

# Arts & Entertainment

## Still together, still grisly; Nazareth playing Grove

By Charles Lieurance  
Senior Reporter

Nazareth, a name synonymous with grisly sub-Frazetta album covers featuring demons in Wagnerian opera gear devouring pasty human flesh with vile zeal. Oh, yeah, and

### Concert Preview

there were some slabs of vinyl inside, too. Luckily the career of these British metal merchants coincided perfectly with the rise and fall of eight-track tapes, so most fans were weaned away from this sludge with the advent of cassettes. Not to say that this isn't proper fodder for the dimstore hippies of the world.

This is music ready made for being warbled at full volume from the wide open windows of souped-up Chevys. It shrieks, it screams, it sounds best when it has to be propped up in the eight-track player with a matchbook cover. It makes your eyes water.

It's playing at the Royal Grove tonight. Unlike most revivals of '70s rock at the Grove, Nazareth is still in its original formation, the formation that brought us "Love Hurts" in 1975. No, it's not just the original roadies, or the original sound man. It's Nazareth.

Nazareth spent most of the early '70s trying to crawl up the charts

with everything from Canned Heat-style boogie to hard rock until they finally scored big in 1975 with their fourth album, "Hair of the Dog" (the one with the furry, flame-eyed half-wolf creatures peeking out of a tent on the front cover). The title cut and their monster version of the Everly Brothers' "Love Hurts" hurtled the band into the limelight for a couple of years. "Love Hurts" is to this day one of the best covers of all time, ranking right up there with AM radio anthems like the Pointer Sisters' "Fire" (a cover of Robert Gordon covering a Springsteen tune).

Dan McCafferty, Nazareth's lead shrieker, does the most overstated Robert Plant impersonation in existence on "Love Hurts" and manages to outscreech even Bon Scott on the title track. What this voice must sound like now is hard to guess. I wouldn't be completely surprised if McCafferty were singing through a trachea box tonight.

Of course, Nazareth, like all great '70s AM radio stars, couldn't manage to claw their way into the '80s looking like anything but ugly has-beens.

The show costs \$9. My guess is Nazareth would have had to go through some pretty strenuous aerobics to be worth nine bucks. Concert tickets were only \$10 for the "Hair of the Dog" world tour, after all. Revivals really shouldn't be subject to inflation.



Linda Story/Daily Nebraskan

Invasion of the plastic ants . . .

## Gimmicks, garbage and junk

Things to buy with all that extra money that you don't need

By Kevin Cowan  
Staff Reporter

Hauled from the rubbish of pet rocks and the like, the Daily Nebraskan follows the footsteps of David Letterman's "Stupid Pet Tricks." Pure, in-depth, investigative journalism has shone a naked light on those little articles of fur and plastic that make millions for those beer-slurping, closet capitalist inventors. You know, those inane little artifacts found in aisles next to the vampire teeth and plastic jewelry. There's no real way to nail these retail slugs down to any hardcore genre; they're just those little things that could only be sold in retail America. So here they are for all to see . . . worthless party favors and silly gimmicks; or, worthless gimmicks.

**Fartin' Bears and Pigs:** Cute little hummers that will clear any room when you squeeze their tummies. Great to give to those roommates who always complain of "beer farts" in the morning after the keg is dry. A must for the Methane-loving sweetheart in your life. \$11.95.

**Naggerbags:** "If he smokes too much, drinks too much, doesn't talk enough . . . if he scratches himself, if he doesn't come up to scratch" as the package proclaims, then a naggerbag is just the worthless gimmick you've been looking for. On the surface it's just a rubber bone padded with cotton in a white plastic bag. Perfect for absolutely nothing. \$4.

**Designer Plungers:** These tastefully colored plumbers' helpers get my vote for the most tacky worthless gimmick. Inscribed with such toilet-warming phrases as "TNT" and "Women At Work," these little ca-ca movers make you want to go home and start shoving toilet paper down the pipes just to see them in action. "They sold better at Gateway," the girl behind the counter murmured. For some reason I would believe that. I'm kind of thankful they didn't sell like hotcakes downtown

. . . there have to be better things to spend wasted money on. \$12.50.

**Blabber mouth:** Kind of a novel concept — turn the radio on and a pair of ruby-red chompers begin yakking away. Seemingly the latest development in lip-sync, this gimmick brings new life to the proverbial chattering teeth. \$26.

