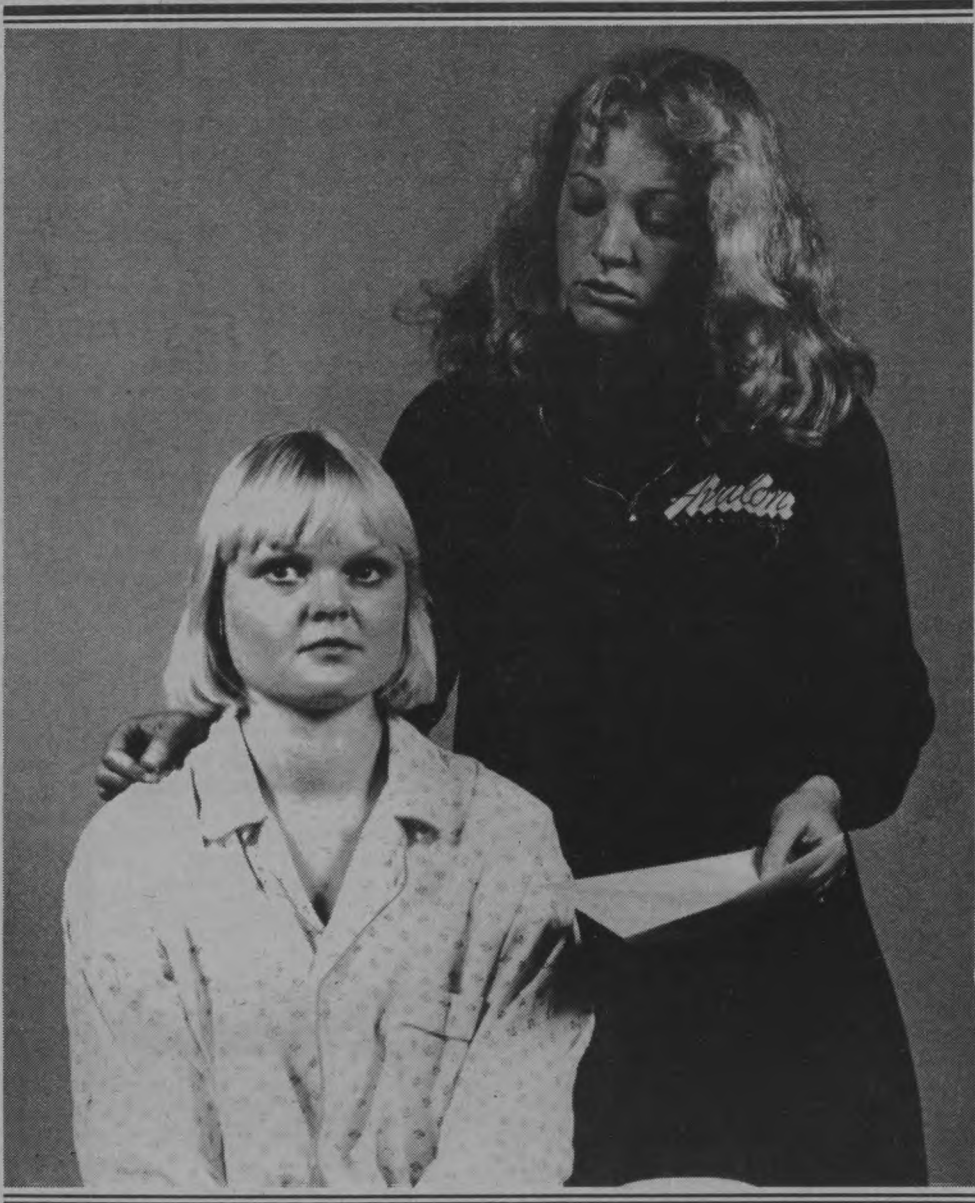


DAILY NEXUS
Entertainment

Uncommon Women and Others:



Looking Back at Now

by cyndy adam

Sitting back and reminiscing about one's college days with the old gang may seem eons away for the majority of UCSB students. But not so for the cast of *Uncommon Women and Others*; that's the whole premise of the play as Wendy Wasserstien's characters not only reminisce but also relive parts of their college experience in memory sequences. The flashbacks take place at the women's alma mater, Mount Holyoke, six years before the reunion that they're attending.

The production celebrates women and their relationships with one another focusing around those good ol' college days. A sentiment expressed at least twice during the play was that the

women miss their "women friends". The production also comments that women depend on each other to determine their identities; competition and comparison play crucial roles in this discovery.

The women are supportive, antagonistic ("Rita, what do you do all day at home?") shy, hyperactive, unsure, confident and crude; the emphasis in the script is sometimes on the crude aspect, but it's funny and it works. *Uncommon Women* exposes women as they really are without men around, engaged in locker room talk.

Poking fun at college is one of *Uncommon's* fortes; some of the lines are hilarious: the women are munching out on milk and

crackers one evening. One of the women asks Carter, a quiet freshman, how she can stay so slim while eating so much. Replies

"How do you stay so slim?" "I throw up afterwards."

Carter, "I throw up immediately afterwards."

Sexual humor abounds in *Uncommon*. Mount Holyoke is an expensive private women's college and it seems for most of the women that money and chastity are inversely proportional; the more they have of one, the less they have

of the other. The women are filthy rich, and so is the sexual humor. Corey Elias is head commedienne in this department as Rita, a sort of sexual Bozo. Constantly mentioning phallic symbols (and saying she wants to do it with them all), parts of the male anatomy or facets of reproduction, she lets the innuendos fly. Elias does a marvelous job as Rita, perhaps the most well-developed character in the play.

The serious, more reflective moments work well too. Holly Dimas as Holly is outstanding in a scene where she calls a man she has met just once, hoping he will invite her to stay with him over Christmas vacation and then fall in love with her, on the basis that he

once liked her legs. The ensuing monologue is touching; lost and hurt, we feel her disappointment.

Karen Lane as Leilah was enigmatic and vulnerable. Grace Messina is suitably obnoxious as Susie Friend, the stereotype we all know, an overly friendly bubble head. Karen Evans does an amazing job portraying a woman three times her age. Leighton Rollins' voice seemed to be just the "New England" sound that director Ann Ames was looking for. The narration, at times, though, is lost under the cast, and becomes secondary. Thanks to *Uncommon's* cast (which is wonderful overall) and Wasserstien's script, the resulting look back is an enjoyable one.

OneWeek

Things to do, see and ignore from Oct. 9-Oct. 15

art

of note

film

Alvaro Suman will be showing new paintings done on handmade paper at the Visible Light Gallery, Friday, Oct. 10 through Nov. 9. The artist's work is a synthesis of Mexican-Indian and contemporary visual concepts.

From now until December of this year, the Pintor De Arte Studio in Otts Oldtown mall will be exhibiting romantic oils by Jack Monaghan. The artist's current work in progress measures ten feet by ten feet. For more information, call Margie at 967-4444.

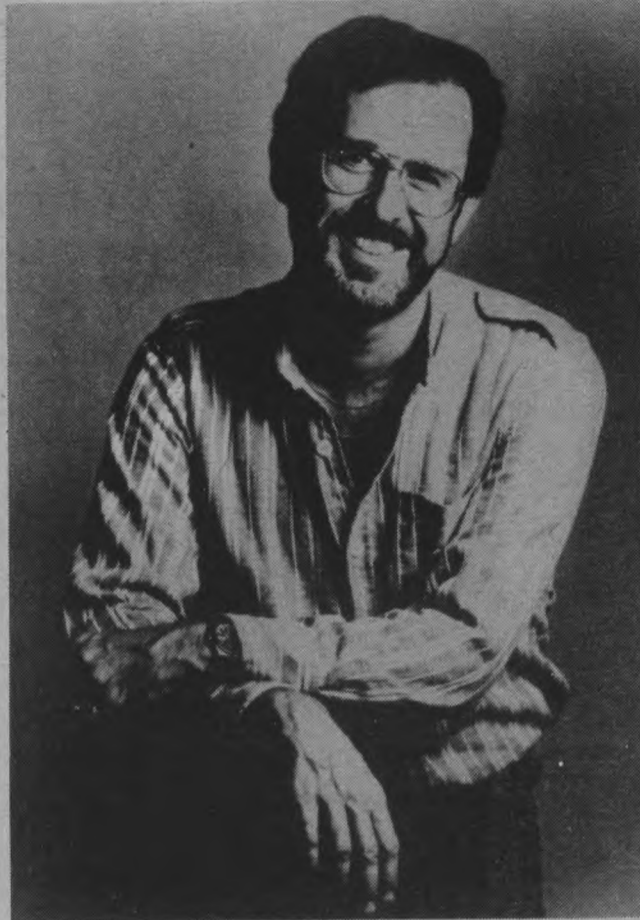
The Santa Barbara Museum of Art Contemporary Graphics Center William Dole Fund Collection will be on view at the downtown art museum Oct. 11 through Nov. 23. The collection consists of Dole's "Abecedarium" series of 75 prints. Proceeds from sales of the prints were donated to the fund and provide for the purchase of other contemporary prints for the museum.

music

Bob James and special guest Seawind will appear under the stars at the Arlington theatre Monday, Oct. 13 at 8 p.m. Reserved seats are \$10.50, \$9.50, and \$8.50.

