

Back Alley Theater

They Fell Through a Hole in the Flag



By Brent Anderson
Managing Editor

Ironically, the most overwhelming presence on the stage during the Back Alley Theater's Friday production of "Are You Now, Or Have You Ever Been," a shortened chronicle of the infamous House Un-American Affairs Committee communist "red scare" hearings of the 1940s and 50s, was not represented by one of the actors, but by an American flag.

The banner loomed mightily over the committee members throughout the production, reflecting a stark contrast to the very *un-American* witch hunt they were conducting.

Eric Bentley's "Are You Now, Or Have You Ever Been," brought back to life by director and actor Allan Miller, is a powerful and accurate historical account of a shameful period in American history. And on the 40th anniversary of the opening of the

hearings, the play couldn't have been resurrected at a better time.

What was presented at Campbell Hall through the Back Alley actors were the voices and documented testimony of the "Hollywood Ten," a group of prominent writers, actors and directors considered to be instrumental in creating an alleged communist influence in Hollywood. Bentley obviously selected some of the juiciest bits of court accounts to embellish his play, not missing a chance to exhibit judicial stupidity, racial prejudice or the effects of political fear and intimidation. However, far from an overhyped documentary, what was represented in the performance made already interesting subject material entertaining and involving as well.

What confronts us is not the performances as much as the political and sociological ramifications of the heinous misappropriation of justice being acted out. The mania gripping the
(See THEATER, p.2A)

They're Local Concert Reviews

Burning Down the Coffee House

Cool Jazz Friday Nights

By Brian H. Hall
Contributor

A good thing happens at Borsodi's on Friday nights. Two weeks ago, my roommate and I were doing the D.P. shuffle, observing the weekly parade of human pathology, when we decided to scope the Grad. After years of battling for beers at keggers we decided that we had earned our respective rights to break down and buy a pitcher. It wasn't midnight yet so, naturally the Grad still had the lights on and about six people dancing. Dejected and disgruntled, I spied the sandwich board at Borsodi's which was to be my evening's salvation.... The sign read "JAZZ TONIGHT." I like Jazz.

So we cross the street, pay the one dollar cover, and were in. Before long, *Group Dynamics* took the stage, and take it they did. The quintet kicked it off with a Thelonius Monk composition called "Well, You Needn't" with Nathan Birkey, trumpet, and Martin Mathews, saxophone, out front. The brass played the opening melody in beautiful harmony and traded several hot solos. Mathews featured smooth changes and sweet phrasing that was much appreciated. Birkey, although he had little luck in the upper register, blew very well, thank you very much. John Hench, acoustic bass, and Dave Minolli, drums forming the solid rhythm section and Kirk Tamura on electric piano comprise the rest of the quintet.

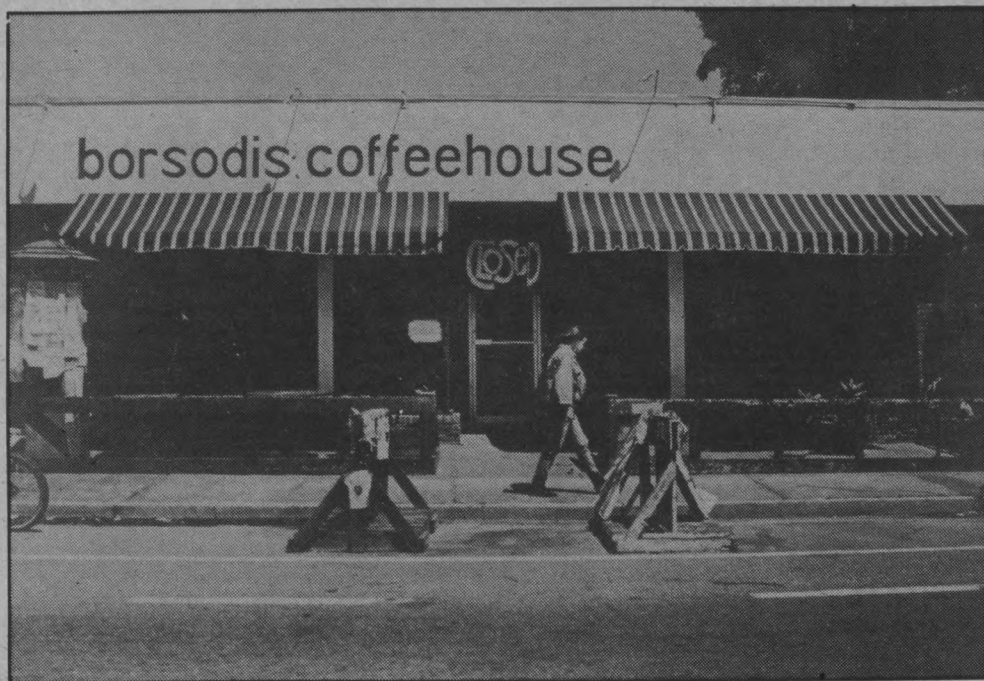
The next selection was "Someday My Prince Will Come" featuring Birkey on muted trumpet. The familiar simple melody, began the composition, taking some of us back to childhood. Birkey displayed his strength in the middle register, lulling us into some enchanted forest. Then, the rest of the ensemble kicked in with various solos, providing myriad emotions all framed within the original pace. Hench took his opportunity to thump out a beautiful solo here. Finally, Birkey

concluded the composition as it began, with Tamura's fingers supplying twinkling stars, thus completing the fairy tale with its well deserved happy ending.

Miles Davis used to leave the stage during other people's solos, considering himself superfluous to the action when he wasn't playing. At one point, Hench, Birkey and Mathews emulated Miles and left the stage to make way for Minolli and Tamura in their moments in the spotlight. The piece was called *Green Dolphin St.*, *When You Wish* (interpolation) and the reaction was electric. Tamura's piano led the way as Minolli watched his every move and followed, accentuating with cymbals and bass as he went. Tamura took us sailing with his left hand and splashed cool ocean spray on our faces with his right. Minolli, brush in hand, performed with a moderation that is rare. I respect a drummer who isn't afraid to caress his skins and tap his cymbals as opposed to those who rape the bass, crash the cymbal and beat the poor snare senseless. This is a man secure with his instrument.

