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PIERCE BROSNAN (center) plays a volcanologist who tries to save a town mayor (**Linda Hamilton**) and her two children (**Jeremy Foley** and **Jamie Renee Smith**) from an erupting volcano in the new disaster film "Dante's Peak."

After smoke clears, 'Dante's Peak' plot caves in

By **GERRY BELTZ**
Film Critic

Don't get me wrong, there have been decent disaster films ("The Towering Inferno," "The Poseidon Adventure"), but "Dante's Peak" just doesn't cut the spicy mustard.

Why? Because there's nothing new or interesting about it. This movie is so formulaic it should have advertised itself in calculus textbooks.

Let's see, the setting is a small town which is so Norman Rockwellian, it could make Ward Cleaver puke. Enter Harry Dalton (Pierce Brosnan), the devilishly handsome scientist with a jaded past and cinematically perfect intuition, plus Rachel Wando (Linda Hamilton), the single parent, small-town mayor, and the ever-present impending disaster that gives off a few warning signs (in this case, "Dante's Peak") but are dismissed by skeptical townsfolk

and co-workers of the scientist.

Gosh, could they all be wrong? Will there be a disaster? Should they have listened to the smart scientist in the first place?

Please turn to Page 257 in your Obvious Cinematic Plot lines text and say (on count of "3") ... DUH!

Of course, everything — and everybody — goes nuts. Tremors, floods and human survival instincts all combine to create chaos, mayhem and an overabundance of cadavers.

Harry and Rachel are driving all around picking up her two kids, a dog and her former mother-in-law. Because of the delay, they get to drive through all the volcanic ash coming down, as well as traversing a river of acid and a road covered with cooling lava.

It's surprising to see quality performers Brosnan and Hamilton turning in performances that have all the charisma and power of pork jewels. Considering the quality of the script and story line, they probably just assumed this was

a made-for-television movie.

Director Roger Donaldson ("Cocktail") chose poorly for his work following the last summer's surprise hit "Species." This movie has just nowhere to go but down.

The special effects are ... neat. Nothing that outstanding, just neat. However, I could swear a couple of the shots of Dante's Peak erupting were still photographs with the camera being jiggled like an old episode of "Star Trek."

The most effective point of the picture comes toward the end, which of course, I can't really discuss. Just let it be known that even non-claustrophobics will probably be squirming in their seats for a couple of minutes.

Also, the team of experts called in to work with Harry had the same oddball comic relief found in "Twister," but they weren't given enough time to have any fun.

The group is full of familiar faces, too, including Charles Hallahan ("The Thing") as skeptical team leader Paul Dreyfus, and other

The Facts

Film: "Dante's Peak"
Stars: Pierce Brosnan, Linda Hamilton, Charles Hallahan
Director: Roger Donaldson
Rating: PG-13 (violence, language)
Grade: D+
Five Words: Volcano disaster film blows rocks

members Grant Heslov ("True Lies," "The Birdcage") and Tzi Ma ("Rapid Fire").

But these small parts don't warrant the full price of an admission ticket. The scenery and spectacle do warrant a big-screen visit, so if you absolutely must see it, go for a matinee show or wait for the cheap seats.

Go see "Star Wars" instead — again.

Jazz heats up Lied; second act cold

By **LANE HICKENBOTTOM**
Music Critic

The Lied Center for Performing Arts was full of roaring and snoring Saturday night when two jazz quartets entertained a full house.

The roaring from the crowd came during the first set when the Christian McBride Quartet, led by star bassist McBride, ended their three-hour set in Lincoln. McBride and company sent the audience into cheers throughout the evening, dazzling them with fast-paced ensemble and solo sets.

Pianist Charles Craig spent most of the evening in mid-air, only touching the piano bench long enough to bounce up enthusiastically. Saxophonist Tim Warfield and drummer Carl Allen also played over-dramatic solos.

The most entertaining part of the evening was watching the mastery McBride had over both the stand-up and electric bass. Several McBride solos brought hooting and

whistling from the audience as his fingers sped to a steady blur.

The second set, the Joe Lovano Quartet, had a different effect on the audience. The less-enthusiastic jazz group sent some audience members home well before the show was over.

It was painful listening to bassist Dennis Irwin play a mostly-one string stand-up bass solo only moments after watching McBride play the bass to its limits. Kenny Werner's piano solo was nothing spectacular and it didn't help that one of the Lied Center's speakers was loudly crackling during his piece.

While Lovano's sax playing was superb, not even he could compare to the spunk with which Warfield played the sax in McBride's quartet. While the group wasn't soloing, they played songs like "Imagination," which would be really good lobby music, but nothing to spend undivided attention on.

Other events that detracted from the set included stage hands com-

Lied Center

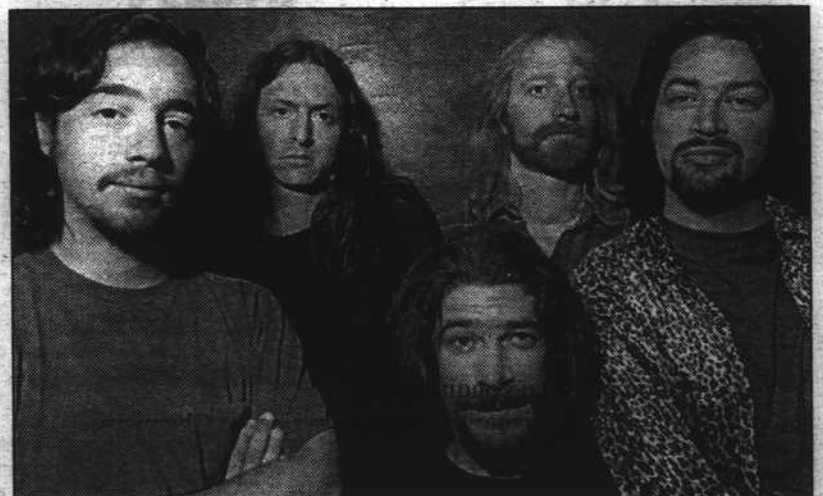
ing on and off the stage and Irwin unexpectedly leaving his bass to go backstage.

Even the quartet's great moments were ruined. Near the end of the show, drummer Yoron Isreal gave the audience its first thrill since intermission with a long, fast-paced, powerful drum solo. But several times during the solo, Lovano interrupted with his sax, which was tuned louder than the drums. Isreal persisted through several interruptions, but eventually the rest of the quartet started playing at full volume before he could finish, denying audience members their desire to give Isreal the applause he deserved.

Well before Lovano was finished with his set, even some front-row ticket holders retired early for the night.

When the Joe Lovano Quartet was finished, members of the audience were quick to their feet.

Gettin' juiced



COURTESY PHOTO

From Staff Reports

The Atlanta-based rock and soul band The Grapes (above) hits Lincoln's Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14 St., tonight for a scathing set of HORDE-style live music.

The Grapes have played to more than 2,000 live audiences since they formed more than a decade ago. They have opened for acts ranging from the

Black Crowes to Widespread Panic to Buckwheat Zydeco.

Although their jam-based musical style has often been compared to that of the Grateful Dead, the group's members often push their musical range beyond the Dead's roots-rock base, injecting elements of funk, rhythm and blues, soul and jazz.

Tonight's 21-and-over concert begins at 9. There is a \$3 cover charge.