



# F R I D A Y



## NIGHTSTALKERS

By Bob Blaisdell

It was about 10:30 at night, and I heard footsteps outside on the stairs and then a couple of knocks. I got up from the kitchen table, turned the porch light on, and opened the door.

"Matt." Matthew was a large and heavyset young black man I'd met in one of my classes at the university.

"Hey, Fred, it all right I came over? Tina's driving me nuts. Told her I was going to walk down here and borrow a book."

"What book?"

Matt laughed, and, seeming embarrassed, smiled. "That's just what I told her. -- Maybe I should borrow one." Matt came in and I shut the door. "What are you reading?" He walked over to the kitchen table.

"Hardy," I said.

"What an unhappy man." Matt picked the book up off the table, read a sentence or half a sentence maybe, shook his head, and put the book down. "Say, you want to go for a walk? I've been inside all day. And I'll be inside all night with Tina if she lets me

back in the apartment. Girls are crazy. Fundamentally. -- You think that's true."

"My brother told me it's true."

"He's married, isn't he?"

"Yeah. -- Let me get my shoes on."

And we went out then, down the stairs, and down the street, which deadends above the slough, or what used to be a slough, and still is sometimes when there's a lot of rain. It's also dark, and the Eucalyptus trees can seem creepy.

We stopped at the bank above the slough. "You want to go down there?" he

asked. There was a big moon out.

"You don't want to?"

"I believe in ghosts, Fred. I believe in maniacs with big knives. Let's walk around up here. Tina won't even

walk around up here with me at night. She starts imagining things, and getting me scared. I think about the Ku Klux Klan alive and well in Goleta. I think about escaped marsh men, come back to their homeland. -- Are any of your family from the south, Fred?"

"No. I don't think so."

"What the hell. I do want to see the ocean. Let's be brave then. Let's grab sticks. You're not scared though. You can probably outrun the average knife-wielding assailant. You can't do that if you've been blessed with extreme portliness like I have. Tell you what, I'll grab a stick, and fend them off and you can run back and get help. -- I've got to do something first." Matt walked off to underneath the trees, and, facing the moon, unzipped and started pissing and kept talking. "Nature! I love it." Then while I stood at the bank and looked at the slough and the golf course to the left all moonlit, I could hear him in the brush on the other side of the trees walking around. "Found one!" he called out. "I'd make a good samurai, I think."

He started down the bank, at first waddling-swaggering like Toshiro Mifune, the Samurai movie actor, and then out of control, stumbling-running down into the dry slough. We marched across to the other bank, Matthew making cuts with his stick in the air, and also occasionally decapitating some stems from low bushes. "Take that! -- You should read comic books, Fred, and watch more horror movies. It'd give you all sorts of healthy paranoid. I took Tina to a movie last night. It was a slasher movie, but I'd heard it was good, or at least arty, that it had a real story, so I told her not to worry, she'd like it, if she didn't like it we'd leave. About five minutes into it she was tugging at my shirt. 'What?' I say. 'I

(Please turn to p.3A)

## Friday Focus

— Layers Reappearing

## About the Cover

— imagination that alters a familiar view

## Student Verse

— More Lessons from Cheadle Hall



# Layers Layers Reappearing

An interview  
with Paul Chavez

by Luke Trent



The room was full of a vague energy, and the air, soft and warm, seemed to be the essence of calm purpose. There were various shades of white on the walls and ceiling. In the far corner a huge black "eye" stared out at me. To my right a sequence of strange shapes and colors flashed against a large polyester screen. The glow from two video screens added to the dim light of the room; one hung from the ceiling; the other sat nestled in the side of a "couch-like" thing made of wood and covered with a white cover. And always there was a humming, or the echoes of sounds barely comprehensible...

The description above is not that of a hopeless day-tripper (well perhaps), but rather, my impressions of the very sober creation of Electrical Engineering turned Creative Studies student Paul Chavez, whose "performance" entitled *Layers Reappearing* opened in the CCS Gallery on April 9. Those who attended the opening were treated to an unusual combination of dance, song, chanting, video — you name it. The following day Paul agreed to talk with me for *Friday Magazine*. While I asked my questions Paul manipulated the audio to create a unique and eerie "musical" interview.

FM: When did you find the inspiration to do this project?

PC: In November when I saw a video by Robert Ashley, an avant-garde musician who had just finished a video opera for the New Music America Festival in L.A. They showed a documentary on Ashley, Philip Glass and others. Ashley was the most obscure person shown, at the time I didn't know anything about him other than he was a musician.

FM: What was it about his video that caught your eye?

