

state

OF THE ARTS

By Cliff Hicks

## Generations identify with moving events

There is a proverb (or a curse, depending on who you talk to): May you live in interesting times.

As of today, I have lived through two full decades, an estimated fourth of my life, and yes, they have been interesting times.

The world is on high speed, flying by almost too fast for us to comprehend. Events thought impossible happen daily.

Most people have one event that they can attach to their lives where they know where they were. My parents' generation has the John F. Kennedy assassination. Our generation has several such incidents.

The one that everyone can identify with is the Challenger explosion. I was in the third grade, and they called us across the hall to watch the replay of it. I remember.

This single event set the space race (and the arms race) back further than anyone thought possible. Expansionist America stopped expanding for a time. We were too afraid to even try and leave the planet, let alone start a war with anyone.

An entire decade was defined by this event, which happened in January 1986.

Then, in November 1989, while I was planning out my 13th birthday party, the Berlin Wall was dismantled and Germany reunified. I remember.

Everyone had thought that Germany would remain divided between East and West forever, and when the wall came down, the world shook as millions stood in awe-struck silence.

In January 1991, the world shifted again; this time, at the sound of our bombs. It was the beginning of Operation Desert Storm and the Persian Gulf War.

I was 14, talking with a friend of mine on the telephone, who was terrified the conflict would become another Vietnam. I remember.

Later that same year, the Soviet Union collapsed. Because of the gradual decline before the total collapse, the exact time and place are unclear to me, but I remember the change's subtle effects.

In Bellevue, Strategic Air Command and the people working there relaxed. America breathed a sigh of relief. The enemies were, for the most part, gone. Communism had fallen.

The music changed from the loud rock of the late '70s to the new wave of the early '80s to the grunge of the '90s.

And today, on my 20th birthday, I am in Minnesota laying my grandfather to rest. He passed away last Thursday.

These are 20 years, yet they have passed in an instant. I have seen countries fall, wars fought and the world change.

May you live in interesting times — I know I do.

Hicks is a sophomore news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan staff reporter.

# Rock The House

## Legendary punk band pleases fans

BY BRET SCHULTE AND PAT MINER  
Music Critics

OMAHA — You wouldn't believe how difficult it is to take notes in a mosh pit, but it can be done.

At Sunday night's Descendents concert at the Ranch Bowl, the capacity crowd of local youth gathered to pay tribute to one of the country's most legendary living punk bands.

The Swingin' Utters were the first to take the stage, and the crowd exploded at the sound of the first chord. Although the band played too long, its frantic, bouncing energy proved to be an excellent prelude to the slightly skatinted punk show.

Next to take the stage were the Suicide Machines. The band opened with the song "Our Time," off its debut album "Destruction by Definition." Lead man Jay Navarro periodically swung from the rafters while he spit out lyrics with constant fury.

Bassist Royce Nunley, though indicating had the flu, still thrilled the crowd as he was quite active, especially during the latter portion of the show.

The highlight of the performance had to have been the band's rendition of "I Don't Wanna Hear It," a song by Minor Threat. The tune got the mosh pit going at a furious pace as the guitarist ripped through chords.

After the initial chorus, the Suicide Machines started hopping around and the song was suddenly ska. A half hour and several audience injuries later, the band finished its set with the song "Break the Glass."

The catchy chorus didn't satisfy the crowd, however. As the Suicide Machines were getting ready to leave, the crowd yelled for more, anticipating the song "New Girl." The band, obviously worn out, did not oblige and exited. Their performance definitely set a standard that the Descendents would have to live up to.

