

Arts & Entertainment



Charles Lieurance

Summer is this picture of my friend John standing by Highway 6 with a squashed possum clenched in his teeth. He went on to pass the Bar exams and become a lawyer not long after this. That pretty much sums up summer for me. You can descend into the sort of flesh-eating madness most people flee from, to that subtle watermark between devil-may-care innocence and deliberate animalism and then snap out of it for respectability and a life of tans and \$10 bourbon.

For all things there must be a soundtrack. There's a soundtrack for putting a possum with tire tracks on its back in your mouth ("Muskrat Love," perhaps) and a soundtrack for pulling up a chair with your lawyer buddies at Brittany's and popping open a Lowenbrau or a Bartles and James Wine Cooler ("Muskrat Love," perhaps).

Here's the ideal soundtrack for any summer. You say, I'll take the summer songs but hold the mauled possum? Well, that's fine. Not everyone has the level of hostility and frustration of a future attorney.

"Seasons in the Sun" — Terry Jacks

I've loved this song in so many different ways that finally I've come to *really* like it, the way I like "Stairway to Heaven" or "Blitzkrieg Bop" by the Ramones. At first I liked it because I was a sentimental geek in junior high school when it came out. It used to come on right after the Hokey Pokey at the local skating rink, those four reverberating lead guitar notes. All the kinetic adolescents would pair up and skate arm-in-arm. Paula Blecha, then the unrequited love of my life, sped around the rink with 10,000 medals dangling on a letter jacket hugging her waist. I was stopping myself by running into walls, still unaware of what the big rubber things on the front of my skates were for.

The thought of suddenly contracting a disease so rare and lethal that even soap opera doctors hadn't heard of it, seemed great. Then Paula would be mine, at least at my deathbed.

"Goodbye, Paula, it's hard to die, When all the birds are singing in the sky..."

Then Terry Jacks actually killed himself. Oh, so he meant it, huh? Then, this song became scary, a confessional poem from the rock 'n' roll fast lane, more proof of the passion and conviction of the music. I listened to it late at night in my room.

Now, I think of Terry Jacks as another Jonathan Richman cut down in his prime. I hope Husker Du does a cover version of the song.

This is for those winsome days of summer when it's just waning perhaps, and mortality's heavy on your mind.

The flip side of the single is "Put the Bone in."

"Put the Bone in She told him at the store Cause my doggy's been hit by a car..."

This is accompanied by a lovely chorus of mournfully yowling canines. Lovely. Terry, we hardly knew ye.

"Twistin' by the Pool" — Dire Straits

This is a band seriously affected by summer. Here's their first two albums, low-key Dylan impersonations and Mark Knopfler sounding like he was singing from the asthma ward at Mount Sinai hospital.

Then here comes "Twistin' by the Pool" disobeying all the rules of pool-side etiquette, splashing people, running on slick surfaces, jockeying on people's shoulders, drinking in the water.

Knopfler must feel a whole lot better when the sun comes out. If Dylan ever did anything like this, his record company would pluck out his eyes and send him wandering through the desert.

"Summertime Blues" — Eddie Cochran/Flying Lizards

"Gonna raise a fuss

I'm a gonna raise a holler . . ."

There's a version for the ducktails and greasers, and a version for the artsy Europhiles.

One is sung like there's no tomorrow and turns having to get a job in the summer and not being able to borrow the car to cruise, into a crisis equivalent to being caught in a grain auger. The rockabilly cat bassist slaps his strings around like it's his cranky old man. Whew.

The other is sung like there's no tomorrow too, but the singer's been resigned to that fact ever since an alien put a catatonic microchip in her brain at the age of 10. The Lizards would like to raise a fuss and a holler, too, but all they have is a toy piano and some beer the government has spiked with thoriazine. If you have proof your father was an IMB-9000, this version should cheer you up.

You're not alone.

"Sea Cruise" — Frankie Ford

Same reasoning, but no haircut counterpart.

"Old man rhythm is in my shoes

No use sittin' here singing the blues.."

Summertime poetry in motion. Twistin', foam'n' drownin', in the fog horn bass and the rolling 40-foot waves of Huey Smith's New Orleans piano.

I swam and I swam and now I'm outta breath and drinkin' the Pacific like it was a big strawberry daiquiri.

When you empty your shoes out after the day at the beach, you might want to sift through the sand and pebbles.

"Holidays in the Sun" — Sex Pistols/"Holiday in Cambodia" — Dead Kennedys

When you were traveling with your parents for the two hundredth time to Mount Rushmore did you ever wish they'd take a wrong turn on I-80 and wind up in hell?

The Sex Pistols and the K.D.s assure you that there are vacations in this world that Lincoln Tour and Travel don't know about. There are places real out-of-the-way where the waiters treat you like you just landed on a napalm beachhead, where the owner of the hotel is a Nazi war criminal on the lam and where the bell boys are wired with explosives. Complimentary body bag with every room.

"The tour guide, the guy with the possum in his teeth, assured us westerners were well-liked here. Could we see the manager?"

"Surfin' Bird" — Trashmen/ Cramps

The sound of brains frying in a big old greasy skillet. Add some cayenne, a little chili powder...Your lips start spattering like a grounded outboard motor cutting through 50 pounds of ground beef. The bird is the word. Always has been, always will be.

"Surfin' Dead" — Cramps

Like "Seasons in the Sun" this one reminds you of mortality. It adds the bonus idea that if death is a bumper most anytime, it's really an A-1 downer during the summer. The Cramps insightfully conclude that "there's nothing on the radio when you're dead..."

Fortunately, the Cramps have written the song for the living. After all, the dead really can't surf. The waves are too high and they're always hunching too close to the board.

