

arts

& entertainment



You know what it's like, sitting through the same old storylines, waiting for the same old actors to come up with a bright new way to kill someone, get laid, or joke about gay men. Come on — television, movies; we're addicted! Why else would we subject ourselves, stay indoors, shell out six bucks ... and every time, saying "If I had made this, I'd never have her jumping up out of the tub!" Hey, here's your chance to see 12 kids just like you sing "I did it *my way*" as the Associated Students' Program Board gives us "Neo Student Cinema" National Film Festival. The hotshots from USC and NYU are there, but the University of Iowa, San Francisco State, Brown University and our very own UCSB also are represented. Bruce Corwin from MTC in-

spired entries with a \$250 dollar first-place prize.

This year two Gauchos from the Film Studies 106 class, Mitch Braff and Laurie Handler, found wide interest in their movies *Jazz in the Classroom* and *Mirror, Mirror*, Braff's winning MTC's local Corwin Award for the best student film, and Handler going to the semi-finals of the Student Academy Awards. Braff's documentary about Delphio Marsalis (Winton and Branford's brother) teaching inner-city kids in Oakland to choose the motivation of music over crime is entertaining as well as uplifting, and extremely professional-looking for a student film. Handler shows inspired use of limited resources in a drama examining racism and sexism on campus.

It's not all that serious, though. You get the artsy, the pseudo-artsy, animation, docudrama, comedy, surreal visions — with over a dozen films there's variety. Plus, no suffering through an hour and a half straight of Whoopi or Sly. Ranging from 3 1/2 to 28 minutes, there's always something new to look at, and quick enough for us 30-second commercial age couchers. There's no excuse for price — two bucks with a reg. card beats the theaters, and A.S. covers the VCR/refrigerator connection by providing *free food* at the intermission. Be there next Tuesday night at the I.V. Theater, 8 p.m. sharp. Highly Recommended.

—jesse engdahl

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READ THIS REVIEW

Piano virtuoso Minoru Nojima has enraptured audiences worldwide since he stunned the international Van Cliburn Competition judges in 1969. Here's what the *Los Angeles Times* had to say:

Glorious. Genius. Greatness.

Los Angeles Times

4 Part VI / Tuesday, December 8, 1981

PIANIST NOJIMA IN UCLA RECITAL

By ALBERT GOLDBERG

When a pianist sounds like a genius the first time you hear him, and when he fully sustains that impression on subsequent occasions, you may be fairly certain of having discovered pure gold.

Minoru Nojima, cherubic and imperturbable, played his third recital here in Royce Hall Friday night and even taking into consideration the unprecedented wealth of piano talent in the world today he again seemed unique. No other pianist can, or does, play quite like that.

The uniqueness is easy to hear but hard to analyze. It is not a matter of technique, fabulous as is Nojima's keyboard mastery. It is not entirely a matter of tone-manipulation, bewitching as are the sounds he coaxes from the piano. Nor is it a special affinity for a particular style or composer, since he negotiates everything with equal flair. He contrives to blend all these advantages in strongly personal but never distorted or exaggerated musical perceptions as distinctive as his sheer pianistic skills.

He entertains his own ideas of program building. Who else would attempt, or dare, to play in succession Mozart's Sonata in A minor, K.310, the five mind and ear boggling pieces of Ravel's "Miroirs," closing with both finger-fracturing books of the Brahms-Paganini Variations. Utterly unfazed by the feat, Nojima resisted appeals for an encore until the avalanche of cheers and applause became mandatory. Then he obliged with the first etude of Chopin's Opus 10, sounding like a shower of diamonds tossed in the air.

Nojima's Mozart was sober and austere but never perfunctory, seemingly based on an operatic conception of conflicts viewed through immaculately polished surfaces.

The Ravel became a succession of miracles—prismatic hues cast on sprays of liquid tone. If that sounds like water music, that was indeed the case with "Une Barque sur l'océan," magically diaphanous. There were darker and more sinister shades in "Noctuelles," in the eerie chirpings of "Oiseaux Tristes." These centered around an amazing "Alborada del Gracioso" that seem to distill everything that anyone had ever dreamed or imagined about the Spanish manner.

The Brahms-Paganini Variations were compounded of far more than the usual virtuosic huff-and-puff. They were laid out primarily for grace and clarity, the pianistic hurdles leaped with incredible fleetness and lightness, punctuated by volcanic outbursts of power and majesty. It was the sort of impossible thing rendered possible only by genius. Repeat: genius.

Angeles Times book award, documents his numerous, extended visits to the Martinique Hotel, a homeless shelter in New York City. He will discuss the overwhelming day-to-day struggle of some of the poorest people in our country. Take this chance to see how the other half really lives.

STEPHEN HAWKING BABY UNIVERSES: CHILDREN OF BLACK HOLES



Widely-regarded as the world's most brilliant theoretical physicist, Stephen Hawking wrote the best-selling book for popular astronomy enthusiasts *A Brief History of Time: From the Big Bang to Black Holes*.

In this revolutionary book, Hawking makes Einstein's Theory of Relativity and quantum mechanics accessible to non-scientific types. Hawking believes that a combination of the two, the incipient Grand Unification Theory, holds the key to how the universe came into being.

