

Arts & Entertainment

Stagestruck plays offer refreshing option

By Mike Frost

"Come on kids, let's put on a show" was the rallying cry in numerous '40s musicals starring Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. Now a local theater group is also trying its hand at home-made production.

Stagestruck Productions, a group founded in 1982 by three Lincolnites, is presenting the play *Battery* by Daniel Therriault at the Spigot Lounge, 1624 O St. The play, which opened last weekend to packed houses, will be staged again Friday through Sunday.

Denny Dobberstine said he founded Stagestruck with Bob Esquivel and Deborah Torgler to bring alternative theater to Lincoln. "We're judging ourselves along with the audience. We want to see what we can do," Dobberstine said.

In addition to their extensive experience in theater, both from production and the performance angles, Dobberstine and Torgler work at the County

City building. Esquivel is activities director at Lancaster Manor.

Dobberstine said he hopes Stagestruck can do more for Lincoln than just provide different types of theater. "We want to bring affordable theater to Lincoln, not just alternative theater," he said.

They also hope to get more creative people — actors, directors and writers — involved with theater.

Dobberstine described *Battery* as an adult drama. Stagestruck's presentation is the Midwestern premiere of the play. Levar Burton appeared in the play during its Los Angeles run.

Dobberstine said *Battery* is typical of the type of play he hopes to bring to Lincoln. "We want to bring shows to Lincoln that the general and theater-going public would not normally get to see unless they went to Minneapolis or Chicago," Dobberstine said. The Lincoln Community Playhouse had considered Therriault's play at one point, however, they ultimately rejected it

because of, among other things, its adult content.

Tryouts took place at the Spigot in November. Dobberstine said the Spigot was selected for several reasons. "It's a good location, and cocktail theater doesn't hurt a show." Some have questioned the selection of the site, but Dobberstine said "The ambiance of 'Le Spigot' was in line with what we were looking for."

The cast consists of three Lincolnites. James Cook has appeared in various Lincoln Community Playhouse performances. Chetley Kincaid is an actress and a producer/director for Nebraska ETV. Paul Pearson was a choreographer for Nite Club, a review that toured the Midwest. He has also served a stint as a male exotic dancer and as a model for Midwest Modeling and Talent.

Dobberstine hoped the play would appeal to the college crowd. "That's why we established special student

prices," he said. College students aren't the only ones receptive to new theater, however. "We've been so well-accepted it's scary," Dobberstine said. Friday and Saturday's performances both sold out; the house was more than half full on Sunday. "That was before most students were back," Dobberstine added.

Word of mouth and posters were the key promotional tools, Dobberstine said.

Dobberstine said he hoped Stagestruck's next presentation would be a comedy. He was unsure of the locale for the next production, which he hoped would be on stage within four months. The group would like to return to the Spigot, but nothing is definite.

Ultimately, the group would like to become a permanent fixture in the Lincoln theater community.

Battery will continue at the Spigot through Sunday. Tickets are \$5, \$4 for students. Tickets are available at both Dirt Cheap locations and the Spigot. The show starts at 8 p.m., with doors opening at 7:15 p.m.

Harry is resurrected; Eastwood still lifeless

Review by Peter Palermo

It had appeared, after super star, super-backable and super-safe Clint Eastwood made two highly uncharacteristic films, (*Firefox* and *Honky Tonk Man*) that he had begun to take some chances. Unfortunately, *Sudden Impact*, Eastwood's latest film, is his safest one to date.

Apparently disheartened by the lack of public fervor over his last two projects, Eastwood has resurrected the Dirty Harry saga. Harry Callahan is still incorrigible, and Eastwood plays him in the same lifeless, almost frigid manner he always has.

A brief synopsis: Jennifer Spencer (Sondra Locke) is the victim of a decade-old gang rape. She systematically begins to seek her revenge by killing each one of her attackers. Her method is a shot to the groin followed quickly (although I'm sure not quickly enough for her victims) by a bullet in the skull.

Harry, on a sabbatical of sorts, stumbles upon the tattered ends of the case and follows his leads until they bring him to Locke.

Harry doesn't turn in this murderess. Instead he gets in cahoots with her and becomes judge, jury and lynching mob. In the tradition of All-American vigilante justice, he helps a criminal even her score.

With a little inspiration, this corny, tacky and tasteless movie could have been an intense crime drama. Eastwood instead sets his sights far short of even this critical target. He aims, rather, to give the people exactly what they want: grisly violence, banal little quips and some sex thrown in for good measure.

From its huge box office figures and roars of approval every time Harry bags a crook (which he does at least 12 times according to my count), one can presume Eastwood has succeeded in his rather dubious goal.

