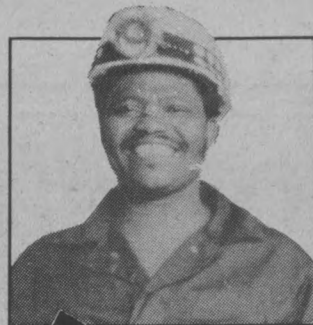


6A Nice
Hat



3A Nice
Chat



7A Nice
Beaver



ROCK WEEK

The Hard Rock/ Heavy Monolith Of The Daily Nexus

For The Week Of September 20-27, 1990, A.D.

Heavy Metal Hoedown

New Rockers Could Make KISS Pucker

by A.J. Goddard

LOS ANGELES — I figured the Foundations Forum 90 Concrete Convention would be stuffed like a turkey with hairsprayed fluff, painstaking eyeliner, the newest lipstick shades and sleek skin wrapped and bound tight in leather and skirts up to "there." Leave the music aside, let the appearances guide.

Nope.

There were some glam folk, but here we had the biggest hard rock/heavy metal convention in existence that few persons outside of the music industry knew much about, unless they were listening religiously to KNAC (of Long Beach, the sole Los Angeles metal station) who broadcasted live from the convention all weekend and pulled in their share of last-minute registrants for a smooth \$175 a head.

Unsigned band members scouted out as many record company representatives, college radio DJs and writers as possible and delivered their demos with the confidence that their tapes would be what the aforementioned persons wanted to hear.

For a mere \$300, unsigned bands could showcase in the upstairs schmooze rooms in hopes of a record contract offer — or at least some attention — and interest from one of the hundreds of record company A&R vultures who roamed the hotel.

The only band that I wandered in on and stayed to watch perform for more than five minutes was **Brunette**. I missed **Kid Crash's** showcase but heard their tape in the "ASCAP Metal Songwriter Workshop" when it magnetized the attention of many of the record reps present. Other than that, from what I heard, I'll have to agree with the unidentified man who stood up at the "Sexism, Racism, Homophobia and Anti-Semitism" panel who proclaimed that "90 percent of the unsigned bands at this convention don't deserve to get signed."

A plethora of uninnovative cheezy pop-metal and repetitive disturbing death rock or thrash metal groups invaded the convention, all hoping to get noticed. Hmhmhmhmhm.

During his keynote address, Judas Priest's Rob Halford urged the writers and performers of tomorrow to "continually challenge yourselves" as he spoke intelligently, honestly and modestly about his career experiences and the condition and position of the industry today in relation to the Tipper Gores who have invaded America.

Halford went on to say that "some of the more recent bands understand the value of or-



A.J. Goddard/DAILY NEXUS

Any questions? Blackie Lawless of Wasp and Doro Pesch of Doro at the Foundation's '90 Heavy Metal Convention.

rent," and this is bringing more depth to heavy metal. And we were blessed with a peek at some of this talented new blood during the nightly six-band extravaganzas that rocked the walls of the two large hotel ballrooms and were simulcast on video screens all over the hotel. Here's a briefing on the coolest stuff. ...

Thursday night, Kinghorse kicked off the metal assault with a tough set proving to all conventionees that they would be one '90s band to be reckoned with. But without much success a few of their members tried to convince Katie and me that they "hate heavy metal" and just "are not into the fluff factor." OK guys, but your "heavy" melodies rock, whatever you want to call the music.

Sexy German female rocker **Doro Pesch** closed that night's jam with her powerhouse voice, performing solo material from her new self-titled Mercury release, ripping through the infectious "Something Wicked This Way Comes" and the lovely "Only You," written by Gene Simmons. She also revived old **Warlock** material, stoking the crowd with the well-known favorite "All We Are." The little lady can rock.

Friday night brought a blitzkrieg of stage presence starting with **Two Bit Thief**, a fresh flower in the hard rock garden which brings back a few of the **Attitude Adjustment** boys. These guys garnered an incredible audience, especially considering that "that Judas Priest Band" was on next in the other ballroom. (Lead

Pretty Boy Rock Took A Back Seat At Convention

by Katie Adler

LOS ANGELES — Heavy metal convention. Three words that bring many scary things to mind; and I sure as hell had no idea what would be in store for me as I embarked on three days and nights at *Foundations Forum '90*, billed as "the industry's only all hard rock and heavy metal convention," held here last weekend at the Sheraton La Reina.

So what DID I expect? I envisioned myself in a sea of long-hairs, schmoozing to no apparent end, learning a lot about the music industry and seeing a few cool bands. And ya know what? I actually dug it. Just about all of it. With a few minor exceptions, this metal-convention virgin enjoyed herself quite a bit.

This Sheraton place was one big hotel; completely reserved for the convention; ready to be swarmed with close to 4,000 metalheads, all ready to rage hard. Checking in was cool, we got a huge bag chock full o' music and lots of other goodies.

After settling in and checking out things a bit, we cruised on over to the radio panel room. Being college DJ types, A.J. and I thought we might learn a thing or two. Hell no, it was boring with a capital "B," just a bunch of commercial radio jocks arguing with one obnoxious college DJ about stupid shit. Dude, obviously college and commercial radio are at opposite ends of

See METAL, p.5A

See HEAVY, p.4A



Barbara Jordan

The Power of the Word

Barbara Jordan Speaks Out

In July 1974, then Congresswoman Barbara Jordan delivered a 15-minute speech during the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment proceedings against former President Richard Nixon. Stressing that reason, not passion, should guide the deliberations, she eloquently and succinctly argued the case for continuing the impeachment process. The speech marked a moment of triumph for the constitutional system of government and focused the country's attention on Jordan, who has been called the finest orator in America.

