

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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STATE ARTS

With Jeff Randall

Under-21 crowd wants live music

Speaking as a new addition to the Lincoln population, I must say that I have been somewhat satisfied with my surroundings. But I do have one request.

I want live music.

"Live music? But Lincoln has live music," you may say. "Look at all the concerts that take place every weekend. 'Jeepers,' you may add emphatically, 'what more could you possibly want?'"

Well, Lincoln does have music aplenty. But for those of us who are unfortunate enough to fall into the under-21 segment of society, that music happens to be a frequently inaccessible resource.

With the exception of Le Cafe Shakes, Lincoln has no live music venues that put on exclusive all-ages shows. The bar scene has drawn a curtain between local bands and those who would most avidly support them — the youngsters.

Simply taking a look at one of Le Cafe Shakes' successful shows should provide some clue to owners of local bars and clubs. These shows frequently sell out to audiences that are actually paying attention to the bands.

Taking a look at all-ages shows in larger venues may also reveal exactly how eager the minor population is to get involved in music. Go to the Nine Inch Nails concert being held tonight at Omaha's Civic Auditorium. I can guarantee that a great majority of those in attendance will be high school students and younger college students.

This proves that, when given the chance, minors will pay to hear good music. And there is a difference between simply paying to get into a bar and paying to get in for the music.

I once attended a 21-and-over show. A friend of mine had harassed the bar's owner enough to allow us admittance into a secluded alcohol-free area in the back of the establishment.

That show contained one of the most unenthusiastic crowds I have ever had the misfortune of witnessing. The majority of the audience members stood in small clusters, with their backs to the stage, attempting to maintain their conversations.

Although I'm sure that this type of scene is not reminiscent of every 21-and-over show, it served as a sharp contrast to the crowd I have seen at every all-ages show I have attended.

People who attend all-ages shows know why they are there. They have plunked down \$3 or \$4 of their hard-earned cash to hear good music.

When people go to a bar, they frequently will pay the cover charge regardless of who is playing. A large number of bar patrons don't want to hear music; they want to drink and perhaps engage in some quasi-conversation with complete strangers.

Giving minors the opportunity to attend these shows would inject new enthusiasm and energy into Lincoln's weekly musical experiences. We won't even care if we have to huddle in a back corner, at a safe distance from the alcohol. We just want the music.

I propose that the owners of local bars take advantage of the bloodthirsty lust for live music that runs rampant in the under-21 population. Open your doors to younger audiences. You won't regret it, and neither will the local music scene.

Randall is a freshman news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan staff reporter.



Adam Sandler goes back to grade school in "Billy Madison."

Photo courtesy of Universal Pictures

'Billy Madison' goes back to school

By Joel Strauch
Film Critic

"Billy Madison" has its share of humorous moments, but it has the annoying feel of a 90-minute Saturday Night Live sketch.

Sandler, as co-writer, interjects his unique brand of humor into the film, but at times it almost seems he was forced in.

Some of the scenes aren't funny at all and add nothing to the movie. In addition, the camera pauses way too long at the end of many scenes.

It's like the producers came up with a pretty good hour of material and then had to stretch it to bring it up to feature-film length.

The story itself is fairly original, although a bit far-fetched.

Ambitionless Billy Madison is the son of the ultra-rich Madison Hotels owner (Darren McGavin).

For the first 27 years of his life, Billy has been content to drink countless daiquiris, read nude magazines and chase an imagi-

The Facts

"Billy Madison"

Rating: PG-13

Stars: Adam Sandler

Director: Tamra Davis

Grade: C+

Five Words: "Opera Man" film doesn't sing.

nary six-foot penguin across his father's estate.

But then he discovers that his father plans to retire and leave control of his company to ruthless Vice President Eric Gordon (Brad Whitford) instead of Billy. Billy wants to show his father that he is competent enough to take over.

Because his father bribed Billy's way

through school the first time, Billy vows to complete each grade in two weeks and re-earn his diploma.

Sandler is perfect for the part with his childish facial expressions and insane characterizations. With anyone else, the movie would have been a total flop.

Sandler makes a lot of mediocre scenes really hilarious and does give the audience some real laughs.

Most of the other characters are lackluster. They either end up being Sandler's straight men or they fail at being funny themselves.

The exception to this was the Madison's maid Juanita (Theresa Merritt). Her constant advances toward Billy and the endless barrage of sexual innuendoes that she spouts off are bitterly funny.

Her role earned this movie the plus. "Billy Madison" is an hour and a half of near-mindless entertainment. On the Jim Carrey scale of weird character acting, it's no "Ace Ventura," but it should hold its own against "Dumb and Dumber."

Performers express a need for love

Dance troupe explores necessity of closeness

By Kristin Armstrong
Senior Editor

Hold me. Touch me. Love me. Stroke me because I am alone.



This was the message David Rousseve's unique dance/expressionistic theater troupe REALITY brought to the Johnny Carson Theatre Friday and Saturday nights.

Through a mix of songs, monologues and various dance styles, the group explored the idea of love and being loved, by someone of the opposite sex, the same sex or even a rat.

Opening with a piece titled "Colored Children Flyin' By," Rousseve performed a

monologue about a small white rat he used to own, a rat that curled up in the hollow of his shoulder as a boy.

When that rat died, Rousseve explained while the troupe stood behind him on the stage, he thought he'd never feel that unconditional love again.

But later in life, he discovered that the same feeling could be achieved with a lover "spooned" behind him, breathing into that same hollow.

The evening was filled with this need for love, but also explored issues such as racism, sexism, homophobia and AIDS. Rousseve explained the performance's mission in the program with an artistic director's note:

"I'm trying to create a unique form of expressionistic dance/theater that uses the African American culture I grew up in to communicate on universal matters of the heart. REALITY is a group of divergent individuals...trying to maintain our individuality while finding the deeper, intangible ground that unites us."

The next piece, titled "Dry Each Other's Tears in the Stillness of the Night," recounted Rousseve's grandmother's experiences as a Louisiana sharecropper.

Dancers Donna Duplantier, Charmaine Warren, Julie Tolentino-Wood, Greg Hubbard, Renee Redding-Jones, Keigwin, Leah Nelson, Kyle Sheldon and Rousseve conveyed this hopelessness. B.J. Crosby performed the grandmother's croaky voice, a voice that had seen and felt far too much.

The dancing ranged from classical lifts, performed by both males and females, to a flowing post-modern style to snappy hip-hop club dances.

Music also set the pace for the evening, with original works by the troupe and works by well-known musicians such as Marvin Gaye and Public Enemy.

The evening ended with a return to the sharecroppers' lives, when a cousin was raped by a white man. The cousins, although they are ripped apart, know they will be all right, because they know they have found the thing that unites them — love.