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## National Theatre of the Deaf



**Inside:**  
**Agent Orange**  
**Donald Fagen**  
**Class Reunion**  
**Ain't Misbehavin'**  
**It Came From Hollywood**





*The Nightfly*

# Light Touch of Donald Fagen

By JAY DeDAPPER  
Donald Fagen's first solo album *The Nightfly* could easily be the eighth Steely Dan album if it weren't so cheery. There is a good reason for this: Donald Fagen is the vocal/synthesizer half of the famed duo. Presently Fagen and Walter Becker (the other half) are pursuing their own interests, much to the dismay of record executives who have seen the Dan's popularity grow over the past few years. *The Nightfly* should satisfy the execs and the fans.

Fagen grew up during the fifties in suburban New

Jersey listening to jazz as a form of rebellion and escape. This love of jazz led to obvious results with Steely Dan — a band noted for its sophisticated jazz/rock flavor. As he states in the liner notes, the songs on this record represent some of the images and fantasies of his youth.

One of the great forms of rebellion at that time, according to Fagen, was the late-night radio emanating from New York City. The cover is a portrait of Fagen as a late-night talk show host, complete with a pack of Chesterfields and a Sonny Rollins record. The back cover shows a typical suburban tract late at night with a house that has one upstairs bedroom light on. Everything on the inside is as good as the outside in terms of imagery.

The first side of the album opens with the first single release. "I.G.Y." which stands for International Geophysical Year. Fagen's look at what 1976 was supposed to bring is a humorously light view of a world where people travel "undersea by rail/ Ninety minutes from New York to Paris" and "there'll be

spandex jackets, one for everyone."

The music is straightforward Steely Dan right down Fagen's synthesized blues harp. "Green Flower Street" is an off-beat affair featuring a great performance by guitarist Larry Carlton. "Ruby Baby" is filled with Four Freshman-style vocals and is one of the few covers Fagen has ever done. It is quite different from the dark obliqueness of similar tunes on *Gaucho*, Steely Dan's last album. This song typifies the approach Fagen has taken — music that's fun and easy to listen to.

"Maxine" ends the side with the classic slow dance right down to the sultry tenor solo and "deep" lyrics: "Some say that we're reckless/ They say we're much too young/ Tell us to stop before we've begun/ We've got to hold out till graduation/ try to hang on Maxine." Classic.

"New Frontier" is great tune about a summer party in dad's new bomb shelter. Again Carlton provides some sparse yet excellent guitar solos. This is a great upbeat song that will surely be released as a single because

of its cynical hindsight and almost foolish musical accompaniment. "The Nightfly" is Fagen's tribute to those late-night radio hosts that kept him up all night. Again Fagen takes a light, comical look at all of this: "So you say there's a race/ Of men in the trees/ You're for tough legislation/ Thanks for calling/ I wait all night for calls like these." It's so catchy you wind up singing the chorus.

Probably the most unusual song on the record is "The Goodbye Look." Fagen sings as one of the last Americans in Cuba after Castro's coup. Fagen has written a song about women and love and indirectly brings in the Cuban crisis. This also provides Carlton with the chance to pick his way through the best solo he's had in many years. The Latin rhythm and xylophone provide an ambience that all falls in place. The record ends in the most upbeat way imaginable. "Walk Between the Raindrops" evokes an image right out of a Hollywood musical. The tune is short but the straight swing tempo and the

(Please turn to pg.7A, col.5)

## Ain't Misbehavin' Brings Professionalism to S.B.

By JOHN KRIST

Living in Santa Barbara, you get accustomed to feeling continually half-nourished, to having your appetite for the sight and sound of high-caliber performing artists only occasionally satisfied. Sure, there are a couple of polished theater companies and a handful of accomplished musical groups, but usually one needs the vast resources of a large city like Los Angeles to encounter those who are true professionals at their craft — performers who possess the ability and dedication required to earn a living at what they do.

Santa Barbarans, at least the number who could pack into the Arlington Theater on two nights, were treated to precisely that last week, as the touring production of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, the Tony Award-winning musical show celebrating the work of jazz pianist, composer and recording star Thomas "Fats" Waller, swept into town like an electrical storm of singing, dancing and high-altitude camp.

It was a simple show — five on-stage performers, a seven-piece backup band and 30 tunes either written or made into hits by Fats Waller. Sets and costumes, impressive in their slinky glitter, helped establish the mood, ranging from that of smoky dive to smokier dive, but it was the ability of the performers to breathe life and character into simple songs that made the show so absorbing.

Barbara Mills, with a husky voice that can alternately screech like a cat and purr like a well-oiled preacher, exuded sensuality with every ounce of her rather substantial bulk. Deborah Barnes, her face that of a kewpie doll, danced and pranced, and wielded her dramatic vocal range like a whip. Melodee Savage, with perhaps the cleanest and purest voice of the three women, moved and sang with a seemingly effortless elegance and control.

John Thomas and Frank Farrow III, the two male members of the company, were polar opposites of one another. Farrow, bearded and barrel-like, growled and mugged his way through the show, becoming serious only when absolutely necessary. Thomas, on the other hand, had more moving parts than a Swiss watch. Long and slender, rubber-faced like Farrow, he expressed the nuances in each phrase of a song with every inch of his body.

