON and TOWER OF POWER will be at the County Bowl Saturday, June 7 at 3 p.m. Tickets are on sale at the Bowl box office, Turning Point, Morninglory Music and the usual outlets. Further information can be had at 963-8634.

The Santa Barbara Blues Society is presenting CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN and his band at La Casa de la Raza, 601 E. Montecito Street in Santa Barbara tomorrow at 9 p.m. Brown is easily one of the most versatile musicians performing today, with his show including blues, jazz, country and cajun tunes. His Santa Barbara appearance will see him performing with a 6 piece band.

The SANTA BARBARA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA is holding auditions for local musicians for the 1980-81 season on Sunday, June 8 at Bravanel Hall, Music Academy of the West. Prospective candidates should call the symphony office at 965-6596.

The UCSB Department of Music and the College of Creative studies will present a composition concert tonight at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. The program, entitled "A Concert of Recent Chamber Works," will feature compositions by John Carbon and Steven Malinowski. Admission is free.

UCSB'S FLUTE CHOIR will present a concert Saturday, June 7 in Lotte Lehmann featuring works written for various combinations of instruments from the flute family, as well as for solo flute. The performance, under the direction of John Heitmann, will take place at 8 p.m. Admission is free.

UCSB's early music ensembles, CAPELLA CORDINA and MUSIC ANTIQUA, will present a concert on Sunday, June 8 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. The free concert is under the direction of Alejandro Planchart and William Prizer. The program will be devoted to the music of the German master Heinrich Schuetz (1585-1620). The June 8 performance will follow the disposition given by Schuetz for the most elaborate performance possible.

Guitarist PETER MADLEM will be featured in a UCSB Faculty Artist recital on Sunday, June 8 at 4 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. There will be a \$1 admission at the door to benefit the Music Scholarship fund. The program will include Robert de Visee's "Passacaille," Gaspar Sanz' "Pavane" and "Canarios," and J.S. Bach's "Fuge in a minor."

Composer and percussionist MARTA PTASZYNSKA, guest artist in-residence at UCSB, will present a concert on Monday, June 9 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. The compositions of Ms. Ptaszynska, as well as other Polish composers will be featured. Assisting artists will be Tom Raney, UCSB percussion instructor, pianist Betty Oberacker, and flutist Margaret Eissler. Admission is free.

A variety of UCSB STUDENT CHAMBER ENSEMBLES will present a concert on Wednesday, June 11 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. There will be five groups, each coached by a faculty member throughout the quarter, participating. Admission is free.

The winners of the annual UCSB CONCERTO NIGHT auditions will be featured in concert with the University Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Frank Collura, on Friday, June 13 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. There will be a \$2 admission charge to benefit the music scholarship fund.

FILM

'War at Home' Relates the Past to the Present

By LISA CARLSON

While *The War At Home* played at the Magic Lantern Theatre, *Hearts and Minds* was scheduled to play on campus and also showed at the Arlington with *Johnny Got His Gun*. Increasingly, the Sixties have become less a part of the romantic past and more a study for the problems of the present. Though *Johnny Got His Gun* was published in 1939 as a reaction to World War I, its war horror and anti-establishment themes are full of Sixties sentiment: "You plan the wars you masters of men plan the wars and point the way and we will point the gun."

Madison, Wisconsin is a white, upper-middle class town. From 1963 to 1973 this all-American city became a fervently anti-war community. Student sit-ins and police riots led to citizen demonstrations and individual acts of destruction. Snapshots, newsreels, and black and white footage of the events in Madison were spliced with current interviews of the movement's participants in order to compile a rather optimistic documentary.

The War At Home does not make an entirely political statement: one will not find criticisms of the morality of the Vietnam war with the unavoidable question of what the United States government's involvement honestly signified. But it is a highly effective commentary on the morality of all war and on the gradually enlightened and actively democratic citizens of Madison.

"I thought the revolution had come," said one participant, and it is not hard to see his reasoning. At a time when Students for a Democratic Society seemed to be a fearful and evil taboo, the activities of the decade must have had a powerful effect on those viewing: with middle-class parents petitioning door to door and demonstrating in the streets, with police use of tear gas on peaceful demonstrations and the calling in of the National Guard, complete with rifles cocked in order to "prevent violence," it must have seemed that the needed ingredients of both education and oppression were present for a true people's uprising.



Karl Alexander under arrest in *The War At Home*.

The chance to deliver a decisive encounter was spearheaded by Karl Arm-

"I thought the revolution had come," said one participant, and it is not hard to see his reasoning.

strong who, early one morning, bombed the Army Mathematics Research Building which stood as a glaring symbol of the University of Wisconsin's war involvement (a rather striking parallel to the University of California's involvement with nuclear

weaponry). Armstrong also considered flying a bomb attack over the munitions plant in Madison to provide citizens with first hand knowledge of what the bombing of a civilian area entails.

But rather than spurring the revolution, Armstrong slowed it down. A graduate student had been in the building; he was dead. The incident forced people to assess their values: were they fighting against the establishment or against death and destruction? In Madison, the majority's sympathy rested with the latter.

But *The War At Home* does not leave one with a feeling of aborted hope; in fact, the film is quite uplifting. A short biography at the end tells of Armstrong's parole at the hands of vocal citizens after the first showing of the documentary. It is also inspiring to realize that a young student in a sheepskin jacket who can be seen getting clubbed by policemen later became the mayor of Madison. During one woman's interview she was asked how she felt out on the picket line. "Do you wanna know if I feel silly?" she answered. "I always feel silly," but she, and many others, had reached a level of belief which called for the subordination of immediate, petty feelings to the overall cause of citizen action.

The War At Home ends on a somewhat anti-climatic note: Armstrong's father tells how parents have a tendency to think their children exaggerate. "But they were telling the truth," he concluded, referring to the now acknowledged facts of police brutality and governmental double-dealing which surfaced more visably in the Sixties than they had before. but upon reflection, the ending seems quite fitting. Caught up in movements and vocabulary, it is easy to attribute social evil to the exploitative bourgeoisie without considering the small, day-to-day motives of each person. *The War At Home* suggests that through education, individuals will desire action, and that through action, systems can change. Seemingly naive, this belief was manifested in Madison, Wisconsin, and the successful results are effectively depicted in this impressive documentary.

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The largest UCSB yearbook in the past 10 years is now available on campus. Students who have purchased the books are asked to pick up their copies at the Alumni Office in South Hall, Rm. 1421 between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. today through June 13.

Editor Carla Seim and her 25-member staff are selling the books at several locations starting today. Price is \$18, tax included.

Editor Seim revealed that the book features 24-pages of full color, a special designed cover and division pages by Associate Editor Clive Chin, 100 pages of ASUCSB groups and related activities, 60 pages of seniors and 30 pages of freshmen (including all frosh pictured in the Freshmen Record).

