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ARTS

VACANCY

RETURN OF RED HOTS

The Red Hot Chili Peppers rocked the Grad last Thursday in their second ever Santa Barbara show. The crowd was more packed than last year's near riot at the Pub, and the ticket price steeper. Obviously their fame is expanding, but surprisingly their attitude has toned down.

The Peppers I met last spring were vivaciously obnoxious, with heads so full of their own notoriety that their music couldn't measure up. Even back then, they KNEW they were in demand. So what's with the new cautious behavior? No pictures allowed, and no interviews...are they too good for us or are they hiding something?

When I saw their manager heading towards the dressing room, I followed after to see if I could still weasel myself a quick interview. He was reluctant, but remembered me and let me in. Inside the dressing room, the Peppers were in strewn out disarray as usual, psyching up with their instruments and talk of their favorite basketball team, the Lakers. (Bassist Flea has little cutouts of Kareem and Magic pasted on his bass.)

Lindy took me over to lead singer Anthony and

told him he should talk to me. He said "Yeah, I'll do it," but I could tell he wasn't too happy about it. I asked him if he was depressed, which he defensively admitted to. Before I could ask another question he went into a ten minute speech about how they had been through so much in the last few months with their guitarist dying from heroin and the old drummer bailing due to personal trauma. But he wasn't asking for sympathy; he wanted to concentrate on how he had dealt with it, and the new guys in the band. Obstacles like that cause change, and as serious as it was, it was obvious to me this change seems for the better.

Anthony's days of aggression and self-centeredness at least seem past. He's facing reality and imperfection, and with it an improved perception of his musical ability.

"As tragic as it is, life goes on, music goes on, and the Chili Peppers go on. Nothing can deter us," he said, though finally realizing he's only human and coming to grips with his problems. "We set out to get the best possible guys with funky blood racing through their veins. We

wanted smart, handsome and talented people and we got lucky cuz we found guys with all three who were eager to be a part of this adventure."

John Frusciante always wanted to be a Chili Pepper. Now this 18 year old guitar player has finally joined the ranks of the few. He's ecstatic to be with them, and says, "Playing with them is a million times better than sex; I wish I could do it forever."

The new man with the sticks is ex-Dead Kennedys drummer D.H. Pelegro. In his paisley shirt, hawaiian shorts, and basketball shoes (ALL the Peppers wear them) he stated proudly, "Just wait. We're gonna be as big as George Michael's crotch on M.T.V." The avant-garde never change...

It was time to go on. The red lights flashed and the Grad shook. The sweaty throng of fans pushed into the stage so hard that it nearly caved in. The Peppers loved the sea of writhing bodies before them and their intensity heightened the excitement. Flea says they'll play for anyone who will listen. Still harsh and driven, they are one of those bands that still attract stage dives in 1988. The audience just couldn't get enough. *AE*

—deeanne rodeen



THE ACCUSED

A while back, a woman really was raped in a bar, on a pool table, while a crowd looked on and cheered. A movie on this story should be made well enough to underline the significance, and carefully enough to never, for a second, slip into bad taste. **The Accused**, with Jodie Foster as the victim and Kelly McGillis as her attorney, is neither.

Yeah, I expected a lot, because the director obviously felt so inspired by this incredibly ugly story. Too bad he employed some of the most ancient shot selection/cinematography I've seen in a while. With the single-room altered during gradual fades to show the passage of time, or the excruciatingly slow pans that let us know McGillis is detecting (her eyes can't possibly move that slow), it's just boring. But with the re-enactment of the gang rape, we get a

slow-motion sequence set to music, with soaring orchestra punctuating each thrust and scream. The shock and pain have already been completely delivered by Foster as she told her story. The scene is pointless except as a payoff for audiences who came to see it: read *exploitation*.

Foster is great. She's tough, and sexy, and a very vulnerable victim. She's not the perfect innocent girl, she's just a real, fallible person. It shows how sick and unjust the attack is in itself. Her method avoids melodrama, but the script can't. Between the story and the acting, you'll be riveted, which will make the faults all the more noticeable. Too bad that a few improvements could have made this Hollywood drama a vital, important film. Rape shouldn't be used to make courtroom drama. *AE* — jesse engdahl

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NOT WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR

U2



People were sitting outside Morning Glory for hours, waiting for the delivery truck to arrive. They wanted to pay in advance, put their names on a list, stand in line, take a number, promise their firstborn or sell their souls. These were fanatics, a bunch-o-crazies. What did they crave? Why U2's newest and hottest **Rattle and Hum**. That's right — just when you thought it was safe to turn on your radio.

