

fall finale

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*****UCSB's Danscape '85*****

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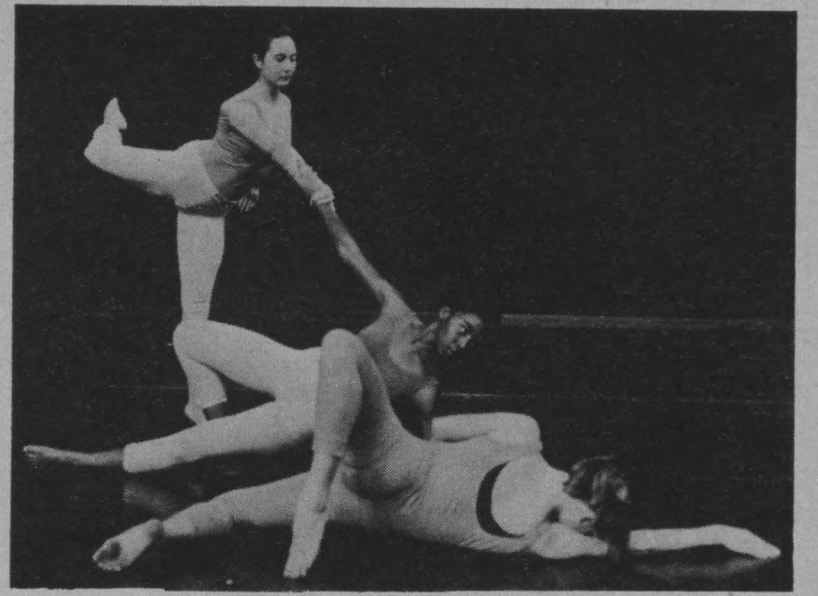
The UCSB Department of Dramatic Art, Division of Dance will present *Danscape 85*, their annual fall dance concert Dec. 5-7 at 8 p.m. in the University's Main Theatre.

This year's concert directed by Tonia Shimin, promises diversity and historical color with works by faculty members, Nolan Dennett, Delila Moseley, and Frank W. D. Ries and student choreographers, Karthryn Milostan Egus, Amy Noisette, and Lynelle Sjoberg.

Director Shimin, a member of the UCSB dance faculty, received her training at the Royal Ballet School of London and the Martha Graham School of Contemporary Dance in New York. She has appeared with the Jose Limon, Anna Sokolow, Pearl Lang and Mary Anthony dance companies and has taught at the Julliard School, London School of Contemporary Dance, North Carolina School of the Arts and the Martha Graham School.

"Dance Suite From the Bandwagon" is Frank Ries' reconstruction of selected dances from the 1931 musical which starred Fred and Adelle Astaire and was originally staged by Albertina Rasch.

"Sirens", a trio for women choreographed by Nolan Dennett to Ravel's "Trio for Violin, Cello and Piano", explores mythic figures imbued with supernatural powers



Danscape '85 — a modern dance concert.

and nonhuman characteristics. Delila Moseley's "Echoes", to the music of Homrich, Gascoigne and Marquez focuses on contrasting women in the Spanish colonialism of South America.

"The Quiet Warrior of Life" by Kathryn Milostan Egus deals with decisions, both conscious and unconscious and is performed to the music of John Harbison.

In choreographing "Golden City", Amy Noisette utilizes the music of

Laurie Anderson's "Big Science" with the surreal imagery of a Dali painting.

Lynelle Sjoberg's "Xopos, A Festive Dance" carries one into the spirit of a Greek restaurant where the energetic, acrobatic, and proud movement of the people and dances are to be found.

Tickets for *Danscape 85* are available at the Arts and Lectures box office. For further information call 961-3535.

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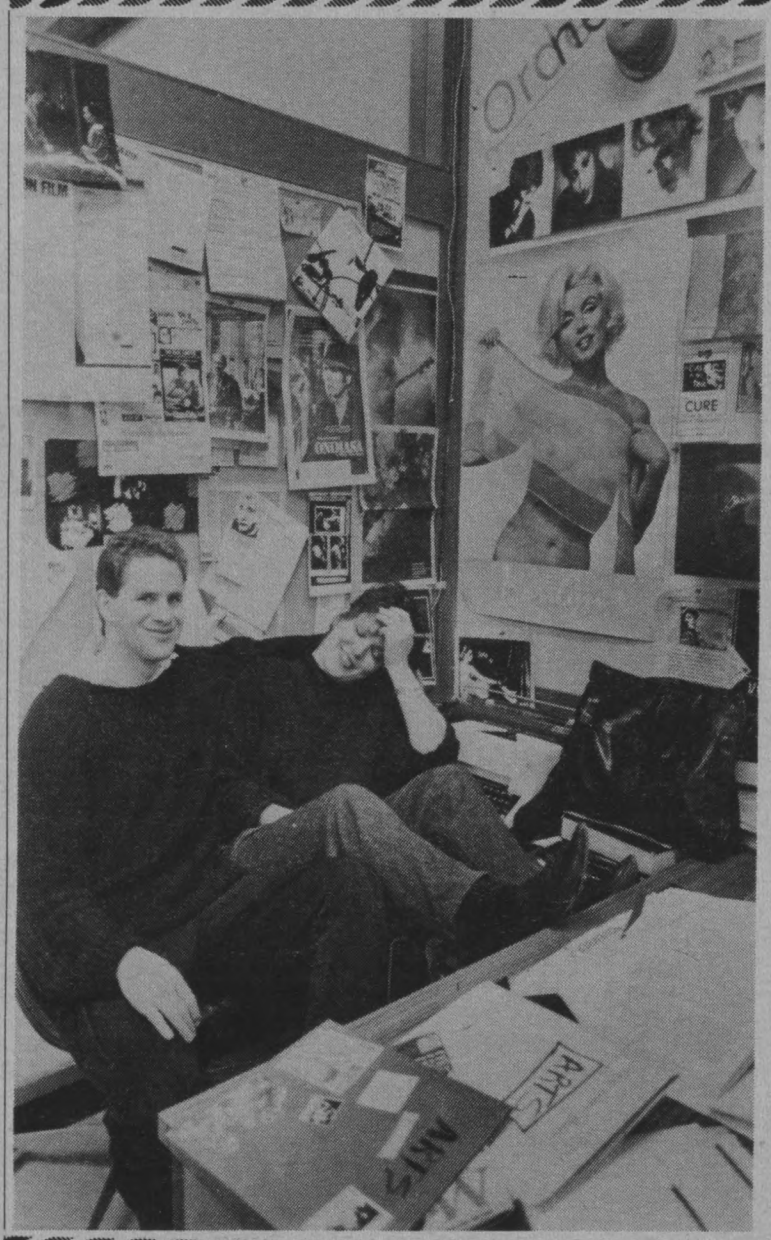
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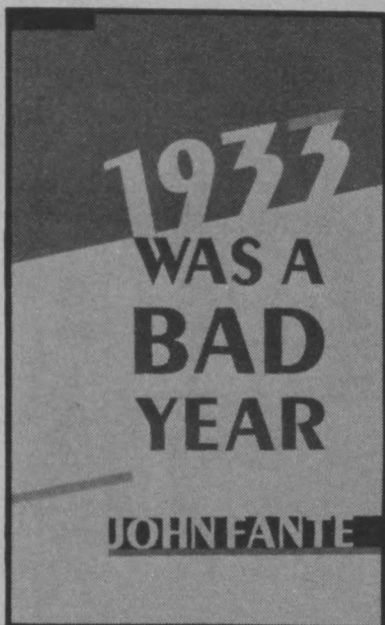


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books, books, books

Molise — He's So Misunderstood



1933 Was a Bad Year
by John Fante
Black Sparrow Press, 127 pages,
\$8.50 (paper), \$14.00 (cloth).

1933 is a good book. Since the publisher is Santa Barbara's own Black Sparrow, the book is good simply as an artifact, as an attractive, well-designed, skillfully printed object which looks and feels right when you pick it up. But it is even better as a novel, and would be worth buying even if it were an ugly orphan rotting in the remainder bin.

It is a well-drawn portrait of

Dominic Molise, who is a young Italian-American growing up during the Depression. Dom comes from rural Colorado where he plays baseball and is misunderstood by everyone. There are far too many novels about confused young people, but Fante made this one special by breathing unique life and humor into his creation.

In Molise's view of himself, the most important thing is that he is attached to "The Arm ... that sweet left arm, the one nearest my heart." This appendage has already made him an outstanding high school pitcher; and it will, he believes (or at least fervently hopes), make him the best pitching phenom the Cubs have ever seen, despite his small ("sixty-four inches") stature. His plans: "Get into the minors, move up to the big time, pitch in the World Series, make the Hall of Fame," in short order.

Lots of people don't understand Dom. For example, his "Grandma Bettina, ... lonely, her roots dangling in an alien land," wishes she were back in Italy, and has no respect for "Young America ... a barbarian land!" Dom says she told him, "I was a jackal, a rat, a snake, a monster out of the belly of my mother. I was deformed, an elbow grew out of the back of my head, my nose was at my navel, my eyes were in my ass.... I would end up with a rope around my neck at a public

hanging, alongside my two brothers. America would go down in flames, set afire by exploding light companies."

His father, a bricklayer, also has no sympathy for Dom's dreams of baseball glory. He wants his son to graduate from high school and join the family business. Besides, since he hasn't worked in six months, he can't give Dom a stake to get to spring training.

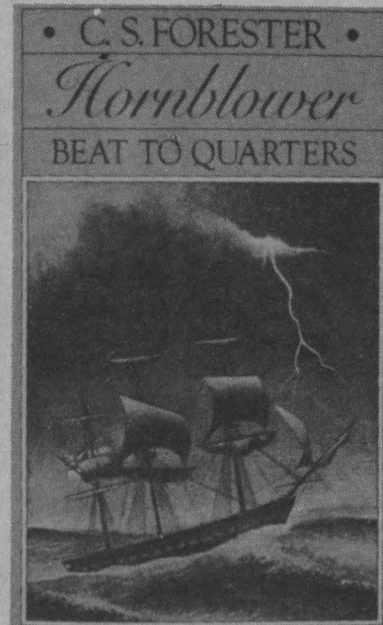
Another misunderstanding occurs between Dom and the older sister of his best friend, Ken Parrish. Dom has "had this endless yearning for her since the first time I saw her three years ago." But Dom and Dorothy have nothing in common beyond first initials. He finally gets a chance to talk to her:

"Don't you like baseball?"
"I can live without it."
"What do you like?"
"Tennis, skiing, books. I love James Joyce."
"You mean Jim Joyce, short stop for the St. Louis Browns?"
"Oh, my God."

So nobody understands Dominic Molise (including Dominic Molise). He finally has a chance to do what he wants to do, but is almost forced into it.

Actually, one person understands him, and that is John Fante. Fante brings us an engaging character in an excellent short novel.

