

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Mark Baldrige

It's easy to tangle in the Web

I don't know nothin' about no Internet.

... but I know what I like.

And I don't like this little beastie, not one little bit.

Well, OK, but just a little.

Four months ago, I had never sent or received an item of e-mail. I had never surfed the Net. I didn't know my HTML from my http — a blissful ignorance I was happy to maintain.

Then the semester began and I found my desk positioned strategically close to the DN's own wretched portal on the World Wide Web. Oh ruc the day I took a peek.

Within a day or two I was penpalling around with half the continent via e-mail. A couple of sleepless nights online and I put the first notches in my cyber surfboard.

Peering through the glass-bottom boat of our beautiful graphics interface, I discovered a world literally writhing with ideas and color and "hot links."

(Not sausages, my children.)

Knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted that I would ever come back.

Soon I discovered favorite jumping-off places — sites with the most mysterious hot links imaginable — places like Mirsky's Worst of the Web <<http://mirsky.turnpike.net/wow/worst.html>> and the bizarre !Jardin Mecanisme <<http://pharmdec.wustl.edu/juju/jardin.html>> with its Surrealism Server and DADAist assumptions.

I became so enthralled with postings of bizarre and lively opinion pieces all over the Net that I created a weekly slot on the opinion page practically on the spot: From the Net, now in its proud 13th Wednesday (space permitting) was the result.

It served two purposes — it offered a forum for opinion garnered from around the world (for free, with permission) — and it gave me an excuse to fish in the bottomless waters of the electronic world each week.

Then my misery began.

Others found our wonderful graphics interface. Many others. Did I mention my desk sits close to our window on the world? Close enough I can hear those surfers breathing as they crest the silent waves, oh yes.

Soon I was elbowed out; had to wait for others for my turn.

When I realized some people were just fooling around, having fun, I flew into rages.

When others asked to use the terminal I got defensive.

"Are you doing work? Work, remember that? I'M DOING WORK — are you working?"

I took to sneering, simpering like a cartoon villain.

BWAHAHAHAHA! You'll never have her, she's mine, MINE!

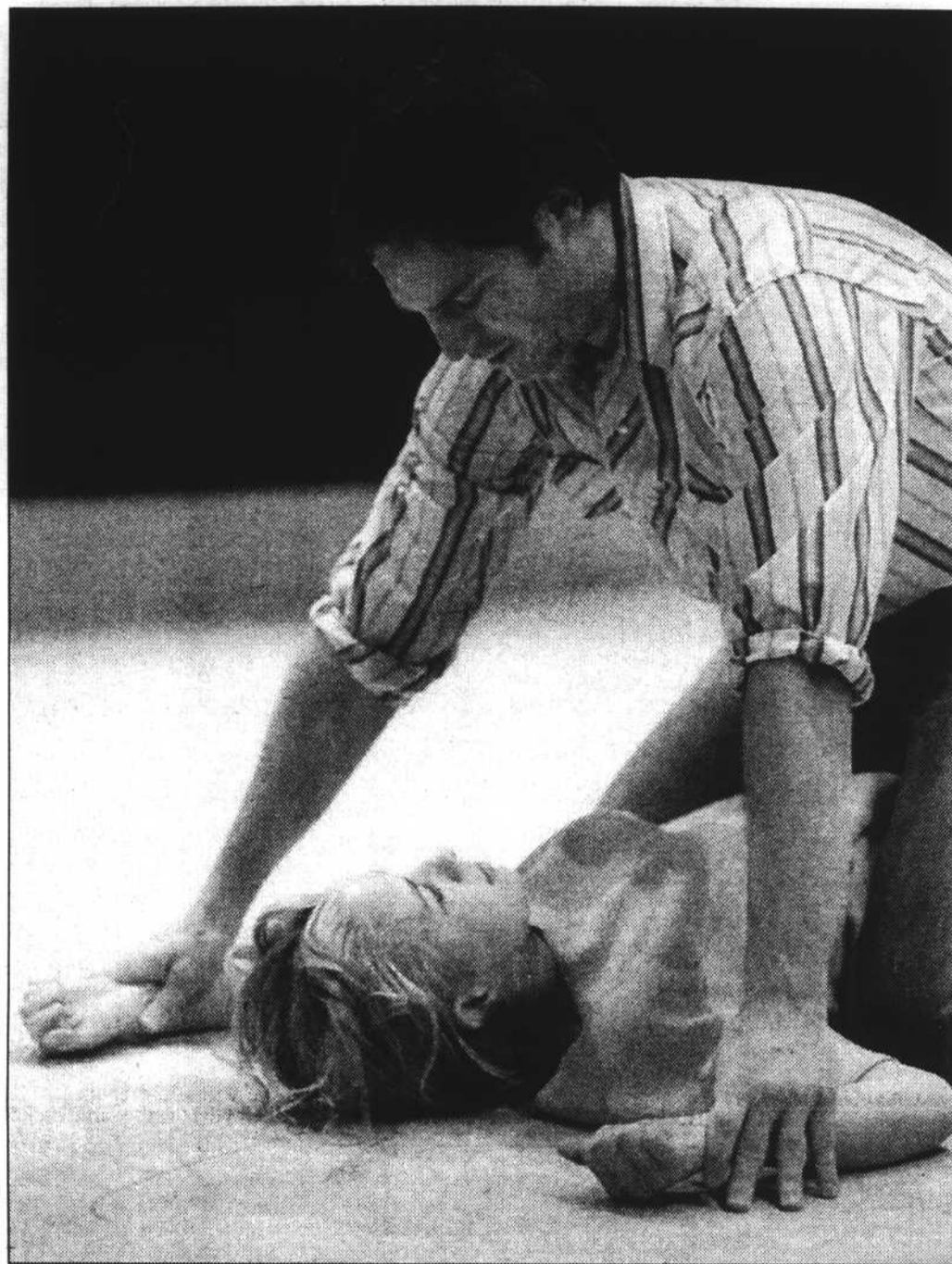
I had to cut down.

