

Arts & Entertainment

Art gallery opens for young artists

By Scott Schmidt
Staff Reporter

Attention starving artists: Starve no more. Amen Art Gallery, 340 N. 27 St., offers maturing and established artists a chance to display and sell their art.

Contributing artist Uma Gupta said many artists in Lincoln need their work displayed.

"The gallery gives them a chance to display their work, whereas other galleries in Lincoln may not," Gupta said.

Ron Amen, an abstract painter whose art has been shown throughout the U.S., owns Amen Art Gallery. Amen's partner, Pat Wall, screens incoming art, and helps organize displays.

"We're not connected with any school or organization," Amen said. "We're very liberal in what we hang."

Amen Art Gallery is open now for display and sales. They will be having a grand opening "probably in May," Wall said.

"We need to fill all of the wall space with good art," she said.

Wall said she and Amen also would like to have shows of a single artist's work and of young peoples' art in the future.

"We hope to attract those whose work may not be sophisticated enough yet for large galleries to appreciate and want to show," Wall said. "We hope to be able to spot talent that is blooming and to encourage it."

The gallery will display all types of art, from water colors to sculpture. Artists price their own work. If it's sold, the gallery takes 25 percent of price.

Sex, baseball, art and combinations thereof

There are many things one can do during a beautiful Sunday afternoon; school work is not even on the list.

A few Sundays ago, I woke up in the early afternoon when my body finally decided that it couldn't possibly take any more sleep. I had to go and fetch the fat Sunday paper on my porch. Once outside, I noticed the key was blue and the breeze was warm. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, the last thing I wanted to see was all my homework.



Stew Magnuson

I looked for my horoscope. *Virgo (Aug. 23 to Sept. 22) Today is not good for introspection. Any search for your true self will reveal no one.*

My next priority was food. I went into my kitchen and faced the eternal dilemma. I could either fix something in my kitchen or go around the corner and get a cheeseburger.

If I fixed something at home, I would have more dirty dishes to wash. I hated washing dishes. I had just washed my dishes three weeks ago and I already had to do them again. To avoid these dishes, I could go pick up a cheeseburger, which meant spending money I didn't have. Besides, it would make me fatter. Such dilemmas rule my life.

I decided on Pizza Rolls because they don't create many dirty dishes. Later, I sat on my porch, joyously eating my Pizza Rolls and drinking a Coke when something terrible happened. I bit into one of the pizza rolls only to discover that it was an egg roll! After some inspection I discovered that three of the 12 pizza rolls were, in fact, egg rolls! I was enraged.

How did Egg Rolls get mixed in with Pizza Rolls? It's not that I dislike Jen's Egg Rolls that much, but when I bite into a Pizza Roll, I expect to taste

pizza, not egg. There could be a lawsuit here, I thought, and decided to call my lawyer the next day.

After my unjust lunch I decided it was time to get some work done. I had a novel to read before Monday.

After two hours on the porch, I managed to read about six pages. I'm not a slow reader, but somehow, every person walking by my porch was more fascinating than the novel. Even though I had just slept 10 solid hours, I had to close my eyes and soak up the sun.

I should read this novel, I thought, but I really don't want to. My whole life is a conflict between what I really want to do and what I think I should do. What I really wanted to do was absolutely nothing but to sit back, let the sun warm me and just think. What I really should have done was finish homework.

I opted for the former, and sat on the porch watching people go by and thinking about life. But soon guilt overwhelmed me. The payment for doing what I wanted, was a load of guilt. I had to do something "constructive." I thought about reading the rest of the Sunday paper. But current events bore me. The only things that matter to me anymore are art and sex, and combinations thereof.

After Major League Baseball starts all I think about are art, sex, baseball and combinations thereof. But these three topics are broad enough to occupy anyone's time.

I decided to write something I thought about my next "humor" column for the DN. I was planning on a whole column devoted to the Finsters. After all, a Finster wrote me a letter thanking me for all the publicity I gave them in a recent article, so think what a whole column could do for their careers.

But instead of the column, I started writing a novel, "Tropic of Lincoln." It is about a starving young college student who thinks about nothing but sex and art and combinations thereof, but has an untimely death after having an allergic reaction to an egg roll.

The novel didn't go well. In fact, neither did the whole day.

Entertainment Letters

Harry not a has-been?

This is in response to "wretched, weird, wonderful women, woo, win over the musical masses," (Daily Nebraskan, April 11).

Since it obviously took you a great deal of time and effort to come up with such new and creative lines as "Easily make your turntable melt," "Funkiest sound around," and "most bizarre," we can understand how you could overlook the most sensual female voice ever, Deborah Harry's.

Come on Scott, what's the deal?

Blondie's albums sell enough for three of them to be made on compact discs, and yet she doesn't even make your has-been list?

Bart Goddard
graduate student,
mathematics
Jim Bailey
junior,
industrial engineering

Editor's note: Harrah did mention Harry, but his statement was cut out in editing.

ELO, Stones and a Duke: more vinyl for target practice

By Charles Lieurance
Senior Reporter

Most of the stuff we get in the mail from record companies I wind up using as bluerock for my pellet gun (looks a lot like an army issue .45 automatic and scares the dentures out of my neighbors). Shards of bad records make good fishing tackle, wind chime sets for Christmas presents, conceptual mobiles, etc.

