

Arts & Entertainment

'Last Starfighters' humor efforts futile

By Mark Davis and Scott Allen Happel

Imagine, if you will, that certain video games with their digital sounds and effects on which the space wars of tomorrow are played out were actually placed on this planet by aliens; forces, perhaps, whose sole intention is to prepare select players to enter a step beyond the game and into an actual inter-galactic sphere to be starfighters and space warriors of now. Nice plot, huh?

Now imagine that this challenging plot is crammed into 30 minutes of film, leaving the rest of the film to be filled with futile efforts at humor and just plain bad acting. And we were worried about nuclear holocaust.

"The 'Last Starfighter' 's story takes place in a trailer park out in the middle of nowhere. Alex (Lance Guest), an 18-year-old video game wizard, is our hero. He is intent on the ever popular "get out of this town and make something out of myself" theme. Alex gets a letter from the GSL folks which denies him a loan, thus leaving him with nothing else to do but leave his main squeeze (Cathleen Mary Stewart) and go to Rylos to save the world single handedly. Either that or go to city college (ugh).

For some very strange reason, the boy, intent on getting out of his go-nowhere home town, has to be convinced that he should take up the challenge. Lucky for us, Grig, Alex's asthmatic iguana sidekick, is able to talk Alex in to it 30 seconds before they blow up the bad guys, which include some 50 or 60 gun ships and their command ship.

To be fair, this movie does have its good moments. The trailer park in which Alex lives responds to video game victories and interstellar travel in a somewhat hokey, but just this side of genius manner. Also, Robert Preston ("The Music Man") adds some needed laughs to this otherwise bad humor schtick. But everything has a good side. Nuclear war would ease the population explosion a bit.

Nightclubs exhibit locally-based bands

By Scott Schiefelbein

The record that hasn't left your turntable for a week is beginning to bore you. The repetition, the jingles and advertisements on the radio just don't hold your interest. You feel it's time to diversify. On any given evening, a dozen or more sites in Lincoln offer a chance to see and hear music performed by locally-based bands.

If alcohol can legally pass through your lips, bars and nightclubs are your best bet for enjoying musical entertainment. Larry Boehmer, owner of the Zoo Bar (136 N. 14th St.) said that the reason his bar exists is the music. Boehmer said he tries to offer bands that put on some sort of show as well as performing good musical material. The Zoo is best known for the blues, but on occasion, almost any genre of music can be heard there. For original music with more of a rockin' flavor, the Drumstick (547 N. 48th St.), or Bill's Saloon (1020 P St.), provide some of the most interesting bands and audiences in town.

For those not of legal drinking age interested in local music, shows have been organized in rented warehouses and meeting halls. During the past year, the "Brickyards," a warehouse on 16th & Y streets, has been the home of shows to promote alternative music and give minors access to live entertainment.

The success of any band or bar is dependent upon the audience. Many of the same faces can be seen night after night at the various musical hot spots around town. One of these dedicated fans is Jim Heydt. Heydt, a programmer at KZUM radio, finds his way into clubs to see bands once or twice a week. When he is short of money he often sits outside and listens.

"The biggest problems with local music are that there aren't enough original bands that can be seen regularly and Lincoln is too dependent on bars for an opportunity to hear local bands," Heydt said.

To aid one in finding out exactly what can be expected at these shows, a number of periodicals dealing with local entertainment and music are available. These "fanzines" can be found in record shops and bookstores throughout Lincoln. They contain information about the bands themselves and where and when they can be seen and heard.



Photo courtesy Universal/Lorimer

The last starfighter and his navigator.

FINE ARTS

By Sarah Sieler

A firefly flitted by:
"Look!" I almost said, —
But I was alone.

Taigi

The fleeting beauty of a firefly is just one pleasure we miss when we glue our eyes to our books and forget to look up. It is good to learn — but it is not good to get so involved in our course work that we lose sight of the rest of the world.

This summer, take some time off from your studies to look at the world around you. There is so much to appreciate in nature, art, music and literature. Just open your eyes and see!

