

# ARTS WEEK

september 24 - september 30

Comedy  
in black  
and white ... 3A

It's  
techno,  
it's  
techno ... 6A

## This Week's Best Bets

### today

•POETRY AT  
COMINICHI'S,  
with poets  
Eleni  
Sikelianos,  
Sophie  
Jasson-Holt and  
Anthony  
Koeninger; 624  
State, 7:30  
p.m.

### friday

•LAG WAGON,  
KRONIX, CITRUS  
GROVE and  
DECLINE OF  
PAISLEY JOHN  
SHAVER at the  
Anaconda

### saturday

•ISLA VISTA  
FALL FEST, with  
Los Guys, Mars  
Hotel, Love  
Masters, Tom  
Ball and Kenny  
Sultan and Word  
of Mouth;  
sponsored by  
the Isla Vista  
Recreation and  
Parks District;  
Anisq Oyo Park,  
all day

### sunday

•LITTLE FEAT, a  
special  
acoustic  
performance;  
the Ventura  
Concert  
Theatre, 26  
South Chestnut  
in Ventura

### monday

•PRAGUE  
CHAMBER  
ORCHESTRA,  
with Robert  
McDuffie,  
violin  
soloist; the  
Arlington  
Theater, 8  
p.m.

### tuesday

•COMEDY  
NIGHT, UCSB  
Pub, 8 p.m.  
(only four  
left!)

### wednesday

•TOAD THE WET  
SPROCKET,  
local famous  
guys plus  
special guest  
Marvin; the  
Arlington  
Theatre, 8  
p.m.



# GREEN JESTER

# SUCKS

see story, page 7A



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A STEPHEN CLOUD PRESENTATION



**Worthwhile Selection**

Hey! One of the world's premiere ska bands is coming your way, Isla Vista. That's right, The Selector is traveling from their English homeland to the United States for the first time in a decade in support of their current live album, *Out in the Streets*.

The band, led by vocalist Pauline Black and guitarist Neol Davies, spearheaded the ska movement when they formed in 1979, and then split up a few

years later. They headed their separate ways for nearly a decade, but fortunately they got back together last year, recruiting former Bad Manners members Martin Stewart and Nick Welsh.

Now The Selector is on the road again. They'll perform their signature brand of ska along with openers Let's Go Bowling at the Anaconda Theatre on Tuesday.

—Bonnie Bills

**ARTSWEEK needs writers!!!!**  
**ARTSWEEK needs writers!!!!**  
**ARTSWEEK needs writers!!!!**

Hello, we're ARTSWEEK and we're looking for some interesting, creative people who like to, well, rock and roll. If you're interested in art, music, dance, film, literature or anything else that you feel is applicable - or if you just want to party - please join us. Stop by the Nexus office under Storke Tower and ask for Bonnie.

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**BILLY CRYSTAL**



It's lonely at the middle.

**MR. SATURDAY NIGHT**

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# Comics Take a Stand

By Jennifer Adams  
Staff Writer

Two old friends walk straight off the streets of L.A. and into this club. One's Black, the other's white; and both are pretty shaken up by April's riots, to say the least. So they devise a plan to help rebuild the city and promote racial harmony using their own means: comedy.

The two friends are headliner comedians Marvin Bell and Peter Berman, and they'll be double-heading a show this Friday and Saturday at P. YoPanz in Goleta. Part of the proceeds go to the Help Rebuild L.A. fund. But what they really want to do is present themselves as two people from completely different backgrounds sharing the stage without tearing up anything but the audience in (they hope) sidesplitting laughter.

"A brother and a white guy can work together, ... and they can work out any kinds of problems," says Marvin. "Everybody's pretty much the same —"

"— except that I'm taller," Peter chimes in.

Height and ethnic differences aside, they're betting on their friendship to give the show some real punch. "When you're working with a comedian you like, there's a different dimension to the show ... a different energy," Peter explains. "It could be really crazy."

Adds Martin: "It could be so sidesplitting people may leave there with appendicitis and hernias." Point taken. He's hyping the show. But it is true the aim of the show will be humor — not lectures. Despite the goal to promote racial harmony and help out L.A., their routines barely touch ethnicity issues, world issues or national politics. Correction: "We are going to smoke a joint on stage, but we're not going to inhale," Peter says.

