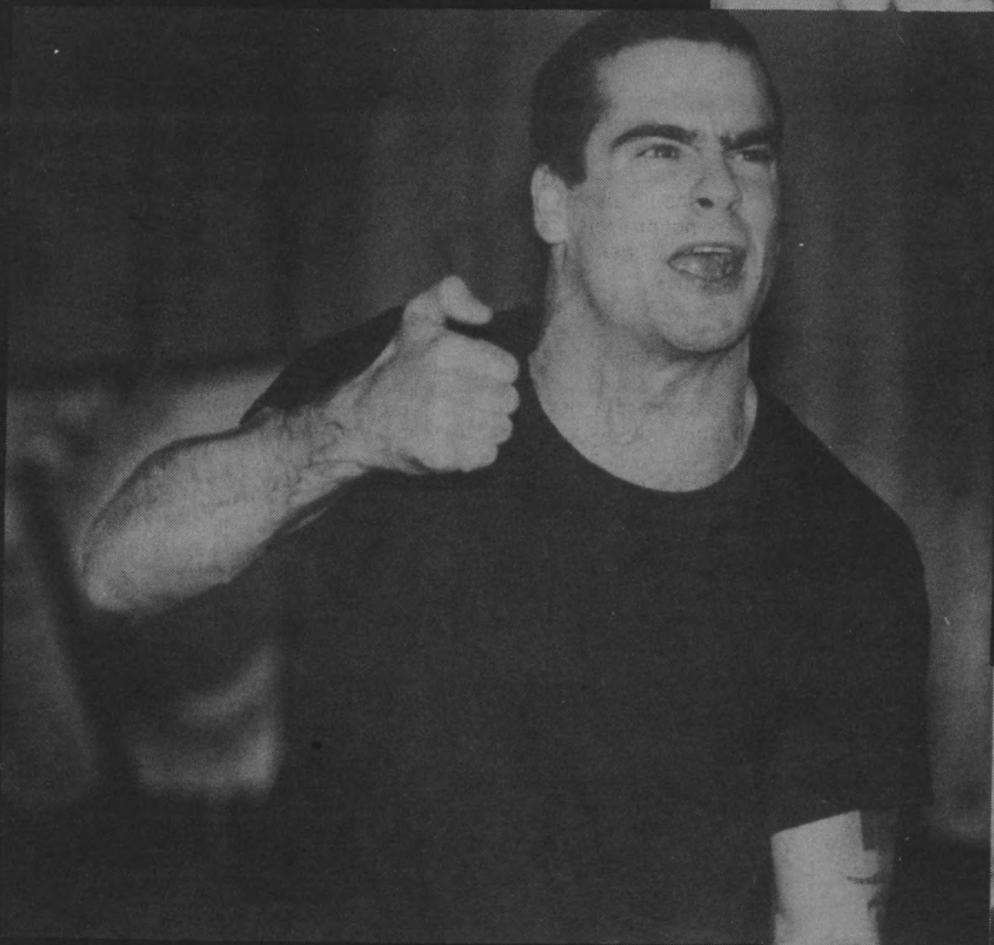


**ART**



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**ENTER-  
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UCSB



## Arts &amp; Lectures

# Baroque music, Soviet cinema, Japanese theater: Just another typical week of atypical events

There's absolutely no shortage of ideas at work in Campbell Hall this week. As usual, there is an abundance of viewpoints, a variety of endeavors — artistic, social, political and otherwise. In the week beginning next Monday, you can see a leading member of the U.S. Congress, a Soviet film about war and Stalinism, a Baroque ensemble from London, one of the twentieth century's leading environmentalists and a dazzling new musical set in seventeenth-century Tokyo. Of course if you want to venture beyond Campbell Hall, your opportunities will broaden even further: a minister lectures on AIDS and faith, a UCSB alum plays Appalachian music on banjo and dulcimer, and a film explores the aftermath of nuclear testing in the South Pacific. Can't seem to pick and choose? Here are some of the highlights.



The London-based ensemble **Parley of Instruments** never worries about living up to its name, because few people know that the original Parley of Instruments was one of the first ensembles in English history to give a public concert — that is, a concert for the general public, instead of for the Church's inspiration or the Court's entertainment. The modern-day Parley of Instruments inspires and entertains at public concerts all over the world, with their elegant performances of Baroque music played on the gentle, lyrical instruments of that period.

With lutenist Paul O'Dette and special guest violinist Stanley Ritchie, the Parley of Instruments will play a program of works by Vivaldi, plus music from the Court of Vienna — works by Biber, Schmelzer and others — plus Pachelbel's wildly popular Canon. In addition to virtuosic strings, at the Parley's Campbell Hall concert (Friday, February 5) you'll have a chance to hear what exquisite sounds can be coaxed from the Department of Music's Baroque positiv organ.



You've probably heard about **Utamaro** already — but you may not yet have done anything about it. Get your tickets now. This amazing new show, coming to Campbell Hall on Sunday, February 7, is a musical-theater event imported straight from the stages of Tokyo. Based on the life of Japanese woodblock artist Utamaro, the show describes life in the Ryogoku (entertainment district) of Edo (now Tokyo). During Utamaro's day this was a region of nihilism and decadence, as reflected in his beautiful paintings and prints — the elongated, kimono-clad figures, the carefully arranged settings, the serene landscapes — which are still popular in museums, books and poster shops today.



A&L's **New Soviet Cinema** series continues tonight with *Journey of a Young Composer*, a film about a young man who travels through pre-Soviet Georgia in 1908, studying the local music and recording folk songs on his new-fangled Victrola, until he is caught up in the political storms of monarchy, anarchy and im-

pending revolution. The Berlin Film Festival awarded Georgi Shengelaya the Best Director award for this film.

Coming soon are two films by Soviet director Alexei Gherman: *Trial on the Road* (Sunday, January 31) and *My Friend Ivan Lapshin* (Thursday, February 4). Both films were recently released after spending years on the shelf, a result of the films' treatment of Stalinism. *Trial on the Road* explores the psychology of soldiers during wartime. *My Friend Ivan Lapshin* looks at the everyday lives of ordinary people under the cloud of Stalinism.

Tickets for all events on sale now. To charge tickets by phone, using Visa or MasterCard, call 961-3535.

## January

### 28 Journey of a Young Composer

A Soviet film about monarchy, anarchy and music.  
Thu., Jan. 28 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

### 29 Noam Chomsky

"Persistence and Change in U.S. Foreign Policy"  
Fri., Jan. 29 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall / Free

### 31 Trial on the Road

Alexei Gherman's assault on war and Stalinism.  
Sun., Jan. 31 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

## February

### 1 Representative Patricia Schroeder

"A Critical Look at Arms Control and Defense Spending"  
Mon., Feb. 1 / 7 PM / Campbell Hall

### 2 Rev. Tom Reinhart-Marean

"AIDS and Faith: A Challenge to Prejudice and Compassion"  
Tue., Feb. 2 / 4 PM / Girvetz 1004 / Free

### 2 Half Life: A Parable for the Nuclear Age

This film looks at the aftermath of nuclear testing.  
Tue., Feb. 2 / 8 PM / Isla Vista Theater

### 3 David Brower

"Peace and the Environment in Central America"  
Wed., Feb. 3 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall / Free

### 4 My Friend Ivan Lapshin

Another Alexei Gherman film, set in WWII.  
Thu., Feb. 4 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

### 5 The Parley of Instruments

Baroque music by Vivaldi and others.  
Fri., Feb. 5 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

### 6 David Holt

"From Here to Kingdom Come: Traditional Mountain Music"  
Sat., Feb. 6 / 8 PM / Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall / Free

### 7 Utamaro

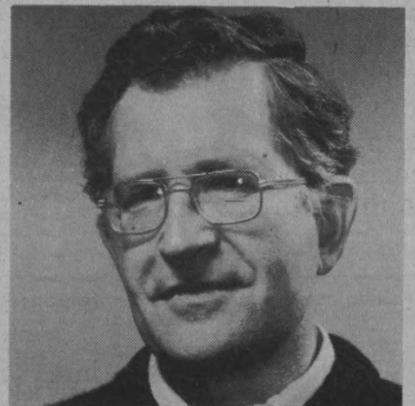
A lively new musical from Tokyo.  
Sun., Feb. 7 / 8 PM / Campbell Hall

### 9 Tandy Beal & Company

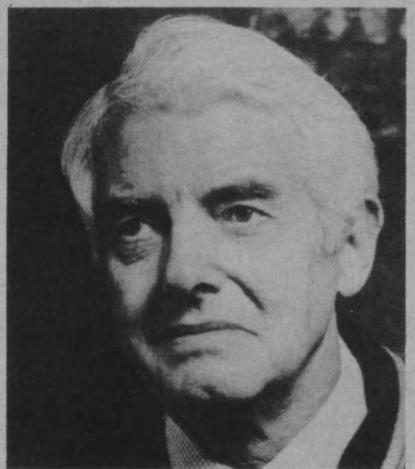
Lecture-demonstration.  
Tue., Feb. 9 / 4 PM / Campbell Hall / Free



Utamaro



Noam Chomsky



David Brower

Tickets/Charge by Phone: 961-3535

# Pfaff lecture on annual Abrams Awards

By Kathy Luedeke  
arts writer

"I like the challenge of finding out about material. Small manipulations with materials help me work out mentally what I want. My involvement is important," stated Judy Pfaff. The second annual Abrams Lecture was a celebration for women working vigorously in the visual arts. In the history of art, women have gone virtually unrecognized, but Tuesday in the Main Theater, not only were six students recognized for their achievements as artists, but also the audience was honored with an impressive slide presentation by New York artist Judy Pfaff which basically revealed her growth as a sculptor.

The Women's Center sponsored this event along with Arts and Lectures, Art Studio, the College of Creative Studies, the University Art Museum, Art History and the Contemporary Arts Forum. The afternoon began by naming the recipients of the 1988 Abrams awards which are



given annually to women artists at UCSB. The award consists of a money donation given to each artist by Paul Abrams in commemoration of his wife, painter Melba Abrams. The award was established to help the recipients continue their work in the visual arts. The surprised and elated award recipients announced were graduate students Ginny Brush and Sandra Schwimmer, and undergraduates Valarie Schwan, Nicole Strassburg, Sonia Knapp, and Nancy Hanover-Reyes.

