

Review of the Ce Ce Peniston show. Don't worry, she's coming.

February 4, 1992

THE REBEL YELL

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'Shining Through' is less than luminous

by Daniel W. Duffy

Melanie Griffith movies are, for all intents and purposes, a crap shoot. She can give an Academy Award nominated performance like in *Working Girl*, but then come back and be just miserable in a film like *Pacific Heights*.

The odd thing about *Shining Through* is that, at times, her acting is quite commendable. It is not believable, mind you, just commendable. But mostly she is just flowery and repugnant.

Griffith plays Linda Voss, a secretary who goes undercover as a spy into Germany during World War II. The audience is supposed to buy the fact that she learned the ins and

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Shining Through

(★½)

Starring Melanie Griffith and Michael Douglas. Directed by David Seltzer.

outs of espionage through watching old spy flicks. This, like the entire story, is simply implausible.

Griffith's character is completely beef-witted throughout the film. She gives away information that even a second-rate spy like Maxwell Smart wouldn't mention to anyone, much less someone she just met in Nazi occupied Germany.

There is also a problem with accents in the film. True, most

people wouldn't enjoy an overabundance of subtitles. But still, when they are not actually speaking German, shouldn't the Germans in the film at least have a slight accent?

It's hard to understand how seasoned actors like Michael Douglas and John Gielgud could do a film like this. Luckily for the legendary Gielgud, his part is limited and he seems not only to want to escape Nazi Germany, but the entire movie itself. When all is said and done, this movie is two hours of pure torture.

Director David Seltzer can add this film to the rest of his list of duds like *Lucas* and *Bird On a Wire*. His only claim to fame is writing the novel and screenplay for *The Omen*.



Melanie Griffith fails to impress in *Shining Through*.

University Theatre announces auditions for One Act Festival

University Theatre announces auditions for the Spring One-Act Festival. This festival is in need of 11 men and seven women ranging in age from 20 to 70. Auditions will be Wednesday, 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. and Thursday, 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. in the Grant Hall Little Theatre.

Bob May's *Going to...*, directed by Todd Espeland, deals with choices made in one's life and the consequences of those choices. Debb Sarac's *The Young and the Breathless*, directed by Ernie Hall, is a hilarious spoof on the soap opera. Mark Jensen's *Something Wild*, directed by Jim Henry, deals with a hired hand trying to mend the broken fences in his

life. Robert Paxson's *Niversville, Population 2*, directed by Mark Jensen, has a woman stranded in a gas station in the desert with no means to escape.

The four one-act plays are being entered in the American College Theatre Festival.

Those wishing to audition will need to sign up for a five minute audition in the department of theatre arts. You will need to prepare a two to three minute monologue from any contemporary play along with two jokes. Call backs on Saturday, will consist of cold readings.

Performances will be at 8 p.m. March 25-29 with a matinee at 2 p.m. March 28 and 29.

Oldest college radio station celebrated 50th anniversary

In an alternative medium, there are alternatives.

College radio, known for its creative formats and infatuation with alternative music, is not all music. It's also news.

This year marks the 50th anniversary of the nation's oldest college radio station—WILL-AM at the University of Illinois in Urbana, Ill.

The station, and its FM counterpart, also WILL, founded in 1941, is actually an arm of National Public Radio (NPR).

"The original idea in 1922 was as an educational alternative," said station manager

Dan Simeone. "Only later did we become an independent programming service."

WILL-AM provides listeners with news, public affairs, talk and call-in shows, weather, agriculture reports and British Broadcasting Corp. and Canadian Broadcasting Corp. broadcasts. Some of the segments are locally produced and students serve as interns and part-time workers in several areas of the station.

"We have a student assistant for our meteorologist, an assistant producer for our agriculture program and a student intern in the news department," Simeone said.

WILL-FM plays classical music 24 hours except on Saturday and Sunday, when the programming features international music from Africa, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and some jazz music.

"As far as we know, the FM station was the first university-licensed FM station," Simeone says.

Although WILL was the first, several schools followed the lead. Now, NPR affiliates are located at college campuses across the country and many offer students a chance to work within the radio news and programming business to gain experience.

David Cronenberg's surreal world comes to life

by Tricia Romano

Weird. Beyond weird. David Cronenberg's movie *Naked Lunch* is among some of the strangest and most surreal films ever created.

Of course, this is the type of picture one expects from an interpretation of the famed and equally bizarre novel by William S. Burroughs of the same name.

To get a vague idea of the film, imagine a series of hallucinations loosely tied together, and *Naked Lunch* is the result.

The film begins with ex-junky William Lee at an exterminating job. In the middle of his work, he runs out of the yellow poisonous spray used to kill the roaches. And no won-

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Naked Lunch

(★★★)

Starring Peter Weller and Judy Davis. Directed by David Cronenberg.

der. Lee's wife, Joan Lee (Judy Davis), has been shooting the yellow bug powder into her breast for some time. It is her addiction that eventually leads to Lee's (played by Peter Weller) succumbing to junk again.

Once Lee begins shooting the bug powder, his world begins to crumble. Two narcotic agents bring him in for questioning on the basis of his previous drug-related reputation, and while they interrogate him,

Lee has his first hallucinatory conversation of the movie. The officers bring out a gigantic roach and challenge Lee to kill the roach with the bug powder. When they leave the room, the roach talks to Lee, informing him that his wife is not human and that he is an agent for the Interzone.

Stranger things happen later in the film. Cronenberg explores Lee's hampered homosexual tendencies, Lee's typewriters turn into talking roaches, and for a kicker, there is one typewriter that spews sex organs containing an extremely powerful drug.

But the hallucination scenes are not just there to entertain the viewer. They have a point. Through the scenes and

throughout *Naked Lunch*, Cronenberg is trying to convey that power and control over one's life is a constant struggle, and that struggle becomes even more difficult if drugs are present.

Lee's loss of power is not accidental. When his two writer friends come to visit him in the Interzone they find Lee sleeping with a bag on the beach. One of them inquires about the bag, and Lee tells them that it's pieces of his typewriter. At least he believes it to be full of typewriter pieces, based on his previous hallucination. However, when his friends look into the bag they see a barrage of empty capsules, containers and various drugs.

Unlike Burroughs' novel, which focused mainly on the drug addiction aspects, Cronenberg chooses to focus on the writing problems that plague Lee. Indeed, most of the hallucinations Lee experiences are while attempting to write (The typewriters all turn into talking roaches).

The film ends much in the same way that the trouble began. At the start of the picture, Lee accidentally kills his wife playing "William Tell," when he misses the glass on her head and shoots her dead. In the end of *Naked Lunch*, he kills her again while playing the game, thus symbolizing Lee coming full circle with his junk problem.