Peter, Paul & Mary, amidst their 1980 summer tour, will make a concert appearance in the County Bowl Sunday afternoon, Oct. 12 at 2 p.m. In a three-hour performance covering the decades in which their music made significant and lasting impressions, the work of these three artists will come alive, as it did here in 1969.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra will present a concert in the Arlington theatre on Wednesday, Oct. 15 at 8:30 p.m. The program will include Symphony No. 94 by Haydn, Verdi's Overture to La Forza del Destino, Quiet City by Aaron Copland, and Symphony No. 2 by Brahms.



Bob James

Bob James, the man who is often credited with changing jazz into a modern, widely accepted musical idiom (recorded company hype), will be appearing at the Arlington Theater Monday, Oct. 13 at 8 p.m. James' band features Harvey Mason and Mark Colby. Special guests will be Seawind. Tickets are \$10.50, \$9.50 and \$8.50. James' has just released his seventh album, *Lucky Seven*, on his own label, Tappan Zee Records.

Walkabout, the story of a teenage girl and her little brother abandoned in the Australian outback, will screen Thursday, Oct. 9 at 7:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Featuring Jenny Agutter and David Gulpilil, the film is a beautifully-photographed tale of survival and conflict between primitive and modern culture.

On Sunday, Oct. 12 at 7:30 in Chemistry 1179, the Michelangelo Antonioni classic *L'Avventura* will be shown. This story of Italy's idle upper class stars Monica Vitti, and is the winner of the 1960 Cannes Film Festival.

stage

A JOURNEY/MEDEA/A DREAM will be presented on Oct. 10 in Lotte Lehmann Hall at 8 p.m. The production is adapted from the original play by Euripides. \$3 students, \$4 faculty and staff, and \$5 general public.



Somewhere there's someone waiting to buy your powermower ... tape recorder ... stereo ... motorcycle ... bicycle ... automobile ... furniture ... television ... golf clubs ... etc. ...

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Announcements of events suitable for posting in *OneWeek* can be sent to

Arts Editor
Daily Nexus
UCSB
Santa Barbara, CA 93107

Deadline is Monday of the week it is to appear.

MORNINGGLORY ADS

Records

\$5.28 SALE! ELVIS COSTELLO - "Taking Liberties" - Elvis' fifth LP in three years makes him the Elton John of new wave. This collection of singles B-sides and unreleased tracks is a must for the diehard Costello fan.

\$5.28 SALE! THE B52S - "Wild Planet" Familiarize yourself with the latest set by America's fastest rising group before Monday night's concert.

\$5.28 SALE! TOM WAITS - "Heart Attack and Vine" - If you've ever thrown up in the bathroom of the Troubadour then this new album is right up your alley. Downright sleazy. Tom at his best.

\$5.28 SALE! CARLENE CARTER - "Musical Shapes" Carlene puts out another fine semi-new wave, semi-country rocker and is backed up by Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds, one of which to whom she is married.

\$3.16 SALE! OINGO BOINGO EP - It's not very big, but it's not the size that counts (just ask anyone from LA!)

\$5.94 SALE! BARBARA STREISAND - "Guilty" Well folks, she finally admits it. And with Barry Gibb, no less.

\$9.38 SALE! SUPERTRAMP - "Paris" We've never heard these guys but we hear they're supposed to be good. They seem to sell a lot of records, at any rate.

\$5.94 SALE! JEAN-LUC PONTY - "Civilized Evil" - Is this his last album played backwards? We're not sure - buy it and tell us!

\$5.94 SALE! THE DOOBIE BROTHERS - "One Step Closer" - If you can shell out \$17.50 each for concert tickets for these guys you can afford six bucks for their latest release. At least you'll be able to play it more than once.

\$7.88 SALE! KENNY LOGGINS - "Alive" Slip this on your turntable. Slip into something more comfortable. Kenny comes alive! Remember ladies, he's freeway close.

\$9.38 SALE! JONI MITCHELL - "Shadows and Light" - If you were at this concert recorded last year at the Santa Barbara County Bowl, then you can hear yourself cheering and clapping. Really. Buy it and see if you're in the liner notes.

\$5.28 SALE! VAN MORRISON - "Common One" - This is an unorthodox LP for Van, but maybe his best in some time. With almost thirty minutes a side, it's a bargain at only 9c a minute.

ALSO in stock: New LPs by EmmyLou Harris (Christmas LP), The Vapors, Bruce Cockburn, David Bowie, Lenny White, Steve Forbett, Robert Palmer, Santana, Leo Sayer

REMEMBER: Our new releases are always sale priced for at least three weeks!

NEW RELEASES coming VERY soon: Bruce Springsteen (Tuesday), The Talking Heds, Dire Straits, Madness, Linda Ronstadt (Greatest Hits), Donna Summer, Grover Washington, The Specials, Stevie Wonder.

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\$3.99 SALE! Martin Bronze guitar strings. Reg. \$6.50

\$3.99 SALE! La Bella nylon guitar strings. Reg. \$7.46; ball end and tie end.

also in stock: tambourines, pitch pipes, plastic and wood recorders, melodicas, kalimbas, metronomes, kazoos, harmonicas, and much more!

\$7.99 SALE! Music stands - reg. \$12.00

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Needless to say, we have a large selection of stereo needles for portable and component systems at the lowest prices around.

Stereo Repair Service - something not working right? Blown a channel? We'll put you in touch with the people who can fix it for the best prices in town, and with a guarantee! No kidding!

Songbooks

Hundreds of books in stock by popular artists, including everyone from Aerosmith to Warren Zevon. We also have many instruction and chord books for guitar, harp, piano, recorder, and even saxophone.

Personals

Posters: we have a large selection. Plus a limited out-of-print Stones poster.

Springsteen fans: we carry THUNDER ROAD, the only magazine devoted exclusively to the Boss.

Your special orders are always welcome!

ATTENTION collectors - we have a new stock of collectors live concert recordings by Elvis Costello, the B 52s, The Beatles, Pink Floyd, Jimi Hendrix, The Clash, The Stones, The Talking Heads, Doors, Bruce, The Dead and others. Quantities are limited.

Wet T shirt fans - now in stock: Jackson Browne "Hold Out", wings over America, Lennon - buy this shirt, George Harrison - extra texture, the MUSE concert, the Morningglory shirt.

Concert Tickets

Bob James and Seawind Oct. 13 10.50, 9.50, 8.50, Peter, Paul, & Mary Oct. 12 12.50, 10.50, 9.50, Jonathan Winters Oct. 17 15.00, 12.50, 8.50. Coming soon: Waylon Jennings, Poco

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briefs

Flutist Appointed to UCSB Faculty

Flutist James J. Pellerite has recently been appointed Senior Lecturer in the UCSB Department of Music where he will teach private flute, and coach chamber music, flute choir and woodwind ensemble. Since 1969, along with performing with, among others, the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Detroit Symphony, Mr. Pellerite has been president of Zalo Publications and Services, a company which publishes his books, transcriptions, special editions for the flute, and also distributes his solo recordings.

Workshops At UCSB

The UCSB Department of Music is presenting an open instrumental workshop on Saturday, Oct. 25 from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. in the music building. All students are invited to attend this first in a series of free workshops. The workshop will provide students with an opportunity to hear UCSB faculty members in various performance ensembles. Also, faculty will be available for individual lessons and will coach any instrumental group. Those interested should call 961-3261.



James J. Pellerite

Used Book Sale

The San Buenaventura Friends of the Library will be holding their 12th annual used book sale Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 11 and 12. Hours Saturday are 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Sunday 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. There will be a live auction at 1 p.m. Saturday. The sale will be held in the mall Buenaventura Fashion Center, Mills Road, Ventura.

Film and Video Wanted for Festival

This year the Arts Festival, held by the Santa Barbara Arts Council, will include the work of local video and film makers. Anyone who is interested in submitting a work to be shown in the Arts Festival on Oct. 25 or 26 should contact John Lengsfelder, film co-ordinator, at 965-9939 or Fred Welch, video co-ordinator at 965-5015.

capsules

Dressed to Kill

This film has nothing to do with Hitchcock's *Psycho* — *Psycho* had characters with depth and personality. But then, this film was put together for commercial reasons rather than artistic ones, and at this director De Palma excels. The movie is alternately scary and funny, in just the right proportions to make it bearable. And of course, it has an ending that will keep you awake at night. (OA)

Airplane!

A fast and furiously funny movie with so many jokes that it never matters which ones are good. The only way to enjoy comic overkill like this is to sit back and let it happen, ignoring all rules of logic and convention. This is what they meant when they coined the term "summer escapist fare." (A)

Stunt Man

A highly original film that plays with the viewer's sense of reality at every opportunity. The film begins without a narrative, and then sort of blunders into one. And when we finally get a story, the question of good guy vs. bad guy is never quite answered for us. We never know just who to root for. The film's basic plot concerns a man becoming a stunt man — that's all you need to know to enjoy it. (JS)

Willie and Phil

Paul Mazursky's film about two men in love with the same woman is supposed to be a lot like Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*. It isn't. Part of the problem is the woman. Jeanette played by Margo Kidder, is not a sympathetic character; the audience can never understand why Willie and Phil don't just ditch her. And with a narrative that runs all over the place and ends up nowhere, the film finally dies. (SR)

The Empire Strikes Back

Big and bold and beautiful to look at, *Empire* is the only movie good enough to be able to follow in *Star Wars* mega-hit shoes. Yet for all its beauty, *Empire* is ultimately unsatisfying as it turns into a space soap opera instead of a space saga, and once you realize that you know the characters not at all well, considering they have now lived for over four hours of screen time.

