

Mediocre film falls short of importance

By John Payne
Staff Reporter

"38: Vienna Before the Fall," is a film with its heart in the right place, but one that doesn't quite realize its potential.

Sadly, the powerful subject matter is buried in a rather dull love affair.

As the title would indicate, the movie takes place in a then-free Austria, shortly before the Nazi invasion. Carola

would be so blind as to be apartment hunting and hosting a New Year's Eve party at a time of such grave danger is a bit implausible, to say the least.

The scenes of young Viennese Nazis marching through the city streets are unquestionably powerful. But director Wolfgang Gluck doesn't give the audience enough of these moments to maintain interest.

Quite frankly, the central characters are not nearly as interesting as the film's gripping backdrop. Engel and Melles make no glaring errors, but we are never given a reason to want to see more of them.

The film should have done a better job following the rise of Austria's anti-semitism and the panic that engulfed Vienna upon Germany's invasion in March 1938.

The grandeur of Vienna is captured occasionally, but again, these scenes are all too brief. The absolute enormity of the Nazi takeover of Austria is a story that cannot, and should not, be contained to the lives of two very ordinary lovers.

"38: Vienna Before the Fall" certainly isn't the worst foreign film made, but it misses several opportunities to be an important one.

"38: Vienna Before the Fall" will play at 5, 7 and 9 p.m. Sunday at the Sheldon Film Theater.

movie REVIEW

Hell (Sunny Melles), Vienna's most popular stage actress, spends her time pursuing her two great loves -- theater and a talented Jewish playwright named Martin Hoffman (Tobias Engel).

Deeply in love, the two are oblivious to the political turmoil developing in Europe. Martin, a Jew, is well regarded among social sophisticates in Vienna. However, the city, known for its diplomacy and acceptance, is becoming increasingly anti-semitic, and the relationship of Carola and Martin is in jeopardy.

Hitler's thirst for European conquest looms ominously over not only their lives, but over the lives of all Austrians. "38: Vienna" does a good job of conveying that sense of fear, but the movie simply takes too long to develop. The idea that these two lov-



Tom Gallagher/Daily Nebraskan

Magorian hopes two novels will expand readership

Lincoln author writes to satisfy himself in lonely field

By Bryan Peterson
Staff Reporter

His poetry is studied in UNL classes and his books can be found in many local bookstores, but Lincoln writer James Magorian still is somewhat a mystery.

Local booksellers know the name but very little about Magorian himself.

"I'm kind of a loner," he said. "Writing is by nature a lonely work." Magorian does not make public appearances or conduct workshops as do many local writers. He lives and works in seclusion, writing or editing every day and publishing dozens of works through small presses.

Two of Magorian's novels are awaiting publication. All of his previously published works are children's books or collections of poetry.

"I am probably better known on the East and West coasts than in Lincoln," Magorian said.

He does not sell his own books locally, and the small presses which

print and distribute Magorian's works are located in places like San Francisco, Denver and Vermont.

Magorian said he would like to have more readers -- his poetry and children's books should have more

The Metal Duck in a Carnival Shooting Gallery

I keep returning to certain situations despite the suffering that always repeats itself. I must be on some cosmic conveyor belt, robbed of free will and returned to disaster on schedule like a metal duck in a carnival shooting gallery.

Magorian

exposure if his novels are printed. Even if his novels break into a national market, it is unlikely that Magorian will become more visible.

"I write to satisfy myself," he said. "I don't go out and promote myself or my books."

Surreal, slapstick, satire . . .

Magorian uses all these words to describe his poetry. Virtually anything can serve as a poem for Magorian.

"You can get ideas from anywhere; just go with them," he said.

Magorian sometimes includes photographs, charts and drawings in his collections of poetry.

"The visuals are for my own amusement and their satiric implications. They tell us what society values or put something in an unusual light," he said.

"When I do that, I am more a philosopher-artist than a writer. They are put there whimsically, a result of tapping into subconscious flows."

Such pursuit of subconscious flows marks much of Magorian's poetry. Often the poems seem like incomplete thoughts or have titles longer than the actual poem ("The Red-Haired Librarian's First Poem: Overdue").

Magorian's poems have appeared in more than 250 publications, including *The Lamplight*, *Milkweed*

Chronicle, *Nebraska Review* and *Rolling Stone*.

"I would submit them to literary magazines and journals," he said. "I did a lot of that, to get my foot in the door."

Hit-and-Run Driver Lying Awake at Night While the Police Fondle The First Three Numbers of His License Plate

With the room's version of vicious moths at stake, the kegs of dried shadows lend credence to old high school yearbook prophecies.

Magorian

Magorian does not solicit his poetry anymore with so many other projects going.

The Nebraska-born writer's children's books often are more like pamphlets but have a charming appeal which must lure unsuspecting readers into Magorian's sometimes

twisted world.

They are nothing at all like traditional children's literature, being filled with the craziest tales only the most inventive children could imagine.

