

Theatre review

'Oh, What a Lovely War' shows the 'lunacy' of war

by Denis M. Caiandra
Department of English

You can usually judge how effective a theatrical production is by the nature of the silences that come over the audience. On rare occasions something electric happens between the folks up on stage and the folks in the pit and everything stops for a split second while the evening's stored up sensual and intellectual impulses register their effect. Zap! — and all the usual snorting, chortling, pulling, and scratching of sneezy noses heard in even the most attentive houses abruptly cease. Even the goddamn air conditioner rumbles seems to let up. At moments like this the rag-bag art form known as "theatre" communicates as only it can.

What all that hifalutin' talk in the first paragraph is leading up to is the fact that while *Oh What a Lovely War!* is another in the recent line of macabre-comic anti-also a high charged theatrical experience. To watch the play and absorb (or more accurately caricature), it is experience. To watch the play and absorb its feeling is exciting — one is thoroughly entertained and artfully forced into the realization that war and the patriotism which breeds it are lunacy. From eavesdropped lobby-chatter at in-

termission I gather there were many in Saturday night's audience who needed to be nudged into that realization. The "silences" mentioned above obviously gripped both skeptics and sympathizers in *Oh What a Lovely War's* best scenes, especially in the furiously paced second act — A slide screen announces the average life span of a machine gunner under fire (4 minutes); a red cross nurse hypnotizes us with the sentimental song "Keep The Home Fires Burning;" the Americans enter from the rear of the house, armed with righteousness to beat back the Hun, and singing "Over There." They reach the stage and turn to deliver a sardonic last line: "And we'll all be buried over there." The slide screen flashes another of its relentless statistics: "Loss — 17,000 men — gain: 1,000 yards." The total effect is exhausting as the songs grow cheerier (Oh oh oh what a lovely war!) while the details of the fighting grow increasingly more gruesome. There is something intentionally perverse in forcing the audience to look at a slide projection of a snarled unknown soldier during the musical curtain call. Enthusiastically as one might applaud for the high quality entertainment, the facts the show presents cannot be forced from one's mind.

It is very difficult to give special credit

to anyone in particular for the success of *Oh What a Lovely War*, all of the elements work so well together. There is a unit of conception in the style of the show, probably the director's (Bob Hall) achievement, which never allows any one element to clash with another. For instance, the hundreds of slide projections (color and black and white period posters, line drawings, photographs) never become obtrusive as they complement the action. The sheer force of projected numbers (statistic after statistic chronicling the numbers of dead and maimed) becomes a haunting reminder of the abstract entity a man slaughtered on a battle field is in the war "game." It's like the nightly Vietnam good-guy bad-guy run down on the Huntley Brinkley show.

The singing and dancing in *Oh What a Lovely War* are superb, and each actor proves himself by sliding in and out of several different "parts" in the show.

Among my favorites were Dana Mills' master of ceremonies and Betty Gruse's vamp. And I only wish Margaret Hawthorne had the opportunity to sing a few more solos; her voice is thrilling to listen to. *Oh What a Lovely War* is easily the best entertainment to be found in Lincoln.

Tickets are available at Howell Theatre for all performances through August 21.



Skinnydipping in nearby stream is the best way to keep clean during three days of rain, mud, heat and crowds of half a million at the Woodstock Festival. This picture is now reproduced on the front of the Woodstock album.

International club is for all

(Editor's note: this column reflects the author's opinion).

By Bachittar Singh

One of the problems a university that has thousands of students has to face is keeping these students informed of what is going on.

Of the numerous activities that are staged on our campus, some do not come to the attention of many students. This is true of some organizations, too. One such victim of this phenomenon is the International Club.

Except for most foreign students, many of us are unaware of its existence — those who do know of its existence, are either misinformed or totally unaware of its objectives. It is the belief of many American students that International Club is exclusively for foreign students. But this is not true.

The membership of International Club is open to all students and anyone who may be interested in fostering international understanding. The main objective of International Club is to foster better understanding between foreign and American students on campus.

The International Club tries to achieve this goal by planning and executing numerous programs like International Week, International Buffet, Cultures on Campus and various panel discussions, movies and social get-togethers.

