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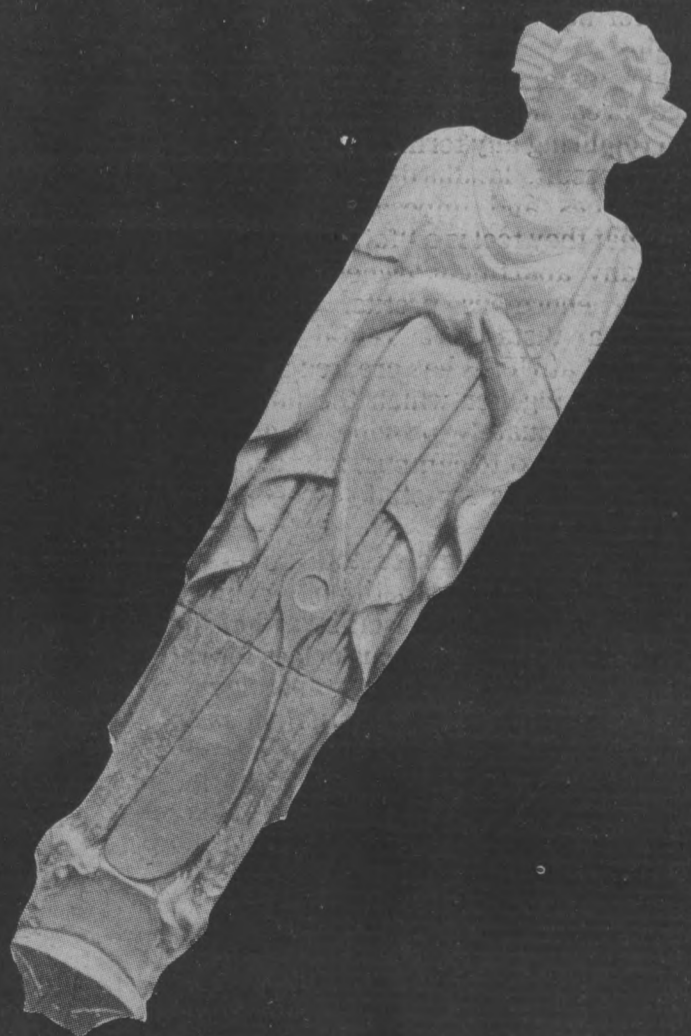
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Choreographer Beal Discusses Art

By ANNE MARCUS

"I have no theory for creating my dance themes or where things come from. It's like sowing wild oats; they are blown in from somewhere, yet no one knows where from. They grow and, like a plant, they take root and if you tend them, you will have a plant."

I recently had a chance to conduct a telephone interview with dancer/choreographer Tandy Beal, who runs her own dance company called Tandy Beal, about her upcoming performance here at UCSB on Jan. 29.

When I asked her what made her decide to become a dancer, she replied, "Nothing really made me decide, I just sort of backed into it, like there were signs pointing in that direction." She began dancing professionally at age 16 when she toured with the Nikolais Dance Theatre. After touring she came to Santa Cruz where she formed her own dance company with the help of her friend/composer Jon Scoville. Her company is based in a former hunting lodge in the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains. She and her members live and dance there for half the year. Tandy feels that sometimes the beauty of Santa Cruz influences her, but she went on to say that wherever one lives they are influenced by it, although she is glad that Santa Cruz is her home.

Often times, as is common in the modern dance world today, choreographers try to incorporate within their

dances some kind of political or social message. Tandy expressed her feelings on this matter in a very clear manner. She felt that in creating a piece one must honor the craft of dancing. The craft is primary in the making of a piece. "The craft is you and you are the craft." Tandy feels that a direct political dance has gone astray from the craft, although she stated that the ending or innuendo of her pieces may by accident come through as a comment on the status of the times.

Tandy Beal will be performing six pieces during her Campbell Hall concert. The first piece will be one of her older ones and a favorite of hers called "Forest Dream." Next will be "Crazy Jane" which involves Tandy's hair. After that, Ron Taylor, a company member, will be performing "Heisenberg's Principle" involving balloons. Tandy called it a magical piece. Following will be "Little Kings," a moralistic and abstract anti-war piece, "Series of Stravinsky" which has lovely music, and last, but definitely not least, will be "Fontanelle" recently created by Tandy about a little and big self.

Tandy Beal will arrive here Jan. 27 and will teach classes both on Thursday and Friday. She will also conduct a lecture/demonstration on Jan. 28 at 4 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The actual performance is Jan. 29 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. (Please turn to pg.9A, col.1)

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Renaissance Music Course

By SCOTT BROWN

Calliope not only managed to put on warm and pleasing show Tuesday night, but also gave the audience a mini-course in Renaissance music, a pretty amazing feat for a four-person band to pull off.

The group performed selections from the entire chronology of Italian Renaissance music, while between sections they demonstrated the various instruments they played and explained the origins and functions of some of the pieces performed. Before the last piece, Allan Dean, the principle recorder player of the group, announced that members of the audience could come up and inspect their instruments at a closer distance and talk with the individual performers if they so desired.

The performance, besides being informative, was a very respectable one. It did not contain the variation of pieces as did the Waverly Consort's performance earlier this year, but it did contain an exuberance and a love for the music of the same magnitude as the consort's performance. Each of the instrumentalists was an expert when it came to executing a solo or duet piece.

Considering the comparatively large size of the consort, Calliope was able to do a remarkably thorough and well-done job of presenting Renaissance music to the audience. One was able to become immersed in another time period through their skillful choices and work.

The performers of Calliope are: Lucy Bardo, treble and bass viols, vielle; Lawrence Benz, sackbut, rackett, recorders, krummhorns; Allan Dean, cornetto, recorders, krummhorns; and Ben Harms; percussion, brass viol, recorders, pipe-and-tabor.

In separate solo pieces, each of the members was able to demonstrate his or her particular skill. Lucy Bardo proved herself to be very adept and expressive on the treble viol. Ben Harms performed a short march piece while playing two instruments simultaneously, the pipe-and-tabor, which is a combination of a small recorder instrument with two holes and a bass drum. Most of the pieces, however, were duets, trios and quartets.

On the cover: Three figures of glazed terra-cotta, representing Aviation, Industry and Navigation, are located in front of the Student Health Services building. Photo by Brenton Kelly.

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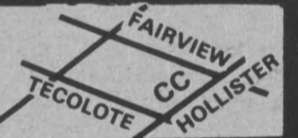
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Sailor/Author to Tell Tales

Anyone who tingles at the thought of sailing to faraway places will enjoy Tristan Jones, in person, telling tales of his life at sea. The world-renowned sailor and author will appear tonight at 7 and 9 p.m. at the Lobero Theatre, illustrating his talk with color slides taken around the world.

He was born at sea, in the raging waters of the South Atlantic, off the remote island for which he was named, Tristan da Cunha. It was a fitting birthplace for a man who would one day hold nine world sailing records. Tristan Jones has sailed nearly 400,000 miles in small boats — more than any man on earth — farther than the distance to the moon. Nearly half this distance was single-handed.

Hailing from a long line of Welsh seafaring people, Tristan traces his sailing ancestry back to 484 A.D. — even his grandmoher was a first mate on a wool trading ship. He went to sea for a living at age 13, for wages of five cents a week.

Three Royal Navy ships on which he served were sunk in World War II action. His service ended in 1952 when his survey vessel was blown up by guerrillas in Aden. Paralyzed by a spinal injury in the explosion, he was told he would never walk again, but proved the doctors wrong. On a modest pension, he embarked on a series of small boat voyages worldwide.

Tristan's books chronicle his life on the seven seas. His newest book, *A Steady Trade*, is the memory of his harsh but light-hearted youth in Wales, during the last days of workin sail.

In *Ice* he sails the stormy Arctic for nearly two years (1959-61), stranded in ice pack much of that lonely time. "It was probably among the most futile of expeditions," reflects Tristan. "It was a classic example of how not to tackle such an effort. Or so it seemed at the time, before the realization that I had been exploring human limits finally dawned on me."

