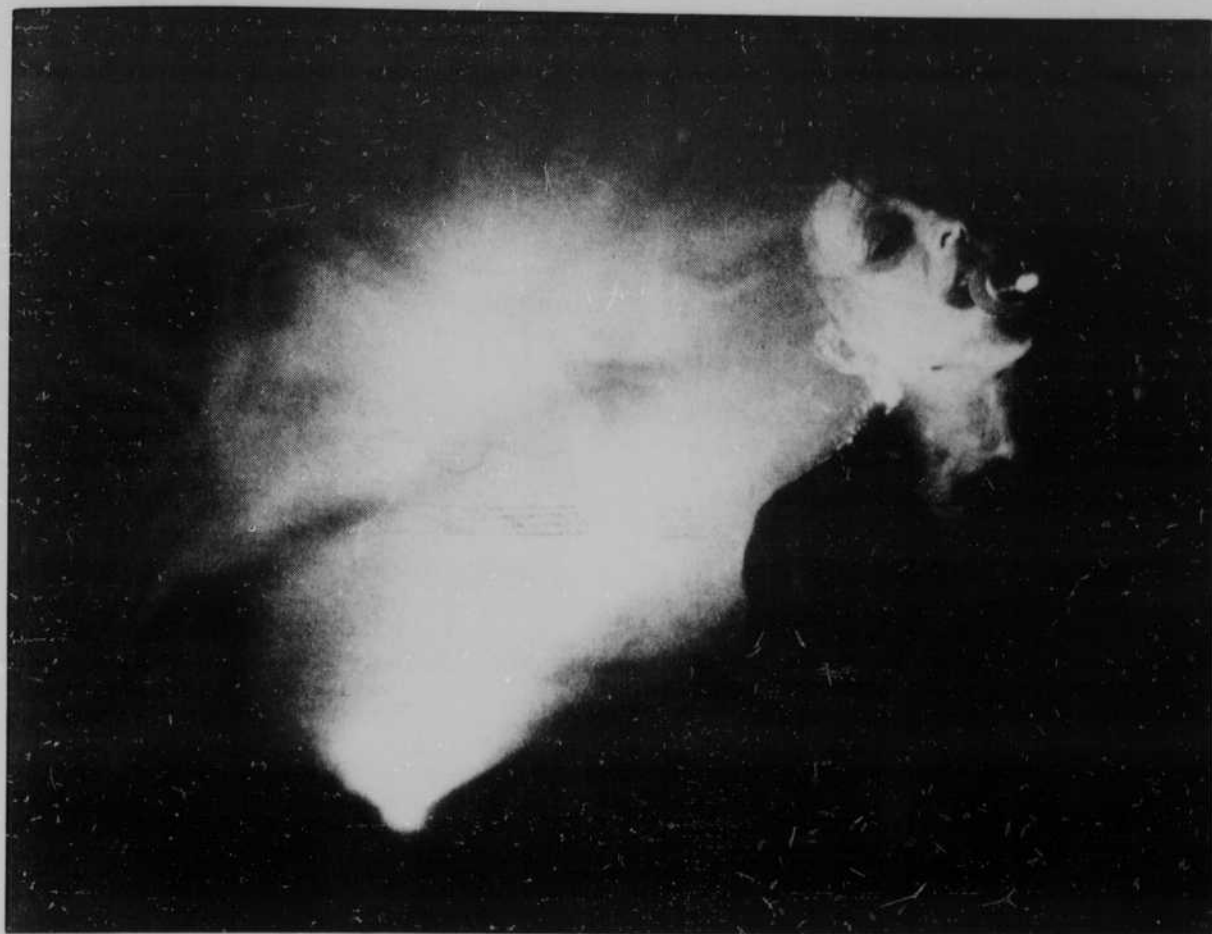


Lincoln's few 'Fiend'-ish fans visually ravished



Butch Ireland/Daily Nebraskan

Nik Fiend emits a guttural utterance at Duffy's Tavern on Sunday night.

By Michael Deeds
Senior Editor

Nik Fiend must have crased all doubts about his artistic abilities Sunday night at Duffy's Tavern. Only a true art mogul could draw cheers by jamming his finger up his nose, then placing the mucous sculpture in his mouth for a prolonged chewing.

concert REVIEW

Fiend, vocalist for England's cult monsters, Alien Sex Fiend, had plenty of tricks up his sleazy sleeve — he also drooled, and at one point, even ate his cigarette.

But Alien Sex Fiend did more than shock. The band opened with "Now I'm Feeling Zombified" and never looked back. Fiend, Mrs. Fiend, Rat Fink Jr. and Dr. Milton spewed out a sonic mishmash of electronic drums, synthesizers, beat-box action and guitar rage. Alien Sex Fiend is largely an industrial band — their stuff is danceable — but the dissonance and oddity make the sound more of a punk mutation.

The band adapted its stage show nicely to the small venue, bringing spider webs, skulls and various incandescent paintings. Alien Sex Fiend has played for thousands in other countries, so playing for 130 or so must be an interesting change of pace

— especially when any college town with a decent music scene would draw twice that.

The Alien Sex Fiend show was extremely loud, and quite visually oriented. Besides the impressive stage set, the band had a serious fog machine and knockout strobe lights that periodically followed assaulting drum patterns.

Nik Fiend often found himself silhouetted by strange, colorful streams of light, and used the moments to dance on the rainbow. Fiend hobbled around like a demented old man, hell, a dead man, shouting into the microphone sporadically and bathing in clouds of fog. The Cure's Robert Smith looks normal compared to this guy.

