

ARTS AND LEISURE

Spring Books

DELTA \$9.95 U.S./\$10.95 CANADA

JUNK FOOD



by CHARLES J. RUBIN
DAVID ROLLERT
JOHN FARAGO
RICK STARK
JONATHAN ETRA

This scene changed a man's whole life.
For why, see inside.

As If You Don't Have Enough to Read

MUSIC

Well Heck, We Shoulda Brought The Kids

By MICHELLE TOGUT

About the best way to describe Judy Collins' appearance at the Arlington Theater Saturday is to say that it was *nice*.

Not exciting, not dynamic, not horrible and not interesting, but *nice*, with occasional flourishes of cute.

Collins, who just recently turned 40, can be classified as very middle-of-the-road in her musical tastes and attitudes. Blessed with a beautiful voice and a very stunning appearance, she is unfortunately not particularly talented as a songwriter; thus the best songs she did on Saturday were remakes of someone else's material.

And even those sometimes fell flat. Her version of Steve Goodman's "City of New Orleans" was particularly sappy, totally lacking the pathos and melancholy of the Arlo Guthrie recording. She also sang Joni Mitchell's "Both Sides Now," and made it sound very pretty, but somehow it lacked the power Mitchell puts behind her own lyrics.

However, while Collins may have bordered on the blase, most of the almost capacity crowd did

not seem to notice. Perhaps this was because the average age of the audience was at least 30. This is the first concert I've seen where the entertainer was wearing an evening gown and diamond earrings and a member of the audience was in a mink coat. As my companion noted, "This is so Santa Barbara bourgeois."

Collins was not aided by the fact that the sound mix was horrible, transforming many of her higher notes into piercing shrieks which were quite disconcerting. The sound also made a muddle of her two guitarists' efforts, but it was hard to tell whether the sound was totally to blame or if they just weren't all that great.

Judy was, however, all charm and poise, especially when she appeared after the intermission in an emerald green gown, her hair pulled high on her head. But her stage presence was marred by an overwhelming tendency toward maudlin cutesiness, almost little girl-like in its tone. She sang a song from the Muppet Movie entitled "Rainbow Connection" which was so saccharin that the inevitable temptation was to blurt out

something like "awwww." Another song, written by Collins as a eulogy to Duke Ellington, was equally as mushy and sentimentalized.

Perhaps the highlight of the concert was Collins' rendition of three Steven Sondheim songs: "Pretty Women," "Send in the Clowns," and one about birds, the title of which I didn't catch. Collins has got a voice for Broadway musicals and she proved just that by the drama she added to these numbers. Especially touching was "Send in the Clowns," a marvelous showcase for Collins' wide-ranging, melodic voice and a very beautiful and well-written number in its own right.

Two other songs which were particularly affecting were "Sons Of" and "Mairekke," both by Jacques Brel. Again, these were songs with compelling lyrics (though "Mairekke" was sung in French) which were well-suited to Collins' range.

Her own songs were unfortunately not nearly as compelling, generally bordering on trite or rakishly sentimental. I would prefer that she stick to other people's songs.

But, all in all, it is really difficult to say that the concert was bad, for



Judy Collins goes middle-class.

it was obviously enjoyed by her fans, most of them enraptured enough to stay through a four-song encore. I'm just content to leave

off saying the entire evening was *nice*: nice-looking lady, nice-looking crowd and nice performance.

John Fischer

IN CONCERT

Sunday, May 11 • 8 pm
SBCC Sports Pavilion
TICKETS \$4.00 Advance
\$4.50 at the door

Tickets available at: Logo's, Bible House Gift Shop,
Westmont Book Store, SBCC Activities Office

Michael Lorimer Doesn't Get Emotionally Involved

By ANGELA BURKETT

The guitar must be the instrument closest to our hearts. It is intimate and personal, and for this very reason, universal. The warmth of its tone and the delicacy of its timbre voice are the unspoken aspirations of our inmost desires which only poets attempt to recount in words.

Indeed, music for the classical guitar soothes the soul and refreshes the mind. But the guitar



Michael Lorimer

can also inspire and awaken us to a more vital and active sense of life, because it sings of a passion for life, a life which is full of beauty, joy and adventure.

Michael Lorimer's classical and baroque guitar concert gave us a taste of the potentials of the guitar's expressiveness. The artist was once a student of Andres Segovia, and it is evident he has been well-trained technically and musically, for both roundness of tone and the flow of melodic ideas were comprehensively employed. With this as a basis for performing, along with a sweetness of character, Lorimer provided a comfortable atmosphere of easy

listening for the Campbell Hall audience last Wednesday evening.

Perhaps the listening was too easy, however, for the pieces of Joaquin Turina, Heitor Villa-Lobos and Isaac Albeniz lacked the fire and intensity one expects of them. A musician must really be an actor — on the stage, all the emotions of life must be at his disposal, actually, within himself, in order to render these through his instrument.

Thus far, Lorimer has not grasped the intensity of the Spanish culture, which is what he must do in order to render such works faithfully.

(Please turn to p. 3A, col 1)

One
Good Pizza
Deserves
Another.

*Comin' in
for good*

Pizza Hut

Offer good on large and medium pizzas only.

**Buy One
Handmade Pizza.
Get One Free.**

Buy a large pizza, we'll give you a medium free. Buy a medium pizza, we'll give you a small free. So come on in to Pizza Hut. After all, two good pizzas are better than one.

One coupon per party per visit at participating Pizza Hut® restaurants.
Offer good only on regular menu prices through — Expires May 15

Arts and Leisure, the entertainment supplement to the Daily Nexus, is printed every Thursday during the school year.

The Arts Editor encourages letters of opinion, fact, outrage, moral indignation or complete unintelligibility. Letters should be typed, triple spaced, and brought to the Nexus office under Storke Tower, or mailed to:

Arts Editor
Daily Nexus
P.O. Box 13402

Arts Editor: Craig Zerouni Santa Barbara, CA 93107



Billboard



Art

Attractions

Film

COLLAGES by Mary Heebner opens at the Alice Benjamin Gallery Sunday, May 11, at 2 p.m. The collection will run through June 7.

Part II of SEQUENCE PHOTOGRAPHY is currently running at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. Part II of the exhibit presents a more specific usage of sequencing, thus expanding the portrait. Using as many as 20 separate images within a single work, the artists in this installation explore the autobiographical or biographical representation of a person.

Dance

REPERTORY-WEST, Santa Barbara's only professional modern dance company, will appear in concert at Campbell Hall tomorrow night at 8 p.m. The nine dancers of Repertory-West will perform the works of four choreographers. Tickets will be available at the door, and will be 50 cents general admission, \$2.50 students.

