Flaming Lips to heat up Duffy's Wednesday

LIVE from Page 12

Lincoln's weekend play at Oscar's, 800 O St., Saturday night.

Almost 10 years old, the band has gone through many internal changes.

According to one of the lead singers, Steve Spurgeon, The Confidentials is a better band now than it was

The band had to replace seven members.

"The band is a lot more professional -- it's a lot better," he said.

"That's not to say the other guys aren't good," he said.

One of the advantages of this band is the camaraderie, Spurgeon said.

"Everyone gets along -- every-one's serious about the music," he

Straying a little from the cover scene that they were famous for in the

past, The Confidentials now play a lot nals," Spurgeon said. more ska, reggae and old soul.

we're starting to incorporate origi- speculation is a lie.

Dispelling any challenges to the "We still do a lot of covers, but band's talent, Spurgeon says the



Courtesy of Restless Records

The Flaming Lips

pseudo-horror

Shut Up and Watch the Movie is written by Lisa Donovan, a junior news-editorial major and William Rudolph, a sophomore English ma-

William Rudolph: It's a good thing I wasn't eating Sugar Babies, or "The Burbs" would have made me spray the theater floor with them.

Lisa Donovan: It was probably the biggest waste of two hours, William, but I would never give this pseudohorror flick the pleasure of regurgitation. It hurts just talking about it, again.

WR: I know how close you came to walking out, Lisa, and I'm so glad you stayed with me. I couldn't have faced "The Burbs" alone. I thought when you got up to blow your nose you were leaving for good, but you came back. It must be dedication to your job. LD: Hell no! I hadn't finished my

buttered popcorn. Anyway I can't believe that with a cast comprised of the talents of Bruce Dern, Tom Hanks and good old Princess Leia, I mean Carrie Fisher, and, of course, Brother Theodore that the movie turned out that bad.

WR: Brother who? Didn't I see him on "Magnum P.I." once? Oh, you mean the guy who played one of the Klopecks, the one with the twisted face. You hit it right on the head, Lisa. "The Burbs" just goes to show you that a great cast doesn't

always make up for a stupid script.

LD: No, not "Magnum P.I.,"

William, it was the Johnny Carson show. I thought there were some funny parts, which, I suppose, could be attributed to my lack of sleep. Such scenes included a scene where the neighbors first get a view of one of the new kids on the block. Their reac-tions are enhanced by great close-up camera shots, which includes a closeup shot of the neighborhood poodle. It was so ridiculous, it was fenny.

WR: The camera work was great. But in order to explain it, I'll have to give a plot summary. OK, deep breath. "The Burbs" is all about Greg Peterson (Hanks), a nice harm-

his neighbors decide that the new family next door, the Klopecks, are an evil crew up to something eerie.

LD: The show takes a turn from a slapstick version of "Neighbors," to a "Police Academy" version of a "Police Academy" version of "Nightmare on Elm Street." We discover this in the scene where one of the recluse neighbors steps out to get the morning paper. He is no Beaver Cleaver, but an emaciated teen who needs some sun. That was a pretty funny scene, eh, William?

WR: Everyone stops in their tracks: Bruce Dern, the arms dealer next door, Wendy Schaal, his bleached blonde wife, and Art, the sloppy piece of sludge who's dreamed up the entire conspiracy, plus one of the neighbor's poodle. That was a classic shot. Anyway, it's not long before Hanks and friends deduce that the Klopecks have murdered poor old Walter next door. What will they do? Will they form a commando squad and fight to save their manicured lawns before the movie deteriorates into not funny jokes and a bad message?

LD: A very predictable movie that tries to be everything, but ends up accomplishing nothing. The characters were great, but we never get to know any of them -- there's no subplots. This puppy needed some help. Speaking of puppies, I'm glad they used a poodle. Those are by far the worst species alive. I'm not in any way advocating Dern's threat on the dog's life for pooping in his yard, but a little poodle-ribbing never hurt

WR: Speaking of dogs, let me talk about Corey Feldman, the perennial snotty teen. Did we mention he was in here? Of course he is. He's in every movie. Maybe the reason we forgot about him at first is because he (gasp) is starring without Corey Haim for a forgettable in this flick. All Feldman does in this stinker is stride around with greasy hair and say, "Hey, Dude," in his fake-throaty voice.

LD: Now, Brother Theodore is another story, in fact he should have been casted in another story. But he wasn't. So let's talk about it -- be-cause he almost saves the "The Burbs." In a scene where the neighless guy who lives in the suburbs with bors go and visit the nocturnal new-his wife (Fisher). Suddenly, he and comers, Bro Theo's brilliant and trite

WR: In 10 words or less, "The was very lame. Nothing worked, not really. The cast should hang their heads in shame. Joe Dante should go back to directing things like "The Howling." I'm going to try to forget I paid money to see this.

LD: Next time I'll wear a watch so 126 North 14th Suite #2 I don't have to look at yours.

"We're not the best band, but we're good," he said. "There's not a band in the state

that rocks the house like we do," he

The Confidentials will start rockin' at 9 p.m. The cover is \$3.

As the old saying goes, when it rains, it pours. Although Omaha has attracted such national bands as Violent Femmes at Peony Park, Wednes-

day and R.E.M. at the Civic Auditorium, Friday -- Lincoln is bringing fame to Duffy's, 1412 O St., Wednesday night in the form of the Flaming

Described by critics and even themselves as weird, the six-year-old trio brings its haunting sounds from its home in Norman, Okla.

Show time is 9 p.m. The opening bands have yet to be announced.



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