

Mylow delivers high-energy performance

BY ANDREW SHAW

Wanna hear a good donkey-punch story? Whether they're punch drunk or simply high on life, Mylow's live show will tell you what hybrid rock is all about.

With a regular Thursday night gig at the Royal Grove, there are plenty of chances to experience what the three University of Nebraska-Lincoln students mix together to create crowd-pleasing rock.

One of Lincoln's best kept secrets, Mylow draws musical influence from a wide range of artists. Originally billed as Planet of the Apes, a strictly cover band, Mylow's members have crawled from the depths of classic rock

and hair bands to melt down their own variety of rock 'n' roll. Their original songs seethe with funk, Latin, hip-hop, country and rock. When mixed with their unique versions of popular hits by Jackson 5, House of Pain and Celine Dion, to name a few, it is impossible not to like what you hear.

Mylow's lineup is as diverse as their sound. The current group has been assembled since August 2000 after the drummer left for work in Texas and the bass player, described as "shitacular," was fired.

Korey Lloyd, the band's front man, is a UNL graduate whose self-deprecating humor ("Ever seen an Asian kid rap?") and references to "sweating like a fat kid"

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keeps the mood light between tunes.

Rees Lahman, the percussionist, is a 20-year-old music performance major from Wilber, who includes in his musical highlights playing a four-hour gig with a classic rock band in Surprise on the Fourth of July.

Keenan Stump, a speech pathology graduate student at UNL, plays bass and sings backup vocals. Juxtaposing the different aspects of his life, wearing a shirt and tie to class and rocking out in a devil-horns haircut at

