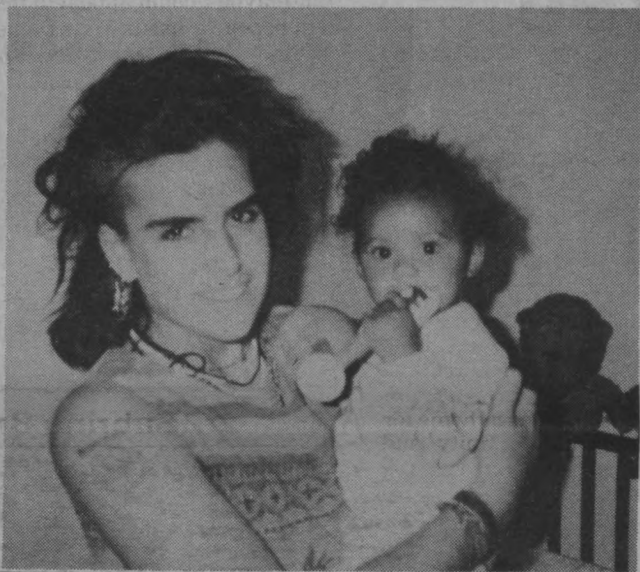




student FILM • MAKING

The Student Academy Awards are considered the most prestigious national student film competition going. This year two UCSB productions, *The Way Out* and *Mirror Mirror*, were entered in the Northwest Regionals. Written, directed and produced by Danny Friedman and Laurie Handler respectively, both features from the Film Studies 106 class made the regional finals, with *The Way Out* going on to the national finals to be judged by The

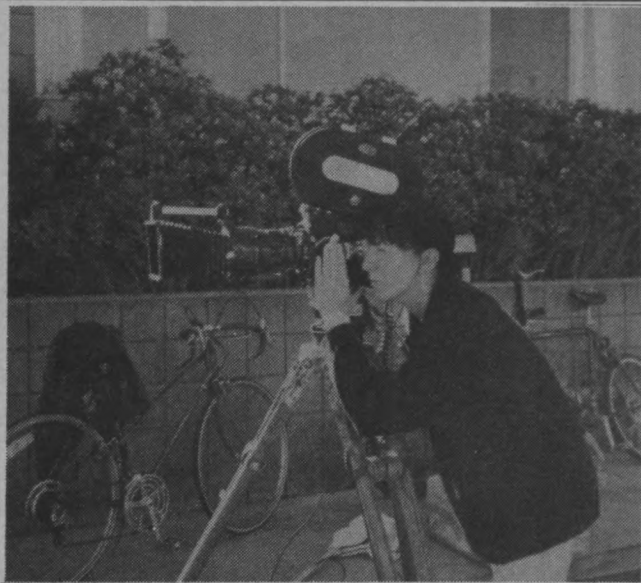
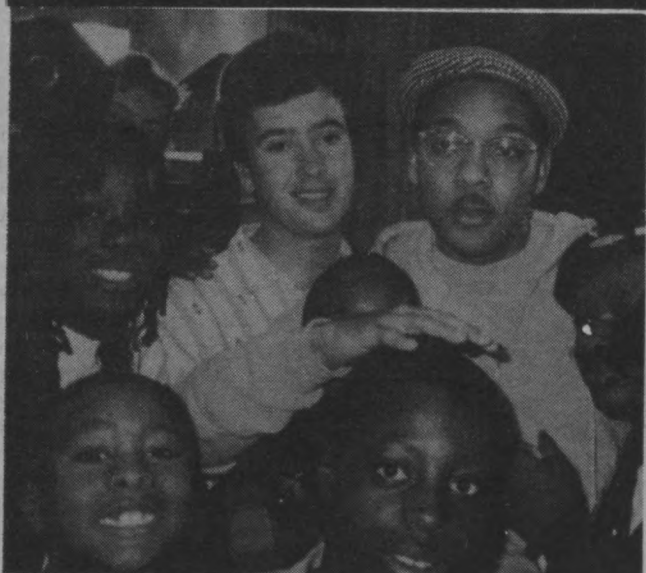


Ramona (Beth Allen) and Baby (Ashley Ward) star in "Mirror Mirror."

Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The third F.S. 106 production, *Jazz in the Classroom*, a documentary produced and directed by Mitch Braff that was unfinished at the Academy deadline, won the Corwin Award, given by the Corwin family (owners of the MTC theater chain) to the most outstanding student film from UCSB. WHAT does all of this mean? FILM-MAKING, boys and girls, is happening right here in Gaucholand — Check it...

You look at the L.A. Times and find out that USC, UCLA and NYU have sup-

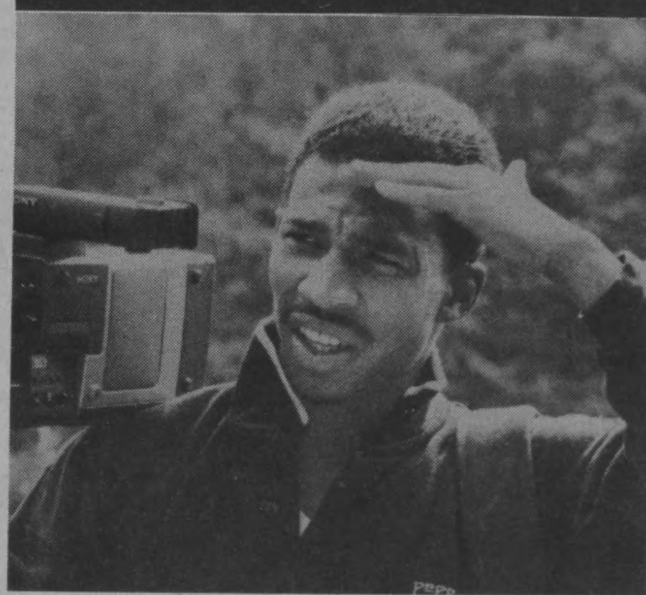
Producer/director Mitch Braff, winner of the MTC Corwin Award, with jazz musician Wynton Marsalis and students from the documentary "Jazz in the Classroom."



