

# Arts & Entertainment

## 'Target' successful thriller; Hinton film disappointing

By Tom Mockler  
Staff Reporter

Following are three "mini-reviews".  
"Target," presently showing at the Douglas 3, is a good espionage/human drama thriller.

### Movie Review

Gene Hackman, who I've never seen give a bad performance (even though he's been in some pretty bad films) is convincing as a former CIA agent turned Texas lumberyard manager. Matt Dillon, as Hackman's son, turns in one of the best performances of his career.

The film starts out in Texas where Hackman enjoys a slow-paced life, which bores his son to tears. But after seeing the film it is easy to understand why Hackman enjoys the slow-paced life. This is explained when his wife goes on a European tour and gets kidnapped.

The drama is helped out considerably by a U.S. Intelligence operative, played by Josef Sommer. Sommer, who was memorable as the head detective/bad guy in "Witness," plays a similar character here. Although Sommers' character inspires trust, he is easily believable as the coldest villain possible. Trust is a two-sided coin.

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"Bring On The Night," the latest film starring rock star Sting, is relatively good for a concert film. While any concert movie has its limitations — even "Stop Making Sense" — the entire genre was helped out by the installation of Dolby Stereo in movie theaters.

"Bring on the Night" is subtitled "A Band is Born." Well, this is both true and untrue. We do see Sting rehearsing the material for his first album with drummer Omar Hakim, horn player Branford Marsalis, singers Dollet McDonald and Jance Pendarvis, and keyboardist and bassists Kenny Kirkland and Darryl Jones. But as Hakim says: "I don't know if I would call this a band at this stage, since that implies everyone has an equal say."

It is quite obvious Sting is in charge, but you can't keep a good musician

down, and his band abounds with talent. Musically and lyrically the material Sting is producing now blows away anything he did with the Police. If you don't have "Dream of the Blue Turtles" and missed Sting in concert, this movie can be informative and entertaining.

Besides, it's not just a concert film. For some reason they decided to film the birth of Sting's son, which explains the PG-13 rating. It is both the most revolting and moving moment in the movie.

I have to admit the idea of filming a band as they form (instead of as it breaks up) is rather interesting, even if the whole thing seems crassly calculated. Marsalis and Hakim are outstanding.

\*\*\*  
"That Was Then, This is Now" is somewhat of a disappointment. It stars Emilio Estevez, who makes his screenplay writing debut. The film, based on the S.E. Hinton novel, just does not quite get off the ground, although Estevez gives it the "old college try."

Estevez is somewhat engaging as Mark, the guy who "never knew what hit him." But my major complaint is the entire concept of the story is warped.

I can only blame Estevez for not rewriting the story enough.

Some people marvel at S.E. Hinton for having a novel published when she was 16. However, in the film it is painfully obvious we are looking at an immature perspective.

The entire concept of "That Was Then, This is Now" is shallow stuff. Bryon, the "mature" one, who "sees the future coming" is a really boring guy, and his girlfriend, played by Kim Delaney, ("Jenny" of "All My Children" fame) is even duller. She helps him "grow up."

When Bryon says to Mark: "Why don't you grow up?" and Mark says "What, and be like you? — No thanks," I said "Yeah!"

So maybe I put my money on the wrong horse but I think Hinton's race-track is all screwed up anyway. My adolescence was never so confusing. As a post-adolescent it is harder to understand her version of society. Is our choice really between juvenile delinquency and being dull as dishwater?

Perhaps the problem is the original story took place in a '60ish setting which doesn't work in the 1980s.

## Ferguson excites fans

By Bill Wimmer  
Staff Reporter

Maynard Ferguson, world-renowned trumpet player and showman, played to a sold-out crowd at Kimball Hall on Saturday night as part of the Kimball Performance Series.

### Concert Review

Ferguson was a hit with the crowd even before he began to play. Excited fans chanted "Maynard, Maynard" before any of the band members walked on stage.

Ferguson, known for his hot, high, brassy solos and showmanship, gave the crowd everything that they wanted. The arrangements were tight and featured most of the band's members and, of course, Ferguson's short, bravura solos.

After "Coconut Champagne," a Latin tune, Ferguson again featured Reece on a ballad called "Beautiful Heart." This song highlighted Ferguson on flugel horn and Reece on tenor sax. Reece and another band member played a call-and-response duet from each end of the auditorium.

The first set ended with a medley of old bop standards appropriately titled "Bebop Buffet."

The second set highlighted a medley of Maynard Ferguson hits, starting with "MacArthur Park" and "Chameleon"

## Notes on the plastic chicken and the machine under Love

"Whut is it?"  
The sound of those three words tripping off the tongues of befuddled collegians could be heard again and again outside Love Library last week. Sometimes you could hear several "Whut is it?" at once.

People were stopping to stare at "The Machine That Makes The World," a piece of art by New Yorker Alice Aycok.



Chris Welsch

For a while I thought there was going to be a petting zoo under the library's connecting link. The machine looked like it was made to befuddle sheep as well as humans. Others hypothesized that "it" was a device to stack books, or dispose of them. I heard someone say it was a tool to organize the library. A bomb would work better, I said at the time.

The machine is big and complicated, and it is an addition to Sheldon's permanent collection. It's better looking than the Wick Center, and it's not as prominently displayed. It's more intriguing than the rocks that are supposed to pass for art between Ninth and 10th on O street.

