

Lubricated Goat bleats out crude dissonance



Michelle Paulman/Daily Nebraskan

Stu Spasm of Lubricated Goat regurgitates some sort of guttural noise Wednesday night at Duffy's Tavern while the crowd bows in worship.

By Michael Deeds
Senior Editor

The only slick thing about Lubricated Goat was the oil on their unwashed jeans, but the ruffians from down under reeked a deranged charisma at Duffy's on Wednesday night. A clan of messy hair, tattooed mistakes and malnutrition, Lubricated



Goat staggered onstage and plunged into a couple of tunes from the band's latest release, "Psychedelicatessen."

Guitarist Stu Spasm, the seizure-ridden singer of the band, immediately awakened for "Spoil the Atmosphere," a song he told the crowd in a strong Australian accent was "about trees and stuff."

His head moved little, seemingly attached to the microphone by his lips, while his rag-doll body jerked and writhed dangerously.

The Goat proved itself a tight grunge unit with a certain magic, especially

when it tore into "Nerve Quake," off last year's "Lubricated Goat Plays the Devil's Music." Though the song lacked the sweetly distorted vocals of the vinyl version, Spasm was plenty strange, and he seemed pleased that a few people recognized the tune.

Drummer Martin Bland whacked his simple set in a soft Sub Pop style.

An inventive infatuation with aural oddity soon became evident. On "Frotting with Ennio," Spasm took a guitar slide and holding it between his thumb and forefinger, tapped up the fretboard, drilling harmonics.

This strange, repetitious technique created a bizarre song that had the crowd confused and excited, a talent that few bands can claim.

It took little to incite a small core of slammers in the audience, which was typical for Duffy's. Even during "Can't Believe We're Really Making Love," the band's incredible Barry White spoof, the crowd acted like it was a Slayer concert.

But the Goat seemed quite appreciative. Overall, the show was a refreshing change from the usual Sub Pop pummeling, great as it is, and Lubricated Goat walked out quite pleased -- except for the fact that they

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Rocks

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Rock Climbing Seminar went quite well aside from one minor spill.

Fifteen of us drove to The Palisades in South Dakota, ready to scale any rock that came our way after training on the East Campus training wall and learning more knots than I ever tied in Boy Scouts.

We stayed up late Friday night, pitching tents in the dark and talking and doing all those campfire kinds of things.

There were not any logs within miles since we were camped in a state park, so we gathered the few twigs to be found within acres. The resulting fire was small, but it was ours and we

protected it, defending it valiantly against marauders from a UNO group who came to steal our fire.

We all slept late the next morning, not wanting to venture into the brisk South Dakota breeze. I was on breakfast crew and relished the stove's warmth while sneaking as much food as I could.

Before climbing, we did some stretching and a little tai chi, practicing gradual weight transfer and controlled motions which would make climbing more smooth. The exercises were helpful but quickly forgotten on the side of a cliff.

Our climbs were about as easy as one could get on a vertical plane. They were short and had plenty of notches and ledges which made climbing easier.

Or so it looked from the ground. Once I was there, on the side of a cliff, everything looked different: the nooks and crannies had disappeared and the ground seemed to slowly lower itself ever farther away.

I must admit I was scared most of the time, especially after a minor accident while rappelling, or going down from the top. My rope slipped a bit and I swung across the face like a pendulum, thankful we were required to wear helmets.

They told us that climbing is safe because a person should not fall-- the climber is anchored at one end and has a belayer at the other. If a person does slip, the fall should only be a few inches since the belayer takes up any slack in the rope.

Even so, it was scary for me. I envied the others in the group who zipped up the hardest climbs while I groped along on the easy ones. Two of the coolest people in our group were high school students who seemed to have no sense of fear or limitation.

Then there was Doc, one of our guides and a near octogenarian who still climbs hills and mountains. Doc had just the right touch of assurance which, with the encouragement of another of our guides, kept me going after my slip.

The day passed quickly and dinner came none too soon. It was starting to get cold and another fire was duly built. We all huddled around the fire, acrid smoke getting in my eyes no matter where I stood.

We awoke the next morning to about an inch of frost on everything in sight. Luckily I had packed my pocket blowtorch and was able to melt the ice on my tent's zipper in no time.

I skated across the icy grass toward the breakfast crew, hoping to

grab a quick bite before piling on about six layers of clothes.

Things were a mess. Half the camp was chasing a chicken around the campsite and yelling about a warm lunch. All of our dishes had been left out to dry overnight and were frozen together.

And there was one of our leaders, walking around and whistling, steadfastly refusing to put on more than a pair of shorts.

Of course it got warmer and we had a great day climbing, especially since the cliffs were less crowded. Saturday, there had been a ROTC contingent nearby, full of yahoos rappelling down Australian style: head first. It did not do much for my ego as I inched up and down the easiest climb.

But Sunday was quite nice and we all felt more confident. I was proud of myself when I conquered the second-easiest climb.

Then I looked down to see my climbing partner ready to follow. She was going to do the same climb blindfolded.

"Get on belay, poophead," she yelled.

Peterson is a senior psychology and philosophy major and a Daily Nebraskan reporter and columnist.



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Blue

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makes it so interesting to watch. "It's really crazy because it's really intense and serious at the beginning and then it gets really intensely farcical and then it gets back to intensity."

A unique aspect of this production is the primarily student acting and technical corps who have brought it together. Stegar is the only faculty member involved at

any level of the production.

The all-student cast includes Devon Schumacher as Artie, Kristy Breen as Bunny, Jennifer Anne Lewis as Bananas, Jenny Hall as a hard-of-hearing movie star, Eric Thompson as Artie's best friend Billy, Kent Knudsen as the White Man, Patrick Lambrecht as an military policeman and April Block, Lori Edwards and Jen Duerr as the nuns.

The all-student technical staff includes Chip Mahlman who designed the set in partial fulfillment of the requirements of a master of

fine arts degree in theater design, costume designer Mary Bundy and lighting designer Brian Russman.

Stegar said the involvement of so many students brought an exciting energy to the production.

"I would say the most surprising part has been the desire of the students to really make this play come to life," he said. "They want it so bad."

"The House of Blue Leaves" runs tonight and tomorrow night and Oct. 8-13 at the Howell Theater, 12th and R streets. All shows start at 8 p.m.