In *Saga of a Wayward Sailor*, Tristan continues in his old ketch, the *Cresswell* (a 36-foot converted lifeboat built in London in 1980), for the more comfortable climates of the Mediterranean, West Indies, and waterways of western Europe. He joins a drunken Dutch nightwatchman in a large-scale Edam cheese hijacking, sails down the streets of a French village 70

miles inland to rescue householders flooded by the Garonne River, follows the path of Columbus while delivering a luxury yacht to Martinique, and more, all the while enjoying the spirits, characters and lassies as his ports of call.

The Incredible Voyage is the book that made Tristan Jones a living legend. "I would set a record that will not be broken until man finds waters amongst the stars," he says. On the daring six-year voyage Tristan sails from the lowest body of water in the world (the Dead Sea) to the highest (Lake Titicaca in the Andes Mountains).

Along the way he is attacked by Arabs, rescued by Ethiopians, and nearly killed by a rat. He also discovers a Devil's Island full of political prisoners off Colombia, assassins in Zanzibar, and thieves almost everywhere.

Crossing the steamy "green hell" of the Matto Grosso in South America, Tristan drifts through a 2,000 mile purgatory of uncharged jungle rivers. "It was nature gone wild... a mad biological riot. It was as if every malignant spirit on earth was pitting its evil intelligence against me. Even now I can hardly bear to go near a green plan in someone's apartment." Starved down to 80 pounds, Tristan is forced to eat worm-ridden flour, grubs found under rotting logs, live piranha, and even half digested fish hacked from the belly of a alligator.

"Months of semi-starvation had given me a mania about sufficient food supplies. Whenever I look at anything my first thought was: Is it edible? In Helsinki, where I visited the art museum, I looked at a Matisse and thought to myself: What bloody use would that be if there were no food around?"

Adrift is about South American prisons, a frustrating return to England (customs demanded a hefty "import" tax on his British boat!), and living in a Bowery flophouse trying to free himself from poverty while writing his first book.

Tristan's current dream is to mount an expedition to find Atlantis. "I really believe that there was an oceanic civilization that was lost by a flood. It's in all the classic literature and in South America, too. This is something that fires the imagination, and we need that today. The attempt is what count; the voyaging —



not the goal."

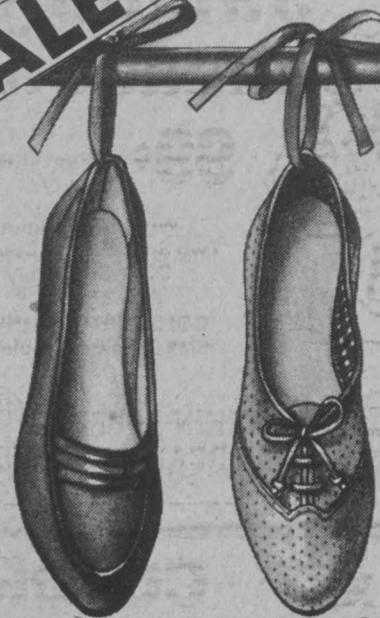
Tristan considers a 25- to 30-foot boat ideal for cruising, "because after that the costs are stupendous and you usually need a crew. I like the yawl rig, or the ketch, because they can be made to balance well under sail. I like a deep, full keel for the same reason, and a double-ended boat because they really do part the water better. Hell, the Colin Archer type is probably as good as anything, and what's a knot on an ocean voyage? You arrive in 15 days instead of 13!"

As a result of a World War II injury, Tristan's left leg was amputated in 1982. He now has a hand-carved, varnished peg leg donated by Lin and Larry Pardey of *eraffyn* fame. It is part of a larger piece of wood which will go into the building of their new boat.

Now 58 years old, Tristan Jones lives in New York. He is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and

(Please turn to pg.11A, col.2)

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Book Reviews

Deep Look into Desperate Lives

Burn Down the Night
By Craig Kee Strete
Warner Books
1982, \$6.95, paperback

By KEVIN CONDER
Burn Down the Night is a multi-layered masterpiece. Written by Craig Kee Strete, this book tells a series of autobiographical stories about Strete's and Jim Morrison's adventures in the pre-Doors L.A. of the mid-60's. At first glance, it appears that this book is merely another attempt to

cash in on the Morrison mystique. There's a ghostly picture of his face on the front cover and the whole packaging of the novel smells of exploitation. *Burn Down the Night* is developed in the same style as 1980's very good, but over-written, *No One Gets Out Alive*. In *No One Gets Out Alive*, various tales about Morrison's early influences and later legendary exploits were displayed in an enthralling, though overblown, way.

Burn Down the Night uses the same gimmicks, but where *No One Gets Out Alive* leaves us with just a look at a legend, *Burn Down the Night* takes us inside the type of life style that produced Morrison. This book is not really about Morrison, it is not really even about Strete, it is about the desperate dreams of a desperate kind of people.

Much of *Burn Down the Night* is set in a sweltering L.A. summer. The author is a homeless, charismatic and highly intelligent 15 year-old who has accidentally murdered a woman while robbing her house. To avoid the police, he becomes a truck driver for a no-name rock band and drives this bizarre collection of losers throughout the U.S. When the band is around L.A., Strete moves from party to party and, a half dozen times or so, bumps into Morrison.

The two develop a weird, kind of comrade-in-drugs relationship. Many of the novel's high points occur when Morrison is around. He and Strete are constantly on acid and continually, vainly, searching the streets for some kind of lost answer. They get thumped by bikers, chased by gun-toting police and have lightning fast sex with a number of instantly forgettable "blonde beach bitches."

Morrison regularly spouts poetry and philosophy, some of it pointless, some of it, as in this excerpt about life, insightful and genuinely intriguing: "It's like some kind of huge perceptual journey and we only perceive a bit of it. I mean, that's what the creatures get. Just tiny pieces of the whole bit. The lords see it all. They don't suffer. They stand above it all, they stand above life."

This book is chocked full of

LSD party scenes that are intense, visual and every bit as hilarious as Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. *Burn Down the Night*, however, is not playful — it is a long, heart-wrenching scream from a man who has nowhere to go.

stonies, trippies drugged into one massive sensation, sit directly in front of the speakers, tossing their hair in frenzied abandon, like wild horses tossing electric manes. Morrison stands beside me, absolutely transfixed. He has a look of total fascination on his face.

The thought occurs to him that he belongs back with the band and the street people: "I don't have to be a human being. People are going to let me alone. This is where all those people go who can't make it on the outside world, all the desperate ones. People like me. The hungry, hurting ones who swallow people with their eyes and leave, still hungry."

So, Strete throws a party, a last blowout, a last chance to be one of those people he empathizes so much with. The last pages of this party scene are a masterful piece of work. Strete displays all of his considerable skill in setting up the shocking ending.

Burn Down the Night is, at a surface level, a riveting and fast-paced story of the sixties. At a second, more important level it is a deeply satiric commentary on the purposeless direction of middle-class America. Craig Kee Strete is a superb and gifted writer. So enveloping in his style, so vivid in his images, and so real his characters, that at times he seems to transport us into another dimension. But, it is a dimension we have all brushed against. From its noen-parties to its brilliantly ironic last pages, *Burn Down the Night* is that rarity of rarities — a modern literary classic. It is a new kind of book, one that must be feverishly consumed to be fully appreciated.



Jim Morrison

When Strete goes on his final tour with the rock band, Morrison decides to join him. This is one of the most powerful parts of the entire book, for when this rock band unleashes its music, we are given a rare glance into what Jim Morrison thought rock could ultimately accomplish.

Even more, we are given a clue as to what is the lost answer he and Strete search for: "Inside the ballroom there's a sensation of all-consuming force, of rivers wearing down mountains, of day destroying night, of the ever-powerful, unstoppable rush that is streaming through one vast shared bloodstream. Long haired

He says something under his breath, spoken not to me, but to himself. He says, 'I am the Resurrection and the life.' And there is in his voice a sensation of wonder, as big as any that travels with childhood."

After Morrison leaves for Venice, the ensuing tour with the band is a painful psychic trip that includes lurid sequences of exhaustion, insanity and, finally, murder. Strete deserts the band and runs back to L.A. to live with his on-again, off-again girlfriend. For a while, he tries to live a normal, middle class lifestyle. But, something happens — Strete becomes agitated and restless.