"No," Marvin says, "Peter's going to smoke and not inhale. I'm not going to smoke, but I'll inhale."

So pot aside — and apparently every other piece of subject matter as well — they seem to be left with very little to talk about. Not true.

They'll tell you nifty little anecdotes out of their own lives, which turn out to hit surprisingly close to home. And, yeah, you'll laugh. They're no George Carlin, but they



Peter Berman



Marvin Bell

are pretty funny guys. "It's going to be a night well worth the money," Peter says. (Of course he kind of has to say that, but I think he's right.)

Marvin Bell and Peter Berman will be appearing at P. YoPanz Comedy Fun-house in Alex's Cantina at 5918 Hollister in Goleta. Shows are at 8:30 and 10:30, Sept. 25-26. Tickets \$8.

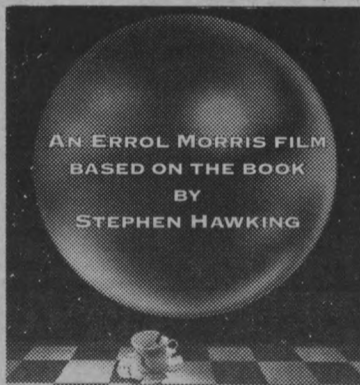
## Artsweek staff

editor

contributors

Bonnie Bills

Jen Adams, Sandra Brilliant, Dan Hilldale, Charles Hornberger, Anita Miralle, Dipali Murti, Jeanine Natale, P.E.A.C.E., Ted Perez, Jason Ross,



"BRILLIANT"

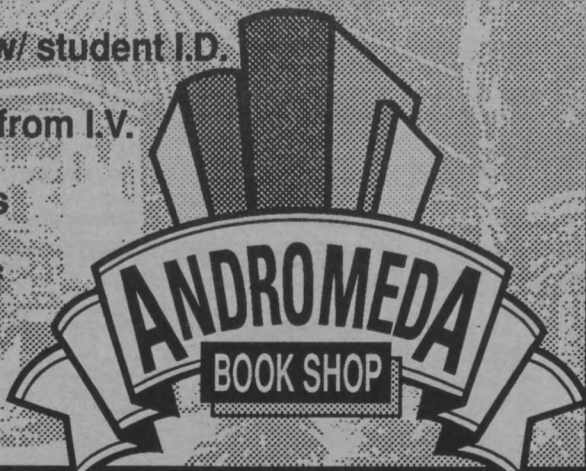
— Richard Schickel, TIME MAGAZINE

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## film reviews

# Allen Hits Newt's Nerve

Woody Allen having non-incest with a non-daughter to whom he is a non-father because they are a non-family fits the Democratic platform perfectly.

—Rep. Newt Gingrich  
(R-Georgia)

His hands shoved deep into the pockets of his wool overcoat, eyes fastened on the tops of his wingtips, Congressman Gingrich scuffed and shuffled his way out of Washington D.C.'s Muni Six Theater and nearly walked into an oncoming taxi.

Jumping back to the curb, he held two shaking hands out in a brief apology and then jammed them back into his coat.

Guilt hunched his shoulders up toward his ears and tightened the muscles in his stomach. He clenched his hands, picked at the lint in his pockets, blinked squinty eyes behind silver-rimmed spectacles.

He had to admit it. It was a good movie.

Scenes from the film kept flashing across a screen inside his head, jittery as he rattled along the cold sidewalk. Scenes of marital strife, of "cluttered situations," as

he called them not so long ago. Hell, hadn't his own life looked like that sometimes? Didn't married couples grow apart? Hadn't he — admit it now, Newt — thought about other women? Didn't love show up in unlikely and uncomfortable places?

Why had he said those things, anyway? The movie was making him worry, forcing him to second guess himself.

He and his wife weren't unfamiliar with doubt. They had both wondered about other lives, other possibilities. There had been months where they felt like strangers. "What if I had married someone else?" "What if we split up?" "Do you ever want other women?"

Yes, he knew what it felt like. In the back of his mind, Newt knew families weren't perfect, didn't have neat, orderly little lives. He just didn't want to be reminded of it.

Newt, the GOP hatchet man who used Woody Allen to hit the Democratic Party, was sorry. He thought of Lee Atwater. He thought of deathbed repentance. He thought of karma, and of malignant brain tumors. He thought of Willie Horton. Sounds kind of like Woody Allen. Willie Horton. Woody Allen. Ohhh.