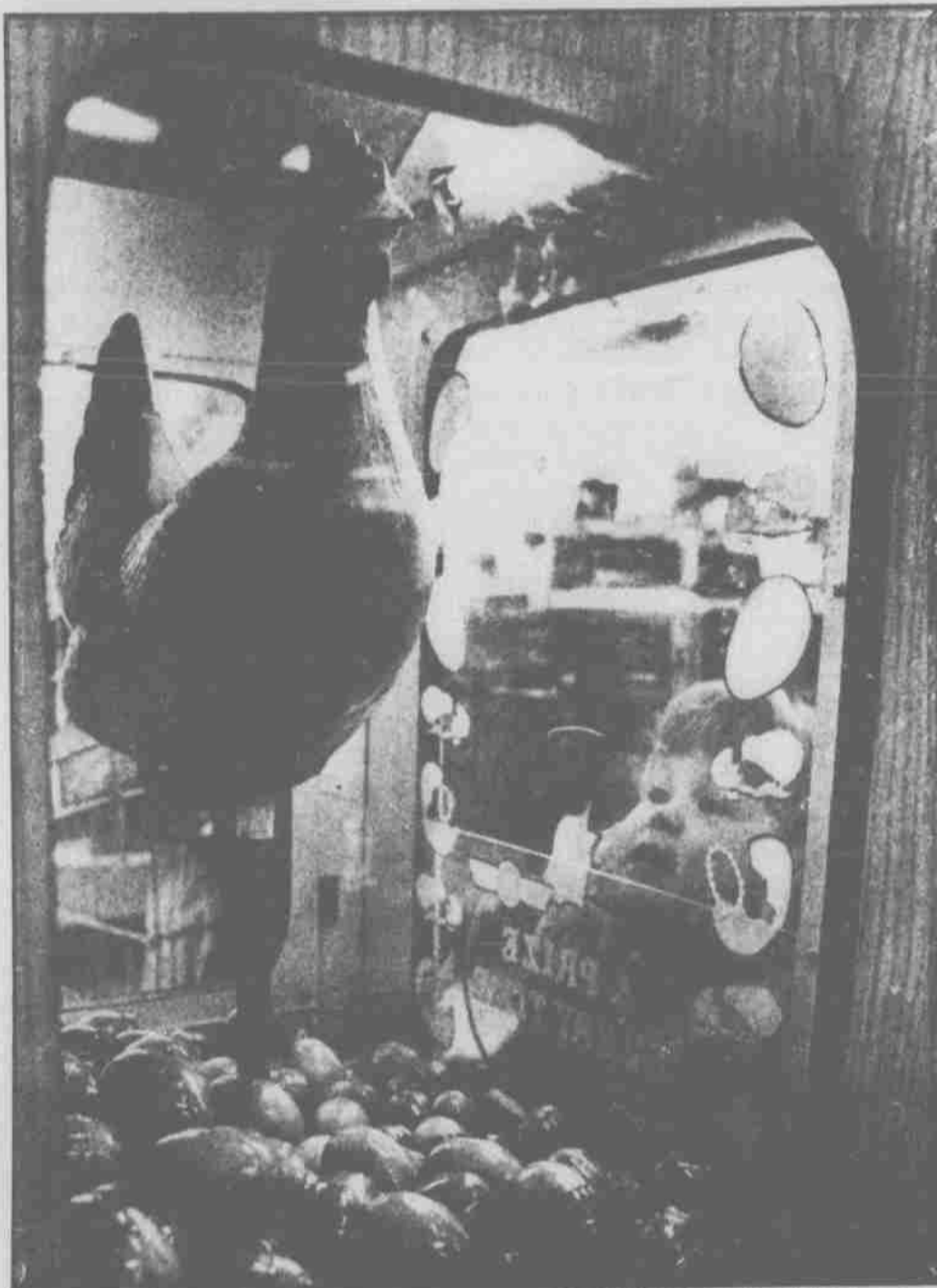
Right there, you have some strong reasons to like the machine, even if you have to walk around it to get to sociology 151.

Most importantly, the machine is a pleasing metaphor for the American understanding of the world, or lack thereof.

We tend to view the world as a machine, one that should work in consistent, predictable ways. That can be seen in U.S. foreign policy, which tends to ignore that different nations have different world views, and different motivations.

It can also be seen in the American obsession with money and social standing. We need only learn to pull the right levers and wealth, fame and dinner with Jackie O. will be ours.

Aycok's thing mocks that mechanical, ethnocentric view. Her mach-



David Creamer/Daily Nebraskan

Two-year-old Jessica Heath of Lincoln ponders the mystery and enchantment of the magic chicken roosting in the Hinky Dinky at 2145 S. 17th St.

ine won't do anything. In fact, the people who stand around the machine and say "Whut is it?" are as much a part of it as the boards and cables that compose it.

This brings me to another machine, and another metaphor for America. At the South Street Hinky Dinky, there roosts a magic chicken.

This magic chicken sits in a glass box by the courtesy counter. It's red and brown, and it's mounted on a chrome post. Hundreds of brightly colored plastic eggs lie under it.

You put in a quarter, and the chicken spins around, emitting a somewhat mechanical "cheep, cheep, cheep." Then an egg rolls out.

In my two pilgrimages to the chicken, I've received two aluminum-plastic Michael Jackson gloves. A friend who is more devoted to the

chicken has received a collection of small plastic handguns and stickers that say, "I love Michael." Jackson, I assume.

I think this chicken is art — it certainly ranks with the rocks and pulls in a close second to the machine.

"You pays your dime and you takes your chance." What could be more American? This chicken gives instant gratification every time — and the congratulatory "cheeps" heighten the drama.

This is a machine for the masses, and what do the masses need? Food? Shelter? Education? No. They need handguns and tokens of Jackson Worship.

That's what I think about it, anyway. You think what you want. Ain't art grand?

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