

Ear Candy

By TNT

Well, folks, sometimes you can't keep a good man down. In this case it's two men, the men who comprise TNT. Yes, we're back, thanks partly to an adoring fan named Sharon. We'll hoist beverages to you, "Way Cool" Sharon.

This week we bring you more new stuff on the rock scene. Thanks loads to Russell, who provided a digital portion of the hot licks.

We came; we saw; we listened. Ratt, *Reach for the Sky* (Atlantic Records). Ratt has achieved a minimal following among head-bangers. They hit it big a few years ago on *Out of the Cellar*, and even Uncle Milty was a fan, both in drag and out of it. Since then, the fans have more or less taken to the cellar.

They might come back out for this one. It's iffy. What they've done is retrieved the sound and beat of *Cellar* with some memorable songs that hang around in your head a little while.

"Way Cool Junior" is the biggie on this record. It's a bluesy type of pontification for Warren DiMartini. The word on the street is that he's going back to the blues, and critics are up in arms. It works, though.

"Chain Reaction" is a pretty decent upbeat rock tune. "Bottom Line" is a slower, yet harder song that reaches into Ratt's bag of tricks.

The band's fans are fully aware of Steven Pearcy's voice. You can picture him sneering when he sings the lyrics to "I Want to Love You" and "No Surprise." If you can deal with him, then this 10-cut album is for you.

Metallica, . . . *And Justice for All* (Elektra/Asylum Records) — This one most likely slipped by in 1988, but because of the recent release of "One" on MTV, people are waking up.

Speed metal is speed metal. You know *chunka, chunka, chunka, chunk, jang jang*. It all sounds the same in most cases. But Metallica is different. They are a band on the cutting edge, and they may just tickle even the most conservative head-banger's fancy.

The title cut begins like an electric rendition of Vivaldi, then scorches into nine minutes of slash. It's a concept. The guitar sounds like a judge rapping his gavel, and for the life of us, we can't figure out how lead singer James Hetfield can keep time and change key so swiftly.

But Metallica is not just music. The lyrics are what make this quartet keep doing what they do. No fields of



flowing wheat or Nevada sunsets here. This is heavy stuff about war, fear and survival. Their message is not for the faint of heart.

Move over Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, because "Dyers Eve" is not only a complaint that parents just don't understand, it's an ultimatum. Mom would not approve. Other songs such as "Harvester of Sorrow" and "The Frayed Ends of Sanity" hit just as hard.

"One" is a kick-butt anti-war song, and Lars Ulrich knows his skins. It's eerie, but so is war.

As a special added feature, the album comes on two discs, but it's specially priced so you get your full dollar's worth. *Justice* is a fine introduction to speed metal if you've never tasted it before, and it's even better if you have.

Jane's Addiction, *Nothing's Shocking* (Warner Bros.) — Jane's Addiction is the latest word from L.A. — and what a word it is. You don't need to get much further than the cover art — a nude set of voluptuous Siamese twins joined at the hip and ear nonchalantly staring off into space while their heads burn — to get the point. Cynical, rude, whining, childish lead singer Perry Farrell takes the listener on a tour of the sickly pale underbelly of life without masking anything. And his brutal frankness is quite shocking.

Jane's Addiction are about rage. David Navarro's ripping leads pepper every tune while Stephen Perkins beats the holy hell out of the skins. Eric, the monomaniac bassist, is very stable and sure, if not innovative, though the true allure for Jane's Addiction lies in Farrell's truthful and disturbing poetry. "Ted, Just Admit It" is a song about recently executed mass murderer Ted Bundy. The refrain is "Sex is violent!" repeated over and over again. Sound shocking? The raw, angry energy will rip your ears off. Nothing's stopping *Nothing's Shocking*.

Keep your necks oiled, and we'll see you next week.

'Colored Girls' is beautiful message

By CARYN CRABB
Staff writer

The New York show that the Carolina Program Union's Cultural Arts Series brought to USC, *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf*, paints a vibrant picture of the black woman who has been repeatedly hurt, yet is undaunted in her search for love.

A collage of monologues serves as the framework for stories of young black girls discovering the world — women raped by the men they trust most; women who vengefully seduce and then cry themselves to sleep at night; and women full of music and life and a spirit they are just learning to define.

The theme is personified by seven actresses dubbed only Lady in Brown, Yellow, Red, Green, Purple, Blue and Orange. They present a unique kind of dramatic poetry so similar to the vernacular that even the layman is not left behind, and they spice it with dancing, singing and a sometimes vulgar, but always effective, humor.

Yet even with the broken format of the production, a beautiful fluidity survives. The simplicity of the stage and costumes and the smoothness of movement weave a unified and pleasing tapestry.

The passionate anger that flows so freely in the hour-and-a-half long show however, was once a

Review

suppressed bitterness in the mind of its author, Ntozake Shange (pronounced "Entohzakee Shongay").