After an initially shaky start (why is it that every show at the Arlington seems to suffer from some type of sound system screw-up?), the show reached out and grabbed hold of the audience, refusing to let go until long after the finale. It was an evening of first-class entertainment that left a lingering, slightly bittersweet afterglow: an exuberant feeling that something special had just taken place, coupled with regret that it will probably be so long before it happens again.



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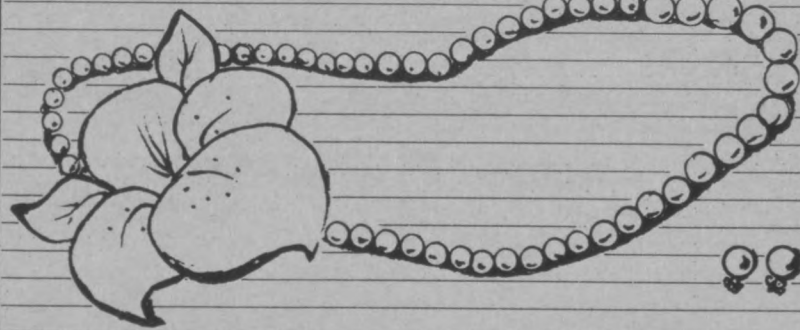
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America's most remarkable theater company, the National Theatre of the Deaf, begins its 29th tour this fall, and will be seen tonight in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m.

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Since the founding of this extraordinary company 15 years ago by Broadway designer David Hays, the world has applauded an exciting new theatrical form. Using the superb ability of deaf people to communicate visually, plus their natural acting talent, Hays fulfilled a long planned-for project: a fully professional permanent acting company of the deaf. The National Theatre of the Deaf is now the foremost equity-scale, full year dramatic touring company in America.

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Judith Crist on the NBC *Today Show* advised her audience: "Don't miss it. A wonderful company... a superb company... one of the most exciting kinds of theater that I have ever encountered. A startling new theatrical form. You really owe it to yourself when it hits your city to see the National Theatre of the Deaf."

For information please call the Arts and Lectures Ticket Office at 961-3535, Monday through Friday, 8 a.m.-5 p.m.

# Hayes a Pleasant Surprise

By JANE MUSSER

I've always thought that one of the biggest disappointments for a music fan is, after really enjoying an album, to see the group live and have them sound very different and much worse. The magic of the modern recording studio's vocal overlays can give a mediocre voice a strong vibrancy, and additional studio musicians can turn the music of average players into something both exciting and confident.

Watching Bonnie Hayes and the Wild Combo in the UCen Pub Saturday taught me something new: that one of the biggest pleasures for a music fan is, after enjoying an album, to see the group live and have them sound different...and better.

With only the most basic sound system, as available in the Pub, Hayes and her three-member back-up band provided about an hour and a half of very danceable, energetic pop music. As lead singer and keyboardist, as well as songwriter, Hayes was the centerpiece of the show. She played, sang and conversed with the audience with complete confidence. The intimacy of the Pub's stage set-up would make some performers nervous, but Hayes seemed to enjoy having the audience close. She took the fact that, probably because of the overabundance of parties in the middle of Halloween weekend, her audience was next to non-existent (maybe 30 people) with humor. Audience size was less important than audience participation and enjoyment.

Asides from her confident, fun stage presence, the best aspect of the show was Hayes' sound. On their first album, *Good Clean Fun*, Hayes and the Wild Combo sound polished and professional. Vocal overlays, especially on "Shelly's Boyfriend," the first song off the album to receive much airplay, fill out any rough edges to Hayes' voice, giving her

a smooth, full sound. Without the overlays Saturday night, the smoothness was gone and in its place was a sense of urgency and energy completely lacking on much of the album. Hayes has a very average singing voice, but performing live, she demonstrates confidence and, above all, humor. Who needs vocal overlays when the undoctored sound is this much fun?



The Wild Combo, with Hayes' brother Kevin on drums, Paul Davis on guitar and Hank Maninger on bass, all looked like they were having a good time on stage, and sounded rehearsed and tight together. Maninger's athletic leaps and bopping were a good counterpoint to Hayes' more hurried moves.

Hayes performed all the songs from *Fun*, with the highlights of the album, including "Girls Like Me," "Separating," "Shelly's Boyfriend," and "Coverage," marking the high points of the show as well.

It's too bad that Hayes doesn't communicate her danceable sound and acute sense of humor as well to vinyl as she can to a live audience. But the group is only a couple of years old. Perhaps in time, they'll relax a little in the studio and

lose some of their recorded polish. I certainly hope they move in that direction — it would be a shame if they went the other way, and ended up dampening some of their natural on-stage energy with artificial studio stuffiness.

The 60 Egos, a local group, opened the show. A six-member pop/rock band, half women, half men, their music was good, but perhaps because of the sound system in the Pub, their vocals were hard to understand and consequently ineffective.

