

Punk is living corpse but the spirit is active

A couple years back, the punkers realized something: no one was listening. After all the songs, all the concerts and all the upheaval, it still didn't matter. The world went on, occasionally snickering at recently mutated fashions and music.

over. Sometimes the ghost learns to play its instruments and becomes listenable. Then they call it post-punk or selling out. Sometimes the ghost speaks many languages. Then they don't know what to call it.

Punk is doing more to kill itself than the Real World could have ever hoped to do. Punk was once a reaction to clone fashion but has become just more of the same. It is a simple formula: get a funny-looking haircut, tear some clothing and moan about not being accepted by the rest of the world.

The music itself is suffering a similar fate. Most of the punkers only go to concerts with relatively well-known bands and high prices to get in. These kids know who they have paid to see.

Small local bands, once the driving force of the punk movement, are now satisfied with establishing a small clique of followers and doing nothing more. Some locals sketch a band's name on the back of a shirt and everyone is happy, the revolution is nigh. Then the band breaks up, another shirt is bought at the thrift shop and another band name is sketched.

Punk has become a living corpse. Most of the kids involved are stealing the breath from the

See FIFTH COLUMN on 10

Bryan Peterson



Most of the punkers, once resplendent in Mohican glory, grew up, went to school and got jobs. The slogans joined the combat boots in forgotten piles and punk became a dusty memory for most. But a few haven't given up. They have heard the choruses of "punk is dead" for years but keep going, driven by some energy alien to the masses.

People don't call it punk anymore. Now it is hardcore or thrash or thrashmetal. Whatever the label, the spirit survives, a fleeting ghost in the machine of society.

The ghost screams on in unfilled concert halls and on self-produced tapes and records. Sometimes the ghost mixes in some heavy metal and they call it speedmetal or cross-

'Laurus' showcases student works



Courtesy of Laurus

By Mick Dyer
Senior Reporter

The perennial appearance of the Laurus, the University of Nebraska-Lincoln student fine arts magazine, is as sure a sign of spring on campus as the aroma of lilacs floating on the breeze.

Book Review

This year's edition features the work of 18 undergraduate and graduate writers and artists. Twenty-four poems, three short stories and six illustrations document the variety of literary styles students are experimenting with.

Although each piece in the Laurus this year is strong and worthy of merit,

there are several works that especially stand out.

"Body Language," a poem by Margrethe Ahlschwede, is a poem describing a bluejay. Ahlschwede masterfully sculpts the poem to read with the same feeling of watching a bird. As the bird flies into the scene, stops, eats a sunflower seed, stops and flies away with the same elusiveness as it came with, the tempo of the poem follows the syncopated motions of the bird. I read this poem several times.

"Willard" and "Not Many People are 19 Years and 16 Days Long," poems by Jen Deselms, showcase her voice as a writer and her attention to detail. Her writing style is lean but full of active, vivid descriptions of those seemingly inconsequential moments of life that wind up revealing so much. Her voice is sincere and as easy to follow as conversation. What she accomplishes is the effortless transfer of mood from poet to reader, which some people may argue, is what poetry is all about. Some very moving stuff, I hope she continues writing.

Three untitled pieces and one entitled "Tangiers," by R. Allen, were especially appealing to me. A variety of powerful emotional and physical images are blended into surreal and beautiful cerebral experiences. At

times, the poems are hypnotic, at others they have almost a musical quality. Allen is actively aware of the sound of poetry, which is something I think many poets are overlooking today.

"On Avocado-Green Refrigerators," by Michelle C. Howell, is a poem about slowly imagining yourself out of existence. It is full of stunning, creative metaphors. The poem takes its name from this verse:

*Blood pulses from my heart outward,
never to return:
an Amtrack train
with a one way ticket
rushing past the landscape
so the colors whirl
like fingerpaintings found on
avocado-green refrigerators
framed by chocolate pudding
and mud smears.*

"Glass Button," by Thomas McNeil, is a sensitive, graceful love poem about the patience often required to open a girl's blouse that I really enjoyed. I just wanted to mention it, but I can't say why because I look enough like a sexist pig already. Very romantic.

Copies of Laurus are available at the English department headquarters, Room 202 Andrews Hall, for \$2.

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