Writer/producer/director Laurie Handler on the set of the regional finalist, "Mirror Mirror."

posedly got some kind of a monopoly on the "up and coming filmmakers." Well, movies are complex little things, and California's second largest cash crop (squeezed right between SoCal jet fighters and NoCal herb lighters) is a funny business with more ins and outs than just casting couches can be held responsible for. Some people have been Top Gunned too many times to know better, but cutting a deal means having a bottom line: How much will it cost and how much will it make? Take your art from there, within those limits, and

On the set: Mike Norville, associate director of the Student Academy Awards national finalist, "The Way Out."



by JESSE ENGDAHL
assistant arts editor

there's not much you can do in a market that is solidly based by creatures of habit; you are what you make, thus, your reputation and your tax bracket are inseparably connected to each other and an audience that will prove time and again that anything deadly part III is more worthy of six bucks than something truly wild.

What does all this Hollywood crap have to do with UCSB filmmaking? Well, everything and nothing. You see, one of the first things a student in Dana Driskel's 16mm production class must present is the budget.

(Please See p.3A)

UCSB



Arts & Lectures

Sukay:

Traditional music from South America

Steven Okazaki:

Very non-traditional filmmaker from San Francisco

Arts & Lectures presents a rousing finale to its performing arts season with a concert by **Sukay, Music of the Andes**. Consisting of three Bolivian musicians and an enthusiastic New Yorker, Sukay will perform in Campbell Hall on Friday, May 6. Tickets are on sale now.

Playing traditional and new folk music from Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, Sukay is one of the most successful groups of its kind in the United States. They played a sold-out show in UCSB Campbell Hall a few years ago; now, after extensive touring and the release of two new albums, they are returning.

"Sukay's up-to-date feel is based on fresh looks at tradition," wrote a critic in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "The group's music comes out of pockets of community which today survive in the Andes... and onto the concert stages of North America." Because there has been little contact with the outside world, the villages of the Andes mountains play some of the same music and instruments that were in use over 1,000 years ago. These ancient pan-pipes, notched flutes, drums and rattles mix with guitars, violins and charangos, instruments of Spanish influence, and add contemporary three-part vocal harmonies to form a fusion of pleasing sounds.

Sukay was established by Quentin Howard, a New Yorker who, having heard Andean music at a festival, became so intrigued by the sound she left the U.S. and traveled for more than a year throughout the Andes, listening to and learning the music. "Sukay" is a word in the native Quechua language, spoken high in the Andes, which means "to open up the earth and prepare it for planting."

San Francisco filmmaker **Steven Okazaki** will be on hand to introduce and discuss his new film, *Living on Tokyo Time* when it shows at Campbell Hall on Tuesday, May 10. The screening will conclude a two-day series of films by Okazaki; his documentaries *Unfinished Business* and *Survivors* will be shown free on Monday, May 9 in Girvetz 1004.

Okazaki made his first documentary in 1982 for PBS-TV. *Survivors* is about victims of the atomic bombings at Hiroshima and Nagasaki; in the film 30 survivors (mostly women) tell their own stories of fear and trauma.

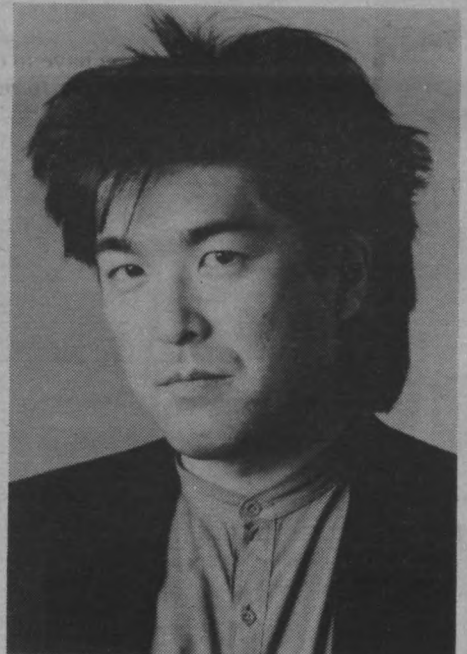
Okazaki's 1985 film *Unfinished Business*, about three men who protested the World War II internment of over 110,000 Japanese and Japanese Americans, was nominated for an Academy Award and won the Cine Golden Eagle award.

The film tells the stories of Fred Korematsu, Gordon Hirabayashi and Minoru Yasui, from their refusal to enter the camps and their subsequent separate convictions and prison terms, through the ongoing struggles to have their convictions overturned.

Most recently, Okazaki co-wrote and directed *Living on Tokyo Time*. His first feature film, *Living on Tokyo Time* "started as a whim," Okazaki said. He describes the film as a combination of two ideas: "...roots, and how you can't get away from them...and about the most boring guy in the world...who turns around and marries a complete stranger just because someone convinces him his life needs some spontaneity." The product is an often deadpan comedy about Kyoko (Minako Ohashi), a young Japanese woman trying to make a life for herself in the United States and Ken (Ken Nakagawa), a would-be rock'n'roller with a job as a janitor. Tickets for *Living on Tokyo Time* will be available at the door.



Sukay



Steven Okazaki



Unfinished Business

May

5 Elena Poniatowska

"Mexico: 20 Years After Tlatelolco"

Today / 4 PM / Girvetz 1004

TODAY

5 Bridge on the River Kwai

Starring Alec Guinness and William Holden.

Today / 7 & 10 PM / Campbell Hall

6 Sukay, Music of the Andes

Traditional folk music from Ecuador.

Fri., May 6 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

LIMITED SEATING

8 The Best Years of Our Lives

A classic film about veterans and readjustment.

Sun., May 8 / 7 & 10 PM / Campbell Hall

9 Rita Dove

A reading by the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet.

Mon., May 9 / 4 PM / UCen Pavilion

9 Unfinished Business and Survivors

Two documentaries by Steven Okazaki.

Mon., May 9 / 8 PM / Girvetz 1004

10 Living on Tokyo Time

A cross-cultural romantic comedy.

Tue., May 10 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

11 Mary Frances Berry

"Constitutional Politics and Women's Rights"

Wed., May 11 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

Tickets/Charge by Phone: 961-3535

student FILM•MAKING

"I'm a real stickler for finishing, so that's what we look at in our selection process — if a film can be done." So saith the instructor, so saith the studio.

"I wanted to show that a good movie could be made for not a lot of money; a good script and good acting should be more important than car chases," said Friedman. "\$6,800 for a 30-minute feature is great, with USC students spending 20 and 30 thousand dollars on movies half that long. But I worked all summer to raise the first \$2,000, and now I'm almost \$3,000 in debt." That's a lot of 40 uncensers, so if everything's relative, those are Hollywood's big numbers, don't ya see?