Photo by Audrey Israel

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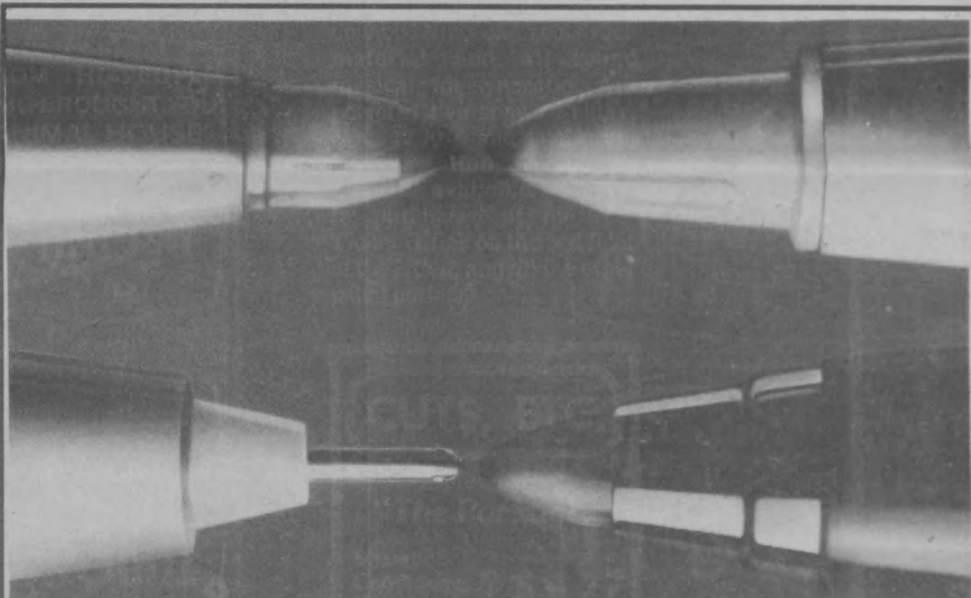
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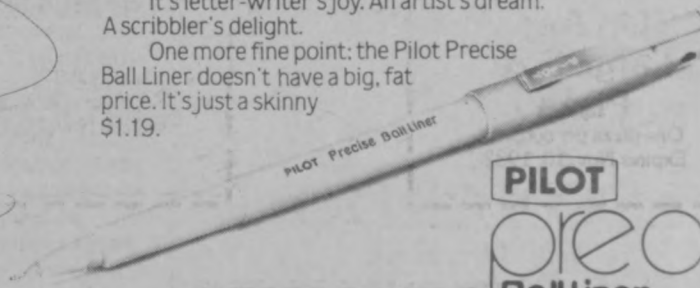
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## Class Reunion: Horror or Humor

By PETER LEFEVRE

National Lampoon's *Class Reunion* is an attempt to mix the school blood and gore movie with the type of humor that the *National Lampoon* magazine is so renowned for. Were the movie to make a solid commitment to either genre then perhaps its overall tone would not have been so confused. As it stands, the film is constantly compromising itself, its laughs tainted by quite standard special effects, and any suspense-generated tension is prematurely eased by silly and occasionally offensive one-liners.

A reason for the ineffectiveness of either the jokes or the shocks is the movie's blatantly fictive nature. When the conventions used in a film are obviously a work of the imagination, the film has a tendency toward the mythical. This is an advantage if the emotion that the director wishes to evoke is wonder. When a filmmaker wishes to evoke fear or laughter or both, however, a choice must be made. Is the film going to represent life as we perceive it, in which case if life is imitated successfully then the audience will believe in the characters, or is the film to present an imaginary world, in which case if the world is purely fantasy then the audience might suspend their belief and play along with the joke?

When a movie straddles the two, the audience doesn't know where to place their empathy and there is no visceral connection to the action on the screen. Where there is no visceral connection there is no audience reaction. In *Class Reunion* one can admire the concept and some of what it inspired, but it rarely, if ever, receives the attention that it was designed for. How is it possible to care at all about people who attended Lizzie Borden High School? How does one react to a transfer student from Transylvania High? The class itself doesn't appear so much like a class as it appears to be a symbolic representation of every pop phenomenon since the fifties. The credits read like an inventory. One punk. One polyester disco freak. One James Brown clone. Two hippies.

The film starts with the class, still in high school, at a beach party. The only way to tell that the reunion hasn't started yet is that the men all have their letter jackets on. When the reunion starts 10 years later, no one looks any older. The class president and football team captain play a nasty prank on the school loser. At the reunion, the loser, recently escaped from a mental institution, begins to kill the class off one by one. Strangely enough, the loser only kills those that no one else liked so that in the end when the class president apologizes and saves the loser from falling to death, the dead bodies become unimportant and are forgotten so the dance can continue. After all, what are a few corpses compared to a rekindled class spirit? The reactions to the deaths range from the class goodie two-shoes remarking upon hearing of a murder, "How absolutely gross!" to the two hippies seeing a cafeteria worker stuffed in an oven and then, chilled to the marrow with horror, running out to roll another joint. While vigilante groups search out the killer, the rest of the class remains in the gym and plays bingo.

These images are designed for humor, but it seems as if the filmmakers have no faith in the comic potential of the film, leaving no room for pacing. The film revolves around the plot and not around the comic development which is a death blow to the entertainment value. One of the central plot conventions is that everyone is trapped in the building because the doors have been locked. Come on...