Stardust Memories

A masterwork dealing with familiar characters, uncomplicated plot twists and recognizable faces, as well as a good dose of Allen humor. The film is, of course, autobiographical, but this is not tedious or self-conscious in Allen's hands, and through the jokes, Allen manages to exude some thought-provoking comments from the muddy shores of his mind.

Caddyshack

Great parody of stereotyped L.A. Country Club life. A loose plot with a thousand possible directions to take, and 99% of these are taken advantage of. Chevy Chase is his usual bumbling self as a rich boy with "The Force." Bill Murray is hilarious as are Ted Knight and Rodney Dangerfield. The bad guy in the film, a gopher, disco-tunnels his way underneath the golf course, while groundskeeper Murray seeks to destroy him and subsequently, the course itself. If that doesn't appeal to you, maybe the Kenny Loggins soundtrack will. It's funny, entertaining and a little bit crazy.

The Blue Lagoon

Director Randal Kleiser's attempt at a "sensual story of natural love" accomplishes only mild arousal, successfully exploiting the natural horniness between the scantily-clad Brooke Shields and the even less-attired Christopher Atkins. And this is attributable only to the obvious fact that the Garment Worker's Union was out to lunch at the time of production, as were the writers. Only the photography saves the tepid performances of teenage-doms heart throbs in this otherwise cute but corny film.

local live

Mojo

Oct. 6
1129

by kelly rowe

Staggering through the filigree gates at the 1129, I am anticipating yet another evening of fun and games on the S.B. swingers' circuit. You know, cruising babes, heavy (bloodshot) eye contact, an idiotic conversation or three, a gutfull of Tanqueray and tonic and we all fall down. Hopefully together.

But, things being never what they seem, plus the nagging fact that I am here on assignment, causes me to accept a more pragmatic analysis of the scene. This is no degenerate singles bash; actually it looks more like a Montecito deb party: babes in Yves St. Laurent evening wear with matching eyeshadow and guys done up in John Travolta shirtfronts, all paired off inseparably, like hooks and eyelets. Hordes of lone wolves with suggestive struts and eyes full of larceny and, ah yes, a little mood music emanating from a far corner of the courtyard. A mellow affair, mellowly attended and mellowly hosted in the land of the midnight fun.

The band, four guys set up behind this agitated vocalist who looks like the guy who always creamed you in

one-on-one, are tossing out smooth cover tunes oh so *casually*. Frankly, I'm into more energy than these dudes are passing out, but the price is right and the music is tight, so I listen.

The rhythm section is clean and tidy, the keyboards are right here and, following the bouncing singer, I hear no vocal fatigue; even the David Lee Roth-type squeals are right on the money. Not that I'm comparing these boys with Van Halen; more like Van Morrison, actually.

The group's called Mojo, which is Louisiana creole slang for the power of voodoo, the evil eye gone funky. The power, the musicianship, is definitely there, but the voodoo is weak at best, with the noted exception of vocalist James Antunez and a mountainous drummer named Byron James who gets *down*.

So they swing into a complex George Duke arrangement called "Say That You Will" and I'm being coerced; the mojo is working. Not the flash especially, just the musical competence and savoir-faire delivery that marks a road-tested group. Their repertoire is diverse enough to be interesting, so I cruise a little less, listen a little more. What's that, Jagger? "Honky Tonk Woman" ala Mojo with Mr. James riding the crashes like distant thunder and Antunez dipping and twisting and jumping and crying out loud. But the jam just doesn't gel and no matter how high Jim jumps, he always lands without a net.

Now a funkified original tune called

"You Ain't Wrong," carried by drummer James and bassist Chas Thompson. It cooks and I'm ready for another helping. But it's not to be, and some more sophisticated MOR is heard. Please, just one short burst of guitar fervor; even another flashy drum solo (man, that cat can play) but I see I'm living in a fantasy world and the crowd isn't helping, apathetic geezers! Although the group is composed of better-than-average musicians, they don't give the strong support that a good vocalist needs. Case in point: the lead guitarist Doug Scott happens to be a very competent axeman, but in this context he's lost in the shuffle (no pun intended), with minimal volume and no memorable leads the whole time I was there. Also, the keyboardist Jerry Tietz (a UCSB psych instructor) seemed pretty mundane, although again, this probably just reflects the group's style rather than his personal musicianship. The key word here is calm. Calm arrangements, calm delivery, placid atmosphere and a crowd that just *had* to be strung out on Thorazine.

Mojo is definitely not another MOR show and they showed no desire to pogo. They obviously respect their music and I believe they could put on a really hot show. Rather than play the current trend, they do what they feel, but the feeling is numbed. Hopefully the novocaine will wear off and the Mojo will do it to it with the power of voodoo.

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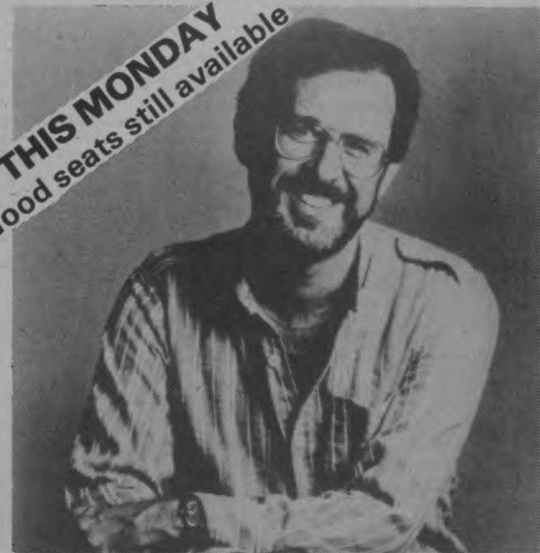
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artartartart

Faculty Art Show

Too cramped for space to be effective

by kevin jewell

From now until Nov. 2 in UCSB's Main Gallery, the student has an opportunity to view work by his prospective instructors in the Letters and Sciences Art Department. However, the student should not relate this artwork directly to any of the instructors' classes, for many pieces only present the artists' current trends or experiments.

Some exhibits smoothly convey a mostly singular message about the artists; some very important pieces do not. Confusion results from two things: the gallery's size, which is unable to successfully handle the show's large scope, and more importantly, the fact that most viewers are students and treat the work as done by instructors, not artists free to convey any sort of original statement.

Consequently, it seems awkward when neither the etching or the lithography instructors exhibit any prints. Steven Cortright's Book Work is a specific example. Because he is identified as a litho instructor, many viewers automatically reject, or even worse, fail to understand this novel idea, one which involves the viewer with the art more directly than any other exhibit.

Basically, there is not enough space to provide more work or the finished product reinforcing the various studies presented. Thus, the viewer wonders if McCurdy ever will make a final etching from his "Island Plans" sketches, or if Ptaszynski will follow up on his "Comprehensive Study for Diver with Dolphins."

The space allotted to each artist is clearly out of balance, further suggesting that the show was installed rather hastily, and many faculty members choose not to exhibit their work in such cramped quarters. Because of this, there is enormous potential, but rarely is it carried over to the viewer.

Space blatantly limits Ludwig Redl's Minimalistic work "Fluid" because it is crowded around other exhibits which need their own space. The wooden barricade around the sculpture as well as its galvanized appearance drastically reduces the sculpture's effectiveness. If it is to be viewed, like many Minimal works, as a form affecting its environment, it only looks like a tank of waste oil. If it is to be judged as a tank of waste oil, which by no means is a bad Minimalist attitude, then unfortunately, the environment overpowers its gesture.

Even though the show cannot be conceived

as a whole, individual exhibits do work well. Perhaps the most successful exhibit is Irma Cavat's paintings, partially because they are strategically positioned in the gallery immediately catching the viewer's eye, and also because they are complete with studies and final works. She emphasizes an Impressionistic color use, where in "Votive on Second Avenue," every hue is mixed equally with white, and the eye sees new vividness in an ordinary fruit stand. "Avalanch on West 4th Street" utilizes a similar approach to color intensity and balance. The white porcelain cups, although appearing white with shadows, actually mix light value greens with the same red and yellow values. The only pure white used is where light reflects directly off the cups.

Like Cavat, Guy William's work is successful because it develops an idea, beginning from smaller two-dimensional scale through a much larger 2-D work entitled "em," finally to a three-dimensional construction. His experiment with geometric designs show different characteristics on all three levels, so the viewer must compare the works, and not concentrate on the development of a single statement.

Of the smaller two-dimensional construction (both 2-D works are not true paintings, since they are made up of painted paper shapes arranged on a background) geometric free-forms create movement with shape and intense color. Their relative closeness interacts with each other, and they jump out from the background, only to recede behind it at next glance. At a larger scale, similar forms become less energetic and the work focuses on their mass, not their dynamics.

Mass and energy interact to literally build up "The Gertrude Stein Scriptorium; Memorial Bedchamber and Reading Room." Here letters replace geometric free-forms found in William's other two works, and envelop the space around the work as well as defining its perimeters.

Very few exhibits make successful statements without having to define them with a progression of some sort. Yet, these works still resort to a series necessary to project the artists' attitude.

Sheldon Kagnoff's "Surface from Series" easily makes a very phallic statement. Its success arises because each ceramic column

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FIESTA 2
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FIESTA 4
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ALSO: UP IN SMOKE (R)
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AIRPLANE A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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PETER O'TOOLE • STEVE RAILSBACK
BARBARA HERSHEY in
THE STUNT MAN (R)
"IF GOD COULD DO THE TRICKS THAT WE CAN DO, HE'D BE A HAPPY MAN!"

