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H O N O L U L U

Weekly

Volume 2, Number 22, May 27, 1992

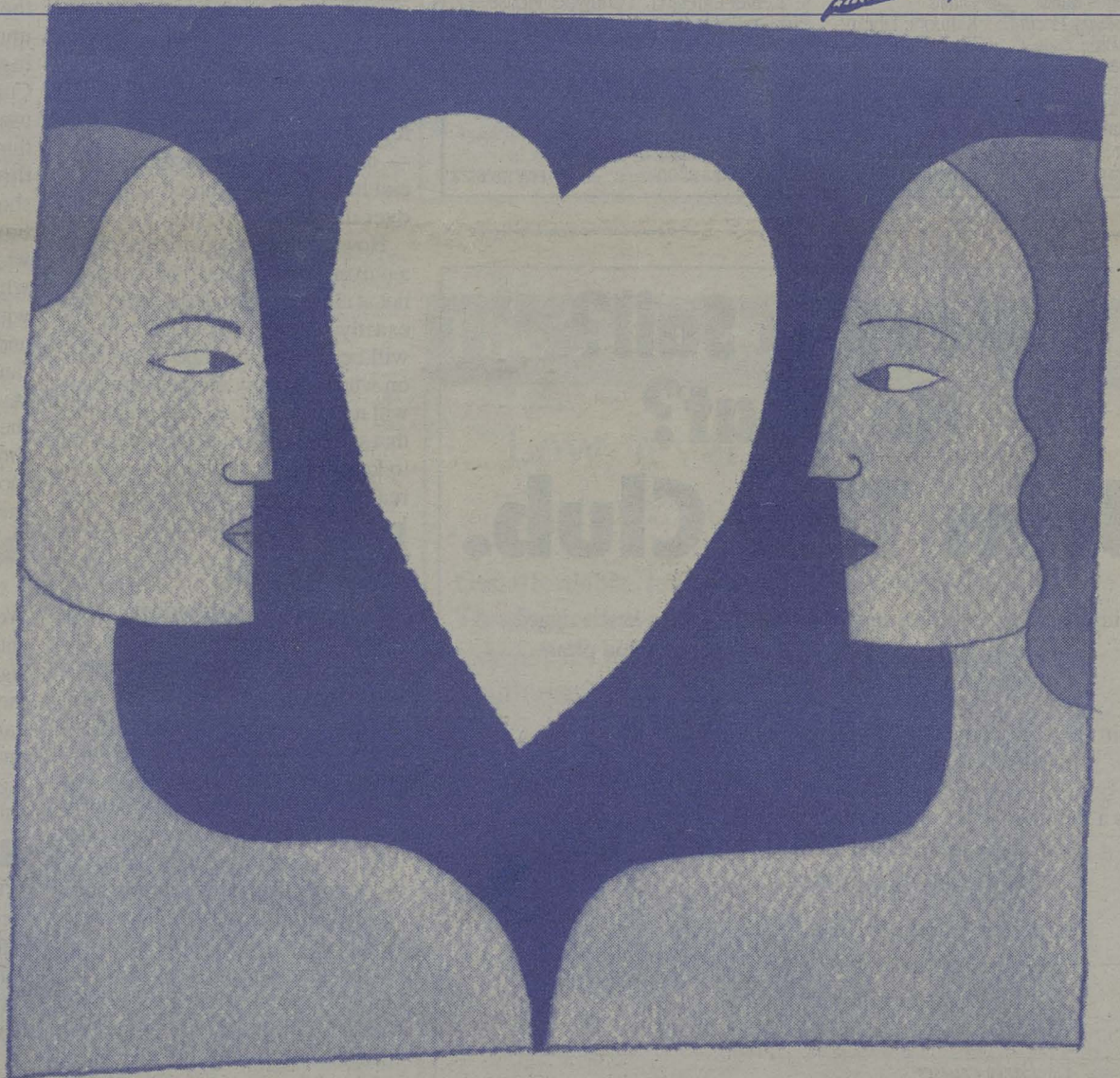
Trouble in **Troubled Paradise**

Steven Okazaki's new
documentary on Big Island
Hawaiian issues means well
but misses the big picture.

By Julia Steele – Review on Page 7



Protect Kohanaiki 'Ohana's Olga Nauka, who is fighting
to save the beach from resort development.



Sex, Death & Teens

Thoughts on Coming of
Age in the AIDS Era
By Tom Keogh – Page 4

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Honolulu Diary

Wanna Bet?

It's no secret, even to the neo-Calvinists among us, that Hawaii hosts a betting culture. In fact, Island oddsmakers have to keep coming up with new exotica to feed the appetites of gambling devotees here. The newest game — designed for who-knows-what demographic group — is betting on the identity of the next UH president. The search — the official, regulation-mandated one, at least — is still on, but tipsters say the odds on Joyce Tsunoda, the current community colleges chancellor, are already two-to-one. Why? Tsunoda is said to be the favorite of both the Board of Regents and the Boys Downtown (not that those groups are mutually exclusive). Her ability to walk the tightrope in her relationships with both groups is an already proven value.

But the game's not over yet — and there's a joker in the deck. A scandal is said to be brewing in state government circles, one that will touch on the university system. Not to give away our hand too soon, but the brouhaha allegedly involves the wife of a highly placed administration official, a large consulting fee and (in government parlance) use of monies in ways not clearly designated by regulations. (You want a hint? Okay — one Waihee administration official has already resigned in protest over the alleged misuse of funds).

How does this affect the search for a university president? Well, maybe not at all; our oddsmakers aren't sure exactly *what* the fallout from all this will be. They should be taking bets on when and how many of the facts will really surface, in view of the fact that some People in Power are trying to keep a lid on the story. That's the real game here... you can bet on it.

Premature Maturation

Let's face it — what with the recession, the breast-implant scare, the removal of tax breaks for cosmetic surgery, et al, plastic surgeons have to pull out all the stops to keep the customers coming. Several Honolulu beauty-makers and age-delayers have long used computer-enhanced photos to show prospective clients what their new, improved countenances might look like: a less bumpy nose, "westernized" eyes, no more weak chin, etc.

One canny face-cutter, however, has left the rest of the pack behind. Using a computer, he "ages" the client's kisser to show what lies ahead in 10 or 20 years if gravity, wrinkles and exposure to the sun have their way. One such client — a woman who doesn't wish to be identified — said this (perhaps authentic) peek

into the future convinced her: She's having a full-on face lift as soon as possible. The good doc is letting her make installment payments on the expensive procedure, too. No word on what he'll do if she doesn't keep up with the bills. Could be a job for the repo man...

Flushed with Success

National Water Week is now over — and you missed it, didn't you? Amid concerns over the current drought, the week brought good news about one of Honolulu's most pressing concerns — water consumption. The city has mandated that all *existing* Oahu non-residential properties — including hotels — be fitted with low-flow faucets and showerheads by January 1993. Perhaps more importantly, a further mandate requires that non-residential property owners install low-flush urinals (one gallon) and ultra-low flush toilets (1.5 gallons) no later than January 1994.

While you're waiting for the Big Money guys to comply, though, isn't there something you can do more immediately? Yep, there is, according to the Energy and Water Conservation Center of Hawaii; make use of several new, low-cost gizmos that significantly reduce flow rates through toilet tanks, faucets and showerheads. These include fingertip shut-off valves on showerheads, which allow you to shut off the water while soaping up or shampooing without disturbing your personal hot-and-cold mix; aerators, which reduce faucet flow; and nifty little stainless steel devices, which, when placed in the toilet tank, save approximately three gallons per flush. This is not more phony trickle-down theorizing; these devices are available now.

Save the Nukes

On a recent commuter flight to West Maui, one of our correspondents was struck by the pilot's poignant sightseeing announcement. "Out on the left," the sky jock chirped, "you can see some whales swimming around. But on the right, you've got a *gorgeous* view of a nuclear attack sub headed for Pearl!"

Recognition Stew

One of our staffers went to a recent daytime community college literary reading by a few contributors to *Sister Stew*, a Bamboo Press volume featuring Hawaii-based female writers. The issues touched on — the death of a mother and a daughter, the vicissitudes of a lousy marriage, trade-offs in male-female relationships, childhood abuse — might not be entirely new, but the reaction of the

audience, young females in particular, was striking. The skillful, candid recitals elicited a real shock of recognition in these college freshmen, manifested by audible gasps, tears and rapt attention. Forget the polite aestheticism of most literary readings, our staffer says — this was the real thing. And, he added, as if you had to be told: Male turnout of both students and faculty was sparse indeed.

Signs of the Times

Plans for an upscale, miniature golf course located in a famous Honolulu shopping complex are underway. If all goes well, it will be an expensive, tourist-oriented affair... McDonald's is opening a new outlet in Saipan with a Chamorro "latte stone" architectural motif... A film treatment dealing with the occupation of Kaho'olawe by activists is being peddled in Hollywood — particularly to young execs who attended private schools in Hawaii before they ventured to L.A.... Speaking of L.A., the Times there recently carried a story about the post-riot tourist decline. People are cancelling and re-routing to Hawaii, it seems... The Gay-Lesbian Film Festival, now an annual event, is coming up in June, with both international and locally produced fare... A writer now making his home in Honolulu is planning a nationally distributed sci-fi magazine to be home-based and desktop-produced here...

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More Endangered than the Spotted Owl

Threatened Wildlife in the Big Island's Koa Forests

By Craig S. Harrison

Since the northern spotted owl was listed as threatened in 1990, the Pacific Northwest has been grappling with the economic consequences of restricting logging in old-growth forests to protect the 5,000 to 6,000 owls that make their homes there. Two weeks ago, a federal panel voted to override the Endangered Species Act and permit logging on some 1,700 acres of land in Oregon. At the same time, it ordered the federal Bureau of Land Management not to offer any new timber sales until the bureau adopts a long-term plan to protect the owl. Meanwhile, 3,000 miles away, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service is dithering over a more serious endangered species problem: the demise of native species in logged Big Island koa forests. One wonders how FWS can express concern about the Pacific Northwest's forests — and even Amazonian rain forests — and ignore the plight of koa forests in a state widely considered the national capital of endangered species. Further, logging in Hawaii, unlike in the Pacific Northwest, is a small component of the economy.

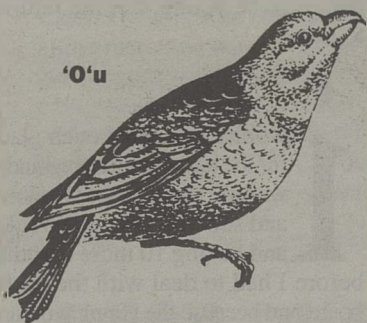
The 23,000-acre Keauhou Ranch on the slopes of Mauna Loa links the wetter windward forest with the drier forest to the west. The cattle ranch and the adjacent 3,000-acre Kilauea forest are home to four endangered birds with the following populations: Hawaii creeper (25,000), 'akia pola'au (1,500), 'akepa (16,000) and, possibly, the rare 'o'u (400). The area's upper-elevation scrub habitat is essential to Hawaii's state bird, the nene goose (425). Keauhou Ranch also is home for Hawaiian vetch, an endangered plant. FWS lists all of these species as "endangered," reflecting the determination that their existence is more precarious than that of the spotted owl, which is classified as "threatened." (And the 26,000 acres in Keauhou-Kilauea comprise less than one-half of one percent of the 6.9 million acres deemed critical to the owl's survival.)

Some 20 years ago, FWS identified the Keauhou-Kilauea area as one of its highest priority acquisitions for its National Wildlife Refuge System. As recently as 1990, FWS' Portland office ranked Keauhou-Kilauea first in priority for new refuges in the Pacific region; FWS' environmental assessment of the area states Keauhou-Kilauea needs protection because of forestry, cattle ranching and other intensive land-use practices in the area that alter vital natural habitats. Two Endangered Species Act recovery plans also recognized Keauhou-Kilauea as crucial to the survival of the five birds mentioned

above. In the mid-1980s, Congress appropriated \$7 million to purchase the entire 26,000-acre area.

Keauhou-Kilauea is owned by Bishop Estate, the largest private land owner in Hawaii; the Estate's trustees are, to put it mildly, among the most wealthy and powerful people in the state and have friends among those who hold the highest offices in Hawaii. In 1990, each trustee donated the maximum allowable to Sen. Daniel Akaka's campaign. Sen. Daniel Inouye, rated by the nonpartisan National Taxpayer's Union as the biggest spender in the U.S. Senate, will likely receive similar largess during his 1992 Senate race. The political clout of the Estate must have some influence in Washington: When the trustees told FWS they would prefer to keep the Keauhou-Kilauea area and continue logging and ranching, FWS dropped it from the land acquisition priority list like a hot potato.

Early this year, FWS' regional director in Portland wrote to the International Council for Bird Preservation; his letter stated that FWS is concerned about "the continued unauthorized incidental taking of endangered (Hawaiian vetch) plants at Keauhou by commercial

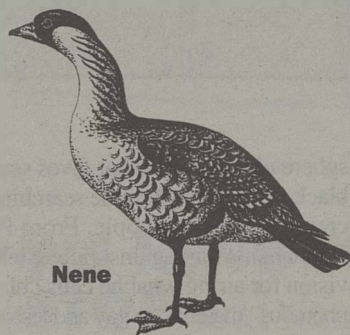


'O'u

logging activities." He did not mention that if trees that contain nests of forest birds are cut down, the young will surely die and eggs will be smashed. He also failed to mention that destroying endangered plants and birds violates state and federal laws.

FWS has an array of tools to deal with violations, including huge civil and criminal fines and imprisonment of up to a year. If FWS officials know the law is being violated, why do they sit paralyzed in their offices, wringing their hands? FWS representatives have been meeting on this issue with officials from the state Department of Land and Natural Resources — does FWS feel it needs the governor's permission to enforce federal law in Hawaii? Hawaii became a state over 30 years ago on equal footing with other states — it is not some 19th-century banana republic ruled by a strong man.

