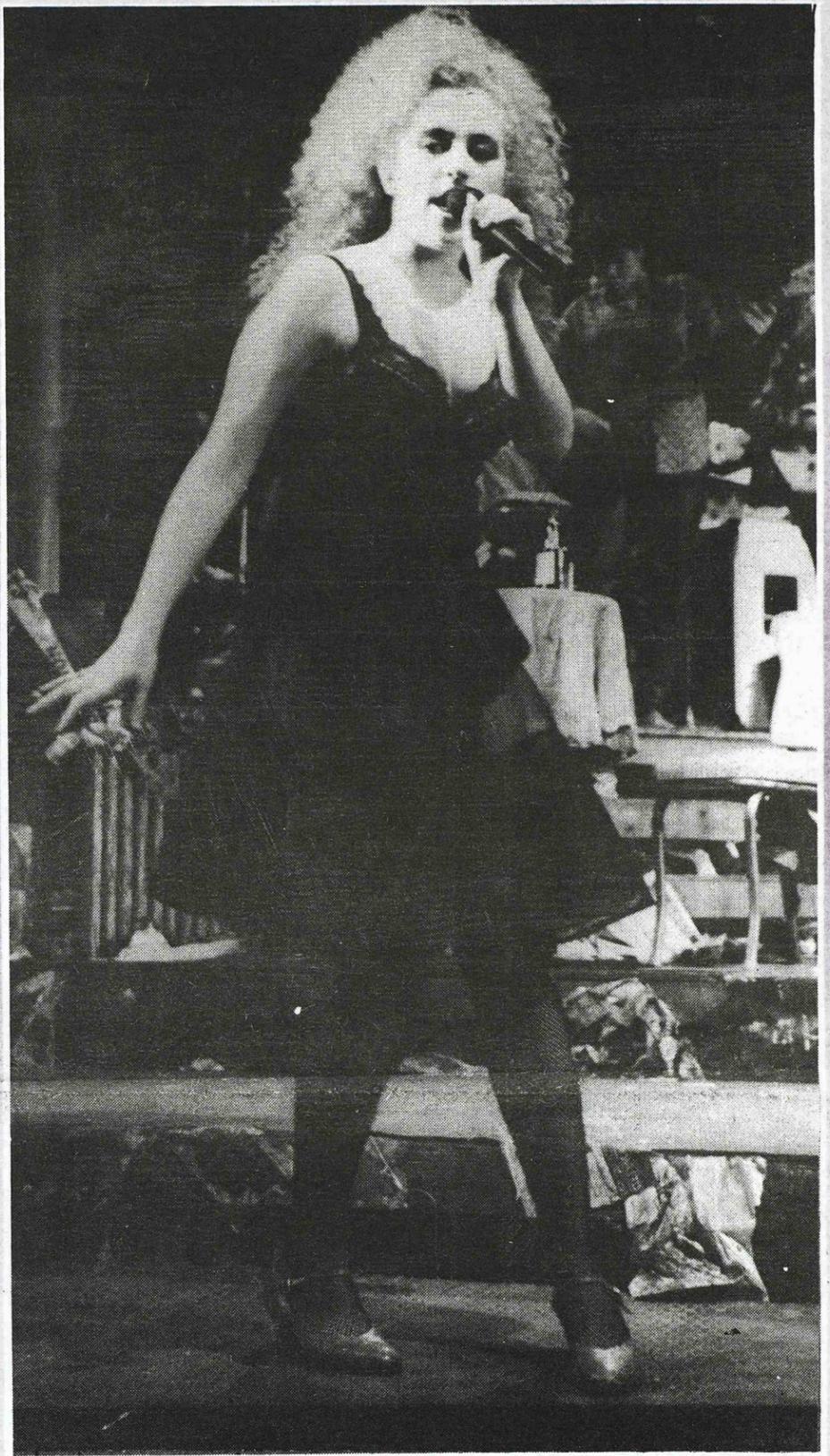


LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO • JOHN SAYLES' MATEWAN

# GOOD CLEAN FUN



B R O W N B R O K E R S  
◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦

A  
HUSTLE  
HERE, A HUSTLE  
THERE

Volume IV  
Issue 20  
November 13, 1987

# G C F

the Brown Daily Herald's weekend magazine

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# G C F

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"All I want in this life of mine is some good clean fun."  
— Lowell George

## The Bathroom of Life is Always Ocupado

**d**reary, waterlogged November in Providence is upon us, and with it, the beginning of the end. Fifty pages' worth of analytical prose wait to be written for three classes. Antibodies are insufficient to thwart a cold. An itchy beard grows. The falcon cannot hear the falconer. The reservoir of memory pushes forth its darkest unpleasanties, of paunchy European men in G-string bathing suits, of embarrassing high school poetry, of a beloved guinea pig dead under the salt lick.

It's mid-November crisis time, when the happy routine of collegiate life is upset by the realization that Thanksgiving is less than two weeks away, and that reading period is only a week and a half after Thanksgiving. Sullen students, staring out their windows at weather that's pleasing only to slugs and fluke fishermen, procrastinate by fantasizing wildly: *I wish John Donne had never been born, and then I wouldn't have to do this paper... I could drop out of school right now and enjoy a fulfilling life as a simple New Hampshire innkeeper.* Fortunately, these thoughts eventually give way to reality, the reality of already-paid tuition and already-invested time and effort. For most students, mid-November unrest is just a temporary state.

The same cannot be said for the U.S. government, which is trying to atone for its Contra-gate coverups and campaign slip-ups by undergoing a catharsis that would make Oprah Winfrey cringe. Starting with Douglas H. Ginsburg, whose admission last week that he smoked marijuana as recently as 1979 cost him a shot at the Supreme

Court bench, all sorts of political figures have begun to detail their struggles with The Evil Weed.

Young Democratic presidential aspirants Bruce Babbitt and Al Gore got in on the act on Saturday with heartfelt admissions of their wrongdoings, and on Sunday, Florida representative and senatorial hopeful Connie Mack thought he could get an edge on incumbent senator Lawton Chiles by coming clean and reversing his earlier denials of marijuana use. Chiles, however, proved to be equally shrewd, dispatching a spokesman to admit his one, isolated use of the illegal drug. "He did try it once in private over 17 years ago and never did it again," said Jack Pridgen, Chiles' spokesman. Personally, I don't think Florida voters will be satisfied until Chiles crosses his heart and hopes to die.