"I realized that my first budget was unrealistic," said Braff, "because for a documentary you have to shoot so much film. I was shooting these incredible musicians, and I had to get them doing their thing. But all the shooting, labs and mixing was done in Oakland and San Francisco, so I ended up driving over 3,000 miles, and really overextending myself to get a professional-looking movie."

"In post-production, we would go down to L.A. on Thursday night, go to the studio for editing and finish Monday night, then get back to school Tuesday morning," explained Friedman. With editors Cameron Brown and Jerry Keenan, he logged 12 hours a day for 40 days of Winter Quarter, and still took midterms. "Of course, we had to rent equipment that was right here on campus, collecting dust. The students paid for the flatbeds here, but Mitch only got to use one because he got it through black studies, and I didn't understand why I couldn't use one."

"I thought it was a great experience figuring out ways to get by with less money and equipment," Handler told me. "I used a laundry cart for my tracking shot, and even though Dan's looks great, he had to spend a lot to rent a dolly and track. Getting funding really helped me; the people who backed my movie would always come up to me at school and ask how it was going, keep me motivated."

"These students get a lot of street knowledge out of this program," explained Driskel. "We have very little equipment, but they learn what you have to do to get a movie made, and especially to rely heavily on your crew. This wasn't the Mitch Braff show or the Laurie Handler show; with a small crew and little money, it was more work all around."

So these guys really got a total experience, the best and worst of both worlds. At UCSB, you gotta figure what you want, what you need and what you can do, but

having to do it means getting to do it.

"A lot of the people coming out of UCLA or USC are technoids, perfect lighting design people or perfect cinematographers," explained Friedman. "Here the program is concentrated on the study of film, and even though you lose by not having separate classes for editing and lighting, you study the masters and learn to make your own movies."

Driskel is the lone production teacher; mister everything teaching kids to be mister everythings. Film Studies 106 has to cover the same ground as any dozen classes at UCLA, "but I don't even think undergrads get to direct 16mm there," said Friedman.

Every one wants to direct, to make their movie, and thus there is the best non-



Writer/producer/director Danny Friedman on the set of "The Way Out."

Hollywood trait of these films. "At the beginning of the year Dana tells us that nobody on campus really wants ... movies made, so we should maybe make movies that campus people would support," explained Laurie. Educators will get behind integrity, artistic and moral, a lot more than studio market-minded studio financiers.

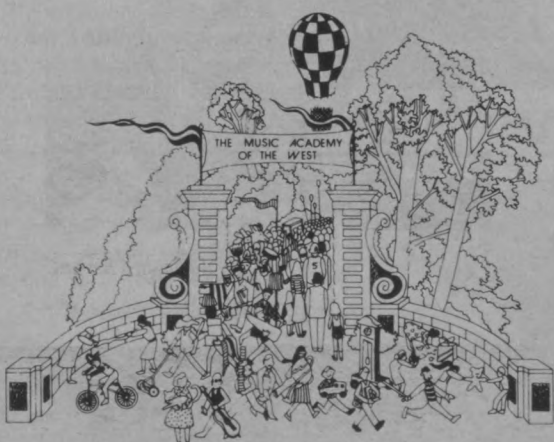
"I'm very open about the subject matter of a proposal; I'm not going to tell them to make such and such because to stick out such a large process, the crew has to really believe in the film," said Driskel.

"The biggest difference here is freedom," echoed Danny. "I made the movie I wanted to make, one about real people."

Well, my tangent has gotten us 25 inches deep here, art campers, and I've already cut some great stuff, so at the last minute I've pulled rank and appropriated some space in next week's issue so you guys can hear what the herd these movies are about. To test my friends, family and massive audience, I'll finally say... to be continued next week.

this is the space for the arts staff the space where the ed istelling you to work it cause we've been working it lately and knock knock knock sometimes we're afraid of being alone is anyone out there and sometimes we don't care it's that reciprocal thing you know oh yea it happens in my class when finally there's the crossover and something becomes relevant oh ha ha jesse engdahl is the arts assistant who is slaving on the cover story he's the pipe toting trooper with an aria an orestia midterm and some fearless editing skills the biker who just wants to 'be vaguely respectable' and there's sm wenrick who moonlights whose got some defying frank it was rad bad ought to tell the little prats who can't handle it that fash aint about faith but this week's native art is and tell that to mish ray our campus ed savior who knew enough about royal ty to let us in on the significance of the cinco day hurrah adam adam adam lie it aint no liebowitz because the wit is in the irony of this post ugh i said it modern pop which is really about influences you can learn more about them in FM no it's tomorrow we're thursday's and the mag will be about the shaping of the nation okay dougie says, 'well maybe our little corner of the world' talk about art signficance fri days have new meanings listen it's the sound of your heart

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ART

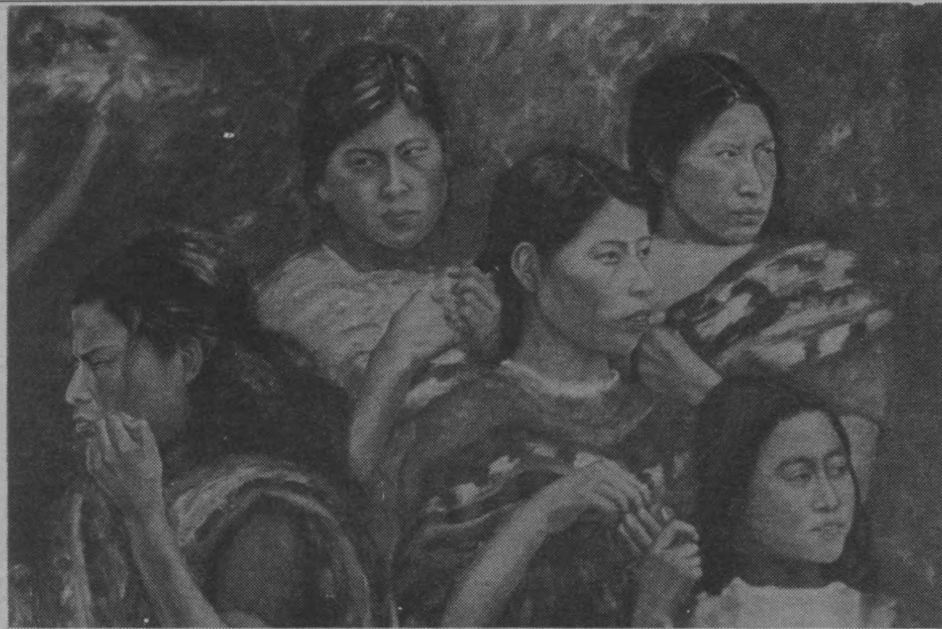
by Debbie Boehm

Expressive faces reach out: faces of love, faces of disappointment, faces of rejection, faces of acceptance. Faces representative of years of oppression that tell of past struggle and triumphant progress. A diverse presentation of creativity and a sincere discussion of important issues make up "Art by Native American Women," the current exhibit at the Women's Center Gallery through May 20.

