

Arts & Entertainment

Calvert Street Trio to play free tonight

The Calvert Street Trio, UNL's resident faculty jazz trio, will present a mixture of jazz styles and arrangements that combine elements of jazz and classical music in a free concert today at 8 p.m. in Kimball Recital Hall.

The trio consists of Albert Rometo, percussionist; Rusty White, double bass; and Brian Mann, piano.

Rometo, professor of percussion and music theory, is a traditional percussionist and jazz-show drummer who has been a drummer-percussionist for entertainers like Tom Jones, Bob Hope and the Four Lads. He is principal percussionist for the Lincoln Symphony and is noted for the theatrical element he brings to his student percussion concerts at UNL's School of Music.

White has performed with such jazz greats as Buddy Rich, Cal Collins and

Gene Bertocini. He directs UNL's Jazz Ensemble I and teaches jazz improvisations.

Mann is Larson Professor of Musicology at UNL and has played jazz piano for 20 years. He teaches jazz history at UNL and is gaining an international reputation for his research into the works of Renaissance composer Philip de Monte. Mann spent last summer in Poland researching de Monte's original manuscripts.

Some of the works to be presented at Monday's concert include "Praca de Algeria" and "Nocturnal Magic," both by Omaha native Mike Freeman, a musician now living and performing in New York. Two tunes popularized by Bill Evans, "Gloria's Step" and "Very Early," also will be performed.

Album howls hostility with emotion, conviction

By Chris McCubbin
Staff Reporter

Power Of The Spoken Word, "The Language Of a Dying Breed," Sacrificial Records.

I've only seen Power Of The Spoken Word perform live once, as the first warm-up band for the Dead Kennedys' concert in Omaha last fall.

The audience was trying to boo them off the stage. I could tell this was an audience that knew what it liked. They didn't want greasy, angry, long-haired hoods shouting obscenities at them. No, they wanted, greasy, angry, short-haired hoods shouting obscenities at them. And they weren't afraid to say so.

Record Review

I was kind of impressed by PSW that night. Under an unvarying hellish red light, PSW seemed eager to feed on the crowd's hostility and spew it back in the form of howling power chords and virulent, venomous vocals. Everything screamed hostility. PSW was a textbook example of the power of a unified effect.

This is a scary, scary band — ugly, dirty, mean and nasty. Maybe they're not really hostile, dangerous, sociopathic punks. Maybe it's all just an act, but they've got me convinced.

PSW is the first local band to fully realize something that should have been obvious for years: Hardcore and heavy metal sound alike. Their music is loud and brutal, chiefly characterized by a series of improbable and disconcerting tempo changes that would be hard to set down in musical notation.

They also seem to have finally solved the problem of the punk guitar solo. The guitarists solo any time they please. The singer just keeps singing over the solo, thus keeping the song short and economical while letting the guitar players have their fun. This is brilliant. Someone should have thought of it years ago.

Believe it or not, PSW is a band with a message. Summarized, that message

is something: "We have secret powers, and someday soon, when we get just a little better at using these powers, we're going to use them to get you."

This may not sound like much, philosophically speaking, but PSW puts it across with such conviction that by the time the record is over, you've probably looked over your shoulder and checked under the chair more than once.

The lyrics are vulgar, sacreligious, conceited, pompous, and border-line illiterate. They're probably what I like most about this album. Normally I'm not in favor of any of these things, but I have to admire a band with this much emotion and conviction, even if the emotion conveyed does happen to be violent contempt for me and the rest of the world.

Technically the music is pretty good. The guitars are dramatic but not intrusive, the rhythms are startling and unique, and vocalist Jake Ikky sings like Ozzy Osborne's possessed, mutant, bastard-child.

OK, I liked it, but I'm not sure why, and I'm not sure who else would. If you're any kind of prude, haircut, or top-40 musical wimp, stay away. This album probably would bite you if you tried to pick it up.

I know who I wish would buy this record. If you think you're a punker, but your idea of punk is the Clash's last album or some paisley-covered REM clones, or if you call yourself a head-banger because you want to dress like Motley Crue, then buy "The Language Of A Dying Breed." I guarantee that Power Of The Spoken Word can teach you a thing or two about the rock 'n' roll rebellion.

Cartoonist Fell to lecture tonight

Lincoln Journal art director and editorial cartoonist Paul Fell will present a lecture on political cartooning today at 7 p.m. in Woods Hall 9.

Fell, originally from Massachusetts, will speak as part of the Art League lecture series.



Dylan

Kurt Eberhardt/Daily Nebraskan

'Biograph' shows Dylan in commemorative career

By Chris McCubbin
Staff Reporter

Bob Dylan, "Biograph," Columbia.

Young America: This is your life. Bob Dylan's first recording session was in 1961, just a few years or months before most of us, today's college students, made our respective debuts.