One suspects that politicians are at work — they wax eloquent on the importance of the Endangered Species Act, vote to reauthorize it



Nene

and then work quietly to ensure that the law is not enforced in their own districts. One wonders if FWS fears that if it enforces the law in Hawaii, appropriations for Hawaii projects will dry up. FWS has a certain amount of base funding, not near enough to cover the agency's costs, and so each year it must seek additional funding from Congress. Those dollars come from the Senate Appropriations Committee, of which Inouye is a member — so it is in FWS' interest to keep Inouye on its side. (FWS' funding currently keeps a band of biologists busy in Hawaii drafting regulations to list 155 more plants as endangered.)

Hawaii's Gov. John Waihee is cozy with the Bishop Estate trustees; he may even hope to be one himself one day, especially since The Wall Street Journal identified him as the nation's most fiscally irresponsible governor in February. His unelected attorney general has displayed no particular interest in confronting Bishop Estate, and his administration introduced legislation in 1991 to make it easier for loggers to extirpate endangered species. So far the legislation has failed to pass. The trustees could apply for an incidental taking permit that would allow them to continue to log if they developed a reasonable conservation plan; they have yet to apply for a permit or develop a plan.

FWS and U.S. Attorney Dan Bent have occasionally enforced the Endangered Species Act in Hawaii. A few years ago they convicted Daniel Kaneholani, an indigent man, of killing and eating an endangered monk seal. Cudgeling the homeless is easier than enforcing the law against wealthy and politically powerful scofflaws. The selective enforcement of wildlife laws does not promote effective wildlife management, nor does it inspire public confidence in FWS. With apologies to Bob Dylan, how many times can FWS turn its head and pretend that it just doesn't see? The answer must be blowin' in the wind.

Washington attorney Craig Harrison, a graduate of the UH law school, is the author of *Seabirds of Hawaii: Natural History and Conservation*. *Mauka to Makai* offers community members a chance to voice their views.

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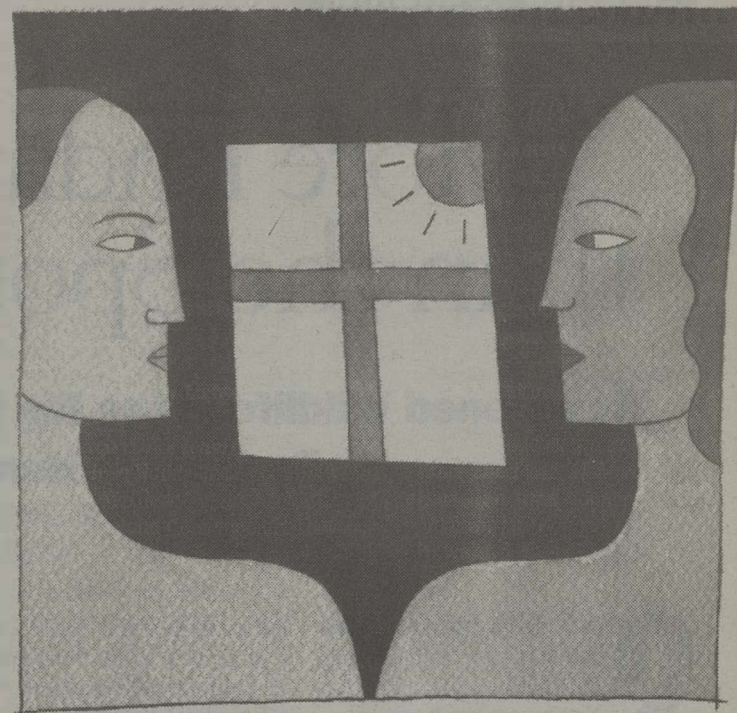
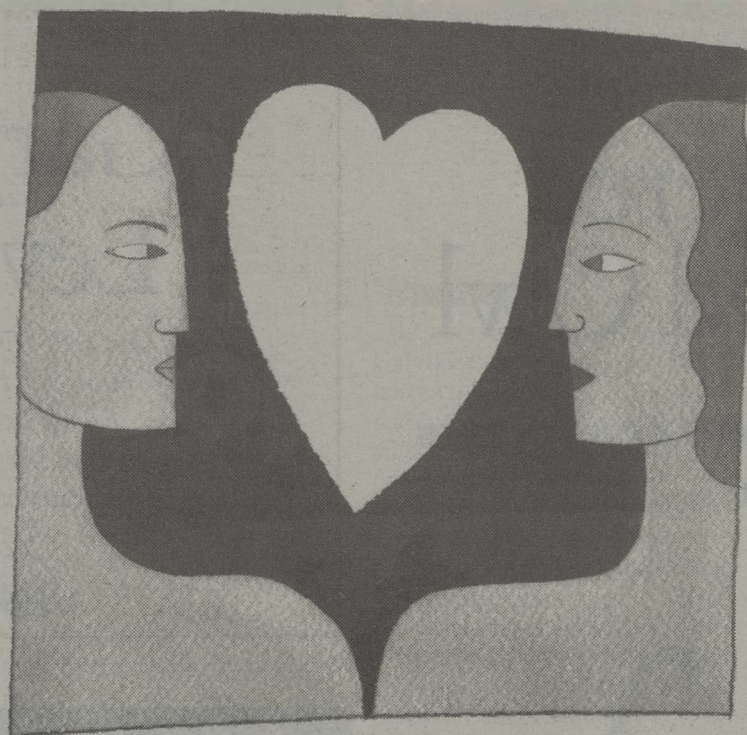
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Writer and former child therapist Tom Keogh reflects on a 1970 weekend of teenage sexual revelation on Lanai — and questions the emotional consequences of equating sex with death in the age of AIDS.



It was just after dawn on September 19, 1970, and I awoke on someone's couch to the chatter of garrulous island birds, the head-spinning scent of plumeria and news from a distant radio that Jimi Hendrix was dead. I was 17. I'd flown the evening before out of Honolulu to Lanai as an advance man for a gathering of teenage tribes. The plane that brought me was small, the kind for which I've never had much stomach. The pilot swooped low over Diamond Head for an unscheduled thrill, and although I appreciated the gesture, I broke into a cold sweat at the glimpse of mortality that came with his aerial gymnastics.

I didn't want to die. I'd fantasized about suicide at peak moments of teen angst, or when it seemed romantic, or when I'd just seen an Ingmar Bergman film. I'd ridden in cars with friends who'd drive over curving mountain passes at night with their headlights off so we could terrify one another with false sightings of Pele. But that was nonsense — deliciously dangerous nonsense.

Much is said these days, with AIDS looming over sexually active people, about how you just can't get through to most teens about danger, because kids feel immortal. That isn't entirely on the money. During our adolescent development, we have very different relationships with sex and death. We instinctively want and need a connection to each — even if it is only to eschew both — to expand the foundation of our humanness, evolve into adulthood and acquire wisdom in later years.

We crave and pursue sex during adolescence because our bodies demand it and because we're naturally shortsighted and egocentric at that age, not ready to think about other people or our own future. But we court death through thought and action because sometimes it enhances the richness of being alive, and sometimes it relieves the constriction of being alive. Research has shown that kids are far from having the intel-

lectual/emotional/moral/imaginative equipment to understand death as something other than a projection of their fantasies.

Youthful inexperience with the true mystery and reality of death — in fact, with all the most soulful, complex, lyrical experiences of life — is an important point when considering the needs of kids. It's a point that doesn't really have much to do with fumbling adventures in teen sex, but it has everything to do with what kids make of those adventures in later years.

We can do something about shortsightedness and egocentricity where safe sex

and kids are concerned. Some people are taking action. Parents, educators, student leaders, health-care workers, AIDS activists all have ideas and methods, even if they aren't in accord and seem to be yelling at each other. Values training for the young, empathy and assertiveness training, better sex education, better over-all education, abstinence for those who choose it, guilt-free access to safe sex paraphernalia for others, are all good weapons in the trench war with an opportunistic disease that kills not as a judgment but as a biological consequence.

But there's a danger in getting distracted by furious arguments about who's more right, moral, realistic or compassionate. The deeper, subtler, exploratory urge in young people — the natural urge to know and connect the mysterious forces behind death, sex, love and life — is, quite possibly, being curtailed. At a broader level, cries for censorship and official intervention are delivering the message to kids that sex itself is the problem.

Furthermore, this "problem" seems to have trailer-hitched itself to thorny questions about political correctness and who's trampling on whose images and rights, creating an atmo-

sphere of repression that gives sex a black eye and crushes the searching, creative spirit of people. From Pat Buchanan's rant against public television for airing what he calls "blasphemous" material, to gay and lesbian protests against the film *Basic Instinct*, to the threatened shutdown of the National Endowment of the Arts, our cultural life is under the shadow of alarmists who refuse to perceive creative works except through their own perilous, self-aggrandizing intellectual loops.

This kind of witch hunt has a long-term effect on children. Even the most well-meaning efforts to help young children and teens cope with the facts of AIDS, reduce their prejudices against people living with the disease and break down communication barriers between kids and adults regarding sex, can't alone prevent the walls of fear and self-censorship from closing in on a generation.

That doesn't mean we should stop those efforts. But while we're making sure kids understand the plumbing process and mechanics of contraception and the array of sexually transmitted diseases out there, we should also make sure they understand it is not sex that kills.

It is not the many, the varied, the profound aspects of sexual experience that are suddenly unavailable to their self-knowledge. It is not the freedom to feel all desire, all attractions or a full-blooded sensuality that must be cropped to fit neatly into the newly necessary discipline of monogamous relationships. We should not lose our lifeline to the erotic, our bridge to the cycle of creation and death in all nature, because we've called a halt to the sexual revolution.

I, for one, don't want to see the '90s generation become the first puritans of the 21st century, privately morbid with fear and publicly low in tolerance, appreciation and imagination where human sexuality is concerned. Nor do I find an opposite

post-AIDS-scary scenario (for that generation or their children) entirely promising: a mass explosion of pent-up, libidinous need marked by decadence and emotional carelessness. If the AIDS shadow lifts, a flow-

read aloud a passage from a thick book of intricate doctrine and ethics. But the words broke apart and went up like steam. It was not a time for words.

We shared a feeling to which kids of all generations are entitled, a feeling that helps mitigate adolescent clumsiness and confusion: epochal pride, the sense of being perfectly in synch with the now, the newsworthy. We felt bold in the face of fear for our future. It was good to be young, to be cutting our own path. It was the best.

My friends and I went to different high schools, and while we were somewhat defined by the personalities of those schools, we shared the same roots, the same home. We felt we were in charge of our lives — pretty much — at 17. We knew freedom when we saw it, and we saw it on Lanai: an entire weekend without adult interference.

But there was also Hendrix' death to think about, the end of a life which had personified for us the connection between huge vision and huge appetites. This was a new, unexpected chink in our armor, a suggestion that there was more to heaven and earth than we'd anticipated in our self-centered philosophy. This fact would haunt us.

Nobody was hooting "Party!" — we were there to do serious work, and we had every intention of doing it. But none of us was oblivious to the extra measure of openness. Over the next couple of days, our free-form society labored intensely until well into the night, then broke into smaller groups and couples for intense celebration. On one of those nights, I wandered through the grounds we occupied and became aware, for the first time, that sex was not one thing but many things, like a deity with countless faces.

Over there was Joe with his girlfriend, sweetly sharing a sleeping bag. Inside a beach cabin, a cultish clan of pleasure-seeking dropouts

CRIES FOR CENSORSHIP
and official intervention deliver the message to kids that sex itself is the problem.

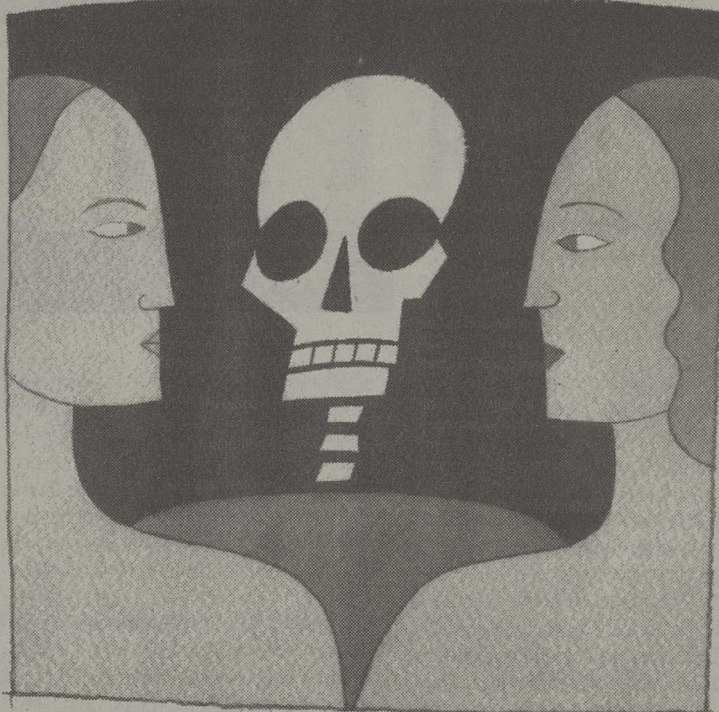
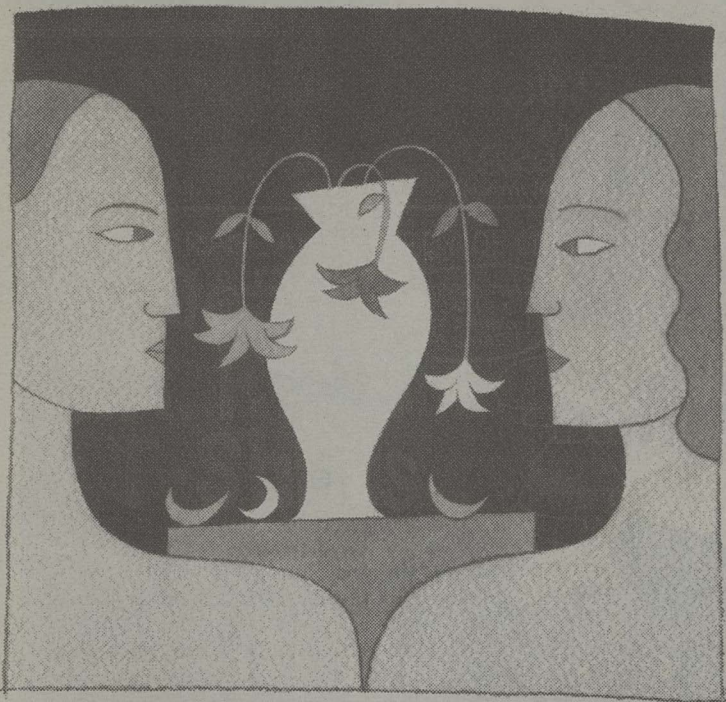
ering of romantic consciousness about the role of love and sex in the natural scheme of things would be far healthier and preferable.