The movie bills itself as being brought to you by the same people who brought you *Animal House*. That may be so, but don't be fooled. The only survivor of *Animal House* to appear in this monstrosity is Stephen Furst, the fat pledge. This movie provides none of the lunacy or contempt for convention that *Animal House* did. More importantly, *Class Reunion* has no choice comic performances in it, an element that *Animal House* had in abundance. Again, in *Animal House* there was a closer semblance to truth. Deep in the recesses of the American collective psyche there was the notion that somewhere there existed a fraternity exactly like Delta Tau Delta. A number of people who were high school seniors when it was released probably went out searching for it, or started an *Animal House* of their own. Lizzie Borden High could not possibly exist, so how can we believe in its characters like we believe in Bluto Blutarsky?

There were few performances that weren't abrasive for the simple reason that there were few characters that weren't abrasive. How does one compliment an actress whose only function in the film was to get laughs by being blind? Even Gerrit Graham, an actor with numerous credits behind him, is uninterested and uninteresting in his role as the class president. He had appeared in another attempt to bridge comedy and terror, as Beef, the rock star impaled by a neon lightning bolt in *The Phantom of the Paradise*, but it did not help this film.

Zane Busby, as a former cripple who arrives at the reunion cured because she sold her soul to the devil, is sporadically amusing. Her face is constantly contorting into obscene looks and then springing back to a rather attractive, sultry expression. Her wicked mimicry and Linda Blair-style growling paired with an innocent, childlike pout comes as close to matching terror and humor as the movie gets. Still, her character suffers at the hands of the plot. With the ability to shoot fire from one's mouth, why worry about locked doors? For that matter, why worry about a killer who knocks his victims out with a rubber mallet?

There is a guest appearance by Chuck Berry, as himself, the entertainment for the reunion. He also provides virtually the only entertainment for the audience in the theater.

## Slightly Inspired 'It Came From Hollywood'

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

*Zombies Of The Stratosphere.*

*The Weird Effects Of LSD.*

*I Married A Monster From Outer Space.*

What do these especially awful cheapie flicks have in common? Or is that a loaded question? Well, aside from being suspiciously-titled plot summaries, they are among a handful of bronzed examples of Hollywood at its narrative and technological worst. They are they kind of B-movies that play on the tube's Late, Late, Late Show. They are so embarrassingly schlocky that they are riotously funny. And, strangely enough, they are eminently watchable, which is why many truly wretched films of these genres have gained cult status.

The genres almost exclusively deal with the fantastic and the science fiction, stories of man pitted against monsters on earth, around the universe, or those which originate from within the mind. The movies are usually highly and clumsily, symbolic and allegorical; but they are decidedly sophomoric in approach, due less to a lack of imagination than to a dearth of funds.

Celebrating around 100 of such gems through guest star commentary and energetically-edited snippets, *It Came From Hollywood* is a lighthearted documentary, fashioned in the *Saturday Night Live* vein, that offers chuckle-worthy insight into how and why so many films of the '50s and '60s attempted to answer the era's ever-pressing social issues: why can't our kids be trusted? and why does the animal kingdom go berserk?

The sci-fi cinematic treatise takes the form of mad scientists unleashing inexplicably subversive and insidious behavior from victims who lie prone on operating tables with a spaghetti strainer on their head (and placed precariously under a photo enlarger lens which is strapped to a microphone stand). So much for scientific determinism.

The darkness of the human psyche is as frightening, so they assert, as a giant amorphous blob oozing out of a movie theater, craving teenagers but consuming everything in its path. The monsters include, as hostess Gilda Radner points out, the "burnt casserole monster," alien pipe welders, animated crepe paper, the sponge rubber tree, rock monsters who come to life from the side of a Martian rock quarry, and the adorable slime people — and, oh, yes, the endearing critters with eyeballs on their shoulders.

Another oft-used film target are the creatures, both of this world and from beyond, who, "like communists," have it as their sole purpose to break United States security and disrupt army intelligence. Not a difficult task.

One of my personal favorites is a film which has the distinction of being named The Worst Film of All Time in *The Golden Turkey Awards* book: *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Its creator — sriptor and editor — was given an entire segment of *It Came From Hollywood*; Ed Wood was also selected as Worst Director of All Time. The dialogue is inconsistent and the acting wooden, even cardboard, which is at least consistent with the quality of the sets. An airplane's cockpit, for example, consists of two folding chairs and a shower curtain (complete with bar rings); there are no controls and no steering devices. The aliens' space ship is equipped with such ultra-futuristic appurtenances as worm-gnarled card tables and kitchen utensils. In one shot it may be night, but the reaction shot shows day. *Plan 9* is decidedly abysmal, but magnificent.

When quizzed by a comrade about the plan to invade and rule earth, the leader, in all his intellectual acumen, asserts, "As long as they can think, we'll have our problems."

We are treated to Gilda's gorillas and Dan Akroyd's aliens in two earlier segments. The all-time best film title reads, *The Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed Up Zombies*. A close second is *I Walked With A Zombie*. Of course, there is an entire roster of Japanese *Godzilla Vs* (?) contributions, and the classic Don Siegel *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*, in which societal agents turn man into pod-like stereotypes; the film is paranoid and polemical, ringing of anti-McCarthyism and warning of police-state totalitarianism. 1957's *The Incredible Shrinking Man* dealt similarly with man's diminishing individuality in the dawn of the nuclear era.