So there it is, finally on the shelves in mass quantities. The interesting thing about this release isn't so much the actual record but the package that goes with it. Beautiful black and white photos in the spirit of *Joshua Tree*; stylish, subtle graphics and a detailed inner sleeve. The tape cover looks like an accordion for Christ's sake! It's a beautiful packaging job, and *Rattle and Hum* is an amazing product; but is that what U2 is looking for? Somehow, somewhere I remember U2 being a band that mattered, that had something to say. Somewhere buried in all the photos, leather vests and big black hats the spirit, the desire may live on. May, may, maybe....

Rattle and Hum is the soundtrack to the movie of the same name. A movie that is shaping up to be one of the great concert/documentary films in rock's history. U2 seems to be better, purer, less pretentious when they are in front of you, sweating all over the place. But hey guess what? A and E got a special invite to a pre-screening in L.A., one of those excitement-building Hollywood deals to insure big box office bucks. These boys have sure come a long way from the days of releasing their own records and booking their own tours.

Hype, hype, hype. I don't like it. If there's a message, I can't find it. So Bono believes in love, I do too — so what's new? Maybe they really do want to be The Beatles. All you need is love, yeah! And hey, speaking of The Beatles, *Rattle and Hum* opens up with a version of Helter Shelter, the song Charles Manson "stole" from the Beatles. Bono says he's "stealing" it back; that's swell, now I can get some sleep at nights.

Full of surprises and other neat stuff, the album shows a U2 that's tight as nails and ready to kick some ass. "All Along the Watchtower" pops up, as well as a tune written by Dylan and Bono. A changing of the guard you may ask? Nope, I doubt it. Hendrix's Star Spangled Banner also hangs on for the ride, along with nine all-new tracks. Rougher, tougher and stripped-down, the new material shows a departure from the land of harmonics, flangers and tugging heart strings. Turn off the smoke machine, turn on the spot lights! The record sounds great, it looks great. A marketer's dream, it sells itself.

But wait, what is all this stuff about Peace, Love and Justice? Hmm, to me this just looks like a nice piece of pre-packaged, easy-to-swallow social consciousness. I just think it would be so much easier to keep down if U2 decided they would rather be rock stars than missionary super heroes. Æ

— walker "guitar" wells

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3A



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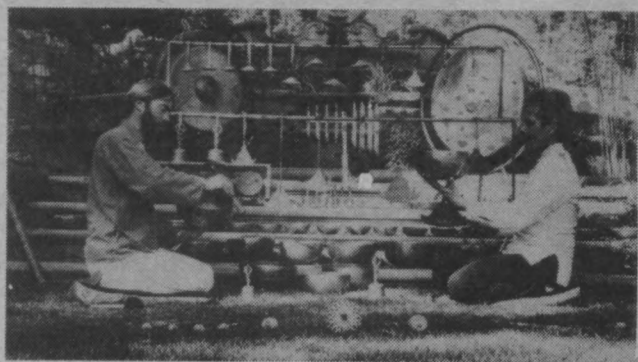
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OLD-AGE SEDATIVE

Alas. To exist in a culture of cultures. To live in an environment conducive to welcoming foreign influences from beyond our borders, beyond our imaginations. To venture beyond the red, white and blue. Believe it or not, such extravagancies are possible right here at UCSB from Arts and Lectures.

Saturday evening's Tibetan Sankara performance/concert was one of those atypical events one may perhaps not expect to find occurring at UCSB. With an eclectic collection of over 70 ancient gongs, bowls, bells and things, Arthur Korb and Thaddeus Krol filled the night air with their exotic sounds. Most of the instruments were handmade by Tibetan craftsmen between 80 and 300 years ago and were played during the evening show with "reverence," Korb said, parallel to their spiritual origins.

Played is an odd description. The duo banged the gongs, chimed the bells and

traced the rims of the so-called singing bowls with metal-like drumsticks and brushes, creating a soothing, mesmerizing array of sounds.

Not exactly my type of tunes, but an interesting ensemble nevertheless. I imagine many of those gathered savored the chance to enjoy such a nurturing, healing-oriented evening. I think I may have enjoyed the performance more if it were in my bedroom and I was quietly falling into oblivion in my bed. Maybe A*L should consider futons in Storke Plaza or seat cushions at the lagoon next time.

