

Arts & Entertainment

Romeo Void: They 'just played well'



Staff photo by Dave Bentz

Debora Iyall of Romeo Void

By Pat Higgins

It was a good, entertaining concert at the Nebraska Union Sunday night. The band was tight — pardon the cliché, but it's true in this case.

Ben Bossi's haunting saxophone would be an appropriate backup for Tony Bennet. Frank Zin-cavage rumbled bass lines Gang-of-Four style. Debora

Iyall is a subtle singer who can belt it out when the occasion calls for it. They didn't do much for show-manship, just played well.

The highlights were opening tune, "Chinatown," and the last song of the scheduled set, "Never Say Never." The crowd of 300 brought 'em back for an encore, which peaked with "Wrap It Up" the old Sam and Dave hit.

"Do I like Roxy Music?" drummer Larry Carter said, "Check this out." Lifting the lapel of his leather jacket, he thrust out a Roxy button.

"Yeah, I can see the comparison between us and them. It's kind of a romantic view of anti-romance," Carter said. "Most people have compared us to Talking Heads because of the way Frank plays the bass and the way I drum."

All of the members of Romeo Void have backgrounds in art — so did Roxy Music and Talking Heads. It must be something to do with theory that the left side of the brain is used by creative people and right is used by down-to-earth folks.

"To a certain extent, I think that if you're able to creatively express yourself in one area, you can do it in another," Carter said. "I'm still involved in sculpture."

A future of rock'n'roll and soul music is envisioned by Carter. The generally accepted date for the beginning of the New Music Era is 1976-77. Carter thought that the last two years have been the real boom time, though.

"The alternative music scene didn't have a focus until the last couple years. It took the Police and the Go-Gos hitting number one before the whole punk stigma was lost. What I would like to do is something along the lines of Rick James' approach. I don't know if the rest of the band will want to do it that way, though," he said.

Along with their new deal with Columbia Records, Romeo Void retains a hookup with 415 Records.

"We deliver the final product to Columbia. It's in our contract that we have complete artistic control," Carter said. "415 is very helpful dealing with colleges. Columbia is too busy with Loverboy to promote us."

'La Cage aux Folles' is classic laugh riot

By David Wood

"The International Sitcom Writers' Handbook" no doubt has a list of the greatest all-purpose comic situations. It surely mentions the old "parents of child meet child's fiance's parents" standby.

Obviously, the formula isn't a guaranteed laugh riot. You don't just have the kids' folks hang out and pass around jokes. The whole setup should be ludicrous, and the characters should be walking punch lines.

Take for instance "La Cage aux Folles," which is showing with "La Cage aux Folles II" tonight and



Wednesday night in the Nebraska Union Rostrum. *La cage aux folles* is French for birds of a feather. The movie is French and subtitled, but great all-purpose comic situations know no boundaries.

The boy and girl are normal and thus insignificant. They are only in the plot to get their ridiculous parents together. At one absurd extreme, the girl's dad is, of all things, deputy of the Department of Moral Order. Naturally, the boy's dad must be at the other absurd extreme, some potentate of moral shambles. *Oui, il est.* He runs a preposterous transvestite nightclub called La Cage aux Folles.

Renato, the dapper club owner, lives in a posh flat upstairs with Albin, stage name Zaza Napoli, the whining star of the show. The aging homosexuals Renato (Ugo Tognazzi) and Albin (Michel Serrault) are a textbook example of an "affable straight man and innocent loonie" team with enough comic punch to impel a formula a good way toward being a laugh riot. "La Cage aux Folles" has been called "the greatest drag comedy since 'Some Like It Hot.'"

The deputy and his wife have been led to believe that Renato is Cultural Attache to the Italian Embassy. Renato has stripped the rooms of any garish furnishings that might give him away. The deputy compliments him on the austerity of his home. But soon the fabric of deceit begins to unravel at the seams and before long is ripped to tatters.