On the airier side of these dubious achievements (the latter two films are notable exceptions) are the films dealing with urgent American concerns — V.D., LSD, illegitimate children, miscreant youth, drunk youth, Blacks, immortality and the like. *Reefer Madness* "documents" how marijuana cigarettes are used by the sexually ineffectual, the young dope fiends, and the psychotic. There's the first monster musical, too. And in what Akroyd describes as "National Geographic's Madame Butterfly," a blonde soprano chortles unintelligibly in an African sacrificial ceremony while buzzed natives wack away at their bongos dissonantly. Another flattering depiction of Blacks shows goofy black-faced white actors performing admittance procedures in heaven, singing all the while. In an accompanying scene, a Black taps a number while life-sized watermelon slices dance about him. The laughter is minimal.

The weird, wily and wonderful provide the best escapist moments in *It Came From Hollywood*, a little ditty marred by its brevity and questionable selectivity, making it seem only slightly inspired. More well-integrated clips with Radner and Akroyd's humorous voice-overs would have helped.



# Tubes and Oingo Boingo Double Header

By BARBARA POSTMAN

It is nice to know that Fee Waybill of the Tubes still has the incredible energy that propelled the band to notoriety.

At the Tubes' concert last Thursday in the Events Center, Waybill showed himself to be an interesting combination of personalities. At one moment he is Merv Griffin, playing Master of Ceremonies for the hour and a half extravaganza. Then he is a drugged rock star, nearly passing out on stage. Finally, he is a finely-tuned athlete/acrobat, performing impressive feats of strength and stamina.

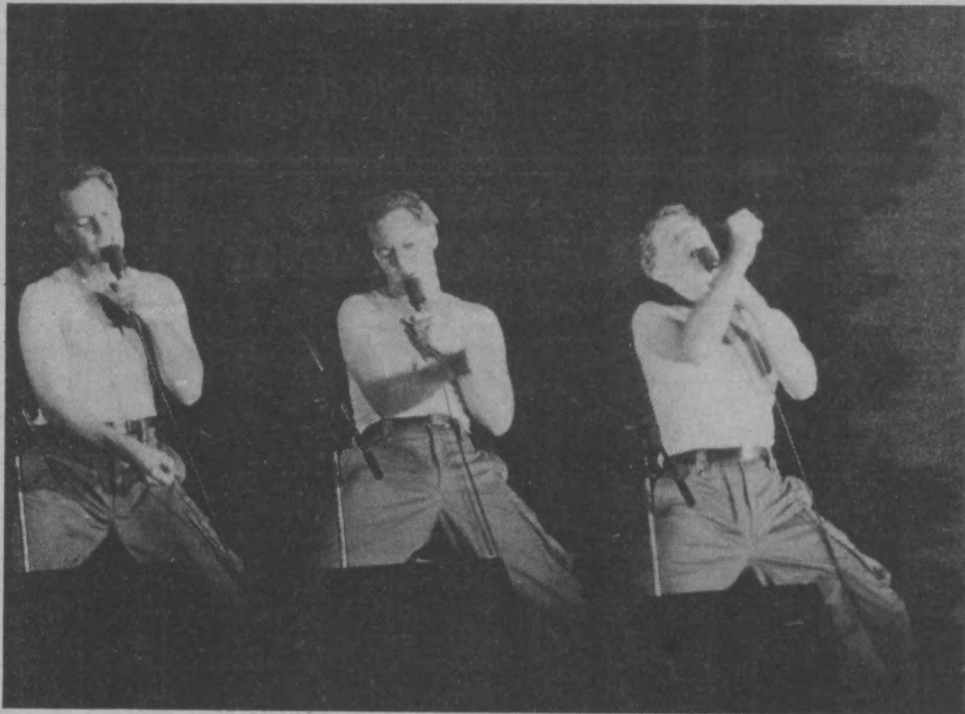
Though the band members are all very talented, especially guitarists Bill Spooner and Roger Steen and drummer Prairie Prince, they are merely a musical backdrop for Waybill and his team of female exotic dancers.

Watching the Tubes is a bit like watching a burlesque vaudeville revue. Each number is just that: a "number." Every song is performed as an act, featuring props, dancing, volunteers from the audience and Waybill's lively personality.

The best part about Waybill is that he has no shame. He is as comfortable in his hot pink G-string while performing as Quay Lewd as he is in his ski mask during "Mr. Hate." He seems to have no idea how silly he looks, but because of his self-assurance, he isn't silly. His pride gives him a certain amount of legitimacy.

The Tubes, though they have definitely maintained their originality and excitement throughout their seven-album career, shined on the cuts from their earlier years. There is nothing else like watching Waybill perform "Mondo Bondage," "Tubes World Tour" or the now classic "White Punks on Dope."

It was interesting to watch the Tubes immediately after



Danny Elfman performs nasty habits.

Photos by Bill Duke



Fee Waybill the athlete.



'Mondo Bondage. I've been tied up so long.'

watching Oingo Boingo perform. The latter are good musicians and lead vocalist/ringmaster Danny Elfman is extremely kinetic and talented, but they just do not compare to the Tubes when it comes to a real show. Oingo Boingo's set included several excellent songs, such as "Nasty Habits," and "Only a Lad," but perhaps because of the inadequate sound system in the ECen or because of the similarity between their set Thursday and their set during their last tour, they were truly second-string.