Record Review

Some of them, I actually review. That which is not hanging by silk strings in my grandmother's house or littering some thicket along the Platte River is here:

ELO, "Balance of Power" CBS

This is the only band I know of that was better when it had artistic pretensions. In the '70s their orchestral arrangements of simple pop songs were unmistakable, if not entirely satisfying. It was pretty easy to tell ELO from the rest of the flea-bitten pack of corporate art rockers.

Sure, their "Beethoven of rock" pose was a saccharine rehash of Emerson, Lake and Palmer, but then again, "Evil Woman" and "Telephone Line" are infinitely more listenable than anything ELO ever touched to vinyl.

This new LP is a stinker, no mistakes there. Since they dropped their only gimmick in favor of pop standardization and windy synth swoops that are supposed to make up for full orchestra, ELO has utterly run aground. They've become desperate, aging pop stars who'll wind up in the same sad sack as Olivia Newton John, The Bee Gees and Bay City Rollers. Sure, it still sounds like ELO, but who cares anymore?

Of course, local radio is playing the grooves off it. Isn't being in the musical abyss fun?

John Schneider, "A Memory Like You," MCA

Don't laugh. This is all in fun. Try to picture someone going out and buying this for real, like a real "John Schneider fan" or something. What do you think he/she looks like?

Seeing the demographics on this one down at CBS Records must have been a howler — 16-year-old, illiterate kids who look like the banjo player in the movie "Deliverance," and 12-year-old wet brains who haven't been exposed to the Ramones... OK, so laugh a little.

"Dukes of Hazard" star makes album. I and some other hyper-critical types were sitting around playing "Rate that Album." One



said, "I can rate this LP in one song." Another said, "I can rate this LP in three measures and a chorus." I won by rating this LP in three notes.

In the interests of personal integrity, I actually listened to some of it. One whole side, to be precise.

The only thing worse than bad country music is bad rock music. This is nearly as bad as most bad rock music. Sicken, over-produced compensation for Schneider's complete lack of talent.

A couple of the song titles were cute in a pick-up truck, chewing tobacco, kind of way.

There's always a chance that there's a classic country song on side two, wallowing with the swine as it were, but if you want to find out, the treasure's all yours. I'll stake no claim.

I used my copy as a hubcap ornament on the way to California over spring break.

Rolling Stones, "Dirty Work" — CBS

More needs to be said about this LP by other critics, I suppose. I mean the objective ones who believe the Stones have been doing more in the past six years than living off tricks they'd perfected and rendered obsolete ten years ago. Sure, that trick your dog does when he wants a bone — the one that entails him rolling around on his back, lathering your arm with his tongue, barking out the number of the beast, and shaking your hand — is pretty neat, but any reasonable man would want to shoot the beast in the head after

20 years of it. Even the kid in Old Yeller had some lively puppies left over that were better than that slavering, rabid, molting fur ball he put to sleep.

The people at Rolling Stone magazine will say this is the best LP of 1986 when they should be breaking out the shovels for the company gravediggers and changing their name to The Replacements' Magazine. SPIN even found this round headstone a treat.

Most of it is studio trickery meant to hide the fact that Mick and Keith sound about as interested in what they're doing as Mel Mains does when he reads the news.

I've heard a lot about this tune, "Had it With You," how it harkens back to the Stones' blues roots, how it represents some dramatic reversals that might save the Stones from the Forest Lawn geriatric ward. Well, it's a blues song, I'll give it that.

With talented young blues artists like James Harman, Ron Thompson, and The Mighty Flyers out there pounding the soul out of this stuff night after night, who needs this small insignificant nod to the Stones' roots.

If you want to hear what I think of "Harlem Shuffle" you'll have to wait until I get over the bad case of ear canal flu it gave me when I first heard it on the radio.

At least Elvis knew when to hightail it to Vegas, buy some sequined chaps and plug into Sinatra's repertoire for some easy retirement money.

Show looks at sports pioneer

"Veeck: A Man For Any Season" looks at the life of the man who brought vitality to modern day baseball. This 30-minute, WTTW/Chicago production will be broadcast on the Nebraska ETV Network on April 19 at 5 p.m.

Bill Veeck breathed new life into the game of baseball. Frequently referred to as the "Barnum of Baseball," Veeck and many of his unorthodox practices were met with enthusiastic praise, but some were greeted by the baseball world's old guard with disdain. In his 71 years, Veeck owned the St. Louis Browns, the Cleveland Indians, the Chicago White Sox (twice), and the minor league Milwaukee Brewers.

In this documentary, narrated by Veeck's wife Mary Frances Veeck, WTTW cameras follow Veeck around town, where he is greeted by friends and fans, and to Wrigley Field where many of his innovative ideas flourished. It's at Wrigley Field, referred to by

Veeck as "one of the last great ballparks," where he built the famed bleachers, designed the scoreboard and planted the ballpark's trademark ivy that climbs the outfield walls.

The program also includes a 1960 interview with the Veecks in their home conducted by Edward R. Murrow where Veeck says, "I don't want to interfere with the game of baseball, but I do want everyone who comes to the ballpark to have fun. And, let's face it, the ballpark is not always the most exciting thing that's happening."

Perhaps one of his most widely known "acts" occurred during a 1951 game when his St. Louis Browns were playing the Detroit Tigers. As part of a promotional event, and with his team at bat, early in the second game of a double-header, Veeck orders a pinch hitter to the plate. His name is Eddie Gaedel. Veeck's secret weapon for this particular game. Gaedel is 5 feet, 7

inches tall and weighs 65 pounds. As planned, the opposing pitcher is unable to throw a strike because of the negligible strike zone (the distance between the batter's knees and armpits).



Courtesy of PBS
Veeck