

ARTSWEEK

FILM

3A



The Buzz

FEATURE

5A



Ticket Scalpers

The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus/For the Week of Oct. 19-26, 1989

Syllabus

OF NOTE THIS WEEK



Top 5 This Week

at Morninglory Music:

1. Ice T, *Iceberg*
2. Red Hot Chili Peppers, *Mother's Milk*
3. Neil Young, *Freedom*
4. Tracy Chapman, *Crossroads*
5. Tears for Fears, *The Seeds of Love*

at Warehouse:

1. Tracy Chapman, *Crossroads*
2. Janet Jackson, *Rhythm Nation 1814*
3. Soul II Soul, *Keep On Movin'*
4. Tears for Fears, *The Seeds of Love*
5. Don Henley, *End of the Innocence*



Tonight:

Monty Python and the Holy Grail, at I.V. Theatre, 7, 9 and 11 p.m.; \$3
Wuthering Heights, at Campbell Hall, p.m.; \$3/students, \$4/non-students

Tomorrow:

Night of the Living Dead, at the Lagoon, 8 p.m.; Free
Ghostbusters II, at Campbell Hall, 7, 9 and 11 p.m.; \$3

Sunday

La Lectrice, at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.; \$3/students, \$4 non-students



PERFORMANCE

Tonight

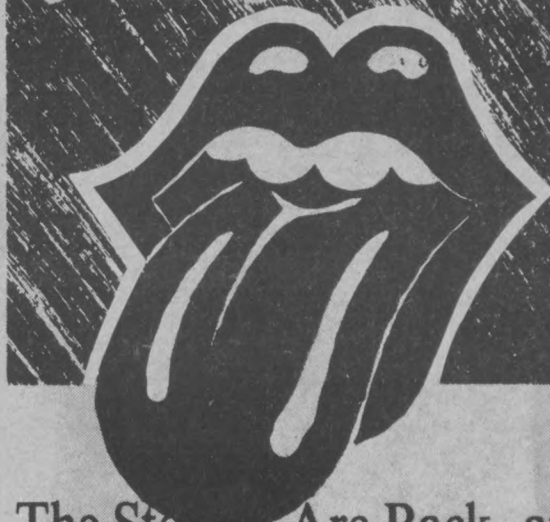
Rock The Rolling Stones 'n' pals, at the L.A. Coliseum, 6 p.m.; Until Sunday; Tickets: how much you got?
 Poetry Robert Creeley, at the UCen Pavilion, 4 p.m.; Free
 Pub Nite Bakra Bata steel drum troupe, at the Pub, 8 p.m.; \$1/students, \$3/non-students

Saturday

Dance "Eternal Jam," at the Old Gym, 9 p.m. — 2 a.m.; Tickets: \$4
 Theatre "The Winter's Tale," by William Shakespeare, at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m.; Tickets \$12/10/8 for students
 Concert Isla Vista Fall Festival, at Anisq'Oyo Park, all day. Free



ROLLING STONES



The Stoners Are Back, and Once More We Are Slaves To Their Rhythm. Never Have We Been So Suckered

By W. Patrick Whalen
 Staff Writer

A sordid spectacle took place last night that will happen three more times before Monday. When it's over, hundreds of thousands of people will have squeezed into the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum to see men older than Dan Quayle play guitars, strut like arthritic peacocks and lay waste to hundreds of pounds of the finest pyrotechnics.

The band will not care that the little people paid \$35 to see them leap about from blocks away, or that the thicker wallets drained as much as \$1,200 for a closer experience. They will not care about the carping of cynics who lamely evoke the glimmering days of a glittering past, or complain that, musically, the band has been lazy and wholly self-derivative since about 1977. Hardened and arrogant, the band simply will not care.

Backstage at the Coliseum, as would-be kings Guns N Roses and See TONGUE, p.6A

■ AN ARTSWEEK SPECIAL REPORT ■



More Than Just Some Fiddling Around

Masters of the Folk Violin Will Bow You Over

Six of America's finest fiddlers, each one exceptionally well versed in a different American regional style, join forces for a tuneful evening when the **Masters of the Folk Violin** swing into town. Call it a violin or fiddle; the names have been used interchangeably by folk and classical performers for more than three centuries. It's what the player does with the instrument that makes the difference. Take Kenny Baker, for example. As a composer and player, the Kentucky-born bluegrass king comes from a long line of fiddlers and has been a source of inspiration to other bluegrass players for over 25 years. Likewise, Claude Williams is considered to be one of the inventors of the tangy and often charged jazz violin. And don't let Alison Krauss's 17 years fool you; she's a virtuoso performer in the long bow style that the late Benny Thomasson spread



Seamus Connolly

Kenny Baker

from Texas to the rest of the country. Also a singer, she's been performing since she was ten.

