

'Pacific Heights' displays inadequate plot



Melanie Griffith stars as Patty Palmer and Michael Keaton is Carter Hayes in "Pacific Heights."

By Julie Naughton
Senior Reporter

"Pacific Heights" is the story of Patty Palmer (Melanie Griffith) and Drake Goodman (Matthew Modine), a nice couple that decides to buy a beautiful old Victorian mansion. They

movie

can't afford to pay the mortgage on the \$750,000 home, so they decide to turn some of the rooms into apartments and rent them.

That is where the trouble begins. At first, it appears that all will be well with the tenant business. The couple's first tenants, Toshio Watanabe (Mako) and Mira Watanabe (Nobu McCarthy) are a model couple, quiet, reserved and polite. They pay their rent on time and do not cause problems.

It's the next tenant, Carter Hayes (Michael Keaton), that very nearly ruins the lives of the young couple.

Carter moves in a walletful of \$100 bills, a black Porsche and a promise to wire his rent money into the young couple's checking account. Patty and Drake tell Carter that they need the

money before he moves in, but come home the next day to find him completely moved into the previously locked and bolted apartment.

Despite Carter's moving in without the couple's consent, at first he, too, appears to be a perfect tenant. But weeks go by, and still Carter has not paid his rent. The couple begins to notice strange noises from Carter's apartment and strange events surrounding their newest tenant. When they try to evict him, he begins a psychological game with Patty and Drake; a game that they cannot possibly win.

However, Patty and Drake cannot afford to lose Carter's war. If they do, they will risk losing their home, their relationship and, quite possibly, their lives.

Griffith is believable as Patty Palmer, the young equestrienne in love with her boyfriend. It's fun to watch Griffith as she redecorates the home and as she exacts revenge against Hayes.

Modine displays charisma — and a great left hook — as Drake Goodman. He oversees a kite-making company and tries to get rid of Hayes.

Keaton is completely creepy as

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Duffy's to host benefit show for underground publications

By John Payne
Senior Reporter

Some of Lincoln's more prominent bands, as well as a couple of new ones, will be featured Tuesday night as Duffy's Tavern hosts a benefit show for two local underground publications. Profits from the 10 band show will go to support the entertainment magazines Broadside and Static.

Tom Jensen, creator and editor of Static, said that the benefit will be a good opportunity to see a variety of bands. Dirty old favorites like Flesh Petal and Leafy Green Things are slated to appear, along with newcomers like the Whiskey Sour Notes.

"We got a good mixture," Jensen said, "Some industrial rock with Sam the Butcher, some pure grunge, and even a little folk with the Dutchmen playing. I think it'll be interesting and hopefully a little different."

Jensen, along with Broadside editor Michael Davis, even plans to have poetry readings between sets.

A similar benefit was held for

Broadside last year, and Jensen believes that such fund-raisers are important to keep their magazines afloat.

"Broadside and Static are platforms for Lincoln writers and poets," Jensen said. "I think it's important that local talent have some sort of forum to display their work."

Static is a quarterly magazine that has been in existence for about a year. It features music reviews, as well as band interviews. According to Jensen, the overall focus of his publication is looser than that of Broadside.

"We have pretty much the same intent," he said. "I guess the only real difference is that Static is generally a little more deviant."

Other bands scheduled to play at tomorrow night's benefit include the speed metal merchants Red Max, country tongue-in-cheekers Whiskey Sour Notes, loud grungers Sideshow and Sawhorse, Kearney-based quartet The Return, and the Crossing, formerly Elysium Crossing.

The show starts at 7 p.m., with bands scheduled to play about 1/2 hour each. Tickets are \$3.

'Blue Leaves' shamefully funny, deranged, dark and dramatic

By Michael Deeds
Senior Editor

Walking into "The House of Blue Leaves," which opened Friday at Howell Theater, is like getting the giggles after your dog dies. Twisted, clever and, most of all, saddening, the play is a high-caliber example of the entertainment found at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

Devon Schumacher stars as Artie Shaughnessy, a New York City zoo keeper with dreams of stardom. Shaughnessy is a hopelessly amateur songwriter of greats such as "Where is the Devil in Evelyn?" who hopes to see his work in Hollywood someday.