On Saturday, May 10 the Rudenko School of Ballet will present ENCORE. The program will begin at 8 p.m. at the Lobero Theater. Admission is \$3.50 for adults, \$1.50 for children.

Music

SPRING FESTIVAL OF SONG, a presentation of the Santa Barbara City College Choir, will be at the Garvin Theater on the SBCC campus tomorrow and Saturday nights at 8 p.m. The featured work is "To Everything There is a Season," by Miklos Rozsa. Admission is \$2.

JAMES WELCH, a university organist, will be featured in a UCSB Faculty Artist Recital on Sunday, May 11 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann. The program will include J.S. Bach's "Fantasie and Fugue in G Minor" and chorale preludes; Robert Cundick's "Sonatina," Monnikendam's "Toccata" and selections from the medieval Buxheimer Orgelbuch. Admission is \$1.

REVERY will be at Hobe Baker's tomorrow and Saturday nights. OASIS will be there Sunday, May 22 and Monday, May 12. Both bands play what Baker's terms "good time rock."

The UCSB affiliates will present a "MUSICALE," featuring outstanding UCSB music students, on Sunday, May 11 at 2 p.m. in the Faulkner Gallery of the Santa Barbara Public Library. The public is invited to attend the free event which is being given to acquaint the public with the affiliates. The Bartok Trio, an award-winning chamber music group, will perform "Suite" by Darius Milhaud. Also on the program will be UCSB pianist William Koseluk.

On Sunday, May 11, Edwin Bowman will share the podium with high school directors for the SYMPHONIC WINDS CONCERT. Outstanding high school musicians join members of the Santa Barbara City College Winds for a return of last year's popular "First Chair Band." The concert will be at 8 p.m. in the Garvin Theater. Admission is \$2.

Lorimer

(Continued from p. 2A, col. 5)

However, there were many aspects to appreciate about the performance. Lorimer's unassuming modesty and willingness to share are to be respected, as well as his sense of humor.

Technically, he was highly competent in his conceptual construction of the pieces, but his dynamic colorings, while varied, stemmed more from logical conclusions of their validity, rather than the conviction of personal understanding and experience. It was this lack of conviction which prevented Lorimer's recital from having a vital, forceful impact.

However, the well-chosen program of baroque and classical guitar works was a delight in itself. The first half of the concert included a *Preludio-Allegro* and *Ayre* by Santiago de Murcia and a *Suite in C major* by Francisco Corbetta, both baroque pieces. Then followed two pieces from the delightful *Platero and I*, by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, based upon the poems of Juan Jimenez about a poet and his big-eared, long-tailed, braying confidante. This work and William Albright's *Shadows* were compositions of the 20th century. The first half of the program concluded with Turnia's *Danzas*, which were transcribed by Lorimer.

After intermission, the artist opened his program again with a Baroque work, this time a Suite in

D minor by Robert de Visee, which would have been even more enjoyable had the Santa Barbara concert-goers condescended to preview the program notes to discern the appropriate intervals at which to express their appreciation (applaud). Then three *Preludes* of Villa-Lobos and

Asturias by Albeniz concluded a well-rounded program of good music and tasteful, if not flamboyant, interpretation.

ENERGY.
We can't afford to waste it.



Buddy Guy and Junior Wells

The Santa Barbara Blues Society will present Chicago Blues Masters Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, on Monday, May 12, at La Casa De La Raza, 601 E. Montecito Street. Showtime is 8:30 p.m. All ages are welcome.

George "Buddy" Guy was born in Lettsworth, La., on July 30, 1936. Inspired by records of Lightnin' Hopkins, T-Bone Walker, and John Lee Hooker, Guy was playing guitar at the age of 17. After moving to Chicago in 1957, he rapidly established himself as one of the Windy City's premier guitarists and vocalists.

Junior Wells was born Amos Wells, Jr., in Memphis, Tenn., on Dec. 9, 1934. He moved to Chicago in 1946 where as a child prodigy he played with Muddy Waters, Tampa Red, Johnny Jones, and Big Maceo. Wells has been known to accompany his scorching blues vocals by blowing, spitting and choking a harmonica in an inexpensive hand-held microphone.

His style is based on the knowledge of the entire preceding generation of harp blowers including Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Big Walter Horton. From 1953 to the present, Wells has been turning out singles and albums that have maintained his popularity with enthusiasts of blues, soul, rock, and jazz.

The Renior Retrospective continues Sunday, May 11 in Campbell Hall with RULES OF THE GAME, a satire of mores in a decadent society, delineating the charades of a pre-World War II French leisure class. Renoir stars in the film, made in 1939. Student tickets are \$1.50. The film screens at 7:30 p.m.

The A.S. Program Board is sponsoring KLUTE and THE PIGS VS. THE FREAKS tonight in the UCen II Pavilion. The films show at 7 and 9 p.m. and admission is \$1.50. Rioting begins immediately after.

Also tonight, in Campbell Hall, will be Louis Mall's CALCUTTA and James Ivory's THE DELHI WAY, two documentaries as alive and vivid as the cities they present. Showtime is 7:30 p.m., and admission is \$1.50.

Tomorrow at noon you can see THE VOLGA RIVER, part of the noon films, in Buchanan 1910 for a mere 50 cents.

Tomorrow at 7:30 p.m. the Montessori Center School is presenting Hitchcock's THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS and THE LADY VANISHES. The films will begin at 7:30 p.m., and admission is \$2.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER, a 1958 film directed by Roy Baker, will be shown in the Santa Barbara Museum of Art's auditorium tomorrow at 7:30 p.m., Saturday, May 10 at 1:30 and 7:30 p.m., and Sunday, May 11 at 1:30 and 7:30 p.m. Donation is \$1.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, winner of seven Academy Awards, will be shown at 7:30 p.m. in the Kris Sugich Auditorium at the Montessori Center School. Admission is \$2.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF will be shown Sunday, May 11 in the UCen Pavilion at 6 and 9 p.m. as part of the Broadway Musicals Series. Admission is \$1.50.



Folk Note Music

an internat'l folk instrument specialty shop featuring ethnic & traditional musical instruments (new & used), British Isles LPs, music books & accessories.

25 W. Anapamu
962-0830

We're hard to find, but we're worth it

M-F 11-5:30
Sat 10-5:30

upstairs in the "Attic" above the unfinished furniture store enter from city parking lot behind J.C. Penney's



ORCHID BOWL

- Bowling - Open 24 Hours
- Billiards
- Game Machines
- Coffee Shop

Goleta's Recreation Center!

