

# Arts & Entertainment



## 'Polyester' aims for sick minds

By Billy Shaffer

Ever have one of those days when the trash compactor just won't work? Me neither, but Francine Fishpaw undoubtedly has.

Francine (played by transvestite actress Divine) is the rather large leading person in John Water's newest

tricks to get herself through high school and keep her boyfriend Bo-Bo (portrayed by Stiv Bators of the band the Dead Boys) in beer and baseball bats.

Why, they're just another family from down the block!

Francine's world crumbles before our eyes as, one after another, her family either deserts her or gets arrested. In fact, things get so bad that the family dog hangs himself, leaving a "goodbye cruel world" suicide note scrawled on the refrigerator.

Francine's saran-wrapped life deteriorates to the point where all she has left is alcohol and her best friend, Cuddles. Cuddles (Edith Massey) is a retarded housekeeper who has inherited millions from her former employer. Massey practically steals the show.

Into Francine's dismal existence bursts new hope in the form of Tom Tomorrow (Tab Hunter). Suddenly, Mrs. Fishpaw's life becomes as peachy as a Coke commercial. But if you're familiar with John Wa-

ter's slant on life, you know this happiness can't last for long. And it doesn't.

On entering the theater, each viewer is given a scratch'n' sniff card containing 10 scents. When the corresponding number flashes on the screen, patrons get to smell roses and air fresheners, as well as less savory aromas. The smells are fairly faithful to the screen (the boxed pizza is obviously pepperoni) and, as Dr. Quackenbush tells us in the introduction, it really works.

The acting in "Polyester" is wonderfully bad, with the exception of Tad Hunter, whose performance is reduced to sorta good.

If you're a person with a shopping-mall mentality, or if you live in a cul-de-sac world, you should probably stay away from "Polyester." You might see yourself there, shopping at a Recordworld. If you're a cynical, satirical person, or have a sick mind or a slightly warped sense of humor, you'll love "Polyester." I loved it.

### Movie Review

film, "Polyester." The Fishpaws are your stereotypical suburban American family.

Elmer (David Samson), Francine's husband, runs a porno theater and is having an affair with his secretary: Dexter (Ken King), her punk son, has an aversion to PCP and cleaning solvents and gets his jollies by stomping on women's feet with his combat boots at shopping malls: Lu-Lu (Mary Garlington), her pregnant daughter, turns

## Two Aldas are 'Front Page' headliners

By Chuck Jagoda

Robert Alda will celebrate his 50th year in show business next Friday while co-starring in "The Front Page," which opens tonight at the Lincoln Community Playhouse. Alda, co-starring with his son Antony in the playhouse's annual celebrity show, plays the part of Walter Burns, the same

disease today.

The senior Alda's film career started with the starring role of George Gershwin in "Rhapsody in Blue" but never really took off. His greatest stage success was the role of Sky Masterson in "Guys and Dolls." Alda created the role, which was played by Marlon Brando in the Hollywood treatment.

Antony Alda, the youngest member of the family's acting dynasty, began acting on television as a child. He has appeared with his father and older brother in several "M\*A\*S\*H" episodes and has appeared in other TV and stage roles.

CJ: How often do you do celebrity shows like this?

RA: We just did another one... in Hayward, Calif. We also did one in Austin, Texas... I want to say I like David Larson (director of the playhouse) for doing a show like this. It's a big show - 25 people. Nowadays in theater, it's all four-character shows, or even one-character shows, to cover expenses. And here, because it's community theater, you can put on a big exciting show. It's marvelous to see a stage full of people, each with their own little bits and interests.

CJ: Is it hard to walk into a show that

people have been working on for months and that's already set?

AA: It's somewhat easier to walk into something that's set, if it's not set too rigidly. Then you get to find your own way through the ins and outs. Basically, if everybody knows what they're doing, it makes it easier for you...

RA: ...A lot of details are taken care of in the few weeks... We come in and blend it all together, as we way, put the pizza together.

CJ: How is Hollywood now, compared to when you started?

RA: Today the studios are run by bankers. The guys who ran studios in the old days were like tailors. The studios were like a piece of cloth. They know they had to get as many suits out of that piece of cloth as they could. Some of those pictures might not be very good, but the few that were good, they knew they could sell those in package deals, which included the ones that weren't so good. Today they spend \$10 million to make a picture, then they have to spend another \$10 million promoting it. It's very hard to get that much back on the picture.

### Personality

role he took over from Robert Ryan when "The Front Page" was revived on Broadway in 1969.

Alda's career includes acting in vaudeville, movies, and night clubs and on TV and the stage. But to the many fans of his son's popular TV series, "M\*A\*S\*H" he probably always will be "Alan Alda's father."