PC: The barrage of both music and visual stuff; it had a lot of just really clean visual information. I like a complete package, and that's what this was. And the music was very much based on voice. It sounded very random. As Ashley explained, the musical material begins very simply and then gets more complex.

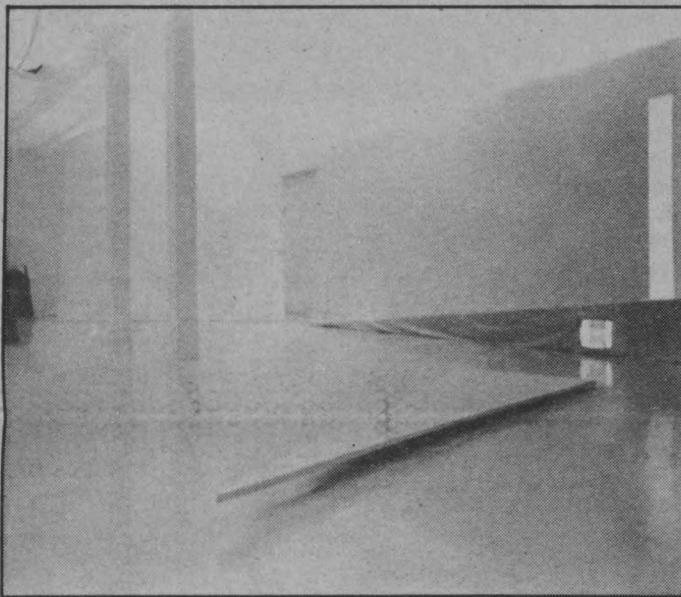
FM: So you did have a picture in your head of how this room was going to look, or did the pieces start coming together with time?

PC: Well, the elements were in my head, but it takes a certain experience to know how things are exactly going to

look, which I really didn't have in the beginning; but I made models of the space, and came into the gallery a lot, and every time I came in here it seemed smaller than I thought it would be. It was scary because I knew I was going to have a performance in here and was going to be standing five feet away from the audience. But certain elements, like the ramp and the video screen — and this screen in front of the musicians and their equipment — I knew they had to be here.

FM: Tell me about the performance you gave on the night of the opening. I heard it was pretty incredible.

PC: It was three pieces of music performed without breaks between the pieces. Each piece was approached differently — both musically and visually. The first piece was musically and choreographically more traditional than the other two. The choreography that Lynelle Sjoberg did for this piece utilized



the ramp and two dancers, while the music was a combination of a string quartet and some electronic instruments. The second piece was a tape piece with two speakers and video. The video was the same video that's on the big screen now. I didn't want too much going on so I kept the video rather simple, which isn't the way video is usually used. In the last piece we used the instruments I've made and a chorus of 'not-necessarily' musicians. The instrument part was improvisatory, which went well with the chorus doing a sort of techno-chant with words from a Physics book and a Chinese poem. But each text had a different musical approach to go along with it.

FM: One of the first things I noticed was these strange-looking instruments you've got. When did you start making your own

instruments?

PC: I decided to make my first instrument after playing the piano one day and trying to write a cello piece; I realized that the sounds and pitches I was dealing with were very limiting. It was frustrating, so I tried to arrange my own sonic limitations; by making my own instruments I could have complete control over every aspect of the sound. What seems to happen is that I show a simplicity in my instruments — which tells me that maybe the piano and other instruments are "too advanced" for my ear, but that's just a guess. The six or seven instruments I've made so far are percussion-like instruments. Right now I'm edging into larger, almost sculptural-type instruments.

FM: How do people respond when they come into this room?

PC: Some people get really calm when they come in here; some people get really uptight. People react differently to different colors. The lowered ceiling I think makes people claustrophobic, although it seems natural.

FM: How long did it take to set the room up?

PC: It took three and a half days to set up. I got a little help from my roommates and a few other people.

FM: ... Just a few more of the people who were involved in this. Did you plan on having so many people involved?

PC: Yes. When I solidified the idea for this I envisioned getting a lot of people involved, especially visual artists. I spent most of the time since November on this, and if I hadn't involved people I would have been alone; I would have been alone for five months while I worked on this, and I don't know if I could have done it. The people that I had contact with, and really respected, are the ones I got involved with this.

FM: I imagine that getting others involved also may, to some extent, help an artist get beyond being exclusively interested in his or her own work.

PC: I think that's true, because I don't trust myself very much. So I'd rather get people involved so that I can cancel some of my psychological problems with someone else's psychological strengths, and vice-versa; because like I said, I don't trust myself. If I was to do my work completely independently, I would probably just be creating shit, my mind's own shit.

