

# Film bad enough to give audience 'Tremors'

By Julie Naughton  
Senior Reporter

"Tremors" is the type of movie that the producers should pay you to go see.

Pretentious as this may sound, it's

## movie REVIEW

true. Reality check? This movie needs one.

It's not too much to ask, is it, just for a plot that has some degree of believability? This movie has none.

What it has is four, humongous, snake creatures, a cute leading man (Kevin Bacon), some desolate, Central California desert and a lot of cornball lines.

Everybody is after these four snake

creatures that have taken over the entire, fictional area around Perfection, Nev. (The real-life filming locale was Lone Pine, Calif., a small town on the south-eastern edge of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.)

Bacon plays Valentine, a real, down-home, straight-shootin' Westerner. Down to the "Aw, shucks."

Bacon's character plays on every stereotype of cowboys in existence. Valentine and his buddy Earl, played by Fred Ward, are the first people the audience sees -- the heroes.

The two are the handymen in the 14-person town (and while these snake creatures are around, the population of Perfection diminishes rapidly). The two drive around in their beat-up pickup -- and later in a tractor -- trying to

save the town, while the snake creatures devour eight humans, two horses,

one generator, one station wagon, one pogo stick, three bombs, a lot of ammo, numerous cows and a flock of sheep.

They must have been very, very hungry.

Michael ("Steven Keaton") Gross pulls an abrupt about-face from his kindly Family Ties character to play Bert, an elephant-gun-toting, bomb-building maniac. He and his wife, Heather (played by country-western singer Reba McEntire) own an arsenal the Soviets would envy. These people have enough guns and ammo to supply half the world for a year.

Their Bronco license plates read "UZI 4 U."

Maybe that should have been a premonition of how bad the movie was going to be.

Finn Carter, perhaps best known

for her role on the soap opera "As the World Turns," plays Rhonda, a seismology student who's up in Paradise Valley to check out what's happening to the university's seismographs. She nearly gets eaten by the strange creatures but manages to stay alive long enough to get it on with Bacon.

Victor Wong plays Walter, whose general store is eaten for lunch by the snake-things. Wong's character was the appetizer.

Oooh, yummy.

Carter, Bacon and Ward have charisma, but their roles are not written to suit their talents.

If your friends ask you to accompany them to the next showing of "Tremors," please -- Just Say No.

"Tremors" is playing at the Plaza 4, 12th and P streets.



Andy Manhardt/Daily Nebraskan

# 'Roger & Me' a realistic slap in the face

By Julie Naughton  
Senior Reporter

Wendy Stansler is a woman with a mission.

Her goal is to help film director Michael Moore and his crew inform the United States of the trying economic times in a town called Flint, Mich.

Stansler is the associate producer and co-editor of the Warner Brothers film, "Roger & Me," which opens in Lincoln Feb. 9.

"Roger & Me" is the story of the problems in Flint that occurred after General Motors Corp. closed down and moved out. The film is more than a movie.

It is a slap in the face by reality.

Flint was the birthplace of GM. General Motors was the main industry in town until GM Chairman Roger Smith decided to move the factory south of the border to Mexico. Smith's decision was inspired by the fact that GM could pay hungry Mexican workers 70 cents an hour.

The GM move devastated Flint's economy. People relied on their jobs at the factory to be able to put food on the table. The move eliminated 35,000 jobs in a town of 150,000 residents.

Michael Moore, a Flint journalist, wanted to do something to warn others that what happened in Flint could happen in other cities. He called people that he'd worked with -- old friends -- people he thought could help.

One of these people was Stansler. She liked the idea of making a movie to illustrate what had happened to Flint. She has been with the project "literally, since day one."

"Michael had been a writer for so long that he thought he'd try something different," she said.

Stansler said the crew wanted to bring the situation in Flint to the nation in a commercial way.

"We didn't want to make a heavy-handed documentary," Stansler said. "People wouldn't be interested in a heavy-handed documentary."

Instead, they used humor.

But the film still brings up big questions about the fairness of the American economy.

"Is it democratic?" asked Stansler.

"You notice that we don't try to give the answers in the film. We don't have the answers. We all need to work together to try to find the answers. We feel that the film summarizes the '80s." Although the documentary style meant that the company had to depend on people's willingness to participate, Stansler said, the crew had no real problems rounding up participants.