There are two bright spots that should not go unmentioned: Pat Hingle and Audrie J. Neenan. Hingle's performance as the corrupt but well-meaning police chief is the only dramatic fire this film has to offer.

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HOTSPOTS

Television

•This is the big weekend for football fans. Super Bowl XVIII (that's 18 for those partial to the Arabic system of numerals) is scheduled to get underway at 3:30 p.m. Sunday on Channels 6 and 10. For those who like a pre-game show (a lot of pre-game show) it's scheduled to begin at 1:30 p.m.

At the Sheldon

•Slava Tsukerman's *Liquid Sky* continues its run at the film theatre through Thursday. Weekend performances are a 3, 7 and 9 p.m.

On Stage

•Two plays are on-stage this weekend: Daniel Therriault's *Battery* is on stage at the Spigot Lounge, 1624 O St., Friday through Sunday. Tickets are \$4 for students, \$5 for others. Ted Tally's *Terra Nova* will be performed at the Lincoln Community Playhouse's Oliver T. Joy Theatre, 2500 S. 56th St., tonight and Friday at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$7.

On Campus

•UPC-East is sponsoring a back-to-school dance in the Great Plains Room of the Nebraska East Union tonight at 8 p.m. The Memories, a country music band, will be performing. Tickets are \$1.50 for singles, \$2 for couples with student IDs. General admission prices are \$2 for singles, \$3 for couples. The dance is sponsored by UPC-East.

Around Town

•The Morrells, a band from Springfield, Mo., which is gaining increasing popularity thanks to a number of favorable reviews in such national publications as *Rolling Stone*, will be at the Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14th St., tonight and Saturday. The band's music has its roots in rockabilly, however it's far too electric to pin down. Cover charge is \$4.

•Robert Hale and Dean Wilder, an internationally-recognized gospel vocal duo, will be appearing tonight at 7:30 p.m. as part of the Union College Sacred Artist Series. The program will take place at the College View Seventh Day Adventist Church, 4015 S. 49th St. Admission is by donation.

•The Phones, a Minneapolis-based rock and roll group, will be appearing at The Drumstick, 547 N. 48th St. tonight and Saturday. There's a \$3 cover charge.

Spirits help candidate 'cut loose' at meeting

All was quiet at the Harley Davidson residence — not an unusual situation because all the inhabitants were unconscious. That is, Harley and Otis were. Celeste, who had departed long before, had not returned.

As midnight struck, Harley yawned and groggily



Mary Louise Knapp

pulled himself to a vertical position.

"Jack Daniels, my old friend, you certainly did me in this time," he said, gazing ruefully at the empty bottle beside him. The door flew open, and an intoxicated Celeste, looking much the worse for wear, stumbled in.

"If I'd known how much fun these political meetings were, I'd have run for president long ago," she said, falling against the coat rack. "Those potential voters are a barrel of laughs. Whoever said candidates couldn't cut loose with their constituents-to-be? Ya' gotta' find out where these people are coming from. Touch the pulse of America, if you know what I mean."

"From the way you look, I'd say a good time was probably had by all, or at least you," Harley said. "And isn't it a bit too soon to be calling the Neighborhood Babysitters' Association 'potential voters'?" Half those people don't even have their driver's licenses yet! By the way, who bought the wine for these cherubs? You?"

"Who else, my sweet one?" Celeste replied. "I have always felt that the youth of America need a president who understands their particular concerns. God knows they're getting no help from the Legislature."

"These people won't do you any good at the polls," Harley muttered.

"My dear, of course they can. They can help me get re-elected? Is there anything to drink in this godforsaken place?"

"There's plenty of black coffee, which I think we all need," Harley said, moving toward the kitchen.

"I don't need that, you fool," Celeste said, rummaging in her beaded bag. "Heavens above, how did all this stuff get in here. . . there, I've got it!" She pulled out a silver hip flask and took a large swallow of the contents. "I'd almost forgotten I'd had this — emergency supply," she finished, meeting the exasperated glance of Harley, who had come back.

"Celeste, you're a wonderful person and a super roommate, but I don't think you're cut out to be president," sighed Harley. "How do you think the press will react when they see you stinking drunk, swilling from a hip flask? That won't exactly inspire confidence in the American people. Not to mention what Andropov will say."

"Oh, you know that old buzzard's dead," Celeste said. "They're just pretending they can't find him. Besides, who cares what a bunch of Reds think, anyway?"

"Celeste, you have got to clean up your image!" Harley cried. "At least get some new clothes. You've — er — outgrown most of what you have."

"Well, honeybunch, I'll think about it," Celeste said. "But don't bother me now. I've got to get some beauty sleep, 'cause I'm campaigning at the day care center tomorrow."

Madmen and Englishdogs

By Dan Wondra

