

Former Byrds star, 2 bands to perform at Cornstock festival concert

By Jill O'Brien
Staff reporter

Forecast for Friday: Roger McGuinn, The Millions and Lucky Peterson, playing rain, snow or shine at the Cornstock music festival.

McGuinn's leadership, vocals and 12-string guitar were the cornerstone of the Byrds 25 years ago.

James Buckley, program coordinator for Campus Activities and Programs, said the University Programs Council arranged for McGuinn to play when it learned he would be in the area touring.

"He was routable and affordable," Buckley said.

Being affordable, however, does not cheapen McGuinn's performance or mean he is less talented than an unaffordable artist.

Quite the contrary. These days, McGuinn still produces albums as prolifically as rabbits produce young. He still sings,

still plays the 12-string. The difference now is that he prefers to rock solo instead of in a group.

Last year, however, McGuinn released a new record, with the influence and accompaniment of Tom Petty, Elvis Costello, Michael Penn and former Byrds members David Crosby and Chris Hillman.

Even without the help of his friends, McGuinn's vocals are strong and refined — a step back into yesterday when the Byrds topped the charts with "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Turn! Turn! Turn!"

Although his style is reminiscent of earlier years, the lyrics of McGuinn's release, "Back From Rio" are fresh and sometimes funny, sometimes cynical, like "Car Phone."

"I stole a million fake Nintendo chips/But never let it cross your lips/That I told you on the car phone/Or they'll write it on my grave stone."

"Talking, talking/Talking, talking, talking on the car phone."

"And if there's anyone in space/What they'll learn about the human

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Week's new videos include flicks worth seeing, flops to miss



By Anne Steyer
Staff Reporter

It's a hodgepodge week for home video releases: a few fine films and a few pathetic clunkers. And no week would be complete without the few in-between movies.

"29th Street" (R) This comedy is based on the true story of an Italian family in New York.

Anthony LaPaglia ("One Good Cop") is Frank Pesce Jr., a lazy, good-looking bum with incredibly good fortune.

Danny Aiello ("Do the Right

Thing") plays the head of the family, Frank Pesce Sr., who also has incredible luck, but all of it is bad.

Brooklyn-born Junior has been lucky all his life, so he's not surprised to find that he's one of the 50 finalists in the New York state lottery. So when his dad runs up \$10,000 in gambling debts, Frank Jr. pays off the mob with his lottery ticket.

When he wins, he finds out a lot about the importance of friends and family. (Available tomorrow)

"Little Man Tate" (PG) Jodie Foster made her directorial debut with this fine film about a 7-year-old child prodigy.

Fred Tate (newcomer Adam Hann-Byrd) is a genius, a painter, a composer and an amazing mathematician. But his advanced intelligence keeps him from having any friends — all the other kids think he's weird.

His only friend is his eccentric

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Courtesy of Polygram

Athens, Ga., tractor punks Chickasaw Mudd Puppies

Earthy rock Five bands to play environmental celebration

By John Payne
Senior Reporter

This week's snowstorm has caused Earth Day celebrations to be moved indoors, but according to University Programs Council Concert and Disco Committee President Dave Rabe, the weather won't put a damper on the live music scheduled for this afternoon in the Nebraska Union.

Five bands, including three national acts, will give a free concert at 5 p.m. today in the Union's Centennial Ballroom. The show is in celebration of the 22nd annual Earth Day, a day intended to raise environmental consciousness.

In addition to the music, Rabe said at least 10 different organizations, including Amnesty International and Ecology Now, will set up booths in the Georgian Suite.

Representatives from the various organizations will be on hand to answer questions. Most of the organizations are environmentally related, Rabe said.

Because no admission price will be charged for the concert, the cost of bringing the bands to Lincoln was covered entirely by the UPC and Ecology Now.

The Chickasaw Mudd Puppies, a duo from Athens, Georgia, will headline the event with their quirky brand of barnyard punk. The Puppies were discovered by R.E.M. vocalist Michael Stipe, who produced the band's debut, "White Dirt," and co-produced last year's "8-Track Stomp."

While Ben Reynolds sticks mostly to guitar, lead singer Brant Slay bangs away on everything from a washboard to a harmonica. Even stranger than the band's hillbillies-

from-hell sound is its down-home stage decor, which comes complete with a rocking chair and picket fence. Those who were in attendance may remember the Puppies 1990 show with Jane's Addiction at the Ak-Sar-Ben Coliseum in Omaha. Frontier Trust, a band with an earthy name and a big sound, will open the show. The Frontiersmen style is both twang and garage noise, and won over the judges at last month's "Big Red Rock-O-Rama." The Omaha quartet was named best band, beating out 29 other regional groups, including fellow Omahans Cellophane Ceiling and Lincoln favorites Mercy Rule.

For its efforts, the group won \$500 in studio time at Lincoln's Startracker Recording Studio.

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Gwar wages sarcastic war on America

Reviews



"America Must Be Destroyed"
Gwar
Metal Blade Records

The scumdogs of the universe are back. Gwar, arguably the most repulsive band in the history of music, has returned with a new album, "America Must Be Destroyed."

To those unfamiliar with Gwar, a note of caution: It is not for the timid. The squeamish of any sort should read no further. But those who want the info on one of the strangest groups of all time should continue reading.

Gwar is the World Wrestling Federation of

the music world. Like pro wrestlers, the members of Gwar have bizarre and stupid names, like the lead singer Oderous Urungus, bass player Beefcake the Mighty, guitar players Flattus Maximus and Balsac the Jaws of Death, and drummer Jiz Mac the Gusher. Other members of the band include The Sexicutioner, Slymenstra Hymen (the only female in the group) and Gwar's manager, Sleazy P. Martini.

Chicken exit No. 2: If the names seemed bad, definitely quit reading this review.

Also like wrestlers of the WWF, Gwar members dress the part. On stage and on their album covers, the band members wear costumes of blood-soaked foam, leather and metal, assuming the forms of giant, muscle-bound creatures better suited to a Clive Barker film than anything else.

And, again like pro wrestlers, Gwar has its own history — its own little story to explain why it is here.

The band says it came from outer space.

On the inside cover of Gwar's second album, "Scumdogs of the Universe," is a section entitled "The Origin of Gwar," which states that:

"At least 100 billion years ago, the Master of All Reality took a shit and thus the universe was born. But that was not enough. He had to wipe, and what better way than to wipe with war. So he created the Scum Dogs of the Universe, an ultra-elite group of warriors especially culled from the lowest dregs of filth... Chaotic and disease-ridden beings who would come to be known as Gwar."

Gwar's music is most certainly heavy — heavier than most. The members play speed metal the likes of Celtic Frost's, The Crumbsuckers' or Slayer's, but with more style and competence.

That's right, I said style. Gwar's music, at least, is excellent. It mixes very complicated metal riffs with hard guitar work and intricate bass lines. It samples strange,

yet well-executed, sound effects, either for comedic or atmospheric purposes. The members are masters of tempo, able to slow the music almost to a crawl before building to a furious pace that will cause blisters to form on listeners' eardrums. And they seem always able to combine and break up their pounding metal with refrains of euphonic melody.

Fans of Gwar's past albums probably will be pleased with Gwar's latest profanity, "America Must Die." The music is great — almost as good as it is on "Scumdogs," but even more obscure. The songs are every bit as heavy, complicated and polished as the previous efforts, but have more of a traditional rock 'n' roll influence. (Don't worry, there's no chance of Gwar selling out.)

The lyrics, again, have become stronger, more bizarre and even more offensive. As an example, phrases such as "bristling amoeba

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