Hawking's lecture next Tuesday, November 15 at 8 PM in Campbell Hall constitutes a precious opportunity to experience the true brilliance of England's most prized scientist. Hawking himself has battled a neuromuscular disease for 26 years and speaks aided by a computer-generated, synthesized voice.

Head to the A&L Ticket Office at warp speed! Tickets are going fast; any remaining tickets will be sold at the door (UCSB students: \$3).

CHARGE TICKETS BY PHONE

You can charge tickets by phone for any A&L performing arts event, and for many other special events presented by Arts & Lectures, by calling the A&L Ticket Office at 961-3535. The minimum order for credit card charges is \$10; we accept Visa or MasterCard.

NOW BUY YOUR TICKETS

Tickets are still available for this golden opportunity to reach new heights in musical inspiration with Minoru Nojima in concert Friday night at 8 PM in Campbell Hall. Spare yourself waiting in line for tickets at the door and make a dash for the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office soon (UCSB students: \$11/\$9/\$7).

Nojima's glorious program at UCSB will include Mozart's moving Sonata No. 8 in A minor, K. 310; Ravel's inspired "Miroirs"; the impassioned Schubert Sonata in B-flat Major, d. 960; and "Rain Tree Sketch," a brief poetic work by Japan's famed composer Toru Takemitsu.



JONATHAN KOZOL AT THE MERCY OF AMERICA: THE NEEDS OF HOMELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Award-winning author Jonathan Kozol says, "Since 1980, homelessness has changed its character. What was once a theater of the grotesque has grown into the common misery of millions."

He will give a free lecture tomorrow night at 8 PM in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall on the plight of homeless women and children as part of "Poverty in the United States," an ongoing year-long lecture series here at UCSB.

Kozol's most recent book *Rachel and Her Children: Homeless Families in America*, nominated for a 1988 *Los*

NOVEMBER

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
			10 White Heat 8PM/Campbell Hall	11 Minoru Nojima 8PM/Campbell Hall Jonathan Kozol 8PM/Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall	12	13 Second Wind 8PM/Campbell Hall
14	15 Stephen Hawking 8PM/Campbell Hall	16	17 Shirley Hune 4PM/Girvetz 1004 Kiss Me Deadly 8PM/Campbell Hall	18	19	20 Life Is a Dream 8PM/Campbell Hall

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OUTSIDE IT'S AMERICA

U2's "Rattle and Hum" the Movie



Chillin' with the boys in the band.

Hearing "All Along the Watchtower" on the new U2 album was kind of lame, after all of Bono's denials of "the world's greatest rock 'n roll band" labels. Here they go with the quintessential song of the conscientious decade, the time that rock 'n roll can't forget or recapture (and keeps pushing this "unwilling" band next to). Hendrix already did the ultimate cover, it's still being played on every AOR station, so what gives Mr. Egoless? If Bono would only say "we are the greatest band since the Stones" and then laugh, people probably wouldn't accuse him of posturing. But U2 doesn't laugh much. That's probably why it's getting hard to keep taking them seriously.

But in the movie *Rattle and Hum* we get to see them laugh. And we see that "A A T W" was a spontaneous shot at a spontaneous free concert given in San

Francisco, when they needed a break from the monotony of touring. What band takes a tour break by playing an extra free show? And what band has the guts to stand up to the Sixties rip-off accusations by blasting out a Dylan anthem?

U2 is sort of stuck with all the press and popularity, and they make the best of it. Still, if the movie doesn't paint them as perfect, it doesn't show much weakness. When Bono paints some lame message on a sculpture during the free show, there's no mention of the fact that he later issued an apology for defacing another artist's work. If they had included such energetic misfires it would have made them look a little younger, fallible, more rock 'n roll. But "Rattle and Hum" does rock, and spells out that they're not in it for the money. Just because they've got something

important to say they don't think it's holier than thou from the world's best.

Look, if you over these guys, finding them too popular and pretentious, "Rattle and Hum" won't convert you—you'll find an excruciating drive for the deifying of Bono. And if you think they are the world's greatest, you'll just be styling onstage with your heroes reveling in their prime, blasting out incredible power and passion (for a concert movie, this one earns the clichés).

But if you just like U2, mostly cause you like Rock-n-Roll, than you should check this out. The first two thirds of the film are mostly hand held shots by filmmaker Phil Joanou (USC film-whiz Grad who made the spectacularly shot "Three o' Clock High"—rent it), black and white monochrome of the band traveling home to Dublin to record

some new songs for a movie they want to make to capture themselves "in this stage." What is this stage? They laugh instead of explaining—this should be about the music ("That's what you promised" they challenge they're hand picked director) and the music can speak for itself.

As the colorless show continues in an discovery of Americana, we see the music can. From a church session with a Harlem choir on "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" that has the Edge on a effectless guitar and one amp, Bono on one PA, and the choir singing it's heats out, to a jamming duet with B.B. King on "When Love Came To Town" that gets a Texas really rocking, this is great filmmaking and great music.

We get to listen to the other guys in the band besides Bono la diva. When they visit Graceland we hear the silent member, drummer Larry Mullin, and he's funny. Adam Clayton is the less talented, existential beer-drinking everyman who just happens to play with to one of the most intense, solid guitarists alive. When the film switches to color for the finale at Sun Devil Stadium in Arizona, Dave (The Edge) Evans puts on a vicious display of virtuosity. "Bullet to Blue Sky" is so bold you'll trip, with the music and Bono's wailing set against an awesome light display.