But first, let's remember what it means to be young. Let me return to Lanai.

I woke up on that couch glad for the birds and the fragrance wafting through the window and surviving the plane ride and having 10 more months before I had to deal with the draft board and because the young woman I loved was coming later to the island. I stepped outside with my friends Joe and Greg, who'd also flown over to help prepare for a busy weekend. Scores of young men and women would be flying in soon from Honolulu for a couple of days of intense discussions about burning issues: the expansion of the Vietnam war, the draft, the environment, America's destiny and all that.

The day was not yet hot, and we meandered like lotus-eaters through the damp renewal of a tropical morning. Joe, whose integrated grasp of science and philosophy humbled me,

The Burden of



were having another in a series of values-smashing orgies. Behind another door, an upright, uptight friend broke his parents' edict against fraternizing with the exotic daughter of a leftist labor leader. Stumbling along the shore was a drunk, unhappy girl hoping to get picked up.

It went on and on like that: sex as love, liberation, anger, politics, crucible. It was a vision of the many draws and agonies of the sexual landscape, all of it real, human and democratizing. Someone blasted Hendrix from outdoor speakers as an homage. His music, as always, exalted the epic power of unbridled self-discovery. But it now hinted, unnervingly, that all such discoveries are mere passages toward our mortal end.

I bring up that reminiscence because, at its base, it is universal. No doubt, most high-schoolers before my time and those long after have found themselves, at least once, living through a similar, revelatory experience in a short-lived world of their own making. Adolescence, that point between innocence and disillusionment, is both terribly simple and terribly complicated that way.

The teen-agers I know today all go through such eye-opening episodes. Even the kids who choose to abstain from sex, out of fear or conviction, go through some process of discovery about sex in the company of peers. Eventually, no matter what one's parents pray or demand, everyone has to ricochet through encounters with what feels good and what doesn't, with conscience, with the fact of sexual violence, with respect. We have to make our own lives.

The same is true of our first stirrings of mortality, of our flirtations with extreme living, our curiosity about the wild. A lot of healthy kids may manifest this stuff in stupid, irre-

sponsible behavior, but much of that behavior has to do with the quest for that which exceeds boundaries. We want to know something about what's out there because there may not be another chance.

Adolescents still need time to get to know, or at least observe, those deeper, spiritual and psychological currents that poets champion, that artists have publicly explored for centuries. They need the freedom to understand their private selves a little better. Denounce young people's need to find the literary, musical, cinematic or other cultural signposts of their epoch, and we turn them into a lost generation.

The politicizing of AIDS, and all the moral one-upmanship surrounding it, has certainly made life much harder for people with the disease. It's also stemmed the flow of information important to AIDS prevention. The federal government's Centers for Disease Control killed radio and television ads late last year, ads which encouraged people to use condoms. Such action only prolongs our collective inability to see and deal with AIDS objectively, medically. It also increases the like-

I, FOR ONE
don't want to see the
'90s generation become
the first puritans of the
21st century.

lihood of angry, street-level activism and screaming matches among parties who share common concern for the welfare of their communities.

WE HAVE TO STOP and think
about the legacies we're
giving children, the
psychological and
emotional burdens they
will carry as adults for
the degree of fear we
willfully or inadvertently
instill in them today.

This is a very dangerous course for developing young minds which need all the encouragement they can get to explore the unknown, to see through their fears and biases and easy certainties about the world beyond their limited borders.

What clearer message could we have sent to kids recently, telling them how we live in fear of their right to explore, than passage of a law in Washington state banning the sale of "erotic" music to minors? Or the near passage of a bill that would have made it a crime for bookstores and libraries to make "sexually explicit" materials available to minors? What more feeble, helpless stance could we take as mentors and protectors than to say, "We can't seem to curb the real evils of this world — rape, sexism, racism, violence — so we don't want you to hear, read or see anything that reminds us of our paralysis"?

We are the graying generation that will still drop \$100 to go hear the Rolling Stones sing songs of unapologetic sexual abandon. Our songs. We will chuckle the whole

time about how we terrorized our parents by ushering the brave new world of the '60s into our complacent homes. But a lot of us in positions of power and influence don't seem to know what it means when our own kids do the same.

While we're busy regulating the thoughts and fantasies of minors, however, the adult-controlled worlds of show business, merchandising and sports continue to send mixed signals about sex. Depending on the television program or commercial you watch, you could get the idea that sex is either taking a long nap or is still the machine that keeps customers coming back.

Take the recent Academy Awards broadcast, for example.

We saw the least amount of star flesh pouring from the least sexy gowns in at least a decade of televised Oscar history. Gay activists' demands and threats no doubt had a leavening effect on the typically flamboyant program. But most on-camera awards presenters chose to wear the red AIDS solidarity ribbon, which likely muted the usual skin show. This company display of AIDS awareness sent a spurious, cynical message — that individuals can't be in sympathy with people with AIDS and openly celebrate sex — from an industry that would not survive without our need for sexual fantasy.

In contrast, the media and marketing pipeline to kids teaches, in the strongest terms ever, that guys who drink the right beer deserve, and get, the most bodacious babes. Professional football and basketball games have become nearly unthinkable without ornamental women making some of the hottest dance moves one is likely to see outside a Vegas show. MTV's rotation of music videos, while not as banal as it was a couple of years ago, still emphasizes keyhole voyeurism and beautiful women as a perk for rock and rap gods.

I'm not saying there isn't room in the backwater of fantasy for this stuff. But sex continues to sell consumer goods, leisure and entertainment, and images of men and women to a suggestible young audience. What it does not sell — precisely when we need it — are the healthy realities of real sex. Adults are responsible for that, and when adults squelch reality at the same time they profit from fantasy, the darker dreams of our col-

lective cultural subconscious proliferate. No wonder there are rap lyrics exalting rape, movies exploring sexual obsession and media gawking at the sexual pathologies of the rich and famous.

how could we blame teen-agers for sneering at (sometimes lobbying against, in the case of the erotic music ban) our hypocrisy? Of course, most kids need and want to respect adults, love them, admire and learn from them. That makes our concern for our kids' well-being, health and virtue doubly important. But it makes our carelessness in considering how their emotional or spiritual health will thrive, as it should, during these frightening times doubly painful.

We can't predict, for example, how young children are assimilating the way facts about AIDS are being presented to them. Linda Ellerbee recently hosted a television meeting between Magic Johnson, who is HIV-positive, and about a dozen grammar school kids. Broadcast on Nickelodeon and scheduled to show on PBS, it is a mixed bag.

In the program, Johnson is good at calmly dispensing the basic facts about AIDS, about AIDS prevention through condom use, his own health situation and how children with AIDS are not monsters but still children, in need of friends and support. The kids listening to him seem to get the idea.

But then, when Ellerbee asks how many of the children present are themselves infected with the AIDS virus, several little kids raise their hands. One of them, a little girl, breaks into sobs — she is utterly terrified of this phenomenon she has tried to understand as best she can. What she does understand is that, one day, it may kill her.

Johnson comforts her, but the focus is on the tears and fears, as it always is in television. Neither Johnson nor Ellerbee move in to assure the hundreds of thousands of 8-year-olds viewing this show that, despite all the previous discussion about how AIDS can be contracted through unprotected sex, *sex is not the monster that jeopardized this little girl's life*.

We have to stop and think about the legacies we're giving children, the psychological and emotional burdens they will carry as adults for the degree of fear we willfully or inadvertently instill in them today.

It is one thing to talk openly at home about sex, and pound the risk of contracting AIDS and STDs — and the options one has to prevent them — into kids' heads. But when we say or infer, as one mother did at a recent hearing concerning condom distribution, that teens should "say no to AIDS by saying no to sex," we're creating an egregious linkage they will pay for later.

Yes, this is a difficult period for everybody. Quite a few more people, apparently, will be among the sick and dying before the era of AIDS is over.

What better time to keep a bright light in the window for our complete humanity?

A graduate of St. Louis High School, Tom Keogh is now a film critic for Seattle's Eastsideweek. He was a staff therapist in the psychiatric unit of Seattle's Children's Hospital for nine years.

Desire

CALENDAR

May 27 - June 2

Film

Criticism by Bob Green unless otherwise noted.
☺, the Weekly's dingbat of approval, indicates
films of more than average interest.

First Run

Brief reviews of selected first-run films in town.
Confirm theaters, dates and times.

Alien 3 Music-video auteur David Fincher directs this much-troubled sequel to the first two *Alien* films. (The movie went through additional millions of dollars of scripts, directors and re-shooting before it finally found release.) Sigourney Weaver returns as Our Heroine Ripley, who crash-lands on a prison planet where she must re-confront the Monster, who this time tries to knock her up. Or something like that, anyway — the film reputedly has two or three endings, which are being tested in different markets.

☺ **American Me** Edward James Olmos (*Stand and Deliver*) makes his directing debut with this urban drama, which spans three decades in the lives of an Hispanic-American family. Olmos begins with the Pacheco riots in Los Angeles in 1943 and steers the film through the '70s, starring as an ambitious criminal who directs gang activities even when he is behind bars. Santana (Olmos) creates the "gang of gangs," a clique known as the Mexican Mafia, which works its way into the fabric of daily life in East L.A. — *Mary Brennan*

The Babe John Goodman, one of our most underrated film actors, here essays the role of "Babe" Ruth, famed baseballer whose personal life was less than a triumph. The movie reveals more than most sports-bio pics, and, under the sturdy tutelage of director Arthur Hiller, Goodman gives what is (arguably) his best screen performance to date.

Basic Instinct Oral sex (simulated) from Michael Douglas, verbal diaphana from screenwriter Joe Eszterhaus (who received nearly \$3 million for the script), soft-core porn from Sharon Stone and by-the-numbers direction from Paul Verhoeven converge in this hit about a mystery writer whose life seems to imitate her art.

☺ **Beauty and the Beast** Disney animators imitate the classic '30s Disney animation style and raid successful elements from other animated "classics."

Beethoven Beethoven is a big dog who runs roughshod over a nice little family. The family frequently stares at Beethoven in dismay. The family includes Charles Grodin. Summer must be drawing near. — *M.B.*

City of Joy Patrick Swayze stars as a burned-out doctor, who, for an unexplained reason, involves himself in the lives of the poor in Calcutta. The movie is ludicrously bad — imagine, if you will, Swayze philosophizing about the Dallas Cowboys in the ghettos and teaching the curry wallahs to make a cheeseburger. I was waiting for him to teach the movie's twinkling legless leper to dance, a la *Dirty Dancing*, or surf, a la *Point Break*. They wind up doing a combo number: a wicked *pas a deux* in a flood. The usually wonderful Art Malik stars as a caricature of an evil slum godfather; Pauline Collins is the requisite British nurse with a heart of gold, a brimming clinic and a barren pharmacy. The abysmal script was thrown together by Mark Medoff. Directed by Roland Joffe (*The Killing Fields*) — at gunpoint, one can only assume. — *Julia Steele*

The Cutting Edge Directed by former *Starsky and Hutch* star Paul Michael Glaser, the timely, or perhaps timeless, or perhaps tardy, *Cutting Edge* is one of those comedies which seems like it ought to star Kristy MacNichol. A macho hockey player is partnered with a prim figure skater; together they advance in couples competition. Plenty of knee-high shots of the camera following the silver blades around the rink; apparently the two stars aren't Ice Capades material. — *M.B.*

☺ **Deep Cover** A good cop (Larry Fishburne of *Boyz n the Hood*) goes undercover to infiltrate a drug ring... and becomes so personally involved that he begins to lose his "real" identity. The screenplay by Michael Tolkin (*Rapture*) is far above average, and Fishburne and co-star Jeff Goldblum strike some real sparks.

Encino Man MTV's Pauly Shore "stars" in this low-budget Disney quickie about a dude who finds a frozen caveman buried in the backyard. When the caveman thaws, the laughs are said to multiply. This big, dumb movie hopes to cash in on the *Wayne's World* craze... and it probably will.

Far and Away The cinematic equivalent of a romance novel, replete with sprawling scenery (it's a 70mm effort), history (it moves from Ireland to Oklahoma Indian territory in

1892) and plenty of sly peeks at Tom Cruise in various states of undress. Tom is poor but priapic and his love-interest (Cruise's real-life wife, Nicole Kidman) is wealthy. They both want freedom, and leave Ireland for Boston and then head out to Oklahoma for the land rush. Music — and plenty of it — by John Williams, direction by Ron Howard (*Backdraft*).

Ferngully... The Last Rainforest Latest in the new batch of kids' eco-movies, this animated feature about the rain forest boasts an impressive collection of voices. Crysta, Pips, the Beetle Boys and Batty live in a wondrous, threatened world. Tim Curry, Christian Slater, Grace Zabriskie and Robin Williams all do some of the talking in this adventure among the tall trees. — *M.B.*

Goodbye Paradise A locally written, produced and directed film purporting to be about changes in the Honolulu lifestyle (a friendly bar is closing, about to be displaced by a Big Deal building project). It's an earnest, well-meaning film full of inside jokes and recognizable local performers. Claustrophobically filmed, it might as well have been shot in downtown Detroit; the chief irony is that the film is lacking what its storyline appears to want to endorse — the beauty and social tolerance of Hawaii. Worth seeing as a curiosity.

