

Wanted: Summer work (see wish list)



David Badders/Daily Nebraskan

I desperately need a summer job. This is not the traditional lamentation of a soon-to-be college graduate who realizes how bleak his or her employment options are. I'm not looking for full-time, long-term employment with a major corporation or anything like that.

I'll scrape the pigeon shit off of Martin Massengale's front porch if I have to.

You see, I'm really not leaving school. This summer is just like any other three-month vacation I've had for the past 17 years. In the fall, I'm going to graduate school and will further delay my venture into the workaday world.

So for the next few months, I just need any worthless job that I can get my impoverished hands on.

The idealistic me silently hopes that I can get a job that doesn't involve wearing a name tag and a funny hat. Perhaps somebody will be so impressed with my spiffy new Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in theater that they will hire me to sit in an air-conditioned office and wear nice clothes.

You know what I'm talking about — all of those well-paying, cushy jobs that require a theater major.

I won't set my sights that high, however. I'm sure I'll wind up in a job that requires a hairnet and where one of the company perks is a free uniform.

Still, a boy can dream, can't he? And as long as I'm dreaming, let's go for all of the marbles. I'm going to

abuse the power of my position and brazenly campaign for a job through this column.

I have a secret wish list of jobs that I would love to have this summer. If any of the employers who could get me these jobs happen to be reading this paper today, please contact me through the Daily Nebraskan.



Jim
Hanna

Let me start with a resume of sorts. I'd like to share some of the attributes that are certain to make me employable in anyone's eyes.

First off, I'm gullible. You could make a lot of promises about promotions and raises, and I would slobber with acceptance. It usually takes me a few weeks to realize that I'm being screwed and by then, I'll already be trapped.

Second, I think my training in college would be an asset at any place I worked. Imagine how much fun it would be for the customers at Amigos if I, the cashier, broke into an impromptu staging of King Lear monologues. Soon, people would be crowding into your establishment just to see the burger-flipping thespian.

"Do you want everything on that? Faith! S'blood! Zounds! I am bound upon a wheel of fire! Oh heat, dry up

my brains!"

In addition, my grades are good, I can work hard when I have to, I'm relatively easy to get along with, I only have one point on my driving record, I've never been arrested, I only smoke crack off the clock, I know all of the words to "The Star-Spangled Banner," I like paying taxes and I think America is the best damn country on earth.

To be fair, there are some things that you should know about me that are less than admirable. I have a profound hatred for most any customer who is even slightly rude to employees, I tend to be a clock-watcher, I'm not very good at Nintendo, I don't recycle glass, I feel sorry for dead Iraqis, I wear really grubby clothes and when I'm feeling down, I like to gut a calf and drink its blood in the middle of a pentagram.

Now, with both my good and bad qualities in mind, let me list the jobs that I would like to have for the summer.

PARKING METER CHANGE COLLECTOR: I really like to do jobs where I can work alone. I've seen the man who does this job for the city, and it looks like a blast. The little change cart is even motorized so my feeble arms won't get tired pushing it. I think any job that feeds on other people's misery is fun.

THE PERSON WHO MISPLACES STUFF IN THE ADMINISTRATION

See HANNA on 15

'3-D' LP one-dimensional, follows Generic metal fad

By Bryan Peterson
Staff Reporter

Wrathchild America
"3-D"
Atlantic Records

It used to be that a person could say "heavy metal" and everyone would know what the person was talking



about. Now, the field of metal is so big that it is split into endless categories

and divisions, with new labels popping up in every issue of college music magazines.

Speed metal, bubblegum metal, thrash metal, Gothic metal, Satanic metal, Slatanic metal, retro metal, death metal and on and on.

Keeping with the spirit of proliferating labels, it is time to make known a new subgenre: Generic metal.

Generic metal has been around as long as there has been heavy metal, but it is long past time to recognize the extent and impact of Generic metal upon the metal scene as a whole.

Generic metal is drowning the whole field; it fills the magazines, the radio shows, the concerts and the black concert T-shirts. Alas, even Head-

See GENERIC on 15

Queensryche rocks headbangers with powerful, raw metal show

By Erik Unger
Staff Reporter

Queensryche was scheduled to play their "Empire" tour Sunday night at Omaha's Civic Auditorium, but "Operation: Mindcrime" stole the show.

After opening with several songs off their current release, including "Best I Can" and "Resistance," Queensryche had the headbangers in the crowd cheering and singing along. Then they got what they were waiting to hear.

The "Empire" backdrop fell — a tattered American flag with the band's symbol as the stars under a

dollar sign with two hypodermic needles on a pile of skulls — and the band began "Operation: Mindcrime," their 1988 hit album. The crowd's screams overpowered the start of the cartoon message play-

concert REVIEW

ing the two big screens perched on either side of the stage.

Queensryche took the crowd through a roller coaster ride, combining an incredible light show with raw metal reverberating through Chris DeGarmo's and Michael Wilton's guitars, Eddie Jackson's

bass, Scott Rockenfield's drums and Geoff Tate's powerful voice.

The metal band from Seattle rocked for more than two hours Sunday before an almost packed crowd of headbangers.

Another metal band, Suicidal Tendencies, opened the show with its explosive sound ripping through cuts like "You Can't Bring Me Down" and the title cut to their latest release, "Lights Camera Revolution."

Despite playing in front of a plain black backdrop and without a dazzling light show, the band worked the crowd into a frenzy, especially with their final cut "ST."

Influences or copies?

Accelerators stuck in unsatisfactory gear

By James Finley
Staff Reporter

The Accelerators
"Dream Train"
Profile Records

One would have a lot of hope for a group with the name The Accelerators, but in this case, it seems like the accelerator is stuck. This southern country/rock group's album isn't really going to satisfy rock fans and will seem too edgy for most country fans.

Most of the album is too cliché to have much effect on the listener. Tracks such as the first song, "Boy & Girl," start off with the predictable southern Chuck Berry guitar riffs and offer nothing new musically. The lyrics, "We just need a chance to put it in our pants," sound juvenile. To top it off, the whole song sounds relatively lifeless, like the band is merely going through the motions.

However, the band does show some promise on later tracks. On the seventh song, "Los Angeles is Falling," the group displays some humor, a trait that is all too often neglected in today's popular music scene. This cut



is kind of refreshing, although it still is kind of repetitive otherwise.

The best song on the album can be found in "You've Got it All." Finally, the band lets loose and gets down to playing with some emotion and intensity. The guitarist lays down a funky groove and the guitar solos have a point to them. They aren't just pointless exercises in finger dexterity like on most of the album. It's also on this song where the southern vocal

harmonies sound best. Here, The Accelerators find their own musical identity.

Too bad the band uses the other 11 songs on the album to search for that identity. Too often the listener is reminded of some other group or song, instead of thinking of The Accelerators. One can hear definite influences (copies?) of other southern bands such as R.E.M., Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Georgia Satellites and the Kentucky Headhunters. There's a fine line between showing the influence of someone else and copying someone else, and the Accelerators cross that line too often on "Dream Time."

One other criticism of the album is that the work seems too commercially oriented. Almost all of the songs on the album run between three and 3 1/2 minutes, perfect for radio airplay. Too bad there aren't many songs deserving of airplay.

Overall, not a bad album, not a great album. Buy the cassette, don't waste money on the CD.



Courtesy of Profile