Oh yeah, Bono's wailing. The filmmaker obviously loves the man, but does Bono love himself? Those who think he does, say "yeahhh." Those who claim he doesn't, say "oh, that's just the nature of a concert movie, didn't you see *Song Remains the Same?*" Bono probably doesn't love himself as much as Robert Plant used to, and his comments before "Sunday Bloody Sunday" are powerful, and genuine. These's too much of him, but not too much to keep this from being a great flick.

—jesse engdahl

EVERYBODY'S AMERICAN



The only reason Sam Shepard is such a stud is Jessica Lange. She is so incredibly gorgeous, it's not fair that she's also intelligent, sensitive and talented. She illuminates *Everybody's All American* so completely with her southern-belle, beauty-queen character that great performances by Dennis Quaid and Timothy Hutton (both engrossingly sweet and solid) are well overshadowed. Quaid, Louisiana State's 1959 All-American running/defensive back, runs all the way to an undefeated national championship, his Magnolia Queen Lange right at his side ("I'm majorin' in Gavin and me"). The Gallopin' Ghost always knew that the hero wasn't real, but never learned to do anything but score touchdowns. With director Taylor (Officer and a Gentleman) Hackford pouring out the melodrama, it's quite neat that this sweet love story never gets sticky. The period and place are milked dry, but to our amazement we never quit believing in the two-dimensional characters. We're reminded of the ways we always remember others and how we manage to keep doing the same thing over and over again. Therein lies the lesson of the story, and it's simple success.

—jesse engdahl

LOONEY TUNES

Tournée of Animation

The 21st International Tournee of Animation begins its run this Sunday at the Arlington theatre ready to razzle-dazzle virgins and fanatics alike with its collection of Santa Barbara premieres. The biggest news to those of you who tend to catch anything and everything animated that isn't Saturday morning TV is that you won't have to sit through *Bambi Meets Godzilla* again.

These are the post-Roger Rabbit success days for animation, which means what was the underground art cinema of the early '80s is today big bucks.

The producers of this year's tournee have put together a solid collection of some of the world's best animation. Going beyond the usual mish-mash of unconnected shorts, they actually seem to be trying to build a mood with their mix of the trippy, the existential and the sentimental. Maybe they're just getting better at packaging these things. Whatever the case, the 21st tournee includes some real highlights, including the 1987 academy award winning short *The Man Who Planted Trees*.

Fans of Roger Rabbit will be interested in seeing *Richard Williams Portfolio*, a collection of commercials directed by Rabbit's animation director. The funniest of the series is a beer commercial about a cat willing to give up his nine lives for a cold one. It's like watching the opening sequence of *Roger Rabbit* all over again, a

classic cartoon mix of violence and humor.

Fans of computer animation will be disappointed to find *Technological Threat* the only computer-generated entry in this year's tournee, actually a mix of hand-drawn and machine-generated images. The plot: When machines start replacing the workers at an office a battle ensues between the computer-drawn and the hand-drawn characters.

The highlight is *The Man Who Planted Trees*. When you notice that it's a half hour long you may get a little on the defensive. "What are they thinking, that's as long as a *Cheers* rerun (with commercials)!" Fear not. Although most entries average the length of a Bugs Bunny cartoon, this longer feature is worth the time.

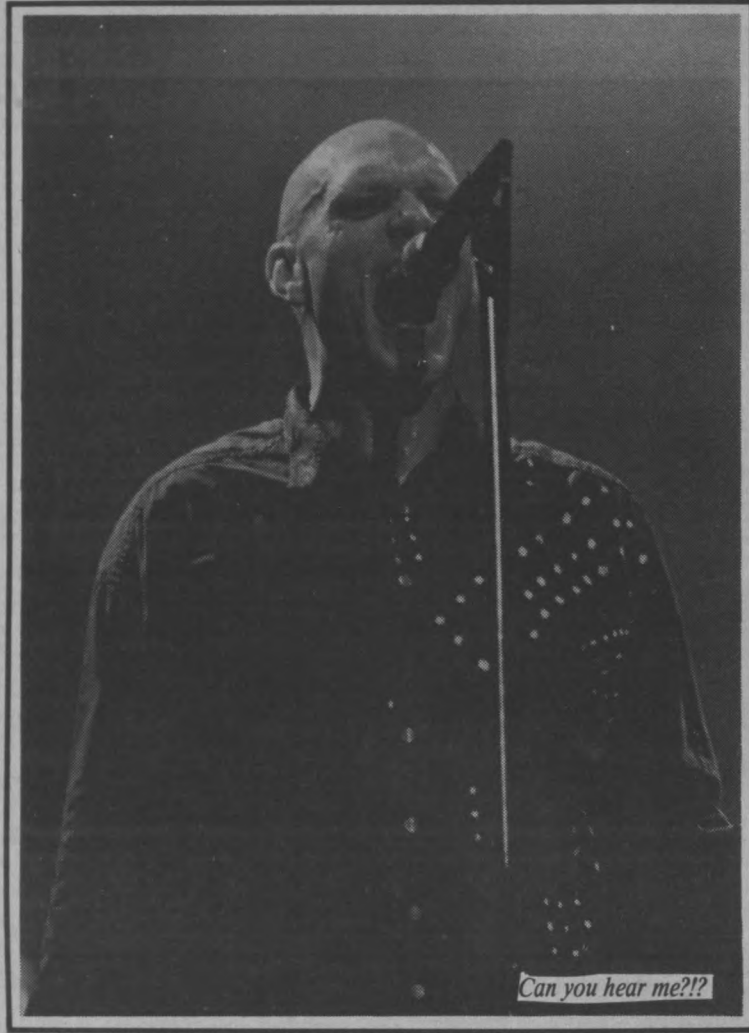
The style of *The Man Who Planted Trees*, best compared to French Impressionism, couples with a story that reinforces some positive potentials in human nature. It's also the only 35 mm print showing in the world.