—Scott Lewis



Quarters and Lines at Sea

Beat to Quarters
and Ship of the Line
by C.S. Forester
Little, Brown and Company. 324 pages each, \$7.95 each.

I found myself greatly enjoying these naval adventures although I am, in Stanton Delaplane's words, "as salty as a lollipop." Probably because they are exciting stories with lots of convincing action, sneaky strategy, and a three-dimensional protagonist. That's what I should have expected from C. S. Forester, for he is the author of *Sink the Bismark*, *The African Queen*, and the Hornblower series, which *Beat to Quarters* and *Ship of the Line* are part of.

Like most of the Horatio Hornblower novels, these both take place during the Napoleonic Wars. In *Beat to Quarters*, Captain Hornblower "could forsee endless worries piled upon him by some heedless action of the politicians" with good reason, for the Admiralty has given him an insane set of orders. They have sent him to the west coast of Central America where he must, among other things, "take, sink, burn or destroy" a Spanish ship almost twice the size of his own and ally with a rebellious but insane landowner (rebellion in Nicaragua and El Salvador? — how implausible!). This is the kind of situation which can lead to lots of plot twists, and Forester takes full advantage.

Ship of the Line, on the other hand, has a more straightforward storyline. The ship of the line that the title refers to is Hornblower's first, the HMS

"No one guessed how nearly he came to vomiting when a shot came in through a forward gunport and splattered Hall with a seaman's brains without causing him to miss a step.

from *Beat To Quarters*

Sutherland, which is ugly and old, and undermanned, to boot. Her captain is forced to enlist over 250 landlubbers — and train them. But by the time they arrive in the Western Mediterranean, the crew is well-trained enough to make five, count-em-five, attacks on the perfidious French in only two days, after Hornblower stretches his orders. Although the plot is relatively plain, the ending surprises.

But it is not the plots of these novels that make them stand out (although the tales themselves are very interesting) — it is the characterization of the captain. Horatio Hornblower isn't some kind of perfect plastic hero; he is a realistic person who has pride and worries and hopes and fears, in addition to success at sea.

—Scott Lewis

Empire Full of Death

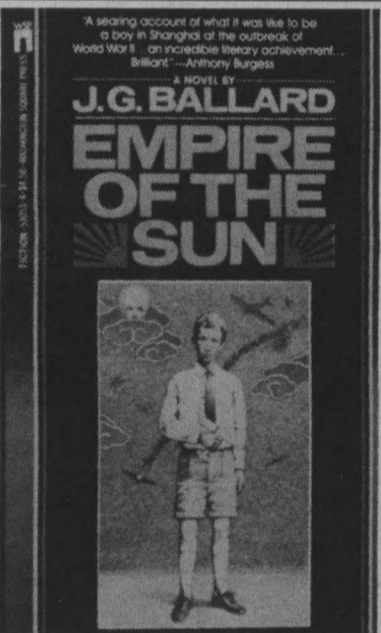
Empire of the Sun
by J. G. Ballard
Washington Square Press, 375
pages, \$4.50.

J. G. Ballard has combined his experiences as a boy during WWII with his penchant for surreal images in order to create an outstanding autobiographical novel. It was nominated for the most prestigious British fiction award, the Booker Prize. The book strikingly tells the story of Jim, a young British lad who has lived all his life in China with his parents.

The first chapter, "The Eve of Pearl Harbor," begins, "Wars came early to Shanghai, overtaking each other like the tides that raced up the Yangtze and returned to this gaudy city all the coffins cast adrift from the funeral piers of the Chinese

Bund." After Pearl Harbor Jim becomes adrift, too, when his parents are carted off to a Japanese concentration camp, and the boy is alone and at large in the shattered city. After nearly starving, he gives himself up to the Japanese, but his internment in Lunghua Civilian Assembly Centre scarcely improves his plight because he still has no parents and little food (For protein, the prisoners have to eat the weevils in their grain.).

Ballard's imagery has always partaken of the fantastic; and here, like the coffins, it is full of death. The fact that Jim actually sees these surreal scenes makes them even more strange and brutal and powerful. Jim's cultural detachment as a foreigner who has never seen his native land emphasizes his odd reality.



Empire of the Sun is a moving, disturbing and rewarding book.
—Scott Lewis

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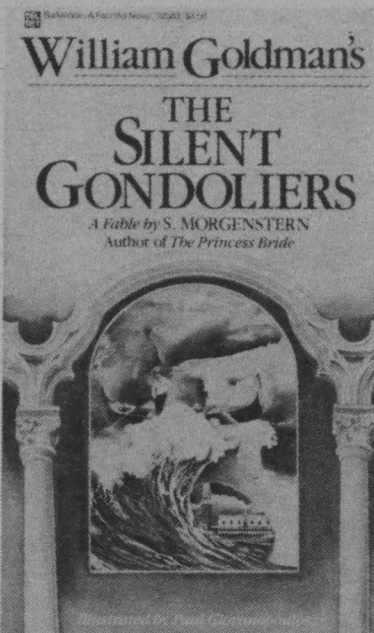
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more books...



The Silent Gondoliers by William Goldman alias "S. Morgenstern" Ballantine Books, 113 pages, \$3.50.

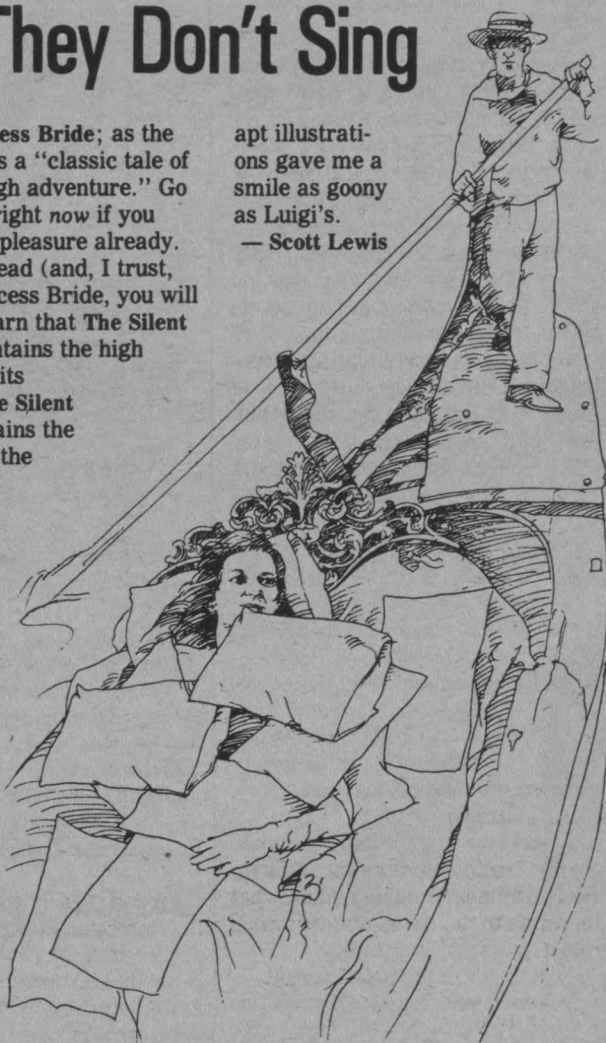
William Goldman is probably best known as the best-selling author of such novels as *Control* and *Marathon Man* and as the Oscar-winning screenwriter of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *All the President's Men*. But he also has this alter ego, "S. Morgenstern," from the small European nation of Florin, who has written two books which are fabulous. First

Why They Don't Sing

came *The Princess Bride*; as the subtitle says, it's a "classic tale of true love and high adventure." Go out and read it right now if you haven't had the pleasure already.

Once you've read (and, I trust, loved) *The Princess Bride*, you will be pleased to learn that *The Silent Gondoliers* maintains the high standard set by its predecessor. *The Silent Gondoliers* explains the mystery of why the gondoliers of Venice, once renowned as the finest singers on the globe, are now — you guessed it — silent. And it tells the story of Luigi, who had the gooniest smile and the greatest skill of all them all. Goldman's warm style and off-hand plot inventions along with Paul Giovanopoulos'

apt illustrations gave me a smile as goony as Luigi's. — Scott Lewis



An Aspirin at Andromeda

Best selling fantasy writer and humorist Robert Aspirin will be appearing at the Andromeda Bookshop from 5-8 p.m. on (appropriately enough) Friday December 13th. He will be signing and discussing his works, including his latest *Myth*, *Little Myth Marker*, the sixth book in the successful comedy-adventure series, and his *Thieves' World* books.

Called "inspired tales of magic and hilarity", the *Myth* books concern the adventures of a young wizard and his purple-tongued demon mentor, spiced with

'Deevils,' dragons, and unicorns. Long fan-favorites, the *Myth* stories have over the years branched out into many forms, spawning games, comics, and a new graphic novel, *Myth Adventures One*. The *Myth* and *Thieves' World* books have been on the B. Dalton, Walden and Locus best-seller lists, and Aspirin has over two million books in print.

Aspirin is also the editor of the mayhem- and magic-filled *Thieves' World* books. These anthologies feature some of the first names in fantasy, including such award-winning contributors as C.J. Cherryh, John Varley, and Poul

Anderson.

Aspirin's other works include *Mirror Friend*, *Mirror Foe*, a tale of the future and ninja arts, written with Star Trek's Mr. Sulu, George Takei. As in all his other works, Aspirin's sense of humor and interest in the martial arts — no doubt inspired by his various lives as a fencing coach, a Mongol warrior, and a cost accountant — comes through.

For further information concerning this event, please contact the store. And remember: don't myth this special appearance!

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1982 JANINE

ALASDAIR GRAY



1982 Janine by Alasdair Gray Penguin Books, 345 pages, \$6.95

1982 Janine is amazing. What first caught my eye was the odd, deliberately out-of-date title. The discontinuous, almost Joycean style hooked me, and the typographical games helped keep me on the line. But what finally hauled me aboard was the way Gray skillfully made his unpleasant protagonist, John McLeish, into a sympathetic character.

The whole book takes place in one night — in one night, in one head, in one Scottish hotel room. The head belongs to McLeish, who sits and drinks whisky as his thoughts hip-hop-scotch between complicated fantasies, good memories and bad memories like the time he — Stop. Think about something else.

At first Jock McLeish simply doesn't seem like a promising

Sordid Sex & Hip-Hop-Scotch

character. He is a lonely, fiftyish, alcoholic, divorced, self-pitying, successful director of security systems. He's "a selfish shit but a comfortable selfish shit, like everyone I meet nowadays."

The only really exceptional thing about him is his vivid sexual imagination. Superb(itch), Helga, Big Momma, and last-but-not-least Janine are the subjects of his fantasies "which can only continue by getting much bigger and nastier than first intended."

But Gray does more than make this sodden old bore understandable. The author brings McLeish through the long, dark night and shows him as human and interesting — likable, even — a most impressive feat.

