

Arts & Entertainment

Review Board



Brian Mary/Daily Nebraskan

'Til Tuesday, "Welcome Home." (CBS/Epic)

Boston's 'Til Tuesday never fails to amaze me. Why has such a mediocre band received such national attention? They burst onto the pop scene last year with their hit single "Voices Carry," a whiny love ballad that featured the occasionally melodic vocals of lead singer Aimee Mann. Soon they were all over MTV and the music press. The reason? Aimee Mann's spiky blond platinum hairdo. People magazine did a feature story on the band and asked Mann such musically important questions as how she deals with ridicule about her infamous plume of hair.

MTV aired a live segment of the band in concert, which showed shots of Mann feebly trying to carry a tune. Most of the time she couldn't even hit a note, but her hair sure looked interesting.

That's the problem with the band. They are less music than hype. At least that seemed to be the consensus among music critics last year.

"Welcome Home," their second effort, is more relaxed and shows that Mann has honed the tonal qualities in her vocals. "What About Love," the first single and side one's opener, is a dismal dirge, illuminated by Mann's sepulchral harmonies and suicidal lyrics, like "I'm gettin' pretty tired of livin' on hope."

"Guitarist Robert Holmes' eerie riffs add some satisfying fire to Mann's somewhat annoying droning, giving the tune the Top-40 sensibility it is succeeding with.

But then they segue into a row of ironic, biting ballads with shades of folk rock and Mann's poetic parables about pain and discontent. "Coming Up Close," is an eloquent tale about the loss of innocence and the discovery of life in modern New England. And Mann manages to spread her dusky,

dolorous voice throughout the tune with a sense of poignancy and engaging melodrama.

Mann's dark musical vision is adequately captured by her lyrics and the band's drum and synthesizer patterns back them up with spirit and whimsical insistence.

"Welcome Home" is proof that there is more to 'Til Tuesday than Aimee Mann's tresses. With a little tightening of their perspective and some necessary experimentation, they just might be taken seriously by their musical peers and critics.

— Scott Harrah

Grace Jones, "Inside Story." (Manhattan Records)

I hate to use corny word plays, but there's no other way to describe how I feel about Jones' latest effort, so I'm going to do it anyway. Jones, that exotic Jamaican disco diva and high-fashion model, has somehow fallen from Grace. With her flat-top haircut, shiny purplish skin and sadistic, sensual vocals, Grace Jones catapulted herself out of the New York underground scene to become a hip, hyped pop culture legend with songs like "Pull Up to the Bumper" and "My Jamaican Guy." She's always been more of a model than a musician, but her smoky, alluring presence and her wit have always seemed to conceal the flaws in her music. She was an androgyny before it was trendy to blend genders. With her outrageous looks and flamboyant attitude, she seduced the artsy netherworld with a growly, erotic voice that intoned lyrics like "feeling like a woman, looking like a man" on one of her best efforts, "Nightclubbing."

You couldn't help being fascinated by her. She was Marlene Dietrich, Bob Marley and Nina Simone rolled into one, vamping and camping her way to

stardom with remakes of old Parisian love songs and reggae numbers.

But "Inside Story," disgustingly commercial soul producer Nile Rodgers turns her into a schlocky, mindless disco wimp who ineptly moans her way through a litany of technopop drivel with titles like "Chan Hitchhikes to Shanghai" and "I'm Not Perfect, (But I'm Perfect For You.)" Grace's bracingly offbeat acumen is somehow lost in all the overproduced electronic rhythms, making her sound like the bland belters from Rodgers' former band, Chic.

"Inside Story" reveals nothing about Grace as an artist or a personality. In fact, its most reprehensible aspect is its lack of personality, and that's something Grace usually has a large, flowing supply of.

— Scott Harrah

Georgia Satellites, self-titled (Elektra/Asylum)

The Satellites are another one of those bands, like Minneapolis' Replacements, that grew up on the recycled grunge-tone John Lee Hooker riffs of the Stones' "Exile on Main Street," and can't seem to purge the rock 'n' roll influences, blasts through bass-heavy riffs like they were the first to lay pick to metal.

Considering that "Exile" was released 15 years ago, you could call this stuff roots rock. The Satellites indulge in sustained adolescence, revel in rock history and kick butt the way a bar band with a recording contract stuffed down their pants often do. Despite the fact that the Satellites are hopelessly enamored with rock's most hallowed cliches, they attack the cliches with such an unerring ear for classicism that they don't come off like atavistic fools.

"Keep Your Hands to Yourself," the LP's signal flare, is a self-conscious rock classic. The Satellites assemble classics with the ease of a child assembling Bauhaus structures from Lego blocks. If you want lyrics with more than "girls, girls, girls" verse after verse and with more than macho glee as inspiration, you're in the wrong record jacket.