There are some other visual treats playing, including a sequel of sorts to *Anijam* called *Candyjam* and the return of the ever-popular Agusta with *Agusta Kneading*. Whether you're a tripper, a fan or just curious, the 21st tournee is one of the better collections of animation to drift into Santa Barbara.

—adam liebowitz



Hell is worse than Cheadle Hall.



Can you hear me!?!?

PETE CAMPBELL/Daily Nexus

GIVE 'EM ENOUGH OIL

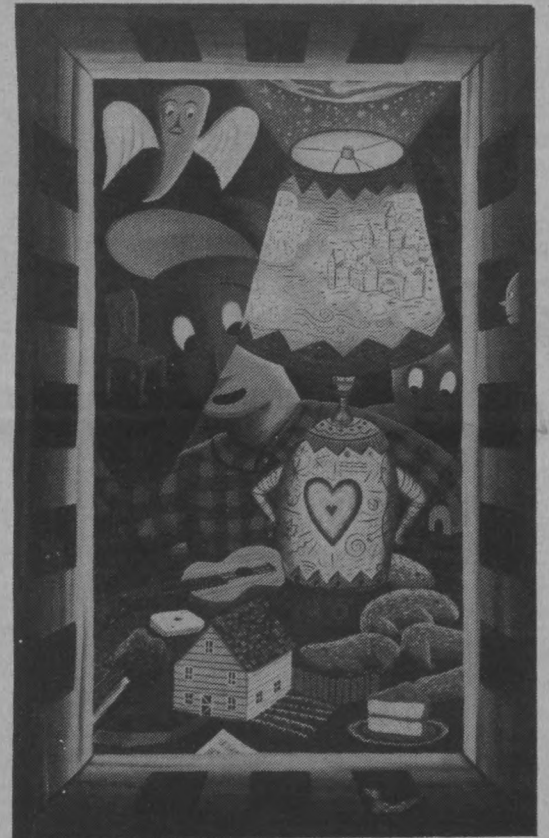
"We can't afford another industrial feast!" This liberal call to arms was put forth by Midnight Oil lead singer/political activist/former Australian surf punk/contortion artist Peter Garrett last Saturday night to a sold out crowd at the Santa Barbara County Bowl. It's not clear whether the crowd was more interested in dancing or how to procure their first BMW. But this band was definitely there to play some charged tunes and get these kids off their apathetic butts (THIS WASN'T MTV, IT WAS LIVE MUSIC). Fortunately, they weren't too

lazy to shake their groove things to some of the hits off *Diesel and Dust*, the Oil's current album, along with past goodies from *The Power and the Passion*. Oodles of the crowd were below the age to vote for Bush and Lago, their obvious choices, on Tuesday. Not really knowing what they were up against, the band did take the time in between songs to try to educate the young "impressionable" minds spread before them. A long speech by Garrett on the drawbacks of a market economy went over most of the crowd's heads; undaunted, they

broke into a spirited version of "Read About It". If the rhetoric didn't sink in maybe the lyrics did. There is no question that the Oil's know how to put on a great show. When was the last you saw a dingo, a kangaroo and a diesel truck with a trumpet player on back as the stage set up? More importantly they can put out a solid set of dancable and thinkable songs. Besides who wants to question the political and musical ideals of a 6 ft 6 in. bald man?
— adam liebowitz and scott gordon

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WAITS, STIPE DO DISNEY



Steve Ralbovsky must be the kind of guy who buys records just to make mixed tapes. Several years ago he put together a compilation album called *Lost in the Stars* which had Sting, Richard Butler, Marianne Faithful and others doing the music of Kurt "three penny opera" Weill. Now Ralbovsky is exploring the treasures of Walt Disney. Called *Stay Awake*, his newest is billed as "various interpretations of music from vintage Disney films." The producers have taken classic Disney songs like *Heigh Ho* and *Whistle While You Work* and given them to a variety of artists to perform and interpret.

The All-Star cast includes Tom Waits, Los Lobos, The Replacements, NRBQ, Buster Poindexter, Natalie Merchant (Ten Thousand Maniacs), Michael Stipe (R.E.M.), Sinéad O'Connor and a whole gang of others.

This record is a great *idea*, but its realization is a little sketchy. If you want to pull some songs off a record to throw on a super-cool mixed tape then *Stay Awake* is your cup of tea. The Replacements do an incredible version of "Cruella De Ville," Tom Waits takes the happy-go-lucky "Heigh Ho" and makes it down-right scary, and the Los Lobos version of "I Want to be Like You" from *Jungle Book* is magic. This record is like a chocolate chip cookie; the whole thing is tasty and every so often you hit a really great part.