After the applause died down for the six honored students, Cheryl Bowers, a UCSB professor of art, introduced New York artist Judy Pfaff. Pfaff began her presentation with a series of slides dating back to 1973. Pfaff is known in the art world as a sculptor but actually studied to be a painter at both the

University of Washington and Yale. On graduating, she looked for more freedom in her work and decided to stop painting and instead explore the third dimension of art.

Pfaff's installations consist of various materials such as wire, balsa, plastic tubing, found objects and painted sculptures of wood. Where does she find all of the materials, someone asked. She replied, "I consider myself one of the best shoppers in New York city." These diverse materials are placed on the walls, floors and ceiling in such a way that they seem to leap out at the viewer. Her total utilization of space is more apparent in her recent work and reveals a confidence and clear understanding of her materials. Although Pfaff has decided to stop painting two-dimensionally, the overall environment she creates in the third

dimension resembles abstract painting. The bold and dense field of color and shapes cause an emotional and physical response. The scale and boisterousness of each installation induces and seduces the viewer into her environments causing the viewer to experience the space in its entirety.

Pfaff's work has been seen in galleries throughout the world. She has installed shows as far west as Japan and throughout Europe. When asked where it is she will be next, she replied with a big smile and enthusiasm, "Rome!"

The Women's Center should be congratulated for the fine lecture which celebrated women in art. Congratulations are due those women who were honored with the 1988 Abrams and a thank you to Judy Pfaff for the inspiring lecture. As the French would say, "superbe!"

## arts and entertainment staff

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I won't beg for you baby, but I'll wish you an unhappy birthday if you criticize without vocalizing. Webster gives potential as the synonym of dormant and I believe you might be sleeping. I can't be an alarm clock, but I'll answer if you call. The number is 961-3993. We produce under Storke Tower. You hear bells daily. Will you answer them?

Cover Photos  
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Jude Narita by Buzz Feitshans IV  
Henry Rollins by Mark Stucky  
Omaha Beach, Normandy Coast, D-Day by Robert Capa

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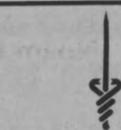
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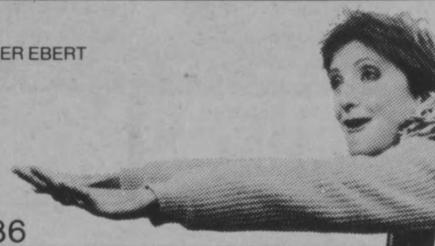
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Eddie Murphy  
Raw (R)  
6:10, 8:20, 10:30  
Sun also 12, 2, 4  
Vietnam here on Saturday

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Sat & Sun also 12:40, 2:45, 4:50

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Couch Trip (R)  
6, 8:15, 10:15  
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:45

Cinderella (G)  
1:15, 3  
Wall Street (R)  
7, 9:45; S&S also 4:30

Throw Momma  
from the Train (PG13)  
6, 8, 10  
Sun only 12:45, 2:30,  
4:15, 8:45, 10:30  
Saturday only Empire of the Sun

Three Men &  
a Baby (PG13)  
5:15, 7:30, 9:45  
Sat & Sun also 12:45, 3

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from the Train (PG13)  
7:30, 9:30  
Sat & Sun also 1:50, 3:40, 5:30

#### FAIRVIEW

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Braddock: Missing  
in Action 3 (R)  
7:30, 9:45  
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 3:30, 5:30

Broadcast News (R)  
6:30, 9:20  
Sat & Sun also 1:30, 4

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7, 9  
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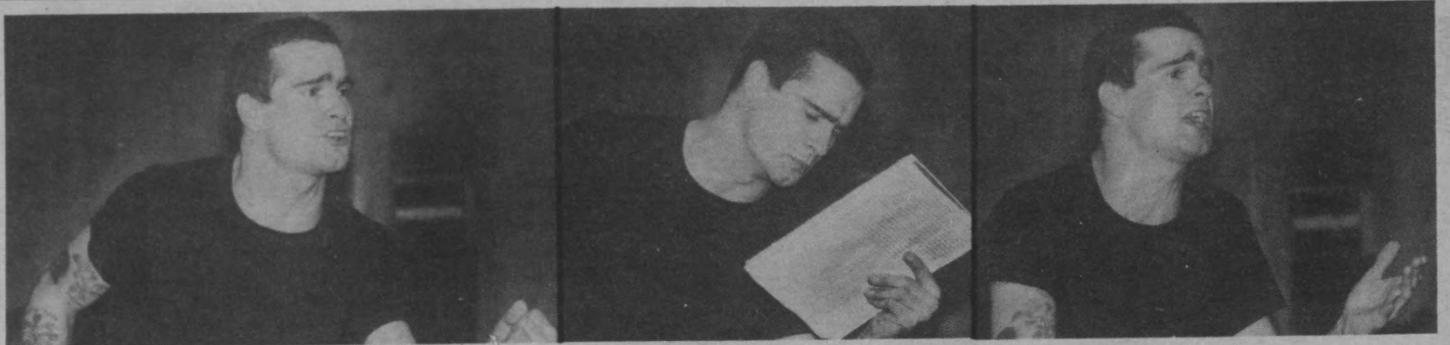
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## Rollins speaks

By Laurie Mc Cullough  
arts editor

"Touch me. Tonight I am napalm."