Now I understand, he whispered to himself.



I don't feel so good.

Can I really judge another man like that? Can I, when he's honest and open and tells the truth? Can I, just because I'm Newt Gingrich?

I mean, it was just like real life. Those marriages in the movie, they were just like mine. All the tears, the petty fights that magnified into silent wars, the small kindnesses. C'mon Newt, old boy, admit it: a good movie. A good movie. Say it out loud. A good movie. I guess it is. —Charles Hornberger

## 'Singles' Examines a Slice of Life in Seattle

Cameron Crowe would like to think that the '90s have regressed to a point where inviting someone to park their car in your garage is metaphorical for seriously inviting someone into your life. He might be right.

Like any slice-of-life film, *Singles* takes a look at five people whose lives mirror the stereotypes of the "twentysomething" generation.

However, unlike most slice-of-life films, at one point *Singles* ran the great risk of getting itself lost in the hip Seattle scene. From previews and trailers, it was impossible to tell if this was really going to be a movie or a just a glorified rock video.

Fortunately, Crowe makes the film compelling by using a self-reflexive documentary style where the characters acknowledge the camera by talking to the audience. This allows these players to set the scene by relating their own predicaments and gives the viewer easy access into the characters' minds.

In addition, the personal stories of these characters are well portrayed by Bridget Fonda, Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick as well as an outstanding performance by Matt Dillon.

In *Singles* Dillon plays "Cliff," a not-so-up-and-coming lead singer of a Seattle band who is undaunted by a slew of bad reviews and stoked by the



fact that his band's album is doing well in Belgium.

Through the course of the film, Cliff realizes that he has not appreciated the good things in life, including the affections of his upstairs neighbor Janet, played by Bridget Fonda.

Meanwhile, Cliff's involvement in the Seattle rock scene makes for some hilarious moments. Cliff is to Seattle musicians as

*Spinal Tap's* Nigel Tuffs is to British rockers.

Dillon has had to battle that Tigerbeat teen idol syndrome for the past decade due to his roles in *The Outsiders* and *Rumblefish* — films that were successful but teen-focused, nonetheless.

But with his previous performance in *Drugstore Cowboy* and now this role in *Singles*, Dillon is mak-

ing a name for himself as a serious adult actor. Chances are he won't be forced to make half-witted sequels like his *Outsiders* co-star Ralph Macchio.

*Singles* won't ever have a sequel either, at least not an official one. Crowe will probably just continue to write about lifestyles of the younger generation in his next movie.

—Sandra Brilliant

## Inspiring Soundtrack May Prove Helpful to Movie's Success

Singles  
Soundtrack  
Epic

☆☆☆☆

*Singles* is one of the few soundtracks in history that doesn't need the movie to sell. In fact, it just might be the other way around. The already-thriving album was released three months prior to last week's movie premiere in a keen advertising move.

Talk about good timing: the *Singles* soundtrack, with a ledger comprised almost entirely of Seattle bands, made a ripe appearance just as the northwest city's music scene rocketed to the height of popularity — a pure coincidence, according to the movie's director Cameron Crowe.

The album is an across-the-board success musically, although the strongest tracks seem to come from the bands who have already achieved mainstream recognition. Take for example the long-awaited Alice in Chains single "Would," raw and grungy and powerful as hell, it satiates the moshing desires of the mind more than the body.

Rising star Pearl Jam shows up twice with "Breath" and "State of Love and Trust." There is nothing disappointing from these flannel-heads but the great risk of over-rotation. Some Pearl Jammers reappear with Mother Love Bone and the refreshingly non-cheesy ballad "Chloe Dancer/Crown of Thorns." Aside from that overlap the bands on this Seattleish soundtrack remain surprisingly monogamous.

Fellow Seattleites Soundgarden perform "Birth Ritual," a harder-than-usual yet characteristic tune with heavy guitars and Chris Cornell's unique assortment of vocal chords. Cornell tones down for his own acoustic single "Seasons," an intensely intricate finger-picking-strum mix enticing the listener up to its very fulfilling climax.

Replacement Paul Westerberg, the film's musical engineer, contributes two simple and catchy tunes, "Dyslexic Heart" (already a MTV hit) and "Waiting for Somebody," one of those songs which will get stuck in your head until it overtakes every single thought.

