

Arts & Entertainment

Examples of elegance in 'dancing Gershwin'

By Charles Lieurance
Senior Reporter

The music of George Gershwin has managed to unite more musical styles, appeal to more generations and feel at home in more performance mediums than the works of any other American composer.

Dance Preview

As a tribute to the staying power and versatility of Gershwin's music, the UNL theater and dance department, under the direction of Jerry Bevington, is presenting "dancing Gershwin," an evening of adventurous choreography set to Gershwin compositions.

Gershwin combined blues, jazz, classical, opera and folk music with the lively music of the American Broadway stage to produce masterpieces that could be played and enjoyed in the parlors of Small Town, U.S.A., as well as in the concert halls of every metropolitan center worldwide.

His music has been featured in innumerable films, inspired several long-running musicals on Broadway, transposed into rock 'n' roll, and has been the background for some of the most exciting and innovative choreography for film and stage in this century.

Because Gershwin's music moves seamlessly from mood to mood and style to style, one moment blue and melancholy, the next light and playful, it is ideal for choreography. The music allows a choreographer to run the gamut of physical expressiveness, from the experimental and exotic to the passionate and sensual; from the homey and traditional to the ballroom opulence of the Jazz Age.

The dancers in "dancing Gershwin" will be accompanied by the Nebraska Vocal Arts Ensemble under the direction of Charles "Chip" Smith. Joseph

Kraus from the UNL School of Music will accompany on piano and percussion for the performance will be provided by Brian Irons, a UNL music student.

According to Bevington, the performance will concentrate on "three examples of elegance."

The first will be colorful, syncopated and playful. This portion of the program features 15 tunes, including "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," "Three Preludes for Piano" and "Someone to Watch Over Me."

The costuming, sets and choreography for this part of the show will be designed to capture the "opulence of the Jazz Age," Bevington said.

After intermission the dancers will return with a dazzling display of scarlet and black, designed to evoke a mood of flashy, sensual elegance.

The finale will be what most consider to be Gershwin's masterpiece, "Rhapsody in Blue."

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To create this dance extravaganza, the department of theater and dance enlisted six choreographers — Mariane Sanders, Jeanne M. Finnegan, Jeffrey Kuhl, Dorothy Hughes, Nancy Curtis-Brestel and Bevington. The costume designer is Janice Stauffer.

Performances of "dancing Gershwin" are at 8 tonight and Saturday night, with a matinee scheduled at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon. Tickets cost \$6 for students and senior citizens and \$8 for all others. The University Theatre-Dance Box-Office is in Temple Building 109.

A rodent with a mission

'Danger Mouse' fun

By Stew Magnuson
Senior Reporter

I was tired of "Wheel of the Unfortunate" and Vanna White, was just to impossibly glossy. I was tired of "M*A*S*H" and "Barney Miller" at 6:30. I needed something more stimulating after watching Mel Mains on the evening news. Flipping through the cable channels I found what I was looking for — Danger Mouse!

Tube Talk

Every weekday night at 6:30 on Nickelodeon, Danger Mouse and his trusty companion, Penfold the hamster, take on the evildoers of the world. Sure, it's a cartoon, so what?

"Danger Mouse" is a British import, one part James Bond, one part Sherlock Holmes and one part Monty Python. It's silly, goofy, and is loaded with enough bad puns to keep you groaning for the rest of the night. Yes, it is a children's show. I'm not going to sit here and write a bunch of junk about how "Danger Mouse" has another adult level. And I'm not going to pretend or look for more sophisticated levels of meaning. No, as far as I can see, there just aren't any other levels there. "Danger Mouse" is a children's cartoon show I love and watch faithfully.

"Danger Mouse" doesn't take itself seriously. You can have your Macho He-Mans, G.I. Joes and She-Ras. Danger Mouse is a rodent with a mission. He and Penfold are ready to take on the dangerous, and not so dangerous, villains threatening Earth. They patiently await Colonel K's orders from their secret hideout inside a London postbox.

Once they did battle with an evil scientist and a flock of vicious bats. Cricket bats, that is. Once the Earth was under 30-feet of water. The tides had washed over London because an alien started a rocket scrap heap on one side of the moon, creating an off-balance magnetic pull.

"I only want one thing for my pile of scrap," the little green alien said.

"And what's that?" Danger Mouse asks.

"Eyebrows. I've never had any!"

Penfold loyally gives the alien his eyebrows. The world is saved.

The animation and backgrounds of "Danger Mouse" are great. No, it doesn't approach the old Warner Brothers cartoons, or even "Johnny Quest"; it seems no cartoons ever will again. But it's much better than the computer-generated, robotic junk that comes over from Japan for the macho afternoon cartoons, or should I say, the macho, half-hour advertisements for He-Man toys.

Who would have thought any program could follow Mel Mains?

"Danger Mouse" is just plain fun. The narrator never lets you forget he's reading from a script. Sometimes Penfold has to stop to rehearse his lines. A cartoon character rehearsing his lines? Making fun of the script is common (and I bet you thought they made that up on "Moonlighting").

"Danger Mouse" is the perfect 6:30 show, and who would have thought any program could follow Mel Mains?