On stage Henry Rollins is fire. He spits. He grates. He flicks his war on you. When he nearly burns himself up, you are left with the heat, the anger, a rare and raw look at a life screaming, No! This is bullshit and you're all a bunch of fucking liars.

Then he laughs and the balance of sensitivity and light that makes Rollins performance palatable spreads across his face. For

Henry Rollins is pissed off because he sees the truth; he sees the hate, the pissed-on, the pissed-off and an utter lack of awareness in our own actions.

He's a big-necked, black, hairy, color print stamped product of modern life. He pulls his hand into a fist to his forehead and bends at the waist. With a sense of permanent tension in his body, there is this suggestion that this is a natural position for Rollins to be in. He doesn't need a microphone in the intimate setting of Borsodi's coffee house. "We're all in this bowl of boogers together." And there isn't a chance that you won't get a full rush of what Rollins is saying.

During his semi-improvisational monologues, Rollins creates subjective tales prodding

society. They are partially fun and most often painful. He talks about masturbation. He talks a lot about masturbation. The opening sequence is a 10-minute simulated universal bathroom picture about jerking off. If you can't admit it, Rollins lets you know you're a bigger jerk. It's so honest, so poignant, so utterly hilarious that the squirming in the seats embarrassment ends with the first laughs at "strumming the big E-string."

"Nobody can get you off the way you can."

But this isn't just a sex is always funny trip. Partly it is an exploration of power trips. And what a mirrored image of power Rollins becomes. The "swallowing trip" becomes a skit of possession. Rollins describes one of his strangest experiences about a woman who kisses him giving back the part of himself he has just released. "Did we split that?" he laughs about the idea of sharing and being two. Next he dives into Isla Vista fraternities, "Oh never

in Isla Vista," and the hey, hey "Yoolannda swallowed!" rumor. The blackness of the wit becomes a stomach churning sickness.

Rocking back and forth on his heels, closer to the edge of the stage, half-way through his show, Rollins is just beginning to get on the cowcatcher grill of this roaring train. He enters the deepest, darkest tunnel of his youth with "Mom," a reading from a spiral binder. I cringe most at the memory of Rollins' bullet paced sense bombarding readings. I curse not having a recording. "This is gonna rip a hole in your..." My recollection crawls and my memory fails to bring back the violent energy. Only the disturbing image of hated emotion is left in my mind. It was too intrusive to take complete notes.

"What pure violence."

Confrontation with Henry Rollins is confrontation with yourself. And, at times, the evening is upsetting. In making himself the physical embodiment of his rage,

Rollins has created a persona with the ability to defiantly accost the sensibilities of his audience without making the action so avidly painful that it becomes irreverently unacceptable. The spoken-word forum is the perfect medium for a voice like Rollins', for someone who has a direct and truly relevant reflection of human animals. Spoken-word performances are largely becoming more popularly explored as forums for art of more intellectual depth. I hope Rollins has kids like himself.

Unfortunately most of the Borsodi's audience missed the musical nightcap to Rollins' performance. *Headless Household* is an indescribable instrumental quartet led by guitarist Josef Woodard, the *Independent's* talented film critic. I can only say that my mouth fell open to a penetrating mix of Woodard's incredibly talented mix of blues, avant-garde jazz and distorted rock. It was a true orgy of the senses.

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## Capa tribute at the SBMA

By Judith Smith-Meyer  
contributing editor

The current exhibit at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, "Robert Capa: A Retrospective 1932-1954," is of the most intense sort. 160 photographs taken by Capa over the course of five wars and his 22 years as a journalist are lined up densely along the walls and partitions of a single gallery in the museum. They tell not only the tremendous story of Capa's own life's work, but also eloquently and honestly speak of the vast experiences of people all over the world, in times of peace and mostly, of war.

While Capa avidly claimed he was not a photographer, but a journalist, the photographs in this retrospective prove that he succeeded in both roles. They detail the mass ravages of war by capturing single events ranging from extremely subtle, the soldier walking hand in hand with his lover is actually lagging behind his company as they are marched to their POW camp, to painfully explicit, an American gunner having been killed by German snipers lies in a pool of his

own blood. The art of Capa's work shows in his utter sensitivity toward and obvious love of other people.

The exhibit begins with a photograph of Leon Trotsky giving an impassioned lecture to Danish students in Copenhagen in 1932. It was Capa's first major assignment as a journalist and is significant also because it connotes his 1931 exile from homeland Hungary for student leftist activities. Capa fled Berlin where he had been living when Hitler came into power and shortly thereafter began the kind of work for which he is most noted, war photography.