She speaks on Saturday, September 22 at 4 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall. Her topic is the role of government as moral arbiter.

When Jordan was elected to the House of Representatives from the 18th District of Texas in 1972, she became the first Black woman from a Southern state to serve in the United States Congress. During her six years in Congress, Jordan distinguished herself particularly in the area of civil rights and was a key player in the embattled 1975 extension of the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

In 1976 Jordan became the first Black and the first woman to deliver the keynote speech at the Democratic National Convention. It was there she reminded the country: "We are one people bound together by common spirit, sharing in a common endeavor."

She again addressed the Democratic Convention in 1988 when seconding Lloyd Bentsen's nomination for vice president. As Bentsen later said, "It is one thing to be introduced. It is another thing to be introduced with the thundering eloquence of Barbara Jordan."

Although no longer in the public eye, Jordan is still greatly admired for her moral fiber and her knowledge of Constitutional law. For the past 11 years, as a professor at the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs in Austin, she has prodded and inspired graduate students at the

University of Texas to pursue public service with a sense of purpose and integrity.

Tickets for Barbara Jordan will go on sale at UCSB Campbell Hall one hour before her address. Tickets are \$6 for the general public and \$4 for UCSB students.

It Is a Very Full Year

Barbara Jordan's appearance initiates the 1990-91 UCSB Arts & Lectures season, and you couldn't ask for a more high-powered start to a season of distinguished speakers, amazing dance, music and theater, and terrific international cinema. In the first two weeks of October alone, events include the traditional gamelan music and dance by the *Children of Bali* (October 2); columnist and First Amendment specialist Nat Hentoff discussing the effect of speech codes on college campuses (October 5); and the witty modern dance and a cappella boppin' and rockin' of ISO and The Bobs (October 6).



Children of Bali

There's more: classic and contemporary sounds played on acoustic Brazilian instruments by Joel Nascimento and the Brazilian Sextet (October

9); avant-garde artist and machine builder/wrecker Mark Pauline (October 8); and the masterful harmonies of the Angeles String Quartet (October 12).

In coming months actor Patrick Stewart re-creates Marley, Scrooge and all the other special characters of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* (November 17). The Paul Taylor Dance Company (February 18 & 19), last here in 1978, will demonstrate why his company is ranked among the elite of modern dance, and the National Council for the Traditional Arts offers *Masters of the Steel String Guitar* (February 27), featuring rockabilly powerhouse Albert Lee.

Tickets Going Fast

Single tickets for all UCSB Arts & Lectures performing arts events of the 1990-91 season go on sale today. And remember, half of the performing arts events sold out last year, so don't delay only to discover you've missed out.

For more information and a free season brochure, call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.



Fun for Film Fans

This fall, UCSB Arts & Lectures offers our International Cinema Series, a selection of foreign and domestic films that brings you a world's worth of entertainment. Screening at UCSB Campbell Hall on Thursday and Sunday nights at 8 PM, all films are in the original languages with English subtitles as necessary.

The series begins with *Powwow Highway*, Sunday, September 30, the offbeat story of two very different Cheyenne Indians who are thrown together for a journey along the Powwow Highway. Other films in the series include *Zu: Warriors From the Magic Mountain*, Thursday, October 4, a sword and sorcery tale set in the enchanting land of Zu; *Bellman and True*, Sunday, October 7, a taut thriller that revolves around a computer expert forced to electronically rob a bank; and *Black Rain*, Thursday, October 11, a poignant look at the survivors of the atomic blast at Hiroshima.

Series tickets for the International Cinema series, at a 50 percent discount, are available in advance at the UCSB Arts & Lectures Ticket Office and at the door. Single tickets (\$5 general, \$3 UCSB students) may be purchased at the door only, one hour before showtime.

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Black Mambazo Will Be Gracing The Land Of I.V.

I walk across a barren desert, humanity cuts at my face like so much sand, whipping across a desert of nothing.

Music comes to me. I expect it to blind me and scrape my ears, like it has in the past. It doesn't. It is strange and pleasant and I like it.

In this music, the music of Ladysmith Black Mambazo, I find an oasis in the sandstorms of the negative feeling of today's music.

"Music is like when you write the news. It brings a message. It tells what happens. It tells about the future and the past. It tells what you think."

Joseph Shabalala is the founder of Ladysmith Black Mambazo. These are his words. He doesn't look at music as a way of voicing anger or distaste. This, to me, is hope that maybe not everyone chooses to sing the song of the wasteland they consider life. I can't live in the wasteland. I prefer Shabalala's oasis.

"The melody is the feeling of the people. Tradition is roots. Music reminds you of home, tells you who you are. It is encouragement to love and forgive. It brings us together."

South Africa's Ladysmith Black Mambazo, a 10 person a cappella group earned the 1987 Grammy for best traditional folk album

for "Shaka Zulu" and performed at the closing ceremonies of the French Bicentennial last year. However, the achievement that brought this group into international fame was their work with Paul Simon on his "Graceland" album.

"When I first met Paul Simon in Johannesburg, he told me that he was a fan of Black Mambazo and that he would like to work with me. I was surprised. I looked into his eyes and I saw that this man was full of music.

"He gave us the English lines from 'Homeless' to work with. He told us to keep the same harmony because he could sing this. He had taken it from our albums. We built on it."