Judging by pure music alone, Oingo Boingo is a much more interesting band than the Tubes. Oingo Boingo features an exotic blend of pop, rock, big band, and African rhythms. To truly appreciate their music, however, it needs to be coming from a good sound system. When it becomes muddled in the ECen, all the audience has left to enjoy are the visuals, which the band lacks, especially compared to the Tubes. Perhaps if the two bands had performed in a good concert hall, it would have been Oingo Boingo who stole the show.



Oingo Boingo's duel xylophones.



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# A Weekend of Punk in Goleta

By BETH GLAZER

This weekend the Santa Barbara area punks, and anyone else interested in fine music, had as busy a Halloween weekend as folks in Los Angeles. Friday night Agent Orange played the Goleta Valley Community Center, and Sunday Angelic Upstarts and Social Distortion, a popular english Oi band and a popular Los Angeles punk band respectively, did the same.

Perhaps because of this minor rush of gigs the crowd at Agent Orange was quite small. The GVCC couldn't have been more than a quarter full. Still there was a comradie between the audience and the band helped by lots of jokes and intermingling. The drummer of Agent Orange was the cause of most of it; he kept trying to get the audience to play Red Light-Green Light.

The bands' spirits were better than their music, however; Agent Orange played little of the fast surf music they are known for, concentrating instead on harder punk songs. The opening numbers "Too Young To Die" and "Cry For

Help in a World Gone Mad" got the crowd moving, but soon the audience's energy level died. The audience was amazingly quiet during the set, prompting the drummer to ask "is this a library?" Toward the end of the set, however, the crowd got lively again, especially during such popular songs as "Pipeline" and "Secret Agent Man."

The band dealt well with technical problems, such as cords that were continually being unplugged and poor mixing, but the problems made the band harder to enjoy. Otherwise the band played with mechanical precision that became dull at times. The mood of the evening was one of slightly bored anticipation, and the climax of the show was during the last song. A local punk jumped off the stage into the arms of a waiting bouncer. He was carried like a baby out of the hall, and three quarters of the audience and the drummer swarmed out after him. Other than this one incident the crowd behaved well, perhaps aware of the fear the local police have of punk shows and their willingness to shut them down. The GVCC is the only place in this area

that allows punk concerts, so if any major problems arise, life here could become much more quiet.

Secret Service, a local band, opened the set to a mildly enthusiastic response. They were followed by a surprise guest, The Strike. This band includes two members of the late great Los Angeles punk band, The Adolescents. They put in a tight set to an audience that almost ignored them. A highlight of their set was a reneidion of the old Smokey Robinson song, "Tears of a Clown."

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## Lindley To Perform

David Lindley, master of stringed instrument lore from around the world, connoisseur of roots-rock material and all-around musical idiosyncratic, will perform two shows Friday, Nov. 12 at 8 and 11 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Good seats are still available, and can be purchased at the A.S. Ticket Office on the 3rd floor of the UCen, and all the other usual outlets.

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# Eventualities

**Santa Barbara:** The Creation of a New Spain in America, an exhibition celebrating the city's bicentennial year, is currently on display at the University Art Museum. The exhibition illustrates Santa Barbara's history through an ingenious mixture of photographs, a large model and original drawings by architects and planners.

The National Theater of the Deaf will perform a new play tonight at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. For ticket information, call the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office, 961-3535.

The UCSB Music Affiliates and the Department of Music will present a "Town and Gown" music program on Sunday, Nov. 7 at 2 p.m. in the Faulkner Gallery of the Santa Barbara Public Library. Admission is free. The program will feature pianist Jim Mohan performing works by Mozart, Scarlatti, Prokofiev and Chopin and pianist Scott Ellison performing a piece by Liszt.

The China Syndrome will be presented Sunday, Nov. 7 at 7:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall as part of the Politics in Film series. For tickets, call 961-3535.

Auditions will be held for a cable television production for nine physically fit women for the aerobic portion and five dancers for the jazz dance section. The audition will be Sunday at 7:30 p.m. at Santa Barbara Ballet Theatre, 122 E. Arrellaga. Call 685-1189 for more information. The actual performance will take place on Nov. 20.

Leonardo, a new play by Paul Jarrico, opens Nov. 11 at the UCSB Main Theater. The show, presented by the Department of Dramatic Art, runs through Nov. 20. For ticket information, call 961-3535.

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, a troupe featuring men in tutus and toe shoes, will perform Wednesday and Thursday Nov. 10 and 11 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.

Talley's Folly, a play by Lanford Wilson, will be presented by the Ensemble Theatre Project beginning Nov. 12. The award-winning show will run through Dec. 18. For tickets and information, call 962-8606.

Pirin, the Bulgarian National Folk Ensemble will perform at the Arlington Theatre Wednesday, Nov. 10 at 8 p.m. For tickets and information, call 966-4566.

The New York New Music Ensemble will perform in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall Saturday, Nov. 13 at 8 p.m. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.

Works by Jeffrey Vallance will be on display at the University Art Museum through Dec. 12. The mixed media works of this 27-year-old artist originate from sources formed early in life, and the West Gallery exhibition will examine part of the evolution and use of contemporary culture found in his art.

The Santa Barbara Jazz Society will perform in Campbell Hall on Dec. 4, not Nov. 4 as reported in last week's Eventualities.

