

# ARTS WEEK

Dave  
does the  
White  
House ... 2A

Access  
Theater  
and  
AIDS ... 6A

april 29 - may 5

## This Week's Bets

### today

•HYBRID SOUL and Dish will perform at the Beach Shack downtown

### friday

•GUYS AND DOLLS - It's opening night of the Santa Barbara Civic Light Opera's performance of the musical comedy at the Granada Theatre, 8 p.m. Runs through May 23, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 7 p.m. with Sat. and Sun. matinees at 2 p.m.

### saturday

•JUNGLEFISH, Phooey and Spike 1000 will perform at the Anaconda Theater in Isla Vista

### sunday

•RECEPTION and opening for photographers Alex Dwyer, Paul Schefz and Amy Bell at the Hestia House

### monday

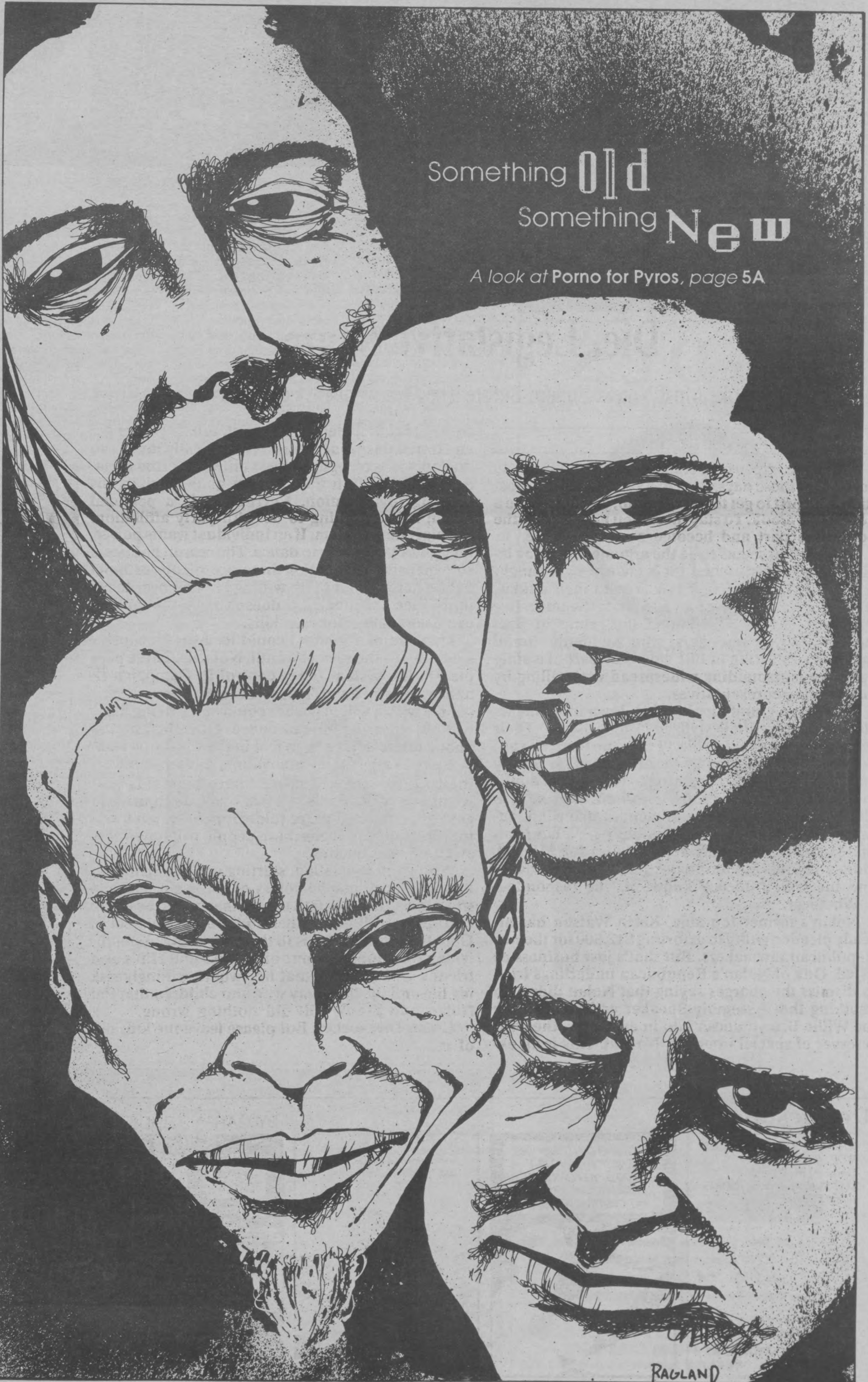
•THE CHICANO MOVEMENT AND THE ORIGINS OF CHICANO FILM, with Jesus Trevino; MultiCultural Center, 4 p.m.

### tuesday

•IN THE MEANTIME ... Helmet, Jesus Lizard and Therapy will rock the Anaconda

### wednesday

•IMITATION OF LIFE, a film viewing in celebration of Mother's Day at the Women's Center, 7 p.m. Discussion of the portrayal of mother/daughter relationships in the film will follow.






**The MultiCultural Center Presents:**  
**"I'm on a Mission from Buddha"**  
 A Video Presentation and A Mini Performance With **Lane Nishikawa**

Actor, poet, playwright Lane Nishikawa will provide an incisive look at Asian America beyond geeks, geeks, and gangsters. High on oratorical firepower, Nishikawa blends humor and pathos in a mosaic of multi-character vignettes examining the assimilation, prejudices and conflicts of Asian America - past, present, and future.

After the video presentation, Nishikawa will give a 45-minute mini performance.

