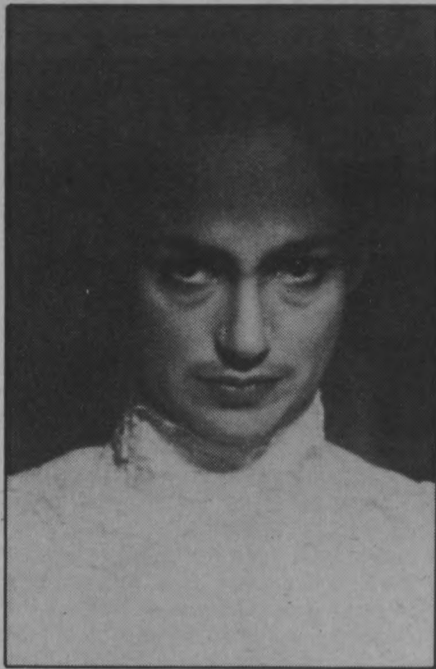


ARTS  
AND  
ENTERTAINMENT

ARTE  
Y  
ENTRETENIMIENTO



Latin  
American  
Film Series



By Monica Trasandes  
Contributing Editor

We see an older, handsome man sitting on a beautiful terrace overlooking a lake. With him is the woman he loves and they are talking serenely about the many years they have spent apart. He gets up, moves and sits beside her. She is knitting and after a while he takes the wool and needles and begins to knit. They continue talking and at one point he takes her face into his hands and gently carresses her. It is a scene of doubtless tenderness, but one which would be far from extraordinary were it not for the fact that the same man knitting has just spent 18 years in jail for killing someone in a movie which deals with the topics of violence, revenge and death.

The scene is from *A Time To Die* but the apparent contradictions and ironies of the scene are symbolic of Latin American cinema. The beautiful and the ugly are often brought together by filmmakers whose inspiration comes not from the desire to contrive the shocking but to paint an honest picture of the courageousness, volatility, sorrow and strength that is Latin America.

On the week of February 1-8, some of the very best movies ever made about and by Latin Americans will be shown at UCSB. And perhaps even more important, four of the filmmakers will themselves be here to show their award-winning and critically acclaimed films as well as to discuss various aspects of Latin American cinema.

Many of these filmmakers are a strange and brilliant mixture of artistic talent, humanistic commitment and political motivation. Because of their Latin heritage, the medium in which these men and women labor is much more than the entertainment business. More important than entertaining is educating people about things they might not be aware of or bringing out into the open and analyzing important questions which could have easily been ignored.

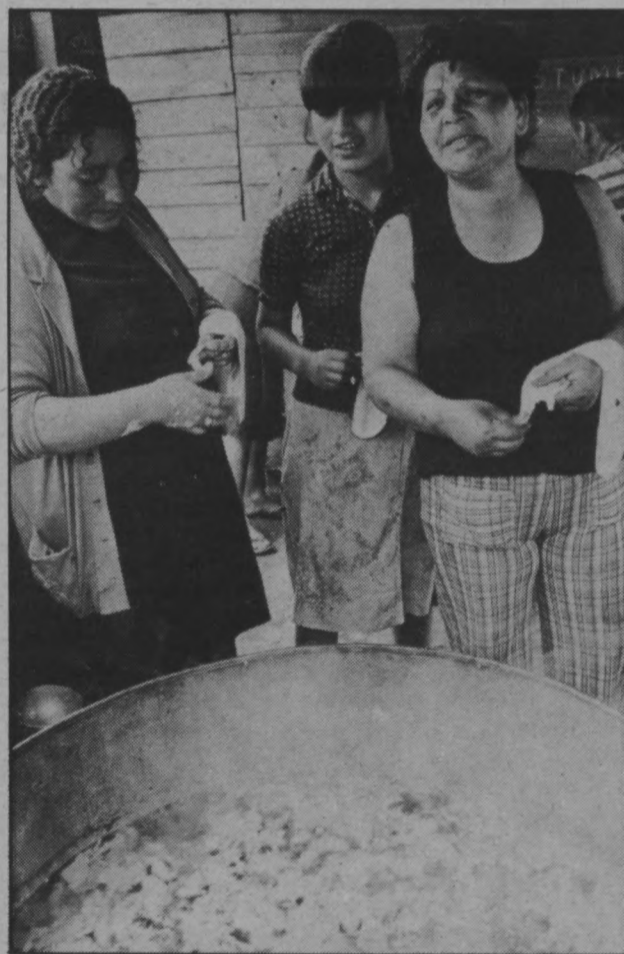
For them, the movies they make and the plots they portray are not just scenes born in the mind of a screenwriter, but stories often played out in the reality of the cities, towns, mines and plazas of Latin America, where daily life is often as passionate and complex as any movie imaginable.

While Latin America experiences a difficult moment in its history, these filmmakers move ahead with an incredible creative force, said Spanish professor Victor Fuentes, a teacher of Latin American cinema on campus. He played a large role in bringing the film series and the directors to UCSB. "In the critical moments, these writers

and artists search for their identity and cultural roots, getting strength from the past as well as looking ahead," Fuentes added.

Many take upon themselves the responsibility of acting as a voice for those who would otherwise be shouting desparingly into the wind. Miguel Littin, a Chilean director who has been the subject of a storm of praise for films like *Alsino and the Condor* (1982) is a man who particularly demonstrates the personal sacrifice these filmmakers make for their art.

Littin has been exiled from his country since 1973 when



President Salvador Allende was overthrown by the military coup which brought dictator Augusto Pinochet to power. In 1985 Littin snuck back and spent two months in Chile, using a fake passport and altering his appearance so he could film the actual conditions under which Chileans live.

The film is called *Acta General De Chile* and is a testimonial of the courage these people have shown in fighting against a seemingly unbeatable and certainly unmerciful foe. At the same time, however, because these people will not see the film, we are sadly reminded that they still have a long way to go. Neither will they read about Littin's struggle to film although his story was written about by Nobel Prize-winner Gabriel Garcia Marquez. The only ones who will read about Littin's efforts will be those outside of Chile. On January 25, the military government burned 14,846 copies of the book available in the city of Valapraiso. The film will be shown Sunday night at Campbell Hall at 7:30 p.m.