The tragic comedy takes place almost entirely in his small, dusty apartment. But the walls do little to confine the play. "The House of Blue Leaves" is a depressing slice

of life that envelops as it progresses, forcing the audience to accept unrealistic situations on an emotional level.

Shaughnessy spends time caring for his insane wife, Bananas (Jennifer Anne Lewis), and absorb-

theater

ing the vocal onslaught of Bunny Flingus (Kristy Breen), his plump Jersey girlfriend. It is Bunny who drives Shaughnessy's dreams, and she keeps the mood light with her nonstop gabbing. But playwright John Guare uses this innocence to his advantage, sprinkling Bunny's gibberish with cruel humor, directed mostly at Bananas.

Shaughnessy finally has realized he is "too old to be a young talent," and takes one last stab at success by calling Billy Einhorn

(Eric Thompson), a childhood friend who is now a famous movie maker. From this point on, Guare's play becomes complex and involved; Einhorn, Shaughnessy's son, three nuns, a military policeman, a Marilyn Monroe look-alike and a bomb that eliminates several of these characters, attack the scenes in a coherent, but confusing, barrage.

A strange focus on Shaughnessy keeps the dark mood constant, and there is never a doubt that no matter what happens, he will fail. But this depressing aura is a necessary force in creating humor where it shouldn't exist.

The disturbing thing about "The House of Blue Leaves," is that although it creates laughs, most often they are uncomfortable laughs. It's funny, but you feel rotten for

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'Stinky Grooves' smells sweet enough for now

By Michael Deeds
Senior Editor

Limbomaniacs 'Stinky Grooves' In-Effect Records

At worst, the "white boy funk rage" has produced unoriginal bands like Psychefunkapus, Big Hunk 'O' Cheese and Soda Can, and occasionally, irresponsible crossovers by the likes of Jane's Addiction.

More importantly, the mini-revolution has created a molten core of rock hard funksters who are too fun to ignore. The Tar Babies, Fishbone, and of course, the Red Hot Chili Peppers take audiences by the hips and show them what funk can do to a body.

The Limbomaniacs are a San Francisco foursome that make the big boy cut through slick steals, snatching Chili Pepper groove tactics and blending them with Urban Dance Squad rap.

"Stinky Grooves" is an exercise in unoriginality, but an entertaining one, and proves that borrowing can be viciously infectious if the right sources are involved.

The Limbomaniacs lean heavily on the Peppers not only in music, but

in lyrics. Tunes like "Porno" take the sexism one step further: "Magazines, yeah, you know I got 'em/Full of young naked women with young naked bottoms." And rapper/bassist Butthouse strains to maintain a cool, not necessarily tough, voice — much like Chili Pepper vocalist Anthony Kiedis.

From there, the Limbos take occa-



sional Hendrix chords and simple, repetitious brass lines, mold them with Dance Squad samples, and emphasize the anthems with multi-voice choruses.

Humor plays a big element in the Limbo attack, and funky wildness lends well to its use. The Limbos stoop to kindergarten funnies on "The Toilet's Flooded."

Guitarist Mirv unleashes a metal chord periodically while Butthouse hollers: "The Toilet's Flooded/The load won't fit/The Toilet's Flooded/

With a great big shit!"

Some sort of anal obsession plagues these Limbomaniacs, who open "Stinky Grooves" with the catchy, chauvinistic "Butt Funkin'." But this affliction can be understood and pitied — the Limbos make no secret of their love for Dark Brothers porno movies.

But all crap aside, in funk, musicianship is the bottom line. These guys are good, though not incredible. Mirv is a competent guitarist, drummer Brain knows the beats, and Pete, the resident computer dude, samples and doodles effectively.

But Butthouse lacks the bass slapping skills that propel the Tar Babies or Fishbone to funk orgasm. A nice line of bass pops can make the lips purse, the head bob and the body writhe — even when the songwriting isn't fantastic. Luckily, these tunes are reasonably well-written, and Butthouse escapes virtually unscathed.

A few lessons from Chili Peppers bassist Flea would make this band more fearsome, however, and if Butthouse is smart, he's already practicing. Meanwhile, "Stinky Grooves" holds its own for now, keeping these guys' heads above water in the rising tide of funk bands.



Limbomaniacs

Courtesy of In-Effect