Judith Sornberger, an English teacher at UNL whose poetry has been published in an ever-growing number of publications, will give a poetry reading Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in the Heritage Room at Bennett Martin Public Library, 14th and N streets.

Lincoln's parks will come alive with the sounds of a variety of music this week. Mark Lehl's music will be featured at the concert in Foundation Garden, Wednesday from noon to 1 p.m. Take your lunch and find some shade.

John Walker will play folk music Wednesday evening in the first of four concerts this week in Antelope Park. The Capitol City Czech Chorale will sing Friday, the Suzuki Children will play Satur-

day and the Municipal Band will perform Sunday. All four concerts will be held at 7:30 p.m. at the bandshell.

Nebraska Repertory Theatre's musical "George M!" continues to play at the Howell Theatre in the Temple Building at 8 p.m. Thursday through Saturday.

Orson Welles' movie adaptation of "The Trial" by Franz Kafka, starring Welles, Anthony Perkins and Jeanne Moreau, will be shown at the Sheldon Film Theatre Wednesday through Sunday at 7 and 9:15 p.m. with weekend matinees at 3 p.m.

There are many places to view art in Lincoln. The most well-known galleries are Sheldon Art Gallery, UNL; Haymarket Art Gallery, 119 S. 9th; and Eleventh Street Gallery, 305 S. 11th St.

Sheldon Art Gallery is now displaying "Art Since Mid-Century:" Rothke, Raushenberg, Scholder, Eddy and more, as well as photographs by Ansel Adams. Gallery hours are 2 to 5 p.m. Sunday, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Tuesday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Wednesday to Saturday.

Haymarket Art Gallery is currently displaying a variety of artwork, including impressionistic oils by Hall Haloun, one-of-a-kind serigraphs by Tom Bartek, paintings of plants by Linda Benton, landscapes by Dan Howard and bold watercolors by Susan Puelz.

Continued on Page 9

Actor criticizes artistic comparison

I am continually dismayed by the school of thought which suggests that in order to critique a work of art, one only need link it to others which seem like it. This proposes that if one juxtaposes a couple of similar elements in comparison, one may

not only sloppy journalism, but also does damage to several parties. First, and most evidently, the producing organization is put at a disadvantage as they suffer from erroneous comparison. Secondly, the public is disserved as they are given to expect a differing product. Thirdly, the author is denied the potential to develop a personal style as it will forever be limited by stereotypical assumptions. Finally, the objects of comparison themselves suffer as Williams and Steinbeck become mere objects of aesthetic association rather than creative artists in their own right: no more, no less.

This entire attitude promotes a deadly perspective of the theatre. By affixing one work of art to another, we have frozen it — locked it in time, space, and potential. We hide from art by affixing a label to it. We no longer go to the theatre for a sincere, live encounter with human beings so much as for the manifestation of sterile concepts emulated by the labels we have attached to them.

You may notice that I have not rebutted any of the criticism of the performance itself. As a member of the cast, I am in no position to assess that for a public. It is the premise of criticism which I see as dangerous and untrue. But if the premise is incorrect, how dependable can the criticism itself be? Let's restore the integrity of artistic criticism as a public service, rather than using it to prove to our english teachers how well we were listening in class last term.

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Guest Opinion

proceed to demand that the work return the same type of satisfaction that the earlier work had supplied. Thus to suggest that Beth Henley's "Crimes of the Heart" is bred out of some imaginary copulation of Tennessee Williams and John Steinbeck (Daily Nebraskan July 6) is alarming and unfair as well as ridiculous and untrue.

Beth Henley has written a touching comedy with qualities of its own, surely better handled by her own personal style rather than trying to imitate a bygone talent. Why concern oneself with what other plays her play is like? Indeed, the strongest similarity I can find with Tennessee Williams is that the characters speak in southern accents. And the suggestion that "Henley's statement" is that "the best made plans of mice and men..." is simply not the case! The three protagonists's plans eventually succeed.

Thus the similarities between the works are extremely limited and to present them as otherwise