Black Mambazo sings chiefly in Zulu. As beautiful as their harmonies are, they are eccentric by Western standards and thus difficult for a Western performer to master.

"They came to us and say that Paul Simon exploits us. But then they see and say that Paul Simon is good."

Shabalala speaks very highly of Simon. The feelings in the music of this pentecostal preacher are the spill over of oasis fountains which reveal the way he sees life. When he speaks of Robert W. DeClerk, the president of South Africa, he feels, "He is not a coward. They don't allow him to do things, and he



The ten member a cappella group, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, delivers a positive message in a negative world. Founder Joseph Shabalala, standing in the foreground, speaks of the groups crucial effect on the Black youth of South Africa.

does them anyway."

Even when the subject of censorship in his native land came up, Shabalala addressed it not with anger, but with a hint of hope that others wouldn't see. ...

"The government didn't know what we were singing, because we sing in our language. They just did not play us on their channel. Our people did play us on our channel, The African Channel."

Or he spoke with hurt amusement at their stupidity. ...

"The government heard 'Graceland' and began to play our music. They thought we were from the United States!"

Or, finally, with confusion. ...

"In my country, some of the music they don't play. They don't say why. They won't tell why."

A sad thing about an oasis in a desert as harsh as this is that you can't stay in it forever. Life will move you past it, always.

Shabalala and Black Mambazo don't want their music — the music of the people — to be a finite statement. It is traditional Zulu harmony and must be remembered.

"We like to plant our music. We want the

next generation to learn it. We want to bring it together and build a university. All our music has been left behind."

The university Shabalala hopes to create is one that teaches the black youth of South Africa their roots. Most importantly, the traditional a cappella folk music, for there is no school now in which these things can be learned.

"Pure tradition is to sing without instruments. Sometimes we clap our hands or play drums. It is our music, not foreign."

This is how the oasis grows.

"We bring The Music to the rural areas. They have the guitars inside. We bring the harmonies inside them and they say, 'Yes, this is good. Carry on.'"

Carry on.

— The Video Guy

Editors Note: Lady Black Mambazo, with special guests Collage of I will be performing at the Graduate in I.V. on Saturday, Sept. 22. Tickets are \$15 and are available at the Arlington Theater, Compact Disc & Tape Store, Morning Glory Music, Michael's Music, & The Graduate 685-3112.

UCSB Irie All Weekend: Black Uhuru To Start

So why are so many Reggae bands playing in Santa Barbara when the times are so dry?

The weekend before school begins promises to be packed full of loads of Reggae. Friday night in Rob Gym Black Uhuru, who performed marvelously before a sold-out show at Campbell Hall last spring, returns to Santa Barbara in "Reggae Jam '90." Albino Reggae star Yellowman, accompanied by Sophia George and the Sagittarius Band will also be on hand to create a truly cosmic concert. That show starts at 7 p.m. with the "legendary" I.V. band Common Sense. Buy tickets early at the A.S. Ticket Office and save three bucks that could be spent elsewhere if you know what I mean.

Black Uhuru's latest album "Now" reunites the roots riddims of Jamaican reggae stars Don Carlos, Duckie Simpson and Garth Dennis, the band's three original members. Their strictly spiritual


sound elucidates vivid images in North Africa and the Middle East: "You told the military to take a peep and now on every corner I can see, Black mariah tankers and jeeps" — "The Heathen."

Social consciousness comes to the Graduate Saturday night with Ladysmith Black Mambazo and Collage of I. Guaranteed to uplift the spirits and enliven the soul, this show is a must for those looking for unique and original music rarely found in the Santa Barbara area.

Voted the Best Folk Album in 1988 Collections won Ladysmith Black Mambazo international acclaim, as did their a cappella work on Paul Simon's Graceland LP. Attendance at this crucial show is a must. Don't be surprised if you see MTV on hand to film a short, suave white guy who lives in Montecito. But who wants to start rumors?

— Trevor Top

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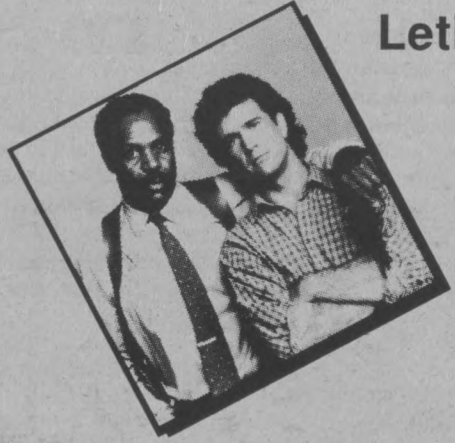
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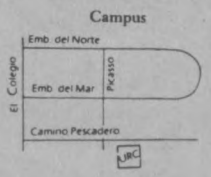
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"(The PMRC) can't understand past their little housewife intellect."

—Big Frank, Zed Records



"I never wrote the song with the intention of hurting anyone. First of all, it would've been a bad career move 'cause if everyone shot themselves after listening to my record, there wouldn't be a follow up."

—Ozzy Osbourne



"It's a shame we had to have someone from England come over and defend the U.S. Constitution."

—Bob Chiappardi
Concrete Marketing
President



"Every time we were trying to get more simple, we were just getting weirder and weirder."

—Away, Voivod



"It is my belief that music is more important to everyone than any other form of communication."

—Rob Halford, Judas Priest



"Those guys are pussies that burn our flag."
—Dave Mustaine, Megadeth



"Judas Priest is the Elvis Presley of Heavy Metal."