Please see BAND on 9

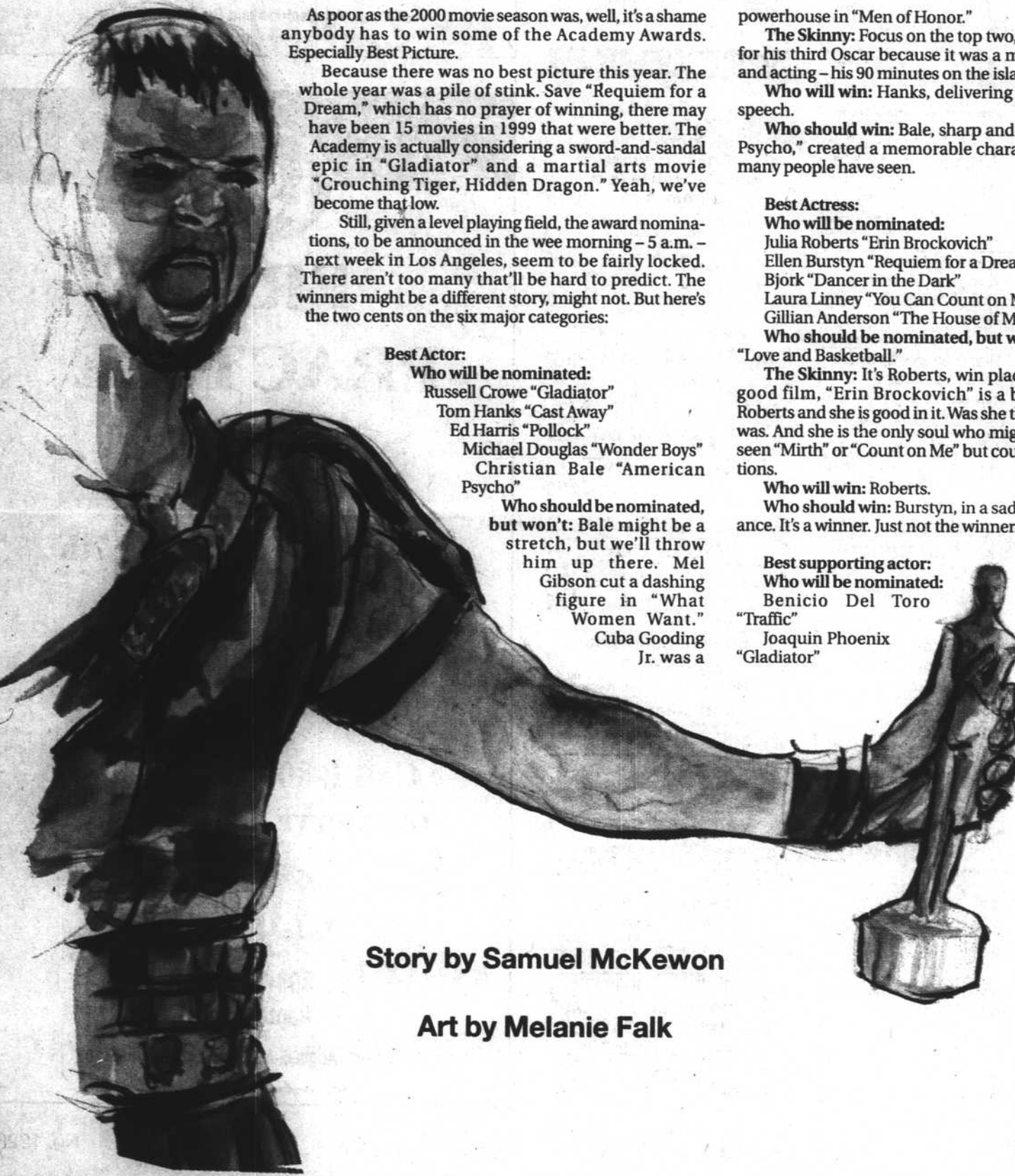


The band Mylow plays every Thursday night at the Royal Grove.

Courtesy of Mylow

And the Oscar goes to ...

Audiences, judges left with bad movie selections as award nomination time nears



As poor as the 2000 movie season was, well, it's a shame anybody has to win some of the Academy Awards. Especially Best Picture.

Because there was no best picture this year. The whole year was a pile of stink. Save "Requiem for a Dream," which has no prayer of winning, there may have been 15 movies in 1999 that were better. The Academy is actually considering a sword-and-sandal epic in "Gladiator" and a martial arts movie "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon." Yeah, we've become that low.

Still, given a level playing field, the award nominations, to be announced in the wee morning - 5 a.m. - next week in Los Angeles, seem to be fairly locked. There aren't too many that'll be hard to predict. The winners might be a different story, might not. But here's the two cents on the six major categories:

Best Actor:

Who will be nominated:

Russell Crowe "Gladiator"
Tom Hanks "Cast Away"
Ed Harris "Pollock"
Michael Douglas "Wonder Boys"
Christian Bale "American Psycho"

Who should be nominated, but won't: Bale might be a stretch, but we'll throw him up there. Mel Gibson cut a dashing figure in "What Women Want."
Cuba Gooding Jr. was a

powerhouse in "Men of Honor."

The Skinny: Focus on the top two, then go with Hanks for his third Oscar because it was a master class in doing and acting - his 90 minutes on the island alone.

Who will win: Hanks, delivering another teary-eyed speech.

Who should win: Bale, sharp and funny in "American Psycho," created a memorable character in a movie not many people have seen.

Best Actress:

Who will be nominated:

Julia Roberts "Erin Brockovich"
Ellen Burstyn "Requiem for a Dream"
Bjork "Dancer in the Dark"
Laura Linney "You Can Count on Me"
Gillian Anderson "The House of Mirth"
Who should be nominated, but won't: Sanaa Latham "Love and Basketball."

The Skinny: It's Roberts, win place and show. A feel-good film, "Erin Brockovich" is a blue collar role for Roberts and she is good in it. Was she the best? No, Burstyn was. And she is the only soul who might sneak in. Haven't seen "Mirth" or "Count on Me" but count on their nominations.

Who will win: Roberts.

Who should win: Burstyn, in a sad, powerful performance. It's a winner. Just not the winner.

Best supporting actor:

Who will be nominated:

Benicio Del Toro "Traffic"
Joaquin Phoenix "Gladiator"

Philip Seymour Hoffman "Almost Famous"

Willelm Dafoe "Shadow of a Vampire"

Jeff Bridges "The Contender"

Who should be nominated, but won't: If Hoffman isn't, Hoffman.

The Skinny: A good field with Del Toro out front and Dafoe, Bridges and Phoenix giving good chase. Since "Traffic" isn't likely to win any

other awards, this one will probably be the favor it gets.

Who will win: Del Toro.

Who should win: Del Toro. Smooth, cool, troubled. The man's got a great face.

Best Supporting Actress:

Who will be nominated:

Kate Hudson "Almost Famous"
Frances McDormand "Almost Famous"
Connie Nielsen "Gladiator"
Erika Christensen "Traffic"
Catherine Zeta-Jones "Traffic"

Who should be nominated, but won't: Dunno.

The Skinny: It's Hudson, most likely, with a serious challenge from Zeta-Jones on a looks basis. Nielsen may not find her way into a nomination, but she was the best part of "Gladiator."

Who will win: Hudson.

Who should win: Christensen, whose amazing transformation into a "Traffic" drug addict is the finest performance of the year, period.

