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arts

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bart becker

Trash— worth taking in

Trash, Andy Warhol's blockbuster, is playing through Friday at the Embassy Theatre and would be well worth the viewing. Unfortunately, the Embassy isn't the best place to view it.

The low screen, low ceiling and unelevated floor of the moviehouse make it an exercise in neck-stretching to see the film. In other words, it's plain uncomfortable.

But since *Trash* has reaped nothing but laudatory reviews, it should ease the pain of the surroundings a bit. Directed by Paul Morrissey, it stars Joe Dallesandro with Jane Forth and Holly Woodlawn.

Trash recounts the misadventures of Joe Holly, a young couple struggling to get by in New York City. Joe attracts outlandish characters wherever he goes, and Holly nurtures an obsession for collecting trash. That's what the PR for the movie says. I suggest seeing it while it's in town. You may kick yourself later.

Unfortunately the Special Films committee has decided to cancel its own showing of *Trash*, which had been scheduled for Dec. 6. Committee members figured the Embassy showing would cut into their own audience for the movie.

The cancellation forced a shuffling of the Special Films schedule, however. "Punishment Park," originally set for Oct. 17, now will be shown Dec. 6.

On Oct. 17 the Special Films committee has German film-maker and poet Kriwet scheduled. He'll discuss film and, I suppose, poetry. More information will be available at a latter date.

This Tuesday Kimball Recital Hall will be the site of the third faculty recital of the year. Featured performer will be percussionist Albert Rometo.

Also Tuesday, the Foreign Film Series presents *The Conformist*, its first movie of the year. *Conformist* is an Italian film directed by Bernardo Bertolucci.

The foreign films have a new location this year, the Stuart Theatre and will be presented twice-nightly, as in the past. This week there'll be an extra free showing at 4 p.m. You'll have purchase tickets from a member of the film society, from a booth in the Nebraska Union or from the Union Program office before the performance.

A foreign film ticket is a good investment. In the past, the series has presented good films and this year's schedule looks like no exception.

Friday night Black Oak Arkansas will play in concert at Pershing Auditorium. Black Oak backed up Grand Funk last year and have a couple of albums to their credit. I imagine its show is about as it was then—loud, lacking in musically redeeming value and full of pretentious mugging and strutting about the stage. Oh well, you pay your money and you take your chances.

The Weekend Film will be *I Love My Wife* with Jack Lemmon. I know nothing about the movie, but I do know you'd better get in line early—Weekend Films usually are a sellout.

In a further attempt to keep theater-goers abreast of what's happening on stage, here is the 1972-73 schedule of UNO theater productions:

America Hurrah by Van Itallie, Sept. 28-30 and Oct. 1. Studio Theater.

The Drunkard by William H. Smith, Oct. 13-15. University Theater.

Blue Denim by James Herlihy and William Noble, Nov. 17-19. University Theater.

Kaspar by Handke, Dec. 7-10. Studio Theater.

Suddenly Last Summer by Tennessee Williams, March 15-18. Studio Theater.

Little Murders by Jules Pfeiffer, April 20-22. University Theater.

Student-directed one-act plays, May 3-6. Studio Theater.

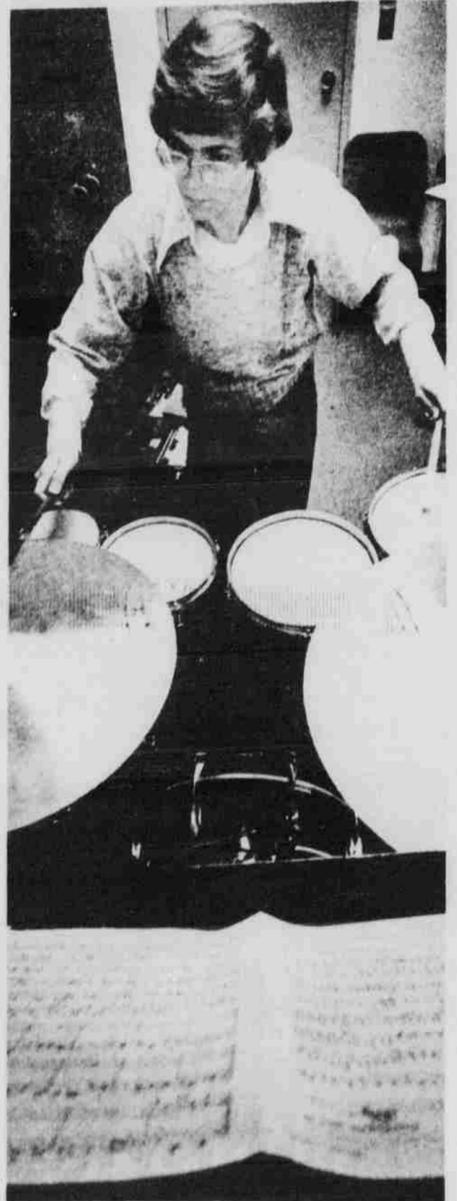
All productions will start at 8 p.m. Tickets cost \$1.50 each and will be on sale in the UNO box office the week before each opening show and at the door before each performance.

Good Reading:

144 Piccadilly by Samuel Fuller, available from Dutton, belies the subheading above in that it is bad reading. Hopefully this warning will stop unsuspecting readers from spending \$5.95 on it.

144 Piccadilly is a supposedly fictitious recreation of the actual events surrounding a squatters take-over of an unoccupied mansion in London. The players include hippie squatters, sadistic bikers and skinheads, supported by the inclusion of several thousand passers-by.

Fuller, a film-maker (*Pickup on South Street*) and ex-reporter, makes his position clear from the outset when he says hippies generally are not his bag. "I had always felt like castrating their sort," he confides to the reader.



Albert Rometo... featured percussionist of Tuesday's faculty recital at Kimball Recital Hall.

And his cast-rating is, at best, a two-dimensional representation of pacifists, one-eyed bikers and hippies drooling for sex. Fuller uses his cast to prove beyond a doubt that the truth behind rebellious youth is that they come from broken homes.

Unfortunately, Fuller offers no hint of any real intellectual or emotional understanding of a counter-cultural affrontment to ignorance or inhibition. Subsequently he never is appealingly perceptive in his analysis. Because he has cashed in on a scene that he is fundamentally unable to grasp, regardless of its merits or shortcomings, nothing particularly cogent comes out of his experience.

Frankly, his images are horrible, Seldom do they overcome the cliché or the anti-climactic. An unbelievable heroin experience segment comes off as poorly contrived fakery. Fuller is painfully out of his element, and he remains remarkably unenlightened, even as to his own presence at "144."