But due to various reasons the International Club has not been truly successful in its programming, the major hindrance being lack of membership and active support by the students, both foreign and American. Thus, more or less, right now the International Club exists just as a name.

But this can be changed if enough students could be made aware of the potential that is being left unused. Its rich source is being left to waste.

There are approximately 450 foreign students on campus now. According to the Foreign Students Advisors about 350 have been accepted for the coming academic year. These students come from practically all over the world. They have their own diversified cultures and ways of life. Coming to a "strange" land they need some help, in the way of friendship. This opens a vast resource for the American students in that they have an opportunity to come to know these students from other countries. At the same time the American students can help in informing the foreign students about American customs and ways of life.

International Club needs active members to plan and execute its programs. A number of activities are being planned for this summer and the coming academic year.

All those who would like to help plan and become members should call the Foreign Students Office, 345 Nebraska Union for further information.

A lot of exciting and rewarding experiences await you. So come on and get involved in helping foster international understanding. It will be an exciting and rewarding experience.

Med director on committee

Dr. Samuel I. Fuenning, medical director of the University of Nebraska Health Center and University Health Services, and associate professor of Preventive Medicine, has been appointed to a Harvard University Visiting Committee.

Dr. Fuenning, who has headed the University of Nebraska health facilities on the Lincoln campuses since 1946, was selected by the chairman of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College to be a member of the committee to visit University Health Services on the Cambridge, Mass., campus.

The appointment is for one year.

Album review

'Woodstock' is 'Vibrant'

by KELLEY BAKER

By the time we got to Woodstock we were already half a million strong.

Joni Mitchell

500,000 people, many of them proponents of a counter culture to the traditional American way of life, gathered for three days of pop, rock and pot on Max Yasgur's meadow in Bethel, New York.

Michael Wadleigh, director of "Woodstock," captured these momentous days on over 300,000 feet of film and eight hours of recorded sound. It took over half a year to edit the material to movie length and the result is a tremendously exciting and entertaining documentary.

The driving life force of the film is the music and the list of performers reads

like the "Who's Who" of acid and folk rock. Interviews with the townfolk, skinny dipping scenes and crowd shots were amusing and paced the action, but the vibrant pulse of "Woodstock" came from the music.

Now "Woodstock" has been released on polyvinyl acetate — two hours of magic on a three-record album. Half of the magic comes from memories of the film but the music can speak for itself.

Among the performers there are: Arlo Guthrie; Joan Baez; Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young; Jimi Hendrix, Sly and the Family Stone; The Who and Santana.

The Butterfield Blues Band and the Jefferson Airplane didn't appear in the film but have cuts on the album. Rich Havens, Country Joe and the Fish, Ten Years After, Canned Heat, John Sebastian, Sha-Na Na and Joe Cocker round out the performers.

You'll chose your own favorites but mine are Richie Havens and Sly and the Family Stone for the tremendous level of response they generate in the Woodstock and movie audiences with "Freedom" and "Higher."

Santana, with two sets of conga drums, guitars and a regular set of drums, plays an absolute mesmerizing piece called "Soul Sacrifice." They're a West Coast group who've been asked to stop their concerts several times because the audience was becoming too excited and the police thought they might become dangerous. One time the management even pulled the electricity on their guitars but the three sets of drums kept the concert going.

If you've neither seen nor heard "Woodstock," I'd suggest that you drive to Omaha and see it first. That way you can preview the album for one-fourth of its cost.

Postage stamps, pencils replace the classroom

by ANNE SLATTERY

The son of an embassy official in Moscow, the daughter of a missionary in Africa, the student in India, and the handicapped boy in Nebraska have at least one thing in common — a teacher.

Miss Dolores Van Hove, 62, 2500 J St., is a ninth grade English instructor with the University Extension Division. Miss Van Hove, who taught in Nebraska public schools for 27 years, has been with the University for 10 years. She never sees her students — the postage stamp is her teacher's desk.

"I can read my students like a book after the first or second lesson," Miss Van Hove said. "I feel that it is possible to develop close relationships with students, because I am the only outside contact for many of them."

