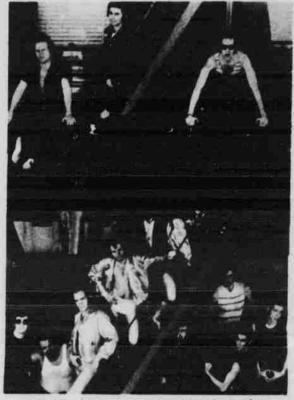


Fritz— X-rated failure

larry kubert Welcome back \$tudents



Sha Na Na . . . greased and ready.

So you're back on campus after three-and-a-half months of boring bliss. And around Lincoln you see signs in business windows saying 'Welcome back students, we like you.'' How about 'We like your money''?

So you're back on campus. With or without money. And everything seems the same, nothing changes. What are you going to do with your free time?

Well, the Union Weekend Films committee is starting early this year, even to the extent of booking in a Clint Eastwood Special into a weekday instead of a weekend. They're offering *The Good*, *The Bad & The Ugly* and *The Beguiled* in the Nebraska Union small auditorium at 7 and 10 p.m. Wednesday. And on Friday, Saturday and Sunday they're giving us *The* Andromeda Strain and part of a Buck Rogers serial.

Other movie finds include the return of two goodies, *Easy Rider* to the State Theater and *The Graduate* to Cinema 1. If you missed either of these flicks the first time around, make sure you don't make the same mistake twice.

If this is your thing, the final Grandstand show at the Nebraska State Fair will feature Glen Campbell in a Wednesday night concert.

More in my line are some of the concerts coming to Pershing Auditorium. The delectable Roberta Flack appears Sept. 8, the raunchy Sha Na Na Sept. 9, Cheech and Chong Sept. 22 and Black Oak Arkansas Sept. 29.

The Howell Theatre season has been announced and offers a wide variety. The opening play is *Front Page* directed by Orlan Larson, follwed by *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* directed by William Morgan, *Abelard and Heloise* directed by Hal Floyd and *The Memorandum* directed by Tice Miller.

As usual, season and individual tickets will be available for these productions. Season tickets should be on sale by Oct. 1, maybe sooner. *Front Page* premieres Oct. 20.

The Lincoln Community Playhouse season opens with You Know I Can't Hear You with The Water Running, followed by Cactus Flower, A Delicate Balance, Strange Bedfellows and The King and I.

Also, held over since this summer, the UNL School of Music is presenting Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* on Friday at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 3 p.m. Students tickets are \$2,00.

Heview by Bart Becker

Fritz the Cat, an animated X-rated feature based on the characters created by Robert Crumb, is touted as an amusing, diverting, handsomely executed poke at recent youthful attitudes. The PR for the movie, as might be expected, is a low-down packet of balderdash and drivel.

The Steve Krantz production, adapted and directed by Ralph Bashki, relates to the Crumb original about the same way Reader's Digest Condensed Books might relate to Personae.

Fritz is a college-age cat who dabbles in drugs, radical politics and hedonism. Mostly he dabbles in the former two hoping for a little of the latter. He's as phony as a "learn to draw" course. Crumb's character is obnoxious but lovable. And his comic situations are always good for a chuckle or a guffaw.

Unluckily for everybody, Bashki's adaptation misses the point. It's a dreary treatment of the Fritz story. The film traces Fritz's sexual and political exploits from an East Village pot party to an orthodox synagogue to a Harlem bar brawl and riot to an odyssey across America climaxed by an encounter with a bike-riding neo-Nazi rabbit.

Crumb has the ability to explore the seamy side of life and the shady characters involved in it while maintaining a level of humor which can make the whole experience palatable. And Crumb is able to do it both graphically and through his stories' plots.

But the movie scenes are generally disappointing. They are depressing, with no semblance of humor to help pull them out of the surter.

Bashki obviously made the film solely to cash in on Crumb's popularity and to feed the American public its favorite dish-a peek at what the hippies are up to. The film unfortunately is cashing in as he expected.

Much of it is an affront to the intelligence of anyone who has ever: 1) taken a toke of the devil-weed, 2) been black, or even said so much as "hello" to a black person, 3) had any vague connection with the counter-culture, or 4) felt any affection for Robert Crumb and his characters.

Some of the graphic work and animation is dynamite; for example, a pool shooting sequence in which a middle-aged black character expounds some philosophy for the wide-eyed Fritz. Most of it is competent, but common, and not up to Crumb's standards. Still, it's better than most animation available—the general exception being Disney's works.

If you have any affection in your cold hearts for the work of **R. Crumb (the old left-hander) you'll be quite disappointed in** *Fritz the Cat.*

Crumb himself had no part in making the movie and has since commented that it is one of the worst things he's ever seen. He's also suing the film's makers-likely for defamation of Fritz's character, if not of his own.

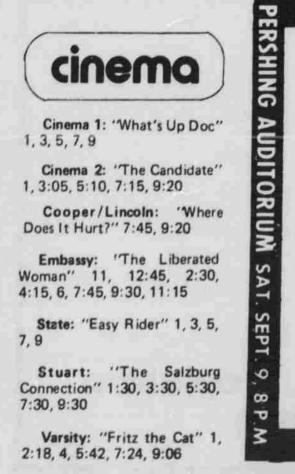
Krantz and Kashki are to be commended for the undertaking simply because it is a pioneer work. But they should be condemned for botching the job.

In short, it wasn't worth waiting for.



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Finally, for any budding fine arts people out there, if you have any fiction, poetry, black and white illustrative work, or photos, feel free to send them to Bart Becker, Daily Nebraskan, Room 34 Nebraska Union.





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