

Arts & Entertainment

Lincoln fans irritate Debra Politician's life too much for Kerrey's former girlfriend

Celebrities like Sean Penn are always complaining about the way the press follows them around and invades their privacy. But Bob Kerrey's former main squeeze Debra Winger recently told Vanity Fair magazine that journalists and fans right here in Lincoln are much more voracious and probing than in Hollywood or New York.

"When you're an actor, what you owe your public is your movies and maybe a little bit of gossip every now and then — and I've given plenty of that," she said. "But when you're in government, your whole life is one view. I like Lincoln, I miss it; but I didn't like living in the governor's mansion. It was like being in a fishbowl."

Winger said journalists and fans hounded her everywhere in Lincoln — even when she was at home with Bob. When she cooked in Kerrey's kitchen, she often wondered if the aroma would waft out to the tour groups walking out in the halls.

"I'll tell you why we hounded you, Deb. We've got to have some star to tell trash about. Any decent stars from Nebraska left as soon as they had a chance. I mean, who really gives a damn about Herbie Husker's latest escapades with yogurt, AstroTurf and a hooker in a hot tub?"

Winger said that she's now pregnant with current husband Timothy Hutton's child. She claims that she's more settled down now and doesn't go out drinking on the L.A./New York night scene as much as she used to. Orr's inaugural bore

Gov. Kay Orr sported sequins at her inaugural ball two weeks ago. But even cheap glitter couldn't make our first female governor look glamorous. Orr has to be one of the grumpiest-looking politicians ever. Does she ever smile? And to make matters even more nauseating, she asked the orchestra to play "Misty" for her. C'mon Kay, get some musical taste. Kerrey and Winger used to dance at the Zoo Bar, where sequins are faux pas and the only mist you'll see is the miasma of cigarette smoke hovering over the place. You can bet Orr will never go through the Zoo's door. The smoke would muss her lovely poofy hairdo.

Eau de Liz

The fans of has-been superstar Liz Taylor got a whiff of impending worship when she announced last week that she plans to develop and market "Elizabeth Taylor's Passion," her own perfume. Taylor told journalists at an invitation-only press conference that she's working with Parfums International Ltd. on the smelly stuff. But I wonder why she's even bothering to come up with a perfume when all the fat housewives who wish they were her would surely buy bottles of her urine if they thought it would give them enough status to get into the Betty Ford Center. Mr. Blackwell's loathable list

Mr. Blackwell, the poison-penned fashion writer, has released his list of Tinseltown's worst-dressed stars. He said that Meryl Streep looks like "a gypsy abandoned by a caravan" and



Courtesy of Vanity Fair

Winger: out of Kerrey's fishbowl.

gave Cher the "Popular Mechanics Playmate" award.

"Someone must have thrown a monkey wrench into her fashion taste," he hissed.

He said that Sarah Ferguson looks like "the queen of last year's English county fair" and that Golden Girl Bea Arthur's wardrobe resembles "leftovers from a marked-down garage sale." He was also vitriolic about the celebrity who deserves scorn more than anyone, good old petulant Barbra Streisand.



Harrah's Hollywood

by Scott
Harrah

"She dresses like a shoddy second-hand Rose looking for a tour guide in Brooklyn," he lashed.

"Cagney and Lacy" star Tyne Daly was called "fashion frump of the year," most likely for the multicolored makeup she wore to the Emmys. Daly looked like cereal celeb Toucan Sam in drag.

Thanks for the yanks, mate

Former Soft Cell vocalist Marc Almond and Culture Club drummer Jon Moss competed in a condom race at London's chic nightclub Heaven. According to Spin magazine, the two musicians raced to see who could put on a condom the fastest. The "Trojan Olympics" were most likely staged as part of England's massive safe-sex campaign to fight the rapidly rising threat of AIDS in Europe. It was not reported whether the two stars will sign contracts to endorse the products. Tutti-frutti Nick just wants to be Joan

Duran Duran keyboardist and professional poseur Nick Rhodes says he would like dead film queen Joan

Crawford to play him if a film is ever made about his life. Rhodes told Spin magazine that he adores Crawford "just because she wore great shoulder pads." He also said that he finds fruit fashionable, but veggies aren't glitzy enough for him.

"God, the person who designed fruit must have been cool, but the person in the vegetable department wasn't quite so together," he said. "I mean, potatoes and carrots are real drab, but when you look at pineapples, wow!"

Gee, Nick, someone must have thought pineapples were so chic that you had to have one for a brain. Luckily, you don't have one for a face. How would you get all that makeup over all those rough bumps?

Vanna's worst nightmare

What does Vanna White fear most? "Running out of cat food," she says. White told the New York Daily News that she's always afraid that she'll someday forget to buy Friskies for her kitties and the poor little things will starve. White claims to be a stickler when it comes to food and nutrition. She's writing a book on her many concerns about life, according to the Daily News. In the chapter about dieting, she gives this pithy advice: "Never eat unless you're hungry."

Debbie's debut

Nightclub queen and former Blondie member Debbie Harry gave her first public performance in four years at Manhattan's trendier-than-thou night-spot 4-D earlier this month. Harry has also been lending her known-name to charity projects, including the Fashion Aid show at Madison Square Garden, a benefit for AIDS research. At the show, Harry modeled a suit made entirely of woven safety pins.