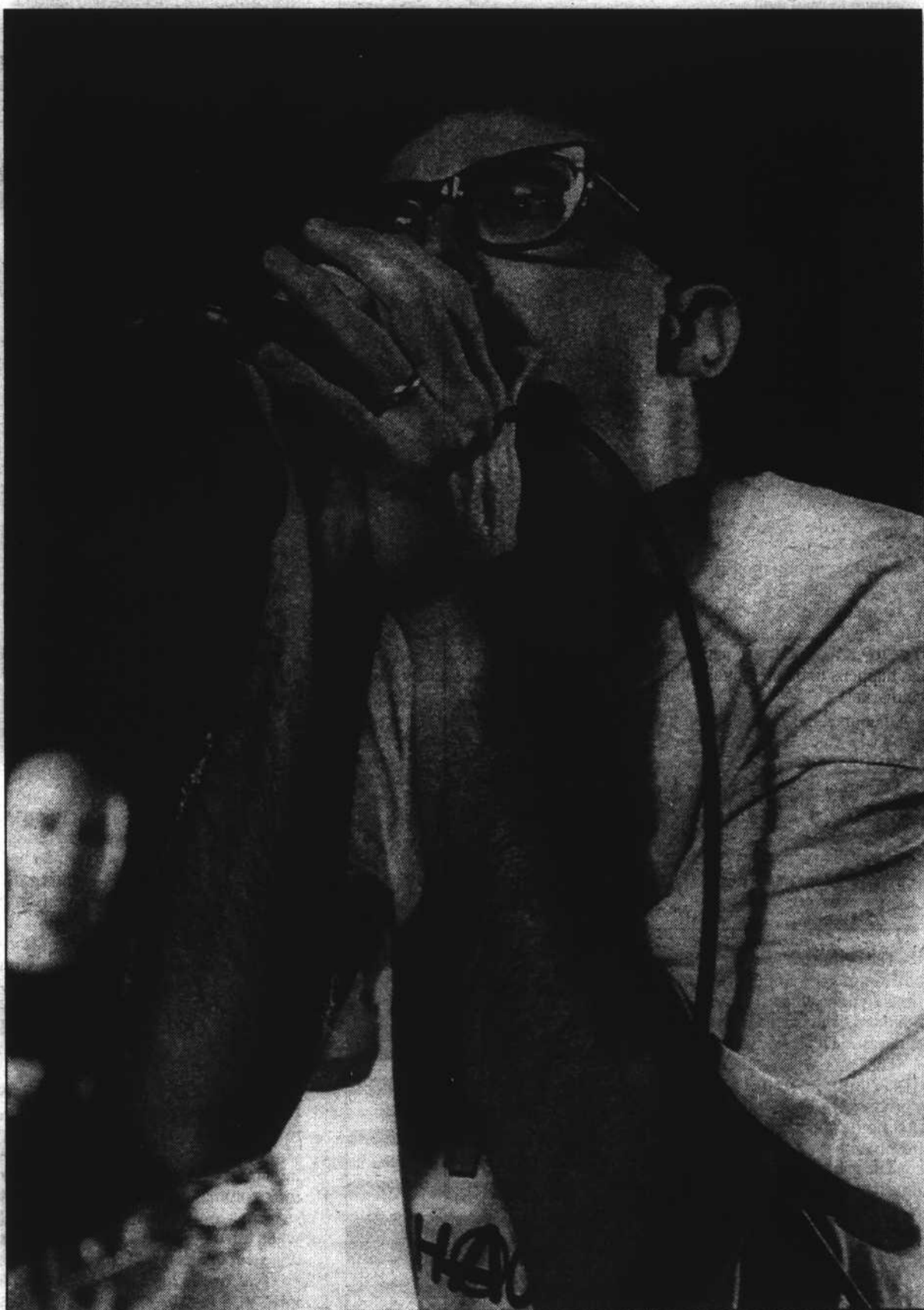
After a grueling wait as the stage was set up for the Descendents, vocalist Milo Aukerman suddenly ran onto the empty stage. The band followed and they immediately broke into the frantic "I'm a Loser."

Several popular cuts immediately followed, including "Everything Sux" and "I'm the One." The pit swirled in a manifestation of punk-rock chaos as Aukerman generously shared the microphone with the screams emerging from the floor.

After an hour of incessant movement, rock and giddiness, the show abruptly ended. The band muttered "Thanks" and exited. The crowd quickly mobilized and began chanting "Milo...Milo" at the empty stage.

He graciously burst forth once again, with the band on his heels. The Descendents strapped into their hardware and the show took off once more.

Aukerman, who has obviously been spending too much time in the biology



MILO AUKERMAN, the Descendents' front man, screams lyrics to a crowd of punk-rockers at the Ranch Bowl.



THE RANCH BOWL in Omaha was packed with moshing, crowd-surfing punk-rockers. A few patrons had to be escorted out after getting injured.

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