☺ **Howards End** See Film Pick on Page 6. **Ladybugs** Rodney Dangerfield, with the help of a cross-dressing teenage boy, coaches a girl's soccer team to victory. — *M.B.*

The Last Boy Scout This by-the-numbers action flick has the formula down: highly visual violence every three minutes, buddy bonding and shockingly ancient one-liners. Scripter Shane Black (who received \$1.45 million for the screenplay) provides plenty of cartoon-like rough stuff.

Lethal Weapon 3 Deja view, with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover re-bonding as a pair of Frick and Frack cops trying to locate a cache of evidence that has disappeared from the precinct itself. Plenty of chases, explosions, violence and martial arts (provided by Rene Russo). It is said that returnee Joe Pesci, peroxide and perky, practically walks away with the movie. Directed, as were the first two, by Maui's Richard Donner.

A Midnight Clear William Wharton's novel about World War II gets an above-average treatment by writer-director Keith Gordon and a talented young cast (Ethan Hawke, Peter Berg and Kevin Dillon). It's about a specially selected "high IQ" reconnaissance unit trying to establish rapprochement with the enemy in Europe. They don't.

My Cousin Vinny Hollywood keeps trying to turn character actor Joe Pesci into a Star (a la Danny DeVito), and American audiences keep stubbornly resisting. In this comedy, specially written for Pesci by Dale Launier (*Ruthless People*), Brooklyn's own provincial-lawyer type Vinny travels to the Deep South to defend his cousin who's up on murder charges.

☺ **The Player** Director Robert Altman's deceptive style — restless, meandering, superficially witty — allows him, like his main character, to get away with murder. This is, thanks to Michael Tolkin's knowing and intricately plotted script, one of the most self-reflexive movies ever made, constantly satirizing its own conventions and using the conditioned expectations of the audience to comment on the audience. Tim Robbins gives a first-rate performance as a rotter of a Hollywood development executive, whose picaresque involvements in the corporate Hollywood labyrinth reflect and refract larger moral and ethical issues. The film changes in genre and tone from scene to scene, from playful parody to darkest satire to conventional suspense — but it always knows where it's going.

Sleepwalkers A bottom-of-the-tomb, incredibly graphic and bloody Stephen King horror story about a mother-and-son team of creatures who keep alive by sapping the vitality of virgins (they nearly starve to death). Aban-

Film Pick



An ailing matriarch (Vanessa Redgrave) leaves her estate to a new friend (Emma Thompson) in *Howards End*.

Estate of Affairs

From the same writer-director-producer team that brought E.M. Forster's *A Room With a View* to the screen (Ruth Praver Jhabvala, James Ivory and Ismail Merchant, who have been working together for over 30 years), comes another film adaptation of a Forster novel, *Howards End*. This film is far better than *Room With a View*; it neither distorts nor vulgarizes Forster's

great 1910 novel, and three phenomenal performances — by Anthony Hopkins, Vanessa Redgrave and Emma Thompson — make it the best movie of the year so far.

The story captures Forster's great themes: repressed emotions, class struggles and the intersection of fate and happenstance. An aristocratic matriarch (Redgrave) writes a deathbed note bequeathing her estate — *Howards End* — to a new acquaintance (Thompson). Feeling wronged, the matriarch's husband (Hopkins) and daughter destroy the note. But chance intervenes, and, ultimately, Hopkins and Thompson become engaged to be married.

In a sub-plot, Thompson's free-spirited sister (Helena Bonham Carter, who's just about cornered the film market on Forster characters) has a tryst with a married insurance clerk. A pregnancy follows, and Hopkins interferes disastrously, philosophizing all the while about the "lower orders." True to Forster's recurrent methods, all this results in melodramatic violence at the estate itself.

The story is beautifully realized on the screen — everything here is first-rate: the texture, the visuals, the costumes, the screenplay (which honors its source while adding some wise cinematic expansion), and, above all, the acting. — *Bob Green*

Howards End, Varsity Theatre, 1106 University Ave.; Call for times.
\$5.50 948-4144

don all hope, ye who enter here.

Split Second "He's seen the future — now he has to kill it," screams the publicity tag-line for this little time-travel action flick. This Rutger Hauer movie costars Kim Cattral in a story that tries to combine *Blade Runner* and *Freejack*. The future as depicted here looks very low budget.

Stop or My Mom Will Shoot! Sylvester Stallone is an L.A. cop; his Mom is a hilarious neatnik named Tutti Bomowski (Estelle Getty from *The Golden Girls*). When Tutti unexpectedly drops by from Jersey, she turns Sylvester's sloppy life upside down. And that's not all: Tutti becomes the key witness in a drive-by shooting, and before you know it, she's Sly's new partner. That's right, all that in one movie. — *M.B.*

☺ **Thunderheart** A routine-seeming action film redeemed by plot twists, good chemistry among the performers and intelligent direction, *Thunderheart* examines how "official reality" manipulates our perceptions of guilt and innocence among American minorities. A straight-arrow FBI agent (Val Kilmer) is assigned to investigate a killing on a Dakota Indian reservation. Who our government wants the killer to be and who the killer actually is forms the core of the story, which also cunningly reveals the worldview of the Indian culture. AmerIndian actors Graham Greene and Chief Ted Thin Elk are especially good. Thank director Michael Apted (*35 Up*) for rescuing this movie from mediocrity.

Wayne's World In the first of his three-picture contract with Paramount, Canadian comic Mike Myers and Dana Carvey, superannuated adolescent nebbishes, are lured into Big Time TV by slick huckster Rob Lowe before they right themselves and return to the world they know so well — fast-food joints, bad rock clubs and electronics stores. This is consumerism at its most rampant; the film evaporates from memory before you've left the theater. Party on.

White Men Can't Jump Written and directed by Ron Shelton, author of the irresistible *Bull Durham*, *White Men* is a high-concept film about an odd-couple team of scam operators. Whitest of the white Woody Harrelson (*Cheers*) is an unlikely hoop artist who teams up with Wesley Snipes ("I'll even take that guy as my teammate," says Snipes to potential pigeons, pointing to the grinning farmboy) in heavily wagered two-on-two games. — *M.B.*

White Sands Looking like nothing more than animated pages from *Gentleman's Quarterly*, this chic thriller is about arms dealers (Mickey Rourke among them), a New Mexico sheriff (Willem Dafoe, posing as a criminal) and a trendied-up Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (as a black-marketeer who donates her ill-gotten gains to worthy causes). Images aswirl, but the script is strictly earth-bound.

Short Run and Revival

☺ **Amadeus** (1984) The relationship between Antonio Salieri, a mundane composer, and his genius acquaintance, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, is explored in this drama directed by Milos Forman. The story tries to make important connections between incidents in Mozart's life and his subsequent compositions but, as always, genius remains inexplicable. With Tom Hulce as Mozart and F. Murray Abraham as Salieri. The innovative music staging and choreography are by Twyla Tharp. *Hemenway Theatre*, UH Manoa campus: Tue. 6/2 - Sun. 6/7, 5:30 & 8:30 p.m. \$3.50. 956-6468

☺ **Bugsy** Warren Beatty gives an excellent performance in this overpraised but still far above average love/gangster story about Bugsy Siegel, a charming sociopath who helped invent Las Vegas. Also with Annette Bening, Elliott Gould and Joe Mantegna. *Hemenway Theatre*, UH Manoa campus: Wed. 5/27 - Sun. 5/31, 6 & 8:30 p.m. \$3.50. 956-6468

Christo in Paris Environmental sculptor Christo is the subject of this documentary, which traces his early years and ends with his classic wrapping of France's Point Neuf in his trademark restructuring of nature into Art. This cinema verite production is the work of David and Albert Maysles, pioneers and finest practitioners of the genre. (Their associates, Karen Thorsen and Douglas Dempsey, will appear in person to discuss the film.) *Academy Theatre*, 900 S. Beretania St.: Sat. 5/30, 7:30 p.m. \$3. 532-8701

High and Dry (1954) A famous British comedy about a Scottish cargo boat crew going after a rich Yank, for whom they're working. The film is very much in the vein of writer William Rose (*It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*), who likes to mix comedy with social commentary,

Word Pick



Kenzaburo Oe in Hiroshima

Into the Void

As a youth growing up in an isolated village during World War II, novelist **Kenzaburo Oe** learned of world events — including the atomic bombing of Hiroshima — almost exclusively through the printed word. The experience shaped the development of Oe's distinctive fiction, which has made him one of Japan's leading postwar novelists. His work illustrates his acute perception of the tenuous link between writing and reality, or as he calls it, the "void behind the print."

Oe, who will read at the University of Hawaii on Thursday, majored in French literature at college and wrote his thesis on the existentialist works of Jean-Paul Sartre. Much of Oe's early writing reflects his interest in Sartrean concepts. In the early '60s, his work was radically transformed by two events: the birth of a son with severe brain damage and an encounter with Hiroshima A-bomb survivors at an anti-nuclear conference. According to notes in the *The Shogun Anthology*, a collection of modern Japanese short stories, "(The) coupling of the motifs of the idiot son, symbol of purity and madness, and the specter of nuclear apocalypse has since become a feature of Oe's major work. Moreover, in the years since 1965... he has cut loose from the conventions of the realistic novel to explore realms of the fantastic and grotesque more appropriate for depiction of life in the era of nuclear war."

Many of Oe's stories have been translated into English, including *Hiroshima Notes* (1965), *The Silent Cry* (1967), *A Personal Matter* (1968) and *The Clever Rain Tree*, a 1980 short story drawn from Oe's experiences at an East-West Center cross-cultural symposium.

Kenzaburo Oe: Art Auditorium, UH Manoa campus: Thur. 5/28, 7:30 p.m. Free. 956-7235



Troubled Paradise

In the wonderful documentary *Days of Waiting*, filmmaker Steven Okazaki painted a devastating portrait of the incarceration of American Japanese during World War II using a simple narrative combined with historical footage and illustrations. Okazaki's film is modest, contained; it is 29 minutes long and includes only one voice, that of artist and poet Estelle Ishigo, one of the few Caucasians to go to the camps (she accompanied her Japanese husband). By allowing Ishigo to tell her tale, *Days of Waiting* shows its audience the upheaval and confusion wrought by the U.S. government's internment policies. As all good storytellers — and untold frustrated communications teachers — know, stories are better shown than told: When you tell someone, you are the author of the reality; when you show someone, they find it themselves. *Days of Waiting* proved powerful enough to win Okazaki an Academy Award for best short documentary in 1990.

Flush with that success, Okazaki turned his sights to another area of U.S. government injustices: the disenfranchisement of the Hawaiian people. Okazaki knew there was a great story to be told in the Islands, though it took a while to figure out which tale could best be turned into a film. Was it the bureaucratic madness swirling around the Hawaiian Homes Commission? Was it the bombing by the American military of Kaho'olawe, an island held sacred by Hawaiians? Was it the environmental and cultural degradation accompanying the eruption of the tourism industry throughout the state? Was it... well, you get the point — Hawaii is an activist filmmaker's dream. There's enough exploitation going on in Paradise to win someone a dozen Oscars.

In the end, Okazaki decided to focus on the Big Island. His new, one-hour documentary, *Troubled Paradise*, which will screen this weekend at the University of Hawaii, details three struggles on the island: the battle against a Japanese corporation's plan to build a mega-resort at Kohanaiki on the Kona side; the occupation of the King's Landing area just outside of Hilo by Hawaiians who have been thwarted by the Hawaiian Homelands Commission; and the fight against geothermal projects in Puna. In addition the film takes a field trip to taro farms in Waipio Valley.

Troubled Paradise is an ambitious work, and it isn't nearly as good as it should be, particularly given its compelling subject matter. Okazaki has rejected the "less is more" rule that

Julia Steele

served him so well in *Days of Waiting*, and, in the process, he has lost the scope that *Troubled Paradise* might have promised. The film works well on an emotional level — the people Okazaki interviews are clearly intelligent and deserving of support. But it falls apart when one tries to comprehend the issues; the sympathy it evokes fails to translate into understanding. Mainland audiences (for whom the film was largely made) unfamiliar with the history of Hawaii will not come away from the film with much more than a general idea that something is wrong in the Islands.

The film opens with a note that the number of native Hawaiians has plummeted since Capt. James Cook "discovered" the Islands. But it provides very little — nothing, really — on the overthrow of the monarchy, the collusion between American business interests and the U.S. government, the massive seizure of lands made possible by the Great Mahele, the finagling to achieve statehood, the dramatic rise in tourism statewide... in short, the crucial history needed to explain the condition of native Hawaiians today.

Okazaki does mention that Hawaiians have the highest incarceration and disease rates of the state's residents but he does a poor job of explaining why this is so.

The film is broken into two parts, "Love of the Land" and "Pele's Children." The first focuses on concepts of *aloha 'aina*, the second on anti-geothermal battles. *Troubled Paradise* opens with stunning shots of Kilauea lava flows and a hula to Pele at the edge of the volcano. The dance, however, is not really explained at its outset — fine for local audiences but a little confusing for Mainland ones.

Occasionally, Okazaki makes statements that tie his themes together a tad too neatly and might seem a little naive to Hawaii residents — his assertion, for example, that "recent eruptions (of Kilauea) have inspired native Hawaiians fighting for the survival of their culture." True certainly, but haven't Hawaiians been battling for decades and haven't they been inspired — collectively and individually — by everything from the sanctity of the land to the civil rights movement to the music of The

Sunday Manoa?

The traditional documentary format Okazaki has chosen to use is itself problematic — too many shows today, particularly on public television, seem to consist primarily of talking heads lamenting their problems. This form of communication can be frustrating and distancing, regardless of how valid or relevant the problems may be. Again, the audience needs to be shown, not told.