Joe Cormier plays the beautiful and haunting Scottish-based Cape Breton style, which came to the United States from Cape Breton Island in the northwestern corner of Nova Scotia, Canada. From Louisiana comes Michael Doucet, the lead vocalist and instrumental focus of the band Beausoleil, who keeps the Cajun accent strong and alive. Seamus Connolly lives in Boston but grew up in Kilaloe, County Clare Ireland. Ten times the winner of the Irish National Championship for traditional fiddle, he continues the Irish fiddle tradition in our country by touring and giving workshops.

During their residency here at UCSB, several of the musicians will be giving free mini-performances at the Main Branch of the Santa Barbara Public Library. Monday, October 23 at 5 PM, you can hear Claude Williams play that jazz fiddle. On Tuesday, October 24 at 5 PM, Cajun fiddler Michael Doucet appears at the same downtown location.

Masters of the Folk Violin is co-sponsored by the Society for Jazz and World Music and is part of the 8th Annual Festival of World Music.

The concert is Tuesday, October 24 at 8 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall. Tickets for UCSB students are \$13/\$11/\$9

The Poet's Call

Critic Hugh Kenner has written that poet **Robert Creeley** "is one of the very few contemporaries with whom it is essential to keep in contact." The author of more than two

dozen volumes of poetry, essays and fiction, Creeley has been a close admirer of Ezra Pound, a correspondent with William Carlos Williams and a friend of Allen Ginsberg. Known for his exciting poetry sessions and engaging lectures, he gives a free poetry reading today, Thursday, October 19 at 4 PM in the UCSB University Center Pavilion.

Creeley's is a compressed, personal poetical style he developed in the 1950s when the writer was a student and later a teacher at Black Mountain College, an experimental center for artists located near Asheville, North Carolina. Between 1954 and 1957 Creeley edited the *Black Mountain Review*, a pivotal avant-garde magazine. During this period Creeley was creating his own poetic voice as well as publishing the work of other budding writers. Creeley earned an M.A. degree at the University of New Mexico in 1957 and taught there in 1961. After travels to Mexico and Europe, he reached San Francisco where he met and befriended Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and the other writers of the Beat Generation with whom Creeley is sometimes associated. His poems have been published in numerous collected editions, including *For Love*, covering the decade of the 1950s, *Word* (1967), which critic Frederick Will says marked "a new moment in 20th century poetry," and his *Collected Poems: 1945-1975*, published in 1983. Since 1968 Creeley has been on the faculty of the State University of New York at Buffalo.

Speaking of Reading

The International Cinema series continues with *La Lectrice*, a story within a story of a woman reading a novel to her boyfriend who then imagines herself in the role of the book's heroine, offering her services as a professional reader to a wide range of clientele. This multi-faceted French film explores how *La Lectrice* (the reader, played by Miou Miou) learns more about herself as she liberates the troubled imaginations of her listeners with readings from the works of Lewis Carroll, Tolstoy, the Marquis de Sade and others. *La Lectrice* will screen on Sunday, October 22 at 8 pm in Campbell Hall. Student tickets are \$3.

LA LECTRICE
(THE READER)



A SEDUCTIVE COMEDY FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO READ IN BED

For tickets or information call: 961-3535

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
			19 Wuthering Heights 8 PM Campbell Hall Robert Creeley 4 PM / UCen Pavilion	20	21 Actors from the London Stage Winter's Tale 8 PM Campbell Hall	22 La Lectrice 8 PM Campbell Hall
23	24 Masters of the Folk Violin 8 PM Campbell Hall	25 John T. O. Kirk 4-30 PM Garrett 1004	26 Mr. Smith Goes to Washington 8 PM Campbell Hall	27	28	29 King of the Children 8 PM Campbell Hall

U C S B
A&L
ARTS & LECTURES



THE BUZZ

FILM	THEATRE	COMMENTS
★★★★ The Wizard of Oz	Arlington	Miss it and you're a commie. (Doug Arellanes)
★★★★½ Sex, Lies & Video Tape	Goleta, Riveria	Underwhelming, but watching it is like having a long, in-depth, probing talk about sex with a close friend. (Doug Arellanes)
★★★ Parenthood	S.B. Twin Drive-in	It didn't quite make me want to go out and father a gaggle of whelps, but the little kid's stressed-out mug made me want to rest nonetheless. (Jeffrey P. McManus)
★★★ Look Who's Talking	Granada 3, Cinema Twin	Bruce Willis shows amazing range playing an infant and Travolta's still a stud in this clever comedy. (Brian Banks)
★★★ Shirley Valentine	Plaza de Oro Twin	Stressed out on life? Take this trip to Greece with Shirley. (Alicia Rich)
★★ Old Gringo	Fiesta 4	Jane's good, but not that good.
★★ A Dry White Season	Plaza de Oro	One word. Brando. (Laine Laurent)
★★ An Innocent Man	somefuckinplace	Just like Stallone's Lockup, without Lockup's wit, poignance, hot sex, Stallone, triumph montages and social relevance. (Jeffrey C. Whalen)
★ Black Rain	Fairview	Part "Dirty Harry," part "Robocop," part "Year of the Dragon," the movie plays like this year's Yankees — lots of power but no point. (Jesse Engdahl)
★ Johnny Handsome	Fiesta 4	Mickey Rourke cannot live on resume alone. (Jesse Engdahl)
★ Sea of Love	Fiesta 4, Cinema Twin	Al Pacino is flawless, Ellen Barkin wears a tight red dress, but the characters are cardboard cut-outs. Why, Al, why? (Julee Stover)



