

Arts & Entertainment

Jason returns after 'scorching' Europe

By Marty Howell

Jason and the Scorchers, patentees of Nashville rock'n'roll, Music City's most uninhibited music act and Drumstick favorites, have returned from their first European engagement.

Some two weeks after their last Lincoln appearance on April 3, the Scorchers embarked on a month-long tour of England, Germany, Finland, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Sweden and Switzerland. Judging from the responses of the press in those countries, the Scorchers made a more-than-favorable first impression.

Notwithstanding the Scorchers worldwide distribution contract with EMI Records, it was imperative that the band sway the controlling record companies within the nations they visited — companies capable of overriding an existing contract, according to Jason. Also on the list of Scorcher goals was making at least one radio or television appearance in each country to bolster their on-stage performances. All this formed a challenging task for a band determined to make it on their own, touring alone rather than opening for established bands.

First reactions in Europe to the Scorchers reflected their emergence in the United States some 2½ years ago: The overseas audiences "didn't know what to expect . . . mostly they were shocked," Jason said.

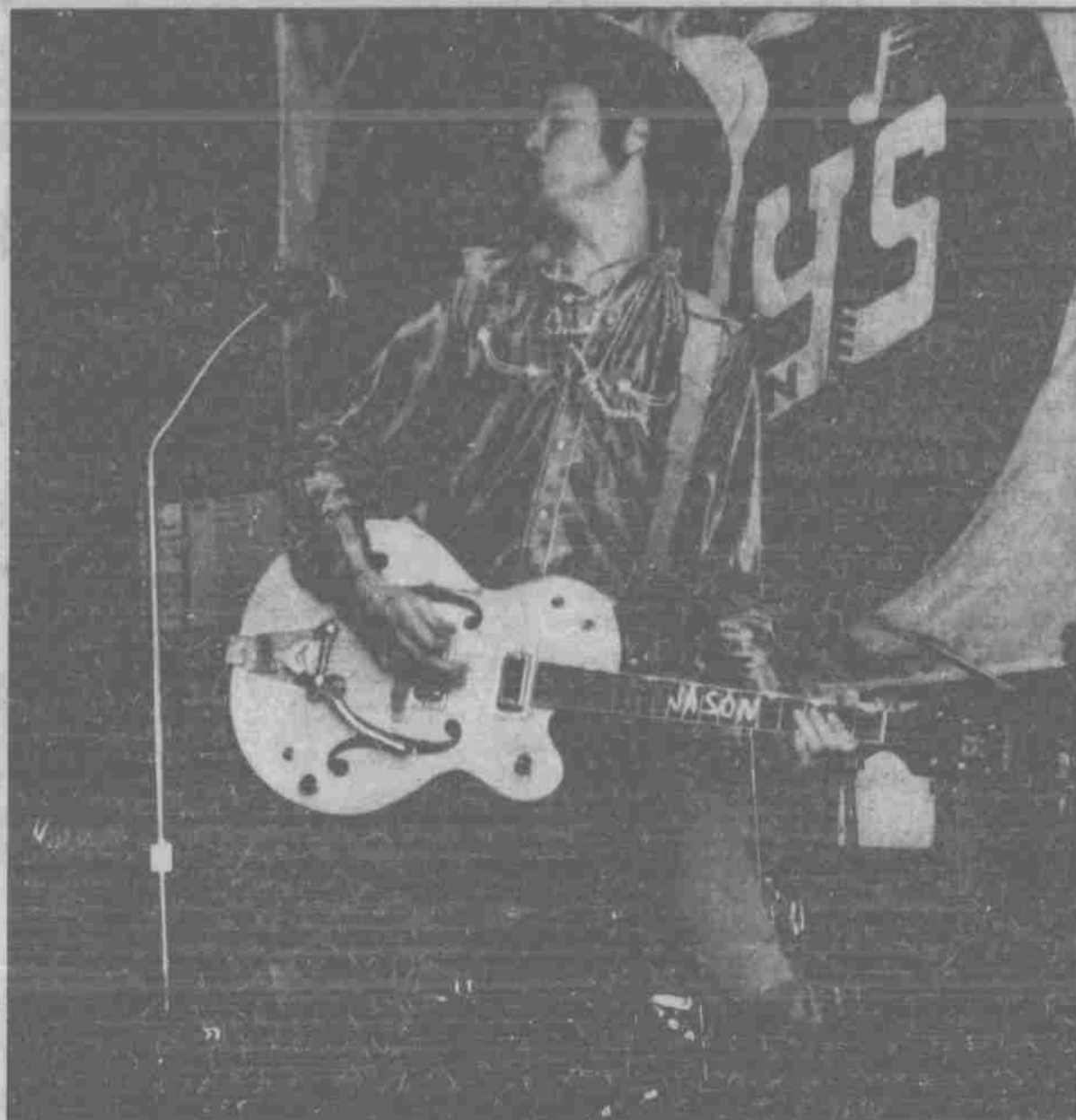


Photo courtesy of Jason and the Scorchers

Jason of the Scorchers

Using the same approach as at home ("mostly fast stuff," no slavish folk songs in the native tongue gimmickry) the Scorchers discovered the Germans and Belgians to be most responsive to "energy" while the English and Scandinavians identified more with country, Jason said.

The tour began in small clubs, most notably London's "Mean Fiddler," a genuine U.S. honky tonk reconstruction. The band also played a few small auditoriums before word leaked through the Iron Curtain that this was an act to catch. The tour culminated with killer shows in Finland and Sweden, after which the Scorchers make arrangements for a three-week re-run in July.

On arrival in Nashville, Jason and the boys took a now-rare two-week layoff, then went to the studio to cut takes for their third record, the band's first full length LP.

Jason said the record, due for release in January 1985, will be "a lot stronger than *Fervor*. It'll be better produced, better written, easier for listeners to identify with and contain more pride, confidence and a few surprises.

