

In search of a band Former group pervades mind



Bryan
Peterson

I used to sing for a band called Juvenile Dissent. We were simply and truly awful.

We were a punk band, so that did not matter much. In fact, our very awfulness was the basis for our existence as a band.

We had about 10 songs and only played out a few times, and all of those to small groups of other people who were into hard-core punk music.

We played a few basement parties and once in a gymnasium. Our drummer could not make that show, so some guy from another band sat in and beat the drums for us and tried to start and end the songs at the same time.

We also played twice at the Magic Theater in downtown Omaha. Those were our best shows, with a large audience and songs that almost went well.

My favorite song by Juvenile Dissent was called "Shit," in which the other band members made as much noise as they could, sheer mayhem cyclones of amelodic discordant clamor, while I repeated the word "shit" over and over.

Sometimes we would do a sort of scramble, all trading instruments with each other, never letting up the "Shit" chorus while we pummeled each other's instruments.

One of our typical songs was about how we always saw police cars parked in front of a local doughnut shop.

One time when we played that one, I opened a box of crusty old doughnuts and threw them at people in the audience, who then retrieved the broken pieces and hurled them back toward me.

Ah, those were the days . . .

I am pretty well into the student grind now, six years and counting, and I sometimes look back on those past days of punken glory with some fondness.

It usually happens late at night, after I have spent about 12 hours on campus, come home for a quick snack and begin my homework.

Right in the heart of my most structured, disciplined moments of studying, it happens. A blast from the past will seep into my awareness and take me back to those halcyon days when I truly lived.

It has been happening more often lately, and it has been getting harder and harder to return to my studies after reveling in the liveliness of the past.

When people ask me what I am doing lately, the answer is always the same: School and work, school and work. Every time I use that

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William Lauer/Daily Nebraskan

Veteran blues man Sam Myers blows his harp Tuesday night at the Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14th St., as a member of Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets. Myers has been playing the harmonica since he was 21.

Blues his staple

Award winner plays '50s style

By Robert Richardson
Senior Reporter

To Sam Myers, blues are "the old standards of music."

Myers, award-winning vocalist and harmonica player, said that just as blues sparked his interest in music, the blues spawned other forms of music.

"Other musics went in a circle around the blues," Myers said. "Blues never went in a circle. It just gives the other musics a chance to catch on. There will always be blues."

Myers was in Lincoln earlier this week to perform with Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets at the Zoo Bar. But before a show, he took time out in his hotel room to reminisce about his own blues history and to smoke a cigarette.

Myers grew up in Laurel, Miss., and went to Pinewood Country Life School, a

boarding school. That is where it all started.

"Music my third day at school was the thing that really was what caused me to learn what two plus two is today," Myers said.

Myers played trumpet in the band, sang in the choir and traveled with the choir during part of the summer. Then, as Myers was getting ready to graduate from high school, he received a scholarship to attend the American Conservatory School of Music in Chicago.

"Wow, that was a giant step," Myers said. "Music has always played a big part of my life and then it was my life for a long time growing up. That's how I can appreciate it the way I do."

Myers said he appreciated it more than most, because black students in the 1950s didn't have many avenues to such an education.

"Your books and your sports and music — those are your basic things, three of your steps going up the ladder to success," he said.

Success, for Myers, has arrived. In 1988 he won several prestigious W.C. Handy awards for his vocals, harmonica playing and songwriting.