Capa's interest in politics and his work as a photographer naturally led to his documenting political power in its most extreme manifestation. From the Spanish Civil War and the 1938 Japanese invasion of

China, through his accreditation to the U.S. Army (this despite his official status here as enemy alien) as a photographer/correspondent during World War II and subsequent work in the Israeli War for Independence, he captured the tragedy of war in the lives of both soldiers and civilians and the joy tempered by not-yet-overcome fears of post-war life.

Refreshingly unusual portraits of Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Pablo Picasso and Ernest Hemingway are included in the exhibit. Of special interest too, are pictures of post WWII Paris where fashion and visiting in corner cafes seem to be once again embraced as if the memories of the recent war did not exist.

From 1949-52, Capa worked mostly on travel

stories for "Holiday" magazine and while on a 1954 "Life" assignment in Indochina, he stepped on a Vietnam landmine and was killed at age 40. The last black and white photograph he took concludes the exhibit and points to the unnecessary waste of wartime and to the great loss we suffered by his early death.

The exhibit is part of a two year North American tour organized by the International Center of Photography in New York City and will be at the museum until March 12. Use it to learn some history, to become familiar with the universal as well as the individual experiences of victims of war, and to honor a person whose work offers not only documentation but a great deal of insight into the modern life which is our legacy.



## Central America

### The View from the Right

# in tomorrow's Daily Nexus

**FM**  
Friday Magazine

# Hypnotize me

By Pamela Carniglia  
arts writer

**QUESTION:** What can make eight capable college students believe that they've lost their bellybuttons?

**ANSWER:** Hypnosis!!!

And that's exactly what happened on Tuesday night at The Pub, as Dr. Mort Berkowitz demonstrated the wonders of hypnosis to eight "deep sleeping" subjects and a capacity crowd, brought together by the A.S. Program Board.

Berkowitz started with twenty eager volunteers sitting on the stage in chairs. With lulling music and a hypnotic voice he instructed them to stare at a spot on the ceiling, relax completely, and listen to everything he said while he intermittently spoke and counted to ten. He weeded out those not deeply affected and brought one girl who had gone into a trance up from the audience. The subjects were instructed to wave the American flag to a rousing tune, and the audience embarked on an hour and a half of playful hilarity.

In the beginning Berkowitz described hypnosis as an enjoyable experience, one that only requires concentration and cooperation. He said that one half hour of hypnosis is equivalent to four hours of extremely restful sleep and generates lots of positive energy. Positive energy was a key ingredient of the performance as the hypnotized lost all normal inhibitions and executed numerous

capers at Berkowitz's suggestion.

The volunteers spent most of their trance-time on the moon, making an elaborate pantomime of putting on their space suits and driving around in moon buggies. When told their bellybuttons were missing, they all pulled up their shirts to look, and then searched around the stage and each other's stomachs for them with puzzled expressions. Periodically, Berkowitz would send them back into a "deeply sleeping" state during which they slouched, deeply relaxed with eyes closed, over their chairs and each other.

Carolyn was turned into a moon maiden, and Tim became a famous earth scientist as they were instructed to speak in "moon language." They chatted animatedly in gibberish for a minute and then Tim was asked to translate. He said he had asked her, "Does she like craters, or something like that." Her answer? ... "She lives in one." Berkowitz explained that the subconscious mind is extremely rational, even under hypnosis.

The audience roared as one of the girls, instructed to emulate a country singer gave a stirring (and loud) rendition of "Country Roads," directly into the mike. The three men were told to participate in a contest as exotic male dancers and tried to outdo each other strutting around the stage like so many roosters. Rich stole the show here, peeling off his black



tank top, twirling it in the air and eventually flicking it into his opponent's face, while the audience screamed for more.

Perhaps the most convincing testimonial to the hypnotic state of the subjects was their response to post-hypnotic suggestions. Berkowitz awakened them one by one, sending them back to their seats, but every time he blew into the microphone, they remembered his final suggestion and jumped out of their chairs as if they were burning hot. When he said "Santa Barbara" they careened wildly through the audience screaming "the British are coming." In obedience of personal post-hypnotic suggestions, Mike shook hands with everyone on the way back to his seat and Carolyn paraded off stage as Miss America. Tim finished off the show by responding to the cue, "Bruce Springsteen" and running back on stage to sing "Born in the USA."

After the show, some of the subjects I spoke with described it as "a total rush." They all agreed that they were aware of what they were doing, but felt

half-asleep and completely uninhibited. Mike described the experience as akin to listening to a soothing, excellent speaker and then executing the ideas presented of his own free will. Debbie said it was comfortable and relaxing, and assured me that the chair really did feel like it was burning up in the post-hypnotic suggestion.

Rich explained that it took him awhile to trust Berkowitz, but that he eventually became more relaxed. He commented that it was exhilarating and "a blast." It was a blast to the moon for the volunteers and a blast of entertainment for the spectators. Berkowitz himself seemed to enjoy the antics of the subjects as much as the audience.

