

## ENTERTAINMENT

OINGO  
BOINGOA Stroll  
Through the  
Forbidden  
Zone;  
A Giant  
Leap  
For Rock  
'n' RollBy Oren  
Aviv

**P**aranoic Rock. Neurotic New Wave. Psychotic Sounds. Call it what you want, but whatever name you come up with to describe their music, you'll always end up with the Oingo Boingo.

Just what the hell is the Oingo Boingo? A circus troupe? A comedy act? A superball? Frankly, they are a fantastically energetic and delightfully original combination of all of those things, and then some. Why would there be anyone interested in writing *anything* about *another* new group? Well, that's just it — they aren't just "another" group. They are eight musicians who take their music and their business seriously, and that is reflected in the songs they produce. Just because the Oingo Boingo (formerly the Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo) has been around for almost a decade, and just because they were the first unsigned band to headline The Roxy in Hollywood, and just because their LP (a 10 inch extended play Nu-disk with four great tunes) is selling out in all record stores in the Southland, and just because they are the hottest live act on the West Coast, doesn't mean the group deserves attention.

No, not much.

Finally, after a struggle to draw the media into their frightful magnetism, the Oingo Boingo is on the verge of commercial success, something that has been as inevitable as it has been a struggle to achieve. The press has chosen, simply, to ignore them.

Even so, this trend has begun to disappear slowly. They have been getting virtual round-the-

clock airplay on KROQ, L.A.'s most progressive radio station, with songs like "Only A Lad" and "Ain't This The Life", two tunes lifted from their disc. KROQ, in the beginning of October, broadcast one of their Whisky engagements, and, as it turned out, it was their best live performance so far. They have made it a habit of packing in dedicated followers and impressed newcomers into Madame Wong's and the Whisky every week. So why not the press coverage? Certainly a *really* good new group (though they've been around since The Flood) deserves more coverage than Carter and Reagan, no?

For one thing, they are a "local" band, and all local bands have to wait their turns to make a dent in the Media Machine (of course, if a decade isn't enough time to bash a gaping hole in the Machine...). More importantly, however, the Oingo Boingo's music is too strange, too unconventional, too unusual, they deviate too far from the norm, for critics to digest. Their stomachs are used to pogoing when pogoing was in, discoing when that was in, and bopping when... With all this stuff being "in", the group was left, to borrow a lyric from one of their more civil songs, "on the outside." They even wrote a song called "The Impostor", dedicated ferociously to Robert Hilburn of the L.A. Times, who in a series of articles on L.A. bands conspicuously left out the words Oingo and Boingo from each article. This song is performed live at every gig to emphasize the point.

They were there from the start ("This is where it all begins/I'm on the outside looking in"), as a theater group performing on the boardwalks of Venice, or wherever else they could scrape up an available space to accommodate their drums, guitar, accordion, kazoos, and three

pom-pom girls. Eventually, when self-proclaimed leader Danny Elfman took charge, the accordion and pom-pom girls were tossed out on their kazoos in favor of a unique sound that might one day bring them national popularity and critical attention.

**T**here is good reason for L.A. locals to have a refreshing band to turn to, considering the continuous relentless flow — or should I say, *overflow* — of less than mediocre, often down-right awful, groups that find their way to the stages of night clubs. The Oingo Boingo has a tremendous variety in their sound, unlike groups such as The Cars, Boston, Foreigner, and other popular Pop bands. Still, even with this variation in sound, their overall aural presence is unmistakable.

A driving bass, provided ably by Kerry Hatch, is always faithfully accompanied by the steady, although abstract, upbeat of drummer David Eagle. And, unique to this group, they have the support of a trumpet (played by 40-year-old Dale Turner), a trombone and alto sax and clarinet (Leon Schneiderman), and a solid, steady, reliable, functional, and altogether fabulous sax (Sam "Sluggo" Phipps) to comprise Oingo Boingo's backbone. Lead guitarist Steve Bartek is as much a pleasure to watch, with his hilariously entertaining gestures and expressions, as he is to hear. His back-up vocal support of Elfman, along with the high-octaved voice of Bassist Hatch, has a very captivating live effect. Their live shows are more invigorating than a Water Pic.

Many critics maintain, and rightfully so, that a New Wave band should have a sound that is rough, offensive, loud, and generally anti-pop. As true as this may be, the Oingo Boingo has never claimed to be New Wave.

Fact is, they despise the mainstream New Wave sound, favoring the unique and energetic over the pop and popular.

It is just this ability to combine seemingly opposite modes of music that separates the men of Oingo Boingo from the boys. Their lyrics refuse to consent to the Top 40 groups' unwritten laws of writing about how a love has broken a heart. Elfman prefers to write more realistically: rather than crying about a lost love, he will fantasize about some female he wants to "make violent love to." What makes their songs have that frightening quality may be just that they are more realistic than they are pleasant. How often is reality pleasant? Their songs deal with day-to-day stuff like teenage monsters, commando girls, sinister family members, nuclear babies, and sexual psychopaths.

**A**lthough deadly serious about what they play, they are nothing but fun when the lights go down (on stage, that is). Jumping into the spotlight in army surplus garb and two toy pistols, Elfman's manic manner lashes out at the crowd, attacking them, toying with them. Their act immediately screams "Professionalism!" and never once lets down. Just one example of this appears when Elfman leaves the stage for five minutes to allow his horn section a good piece of the crowd's favor. After a spunky, jazzy, buzzy, stimulating jam session, Elfman emerges in bathrobe and pajamas to belt out a terrorizing ballad of "bad dreams" and "forbidden zones."

The show builds and builds until we feel we have reached a crescendo, and Elfman releases us just in time to reaffirm his contact with the crowd. The music is then brought down into a soft, romantic mood, as Elfman

strides into the audience to pick one of the pretty girls in the front row to be his partner in a trick he "learned on Mister Rogers." His voice is so serene and convincing, when he finally ties up his "assistant's" hands with his pajama top and flings her over his shoulder for their act of "Violent Love" (another song from their LP), the crowd is surprised, shocked, and finally thrilled with this strange and unexpected state of affairs.