So, while Tibetan Sanskara wasn't the precursor to Test Dept. I was hoping for, it was an appreciated evening anyway. It's comforting to know such evenings are possible — at student prices — out here among the palm trees. Æ

— lisa mascaro

SOCIAL HOLE

*"Kids in a fast lane living for today
No rules to abide by and no rules to obey
Sex, drugs and fun is their only thought
and care*

Another swig of brew another overnight affair

—The Adolescents, reflecting on the early '80s So. Cal. scene.

The Sex Pistols did it in England. A few years later a zit-faced youth started doing it in Orange County and **Social Distortion** got excreted from the muck. But it's 1988 and some of those kids have grown up a little. Lead guitarist/vocalist for **Social D.**, Mike Ness, is now 26. Labelled as a "former heroin addict," he's cleaned up his act. He's serious about himself. He's also serious about his music.

Social Distortion has always been an "underground" band — but they've decided it's time for a change. With their second LP *Prison Bound* released in the spring, and even some mainstream radio play, they're off to a strong start.

But you just can't escape your past. This summer the promoter for the Ventura Theater prematurely ended an INTENSE set by **Social Distortion** due to what one theater employee called "a riot inside." (Riot? It was more like a bunch of 15-year-old, ignorant, apathetic jerks with psuedo-gang mentalities picking fights.) Greeted outside by the men in blue, complete with their dogs, I was feeling bummed that **Social D.** didn't get to finish their set.

Fortunately, things are looking up. In September they left for a six-week U.S. tour and wrapping it up will be a couple of shows closer to home. **Social Distortion's** melodic, bluesy punk rock will blast Isla Vista's Graduate (home of countdown, disco-crazed GREEKS and hamburgers) this coming Tuesday. At least come for the **Johnny Cash** covers. Æ — ramona

STREET

They are calling it "Taking it to the Streets," which seems appropriate because you sure can't drive on it — State Street, that is. Due to the closure of the 700 and 800 blocks of State Street for construction of the megamall, the Downtown Organization and Reininga Corporation are sponsoring a street festival every Saturday until Nov. 5 from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

This mini-fiesta is centered around performances by dance troupes, musicians and bands of every description. Scheduled for this Saturday, Oct. 22 are Bob Ledner, Sweet Adelines, Circus Minimus and the David Tobar Trio. Upcoming performances include the Civic Light Opera, the Raoul Rico Latin Ensemble, Dance Alliance and Crucial DBC.

Designed to appease shopkeepers affected by construction and attract crowds to the closed areas, the street-fest promotes a party atmosphere among the tractors and bulldozers. — cyndie jaynes Æ

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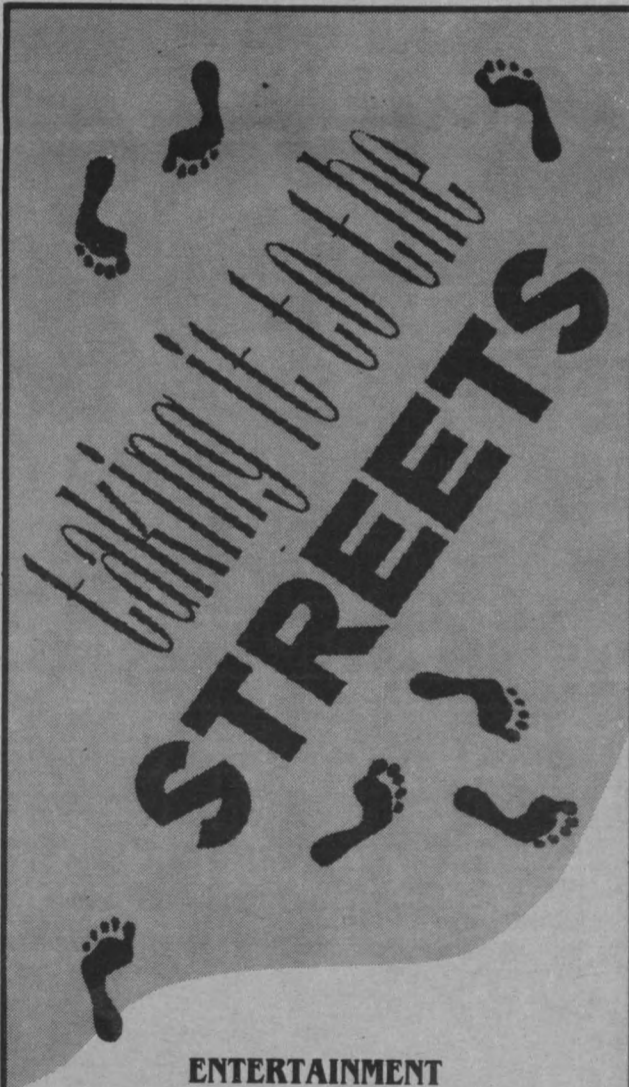
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ENTERTAINMENT SCHEDULE