**Thursday, April 29 • 12 noon • FREE**  
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For more information call the UCSB MultiCultural Center at 893-8411



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# Playing the President?

Could it be that this *Dave* film, this double identity attempt at comedy, was brought to you by the same individual that supplied audiences with sidesplitting laughs in *Meatballs*? Even his heavy-on-the-special effects movie *Ghostbusters* had a few hearty chuckles. Could this be the same good-natured fellow that created an entire genre of cheap, exploitive, sex-crazed films with his masterpiece, *Animal House*? The man is Ivan Reitman and his latest directing effort is *Dave*, a silly look at the presidential office.

Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver star as the president and the first lady. But there's also Dave. Dave looks exactly like the president. Oh my gosh! But Dave is a nobody. He merely works at his temporary agency trying to find jobs for this nation's unemployed, and on the side he imitates the president at used car lots. What a guy. But the minute he's discovered by the Secret Service, his life changes.

They quickly hire him as a double to play president when the real one enjoys the fruits of carnal knowledge. Now Dave gets treated like a dummy, a know-nothing, a regular person and this movie attempts to show that this is virtually what the president of the United States really is, a huge and powerful puppet. Kevin Kline plays both the president and Dave. Kline as president says to Dave, "You're a very handsome man — get rid of the grin, you look like a shmuck."

Obviously these two characters look a lot alike. When the real president



Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver make a nice presidential couple.

has a stroke, guess who Bob (Frank Lagella), the corrupt Speaker of the House, hires to play president? And the rest of the film is just more of the same. One predictable scenario after another.

Sure it's cute, and silly, but like a friend of mine said, "It's just like the too cute Snuggles 'snuggling soft' bear." Yeah, it's cute, but the kind of cute that makes you want to kill. In between minor giggles pop up resentful feelings of being trapped in the theater, wondering, "When will this scene ever end? When will this film end? I already know what will happen and I have homework that I'd love to be doing right now."

Still, it is fun to watch Dave discover the power his role as president yields. He fools everyone. "God bless you. God bless

America," he belts out. He is quickly reprimanded. We watch him as he eyes all of his things in his presidential suite with awe. He is now somebody with a capital 'S' — or is he? Is there an identity crisis on the horizon? Nope, but if there had been, this might have been an interesting film.

Instead we watch him get trained as president. Without giving too much away, I can say that you can look forward to cardboard cutouts of the president's cabinet, silly Dave yearning for the first lady (or is it silly?) and sentimental moments where Dave realizes, "Hey, this budget is an evil thing and homeless children are getting screwed." Take charge Dave!

There are a few pleasant surprises in store, however. Charles Grodin is hi-

larious in his poignant portrayal of Dave's down-to-earth buddy Murray, who keeps better books than the federal government. Together Dave and Murray pull out the old budget and hash it out over some potato chips and bratwurst. Academy Award-winner Ben Kingsley plays Vice President Nance. All of the key political characters in the film move around in an excellent recreation of the White House.

The best scenes of the film bring a surface feeling of realism not found in character interrelations or plot.

Still, at the end of this film, should you choose to view it, you might find yourself wishing that you'd rented *Bob Roberts*, a truly fine, on-fire political comedy.

—Allison Dunn



Harvey Keitel's the bad guy in this depraved film.

## He's Bad, He's Bad

In November, when Abel Ferrara's *Bad Lieutenant* was released, it wore Hollywood's badge of iniquity, an NC-17 rating. This limited its popular appeal, and it came and went without raising a stink in the box office. If it had, though, a cry of debauchery would have gone out from conservative pop-watchers.

Harvey Keitel, in an absolutely brave performance, portrays the unnamed Bad Lieutenant. And he's very bad, with all the requisite corruption the movie's title entails plus some. He's a coke addict-extortionist-cheat-trick-hardass loose cannon with a bad gambling habit and a proclivity for jerking off in front of young girls.

Watching the fortyish Keitel, an established Hollywood talent with plenty to lose, sway bloated and drugged in a naked stupor with his equipment all over the screen, you have to respect him. He probably didn't get invited to many parties after people saw this.

Critics say Keitel should have won an award for his performance. Agreed. What killed him was the movie's overt attempts to awe its audience with depravity. You won't believe the prolonged and unfathomable scene where a nun is brutally raped with little left to the imagination. (It still should have gotten an R.)

*Bad Lieutenant* will screen at the I.V. Theatre Saturday at 8 and 10:30 p.m.

—Dan Hilldale

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I HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH CADMIUM RED.

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# Poets Get Down to Earth

Momma caught me by my shoulder as I slipped into her Camry, She said, "Where you going, kiddo, in that purple paisley chamois?" I said, "I'm going down the road to a festival of poetics, Gonna mingle with highbrow singles who believe in Dianetics. It's Getting Down to Earth: Ecopoets, Soul Doctors, Spirit Healers. It's art and dance and music with hippy new-age eco-achievers. Poets pushing the horizons and expanding the parameters Word-lovers giving it their all in those iambic pentameters ..." And then Mom interrupted me, dismissed my talk as "high-falutin'," Still, she let me go and I walked away (feeling oddly like Rasputin). And then I looked over my shoulder and cocked my eyes just like a pup: "Hey, Mom, it's going on all week," I yelled. "So you'd better not wait up."

That's right; poetry time is here again! The Second Annual Santa Barbara Poetry Festival will bring some famous poets (William Stafford, Cecelia Vicuña, Deena Metzger) and hundreds of local bards together to celebrate the theme of "Getting Down to Earth." It's happening all around Santa Barbara and Goleta, with some events at UCSB, so take a look at the schedule below to see what you can attend.

