

# Arts & Entertainment



Courtesy of Stella Weir

Glass Eye will play at the Drumstick Wednesday night.

## Glass Eye returns

Preview by  
Chris McCubbin  
Senior Reporter

Austin's Glass Eye is one of the nicest bands you'll ever see. It combines bar-band friendliness and accessibility with exacting musical

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professionalism and an unwavering forward-looking musical aesthetic. The band will be at The Drumstick Wednesday.

This is a band that really knows how to play off its own contradictions. Last June, after its last Drumstick appearance, the band alternated between almost post-punk aloofness and gonzo rock-show goofing. They put out like crazy for a tiny crowd and they deserve a chance to see what a big Drumstick crowd can do.

Their album "Huge" is as wond-

erfully contradictory as their live show. Sometimes their jagged, fun-kish interplay between bass and guitar sounds like Gang of Four, sometimes it sounds like other stuff. Keyboards are like crabgrass — let one into a band and pretty soon it's taken over everything, but somehow Glass Eye has learned to tame the keyboards. They're there on every song, providing sweeping background effects or a jangly, semi-tuned electric piano line, but they never take over the mix or slow the band's energy.

But the best argument for Glass Eye's unconventionality is the band's songs. The best stuff is poetry. In songs like "Lake of the Moon," and the gorgeous, spooky "Maggie," images shimmer for a moment with unearthly clarity and then vanish in the band's moody, evocative accompaniment. Then there's a song like "Mean," about the trials of working in the meat department of a super-

market.

"I Don't Need Drugs (to be F--- Up)" is simultaneously the world's funniest AC-DC parody and a dead earnest statement about urban alienation.

This is not a band that's big on covers, but it does do the Cab Calloway classic "Minnie The Moocher." Alternative meets Tin Pan Alley — it should have happened a long time ago. And, no promises, but at their last Drumstick show the drummer took center stage for the last song, showed us his boxer shorts and belted out "You Shook Me All Night Long." But the band only does that for special audiences.

This is a good week to be rich and idle with all the great concerts in town and all the weekend parties. But if you're short on time and shorter on cash, why not treat yourself to something you've never heard before, Glass Eye.

## Semi-softened hardcore for the masses Can Angst save music?

Preview by  
Charles Lieurance  
Divisions Editor

Progressive hardcore, huh? I guess that means it has a readily identifiable (accessible?) melody line, words that someone besides an anthropologist can understand and, savior forbid, pop potential (that is, after the stigma wears off). You can sing along to it. If you're excited enough about it,

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your parents might even admit it's not so bad. Angst, Husker Du's "Candy Apple Grey" LP and "Love is All Around" single (Mom peeks her head into your room: "Isn't that the theme from the "Mary Tyler Moore Show?") are prototypes. Hardcore so nice it's about a year away from MTV heavy rotation, the crystal clear airwaves of Z-92 and, nail me to a utility shed, KFMQ — Home of the Hits.

What is it really, though? Well, it's a sellout. A pleasant sellout but a sellout nonetheless. It's music and musicians honest enough to grow a little older, a little more talented, a little more production-wise, a little more aware of their potential significance in the scheme of things and honest enough to shed the ephemeral "punk ethos" for the pure joy of being in a rock 'n' roll band. Bands like the Germs, Circle Jerks and Fear either tailspin into heavy metal or start sounding like pathetic jokes. Hardcore punk was about burnout, about one-upsmanship, about going faster and playing lousier

and more violently than the last band on stage. It was the American way. The Sex Pistols certainly had no monopoly on rebellion. That hardcore is produced with such a cowboy/redneck mentality is its saving grace and its downfall. Because first and foremost, hardcore is stupid. It's unsalable. It's transient and undeniably brilliant within its very limited time frame. Hardcore has blown its wad.

#### Atavistic hardcore?

Now, there's progressive hardcore. A little like soft rock (which in radio lingo is what VH-1 and KHAT cater to, i.e. Whimps). The idea is that hardcore is atavistic, which it is, and that in order for it to be valid it has to calm down, soften its core, as it were.

The bands who aspire to this term, who bucked off the term hardcore in favor of nomenclature more befitting their art-school backgrounds, are generally quite good. We see a lot of them at The Drumstick.