'Faking it' is no Art

Panache and the Art of Faking it
By Bob Levine
Tribeca Communications
1982, \$5.95, paperback

By PETER LEFEVRE

Panache and the Art of Faking it, by Bob Levine, is a guidebook for those interested in climbing to the top and having something to say once you get there. On many levels it succeeds. There are keen insights into human nature as well as handy practical advice for anyone who wishes to increase their confidence in social interaction. Unfortunately, the author finds that his insight only lasts so long. Sprinkled generously among the lessons in savoir-faire are pretentious generalizations and self-defeating methods of affecting knowledge that leave the reader wondering who the book was written for; the general reading populace or the author himself as a testimony to his

success.

The book is divided into chapters, each one speaking to a different topic such as food, the opposite sex, travel, etc. The author takes his particular subject and then tells you what, exactly, is the chic position to take on the subject. What all chic people drink, where chic people go, how to get a chic person in bed, and so on.

At the onset, it is an interesting concept. Some reasonable assertions are made. The flaw comes when the author takes on a serious tone to the point of fanaticism. It is tough to take to heart and defend the position that Beethoven's greatest symphonies are the odd-numbered ones. The author suggests emphatically that you do so, and the point is not whether it is true, but can you say it with enough panache to get away with it.

Regardless of the books adherence to make-believe, it
(Please turn to pg.11A, col.1)

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Rundgren Returns to Technopop Roots

By JAY DE DAPPER

While Frank Zappa is the most prolific artist of our time, at least in terms of albums produced, Todd Rundgren has apparently vowed to fight for the title. Rundgren is the leader of Utopia but maintains a solo career simultaneously. While Utopia's latest effort leaned toward a '60s-style sound, Todd's new solo album is more in the synthe-pop genre headed most recently by ABC and the Human League.

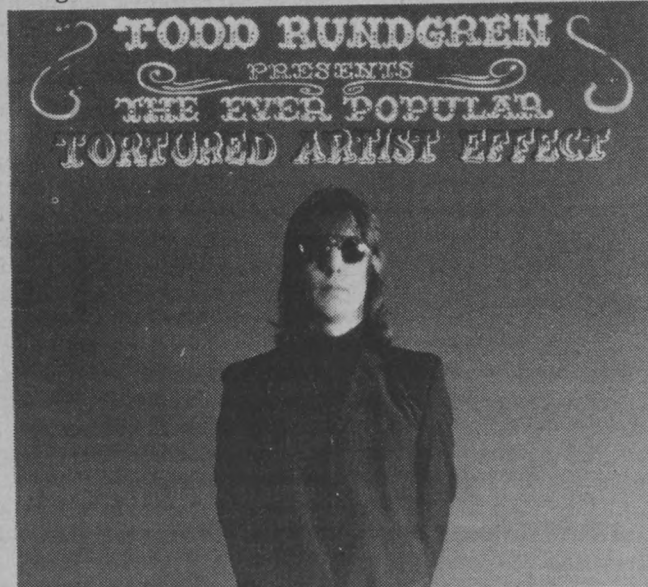
This territory is by no means new to Todd, however. In fact he is one of the founders of this as both *Initiation* and *Hermit of Mink Hollow* show. Rundgren has returned to this style following 1981's dark and deep (deep and dark?) *Healing*. The new record is an exercise in pure fun as even the title indicates: *The Ever Popular Tortured Artist Effect*.

The tone is set from the start. "Hideaway" is a pure technopop dance tune — and quite a good one at that. While the use of real drums does give this a little different sound from the pack, it is the lyrics that really sets this apart. It is a typical song about that special thing about that certain woman,

but when Todd breaks into a solemn call to her, the supposed seriousness dissolves. It's great.

"Influenza" is next and is another dance tune. This is quite a bit more complex than the standard type, though — the bass line is

example of Todd's ballad vocals, we've heard it too many times already — and it was better on "Love is the Answer." Hall and Oates will probably garner a hit out of it anyway. The final cut on the opening side is excellent. Following along



synchopated! Seriously, "Influenza" has a great feel to it. Todd's vocal phrasing is very catchy and the psychedelic synthesizer lines (a la *Healing*) compliment the effect.

"Don't Hurt Yourself," the next tune, is not all that great. While it is a brilliant

the lines of "Too Far Gone," "There Goes Your Baybay" incorporates some Latin influence in a very effective manner. With the almost synthesized background vocals holding the tune together, Todd restrains his lead vocals just enough and the song is a complete

success.

While the first side is fairly easy-going, side two has a harder approach, both musically and harmonically.

Rundgren opens the second side with a remake of the Small Faces' "Tin Soldier." Todd keeps the rawness of the original version while improving the instrumentation and sound. Of all the recent remakes, this one is tops.

"Emperor of the Highway" is the joke tune on the album. Sung in an operatic style, the song is sung between the driver of a "gas-sucking pig" (the Emperor of the Highway) and the driver of a sports car (the Royal Prince of Foreign Sports Car). Although there are those who will think this is serious, as there always are, Rundgren is obviously just having a little fun.

"Bang the Drum All Day" carries the fun even further. The tune has a carnival atmosphere but the beat is dance. There's all the background shouts, handclaps and various crowd-type sounds to create the right feel, but the words are the best part. The song is about a guy who wants to "bang on the drum all day."

The teacher told me I should stay after school

She caught me pounding on the desk with my hands

But my licks was so hot I made the teacher wanna dance

And that's why

I don't want to work

I want to bang on the drum all day

I don't want to play

I want to bang on the drum all day

Another humdinger folks.

The *Ever Popular Tortured Artist Effect* is not Todd's best. Rundgrenites will love it, others will continue to look upon Todd's

music as fairly meaningless dribble. Just as Neil Young fans love every album that their mentor produces, Todd Rundgren devotees (like me) feel that every effort from Todd is great. I guess that's what makes a cult a cult. Just in case you still feel the urge to find out what Todd offers, this new record probably presents one of the best views into the broad range of Rundgren's ideas. Unfortunately, or quite possibly fortunately, this is merely another in an apparently endless line of Todd Rundgren albums, which means nothing to almost everyone.

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Young Maintains Split Personality

By BARRY EBERLING

Neil Young preserved the dual quality of his latest album at his UCSB Events Center concert last Wednesday. The difference was that, while *Trans* emphasizes computer-synthesizer music, Young's live show was more of a compilation of his past hits.

This was probably the wisest course for Young to take. As he himself has stated, his trans music can be a shock to an uninitiated audience. For the present, he prefers to use his old music to help ease the transition to the more futuristic style.

Young explored his musical roots during the show's first half. Playing harmonica along with either piano, acoustic guitar or banjo, he delivered songs that were instantly recognizable to any Young devotee.

"Motor City," "Laughing Lady," "Helpless" and "Heart of Gold" all came in quick succession. Only the synthesized drumbeat and backdrop on the set-closing "Don't Be Denied" hinted at what was to come.

Young initially continued his "greatest hits" format after the intermission by singing such songs as "Sail Away," "Powderfinger" and "After the Gold Rush."

Then he walked over to a group of synthesizers at the rear of the stage. After quickly programming them, he slipped on sunglasses and sang his new "Transformer Man" with an electronically-distorted voice.

Young took off his glasses and played "Out of the Blue" Springfield hit, "Mr. Soul," a trans version of his Buffalo

The contrast between Young's old and new music was emphasized by the two stage personas he assumed. He was a quintessential low-keyed folk singer during the acoustic numbers, occasionally making a light joke or giving the history of a song.

His trans-song personality was a different story. Neil Two, as Young refers to his futuristic alter-ego, silently but enthusiastically jumped around the stage. He even punctuated "Mr. Soul" with a howling guitar solo.

Fittingly enough, Young gave two encores. The first was acoustic versions of "Comes A Time" and "I Am A Child." A few minutes later, Neil Two returned to the stage to deliver a loud version of the trans-song "Computer Age."

The evening wasn't without Young's sense of humor. Before the show and during intermission, fans were kept occupied by interviews projected on a mock-TV screen. The "newscaster" in charge even explored the number of fall-out shelters at UCSB.

