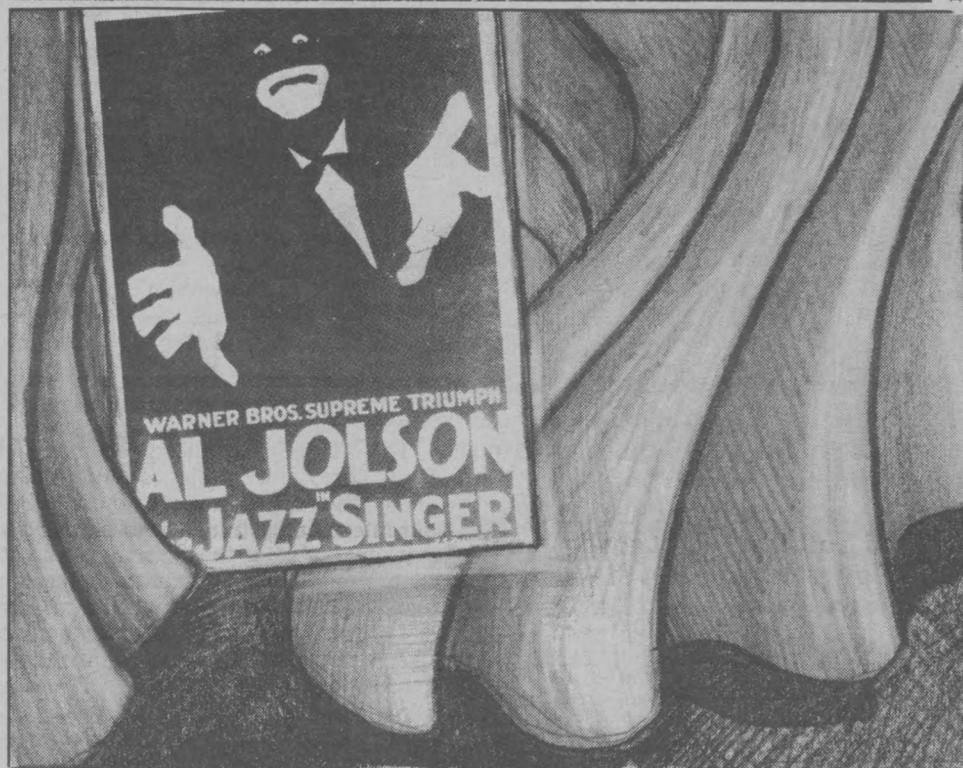


ARTS WEEK

The Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus, For the Week of January 20-26, 1994.

HOW THE ROLES WERE... Trouble In Mind By Davin McHenry



BRENT MEESKE/Daily Nexus

The comedy-drama "Trouble in Mind" was presented at the Lobero this last weekend in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday. It had been presented earlier this school year at the Main Theater, and has been resurrected for two performances at the Lobero. As I unfortunately missed the first run of "Trouble," I was happy that I was going to get a chance to see the UCSB production at last. With direction by Robert Egan and the rest of the UCSB staff filling production spots, this show certainly wasn't going to be amateur theater.

"Trouble in Mind" is by African-American playwright Alice Childress and takes place in a Broadway theater in 1957. In "Trouble," Childress explores the world of theater in the '50s, and racism's place in that world. It is a humorous and biting look into the stereotyping of black actors of that period, and some of their ways of dealing with these kinds of injustices.

The play begins with the main character, Wiletta Mayer (Val Limar), entering the theater for the first rehearsal of a new Broadway play. Soon, the rest of the cast begins to arrive. First is John (Guy Harrell), a young and naive actor who doesn't see society's limitations on him as a black actor. Then comes Millie (Sherron Arnold), a

black actress who is all too aware of the limitations imposed on her, but accepts them to remain in the theater. Also, Sheldon (Michael Morgan), the old man of the cast, has realized the limitations caused by his skin and accepts them as the price of working in the theater. Finally there is Judy (Katie Petrovsky), the only white actor in the company for the first act and the brunt of the others' hostilities toward whites. Soon the director, Al Manners (Benjamin King), arrives and the cast begins rehearsing the play.

Throughout the first act, we see the tensions rising on the stage as Millie and Wiletta try to influence young John and keep him away from Judy. Wiletta even goes as far as to try to train John on the do's and do not's of being a black actor. By the end of the first act, though, we see a change beginning in Wiletta. She seems to be having difficulties dealing with the stereotypical role she must play.