While being a good novelty, *Stay Awake* doesn't hold together that well as an album. Ranging stylistically from jazz to rock to a capella vocal, the record is always interesting but virtually impossible to play all the way through. Some of the songs seem poorly chosen and some performances (like Ringo Starr's "When You Wish Upon A Star") are just bad.

But hey — if you like hearing a gang o' great artists taking a stab at something new, off-beat, a little crazy, and a lot Disney, give this piece o' wax a gander.

— walker "guitar" wells

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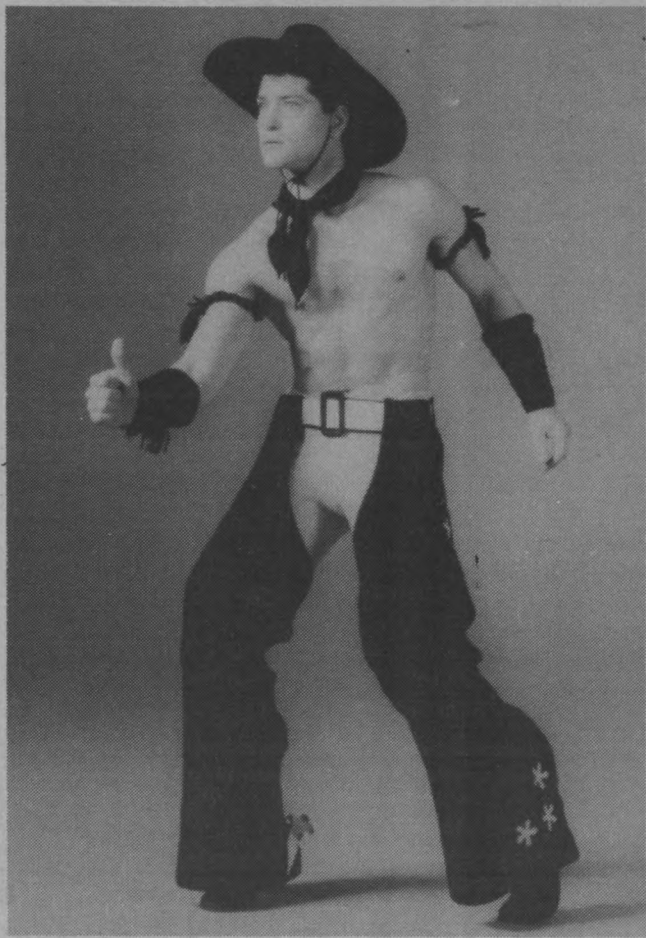
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BILLY THE KID

Oakland Ballet was here...



Those are tights

A group of dancers appear to hover above the floor. An American cowboy mounts his imaginary horse and rides off into the sunset. Alone in a dimly lit ballroom, a handsome couple dance a *pas de deux*.

In a crowded rehearsal hall, Ravel's "Bolero" sails through the room, while leotard-clad dancers show off their newest moves to their peers.

Which company has the range to perform such a

variety of style? None other than the Oakland Ballet, which performed in UCSB's Campbell Hall this past Saturday and Sunday.

The first piece, "Gallop and Kisses," was a tribute to the great nineteenth century Danish dancer and choreographer, August Bournoville, whose technique Guidi studied at the Royal Danish Ballet. The light, intricate footwork of the dancers exuded the image of children playing in the air. Couples coyly kissed after courting with fancy footwork. The piece ended with a playful tone as the strong soloist, Michael Myers, blew one last kiss to the audience.

"Billy the Kid," The American "Western" ballet, came complete with cowboys, dance hall girls, dispatch officers and housewives.

In a dance-hall fight, Billy's sweetheart is accidentally killed, altering Billy into a man ready to kill. The utilization of shadow and lighting effects gave Michael Myers' Billy a larger-than-life quality. Yet with Myers' per-

formance, the effects were just icing on the cake. After dancing under the stars with the ghost of his sweetheart, Billy is shot by his best friend, Pat Garrett. The piece ends with the whole town moving across the stage; some using lassos to bring in imaginary cattle, and others riding off into the sunset on their imaginary horses.

The dimly lit ballroom of "Hand of Fate" gave a beautiful ambience, strongly enhanced by the handsome, tuxedo-clad Ron Thiele, and the tall, elegant Joy Gim. The well-done modern waltz-like *pas de deux* was choreographed by the

famous George Balanchine.

The last piece, "Bolero," used Ravel's piece to show off the performers' acrobatic and contemporary modern dance skills. Set in a rehearsal hall, a soloist or a group of dancers would perform center-stage while the others watch from the

barre where they stretched and did *plies*. As the music became louder and more intense, the dancers' moves became more dramatic, while the onlookers stopped practicing and gazed intently. "Bolero" ended nicely with the dancers falling dramatically to the ground.

— michelle poock

"THE BEST NEW MOVIE IN YEARS!"

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"PURE GOLD!"

"TERRIFK!"

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College of Creative Studies

"My greatest aspiration is to inspire others to create."

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It would be less difficult to describe Cyril Daniel Gordon's work in realistic art terms. There are colors, line and form to deal with. And explain. But this is the art of idea. And where it projects the viewer is far beyond where explanation could lead you. Translation is unimportant. Cyril Daniel Gordon's work moves for itself.

"We are AL/ONE," he writes in the exhibition notes.