A second story about the violence done to Chile also comes from a true story, one which does not appear in any of the country's history books. The film, also by Littin, is called *Letters from Marusia* and deals with the complete annihilation of a mining camp in 1907. The story may have happened long ago but Littin's intention was to show that unabashed terrorism and brutality by a government bent on protecting the status quo is not simply a memory. The story of the town of Marusia and its citizens was handed down verbally from generation to generation and now thanks to Littin, the story becomes a more tangible testimonial, filmed in the hope the death of Marusia will at the very least serve as warning.

While Littin shows us the similarities between past and present, the two Argentine directors whose work will be shown, Luis Puenzo, Lourdes Portillo and Susana Munoz, give us two separate but related views of Argentina's recent and sorrowful history.

Both films deal with the "Dirty War" which took place in the 1970s and in which 30,000 people disappeared because of their supposedly subversive activities. The Dirty War took place under various regimes and its purpose was to rid the country of communists or subversives. While carrying out this task, the government and a few independent death squads tortured and killed thousands of people, many of them women and children. Often the children kidnapped along with their parents found themselves suddenly orphaned and given away to government sympathizers.

(See FILM, p.2A)



Harry Callahan

A Promise

Of Perfection



Steven Cortright

Read Jello

Blue Lagoon



Wine Talk

Whine Not

Rape of the Grape

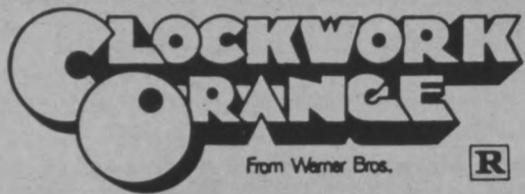
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**Slide Presentations:** Wednesday, January 28, 4 PM in UCen Room 1 • Thursday, January 29, 7 PM in Geology Room 1025 • INFORMATION TABLE AT UCen 10 AM - 2 PM, 1/28-1/29

**FILM**

(Continued from cover)

Penzo's film, *The Official Story*, is about a woman who thinks her daughter might be the child of one of the disappeared. But more than that, it is the story of an educated, upper-middle-class woman who must come to terms with the idea that there was a Dirty War and that she might have been a part of it. Her only crime was to love the child her husband brought home one day. However, in not having asked too many questions or having allowed herself to think the worst, she kept herself ignorant, and thus was perhaps guilty.

The film begins to explore the phenomenon of how millions of people could have been and were seduced into holding on dearly to the idea that the streets of Buenos Aires were tranquil and the innocent, safe.

The other side of Argentina's past, the side of those who knew all along of the evils and who suffered them, is told in *Las Madres de Plaza de Mayo*. Susana Munoz and Lourdes Portillo, two filmmakers working in the San Francisco area, brought to the screen a documentary which tells the story of the mothers of the disappeared whose seemingly quiet yet powerful protest did a great deal to bring to light the Dirty War. Fourteen of these women began in the early seventies to stand in the Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires, holding signs with the pictures of their children on them, pleading in this way for their return. They were often laughed at and called the crazy women of the Plaza de Mayo, but in the end they were able to teach quite a few people an important lesson; that the strength of a mother is a force never to be underestimated. Finally, it is about people who were able to perform the incredible transformation of grief and anger into action and power. So often, out of intellectual understanding, we are able to sympathize with those who suffer, but this documentary has the ability of bringing the viewer painfully close to another's human being's anguish.

Another film delving a bit deeper into history, yet again telling the story of a group which had to battle the seemingly unsurmountable odds of living in peace is *Quilombo*. The people in this film were not tormented by any sole dictator or by the repressive post-colonial era, but rather by their former owners. *Quilombos* were colonies of escaped slaves in 17th century Brazil and the film deals with a legendary group called *Quilombo dos Palmares*, a community which fought numerous battles to keep its independence.

Filmmaker Carlos Diegues brings to this movie the same high entertainment value of his popular film *Bye Bye Brazil*. It is exciting, filled with colorful images and with an excellent musical score. On the level of human relationships, the film also examines the universal theme of the dilemma experienced by those who were oppressed then asked to trust the inflictor of so much pain.

While *Quilombo* deals with those who fought against the institutionalized violence of the society they lived in, another film in the series gives us a more personal view of the individual who gets caught up in a cycle of violence. The movie is *A Time To Die*, directed by Jorge Ali Triana. The screenplay for the movie was written by Gabriel Garcia Marquez and it explores the themes of violence and vengeance. The movie shows us how difficult it is to eliminate these traits despite the fact that the people wrapped up in it would much rather live in peace.

The plot centers around a man who returns to his town in Columbia after having been jailed for killing another man in a duel. Upon his return, the sons of the dead man await him with the intention of avenging the death. The story may seem simple but the film is true to the complex nature of machismo and the codes of honor within Latin culture. Marquez weaves much symbolism into the story and as mentioned before, Triana manages to capture some memorable and lovely images.

*Frida*, the last film in to be shown the series, would seem to be the least Latin of all because it is a beautiful film about an equally impressive woman. Director Paul Leduc sketches the life of Frida Kahlo, who herself represents the struggle between beauty and pain. She was a painter, political activist and also the wife of Mexican muralist Diego Rivera and the friend of the then-exiled Leon Trotsky. Frida managed to create important works of art and devote countless hours to populist causes while suffering from numerous ailments and handicaps. While most people under the same circumstances would have given up, Frida turned her back on misfortune and triumphed in ways most people, healthy or otherwise, never can.



Carlos Diegues' "Quilombo"

Many of the films in the series, like *Frida*, are aesthetically pleasing and entertaining, but all are true to the purpose of Latin American Cinema. This purpose as explained by Fuentes is to make non-Hollywood movies where the emphasis is on reality not escapism. Fuentes added that reality could very well be the more important concept because contrary to old beliefs, "An unhappy ending can make you happy, while a happy one can alienate you".

These movies paint, at times, a hope-filled, idealistic picture of what courage can achieve, but, in the end, leave the sugar-coated movie ending aside for another, happier day in the history of Latin America.

**Note of Interest:** The directors of the films *Frida*, *A Time To Die*, *Las Madres de Plaza de Mayo*, *Acta General de Chile* and *Letters from Marusia* will be present at the showing of their movies. They will also participate, along with various scholars and critics, in panel discussions to be held throughout the week. Monday's discussion is called "Latin American Cinema and the Third Cinema: Sociopolitical, Cultural and Ideological Context." On Wednesday, February 4th, "Women in Latin American Cinema," and on Friday, February 6th, "Latin American and Hispanic Cinema in the U.S.: The New Cinema, Aesthetics and Dramaturgy." All discussions will be held in the UCen Pavilion.

