

Arts & Entertainment

"Other Bruce" pours on real Southern comfort

By Lise Olsen
Associate News Editor

They call him "the other Bruce." But hunched over his miniature keyboard with, and watched over by, a small white plaster bust, Bruce Hornsby looks more like an oversized Schroeder of "Peanuts" fame.

Concert Review

He may look comic but no one laughs as the music he creates floats out over the audience. He's a real musician — not a video hyped-out image. Hornsby didn't make it on his looks or his light show. It's pure talent.

The same talent that earned him the equivalent of "Rookie of the Year" at this year's Grammy awards. Talent that made the Omaha Music Hall crowd clap and yell Sunday night. And, in the end, brought even the moody and mellow fans to their feet.

Bruce Hornsby appreciates the attention. He hasn't yet learned to expect it or demand it. He remembers his Virginia roots. The days when he used to be bat boy at William and Mary College. Hornsby, at 8, used to hear players chanting in the shower after a win: "Omaha, Omaha." It wasn't until a lot later that he found out "Omaha" was home of the college world series. He thought maybe Omaha was Oz. Or Nervana.

"I didn't know what the hell it meant," he recalls.

The silly simple story beats the "I love Nebraska" performers dishonestly yell or the Go Big Red garbage.

Bruce talked and told stories. But more importantly he played and he sang.

"Jacob's Ladder," was first. He told everyone in the crowd who mistakenly thought it was Hewey Lewis's song that he was a little sorry he'd given the tune away.

He said he was glad he hadn't given away "Mandolin Rain," second in the set. In concert, the hit song captures a little of the mountain bluegrass flavor of a county fair.

Peter Hems switches to mandolin and Hornsby plays piano with a little of the "old kind of riverboat Stephen Foster" style.

Hornsby's from Virginia. But he's written in LA and attended Boston's Berklee School and the University of Miami. His band, "The Range," comes from New York, Virginia, California and Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Hornsby's band wouldn't win any beauty contests, although they'd clean up in the talent division. Unlike other band leaders Hornsby seems to delight in sharing the limelight, introducing his players, joking around on stage.

Hornsby, in every line he sings, is the vision of a musician who's worked his way up. From music school to college bar band scenes, to Los Angeles movie music score writing.

But mostly his music reflects his southern roots. It is clean, beautifully played and sung. The words have some meaning, the instrumental sections are technically difficult but easy to listen to. He can play soft rock, without being mushy and be energetic, without being pushy. Hornsby works hard, the sweaty towel he places on the top of his mini-Schroederesque piano attests to that. If you can see him before he forgets the struggle — before he succumbs to success.

The opening band, which provided the prelude to Bruce, was no less entertaining. They're still struggling, too, but commercial success will probably arrive soon.

Crowded House, includes remnants of the Australian group "The Spliz Enz," who were responsible for "Six Months in a Leaky Boat," which a high school friend of mine played endlessly on the tape player in her Carman Ghia.

With three musicians, "Crowded House" hardly crowded the stage. Their music strips things down to the basics: a guitar line, a bass line, a snare, bass drum, symbols (sometimes substitute keyboards and subtract something else). But their harmonies are rich and their voices, which sound incredibly similar, create a unique effect of triplicate.

Their unpredictability. Their energy and easy jokes on stage were enjoyable.



Courtesy of Rush Artist Management

The Beastie Boys

Fight for the right to cuss

Beasties give parent-shocking performance at Pershing

By Chris McCubbin
Diversions Editor

"PARENTS: If the entertainment is not to your taste, room 110 has been set aside for your convenience. Please feel free to go there and relax." Words to that effect were posted all over Pershing Auditorium Sunday night. I doubt if many moms and dads used room 110, though. About the time the first "F" word boomed out over the PA (about two minutes before the show started) my mom would have had me by the earlobe and we would have been halfway to the parking lot before the echoes died.

The MTV generation was out in force for the Beastie Boys' show, and the most common sight was an angelic 11-year-old trying desperately to look rebellious in the Coca-Cola clothing she got for Christmas.

The kids got what they paid for. The concert was a cathartic three-hour celebration of sophomore juvenility. Starting with Murphy's Law, an unbelievably crude but energetic New York

hardcore band who served mostly as cheerleaders, priming the crowd into a state of responsive, amorphous anarchy.

The next act was Drumstick favorite Fishbone, a ska-tinged dance band from LA. Fishbone was requisitely wild but infinitely more polished than the other groups, and they provided a much-needed interlude of musical sophistication.

Concert Review

Since the Beasties only have one full-length album out, their set was predictably short, but satisfying. Their show was like a fleeting slice of the New York club scene. No band, just their scratcher, DJ Hurricane, and a go go dancer in a giant cage.