Mudhoney's "Overblown" and Screaming Trees' "Nearly Lost You" are solid, pleasing and very Seattle, while not particularly artistically innovative. Smashing Pumpkins, foreigners to this scene in the geographic sense only, close this collector's piece with their soothing grunge-lullaby "Drown."

Mixed among the pile of grungy future classics are some classic blasts from the past, including a visit from the other side from Jimi Hendrix and "May This Be Love." And then there's Led Zeppelin's "Battle of Evermore," performed by The Lovemongers (a.k.a. Heart), who do a very close cover of the original. Upon first hearing it, it seems unoriginal to the point of being annoying, but for old-Heart lovers there is something beautifully reminiscent about it after the 50th time.

Despite its flaws, the *Singles* soundtrack contains enough great music overall to be deemed a masterpiece. It's reverse psychology, but with a soundtrack this good, the film is an automatic must-see.

—Dipali Murti

## Everybody Lives in 'Sneakers'

*Sneakers* could be described thus: During these Three Days of the Condor there were thirtysomething Missions Impossible, some post-cold War Games played by Spies Like Us and, of course, a Miracle Worker.

*Sneakers* is, for the most part, a witty combination of many influences. It has the suspense of the heist; there's computer and gadget wizardry; for a while you're not sure about who's whom; and there's the failsafe charm of a handsome ex-hippie-on-the-run made good. In the end, though, it's a movie that runs a little too long and whose plot twists straighten out way too soon.

To carry the picture to term, director Phil Alden Robinson relies on the appeal of his all-star cast, a bet that pays off for a while. Robert Redford — who, you might know, is 55 — gives a hit-and-miss performance as leader of a band of mock bank robbers who must use their varied skills to steal the ultimate code-breaking computer chip. Sydney Poitier plays what you might call a Sydney Poitier character. Dan Ayckroyd, River Phoenix, Ben

Kingsley, Mary McDonnell and David Strathairn all chip in with charismatic diddies of their own.

James Earl Jones shows up toward the end, just as you'd expect.

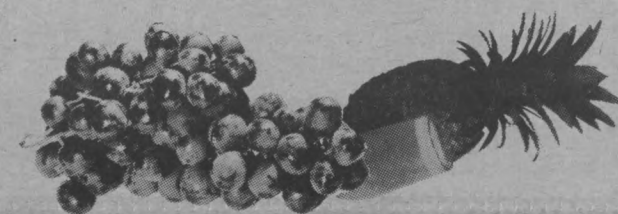
But the shortfall is that most of them are acting out ancient history; Redford plays a clumsy cross between "Three Days of the Condor" and "Legal Eagles," Ayckroyd is straight from "Ghostbusters" and "Spies Like Us," and Phoenix, when he is at all interesting, might as well be in "My Own Private Idaho."

James Earl Jones shows up at the end.

For the first hour and a half, a dynamite plot carries "Sneakers" well enough that none of this matters. But by the time Redford and Kingsley have their final standoff on the roof of a toy factory, we know that no one's going to die and that light comedy will reign.

It does.

—Jason Ross





## music reviews

# Sinead Gone Wrong, Cray's Smooth Song

Sinead O'Connor  
*Am I Not Your Girl?*  
Enigma  
☆☆

Sinead O'Connor has one of the best voices in the pop world right now. She usually has a mouth that seems to want out of the pop world. Now she has a mouth that drools the standards.

With her new album *Am I Not Your Girl?* she proves that yes, she is a great singer, with distinctive renditions of '40s torch songs like Jessica Rabbit's recent hit "Why Don't You Do Right?" Yes, she sings it as well as Jessica Rabbit did in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*

But this doesn't help to explain why she decided to release this album two years after such an extravagant and interesting album as *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*, which she might have won a grammy for if she hadn't publicly told the academy to fuck off.

Here's the reason she gives: "These were my favorite songs as a child." This is a shallow insight into a dynamic character and artist from whom we're used to getting soul-plumbing music. What I



think she is trying to do is to draw a bridge across the gap between those who hate her and those who don't.

Frank Sinatra would probably love this album as much as he claims to hate O'Connor, so maybe she won't find a horse's head in her bed as soon as we thought. But in the process of heartening the Sinatra set she has abandoned the edge that made her music and style so alluring, and may have alienated her earlier fans.