Don't get me wrong — there are moments of great power in *Troubled Paradise*. Okazaki's task is greatly aided by the articulate and aware Hawaiian activists he has included — people like Dr. Noa Emmett Aluli, Davianna MacGregor and Palikapu Dedman of the Pele Defense Fund; Mililani Trask of Ka Lahui Hawaii; Haunani Trask of the UH Center for Hawaiian Studies; and Olga Nauka of the Protect Kohanaiki 'Ohana.

Other interview subjects lend the film further resonance: botanist Bill Mull in a virtual state of rapture as he slogs through the rain forest, describing the leaves of a native plant that "wear little red petticoats" and Skippy Ioane, one of the occupants of King's Landing, a Vietnam Vet whose grandfather fought for

the Americans in World War I and whose father fought in the Korean War. Ioane tells a story about eating with a group of Vietnamese during the war. They were amazed that he knew how to squat, that he knew how to use chopsticks. "Are you Japanese?" they asked him. "Chinese?" He drew a map with Asia on the left, America on the right and Hawaii in the middle. He pointed to the Islands and then to himself. "So you're not from America?" they asked. The thought, Ioane says, stuck.

Ultimately, *Troubled Paradise* is a commendable attempt to give voice to Hawaiians seeking to right wrongs and end the exploitation of the Islands. But the film is too narrowly focused; it doesn't do a thorough enough job of documenting the ravages now occurring throughout the state, nor the intense injustices that paved their path. Mainlanders watching *Troubled Paradise* on public TV — where it's scheduled to air later this year — will probably come away from the film with a sense of sadness for what Hawaiians have endured, but it seems unlikely that they will leave with what is most needed — a sense of outrage.

Troubled Paradise
Art Auditorium,
UH Manoa campus,
Sat. 5/30 & Sun.
5/31, 7:30 p.m.
Free. 956-7235

CALENDAR

in this case the differences between the Old World and the New. Funny but dated; the U.S. satirized here barely exists anymore. *Movie Museum*, 3566 Harding Ave.: Fri. 5/29 & Sun. 5/31, 8 p.m. \$5. 735-8771

✪ **James Baldwin: The Price of a Ticket** (1991) Prophetic essayist, playwright and novelist James Baldwin died in 1987, but his long essays — particularly *The Fire Next Time* — seem more timely than ever. This documentary, written and directed by Karen Thorsen and Douglas Dempsey, is the best film compilation of Baldwin's life. Unlike many writers, Baldwin was a compelling speaker (he began life as a child evangelist) and a candid interviewee. Black, homosexual and intellectual, Baldwin became the best-known African-American writer of the civil rights movement. This film wisely focuses on his human side... and will probably make you go out and re-read him. (With the filmmakers in person to discuss the film.) *Academy Theatre*, 900 S. Beretania St.: Fri. 5/29, 7:30 p.m. \$3. 532-8701

The Promoter (1952) Alec Guinness gives yet another impeccable performance in this rags-to-riches story, which comes down rather strongly on the side of a rigid class system. In the post-Thatcher age, this movie takes on ironies it perhaps did not intend. Guinness buffs shouldn't miss it. *Movie Museum*, 3566 Harding Ave.: Thur. 5/28 & Sat. 5/30, 8 p.m. \$5. 735-8771

Music

Concerts

All-American Composers Concert Yeah — who needs those stuffy old Europeans anyway, huh? An evening of Bernstein, Barber and Copland featuring the Royal Hawaiian Band, the Ecumenical Choral, Charles Sorenson, Karen Berganz and Maria Potts. *Honolulu Hale*, 530 S. King St.: Fri. 5/29, 7:30 p.m. Free. 523-4674

Honolulu Chorale The Chorale's Silver Anniversary Spring Concert will feature Hawaiian, spiritual and classical music, as well as fully choreographed Broadway show-stoppers. *Kamehameha Schools Performing Arts Center*, Kapalama Hts.: Sun. 5/31, 7:30 p.m. \$7. 944-8017

Metropolis May-hem This hard-rock feed-back fest is presented by *Metropolis*, the rock rag that readers depend upon for all the noise that's fit to print. Headline headbangers are Poynt Blankk, Big Electric Cat, Tempered Steel, Open Fire and Opium Fury. Additional attractions include games and safe-sex kits. *Pink's Garage*, 955 Waimanu St.: Thur. 5/28, 9 p.m. \$5 advance, \$7 at the door. 924-8284

Moonlight Jazz Fest This gala concert is as star-studded as stars can stud. Two alternating rhythm sections will provide the backbone for five hours of continuous music from luminous soloists like Azure McCall, Ten-nyson Stephens, Paul Madison, Gabe Baltazar, Bob Winn and special visitor Ira Nepus (see entry below). Proceeds benefit Friends of Jazz-Hawaii. *Maunakea Ballroom*, Hawaii Prince Hotel, 100 Holomoana St.: Sun. 5/31, 2:30 p.m. \$25. 956-1111

Ira Nepus Trombonist Nepus first learned his chops as a tot hanging out in his dad's Paris jazz club and has gone on to play with greats like Woody Herman, Cab Calloway, Dizzy Gillespie and Ella Fitzgerald. He will be presenting a variety of concerts and workshops during a week-long visit to the Islands, including this tribute to Trummy Young — one of his mentors — at Hawaii Public Radio. Call 926-6541 for information on his other programs. *Arborton Studio*, Hawaii Public Radio, 738 Kaheka St.: Sat. 5/30, 7:30 p.m. \$10. 955-8821

Van Halen See article on Page 11.

Club Acts

Band schedules are subject to change. Please call venues for latest information. Consult the Live Music Venues list for locations and phone numbers.

27/Wednesday

Almost Famous Variety; *Coconut Willie's*. 9 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.
Angie Rey & City Lights Dance; *Nicholas Nickolas*.

Blue Kangaroo Variety; *Jolly Roger Waikiki*. **Bobby Dunne Band** Pop, Rock; *Irish Rose Saloon*.

Brado Hawaiian, Classical, Jazz; *Shore Bird*. 4 - 8 p.m.

Desperado Rock; *Jazz Cellar*.

Eddy Zany Rock; *Scuttlebutt's*.

Ernie Shea Jazz; *Mabina Lounge*.

Hawaiian Time Contemporary Hawaiian; *Monterey Bay Cannery Pearlridge*.

Horizon Hawaiian; *Oasis*.

Howard & Russ Mellow Contemporary; *Bandito's*.

Howling Beddies Rock; *Moose McGillycuddy's Waikiki*.

Hyena Rock; *Moose McGillycuddy's University*.

J.P. Smoketrain Rock; *No Name Bar*. **Joel Kurasaki** Jazz; *Orson's*.

Jon Basebase Contemporary; *Horatio's*. **Kevin Mau** Variety; *Coconut Willie's*. 12:30 - 3:30 p.m.

Leroy Kahaku Contemporary; *Black Orchid*. 6 - 9 p.m.

Loretta Ables Trio Jazz; *Lewers Lounge*.

Mahi Beamer Contemporary Hawaiian; *Andrew's*.

Man'o Co. Contemporary Hawaiian; *Malia's Cantina*.

Natural Transition Jazz; *Paradise Lounge*.

Pandanus Club Hawaiian; *Nick's Fishmarket*.

Raga & Star Williams Jazz; *New Orleans Bistro*.

Rage 'n Rox Dance Rock; *Wave Waikiki*. **Ras Inando & New Horizons** Reggae; *Anna Bannanas*.

Shirley Walker Variety; *Jolly Roger East*. 4 - 7 p.m.

Silent Rage Rock; *G-5*.

The Krush Contemporary Hawaiian; *Out-rigger Reef Towers*.

The Three Ohana Hawaiian; *Bay View Lounge*.

Warren Johnson & Gator Creek Band Country; *Pecos River Cafe*.

Wes Hamrick Classical, Jazz; *Banyan Veranda*.

Wesley Furumoto Guitar; *Jolly Roger East*.

28/Thursday

Almost Famous Variety; *Coconut Willie's*. 4 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

Angie Rey & City Lights Dance; *Nicholas Nickolas*.

Azure McCall & Co. Jazz; *Nick's Fishmarket*.

Backstreet Blues; *Jaron's Kailua*.

Betty Loo Taylor & Rachel Gonzalez Jazz; *New Orleans Bistro*.

Blue Kangaroo Variety; *Jolly Roger Waikiki*. **Bobby Dunne Band** Pop, Rock; *Irish Rose Saloon*.

Brado Hawaiian, Classical, Jazz; *Shore Bird*. 4 - 8 p.m.

Bryan Huddy Mellow Contemporary; *Bandito's*.

Desperado Rock; *Jazz Cellar*.

Eddy Zany Rock; *Scuttlebutt's*.

Frank Leto & Pandemonium Worldbeat; *Anna Bannanas*.

Hawaiian Time Contemporary Hawaiian; *Monterey Bay Cannery Pearlridge*.

Horizon Hawaiian; *Oasis*.

Island Blend Hawaiian; *Surfboard Lounge*. 11:30 a.m. - 2 p.m.

J.P. Smoketrain Rock; *No Name Bar*. **Joel Kurasaki** Jazz; *Orson's*.

Jon Basebase Contemporary; *Horatio's*. **Kashmir** Rock; *Fast Eddie's*.

Kevin Mau Variety; *Coconut Willie's*. 12:30 - 3:30 p.m.

Kontrast Rock; *Moose McGillycuddy's Waikiki*.

Leroy Kahaku Contemporary; *Black Orchid*. 6 - 9 p.m.

Loretta Ables Trio Jazz; *Lewers Lounge*.

Mahi Beamer Contemporary Hawaiian; *Andrew's*.

Natural Transition Jazz; *Paradise Lounge*.

Rage 'n Rox Dance Rock; *Wave Waikiki*.

Raga & Andrea Young Jazz; *Mabina Lounge*.

Shirley Walker Variety; *Jolly Roger East*. 4 - 7 p.m.

Silent Rage Rock; *G-5*.

Simplisity Hawaiian; *Black Orchid*. **The Krush** Contemporary Hawaiian; *Out-rigger Reef Towers*.

The Three Ohana Hawaiian; *Bay View Lounge*.

Tommy D & the D Band Rock; *Mai Tai Lounge*.

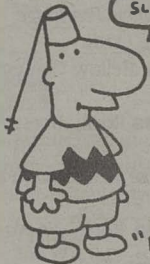
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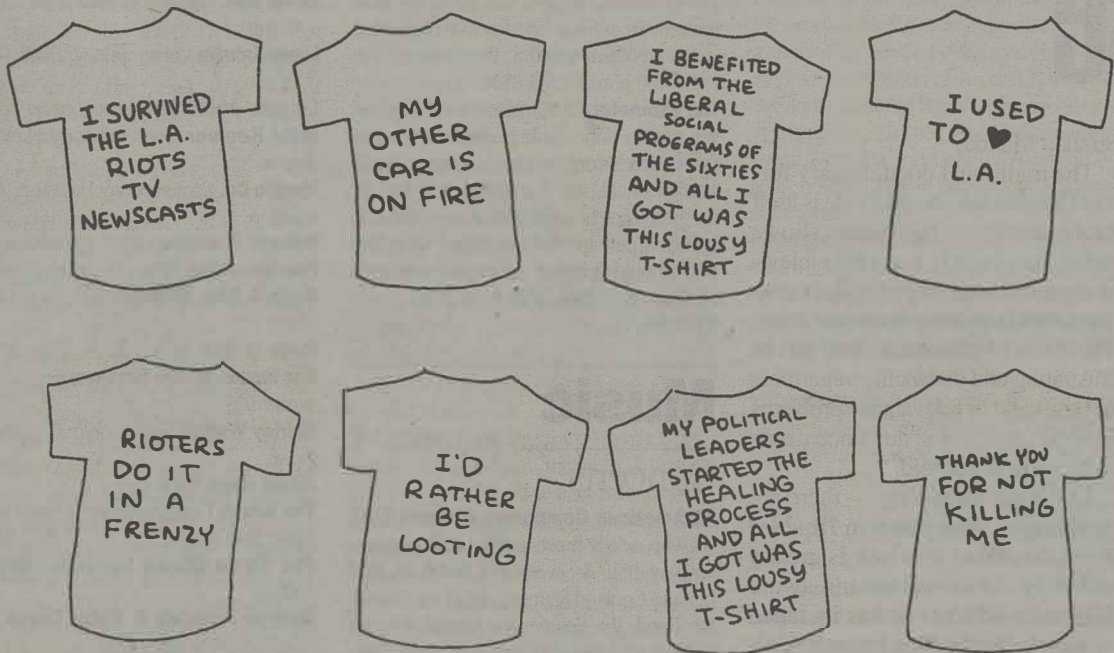


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Tide times and heights are for Honolulu Harbor. Tide and moon information supplied by Doug Paine Design.

Warren Johnson & Gator Creek Band Country; *Pecos River Cafe*.
Wesley Furumoto Guitar; *Jolly Roger East*.
Willie K. Contemporary Hawaiian; *Malia's Cantina*.

29/Friday

Alisa Randolph & Musica É Rock; *Cafe Sestina*.
Almost Famous Variety; *Coconut Willie's*. 9 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.
Augie Rey & City Lights Dance; *Nicholas Nickolas*.
Azure McCall & Co. Jazz; *Nick's Fishmarket*.
Blue Kangaroo Variety; *Jolly Roger Waikiki*.

BMW Blues; *Scuttlebutt's*.
Bobby Dunne Band Pop, Rock; *Irish Rose Saloon*.
Brado Hawaiian, Classical, Jazz; *Shore Bird*. 4 - 8 p.m.
Busta Jones Band R&B, Funk; *Fast Eddie's*.
Carol Atkinson Jazz; *Orson's*.
Crossover Pop, Funk, Blues; *Jaron's Kailua*.
Desperado Rock; *Jazz Cellar*.
Exit 8 Contemporary Hawaiian; *Monterey Bay Cannery Pearlridge*.
Frank Leto & Pandemonium Worldbeat; *The Row*.
Ho'okena Hawaiian; *Sea Life Park*.
Horizon Hawaiian; *Oasis*.

