

# Arts & Entertainment

## Dead Kennedys, W.A.S.P. fly to top of list

By Charles Lieurance  
Senior Reporter

**Editors note: Following are five recent album releases.**

● **The Clash, "Cut the Crap," CBS Records.**

This is not a review, it's an autopsy. Close analysis of the wounds (i.e. the loss of Mick Jones to synth-beat box music and a Marxist ideology that chases its own tail shows that the Clash died of a lethal dose of self-congratulation, ("We are The Clash," and you're not?) and multiple blows to the ego.

### Record Review

The Clash's only successes on this LP—"Three Card Trick" and "This is England"—sound like "Sandinista" outtakes and their failures are over-produced, sloppy shouting matches.

Here's what the headstone says: The Clash emerged from D.I.Y. dole queue (England's unemployment lines), three-chord, pre-Thatcherite

England as rock 'n' roll's Robin Hoods. A bland of reggae, punk and rock ala The Rolling Stones, the Clash at one time was truly "the only band that mattered." I ate, slept and breathed "London Calling" and "Sandinista." Mick Jones and Joe Strummer were the greatest song-writing team since Lennon and McCartney.

*Requiescat in pacem.*  
G.P.A. 1.0.

● **The Dead Kennedys, "Frankenchrist," Alternative Tentacles.**

This is a fine time for The Dead Kennedys. The United States is just chock-full of the things Jello Biafra loves to hate. These are a few of his favorite things: Yuppies, MTV, Reagan, The Dukes ("Goonies") of Hazzard, jocks and working-class automatons.

The band hasn't changed much. They've added some surf guitar and a few Ramones-style melodies, but all in all, it's still Biafra's "I am a dental drill" tremolo, East Bay Ray's minor key chording and Klaus Flouride's heavy industry bassline cranking out hostility, anarchy and irritation.

To the Kennedys, society is this

wound that keeps scabbing over with complacency. They just keep picking and picking and picking.

Review copy courtesy of Dirt Cheap Records.  
G.P.A. 3.5.

● **This Mortal Coil, "It'll End in Tears," Warner.**

This is what the haircut set call a supergroup, I guess. Members of Xmal Deutschland, Modern English, The Cocteau Twins, Dead Can Dance and Colourbox get together in the studio and make meditation music for pretentious art school students. Everything here is beautiful, mournful, lush and super melodic, not a note or a hair out of place. Most of the time it sounds as if Olivia Newton John (circa 1978) wandered in on a recording session with Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark or China Crisis.

When I grow up and have kids and don't want to wake them up, I'll play this a lot.

● **The Blow Monkeys, "Forbidden Fruit," RCA.**

Just like Everything But the Girl and The Style Council, The Blow Monkeys play jazzy, convoluted torch songs.

Unlike those bands, The Blow Monkeys aren't tedious. Sharp sax licks and some slick acoustic guitar riffs combined with Dr. Robert Howard's urgent, plaintive wail set this stuff apart.

Although I'm normally pretty wary of British bands that write songs like the Monkey's "My America," these guys pull it off with class. It's one of the few new "protest" songs worth the effort.

"Forbidden Fruit" is supposedly a single, but it is packaged like a double LP. What easily could have been one album is separated on two discs with three songs a piece. I guess this is so they could take those close-ups of each band member's face and give each one a full jacket side.

I don't know why anyone would want to be so close to a person's face that you can see the walls of his pores, but maybe I just don't understand marketing.  
G.P.A. 3.0.

● **W.A.S.P. "The Last Command," EMI**

This is great heavy metal. "Blind in Texas" gets my vote as the best heavy metal song since Iggy Pop's "Search and Destroy." The band has a sense of humor, hot and nasty riffs, and apparently doesn't belong to any witch's covens. There is a healthy dose of sex, but hey, even Tipper Gore has kids.

I've got to talk some more about "Blind in Texas." This headbanger walks into a bar in Texas thinking he can drink rednecks under the table. He fails and the rednecks leave him stranded in the desert.

Great line: "The cowboys have taken my eyes." Why can't all heavy metal be this good? There isn't even a pentangle on the front cover.  
G.P.A. 3.5.



Paul Vonderlage/Daily Nebraskan

Marty Fauchier of the Verandas.

## Musicians' union recruiting members

The Lincoln Musicians' Association, Local 463 of the American Federation of Musicians, has launched a major recruitment campaign.

