

# Characters make 'Palace' memorable



Courtesy of Universal

A strong, lusty attraction develops between Max Baron (James Spader) and Nora Baker (Susan Sarandon) in "White Palace."

By John Payne  
Senior Reporter

The older woman/younger man romance is certainly nothing new to the movies. And with the enormous success of "Pretty Woman," another

## movie

Cinderella tale wouldn't appear to be too fresh either.

Yet, "White Palace," a film that draws from both of these common themes, manages to be an endearing, sexy love story.

Despite its elegant name, the White Palace is actually a greasy hamburger stand located in the poor section of St. Louis. It is there that 27-year-old Max (James Spader), an advertising executive, meets a saucy middle-aged waitress named Nora (Susan Sarandon).

Max has volunteered to pick up the burgers for his friend's stag party, and when he finds several empty boxes in the batch, he returns for a refund. His buddies are perplexed. After all, what's the big deal about paying for 50 hamburgers, and getting only 44?

But Max is a stickler — an uptight yuppie who has become even more uptight in the two years since the death of his wife. Sporting a black dinner tux and driving his new Volvo, Max leaves the party to get a refund

because of "the principle."

His complaint is handled somewhat less than courteously by Nora. He is amazed by her rudeness; she's amazed by his pettiness.

"Hold on a minute," she says to a waiting customer. "Fred Astaire here wants to report a burglary."

During a chance meeting in a bar later that night, the two begin to talk. Max isn't much of a drinker, though, and after two scotch and waters, he's staggering drunk. After warding off Nora's sexual advances, he finally agrees to give her a ride home. But he seems to have no interest in her, at least sexually. What does fascinate Max, though, is Nora's directness.

One thing leads to another, and before too long they end up in bed for what would seem to be merely a one-night stand. At least, that's all Nora expects.

But Max returns the next night, and soon they can't get enough of one another. A lasting relationship seems unlikely, to say the least; he's a wealthy, quiet professional from a large Jewish family, and she gave up on Catholicism a long time ago in favor of vodka tonics. Sixteen years his senior, she curses like a sailor.

"White Palace" is unwavering in its harsh look at this unconventional love affair. There's never any guaran-

See PALACE on 11

## Neighborhood shows glint of interesting raw talent

By Robert Richardson  
Staff Reporter

The Neighborhood  
"Living Stereo"

The Neighborhood may look like those all-American boys down the

### SOUNDS

block but they don't sound like them. Lead vocalist Clint Lawrence fits right into this band, as his atypical voice sounds high-quality but slightly inexperienced and raw over the up-

beat tunes.

These guys have a good start on a music career.

The Neighborhood consists of Lawrence on lead vocals, Nate Woodhams on bass, Pete Amisano on lead guitar and Derek Lineberry on percussion.

Although in their picture Neighborhood members look young and happy-go-lucky because they are sitting in the back of a truck, they aren't. Listening once will prove enjoyable and ultimately show this is not a band to be taken lightly for any reason.

The Neighborhood doesn't play fast or hard. And like a plethora of Lincoln bands, one could call their music alternative. But their musical talents equal their vocals — a little

See NEIGHBORHOOD on 11

## Intense 'Talk Radio' complete with good cast, intriguing script

By Jeffrey Frey  
Staff Reporter

There is something slightly repulsive, yet completely captivating about Eric Bogosian's play, "Talk Radio," which is being performed at Howell Theater.

The play confronts the audience, forcing it to consider the dark and demented aspects that society has to offer — to consider the routine of varied lives with little direction and little understanding of the world in which we live. The confrontation is built around the questions and statements of the callers on the program, "Night Talk with Barry Champlain," on Cleveland

radio station WTLK, and concludes with the twisted and stark replies of the show's host.

"Talk Radio" is a simple yet

### theater

intense play using a basic set — studio B, consisting of the host's and two assistants' desks and a radio control room. There are few characters, while the play focuses primarily on angst-ridden host Barry Champlain — performed brilliantly by Steven P. Lewis — as well as his producer and two assistants.

"Night Talk" is a local radio program that is controversial be-

cause of the abrasiveness of the show's host. The show will receive nationwide syndication the night after the play takes place, though Champlain refuses to moderate his attitude or replies to the callers to please the show's sponsors. There is nothing pleasant or interesting about the lives of these callers, nor of their often inane questions. And more importantly, the atmosphere becomes unpleasant and disturbing as a result of Champlain's annoyed responses.

