

arts/entertainment

Pink Floyd breaks barriers with LP

By Casey McCabe

Many of the bands in recent years seem to be content staying secure in the boundaries of musical trends, and the result is that rock music has been, in Pete Townshend's words, "chewing a bone".

If there is one successful band from the last 10 years that has refused to follow trends, or better yet shown an actual disgust for the industry's traditions, it would be Pink Floyd.

album review

Their latest effort, *The Wall*, is a sometimes beautiful sometimes razor-sharp, and often disturbing two-record concept album that deals with alienation and being pushed to the brink of insanity as it's never been dealt with before. It's not as if composers have avoided the subject. While Burt Bacharach and countless others have penned songs that all say in effect "goin' out of my head, over you" Pink Floyd involves the listener with a hauntingly compelling look at the many internal and external factors that make reality increasingly harder to deal with.

Eccentric penchant

They accomplish this using their well-known penchant for the eccentric when in the recording studio, with strange background noises, special effects, and overall masterful production work. But the real success comes from Roger Waters' powerful vocals and story line which carries through all four sides of the album.

The Wall is a minor masterpiece for both similar and different reasons as *Dark Side Of The Moon*. The comparison would not be necessary except that the 1973 album has been somewhat of a chain around Pink Floyd's neck and the source of all expectations put upon the band.

Dark Side Of The Moon was indeed monumental. Besides being one of the biggest selling albums of all time, it somehow captured the music of the future as many people had always envisioned it, but few had ever expected.

DSOTM's revolutionary recording techniques also made it a musical sanctuary for those in drug-induced states. It became a notorious album to be put on in a smoke-filled room with the lights down low, while the inhabitants crawled off in a corner and silently tried to achieve Nirvana.

Candy is boredom's answer

By Peg Sheldrick

As yet another weekend looms ominously on the bleak, snowcapped horizon, chances are you are wondering to yourself what you possibly could do this weekend that you haven't done at least six times before.

I've seen all the clothing stores, you say to yourself. I've been to every museum. Twice. I've toured the Capitol so many times. I know the buffaloes outside by name. And I've visited so many bars I've developed an ingrown stool.

So what's to do on a frosty Saturday in Lincoln, Neb. for someone with money to burn, time to kill, and a taste for the unique?

Well, adventure is there to be had, if you are willing to expend a bit of energy and ingenuity to pursue it. You may think you have seen and done it all, that the city has no more to offer. But it just might be that all you need is a change in perspective to spark a new spirit of discovery.

Just for an example of what can be done to make a silk purseful of excitement out of a sow's earful of boredom, you might want to try the following.

To truly appreciate the exercise described below, you must cast aside your traditional sex-drugs-and-rock-and-roll orientation. You must get back to basics. You must adopt a questing spirit. For you are going out in pursuit of the sweet things in



The band's follow up album *Wish You Were Here* was easily as strong, though it was not received as well critically or on the sales charts. The album's most poignant piece, "Have A Cigar" was a brilliantly vengeful bite at the record company execs who wished to cash in on Pink Floyd's *Dark Side Of The Moon* success. The next album, *Animals* went multi-platinum, though it is rarely acknowledged by either fans or radio stations.

But this week, perched at number one on the charts after a debut at number two, is *The Wall*. It is attributable in good part to the loyal expectations of fans, but is also due to the fact that it is Pink Floyd's best work in years. Like *DSOTM*, it is a headphone-lover's dream, with an incredible display of effects and production work that require several listenings to fully discover.

life. Namely—candy. And ice cream. And popcorn. You're embarking on a journey through time, through space, and through calories. You are about to begin a Dieter's Nightmare Tour of Downtown Lincoln.

Palate-pleasers

Just imagine—instead of eating your heart out, you can go downtown and eat its heart out. Within a mere seven blocks of campus lurk at least seven dens of dietetic inequity, pound-producing but palate-pleasing pitstops guaranteed to turn a galloping gourmet into a gargantuan glutton if visited frequently enough.

Of course, this list of suggestions is by no means complete. There are millions of calories in the naked city, and these are just a few thousand of them. But they're a choice few.

Start at the Nebraska Union on R Street, with the candy counter in the bake shop, where you can stimulate your salivary glands with everything from spicettes at 92 cents a pound to chocolate stars at \$1.89 a pound. For a touch of international variety, try the French Burnt peanuts. You may be a better person for it.