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Oct. 19

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15

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Thomas Mapfumo's Liberation Sounds

■ Upcoming
Caribbean Cuisine
Features Musician
From Zimbabwe
Tonight at 8 p.m.

By Trevor Top
Reporter

On the heels of hugely successful concerts with African masters Fela Kuti and King Sunny Ade, two more African artists will brandish their brassy beats in Santa Babylon.

The serious roots will be laid down tonight in the newly hip/happening Caribbean Cuisine with the revolutionary sounds of Thomas Mapfumo, "The Lion of Zimbabwe," and his band Blacks Unlimited.

Mapfumo pioneered the wiry, meditative, and highly syncopated style of African



PERFORMANCE

music known as *chimurenga*, during the revolutionary years that preceded Zimbabwe's independence in 1980. Its liberation sounds express the frustrations and cries of souls choosing freedom above personal survival.

With its echoes of traditional Zimbabwean music, Mapfumo's music pumped life into the soul of a nation where culture had been subverted and suppressed for so long it had almost forgotten how to breathe.

With the Acid Band, his former group, Mapfumo released the late '70s LP, *Hokoya* (Watch Out), which

was immediately banned. Mapfumo himself spent 90 days in jail for engaging in "subversive activities" — recording the album.

Pulse is at the core of *chimurenga*, one of a handful of African popular styles that essentially transpose ancient traditional music onto modern electrical instruments.

For example, the *mbira* (thumb piano) is a solid slab of wood with two banks of flanged metal prongs jutting out and shells or bottle caps attached to provide a buzzing tone, and is the primary traditional instrument used by Zimbabwe's Shona tribe. Mapfumo, a member of the tribe, utilizes the *mbira* as a way of preserving the traditional element in his modern music.

Mapfumo's show is a sure bet to be an enlivening experience found too few times here in Santa Babylon.

Artsweek tip for today: catch the steel drumming troupe Bakra Bata in Storke Plaza for free at noon, and head out to the Caribbean Cuisine for the crucial show of Thomas Mapfumo. Shows start at 8 and 10:30 p.m.; Tickets: \$12.50, available at the door. Phone: 967-7265

Ventura CONCERT THEATRE



TONIGHT
Oct.
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Oct 25th

PIXIES
Oct.
26th



with BOB MOULD



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- 10/21 Tower of Power
- 10/25 Jimmy Cliff
- 10/26 KCSB
co-presents
Pixies with
Bob Mould
- 10/27 Arlo Guthrie
- 10/28 the Bombers
- 11/1 Mr. Big
w/Princess Pang
- 11/2 Beat Farmers
- 11/3 Metal Fans
Dr. Know
w/Dark Carnival
Bold Creed
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ARTSWEEK

The Arts and Entertainment
Section of the Daily Nexus
Oct. 19, 1989

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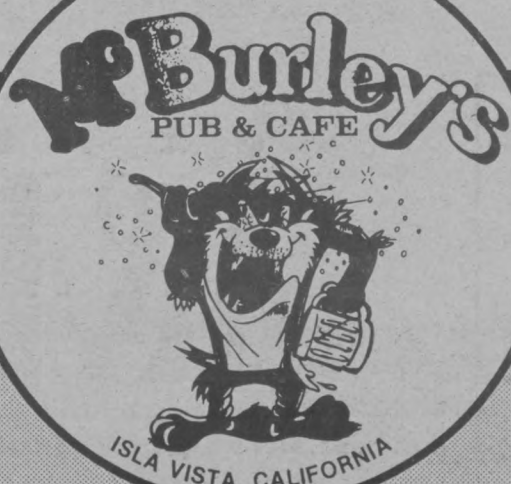
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4A Thursday, October 19, 1989

Altamont

Tragic Stones Concert Symbolized Dark Side of the Woodstock Years



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LIMIT ONE PER CUSTOMER
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By Doug Arellanes
Staff Writer

Driving along Interstate 580, which bridges the Central Valley and the Bay Area, there are few landmarks on the yellow-gold rolling hills except for the windmills.

Positioned in surreal straight lines, they stand poised to transform the howling wind that blows over the Altamont Pass into electricity.