Country Music at the GALLEON ROOM WILDWOOD

Featuring PATTY KISTNER

Award Winning Vocalist and Musician

THURS at 8 pm • FRI and SAT at 9 pm

ORCHID BOWL - GALLEON ROOM

5925 Calle Real - Goleta ••• Ph. 967-0128

THEATRE IN ENGLAND SCHOLARSHIPS

FOR UCSB STUDENTS THIS SUMMER

(August 7 - 28)

THREE WEEKS IN ENGLAND SIX UNITS OF CREDIT

— UCSB IN ENGLAND —

Twelve or more plays, teachers from The Royal Shakespeare Company, backstage visits, walks in the country, trips to castles and cathedrals. An experience you will never forget.

Scholarships of \$250.00 are now available for students who would like to join this unique course. To apply, see Professor Homer Swander, Dept. of English, South Hall 2724. For information, call 687-2352 or 961-2911.

COVER STORY

Don't Hi-Lite These

By CRAIG ZEROUNI

Somewhere between 50-page theses and 100-page chapters on Elizabethan literature, the term "recreational reading" takes on the aura of a cruel joke. To suggest that, after plodding through textbooks written with the literary style of last week's leftovers, any student would choose to pick up a book is to seriously question one's sanity.

Nevertheless, there are books out there worth reading. After being forced at grade point to read an entire text in three days, there is a certain charm, and a very real relaxation to be gained from reading a book on a subject chosen by you, at your own pace, and with your own degree of involvement.

With that in mind, we present this small sampling of current offerings. Certainly there are other books out there — but we can't do everything for you.

Junk Food was conceived, it is alleged, in a Times Square Howard Johnson's by Charles Rubin, David Rollert, John Farago, Rick Stark and Jon Etra while they were "putting away large chocolate ice cream sodas and fried clams."

The book is based loosely on the Century O' Progress, a World's Fair devoted to fast food (the ultimate junk food). But the Century O' Progress is just an excuse for a plot that allows the various contributors to explore every aspect of what we eat, and why we feel guilty after we've swallowed it.

Junk Food is the collective work of 86 writers and artists, and the resulting collaboration is an eclectic vision of the edible apocalypse. The large, full color book is not really a book at all — it is an encyclopedia of humor, specifically the sort of humor that made National Lampoon both famous and profitable.

Because of this, it would be

impossible for any mortal to read the entire work in a finite period of time. Instead, it is the sort of thing that one returns to again and again, each time finding a laugh that was missed before. They had someone call up famous personalities, would ya believe, and ask them about their most memorable food fight. There is a piece called "Funeral Food." There is "Doll Food." There are

"Anything worth doing is worth doing well, though perhaps not worth reading."

-Barney Stone

huge, full color posters splashed on the over-sized pages. And there is my favorite — an interview with the Colonel, of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame, in which he comments on the competition's food fare — and his own. "That barbecued chicken," he says of his ex-company's product, "That's a bunch of shit."

Such is the irreverent humor of which *Junk Food* is made. But the book is not all fiction — it is too all-

encompassing for that. There is a chart, for example, that shows, year by year, the free prizes offered by General Mills in its cereals, going back to 1933 and the Babe Ruth Movie Book. Another chart shows all the major junk food producing companies and their products, as well as their total sales, earnings in 1978 and 1968, and stock price in those years.

There is a quote, attributed to Barney Stone, in the acknowledgments. It reads: "Anything worth doing is worth doing well, though perhaps not worth reading." *Junk Food* is worth reading. But more than that, it's worth owning.

Stryker, a novel by NBC anchorman Chuck Scarborough, is not worth owning. In fact, it's barely worth reading.

Stryker is a story about a news anchorman (what else?) who is a rising star in a world where how you deliver the news is more important than the news itself. Ben Stryker is the man's name, and he has it made — until the fateful day when he calls then-President Nixon "you idiot!" on national television.

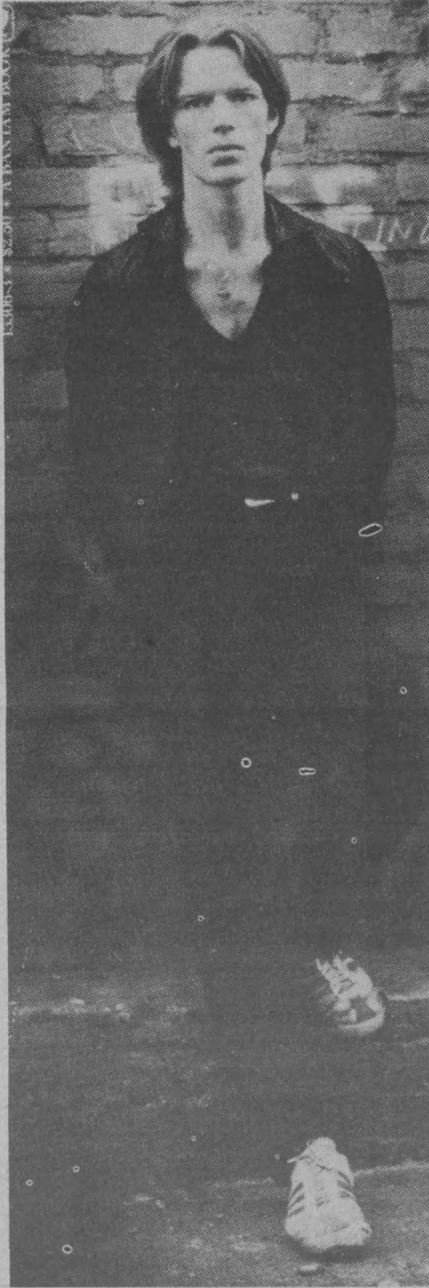
From that moment on, he becomes invisible, a has-been of the most pathetic sort. And he sets out to assassinate Nixon...

Well, it goes on from there, getting more and more complicated as the big-shots from ACN, Stryker's network, get involved. And the book makes some interesting observations on the relationship between the men that make the news and those that report it, as well as a fascinating



STRYKER

CHUCK SCARBOROUGH



Brutal. Beautiful. And outrageous. Read Jim Carroll. And pass the word.

The Basketball Diaries

by Jim Carroll

simply, not a writer, and I say that wistfully rather than critically, because the specter of What Might Have Been hangs all over this novel.

The characters are real, or real enough, and the basic plot, with all its twists and turns, must have made a fascinating outline. But somewhere between the ideal and the reality something got lost. What remains is a terrifying idea stripped of all terror — and a reader turning the pages out of a stoic sense of duty rather than curiosity or entrapment.