As she is forced more and more to place herself in her character's shoes, she begins to resent the stereotyping. So by the second act, we can see her changing her tune — she begins asking Al for changes in the script. Al can do nothing, and refuses to listen to Wiletta's problems. Eventually, they meet on a collision course where both explode and

Al storms off the stage. The actors are sent home with word that they will be contacted later. Wiletta knows she will not be called and that she has lost this job.

"Trouble in Mind" is at once a clear and confusing piece of work. The play is clear in purpose, to explore the role of racism in the theater, but it is in the exploration that we find the confusion. At times Childress seems to be firmly issuing the standard rhetoric on racism and prejudice, but then occasionally she seems to wander. Al Manners is an excellent example of Childress' wanderings, as she allows Manners to explore the taboo realm of reverse racism but then backs away at the last minute, almost shocked by what she was doing. She also does this with her portrayal of Millie and Wiletta in the first act, as they effectively ostracize Judy from the rest of the company simply because she is white. Yet Childress never seems to explore this fully, and simply writes it off as the ladies trying to protect John from the backlash of an interracial relationship. This point in the play was the one with which I was most disappointed, both in Childress's confused ramblings and in her shying away from such a powerful theme.

As for the theme of racism, Childress does add a twist by examining it in the

world of theater, but there is really nothing new here. This is simply an examination of modern day minstrelism. True minstrels would be a more powerful theme, as shown in other plays such as "Spell #7" here on campus last year. This play taunts you with things it could be, but never produces anything we haven't seen before in better plays.

"Trouble" is quite a funny show, particularly during the rehearsal scenes. The stereotypical roles that the black actors are made to play are bad to the point of being funny,

but one can only laugh at them so many times. Whether or not to laugh at the stereotypes was the only really interesting and thought-provoking element. Michael Morgan is hilarious and is the show's one true comic character. He brought down the house with his doddering old Sheldon, and it was the very same Sheldon that brought home the tragedy of the black actor. Underneath his act was an intelligent and serious man, forced into hiding by the color of his skin.

Val Limar was quite

good as Wiletta and I felt her character's struggle against the stereotypes. Guy Harrell was a little stiff as the innocent John, but made-up for it in a frightening moment in which he began to subconsciously mimic Al Manners. As for Al Manners himself, Ben King did a good job as the confusing director. Considering the amount of time between the original production and this one, I was pleasantly surprised with the actors' abilities to re-enter their roles.

Writer/Director Chaikin to Perform Plays on Campus

One of off-Broadway's finest figures, actor and director Joseph Chaikin, will come to campus to perform a pair of plays for the Regents' Lecturer program.

Both plays, free of charge, are sure to spark interest in today's modernist-driven audience.

"The War in Heaven" portrays an angel who has fallen to earth and is searching for a missing soul, surely something one can't do without.

"Struck Dumb," created expressively for Chaikin by Jean-Claude Van Itallie, explores the perceptions of people who live on the margins of society's accepted norms. It directly relates to Chaikin's bout with aphasia after he had a stroke in 1984. This piece is one of those he now performs about that experience after having to regain control of his speech.

The evening's performance will also

include a reading of "What is the Word?" Samuel Beckett's last poem.

Chaikin's prolific career began in New York in 1959 when he joined the living theatre. In 1963 he won an Obie for his portrayal of Galy Gay in "Man is Man," after which he left and formed the Open Theatre to explore nonpsychologically based acting techniques. He later earned five more Obies and the first-ever Obie Award for Lifetime Achievement.

The Regents' Lecturer program was created in 1962 to introduce gifted nonacademics to the University community.

"The War in Heaven" is on Friday, Jan. 21 at 8 p.m. in the UCSB Studio Theatre. "Struck Dumb" is on Wednesday, Jan. 26 at 8 p.m. in UCSB Hatlen Theatre.

—Martin Boer

The
Poppy
Field

By
Kevin
Carhart



Only the finest of pop music is simultaneously as full and as hummable as "Jet Set Junta" by the Monochrome Set, which opens the second volume of *Ambition*, a rich, massive compilation of the influential English record label Cherry Red. Like a handful of others, Cherry Red records have a pervasive tone constructed from particularly English idiosyncrasies, and common tendencies in visual art and in production. For this middle period of Cherry Red's development, Mike Alway was the unifying force behind records by Eyeless in Gaza, Felt, Everything But the Girl, Tracey Thorn, Ben Watt, the Monochrome Set, and others.