Young didn't shortchange fans even though UCSB is hardly a major stop on his current U.S. tour. His performance was a duplicate of the one he gave three days later at the Universal Amphitheater. Only his on-stage banter differed.

Those looking for clues as to what Young will be up to next were disappointed. He performed a few new acoustic numbers despite having said that trans songs are the future of his music.

Which probably means that even Young isn't sure what type of record he'll issue a year from now.

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'Sophie's Choice' Streep Gives Perfect Performance

By JOHN KRIST

The scream of a lost child pierces the smoke of a terror-filled night, crosses the years of time and pain, and lodges in the heart of a tormented woman; the gazes of two lovers lock, reduce the universe to a single eternal moment uninhabited save by them, and embody all the wounds and passions of an unquiet age; a young man tastes hell, passing through it to maturity, and awakens as if from a long sleep to greet a glorious and bittersweet morning.

Although vignettes such as these may convey some of its flavor, there is no adequate way to simply taste of the film *Sophie's Choice*; one must abandon all caution, pretense and preconception, and immerse the senses wholeheartedly in its strange and terrible beauty. It is an emotional and sensual blitzkrieg, unflinching and unerring in its attack on the heart and soul of the viewer, and it sets a new standard by which to judge all films which aspire to examine love, death, the machinery of guilt and the resiliency of the human spirit.

The story line is simple: a beautiful, scarred survivor of the Holocaust comes to America, meets and falls passionately in love with a brilliant and unstable man, and reveals the secrets of her past to the impressionable young writer who is drawn into the whirlwind of their relationship.

However, to thus describe and simplify the seamless elegance of this complex chronicle of romantic tragedy is to do it the ultimate disservice. It is at once stark and richly textured, brutal and tender, evocative of anguish and joy. It is, quite simply, the best film of the year, and contains two of the most powerful performances on the screen in recent memory.

Meryl Streep gives a perfect portrayal of the doomed woman; the level of accomplishment she brings to the screen is such that she becomes Sophie; there is no consciousness of the essential artifice that lies at the heart of acting. No gesture is superfluous, no accented or amusingly garbled expression is uttered simply for its comic effect, and her expressions, accentuated through the frequent use of static closeup camera shots, are true and compelling. Part of the credit for this goes to director Alan J. Pakula — after all, when you have an actress of this caliber, the most sensible thing to do is to point the lens in her direction, sit back and let her work without distraction.

Equally impressive is the performance of Kevin Kline in the role of Nathan Landau, Sophie's lover and the mercurial center of the unbalanced triangle of friends. Alternating between joy and despair, bright dreams and dark

frenzy, Kline creates a powerfully charismatic individual who, through the overwhelming strength of his personality, is capable of elevating all those around him to soaring heights or, alternately, driving them to the brink of madness.

The only weak link in the film is in the character Stingo (Peter MacNicol), the young southern writer-to-be, who journeys to Brooklyn in search of inspiration and a cheap apartment. Taking a room in the "pink palace," a Victorian house run by Yetta Zimmerman and painted from floor to ceiling by her late husband in Navy surplus paint, he lodges in a room directly under Sophie's. His first introduction to the pair of lovers is the sight of his chandelier rocking and swinging in time with their sexual gymnastics; his meeting with them is during their subsequent violent argument, which ends with Nathan viciously accusing Sophie of infidelity and, almost as an afterthought, insulting Stingo as well on his way out the door.

The course of the narrative is viewed through Stingo's eyes; thus, he is the audience's stand-in, the medium through which we come to know Sophie and Nathan and the mysteries which they share. Unfortunately, he is simply too passive, too uninvolved with the action on the screen to really come alive. Granted, his role is that of observer, but he seems even less a participant in the on-screen story than we are as viewers. Given this, it is difficult to accept his claim to the status of close and dear friend to the vibrantly alive Sophie and Nathan, and the authorial voice-over narration, so much an integral part of the original novel, rings slightly false and jarring when it intrudes into the film.

The reason for this is that only half of Stingo's character has survived the adaptation from novel to screenplay. The character who does, indeed, watch and observe the magic and mystery that is Nathan and Sophie's romance is present in the film, but the inner character — the Stingo who rushes back to his room to write it all down, thereby attempting to understand and come to terms with what he sees and feels, has been lost except for the few brief instances of narration. It is jarring because we don't know this Stingo; we have really only been properly introduced to Stingo The Passive Observer.

But this is a minor complaint. The true power and impact of the film is contained within the chemistry between Sophie and Nathan, and the gradual revelations of the past which allow us to understand, if imperfectly, the complex (Please turn to pg.10A, col.5)

'Voss' Explores Star's Dreams

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

Imagine Marlene Dietrich playing Norma Desmond in *Sunset Blvd.* and you have Rosel Zech in the title role of *Veronika Voss* (1982), Rainer Werner Fassbinder's second-to-last film — a film about and styled around the great, great melodramas of the '40s and '50s.

Veronika Voss is pure Fassbinder fantasy: a dreamy, affected, exaggerated evocation of those Hollywood factory-type of films. Fassbinder explores the personal disintegration of a once beautiful and famous motion picture star who, now professionally and emotionally washed up on the rocks of a cruel post-World War II German society, takes to booze and drugs. She is a victim of her own past, a period of constant work and public attention. She was happily married. She was a star.

Voss embodies all those tired clichés about actors being hugely egotistical, self-centered, and not very bright — the demanding prima donna monster. And yet, there is an attractive, alluring mystery behind the public face. There's also a genuineness of heart and a strong, aching desire to be held and loved like everyone else.

Fassbinder's films are so enjoyable, if not consistently brilliant, because he is, foremost, a stylist. His signature is powerfully and passionately inscribed throughout *Veronika Voss*, in his protagonists and in the *mise-en-scene* — the visual constructs. As a director, he exhibits an astonishing of human emotional sensitivity, even considering his proclivity for using colorful and sometimes madly creative characters. Fassbinder's flare for flamboyant theatricality is counterpoised by thoughtfulness and craft.

Filed in stunning black and white, Fassbinder is able to convey an even greater feel for the period, for the way movies looked and moved. Like a quintessential UFA melodrama, which by implication the lead character worked in, *Veronika Voss* is a reminiscence filled with high contrasts and harsh shadows, meticulously engineered tracking shots, claustrophobic close-ups, and flowing, invisible editing.

Voss, like Fassbinder's other two films which fill out his trilogistic ode to the '50s, *The Marriage of Maria Braun* and *Lola*, is a sometimes campy, but always clever and engaging human drama teetering between matinee escapism and

serious social allegory.

Veronika's storyline was supposedly based on the tragic rise and fall of German actress Sybille Schmitz. Voss is a Nazi-era survivor and gossip has it that she was involved in some Svengali sort of way with Goebbels. She is a UFA Studios Third Reich icon lucky enough to have sidestepped harsh criticism. Yet like weathered statuary, she is beginning to crumble, a painful fact which makes her even more desperate a dreamer, but one whose fatal character flaw is that she lives in the past. It is interesting to note that her attire and grooming is 10 years behind the time. It is her

tenacious fight to maintain that personal Germany wartime high that perpetuates her morphine addiction.

As bold as the lighting scheme, the contrast of *Veronika* with her love interest in created by an Oscar Madison type of newspaper sportswriter, Robert Krohn (Hillmar Thate). They meet she is waiting in the rain for a bus. He offers his umbrella and coat to the drenched woman who looks common — unstarlike. She is moved by his gesture of "shelter and protection," qualities which she has not known for so long. The scene plays exactly like one of *Veronika's* old films, and we are at odds trying to wade through the ambiguity of reality vs. film vs. film-within-a-film.

There is a recurrent theme of the actress acting her way through life. In a dream flashback, *Veronika* recalls an evening with her husband in which he criticizes her for being actress-like. She responds that when a woman tries to seduce a man, she wants to be all the world's women in one.

And what of her mysterious "nervous disorder" — is it real or imagined? For *Veronika*, who can no longer get starring roles, it doesn't matter whether the pain is real or imaginary. It is felt. And so, the drugs.