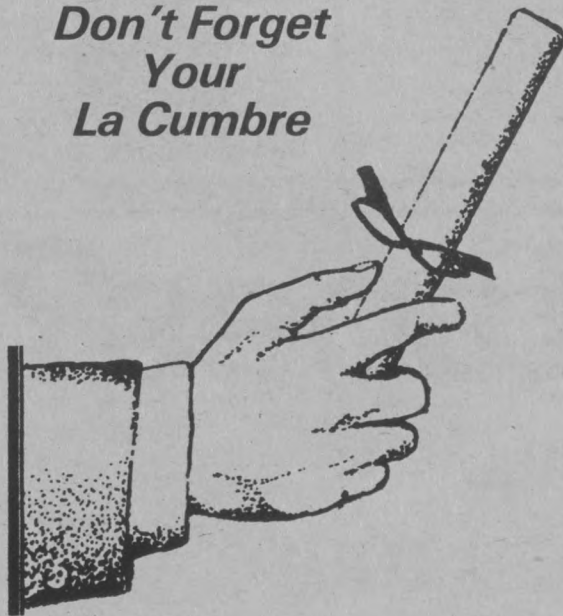
"Coverage of Greek houses and activities (30 pages), Sports and IMs (30 pages), Concerts, Drama productions and other campus-wide activities (30 pages), Academics and Staff Offices (90 pages) and Dorm photos and I.V. Living (30 pages) completes the giant, creative effort by the staff," added Editor Seim.

Over 4,000 persons were indexed while many other photographs revealed campus life. "Nothing can beat this annual," beamed Seim. "This yearbook is a better buy than most of your textbooks so come on in and purchase a slice of UCSB life for \$18," concluded Seim.



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MUSIC

It Was Such Fun, We Forgot About Finals

By DENNIS HERMAN
and
MEG McCANDLESS

Over 3,000 people witnessed what may have been A.S. Program Board's finest moment in recent history last Sunday. Seven bands played to the crowd providing over eight hours of music, fun and partying on the edge of the lagoon.

Beginning at about 10 a.m. in front of 500 people, the gathering grew to a sea of bodies by 2 p.m., just prior to a performance by Steppenwolf and their original lead singer, John Kay.

Mixing their old music with cuts off of their new album, which is now being recorded, Steppenwolf got the crowd up on its feet in a performance that was reminiscent of the intensity with which the band used to play.

After a jazz guitar piece written by lead guitarist Michael Palmer, "Underworld Figure," Kay jumped into an excellent rendition of "Sookie, Sookie," one of the band's standards in the late '60s.

Steppenwolf's performance was energetic and got the crowd up on its feet for "Magic Carpet Ride" and the final song, "Born to be Wild." Kay's voice was strong, but somewhat hampered by the low sound levels at the concert, and Palmer's guitar work was superb,



John Kay, of Steppenwolf, in a pose we've seen before.

leading the band through a tight 11 song set lasting for over an hour-and-a-half.

Encouraged by a three minute standing ovation at the end of their set, the band returned to play two encores including an excellent rendition of "The Pusher."

Unfortunately, the wind began to pick up in the late afternoon and only 500 people were left when Cecilio and Kapono, the concert's headliners, finished their set.

Beginning their set with the title track from their third album, *Night Music*, C & K performed in the island rock style they are best known for.

Cecilio, who is originally from Santa Barbara, and Kapono, who is from Hawaii, had just returned from a concert tour on the East Coast and commented that it was good to be back in warmer weather.

Alternating between their songs from their earlier albums like "Lifetime Party" and "I Love You," and songs from their fifth and soon to be released sixth album including *Yesterday "Girl,"* C & K offered just the right blend of old and new music.

However, the songs from their earlier albums which are generally mellower than their recent releases, were definitely the most popular with the audience.

Cecilio and Kapono obliged calls from the audience for these earlier releases by playing such songs as "Railway Station" and "I Love You."

Members of the audience responded to the songs which originally made C & K popular with audiences in Hawaii, where they began playing together, by tossing leis onto the stage and signaling "shaka."

Cecilio and Kapono finished their set when the wind began to pick up causing Cecilio to comment "I don't know about you guys, but I left my jacket at home and it's getting cold out here."

They returned after a standing ovation and played two more songs, and then returned for a second encore to play an old favorite, "About You."

Reverie opened the concert with a half hour set of rock and roll. They were followed by a disappointing performance by Jailbait, another local band.

Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan, Oasis and the Steve Wood Band also played at the concert, turning in performances that were well received by the crowd.

No major problems were encountered during the performance, although the post-concert clean-up effort was termed "massive" by one worker.

Guitar Whiz Kid

By ANGELA BURKETT

The classical guitarist Manuel Barrueco had much to offer the Campbell Hall audience Thursday, May 22. He is one of those artists who, although still under 30 years of age, has already managed to integrate an intelligently-conceived construction of a composition with artistic insight into the meaning of the composition. Technically speaking, he is a solidly grounded musician, and is therefore free to express his depth of understanding of the subtle combination of law and spirit which comprises great music, art, and literature.

Barrueco's interpretation reminds one of a Cezanne in the absolutely distinct individuality he gives every note or rest, while at the same instant, retaining a perspective of the whole composition and all the relationships between the unique tonal character of each note, motif, phrase, and movement. This artist's "romanticism" is not mere unguided emotion of sentiment, but a deeply thought-out conception. It is not surprising that the



Manuel Barrueco alone with his guitar.

audience was so appreciative of the program, which opened with two sonatas in D minor and A major by D. Cimarosa. Then, five sonatas by D. Scarlatti in E major, E minor, and A major were finely played. The first half of the program finished with an Allegro Maestoso from M. Giuliani's *Gran Sonata Eroica* in A major. The second half of the program was no less inspired, including even more colorful works: *La Catedral* by A

Suite Espanola by I. Albeniz.

With such a well-rounded artist as an example, music aspirants of all abilities cannot help but pursue their artistic ambitions with a renewed desire for technical excellence and freedom, an intelligent grasp of the significance of a composition, and an intuitive rapport with the composer's original inspiration, even as Barrueco demonstrated.

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MUSIC

Utopia's Futuristic Free-For-All

By DEAN PRINGLE

This show was entertainment in the true sense of the word. Somewhere amidst the video movies, the smoke bombs, the futuristic guitars and spinning drumkits, there was also some music played. Commendably, the Utopia concert was not one of those lame production extravaganzas in which the barrage of stage gimmicks is tremendously lavish in order to divert attention from the mediocrity of the music itself. Instead, Todd Rundgren and Utopia pulled off a show at the Arlington last Friday night in which audio was compatible with visual, neither obscured the other, and neither were qualitatively lacking.