Scarborough may yet become an interesting novelist. One cannot help wondering, though, if he will be able to reach outside the newsroom for material. Let us pray.

Prayer will not help Jim Carroll. Between 1963 and 1965, a 13-15 year old inner-city street kid named Jim Carroll kept a diary, part fact and part fantasy, of his life in the urban jungle. His writing was genius. And not just for a 13-year old boy.

Jack Kerouac wrote "At 13 years of age, Jim Carroll writes better than 89 percent of the novelists working today." In fact, an older Carroll was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize for his book of poems, *Living in the Movies*. That is a large part of the power of *The Basketball Diaries*, the book that is the mass-market paperback printing of Carroll's diary.

Reading this book is a terrifying experience. Carroll, a mere child to most, describes learning sex and drugs with a reckless abandon that few of us ever know. And when, as a 15-year-old, he becomes a heroin addict, hustling everything from phony weed to his own youthful body to pay for it, you know there is no turning back. It is, in a very real sense, like being thrown against an emotional wall.

Carroll's writing is brutal and beautiful. His prose is compelling. To read the tales

explanation for the late-career behavior of Richard Nixon.

But the book doesn't connect. There's too much fluff (the book runs over 300 pages), too many places where Scarborough jumps the track in order to establish his credentials as an expert in the television news business.

More frustrating than that, however, is the writing. It can be said, I suppose, that one should not expect Pulitzer-grade prose in a novel of this sort, but I think that's defeatist. Scarborough is, quite

The UCSB Department of Dramatic Art requests the honor of your presence at

TAKEN IN MARRIAGE

A play by Mr. Thomas Babe
directed by Dr. Charles Bazaldua
in the

UCSB Studio Theatre
May 15-16 & May 21-23 — 8:00 pm
May 17 & May 24 — 5:00 & 8:30 pm
RSVP 961-3535
Tickets \$2.00/\$2.50 — Arts & Lectures Ticket Office

SUN	MON/TUES	WED	THURS/FRI/SAT
			1-2-3 Rockabilly Rhythm Band
4 Auditions	5-6 Santa Rosa	7 Buford	8-9-10 Rockabilly Rhythm Band
11 Auditions	12-13 Santa Rosa	14 Buford	15-16-17 Rockabilly Rhythm Band
18 Auditions	19-20 Santa Rosa	21 Buford	22-23-24 Calico
25 Auditions	26-27 Santa Rosa	28 Buford	29-30-31 Calico

clip and save

May Entertainment

THE REAL TEXAS CHILI FACTORY & SALOON

STEAKS, BURGERS
TEXAS FRIES AND
FROZEN MARGARITAS
4223 STATE 964-0561

HAPPY HOUR M - F 4:30 - 6:30 . . . COMPLIMENTARY HORS D'OEUVRES

COUNTRY MUSIC at the Galleon Room

THURS • FRI • SAT NITES

WILDWOOD

Featuring the Fabulous PATTY KISTNER

1979 "Female Country Vocalist" and "Top Bass Guitarist" of the No. Calif. Country Music Assn.

THURS at 8 pm • FRI and SAT at 9 pm
GALLEON ROOM — Orchid Bowl
5925 Calle Real • Goleta — Ph. 967-0128



WYKER CARBOROUGH

wist- of degradation and filth, of nodding off in
e the rat-filled halls, of people being pushed
hangs from roofs, of locking himself in a closet in
a juvenile hall to avoid being raped and
ough, killed, is to genuinely question the validity
s and of one's own existence.

How is it fair, the reader must ask, that
most of us can go through life without ever
experiencing real, true pain? Carroll,
merely by surviving his childhood, had
drawn a line — and built a wall on top of it.
On one side of the wall are the real people,
and on the other are the rest of us — the
ones whose mothers drove us to little
league and piano lessons in nice clean
station wagons.

Carroll himself sees the difference
between pity and understanding when,
sitting in the lunchroom of a posh private
school that he is in because of his
basketball skills, he notes with disgust that
his classmates are foregoing their lunches
"for the benefit of the poor." "I'm sure it
interests a starving black in Mississippi
that I am not eating my lunch today,"
grouses Carroll.

And as Carroll sinks deeper and deeper
into his heroin habit, and deeper into the
mental slum it has created, the division
between "them" and "us" becomes more
and more clear. The language is brutal,
the people filthy, the men perverts and the
women whores. It's another world on
another planet. Read about it. It's the least
you can do. And the most.

When you're done with that, and
thoroughly depressed, you can turn to *The
Medusa and the Snail* by Lewis Thomas.

There is an unbridled sense of optimism
in this small volume, a collection of essays
on the world at hand. Because Thomas is a
doctor, much of his writing is based in
medical lore, but this never takes over to
the extent that ordinary folks cannot enjoy
what he has to say.

Writing in the essay format is, in
many ways, an ideal situation.
Thomas introduces his topic,
makes his point, and moves on,
without any filler or extraneous
verbage. Thus, the book is a quick
read — the first time through.

The second time — and there
must be a second time — the
weight of his ideas takes hold, and
the reader stops, sometimes after
each paragraph, to ponder what
has been said. It is wisdom without
preaching, experience without
senility. There are very real, very
fresh ideas here, and all of them
optimistic.

But just as gratifying as what is
being said is how it is being said. It
is a pleasure to read the prose of a
man who so well understands the
intricacies and idiosyncrasies of
the English language. Oh, for
textbooks that were written this
well.

Thomas' major fault, at least in
the scope of the entire book, is that
the essay format forces repetition

of certain ideas, and this becomes
annoying. There are far too many
places where Thomas tells us what
a happy accident is man. As
refreshing as that may be to hear,
once, or twice, is enough.

Still, it is a minor point, and
easily glossed over as one reads
about goldfish who will not die, or
about how there should be no such
thing as a "pre-med" major, "that
detestable of all cliques eating
away at the heart of the college."

There is a word to describe a
book like this, and though it is not
normally in my vocabulary, I think
it applies here: the book is charm-
ing. Not many things are these
days.

So there you have it. Right here,
in the heart of mid-term country, it
may be difficult to do any reading
that is not assigned. But its nice to
know that when you're ready,
there will still be books worth
curling up with at home, at the
beach, in the car, on the...