If you are the sort of reader prone to brand books with sex and daring

"There is now a black hole in my brain where light once shone, a hole which will get larger day by day until everything I know, everything I am has slid into it. Sip. Sip.

from 1982 Janine

storytelling described by one reviewer as "radioactive hogwash," or even if the occasionally tiny type overstrains your eyes, then 1982 Janine is not for you. Otherwise, read it.

—Scott Lewis

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SBMA's Seasonal Treats

Works by such celebrated artists as Rubens, van Dyck, Cranach, van Ruisdael, Breughel the Younger, Bol, and Hieronymus Bosch are currently on view at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art in *A Golden Age of Painting*. The exhibition of 41 paintings by celebrated sixteenth and seventeenth century Dutch, Flemish and German artists remains on view in the museum's McCormick Gallery through Jan. 19, 1986. According to the museum's chief curator Robert Henning, the exhibition is so rich and varied that it will provide viewers with an opportunity to expand both their aesthetic understanding and historical awareness.

A painting that illustrates this view is Hieronymus Bosch's "Crowning With Thorns." Henning said the work, painted in the late fifteenth century when all of Europe was in the process of change, is a fascinating example of how Bosch blended medieval tradition with the new ideas then filtering north from southern Europe. And another work, Luca Cranach's "The Suicide of Lucretia," painted in the early sixteenth century, is a superb example of the art found only in one place, the Protestant Court of the Electors of Saxony at Wittenberg. Henning says it is far different from anything found in the Netherlandish painting of the period, thus reinforcing the concept that the great distances between towns in northern Europe during this period fostered strongly individual artistic expression.

Although religious and political turmoil in the late sixteenth century reduced artistic output in the north, this trend reversed itself in the seventeenth century. In

Holland, especially, a burgeoning and prosperous middle class began to replace the Church as patrons of the arts. Here, for the first time in recorded history, the artist was thrown on the open market and his work began to reflect more typically human and natural concerns. During this period, too, many artists became specialists in a particular kind of genre painting —

portraits, landscapes, still lifes, marine scenes, interiors, or scenes from daily life, both peasant and high society — with appeal to the market place.

The most famous name to be represented in the exhibition is Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the all-pervasive master of seventeenth century Flemish painting. *A Golden Age of Painting* features Rubens' early, intimate work, "The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," which reflects a high degree of religious sentiment and fervor. Also represented in the exhibition is Rubens' most precocious pupil, Sir Anthony van Dyck. However, van Dyck developed his own stylistic independence which influenced English portrait painters for the next two centuries. In his "Portrait of Antoine Triest, Bishop of Ghent," with its force, intensity and richness of color, viewers will see why.

Although admission to the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, its regular exhibitions, and permanent collections, is free, there is a small admission fee to non-members for *A Golden Age of Painting*, to help defray its presentation costs. Museum hours are Tuesday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., Thursday evening til 9, and Sunday from noon to 5 p.m. For further information call (805) 963-4364.



Art & Astra Crafts

"The Art of Giving," the annual Christmas show of the Astra Arts and Crafts Gallery, 818 State Street, Studio 36, State Street side of El Paseo, will officially open on Friday evening Dec. 6 from 7 to 10 p.m. Music will be by the Savoy Strings.

The 40 artists members will exhibit works which will be suitable for gift giving. There will be paintings in watercolor, acrylic and

mixed media by Nancy Beswick, Carol Carmichael, David Crouch, Margaret Cornelius, Beverly Decker, Chuck Huckeba, Norman Kirk, Naomi King, Edie Miller, Clare Puskarczyk, Richard Phelps, Dan Reeves, Pat Shields and Stephen Vessels; photography by Tom Styczynski, Woody Wooden; glass and bronze sculpture by Hal Wahlborg; sculpture by Ellis Jump and Linda West. Barbara Young, metalsmith, will show jewelry and holloware in silver and gold combined with wood and ivory. Dolls by Lindsey Cohn, unique knitted and woven scarves, hats and jackets will be on display by Sylvia Berkowitz, Elaine Fuller and Janet Rhodes, utility pieces as well as wall hangings in fiber by Lynne Homgren, jewelry in silver and semi precious stones and ceramics by Georgia Borgaro, Janna Noss and Donna Walper, wood carvings by Richard Swift, ceramics both utilitarian and as fine art pieces by Angela Beguhl, Carolee Krieger, June Perry, Jim Roberts, Gayle Minjares, Heather Young, Tony Mafrika. Valerie McLean will be showing art wearable; stained glass by Helle Sharling-Todd. Wall ceramics by Mark Visbal.

C.A.F.'s Synoptica

Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum, 7 W. De La Guerra, presents *Synoptica*, a 24' mural by Manuel Unzueta on exhibition at OuterSpace Gallery through Dec. 22.

Synoptica, made expressly for OuterSpace, is a synopsis of life and death as seen by this Hispanic artist. The mural is intended as a powerful catharsis expressing the terror, mysticism and redemption of Mexican people and culture.

Unzueta is best known for his over 20 murals shown in Mexico, California, and the Southwest. "Mural painting," he says, "is a special art form... It can create by its very nature, a kind of collective consciousness... As artists, we have two responsibilities — first to ourselves, to the inspiration that is unique within each of us and, second, to the community which natures and to some extent defines us."

SCHEDULE ADJUSTMENT INFORMATION WINTER 1986

After you register and receive a registration confirmation you may add, drop, or change a grading option for winter quarter at one of the Schedule Adjustment sessions listed below. Entrance to Schedule Adjustment may be gained in two ways:

- (1) with an appointment made in advance of the time you wish to attend; or
- (2) on a walk-in basis as space and/or time permits.

College and departmental advisors will be available. Students should bring a copy of the winter Schedule of Classes and should have alternate class and section choices prepared.

A Registration Confirmation and Photo ID are required to make appointments and to gain entrance to Schedule Adjustment.

Express Drop Service: Office of The Registrar, Cheadle Hall, 9am - 4pm, Monday - Friday: For drops only, no appointments.

DECEMBER SCHEDULE ADJUSTMENT SESSIONS				WHEN TO MAKE APPOINTMENTS FOR DECEMBER SESSIONS ONLY			
Students in deficit programs <u>ONLY</u> i.e., less than 12 units (as listed on Registration Confirmation):				Students with deficit programs may make appointments			
Sunday - Tuesday	December 8 - 10	9am - 4pm	UCen	Saturday	December 7	1 - 4pm	UCen
All students:				All other students make appointments according to class level (as listed on Registration Confirmation):			
Wednesday	December 11	9am - 8pm	UCen	Seniors and Graduate Students:			
Thursday - Friday	December 12 - 13	9am - 4pm	UCen	Tuesday	December 10	9 - 11:30am	UCen
Monday - Friday	December 16 - 20	9am - 4pm	Office of the Registrar	Juniors, Seniors, & Graduate Students:			
				Tuesday	December 10	1:30 - 4pm	UCen
				Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, & Graduate Students:			
				Wednesday	December 11	9 - 11:30am	UCen
				All students:			
				Wednesday	December 11	1:30 - 4pm	UCen
				OR AT ANY TIME LISTED FOR DECEMBER SCHEDULE ADJUSTMENT.			
JANUARY SCHEDULE ADJUSTMENT SESSIONS				WHEN TO MAKE APPOINTMENTS FOR JANUARY SESSIONS			
All students:				All students:			
Friday	January 3	9am - 4pm	UCen Pavilion	Thursday	January 2	10am - 4pm	UCen
Sunday	January 5	9am - 8pm	UCen Pavilion	OR AT ANY TIME LISTED FOR JANUARY SCHEDULE ADJUSTMENT.			
Monday - Friday	January 6 - 10	9am - 4pm	UCen Pavilion				
Monday - Friday	January 13 - March 14	9am - 4pm	Office of the Registrar				
NOTE: -- ADD DEADLINE FOR UNDERGRADUATES* IS JANUARY 24.							
-- DROP DEADLINE FOR UNDERGRADUATES* IS FEBRUARY 3.							
-- CHANGE GRADING OPTION DEADLINE FOR UNDERGRADUATES* IS FEBRUARY 21.							
* DEADLINE FOR COLLEGE OF CREATIVE STUDIES STUDENTS IS MARCH 14.							
-- ADD DEADLINE FOR GRADUATES IS FEBRUARY 28.							
-- DROP & CHANGE GRADING OPTION DEADLINE FOR GRADUATES IS MARCH 14.							

Confirmations for students registering after noon, November 5, will be mailed early in the week of December 8.

REMEMBER: In order to maintain your registered status for winter, 1986, you must pay all "now due" charges on your December 1 BA/RC statement by December 13 at noon. Students receiving a financial aid award which is being processed through the UCSB Office of Financial Aid will have their registered status protected, but must attend Payout on January 3rd or 6th to complete enrollment.

it's all on film

Death Dance

Fatalistic crimes of passion as movie plots are frequently overused. They often come across the big screen as melodramatic, depressing love-hate affairs, even if they are based on truth. *Dance With A Stranger* is no exception.

Directed by Mike Newell, the film reeks of haphazard bitterness, desire, and banality. It is barely capable of impressing emotion and sympathy, though the situation is very real.

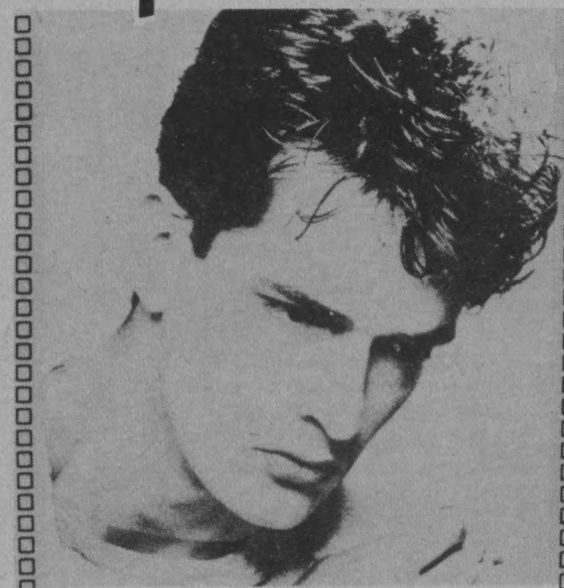
Ruth Ellis (Miranda Richardson) in no uncertain terms is a fallen woman. Her promiscuity leads her into an obsessive affair with the aristocratic, pretentious David Blakely (Rupert Everett). Their association goes from a night of questionless, furious lust to a lethal compulsion. The traditionally considerate, thoughtful courtship is not present. Instead, their relationship is parasitic and shallow. The couple is reduced to animal bouts of carnal desire which eventually become trite and boring.

David's friend Desmond (Ian Holm) is the sad but true gentleman in love with Ruth. He willingly forgives her occasional weaknesses and tendencies toward David and promises undying loyalty to her. No matter how many times Ruth steps on his heart, he supports her — whether she needs a place to stay or someone to sleep with.

