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THE RIGHT STUFF

A ROBERT CHARTOFF-IRWIN WINKLER PRODUCTION OF A PHILIP KAUFMAN FILM
 "THE RIGHT STUFF" CHARLES FRANK SCOTT GLENN ED HARRIS LANCE HENRIKSEN SCOTT PAULIN DENNIS QUaid SAM SHEPARD FRED WARD KIM STANLEY BARBARA HERSHEY VERONICA CARTWRIGHT PAMELA REED Music by BILL CONTI
 Director of Photography CALEB DESCHANEL
 Based on the Book by TOM WOLFE
 Produced by IRWIN WINKLER and ROBERT CHARTOFF
 Written for the Screen and Directed by PHILIP KAUFMAN

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'Star 80' horrifying, unnecessary



The Ladd Compan
Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts
 approach the climactic moment in *Star 80*.

Review by Ward W. Triplett III

As the first audience for the Lincoln screening of Bob Fosse's *Star 80* began to disperse, a woman noticed a couple she knew waiting in the State Theatre lobby.

"So how is it?" the female member of the couple asked.

The woman who had just come out of the theater took off her glasses and rubbed her eyes. "It was horrible," she said. "It's just a horrible movie."

The majority of that crowd, and likely many others leaving the State, were saying either something like that or nothing at all. In a way, it's an accurate evaluation. What happened to Dorothy Stratten, the 1980 Playboy Playmate of the Year, was horrible and the Fosse film version tries not to spare any details.

But the film itself is not that horrible. Only a little unnecessary.

A little unnecessary because Stratten's story doesn't turn out to be all that terribly interesting. Mariel Hemingway does a credible job playing the simple,

Canadian teen-ager turned sex queen, but the role is flat enough to negate the acting performance.

It's unnecessary because, if you're interested in seeing this film, you probably know how the story ends. It's a rather self-defeating attitude to start a movie with, so Fosse takes it head on and reminds you all through the movie what lies ahead for Stratten and her husband, Paul Snider. Scenes of Snider covered with Stratten's blood and cursing everything in creation are stuck between scenes and actually serve as transitions from one scene to the next.

Stratten is working at a Dairy Queen when Snider, played by Eric Roberts, discovers her. He takes her to her high school prom, and soon shows Polaroid shots of her to professional photographers with the immediate objective of getting Stratten in Hugh Hefner's centerfold.

Through a series of cons and lies, Snider does just that and soon has Stratten and himself in the middle of a Hefner party. He turns to buying cars (one with a license plate "Star 80") and starts a series of doomed businesses while Stratten's career blooms. At her career's apex, she meets director Aram Nicholas (in real life Peter Bogdanovich, who has yet to finish his own screenplay on the Stratten story called *The Killing of the Unicorn*). Their affair in New York, while Snider wallows in self-pity, jealousy and failure in California, eventually leads to the killings.

Keep in mind Fosse continues to cut back and forth to the story and to the scene where Snider has already killed Stratten. The effect is a eerie feeling that snuffs out what happiness and humor the audience could have enjoyed had the ending not been so publicized. In a way, the "in happier days" scenes of Dorothy's interviews and movies are diluted when you know each sign of success is another step on Stratten's path to her grave.

Because there is nothing to be learned from Stratten's story (except, maybe, stay away from creeps with slick greased hair) you have to wonder what the purpose of the movie is. Perhaps if I had seen Stratten's layout or any of her movies, I wouldn't feel that way. But elevating her to martyr status seems to be the only way to get any enthusiasm going for *Star 80*.

To the filmmaker's credit, Roberts does a haunting job as Snider. The film leaves no doubt that the man didn't have an ounce of good in him, but somehow Roberts stirs a compassion for his character, a feeling that he was more a victim of circumstances in a world he couldn't handle than the two-bit sleaze you would imagine. Not that you feel sorry for him. But after the immediate reaction of frustration and sorrow for Stratten, I no longer felt sorry for her, either.

Continued on Page 15

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

Can Luke's legacy survive?

When Bruce McCandless took his walk through outer space, he went untethered, but not necessarily alone. In the first place, he brought with him the physical baggage of a television camera. More importantly, he brought with him the psychological baggage of a whole lifetime of fictional pan-galactic hijinks. The television camera

The logic of the conversation was pitching and rolling like the flight simulator back in Houston. It was time for a straight answer. "I don't know who you are or how you got out here, but I'm a stranger here myself and I want to know what the problem is," asked McCandless.

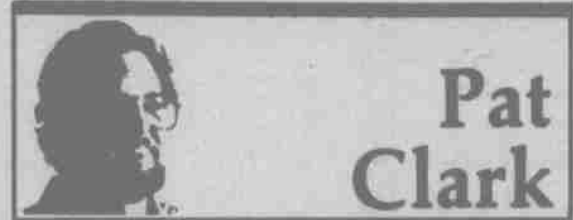
"The problem is once you've been here, you can't go back to being Bruce McCandless. Gordo Cooper was right; those people on the other side of that television camera of yours want to see Buck Rogers. Well, you're Buck Rogers now, kiddo. Whattya' think, you can just go home now, visit the schleps next door and maybe see their slides of the trip to the Grand Canyon? Friend, you are the main attraction in the grandest canyon of them all. The schleps next door will probably take slides of you. You've been there, as they say. Ate in the luncheonette of the Starship Enterprise, you have. Used the men's room of the Death Star. Sent a postcard from the restaurant at the end of the universe. Swapped anecdotes about high school with my favorite Martian. Borrowed a dime from..."

"You made your point," McCandless said, getting impatient.

"Well, I wish you'd tell me what my point was then," Skywalker said.

"That I'm not just Bruce McCandless anymore. I saw *The Right Stuff*. Hell's a fire, John Glenn probably hasn't been off the ground in anything that didn't have a stewardess on it in 15 years, and they still draw pictures of him in his astronaut outfit for the political cartoons.

"You think just because we've been to outer space we'll no longer imagine about it. What a crock. We have humans in France, and we still lie to ourselves about what France is like. You'll just have to become a more convincing liar. So don't try to tell me I'm turning into science fiction. I'm telling you you're turning into science fact."



Pat Clark

might have shown us a breathtaking view of the black void of outer space, but the camera deceives. Not only is space not a black void, it is downright crowded with everything we have ever imagined it to contain. Far from being alone, McCandless had to struggle to make room for himself out there.

(The scene: Outer space. Bruce McCandless, making his merry way through the darkness, sees somebody waving and shouting at him. It is Luke Skywalker).

"Hey you, you with the stars in your eyes," Skywalker screams, as he speeds toward McCandless by the power of a backpack similar to the one McCandless wears. "Get out of my cosmos."

McCandless, too stunned to stop and wonder what anything else is doing out there with him, responds, "I'm on a mission."

"Sure, on a mission," Skywalker says scornfully. "So am I. I'm here to tell you to get out while the getting's good."

McCandless decides there must be a war or something going on. "Don't worry about a thing," he shouts. "I'll be gone in 15 minutes."

"No you won't, Skywalker says. "You'll be back in the space shuttle in 15 minutes, but you'll still be out here forever. Something tells me I'm already too late to save you."

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