

arts/entertainment

Reed's music is schizophrenic genius

By Michael Zangari

In one of the more bizarre pairings of a couple of years ago, Bob Seger and Lou Reed played within 300 yards of each other on the same night. Omaha's rock community turned out in force for the shows.

Seger was hot on the tail of his *Night Moves* LP. He had no trouble selling out the Civic Auditorium. Some of the spill-over crowd wandered next door to the Music

ly tense voice that quivers with an intensity one reviewer described as "cutting with the fragile glass of genius." Reed's lyrics don't read well on paper, but they can tear you apart on record.

It is difficult to group Reed's albums with any sort of continuity. If an anthology emerges from his career, it is likely to be schizophrenic. Reed changes with every album.

At times, he is detached enough to produce sterile material, as well as witty satirical songs.

In a fit of anger he released a double album of nothing but tape hiss and grating noise as a comment on recording

companies and the rock 'n' roll business, then sat back and laughed as reviewers tried to find a deeper meaning in it, then panned it. Reed's sardonic sense of humor and honor make up the bulk of his best work.

Reed's offerings

The Transformer is not one of his better albums. It contains lightweight songs which are pleasant and humorous enough, but border on being camp and obvious. It does contain one of the best singles of the last 20 years however, and Reed's only hit, "Walk on the Wild Side." Continued on page 9

backtracks

Hall when it became obvious that Seger tickets were rarer than teeny boppers who weren't stoned or drunk?

Backstage at the Music Hall, Lou Reed had worked himself into a frenzy. His body tense with anger, he berated the promoters who had scheduled the shows, the hall, his fans and the city in a clipped New York accent.

In 10 minutes the anger would spill onto the stage. Next door, Seger egged his crowd on with practiced and wooden excitement. It worked well enough. The crowd moved on cue, and at the end would call Seger back for several encores.

Encore call

Reed's crowd, somewhat dazed by the pure emotional intensity of his performance, kept an encore call up for nearly 10 minutes. When it seemed there was no hope for one, Reed swaggered back and paced the length of the stage.

Stopping abruptly and jamming his hands into his pockets, he surveyed the audience. "Well, how about that," he said in wonder, and called the band back out.

It was like so much of his recording career. Placed next to the affectations and sterility of commercial rock 'n' roll, Reed came on like a gunner. When he survived, he was cynical and surprised, and vowed to do it again.

Reed started his career writing brilliant and cutting songs for the Velvet Underground. Songs like "Sweet Jane" and "Heroin," both of which turned up later on his solo *Rock and Roll Animal* album, touched on the decadence of loneliness and street life.

Glass of genius

Never a strong singer, Reed talk/sings in an emotional-



Charles Darwin (Malcolm Stoddard), the 19th century naturalist whose observations led to present day theories of evolution, is featured in *The Voyage of Charles Darwin*. The seven-part series, recounting Darwin's journey aboard the *H.M.S. Beagle*, premieres on the Nebraska Educational Television Network Sunday at 8 p.m.

Students should fight to defeat boredom battles

By Peg Sheldrick

It happens once every 27 seconds. Someone somewhere in America is stricken. It happens in the best of families, at the worst of times. Suddenly, without warning, every 27 seconds, it strikes: somebody somewhere is bored.

Medical science can't explain it. The cures are there, available to all, and yet this loathsomecrippler of young socialites is reaching epidemic proportions.

Boredom is currently the ninth largest time-killer known to humanity. (There are statistics to back this up, but even mentioning them raises the boredom mortality rate another 6.2 percent).

Anyone, anywhere can become its victim. Persons living in the Midwest, particularly in certain university-oriented towns, are especially susceptible to this insidious affliction. It preys on the lonely, the lazy, the unchallenged. And even in cases where a victim resorts to human interaction, boredom can rear its ugly, contagious head.

No exceptions

You are no exception. Even now, as you read these words, you yourself may be or may become a victim of boredom. And, in extreme cases, you may not even know it.

Boredom is easily detected in its early

stages and may be curable if treated in time. So read these Seven Early Warning Signs of Boredom carefully. It could save your day.

humor

You are bored if . . .

You are reading this newspaper during a class in which you have decided that your instructor reminds you of Francis the Talking Mule, and you are wondering what the person in front of you would do if you stuck your ball point pen in his or her left ear.

You find yourself pondering important questions such as: why joggers wear shorts on top of sweat pants, what Joey Heatherton is doing these days, and whether or not you still have your *Meet the Monkees* album.

Bathroom tissue

You cheat yourself at solitaire and think about Janis Ian a lot.

You find yourself singing along with bathroom tissue commercials.

Instead of listening to the person talking to you, you are watching his or her nostrils move and thinking about what it would be

like if there was a flood and the building turned upside down and you were walking around on the ceiling.

You have an overwhelming urge every hour or so to call up an old flame and tell him you never think about him any more.

You find yourself becoming engrossed in *Fantasy Island*.

If you are suffering from any or all of the above symptoms, seek help immediately. You are *desperately bored*, and unless something is done quickly you will lapse into depression, and shock treatment such as standing in the middle of O Street at 5 p.m., will be necessary.

Take action

Take action—before you find yourself watching, with more than casual interest—*Tom Osborne Presents Highlights of the Year's Best Instant Replays—Part II*.

Even if you are not bored now, you might be in the near future. Boredom shows no mercy.

If you (or someone you love) are bored, stop whatever you are doing, if you are doing anything. Run to the nearest window, fling it open, and scream, "I'M BORED! I'M BORED! I'M BORED!" Admitting your problem is half the battle.

Next, get out of the situation that is boring you. Hasten to the nearest dormi-

tory cafeteria and skinny dip in the *soup du jour*. The temperature alone should liven things up a bit.

Go to the nearest college newspaper office and poll the staff about support for LB221. Stand in a crowded theatre lobby and begin singing "We Shall Overcome" in a loud voice.

Must avoid

Whatever you do to combat your boredom, there are two things you must avoid at any cost: food and television. A common but deadly reaction to boredom is to begin eating, or worse, to begin eating in front of the television. Don't start this vicious cycle.

A farmer in Tuscaloosa, Ala. who was stricken with boredom while plowing, devoured an entire field of turnips, a dozen Twinkies and an overripe cantaloupe before he was found six hours later, curled in a fetal position in front of a television, his mouth agape and his eyes glazed over—watching a *Gilligan's Island* rerun.

It was not a pretty picture.

Avoid boredom when you can, and if you do contract the deadly malady, get help quickly. Mention Jane Fonda in front of a member of Young Americans for Freedom. You'll be glad you did.

After all, an afternoon is a terrible thing to waste.