"I fear what is on these walls because I fear myself.

"I stand here naked before you, cold, bare, and vulnerable. But, alone I'm not, for in my nakedness we are all one and the same."

Drawing a sizable crowd to his Tuesday night opening at the College of Creative Studies, Cyril Daniel Gordon opened the possibilities of what he calls "AHT."

The aspiration to inspire others has given Cyril Daniel Gordon the term "AHT" — an idea to "reject the word 'ART,' which has become so abused these days as to be associated with everything from toilet seats to pink hair."

Here, there is melancholy.

There is futility.

And there is purity.

Do not miss the possibility of one moment of transcendence.

"AHT" by Cyril Daniel Gordon is on exhibit at the College of Creative Studies.

— laurie l. mccullough

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Punchline (R)
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Sat & Sun also 12:45

Things Change (PG)
3:15, 5:15, 7:20, 9:30
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Everybody's All American (R)
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Accused (R)
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5:30, 8, 10:15
Sat & Sun also 12:45, 3

U2: Rattle & Hum (PG13)
5, 7:20, 9:40
Sat & Sun also 11:20, 2:40
Fri only
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John Lennon 5:15, 9:30

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Madame Sousatzka (PG13)
7, 9:20
Sat & Sun also 2:10, 4:30

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349 Hitchcock Way, S.B. 682-4936

Clara's Heart (PG13)
7:15, 9:45
Sat & Sun 2, 4:30

Gorillas (PG13)
7, 9:40
Sat & Sun 1:30, 4:10

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CINEMA
6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta 967-9447

Mystic Pizza (R)
7, 9:25
Sat & Sun also 1, 3, 5

U2: Rattle & Hum (PG13)
7:15, 9:15
Sat & Sun also 1:15, 3:15, 5:15

GOLETA

320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta 683-2265

Good Mother (R)
5:45, 7:50, 10
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:40

FAIRVIEW

251 N. Fairview Ave., Goleta 967-0744

They Live (R)
7:15, 9:15
1:15, 3:15, 5:15

Feds (PG13)
7, 9
Sat & Sun also 1, 3, 5

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Moon 8:30; Sun also 5:10

They Live
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Twisted Nightmare
8:50; Sun also 5:30

All programs, showtimes & restrictions subject to change without notice

BACK FROM THE USSR

From the first moments of last Saturday night's concert at the Arlington, the *U.S.S.R. State Symphony Orchestra*, under Yevgeny Svetlanov, demonstrated why it is regarded as one of the world's finest ensembles. Clean phrasing, clear intonation, shimmering strings and stirring brass illustrated the sheer force of this orchestra.

The first work was Sergei Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor, Op. 18*, with soloist Lubov Timofeeva. Completed in 1901 after Rachmaninoff had come out of a long depression, it catapulted him to fame. Timofeeva played lyrically, capturing the pieces' romantic, somewhat melancholy spirit. The orchestra, led

by simple hand gestures from Svetlanov, played together beautifully like half-a-dozen Itzhak Perlman. Amid huge swells of gorgeous sound from the strings, the powerful brass section provided incredible fanfares.

Yet this was not a completely showy performance. In its subdued sections, the orchestra accompanied the pianist without overpowering her. His direction clear and restrained, Svetlanov's background as a composer no doubt led him to successfully touch up the scoring of the last movement with a tuba. The enthusiastic audience gave both conductor and soloist a standing ovation and recalled them several

times to the stage.

The program's last work, *Symphony No. 2 in C minor Op. 29*, by Alexander Scriabin, premiered in 1902. A contemporary of Rachmaninoff's, but far more experimental in his music, Scriabin was influenced by mysticism and the concept of relating music to colors.

Unfortunately, this is not one of his better works, being too long and unnecessarily repetitious. However, parts of this five-movement work are colorful, and the orchestra made much of them. The flute soloist had fun with his imitations of bird calls, and the final movement allowed the brass to show their stuff one last time in a triumphant conclusion.

— ben lipkowitz

UCSB DRAMA



Under the direction of Stanley Glen, the UCSB Department of Dramatic art presents *Child Byron*. Romulus Linley's play about the scandalous life of Romantic Poet Lord Byron opens at 8pm, November 10-12 at the University Studio Theatre, then plays another engagement November 15 through 19. A portrait of Byron's life revealed through the eyes of his dying daughter, director Glen advises that the play "is very theatrical, not a boring biography." Byron's daughter resurrects his spirit in order to better understand the father she never knew. Theatrically, the relationship based on love and resentment creates a mounting tension. Glen explains "such tension has wonderful production potential and in this case is visually glorious," and suggests that *Child Byron* might be appreciated as much for its costumes, setting, lighting, and musical aspects as for its fascinating content. Tickets are available at the A and L box office or call 961-3535.

— simone griffith

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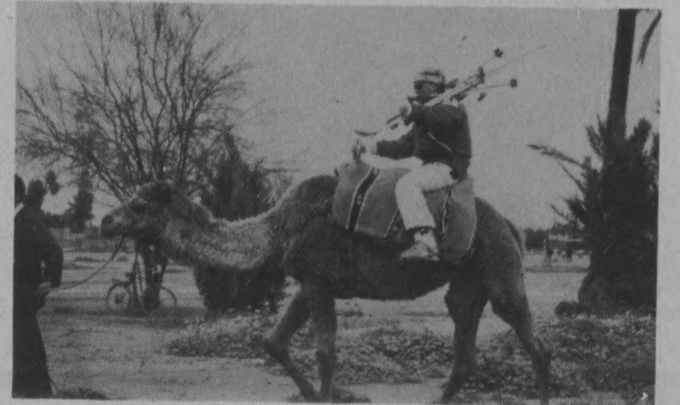
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TRAVEL
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Warren Miller goes far to ski next Wednesday night at Campbell Hall.