FM: Was it hard to get this space being a Music student rather than an Art student?

PC: The College of Creative Studies let me have the gallery because I came to them early, and since I'm a CCS Music major, rather than an Art major, they had to make an exception — but it wasn't that hard. The real difficult part of the show was the money that I spent; I had to spend a lot of money on chaining the video screen to the ceiling, and making the ramp.

FM: Why did you chain one of the screens to the ceiling?

PC: Well, I like to work with video; it's really a temptation to work with video because it's so powerful, and I like to use a

(Please turn to p.3A)



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(Continued from cover)

don't think I'm going to like this, Matthew. And she nods at me as if she expects us to leave. And five minutes later, 'Matthew, I'm sorry, but I don't like this. You lied to me.' 'Tina?' I couldn't believe it. Five minutes later, 'Can we go?' 'No.' So she sat there, her eyes closed, and she was humming. 'It's not so bad,' I said. And she kept humming. Then she said, 'Excuse me,' and got up, and said, after she'd go into the aisle, 'I'm leaving.' I meant to get up and go to her in the lobby, but there was a girl in this movie — god, she was beautiful, those long legs, breasts — she looked like Katrina, and she was getting ready for bed, a homicidal maniac lurking just outside her window. Thank god she gets away. If she hadn't though, I would've left and followed Tina out. This woman was the only person in the movie worth watching. — So tonight, that's why I came over, Tina made dinner for me, invites me over, and before we're halfway done she's telling me again how bad and mean I was leaving her out in the lobby for 65 minutes. Scary movies make her cry."

Up over the other bank we followed the trail to the beach. An odd shape moving toward us through the shadows we were able to identify as three or four legs and a body. Finally we could see that it was a boy and girl combination. She had both her arms around his middle, and her head

against his chest as they walked. He had his left arm around her, and he was short, she was shorter. He had a wide moustache. We were all silent as we approached each other, and Matt and I made way, walking over the grass on either side of the trail, which probably terrified the couple. About ten yards after we'd passed them, Matt broke into a Frank Sinatra-like voice, singing about young lovers. Then we were at the ocean, on the cliffs, and Matt sighed appreciatively. "O mighty ocean. O fish-filled wasteland. — I like mountains better, I think. How about you?"

"I like looking at the ocean better."  
"Yeah, me too. It just depends." On the walk back, once we'd got to the street, Matt said, "You know, you ought to go out with Lisa, now that you're not married to that girl anymore. What's her name?"

"Lily."  
"That's a nice name. But listen, Fred," he gave me a pat on the shoulder, "Lisa likes you. — Don't tell her I said that, she'd kill me."

Lisa and Matt had been friends for years, and I'd always admired her from afar. We'd begun to chat occasionally and were almost friends ourselves. "She's got a boyfriend."

"Him? — Nah, he's just convenient. She'd break him in a minute if she wanted to. — You like her, don't you?"

"Well, yes. I always have."

"So go ahead. She's probably the kindest person in the world. And she's been looking real good lately too. Even better than usual."

I nodded.

We were back in front of my apartment complex. The possibility of going out with Lisa made me happy.

Matt clapped me on the shoulder again. "So think about it. You really can't do better than Lisa."

"Thanks for telling me, Matt."

"Sure, buddy. It'd be nice if she went out with a decent guy like you for once. — Well, I better get back to Tina's so she can yell at me. Maybe see you around at school tomorrow."

"Yeah," I said. "Maybe you and me and Lisa can have a beer or something."

"Good idea, hombre." I watched him walk up the street a ways before I practically clicked my heels and ran upstairs to my apartment.

## Layers

(Continued from p.2A)

combination of live video. The TV on the ceiling and the projection on the big screen are set up as a contrast. I didn't want the screens facing one another, and the only way I could do it without putting them far apart was to put one on the ceiling.

**FM:** What do you hope people will "get" when they come in here and look around?

**PC:** I think the hope I may have is that people might become aware of their environments, and a lot of people are satisfied with their couches and coffee tables, and I think that's an insensitivity. And as far as I'm concerned this room could be my living room, and it might very well be in the future. So if people could become aware that they can really control their environment, not only their visual environment, but their sound environment, the smell — I think there's a distinct smell in this place — just everything about their environment ... but people tend to let things go a lot of the time. For instance, people put up posters at the beginning of the year, and those same posters stay up the entire year long. Now I'm sure their eyes, if they were really looking, wouldn't necessarily want those same posters every time they walked into their room — but they let it go just because they lose sensitivity of what it looks like. They probably don't even look at it.