Director Maxwell dreadfully miscalculated Holm's role in the film as the heroic protagonist. Not only is his stupidity annoying, it forces you to question whether David really is wrong for Ruth. Clearly Maxwell did not have that doubt in mind. Holm's motives must also be questioned. Why waste so much time on a prostitute? Does he respect Ruth? Is he in deep and amorous love? The answer is very uncertain in the film. His supposed true love is unconvincing and only adds to his irritating disposition.

The late night meetings between David and Ruth continue. Their lovemaking is brutal, but neither can end the affair. Once both have gotten what they want and silently swear never to see each other again, the love turns to hatred and resentment, then back to love as soon as their passion resumes. This pattern continues until David is murdered by Ruth.

The most obvious reason the film does not work is



because Maxwell somehow misappropriated the characters. The audience is understandably supposed to abhor this destructive affair. However, we fail to become immersed in their twisted and tormented obsessive-compulsive lust. Consequently, all potential criticism is stunted. The film fails to entrap; it unfortunately allows the audience to distance themselves from the otherwise torturous sexuality. In this abyssal separation, we make our judgement. We don't care.

The characters are unsympathetic, unalluring people and I almost resent having to witness their problems without feeling any sort of pity for them. Rather, we feel contempt. Ruth and David are unhappy, but driven by some occult force, some unfathomable desire. And at the height of their doomed love affair, there is little more. It is, quite frankly, depressing.

Rupert Everett plays a superb David. He displays an adequate blend of ostentatiousness and conceit to make the character plausible. Miranda Richardson exhibits an ample degree of vitality and fervorish desire to complement her partner in this deadly dance. Since the actors fulfill their demanding roles, the film clearly suffers from Maxwell's misdirection. *Dance With A Stranger* becomes an unfortunate, sorrowful passion-play of implausible dimension.

— Valerie De Lapp

Siberian Swan Song

The one thing that every defector fears the most is being forced to return to his/her native country and facing the consequences of being a traitor. This is precisely what happens to Nikolai "Kolya" Rodchenko in the latest anti-Soviet film, *White Nights* — sort-of.

En route by plane from London to Tokyo, famous ballet dancer and Russian defector Nikolai, played by real-life defector Mikhail Baryshnikov, finds himself in a Siberian military air base hospital after being victim of a plane crash over the vast Soviet arctic. Having recovered from his injuries, Nikolai is placed in the custody of Raymond Greenwood (Gregory Hines), an unsuccessful American tap dancer who defected to the Soviet Union a decade earlier in protest of America's involvement in the Vietnam War.

Nikolai, Raymond, and his wife Darya, model/actress Isabella Rossellini (daughter of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini), move to Leningrad where they are



constantly watched by the KGB to ensure that Nikolai does not escape to the American Embassy.

Nikolai seeks the help of his former lover Galina Ivanova (British actress Helen Mirren) to get word to the Americans that he is well and in Leningrad. In the film's most emotionally moving scene, Nikolai explains to Ivanova how he left the Soviet Union because he wanted passionately to perform dances which the USSR had found to be "ideologically unsuitable." Ivanova weeps as she realizes that she will never have the chance to stage her forbidden favorites. This scene clearly speaks out against the Soviet Union's cultural oppression, which led to Baryshnikov's own defection to America in 1974.

Directed by Taylor Hackford (of *An Officer and a Gentleman* fame), *White Nights*, although clearly anti-Soviet propaganda, tells an intriguing story and focuses on true-to-life characters. The original plot is a welcome change from the various current sci-fi films and endless sequels. However, the film's dialogue is trite, redundant and simplistic, conspicuously promoting the tired old theme of "us against them."

The dance scenes, choreographed by Twyla Tharp, are superb, particularly the scene in which Baryshnikov and Hines dance an unusual blend of modern, tap and ballet. Hines is a talented and charismatic actor, and what Baryshnikov lacks in acting skills he makes up for with his spectacular

dancing. This is not to say that Baryshnikov's acting was abominable, just flat and void of emotion. As Hine's wife, Rossellini is beautiful and strong, though vulnerable and afraid for her husband's life. She adds humanistic depth to the film, as does the internally suffering Mirren.

Jerzy Skolimowski plays an intriguing bad guy as the ruthless KGB agent — swift, manipulative, and charming, but cold as ice. His presence is a constant reminder of the political thrust of the film.

Although most of *White Nights'* action takes place in the Soviet Union, Hackford was unable to obtain Soviet permission to shoot there. The title *White Nights* represents the lingering twilight in Siberia, as the arctic area is never totally dark. Much of the film was shot in Finland, where the light and atmosphere resembled that of Siberia. The Siberian locations were isolated, dreary, and hazy, which provided a clear contrast with the

busy and lighter scenes in Leningrad.

Although the message is old, the plot is new, and that makes the film interesting to a point. Despite mediocre acting and magnificent dancing, *White Nights* represents just another propaganda film with silly dialogue and not enough technical polish to overcome its failures.

□□□□□□□□□□ — Amy Siegel

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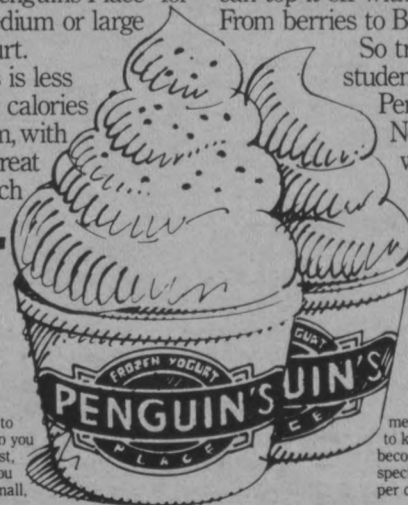
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Where's the Fright?



Why are good horror flicks, the ones that make you crawl in your socks and wish the world would blow away until the monster is killed, just why are they so hard to come by anymore? What has happened to Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, and King Kong? Has the *Night of the Living Dead* turned to day, sending all respectable vampires to their coffins? Are we to be subjected to the innocuous whimpers of self-defeatist adolescent androids, in lieu of the blood-curdling screams of the by-gone monsters of terror? Let us pray for the return of Jason.

If you have a date, one for whom you've had the hots all quarter, pick up a six-pack and go and take her/him straight to the drive-in. Not just any drive-in, mind you; you're going to the Airport, and you're going to be

watching just about as many airplanes as you are movies. See, *Transylvania 6-5000* and *Teen Wolf* are a couple of movies that will drive your date right into your arms — out of boredom, if nothing else.

Just in case you happen to go along because you have a car (even though you don't have a date), the movies do have plots, however thinly veiled they may be. *Transylvania 6-5000* tells the story of two aspiring journalists (Jeff Goldblum and Ed Begley Jr.) who are ordered by their editor to find a Frankenstein story — or else. *Teen Wolf* is about a teen-ager (Michael J. Fox) who finds instant popularity when the full moon toys with his already shaky hormonal imbalance. A couple of story-lines just begging for Oscars, huh?

Though we all know that being a journalist is the highest possible state of being that a human can attain, it is a pity that Jeff Goldblum has relegated his fantasy to the silver screen. He may be a good actor, but in *Transylvania 6-5000* he plays the very same cynical reporter he played in *The Big Chill*. Here, however, his lines are less clever. He's a know-it-all who stays in a Transylvania hotel to chase women while his partner investigates the mysterious creatures who lurk about in the woods outside. The entire town laughs at their idea of monsters; that is, until the creatures come out of hiding. Funny thing; the mayor seems to know what's going on, and he's a bit worried.

What *Transylvania 6-5000* lacks in originality cannot be made up, but it does regain a little ground in the slapstick performances of the maid and butler. Their verbal exchanges are reminiscent of Abbot and Costello, but alas, they cannot save the film. Small parts do not heroes make.

As for *Teen Wolf*, Michael J. Fox should have stayed back in the future. One feels the show has promise in the opening scene. The dramatic pull effected by the slow motion and isolated panting of Michael as he desperately struggles across the basketball floor makes one think something really good has begun; the anticipatory tingles of fright begin. However, once the game's final buzzer sounds and we see him walking the girl next door home and he begins talking about how hard it is to grow up, we long for the remote-control channel-changer. When we see how silly the father looks when the moon changes, we know we have relinquished

(See No Fright, p.13B)

It's Bad Medicine

Don't you hate to see a movie that has great potential, good actors and is still so weak it just can't pull it off?! Well, *Bad Medicine* is just that. Based on the novel Calling Dr. Horowitz, screenwriter Harvey Miller, (best known for co-writing *Private Benjamin* and his teleplays for "The Odd Couple" and "Taxi") has decided to try his hand at directing his first feature film. It is a valiant effort, but one that leaves the main characters too poorly developed to have any impact, let alone comic significance.

Starring Steve Guttenberg (*Cocoon* and *Diner*) as Jeffrey Marx, *Bad Medicine* chronicles the misfortunes of this young student in his attempt to continue the family medical tradition. He, however, is enrolled in a barely half-assed med-school located somewhere in South

America. Headed by Dr. Ramon Madera (played by Alan Arkin), Madera University is plagued by strange and ludicrous problems, no



thanks to the founder. For example, there is the single five-year old

formaldehyded cadaver that is used by the entire student body for their anatomy lessons — a gruesome sight. What other school cap boast the springing of spontaneous, surprise finals the first week of school, and student housing that's overrun by rodents? Sounds at least mildly amusing? Well, unfortunately, whatever positive potential possible in *Bad Medicine*, it remains ever-embalmed, leaving the story with a sloppy film of decaying humor permeating every scene.

Stupid dialogue as well as mediocre performances dominate this silly film. Though there are a few noteworthy performances, they are too few and too minor to begin to save this film. Just for the record these entertaining contributions are thoughtfully (and lifesavingly) brought to you by Taylor Negron and Candi Milo. Negron is Pepe the taxi driver, and Milo is Maria, Dr. Madera's secretary. Maria has nymphomaniac tendencies and a

(See *Bad Medicine*, p.13B)

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The Genetic Giant Meets The Italian Stallion

"Rocky! Rocky! Rocky!," chants the crowd as the Italian Stallion Rocky Balboa battles the Genetic Giant comrade Ivan Drago. But wait — we're not in America and the shouting voices have a peculiarly familiar accent. Can it be? It's Christmas day (that most sacred American holiday) and we're in Russia, land of the athiests. The hysterical crowd of Soviet patriots who been won over by American determination and unanimously unite to support none other than our favorite muscle-bound hero Rocky, in *Rocky IV* — aka *Rocky Versus The Russians*.

When I saw Stallone's last sequel *Rocky III*, I turned to my comrade movie-goer and said, "Well, what next — Rocky versus Russia?" Little did I know my absurd speculation would become reality. And let's face it, there is some potential transcendence here, at least conceptually. The reluctant boxer could use his international potency to unite our polar cultures with a basic humanism, even at the purely brawnish level. And perhaps this is what Stallone has attempted. Unfortunately the result is a clumsy, nationalistic, ethnocentric tale that is as dangerously simple minded as it is poorly executed. Sly has attempted to push the boundaries of the sequel to the enth degree and dissapointingly near-misses.

