

Cultural wasteland produces

If you find yourself with a few hours on your hands one of these lonely Nebraska nights you might try following some age-old advice and curl up with a good book.

And if you don't think you own a book worthy of curling up with, you ought to take a careful look around you. 'Cause right here in the old cultural wasteland, Lincoln, Neb., there is good literature being produced.

Several local poets are beginning to build up solid reputations in poetry circles. UNL English instructor Greg Kuzma's *Song For Someone Going Away* and *Harry's Things* are both collections worth reading. Kuzma also has a couple of volumes to be released sometime this spring.

In addition to his own writings, he is responsible for *Pebble* magazine. Issues to date have contained high-quality work by reputable poets and critics as well as providing less known poets with a showcase for their work.

Pebble is printed on Kuzma's Best Cellar Press on fine stock and the printing work is of craftsman's quality.

Also emitting from the Best Cellar Press is the Best Cellar series of pamphlets. The pamphlet series has highlighted poets as accomplished as Richard Shelton and Duane Ackerson as well as relative newcomers Barry McDonald and Mordecai Marcus.

McDonald, a former UNL student, was presented in "The Pink House," a collection of poems. McDonald also edited *Country Bumpkin*, an undergraduate poetry collection, last year.

Marcus, whose poems are beginning to appear in many poetry magazines, has a fine collection called "Five Minutes to Noon." The UNL instructor formerly worked mostly in literary criticism.

Kuzma's books are generally available at campus bookstores and Blue Sky Books. If they can't be found there, they are all available, as are copies of *Pebble* and the Best Cellar Press series, in his Andrews Hall office.

In addition to all this, *Prairie Schooner* is produced in the UNL English Dept. Bernice Slote edits this fine quarterly of poetry, fiction and criticism. It solicits material from a wide range of people and places and is always pleasant reading.

Aaltillo is another locally produced quarterly of poetry. William Kloefkorn is the new editor and the poetry presented is gathered both locally and statewide.

Lincoln poet Ted Kooser has at least two books, "Grass County" and "Official Entry Blank" to his credit. The former includes illustration by the author and poems about Nebraskans.

Roy Shields' *Three Sheets* series is also produced locally although most of the poets featured call somewhere else home.

Certainly none of what I've written is intended as a critical evaluation of the literature being produced locally, although I think most of it is high quality. It is intended only to create an awareness that such literature is available for the poetry enthusiast.

Mailer film

There's not a whole lot of action going this week. Tuesday's Special Film at Sheldon Gallery is Norman Mailer's *Maidstone*.

On the first day of shooting in the summer of 1968, Mailer told J. Anthony Lukas of the *New York Times* that he hoped to "prove that

one can make a beautiful, tasteful, resonant, touching, evocative picture with cinema verite methods in four days. . . It's going to be a film about a notorious movie director—Norman T. Kingsley—who had come to the east end of Long Island ostensibly to look for sites for his new movie."

There was also to be the movie-within-the-movie, and all sorts of political crosscurrents, since Norman T. Kingsley was being considered as a Presidential candidate.

There was no script, and Mailer's friends and associates, as well as a lot of amateur actors and a few real ones (most notably Rip Torn,) were put into situations over which the director would have no control, at least until shooting was completed.

In *Maidstone*, real people and actors were asked to improvise fictional characters.

At the end of seven days, the *Maidstone* camera crews had something like 45 hours of film, which, after almost two years of editing, Mailer and his associates have whittled to a mere 105 minutes.

Weekend entertainment

Friday night Cheech and Chong breeze into Pershing for their laugh-a-minute show. They've currently got both their albums, *Cheech and Chong* and *Big Bambu* riding the charts. So they ought to be good for a couple chuckles, if not guffaws.

The weekend film Friday, Saturday and Sunday is *Who is Harry Kellerman* with Dustin Hoffman. It's at the Union small auditorium Friday and Saturday nights and at the East Campus Union Sunday.

Good reading

A Separate Reality; Further Conversations with don Juan by Carlos Castaneda originally published by Simon and Schuster and now available in paperback from Pocket Books.

In 1961 Castaneda, then an anthropology student, subjected himself to an apprenticeship to don Juan, a 70-year-old Yaqui Indian known to be a brujo—"a medicine man, curer, sorcerer." In *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*, Castaneda published the account of his five-year apprenticeship.