13406-X * \$2.95 * A BANTAM NEW ACE BOOK

The Medusa and the Snail

More Notes of a Biology Watcher

Lewis Thomas

By the author of *The Lives of a Cell*

ROCKPILE RECORDS

on sale
X
"Los Angeles"
\$4.99

11-9 m-sat
12-5 sur

LPs
45s
used
& more

5727 HOLLISTER 964 1087

FILM Special Nights With A Special Filmmaker



Tomorrow, Saturday and Sunday, the Fleishman Auditorium will be showing the films of Les Blank. Blank will appear in person on Saturday and Sunday nights to introduce the films and field questions.

Les Blank has been making incredible documentaries since 1967, when he scraped the money together to make an independent film on Texas blues singer Lightnin' Hopkins. Since that time, he has made *Shoot it All*, a film on Cajun-style enjoyment of life, *A Well Spent Life*, a film about Mance Lipscomb, songster, sharecropper and saint, *Dry Wood*, *Hot Pepper*, and a host of others. Blank's trademark on all these documentaries has been to get inside the subject.

Gaining entrance to other ways of life requires an exceptional humility. And Blank acts, in his art and in his person, like someone calmly convinced that other people are more interesting than he. He has said of his choice of work, "I'm a cultural peeping tom...I find my own middle-class cultural heritage to be...uh...a bit thin."

Accordingly, Blank's biggest fear is that he is merely exploiting other people's dying lifestyles in order to fill his own. And he is aware that he is making an invidious contrast.

Blank has focused almost exclusively on music. From *The Blues According to Lightnin' Hopkins* through *Dry Wood*, a film about the music of Cajun Bois Sec (Drywood) and his sons, to the energy of *Always for Pleasure*, his intensive insider's look at Mardi Gras and the myriad musical traditions of the annual celebration in New Orleans, he has found a certain life in that art that he finds in no other (save, of course, filmmaking).

And Blank always makes a foreign culture understandable without ever homogenizing it, without ever denying it its separateness.

He has done this in a straight-ahead documentary style of film — interviews alternated with scenes from the inside. When filming, he opts for simplicity over artfulness.

The documentary may not be the most commercially viable film to make, but it certainly can be the most interesting to watch.

J. Schultz PRODUCTIONS

BRINGS YOU AN EVENING WITH

DAVE MASON

WITH VERY SPECIAL GUEST STAR
HANS OLSEN
FRIDAY - MAY 16
8 PM
ARLINGTON CENTER
1317 State Street
SANTA BARBARA
Tickets at Box Office
and the usual ticket outlets
965-5181

You play the leading role in our fight against support birth defects

MARCH OF DIMES

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

DANCE

'I'm a Lumberjack, and I'm Okay...'



By JEAN MATTOCK

"Ta ta dah, ta ta dah, ta ta *Tam Ti Delam*," Gilles Vigneault's crusty singing rings out, mimed from his rocking chair by crotchety, longjohn and overall-clad Jacques St-Cyr.

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens (at the Arlington last Sunday) gives us this tourist-board view of Quebec: exuberant, colorful, and G-rated bawdy. Plaid-shirted men look like Cajon lumberjacks. They dance big and expansive — lots of time in the air — to *Turkey in the Straw* tunes.

Someone runs by with a hockey stick. A *pas de deux* beginning with a silent-movie-sized mime scene. Recorded bell taps accompany the slapping feet and swinging arms of St-Cyr as he taps through toeing ladies.

We're already catching the signatures of Brian Macdonald's choreography. That is, big jumps landing with one leg extended straight in front; a pleasant sparsity of arabesques, and men heave-hoeing other men into the air.

Macdonald also brings us his 1973 two-act, *Romeo and Juliet*. We realize very quickly that this isn't going to be like

other R&J's. Harry Freedman's score is a strange amalgam of 14th century musical instruments, twentieth century percussive atonality, eerie vocals, and clippings from Shakespeare's script.

Mixing this with dance is one of those ideas certain to offend some. But the idea is interesting, with a capital I. Unfortunately, too much of the execution is shlock.

The readers are not actors. As they blunder through the lines, they give every one equal breathy, sacharin delivery, suitable only to gushy greeting-card verse. Romeo sounds like a 35-year-old BBC announcer obsessed with his melifluous voice.

With good actors it might have worked. But hearing these voices religiously intone the dialogue over the dancing is akin to the sadly mismatched lip-sync of a Spaghetti Western.

As voices cry out "death to Capulets. Death to Montagues," swordsmen scamper about, toy with each other, spit, cling swords, joust and prod boyishly. Macdonald has caught this well, the jovial taunting unity of opponents, the

sparkling tension, the waiting.

Macdonald bastes on the plot with quick thick strokes, leaving lots of time for *pas de deux*. At the costume ball, Paris dances with Juliet, while a figure of death dances behind the infatuated Romeo.

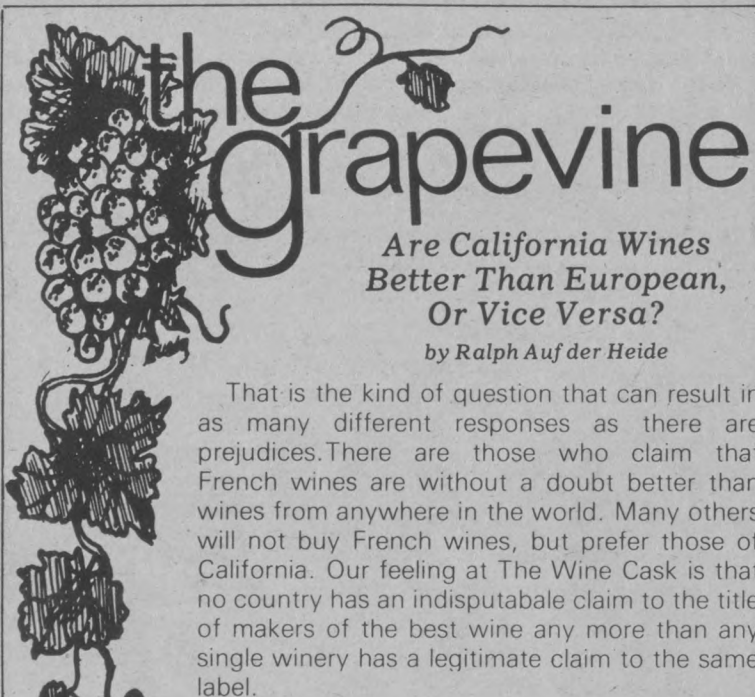
After the deaths of Tybalt and Mercutio, Lady Capulet's grief-stricken solo is lifted virtually intact from Martha Graham — contractions and iconic poses, and even the rhythms and structure — with three repeats of each chilling pose, thorough composition, and sliding on and off the musical accents.

