

Limon Company reached high visual impact

By HELEN SANDOR
Collegian Arts Writer

Modern dance could not reach a higher visual impact or theatrical expression than in Saturday's Limon Dance Company performance at Eisenhower Auditorium.

Company founder Jose Limon died 20 years ago, but the Limon Dance Company is brilliantly surviving its creator, "one of the major pioneers of modern dance," said Company Director Carla Maxwell.

One of Limon's most acclaimed pieces, *There is a Time*, showed the company's distinctive personality without distorting its original flavor.

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"Dancing really happens when everyone comes together as one. You need to be empty and give out, interact with others, like in an orchestra," Maxwell said.

This interaction was particularly impressive in *There is a Time*, a theme with variations on life's paradoxes — "a time to be born" and "a time to die," "a time to kill" and "a time to heal."

Gender stereotypes and overt masculinity taint Limon's work, reflecting his intention to "masculinize" modern dance, an art form which Limon originally perceived as being for "women and sissies," Maxwell said.

The reference to classical ballet, although subtle, also helped distinguish male and female dancers' body languages. Men, often in groups, trampled their feet on the ground with authority and repeatedly lifted silent, featherlike female dancers. Females in turn often portrayed nurturing energy providers and sources of life and inspiration.

In spite of this gendered limitation, *There is a Time* stood out as a classic, success-

fully tying together 12 separate themes in Norman Dello Joto's gasping and tormented strings.

"A time to kill" featuring a wild woman dancing as if trying to escape an invisible enemy highlighted the piece.

"The female dancer reminded me of a caged animal," commented Nathalie Manfull (senior-art).

"I've never seen anything like this," Denise Ollinger (junior-elementary education) said with enthusiasm.

Retablos, choreographed by dancer Carlos Orta, was a crazy and surrealistic construction, inspired by the relationship between

Spain's famous poet and musician Federico Garcia Lorca and painter Salvador Dali.

Highly theatrical and humorous, *Retablos* delivered modern dance's fullest potential.

The final scene, "El Retabillo," provided an unforgettable stage composition. A 12-foot muse wearing a gigantic red velvet cloak turned against the audience while three male dancers posed as Michelangelo's classical sculptures.

The dramatic tension was released when the muse's cloak slowly slid off her shoulders and revealed a tiny woman standing on a ladder: the inspiring muse was human after all.

Fred too sexy for some fans

By JASON CHERKIS
Collegian Arts Writer

Like Jacko before him, Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy" propels goon pop to new levels of male boasting.

Listening to the song could throw any listener into a world of twisted '70s disco kitsch and celebrated Aaron Spelling dramas. The lyrics, "I'm too sexy for my cat, I'm too sexy for my hat," are in the same category as Falco or Dexy's Midnight Runners in terms of emotional range. But the song sells.

The single is selling at least five copies a day at National Record Mart, 226 E. College Ave., said employee Sandy Pici. It's also lodged comfortably in *Billboard's* Top 200.

Unlike most techno, the song has many listeners laughing rather than sweating to the beat.

"I thought it was funny," said Scott Brenfleck (freshman-division of undergraduate studies). "I like the song, it's different."

Listening to "I'm Too Sexy" for the first time has left many radio listeners dumbfounded.

"It was just disbelief that there actually was a song like that," said Randy Hullihen, an employee at Blue Train Compact Disc, 418 E. College Ave.

"People were asking about that song weeks before it came out. When it did, I could not believe this is what people wanted," Hullihen added.

Others were even more skeptical of the song's success.