At the narrative level the *Rocky* sequels have gotten steadily thinner with the progression of time. *Rocky*, the original, was successful because, though it lacked technical sophistication, it was refreshingly innocent, spiritually brave, and had a raw and gutsy honesty that touched the viewer at a fundamentally empathetic level. It was not only the story of a character coming of age but a noble tale of triumphant love.

Rocky II and *III* succeeded because they stayed true to audience anticipation and to such established motifs in love/success stories, as well as providing exhilarating ring-side seats. Once a story is engraved in our hearts, all its sequel requires to succeed is the fulfillment of audience expectation — emotional, psychological, spiritual and ideal. If a filmmaker can

stay true to the character essence and motif without falling into a monotonous rut s/he's got it made; at least at the box office. That's the beauty and enjoyment on sequential films; we get what we want — more of the same with a few surprises here and there to get our adrenalin pumping. In *II* and *III* we saw the champ battling to stay on top, struggling against his own soft spots and making it.

Rocky IV tries to translate this personal struggle into a global contention. It is, perhaps, timely in light of the recent Summit, but instead of moving beyond the ordinary, Stallone does what was all too familiar in films of the fifties: he creates a story based on US against



THEM. Well at least this time it's human against human rather than giant ants. The culprit is no longer radiation but steroids. "My name is Drago. I cannot be defeated." Dolph Lundgren (Grace Jones' longtime lover) portrays this monster of destruction and Red death, uttering just enough words to prevent an impression of him as mute, but not enough to keep us from speculating that he may indeed be all brawn and dim-wit. He's a steroid-

pumped, super-human, high-tech titan with enough power to punch the lights out of an aging Apollo Creed. And so the saga begins.

Rocky's off to train in the harsh Siberian wilderness while Drago pumps as much steroid as he does iron. The rest is evident.

Cinematically *Rocky IV* is disappointing at best. Sly Stallone is a very nice man with honorable intentions and much more talent than his latest direction exhibits (though he's never been in such superb physical form). There are far too many flashbacks lumped in haphazard heaps here and there and the editing is choppy and uncomfortable. The dialogue is shallow, predictable and forced: his closing speech takes the cake. At 87 minutes, there's no time for any sort of deep character development let alone sophistication. Still, he manages to have the audiences cheering. What could have been a poignant epilogue and breakthrough anti-nationalist rhapsody is instead a simple-minded sermon.

— Susanne Van Cleave

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A Different Kind of Horseplay

Run for the hills. Those notorious Horseheads have just stamped their way into town. Led by the Black Widow herself, Texacala Jones, these hoodlums have just released their second album on Enigma Records, entitled *Life's So Cool*. Produced by none other than John Doe of X, *Life's So Cool* captures their souls and milks them for all their worth. There may not be any Top 40 qualities, other than the potential for beautiful love songs and a gorgeous singer, but that's O.K.

Backed by a new drummer, Mr. Will ... Burr Williams, the Horseheads are back in action. Though slightly lacking in the beautiful vocal department, Texacala's manly wails and Mike Martt's drunken slur suit this band just fine. Anything else wouldn't do this band justice. I think the key factor to this band is their western mentality, a rarity these days. It's the way of telling a story as if it were a western tale, sort of like the ol' "shoot 'em up, Bang Bang" or the ol' "I've seen all there is to see" ideology. Of the 13 tracks on this album, "Tumbleweed," "Bartender Sam," and "Jailed Again" best fulfill this mentality. But there is beauty on this record, especially on "Big House Part Three" in which Tex tells of a dream she's dreamt about several times previous. "Big House Part Three" also marks the best vocals by Tex on vinyl. Maybe her vocal coach has done her well or maybe she's let up on the brew, but that's highly doubtful from the picture on the cover. Either way, she seems to be reaching a few more notes than their previous effort.

I don't think this album lives up quite to the intensity and emotion of their first album, entitled *Tex and the Horseheads*, but it is a good follow-up, nonetheless. Also, live "Tex and the Horseheads" and vinyl "Tex and the

in the vinyl groove

Simply Overdone



Simple Minds — *Once Upon A Time*

With an album tinged with overinstrumentation and experimentation behind them, the Simple Minds have had two full years to put together a masterful set of songs. What they've come up with, *Once Upon A Time*, may be a winner, but it still falls short of my expectations. With their single "Don't You (Forget About Me)," produced for last year's film *The Breakfast Club*, we got a taste of a new Simple Minds. They were reaching for new heights, greater orchestration, and it worked. But the new album has simply been overdone.

Is it their new producer, Jimmy Iovine? A new bassist, who's less emphasized than previous Derek Forbes? The fact that they've moved to a top-notch private recording studio — or mix in New York City? Or is this really a case of superinflated egos? Darest I speak the word *commercialism*? Marjorie Extract was a bit bolder than I when she cast similar observations on their video two weeks ago. The Simple Minds have reached back to the sound that made them popular (i.e. *New Gold Dream*), but they had to churn it for all it was worth, and it was just too much. They say too many cooks spoil the broth. So does boiling it over.

The current single release "Alive and Kicking" may be good, but it's already turning sour on the radio. Its focus on the chorus reminds me all too much of the overproduced Tears for Fears' "Shout."

Maybe I'm picking at it too much — I still like the album. As a whole it merits a good review. There are some songs that flow smoothly, where the synthesizers add mood rather than merely control the music. "I Wish You Were Here" rates high among them. Here we have haunting lyrics accentuated by shifting rhythms, accompanied by prominent piano chords and echoing guitars.

The lyrics certainly may add the magical touch to save the album. The group has adeptly focused on the seemingly downtrodden hopes of life and love and the need to be optimistic and continue loving despite them.

"What's it gonna take to make a dream survive
Who's got the touch to calm the storm inside
Don't say goodbye
In the final seconds who's gonna save you,"
is what they ask. In "Sanctify Yourself," they offer their answer:
"You've got a gun in your hand
You're making self-plans
Stay with me all through the night
Control yourself — all you need is love."

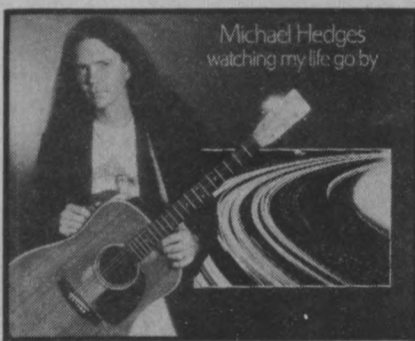
Don't get too frightened by my earlier rantings about them going off the deep end. If you like the Simple Minds, don't hesitate to add this to your collection. My only paranoia is that they'll turn into another Paul Young or (egad!) Duran-Duran. But as the album says, let's stay optimistic, O.K.?

— Karl Irving



— Cesar Padilla

Windham Hills Sampler



Michael Hedges watching my life go by

There is a depth and strength to the music that is full of images.

High Plains is the solo piano debut of Philip Aaberg. This compelling work has much in common with *Chiaroscuro*, but has the different sensibility that the piano gives to the images. It is a quieter, more introspective sound than the Anger/Marshall record. The album cover of *High Plains* has a photograph of a rainbow arching over a deserted field, with a weathered railing in the foreground. That bittersweet, calm image is reflected in the music.

There are several other notable new releases, all variations on the same impressionistic theme. Here's a quick run-down: *Winter Solstice*: a selection of music inspired by the winter holidays, played by various Windham Hill artists. *Jungle Suite* by Bola Sete a solo guitar album that is a blend of classical guitar and Brazilian folk rhythms; *Hearts and Numbers*, an excellent fusion jazz recording by Don Grolnick (the producer of Linda Ronstadt's *What's New*); and *Piano Sampler*, selections of various original piano works of new Windham Hill artists.

The name Windham Hill assures a certain genre of music, and because of the care with which they select and produce their artists, the name is also synonymous with high quality.

— Anne Laskey



MIKE MARSHALL DAROL ANGER

Bittersweet and haunting images created by instrumentation distinguish the sounds of Windham Hill recordings. Releases through this label have a unique style to them, and Windham Hill is careful to nurture this particular identity by releasing only few and select albums. The genre they specialize in is loosely known as impressionism, and is a combination of classical, folk, and jazz styles. The music is clear, textured, and often sad, enforcing images of solitude and calmness such as twilight nights, silver-grey rain, and open fields at sunrise. The music is very personal and will inspire different emotions in each listener. The impressionistic quality of the sound makes it very adaptable, and the emotional quality of the pieces will change with every different situation and mood of the listener.

The latest selection of Windham Hill releases continues the company's musical tradition with several very strong examples of impressionistic instrumentation.

An outstanding example of folk-classical impressionism, or "New Acoustic Music" as they call it, is the album *Chiaroscuro*. Created by Darol Anger and Mike Marshall, the music is played on string instruments ranging from the violin to the steel string guitar to the mandolin. Intricate and textured, the music still retains a clarity and focus that gives an extraordinary effect of highlight and shadow.

Come Home to the Cannibals

Music, glorious mounds of music of all styles, program resembled the vocalist from The lie ripe for the picking in jolly London. Anyone who's been there can probably remember spending extensive amounts of time shuffling through seemingly endless record racks. I sure can and one of my past summer's findings is rapidly becoming pretty damn popular, I must say.

The Fine Young Cannibals (FYC for short) quickly scored their hit, "Johnny Come Home," in England, and now they're bringing their show on the road. The British trio containing Andy Cox and David "Shuffle" Steele — formerly of the English Beat — along with vocalist Roland Gift, recently signed an exclusive contract with those L.A. hipsters, I.R.S. Records.

I.R.S. hasn't wasted any time and is already plugging these fellahs pretty heavily, having recently released a 12" version of "Johnny Come Home." The self-titled debut album is due out on December 9 with an American tour to follow in 1986. It's not a slow welcome back to the world of popular music, but Cox and Steele have seen it before, given the yearly tour schedule that the Beat kept up.

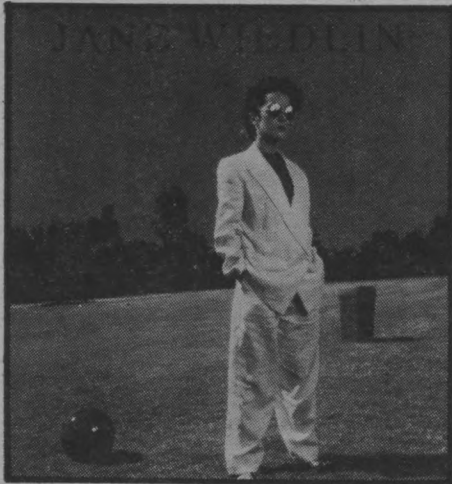
Following the breakup of the Beat back in '83, Cox and Steele set about forming their own band, looking for a vocalist who would support their American R&B-influenced backup sound. MTV, ever ready to get their slimy hands on something "new," picked up on their search and received over 300 tapes from American vocalists. Cox and Steele, still dissatisfied, graciously gave their thanks but no thanks and continued their quest.

