

# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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## STATE ARTS with Joel Strauch

### Crab trainer left in pinch

The bets are laid down. You can almost touch the tension in the air. The onlookers bend down to get a closer look at the track. The starting gun is fired, the gate opens and—the crabs are off!

The crabs?

That's right. I recently had the pleasure of experiencing the drama of hermit-crab racing at P.O. Pears for FAC.

I had been almost giddy with anticipation since I first found out this was actually done.

I called Pears immediately to find out how I could join in the crustacean derby.

Unfortunately, they weren't having them at the time because all the crabs were dead. The jockeys must have been a little rough on them.

But starting two weeks ago, thanks to a new shipment of the little house-carrying buggers, the crab races came back on line.

Last week, I went early, making sure that I would be able to pick out the fastest, most industrious crab in the whole darn aquarium.

I chose this big, strong, speedy-looking little guy and even got to number and name him. (No. 4, Zeke, was the favored seed for his heat.)

The racers are woken up from their preparatory slumber with a couple of blasts from a Super Soaker (this is also used to keep the trainers from interfering with the race.)

They are placed under a bottomless bucket, which is raised after the signal is given with the starting gun.

The bucket was drawn up, the crabs were given an additional spraying to get them moving and a loud "They're off!" resounded through the bar.

Trainers went mad. The first crab to the edge of the track was the winner, and each trainer knew their crab was destined for glory.

Several of them got wet because they touched the track or got too close to the racers.

But not me. I hung back, confident that Zeke was the one.

I scanned the racers, looking for the heroic Zeke, who I knew had to be powering himself over the finish line any minute.

No, it couldn't be true. The muscular legs of Zeke—built for speed—were pointing straight up in the air as he rested on his shell in the middle of the track.

Not even the water from the Soaker could rouse him from this coma.

Maybe next time I'll bring my own crab.

Strauch is a senior secondary education major and a Daily Nebraskan senior reporter.

## Smoking Gunns to explode at Civic

By Gerry Beltz  
Senior Reporter

Through thick and thin, bodyslams and backdrops, Bart Gunn and Billy Gunn have been there for each other.

The Gunns make up one of the World Wrestling Federation's hottest tag teams, the Smoking Gunns, and will attempt to regain the WWF Tag Team Championship tonight at the Omaha Civic Auditorium.

Professional wrestlers keep very difficult schedules, Bart said.

"We're on the road probably 280 to 300 days out of the year," he said. "It's a little trying at times, but we both understand and we just work with it."

"The phone bills are high, too."

Living on the road makes married life difficult sometimes. Both Gunns are married and said they work hard to stay close to their wives.

"My wife is a big part of my wrestling," Billy said, "and she helped get me to where I'm at."

"I wouldn't trade it for nothing."

Both Bart and Billy also have children. Billy said his oldest son really enjoys watching wrestling on television.

"They love it," Billy said. "They probably know more about it than I do."

Ironically, touring with the WWF actually makes it hard for the Gunns to stay in peak wrestling form.

"It's tough traveling and staying in top condition," Bart said. "Flying doesn't give a lot of time to hit the gym, and traveling 300 days a year takes its toll on the body."

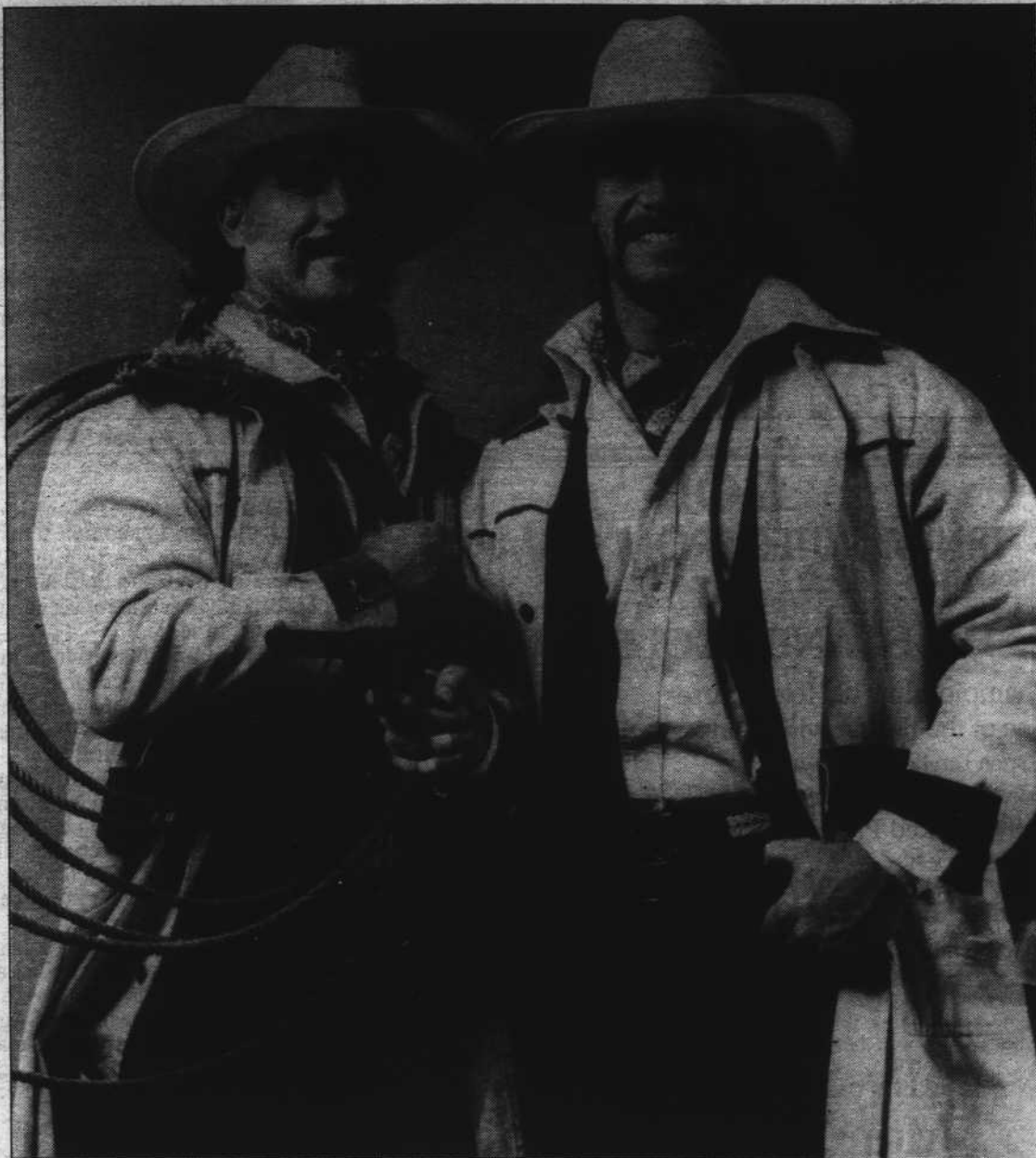
To willingly take on all the challenges of the traveling life, Billy said, you have to really love your job.