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**UAM Art-Break**

The University Art Museum will offer a 30 minute noon hour "Art-Break" on Tuesday, February 3, from 12:15-12:45. Those interested are welcome to meet at the Museum, located in the Arts Building Complex on the campus. The noon hour "Art-Break" is made possible by our broadened Education and Community Outreach Program.

The subject of the talk, to be led by a docent, will be the current exhibition, *Images of Krishna*. This exhibition consists of twelve *pichhavais* paintings from the Rajasthan region of India. Their theme, the playful adolescent life of Krishna, is portrayed on specially sized and prepared cotton fabric which is then painted, burnished and given final applications of thinned down pigments, applied to dress and

adorn the figures in the paintings. They are traditionally hung in temples of the *Vallabhaite Sect* behind statues of Krishna. This fascinating cult relies on the study of poetry, literature, music and art as a means of attaining spiritual enlightenment. The *Vallabhaite* have endured religious persecution which is why their luxurious temples are more reminiscent of fine homes than places of worship.

*Images of Krishna*, organized by the University Art Museum and guest curator Julia Emerson, will be on view through February 22. The Museum is always free and is wheelchair accessible. Docent tours can be arranged. Hours are Monday through Saturday 10 to 4, Sundays and \$1.00 for a two hour permit or \$2.00 for an all-day permit on weekdays. For more information phone 961-2951.

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## Callahan: Black & White Versions of A Colorful World

Prussian blue skies, clear mountain springs, ivory white skin, images by Harry Callahan: pristine, alluring, exquisite.

Last Wednesday the Santa Barbara Museum of Art featured the works of Harry Callahan in the third of their lecture series on photographers. Callahan's presentation proves that the third time is a charm, not to mention charming as hell. His lifetime love affair with photography shown with each image and anecdote, and by the end of the evening his audience had also fallen in love.

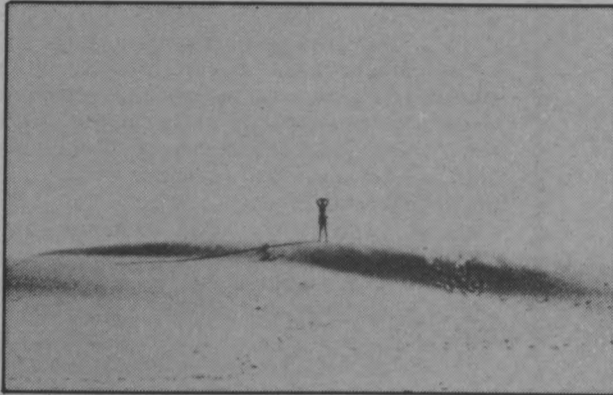
Harry Callahan has been taking photographs for over 40 years, and more amazingly, daily — now that's true love. He started in 1938 with no art training and by 1948 his works were already being shown in New York's Modern Museum of Art. Callahan's list of credits are endless, but his images speak for themselves. Oh, to be served a piece of humble pie from a genius.

Like many photographers, he too was deeply affected by Ansel Adams. Callahan saw his work for the first time in Detroit and said it was such a powerful experience, that it "freed" him. His emotions surfaced as he spoke of Adams, although he showed a reflective perspective by commenting, "I don't look at him as some kind of God. Don't you get carried away now." ... charming.

As Callahan spoke, image after image flashed in front of us, and he very casually told about the subject matter, the feeling, and the printing decisions he made with each. His off-the-cuff attitude was engaging yet incongruous with the immaculate black and whites that shone with perfection. Callahan's series on weeds and twigs takes these normally overlooked materials and turns them into beautiful studies of composition, form and light. He explained that he didn't know why he chose to print them in the manner that he had (very contrasty), but the results pleased him. Disregarding texture and grey areas was a bold move for him, though as he progressed he realized the experimentation was the key. "I'm stuck with the accident," Callahan mentioned as he motioned to his works — his "accidents" are breath-taking.

One series that he is particularly fond of is on his wife Eleanor and their daughter. He took great pleasure in

disregarding "the rules" and shooting directly into the light from their bedroom window. The results re-establish the necessity of breaking rules. Warm light filters past the window blinds and softly outlines two very handsome female figures. This series is sensitive and alluring, and reflects the strong affection Callahan must feel for these two women. Excerpts from this series are perhaps amongst his most popular images, and for good reason, for they epitomize the unique relationship that only Callahan has managed to create — the bond of creativity, intelligence and true love.



I can't resist an anecdote at this time. Callahan told of the time that Edward Steichen came to stay with his family for the night. The Callahans lived in a small two bedroom apartment — the living room for he and Eleanor, one bedroom for their daughter, and one transformed into a darkroom, of course. Callahan took great pleasure in telling us that Steichen spent that night on the floor in the darkroom. There is something just so about this image of a man in his element, and although I'm sure Steichen has spent many a night in his own darkroom it was probably not with a pillow and without a deadline.

Callahan continued with images from places that were very dear to him. His series from Cape Cod shimmered and his "from-the-hip" shots from New York truly captured the immense tenseness of the city. As he spoke he

continually referred to his lack of formal training or artistic background. This was probably not the best thing for an Art Studio major to hear, for one could not hope to become more prolific in one's expression than Callahan, and if a formal education is going to stifle any freedom of expression, well....

However, Callahan gave a sound bit of advice to us college goers and to those in the real world; he paused, reflected for a moment on his experiences over the past 40 years and stated, "You have to be naive to think you know something." Think about it.

Finally he showed slides of his latest works which are surprisingly enough in color. Granted an artist needs diversity and change so work does not become too "formula," but I feel that Callahan actually lost a certain vividness when he added color to his photographs. He has left his larger format cameras behind for the time being, and enjoys traveling with his 35mm through city streets around the world. Callahan was spurred by a show he saw in Atlanta which he termed "messy" and the busy nature of this later work is not nearly as appealing as the pure simplicity of his more figurative pieces.

Callahan thought that he had included too much of this work and began flipping through the slides rather quickly as he continued to charm the pants off his audience. "There are quite a few of these images," he blushed, "but seeing them won't kill you." He picked up the pace even more and finally couldn't resist — "It's starting to kill me!"

To be honest, Callahan is a man who has earned the right to experiment with photography in any way that he sees fit. If color makes him happy at this point in his life, then color is what he should shoot. He has been producing masterpieces for almost half a century, which I'm sure meant excluding a lot of life that didn't revolve around the shutter, and this change is probably well overdue. However, Harry Callahan will undoubtedly be remembered for his black and white images that rank in a class only shared by few things in nature which are truly pristine, alluring and exquisite.

