

# Arts & Entertainment



Andrea Hoy/Daily Nebraskan

Joseph Hayman, middle, and David Hrdy work to convince Sidney Warner, left, to buy "No Big Red" button or bumper sticker in front of the Nebraska Union Monday.

## Students sell 'No Big Red'

Buttons and bumper stickers — must-haves for the fed-up

By Ken DiMaggio  
Staff Reporter

"I saw 'No Big Red' written on a bathroom wall in Nebraska Hall, and I liked it," said Joseph Hayman, 23, a junior in English from Annapolis, Md. And with David Hrdy, 21, a junior pre-dentistry major from Sioux City, Iowa, the two marketed their own bumper stickers and buttons that read, "No Big Red."

Getting the idea was easy. Finding out about trademarks, copyrights and marketing procedures was not, they said.

"I talked with four people from the Library of Congress in Washington, and they couldn't tell me if our idea was a trademark or copyright," Hayman said.

"I contacted a few state offices, and they told me to go to the patent office at UNL," Hayman said.

The patent office, which Hayman said primarily secures patents for inventions and ideas produced in the UNL engineering departments, provided free research for their product.

"They gave us a printout with about 100 variations on 'Big Red,'" Hayman said.

"But there was no 'No Big Red' listed."

Hayman and Hrdy still haven't secured

a copyright or trademark for their product, but they are talking with an attorney about registering their idea.

In the meantime, Hayman and Hrdy already have had 600 buttons and 158 bumper stickers made up.

The bumper stickers and paper printouts for the buttons were made at Lancaster House Printing and Publishing. The metal base and plastic to seal the printouts were bought at Boomer's Printing Co. A friend provided the machine that laminated the printouts to the buttons and he helped with the labor.

So far, Hayman and Hrdy have invested \$180 into the project. And while sales to the few Florida State fans at Saturday's game were meager, it was an interesting experience for Hayman.

"It was a line of red for 80 minutes," Hayman said about standing in front of Richards Hall with about 60 other vendors before Saturday's game with his 'No Big Red' paraphernalia.

"For about 80 minutes," Hayman said, "about 1,000 people walked by, and about 500 of them said, 'No Big Red?' and I said, 'For a dollar.'"

While Hayman did not get oranges thrown at him as he expected, he did receive some minor harassment.

"Several elderly couples just walked right up to me, looked at me and my

stickers and buttons, and tried to stare me down," Hayman said. "I also got a couple dozen variations of, 'go to hell, pal.'"

David Hrdy received similar verbal abuse when he told a stranger at a bar about their project.

"I told this guy in O'Rourke's about our idea," Hrdy said.

"The next thing he said was, 'I'm an alumnus, I drove 400 miles for this, and you're lucky Nebraskans like me aren't violent people, and you're lucky you don't get your head beat in.'"

For both Hrdy and Hayman, the project has been a learning experience. They have plans to print their logo on T-shirts, pens and hats, and sell them to all of the Big 8 schools. Hrdy has already contacted the bookstore at Iowa State University at Ames about stocking their buttons and bumper stickers.

Although Nebraska's first football game is over, Hayman has had several students ask about his bumper stickers and buttons and buy them.

"I made three sales while watching television in Neihardt Hall," Hayman said. "And I made a sale to one guy who came back a minute later and yelled, 'What the hell is this, 'No Big Red?' I thought it said, 'Go Big Red!'"

## Stevie builds momentum

By Stew Mangnuson  
Staff Reporter

So there I sat in my nose-bleed seat at the Stevie Wonder concert, desperately trying to send telepathic messages to Stevie, psychically begging him to "please, please play some of your old stuff." The concert started grinding to a halt. The ushers in red and white stripes laid down the rules, "No dancing! No toe-tapping, no pictures, and no fun allowed!" And if anyone tried anything funny, they had the big goons dressed in blue, carrying billy clubs ensuring no one got out of line.

### Concert Review

Meanwhile, Stevie, dressed in shiny silver from head to toe, sat at the keyboard, playing some of his new, boring songs. In my opinion, Wonder hasn't written a worth while song since "Sir Duke." Stevie teased me earlier with his wonderful "Higher Ground" from 1973, but he quickly retreated back to the new junk.

What this concert needs is a real horn section, I thought, not some guy playing the synthesizer, making fake saxophone sounds. What this concert needs is someone to crank up the revolving stage to about 55 mph during those slow, agonizing ballads that make Barry Manilow seem like a rock 'n' roller. I'm sorry! I just can't get into a concert sitting down in those red plastic seats at Bob Devaney Sports Center.

Why is it Nebraska never gets the living legends and super stars until ten years past their prime? I moan. Then when they do come to Nebraska, it's always on a Sunday night.

But wait! What's this? Stevie actually broke into a classic, "Mon Cherie Amour," and some dance-crazed radicals in Section C6 climbed into the empty rafters and started swaying and clapping their hands to the beat! Then Stevie and his five-piece band picked things up with "Uptight (Everything is All Right)," and "Signed, Sealed, Delivered." The dancing spread into Section C7 and C13.

By the time Stevie got to his cover of the Isely Brothers "Shout," I was hopping around with the dancers in C13. I looked down on the crowd sitting on their rumps while Stevie played "Livin' For the City." They can all sit and just tap their toes for all I care.

After "Livin' For the City," Stevie disappeared down a hole and the house lights went up.

"There will be a brief intermission," a voice announced. Sure, if you consider a half-hour brief. I don't. And just when I was getting excited.