The album highlight is a cover of the Faces' anthem, "Every Picture Tells a Story," a rock icon to which they add a relentless riff that just hammers its way through the original's dynamic starts and stops.

The Georgia Satellites will perform with Jason and the Scorchers Tuesday night at the Drumstick.

— Charles Lieurance
Review record courtesy of Pickles Records and Tapes.

Culturecide, "Tacky Souvenirs of Pre-Revolutionary America."

About a year ago I received a tape of new Texas bands from a friend of mine. The tape's highlight was a demo-cut by a band my friend referred to as "the most political band in Houston." The band was Culturecide and the song was called "Star Spangled Banner Disco."

As if knowing where I left off, Culturecide's album kicks off with the spoken monologue from "S.S. Banner Disco," condemning fascist America while the canned TV sign-off music crescendos bombastically in the background.

Following this, Culturecide create the '80s anarchist equivalent of Dickie Goodman's '70s hits like "Mr. Jaws." Culturecide basically sings over radio hits. The first cut is a political trashing of Bruce Springsteen's "Dancing in the Dark" with added industrial noise caused by attacking a radio with a meat hook or some such post modernist avant garde trick.

Culturecide has no use for subtlety. When they sense their dogmatic definition of fascism in something they just say it outright. To Culturecide, metaphor, allegory or parable are sell-outs. In their world, Bruce Springsteen is a complacent corporate-owned hit machine and a pawn of the right wing state.

The remainder of the album is the same, with more industrial effects added as they go along. Pat Benatar's "Love is a Battlefield" is changed to "Love is a Cattleprod." "Color My World" by Chicago becomes "Color My World with Pigs" sung by Culturecide's mutant munchkins.

Culturecide's politics are about as narrow as the new right's politics and although their replacement lyrics for hit songs are thought-provoking at first, in the end there's not much response to give but laughter. These are the sort of people who can yell, "Down with the military industrial complex!" with a straight face. The album is a lot of fun but it would only seriously challenge the politics of a five year old.

— Charles Lieurance
Review record courtesy of Pickles Records and Tapes.

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Scorchers will play Drumstick

By John Stormberg
Daily Nebraskan

The Scorchers have a history at the Drumstick.

Jason Ringenberg hung upside down from the rafters screaming "Country Roads" in December '82. Jeff Johnson (bassist) tripped over and fell flat on his back without missing a note in April 1985. Perry Baggs (Drummer) ridiculed "Hungry Like a Wolf" by singing straight into a fan in September 1983. And Warner Hodges (guitarist) continually smoked cigarettes through his nose, which also made Drumstick history.

Band Preview

The Scorchers have changed quite a bit over the years. They want their music to stand on its own now. In the past, when the Scorchers were mentioned, more things than music came to mind.

Jason and his band started up in 1982 in Nashville, Tenn. It was a fitting spot, for their music owed much to the '40s and '50s country music scene. They took Hank Williams' songs and "kicked 'em in the ass." The critics took this lightning-fast country blended with raucous rock 'n' roll and branded it "country-punk." They also labeled some very heart-felt lyrics as "corny." This image was taken by the people and exploited to its ruin. Countless cow-punk bands followed, bolo ties appeared in fashion magazines, and barn dances became common among college students.

Americans have ruined the innocence and originality of this movement. There is no feeling behind it anymore. Feeling is very important to Jason.

As Jason searches for understanding Tuesday night at the Drumstick, Johnson, Baggs and especially Hodges will be there trying to set the place on fire. They are known for being a bit wreckless. Jason & the Scorchers like playing the Drumstick; it always has been a place where they feel at home playing exactly what they like to play.

If you want to see an important part of an ongoing history, go see Jason & the Scorchers at the Drumstick 9 p.m. Tuesday. And if you believe and understand, Jason won't mind if you put on your boots and try a two-step.

Children's theatre to hold auditions

Theatre Arts For Youth, the Lincoln Community Playhouse children's theatre, will hold auditions for "MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS" on Dec. 8 and 9. Auditions will be at the Playhouse, 2500 S. 56th St., for 7-to-9-year-olds at 4:30-5:30 p.m., for 10-to-15-year-olds at 6:30 p.m. and for 15-year-olds and older at 7:45-9 p.m. "MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS" will be presented Feb. 20-22, 26-28 and March 1. "MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS" produced by Lincoln Benefit Life Company, is supported in part by the Nebraska Arts Council and presented by arrangement with Anchorage Press.

The production is directed by Tracy Aramagost. Rehearsals begin Jan. 5. Auditioners are asked to wear comfortable clothes. There will be improvisation, movement and reading from the script for auditioners older than 9 years old. Scripts are available for 24-hour check-out with a \$3 returnable deposit through Dec. 5. Scripts can be checked out at the box office, Monday through Friday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. For additional information call the Playhouse at 489-9608.



Courtesy of Epic Records

'Til Tuesday