"Vroom vroom goes the armored Cadillac through Montevideo! RATATAT go the submachine guns to restore the status quo! Snip snip go the tailor's scissors on the suit at Saville Row ... here we come, the jet set junta." So begins the cheeky combination of South American overthrowing and a pretty happy primer. It's easy to swallow, hum and sing if you're not looking for satire. The clever lad is Bid, frontman of the Monochrome Set. Descended from Indian kings, Bid's aristocratic background is typical of the flavor on *Ambition* — if the others aren't all descended from royalty, they act and sing as though they are.

Whoever decided to follow "Jet Set Junta" with Everything But the Girl's version of Cole Porter's "Night and Day" is probably sitting under a placard marked "Segue Wizard." This is the depth of Mike Alway's vision — it lies in a circle, equally close to Zombies-Hollies pop as it is to the beat poets, as it is to Cole Porter, as it is to Marc Bolan (who is represented on the CD by an interview excerpt, "talking glamour," released on an early picture disc), as it is to the king of the misfits, Kevin Coyne — "your holiness."

The quiet, delicate power of Night and Day is found in plenty of tracks on the disc, living in a world of its own, one so engaging that Ben Watt and Robert Wyatt's "Walter and John" and Kevin Hewick's "Spain" are downright eerie.

Next to the first two tracks for sheer power, and unrivaled for really weird ideas, is The Passage's "XOYO." Beneath the new wave keyboards, they try to rewire nature from a cosmic, ambiguous pulp. A guttural voice barks a quotation from Shakespeare — the atmosphere is that of Vogons descending from outer space to inform the puny earthlings that the new phase of human history will be trisexual. Presented as instructions and commands, they croon: "No more no need for gents and ladies, no need no more for greedy babies ... not a duty, just an action you'll enjoy, for any boy and boy, girl and girl and girl and boy. Rub out the rules on who and how can procreate! XOYO Triple X Sexposé!"

I don't know if they want to open up societal conventions or mutate us all into homo superior, but I've never heard it quite so militantly before. Just like with the "Jet Set Junta," it's so easy to hum the tune, even if it is a stark sexposé ultimatum from a bold new Devo.

The Cherry Red of *Ambition* is like the sanitarium for bands with a mad genius at the helm. Painstaking, stylish, sexually and politically edgy, some of these groups are the crazy rock star from *The Wall*, laying out bones and money and bottles and things according to private logics. Lawrence from Felt, the liner notes say, was discovered at 7 a.m., prostrate and sweeping the floorboards with a dustpan and brush.

Mike Alway has gone on to found El Records, which are so hard to find that they are more like rumors than records. El, so I hear, is so much the richer for Alway's care. Today, there is a new breed of Cherry Red — Blind Mr. Jones, the Charlottes, Headtime, and Mexico 70 — cleaner, wider pop. Until I heard *Ambition*, I didn't know they went back as far as Dead Kennedys records and Marc Bolan interviews.

Like Ivo at 4AD, like Alan McGee at Creation, like Matt and Clare at Sarah Records, Cherry Red has been blessed with a personal, distinguished touch.

Correction: Two weeks ago, I wrote that the musician accompanying Rich Krueger in Chicago was Oliver Pratt. Actually, he's Oliver Steck. Since I realized the mistake, I've been walking around going, "Who's Pratt? Who's Pratt?" He's that actor from *The Three Musketeers*. Where was my head?



SURF ROMA

Surfing at UCSB is more than a sport, it's a lifestyle. And in the case of Dan Wozniak, it has paid off. Working at Domino's and trying to put together an independently produced feature-length film does not leave him rolling in fat city, but he does have a wealth of mirth and enthusiasm for life and for his life's double passion — surfing and filmmaking.

Wozniak graduated from UCSB two years ago with a major in analytical reasoning and philosophy. Since then he has teamed up with two childhood friends, Bill Burke and Tom Wegener, both avid surfers, to produce a 177-minute surf movie called *Ten Toes Over*.

As I sat in Cafe Roma, the fog began to roll down the street, the music was playing too loudly, and the sun had just gone down, leaving the glowing lights of Isla Vista's largest cafe as a poor substitute. There was, however, a loud, brightly colored cowboy hat walking around — you wouldn't even notice the owner — and the cranked-up jazz was making my head pulsate.