— Jeannie Sprecher, Arts Editor

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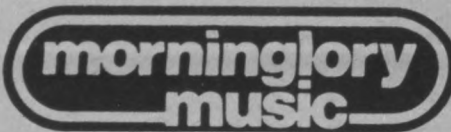
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**Cortright's Clever Play on Words**

Steven Cortright is a shrewd master in the field of book altering and interpreting. His work is currently showing at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art as part of the "California Viewpoints" series. Cortright, a former UCSB art professor, has the extraordinary ability to take the written word and transform it into something surreal — an eerie sort of dissection into the verbal medium by use of photography and collage. His work goes beyond the surface-gimmick cleverness which sometimes accompanies modern art, instead suggesting several valid and sagacious ways to redefine the written word.

I spoke with Steven about his show at the museum. His statements only proved to reinforce the sincerity and genius of his work.

**Santa Barbara Museum of Art**

I was kind of worried about how I was able to deal with this space. This is a huge room and I work in small scale with books and small photographs and usually a room of this type works best if you have really large paintings. Right from the very beginning I was thinking about doing something with an installation rather than putting the work up in a conventional way, actually turning it into an environment and breaking up the space. I wanted something that didn't look like a museum but more like a library, something that was user-friendly.

**"California Viewpoints," assemblage by Steven Cortright: artist's show**

The show is divided into three areas that are different but related. The middle section is mainly altered bookworks, books which have been written by other people which were transformed into some other kind of statement which is consistent with the title and subject matter of that book. I've been working on that body of work for a long time. I first started in 1973. The selection here represents a mini-retrospective of that work. The cibachrome photographs also cover a longer period of time, they go back to about 1981. That's the heart of what the show is about. The second area is the library installation which I wanted to be fairly playful, sort of like an *Alice in Wonderland* thing. I've thought about how to use the books in a different way. The third section of the show includes the big box with all the objects in it: the color photographs in the far wing, and the three books which are a part of what I've been working on for the last three years.

All the sections are related by general themes, one of them is a word I call *bookness* — it's a descriptive word which identifies

the characteristics of books. A book is a form of communication or entertainment, and I'm very conscious about that kind of information.

**Ideas at Work**

A lot of people think about what artists do and they ask how the artist came up with that idea. Artists aren't that different from other people, they get their ideas from the real world in most instances, or dreams maybe. Everything that's out there in the real world or in your mind's eye of the real world is game for subject matter for doing work from. I don't think a lot of people realize that. I was interested in showing people my raw data and the finished project.

**Themes and Interpretations**

There's a very strong kind of moral and political world view to my work which I hope people will be aware of. I'm talking a lot about communication, how we learn things, how meaning is established, how languages work. All of these things are intriguing to me. I want people to come away thinking about those things. That's one thing about visual art — it's open-ended communication. If you're an artist and you make something, it's impossible to control and assume responsibility for how everybody will interpret that object. If you're good about doing what you're doing, many people will have somewhat of a similar reaction to the work.

**Book Alterations**

It's a kind of layering process. I'm going about what the author of the book is going about, but I'm going about it in a different way. I don't think you can place a hierarchical value on whether their way or my way is necessarily better or worse, it's just different. Some of the books are fairly quick one-liners and some of them take a lot longer to look at and are much more serious. There's a whole range of things.

A book, because of its content and its title, has an image in your mind's eye that you can work with. Once you hear the title and know what it's about, it constitutes a visual image of sorts. I found once I started altering the books, it was very open-ended and freeing, I could deal with any kind of idea. A lot of artists don't feel they have that freedom, the reason being that they establish a style they must work in that is their own. If they change that, certainly in the art world they are not taken seriously. With books, I overcame all of that because the book is the common denominator but the content of the book is wide open.

**East West — A Book Of Fortune** — recently published book of photography by the artist

Every page in the book has a minimum of at least one fortune cookie saying, and all of the sayings on the fortune cookies are collections of both historical and contemporary thoughts that come from both the Eastern and the Western world. I've been to Japan twice and China once, and I have studied Japanese a little bit and have always had an interest in that, but I've never done anything with the subject matter. So, when I had the opportunity to publish a book I thought about it for four years and decided to start on this project. It has an unusual structure — it's the only book that has both horizontal and vertical format pages. The book has a title page at each end, it has no front or back, and can be read in either direction. I like that idea very much.

The book has a lot to do with thought perception and language. If you open a page, the page that you're looking at can be thought of as the present tense. Since the pages overlap you can see where you're going — which is the future, and you can also see where you've been — which is the past. So there's this notion which any temporal art has, any art that takes place in time and place, and this amplifies that notion.

Past, present, and future are related, and that's a point I feel real strongly about. I don't really believe there's anything new in the world other than technological change. I think a lot of the ideas that humanity's had since the Greeks are just redigested in different forms. The information in history is cyclic; it repeats itself. My book structure amplifies that type of notion. I like the idea that if the book is read in the other direction, what was at one time considered future becomes past, and what was past becomes future. That's a world view of philosophy.

Each page has a theme that's not clearly stated. Hopefully, it's a book people can look at many times and they'll see very different things about it. I'm not interested in telling a very specific story here. I'm interested in setting up a path and having people go through that. The book is very dense, there's a lot of verbal and visual information and a certain kind of flow.

**The Question Of Book Vandalism**  
I think if someone looks very carefully, they will see that actually it's quite the opposite. There's a love of books and a love of this form of communication in my work. I think it's very apparent.

**"California Viewpoints," assemblage by Steven Cortright, will continue through Feb. 8.**  
— Interview by Valerie De Lapp



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**UCSB Lagoon Show Adds**

The Lagoon Show is the most ambitious project attempted by the art studio department in several years. It involves the concerted efforts of a large number of individuals: 10 classes have contributed to the poles that now surround the lagoon. The sound project heard at noon Tuesday was the work of Ginny Brush, Cyril Gordon, Bogdan Perzynski, Jeannie Sprecher, Noelle Walston and David Webb.

The tape, based on the lagoon theme, incorporates the voices of 70 Amazonian birds, sounds from paper bags, synthesizers, a coffee maker, a slamming door and metal objects smashing together with feedback to change the effects. It was on an 8-track tape and partly reverbed to create a three-dimensional effect.

The canoes on the lawn of the faculty club are the work of upper-division students in sculpture.