But musically, Alien Sex Fiend was not so shocking. Though the band was an innovator at one point in its career, the level of creativity seemed stifled and a bit monotonous Sunday night. The members are getting on in years, and there's no doubt that an industrial powerhouse like Ministry would blow them off the stage with a simple nod.

Still, for \$10, the nearly two-hour show was a steal. There's no way you will hear, or see for that matter, anything like that locally. The stage show surpassed, by far, anything that has been in Duffy's.

Alien Sex Fiend is a definitive part of the English machine that has twisted pop culture. It's a shame more people didn't show up.

Rock star collaboration No. 2

Wilburys' selfless manner shines in 'Vol. 3'

By John Payne
Senior Reporter

Traveling Wilburys
"Vol. 3"
Warner Bros.

When four mates get together for a jam session, it isn't necessarily news. Unless of course, they happen to be Bob Dylan, George Harrison, Jeff Lynne and Tom Petty. Then it becomes the focus of endless features on "Entertainment Tonight" and CNN's "Showbiz Today." After all, rock star collaborations are a great marketing gimmick.

But "Vol. 3," the second release from the four men who call themselves the Traveling Wilburys, finds this band of musical royalty sounding exactly like that — a band. The reason may be that once again the Wilburys have each contributed in a very selfless manner.

True, Petty and Dylan handle most of the lead vocals, with Dylan writing the majority of the songs. But Lynne and Harrison's loose production accounts for just as much of the LP's overall charm. The nicest thing about "Vol. 3" is the prominence of acoustic guitars, a warm jangling accompaniment to the various three and four-

part harmonies.

And there seems to be a new fire in Dylan, whose voice is at its down-and-out best on tracks like "Inside



Out" and "If You Belonged to Me." In between, the harmonica blowing is vintage Dylan.

Some of the rich R&B tracks, like "You Took My Breath Away," would have been perfect for Orbison's silky voice. In fact, "Seven Deadly Sins," with its do-wah backing vocals, could be a wholesale homage to the 1950s. There's even a little sax thrown in for mood. Love and loss were great themes for Orbison, and his bandmates have dedicated this release to "Lefty Wilbury."

"Vol. 3" should please fans of Petty's longtime group the Heartbreakers as well. "Cool Dry Place" smacks of early Heartbreakers, while the humorous "Poor House" deals with every rock star's nightmare — the

divorce settlement: "... they're gonna' put me in the poor house/and you'll take all the rest."

There are several instances on "Vol. 3" where the Wilburys poke fun at their own celebrity status. Judging by the name changes (Lynne is "Clayton" Wilbury, Harrison is "Spike," Dylan goes by "Boo," and Petty is "—") these guys are pretty well sick of it. So maybe their occasional transformation from rock stars to plain old, simple Wilburys is their own way of escaping it.

Whatever the reason, it works. Here's hoping they treat us to more. All eight of them.

Dread Zeppelin hits stage with cheesy show

By John Payne
Senior Reporter

Cheesy (-e) adj. 1 like cheese in consistency, smell, etc. 2 [Slang] corny, hokey — often over-used in the Daily Nebraskan.

I.R.S. mock-rockers Dread Zeppelin splashed down at a jam-packed Ranch Bowl Sunday night in support of their debut release "Un-Led-Ed." Its Omaha performance, like all its shows, was as much a comedy routine as it was a concert. But the capacity crowd on hand wouldn't have had it any other way.

The stage props, which looked to have been stolen from the set of "Blue Hawaii," couldn't have been gaudier. Fishing nets and plastic seafood adorned the amps, the bongos and the microphone stands. A huge, smiling sunset provided the backdrop. In the corner of the tiny stage, drummer "Fresh Cheese & Cheese" pounded the skins in the middle of a mini boxing ring.

Then there was Tortelvis. Sporting his usual powder blue jump suit, the California milkman-turned-traveling Elvis impersonator was a walking tribute to the King. Just how cheesy was Dread Zep's obese front man? Let's just say you could've dipped a cracker in his fat butt.

But while the goofiness of Tortel-

concert REVIEW

vis and rest of the band members made for a more energetic show, it never overshadowed their originality as musicians. Led Zeppelin tunes played to reggae rhythms is certainly a novel idea — one that Tortelvis claims he got from Elvis himself. That's what folks came to hear, and Dread Zeppelin delivered. Bassist Put-Mon, guitarists Carl Jah and Jah Paul Jo, conga man Ed Zeppelin, and Cheese ripped through a funky instrumental rendition of "Over the Hills and Far Away," before their flabby vocal-ist — flanked by his entourage —

came on stage to howl through "Black Dog."

Tortelvis' stage lackey, Charlie Haj, handed out towels to the sweaty crooner from time to time, and Tortelvis in turn tossed them into the crowd. They played this routine to the hilt, with the big guy giving the audience the Elvis power claw for effect.

In between the lip curling and the on-stage karate, Tortelvis managed to sound pretty good on classics like "Your Time is Gonna' Come" and "Heartbreaker." The show was a short one, considering the \$11 ticket price. Dread Zeppelin came out for just one encore, Elvis' "My Way," which it performed with opening band the Strawberry Zots.

After the show, the boys met with the press and signed autographs in a couple of vacant lanes in the bowling alley next door.

All in all, Dread Zeppelin gave everyone what they expected — a no-holds-barred cheese fest. They also gave everyone a hell of a good time.



Brian Shellito/Daily Nebraskan