

Arts & Entertainment

Photographer Yates shoots for tactile sensation

By Lori Sullivan

If you look at photographic artist Steve Yates' work, you are expected to add something to it. And, if you are expecting to see an ordinary photograph, you won't find one.

Yates' work is based on his belief that photography is an ongoing process. It begins with a camera image, embellished with hand drawing and painting by the artist, and completed by the perceptions of the viewer.

Yates' "Painted Church" is part of the Ranchos De Taos exhibit at Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery. "Painted Church" is a color photograph incorporating a camera image with hand painting and drawing. The layers of drawing, paint and emulsion add the tactile quality which Yates says is important to the piece.

The subject of Yates' work is the Ranchos De Taos church in Taos, N.M. The church was made famous by the early photographs of Ansel Adams, and Paul Strand and many others.

"Now people know what the church looks like — I took advantage of that to carry the process on from there," Yates said.

In "Painted Church," the hand painting and drawing work with the photographic image to leave the perception of the total image up to the viewer, Yates said.

"The role of the viewer is changing in photographic art," he said.

His work is more a perceptual experience than a visual one, he said. He does not work with the camera as an extension of the eye; rather, he said, the camera is an extension of the perception of an image.

Yates, 33, graduated from UNL in 1972 with a bachelor's degree in fine arts. He completed both his master's and doctorate work at the University of New Mexico. Yates has taught at the University of New Mexico, the University of California in Los Angeles and Pomona College in California. Since 1979, he has been curator of photography, prints and drawings at the Museum of Fine Arts in Santa Fe, N. M.

Norman Geske, director of Sheldon Art Gallery, and Jim Alinder, a former UNL art professor, were both very important to the direction his work has taken, Yates said. Alinder encouraged him to continue his artistic work, and graduate work with Geske at Sheldon sparked his interest in museum administration. Currently, Yates is experimenting with a deep freezing process to preserve color photography from its rapid deterioration.

In 1978, Sheldon Art Gallery featured Yates in a one-man show. His work has also been in numerous group exhibits, including showings at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in 1980, at the Olympic Winter Games and at California State University, Los Angeles.

New Mexico and the Southwest has long been a mecca

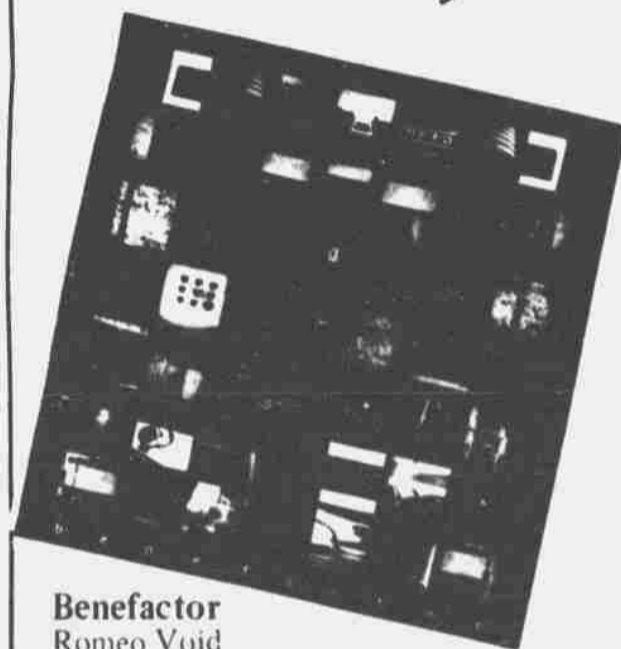
for photographers. Yates said he thinks New Mexico contains a total cross section of all types of photographers. There is not a unified style, so artists are not bound by artistic strategy and are able to use more open-ended ideas, he said. Photography is much more than just a document. Artists are moving beyond that idea, and many new concepts are being formed now, he said.

"I'm not only an artist," Yates said. "I'm an observer of photography. The people who are really making a mark are changing the idea of what a photograph is."



Photo by Lori Sullivan

Romeo Void: Breathless, romantic, sexual funk



Benefactor
Romeo Void
415/Columbia

If Lois Lane were a rocker, she'd write lyrics like Romeo Void. A matter-of-fact approach to sex and romance is Romeo Void's underlying theme. Lead singer Debora Iyall writes about personal experiences much like a reporter does ("just the facts, ma'am") with a total lack of phoniness and gloss.

The bounce is big/The bouncer is bigger/The drinks aren't stiff/I know what is — from the song "Undercover Kept"

The sexual politics approach of Romeo Void bring to mind Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, although Iyall is less deliberately tawdry. She's just practical.

On the occasions that Iyall does take a less personal, more oblique tack, the lyrics are transformed into prose poetry similar to Patti Smith's when she started out. Iyall sings like a Patti Smith with vocal lessons. Her range: from breathless to screaming.

The rest of Romeo Void complement Iyall's honesty-is-the-best-policy attitude. In contrast to her bluntness, the band is subtle. Romeo Void has come up with a distinctive new sound that melds desperate elements into a cohesive whole. Sax player Ben Rossi bleats a haunting sax that is jazz all the way.