Dr. Katz (Annemarie Düringer) is *Veronika's* supplier and personal keeper, a personification of all the insensitive side-effects of Germany on the rebuild. She is an exploiter of personal dilemmas, and by preying mostly on rich, older, lonely women, she is able both to be idolized as a god-parent and become heir to numerous estates and holdings. Capitalizing on their guilt and suffering, Katz, working in cooperation with Munich's crooked health official, is able to

(Please turn to pg.10A, col.1)



'Gandhi'

Intimate Portrait of a Hero

By PETER LEFEVRE

From the opening sequence of the film, it is clear that *Gandhi* is about taking pains.

Under the oppressive rule of the British in South Africa, the young Mohandas K. Gandhi, attorney at law, is heaved off a train for refusing to give up his first class seat. The embarrassment and anger of the man is soon transformed into strength and patience, which prove to be more forceful weapons. As a film, *Gandhi* gives to the viewer an intimate portrait of one of the century's most compelling individuals. It does not preach non-violence; it shows what may be accomplished through it.

In a brief notation before the film proper, the director



Gandhi weaves his cloth.

explains to the audience the difficulties in presenting the entire life of any man in such a short space of time. This is a kind gesture, but apologies alone do not make the audience unconscious of the fact, so that while though the movie enralls the spectator, it still can only cover the highlights of the man's life.

Yet, what highlights. If that was all that could be included, what monumental events were eliminated? The broad scope of political influence that Mahatma Gandhi had upon his country and the world is emphasized through the epic-style photography, and this alleviates the sense that the movie may be insufficient in its dialectic content. It is an important film largely because Gandhi was an important man, though it is not necessarily a deep film because Gandhi was a deep man. The content of the frames seem to reflect the consciousness of its subject: open, beautiful and so magnificently simple. If only the motivations of the character could be clearer rather than limited to the freedom of India alone, the film would have captured a more universal voice.

Director Richard Attenborough has surely taken pains to bring the film to the screen. What started as a purchase of a bust of former Indian Prime Minister Pandit Nehru, soon escalated into a massive project utilizing literally millions of people and taking the better part of 20 years. The fanatic dedication to the project is illustrated in a number of ways. The production values are superior and exacting to the tiniest detail. The costumes are all designed from authentic patterns of the time. It is unfortunate that the story contains certain characters that are conglomerates of people rather than actual people themselves.

The movie is fictionalized history, neither totally factual nor invented. A middle ground has been struck in all aspects of the script, hoping to present the Mahatma in such a way as to appease the Indian people by illustrating

his revolutionary spirit, and also to appease the British whom Gandhi passively fought against. No effort was made to lessen the impact of the cruel events that occurred, but an effort was made to make the perpetrators of the cruelties single men, rather than whole cultures.

As Mahatma Gandhi, Ben Kingsley makes a truly breathtaking debut. As the script is not designed for indoctrination, the spirit of the leader must be strikingly external. This, Kingsley accomplishes with both style and humility. The calm, powerful and charming characterization is in every way a complete realization of all that the cinema could have told about Gandhi. As far as the central role is concerned, there may not have been a better choice living. It is a shame that more of the individual reflections of the man were not included in the script in lieu of a couple of the film's more symbolic, yet still boring, moments.

The grandiose filming of such a humble man creates scenes that appear loaded with significance at the time but in the end are examples of how immersed in everydayness our heroes can actually be and how even the greatest men in the history of the world can be terribly mundane at times. It is nice to know that Gandhi wove his own cloth; we do not need to see him weave his entire wardrobe.

Several notable actors and actresses appear in the film in



Martin Sheen and Ben Kingsley.

cameos and larger roles.

Edward Fox as the British officer responsible for the slaughter at Amritsar and Sir John Gielgud as Lord Irwin, Viceroy to India between 1928 and 1931, are effective and interesting.

Martin Sheen is earnest and sympathetic as a fictional journalist of the time, but he does not have nearly enough to do and isn't particularly inspired with what he has.

As Kasturba Gandhi, wife to the Mahatma, Indian actress Rohini Hattangady is the most accurate portrayal of a real person outside of the central role. She is an endearing Gandhi.

In an amusing scene in which the imprisoned Gandhi is freed by a general and must be loaned carfare home, South African playwright Athol Fugard shows a keen sense of timing and a grasp of the era's politics. It would be interesting to see him in another film.

As was *Reds* last year, *Gandhi* is an attempt to show the politics of a preceding generation and how the tactics used by that generation can be attacked or employed in today's world. *Gandhi* is a film about an entirely different mode of warfare. It is about total passive resistance to unjust oppression. It is an exciting film about the unexciting. It is a film about taking pains.

A Season of Rage and Friendship

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

Jason Miller's Pulitzer prize-winning play about friendship and the pursuit of the American dream, *That Championship Season*, has the dense conversational form that Eugene O'Neill is known for, but without the epic thrust, the painstaking complexity of character and emotion. The play talks a lot, but it doesn't have a whole lot to say. Of course, a play does not have to be all-encompassing or speak universal truths, which is why the stop-time, slice-of-life unpretentiousness of Miller's play is so appealing.

In theater of contemporary realism, moreover, it is possible — and centrally important — that the audience be absorbed into the lives of the characters, to feel that they are real, and if there are tears shed they should be unavoidable.

Miller (*The Exorcist's* Father Karras) has shaken the prepossession of acting, choosing to look at his profession from another

vantage point. In so doing, he has proven himself to be a fine and promising playwright. *That Championship Season* is very good drama; however, it loses more dramatic depth and punch in its translation to the screen than even its best lighted, pore-probing close-ups can compensate for.

That Championship Season is plodding rather than pondersome. This is evident, strangely enough, in adaptor/director Miller's affectionate rapport with his actors: Martin Sheen, Robert Mitchum, Stacy Keach, Bruce Dern and Paul Sorvino. They are all excellent actors. They give full drawn performances here. But if it weren't for those close-ups of those big name faces, and the occasional hot, emotional lifts, *That Championship Season* would put even a fan-filled audience to sleep. Miller's tragedy-and-triumph film is fatally flawed by its pacing and lack of narrative buoyancy.

Sluggish and dull in construction and execution,

Miller has more to learn about directing and editing than he does about writing. The problem is that we are asked to view the film as we would a stage performance. It would work well in a small theater in its original form.

It is familiar in a number of conventional ways: in its isolation of a small number of people, in its adherence to unities of time and space, in its explorations of love and friendship, commitments vs. self-serving desires, and that most sensitive, disturbing and difficult art — communication.

Carrying equal weight, the five principals are intimate cohabitants of this needle's point in time. Boyhood friends, basketball buddies and 1957 Pennsylvania State Champions in high school (Mitchum portrays their coach), they laugh, they lie, they love together. In the course of the film, they are ripped apart, their dreams and aspirations are torn

asunder, their characters closely scrutinized, but, ultimately, they wade through the much of separation and division and fulfill their ideological pack: "Never settle for less than a success." As Mitchum clarifies, "It is a philosophy of life, not a slogan." One must, as is borrowed from Dylan Thomas, "Rage, rage against dying of the light."

That Championship Season is about holding onto the best moments from the past and learning how to face the future. To be a success it takes the sensitivity and communication of friends, those who know your strengths, values, virtues and vulnerabilities.

Mitchum gives the hyped pep talks to his "boys," who, operating on the team spirit philosophy, respond with clenched dedication and a mutual, nostalgic love that echoes back to that special season when nothing could come between them, and winning was every day.

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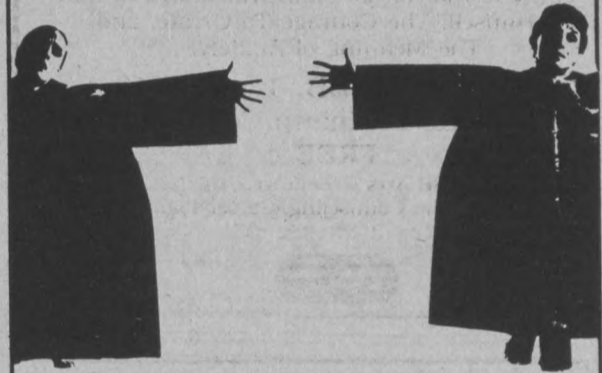
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Tintype of Early America

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

Tintypes, a Broadway musical, came to the Arlington Theatre Saturday night as part of the Arlington's Celebrity Series this year. As the title of the show suggests, *Tintypes* is a musical review featuring various pictures of American life at the turn of the century when the tintype or iron plate method for photography was used.