Island Heart Hawaiian; *Surfboard Lounge*. 11:30 a.m. - 2 p.m.
J.P. Smoketrain Rock; *No Name Bar*. 5 - 7 p.m.
Jesse Vance Boden Guitar, Flute; *Proud Peacock - Waimea Falls*. 4 - 9 p.m.
Jimmy Borges Jazz; *Paradise Lounge*.
Jon Basebase & Vince Andrada Contemporary; *Horatio's*.
Joy Woode & Betty Loo Taylor Jazz; *New Orleans Bistro*.
Keith & Carmen Haugen Hawaiian; *Ward Warehouse*. Noon - 1 p.m.
Kevin Mau Variety; *Coconut Willie's*. 12:30 - 3:30 p.m.

Live Music Venues

Anna Bananas, 2440 S. Beretania St. 946-5190
Andrew's, Ward Centre, 1200 Ala Moana Blvd. 523-8677
Banditos, 98-151 Pali Momi St. 488-8888
Banyan Veranda, Sheraton Moana Surfside, 2353 Kalakaua Ave. 922-3111
Bayview Lounge, Turtle Bay Hilton, 1757-091 Kam Hwy. 293-8811
Black Orchid, Restaurant Row, 500 Ala Moana Blvd. 521-3111
C-5, 205-C Sand Island Access Rd. 848-0990
Cafe Sestina, 1314 S. King St. 526-0071
Coconut Willie's, International Market-place 2230 Kalakaua Ave. 923-9454
Coffee Manoa, 2851 E. Manoa Rd. 988-5113
Coffeelene, 1820 University Ave. 947-1615
The Factory, 1065 Kapiolani Blvd. 545-0872
Fast Eddie's, 52 Oneawa St., Kailua. 261-8561
Hawaii Loa College, 45-045 Kam Hwy. 293-9074
Honolulu Waldorf School, 350 Uluia St., Niu Valley. 293-9074
Horatio's, Ward Warehouse, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd. 521-5002
Iolani Palace, King and Richard, 523-4674
Irish Rose Saloon, Outrigger Reef Towers, 227 Lewers St. 924-7711
Jaron's Kailua, 201A Hamakua Dr., Kailua. 262-6768
Jazz Cellar, 205 Lewers St. 923-9952
Jolly Roger Waikiki, 2244 Kalakaua Ave. 923-1885

Jolly Roger East, 150 Kailani Ave. 923-2172
Kapiolani Park Bandstand, 2805 Monsenat Ave. 523-4674
Lewers Lounge, Halekulani, 2199 Kalia Rd. 923-2311
Mahina Lounge, Ala Moana Hotel, 410 Atkinson Dr. 955-4811
Maile Room, Kahala Hilton Hotel, 5000 Kahala Ave. 734-2211
Mai Tai Lounge, Outrigger Malia, 2211 Kuhio Ave. 923-7621
Malia's Cantina, 311 Lewers St. 922-7808
Miramar Lounge, Miramar Hotel, 2345 Kuhio Ave. 923-1528
Monterey Bay Cannery Pearlridge, 98-1005 Moanahua Rd. 487-0048
Monterey Bay Cannery Ward, 1200 Ala Moana Blvd. 536-6197
Moose McGillycuddy's, 310 Lewers St. 923-0751
Moose McGillycuddy's, 1035 University Ave. 944-5525
New Orleans Bistro, 2139 Kuhio Ave. 926-4444
Nicholas Nickolas, Ala Moana Hotel, 410 Atkinson Dr. 955-4466
Nick's Fishmarket, Waikiki Gateway Hotel, 2070 Kalakaua Ave. 955-6333
NoName Bar, 131 Hekili St., Kailua. 261-8725
Oasis Nightclub, 2888 Waialeale Ave. 734-3772
Orson's, 5 Hoolai St., Kailua. 262-2306
Outrigger Reef Towers, 227 Lewers St. 924-8844
Paradise Lounge, Hilton Hawaiian Village, 2005 Kalia Rd. 949-4321

Pecos River Cafe, 99-016 Kamehameha Hwy., Aiea. 487-7980
Pink's Garage, 955 Waimanu St. 537-1555
Proud Peacock, Waimea Falls Park. 638-8531
Ramsay Galleries & Cafe, 1128 Smith St. 537-ARTS
Reni's, 98-713 Kuahao Pl., Pearl City. 487-3625
Rose City Diner, Restaurant Row, 500 Ala Moana Blvd. 524-7673
The Row, Restaurant Row, 500 Ala Moana Blvd. 528-2345
Ryan's, Ward Centre, 1200 Ala Moana Blvd. 523-9132
Scuttlebutt's, 120 Hekili St., Kailua. 262-1818
Sea Life Park, Makapuu Point. 923-1531
Shore Bird, 2169 Kalia Rd. 922-6906
Sheraton Waikiki Hotel, 2255 Kalakaua Ave. 922-4422
Silver Fox Lounge, 49 N. Hotel St. 536-9215
Spindrift Kaha, 4169 Waialeale Ave. 737-7944
Steamer's, 66-1445 Kamehameha Hwy., Haleiwa. 637-5085
Sugar Bar, 67-069 Kealahou St., Wailua. 637-6989
Surfboard Lounge, Waikiki Beachcomber Hotel, 2300 Kalakaua Ave. 922-4646
Tamzind Park, King and Bishop 523-4674
Waikiki Broiler, 200 Lewers St. 923-8836
Ward Centre, 1200 Ala Moana Blvd. 531-6411
Wave Waikiki, 1877 Kalakaua Ave. 941-0424
Wilcox Park, Fort Street Mall and King. 523-4674

Kontrast Rock; *Moose McGillycuddy's Waikiki*.

Leroy Kahaku Contemporary; *Black Orchid*. 6 - 9:30 p.m.

Loretta Ables Trio Jazz; *Lewers Lounge*.
Love Gods Rock; *No Name Bar*.

Mahi Beamer Contemporary Hawaiian; *Andrew's*.

Mana'o Co. Contemporary Hawaiian; *Malia's Cantina*.

Mojo Hand Blues; *Silver Fox Lounge*.

Nueva Vida & Ira Nepus Jazz; *Reni's*.

One People Mellow Contemporary; *Bandito's*.

Pagan Babies World Dance; *Anna Bananas*.

Poynt Blankk Rock; *C-5*.

Raga & Andrea Young Jazz; *Mahina Lounge*.

Rage 'n Rox Dance Rock; *Wave Waikiki*.

Reni & Friends Variety; *Waikiki Broiler*.

Robie & Troy Contemporary Hawaiian; *Moose McGillycuddy's University*.

Royal Hawaiian Band Contemporary; *Iolani Palace*. 12:15 - 1:15 p.m.

Schofield 25th Infantry Band Contemporary; *Tamzind Park*. Noon - 1 p.m.

Shirley Walker Variety; *Jolly Roger East*. 4 - 7 p.m.

Silent Rage Rock; *C-5*. Midnight - 2 a.m.

Simplisity Contemporary; *Black Orchid*.

Steve Fries Keyboard; *Ramsay Galleries & Cafe*. 6 - 9 p.m.

Susi Hissong Harp; *Ward Centre*. Noon - 1 p.m.

Tempered Steel Rock; *Jazz Cellar*.

The Krush Contemporary Hawaiian; *Outrigger Reef Towers*.

The Three Ohana Hawaiian; *Bay View Lounge*.

Tommy D & the D Band Rock; *Mai Tai Lounge*.

Warren Johnson & Gator Creek Band Country; *Pecos River Cafe*.

30/Saturday

Alisa Randolph & Musica É Rock; *Cafe Sestina*.

Augie Rey & City Lights Dance; *Nicholas Nickolas*.

Azure McCall & Co. Jazz; *Nick's Fishmarket*.

ket.
Betty Loo Taylor & Derryl McKay Jazz; *New Orleans Bistro*.

Big Dawg Rock; *C-5*.

Blue Kangaroo Variety; *Jolly Roger Waikiki*.

Blues Bandits Blues; *Reni's*.

BMW Blues; *Scuttlebutt's*.

Bobby Dunne Band Pop, Rock; *Irish Rose Saloon*.

Brado Hawaiian, Classical, Jazz; *Shore Bird*. 4 - 8 p.m.

Brian & Julie Huddy Rock; *Coconut Willie's*. Noon - 3:30 p.m.

Carol Atkinson Jazz; *Orson's*.

Crossover Pop, Funk, Blues; *Jaron's Kailua*.

Desperado Rock; *Jazz Cellar*.

Eddy Zany Rock; *Coconut Willie's*. 4 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

Exit 8 Contemporary Hawaiian; *Monterey Bay Cannery Pearlridge*.

Horizon Hawaiian; *Oasis*.

Island Blend Hawaiian; *Surfboard Lounge*. 11:30 a.m. - 2 p.m.

Jesse Vance Boden Guitar, Flute; *Proud Peacock - Waimea Falls*. 4 - 9 p.m.

Jimmy Borges Jazz; *Paradise Lounge*.

Jon Basebase & Vince Andrada Contemporary; *Horatio's*.

J.P. Smoketrain Rock; *Buzz's Moiliili*.

Kontrast Rock; *Moose McGillycuddy's Waikiki*.

Lawai'a Hawaiian; *Fast Eddie's*.

Lee Jones & Rio Country; *Pecos River Cafe*.

Loretta Ables Trio Jazz; *Lewers Lounge*.

Mahi Beamer Contemporary Hawaiian; *Andrew's*.

Mana'o Co. Contemporary Hawaiian; *Malia's Cantina*.

Nueva Vida Pop; *The Row*.

One People Mellow Contemporary; *Bandito's*.

Open Fire Rock; *Jazz Cellar*.

Pagan Babies World Dance; *Anna Bananas*.

Raga & Andrea Young Jazz; *Mahina Lounge*.

Rage 'n Rox Dance Rock; *Wave Waikiki*.

Reni & Friends Variety; *Waikiki Broiler*.

Robie & Troy Contemporary Hawaiian;

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The Straight Dope



Illustration/Slug Signorino

I'm enclosing an article that poses a question that had never occurred to me before. Why is the night sky dark? According to the author of the article, Robert Cowen, "the traditional answer holds that the universe is expanding so fast that light from the distant stars is degraded and thinly spread." Another theory suggests "the darkness is better explained by the simple fact that the universe is of finite age. Galaxies have not had time to flood the sky with starlight." Excuse me, but aren't we overlooking the obvious here?

—Bill, Nanaimo, British Columbia

This is one of those questions so bizarre only an astronomer could have thought it up. But it's not as nutty as it may initially appear. We can rule out one obvious answer right off the bat: the night sky isn't dark merely because the sun goes down. The stars alone ought to be enough to make the night sky intensely bright.

Think about it this way. If we assume the universe contains an infinity of stars scattered in endless space, we should see a star in any direction we look. It's like being in the middle of a forest — all you can see in any direction are tree trunks. The sky should be so completely filled with pinpoints of light that they should all merge into a uniform white glow.

Clearly it doesn't work that way, a puzzle astronomers call "Olbers's paradox." Why not? We can nix a few possibilities:

The light emitted by the most distant stars is so faint it's below the threshold of vision. Forget it. You can't see an individual glowing atom, but you can see zillions of them massed together in a candle flame. The same ought to hold true of a horde of distant stars.

The most distant stars are obscured by interstellar dust. Won't work either. The dust would absorb so much light it'd eventually start glowing itself.

So what does explain the paradox? After 400 years of debate on the question, there is now fairly wide agreement among astronomers: There just aren't enough stars in the observable universe to fill up the night sky.

Your reaction to this may be: It took scientists 400 years to come up with

that? No wonder we still haven't found a cure for the common cold.

Well, I admit it doesn't look good. But that's because I'm making the answer seem simpler than it is. We don't really know how many stars there are. What we do know is that however many there are, we can see only a finite number of them. The oldest stars in existence are about 10 billion years old, meaning that the greatest distance starlight can have traveled is 10 billion light-years. So the only stars we could possibly see are those within 10 billion light-years of us — the light from stars farther away has yet to reach us. The few jillion stars in our corner of the cosmos (aka, the "observable universe") are spread too thin to illuminate the night sky. (True, as time goes on, light from more distant stars does reach us, but meanwhile some close-in stars are dying out.)

So that's why the night sky is dark. All right, it's a complicated way of telling you what you might have guessed anyway. But sometimes the obvious ain't.

Re the origins of "funky": In Flash of the Spirit, his brilliant exploration of the sacred in African art, music and dance, anthropologist and art historian Robert Farris Thompson proposes an alternative etymology for funky that also illuminates the word's long-time association with "smelly": "The slang term 'funky'... seems to derive from the KiKongo lu-fuki, 'bad body odor'... Both jazzmen and Bakongo use funky and lu-fuki to praise persons for the integrity of their art, for having 'worked out' to achieve their aims... This Kongo sign of exertion is identified with the positive energy of a person. Hence 'funk' in American jazz parlance can mean earthiness, a return to fundamentals."

This by no means negates the "sexually aroused female" theory of the word's origin, for the odor of a woman in heat is symbolic of "positive energy" in its most primitive form

—Cree McCree, New York

"Woman in heat"? My, aren't we the sensitive man of the '90s.

—CECIL ADAMS

Moose McGillycuddy's University.
Shirley Walker Variety; Jolly Roger East. 4 - 7 p.m.
Silent Rage Rock; C-5. Midnight - 2 a.m.
Simplicity Contemporary; Black Orchid.
The Krush Contemporary Hawaiian; Outrigger Reef Towers.
The Three Ohana Hawaiian; Bay View Lounge.
Tommy D & the D Band Rock; Mai Tai Lounge.