## Poetry Festival SCHEDULE

### Saturday, May 1

2 p.m. "Solace of Trees" - Dance/poetry performance at Leadbetter Beach

2 p.m. "The Way of Life and Leaves" - Children's Poetry Reading, Faulkner Gallery, Santa Barbara Public Library

3 p.m. Book signing by William Stafford - Earthling Bookshop, 1137 State St.

4 p.m. "Voices Around the Quilt: Poems of Loss and Remembrance." - Mural room, Santa Barbara County Courthouse

8 p.m. An evening with William Stafford - Winner of the National Book Award, a Guggenheim Award and the Shelley Memorial Award at Girvetz Theater, UCSB

### Sunday, May 2

3-5 p.m. Opening Reception, "Wordscapes" - Art/poetry exhibit at the Green Dragon coffee house, 22 West Mission St., exhibit runs through May 29

5 p.m. Poetry reading - Green Dragon

### Monday, May 3

7-8 p.m. "Poetry as a Healing Art" - A conversation with poets Gene Hoffman and Perie Longo; KCTV Channel 19

7:30 p.m. "Writers Unlimited" - Earthling Bookshop

### Tuesday, May 4

4 p.m. Cecelia Vicuña - The celebrated Chilean poet, filmmaker, artist and sculptor will do a reading at the UCSB Main Library, 8th floor

6 p.m. "Writer's Gallery" - KCSB 91.9 FM, with guest William Stafford

7:30 p.m. "Night of the Living Word" - Center Stage Theatre, 751 Paseo Nuevo

### Wednesday, May 5

7:30 p.m. "In the Shell of the Sky" - Gladwin Planetarium, Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History

8:30 p.m. "Devouring the Elements" - Joseppi's, 434 State St.

### Thursday, May 6

7:30 p.m. "Animal Powers" - Open reading at Cominichi's, 624 State St., all poets welcome

### Friday, May 7

7 p.m. "Spirits Rising: An Evening of Performance Poetry" - Contemporary Arts Forum, 653 Paseo Nuevo

7 p.m. "Rose Water and Wet Grass" - Reading by junior high students from the Teen Creative Writing Project, Earthling

### Saturday, May 8

1-4 p.m. "Poetry and Its Many Voices: A Writing Workshop with Deena Metzger" - Bring poems to share with the widely recognized poet/healer to Parish Hall, 1535 Santa Barbara St.

7:30 p.m. Poetry Reading by Deena Metzger - Parish Hall

### Sunday, May 9

7:30 p.m. Winners of Festival Poetry Contest - Readings at the Bluebird Cafe, 1221 State St.

For more information about the Getting Down to Earth poetry festival call 564-3754.

# A.S. PROGRAM BOARD presents...

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# CAPTAIN PAUL WATSON

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A.S. PROGRAM BOARD applications are due April 30!!! Please come see us (3rd Fl. UGen) for more info. on all positions. Plan concerts, movies... + publicity.

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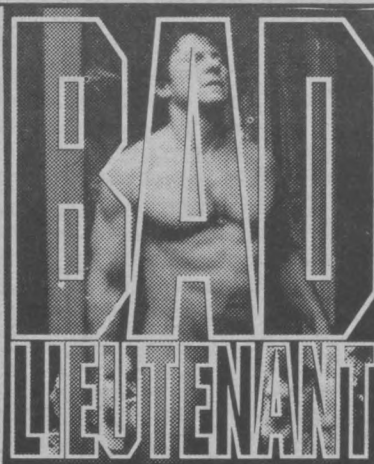
## SPRING FEST

Saturday, May 1st in Anisq'oyo' Park Noon

A benefit for L.I.V.E. Please bring canned food.

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OPENS FRIDAY, APRIL 30TH AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU



# He's Been Funkier

James Brown's New Release Doesn't Pack the Oomph

James Brown  
Universal James  
Scotti Bros.

☆☆

He's back. Mr. Dynamite, The Hardest Working Man in Show Business, Soul Brother No. 1 and The Godfather of Soul. Yes, James has been freed and he's out to make a comeback. Unfortunately, I don't think this disk has what it takes to put the king of funk back where he belongs.

Let me first start by giving highly deserving props to one of the single most talented and influential performers of our time. I do this because James Brown has done more for the music of the last 20 years than any other single musician, yet he hasn't gotten the respect he deserves.

Brown started making music back in 1952, was quickly signed in 1955 and struggled on with decent success through the rest of the '50s and into the '60s.

Then in 1965, he came up with a new sound completely foreign to anything achieved in music up to that date. This new style dropped the entire music community's drawers when he debuted it in "Papas Got a Brand New Bag," which was slang for his new sound. And then the revolution, *his revolution*, began.

In the 1970s, Brown's innovations spawned the watered down disco trend. The Bee Gees had Night Fever and the bell bottoms were in full effect with the sounds of Parliament-Funkadelic.

In the 1980s, the pai-sleys gave way to Gazelles as the underground street sounds of hip-hop emerged. With the invention of the sampler, the funky beats and soulful rhythms Brown kicked back in the '60s became the backbone of this new music uprising. Some rappers paid homage to the originator like Afrika Bambaataa, while most just blatantly stole from Brown, producing literally thousands of records containing samples of his music.

Now in the '90s, hip-hop is establishing itself as a true music art form and making a point. DJ's aren't dependent on James for



James Brown is out of prison and ready to swing.

samples, but his presence is still felt strongly in the world of hip-hop.

In his new effort, Brown tries to amalgamate his ruff funk of yesteryear with the new styles and sounds blossoming in this decade.