The show was successful in conveying the attitudes of Americans and foreign immigrants at that time: idealistic and hopeful. America was the "land of the plenty."

"In this place anything is possible," shouted Stuart Zagnit as Charlie, a young immigrant, and even war was glorified by Ronald A. Wisniski as Theodore Roosevelt. Thrown into this portrait of America's heroes and heroines was Anna Held, (played by Metropolitan Opera star Patrice Munsel), Emma Goldman (Robin Taylor), plus other mythical characters who sang and danced their way through various American vignettes.

The show had a few problems, however. One of these was Munsel herself, whose voice seemed to be a bit on the shaky side. Perhaps she fares better at the Met, for in the more operatic songs, Munsel sounded more at home.

Her difficulty was when she had to make the transition from operatic modes to musical comedy and back again. Here she lost her vocal control somewhere in between the two so that when she went into a vibrato her voice quivered and shook so unevenly that she sounded as though she were rapidly running out of breath. Unfortunately the sound system at the Arlington only emphasized Munsel's already strained vibrato, as the speakers fuzzed in and out a few times perhaps due to the heavy rainstorm.

Robin Taylor who is a fine comedy actress, did not fare too well vocally either, though her problems were not due to the sound system but rather to her own weak voice. She sounded choked whether she was singing or trying to shout out some of Emma Goldman's famous speeches.

Only when she sang with the other performers did she let her voice relax — probably because she knew she did not have to carry the entire song herself.

Janet Powell was the only one who shined vocally; she

has a beautiful voice, and she knows how to use it. The Alex Rogers and Bert Williams' song "Nobody," which Powell sang, was the highlight of the first act. Her voice was clear and unfaltering when she sang softly, and when she sang loudly, she maintained her vocal control which resulted in an even and well-articulated tone.

Other bright moments in the performance were by Zagnit and Wisniski, both of whom could sing and move very well. In the Henry Bloom and Victor Herbert song, "I Want What I Want When I Want It," Wisniski, as Roosevelt, tramped about the stage with a little tin bucket and plastic shovel poking fun at Roosevelt's involvement in the Panama Canal.

Zagnit sang "When I'd Be Satisfied With Life," a George M. Cohan song dealing with the need for riches, and then the cast members played a game in which the climb to wealth and power was illustrated via a game of musical chairs.

Other aspects of American life were mimed very effectively to various ragtime melodies. The cast worked extremely well here in keeping time with the orchestra as they mimed a day at the factory, the actions of a couple on a park bench, and the process of courting. Some of these numbers required the actors to be as familiar with the musical score as they were with their own movements, some of which were quite complex. The relationship between the performers and the orchestra was consistent throughout the performance.

While the actors were very successful in portraying pictures of American life, the set design by David Weller did not aid them in the least. The set's only purpose was to remind us that this was America via a few cliched symbols painted on a single drop. The colors were drab, and the drop did not allow for any variety of staging which would have made the show more visually stimulating. Visual variety was left to the actors to create which they did fairly well, but a few set changes would have helped.

The set added to the overall inconsistency of the show, though in a way it helped emphasize *Tintypes'* finer moments which shimmered like jewels in a tarnished setting.

Dance Discussion Demonstration

An illustrated lecture demonstration on "The Rediscovered Dances of Anna Pavlova" by Frank Ries and Sandra Hammond will be presented free of charge on Wednesday, Feb. 2 at 4 p.m. in UCSB's Main Theater. Ries will discuss the choreography of Anna Pavlova and her company during the years 1913-1916 based on recently discovered diaries by a former dancer. Demonstrations will include "Gavotte Pavlova," "Rose Morante," and other dances that have not been seen for over 60 years.

Ries, a professor of dance at UCSB, studied dance under Svetlova, Dolin, Kriza and Maryon Lane of the Royal Ballet. He has been regisseur to Nicolas Beriozoff for a number of ballets, including "Swan Lake," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Cinderella." He has performed in both the U.S. and Europe and has choreographed many musicals, revues, and operas. He has published articles and monographs in *Dance Magazine*, *The Cambridge Historical Review*, and *Dance Scope*.

Hammond, a freelance dancer and writer, specializes in the history of ballet technique. She is a frequent guest artist on college campuses, and during the past year was Visiting Associate Professor at the University of Hawaii, Visiting Lecturer at UCSB, and Artist-in-Residence at York University in Toronto. She trained in dance at The Julliard School, the Metropolitan Opera School of Ballet, and Ballet Repertory. She was a member of the Pacific Ballet in San Francisco and for five years chaired the Dance Division at the Basics, was published in *Arizona*. Her latest book, *Ballet: Beyond*

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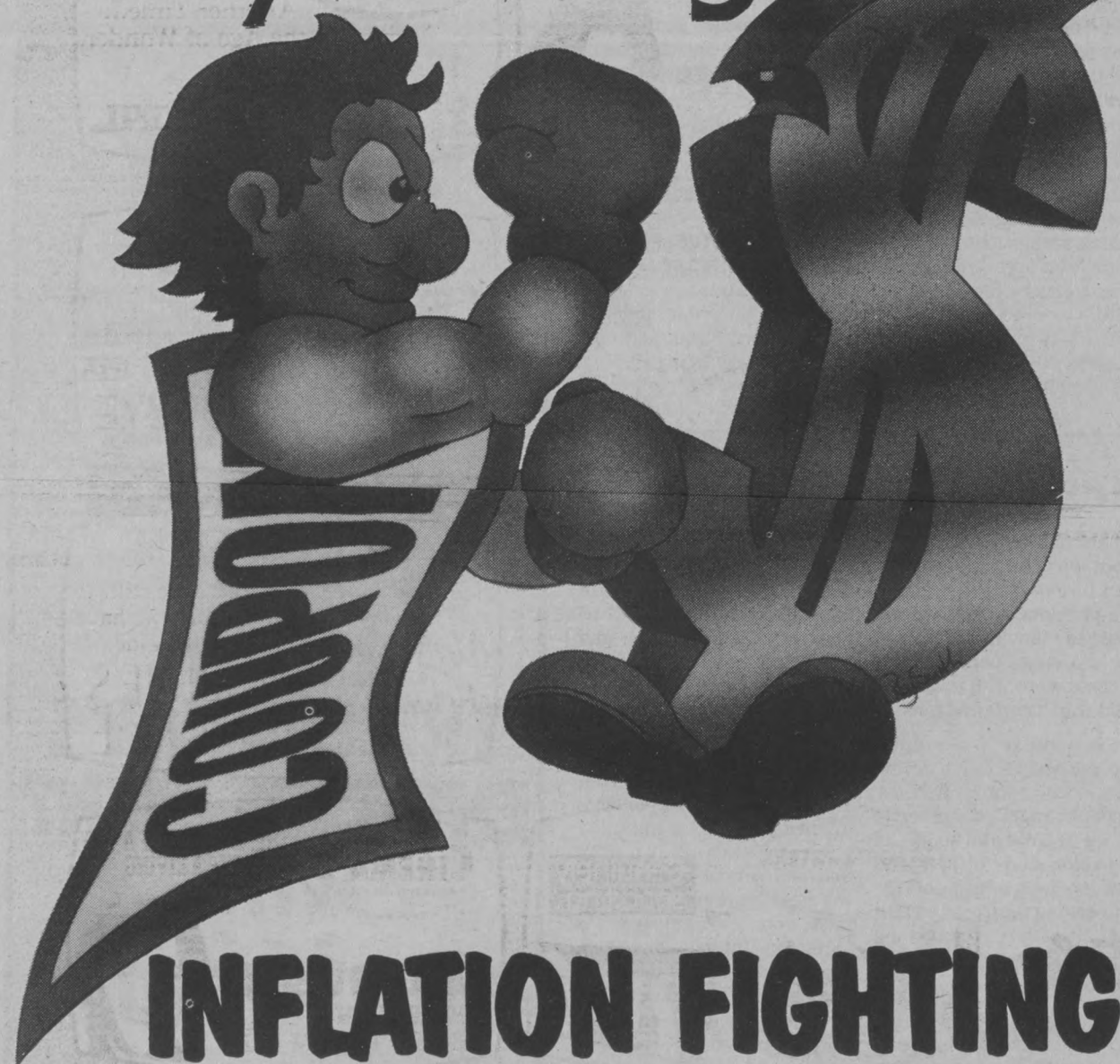
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The Aviator's Wife, a film of chance meetings and missed connections, will be shown Sunday, Jan. 30 in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. as part of the New Directions in Film series. For tickets and information, call 961-3535.