31/Sunday

Augie Rey & City Lights Dance; Nicholas Nickolas.
Billy Kurch Piano; Lewers Lounge.
Brian & Julie Huddy Rock; Coconut Willie's. Noon - 3:30 p.m.
Brother Noland Contemporary Hawaiian; Malia's Cantina.
Carol Atkinson Jazz; Orson's.
Desperado Rock; Jazz Cellar.
Ed Parelles Guitar; Irish Rose Saloon.
Eddy Zany Rock; Coconut Willie's. 9 p.m. 1:30 a.m.
Ernie Shea Jazz; Mabina Lounge.
Exit 8 Contemporary Hawaiian; Monterey Bay Cannery Pearbridge.
Jam Night with Hyena Rock Jam; C-5.
Jesse Vance Boden Guitar, Flute; Proud Peacock - Waimea Falls. 4 - 9 p.m.
John Norris & Trad Jazz Combo Jazz; New Orleans Bistro.
Kontrast Rock; Moose McGillycuddy's Waikiki.
Ledward Kaapana & Ikona Hawaiian; Scuttlebutt's. 2 - 6 p.m.
Lee Jones & Rio Country; Pecos River Cafe.
Lenny & the Wipers Doo-wop; Rose City Diner.
Lowdown R&B; Anna Bannanas.
Mackey Feary & Jeff Rasmussen Cajun; Ryan's.
Natural Transition Jazz; Paradise Lounge.
Over the Hill Gang Hawaiian; Fast Eddie's.
Pagan Cafe Jazz Jam; The Factory. 4 - 10 p.m.
Pandanus Club Hawaiian; Nick's Fishmarket.
Paradox Jazz, R&B; Oasis.
Que Martyn Trio Jazz; Black Orchid. 7 - 11 p.m.
Rage 'n Rox Dance Rock; Wave Waikiki.
Ras Inado & New Horizons Reggae; No Name Bar.
Remi & Friends Variety; Waikiki Broiler.
Royal Hawaiian Band; Kapiolani Park Bandstand. 2 - 3 p.m.
Russ Donnelly Folk, Country; Jolly Roger Waikiki.
Strolling Hawaiian Duo Contemporary Hawaiian; Jaron's Kailua. 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.
The Three Ohana Hawaiian; Bay View Lounge.
Tommy D & the D Band Rock; Mai Tai Lounge.
Wes Hamrick Classical, Jazz; Maile Room.
Wesley Furumoto Guitar; Spindrift Kabala.
Zig Zag Rock; Coconut Willie's. 4 - 8:30 p.m.

1/Monday

Billy Kurch Piano; Lewers Lounge.
Brado Hawaiian; Coconut Willie's. 4 - 8:30 p.m.
Ed Parelles Guitar; Irish Rose Saloon.
Eddy Zany Rock; Coconut Willie's. 9:30 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.
Ernie Shea Jazz; Mabina Lounge.
Exit 8 Contemporary Hawaiian; Monterey Bay Cannery Pearbridge.
Glori Rock; C-5.
Hot Java Jam Night Jam Session; Hot Java.
Joel Kurasaki Jazz; Orson's.
Kevin Mau Variety; Coconut Willie's. 12:30 - 3:30 p.m.
Lee Jones & Rio Country; Pecos River Cafe.
Leroy Kahaku Contemporary; Black Orchid.
Mondo Incognito Rock; Moose McGillycuddy's Waikiki.
Nalu Contemporary Hawaiian; Moose McGillycuddy's University.
Natural Transition Jazz; Paradise Lounge.
Pandanus Club Hawaiian; Nick's Fishmarket.
Paradox Jazz, R&B; Oasis.
Raga & Derryl McKay Jazz; New Orleans Bistro.
Rendezvous Dance; Nicholas Nickolas.
Russ Donnelly Folk, Country; Jolly Roger Waikiki.
Shirley Walker Variety; Jolly Roger East. 4 - 7 p.m.
The Three Ohana Hawaiian; Bay View Lounge.
Tommy D & the D Band Rock; Mai Tai Lounge.
Wes Hamrick Classical, Jazz; Banyan Veranda.
Wesley Furumoto Guitar; Spindrift Kabala.
Zig Zag Rock; Jazz Cellar.

CALENDAR

2/Tuesday

Almost Famous Variety; Coconut Willie's. 4 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.
Augie Rey & City Lights Dance; Nicholas Nickolas.
Betty Loo Taylor & Derryl McKay Jazz; New Orleans Bistro.
Blue Kangaroo Variety; Jolly Roger Waikiki.
Bobby Dunne Band Pop, Rock; Irish Rose Saloon.
Brado Hawaiian, Classical, Jazz; Shore Bird. 4 - 8 p.m.
Desperado Rock; Jazz Cellar.
Ernie Shea Jazz; Mabina Lounge.
Hawaiian Time Contemporary Hawaiian; Monterey Bay Cannery Pearbridge.
Howard & Russ Mellow Contemporary; Bandito's.
Island Blend Hawaiian; Surfboard Lounge. 11:30 a.m. - 2 p.m.
J.P. Smoketrain Rock; No Name Bar.
Joel Kurasaki Jazz; Orson's.
Kevin Mau Variety; Coconut Willie's. 12:30 - 3:30 p.m.
Lee Jones & Rio Country; Pecos River Cafe.
Leroy Kahaku Contemporary; Black Orchid.
Local Band Night Dance Rock; Wave Waikiki.
Loretta Ables Trio Jazz; Lewers Lounge.
Mondo Incognito Rock; Moose McGillycuddy's Waikiki.
Nalu Contemporary Hawaiian; Moose McGillycuddy's University.
Natural Transition Jazz; Paradise Lounge.
Otis Schaper Popular; Chinatown Gateway Park. Noon - 1 p.m.
Pandanus Club Hawaiian; Nick's Fishmarket.
Remi & Friends Variety; Waikiki Broiler.
Rolando Sanchez & Salsa Hawaii Latin; Anna Bannanas.
Shirley Walker Variety; Jolly Roger East. 4 - 7 p.m.
The Krush Contemporary Hawaiian; Outrigger Reef Towers.
The Three Ohana Hawaiian; Bay View Lounge.
Wes Hamrick Classical, Jazz; Banyan Veranda.
Wesley Furumoto Guitar; Sberaton.

Theater and Dance

Camelot T.H. White's wonderful tale of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table has attained dubious immortality thanks to this Lerner and Loewe musical, which has been materializing in community theaters everywhere for the last 30 years. The Army Community Theatre resurrection stars Steve Wagenseller and Cheryl Bartlett. Richardson Theater, Fort Shafter. Fri. 5/29 & Sat. 5/30, 7:30 p.m. \$8 - 10. 438-4480

George M! You don't have to be a Republican to get into DHT's production of this musical tribute to the great jingoist George M. Cohan... but it would probably help. Maybe it was just the Wednesday night subscriber audience, but I felt like I was at a local G.O.P. fundraiser (aloha attire required). If you don't know who George M. is, this show aims to tell you — though by its end, you still don't really know who he is, you just know that he authored all those damnably hummable, politically incorrect tunes, like *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *You're a Grand Old Flag* and *Over There*. In this musical, George is born into a showbiz family and grows up singing and dancing with his mom, dad and sister as "The Four Cohans" (hence the famous line "I thank you... my father thanks you... my mother thanks you..."). Before long, he writes, sings and tap dances his way off the podunk circuit and onto Broadway ("I've got something this country needs," he declares), and soon cabbies are leaning out of their windows, saying, "There's the man who owns Broadway!" Cohan has his fall and his comeback — and at the end, he doesn't regret anything. James Pestana in the title role is too mellow to bring the egomaniacal showbiz machine to life, though he does well as the aging, introspective George. The leads must all contend with wooden dialogue and cliché-driven action, but they do tap dance up a storm. The Company — the show's singing and dancing chorus — has a little more life; they do a funny gallery of stagestruck char-

acters in the first act. The set, by Broc Smith, is uninspired — the crude backdrops look like they were done by third-graders with red, white and blue crayons. — Karyn Koeur.
Diamond Head Theatre, 520 Makapuu Ave.: Wednesdays - Saturdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 4 p.m. through 6/14. \$8 - \$35. 734-0274

Iona Pear Dance Theatre This Honolulu-based modern dance ensemble blends elements of the Japanese avant-garde dance *butoh* with Hawaiian moves. Art meets nature in the company's newest work, which is directed by Cheryl Flaharty and will be performed in the East-West Center's Japanese garden. Bring a backrest or beach mat. *East-West Center*, UH Manoa campus. Sat. 5/30. 6 p.m. \$8. 944-7666

Maui the Demigod Kumu Kahua revives last season's exuberant and mildly erotic stage adaptation of Steven Goldsberry's novel, this time for an Oahu and Neighbor Island tour. The new version has been modified by director Hany Wong III and his ensemble. *Tenney Theatre*, St. Andrew's Cathedral, Queen Emma Sq.: Thur. 5/28 - Sat. 5/30, 8 p.m.; Sun. 5/31, 6:30 p.m. \$7. 737-4161

Open Door Theatre This new troupe, which brings together standardly and differently abled artists, performs two new plays by local playwrights: *The Poetry of a Hamburger* and *My Play*. Open Door is sponsored by Very Special Arts Hawaii, a non-profit organization that promotes performing and visual arts for disabled individuals. *Croarkin Theatre*, Chaminade campus. Fri. 5/29 - Sun. 5/31, 7:30 p.m. \$3 donation. 735-4325

Sweeney Todd This Stephen Sondheim musical was a long-running hit in New York, in spite of its appalling subject: A murderous barber returns to London after years in prison to get revenge on the judge who nailed him. The twist is that the judge is just as malignant as Sweeney. So who's society's real sicko? The show's answer is everyone — but MVT's production lacks the high-gloss style with which the original production seduced the audience into seeing this. The Manoa company tries to mount an operatic horror show in a cozy little playhouse; it doesn't work. It didn't hit me until I was actually sitting in MVT's boxy little theater, with the depressing gray set looming above me: Sweeney Todd was going to be right in my face. But the attempt is made ludicrous by the fact that few of the actors play to the audience; they focus instead on the ceiling. They also fail to miniaturize their behavior to a scale the audience can appreciate. The show thus becomes an unintentionally cinematic experience — you catch a close-up here, an odd angle there. If you're lucky enough to sit stage-right, you'll see most of the action, but if you're sitting stage-left, you'll see the actors' backs. Stage-left spectators also sit right next to the orchestra, whose music then overpowers the performers (their voices aren't all that strong to begin with). Mark Haworth plays Sweeney humorlessly, with glazed eyes to indicate "madness"; he doesn't even bother with a British accent. Andee Gibbs as Mrs. Lovett anchors the show, bringing out, as best she can, the play's dark comedy as well as its underlying anxiety. For me, though, the musical had a numbing effect; it's such a bloodbath that you don't really come away with anything. — K.K. Manoa Valley Theatre, 2833 E. Manoa Rd.: Wed. 5/27 - Sat. 5/28, 8 p.m.; Sun. 5/31, 4 p.m. \$24. 988-6131

Art

Opening

Art in Paris Watercolors of Paris and its environs, created in France by George Woollard and students from UH Manoa. Opens 5/27, runs through 6/17. *International Savings and Loan Bank Foyer*, 1415 Kapiolani Blvd. 523-4369
Fading Into Color Watercolors by Su Shen Atta. Opens 6/1, runs through 6/26. *Ramsay Galleries & Cafe*, 1128 Smith St. 537-ARTS
Loaded Glass Stained glass from five Hawaii artists. Opens 6/1, runs through 6/26. *Ramsay Galleries & Cafe*, 1128 Smith St. 537-ARTS
Michael G.B. Tom Recent abstract mixed-media works. Opens 5/28, runs through 7/5. *Honolulu Academy of Arts*, 900 S. Beretania St. 532-8712

Paintings of Micronesia Watercolors by

Continued on Page 12

PHOTO: BOB SEBREE



Gods age, too: Van Halen today (from left): bassist Michael Anthony, drummer Alex Van Halen, singer Sammy Hagar and guitarissimo Eddie Van Halen.

Runnin' with the Demographic

Notes on the Van Halen Generation

Chris Alper

"I am a victim of the science age, a child of the storm..."—Van Halen I

I still remember the first time I ever heard *Eruption*. It was ninth grade, and I was a shy kid from Waialua dropped into Punahou, stranded among the children of the townie elite, trying to adapt to the city, to a huge, intimidating high school, to having to wear long pants all the time.

I was walking by the benches where the mid-level cool people hung out — not the cool, rich people or the cool, wasted-all-the-time people, but the middle mix of surfers and jocks. All of a sudden, there was this... Song... playing on a cool one's tape deck. Someone was playing guitar like I had never heard before — animal howls and piercingly clear bends, superhumanly fast scales and gritty, mechanical growls, and, above all, the rippling hammer-ons that would be imitated by a generation of guitarists. I had close to a religious experience hearing that guitar. I stood rooted to the spot until someone looked my way, then I walked on in a hurry. I felt as though a door had been opened up forever, and nothing musical would ever be the same again.

At least that's how I thought of it then, in my hormonal adolescent hyperbole. Later, I asked someone who the band was that played that... Song.

"Van Halen, dude," he told me with a sidelong glance. "Where've you been?" A couple of days later, I bought my first copy of *Van Halen I* (I've owned several since), and it became a cornerstone of my perception of musical skill.

The shock waves of Van Halen's explosion onto the music scene rippled through an American youth culture starved for substance after growing up in the tasteless, baby-food wasteland of '70s disco and pop. Along with the advent of the Sex Pistols, a band whose anger would pretty much singlehandedly create the hardcore genre, Van Halen marked a turning point — the return of balls

to popular music.

An older calabash cousin enlightened me about the second half of Van Halen's massive appeal to teenagers — sex. At that point, sex to me was as abstract as quantum physics — sure, I had heard of it, it was happening all around me, but I had no idea how it worked.

When my cousin told me, "God, I could listen to *Ice Cream Man* a hundred times," I basically had no idea what she was talking about. According to her, David Lee Roth's arrogant, gymnastic charisma, and Eddie Van-Halen's sublime guitar combined irresistibly. All I knew was that Eddie, with his goofy grin and channelling hands, was God, and that was all that needed to be said.