THINGS TO DOO

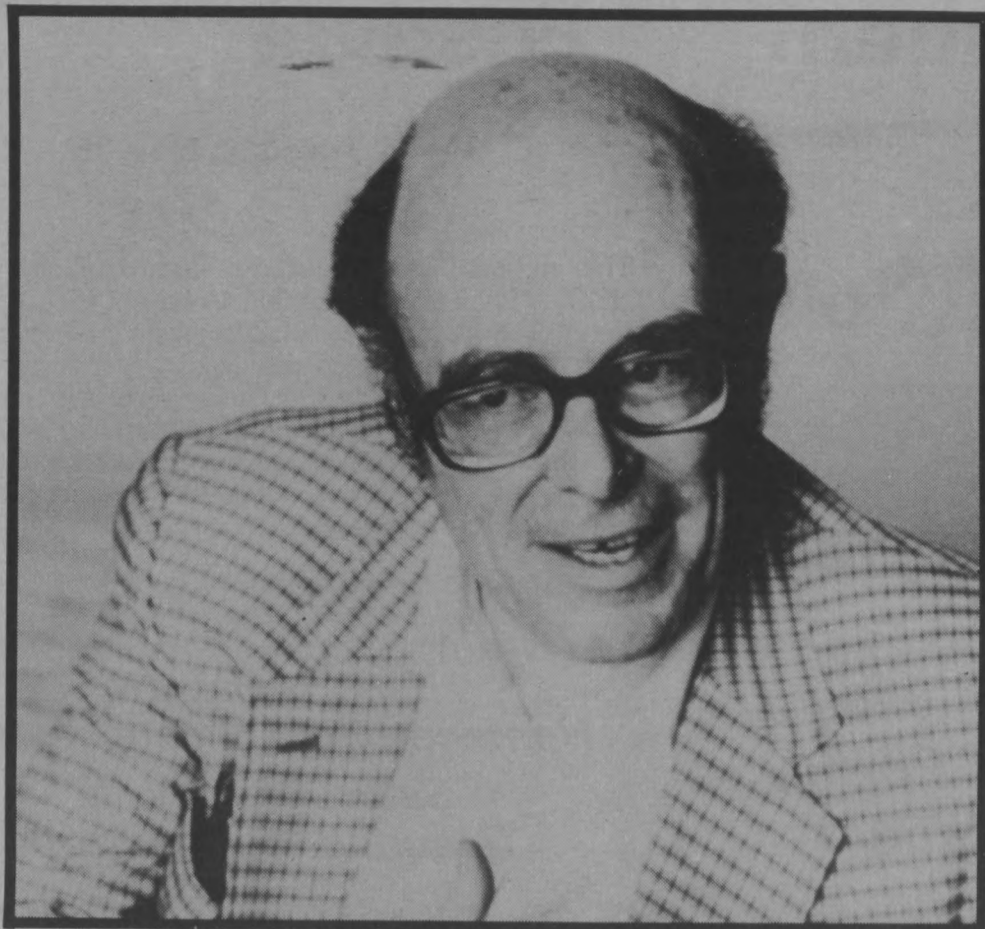
O.K. By popular demand, the spew is back. And there are many neat things to do. (neat is the hot word this week, you neat dude, you neat chick, we love you, we do). First off, go see the next to last neat gangster **Film Noir** flick, *White Heat*, tonight at 8pm in Campbell. Killer James Cagney snarls "you dirty raahht," giving us plenty of psychotic action and suicidal impulse. If you liked *48 HRS.*, *French Connection*, or *Body Heat*, you'll be loving this ... **Warren Miller's** neat new ski-flick, *Escape to Ski*, promises to give thrills and chills (brrr) to fans and fanatics, twice showing twice nightly, nex Wed. November 16 at 7 and 9pm in Campbell, and Thursday at 7 and 9pm at the Arlington. Miller's the king (what about Bud? so don't miss out ... **ROCK ME AMADEUS!** Did you see that neat Arts and Lectures ad "Glorious, Genius, Greatness?" Well, this piano player is the hottest thing since sliced bread, so if you want to hear some rad renditions of some mad Mozart go see pianist **Minoru Nojima** tomorrow night in Campbell (just carve your name on a seat) ... and there's another one of those neat **free concerts** on Saturday in Anisq'oyo Park, with *Sylvia Juncosa*, *Claw Hammer*, *Coyote Ugly*, *Red-11* and others, it's a fundraiser for our worthy (and neat) radio Station **KCSB**, so go, go, dance and prance in the grass, drink beer in public and love your neighbors down ...

—jesse engdahl



so ben I took that little gerbil out of my butt and said "you dirty rat!"

HOTEL TERMINUS:



"Hotel Terminus" is playing Saturday and Sunday afternoons at the Victoria St. Theatre.