Twenty years ago there were no windmill rows, no completed freeway. Twenty years later there are no Altamont Minutes on MTV, no T-shirts or posters or 20th anniversary revivals of the film, no nostalgic interviews with Wavy Gravy or Dr. Timothy Leary, although both were there.

On December 6, it will be twenty years since the Rolling Stones played a free concert at Altamont. The notorious free concert at Altamont, where Meredith Hunter, an 18-year-old Black man from Berkeley, was beaten and stabbed to death by four, five, six or twenty Hell's Angels acting as "security."

What started out as an innocent enough gesture — a free concert, free of police

influence — turned into a manifestation of the nightmares of a lot of very idealistic people who thought of themselves as a counterculture, as the Woodstock Nation.

Where Woodstock symbolizes the easily marketable ideas of community, harmony and altruism, Al-



tamont represents the unsalable ideas of violent anarchy, greed and ego. Peace and love are easier to market than violence and hate.

There probably won't be much written about Altamont on its twentieth anniversary. It seems to be a part of the sixties no one wants to remember, as if collective amnesia will make it go away.

vie would be made.

The original idea was to hold the show at Monterey's Sears Point raceway, but the track's owner would only agree to the event if he had the proper permits and security — and a cut of the revenues from the movie.

Mick Jagger was particularly adamant on it. "Well, man, we'll play in the streets if we have to," he was quoted as saying in *Rolling Stone's* searing version of the aftermath.

Jagger was reportedly prepared to pick a street corner on San Francisco's Market Street, a la U2 last year, and play there.

The street concert plan was scrapped because of a guy by the name of Dick Carter, owner of a two-bit demolition derby track off the as yet incomplete Interstate 580. Carter saw the

Stones show as a way to bring some good publicity to his Altamont Speedway, as well as an opportunity to become a rock concert promoter.

He told the Stones' handlers that his track could handle the concert. It was close to the freeway, there was lots of open space, and it could be ready before you could say "demolition derby." And he didn't ask for much money.

The Stones were into it. There was a good chance that if they hurried, the movie would beat the *Woodstock* documentary to the theaters, which meant they would have to have the concert immediately.

As U2 knew when they sold tickets to the "Rattle and Hum" concert in

See ALTAMONT, p.5A

**SATURDAY
OCTOBER 21st**

Fall Festival

ANISQ'OYO' PARK • NOON TO DUSK
Festival Music

- Jah-B-One
- Rhythm Akimbo
- Willie Egan & The House Rockers
- Blue Moon

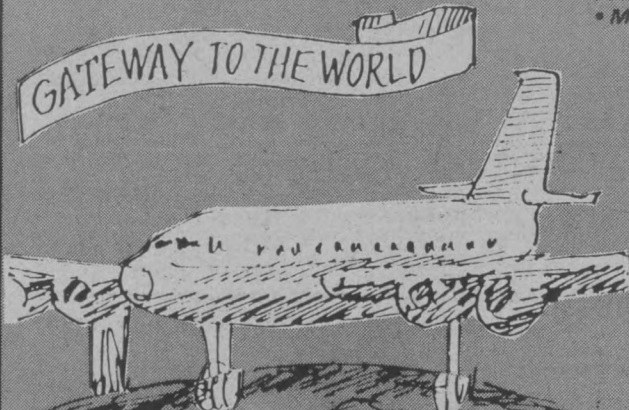
Pre-Festival Candidates Forum:
Starting at 10:00 am
Sanitary District candidates.
11:00 am for Water Board Candidates.
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Scalpers

Are People Making Unfair Profit? Depends On If You Have the Cash

By Tony Pierce
Staff Writer

Joe Newfield, parks his '62 Ford Galaxy on the front lawn of his Del Playa apartment, smiling. Why is Joe smiling?

Because he has Rolling Stones tickets for sale.

And you don't. "People say, 'look how much money he's making.' I didn't know what I was going to make," Joe defends, standing beneath a hand painted wooden sign advertising his tickets. "I could have lost a lot."

Joe, along with a few of his friends, went down to the local Ticketmaster out-



Ticket broker Joe Newfield flashes his ducats.

let on the mornings that the tickets went on sale, acquired wristbands, and

came back to the outlet as they were advised. After the final night's tickets had gone on sale, Joe and his friends had amassed a total of about 40 tickets, he said.

"It wasn't all that much of a treat waiting in line 8 a.m. on a Saturday morning," Newfield explained. "We're throwing a lot of money on this show...40 tickets at \$35 each."

Like he didn't make any money.

"(Personally,) I threw 500 bucks on the roulette wheel and came out ahead," he stated. "I made a few hundred."

Joe isn't the only smiling money-maker. There's a guy on Sabado who also has



a sign and Stones ducats. His name's Jason.

"A lot of people are trying to make money off these (tickets)," Jason said, reclining on his couch watching an afternoon game show. "We just bought a couple to see if we could get \$5 or \$10 extra."

Jason later explained that he and his friends gathered twenty-four tickets for the first two concerts.

