



Flaming Lips

Courtesy of Forced Exposure

Doctors' Mob, Flaming Lips fire up stage

By Brian Wood
Staff Reporter

If the psychedelic revolution is coming back to life, the Flaming Lips are leading the way to the new

Concert Review

era of strange. The Lips may not have been the headline band, but their style, delivery and overall stage presence left the listeners' minds baking in their skulls. The headline band, Doctors' Mob, had it all together, but after the Lips left the stage, the crowd lost all interest. The Lips took the stage in their

mid-'60s flower-child clothes, cranked up their light show and blared out a screaming version of the tail end of Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love," which instantly submerged the crowd into the sub-levels of their own minds.

"We went right to it," said the band's bassist, Mike Ivins, "and we did the best part (of the song), too."

Trying to explain the exact style of their music is difficult. It had a ragged '60s tone, the '70s style of hard-hitting Deep Purple hard rock, '80s hard-core skate-thrash sound. There is no way to actually pin a classification on them, but much

can be interpreted from the name "Flaming Lips."

"It sounds weird, and it's timeless," said Ivins, which is probably the best way to describe this Midwestern phenomenon.

The headline band Doctors' Mob based most of its show on the total effort and energy of the performance. Their music was not as entertaining as the Lips', but the band displayed the feeling of the music with great intensity. The Mob put 110 percent into their show, and the audience put in zero. The Omaha crowds have never been good, but this crowd insulted both bands with

total lack of appreciation. Doctors' Mob, however, played at a constant level of intensity despite the lack of interest shown by the alleged fans.

"We like Omaha. The people here have been some of the nicest people to us," said Glenn Benavides, the Mob's drummer. I certainly hope the rudeness of the audience has not changed their opinion.

At the end of the show, about 15 people were left in the audience, but Doctors' Mob came off the stage looking semi-satisfied. If either band comes to this area again, it is much worth the effort to see the show, the whole show.

'Spokesong' to open at Playhouse

The Lincoln Community Playhouse, with the support of the Nebraska Arts Council, announces the opening of "Spokesong" by Stewart Parker, with music by Jimmy Kennedy and lyrics by Stewart Parker at 8 p.m. Thursday. Performances will continue at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday, Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 10-14, and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 17-20. The Playhouse will stage a 2:30 p.m. matinee on performance Sundays.

Author and lyricist Stewart Parker was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, which is also the setting for "Spokesong." The play premiered at the 1975 Dublin Theatre Festival and opened in London the following year where it earned an "Evening Standard" award, the equivalent of the American Tony Award. Musician Jimmy Kennedy, also a native of Ireland, has been a songwriter since before World War I, and found success with such songs as "We're Gonna Hang Out The Washing on the Siegfried Line" and "The Hokey Pokey."

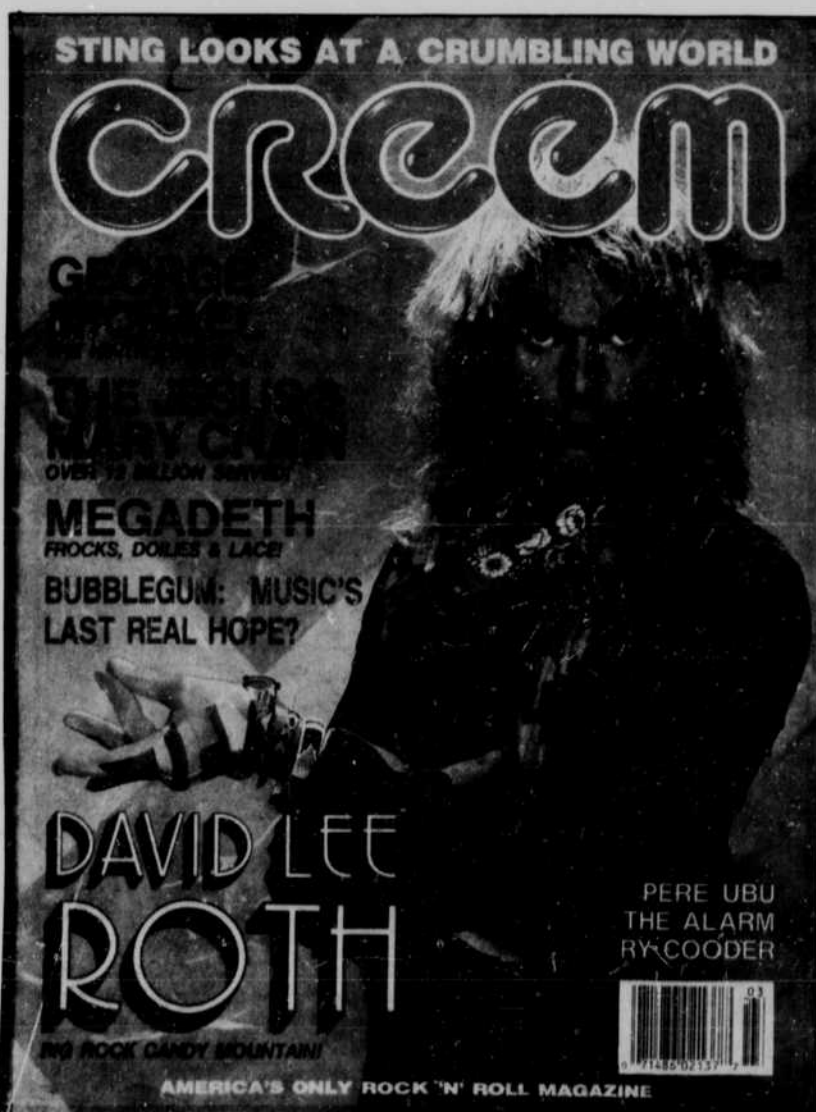
"Spokesong" is directed by artistic director E. Mike Dobbins with Janene Sheldon as music director and Suzanne Schreiber acting as stage manager. Scenographer is C. M. Zuby, with lighting design and technical direction by Playhouse technical director Tom Curtright.