Upon their U.K. return, Cox and Steele's sagging enthusiasm was sparked up by a familiar face on the telly. The singer on the

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS ★ JOHNNY COME HOME



in the vinyl groove



Once a GoGo — Jane Goes Solo

Jane Wiedlin
Jane Wiedlin

A record by a once GoGo. Hmmm. It has the potential to be really, really good or really, really bad. But Jane Wiedlin's self-titled record released last month is neither brilliant nor atrocious. It is a clever, respectable solo endeavor.

Wiedlin left the GoGo's ground-breaking all female quartet early this year due to commercial pressure from IRS and their refusal to allow her to perform original material within the group. Fair enough. For her own record, she has enlisted the aid of a number of notable L.A.-based performers. Russ Kunkel (who doesn't she know?) plays drums and percussion on a number of tracks as well as producing some. Billy Zoom of X fame contributes guitar work on "Where We Can Go." David Lindley also makes a cameo contribution.

The single from the album (and one of the best tunes), "Blue Kiss," was co-written by Randell Kirsch, an ex-member of the long-gone Tearaways who were once a substantial element in the Santa Barbara music scene. Kirsch also gets solo songwriting credit on "Somebody's Gonna Get Into This House."

But regardless of all the outside help, Wiedlin manages to hold her own as a vocalist and a lyricist. Vocally her sound is something like Kate Bush meets Cyndi Lauper but it manages to evolve in an endearing way. Two outstanding cuts in the way of lyrics and ideas include "One Hundred Years of Solitude," about a broken romance and "My Traveling Heart," a sweet ballad addressing the difficulties an independent spirit encounters:

"It's not enough to be true at the start when all you're left with is a traveling heart."

Wiedlin's vocal style makes many of the tunes "cute," but enough of them transcend for the record as a whole to make a positive impact.

Also enclosed within the sleeve are two postcards, one to President Reagan and the other to Secretary General Gorbachev — each containing a plea to end the arms race. The record buyer is responsible for sending them to the powers that be. These are an exceptionally thoughtful addition to a somewhat thoughtful record.

— Angela M. Whiting

The Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Swindle

Jesus and Mary Chain
Never Understand Suck

Britain's two most vibrant bands have released new EPs. Uncle Joe Strummer has reentered our young lives preaching his social message, while young Scottish lads bearing a name that instantly incites, The Jesus and Mary Chain, have surprised even the most complacent critics with "Just Like Honey."

Important stuff this is: Think back to your first exposure to "punk rock." Quite likely it was the Clash barking out their discontent. Thrilling wasn't it? They shook your musical sensibilities, inexorably altering that force that holds sway over much of our young lives. But as all things come to pass, so did our interest in the Clash. Internal feuding, wayward directions and endless time delays all overshadowed the importance of the music. Then along come some new upstarts, determined to renew the vigor in music. Yet we're all too jaded by 'new wave' to even label them posers. We don't even get indignant at their audacity as heirs to the rock 'n' roll throne. We nod our heads and go on to the next disco single. Then one gives them a listen. Shocking you say. Trash, another may term it. Wait, that's exactly the response to the early Clash. Dig this new tune "Just Like Honey." Mmm, syrupy sweet, just like ... Throw in that trademark distortion however, as an entirely new dimension is added. This incisive tune serves as a backdrop to the harmony and lyrics of teenage love/lust.

Any parallelism between these two releases? Only that as the visionaries of an otherwise tedious music scene, these groups have offered a substantial, mature effort.

Last year, Britain's NME (New Musical Express) heralded The Jesus and Mary Chain



as the inheritors to the Sex Pistols. Inflammatory words those were. Twenty-minute raucous sets barely revealed a glimpse to substantiate that vaunted claim. Their second single, "Never Understand," was brilliant. Accessibility was flaunted, just as the Clash overtly flaunted their socio-political tendencies. Extremism at its best; extremism with a reason. Were they a subtle joke? A calculated rip-off? A great rock 'n' roll swindle? The Jesus and Mary Chain were crusading to change and re-define the musical scene in Britain. With the hippest of hip melodies underlying all their singles, and a lucid grasp of pop tradition, they quite possibly will succeed, just as the Clash succeeded in paving a pathway for the plethora of imitation bands.

However, the Jesus and Mary Chain songs don't mimic the Clash. Their songs deal with adolescent concerns — girls, alienation, and sense of purpose. And all that is accompanied by the grooviest sensual, rock music. I do bug crawls on my floor when these guys play. "Just Like Honey" inflicts a vicious bite. Bite me, bite me! Then it oozes out ... just like ...

The old guard marches forward with the vanguard, and not a step behind either. Britain's musical scene receives a shot in the arm as an impetus to move in a new, innovative direction.

— Craig Knizek

They've Made Their Move



The Replacements

Tim

Well, The Replacements have made the move. They are no longer Twin-Tone's source of income, but rather Sire Records' new hobby and a mediocre one at that. Their new album *Tim* is by far their weakest effort to date or, for that matter, their only weak effort. Drowned by filler material, *Tim* lacks the raw energy which dominated the majority of their early tunes. They seem to feel that in order to

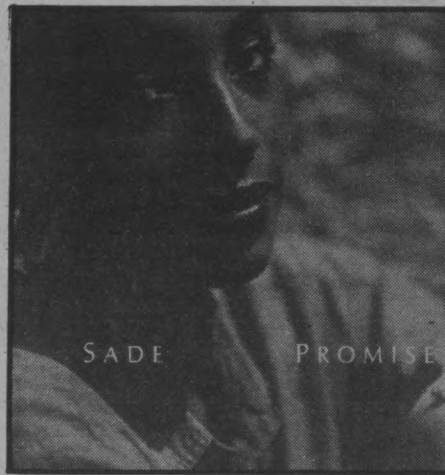
progress, some sacrifices must be made — too bad they picked the wrong things to sacrifice, like their sound.

I get the impression that they were so pleased with the way "Unsatisfied" and "I Will Dare" came out on the last LP *Let It Be* that the Replacements decided to try their hand at making a complete album of these tunes. There are a few good songs on the album, but they are so few that even the seven dollars I spent on the album appears to be a waste of money. I'm sure I could have picked up a copy of "Born in the U.S.A." and thrown it against the wall and I could have received more pleasure knowing I contributed to the well-being of the human race. So noble, you might say. I know, but someone has to do it.

"Hold my Life," "Bastards of Young" and "Little Mascara" particularly stand out on this record as some semi-rockin' tunes that lack something. The lyrics seem to be lacking as well. Previously one could listen to other Replacements albums and find the naivety and snide sense of humor, but the lyrics this time around could use that spunk that was lost somewhere along the line. Probably somewhere between the recording contract and their last tour. That's too bad.

— Cesar Padilla

Same Smooth Cocktail Hour



Sade

Promise

My first reaction to Sade's latest album, *Promise*, was that there was very little to be inspired about. This album was too similar to the first, except that *Diamond Life* was a little jazzier, more upbeat. Sade (by the way, that's pronounced Shah-day, not Shar-day) hasn't grown any and her style hasn't matured. But then I thought — what promise? Nothing says this sultry Nigerian singer with a great voice has to change. I found nothing "wrong" with her first album so why should there be anything wrong with the similarity of the second?

There shouldn't, except *Promise* is not outstanding. An overall impression brings to mind the words "nondescript," "syrup" and "cocktail hour." But it's a nice, smooth, relaxing cocktail hour. You can almost taste it.

Promise features more subtle in-

strumentation than *Diamond Life*. Several songs, including "Jezebel" (reminiscent of *Diamond Life*'s "Sally") and parts of "Is It a Crime," have an acoustic flavor rather than the usual slick synth sections. "The Sweetest Taboo" starts with a quiet background beat that may be synthetic, but sounds like maracas (those Brazilian dried gourds with pebbles inside) to me. It's complex rhythms are attention-getting. "Never As Good As The First Time" is equally unique with a faster movement in the lyrics because of the rhyme:

*"Good times they come and go
never going to know, what fate is going to
blow."*

It's called the nightclub sound, mood music, cocktail lounge material — Sade is fortunate not to have a lot of competition. Juxtaposed against the other genres of music it is played next to on the air, it's a nice change. In its own right however, some of this stuff fades into nothing more than background music.

"War Of The Hearts" is neither dynamic enough to hold your interest nor as melodic as some of her more successful slow pieces. "Fear" is guilty of the same thing, but does ask, in such a beautiful way, "Blue is the color of the red sky — will he come home tonight?" — typical Sade.

I don't believe in the statement "good music shouldn't be wasted as background music." Even though this album doesn't quite stand up on its own, as mood music it is successful. Sade's next album will have to be different to succeed — I don't think she can get away with a third of this kind. I suppose we'll see if her potential promise is fulfilled.

Album supplied by Leopold's Records

— Maureen Fan

Burning the Midnight Oil

Midnight Oil

Red Sails In The Sunset

What's cool about these Aussies is that they've got guts.

They're not afraid to experiment, go out on a limb, get political, ironic, sarcastic, and screw around with different sounds.

The raw-edged sound from their previous album 10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 remains on few of the songs on *Red Sails*. Instead this piece of vinyl is a quieter (but not slow), more cerebral journey into a rather chaotic, screwed-up world. *Midnight Oil*'s scaled-down sound is still real strong, but there is nothing here that's going to

motivate you to tear up your books and throw your T.V. off the top floor of the apartment building like "Only The Strong" from 10,9,8... might have.

Whereas the spectrum of quality on 10,9,8... went basically from decent to great, *Red Sails* has a few truly lousy songs, and is generally more uneven. I like the politico-philosophical feel to this album, but tunes like "When The Generals Talk" are just too simplistic and popped-out for my taste. While I'm on the lower end of the spectrum I might as well mention "Harrisburg" with its inane lyrics.

"Harrisburg oh Harrisburg

The plant is melting down ...

*And when this stuff gets in
you cannot get it out".*

Even "The Shipyards Of New Zealand" which has some great parts, is finally overcome by its annoying chorus and overt attempts to be trippy and transcendental and falls flat.

The middle zone includes the most popular tune on the album "Best Of Both Worlds," which features heavy-metal guitar work, rippin' drums and decent lyrics. Moving up the scale, "Minutes To Midnight," "Jimmy's Sharmer's Boxers," and "Kociusko" all work well, and have some cutting lyrics to think about.

My favorite tunes on the album are the
(See *Midnight*, p.14B)



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PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
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Opens Wednesday, December 4th
 At A Theatre Near You.

in concert

ALARM

An Armchair Gig



What a sweet homecoming. After a weekend with the folks and all that turkey stuff, returning to Santa Barbara and seeing The Alarm Sunday night was a perfect welcome home. Call me traditional. Call me old-fashioned. But in all sincerity, I can't think too many things more musically and emotionally harmonious than listening to and watching three men strummin' acoustics, tappin' boots to the beat, and singing songs about love and war and reality and all that stuff in between.

