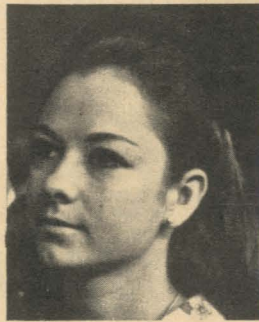


MOVIEGOERS are fickle and no one knows this better, or feels this more intensely, than the fallen object of their idolatry. It takes a little word, a chance happening to catapult one into the big-time; it takes also very little to lose all of it.

The career of Maggie de la Riva seems almost a perfect example of this kind of rise and fall. Overnight, she became a star — on the basis of a personal act of courage and with the dubious help of journalists, for news and sensation. Overnight, she seems to have spent it all on two or three pictures, and she was anonymous again.

She appeared briefly, after her flash-in-the-pan in films, in a stage production of Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Cast in the role of Maggie the Cat, she was attractive, sexy, even moving in her performance, but it was bad production and theater in any case is no life for a working girl. What theater audiences (who do not see Filipino films) hoped to see again in a better production with a better director disappeared from the theater — apparently forever.

MAGGIE'S NEW TIN ROOF



Where is she now? If you are the sort who drive along Dewey Boulevard at night, you must have seen this huge billboard on the facade of a nightclub of a girl in sequined dress. It is she, as the lights loudly proclaim.

Nightly, she sings there — at the D'Wave nightclub — and the pleasure-seekers seem to love her do her things.

Go back to the movies? Perhaps, but not to stay.

Singing? It's a living. **PM**