

## arts/entertainment

## SRED promoting rock 'n' roll show at Drumstick

By Pat Higgins

Students for Responsible Energy Decisions, a group that has been sponsoring public discussions on the energy crisis and its ramifications, is branching out to promote a rock 'n' roll show at the Drumstick tonight featuring the Town Dogs and Dick Smith and the Pheasants.

The show is a benefit for SRED who view themselves as being of that all too rare species, politically-committed students. SRED is attempting to debate the hard policy choices of the near future. Instead of allowing multinational corporations to make all the decisions, they favor a populist effort. SRED is inclined toward an anti-nuclear power stance and in favor of solar energy. They are involved locally by trying to keep the local utilities accountable to the consumers.

"Even though I don't belong to SRED, I agree with their position," said Thor Eisentrager, lead singer of the Town Dogs. "Last summer I was back East and happened to be at a demonstration against the nuclear plant at Seabrook, N.H. I ended up getting billyclubbed by a cop which tends to have a radicalizing effect. Of course, the other guys in the band would probably say that they are basically apolitical."

"I'm from a good Republican family," chimed in guitar player Tim Stuart, "but I am definitely all for SRED and we think that it's a good idea to play the benefit for them."

## The Grapes

Dick Smith and the Pheasants were previously known

as the Grapes and they made somewhat of a splash last spring playing clubs and smaller localities in the greater Southeast Nebraska region. Lead singer-guitar player T. I. Munson, an unsuccessful candidate for student regent on the "Let Students Dominate" ticket last year, is brash and articulate.

"We sympathize with SRED's goals but they don't go far enough. Dick Smith and the Pheasants are oriented towards anarchy. We're trying to tell people the truth and any time you do that, it's considered controversial," he said.

The Grapes played an unusual selection of tunes for self-proclaimed anarchists, usually covering songs by "dinosaur" bands like Black Sabbath and others considered passe. It seemed rather incongruous for Munson to lead the revolution with that style as those heavy metal bands were more oriented towards apathetic "qualude" culture rather than storming the Bastille.

Munson says that the new band is branching out. "We're a lot less heavy metal now. We're into surrealistic electricity. It's somewhat similar to putting six molecules into a can and observing what happens."

Instead of being strictly a cover band Dick Smith and the Pheasants are writing their own songs which show the benefits of a college education.

## No love songs

"Our new songs are multi-thematic. They deal with metaphysics, epistemology and atheism. We absolutely

refuse to do any love songs," Munson said. He cited his main influences as being Hawkwind and the Jefferson Airplane, exponents of so-called "acid rock" a decade ago.

According to historical accounts, these psychedelic bands were more of the peace-and-love persuasion rather than being actual revolutionaries. Objective observers may note that the only rockers to be genuinely subversive in the last decade were out of the 1977 British punk explosion such as the Clash and the Sex Pistols but Munson disagrees.

"New Wave is not interesting, it is garbage. Locally there are a lot of New Wave groups but they are all bad. In fact, there are only three decent groups in Lincoln: us, the Town Dogs and the Doodads," he said.

"In all honesty," Eisentrager added, "there are a lot of good bands around here and there is a genuinely good rock scene. We're just trying to come up with something out of the ordinary. We're rock 'n' roll purists who grew up on the Stones and the Who and we still think that is what music is all about."

"We refuse to do lousy FM hits but we're also tired of cynical punk songs," he added. "Rock 'n' roll is so great because it is the first rhythmic music that white people invented. Its whole purpose is to dance and have fun."

The Town Dogs have been evolving in style over the last year. Said Stuart, "At first we were strictly Stones fanatics but now we're writing our own material that tends to be based on country or rhythm and blues which are the roots of rock 'n' roll. However I would still say that Keith Richard is God."

## Texas reality colors 'The Whole Shootin' Match'

By Jennifer Bauman

*The Whole Shootin' Match* is a generous slice of life from Texas. Though it has a similar setting, and in some ways resembles *Norma Rae* and *Urban Cowboy*, this film is less glamorized and more realistic. There is no Sally Field or John Travolta plunked down in the middle of "real life" and things haven't been prettied up to suit audiences' tastes.

## review

Eagle Pennell wrote and produced *The Whole Shootin' Match* with Lin Sutherland, and Pennell was in charge of photography, lighting and editing. The whole film was made in central Texas, by local people, with local money. Pennell's dream of making a feature-length movie on about \$30,000 or \$40,000 (accounts vary) for a year of work. But though this is a low-budget project, it is equal in quality to many high-budget films.

Pennell's film is not without its flaws. In a few instances, actors appear uncomfortable with their roles and one or two of the situations seem awkward. But, in general, *The Whole Shootin' Match*, is skillfully made. It is nicely photographed in black and white (Pennell thanks Woody Allen for removing the stigma from black and white movies with *Manhattan*), and beautifully edited. The story moves along smoothly, though slowly, and the characters are developed methodically. The acting is, for the most part, quite good, especially in the principle characters. But best of all, the characters in *The Whole Shootin' Match* are ones we can believe, whether or not this endears them to us.

Loyd (Lou Perry) and Frank (Sonny Davis) are friends and partners. The film tells us a little about their lives together and apart from one another.

Loyd and Frank's business arrangement consists of a long string of schemes aimed at getting rich quickly. Once they tried raising chinchillas; later they launch a plane to make money by repairing bubble windows with polyurethane. Their eyes light up at the idea of uncovering a fortune in buried treasure.

Loyd is an inventor, Frank is a father and a husband. Loyd is quiet, Frank verbalizes. Loyd tends to be stoic, Frank the epicurean. But their dreams and attitudes are alike in many ways. Loyd is more appealing than Frank, it is because he doesn't say what he thinks as often.

Continued on Page 9



Lou Perry as Loyd in the Sheldon Theatre movie, "The Whole Shootin' Match."

## 60s counterculture assimilated

We were moving into the fall of 1971. The nation was still dancing on the deck of the good ship Molotov. It could blow at any minute, but there was an element of cosmic destiny in the hearts and minds of many. Things would change. They did. Nine years later we are dangling helplessly over the railing, seasick.

## zangari

In the fall of '71 my father and I were going to attend a lecture on drugs, sponsored by the local church. Presumably an anti-drug lecture, but then again it was '71 and there was still an element of awe when looking at the counterculture. Not the counterculture (i.e., the counter being the place where you set the cash register) but the counterculture. Back when there was a greater gap between the left and right. Something that a choice of "lifestyles" does not exactly illustrate now—the dominant

choices being purple Mylar stretch pants and spiked heels as opposed to a muslin shirt and Birkenstocks.

Dad and I descended into what turned out to be a very dark basement. The only light was coming from candles—not church candles, but multicolored ones with bumps and perfume. The walls were lit with black light and glowing with poster art, and there was a thick cloud of incense in the air. We passed through beaded curtains to pillows on the floor. Lest this sound like a bad rerun of *Gidget Eats A Brownie*, you have to realize that those of us who had been cradled in suburban arms, this was like stepping into another planet. The closest thing to hippie I had been was the feet in front of the tube watching reruns of the *Mod Squad*. Dad and I sat down with a bunch of other wide-eyed people and listened to taped sitar music.

The lecturer stepped from the corner in a Nehru shirt. He wore beads, and spoke in a flat space monotone, with an almost lilting pacing. This was to be a lecture on the history of drug use in the '60s.

Continued on Page 9