Eventually, Stevie returned, playing some heavy funk with a line of African dancers in multi-colored robes — a rousing beginning for one of the most boring sets of music I've ever heard. Sir Wonder soon lapsed into a bunch of slow, unremarkable songs, none of which I recognize, only pausing to introduce the band members, giving hometown and their astrological signs. Boring, boring, boring. If he plays "I Just Called to Say I Love You," I'm either going to puke or get up and go get some popcorn.

Wonder started in on a long foray into weird synthesizer noises and a jazz number with his harmonica and piano. By that time Section C6, C7 and C13 are all back sitting on their behinds. One girl gets up to dance.

"Come on," she yells at the lethargic crowd. "Aren't you people into jazz?"

"No, we're not," seems to be the reply.

But things have to pick up. A pattern emerges.

Stevie has to group things, apparently. First the boring songs, then the classics — the only reason why I wanted to see the one-time 12-year-old genius and now newly appointed admiral of the Nebraska Navy. Finally, "Sir Duke," with synthesized horn-like sounds, "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," and "Superstition."

By the time Wonder gets around to the inevitable "I Just Called to Say I Love You," and "Part-time Lover," the crowd is going wild and dancing in the rafters resumes. Stevie even attempted to dance, but all he could do was thrust his hops in an embarrassing manner. Well, I thought, I knew he'd have to end the show with the two latest hits, leaving a bad taste in my mouth.

But I was wrong. Instead, Wonder ended the show with a powerful birthday song for Martin Luther King and a souped-up King Sunny Ade-like anti-apartheid song, heavy on the fun and African rhythm, from the new album. Six dancers came out and did a tribal dance thing in African garb and got most people dancing as well. I loved the song, and I was forced to rethink what I'd thought earlier about Wonder not having written a decent song in 10 years.

Wonder and his band rushed off the stage, African dancers close behind. Since the show lasted 3 1/2 hours, no encore was played or necessary.

### Progressive view of the past

# Looking back to Rolling Stones and Aerosmith

Editor's note: "Progressive" has always been a catchword among serious music lovers. It is undeniable that the art of music must always move forward, and it is certainly true that when music is controlled or constrained by the past, it is both sad and ridiculous.

## Backtracks

But being progressive does not mean that the past must be thrown away, put down, or ignored. The greatest cities are built on the ruins of other great cities, and the cutting edge is useless without the weight of the rest of the blade behind it.

"Backtracks" is a new, irregularly appearing feature. "Backtracks" will look at the great albums of the past, from the

classics to the historically interesting to the tragically ignored, from many eras and decades, from all styles and genres.

The Rolling Stones, "Exile on Main Street," Atlantic

Hundreds of rock critics feel really, really silly about this album now. "Exile on Main Street" has become a sort of reverse "Sergeant Pepper." When "Exile" came out it was panned. "Overblown," "self-indulgent," "directionless" — Almost everybody said this was the Stone's worst album ever.

These days most people will say it's the best Stones album ever. "A classic," "one of the most significant records of the last 20 years," and, in some dark, secret closets the words "greatest rock 'n' roll album of all time" have even been overheard, furtively whispered in the night.

"Exile," like rock 'n' roll itself, is a chaotic, nasty, powerful, scary conglomeration of every kind of American

folk music the last two centuries have given us. Country, blues (Chicago and delta), Dixieland, boogie-woogie, R&B, it's all there. All of it.

And that was the problem. Back in the early '70s a band, especially a band as firmly entrenched in the music scene as the Stones, was supposed to have a single sound that they did better than anybody else. Artistic unity was very big in the '70s. Experimentation was not.

"What are the Stones trying to do here?" people asked. The answer was "everything," but they weren't ready for that in '72.

When the album came out they called it overproduced. In these days of industrial noise and synthesized self-indulgence that becomes funny. The steel guitar, blues harp, pianos, brass and other 100 percent natural ingredients that spice up "Exile" give the album an all-encompassing denseness that never becomes claustrophobic or overwhelming.

This album opened the door for the new eclectic bands that are so important to music right now. Camper Van Beethoven could never have existed without this album. The Replacements have been trying to make "Exile on Main Street" for the last five years.

This is the most sincere album the Stones ever made. Maybe the only sincere album the Stones ever made. Whether the Stones hang on, or die, or just fade away, this album proves that, at least for a while, they were true masters of the music they've loved for so long.

— Chris McCubbin

Aerosmith, "Greatest Hits," Columbia

REM, Let's Active, The Smiths. Way in, Way out, Bitchin', Happenin'. All I hear these days is "psychedelic paisley soul folk music." It makes me sick. Just try to describe it — ah, well, it's not new wave, it's kind of, ah, something... Every "new" band these days

wants to be "original" and make music that avoids "labels." Give me Aerosmith any day.

"Aerosmith's Greatest Hits" is just what it says. Aerosmith was, and now is again, a great rock and roll band. Not heavy metal, not pop rock, not dance disco, just rock and roll. And that's very uncommon these days. Not many bands could put together a collection of songs like this. "Dream On" starts the album out right. Steven Tyler doesn't scream or yell at his audience, he sings to them about things he has seen. J. Perry's guitars match Tyler's voice like none other could. Not only on "Dream On," but on all the tracks. "Sweet Emotion" and "Walk This Way" back-to-back show the variety of this band. "Sweet Emotion" is a song that not only stays in your head after the first exposure, but grows on you with repeated listening.

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