

Leading opera soprano to perform Saturday

By V. J. Pherson

"Never someone writes an impossible soprano role, they call on Evelyn Lear to sing it," said Ron Bowlin, coordinator of the Cultural Affairs Committee, about the Metropolitan Opera's leading soprano.

Bowlin said he decided to invite Lear to Lincoln as part of the Performing Arts Series after seeing her on ETV last year. The Cultural Affairs Committee was formed one and a half years ago to bring renowned artists to campus.

The committee primarily is interested in artists who will meet informally with students. Bowlin said he thinks some artists are aloof, but Lear seems to relate well to her audience.

Lear is best known for contemporary music, but now is emerging as a soprano of enormous range and versatility. With the New York Philharmonic last season she was a soloist in such diverse works as Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass* and Berg's *Seven Early Songs*.

Lear was born in Brooklyn and received her early education at New York University, Juilliard School of Music and Hunter College in New York City. After winning the Concert Artists Guild Award in 1955, she and her husband, baritone Thomas Stewart, embarked for Europe to study for a year at the Berlin Hochschule fur Musik on Fulbright Scholarships.

International attention focused on Lear when she triumphed as Berg's *Lulu* at the Vienna Festival in 1962. *Lulu*, written in the 1940s, uses 12-tone music which avoids the use of predictable patterns in favor

of technical progressions. She learned this formidable role in three weeks.

Her American debut followed in 1965 as Cleopatra in Handel's *Julius Caesar* with the Kansas City Performing Arts Foundation and as Lulu in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

In 1967, Lear played Lavina in the world premiere of *Mourning Becomes Electra* as her Metropolitan Opera debut. This success was followed by the equally acclaimed performances of Cherubino in *The Marriage of Figaro*, the composer in *Ariadne auf Naxos* and Marie in *Wozzeck* in the Metropolitan's major revival of the Berg opera.

Lear is a frequent soloist with the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Vienna Symphony and other major orchestras. Her catalog of recordings includes a full-length *Wozzeck*, *Lulu* and *The Flying Dutchman* and *Boris Godunov*.

Evelyn Lear's visits UNL Friday beginning with an informal session in the Neihardt Complex TV Lounge at 8 p.m. Her concert is Saturday night at 8 in Kimball Recital Hall. Tickets are \$2.50 for students and \$4.00 for general admission. Concert selections include music from Vivaldi, Berg, Bizet, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, R. Strauss, Schumann, Beethoven and Wolf.

Sunday at 2 p.m. she will participate in a Masters Class critique of University music majors in Westbrook 119. Lear concludes her sessions here Sunday night at 8 with an informal session in the Smith Hall lounge.



Soprano Evelyn Lear

Artists' best spice album collections

Reviews by Diane Wanek

Jimmy Reed—*Live at Carnegie Hall*

This double record set contains some of Reed's best tunes, including such songs as "Baby What You Want Me To Do." This album is an important addition for any blues collection.

The Temptations—*Anthology*

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the Temptations, a group that has gone through a lot of personnel changes but remains on top. This triple album set contains all of their biggest hits during the last ten years.

Freddie King—*Woman Across the River*

This new release marks King's best work to date, although there is still too much Leon Russell coloring. However, the Shelter backup people are eminently capable, and it's a fine blues album.

Geroge Fields—*The Pocket Bach*

Although it strikes me as humorous at times, this is a serious and very successful attempt at Bach on the four-octave chromatic and bass harmonicas. Field's virtuosity is to my knowledge unequalled. Fields mastered and mixed the album himself and did as well in that area.



Technician examines a malfunctioning robot in sci-fi world, where vacationers take out their frustrations in Old West, Roman, and medieval dream worlds.

'Fun' film's dream worlds mix sci fi, melodrama, sex

Nothing heavy so far at Lincoln's cinemas this week. Here's a brief look at three of the "sleepers" showing in town.

Westworld is, in many ways a terrible motion picture. But strap on your gun holster, unsheath ye broadsword and forget all that stuff about entertainment vs. art, because this movie is a lot of fun.

Westworld is a \$1,000 a day desert resort where vacationers can forget their troubles and vent their physical and sexual frustrations on glassy-eyed, life-like robots who populate three authentically reproduced dream worlds.

Besides shootouts in an Old West town, swordfights in a medieval castle and pagan revelries in ancient Rome, the film also has crowd-pleasing combinations of science fiction, sex, horror and good, old-fashioned melodrama. It should make a mint.

greg lukow key grip

The film was written and directed by Michael Crichton who's had a hand in some of the most commercial, if not the best, science fiction during the past few years.

In *Westworld*, Yul Brynner plays a gunfighter robot who gets shot one too many times and decides to take vengeance on vacationers. Richard Benjamin and James Brolin.

Even though the three dream world settings do add a clever new twist, the old sci-fi plot line of mechanization backfiring and destroying its human creators is original.

Bad Charlie is a ridiculous film. Yet it is so stupidly idiotic (if that's possible) that it's often funny. Charlie (Ross Hagen, who also produced and cowrote the screenplay) is a 1920s "Big Boy" coal miner turned gangster who isn't led at all.

His gang consists of, among others, a sloppy, drunken prostitute, a flagpole sitter, a balloon blower and an inventor trying to break the world long-distance tango record. They never fire a gun and spend most of their time playing gangsters as if it were a big game. They steal cars, rob empty banks, bribe fat, redneck sheriffs and are a thorn in the side of the local Ku Klux Klan.

The film, directed by Ivan Nagry, rambles aimlessly and looks low budget. However, its photography and subdued tone help create the small town atmosphere of the 20s. It also is marked by the guest appearance of veteran character actor John Carradine in what is billed as his 401st screen role (although half that figure would be a more accurate total).

There's nothing in *Hit* that hasn't been seen already in a spate of other black drug traffic films. Running true to form, Billy Dee Williams plays an embittered police detective whose 15-year-old daughter dies of an overdose of heroin. Naturally, he starts a one-man crusade (a la *Gordon's War*) against the evils of drugs and hires a weird assortment of "specialists" to help him assassinate nine rich drug traffickers in France.

His specialists include a heroin-addicted prostitute, a Vietnam vet, a scuba diving mechanic (played by the terrifically funny Richard Pryor), an older married couple who have criminal records and a frustrated New York drug policeman. He enlists their aid by convincing them that he's working for the government.

The film attempts to come across in epic proportions with the opening sequences intercutting between Williams and the French aristocrat as in *The French Connection*. It is too long, running about two and a half hours. Williams takes nearly 75 per cent of that time sulking, recruiting and training before the action ever begins.

Hit is often incoherent and nearly always over-the-top. It's one of the most films of the year, but that isn't saying much.