

Arts & Entertainment

Big-name shows brought to UNL with UPC help

By Pat Higgins

There's going to be some really big shows coming up this month, as Ed Sullivan used to say. Fleetwood Mac on Saturday and Diana Ross on Oct. 15 will appear at the Bob Devaney Sports Center, and Romeo Void will be at the Nebraska Union on Oct. 17.

"Doing three shows in a little over a week is going to be a challenge, but it should come off pretty well because these acts have different audiences," said Patty Pryor, chairperson of the University Program Council's Concerts Committee.

There is a distinction to be made between the sports center shows and the Centennial Room concerts, Pryor said. National promoters take the profit/loss risks of the sports center shows. Because of this, there is no student discount rate available.

"On major shows like this, we don't have to put up our own money," Pryor said. "Feyline or whoever calls us up and we negotiate with them, but it's all the promoter's money. We usually don't debate about doing shows like this. We're lucky enough to get them at all."

Students on the committee are in charge of day-to-day organization of hotel accommodations, ticket counts and security. For this, UPC receives half of the hall rental. This money is being salted away in a concerts contingency fund that one day will allow UPC to promote its own shows at the sports center.

Shows to increase fund

"Just from this week of shows, we'll be able to substantially add to the concerts fund," Pryor said. "Someday shows will be presented by UPC instead of Feyline and UPC."

The Concerts Committee has a budget of \$3,700. This money will be put on the line for the shows in the Centennial Room.

"We just confirmed the Romeo Void show the other day," Pryor said. "I'm really glad to be bringing Romeo Void here because I think that it's part of our purpose to bring in acts you couldn't see otherwise."

An endless number of acts could be brought into the Centennial Room, she said. The Concerts Committee would like to have a show there at least once a month. The difference between these and sports center concerts is that students have more direct involvement because they participate in negotiating contracts, setting prices and acting as roadies.

"It would be nice to make a profit on these shows at the Centennial Room," Pryor said. "The main goal is to at least break even. If Romeo Void does sell out, we will make a decent profit," she said. "It is risky, so we have to count on the audience out there to show up."

Students represented

Pryor said that the Concerts Committee tries to represent students as much as possible. There are 15 people on the committee, and decisions are made by voting.

The goal is to have a variety of styles represented. For example, the Coffeehouse series showcases local talent and charges no admission to students. It has been tentatively scheduled for the South Crib at 2:30 p.m. every other Wednesday. Jazz concerts at Kimball Recital Hall are under consideration. Pryor said use of the Coliseum also is a possibility.

Tickets for Romeo Void go on sale today at the union, Dirt Cheap and Pickles. The Click will open the show. A video of Romeo Void will be shown at 10:30 a.m. Wednesday during "Rock World" in the union's main lounge.

"I'm really excited about the Romeo Void show," Pryor said. "It all comes down to what is available and will sell, not that we'll do just anything that will sell."

Oblomov hides in bed

By Eric Peterson

Ilya Oblomov likes to lie in bed all day, and he has reasons. "Oblomov," the second in the University Program Council's Foreign Film Series, is based on a 19th century novel by I.A. Goncharov and will be shown tonight at 7 and 9.

Sleep takes him from the vexing present to his drowsy father and mother and all their drowsy servants. He and his

Our view towards Oblomov changes quickly when Ilya tells Stolz he has never wanted to be an over-achiever. Most people in society, he said, are concerned with *how* they live, not *why*. "If we live, there must be a reason for it," Ilya reasoned, even as a child. It comforts him to think of himself as a leaf on the whole tree.

At one point, it looks as if Stolz's hopes for Ilya's reformation are realized. He falls in love with Olga, a singer who Stolz looks on as a child, and is a changed man. She lives in the world but loves his repose.

For her, Ilya changes too. He rises at seven and reads, and talks with pedantic charm about the Italian Renaissance. He single-handedly — and this is a perfectly serious test of his love and will — tears out a bush that displeases Olga's aesthetic sense.

Their night of surest love is pictured in startling blue flashes of lightning. But Oblomov can't always live in lightning, and he stays away from her garden party during the next few days, not wanting to spoil it.

Oblomov now realizes he is too different for her, and can't change. He has to watch in mulish anger as Stolz takes the "matured" Olga off on a bike ride.

The narrator now intrudes in an overlong sequence to end Oblomov's part of the story. Oblomov severs all ties to Olga, marries someone else and dies. Stolz and his wife are soon completely a part of the sordid commercial-political world that he thinks is so superior to Oblomov's reverie.

But there is another little Oblomov, Ilya's son, who runs in traditional peasant clothes across the fields to the music of an ancient and holy Russian chant which seems to be the sky rather than come out of it.