"I missed working with young people at first, but I now find satisfaction and rewards through the letters I receive from students," she said. "I believe that if a teacher puts forth effort, she will get good work from students. . . I can determine scholarship and capabilities from the lessons and letters I receive."

Every country in the free world has been represented in Miss Van Hove's English course. Miss Van Hove said many of her students are children of missionary families in Africa, South America, Europe and Mexico. One student, the daughter of a missionary in a remote part of Africa, has just completed her 10th grade work. Next year, the girl will leave her family to go to a boarding school.

The children of embassy personnel have also been students of the University Extension division. At one time, a student living at the American Embassy in

Moscow was writing English assignments. Miss Van Hove remarked that air mail is used frequently to send lessons to and from foreign countries. In some cases, it may take from two weeks to three months to exchange lessons by mail. For the Moscow student, lessons were sent to a designated place to be picked up and delivered to the student by embassy pouch rather than by direct mail.

The working day for Miss Van Hove begins at 7:30 a.m. Each day she corrects and comments on 16 or 17 lessons. It takes at least 30 minutes to correct each lesson, and she said it is not unusual to use the red pencil for 9½ hours a day.

William D. Lutes, assistant director, said the University Extension Division presently serves 8,000 students with 165 available courses. At the present time, there are 16,000 independent study courses out.

Ninety foreign countries and all 50 states use the services of the University Extension Division, Lutes said.



July

Movie Review

'Airport' is soapopera packed into 'G' movie

By Kelley Baker

Arthur Hailey's "Airport," the albatross of the airways, crash-landed in Lincoln last week, spewing forth its cargo of poor story, bad lines and worse acting.

The theater has been decorated ala high school prom to resemble someone's idea of an airport. The girl at the candy counter wears a stewardess' hat, you walk to your seat via the red or blue concourse and you are treated to "flight announcements" over the public address system.

The only thing the management failed to provide was air sickness bags for the nausea that developed before intermission.

Perhaps nausea is too strong a word, but "Airport" is the kind of film you can wallow in . . . sort of an airborne soap opera. Within a twelve hour period there are two broken marriages, three love affairs, one run-away daughter, an unwed mother, a pathetically insane demolitions expert, poverty, violence and more — enough material to run "Love of Life" for a year and all with a "G" rating.

The plot is slightly less complicated than a labyrinth, but it goes like this: Burt Lancaster is the manager of Lincoln Airport (the film was shot in Minneapolis, not our fair city.) He's married to Dana Winter, a leading socialite, but their marriage has conveniently been on the rocks for years. Dana (unknown to Burt) has been seeking solace with another and Lancaster, in his stoic way, has been much attracted to Jean Seberg.

His sister is Barbara Hale a woman

who's had trouble keeping a man's attention since her Perry Mason days, and this applies to her playboy pilot husband, Dean Martin. Martin keeps in trim by trying to sabotage his brother-in-law and by exercising with Jacqueline Bisset.

Bright little stewardess Jackie stopped taking her birth control pills (without telling Martin) because they were causing her weight problems and now she's expecting a gain of about fifteen pounds. The birth control bit is a little hard to swallow and it requires suspension of disbelief to think that anyone could be so stupid, but the change in Martin is equally incredible. When Jackie tells him that she's pregnant they go into a moralistic song and dance and we discover that all it takes to straighten out the bastard is a bastard.

Meanwhile, back in the ghetto, disturbed ol' Van Heflin kisses Maureen Stapleton goodbye, packs his bomb-laden briefcase under his arm and sets out for the airport. Put most of these people on a plane for Rome, add a terrible blizzard, blocked runways, a little old lady stowaway (Helen Hayes) and George Kennedy and stir well.

The mess that you get is a typical Ross Hunter production. Hunter, whose artistic aspirations have never been known to rise above the level of a cash register, claims that he gives the public (and not the critics) what they want. Judging from "Airport", he doesn't think very much of the public.

My main regret, other than seeing the film, was that Van Heflin hadn't used more dynamite and ended the show sooner.

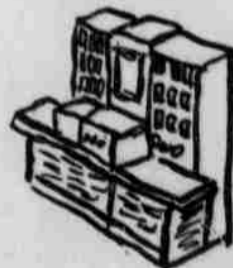
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