Would a respected documentary filmmaker appear in an interview clad only in pajamas and a bathrobe? Of course he would. Especially if he is Marcel Ophuls and he's filming his third documentary on the Nazi crimes of World War II.

Ophuls' new film, **The Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie**, documents the period, crimes, refuge and subsequent bringing to justice of one of the most terrorizing Nazi figures, Klaus Barbie, "The Butcher of Lyon." Ophuls presents the subject matter in a manner that makes this four-and-one-half-hour film not only horrific and informative, but also entertaining. Before Ophuls' lecture and screening of his new film, I had a chance to talk to him about his latest project.

ARTS: You made two previous documentaries on the Nazi occupations and crimes during World War II (*The Sorrow and the Pity* and *The Memory of Justice*); what inspired you to focus on Barbie?

Marcel Ophuls: Most people in France at the time when Barbie was brought back were reading about it in the newspapers and seeing it on the television ... it was hitting the headlines and it was a famous case. And I was like most people in that I read about it. I got a phone call from an American editor of an American weekly called *The Nation*, and he asked if I would eventually be interested in attending the trial and reporting on it as a special correspondent in Lyon. And I said yes, I would be interested. We expected the trial to happen within a year.

So it all started from there. The man had called me obviously because of what you said, because I had made a film which was about the German occupation in France which was called *The Sorrow and the Pity*. And this subject matter was something that was associated with me. This (assignment) interested me because I had never been to a trial. I was interested in it in the same ways that other people would be. And all the rest of it just developed from that, because the trial didn't come and I needed money to do research ... to travel to South America, to North America, to Germany. And all of this had to come together in a way that I could also provide for my family. It was a slow process and the trial kept being postponed.

ARTS: Apart from other Nazi World War II documentaries, especially like *Night and Fog*, you rely more on the spoken word, on interviews, rather than on visuals. You seem to emphasize the whole notion of

memory and oral tradition in your current film and your previous documentaries.

Ophuls: *Night and Fog* of course is a very great film, I think, which uses the traditional form of documentaries, which is the off-screen narration and the use of archival material. When I started in this line of business it was a fundamental decision that I made at some point ... that I would not use off-screen narration. I started in television and I guess I developed at that time a technique which emphasized interviewing, editing and juxtaposing interviews. And I became successful at that for a while and I still think that it is a different form of filmmaking and an interesting one, because it's a form of storytelling, really, where interviewees become characters in a story. In other words, they don't just have the function of being narrators, they also define themselves in the process.

"But when memory and history dies along with people, I think that we are confronting a rather distressing situation."

ARTS: In *The Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie*, you are not the outsider as the director, because you are the one conducting the interviews and taking part in the discussions.

Ophuls: I've always been both the director, the supervisor of editing and the main interviewer. I lead the interviews in the direction in which I want to lead them, because this is where choices are made in the people you interview, the choice of questions that you put, or in the way you respond to what somebody is telling you. Also in taking that material and editing it in a way to tell a story. In any form of audio-visual or literary communications based on making choices, who else is to make them but the author?

ARTS: This film is the third in your trilogy of documentaries on this subject. Have your opinions changed on this subject over the years through investigating the topic further? It seems as if your current film takes on a more ironical and sarcastic tone to this subject?

Ophuls: That's true. But it's not because I feel more cheerful about the subject, it's the opposite, because I have a feeling that history is dying. Everybody dies.

But when memory and history dies along with people, I think that we are confronting a rather distressing situation and I don't feel particularly upbeat about it. There's all the shoulder-shrugging and callousness and indifference to what has happened to other people, whether it's in the present or the past. And I think comedy or irony, with the juxtaposition with interviews when people say outrageous things — for instance, saying what a great family father this man is — and then it is contrasted at some point in the film with what he is reputed to have done, is effective. That's a basic irony right there. It's not a particularly cheerful one, is it?

"There's all the shoulder-shrugging and callousness and indifference to what has happened to other people, whether it's in the present or the past."

ARTS: You say it's a sad day when memory and history die. Is that what you're doing through your documentaries; keeping memory and history alive? Or is it more of a case of instructing people?

Ophuls: I'm confronted in my life with various events, most of which have to do with my making a living, and I've become someone who is associated with a certain kind of work. But as far as Barbie was concerned, it wasn't my idea to bring him to justice in France. When he was brought back to France I agreed with the idea that he should have been brought to justice, and he was. But the business of instructing people, I don't think that the trial was meant as an attempt to educate the masses.

The film is about that man in our period of history, and those events, why is he brought back to trial, why do people react the way they do, why does the trial take place, what happens, and who is he. Because it seems to interest a great many people.

Now does this all have to do with a sense of mission, of teaching, or does it have to do with my coming to the end of the trilogy, or with my having a Jewish background, or having spent a childhood in Germany and France? I don't know. It would be my hope that people would not have my background and that they would still be interested in these events. And keep being interested in these events long after the people concerned have died. I think we all should be interested in what had happened before we were born, because we are the heirs to whatever happened before we were born. And we can't cut ourselves off from that. And I think that's what is happening right now, and it's being orchestrated and it seems to be what's accepted.

I've never felt on the defensive before, especially not in this country about working in that particular line of work. And all of a sudden it's as if I were making movies about veterans with old medals and as if I were an old matron with old medals myself and keep repeating the same old ... I don't think that I have been.

— dawn mermer



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