The songs are classic,

the album is fun to listen to, but if Sinead expects us to wait another two years with this one, she has another thing coming. Having hoped for more originality, we get a seamless hired band and a rehash of the trick Linda Ronstadt pulled a decade ago when her career was in the toilet. Sinead can pull this off but she'd better get another album out soon. This singer is good enough to pull off a departure, but hopefully her next one will be in a better direction.

—Dan Hilldale

The Robert Cray Band  
*I Was Warned*  
PolyGram Records, 1992

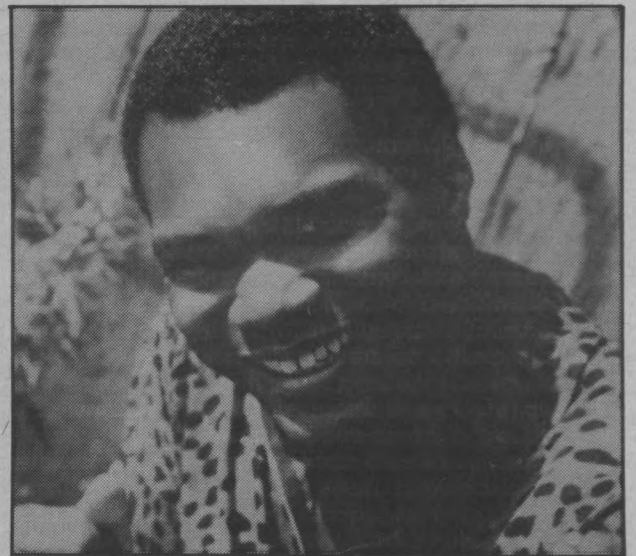
☆☆☆☆

What would the blues sound like if it developed a few gray hairs? And started drinking the occasional glass of warm milk while remembering the "good ol' days?" What if the blues sounded like this, but could still kick your ass if you *even* dared to presume its days were over?

Then the blues would sound just like the Robert Cray Band's latest *I Was Warned*. While this album gets about as mellow as blues can get, it would be impossible to it pin with the soul or R&B labels. Then again, Robert Cray has a reputation for being label-proof. Nearly all of the 10 tracks are pulsing, oily smooth productions that make you imagine Otis Redding crooning on quaaludes.

The songs are slow like hot lava.

Cray's amazing blues guitar screams and growls and licks its way through steamy songs like "Our Last Time" and the title track. But it also gives a



thick, zesty punch to bouncier songs like "Just a Loser" and "Won the Battle."

Robert Cray is a man who has worked with master musicians like Eric Clapton and Boz Scaggs, not to mention the funksters that comprise his own band. He's been blue for almost 20 years and he knows how to jam.

*I Was Warned* may not be for everyone — Cray's label defiance also means a loss of mass marketing appeal. This, however, is a good sign. It means that you can't use "I Was

Warned" as common party fodder. Nor can you turn it on at high volume and forget about it as you pick lint out of your navel or pretend to study.

Instead, Cray engages you in a passionate act of rhetorical intercourse. He makes you wonder if music this mellow is capable of the raw power that the blues commands, and then he proceeds to blow your mind by making it work. Believe me, you must listen carefully.

Well, now. You've been warned, too.

—Jeanine Natale

## Consolidated Controversial as Ever; Unknowns Farside Rock

Consolidated  
*Play More Music*  
Nettwerk

☆☆☆☆

The San Francisco trio's follow-up to *Friendly Fascism* continues to bring up controversial issues like gun control, the L.A. riots, abortion rights and the problems the fishing industry causes the animal rights movement. Most of the tracks here are excerpted from open-mike sessions which take place after Consolidated concerts. From the audience response it seems that the people who attend Consolidated shows just want

music, hence the title of the new album.

This is the kind of album that must be sat down and listened to in its entirety. It's like watching a juicy movie — you don't want to get up and get a snack or take a pee because you might miss some important topic or line.

Musically, the album still utilizes the heavy drum beats oft-labeled industrial. The group's approach has changed slightly, including the addition of heavy guitars in the track "Accept Me for What I Am," a song about freedom of expression.