The Scorchers do not expect to play Lincoln again until after the release of their album. But take consolation in knowing that Lincoln is on the Scorcher's list of towns that "made them." Drumstick audiences can lay claim to witnessing the evolution of a major rock'n'roll phenomenon.

FINE ARTS

By Sarah Sieler

More than 65 people attended Steve Hahn's poetry reading Thursday night at Bennett Martin Public Library, 14th and N streets.

Hahn's poetry proved worthy of an audience. He writes about Nebraska subjects with words and images that are common to the Midwest. But he takes us beyond our ordinary way of seeing things by using metaphors and comparisons, that are also rich in Nebraska imagery.

For example, "Lines for My Mother at 55" begins: *Women have gone mad in country like this; in winter a white flint of wind cuts the heart, in spring the windmill cries like a hawk slowly dying.*

Hahn works as technical writer for computer services at UNL. Some of his poems will appear in the fall or winter edition of *Prairie Schooner* literary magazine, published by the UNL English department.

"The Boy Friend," a musical comedy in the style of the boisterous 1920s, will be presented by the UNL music Theatre at Kimball Recital Hall June 30, July 6 and 7. All performances will begin at 8 p.m.

Regular tickets are \$5 and \$6. Tickets for students, children, and senior citizens are \$3 and \$4. For more information, call the Kimball Box Office at 472-3375.

The concerts at Antelope Park this week include contemporary classics acoustic guitarist, Larry Mitchell, on Wednesday; the bluegrass music of the Billy Adams Trio on Friday; and classical guitarist Dennis Taylor Saturday. The Lincoln Municipal Band will begin its series of summer concerts Sunday evening. The concerts at Antelope Park will be held from 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. in the bandshell.

The Sheldon Film Theatre will show "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" on Tuesday at 1, 7 and 9 p.m.; "Rules of the Game" on Wednesday at 1, 7 and 9 p.m.; and Orson Welles' "The Lady From Shanghai" Thursday, June 28, through Sunday, July 1, at 7 and 9 p.m., with weekend matinees at 3 p.m.

The Gathering Place, a coffeehouse located in a beautiful old house on the corner of 15th and G streets, is currently featuring Sid Tingle's watercolors of old homes, eight-sided barns, and other Nebraska buildings. Anita Engleberg's pottery and several pieces from the Prison Art Guild are also on display.

The coffeehouse is open on weekdays at 10 a.m. for cinnamon rolls, 11 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. for lunch and until 3 p.m. for desserts.