People were open to being filmed for the movie, she said.

"For once, people felt that they were being heard, that their stories were being told," she said.

Stories like getting evicted on Christmas Eve, Stansler's own favorite scene.

"You're not going to see that on

the 6 o'clock news because nobody wants to see it," Stansler said.

Stansler wears a jacket made especially for the promotion tour. It says "Rogerama Tour 1989-90."

Some people, said Stansler, are suggesting that the film is unfair to Smith.

"Malcolm Forbes said in the New York Times that the film isn't fair to Roger Smith, that he's a warm man, which is what a GM lobbyist says in the movie," Stansler said. "It's kind of ironic that they use exactly the same phrase."

She snorts. "Roger doesn't see this as a problem," Stansler said. "After all, he got a \$2 million raise the year the plant in Flint closed."

# Magic Slim calls Zoo Bar 'home away from home'

By Michael Deeds  
Senior Editor

Magic Slim and the Teardrops  
"Magic Slim Live!"  
Plymouth House, Inc.

He ain't slim, but he sure is magic. Anybody who has seen the jolly, jammin' giant knows that Magic Slim pulls no punches when it comes to the blues. And the Chicago-based blues man is the first to say that Lincoln's own Zoo Bar, 135 N 14th St., has

stage. Magic likes to have his drink before he plays.

But when he finally rambles over to the microphone and picks up his guitar, it's time to sit down in your seat.

Anybody who has been smart enough to catch Magic Slim live will mentally picture the entire show throughout this recording.

Who needs MTV?  
"How y'all doin'?" Magic hollers, and the sparks fly.

The band grooves through ten classics like "My Buddy Buddy Friends," "Mustang Sally," and the hilariously harmonized "Not The Same Person." The big man rocks on lead guitar and grunts, wails and weeps out his grinding, blues vocals.

Slim's band, the Teardrops -- Nick Holt, John Primer and Michael Scott -- is always steady. But Slim isn't. He just rocks his audiences out of their seats with a style like, but unlike, Albert Collins and B.B. King.

And to think the 52-year-old ex-construction worker couldn't make a living playing his stuff until just over a decade ago. His first road trip out of Chicago was in 1975 when he came to Nebraska, and, yes, the Zoo Bar.

"I know more people here than any place I ever played out of town," Slim has said. "So, here I am still at the Zoo 14 years later."

"That's a long time."

One hundred more years to you, Slim. "Magic Slim Live!" is a must for any true blues fanatic.



become his home away from home. So why not release a beautiful compact disc featuring the sounds of the magic man and his band?

Thank you, Plymouth House, for the insight and musical awareness.

"Magic Slim Live!" is exactly what it says. The recording, which took place from Sept. 4 to Sept. 9, 1989, epitomizes a Magic Slim show perfectly.

As the CD begins, the band is grooving and the rhythm guitarist is howling about "Let's hear it for the star of the show."

And of course, the star is not on stage. So, as usual, the band keeps encouraging Magic to step down from the bar and mosey on up to the Zoo



Meat Puppets

Courtesy of SST Records

# Diversity limitless in bluegrass band

By Michael Deeds  
Senior Editor

The Meat Puppets brought their barnyard punk style to a less-than-packed Ranch Bowl in Omaha

## concert REVIEW

Saturday night, showing that musical diversity has no limitations.

Outside, snow fell and traffic lined up as the icy terrain slowed

Omaha lifestyles. Inside, the Puppets took their amphetamine-driven bluegrass to a new level of heated metamorphosis.

The Meat Puppets are a cosmic mixture of form and fusion. First and foremost are the hairy Kirkwood brothers, who front the eclectic band.

Lead vocalist Curt Kirkwood plays his guitar in a startling style -- he could be the result of a genetic experiment between Roy Clark and Steve Vai gone astray. Kirkwood

is fast, frenzied and flailing as he plucks his guitar in a down-home, fingerpickin' style.

But, just as easily, he slides into a distorted reverb ecstasy; feedback and channels of mush pull his audiences into lost caverns of echoing horror when he ties a lead together.

Kirkwood has a voice that could fit readily into any college band, from R.E.M. to the Cure -- watch

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