This album is also

chock full of guest appearances: Rapper Paris chimes in on "Guerrillas in the Mist" (by far the best track here addressing the L.A. riots), Crack M.C. bluntly describes a drug-infested United States in "Crackhouse," and the Yeastie Girls do a humorous rap about that *special kiss* all men should learn and love, entitled "You Suck."

In "The Men's Movement," the group tackles the seemingly unimportant topic of slam-dancing, something which has obviously become a problem at Consolidated shows. For all of you who loathe

slamming, this one is for you.

If you want to hear the most controversial album of the year — one which you will both agree with and despise at the same time — then *Play More Music* is a must. Get it, and you're sure to annoy anyone to the right. (Yeah, they are hypocrites, but for the left.)

Farside  
*Rochambeau*  
Revelation

☆☆☆☆

Farsides's first full-length release on the controversial Revelation label has the band headed in an entirely different musical direction as they opt for acoustic guitars instead of heavy distortion.

Past comparisons to Dag Nasty or Bad Religion are now inaccurate, but don't get me wrong, this album is no soft Sunday walk through the park. Imagine a fused genre of music I like to call acoustic hardcore — fast, melodic rhythms are combined with harmonized vocals, and yet the acoustic guitar has been used to write the majority of the songs.

Title track "Ro-Shambo" has the band quoting Martin Luther King Jr., demonstrating their lyrical influence and addressing the issue of interracial relationships.

This is my pick for one of the best albums of the year. The CD copy of *Rochambeau* includes the debut 7" E.P. "Keep My Soul Awake." It's available, but you're going to have to look hard!

—Ted Perez

## The Untimely Demise of Industrial Music

Nine-Inch Nails  
*Broken*  
Interscope

☆☆☆☆

You know, I recently saw Ministry, and I mentioned that they frightened me. Their live show is a nightmare come true (if you've seen them, you know what I mean). However, I've never gotten that same feeling when listening to any of their records. Most of their stuff is similar to a horror movie; sick shit but you always remember that what you're seeing is not real. When listening to a record that manages to elicit true feelings of fright, that's when you begin to realize that something unusual is going on.

My point, you ask? Well, let me start this review of the new Nine-Inch Nails release, *Broken*, off by saying that everyone who talked to me about this record (i.e., industry hob knobbers) would inevitably say something like "Dude, it's heavier than the Ministry record!"

Well, this shit breaks its foot off in the collective ass of Ministry's new one, so just dust the lame comparisons. Trent Reznor is back and this time he hates everything about you, industrial music and himself more than ever. (They recorded this one in the same house that the Manson family committed the Tate-La Bianca murders. Hmmm.)

Songs like "Wish," "Happiness in Slavery" and the 6-song record's most spine-tingling track, "Help Me I'm in Hell," take you on a ride through Reznor's angst ridden (at that age?) psyche, which by album's end sends your mind careening in the stratosphere.

In my eyes, *Broken* represents the official demise of the music known as industrial. Nine-Inch Nails just killed it.

—P.E.A.C.E.

## DOPE TOP TEN

according to P.E.A.C.E

1. Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth, *Straighten it Out*, (Elektra 12")
2. Edge Records \*2 (Edge Records E.P.)
3. Last Poets, *Last Poets/This is Madness* (Restless Reissue CD's)
4. Studio X, *Join the Tribe* (N Fusion 12")
5. Art of Origin, *No Slow Rollin'* (Ill Labels 12")
6. Consolidated, *Play More Music* (Nettwerk CD)
7. The Nation of Ulysess, *Plays Pretty for Baby* (Dischord)
8. Public Enemy, *P.E.'s Greatest Misses* (Def Jam)
9. Todd Terry, *The Unreleased Project Vol. II* (TNT E.P.)
10. Fusion Volume One (Demo)







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techno review

**Techno Moves**

The Movement *The Movement* Arista ☆☆

It's techno. It's techno. Da da da dadada. It's techno. It's techno. Da da da dadada. It's techno. It's techno. Da da da dadada. It's techno. It's techno. Da da da dadada. Jump everybody! Jump everybody! Jump! It's techno. It's techno. Da da da dadada. It's techno. It's techno. Da da da dadada. It's techno. It's techno. Da da da dadada. Next song. It's still techno. It's still techno. Da da da dadada. It's still techno. It's still techno. Da da da dadada. It's still techno. It's still techno. Da da da dadada. Ooooo! A sample. It's still techno. It's still techno. Da da da dadada. It's still techno. It's still techno. Da da da dadada. It's still techno. It's still techno. Da da da dadada. It's still techno. Ooooo! A woman reaching orgasm. Faster, faster, faster, faster. Coming, coming, coming, coming. I think this is a new song. More techno. More techno. Da da da dadada. More techno. More techno. Da da da dadada. More techno. More techno. Da da da dadada.