The show is unified through common concerns, but its richness is derived from its diversity. The themes are many: close family and tribal bonds, a proud history, a violating intrusion into that history, achievement despite oppression, and the future directions of the Native Americans.

In a blending of past and present, the show combines Indian heritage with modern art traditions. Various materials, including conventional oils and watercolors, are joined with clay, fibers, gourds, beads, leather, and horse hair. The artists represent a dozen tribes and the uniqueness of each artist's motivation is apparent. Some reflect on the past while others address the present or speculate about the future.

The individuality of the artists' experiences and forms of expression are well-



Cynthia Reyes Aponte's "Guatemalan Women" is one of the visions of Art by Native American Women.

represented. Cynthia Reyes Aponte's "Guatemalan Women" portrays five women, each focusing in a different direction, yet bonded together through a tender closeness. Sonia Zucker's oils depict strong, reserved faces, still proud despite years of despair and disappointment. Gloria Ontiveros' paper collage "Another Way of Life" shows the realities of a laboring woman, in contrasting grays and warm shades of maroons and reds.

The changing times the Native Americans

have faced and continue to face are addressed, accented by justified resentment and a growing reciprocal understanding. Celeste Conner's powerful "Meditation Pieces" is a leather and bead representation of an American flag, with burned edges and a skull replacing the 50 stars, a strong statement to a country which turned its back on its native people. Aponte's "Rudy" displays a modern synthesis of two cultures: a content figure is traced over an evening city skyline. With a childlike in-

NATIVE by AMERICAN WOMEN

nocence, Charlotte Touchete's "We are The Same But Different" presents four women side by side: an Asian, a Native American, a Black, and a Caucasian. Art gives the women a means through which to confront and deal with a painful history, transforming sorrow into meaningful works.

A modern piece with a timeless message, Dorothea Romero's "Inner Space" is a highlight. Shades of purple, pink, red, and lavender combine in a swirl of emotions and experiences to create a truly personal piece. The work transcends prejudice barriers, expressing universal individuality.

Guest curator for the exhibition is Carol Lee Sanchez, a Laguna Pueblo painter and co-owner of Ha-pa-nyi Fine Arts of Santa Barbara. Sanchez has taught American Indian Studies and Women's Studies at San Francisco State University and she is a member of the California Arts Council and the state's Artists in the Schools panel. On Wednesday, May 11, Sanchez will provide a lecture, "A Look at Some Native American Artists," at noon at the Women's Center.

A show expressive of sorrow and joy, misunderstanding and acceptance, and tradition and change, "Art by Native American Women" is a product of a strong past and a celebration of vitality.

Montoya's Royal Chicana Air Force

In conjunction with the Cinco de Mayo celebration, Jose Montoya, renowned Chicano poet, artist and musician will read selections from his writings today in the UCen Art Gallery between 2 and 5 p.m. in collaboration with the exhibition of works from the artist group, the Royal Chicano Air Force.

Founder of the RCAF, Montoya will also sign an agreement to transfer his writings and the archives of the Chicano art group from Sacramento to the UCSB library. According to Sal Guarena, librarian of UCSB's Coleccion Tloque Nahaque, this university is the first to broaden the scope of its Chicano collection to include the visual arts.

"The two new collections, along with those already held by UCSB, will help us document the Chicano art movement in this country in a comprehensive fashion," Guarena said. "These holdings will be of inestimable value in supporting Master- and Ph.D.-level graduate studies being developed at UC Santa Barbara in art history."

Formed in 1969 to express the ideals of the Chicano rights movement and the union-organizing efforts of the United

Farm Workers, the RCAF has always mixed humour with serious intent, according to Montoya, professor of ethnic studies and art at California State University at Sacramento.

"We started out as a group of artist and poets teaching at California State University Sacramento, calling ourselves the Rebel Chicano Art Front," Montoya said in a *Los Angeles Times* article.

"But right from the start, everyone began confusing our abbreviation, RCAF with the Royal Canadian Air Force. So we capitalized on the confusion and renamed the group the Royal Chicano Air Force.

"It is a serious organization, but we use this RCAF kind of insanity to keep from getting too serious. It actually has given us an image that relates well with everyone in the community."

The art exhibition features several silkscreen posters created by the RCAF depicting Chicano culture and political issues in the Chicano community.

by Michelle Ray



"TWO THUMBS UP!"
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Thralls in a Vessel

"It seems to me that anything can become art if it is treated with respect, such as say Life. Some of the images in this room developed from scribbles, line drawings scratched on the back of a card in a restaurant, doodles drawn on a phone pad, tiny images sketched in my journal. I have simply treated these figures with respect, rather than discarding them as meaningless or insignificant. I have kept them and even sought them out."

In theory Stephen Thralls Vessels' eloquent description of his non-figurative works is more accurate than apt. The College of Creative Studies graduating senior's collection "Characters" is representative of this thoughtful imagery of the patterns of lines, but some of them

would have been better left on the waitresses' cocktail napkin. Vessels' regard for the line is created by a continuing pattern of oriental-inspired black brush strokes that connect into rectangular forms reminiscent of Japanese characters. They are at once primitive, abstract and yet deliberate.

The difficulty in these "Characters" comes in the bolder and more defined acrylics. Set on a flatly glossed canvas of bright colors — which Vessels does have a unique eye for moderate primaries and florescents — the larger paintings evoke a flat, cleanly dull, neo-Grecian deadpanned vision.