The set itself was a comfortable blend of old and new material, and again, neither obscured the other. One of the more satisfying moments for the nostalgic listener was Todd Rundgren's solo vocal medley, during which he went through some of the more poignant numbers of his career, notably, "Can We Still Be Friends," "Hello It's Me," "It Wouldn't Have Made Any Difference," and "A Dream Goes on Forever." These songs merged smoothly and effectively, and brought some of the Todd devotees to the front of the stage with flowers and candy for the singer.

Each of the Utopia band members had their own solo moments as well, drawn from the latest album, *Adventures in Utopia*. Video films were shown simultaneously for these. Bassist Kasim Sulton did "Love Alone" with scenes out of Mother Goose for background entertainment. Keyboardist Roger Powell did some elaborate improvisation in front of a futuristic geometrical backdrop. Drummer John "Willy" Wilcox took a solo on a revolving drumset. His film was based around the song "You Make Me Crazy," depicting an ultra-frustrated little fellow reduced to a



Rundgren combined visual, musical and emotional pyrotechnics at the Arlington.

basketcase by his obsessive passion for a stand-offish woman. Todd Rundgren struck a more serious note following this, coming back onstage to play piano and sing "Bag Lady," while a film clip portraying the lowly conditions of the big city street people ran behind him. Musically, each band member held his own, although a little more punch might have been in order. All in all, it was not just a one man show, but Todd was the only one of the crew to receive flowers and candy.

Now it is time to get beyond the theatrics of the concert and analyze. I think it safe to say that the *Adventures in Utopia* show was founded on a scattered assortment of ideas, and may reflect some sort of identity crisis on the group's part. Not that a fixed musical identity or categorization is such an important matter, but one has to wonder whether Utopia's variety in approach is indeed a transcending of labels or if it is rather a confusion, a fear of taking

firm steps in any direction. The potpourri went over well in any case, so perhaps this last question is irrelevant. I could not help noticing the contrasts however.

There were hints at new wave sympathies, such as the corny plastic sunglasses worn constantly by Willy Wilcox, white Devo-like jumpsuits and even lyrical references ("the last of the new wave writers will be the first of the new age masters"). On the other hand, Todd Rundgren was caught up in over-milked 'dinosaur music' tactics: guitar-against-amp distortion, rock star posturing, arcing windmills a la Pete Townshend. The band's music is hard to pin down as well, ranging anywhere from soft-core acoustic ballads to progressive techno-rock.

Video experimentation is Todd Rundgren's latest personal concern. In a concerted drive to finance his flashy concerts, as well as his hopes for his own television show and his video studio in Woodstock, N.Y., Rundgren has

resorted to producing Shaun Cassidy albums and asking the Arlington crowd to send postcards to TV networks for support. The visual effects used during Friday night's show were well-incorporated with the music and better than average in terms of content, yet again seemed con-

fused in terms of approach. Grateful Deadish cryptic scenes were followed immediately by industrial-age linear abstractions, and then by the comic routines of the neurotic lover, and then by the documentary-like ventures into social commentary found in the "Bag Lady" film.

It is largely irrelevant to attempt a solidified conceptualization of the Utopia show and of its music. Why bring up the diversity then? Well, remember that I have to say something fairly descriptive of the concert in order to make this a review. In the long run, the criteria for determining the success or failure of a concert are not questions of coherent sound or costuming or selected guitar licks, but whether or not the audience comes away from the theater with a feeling of satisfaction. This satisfaction was achieved last Friday night in a majority of cases, by whatever means. The band played upwards of three hours, with one intermission (that some people took to be the end of the show and left). If nothing else, the concert-goers got their money's worth on the length of the set alone, and with the overall ornate production of both music and special effects, the worthiness of the show was secured.

New Views From Prisms

By ANGELA BURKETT

Thursday evening, under the direction of Joan Smith and John Clark, the UCSB music department presented the second "Prisms" concert of contemporary music. The program's representation of composers was multi-faceted, including works of students and faculty in the department along with internationally recognized composers.

The concert opened with Emma Lou Diemer's enigmatic "Pianoharpsichordorgan" (1974) which she performed on the harpsichord, with John Clark, piano and James Welch, organ. Then followed "Five Haku," (1980), by student Bruce Howarth, a cycle of five poems of Basho and Kikaku. A tasteful and sensitive work, it is a fine example of art transcending the merely descriptive while attempting re-interpretation through two mediums — in this case — great poetry with a musical setting.

Lisa Stidham, the soprano soloist, represented a high level of artistry and musicianship in her performance of the songs with a small chamber group of flute, guitar, cello, celeste, an percussion under the baton of Donald Crockett. Next in the program came a performance of graduate student John Carbon's flowing woodwind dialogue, "Insieme" (1979), given by two delightful flautists, Patricia Carbon and Margaret Eissler. The first half of the program concluded with a polished performance by Betty Oberacker of Alban Berg's "Piano Sonata, Op. 1" (1908).

After intermission, the audience was amazed with the one-man feat of William Kraft's "Encounters

VIII" (1979) by an articulate and thoughtful percussionist, Thomas Raney. Then followed Frank Martin's "Ballade" (1939) for flute, Margaret Eissler, and piano, Lynne Garrett, whose performances enhanced the structure, coloring, and unique rhythmic patterns of this French composition. Next, a demanding piano solo, "Improvisation" (1980), by graduate student Edward Reichel was successfully performed by

Verna Abe. This concert of diversely interesting and beautiful compositions of the 20th century concluded with "Variations on a Theme of Paganini" (1941) by the great Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski, performed with vigor by duo-pianists Susan Weissshar and Norman Ortiz.

With the "Prisms" program, the music department is making an outstanding contribution to our community.

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SPECTRUM ANTHOLOGY is available for \$5.00 from SPECTRUM, Post Office Box 14800, UCSB, Santa Barbara, CA 93107. On sale in the English Department Office and can be ordered through your local bookstore.

COVER STORY

At Last, A Decent Use For The Nexus

By CRAIG ZEROUNI

Children are instinctive paper airplane makers. Actually, boys are the makers; for some reason little girls never seem to see the thrill of the sport. But little boys—hand them a flyer, a notice or simply a note to be taken to mom and dad, and instantly their little minds reel with the possibilities. No one knows who invented the first paper airplane, but most certainly a schoolboy perfected the design.

Actually, there is a brief history to the paper airplane; which is to say that what can be said of the

horse, in 1868.

Finally, we know that Octave Chanute was able to successfully design and fly a biplane glider in 1896.

We owe the knowledge of such things to David Perlman, the science reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle* when *Scientific American* launched its first (and unfortunately, last) International Paper Airplane Competition. The competition, held, or rather, initiated, in 1966, is the most complete source of knowledge we have on the subject. The competition generated over

Actually, there is a brief history to the paper airplane; which is to say that what can be said of the history is brief, knowing as little of the sport as we do. The history itself is most certainly long and colorful, and just as certainly doomed to anonymity.

history is brief, knowing as little of the sport as we do. The history itself is most certainly long and colorful, and just as certainly it is doomed to anonymity.

