Friday, April 8, 1988

Daily Nebraskan

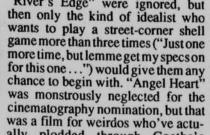
Columnist: Oscars contain usual glaring injustices

The envelope, please



'Tis the season for critical condescension. Time for Rex Reed to an-nounce that his "big succulent peach of a movie" didn't get so much as a wink from Oscar, then go on to rave endlessly about fashion crimes com-mitted during Monday night's Academy Awards ceremony. Time for every critic from Joe Bob Briggs to Andrew Sarris to tell why Oscar is irrelevant, passe, rigged, insignificant, incestuous, too square, too fashionable, dull, atheoretical and just flat-out wrong.

But even after they've maimed Oscar's potency by issuing their own pedantic top-10 lists (always includ-ing some nine-hour-plus "film essay" on the color blue) and donned rented tuxedos to host their own "If we picked the winners" TV shows, they will watch the proceedings. They will watch through the flatulence and back-stabbing, the groveling thankyous, and the sickening pomp and glitter. They will titter at the faux pas and bow their heads in quiet reverence while Oscar trots out some 101year-old extra from D.W. Griffith's "Intolerance" who will, complete with shakes and sporadic fits of narcolepsy, misremember American cinema's golden age. They will see the thing out until the final Oscarnominated song is welped out by Sonny Bono or Robert Goulet, and the Sonny Bono or Robert Goulet, and the Matchbook University and was the last envelope — sealed what seems only really lively thing about an othlike decades ago by Price-Water- erwise morose cinematic meditation.



though.

most people who follow film religwas monstrously neglected for the iously, mind-melding with the Academy is a frightening thought. "The Last Emperor," Bernardo

ally plodded through Goethe's Bertolucci's staggering, geo-erotic

"River's Edge" were ignored, but Morning, Vietnam," Robin Wil-then only the kind of idealist who wants to play a street-corner shell playing himself. He did do it well, same more than three times ("Instead of population of the did do it well, same more than three times ("Instead of the did do it well, "The Last Emperor" won't take an opening the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an same more than three times ("Instead of the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did the did the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did the did take the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did the did take the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did take the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did take the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did take the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did take the did do it well, "The last Emperor" won't take an opening the did take Oscar.

For Best Picture predictions, it's "Moonstruck" is a fine film, but best to think like the Academy. For it's a little too quirky for the Academy. There's too much over-the-top acting (blamed on the moon, of course) and the whole affair's a bit stagey for Oscar's finicky tastes. When there are safer films like "Fatal "Faust." Tom Waits' performance in epic, was too big to be ignored by the Attraction" and "Broadcast News" to

I MUST BE IN HELL ARRRRG! Glenn Close, 1987 "I Got You, Babe Cher, 1965 You like me! You like me ! ... Bond. James Bond. Sally Field, 1984 Sean Connery, 1964-1985

"Ironweed" makes those in the running for Best Supporting Actor look like walk-ins at the Stanislavski

house — is peeled open by some un-nominated, coke-fried anti-celebrity. of the finest American films of the This year's Oscars contain the decade, was ignored completely by same glaring aberrations of justice as the Hollywood glitterati. The Acadany previous year. Deserving maver- emy did, however, nominate the star ick films like "Raising Arizona" and of Levinson's far-inferior "Good

powers that be, but the director's name is Bertolucci. Also, the stars are, except for roles too trivial to mention, from faraway places with strange sounding names. The main exception, Peter O'Toole (what's making an epic without Peter O'Toole?), is, one, from England, and two, "not one of us, if you know what I mean" (remember, we're thinking like the Academy now).

Unless this is one of those fluke

John Bruce/Daily Nebraskan

fall for, who needs "Moonstruck?" "Broadcast News" is my pick for the Best Picture. It's a picture-perfect contemporary screwball comedy, and there's a Hollywood camaraderie feel to it (blessed for all time by an unannounced cameo by Academy favorite Jack Nicholson) that should make it a cinch for the big statue.

"Fatal Attraction" might take it simply by virtue of being the "picture everybody's talking about," and if the

grab every category in which it's nominated. The film itself is nothing but well-executed hooey, of course, but it got mentioned in Time and Newsweek outside the entertainment

page, so it must be important. "Hope and Glory" is a strange little film memoir by a director who's not exactly Oscar-prone, John Boorman. Also, as far as Hollywood goes, England is as far away as Tibet. We let the limeys in as brothers, but we still won't let our Oscar marry one. I think we can safely say "Chariots of Fire" was just the Academy's version of affirmative action. The quota is probably filled for the next decade or

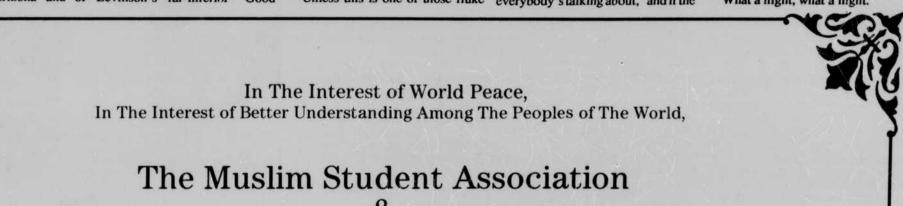
The next big guess, of course, is who will sing the five nominated Best Original Songs during the ceremony. Usually the duties of singing these usually pathetic ditties are split between people you haven't heard sing since you raided your father's record collection for something romantic to put on the stereo that weekend in high school when your parents were away, and atrocious top-40 stars just as bad as the ones who originally performed the songs in the films.

Perhaps the most sinful omission in this category is 1987's obvious musical highlight — Annette Fu-nicello and Fishbone together at last in "Back to the Beach" singing "Jamaica Ska." And then Pearl Bailey and Huey Lewis and the Newssinging it at the ceremony? Where is the Academy's sense of adventure? The nomination of the song "Cry

Freedom" as the song from "Cry Freedom" destroyed an age-old dream of mine — seeing Barbara Mandrell sing Peter Gabriel's Biko.

The other tunes are really too undistinguished for anyone to care

who sings them. Bob Seger's "Shakedown" done by Andy Williams maybe . . . What a night, what a night.





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