## Two New Films Open This Week

An incredibly explicit and disturbing documentary film on pornography opens for a one-week run Friday at the Magic Lantern. *Not a Love Story*, produced by the National Film Board of Canada, is intended to portray the impact pornography has on women and their self-images. The film includes interviews with photographers, magazine producers, strippers, X-rated movie house owners and several feminist authors.

The film's message is immediately apparent. Pornography is degrading to women and perpetuates a notion of the subservient female performing for the dominant male. The effectiveness of the manner in which this message is delivered, however, is questionable. The film includes clips from pornographic movies and shots of those 42nd St. clubs that feature "Live Sex Acts."

The problem with a film of this nature is that the people who need to see it, the people who need to be sickened by this sort of thing, will not see the film. Even if they do, it is likely that they will not be sickened, but rather, will view the film in the same way as they view any film featuring naked women being over-powered by men.

There is a fine line between a film portraying and analyzing pornography and a pornographic one, and unfortunately, *Not a Love Story* crosses it too often.

The run at the Lantern is a benefit for the Take Back the Night Emergency Fund. It is sponsored by the Santa Barbara Rape Crisis Center, the Women's Community Building Project and the Shelter Services for Women. On Friday and Saturday night after the film, several women from these groups will be present for an audience dialogue.

*Barbarosa*, a new film directed by Fred Schepisi, opens Friday for a limited run at the Riviera. The film, starring Willie Nelson and Gary Busey, is a classic Western, with an interesting depth to it. Nelson is *Barbarosa*, a notorious bandit roaming the wilds of Texas who meets up with young Busey, a huge man with the look of an innocent child.

Though he robs from absolutely anyone, and seems to murder without a second thought, *Barbarosa* turns out to be saving money for his wife, a beautiful Mexican woman played by Isela Vega, who patiently waits for his return.

Set against some of the most beautiful and breath-taking panoramas ever seen on film, the story deals with the man *Barbarosa* versus the legend *Barbarosa*. Nelson is impressive as the bad guy with a heart of gold, and he, along with Busey, perform with grace and restraint. The relationship between Busey and his mentor Nelson is portrayed quite sympathetically as a true friendship evolves.

*Barbarosa* is a film worth seeing. It is an entertaining and visual delight.

## Donald Fagen

(Continued from pg.2A) positively bright lyrics make it seem as though it should be brief. This little ditty ends the album in a way no Steely Dan song ever did.

The *Nightfly* represents Donald Fagen at his most positive. The dark sophistication of Steely Dan is replaced here by a light humorous touch. This is what makes this record so appealing. Fagen employs much of the musical heritage that Steely Dan has developed, while ac-

cordingly using many of the same studio musicians. Not only are the Brecker Brothers there in fine form, but also bassist Chuck Rainey and drummers Ed Green and Jeff Porcaro. Best of all, Carlton turns in some of his best work in many years — and it is consistent throughout the record.

The *Nightfly* is a fine album in every way and is quite an improvement over Steely Dan's last work. This is a record not to be missed.



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# A.S. PROGRAM BOARD

Editor:  
James Watts

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David Lindley and El Rayo X will be performing Friday, Nov. 12 at 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. Ticket prices are \$8.50 for students and \$9.50 general admission. Tickets are available at the A.S. Ticket Office, Morninglory, and Turning Point.

## Lindley — 'El Rayo X'

Question: Why would an internationally-acclaimed rock guitarist/singer/band leader, famed for his precise touch and impeccable taste, forsake the high-gloss sound most of his peer strive for in favor of an internationally grungy, home-recorded effect seemingly out of fashion for a decade and a half? Is he crazy?

Well, not really — but he is David Lindley, master of stringed instrument lore from around the world, connoisseur of roots-rock material and all-around musical idiosyncratic. Veteran session and touring player, he surprised even his many fans in the spring of '81 with his acclaimed *El Rayo-X* LP.

"El Rayo-X's sessions featured a multi-national cast of expert players. Lindley called in bassist Bob Glaub, horn player Garth Hudson, keyboardist Billy Payne and singer/instrumentalist Jorge Calderon. Trinidadian percussionist George "Baboo" Pierre and British

drummer Ian Wallace lent their reggae/ska expertise to the tracks. For special touches, William "Smitty" Smith (expert in cheesy low-budget Vox/Farfisa organ sounds and Curt Bouterse (a renowned hammer dulcimer player from San Diego) were brought on board, and Browne contributed backing vocals to four tunes.

Even more diverse than the players were the tunes chosen. *El Rayo-X* included forays into ska/reggae arrangements of oldies ("Don't Look Back," "Bye Bye Love," "Twist and Shout"), New Orleans R&B ("Tu-ber-cu-lucas And the Sinus Blues"), guitar driven rock ("Mercury Blues") and Tex-Mex ("El Rayo-X"). Lindley also included three off-beat tunes — "She Took Off My Romeo's," "Quarter Of A Man" and "Ain't No Way" — by his friend Bob "Frizz" Fuller, curiously funny songs that fit the album's toe perfectly.

*El Rayo-X* was greeted by widespread acclaim by the press. Those who'd expected

a moody singer/songwriter LP were delighted by the album's rollicking good humor and imagination. Blair Jackson termed it "one of the best American dance records I've ever heard" in the May 8, 1981 issue of the California music magazine *BAM*. Rolling Stone reviewer Ariel Swartley gave the album a four-star rating in the magazine's July 9, 1981 issue. Reviewers in local newspapers across the country showered the LP with kudos, ranging from "sunny, clean and educational" (The Washington Post) to "a butterscotch malt... irresistibly tasty" (New Mexico Daily, Albuquerque).

