

Arts & Entertainment

Film stresses irony of Nicaraguan war

By Eric Peterson

The complicity of the United States in guerrilla invasions of Nicaragua is brought out in *Nicaragua: Report From the Front*, a film showing tonight in the Nebraska Union Rostrum. Also showing tonight is *Nicaragua 1978*, a film on Nicaragua just before the

Film Review

collapse of the Somoza dictatorship. The films run from 7:30 to 9 p.m., with discussions following.

The screenings are sponsored by the Latin American Solidarity Committee.

Directed by American journalists Deborah Shaffer and Tom Sigel, *Nicaragua: Report From the*

Front splits into two parts — footage taken on a two-week patrol with the Somocista guerrillas, and some taken on tour with the Nicaraguan army.

Weapons speak louder than words in the film. Brand new machine guns and ammunition are shown by a *contra* guerrilla who says they were taken from the Sandinistas in battle — even though they don't show any wear and have just been taken out of the crates they came in. American involvement in Nicaragua has been conducted behind a smoke screen, and such obvious facts as Defense Department weapons aid to the *contras* is not openly admitted.

In contrast, the farmers and townspeople, who have been armed for their safety against *contra* incursions, carry old and clumsy rifles with wooden stocks — a poignant fact considering that these are all they have to defend their farms and outlying towns.

However, morale among the Nicaraguans shown

in the film is high. "We have already won," says Manuel Vindel, a Nicaraguan battalion leader. "The counter-revolutionaries are only terrorists." Despite the worse-equipped forces, the Sandinistas express confidence because they have the people's support and because of a continuing revolutionary spirit.

A consistent irony is used effectively in the film. Part of Ronald Reagan's State of the Union address in which he said overthrowing the Sandinistas is not his objective is directly followed by a shot of the U.S. insignia on Somocista equipment. Even the imperialist Yankee faces — Reagan's, U.N. ambassador Jeanne Kirkpatrick's — are shown in a pale and anemic light which contrasts vividly with the warm and healthy Nicaraguans. Comment from Rep. Bob Torrecelli, (D-N.J.), and others, such as Nicaraguan foreign minister Miguel D'Escoto, is particularly effective when contrasted with opposing and inconsistent remarks of Kirkpatrick.

If only they hadn't left the farm

Announcer: And now we interrupt *The Man Who Was Sick of People* to bring you the following edition of *At the Concession Stand*.

Tom: Well, what do you think, Glenn?

Glenn: I don't know. What do you think?

Tom: I don't know.

Glenn: This is certainly a fine kettle of fish. We're two of America's most vibrant television and movie personalities and we can't think of a thing to talk about.

Tom: No, I don't look at it that way.

Glenn: Why don't we have one of those telephone polls? We could have our audience vote on some burning issue.

Tom: Because, we don't have an audience.

Glenn: Yes we do.

Tom Mockler and Glenn Stuva

Tom: Maybe you do. I don't. Nobody likes me.

Glenn: Really? Why do you suppose that is?

Tom: You've got everything going for you. Me — I'm as forgettable as the next guy.

Glenn: Well, be that as it may, we still have a show to do, and sitting around moping won't help us in the Neilson's.

Tom: I thought it was spelled *Nielsen*.

Glenn: I don't know. I'm beginning to lose interest in all this. Maybe we weren't destined to be stars. Maybe we should pack it in and go back to the farm.

Tom: "Farm?" What does that mean?

Glenn: I'm not sure. I'm not really from a farm. I think it's an agricultural term.

Tom: No, I meant the expression "go back to the farm." I'm not from a farm either — I believe that your expression, taken literally, would be logically in error.

Glenn: You're beginning to sound like Leonard Nimoy. I can do a great Dr. McCoy imitation. "Dammit Jim, I'm a doctor, not a mechanic."

Tom: How's this: "We've got to let up, Captain. She can't take much more."

Glenn: You have Scotty down to a tee. Guess who this is: "Beam me up Scotty. This planet is not safe for democracy."

Tom: Ronald Reagan?

Glenn: Close, Captain Kirk. Wouldn't you agree that William Shatner is one of America's finest actors? He's right up there with Brando. Have you seen him in his new show, *T.J. Hooker*?

Tom: "To be or not to be. That is the question."

Glenn: Olivier. "I am, was, and will always be, first and foremost an American."

Tom: "To be or not to be. That is the question."

Glenn: That's Richard Burton. But you didn't get mine. Its Orson Wells. "You dirty rat."

Tom: Richard Burton.

Glenn: You want to talk about Richard Burton?

Tom: Sure, doesn't everyone? We could talk about *Berlin Alexanderplatz*.

