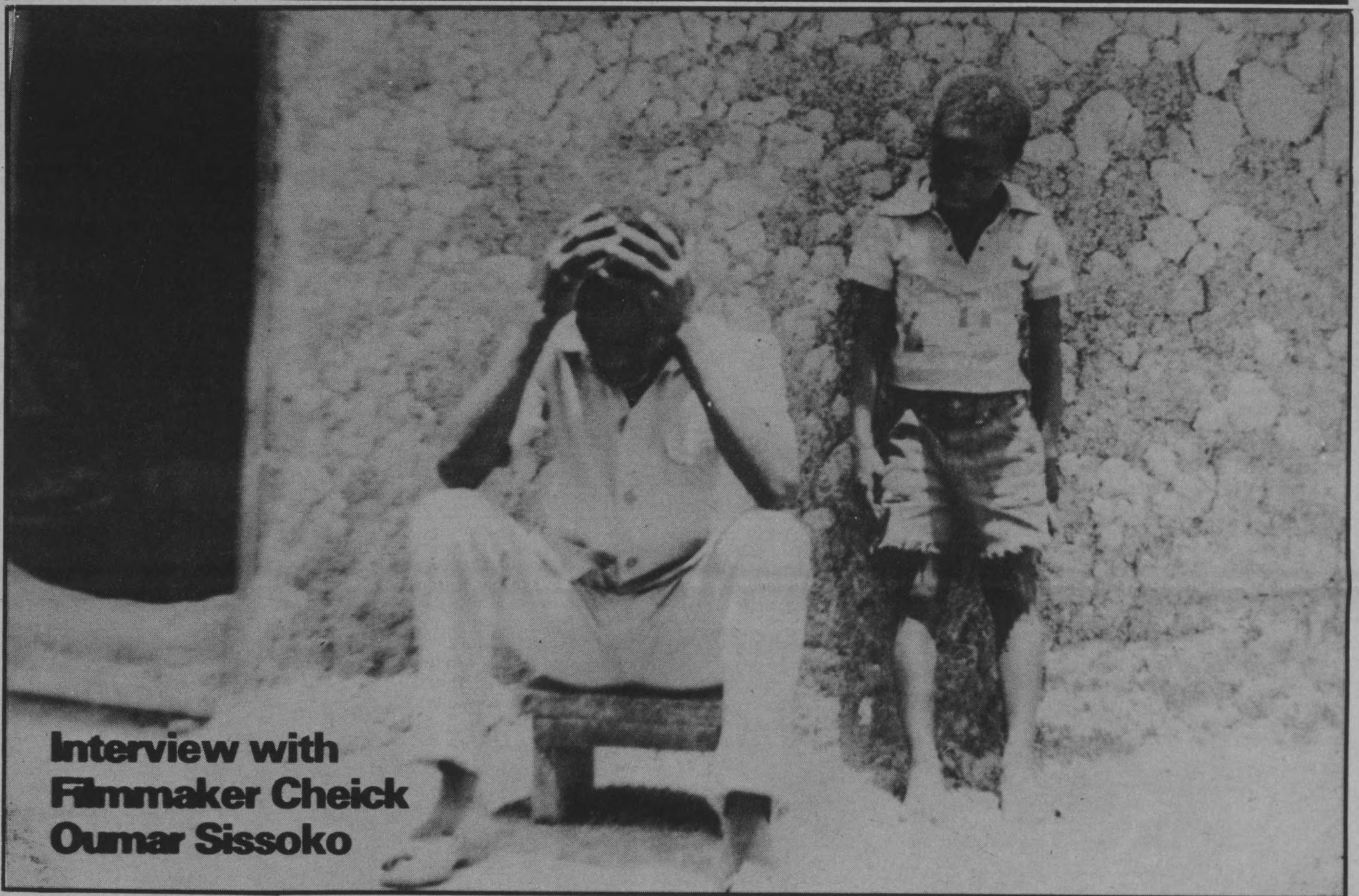


ARTS

ENTERTAINMENT



**Interview with
Filmmaker Cheick
Oumar Sissoko**

By William Spaulding
Artswriter

"You've got to realize that more than 50 percent of Mali's population is illiterate, consequently film is a very important media for communication. The use of African languages and African images in cinema is very important for the African people."

Sitting outside the Library in the warm mid-day sun, filmmaker Cheick Oumar Sissoko candidly spoke about the roles of African film and media and discussed his recent film *Nyamanton* which was shown

at UCSB on April 7. Sissoko's comments were translated from French by Professor Manthia Diawara of the Black Studies Department who had introduced the screening of the film and answered questions afterwards.

Nyamanton has garnered top awards at film festivals around the globe including a gold medal at the Mennheim festival and awards at festivals in Edinburgh, on the Continent, and in Africa. Working with a grant from the Malian government, Sissoko received funding based on a script for a documentary about education. But, using another script, Sissoko directed a production which has resulted in not a

Scene from African filmmaker Sissoko's *Nyamanton*.

simple documentary but an intensely realistic picture of Malian life. *Nyamanton*, which is Bambara meaning "The Garbage Boys," aims at explanation and interpretation of the Malian situation. It is directed at both native Malian people and Western audiences.

"This use of the media shows Africa to the West to inform you and make you accept our culture through our own eyes," said Sissoko, explaining that Africa has been dominated by colonial powers which have blocked the development of the rich cultures of Africa. It has been only 25

years since they have gained independence from colonial powers and there remains substantial economic and cultural domination of Africa by non-African powers. These powers realize that they must exercise cultural domination if they are to maintain their favorable economic position. The film media can be used to explain and interpret this situation to a wider audience in the West, said Sissoko.

Native film media is very effective with African people because more than half of (See **SISSOKO**, p.4A)



▲ Choreography and Chimps ■ Playwright and Pianist

▲ Cunningham

▲ Project X



■ Shaw's *Candida*

■ Oberacker's *Beethoven*



● Cinema and Critics

● *Nyamanton*

● Nancy

Candida: Zany Love Triangle with Exception

The slavery of women means the tyranny of women. No fascinating woman ever wants to emancipate her sex; her object is to gather power in the hands of Man because she knows that she can govern him.