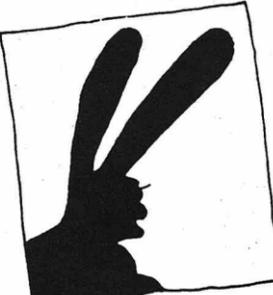
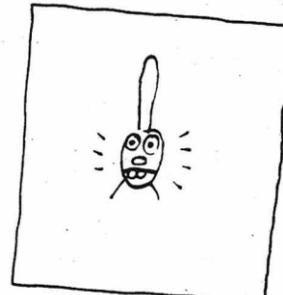
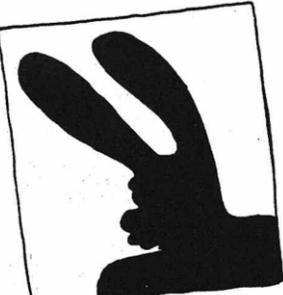
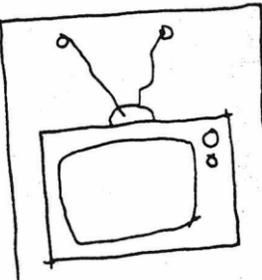
From here, it's not unlikely that entertainment journals *Time* and *Newsweek* will run cover stories with cataclysmic titles like "CRISIS IN LEADERSHIP" or "THE DEATH OF RESPONSIBILITY." And they can find prime examples right here at Brown. When the Dean of Admissions and Financial Aid search committee received only one applicant, Dean of Student Life Eric Widmer, for the critical post, it was like watching UCS for grownups. And many campus publications, the one you're reading among them, are finding themselves short on experienced staff members. The implications of these lapses in leadership are staggering: could it be that the next president of Brown will be Baboo?

— David Kamp

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## LIFE IN HELL

©1987 BY  
MATT  
GROENING  
CHICAGO

<p>FROM THE DESK OF BONGO</p>	<p>BONGO'S LOVE LETTERS (NEVER SENT)</p> <p>DEAR SWARLA, I ♥ you. Anonymus</p> <p>OH SWARLA, I REALLY ♥ you. Anonymus</p> <p>♥ YOU DESPARATELY Anonymus</p>	<p>BONGO'S FORGED EXCUSE</p> <p>Please excuse Bongo from his absense yester day. He had a terribel ear ache. Bongo's Daddy</p>
<p>PORTRAIT OF MOM</p> 	<p>SELF-PORTRAIT</p> 	<p>PORTRAIT OF DAD</p> 
<p>BONGO'S LETTER TO SANTA</p> <p>Dear Santa, All I want for Xmas is my two front teeth. And another ear. Your freinds, Bongo</p>	<p>PORTRAIT OF BEST FRIEND</p> 	<p>BONGO'S HOMEWORK</p> <p>I am a bad Bongo. I am a bad Bongo.</p>

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by JACQUES BOYREAU

# Celebrity Head Trips

WIM

**W**hen we call them 'stars', the appellation touchingly confirms the resigned yet still still curious opinions we have of ourselves; our place; that which we precisely are not. I wonder, at the age of eight, how many of us were conscious enough to admit, 'I want to be a star'? Forgetting what we peeped we realize later what we naturally wished.

The following are gross but hopefully recognizable generalizations) We salute athletic stars and scholastic stars; we fuck rock stars; we are impressed by theatrical stars, but in the absorbent, wombly inside of a movie

*In many tempting instances we open our reservoirs of decadence and extract satisfaction from incompetent stars...*

theater we can automatically respond in all these ways and peddle our souls to whomever we desire, that is to say, we don't just gawk, worship, or applaud, we identify with an inhuman breadth and exactitude (i.e. we unconsciously imagine everything), the process of seeing elevates to an act of covert incantation; as viewers we are absolutely real without having done anything and yet perpetually remain prisoners of desire, frozen and willing.

Once we establish our favorite movie stars, they act as our condemnation of the leftovers, they are the guardians of our imaginary; and our dislikes are

serious because, after all, the ones we hate are stars, too. But in many tempting instances we open our reservoirs of decadence and extract satisfaction from incompetent stars; the smirking, laxative pleasure associated with complexes of superiority (e.g. "I am better than Judd Hirsch! I can take his star!").

But trips of negative idolatry and also naive cult, kitsch (Monroe, Dean) are far beneath less deliberate and less containable forms of fascination, which motivate speculation as to what might enact an interface between film and reality. Is it possible to positively extend a medium through reality, in the sense perhaps, that people could

be "entertained" out of their minds? Clearly I'm rambling and perhaps this is obvious, but it's through our obsession with stars that

we instinctively work to consolidate art and reality, in anticipation of some functional interface whose mode would be 'reproductive finality'(i.e. the ends would be the same as the means or the star would be the same as the person).

Hopefully, the following true story will show that this utopia need only exist for a moment to have the desired effect. The story concerns my mom, who, at some point in her twenties, was in the midst of pursuing Charlton Heston. She was in the mammoth lobby of some opera house in Chicago and moments earlier had



just spied Charlton traipsing by, alone. She took off after him and soon found herself winding in serpentine fashion through an extended colonnade. Little was she aware that Charlton was moving in the opposite direction. At the momentous turn she cracked skulls with Charlton Heston and fell to the floor. Charlton, who did not sustain such injuries, immediately stooped to her side and lifted her up as he tendered his

apologies.

My interpretation suggests that at the moment he helped her (during the time when my mom was really seeing stars) something was forged between them that was unbeknown to either, call it a concussive bliss; my mom's propulsive desire was transformed by its very object into an intimate daze where the pulse of her bruise tapped out a throbbing Platonic something.

## Matewan a Strike Against Sayles

by SPENCER GREEN

**W**ith the budget of the average American film rising past the 17 million dollar mark, there seems to be no way to encourage creativity among any of the directors or screenwriters in the industry, and thus we are infected with *Baby Boom*, *Hiding Out* and similar products. The last hope lies within the small group of independent filmmakers who have enough financial grounding to continue their own personal visions on a smaller but consistently more interesting scale. Some of these directors, like David Lynch and Alan Rudolph, have gone onto bigger budgeted films with varying degrees of success. John Sayles has also recently made this leap with *Matewan*, his latest film which he wrote and directed. It is a film that was obviously made with care and with the best of intentions and it would be nice to report a smashing success, but unfortunately, it isn't that good.

Sayles is probably best known for the extremely low-budgeted (and in terms of profit vs. cost, successful) *Return of the Seacausus 7* and *The Brother From Another Planet*, which both show an imaginative and

intelligent - though not particularly ingenious - filmic sensibility at work, especially in Sayles' writing. *Matewan* (rhymes with gate-won) was made for about 4 million and the money shows in the care taken to recreate the feel of 1920 West Virginia, where the story takes place. The script is based on the true-life battle which took place between the owners of the coal mines and the miners who were considering plans to unionize the town of Matewan. In the film, an organizer (played by Chris Cooper) comes into town and convinces the workers to strike and when they do, confrontations threaten to develop not only between workers and management but also between the various Black and foreign elements among the workers themselves. This set-up offers the promise of great things to come: the exploration of the needs and fears of the working classes at an interesting point in American history, racial and ethnic tensions, and the cat and mouse game between the worker and "the system." Because *Matewan* only partially delivers this promise, it only partially succeeds.