All surroundings aside, I still don't think I would have recognized Wozniak, whom I had just met the day before. I felt someone come close to me, heard my name being spoken in a questioning tone, looked up and quickly sat back as the large, brightly colored cowboy hat screamed in my face. Its owner was Wozniak, and he was with Bill Burke, who did music and surfing in the movie. Both were charming, warm people who were excited to talk about their collaboration on *Ten Toes Over*. Later, Wozniak informed me that the hat was from Mexico, where some of the surfing in the film was shot.

"It's kind of a '70s, 'Sa-

turday Night Live' sorta surf movie," said Burke. "The music is definitely different than surf movies that have come out in the last 15 to 20 years." These two guys are definitely in

one night. Dan and Tom were at this party and it all happened at that time. We collaborated over a keg of beer."

"The beer was Foster's," reminisces Burke, "and

"paraphernalia" and substances to ensure an "experience" while viewing the film, or to celebrate with afterwards. "There's some rabble rousing before, during and after each performance," reports Burke, adding, "It's for everyone that wants to have a good time."

Playing off of Burke, Wozniak says, "Yeah, get a few yucks [which is surferese for laughs] out of it — have a good time."

So much fun was created out of \$30,000. That is how much it cost these surfers to make the right kind of surfer movie. Wozniak co-wrote, did camera work, editing and surfing on the film. He's been making movies with his Super-8 camera since high school, and he used it to make this film as well. It was placed in a plexiglass protective device for the underwater shots.

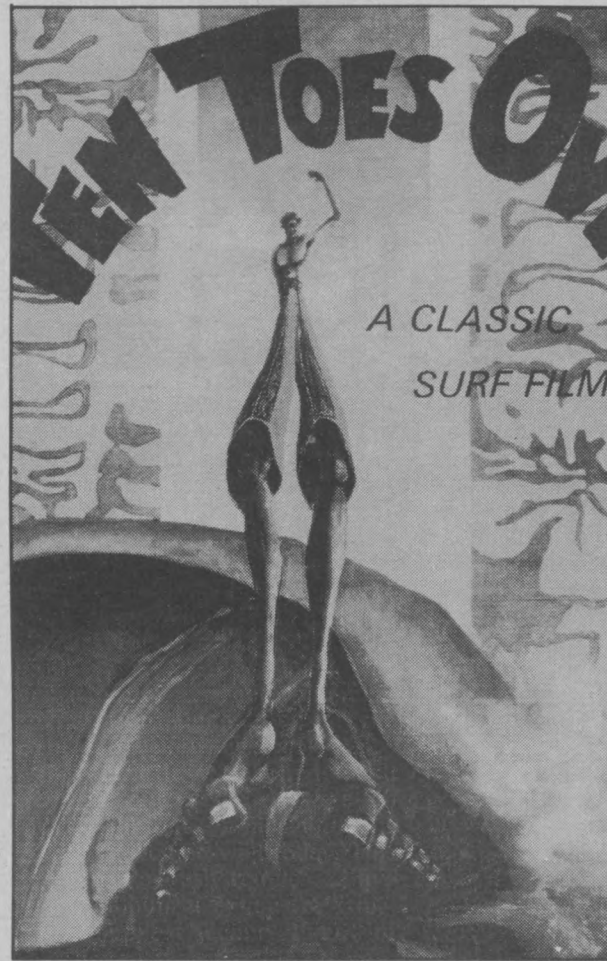
Tom Wegener, the third member of the creative filmmakers, is a lawyer, and Burke, in addition to surfing, teaches junior high in Lompoc. However, these buddies since grammar school pooled their resources, and Burke and Wegener helped Wozniak out with personal expenses while he spliced away on the editing board.

Taking up a meeting at Roma with these vibrantly enthusiastic surfer/filmmakers was an experience in itself, and if *Ten Toes Over* embodies their vitality, it will surely be a great party. "What does this film have that will really grab you?" I ask.

"The longest tube ride at Campus Point ever — I'm serious," says Burke.

The movie shows Jan. 23 at 7:00 p.m. at the Carrillo Recreation Center.

—Allison Dunn



SNL mode. They bounce off of each other with surfer slang at every turn, finishing each other's sentences and agreeing on the style and form of their film. It sounds eclectic, and definitely different.

I ask them why it is different. "It's got the thickest plot ever," says Wozniak facetiously.

"Because it has a plot," chimes in Burke. "It's a surf movie with SNL interludes," finishes Wozniak.

