

# Arts & Entertainment

## So much for socialism

*The Fountainhead holds to a refreshing dance sensibility*

By Chris McCubbin  
Senior Reporter

Now that's something you don't see every day in these parts — Irishmen playing gothic disco. Nope, we don't see that too often at all.

In your English classes you may have run across Ayn Rand's socialistic novel, "The Fountainhead." Well, the band The Fountainhead, playing this Wednesday at the Drumstick, 574 N. 48th St., has nothing to do with that.

According to the band, they just needed a name in a hurry, so they sent their manager to thumb through the

### Band Preview

dictionary. "The Fountainhead" looked good. They'd never heard of the novel. So much for socialism.

As a matter of fact, at a time when Irish music is dominated by hyper-political bands like the Pogues and U2, The Fountainhead's raw determination to hold to a pure dance sensibility is almost refreshing.

The Fountainhead is Pat O'Donnell and Steve Belton. They started playing together in Dublin in 1982. Their most significant work at this time was providing the sludgy production for the novelty death-rock band, "The Virgin Prunes."

By '83 they were opening for major acts like U2, Simple Minds and Depeche Mode.

They dug up their name in '84 and released their first single, "Rhythm Method," which hit number five on the Irish charts.

Their first album, "The Burning Touch," came out last spring and made it to the U.S. this summer. On the album they played all the instruments themselves, but for their first American tour they've put together a band. O'Donnell and Belton handle guitars and vocals, and they've brought a keyboard player and rhythm section aboard.

The band said this tour is mostly colleges and clubs. They said American audiences are okay, but "They watch a lot more than the crowds back home," O'Donnell said.

"They make you work," Belton added. So far, the Fountainhead's gigs have been confined to the coasts. Are they



Courtesy of Chrysalis

The Fountainhead

apprehensive about coming here to the home of John Cougar Mellencamp and Charlie Daniels?

"We really don't know what to expect," they said, but the crew told them people out here were friendly.

They said they're meshing well with the new band and they'd probably keep them around for the next album. Before that happens there's a possibility they'll cut a live EP of one of their L.A. shows.

The Fountainhead's music is dance rock in the Cure/Depeche Mode tradition. Lyrically, the songs lie somewhere between the former band's contrived but clever spookiness and the later band's utter vacuousness, quality-wise.

When asked if other Irish bands resented The Fountainhead's very English sound, O'Donnell dismissed the questions. "Essentially our sound is Irish," he said. "We come from Ireland."

"The Burning Touch" was an almost unbearably synth-heavy album, but both of the frontmen say they only play guitar on tour, so no telling what it sounds like.

Pretty derivative stuff, all told. But what the heck, at least it's authentic. The Cure or Depeche Mode aren't going to be in town in the next couple weeks, right? If you're into this kind of Brit stuff this is probably as close as you're going to get.



Courtesy of Willard Alexander, Inc.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers

## World's blackest albino to play at the Grove; New legends at the 'Stick

Preview by  
Charles Lieurance  
Divisions Editor

There are two kinds of blues.

One, the more sanitized variation, was played by black musicians who had culturally capitulated to rich white folks and mobsters. This cleaned-up hybrid of blues and slick jumpin' jive was the favorite at inherently racist, ever-popular Harlem night spots, like

edged spontaneous leads that pulled the stop rhythm together and filled the ominous spaces with hellfire, capable of collapsing to an exhausted electric whisper with the sudden changes in mood that make the urban blues so evocative.

For the clearest example of Winters' artistry listen to the numerous versions of Muddy Waters' "Mannish Boy" where Winters is not on lead guitar. Then check out "Muddy Waters Live" and listen to the riff catch fire.

Winters' solo albums are constant innovations of the standard urban blues guitar style.

Winters will perform with his band at the Royal Grove tonight. Despite the venue, which caters mostly to rock stars on the brink of extinction or ones that should never have existed, the albino brother of hitmaker Edgar Winter is still at the mighty height of his powers.

The legend will cost you \$10.

### Peppers and monsters

If you tastes run to less traditional forms of music, the Drumstick is hosting a major musical event, a monster jam featuring Thelonus Monster, TSOL and in headline position Los Angeles' Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Monster's debut LP came out this year and featured some of the best wall-of-whiskey sound to be captured on vinyl since about ten million bands in the late '60s backed their parents' Chevy Bel Airs down the driveway and turned the family garages into makeshift recording studios. Monster combines gutter blues, hardcore and blitz-pop in a frenzy of three buzzsaw guitars, swarming around a storm-troopers-in-steel-culverts beat.

TSOL were True Sounds of Liberty back in the earlier days of hardcore and have now relinquished the old loud and fast in favor of the new slow and menacing. The move seems mainly a matter of changing haircuts, whereas the band's lack of ideas was once camouflaged by distortion and velocity, the new sound shoves this fact right into the foreground.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers are raunch-funk, sort of a combination of Iggy Pop and James Brown. Guitar based jagged funklines rip up, down and through the monstrous yelp and rap of the big red pepper. In early times white people with energy and soul like this were put into hospitals.

\$10 for a legend and \$8 for legends to come. Shows start at 9 p.m.

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the Cotton Club. Here, black performers like Cab Calloway, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson and Duke Ellington catered to the rich white whim and paved the way for the virtually soulless Big Band Era.

### Differences

The other kind of blues was more ragged, more rural and far more segregated. Listen to the difference between the blues of Muddy Waters, Elmore James, Big Bill Broonzy and Howlin' Wolf and the blues of Big Joe Turner, Count Basie, Jay McShann and Cab Calloway. Note the difference between the jazz of Coltrane and Charlie Parker and the jazz of Duke Ellington and Fats Waller.

The blues of Waters, James and the Wolf are underground, black music for black people's whims and struggles. It is full of images of hellhounds, murder, damnation, adultery and self-destruction. On the other side of the tracks the music was full of hep jive that translated to the vogue ear as "party 'til the cows come home."

White people haven't done much in the way of influencing the rough-hewn urban or delta blues styles. At best they've been financially fit enough to produce albums by the struggling blues artists or in the case of people like the Rolling Stones, John Mayall and Eric Clapton, popularize the form, diluting it or jumping it up for white listeners.

### Old Man Winter

Johanny Winter is an exception. Winter was able to popularize, to produce and to innovate, to move the urban blues forward to plateau that despite the integration it represented, was still gut-wrenching and capable of writhing 'round every sinew of a person seriously possessed by the blues.

To Muddy Waters' trademark stop time electric blues, Winter added razor-



Lindy Story/Daily Nebraskan

### El belcho!

Daily Nebraskan staffers munched their way to victory over Pi Kappa Psi Sunday night at Taco del Sol, 10th and Cornhusker. The two teams participated in "The Taco Sprints," a taco-eating contest held on weekends. The DN team gobbled down 59 tacos.