Angst, who play at The Drumstick tonight, and bands like Angst (Husker Du for one) are no longer concerned with punk or punk politics or the "punk movement" whether it be hardcore or old school, but with reinventing rock 'n' roll. By toning things down a few decibels, adding elements of folk music and pacing themselves temp-wise, Angst and their peers manage to drag rock 'n' roll back to its origins as obnoxious junk with too much beat and soul and not enough control and, once again, open rock 'n' roll up to people who may not even know where the import rack is in their local record store. They confuse the issues. They

confuse alternative music, punk, Chuck Berry, James Brown, Pete Seeger and Dylan. They take them by the throat with gall and spirit. So critics can do little else but make silly suggestive comparisons. Hell, Angst's "Glad I'm not in Russia" is a folk song, fun and purposefully simple. It's also a parody, and that's its punk side. The sentiment is sincere, insincere, nonsensical and perfectly reasonable. Angst's "Never Going to Apologize" is a '60s garage-band tune written and played in a way no '60s garage band could have played it. "This Gun's for You" is punk. But it's only punk in its tempo, attitude and its sloppiness. It is also pop — verse, chorus, verse, chorus — a melody straight from Tin Pan Alley.

#### Angst the Savior

In the New World these New Bands will stir things around enough that there won't need to be college charts and import racks anymore. It will seem silly to have to wait five months for Rolling Stone magazine to review the new Meat Puppets, Angst, Saccharine Trust or Leaving Trains LPs. It will seem odd to the pointed toward one rack to get your Fetchin' Bones album and another to get your X album. In the end rock 'n' roll will defy its categories as it always does at its best. You'll call something punk and your friends won't know if you're talking about a greaser, a skinhead, a light for your firecracker, a gay person or a juvenile delinquent. —The bands like Angst will have done their job and saved the music from its apparent limitations. You'll thank them then.

Angst will be at The Drumstick Thursday.

## One-woman show 'Lillian' at Kimball

By Kim E. Karloff  
Staff Reporter

Zoe Caldwell has played Medea and Sarah Bernhardt, Cleopatra and Colette. Tonight the Tony-winning actress plays celebrated playwright and author Lillian Hellman.

If past works are any indication, the 8 p.m. performance of "Lillian"

ing the McCarthy era. Hellman appeared before the committee and took the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination, saying the now-famous line, "I cannot and will not put my conscience to fit this year's fashions."

Hellman was not a political person, but she had strong beliefs, a strong personality.

However, Caldwell has said, "Lillian was incredibly feminine. Her soul was a very feminine soul and rather old-fashioned. . . . She was a very sensuous woman and good with men, not so good with women. . . she was very much a flirt."

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at Kimball Recital Hall is sure to be memorable and funny, entertaining and touching.

The one-woman show by William Luce is based on Hellman's memoirs in "An Unfinished Woman," "Pentimento" and "Scoundrel Time."

The often-controversial Hellman also wrote such plays as "The Children's Hour," "The Little Foxes," "Watch on the Rhine" and "Toys in the Attic." She died in 1984.

"Lillian Hellman remains controversial after her death," says Luce, who worked directly with Hellman in creating the play.

Caldwell's performance brings her back to life.

"Lillian" is set on Jan. 10, 1961, outside the hospital room where writer Dashiell Hammett, Hellman's companion of 31 years, is dying. As she waits, she talks about "Dash," recalling their stormy, tender years together. She reminisces about her childhood in New Orleans and of her friends, former friends and a few Hollywood people.

"Lillian" also relives Hellman's 1952 appearance before the House Un-American Activities committee dur-

And so it was, in part, Hellman's "deep femininity," a trait not often associated with the feisty, outspoken author, that attracted 52-year-old Caldwell to the play.

Caldwell's husband, Broadway producer and director Robert Whitehead, directs "Lillian."

The husband and wife team have developed a masterpiece.

Caldwell becomes Hellman, not only with her heavily-wrinkled, animated face, haughty laugh and boredom-killing presence, but with her walk, her talk and her being.

"Lillian" will be performed tonight at Kimball Recital Hall, 11th and R streets.

Tickets for "Lillian" may be obtained at the Kimball box office in Westbrook Music Building, 11th and R streets, between 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. Tickets are \$15 and \$11 for the public and half-price for UNL students.

An informal pre-performance talk, hosted by Kit Voorhees, will begin at 7:15 p.m. in Westbrook 119.



Courtesy of Kolmar/Luth Entertainment

Renowned actress Zoe Caldwell will play controversial author Lillian Hellman in the one-woman show "Lillian" at Kimball.