

Theater company finds permanent home

Theater to be built in local warehouse

By Anne Steyer
Senior Reporter

The Lincoln Ensemble Theatre finally has found a home. In December they will move into their first permanent base, a warehouse called The Creamery at 701 P St.

"It's been a long process," said Kevin Harvey, the group's president.

Both Harvey and Richard Schmeling, former president of the group, are excited about the opportunity to perform at the ensemble theater's permanent home. Construction of the theater will begin next month, on the second

floor of the Creamery.

The first floor will house an antique store operated by the owner of the building. One of his contributions to the building will be an antique staircase.

The theater is projected to have a seating capacity of 100-120 people. Schmeling said he hopes to have seating on three sides, with no more than six rows on each side.

Observing auditions at the Lincoln Community Playhouse propelled Schmeling's pursuit of a permanent home.

"I was impressed by the tremendous amount of acting talent that I saw," Schmeling said, "and I felt that the directors could have cast the shows three times over."

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Harvey said the theater had its unofficial

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Schmeling
former president of Lincoln Ensemble Theatre

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inception in the spring of 1987 as the Homeless Theatre Project, a one-performance show formed to raise money for the homeless people of

Lincoln.

The ensemble theater troupe rehearsed the show for four months and performed in the Harpen Brothers Building in the Haymarket.

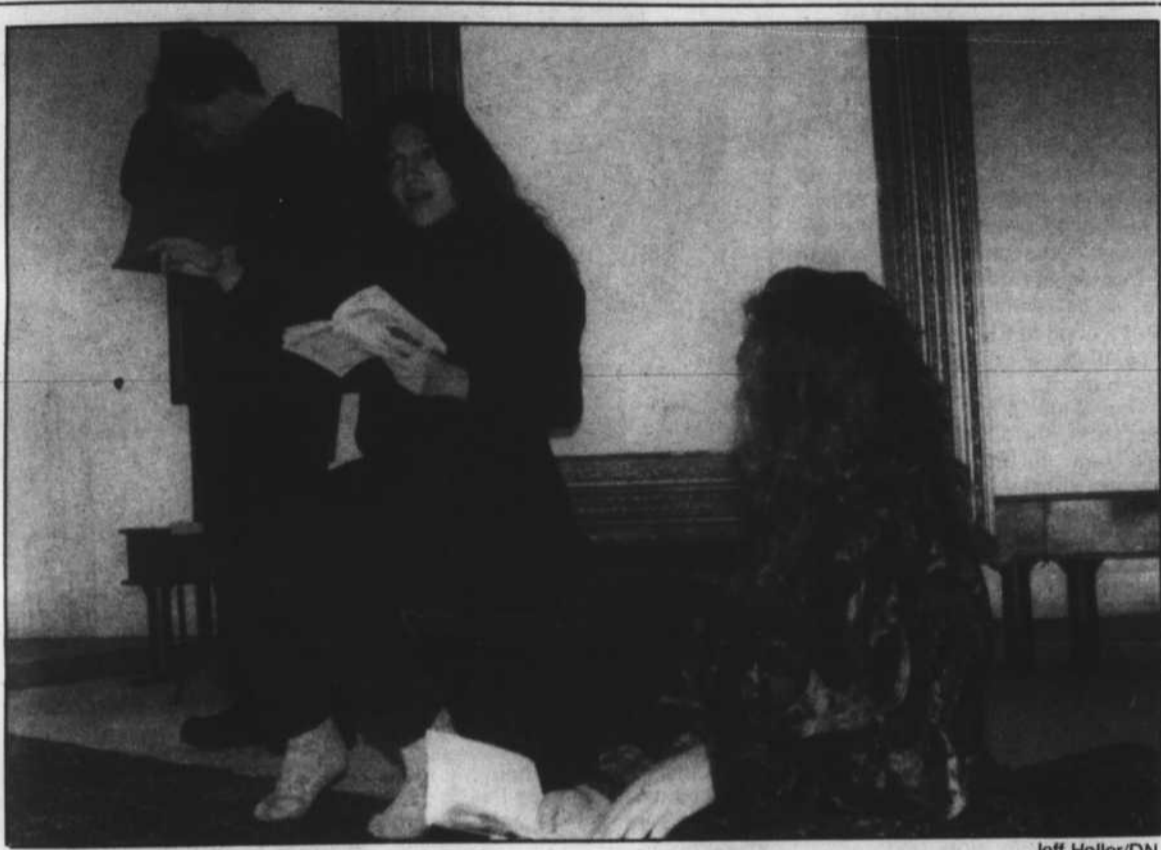
At the University Club, the troupe operated as a dinner theater, which Schmeling said made it inaccessible to the general public.

"When you're part of a package that includes dinner, you're looking at an expensive evening," Schmeling said.

For its new season, the theater will try to provide affordable pricing on single tickets and season tickets.

In the past, the Lincoln Ensemble Theatre's seasons have been limited to four shows, but with the acquisition of the new theater space,

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Jeff Holler/DN

Members of the Rist Christian Theatre Company rehearse Monday night at Howell Theatre where they will perform an all-French production of Moliere's "Le Misanthrope."

Breaking the language barrier

Play gives meaning in movement

By Robert Richardson
Senior Reporter

Hoping to break the language barriers of a 17th century play by Moliere, a French theater company will present "Le Misanthrope" in two performances at Howell Theatre today.

The Christian Rist Theater Company, a Paris-based troupe

under the direction of Christian Rist, has been in the United States since late October.

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Rist said the company has had relative success in presenting the play, which is performed entirely in French, to American audiences.