Most of the reviews for *Matewan* have begun

with praise for the "look" of the film, and with good reason. The cinematography is by Haskell Wexler, one of the greats of American film (Oscars for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and *Bound For Glory*), and it is stunning. Wexler burnishes the images, allowing the light to create a faded, dream-like quality in the interior shots and a dark, lush quarter-toned hue outside and in the coal mine sequences. The look

degree that at one point, one of the two officers sent to protect the workers' interests pulls a gun on a young preacher-in-training (Will Oldham) at dinner - in front of the boy's mother. And the workers of course are hard-working and wonderful people. Occasionally, Sayles interjects a note or two of discord with the inefficiency of the union and he does bring up the conflicts between the Black, Italian

stead fall back on standard melodramatic twists - a spy in the midst of the workers, a woman who is conned into lying as a result of a false rumor about her "purity" and so on. And since there are no real characters to enact, the large cast gets by on simply looking and sounding "in period." A few actors stand out through sheer personal magnetism or because they are given a bit more to do Chris Cooper, quiet and intense as the union organizer; Will Oldham, spirited as the young man inspired by the organizer's action; James Earl Jones - who cannot help but make his presence felt in whatever he does - strong as the leader of the Black miners.

Interestingly, Sayles gives himself a quick minute or so cameo as a fanatical preacher (he has appeared in his own films before) and during that short time, the energy of *Matewan* perceptively jumps. If he had approached the rest of his film with same spirit instead of playing it safe and staid, it might have been an impressive work. It's good to see a subject like that in *Matewan* treated on the screen today, but one cannot score points on effort alone.

*The camera, however, is about the only thing that is vibrant in Matewan.*

is integral to the film - it gives the past a vibrant presence. Wexler's camera, however, is about the only thing that is vibrant in *Matewan*.

Sayles' script is surprisingly old-fashioned (which can't be helped I guess if he has stuck to whatever historical facts exist) - simply put, it's the good miners and union people vs. the ol' owners. What's distressing is that Sayles provides almost no shades of grey within this conflict. The management people are all scum - to such a

and white workers, but these are either resolved in the typical Hollywood manner or allowed to pass. Sayles is best known for his writing, and this script is pretty simple-minded stuff.

Sayles' direction doesn't do much to liven things up either. His direction is too reverent, pasting everyone against the handsomeness of the lighting. The most involving parts of the film, in fact, do not involve anything connected to the righteousness of the workers' cause, but in-

TCG

# Few Thrills in SUSPECT

by MICHAEL COSTIGAN



Someone in the film industry decided that this year would be the one of the thriller, a genre which for some time was regarded as outdated and relatively unpopular. But then came *Jagged Edge*, the first to bring the phoenix from the pyre, followed by numerous others like *Black Widow*, *The Bedroom Window*, and the recent *Fatal Attraction*. Some were good, some not so good. And now comes yet another entry, *Suspect*, directed by Peter Yates, in which Cher and Dennis Quaid have their chance to leave their mark upon the genre, in a vehicle that certainly won't be a long-shot.

Cher stars as Kathleen Riley, an over-worked public defender assigned to defend a deaf-mute vagabond, Carl Anderson (Liam Neeson), accused of murdering the former secretary of a Supreme Court Justice. It is evident from the onset that Anderson is innocent, but with a good deal of circumstantial evidence pointing the finger at him, it will be an upward battle for Riley unless she can come up with some solid evidence.

Evidence does finally come up, but is presented to Riley by juror Eddie Sanger (Dennis Quaid), in direct violation of the law prohibiting lawyers from associating with the jurors of their case. But the evidence is there, and Cher, hard pressed to do what she believes is ethically correct, cannot refuse what she learns. And needless to say, there is a romantic interest between the two, making their separation even harder to maintain. Sanger, by the way, comes the jury from his work as a lobbyist on Capitol Hill, one willing to do anything (including sleeping with an extremely unappealing legislator) to get the votes he wants. Now he wants Riley, and again, he'll do what it takes to become close to her, although here it puts him in jeopardy of being discovered.

This is the epitome of the star vehicle; there is no doubt that this is the product of studio executives who were in search of something to put Cher and Dennis Quaid in. And with the success of *Jagged Edge*, these execs thought they could capitalize on its success, bringing forth another courtroom drama with the all-important important surprise ending. The elements for success are there, and probably looked quite good on paper, but it doesn't get off the ground until it is too late.

**Cher is the empathetic lawyer that is every defendant's dream...**

What is lacking in *Suspect* is precisely what *Jagged Edge* thrived upon - suspense. It is quite evident that the filmmakers intended to make this a gripping, suspenseful sort of work, especially with the especially ominous opening sequences, placing us a suicide, murder, and bloody suspect apprehension before us, but they have so obviously confused gory for scary. The first half of the film seems to concentrate on these visual images, with the sensations of fright coming not from a building of intensity, but blood, knives, and quite graphically so.

But the suspense and the subsequent shocks of the second half of the film come for the most part as cheap thrills; in one sequence which finds Cher alone in her office late at night, the haunting bass chords begin, signaling the first signs of trepidation on our part, and then extraneous noises are heard outside in the corridor. Cher, curious, employs the ridiculous rite of passage in this sort of film - she goes outside

(would anyone really do that?) to see what the noise was. She sees nothing but the dark, ominously empty hallways, until -- the phone rings, and you jump about ten feet in the air.

In spite of the weak script that Cher must deal with, she comes across very credibly as the public defendant, a role in which she is well cast. She has a tendency to assume a 'larger than life', 'I'm going to make this a just world for all' attitude about her position, but that mostly comes about because of script's inadequacy, not hers. Especially good is her rapport with her client; she is the empathetic lawyer that is every defendant's dream. Quaid's character, on the other hand, goes through an interesting metamorphosis, from sleazy lobbyist to caring love interest of Riley. Again the script, especially at the onset, problematizes any notions of realism, but Quaid, like Cher, transcends much of the weak dialogue to give a respectable, credible performance.

"This is a bad place to have enemies," is a fine example of the trite dialogue that Eric Roth (a fairly recent graduate of Columbia's film school) forces his characters to spew forth. Roth here delivers a horrendous script with dialogue and scenes which seem to have been filched from CBS's former soap, *Capitol*. Washington is portrayed as a place of total immorality, which is probably quite an accurate account, but here it is so overdone that it becomes ludicrous.

Essentially, *Suspect* needs to be seen as two separate films; the first half is basically a glorified made-

television movie, while the second half is the film's saving grace, finally developing into the intriguing thriller it strives to be. The first half is also quite visually unappealing; the shots offer very standard and quite uninteresting views of the action which transpires, while cinematographer Billy Williams (of *Gandhi*) seems to play more with his environment, creating a tense, claustrophobic atmosphere with his probing camera in the second half.

The ending is the film's *tour de force*, with the payoff making many of the weaker scenes bearable. There is a very powerful sense of fear on the part of the viewer as Cher is being stalked by the person responsible for the murder pinned on her client, and the sequence works very well in bringing the viewer into this mystery. And the plot twist of the final scene comes as quite an incredible surprise (unless you are gifted as Markham Roberts), with the outcome a wonderful turnabout from what one thinks will be a standard ending.