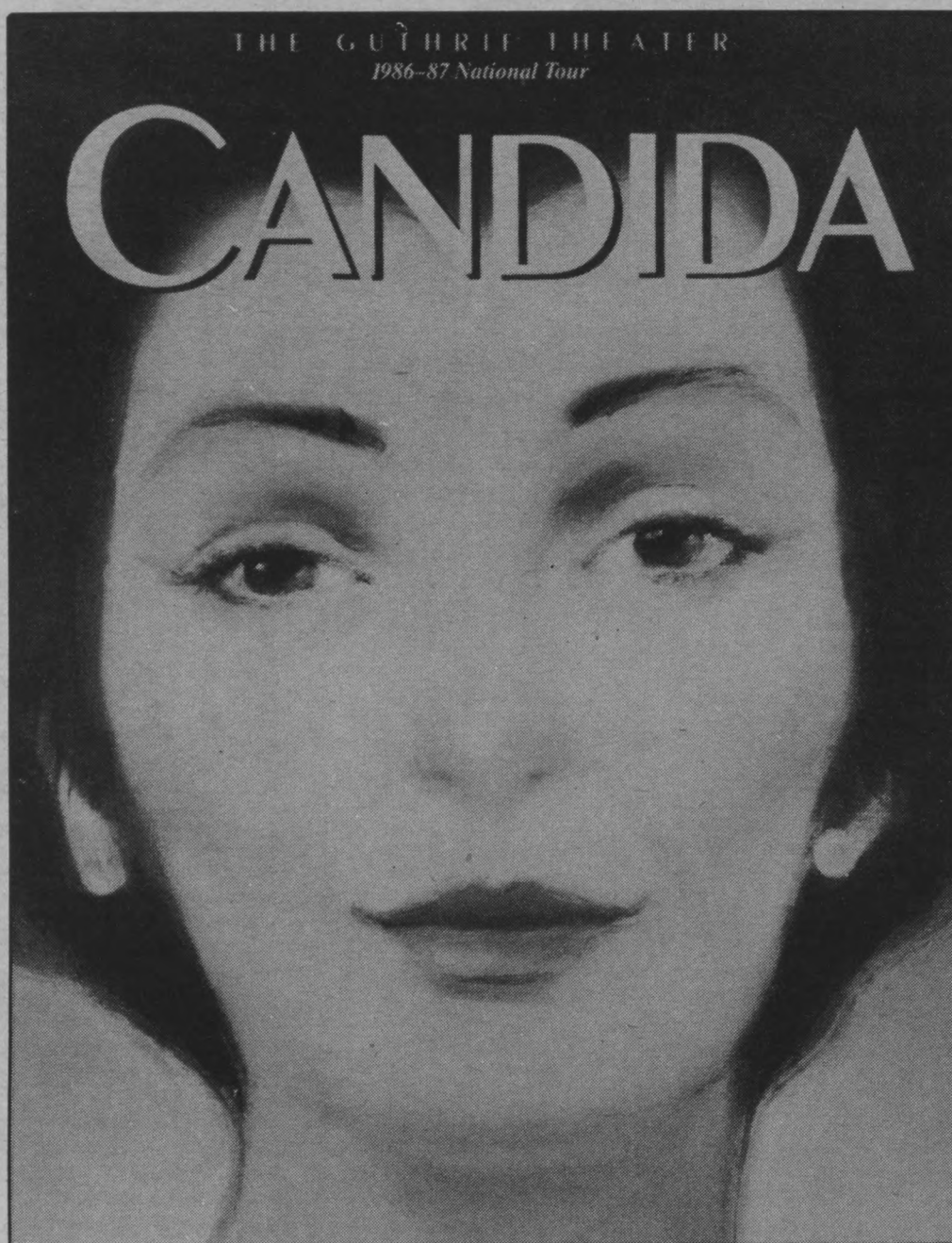
— George Bernard Shaw

Though yet another story of a zany love triangle may seem to offer little in the areas of originality or thought stimulation, the Guthrie Theater's production of *Candida*, presented Monday and Tuesday nights in Campbell Hall, proved to be an exception.

From beginning to end, the regional theater company, under the direction of William Gaskill, gave life to George Bernard Shaw's classic tale of emotional confusion and self-realization. Before the lights dimmed at the play's conclusion, those in the audience not only had the opportunity to learn something about human character, but were also presented with some astounding thoughts and questions, both deserving more than a little time for consideration.

It is left to *Candida* to teach both of her "suitors" some lessons about themselves before a solution to the lover's triangle can be found. With understanding and strength of mind, she proves herself to be master of the situation, above both men in her level of maturity and wisdom, when the two rival suitors tell her she must "choose" between them. In making their "bids," both men unconsciously reveal their own strengths and weaknesses, and in choosing the "weaker of the two," *Candida* nearly emotionally shatters the man she loves before he realizes it is him she is talking about.

In the title role, Mary O'Brady is expected to envelope the dignity, goodness, wisdom and charm of *Candida*. Unfortunately, she fell short in this design. Though O'Brady came through in the final act, recapturing much of the dignity she failed to give *Candida* in the first two acts, her initial shortcomings caused me to lose much of the respect I might otherwise have felt, and did feel in my reading of the play, for the title character. O'Brady presented *Candida* as more flirtatious and silly than I believe Shaw meant her to be. She was too amused by knowing that two men were in love with her, showing little concern for the



Candida stopped at Campbell Hall last Monday and Tuesday.

possibility that one of them might be hurt in the process. O'Brady also used too many overly patronizing and self-indulgent facial expressions for the dignified *Candida*.

However, the other cast members more

than made up for O'Brady's shallow performance. Terence Marinan was impressive as the Reverend James Morrell, *Candida*'s Socialist husband, perfectly capturing the sense of egoism and self-

importance Morrell embodies, while adding in just enough self-doubt and helplessness to make his character likeable. His desire to "protect" *Candida*, as well as his sense of his own industriousness and insight, are both called into question within the course of the play, and Marinan successfully portrayed Morrell's self-crisis and self-realization with depth and clarity.

However, the real star of this show was Peter Toran in the role of Eugene Marchbanks, the young Shelleyan poet who builds his knightly fantasies around a future with the beautiful *Candida*. Though his own life revolves around poetic dreams and little in the way of reality, Marchbanks shows deep insight in comprehending the truth about Morrell and *Candida*, and Toran captures this exquisitely. He fearfully dodges Morrell after challenging him for *Candida*'s love, cowers whenever faced with social interaction, and hides his anemic-looking face from *Candida* when she discovers he has been harassing her husband. Several times throughout the evening, Toran had the audience shrieking with laughter at his exaggerated words and actions, and he garnered enthusiastic applause in his curtain call.

Paul Drake also had the crowd rolling in his role as Mr. Burgess, *Candida*'s father. Considered "the scoundrel" of the play, interested only in furthering his own business interests, Burgess believes himself the only sane person in the whole lot, as he discovers everyone around him is "mad." Drake, with his carefully affected accent and self-important stance, gives Burgess just the touch "scoundrelness" and self-righteousness to make his character believable and, in his own way, charming.

Sally Wingert also shines as Morrell's sassy, uptight, devoted secretary, Miss Proserpine Garnett. Wingert makes the most out of the role, giving "Miss Prossy" more depth and wit than one might expect. John Prosky also comes through as Lexy Mill, Morrell's assistant, turning a seemingly unimportant character into one who wins the approval and laughter of the audience.

The Guthrie Theater plans to continue its trek through California into May, when it will end its five-month tour, consisting of more than seventy shows.

— Tonya Graham

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Oberacker in Concert

Betty Oberacker, noted concert pianist and professor of music at UCSB, will present an all-Beethoven program as part of the University Artists Series on Saturday, April 25 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall on the campus. Admission is \$6 for the general public and \$3 for students and seniors. Tickets are available at the UCSB music office or at the door.