Performances 11-4 each Saturday

Oct. 22 Bob Ledner, Sweet Adelines, Circus Minimus, Randy Cobb Band.

Oct. 29 David West and Friend, Civic Light Opera, Circus Minimus, David Tovar Trio.

Nov. 5 Crucial DBC, The Raoul Rico Latin Ensemble, IMPROV, Inc.

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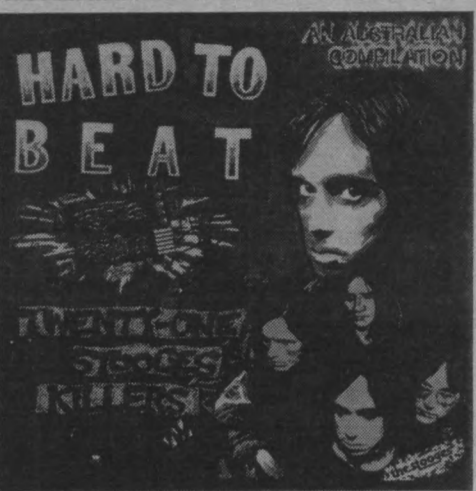
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DOO-DOO

O.K., o.k., there is shit happening... First off, this is the weekend to hit the flicks ... If you're sick of movies that draw you in from the beginning, then leave you hanging with an ending that says blah, go see **The Year My Voice Broke** at the VICTORIA. This Australian film defines "deliberate pace," but it offers a highly recognizable portrait of the extreme changes and revelations of adolescence. Like *Goodbye Children*, you don't know quite how much you care until the ending hits like a ton of bricks, and it feels purging to have a film earn your tears ... **Tapeheads** is a classic bad movie, get drunk, get stupid and you'll be loving it ... tonight is another great **Film Noir** classic, **Out of the Past**, stud Kirk Douglas and Robert Mitchum, go, go, go ... Saturday is **Night of the Living Dead**, the all-time horror flick ... I respect Adam, but I loved **Track 29** ... you can go meet horrormaster **Clive Barker**, who Stephen King called "the future of horror", Tuesday at 5pm at Andromeda Bookshop ... Sunday at 2pm in Anisq' Oyo Park there will be another great free concert with **Stealin' Horses**, "a group whose lyrics and strong beat have critics comparing them to Tom Petty and the BoDeans" ... Tuesday **Sly and Robbie** play the Ventura Theater, 5838700 ... **Oingo Boingo** is having another pre-Halloween bash either Tuesday or Wednesday at the Arlington ... if your happenin' but got left out of this "upcoming" then call Walker or Jesse at 9613993 ... A and E is just Walk and I this week, plus our writers, and the only thing we need more than sex is stories

RAW POWER — IGGY POPPED



Back in 1969, when most of us were still in our nappies, there sprang out of Detroit something the rock and roll world was wholly unprepared for, something raw and mean and ugly, something fueled with a dangerous sense of playing for keeps — or not playing at all. Four long-haired cretins who called themselves **THE STOOGES** lashed out at the soon-to-be me-decade with three albums' worth of brilliant, guitar-dominated destruction. Back then the major labels (like CBS or Elektra) were willing to try anything that might be embraced by the era's angry youth and thus, **The Stooges** found ears for what was the most brutal, uncompromising music of the day. Singer Iggy Pop became the standard rock and roll wildman that countless others have sought to emulate since — a foul-mouthed, hard-drinking, stage-diving, self-wound-inflicting maniac. "Raw Power" was the title of their third record and sums up in two words what **The Stooges** were all

about. Enough hyperbole about the past — there's still time to atone for your sins if all of this is looking strangely unfamiliar to you.