**FM:** So if you didn't like something in here now, you would just change it?

**PC:** Yeah. You have to be sensitive. If I change, hopefully the room will change. In this case it's all going to come down tomorrow, but in my apartment I try to make certain things different every so often. But I'm not the most sensitive person in the world...

**FM:** What will you be working on in the future?

**PC:** I'll be continuing to work on the performance of sound and visual ideas. I'm going to spend some time trying to see where my work can fit in. This weekend (Sunday the 27th at 2 p.m.) I'll be performing with the Composer's Space Ensemble as part of the Santa Barbara Arts Festival Show at Las Aves next to the bird refuge. The Composer's Space Ensemble is a group we started after working with Lynelle on a dance piece for a Dance Department concert. We'll be doing two pieces, one is a pop/jazz piece based on the Beauty and the Beast fairy tale, and the second will be a percussion piece done on my instruments. On both of these pieces I'm collaborating with other musicians in the group; I'm finding out that I prefer to work that way, even with music.

### About the Cover:

Stephanos Prodromos, known to most as Mike, uses his imagination to change otherwise dull scenes into photographs with an eerie, surrealistic quality. He smeared vaseline on his camera lens to achieve the ghostlike effect on the cover of this issue of **FM**.

# SHOAH

A FILM BY CLAUDE LANZMANN



Part I (4 hours, 33 min.) Monday, April 28 / 7 PM  
Part II (4 hours, 50 min.) Tuesday, April 29 / 6:30 PM  
UCSB Campbell Hall

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6:00, 8:00, 10:00  
Sat & Sun (2:00)

**LUCAS** **PG-13**

5:30, 9:30  
Sat & Sun (1:30)

**pretty in pink** **PG-13**

7:30 Sat & Sun (3:30)

7:00, 9:30  
Sat & Sun (2:00, 4:30)

**GERALDINE PAGE**  
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## More Lessons From Cheadle Hall

How can they believe that as chancellor of the university I would even know how to make an obscene gesture?  
— Chancellor Huttenback as quoted in the *Daily Nexus*, April 15, 1986

Where have you been keeping yourself, Chancellor?  
You should get out more.  
Even five years olds in countless parks, on city streets and in suburban malls have learned these things.  
What exactly was your training for this job?  
And how can we remediate this lack? Is it anatomical.  
a problem of dexterity or of desire,  
motivational, or just a problem in cultural awareness?

We guess you mean to tell us that the university is pure, remote from anything so vulgar or so real.

(It's what our students always knew: all those facts, all those books, the tracings of a bloodless, sexless race, a people unlike them, without their itches, angers, or their fears.)  
Is that the point?  
A thought more obscene than any gesture we might teach you.

## spirit in the window

how often have you shown the outside brighter or remembered your life just as i looked out and saw it walking past? and when a shadow flickers in the glass is that you changing your mind or brushing your wavy hair?

## spirit in the curtains

it isn't always wind that has the curtains life out from the window no it's sometimes just a restlessness a sum of static being shaken out onto the floor in spring house cleaning or a test to see if we are noticing

## spirit in the flower press

though your arms are folded now i have seen them outstretched and billowing to welcome blossoms your web-like fingers pressing them moist and delicate against your chest stroking their velvet backs you bring them to rest

— Kathrine Varnes

## The Film Event of the Decade

Claude Lanzmann's

# SHOAH

**Part I** (4 hours, 33 min.)

Monday, April 28 / 7 PM

**Part II** (4 hours, 50 min.)

Tuesday, April 29 / 6:30 PM

UCSB Campbell Hall



Claude Lanzmann's *Shoah* (Hebrew for "annihilation") is a brilliant 9½ hour monumental work focusing on the Holocaust. There is no historical footage of death camps or gas chambers utilized in the film. It is a collage of accounts by survivors, participants, witnesses

and freedom fighters, juxtaposed with scenes of camp locations as they appear today. Simone de Beauvoir wrote: "Lanzmann's great art lies in making places speak, resuscitating them through voices, and then, going even beyond words, extracting the unspeakable through faces."

There have been many movies, plays, books, etc., about the Holocaust. There has been nothing like *Shoah*.

"The film is not a documentary," says the vigorous, outspoken 59-year-old who made it. "It is a fiction of reality. It is not based on

remembrance. There is nothing more boring than a man with a tie on, at a desk, telling what he remembers.

"The film takes place in the present, and the present is what gives it strength. This film is neither a documentary nor fiction.

What Lanzmann has done is take his camera, his microphones, his small crew, and the living — a handful of survivors — back to the places of hell that are now buried in the green fields, green forests, meandering rivers of the Polish countryside.

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