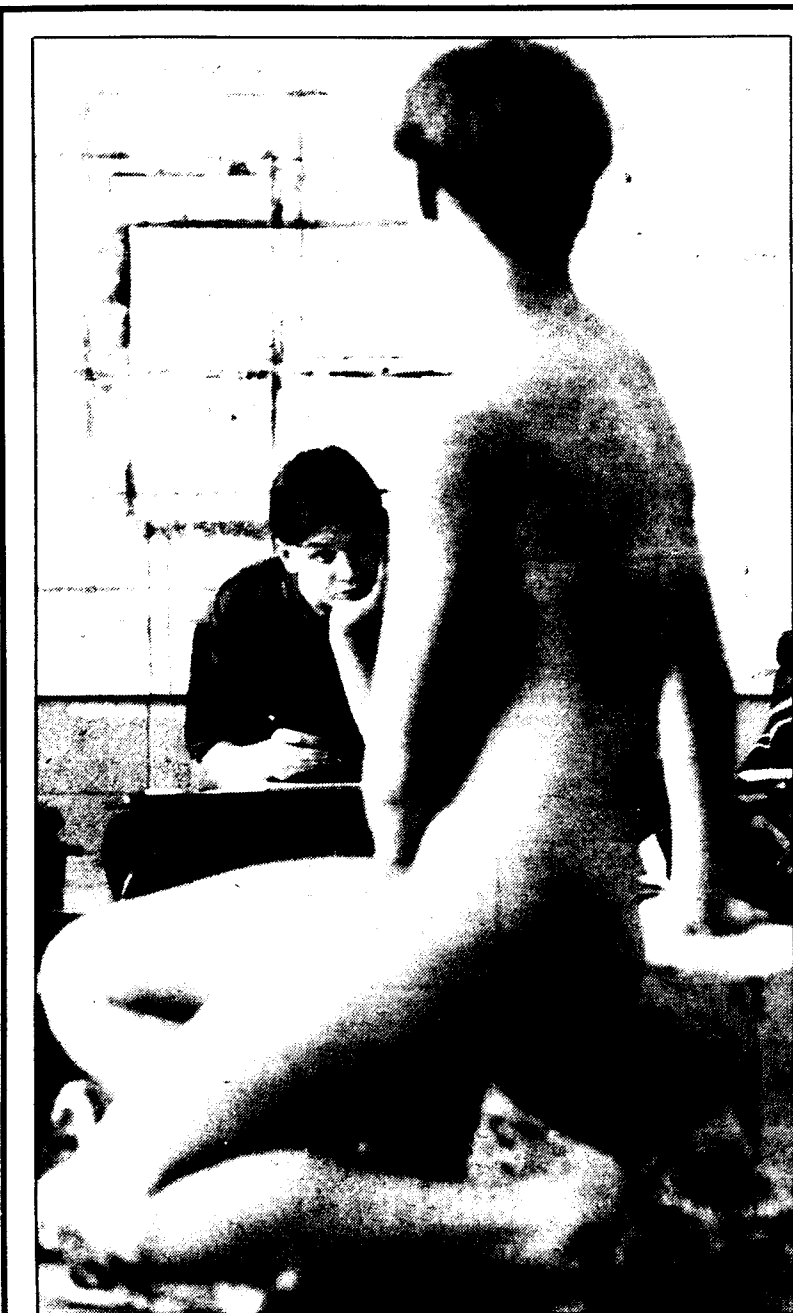
"I thought, 'I may not even bother to get this in.' The next day people started asking for it and it's been on a roll ever since," said Bruce Shamma, owner of Blue Train Compact Disc.

Some have thought a little too much about the song. Such people understand an implied message behind it.

"After I saw the video, I thought they were just making fun of models," said Tom Egan (junior-health and human development).

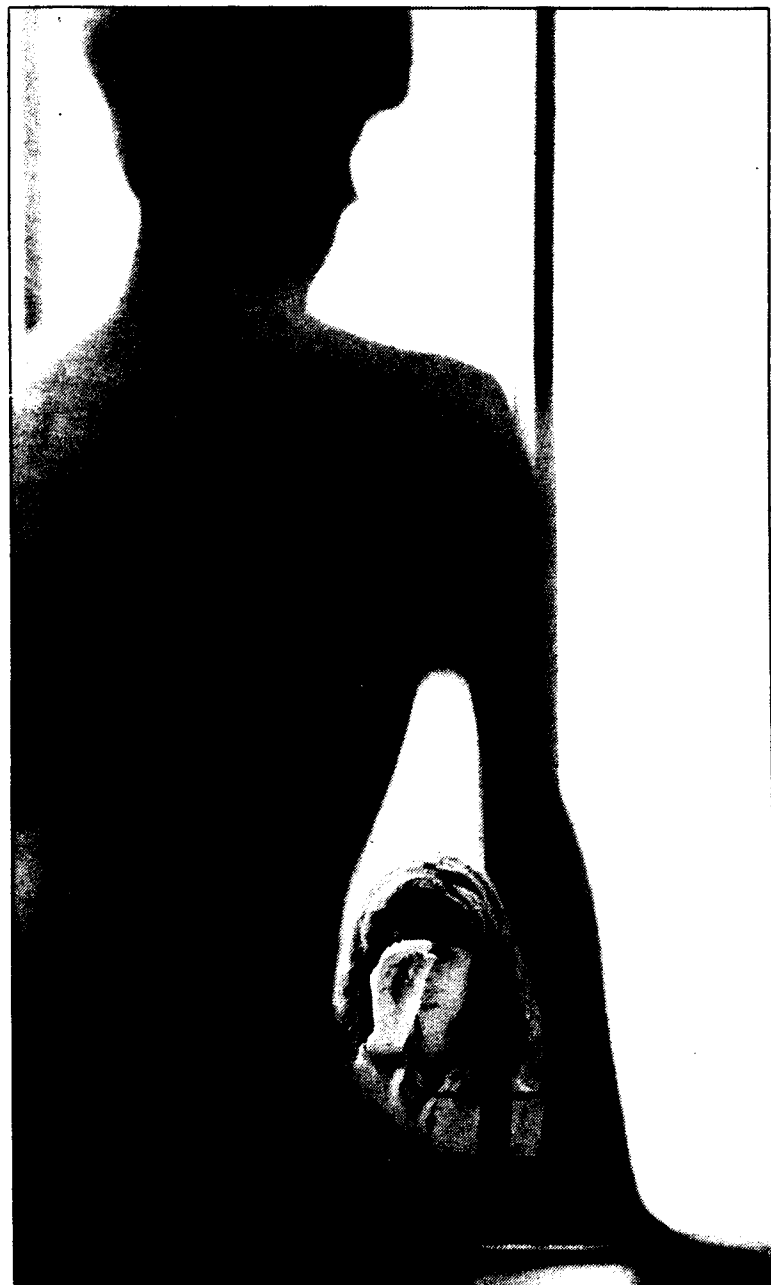
Aside from creating thoughtful insight, the video has also sprouted a more gesticul, gut reaction.

