

Harry Kellerman is universally dull

Review by Roland Reed

Who Is Harry Kellerman And Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me? at the State Theatre, is immersed in universal notions. Director Ulu Grosbard (even his last name seems symbolic) takes themes such as time, aging, decay, love and loneliness, dribbles and spills them all about on his cinematic canvas and makes them as hip as the Afro-ed, mini-walrus-ed star, Dustin Hoffman.

We are treated to splashes of schizophrenia and paranoia, yin and yang, high comedy and low tragedy, acrophobia and autophobia, sex and sincerity. We fall in and out of Hoffman's dreams in the most ingenious ways. In fact, it's packed. It's chock-full of treats designed for every palette. But it's dull.

DUSTIN HOFFMAN as Georgie Soloway (fraught with allegory), popular singer, can't sleep because people don't love him anymore. Why don't they love him? A great, generous, outgoing fellow like that?

It seems this Kellerman calls all of Soloway's friends and tells lies about him, and turns people against him. This keeps Georgie from sleeping and

turns on his hallucinogenic memory.

Sometimes his interesting memory channels in on his built-in, stereophonic, semi-automatic, remote TV set. Sometimes it beams out of the control dials of his lyrical private plane as it meanders aimlessly, like the film, through the pollution screen over Manhattan.

GEORGIE SEES his psychiatrist often. He calls his stable of girl friends, colleagues and his accountant. He remembers the girls he done wrong in his youth. He looks for understanding. He wants love. Peace. Will he get these things? I won't tell you. But it doesn't matter. Because Georgie Soloway is barely the skeleton of a human being.

He's a computerized compilation of hip characteristics and promotable hangups. The producers pulled together all the right ingredients, but neglected to infuse the final product with life. There are no meaningful moments of human beings relating to one another.

The film is ultimately about human relationships. It does not communicate the

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Baker and McConnell . . .

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where one partner is dominant. He said he and Baker view their relationship as that of two equal individuals living together.

BAKER AND McConnell said they were both brought up believing in God and that religion is still a part of their lives.

Asked about how early they knew they were gay, Baker said he remembered preferring males to females at an early age. He added that he is comfortable with women, but is not comfortable going to bed with them.

"At 19 I decided I was no longer going to date girls just to impress other people," he said.

McCONNEL SAID "There comes a point in every life

when you realize you are a sexual being. You also realize that your drive is directed toward some object."

He said he realized when he was between eight and ten that his drive was directed toward persons of the same sex.

Baker's final comment was directed toward State Senator Terry Carpenter. He said he resented Carpenter for misrepresenting gay people.

HE ADDED THAT Carpenter is "a fool who does not deserve the trust of the people of Nebraska." His race for the Senate "drags the high office he seeks to the level of the gutter," Baker said.

"Luckily, though, the newly enfranchised voters will decide the upcoming elections," he said. "They will not be fooled by hate-mongers disguised as messengers of God."



Black Sabbath, A British quartet from Aston, a rough downtown area of unfashionable Birmingham, will be appearing at Pershing Auditorium on Tuesday, October 19.

Developing their musical identity by winning followings in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, France and Switzerland, Black Sabbath's music is tough. An honest reflection of their backgroup.

Two back-up groups will be featured with Black Sabbath.

Walkabout—microscopic cultural clash

Review by Bill Wallis

Walkabout is an extraordinarily beautiful show in several ways. The plot credibly combines fantasy and the starkest realism, and welds them together into a powerful human drama.

The superb camera work captures a magnificent natural environment (Australian bush country) and integrates it literally and symbolically with the story. The visual storytelling is augmented with a very effective score by John Barry. Musical coordination and sound effects add brilliant dimensions for the viewer.

THE STORY is of a sixteen-year-old girl and her younger brother who are stranded in the bush country after their father attempts to kill them and then commits suicide.

After several days of

exposure they are rescued and provided for by an aborigine youth who is undergoing a trial period away from his tribe, after which he will be initiated into it as a man and be allowed to take a wife. This is his "walkabout," a time of growth and intense experience.

After the several days they are together in the most primitive of environments, the male-provider proposes marriage in a dance which terrifies the civilized young Englishwoman.

SHE REJECTS him and returns to her civilization. The aborigine boy is left hanging from a tree, as the girl's dead father was shown to be in flashbacks to the scene of his suicide.

Civilization is shown to be a destructive force, which sterilizes and destroys its own members, as well as those outside itself.

Walkabout exhibits the most skillful and thematically integrated use of flashback technique I've seen recently. Sequences which combine two separate yet simultaneous scenes (the girl dances and swims while the boy hunts) are also exquisitely done.

THIS IS NOT the romanticism of *Friends or Summer of '42*. It is a microscopic cultural clash, a very basic failure of communication because of disparate value systems. But it is a beautiful and revealing experience for the viewer.

The show is a rare and priceless psychological study and intergration of symbol and story. Do not miss this glimpse of man at his most joyful basic and his most tortured complexity—and the young woman caught in between the two men.

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