The project has also involved a showing of *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*, a lecture on the biology of the lagoon by a marine biologist and an exhibition in the

UCen itself.

The use of outdoor environments in art is several decades old, but is perhaps new to the university, as it seems to have accepted the proposal with considerable trepidation.

Art in the past 40 years has involved an overlapping of the disciplines. The artist is now working in video, as you may have seen at Zelo's on the last two Wednesdays. He/she is also involved in theatre as you may see on Feb. 5 when the sculpture class does a "dragon" performance at sunset. The artist also uses sound, as you can see in a repeat performance of the sound portion of the show, to be repeated on Feb. 5 at noon on the lagoon lawn.

I admit being slightly disappointed, but only because there isn't more. I think the problem is getting past the bureaucracy. Spontaneity, the essence of art, becomes impossible. The ideas proposed for the show had to be submitted before the students even knew about it. Departments are too distinct; it is difficult for an

artist involved in many disciplines to use equipment such as tape, video and sound equipment from another department. Art in the 80s is not about the primacy of painting and sculpture, as any trip to New York galleries will tell you, or the separation of art from other activities. The university, department by department, is about just this separation.

Modern art is involved in the breaking down of these distinctions, so one is bound to have conflicts. The sound project, for instance, needed the use of materials not available at the College of Creative Studies, and only after a lot of trouble were they available elsewhere. The bureaucracy makes things difficult. Projects such as this should be left to those young enough not to know what is not possible.

As an English student, I found the Lagoon Show fairly familiar, as each college in England has its own arts festival that lasts for one week in the year with a multiplicity of events — many of them outdoors. Included is theatre,

**Save a life.**

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# So you Wanna Be a Punk, Eh?

Jello Biafra, spoken word performance, Q & A, February 9th, the Pub, 7:30, \$3/5. Tickets available at the door.

So you wanna be a punk, eh? Well, pick a scene, any scene! Be a peace punk, shun war! Be a straight-edge, shun drugs and alcohol! Or maybe you'd like to continue watching MTV in the privacy of your own living room — be a poseur! Quasi-punks, posipunks, hardcore, skate-or-die! There is something for everyone in 1987!

Unless you're a Dead Kennedys fan. The prominent San Francisco band is no longer. Always a sucker for controversy, Jello Biafra is still in the thick of things, though — in and out of the punk scene.

In the "scene" people are complaining about Biafra. He's been accused of being a rhetoric-spewing demigod, a hypocrite, a pain-in-the-neck. A poll in a punk fanzine *Flipside* has Jello Biafra nominated for 3 categories — "Most Energetic Performer," "Best Singer," and "Asshole of the Year." Confusion!

Out of the scene and into the District Attorney's office, he's accused of distributing pornography to minors. That's right — the "Frankenchrist Five" trial is still in the court. A "demur" hearing is scheduled for February 11, at which point the ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union) will present a statement challenging the constitutionality of the charge. Meanwhile, the PMRC (Parents' Music Resource Center) has garnered the support of the National PTA — all 5.8 million of 'em. In the *Los Angeles Times*, an unnamed industry spokesman calls the escapades of the PMRC a "witch hunt" and describes the organization as "ultra-right wing." That's some scary stuff!

My tape-recorder and I went north to meet Biafra and we were mighty impressed. This man is sharp! On stage he's sarcastic and intimidating, but one-on-one, he's approachable. Case in point: walking out of the Farmer Boy restaurant, a Cal-Poly student recognized Biafra from his earlier spoken-word performance. The student apprehensively approached Biafra and complimented him on the show. A smile and a thank-you were Jello's response, not a bark or a growl. Here's part of our conversation.

The band is gone?

The band is gone!

Why? Where?

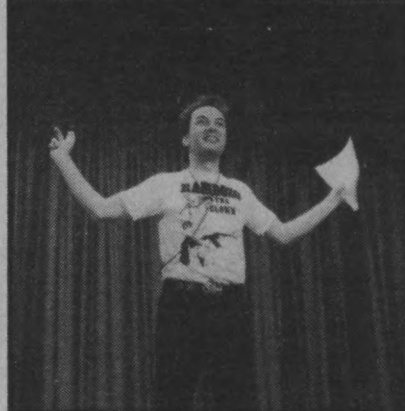
Ask them, it'd be interesting to see what they answer.

Is it because of the trial or other projects?

Umm ... I think there's a lot of reasons. There was some directional difference, too. This trial might have had something to do with it, but I feel what I feel very strongly.

And what about your record company *Alternative Tentacles*? Is it still alive?

Well, that's what we're trying to keep from collapsing, because if we do that then all our records, and the *False Prophets* album, and *BGK* and *Grong Grong* and the *Butthole Surfers* and everything



else all goes out of print. We're trying to avoid that, and that's why we started the "No More Censorship Defense Fund," whose address you have, because otherwise *Alternative Tentacles* would have been gone right about now.

How much longer will *Alternative Tentacles* be able to survive?

At least till February. Mainly what we're getting help from now is bands more than individual people, smaller bands playing benefits.

Like who?

Oh let's see, who's done the recent ones? Dave Alvin appeared at the one at *Raji's* in L.A., with *FIREHOSE*, the *Unforgiven* and the *Long Ryders*, a rare case of a major-label band pitching in. Aside from *Frank Zappa*, the *Long Ryders*, and the *Alvin Brothers*, and one phone call from *Todd Rundgren*, the support from straight entertainment industry has been zero, zilch!

What do you attribute that to?

Number One, we're an anti-entertainment industry group anyway, and so they don't want us around because we call them on what they are and what they represent. Where's *Joe Strummer*? *Joe Strummer* is busy working for CBS! I don't think it's right for me to just automatically expect everyone I know to start lending hands, it's up to the in-

dividual. Some people may feel, and do feel other political causes are more important than this one, which is fine. And in a lot of cases there's the Reaganomics factor, too. A lot of the bands who know what this case means are very, very far below ground and don't have any money anyway. So if they get to play at all they want to use the money to pay rent and save up to record, or get equipment or survive or what have you.

Has "Music In Action," (the anti-censorship group advertised in *Spin* magazine) done anything to help you?

"Music in Action" should be spelled "Music" and then I-N-A-C-T-I-O-N: No Action! I mean it was a lip-service ad campaign by a bunch of industry tycoons who we all despise anyway, including *Bill Graham*, *Miles Copeland*, and other people who stand to gain as much by censorship as by not censoring as long as the price is right. I don't think that organization was ever meant to be anything but a smoke screen. I'm very disappointed in it.