But what gives the acrylics this greater insignificance is the more introspective

embers of Vessels' "Journal" series. Smaller, softly dappled and partly figurative, the brooding ambience of these pieces is more equated with Vessels' respect for the at-the-moment sketches.

The "Thought I-VI" pastel series falls somewhere in between the softly emotional "Journal" and the flattened acrylics. Vessels again uses the black "Character" symbols, but here they are slightly more primitive and nearly painted rock Indian. With the pastels Vessels' has found a more natural balance with his odd obsession of the character.

Stephen Thralls Vessels' exhibit will be on display through Saturday as part one of three one-week graduating senior shows at the College of Creative Studies.
 — L.L. McCullough

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<p>GRANADA 1216 State St., S.B. 963-1671 Above the Law (R) 6, 8:20, 10:30 Sat & Sun also 1:25, 3:40</p> <p>Stand & Deliver (PG13) Fri, Mon, Wed, Thur 5:30, 7:45, 10 Sat 1, 5:30, 10 Sun 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45 Tue 5:30, 10 Sat Beetlejuice 3:15, 7:45 Tue Beetlejuice 7:45</p> <p>Sunset (R) 5, 7:30, 10 Sat & Sun also 12, 2:30</p> <p>PLAZA DE ORO 349 Hitchcock Way, S.B. 682-4936</p> <p>Two Moon Junction (R) 5:20, 7:40, 9:55 Sat & Sun also 1, 3:10</p> <p>The Milagro Beanfield War (R) 5, 7:25, 9:50 Sat & Sun also 12:20, 2:40</p> <p>SWAP MEET!! 907 S. Kellogg, Goleta 964-9050 Wednesday Evenings 4:30-10 pm EVERY SUNDAY 7 am to 4 pm</p>	<p>ARLINGTON 1317 State St., S.B. 966-9382</p> <p>Beetlejuice (PG) Fri, Mon, Wed 5:30, 7:45, 10 Sun 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10 Sat "Tony Bennett" Tue "Kiri Te Kanawa" Thurs Beetlejuice 4:30, 6:45 Lateshow 9 pm</p> <p>FIESTA FOUR 916 State St., S.B. 963-0781</p> <p>Return to Snowy River II (PG) 5, 7:15, 9:30 Sat & Sun also 12:30, 2:45</p> <p>Last Emperor (PG13) Fri, Sat & Sun 8, 9:15 Sat & Sun also 2:30 Mon-Thur 6:15, 9:30</p> <p>Colors (R) 5, 7:30, 10 Sat & Sun also 12:30, 2:45</p> <p>Lady in White (PG13) 5:45, 8, 10:15 Sat & Sun also 1:15, 3:30</p> <p>GOLETA 320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta 683-2265</p> <p>Last Emperor (PG13) 5:50, 9 Sat & Sun also 2:30</p>	<p>RIVIERA 2044 Alameda Padre Serra S.B. 965-6188</p> <p>Aria 7:20; Sat & Sun also 3:20 Separate admission required</p> <p>A Time of Destiny 5:05, 9:10 Sat & Sun also 1:10 Separate admission required</p> <p>CINEMA 6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta 967-9447</p> <p>Critters II (PG13) 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:30</p> <p>Good Morning Vietnam (R) 5, 9:20; Sat & Sun also 12:45 Separate admission required</p> <p>Biloxi Blues 7:20; Sat & Sun also 3 Separate admission required</p> <p>FAIRVIEW 251 N. Fairview, Goleta 967-0744</p> <p>Casual Sex? (R) 5:45, 9:45 Sat & Sun also 1:45 Separate admission required</p> <p>Permanent Record 7:45; Sat & Sun also 3:45 Separate admission required</p> <p>Wall Street 5:05, 9:30 Sat & Sun also 12:30</p> <p>Moonstruck (R) 7:30 Sat & Sun also 2:50</p>
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All programs, showtimes and restrictions subject to change without notice



Alienation, the inability for modern man to communicate, and mankind's desperate and unfulfillable need for love would not seem to be the most likely or humorous themes for a tale of the misadventures of modern loving and living. In *Living on Tokyo Time*, director Steven Okazaki brings these less than Saturday night at the drive-in themes together in his hilarious and poignant independent production which he claims to be about "being young, dumb and into rock and roll."

Okazaki is a little too bright to have made a film more akin to "rock n' roll Bimbo Stewardesses". Known for his Academy Award nominated documentary *Unfinished Business*, a feature about three men who resisted the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II, Okazaki could be best described as a guerrilla film maker. Starting with a \$20,000 grant from the American Film Institute and coming up with the rest as he shot, *Living on Tokyo Time* was created over 3 months of weekends. But wait, did I frighten you in to thinking you were being set up to watch an "art" film. Because fear not — *Living on Tokyo Time* has almost as many laughs as anything this side of Repo Man.

Our "hero" is Ken (Ken Nakagawa), who like any son of a Japanese immigrant wants to be a rock and roll star. He is led into a marriage of convenience to help a Japanese girl stay in America, Kyoko (Minako Ohashi). The problem is he's dull and she can barely speak any English, worse still he's in love and she's horrified. It's a round of good loving in the post-modern world.

The film is shot in minimalistic style — which is another way of saying they only had one camera and not much film stock. But Okazaki makes incredible use of what is at hand. Poetic shots include a camera holding on Kyoko standing in the rain while she reads English aloud to an uncaring street character. While cultural differences

are summed with a shot of a Johnny Thunders poster on the wall next to a geisha girl calendar.

The films simple style adds to the humor. The camera is as stagnant as these people's lives and the unrecognizable absurdity with which they lead them is magnified when neither camera nor actor flinches at a character saying he wishes he had hair like Brain Ferry. The audience is made to play voyeur, being the only pair of eyes that can see what is wrong with these peoples lives.

Okazaki and co-screen writer John McCormick (who performed writing duties for the price of a Fender stratocaster) have a knack for making the darker aspects of the human condition funny. The serious issue of Ken's confusion about his roots is presented as being a choice between jelly doughnuts and Japanese bean cakes. (Not a difficult choice personally.) Okazaki's portrait of contemporary life is like Beckett doing a play about S.F. rockers.