967-9447
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WALTER MATTHAU GLENDA JACKSON
in
HOPSCOTCH (R)
THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE WORLD

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CINEMA #2
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ALSO: THE LAST WALTZ
Fame **R** United Artists

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FAIRVIEW #1
251 N. Fairview
GEORGE BURNS **PG**
OH, GOD! BOOK II

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TWN DRIVE-IN 1 Memorial Hwy. at Kellogg/Goleta
COAST TO COAST (PG)
also: THE JERK
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making up the whole piece is slightly different, and thrown in a rather spontaneous way. Each subtly unique column reinforces the basic statement, much more so than if every form was identical, or if each member was separated on its own foundation. This is obvious by comparing Kagnoff's series with his singular column, for it is not nearly as effective as the larger repeating piece, even though it is more carefully composed.

Both Michael Arntz's clay sculptures work effectively on their own and like Kagnoff's pieces, reinforce each other when they are displayed together. Arntz exhibits sculptures which, like Classical forms, are static. And even though they cannot move, they allude to a very real and forceful movement. The abstract ceramic containers appear to have been either blown apart or dropped, allowing the escape of the contents, which by contrast are naturalistic. Arntz contrasts the organic with the inorganic, or an object's initial appearance from its actual character.

In reality, it is not fair to divide the exhibits into those which work and those which do not, for success reflects the Main Gallery's cramped space — cramped at least for this show. Sadly, the artist must consider his space to realize success. Those instructors not contributing to the show were perhaps right, for there should have been two shows to accommodate the faculty. It still would be very interesting to see how many studies and initial attitudes evolve through a second show at the end of the year.

X from pg. 10
 finest song. The band returned for encores of "Sugarlight" and a passionate "World's a Mess; It's in My Kiss" before the show ended.
 Of course a few people who didn't know *de regueur* behavior at punk concerts were rather shocked at the whole affair, but then X's music is not designed for mainstream acceptance. However, hard-core new wave does have an audience, an audience that will undoubtedly grow as more new

Richard Ross' *Mick & Charlie* (1980). The original work is a 16 x 20 Cibachrome.

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THE STUNT MAN

The most original film in a long time, and how we almost didn't get to see it

by jim sayer

Films of late have been sorely lacking in originality. Even more disturbing is the fact that the rehashed formulas substituting for original premises are rarely given a creative twist, leading to a frightening trend of repetitious, homogenous films which almost never fail to bore. Now, of course, the blame has to be placed on some party. Certainly, movie audiences are partially guilty, for their preferences seem to have narrowed in scope to non-challenging, escapist fare, exemplified by the load of Charles Bronson/Burt Reynolds celluloid waste that has been dumped on the market recently.

Unsurprisingly, film executives have responded to public demands but they've also exacerbated the problem by letting the structure of the market and industry lead to conservative thinking. With budgets zooming skyward and a vulnerable industry susceptible to the slightest blow of public refusal, producers have been forced into examining what sells and expanding from that. Hence, an initially fresh-looking film like Brian DePalma's *Dressed to Kill* ends up doing nothing more than giving the audience a fright and reminding them of what a great director Alfred Hitchcock was.

A better example of the stagnation which has infiltrated Hollywood is its constant foray into the past to revive whole trends. The latest case in point involves the horror genre. But, to give the films a relevance to modern times and a supposed, though negligible, creative edge, they are filled with contemporary psychotics, rapist and bisexuals. The newspapers are rife with ads for these artistic flounders; titles such as *Without Warning* (...the alien terror is here on earth), (Something terrible has happened to) *The Children* and *When a Stranger Calls* stare out gloomily at the moviegoer in the morning. Even John Carpenter's praiseworthy *Halloween* loses some of its lustre with a few of its allusions to the old horror genre and the subtle domination of Carpenter's work by Hitchcock's influence.

This terrible state of affairs has finally been attacked in two ways, by, unusually enough, one film. *The Stunt Man*, directed by Richard Rush, is a brilliant film, wonderfully full of paradox, original insights, biting satire, reverent homage and a seemingly endless source of assets. The film starts out unconventionally and remains that way throughout. Rather than begin the film with a customary overview of the prevailing situation, Rush prefers

to focus on a variety of close-ups, confusing because they have no context but intriguing nonetheless. The film mesmerizes the viewer through a variety of devices. The unconventional pace of the film is occasionally interrupted by a completely conventional scene which thereby makes the conventional seem almost foreign leading us to wonder whether convention is merely a contrivance.

Rush continues to make us wonder about a whole slew of contradictory observations. For instance, the protagonist in the film is a criminal of some sort and a Vietnam veteran who is prone to occasional outburst of insecure anger. We are led to believe that the crime he has committed is heinous indeed and that he may be a criminal psychotic. On the other hand, there is the antagonist, a supposedly stable and brilliant film director who provides the antithesis to our young psychotic. But, as the film progresses, characters are gradually revealed such that the director and protagonist reverse roles as far as mental stability but not in terms of social role or the respect they command. This may sound confusing but the director intends it to be so, our confusion stemming from the fact that the stable leader in the film — our objective guide — has subtly and not overtly changed into a potential villain. Rush's lack of blatant manipulation is by no means conventional.

The unconventional questions continue. What is pain and what is ecstasy? Once again, Rush confuses us by showing our hero as a daring stunt man about to crash.



Steve Railsback just stunting around

All of a sudden, we see a close-up shot of his facial skin stretched taut due to some strain. Internally, we recoil as we wait to see the catastrophe that has befallen him. But the camera pulls back and we see him climaxing in orgasm; the senses are sent reeling once more.

The film's plot, which revolves around the conversion of our hero into a stunt man, offers Rush a whole new avenue for playing with the audience's sensibilities. Illusion and reality constantly intermingle, undermining any attempt to establish a singular perspective. There are feelings and raw emotion in the film but do they always represent what we think they do? In one episode, the director induces his lead actress to break down in sobs, for a scene where her celluloid husband has just died, by informing her that her parents have seen a clip of her in a sex scene (inadvertently, or so we suppose, leaving us to wonder a bit more about who in this film is stable).

In turn, these questions are inter-related with another major dichotomy in the film: that between a caustic commentary on the film industry's seamier side and the film's homage to some of Hollywood's old institutions, especially stuntmen and ribald slapstick comedy. All of the filthy practices involved in making a

movie are exposed, always in a manner that makes us realize their utility and permanence no matter how much we or the characters in the film despise them. On the other hand, we have beautiful, glowing shots of stuntmen and a variety of gags which pay warm tribute to arts that aren't so often appreciated any more.

This array of questions, contradictions and paradoxes and the implicit suggestion in my commentary that these are all novel items in today's film industry show how *The Stunt Man* has confronted Hollywood's current conservative nature. The second way in which the film attacks the entrenched position of today's film executives is that it has succeeded, despite the opposition of the industry to its distribution. A variety of reasons were given to disclaim the film's commercial viability: lack of star attraction (Peter O'Toole and Barbara Hershey star) and lack of public appeal. The latter argument has found its way into the trash bin too as the film, after a trial release in Seattle, is doing outstanding business in Los Angeles, a trend that will most likely be followed across the U.S.

The Stunt Man alone will probably not provoke an innovative response from film executives, but perhaps it will reinvigorate such directors as Kubrick and Spielberg and inspire new directors to appraise the wide variety of options a filmmaker has and to realize that even radically creative work has an appreciative audience waiting for it. It is time to remove much of the business aspect from the art of making motion pictures.

DRESSED TO KILL

Not Good Enough to be a Rip-Off

by oren aviv

What's all this babble about *Dressed To Kill* being a "rip-off" of *Psycho*, or of it being an homage to the great Hitchcock himself? Let's be serious now. Did Brian DePalma, the movie's director and screenwriter, deal in any depth with the characters? Did any one of them have a personality, a purpose, a mind at all? *Psycho*'s did, and here is the key to a great movie, as opposed to a great attempt to do the same.

It is doubtful that DePalma put this film together for anything but commercial reasons, exploiting (smartly) the desire of the masses to see a girl's bare lungs and sliced limbs in 70 mm Dolby. Horror flicks being as popular as they are today, when a comparison is made between one of these films with an established "classic" like *Psycho*, one can only consider comparing "chopped steak" with the real

thing; momentarily satisfying, but in retrospect, which would you prefer?

But as horror films go, *Dressed to Kill* is a gasp-and-a-half. Considering DePalma's purpose — scaring the chickens out of his audience — he succeeds with flying colors (dominated by a deep blood-red). As in his previous box-office hit, *Carrie*, DePalma's sixth sense of fright (sick sense?) is present from the opening few scenes, with the now-popular "shower scene."

Angie Dickinson is fantasizing about someone raping her while in the shower (this'll give you a general idea what sort of film we're dealing with here), her beloved husband (Beloved! Right — after making love to Angie, he shows her his appreciation by giving her two love taps on her cheeks) oblivious to her erotic desires and masturbatory

gestures.

Aesthetically, DePalma deserves credit for substituting a Penthouse Pet's body for Dickinson's in this sequence; he

"It is doubtful that DePalma put this film together for anything but commercial reasons, exploiting the desire of the masses to see a girl's bare lungs and sliced limbs in 70mm Dolby."

surely would have lost the crowd otherwise (save for the "over-the-hill gang" who'd religiously scramble for a TV set to watch old re-runs of *Police Woman*).

DePalma's sense of humor gives fair rival to his sense of fear. There is very little substance in the first half of the film (although the second half wasn't overflowing with uncut meat), and that's okay, since he manages to lure the audience back into our seats with his cinematic humor and tantalizing camera work.

