

# Arts & Entertainment

## Lewitzky dancers performs at Kimball

The Bella Lewitzky Dance Company will appear at Kimball Hall on Wednesday at 8 p.m.

The company, founded by Lewitzky, consists of 12 dancers noted for their strength and flexibility.

Lewitzky, the troupe's artistic director and principal choreographer, has evolved a language of movement that has earned her an international reputation as a trailblazer in modern dance. Her choreography embraces drama, discipline, attitude, relationships and ritual with body geometry that creates

magic, lyricism, symbolism, surrealism and wit.

Lewitzky has received a Guggenheim Fellowship, the annual Dance Magazine Award, and commissions from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Frequently referred to as the "do-ynne" (eldest member of a group) of West Coast dance, she directed the 26 dance events for the Olympic Arts Festival in 1984.

Tickets are available at the Kimball Box Office.

## Nevada dancers here

The Lincoln Community Concerts Association will present the Nevada Dance Theatre tonight at Pershing Auditorium.

Director Vassili Sulich, a native of Yugoslavia, has performed and studied in Egypt, Yugoslavia, England, Switzerland, France and the United States.

In 1972, Sulich formed the Nevada Dance Theatre and has since created more than 40 ballets for the company. His ballet "Mantodea" has been performed in International Dance Competitions in Moscow and Varna, Bulgaria. The Maryland Ballet Company, the Pacific Ballet Company, The Royal New

Zealand Ballet and Ballet Eddy Tousseint de Montreal also have performed "Mantodea."

The Nevada Dance Theatre has appeared several times on the Merv Griffin Show and has become an ambassador of goodwill for the arts with their tours of the West and Midwest for Columbia Artists. The company has 15 resident dancers and boasts three full-length ballets — "Coppelia," "The Nutcracker" and "La Fille Mal Gardee" — as part of its repertoire.

The performance tonight begins at 8 p.m. and is the third concert in the Lincoln Community Concerts Series.

## Jazz reissues: New notes for old classics

By Bill Wimmer  
Staff Reporter

Jazz reissues have become more popular the last couple of years, and overall, it's a good trend.

Reissues not only provide a lot of fine music, but they give record-buyers a chance to buy records that have been out of print for many years.

### Record Review

In the jazz recording industry, where sales of 15,000 copies are considered good showings, many excellent records go out of print after a short time, even the "classics."

Lately, the resurgence of reissues has brought back entire record labels. Some recordings are not that good, but are the best the various labels have to offer.

ABC/Impulse, Blue Note, Prestige and Verve are some major jazz labels, but many obscure labels have been uncovered. Many records are being released for the first time, and some are real jewels.

ABC/Impulse and the Original Jazz Classics series from Fantasy/Prestige

have the extra benefits of being cheap. Blue Note Records has reissued many of its classics, which have been remastered on metal tape and recorded on French vinyl. These recordings sound better than the originals.

I recommend the following reissues:

- **Sonny Stitt**, "Constellation," — Muse Records — The master bopper with a hot rhythm section returns.
- **John Coltrane**, "A Love Supreme," Impulse — The classic Coltrane quartet creates beautiful but intense music. Many consider it his finest effort.
- **Miles Davis Quintet**, "Cookin' With Miles Davis Quintet," Prestige — This is a fine introduction to one of Davis' best groups.
- **Sonny Rollins**, "Freedom Suite," Contemporary — A 1950s classic featuring Oscar Pettiford and Max Roach.
- **Thelonious Monk**, "Monk's Music," Riverside — This is a meeting of three generations of genius, with Coleman Hawkins, John Coltrane and, of course, Monk.
- **Wes Montgomery**, "Wes Montgomery Live at Tsubo," Riverside — Captured live with Miles' rhythm section and the always-hot Johnny Griffin guesting on tenor sax.

## Reviewers aren't eye-to-eye about Vanity's 'Skin On Skin'

By Scott Harrah and Randy Schummer  
Staff Reporters

Vanity, "Skin On Skin," Motown Records.

Unlike other forms of journalism, reviews usually express the opinions of the writer. What one reviewer raves about, another may pan acidly.

I am nauseated by Prince's proteges like Vanity, Apollonia and Sheila E. — glamor girls with lots of curves and tiny talents.

DN reviewers Randy Schummer and I constantly argue about the purported "talents" of these porn-queens of pop.

### Record Review

I could let Randy sit at his typewriter and pound out praise about Vanity's latest, "Skin on Skin," but this review would be slanted and inaccurate.

**RS:** Well, Scott, Vanity's latest is definitely an album that should be experienced.

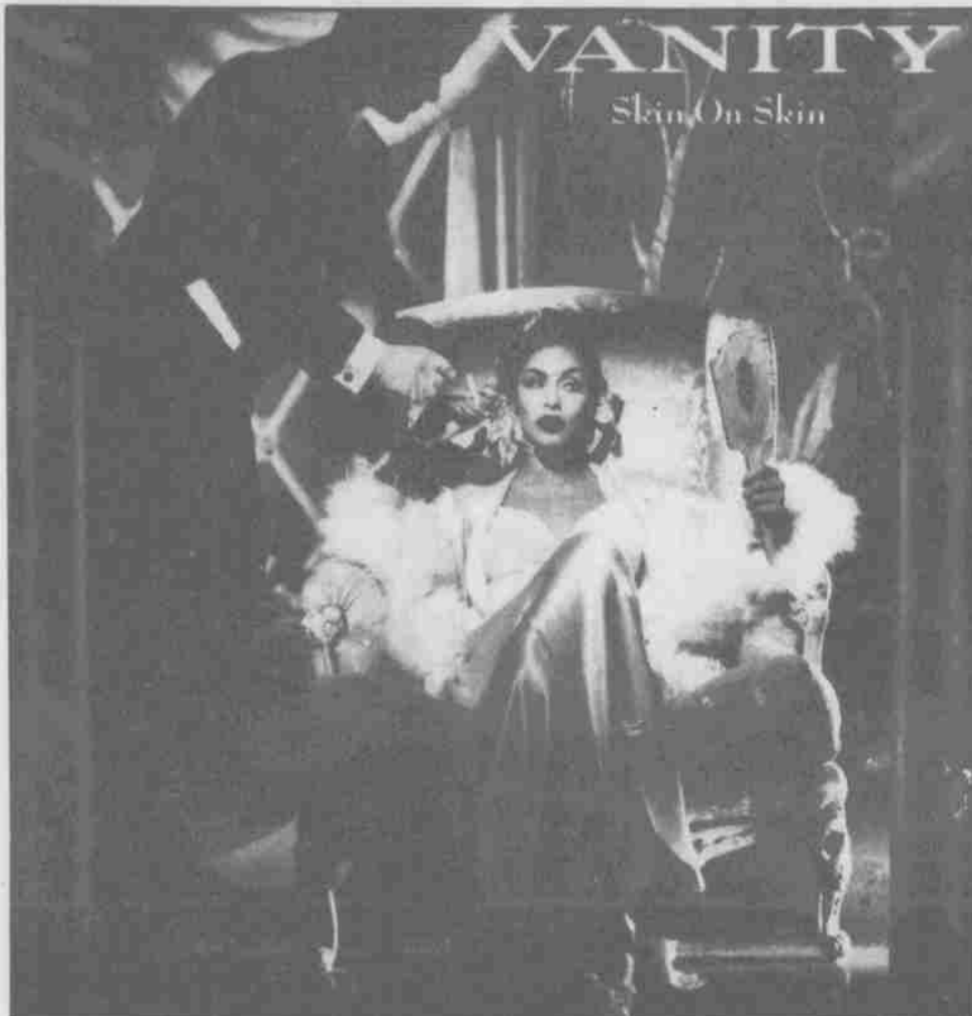
**SH:** Quite true, Randy. I experienced a queasy feeling in my stomach after hearing it. Retch!

**RS:** You admitted that you liked the song "Animal."

**SH:** The only thing Vanity's got going for her is her looks. She can at least describe what men do well to her body.

**RS:** What did you expect — Amy Grant? That pseudo-Christian siren wears leopard prints, so you should like her. If your precious Nina Hagen did this album, you would call it the wittiest, most inventive musical tour de force ever.

**SH:** Hagen is above kiddie porn. She doesn't need to sing tripe like the lyrics from Vanity's "Ouch":



Courtesy of Motown Records

"When you kiss me, when you love me/Oooh... you make me (censored)/It hurts so good, I just gotta scream, Ouch! Ouch!"

Where did she dig up her "lyricist"? A Times Square sex shop?

**RS:** You mean the one you and Nina Hagen used to shop at?

**SH:** At least Nina's an artist. Unlike Vanity, she has more to say in her music than, "Oooh, I'm so sexy. I've been under the sheets more times than the Ku Klux Klan!" Look at her profound lyrics from the song "Manhunt": "Lions and tigers all run when I roar/But they're not the species I'm looking for."

How creative!

**RS:** Vanity didn't write any of the lyrics on this album, so there!

**SH:** Right. Her lyrics on her last album, "Wild Animal," were so bad, the producers decided to never let her write again.

**RS:** If you don't like her lusty lyrics, the Christian book store is down the street.

**Scott's verdict:** Randy, do Vanity a favor and tell her to become a prime-time soap star like her rival, Apollonia. That way, she can just stand around in evening gowns and look sensual.

**Randy's verdict:** This album is not intended for Amy Grant fans, members of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes...or pseudo-intellectuals like you, Scott.

Review record courtesy of Dirt Cheap.

## Sheldon to display native art

More than 50 artifacts reflecting the artistic and decorative skills of Native Americans dwelling on the Great Plains during the 19th century will be on display at the Sheldon Art Gallery until April 6.

The exhibition is supported by the Center for Great Plains Studies and The Nebraska Committee for the Humanities. The objects have been selected from the collection at the NU State Museum by Associate Director Thomas Myers.

"Basically, this exhibition demon-

strates how completely art was woven into the fabric of Native American cultures," Myers said. "Furthermore, it reveals that traditional use of materials and designs did, in fact, change as tribal societies came into close contact with one another."

Included in this exhibition are quilled and beaded moccasins, a seed-beaded belt pouch, elaborately decorated rifle scabbards, beaded cradles, tipi bags, a spectacular Ghost Dance shirt and a muslin painting depicting Indian wars on the plains. The often complex and colorful designs found in

this exhibition were created by the Sioux, the Cheyenne, the Arapahoe and Apache artisans.

Donald Doe, assistant director of Sheldon, said the exhibition combines the resources of two UN museums.

"The show offers a unique opportunity to discover an aspect of the extraordinary heritage which belongs to this region," Doe said.

An illustrated catalogue with an essay by Myers on the Native American art of the Great Plains accompanies the exhibition.

## Unknown columnist longs for fame

Many people ask me, "Stew, why in the world would you want to write for the Daily Nebraskan?"

Sometimes, I do deny doing it. "Oh no, you must have me confused with that other Stew Magnuson. Yeah, I spell my name the normal way, S-T-U. That columnist spells his name weird-like in beef, or Mulligan."



Stew Magnuson

But unfortunately, I do look somewhat like the picture that runs with my column, so people seldom buy my denial.

So why do I write for the Daily Nebraskan? It's not money. The meager amount of cash they pay for columns doesn't make up for the hours of sweat

I put into these things. I also dropped my journalism major, so it isn't for job experience.

There's only one reason why I write for this paper: fame, and fame alone. Yes, I want to be a controversial Daily Nebraskan columnist just like Bill Allen.

But my aspirations aren't working out too well. I've tried everything to become a much-hated columnist. I've taken cheap shots at Mel Mains, Channel 10/11 anchorman, and TV evangelists. I expected a barrage of letters from Mel's millions of fans, but so far, nothing.

I denounced UNL's own mascot, Herbie Husker, as a fleabag, a motheaten, ugly misshapen creature that embarrasses our proud state everytime it appears on TV. But not one single letter from a cheerleader.

I've taken every opportunity to worship and adore Vanna White, hostess of TV's "Wheel of Fortune." Where are all of Lincoln's feminists? They can't find

the time to write one lousy letter denouncing my blatant sexism!

It's now obvious what I must do to become a hated, yet famous, Daily Nebraskan columnist. I must viciously attack a group that makes up a large portion of the student population.

I could attack the Greek system. But no, Bill Allen already has done this quite thoroughly. Plus, it's an easy target. I could also attack the students who wear those loud, floral bermuda shorts. That seems to be a fairly large population here. But then again, I would only be attacking the Greeks.

That only leaves one group, the Dormies. Yes, there are thousands of Dormies on campus. Some of them will have to write me nasty letters, propelling me into DN stardom. Especially if I make broad, sweeping generalizations. So here goes.

I hate Dormies. I can speak from knowledge too. I lived in those cockroach-infested holes for three miserable years. But the cockroaches

are the most agreeable inhabitants of the residence halls.

They're all hicks! They all come from insignificant, podunk towns like Sidney, Syracuse and Potter. Their idea of an education in those towns is 4-H and the FFA (Future Foreclosures of America). The problem with hicks is that they're always spitting chewing tobacco in the water fountain. It's even worse on the male floors. And if they're not hicks, they're has-been preppies from West Omaha.

The real problem with all these hayseeds and burnouts is that they're all mealy-mouthed freshmen whose idea of leaving home means getting drunk and loud, then barfing in the showers. It also means they can crank up their stereos without Mommy and Daddy telling them to turn that junk down. Everyone in the dorm thinks all the other residents really want to hear Bruce, Waylon Jennings, RATT and other pathetic excuses for music 24 hours a day.

And let's talk about the Student Assistants, those glorified baby-sitters. They're supposed to be on the look out for mentally disturbed students. But let's face the facts, anyone who voluntarily lives in the dorm and subjects themselves to that tasteless gruel three times a day has got to be an absolute fool.

Yes, I can hear those pens writing in anger now. Huge gray sacks, stuffed with letters expressing unfettered hatred for me, Stew Magnuson, spelled S-T-E-W. No fair making fun of my first name or height.

And just for good measure: The only good thing about Greeks is that they go to different bars, throw separate parties and all live in their own separate houses. Let's hear it for beneficial segregation!

And in case I missed somebody: Every one who lives in the state of Nebraska is a dufus. Except me.

Get writing!