

# arts / entertainment

## 'Make,' 'take' photography creates ambiguous experience

By Kathy Chenault

There are two distinct planes of photography, according to art photographer Gary Goldberg, and the difference in style between what he calls "taken" photographs and "made" photographs is the ambiguity he said he has been working with the last year.

Goldberg, 26, a graduate assistant at Sheldon Art Gallery, said his current show, "Of Taken and Made", represents a conscious effort of photographing that he is trying to bring across.

"Some people take photographs and some people make photographs," Goldberg said.

Goldberg said with taken photographs,

the photographer comes away with the attitude that, "I took that photo."

"But in making a photograph, it's an actual physical making effort." It is actually going out with a pre-determined idea and making it, he said.

Goldberg said his latest efforts have been stimulated by what he has seen in the environment: These observations prompted him to make constructions to photograph.

He said he took "clues" from the objects in the environment and created his own six foot square studio constructions to photograph with "the same straight dead pan approach."

Goldberg added that the photographs he has "fabricated" blend with the found photographs causing something very

interesting.

"What happens is the real photographs look fake and the fake photographs look real.

"I'm not trying to fool anyone, but it causes an interesting interplay because we all believe a photograph to be real; to be factual. But now we see that's not always the case."

Goldberg said he likes photographing the constructions, which were created anonymously with no artistic end in mind, because they allow him freedom with his subjects.

He said that as an art photographer, he has matured to the point where he is an individual artist doing his own work.

"There is a point where emulation ends and the you begins. What I'm doing now is a direct reflection of the me I'm putting into my photography."

The constructions are displayed with the photographs and are an important part of the total effect of the show, the artist said.

"I heard some comments from sculptural people and they thought there was too much competition between the constructions and the photographs. But they're responding out of a different sensibility.

The show is displayed at the Sheldon Art Gallery student show, which will run through Sunday.

## Columnist waxes nostalgic for daily journalistic fix

By Peg Sheldrick

I don't know why, but I've been a little cranky lately. I first noticed it the other day when a little old lady asked me what I was going to do after I graduate and I replied, "What's it to you, you old bat?" Can't seem to handle those little annoyances like I used to.

### humor

For awhile I thought maybe it was the coffee. I drink a few cups every now and then. Well, more than a few. Okay, so my blood is 38 percent caffeine. Anyway, I had this strange dream where a former TV doctor comes to me and tells me the only way I'll mellow out is to give up the java. In the dream I punched him out. But the next morning I decided to give the advice a shot. I went without coffee through breakfast. Later, I noticed my roommate was looking at me strangely.

"Gee, I never knew your front teeth were so long and pointy," she chirped. "And how come your eyes are so red? Why are you panting like that? I think you could use a little Nair on those hands and—"

"Cars brag frang fmar," I mumbled as I got out the coffee pot.

"What?"

"I said, 'Shut up, saccharine face.'"

Muppets peter out

I thought maybe it was the usual Dead Week melancholia, especially when I found myself sitting in art history the other day contemplating a college that would consist of my instructor, the podium, and the back-wall. I decided it was time to take drastic action. I did what I knew I must, and it worked— but only for a time. Even *The Muppet Show* can only take you so far.

I tried to talk to a friend about it. "Well," she said, "First you gotta like be, you know, like really honest with yourself, right? Okay, like I mean really, really honest, you know, and like reach down really deep and try to like get in touch with your feelings. Like, 'you say you're grouchy and you don't know why, right? Well, man you do know why—it's just that you're not like you know really reaching, you know? I mean really, really, re— Okay, okay, mellow out, okay? Like I find it like really hard to talk with your hand on my throat like that, okay? Whew, your karma really is bad."

I suggested she pound sand up her nose and stalked away.

Schizoid

I still wasn't quite sure what the problem was as I walked home and found myself sassing the crossing signals. ("I'll walk when I damn well

please!") Perhaps it was the two term papers that fell due within the next 48 hours.

Maybe it was that old familiar panic that sets in at the thought of being cast adrift in the "real world" in a matter of a week or so. What ever the reason, I found myself reacting to normal conversation like a sprung steel trap.

I was still thinking about it the other day when someone asked me if I had anything in the paper that day. Then it hit.

As of today, no more bylines. This is it. The big casino, the long goodbye, "parting is such sweet sorrow" and all that jazz. After this, the only way I'll get my name in the paper is to win first prize for my peach jelly at the state fair. And I don't even know how to make peach jelly.

Waiting for the bomb

The full implications haven't quite hit me yet. I've tried to see what it will be like. For example, the other night I got into line at a theatre and tried to tell total strangers what I thought of *The Champ*. I was ticketed for being a public nuisance.

I tried to report to my neighbors about the new group at Jesse's, but they sent me on my way, saying they'd read about it in the paper. And as for humor, I haven't been able to banter for the past three weeks. I'm seeing a doctor about it.