Eventually, when the murder occurs, DePalma really shines. One senses an eerie feeling of something being out of place, of something not belonging. When Dickinson walks into an elevator (in the now-popular "elevator scene") the camera follows Dickinson inside (we've seen everything worth seeing on the outside), oblivious to the fact that there's someone looking and lurking in the background, peering through a window on the exit door to the stairs. Before that registers

in your mind for you to say, "Hey — what was that?", the killer has emerged, blade ready for the swoop, and your hand goes directly to the leg of your friend.

When the scene finally ends and the circulation is once more restored to your friend's leg, DePalma brings us back his sense of humor to allow the audience a moment of release. What you'll probably release is your popcorn (unless your hand is still on your neighbor's leg).

When the killer gets caught (Thank God), we are lured into a false sense of "all being well". Nothing is well (including DePalma) because the killer is a lot smarter than one would think. He breaks out of the asylum (in the now-popular "escape/dream sequence") and proceeds to stalk our inards once more. Will the streets ever be safe?

Stardust Memories

Where to now, Woody?

by oren aviv

Retrospective, autobiographical films come a dime a dozen, and certainly directors who wish to insert a strong dose of their own personal experiences are not scarce, either. However, a successful blend of humor, history, and psychological insight in these personalized films is available only to the select few who have made this combination a staple in their previous works.

Woody Allen's latest masterwork, *Stardust Memories*, deals with familiar characters, uncomplicated plot twists, and recognizable faces. But, alas, this is no clear-cut, straight forward flick. It contains the humor that has made Allen a studied and respected writer for a decade now. To settle the viewer immediately, Allen allows us to witness an example of his sorry, forlorn humor from the opening scene: he is sitting, alone, on a dirty, dark, dreary train with passengers that Rod Serling would be proud of. Every Tom and Dick with a face or expression that by sheer appearance alone represents Loser has a ticket, including the conductor himself. Glancing hopefully to his left, he notices a train car packed to the gills with beautiful, partying, happy folk. He then takes a shrugging, schlemiel look into the camera. This scene has Woody Allen written all over it.

There are repeated jokes and themes throughout the film, but he also manages, once again, to exude some thought-provoking statements from the muddy shores of his mind.

One recurring motif is that of someone telling Sandy Bates, the character name chosen to represent Allen, that his films, especially his "earlier, funnier ones", are great. This illustrates the frustration Allen is attempting to convey to the audience in the Stardust Hotel, gathered there to honor the filmic genius of one Sandy Bates, as well as to the audience in the theater watching *Stardust Memories*, gathered there to watch Woody Allen's filmic genius. Get the connection? He is both frustrated that all he can do well is tell jokes, and also that he is making a living making people laugh when there are millions starving, suffering, sick, retched and crazy.

Bates' emotions can only be expressed visually. For instance, when he is arguing man's suffering in his apartment with some friends and colleagues, a gigantic blow-up of the famous *Life Magazine* photo of a South Korean being shot in the temple looms mockingly on the wall behind.

And all the talk of a scene in a past film having a "deeper meaning" or having significance beyond normal understanding is simply poppycock, ascertains Allen. Justification for this is a 10-second piece of conversation towards the close of the film. One of the critics says to another about a piece of film from one of Bates' best scenes, "What do you think the Rolls Royce was supposed to represent?" The reply: "A car." A joke is a joke, a comedy a comedy.



Dorothy Leon, Woody Allen and dinner

Does Allen indeed wish to break out of his role as a comedian to concentrate on more meaningful movies? Possibly. Allen himself is not certain. In a very self-revealing scene, Bates comes across six alien beings from a passing UFO. They confess to him (in a speeded-up and twisted Woody Allen voice) that, even bearing a 1600 Intelligence Quota, they cannot figure him out. Their parting advice was that if you're good at telling jokes, then go ahead and tell 'em. Safe and true advice we hope Allen adheres to.

Not that Allen need defend his previous comedies, nor vindicate his reasons for making people laugh (when times are so bad we should all be immersed in tears). *Stardust Memories*, filmed appropriately and effectively in black-and-white (after all, memories are seldom in Technicolor), is not all fun, games, and hilarity. It does contain moments of sheer emotion, as well. A memorable sequence is that of his live-in, Dory, occupying the screen alone for a minute, facing the camera and exposing herself to us in brilliant out-takes, each take expressing a different feeling. This is something she never did for Bates.

Woody Allen has certainly re-established himself as a Grade A comedian and cinematic humorist, after falling somewhat after the intense *Interiors* and the less-than-hilarious *Manhattan*. *Stardust Memories* shows that he is still laden with talent, and neither this talent nor this film will be soon forgotten.



Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder and Ray Sharkey learn to sun-worship.

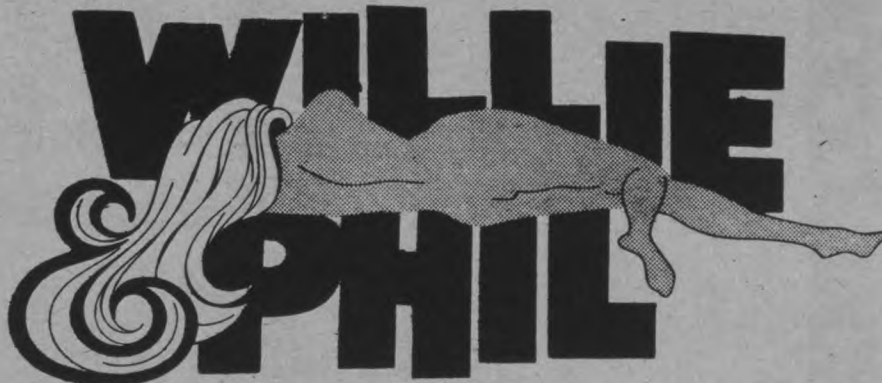
sandy robertson

Jules and Jim is Francois Truffaut's film about two men in love with the same woman. *Willie and Phil* is Paul Mazursky's film about two men in love with the same woman. *Willie and Phil* is supposed to be a lot like *Jules and Jim*. It isn't.

Willie and Phil meet at a screening of *Jules and Jim* at the Bleeker Street Cinema in 1970. Willie Kauffman, played by Michael Ontkean, is a high school teacher who really wants to be a jazz pianist. Phil D'Amarco, played by Ray Sharkey, is a neurotic Italian photographer who really wants to be a Jewish intellectual. Willie and Phil meet Jeanette in Washington Square Park — and then their destinies are locked together forever (says Jeanette).

The two major flaws in *Willie and Phil* are in the narrative structure. For a sensitive and moving analysis of the relationship between two men and a woman — a study of the painful choices, the carefree joys, the hidden confusion — the audience must be able to invest their emotions in all three characters.

But Jeanette is not a sympathetic character; thus the relationship is thrown off-balance in the minds of the audience.



Why don't Willie and Phil just go away and forget about her? Why doesn't she just leave them alone? To say that Jeanette manipulates Willie and Phil is too strong a criticism; to say that Willie and Phil care about Jeanette a lot more than the audience does is not an exaggeration. As played by Margot Kidder Jeanette's Kentucky accent and mellow mannerisms combine to make her appear either dazed or slightly drunk during most of the film.

Major issues in a love triangle situation are not dealt with. "Maybe it's homosexual," Willie says concerning his

love for Phil, and that's as far as the exploration of Willie and Phil's motivation goes. Lack of clear character motivation also makes it difficult to get involved with the characters.

The story of Willie and Phil and Jeanette, like the story of *Jules and Jim* and Catherine, takes place over a ten year period. *Jules and Jim* is set in the era of World War I; *Willie and Phil* takes place in the 1970s. Mazursky's choice of the decade of the 1970s hinders the narrative intent and development of the film. Perhaps entrapped by the terminal fadism of the 1970s,

Mazursky has chosen to describe the changes within their relationship not in terms of "who they are" but in terms of "where they have been/are going" (geographically) and, worst of all, a ridiculous chronology of "what they are into". The search for enlightenment takes Willie from a high school in the Bronx to a commune on Maui, then to an ashram in India, then to another high school in the Bronx. Phil moves to Malibu, and the first scene of life in California includes a hot tub, with a palm tree decorated for Christmas.

What could have been a beautiful story about the enduring love between two men and a woman (it's my fantasy, too) is reduced to a shorthand story that leaves the characters sloshing through a catalogue of fads and neuroses.

Willie and Phil go to see *Jules and Jim* a second time. This time they don't talk about how much they love Truffaut, or about how they beat the draft. They just walk silently down the street, past the long line of dancing costumed movie buffs waiting to see *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. I do hope that *Jules and Jim* will outlast *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, but I'm certain that *Rocky Horror* will be here long after *Willie and Phil*.

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Montoya: What Is He But Great?

until Montoya presented the first full concert of Flamenco music during the '40s.

Montoya plays his music, as he says, "from the heart" and attributes his gift to his Spanish Gypsy heritage. "To play Flamenco," he says, "one must have some Gypsy in his blood." By the end of the evening, I was convinced that he is indeed a true Gypsy.

Despite his obvious age, his technique was astounding. His fingers moved with incredible speed and accuracy, and his understanding of his instrument's limitations was unquestionable.

His melodies, though unfamiliar, were rousing and filled to the brim with improvisation. Occasionally, he would accompany himself by drumming his fingers to approximate the sound of dancers, and in a unique encore piece, he effectively used the guitar to imitate the sound of a snare drum.

