Colored too: Rita's Resources

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By Marc Robinson

On the Waterfront By Budd Schulberg with Stan Silverman (Closed)

On the Waterfront remains a powerful film because, for all its pretensions to social commentary, it moves steadily inward, mining a psychological landscape and never reaching bottom. The war be-tween the mob and the longshoremen is merely the background for the more ambiguous battles within each character's conscience—bat-tles that the film deliberately leaves unsettled. Father Barry never quite reconciles personal principle with church protocol. Edie Doyle won't give up trying to honor both the memory of her murdered brother and her love for the man who betrayed him. And, the man who betrayed him. And, until the final scene, Terry Malloy thinks he can be loyal to his brother, his employer, and himself all at once. In Terry's case, Elia Kazan emphasizes the hopelessness of this ambition by training his camera on Brando's face. The essence of the film's ethical debate is revealed when Brando's eyes narrow; or when his face slowly goes slack; or when, for an in-stant, he allows a smile and then to take it back. He is trapped within the frame -scruti nized and claustrophobic

Budd Schulberg and Stan Sil-verman's adaptation of Schul-berg's screenplay sacrifices this in-timacy. With so much air around the actors on a big Broadway



tage, the pressure-cooker tension dissipates. But in exchange, Schulberg and his director, Adrian Hall, recover the story's epic di-mensions. These characters are bound to a machine, helpless to resist-or even understand-so massive a system of competing interests.

Hall's production is unabashed-ly old-fashioned. Its virtues, which are genuine, derive less from emo are genuine, derive tess from emo-tional subtlety or formal ingenuity than from bombast. Eugene Lee's set is all scaffolding and steel gird-ers: warehouse doors come crash-ing down; metal walls slide ominously to reveal yet more walls. The lighting is always white and harsh, falling in tall shafts to iso-

harsin, failing in tain sharts to rec-late and humiliate the characters. This Waterfront is what I al-ways imagined Group Theater productions to be like-thunder-ing, hearty, full of stocky men rais-ing their fists. Hall has populated

his docks with a picturesque array of mobsters. Some are big, some are small, but every suit is shiny and every mug is craggy. They call women "fillies," money "cab-bage." And 40 years after the film, bage." And 40 years after the film, the thugs finally get to say "fuck"—which they do with rel-ish, their voices the texture of sandpaper. Ron Eldard as Terry stands

apart. It is unnecessary to com-pare him to Brando: Eldard has exploited theatrical possibility to reshape the role. Deprived of close-ups, Eldard expresses Ter-ry's anxieties in his body. Even in ry's anxieties in his body. Even in quiet scenes, he's always looking over his shoulder, shifting his weight, roaming the stage like a prisoner still expecting to be caught. His urgency gives an over-familiar story fresh suspense. Un-fortunately, he is ill-served by Pe-nelope Ann Miller's Edie, whose desperation is whiny instead of resolute. And his momentum falters at the end, when Schulberg lets Terry conquer self-doubt and intimidation too easily. In the film, Terry rises from near death after a brutal beating. Here, he simply pushes his boss to the ground and strides off.

strides on. The most fascinating character in On the Waterfront is Schulberg himself. Why has he returned to this story yet again? He has al-ready published a novel and writ-ten many articles about Terry's or-deal. The film, in its vindication of the informer, has been widely in-terpreted as Schulberg and Katerpreted a zan's justification for naming names in their HUAC testimony. Of course Schulberg dismisses this reading, but one can't help seeing this play as one more af-tempt to master guilt and exorcise demons. zan's justification for naming

Colored Too

By Luis H. Francia Rita's Res

By Jeannie Barroga n Asian Répertory Theatre 423 West 46th Street 245-2660

it's late 1974, and the world around Rita, José, and their two daughters, Arlette and Marnie, slouches toward chaos. On the moral landscape are Nixon's corrupt governance and the Patty Hearst case, in which the victim seems to be colluding in her own kidnapping. In Jeannie Barroga's *Rita's Resources*, society's discon-tents are mirrored in the lives of this Filipino immigrant family. Via America is Via Dolorosa, its immi-America is Via Dolorosa, its immi-nent demise harped on incessantly by the nutty radio DJ whom Rita listens to as she helps make ends meet by sewing Hawaiian dresses for committee relief and the activity of the second for overweight white matrons

Caught up unwillingly in the struggle to survive, teenaged Ar-lette and the older Marnie have no lives of their own. And José, a club singer when he's not working for the city, naively believes he can have his own show, like Law-rence Welk or Desi Arnaz.

Trouble is, as Freddie, his kind-ly black, Korean-vet neighbor points out, Welk is white, and Desi loves Lucy. Freddie knows that the real user in the Nore but at the real war isn't in 'Nam but at home So, too, does Bob, a handsome ex-navy man and José's townsmate who boards with the family. Freddie, while disillusioned, re while disillusioned, resists the uctive call of bitterness. Not Bob; tasting the American Dream,

he's found it full of

he's found it full of rocks. As played by Zar Acayan, Bob has all the somnolent but deadly charn of a serpent bearing knowl-edge in a mightily flawed garden. His talismanic smile and oily obseris calismanc sime and only obse-quiousness gradually make the family partners in his opportunis-tic schemes (except for Arlette, and we wonder how long she can resist), thus permanently skipping the hard route to utopia. Carpe diam with a canical the scheme

diem, with a cynic's twist. That the Dream has its night-marish side, capable of divesting nose-to-the-grindstone immigrants of their humanity, is nothing new Barroga endeavors to explore its less obvious manifestations, relating white society's xenophobia to Rita's racism toward Freddie, a prejudice shaped as much by colo-nialism as by her willful avoidance of who she is. It's an avoidance of who she is. It's an avoidance that infects José, invested by Marshall Factora with a benign, cheerful corruptibility: his stage name is Buddy, and he and his band present themselves as Ha-waiians. At least he admits, "We're colored too." Otherwise the convections between the fac the connections between the family's world and the larger one remain sketchy, more uttered than show, resulting in an emotionally hollow core. It may have been Barroga's intent to underline the isolated, rootless condition of people devoured by mindless materi-alism; nevertheless, what transpires is largely predictable. Highly uneven, *Rita's Resources* illustrates the perils not just of the American Dream but of mining a too-familiar lode