No doubt, *Suspect* is not art; don't expect to see it on the year's top ten lists around Oscar time (okay, maybe Joel Siegal's). This is the sort of film that one should regard as pure entertainment, for in that sense it works, although there are many weak points which are quite easy to pull apart. Nonetheless, the ending alone is enough to efface many of the film's more obvious flaws, and makes it quite an entertaining two hours.

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Cinecom's original advertisements for the new Steven Frears' film, *Sammy and Rosie Got Laid*, were rejected by both the *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times*. The ad is now running with the last two words burned off. "It was judged offensive to good taste," said a *New York Times* spokesman. This publica-

## short takes

tion, on the other hand, would have no problem with it.

Sylvester Stallone has recently confirmed that he and Rod's ex, Alana Stewart, are in-

deed an item. . . David Bowie has been ordered to appear in state district court to determine whether he should be tested for AIDS. The order

was issued at a request of a Dallas woman who has accuse Bowie of raping her. . . Rob Lowe was in New York to see former girlfriend Melissa Gilbert in her off-Broadway show, but reports indicate that he decided to check into the Parker Meridian at 3:30 a.m. as opposed to spending the night at Melissa's.



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— from Derek Palamountain's *Adirondack Days: The Pink Fjord Poems*

## Masturbation.

a journal of alternative literature by men, for men, and about men

*Masturbation* invites submissions of poetry, essays, artwork, and short fiction from men who are not afraid to confront their afraidness. *Masturbation* seeks to establish a dialogue between person and protuberance.

*Masturbation* welcomes you to present any questions or comments you may have by calling 1-800-HIS-WAND. Please direct all inquiries to John Thomas.

## stand-in

Recently, I participated in an interesting and passionate discussion. The scene took place in my acting class. One of the topics that stimulated the dialogue was non-traditional casting. Some of the students were curious as to why so many Brown productions cast no black actors, which led to the more basic question of which roles, if any, could blacks be cast.

Some classmates felt that blacks should not be cast as members of a white family. What audience would accept a family with a black grandfather, a white daughter, a white granddaughter and perhaps a black son-in-law?

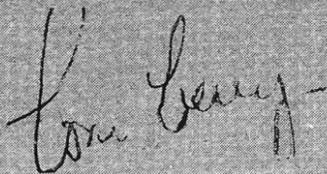
The question becomes whether such casting choices destroy the credibility of the production. I suggest it does not. A production's credibility, in terms of casting, depends on such elements as the strengths of the actors, the chemistry of the cast and individual personalities. Often, race has nothing to do with it.

Of course, there are roles where race is dictated by the text. And the plots of certain plays are based upon race. However, there are many exceptions; that is, plays in which race and sex are unimportant. And I propose that we produce more of these exceptions.

My concept of theatre includes the belief that theatre is to raise the consciousness of the audience and to produce the idea of what 'might be' as opposed to 'what is.' Theatre does not simply mirror society. On the contrary, like all art, theatre must help shape society and expand mind sets.

Non-traditional casting is appearing more frequently. Let me remind you of prime time's *Dynasty* where Diahann Carroll plays John Forsythe's sister. And the most recent production of *The Odd Couple* on Broadway, featured two female leads. Furthermore, in opera, casting of roles regardless of race has been common practice and widely accepted by operatic audiences. I would be remiss in not complimenting John Emigh on the casting of *Hecuba*.

These successes suggest that too often audiences are not so unwilling to accept non-traditional casting. Perhaps it is that those who produce shows are reluctant to take these risks. On college campuses, where open thought should flourish, non-traditional casting should be the norm rather than the exception.



Loni Berry is the director of *Colored Museum*

The first read-through for *Colored Museum*, the play opening at PW tonight, was just two and a half weeks ago. But the short creation time has hardly daunted the experienced five member cast, or its practically professional director, Loni Berry.

Intense is not a strong enough word for this crews' approach to the rehearsal schedule; it's been until at least 1 a.m. every night ever since the fated first full reading on October 17th.

But the pain is quick, as is the glory, at Production Workshop. That's how PW pieces operate. Flowing one right after the other, plays fill the experimental theatre space with a different production for almost every weekend.

By working so closely and intently with his cast of two actors and three actresses, Berry has managed to create a properly tense, but highly humorous backdrop for the eleven loosely connected vignettes which comprise the play. "They represent characters in situations that are common to the Black culture," explains Berry. "The primary focus is on the pain that these characters endure, but in spite of this pain, they continue to exist and thrive."

**"It is the hottest show that's come to this school in five years."**

Angela Mitchell '88 says she is excited to do the play for many of the same reasons. "It's controversial. The play is about being able to laugh at ourselves, and a lot of the pain we have had to endure. It is Black actresses and actors making fun of institutions some people feel to be sacred."

Mitchell plays, among other roles, "a real 1950's character, who is trying to assimilate, and [who is] really caught up in whether or not she is viewed as "acceptable". In this scene, she is a stewardess who, as she reminds "everyone on board to make sure their shackles are securely

# COLORED MUSEUM

by JUDY WIKLER



PHOTOS BY KRIS BROWN

fastened," takes her plane through a time warp.

In addition to writing plays and performing with Black Voices, Mitchell has also danced with Fusion, and now with Extension.

Stephanie Robinson, a first year graduate student in Portugese and Brazilian Studies, was active in Brownbrokers and Awareness Theatre, as an undergraduate.

Tonight, she will deliver sort of a dreamy but very witty monologue as one of her vignettes. Many of her lines demand her to reel off historical Black figures, and how they would act if they were all joined at one party. "Angela Davis and Aunt Jemimah were sharing a plate of greens in the kitchen and were going off about South Africa!" she says at one point.

Chuck Stone, a RISD

senior in illustration, and Valerie Tutson, a storyteller who graduated from Brown last year, share a scene where they pretend to pose for *Ebony Magazine*. Stone describes many of the skits as "parodies of Blacks in performing arts stereotypes, such as *Raisin in the Sun*, or *Soldier's Story*."

Royal Miller '88, who just finished performing in Hecuba, where he played Polymestor, says he decided to audition for a part in *Colored Museum* because, "It is the hottest show that's

come to this school in five years." Among other roles, Miller plays the narrator, and "Miss Rog", a drag queen.

The eleven satirical skits are all supposed to be viewed as stark "exhibits" of sorts, thus the title of the play, *Colored Museum*. Josh Alemany is in charge of set design.

Berry, a first-year graduate student in Theatre Arts, was able to purchase the play because he worked in New York City as a musician and actor for several years before returning to school, and he became familiar with Joe Papp's Public Theatre, where *Museum* was originally

performed. "Papp is a big producer of Broadway plays," says Berry. Although this play was performed off-Broadway, it ran "for a year last year, and this past August it went to London for two months, and now it's being licensed all over the country," he says.