I feel much better now, thank-you. And the doctors say I'll be good as new in a few weeks.

I keep my browsing to a minimum and my hands hardly ever shake.

But could I move my desk now, please?

Cyberscape is a weekly column focusing on computers, with a heavy emphasis on the Internet. Send ideas, questions or comments to Mark Baldrige at <dn@unlinfo.unl.edu>



Jeff Haller/DN

Jason Richards and Kristi Covey practice a violent scene from the play "Fool for Love" Tuesday night in the Studio Theatre. The University Theatre and Dance Department play opens tonight.

Love hurts

Raw production reaches youth

By Jeff Randall
Senior Reporter

Gregory Tavares hopes that the typical UNL student will be a fool for "Fool For Love."



This dark and raw play tells the story of Eddie (played by Jason T. Richards) and May (played

by Kristi Lee Covey), a half brother and half sister who have fallen in love and gone through a series of breakups and subsequent reunions. The play's action takes place in a hotel room, where the couple's latest reunion takes place.

"It's about whether or not Eddie and May will stay together or end it once and for all," Tavares said. "I won't give away the ending."

The physical nature of this production — involving a lot of violent contact between the characters — made the performance's preparations a challenge, Tavares said.

"It wasn't necessarily difficult, but it was a challenge, and it's a challenge we're still working with."

On the more abstract side of things, prepara-

See FOOL on 10

Jazz group presenting old-time style

From Staff Reports

The UNL School of Music tonight presents Angela Hagenbach with Musa Nova in a concert at Kimball Recital Hall.

This Kansas City-based jazz group takes traditional jazz melodies and presents them with the class and style of old-time acts.

Hagenbach started her career not on the stage, but on the runway as a world-class model. After traveling to places such as New York and Europe, the Kansas City native decided that vocal performance would be a better career and returned home to rediscover jazz. She made her professional debut in 1990.

She has since gained a large following in the Kansas City area, with top demand in local jazz clubs. She has performed at the Kansas City Jazz

and Blues Festival and the Corporate Woods Jazz Festival.

Her vocal style contains echoes of past jazz vocalists such as Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan.

Musa Nova is led by pianist Joe Cartwright, who also started his musical career in Kansas City. After performing for years in the city's hotels and piano lounges, Cartwright broke into the big time, working with jazz greats such as Max Roach and Jimmy Witherspoon.

Classically trained, Cartwright has developed a style with Musa Nova that contains elements of legendary artists such as Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane and Charlie Parker.

For jazz fans, tonight's show promises to be one that won't be easily forgotten. The music starts at 8, and admission is free.

Foreign film pure delight, shining gem

By Brian Priesman
Film Critic

Some American moviegoers tend to look down on foreign films, citing poor quality, shallow story lines and bad acting.

But they have never seen a film by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

"Mamma Roma," Pasolini's 1962 controversial and often censored classic is a pure delight that makes many current films look cramped and stifled.

When "Mamma Roma" premiered in Venice, local police declared it obscene and tried to ban it. Censors in other countries have, at various times, cut up to five minutes of the film.

Lincoln audiences can see the complete version of "Mamma Roma" today and Friday at the Mary Riepma Ross Film Theater in the Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery.

It's a simple story. Mamma Roma, a former prostitute, is trying to escape her past and start anew with her estranged son. But her past keeps infringing on Mamma's present, as her ex-pimp Carmine returns to force her back into a life on the streets.

After learning of his mother's past from the neighborhood flirt Bruna, Mamma Roma's son, Ettore, quits his job and gets arrested while trying to steal a radio from a hospital.

Feverish and sick, he is put in the prison hospital. After behaving uncontrollably, Ettore is strapped to his bed — as though laid out on a cross — in an isolated cell. Feverish and alone, Ettore's condition deteriorates until he dies in the prison.

Mamma Roma learns of her son's death the next morning in the market, and she is left

See MAMMA on 10

Artist blends musical styles tonight at Zoo

By Jeff Randall
Music Critic

As two emotional musical styles, jazz and blues would seem to naturally blend.

Lincoln fans will get a chance to check out Chris Cain's blend tonight at the Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14th St.

On his latest album, "Somewhere Along the Way," Cain creates 12 songs that break down the jazz and blues feel, polishing them into gems that fall between two and seven minutes in length.

Concert Preview



Cain's guitar style lies somewhere between B.B. King and Buddy Guy, with his smooth solo runs taking charge on every tune.

With a lanky, gap-toothed, down-home, debonair look, Cain's image lends itself to the quirky impressions left by

other artists such as Leon Redbone.

And Cain's voice accomplishes nearly the same thing. With its slight twang and full baritone, Cain's voice is an alternately soothing and exciting presence throughout the album.

With a solid rhythm section as backing, Cain almost sounds as though he couldn't possibly fail. But too much shine seems to be layered on Cain's and his band's sound, giving it an over-produced and false gloss that just shouldn't be on a blues album.

Not to take away from Cain himself. He writes and performs his own songs. And good songs they are.

The opening number, "Street of Broken

See CAIN on 10