All of the aforementioned items are eagerly awaiting purchase, for no special reason, at Thingsville.

But wait! There are more worthless gimmicks that have proven themselves worthy of newsprint.

**Instant Zoo:** There's a surprise inside each capsule. Not quite as interesting as the crystals that grew stalagmites in a glass (when I was a tyke), but fun to watch nonetheless. Either one idiot wants to corner the market in these or they are moderately popular — there were only three left in the box. 98 cents.

**Plastic Ants:** That's all they are. Life-size replicas of the little buggers. "Great on cakes or in drinks," says Duane Krepel, owner of Avant Card. Krepel loves a good worthless gimmick, he says, and he was delighted to show me his collection of unique retail "stuff." You might jump to the conclusion that plastic ants could never be the craze . . . 11 gross of the wingless insects have been sold — mostly by the piece. 12 cents each or 10 for \$1.

**Voodoo Doll:** This could be big. A doll that comes complete with pins and strategic sticking points. Avant Card has it on order, so you'll just have to keep an eye peeled. The doll gets my vote for the most constructive worthless gimmick. If you don't have the notion to check up on these dolls, just wait until the left side of your body goes numb — then you'll know they're in. Perfect for obtaining that long-desired revenge on the object of your hatred. Coming soon at \$4.

**Odds and Sorts:** Avant Card had such a collection of unique worthless

gimmicks that to itemize them would be lunacy. But the fact remains that you, as a concerned connoisseur, must know what a few of these useless delectables are. Rubber cockroaches, rubber ants and eyeballs, water-shooting calculators, spark-shooting dinosaurs, walking footballs (don't ask me who came up with that one), and rubber-chicken keychains. The list goes on; you'll have to see the remainder.

**Dog-Headed Gun:** Dirt Cheap is sporting the latest in canine firearms, simply a plastic pistol with a puppy head. When you pull the trigger the dog's head barks. While this may not sound too wild in print, someone obviously thinks they're the cat's meow. Dirt Cheap is, for the moment, sold out of this particular worthless gimmick. \$1.50.

**For the worthless-gimmicks nostalgica buff:** Humor at the expense of others has not always been laden with such a rare breed of exotic gimmicks. So for a musty breath of nostalgia, I went to check the place that has been selling worthless gimmicks for 36 years. Esther Lieurance, owner of the Fun Shop, said that whoopee cushions are still the best selling novelty at her store. Also, "Snakes in a Can," the old "here, have some nuts" cliché, still sells to the worthless-gimmick collectors of today. Aside from those two, Lieurance's favorite worthless gimmick are the string catsup and mustard bottles. They contain a red or yellow string, respectively, and spew out at unsuspecting prey. Lieurance waits until the customer asks what they're for, and then, she remarks, "and then I show them."

That pretty much covers the worthless-gimmick scene for now. However, worthless gimmicks are a dynamic breed subject (except for the "classics") to monumental change overnight. So pull your noses from those textbooks and get searching for your very own non-utilitarian hoopla.

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## Warhol's 'Minutes' not worth time

By Scott Harrah  
Arts & Entertainment Editor

"Andy Warhol's Fifteen Minutes" (MTV) Thursdays and Sundays, 9 p.m.

### Tube Talk

In the '60s, pop artist Andy Warhol used to invite journalists to his studio, the Factory, and tell them that he was making a new movie.

Usually, all that was happening was a bunch of drag queens and drugged-out socialists like Edie Sedgwick were standing around posing and asking each other what outfit they should wear to "the clubs" later on. So the journalists would snap everyone's picture and run them in the paper the following day, claiming that Warhol and his star-studded coterie were making a new underground film that would define the bohemian motives of the '60s era. Even then, Warhol received great acclaim for doing virtually nothing.

That same level of absurdity, fabrication and artsy b.s. illuminates the most ridiculous show on television, "Andy Warhol's Fifteen Minutes." The show is like a surreal Miller and Paine commercial that wallows in pretensions and intentional idiocy. It always begins with some cheap disco music and the words "fashion," "art" or "neo drag" flashing across the screen. Click. Next we see Andy chatting with Grace Jones, Debbie Harry or Jerry Hall about what they're wearing.

See **WARHOL** on 7