Closing the regular show with an uplifting and catchy Ska melody (Oingo Boingo's version of "Be True To Me"), the band has managed to play tunes anywhere from Rock (the Kinks' "You Really Got Me") to Beach ("California Girls" — a much livelier rendition than the Beach Boys') to Jazz (the horn jam) to ultra-New Wave (as New Wave as they'll get with a song called "The Controller") to Punk all in a matter of an hour and a quarter. This is the purest example of variety in music today.

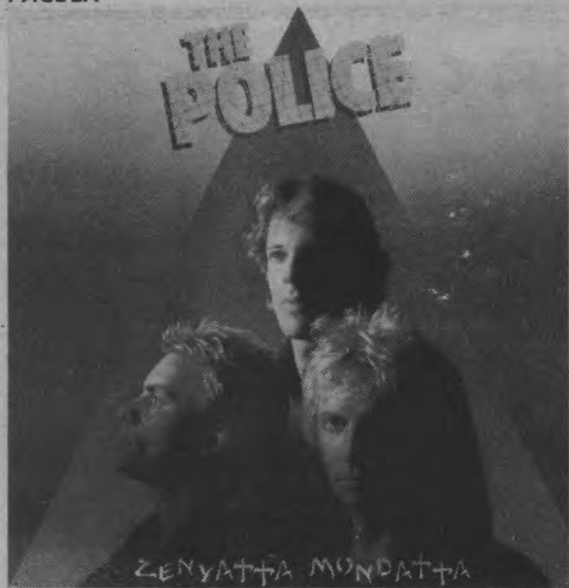
One leaves the performance hoping to see them again, hoping to buy their LP (if it can be found in record stores), wearing an Oingo Boingo T-shirt and a button, wishing you could stay for the late performance, but knowing your dates — who'd look great in a T-shirt, especially if they've got large Oingo Boingo's — want to get home now and discuss Oingo Boingo's contribution to music a little later.

It would seem that reproducing the sheer excitement of the live show on record would be impossible, but they have come close by compensating with clearer synthesizers and a more polished sound. The Oingo Boingo is a likeable bunch with an absolutely overpowering live act and a wonderfully fresh sound.

They will be opening for the Police on Saturday, with XTC as well, so get your oingo down there and see it for yourself.







ZENYATTA MONDATTA  
The Police  
(A M)

by jim sayer

Is it possible to critique the Police any more? I have a close friend in Britain who would drown out any of my criticisms with immense swoons and I fear the same tendency has swept over much of the group's American constituency, regardless of what Sting and the gang record.

It's not hard to see how such a mentality has emerged; the Police have spanned a number of seemingly unbridgeable gaps between a variety of music styles, particularly reggae and refined rock. Reggae has always had such enormous potential outside of Jamaica but it took the Police to put it in a more palatable form to give it the necessary transitional boost.

However, their success does not stem solely from a successful musical hybrid. Beyond the reggae influence, everything on Police albums smacks of originality, from the playful lyricism and musical mix describing a tender relationship with an inflatable doll on "Be My Girl Sally" to the simultaneously complex yet simple musical arrangement and lyrics in "Walking on the Moon."

Credentials having been earned, it is disturbing to see that the Police may be using these as a license to mix in some dissonant filler along with their superior material on their new album *Zenyatta Mondatta*. What makes the inclusion of this weak material on the album such a mystery is that the group already has nine songs of superb quality which would have been ample enough. Nevertheless, the Police have always seemed to have a strange fascination with dissonance and it emerges on "Behind my Camel," a song better suited as a fanfare for Vincent Price appearances than for a Police album. Similarly, "The Other

Continued page 5

# Vinyl Exams



Black Sea  
XTC  
Take Away/The Lure of Salvage  
Andy Partridge  
(Virgin)

XTC, which along with Oingo Boingo will open for the Police this Sunday night at the Events Center, has easily been one of the best "pop" new wave bands since they first emerged out of the English punk scene in 1977. However, the British quartet is largely unknown to American audiences despite modest success with last year's *Drums and Wires* album and a mildly popular FM single, "Making Plans for Nigel."

*Black Sea* is XTC's most accessible and consistent album. XTC has always been a fun band to begin with, but unlike most of their American pop counterparts they don't belabor the point. Band leader Andy Partridge's songs are carefully constructed but never mechanical, his singing mildly wacky and diffuse without being pretentious. *Black Sea's* one fault is that none of its hooks

are as memorable as past XTC staples like "Radios in Motion" or "Are You Receiving Me?"

In fact, the best song on *Black Sea* is the least characteristic of XTC: "Travels in Nihilon," Partridge's eerie, urgent warning of youth culture hedonism barely heard above Terry Chamber's thunderous drumming.

For those more interested in the Pere Ubu/Orchestral Manouvers, avant-garde wing of the New Wave, Partridge's first solo album *Take Away/The Lure of Salvage*, may be more

Continued page 7



Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables  
Dead Kennedys  
(Cherry Red Import)

This album really fills a void. A look at the charts confirms the sterility of the U.S. contemporary music scene. With schlock like Adult Contemporary Pop, pseudo-new wave and all those laid back singer-songwriters, it's refreshing to hear a sound as energetic and overtly obnoxious as the Dead Kennedys.

Possessing undoubtedly the cleverest name this side

of the Atlantic, singer Jello Biafra and company unleash a brutal, high-energy assault of post punk with zest and appropriate panache. This album is not for the squeamish — many would find it unlistenable — but that's part of its charm. The DK's employ a magnificently crude approach that has virtually disappeared.

While English punk attacked the U.K. establishment and its traditions, the DK's fittingly attack the conformity of the American middle class. Their lyrics are either overtly political, hilarious, or both; they assail young middle class complacency. "California

Continued page 5



Oingo Boingo EPNGO  
Oingo Boingo  
(IRS Records)

And now, the review you've all been waiting for. Those musicians of music, those masterminds of complex melodies and lyrically enlightening accompaniments, the Oingo Boingo and their ten-inch extended play Nu-disk have smashed into the charts and will eventually, if things remain the way they are

now, eventually bust into the top ten and hopefully into your until-then shoddy record collection.

It is time now for you to scrape up a petty \$2.99 and treat yourself to four of the most exhilarating new songs since "Jumping Jack Flash" and "Suffragette City."