The Movement jumps and jumps and jumps and jumps and jumps and jumps and jumps and jumps.

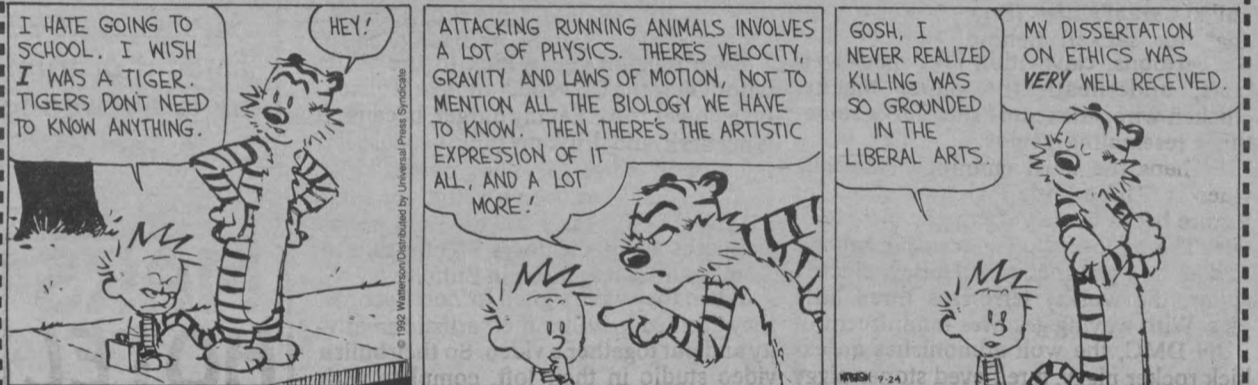
More techno. More techno. Da da da dadada. More techno. More techno. More techno. More techno. MORE TECHNO! MORE TECHNO! CAN YOU FEEL IT! CAN YOU FEEL IT! CAN YOU FEEL IT! CAN YOU FEEL IT!!!! —Anita Miralle

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Cover Story

# Green Jello Eats Shit ... and Likes It

## World's First Video-Only Band Produces an Often Brilliant and Always Insane Suck-Fest

By Bonnie Bills  
Staff Writer

Green Jello sucks!  
Well, not really. Green Jello would like us to believe that they suck. As a matter of fact, they'll go to all lengths to convince us that they do, indeed, suck. This is a band that puts on live performances with elaborate stage sets, outrageous costumes and silly props in order to transparently disguise the fact that their music, well, sucks.

Or maybe not.  
Touted as the first video-only band, Green Jello has completed a video which displays the band in all their brazen glory. And it's pretty terrible — bad heavy metal music, cheesy psychedelic effects, girls wearing eyeballs on their breasts, *Shitman* — it's a veritable recipe for sucking.

Where Green Jello went wrong (er, right) is in their premiere video, which reveals that the band is comprised of a bunch of talented, albeit sick, people. The band has served up a visual feast with this 11-song "video album," called *Cereal Killer*. (Boy, that title sucks!) Behind the cartoons, claymation and special effects, underneath the paper mache, chicken wire, latex and "shit" lurks something resembling genius.

Perhaps the most cunningly hilarious video is "Three Little Pigs," a claymation feature based loosely on the favorite fairy tale. The big bad wolf (and we're talking bad — he's got shades, a Harley, electric guitar, the works) terrorizes three little pigs. With waving gestures reminiscent of RUN DMC, the wolf admonishes an ex-hick rocker piggy, a red-eyed stoner piggy and a nerdy urban professional piggy to "LET ME IN." (The story takes an interesting twist when a claymation Rambo cuts the wolf in half with a round of shots from an Uzi.)

Then there's "The Misadventures of Shitman," a truly revolting video about Shitman, a guy who falls in a sewer and turns into a, well, pooper-hero, takes over the bodies of the constipated, and otherwise terrorizes folk everywhere.