Needless to say, these gentlemen come with my highest recommendation. They are versatile, running the gamut from a little salsa in Path Metheny's *Water Colors* to original swing tunes like *Primus* and unlikely standards like the theme from *I Love Lucy*. Furthermore, there is no better place to dig Jazz in I.V. than Borsodi's; the atmosphere is superb and the Lowenbrau Dark is a buck a glass and cold (although, I must confess, I'm partial to the Bass Ale). So take my advice, experience these cats.

Then again, maybe you shouldn't take my advice. After all, I'm a disciple of Dr. Douglas Daniels and firmly believe that Lester Young is seated at the left hand of God, ax in hand, playing sweetly. If, however, you are sick of *What I Like About You* and *Louie Louie*, I suggest you check it out. They play every Friday night, you can't beat the cover and you just might learn something. \mathcal{A}



Borsodi's is rarely this quiet on weekend nights.

NEXUS FILE PHOTO

Seeing the True Sounds of Liberty

By Cara Wallis
Contributor

The Embarcadero loop rumbled and shook Saturday night but no, it wasn't the long anticipated *Big One*. Instead, the thundering sounds of TSOL jolted Isla Vista as Borsodi's welcomed them and their Marshall stacks into what is becoming a new venue in I.V. for hardcore and rock music.

After the success of the Firehose/Sonic Youth show a couple of weeks ago there were high hopes of starting a continuing showcase for alternative music in the usually mellow coffee house. Yet when the opening act, a local band called Bitch Magnet (yes, that's right), was scheduled to begin, there were only about 50 people inside.

After delays in setting up the PA, Bitch Magnet finally took to the stage with a loud shriek of "Bitch!" coming from the lead singer. An interesting opening, but the band failed to go anywhere, and by the end of the third song there were shouts of "You Suck!"

With their semi-glam/metal look and sound, expressionless faces and the sneering and writhing of the lead singer, the band was hard-pressed to deliver any consistent sound. Although they did have a few good songs, including "What's Comin' to Me" and a slower song, "How About You?" the whole crowd looked pretty bored and pretty relieved by the time they ended.

When I asked a friend next to me how he would describe the group, he said, "The Kiss of the 80's." It goes to show that leather, Jack Daniels, and songs about

teenage nymphos don't make a band.

During the break between bands, people filed in, proving that the latecomers probably knew what they were missing. When TSOL (True Sounds of Liberty) finally came out the place was filled and ready to go. They opened with "Sixteen," a cut off of their latest lp, and immediately had the crowd going. They followed with "Nothin' For You" and "Hit and Run," keeping up the hard driving rock sound they've adopted since departing from their earlier thrash days.

During an older song, "Red Shadows," the crowd really went wild, but when a fight threatened to break out on the heated dance/slam floor, they slowed things down a bit, stating that, "Music wasn't made to fight to."

The band blazed through several songs after that, including many from their latest album, while lead singer Joe Wood often had the look of a madman. A cover of an old Leadbelly song, "Good Mornin' Blues," matched his gravelly voice perfectly with the bluesy licks of lead guitarist Ron Emory.

The band did an unexpected version of the Boxtops' "The Letter," another new one called "The Name is Love," which could almost pass for a very guitar-heavy pop/rock song, and then closed the show with the Doors' "Roadhouse Blues."

Band members returned to the stage after shouts for an encore and gave the crowd what they asked for, including "Silent Majority," a now rarely played song from their early days. After "Madhouse" and some other favorites, they ended the night with a blistering version of "Hipshake." \mathcal{A}

Theater

(Continued from p.1A)

Congressional committee was that through scripts and public performances, Hollywood was, as committee counsel stated, abetting the Soviet desire to "overthrow our government with force and violence." The entertainment industry has always been considered too "liberal" by hardline conservative thinkers because of its ability to involve and influence its audience and advance or constrict the boundaries of the status quo. However, far from being a rational investigation of Hollywood, the trial invariably turned into ideological persecution under the guise of patriotism.

One cannot help but side with the characters on the stage and the broken yet proud figures they portray, especially given the committee's pompous self-assignment as "the will of the American people."

We see George de la Pena's Larry Parks belittled and reduced to tearfully conceding to the committee, while they ghoulishly lick their chops for more information. Only to be scoffed at, he clambers vainly to explain how his membership in the party stemmed from youthful discontent and a sincere desire to better his country. Although a few members of the ten were able to exasperate the committee through their lack of cooperation or by invoking the Fifth Amendment, such as in Benet Guillory's stirring oratory as Paul Robeson, most bent

under the considerable weight of the homophobic forces facing them. The underlying knife poised at the backs of those on trial was the difficult choice between jail, blacklisting or naming. In the end, few chose the former.

The performance was able to showcase this feeling of angst in the defendants and impart it to the audience. Aside from a bit of overacting by Chairman Martin E. Brooks and bobbled lines by Joe George (portraying Lionel Stander), the casting was very strong, almost to the point of being overpowering in some instances, due to the highly charged nature of the script itself.

Only recently, President Ronald Reagan, a primary committee lackey during the trials, lamented the fact that "there was once a Congress in which they had a committee that would investigate even one of their own members if it was believed that that person had communist leanings. Well, they've done away with those committees. That shows the success of what the Soviets were able to do."

The same mentality that held Americanism as a threat and revoked the inalienable rights of honorable citizens has never disappeared. And some still harbor the delusory vision of America as a God-blessed WASP collective being denied its right to exist. "Are You Now" potently documents the danger of such views and how in such an arena, history could indeed repeat itself. \mathcal{A}

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They're New Record Reviews

It's Not "Thunder Road," It's Not Close

By Patrick Whalen
Sports Editor

Bruce Springsteen's eighth and newest studio release, *Tunnel of Love*, is one of those records you really want to like. It's brand new, The Boss hangs out in a cool suit and leans on a white Cadillac on the cover, and heck, you basically want to show those Bruce-Haters that the Sultan of New Jersey hasn't sold out and isn't as horrid as he is portrayed on today's college campuses.

If you want to believe that stuff badly enough and have the time to convince yourself of it, the new album won't let you down. But if you put all your emotional attachments, selfish pride and other biases to Springsteen aside, it becomes glaringly apparent that *Tunnel of Love* is the worst record he has ever made.

Although it will no doubt be entrenched in Billboard's top 10 for a couple of months, Tunnel of Love is not an album Springsteen fans will look fondly on in 10 years.