Oberacker's program will feature piano sonatas of Ludwig van Beethoven, one each from the composer's three major periods of composition. Her recital will include the "Sonata No. 7 in D Major, Op. 10, No. 3," the "Sonata No. 23 in f minor, Op. 57 ("Appassionata") and the composer's final piano sonata, "No. 32 in c minor, Op. 111."

Internationally acclaimed as a Beethoven interpreter, Dr. Oberacker remarks, "Beethoven's

piano sonatas, like his string quartets, allow us to trace very clearly the development of the composer's creative process. From his early sonatas, fresh from Haydn's influence yet astoundingly original, through the broad-scaled, virtuosic and passionate expressions of his middle years, to the highly experimental and psychologically probing later works, we are privy to the evolution of thought processes of one of the greatest intellects."

Oberacker enjoys a world-wide reputation as recitalist, concerto soloist and chamber musician. A distinguished teacher as well, she has presented master classes, seminars and lectures at leading universities and conservatories. She recently made a return trip to the People's Republic of China at the invitation of the Ministry of Culture.

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Cunningham: Exhausting, Exhilarating

A demi-god of modern dance materialized at UCSB last Tuesday night to emotionally drain his disciples in Campbell Hall. Merce Cunningham is honoring his worldwide audiences with a seven-month tour around the planet right now, and luckily he stopped off here for a couple of days. Cunningham has been creating dance revolutions since 1954, dancing and choreographing beyond your wildest dreams and achieving accolades consistently since then. His marathon performance last week was an eventful collage of many of his works without title and without interruption (hope you thought of that before you left home) "...to allow for not so much an evening of dances as the experience of dance."

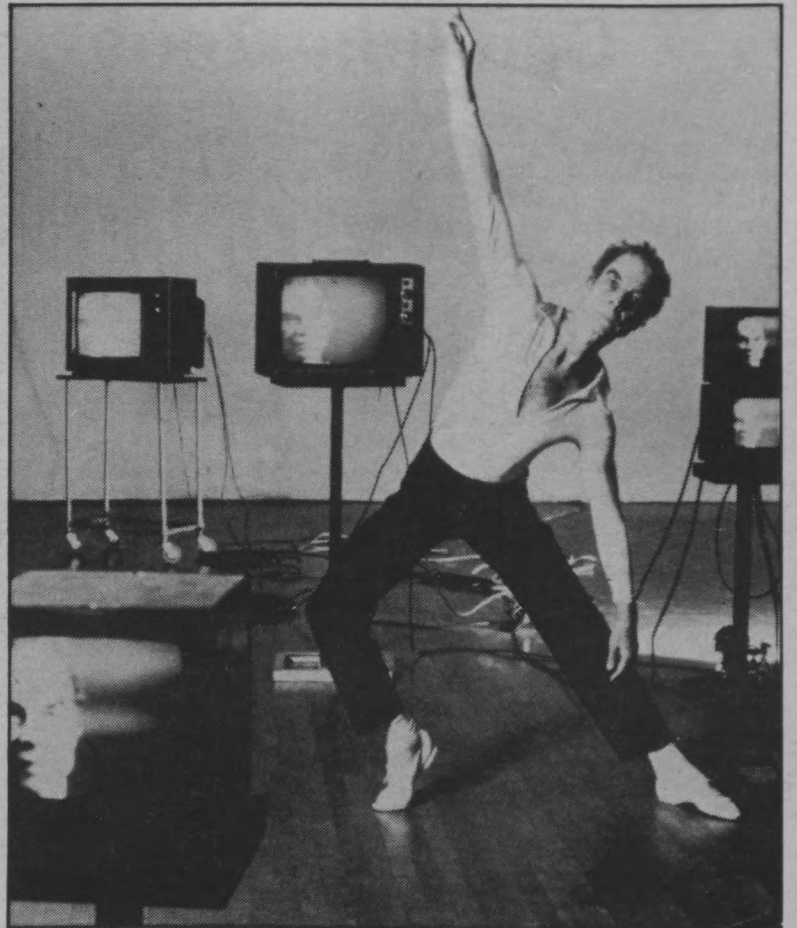
The evidence of Cunningham's genius confronted participants of the event at every turn. First, out of the programs fell an order form for his media dances available in Beta and VHS formats. Then the

realization, upon glancing over the program itself, that Cunningham had taken the liberty of presenting his work in a highly demanding and unusual form, the performance was to proceed without delineation; no dance titles, no intermission, no house lights, no curtain, nothing but Merce — without mercy until it was all over. One man next to me feared it would be "like sitting through a really long movie," and everyone who had been previously exposed to Cunningham's intense, abstract choreography was aware of the emotional trauma they would most likely experience over the next couple of hours. No one but an acclaimed master would be so bold, and that is Merce Cunningham.

Campbell Hall was set up for sound like none that has ever been heard there. We shall call this "sound accompaniment" as music is too difficult a term to apply, no judgment intended. If you ever

experienced the super-boom-sound-natural-disaster films where earthquakes hit the theater, you will understand the meanings of sounds like sonic popcorn and Campbell Hall as a metal bowl in which giant marbles roll around and around. Chains clink-clanking from every direction made audience members look around to see if it was live or if it was, well, you know. This was the living, if not live, eclectic accompaniment directed by 44 year Cunningham associate John Cage, to which the Merce Cunningham Dance Company set their tremendous performance.

Costumed simply in brightly colored unitards (I know I needn't explain as you wear them in leopard prints to aerobics class) of orange, yellow, magenta, juicy blue, and that characteristically seventies hue of lime green, a body of fourteen dancers, complemented by the big M himself and his chair on occasion, con-



Merce Cunningham, creating dance revolutions.