"I thought it was hysterical. I saw the video and it was a bunch of bald guys in tight leather pants. The girl in the cat outfit was pretty good," said Jim Garvir (freshman-engineering), disc jockey for WEHR.



Studying the human form

Chad Marcks (sophomore-liberal arts) and Gail Stephenson (sophomore-business) sketch a nude model for a figure drawing project.



The project is part of Art 100, "Concepts and Creation in the Visual Arts."

New ticket center opens at Schwab for students

A new box office now open in Schwab Auditorium will make purchasing entertainment tickets a heck of a lot easier for many.

Since Feb. 3, the long and dreary walk to Eisenhower Auditorium is no longer necessary for downtown and West Halls residents who want to buy tickets for campus arts events.

The new ticket center's location was determined with one goal in mind.

"This new box office is unquestionably primarily for students," said Ken Foster, Center for Performing Arts director.

Although the campus' hub is gradually shifting toward Eisenhower Auditorium, Schwab remains a key location for many, Foster said.

"This location is excellent. Students walk by here at one time or another through the day," said Karla Sayers (senior-broadcast cable), a work study employee who worked in the booth.

Many students used the new location to buy tickets for a recent gospel show, Sayers said.

"Everyday sales are getting bigger and bigger as people learn about our new location," said Box Office Assistant Heather McCartin.

The Schwab box office is replacing the sales booth in the Playhouse, but Sayers said the new location is more advantageous for ticket buyers.

"People could never find the old location and it was hard to describe how to get there," Sayers said.

—by Helen Sandor

Despite exciting visuals, 'Private Idaho' lacks entertainment

By LAURA A. WARD
Collegian Arts Writer

After Gus Van Sant made *Drugstore Cowboy*, people said he teetered on the brink of underground film stardom.

They lumped him with Jim Jarmusch and David Lynch.

I think Van Sant read a little too much of his own press. His latest film, *My Own Private Idaho*, pro-

vides plenty of visual stimulation, but not much entertainment.

It's the kind of movie film students should go see, since Van Sant creates an amazing world with his shots. But if you want to get the most out of your \$5.25, you might want to steer away from this.

Like *Cowboy* to a degree, *Idaho* prefers to set a mood rather than follow a plotline. Loosely, *Idaho* pilfers the Henry IV story from

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William Shakespeare; Van Sant even credits Shakespeare with extra dialogue.

Specifically, Keanu Reeves plays Scott Favor (Prince Hal in *Henry IV, Part I*), a young heir getting a taste of reality by hanging around with

a group of male prostitutes.

River Phoenix plays Mikey, one of the gang of prostitutes, who falls in love with Scott.

Eventually, Scott must rebuke this band, collect his inheritance and enter his father's mayoral circle.

Until that time, Scott traipses around Seattle and Portland and even Italy helping Mikey find his mother.

Most of the burden of making this

a decent film falls on Phoenix and Reeves, and they don't quite deliver.

Reeves proves especially unnerving. In one scene, the dialogue comes directly from *Henry IV*; Reeves doesn't come close to pulling it off.

But all in all, *Idaho* just bores. The actors possess no spark for their work, and even Van Sant's exciting camera work cannot turn this picture into anything entertaining.

