

Peer Puppet's music filled with adrenaline, messages



Tisdale

Courtesy of Ed Higgins

By Brian Wood
Staff Reporter

When the three-piece Lincoln-based band Peer Puppet takes the stage, their music is the main show, but the band pushes the point of the music with enthusiastic adrenaline energy.

Peer Puppet has been in existence for more than two years, playing at many alternative music shows around town. Besides playing shows on their own and doing benefits with other local bands, they also have opened shows for some of the more popular national hardcore bands, like Corrosion of Conformity and Capitol Punishment.

The band's style of music reflects the personalities of the members of the band. Drummer Paul Tisdale, a junior arts and sciences major at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, has a satirical wit that often plays a part when he writes lyrics.

"A heavy-metal attitude would throw the whole thing into the water," said Tisdale. "Let go of pressure and stress and do what you like to do."

Bassist Bernie McGinn has a similar attitude. McGinn's feelings about the band point more toward the music.

"The most important part is what the music says," McGinn said.

Peer Puppet's stage presence depends much on McGinn's energetic vocals, "but everything is really a group effort."

Self-taught guitarist Rich Higgins is inspired by the hope of

touring this summer. He has high hopes for the band's new recording and the possibility of making a single soon. Higgins, a junior art major at UNL, is one of the band's original members.

Recently the band recorded a demo tape to send to record compa-

nies. The entire band was enthusiastic about it and hopes to get some sort of recording opportunity.

In the meantime, the band will continue to play locally.

"The more we have fun, the more the audience seems to have fun," Higgins said.



Higgins

Courtesy of Ed Higgins

More holidays needed; suggestions: Bimbo Day, Dead Kennedys Day

I tried to phone my bank last Monday and was having no success when it suddenly occurred to me, "Of course, they're not open. It's a holiday, Martin Luther King's. Uh, Junior."

Now, I'm certainly not going to put his holiday down. Where do you think we are, Arizona? It's a good idea, and we should commemorate the man and his dream. But I just don't know how I'm supposed to act or feel.

I could start by treating other people with more respect and love, as the man would have wanted us to be doing. Or I could take a cue from the celebration of another holiday named for another man of peace. I could just pretend to care about other people more, the way people do at Christmas.

My quandary comes basically because the holiday is too new to have any songs to traditionally sing or foods to traditionally eat. Our descendants will probably find it much easier to slip into the spirit of the holiday.

Oh, there were celebrations. Again, I wouldn't put down those good and sincere people who took part. But what can those of us who really don't care do? What sort of rituals are we supposed to blindly go through?

I invite your input.

But, actually, I think I like it. True, mail is stopped, and I love mail, even junk mail. But there has got to be an advantage to keeping big institutions like banks closed an extra day. Like an extra day to kite checks.

Government is closed an extra day too. That's got to be worth any minor inconveniences holidays otherwise thrust upon us. It saves money by closing all those offices and services and allows the government an extra day to kite checks. With the deficits our federal government has run up, we need more holidays.

So here's a list of prospective new holidays to fill up the spaces we now

have between present holidays. First we need to fill the spaces we still have between November and March, where we already have holidays about every two weeks, and then fill that vast wasteland of time between April and October, where whole months will have only one.

Ev Mecham Day — We already

Trevor
McArthur



have a day commemorating a man of great intelligence and a giant of love and peace, now we need to represent the opposite extreme. This would be for right-wingers who are really too dumb to be considered serious bigots.

Guy Fawkes Day — This is a big deal in England, I guess. Fawkes was the leader of a conspiracy to blow up Parliament in the early 17th century. Anyone who thinks thus of politicians is an OK guy (or Guy) with me. The traditional food shall be frankfurters tied to sticks and set ablaze with cooking sherry. You put them out by whacking them against buildings or each other.