That's not putting Bruce down per se, as *Tunnel of Love* is several rungs above the majority of pop sap our ears are bombarded with daily. But the new record fails to stand up to any of Springsteen's prior work. One has to wonder what Springsteen was thinking

about when he sat down in his New Jersey studio and recorded this mellow, "easy rocking" album.

The record opens promisingly with "Ain't Got You," a simple, acoustic guitar-inflected sing-along ditty that is distinctive because of its directness and honesty — Bruce singing about the hugeness of his success, but still being unhappy because he can't get the girl. It's not "Thunder Road," nor is it original, but hey, Bruce is past that stage, and is not out to take over the world anymore.

I must admit I was optimistic after hearing this first cut. But when the second tune, "Tougher Than The Rest," came on, I knew something had gone horribly wrong.

It was those synthesizers and funny-sounding organs he had flirted with on 1984's *Born In The U.S.A.* "Tougher Than The Rest" opens with a cascading wall of the synthetic sounds, and the rest of the record is filled with equal doses of the noise. By the end of the album you've been numbed into submission by their wavy, soothingly — and boringly — textured tones, and you feel like going to sleep.

The record's worst offender in this regard is the romantic, giddy and over-produced title cut. "Tunnel of Love" begins with some ever-so-perfect drum machine bleating — coupled, of course, with an actual recording of the Schiffer Family roller coaster, straight from Pt. Pleasant Beach, N.J. — and the obnoxious synths, performed flawlessly by E Street great Roy Bittan, hit you with all their combined impotence.

The synths were a nice touch on *Born In The U.S.A.*, but here they're overwrought, overdone and stupid. Springsteen purists will no doubt find

fault with such instrumentation, but not because they don't want to see the Boss change. Springsteen did an about-face on 1983's *Nebraska*, a gritty, starkly emotional landscape that explored the dual nature of the characters in Springsteen songs, getting an important and moving message across using only an acoustic guitar and a harmonica.

On *Tunnel of Love*, however, the new effects are abundant, predictable, uninspiring and detract — rather than attract — the listener from some fine lyrical content. One can't help but feel that Springsteen misjudged his material on this effort.

Another troubling aspect of the record is the absence of guitars. Only one guitarist is listed in the musician credits, and it is found, ironically, on "Tunnel of Love." Nils Lofgren's work on this song is the only saving grace on what has become, unfortunately, a huge FM radio cut.

There are good songs on the record, however. "Spare Parts," a story about a woman with an infant whose fiancé has deserted her is notable for its grinding bass and wailing lyrics. The first single, "Brilliant Disguise," despite its synth and production flaws is a sparkling look at a relationship waiting to blossom if only the partners would be honest.

Springsteen remains a challenging rock 'n roll lyricist on *Tunnel Of Love*, although the album will certainly alienate some fans and reaffirm the nasty beliefs of others. Are those Springsteen's intentions, or is this release just a failed attempt at extending his artistic boundaries? You'll never get the answer from Bruce's mouth, and it's probably just as well. $\text{\textcircled{A}}$



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Silencers Are Golden

By Philip Hall
Contributor

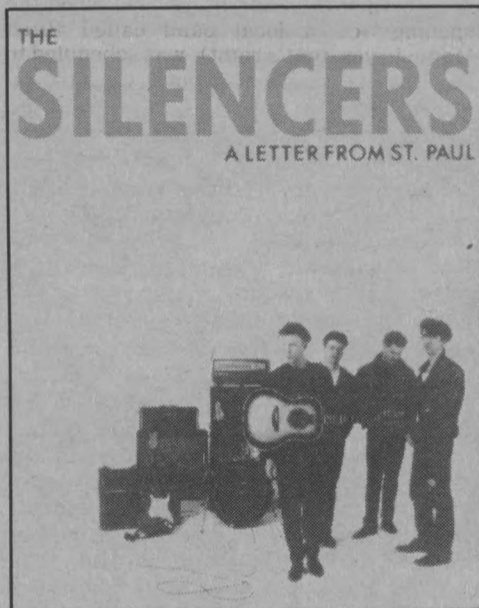
With the release of their first album, "A Letter From St. Paul," the Scottish band The Silencers are the most interesting new band to emerge from that country since Big Country appeared in 1983.

Even though the band's effort merits it, the album was released with little fanfare about two months ago. With this lack of attention, I didn't discover the album until a friend recently played it for me. But, one evening's listening was enough to convince me to fork over the eight dollars necessary to purchase one of my own.

The Silencers are led by lead singer/guitarist Jimmy O'Neill whose vocals are pleasant to the ear, and at times outstanding. He is solidly backed up by guitarist Cha Burns, bassist Joe Donnelly, and drummer Martin Hanlin. For a first release, the performances of all the band members are exceptional, and can only improve with experience.

The album opens with the one song that has been getting occasional airplay, both locally and in Los Angeles, the energetic "Painted Moon." With the suggested violent undertone of its moody lyrics, veiled repeated references to the Falkland Island's war, and paradoxically upbeat rhythm, it is the superior song on the album. O'Neill's vocal work in this song, is perhaps his most inspired on the whole album. This combined with the confident playing of the rest of the band creates a song that is sure to become a classic.

One of the recurrent themes in the album is the uselessness of and abhorrence for war. Apart from the aforementioned "Painted Moon," The Silencers make their strong opinions on the subject known in such songs as "Bullets and Blue Eyes" and "God's Gift." "Talking to my son/He's killing me with thunder/From his machine gun/I close my eyes and crumble slow," O'Neill sings at one point in "Bullets and Blue Eyes." It is in such disturbing references to war that The Silencers attempt to evoke the stupidity of it all. At one point in "God's Gift," O'Neill sings, "Go go Ronnie go/Detonate, blow us all away."



Another impressive point about the band is that they are not afraid to do something different, as in the title song, "A Letter From St. Paul." Singer Lou-Anne Colombo reads the song, as one would a letter, to the accompaniment of the band playing in the background. What makes this song work so well is the way that the spoken lyrics are enhanced by the music to create a casual, but somewhat sad mood that succeeds in catching and holding the interest of the listener.

In my opinion, though, the lyrics are secondary to the band's balancing of instrumentation which creates a distinctive style that is consistently maintained throughout the album. The album is basically a mellow one, but when it achieves its peaks, in such songs as "Painted Moon" and the thoughtful, dreamy "Blue Desire," it is superior. The thing that impresses me the most about the album is that, unlike many promising albums, there is not one bad song on it.