*Colored Museum will run from Friday, November 6- through Monday, November 9 at P.W., 8p.m.*

**ALMIGHTY ONE, DO NOT TAKE RICH FROM US SO SOON**

T H E B O X

**Rites and Reasons:** Playwright in Residence J.E. Franklin will read from two works in progress. *November 14, 4p.m. Churchill House.*

**Theatre in Yugoslavia:** Dragan Klavic from the University of Arts in Belgrade will discuss urban festivals, pageants, and the relationship between art and state in socialist society. Arrive early for assured seating. *November 17, 4p.m. Leeds.*

**Blackfriar's Theatre:** of Providence College presents *The Taming of the Shrew*. *November 13-15, Friday and Saturday at 8p.m., Sun at 2p.m. Call 865-2218 for tickets.*

**I Never Sang for my Father:** is playing at The Providence Performing Arts Center. It replaces a show starring Mickey Rooney that was cancelled "due to poor ticket sales." Good luck to this one. *November 13-15, 8p.m. Call 421-ARTS.*

**On the Verge:** The Wickendon Gate Theatre presents this "whimsical comedy about three Victorian lady travelers whose yearning for adventure and enlightenment leads them on a journey through time to an astonishing new world." It will come to no surprise that the world they find is ours. We haven't seen it yet, but it sounds like fun. *November 19- December 12, Thursday through Saturday. Student tickets are \$6.50. The Wickendon Gate Theatre is located at 10 Davol Square. Call 421- 9680 for tickets.*



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PHOTO BY JOHN FORASTE

The student-written, student-produced play *A Hustle Here, A Hustle There* takes a look at...

# T THE WILD SIDE OF LIFE

**I**T WAS DIFFERENT than all the Brownbrokers shows have been recently. They were sick of doing your typical Broadway musical," says Vivienne Goldschmidt '89.5 explaining the choice of the rock musical *A Hustle Here, A Hustle There* as the Brownbrokers' 1987 production. Brownbrokers, a Brown theater group, stages one student-written musical each year, chosen during the preceding spring from approximately six proposed shows. Students are responsible for all aspects of the production, from composing the music, to designing the sets, to acting.

Brown Theater subscribers who arrive expecting an evening's entertainment along the lines of Rodgers and Hammerstein will be surprised by *Hustle*, which was created by scriptwriter Paul Greenberg '89 and composer David McLary '89. Based on Lou Reed's song "Walk on the Wild Side", the show graphically depicts life in the drug underworld of New York City's Lower East Side. "It's kind of spicy," says David

Miercort '90, who plays the Narrator. "There's very coarse, vulgar, dirty language. There's a lot of sexual relationships between various members of the cast."

And the show's organizers realize that this may upset some theatergoers. Cathy Linberg, who runs Brown's box office, has been warning ticket buyers that "the F-word is banded about." The Narrator, at the start of the show, also cautions the audience that what they are about to see is "not a pretty sight by any means." At Joe's American Dreams Café, where most of the action is set, the characters refer to drugs in street lingo, using terms like horse, smooch, hanky-spanky and rooster when discussing their impending deals. Women are called "bitches" or "whores", and homosexuals are "fucking faggots".

Goldschmidt defends the show's unpleasant language, adding that the impact of the script's profanity is muted when translated into performance. "When you put it on stage, in fact, those 5000 'fucks' don't sound any different from the way we really do talk today, so

the risk is more minimal. I am nearly positive we'll have subscription people walking out, but that's fine. We might have students walking out, and that's okay too, because I think for those people that remain and stay through it's quite shocking and relatively powerful," she says.

"Compared with a lot of the things I've seen done in theater, it's pretty controversial," says Mike Faella '90, one of four chorus members. "It deals with homosexuality, heroin, drugs, and some very sleazy, disgusting characters, of which I hope to be one." (Editor's note: Nice grasp of grammar, Mike.)

Because Greenberg and McLary are both away in India this year, Goldschmidt was left on her own to make decisions about the script. "It was a very solid script, it ran smoothly, and I've had to make it as solid as it can be. There are a lot of choices that I made for the script as opposed to from the script," she says. Because of the rehearsal process involved a great deal of experimentation, the actors had to learn to deal with sudden

changes. "It's different every day," says Beth Wishnie '89, who plays Sugar, a wanna-be blues singer.

The show begins with a series of violent events, and then goes back in time full circle to explain the circumstances leading up to the events. The sordid assortment of characters includes a junkie, a prostitute, a pair of pushers, and an incredibly sleazy individual described by one of the characters as "a goddamn pimp and a goddamn dealer." To play them, Goldschmidt has assembled a dynamic cast of actors, singers and dancers from various sources, including Sock and Buskin, Performance Workshop, past Brownbrokers shows, the bands that play in the Underground, and the Ashamu dance studio. "I was looking for a real texture of different people," she explains.

As the Narrator, Miercort controls the action of the show by clapping his hands once. The Narrator is an objective observer, explaining the fine points of the plot to the audience members. "I call it like I see it," he says. The Narrator is

TURN OVER



by Alison Schechter

aided in his task by the four chorus members, played by Liz Co '90, Mike Faella '90, Nat Smith '90, and Marjorie Zohn '90. The chorus is called upon to do everything from portraying the characters' family members to supplying background vocals to shimmying like the Solid Gold dancers.

**T** LIKE THE CHORUS MEMBERS, WHO SLIP in and out of the action throughout the course of the show, the band members also get into the act. When they aren't playing music, they may be interacting with the characters or commenting on the action. The five-member, on-stage rock and roll band is led by Action Verbs guitarist Rose Thomson '88. Joining Thomson as part of the

**T** HE CHORUS IS CALLED UPON TO DO EVERYTHING FROM PORTRAYING THE CHARACTERS' FAMILY MEMBERS TO SUPPLYING BACKGROUND VOCALS TO SHIMMYING LIKE THE SOLID GOLD DANCERS.

Empty Bravado band are Lisa Loeb '90, Marco Beltrami '88, Jon Feinberg '89, and Steven Simon '89. The names should be familiar to fans of campus musical groups like the Round Band and the acoustic duo Liz and Lisa.

At a recent rehearsal, the rock and roll music attracted a crowd of people to the stage door. "They thought it was a club," says Stage Manager and Brownbrokers board member Kim Silverman '88. "The songs are all so different and they're all really entertaining. The music is very strong," says Liz Mitchell '90, who describes her character Candy's song "Cross at the Green, Not In Between" as a "funk-rap." According to Lisa Loeb '90, who plays electric guitar for the show, "It's a combination of funk, ballads, musical show tunes and really weird stuff."

The show brings to life the characters described in Lou Reed's song. "The characters in the song are also the characters in the play, but there's been a lot of artistic license to give them a past and a history," explains Miercort. Candy is a whore who is described by one of the other characters as "so fucking horny." As Candy, a good girl from Long Island who's gone bad, Mitchell dances and sings while wearing an outfit reminiscent of Madonna's on her last tour, complete with fishnet stockings and red high-heeled pumps imported from the Warwick Mall. Candy may be a down-and-out prostitute, but she manages to make some telling observations. For example, one of her songs contains the line "The average guy's cock is a couple of inches long."