On the first track of the disk, "Can't Get Any Harder," he teams up with the innovative Leaders of the New School, Duran Ramos, Q-Unique and those C&C guys, Robert Clivilles and David Cole. This result is fly jam with smooth tongue flippin', live horn samples, a hard beat, deep bass lines and soul lyrics by the king himself. This track works well and is by far the best of the project.

The second track, "Just Do It," is a slowed-down weak attempt at the house music style that lacks its true soul essence. It would have been much better if the C&C guys had a hand in the production, but at this point the rest of the album is produced by Jazzie B.

The third track, "Mine all Mine," reverts back to true James Brown Funk style. The horns come back, albeit with a little less groove than the old, but at least they are present. Tribal bongos are added and some sweet bass lines by Carl James bounce along the track.

From the fourth track

on, Brown loses the quality I was looking for and remember so well. The raw funk vibe is buried under all the new technological instruments used in the rest of the disk. The horns and lead guitar are all but absent with the exception of "Make It Funky 2000," which is not very funky.

I hope coming into the year 2000, Brown looks back at his musical roots and what made him the powerful influence he is today and can revive the soul. And to the music listeners out there, I would recommend buying James' old shit if you dig the groove.

—Matt Turner



## What, May We Ask, Were They Thinking?

Porno for Pyros  
Porno for Pyros  
Warner Bros.

☆☆

They broke up and we all got anxious. I mean, what was he going to do about "Ocean Size," track two off *Nothing's Shocking*? There it was, roiling like the Atlantic under a tropical hurricane system, it's four minutes and 20 seconds waiting to swallow him up in the briny out-time of fading pop glory.

"Ocean Size" was a rock song no other band but Jane's could've held by the tail like that. It steamed, shrieked and rumbled like an empty coal bin through the wasteland of Jane's Addiction before Perry began having visions of sugarplums and Lollapaloozas.

But with *Porno for Pyros*, this latest project from Mr. Farrell — rock and roll's prodigal, troubled sun — things get complex. Its a career gone supernova, too wild and too wide for its center to hold. The music has taken a meteoric plunge into the tepid shorebreak of Southern California, while his icon status crumbles into tiny, stratospheric bits, scattered across comments about looting during the Los Angeles riots and songs about wanting a Black girlfriend.

As it turns out on *Porno for Pyros* (his description of TV coverage of the unrest last April), what began to look like the dangerous expansion and depletion of a brilliant, electric sun finally ruptured in the complacent warmth of Santa Monica, Venice and Hollywood. Stewing slowly in the old, salty juices of Jane's Addiction like a pickled cucumber, Farrell's doin' the same old thing, with about the same intensity as *Ritual De Lo Habitual*'s most fatigued, overstretched tracks.

Once heard, Farrell's haint-voice doesn't go away; it hangs around the edges of rock music when you're just too burnt out on "Been Caught Stealing" to cue up Jane's again. And Farrell hasn't lost it either. But neither has he changed it. He still turns rather unpoetic poems into rock lyrics, still sings like a flock of cherubim caught in purgatory for the night after the gates to heaven have closed.

What's missing is the anguished, sugar-sweet screaming that let "Three Days" take a 10-minute bullet train ride through the middle of *Ritual De Lo Habitual*.

What we've got instead is songs about masturbating to the video footage of L.A. shrouded in cops and flames, about Black women who, according to Farrell, make good girlfriends because "they don't play around/they're hard enough to keep any man in line." We've got songs that speculate about Martians taking over Earth, leaving heroin as the only possible excuse.

The album sounds more like a continuous string of Jane's bridges than of whole songs in themselves, more like a tired exercise than something that sprung from the ashes of a band that burst to pieces because of "creative differences."

—Charles Hornberger



### If You Need a Remedy ...

Check out *Therapy?* at the Anaconda on Tuesday, May 4. They're good. They're playing with Jesus Lizard and headliners Helmet, who should be good, although we've heard they're kind of stodgy in concert.

## Singing Down Memory Lane

Camper Van Beethoven & Monks of Doom  
*Vantiques*  
I.R.S. Records

☆

In yet another jab at his estranged bandmates, Victor Krummenacher, in the sleeve of Camper Van Beethoven's new compilation, writes that he regarded 1985's recording of *Telephone Free Landslide Victory* as "an opportunity for us to make a cool album of our twisted little band."

The album is "cool," huh? But the band is "twisted" and "little." Beautiful. More dirt is flying amidst the members of what used to be a "college-rock" hallmark band. Throughout his liner notes, Krummenacher drops subtle hints at his disdainful regard for his former bandmates, with recurring terms weaving mental messages like, "anybody who saw the band ... might well find ... a bunch of heretofore

"missing links" and whatnot.

The music these guys made together proves on *Vantiques* to be whimsical, lighthearted, somewhat melancholy. And very catchy. Somewhere along the way, they quit cutting the rug and fell into bitter infighting. So they broke up. They haven't said any of this, but it's clear from Krummenacher's decidedly misanthropic-liner attitude.

This album is really just a reminder that CVB used to make good albums that are "NOW AVAILABLE ON CD FROM IRS RECORDS," and it's got nine great tracks from a selection of their earlier work, including brilliant yet previously unreleased songs like "Crossing Over" and "Seven Languages." It's worth your while to disregard the internal politicking of "Baron Von Krummenacher" and his apologists, and buy the album in support of the marginalised members of his hierarchical little world.

—Dan Hilldale



## Cover Story



Perkins, DiStefano, Le Noble, Farrell

# Riots for Rock Stars

by Allison Dunn

Peter DiStefano lives in an aqua marine bachelor's loft one block from the Pacific Ocean. From the outside his place is nothing to look at. The elevator is as small and slow as they come. But in Los Angeles, where size is nothing and location is everything, DiStefano's place is a little bit of heaven. The ceiling is two stories high; light streams in from the window overlooking a green hill covered with wildflowers and the blue-green carpets create an underwater effect. It is the perfect place for this surfer to crash.

