



Tad

Courtesy of Sub Pop

Wailing, flesh-laden Tad to bring ugliness to city

By Michael Deeds
Senior Editor

Tad is a very large man. His last album was entitled "God's Balls."

The guy used to hack up meat for a living.

But this Sunday night, the mountainous butcher-turned-axeman will bring his nasty group of grungy metal mongers to Duffy's Tavern, 1412 O St., in what could be the most explosive show in Lincoln this year.

Tad is a lot of things. A man, a

group of intensely loud people redefining music accidentally.

Doyle began as a drummer for several now defunct bands in Seattle before picking up the guitar a couple years ago and fronting his own band. Vocals come as easily as slaughtering raw meat for the gargoyle, who sounds as big as he looks, and maybe a little uglier.

Tad described his band in New Music Express as "a big metallic grinding machine that sounds as though it's going to blow up and fall apart at any moment. It needs oil real bad, but it never gets it."

Lubricant would be devastating for Tad. The band's strained, deliberate mosh wall pours around the behemoth's SCREAMING, not singing. Tad told Sounds: "I don't sing -- faggots sing."

Nothing is smooth about songs with titles like "Sex God Missy," "Nipple Belt," and "Pork Chop." Tad is an element of evil in the music industry today, an Antichrist to the angelic New Kids on the Block.

Tad's latest release, EP "Salt Lick," takes the grunge even further. Tad is a catastrophic documentation of isolated thinking, an amoral exercise in fury.

Live Tad is relentless and bludgeoning, a shockwave from a sonic boom that may well bring the fire marshal to Duffy's in search of a volcano.

Opening for Tad will be Lincoln's own Sawhorse. Tickets are \$5 in advance, \$6 day of show. Tickets are available at Project Import, Pickles and Drastic Plastic. Showtime is 9:30 p.m.

concert

PREVIEW

band, a Bigfoot monster bus. Cumulatively, Tad is a Sub Pop records quartet fronted by 300-pound Tad Doyle.

Known for his intense sweating and a stage persona that makes Meatloaf look like Pee Wee Herman, Doyle has nothing in common with other power chord wailers besides noise. This guy is the bad apple of Sub Pop, the hardest, deadliest, loudest hunk of rotten, stinking flesh Seattle could produce.

Along with other Sub Pop bands like Nirvana, Mudhoney and Cat But, Tad has begun trouncing English and American music fans with that plodding noisy wasteland-style now defined more in adjective sense as "sub pop" than label sense.

And Tad really is not Sub Pop in the loose, happily sloppy way Mudhoney employs. Harmony is not there. Beauty is never there.

Tad is the Motorhead of the '90s, a

Hanna

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didn't like into our milk cartons and then we smashed it up with a fork and it looked like puke and we were laughing really hard about it when Mrs. Rockel, the principal, came over and she saw the puke-stuff and it was on Mike's tray so she made him eat it as a punishment and I was trying so hard not to laugh as he was eating it because he looked like he was gonna puke himself and that would've been even funnier.

Mrs. Rockel is pretty mean overall but I've only had to go to her office once and it was for something I didn't even do so I thought it was kinda unfair so I told my dad and he came down and chewed her out and she was all red and embarrassed and trying to make excuses but my dad kept burning her and it was funny but Mrs. Wilson said that I was talking all of the time but it was this stupid girl Margie who was talking and saying how great she was and everything and I just told her to shut up and that's when Mrs. Wilson yelled at me and when I tried to explain she got madder and sent me to the principal and that's when my dad came and he believed me and stuck up for me

mostly because I think he hates Mrs. Rockel anyway.

Once, me and Mike and this guy Nick who's always hanging around but we don't really like were picking these apple things off of a tree and beaming them at birds in these trees and Mike even hit one right in the head and it fell down and flopped around for a while but I think it lived and all of the sudden this dog walks by and he stops next to us and then just dumps one right there on the lawn and we were laughing so hard that tears came out of our eyes and then Mike took a stick and flicked it at Nick who went home then. It was so funny.

Then there was this other time when me and Mike and Derek and I think maybe Nick but I don't know were in the boy's bathroom and we were seeing who could stand the farthest away from the pee-things on the wall and still make our pee go into it and Mike won but he always does and then this teacher walks in but we had stopped and he could just see all of the pee on the floor but we just told him that one of the pee-things overflowed and he believed us and we laughed so hard we almost all pee'd again because he was so stupid.

Anyway, these are some of the funny things that happen in my life

and when funny things happen again like when Mike will sometimes put food like corn or peas in this one girl's hair but it's so big that she doesn't even notice that he did it and she goes around school all day with corn and peas in her hair and probably doesn't know what happened until she takes a shower and when funny stuff like that happens, I'll ask my dad if he'll let me write a column again because he isn't very funny he's just old and thinks he's funny but I don't usually tell him that because I think it makes him mad and maybe you would rather see my stuff in the paper because I'm funnier anyway.

Bye.
Hanna is a senior theater major and Daily Nebraskan arts and entertainment staff reporter and columnist.

Crazy

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years.
The unnecessary scenes with Moore and Hannah do hinder this movie, but luckily, "Crazy People" never bogs down for too long.

The various ads that Moore and his new "agency" (other patients) come up with are hilarious and too numerous to mention. They make the movie.

With credits like "Diner," "Cross My Heart," and "Aliens," Paul Reiser has yet to be in a bad film. That's rare for a young comic, and causes one to wonder why he has chosen to dabble in television sitcoms.

Along with Walsh, Reiser turns in the best performance in "Crazy People." More than any other actor around, he seems to make the perfect corporate brown-noser.

Moore, on the other hand, simply isn't the movie commodity that he once was, but at least he is beginning to choose good roles again.

So "Crazy People" runs its Jekyll/Hyde course between moments of absolute hilarity and those of boredom, with Jekyll winning by a nose. If Mitch "Good Morning Vietnam" Markowitz had stuck to his very clever premise, he could have had a great movie. As is, "Crazy People" isn't a complete waste of time.

"Crazy People" is playing at the Douglas 3, 1300 P St.

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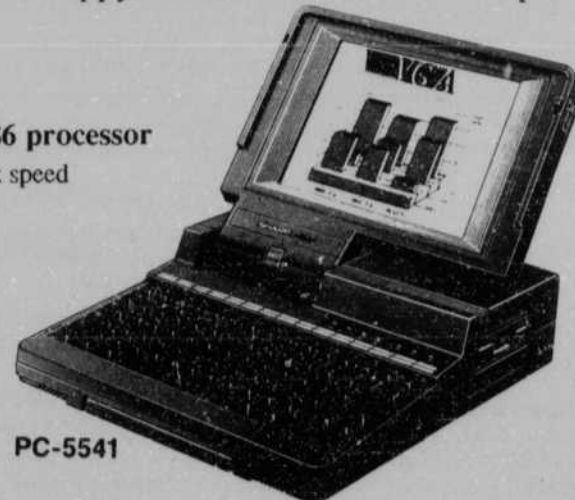
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