This much we know: In 1828, Vittorio Sarti, a rather blatant Italian, designed a device that resembled a modern helicopter, though it was designed to be a glider. His idea was never realized, however.

In 1847, a German Army officer named Werner Siemens designed what might be called a rocket plane. Its tail bore a striking resemblance to the paper airplanes we have come to know and clean up after.

France's Jean-Marie LeBris was inspired by an albatross to build a glider, designed to be launched from a cart drawn by a galloping

12,000 entries (fewer than 1,000 of which, it should be noted, were from women. Why this should be so, we do not know). It is from this competition that our cover is derived (see accompanying box).

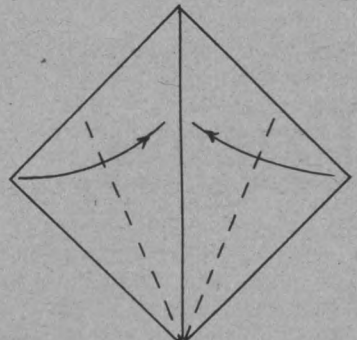
The *Scientific American* contest is (was) significant because it was the first, and as things have gone since, the last serious investigation into the physics and aerodynamics of the little beasts that nearly all of us have come to know and love.

What *Scientific American* hoped to accomplish by their competition (which, while most of us will not recall this, generated media coverage second only to the arrival of then-Pope Paul to New York) was to add to the body of knowledge on the subject of aerodynamics. At the time, it was thought that the SST was the

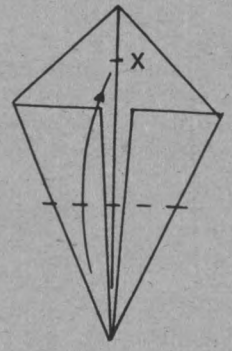


ultimate in airplane design, and it was the intention of the editors that they should attempt to ferret out some obscure soul, living no doubt in a mobile home somewhere unpronounceable, who had inadvertently designed a plane of such magnificent aerodynamic quality that the world would gasp, and airplane design would progress an order of magnitude. Unfortunately, no such thing occurred. What did occur, however, was the realization that paper airplane making was and is not a pastime reserved for bored schoolboys.

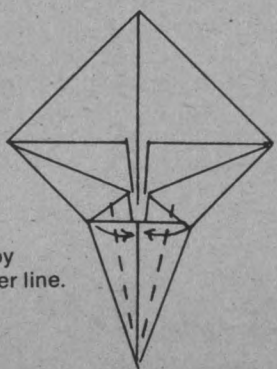
About That Cover...



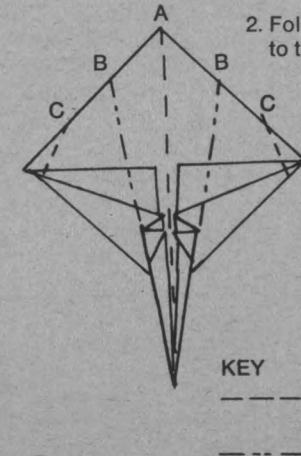
1. Take a square piece of paper. White bond paper 8 1/2" x 8 1/2" is suitable. Make a crease along one diagonal and fold two sides to this diagonal line to form the nose and wings of the plane. See next figure for desired result.



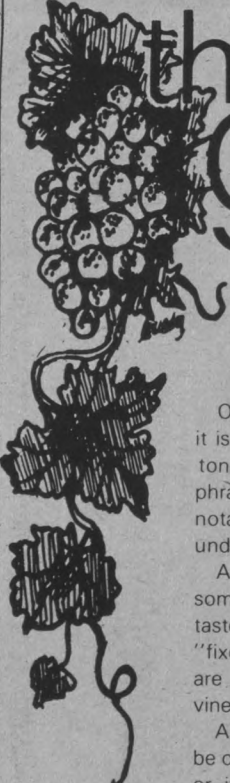
2. Fold the nose of the plane back to the point marked X.



5. Narrow down nose by folding edge to center line.



KEY
- - - - - Fold up
- - - - - Fold down



the grapevine

A Wine Vocabulary

by
Ralph Auf der Heide

One of the fringe benefits in the enjoyment of wine is that it is an excellent topic of conversation. One usually is a bit tongue-tied at first, but soon the different words and phrases being used are understood in their wine connotations. Here are a few basic terms that can increase your understanding of what is being said about wines.

ACID: Wine must have a certain amount of acid to give it some life and sprightliness. Too little acid and the wine will taste blah, too much, and the wine becomes tart. There are "fixed" acids that are the natural acids of the fruit, and there are "volatile" acids, such as acetic, that give the wine a vinegar smell and flavor, and indicate that it is going bad.

AROMA: The fragrance of fruit in a young wine. This may be characteristic of the grape type, such as a Muscat aroma, or it may develop during fermentation to become more complex and take on the attributes of other fruit such as apples, currants, etc.


ASTRINGENCY: The quality in a wine that puckers the mouth. It is generally an indication of sufficient tannin, which together with good fruit and sufficient acid will assure the wine a long life. Tannin usually mellows and softens with age.

BALLING: In wine making Balling is a measure of the amount of sugar in fresh juice, or the sugar that remains when fermentation is finished. 20 degrees Balling is another way of saying 20% sugar.

BIG: A word used to describe a wine with much body, flavor, and alcohol. "Big" wines may be coarse and undistinguished, or they may be well-balanced and powerful.

BODY: The substance of a wine. A wine with body gives the opposite effect of a wine that is weak and watery. Body is a desirable ingredient of most red wines, and when well-balanced by other components, in a few white wines.

I will continue this vinous vocabulary in the next column. In the meantime here are some of the words you will no doubt use when you buy wines from our collection at The Wine Cask: "delicious, choice, attractive, flavorful, good value, and thanks for suggesting it."



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COMEDY

Gallagher Does What He Has To

By CRAIG ZEROUNI

It was discovered that a large number of otherwise seriously engaged minds were involved in the sport of paper airplane making. Which is why we are presenting this—basically, in the hope that one more person (and maybe dozens) will feel safe in coming out of the closet, so to speak, about his hobby.

Do college students make paper airplanes? The evidence on this campus would seem to indicate no, but that may just be due to over-zealous janitorial workers. The fact is, it is Spring, and classes, by some magical force, seem to be getting longer, no matter what the clock says. It is therefore likely that this is the time of year, above all others, when paper airplanes are to be made and tested.