While playing, Montoya melded with his guitar and projected a serious intensity which left me totally unprepared for the warmth the man radiated in response to our enthusiasm. I was so intrigued by this hidden warmth, that I was pleased when Montoya broke his otherwise silent performance to introduce his encore in a faltering yet charming broken English.

My only problem with the performance was adjusting to the intricacies of his jagged Gypsy rhythms. The meter changed so often and so quickly that at times I was distracted from the piece. His technique added to the problem. There was so much speed and repetition of complicated runs that I found myself wishing for one simple, beautiful melody to hold onto throughout.

This is a minor complaint though, because on the whole his improvisations were tasteful and pleasantly surprised the audience, which responded with two enthusiastic encores.

Carlos Montoya


by d.l. stewart

Sunday night I found myself wondering how to review a musical master who is totally alone in his field, a man whose name is synonymous with the Flamenco music he performs. The answer for me was: carefully, and with an open mind.

Carlos Montoya, world-renowned Flamenco guitarist, is just such a man. And his performance Sunday evening at the Arlington Theater was a delightful beginning to the Arlington's Celebrity Series which brings international artists to the Santa Barbara area.

Montoya presented a program of pieces, all his own arrangements and original compositions, reflecting Flamenco history from all over Spain. Flamenco is the music of the Spanish Gypsies, but although it has been handed down from generation to generation, it had never been written or arranged

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Elvis Costello
Taking Liberties
(Columbia)

by patti prichard

There are undoubtedly those of you who, being familiar with Elvis Costello's first four LPs, now feel you have full insight into his eccentrically-jaundice view of life. Sorry to inform you that you're mistaken, that a considerable number of his musical diatribes have been eluding you all this time, appearing as B-sides of British and sometimes domestic singles, on British editions of his LPs, or not at all, being unreleased material. But don't worry. With Costello's new release *Taking Liberties*, you can easily make up for a lot of lost time and by now out-of-print records.

As a neatly assembled collection of 20 little-known gems left scattered by the wayside, *Taking Liberties* contains a happy mix of widely varying styles spanning the last three LPs, each tune briefly annotated as to its origins. And, for what easily be viewed an album of out-takes is instead a compilation of on the whole excellent Costello material.

Because any of these tunes potentially might have ended up on a current studio LP, there is little deviation from Elvis' pet themes. Prominent as usual is his customary misogyny directed against all the beautiful girls of his youth who stepped all over him, here running rampant through "Ghost Train", "Girl's Talk", "Big Tears", "Tiny Steps", to name but a few.

Yet attacks upon the larger world in general are to be found in "Sunday's Best" and the rousing "Crawling to the U.S.A." (performed by Costello in the movie *Americathon*), the former a stab at society's decent people and the latter some choice remarks on Costello's "proven-favorite" country.

A few unheard-of surprises do surface on *Taking Liberties*. One is a C/W element present in songs like "Stranger in the House" and "Radio Sweetheart", plus an alternate version of *Get Happy*'s "Black and White World", heretofore possibly restricted to import singles to avoid alienating his American audience. Another is the unexpectedly poignant "Just a Memory", which reveals a rare sentimental side of Elvis that contains very little(!) bitterness.

Also not to be missed is the "underground" Costello classic, "I Don't Want to Go to Chelsea", featured on his last tour of these shores and easily one of his best songs ever.

All in all, *Taking Liberties* is a package generally up to the standards of a regular Costello studio LP, proving that his songwriting talents consistently extend beyond the prescribed LP length, even when efforts like "this year's model" *Get Happy* already contain 20 songs on a single record.

So forget that it's already well into the second week of classes and you already have more than enough to keep you occupied; you have some *real* catching up to do.



Paul McCartney
McCartney II
(Columbia)

What?!? Paulie frowning on the cover of his latest LP, *McCartney II*? Is it because this time he's again left playing alone, as on his first solo work, 1970's *McCartney*? No, there's no need to worry, 'cause inside the cover he's shown standing beneath a rainbow and pulling funny mock-Japanese faces as usual.

Well, surely you didn't think a little drug bust could get Paulie down for long, did you? There are plenty of happy little tunes here guaranteed to delight the younger set (unlike *McCartney I*, which did seem pretty much for the grown folks). For example, the current record's "One of These Days" has such inspiring words of wisdom for the small fry: *See what's right, see what's there/And breathe fresh air, everafter.*

Then there's the instrumental "Frozen Jap" where Paulie's again making fun of those bad, bad people who locked him up earlier this year. Meanwhile, some of the slightly older kiddies might be pleased to discover that Paulie's apparently become a DEVO-tee in his spare hours ("Temporary Secretary"), or that the soul-flavored "Coming Up" (two versions included, one live from Glasgow on the "Bonus 45") does make for great summer party music.

Of course, there are also a few things thrown in for the enjoyment of the grownups (but kids, don't bother Mom and Dad if they're doing something important). "On the Way" is a slow, bluesy throwback to the *Band on the Run/Venus and Mars* era, while "Bogey Music" features that great fifties rock 'n' roll feel (just don't listen too closely to the lyrics). Also, the sen-

timental ballad "Waterfalls" might come in handy if Mom's just run out of Sweet 'n Low.

Lots of fun songs here. Paulie seems happy enough making music at home by himself. But maybe next time around, it wouldn't be such a bad idea if he'd invite some of his pals over to keep him on the right track...

Patti Prichard



Michael Des Barres
I'm Only Human
(Dreamland)

This album, the first from Mike Chapman's new Dreamland label, combines two of rock's strongest talents. On one hand is Chapman, co-writer of hits for Suzi Quatro's "48 Crash" and the Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz" and producer of Blondie's recent hits; on the other is Michael Des Barres, one of rock's best vocalists

and the main force in two commercially unsuccessful bands in the 70's, Silverhead and Detective. With such a duo, it's hard to see why Des Barres' first solo album is so inaccessible.

Instead of being overpowered by guitar chords as he was in Detective, Des Barres is now being made commercial by Chapman's keyboards and effects. New wave music and old wave vocals and lyrics don't always sound well together.

A glaring exception is "Boy Meets Car" whose uptempo beat combined with equal amounts of keyboards and guitar stands out as Des Barres at his best: loud and convincing as Jagger above strong rock music. But the rest of the album is marred in cliches from the reggaeish "Four Hour Flight" to the Talking Heads styled title track which has lyrics like "I'm only human - I make mistakes just like everybody else."

Chapman's guidance has pushed Des Barres into a limbo that's neither commercial nor intriguing. *I'm Only Human* is recommended to those of us who've stood behind Des Barres for years with the hope that he'll do better.

Jim Reeves

turn to pg. 10



Code Blue
Code Blue
(Warner Brothers)

Code Blue, the debut album by the L.A. band of the same name, seems to be more than just restructured rock. Closely resembling three-piece bands like the Pirates (the original singers of "Shakin' All Over") and new wavers like the Police, Code Blue uses a guitar-based attack with upbeat rhythm section. This is what new wave was originally all about: a stream-lined approach differing from the ponderous sledge of groups like Black Sabbath and Yes. But Code Blue avoids L.A. pseudo-punk with an unpretentious style on one of the best new albums of the year.

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X: Nothing Phony Here

by Charles Ponce de Leon

X has come a long way from its garage-band origins at Los Angeles venues like the Masque and the Hong Kong Cafe. The success of their Slash LP, *Los Angeles* and sold out performances all over L.A. have proved that a hard-core group can achieve widespread appeal without compromising their integrity. X's Arlington Theater show was one that ushered in a new era for the band: their initiation into the "bigtime" and their acceptance by a diverse conglomeration of rock fans.

Unlike X's Lobero show last June, at which the band never really let loose, last Friday's performance was epic. The four members of X — guitarist Billy Zoom, drummer Don Bonebrake, bassist/vocalist John Doe and singer Exene — focused their energy into a tight, searing performance that never backed off in its onslaught. Add to this volatile brew the rowdiest crowd in

modern Santa Barbara history and you've got exciting audio-visual entertainment.

After an inspired opening by L.A.'s Plugz, X took the stage to a rousing ovation. Opening with a revved up "Soul Kitchen" and closing with a blistering "World's a Mess; It's in My Kiss", X demonstrated their fortes admirably.

Unlike most rock bands, X's performances are always spontaneous and unpredictable. Some nights can be flat and uninspired. Others, like last Friday's, can be exhilarating: all the pieces fit together perfectly — Bonebrake's rapid percussion, Zoom's punkabilly licks and the hypnotic vocal harmonies of John Doe and Exene. Their harmonies are breathtaking. How two distinctly different and odd voices blend into such beauty is absolutely amazing, and essential since X does not rely on phony theatrics like other bands to make its shows exciting. On

stage, all the band members synthesize into a captivating visual image.

Exene possesses one of the most magnetic stage presences in rock, and she uses it to flesh out X's songs, brutal and severe describing grim urban vignettes with realism and poignancy. X's sources of inspiration are rooted in the gloomy daily existence of Los Angeles' less fortunate. Songs like "I'm Desperate", "Johnny Hit and Run Paulene" and "Sugarlight" describe a side of L.A. life that is not as widely publicized as its glamorized alter ego.