Works by Raphael Soyer will open in the West Gallery of the University Art Museum Tuesday, Feb. 1, in conjunction with Soyer's visit to UCSB as artist-in-residence during the month of February. For information on the artist's stay, call the Art Department, 961-3138. The museum is open 10-4 Tuesday through Saturday, and 1-5 Sundays and holidays.

Blithe Spirit opens the Nights on Broadway series Feb. 1 at the Lobero Theatre. For tickets, and information on the series, call 963-0761.

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(Continued from pg.2A)
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'Sophie's Choice'

(Continued from pg.6A) drives which underlie their behavior.

For they are complex. Passion is easy to understand, and the relationship between Sophie and Nathan is imbued with it, but the continued attraction between a beautiful, desirable woman and a man who alternately adores and abuses her is more problematic. With him she feels ecstasy, but she also

suffers tremendous pain, the kind of torment that can only be inflicted by one who knows the weaknesses of another, and which can only be suffered by one who loves and respects the source of the abuse.

The key to this lies in understanding Sophie herself. On the most simplistic level, she is driven by the force of guilt — guilt over having survived a horror that killed six million, guilt

over hating her father, guilt over pretending to be anti-Semitic and, most of all, guilt over a choice made long ago on a dark railway siding. Thus, she lacks essential self-respect; in a sense, she feels that she deserves abuse because she is such a "terrible person."

There is more to her than this, though. For Sophie, Nathan is at once saviour, a reason for living, and a reflection of the dark side of

her own past and personality. He is simultaneously the molder and shaper of her present existence and, through his flights into madness, the mirror of a life that should have ended in the misery of Auschwitz, but somehow lingered on. She cannot live without him anymore than she can exist without memory.

So, she continues to dance, to picnic at the beach, to grasp and savor each moment of time, cheating death with every laugh, every smile, every tear and every cry of ecstasy. We participate in this period of borrowed existence; we feel the wounds, we sense the darkness that marks both Sophie's past and her inevitable future.

True, the darkness is there, but while she occupies the screen Sophie lives in the bright light of day: despite the madness of a lover and the insanity of a world, despite her guilt and sorrow, despite her inadequacies and fears, she lives.

Thus, she feels pain; thus, she experiences joy. Watching, so do we.

'Veronika Voss'

(Continued from pg.6A)

manipulate lives and, when she has no need to keep them alive any longer, she denies them the precious fix of morphine. Katz is strong and agile and coniving ("Veronika, you know that I am your best girlfriend"), controlling and ultimately she is coldly evil. Katz represents the shot in the arm Germany needed to get back up on her feet again, but it is screenwriters Peter Marthesheimer and Pea Frohlich's commenting on the validity and goodness of a nation that, during the '50s, was propelled into a state of hysterical cultural flux by the speed of industrial modernizing. Durringer is excellent, bringing to mind the sweet venom quality of Louise Fletcher.

Veronika is a kind of '40s "black widow" character, a woman who is doomed and damned but enticing. Into her sticky, tangled web she draws a man — Robert — who is very much different than she, but who cannot, for all the suffering and sacrifices he must endure, shake himself from her bonds. The attraction is inexplicable, especially to Robert himself.

From the beginning, when we see Veronika viewing one of her old films on an addict who sells her every possession for a fix, it is clear that her fate has been sealed. Like the cruel but logical progression morphine racks on the body, Veronika slowly loses all those people who once loved her as she wills all her worldly possessions to Frauline Katz...until, "I've nothing but my death to give to you," a line taken from that earlier film clip we see.

The climax of the film is preceded by an unforgettable scene in which she looks and sings exactly like Dietrich (the song, "Memories Are Made of This," is ironically performed in English) at a bash thrown in her honor before she departs for Hollywood. Why Hollywood? "Is it for the money, Miss Voss?" No. "Something much more important than money. In Hollywood, they make dreams come true." Although her fate has been long sealed, her hamartia is at least understood.

Robert is tragic, too, because he is ultimately ineffectual, incapable to change the system or save Veronika.

In a thematic nutshell, Veronika thanks Dr. Katz, "You gave me a lot of happiness." Katz, holding Veronika tenderly, replies, "No. I sold it to you." There is no rage, no desperation, only a desire to sleep and dream.

Rosel Zech as Veronika Voss is as unshakable as Fassbinder is filmmaker.

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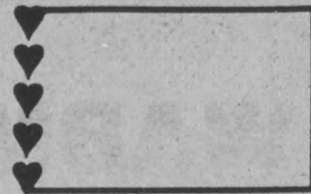
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Fast-Paced Melodies And a History Lesson

By CHERYL ROSENSTEIN
Rumors of "streets paved with gold" attracted many folks to America, but few brought with them as much joy in their knapsacks as the klezmerim — the Old World musicians with a knack for unconventional tonalities and wild, bouncing melodies. Whenever and wherever they landed in the New World, klezmerim blended their wonderful noise with that of ragtime and jazz and produced a sound so unprecedented, the Statue of Liberty nearly dropped her torch.

That wonderful noise made its UCSB debut with the appearance of today's Klezmerim. And judging from the reception the band received, no one could have been happier to discover that the klezmer tradition was still alive than the audience that filled Campbell Hall last Wednesday night.

What began as an upbeat, fast-paced display of spine-tingling, toe-tapping virtuosity, was quickly transformed into an equally entertaining, highly extraordinary history lesson. The Klezmerim traced their predecessors' footsteps from the street corners of Odessa and Warsaw to the first American movie theaters to the big band

sounds of Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington.

Decked out in shirtsleeves and suspenders, the Klezmerim ran out onto the stage and jumped into a whirlwind of music consisting of mad rhythms and sliding harmonies, topped with occasional mixtures of high-pitched laughter and oy-yoy-yoys from the B-flat clarinet.

Particularly noteworthy among the show's many highlights were the few moments immediately following the intermission, in which the Klezmerim allowed the audience to relive the nostalgia of old-fashioned matinees. Dressed in formal attire (white ties and tails) which belied their lack of sobriety, the six musicians recreated the good old days when a day at the movies meant a day at the movies — the excitement of "Time On The March" newsreels, the charm and music of Betty Boop cartoons, plus the melodrama and suspense of Western serials such as Cowboy Bob and his Wonder Horse DeSoto (complete with Bolshevik braves in warpaint!).

After 50 years of being underground, klezmer music has made a lively comeback indeed — thanks to the efforts of Lev Liberman, David Julian Gray, Brian

Wishnefsky, John Raskin, Kevin Linscott and Donald Thornton. It is these men's desire to attain the ideal of the "ultimate klezmer," Naftuli Bronfeldt. As described by trombonist Linscott, his behavior was not always worthy of emulation, at least not by our society's standards. Nonetheless, his superior technique (playing the clarinet with his back to the crowds so as not to reveal his fingering secrets) earned him international recognition.

The Klezmerim's strivings, it seems, have paid off at last. So if you'd like to catch a glimpse of a few "ultimate" klezmerim, you may want to catch their next performance — at New York's Carnegie Hall.

Panache Sailor

(Continued from pg.4A)

does confront some interesting topics. It's a lot of fun to find out what the hip archaeologists talk about at parties. Yet, how many times have you come across the opportunity to comment on it? How many times do you anticipate commenting on it?

The book is full of advice for those who have what the author, in all his suavity, considers the wrong opinions. He makes a very good case for himself sometimes in backing his choices, but one gets the sense of someone giving away secrets or making secrets up.