Candy has an ally in Jackie, the junkie who aspires to be James Dean. Jackie, played by grad student Michelle McIntyre, is a heroin addict with an evil laugh and a frequent tendency to suffer blackouts. Jackie serves as the political conscience of the show. In a scathing denunciation of Reagan, she delivers a speech to

her "fellow Americans, with your huddled masses up your united asses." Both Candy and Jackie are persecuted by Fred and Red (Chris Bowers '91 and Steven McElroy '89), a pair of drug pushers and American Dreams Café regulars.

*Hustle* also depicts the progress of Paully (Chris Osander '90), a not-too-bright homosexual in search of someone to take care of him, as he hitchhikes up the East Coast. Paully is joined along the way by Sugar (Beth Wishnie '90), a singer on her way to fame and fortune in New York City. "My character is a wanna-be blues singer from the south, the naive character in the play," explains Wishnie. Sugar lends Paully a skirt and tweezes his eyebrows, in the hopes that they'll get a ride more easily. "If you want to get to New York, you'd better put on this dress. It's what the men want," she explains. Paully the transexual is the "he" that "became a she" of Reed's song.

**R**.I.S.D. STUDENT BRIAN SELZNICK designed the set, a multi-level environment covered with trash including an old ironing board, cans, bottles, and pipes. The litter was hand-picked by the cast members, who were asked by Goldschmidt to collect interesting garbage for Selznick to work with. Silverman says that the set has made her job of stage manager much easier, because instead of having to pick up after the actors, she just leaves the food wrappers and empty cans on the stage. The back wall of the stage and a spiral staircase have been left exposed, blending with the drab colors of the set. Adrienne Glass designed the costumes, which she says have an "underground look."

The dance numbers, which Goldschmidt choreographed, cover a range of styles. "What the Man Means to Me" is a mock production number incorporating the worst aspects of every high school production of *Godspell*, *Hair* and even *Oklahoma*. "It's a takeoff on all of the bad choreography I've ever seen," says Goldschmidt. The number's artificial quality is deliberate. "It's really the narrator saying 'We're going to have a show number now--this is how I see things.' It comes out of nowhere," she adds.

Goldschmidt is aware that the audience might find the actors' characterizations offensive because they aim to be stereotypical. "People might have been put off by the script because it seems to stereotype, but what the play is ultimately dealing with is confronting the fact that these are stereotypes that we make. That's why I consider it working against what a lot of our own preconceptions are, and that's why the play at its best is a good statement of awareness for all of us," she says.

A Hustle Here A Hustle There will be performed this weekend, November 13-15, and next weekend, November 19-22, at Faunce House Theater. All shows begin at 8 p.m. Tickets can be reserved by calling the Brown University Theater box office at 863-2838.

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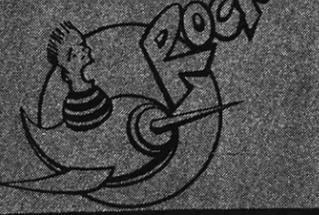
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12/11 Molly Hatchet  
12/12 Scuffy the Cat

**FERRY**

Girls left off. "Limbo" and "Kiss And Tell" are dance numbers along the lines of "Don't Stop The Dance".

The third track is where a major shortcoming of the album is revealed. The melody of "New Town" seems illogical. After several listenings, it becomes apparent that what would seem to be the correct progression for this song was used as the hook for "Kiss And Tell".

This is a perfect indication of what is troubling *Bête Noire*. Ferry is simply running low on ideas. A smooth and sexy approach is fine, but Ferry has taken it to a point of complacency.

A release such as this puts him right on the edge: he has come out with a fine album of exactly what we expected, yet one more record of material such as this would push him into a boring and ridiculously predictable musical realm.

Otherwise, in and of itself, Ferry has assembled ten tracks which fluctuate, sometimes above, often below, the standard set by *Boys And Girls*. The same strategies are used to produce an album which is both romantic and danceable, and his voice still sounds terrific. But his ideas seem to be running short, and the magic of his other two 1980's releases will probably never be captured again.

- Michael Moore

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# New Vinyl

## Big Black/Songs About Fucking

Big Black is like a horror movie. Their sound is based on shock, and upon impact, they throw your brains against a wall. But the thing about horror movies, and the thing about Big Black, is that once you know where the shocks are, the impact is gone.

Big Black have been leaders of the shock pack for a while now. Equipped with two growling guitars, a bleeding-thumb bass and a relentless Roland drum machine, the band has brought punk to an existential technological impasse. They are hyper-punk, robopunk, post-punk pathological purists. Inherent in this punk structure is a negative essence, a thin brittle wall of annihilation. In their new album, *Songs About Fucking*, Big Black has reached the top of the wall, and now have succeeded with negating themselves completely. *Songs About Fucking* is their last record, the band having broken up soon after the LP was recorded. In perfect punk irony, guitarist Santiago Durango packed his bags for law school.

And all for the better, really. The Big Black horror show had been seen too many times. The first album (a summation

of the first two e.p.s) *Hammer Party*, hit hard and threw anybody in the band's path to another void, with impossible guitars and lyrics. The cold metalia survived through the subsequent e.p., *Racer X*, and reached a pinnacle of sorts in last year's *Atomizer*. By the time the *Headache* e.p. was released last summer, Big Black was tired and sloppy, making normally non-repeatable tunes plain unlistenable. *Songs About Fucking*, however, is fairly tight and clean, not as good as the last l.p.'s, but not without its chilly moments.



*Songs About Fucking* has lead guitarist/writer/lyricist Steve Albini's usual shock treatment. But now the thin and scrawny Albini's hate is more pitiful than angry, making you more sympathetic to him

than impressed with his rebellion. In the usual comprehensive lyric sheet (the more trustworthy source of the songs meanings than the actual lyrics themselves), Albini writes of love, Colombian neckties ("a particularly humiliating way to die, involves having your throat slit from ear to ear, so your tongue can flop out on your neck") and beating women to death with boots. In reference to love itself, Albini writes "the things people do when they have nothing to do can be pretty silly, those same people can become all-important in each others lives, the thing they do increase in importance in proportion. Soon a lot of people who do nothing individually scrutinize the miniscule doings of others. This, in short, is 'falling in love'".

While previous Big Black albums concentrated on more broad-based topics and successfully attacked them, albeit in excessive means (worker's oppression in *Atomizer* leads to the blue-collar

## what goes on



Coming to the Living Room: Catch legends Bo Diddley and Rolling Stone Ron Wood performing tonight; Everyone's favorite, Chris Jerde included, Marshall Crenshaw will be in town Mon., Nov. 16; David Bowie's choice for best new act, the Screaming Blue Messiahs, will bring their machine gun etiquette to the Room on Wednesday; If Amy Carter were here, she would surely want to see those nasty Long Islanders, the Ramones, shake their leather and locks on Thurs., Nov. 16. And don't forget Ladysmith Black Mambazo (see preview next page) at Sayles Hall Sunday performing at 7:30 and 9:30.