—Rob Halford

Heavy: New Bands Rock Convention

Continued from Cover the spectrum since there's no MONEY involved in college radio. Any idiot knows that (even us). Apparently this fool didn't. Hence, we left that panel semi-discouraged.

Next up was the censorship panel featuring none other than **Ozzy Osbourne**. Ozzy!! I love this man. He just rules. Alas, I was waiting with baited breath to see the Oz and hear what he had to say. The panel also featured ex-governor, now secretary of the California Democratic Party, **Jerry Brown**, who had many groovy things to say regarding censorship and the lack of registered voters among young people. Good old Jerry also sponsors a campaign called "Rock the Vote" which was here registering up metalheads left and right.

Poor Ozzy thinks he's a scapegoat because only the United States has any problems with his music and **Jane's Addiction's** ex-manager ranted and raved about the recent controversy surrounding their new album cover. Juicy stuff.

Next up was the gnarliest of gnarly. Live, and in person, **Judas Priest's Rob Halford** in the convention's much-heralded "keynote address," given last year by **KISS's Gene Simmons**. In a surprisingly eloquent speech, Halford called Judas Priest "the Elvis Presley of heavy metal" and acknowledged his newfound activism in regard to freedom of expression since his recent court victory in Reno. This is one sharp man, and it was damn good to hear what he had to say.

That evening we saw a

couple bands and schmoozed a bit, chatting with a few drunk young men. Friday began with a bang, with the panel on sexism and racism in metal. German Rock goddess **Doro Pesch** sat among **W.A.S.P.'s Blackie Lawless** and re-

rooms where record labels and magazines displayed their wares and greeted us with firm handshakes and semi-cheezy greetings, telling us about their newest band that they're sure we'll love. Bands drifted in and out, signing autographs and

people abounded within the throngs of rockers, people always looked closely at your I.D. badge as you walked by to see if you were "somebody." Clearly, A.J. and I were not, although we did get a lot of comments about our being from the "Daily News," (no, that's *Nexus*, you idiot).

Ah, Saturday. The final day of all this madness. Following a rather unstimulating press panel which was just basically a bunch of nit-wits arguing over whose magazine was better because they had **Warrant** on the cover, we headed to something a little more our speed, the "music from the underground" panel. Led by **In-Effect Records** founder **Howie Abrams**, this fairly dynamic discussion definitely held my interest. Debates centered around at which point a band is actually "selling out" and what the definition of "underground" actually is. Many people had interesting things to say although there was a little too much of the "How do I get my band a record deal?" questions from would-be-rockstars in the audience.

The daily roundup for this heaven event concluded with a rather anti-climatic artist panel featuring such names as **Judas Priest**, **White Lion**, **Flea** from the **Chili Peppers** and **Dave Mustaine** of **Megadeth** with **MTV's** hideous **Riki Rachtman** as moderator. All I got out of this was that **Warrant** was too afraid to answer most of the questions posed to them by the audience and that **Dave Mustaine** is a very hostile, angry man.

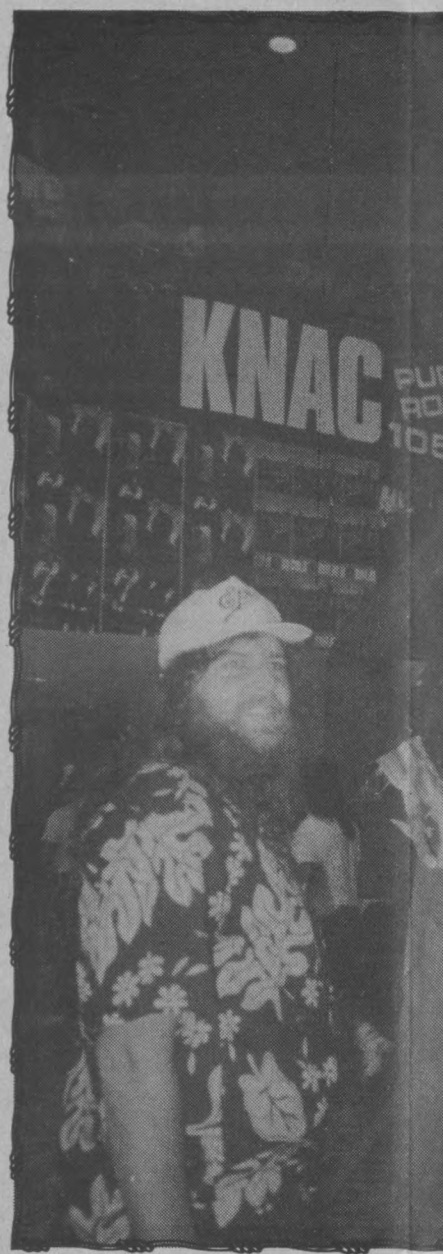


nowned music journalist **Stephen Chirazi**, debating the reasons for the image (or lack thereof) of women and minorities in the metal world. Many cool opinions were expressed and on the whole I think the people on the panel and in the audience were fairly disgusted with metal's inherent racism and sexism in general. **Blackie Lawless** even openly apologized for his stage act with a caged woman on a past **W.A.S.P.** tour. Sure, metal has a long way to go before it rids itself of its many stereotypes, but stuff like this is a step in the right direction.

On that note, we ventured upstairs to the exhibition

posing for pictures. Lots of free shit was available and everybody seemed to take as much as they could get (including us).