Berkowitz said he originally became interested in hypnosis when he saw a doctor perform surgery on a patient using hypnosis as the only anesthesia. He attended private schools of hypnosis in Los Angeles and read all available books on the subject. He has a private practice in Oklahoma City, and travels all over the country giving demonstrations.

# Jude Narita passion song

By Adam Moss  
campus editor

With a beaming smile and a tearful eye, Jude Narita ended her sold-out Friday night performance by saying that the world might be a better place if people would more often think with their hearts, instead of their minds.

The audience, responding with enthusiastic applause, appeared to agree.

Narita had just finished her one-woman show, entitled *Coming Into Passion/Song for a Sansei*, at the UCSB Main Theatre. An actress who has appeared on film, television and stage, Narita combined social commentary and humor in her roles as Asian and Asian-American women.

In a style reminiscent of Whoopi Goldberg's and Lily Tomlin's Broadway shows, Narita captured the essence of the characters she portrayed, the pride and the trauma of women who are victims of racism, exploitation, and society.

Before the show began, as the audience filed in, Narita sat on stage on a bed, reading a book, eating an apple, mixing reality with fiction. After the audience

settled down, she spoke a bit about the book, then wandered over to a make-up desk, also on stage, and made a transformation into a Sansei, a third-generation Japanese-American teenager. This first character might be particularly reflective of Narita herself, as she too is a Sansei.

The character is a rebellious youth who finds it difficult meeting the scholastic expectations of her relatives and brilliant siblings. Instead of trying to become a child prodigy, she attempts to become a delinquent.

Unfortunately, she is a horrible fighter and keeps getting her butt kicked, so she signs up for a Karate class where she learns that fighting might not be the best solution to her problems.

The scene, played with a light, comic air, reminded me of a Chinese girl I'd met

this summer, a heavy-metal reform schooler from Los Angeles who abhors Chinese food, though her parents own a Chinese restaurant. My acquaintance with this girl, who, like Narita's character, is also both bright, emotional and stubborn, made the poignance and truth in the Sansei more real to me.

After another on-stage make-up and costume change, Narita became a young Vietnamese prostitute in America, living above the bar where she works. The character allowed Narita to both display her impressive versatility as an actress and her concern for Asian women who are forced by economic necessity to sell themselves in the United States in order to support their families at home.

However, regardless of the consistent states of exploitation that the characters in the show experience, they all exude a hopeful air,

wishing only to make the best of their lot in life.

Narita later portrayed a mail-order bride, another woman who wished to better her life by virtually selling herself to an American man via a video. The woman, called No. 852, answers questions in front of a video camera, trying to put on an eager mask. Clearly, however, the scene shows the mail-order system to be a degrading one.

Another Narita character portrays the injustice of the World War II relocation of Japanese-Americans. And in perhaps the most moving of the vignettes, Narita tells a beautiful, terrible fairy tale about children attempting to escape the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

*Coming into Passion/Song for a Sansei* is now playing on Saturday and Sunday evenings through February 21 at the Fountain Theater in Los Angeles.



## MODELS WANTED

If you are a young woman attending UCSB, and are interested in a modeling opportunity for a 1989 Women of UCSB calendar, please submit a letter including a brief description of yourself along with two color snapshots (one full body and one close-up) to the following address:

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**PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS:**  
Beethoven: "Moonlight" Sonata  
Chopin: Sonata in B-flat minor  
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Call Lobero Box Office at 963-0761  
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Masterseries is co-sponsored by the Lobero Theatre Foundation and is made possible by generous grants from the Nakamichi Foundation, the City of Santa Barbara Community Promotion Fund and the Co-Arts Program.

KDB AM 1490  
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**Special Master Class with Ivan Moravec**  
Tuesday, February 2, 2pm at the Music Academy.  
Tickets \$6 at the door. Call 969-4769 for information.

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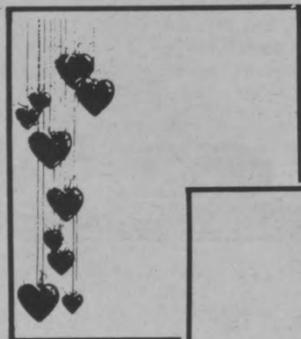
— or at least hope to?!

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And to help you get your message across, the *Daily Nexus* is once again offering low prices on our special display ads. And what's even more special — **the ad will appear in your own writing!**

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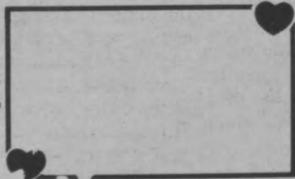
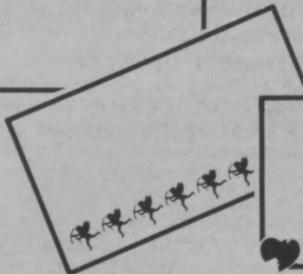
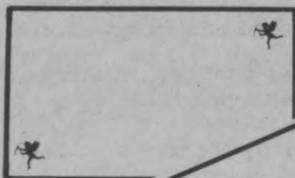
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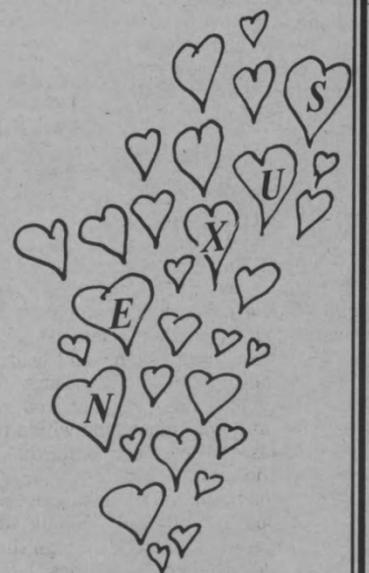
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**DEADLINE is Wednesday, Feb. 10 at NOON**