The Ep, on the small (and until recently, the lonesome) I.R.S. record label, contains a small yet worthy sample of the group's musical abilities, from the lifting and jazzy *Violent Love* to the brooding, forbidding *I'm So Bad*. Thank Heavens they printed the lyrics, too. Read 'em, and you'll be hooked. And if you'd like to hear a song that will really hook you, line you in, and then sink you, give a solid listen to Side Two's first song, *Ain't This The Life*. It is one of the most interesting, playful, humorous, and altogether groovy songs in the past decade, and certainly the best new song of the '80s.

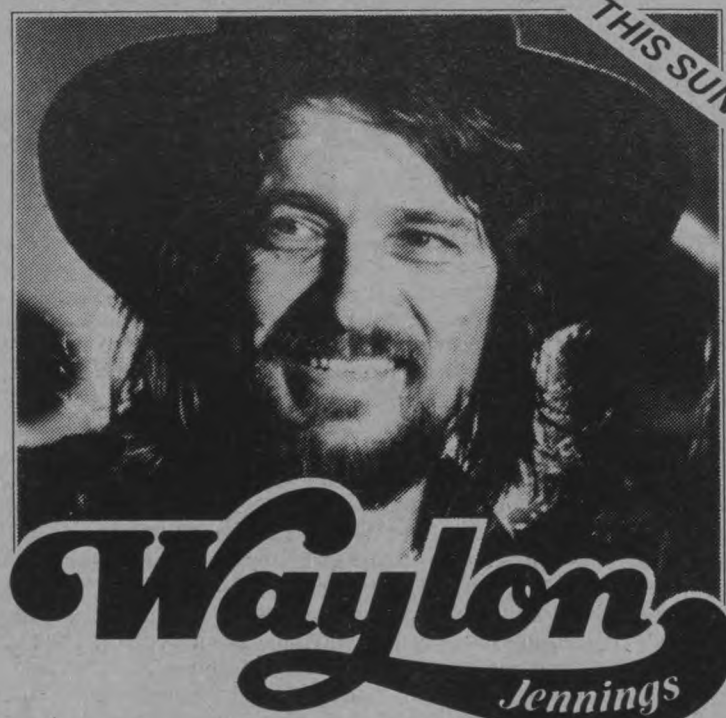
The first song on the opposite side, *Only A Lad*, comes in as a virtual tie as the most exhilarating piece in the record racks today, the other being *Violent Love*, of course.

It is impossible to accurately put into words the excitement you'll feel by just listening to the tunes, so allow me to simplify things by suggesting you buy it, and feel it yourself. There is no question that the Ep is the vinyl solution to a world gone mad.

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## Process Theater: the Spirit of Risky Theater



Process Theater's newly renovated home

by Lawrence Worcester

Theater in Process is alive and well and living in Santa Barbara...well, let me put that another way. In 1975, Mayri Sagrady, Ellen Snortland, Gina Piazza and Kitty Hendrix, four theater people with a purpose, formed the Theater of Process Theater. The company was founded under the premise of "an emphasis on education and creating opportunities for women to work in an intense, disciplined and rewarding kind of theater."

From a small but focused beginning, and with a \$12,000 budget, the Theater of Process Theater (TOPT) ran three productions in its first year. With a spirit that remains with the theater today, the cast of 19 women took their shows on the road. "Rainbow" — an original company musical (the first of many), was performed at Cal State Northridge and "Waiting for Godot" they took to Frontera to the Women's Correctional Institution.

By the time their second summer season was in progress the momentum had gathered and has not slowed down since. They received national coverage in Ms. Magazine and the L.A. Times in 1976 and have received constant attention and critical acclamation from California media.

In the fall of 1976, the company became 'co-educational' though this distinction has not necessarily brought them into the mainstream. Wendy Storch, publicity director, put it like this; "Our productions are not like anyone else's. We do not limit ourselves. We're not obscure to the point where people who would normally go to straight theater couldn't come here. But we do plays that are risky. It's no longer an all

women company; we don't do strictly women oriented material, though we do cast females as males occasionally."

In the fall of 1977 an L.A. branch was established and work has been done in New York with the future goal of establishing a permanent branch there. Back at home they are on the move. Summer of 1979 was the final Repertory season at the Unitarian Church on Santa Barbara Street and they are about to begin their second season at their new home.

A renovated thrift store, the new Process Theater's theater is located at 285 E. Cota St., four blocks from State Street (the number is 966:6620). The renovation took eight months but the finished product is well worth the blood, sweat and tears given up for the project. Along with the main theater, seating 200, there is a lobby, rehearsal room, make-up room, properties storage, a costume room, conference room, photographic darkroom, lighting booth, utility room and offices.

Once a Process member, always a Process member, which is not to say that you may never leave. All new members sign a contract which states the company's goals and policies. From that point on you are committed to the Process Theater. Many who leave to try out their talents elsewhere, return. For these people it is like coming home.

This season sees a move away from the repertory format to a consecutive performance schedule. Forthcoming productions include, *Little Murders*, a Jules Feiffer piece which has been described by the New York Times as "devastatingly funny," a recent off-Broadway critic and

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## Viola Farber Dancers

by Jean Mattock

Red-clad figures spill across the stage, long arms slashing, bodies fast and off-center. In the first 30 seconds I relax and settle in, faced with *quality*.

A lyrically bluesy piano allegro provides continuity for Viola Farber's *New Work*. A perfect opener, it impresses with all around virtuosity.

Clean, precise and expansive, the lean performers are tightly rehearsed for this on-the-road premier. Alan Evans' vital lighting is brilliant in both senses, outlining and invigorating the edges of the movement.

The recent group pieces *Ledge* and *Untitled* stick closer to an untraditional Cunningham mold. Frameless, their relationship to their music is one of simultaneity.

The movements string together like cars passing on the road; watch for a minute — you see a pattern emerge, watch more closely — it disappears.

Both works slip into moments of dramatic intent — a sense of purpose created by the performers' unity of concentration. But the intent fades and jumbles. It has no object.

Raised on Merce Cunningham's (whom she danced with 1953 to 1965) austere and brittle clinicism, Farber has added on a swooping, surging off-balance fling that topples Cunningham's composed balances without losing his elongated limby line and deliberative aplomb.

Like stretched-out elves, Viola Farber and Jeff Slayton are a breed apart. Homely and slack-limbed, they look as if they've purposely forgot everything they knew

about dance.

Farber's decade-old duet, *Tendency*, looks lived in. Like visiting an old friend who doesn't bother to clean up before your arrival, the clutter is somewhat charming. You know they remember "just where everything is." But the only real order is that what got put down last is on top.