After an afternoon stuck in the crowded, stuffy hotel, it was great to head out to the pool for a **Scorpions**-album-listening party, complete with free food, an open bar and plenty more schmoozing, although we did manage to sift through the rock star types and meet some very cool people. Bands played all night and unlike the hustle and bustle of the daytime atmosphere, this was perhaps the biggest people-watching ceremony I've ever witnessed. Because famous



Had this been a bit more structured it might have worked but the questions from the audience left a lot to be desired; as did many of the artist's answers. At least it only lasted for two hours. Many cool bands followed and I left Foundations Forum '90 feeling groovy after learning a lot more (perhaps too much) about the metal industry as we know it today. Exhausted and metaled out, I hit the pillow, ears ringing, but indeed ready for next year's convention.

(Left) M... with her cover boy... ties assis... chael Jac... Heavy 9... pretty d... sunglasses

Photo

ARTIST'S TAPES

Devo
Hardcore Devo Volume One 74-77
Rykodisc

I first heard Devo when their single "Freedom of Choice" was one of the best selling songs in the nation. Ever since that time in the long-gone early 1980s, I have been a total Devo fan and a strong believer in the movement of society towards De-evolution.

Today, some 16 years after Devo's first basement sessions, Rykodisc has released

Hardcore Devo Volume One 74-77. All fifteen tracks on this CD were recorded on a four-track tape deck and prior to this point have never seen the light of day.

Some of the songs included on *Hardcore* were subsequently re-recorded in the studio and issued either on Devo's first LP, *Are We Not Men? ...* or as in the case of "Soo Bawls," as the B-side of an early 7-inch single. But the majority of the tunes are so obscure I think even Devo has forgotten about them.

Last September, when I asked Devo member **Jerry Casale** about the formation of the band, he said Devo started in 1975 and it was just a Performance Art idea, really not a band.

Listening to this record, you can tell that it's a "band" and judging by the title Devo musta been around in 1974. So whatcha sayin' Jerry?

The songs on this CD contain more Devo sarcasm and dark humor than any Devo "official" release ever has in the past, and you

are tipped off to this by its interesting cover — don't be shocked, it's not real. "Social Fools" states that "If you obey society's rules, you'll be society's fools."

The classy tune "Midget" adds a bit of humor with lyrics singing of a midget man who "used to play underneath my momma's skirts all day" but then when "Dad came home she put me away."

If you need a description of the music I suppose you could call it Pre-post Modern, but then again Devo never really could be categorized.

If you liked Devo's first two albums then you will certainly derive great pleasure from this new release. For those of you who did not like the early Devo works I suggest that you begin to re-listen, since all of society is headed towards demise and its name is De-evolution. Avid Devo-heads may also want to check out their latest studio album on Enigma records, *Smooth Noodle Map*, as Devo continues to mutate the system.

— Marc Brown



It's not what it seems — two mothers lil' helpers.

Soul Asylum
Soul Asylum and the Horse They Rode In On
Twin/Tone-A&M Records

I don't know about you, but usually I try to avoid having things grow on me. Last year my favorite Minnesota-Twin/Tone band **The Replacements**, put out a record which I hated and to this date still don't like all that much. **Soul Asylum**, is also from the Land Of 10,000 Lakes and started on the same indie label, but somehow seemed to shake my initial disgust.

I still don't know how they did it. 1988's *Hang Time*, Soul Asylum's first major label shot on A&M, was a sonic assault of near-metal power chords layered with just plain evil lyrics. The writing is just as good here, easier to hear because the boys seemed to have left their distortion pedals back home when they recorded this in L.A.

This is why I was originally bummed, as I've grown used to their crushing power and

surprisingly personal introspective lyrics. Why can't dumb rock bands just keep rocking out? Who cares if bands don't want to yeemds.

"Easy Street" rocks out like the old days, but basically "... and the Horse" feels like **Soul Asylum** trying to experiment with a more relaxed, almost accessibly commercial sound. Don't get too freaked, though, there's still lots of chunks of diversity and experimentation on the wax which may remind you of when the **Minutemen** put out *Project Mersh* (about the time **Soul Asylum** started).

Obviously, this is **Dave Pirner's Pet Sounds**, ending with the rocky-road textured tune "All The King's Friends." But the wisest words come from "Veil Of Tears," a possible explanation of the wax: "Better put your toys and games away/When you take the kids out fishin' for the fairy tales."

Just buy it and listen without prejudice. Oh, that's a different band.

— Tony Pierce



(Left) Metal babe Doro Pesch mix'n' it up with her band. (Above) Iron Maiden's cover boy Eddie showed up for the festivities assisted by some guy looking for Michael Jackson. (Right) The Godfather of Heavy Metal, Ozzy Osbourne, looking pretty damn sharp in his John Lennon sunglasses and BDP chapeaux.

Photos by A.J. Goddard

"I'm not a big fan of heavy metal. It all sounds the same."
—Flea



"Fear is the political center of gravity. It carries politics."
—Jerry Brown

Metal: Meeting O' The Minds; Rippin'

Continued from Cover singer Andy Andersen assured us that Priest is no good.)

Pumping out kickin' tunes from their debut album, Two Bit Thief kept the energy high throughout the set. At the forefront, Andersen had the audience doubled over with his humorous jokes and true-to-life imitations of Axl Rose. He proclaimed that no one can stand to be in the same room with him (Andersen) for more than five minutes. Probably true. He pranced around wearing a beanie that, with his hair pulled back in a ponytail, made him look like a short English chap and kept telling us he'd do card tricks for us while he showered the audience with decks of playing cards.

Now we embarked upon the journey we'd all been waiting for. Judas Priest took the stage and brought the house down. The place was packed and hundreds of people still crammed the doorways trying to get in for the performance.

