

daily nebraskan entertainment

Larry Kubert entertainment



Peter Yarrow

Nostalgia-time!
This being my sixth year on this campus I look back and see how life has changed over the years. And it has changed. I've seen warmth and love and sunrises as well as bitterness, hurt and the fall of Camelot.

But somehow, those first years of mine on campus were special. Back then, we were living in the "coffeehouse-folk era." I wonder how many remember the Tradewinds Coffeehouse, with its steaming cider, or the Hungry Id, when it seemed as if someone was strumming a guitar down there every night?

Everyone seemed to love one another back then. Friends were friends you could trust; and peace and happiness and contentment ruled our little world. We were among the first "peace-freaks," tenderly huddling together like a family when it's cold... keeping warm through each other's body heat.

Simon and Garfunkel, the Smothers Brothers, Peter, Paul and Mary, Dave Van Ronk and others were our favorites. Their songs voiced our displeasure with the world, life and politics, and our hope for the future. We would gather around a record player or one of our own with a guitar and listen... and feel... and hold hands.

But that world is gone now. My friends from that period of my life are gone. Some graduated... some dropped out... some were drafted... the others just seemed to fade away.

What made me think of all those memories? An album on the Warner Brothers label by the simple title of *Peter* by Peter Yarrow of the now defunct Peter, Paul and Mary.

Just like the trio pleased us five and six years ago, so does Yarrow now. His first solo record is again, a record for people. People-to-people. For people to listen to, relax, dream about a better world.

Yarrow's songs aren't meant to hit people over the head with a message—Utopia is still a long way off—and Yarrow is simply content to gather people together.

As you have guessed, there isn't one thing bad that I'm going to say about this record. The songs and their lyrics are some of the most beautiful and pleasing that I've heard. And Yarrow's vocals and the instrumentation takes me back to those warm, happy years of the mid-60's.

Everyone has their favorite cuts on an album, but in this case, I like every song on the record—no two ways about it. But special recognition must be given to "Goodybye Josh," "Take Off Your Mask" and "Wings of Time" on Side One and

"Tall Pine Trees," "Greenwood" and "Plato's Song" on Side Two, as six of the best songs I've heard in a long, long time.

Nostalgia! Well, I suppose you're right. But what can I say? In any case, I urge everyone to get hold of this album, gather your friends together, put it on a record player, think back to the past and care about one another.

"But oh, when I think of the tall pine trees growin',
The silver mists of snow all around me blowin',
I'll miss the gentle times and the fireplace awarmin',
Perhaps I'll turn my head away to hid the tears a'fallin'."

Some exciting events are coming up in the next few weeks. The Free Theatre is coming up with a passle of shows to be performed in the Nebraska Union.

Kicking off the series is *Pinter Sketches*, directed by Cindy Murphy, to be performed in the South Crib at 7:30 p.m. on Saturday, Feb. 26, and Sunday, Feb. 27. This play, like all Free Theatre productions is exactly that—FREE—so there is no excuse for not seeing the show.

Following *Pinter Sketches*, the Free Theatre will present *Antigone* on March 2 and 3, *Cop-Out* on March 10 and 11, and *Keep Tightly Closed In a Cool Place* on March 18 and 19.

Also, let's not forget Three Dog Night at Pershing or Clark Terry at the Portraits in Jazz Concert at the Kimball Recital Hall, both Friday night. Catch one of them.



With four Gold Record singles to their credit, the seven-man Three Dog Night will be appearing at Pershing Municipal Auditorium at 8 p.m. Friday.

New film genre in 'Straw Dogs'

Review by Jim Gray

Straw Dogs is, quite simply, the best film to play in Lincoln in some time.

Not that some good films haven't hit the screen recently. The year has produced a good many high-quality examples of the best of their respective genres—*Summer of '42* in its return to classic romanticism, *Dirty Harry* and *The French Connection* in capable handling of the cops-and robbers media and *Fiddler on the Roof* in bringing back musical extravaganza.

Even among those notables, however, *Straw Dogs* is head and shoulders above the rest, simply because it goes beyond perfecting an established genre and opens a new one of its own.

That genre is one which combines the best of several established media—combining social commentary with suspense and black comedy and waxing the entirety over with a thin veneer of violence.

Director Sam Peckinpaw establishes this new genre in a graceful but deft manner, combining beautifully-composed vignettes of British country life with strongly developed characters and a biting, sharp-witted human emotion.

The tightly-knit plot revolves around a period in the life of a young American mathematician who, along with his beautiful-but-childish wife, "escapes" from his troubles to a small British hamlet. Dustin Hoffman, as the mathematician gives an excitingly masterful performance. Rather type-cast (quiet, studious) in what could have proved a shallow role, Hoffman manages to give a complicated and consistent performance.

Susan George, as the wife Amy, is indeed one of the more talented rising artists. In an

ambiguous-at-best role, George displays an amazing variety of emotions which, surprisingly, seem to fit like puzzle pieces into her character.

The plot soon branches out into several interrelated areas, all of which appear rather irrelevant at first, and later piece together to form a complex and powerful statement on the rites of masculinity. A crowd of rowdies sneer from the corners of a pub, laborers crack coarse jokes, servants laugh at the mathematician behind his back—all desperately trying to prove to some unseen witness their "masculinity."

Hoffman, ignoring these attempts, is an outcast from society. He is shunned and cajoled from all sides, including his wife, simply because he refuses to play the "masculine" hero.

When he is finally pushed into a hunting expedition to prove his manliness, he is forced to escalate the proceedings into a full-scale battle of first wits and later, at the expense of his principles, the body. In the bloody climax, Hoffman winds up proving just the premise he's been trying to disprove—that a man must prove his manliness to survive in this world.

The minor characters all play their parts exceedingly well, adding a great deal of depth to the movie. Imaginatively portrayed, they make the British background come to life. The uncomfortable realization one comes to after viewing them, however, is that they are exact duplicates of people everywhere—constantly pushing toward conformity in the rights of some ill-defined "masculinity."

One is constantly shocked to find the people up on the screen are little or no different from the folks back in Weeping Water or Red Cloud. By forcing the viewer into this realization, Peckinpaw has tapped a forceful vehicle of impact—a new genre.

Straw Dogs is the best movie to hit town in a long time. See it while you have the chance.

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