Glenn: No. It's too long. What is "Alexanderplatz" anyway?

Tom: I haven't seen it anyway. What kind of nut would make a 15-hour film? No wonder he's dead.

Glenn: Dead? I didn't even know he was sick!

Tom: And how. Dead as a doornail. Dead as they come.

Glenn: It kind of makes you think, doesn't it. One minute you can be making a 15-hour movie, and the next you're dead. What a transitory existence this is.

Tom: What does it all mean? And what are we here for? When you come right down to it, it all seems so meaningless.

Glenn: I wonder what Barton Chandler thinks about this crazy mixed-up world of ours.

Tom: Who's he?

Glenn: Barton Eugene Chandler is a profit of the new age. He is a sage, a poet and a master politician. He understands the common man, and champions his cause.

Tom: "Profit?" Don't you mean "prophet?"

Glenn: That's what I said, profit. This is a television show. No one could tell if I said profit or prophet.

Tom: No, it's not. We're just two guys who sit around a typewriter. No glory. No lights. No fans. You can live in your dream world if you want to. Actually, I'm watching *The Border* on television.

Glenn: No. I just want to smoke my cigarettes and sit quietly in a corner, content that I can breathe. And that's precisely what I'm going to do.

Tom: Sorry. (Pulls out a gun and fires. Glenn falls to the floor bleeding.)

Glenn: That's all I wanted... (expires).

Tom: That was the surprise ending. You know... like O Henry.

HOTSPOTS

Television

• The aerobics era has officially arrived. Tonight, two television offerings confirm aerobics' status as a bona-fide American institution. Leslie Nielsen, of *Airplane* fame, stars in the premiere of *Shaping Up* (8:30 p.m., Channel 7), a weekly series telling the foibles of a health spa owner. *Getting Physical* (8 p.m., Channels 6 and 10) a made-for-television-movie starring David Naughton and Alexandra Paul tells the story of a woman who pursues her life-long dream of physical fitness. It is also rumored Dan Rather may show up on the *Evening News* in sweats.

• *Haunted*, a production starring Brooke Adams, Trish Van Devere and Jon Devries, is this week's offering on *American Playhouse*. The play tells the story of a woman who attempts to re-establish bonds with her adoptive mother. It airs at 8 p.m. on Channel 12.

Radio

• Humorist Shirley Lueth from Aurora will be featured on KZUM (89.5 and 99.3 FM) from 9 to 10 p.m. The program is being presented as part of KZUM's salute to Nebraska Humor Month.

At the Sheldon

• The serial showing of Ranier Werner Fassbinder's monumental *Berlin Alexanderplatz* will continue this week in the Film Theatre. Parts 9 and 10 will be screened at 7 and 9:15 p.m. Admission is \$3.

Around Town

• The Lincoln Association for Traditional Arts will be sponsoring a benefit for the Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14th St. Local acts participating in the event include Fat City, The Salt Creek String Band, Different Strokes and Gunner Holck. There's a \$1 cover charge.



Dolby refines technique on eclectic new album

By Stephanie Zink

Thomas Dolby, one of the major innovators of synth-pop, has released his long-awaited follow-up LP to 1982's *The Golden Age of Wireless*.

The Flat Earth (Capitol) is a more serious, meaningful work than anything Dolby has done before. He has obviously been influenced by a wide range of subject matter — love, politics and nuclear war. This

Records

album represents how much Dolby has matured since his days with The Buggles.

He still uses a few of the interesting sound effects and voice-overs, but he is now less dependent on them and is focusing most of his attention on the music itself.

There are also a few new and different things going on in this LP that weren't in *The Golden Age of Wireless*.

"Screen Kiss" is as close to a romantic song as Dolby has ever performed. He should write them more often.

Even better than "Screen Kiss" is Egyptian-influenced "Mulu the Rain Forest."

Although it may at first seem as though he is experimenting with different music forms, Dolby does know what he is doing. His experimentation was finished with his last album. Dolby has refined his techniques. This is most apparent on "Hyperactive!," the peppy sequel to "She Blinded Me With Science."

Most incredible of all are his lyrics. "White City," a fast, rock-influenced song about nuclear war, is the perfect anthem for 1984. *Keith talks in alphanumerals/Keith built a drug cathedral/Shape of an octahedron/Where he could hide from young Orwelians who would trample their brothers!/A thin white powder film on everything/But soot is the color of the White City.*

Even more intriguing are the lyrics to "The Flat Earth," an electronic reggae song. *The Earth can be any shape you want it/Any shape at all/Dark and cold or bright and warm/Long or thin or small/But it's home and all I ever had/And maybe why for me the Earth is flat.*

Continued on Page 11