In closing, we must ask ourselves: What does this mean? Well, we don't know. And to be honest, it doesn't much matter. It is probably true that no amount of publicity will remove the social stigma attached to the design and testing of paper airplanes. This, of course, is a shame. But perhaps it is better that way. Nothing destroys a thing so fast as its appearance on television, or in the *National Enquirer*. Therefore it should be enough, one hopes, that the knowledge that one is not laboring alone with the folds and cuts will inspire that one to new heights of paper airplane design.

Or, as Dr. Sakoda, winner of the original origami category of the *Scientific American* competition, and designer of our cover, remarked: "...because of the need to conserve space in an aircraft, the art of paper folding may be of use to someone, say, going to the moon." Only NASA knows if that is so, and they aren't telling.

Watching a really good comedian work is a depressing sight for a writer, because it soon becomes obvious that getting, holding and stroking an audience has nothing to do with jokes or material; instead, it is the personality of the performer that gets the laughs.

Gallagher overcame numerous obstacles Saturday night at the Arlington, among them an audience divided cleanly along lines of young and old and a routine based heavily on sight gags that don't carry to the farthest rows of a hall the size of the Arlington, and surmounted these problems basically because of a personality that oozes niceness.

Early on, it seemed as if the age difference in the audience would be too much for him; he even mentioned it aloud, as if he could exorcise it, like a demon, just by talking about it. But it didn't go away, so he plowed into his act anyway, pausing to chat with hecklers, and displaying the little boy exuberance so important to successful comedy — and so difficult to maintain.

Accordingly, the most trying moments were when he dropped the facade and merely spoke of things that bothered him. These did not come off because the younger portion of the audience came to laugh, dammit, and wasn't in the mood for Gallagher's true feelings, no matter how well intentioned, and the older set, mink coats and all, didn't think watching in impish little man attack landlords was all that funny.

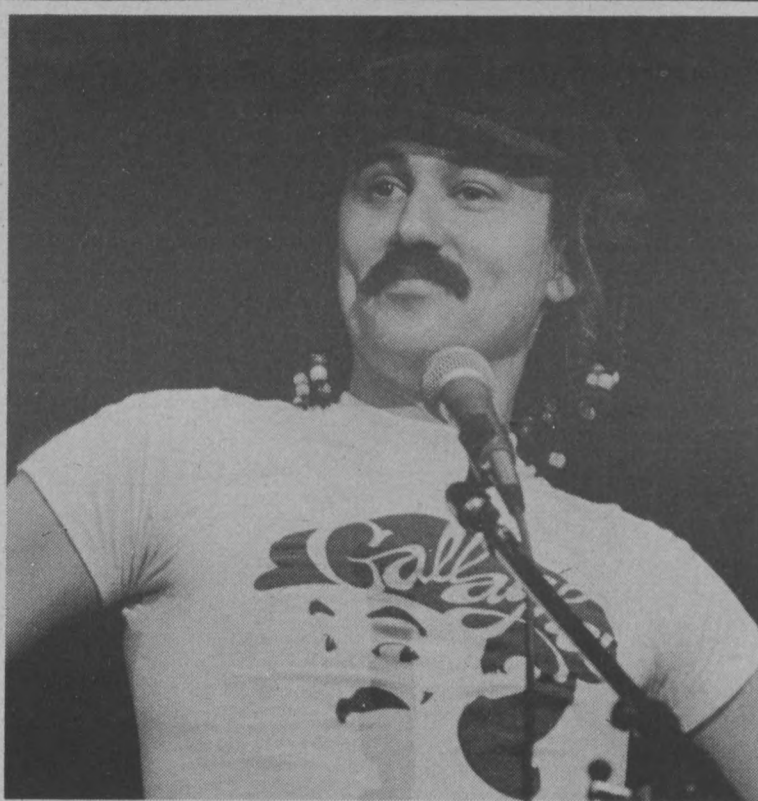
Another problem, and one which Gallagher brought upon himself, was that the man had appeared on 3 different radio stations in the days immediately prior to the show. As a result of this, the audience was fairly familiar with most of his material, and he found himself in the peculiar position of trying to ad-lib things, merely to give the folks something new. It wasn't worth the effort — he merely slowed the pace of he show as he tried to be spontaneously funny, a trying task at best.

But Gallagher overcame these thin spots. He is a very skilled performer, and one could feel the audience sag as he paused to muse on this or that, only to have them come right back up at the sudden punch line.

As comedic styles go, Gallagher does not so much tell jokes as he does spit them out. He barely speaks in complete sentences as he pours out his thoughts on what's wrong with society. ("Caffeine is a stimulant. Sugar is a stimulant. Why do we let cops hang out in doughnut shops?")

This style, coupled with a witty, clever personality, was helpful in entertaining those people who could not see Gallagher's idea of car parts (A Playgirl centerfold was a "manifold") or bananas (he peeled one to reveal a hot dog). To be fair, not that many people missed out — the hall was about two-thirds filled, and most of the sight gags were done on a much broader scale — a bicycle with a door attached, or hundreds of balls dropping from on high during a song extolling the virtues of balls (for sports, of course).

And Gallagher bridged the gap to his audience with another unusual device — a stairway to the stage that allowed audience members to get onstage with a minimum of effort. Of course, there was a reason for this. Before beginning his show proper he held a dance contest (with KTYD DJ Laurie Cobb spinning records) on



Gallagher in a characteristically thoughtful pose.

stage. Those audience members with higher embarrassment thresholds were lured onstage by the promise of prize money, but that carrot was snatched away as it was announced that the money was to be given to CALM instead.

With that announcement, it became hard to figure out just what the purpose of the contest was (it wasn't all that easy before the announcement either). It seemed to be a cynical effort by a comedian who is not really up to headlining to stall for time.

