



## Paisley squad disappointing

By Charles Lieurance  
Diversions Editor

Welcome to the new summer of love, (winter of love? winter of discontent?) sort of a cross between the Munich Beer Hall Putsch of 1923 and "Father Knows Best."

Monday night the geriatric paisley squad pulled out the stops for one of the multitude of retro-extravaganzas touring our backward-lean-

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ing land in the year of our Lord 1986. The venue: Omaha Civic Auditorium's Music Hall. The event: Allegedly a reunion concert of the Mamas and the Papas (spelled "Mammas and Pappas" on the marquee, welcome to Nebraska), the Byrds and the Turtles (with Flo and Eddie) ... with special guests The Who, the Grass Roots, the Guess Who, the Electric Spoonfed Baby Buggy, the Chocolate Watchband, the Four Preps, Four Tops, Four Lads, Four Seasons, Four Freshmen, the Four Plays and a debut appearance by the four horse-men of the apocalypse. Year: Who can tell anymore? Only the records department of the Los Angeles Nursing Home knows for sure.

Although this horror show was nowhere near as offensive as the Monkees, Grass Roots, Herman's Hermits and Gary Puckett and the Union Gap tour last summer, that

was so wretched it put the bands' future playing for brain-dead tourists at Knotts Berry Farm in jeopardy.

The Byrds, for instance, still had the makings of a band. Gene Clark, the only original Byrd in the house (he played tambourine and wrote songs for the first incarnation), led the band with some sloppy but passable acoustic guitar (should've stuck with tambourine) through all the hits and even a gorgeous new number called "Mary Sue." The Byrds actually added some new touches to the old sound, a little reggae inflection here and there, new vocal phrasing.

The rest of the night was pure Vegas schmaltz. The Byrds hauled the good-taste machine off the stage with them and all heck broke loose. Some white guy came on stage alone with a Stratocaster and did a Hendrix-ization of the Christmas carol "Noel." At this point a man made entirely of tie-dye stood on his seat and began to sway to his own private acid mantra, he kissed his hands and raised them to the universe. The universe whispered, "hi."

The Turtles, featuring lead Laurel and Hardy impersonators Flo and Eddie, took the stage and the lone guitarist, the last rock 'n' roller we were to see that night, stepped into the background. Flo is a lounge comedian's bad dream, a big, obnoxious fool who juggles tambourines badly, scratches out S.O.S. signals on a guitar, openly mocks Eddie and sort of sings when

he feels like it.

Eddie, on the other hand, is the old man from "Life of Brian" who sat in a pit and hadn't talked for 20 years. His voice hasn't suffered much, but when he leads the mostly middle-aged yuppie crowd in a chant of "Don't let your kids get hipper than you" you want to throw up.

The Turtles joked their way through "Eleanor, I Think You're Swell," "Happy Together" and "It Ain't Me, Babe." Somewhere deep in the nature boy's jello mind, the brown acid finally kicked in.

Flo led the crowd in a "Louie, Louie" sing along, the "Kumbaya" of the future, perhaps. Crowds respond like this to anything that even remotely sounds like "Louie, Louie" or "Twist and Shout" with the sort of frenzy normally reserved for old people who can't seem to get the spoonful of oatmeal to their mouths.

Round three. Schmaltz-20, Summer of Love-0.

Suddenly a swing choir pretending to be the Mamas and the Papas was on stage. John Phillips looked like he'd been hit by a train called time. The other faces were strangers. In the nadir of bad taste for the evening, the group even included a token fat lady to replace Mama Cass Elliott. Rumors that Papa John had enlisted his daughter, McKenzie to replace one of the Mamas proved erroneous.

Rumors that the Summer of Love was back were likewise dispelled.

## 'Men' gives its audience a glimpse at the lives of two complex men

By Stew Magnuson  
Staff Reporter

I have to admit that I had some preconceived notions when I went to the press screening of the West German film "Men." With a title like that, combined with the fact that it's written and directed by a woman, I just assumed "Men" was some sort of feminist, anti-

having an affair until he discovers a hickie on Paula's (Ulrike Kreiner) neck. Julius becomes obsessed with knowing what kind of man his wife is sleeping with. He moves out, cancels their family vacation and checks into a seedy motel where a loud couple makes erotic noises nightly.

Julius is thrown into a midlife crisis. He tails his wife and the long, golden-haired hippie, Stephan, wherever they go. One afternoon, after Paula and Stephan (Uwe Ochsenknecht) go their separate ways, Julius follows Stephan to his apartment where he is in the act of tossing his girlfriend out. Now Stephan needs a new roommate. Julius takes Stephan's "roommate needed" announcement off a cafe wall and convinces him he needs a room.

Now, it's "Odd Couple" time. Except this "Odd Couple" has a twist. Stephan is totally unaware that his new roommate is the husband of the rich, suburban wife with whom he's been having an illicit affair. The two are classic opposites. Both are former hippies and in their mid-30s. But Julius gave up his rebel ways for an executive job at a packaging company. Stephan chose to continue his Bohemian lifestyle and makes a small living as a freelance graphic artist. Stephan rides a bike, and Julius drives a Maserati.

Every situation and every piece of dialogue is dripping with dramatic

irony. When Julius grills Stephan about the woman he's been seeing, he replies, "Anyway, it's no business of yours."

Julius becomes a confused man. He's full of hostility towards Stephan while slowly building a friendship with his bipolar opposite. Sometimes his hostility gets out of hand. For instance, when he spills scalding hot coffee on the artist's hands, or when he starts beating the heck out of him while they're jogging.

There are some scenes that could have turned into an American sitcom. Paula drops in for an unexpected visit, and Julius solves this conflict by putting on an ape mask. Director Doris could have gone for big laughs like an episode of "Three's Company" by having Paula blunder in and uncover the whole situation, but thankfully, that never really happens. I don't think "Men" is the hilarious comedy that its advertising makes it out to be. But the ironies certainly will make anyone smile and keep virtually everyone entertained. The acting is superb. When I'm forced to read subtitles and can't understand the language, characterization is sometimes lost on me. But Julius and Stephan become very real and multi-dimensional people.

"Men" is showing at Sheldon Film Theatre Thursday through Sunday at 7 and 9 p.m. There are matinees Saturday at 3 p.m. and Sunday at 5 p.m.

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male "Men are such jerks" diatribe. And hey, there's nothing wrong with that. Personally, I get my male ego torn down two or three times a day.

Well, that isn't what "Men" is all about. But it isn't about men in general, either. Perhaps a better title would be "Two Men" because "Men" is an in-depth study of two very different males.

The story revolves around Julius Armbrust (Heiner Lauterbach), who discovers on his 12th year anniversary that his wife, Paula, is sleeping with another man. Of course, he's upset about the whole situation. In fact, he's so upset that he tells his secretary he can no longer have afternoon quickies on his desk with her.

Here we see the classic double standard. Julius is entirely comfortable



Julius (Heiner Lauterbach) dons a gorilla mask to hide his identity from his wife Paula (Ulrike Kriener) when she visits the apartment he is sharing with her lover Stephan (Uwe Ochsenknecht, left) in Doris Dörrie's "Men."

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