



Erik Unger/DN

Pepsi's "Uh-Huh" girls, who accompanied Ray Charles during his trip to Lincoln, sign autographs at Rock 'n Roll Runza on Friday.

## Charles' soulful, rousing show 'the right one' for Lied audience

### concert REVIEW

By Steve Pearson  
Staff Reporter

The Lincoln Symphony Orchestra brought the king of soul, Ray Charles, to the Lied Center for Performing Arts Friday and Saturday night for its annual Pops Concert.

In the first half of the concert, Conductor Robert Emile and the LSO presented Rossini's popular "William Tell Overture" and the Gershwin classic, "An American in Paris." Each piece was sensitively interpreted and performed, providing a pleasing appetizer of orchestral classics for the main course of soul that followed.

Charles earned the first of his three standing ovations just by walking onto the Lied Center stage at the beginning of the second act and flashing his trademark smile.

Performing with his own conductor, drummer and guitarist, in addition to the LSO personnel, Charles immediately displayed the talents that have kept him at the top of his profession for decades.

Charles' soulfully communicative voice is a collection of amazing contrasts — alternately raspy and clear, piercing and gentle, high and low. His astonishing vocal control is complemented by a near perfect sense of intonation.

His work on the piano and keyboard displayed the connection he

seems to have with the music. He seemed to write with pleasure as he drew the music out of the keys.

Charles displayed his musical talents on yet another instrument, playing an incredible improvised solo on the alto saxophone.

Musical highlights included the Beatles' "Eleanor Rigby," the Kermit the Frog tune "It's Not Easy Being Green," a soul version of Hank Williams' classic "Your Cheatin' Heart," a rousing rendition of "America the Beautiful," and his own signature ballad "Georgia."

As Charles left the stage, he wrapped his arms around himself and smiled, seemingly wrapping himself in the applause of his adoring audience.

## Student literary talents unveiled



By Mark Nemeth  
Staff Reporter

UNL students read their poetry and fiction Friday afternoon to celebrate their publication in this semester's "Laurus," the creative writing magazine of the Department of English.

Although many of the writers did not read their work with a great deal of passion, the overall spirit and personality of the writers and the readings was comforting and inspiring.

"Laurus, Spring 1992" features many talented student writers and their moments of great creativity: poignant, perceptive, experimental and entertaining.

Cinnamon Dokken's "The Cardhouse" resonates with a destructive power describing well the bitterness that comes with the end of a relationship. Linguistic violence sits with the fragility of a cardhouse in this disturbing, beautiful poem.

"Are you hitting on a leggy stewardess, your pocketknife aching to slit the seam of her skirt as she bobs by with Bloody Marys?" writes Dokken in "The Card-house."

Lenora Prue's "Cloud Worshiper" tells of a childhood adjustment to school and a move from Mexico to the United States. Prue's kindhearted and spiritual story features interesting changes in style,

language and timing. "I am a worshiper of clouds," begins "Cloud Worshiper." "As a child, I worked in the sun."

"The day was huge, sprawling long and blue, pressing everything down flat," writes Kjell Cronn in "Walk Into Town," about a seemingly mythical, windy day by the train tracks.

Bob Dutton shows a talent with language in "Fish Wish Penny," a poetic set of word plays describing a conversation between grandmother and grandson.

Ginger K. Dzerk's "Innocuous Things" features some grand moments as she writes, "You are that bump on your knee . . . when you adjust your cap . . . and stare off absently as if you were alone."

Kirk Johnson writes, "My car, parked in 50 cornfields, smells like smoke," in "Sitting In A Bar at a Tableful of People."

There are many more outstanding moments in "Laurus, Spring 1992."

Other students who contributed to "Laurus 1992" are Julie Ogg, Brian Fitch, Ray Ronci, Elizabeth Callaway, Biljana D. Obradovic, Season Harper Dowell, Ann Dorenbach, Jean Delahant, Matthew Miller, Roberta Bailey, Terri Brown-Davidson, J. Kuzma, Jan Armstrong, Kate Flaherty, Paul Brooke, Trisha Martin, Kirstin Cronn, Chris Burchard and Debra Cumberland.

This semester's student editors are Mark Baldrige, Lee Martin, Kim Ports and Tim Skeen. The Laurus faculty adviser is Marcia Southwick.

Copies of Laurus are available for \$3 through its editors and the University of Nebraska-Lincoln Department of English.

## Angry music, lyrics define hard-core album

### Reviews



"Body Count"  
Body Count  
Sire Records

Turn to the inside of Body Count's self-titled debut album, and you find yourself confronted with back-cover art that blows your mind. An extremely realistic, hand-drawn black man points the barrel of a revolver straight at your head.

It is so realistic that no matter how many times you look at it, it gives you the same eerie feeling each time.

That is what Body Count's music is all about. It's threatening. It comes at you with a vengeance that is as effective as it is driving.

Body Count is an all-black thrash band whose roots extend back to the playground of Crenshaw High School in South Central Los Angeles where guitarist Emie-C and rapper Ice-T first met.

Last summer's Lollapalooza Tour introduced Body Count to the public. With heavy, heavy guitar, driving basslines and lyrics to give your parents heart attacks, Body Count is a natural showcase.

Although Ice-T wrote the lyrics to all but one of the songs, this is not a rap album. If anything, it is post-punk speed metal delivered by a very outspoken lead singer.

Reminiscent of old Suicidal Tendencies but with a vocalist more ar-

ticulate than ST's Mike Muir, "Body Count" is a CD meant to be played loud. In fact, it would be practically impossible to play this stuff softly — it would lose nearly all its impact.

Body Count confronts a number of problems in our society, including racism ("Momma's Gotta Die Tonight"), drugged-out friends ("The Winner Loses") and police brutality ("Cop Killer").

"Bowels of the Devil" is an analogy that compares prison to the devil. "Listen close, 'cause I've been there before/You don't wanna die there/They call it goin' out the back door," Ice-T yells on this harder-than-hard-core song. It explains what events led to his imprisonment, then gives a new description of what it's like inside.

Body Count also gives its opinion on why men are constantly looking for sex and different sexual partners. "Late at night evil dick he comes to me/He says, 'Don't sleep alone, don't sleep alone,'" Ice-T moans on "Evil Dick."

"There Goes the Neighborhood" is the first single off the CD, and the video is already out. Directed by Matt Mahurin, who has worked with Metallica and Primal Scream, this song and video are bound to cause controversy. The song concerns African-Americans' inclusion in the "white scene" and "stealing" white men's



Courtesy of Sire Records

### Rapper Ice-T's thrash-metal project Body Count.

girlfriends.

Many of the lyrics to "There Goes the Neighborhood" were changed for the video. The actual song contains an extreme amount of profanity. So do all of Body Count's songs, so it might be impossible for these guys to make another video without spending a lot of time in the editing room.

Of course, this is nothing new to Ice-T fans. If an Ice-T album has a "Parental Advisory, Explicit Lyrics"

sticker on it, it's with good reason.

Body Count takes on other issues such as the Ku Klux Klan in "KKK Bitch" and voodoo magic in "Voodoo."

Some of the songs are just plain guitar-ripping anthems which celebrate the group's name with chants of "Body Count" or "B.C."

One must keep in mind before listening to "Body Count" that this is

not an average rap album. Most of the songs run five minutes in length with guitar and drum solos sprinkled throughout.

Body Count uses the music to vent its anger at the system and ultimately, that's what makes this album work. There are not many metal bands out there that can really call themselves "heavy." Body Count, however, can.

— Garth Lieneman