There are many reasons to recommend "A Letter From St. Paul. If you are a person who occasionally prefers music with vocals that are intelligible, as well as intelligent, then this album is for you. I eagerly await the next release from this soon to be popular band. $\text{\textcircled{A}}$

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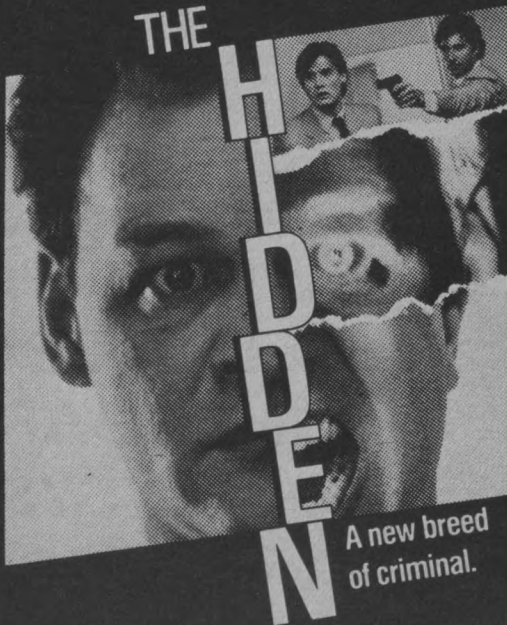
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It's About Our Own Literary Magazine

The Ends of the Spectrum

By L. Steven Elzer
Editor in Chief

It's a mix of poetry, prose, and fiction that is truly unmatched on this campus.

For the past 30 years, *Spectrum* magazine has appeared as a literary forum, providing a vehicle for UCSB's creative and talented. Editors are busy now, seeking submissions from students, faculty, alumni, and staff for this spring's annual.

"We're looking for the best work available. No matter what it's on — if it makes good reading, it's worth publishing," Editor Josh Schneyer said during an interview Sunday. And, reading is not just confined to the pages of the small magazine. *Spectrum* staffers and contributors will gather tonight for the first of many public poetry and prose readings this year.

Schneyer will host the event, to be presented in Building 494 (the College of Creative Studies) in room 136 at 7:30. Throughout the evening, *Spectrum* submissions will come to life as authors read their work to a listening audience of community members.

The magazine was founded in 1957 by the late founder of the College of Creative Studies, Marvin Mudrick, and former English professor Hugh Kenner.

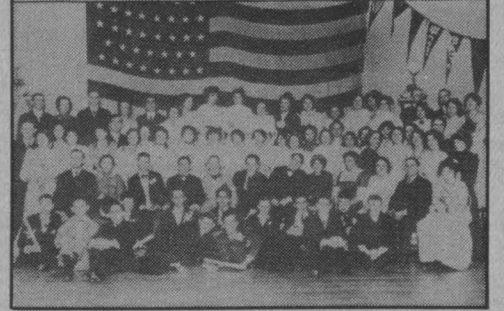
The founding fathers hoped to bring big-name authors like Samuel Beckett ("Waiting for Godot") and poet Denise Levertov together with student authors in the same magazine.

For years, the Mudrick/Kenner tradition graced the pages of *Spectrum*, bringing the magazine national praise. Throughout the 1970's, the magazine either placed in or won eight out of ten Collegiate Council Literary Magazine awards, according to Schneyer.

But through the 1980's, *Spectrum* has gradually lost its trophy touch. The submissions were first-rate, but missed production deadlines prohibited entry to competitions. Now that's going to change, asserts Schneyer. The editor and his staff are eager for competition and big names are no longer a necessity.

"I don't think big names necessarily add

SPECTRUM



to the quality of a magazine, but I do think it doesn't hurt to solicit manuscripts from famous authors, or at least authors on the verge of becoming famous... Because little magazines which are designed to discover talent in unknown places, are most effective in exposing that talent if the big names are there along with them... But we want material from everybody."

"This is a surprisingly good magazine. Pick up any issue from its inception and you'll find that the majority of the pieces you'll read are lively, entertaining, high quality good reading," he said.

Spectrum contributions are solicited nationwide. Each year, hundreds of poems, short stories, essays, black and white photographs, and line drawings are sorted, sifted, and judged for quality. The best of the best are included in the hard cover magazines, which are sold locally and in the UCen bookstore.

Spectrum can also be found in libraries nationwide, according to Mark Pisaro, a contributing staff member.

"It's important to have this type of writing forum," said Lisa Phillips, 1986-87 *Spectrum* Editor. Aside from the benefits of having literary work and art published, students who serve on staff also receive an invaluable opportunity in little magazine production, she said.

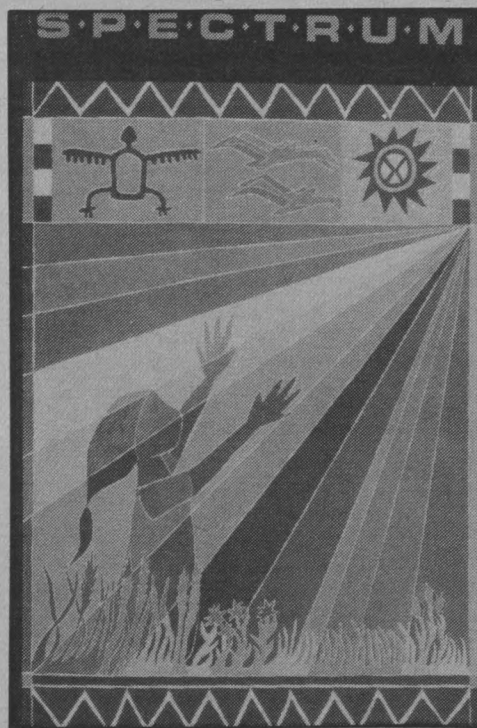
And, while *Spectrum* provides a potent mix of literary and artistic charm, it battles an uphill fight for recognition on a campus that is unaware of its existence.

With a limited press run, only 500 copies are available annually, it's not hard to understand why many students are unaware of its presence.

Through readings, like the one tonight, *Spectrum* is able to promote itself, but Phillips believes the university ought to lend more support to the project. During her tenure, production of *Spectrum* was confined to a \$5,500 budget. Much of the funding was absorbed by production expenses, with remaining money reserved as prize money for literary and art contests.

The magazine sponsors competitions for best short story, best poem or group of poems, best essay, and best art work. Prizes range from \$50 to \$100 per winner.