### RECORDS

Coming out sometime next week:  
Maddona's greatest hits  
Elvis Costello's B-side compilation  
McCartney, Lennon solo LP's on disc  
Aztec Camera's new LP

father fist-fucking his son), *Songs About Fucking* is essentially a love album. But the Albini idea of love is that if you can't get a person to submit to your degradation and abuse, you should kill them. You can't help feeling sorry for the guy.

Tired and pathetic as Big Black's frenzied approach has become, they still manage to kick their way through some of their best material on this album. "Precious Thing" is Big Black at their biggest and blackest. The trademark driving repetition of the lyrics and beat is there, and it somehow manages to fold into itself in triplicate. The resulting energy is pure and intense, overwhelming with brute

strength and anger. It is a song to behold and amaze. Other songs slow the tempos down and try to do things the band has attempted to expand on before, and they succeed in doing it better.

*Songs About Fucking* might suffer from a certain lack of spontaneity and freshness. But that's not to discount the band. To those who haven't heard Big Black, they should--Big Black is an important band in the sense that they are the logical end of the road of hardcore. Big Black is a horror movie not made for repetition, but to slam you against the floor screaming.

—Keith Mayerson

MUSIC

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**FREEDOM**

by RICHARD YELLAND

Ladysmith Black Mambazo will be bringing music to Sayles Hall which is called Cothoza Mfan or Isicathamiya in their South African, Zulu homeland. These words which have no direct English translation embody the spirit and struggle which defines the black South African people. The music characterized by smooth male acapella rhythms finds its soul in the men's dormitories of South Africa's diamond and gold mines. The mines are the homes of many thousands of immigrant workers who must work for low wages so their families back in the homelands will not go hungry. Virtually the workers' only freedom, melodic singing, is one of the few ways spirits are lifted and frustrations are vented.

When Ladysmith Black Mambazo toured with Paul Simon after they released *Graceland* with him, for the first time the World was exposed to a music that sings of a yearning for freedom and a longing for a simpler, happier life. In the performance Paul Simon would let Ladysmith speak for themselves as he introduced his shows in their honor: "This concert is about the music of South Africa." The ten member all-male band would bring audiences to life presenting endless bass-rich harmonies driven by spirited dance routines (a mix of zulu mime, Rockettes-style leg kicks, and Motown rhythm). Running the show is Joseph Shabalala who composes the music, choreographs the dance routines and sings the lead. More importantly, Shabalala as noted in New York Newsday, is a spiritual leader playing a role of what he calls "a soccer coach." He makes sure the rhythms are "smooth and fine" and through a system of symbols directs the group's hairbreadth rhythm changes and split-second time signatures.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo has seen unprecedented success on their five month tour through Australia, Europe, U.S.A. and Canada. The audiences' response to Ladysmith has been more than exceptional and this exposure has not affected the group's commitment to South Africa. They have managed to keep that unspoiled, natural aura to their music which has been responsible for their success. On the other hand, Paul Simon's role in Ladysmith



Black Mambazo's route to stardom has been criticized. Simon has been blamed for breaking Anti-Apartheid sanctions by recording four *Graceland* tracks in South Africa. Others have accused Simon for exploiting the South Africans and picketers have appeared at shows in London, Atlanta and Philadelphia.

Shabalala is Paul Simon's defense to these claims as he explains in Time, "when you are singing you are free." Paul Simon has allowed the group to experience the thrill of international recognition that it deserves and has been responsible for inspiring other South African groups. More importantly, the music can be seen as a support for the struggle of black South Africa- it is not only the exhibition of the spirits and emotions of the oppressed, but also a use of their beliefs as a political device. The sentiment of the group is captured by their chants of "Aha La La". The translation means congratulations and is a song about a miner who has been promoted to team leader. The team leader has slowly worked his way to a position which allows him spend less time down in the mines and, like Ladysmith Black Mambazo, gets a better grasp of what complete freedom could mean for his people.

Backstage before a show Ladysmith Black Mambazo sparks a spontaneous chorus and joins together in a human train that snakes around the room. The team soon breaks up in an ensemble of laughs which reveals their excitement for the oncoming performance. Ladysmith Black Mambazo is prepared for another dazzling display of energy and spirit which not only characterizes the ten-member group but also characterizes the personality of black South Africa.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo will be performing Sunday in

MUSIC



**Bryan Ferry/  
Bête Noire**

With the release of *Avalon* in 1982, the ten year evolution of Roxy Music was complete. This synth-driven masterpiece was clearly the band's best album, and the man behind it was Bryan Ferry, the lead singer and keyboard player. Combining exotic percussion and Ferry's soaring vocals with smooth synth and guitar tracks, *Avalon* bordered on pop, but was something new. Above all, it was sexy. Very sexy. This was to be Roxy Music's swan song, as the band broke up after a 1984 tour.

Ferry's solo projects had always reflected the state of Roxy Music. *In Your Mind* (1977) and *The Bride Stripped Bare*

(1978) were indicative of the rock and roll that the band was producing during this period. With *Boys And Girls*, released in 1985, Ferry simply took the sounds and ideas of *Avalon* into hyperspace.

Everything that *Avalon* did, *Boys and Girls* did better. It was smoother and sexier, with an impressive array of musicians taking the place of the band. Ferry's vocal range and talent seemed limitless. Even the cover and sleeve designs far outdid anything connected with Roxy Music's philosophy of "put two women in various states of undress on the cover". The nine tracks comprising the album were a string of finely tuned songs which flowed in and out

flawlessly. Thirteen years after the creation of Roxy Music, Ferry had assembled forty of the best minutes of his career.

*Bête Noire*, Ferry's second solo album since 1982, was released this week. After *Boys And Girls*, the only question seemed to be whether the record would be a big disappointment or a small one. While the album certainly doesn't stack up to his previous effort, the overall sound and several outstanding tracks show that Bryan Ferry is certainly not an over-the-hill rocker producing, to quote Derek Smalls, "meditative headbanging bullshit".

The first two tracks pick up where *Boys And*  
**FERRY, page 9**



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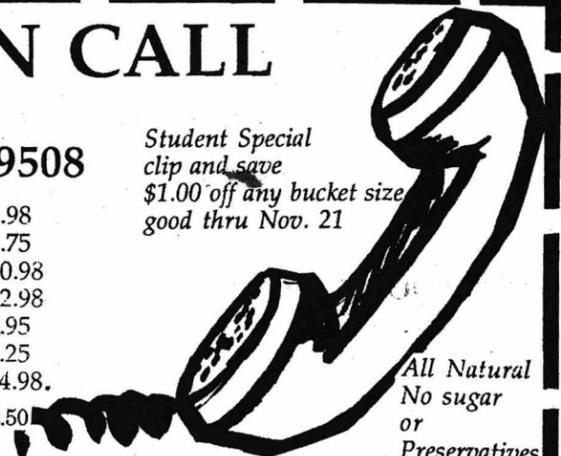
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## BABY BOOM

Diane Keaton. Should have been called Baby Boon-its the only thing that saves the film.  
(Showcase Seekonk and Warwick)