The songs themselves were great-wild, throbbing, painfully loud — but the show bogged down between numbers as the Beasties paused to play "Beer-hunter" with the audience and amiably insult Nebraska. Both between and

during numbers Beastie MCA kept climbing around on the cage, trying to hit on the dancer.

Everything led up to the Beasties' main hit, "Fight For Your Right." The lights and the crowd exploded as the first power chords of "Fight For Your Right" played. Halfway through the song a giant jack-in-the-box penis popped up centerstage and the Beasties started changing their lyrics to meaningless strings of obscenities in a final epiphany of vulgarity.

The show's anarchist surface was belied by its smooth execution. Murphy's Law came out at 7:03 and apologized for the wait. Set changes went smooth and the Beasties were off at 10 on the dot.

Maybe the best thing was for once seeing black kids and white kids enjoying a show together in Lincoln.

A lot of moms and dads were probably grinning yesterday because their little darlings were exposed to such nastiness. But the kids knew, and they got what they paid for.

Even perfection can be dull

Lagoya good, but undynamic

By Joan Rezac and
Jann Nyffeler
Staff Reviewers

We heard one of the foremost guitarists in the world Sunday night. And it was no big deal.

Alexandre Lagoya played with dull precision at Kimball Hall. His performance was clear and crisp, but his perfect technique and deliberate execution were lost in endless sameness. The dynamics never varied from medium loud; he played two loud chords the whole night.

Lagoya began with Weiss's "Tombeau and Caprice," a thoughtful, harplike piece that was performed precisely but was hardly exciting. It was a beautiful portrait of the solitude of man and guitar.

Gottschalk's "Grand Tremolo" seemed faster than the other pieces because of Lagoya's tremolo technique — rapidly repeating one note with each finger of his right hand. He maintained a bassline with the tremolo, which must have been difficult to do. This piece was reminiscent of Mannheim Steamroller's early "Fresh Aire" recordings.

Lagoya painted dancers on the stage with Granados' "Arabesque." The light and airy, minor melody leapt above a waiting bassline peppered with grace notes. "Arabesque" was one of the most enjoy-

able pieces in the 1 1/2-hour performance; it began as seriously as the preceding ones and evolved into a fun, visual fantasy.

His technical skill captivated us, but only a guitarist could appreciate the intricacies of the harmonics, vibrato and staccato.

Finally, in "Introduction and Variations on 'La Carnaval de Venise,'" Lagoya showed some dynamic variation.

When the concert ended, the audience swoke and applauded. Perhaps 10 people stood, some in appreciation and some to put on their coats. He returned for one encore, and spoke his first words in announcing it.

Lagoya's performance was good; it was hard for us to appreciate it.

Concert Review



Courtesy of RCA Records

Bruce Hornsby and the Range

Pianist Hollander to play

Lorin Hollander, nationally known pianist and arts authority, is the special guest March 24 at a luncheon sponsored by the Lincoln Arts Council at the Wick Alumni Center, 1520 R St. at 11:30 a.m.

In addition to performing, Hollander will speak on "Creativity in Contemporary Society." The public is encouraged to attend, but seating is limited to 200. The cost for the talk, performance and luncheon is \$6.50, payable by Friday to the Lincoln Arts Council, P.O. Box 83051, Lincoln, 68501.

Hollander's credits began with his concert debut at Carnegie Hall at age 11 and include appearances with major symphonies the world over. In addition

to performances for radio and television, Hollander played for the soundtrack of the film "Sophie's Choice."

Hollander has addressed the Smithsonian Institute, the Aspen Institute and the American Psychiatric Association. He has advised the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and other organizations, been a panel member for the National Endowment for the Arts, and was appointed Distinguished Scholar in Residence at Southern Methodist University.

For more information, call the Lincoln Arts Council office, 474-ARTS. Telephone reservations will be accepted. Direct late inquiries to 488-3207.

Cosby's Lincoln show canceled

Due to unforeseen television commitments, the Bill Cosby show on March 24 at the Bob Devaney Sports Center has been canceled.

Refunds for all tickets purchased will be available as follows:

Persons requesting Bill Cosby ticket refunds need to return tickets to the

outlet where they were purchased beginning Wednesday.

Refunds for tickets bought at the Nebraska Union and the East Union will be available Wednesday from 9 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. at the Nebraska Union.

If you charged your tickets via phone order (47-COSBY or 472-6729), mail

your tickets and sales receipt to:

COSBY
Nebraska Union 220
14th and R Streets
Lincoln, NE 68588-0452

All persons who want a refund should respond before April 3. No refunds will be processed after this date.