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German friend, Stolz, look at the sleepers as if they were exhibits. Sleep seems to be a complacency and lack of will which both Stolz and Oblomov want to escape.

But at 30, he has retired to his bed while Stolz has become successful. He is a mover and shaker that Oblomov respects but doesn't envy. The first scene in which we see the adult Oblomov is funny and slow. His servant Zakhar tries everything to wake him, but revels in their shared sloth. He laughs at the cobwebs on a statuette which look so much like hair.

When Oblomov thinks of human destiny, the narrator tells us, he feels wretched and scared — but in his wretchedness and fright he turns over in bed to sleep again. Zakhar brings the words out into the open: "What's the good of you ever being born?"

Stolz bursts into Oblomov's life with awful-looking shredded vegetables. He is determined to free Oblomov from his sloth and introduce him into the world. Oblomov clearly hates it, but goes along for Stolz's sake.

'La Ronde': Freudian theory brought to life

By David Thompson

"La Ronde," the UNL theater department's current production, comes to us from the cramped interiors of Vienna in the 1890s. The subject of the play is the continental counterpart to Victorian England, the repressed desires that people hid under so many stuffed shirts and skirts.

If you get into people hopping into bed as soon as they get behind closed doors, then this is the play for you. If repartee drenched with Freudian symbolism seems a bit tedious to you, then your time could be better spent.

The play's author, Arthur Schnitzler, was pretty chummy with Freud, hence their shared obsessions.

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Schnitzler's play is Freudian theory brought to life. It consists of a series of 10 scenes in which couples hang around trading witty lines, waiting for the right moment to rip their clothes off. They don't take them all the way off, though. When you're as stifled as these folks are, there isn't time for that.

The premise of the play is interesting. Here are people who live in a society where sex is not discussed. The only knowledge they have of it is gossip and myth. This leaves them straining to get what they want and at the same time knowing that they're not supposed to have what they want. So they all walk a very amusing tightwire. They always end up at the same destination, though not necessarily in the same place. No, these people do it anywhere. On the ground or a bench, in a brothel or a restaurant, you name it, it's been done.

The structure of the play also is interesting. There are 10 couples, but every person is a member of two couples. So we see a man first playing the devoted husband, then trying to seduce a young woman into becoming his mistress. In between each scene, we see the characters when they're not exposing themselves. They glide about in the plastic masks that everyone wears after they've safely stashed their primitive impulses.

This sequence of role changes moves smoothly from one tryst to another by shifting the furniture on a set that is austere and ideally suited to the switching going on. The only constant elements on the stage are a group of fallen women, painted in the bawdy style of the period that echoes the illustrations of Aubrey Beardsley or Toulouse-Lautrec. They hang in the background, reminders of the reality behind the nimble ballet of the characters.

The only real problem is that Schnitzler is more of an analyst than a playwright. He was a doctor when he wrote the play in 1897, and his script comes across as a clinical portrayal of Freudian theory. He gets his points across in a most uncreative fashion, beating us over the head with his symbolism.

In every single scene, there is a reference to the darkness that these people draw about themselves in hopes of hiding their guilt. In order to have sex with his maid while the other servants have the day off, a young gentleman asks her to close the shutters. Then he says, "Now it's too dark for me to see anything."

Once is fine, but remark after remark tends to spoil things, not to mention the excess of phallic symbols, longing glances, panting and references to intoxication. When the same young man is upset over his impotence with a married woman, she says to him, "Come, give me your little head." Need I say more?

Of course, Schnitzler could have constructed all of his dialogues in a similar fashion to make us aware of what these people share. Prostitute or poet, wife or soldier, when you get right down to it, we all want one thing.

In one scene, a count is doing what he can to get his paws on an actress. At one point, he says, "People are the same everywhere. Where there are more it gets overcrowded, but that's really the only difference."

The casting is appropriate, and particularly spicy in the scenes featuring the poet, played by Robert Ball, and the actress, played by Constance Hill. They play their roles to the hilt. Everyone else does an adequate and, for the most part, entertaining job with a script that lacks the complexity that makes other Freudian analyses like "The French Lieutenant's Woman" far more interesting.

This one amused the audience but belongs on the back burner nevertheless because it continually plays with the same ideas and symbols. Contrary to what Freud says, we like to hear about more than sex and excuses for having it.

As the count says in one scene, "It would have been beautiful if I'd only kissed her eyes."



Staff Photo by Craig Anderson

Jan Frerichs Maddox uses a variety of metals and shapes her contemporary jewelry in geometric and organic forms. Maddox, who now lives in Bethesda, Md., received her bachelor's of fine arts degree from UNL. Her jewelry will be on display and for sale in Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery through Sunday.