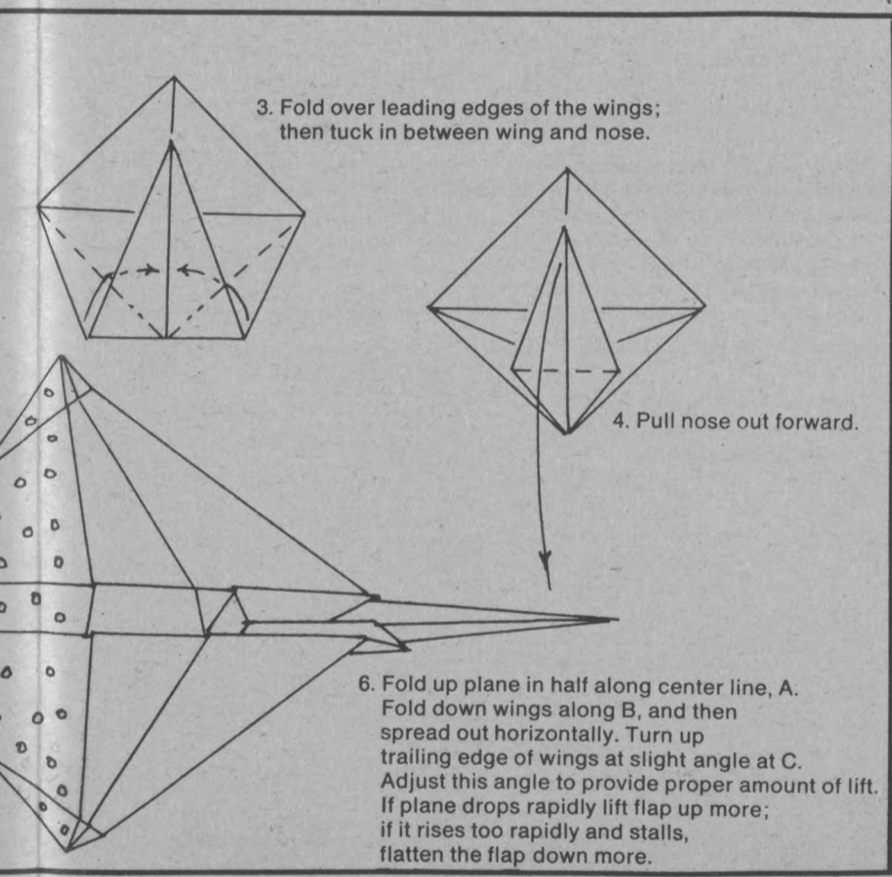
As it turned out, stalling was completely unnecessary. Gallagher has a trunkful of jokes in his head, so that there was no danger of running dry. In fact, just the opposite problem developed — Gallagher announced an intermission, and then came back and did some more. Intermissions are always dangerous, and the reason why was aptly demonstrated here — he had the audience, and he let them get away. In fact, he forced them to go away. He got them back, but it all

seemed so unnecessary. Better to have heaved the intermission idea, pared the show down a little, and just run straight through it.

Ah, but we're getting picky here. It was a good performance by a rising comedian faced with an overly rowdy young audience (one asshole actually shouted out a punchline to a Gallagher joke) and a largely ignorant older one. But the older man in front of me was laughing his head off (and nudging his wife), especially during the sex-and-headache jokes. And for a comedian, that's all that matters.

Gallagher turned the stage over to a young local magician named Robert Gallup, who, with help from his sister Mercedes, managed to coax a few oohs and ahhs from the audience even if his disco background music was overdone. As would be expected, this sort of thing went over better with the parental units in the audience, but on the other hand, to paraphrase the hipster next to me, where the hell did that rabbit come from?

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Arts and Leisure, the entertainment supplement to the Daily Nexus, is printed every Thursday during the school year. The Arts Editor encourages letters of opinion, fact, outrage, moral indignation or complete unintelligibility.

Arts Editor: Craig Zerouni

Centerspread illustration by Tony Garzio. Cover and instructions for its use reprinted from the Paper Airplane Book, by Jerry Mander and others.

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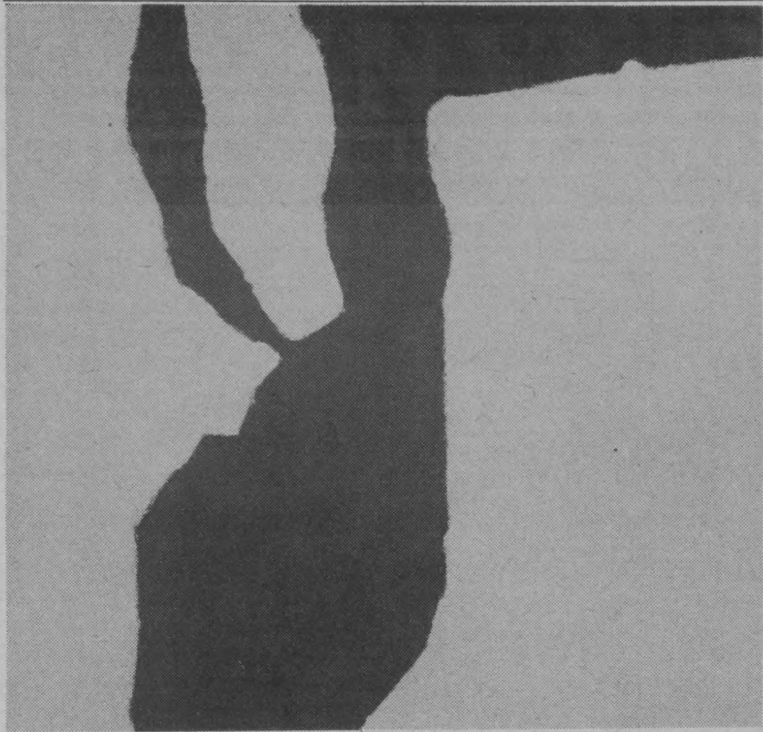
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VINYL EXAMS



By J. SPIKE

Is Graham Parker still a powerful and refreshing voice in rock 'n roll? In the '70s when much of rock music became stagnant and removed from the experiences of youth, Springsteen, Parker, Costello, and the Rockpile group, including Lowe, may have been figures to look to for fresh impressions and artistic products, but they may now be ineffectual. Where Parker once sounded inspired he now sounds professional on *The Up Escalator*.

If Parker's goal is to become popular he will probably succeed with this album. *The Up Escalator* is produced by Jimmy Iovine who also did Petty's *Damn the Torpedoes*. Parker's album is expected to receive as much air play, critical acclaim and sales as Petty's. There has certainly been as much promotion. It may have been wise commercially for Parker to join with Iovine but there are problems artistically.

The *Up Escalator* is studio slick; Parker and the Rumour sound considerably more polished. But the album is almost too well mixed; the edges have all been smoothed out. The raw power of earlier works is missing, and that's part of what made them great. Yet, the Rumour is playing strong, tight backup and Parker is singing much better.

Musically Parker doesn't seem to cover much new ground. *Escalator* sounds like a combination of the best parts of his other albums. Some

(Continued next page, col. 2)



Freedom of Choice
Devo
(Warner)

As was the case with Devo's last LP, *Freedom of Choice* requires several listenings before anything sinks in. After one time around, one may be inclined to think it a loser and tuck it away among the dregs of the record pile. I would advise giving the new Devo album a chance — it is not another wasted money casualty. But the bad news is that even after the songs begin to click, the realization will be that this effort is certainly not of the same caliber as the first two have been. The verdict is therefore: favorable as far as albums in general go, and unfavorable as far as Devo albums go.

Granted, the tightness characteristic of their sound is still remarkable on this latest work, marked by a greater attentiveness to rhythmic synthesized backdrops for the songs. Mark Mothersbaugh's vocal "clips" follow the

chord changes well, and Alan Myer's drumming is once again energetically meticulous.