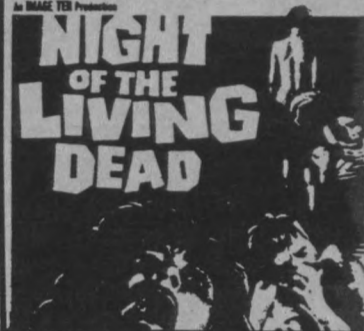
A start would be to beg, borrow and steal copies of *The Stooges*, *Funhouse*, and *Raw Power*, and a logical extension would be to search for *Hard to Beat: 21 Stooges Killers* — a tribute from a nation (Australia) where, in the minds of many, rock music began in '69 when Iggy first unleashed his patented scream. Twenty-one different Australian bands all paying homage to their gods with 21 different covers of Stooges songs — of course, there are the inevitable letdowns, but what might have been a very foul concept shows itself to be a project that paid off — and then some. As it says in the deluxe booklet with the two records, these bands weren't messing with "Smoke on the Water" or Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll" when those crucial first rehearsals went down — they let loose with "Search and Destroy," "No Fun" and "I Wanna Be Your Dog." Any follower of underground rock 'n' roll knows the Stooges' tremendous impact on the '76-'77 punk rock breakout and the years since — it seems like everyone from The Sex Pistols to Sonic Youth have dredged up their own readings of Stooges classics. On *Hard to Beat* we have 21 more, including **The Hard-Ons** roaring through "1970," **Exploding White Mice** belching forth a meaty "Down on the Street," **Feedtime** deconstructing and ultimately destroying "Ann," and **The Hellmenn** even **BEATING THE STOOGES AT THEIR OWN GAME** with their white-hot rendition of "Search and Destroy." As

for what Iggy Pop's up to these days, well, if you want to see a 41-year-old man try to bring back his lost youth with a few stage dives and an album that sounds like The Cult when they suck (and I hate The Cult), then hop on the bandwagon and start yelling "Iggy is back!! iggyyyyyy!!" Me, I'll be listening to *Hard to Beat* to hear today's youth show what gave the man (and the band) legendary status in the first place. Æ

