

# Arts & Entertainment



Courtesy of the Flaming Lips

Kiss, kiss . . . Bang, bang . . . It's the Flaming Lips!

## Oklahoma's Flaming Lips here

Help save the dinosaurs and go to see this prehistoric band

By Charles Lieurance  
Diversions Editor

Dinosaurs are in this year. And although Oklahoma's Flaming Lips have only been around for a few years, they are definitely dinosaurs. They're big,

### Concert Preview

heavy (as in "heavy, man"), ugly (no offense), their heads are in the twilight zone (or the clouds or space or somewhere up there) and their feet are planted in a quagmire of fuzztone belligerence. They wear their near-extinction a little better than the skeletal remains in Morrill Hall. In fact they virtually wallow in the bombastic anachronisms they create.

Maybe Oklahoma's just backward. Despite the undeniable fact that the Lips are throwbacks, the Time Machine they were thrown back in seems to stop in all the right places. All aboard for 1969, '70, '72. Velvet Underground, Led Zeppelin, MC-5, Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd . . . guitar thud and crunch with a little folkish serenity thrown in for the sake

of dynamics. So you have something to compare the six-string mayhem to.

If you gotta go backward, this ain't a bad place to start.

After an ear-splitting debut album as a quartet, the Lips signed with Pink Dust Records and, because this entailed a tour of America, were reduced to a trio — with no reduction of their sonic capability. Now the band is Wayne Coyne on vocals and guitar and Jimmy Page hair, Richard English on drums and Mike Ivins on bass and other Jimmy Page haircut.

This year the dinosaurs scored one of the biggest indie albums of the year with "Hear It Is," a medium tempo thrashfest with decibels to burn. Stuff to make the PMRC shrivel up into a little wicked-witch-of-the-west-on-ice ball and squeal like Chihuahuas with bladder dysfunction.

The Lips retell the New Testament as a Geraldo Rivera "shame of the city" spot in "Jesus Shooting Herion." They take the best stab at necrophilia since Alice Cooper on "She is Death" and outline an ambiguously messy love affair on "With You." Although the music could be tagged neo-psychedelia anyone with the nerve to lysergically

ingest while listening to something as paranoid and hellish as "Charlie Manson Blues" should be monitored closely by the authorities.

The Lips are playing on the fourth floor of the building that houses Buchanan's pub (808 P St.) in the Haymarket. The venue choice is a little weird, but then again, so is the band. I don't mean to seem reactionary, but is it really wise to host a band with death/drug obsessions on the fourth floor? Art Linkletter's daughter comes to mind. Any frustrated Peter Pans should refrain from consuming any substance that might possibly coerce them into realizing their ambitions.

Havlat, the much-maligned, long-suffering nomadic patron of alternative music, who has sponsored such monetarily frustrating concerts as Game Theory at Hospe's Music and Christmas at Tooth's Gallery, says the Pedal Jets will open for Flaming Lips. Cover for this great band is \$3. Let's try to see more than 10 people at one of these things for a change, huh? Eventually Havlat will run out of disposable income.

Let's try to postpone the extinction of dinosaurs for another year.

## Cookie cluster celebrates today

By Chris McCubbin  
Senior Reporter

Christmas 1970. The long winter that followed Kent State. The draft was one of the top three things on the minds of most college men. The local gay community was fresh out of the closet and trying to organize. UNL peace activists made their only stab at radicalism when the Military and Naval Science Building was occupied for one night.

United Ministries in Higher Education at Commonplace church was right in the middle of all this mess. They sponsored the Campus Draft Information Center, Gay Action Committee and Nebraskans For Peace who met in the church. Commonplace was under investigation by a governor's committee because of the occupation incident.

Come Christmas, Commonplace's new

pastor, Larry Doerr (pronounced 'dare'), realized that all these different groups dealt with Commonplace, but they never had a chance to all come together. So Doerr and his staff decided to make some cookies.

They sent out a letter "To all our friends (and enemies)" saying, "Come as you are — for that's the way we love you — and share with us and each other a celebration of being together, of rapping, of munching, some music, of grooving on the keen air of people who say yes to life and to each other, and who knows what else."

Today, student activism is all but dead, but the cookie party lives on. The rhetoric has changed in the last 17 years, but the attitude is the same.

That first year, about 50 people showed up on a Sunday afternoon. Somebody suggested it would work better during the week, so the next

year they moved the party to Friday of dead week, where it has remained ever since. In 1984 UMHE sold Cornerstone to the University, so the party moved to the Commonplace building last year. Doerr said he was worried that the party wouldn't transfer, but last year's party was as big a success as ever.