Submissions for *Spectrum* must be received before Jan. 15, according to editors. For further information, interested people are encouraged to write *Spectrum* at Box 14800, UCSB, 93107. AE



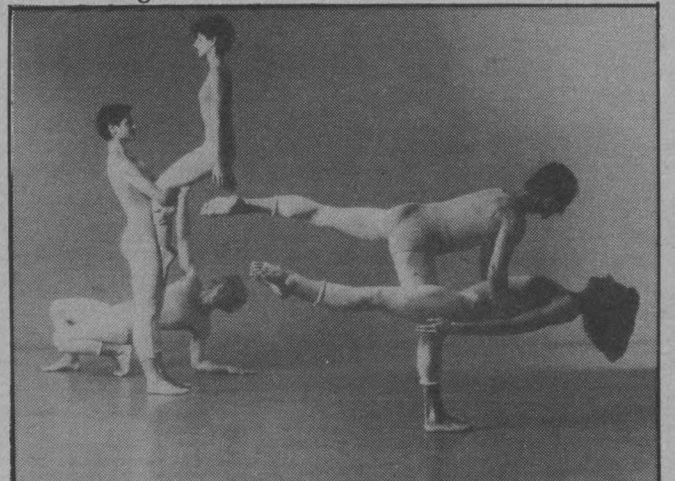
Mark Morris is Coming

Hurry! Quick! Buy your tickets for one of the sure to be wildly fun dance concerts of the Mark Morris Dance Company at Campbell Hall next Tuesday, Oct. 23 or Wednesday, Oct. 24. Morris is considered to be one of the "beyond post-modern" (tell me, where do we go from here?) dancemakers and has made a name for himself with lively, objective and often humorous dances. Only in his 30s now, after working with Twyla Tharp, Laura Dean and Hannah Kahn, Morris has established himself as a sort of *enfant terrible* with a sense of humor in the dance world so that, to Morris, no subject is deemed inappropriate for choreographic inspiration. Everybody loves a sensitive brat, right?

Although modern, Morris'

style is accessible to most everyone as the choreographic school of which he seems to be a part creates dances in which the dancers move with the music, the story gets told and emotions are revealed. Morris' ingenious use of

music sets him apart from other dancemakers for whom musical selections are merely elements that comment on the dance. With this much versatility, the shows promise to be satisfying for everyone.



It's an Art Exhibit Review

Women Through the Ages

By Juley Ann Glazer
Contributor

If you leave art exhibits feeling frustrated because you can't understand the work, you will probably enjoy the current exhibit at the Women's Center Gallery by artist Naomi King. The exhibit, titled *Women In History, Series 1*, portrays various interesting women from ancient history through the 15th century.

Most of the work has been done in the style of the period in which the women lived, however King's own style is clearly evident in each of the works and gives continuity to the exhibit on the whole. Most of the work uses gouache or acrylic paint and collage, especially xerox photocopies. The works are organized in layers of information, with people or places that the character was associated with or were typical of the time, arranged in the background of the central portrait. Some of the

women included are: Saint Teresa, visionary; Caterina Sforza, virago; and Sappho, poet. Beside each work is a short biography and a list of the images in the portrait and their relevance to the subject. This allows for a comprehensive view of each work, and considering the variety of women chosen, it is very helpful. One is tempted, however, to read the statement, look at the images indicated as a little history lesson, and not look at each piece as a holistically expressive work.

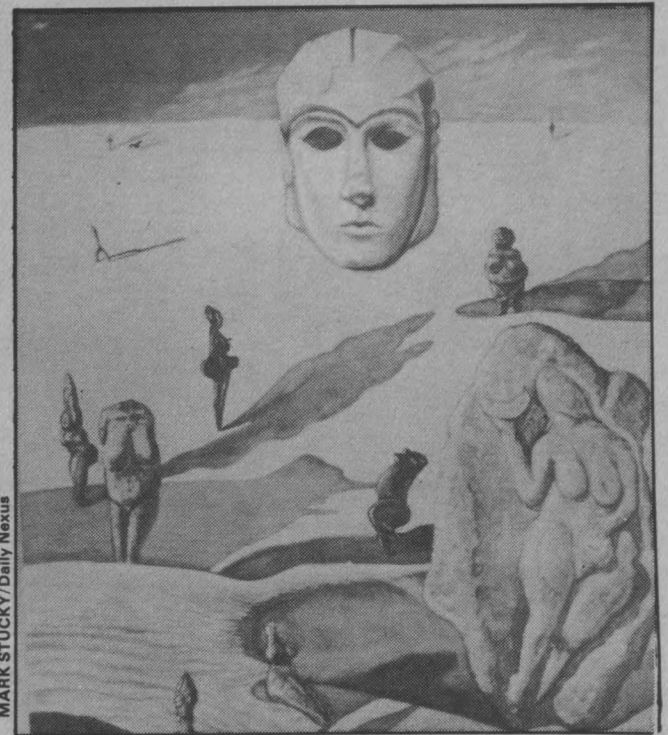
One portrait I found very successful was the one of Queen Hatshepsut, the first female pharaoh of Egypt. The work has a Middle Eastern desert feeling to it because of the delicate use of earth tones. The face of the queen herself mixes the mask-like expressions in the artwork of that period with just enough emotion to give the face personality.

Another interesting portrait was of Murasaki — done in the Monoyatri style

— which involves the perspective of looking in through a roof. It also uses the Hicime Kagahana convention of drawing people's faces the same way so that the viewer is forced to use her own imagination to fill in the personality of the character portrayed.

One of the most powerful pieces in the show is a painting entitled "Eternal Present." The centerpiece is a representation of the beautiful Warka head of 3500 B.C., with many prehistoric fertility goddesses and Venus figures surrounding it, all arranged on a surreal landscape. The bibliography contains a quote from the book *Eternal Present* which reads, "For the overwhelming majority, meaning revolves around an ardent desire for fertility and procreation." The painting makes a strong statement about femininity through time.

It is clear that Naomi King has researched in depth both the lives of these women



"The Eternal Present, The Beginnings of Art"

nearly forgotten over time and the styles of the times in which they lived. This is an exhibit of interest not only to history and art history buffs, but anyone with a little curiosity about bygone times.

Ms. King is a member of Santa Barbara Arts Association, the SB Arts

Council, the Pasadena Arts Association, and Women Painters West. She is also co-director of the Astra Art Gallery in Santa Barbara.

