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It's all the

Story by Carrie Fenelon • Photos by Jeff Paslay

Tothing is sacred anymore in our MTV world. Alternative music is no more. Doc Martens can be found at Kmart. Chelsea Clinton will probably show up with a pierced nose. And now, the rave has come to

The rave seemed to be one of the last bastions of the underground. People gather in an unused warehouse or a building under construction to dance to the never-ending techno

Fueled by the synthetic drug Ecstasy, they stopped only to watch the sun rise.

Then it happened. The characters of "Beverly Hills 90210" went to a rave where Brendan was slipped some Ecstasy (code name: Euphoria), and Brenda stepped on a hypodermic nee-

dle and wanted to leave.

Since then raves and rave music have been featured in movies, cartoons, national maga-

nical difficulties, the music quickly sped up to 140 beats per minute and got everyone jump-

The original rave began in England where the admission price included a hit of Ecstasy. commonly known as X. But Eugene is a different story. There were no drugs apparent except for those in the legal smart drinks being

Smart drinks, designed to boost one's energy level naturally and without hallucinations, are a part of the rave culture.

A flyer advertising the concoctions, which Be assured that E-ruption, as Saturday's rave in Springfield was called, was no nightmare for the roughly 400 rave-crazed attendees.

While it did get off to a slow start due to tech
are made from fruit and a powdered amino acid product, said other affects may be "increased attention span, mental clarity, and sharper cognition."

It also warned that only healthy adults should use smart drinks. Pregnant women and anyone with Parkinson's disease, cancer or

hypertension should stay away.

Other products being sold were glow-in-the-dark Fimo clay necklaces and ravewear designed by Steve Hubbard, organizer of the

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rave last weekend in Springfield, dance to techno music and

drink energy-boosting smart drinks.



Stretching

Modern dance, shadow play, illusion and assorted physical highjinks describe most of what will be going on at the Hult Center, where Momix will perform Feb. 11.

Artistic director Moses Pendleton, a ski champion gone modern dancer, turns his knack for seeing fantasy in mundane objects into

sardonic and bizarre stage visions.

Under Pendleton's leadership, the half-dozen classically trained Momix dancers have earned a reputation for a special kind of imagination, eroticism, irreverence and athletic prowess that brought the house down at the Hult three years ago. Sometimes using props—such as a sheet supported by stays that allow it to take the shape of a tent, an Arabian veil or even a parachute — the dancers evolve in movements that, through visual trickery, appear to stretch their bodies beyond natural bounds.

Almost all the pieces on Momix's menu are co-choreographed by Pendleton, who also co-founded the Story by
Ming Rodrigues

Pilobolus dance troupe at Dartmouth
College in 1971. But whereas the
founders of Pilobolus choreographed
by committee, one gets the sense that
Momix is mostly Pendleton's playpen and the dancers his toys. This

is not a bad thing; it simply means that these are fun dances with a wacky sense of humor.

Using recorded music from a diverse range of composers, including Peter Gabriel and Igor Stravinsky, the dances are often just one song long, because it doesn't take much longer than that to play out

the joke.

This time around, Momix's untethered works return to Eugene in a "greatest hits" program that includes their favorite crowd-pleasers as well as a sampling of their newest creations.

"Spawning," a playful, dreamy dance with huge white helium balloons, shows that anything can happen when mischievous "propdancers" set out to amuse. In "Circle Walk," a dancer swings and slithers through the graceful arcs of a gyroscope-like sculpture. Meanwhile, two dancers on skis defy the laws of gravity in "Skiva," and a couple of beauties on the half-shell get snapped up by a giant clam in "Venus Envy."

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Then delight reigns with the free-spirited antics of a Dapper Dan in white suit and soft shoe in the piece called "Momix," Pendleton's signature solo first performed at the 1980 Winter Olympics.

The art of Momix (derived from a trade name for a milk supplement that farm-bred Pendleton once fed to veal calves) shines on its own, not necessarily trying to deliver any message, but rather conveying the sheer delight of the soul.

Momix performs at the Silva Concert Hall Feb. 11 at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$18 and \$15, with a \$4 discount for students and children. They are available at the Hult Center box office and The EMU Main Desk. And Feb. 10 Steven Chatfield of the University's dance department will talk about "The Surreal Playground of Momix" in the Hult Center Lobby at Noon. There is no charge for the talk.

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A Momix dancer defies gravity in his performance of "Circle Walk,"

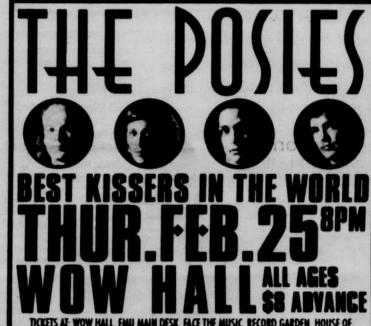


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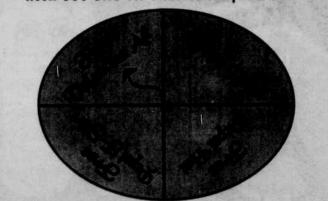
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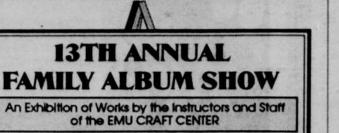
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Friday, February 5, 1993 Oregon Daily Emerald 7



opening reception: Fri., Feb. 5 7-9pm viewing times: Sat. & Sun. 1-4pm Mon.-Fri. 11am-5pm

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