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## **Daily Nebraskan**

## Black Flag exterminates hard-core label, image

By Billy Shaffer **Daily Nebraskan Staff Editor** 

killer.

est running hard-core bands. For territories, abandoning past "labthe last six years, Black Flag els." But as soon as they accomp-

shouted loud messages to all those within earshot.

Labels (like "hard core") are Black Flag is not just an ant always a bone of contention for any artist. Artists constantly It's also one of America's long- strive to break through into new lish this, they find they're simply creating a new label.

Hard-core music is generally earmarked by fast, intensive bursts of screaming emotion. In that regard, Black Flag is definitely hard core. But their message is more to the core of the heart than to the heart of hard.

"We're about feelings," says Henry Rollins, the vocalist of Black Flag's sound, as well as the inspirational leader. Rollins has collaborated on literary works with Lydia Lunch and is a man of seemingly irreconcilable contrasts. Offstage, he's a sensitive caring person (not like Phil Donahue or Alan Alda, though). Onstage, he takes the issues of the heart to the maximum. Punk and hard core might have sprung from more political impulses, but Black Flag sings more of the war between the sexes.

Black Flag's woman bass player, who perfers to go by the singular name Kira, has been with the band the last year and a half. When I asked her about playing with Flag, she grabbed my notepad and wrote, "I just like to play, I just like to play, I just like to play, I loved Black Flag before I joined and still I like to play ... "A punk-ethnocentric limerick, no ess

The rest of the band consists of Bull Stevenson, on drums, and Greg Ginn on guitar.

"Punk" may be dead, but music with this much emotion is here to stay. Thank you, Black Flag.

Black Flag was not the only attraction on the Drumstick's lineup Tuesday. Their touring warm-up band, Saccharine Trust, his torso. A huge, toothy smile ws a pleasant surprise. The term was painted in blue glitter on "Saccharine Trust" comes from a the frong of his apron. Red David Bowie lyric from his Hunky stains decorated his clothes like Dory LP form the wonderful pepperoni on a cardboard "Bewlay Bros" cut. So far, I haven't been able to figure out just what pizza. Bowie meant, but the band thinks McDugan drank and watched the term sums up its purpose. as Walt unlocked the back of Their music could be put in to the Silly's and disappeared inside hard-core category, too. the restaurant. McDugan got The lead singer, Jack Brewer, out of his Polara, stretched to took audience participation to the stars and walked toward limits the Stick hasn't seen the the back entrance. likes of since Joe "King" Carrasco. Brewer browsing between the tables reminded me of Frank Sinatra The door swung open and Walt walked out with four filled crooning Las Vegas couples at garbage bags. McDugan hid bethe Copa. hind a tree and Walt threw the Both of these bands are out there knocking themselves, out, night after night. Black Flag is

Thursday, October 4, 1984



Last week, McDugan and Walt went to the most popular game show in television his-tory. Wink Winkydink sang and asked Walt questions. Walt lost, Wink sang some more, and McDugan had a great time. However, McDugan lost Walt again.

McDugan McGruder had been following Walt for six days. McDugan happened to find Walt when he ate at "Silly's Big Burger" and saw Walt back in the kitchen frying Big Burgers and making malted milk shakes.

It was the hour of ghouls and McDugan sat alone in his red 1964 Dodge Polara in back of Silly's. McDugan munched on pretzels and chewed the facts in his case against Walt. McDugan watched from afar as Walt danced across the asphalt, dodging puddles of rain. Walt was dressed in black polyester pants and a pink apron was, wrapped around

McDugan waited for five minutes, then jimmied the back door to Silly's. McDugan with-drew a flashlight from his sock and a narrow beam of light was alone in the darkness. The light played across the kitchen.

The light came upon Walt's face. Walt was smiling and a cigar dangled from his lips. McDugan jumped back and the flashlight revealed "Employee of the Week" engraved on a plate. McDugan touched Walt's face and felt glossy paper. McDugan's heart started beating again.

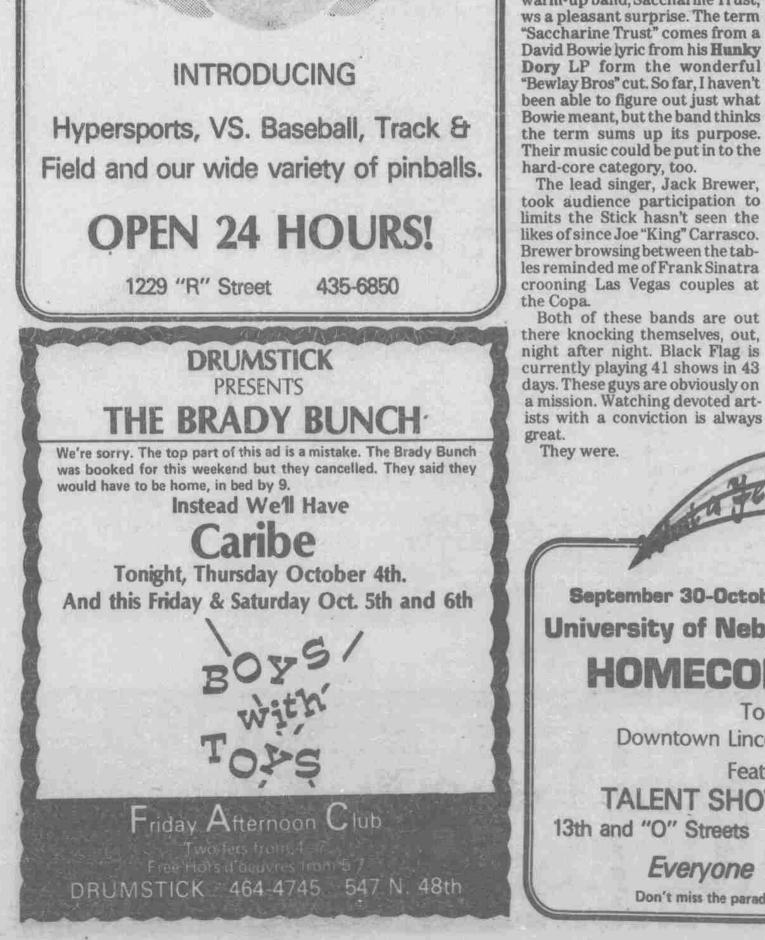
McDugan spied the grill. It was shining in the night and smelled of detergent. The french fry machine was warm to touch. There was grease residue inside the tubs and the baskets. The french fries were missing.

McDugan felt little grease spots on the counter and saw footprints in grease across the floor. McDugan saw the milk shake machine and the steel was cool and clean. McDugan turned off his flashlight and started for the door. He bumped into a bundle of cloth. McDugan stepped on the right side and the cloth followed.



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garbage bags into the bed of his truck. Walt whistled while he danced, locked the back door of Silly's and drove away into the night in a plume of blue smoke.

"Yee, hee, McDugan?" Walt giggled.

The flourescent lights were on and McDugan was faced with Walt again. They were face to face smiles.

"You killed Miss Mona Munning's father, and I know how." McDugan sounded more assured than he felt.

Walt stepped back and matched the fang-filled smile on his apron. "So tell me."

McDugan leaned back and organized his thoughts for the final confrontation.



Everyone Welcome! Don't miss the parade tomorrow at 6:30!