The exhibit will continue through Friday, Oct. 30. The public is invited to join the artist for a short talk in the gallery at noon tomorrow. AE



"Sappho, Poet"

It's a Dance Concert Review

Kathryn Posin Dancers: Bi-coastal Tripping

By Tonya Graham
Features Editor

Graceful steps, concise movements and limber maneuvers, as well as a touch of humor, characterized the Kathryn Posin Dance Company's performance Sunday night at Rob's Gym. Joined this year for the first time by 1987 UCSB graduate Jennifer Joe, the six-member troupe captivated the audience's attention throughout its two-piece concert.

Kicking off with "Hurts Too Much to Stop," a seven-dance piece set to the music of John Adams, David Tichan and John Zorn, the group delivered an entertaining look at city life, complimenting innovative movements with intermittent speaking parts.

Posin opened the number with the "Bi Dance," giving a visual and verbal presentation on the difficulty of leaving Los Angeles for New York. As company members portrayed stereotypical characters on the two shores, the talented choreographer expressed the turmoil of bringing her bi-coastal world together through the use of facial expressions, catch phrases and terse, uneven movement.

As Posin sat in the background wringing her hands through her hair as she tried to unite her bi-coastal world, the dancers visually embodied her turmoil as they came together, stripping down to gray men's briefs and tanks and pairing up for flips and carries with their coastal counterparts. Though the timing and movement was at first a bit off, the group soon warmed up and the performance became more fine-tuned as the piece progressed.

In New York, Posin became fascinated with the flickering lights of crack smokers beneath her apartment window and the wanderings of the homeless people on the streets, leading her to create the "Firefly Dance" and "Homeless Dance." Troupe

members first got the chance to display some interesting lifts and flowing upper-body movements, then quickly changed gears to portray self-absorbed passers-by as a forlorn "homeless" dancer, dressed in an old coat, warned them to "watch out for the broken glass" at the intersection.

The "Sex Dance" which followed made for a strange sequence of events, but nevertheless proved an entertaining spectacle, garnering more than a few laughs from the audience. Seductive movements and combinations took over the floor temporarily, but were soon replaced by more free-spirited, hand-slapping games and high kicks and jumps in the "Dancers' Dance," where each of the company members had the chance to share their reasons for dancing.

"I dance because it's safer than sex," said one. "I dance because it's cheaper than drugs," said another. "I dance to keep the evil spirits away," said a third.

However, the "Accident Dance" reminded the audience of the consequences of being a dancer, as troupe members portrayed a number of dancing accidents resulting in sprained ankles, sore muscles, bruises and hurt arms.

In another strange sequence of events, the "Happy Dance" followed this scene of accidents. "It's absurd for the 'Happy Dance' to follow," Posin admitted, "and that's why we need it all the more." With smiling faces and "happy" expressions, the dancers proceeded to swing each other around and exchange partners, with light-spirited coordinated action.

After a brief discussion of the various factors which contributed to the creation of "Hurts Too Much to Stop," which recently premiered in Los Angeles, the dancers returned to the floor in "Forgotten Signals," an abstract presentation that Posin explained has something to do with "picking up a signal from outer space ... and using it to tell you where to go."

This number required no speaking parts, but only glossy facial expressions portraying a combination of expectation, wonder, fear and curiosity as dancers looked up into an imagined sky waiting for the signals that would show them the paths they should take.

Costumed in white and carrying a large white banner and two poles, the group came together center stage at various times throughout the dance, bringing their combined energies into powerful scenes of swaying and anticipation as they waited for ... something. Intermittently, the dancers broke away from the group to walk-dance across the stage, pointing toward the sky and searching it with their eyes.

The strange and varied sounds of Lori Spiegel's computer music in the background more than made up for the loss of lighting effects in the Rob's Gym performance room. From bells chiming to choir voices to shrill buzzing, the abstract music never ceased to compliment the dancers' movements or elicit feelings of anxiety and anticipation from the audience.

Those feelings quickly changed, however, when the lights dimmed. The crowd immediately broke out into loud applause, signaling an unquestionable success for the Posin company dancers, and eliciting a grand smile from a certain former UCSB dance major who has reason to be proud of her accomplishments. AE

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October 24-25

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REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE (7 P.M., 3 P.M. SUNDAY MAT.)

October 26

UNDER THE VOLCANO (7 P.M.)
BEAT THE DEVIL (9 P.M.)

October 27

MOULON ROUGE (7 P.M.)
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October 28-29

MISFITS 7 PM
FAT CITY 9 PM 10/28 5:10 PM 10/29

October 30-31, November 1

MALTESE FALCON (8 P.M., 4 P.M. MAT.)
ASPHALT JUNGLE (Oct. 30-31: 6, 10 P.M., 2 P.M. MAT.)
WALK WITH LOVE & DEATH (Nov. 1: 6, 10 P.M., 2 P.M. MAT.)

November 2-3

KEY LARGO (7 P.M.)
WE WERE STRANGERS (MON., 9 P.M.)
PRIZZI'S HONOR (TUES., 9 P.M.)

November 4-5

MOBY DICK (7 P.M.)
WISEBLOOD 9 am 11/4 5 pm 11/5

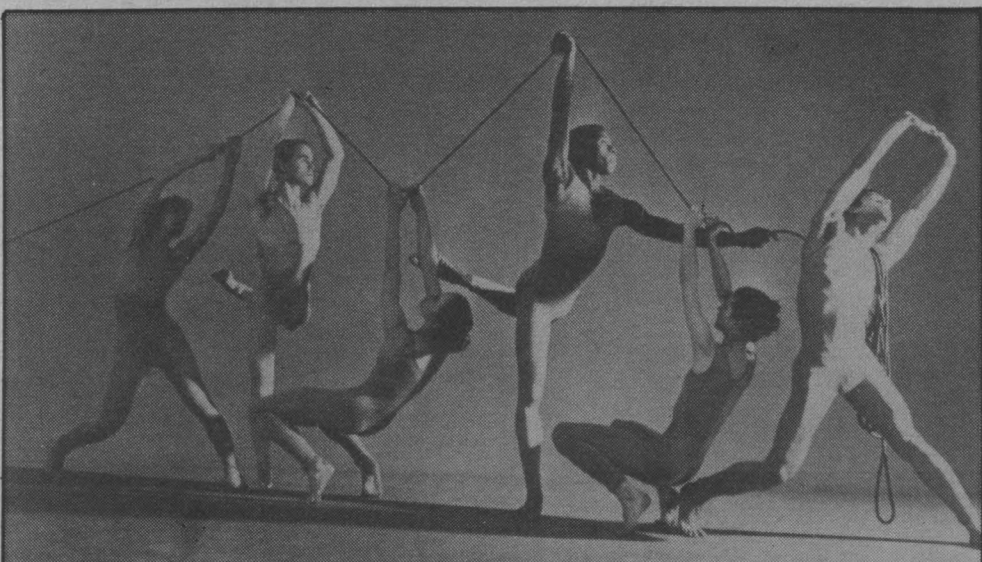
November 8-9

TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE (7 P.M., 2 P.M. MAT.)
THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING (9:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. MAT.)