Doerr's notes show that since 1971, attendance has been steady — about 100 to 180 people each time. Twenty-four dozen cookies were made for the party in 1973. In 1986, Doerr expects to make 250 dozen himself, plus contributions from Cornerstone's two secretaries.

"I find that once a year, making cookies is good therapy," he said. "Some days I wonder how I ever got myself into this. It's the people, I guess. That's the fun."

The 17th Annual Christmas Party is scheduled for this afternoon from 3:30 to 5 at Cornersone, 640 N. 16th St.

## Books to read by bus (to get 'My Perspective')

On occasion, the relative minority of individuals who do not assign my thought patterns to randomly discharging firearms, wonder how I came to hold the rather curious amalgamation of hysteria and indigestion known as "My Perspective."

Well, thoughts are usually given to me by my dog Samuel, who is a direct

seasoned haddock stew. He may fail when it comes to logical political thought, but his cuisine hints are unbeatable.

3. Calvin Klein, "It's in the Jeans"

Klein, a Jewish clothing designer named after his grandfather who came to America with little over \$3 in his pocket, has gotten a bad reputation as a foppish trendy opportunist with the scruples of a ferret and the taste of Joan Rivers. Nonetheless, he provides the world with over-priced denim.

4. Meredith Baxter-Birney, "The Structure of the Revolutionary Field Cannon."

Meredith Baxter-Birney, the star of TV's "Family Ties," surprised the world with this scholarly treatise on the armaments used during the American Revolutionary War. She explains that her interest in cannons, guns, knives, instruments of torture, shells and bullets resulted from a rather sketchy incident in which she saw her father bathing.

5. James Oxnard, "The Fiscal Crisis of Suzie Wong"

Oxnard, who writes barbaric pulp fiction for bee-line books, creates a spell-binding tale of an Oriental woman who loses all her money gambling, resorts to prostitution and is finally taken under the wing of a Chinese war lord named Kung.

6. "Confessions of Xavier Hollander"

The journey toward sleaze royalty of this high-priced strumpet provides a strong counterwhatchamacallit to modern low-lives who believe true physical degradation is impossible.

7. Leo Tolstoy, "War and Peace"

The first three pages of this masterpiece, which is all I can read from H Street to P Street on LTS, are first-rate, examining such crucial themes as the Countess Markovskiy's fixing her car before the grand ball and the shoe size of Czar Nicholas III.

8. OK, I lied. That's all I've read. But they were good.

### Charles Lieurance

descendant of King Faruch of Persia and that means . . . that means . . . uh, well, it means, uh . . .

The easiest mode of transportation I ride is the bus and sometimes on the bus I read books that greatly influence the length of time it takes to get downtown.

So for the whole world, I've drawn up a list of 10 books I consider good bus-ride reading material. Many were left off the list because their titles were virtually unprintable, but those that made the list can be considered crucial in the development of my *strudel*.

1. John Hancock, "My Signature and How to Do It."

John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence in really big letters so King George could read it without putting his glasses on. The signature was so cogent it laid the groundwork for all great American signatures to come, including the signature of Bess Streeter Aldrich and Robin Williams, who makes his n's with the distinctive Hancockian flourish.

2. Ebert Hansel, "Anarchy, Utopia and Fine Dining"

Hansel is a brilliant libertarian and one heck of a good cook to boot. He attempts in his work to detail a justification of an anomaly disguised as a syllogism dressed glibly as a tautology of the effect of leavened baking on the Paris Commune of 1872. Given his anarcho-capitalist assumptions, Hansel makes a mean batch of delicately



Courtesy of NETV

### 'Where's Santa's letter?'

'Great Performances' "An American Christmas: Words and Music," airs Sunday at 2 p.m. on NETV, channel 12. The show examines some of the ways Christmas is celebrated. Shown here is Kathy Galvin in Mark Twain's "Letter From Santa Claus."

### TV Ratings

Here are the top prime-time television ratings as compiled by the A.C. Nielsen Co. for the week of December 1 through 7. Listings include the week's ranking, with season-to-date ranking in parentheses, rating for the week and total homes.

An "X" in parentheses denotes one-time-only presentation. A rating measures the percentage of the nation's 87.4 million TV homes.

1. (1) "The Cosby Show," NBC, 38.6 rating, 33.7 million homes.

- 2. (2) "Family Ties," NBC, 36.4, 31.8 million homes.
- 3. (3) "Cheers," NBC, 28.4, 24.8 million homes.
- 4. (6) "Night Court," NBC, 26.1, 22.8 million homes.
- 5. (4) "Murder She Wrote," CBS, 24.8, 21.7 million homes.