I wonder out loud at how this film came about and I am met by two chuckling surfers with sheepish grins. "You tell her," Burke tells Wozniak. "It happened at a party

the idea was to make a surf movie the way that they wanted to, as no surf movie has been made before."

Burke had prior experience with surf movies in college. He used to play live with silent surf movies. "My band would play live with the show. It was improv, but grooved along with the whole thing, and that led to *Polyester Surf Boards*," an underground classic around Santa Barbara, according to Burke.

The last four shows in Redondo sold out, thanks to word-of-mouth advertising and a smattering of fliers and posters. Each show has been a party or a pre-party, with plenty of



LET'S DANCE

It is a combination of strong sensuality and expressive emotion that moves Canadian dancer Margie Gillis, who plans to leap across campus this Saturday.

As Gillis' thigh-length coils of red hair cascade and arch about her throughout performance pieces such as "Mara" and "Slipstream," it is as though they constitute a separate identity. With this motion, Gillis adds a new dimension to the meaning of modern dance.

Born in Montreal, Canada, Gillis has been performing her solo dance performances across her native land and internationally. Her tours in such countries as France, Germany and Spain, as well as her introduction of modern dance to China in 1979, have earned her the distinction of being named a Canadian Cultural Ambassador in 1981 and Quebec Cultural Ambassador in 1986. She has also

been knighted under the Order of Canada for her "outstanding abilities as a solo performer and choreographer."

Her performance for Arts & Lectures will be in commemoration of the memory of her late brother, Christopher Gillis. Her brother was an inspirational part of her choreography — he died of an AIDS-related illness earlier this year. The collection of pieces she will be performing at Campbell Hall will be those that have best come to describe her as a dancer and as a choreographer.

Some pieces that will be represented are "Variations," "Bloom," and two new works, "Landscape" and "Torn Root," which were choreographed in 1993 before Mr. Gillis' death.

Margie Gillis will be performing at the UCSB Campbell Hall on Saturday, Jan. 22 at 8 p.m.

—Heather Siple

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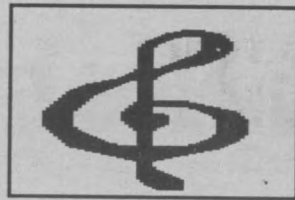
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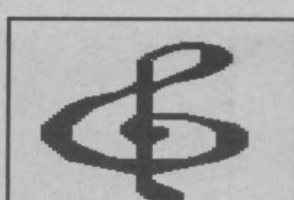
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STILL DEAD



DEVIL'S POLKA

Carlos Santana
Live Forever
Zohiba

Taking it all back to the days of soul and good times, Carlos Santana has compiled a disc of five outstanding performers from his own collection. *Live Forever* is unedited, live music that sounds clean and lively.

Three of the more popular tracks by Jimi Hendrix, a metaphor for the '60s, are represented to kick things off. Songs like "Message to Love," the timeless "Fire," and "I Don't Live Today" are unbridled and kick ass. Jimi's power and passion inspired an entire generation, and now they're back.

Marvin Gaye slides into the album with an upbeat rendition of "Joy," the song of a sweet world and all the blessings we have to be thankful for. On "What's Going On," he is in classic form. The spiritual sensuality that rolls off his tongue is heartfelt and like no other.

Perhaps the smoothest sounds emanate from the voice of legend Bob Marley. Blowing through the air is his song, "Natural Mystic." The song depicts a life of serene beauty and harmony among all races of people. Similarly, the popular "Exodus" displays



Bob's incredible ability to present a universal message of peace and love through his reggae music. The authentic crowd hysteria that booms when Bob takes the mike also gives one the essence of live music.

The smooth jam "Riviera Paradise" is a freeflowing masterpiece by rocker Stevie Ray Vaughn. Not only does Stevie's epic guitar playing enhance this song, but his band shreds. Since the song is an instrumental, it diversifies the whole album. There is no need for words for Vaughn to express his mastery of the guitar.

John Coltrane is the king of the saxophone, and it only takes one run

through his "Ogunde" to realize this. Ranging from precision high solos to what sounds like two baboons fighting in a telephone booth, we are reminded once again of Coltrane's immense versatility.

Live Forever is not like the other cheesy compilation albums found at the checkout stands of Kmart. The artists featured are all dead, yet they were all masters of music that is alive and well today. This previously unreleased live album gives you a relaxing, upbeat feeling. If any of these artists interest you, give yourself the green light to check it out.

