



Fanny, a quintet of female rock artists, will be roaring into town for a concert at the Nebraska Union on Saturday, October 9, at 8:30 p.m. in conjunction with the Time-Out Conference on Human Sexuality.

Working a Latin beat, a soul shout and a jazz riff into the fabric of their songs, Fanny sings of hard times, a life of adventure and bittersweet loneliness.

With two albums to their name, Fanny and Charity Ball, Fanny has been called the musical sisters of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.

Magrath.

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think a member of the Ku Klux Klan and a member of the Black Panthers would necessarily be the best people to ask," he said. If I were running the Human Sexuality conference I doubt very much if I would have balanced it the

way the organizers have."

However, he said he would not turn thumbs down on a speaker "unless I had reason to believe the speaker would incite the crowd to riot" or create a major disturbance.

"I'm not in the business of telling students not to ask a

speaker because one or more Regents don't like it," Magrath said. "I'm concerned that students are aware of the consequences of presenting an imbalanced program and that they get the best possible authorities on the topic being covered."

Allen's 'Water' runs lukewarm in Lincoln

Review by
Jim Gray

For those who have had any previous contact with Woody Allen's work, *Don't Drink the Water* holds few surprises.

Consisting of Allen's burlesque physical humor with a few clever lines sprinkled in here and there, the formula is comparable to many "modern" comedies.

The plot of *Don't Drink the Water* is typically based upon an absurd situation; an American caterer, his wife and daughter, visiting Europe are accused of spying in an Iron Curtain country and forced to seek asylum in the American Embassy. Naturally the three are trapped in the embassy, unable to leave. And naturally they run across an inefficient-but-kind-hearted bungler (the son of the American Ambassador) who is temporarily in charge of the embassy. The play concentrates on the trials and tribulations they encounter prior to escaping their imprisonment.

At its best, this Allen humor can be a sparkling, fluffy bit of trivia, which while not possessing much literary merit, is entertaining and enjoyable. At its worst, however, it can be a disaster—an overworked, underdeveloped graveyard of gags.

Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending how you look at it) the current production at the Lincoln Community Playhouse is neither the best nor the worse, but floats somewhere in a lukewarm sea of mediocrity.

Smack dab in the middle of this sea is the bulk of the cast. Scott Root, as the inefficient bungler, manages to totally over-do his part. As the agent of most of Allen's gags, Root seems unable to hold himself back enough to make his character believable.

Equally bad is George Carpenter, as the caterer. Carpenter seems at times to be so wrapped up in his own portrayal that he forgets there are other characters on the stage, or indeed that the audience exists. This leads to several mechanical defeats in his portrayal, such as misplaced emphasis and lack of emotion.

On the underdone side of the ledger, Linda Hauder, as the caterer's daughter comes across extremely poor, lacking any depth of character at all.

In the minor characters, however, is where *Water* really falls down with the actors coming off somewhat like cardboard cutouts.

Some rather sterling performances did, however, save the production from total disaster. Lee Schoonover portrayed Father Drobney, a 6-year inmate of the embassy with skillful finesse. Also good in her performance as the wife of the caterer was Jan Healey. Only slightly less stellar in their performances were Terry Farrell as the Ambassador's assistant and Britt Davis as the tough-guy Communist policeman.

Technically, the production was also luke-warm. On the positive side, the set was excellent, the makeup practically flawless and costumes looked at least better-than-average. Problems did, however, overshadow the production. Irritating technical oversights, functional costume problems and on-again-off-again lights hurt the production.

The show does have one major factor going in its favor—the audience loved it. Indeed, in many cases the Allen lines were funny enough to carry the play in spite of its defects. And some choice physical comedy scenes had patrons rolling in the aisles, notably the straight-jacket removal scene, with Schoonover and Healey.

All in all, *Don't Drink the Water* is a fair production. But don't go expecting any better. Plan to sit somewhere between entertainment and the deep blue sea.

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