When Alan was stricken with polio as a child, his parents took turns applying Sister Kenny hot packs and massaging the muscles of his paralyzed legs. The beloved TV and movie star shows no trace of the crippling

## No way found to get studying

"Elvira... eyes like cherries, lips like wine, I'm so glad Elvira's mine... Giddy-up... a oom ba ba oom ba ba..."

WOW went country. I flipped my radio to phono, Kenny Loggins



T. Marni Vos

dropped on the turntable, and I sat with 1,523 textbooks in front of me. My condensed paperback Time encyclopedias were to my right, nine workbooks to my left and all my Flairs... pink, yellow, blue, green... my coffee was perking on the stove, and I knew if I studied for the next 19 hours straight, there was no reason on God's green earth why I couldn't pull off a B on my linguistics test.

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## The Battle

The sun was hot as it shone over the green field. The air was heavy with humidity. A white haze could be seen over the distance. The strong breeze blowing wasn't noticed, as the field was enclosed in a deep canyon.

Reports had come into camp all week that the enemy was preparing. They were readying for a skirmish, for a clash with us. The rumors about the enemy had spread throughout our ranks. "They are merciless. They have no compassion. They are ruthless," everyone said.

We weren't exactly afraid. Rather, we were anxious and nervous. All we could do was to stock up on ammunition and sit tight. We waited and waited. The anxiety was nearly unbearable. The inevitable battle was going through our minds continually.

We'd been through the experience of battle before, but not like this. Somehow, this time we weren't only fighting an enemy. This time we would fight to prove a principle. Victory was mandatory. If the enemy tried to advance, we had to rise to the occasion.

This morning, the general's suspicions were realized. Our scouts reported that the enemy was advancing into our territory. It was our job to stop them. We had to stop them! The strategy point was the green field in the distance, we were told. All morning we prepared. We made ready our artillery. We gathered ammunition. Our forces began to move.

At high noon, the sun beat down upon our faces as the general led our troops to the field. We could see the foe advancing. My heart was thumping to the beat of a

thousand drummers. Sweat poured down the sides of my battle-scarred face. My head was pounding under the weight of my helmet. My throat was dry. My palms were moist.

As the general had expected, the enemy struck in early afternoon. The sights and sounds of battle were all around. Arms and legs were flailing everywhere. Groans and grunts, almost animal-like in nature, sounded. Madness prevailed. Dust, dirt, more groaning and utterances of battle cries were overpowered only by

### Original Work

the heavy scent of human sweat and toil. Dirt caked upon my sweaty face. My knees were weak from the heat. But I forgot. I was too scared to be frightened, too proud to run away. The battle wore on...

Artillery was exchanged into the afternoon. The sun constantly shone hotter. As time went by, our forces weakened. Many men went down. Many shrieked in pain, cried in anger, screeched in the intensity of war. I couldn't give up! We had to stop them!

Suddenly I heard the general bark my name. I ran to his side. He ordered me to take a classified package through enemy lines to a neutral contact on the other side. "The battle depends upon the safe delivery of this package. We're counting on you, son. You're the only chance we've got!" he yelled, above the roar of battle. He placed the odd-looking, brown package into my hands. I had been charged with an all-important task, and by God, whether I understood why or not, I was going to complete the duty if it cost me my life!

I tucked the package under my arm and began to run toward the enemy lines. The battle was still raging. The enemy clawed at my package with obsessive determination, but I was equally determined. I ran like I'd never run before, like the wind itself. An enemy hand grasped at my leg. An enemy's body came hurtling into my thigh. Wincing in pain, I stayed on my feet. I kept running. I panted for air. My lungs writhed with strain.

I could see my destination ahead. I had to deliver the package to the contact. I could see him before me. He was standing there awaiting my arrival. The enemy hounded my heels, breathing down my back. Artillery sounded everywhere. "Just a few more yards... I'm almost there," I thought. An enemy caught my uniform in his grasp. To prevent my doom, I hurled myself into the air to break his grasp.

I hit the ground with a thud. I looked up. My contact, the striped-shirted referee, raised his arms to signal the touchdown. I glanced down at the dusty football still in my grasp, resting upon the white-chalked goal line. I heard the ecstatic crowd go wild as a sea of red rose to its feet. I rose to my feet in time to see the blanket of red balloons fill the air.

I was caught up in the unbelievable joy of the moment. I hugged my comrades. I had to shake my head in disbelief. Tears filled my eyes. The battle was over. The scoreboard clock read double O. We had done it! And I had helped! We had indeed won the battle! The Huskers defeated Oklahoma once again.

Curt Arens is a general agriculture major. His piece, "The Battle," is part of a weekly feature called Original Work. UNL students interested in submitting photography, art, cartoons, prose or poetry should contact David Wood at the Daily Nebraskan. If material is mailed, please enclose name, phone number, major and year in school.