Filled with subtle dry wit and understatement, its humor never becomes cloying or cute.

It's likely Slayton is the *Houseguest* of the title of Farber's solo for him. Likely that Viola fashioned the work on her husband's habits and character. *Houseguest* rambles, flurries, pauses, slips from precision to inarticulacy, from grace to silliness. Slayton is at times an exacting Cunningham dancer, at times a disheveled little boy, mused-up from his sleep.

Farber is a wide ranging artist. Her work pleases when it exposes her own joy and abandon of movement, fails when she attempts monument.

Hopefully she'll continue to explore the almost-flamboyant territory of her expansive *New Work* and share that full-bodied thrill with us.

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filmfilmfilmfilm

# Do You Recognize This Man?

by jim sayer

Hysteria surrounded me. Was this display I was witnessing truly indicative of the character of one of our presidential candidates in the year of Our Lord 1980?

Here is a gent who cannot face adversity when it smacks him in the face; what does he do when he's the victim of a corporate swindle, as are millions of poor Americans each day? He gets drunk! And what does he do when he gets both of his legs sliced off? He sulks! You might think that someone who'd suffered these kind of problems might have a little sympathy for other deprived folk, but no, he is adamant about busting illegal aliens crossing into America, self-proclaimed haven for destitute people. Beyond this, he callously discards women, using them for status, playing them off one against another to simultaneously curry all their favor (although his disregard for women's rights is legend by now).

Admittedly, Ronald Reagan's ancient Hollywood films are not necessarily representative of his current character and opinions. But, as Freud and Reagan's heroic counterpart in *King's Row*, Parris the psychiatrist, would say, we might be able to glean something out of this mess. And there was a choice opportunity to do such gleaning this past Friday night at the Kris Sugich auditorium, a chance to delve into Ronnie's past and ponder his future, a chance perhaps to laugh now and cry later.

Needless to say, a rather large number of Mr. Reagan's detractors were present at the screening of two Reagan classics, *King's Row* and *Secret Service of the Air*. Delightfully obnoxious, uninhibitedly profane and relentlessly scathing, they spiced up an otherwise drab and ludicrous procession of film. During the first film, our hero is making a daring airborne getaway. One brilliant stunt, where he suddenly sends his plane vertically skyward, drew the relatively polite comment, "Watch his face lift!"

Even Mr. Reagan's private life was not left untouched. In one scene, Ron, minus his two legs due to an unnecessary amputation by a vindictive doctor who is angry with Ron for his free-wheeling lifestyle and for jilting his daughter not to mention courting all the other ladies in town (you can imagine having to watch all this) and so on and so on, is being encouraged by his wife that he can do something positive with his life. Ron suddenly comes to life, that



Stand real far back, and squint...

familiar contact lens (oops! I mean sparkle) in his eye, thinking that maybe he can do something positive but dejectedly lies down again moaning he can't, thereby drawing another popular response: "Sure you can Ron. All you have to do is dip it in wax!"

The intermission was similarly disturbed. A gentleman allegedly representing Bonzo the chimp (one of Mr. Reagan's more illustrious co-stars) discussed life with Ron in great detail, although he refused to acknowledge whether Bonzo had any hand in breaking up Mr. Reagan's marriage to actress Jane Wyman.

What are we to make of this confusing mass of movie non-history? First of all, Mr. Reagan was a terrible actor, gifted only in making slight facial twitches and spewing out prime bits of turgid Americana (not too unlike his current speeches, eh?). Secondly, we may be able to infer from his parts a few of the traits he will bring along with him into

Continued page 6, col. 3

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## Read the book See the film Buy the na

Once Upon A Galaxy: A Journal of the Making of The Empire Strikes Back

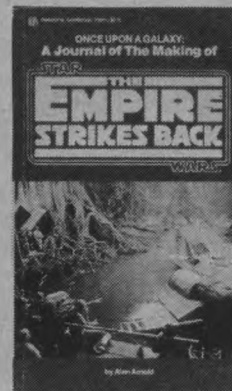
ALAN ARNOLD  
BALLANTINE BOOKS, \$2.75

by jonathan alburger

Among the current plethora of "books based on the original motion picture" and "the making of..." is Alan Arnold's *Once Upon a Galaxy: A Journal of the Making of The Empire Strikes Back*, an eighth month chronicle of the film's production.

Engaged as a publicist, Arnold's main duties were to dispatch new releases for the media, but he also compiled a journal of on-the-set observations, interviews with the cast and crew, and background notation on George Lucas' original conception of the Star Wars saga. Arnold covered every angle of the shooting, from Finse, Norway sets to Marin County, California post production editing. He takes the reader through an avalanche, across a glacier, on the Millennium Falcon to a fantasy world of film and stars.

While sections of the paperback are indeed interesting, the general emphasis on simpy interviews with the stars, which inevitably assume an Army Archerd movie magazine "what's your personal life like?" quality, becomes a bit wearing on the reader by page 250. Unless you're a frothing-at-the-mouth Star Wars fan, you may ask



yourself, "Who cares?"

To be fair, there are some enlightening passages, including a discussion with film editor Paul Hirsch, who explained about his little appreciated art, "Editing is perhaps the only one of the film arts that has no historical antecedents. Other crafts involved in making a film have theatrical roots. Even cinematography, one could say, has roots in painting. Editing is the choice of the images, their succession and their duration. In a sense, editing a film is doing the final rewrite."

Sound effects supervisor Ben Burt related the importance of sound as a "coloring device" in a film, a tool to evoke "emotional reactions." Along similar lines, the brilliant composer John Williams offered insight to his profession, "Sometimes themes come very painfully after hours of holding my head in my hands at the piano. Days can go by and I'll think it is never going to come. Other times I might think about a theme for a character and get it straight off. It is a strange and mysterious and frustrating process."

Film is the most collaborative of arts, a diverse combination of crafts and talents; a point which Arnold successfully conveys. A detailed portrait has been drawn of everyone from the Academy Award winning costume designer to the stunt coordinator. But, like all portraiture, it's terribly superficial, with only a glimpse of what emotion and verisimilitude lie underneath; we're given but one man's impression, a film publicist at that.

