

# Arts & Entertainment



Courtesy of IRS Records

REM, one of the most talked-about bands, plays tonight at Pershing.

## You probably already know this, but R.E.M. is in Lincoln R.E.M. plays Pershing tonight

Preview by Stew Magnuson  
Staff Reporter

I don't know why I should bother doing a concert preview for R.E.M. A concert preview should do two things: it should get the word out about a band's concert and it should inform the uninformed of what the band is all

### Concert Preview

about. But I sincerely doubt there is one person in a 100-mile radius of Lincoln who cares about alternative music and who doesn't know what kind of music R.E.M. plays or who doesn't realize the band is playing tonight at 8:30 p.m. at Pershing Auditorium.

Sometimes a concert preview includes an interview with the band, but interviewing anyone but the bassist or drummer is nearly impossible, and it's been done too often. No one gets an interview from singer/lyricist Michael Stipe unless he's a reporter from Rolling Stone or Spin Magazine, and even he doesn't get many words out of the singer.

As far as alternative music bands go, R.E.M. is probably the most written-about band in American music. So what can I say that isn't rehashing last month's Spin/Rolling Stone interview? All I have is some jumbled thoughts and an opinion or two.

First, an official rumor. My roommate's brother, who goes to school in Indiana, saw R.E.M. about three weeks ago. They allegedly didn't play any songs from "Chronicle Town" or "Murmur."

"I have a friend who got very drunk before an R.E.M. concert. She got up on a chair to dance during "Seven Chinese Brothers," slipped off, hit her head and got a concussion.

R.E.M. stands for Red Eye Make-up. R.E.M. is the favorite band of U2's Bono.

In 1986, R.E.M. sold more albums than Elvis, the Beatles and Box Car Willy.

On July 29, 1985, I was in Edinburgh, Scotland. A week earlier in Munich, I found out that R.E.M. would be making a short tour of England, so I slowly made my way up to gloomy north Britain. I was afraid I'd be the only person at the concert. I didn't think too many fellow American tourists would know about the concert, and it seems British music fans have strong prejudices against American music.

When I got to the line, there were 12 people waiting to get in, — all Americans and one Scot. One girl from Louisiana, even dragged her parents all the way from Vienna just to see the band.

I'm lucky I saw R.E.M. in a small, intimate club, a forum the band will never return to in the United States.

The concert went something like this: Bill Berry, Peter Buck and Mike

Mills came out and picked up their instruments on a dark stage. Buck hit the first eerie notes of "Gravity's Pull." A man I didn't recognize walked across the stage and grabbed the microphone. I thought he was a roadie, but, in fact, it was Stipe with a new crew cut, his long, stringy hair missing. I didn't recognize him until he picked up the mike and started singing/mumbling.

The crowd included lots of R.E.M. fanatics from Scotland, after all — a crazed group was jammed up against the stage screaming out names of songs I'd never even heard of. The crowd was intense. The music was beautiful. It was the greatest concert I've ever seen.

I've never really cared about what Stipe's lyrics were or meant. For me, his voice is an instrument, and his garbled words and voice are part of a greater whole. They interweave with Buck's guitar to create moods and thoughts without the benefit of exact meaning.

One of my favorite R.E.M. songs is "Khoustek," from last year's "Fables of the Reconstruction." I can't understand a word Stipe sings, but I know it's about lost love, and that's all that matters. When I hear the song "Boxcars," I think of Omaha. I don't know why, I just do.

R.E.M. plays at 8:30 p.m. in Pershing Auditorium.

But you probably already knew that, didn't you?

### Battle of mind and money

Preview by Kim E. Karloff  
Staff Reporter

"I don't want to have a whole career — I just want a job," a college student said.

"I'm in school . . . to get a better job," another student said.

"I want more money, honey," chanted two collegiates.

"What about learning?" asked a college student of his friend, another student.

"I'm learning to make money," another student said. Sound familiar?

Still more, appears on MTV, the Christian TV's "Dynamite" video games and more. Billboards — calling and bouncing off other billboards — and other billboards — and back again, in "that terrible thing."

The symbolic references to college students in the shuffling billboards seem very clever indeed. And the audience loved it.

Amazing — and thought-provoking — was the reference to Nebraska "heroes" Dick Cavett and Johnny Carson.

Two female students discussed where and how they want their lives (beyond college) to look.

"Well, Dick Cavett's from Nebraska, and he went to Yale," one student remarks.

"Johnny Carson's from Nebraska, and he didn't," the other adds.

"Oh, yeah . . . well, Johnny Carson still has a job."

Interesting point. At the beginning of the performance a young man seated behind me said, "this is going to be one of those plays I can't explain to my friends."

True, some of the background music was "a bit radical," as the young man behind me put it. But it worked. So did the lighting. And the actor's spontaneity.

The major characters, Dick, played by Joe Hadenhoiser, and Judy, Hollie McCloy, ably assisted by the Greek, geeks, jocks and just plain old friends at any college campus.

In the end of the play the performers seemed to have helped the young man behind me and other

### Movie Review

Don't you ever wonder when you'll receive your American Express card? How you'll buy your first Mercedes? How you'll move up the corporate ladder? Don't you want to live in luxury?

That director wanted looking for a better and more familiar thing in the Greek Magic Theatre's production of "Learning to Earn."

Written by Megan Terry, "Learning to Earn" takes a humorous look at "learning to earn" vs. "earning money" and how today's college students get mixed up in the struggle between education/tuition/grades and their own ideas of cash/cost for happiness.

The play is based on the concept of a young man who is a graduate of

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### Entertainment Letter

#### Professor says films serious fun

I always enjoy reading Dave Meile's column in the DN, but I'd like to add a few thoughts about the pleasures of late night movie viewing. Dave is quite right in singling out such gems as "Monster on the Campus" and "House of Dracula" as worth watching and/or taping, but they're really only part of the whole picture. For example, right before "Monster" was a great little Ray Milland film entitled "So Evil My Love," directed by Lewis Allen, who did the fine horror film "The Uninvited" in 1945, still one of the screen's best ghost stories. Why not tape "So Evil My Love" and "Monster on Campus," and enjoy them both with breakfast coffee the next morning? Really, if you set your VCR on WWT (Ch. 6) from 1 a.m. to 7 a.m. any Friday or Saturday, you'll usually wind up with two or three old masterpieces the next morning to entertain you when the TV offers nothing but "Big Valley" reruns.

Another point is that although I enjoy horror/fantasy films as much if not more than the next person, I like to take my films a tad more seriously than Dave does in his column. Now, Dave and I have corresponded, and I've been a guest on his radio show, and I really don't want to quibble with his approach to old movies. But it seems to me that a film like "House of Dracula" is not only

fun, but it's a good film on its own terms and turf. Certainly John Carradine gives an excellent performance as the Count in that film, and Onslow Stevens does yeoman service as the stock Mad Scientist. Both actors perform above and beyond the requirements of any routine "programmer."

Dave's column is important to me because at least he discusses some of the films available on late night TV. But really, if you're watching "The Mummy"

or "The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas," why not try "Death Takes a Holiday," "The Scarlet Empress," "Public Enemy," "Secrets of Scotland Yard," "The Big Clock" and lots of the other stuff that runs in the graveyard slot. Most of it is entertaining; much of it is great. As they say in New York, "Check it out!"

Wheeler Dixon  
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