Ticket prices for "Spokesong" performances on Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday are \$10 for adults and \$5 for youth 18 and under; for Friday and Saturday performances, ticket prices are \$12 for adults and \$6 for youth.

For opening weekend performances only, students over 18 with a valid, current student identification card may purchase half-price tickets at the door 30 minutes before the performance.

To make reservations, please contact the Lincoln Community Playhouse box office at 489-9608, 10 a.m. through 4 p.m. Monday through Friday.

New 'Creem' rises to the top of music mags



Courtesy of Creem Magazine

By Geoff McMurtry
Senior Editor

Creem magazine is back. After a mid-'80s hiatus amid an embarrassing period of mindless chart-following, complete with vacuous interviews of inane "stars" who were usually on People's cover the same week (or the week before), Creem is indeed back.

Media Review

Before this little aberration, which began circa late 1983, and was due in no small part to the death of original publisher Barry Kramer, Creem actually may have deserved its billing as "America's Only Rock 'N' Roll Magazine." After a three month lapse, Creem began publishing again. It was at about this time that they gradually changed into what can best be described as a leather-and-chain-bound Tiger Beat.

Within months, cover subjects, interviews, reviews, and editorial outlook changed from "Johnny Rotten is God" and "Who's Really the Clash: Strummer or Jones?" to "Ozzy Osbourne Grows Up" and "Who's the Greatest Rock and Roll Band of All Time: Motley Crue or Ratt?"

About a year and a half ago, after Kramer's wife sold the magazine to Arnold Levitt, Creem moved its offices to Los Angeles, installed former staffer John Kordosh as editor, and began assembling most of the best rock writers in the nation, including many of the original and early Creem writers.

Although Kordosh says some of

their former staff has "priced themselves out of our range," many of them are back, and write for Creem, usually reviews, as a sideline to other jobs.

"A lot of the writers do feel a certain loyalty to the magazine," said Kordosh. "As far as writing for other magazines, if they can get rich doing it, I'm all for it." Creem Magazine started out in Detroit in the late '60s as a vehicle for several young writers to cover their local music scene. Well known rock critics like "Nuggets" author/compiler and Patti Smith Group guitarist Lenny Kaye; "Blondie" biography author Lester Bangs; former Rolling Stone contributing editor, Creem co-founder, and personal biographer to Bruce Springsteen Dave Marsh; as well as Kordosh. All lived in Detroit at the time and wrote about then-local bands like Iggy Pop and the Stooges, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, and the gloriously infamous and still-undeservedly underground MC5. The magazine was irreverent, exciting, and, in the words of Kordosh, "radically leftist."

"It was much more political then, in every sense of the word," said Kordosh.

When compared to what he sees currently around him, Kordosh said, "These U2 type of politics...I personally think...suck. To me that's not the same." Comparatively, or perhaps, consequently, Creem is "pretty apolitical at this point."

They gradually expanded their coverage nationwide and beyond, moved to New York, and became the premiere rock magazine of the '70s. Among Creem's writers at that time

was local music godfather Charlie Burton.

There are several rock magazines currently on the horizon, (Rolling Stone, Spin, Musician, etc.) and though all of the above have their moments, the only one (other than fanzines) with any real sense of what they're doing, or claim to be doing, is Creem. In fairness to everyone else, Creem could, just once, let go and admit they don't hate something even if it's liked by someone else, but even that makes for much more interesting reading than most of the offerings of the competition.

Rolling Stone can get Carly Simon and Paul Shaffer to sell subscriptions in their commercials while they brag about being on the cutting edge of new music, even as they're trying their best to ensure everything they review, feature, or profile is already in the Easy Listening Top 40.

Spin, while being much closer to reality than Stone, and having a semblance of humor, still has trouble deciding what the difference is between unknown artists, deserved obscurity and plain general incompetence.

Musician, of course, lists all the latest in breakthrough fret design, along with reams of paper filled with analytical interviews of music store employees who've played them all. Rock 'N' Roll, man.

The most noticeable feature about Creem has always been its cauldron-of-boiling-acid sense of humor. The writers and editors obviously love, live, and breathe rock music, but would never for a moment take it

See 'CREEM' on 7