—Matt Gambee

Tom Waits
The Black Rider
Island

If it is even possible to surpass *Rain Dogs* and *Bone Machine* in terms of artistic breadth and depth, Tom Waits' most recent CD, *The Black Rider*, has certainly done so. Conceived as a support to the stage production of the same name, in collaboration with director Robert Wilson and writer William Burroughs, it has been transformed into a self-sufficient work. The play, originally performed in the Thalia Theatre in Hamburg, Germany and currently showing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, finds its story in a Romantic German tale. A clerk, desperately in love with a forester's daughter, must prove himself to the disapproving father in a series of shooting contests. Acknowledging himself as a schlemiel marksman, he makes a deal with the devil and accepts the devil's magic bullets. Although the bullets help him prove his virility as a male to the oaf forester, they ultimately prove to be his nemesis as he misfires in the last test, killing his beloved.

Waits uses this story as a background structure for a song cycle that fuses elements from his earlier styles with even crazier musical reaches. Similar to John Zorn's soundtrack manipulations, his in-



strumentation is schizophrenic. Ranging from saw to marimba, viola to the strange percussion instruments used on *Bone Machine*, the musical voices reflect the shifting theatrical personae. At times the sentimental cabaret drunkard of *Nighthawks at the Diner*, at times the circus master of *Rain Dogs*, he modulates between all of his prior incarnations, carefully balancing the variant styles. Indeed, *The Black Rider* itself may be seen as a kind of circus. Opening with the rollicking fanfare of the "Lucky Day (Overture)," and an organ grinder barking out "That's right, you'll see the Three-Headed Baby! You'll see Hitler's brain! See Lea Graff the German midget who sat in J.P. Morgan's lap" all through a distorted

megaphone, it enters a constantly shifting pageant of musical styles and finally comes to a close in "Carnival," a "devil's polka" for the delight of us all.

To complete the presiding surrealism of the whole CD, Waits shares the vocals with William Burroughs, demented author of *Naked Lunch* and ubiquitous pop icon. Burroughs' parts add a vaguely disturbing element, one which complements Waits' songs perfectly. The latest in a series of collaborations with "alternative" rock musicians (including Kurt Cobain from Nirvana, Sonic Youth, and the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy), *The Black Rider* works the best of all of them.

—Chris Dunlap

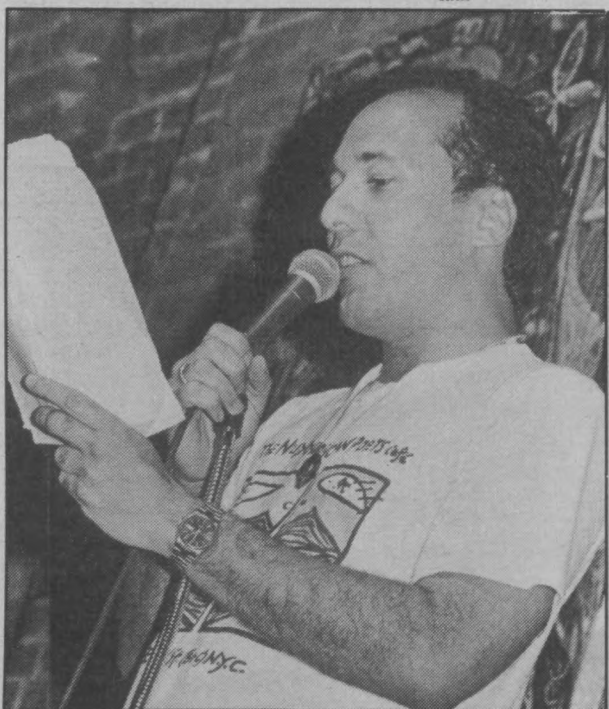
The New Style

Retire your Shakespeare book for the night and head straight to UCSB's Campbell Hall to hear some verse from the Nuyorican Poets.

This group of fresh contemporary artists will bring you the latest word from New York's Lower East Side through creative poetry. They come from the Nuyorican Poets Cafe, located across the country, and will show Santa Barbara what urban verse is all about.

The artists have appeared on "Good Morning America," Ted Koppel's "Nightline" and "The Charlie Rose Show," as well as MTV. The group has been to over 20 cities to compete in "poetry slams," and Santa Barbara will have the opportunity to witness the first slam at the Green Dragon Art Cafe.

