



The young cast from "Gleaming the Cube."

Courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox

## 'Gleaming the Cube' has laughable plot and few performances that truly gleam

By Sarah Knight  
Staff Reporter

"Gleaming the Cube," an action thriller concerning skateboarding, could have been a decent film -- and is, in some respects.

### movie REVIEW

The film revolves around Brian Kelly (Christian Slater), an obnoxious teen-ager who loves to skate.

Brian's adopted brother Vinh (Art Chudabala) is the stereotypical perfect kid, whom everyone envies. Vinh is dating Tina Trac (Min Luong), whose father is Colonel Trac (Le Tuan), Vinh's employer.

While working one day at Trac's video shop, Vinh finds an error in the books. When he reports it, however, Trac is reluctant to investigate and suggests that Vinh forget the matter.

From there it a simple case of the man who knew too much -- Vinh is found dead. Sensing foul play, Brian sets out to solve his brother's murder.

Along the way, Brian sees one of Vinh's co-workers, Bobby Ngyen (Peter Kwong), killed. He then meets up with Al Lucero (Steven Bauer), a tough-as-nails cop who, after much resistance, listens to Brian's suspicions. The two then set out on an investigation that uncovers an ammunition-smuggling ring.

Christian Slater's performance is among the good things in the film. He

has a rebellious and comic presence that is somehow reminiscent of Jack Nicholson.

Steven Bauer should also be congratulated. His portrayal of Lucero is superb. At first, he seems to be a strong-willed policeman who doesn't take any guff -- especially from teenage punks.

Yet as the film continues, a new side to him emerges. He empathizes with Brian and tells him, "You're a screw-up. I should know, I was one too".

Brian's relationship with his mother (Nicole Mercurio) is also interesting. Unlike her husband, she appreciates Brian for what he is and takes an interest in his life, saying, "I love to watch you skate".

Director of photography Reed Smoot, whose credits include second-unit camera work on "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom," dazzles the eye as he fascinatingly captures the skateboarding action. He often uses point-of-view shots which make the audience feel as if they were skating.

Despite these pluses, "Gleaming the Cube" fails miserably.

With the exception of Mercurio, the supporting cast is quite lifeless. This is especially evident in the supposedly villainous Ed Lawndale (Richard Herd), whose flat and unimaginative performance crushes all hopes of building intensity.

The plot is dull, unbelievable and even laughable -- ending with a chase

scene involving a police car and several skaters aboard a Pizza Hut truck.

Then, of course, there is the implausible start of a romance between Brian and Tina.

The film idolizes defiance of authority and insinuates that adults are mentally incompetent while teens truly have wisdom.

It is a must-see for 12-year-olds and those who haven't yet reached a level of maturity adequate for adulthood.

"Gleaming the Cube" is rated PG-13 for foul language and violence and is now playing at the East Park Mall Theaters.

## No hustle and bustle in 'Urban Interludes'

By Lisa Donovan  
Senior Reporter

The dancers in "Urban Interludes," at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln's Kimball Hall, must have had their batteries charged during intermission.

### kimball REVIEW

The show, sponsored by the College of Arts and Sciences and the Department of Theatre Arts and Dance, was no space shuttle launch -- it was slow.

The 16 cast members opened the performance with the title show "Urban Interludes." The dance was a depiction of people as machines.

The effort at creativity turned out to be just effort -- for both the audience and presumably the performers.

During the second part of the show, however, it seemed that the group gained stage presence and charisma.

"Streetland" and "Night on the Town" were fun and somewhat lively numbers -- they may very well have been the salvation of the show.

"Night On The Town," choreographed by Dee Hughes, was an interesting look at a night out in the big city. The performance was on the threshold of romance, fun and frivolity, but never quite made it through the doorway.

But the show climaxed with the final number, "Broadway Local."

The combination of the music, dance and costuming depicted the dog-eat-dog world of the big city. Set to a distorted rendition of the song, "New York, New York," there was that scary and bland feeling one can get from being one of many in a large town.

But bland was the best term to describe the show. Although the moves of this modern dance were executed quite well -- there was no excitement or dare.

It's a shame, too, because the cast was comprised of some of UNL's most talented dancers, not to mention some renowned guest artists, like Cindy Scarborough and Rick Guimond.

But Scarborough, a visiting assistant professor and artist-in-residence at UNL, didn't add -- or take anything away from the performance.

Although her talent is unquestionable, her performance was contrived and it seemed that she purposely stood out -- because she's famous.

Laura Milan, director, gets a bravo, however, for the music used to depict life in the big city. One of the disappointments, however, was that there were times when the cohesion between music and dance fell apart. Unfortunately, the show does too.

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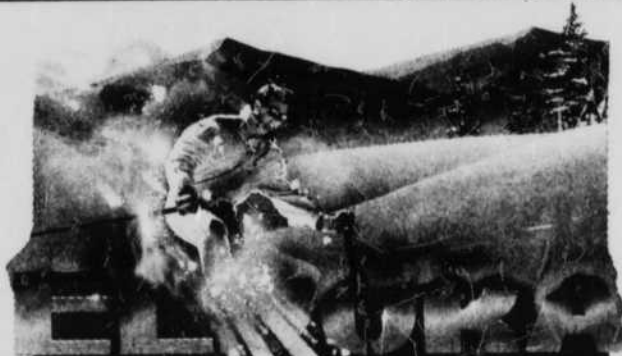
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## Band bores audience with eccentric style

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song and still never managed to get it right. The group is usually out of tune, and that's often effective. But it's too bad the members have to spend so much time getting that way.

Latin American benefits are great, but what Lincoln really needs is a "Buy 13 Nightmares a Tuner" benefit.

But as usual, if they weren't fun to listen to, they were great to watch. A couple of songs towards the end of their show clicked hard. "Call it Sleep," the show-closer, and another song from "It Hurts" were the highlight.

The band moved solidly through the tense, powerful main parts of the song, and then the ending degenerated into about ten solid minutes of Cosgrove strangling his guitar with a drumstick and singing "I feel hated" over and over again.

Of course, this kind of thing gets a little trying on the audience. About half straggled towards the exit before the end. But the band seems to genuinely enjoy it.

Trout Mystery, the second band to play and another well-established Lincoln original music act, had a similar show in that several moments of the band's usual charm showed up in an otherwise average set.

Because half of the band was late for the start of the set, singer/guitarist Chris Albright did an impressive solo version of Alex Chilton's "Sandy," and this was one of the most interesting moments of the whole night.

Then the members kicked into a set comprising more recent Trout material, as well as a couple of "classics" such as "Human Error" and "I Don't Care." A couple of the recent songs, featuring other singer/guitarist Dave Sullivan and Albright's creative two-guitar songwriting, sounded great.

The infamous Trout humor was a bit subdued Saturday night, although Sullivan did do some nice crabwalk guitar-playing.

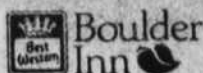
Leafy Green Things, a newer band than either 13 Nightmares or Trout Mystery, opened up with a set of quick, rough guitar pop, tinged at times with traces of speed-metal and even simple jazz.

The band, dressed in outfits ranging from professional wrestling to vintage Steppenwolf, had some fine moments, especially during its final two songs, which were straight-ahead pop with catchy leads.

But, no insult to the Things, they can't fill a stage visually or a room musically like the more experienced Trout Mystery can. But Trout Mystery in turn can't do it like 13 Nightmares can.

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