



TIM MAHONEY

and the Meenies

Songwriter can't lose Minneapolis vibe

By ANN STACK
Senior Reporter

Tim Mahoney is watching "Saved By The Bell" and searching for inspiration.

While the two may not go hand-in-hand, Mahoney has proven that he and songwriting can — and do.

The 25-year-old Minneapolis native burst onto the scene nearly four years ago as the frontman for the Blue Meenies. After a falling-out with the other frontman, Mahoney moved on with a solo career. He retained Meenie drummer Mike Pacello and became Tim Mahoney and the Meenies.

Mahoney, a confessed sucker for

the three-minute pop song, writes catchy, hook-laden rockers, complete with loads of guitar-fueled melodies and heavy vocals.

He's been compared to radio-rockers Hootie and the Blowfish and other male singer/songwriters like Duncan Sheik and Richard Marx. "A Hootie comparison's correct in the format because of the crossover ability of getting picked up by a variety of stations, but I don't think I sound like that," he said. As for the Richard Marx comparison, "I'm not cheesy like that. Our voices might be alike, but I'm nothing like that music," he said.

Mahoney writes most of the parts and arrangements for his music, having started writing songs when he was

14. "I started playing the drums when I was in fifth grade," he said. "I also played piano for a country club."

"Now I watch 'Saved By The Bell' and screw around with my guitar. If I get a quick idea I run over to the piano."

Mahoney recorded a self-titled album released in June 1995, which sold well in the local market. He's on tour to support his latest effort, "Now," which will be in stores Feb. 11. This was produced by Marc Ramaer, who's worked with kd Lang. The Meenies, composed of Pacello, keyboardist Rich Farris, bass player Mike Liska and lead guitarist Bruce Vosberg, back him live as well as on the album.

"Now" has a certain trademark Minneapolis vibe to it — all the New York polish in the world could no more take it away than it could taint his soft Northern accent.

"The Replacements are one of my favorite bands," he said. "I've seen Paul Westerberg around town a few times, but I never go up and talk to him."

With \$3, you can catch this alt/pop-rock at the Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14th St., tonight at 9. If you miss Tim Mahoney and the Meenies tonight and feel like a road trip, they're playing at the Ranch Bowl, 1600 S. 72nd St., in Omaha Thursday night with Moment of Release and Neptune Bloom.



TIM MAHONEY and the Meenies will perform at the Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14th St., tonight in a 21-and-over show. The band members are (from left to right) Bruce Vosberg, Mike Pacello, Mahoney, Rich Farris and Mike Liska. (Photo courtesy of HELLO! Booking)

Punk mainstays give intense show

By BRET SCHULTE
Staff Reporter

It is difficult to properly explain to other people just how spiritual a rock 'n' roll moment can be.

Mike Ness, frontman and punk demigod of Social Distortion, took the stage Monday night at Omaha's Sokol Hall. Armed only with his quivering guitar, Ness proceeded to lead the violently swirling crowd through an old-school punk show the likes of which Omaha had never seen. And Omaha responded.

Swingin' Utters, who opened for The Descendents in their show at the Ranch Bowl last November, once again christened the punk evening. Their searing and bouncing set was briefly interrupted by an overweight, half-naked white supremacist who decided to grab a male adolescent by his head and fling his squirming body into the crowd. He shouted "white power" and was immediately besieged by the variety of punks and skins standing nearby.

Swingin' Utters stopped briefly, proclaimed that this was no place for a racist attitude, and swung back into song as the man was escorted from the

building. The Swingin' Utters finished with incredible energy, burying their last Omaha performance.

Just as exciting, but not quite as eventful, was the Supersuckers, who followed up the Swingin' Utters. Taking mainstage in full late '70s Hank Williams Jr. garb (except for one, sporting an early '80s AC/DC concert T-shirt) they postured with tongue-in-cheek stage antics and over-the-top Van Halen-esque guitar solos. Supersuckers' punk and arena rock song mutations constantly redlined at 9000 rpms and are brilliantly conceived and terribly entertaining.

Social Distortion, a band nearly as old as American punk itself, slowly walked onstage complete with smirking faces and slicked hair. Mike Ness, in dark eye shadow and sparkling black shirt, stared out at the crowd as his band members donned their instruments.

He struck a chord as the crowd screamed. Ness answered with the Rolling Stones' cover "Under My Thumb," which appeared both on the "Mainliner" and "White Light, White Heat, White Trash" album.

As the crowd slammed against the stage, Social Distortion delivered several songs off its newest album, includ-

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ing its two radio releases "I Was Wrong" and "When the Angels Sing."

The pit directly in front of the stage continued to barf out kids as Ness growled into the microphone. As the show progressed, Ness shed his shirt to reveal his torso depicting a reckless youth complete with prostrated naked women, fast cars and a variety of other symbols and designs.

Social Distortion covered the gamut of its career including tracks such as "1945" off "Mainliner," "Prison Bound" and a few cuts off "Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell," including the release "Bad Luck."

Most cuts were deliciously and indulgently elongated, and Social Distortion seemed in prime form, strutting up and down the stage, flicking the occasional guitar pick into the crowd and grinding their guitars and teeth from song to song.

The show ended with a tribute to Johnny Cash with a raucous and harsh cover of his classic "Ring of Fire." The crowd, still not satisfied, seemed to take solace in Mike Ness' promise that Social Distortion would return this spring.

Tradition, quality shone in orchestra performance

By LANE HICKENBOTTOM
Music Critic

What can be said bad about one of the world's finest orchestras with nearly 100 years of symphonic tradition?

Nothing bad at all, or at least that was the case of Tuesday night's Lied Center performance, when the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra played three exciting pieces. It is certainly difficult to say anything bad about the quality of music played Tuesday night, especially in recognition that the great Ludwig van Beethoven created half of it.

The Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra started the evening with a Witold Lutoslawski's "Symphony No. 4." The 21-minute symphony was created about a year before Lutoslawski's death in 1994 and sounds remarkably close to the background music of a murder-mystery movie.

The second symphony was Sergei Rachmaninov's "Rhapsody

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on a Theme of Paganini for Piano and Orchestra." The centerpiece of this symphony was the piano played by internationally acclaimed concert pianist Jon Kimura Parker.

A deaf person could easily enjoy the contrasts of power and delicacy in "Rhapsody" simply by watching Parker and his borderline psychotic piano playing. During the strong musical moments, Parker leaned into the piano with both his strong fingers and the rest of his body with ferocity, playing the insanely fast-paced piece.

Beethoven's "Symphony No. 3 in E-flat Major, Op. 55" filled the ears of Lied-goers after intermission. During "Marcia funebre: Adagio assai," the second movement of the four-part symphony, Warsaw conductor Kazimierz Kord broke a vein and let loose, waving his hands up and down and all over creation, creating the most intense moment of the evening.