November 10-11

CHINATOWN (9 P.M.)
HIGH SIERRA (7 P.M.)

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It Was a Benefit for Children

A Good Time Was Had By All

By Judith Smith-Meyer
Arts and Entertainment
Editor

The benefit event for Santa Barbara County's Children's Protective Services sponsored by Gary Paul and KTYD last Saturday night worked. Not only did it succeed in raising what must have been a goodly amount of money for an utterly worthy cause (it will be used to develop self-esteem programs for youths living in conditions where positive reinforcement is the last thing on anyone's mind) but, yes, a good time was had by all.

Set very far down in Santa Barbara, off Salsipuedes, in a huge empty warehouse — I've been told it's the "New York warehouse atmosphere," apparently an East Coastal thing — the benefit included a raging fashion show, an exhibition of work by local artists, delicious goodies courtesy of The Wine Cask, complimentary champagne and no-host wine and beer and,

ultimately, a gigantic dance party with lots of beautiful people dressed in black or some related shade.

The main draw, of course, was the Fall Passage fashion show featuring the most delicious clothing for men from Gary Paul of Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo and soon-to-be New York City. Modeled by many handsome male and female models (hard to say who looked better in them), the clothes didn't merely hang from a bunch of poised bodies. The show was cleverly choreographed to the hippest contemporary music by Alex Munoz, who also modeled (does the word "hypertalented" ring a bell?), and proved that a fashion show could be enjoyed even by a cultural snob who hates clothes. While the models wouldn't appropriately be called dancers, they did move and shake their autumnal attire to its utmost and they did it well. Much appreciation was expressed by the audience in the form of loving hoots and grand applause.

The appearance of most of the folks attending may have suggested to someone prone



They wore their sunglasses at night.

to stereotyping that they weren't thinking much about the good they were doing for the benefitees of Children's Protective Services, but I know this wasn't true. This goodness of the heart was profoundly evident in the attention of the two senior women sitting in the front row, and was no doubt an

accurate reflection of the fashionably grim crowd of younger patrons as well.

During the show, a contagious shake-your-booty mood had infected the audience, who went with the feeling onto the expansive dance floor where the DJ in control kept it all going into the wee hours. What fun to meet up with old friends and make new ones in a communal party atmosphere. Who would have ever thought men's fashion could be so inclusive?

Yet, the most refreshing aspect of the entire evening was the union of the capitalistic decadence of our age with a true desire to help others who may actually be able to use our assistance. The chances that such funds could have been raised by so apparently self-centered a crowd in any other, perhaps more outwardly selfless, circumstances are slim; and herein lies the true brilliance of the concept of this benefit.



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It's Tonight's A & L Film

Remember the Radio Days

Tonight's episode in Arts and Lectures' continuing chronicle of American Adventures is the 15th film written and directed by America's foremost inward adventurer, Woody Allen, and is called *Radio Days*. It has been described as "a loving valentine to the days when radio reigned supreme in the reality of most Americans." As valentines go, any by Allen is bound to be the most genuinely endearing token imaginable as we have, as a population, either reveled in or abhorred his agonizing over the value of love and life.

Set in Rockaway, New York, at the outset of World War II, *Radio Days* invites the audience to partake in the hilarious yet moving adventures of a family whose members triumph over a mundane existence by cultivating an intense fantasy life. Like Allen's previous film, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, *Radio Days* is also a family saga. The joys and tribulations experienced by all — parents and children, aunts and

uncles, neighbors and friends — are universally recognizable and here is the truth for which Allen has been striving for years. But, even if the nature of dreams precludes most from coming true, the very fact the characters in the film choose to confront and be inspired by them lends them an almost heroic dimension.

Much of the cast is veteran Allen material. Dianne Wiest goes for her third round; Julie Kavner and Michael Tucker, their second; and of course, Mia Farrow, her sixth Woody Allen film. The guest artist list also features previous Allen filmic cohorts Danny Aiello, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, and Diane Keaton. Which one of these people is reason enough for you to go see it?

Radio Days paints a light-hearted, life-affirming canvas of life at a time when innocence was still possible. If nothing else, go and close your eyes during the film to soak up the classic music of the era.



ON THE RADIO - NOT ON THE BUS

They're Movie Reviews

Best Seller, Cheap Thriller

By Kent Silveira
Arts Writer

A mercenary hit man for a corporate exec decides to turn the tables on his former employer by discrediting him. The best way to do this he decides, is to befriend a police officer he had a run in with over a decade ago and convince this officer to write a new book based on his own dubious employment history thereby blowing the lid off of the corporate exec. This is the starting premise for *Best Seller*.