Living on Tokyo Time is a very funny film that leaves the audience with a dose of truth to ponder. If love has no reality in Okazaki's vision of the ironic post-modern world and our own chances at fame and fortune are as likely as Ken becoming a famous rock star, the fact remains that life is meant for living and trying. As the quote by Captain Beefhart that flashes on the screen at the film's close says: "There is no avoiding gravity."


Catch this rare chance to see Okazaki's unusual and original filmworks. *Living on Tokyo Time* will screen Tuesday, May 10 at 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall with an introduction by the director. His documentaries *Unfinished Business* and *Survivors* will be shown in a free screening Monday, May 9 at 8 p.m. also at Campbell Hall. For tickets and information call Arts and Lectures: 961-3535.

by Adam Liebowitz

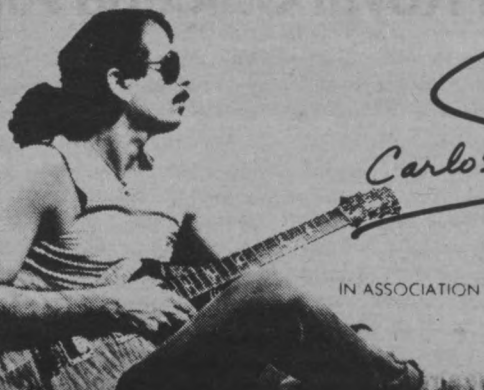
ferent little male fantasy filmettes set to raging opera that only share the vast and vague messages "I really love you so much I could die," and "isn't life powerfully confusing?" Just say cool, neat, yeah, this is expression, not examination. Such big, beautiful, innocent eyes, wide in wonderment at the intensity of existence. (But you will have to ask yourself if a movie uses such incredible models to convey this beauty — is it offensively commercial?) Godard's young nymphets wiping down narcissistic bodybuilders to Lully's "Armide" is political, not sensual; either funny or sick (this film or this world, and oh, can't they be both?). Altman's nineteenth century vogue practice of inviting the local insane asylum to the opera is just sexist, and quite boring. Julian Temple's movie producer and wife both cheating on each other at the Madonna Inn is cute, simple, and funny,

with Buck Henery perfectly complimenting the unbroken tracking shot for a hilarious ecstasy trip. My favorite was *Frac Quadrophnia* Roddam's beautiful young lovers who travel across the desert to Vegas, make incredible love, then kill themselves together. As powerful and immature as "Born to Run;" is this world too cheap and distracting for anything like pure love to survive? Bruce says he thinks he was running home, but was MTV on in the living room? You may find what's right with this movie to be what's wrong with it, but that's just an effect they'll probably appreciate. If you like experimentation, expression, big babes, sex and contradiction, check it, but if you need anything singular or consistent, like a story or a philosophy, shine.


by Jesse Engdahl



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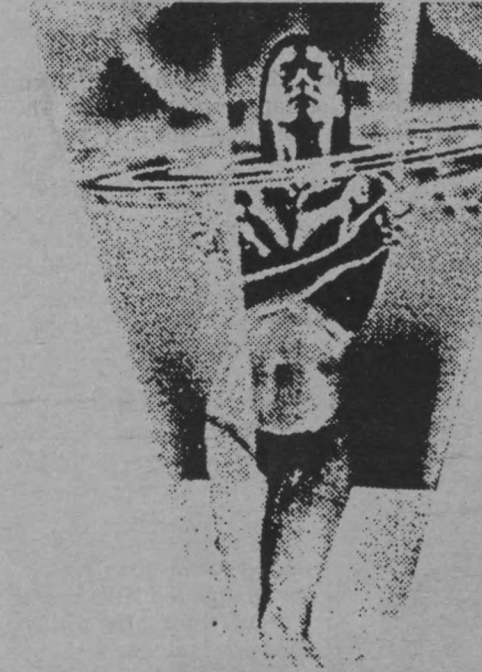
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THE ETHICAL ORDER OF FRANKENSTEIN



Life: simplify it into sets of scientific equations or literary archetypes and it remains the same, a viscous mess which somehow escapes its bounds. Cruel it is, but the Guthrie Theater has reminded us that it is man which so perverts the natural order. This weekend the company, on tour from Minneapolis, performed Barbara Field's dramatic "response" to Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* to three Campbell Halls-full of the UCSB community and response was enthusiastic.

Campbell Hall is the smallest of the stages that the company has played on (who have been touring since January) and only about one fourth of the set was used, according to one of the actors. But it was so ingeniously utilized and the atmosphere achieved so intimate, so nearly dinner-theaterish, that it is hard to imagine how spreading out when they arrive home (after May 22) to open their 25th season this summer will improve the stage's effect. It may be detrimental to "Frankenstein's" intensity.

The play itself is intellectually dense, centering around the North Pole dialogue between creator and creation at the end of Victor Frankenstein's life. The inventor (Stephen Pelinski) is ready for some ethical considerations, forced by his alter-ego and dead opposite, brilliantly played by Peter Syvertsen, and these are dramatized via flashback on the plat-

form above him, where a whole new set of symbolisms emerge. Young Victor (Curzon Dobell) is the Maker, the Creature is Adam (John Carroll Lynch), and the crucial question is summed up when the latter cries,

"Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee

From darkness to promote me?" (Adam, *Paradise Lost*, Book X)

Ethical considerations are paramount. Actors said after Sunday's matinee performance that the play has changed their perspectives, and not only in terms of everyday awareness about scientific advancement. Lynch said that "Frankenstein" has had an impact on him in terms of seeing "simple parent-child relationships," and "the destruction of neglect."

The implications of the play on genetic engineering and other scientific experimentation are so obvious

best. But what good is the admiration of an aesthetic without reflection on the lesson it adorns?

Part of the problem is that the entire conceit of rising and falling fortune has been expressed since Shakespeare in terms of a technological, albeit essential, invention, the wheel, here expressed in the

Frankenstein, a kind of Miltonic Satan, can hardly be blamed for crying, "better cursed that forgotten!" But his fame is purchased unethically, by standing upon the head of his helpless offspring. With fundamental "right relations" ignored, things go bump in the night.

