

Arts & Entertainment

Waitresses on wheels endure life on road

By Stew Magnuson

After the concert Sunday night, three members of the rock group The Waitresses granted an interview in a ladies lounge in the Nebraska Union.

Lead singer Patty Donahue, guitarist Jimmy Rideo, and saxophonist Donnie Davis all stretched out on the couches in the lounge as they talked about life on the road.

"People are surprised when we drive up in a broken-down van. They expect to see us fly in on a jet or something," Donahue said.

Touring is probably much easier when a large record company helps pay expenses, band members agreed.

The band played to a receptive audience of approximately 500. After Lincoln, the band left for Denver and a string of gigs in California.

They had been opening for Oingo Boingo and The Gang of Four but recently started touring on their own.

"It's pretty grueling," Donahue said. Currently the band averages five appearances per week.

For a while, life on the road became too much for Donahue, who left the group last spring for what she called a "vacation."

Rumors of a split in the band and a search for a replacement for Donahue were reported in several trade

publications.

Eventually, the band reformed with only drummer Billy Fica and Donahue remaining in the group.

Davis, Rideo, and base player John Grindstaff were added to the band.

Donahue said the band has settled down and is happy with life on the road now, while working on a new single.

The band's popularity was evidenced by the enthusiastic response they received Saturday night. Several members of the audience chanted "Square Pegs," referring to the now defunct television sit-com, for which The Waitresses wrote a theme song.

The band members said they were surprised by the song's popularity. They said they also were surprised when they were first asked to write it for the show.

"We were asked to appear on the show to sing 'I Know What Boys Like' and they said 'As long as you're here, why don't you write us a theme song?'"

"So we added some lyrics to a song we'd been writing, recorded it and then we just sort of forgot about the song," Donahue said.

The band members weren't aware of the popularity of the song and it probably will be added to their act before they reach California, Donahue said.



Staff photo by Dan Kuhns

Patty Donahue of The Waitresses.

HOTSPOTS

Television

• Blake Edwards is probably best known as the man who brought Inspector Clouseau to the screen, and then refused to let him leave. Although his "Pink Panther" films often lapse into foolishness, Edwards' "S.O.B." is an example of satiric comedy at its best. The plot revolves around a producer who must "sex up" his latest musical in order to make it more commercial. William Holden (in his final role), Julie Andrews and Loretta Swit star. The movie airs tonight at 8 p.m. on channels 6 and 10.

• "Hitler's Number One Enemy: Buried Alive," examines the life and mysterious disappearance of Raoul Wallenberg, a Swedish diplomat who is credited with saving more than 100,000 Hungarian Jews from Hitler's concentration camp. Many speculate that Wallenberg is still alive and under custody in the Soviet Union. The documentary airs tonight at 7 on channel 12.

Radio

• KZUM (89.5 FM), 10:30 p.m. "Aural Delights," a weekly offering featuring progressive music, will present a special program of remakes of old songs by new wave and new music artists. Among the interpreters are Elvis Costello, X, The Clash and REM.

Mind machine stirs up a 'Brainstorm'

By Jeff Willcox

What if you were to invent a machine that records sights, sounds, thoughts, sensations, dreams and nightmares?

But wait! The amazing thing about this machine is that you can transfer those personal experiences from one person's mind to that of another: a roller coaster ride, hang gliding, surfing, even sex.

But wait! Not only do you see those things, you feel, smell, hear, touch and experience them.

But wait! What if the military were trying to take your machine and use it to their advantage? What if you were to record a person's death and be able to experience death without dying? Sounds pretty freaky, huh?

Well, "Brainstorm" is a pretty freaky movie dealing with such a machine.

Dr. Lillian Reynolds (Louise Fletcher) and her assistant, Dr. Michael Brace (Christopher Walken), have just had a breakthrough with their machine that enables a person to be transported into someone else's mind.

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Homecoming

• Here's your big chance to catch a rising star, as it were. UPC's Walpurgisnacht Committee and the Chicano Special Events Committee are sponsoring a talent show at 8 p.m. in the Nebraska Union. Among the performers are Dave Petty, Pete Hill, Anna Burke, Beth Hald, William Tate, Rosiland Moore, Tim Geist, Lynn Riley, Rendezvous and Corrine Brown.

At the Sheldon

• The classic Alfred Hitchcock film "Strangers on a Train," starring Robert Walker and Farley Granger, will be screened today at 1 p.m., 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. This 1951 thriller is classic Hitchcock, which means classic cinema. It is being shown for a film studies class; however, the general public can get in for a small donation.

Around Town

• Two of the hottest local bands in town, The Jettons and The Kids, will bring their unique brands of rock 'n' roll to the Drumstick, 547 N. 48th St., tonight. Cover charge to see these two fine groups is \$2.

• Over at the Zoo, 136 N. 14th St., it's traditional bluegrass music with the Sandy Creek Pickers. Admission to this hoedown is \$1.

'Every child an artist' for some, life sentence

Don't be an artist.

Take my advice. Be a CPA or a cab driver or a brain surgeon or a laborer. *Anything* but an artist.

The insidious scheme to get myself involved with this horrendous vocation began in the first grade, when it was discovered I could draw a boat that appeared to sit in the water, rather than on top of it. A minor feat, to be sure, but enough of an accomplishment to become the target of a conniving plot, "the class artist."

At first, the requests of my grade school peers



Billy Shaffer

seemed reasonable, and perhaps even flattering. "Billy, we need a Snoopy for the bulletin board and you know I can't draw a lick."

"Sure, coming right up."

From bulletin boards, the plot thickened to invitations, carnival posters, program covers, even sketches of jet engines on blackboards.

In junior high, feeding on my typical teenage insecurities, the demands heightened, the praise flowed and I was getting hooked.

"Bill, we need a John Lennon on our student council banner and you know I couldn't draw a straight line if I had to."

"Sure, coming right up."

By high school, matters had escalated to the point where demands had begun to outweigh the ego fix I was getting. Designing homecoming floats, running the art club, fine arts festivals, public demonstrations, and for the first time, the realization that not everything that one created would be critically acclaimed.

By 12th grade, I got little wrinkles from squinting so much, and little ulcers as well.

In college, the balloon burst. The classes were composed entirely of other "class artists." Competition, critics and cranky professors combined to start the hairline receding and the ulcer bleeding.

At no time in the younger years are we ever prepared for this. Granted, competition exists in every job field, but for young artists it seems that emotions — not the intellect — are played upon and tampered with.

To some it's like getting set up and shot down. Fortunately, we have several years of never knowing if we are good enough to make the grade.

Last year, I gave a presentation and drawing class to second and third-grades at McPhee Elementary School. During the drawing session, several students went up to one little girl saying, "Could you draw a Garfield on my paper for me? You know I can't draw worth beans."

"Sure," she said, "coming right up."

Don't be an artist.



Photo courtesy MGM/United Artist Films

Louise Fletcher (left), Cliff Robertson and Natalie Wood yak it up in a scene from "Brainstorm."