"We got a hold of Wednesday and Thursday's shows," Jason said. "I bought 8, my friend bought 8, and his friend bought 8."

Jason said that the most he ever received for tickets

See SCALPERS, p.6A

Monty Python & The Holy Grail

Thurs. 10/19
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ALTAMONT: The Dark History

Continued from p.5A
Tempe, Arizona, a concert film needs a huge crowd into the music, and one of the best ways to attract a huge, loving crowd is to make it easy to get tickets. As opposed to the Woodstock documentary — which was focused more on the event than on any particular band — it was clear who would star in the Stones' movie. The Stones, the World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band, would prove they were bigger than Woodstock.

Another of the Stones' managers' ideas was to have a countercultural security force keep order on the concert site. The Hell's Angels motorcycle gang had kept order at a previous Stones show at Hyde Park in London where things went relatively smoothly, and members of the Grateful Dead entourage were encouraging the Stones to hire them for Altamont. So Sam Cutler, the Stones' road manager, made a deal with Sonny Barger, leader of the Hell's Angels. The Angels' fee: \$500 worth of beer.

"We don't give a fuck," Cutler was quoted as saying to the Angels when they asked how to handle the audience when they got too close to the stage. "Just keep these people away."

ing to the Rolling Stone account, Jagger looked out into the crowd and said "Brothers and sisters, come on now! That means everybody just cool out! We can cool out, everybody! Everybody be cool now. Come on."

Jagger turned to the commotion. "How are we doing over there? Can we collect ourselves? I don't know what happened, I couldn't see, I hope you're all right. Are you all right? ... Is there anyone there who's hurt? Okay, I think we're cool, we can groove..."

They started the song again, and when someone tried to climb on stage, Angels tossed him back. Jagger tried to calm the crowd again. Keith Richards said to the Angels, "Either those cats cool it, man, or we don't play."

An angel grabbed the mike: "Fuck you!"

Hunter was eventually carried away, and the Stones started to play again. The Angels revved their motorcycles in defiance in front of the stage. After a couple of songs, Jagger swigged from a bottle of Jack Daniels and toasted the audience. "One more drink to you all," he said.

Meredith Hunter was not the only person beaten bloody by the Angels during the Altamont melee, nor was he the only one to die as a result of the event.

One of the people Sam Cutler didn't give a fuck about was Meredith Hunter. Hunter was in the area in front of the stage, apparently trying to get a better look at the Stones. For whatever reasons, the Angels decided to push him away. Hard.

Hunter fought back, and a group of Angels suddenly started beating him repeatedly with pool cues. Some Angel with a knife stabbed him twice in the back. When he fell to the ground, the Angels kicked him incessantly. One stood on his head, which was already kicked in.

The Stones, who were playing "Under My Thumb," stopped. Accord-

ditch, where he drowned. ■ One Oakland resident, 21-year-old Arnold Hull, told an ambulance driver to take him to a maternity ward because he was about to have a baby. He then undressed and jumped off an overpass onto Interstate 580, causing critical-condition injuries.

■ When Marty Balin, lead singer for the Jefferson Airplane saw the rough treatment of people on stage, he was one of the few to join the fray. He was nearly knocked out.

■ One hippie was naked and obese and dancing in front of the stage when an Angel apparently was offended enough by his presence to beat him senseless with a pool cue.

There is no monument where the old Altamont Speedway used to stand.

There is no sign to mark the spot where Meredith Hunter was killed. As far as can be discerned, there has been no reparation paid to Hunter's family.

After the Stones' Altamont debacle, race track owner Dick Carter was talking about a follow-up show featuring the Beatles. Not much was heard of him afterward.

When you ask people about Altamont these days, most of the firsthand witnesses are reluctant to talk about its meaning, their perspective, anything. Another case of willful amnesia.

The 20th anniversary print of "Woodstock: The Movie" recently completed a successful run at the Arlington Theatre, but copies of "Gimme Shelter" are not even available on video.

The last straw, however, comes in the biography of the Stones' circulated to media for the "Steel Wheels" tour, where there is an important lapse.

"Nov. 7, '69," the release reads. "Stones begin their tour."

"Dec. 14, '69 — London, Saville Theatre — 2,500 fans dancing in the aisles," reads the next entry.



I can resist everything except temptation.