1" AD \$4.25\*  
(reg. \$7.50)



*\*Prices for personal ads only, no commercial advertisements allowed.*

**Daily Nexus — Room 1041 Under Storke Tower**



By Christine Bruno  
film critic

Polly Vandersma is a 31-year-old "organizationally impaired" temporary service employee who in her spare time cycles around Toronto snapping photographs of the life around her. When Polly finds permanent work in the service of Gabrielle St-Peres, a chic and successful art gallery curator, the scene is set for Patricia Rozema's first full length film, *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing*, playing through next Friday at the Victoria Street Theatre. Made on

## I've heard mermaids on film

a budget of only \$262,000 in Toronto, the film relies much on location shooting as Rozema weaves Polly's inner fantasy life with her daily working situation with Gabrielle into a heartbreakingly amusing story about art and artists.

Much of this film's charm comes from Rozema's personal feel. Not only is *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing* stamped with a very individual style, but it also emphasizes a subjective point of view, that of Polly Vandersma. The film is narrated by Polly in the form of a confession which we can't help but feel is the testimony of Rozema herself. By choosing art as her subject it follows that Rozema's own attitudes and feelings about herself as an artist will surface, and it is through Polly that Rozema expresses her most strongly held beliefs about the purpose of art. For Polly, taking pictures is an instinctual act. She takes pictures of what she likes without the need to share them with others. But mostly photographs go where words fail to take her; they are her very silent means of expression.

The story of *Mermaids* develops out of the play between the very opposite characters of Polly and Gabrielle, who in turn represent two very different attitudes toward art. Gabrielle critiques art while Polly enjoys it. Rozema's use of extreme contrast in personality, looks, and speech between Polly and Gabrielle is comically portrayed through the first half of the film. Their differences are also the groundwork for a mutual attraction between the two characters, which for Polly turns to love and idolization from afar. Polly's fascination for Gabrielle and Gabrielle's secret love affair with another woman establishes her position as an outsider while it also points out Gabrielle's paranoid concern with appearances (she insists that her lover maintain a low profile).

In Polly's eye Gabrielle is the embodiment of "intellectual enlightenment." World-traveled and well-educated, she can speak about art, write about art, even dress like art, but for all her sophistication and eloquence Gabrielle can't enjoy art or, for that matter, life. Because

Polly can find enjoyment she has an edge over the seeming strength and assuredness of Gabrielle. Even if she is verbally inexpressive, socially inept and incredibly naive she is still able to find personal satisfaction through her hobby.

Rozema saves Polly from what could have been a wholly pathetic character by making her an amateur photographer. In pursuit of photographs Polly is led throughout Toronto and into many comic adventures, including a funny scene when Polly attempts to photograph a couple making love in a park. In this scene and in many others Polly is in the position of spectator. She may be an outsider but Polly's ability to enjoy what she sees in life is the basis for her satisfaction. Her photography also proves to be the route to beautiful flights of fancy. Rozema explores Polly's rich inner life in black and white sequences of dreams of flight above the skyscrapers of Toronto, picnics and articulate discussions with Gabrielle and of conducting symphonies. In these fantasies are the most beautiful and memorable images of the film and, through such images we are led to feel that although Polly appears simple she is rich inside.

The tragedy of the situation develops out of Polly's vulnerability to Gabrielle's criticism. Being caught up in the art world of the gallery, Polly decides to send an envelope of photographs to Gabrielle for evaluation. When Gabrielle dismisses the photos as simpleminded Polly is heartbroken. The differences between Polly and Gabrielle become less and less comical until finally Polly realizes the substanceless of her idol. Once this realization is made, Polly's pleasure in herself and her photography is restored.

It seems inappropriate to write a review of this film since through the triumph of Polly's character Rozema reminds us that the primary purpose of art is not that it be evaluated with words. But it is appropriate to recommend seeing *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing*, for the film expresses the essence of the relationship between artist and art in personal, endearing and enjoyable terms.

## Baby makes three

By Kent Silveira  
film critic

There I was, sitting in the Plaza de Oro Theatre, watching *For Keeps* starring Molly Ringwald, and thoroughly expecting to be able to trash it in this review. This is not to say that I dislike Molly Ringwald. I enjoyed her in *Sixteen Candles* and *The Breakfast Club*, but she is somewhat the one-trick actress. She plays the pouting high school every-girl, receiving undeserved media attention and critical hype. On top of that I had read some reviews of the film which for the most part had condemned the movie for taking an unrealistic and light-hearted approach to the sensitive subject of teen pregnancy. I was pretty much intending to skip it all together.