I was expecting to get a preview of their new album *Painkiller* but instead they infected everybody with a surge of nostalgia, cranking out such favorites as "Hell Bent For Leather" and "You've Got Another Thing Comin'." They did play the hard rocking title track, but left the rest of the album a mystery until it's released. Tricked out in classic Priest black leather garb, Halford proudly introduced the song that has put the band in the spotlight for months with their Reno lawsuit. "This is Buurnn You, Buurnn Me," he shouted in the classic Hal-

ford voice. They surpassed all expectations and with ex-Racer X drummer Scott Travis providing a fresh new backbone and proving they still rock as hard and with as much energy as ever. Clean convention climax. After Priest, we were



tranced with the guitar omnipotence of *Extreme* and George Lynch's new endeavor. After ditching Don Dokken and taking drummer Mick Brown with him, Lynch has created his ideal band *Lynch Mob*. The night was almost too much to handle.

Even with these riveting performances, the third and last night's performances didn't lose the already brewing steam.

Saturday night *Valentine* and their Steve Perry wanna-

be vocalist opened the night to our disappointment, and all-female pop-rockers *Precious Metal* did their thing, but I saw the most impressive performance yet with the *Alice In Chains* set.

If there is one thing Seattle teaches its natives about, it's

pressed the foreboding of Layne Staley's vocals and lyrics with the help of Mike Starr on heavy bass.

The best thing about *Alice In Chains* is that they always do the unexpected. Their music is totally uncalculated, unpredictable and fresh in its sinister surrealism as they left me awe-struck after their cutting-edge thrusty set. Definitely the performance-highlight of the convention alongside Priest.

I'm quite sure the last two bands of *Concrete* caused severe universal hearing loss. My poor eardrums. *Pantera* is a new hardcore band out of Austin, Texas and crazed frontman Phillip Anselmo assured us that more than hicks come from Texas.

They've been around since 1983 and have cultivated their own underground following by playing, playing, playing. They never lost an ounce of energy during the voracious set of thrash 'n' bang as Anselmo encouraged the audience to slam and do whatever they wanted, never mind the security dudes. And they did. *Pantera*, the *Cowboys From Hell* are here, obnoxiously so and they're not taking any shit. Check 'em out if they hit L.A. — it'll be worth the drive.

"Four albums and still no ballad" is their motto and the theme shirts were everywhere as *Exodus* finished off *Concrete* like a bomb and were so loud they actually blew me out of the room and outside to the monitors. They played some older tunes and that was cool, and what else can I say except they were very *Exodus*.

"I was watching TV and I thought, 'This woman (Tipper Gore) is holding up in front of Congress a picture of my dick.' Don't they have something better to worry about than what I'm doing?"

—Blackie Lawless

"I'm pissed off at some of the wimpy ballads we've been doing lately."

—Rick Nielsen, Cheap Trick

"I have no say in what videos I play on *Headbanger's Ball*."

—Riki Rachtman, host of *MTV Headbanger's Ball*

"Rock and Roll is about revolution, it's about change. If I hear another song about high heel shoes I'm gonna' scream."

—Blackie Lawless

"I never wanted to be in a band who played it safe; a band whose every other song is 'Oooh, I love you baby.'"

—Rob Halford

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L.A.'s Jane's Addiction's New Album Lives Up To The Hype...

...And Then Some

by W. Patrick Whalen

Maybe now everyone will know Mr. Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy. He is part banshee, part poet, but first and foremost he is an emotional gangster, the lunatic on the fringe. I know. I've waited too long for it to be any other way.

He begins each day with witchcraft and blood, and ends it amid the purple-skidded morning skies, floating in a netherworld of sadness and pain. They travel lightly, the banshee and his suitors, nude save for the impressive weaponry they heft, and the scars that track like burns along wood across their gaunt bodies.

It really is something to see, the lighting and the thunder, the screams of each night's ritual, the scaling of the mountain and the gazing at the sea. The cool wind blows in the end, of course, and the banshee hangs on a cross, his raw, torn knees splayed in ecstasy, his knotted locks whispering about the fall of the mosquitoes, about an Armageddon of the bloodsuckers.

"Tenemos mas influencia con sus hijos," he bellows at them from his roost atop a candle-lit Mexican bordello, "Ahora hay mucha sangre para nosotros. Debes ser con nosotros."

He is the alley cat, the carcinogen, the bogeyman who burns incense at dawn and prays for salvation — the erotic Jesus whose eyes gleam and jut like polished steel bolts, the marquis who giggles outside your bedroom window and slaps and trips your dad and pulls your mother's hair. The guy who speaks a dozen languages but prefaces everything with "dude."

He parties and swaggers and cusses and fucks, he's seen a million souls and rocked them all. But he'll still come to your house to smell the roses and cuddle the kittens and talk about love and dope and sex and reams — a Staggerlee in pancake, the ultimate white punk on chemicals, a bad clown dancing on the knife tip.

So why do they call him Perry?

Without the fantasy, Jane's Addiction isn't as much fun. Try explaining Perry Farrell and crew to your parents or to the average rock radio music director: They just won't get it. The band is personal, man, a definite acquired taste. Let it be enough to say that Jane's is the best band alive, and are therefore bound to not meet expectations, while at the same time keeping those expectations alive.

On 1988's *Nothing's Shocking*, the Addiction showed what metal music could be in the hands of people who knew that a good power chord could cleave a cranium, that metal could be grungy and beautiful and savage and delicate all at the same time. Part of that record's appeal was the sense of loneliness and dread it imparted, but basically it was a musical blitzkrieg that flouted metal conventions and marked the Addiction as the only band exotic, powerful and creative enough to forge a new rock and roll future.