Oscar Wilde

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Wizard of Oz (G)

Fri 1, 3, 5, 7, 8:45
Sun 3

S.B. Symphony

Live stage performance
Sat 8 • Sun 3

Dead Poet's Society (PG)

Sun 7:35, 10
Mon-Thu 2:30, 5:10, 7:35, 10

GRANADA 3

1216 State St., S.B.

Look Who's Talking (PG13)

1:20, 3:25, 5:30, 7:45, 10
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

Johnny Handsome (R)

1:10, 3:15, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40

Black Rain (R)

12, 2:35, 5:15, 8, 10:35
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

FIESTA 4

916 State St., S.B.

Rocky Horror (R)

Fri 12 Midnite Only

The Fabulous Baker Boys (R)

12:45, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:20
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

Sea of Love (R)

1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10

An Innocent Man (R)

12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

Old Gringo (R)

12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:30, 10
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

PLAZA DE ORO TWIN

349 Hitchcock Way, S.B.

A Dry White Season (R)

5:25, 7:40, 9:55
Sat & Sun also 1:05, 3:15

Shirley Valentine (R)

5:35, 7:50, 10:05, S & S also 1:15, 3:25
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

CINEMA TWIN

6050 Hollister Ave., Goleta

Look Who's Talking (PG13)

5:30, 7:30, 9:30, S & S also 1:30, 3:30
No passes, group sales or bargain nights

Sea of Love (R)

5:30, 7:45, 9:50
Sat & Sun also 1, 3:15

FAIRVIEW TWIN

251 N. Fairview, Goleta

An Innocent Man (R)

5:20, 7:45, 10:05
Sat & Sun also 12:50, 3:05

Black Rain (R)

5:05, 7:35, 10
Sat & Sun also 12:20, 2:40

GOLETA

320 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta

Halloween 5 (R)

6, 8, 10
Sat & Sun also 2, 4

RIVIERA

2044 Alameda Padre Serra, S.B.

Sex, Lies and Video Tape (R)

5:05, 7:15, 9:25
Sat & Sun also 1, 3

SANTA BARBARA TWIN DRIVE-IN

907 S. Kellogg Ave., Goleta

Parenthood (PG13)

7, 10:55
Uncle Buck (PG), 9:10

DOUBLE FEATURES

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SCALPERS

Continued from p.5A

was \$120 for a pair near the side of the stage. Joe said that he got \$100 each for his choicest seats and complains that he didn't like the way the tickets were distributed.

"The thing I wish they did here..." Joe started, comparing Ticketmaster's allotment procedure for the L.A. shows with how T.M. handled the Oakland shows, "...there, they announced it at 9 (a.m.) and tickets went on sale at 10 (a.m.). There was no way for there to be big lines. I just got in my car, waited for an hour, and got good seats."

"Making this a two day affair," Joe continued, "all this 8 in the morning stuff — on Saturdays, I don't like it."

The questionable distribution methods didn't stop fans from hoarding tickets and then selling them for a mark-up. In Sunday's *Los Angeles Times* Classified section, there were 291 separate personal ads concerning the sale of tickets for the four Rolling Stones/Guns n' Roses/Living Colour shows at the L.A. Coliseum.

"They all seem to think that the people in this city will buy anything at any price," a *Times* Classified staffer who wished to remain nameless said. "When Billy Beer was around we got ads from all over the state."

When asked if she has any tickets to the show, the woman sadly said that she didn't.

"The Stones are the best," she responded, "I've seen old rubber lips about three times."

TONGUE: Going Once More Into the Breach

Continued from p.1A
anointed sons Living Colour wrestle and screech about in breakneck competition, the Rolling Stones will smile and share a bottle of Old Granddad, or something to that effect. After a few more lies, a last wink in the mirror, the swords will be strapped on, the compulsory swagger employed. And the audience will be full of little girls, whose eyes, even after all these years, will be mad and dangerous.

Have we ever been so suckered?

■ ■ ■

What we have then are five swank, faux-urban, obnoxious, ego-obsessed, pathetic, despicably British hustlers vapidly bent on yet another campaign of sex-money lust — in short, a desperate gasp for cash amid the languid, stuttered throes of a dying superstardom.

We also have five brilliant musicians who flogged broncos and spanked princesses, living day-to-day via a portable dialysis machine, laughing and spitting blood at whoever got in the way. They were draconian overlords to a drug-abusing generation of vicarious thrill-seekers and copycat rock n rollers, architects of a standard of music and style that has seldom been approached, and never topped.

Whatever it is, they invented it.

■ ■ ■

On the eighth day God created the blues. A few angry men stole them, put them in a jug of cheap wine, mixed it all up and shattered the concoction in a dark alley.

A short while later a corrupt, blond dude called Brian Jones found the blues. He told a hipless, turbo-lipped economics student, Michael P. Jagger, whose spinal cord appeared permanently discombobulated. A buzzardly Keith Richards showed up and a guy named Ian had a piano. It was lousy, but so was 1963 England.

It was the blues, or more precisely, rhythm and blues, they played. It was definitely not beat, they protested, and quite certainly not rock n roll. Blues. Which meant brown teeth, hanging with seedy men in dirty bars and the Crawdaddy Club, random crimes and cruelty to



Coke, but no smile.

everything and everyone except the music. A couple ugly white guys playing some nasty-ass blues.