The AFM, which represents leading local musicians as well as top recording, TV, motion picture and symphonic instrumentalists throughout the United States and Canada, is the world's largest union of performing artists. It has more than 250,000 members.

The membership drive, which began Oct. 1 and runs through Dec. 31, allows musicians to join the union at reduced initiation fees. They also can take full advantage of a long and growing list of member services and benefits.

While anxious to align themselves with the music industry's most outstanding professionals, young musicians' frequently low earning power often makes it difficult for many to afford initiation fees.

The reduced fees can help these young musicians and many older play-

ers who are non-members or former members.

Detailed information about the musicians' union and its program is available from the Lincoln Musicians' Association, 508 S. 13th St., or call 474-3868.

## East Campus fair looks at art, crafts

The University Programs Council-East, through its Visual Art Committee, will sponsor an arts and crafts fair Thursday and Friday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. in the Great Plains Room of the East Union.

The fair offers the community, students and faculty and staff members a unique opportunity to see arts and crafts as they happen under the skillful hands of a master craftsman.



Paul Vonderlage/Daily Nebraskan

Danny Shoner of Cockey Monroe.

## Verandas' 'perfect' sound stole contest

By Chris McCubbin  
Staff Reporter

The Verandas won first place and walked away \$1,000 richer from "The Battle Of The Bands" on Monday night.

Cockey Monroe won second place and \$500 worth of studio time in the competition sponsored by the Residence Hall Association.

### Concert Review

Splash and E.S. Pop won some valuable exposure, but mostly the agony of defeat.

Splash was a cover band and proud of it. Their show was straight off the top 40 charts. As the first band up, Splash had the difficult job of warming the crowd up, and they worked hard at it—silly glasses on "Money For Nothing," authentic ZZ Top style guitar

choreography and Pat McKeen playing a guitar solo with his teeth on "Sharp Dressed Man."

Keyboardist Bruce McCracken could conjure up an impressively full, rich sound, and Marsha Nielson was memorable for her booming voice and jerky Grace Slick style moves. But in the end, lack of original material and pitch problems early in the set took them out of the run for the money.

According to Tony Coe, Residence Hall Week co-chairman, the idea behind "The Battle Of The Bands" was to show off top local talent and to give the people of UNL and Lincoln (particularly those who are too young for bars) a real rock'n'roll party. With admission only \$2, the price couldn't be beat. The event was organized by Coe and John Tucker.

Omaha band ES Pop sounded like the Knack, only not obnoxious. They

were introduced "Music for the passion, not the fashion."

Best moments included the sophisticated harmonies on "World Wide Mystery" and the red-hot synth riff on "Messiah," both originals, and covers "Tears Of A Clown" and "Heatwave." ES Pop was tight and entertaining, but their anachronistic pop sound perhaps lacked the sophistication necessary to appeal to a college audience.

The people didn't dance and ES Pop had to recruit their sound man to stand in for a recently departed bass player. But the substitution wasn't obvious to the crowd.

Cockey Monroe put in what was by far the evening's most musically sophisticated set. Playing an all original set of glam-rock a la David Bowie and The New York Dolls, Cockey Monroe had the heaviest sound and, with the addition of a sax player and a second per-

cussionist, the richest sound.

The bands were being rated by a panel of judges including Bob Allen from KFMQ, Sherm Bixby from Applause Attractions, Dominique Cheene from C&C Consultants and Jeff Weak, the evening's master of ceremonies. Weak, in his alter ego "Rollin' Ray" kept the audience either amused or irritated.

The Verandas were out to win. Their sound check was excruciatingly long. Obviously they wanted to be sure that the sound problems that had plagued the other bands were all ironed out before they took the stage.

The second that the band began their first song, "Last Time" by the Stones, the floor filled for the first time all night with dancing kids, many of them proudly sporting Verandas T-shirts.

The Verandas are expecting their first album, "V-Notes" to be out by

Christmas, and they looked very professional Monday night.

Their set, divided between covers and originals, was predictable (the originals tended to sound like Cheap Trick or Men At Work, except for "Get Out Of My Car, You Drive Like Shit," which was a pretty good rap).

But no one was looking for originality from this band. The band was tight, the sound was perfect, lead singer Marty Fauchier leaped wildly around the stage and the crowd was moving. In the end, the judges made the only choice they could.

If you're one of the many who decided you would rather spend your Monday night watching Nebraskans and Czechs chasing a round ball, or the Redskins and Giants chase a different shaped ball, or even, as a last resort, studying, all I can say is you missed a great show.