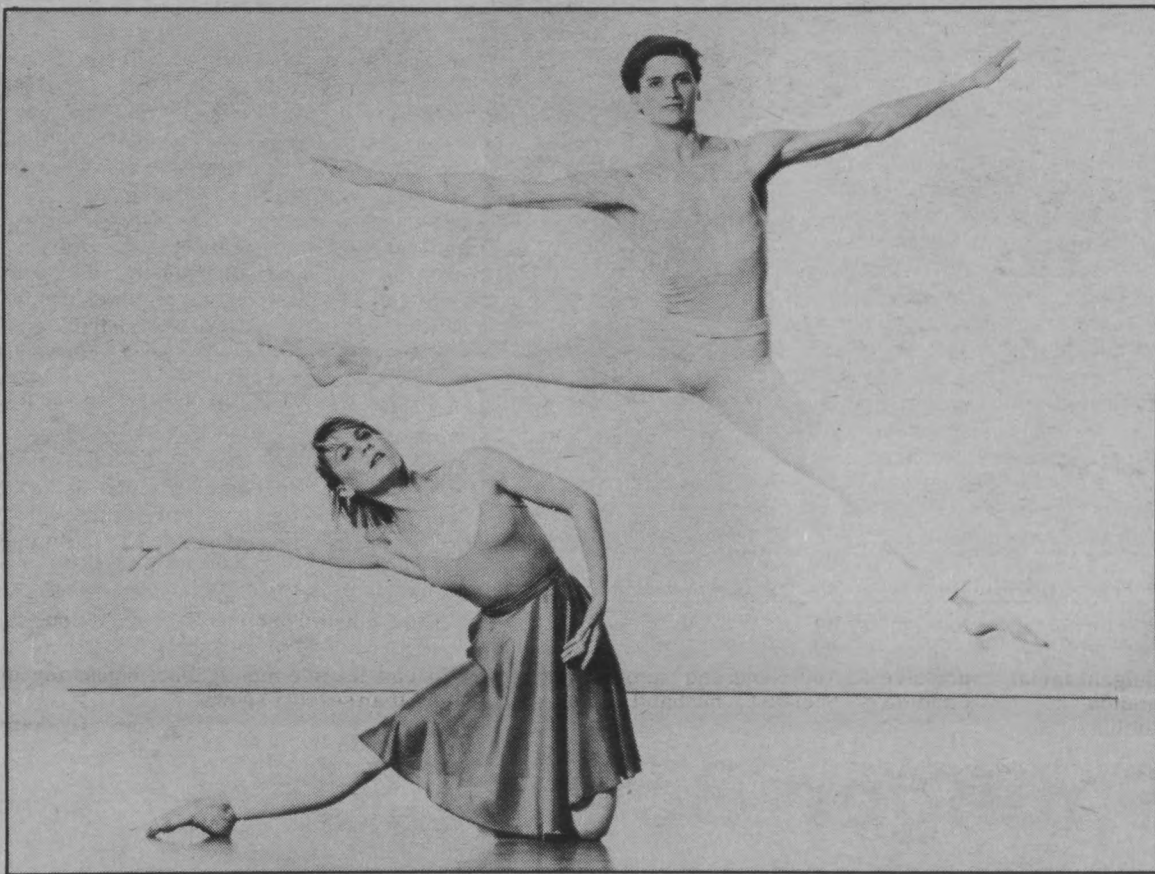
ducted the occurrence in which all were inextricably involved. The choreography and the movers were alternately simple and complex and continuously profound (whatever that means). When only one or two dancers carried the space of the entire stage, the clear power of Cunningham's designs caught the audience in suspended rapture, and when all of them were simultaneously pursuing the near hysteric complexity of his choreography, viewers struggled to keep track of the dancing.

Merce Cunningham works at such a level of intensity that every

movement and pattern is loaded with enough something, immediately unattainable meaning probably, so that apathy is the only impossible reaction to have. Any performance as long as this one was and involving as much effort to watch as to execute inevitably divides the audience into those who are amazed and exhausted by such a visual and emotional challenge and those who are angry for not receiving their entertainment value. Either extreme of opinion is difficult to articulate so what may I say? It was good, I liked it.

— Judith Smith-Meyer

“No one but an acclaimed master would be so bold, and that is Merce Cunningham.”



Project Not Xcellent

Did you like *Short Circuit* almost as much as you loved *War Games*, which made your little heart yearn for the return of *E.T.*? Do you love having your tender button pushed and your tears jerked? Well, Virgil the chimp is about the cutest little jerker you'll ever meet, and his movie *Project X* tries to squeeze as many heartwarming "moments" in as any two of the "desensitized humans learning common goodness from the child-like innocence of a 'lesser' being" movies it calls (too strongly) to mind.

Matthew Broderick is Jimmy Garrett, a second generation Air Force pilot who has been grounded for his antics in the air (Anybody seen Tom Cruise around?). As punishment, he is assigned to a special project where he helps teach chimps to fly, an idea he can't bear until he meets the adorable Virgil. Moment number 6, where the unsure Garrett decides to tell the chimp, "I don't want to be here anymore than you," and of course Virgil trusts the honesty in his voice and they proceed to become the top flight-simulator scorers.

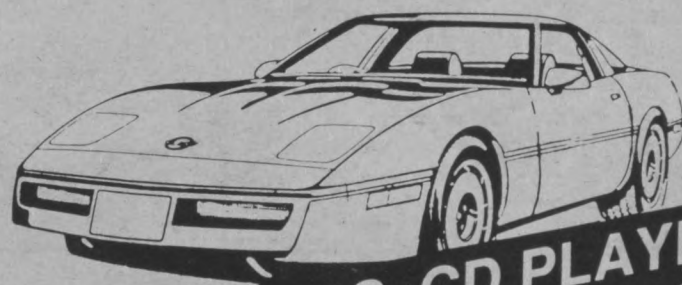
Virgil's being the best pilot finally brings us to our conflict, as the best will demonstrate a test to more of the hard-boiled close-minded military top brass we met in *War Games*, *Short Circuit*, *The Manhattan Project*, et. al. — a test which will result in no more adorable chimp.

Well hey, Jimmy's got to raise his under-achieving self to this new situation and save his pal, and us all, in "climactic moments" 11 through 18. We've got all the hot issues here — Government Military Testing, fighter-jock lifestyles, and lab research cruelty to animals — plus Ferris Bueller, plus a new super-cuts, super-smart animal (as opposed to alien life forms or computer robots). We're talking package.

I'll let you guess who pulls through. Broderick is one-tenth as charismatic and funny as he was in *Ferris*, but that's still better than half the performances you'll see this season. Virgil, like I said, is beyond cute, not an accomplishment in the cliché-riddled script. When this movie tries to be charming it's only cutesy, and when it tries to tell us something, we've not only heard it before in the same vehicle, but also before in a better one.

— J.L. Ward

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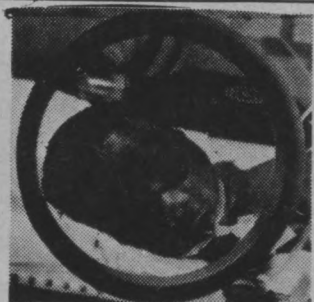
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SISSOKO

(Continued from cover)
the media forms are inaccessible to the largely illiterate population. French and English dominate the visual and sonic forms of communication, while the written form is quite useless for illiterate persons.

African film can be used to explain the situation to our own people, said Sissoko. The people who are aware of the situation and who are in a position to do something about it are reluctant to act because they are comfortable economically and they would be the first to suffer if changes were introduced. On the opposite end of the economic and political scale are the people who are immediately affected by poor education and health care.

A common question from Western audiences is "Why don't these people rebel?" Professor Diawara explained that revolution is not an issue among these people, who feel there is nothing that can be done. Sissoko aims to dispel this tendency towards fatalism and thwart the subsequent dehumanization.

