

No shortage of live music

# Local, national bands to perform in Lincoln



**Magic Slim**

Photo courtesy of Larry Kodani

By **Mick Dyer**  
Staff Previewer

Local and national musicians will have a fairly equal share of the live music scene over the next few days. Here's a brief rundown of bands playing in Lincoln today through Nov. 7.

**Alternative:**  
Tonight, *Flesh Petal* and *Sideshow* will play at *Duffy's Tavern*, 1412 O St.

*Flesh Petal* made its debut performance two weeks ago at *Duffy's*. The band features present and ex-members of creative and entertaining Lincoln bands, such as *Elysium Crossing*, *Trout Mystery* and *the Return*, as well as a couple of musicians with no previous band experience. Needless to say, *Flesh Petal's* sound is as varied as the backgrounds of its members.

The band's strengths two weeks ago were searing guitar lines, rain-maker thunder-drumming, funky bass lines, and, when the vocalist could be heard, aching and occasionally spirited lyrics. The band's weakness two weeks ago was that it lacked cohesion, and sometimes direction. But given more time together, the band may blossom into one of Lincoln's alternative finest.

*Sideshow* has been a leader of and innovator in Lincoln's alternative music scene for several years now. Its music is a robust blend of

hard-core, straight-ahead rock 'n' roll and reggae influences. And the band has a reputation for playing its music on the loud side. Good stuff.

Sunday, *The Neats* will play at *Duffy's*. The *Neats* are a hard-living, hard-rocking and bopping band with college-student appeal. The band's music is in the same vein as the *Replacements*, only not as nasty. Somewhat glamorous music with an edge.



**Country:**

Thursday, *Sean Benjamin* will play at *9th Street Blues*, 421 S. 9th Street. Outstanding acoustic folk music.

Friday and Saturday, *Joyce Durand* and *Paul Newton* will play at the *Sidetrack*, 935 O St.

**Jazz/Blues:**

Tonight, the *James Harman Band* will play at the *Zoo Bar*, 136 N. 14th St.

The *James Harman Band* plays a sweaty and aggressive blend of deep southern rural blues and northern urban soul. Quite simply, the band plays music that is deep down in the roots of what this country is all about. And every red-blooded American with a pulse

will find inspiration to move with the sound when this group of musical patriots take the stage.

Here's why:

Charisma. *James Harman*, vocalist/harmonica player, is a showman's showman who clearly enjoys his line of work. On stage, he mixes up fast-paced humor with stunning vocals and some dynamic moves. With a solid wall of fine performers behind him, the *James Harman Band* rivets the audience's attention to the stage.

Intensity. Between forceful and eloquent vocals; harp playing; hard-hitting and masterful guitar playing; and the driving rhythm and percussion section, the *James Harman Band* is like an unanchored live wire that plugs its rumbling, rolling house-rocking energy straight into the audience's soul.

Passion. *Harman* blows a mean harp. *Cashbox* magazine said, "James Harman is perhaps the finest white blues singer-harmonica player we've ever heard." Actually, race has nothing to do with it; one has to hear this band and feel its emotional punch to believe it.

Thursday, the *Gulizia Brothers* will play jazz music at *Julio's*, 132 S. 13th St.

Friday, *Fusion Force* will play jazz fusion at *Julio's*.

Thursday through Saturday and

See **LIVE** on 10

Bush album lacks central concept

## Two talented musicians release new albums

By **Mark Hain**  
Staff Reporter

**Kate Bush**  
"The Sensual World"  
EMI Records

Since *Kate Bush* first appeared in 1977, the music press has written as much about her breasts as her passionate, unique and self-revealing music.

True, *Bush's* ever-present pout, dark auburn mane and dancer's body helped her to be voted one of "rock's most dateable women" in a recent "Spin" magazine, but her role as an intelligent, talented and slightly off-kilter musician rightly has predominated.

She has downplayed her looks by

focusing her material on themes ranging from Aboriginal land rights to the mystical properties of menstruation. Entire album sides were inspired by her own outer-body experiences.

But on "The Sensual World," her first album of new material in four years, *Bush* settles gracefully into a more conventional style without sacrificing her eclectic approach to music.

"The Sensual World" opens with the title track, one of the most provocative numbers *Bush* ever has performed. More openly erotic than any of her more arcane tracks, *Bush* croons openly about her breasts and punctuates the undulating stream of pipes and bouzoukis with frequent sighs of "ummm, yes." In this track,

*Bush* manages to be more arousing than a bus load of *Samantha Foxes*, and still explore the marriage of rock 'n' roll with Middle East music.

### album REVIEW

Unlike most of *Bush's* earlier albums, "The Sensual World" has no central concept. A few of the songs are united only by a sincere but irritating sentimentality.

In a recent interview, *Bush* said she hoped the album would be comforting to listeners "going through a tough time."

Certainly the intensely personal nature of *Bush's* work would make this a friendly late-night companion, but some of the tracks lack the bite

that made *Bush's* earlier work so darkly attractive. "Reaching Out" for example, comes dangerously close to *Stevie Nicks*-ish mawkishness, but *Bush's* pleading passion saves the song.