"You have to enjoy the business and like what you're doing," Billy said.

Bart and Billy have always worked together in professional wrestling since they got their start in Florida about seven years ago after being noticed at a rodeo by Blackjack Mulligan.

Once known as the Long Riders, Bart and Billy came to the WWF about two years ago, and won the WWF Tag Team Championship in January, only to lose it at Wrestlemania XI.

Soon the Smoking Gunns will travel overseas to tour in the Philippines and Asia. Seeing excited fans



Courtesy of World Wrestling Federation

The Smoking Gunns, Bart Gunn and Billy Gunn, will wrestle in Omaha tonight at the World Wrestling Federation Tag Team Championship.

everywhere they go makes all the traveling worth it.

"We like to do stuff with the kids, and we really enjoy giving something back to the fans," Billy said, "because without those people, we wouldn't be anything."

Bart agreed.

"We love doing all of those personal appearances and stuff," Bart said, "because that's our way to give something back to the fans."

"Because they buy the tickets and watch us on TV, we can give something back to them on kind of

a personal level."

The Smoking Gunns see good things in the future, both for them and for professional wrestling.

"We can always move up," Billy said. "So many people think that the WWF tag team belts would be it, but we want to meet so many more people, go to more countries and just live a good life."

The Gunns hope to regain their tag-team titles.

"But mainly we're looking forward just to having a long wrestler's career, staying injury-free and in

the good part of the fans' eyes," Billy said.

"It (professional wrestling) is getting stronger, and people want to be entertained," Bart said, "and that's what we provide—family entertainment."

Other matches slated for tonight include WWF champion Diesel locking up with Bam Bam Bigelow, Psycho Sid against the Undertaker, Bret Hart vs. Hakushi, Adam Bomb vs. Mabel and Razor Ramon and the 1-2-3 Kid against Jeff Jarrett and the Roadie.

## 'Follies' lacked luster, dogs saved show

By Kate Peistrup  
Theater Critic

It took the Lied Center folks long enough, but they finally brought this town what it has desperately needed for so long—really first-rate performing dogs.

The touring production of "The Will Rogers Follies," which stopped at the Lied this weekend, featured Bob Moore and His Amazing Mongrels.

Moore, a recent recipient of the coveted Priscilla Presley's Those Amazing Animals Sydney Award for kindness to animals, portrayed a performer in a wild west show.

His dogs jumped through hoops, over hurdles and performed a comedy routine better than most sketches that have appeared on "Sat-

urday Night Live" in the last five years.

Moore and his mongrels (as well as the classically trained Ziegfeld dancers) stole the otherwise disappointing show.

Will Rogers, played by Bill O'Brien, and his wife, played by MaryLee Graffeo, were about as charismatic as Wonder Bread. The two had clear, pretty voices; like top-40 country singers.

However, even the most talented of singers couldn't have impressed with this score, which was likable, but hardly infectious. The lyrics were as clumsy as Ogden Nash poetry.

O'Brien displayed good comedic timing when delivering Rogers' witticisms, but there was no sexual chemistry between O'Brien and

Graffeo, and the dramatic scenes with Rogers and his father were flat.

The 14 women who played the Ziegfeld Follies chorus line displayed sexy precision in each number. They were dazzling doing a Las Vegas-showgirl-disjointed-hips-walk in "Presents for Mrs. Rogers" and in a flawless four-minute hand jive in "The Favorite Son."

The sets were also delightful. In the wedding scene, the audience watched through a church window simulated by a gossamer curtain with stained-glass-type panels. And they had an illuminated staircase, arguably mankind's greatest invention.

The plot itself had typical musical oddities. Will Rogers was dead

and reenacting his life for (also dead) show-business Mogul Florenz Ziegfeld. Ziegfeld had a disturbing God-like quality. He is portrayed as a disembodied voice speaking to Rogers and in fact at one point a character swears, "So help me Ziegfeld."

That the plot was typical of musicals highlighted the failings of "The Will Rogers Follies." It felt like "42nd St." or "The Gay Divorcee," so much so that I left the theatre humming a song from another musical.

If you missed the "Follies," you really didn't miss much. For comparable spectacle with far better songs, rent the 1933 version of "42nd St." And keep your eyes peeled for Moore and his dogs just in case they go on tour.