

Replacements play at 'ambivalence central'

By Charles Lieurance
Senior Editor

Welcome to ambivalence central.

Concert Review

Your favorite band is about to become famous. The cheeseballs from hell descend, making peacock yelps at the front of the crowd, singing along as if the song were "What I Like About You" and not "Unsatisfied."

If the Replacements had come onto the stage of the Peony Park Ballroom Wednesday night, lunged unto a drunken, ragged 20-minute version of "Louie, Louie" and left town, I'd have left proud. But instead the Replacements took the stage in lipstick and

makeup looking like the harlots of Babylon. Whores to Sire Records?

And the show was clean. The band members didn't change instruments, smash bottles into the crowd, undress, slop through an Aerosmith song or just stop playing and head for the bar. Lead singer Paul Westerberg didn't even look like he was tottering precariously on the edge of unconsciousness.

I'm glad you've made it. Playing before a near-capacity crowd in a giant ballroom, full of people who just last year thought Loverboy was the most awesome thing on their FM dial. The guy next to me starts to slam dance, purposefully ricocheting off polo shirts. Some sorority girl, forced to move her feet to accommodate my careening friend, makes that infamous noise of the privileged caused by clicking the tongue on the back of the teeth. Followed by "I'm sure."

So we're to believe ex-guitarist Bob Stinson was holding them back from fame? From this? Because he roamed the stage nude, drunkenly pouring out monstrous, impossible leads. Because there were nights when he couldn't even play. Because in order to be America's "newest party band" you have to stop partying yourself.

But I got past the superficial aspects. I ignored the clucking pastel mass in front of me, I felt the reverberations of

slam dancing somewhere to my right. I tuned in on Westerberg's face, his mascara running during "A Little Mascara." I felt the irony of "Left of the Dial" a song about REM and their recent popularity: "On and on and on and on, which side are you on?"

Which side are you on? I got over the feeling that now Husker Du would have to be the saviors of alternative music I got over the fact that the new guitarist, Slim Whitman or something, couldn't fill Bob Stinson's pajamas on the older songs. "Bastards of Young" just died halfway through.

And then I was all right. Halfway through and I was fine and Westerberg was becoming a monster again a hungry passion junkie with his shirt open and makeup flooding down his throat. Everything was perfect and I didn't mind anymore that things weren't like they used to be, Westerberg 6 inches from my face, a sweaty little mob of 15 somersaulting over one another in front of the Drumstick's stage, Bob Stinson looking lost over by his amplifier, his back turned.

They were famous and every word out of Westerberg's mouth told me why.

Chris Mars' white T-shirt hung on him, heavy with sweat. Tommy Stinson had that Johnny Thunders look, eyes nearly closed, as if he were in a trance

while his fingers banged the bass.

I was just a little farther from the stage than usual. The lights were just a little too bright, and there were a few too many. Too many colors. Some man in a suit — a suit?? — is asking me not to sweat on him. I realize I'm shaking the sweat out of my hair like a dog fresh out of the bath. I tell him I'm sorry and then wonder why. He's in the middle of a crowd watching the Replacements in a suit. We lean to accommodate a surge of slam dancers from the periphery.

"The Ledge" —
"I'm the boy you can't ignore
For the first time in my life I'm sure

All the love you'd every pledge
Won't reach the ledge . . ."

It dawns on me that this is the best show I've ever seen. I think it dawned on me during the last song of the last encore, a country-rock stomping of "Hello Dolly!" that made me realize I wouldn't be seeing this anywhere but at a Replacements concert. A band isn't a part of all its listeners. It plays and he who will listen, listens. I'm listening. A sweating, shaking dog, listening behind a man in a suit and tie. I riddle the back of his coat with my sweat machine gun. He doesn't seem to mind.

He's smiling at the stage.
Ambivalence central.

Cocteau, Welles plays included in Joslyn series

JOSLYN from Page 10

who travels constantly between this world and the next.

Nov. 8, Orson Welles' "The Magnificent Ambersons." For his second Hollywood feature, Welles chose to adapt Booth Tarkington's novel to the screen.

Cards and Letters

Band coverage by reviewer questioned

After reading Charles Lieurance's concert review in the Aug. 31 edition of the Daily Nebraskan, I question whether he actually saw Out of Habit and Peer Puppet play their sets. These two bands played for the same cause and the same amount of time as the other bands without even a "thank you" from the organizers or decent coverage in the Daily Nebraskan.

The three sentences devoted to these two bands was nice, but since it is so obvious Lieurance didn't see them play, I thought it would be nice of me to offer my insights.

Out of Habit played a great rock'n'roll show to a small but appreciative crowd. Their well-polished sound stood out regardless of the bad echo. They are definitely a band that deserve recognition.

Peer Puppet took the crowd by surprise with a much more aggressive sound (original hardcore with a twist). Between the numerous technical difficulties, they managed to pump out a purely fun and energetic set. The crowd responded by forming an equally fun and energetic thrash pit throughout their performance.

In the future, I suggest that if you don't see a band, don't write anything on them. If you don't care for the bands, don't waste your precious time and space by writing next to nothing about them.

Ed Higgins
freshman
journalism

Editor's note: Lieurance was at "Bop for Bones" and saw both bands mentioned.

Nov. 22, Jean-Jacques Beineix's "Diva," is an exciting, original combination of Hollywood genres and influences — from Hitchcockian suspense thrillers to serio-comic spy capers to crime action-adventures.

Dec. 6, Francois Truffaut's "Day for Night," a love poem to movies and movie-making.

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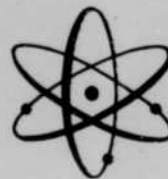


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