Talk about living up to expectations. The Alarm was more than up to par. I was a little concerned when they got off to a not-too-impressive start with "Deeside." But no sooner did my doubts in the quartet begin to materialize, when they turned around with a most emotion-packed version of "The Declaration," so reminiscent of their banner-waving past. No commercial sell-outs for these British cowboys. The rebellious boys aren't about to turn in their tunes for the big-time bucks.

Something surprising about the show was the number of cuts The Alarm played from their first album. Instead of taking advantage of the crowd and making the big promo-push for "Strength," The Alarm did the unusual. Of course. Of course they wouldn't let their fans down and shelve those original sounds that won so many hearts. They dusted off *The Declaration* tunes and brought them out in full glory at the Arlington. Some old favorites: the sing-along version of "Blaze of Glory" (remember Bono and "Forty"?) , the battle-cry chant of "Sixty-Eight Guns," and "The Deceiver" done so solemnly it seemed to drain the band to play it.

Mike Peters filled us in on the sentiments behind their newer material with "The Spirit of '76," "Strength" and "Absolute Reality," bringing out the band's roof-raising best. But of course, their finale was even better. I can hardly think of a more appropriate encore than Dave Sharp's tender acoustic guitar coupled with Mike Peter's euphonious harmonica. Such sweet sounds won't easily be forgotten. As for the twosome's half-completed reincarnation of "Stairway to Heaven," well, I'll leave it to you to decide if they were serious. Ending the show with a trio of odes, "The Stand" merged into "The Chant" and "We are the Light," the Alarm proclaimed enough faith, hope and love to last until their promised return next year.

Also surprising about Sunday night's show was the irony of The Alarm's cheerful attitude. Despite their continued rebellion and frustration with the squalor of their world, and despite the loneliness and insecurity ringing from *Strength*, the Alarm is hardly down and out. Much to the contrary. The playful foursome had a

blast. Mike cracked more than his share of grins during the night and Eddie MacDonald was clearly basking with his opportunity to strum the bass and sing his tunes with his mates. As for the Twist, the man behind the shades couldn't get enough of the good thing. It was as if the band was keeping a secret — they understood that it hurts fans to realize the harsh realities existing outside of Suburbia, USA, but the Alarm smiled because they knew that soon they could tell about the glimmer of hope — the potential people have to "find some peace in our time".

As for the crowd, well, not much more could be expected from Santa Barbara. Typical. *Where were you hiding...?* I think there were more ushers, bouncers, and roadies than fans. Seriously. I heard there were some 500 people. I think it was an exaggeration. And this bunch was just not into anything too real, too rebellious, too foot stompin'. Nope. It was an armchair gig for these cool cats all the way. These dudes wouldn't even flirt with the idea of audience participation. Oh well, maybe with some practice ... maybe next year.

Next year? It will be great to see what the band brings across the Atlantic. The Alarm is young and has yet to reach its full potential. Adding the keyboardist was a major positive step for the foursome. The addition is far from bringing any techno-syntho-sounds to the band's tunes. Instead, Mark Taylor's (no, not another of the Duranite clan and not The Pretenders' Rupert Black) talents add a low-key harmony that comes from the furthest corner of the stage, bringing just a touch of softness to the raw-edged guitars. Moves along these lines are refreshing. And enhancing all that strummin' and tappin', about believing, hoping and living in reality, is about all the Alarm can do to improve on a real good thing.

— Lisa Mascaro

Arthur Joyce at Borsodi's

This Friday night Borsodi's Coffee House will see the return of Contemporary Keyboardist Darryl Arthur Joyce. In his first performance there this year, Joyce will, once again, play all-original music.

In the last several years Darryl has been very active in this area, performing solo and with a variety of local groups. His diverse musical interests have lead him into such acts as Top Rankin', Santa Barbara's unique reggae group. In addition, Joyce lead his trio Inner Session to the Berkeley Jazz festival. This all-acoustic trio, which included sax-flute player Brad Hughes and Demon percussionist Irvin Jones, broke the barriers of the local jazz scene by playing all-original contemporary music. In a film studies' project Joyce was asked to write and perform the soundtrack for Ed Talavera's award-winning film *Night's End*. With the exception of one studio-recorded ballad, the entire soundtrack was recorded live on his bank

of what he calls "archaic" synthesizers. And in classical music Joyce can be seen performing with the Schubertian's men chamber choir, a UCSB group who just completed their sixth European tour and is headed for their seventh. Other groups show a strong history of rock and progressive rock in San Francisco, New York and Connecticut.

On Friday at 8:30 p.m. Darryl will be doing what he likes to do best when he plays and sings a selection of his own music. Because of his finals and yours the set will not be too long; however, his music will require you to think!

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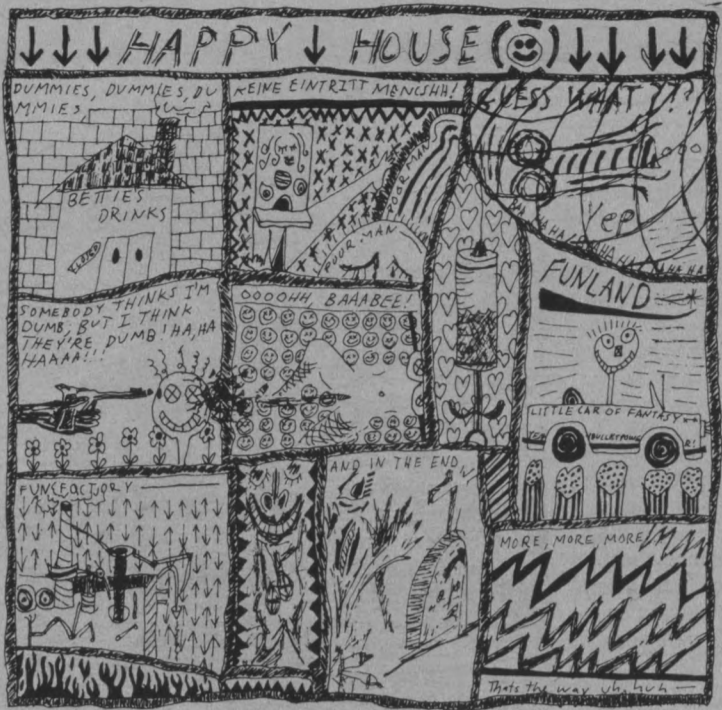
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Spike

No Fright...

(Continued from p.8B)
any hopes of being frightened. What's more, these werewolves can change back and forth at will. Now where is the fun in that? It does

leave us with a question: will he go to the prom as the wolf, so he can be popular, or will he please his sweetheart and be human? Oh, the pains.

So. If you want to go to *Transylvania 6-5000* and *Teen Wolf*, just be sure to take a friend. And some beer. Lots of it.

— Steven Peck

Bad Medicine...

(Continued from p.8B)
command of the English language that consists of a few phrases worthy only to be spoken by characters in trashy Jacqueline Susann novels. It is these minor characters that bring what little life there is into this otherwise stupid and mediocre (at best) film. Before I forget, I ought to stick in a good word for Steve Guttenberg. He does an admirable job — despite his petty dialogue.

So as the plot "thickens" we are left with Julie Haggerty (*Airplane*),

Julie Kavner (remember Rhoda's sister) and Curtis Armstrong (best known for his "what the fuck" performance in *Risky Business*). This group teams up to help a primitive village by illegally setting up a clinic to cure their many medical ills. The ever-evil Dr. Madera soon finds out about this student operation and plans to have them all expelled unless Julie Haggerty (the apple of his eye) marries him. Pretty stupid, huh! So in the end, this is not just what the doctor ordered — at least not mine. I, too, would tend to describe as appropriately titled "Bad Medicine."

— Cesar Padilla

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Waite - Cheap Trick!

Well folks, it may have taken me eight years to do it but I can now confidently consider myself a complete human being. What miraculous rite-de-passage could have so quickly transformed me? Yes, you guessed it — I finally saw Cheap Trick. What a fool I've been for waiting so long to see one of the best bands in the whole world, especially being the die hard Cheap

Trick fan that I am. They're even better than Plasticland, hard to imagine wouldn't you say?

It's really kind of sad that a band like Cheap Trick has to open up for the likes of John Waite. I guess that's the price they pay for sticking around and waiting for the silver jubilee. But, hey — it's O.K. They may be a bit washed up, but they can still put out a mean record. Their latest album *Standing on the Edge* is anything but bad. "Tonight It's You" is living proof that Cheap Trick can still dish out those great rock ballads.

At last week's concert in the ever beautiful Arlington Theatre, every song was incredible. It was almost as if I were reliving my eighth grade talent show at which three of my friends and I lipsynced the "Dream Police" to the entire student body. Ah, the good ol' days, when you could switch on your A.M. radio and wait impatiently for the next Cheap Trick song to play. Remember "Surrender," it was a definite classic.

So this was it, this was what rock 'n' roll is idealistically all about. As for John Waite, he was a little on the side of monotony, though not as boring as you might expect. His

songs just seemed to all sound alike with the exception of two Baby's cover songs, "Head First" and "Midnight Rendezvous." Though both acts were incredibly loud, John Waite's volume level reached obnoxious. Since I'd always yearned to see the Baby's I hoped John Waite would be the next best thing.... I was wrong and it was quite disappointing. I should have stuck to listening to their old albums after all. Many of those who came to see him as the main billing left as Cheap Trick fans. They were, quite frankly, awesome. Their hits never stopped coming. They did it all; "Surrender," "Ain't that a Shame," "California Man," "Dream Police," and everyone's favorite "I Want You to Want Me." It was non-stop rock 'n' roll and, let me tell you, Robin Zander still has one of the best voices in rock 'n' roll. It's a fact. So if you're a John Waite fan, consider yourself lucky to have missed this latest fiasco. If, however, you prefer



JEANNIE SPRECHER/Arts

Cheap Trick and didn't get to attend this momentous occasion there is always Cheap Trick, Live at Budakan.

— Cesar Padilla



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JEANNIE SPRECHER/Arts



Photo: Tony Stone Worldwide, 1985

Davis Does Vegas?

It's a shame that a band like the Motels can't communicate on vinyl what they do in concert. Sunday night's (Nov.24) concert is no exception. This was the fourth Motels concert I'd been to and each has resulted in the same conclusion: Martha Davis should do Vegas. And who knows, they way their albums have been sounding she may just be there soon. They were, however, in fine shape at the Arlington where they promoted their new album as well as playing some ol' Motel standards.

The set commenced, to my surprise, with an instrumental orgy of synthesizers, followed by "Dressing Up" and "Celia," two songs off their first album. Since I'd feared an evening fraught with pure Shock, this was quite a relief. And though they played a good share of new material, it sounded much better live. Davis even threw in a bit of rare guitar playing during their opening numbers.