Then, two years ago, they came to Harder Stadium for Extravaganza — and the music was validated by the flesh. A sunny day eerily turned swampy with clouds and fog minutes before they climbed the stage, and suddenly the soldiers of the Apocalypse were before us: the sombreros, the smoke, the grinding, the skirts, the green hair, the liberating

Been Caught Shredding



It proved once and for all that yes, Jane's Addiction would indeed provide the soundtrack for World War III. When could we push the button?

(left) Detail from the cover of *Ritual De Lo Habitual*. (above) The new *Led Zeppelin*.

crowd violence. It proved once and for all that yes, Jane's Addiction would indeed provide the soundtrack for World War III. When could we push the button?

So naturally, with that all that as background, it should come as little surprise that the Addiction's new disc, *Ritual de lo Habitual*, seems a track or two short of the masterpiece, a record by a band still deciding whether it wants to hang glide or speed by bullet train into oblivion.

One disturbing facet of the album is Farrell's obvious desire to articulate himself beyond the music — to put on record in the liner notes that he is against censorship and in favor of Black people, women and the environment. Also inserted is an annoying segue between songs declaring that his sex and his drugs and his rock and roll are his own business. Nice, but somehow I never doubted him on these things; his music already said all that, and by making them obvious, Farrell sort of... well, humanizes and normalizes himself — always a mistake for a shaman. Thankfully, Farrell still believes he doesn't need a voice coach.

Guitarist David Navarro and drummer Stephen Perkins prove that they reside in a stratosphere with few peers, but there are parts of the mix where they are improbably

squeezed out in a weird clog of power. Largely missing on *Ritual* are Navarro's screaming thunderbolts and Eric Avery's trademark, meandering bass thrum, which seem to have been overridden by a desire for a more cohesive sound, especially on tracks like "Stop!" and "No One's Leaving." Individually, the songs still slam, but there's not the same mystery and danger in them that defined the best tunes from *Nothing's Shocking*, such as "Oceansize" and "Mountain Song." *Ritual's* "Been Caught Stealing" is the better counterpart to "Standing in the Shower."

The second half of the record is downright Zepplinesque, only more so. The last four cuts — from the schizophrenic "Three Days" to the rhapsodic "Classic Girl" — are inventive and pleasing epics, but they are overproduced and carry little of the imagery and vision that drive "Ted, Just Admit It" and "Jane Says."

What should be interesting is how they perform these four cuts live. Until then, I'll be spinning *Ritual de lo Habitual* daily, imagining (and somehow knowing) what Farrell means when he shrieks on "Three Days": "Erotic Jesus lays with his Marys/ Loves his Marys/ Bits of puzzle, fitting each other." Naw, he couldn't be serious.

Trout & Leif Garret: Together At Last

I remember it like it was all yesterday. I sit here, watching Trout's VW Bus head out for the Middle East. Why is Trout third-world bound? Well, let me tell you.

I was sitting at the UN Building, Goleta Branch, talking about Beer, really great beer, like Keystone, with Troy Clem III, the ambassador to South Dakota, when I got a call on line three.

"You're talking with The Video Guy," I said.

"The Video Guy, it's me, Trout," said line three.

"Well, Aloha, Trout. How's that rash?"

"The Video Guy, I need to talk to you, ASPCA."

So, with do haste, I polished off my tall, cold one. Then I drank the rest of my beer and headed over to the House of Trout.

I found him in the lounge, lounging. Naturally, I lounged with him.

"The Video Guy, I want to go to Iraq," stated Trout.

This was not a very lounge-like thing to say. "Whoa, Buckaroo. Don't get too zany. I mean, video rentals are REALLY expensive over there. Furthermore..."

"That's not it, The Video Guy," muttered Trout, "I think I can kick some butt."

He was right.

First thing the next morning, I gave Mickey and George a call, then went into the bedroom and woke up Maggie. We met over sausage.

"Gorby, Bush, Mag, I have a proposal: Trout.

and a list of really bad puns using Saddam Hussein's name.

We had a little gun away party, and we sent him on his merry way.

So, here I am, seeing Trout off and reviewing *Cheerleader Camp*.

Leif Garrett is back! And this time, he's a real shlep! Over the course of the film,

shears through the mouth, but only after we see her nude and with Leif all *fragante*. We also have high-school cheerleading outfits that consist of halter tops. I wish I went to that high school.

Two absolutely beautifully stunning quotes in 'is movie.

Quote #1: "Cheer up! Lighten up! Come on, we're looking at naked women here."

Quote #2: "Doesn't that make your pee-pee harder than a 10-pound bag of nickel jaw breakers."

The Video Guy
By Denis Faye

"Come on, we're looking at naked women here."



(Murmur of approval.) My man has been lifting weights all summer. He's been playing quite a bit of Combat and Air-Sea Battle on the Atari 2600 and I think we should send him to Iraq to kick some hiney."

Naturally, the crew was in complete agreement. Let's do it.

We loaded Trout up with all the essentials. An English/Iraqese Dictionary, a sweater, a six-pack, a ham sandwich, some oats, a gun, a copy of *Bloodsucking Freaks*, an August 1986 issue of *BUF* maga-

my buddy Leit manages to: a) Put a sock in and adjust his groin, b) rap, c) hack someone's face off and try to hump and say "I'm Happy" in a three minute stretch, d) drink milk from the bottle, and he's not even the bad guy.