Record Review

For more than 20 years Dylan has been watching America. For more than 20 years he has told stories and sung songs about life the way it's lived.

I grew up with Dylan's music. During my earliest grade school years I sang "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Blowin' in the Wind." In my case familiarity bred contempt. If I thought at all about Dylan as a child he was just some grown-up who wrote songs for hippies. Even when, just a couple of years ago, I finally matured enough to appreciate Dylan, I naively imagined that what he was doing right then was his best work ever.

Now that I own "Biograph" I know better.

Biograph is a five-record set commemorating Dylan's first 20 years as a recording artist. The tracks range from Dylan's first recording session in 1961 to 1981's "Shot Of Love" album.

"Biograph" shows us Dylan in all his many incarnations; the acoustic folk singer, the electric protest singer, the American poet, the Christian.

Listening to the album, one realizes that the most amazing thing about Dylan is his consistency. The 53 tracks on "Biograph" range over a panoramic array of topics, and utilize virtually every American musical style of this century. Yet not a single cut is weak or overblown, preachy or empty. Everything works, nothing wastes our time.

The songs are arranged topically. Side one, for instance, is all love songs, side two is protest songs, and side three is rockers. This allows the listener to pick music to suit his mood. The compilation is made up of hits, rarities and carefully selected album tracks.

One of the most exciting things about "Biograph" is the extensive liner notes on the inner sleeves.

Dylan often talks about this or that song with shocking candor and intelligence. Since Dylan has become almost legendary for his reluctance to discuss or interpret his own work, these notes are a jewel beyond price for any Dylan fan.

A biographical booklet by Cameron Crowe ("Fast Times At Ridgemont High") is interesting, attractive and informative. Crowe concentrates exclusively on Dylan the musician, touching on his personal life only rarely and in the most cursor manner, which is just fine as far as I'm concerned. I do wish that Crowe would have captioned the photographs in the booklet. It becomes rapidly tiresome trying to guess where Dylan was, and doing what, and with whom in each picture.

"Biograph" is remarkably inexpensive for such an extensive and high-quality package — at least one local discount record store lists it at \$25, little more than twice what you'd pay for a single album some places.

This is an album that everyone should own. Even if you already have all of Dylan's albums, "Biograph's" 18 previously unreleased cuts and the invaluable liner notes make this a must-have.

A survival guide for all those boring classes

Just about everyone has had Professor Joe Monotone for a class. You know this alleged teacher. Every department has one. He brings new meaning to the phrase "duller than dishwater." He drones on for the whole hour, making Channel 10-11 news anchor Mel Mains seem as interesting as Martin Luther King, Jr.

As you sit in class, you have to wonder why you're there. You don't have to pay attention, even though that would be impossible with Professor Monotone's boring material. Everything he discusses is in the textbook, the thing he's been reading out of for the past 50 minutes.

Unfortunately, Professor Monotone has been tenured. Why this is, no one

knows. To add insult to injury, he takes roll. You have to be there. You're stuck in a class which is nothing short of living heck for 50 minutes or more on Tuesdays and Thursdays.



Stew Magnuson

Here's how to waste some time.
1. The traditional methods: Doodling in your notebook, writing a letter to Mom, studying for a test in your next class and drawing graffiti on

the desk. This is also a good way to find out if you're in Professor Monotone's class. Look around, and if 95 percent of your classmates are doing one of the above, you're in trouble.

2. Sleeping: If you choose this route, please be considerate. Don't snore! One person snoring in a dull class can give everyone else the giggles. Hiding behind the person in front of you is no fun when you have tears of laughter running down your face.

3. Finish writing that novel you've been putting off: Just think. If you worked for 50 minutes writing your great American novel during every dull class since your freshman year, you would have finished by now.

You would be on the best-sellers list.

The advantage of this method, like writing a letter to Mom, is that the prof thinks you're taking excellent notes.

4. Daydreaming: This is by far my favorite. Even in the most fascinating classes, I have to start daydreaming for a little while. Daydreaming is fun. Imagine you're a rock star. Imagine you're on the planet Zontar fighting Yog creatures. Or, the best and most popular daydream, pick out the most physically stimulating member of the opposite sex in the classroom and think up some imaginative "romantic interludes." You know what I'm talking about. And don't be ashamed. Dr. Ruth says it's perfectly normal.

5. Read the Daily Nebraskan: This, like all these suggestions, requires

some tact. Yes, even Professor Monotone has feelings, so you just can't start thumbing through the pages in front of his face.

You're pretty much restricted to the first and last pages. Why do you think they put the crossword puzzle on the last page? So you can work the puzzle without turning those noisy pages.

But if you're very quiet, and you're sitting in the last row, you could even be reading this column right now during Professor Monotone's class. So close your eyes and start daydreaming. Imagine you're the head of the department and Professor Monotone is sitting in a chair in your plush office.

"I'm sorry Joe, but with the recent cuts in our budget. . ."