If you are a *Star Wars* aficionado (and I imagine there are a few), you'll love the book. If you are a science fiction connoisseur, parts will definitely be provocative. Likewise, there are tasty historical elements for the movie buff's consumption. If you don't fit into one of the above categories, the information disseminated in this review — or having seen the film — will undoubtedly suffice.

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# Snuff Rock For Beginners



by phil heiple

As Charles Ponce de Leon pointed out earlier in this column, one of the most misunderstood aspects of new wave rock and roll is its frequent use of violent subject matter. Media coverage centered upon it and upon the garish appearance and behavior of punks. When Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols killed his girlfriend, and then himself, all the warning-style news stories turned into I-told-you-so's.

So how, then, is the open-eared rock fan to approach the themes of violence, homicide, suicide and the like, which punk musicians continue to explore despite the scorn of the established watchdogs of morality in the media?

Well, if you never pay attention to the news because it stresses you out, or if the thought of saying what you mean is terrifying, then punk rock is not for you. You'd better just slip on some cool jazz, hot comb your hair, and contemplate the Sierra Club poster on your wall instead.

If, however, you find it no surprise that the leading cause of death among American teenagers is suicide, and that the leading cause of death among infants is child abuse, then you might be right for punk. The conjuncture of these two phenomena seems a recent event. For all the many victims of either, thousands more are calculated to be marginal, or partially familiar with both. Rock and roll, the folk music of American youth, will inevitably give objective form to these disaffections. Hence, punk. It is an honest, undiluted scream from the guts. Consider some of the lyrics. "I want to knock you down/I want to sock you in the head/I want to show you that I'm ugly and sad," from "Punk in Paradise" (about Santa Barbara) by the Neighbors. Quintessential expressionists, these artists shock the audience into acknowledging emotional levels beyond appearances. Other examples are "Psycho Killer" (Talking Heads), "Ain't It Fun?" (Dead Boys), and "I Die:

You Die" (Gary Numan).

This sort of identity-establishing song forms the basis for more specific statements. Violence preoccupies new wave, partially because of the previously-mentioned experiential milieu, but also because of the blind eye turned toward serious themes by the rest of popular music. New wave, and especially its punk dimension, was provoked into existence by the Pollyannish stupidity of music like disco and groups like ELO and Kiss.

Take the controversial "Homicide" by 999. It is like Walter Cronkite losing his poker face and openly weeping during a newscast: "I believe in homicide/I rest my case/Don't cast it aside/You better believe it/That's the truth of it/Take it or leave it/Resign to it." Wouldn't you rather believe in the Tooth Fairy? I would, but I can't.

Let's focus on suicide. It is the most common theme in snuff rock. Versions of it can be found all throughout new wave. One of the clearest statements is provided by those extreme punks, Alberto y Los Trios Paranoias, in their classic "Kill." "I'm apathetic. I'm lazy and rude/I'm boring and I'm stupid and I'm vicious to boot/I don't like animals or lifting heavy weights/I'm gonna cut my liver out and shove it in your face." Great stuff, huh? If suicide is an adaptive mechanism to an unbearable environment, then snuff rock is an adaptive mechanism to suicide. It gives objective form to those tendencies without actually hurting anybody or messing up the carpet.

Other exciting new wave songs devoted to the urge to do oneself in are "Living on an Island" (Boombtown Rats), "Black Angel" (Tom Robinson Band), and "Marie Provost" (Nick Lowe). A good loud dose of these three heavily sarcastic riffs ought to distance the suicidal will from anyone who thought they were the first person to ever feel that way. In the snuff rock versions, suicide is generally considered to be a very conceited and self-indulgent thing to do.

Continued page 7

Police from 2

Way of Stopping," though richly textured, becomes a shallow piece of music after several listenings. Hopefully, such filler will disappear, come their next album.

In the meantime, there is plenty of high grade white reggae rock to satisfy even the most insatiable musical appetite. The low, ominous bass line and the bright guitar hook in "Don't Stand So Close To Me" musically points out the paradox involved in a relationship between a teacher and his student. The intertwining of both vague and specific lyrics heightens the paradox and Sting's taut voice lilts above the instrumentation to add the proper dash of cool emotional comment.

This wonderful mix of musical innovation, lyrical creativity and fine singing dominates the remainder of the record. "De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da" sounds awfully frivolous at first (and looks even more ludicrous in print), but its indictment of overblown leaders and bureaucrats who take themselves too seriously is anything but silly. The ironic thing is that, by countering their claims to omnipotence with such a lightweight chant, it is the bureaucrats who end up looking frivolous.

Seriousness and light humor also tend to divide this album in its approach. "Driven To Tears" exemplifies the former with its grim music and its curt, accusing lyrics while "Canary In A Coalmine" is one of the most rousing and invigorating pieces ever done by the Police. Characteristic of the group, we hear an intricate, pulsing drum patten, full and supportive, with a bass line that complements the drums economically by adding to the rhythm and melody rather than overwhelming them. And finally, we have a bright guitar that sings out, literally carrying us up and down the musical scale and infusing us with energy. Above all, there is the voice of Sting, with the perfect combination of tension and power which makes his singing not only convey a message but also contribute to the musical development of their best songs.

The best part about their characteristic framework is that it is not rigid but flexible and open to innovation as seen in "Canary" or "Walking On The Moon." Let's just hope the innovatin edges out those rough traces of filler, especially for the sake of my relations with my British friend.

XTC from 2

rewarding. The effort is not wholly original — Partridge has taken earlier XTC songs and in his words "electronically processed/shattered and layered (them) with other sounds or lyrical pieces." The result is somewhat akin to Reggae "Dub" music. But unlike most dub, Partridge's new creations are wholly unrecognizable from their originals — one can discern the flugelhorn solo from XTC's "That is the Way" (off *Drums and Wires*) in Partridge's "Madhatten," but that's about it. At times *Take Away/The Lure of Salvage* borders on the unlistenable, but more often than not it is challenging new music that demonstrates that the heart of the pop genius is with Andy Partridge (and XTC) and not the B-52's.

—Rob Palmer



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filmfilmfilmfilm

# Stigwood's New Wave Rape



Robin Johnson and Trini Alvarado — This is new wave?

by jim reeves

To sum up my reaction to *Times Square* in a sentence is too easy a criticism for such a poor movie. But for those of you who do not want to spend time reading this review, I'll do it: *Times Square* has to be the worst and most exploitive use of rock music since the "beach" movies in the early sixties. Even Elvis is probably turning over in his grave.

What you have in *Times Square* is Hollywood at its capitalistic worst. Robert Stigwood, after making millions of dollars on such gems as *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*, has now abused New Wave, a type of music that he would have never touched a few years ago. But *Times Square* is the combination of Hollywood and pablum: all gloss and glitter but no foundation or substance. *Times Square* is so poorly done that it makes Stigwood's other two creations look like masterpieces in comparison.

The story is pure fantasy. A street urchin (Robin Johnson) that looks and talks as if she was the offspring of Patti Smith and Mick Jagger induces a spoiled brat (Trini Alvarado) into running away. They are helped along by a late night disc jockey, played by an over-weight, sexually

repulsive Tim Curry, who frustrates Alvarado's father with taunts over the air.

The two girls then dub themselves "the Sleaz Sisters", throw T.V. sets from the top of Manhattan and live in the bowery in furnishings that would put many a New York penthouse to shame. Soon, Alvarado becomes a stripper in a quaint bar, Johnson becomes a rock star singing "Damn Dog", and, after the finale, everybody lives happily ever after. Clearly, we should all drop out of school, destroy T.V. sets, run away to Times Square and become either courageous or famous.

But the story isn't the worst part of *Times Square*; the way Stigwood abused new wave is. Now if I was a performer and Stigwood asked me to use my work in the above contrived story as background music, with no live shots except of Robin Johnson singing "Damn Dog", I'd tell him to jump in the toilet. But that's the way the Pretenders, the Talking Heads, XTC, et. al, have let their work be exploited.

When I first heard the ads for *Times Square*, I thought I might see the Ramones at CBGB's or the Talking Heads at Max's City showing the birthplace of American punk rock the way it should be viewed to feel the roughness and power of the performers. I should have known better. Stigwood uses the music as background filler the same way your dentist plays muzak to keep you bored.

But my rage peaked at the end of Johnson and Alvarado's racial slur duet when Johnson dedicated the song to dead dinosaurs like Brian Jones. What a pisser.

First of all, it seems stupid to explain who Brian Jones was but not very many people seem to know. Brian Jones was the guitarist for the Rolling Stones and the band's soul in the early sixties. Jones lived a fast life and died in 1968 after leaving the band. Why his name is abused in this movie is beyond me; why couldn't they have used Sid Vicious or AC/DC's Bon Scott, who more people might recognize? But the point is that by even mentioning Brian Jones name, Stigwood and writer Jacob Brackman show a total ignorance of new wave music.

It's a real shame that *Times Square* was released nationwide the same day the Clash's *Rude Boy* began its only Southern California appearance for one week in Hollywood. It's a shame not only because I missed *Rude Boy* and saw *Times Square* instead but also because America will be hyped into paying for another rip off. *Times Square* is rated R because of Johnson's many obscenities (well, that's what punk is, according to Stigwood, isn't it?) and I only recommend it to punks between the age of 13 and 16. That's right, you'll have to bring your mummies and then maybe the damn thing will be banned and boycotted by the mothers of America and Stigwood will be burned at the stake.

Reagan from 4

office if he is elected. I think he stated the general theme himself in *King's Row* when he exasperatedly blurts out, "Ah heck, what do I know anyway? I don't know anything! I've never made a right decision in my life." They say that films present fantastic visions but that they can also mirror reality...

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# OneWeek

film

of note

stage

Today at noon in Buchanan 1940, the Committee on Arts and Lectures, continuing with their Noon Film Series, will present SHAKESPEARE: SOUL OF AN AGE. The film lasts around one hour and the public is invited to spend the lunch hour at this educational and entertaining film.

Michelangelo Antonioni's first color film will be shown in Chemistry 1179 at 7:30 p.m. Nov. 2. His movie, RED DESERT (1964) probes the motives of neurotic behavior, where Monica Vitti stars as a woman in a state of mental shock after an automobile accident.

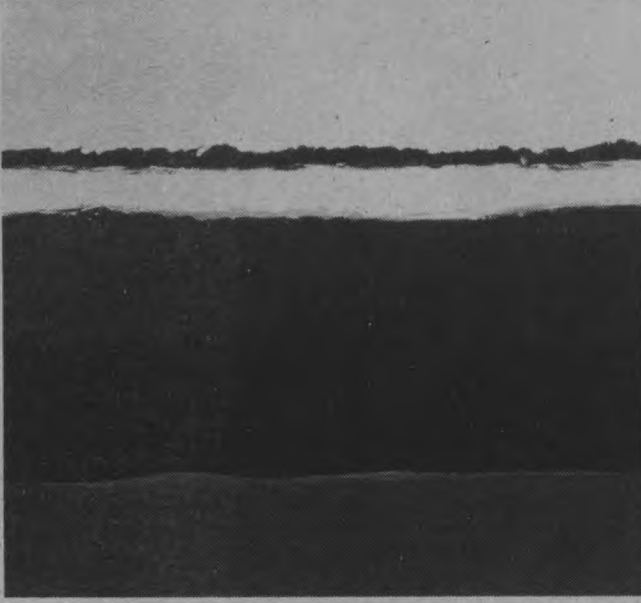
music

THE LOS ANGELES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA will present the first of three concerts this season on Oct. 31 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The all-Strauss program will feature the Divertimento, Opus 86 and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the USC Men's Chamber Choir, and soloists Lucy Shelton, Marilyn Savage and Douglas Lawrence. Tickets are available at the UCSB Arts and Lectures Ticket Office.

The UCSB Music Department will present pianist VERA ABE, master's degree candidate, in a free recital on Nov. 1 at 8 p.m. Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. The program will include, among other works, Beethoven's "Sonata in E flat Major, Op. 81a," Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso," and Chopin's "Fantasie in F minor, Op. 49."

UCSB's FESTIVAL OF MUSIC BY PETER RACINE FRICKER honors the internationally known British composer in his 60th birthday year. The Festival opens on Sunday, Nov. 2 at 8 p.m. with a recital by the noted organist Gillian Wier, for whom Fricker has written several major works. This free program, presented in cooperation with the British Council, will be held at the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Barbara.