## DEATHWISH FOUR

Charles Bronson returns with a vengeance ... for the fourth time.  
(Showcase Seekonk and Warwick)

## DIRTY DANCING

Some of the most cringe inducing dialogue in recent memory, but the dancing is great fun.  
(Showcase Warwick and Seekonk)

## FATAL ATTRACTION

Director Adrian Lyne's latest is an erotic thriller about a businessman (Michael Douglass) whose new lover turns out to be psychotic.  
(Showcase Seekonk)

## FATAL BEAUTY

The streets of Los Angeles are where Whoopi Goldberg, a cop, is again misused against drug dealers. A poor rip off of Beverly Hills Cop.  
(Showcase Warwick and Seekonk)

## GINGER AND FRED

Fellini's excellent social commentary on mass media.  
(Cable Car)

## HELLO AGAIN

Shelly Long, Judith Ivey, and Corbin (L.A. Law) Bernsen star in this mild, fairly sappy film.  
(Showcase Seekonk and Warwick)

## THE HIDDEN

Gory thriller starring Michael Nouri and Kyle (Blue Velvet) Mac Lachlan in a battle of good and evil aliens.  
(Showcase Seekonk and Warwick)

## HIDING OUT

Hiding from the mob, Jon Cryer goes back to high school to keep a low profile. The director has only music videos to his credit, and this doesn't seem to be much more.  
(Showcase Warwick and Seekonk)

# G C F

## LESS THAN ZERO

Bret Easton Ellis' tale of decadence hits the big screen, but much of the scandal has been cut from the screen version. Andrew McCarthy and Jami Gertz star.  
(Showcase Seekonk)

## MADE IN HEAVEN

Tim Hutton is sent back to Earth to find the spirit he met in heaven in the body of Kelly McGillis.  
(Showcase Warwick)

## NUTS

Based on the play of the same name, Richard Dreyfuss, Barbara Streisand, and Jean Stapleton star in this dramatic comedy which puts Streisand in an institution.  
(Showcase Warwick and Seekonk)

## MATEWAN

Reviewed in this issue.  
(Avon)

## PLANES TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES

John Hughes graduates from high school for this comedy starring John Candy and Steve Martin.  
(Showcase Warwick and Seekonk)

## RUNNING MAN

Arnold Schwarzenegger is caught in a futuristic game show with Richard Dawson.  
(Warwick Mall)

## RUSSKIES

The plot is brilliant-three kids (including messy Marvin) find a ship-wrecked Russian and try to get him off to Cuba. This sound so horrible.  
(Warwick Mall)

Reviews by Michael Costigan and Ellen Sharp

## BROWN FILM SOCIETY X2191

Fri. 7:00 Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore  
9:30 Monty Python's Meaning of Life  
Mid: Son of the Blob

Sat. 7:00 Monty Python's Meaning of Life  
9:30 Little Big Man

Sun. 7:00 Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore  
9:30 Little Big Man

AVON CINEMA  
268 Thayer St.  
421-3315

CABLE CAR CINEMA  
204 South Main Street  
272-3970

SHOWCASE CINEMA-Seekonk  
8000 Fall River Avenue  
336-6020

SHOWCASE CINEMA Warwick  
1200 Quaker Lane  
885-1345

WARWICK MALL CINEMA  
100 Warwick Mall  
738-9070



# CAMPUS

CONCERT: an evening of World Music. Grant Recital Hall-8:30 p.m. Friday

THE HUGH F. MAC COLL memorial Concert. Featuring Darryl Rosenberg, pianist. Grant Recital Hall 8:30 p.m. Saturday

CONCERT Celebrating 50 years of Performance-works of Handel, Ibert, Barber, Duke. Alumanae Hall 3:00 p.m. Sunday

JAZZ CONCERT An evening of jazz vocals with Gordon Chambers and the Jazz Giants Underground Saturday. 10:30 p.m.

PARTY AND STEPSHOW Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, inc. Party raffle, and Stepshow. Leung Gallery 10:30 p.m. Friday

WEEKEND HIKE Outing Club. Braving nippy temps, we'll spend the weekend tromping in N.H. woods. Soldier's Arch 4 p.m. Friday

## UNITY DAY FILM

Third World Center. "Becoming an American", the story of the struggles of a Hmong family in Seattle, Washington. Third World Center 4 p.m. Friday

## GEORGE MORGAN AND FRIENDS IN CONCERT

Brother to Brother presents George Morgan, Four Folk Musician and Social Activist will perform with Steve Harris, Barry Brown and the R.I. feminist chorus. Tickets \$6 available at the Doorwar Bookstore or at the door. Church of the Redeemer, 655 Hope Street 8 p.m. Friday

## FENCING MEET

The Womens's Fencing Team home-opener is a tri-meet with both MIT and Tufts. Marvel Gym. 1 p.m. Saturday

50/50 The Underground. Friday 10:30 p.m.

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH PART Y Hong Kong Students Association. Dance Party. 2\$ admission. Chinese appetizers and refreshments. 10 p.m. on Friday at Sayles Hall

# t HEATER

A HUSTLE HERE, A HUSTLE THERE Brown Brokers and Brown University Theatre. An original rock musical by Paul Greenberg and David McLary; directed by Vivienne Goldschmidt. Friday-Sunday 8 p.m. Faunce House

TRINITY REPERTORY COMPANY 201 Washington St. 351-4242--call for tickets. The House of the Blue Leaves, by John Guare. Downstairs Theatre. Fri. 8 p.m. Sat. 8 p.m. Sun 2 and 7 p.m.

MUSEUM OF ART, RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN 224 Benefit St. 331-3511

Lunchart-- Tour of the exhibition "John Prip: Master Metalsmith" Fri. 12:15 p.m.

Exhibition-- Batik: Northern Javanese Textiles from the Collection of Inger McCabe Elliott. Through Nov. 15

Exhibition--John Prip: Master Metalsmith. Over 200 pieces of jewelry, sculpture, and functional objects will be on view. Through Dec. 20

# MUSIC

JR'S FAST LANE Fri-Sat. Shout 327 Washington St. 273-6771

LAST CALL SALOON 15 Elbow St. 421-7170 Fri. Young Neal and the Vipers with China Lake Sat. Taj Mahal

LIVING ROOM 273 Promenade St. 521-2520 Fri. Jesus and the Chain of Opal plus Rash of Stabbings Sat. The Gunslingers featuring Ron Wood and Bo Diddley

LUPO'S Fri. WBRU Final Tour with Little Frankie and Tiger Tiger. Coat of Arms and Kids. Sat. Fat City 377 Westminster 351-7927

# ART

BELL GALLERY, LIST ART CENTER Frank Lloyd Wright and the Johnson Wax Buildings: Building a Corporate Cathedral. Fri. 11-4 p.m. Sat. and Sun. 1-4 p.m.

Listings is not just a job, it's an adventure. We're looking for a few good men and women. If you're interested in working in the only part of GCF that people save for the entire weekend, call the bonehead editors.

Call the Herald at 351-3372 and leave a message for the GCF editors if you're interested.