Romeo and Juliet's final duet is draped across the contours of Ted Bieler's overturned, monumental set piece. Their grief seems real, but once again the voices intrude to let us know this is really romantic dribble. Too bad.

Choreography and dancing alike is well-etched, competent. At times even exciting. But the artistic vision, while not tasteless, lacks clear sight. Maybe it's the fault of the for-the-provinces program. With other dances, I'd like to see Les Grands Ballets Canadiens again.

STAGE

Flanagan's Lively Tribute



Are California Wines Better Than European, Or Vice Versa?

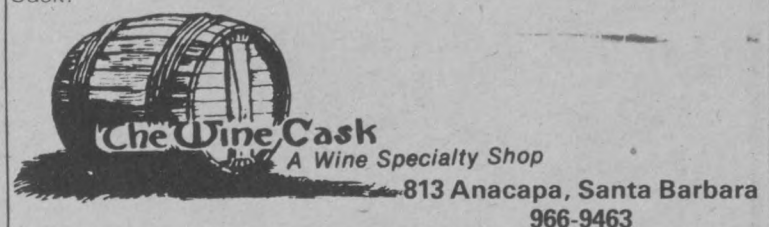
by Ralph Auf der Heide

That is the kind of question that can result in as many different responses as there are prejudices. There are those who claim that French wines are without a doubt better than wines from anywhere in the world. Many others will not buy French wines, but prefer those of California. Our feeling at The Wine Cask is that no country has an indisputable claim to the title of makers of the best wine any more than any single winery has a legitimate claim to the same label.

How can the "best" wine be chosen when wines constantly change? What may be a logical choice tomorrow, may be harsh, angular, and unpleasant today. A wine that is great today, may be over the hill and tired in six months or a year.

The best anyone can do in view of the constantly changing condition of individual wines is to seek and accept the guidance of a wine merchant who has given good advice in the past, and to read about wines in publications whose opinions one respects.

Where similar grapes are grown in various parts of Europe and here in California, we find that our wines can compete on an equal basis with almost any French or German wines. The comparison with other lands where wine is grown is not possible because we simply do not grow the same grapes. The total California acreage of the noble Italian grapes such as Nebbiolo, Sangiovese, or even Grignolino is miniscule. I suppose what we are trying to say is that the question is really not relevant. The very best wines can only be afforded by the most affluent, and most of us have to be contented with good wines at affordable prices. These can be found among the wines of many different countries, and are the kinds of wines we feature at The Wine Cask.



By BEVERLY LORENC
Dublin-born actress Fionnula Flanagan gave an energetic, one-woman performance Friday evening in "James Joyce's Women," a theatrical tribute to the life and work of the great Irish novelist. Six prominent women — including Joyce's female confidants, his supportive wife and fictional characters of his own creation — were successively brought to life by Ms. Flanagan, who seemed to be as sure of herself as she was of her Irish accents.

Flanagan's only aide in the otherwise one-woman show was actor Robert O'Heron who, incidentally, made his debut performance here Friday evening. His relatively small, yet significant part was played with obvious enthusiasm and confidence. Remaining almost exclusively offstage throughout the first act, his role became prominent only during Fionnula's character transformations. He provided the musical interlude (on harmonica),



Fionnula Flanagan

as Flanagan hummed the melody, pinned her hair up, and added layers to her costume without ever leaving the stage.

Within a minute's time, the incredibly versatile Fionnula Flanagan had begun her portrayal of Harriet Shaw Weaver, a poised and proper editor and good friend of Joyce's. A second act of magic

allows for the appearance of the fictitious Dublin Washerwoman (*Finnegan's Wake*) who, we have been forewarned, speaks in virtually undecipherable Joyce-puns.

The Irish actress' most colorful characterization, that of Mrs. Nora Barnacle Joyce, was next in sequence. It is through this elderly widow's eyes that we gain the fullest understanding of James Joyce as a man, a husband and father, as well as great novelist. It is here that O'Heron brilliantly assumes the role of the interrogator whose accusations of marital infidelity cause Nora to cry out in attempted self-defense. Reciting his lines from the offstage darkness, O'Heron is Nora's nagging conscience; he becomes a merciless defense attorney who won't stop questioning until the truth he wants to hear is admitted.

It is during Act II that Mr. O'Heron surrenders all dialogue to lead the audience instead, to cheers of "Hip Hip Hooray!" when Ms. Flanagan (as Joyce's benefactress, Sylvia Beach) announces her success in finally getting Joyce's controversial novel, *Ulysses*, published.

"James Joyce's Women" was a pleasure, even for those of us who may just now be on our way to becoming Joycefans.

HAPPY HOUR
AND BBQ RIBS
OR
TERIYAKI CHICKEN
FREE
4 - 6 pm
EVERY WEDNESDAY THRU FRIDAY
FREE HORS D'OEUVRES

COME FOR THE FUN OF IT!

The New
Hobey Baker's

5918 Hollister Ave.

Food & Drink & Dancing
(No cover charge Sunday thru Thursday!!)



MISC.

Don't Bring Your Laundry . . .

By DAVID PETRY

Sand slips down, sometimes seeming to stop in midair, forming a solid column, sometimes going too fast, leaving too little time, but always, the sand slips through the hourglass. One way or the other, the time doesn't matter much as you lie back in your secluded hot tub, talking with friends and watching the sky change forms above.

On a residential side street in downtown Santa Barbara is a little house, with a hollow opening where the front wall used to be and a small sign that hangs near the sidewalk. The sign reads: "The Hourglass. Come in and soak in a private outdoor spa. For an hour you and your friends can delight in the sensual relaxation of your own tub."

The Hourglass is in the business of selling peaceful relaxation. There are eight hot tubs, each one partitioned by wooden walls and lacking any trace of a ceiling. A huge eucalyptus tree spreads out overhead, occasionally dropping its hard, conical berries into your comfortable habitat while you soften to a noon sun or a midnight moon gleaming down from above. They'll sell you a hour in one of these prime environments, show you around and flip the hourglass over. The sand slips down and you're on your own.

According to state law, employees quietly knock on your door every half hour to make sure you're doing well, and then a few minutes before your time is up, they'll tap again to inform you, regardless of the hourglasses in each room. Careful and complete about all safety measures, the staff has a newcomer read a page of simple rules and messages and then sign a release of damages before getting in to use the tubs.

Don Knight and John Wood, the two owners who opened the business a year ago, stress the purpose of relaxation. There are no drugs or alcohol allowed, no loud or boisterous activities and they stress consideration for other hot tubbers and for the local neighborhood.

