

Red Tent survives arctic cold

Review by
Roland Reed

The *Red Tent* at the Stuart Theater is ostensibly about problems of survival on the Arctic Sea ice, and the responsibilities of leadership.

The story is based on the first exploration of the Arctic by aircraft. On this historic voyage the dirigible, *Italia*, commanded by General Umberto Nobile, crashed at the North Pole in 1928. The handful of men who survived the crash, Nobile among them, are stranded for over three weeks.

AIRCRAFT FROM several countries and two ships are mobilized in the search for the explorers. Finally, a Swedish pilot sights the tent, painted red to increase its visibility. The pilot refuses to take anyone out on the first trip except the general, who reluctantly agrees.

A few hours later the weather changes and makes flying impossible. By the time the flights are renewed, the ice has moved far from its original position. We learn later that the pilot's insistence that the general make the first trip with him was based on a deal with Nobile's insurance company.

THE ACTION of the story is framed by scenes of the trial of General Nobile. The time is 1968, forty years after the disaster. Nobile conjures up the ghosts of the principal characters and demands that they pass judgment on him so he can be purged of his guilt and be allowed to sleep.

The dialogue in these scenes



The Red Tent...Survivors of the explorational dirigible, *Italia*, struggle to stay alive after crashing at the North Pole.

becomes enmeshed in moralistic phrase-making about the events we experience in the body of the film.

The director deftly establishes and develops themes of responsibility, leadership and heroism throughout the main action. We witness all the pertinent situations. We see Nobile as he is confronted with his decisions, and his reflections upon those

decisions. When the ghosts discuss and make judgments on his decisions, the explicit didacticism which results diminishes the power of the experience of the rest of the film.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY effectively captures the more breath-taking moments such as the sinking of the tent and the dirigible sailing off out of control with some of the men inside after the crash which ripped off the cabin.

Otherwise the arctic scene tends toward the style of good travelogue with very little communication of the sense of the horror of isolation in the vastness of the Arctic.

For those who might be lured into the Stuart Theater (or, perhaps, put off) by the star billing of Sean Connery and Claudia Cardinale, save your money (or spend it, if you are among the latter). Cardinale's role is mercifully short, and Connery's, shorter. The principals, notably Peter Finch as General Nobile,

perform believably.

SCENES IN Russia, where a young ham radio operator picks up Nobile's SOS, and the growth of tourism and pollution in Kingsbay as word of the disaster spreads to the world, provide interesting relief from the understandably monochromatic landscape of the main action.

'Master of Reality' not gourmet's delight

Review by
Tim Sindelar

I visited Bronco's the other day for the first time for a long time and purchased a couple of tasty burgers. Clutching them in my hot little hands, I hurried home and put the new Black Sabbath record, *Master of Reality*, on the stereo.

Munching away as the offspring of Grand Funk and Led Zeppelin (conceived under a full moon) pounded out their "heavy" sounds, an analogy crept into my head. Here, in Black Sabbath, rock music has found its Bronco's.

Master of Reality is simply a continuation of Black Sabbath's sound as established on their first two records—heavy, heavy bass lines and lead parts, and sung-shouted lyrics with a glimmer of social consciousness. If you've liked Black Sabbath up to now, you'll enjoy this record. But back to the analogy.

The masses love Bronco's and Black Sabbath, critics abhor both. Each has a legitimate case. Black Sabbath certainly has a quite limited menu—on this album there are two songs that are unlike the others, but the others are fairly indistinguishable. (About the

difference between a burger and a cheeseburger).

"Orchid" and "Solitude" both feature acoustic work, and in "Solitude" there is a bit of vocal that is actually sung rather than shouted out above the amplifiers. But even these songs fail in getting anywhere.

Every once in a while, there is a glimmer of hope when the lead breaks away from its repetitious heavy riffs, but these are usually crushed. The drumming is fairly uninspiring and lacks creativity. (Rather like Bronco's french fries).

And the lyrics—well here's a sample: "When you think about death do you lose your breath or do you keep your cool? Would you like to see the Pope on the end of a rope—Do you think he's a fool?" Notice those clever rhymes, and the "heavy, heavy" thoughts being expressed!

If I say much more, I'll be massacred by all you Black Sabbath fans out there. I'll say this—when you go to Bronco's, you don't expect a gourmet's delight—just edible food; when you listen to Black Sabbath, don't expect extremely talented music.

And I like more hamburger in my hamburger, more music in my music.

Guitar Lessons



STUDENTS:

8 week beginner guitar course

NOW JUST \$12.95

Chord Progressions
(Folk)

Five Finger Style
(Classic)

- Rent a guitar for these courses for as low as \$5 a month.
- Classes start soon so phone now for registration 432-4421



1140 'O' St.

432-4421

New Store Hours
at the

Pantpit
13th & R

Stop in and have a
Free Morning Coffee

Mon., Tues., Wed.,
Sat. 9:30 to 5:30 PM

Thursday & Friday
9:30 to 9 PM

Sunday

1PM to 5:30 PM

Fun Fashions
Guys & Gals

Pantpit, 13th & R St.

SCHLITZ
MALT LIQUOR

Nobody makes Malt Liquor
like Schlitz. Nobody!

Calvert-Beyer Dist. Co. 800 S. Street Lincoln, Nebraska

SCHLITZ
MALT LIQUOR