

Arts & Entertainment



Dave Bentz/Daily Nebraskan

Mime Mark Gabriel entertains children at "Pastimes and Playthings."

Children can play with old toys at 'Pastimes and Playthings'

By Chris McCubbin
Staff Reporter

Lincoln children have a chance to play like their great-great-grandparents did this week.

The Nebraska State Historical Society's annual festival of old toys and games for children, "Pastimes and Playthings," will be on the grounds of the Kennard and Ferguson houses, 16th and H streets, from now until Sunday.

This year's special emphasis is May Day. Visitors can view a 1915-style children's May Day party in the Ferguson House dining room.

Live entertainers will perform. Antique toys and games are available for the children. The games include still walking, hoop trundling, battledore and shuttlecock,

an early form of badminton. A May Pole also has been set up for dancing.

Optical toys like zoetropes and phenakistoscopes, wooden whip toys and cup-and-balls are available for less strenuous fun.

The authentic reproductions of Victorian toys were produced by the Historical Society art department. The event's special emphasis was made possible by underwriting from the Junior League of Lincoln.

Mary Haley, curator of the Kennard and Ferguson houses, said "Pastimes and Playthings" is expected to draw about 2,000 children this year.

Haley said the Kennard House is a Victorian-style home and the oldest home in Lincoln. The Ferguson house is a 23-room mansion built in

1915. The houses are closed to regular tours during "Pastimes and Playthings," she said.

During the week, the event is reserved for large groups, mostly from local schools. The general public will be admitted Saturday and Sunday. Hours are 9 a.m. to noon and 1 to 4:30 p.m. through Saturday and 1:30 to 5 p.m. Sunday.

Juggler Tom Gellatly will perform in the mornings through Friday and Thursday afternoon. Mime Mark Gabriel will perform this afternoon and Friday afternoon. Clown Claudelle Gerlich will entertain all day Saturday, and the UNL International Folk Dancers will perform at 2 p.m. Sunday.

For more information or to book group reservations, call Mary Haley at 471-4764.

Local talent photos show variations

By Charles Lieurance
Senior Reporter

The Sheldon Art Gallery's exhibit of four local photographers exemplifies the versatility of this area's artists and the variations possible within a limited photographic developing medium.

The four photographers in the "New Local Talent Invitational" — Roger Bruhn, Carol Dobrovlny, Kevin Headlee and Kent Klima — all have radically different approaches to their art and to the silver printing technique that all of them use. This technique involves printing photos on paper made sensitive with silver salt.

Even Headlee's more flippant work is engaging. His "Oh, Shit" commits to emulsion the phrase, "Oh, Shit, Not Another Tree Picture," over a trite, boring, overly artsy Ansel Adams-esque tree.

Klima's work is more conventional and staid in comparison to Headlee's photographic art-play. Klima is obsessed by architecture, especially bridges. The endless rows of crossed girders and trestles in their perfect geometric configurations are Klima's artistic playground. His photographs of bridges in Blair, South Omaha, Eades and St. Louis are concerned with lines that shrink into the horizon, encountering false horizons like walls and shores. Sharp lines abridge open space, water, sky, etc. in a manner that emphasizes the inorganic nature of the straight line.

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The exhibit, which runs until June 1, is the first showing of these photographers' works in a major gallery.

Headlee's work, by far the most experimental and irreverent of the batch, is full of wit and energy. His photographs are sometimes no more than clever one-liners. But they can, when Headlee is at the height of his technical prowess, become surreal, hallucinogenic plays on composition.

One work, reminiscent of Magritte's paintings in some respects, toys with positive and negative space by putting a white paper mask in one side of the picture and a face submerged in shadow on the other. The mask is without eyes, and the shadow-face features two haunting recessed orbs. This alluring and complex work creates an illusion of depth even though both "faces" are set firmly against decaying Victorian floral wallpaper. The eyes seem to stare from some impossible abyss, and the mask seems to float on an equally impossible surface.

Probably the most striking thing about Klima's work is the foggy melancholy that seems to surround the various pieces, a wintry bleakness that creates mood and gives the works a quite singular voice.

Dobrovlny's works are relatively simplistic compositions that tend toward repetition. Her scene of various couples seem posed and quite unremarkable. Were it not for the medium and her careful use of black and white film, these would seem inappropriate for gallery pieces. Perhaps with more interesting poses and faces, these works would be more satisfying.