Meteorologists star in stormy novel

Last week, Otis P. Davenport broke away from Celeste's presidential campaign in order to found a soft-drink business. Meanwhile, Harley Davidson decided that he, too, needed a paying job.

Harley Davidson lay prone on the living-room floor, several empty Perky Lites around him. Every few minutes he raised his head and scribbled something on a notepad.

Otis breezed in. "What's that you're writing, Harley?" Harley belched. "Listen to this, old man," he said. "What I've got here will put the Perky Lite company in the shade!" He handed Otis the notepad.

Mary Louise Knapp

"WHEN FRONTS COLLIDE," Otis read. "This dramatic, sweeping novel reveals the forbidden love of two young meteorologists as they courageously battle the fierce weather of Nebraska.

This book, the first of a forthcoming trilogy by the celebrated Harley Davidson, should not be missed. For great summer entertainment and meaningful philosophy, read "WHEN FRONTS COLLIDE" and its soon-to-be-published sequels, "TORNADO WARNING" and "INTO THE HEART OF THE STORM!"

"I need a drink," Otis moaned. Harley handed him a Perky Lite.

"No, something real," he said. "Harley, do you honestly think you can publish this stuff?"

"I'm not trying to write the Great American Novel," Harley said. "this is going to be the Great Nebraska Series. I intend to do one on every state. Want to know what I've got picked out for California? Two young surfers who fight bravely against the tide..."

"Harley, they call this kind of novel a Harlequin Romance, and hundreds of people are writing them," Otis said. "What makes you think a major publishing house is going to take note of this?"

"Read my first chapter," Harley replied, Otis picked up the notepad, took a drink from his hip flask, and began to read.

"Chapter One: 'Threat of Showers,'" he read. "It was a dark and stormy night, and several meteorologists were gathered about their instruments. While Lincoln slept, these brave men carried on, heedless of the danger to their lives.

"For on the radar screen, not twenty miles from the city, that great enemy of the people, Tornado, had shown his ugly face."

"Come on, Harley," Otis said in disgust.

"Read on, read on," said the unperturbed Harley. "Among those twelve brave souls, none was more courageous than Thomas Maloney, son of P. J. Maloney, Lincoln's first meteorologist. Standing fully seven feet tall, and with a corresponding breadth of muscle, Maloney could whip a hurricane single-handedly.

"Ahoy, there, ye landlubbers!" he roared. "This is no storm, it's merely a gentle breeze! Get on out to those thermometers, you lily-livered wimps, and get me the readings!"

"Aren't you being a little excessive there, Harley?" Otis asked. "I've never heard a weatherman talk like that."

"Not weatherman, meteorologist!" Harley exclaimed. "There's a world of difference between them."

"Well, when's the lady going to come in?"

"Be patient, be patient," Harley said. Otis continued to read.

"Maloney's hesitant colleague, a small, pale man named Melvin Meens, spoke up. 'Shouldn't we wait a bit, Tom? We might all get swept away in that tornado!'"

Maloney laughed scornfully and blew pipe smoke in Meens' face.

"I have yet to meet a tornado that didn't run from me," he said, putting on his old Hell's Angels jacket. "I'll go myself, if none of you is man enough to come with me!"

"That's as far as I've gotten," Harley said. Otis declined further comment.

Tanning — take the 'no brain' route

By Tim McGrath

Dear Stan:
I read a new article on tanning called "The Native American Tanning Process" by Dr. D. "Ed" Meete. I

Stan Slanders

would just like to ask you about some of the tanning methods Dr. Meete suggests. Some of my pledge brothers and I are trying it out and we were wonder-

ing about possible side or after-effects. Here are some of the methods I'm concerned with: "The hide is vigorously scraped with a bone tool until all the fat and hair are removed." Now, it only makes sense to prepare your skin for a deep, vicious tan, but there has to be a limit to a "no psin, no gain" philosophy of tanning.

The instructions also say, "The hide is then steeped in a mixture of urine and brains for a period of one to four days."

Because of classes I'm limited to only working six hours a day on my tan so I cut this process down to one hour. I tend to have lots of room on our sundeck after this.

Continued on Page 9