The Guthrie's creation

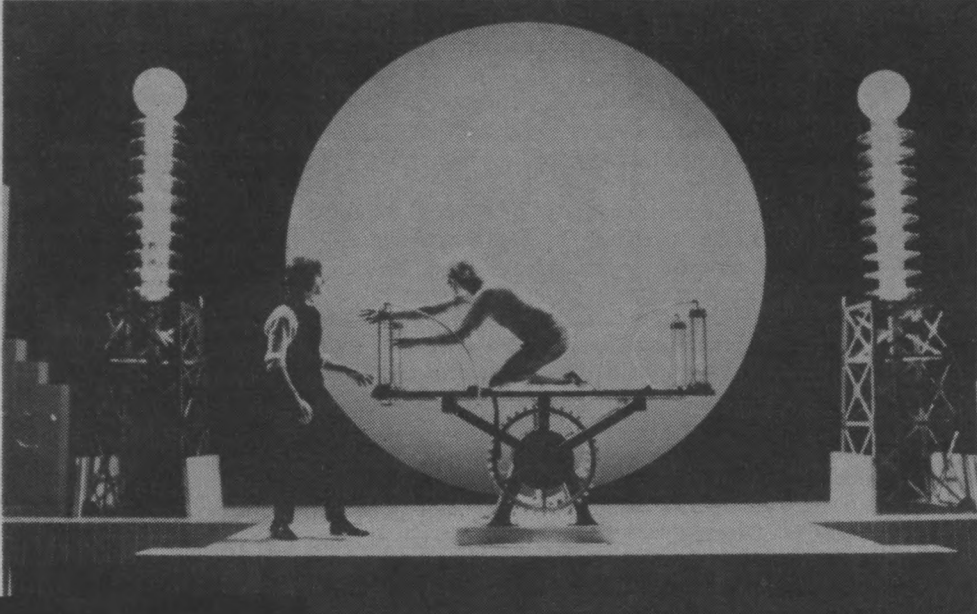
Creature/Adam parallel, however, was left mysteriously unresolved. When the Creature/Adam first rises from the ingeniously mechanical creation table, he grabs Victor's cloak, to "cover my nakedness." Contextually he will need the cloak later on for a letter which is in the pocket ("unless he wants to

alleviated by the rather sophomore first flashback, where Elizabeth (Olivia Birkelund) breaks the news to Victor that his mother has died in childbirth. This is perhaps necessary backgrounding, but the stage tears clash with the otherwise dry intensity and could perhaps have been done with less melodrama.

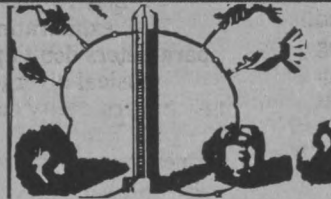
The continuity between the actors, said Lynch, "was not as solid as we'd like," due in part to the reduced stage at Campbell. When the company returns home, he said, there will be some changes in blocking and script, and the four supporting actors not on center stage with Pelinski and Syvertsen will appear sooner, to alleviate some audience confusion as regards the flashbacks. The young and old counterparts will also establish eye contact with one another, which is a little strange considering that the relations expressed are seen across a large expanse of time which ostensibly cannot be crossed. Our younger selves cannot see our older selves, probably for the best, and this added action on stage will perhaps clutter an otherwise cleanly acted production.

The actors said they were pleased at the receptivity of their audiences at UCSB. "We all felt we had a very intelligent, critical audience," Dobell said. Even if several digital watches throughout the hall did chirp ten p.m. on Saturday night at a moment of final dramatic tension, reminding us of our dependence upon the technology of the hour. In a way, perhaps the inadvertent electronic beeps replaced the gunshot that never came, which should have been an act of final mercy, killing the creature. Instead, Frankenstein froze, dead with gun in hand, leaving his "child" once more (literally) out in the cold.

by S.M. Wenrick



Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay To Mould me Man? Did I solicit thee From darkness to promote me?



go looking up Frankenstein in the phone book," said Lynch) but as Adam, how could he have been aware of his nakedness before the fall had instilled him with a sense of sin? Why build up



the Adam/Creature parallel and then blow it with a blatant inconsistency? Lynch, who plays the role, asked director Michael Maggio about the apparent illogic of the line and was told, "I'm in the middle of the house and it makes perfect sense to me. Do it."

Where most of Field's script was tight if not densely symbolic, the quality of the acting was uneven. Lynch admitted that most audiences have difficulty understanding the play for the first ten pages, but the difficulty was in no way

as to go largely unconsidered anymore. Morgan Duncan, a Guthrie understudy, remarked that he has been fairly surprised at Americans' general support of scientific researches in quest of new information (no matter the price) in pre-performance discussions across the country. It seems as though the moral of this morality play, Field's essence, is falling on craggy ground at

more updated Swiss funicular. Mankind has an incurable fascination with all things ingenious, with the mechanics of the thing. But Professor Krempe (Michael Tezla) whimsically reminds young Victor that nature itself cannot be neatly characterized. Man's formulaic representation for gravity is not identical to that for heat. If science becomes overly tidy, he tells Victor, "I begin to suspect someone's fudging on the formulas."

The other problem is tied to the inescapable and complex vanity of the thinker. Most of us wish to endure after death, a difficult finality to accept, probably especially so that the scientist, and

was far from Boris Karloff, and rightfully so, for Shelley's powerful archetypes (created when she was only nineteen) are too relevant to be relegated to the cloakroom of Hollywood stereotype. The Creature here is green, a kind of "emaciated Incredible Hulk," but otherwise humanoid and infinitely more dignified than his creator, who lies wrapped in furs on the arctic ice. Perhaps Frankenstein has never really been born; his hairy swaddling is certainly a kind of womb during these final hours. His creature, on the other hand, has an exaggerated vision of the birth trauma and has faced reality very squarely indeed. One problem with the



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FILM



"Oh, darling ... don't look so desperate." The I.V. weekend has arrived and we've got so much for you to do.

Tonight, yes, baby, it's Thursday, *The Color of Honor* will deserve more than a mention. This culmination of over six years of research, interviews and production by veteran film and telly producer, Loni Ding, draws from nearly a hundred interviews conducted with historians, scholars, military leaders, and, most importantly, the Nisei Japanese American soldier who experienced tremendous inner conflicts and difficult choices imposed by America's war with Japan. The film begins at 7 p.m. and filmmaker

Loni Ding will be there to lead a discussion.

And it's so *gauche*.

A.S. Program Board sponsors a Festival of Foreign Animation this Saturday at 8 and 10 p.m. but we can't tell you much about it, baby, except go, go, go.