Though overshadowed by Martha Davis' sensual stage presence, the band deserves a more than honorable mention for providing a tight and well choreographed backdrop. There was a considerably wise addition of guitar playing to their recently synthesized sound, something painfully absent from their last two albums. And one final note of importance before I return to

the more pleasurable subject of Martha Davis: saxophonist extraordinaire Marty Jourard has never been in finer form. "Only the Lonely" and "Change My Mind" will never quite be the same after hearing his intense solos add a serious blues depth and humor, particularly when Martha, sprawled on her knees before Jourard, held the microphone into the sax as if it were some salacious sexual ritual. Quite entertaining, I must say.

I was shocked by the lack of material they chose from their second album *Careful*, playing only their break through top-40 hit "Danger." The set might have picked up a bit had they played "Cry Baby" or anything more fast-paced. But leave it to the Motels to finish with their ever-popular "Mission of Mercy." Thank God they played this one or they would have had a disappointed Gauchon on their hands — something no one wants!

Opening for the Motels was Boston's Del Fuegos. Pretty much the talk of the town these days, the Del Fuegos offered nothing new to their late-rockabilly-early-psychedelic brand of rock 'n' roll. Maybe it's just me, but I anxiously awaited the end of their set which seemed to torturously drag on forever. Perhaps that fire of theirs needs a refueling.

— Cesar Padilla

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Midnight...

(Continued from p.11B)
rollicking "Helps Me Helps You," a sarcastic tribute to materialism:

"Look at all the things I've done
Look at all the rights I wrong
The means will justify the end
For you to save and me to spend."

"Sleep" is an unsettling look below the surface of society. "In the back of a cell

The plug and the cord
Shoulder dislocation
Bruised in isolation...
Take this heart

Break this heart
Wrap it up and let me sleep."

Most of the stuff on *Red Sails In The Sunset* works, but there are some real failures here too. The good stuff is definitely worth the price of admission, but let's hope next time they save the weak noise for the archives.

— Laurence Iliff

*****future films*****

*****New Directions in Film 1986*****

UCSB Arts & Lectures has announced its Winter film schedule, with the annual New Directions in Film series as the highlight of this quarter's events. New Directions in Film offers the best of contemporary international cinema, and features works from Italy, France, Turkey, the Soviet Union, Hungary, Japan and the People's Republic of China. All films will be shown in UCSB Campbell Hall on Sundays at 7:30 p.m. These films are presented in the original languages with English subtitles.

The series opens with *A Sunday in the Country* (Jan. 12), a film made by French director Bertrand Tavernier (*Let Joy Reign Supreme, Deathwatch, Coup de Torchon*) in 1984. A colorful tableau set in 1911, the film features an aging painter and his children on a Sunday picnic; like the theater of Chekhov, its action is simple yet it contains the play of momentous forces.

Cammina Cammina (Jan. 19) is Italian director Ermanno Olmi's first film since *The Tree of Wooden Clogs*. In this 1983 neo-realistic film, Olmi uses the peasants of a village in Northern Italy to recreate the journey of the Magi to see the Christ child.

Like others in the embattled Turkish cinema, Ali Ozgenturk has paid dearly to practice his craft; he was condemned to a long prison

term for undetermined charges while making *The Horse* (Jan. 26). Compared by critics to De Sica's neo-realist classic *The Bicycle Thief*, *The Horse* is a beautiful and moving portrayal of a father and son coming to grips with external hardships and their own human frailties.

Chinese director Xie Jin (*Two Stage Sisters*), known for his particular sensitivity to women characters, creates his first major work since the Cultural Revolution in *The Legend of Tianyun Mountain* (Feb. 2), which takes place during one of China's periodic purges. Highlighting the critical role of women in modern Chinese history, the film tells a romantic and heartwarming drama set amid beautifully photographed landscapes.

Based on a theme from a Tolstoy short story — the power of money to protect the rich and destroy the poor — *L'Argent* (Feb. 9) is French filmmaker Robert Bresson's greatest film since *Pickpocket*. *The Family Game* (Feb. 16) is a brilliant deadpan comedy about Japan's affluent middle class and its obsession with success and the corporate identity.

During the height of political tension in 1947, a young woman returned to Hungary after her family's long exile in Russia — this



Favorites of the Moon (1985)

is the childhood story of director Marta Meszaros (*Women, Nine Months*) and the plot of *Diary for My Children* (Feb. 23), Meszaros's 1984 award-winning film. In *The Favorites of the Moon* (Mar. 2), a kaleidoscopic and triumphantly cinematic work by expatriate Georgian Otar Iosseliani, dozens of characters tumble onto the screen as money and objects create an improbable collection of Parisians — thieves and anarchists, police and bourgeois.

The series concludes with *Jazzman* (Mar. 9), a remarkable film from the Soviet Union that ponders this question: jazz can survive poverty, but can it survive politics?

Series tickets for New Directions in Film and Contemporary Indian Films are available at a 50 percent savings over single ticket prices and are now available at the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office. For free brochures, or to charge series tickets by phone, call Arts & Lectures at 961-3535. Single tickets will be available at the door only, one hour before showtime.

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*****India on Film*****

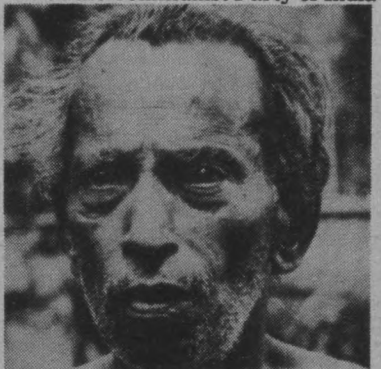
UCSB Arts & Lectures announces the presentation of a very special Winter quarter series: Contemporary Indian Cinema. The series brings to UCSB a new film by veteran director Satyajit Ray plus samples of India's Film-Utsav series in conjunction with the Festival of India, the 1985-86 nationwide celebration of Indian culture. Although American audiences may be familiar with classical Indian cinema, a program of recent films from that country is still a rare opportunity for film buffs.

Contemporary Indian Cinema opens with *The Festival of Fire* (*Holi*, Jan. 9). Set in a typical Indian college on the day of Holi, the national spring festival, this 1984 film is a powerful indictment of the Indian social-educational system. Director Kethan Mehta effectively examines the mechanisms of mass hysteria, questions social machinery, and probes the culture and psychology of youth itself.

Satyajit Ray, India's most respected filmmaker, realized a 30-year ambition in *The Home and the World* (*Ghare Baire*, Jan. 16) an

adaptation of Rabindranath Tagore's majestic historical novel. Set in the colorful era of the British Raj, it is the story of a love triangle that is both romantic and political.

A controversial film with a fastidious sense of pace and style, *Face to Face* (*Mukhamukham*, Jan. 30) deals with the historical crisis in which the Communist Party of India



Face to Face (1984)

split apart. This 1984 film by Adoor Gopalakrishnan explores the psychological crisis of a firebrand leader, a man whose inner life is at odds with his reputation, and depicts the complexities of the Indian political situation.

In a rare format for Indian social protest — a political farce — *A Summons for Joshi* (*Mohan Joshi Haazir Ho*, Feb. 6) tells the story of a retired clerk who sues his landlord in a humorous yet painful battle for human dignity. This 1984 film by Saeed Akhtar Mirza engagingly shows the plight of human rights in a society where principles have little relevance to reality.

A modern epic of urban India, *Wages and Profits* (*Tarang*, Feb. 20) is about a young working-class widow whose husband was killed in a factory. She is taken in as nursemaid in the home of an industrialist, Rahul. But Rahul's pretensions to philanthropy and liberalism mask his enormous greed, and the young widow becomes a pawn within a larger social and historical power play.

All films in the Contemporary Indian Cinema series will be screened in UCSB Campbell Hall on Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. These films are in the original languages with English subtitles. The series is made possible through cooperation with the UCLA Film, Television and Radio Archives with special assistance from the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

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Fall Down — Winter and Spring To Go

It is difficult to believe that the school year is already a third of the way through, with Fall quarter down and only Winter and Spring to go there's not a heck of a lot of time left. Before we know it, it will be time for elections again. Even though the first three months flew by ASPB managed, quite well I might add, to put on some successful shows. And as always, one must take the good with the bad, and some shows well — uh, were not as well attended as we had hoped, (you should have been there the entertainment was always at its best). Hopefully we have learned from our mistakes as well as

our successes on how to reach and please the various audiences at UCSB, may we never see an empty seat in Campbell Hall again when ASPB has attached their logo to an event.

For those who attended a concert, lecture or Pub Night you have a good idea of the kind of things Program Board does, for those who may be unaware, the following is a recap of the past quarter, the events ASPB sponsored and co-sponsored. We look forward to bringing you even more entertainment in the next two quarters. Remember to look for ASPB!



Oingo Boingo



L.A. Connection

We Brought You:

- CONCERTS:** Oingo Boingo, Steel Pulse
- SPECIAL EVENTS:** L.A. Connection, Mhing Game
- Warren Miller's Steep & Deep, White Night, a sneak preview
- LECTURES:** Co-sponsored with Arts & Lectures Shirley Chisholm, Jean Kilbourne, Allen Ginsberg, Ellen Goodman
- PUB:** 8 Pub Nights, 3 Comedy Nights, 3 Friday Concert Series (with Miller) and the Storke Plaza Dance.
- ART GALLERY:** Faculty Show, Michael Loffredo, Metaphors of Time in Space, Venice Project



Jean Kilbourne



This page paid for and provided by A.S. Program Board

UP and Coming in 1986

Celebrating the New Year, 1986, means a lot to many of us. For some it's graduation year, others it's freshman year. For A.S. Program Board it's an exciting year full of events, expectations and growth. With Fall quarter behind us, along with trial and error getting to know each other and the thousand other new things to be learned, we're ready, able and willing to begin Winter quarter with great new programming. Here are some of the events you can look forward to when you return in January.

PUB NIGHT

Once again, you made Thursday nights at the Pub the beginning of the weekend. You're not going to be disappointed next quarter either. Bill has worked hard to bring eight more Pub Nights starting within the first few weeks of school. You can expect to see high quality bands from L.A. as well as I.V.

COMEDY NIGHT

Already scheduled for Winter quarter are two comedy nights. Everyone needs a little laughter in their life, so look for Tuesday night comedy.

FILMS & VIDEO

Heather is rolling with more sneak previews and some special film/video events next quarter. LIQUID SKY, the somewhat bizarre and off-the-wall movie with its own following will be shown sometime in January. And a VIDEO DANCE NIGHT is another coming attraction. Last year this dance party was a huge success at DLG, come in out of the rain and dance to big screen videos.



Warren Miller

CONCERTS

Get a handle on the UNTOUCHABLES. Another dance concert to keep you socially occupied and well entertained. Look forward to seeing them at the end of January.

AND MUCH MORE!

These are just a few of the scheduled events for January, February and March. There are many more in the works, including a complete art gallery (through June) and upcoming lectures, special events and cultural/fine arts activities. ASPB doesn't want you to spend a cold, lonely, and dull beginning of 1986 here at UCSB.