Process from 3 beginning Halloween with popular success, *Getting Out* by Marsha Norman and two selections featuring some of the company's playwriting talent, Mayri Sagady-Leveille and Amer Lincoln. The season will be running from Oct. 31 through May 23, beginning Halloween with *Summertime* by Ugo Betti, directed by Richard Ames. Running dates are Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2, 6, 7 and 9 and tickets are \$6. For information on season subscriptions or other matter phone the theater.



The Ucen art gallery is showing the work of David Arness through Oct. 31. This exhibition of paintings offers new color experience in large scale, a translucent color experience, and the experience of space being changed and taken over. There are 12 large paintings done with acrylic paint on canvas, and four paintings done with acrylic on multifilament polyester material. These four paintings hang suspended from the ceiling and seem to be the main emphasis of the exhibition.

As people stand before the paintings, they seem to be taken up into the experience of color that the environs offer, because of the size and the vibrant color. They can delight in pure color and what happens when pinks meet oranges, purples meet blues. The palate knife is used and colors are also dripped and flung onto the canvases. A person feels close to abstract expression here, though there are more large fields of pure color, and more straight-edged forms. The color experience is ordered and balanced by these shapes.

The artist's real contribution is when the fields of color are formed so that light passes through them. The choice of the silk screen polyester material for painting is unique to Arness, as far as we know. The suspended environs let the viewer have a reverse image of work, as they walk behind.

The PROCESS THEATER announces a new five play season, opening on Oct. 31 with SUMMERTIME, a clever romantic farce by Ugo Betti. A 50 percent discount on subscriptions are available now at the Process Theater box office, 235 E. Cota. For information call 966-6620.

TOUNGS, a musical and stage collaboration by Joseph Chaikin and Sam Shepard, will be performed Nov. 5 in UCSB's Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. Music in the show will be performed by Skip LaPlante and Harry Mann. Tickets can be purchased through Arts and Lectures.

art

Paintings and collage by DANE WILSON will be on display at the College of Creative Studies Gallery now to Nov. 2. The College of Creative Studies is located on the UCSB campus.

From now until Nov. 9 the Elizabeth Fortner Gallery is exhibiting a series of clay sculptures by several leading artists; Gifford Myers, Henry Cavanaugh, Jens Morrison, Laura Wilensky, and Lukman Glasgow. The exhibit is called STORIES IN CLAY, and the gallery is located at 1114 State Street, Studio 9 La Arcada Court in Santa Barbara.

Kennedys from 2 Uber Alles", an account of Gov. Jerry Brown's rise to the presidency, is a personal favorite. Other highlights are "Kill the Poor", "Let's Lynch the Landlord" (I.V.'s anthem), "Chemical Warfare" and an apocalyptic "Holiday in Cambodia."

When I first heard this album I cringed. After a couple of listenings I laughed. Now I sing along. *Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables* is an invigorating kick in the pants at a time when we all need one.

Snuff from 5 Snuff rock cuts like a knife between the acceptance and dismissal of unwanted worlds. Because, we argue, snuff rock stems from the same source as its subject matter, the former can serve as an alternative to the latter. It pushes it away and holds it out at arm's distance. In the sords of Frankfort Marxist T.W. Adorno, "Distance is the only antidote for alienation."

If you think you'd like to give this stuff a try, Charles Ponce de Leon will be playing a special snuff rock set on his next KCSB new wave show. Call the station for times.

## ARTS & LECTURES Coming Events



Three glimpses of actor Joseph Chaikin in "Tongues," a tour de force of innovative theatre coming to Campbell Hall Nov. 5 at 8 p.m.

### 'Tongues'

CAL Performing Arts brings an evening of intense theater to UCSB with Joseph Chaikin in *Tongues* on Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The *New York Times* characterizes the production as "intimate monologues that speak to the mind and heart."

*Tongues* consists of two monologues written by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Sam Shepard and actor-director Joseph Chaikin, acted by Chaikin to music performed by junk-percussionist Skip LaPlante and saxophonist Harry Mann. The major theme of the first section, *Tongues*, is death and dying while *Savage/Love*, the second section, deals with many facets of love, especially the pain. Both sections explore language and sound in a series of poetic soliloquies. In "Tongues," Joseph Chaikin "offers one of those rare one-man performances in which a stage seems richly populated." (*New York Times*)



### Schwarz To Conduct LACO

Gerard Schwarz will conduct the LOS ANGELES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA in the first of three appearances this season in Campbell Hall on Friday, Oct. 31 at 8 p.m. The all-Strauss program will feature Divertimento, Opus 86 and the complete "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" with Jose Ferrer as

the narrator, the USC Men's Chamber Choir, and soloists Lucy Shelton, Marilyn Savage, and Douglas Lawrence. The *New York Daily News* feels that the "Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra is very likely the finest such ensemble in this country."



### AMAN Coming to UCSB

AMAN, the Los Angeles based folk ensemble, will present an evening of international music and dance in Campbell Hall on Friday, Nov. 7 at 8 p.m. The company of over 50 dancers and musicians, which derives its name from a variant form of "Amen," performs folk music and dance from more than 40 national groups with extraordinary versatility. A typical concert uses more than 200 handmade ethnic costumes and 75 instruments. The Santa Barbara program will include dances from Romania, Bulgaria, Algeria, India, Russia, Ireland, and the United States. The *Los Angeles*

*Times* calls AMAN "...one of the finest ethnic companies anywhere. Repeat: anywhere."

### Calendar

Thursday, October 30  
Noon, Buchanan 1940  
SHAKESPEARE: SOUL OF AN AGE  
(Noon Films)

Thursday, October 30  
7:30 p.m., Campbell Hall  
THE PICTURE SHOW MAN  
(Australian Cinema Series)

Friday, October 31  
8 p.m., Campbell Hall  
LOS ANGELES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Sunday, November 2  
7:30 p.m., Chem 1179  
RED DESERT ("DESERTO ROSSO")  
(Antonioni Film Series)

Wednesday, November 5  
8 p.m., Campbell Hall  
Joseph Chaikin in "TONGUES"  
(Drama)

### Tickets!

Tickets to all Arts and Lectures performing events are available at the Arts and Lectures Ticket Office, adjacent to Campbell Hall. The office is open Monday-Friday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. For information call 961-3535 or 961-4435. This half page was prepared by the Arts and Lectures staff.



