

"Touch"

Songs In The Cellar By Charles Lieurance

There was this party. In the back room we played guitar and pounded on things. We'd play about 20 seconds of every song we knew. We went from "If I Had a Hammer" to "Funky Town," from the "Gilligan's Island" theme to "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" theme.

Then some spoilsport walked in and asked if there was any song written in the last five

years that everyone in the room knew all the words to. Dead silence. Just what the killjoy wanted.

Just to show him, we broke into songs. Usually one or two people knew the words and everyone else was lost. Or else the bastard told us the song was written more than five years ago. Finally we gave up and left the room. It just wasn't any fun after that.

He'd accused the music we'd listened to in the last five years of being completely unmemorable. Of course, I'd like to think that knowing all the words to the Sex Pistols' "Bodies" is more interesting than knowing all the words to "Love Is a Rose" or any of the other songs we used to sing in the back of the bus on high-school sports trips. Why do people know all the words to "Blowin' in the Wind" but not all the words to "Livin' on a Prayer"?

Probably it was just our age group. If the people at the party had been teen-agers, they might have burst into "The Greatest Love of All" in unison. But hey, we didn't even know all the words to "Seasons in the Sun," the "Greatest Love of All" of our generation. I was even sure that "Stairway to Heaven" was the right song. But some were fumbling with that, and the guitar part was murder. Then there's

always the fool who pretends to be shocked when no one in the room can follow his lead into "Pigs on the Wing" by Pink Floyd. He goes, "C'mon, man, it's Floyd, ya gotta know Floyd, man."

I fought off the temptation to sadistically lead the group into REM's "Radio Free Europe." They would have dived right in. It was just that kind of a crowd. And, of course, whatever they sang would have been right.

But then maybe the party would have ended earlier if we could have finished a song. As it was, we just couldn't stop. It was an obsession to get through at least a piece of every song we knew. It sounded like a bad TV mail-order compilation album: "151 Monster Hits," "Lights Out Delirium '87."

Now it's 3:30 a.m. We're doing "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall," "Love is a Rose," "Blowin' in the Wind" and an old ditty called "I Wish I Was a Mole in the Ground." We didn't know all the words to it, so we made them up. They were great, and we sang it through again and remembered every word.

Maybe the age of the old-fashioned sing-along had passed. I'm sure they still do it in some quarters, but not with popular songs. They do it with songs we know even less of than "Seasons in the Sun." They do it on

songs like "Shenandoah" and "Claire de Lune."

Our music is disposable, and we listen to more of it than most people could ever believe. There is so much of it, and it keeps coming and coming. Every day in the record store the bins are swollen with vinyl discs. Who's got time to memorize all the words to all those songs? It doesn't mean we love the music less, it means we love it more than anything. All of it. The reggae, the punk, the ska, the new folk music, the old folk music; Aerosmith and Vivaldi, Butthole Surfers and Harry Chapin.

I do admire those who can own seven records in their whole life and still play them over and over. They look through those seven records so carefully, wanting just the right one, and then they pull it out, dust it off carefully and put it on. They sing to every word, do every syllable just like the singer does it.

But for me? I consume music the way I consume a malt or a good TV show. I can have it again and again when I want it. But by then the next album is on, and it seems even better than the last one.

And at the party all I can remember are the parts that struck me down.



The Phoenix Hair Artists the Image of Fashion

w/this ad

Growing your hair longer? We offer the new Rod-less perm — perfect for fullness and volume and just right with the longer styles. Try a root perm to add lift where you want it.

Reg. \$40
PERMS Now \$30

Haircut not included, long hair slightly higher.
Not valid with any other offer or coupon.

Let your hair sparkle . . .
HIGHLITE or CELLAPHANE
Reg. \$25

Now \$15

OFFER GOOD THRU 5/5/87

She likes the best of everything—
The best **restaurants**, the hottest **clubs**, the newest sounds —And of course she goes to the finest **salons**—Like **The Phoenix**.



3810 Normal Blvd.
483-4726

Sebastian Artistic Center

Open Evenings Until
9:30 PM Mon.-Sat.

The World on Stage

"Why Not?!"

Kimball with me-Preservation Hall, the big apple, tippy toes, clapping hands, dressing up and happy friends, champagne in the art garden, asking if it's ballet or modern, connoisseur of its best. What's next week?

P. J. March
business/political science
sophomore



I like money . . . accounting sounds fun. Having someone's financial status in the palm of my hand is a real ego trip. Cartoons are great — they take me away from reality . . . maybe that's why I like going to Kimball.

Lori Anderson
accounting
sophomore

There are a lot of things that I get really excited about. Sunshine, rain, thinking about dates, and doing really good things are just a few. A Kimball performance always makes me really happy.

Kandi Michelle Gordon
psychology
freshman



FREE! FOR SEASON
BROCHURE COME TO:

THE KIMBALL
BOX OFFICE
Room 113 WWB
11th & R, or
Room 200 NE Union



Kimball Lied
Performing Arts Committee

Supported by grants from the Nebraska Arts Council and the Mid-America Arts Alliance and the National Endowment for the Arts; from the Jelinek Thompson and Seacrest Endowments, and Student Fees.

