

# Arts & Entertainment

## 'Lavender Moonlight': A Mannequin Romance

By Pat Clark

**Last Week:** April May June, refreshed and feeling just a touch amorous, did not realize that her dreamboat, Randall Hitler, had skipped town, and she quite innocently and unknowingly fell into the all-business arms of Walker Treadmill, who informed her that she was marked for death.

Apollo's golden chariot had not yet begun to lay scratch on the eastern horizon when the sleek private jet landed in Cape Town, with Walker Treadmill and April May June aboard. April still did not know who Walker Treadmill was, or why he was bringing her to Cape Town, or why Randall and Babe Ruth had left without telling her. There were any number of other things (covering a wide range of subjects) that April did not know, but these were the important ones right now.

April peeked into the cockpit, where a steel-eyed man dressed in a slate-blue uniform stared coolly into the southern sky. "Go sit down. We're about to land," he said without looking at her.

She sat down next to Walker Treadmill. It's time to get some answers, she thought. But where do I start?

She decided to start where her life always seemed to start, with her beloved Randall.

"Mr. Treadmill, I don't mean to sound nosy, but where's my Randall?"

"Beats me," Walker said with a shrug. "Probably not in Cape Town yet."

"When will he be here?"  
"I dunno. He'll get here when he gets here."

"Why do we have to come to Cape Town?"

"No idea."  
"Who is trying to kill us?"  
"I don't know."

"Who said we were marked for death?"

"That I can tell you," Walker said

calmly. "Dante Lavender said so. No doubt you are going to ask me who Dante Lavender is."

"Well, sure, now that you mention it, who is Dante Lavender?"

"I dunno."  
April May June felt relieved that she finally was sorting out the details of everything that had happened during the night. Only one night... she could hardly believe it; one night ago she had been on another plane, the one that brought her to South Africa. Only 48 hours ago she had been back in Nebraska, in her own bed. Forty-eight hours; was that all? It seemed like two days.

The thing she most wanted to do in the whole world was sleep, but she knew she couldn't, as long as she didn't know what had become of her beloved Randall.

"Could I meet this Dante Lavender?" April said, as politely as she could under the circumstances.

"If he wants you to meet him, you will meet him," Walker said. "As for me, I've worked for him for 12 years and I've never met him. To me he is a signature on the bottom of a paycheck and a name attached to my orders. I suspect that he wouldn't have gone to this much trouble if he didn't want to meet you, though. But that is neither here nor there for now. All you have to do is avoid getting shot, and everything will be fine."

"Yes, I should try not to get shot," April agreed. No doubt about it, she was a long way from Nebraska.

**Next Week: Dante's Inferno**  
*The Billy Shaffer column, which formerly was seen in this space, will be printed in Wednesday's paper to allow better coverage of weekend art openings. In addition, Shaffer will have a weekly cartoon, beginning Tuesday.*

*The "Lavender Moonlight" romance, which previously ran on Wednesdays, now will be found in Monday's paper.*



## Staid 'Independence Day' lacks creative fireworks

By Peter Schmitz

Since the conservative sweep in the 1980 elections, journalists and scholars have speculated that the right succeeded in getting what it wanted by emulating tactics used by the left in the Sixties. Whatever reservations one may have with this idea, it would not be difficult to transpose this argument to the new wave of reactionary films coming out of Hollywood. Recently, conservative filmmakers have been adroitly using techniques employed by humanist directors (such as John Cassavetes and John Sayles) in order to get their messages across.

had a pivotal role in "An Officer and a Gentleman"). Not surprisingly, she takes the romantic initiative. And at the end of the story he predictably follows her — but with a trophy of his own.

Judging from the advertisements, the caliber of this film appeared dubious ("A small town is a hard place to have a big dream," reads the poster). But a favorable review in Ms. Magazine changed my mind. After sitting through this movie, however, I was ready to question the integrity of certain feminists who are willing to embrace any piece of trash as long as it appears to agree with their general philosophy.

For a film which tries to be realistic, there are quite a few things about it which do not ring true. Although Mary Ann's terminally-ill mother limps and stumbles, she looks amazingly robust for someone afflicted with cancer. Her skin is tanned and smooth; her thick, shiny hair looks marvelous and her voice is always resounding. She is especially resonant as she implores her daughter to leave home and study photography.

Furthermore, an exceptional treatment of spouse abuse becomes shamelessly muddled by a trite Hollywood convention. After finding out that his sister was beaten again by her husband, Jack finds his nefarious brother-in-law and beats him to a pulp. This may make audiences cheer, but it is an impractical and unlikely solution for any man who is angered by the abuse of a close friend or relative. After Jack teaches his brother-in-law his lesson, he washes his hands and goes back to work on his cars.

By now it is clear that "Independence Day" tries to go both ways. On one hand, it tries for that austere and authentic look that has been perfected by sensitive and politically astute directors. On the other hand, director Robert Mandel and scenarist Alice Hoffman go for just enough of the old conventions. While this may ensure commercial success, not to mention some mindless praise from certain critics, it will not give audiences anything worth remembering.

## 'Key Exchange' to open at the Temple

The UNL theatre arts department will open its 1983-84 season Sept. 29 with the off-Broadway hit "Key Exchange." The play, written by Kevin Wade, involves the bittersweet lives of three affluent Manhattan singles.

The cast includes Jim Jorgensen, Crystal Rudloff and David Boughn, all senior theatre arts majors at UNL.

Lindsay Korth, an MFA student at

UNL, directs the play. Korth also directed "The Dresser," which was presented here in August.

"Key Exchange" runs Oct. 1 and Oct. 3 through Oct. 8 in the Temple Studio Theatre, 12th and R streets. Tickets are \$4 for students with a student ID card, \$5 for general admission and are on sale at the theater box office noon to 5 p.m. Season tickets are also available.

## Film Review

The message of "Independence Day" is that anything is possible as long as one has a dream. This theme is reinforced by the film's theme song, written by Jim Messina, "Follow Your Dreams." The lyrics tell us the following:

*Give it your best... Remember life is what you choose... Follow your dreams and do what you love to do...*

"Independence Day," like the immensely popular film "An Officer and a Gentleman," pretends to be an honest treatment of working class people. The photography has that slightly grainy, home-movie look. There are several takes of the characters doing things that are of no particular importance. Some of these people even meet unhappy endings. And last but not least, the performers speak in an authentic Southwestern regional accent.

While "An Officer and a Gentleman" advocates an old-fashioned "knight-in-shining-armor" code of ethics (with a modern enthusiasm for pre-marital sex), "Independence Day" encourages (or more accurately exploits) the idea of sex role reversal.

In this story, Mary Ann Taylor (played by Kathleen Quinlan) has a bigger dream than her boyfriend Jack Parker (played by David Keith) who

## Symphony tickets available

Lincoln Symphony Orchestra student season ticket sale dates have been extended an additional week. The tickets, which are available to all students at a 50 percent discount, will be offered until Friday. They are available from the Symphony Box Office, 1315 208 So. 13th St., from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. There will not be any tickets available at Westbrook Hall this week.

Symphony events normally are held at O'Donnell Auditorium on the Wesleyan University campus at 50th and Harrington streets, not Ferring Auditorium as was previously stated.

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