Until two years ago, DiStefano played with K38, a Venice band that had the sound of a high energy U2 crossed with a bizarre, twisted Jane's Addiction-like sound. Then, Jane's Addiction's own Perry Farrell recruited DiStefano into his new band, a band that would eventually adopt the moniker Porno for Pyros. Although this new band also retains Jane's Addiction drummer Stephen Perkins, they are working to create their own sound with new members Martyn Le Noble on the bass and DiStefano on the guitar.

When I arrive, DiStefano is lounging in a deep comfortable chair, barefoot with his dyed jet black hair in a ponytail. He is trying to decide between ordering pizza or getting stoned and watching the sun set. But he would have to drive across town to get dope and, besides, he wants to talk to me.

So we talk about drugs. "Drugs add to or take away from the art," he says. "They make you weak. Basically what they do is numbify your life. But I like to take drugs because it's sort of wrong — same reason college kids do drugs. It's a form of tweaking with your natural state so you can look at yourself in different points of view, or you can look at yourself because you never feel this way naturally, but then you do drugs and you're looking at how you normally are and it's your own point of view because you are not normal. Or else I like to listen to heavy music, music that's real — honest — and do drugs. I'm not for drugs, but I'm not against drugs."

When I set my tape recorder on the table he springs to life and whips out his stiletto switchblade. "I think songwriting's the important thing," he offers. "I think that Perry did a lot of songwriting before, but it was more demented. There was a lot of Perry's life in it. I feel like in Porno for Pyros we write together. It's more a collaboration of ideas from all the members of the band."

"We have dark music and light music. With music I want to mix the colors of emotion that all humans feel. So you can feel a little bit of everything: peace, love, anger, sex, not just tough. With music I want to show people what life is."

DiStefano goes on to tell me that he wants to make music that inspires people to get up in the morning.

"There's no music that makes you want to get up and take a shower in the morning," that's a quote that Perry says," he says with a note of brotherly pride in his voice.

The conversation turns to specific songs on the album, and how the subject matter was explored. Perry writes all the lyrics, DiStefano says, although there is no specific way that a Porno song comes about. For instance, one year ago, soon after the band announced its name, the City of Angels broke out in mass rioting. "Black Girlfriend" comes out of Farrell's personal experience in L.A.'s tension-filled riot aftermath.

"It's about Perry seeing a few Black girls. He was seeing this one girl and right after the riots we were really attracted to the people that were affected by it. It was really dangerous to be a Black girl at that time because there was a lot of prejudice. We'd go to Black clubs and we'd be the only white guys," DiStefano says.

He adds that the song "Packin' 25" is "a song about be-

"You see old footage of the Beatles and you go, 'oh that stuff doesn't happen anymore,' and it doesn't, but it happened in Las Vegas."

ing disrespected and what it would feel like if someone crossed Perry so bad, he'd kill someone."

At this point DiStefano is whipping the blade in and out at a quick pace. He seems to get excited when he talks about Perry. They are like brothers, or playmates, and the world is their playground. "I think of him as the most normal person I know and yet he is the craziest," he says.

"Perry taught me a thing — that what we want to do is for people to listen to the music. The music should be first, you know. It's not us that we want to be popular. It's the music."

The band just returned from a press tour in Europe. They also played several different sold out gigs in the U.S. and Mexico, including Tijuana, Las Vegas, Hawaii and Phoenix. DiStefano loves to talk about the times spent on tour and once he starts storytelling there's no audience he can't hold with his intense enthusiasm on everything from women and food to hashish and music.

"The scene in London is so cool, so hip. L.A. is so spread out. There's the Hollywood scene, the Venice scene, the downtown scene, the Silverlake scene. In London you can use taxi cabs and pay \$5 to get to the

other end of where you're going. And when we got there, we hooked up with Mary Mary, and the old singer from Gay Bikers on Acid, and a new band called Hyper Head. The scene in London is really happening," he reports.

"And I love L.A." DiStefano is chatting exuberantly; at this point it's apparent there's no stopping him. "I want to be proud of L.A. San Francisco is great, Las Vegas was great ..." He pauses with a pensive yet sly look on his face. "Las Vegas was really tough but once you win them they're really wild, they want to party. At the show the girls would be waiting in the back for you when you get out. The girls would attack. I like stuff like that outta-controlness."

"You see old footage of the Beatles and you go, 'oh that stuff doesn't happen anymore,' and it doesn't, but it happened in Las Vegas."

But DiStefano says that it was in Hawaii that Porno for Pyros found Paradise. "Hawaii was weird. That was great. We had two bisexual girls jump on stage, and they started having sex on stage. The last show Perry did there he played naked, and sang naked, and the Hawaiians really felt they delivered — so I really had to deliver there and we did and they accepted us."

Their experience in Hawaii gave the band an international reputation, he says. "An interviewer in Italy told us that they got a newspaper from Hawaii that said we had a good review and I think the bisexual girls made the show. They started playing with themselves and then playing with each other and then Perry got involved." (Porno has never been known for its conservatism. At their Castaic Lake show the band employed two topless females to dance on the stage while they played "Orgasm," a song in which Perry sings of his sexual talents.)

New Orleans was equally seductive for the band. "Yeah it was neat," DiStefano says. "It was like adult entertainment, sexual, erotic, wild fun — you know. And New Orleans was wild only because we had so much fun. We drank, we got drunk, we slid in the mud. We were like little kids."