—jay hinman



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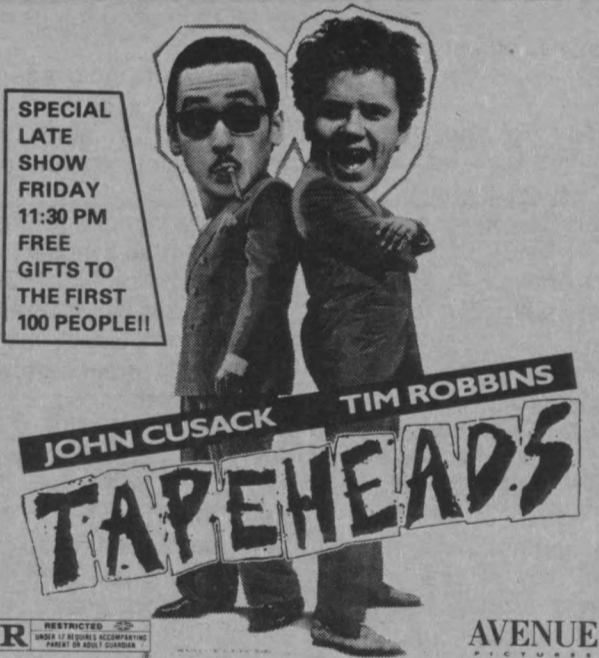
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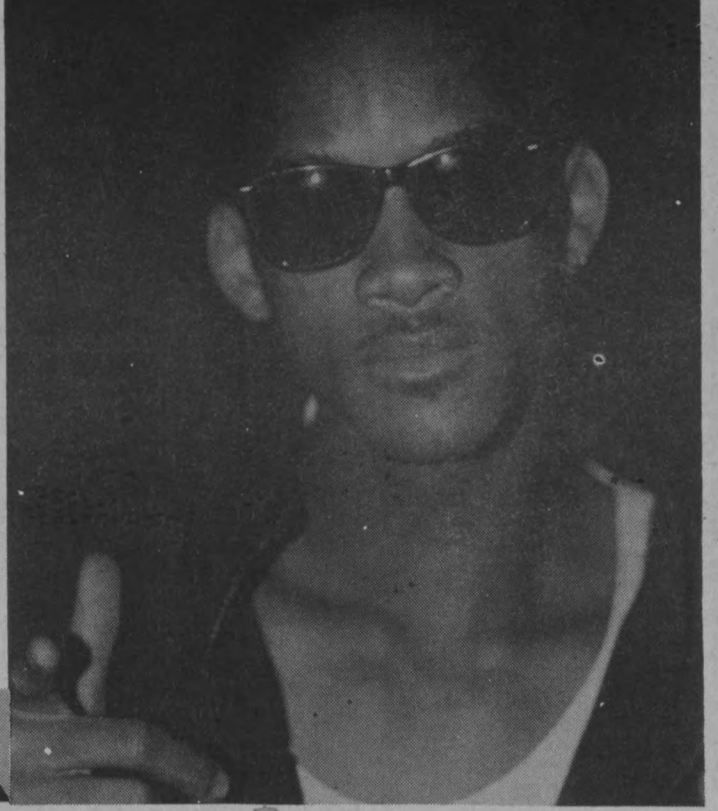
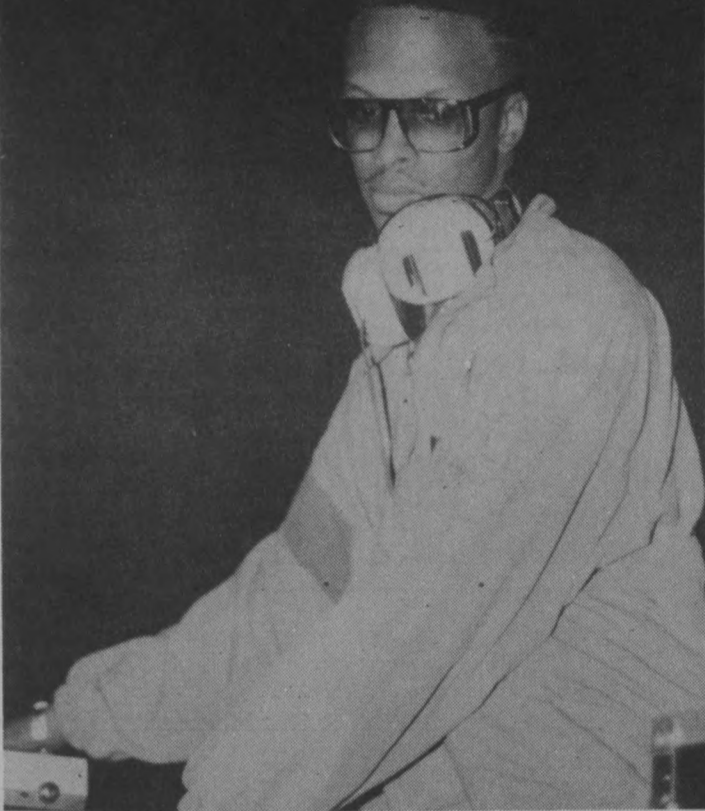
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All programs, showtimes & restrictions subject to change without notice.

RAPPIN' WITH JAZZY JEFF AND THE PRINCE



Backstage at the Ventura Theatre last Wednesday night, as the roadies for DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince hurriedly set up equipment, one could sense tension in the air.

The previous show, at Anaheim's Celebrity Theatre, was a low point. It was panned in the next day's L.A. Times as being unoriginal and stilted, and likened rapper Fresh Prince (Will Smith) to a basketball coach calling the wrong plays.

So it was somewhat unexpected when bodyguard Charlie Mack took up a mic and started making drum sounds. Not much later, "Human Beat Box" Ready Rock C joined in, and the two launched headfirst into a smirking version of "Top Billin'" by the New York rap duo Audio Two.

About three verses into the rap, both were unable to continue because they couldn't help busting up laughing.

"I'm too damn hyped," Charlie Mack said, setting down the mic and walking away, laughing with Ready Rock C.

The group relaxed for a second, grinning and shaking their heads. And from that moment, things were back on track. Their Ventura Theatre show concert was energetic, spontaneous and above all, good clean fun.

The show was definitely funky, with the duo providing spirited renditions of "Parents Just Don't Understand," "Nightmare on My Street" and current single "Brand New Funk;" but it was DJ Jazzy Jeff himself who provided the evening's high point. About one-third through the show, Jeff (Jeff Townes) began a DJ solo, scratching, slicing and mixing first one of their own songs, then a cut from LL Cool J. By using one section of each song on two turntables, Jeff created a new groove, one that brought the house down.