Live has message, but lacks the guts

By JOE WARMINSKY
Collegian Arts Writer

There are two instances when I immediately replay an album after hearing it the first time: when it's very bad or very good.

Mental Jewelry — the major-label debut from the band Live — didn't motivate me in either direction.

Yeah, sure, there's the jumpy single "Operation Spirit," a well-written, emotional tune that's been plugged as the Next Big Hit by MTV. But unfortunately, there are few places on the disc that compare in intensity.

Actually, the unique thing about this band isn't their sound, which dwells somewhere between Crowded House, Michael Penn and 10,000 Maniacs — it's their message.

Live's lyrics are softly religious, with references to Christ, brotherhood and immersions into spirituality. This is not to say that they are attempting to break into the gospel market or be the Amy Grant of college rock; rather, they are an alternative band which happens to pose non-denominational calls for peace and sanctity.

This is fine with me. But it seems that there are some guts missing in the whole deal.

Lead singer Edward Kowalczyk is probably the sore spot. He's a scrappy guy (if you've seen him

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shirtless in the video you know what I mean) with a scrawny voice that fails to convey the emotion I believe a group like this needs.

The soul is a powerful thing. If you write songs about it, you'd better have the diaphragm to belt them out with conviction. Kowalczyk doesn't.

The other band members are competent. Guitarist Chad Taylor, drummer Chad Gracey and bassist Patrick Dahlheimer are a tight, unflashy unit. Dahlheimer is easily the best musician, capable of carrying a song with a few plucky licks.

The other song that has it all together is "You Are the World," a healthy chunk of grunge combining U2-ish harmonies and some jangly guitar. It has a heavy, slow beat that adds some weight where Kowalczyk can't.

I admire a band that can take its message to a broad market without compromising or sounding preachy. However, I wish Live sounded like they mean it just a bit more. Kowalczyk might be one of those singers who blows you away if you see him live, but gets smothered in the mix on a recording. I hope so, or else the band might want to change its name.

Ordinary cool

Unrest purges eclectic angst, sweet melodies

By JASON CHERKIS
Collegian Arts Writer

Most alternative bands shroud themselves behind thick pretentiousness and an arrogant attitude, inviting nary a fan into their world without an all-access tag or money in hand.

Unfazed by their own accolades, members of the band Unrest present themselves as part of the ordinary cool. They are so down to earth you could share a glass of milk with them and not feel lame.

Like jelly and peanut butter swirled in the same jar, the Washington, D.C.-based band purges an eclectic noisy angst blended in sweet bubble-gum melodies.

"The sound of the new album (*Imperial*) is very soothing. Lyrically, it's all personal things about me and Bridget," said Marc Robinson, Unrest's singer and guitarist.

Imperial shuffles through musical forms ranging from heavy metal to ragtime, Robinson said of the new album.

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but I think we have a broad acceptance of music," said Phil Krauth, Unrest's drummer.

On the upcoming single "Cherry Cherry," the band jangles as if it were Lou Reed's grandchildren hip to early R.E.M. The video, void of big staging, big lighting or big hair, is as stripped down as their music.

"It's just us playing in a room with Christmas lights," Robinson said. "I don't know what we'll do with it, we'll probably just watch it."

The band members aren't really sure how the video turned out. Viewers should not be surprised if they see some women playing in the bathroom with a two-gallon bowl of cherries, said Bridget Cross, Unrest's bassist.

Having toured throughout the

fall, the band had a chance to experience music on the fringe.

"There was this band Los Marauders. They came up on stage in three-piece suits, single snare, stand-up bass and slick-back hair," Cross said, adding that the balding lead singer made lewd, sexual overtures to the crowd.

At home in the Washington, D.C. area, Robinson operates his own independent label, Teenbeat, and is involved in the local scene.

"The scene has always been pretty healthy, there's always new bands," Robinson said. "Now you have a lot of little labels popping up like mine and Simple Machine."

Entrenched in D.C., Unrest wards off the hectic pace of band life with their admiration for one another.

"Marc's a dork — no, I love him to death. It's a beautiful relationship," Cross said.

"I think Bridget is a very good bass player and songwriter... We saw *Moonstruck* together and I've known her ever since," Robinson said.

The loving vibe and healthy sentiment extends also to Krauth.

"It's absolutely impossible to describe him, he's schizophrenic with a drug problem," Cross said jokingly.

With their feelings intact for one another and with *Imperial* to be released Feb. 21 and a video in the can, Unrest members still look to improve their sound.

"We're still too conservative," Krauth said. "I think we could do a lot more with what we have."