Highlights of their set included "White Girl", "I'm Coming Over", "Los Angeles", "Johnny Hit and Run Paulene" and a harrowing "I'm Desperate". The band began rigidly but quickly loosened up: by "Sex and Dying in High Society", the third number, they had the crowd in a frenzy. Their set really took off during "White Girl", arguably their

turn to pg. 5

code blue from pg. 9

Led by Dean Chamberlin, the band's guitarist, lead vocalist and main songwriter, Code Blue relies on a strong rockabilly influence with a straight rock style. This combination gets the record off to an impressive start with "Whisper/Touch," with the song's churning guitar intro, the call and response chorus and Chamberlin's urgent vocals. Other tracks like

"The Need" and "Other End of Town" follow the same formula with impressive guitar hooks while songs like "Settle for Less" are more pop-based, giving the album some variety.

The only problem with Code Blue is this lack of diversity because the straight guitar attack becomes tedious after a few listens and since the band uses no other instruments, not even keyboards. But

although this may alter the band's next album, *Code Blue* is such a change of pace from what most L.A. bands have been producing that it is almost a godsend. It's a shame that bassist Gary Tibbs left the band after the album was recorded because a good tour would help expose *Code Blue* as one of the best discoveries of the year; listen and find out why.

—Jim Reeves

ARTS & LECTURES Coming Events



a journey / MEDEA / a dream

A journey / MEDEA / a dream will be presented on Oct. 10 in Lotte Lehmann Hall at 8 p.m. The production directed by Michael Addison, is by the California Theater ensemble of the UCSB

Drama Department. Recently returned from a European tour, the Ensemble is currently touring several U.C. campuses.

Adapted from Euripides' original play by Michael Addisor

this production has a somewhat altered plot which emphasizes not only the vengeance of Medea but also deals with the theme of female repression.

In legend, Medea helps Jason in his quest for the Golden Fleece and they fall in love amidst intense peril and urgency to find this dream. Edinburgh's *Festival Times* calls Jade Wu's Medea a "stunning performance" as her personality is transformed from happy to submissive to vengeful. It is Medea's vengeance that dominates and finally destroys all that she once loved. The combination of poetry, fable, drama, myth and narrative creates a powerful and entertaining evening of theater.



Fiddlers' Convention to Return for Ninth Year

Old-time fiddle and banjo music will ring out during the ninth ANNUAL OLD-TIME FIDDLER'S CONVENTION Sunday, Oct. 19 on UCSB's baseball diamond from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Individual and group competition will be held in old-time fiddling, traditional banjo, and old-time singing in beginning, intermediate and advanced levels. Young musicians and old-timers provide a day of foot-stomping, hand-clapping entertainment.

This year's festival honors Lily May Leford, a pioneer in old-time country music in the 1930s. With her all woman band, the "Coon

Creek Girls," Lily May still gives a vigorous performance, singing old-time ballads and playing both the fiddle and five string banjo.

Tickets, T-shirts and contestant entry blanks are available at the Arts and Lectures office. Proceeds from this event benefit Two-Way Tickets to the Arts, a program that provides free event tickets to local social service organizations.

Calendar

Thurs., Oct. 8

7:30 p.m., Campbell Hall
WALKABOUT
(Australian Cinema)

Fri., Oct. 10

8 p.m., Lotte Lehmann Hall
A JOURNEY/MEDEA/A
DREAM
(Drama—Friday Series)

Sun., Oct. 12

7:30 p.m., Chemistry 1179
L'AVVENTURA
(Antonioni Film Series)

New England Ragtime Ensemble

The New England Ragtime Ensemble returns to UCSB's Campbell Hall Friday, October 17 at 8 p.m. The performance opens the CAL Performing Arts Umbrella Series with the toe-tapping sounds of Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton, Eubie Blake and others.

Tickets to all Arts and Lectures performing events are available at the Arts and Lectures Ticket Office, adjacent to Campbell Hall. The office is open Monday-Friday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. For information call 961-3535 or 961-4435. This half-page was prepared by Arts and Lectures staff.

i think...

Eulogy for A Punk Dive

by phil heiple

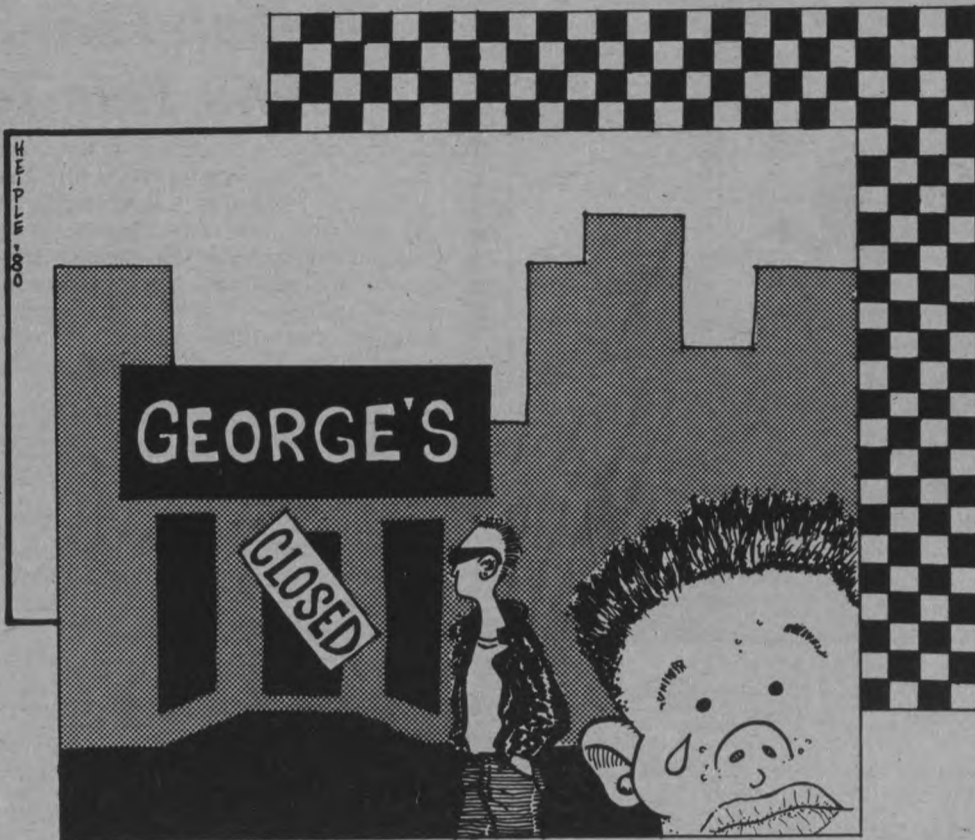
What kind of a world do you want to live in? A world of condominiums, parking lots, and shopping centers? A world engulfed and devoured by the crassest conformity to commercial hypes? Do you have any idea of what you'd want? It doesn't matter. You don't have any choice.

George's Cafe is closing, another victim of Santa Barbara's exorbitant rent hikes. The closing of this pleasantly seedy State Street nightspot goes beyond the loss of a good place to drink beer and hear local bands. It's closing trims back the spectrum of local culture — and trims it in the wrong direction.

George's was a showcase for the most bold and innovative of local rock music. The new wave in local music, initiated by the Neighbors, Spoilers, and Rotters, was sustained almost single-handedly by George's. When Goleta's Fubar was closed, George's was the only place to touch live punk or new wave for a year. Then the Grass Shack in Goleta and Baudelaire's on State Street started picking them up. With the initial risks taken, and the loyalty of the punk followers proven, folk and jazz clubs started giving the fringe bands a chance and garage-band musicians all over town started playing new wave, cutting their hair, and shaving off their beards.

End of story? Happy ending? Not quite.

George's continued in its thankless position at the razor's edge by showcasing a seemingly endless procession of new music, pseudo-punk, and wimp-wave. Further, when other clubs were just getting up the nerve to take on groups established at George's, George's was taking a chance with totally unknown groups from Los Angeles and elsewhere, trusting only to the artistic skill of new wave xerographers to spread the word, and to the desire of punk followers for



anything interesting. Boy, were some of these bands lousy.

So, you see the role that George's played. In a town famous for sniveling conventionality, cultural dissidents had a home of their own. When the standard for popular music was anemic disco, something original and gutsy could always be found at George's. By consistently pushing the marginal groups, the cultural spectrum was broadened for all. Unfortunately, however broad the spectrum, there is a constant pressure to become decadent.

Let me explain. The cultural spectrum is bounded on one end by that which appeals to most everyone, or tries to. It is repetitious, easily accessible, and easily marketed. In music, individual bands and musicians are completely interchangeable, as are members of the audience. There is nothing challenging or stimulating about it as it is meant to have absolutely no meaning whatsoever. Above all, it is an eminently successful business

proposition. The other end of the spectrum is unbounded. It entails risk on the part of audience, artist, and producer. How far the cultural spectrum will go in this direction depends primarily on places to gig, and then on the presence of innovative artists and their fans. Where there is dissatisfaction with the standard offerings, the unbounded end of the spectrum will expand.

Insofar as the cultural forms there are successful, further developments tend to gravitate toward the other end of the spectrum. By establishing that there is an interest in the most uncompromising of punk, George's made it possible for semi-wave groups to get booked into respectable clubs. Having done nothing to earn the interest in new wave, Santa Barbara's single-mixer meatmarkets and formula bands were hot to cash in on it. Hence you can find the Puppies at Hobey Baker's, and D.B.

Cooper at the Eleven Twenty-Nine, both playing new wave so watered down you feel like mixing Tang in it.

It is frustrating to realize that the pseudo-wave is going to win.

