



One of Ralph Fasanella's paintings on exhibit at Sheldon Art Gallery.

Photos, art featured at Sheldon Gallery

By Diane Wanek

A diverse group of exhibits are being shown at the Sheldon Art Gallery, including works by faculty members Susann and Keith Jacobshagen, professional artist Ralph Fasanella and an exhibit of the acquisitions of Dwight Kirsch.

The Kirsch exhibit's purpose is to acknowledge the contributions of Kirsch to the Des Moines Art Center and the University of Nebraska Art Galleries. Kirsch was gallery director at UNL from 1936 to 1950, and from 1950 until 1958 he was director at Des Moines.

As director, Kirsch created waves when he acquired works by such artists as Kuniyoshi and Marin; today they seem an essential part of the gallery's collection.

The exhibit is impressive, with works by Edward Hopper, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, Alexander Calder, and Max Weber. Fasanella's paintings are unusual. They strike one as being influenced by Eastern art.

Keith Jacobshagen's photographs present a problem. The print quality varies; many are dirty prints, which in photographic terms means dust was left on the negative before printing. In general, the composition and tone of the photographs is excellent. A few of the prints are outstanding.

Susann Jacobshagen's paintings represent her work since her recent graduation from the University. Her style and subject matter are distinctive. There is a group of smaller paintings reminiscent of snapshots of one or two girls standing under a tree in cutoff jeans and halter tops. Others are of a Clydesdale and an Appaloosa.

Included in her exhibit is a large series of paintings of plant cuttings in jars. They are well executed, and though each is treated somewhat differently, it becomes tiresome trying to muster a lot of interest in 10 or more pictures of plant cuttings in jars.

The Jacobshagens' exhibits end the first week in April, the Fasanella and Kirsch exhibits will be here until March 31.

Dancers to perform

The Orchestis Dance Club will present "An Evening of Dance" tonight and Friday at 8 p.m.

Thirty-five students have assembled 14 short dances into a 1½-hour program. Their choreography has been drawn from sources such as jazz movement, folk songs and dances, the paintings of Henri Rousseau, rock opera and the music of Bach.

Trudy Knisley, a UNL student, has choreographed three selections from Danny Meldon's rock opera "Carousel For Freaks." Meldon is a former UNL student.

David Van de Bogart, UNL instructor of flute, will accompany the solo dance ("Study in Movement") choreographed and danced by dance major Kaye Strain.

Using Russian folk music, student Sam Harris has choreographed an "Ukrainian Festival."

The program will conclude with a dance using one of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos.

Admission to the program is \$1. It will be presented in Women's P.E. Bldg. 304.

'Detail' flawless, yet cold, crass

There's nothing really wrong with *The Last Detail*. There are no flaws in this realistic movie that is well put together and remains doggedly true to its simple, short range story. Yet the movie is so very cold and crass, with only a bit of uncomfortable pity that one appreciates but at the same time finds it hard to enjoy.

Two Navy shore patrolmen, Buddusky (Jack Nicholson) and a black, Mulhal (Otis Young), are detailed to escort an 18-year-old kid named Meadows (Randy Quaid), to a military prison where he'll serve an 8-year term trying to steal money from a donation box.

Along the way are plenty of seedy, seamy places, like a Washington bar, a New York hotel and a Boston brothel. They give Buddusky and Mulhal the perfect opportunity to initiate the lanky, dumb Meadows to the ways of their lives, i.e. fighting, booze and sex.

The film is full of rough serviceman, vernacular and dirty jokes, and is yet another all male movie (the only female role is the small part of a pitiful, young Boston whore). Given a good script (and it has one from Robert Towne, based on a novel by the same man who wrote *Cinderella Liberty*) the film is a great acting opportunity.

greg lukow
key grip

Nicholson and Quaid both came through with performances garnering Oscar nominations.

When it comes to playing loud mouth, decaying, middle aged men, nobody does it better than Nicholson. There have been variations on his roles in his recent films (*Easy Rider*, *Five Easy Pieces*, *Carnal Knowledge*) but beneath most of them, as in *The Last Detail*, there lies a stuck-up, out of tune, son of a bitch.

Nicholson goes into a sudden fit of anger better than any other actor, and all his similar roles make it difficult for one to imagine him in any kind of substantially different performance.

Quaid, on the other hand is a slow, backward kid—a coarse Gomer Fye type with acne and huge gaps between his teeth. (He previously played the big, ugly oaf that Cybil Shepard took to a nude swimming party to show up her boyfriend in *The Last Picture Show*). We get the feeling he's a bit crazy even if he is getting shafted by the Navy.

Like Quaid, both Nicholson and Young show their imprisonment in the only way of life they know...the Navy. As Young says, "We're a couple of lifers." It becomes apparent that Meadows is probably worse off after Buddusky and Mulhal are done with him.

They whip up his courage so that finally, as we know he would have to do, he attempts to escape. And even if his two escorts had become fond of him in their week of carousing, they still must beat him into submission, take him to prison doors and leave him without even a good-by. It's like finding an affection for a homely, stray dog, but not hesitating to kick him if he bites you.

We know from the beginning how *The Last Detail* must end without coping out. Despite the small favors of kindness and cadness that appear in the film, *The Last Detail* succeeds because it must, and does, come up empty.