No one knows that. We see an ad in *Spin* magazine and think "Oh boy, someone's doing something!"

That's why it's important to keep follow up in mind, because most people in America, just as soon as they change the channel on the TV, something new is happening and they forget about everything unfinished.

Off the subject of the trial, in your song "Where Do You Draw The Line?", you say, "Anarchy sounds good to me, but someone asks who would fix the sewers?" Are you claiming any certain ideology?

What I'm saying is I'm so frustrated with all these different ideologies that don't fit the big picture ... and in some cases taking what other people were bringing up as examples of, you know, devil's advocate questions. That was *East Bay Ray* who poo-pooed that whole idea saying, "Who would fix the sewers?" *Ken Lester's* reply to that was, "Well, I would." It'd be a small price to pay for getting rid of government.

Think we'll ever be responsible enough to handle it?

I think it may take another genetic mutation or two. I mean I'm sure *Cro-Magnon* man thought they were the pinnacle of civilization as well. Who knows, maybe the dolphins have it over us. After all, we don't need real estate and surveillance cameras to be happy.

In the mean time, do you think enough people are going to wake up and stop what's happening with the PMRC and the right tide?

(See JELLO, p.7A)

# ds Merriment to the Muck

film, bands and art events such as the *Lagoon Show*.

I would like to single out the work of *John McCoy* in the UCen, and the boats near the faculty club. These art pieces are definitely worth a visit. But make the show on Feb. 5, if nothing else.

The poles make the greatest statement, due to their number and size. There is always something strange about visual changes to a well-known environment, especially if they are large, temporary and rationally inexplicable though visually sensible. I liked them.

Politics of the *Lagoon Show*

The pole project alone was at first submitted to the *Landscape Planning Committee* which decides the dimensions of everything on campus. Then to the *Ecological Committee*, designed to protect the environment from hazards and pollution, then to the *Campus Regulation Committee*, designed to oversee activities happening on campus and ensure that they are within the regulations. Every proposed

project would doubtless be subject to the same tortuous route.

The sound project, originally designed for sunset, was denied this time, as regulation prohibits sound broadcasts near the UCen between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m., though no one actually said why this regulation existed or why there could be no exceptions to it.

The sound equipment used to broadcast the sound piece was



unavailable from the UCen except at four times the price possible at *Media Technology*. When pressed, the woman there apparently said that she didn't actually know the price, but if the price was found at *Media Technology*, it would be four

times that. This seems strange for a student project in conjunction with the UCen Gallery.

Without the help and participation of the student body, such events become impossible with even *Media Technology* charging \$70.00 for one hour from one department to another. Have we priced ourselves out of a repeat performance, and probably much else?

The *Lagoon Show* can be classed in general as culture/entertainment (originally envisioned on a much larger scale; its size and concept was diminished slightly, and I begin to get an idea why). The UCen, the student-operated body for students, apparently sees it as no part of its function to supply anything for the benefit of students without making a profit, and a substantial one. Such events as the *Lagoon Show* simply do not happen if such a profit is sought or desired. And one can begin to understand why nobody usually attempts such things.

— Anthony Emerton

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2. STAR TREK IV (PG) 7:00, 9:15  
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# Epic Wines, Grape Expectations

Bacchus, the legendary Roman god of wine, symbolizes the romanticism and mysticism still associated with wine today. The vine and its fruit are synonymous with love-making of that age, when "wine, woman and song" was the passion of every young centurian.

Since then, Gothic and Corinthian styled buildings have sheltered slow-maturing wines for generations. Tier above tier of oaken barrels laid to rest peacefully, row above row of dust covered bottles. Such imagery and the ecclesiastical atmosphere generated has had a pull on tourists since time immemorial.

It is little wonder that the appreciation of wine is equatable with both sophistication and culture. A glass of wine is the soil the vine was borne from, the vine that bore the fruit, the nurturing of the made wine, the sweat of the man that made it. Finally, it is both a work of art and science lending itself to tradition.

Of course, everything is relative. There are wines to quaff without reflection, wines to ponder on, others to give great concentrations of thought. The diverse range of wines is staggering to say the least. There are mediocre to good to very great wines.

The appreciation of wine, like appreciation of the Arts, will develop a greater meaning with a better understanding. That doesn't mean to say you need a degree in wine to enjoy it! The age-old myth of wine belonging to the connoisseur is total nonsense. Wine can be enjoyed for what it is, without detailed knowledge of what it constitutes.

But the term 'appreciation' is also very relative. Just as a

musician may extract more from the work of Mozart because of his ability to read music, so a person with some knowledge of wine will derive more information from a fine wine.

Those that are gifted with a keen sensory awareness may acknowledge certain complexities in wines that a less refined palate would not perceive. But it is also a veritable fact that the most ordinary of palates is capable of developing similar sensitivities. It is simply a matter of being aware of some basic principles of wine tasting and then putting to work those sensory functions we all too rarely use.

A professional may, with a single whiff, identify a whole panoply of exotic fruit: pineapple, mango and apricot, say. A novice, smelling the same sample, may perceive only a fruitiness in the wine, without being specific. The difference is in years of experience: years of conscious tasting, analysis and deliberating. With time the obvious fruitiness reveals itself as its separate components. The entire experience is thereby more intensified, and appreciation is on a completely new level.

Wine language or terminology, like that of many professions, inadvertently excludes the layman. The situation is made worse by imaginative wine-lovers who are inclined to over-use their poetic license. There are those too who use high-faluting words for effect: the pretentious wine-snob.

But let us remember that wine is for our enjoyment and that terminology used to describe it is merely a way of communicating our pleasures. If sometimes the words are a little abstract then let

us remember that describing tastes, smells, even tactile sensations, is not the same as describing an object of high imaginability. It is purely subjective.

'Blind' tasting of unknown wines with the aim to assess and identify, is quite an 'eye-opener.' Without a label to sway your bias, many a wine will show a new face. Many a surprise will be encountered. One will also often remember more clearly 'bumper' characteristics, due to an unprejudiced mind. These will hopefully be stored in the vinous memory until such a time when they are recalled by exposure to the same sensation.

Every wine man blunders! It is his prerogative. If he has the courage of his convictions he will learn from his mistakes and not be discouraged or humiliated. Often it is not so much a blunder as an indefinable and baiting sense; unmasking of the bottle may clinch it and the memory will rest firm.