While the closing George's is unrelated to its booking policy, the forces causing it to close are the same as those which draw culture into the commercial end of the spectrum. Just as your corner grocery store turns into a shopping center, your favorite park turns into a parking lot, and Elvis Costello turn into Linda Ronstadt, so will George's turn into nothing. Sure, contrary to all of this, a new punk club could drop from the sky and blast the cultural spectrum wide open. New bands, loud and rowdy, could slash through the rapid pretenses of local rock and transfuse a little life into the Santa Barbara wasteland.

But if that's possible, what I'd really like is a green sky. Nothing replaces George's.

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Produced by Vision Attractions

A.S. Program Board

B-52 Tickets Going Fast

By JIM REEVES

The hottest new band in the country, the B-52's, will be appearing next Monday, Oct. 13, at Robertson Gym. Tickets are going very fast at the low price of \$8.50 for undergraduates with ID's, \$9.50 for reserved seating and \$9 general admission for everybody else. So get to the A.S. Ticket Office on the third floor of the UCen, Morninglory Music in I.V., Rockpile Records in Goleta and the Ticket Bureau downtown and get your seats. At the rate sales are going, the show will be a complete sell-out the night of the show, so to avoid disappointment buy your tickets today.

But you may be asking yourself: why the B-52's? What makes them the best new talent in rock today?

Well many of you may have thought that the B-52's would fade after their hit of last year, "Rock Lobster," that got a lot of airplay last year on both FM and AM Top 40 stations, and the main cause of valley surf rats singing lyrics like "there ges a Catfish" at Zuma beach. But the group's first album is still on the Billboard charts some eight months later, something that never happens to a more novelty act.

Wild Planet, their newly released LP, establishes the B-52's as the fastest selling new group in America at position 24 on



Billboard's album charts in only three weeks. And with one listen to *Wild Planet*, it's easy to see why. With tunes like "Party Out of Bounds," which resembles a weekend happening on Del Playa, and "Quiche Lorraine," about a dark green colored poodle, the B-52's are back at their humorous best. Tracks like "Devil in My Car" and "Private Idaho" use guitar attacks for a rock and roll sound while "Give Me Back My Man" has the singer pleading with her mate with offerings of candy and fish. By combining rock with commercial new wave, the B-52's and *Wild Planet* have to be one of

the best duos to come to Santa Barbara in a while.

The B-52's are led by Fred Schneider III whose monotone vocals dominate songs like "Rock Lobster" and "Private Idaho" and who also plays the delicate instruments of Toy Piano and Walkie-Talkie. Next are the bands namesakes (a B-52 is Southern slang for a smooth, large, high bouffant hairdo if you don't know): Cindy Wilson on vocals and guitar and Kate Pierson on vocals, keyboards, bass and guitar. Completing the group are Keith Strickland on drums and Ricky Wilson on guitar. Together they are the B-52's and, in their own words, they "enjoy science facts, thrift shopping, tic jokes, fat-fad diets, geometric exercising, discovering the 'essence from within.'"

You too can discover "the essence from within" with the B-52's this coming Monday in the A.S. Program Board's first major concert of the year. But please don't delay because you might be forced to study instead of seeing the B-52's.

Teams Match Wits In 'College Bowl'

"Which of these particles weight least: the electron, the proton, the neutron or the alpha particle."

Do you remember College Bowl on television in the '50s and '60s. A.S. Program Board Special Events Committee is attempting to revitalize these competitions.

For those who never watched the competitions, College Bowl is a question-and-answer game played between two teams made up of four players each. Teams are asked to provide the correct answer as quickly as possible to questions on a broad range of topics. Two types of questions are asked: toss-ups; for which any member of a team may answer; and bonus questions; for which all team members may confer before responding. The game is played in two halves and the team with the most points at the end of the game

is the winner.

The winning team at UCSB will compete in the regionals with teams from California, Nevada and Hawaii. The regional winner will go to the Nationals which are televised, the winning National team will win a scholarship for their institution. Sign-up for teams in the A.S. Program Board Office, third floor of the UCen. If you know three other people that would like to have a team, go ahead and sign-up all four. If you want to play and don't have a team, sign up and we'll match you up. We are also looking for professors for coaches so if you have one already, sign them up. This is a great opportunity to show your stuff. So come one, get your friends together. You never know, it could be you going to the Nationals. Answer: the electron.

Attention All A.S. Cultural Groups!

A very important meeting will be held for all cultural groups. This meeting is mandatory for all groups intending on hosting a cultural week. The agenda for this meeting includes the picking of weeks, so if your group has a special date in mind, make sure a representative of your choice

attends the meeting on Wed., Oct. 15, from 4-5 p.m. The meeting will be held in the OSL Conference room, which is on the third floor of the UCen. Also, anyone interested in being on the A.S. Program Board Cultural Committee please attend this meeting, and/or contact Zenia Clinton at 961-3536.

The Return of the Dixie Dregs with Kitty Hawk
Oct. 28 Campbell Hall
 tickets on sale Wed. Oct. 15
 \$7 undergrads \$8 all others

also coming **Hollie Near**
Oct. 18 Campbell Hall
 tickets on sale Mon. Oct. 13
 \$7 undergrads \$8 all others



Feminist Company Performs 'Pizza'

Gorilla Theater of Isla Vista and the Special Events committee of the Program Board are pleased to announce that Lilith, the West Coast's leading feminist theater company, will perform its play, *Pizza*, on Thursday, Oct. 16, in UCSB's Girvetz 1004 at 8 p.m.

Pizza, written by Lilith's Michele Linfante, is the company's most critically acclaimed work to date, and has been chosen to appear in the upcoming edition of *West Coast Plays*. The *San Francisco Chronicle's* Bernard Weiner called *Pizza* "a remarkable piece of work," and Robert Chesley of the *San Francisco Review of Books* judged it "lively...engaging and

memorable."

On the strength of this current production, Lilith has been awarded grants by the National Endowment for the Arts and the California Arts Council. Gorilla Theater (recently returned from its own European tour this summer) is fortunate enough to be able to sponsor both Lilith appearances in the Santa Barbara area on the state-wide tour. In addition to the UCSB date, *Pizza* will also be performed Wednesday night, Oct. 15, at 8 p.m. at Process Theater, 235 East Cota Street in Santa Barbara. Advance tickets for both performances are \$5 and they are available at Process Theater and the UCSB Women's Center.

British Film Series Opens This Tuesday

By SANDY ROBERTSON

The A.S. Program Board British Film Series opens next Tuesday, Oct. 14, with *The Man in the White Suit*, an Alec Guinness comedy. An excellent example of traditional British social satire, the film concerns an eccentric inventor who creates the perfect product — it never wears out or gets dirty — and then incurs the wrath of industry management and labor, and everyone else for whom planned obsolescence is a way of life. Also showing on Oct. 14 is a short comedy, *History of the Cinema*.

Acknowledging the wide diversity of British cinema, the series will show an adaptation of D.H. Lawrence's novel *Women in Love* on Oct. 21. The film is directed by Ken Russell (*Tommy*, *The Music Lovers*) and stars Oliver Reed, Alan Bates, Glenda Jackson (in an Academy Award-winning performance) and Jennie Lind. Covering the spectrum of sensuality in human relationships, the story explores the relationships between two men and two women.

No film will be shown on Oct. 28.

The series continues on Nov. 4 with Sean Connery as James Bond, Agent 007 in *From Russia With Love*, a saga of sex, adventure, and senseless violence. Rarely shown on commercial television, the film is considered a classic by James Bond connoisseurs.

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning is a documentary-style feature film with roots in the "Angry Young Men" literary movement. Starring Albert Finney, the film chronicles the life of the working classes in Northern England. *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* will be shown with a short documentary on Nov. 11.

The last two weeks in November will include two double features. Nov. 18 is *Utopia Night*, with George Orwell's *Animal Farm* and the Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*. *Yellow Submarine* is the story of how the Beatles helped the good folks of Pepperland drive out the nasty Blue Meanies (they'll drain all your color with Splotch Guns) accompanied by such musical numbers as "All Together Now," "Nowhere Man," and of course, "Yellow Submarine."

On the last night of the series, Nov. 25, Roman Polanski's psychological thriller *Repulsion* will be shown with an early Alfred Hitchcock film called *Number Seventeen*. *Repulsion* was instrumental in building an international reputation of Polanski as a director with a healthy appetite for the macabre side of life. *Repulsion* is the story of a young woman whose fear — and fascination — of men leads her into a psychotic state. Catherine Deneuve plays the woman whose descent into madness terrifies herself as well as the audience. The soundtrack alone is gripping and suspenseful, but the real terror begins when the camera reflects the fears and passions that attack her mind like electric shocks. (It's the scariest movie I've ever seen!)

Showtimes for Oct. 14, 21, November 4 and 18 are at 7 and 9 p.m. Double features (Nov. 18 and 25) play at 6 and 9 p.m.

Also In UCen Tonight

Well the first showcase of the year was a grand success. The UCen II Catalyst was packed with people who came down to the funky blues of Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan. Everyone sat mezzmorized for two hours, stunned by the quality of their show. This was definitely a show no one should have missed.

If you did miss last Thursdays show, you have a chance to make up for it tonight. Peter Alsop will be decorating our UCen II with laughter and sound at 8:30 p.m. There will be no admission charged for this or any other Thursday night show, so come and take advantage of this great offer.

★★★★★

Tickets for the B-52's Robertson Gym appearance on Monday, Oct. 15, are vanishing rapidly at the low student price of \$8.50. Get 'em while they last...

★★★★★

Gorilla Theater of Isla Vista and Program Board are hosting the acclaimed feminist theater company, "Lilith," on Oct. 16.