Champlain is described by his female assistant/former lover as "a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't

See TALK on 10

## Omaha trio releases 5-song EP

# Cellophane has listeners dancing on ceiling

By Bryan Peterson  
Staff Reporter

Cellophane Ceiling  
"Fry"  
Main Vein Records

The much-lauded Omaha trio Cellophane Ceiling is offering its third release, a five-song EP called "Fry," which follows its 1987 debut album (The Omaha World Herald's Best Local Release of the Year) and a 1988 EP.

Bar crowds in Lincoln and Omaha have heard the three-person version of Cellophane Ceiling since late 1985, when guitarist John C. Wolf took on vocal duties after the departure of vocalist Jeanette, who is now with another Omaha band, The Acorns.

Described variously as thrashably, post-punk, powertrash and "hair-wagging college-oriented stuff," the bottom line here is a clean, powerful sound guaranteed to perk up the listeners' ears whether in a crowded, smoky bar or in the comfort of one's home.

Wolf's snarly-growly vocals add a fine touch to his prowling guitar licks, and both are complemented well by a shadowy bass and some crisp, punchy drum work.

The tight, fiery blend of instruments that shows in every song on

### SOUNDS

this tape is a sound that has led Cellophane Ceiling to open for a lengthy must-hear list of underground music gods: Soundgarden, Soul Asylum, Husker Dü, The Replacements, the Red Hot Chili Peppers and The Rollins Band.

Years on the bar circuit and practically being a house band at Omaha's Lifticket Lounge, as well as experience opening for so many bands, have all added up to produce a polished sound which marks this release.

Things get started with "Soul

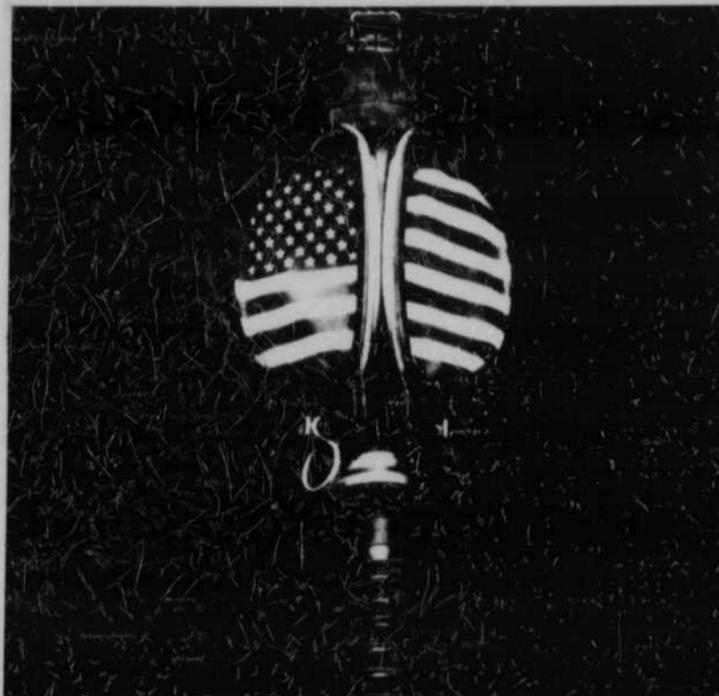
Shake" and "Wise to You," both stop-and-start blasts of anger and angst, American style.

Some blue-collar blues follow with "Ponderous (White Rock)," an aptly named tune followed itself on the cassette version by the extra track "Peacetime," whose infectious bass line keeps this slow-paced song from dragging the tape down.

If anything detracts from this release, it is the lyrics. The few strong lines ("I work all day in the factory to support four ugly kids who look just like me") are lost in rows of trite, wandering lyrics ("I must confess/I'm in such distress/It's such a shame/You're all to blame.")

The EP is rounded out by its title track "Fry," an exercise in the building and releasing of aural tension which reveals the precise melding of this trio at its best.

With over five years of live shows, it is time for Cellophane Ceiling to break into a larger audience. "Fry" may be just the thing to gather some deserved national attention and to put Omaha on the music map.



Courtesy of Main Vein