

## Kuzma offers new poems



An interview with Gov. J. James Exon . . . explores the Governor's views on the state's role in higher education, and specifically UNL. See page 9.

Greg Kuzma is rapidly approaching ubiquity. A new pamphlet of his poems called *What Friends Are For* (Best Cellar Press, \$1) is now available and the new issue of *Prairie Schooner* features a 10-poem portfolio of Kuzma's new work.

In addition, he's got an issue of *Pebble*, the magazine he edits, due out in April which will feature Lincoln Writers. Viking Press will publish the full-length collection, *Good News*, and Basilisk Press will publish *The Buffalo Shoot* in 1973.

*What Friends Are For* is 13 satisfying poems. Much of the stuff in it is in the prose-poem form. Kuzma manipulates the framework ingeniously, for example:

### The Desk

*My father is chopping up the desk he built me when I was a kid to get smart leaning over looking at books he bought me so I could get out of town and be better than him, and not have to work for a living like he does, but sit around on my fat ass week after week, developing longer and longer arms so I can pat myself on the back, or reach all the way cross the county and pinch him now and then, just to see if he's still alive, which is getting him pissed off.*

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is choice quality stuff. In addition to the Kuzma portfolio, the new issue has poetry by David Allan Evans, Peter Wild, Ted Kooser, Mike Finley, Howard Lindh, James Richardson, Gerald Costanzo and Charles Baxter. There are stories by Joan Dash and J.F. Peters, a fable called "Kiss of Kismet" by Josef Zderad, an article on autobiography by Barrett John Mandel.

I especially enjoyed five poems by Charles Baxter titled "Ma Tells About Indians," "The Indian in his car," "Indians and beasts," "Indians: a position paper," and "An Indian Speaks."

"Indians and beasts" explains about the animal inside and marriage: When an Indian is ready for marriage, the beast begins clawing up stomach and heart. A priest makes an incision and "No blood, but the man, his women/and whatever creature jumps out/line up, and race to the finish."

*Prairie Schooner* is one of the most hot-diggity-dog literary publications I read. You should read it and find out about some things it can tell you, too. It's also available in the English Department office.

The concert featuring bluegrass legend Bill Monroe is slated to be Friday, April 13, at the East Campus Union. The free show will begin at 8 p.m. and will include some local bluegrass musicians as a warm-up to Monroe's act. According to Union

bart becker

## bells letters

*What Friends Are For* is available at the English Department office for sure. Keep an eye out for it at other outlets around town, too.

The Winter issue of *Prairie Schooner*, as always,

Concerts chairman Jack Hart, there's also the possibility of an afternoon workshop. We'll have more information on the Monroe concert after vacation

## Up the Sandbox—difficult to sift through the garbage

Review by Jim Gray

If you like to be offended, *Up the Sandbox* may just be your movie. Ranking down there with Barbra Streisand's all-time worst bombs (*On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* notwithstanding), *Sandbox* tries its best to slip in something that will offend virtually everyone.

For the feminist movement, there is a stereotyped myopic view of the members of the movement as sexual deviates or frustrated housewives.

For the anti-feminists, there is the Dustmop of the Year, portrayed by Streisand, charmingly whimpering herself through the tears and repression of everyday housewifedom.

And for those who don't care one way or the other, the movie is a striking bore.

Obviously, this movie covers all possible exits.

All this wouldn't be so bad if the movie seemed to have some ultimate reason for being produced. Or if it were done well. But neither is the case and the movie is little more than a disgusting waste of time.

The movie is a careful documentation of a "young contemporary housewife at odds with her role in society" (Streisand) through all the hustle and bustle of typical days, as she fantasizes her way through impossibly cliché scenes.

But the fantasy doesn't work for the audience. *Sandbox* has the disgusting habit of not distinguishing between fact and fantasy—not only muddying up the plot, but in fact destroying it. At any one point in the movie, one is unsure exactly where he stands—in fact or fantasy. And more importantly one doesn't know why.

Streisand smiles her way through sequences with a Castroish dictator, obnoxious grandparents at a 33rd wedding anniversary and black revolutionaries dynamiting the Statue of Liberty, never giving any real clue about the importance or meaning of any of the activities.

What with all the flipping back and forth between fact and fantasy, retracing steps and altering situations, it is impossible to tell what the characters are supposed to be like. Because of this, Streisand and the other major characters become walking enigmas. Which doesn't help a plotless movie.

Except, of course, the fantasy stereotypes in which this movie abounds. There is the Latin American dictator supporting women's liberation, who turns out to be a female transvestite. There is the sniveling bastard-husband who is insensitive to his wife's needs. There is the intruding, bossy mother. Even a hippie babysitter. And each and everyone of them is boring and offensive.

So, without any living-and-breathing characters, the movie plods along without plot into total oblivion. This oblivion is only made worse by a total lack of technical capability.

Cuts are bad, pacing inept, camera work questionable. The acting is terrible, the sets amateurish. Probably the best thing about the movie is a gimmicky sequence in which Streisand's boobs expand and deflate miraculously. And that's only acceptable because it's tough to figure out how they do it. Figuring out the reason for the scene is even tougher.

No doubt *Up the Sandbox* started out as a good idea. And no doubt director Irvin Kershner and writer

Paul Zindel thought they were trying to be sensitive to the plight of the modern American housewife. But they failed. In trying to explore the housewife's situation, they fell prey to every cliché and impossibly inane foible know to cinematic history. And in trying to be artsy in treatment without plot and development, they abandoned all possibility of saying anything important.

Which leaves the movie *Up the Sandbox*—and the creek. Unless, of course, you like to be offended.



Barbra Streisand . . . wins "Dustmop of the Year" award for *Up the Sandbox*.