Remember: there's a century of conflict in our Faces of War. The Arts and Lectures film series continues this week with tonight's *Bridge on the River Kwai* and Sunday's *Best Years of Our Lives* (sure that's what you think). That's us; the beauties pictured here; so don't miss it.

t h e l a s t p a g e



J



A



Z

by Liz Aispuo

Photos by Shawn Parker

Legendary Santa Barbara saxophonist Charles Lloyd was the first jazz band I ever experienced and their stunning performance last Friday at the Lobero Theatre came to life before my eyes. Every piece Lloyd and his three piece band played was ear captivating and a show to match. Lloyd's music and he moved together as he swayed front and back, with an occasional lift of his leg kicking in motion. Lloyd's stunning sold-out performance at the 1987 Santa Barbara Arts festival was called "the unequivocal jazz event of the year" by the News-Press in its year-end "Best Of" issue. Without past comparison needed, Lloyd's performance could only affirm this statement. Playing his well

known merging styles from pop, rock and a meditative reggae influence, Lloyd wasn't what I expected from a typical jazz performance. The opening, a tonal piece was a blast of craziness with so much going on at the same time and each musician playing loudly enough to be distinguishable without the classical need for solos. Lloyd's jazz band played at such exhilarating levels that narrow parameters don't apply to this concert's musical divergent focus. His strong musical personality correlated with that of his band members who filled in the outlines that Lloyd drew. John Patatucci's acoustic stand up bass was an often feat-

ured solo and he really got into it. Plucking, strumming, slapping and practically dancing with the music in itself, Patatucci created true jazz solos that singularly stood out on their own. The difficulty in the concert lay in its continuous form which seemed to drag out and mellow the audience out too much even though the entire length of the show was unexpectedly short, and almost a relief to be over. It's possible that Lloyd's contracted laryngitis which kept him from being able to talk, also determined the evening's length. Though it was time to leave, Charles Lloyd and friends created an exhilarating and intriguing night of jazz.

Z



E



D

R • I • P

Yo ... let's do this. I'm a nightmare walking a psychopath talking, that's me your local scenester on the set your parents I have met ... uh well yeah yeah yeah. OK so the *Independent* covered the closing of *The Shack* and I won't dwell. Suffice it to say that a little piece of Americana has died and nobody bothered to firebomb the Versateller. The Shack had more character in it's little finger than one could finding in 90 nights of nachos at The Pub. Of course there's always *The Graduate* and all it stands for. Speaking of the grandiose Grad, they've scored a bit of a coup with this Thursday's *Neville Brothers* show. Originally the legendary *Meters*, these guys from New Orleans have been around forever doing funky party things. The *Red Hot Chili Peppers* were inspired by these guys — "Hollywood" is a straight reworking of the *Neville's "Africa"* — and they blew away Lou Reed at the Amnesty benefit shows in LA. If your into swirling saxes, rampant and uncheezy percussion and bass lines of concrete than say hi to Art, Aaron, Charles and Cyril and they'll show you a good time. It's guaranteed dancing-on-top-of-the-picnic-table music and you'll give thanks. It was eight years ago and I was in seventh grade when I reviewed "Rappers Delight" by the Sugar Hill Gang for my Junior High Newspaper. OK so rap is old and rap is mainstream and big money is flowing and the scene may be a bit stagnant. But the hardcore beats are still to be found even if they're now packaged in slick major pastel sleeves. The *Colors* soundtrack is case in point, public exhibit #1. All beats and they work. The theme by Ice-T is death, cool and simple. Ice-T is just the best going and he ain't no LA Dream Team. Backing the Ice up here are mixes by the Decadent Dub Team and Erik B and Rakim which float minus the restrictions of time and all it symbolizes. Of course in any ten raps seven will be generics and two or three fall short on this album. But most of them succeed 'cause they have real words about the way things are,

especially 7A3 clocking in with the '88 version of "The Message." Roxanne Shante mops up the floor with Salt and Pepa while Rick James makes a cameo and comes off looking soft. X-top's record recommendations: The *Neville Brother's Neville-ization*, *Housecoat Project's Whyde do dat?*. Erik B and Rakim's *Paid in Full* and the 12" *Set it Off* by Strafe. Save me an aisle seat.... — Christopher Scheer

ALICE RISEN



Until very recently the much-vaunted local music scene has shown itself to be a crashing bore. The myriads of cover bands, the keyboard-infested haircut bands, and the Grateful Dead worshippers have added up to one fat zero. But rumbings in Isla Vista suggest that the times they-are-a-changin', and the very biggest tremor is coming from ALICE FELL. *Nevada Finish* is their second cassette, and it's got a definite spirit of originality that separates them from the "slagheap of gutless conformity," as it were. They've been compared to Husker Du, Sun Ra, The Minutemen, and Steppenwolf, but make no mistake, Alice Fell makes a noise that's all their own. Yeah, it's loud, but it ain't punk; they "jam," too, but I think Jerry Garcia is about the last person guitarist/vocalist Tony Okins wants to emulate. Likewise, bassist Dave Sampson and drummer extraordinaire Rusi Gustafson follow no leaders — they play and they play well, and for the truly discriminating mind that should be about enough. "Induced" and "Charmed Circle" off of the tape are

already "hits" on KCSB, and Alice Fell has opened for the Flaming Lips, Lazy Cowgirls, The Bags, Firehose, and No Means No, as well as for the Henry Rollins Band tomorrow night at Borsodi's. *Nevada Finish* can be had at Morninglory Music in Isla Vista for a small fee, so open your ears and get while the gettins good. — JAY HINMAN

BIG MOUTH

Former Black Flag vocalist Henry Rollins will bring his new conglomerate *The Rollins Band* to Borsodi's Coffeehouse Friday night May 6th at 9 p.m. Rollins is involved in a variety of underground projects, including the spoken word performing he brought to Borsodi's three months ago. The Rollins Band recently released its first album *Lifetime* and have recently returned from Europe in support of it. They're similar to later-period Black Flag; hard, loud chunks of guitar punctuating Henry's anguished screams. *Maximum Rock and Roll Magazine* said of *Lifetime*: "I didn't know Henry Rollins had turned black" and it does indeed have a rootsy, bluesy feel to it even while the mega-decibel sound slaps you upside the head. Opening the show will be our local heroes ALICE FELL — get there at 9 and come support alternate rock n' roll in your own back yard. — JAY HINMAN