You can catch this "irresistibly tasty" sound Friday, Nov. 12 at Campbell Hall. Lindley will perform shows at 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. Tickets are \$8.50/students, \$9.50/general admission, and can be purchased at A.S. Ticket Office (third floor UCen), Ticket Bureau of S.B., Morninglory, and Turning Point.

The Shades are a new Santa Barbara band that is already drawing considerable attention. The five-piece band consists of seasoned players with worldwide playing and recording experience.

David Crane, lead vocalist, fronted the local favorites The News for two years.

Howard Miller, one of Santa Barbara's hottest guitar players and songwriters, started in the Bay Area with the '60s band The Wedge. He toured Hawaii and Europe promoting their top selling LP.

Kevin Strange, the Shades' drummer, was born and raised in New Zealand. He played clubs there and throughout Southeast Asia, as well as being the drummer for the down under version of the Rocky Horror Picture Show. His New Zealand experience brought him back to back with the Split Enz and Leo Sayer.

Gary Sanganito, virtuoso bass player, holds down the bottom for the Shades. His playing experience includes local groups Fat Tuesday and Son Santa Bruta.

Shawn Fabian, Santa Barbara's tallest guitar player, also toured ex-

tensively in Southeast Asia and did short stints with Freddie Cannon and Charles Musselwhite.

The Shades are an exciting and unique band whose sound is difficult to define. It is definitely dance music, ranging from original funk and R and B to Latin and reggae and hard-driving rock and roll.

Their cover tunes include hits from the Police, Pretenders and Steely Dan, as well as a sprinkling of classic oldies.

The technical prowess and energy of the Shades is a powerful force building in Santa Barbara.

## A.S. Lectures

### John Waskom Lecture

By Adam Wolpert  
Dr. John Waskom holistic educator, professor of Geology and international lecturer will give a free public lecture entitled "Holistic Thinking," Tuesday, Nov. 16 at 3 p.m. in Girvetz 1004.

Dr. Waskom is the director of the Lignite Research and Development Institute at North Western State University, Natchitochs, Louisiana, and has been a professional educator for

over 20 years. He is primarily concerned with natural designs to growth and development. Lecturing nationwide, Dr. Waskom has examined many aspects of holistic and transformative thought and education. He approaches his subject with alertness and sensitivity to patterns and connections in maturation and the learning process.

Dr. Waskom's background is geophysics and earth sciences allows him to

connect the earth's cycles to our own. He has authored numerous publications.

On Tuesday, Dr. Waskom will examine cycles, growth thought and "Inherent Genius." His experience as a father of five, a research scientist, a professor and workshop leader shine in his easy and humorous manner. This program is sponsored by A.S. Program Board. For further information call A.S. Lectures 961-3536.



Tom Ball and Kenny Sultan will be appearing in the UCen Pub Tuesday, Nov. 9 at 8:30 p.m. Admission is free.

## N.Y. Production 'Home'

The Cultural and Special Event Committees are bringing the New York Stage production of "Home" to Campbell Hall on Thursday, Nov. 18 at 8 p.m.

A unique play by a former North Carolina farm boy, burst onto Broadway. The winner of immediate rave reviews, within weeks, "Home" also garnered nominations for two Tony Awards and the Outer Circle Critics Citation for Best Show of the Year. Now, for its 1982-83 season, Daedalus Productions of New York is proud to present the national tour of this acclaimed black play.

Written by actor Sam-Art Williams, "Home" spotlights a young black man, born and raised in Cross Roads, North Carolina. Cephus Miles is a bright, playful character who loves his simple life — the field work of his grand-

father's farm lightened by the kick of moonshine and rip-roaring Saturday night fish fries. But, on the verge of manhood, he suffers hard losses — his girl, his family's land, and finally his freedom. Quoting the Commandments, he is hauled off to prison for refusing to fight in Vietnam.

On his release, Cephus runs north to the big city for nights of glitter and high times. But the life he leaves there — with welfare hand-outs and street corner drug dealers — fills him with a longing for home. So he pulls himself up and takes the long bus ride back to North Carolina where he finds a startling surprise. A gift of deep loving and friendship, it proves to Cephus that the "on vacation" God he used to pray to "has finally come back from Miami."

Fast paced and funny, "Home" is sharply attuned

to the wit and song of its people. Through Cephus Miles and his rambunctious tall tales, we meet a slew of vivid characters — from the slick jiving hustlers and welfare bureaucrats of the city to the folks down home — like Black Sarah the Conjure Woman, the fake Indian Ole Chief, and One Arm Ike who lost it from the elbow down trying to steal one of Sydney Joe Murphy's prize hogs.

Hailed by *The New York Times* for its "love, passion and purpose," "Home" received nominations for two Tony Awards and the Outer Circle Critics Citation for Best Play of the Year.

Tickets are \$7 general admission and \$6 for students. Tickets can be purchased at Morninglory Music, Turning Point Records, Santa Barbara Ticket Bureau, Ticketron, and A.S. Ticket Office.



The Shades will appear in the UCen Pub tonight at 8:30 p.m. Admission is free.