I never knew how much I depend on that little journalistic fix until now. I kept telling myself I could quit anytime I wanted to— and a few times I wanted to. But now I have to, and I can't quite bring myself to roll up my typewriter ribbon and steel off into the desert sunset. Now I know how Frosty the Snowman felt.

I've come a long way from my freshman year when somebody asked if there was a Rag around and I asked him what he had spilled. I've enjoyed my brief sojourn as a token English major nestled among the would-be Woodwards and Bernsteins.

But now I must stiffen my upper lip and wave by-bye to the world of slug sheets and 60 space lines, no longer to pontificate, circumlocute, and otherwise send copy editors scurrying for the Webster's Unabridged.

I'd like to make my exit *a la* Frank Sinatra with a trench coat slung over my shoulder and a cigarette dangling from my lips as I stroll out of the spotlight into obscurity. But as the sun sinks low over the Bob Devaney Pleasure Palade, I'll have to settle for hitching up my backpack, straightening my *Daily Nebraskan* T-shirt, and mounting those well worn stairs one last time. To my faithful followers— both of you— I bid a fond adieu. And to the rest, live long and prosper. I shall not pass this way again.

(P.S. Anybody out there know a good recipe for peach jelly?)

## Overseas Opportunity Center counsels traveling for credit

By Cheryl Kisting

The dream of overseas travel can be a reality, with University of Nebraska class credit, too, if a student checks with the Overseas Opportunity Center.

Suzu Prenger, program coordinator, said OOCs will provide counseling on planning and budgeting their travel, transportation, food and lodging, health and insurance, passports and visas, customs, touring and entertainment and emergencies.

"If a program is chosen within the university, a student will receive credit for it," Prenger said. "But travel opportunities with credit are not limited to UNL. Different ones can be arranged through different universities."

UNL students would have to pay out-state tuition if they are in a program in another state, Prenger said.

"The student must arrange before he leaves to make sure credit will be transferred," she said.

Offices combine

The OOC is located in Room 345 of the Nebraska Union. Within that room is the Foreign Study office, the Flight and Study Tours office and the Intercultural and International office. According to Prenger all four offices work together but have different responsibilities.

The OOC library has overseas study, travel, employment, voluntary service, homestays cultural and Peace Corp information. Prenger added that OCC counsels a

student on travel alone and not on the academic aspects.

"Dr. Esquenazi-Mayo is the advisor for educational opportunities," Prenger said. "He is part of the Institute of International Studies and also has catalogs of programs of study offered by other universities."

Graduate and students working on Ph.D.'s have a better opportunity to obtain research scholarships and grants. According to Prenger, certain scholarships are selected for students and Dr. Esquenazi-Mayo could tell the student about financial aid.

Check resources

"I encourage students to 'beat the path' and to try anything and everything to get some sort of financial aid," Prenger said. "They should apply for all scholarships available and even to talk to hometown organizations for help."

Prenger also said that it is helpful to get in contact with other students who have already made the trip to find out more. The OOC has an updated people resource file which has the names of students and faculty with international experience and will share this with others.

Workshops are also presented by people familiar with the area a student wishes to visit, Prenger said.

As for choosing a program, Prenger said this is up to the individual.

"We don't hand over a program and say 'this is what you want,'" Prenger said. "We let the student make decisions themselves. That way they learn more about what is entailed in travel."

## Ten undaunted students publish unpretentious literary magazine

By Bill Regier

For many years there have been frustrated attempts to produce a campus literary magazine at UNL. Editorial bickering, production expenses, wounded vanities, feeble manuscripts, and inexperience all have played a part in keeping such a magazine in the offing but out of print.

### book review

It is almost too sudden a surprise to see *The Magazine*, published last month by ten UNL students who didn't have the sense to be discouraged by other peoples' failures.

Relying on their own standards of taste and their ability to work together, they produced an unpretentious collection of poems, photographs and stories worth far more than the token price of a quarter.

The potential strength of a campus literary magazine lies in the variety of experience and education of the campus. UNL will do well to read *The Magazine* to see that our worst fears about our intellectual and imaginative inferiority are unjustified. It does not sinner sentimentally like high school magazines; it does not pose like professional journals.

With few exceptions, *The Magazine's* features are fresh and personable. There is even room for opposition. Gary Lacey's fantasia about a woman on the beach ends in immolation.

If my eyes and hands had the courage of my thoughts you would be ablaze.

We might guess that Linda Rautman has heard lines like this before. She records her weariness in "To Hell With Peter and the Boys."

The persistence of Peter exhausts me.

Half-assed he bares his heart . . .

The editorial committee of *The Magazine* had the wisdom to prevent any individual from dominating the issue. But love poems (ah) dominate the poetry. Bob Thomas's "I dance inside you tonight" has the richest imagery.

I hear no more the rustle of leaves the hush after love only the house groans settling heavily as if the moon were leaning on its beams.

Continued on page 21