Best Director:

Who will be nominated:

Steven Soderbergh "Traffic"
Same guy "Erin Brockovich"
Ridley Scott "Gladiator"
Ang Lee "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon"
Cameron Crowe "Almost Famous"

Who should be nominated, but won't: Michael Almereyda "Hamlet," Sofia Coppola "The Virgin Suicides," Robert Zemeckis "Cast Away" and Darren Aronofsky "Requiem for a Dream."

The Skinny: Lee's got the momentum, but can anyone overlook Soderbergh's magnificent juggling act in "Traffic"? Not possible. Is it? Scott's got a chance.

Who will win: Lee or Soderbergh.

Who should win: Coppola, for a magnificent debut film that successfully mixed beauty, suburban drama and pathos at the same time. She was completely in control of her craft.

Best Picture

What will get nominated:

"Gladiator"
"Traffic"
"Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon"
"Erin Brockovich"
"Almost Famous" or "Cast Away"

What should get nominated, but won't: "Hamlet" and "Requiem for a Dream."

The Skinny: If not for a weird ending, it would have been "Cast Away." That said, "Gladiator," muddled special effects and all, is the front runner. It was an average movie; it'll be remembered that way, too. "Traffic" is fine, but it came too late. "Erin Brockovich" is too limited in its scope.

What will win: "Gladiator."

What should win: Oh ... who knows. I liked "Hamlet" the most, but that doesn't mean it ought to win. Of the nominees, "Cast Away" and "Traffic" are the most worthy. "Gladiator" and "Almost Famous" are the least.

Story by Samuel McKewon

Art by Melanie Falk

Make-out music brings back old memories

BY ANDREW SHAW

Music and making out seem to go hand in hand. It's like Michael Jordan and Hanes underwear. Scott Baio and "Charles in Charge." Christina Aguilera and Andrew Shaw. It is destiny, fate, kismet.

What other reason could there be for the variety of make-out, music correlations?

In movies, when the tall, dark-haired, dangerous male lead gets real close to the skinny, blonde, yet somehow exotic female lead, you hear the music fade in a split second before they kiss. Then, as they continue to get it on, the music rises and the intensity increases as they show extreme close-ups of the woman's back or the man's hands.

What else could explain MTV's obsession with sex? The plot for the MTV movie "Election" was based strongly around a student having relations with her teacher. How else could MTV possibly defend running the late-night love fest known as "Undressed?" Every scene starts out with some hot, new modern pop hit playing in the background, but once the shirts start coming off or they start discussing important topics like premature ejaculation, it turns to some cheap porn music.

There's a genre of music known as "porn music." When you say "porn music," people know what you're talking about. They can hear the bass line slide around a redundant pattern with some lazy drummer and maybe a lethargic keyboardist providing some important inflection during the really good parts.

But the music and make-out connection doesn't only exist in Hollywood. Allow me to provide a few examples. Names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Thandrew Thaw was making out with Jennifer Love Hewitt one day after high school. They were senior year sweethearts and obviously the

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most attractive couple at Lincoln Wayside High School. Third Eye Blind's "Good For You" played on the stereo the first time Thandrew saw Jennifer with her bra off.

Three years later, Thandrew blows the dust off of his Third Eye Blind CD, remembering that this band used to play "Semi-Charmed Life," and turns it on. When the album spins its way to "Good For You," Thandrew's heart begins to race, and he can remember the smell of chocolate and the taste of Jennifer's hair spray. Now that's powerful stuff.

It works in reverse, though. Every time Thandrew hears Mercury Rev's "Goddess on a Hiway," especially the repeated line "An' I know it ain't gonna last," it brings back memories of the day he realized he and Shirley Manson were going to break up. And when Thandrew was dumped by Melissa Auf Der Maur, he can tell you that Sarah McLachlan's "Ice Cream" was running through his head for the next three days.

But can Thandrew tell you any lines from "PCU," the movie playing the first time he kissed Vitamin C? No, because movies demand visual concentration, whereas music can be the softest thing playing the background and still be the catalyst for a flood of memories you never knew were there.

Try it with your honey pie, candy lips or sugarbutt this Valentine's Day. Or tonight. Or both, if you're lucky. When you start to feel things heat up, take a short break, throw on Jackson 5's "ABC" or Devo's "Whip It" or They Might Be Giants' "Istanbul," then go back to your business. Six months or five years down the road, pencil into your planner to listen to the song again. I guarantee you memories will flood into your body like hate mail to John Ashcroft.

Whether the memories are good or bad is up to you.



Megan Cooy/UNL