

# Arts & Entertainment

## \$7-14 buys a lot of Cash and clan

By Jeff Korbellek  
Daily Nebraskan Staff Writer

There was a man in black Thursday at the Bob Devaney Sports Center.

He stared out at the quiet audience from behind a dark curtain, slowly tapping one of his platform shoes.

But the quiet moment ended when the announcer yelled out, "Truly a legend in his own time." By then he was on stage and the Johnny Cash Show had officially begun.

It would have been hard to find one person in the near capacity crowd around who didn't know the words to his songs; "Ring of Fire," "Ghost Riders in the Sky," "Sunday Morning Sidewalk," "Folsom Prison Blues," ... These were just a few of the songs performed by Cash, all of which the audience greeted enthusiastically.

At first the show seemed to have everything. A country music veteran of 30 years, his five-piece band, a revolving stage, and yes, even a couple of his current hit videos with which Cash sang along.

Things might have been overdone a little however, with the addition of his wife, June Carter Cash, and her sister, Anita. After a rousing duet of "If I Were a Carpenter," Johnny decided to take a break, leaving the two to take care of the last 20 minutes of the show's 40-minute first half.

Although he was back on stage for the second half of the show many in the audience didn't like his disappearance. But one fan understood.

"I guess even legends like that need a break once in awhile."



Joel Sartore/Daily Nebraskan

The man in black during intermission of his Thursday show.

## Another ordinary day for 'Skeeter' Johnson

"A Day in The Life of Rusty 'Skeeter' Johnson" (. . . Or a Hasting's Life in a Kearney World).

The clock-radio blared on at precisely 7:26 a.m., Rusty "Skeeter" Johnson listened with eyes still closed to Michael Jackson's Pepsi plug "Beat It," and couldn't

up with "As the World Turns" and picked up his mail. Two utility bills and an overdrawn notice. While Big Mac-ing, Skeeter wished that Betsy would get over her amnesia and Steve Andropolous would get out of jail on his bum murder rap.

Back at work, Skeeter thought that his boss was a big jerk. Unfortunately, Skeeter was right. He went to his cubicle and turned on his computer and started processing. He processed this and he processed that. He got off work at five.

Walking to the 7-11, Skeets decided to do some shopping. He bought some beer and microwaved a burrito. Skeeter rushed home to catch the daily "Three's Company" double-header.

"Nothin' beats a tough day at the office like a good dose of sex jokes and slapstick," said Skeeter to himself, his words falling like a tree in an empty forest.

Evening. It's the time to paint the town red or at least hit the A&W and a drive-in, thought the thoughtful Skeeter. The garrulous sort he was though, Skeet opted instead for a romp at the Tap Room, the frequent haunt of Hasting's most raucous types.

The Tap was jumping. People playing pool, people playing pinball, people picking on and picking up people, people plugging the jukebox. Skeet had fun and got drunk.

After hitting on and being rejected by a Linda Beerman lookalike, Skeets decided to go home and watch the real item on the news. He was too late, but he did catch Mel Mains and an item about a barn burning in Hickman.

Skeeter went to sleep, woke up at 7:26 a.m. the next day, and did the same thing.

It is a beautiful world.



**Billy Shaffer**

decide whether this bit of early-morning advice suggested that he should hop out of bed or masturbate.

Since his boss had threatened to fire him if he was late for work again, Skeeter made a hasty dash for some instant coffee and a poppart. Turning on the tube, he learned that the icebusters had returned to earth safely. That reminded him of Bob Kerrey wearing a Ghostbusters T-shirt. Skeeter chuckled, a meaningless chuckle for himself, like a tree that falls in the forest with no one around to hear it.

At the office, Skeeter shuffled some printouts around. He drank more coffee and smoked three Marlboros. He studied the sports page and worried about the Huskers. He asked his colleagues a seemingly constant worry of late.

"Can Craig Sundberg do the job?"

McDonalds lured him in at lunchtime. On the way there he heard HueyNews on the radio.

"Boy, that guy can rock," Skeeter thought. He pondered the thought of getting scalped tickets for the show at the state fair, but only for a second.

"Take your order, Skeet?"

"The usual, please, Regina." Back at his trailer, home for lunch and a soap, Skeets caught

### BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed

