

Arts & Entertainment

Replacements — for everything you've had enough of

By Charles Lieurance
Senior Reporter

The Replacements for what?
1. Replacements for the trend-of-the-week club. For the "mohawk one day, cockatoo perm the next" world of alternative music. There's no name for what The Replacements do besides rock 'n' roll. Pure, unflinching, brat youth power. Blind mumblety peg.

Concert Review

Warm. Anonymous frustration mail from the knickers side of 30. Unsatisfied. Not a trend in sight. Alone and on the drunken lam from mainstream popularity. The Replacements walk the thin line between being major rock stars and major felons.

2. Replacements for the Rolling Stones, The Who, those ancient skulls that talk and sing. Who needs them? The Replacements write and play with all their blood, their limbs glued to the gas pedal. No arthritis, detritus, apoplexy, palsey or narcolepsy here. Pete Townsend in the publishing business?

Nice suit, Pete, I especially like the silk hanky. "Harlem Shuffle?" Why do the Stones crawl out of their seditary slumber once every four years and pretend they have the slightest clue about what's going on musically? Check out The Replacements "Bastards of Young," a masterpiece that gives "My Generation" and "Satisfaction" their due and then puts them out to pasture: "The ones who love us least/ are the ones we'll die to please/ if it's any consolation, I don't begin to understand them/ We are the sons of no one/ Bastards of Young . . ."

3. Replacements for boredom. For sitting on the railroad tracks drinking Red, White and Blue brand beer. For that big ugly fat radio that sits around and sings Lionel Richie to you all day. You never liked all those teen-age suicide stations, anyway. For eating french fries and tofu, sprouts and cottage cheese. How can you be bored when guitarist Bob Stinson is on stage nude or in a pair of floral polyester bib overalls? Had enough of Death Valley Days? So have I. So have the Replacements.

See REPLACEMENTS on 12



Paul Vonderlage/Daily Nebraskan

The Replacements at the Drumstick last fall.

The little things in life make you wonder

It would be easy to simply label what follows as a pet peeve column, though little of this stuff really affects me personally. My feet hurt enough without my wearing high heels and I walk when there are no cars coming whether the light says to or not.

It might be more accurate to label this one man's attempt to understand some of those things about human



Bill Allen

nature that really can't be understood, an attempt to delve into the psychology of culture that has been layered upon culture until it's simple that way, with no explanation and none asked. And when asked about, it's simply the way things are.

Or some might call it a hodge-podge, a collection of thoughts that can't be stretched into a whole column on their own, yet need to be written, for no real purpose other than to relieve the proverbial chest. Call it what you will, it reads the same.

As long as I can remember the females of our American species have wedged their often tender and delicate feet into high heeled shoes. High heels are obviously an invention of some sadist who enjoys just thinking about the blisters, the squeezed toes, the twisted ankles and the embarrassment caused by a heel breaking on a crowded dance floor.

Somewhere along the way it became a cultural thing that women perhaps look better — even sexier — when they subject themselves to the torture of a high heel. Stores still sell them, women still buy them.

And women buy them and wear them, often complaining the while time the wedged wonders are squeezing the lifeblood from their feet.

I wonder why? Why, in these days of supposed emancipation do supposedly intelligent, educated women subject themselves to this kind of torture? There are several low heeled shoes that appear just as attractive to me, and to be honest, seeing a woman hobble in bone crushing agony makes her appear more a creature of pity than a fashion conscience trend watcher.

I can only wonder. And I can only shake my head sadly when a woman wearing high heels tells me she isn't a victim of a sick culture.

In downtown Lincoln, there are now flashing hand sign symbols for "WALK" and "DON'T WALK," instead of the words. This is fine, I suppose. People who can't read plain simple English and small children might benefit from such signs. And it isn't too

hard for me to figure out that a red lighted hand means "DON'T WALK" and a white lighted walking figure means "WALK."

Under these signs are printed instructions telling you what the new signs mean. My question is, who are these printed signs for? If a person can't read English for "WALK" and "DON'T WALK" how are they going to read these little printed signs? Ditto for small children. I can only assume these signs are for people who can read, yet can't figure out that a red hand means "DON'T WALK" and a white walking figure means "WALK." If this is the case, then I'm even more confused.

For as long as I can remember, things like washing detergent and dishwashing liquid have kept getting "new and improved."

If this is true I wonder how my grandmother ever managed to get clothes or dishes cleaned with the old and worthless brands sold then.

But I have a couple of major problems with this whole concept. First of all, once something is "new and improved" the company will still sell the "regular" product. Why? If they make something new and improved, why continue to sell the old, unimproved stuff?

This whole campaign is getting a bit overused and dry. I'm ripe for some major company to come out with a product that is "old and still better than that damned new and improved stuff."

Pretty soon this whole concept is going to spill over into our personal lives.

"Honey, welcome home to a new and improved sex life."

"Sit down, Mr. Allen, for a new and improved haircut."

"How about a new and improved beer, Mr. Allen?"

"My father is better than yours. He's new and improved."

"Ah, the weather sure is new and improved today."

Ahhhhhh!

These first two items probably can be called pet peeves more than anything else, but they are not minor occurrences when you look at them in perspective to all the forces in the universe.

The first of these personal dislikes of mine is what my former neighbors, Dave and Kevin, came to term "beer bagging."

Bagging beers is the unthinkable habit of leaving a half-full can or glass of beer sitting around at a party.

Some people really carry this to the extreme, going so far as to open another beer after leaving a half full one sitting around.

It gets worse. My friend Mark will bag his own beers! That's right, beers he paid for!

Call me a sexist maniac if you will, but generally the biggest beer baggers are women (except for Mark, who ranks as the all time bagger of the world.) Ang generally the women bag not their own beer, but beers bought by men.

Again, this crime (if you will allow me to call it that) doesn't reach its most hideous form until that second beer is opened or poured while one is collecting cigarette butts over by the couch.

Mark says "I don't like warm beer," as if that explains this behavior.

I responded simply that warm beer is just beer that isn't cold. Or, if he insists, why not put the half full beer in the refrigerator, open another beer, drink half of it, then go back and drink the now cold half of the first beer while putting the now half full warm one in the refrigerator to get cold again. Sim-

ple. Most things in life are unless there are small children involved.

Finally, I hate those damn candy machines that have the candy set in between those twisted wires that turn and dump out the end piece when you make a selection.

The problem is that eventually, you're going to hit a selection and the wire is going to twist just far enough that the candy will hang over the edge but not

drop out.

It will always happen when you used your last 40 cents. So you're out of luck and the next sucker that makes that selection will get two candy bars for the price of one.

It's that way with a lot of things in life.

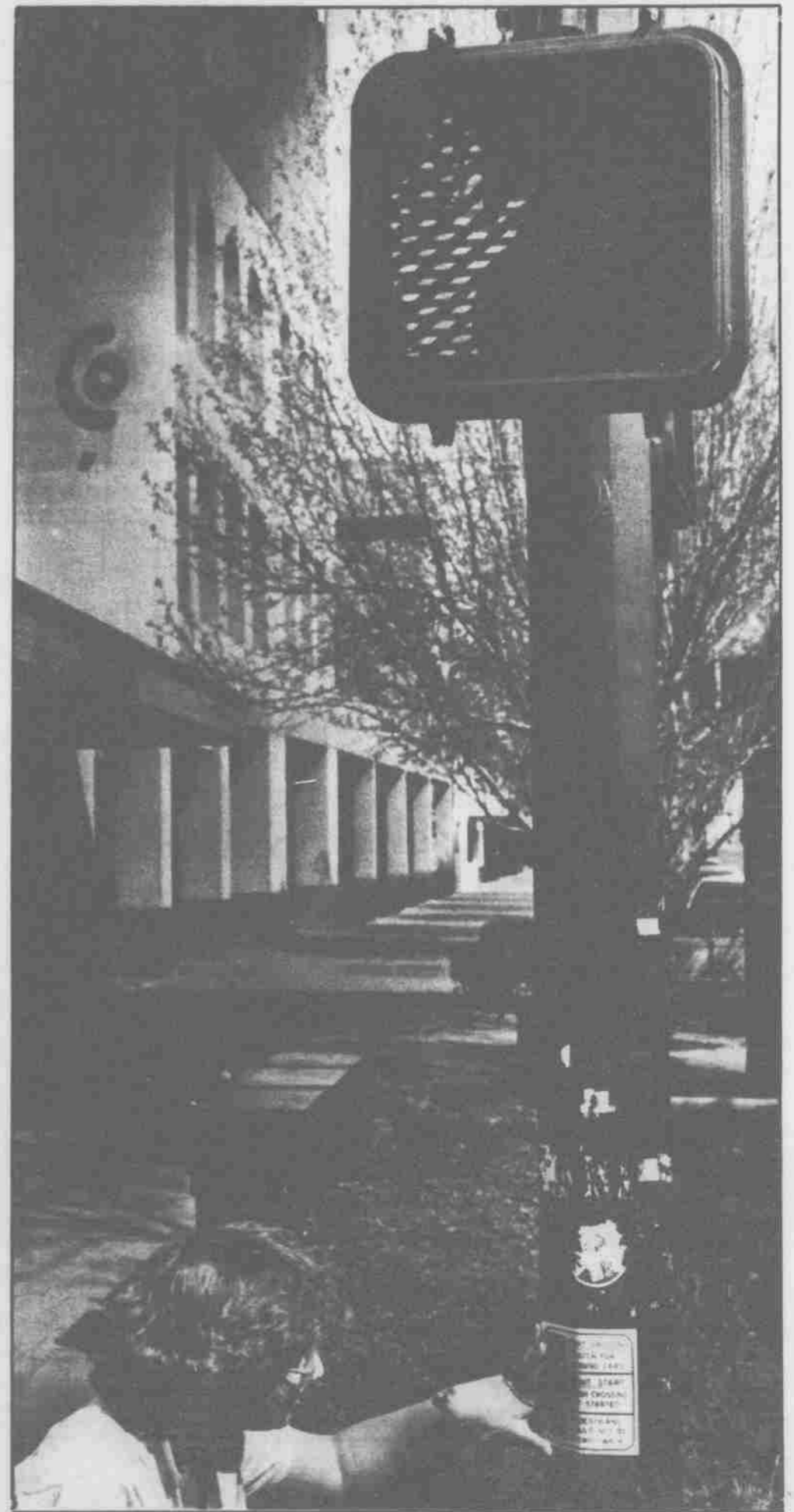
I can only wonder.

Allen is a senior English major and Daily Nebraskan arts and entertainment editor.



Andrea Hoy/Daily Nebraskan

... and these little piggies have the blood squeezed out of them.



Andrea Hoy/Daily Nebraskan

Who are these instructions for? Melissa George of Emporia, Kan., said she's never seen anything like this before.