Panache gives you all of what to say and none of how to say it, which is the element of true panache. People who have that don't have to fake it, much less write books about it.

(Continued from pg.3A)
the Explorers Club, and president of the Atlantic Club. He also considers himself "an honorary member of the human race."

Tickets for Tristan Jones are \$3.75 advance, \$4.25 at the door, and are available at Coast Chandlery or Island Hunter Books. The shows are sponsored by Island Hunter, KTMS, and Michelob.



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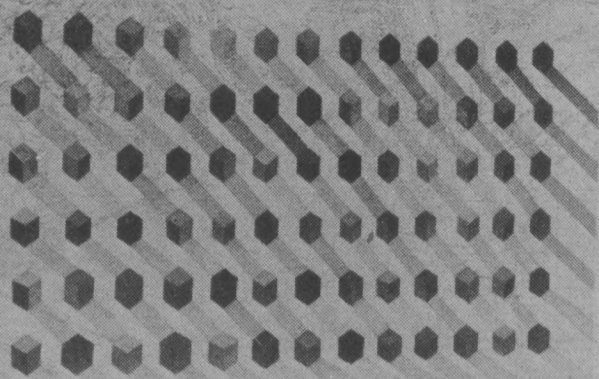


Photo by Kevin Margulies

Pictured above is one of Marianna Tomaz's watercolor compositions on display in the UCen Art Gallery

UCen Gallery

An Expression of Ballet

By STEVEN SPRINKLE
Letters and Science art students Marianna Tomaz and Katie Carver are exhibiting some of their work at the UCen Art Gallery until February.

Both women employ recognizable imagery in their work but they are striving to represent dissimilar perspectives with regard to reality.

"...She is treading in territory that is both heroic and sentimental."

Carver's acrylic on canvas paintings have a fragmented and surreal appearance. In her largest work, "Fun Natural Fun," two nude women in orange and orange red are posed within the same environment that reddish orange dragonflies inhabit. "Rite of Spring" expresses the artist's feelings toward Igor Stravinsky's famous musical piece of the same name. Carver has also included in this painting a rendering of well-crafted Russian tapestries that are a stationary counterpoint to

what is an energetic and identifiable calligraphic expression of ballet, which when transcended, is reminiscent of patterns that the mind is apt to come up with while listening to music of Stravinsky's caliber.

Marianna Tomaz may have dared to go out on a limb a little more since she is treading in territory that is both heroic and sentimental. She appears to have come out a winner here.

All but one of her watercolors create a subtle tableau of the inner city. Shopping Cart Ladies and Skid Row Drifters are depicted with the right mix of compassion and intellectual curiosity. Make no mistake about the surreal sense of pathos on the face of the black woman pushing her shopping cart on Santa Monica Blvd. Tomaz has tilted the horizon slightly and narrowed the perspective of this piece to illustrate not just loneliness but the claustrophobic limitations people on the street share in common. The men in "Bum Deal" sit in a washed out kind of space, nothing is rock hard in their

existence, except perhaps their friendship; nothing matters or has value, except the time they take to be together. These few watercolors work well together — the ethereal fire escape is some kind of nebulous way out, the overhead view of "New York City" is alluring and bright — and yet cold and empty despite the light. Tomaz illustrates well the situation. The watercolors show a lot of talent. But overall and more important to this modest selection of work, there is present just a taste of something more perceptive.

"There is present just a taste of something more perceptive."

The artist is there and yet she is not. She shows that she is sensitive to people unwilling or incapable of languishing in the hollow mainstream of the inner city, people who she calls "social prey," but she can do it with enough honesty to give the wanderers in her paintings a touch of integrity.

Comedy Night At The Pub

Erika Logan, A.S. Special Events Commissioner has announced the latest addition to the Pub's growing tradition of providing all-around programming. Comedy Night, which will begin on Tuesday, Feb. 1, and continue on alternate Tuesdays (Feb. 8 and Feb. 22), will present some familiar and up and coming names from the L.A. comedy club scene, for sensible \$0.00 price... a real bargain compared to the cover charges paid in L.A.

Opening For Rep At Large

The A.S. Program Board is looking for a new representative at large.

Anyone interested in holding this position should pick up an application in the A.S. Program Board office in the UCen. Completed applications must be returned to the Program Board office in c/o Sharon Kishner by 4 p.m., Jan. 28.

Editorial Assistance Needed

Anyone interested in applying for a volunteer position which would include feature writing, layout and graphics assistance, and



An evening of poetry and music with Gil Scott-Heron will be an event you won't want to miss. Gil Scott-Heron will be reciting his poetry to the vibrating sounds of Jamacia percussionist Larry McDonald. McDonald is an acclaimed master drummer in Jamacia and has accompanied Heron in concert on many occasions. Gil

Scott-Heron will also have his electric piano to back up his combustible synthesis of riveting and hard-hitting social comments in the form of poetry.

You have the opportunity to witness this dynamic artist in action, Friday Feb. 4, at 8 p.m. in UCSB Campbell Hall. Admission will be \$3 for students and \$4 for general public.

interviewing should contact James Watts in the A.S. Program Board office, located on the third floor of the UCen. Experience is not

a must, but all applicants should be familiar with a basic journalistic writing style.

Randy Hansen Feb. 12

Randy Hansen will be appearing Saturday, Feb. 12 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

Randy Hansen was born in Seattle on Dec. 8, 1954. When he was 9 years old his father died, and when he was 10 his mother got him his first guitar.

By the next year he was playing in a group in the gym at his elementary school. The first gig was at halftime at the annual faculty versus students basketball game. The gig went unreviewed, but Randy can still remember the faculty won the game. "They were taller," he explained.

When he turned 13, Randy went to see an outdoor concert in Seattle Park and stood in the rain watching in awe as Jimi Hendrix worked his special voodoo on the entranced audience. "I had never seen anyone with that kind of power before," he recalled. "He did it to me, and I looked around and saw that he was doing it to everybody else, too. I decided right then that I wanted to do that someday."

When his mother told him that he had until his 21st birthday to make it on his own, he joined a '50s revival group called Kid Chrysler and the Cruisers, developing a complicated revue in which various members did impressions of famous rock stars. Randy's segment, during which he impersonated Jimi Hendrix, turned out to be a showstopper, and ultimately Randy lost interest in the



other parts of the show and began to immerse himself in the music, legends and lore of Jimi Hendrix.

Randy left Kid Chrysler in 1975 to form Randy Hansen's Machine Gun, a power trio dedicated to the resurrection of Jimi's music. By 1979 they were a headline attraction at some of the premier rock venues in the U.S. and kids flocked to see the show: "A Tribute To Jimi Hendrix."

It was this groundswell that attracted the attention of Francis Ford Coppola, who was seeking music for *Apocalypse Now*, and he invited Randy to compose and play on the soundtrack.

Good seats for the Feb. 12 show are still available at all the usual ticket outlets. Ticket prices are \$7 for students and \$8 general admission.



The Bicycle Thief

The Wednesday night "Question Authority" film series continues this week with Vittorio de Sica's *The Bicycle Thief*. Probably the single most important and moving film to come out of the Neo-Realist movement that arose out of the ashes of post-war Italy, *The Bicycle Thief* is a simple story of an unemployed man and his son in war-devastated Rome. The father finds a job pasting up signs, work requiring a bicycle on which to get around. The bicycle is stolen, setting up the film's tragic and ironic ending. Having failed to recover the bicycle, the father and son are forced to steal one and are caught.

The Bicycle Thief will be shown Wednesday, Feb. 2 at 8 p.m. in UCSB Physics 1610; students \$2.

Varsity Sport of The Mind

College Bowl competitions, beginning Monday, Jan. 24 with 16 teams, are now coming down to its final competitions with survival of the smartest! With 10 teams remaining, they will each battle it out, with the winning team representing UCSB and going to the Regional Tournament in Pomona, Feb. 4, to shoot for the nationals and a chance to be on television! Be sure and catch the competitions these final two days. It's exciting and without a doubt you'll learn some little trivia you never knew about. See you there.
Jan. 27, 6-10 p.m., UCen 2284
Jan. 28, 4-8 p.m., Pavilion Rm.