There has been a gradual change in attitudes, said Sissoko, "feelings of democracy are growing, unions are forming." But the change is slow. And while Nyamanton is accessible to the Malian people via mobile cinemas, it is not accessible to most African people because it lacks channels of distribution that western films have. It is not distributed by a major distributor. Sissoko explained that distribution of films, even in Africa, is controlled by Western companies who are interested in promoting their own products and insuring their own economic gain. In spite of the many awards that this film has received, it is virtually impossible



Nyamanton: African images, African people for Western cultures.

to find a distributor who will carry the film to the African market. Financial limitations and hindrances on the liberty of expression are additional obstacles which hinder the African filmmaker. Although Sissoko's film was not censored by the Malian

government, Sissoko's future productions will be carefully monitored.

Go and see Africa, advised Sissoko. This is the best thing that you can do to be informed about our land and its problems.


—William Spaulding

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Spungen Book

Examined by

Speer & Crites



Editor's Note: Renowned critics Crites and Speer made a surprise visit to the Daily Nexus office the other day, hot and bothered over a book they had both read recently. They expressed interest in reviewing it as a warning to anyone at all interested, so without further adieu — "And I Don't Want to Live This Life," by Deborah Spungen.

Speer: The novel deals with the tragic life and death of Nancy Spungen, from her childhood social difficulties to her life with Sex Pistols star Sid Vicious. It is an

informative piece of literature, but honestly, Thomas, the writing leaves much to be desired.

Crites: I'll be the first to admit that, Lawrence, and in fact I was. Nonetheless the novel, although a veritable wet dream for the PMRC, who in a weak, squeaky voice could be pictured using the book as an example to yuppie mothers everywhere on the inherent narcotic evils of punk rock music, is a fascinating portrayal of Nancy's life. Reminiscent of "No One Here Gets Out Alive," Pistols star Sid Vicious. It is an

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Pseudo-Patriotic Cinema

The 1980s is a decade during which no new major film trends or genres have characterized Hollywood's output. But one thing is certain — filmmakers are capitalizing on a renewed audience taste for shoot-'em-up, smash-the-bad-guy scapegoat movies which restore lost faith in the superhuman, can-do American hero.

Semi-literate boxer Rocky Balboa and ex-Marine psycho killer John Rambo are at the forefront of the surge in flag-waving, patriotic nationalism that has swept American mass culture since Rocky first hit the big screen in 1976. Violent Red-bashing films leave audiences cheering and jeering. But no longer are the enemies fictional, power-hungry comic book villains from James Bond, Dirty Harry and Superman movies; the new adversaries are our real enemies — Russians and Arabs.

The good news is that film critics dismissed Rambo and Rocky as crude, primitive, hollow, loud, boring and just plain stupid. Liberals complained that the films trivialize violence and the importance of negotiating with adversaries. The bad news is that audiences everywhere have welcomed these simple-minded characters with open arms.

Despite the intense criticism, Sylvester Stallone laughed all the way from the boxing ring to the bank as Rocky IV earned \$32 million in five days and Rambo-mania swept the country, fueling the patriotic fire.

The success of these films, as well as that of chauvinistic gems such as First Blood (1982), Red Dawn (1984) and Top Gun (1986), is mind-boggling. Yet, at the risk of making simplistic generalizations, the very fact that these films were produced and released during the height of Ronald Reagan's popularity cannot be dismissed as pure coincidence.

There is no White House conspiracy behind these films, just Hollywood money-men tapping a large audience. But why have people been running to see these horrible films despite their unrealistic violence, idiotic plots and lack of any artistic value whatsoever?

During the past decade, America has been knocked off its pedestal. The humiliation of Watergate and Vietnam dealt America's confidence a harsh blow. But we climbed back up. We got tired of being bad-mouthed by foreign countries. We got fed up with being internationally abused and victimized. Americans were being kidnapped, hijacked or assassinated by two-bit third world fanatics for reasons we still cannot figure out.

A decade ago, the world experienced an average of 10 terrorist incidents per week. Now the average is nearly 10 attacks per day. In June 1985, U.S. News & World Report revealed that Americans or their property were targeted 3,023 times between 1970 and 1985. Worse, in 91 percent of these attacks, terrorists appeared to have accomplished their goals.

Ronald Reagan decided to restore our once-mighty status. Right-wingers cheered as we invaded a tiny unknown island called Grenada and bombed Libya to stop terrorism. The overly publicized 1986 Liberty Weekend Celebration and media-farce Hands Across America temporarily cleared America's guilty conscience.

Movie audiences simultaneously squealed with delight as a band of teenage rebels blew commie invaders to the Big Bad Red Collective in the Sky in Red Dawn. People applauded enthusiastically as superfighter Chuck Norris blasted the daylight out of Russo-Cuban-Arab invaders in Invasion USA (1985). Art just loves a crisis.

Even President Reagan justified the joy of killing. When American hostages hijacked to Lebanon were released, Reagan told the country, "I saw Rambo last night, and next time I'll know what to do."

These films typically open with a senseless massacre of the good guys and end with a senseless massacre of the bad guys. The message: It's Us Against Them — politics made easy.

And as the body counts soar, so do the profits. These mythical, larger-than-life vigilantes are able to solve the world's problems in just two hours, while police and armies are impotent. Our new heroes make us feel good about ourselves, like we can fight against rude salespeople, demanding employers, unfair landlords and loathsome drunk drivers.

The commies-are-coming theme has been especially overused in recent Vietnam War films, which are drastically different from early post-Vietnam movies. During the war and immediately after it ended, Hollywood avoided the subject altogether; Vietnam was still too sensitive.

The early war films — Michael Cimino's

Academy Award-winning *The Deerhunter* (1978) and Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* (1979) — were regarded as the directors' films, not political statements. *Coming Home* (1978), a love story between a Vietnam veteran and the nurse who takes care of him, earned stars Jon Voight and Jane Fonda Oscars for their sensitive performances.

But with the success of *Rocky*, *First Blood* and their redundant sequels, box office receipts suggested that Hollywood could make bigger profits by trying to re-fight the Vietnam War — and win.

In a crude attempt to rewrite history, some filmmakers decided to ignore the realistic feelings of panic, loss and pain in favor of pseudo-patriotic revenge fantasies about Vietnam. How many people noticed that *Rambo*, *First Blood* was released in May 1985, exactly 10 years after the fall of Saigon?

Even more disturbing, these films suggest that we could have won the war if our government had gone all out and really let the Viet Cong have it. Funny, I was under the impression that we did let them have it.

In the typical doublespeak manner of recent pseudo-patriotic films, violence is used in a call for peace, which is then pursued with more violence. This makes about as much sense as the Vietnam-era excuse, "We had to destroy the village to save it."

Yet, a few filmmakers, particularly Oliver Stone, attempted last year to counter the onslaught of warped propaganda. Stone's critically-acclaimed films *Salvador* and *Platoon* question possible faults in U.S. policy. Stone also shows the loss, pain and destruction that Stallone films mock.

As revenge fantasies become the order of the day, tough guys Stallone and Norris (in *Missing in Action*, 1984, and *MIA II*, 1986) told the audience that war is fun and winning is easy, as long as you have bulging muscles and an automatic machine gun.