Through it all, the group maintained the non-threatening attitude that seems key to their crossover

success. Where other rap artists use their music as a means of expressing anger at a racist society (Public Enemy), or a desire to end gang violence (Ice-T, Boogie Down Productions, the 7A3), Jeff and the Prince concern themselves with middle-class problems. Not gang members or racists, but whether the clothes Mom buys for you will be hip enough. They have a well-earned reputation as the nicest guys in rap.

After an endless autograph session, where the duo were more than happy to answer questions and pose for pictures while they sipped soft drinks, they agreed to an interview aboard their tour bus. What follows is an edited transcript.

ARTS: Your record (*He's the DJ, I'm the Rapper*) has gone double platinum. Congratulations.

Jeff and Prince: Thank you.

ARTS: How long have you guys been on tour now?

Jeff and Prince: Since March 22.

ARTS: With Run-DMC, right?

Prince: Run-DMC, then J.J. Fad. Now we have our own little thing that we're doing.

ARTS: How is it on the road? Especially having to do the same material over and over. Do you get tired of it?

Prince: It's rough. Very rough.

Jeff: The crowd gives you adrenaline. It keeps you going, the different crowds every night. But the cheers are all the same.

Prince: As much as it's the 146th time for you, it's still the first time for that person out there.

ARTS: One thing that I wanted to talk about is that rap is finally getting commercial airplay, after years and years. You're one of the first artists to make it through to commercial radio. How does it feel?

Prince: Well, there's a misconception. You say "make it through" to commercial airplay. There was no struggle from rap for commercial airplay. Pop radio, and top 40 radio, they took rap and put it where they wanted it. The music was made for Black people and

Black radio, and pop radio liked it and started to play it. It's not like anyone sat down and tried to do it. But we appreciate it, and we're happy for it.

ARTS: What's the response been like internationally?

Prince: Well, we just got back from Japan about 10 days ago. The audience didn't speak a word of English, but could rap the whole record. They didn't know what the words meant, but they know 'em. We had a lot of fun, because they were into it.

ARTS: How do you write your raps and come up with new music while you're on tour?

Prince: Most of the music was done before we got on tour, but we have been working. It makes it a little tougher being on the road. Me and Jeff, we have equipment that we travel with and set up in every hotel room, and things like that. It's working out pretty well.

ARTS: What kind of equipment do you use?

Jeff: Oh, goodness. Samplers, drum machines, keyboards, turntables...

Prince: You mean actual equipment? A DX-7 keyboard...

Jeff: ... a sampling SB1200 drum machine, an E-mix rack-mounted sampler, a MIDI sequence recorder, an AudioTechnica MIDI-through box, two Technics turntables, a Numark mixer.

ARTS: Do you feel like you have to be an electrical engineer to understand all that equipment?

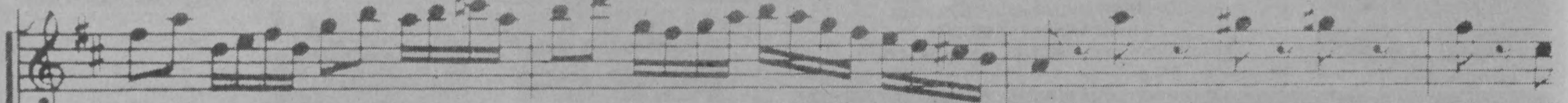
Prince: Pretty much.

Jeff: Very close to it.

ARTS: It's pretty amazing that you can take all this technology and make funky music with it. How does that come about?

Jeff: Ideas, ideas. You just have to make it up in your mind before you even try. And with raps and music, you do it in your head before you put it on paper, or on tape.

Prince: The computer will only do what you tell it to do.



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(looks at Jeff) Luckily, I have a genius that does the music for me.

ARTS: How do you feel about sampling? There's a big controversy that's going on about who owns a beat. I've heard that some of the cases will be going to court finally.

Jeff: That's very hard. It's very hard to make a statement about.

Prince: Rap is not music. Rap is a lyrical art form. Rappers are poets over some type of music. Just now, there isn't any rap music. People say "rap music," but there isn't any. There's rap lyrics over whatever you want to put it over, Bach, Beethoven, you know, anything.

Jeff: Who knows?

Prince: You never know, you never know.

ARTS: Do you think rap will evolve into rap music?

Jeff: There's a rap sound right now. James Brown is the rap sound, right now. If someone comes up with something new, then there'll be a new sound — I can't predict that. But right now, the James Brown, the ugly, hard, unequalized-sounding drums, the tambourines.... Go-go is another strong possibility for "rap music," with the sounds of tin cans and all that stuff. There's some genius in his or her basement making up what's going to be the future.