While Porno seems to be having a ball, Jane's Addiction is a hard act to follow. I ask DiStefano if he's worried that Jane's reputation will upstage the new band. His response is confident. "There's more bands out there that sound like Jane's Addiction than 'Porno for Pyros' does — and we have Steve and Perry in the band. I think we sound different than Jane's Addiction."

With those words he lights a cigarette and suggests that we go for a walk around the lake in his backyard — but he lives in a condo. DiStefano is fond of calling man-made Lake Shrine, a self-actualization center in Los Angeles right off Sunset Boulevard, his own. And with the way he proudly shows it off, pointing out the giant carp that compete with the resident ducks for bread crumbs, you want to believe that all of this is his.



# Access to AIDS

by Maricela Brambila

This weekend, Santa Barbara's Access Theatre, in collaboration with Heath House, will present a play called "The Way We Live Now, Theatre For Our Lives In This Crisis Called A.I.D.S." This joint effort will include the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt, which is returning to Santa Barbara for the second time. The goal of the performances and the quilt presentation is not only to raise funds for these organizations, but also to increase AIDS awareness.

Access Theatre and Heath House have a tradition of "enhancing the quality of life for persons with disabilities." Their latest effort does not fall short of this ideal. Access Theatre, established in 1979, is a professional theater that has staged both original and established works. They are an "access theater" in that they allow opportunity for disabled, deaf, non-disabled and hearing artists to combine their talents while performing in an environment accessible to all.

The company makes the performances accessible by providing services such as sign language translation, Audio Description for those who are blind, Assistive Listening System for those who are hard of hearing, wheelchair access, Braille programs and more.

Access Theatre was the creation of founder and visionary Rod Lathim, whose passion for the arts interested him in looking for a way to make theater accessible to everyone. When he started the theater, he ran it from his home, while the theater toured, peaking the interest of others. It is now an award-winning company that has toured nationally, performing on some of the country's most prestigious stages. The theater has also served

as a predecessor to other companies that are now attempting to make their productions accessible for all audiences.

Heath House, which is working with Access Theatre on this weekend's events, was established in July 1991, by retired health educator Alice Heath. Reading through the newspaper one day, she learned of the housing problems that some AIDS victims were encountering. Her decision to do something about the problem manifested itself in the form of Heath House. A project monitored by the California Dept. of Health Care Services Offices of AIDS, Heath House is currently home to seven persons living with AIDS. Those that qualify for Heath House must be AIDS victims, homeless, of low income or currently residing in undesirable conditions.

Heath House and Access Theatre have brought together their efforts to put on this production and to bring the quilt to Santa Barbara. This quilt was created in San Francisco in 1987 to honor and remember AIDS victims by the Names Project Foundation, according to Quilt Display co-chair Mitch Kincannon. The quilt that will be presented this weekend in front of the courthouse is made up of panels, which are six feet long and three feet wide, each honoring an AIDS victim. As of now, the quilt contains 22,000 panels with more still to be dedicated.

When artist Jenny Sullivan saw this quilt in Washington D.C., she set out to have it brought back to Santa Barbara. She'd been a longtime AIDS activist and Heath House supporter, as well as an Access Theatre Board Member. She described the upcoming plays as "an evening of theater exploring the emotional responses we are all having by living within this crisis."



Access Theatre cast members seek to increase AIDS awareness.

"It is not about those who are dying," Sullivan said, "but rather about those who are surviving. [The program is comprised of] four short plays interwoven with music and visuals with the tales of love and death, grief and sex, anger and passion, despair and joy, confusion, compassion and clarity," Sullivan said.

Sullivan herself will appear in the first of the four plays, which were inspired not only by her own memoirs, but by those of Michael Gonzales, who has since died from AIDS. The other plays are entitled "The Way We Live Now," "A Poster of the Cosmos" and "Safe Sex," all of which draw casts from both television and from Broadway.

Lathim called the actors "an incredible ensemble of professionals from New York, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. It is rare that a group of this combined talent is assembled in a live theater setting in Santa Barbara ... it's going to be a very

powerful evening of theater."

Access Theatre Company Manager Thomas Rollerson said that this weekend's events promise to be an overwhelming experience. "The purpose of this weekend's events is to increase awareness of this AIDS crisis and celebrate the lives we've lost and the relationships that have been created. This weekend's projects ... will address that AIDS reaches far more than just people who are gay or just those living with the virus."

"The Way We Live Now, Theatre For Our Lives In This Crisis Called AIDS" will be presented at Santa Barbara's Center Stage Theatre at 8 p.m. on Friday, April 30, and Saturday, May 1. The AIDS Memorial Quilt will be on display in front of the Santa Barbara courthouse Friday through Sunday, during the daytime.

## A Well Crafted Performance

The performance art of Sha Sha Higby borrows from both Indonesian and Japanese traditions in its placidly unusual execution. It is the product of a highly motivated woman educated in performing arts and puppetry, who decided that she could unleash a flood of creative energies by surrendering to an Eastern calling. Like African tribalists who fashioned masks for spiritual healing, Higby transforms Oriental craftsmanship in a similar, though perhaps less frenetic, fashion.

Costumes are of central importance to Sha Sha Higby's routine. Her art combines a slow and fluid choreography of movement in which she explains the neat ways in which her marvelously constructed costumes and puppets — which are debatably part of her costumes — operate. The complex costumes, which are made of organic materials such as twigs and fibers and inorganic plastics and gold leaf alike, are further enhanced by the skillfully crafted Noh masks which she learned to make in Japan.

As if translating Japanese craft arts to fit her performance wasn't enough, she resorts to enacting Indonesian inspired dance snippets as well. The movements, which ultimately explain the designs and functions of the complexities of her costumes, are organized in a series of slow-moving and measured poses. The goal of the

dance is to explain the parts as she removes them, until she is literally and physically 'born' out of her costume.