To use the tubs a reservation is almost a necessity. Knight said the nights "have been filled up for the last six months. We started advertising recently to help fill up the daytime hours." They've lowered the daytime rates, and that hole in the front of the house will be the future home of three new indoor tubs featuring skylights.

Rates at the luxury oasis are \$2 per person per hour from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m. After 6 and until closing at 1 a.m., the rate is \$3.50. There is a minimum of two people per tub so don't forget to share it with friends.

The Hourglass, 213 West Cota Street, is "located on the beautiful lower westside between Bath and De La Vina." To make reservations call 963-1436.

Sunlight or moonlight, lying back in a hot spa, jets gurgling, heat rising and a cool mist falling is a perfect means to any end, or the perfect end to all means. By all means, get there. Loosen up. Time stands still while the sand runs out.



Nexus Photo by Steve Barth

WEDNESDAY thru SATURDAY, April 30 - May 3

8:45 (English Subtitles) **Nosferatu** THE VAMPIRE 7:00 She's back TO SCARE YOU AGAIN! **CARRIE**

SUNDAY thru TUESDAY, May 4-6

WOODY ALLEN'S "Sleeper" "Everything you always wanted to know about sex* *BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK"

9:05 968-3356 Magic Lantern Twin Theatres 7:30 960 E. San Marcos Del Norte

GILDA live Things like this only happen in the movies. **R**

"The Tin Drum" was deservedly the Academy's best foreign-language film this year. It is a superlative example of the film maker's art, a disciplined and coherent mingling of form and content, thought and feeling. It is to be seen to be appreciated, and rousing enjoyed."

"A genuine masterpiece! A cinematic work of art that must be seen, savored and seen again. Don't miss it." Rex Reed

Charles Chamblin, L.A. Times

Based on "THE TIN DRUM" by GUNTER GRASS Directed by Volker Schlöndorff (R)

Starts FRI MAY 16 RIVIERA THEATRE 965-6188

the Tin Drum

DRIVE-IN THEATRES

3 Movies for 1 low price of \$3.50 carload

964-8377 **Airport DRIVE-IN** Hollister and Fairview plus: THE DARK SURVIVAL RUN (R) **the Fifth Floor** The Nightmare is Knowing You're Sense.

964-9400 **TWIN DRIVE IN 1** Memorial Hwy. at Kellogg/Galeta also: DEFIANCE **Mad Max** RELEASED BY AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL

964-9400 **TWIN DRIVE IN 2** Memorial Hwy. at Kellogg/Galeta also: UP FROM THE DEPTHS **HUMANOID FROM THE DEEP (R)**

FOR THE GREATEST IN DOUBLE FEATURE FILMS!

MIDNIGHT SHOW! (R) Every Friday and Saturday Night

ERASERHEAD & ASPERAGUS

9681 4047 **GRANADA** 1216 State Street SOMETHING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY! **the Black Stallion** ACADEMY AWARD WINNER United Artists

968 2479 **STATE** 1217 State Street also: THE ROSE **Norma Rae** WINNER OF 2 ACADEMY AWARDS, INCLUDING BEST ACTRESS Gene Shalit, NBC-TV SALLY FIELD

966-9382 **Arlington Center** 1317 State Street **KTVD "WEIRD and OFF THE WALL FILM FESTIVAL!"** 7:00 pm - Attack of the Killer Tomatoes 8:30 - King Tut Goes to McDonald's 8:45 - J-Men Forever (Fireign Theatre) 10:15 - Cocaine Cowboys \$2.50 Students Starring Andy Warhol World's Worst Film Festival Starts Sat., Sun., Mon

965-5792 **FIESTA 1** 916 State Street BRUNO KIRBY **Bill Murray-Peter Boyle in WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM** **R**

965-5792 **FIESTA 2** 916 State Street **Walt Disney's Lady and the Tramp** PLUS: FANTASY ON SKIS

965-5792 **FIESTA 3** 916 State Street AN AMERICAN DREAM BECOMES A LOVE STORY **Coal Miner's DAUGHTER** Sissy Spacek Tommy Lee Jones A Song That Could Break Your Heart is the Story of Her Life

965-5792 **FIESTA 4** 916 State Street GEORGE HAMILTON **LOVE at First Bite** He wants your blood!

687-4936 **PLAZA DE ORO** 349 South Hitchcock Way **ROY SCHEIDER ALL-FAT JAZZ** All that rhythm, All that music, All that Jazz! WINNER OF 4 ACADEMY AWARDS

687-4936 **PLAZA DE ORO** 349 South Hitchcock Way **WINNER OF 5 ACADEMY AWARDS** **Scener vs. Kramer** BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR DUSTIN HOFFMAN

967-9447 **CINEMA #1** 6050 Hollister Ave. GEORGE HAMILTON **LOVE at First Bite** He wants your blood!

967-9447 **CINEMA #2** 6050 Hollister Ave. **Bill Murray WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM** **R** DON'T MISS IT!

967-0744 **FAIRVIEW #1** 251 N. Fairview BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR Melvyn Douglas **PETER SELLERS SHIRLEY MacLAINE BEING THERE** ACADEMY AWARD WINNER! PG

967-0744 **FAIRVIEW #2** 251 N. Fairview **Apocalypse Now** WINNER OF 2 ACADEMY AWARDS There was never a movie like this.

RIVIERA Near Santa Barbara Mission, Caspase El Encanto Hotel 965-6188 **Night Games** SOMETHING SPECIAL ... **R**

YOU **FIGURE**

IN OUR FIGHT AGAINST BIRTH DEFECTS MARCH OF DIMES

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

"I Won I Won I Won I Won I Won I Won I Won I Won," said one fellow after a recent election.

COMING EVENTS...

A.S. Program Board



English Major Makes Good As Mandolin Man In Japan

By RANDY KORAL

The David Grisman Quintet will be appearing for one show in Campbell Hall on May 17 at 8 p.m. Tickets are on sale at the A.S. Box office, Morninglory Music in Isla Vista, etc.

If you want to know about mandolins, ask David Grisman. The mandolin, by the way, is a fretted, double-stringed cousin to the violin. If you want to know more about the mandolin, ask David Grisman.

"The mandolin exists very happily within a variety of folk cultures, from the British Isles to Hawaii, and even in South America, where a kindred instrument called 'bandolin' was popularized," Grisman will reply.

"Similar in technique and sound are the banduria of Spain and Portugal, the bouzouki of Greece, and Russia's indigenous folk instruments, the balalaika and the domra..."

