



Andrea Hoy/Daily Nebraskan

Kim Wilson of the Fabulous Thunderbirds sings for screaming fans Sunday night in the union. The band played its hits and a variety of blues numbers.

Fabulous Thunderbirds soar; Jason and the Scorchers plod

By Stew Magnuson
Senior Reporter

Usually opening bands aren't mentioned until the last paragraphs in concert reviews. But I want to get the unpleasanties out of the way first.

Jason and the Scorchers, opening up for the Fabulous Thunderbirds Sunday night in the union, were at their worst. The band has lost its scorch, sold out to a more commercial heavy metal sound. Warner Hodges, the once-great guitarist who used to play in torn blue jeans and Jeff Beck T-shirts, now shows up on MTV with Motley Crue hair and a long, sequined purple coat.

The Scorchers have thrown their energy into an image. Warner thought he looked cool with a cigarette, though he was wild whipping around the stage with a wireless guitar and thought black leather jackets made people seem tough.

Their new music is as ridiculous as their new image. How ironic that the band that opened for Jason a few months ago, the Georgia Satellites, are making a quick climb up the charts playing basic, fun rock 'n'

roll, just like Jason used to do. Now they are opening, sent back down to the minor leagues, left to rationalize it as some kind of career move in newspaper interviews.

Warner's guitar was distorted and plodding. The band came out doing "Lost Highway" like Ozzy or Twisted Sister.

They played for an hour and announced they would be at The Drumstick the next night. They

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would play all requests (in other words, all their old, good stuff), and heck, it would only be another five bucks.

The Fabulous T-Birds came out playing smoother and clean and left their image to the two MTV videos. Jimmie Vaughn's fingers provided all the image the T-Birds needed. He stood hunched over his guitar, staring intently into the audience, never needing to look down at the chords he played. The T-Birds rock-and-rolled, boogied Texas-style, for the sell-out crowd of 1,000.

But it was just too loud for this kind of music. This concert was the first time I wanted to get as far away from the stage as I could instead of as close to it as I could. The bass threatened to cover up all the other music and cause significant structural damage to the union. I figured that wishing I could see this band where it belonged (in a nice, intimate hole in the wall) would be a waste of time.

"It's blues time!" Kim Wilson announced, then whipped out his harmonica and got down and dirty, kicking out some sad yet joyous blues.

They ripped through "Little Red Rooster," then sent the audience into a gorgeous instrumental tribute to Lonnie Mack, one of Vaughn's guitar idols.

On "The Crawl," he stuck the guitar behind his head and let loose. Played in bars by a dozen bands, "The Crawl" didn't sound so bad in a concert hall. It made me forget where I was for a moment. The T-Birds played two encores and left the audience in good spirits, which; believe it or not, is what a good blues band should do.

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Cultural insanity under the palms

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seem to be a stairstep toward Keyes' comprehension of the hysterical insanity that surrounds him. Eventually the apparently random series of kidnappings and murders of tourists, retirees and PR officials responsible for drawing those folks to Miami begins to make a terrible kind of sense. But it is the kind of sense one makes of looking into an abyss, not the kind that comes from solving a murder and seeing the culprits get what's coming to them.

Hiaasen, along with several other

young American, European and Latin American novelists, is 'in the process' of transforming the detective/mystery novel, using a blend of black comedy, high camp, stylized (almost cinematic) violence and absurdist exaggerations of time and place. Occasionally these new-wave noir novels strain the limits of the genre, implementing plot twists and reflexive self-parody that would have average Agatha Christie or even Elmore James readers gnashing their teeth. "Tourist Season" does suffer from problems of this sort. For instance, once all the characters are introduced,

they are so colorful that it distracts from the plot. Things become more of a circus than a mystery novel. But Hiaasen's eye for detail saves this novel, and when he zooms in on the eccentricities of a certain character or of Miami itself, the effect is kinetic and original.

All in all, "Tourist Season" is a sharp, hip display of humor and morbidity, and if there are no permanent genre icons like Philip Marlowe or Sam Spade in sight, the overall effect saves "Tourist Season" from being just another hack mystery novel for hobbyists and insomniacs.

'Lost City of Gold': a silly epic that doesn't work 'Raiders' rip-off is a clone

By Greg Neely
Staff Reviewer

Ever since "Raiders of the Lost Ark" changed the essence and style of the adventure thriller, Hollywood just hasn't been the same. Adventure thrillers have come and gone since then, and most have paled next to

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the thrills of "Raiders." When Hollywood has a hit movie, the moguls in charge seem to think that recipe can work again.

"Alan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" is a rip-off of the "Raiders" formula: lots of thrills, adventure and great dialogue. In "Lost City" you get cheap thrills

and stunts and lots of extremely corny dialogue. It almost works. Notice I said almost.

We find the hero of this silly epic in the heart of Africa, searching for his lost brother. This gives our hero an excuse for trekking into the deep, dark jungle to find him. That and the rumor of a city paved in gold prompt the hero to recruit the services of a warrior friend (James Earl Jones), his girlfriend (Sharon Stone), Sworna the Swami (Robert Donner) and a dozen timid natives.

Off the happy wanderers go. They tangle with the obligatory restless natives. They take a thrilling ride on an underground log flume. Sound like "Raiders"? It should. Remember, this is a cheap clone.

After they narrowly escape death half a dozen times, they find the fabled "Lost City." The city looks

like the producer's southern California desert home with the doors spray-painted gold. What a joke. The natives are a peace-loving lot ruled by two sisters (one is evil) and an evil guy (Henry Silva) called Angor.

Quatermain liberates the enslaved people and Angor gets killed. All adventures should end this way, with the evil guy getting it at the end. The plot is just too predictable.

This movie is really hokey. The acting is stiff and the stunts stale. As the hero crashes through the skylight you can see the safety wires tied to his waist.

If you can look past these minor faults and enjoy some tongue-in-cheek action, go see "Lost City."

"Alan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" is rated PG and is showing at the Commonwealth Theatres.

Photos included in Richards exhibit

Two exhibits, one featuring the works of two sculptors and the other focusing on recent work by four photographers, are on display in the Richards Hall Art Gallery.

Featured in Gallery A are works by Alison Helms of West Virginia and Terry Slade of Oneonta, N.Y. Helms' work includes large, abstract free-standing sculptures and intricate wall reliefs

that she fabricates out of wood. The highly painted constructions frequently use neon and metal screening as well.

Slade's small-scale sculptures consist of bronze was tableaus which make strong social statements.

In Gallery B are displayed photographs by Leslie Bell of Davenport, Iowa; Gloria DeFillips Brush of Duluth, Minn.; Erik Lauritzen of Northridge, Calif.; and Sandy Croce Warner of Columbus, Ohio. The photographers were selected from more than 40 who applied to the gallery for exhibitions this year.

Both exhibits will be on display through Feb. 19.

The Richards Hall Art Gallery is in Richards Hall 101 and 102, immediately south of Memorial Stadium. The gallery is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Thursday.

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