But what about guns and violence? Excessive violence is nothing new to cinema and has always been a box office attraction. The splashy spectacles of 1930s musicals used to satisfy audience tastes for grandeur, but no more. Elaborate dance numbers and glittery costumes are no longer as successful as fantastic shoot-outs and horrific explosions that send bodies flying through the air.

Not only are machine guns romanticized, they are now supporting actors in movies rather than mere props. Without huge guns spouting millions of deadly bullets, Rambo would be just another dumb muscle-man.

Invasion USA opens with a boatload of terrorists firing automatic weapons at a group of Cuban refugees adrift in the ocean. Later, Norris whips out a bazooka and an M-16 grenade launcher to successfully fight the invading guerrillas. Norris is suddenly a one-man army (no need to call for a back-up unit).

Nevertheless, as the nuclear threat continues to loom before us and Mikhail Gorbachev garners more world respect than a scandalized Reagan, commie-bashing may be losing its appeal. We needed a new target, so Arabs became Hollywood's nationally accepted scapegoat.

Last year's picture, *Wanted: Dead or Alive*, focuses on a modern-day bounty hunter who owns an arsenal of weapons and joyfully slaughters Arab terrorists in Los Angeles. This year's *Death Before Dishonor* salutes a Marine sergeant who tries to protect an American embassy in a fictional war-torn Middle Eastern country that could be Lebanon. *Chicago Tribune* film critic Dave Kehr called *Death Before Dishonor* "demented propaganda."

Both films give the same racist message: All Arabs are mad killers and all Americans are victimized good guys. Never mind that as many Arabs as Americans end up dead in these two movies.

Sooner or later, audiences will become saturated with bad anti-Arab movies. People will tire of Arab-bashing films the same way they are now tiring of Soviet-bashing films. As Reaganism and phony patriotism lose popularity in the wake of arms-for-hostages revelations, sanity may prevail in Hollywood. Box office receipts will ultimately decide.

What I want to know is: What ethnic or political group will be Hollywood's new enemy?

With all the anti-drug rhetoric flying in the media, maybe "Miami Vice"-style movies which trash Columbians and Cubans will top off the '80s as the scapegoat decade for movies.

— Amy Siegal

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965-6188

EL AMOR BRUJO 7:10, 9:15;

PLAZA DEL ORO

349 S. Hitchcock Way, S.B.
682-4936

1. RAISING ARIZONA (PG13) 5:30, 7:30, 9:30;
2. MAKING MR. RIGHT 5:50, 9:50;
CAMPUS MAN 8:00;

GOLETA THEATRE

320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta
683-2265

A ROOM WITH A VIEW 9:30;
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS 7:25;

CINEMA TWIN

6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta
967-9447

1. CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD 7:00;
THE COLOR OF MONEY 9:15;
2. PROJECT X (PG) 7:15, 9:15;

FAIRVIEW TWIN

251 N. Fairview, Goleta
967-0744

1. RUMPLESTILSKIN (matinee) 5:30;
HANOI HILTON (evenings) 7:05, 9:30;
2. THE ARISTOCATS (G) 5:15, 7, 8:45;

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SPUNGEN

(Continued from p.4A)
the Jim Morrison story, the book chronicles the life of a brilliant but deranged and really interesting person from life as a little shit to a drug-related death.

Speer: Back to the writing though, buddy. Your analysis of the book's propoganda value is correct, but this review could spew worthless anti-morality rhetoric for twenty or thirty inches and accomplish nothing. I figure we should comment on Spungen's style, if there is any. The language is elementary, and I mean a third or fourth grade level, and the book travels in a circle. It begins after

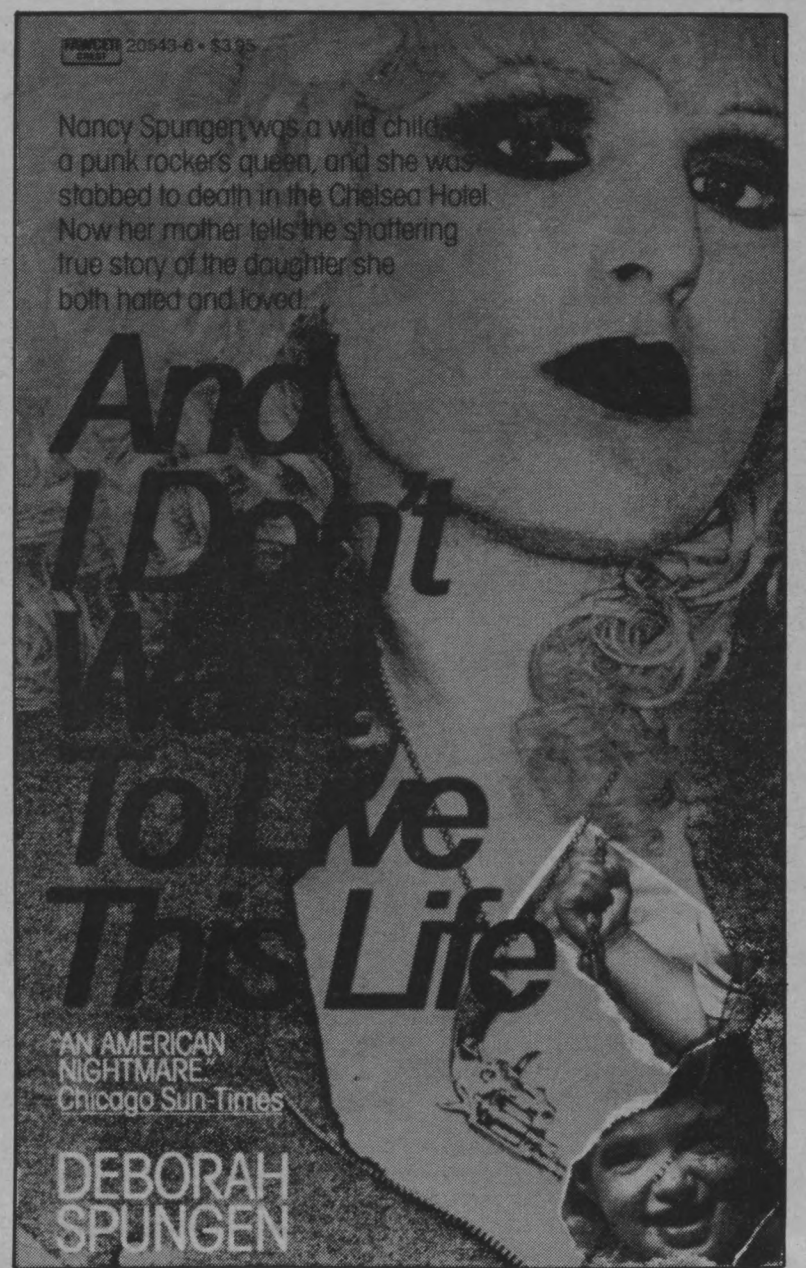
Nancy's death, and then revolves through a tormented childhood, an adolescence of juvenile delinquency and her final fateful days as the girlfriend of one of punk rock's most enigmatic figures. Unfortunately, Mom's pathetic word usage and tendency to sensationalize every minor incident takes all credibility away in mind. I enjoyed hearing a second person perspective on Nancy's actions, but come on man, you can't believe all that crap!