Ward Williams/Daily Nebraskan

Cornerstone

Rock 'n' roll for Jesus

Cornerstone plays music that moves the spirit and the feet

By Greg Vest
Staff Reporter

Cornerstone, a local Christian band, is as diverse in its music as it is in its membership. Cornerstone is an interdenominational group whose membership ranges from Catholics and Presbyterians to Mennonites. They cover songs by Amy Grant, Steve Taylor, Petra, Michael W. Smith and others along with a couple of originals written by bassist Joe Gehr. The music itself ranges from rock to ballads with some pop, folk and country mixed in. A few tunes in their set might even have been written by Elvis Costello turned Southern Baptist.

If you just heard the song titles, such as "Rock Solid," "Scene of the Crime," and "I Know Power," you might mistake them for one of the many secular generic rock bands of Lincoln. However, once the show begins the difference between Cornerstone and these other groups becomes clear. The group uses music as the medium to express its faith. The music is secondary to the message, but that doesn't diminish

it. The band has been together a year now and has been playing for church camps and youth groups. I attended a private show for a youth group and was impressed by the atmosphere that the group generated. They have a great sense of humor, even with the corny jokes. Guitarist David Philson displays great talent that shouldn't be ignored just because he doesn't

Davis played with a broken ankle. Now that's dedication.

The group really seemed to enjoy themselves and that carried to the high-school audience. Some of the students danced, others tapped their feet and all smiled. The absence of the usual extracurricular activities that accompany rock concerts only enhanced the image Cornerstone was trying to present. It was fun and I felt no pressure to be anyone except myself, a hard thing to find at a gathering of religious individuals.

Band Review

copy Eddie Van Halen. Singer Kay Miller has a rich voice that reminds me of Mama Cass in its power and range. Though they could use a bit more practice, they have a powerful sound that matches the music they play. Too many rock bands alter punk and folk music so that the qualities that separate them from rock 'n' roll are lost. Not Cornerstone. Singer Phil Whitmarsh is as animated as they come, interacting with the audience and belting out the vocals. Rhythm guitarist Scot

Cornerstone doesn't play for profit, they ask only that their expenses be covered. They expressed real interest in playing on campus, hoping to show people another side to rock music that doesn't include biting heads off bats and dressing like David Lee Roth clones. I'd much rather listen to these guys than the cross-carrying crusaders who flock to Brayhill Fountain.

Music with a message. Rock and holy rolling. The gospel on guitar. All this awaits you in a night with Cornerstone.

Visit from an uninvited Vietnam vet spices up questions, poses question

Amid the rigors of college life — cognitive gnawing during the week, religious sedation on the weekends — It's nice — well, interesting — to have an experience that causes one's adrenalin to ooze from one's ears.

With that in mind, I have a story to tell. A phenomena that could only be labeled a sign of the times.

It was a slow Friday evening. The first after a series filled with rather gratuitously fast-paced living . . . all in all, a "relaxing" evening at the dwelling.

A pawing hand

One of my roommates, Tom, noticed a hand pawing at the large leaded-glass window that stands between the foyer and the front door. Thinking that it was one of the warped clan that so often saturates our house, I hopped over the couch and quickly opened the door.

Rather than finding a friend, I found my 6-2 frame *mano-a-mano* with a 6-5, wild-eyed drunk.

"Got to get the kids out," he raged, as he tried to walk through me into the living room.

I am a pacifist. At the same time, I don't rally care to have large, raving

drunks rummaging around in our cellar trying to "get the kids out." Thus I made the most aggressive move I would ever want to make. I stopped him, midchest, with an open palm.

"There's no kids here," I replied, my stomach in a series of panicked knots.

"Got to get the kids out," he insisted, trying to move past me and Norris, another roommate.

Kevin Cowan

"There's only who you see in the room," Norris said.

"Look," he said, "my name's . . . well . . . a name that doesn't mean shit. Well . . . my name's Gregory."

Then one of those one-minute handshakes. A handshake filled, not with placid greetings, but with confusion and fear.

"I'm a 'Nam vet . . . I was down at . . . that . . . well . . . down at that shop . . ." he slurred.

"What, The 7-11?" I offered. "Ya, sefun-elefen," he mumbled. There were these kids and . . . we

can't let them go over . . . they don't need to be there," he pleaded.

"I understand that," I said, now feeling the tension drop, mildly, from my midsection. Heart rate down to warp 3. He had no weapon — a reassuring sign.

Handshakes and babble

More handshakes — more babble. After about 15 minutes we convinced him of the lack of refugees in our basement. A strange pickup truck was honking in front of our house. Seemed to be the cronic of this wild-eyed vet standing, now not so wired, in our doorway. The driver never revealed himself . . . little wonder why.

Greg left our foyer on one of those "God bless you" tones adopted so frequently by the panhandlers on O-Street.

A couple of points can be derived from this cerebral ov' oad.

In this day of '80s new paranoia, he's lucky he wasn't arrested. Many would have freaked, beaten him over the skull with an iron poker or a half-empty vodka bottle. Had Norris and I been out, leaving my four smaller roommates, that may have been the conclu-

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