In it he told of the uses of peyote, jimson weed and other hallucinogenic plants in opening the doors of perception to a world of "non-ordinary reality" completely beyond the concepts of Western civilization. At the end of that book he told how, in fear and exhaustion, he had stopped his search.

In 1968 Castaneda returned to Mexico, to don Juan, and to the hallucinogenic drugs and experiences never before opened to a man from our Western civilization.

Attempting to become "a man of knowledge," Castaneda recounts how he learned to see beyond the surface realities of life, partly with the aid of drugs but essentially through a difficult and demanding effort of intelligence and will.

Castaneda is describing a shamanistic tradition that has never before been experienced by Western man and has reported it in such a manner as to give other Westerners some insight into the gift don Juan has to offer—wisdom.

"A man of knowledge is free . . . he has no honor, no dignity, no family, no home, no country, but only life to be lived."



Freudian Allen heals in Everything . . . Sex

Review by Roy Baldwin

Woody Allen is a genius and a master of practical psychology. In *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* he does befuddled, sexually-uptight America a great healing service.

It's enough to go to the movie, which you should, and laugh, which you will.

Allen can always be appreciated on the slapstick level. But this, the latest of his works, has a moral that we ignore at our psychic peril.

Allen's recent movies are conspicuous for their use of a super-ego, Freud's god-like part of the psyche. In *Play It Again, Sam* the ghost of Humphrey Bogart returns to advise a befuddled, sexually uptight movie fanatic—Allen himself. In *Everything You Always . . .* Woody gets to play both super-ego and fool.

Everything You Always . . . is classic satire. From the opening credits, unreel before a herd of rabbits, we get the message—*Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* was a dull, pretentious book that told us a lot of things we didn't need to know.

The title of each vignette (there are seven), questions some aspect of sex like, "What is sodomy?" Each scene ends by telling us, "Don't ask!"

It's obvious how much Woody enjoys all this. He did the screenplay and the directing. Everyone else—Tony Randall, Burt Reynolds, Lynn Redgrave—get roles that only Woody could bring off. Not being Woody, they usually fail. But no matter—Woody is great.

He dances across the screen acting out our sexual fantasies, showing us how ridiculous we've been all this time. He is a wisecracking jester in a medieval court who tempts the queen with an aphrodisiac, ("Cheers," she says. "And Roebuck," he answers.) but gets his hand caught in her chastity belt.

Woody also is one of a suicide squad of brainwashed sperm-troopers in the ultimate schizophrenic fantasy of our age—a guy named Sidney run by little technicians straight from A Pepto-Bismol ad who treat the conquest of a young NYU graduate the way Houston treats a moonshot.

Woody is Victor Shakapopoulos, courageous young sex researcher who rescues civilization from a gigantic, disembodied breast ("about a 4,000 with an X cup"), brainchild of a Karloff-esque retiree from *Masters and Johnson* beautifully played by John Carradine.

His work done, Victor reveals himself as the true super-ego of us all and intones the moral of the film—"When it comes to sex, there are certain things that should be unknown, and with my luck they will be."

Through it all, Allen is brilliant. Not always in the best of taste, not always hitting his mark squarely, but always the fool who knows he's going to get the last laugh.

this week

Saturday
7, 10 p.m. Union—Weekend Film, *Who Is Harry Kellerman*.

Sunday
7 p.m. East Union—Weekend Film, *Who Is Harry Kellerman*.

Art Galleries

Sheldon—12th and R. Richard Trickey paintings and Roger Williams photographs to Sept. 24. Thomas Coleman prints to Oct. 1. The sculpture garden is always open.

Haymarket—119 S. 9th. Silk screens by Rick Otoupalik and sculptures by Brian Quinn to Sept. 23.

First Federal—1235 N. JoAnn Alfrey to Sept. 29. Chauncey Nelson batik to Sept. 22.

Unitarian Church—6300 A. Paintings and ceramics by Joy DeKlotz to Sept. 17.

Tuesday

3, 7, 9 p.m. Sheldon—Special Films, *Maidstone* by Norman Mailer.
8 p.m. Kimball Recital Hall—Faculty recital, Arnold Schatz, violinist, and Audun Ravnan, pianist.

Friday

7, 10 p.m. Nebraska Union—Weekend Film, *Who is Harry Kellerman*. Also, Buck Rogers serial.
8 p.m. Pershing—Cheech and Chong concert.

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