As a means of introducing readers to the world of wines I shall endeavour in future articles to take you step by step through the practice of tasting. I shall include wine terminology and make familiar some of the classic wines which can be purchased locally. I will also keep you well attuned to the bargain wines of the week and the latest releases of 'hot' in wine persiflage. So stay with me and happy drinking.

— Anthony Borges  
Editor's Note: This is but the first in a stylin' series of articles dedicated to the education and appreciation of wine. Here's to your health.

# Those Where the Days

Remember when you were a kid, and you used to read all of those nifty comic books like *Batman* and *Superman* and the *Flash*? Ah, those were the days. And the only thing better than seeing all these great superheroes in their own adventures was seeing all of them together! That, of course, was the *Justice League of America*. But it's the Eighties now, and the Justice League has, like *Lazurus*, received a new life.

The JLA, as it was called, brought together the biggest and greatest super-heroes of the era, including *Superman*, *Batman*, *Wonder Woman*, the *Green Lantern*, and a host of others. The characterization of these heroes though, was practically nil. The book was written for adventure and action, and as a result, most of the stories would not make a visible mark in comic book history.

So, in the tradition of fiscally successful super-team books that had been redesigned (such as *The Teen Titans* and *The X-Men*) JLA made some changes. Unfortunately, they were all bad. Super-heroes who were losers in the first place — *Elongated Man* (don't laugh), *Aquaman*, and the *Martian Manhunter* were kept, and some new super-heroes were invented. It still stunk.

So, this new version being no better, if not worse than the last, what was DC supposed to do?

Kill them, of course! After all, their hands were so red with the blood from the Crisis, it seemed a logical and acceptable idea. Fooey. Not every character died, but enough to show how foolish a comic book company can act when the heat is on.

But the Justice League wasn't dead yet. Again, in the tradition set by those wonderfully selling team books, another chance was handed to the JLA. And somewhere, someplace, some intelligent soul decide that this time they ought to do it right.

With the origin set up through the truly god-awful mini-series *Legends* (in which another dark lord of evil tries to destroy super-heroes — this time by making the public hate them), the unlikely team of *Keith Giffen*, *J.M. Dematteis*, *Kevin Maguire*, and *Terry Austin* put a new spark into that ugly old *Edsel* of a super-group.

Possibly the biggest problems with the old JLA members was the fact that they were all boring! For the most part, they believed in the same principles of "truth and justice," and never questioned each other concerning their method of beating up the baddies. After all, they were HEROES! Not any more, guys and girls.

They put together a team that not only had personal hang-ups and such, but really truly hated each other. This came about mostly by the addition of *Guy Gardner*, one of the new *Green Lanterns*, to the ranks. *Gardner*, a slightly psychopathic war monger ("Hey babe," he says to the *Black Canary*, "This is the Eighties. *Alan Alda* is out ... *Sylvester Stallone* is in!"), provides a great catalyst to the other heroes, bringing out their baser reactions to

social situations.

The other members don't look half-bad either, bringing in other known heroes with mixed affiliations. They include *Batman*, the *Blue Beetle*, *Dr. Fate*, *Black Canary*, *Captain Marvel*, the *Martian Manhunter* (no, I don't know why they kept him either), *Mr. Miracle*, and *Dr. Light*, a personal favorite since she's one of the first interesting Japanese heroes (heroines) I've seen.

At first, it would seem that including *Batman* again would seem a bad move, considering his restated reputation as a loner and obsessed vigilante. But no, the dark knight is better than ever. Characteristically, *Batman* takes arbitrary control of the group, and commands the heroes with militaristic haughtiness, expecting total obedience. The tension is obvious in this group, but that only adds the flavor that the previous versions lacked.

Another important result of the new comic is the name. They are no longer the Justice League of America, but just the Justice League. This little tactic removes the slight one-sided patriotic bent of the old series, and gives it more room to develop as an universal ideal.

So in other words, if you still seek out stories of the fantastic and the heroic, you shouldn't dare miss the premiere of the *Justice League*.

—Garrett H. Omata

## The Best Comic Books in 1986

(For the benefit of virgin comic book collectors who have the bucks but not the experience to get properly balled)

- Best Limited Series:
1. *Dark Knight Returns* (a must!)
  2. *The Watchmen* (another must!)
  3. *Moonshadow*
  4. *Mage*
  5. *Elektra: Assassin*
- Best Continuing Comics:
1. *Swamp Thing*
  2. *Miracleman*
  3. *Batman: Year One* (series within a series)
- Best Alternative Comics:
1. *Love and Rockets*
  2. *Cerebus*
- Best New Comics:
1. *Captain Atom*
  2. *Strikeforce: Morituri*
  3. 'Nam
  4. *Justice League*
  5. *Wonder Woman*
- Best Graphic Novels:
1. *Daredevil: Love and War*
  2. *Time*
- Best Specials, One-Shots, or Cancelled
1. *Gnatrat: the dark gnat returns*
  2. *The March Hare*
  3. *Mazing Man*

— Garrett's picks

# The Perfect Pair

Friday night's sneak preview of *Outrageous Fortune* gave a privileged audience a glimpse of one of the season's best comedies. *Outrageous Fortune* stars Bette Midler and Shelley Long, and both act true to character. Bette Midler plays a raunchy, street- and bed-wise woman, not opposed to fibbing a little to get what she wants. Shelley Long, on the other hand, is her pristine self, attempting

always to uphold her morals. Shelley plays a very professional actress, whose ambition is to play Hamlet. Despite her obvious skill, nine years and thousands of dollars of acting school have led nowhere. Finally she gets her chance to attend a great acting school. She is introduced to Midler during her audition. Midler stops in, borrows the phone, then proceeds to exchange sexual favors with a

telephone operator in order to have her phone reconnected. The two clash. Challenged by Long's haughty professionalism Midler decides to enroll in school as well. Meanwhile Midler and Long both meet Mr. Right, who disappears. *Outrageous Fortune* turns into a mystery. However, Mr. Wonderful is the kind of man a woman would bend over backwards for, in fact they do. So they set out to find him. Their adventure begins as they trace him. As they suffer the slings and

arrows of outrageous fortune, the paths eventually cross with not only the CIA and the KGB, but George Carlin as well. In the grips of these three very competent comedians the audience cannot help but love this comedy. Filled with irony, subtle and not-so-subtle sexual puns, the movie is hilarious. A subtle pun is the plot itself: two actresses, acting as actresses. Very clever, and very successful because Shelley Long and Bette Midler are indeed outstanding actresses.