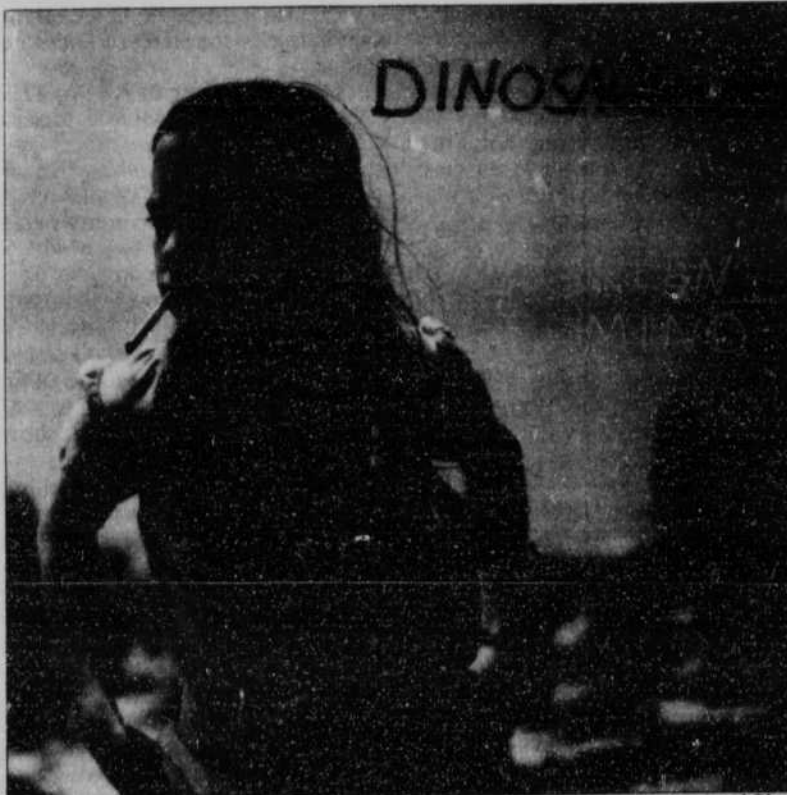
Myers' harmonica triumphs didn't start out like most other blues musicians'. Myers was older when he began playing. He said he used to blow along with records to fine-tune his sound.

"I was past 21 when I started, see, because I started out as a trumpet player," Myers said. "So the (mouth) harp was just a crossover and it was very easy for me to learn and so it was inspired by anybody."

Starting out in those days caused problems for harmonica players. The

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Album proves Dinosaur Jr far from extinct



Courtesy of Sire

By Michael Stock
Staff Reporter

I remember hearing Dinosaur Jr's "Freak Scene" single for the first time and how it affected my life. My eyes kind of popped out a bit and I drooled all over myself.

But it was a good experience — better than drugs or a good chicken sandwich.

Then I listened to the rest of "Bug" back in 1988 and found myself wishing the entire album had the same SST records-type spirit of pop amidst layers of grunge. Sure, there were other songs that had that same drooling-inspiring quality of grunge-pop, like "Let It Ride" and "They Always Come." Hell, my favorite was "Little Fury Things" from back in 1987 on the "You're Living All Over Me" album.

Still, over the entirety of the two albums, I didn't love every song. Maybe there weren't enough pop hooks — I'm a sucker for a good happy song. Maybe earlier Dinosaur Jr were only "half-good" and that's why I only loved one-half of its songs. Maybe



my salivary glands had simply dried up.

I've fervently wished for a new Dinosaur LP, maybe featuring "Freak Scene, Part 2," for about three years now.

Finally "Green Mind," Dinosaur's first complete album since 1988, has been released. And although it doesn't feature that "Part 2" that I've been waiting for — neither has it been it.

"Green Mind" ranges from pure pop, a la Bob Mould "Workbook" style, to the typical Dinosaur rampag-

ing raucous thump and growl of feedback that has inspired its own school of music. Following closely in Dinosaur's rather large, rather noisy footsteps are such bands as Buffalo Tom, Swervedriver, Teenage Fan Club and the Boo Radleys.

Spawned from the loud and proud tradition of Minneapolis power-pop greats Hüsker Dü, The Replacements, and Soul Asylum, Dinosaur Jr has gone at least a step further in the noise category, mastering the art of "feedback-grunge-pop."

J. Mascis, the lead singer, is no newcomer to the field of grunge-pop. He helped Sonic Youth on their recent success "Goo," engineering and producing, as well as engineering background vocals. He also loaned his equipment to Buffalo Tom for their tour.

"The Wagon," the opening song, had been around for about a year before its inclusion on "Green Mind." Originally released in 1990 as a 7-inch single on the Sub Pop label, the single received all sorts of praise.

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