"And She Was" — Talking Heads

I bought the new Talking Heads LP. It had been a horrible summer. LES shut off my electricity so I had to study by candlelight. No phone. Since the lights were off, the cockroaches began to redecorate the apartment, putting up bunks for themselves and making meals in the kitchen, that sort of thing.

I'd been to the Plasma Center so many times that I was writing down my donor number whenever a UNL registration form asked for my social security number.

"And She Was" with its opening yelp from David Byrne and its fantastic tale of levitation, love and sunbathing, gave me the summer I never had. Suddenly old man rhythm was in my shoes, I wanted to make a fuss and a holler, dance the fandango with a possum in my teeth.

Of course, I did the Harris Labs study. I found out how a male 19-27



Brian Mary/Daily Nebraskan

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reacts to a combination of antihistamines and repeated blows to the head with a croquet mallet, but I felt a little better about the whole thing.

"Rock Lobster" — B-52s

If you're sitting there scratching your head trying to figure out what this song and summer have in common, we should probably begin again. Okay, so Jonathan Richman wanted to be Iggy Pop, Iggy Pop wanted to be Lou Reed, Lou Reed wanted to be Dylan, Dylan wanted to be Woody Guthrie and Woody Guthrie wanted to be a fireman.

The B-52s and the weirdo nirvana of "Rock Lobster" are in there somewhere. This song represents what rock music and a Baptist religious seizure have in common. Shake your head around, fall on the floor and talk nonsense.



Chris McCubbin

"Stealing People's Mail" — Dead Kennedys

Of course, when you just have to get out of the house you can always liven things up with a little light felony.

"Pablo Picasso" — Jonathon Richman

Thinking about cruising for chicks? Forget it. Maybe if you were a pioneer in 20th century art, but you're just another asshole.

"Going Down to Liverpool" — The Bangles

Don't forget unemployment. You have the time to do anything you want and no money to do it with. Of course, you could be a welfare bum, which is not such a bad way to make a living.

"Earthquake Song" — Little Girls

If you're lucky maybe something will happen to liven up your summer. Maybe your state will slide into the ocean. Then you can surf the tidal wave, bet you always wanted to do that.

"Die Young, Stay Pretty" — Blondie

Suicide is not a solution, but on the other hand can you imagine having to put up with a summer like this when you're 50?

"Surfin' Through The Swamp" — Polkaholics

You could try something different this year. Who needs a beach? Now swamps — that's excitement. Ride the

wild muck. Hang ten on a passing gator. Watch out for that copperhead.

"Cruiser's Creek" — The Fall

Got a little silly there, sorry. This is the one that really sums it up for me. Have you ever been to one of those parties... uncomfortable setting, obnoxious people, booze is all gone, and you don't go home because... it's home. That's what summer's like for me. Have fun (fun, fun, fun, fun, fun...)

"Pulling Mussels From a Shell" — Squeeze

Summer vacation, what a wonderful time. Relax, unwind, watch people, do some shopping. A little beach combing is good for the soul.

"Genius of Love" — Tom Tom Club

And then there's the confused ecstasy of young love. When else but summer is

it so easy to fall in love — so hard not to fall in love.

"Rockaway Beach" — The Ramones

Here's another fun song about fun at the beach. Fun, fun, fun, fun, fun... "Bitchin' Camaro" — Dead Milkmen

Enough of this *fun crap* already. I hate summer. The parties stink, all the decent girls are taken, and you sweat. The only people who can really have fun in the summer are the spoiled rich kids in the expensive cars their folks buy them.

"More Beer" — Fear

"TV Party" — Black Flag

Of course, summer's the perfect time to veg out in front of the tube and drink yourself into a coma, if that's what you're into.

Buck Naked's back

By Craig Anton
Staff Reporter

Buck who? And the what's? Buck Naked and the Bare Bottom Boys!

Sure you've heard about 'em but you've been too nervous to go and see 'em. "Oh yeah, I've heard about those guys... they're the guys that, that uh... oh, OK wait... I guess I'm thinkin' about the Finnsters." The Finnsters couldn't carry Buck's G-string for fear of boy germs!

Sure a bold statement, but gimme a break. Buck, Stinky and Hector ain't no sissy outfit — these guys rock like hell!

Whadya mean, "rock like hell?" I mean, they're more fun than a nose-bleed, more fun than seein' your mom in the shower, more fun than kickin' your dog, more fun than more fun — *they rock like hell!*

Put together about two and a half years ago, Buck Naked pooled his resources and came up with the perfect marriage of music and cosmetics, not to mention that understated theme of ("finger lickin' good") sex, sex, sex.

"Rhythm and blues," says Buck. "Dat's what it is, not rockabilly, not shockabilly, not billybilly, maybe a slice of pornobilly, but basically just rhythm and blues."

Recently Buck and the boys took their show on the road and toured

westward through the states of the Great Plains all the way to the scenic, cultural mecca of San Francisco. They played for two weeks throughout the bay area and received an encouraging response, enough in fact to cut some demos in the studios of Subterranean Records.

"We also shot the video for our latest hit, 'Teenage Pussy From Outer Space,'" said Buck. The bay area offers a variety of places to play and make money and the band looks forward to returning soon. For now, however, they will head to the opposite side of the country and spread more of their joy and heartfelt music.

"This is the Bend Over and Let Me Drive Tour," said Buck. "We take off this week, and are scheduled to play Madison, Wis., Columbus, Oh., a wedding reception in Toronto, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., the New Music Seminar in New York, and then back through to the Great Plains."

So now the question is, what to do until Buck Naked and the Bare Bottom Boys return? Do what I do, hide from the Finnsters.

That's what Buck's been into. I wrote this before any of the tour happened. My editor held it and held it some more. Now it's over, the whole tour. The Boys are back and appearing at the Drumstick Friday and the Howard Street Tavern in Omaha, August 19.