Matters proceeded. A married drummer named Charlie was summarily dug up and crusted off, only his roguish barebeat glistening. A shrunken, embarrassing statuette called Bill Wyman was allowed in due to the thickness of his bass and size of his amp.

Fortuitously, the band wanted to be Black. All their role models were Black, their music was straight-off-the-rack Black. So when it came to a name for the group they bogarted, straight from a mean gutter wolf called Muddy Waters, who some years before had written the song "Rollin' Stone".

And then girls started showing up at the dank concert houses and sturdy men began hurling chairs at the stage.

■ ■ ■

The band put out a few well-received records and things were swell until one day in 1965 Keith Richards had a strange, fuzzy dream involving hale, meaty hunks of sound and smashing rhythms. He sat down with a guitar and, after a tad, out stormed a roaring stallion of a riff. He mentioned this to Mick, who in a fit of luminescence, mumbled, "I

cain't git no satisfakshun" and flounced wildly away.

Then the world changed. Because in a 1960s world populated by people tired of the cute crapola being spooned by the Beatles and their sugary imitators, the Rolling Stones were necessary mouthpieces for an unformed aggression — for people who wanted to dance, to feel good about ignoring society's mores about taking sex from pre-pubescent girls, or incest, or telling the opposite sex to take a trip to the bottom of the ocean, or questioning the hypocrisy of the drug-abusing older generation. Or just people who dug sneering, not washing, not caring, falling down and wanting sex and Sex and SEX and SEX!!!

Or at the least they appealed to people who wanted to watch, to imagine and maybe to believe it could all be happening, maybe just because of this suddenly pop band.

■ ■ ■

Like the sloppiest golden retriever, there's no avoiding the Tongue thing.

You can imagine it slurping (or biting, or kissing, or licking) during the famous 1967 drug bust at Redlands, Keith's home in England. According to falsified police accounts designed to inflame anti-Stones sentiment

in the provinces, officers encountered Mr. Jagger, through a haze of "smoke," lunching thoughtfully on a Mars candy bar wedged politely in the space between Marianne Faithful's thighs. And like that the Tongue was unfurled to slather and eventually burnish the essence of the Rolling Stones.

The Tongue is emblematic of a subversiveness that embodies — like the band's best music — all that is confused, sexual, powerful and ultimately violent, a force that threatens to completely swallow the chosen object of desire. Neither male nor female, poised ambiguously for either fellatio or cunnilingus, the sheer power of the Tongue is in its promise of some serious sucking, threatening to tear away in hot, Freudian bursts the tender membranes that shackle our animal instincts.

Like the tongue, the music of the Rolling Stones challenges the listener to take the final step, to descend into the painless, liberating void of "Let's Spend The Night Together," only to reemerge in the coffin cold of "Sister Morphine." It elevates the music beyond mere pop. And if the message of the lyrics caused a spinal chill or a hankering for the nasty, or inspired quicksilver insights like on "Monkey Man" or "Jigsaw Puzzle," then the kick and fury of the music was pure adrenaline; like a runaway train splitting rails and threatening to bullet off the track, unparalleled on cuts like "Street Fighting Man," "Bitch," "Live With Me" and "Rocks Off." Sometimes the pleasure is licking the thumb you're under, and maybe biting it.

The challenge is to the fan, but as the bodies of blue-faced groupies accumulated, the death of Brian Jones, Altamont and the escalating anarchy of the lives and music of the band during 1967-72 attest, the band had agreed to the bargain as well. One only need to look as far as the group's second lead guitarist, the choirboyish electric virtuoso Mick Taylor, who took over after Jones' death in 1969. A vegetarian non-smoker when he joined the band, Taylor later could be found smoking, eating beef and perpetrating other habits. He left in 1975, believing he was losing grip on his life. Taylor has languished in near-

See TONGUE, p.7A

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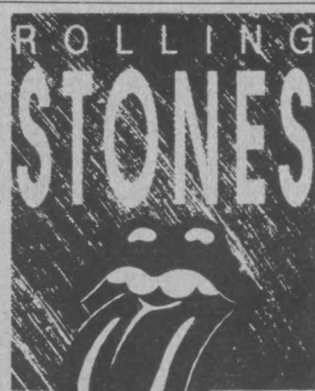
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(Left) Ron Wood with his phallus, Mick Jagger does the phreak and Chuckie Watts philosophizes.

TONGUE: When They Strap on Their Strats, Hold On to Your Hats

Continued from p.6A

obscurity ever since, despite a soaring brilliance and nearly unlimited potential.

■ ■ ■

Patti Smith once wrote that the Stones didn't make drug music, their music is the drug itself. Through it all their songs defined the age or mocked it, were disinterested in it or wholeheartedly joined in with the party — and were almost always commercial. Spanning 39 albums over 25 years, including an almost ridiculous number of songs that have emblazoned themselves on our culture, it is a masturbatory task best left for a similarly-named magazine to recount them.