ARTS: On James Brown's album, he talks about how all the other people who are sampling his stuff ought to "get offa my tip." How do you feel about that, seeing as you used his stuff on "Brand New Funk"?

Prince: Um, well, that's not James Brown.

ARTS: It sounds like him. What is it from?

Jeff: It's Ready Rock C.

ARTS: My mistake.

Jeff: Ready Rock did all that, but it was definitely a James Brown influence. I was very happy when I heard James Brown's first single off his new album, because everybody was taking James Brown, everybody's grooving to James Brown, and James Brown is off making stuff like "Living in America." Why don't James do some of his old stuff? He's seeing the response that he's getting, that somebody else is using his music. Why can't he do the same? And I was very glad to see that James Brown did the James Brown of old on this album.

Prince: James Brown did the best thing he could do. He got with a hip-hop influence, Full Force, and he has new life now, more longevity. If it wasn't for rappers, James Brown wouldn't have been able to come out again anyway. So he knows that.

ARTS: Do you think rap is doing that to old artists in general? Like Curtis Mayfield's stuff coming out again. They re-released *Superfly*. Why do you think that happens?

Jeff: It's a true statement, "What goes around, comes around." So these artists who faded away from 1970 to 1972 are coming right back around because the younger listeners who are into rap are just picking up their mom's and dad's old records and saying, "Hey, this has the same groove as I'm listening to today. Let me try to jazz it up, throw some drums behind it, and put in a couple of scratches." And everybody's dancing to it, which is making people say, "Wow, James Brown was hip, Curtis Mayfield was hip, Billie Holliday was hip."

ARTS: When is your next album coming out?



"Yeah, it looks/sounds/tastes/feels good, but is it art?"

Oftentimes we feel so comfortable with something, find it so familiar, that we dismiss it as trivial. Then we'll find ourselves so repulsed by something else that we are impressed by its power to move us. Today, *Dope is Serious*. Bad was Good, until Michael Jackson got ahold of it. Such paradoxes are not just the nature of art, but of our universe. Yet we still indulge and argue, endlessly. Sound like more pointless analysis? Maybe ... but that's the challenge we're stuck with here at A and E, so we've got to ask you to come stick out your neck. It's intimidating to criticize these things in public, in print. I mean, who the fuck do we think we are? That's why we should take the challenge and have some fun. Don't say "We're almost grown up," say "we're still kids (barely)," with licence to dick around. We want a light approach to some serious shit. And maybe vice versa. So if you've done anything you or your aunt Ida consider artistic or entertaining, come in and show it to us. And if you've seen/heard/tasted/felt anything, please write about it. This is your chance to go gonzo...

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Prince: Well, we're working on a movie right now, so the album's being pushed back a little. We don't know.

ARTS: Have you been in shows where there's been violence?

Prince: I have never been in a show where fighting has broken out. That's definitely a misconception. Anything that happens within a week of a rap concert, it's because of the rap concert. That's what the media does. Anything that happens within eight miles of the building is because of the concert.

ARTS: Then, should there be more people like Harry Allen (hip-hop activist and "media assassin" for Public Enemy) in the media to set the record straight?

Prince: There's too much, too much to even fight against. Our fans know what it is, and what the concert is like. All these people that say these things about the concert are the people who aren't there. The reporters hear what other people say and then print whatever they want to print without even being there.

ARTS: Another really important pressing question: what's your favorite cheese?

Jeff: Cheese? I don't like cheese.

Prince: American.

ARTS: We had to do that; it's something we ask everyone.

Jeff: I guess I failed that test. "Hmmm ... he doesn't like cheese ... a freak!"

ARTS: Is there anything else you would like to say?

Prince: Yeah. That's a cabinet. (laughter) No, that's our motto for 1988-89.

Prince and Jeff: That's a cabinet.

Prince: No one knows what it means, except us. But in a year's time, you'll know what it means. That's a cabinet. Æ

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San Francisco journalist Randy Shilts will discuss the pervasive and controversial political issues of AIDS in a free lecture today in Campbell Hall at 4 pm. The lecture will be based on Shilts' best selling book, *And the Band Played On: Politics, People, and the AIDS Epidemic*. Shilts' book has received national acclaim which added yet another dimension to his expertise. The lecture promises to be both informative and up-to-date. It is being presented as part of AIDS Prevention and Awareness month. The lecture is free to all who are interested.

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