While that digests, make your way to 12th Street and head south. Almost immediately you will encounter Baskin-Robbins and its legendary 31 flavors. In the spirit of the season, try Skating Pears (48 cents for a single scoop).

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The band's fascination with insanity goes back to their earliest days with leader Syd Barrett, (whose LSD experimentation eventually put him over the brink, to be replaced by David Gilmour in 1968), through *Dark Side Of The Moon* ("the lunatic is in my head") until *The Wall* which is undoubtedly the state-of-the-art message on the subject.

Pulls no punches

The album also pulls no punches with

Film awards offered for student cinematographers

By Scott Kleager

Want to make a thousand dollars? How about a trip to Hollywood to rub shoulders with the elite in the film industry?

It's time again for the annual Student Film Awards competition sponsored by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and the Bell System. A chance each year for students from accredited universities, colleges, art schools and film schools; the Student Film Awards gives aspiring young film directors, writers, actors and technicians an opportunity to gain recognition in a field normally dominated by big names.

Before you run out with your home movie camera, consider the entry requirements. First, you must make a film in what the Academy calls "a student-teacher relationship within the curriculum of an accredited school." Secondly, it must be completed after April 2, 1979 and before April 1, 1980 and be sent to a specified regional jury to be judged.

Six regions

The Academy has divided the country into six regions, each of which represents a preliminary judging site for the films. Each film in each region will be analyzed according to "originality, entertainment, the resourcefulness of the filmmaker and production quality, without regard to cost of production or subject matter." All films should be either animated, documentary, dramatic or experimental in nature and must be taken to this region's director, Dan Ladely, Sheldon Film Theater director.

According to Ladely this is the Student Film Award's seventh contest and the first

its social commentaries on the alienating practices of: education ("The Happiest Days Of Our Lives", "Another Brick In The Wall part 2"), the government ("Mother," "Goodbye Blue Sky"), television, (various places throughout the album), lust ("Young Lust"), and even a Pink Floyd concert ("In The Flesh"). These, and the ever-present romantic frustrations are added as bricks in the wall as the album progresses until Waters has built his own asylum by the end of side four.

What keeps *The Wall* cohesive is Waters' lyrical and vocal portrayal of one man's digression into insanity through the album's four sides. If much of it comes off as being autobiographical, it is no mistake. On side one he is a rock star who keeps a disguise on stage, a disillusioned schoolboy, and the victim of his mother's expectations. On side two he develops into a horny stranger in town, a violently possessive boyfriend, and a devout pessimist.

On side three he is frightened, lonely, and nostalgically romantic. By side four Waters has put his emotions on trial which lands him full subdued and alienated behind his wall.

Past work

Musically, Pink Floyd draws much from past work in an effective support of Waters' lyrics. Undoubtedly some of it will be termed pretentious, or "cliche Pink Floyd". But even considering the length of the double album, the majority of the music is fascinatingly distinct. Guitarist Gilmour is responsible for many of the best moments.

Side three's beautiful acoustic guitar and string arrangements offer an uncharacteristic view of Floyd, but serve to make the side the album's most effective.

Insanity is not a trendy subject in today's music. Pink Floyd can make it vaguely amusing on "The Trial", or very disturbing and difficult to listen to on "Don't Leave Me Now."

With *The Wall* at number one, someone should be noting that a good number of people are willing to stray from the mainstream.

year he has been regional director.

"And I do it with some reservation," he said. He said he has a basic mistrust of the Academy; thinking that, like most of the Academy's functions, the Student Film Awards may be political in nature and could end up oppressing some of the freedom of expression it's trying to promote.

Not enough money

Ladely said he heard that the Bell System hasn't come across with enough money in past contests and that some of the regional judging expenses had to be paid for by the directors (and their departments). He said that if it comes down to putting money into the contest that's not from either the Bell System or the Academy, he'll back out of the directorship.

But aside from his misgivings, he said the contest is a great opportunity for a young person to be artistically creative through film. Steven Spielberg, for example, began shooting film in high school.

Ladely advised those who are going to enter to begin small, even though there's no limit to the length of any film, because the judges will notice quality more than quantity. He added that, although he is the regional director, all films must be sent to Chicago and will be judged there.

The four regional winners' movies will be screened for final voting by the Academy's membership of leading film industry professionals. The national awards will be presented to the winners on June 8, 1980 in Beverly Hills; all winning students will be flown to Los Angeles for the ceremony.