# A.S. Program Board



The Police (pictured) will perform with special guests XTC and the incredible Oingo Boingo. There will be an exciting Police record album give away Friday at noon in the UCen Lobby! Come on in and listen to tunes by the Police.

## The Police Make Their Santa Barbara Assault Sunday, Nov. 2

By VINCE CORRY

Nineteen-Eighty is the year for the Police. Japan's *Music Life* readers called them "Brightest Hope of The Year," the *German Phono Akademie Award* for "Discovery of the Year" went to The Police, and *Rolling Stone's* critics poll named them "Best New Artist." In all 1980 saw The Police receive the reader or critics poll recognition 45 times around the world, 21 of them in the number

"Rolling Stone's critics poll named them 'Best New Artist.'"

one position. It does look like a good year for The Police.

Their new album *Zenyatta Mondatta* has already busted its way to the top of the English charts, and the single from the album is climbing the U.S. charts an unlawful speed.

The band formed at a time when rock was suffering from the wonders of technology and studio wizardry. Vitality and spontaneity had been replaced by layers of note-perfect, over arranged and over produced music. The band's manager, Miles Copeland said that the band's birth came as a response to this over-production. As Miles puts it "The groups had gotten too detached from the people. Rock had become big business and no fun at all. The philosophy of The Police has been three-piece, condensed, keeping everything basically as simple as possible and capturing that element of what made rock music great in the first place."

The Police got to the top by breaking all the rules, producing platinum albums for the unheard of figure of \$6,000. Another convention that The Police have defied is with the content of their songs.

The unusual lyrical content in story form — is a prime reason for the chart — topping off such songs as "Roxanne," "Message in a Bottle," "Walking on the Moon," and now "Don't Stand So Close to Me."

After all of these arresting facts your still not convinced The Police are the band of the eighties, do yourself a favor and check them out when they make their Santa Barbara assault at UCSB's own Events Center on Nov. 2. Joining The Police in this star studded lineup are XTC and Oingo Boingo.

Treat yourself to some of the most exciting, fresh, spontaneous, energetic, and interesting music of the eighties. You'll be glad you did.

## Film: 'From Russia With Love'

*From Russia With Love* was the second of the James Bond Agent 007 thrillers adapted from the books by Ian Fleming. This series brought to the screen an adolescent fantasy world rooted in adventure comics. A classic Bond film, *From Russia With Love* is filled with everything a 007 enthusiast envisions — Bond spars with ruthless villains, bombs explode, good guys chase bad guys in fast cars, and beautiful women await Bond behind every door.

In this film 007 (played by Sean Connery) is sent to Istanbul to obtain a secret de-coding device from the Soviet Embassy. Naturally, this is a trap, set up by that international crime syndicate, SPECTRE. A beautiful woman is the bait luring Bond towards the death trap.

What follows is a spectacular chase across Europe aboard the "Orient Express" leading up to a climatic motor boat chase.

Seeing *From Russia With Love* is the best way to escape election night reality. The film will be shown at 7 and 9 p.m. in the UCen II Pavilion on Tuesday, Nov. 4. Ticket prices are \$1.50 for undergraduates and \$2 general.

### Coming Attractions

## Auditions for Spring Sing 1981

By SHARON GOLDSMITH

Soon coming to a campus near you will be Spring Sing 1981. On May 2, after a fun filled university day, a extravaganza of song, dance, comedy, and acting will descend upon our beautiful campus.

It had been an annual tradition at the university from 1949 to 1971 when due to the age of individuality, it was terminated. Each year local firemen, store owners and professors would judge this "professional" entertainment show. The Spring Sing Show of 1981 will be the fourth time around after having a long absence from the university. It was held in the County Bowl every year with prizes and trophies awarded to the winners of this talent show.

This year the A.S. Special Events Board is having a western theme to dominate the production. Whether you have a large group of fraternities and sororities or if it's your dorm suite you may enter for the competing prizes. Auditions

will be held sometime in February. If you are perhaps thinking of entering the Spring Sing and want to show your friends your hidden talents, then stop by the Program Board Office by the closing of fall for an audition entry. The Special Events Board will use the amount of entries to gauge the number of acts for the show.

The production will be divided into two major categories. The

first being production whereby the participant (s) can sing, dance and act if they wish. The second is choral whereby participants must sing. Remember this is not open to professional actors or singers.

The A.S. Special Events Board encourages you to drop by and fill out an audition slip for the upcoming Spring Sing Show of 1981 which promises to be the best ever at UCSB.

Do you know your major well? Well enough to be placed on a team and have top-notched questions breezed your way. Question: Which of these particles weighs the least? the electron, the proton, the neutron or the alpha particle? Answer: Below.

The A.S. Special Events Board is looking for some hard working and intelligent people to represent UCSB in the regional and even to the national College Bowl. You say, what is the College Bowl? You don't know or perhaps you were too young to remember. In any case, College Bowl is a question and

answer game played between two teams made up of four players from opposing schools. The teams are asked a broad range of questions on many topics. Many moons ago College Bowl was played on national T.V. among the Ivy League schools. Most often the Harvard's, Yale's and Princeton's were the winners.

The College Bowl competition has returned to the intercollegiate schools and is currently being put in motion for the 1981 championships. UCSB is sponsoring a team to the regional competition and an all-expense paid trip to the

nationals this coming Spring quarter.

If you think you would like to enter in the preliminary rounds here at the university, then come to the Program Board Office by Nov. 7 and sign up with a secretary. All majors are welcome and students who are currently taking 12 full time units.

NOTE: For those of you who have already signed up before Oct. 22, could you please sign up again. It seems the sign up sheet got lost in the office shuffle.

Answer: the electron

## Are You Intelligent? Compete With the Ivy-League



## Calendar

Oct. / Nov.

Thursday Oct. 30	Friday Oct. 31	Saturday Nov. 1	Sunday Nov. 2	Monday Nov. 3	Tuesday Nov. 4	Wednesday Nov. 5
Lecture Committee 3 p.m. UCen 2272	HALLOWEEN T.G.I.F.	A day of relaxation	Police Concert XTC 8 p.m. Events Center  Suzanne's Birthday	Program Board Meeting 5 p.m. UCen 2292	ELECTION DAY  Films Committee 5 p.m. UCen 2284  Film: "From Russia With Love" 7 & 9 p.m. UCen II Pavilion	

Happy Halloween