Only the favorable review in the "Independent" and the fact that it had been directed by John Avildsen, who directed *The Karate Kid*, convinced me that there might be something worthwhile in this film. All right, I will admit that this is not exactly an objective attitude with which to review a film, but indulge me and read on because there is more to this than just my own biased opinions (and whose opinion in one form or another isn't biased anyway?)

Ringwald plays Darcy, an "A" student pursuing a career in journalism. Familiar newcomer Randall Batinkoff is her Cal-tech bound beau. The high school senior sweethearts begin the movie on a lark of a camping trip that will result in far reaching effects on their relationship and their futures (I won't spoil it for those who haven't heard, but perhaps the funniest moment of the movie occurs during the opening titles.) Darcy becomes pregnant and worlds are turned upside down at home, school and within themselves. As the movie progresses so does their commitment to each other.

The movie does not preach that teen-agers who decide to keep their babies and marry the father will live happily ever after. Both good and bad result from the situation, and Darcy and Stan are allowed to work through their problems both separately and together. Sometimes they are so thoughtful and understanding that you would swear this was the *Cosby Show*, and at other times you feel like getting up and knocking some sense into their dense skulls for acting like the immature children they have a right to be.

If the film is unrealistic it is only because both have scholarship offers waiting in the wings that give the writers an easy out for a happy ending. And while the spectre of a university education haunts the young couple throughout the film, ultimately this is not the goal of the movie.

"You're what?!"



It is unfair to criticize this movie by calling it a comedy. There are humorous moments, but all of these rely on the natural awkwardness that accompanies the situations. For the most part each laugh is underscored by a serious tone that at times threatens to overwhelm the movie and turn Stan and Darcy's relationship into a nightmare.

There is where the flaw lies in *For Keeps*. Many potentially powerful situations are introduced, but they all eventually just fizzle out. The acting is not really at fault for the film's lack of emotional impact. The actors do a fine job, especially Stan's father, an old gruff of a man who's a teddy bear at heart. Yes, this praise even extends to Miss Ringwald who pulls out more emotional stops in this role than ever before. She's not Glenn Close but she's working on it.

The problem is the direction. Avildsen's light touch meshed perfectly with the traditional "feel good" story of *The Karate Kid* but here it tends to slight the seriousness of the subject. The same can be said of the soundtrack, as the music by Bill Conti (who created the stirring themes of *Rocky*) falls flat here, all but erased from the film in favor of various old and new top 40 songs. None of this is really enough to make *For Keeps* a bad film, but it is enough to render it only an above average feature-length afterschool special.

*For Keeps* is an okay film. I really can't fault it for the message it's trying to convey, even though the answers Stan and Darcy find are not options for many (dare I say most) real teen parents. And while many scoff at the notions of "true love" I found a certain admiration for this couple, and wondered if I could handle their situation with as much strength and good judgment.

## A film & series L previews



Cinematographer Yasha Sklansky

*Half Life*, "the true story of the largest and 'dirtiest' U.S. nuclear explosion ever on the planet," will be shown at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Feb. 2 in the Isla Vista Theater as part of Arts and Lectures "Contemporary Documentary Films" series.

Australian filmmaker Dennis O'Rourke's film is the result of a two-year investigation of the first U.S. hydrogen bomb explosion in the Pacific 30 years ago. The chilling finding: America willingly allowed hundreds of Pacific islanders to be exposed to radiation as an experiment during the test.

O'Rourke insists that his film is not anti-American. If anything, he is more angry at the United Nations for the way it has stood by and watched the U.S. abuse its trusteeship in the Marshalls by using the islands as a weapons ground. "My aim was to make a film about what has happened to all of us.... There are no villains as such, just scientists, soldiers, politicians and bureaucrats who believe that they were, and are, doing the right thing and who unleashed this monster on the world.

*Journey of a Young Composer* will be shown at Campbell Hall tonight at 8 p.m. as part of the Arts and Lectures New Soviet Cinema series. It is a comic tale with horrific consequences, involving a naive young musicologist travelling through his native Georgia in 1905, the last year of Czar Alexander II's rule. The countryside is full of czarist forces looking for subversives, and the young man, oblivious to politics, picks up an eccentric peasant as a guide. They travel from home to home in the countryside, eventually being picked up by the police.

Cinematographer Yasha Sklansky of *On the Road* will be present at the screening of his film at 8 p.m. on Sunday, Jan. 31 in Campbell Hall. Director Alexei Gherman based the film on works written by his father, Yuri Gherman. *On the Road* was banned in the Soviet Union for 15 years for its riveting psychological study of wartime and its all-out assault on Stalinism.

Set in 1942 in Russia, the story focuses on a partisan detachment under the command of Senior Lieutenant Uvan Lokotov. Operating in a Nazi-controlled region of northwestern Russia, the group plans to seize a German train loaded with needed food. The plot hinges on whether or not the officer's trust in a reformed traitor will endanger the operation.

Contact Arts and Lectures for more information on the continuing New Soviet Cinema series.