Teacher Salary Increase Day — Once a year, everything closes so everybody can get the "teaching is an important profession, teachers should be paid better" bug out of their systems for the whole year. Maybe the state legislatures will meet for a special session to raise salaries, but not enough to really matter — we wouldn't want to actually solve a

problem.

Old Rock-Stars Day — We could ignore it until now, but some of these guys are going to survive into their 80s or 90s. This won't be so traumatic for fans of pop-head groups like Mr. Mister or the Outfield, but there is a chance (granted, a small one) Mick Jagger, Johnny Lydon or Wendy O. Williams could go the distance. The rock star who is the biggest farce of his or her popular image gets to be grand marshal of the big parade, which MTV is barred from covering.

Bimbo Day — We need a day to recognize the important achievements women have made to society by participating in the political process and in the business world, but first let's recognize the effect other women have had by just being there. Our recent examples were great. Jessica Hahn and Donna Rice made news just by being picked up by dumb public figures and Fawn Hall simply by looking better than anyone in the White House last summer. Name three other women who, combined, got more press than any one of these this year.

Broken Treaties Day — We should celebrate the way this nation was really built — by signing treaties we had no intention of keeping. And by the way, if the Indians don't like how they've been treated, they should go back where they came from.

Dead Kennedys Day — Your holiday in Cambodia. I thought of this day not just to commemorate two great politicians who helped transform this nation, but because holidays with traditional songs like "Too Drunk to F—" and "MTV Get Off the Air" seems irresistible.

(P.S. Jello, I bought your "Frankenchrist" album used. Could you send me a copy of the obscene poster?)

Rollins rivals Murphy with 'Big Ugly Mouth'

By Michael Deeds
Staff Reporter

Henry Rollins, "Big Ugly Mouth," Texas Hotel Records

Henry Rollins once sang that he was a "man among men walking tall with a plan." But so far nobody can seem to tell what sort of plan this man has in mind, especially from his latest album.

Rollins, who led the introverted punk band Black Flag until they broke up in late 1986, recently released his second full-length solo

Album Review

album, "Big Ugly Mouth." However, not all Black Flag fans are going to like this album when they set it on the turntable and give it a spin.

There isn't any music on this album. Apparently, Henry is now either a stand-up comic or a respected touring speaker. It's impossible to decipher which by listening to him talk.

"Big Ugly Mouth" is a collection of cheaply recorded speeches given by Rollins at various college campuses across the country. The audience is mostly young punks, though, not college students. Rollins gives pep talks, tells jokes, relates touring experiences and, of course, complains about policemen a lot. However, most Rollins fans will not identify with this album well.

His anecdotes are not the normal maniacal, angel-dusted visions that most people would expect from Rollins. Most of the album is humorous, at least to an extent, even when he is trying to be

serious. Who can take a grave speech about poverty when Rollins also gives a 20-minute monologue on masturbation?

Rollins rivals Eddie Murphy in the use of obscenities, but he is definitely not in the same league of humor. He has some unusual opinions, as could be expected, but even those are intended to be funny. Only Rollins would think that Darryl Hannah "poos talcum powder" or that society is desperately in need of "John Holmes bubblegum cards."

However, after the letdown of thinking about Rollins doing anything but screaming lyrics about depression, it must be said that the album is entertaining. Sure, it isn't profound when he wants it to be profound, but it is fairly funny.

Rollins pokes fun at Harley bikers, transvestites, punks, his mother and father, and various other dregs of American society. His imitations of Olympic skiers on PCP and condom commercials on MTV are hilarious.

However, the basic flaw of this album is the attempt at seriousness. The last track, which deals with his observation of an anonymous handicapped man in New York, is insulting to disabled people. He is being sincere, but when held next to the obscenely humorous content of most of the album, this is at best a feeble attempt at being a martyr.

But if Rollins fans can overlook this problem, they probably will get to like the album for its humor. The appeal will be greater to people who don't like punk rock, but like comedians. It is an adequately funny album. Still, it would be nice to know what this guy's plan is.