"But we don't worry bout tomorrow cause we're sick of these four walls, and what you think is something might be nothing after all..." — Fair Warning

By the time I got out of high school, the band had rocketed to fame. They put out *Van Halen II*, which was a good album, then a couple of shitty follow-ups (though *Diver Down* had a couple of good tunes on it). Those of us who had survived high school had learned a thing or two since ninth grade. We had fumbled our way to some kind of limited sexual experience, fallen in love for the first time, watched the murky dawn of the Republican '80s with a vague, innocent foreboding — even managed to get into college, mostly. Something strange was happening to America — all the babies born after World War II, all the hippies, all these people five to 15 years older than us, had suddenly become one of the most powerful forces in American society. Yuppies, Boomers, Guppies — tumors.

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For the next 10 years, my generation would follow the path of cultural destruction wrought by the yuppie tidal wave — reading about their impact on Wall Street and Hollywood, watching them on *thirtysomething* and *Oprah*. But their music was the music of their youth: Hendrix and Joplin, Woodstock and 'Frisco.

Thankfully, we still had music of our own — Van Halen, the Sex Pistols, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Run DMC. We had a hell of a life in college, but we had to wonder: was there life after it?

"There's only one way, there's only one way to rock..." — 5150

"I wish they all could be California girls..." — Beach Boys cover by David Lee Roth

The mid-'80s. Crisis? Schism. David and Eddie, after long-term artistic differences — the most obvious fruit of which was the schizophrenic 1984 — had a falling out. Roth left the band. Good. See ya.

He formed a band with excellent musicians and bullshitted the American public into buying a few million unabashedly calculated albums, featuring... well, Essence of Dave. The question became: Who would replace him? The answer: the Red Rocker — sounds like a condom, doesn't it? — Sammy Hagar.

I guess he does the job, and I didn't really like Dave anyway, but somehow it's just not the same. Life Lesson No. 431: Things Change. As did we — spewed out into the work force of the late '80s and early '90s, we adapted.

I own shoes and ties now, and even conned myself into living the working drone lifestyle for a while. Some thrive in the new arena, some merely show up; some prosper, others question the whole thing. Does it pay off? We've seen what happened to the yuppies, their demigods fallen from grace — Michael Milken (or Michael Douglas, if you prefer, as his alter-ego, Gordon Gecko). Untenanted shopping malls dot the landscape of the South, and we all pay for the S & L scandal. The president — heir to a Republican dynasty of smoke and mirrors — bobs and nods, starting a few make-believe wars against overmatched strongmen to divert our attention. Eddie gets off drugs and actress Valerie Bertinelli, his wife, has a baby.

So where to now?

"Right now God is killing dogs and Moms, because he has to..." — Video to Right Now.

Who knows? Metallica, Slash and Wayne and Garth are the heroes of the next generation. Soon the yuppies will move on, to become CEOs and senior senators, and we will inherit the middle management. No doubt, it's a mess — just ask Rodney King. You've got to wonder if it's even possible to salvage the kind of country where cops can be filmed turning a man to cherry Jell-O and still get off, only to have an angry mob destroy its own neighborhood in retaliation.

It's going to be a weird ride, and there may be times when we think of simpler days — when Eddie was God, beer was a wild illicit drug, sex was mythology and all was, if not right with the world, then at least not bad. Perhaps the baby boomers are trying to recapture the same kind of innocence when they listen to their Doors, or whatever. But for me — and the rest of the Van Halen generation — it'll always be Eddie.

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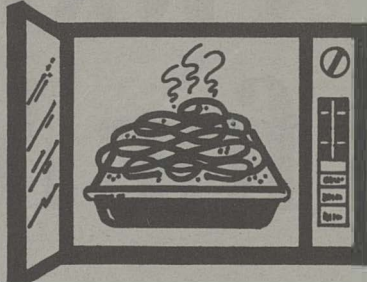


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Ruth Glenn-Little. Opens 6/1, runs through 6/30. *Arts of Paradise*, International Marketplace. 924-2787

Young Artists of Pakistan Ceramics by Aisha Ghaznavi. Opens 6/1, runs through 6/19. *John A. Burns Hall*, East-West Center. 1777 East-West Rd. 944-7666

Continuing

African Textiles 25 pieces representing a variety of regions from the Academy's collection. Through 5/31. *Honolulu Academy of Arts*, 900 S. Beretania St. 538-3693

Aloha Ho'omaluhia Mixed-media works on, and inspired by, Ho'omaluhia Park. Through 5/31. *Ho'omaluhia Park*, 45-680 Luluku Rd. 355-6636

Apollo Oils of marine life and Hawaiian plants. Ongoing. *Restaurant Row*, 500 Ala Moana Blvd. 532-1200

Avagadro's Balls 3-D mixed-media works by Ron Kent. Through 5/29. *Ramsay Galleries & Cafe*, 1128 Smith St. 537-ARTS

Bernard Moriaz Watercolors. Through 6/20. *Bakkus Gallery*, 928 Nuuanu Ave. 528-4677

Clay Creations Clay pottery by Leslie Henker Tomomatsu. Through 5/31. *Arts of Paradise*, International Marketplace. 924-2787

Exotic Hawaiian Originals Hand-colored black-and-white floral photographic images by Ama. Through 5/31. *A Little Bit of Saigon*, 1160 Maunakea St. 528-3663

German Expressionist Prints and Drawings An exhibit of 30 works of German graphic art from the early 20th century. Included are lithographs, illustrations, wood-block prints and etchings by such masters as Paul Klee and Max Beckmann. Through 6/28. *Honolulu Academy of Arts*, 900 S. Beretania St. 532-8712

Hawaii Imported Arts and Crafts Pieces from China, Thailand, Burma, Bali and more. Ongoing. *Waterfall Gallery*, 1160A Nuuanu Ave. 521-6863

Image VIII The Image Foundation presents its annual exhibition of local photography. Through 6/4. *AMFAC Plaza Exhibition Room*, 700 Bishop St. 395-6724

Images of Contemplation 64 watercolors based on the *I Ching* by Sharon Anne Thomas. Through 5/28. *Campus Center Art Gallery*, UH Manoa campus. 956-6888

Japanese Mingei Ceramics & Paintings 85 examples of Japanese folk crafts from the collection of Dr. & Mrs. Robert Browne. Through 5/31. *Honolulu Academy of Arts*, 900 S. Beretania St. 538-3693

Loti & Victor Smorgon Collection Contemporary Australian art. Through 5/31. *The Contemporary Museum*, 2411 Makiki Hts Dr. 526-1322

Love Your Boss Paintings by Milan Heger. Through 7/11. *Che Pasta*, Bishop Square. 524-0004

Luigi Fumagalli Abstract impressionistic oils. Ongoing. *Restaurant Row Gallery*, 500 Ala Moana Blvd. 532-1200

Marc Chagall: Four Tales from a Thousand and One Nights Original lithographs published by Chagall in 1948 as illustrations to tales from the *The Arabian Nights*. Through 5/31. *Honolulu Academy of Arts*, 900 S. Beretania St. 532-8712

Marcia Morse Works by the former HNA art reviewer. Through 6/9. *The Gallery on the Pali*, 2500 Pali Hwy. 373-3263

Mixed Media Furniture Featuring works by Shirley Reo Beene, Vicky Chock and Roy Venters. Through 6/23. *The Gallery at Hawaii Loa*, 45-045 Kam. Hwy. 233-3174

Na Wai O Hawaii Oil paintings by Louisa Cooper. Through 6/21. *The Contemporary Museum*, 2411 Makiki Hts. Dr. 526-1322

Scratch on the Surface Two dozen paintings and multi-media works by Milan Heger. Through 6/16. *Paul Brown Gallery*, 1347 Kapiolani Blvd. 947-3971

A Summons to Memphis A series of linocuts and screenprints by Laura Smith, based on Peter Taylor's novel of the same name. Through 5/31. *Verbano Restaurant*, 3571 Waialae Ave. 735-1777

Surrealist Images Mixed-media works by Jan Hathaway. Through 5/29. *Ramsay Galleries & Cafe*, 1128 Smith St. 537-ARTS

Undergraduate Exhibition Multi-media works by UH Manoa art students. Through

5/29. *UH Art Gallery*, Art Building, UH Manoa. 956-6888

Who'd A Thought It: Improvisation in African-American Quiltmaking 34 colorful and unusual African-American quilts whose creators improvised on standard patterns by "hitting" them or "whooping them down" with unexpected shapes, textures and spots of color. Through 5/31. *Honolulu Academy of Arts*, 900 S. Beretania St. 532-8712

Learning

Brain Wave Training Forget about Ritalin. Dr. Franklin Ramos will discuss how biofeedback training can correct EEG abnormalities in children with hyperactivity and learning disabilities. *Honolulu Medical Group*, 550 S. Beretania St.: Wed. 5/27, 11 a.m. Free. 537-2211, ext. 721

Drum Clinic A free drum clinic led by Percussion Institute of Technology prof Casey Scheuerell, who has recorded with everyone from Chaka Khan to Dizzy Gillespie. *Harry's Music Store*, 3457 Waialae Ave.: Sat. 5/30, noon. Free. 735-2866

Hawaiian Sovereignty: What Does it Mean? A chronological and historical perspective of Hawaiian political systems, with discussion on how self-determination will benefit Hawaiians. Led by Hiko Hanapi. *Leeward Community College*, 96-045 Ala Ike Rd., Pearl City: Sat. 5/30, 9 a.m. - noon. \$15. 455-0477

Humanists Hawaii Richard Pawu, former president of the United Nations' Hawaii chapter, will discuss the changing role of the U.N. at this meeting of the local humanist society. *Watanabe Hall, Room 112*, UH Manoa campus: Sun. 5/31, 9:30 a.m. Free. 395-5581

Leastwise of the Land: Children and Injustice Bernardine Dohm, director of Northwestern University's Juvenile Court Project, discusses children's experiences in juvenile courts and related human rights issues. *Campus Center 203B*, UH Manoa campus: Fri. 5/29, 11:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. Free. 956-7235

Post Mortem on the Philippine Elections And with the corpse barely cold, too. With

political scientist David Wurfel, author of *Filipino Politics—Development or Decay*, who witnessed the elections first-hand. *Moore Hall, Rm. 319*, UH Manoa campus: 5/28, 12:30 - 2 p.m. Free. 956-6086

Sashiko Bag Make a drawstring bag and learn the ancient Japanese craft of mending fabrics, which has evolved into a contemporary decorative art. *Temari Center for Asian and Pacific Arts*, 1329-A 10th Ave.: Sundays 5/31 & 6/7, 9 a.m. - noon. \$32 plus \$10 supply fee. 735-1860

School Reform or Revolution? Innovative reform and parent power in Chicago's public schools are on the agenda at this 7th Annual Shiro Amioke Lecture. *Art Building Auditorium*, UH Manoa campus: Sun. 5/31, 2 p.m. Free. 956-7235

20/20 Vision This group promotes itself as "the nation's most effective citizen action network." Its aim is to "cut global issues down to size" so they don't overwhelm you into inaction. *Church of the Crossroads*, 1212 University Ave.: Mon. 6/1, 7 p.m. Free. 942-7263

Women Make Movies Three videos on AIDS cover the stories of a Native American woman with the disease, a cosmetologist in South Carolina who educates the black community and Native American healing techniques and political engagements. *UH Women's Center*, 1820 University Ave.: Thurs. 5/28, 5 p.m. Free. 942-7762

Write From the Heart Postcards from your inner child. This writing workshop is billed as "an extraordinary journey back to the very source of your spontaneity, inspiration and power" — and we don't think they mean Pearl City. *2212 Wilder Ave.*: Thurs. 5/28, 7:30 p.m. \$10. 261-7944

Kids

Bamboo Bounty! Explore a giant grass jungle, hear a bamboo story, make music, art and even eat a bamboo snack. *Hawaii Nature Center*, 2131 Makiki Hts. Dr.: Sun. 5/31: Session I (preschoolers with adult), 10 a.m. - noon; Session II (six years and older), 1:30 -

3:30 p.m. \$3. 973-0100

Sea Creatures and Crafts Games, stories and craft projects to teach six- to eight-year-olds about sea lions and seals. *Sea Life Park*, Makapuu Point: Sat. 5/30, 9 - 11:30 a.m. \$12.50. 259-6476

Whatevahs

Crafts Fair Up to 100 craftspeople hawk their wares at this American Diabetes Association event. *Kapiolani Park*. Ewa end: Sat. 5/30 & Sun. 5/31, 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Free. 841-3997

Environmental Meeting Ewa, Ewa Beach and Waipahu residents who are mad as hell and not gonna take it anymore can voice concerns about waste water treatment, insect and rodent control, and solid waste recycling at this town meeting. *Campbell High School Cafeteria*: Tues. 6/2, 7 p.m. Free. 586-4442

Manana Hike The Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club bills this 12-mile advanced trek above Pacific Palisades as "the finest ungraded ridge hike in the Koolaus." *Iolani Palace*, mauka side: Sun. 5/31, 8 a.m. \$1. 955-2091

My Candle Burns at Both Ends A celebration honoring the 100th birthday of poet Edna St. Vincent Millay with poetry readings and birthday cake. Bring your favorite poems. *Campus Center 203B*, UH Manoa campus: Wed. 5/27, 11:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. Free. 956-7235

National Writers Group Meeting Enter a writing contest and receive cash awards (Proust got started this way, you know). *Kaimuki Public Library*, 1041 Koko Head Ave.: Fri. 5/29, 7 p.m. Free. 263-3707

Kenzaburo Oe See *Word Pick* on Page 6.

State Services Meeting A meeting for those interested in improving state services to the mentally ill. *Windward Community Counseling Center*, 45-691 Keaahala Rd.: Fri. 5/29, noon. Free. 247-2148

Wahiawa Botanical Garden A moderate hike to see native trees and shrubs, as well as plants from New Caledonia and other parts of the Pacific. Call the *Hawaii Nature Center* for time and meeting place. Sat. 5/30. \$3. 955-0100

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