An even finer point on which the film succeeds is the excellence of the writing. The audience is given very subtle clues, which later become important. When the mystery is solved the audience seems to gasp, "Of course." When the adventurous climax ends with a breathtaking display of power and grace, the audience cries, "Of course!" This continuity makes *Outrageous Fortune* a writing and performing success.

— Matt Stewart

# Stone: Rolling to the Fine Tunes of Platoon

Oliver Stone has written *Platoon* on a hand grenade, then tossed it to explode in the consciousness of the mind of America. Call it what you will — anti-American, glorifying, or just plain troubling — rest assured, *Platoon* is real. Ted Post, director of *Go Tell the Spartans*, says, "What he (Stone) has done is given us documentary insight into that set of horrible circumstances that he experienced firsthand."

Written and directed by Oliver Stone, *Platoon* stars Charlie Sheen. He plays a baby-faced innocent, the opposite of the cold assassin his father Martin Sheen played in *Apocalypse Now*. Charlie plays Chris Taylor, a new recruit just off the plane. Regarded as new meat, the fresh recruits must survive until they learn the laws of the jungle with little help from the veteran soldiers.

The action of the film centers around four battles with the North Vietnamese Army. Through each of these encounters Chris evolves into a soldier, losing a little bit of his innocence each time as he follows his ideals when it comes to Jungle Justice. Two sergeants, morally polarized, oppose each other in the platoon. On the good side is Sergeant Elias, saver of babies, kind to the troops and enemy of Staff Sergeant Barnes. Barnes is a soulless, remorseless psychopath, grenading children, shooting old ladies, dealing justice with muscle, bullet and knife. His motto: "Ain't no room or need for a court out here."

The two clash, and vie for the support of the platoon. The men are divided: Elias and his friends against Barnes and his collection of rapists and murderers. Chris is caught between the two, he feels the two sergeants were "fighting for possession of his soul."

For Chris, resolution comes in the final battle. Flares floating slowly down by parachute light the jungle. Their swinging light casts huge terrifying shadows as five thousand Viet Cong invade the camp. In the heat of the battle something inside Chris breaks, and he leads a ferocious attack against NVA. After the fight Chris is a murderer. By killing evil whose side did he choose?

As a film *Platoon* excels. Vivid, constant gore and lighting provide a grotesque view of the jungles and fighting of Vietnam. The cast includes William DaFoe (Sergeant Elias) from *Streets of Fire*, Tom Berenger (Sergeant Barnes), and Matt's brother Kevin Dillon as Bunny. Bunny plays one of Barnes' psychopaths: he breaks a man's skull open with his rifle butt, then says, "Did you ever see brains like that?" Leaving, he takes a tourist snapshot of the burning village.

Arnold Kopelson, the producer of *Platoon* says, "It is time to set the record straight and counter ... those movies that glorify war." Movies such as *Missing in Action I & II* and Sylvester Stallone's *First Blood* and *Rambo* are simply Hollywood's idea of a catharsis for America in the

form of fantasy victories over the Vietnamese. Such Hollywood commercialism sells muscle-bound superheroes capable of dodging thousands of rounds of enemy fire, finally summing up the moral of the story with a few monosyllabic grunts. Hopefully *Platoon* marks the end of this revisionist garbage which truly is a rape of history.

Stone calls *Platoon* an anti-war film. He wrote it to show the futility of war, the waste of precious human life and the randomness of death. He says "The first casualty of war is innocence. I wanted to show that Chris came out of the war stained and soiled — like all of us, every vet." Yet he does more than this.

Stone shows us exactly what moral conscience writers have been trying to warn us about. Audiences cheering as Rambo exterminates communists is reminiscent of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. George Orwell warned us not to trust politicians, and look where they landed America. Stone says "Just remember what that war was. Remember what war is. America was blind, a thrasher of history." *Platoon* will succeed as a catharsis because by watching it you can face up to the evil inside yourself and realize that you are still good.

— Matt Stewart

# JELLO

(Continued from p.5A)

They'd better! I mean, there's an old saying I have here somewhere ... (dig in the bag). Do I have it? It fits that very item ... oh, here it is....

'When the Nazis came for the communists, I didn't speak up because I wasn't a communist. When the Nazis came for the Jews, I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. When the Nazis came for the Catholics, I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Catholic. Finally, when the Nazis came for me, there wasn't anybody left to speak up at all.'

So I think that's the general attitude towards - the PMRC, especially in the entertainment world. Who cares what happens as long as it doesn't happen to me. It seems like the message in *Bedtime For Democracy* (the Dead Kennedys' last record) is

different than other albums. The anger seems directed inward toward the punk scene.

Uh, it's frustration that the punk scene has become way too much like society itself. It's become a microcosm of that rather than an antidote to it. That always happens whenever any kind of underground revolt gets widespread enough to become absorbed into the consumer culture. Look what happened with Hippiedom. That's rock & roll.

Yeah, this is the quandary we have. We love rock & roll, and we hate what it stands for. At least we can try to come up with something a little better.

— Interview by Debi Howell  
Editor's Note: Contributions to *Jello Biafra's defense* may be sent to the No More Censorship Defense Fund, P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, CA, 94101.

The Babylon Warriors have just been added to the bill along with Burning Spear and Mojo Nya at the Reggae Show, Feb. 6 (Bob Marley's B-Day), Rob Gym.



In addition to their performance on Feb. 3 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall, Scotland's Tannahill Weavers will be presenting a FREE mini-concert at noon, Feb. 3 in the Pub.



P.D. James, the dominant voice among modern mystery writers, will be presenting a lecture entitled "The Art of Mystery," on Friday, Jan. 30 at 4 p.m. in the Main Theatre.

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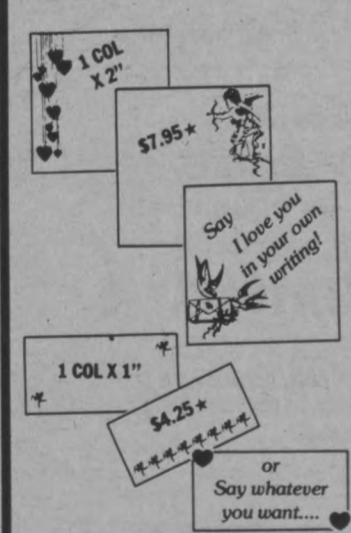


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Winners will be announced in the Feb. 13, 1987 issue. Prizes will be available on for pick-up on Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1987 at the *Daily Nexus* office, Storke Tower, 8 am - 5 pm daily. GOOD LUCK!

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