James Woods plays the hit man. Brian Dennehy once again portrays the capitalistic officer (witness his roles in *Legal Eagles*, *F/X* and *Silverado*). While both of these men are powerful actors neither are really used to full potential in this

film. Woods is a hit man with a heart, and he wants Dennehy's book to portray him that way. This is a very interesting premise in that it sets up one of the stickiest

It is unfortunate the film makers opted to turn this into a rehash of "Lethal Weapon" instead of the fine psychological thriller it deserved to be.

moral dilemmas that one can possibly imagine, or rather it *should have*. Woods is trying to convince Dennehy that there is more to

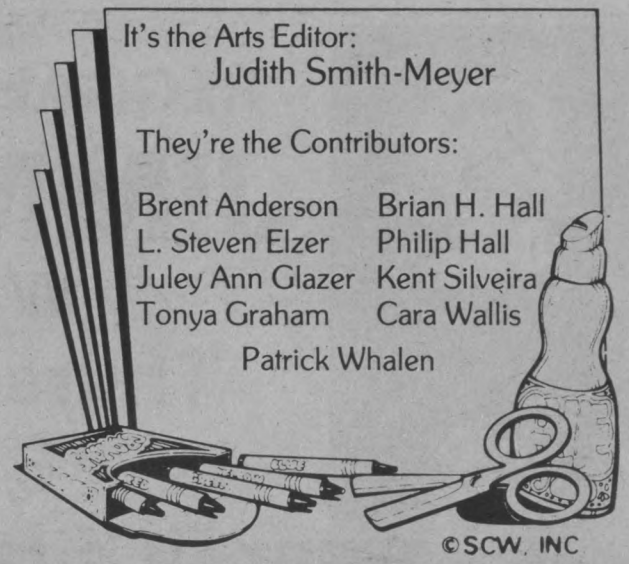
him than just a brutal killer. Dennehy spends most of the film trying to convince himself that there really isn't. The movie does make a valiant attempt to bring these conflicting views across by juxtaposing scenes of Woods at home eating a family dinner with scenes where he is brutally slashing the neck of an adversary.

It is unfortunate that the filmmakers opted to turn this into a rehash of *Lethal Weapon* instead of the fine psychological thriller it deserved to be. After spending 90 minutes of the film gathering evidence to put the corporate exec away, our heroes spend the last 15 of them trying to kill him in the customary Hollywood shoot out while trying to rescue Dennehy's little daughter from his clutches. The worst part about it is

that the cliches aren't even done well. The movie starts out by staking quite a bit on its own credibility as a psychological thriller and then expects the audience to completely suspend their disbelief at the absolutely hokey ending.

As far as the soundtrack is concerned, the less said the better. It is uninspired and sounds like it was lifted from the last episode of *T.J. Hooker*. I admit this is a minor quibble, but when a movie is already this disappointing, why hold anything back?

The plot is thinly constructed and its execution is choppy and uneven. Although the careers of both leads will probably not be hurt by this film (and indeed they do deserve far better than this), *Best Seller* is best left on the shelf unopened. \AA



It's the Arts Editor:
Judith Smith-Meyer

They're the Contributors:

- Brent Anderson
- L. Steven Elzer
- Juley Ann Glazer
- Tonya Graham
- Brian H. Hall
- Philip Hall
- Kent Silveira
- Cara Wallis
- Patrick Whalen

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Amazon Women from the Moon?

By Kent Silveira
Arts Writer

Anybody out there remember a little-known film called *The Kentucky Fried Movie* from a few years ago? It was a strange, yet hilarious little film from the producers of *Airplane!* and was at least partially directed by John Landis. Landis has come to be associated with the outrageously bizarre and has had both very good (*Animal House*, *The Blues Brothers*, *An American Werewolf in London*) and very disastrous (*The Twilight Zone: The Movie*, *The Three Amigos!*) results.

His latest effort is a return to the wacky format of *Kentucky Fried Movie* in which the movie is actually a series of humorous sketches designed to poke fun at the way we live, particularly how various forms of mass media have come to affect our lives. Going into this film, I was very skeptical, for even though *Kentucky Fried Movie* had ranked as one of my all time favorite comedies, Landis has not had a winner since 1984's *Trading Places*. The question remains: Could he pull it off again?

One advantage that *Amazon Women on the Moon* has over its predecessor is that it boasts some big names (Steve Guttenberg, Rosanna Arquette, Carrie Fisher, Ed Begley Jr.). However, using brand-name talent has never stopped Landis from cooking turkeys in the past (Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd in *Spies Like Us*; Steve Martin, Martin Short and Chevy in *Three*

Amigos!). So, hopeful but doubtful, I marched into the theater to see what Landis (among other directors) would throw at me. I walked out holding the kitchen sink.

Amazon Women is an absolute blitzkrieg of zany sketches (again aimed mainly at TV and video) that at times threatens to overwhelm the viewer with its sheer magnitude of material. From the very opening credits (STARRING: LOTS OF ACTORS), the film bombards the audience with joke after joke. And while much of the humor may seem outwardly very silly, the basis of the jokes involves some careful recognition on the part of the audience. The main sequence of the film (from which the title is derived) is a fairly accurate depiction of what an old 50s sci-fi thriller looks like on a

Perhaps the most glaring and hilarious defects are the ultra-nifty "special effects" of the film.

"movies till dawn" local TV program. The humor is meticulously crafted as the announcer for the film constantly gets the original release date and stars for the film mixed up, and announces "there will be no further interruptions" about five or six times before the film has run its course.

Everything about this mock film fits a bad 50s movie to a tee: the laughable acting, the totally unbelievable plot and the lack of any semblance of scientific knowledge. Perhaps the most glaring and hilarious defect is the ultra-nifty "special effects" of the film. But again, these moments pass quickly, and if you haven't had the privilege of watching *It Came from Outer Space* at 3 a.m., you may not appreciate the subtle jokes that are jabbing at the people who have.

Not all of the humor is that subtle, however. Ed Begley Jr. makes a hilarious Invisible Man Jr. who believes he has inherited daddy's unique talent when in fact, everyone around him knows better. A straight-faced B.B. King makes an appeal for donations to the "Negroes Without Soul Foundation." A teenager has his dream date turn into his worst nightmare when he tries to buy a condom from the local corner drug store.

While much of this film may seem pointless on the surface, there is an underlying theme behind many of the sketches that is more than a little disturbing. This is graphically illustrated in a sketch in which a man watches helplessly as his life is reviewed by a pair of TV critics a la Siskel and Ebert. His life is summed up on the show and given a hearty thumbs-down as the critics rate the character's life as being ho-hum, monotonous and mundane. It made me wonder how I would rate.

I left the theater almost stunned. While I was not doubled over with laughter as I had been with *Kentucky*

Fried Movie, I was very impressed with the intelligence and guts it took to create a film that spent much of its time attacking its own medium. Don't get me wrong. *Amazon Women on the Moon* is still the zaniest movie to come out in a long time (especially for Landis), and it in no way resembles any sort of serious commentary film. Yet, I was reminded of the time when Calvin asked Hobbes what was meant by "religion is the opiate of the masses," to which a television responded in a thought balloon: "It meant Karl Marx hasn't seen anything yet!" \AA

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—Jerry Tallmer, NEW YORK POST

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