This is a slasher flick. Which, as if you didn't know, means that some teenagers find themselves alone somewhere, hump, and get killed, and that's it, lock, stock and barrio.

Lots of fun surprises in here. Playboy Playmate Teri Weigel gets a garden

I'm going to do something special for the Video Guy Mondo Movie Beer-o-Meter this week. I'm going to splice this film into halves. The first half warrants an 11 on the Beer-o-Meter, because Hilarity, Nudity, Violence and basically good times reigned. The second half bogged me down with psychological slobber, I drank two beers during the second half. So just watch the first half. Good stuff, Great chicks.

This is The Video Guy saying "Grapes — An American Obsession."

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Postcards From The Edge Makes For Good Eatin

Nichols Directs Streep Croons



Shirley M., Carrie F., and Meryl S.

The witty, cohesive *Postcards from the Edge* gives the movie-viewing public some things they've been without for a while. It's a movie with drugs in it that doesn't moralize. It's a movie about a mother-daughter relationship that doesn't resort to sentimentality. It's a movie with Conrad Bain in it. It's a movie with Dennis Quaid that doesn't have a single soft-focus, satin sheet, exquisite-grimace "love-making" scene. It's a movie made entirely without Michael Caine, Brian Dennehy and Darryl Hannah.

Written by Carrie Fisher (*Star Wars*, *Under the Rainbow*), *Postcards* is based loosely around Fisher's showbiz relationship with her real-life mother, that darling little Debbie Reynolds. Sarcastic and breezy, *Postcards* is a treatise in intelligent moviemaking, telling the story of a young star trying to get it together.

Director Mike Nichols (*The Graduate*, *Carnal Knowledge*) fairly fills the screen with faces and indelible images, yet somehow manages to maintain an open, somewhat vacationary feel. Nichols has the confidence not to explain each joke or methodically define every character to the buffoons the movie industry bunglers believe they are targeting. Every comic scene is pulled off near-perfectly in its understatement, and the characters develop gradually, just like people do.

Fantastic in many ways, one of the most successful aspects of *Postcards* is Nichols's toying with the way people really act and how events really occur. People are sometimes cheesy and hokey, events are often sporadic-ludicrous, and when actors or scenes appear this way, Nichols intends it.

Other movies have succeeded at this before, the best being,

certainly, *Spinal Tap* — directed so that no matter what happened, mistakes would appear to the viewer as well-thought-out parody. In *Postcards*, too, general cinematic flub-ups and dramatic quackery only serve to better the movie. Just as Rob Lowe, generally a hunk-a-hunk-a-burning dung on the big screen (even the mother of a certain 16-year-old girl in Atlanta didn't like the way he was acting), worked well in the roll of a phony in *Bad Influence*. So, now, does everyone in *Postcards*. For the most part, each character is linked directly to the movie industry, so when they seem insincere in the way they deliver their lines it could be because they are botching up the scene or because the characters they're playing are insincere to begin with. Either way, the final product is perfect, and Dennis Quaid comes off looking like he has the talent of Gene Hackman.

— J. Christaan Whalen

Cinema Paradiso Es Muy Bueno

Academy Dips Ignore Good Foreign Flicks

Spike Lee's *Do The Right Thing* was not included in the Best Film category of the Academy Awards. "Not a union film," cried the nominating committee, and a more just rationale would be easier to muster from young Theodore Hoop, the cheese imitator, whose standard reply varies from, "Shut up, shut up, shut up," to, "I said so, grape-squisher!"

Another film mysteriously absent from the Best Film category was the Italian film by Johnny Tumpers, *Cinema Paradiso*. "Ho there, spiny nitwit," again, the nominating committee, "That there's a foreign film."

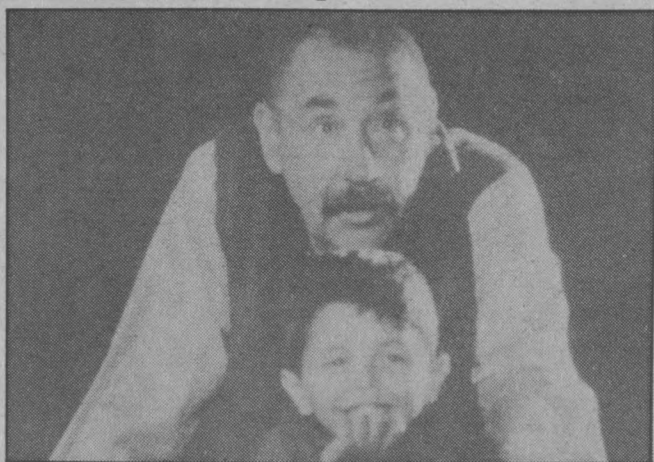
Now, nationalism may be a fine reason to expend millions of U.S. citizens' dollars on various military friskings about in the Middle East. But

nationalism as a criterion for judging the quality of a movie just might carry the "My country ..." motto a shimmy too far.

"Cinema Paradiso," had it not been so ominously foreign, would have dominated the Academy's nominations and may very well have swept. "But, we gave it best foreign film." (Have you ever heard a pedantic whine?)

For cinematography that rivals Scorsese, passion without sappiness, and a motion picture that would relegate 99 percent of the currently-running American movies to B status, see *Cinema Paradiso* this week at the Victoria Street Theatre, on a big screen for the last time before it hits video obscurity.

— Os



Dabney Coleman and Jerry Mathers as "The Beaver?" No. Just Chipper Look-Alikes.

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