Crites: I think, aside from the fact that I never denied that, and that your reference to inches is a blatant cover-up for miniscule penis-size, AND the fact that your entire statement could have been summed up in the single word "melodramatic" and perhaps the adjective "exceedingly," the story is actually quite believable. Debbie doesn't possess the mentality to fabricate such a story. One of the most interesting parts of the entire book is her summary of the Sex Pistols and the punk rock movement in England after deciding then and there to, "Find out all I could," about what her daughter was becoming involved in. The type of book that might be called "heart-wrenching" by some, it is told from a real motherly point of view, even if Mrs. Spungen is capitalizing on her own sob story.

Speer: First, all references to the size of my genitals are evidence of your own failures and deficiencies in the sexual arena, and are obviously invalid. Sure, Spungen presents a real "motherly point of view," but can you honestly say her description is anything other than a sorry attempt to capitalize on her daughter's sad life? Some of what is written as fact is in reality pure trash! Although my experience with the punk/thrash movement is limited, I am fully aware the antics associated with the performers are for shock value and usually represent their stage persona.

To hear Spungen tell the story, Sid Vicious was a bloody animal at all times, frightening small children and profanely denigrating everything about the American middle class. "Great fucking food Mum, best I ever ate," she claims he yelled at her while visiting Nancy's family in America. I'm sorry, this is just too far out for me.

Crites: Well, we could try real hard and get more touchy here, but back to your fully limited awareness. Ignorance breeds paranoia, I suppose. Perhaps, in fact probably, the American



middle class deserves denigration, but that isn't at all what Deborah is aiming to do. You are right, though, as I pointed out, Debbie is using the excuse that she is attempting to educate and warn the American household for future preventions of tragedy in their families in order to whine and gain social sympathy all while making money and looking good at the same time!

Speer: We sadly agree on this point. She wanted bucks and she wanted it now. As for coming across as a concerned mother, well, she can't. Her daughter is dead, and I can't help but feel she is at least somewhat at fault. She even says so, in not so many words. I found it to be entertaining reading, but it left me rather empty inside. Should we tell anyone stupid enough to have made it all the way through this

farcical review to read it? *Crites:* Anyone who's read this entire review would probably enjoy the book for pure cabbage value. I say, "yea."

Speer: This is scary — I agree with you. Let 'em read it, they don't have anything better to do, besides work at becoming good money-grubbing middle class shits anyway. Maybe it'll shock the idiots out of their terrible tendencies to conform and be normal (aghast!!!). I hope they would all go see Sid and Nancy, the movie, for a different and perhaps more accurate perspective though. It's been real fun, we'll have to do this again.

Crites: I have nothing pertinent to add.

Reviewers: Thomas "Gene Siskel" Crites and Lawrence "Roger Ebert" Speer

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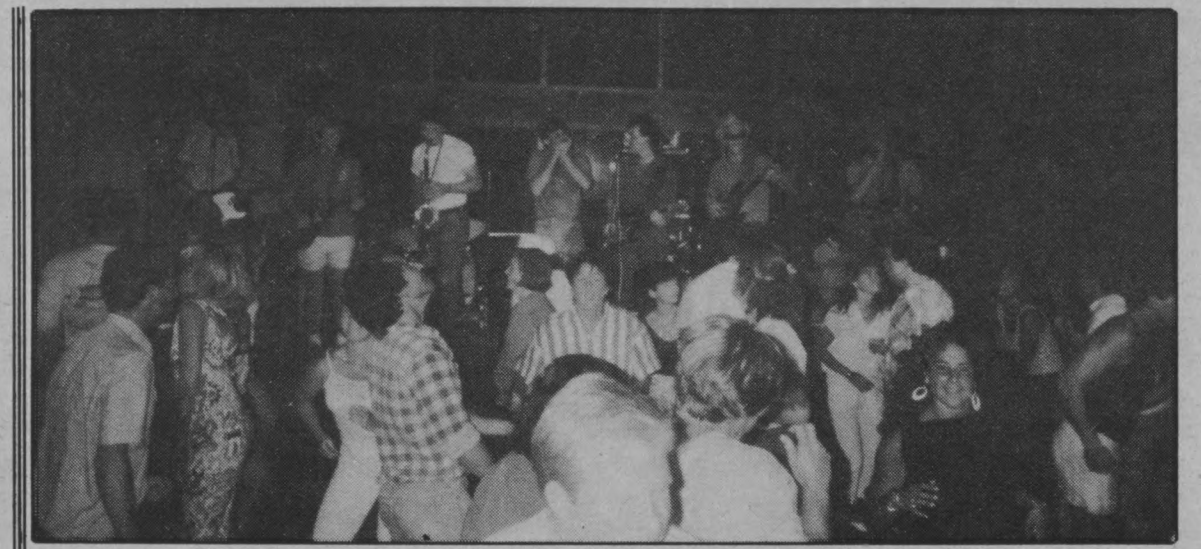
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Just when you thought it was safe to venture into the Pub.... The I.V. Allstars are back! Yes, folks, it's that time of the quarter again. Those legendary I.V. Allstars have come together from as far as San Diego, and as wide as San Francisco, to rock'n'roll your Friday night in this special Pub reunion sponsored by the A.S. Program Board. These wildmen of blues and good old time Southern rock are jamming in the Pub this Friday starting at 8 p.m. The price is \$2 — not a heck of a lot for guaranteed great music and fun. Get there early!

The Cormorant Dance Foundation, a new Santa Barbara and New York-based dance company, will premiere *Firewheel* on April 24 at 8 p.m. at the Carrillo Recreation Center, 100 E. Carrillo, as an opening event of the Santa Barbara Arts Festival. Choreography is by Robin Bisio, with a commissioned score by Arlene Dunlap. Also on the program is *Clan Percussion*, a solo electro-percussion work by Santa Barbara composer Dick Dunlap. Tickets are \$5 at the door. Call 966-4649 for information. This program is funded, in part, by a Santa Barbara County Arts Commission Commission Co-Arts grant.

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SB Theatre Festival's *She Loves Me*

TV superstar Pam Dawber and a stellar cast highlight the light-hearted Broadway musical classic *She Loves Me*, the Santa Barbara Theatre Festival's most ambitious production yet. It is poised to light up the local theatrical sky and the Lobero Theatre beginning Tuesday, April 14 and continue burning bright through Sunday, April 26.

This second tune-filled production of the Theatre Festival's fourth season promises to be the most extravagant, yet intimate, stage event ever to hit the tri-counties in theater-going memory, according to an unusually exuberant Paul Blake, artistic director since the group's inception.

The cause for Blake's excitement — for one thing the cast. Aside from Ms. Dawber, the star and co-producer for the hit TV series *My Sister Sam*, the show boasts Jenny O'Hara, Ms. Dawber's co-star in the same CBS hit series, and Joel Higgins, a luminary on the equally-popular TV series *Silver Spoons*, now in its fifth season.