The black butler, whose usual attire is a sheer blouse and embroidered leather hot pants, isn't used to shoes on his feet and falls down or walks around like he is on the moon. He uses the wrong china and has to ladle out cheese soup faster than anyone can notice that the classical picture at the bottoms of the plates is of Grecian boys engaged in non-athletic sport.

When Albin unexpectedly arrives in drag as the would-be groom's gushing, hairy-wristed mother, the butler splits a rib tittering. Then the boy's estranged real mother shows up, then a parade of hermaphrodites from downstairs sashay through, then the press arrives, and so on.

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Photo courtesy of Caravaglia

Sara and Jerry Pearson

Modern dance team to perform at UNL

An innovative modern dance team will be in residency at UNL until Wednesday. On Wednesday night, Sara and Jerry Pearson will perform in the Centennial Room of the Nebraska Union at 8.

The program, sponsored by the University Program Council, is free to UNL students. The Sara and Jerry Pearson Dance Company will meet today for discussion with interested dance students.

The couple has performed with major modern dance companies like Murray Lewis and Alvin Nikolais. The Pearsons met in 1966, began dancing together in 1968 and married in 1970. It wasn't until 1979 that they decided to devote themselves completely to their own work. By combining humor and professional insight, they have given birth to a new type of dance theater.

Plight of the unemployed: 186 applicants, one job

"Up went the newly released figure: 10.1 percent. It was the first double-digit jobless rate since the dark days before WW II." — Newsweek

Trixie put her glass of powdered protein on the breakfast table. Only 21½ more pounds and she would "heat the



streets." She folded the newspaper. The day had begun.

Looking in the hallway mirror, she could tell that the 4½ pounds she had lost so far had come right off her . . . well, maybe not.

"Today I will find a job. I am young and almost healthy. I will do anything within reason . . . and then maybe some. I have worked in a fast-food restaurant for five years and I babysat before that.

I took care of my brother's paper route when he went to camp. I can handle responsibility. Today I will find a job."

Trixie practiced various smiles as she walked up the stairs. She slipped on her mother's skirt. "I am young and almost skinny. I need a job." Her sister's blouse was next. "I am usually on time, I mean, I really try." Last, but not least, her best friend's shoes. "I'll blow this place up if you don't give me a job."

In the bathroom, the cat played with the bobbing cord as Trixie curled her hair with the iron and sang "Nine to Five" with Dolly Parton.

She stepped out the front door and set the cat next to the frostbitten, green, black philodendron. "I read it in the newspaper. We're on the road to recovery. We gotta be patient. The president knows what he's doing. Violence is not the answer. You can go to jail for stealing. I need to lose weight anyway." The cat purred at her feet. "I could eat you." Puff cut across the lawn and disap-

peared under a Chevy Impala.

Trixie arrived at the Fast Food Mexican diner. One hundred and eighty-six people sat at booths and tables filling out applications. She walked toward the counter.

"Today I will find a job . . . today I will find a job . . . today . . ."

"Hello, are you here to apply?"

"I took Spanish in high school."

"So you are here to apply?"

"In eighth grade we took a trip to Mexico. I saw a bullfight."

"Did you bring a pen with you?"

"I'm on a diet, so I wouldn't be eating anything."

"OK, Miss . . ."

"Trixie."

"OK, Miss Trixie, do you want to go ahead and fill out this application. We'll interview you in three or four hours."

"Sure . . . my cat hasn't eaten in a week."

Trixie sat down in the first booth and looked at the girl across from her. This particular rival had greasy hair, dirt under her nails and an ugly shirt. Trixie felt warm inside. She began to fill the empty squares on her application.

"Excuse me, excuse me." A man came out from the kitchen area. "I would like to thank you all for coming here and applying for our job opening today. Unfortunately, we don't have 186 openings. We have one and that has gone to my wife's sister's aunt's son."

Trixie joined the crowd in destroying the Fast Food Mexican diner. She came home with a box of plastic spoons. Her hair had fallen, her sister's blouse was ripped in the sleeve and she was hungry.

"Tomorrow I will find a job." Her stomach growled. She heard a rustling in the bushes. "Here Puff. Here kitty, kitty, kitty."