The stories often retell familiar tales with new twists and simple drawings, as in "Griddlemort and the Beanstalk" or "The Three Diminutive Pigs."

At the other extreme is "The Hideout of the Sigmund Freud Gang," a mammoth collection (almost 1,000 pages) of Magorian's work which brings several of his shorter books together.

It is an enigma, full of short, quirky poems which alternately draw praise and bewilderment from the reader. They are tight bursts of whim which seem to cry out, "Just try to say this isn't poetry."

All manner of poetic, prose and diagrammatic offerings fill "The Hideout of the Sigmund Freud Gang." Magorian said the entire book satires

See MAGORIAN on 10

Language is no barrier to enjoyment of French trio's innovative music style

By Brian Meves
Staff Reporter

The Young Gods
"L'eau Rouge-Red Water"
Wax Trax

Say "oui," "oui," "oui" to The Young Gods.

The much-awaited debut album from the French, industrial-noise trio, "The Young Gods" proves to be a listening experience to say the very least.

Be forewarned, though, the entire album is in French. But you don't have to be a French major to enjoy the ever-changing music style.

On "L'eau Rouge (Red Water)," the listener is introduced to two different versions of "The Young Gods."

First of all, there is side one. The first song, "La Fille De La Mort (Daughter Of Death)," sounds like carousal music with the lead singer singing a beautiful French song in a Julio Iglesias-type voice. Then a rag-

ing symphony crashes in, climaxing the song.

Blending in nicely is "Rue Des Tempetes (Tempest Street)," which relies heavily on electric violins and guitars and rough, demonic vocals.

The last song on side one, "Char-

lotte," is a funny song with little-kiddy music. The song makes you want to stand up and sing and clap along.

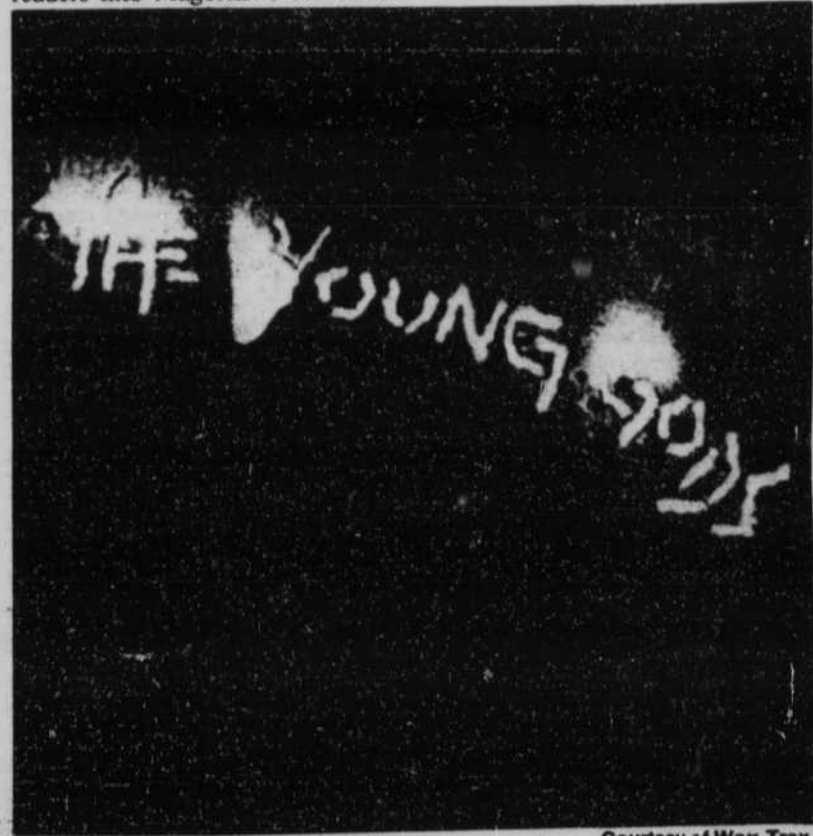
The opening song on side two, "Longue Route (Long Route)," takes a complete 360 degree turn from the music on side one. Loud, fast guitars join in to conjure up a whirlwind of noise from beginning to end, which

may cause a migraine if listened to with headphones. The hundreds of different sounds bounce from speaker to speaker in an almost nauseating manner.

The album's hottest track, "Crier Les Chiens (Screaming The Dogs)," continues with the musical onslaught. Electronic drums are added, along with many other strange synthesized sounds, creating a totally relenting sound. Many times throughout the song it sounds like your tape player is screwed up -- but no need to worry, this is how the song was produced.

The last song, "Les Enfants (The Children)," is a revolutionary marching song. It combines marching drum beats with a symphony sound that relaxes the listener. It does an excellent job of drawing the album to an end.

"L'eau Rouge (Red Water)," is a very innovative, interesting album that will keep you guessing from song to song.



Courtesy of Wax Trax