The problem area lies in the occasional lapses into very average lyrics and melody lines. A fine example of this is the title track. A decent refrain is negated by dud verses. There are a couple of outright stiffs on the LP, untypical of Devo's earlier efforts. All is not lost, however. "Gates of Steel" is an obvious airplay cut, and there are other songs which keep me from blasting the record entirely. There is a great synthesizer break on a song entitled "Don't You Know," which in itself demands a second listening.

If you decide to pick up the record, be sure and buy one of those vinyl sleeve liners for twelve cents so you can throw the regular one away. It's an insult. There are those who may want to throw the record itself away, but *Freedom of Choice* is a decent upbeat dance-oriented album with occasional moments of splendor and intrigue contained within if considered on the basis of the music itself, and not the group's reputation.

—Dean Pringle



Russia
Russia
(Warner)

Russia, the debut album by the group of the same name, is the latest in a series of melodic rock albums by bands in the mold of early Queen and Styx. But while these two bands have fallen into bombastic forms of their earlier efforts, *Russia* shows originality into this often taken-too-seriously form of rock. The result is one of the most promising records of the year.

Russia is a five-piece band with a dominant keyboard-guitar front. Using operatic three and four-part harmonies, the band, led by lead vocalist and songwriter Griff Stevens, shows a finely tuned style that makes the ordinary lyrics seem more impressive. Examples from the album's best cuts display the cliché aspect of Stevens' writing: "Who do you think you are/You're a real good liar/Who do you think you are/Is your hair on fire" or "Nice, so nice/You

(Continued next page, col. 1)



Stan Kenton Presents
Gabe Baltazar
Gabe Baltazar
(Creative)

Gabe Baltazar is a relatively unknown player that has recorded with the likes of Cannonball, Diz, Terry Gibbs and the big bands of Stan Kenton and Don Ellis. His debut solo album is one that's long overdue and definitely not for saxophone freaks only.

Although featured in a big band setting with all the L.A. heavyweight session players, Gabe refuses to be intimidated and hard bops his way along the charts in a style closely related to Phil Woods. Thanks to some provocative arrangements by Don Menza (would you believe a swinging "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"?), the album never suffers from the let's-see-how-many-hot-licks-I-can-put-in-three-choruses syndrome that befalls most big band soloists. The vehicle here is the soloist, not the band, and Baltazar comes through every time with dramatic dynamics and cliché-free phrases. Even an old warhorse like "Take the 'A' (anesthetic) Train" sounds exciting. But the best cut is a Bill Holman chart called "What's New?" in which Baltazar switches from a soft growling ballad to an uptempo head-nodding burst with ease.

Stan Kenton is unfortunately no longer around to present Baltazar, but hopefully Baltazar will be heard of soon again, next time in a combo setting.

—Isidro Yanez



Squeeze
Argybargy
(A&M)

One of the strongest proofs that new wave rock is really not all that different from what went before it is the existence of a group such as England's Squeeze. Staunchly British in image and songs, on their third LP *Argybargy* they continue the tradition of lovable eccentricity originated over 15 years ago by such bands as the Kinks and the Who.

Squeeze's collection of upbeat pop tunes chronicles the frustrations and adventures of the average working-class adolescent Briton, providing amused yet completely uncynical slices of English life. The boys are clearly not out to make any biting social commentaries, just to have a little fun; for example, "Misadventure" recounts one young chap's James Bond-like daydreams. From their what-me-worry viewpoint, even life's disappointments can be passed off with a quick smile ("Wrong Side of the Moon"). Highlighting *Argybargy*'s buoyant tunes is some crisp production

(Continued next page, col. 1)



Mark Andrews and the Gents
Big Boy
(A & M)

Don't let the cover fool you. That guy's haircut on the front is by far the most controversial thing about this banal, thoroughly conventional album.

Mark Andrews and the Gents are the latest in that increasingly long line of pseudo-New Wave groups crawling out of L.A. Bland. Gutless

(Continued next page, col. 1)

The most outrageous of 'em all.



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Letters

Ranting & Raving

Righteous Herb?

Editor, Daily Nexus:

Kevin MacKinnon's out-of-the-closet racist review of the crowd at the Toots/Third World concert was appalling. MacKinnon, while observant enough to notice that Toots had no voice and that he now thought of himself as the Elvis of Jamaica, was blind to the fact that the lilywhite (I bet they were born that way) audience came to enjoy an irie day away from the Babylon system at the bowl no matter, and even felt sorry for Toots when he begged for the people to sing along to a poor "Country Roads" offering (of which he recorded a beautiful reggae version on his *Funky Kingston LP*).

Most of Santa Barbara is white and so it is of no surprise to see mostly whites at a concert here. What appeared to Mr. MacKinnon as a bunch of "oblivious, blissfully stoned hippies who looked like rejects from Billy Jack being ethnically chic by listening to music by Jamaicans" were actually part of Santa Barbara's developing Roots Culture, that design their lifestyle to live more harmoniously with nature, and to incorporate many of the positive parts of Roots Cultures around the world, including Rastafarian doctrines, and to protect the knowledge from the Babylon Fire around us. Pot, Kaya, Pocololo, Ganja, Kenja, Bud, Mota or whatever you wish to call the

Righteous Herb, helps you to see through what the system wants you to see and clearly into the positive way.

The people at the concert were grooving to each other's energy as much as what was on stage, not that Third World didn't have positive energy. They did! But MacKinnon missed the whole point, probably because he was sitting there with his arms crossed, television jingles running through his brain, being too cool as a "heavy" Nexus reporter to enjoy himself. Thinking up things to blame a negative attitude on and attacking not only the bands, but the audience, in print are signs that he just couldn't tolerate white people flowing with the tunes. Talk about ethnic ego, brother Kevin, there is but one love. Arise in harmony.

Ras Boff Wail

Russia from page 8A, col. 3

thought you'd found a piece of paradise."

Problems that most new bands have are also on the album. Producer Paul Ratajczak left most tracks roughly mixed, with some vocals not polished enough to fit in well. Another fault in the production is the over-crowding of instruments, giving a muddy sound to songs like "Out of My Mind" and "Fight Back."

Aside these, *Russia* should fill the space in rock that Queen used to hold. Don't go off thinking that *Russia* is the best band in the land. But do take a listen if early Queen was one of your faves.

—Jim Reeves

Squeeze from page 8A, col. 4

work by John Wood and the members of Squeeze themselves.

It might be argued that Squeeze is perhaps "too British" to receive here the impressive commercial success that they've enjoyed in their homeland. Still, Squeeze is there for those "yanks" who like their rock in the purely and peculiarly English vein.

—Patti Prichard

Andrews from page 8A, col. 3

and inoffensive to a fault, the band is afflicted with a severe case of self-consciousness that relegates any potential spirit or power to a question of mere style.