Despite her growing conventionality, *Bush* is still far from a "safe" songwriter, and even the tracks that don't work as well are way above average. However, the first side remains vaguely unsatisfying. *Bush* ends the first half of "The Sensual World" in a more typically odd fashion with "Heads We're Dancing," a nearly disco track about dancing with Hitler. By the second side, though, *Bush* concocts a stunning collection of music.

"The Sensual World" continues *Bush's* career-long experimentation

with international musicians. She uses many Irish instruments. Three of the tracks on the second side feature the haunting vocalization of the *Trio Bulgarka*. *Bush's* soprano blends well with the slightly nasal harmonizing of the Bulgarian vocalists. The singers add an amazing complement to *Bush's* work, never sounding out of place, even amidst the explosive guitar of *Pink Floyd's* *Dave Gilmour* on "Rocket's Tail," or backing lyrics about a lonely woman who turns to her computer for companionship on "Deeper Understanding."

The ultimate summation of *Bush's* "world music" experimentation is evident on the achingly beautiful "Never Be Mine." A union of

See **KATE** on 10

## Album commemorates anniversary; most songs are weak, forgettable

By **John Payne**  
Staff Reporter

In commemoration of its 10th anniversary, I.R.S. records has released a compilation album of various artists who appear on its label. The LP, entitled "These People are Nuts", consists of 22 songs from groups such as *Fine Young Cannibals*, the *Alarm*, *R.E.M.* and early *Police*.

I.R.S. long has been on the cutting edge of music, but this album is so loaded with fluff that it doesn't begin to do justice to what has been a very bold, refreshing record company.

"These People are Nuts" contains one silly song after another, beginning with "We Got the Beat" by the *GoGo's* and continuing with *Wall of Voodoo's* "Mexi-

can Radio" and *R.E.M.'s* most annoying hit "Superman." The point to be made here is that there have been some very solid groups recording with I.R.S. over the past 10 years, but the cuts chosen for this album are really unworthy of retrospect.

### album REVIEW

*Root Boy Slim's* "Dare to be Fat" is one of the many novelty songs offered:

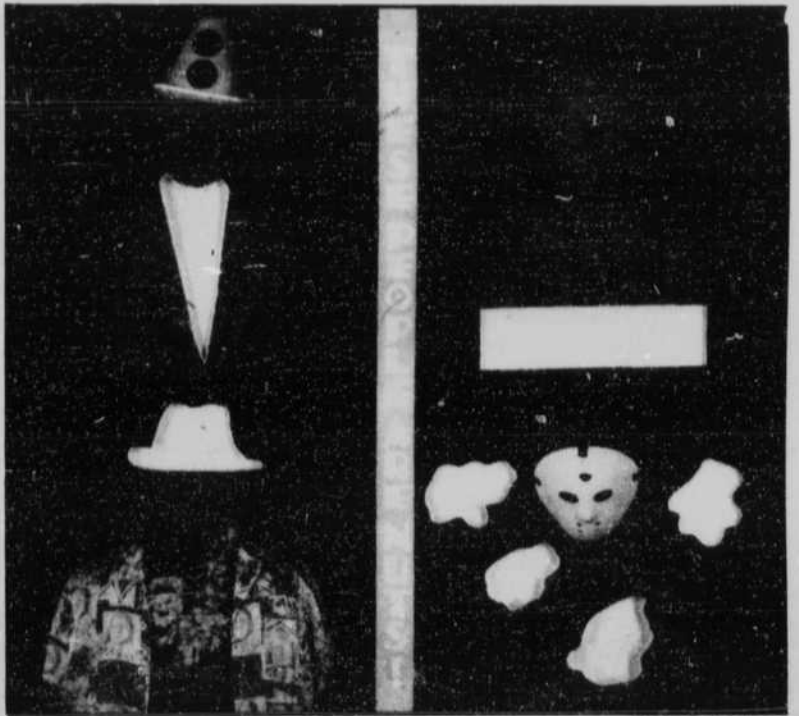
"Dare to be fat/fat is where it's at/... havin' a ball with cholesterol/ c'mon you all/ fat don't matter at all..."

*England's* *Dr. and the Medics* absolutely murder a classic with their techno-pop version of *Nor-*

*man Greenbaum's* "Spirit in the Sky," *Oingo Boingo* is very boring with "Only a Lad" and *Lords of the New Church* deliver a half-hearted attempt at humor with *Madonna's* "Like a Virgin."

The only bright spot on this compilation is *Concrete Blonde*, a great L.A. band whose tune "I'll Chew You Up and Spit You Out" so outclasses the rest of these songs that I hesitate to bring it up. "I'll Chew You Up" is a very gritty extended version of "Still in Hollywood," which can be found on *Concrete Blonde's* first album.

I suggest buying that, or *R.E.M.'s* "Murmur," or anything by the *Police*, and staying away from this very weak compilation. Of all the great tracks available to I.R.S., they have chosen the most inane and forgettable.



Courtesy photo