The cyclic elements of birth and death which seem to underscore her performance are also direct results of her studies in the East. She purports that in Eastern cultures, physical death is socially constructed less as the absolute end, and more as a cause for celebration of a right of passage. Her complex costumes do not die when she sheds them, but rather serve their purpose before she sells them as full scale sculptural puppets.

Her love of materials is part of the reason behind all of the rigging which she assembles for up to years in advance of a performance.

Like the African who dances his/her mask, assuming another level of spirituality, Sha Sha Higby is inextricably linked to a spiritual concern in her art. She not only gives life to Eastern thought and art through her dance, she gives life to further creations as well. Whether palmed UCSB is ready for this meditative blend of worldliness, spiritual contemplation and ceramic pieces is another question.

Sha Sha Higby will perform "Passage into a Paper Sea" on Thursday, April 29 at 7 and 9 p.m. in Girvetz Theater.

—David Rittenhouse



Sha Sha Higby fashions traditional masks.

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# Breaking Out of Patriarchy

A Talk With Author Marion Woodman

by Martin Boer

This weekend, a Santa Barbara conference on depth psychology titled "Leaving Our Father's House" will offer solutions to the dominant pressures of patriarchy, with well-known author and Toronto-based analyst Marion Woodman at the helm of the seminars. Former Doors drummer and author John Densmore, folklorist Diane Wolkenstein and Andre Gregory, a director and actor of *My Dinner With Andre* fame, will all be joining her.

*Artsweek* caught up with Marion Woodman in Toronto, over the phone, where she fielded some questions about her recent book and analysis.

**AW:** Regarding your new book *Leaving My Father's House, what was your childhood like?*

**Woodman:** I was brought up in a parsonage, my father was a minister very well grounded in the feminine side of Christianity, not as taught by some church but as how Christ taught it. In the world I was brought up in nature, gender and contact with souls is the reality. In a small town every person is valued, even the lame bellringer has its place. They can even make room for insanity.

**AW:** Were you close to your father?

**Woodman:** It's more of a symbolic title. Christ says 'In my father's house there are many mansions.' Father is a word symbolically used for old values. We all have to look at those values and say this goes and this doesn't. Love who you are and not who your parents — or who society — wants you to be. Many people have lost touch and don't even know their own values. If life is going to have meaning and purpose you've got to live from your own center.

**AW:** Some have dubbed you the female equivalent of Robert Bly. Is this accurate? And how so?

**Woodman:** I think it's true; we have worked together quite often. In conferences he will first work with the men and then I will, and I work with the women and then he will. He does the intensive work with men and I with women, it has to be that way. I don't think a man can go into the woman's energy and pain. The intensive work we do is separate but we then bring the two groups together.

**AW:** In your books you stress the individual and coming to terms with one's own self and needs. Why do you then need to fall back on gender distinctions again?

**Woodman:** I think a man's psyche is different from that of a woman. I think his masculinity is different from that of a woman and a woman's femininity is different than a man's. I see those terms as energy words not as gender terms. We all have masculinity and femininity and should find a balance between them. We need to look at dreams to see how they work.

**AW:** In your new book you equate father-child relationships with patriarchy; what if a child is raised in a single-mother family?

**Woodman:** It depends on the mother, girls are brought up in patriarchy as well. Many women accept the patriarchy structure — even if they are angry about it. Many men even have more femininity than women, and do the mothering, the child-rearing, while the woman wears the pants.

**AW:** Do you see this as a bad thing?

**Woodman:** I wouldn't judge this, it's just the way it is. Children have to live in a contrasexual energy.

**AW:** You have said in the past that if persons identify with their unconscious attitudes — born of patriarchy — that they would



Marion Woodman

*treat the earth's body differently. In light of Earth Day, what specific changes could you imagine happening?*

**Woodman:** As you get in touch with your inner self you respect your body more. You respect nature and the rhythms of nature. You realize we are all related to birds and flowers. We are an ecological family. Your dreams will help you experience the love of nature. You may have seen a plum tree in your dream. It may have been so powerful — like you've never seen before, the next time you see it there will be a strong emotion. If you then see a tree cut down it will mean very much to you. More and more people are developing that ecological sense, recycling everything, beginning to think of the whole system as one system.

**AW:** Except for the corporations ...

**Woodman:** That's a problem. We have to pull in our masculinity and use our feminine values to say nature comes first and use the masculine to fight the companies. Patriarchy has killed both the masculine and the feminine and has become a parody of itself. The values destroying the feminine have to go or the planet can't last. If you think of the planet as one world the power structure doesn't work anymore. We need a new evolution in consciousness.

**AW:** Do you see your lectures and books as healing and helpful?

**Woodman:** If I didn't think they got something out of it I'd quit now. I'd consider myself a big fraud, taking money from people! It's definitely a healing process — a long healing process where you set up a dialogue between you and your subconscious.

## Hamilton: Reckless Writer

Random House will make a gang of money on Nigel Hamilton's recently released book *JFK: Reckless Youth*. Not because it's necessarily a fine book (and it isn't) — but because people like to read books filled with tragedy and misfortune.

The recently released *Reckless* is the first volume in a three-part-to-be biography by a historian who is currently the John F. Kennedy scholar at the University of Massachusetts. With a Ph.D. from Cambridge University to boot, Hamilton's credentials seem in order.

But instead of objective in-depth scholarship, Hamilton continually bombards the reader with hyped accounts of Kennedy males' sexual relations. While nobody questions the fact that the entire clan loved affairs, Hamilton's continual preoccupation

with sexual "conquests" and details of erotica seems out of order.