Shange, born Paulette Williams to a middle-class black family, changed her name to the Zulu words meaning "she who comes with her own things" and "who walks like a lion" in rebellion against the middle-class values she had grown to detest. She wanted to reinforce her belief that a black woman must proudly acknowledge the special traits intrinsic to her race, her sex and, most importantly, her individuality.

Through creative use of theatrical poetry and choreography, which she refers to as a "choreopoem," she attempts to give clarity to the black woman's vulnerability.

The heart of the message is spoken early in the show as the Lady in Yellow explains that "being alive, being a woman and being colored is a metaphysical dilemma I haven't yet solved."

Shange is trying to shock us into putting aside our non-black and non-female presuppositions. When Lady in Blue lays alone on the stage with legs spread, screaming into the cruel eyes of a man the

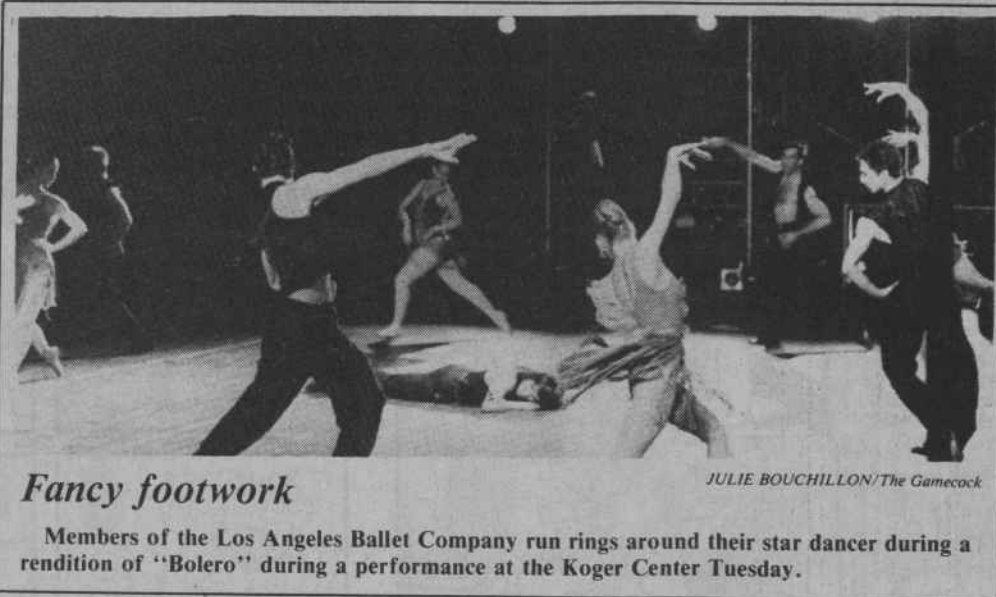
audience cannot see, you are forced to taste what it is like to be violated by a man — and a world — that sees you only as a stereotypical, unconscious persona.

The choreopoem at times fiercely attacks the callousness of black men more than anything else, and critics have berated Shange for this in the past. But she seems to use this theme of thwarted love as a universal avenue for telling her own personal story.

Tales of racial and sexual discrimination on a business and political level would not have involved the audience in her plight emotionally. The simple fact is that everyone, white or black, male or female, can identify with a lover's rejection. Everyone, in this sense at least, can be taught to understand the struggle Shange feels.

For Colored Girls is written by a woman who, admittedly, has attempted suicide on several occasions, and it is directed toward women similar to herself who have experienced the same biases and misconceptions. She wants them to look inward and let their own rainbow be "enuf."

But the message is not only for "colored girls." The emotions played out in Shange's poetry belong to white girls and black boys, too. *For Colored Girls* takes a significant step in bringing them all together on common ground.



Fancy footwork

Members of the Los Angeles Ballet Company run rings around their star dancer during a rendition of "Bolero" during a performance at the Koger Center Tuesday.

Wily wood beast predicts weather

The Associated Press

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa. — Punxsutawney Phil, that plump, pampered groundhog long touted as America's best mammalian meteorological prognosticator, saw his shadow Thursday, predicting six more weeks of a "kinder and gentler" winter.

Phil's promoters, declaring it the 102nd Groundhog Day, roasted the brown, bewhiskered forecaster out of his lighted, heated burrow at dawn.

"In honor of America's new president, George Bush, the groundhog stood tall and proud. He spotted a thin, short shadow," Punxsutawney Groundhog Club President James H. Means told spectators gathered at Gobbler's Knob, a wooded knoll about three miles south of Punxsutawney.

"I want to be close to Holderman and Robby. I want to play Yahtzee with them and wash their car when it's nice out, but they won't let me."



Random Patterns.
By Chuck Dean. Mondays.
Only in *The Gamecock*.

THE GAMECOCK

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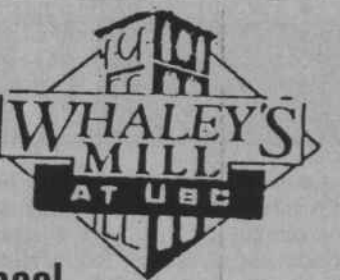
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