Braun's nudes are perhaps the most accomplished pieces in the exhibit, relying on complex compositional relationships between architecture (baroque, Mediterranean and Gothic asceticism) and the simple contours of the human form. Braun places the

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Society is a sucker for fads; 'New' doesn't mean 'improved'

Americans are suckers for anything different. "New and improved" seem to be the catch words for our society.

Every girl and woman is eager to buy the latest fashion. I shouldn't exclude men, either, I guess. Anymore, with this Prince and Boy George thing going around, even grown men are painting their fingernails, wearing earrings and fighting each other in clothing stores for that piece that looks oh-so-perfect.

Every year something new is coming out, something different.



Bill Allen

I can remember when getting a haircut meant you were going to have your hair shortened. Now it can mean permed, styled, frizzed, teased, shagged or a hundred other words. My girlfriend recently had hers cut so that it has to be sculpted, as in sculptures. I really don't have the poetic insights to know what all this means socially. All I know for sure is that it means a woman will now take two hours to get ready when it used to take only an hour and a half.

I'm sure any guy who has ever had the misfortune of being on time for a date can relate to this. You sit on the couch watching the evening news while she sings in the bathroom. And being the sensitive and understanding person I am, I naturally worry about her. In my kind, sympathetic way, I ask why it's taking her so long.

"What the hell is taking you so

long?" I yell over the sound of Nicaraguan fighting on TV. "Here I am about to spend money on you, open doors for you and maybe even smile at the stupid stories of your childhood, and you spend half the date covering your face with make-up. C'mon, I've seen zits before."

If it's a first date, this is usually enough to get her out of the bathroom pretty quick, albeit a little smudged.

That line doesn't work if you've been going out with her awhile. It makes her slower.

Then, when she finally does come out, what is the first thing she says? "Sorry it took me so long."

Yeah, right.

Of course, you don't hear all this because you're still in shock trying to figure out exactly how much of what is standing in front of you is your date and how much is an Amazon parrot.

"Do you like it?" she inevitably asks.

"It's new. I bought it just for you."

Fantastic, I think to myself with heavy sarcasm. I wanted a quiet dinner and maybe a movie, and now I have to spend the evening fighting off moths and other creatures attracted to bright lights.

"It's certainly colorful," is all I say out loud.

It's everywhere. It's a sickness. There's a new cigarette out by a clothing designer. It's called Ritz. Camels did the job on John Wayne and Yul Brenner. Do people even have to find new, different ways to slowly kill themselves?

I buck the trend. There's nothing new about me, or different. I'm just a regular guy. I wear jeans and buy shirts

designed by people who make shirts, not by artists. I drink beer that has been brewed by the same people for a hundred years, not spritzers and wine coolers. I still get mad every time I see the words "Classic" on a can of Coke.

It's not that I don't keep up with what's going on. I just refuse to like something only because it's new.

I listen to music I like to listen to. That probably sounds a bit redundant and simplistic, but not if you think about it. I was talking to some guy the other day and asked him what that loud noise was on his music box. He told me it was none of my \$#! business. Later, I visited him in the hospital to continue our conversation.

"It's new, man, it's different," he said through a shaggy-dog haircut and several stitches.

"Is that necessarily good?" I asked, tightening the bandages on his suspended arms and legs until he could barely breathe.

"Mummmhummrrut," he said.

I loosened the bandages a bit.

"Yeah, it's good. It's different, ain't it?"

"You really like to listen to it?" I asked.

"Like to listen to it? Are you crazy? Who could listen to that noise?" he said. "I only like the political ramifications and social statements, and the sense of freedom and . . ."

I cut him off by slipping a Jimmy Buffett cassette into his box and walking out, knowing full well he couldn't get up to turn it off.

Allen is a senior English major and the Daily Nebraskan arts and entertainment editor.



Paul Vonderlage/Daily Nebraskan

Sterba and Wolf

Identification wrong

A photograph of Louisiana Lou of the Bayou (Daily Nebraskan, April 24) was incorrectly identified as a photograph of John Wolf and Chris Sterba of the Omaha band Cellophane Ceiling.

The following portion of the Cellophane Ceiling article was also omitted: A Cellophane Ceiling EP is available in local record stores. It features the

band's old line-up, which included a full-time synthesizer player and a woman vocalist. The EP is good, but the band's new, stripped-down style is infinitely superior.

Fortunately, C.C. just finished laying down 11 tracks for an LP. The album, tentatively titled "The Beauty Of It All," should be out in June.