

Curtain!



Travis Heying/DN

Lincoln will be host to the national premiere of the new play, "Bright Girls, Stupid Lives," presented by Theatrix this weekend at the Studio Theater.

'Bright Girls' appeals to both sexes

By Joel Strauch
Senior Reporter

Theatrix will present the very first production of a new play, "Bright Girls, Stupid Lives" this weekend.

The story of three women and their relationships, the play deals with issues that will appeal to both sexes.

Julie Hagemeyer, the producing director for Theatrix, said Lincoln will be host to the national premiere of the show.

"It will go on to Portland, Oregon and New York City after here, but we'll be the first," Hagemeyer said.

Hagemeyer said the play followed the women through a summer of their lives and peers into them.

"It is done in a series of real short scenes that let you peek into their lives on various days," she said.

Amy Rohr, a senior theater major and the play's director, said she was enticed by the play at a reading of it held in Lincoln two years ago.

"Back then it was just a three women show, but now we've expanded it and added two male roles," Rohr said.

Rohr said the main attraction of the play for her was the strength of the women's roles.

"These are really good women's roles and there's not a lot of that done in our department right now," she said.

Hagemeyer said the messages sent by the play will be enjoyed by both men and

women.

"The boyfriends of two of the women give their viewpoints as well," she said.

"Both sexes can find their identity."

A major theme of the play is finding strength and learning to deal with weakness.

"At the beginning of the play we see three women who appear to be weak," Rohr said. "But by the end we see how strong they really are."

"They do have their weaknesses, but the play also shows that it's okay to have weaknesses," she said.

"Bright Girls, Stupid Lives" will show at the Studio Theater at 8 p.m. from Thursday, Friday and Saturday and 2 p.m. Sunday. Tickets are \$2 at the door.

Flatwater will play in Lincoln

By Joel Strauch
Senior Reporter

The circus is coming to town, but don't expect to see any clowns unless you bring them along.

Flatwater Circus, a Norfolk band, will play at Knickerbockers Friday night.

Craig Smith, Flatwater Circus rhythm guitarist and singer, said the band's name was an oxymoron.

"The two things are so different, just like our sound," he said. "We like to take our music to extremes on both sides."

"Plus, 'flatwater' is the Indian name for Nebraska."

In addition to Smith, the band consists of his brother Ken Smith, the lead guitarist and singer, drummer Dan Leonard and fretted and fretless bass player Randy Rutten.

Smith said the band's diversity set them apart from other bands.

"When I look at other bands, I just see one sound coming out," he said. "But we've got influence from all sides. We can sound Motown one minute and really heavy the next."

The band has played in Norfolk for over two years, and has had pretty good luck.

"We've got a little scene up here, about five or six bands," Smith said. "And there's a new teen nightclub called Music Box Mansion that we play at."

The club has also been attracting bands from other cities to come and play.

"We put on a lot of shows and bring up bands from Omaha like Gauge," Smith said.

But the Circus isn't afraid to take their show on the road and set up their tent in other towns.

"We used to play Omaha frequently, but it seems like there aren't as many places to play there anymore," he said.

The band has almost been a regular

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All of life's problems can be traced to gym class

I tried to work out this morning. You know, exercise. I hate working out, but I have no choice; my metabolism works at a snail's pace, and I'm not naturally inclined to do anything that would burn fat or strengthen my heart.

I sat in the fitness room in front of a television, stretching and watching "Sally Jesse Raphael." I like to watch "Sally" when I work out because the guests' lives are so pathetic, I forget about my own misery. I forget that I hate to sweat. That I hate to row, to bike and to climb invisible stairs.

With the help of a friendly expert, Sally blames most of her guests' problems on low self esteem.

"Tina, you wouldn't be dating your stepfather if you had more self esteem."

"Jim, if you had more self esteem, you wouldn't need to have an affair with your 12-year-old babysitter."

Sally's right. (She's also a snappy dresser.) I blame most of my problems on low self esteem. If I had more self esteem, I would enjoy exercise. I'd perceive sweat as progress. I'd get excited counting how many watts I'd generated on the Stairmaster.

"Oooooo ... five more minutes, and I could power a dim light bulb."

I blame my bad attitude on low self esteem. But I blame my low self esteem on



by Rainbow Rowell

gym class. I think if they tried, just about everyone could blame any problem on gym class.

Sure, a few people were good at gym. In my grade school class of 30, there were about five kids who were good in gym. Tuesday afternoons, we all changed our shoes and went down to the cafeteria to watch those five show off.

Miraculously, those five people usually excelled at every gym class activity from T-ball to the long jump. In my school, they also had the nicest gym shoes, round-toed white Forrest Gump Nikes with big red or blue swooshes. One girl even had custom-dyed purple swooshes.

To die for.

I hated gym. The slightest tummy-ache or

hangnail would have me sitting in the nurse's office moaning Tuesday after lunch.

Some days, I'd skip altogether to avoid gym class, especially during Presidential Fitness Testing. I don't know which president thought that was a good idea. But if third-graders could vote, he'd never hold an elected office in this country again. He might even have to move to Mexico.

I was good at only one Presidential category, the "sit and reach," a flexibility test. I could sit and reach all day long. But the other tests did a number on my self esteem.

I couldn't do sit-ups or push-ups or pull-ups. I think I skipped mile-run day 10 years in a row, and the skin fold test made me question my worthiness as a human being.

Ahh, the skin fold. The gym teacher would take weird-looking plastic pinchers and measure the amount of fat on our arms. Then all the girls would huddle in a corner, comparing skin fold scores.

"Oh, I'm so fat," a willowy 9-year-old would moan. Those of us who really were shopping in the Sears Pleasantly Plump section would stare uncomfortably at the toes of our well-worn, out-of-season tennis. Sometimes I'd practice my sit and reach.

Did my inferior fitness scores make me want to exercise? Did I spend my summers trying to master the art of dodge ball?

No, that test made me hate gym, hate myself, hate my body. It made me want to go home where I knew "Scooby Doo" reruns were playing, and my mom was making a cake from scratch with fudge icing.

Junior high gym was even worse. We had to change in front of other people and wear a striped, one-piece polyester gym suit that everyone was forced to wear at least one size too small.

Certain girls acted as the leg shaving police and harassed you if you displayed any stubble or if, gasp, your parents wouldn't let you shave your legs, or, double gasp, your armpits.

In high school, I begged my chiropractor to write me a note saying normal gym activities would strain my lumbar region. He humbly agreed. I hope he didn't lose his license.

So now, as an adult of 21, I have to re-brainwash myself. Exercise fights almost every physical disorder that runs in my family. I tell myself that if I exercise, I'll be happier, healthier. It will raise my self esteem.

And maybe it will keep me off "Sally Jesse Raphael."

Rowell is a senior news-editorial, advertising and English major and the Daily Nebraskan Arts & Entertainment Editor.