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For those of you who went to see *Yellow Submarine* Tuesday night at Sheldon Art Gallery, and didn't get to see it, sorry 'bout that. According to Beth Malashock, Special Films Chairman, both evening shows were completely sold out. Malashock said that hopefully the movie will be brought back later this school year for those who didn't get to see it this time around.

Which brings me to another point. It seems that at the 9 p.m. showing of *Yellow Submarine* there was a great deal of smoking, and I don't mean just cigarettes. For the Special Films Committee to continue bringing in good flicks, such as *Yellow Submarine* and possibly in the future *Woodstock*, this is going to have to stop. Not only were the Sheldon officials upset with Tuesday night's activities, so were the University Police.

WHILE THE UNIVERSITY Police have been pretty easy to live with lately, it would be extremely unfortunate, as well as bad publicity for Special Films, if anyone was busted at one of the movies.

Jules Alexander, Jerry Kirkman, Brian Cole, Ted Bluechel, Jr., Jim Yester, Larry Ramos and Richard Thompson comprise the membership of The Association and will be appearing at Pershing Municipal Auditorium on Saturday, September 18, at 8 p.m.

Having recorded such songs as "Along Comes Mary," "Cherish," "Windy" and "Never My Love," the group has been together since 1965, and have been nominated for several Grammys.

TICKET PRICES are \$3, \$4 and \$5, and according to Pershing Auditorium are selling well, so if you are thinking about going, it might be wise to buy your tickets now.

On October 13, James Taylor will be at Pershing, with ticket prices running at \$4, \$5 and \$6. Three days later on October 16, Steppenwolf will be coming to Pershing, however I don't know the ticket prices yet on this concert.

FDR-1SD will be opening at Lincoln's Free Theatre, 210 South 11th Street, on September 17. There may be a slight admission charge (around \$1) to help the theatre on its feet and to pay rent, but according to co-origators Jan Van Sickle and Paul Baker, on the whole they hope to be able to give the public some free shows.

THE UNIVERSITY of Nebraska Repertory Company is back in town this week performing *We Bombed In New Haven* and *Macbeth*. *We Bombed in New Haven* is running tonight as well as September 11, 14 and 16. *Macbeth's* performances are September 10, 13, 15, 17 and 18.

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'Anderson tapes' should be cut

Review by
Patty Culver

Robert Weitman makes his debut as a producer with *The Anderson Tapes* and this fact is very evident from the results. Although he has some good ideas behind the film, Weitman



Dyan Cannon urges Sean Connery (Duke Anderson) to tell her more of his plan to rob an entire New York City apartment building in *The Anderson Tapes*.

gets cold feet halfway through the filming and cuts back on the comments that might make it an outstanding production.

It seemed as if he is trying to poke fun at the police of New York City and the police institutions of the country in general, and that he was attempting to say something about wire tapping but it was never decided what those comments should be.

Although this show has many rough spots that should have been worked out, one constantly stands in the way. It is impossible to understand what is being said in three-fourths of the show. Part of the time this technique could have been used for an advantage, but when all of the important lines explaining the plot and plans are lost to muffled voices, it becomes very disturbing.

Sean Connery leads the cast with a very interesting and enjoyable characterization, if you could have understood him. His female counterpart, Dyan Cannon, was a very convincing mistress. Halfway through the movie she leaves Connery for another man, but considering that she had only two lines that were audible in the entire show you don't know her reason for leaving him.

Many of the character portrayals were enjoyable.

There was a basis to each character and a reason for most of them being there. They tended to be one or two dimensional but, again, the ability to understand what they were saying might have added another dimension.

When the police entered the scene, beginning with a telephone call, the pace and interest in the show increased greatly. This portion of the show was better planned and had something to say.

The plot is still a series of questions. True, it is the story of Duke Anderson's attempt to rob an entire apartment building, but many things throughout its development, such as the surveillance on Duke, were left with no ending. It really had no large significance in the eventual climax.

Technically this movie also lacks some polish. There are too many places where the faces are dark and the film is out of focus. The soundtrack is exciting, even though it came in too loud over the actor's lines and sounded like part of *The Andromeda Strain*.

In general, *The Anderson Tapes* provided some interesting comments on today's society and provided some amusing and exciting scenes, but it is definitely not a movie which will be listed among the classics.

Purple sage picks country

Review by
Tim Sindelar

This has become an age that is deeply concerned with establishing "roots." We find young white blues artists working with the black men who began the sound. Recordings of early blues artists such as Robert Johnson and Bessie Smith are enjoying a

rebirth of interest.

While such an emphasis has been placed on blues roots, another part of American music has been nearly neglected—that is country music.

Poco, the Byrds and most recently Kris Kristofferson have made some fine recordings in the country vein, but these have mostly failed to

reach a large audience.

Into this void steps the New Riders of the Purple Sage, the bastard offspring of the Grateful Dead with an album of the same name. After a year of touring with the Dead, they have released an album which may help to establish country music in its own right alongside rock.

While there is no twangy nasal notes or Tammy Wynette, the music for the most part is purer country than say the country rock of Neil Young.

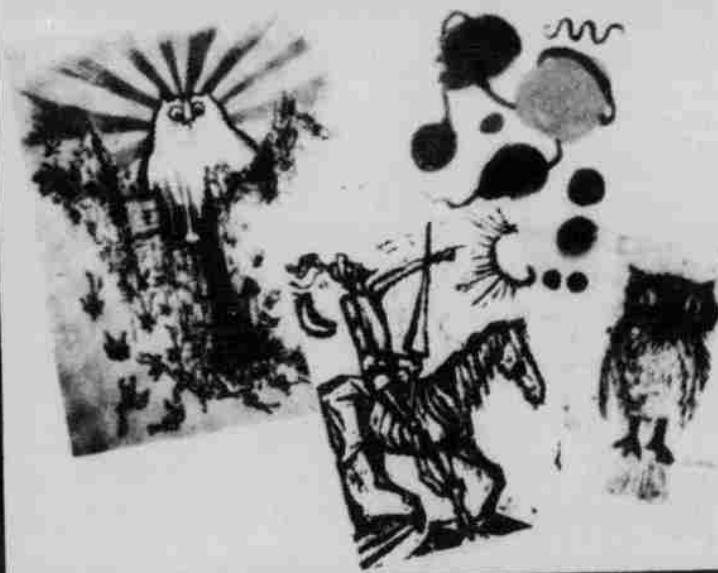
And it is nice. From the pleasurable, excitable nonsense of "Henry" to the plaintive wail of a lonesome rock star in "Portland Women" the record is entirely listenable. Jerry Garcia steps in from the Grateful Dead to put down some of the nicest steel guitar work imaginable. Mickey Hart from the Dead and Spencer Dryden, ex-Airplane, do a fine job with percussion.

But, the man who sparkles is John "Marmaduke" Dawson, whose voice will flatten back your ears until they pull a grin onto yore face.

The New Riders don't have a perfect first album—but the, the flaws themselves are almost necessary, and it probably won't become a Top 20 selling album. But it will make a nice addition to anyone's record collection. It's nice for those laid-back fall afternoons.

In fact, I think I'll put on Side 2 again—hook my thumbs in my belt—lean back—and smile awhile.

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