"I've got poo-poo on my shoe. It's poo-poo. It's poo-poo!"

Things get really weird on the title video, "Cereal Killer." While speedmetal rages in the background, someone costumed as a slightly deformed bird from a kid's cereal box chops the head off a naughty rabbit ("silly rabbit, tricks are for kids"). Blood oozes. Yuck. The ominous chorus: "Toucan, Son of Sam ... follow your nose, it always knows."  
All of the videos, which will be released

Oct. 7, are well-done and entertaining as hell, if nothing else. And the music's not bad, either. The large lot of musicians are able to satirize entire musical genres by mixing them with original sounds.

This is a band which is at its best when poking fun. "Electric Harley House of Love," a parody of the L.A. glam scene, has all the requisites to please the MTV generation, including a riff that sounds suspiciously like "Enter Sandman." It's in black and white, there are girls in bikinis and guys on Harleys, lots of big hair, a guitar solo worthy of Bon Jovi, and lyrics that make reference to "love guns."

MTV catches more Jello flack in the song "House Me Teenage Rave," a cartoonish satire of the rave scene in a Club MTV setting. Heavy guitar is interspersed with techno ("Tell me you want to touch me") as the camera searches greedily for breast, butt and crotch shots.

Big-timers Red Hot Chili Peppers take a jab as well in the song "Trippin on XTC," where members of Green Jello take drugs and are suddenly transformed into a land of psychedelic swirls, shirtless chests, big shorts, flagrant tattoos and funky music. Even religion gets a kick in the udder with "Obey the Cowgod," about a Holstein on a power trip. "Eat my burger, because it is my flesh, and drink my milk, because it is my blood," sings Cowgod. Fascist.

Green Jello has been together for about 10 years, with nearly 100 different people acting as band members at one time or another since its genesis in Buffalo.

When they were signed to Zoo Records, they decided to utilize their artistic creativity and put together a video. So they built a video studio in their loft, complete with sound stage, claymation set, graphic capabilities and a big vat of chocolate pudding mixed with dog food and corn (shit).

Surprisingly enough, the band (with 15 current members) made *Cereal Killer* without any outside help. "Most of them are professional artists," said Zoo Publicity Coordinator Paul Kersh. "They produced it all by themselves."

What they produced is a weird journey through Green Jello land, a land of faux and fauna, tits and dicks, bad hair, harleys, power chords and shit. It's the worst of taste, the worst of satire. It sucks so bad you laugh at it, you like it. You even admire it.

"The video is something different. It is kind of stupid," Kersh admits. "But, I mean, if people want to get stoned and watch it, it's perfect."

So, don't believe the hype (or the Green Jello theme song, "Green Jello Sucks"). Green Jello has its shit together.



Sadistica



Tin Titty

"I've got poo-poo on my shoe. It's poo-poo. It's poo-poo."

### CORRECTION :

In last week's issue of Artsweek, KTYD DJ Fear Heiple was quoted as saying KCSB regulates the amount of truly progressive music he is allowed to play. It should have said KTYD regulates his music.

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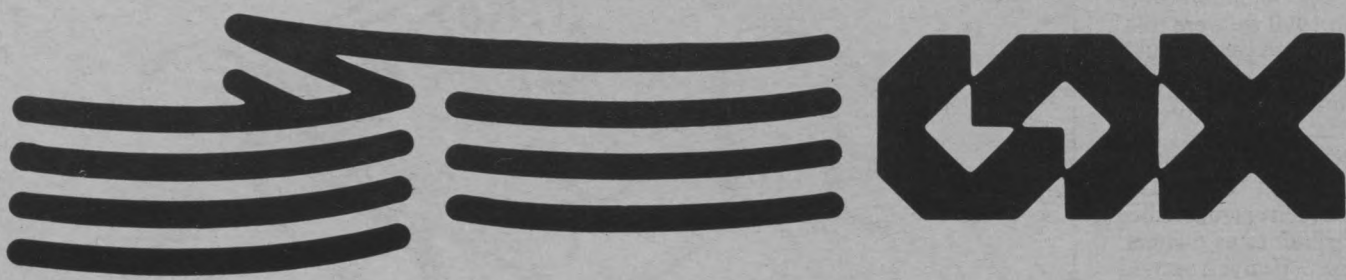
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