Tracie Morris, the Queen of Hip-Hop Poetry, will appear along with Ed Morales, who will hand you the news without thinking twice about it. Paul Beatty will also be there to teach you some new words. His first book, *Big Bank Take Little Bank*, claimed the posi-



tion of the *Village Voice's* Book of the Year. And ladies, *Sassy Magazine* declared him one of 1992's sexiest men.

Also performing will be legendary poet Mike Tyler, who once broke his arm while reciting one of his poems, so be prepared for some serious poetry action. And finally, poet Maggie Estep — who is also lead vocalist in an all-

female band called I Love Everybody — will knock you out with her "poetry that has a temperature."

You know you won't be able to resist the Nuyorican Poets Live! So witness them on Tuesday, January 25 at 8 p.m. at UCSB Campbell Hall, and at the Green Dragon Art Cafe, located at 22 West Mission Street, —Sonja Ellis



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Political Follies
by Scott McPherson

Nothin' but Good Times Ahead, the second compilation of the work of Texas newspaper columnist Molly Ivins, is truly a great book. Ivins' sharp wit and incredible insight make it a very quick read, and readers will find themselves learning much from the process.

A worthy follow-up to her 1991 best seller, *Molly Ivins Can't Say That, Can She?*, this book contains Ivins' columns ranging from late 1991 to mid-1993, including the wild and woolly 1992 presidential campaign. Although she is a confessed Texas liberal — no doubt a difficult thing to be — Ivins takes on politicians of all parties and positions. From the fascism of Pat Buchanan to the paranoia of Ross Perot to the kookiness of Jerry Brown, no candidate is safe from Ivins exposing them for what they really are — ridiculous.

Unlike many political writers, Ivins never becomes a detached part of the establishment or just another fancy-talking pundit. Not only does she share her experiences on

the unemployment line after her longtime employer, the *Dallas Times-Herald*, went belly up in early 1992, but she also does a nice job of bringing home many issues. Ivins is a wo-

is the wackiest of all the states, and therefore worth knowing about, if only for the laughs. And when it comes to the Texas Legislature — which Ivins calls "the dweebs, dorks, geeks,



man of the people, one who never forgets what is important.

While it is sometimes difficult for a non-Texan to relate to all of Ivins' references to the Lone Star State and its completely insane politics, she does much to prove that Texas

crooks and bozos we've put into office" — there are laughs to be had everywhere.

While there is, page for page, more funny stuff in her first book, *Nothin' but Good Times Ahead* is filled with the witty wisdom of Ivins.

HER STORIES

Why don't comics aimed at women readers ever succeed? Comics historian Trina Robbins, author of *A Century of Women Cartoonists*, has a theory:

"Imagine walking into a bookstore, hoping to find a good mystery novel, and discovering that the store

knows, mystery book readers don't go into bookstores. Of course, logic tells you, mystery book readers won't go into bookstores that only carry Westerns."

Robbins, who will be appearing at Metro Comics, 15 West Anapamu, Santa Barbara, on Tues-

of the newspaper comic strip, Robbins arranges the work and the artists by era, with each artist's work well-represented in print. The common thread in all their stories is the difficulty in breaking through into what has traditionally been a male-dominated industry.

I. V. T H E A T E R

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22
7:30 & 10 PM



CHRISTIAN SLATER
PATRICIA ARQUETTE
DENNIS HOPPER
VAL KILMER
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BRAD PITT
CHRISTOPHER WALKEN

A TONY SCOTT film

TRUE ROMANCE

AND... JOHN WOO'S
HARD-BOILED
January 29

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I WANT JULIANA!



carries nothing but Westerns. Upon inquiry, a clerk points out that they do actually carry some mysteries, but those few he shows you, crowded on a bottom shelf together with the other non-Western titles, are printed on cheap paper without color covers. The bookstore is out of the particular mystery you want, the clerk informs you. They only ordered two copies of it, he adds, because, as everyone

day, Jan. 25 from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., discusses this vicious circle that women cartoonists face in getting their work into stores that predominantly carry "super hero" comics aimed at teenage boys, as well as the many other forms of discrimination that have stood between these talented artists and the success they deserve.

Beginning at the turn of the century with the birth

Even today, problems such as the one outlined above have prompted many women cartoonists to self-publish and self-syndicate, choosing to put their fates in the hands of the readers themselves, rather than in those of the male-dominated industry. This way, mystery readers don't have to go into a store that only carries Westerns.

—Scott Tipton