Other questions — such as whether or not Joe sexually molested his daughters, or whether or not Jack's wartime lover, Inga Arvard, was a spy — are answered in a slippery fashion more concerned with venereal diseases than verifiable records.

Hamilton's fascination with warts and everything ugly is clear in his lengthy accounts of father Joe's swindling, draft-dodging and later sympathies with the Nazis as ambassador to England, mother Rose's puritanical tyranny and the many problems all of JFK's siblings endured in the most famous dysfunctional family — sister Rose's forced lobotomy not being the least of them.

Though the 804 page book is drivel-laden, it does have its moments.

Jack's last year in college, when he wrote his senior thesis *Why England Never Slept* while trying to mask his interventionist feelings in front of his separatist father, is a fascinating chapter.

But even here where Jack seems to take a respite from his shallow and decadent existence, Hamilton bitterly tries to sink the facade as if he has some stake in debunking Jack's undeserved hero status around the world. Rather than focusing on how many copies of a book written by a 23-year-old were sold or how political analysts viewed the text, Hamilton seeks out haggard Harvard professors such as Henry A. Yeomans, who said, "Fundamental premise never analyzed. Much too long, wordy, repetitious. Bibliography showy, but spotty. Many typographical er-



Nigel Hamilton

rors. English diction defective."

Somewhere after the part about JFK arriving at Stanford, I put the book down and began thinking, what is the role of a historian? In one sense the historian has as much leeway as necessary under the guise of academic freedom — just like the journalist's

freedom of the press — but in another sense decency and exactitude need to be stressed and sought out.

The fact that the late JFK was a public figure is no excuse for us writers to publicly drag him through the mud; it is merely a situation which ought to make our life less difficult.

—Martin Boer

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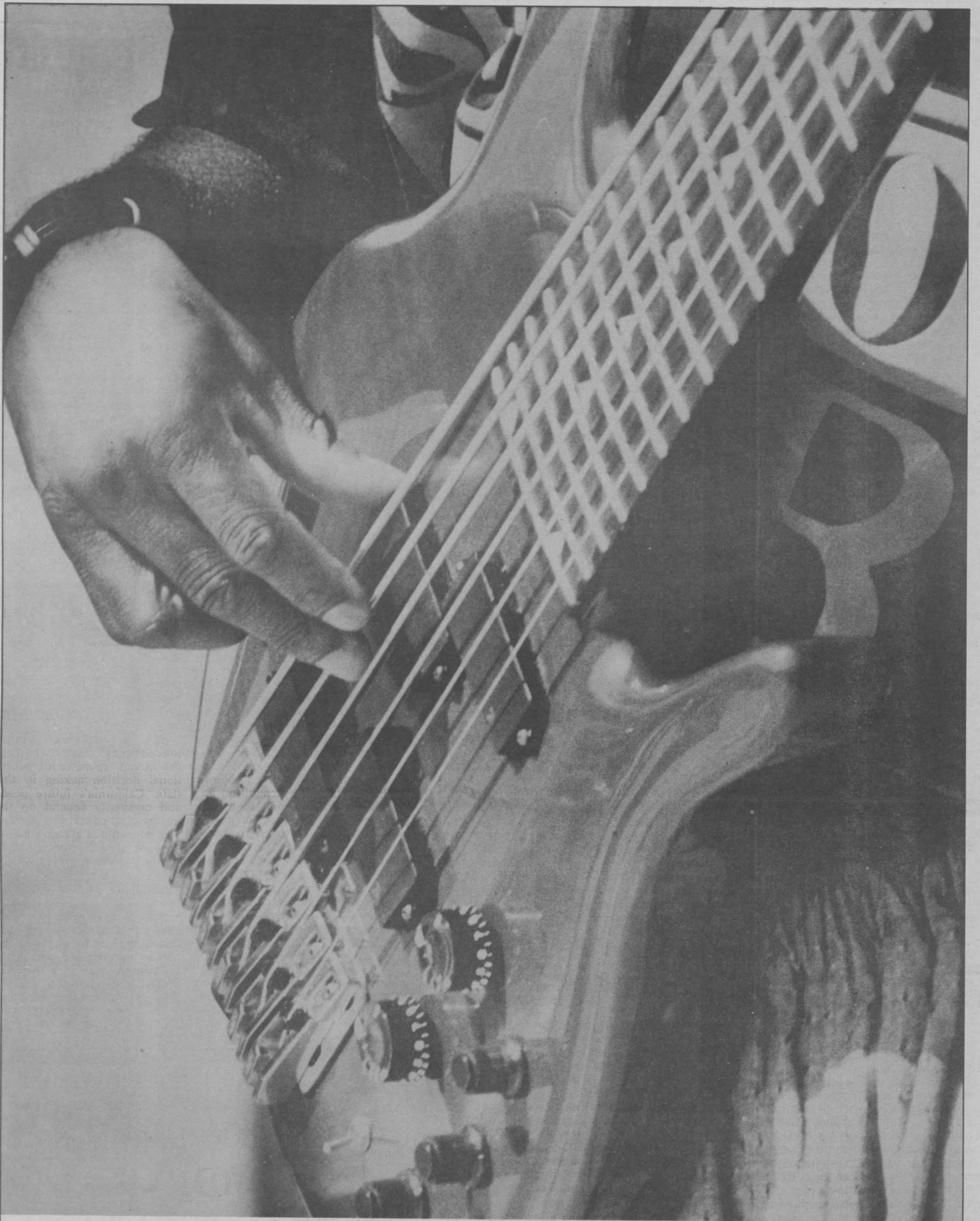
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