Like *The Knack*, *The Cretones*, et al., Mark Andrews and the Gents seem more concerned with climbing the charts than with staking out any original or individual territory. Their short, concise power pop songs are strictly formula MOR New Wave, as carefully designed to appeal to the masses' tastes as "Laverne and Shirley."

The Gents' arrangements bear some resemblance to Joe Jackson's snappy tunes, though without any of the latter's punch and verve. They have all the "hit" ingredients: sparse, choppy instrumentation, colorful vocals, an occasional Bo Diddley or reggae beat thrown in for good measure.

Yet, none of it gels. Despite the tough-guy stances, The Gents are so afraid of stepping on anybody's toes that their very innocuousness

Parker from page 8A, col. 1

good techniques and catchy riffs, from the "Stick to Me" album for example, are used again here. Parker has always been good at taking great songs from others and fitting them to his style, as with "I Want You Back" by the Corporation. "Endless Night," on the new album, sounds suspiciously like "Sympathy for the Devil." Bruce Springsteen sings harmony on the verses and chorus, and Nicky Hopkins guests on piano; as a single, "Endless Night" is getting a lot of attention. The entire album is upbeat and fairly hard rocking.

Lyrical Parker continues to write strong, insightful and inspired songs. As the title suggests *The Up Escalator* concerns positive movement. Like *Squeezin' Out Sparks* was about professional struggle, *Escalator* is about personal growth. Parker's not interested in living in the past, he keeps it here and now. He suggests that we face up, get clear and awaken from the spell we're under, as in these lines from "Endless Night":

If it's a cross, then bear it.
If it's a loss, then share it.
If it's a risk, then dare it.
If it's blindness, outstare it.

The pervading theme is strength.

And it is Parker's personal strength that ultimately overcomes the weaknesses. Don't let the drab cover fool you — inside the message is active and the music is exciting. *The Up Escalator* is a fine new work by Graham Parker and the Rumour. The answer: yes.

becomes their most damning characteristic.

Their watered-down "basic" rock 'n' roll comes off as either empty posturing ("Laid On a Plate") or insufferable cuteness ("Talking With Your Body"), one cliché after another.

A slow, draggy reggae rendition of Steppenwolf's "Born to Be Wild" is interesting at first, but eventually becomes just a tiring

novelty.

Andrews' singing is good, though occasionally a bit too theatrical, and the Gents' playing is sufficiently competent, but there isn't anything here that hasn't been done better, earlier, by someone else. As their name suggests, the Gents are stylish, fashion-conscious guys afraid to get dirty. That's the problem.

—Kevin MacKinnon

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the Tin Drum

1979 Luis Buñuel Film/Buskop Film-Artemis Film-Argos Films

BEST FOREIGN FILM

Misc.



All's Faire

Photos by Steve Barth

and Wendy Miller

The following experience is strictly Pythonesque:

Passing through the main gate of the 18th annual Renaissance Faire, I delved into the massive crowd, a mixture of rodeo-types and partiers from a convention of Shakespeare teachers.

The Faire is a scarf-out for the senses: wandering minstrels play their tunes, fragrances of cinnamon and roasting meat float through the air, well-built women walk around in bodices which defy gravity.

I was accosted by a man selling fresh pork. The Renaissance Faire is known for its epicurian wonders, but staring into his box of raw pig-intesines, I wondered where that reputation had come from.

Next I found a lad selling hand-made chastity belts. "Come to m'shop m'lady," he told a fair damsel, "an' we'll make sure the 'oles line up." The Faire also has a reputation for bawdiness. I knew where that came from.

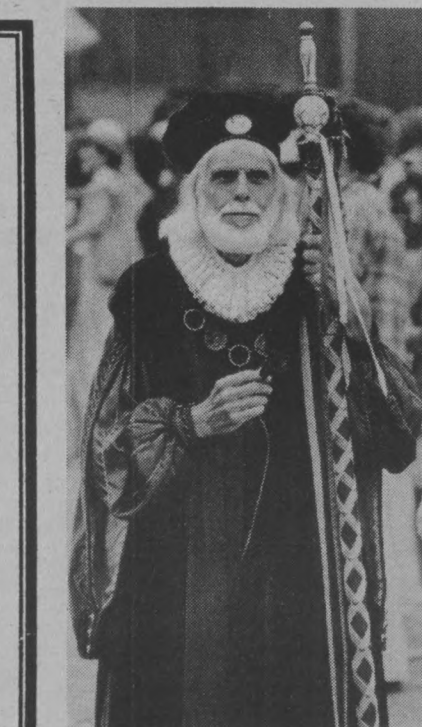
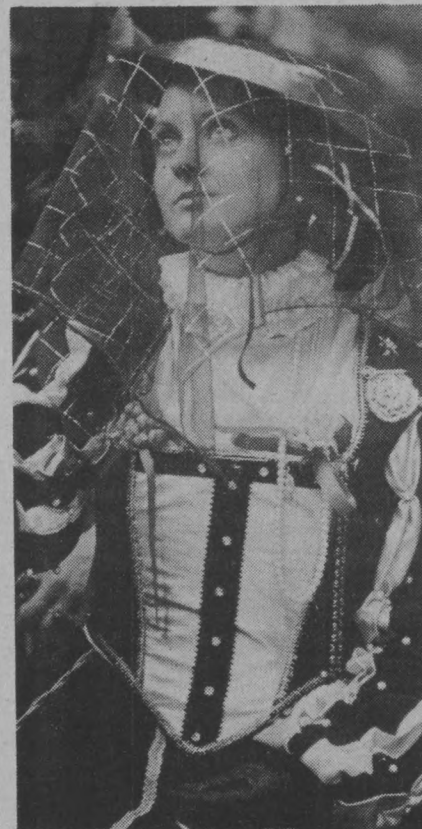
Along the roadside, merchants and craftsmen displayed their wares, attracting customers with timeless consumer mating calls:

"STRAWberries! Fresh strawBERRIES!"

"CANDLES! Make your own candles!"

"Fine Sandals!"

Unfortunately, these fine wares ain't cheap. You need credit references just to get a roast turkey leg. Needless to say, this fool and his money were soon parted.



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He wanted to be Moses, but frankly, he didn't have the right connections.



Dudley Moore
Laraine Newman
James Coco
Paul Sand
Jack Gilford
Dom DeLuise
John Houseman
Madeline Kahn
David L. Lander
Richard Pryor
John Ritter



WHOLLY MOSES!

What a cast!



DUDLEY MOORE



LARAIN NEWMAN



JAMES COCO



PAUL SAND



JACK GILFORD



DOM DeLUISE



JOHN HOUSEMAN



MADELINE KAHN



DAVID L. LANDER



RICHARD PRYOR



JOHN RITTER

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Executive Producer DAVID BEGELMAN Produced by FREDDIE FIELDS Directed by GARY WEIS Panavision®

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