You see, Grisman is the publisher of *Mandolin World News*. He is also one of the best mandolin players in the United States. Just ask Bonnie Raitt, Linda Ronstadt, or James Taylor. They'll tell you. If you're tired of having to ask



David Grisman: Not Boring

musicians, I'll do my best to answer your questions for you here.

The music of the David Grisman Quintet is difficult to describe. If I had some music paper and a few key signatures, I could try. Otherwise it's kind of futile. It has often been compared to jazz, but it

really isn't. The bluegrass roots are there, but the music is more delicate. Grisman listened to the radio when he was younger; he liked Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers, Elvis (the first one), and The Five Satins, so the rock roots are there too.

"We'd like to play some country music for you now," Grisman once told a crowd at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco a year ago. "You have to guess what country."

The country Grisman had in mind turned out to be Spain, and the song that followed was Chick Corea's masterpiece of the same name. Hopalong Cassidy would have raised an eyebrow if he could've been there.

Using two mandolins, acoustic guitar, upright bass and violin, the David Grisman Quintet first started playing this special blend of music together back in 1975.

Grisman composes most of the band's original music. Guitarist Tony Rice also writes and plays bluegrass-based runs that are almost incomprehensibly fast.

Rice has been acknowledged as the best flatpicking bluegrass guitarist in the world. His solos (on his 1934 Martin guitar) are in good company alongside those of Grisman and violinist Darol Anger.

Bassist Todd Phillips helps keep things reasonable among all this soloing.

Mike Marshall is the member of the David Grisman Quintet that I have yet to mention. He plays, of all things, the band's second mandolin. He is only 21 and Grisman often says, "I don't think I played like that when I was 21," when introducing him during



See The David Grisman Quintet and hear their bluegrass-type tunes on May 17 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

concerts. Grisman is a sagely 24.

"I wouldn't ever have a drummer," he points out, "because for a drummer to get into his thing and me into mine...there's no way. I'd have to use an amp."

If Grisman makes an amp sound like a thing unholy, he has his reasons.

"These were all built before they had microphones," he says of the band's instruments, all of which were built between 1856 and 1934.

Grisman composes most of the band's original music. Guitarist Tony Rice also writes — and plays bluegrass-based runs that are almost incomprehensibly fast.

"If people shut up and listen, acoustic instruments sound beautiful."

Grisman's own mandolin is the top-of-the-line Gibson built in 1924, when it was a new design. He paid \$5,500 for it a few years ago.

He is touchy about his band's sound down to the last detail. The David Grisman Quintet still

refuses to play large halls, despite their growing popularity.

"I can draw the limit when it's not effective anymore," he explains. "Economically, you can make a good living never playing for more than three or four thousand people."

To date, Grisman has appeared in and written the score for Federico Delaurentis' film *King of the Gypsies*. The film wasn't great, but critics had good things to say about the score. Grisman also has produced some albums that really are great, in addition to having toured all over the world.

"We're famous in Japan," Grisman says with a smile.

No doubt, the David Grisman Quintet will always have an audience. But don't expect their music to be the latest wave of the future or anything, once the New Wave becomes old. Grisman doesn't think he's breaking any new musical ground. Still, he keeps his goals in sight.

"I think a good objective is to try not to be boring."

What more could one ask for?

Nikki Giovanni: A Poet Who Knows It



By CYNTHIA MAIN

People are lonely. They sit in groups but go home alone. I am a poet, and I try to soothe it."

—Nikki Giovanni

Nikki Giovanni, the "Princess of Black Poetry," will be soothing the hearts of many fortunate UCSB students, lonely or not, on May 16 at 7 p.m. in the new UCen II's Catalyst Room.

Giovanni has been soothing, touching, moving and making people sit up with a start through her wild, witty flights of verse for a long time.

A history honor's graduate of Fish University in Cincinnati during the turbulent '60s, Giovanni has made quite an impressive background for herself by being one of the leading voices in the emerging black artistic ferment. Although many of her early poems are clearly militant, they express compassion and universal themes, such as "Black love is black wealth."

"Arrogance is not a way of life," Giovanni comments. "You have to realize that what you say is not necessarily what is, and especially just because you say it."

Such an attitude has rewarded Giovanni with the publication of several books — fiction and poetry — and records (backed by the exuberant gospel music of the New York Community Choir). One of the eight "Women of the Year" for youth leadership in 1972, Giovanni today is perhaps one of the most progressive of all Black women in the United States. The winner of several National Grants, literary critics have called Giovanni "genius" and "fabulist." But a friend perhaps put it best: "She is brave, quixotic. To know her is to love contradiction and conflict. To know her is never to understand but to be sure that all is life."

And Stay Tuned...

Comedian Robin Tyler will be performing his uproarious and zany antics in the UCen II next Friday, May 16 at 9 p.m.

Also, next week will be Black Culture Week with a variety of events scheduled to happen.

Finally, don't forget to see the Réperatory West Dance Company in Campbell Hall tomorrow night at 8 p.m.

The Sixties Live On



"Stays with you after the lights come on." — REX REED

Klute, tonight in UCen II, starring Donald Sutherland and Jane Fonda.



Fiddler on the Roof, Sunday, May 11 in UCen II, with Topol, Molly Picon.

Tonight, you'll have the chance to see a movie about a prostitute named Bree and a successful businessman with somewhat bizarre tastes. The movie is *Klute* and it will be shown, along with the unusual animated short, *The Pigs vs. The Freaks*, in UCen II at 7 and 9 p.m. *Klute*, according to Rex Reed, is a movie that will stay with you after the lights come on. Admission is \$1.50.

This coming Sunday, May 11, *Fiddler on the Roof* will be screened at 6 and 9 p.m. in UCen II. I don't know what Rex Reed had to say about this one, but it was one of the most successful musicals of all time. And that should tell you something.



Classical Guitarist

Internationally acclaimed guitarist Manuel Barrueco will perform in concert Sat., May 24 at 8 p.m. in UCSB's Campbell Hall.

Barrueco combines technical excellence and intensity of musical expression. The *Los Angeles Times* has hailed him as a "major artist" of our day.

Having just returned from his second European tour, Barrueco will be recording his third record in early May. His recording of the Villa-Lobos Etudes was voted by *Gramophone* in England as the "Best guitar record of 1979." In a review of that recording, *Guitar & Lute* magazine hails Barrueco as "...electrifying...a performer so striking, so musical, so full of power, confidence, and lyricism that mark the true artist."

Barrueco's appearance in Santa Barbara will be the first concert hosted by the newly formed Classical Guitar Society of Santa Barbara.

This Page Prepared And Served Up Fresh By The A.S. Program Board.