Bass player Frank Zincavage is the real lead player as his melodic lines propel the funk/dance beat. The San Francisco band's first album, "It's

a Condition." was a big hit in dance clubs, and it's easy to understand why. They're almost as funky as Talking Heads.

Actually, Romeo Void is the mirror image of Roxy Music, a group that made some of the best music of the mid-'70s. Both bands have a similar ensemble style that also spotlighted the dramatic sax. Lead singer Bryan Ferry was obsessed with romance, too, except he fancied himself as a torch singer in a Dirk Bogarde movie. Roxy's only radio hit was "Love is the Drug," sentiments that Iyall would buy. Romeo Void may have a hit of their own, though, with "Never Say Never." Opening with a jangling guitar riff, Iyall starts singing as if through a long-distance megaphone. As always, that hypnotic sax chimes in.

*I might like you better
If we slept together*

It could be the catch phrase of the year, although Phyllis Schlafly would not approve.

Ric Ocasek of the Cars produced "Benefactor" at his studio in Boston. The hand-tooled precision sound that Ocasek specializes in works well with Romeo Void. The drum sound really kicks out of your speakers.

Ocasek is slick, but not too slick. Another notable involved with Romeo Void is manager Sandy Perelman, former producer of Blue Oyster Cult and the Clash's "Give 'Em Enough Rope." The mastermind of the record company 415 is Howie Klein, who used to be a rock writer for skin magazines. 415 is going for the big-time here, as they have made a deal with Columbia Records.

415 is California police jargon for disturbing the peace. Romeo Void isn't the kind of group that disturbs the peace. They do make you think though. They'll be playing at the Nebraska Union Centennial Room Sunday night in a concert no excitable dancer should miss. Their quirky approach to music makes for a fine album and should make for an excellent evening live.

By Pat Higgins

Forget this elephant, soldier

By Jeff Goodwin

Back in the mid 1970s when Frank Church was the head of the Senate committee investigating the abuses of the CIA, he called the CIA a "rogue elephant."

"The Soldier" is the ultimate rogue elephant movie. The Soldier is the code name for the head of a special CIA unit that goes around taking care of problems



that can't be handled through normal intelligence channels.

Ken Wahl, who you may remember as Paul Newman's sidekick in "Fort Apache, the Bronx," plays the Soldier. (He doesn't have a name. He is simply "the Soldier.")

The basic plot of this movie, other than setting up as many situations as possible where people can get killed, is as follows:

A bunch of renegade KGB men hijack a shipment of plutonium and concoct an atomic bomb, which they put smack dab in the middle of a Saudi Arabian oil field.

Then they demand that Israel remove all of their settlements from the West Bank within 96 hours or else. Naturally, the Israelis, being stubborn, refuse.

So the United States is faced with the problem of losing 50 percent of the world's oil supply for the next 300 years (not a pleasant prospect).

The only solution the president can come up with is to invade Israel and toss them off the West Bank. He's kind of a namby-pamby guy anyway.

But the Soldier has another idea. He sends his boys into a missile base in Kansas, and they take over a silo. Then the Soldier tells his Soviet counterpart to

knock it off. Naturally, he does.

The thing about this movie is that it's almost believable. Ten years ago, a movie like this would have been laughed off as science fiction. But in post-Watergate America, this isn't so far-fetched.

Of course, there's a lot of room for improvement in this film. For one thing, there's the violence. It's overdone and approaches — no exceeds — the limits of good taste.

Too many movies these days just throw in random violence to attract customers, and this film reaches a new low in that regard. Slow motion shots of guys getting a shotgun blast in the stomach just don't make it.

Besides the violence, there are obvious inconsistencies in the plot.

At one point, the Soldier flies to Austria to meet a KGB man who might have information as to the identity of the KGB terrorists who have planted the bomb.

For reasons that are never explained, the Russian tries to kill him. As if that weren't confusing enough, the Soldier then breaks into the U.S. Embassy in West Berlin to secure a phone line to the CIA headquarters. Now it seems to me, an admitted novice in the spy game, that he could get in touch with his office without having to break into the U.S. Embassy. But, as I say, I'm just a novice.

Another hokey thing about this film is the love interest. The Soldier goes to bed with an Israeli agent, but it seems almost an afterthought on the part of the screenwriter.

It's even her idea. "Don't you know we're on the eve of destruction?" she asks the Soldier. (At this point I expected Barry McGuire to burst into song. It would have added to the movie.) Then he gets the idea. The Soldier might be a great agent, but he's not very smart.

And you're not very smart either if you go to see this movie. But if you want to anyway, you'd better hurry. It ends, mercifully, tonight.



Photo courtesy of Variety Artists

Correction

In the announcement in the Wednesday issue headlined "Commander Cody boogie-woogies tonight," the date of the concert was wrong. Cody performs at Little Bo's Thursday — that is, Commander Cody boogie-woogies tonight.