But if the music of the Rolling Stones has been our drug, the other half of the equation has been our addiction to their fame.

Witty, arrogant, sophisticated but still mean & dirty & nasty, the seemingly ubiquitous Mick Jagger is the object of the original Cult Of Personality — so much so that some people convulse when his hammish likeness appears most anywhere, which it is wont to.

Flanked by the rank, morbid machismo of the twin guitar-heads of Richards/Jones or Richards/Wood, Jagger the Ego could prow like a whip-cracking, bloodstained queen bitch or leather-crothed, super stud on stage and vinyl alike; his on-stage style was matched only by the raw sinews of the music. As a young voice of strange blues purity that (d)evolved into its own, pig-birthing stereotype, his manner defined rock's preening pantheon with a double dollop of self-serving charisma. Grotesquely handsome and yet disarmingly feminine, surprisingly intellectual but easily bored, financially savvy and heroically extravagant, the London School of Economics dropout was what every man wanted to be but couldn't — and what every woman craved, but never, ever wanted to experience. The rest of the Stones were mere henchmen, with the vampiric Richards as chief lieutenant, to the madman Jagger's purgatorial circus.

He was a man of wealth and taste, born in a crossfire hurricane, all his friends were junkies, and you could hear him whip the women just 'round midnight. Or at least you could imagine and maybe believe it could all be happening.

■ ■ ■

This whole "Steel Wheels" debacle probably wouldn't have happened were it not for our programming, for our desires to believe these largely media-manufactured fictions of

the Rolling Stones.

With precisioned mastery from the outset, the rock (and later mainstream) press was worked by the Stones until it became news that the band wasn't making news. When something actually happened, its actual news value was instantly tripled. After all, why *wasn't* Keith in trouble this month?

When the Stones showed up anywhere they made the newspapers. Which would certainly be a travesty were it not that what was happening often so bizarre and sublime it seemed like a dream. Why was Truman Capote traveling on

The rest of the Stones were mere henchmen, with the vampiric Richards as chief lieutenant, to the madman Jagger's purgatorial circus.



Roadies minister to Keith Richards after he was electrocuted by his own guitar in 1965.

the band's plane during the hellish 1972 tour? Why was Andy Warhol constantly trying (and probably succeeding) to get in Mick's pants? Why was Margaret Trudeau, wife of the then-Prime Minister of Canada, trying to get into Ron Wood's pants (and probably succeeding) during the late Seventies? Why did they always look so goddamn cool? The world was trained to want to know these things.

Maybe it was just true: The Stones were the coolest. It was an exotic cool, though, one that demanded observers to take a second look. It wasn't enough that the environs were always the height of luxury, or the women always voluptu-

ous and blond, but that the background music, opening acts (from Chuck Berry to Ike and Tina to Prince to Living Colour) and musicians were almost always Black — an enigmatic and appealing touch — definitely a shocker to the predominantly white fans of the world's greatest white rock n roll band.

As Muddy Waters said, "Before the Rolling Stones, people (in America) didn't know nothing and didn't want to know nothing about me. I was making race records, and I'm gonna tell it to you the way the older people told it to the kids. If they'd buy my records their parents would say, 'What the hell is this? Get this nigger out of my house!' But then the Rolling Stones and those other groups came over here from England, playing this music, and now, today, the kids by a record of mine, and they listen to it."

Which was symptomatic of a larger phenomenon, for as Mick Jagger told an interviewer in 1977, "I've never really liked what goes for white rock and roll, you know. Never, ever come to that. Speaking as one white person to another (smirk), no, I just can't dance to it. I find it very, very difficult to dance to white people playing because they get all the, uh, accents wrong. It's not even that it's too fast, it's just that all the accents are in the wrong places. I mean, I've really always felt like that about white rock — from Elvis to the Sex Pistols — and I'm not going to stop thinking that way because of any new band."

Like Elvis, however, the Stones were greedy profiteers (Jagger has said that bands who don't make the most possible cash are "bah-luddy stoopid") who made a fortune off of a musical form they didn't invent but grew to practice flawlessly, and even poppishly dilute for consumption by a broad audience.

This may be their broadest achievement, surpassing the survivalist magnitude of their career or the thick volumes of their musical catalogue. Through the sweaty grunge of the band's insistence on the blues — and other forms of Black music, such as on the underrated 1975 tribute album *Black and Blue* — the Stones were the foremost crusaders for what is now the most pervasive popular musical form in the world — blues-oriented rock n' roll. From Janis Joplin to GNR to all the varieties of in-between bastard concoctions, the roots are clear.

But when the Coliseum shows are over the Rolling Stones still will not care. They'll probably be laughing at how it can still be done. They'll be feeling wads of green bills bulge deep within their pockets, and then maybe they'll grin and order another \$1,000 bottle of wine. But the concertgoer will feel good, having played his part in the scam and having liked it. It's only rock and roll.

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