And if that isn't enough star power for a delightful melodic romp through *Lover's Lane*, there's the venerable Jack Fletcher from *The Jefferson's* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, staged by the Theatre Festival two seasons ago. Adding another bright light on the playbill is a young man named Lara Teeter, who garnered a Tony Award nomination recently in the Broadway revival of *On Your Toes*.

But Black insists rightly that "the play's the thing." *She Loves Me*, with book and music by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, is a melodic jaunt down Memory Lane to a time in the mid-1930s when we like to think that manners, morals and modesty meant more than they do now. A more relaxed time of unrequited love, unhurried courtship and, hopefully, marriage. It was also a time which had time for music.

The setting is a quaint middle-European Parfumerie, or elegant gift shop, where a soft-spoken, but lonely, clerk (Joel Higgins) places a want ad for a pen pal ... hopefully from the "softer" sex. Ms. Dawber, although she is certainly not the type to do such things ever, answers his lonely-hearts plea and begins corresponding with "Dear Friend." Improbably, but so is life, she winds up a) becoming a salesgirl in the same shop, and b) becoming attracted to Higgins.

There has to be the mandatory "stinker" in the Parfumerie (Lara Teeter) who toys with the affections of a saucy, but sad, co-worker (Jenny O'Hara). And then



TV megastar Pam Dawber, highlight of *She Loves Me*.

there's old Jack Fletcher, the harried family-man, who keeps his job by outwardly agreeing with everything and everybody. But then he does something which sets the pot boiling.

And if you think the songs and the storyline are the only things delightfully going round and round, Blake says you're mistaken.

Because he's installed a huge 26-foot revolving platform on stage to accommodate the quick locale changes inherent in the eight different settings called for in the musical. (Santa Barbara hasn't seen such movement on stage since the famed Quake of 1925.)

And the warm-hearted score, Blake insists, turns the revolving stage into a memorable musical merry-go-round with tuneful standards setting the tone for the whimsical Joe Masteroff playbook. Topping the hit parade is the haunting title ballad, "She Loves Me."

When Higgins, last seen locally in the Theatre Festival's nostalgic *Sammy Cahn Songbook*, woos Ms. Dawber, the lyrics and melody speak more of love and marriage than advise to the lovelorn.

Ironically, in real life, Ms. Dawber recently "got hitched" to *St. Elsewhere's* Mark Harmon. He's the actor *People Magazine* tabbed "the sexiest man alive." Despite this, Blake reports, she cut her honeymoon short after a couple of days to start rehearsing the musical score. "That's

dedication to the theater," Blake insists with a wry smile.

And speaking of dedication, Bock and Harnick, who also collaborated on the Pulitzer-Prize-winning *Fiorello!* and the long-running *Fiddler On the Roof*, are flying out from back East sometime during the run to see "how their baby is doing." Reports from the rehearsal hall indicate that "baby" is doing just fine and doesn't need changing.

The bottom line is, Blake says, "If you've ever been in love or ever thought of being in love, you'll love *She Loves Me*."

Even the staid *New York Times* originally hailed the play as "... a bonbon of a musical. A tasty surprise." The rival *New York World Telegram* and Sun proclaimed: "This theater season finally has a musical with which everyone can fall in love. *She Loves Me* is that rare theatrical jewel."

She Loves Me runs for two tune-filled weeks and sadly closes on Sunday, April 26.

Curtain times for all Theatre Festival performances are as follows: evenings Tuesday through Saturday, 8 p.m. and Sunday 7 p.m.; matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 2 p.m. Dark Monday. Tickets for all performances, scaled from \$12 to \$20 can be obtained by calling the Lobero Box Office at 963-0761. There are also discounts for students, seniors and parties of 10 or more.

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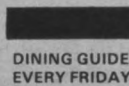
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Sandra M. Gilbert will present a free lecture entitled "Female Female Impersonators: The Sardonic Heroism of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Marianne Moore", Thursday, April 23 at 4 p.m. in Girvetz Hall 1004. Gilbert, literary critic and professor of English at Princeton University, will discuss the ways in which Millay and Moore consciously created their own personas as female stereotypes, in their public lives and poetic voices.

Norma Alarcon, assistant professor of Spanish at Purdue University and a post-doctoral fellow in Chicano Studies at UC Berkeley, will give a free lecture entitled, "Twelve O'Clock the Ghosts Come Out: Childhood in Chicana Literature," on Monday, April 27 at 12 noon in the UCSB

University Center Pavilion.

Using examples from the works of Sandra Cisneros, Denise Chavez and Helena Maria Viramontes, Alarcon's talk will focus on how Chicana writers are "redefining themselves through the past."

Yolanda and the Thief
Sunday, April 26
7 & 9:30 in Campbell Hall

Fred Astaire in *Latin America*? You bet. In this film, perhaps his least known musical, he plays a con man who has designs on the lovely and wealthy Lucille Bremer, until love intrudes and his plans go awry. Watch for the stylish surrealism of the 16-minute dream ballet. Directed by Vincente Minnelli (that unabashed lover of color!) for MGM (1945, 108 minutes).

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I.V. ALL STARS Tomorrow Night



A special Pub Showcase will be held tomorrow night featuring the I.V. ALLSTARS at 8 p.m. Come dance to UCSB's favorite local band, Friday, April 24. Tickets are available at the door and all ages are welcome! Tickets also available at A.S. ticket office.

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Wednesday, April 29
7, 9, 11 pm \$3
I.V. Theatre

Comedy Night

Comedy Night is Back! Tuesday, April 28 at 8 p.m. in the Pub. Tuesday night's comedy is sure to be hilarious — so don't miss out! Admission is free and EVERYONE is welcome.

Spaghetti & Meatballs FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE

FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE is the third movie in the Spaghetti & Meatballs Film Series happening every Friday night for the next five Fridays. Showtime is at 6 and 8 p.m. in Chem 1179 and tickets are \$2.00 per movie, or buy a series pass — FIVE MOVIES FOR FIVE DOLLARS. What a BARGAIN!! Come watch the BEST movies ever made — when you come to the Spaghetti & Meatballs Film Series every Friday night in Chem 1179 at 6 and 8 p.m.

Lagoon Concert Series — CONFUSION



This Friday from noon until 1:00 p.m. the A.S. Program Board and Woodstock's Pizza present the Lagoon Concert Series featuring CONFUSION. You may have seen them in the Pub or heard about them from friends but now is your chance to see them live. So bring your lunch and sit in the sun with the jazz/fusion sound of Confusion.

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HAPPY TRAILS

Free Sneak Preview

GARDENS OF STONE

Sunday, April 26 a FREE Sneak Preview of GARDEN OF STONE will be shown in I.V. Theatre at 7:30 p.m. Free tickets will be handed out in front of the UCen tomorrow at 12:30. Tickets go fast so be at the UCen at 12:30.

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