Sleazy Quote of the Week

"I always had a fixation that in another life I'll come back as a large standard black poodle with a nice mistress who will take care of me and I'll always be jumping on her legs."

—Iggy Pop



Paul Vonderlage/Daily Nebraskan

Laurie McClain

More than a jukebox: McClain sings her life

By Stew Magnuson
Senior Reporter

The Zoo Bar stage seems unnaturally bare. Instead of a six-piece blues ensemble, only a lone, dark-haired woman stands under the orange glow of the stage lights, strumming her guitar and singing passionate folk songs. Some of the audience sit, drinking their beers and talking to their friends. The music is only in their background. Others sit riveted in their chairs, taking in every word from Laurie McClain's mouth, hearing every strum of the guitar.

"This is one of those metaphysical, 'I don't know what the hell is going on in life' songs," she says into the microphone. McClain starts singing a "life-story song," long, dangling earrings sparkling in her black hair. She starts slow and later in the songs, steps back from the microphone and lets a note sail:

"I'm a lounge singer/Am I a jukebox?/I sing my heart out while they drink and talk."

Laurie McClain is a Lincoln folk singer and songwriter. She plays in the capital city more than any other local performer. All she needs is her guitar, a harmonica and a microphone, so she can set up in odd places and bars that don't normally showcase bands, like Buchanan's, Bill's Saloon or the Union Crib.

McClain's father bought her a classical guitar at age 12 and signed her up for lessons. But McClain was too impatient with the rigors of classical training and quit after a few lessons. She wanted to learn songs, and fast. So she started playing Neil Young, and by age 15 she was playing for audiences on open stages at Earl's Bar and the Zoo. In 1979 she quit music for six years.

"I just wasn't holding the crowds. I was a flaky kid. I got married twice and was told by both husbands that I couldn't sing. . . . Eventually I sold my guitar for rent."

McClain's former husbands couldn't have been more wrong. Her voice is clear and beautiful. When she sings her own songs, she's especially passionate and her voice soars. Her original tunes are humorous and profound. "Couch Potato," "Wel-

fare Game" and "The Biggest Small Town in the World," a song about rumors in Lincoln, are some of her strongest. Perhaps her best song is "I Am Not a Jukebox."

"I am a folk singer/Am I a jukebox?/Don't play all the pop songs/That's for the disc jocks."

"When I write, I want to say something. But my songs about TV preachers and welfare aren't too dead serious, though. I have to have a sense of humor," McClain said.

McClain's choice of covers is also offbeat. They range from Dolly Parton and George Strait to Bruce Springsteen and Elvis Costello.

Lincolniters only have a limited time to see one of Lincoln's most talented songwriters and performers. McClain and her two daughters, Rachel, 6, and Anna, 3, are moving to Nashville, Tenn., in July. When in Nashville, McClain first wants to build her musical reputation, then hire her own band.

'I don't just want to be some female singer in a band, banging a tambourine around.'

—McClain

"I don't just want to be some female singer in front of a band, banging a tambourine around. . . . My major goal is to just make a living off of my music."

Until July, McClain will continue playing her bittersweet love songs and sharp, personal tunes about life in Lincoln. An excellent, professionally recorded cassette tape of 11 original songs is available at her performances and at Trade-a-Tape, 227 N. 11th St., and she will be playing every Thursday this month at Buchanan's, 808 P St.

"No, I'm not a jukebox/I'm just a folk singer/I've got a heart and a soul and I'll give it to you in song."

'Assassination' should be shot

By Greg Neely
Staff Reviewer

Once upon a time Hollywood turned out quality adventure thrillers. These movies had a basic story line, despicable bad guys you loved to hate and lots of great stunts. Unfortunately, the new Charles Bronson movie, "Assassination,"

Movie Review

contains none of these qualities. Instead, we get mindless drivel and boring stunts.

The setting of the movie is the next presidential inauguration. Jay Killian (Bronson) is a secret-service agent assigned to protect the First Lady. Laramie (Jill Ireland) is a hot-tempered

First Lady who resents having to be protected. The tension between her and Bronson is one of many half-baked conflicts that is supposed to keep us on the edge of our seats. This married couple teamed years ago in similar roles in a much better thriller, "Love and Bullets."

What worked well a few years ago fails miserably this time. Most of this failure is due to the ridiculously stupid and inconsistent script. Killian and Laramie are on a quest to Wyoming so she can see her father. Sweet, isn't it? She can't fly because those nasty Libyan-trained terrorists have stolen heat-seeking missiles from the White House air defense.

Killian and Laramie are chased all the way by a terrorist named Beno who works for a senator named Bunsen

(Michael Ansara), who works for the president (never shown). Sound complicated? You're right.

The fatal flaw of this movie is that you never really know who the bad guy is. Beno must be a rotten actor, because he only has two lines in the movie. His character, like most of the others in this movie, is flat, shallow and boring. So you get a flat, shallow, boring movie. This is probably the only area the movie excels in.

Finally, the stunts are nothing special. A guy gets thrown from a building; a motorcycle blows up; a ship blows up. An old episode of "CHIPS" has more and better stunts than this movie.

"Assassination" is rated PG-13 and is playing at Plaza 4 Theatres.