"What was the meaning of Moliere when he wrote his play?" Rist asked. "Simply, he had things to say. Those things were not meant to be said in a dramatic way. He had to prove the movement, by the movement. And that's the theatrical proof. So I think if we do properly what we have to do, people

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Hairy man seeks method for writing personal ads



Mark
Baldrige

The Daily Nebraskan, that paragon of college journalism, has this to say about writing an effective ad:

"Be descriptive. The more information you provide the readers, the better your responses will be.

Begin the ad with the item for sale or offered.

Include the price of the item for sale."

With this advice in mind, I think I'm going to take out a personal ad.

I always read the personal ad section because everyone seems to have such a swinging time there. And besides, I'm afraid I'll miss the one that's for me.

Good-Looking Guy in gray sweater, How would you like to meet the tall brunette from Pound Hall? I'm fun-loving, athletic and have a great sense of humor. Respond via personals.

— Snuggle Bunny

I read that and think: I have a gray sweater, maybe that's me. Hey, it could happen.

But I never respond via personals. I never respond via anything, I'm too shy. And I always figure it's probably not for me. Lots of guys have gray sweaters, and I don't even know where Pound is.

So I figured I'd take out my own ad. That way I'd be sure when one was for me. I'll sign it something like "Bruiser," something real "he-man." Then when I get responses they'll read:

Bruiser, Your idea of a good time sounds good to me. I'm a 5'9 green-eyed monster and I'm 100 percent woman. I like the sound of your ad. Call me.

— Blonde Barbarian

Actually, that sounds kind of scary. Maybe I should tone it down a little — I don't want to come across like a pro wrestler. I'm a timid guy.

I want to bring out my good points. After all, they're going to want to meet me sooner or later — and I'm never going to pass for Tarzan.

Let's see, descriptive . . .

Young man with broad shoulders seeks young lady for intimate evening encounters. Likes reading, dining out and Calvin and Hobbes. No blonde barbarians need apply. RSV Personals.

A little formal, you think? A little vague with that "young man" bit? Perhaps, but I'm only 27. That's not old, though I admit I'm not exactly underage. I haven't even been carded since I was 16. It's the "mature look."

Sure, I may be glossing over some of the salient factors, but isn't that what advertising is all about?

And who's going to respond to the truth?

Aging undergraduate with broad if somewhat hairy shoulders seeks female for awkward fumbling. Likes beer, TV and Jim's Journal. My standards are low. Apply today! RSV . . . et cetera.

Oh, this is too much work. It would be easy if I never had to meet them — or talk to them on the phone. But then what's the point? I can do that without ever leaving home.

Baldrige is a senior English major and a Daily Nebraskan A&E columnist.

Chocolate-covered art

Finley attacks societal responses to problems

By Mark Nemeth
Staff Reporter

Performance Artist Karen Finley came to the Carson Theatre in Lincoln this weekend, criticizing government and society response to AIDS, homelessness, homosexuality and women's rights.

When Finley took the stage, she brought with her a large red cloth, which she wrapped around her head; an Evian water bottle in one hand and a very large piece of beef jerky in the other.

Finley said that the post-modern artist only needs to add "text" to turn a piece of beef jerky into art. Finley's personality and attitude were immediately personal, assertive and often sarcastic.

Finley's performance was angry, sincere, bitter, personal and political, culminating in the emotional intensity of the theme presented by the title of her show, "We Keep Our Victims

Ready."

"Could you move over," she said to an audience member sitting on the floor. "There's going to be a light there."

theater REVIEW

Finley criticized what she called the male "pseudo-sensitivity."

"I hate William Hurt," said Finley. "Did he think he did us a favor by wearing those damn PC glasses and acting like a sensitive homosexual in 'Kiss of The Spider Woman?' I hate people who have to rationalize suffering."

Finley compared the victims of societal abuse — abused women, homosexuals, the homeless, people with AIDS — to imprisoned veal calves and Nazi Germany concentration camp victims.

"Our society is no different," she said. "Our own (ovens) cook at a

slower speed. . . . We keep our victims ready. Many believe that HIV carriers should be branded like those in concentration camps. People would rather eliminate the victims of AIDS than the disease itself."

Finley's performance, like all her performances, was an animated recital of a type of poetry that alternates in point of view. Its content and energy left the audience overwhelmed, angry and often confused.

One of Finley's written performances entitled, "I Was Not Expected To Be Talented," criticizes censorship and the socialization of women. That socialization, Finley said, enforces the myth that women are inferior to men.

This piece began as a description of Finley's dream about an art gallery that had removed all of its paintings, leaving only frames and tape on the walls.

The toilets were closed because of the fear that someone would think

urination was art. In this dream, North Carolina Sen. Jesse Helms was trying to impress foreign dignitaries with the United States' commitment to morality.

But the dignitaries were not impressed because there was nowhere for them to go to the bathroom.

Finley went on to explain that New York's Coney Island was closed because the hotdogs sold there were "too phallic." Helms, columnist George Will, President George Bush and Vice President Dan Quayle were forced to paint on the White House lawn for the dignitaries, but they could produce nothing until a child inspired them to let go of their fears.

Soon the politicians were painting visions of houses burning and homosexuals having sex.

Finley's piece ended with the repeating of the words, "I was not expected to be talented. . . . Are my tits big enough?"

The second of Finley's three acts began with the artist removing most of her clothes.

After filling her shirt with jello, she performed a symbolic piece about a woman being raped and beaten.

"This is the part that makes Bush and (White House Chief of Staff John) Sununu and those guys nervous," Finley said, as she took off her clothes and smeared chocolate sauce on her body.

After spreading chocolate on her body, Finley added red candies, then green sprouts symbolizing sperm, and finally tinsel.

The combination, she explained, represents the way women are "treated like feces, then told sweet things, then used for sex, then put in nice clothing as if to make everything better."

"Whenever I see a rainbow in the sky," Finley said. "I only see an angel

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