

New rock team poised for the upcoming year

by Tricia Romano

Walking into the rock director's office at KUNV 91 FM, it looks like business as usual. Telephone calls are being made, records are spinning, but there are a few changes. A new personnel staff has been added this year, headed by Ian Scott, and assisted by Jared Dean and Jimmy Sullivan.

Scott hopes to improve on KUNV's success. His predecessor, Joel Habbeshaw, set a standard among college radio stations after winning the Gavin "College Station of the Year" award. Scott intends for KUNV to keep this honor during his stay as interim rock director.

Scott first came to KUNV two and a half years ago as a disc jockey and assistant to Habbeshaw. As the new interim rock director, Scott said he isn't



looking to drastically change KUNV's style. Scott and assistants Dean and Sullivan are responsible for listening to all incoming alternative music which amounts to about 50 records a week. A majority vote then decides the album's fate and how much air-play it will receive.

Scott stresses, "We believe that everything has a

chance. We have what we call a rock bin. It's a closed-session and closed-door (meeting), we turn music on and we discuss it."

Dean and Sullivan were chosen for their experience in the rock community. Sullivan has been with KUNV for four and a half years, Dean is in his second year at KUNV. All three are currently students at

the university. Scott is a business major in his junior year. Dean, who writes for *Tempest* as well as a local magazine, is currently in his junior year as an English major. Sullivan is a senior pre-med major.

What will change at KUNV under Scott's direction?

"I'm more accessible to DJ's," Scott said, "I'm here longer than Joel. Record companies find it easier to get a hold of me. The rock director's job includes establishing good relationships with record companies, as well as setting up promotions and interviews. I listen to more records, which enables a record to gain airplay more quickly."

Despite the birth of 103.5, The Edge, neither Dean nor Scott plan on moving to a commercial station.

"I think the Edge is the greatest thing that has ever

happened to Las Vegas," said Scott. "They're doing what we've been doing for 10 years. We've been saying that there is an audience for alternative music."

Scott said the difference between the two radio stations is the end result. "What they are concerned about and what I'm concerned about are two different things. They are concerned with ratings. We are concerned with music."

At KUNV, the music has a tendency to veer further left than the Edge's playlist. The controversial Body Count record is in rotation at KUNV, but the Edge has still not picked it up. In the end, that is what a college station is supposed to do. According to Scott, a college station needs, "to be willing to do things that other station's aren't doing."

Two Jesus fans find sanctuary under the psychedelic bridge

A Lollapaloozapinion

by David Bennett-Stubber

Lollapalooza—a bastion of free expression in the Bush '90s (continuation of the Reagan '80s) and an outlet for the disenfranchised youth of the nation. So how does one prepare for an "event" like this, something I might be telling my kids about when I'm old and more crotchety?

Dr. Timothy Leary happened to be in town that same weekend, so that seemed like a logical choice: the spokesman for one generation passing the baton to the next. Leary looks like George Bush, sounds like Reagan, but knows that he's going senile, which makes him the front-runner for the 1996 Republican presidential nomination. Maybe he can ask Candice Bergen to be his unwed-crack-smoking-anti-family-values hussy of a running mate, to balance the ticket.

On to Lollapalooza, corporate rock's collective attempt to be "alternative." Alternative to what you might ask, and the answer

Commentary

is spelled T-O-P F-O-R-T-Y. But it's not the Top-40 sound that's different, it's whether the artist is Top-40 artist or not. Once an artist gets recognized by the major labels as a "hit maker," they'll put hits out all the time because the labels will force feed the songs onto the radio.

So, were this year's bands alternative? It didn't matter, which is one of the strengths of the festival: people come to it for their own reasons. I was down there to see the bands (most of them) and the pretty colors that my fungi friends would put into my head.

The first thing I wanted to see was Lush; so what happens? I miss them because some punk kid took it upon himself to enforce the no-food policy. What are the owners afraid of? That I might bring in two loaves of bread and five fish and start feeding the multitudes?

When we finally did get inside, Pearl Jam had started its set, and the place was jumping. My brain was be-

ginning to jump as well, flashing me all sorts of purples and greens; hives of little insect colors bubbled in and around each other when I closed my eyes.

Pearl Jam was having a great time down on the stage and radiating that spirit to the crowd. Pearl Jam's singer made a good point during the set saying, "Scream and get it out... drop acid and GET IT OUT." Do something, anything, to get it out: the static build-up of shag-carpet America. Good advice, and almost radical these days. After the Republican Convention (pronounced: KKK RALLY) the idea seemed old-fashioned that different kinds of people would get together and put aside their differences for awhile. Seems to me the traditional family values the elephants were talking about include being a good samaritan when you can and trying to live your life so that other people can live their lives around you. I sure as hell didn't hear that from Pat Buchanan (or Hillary Clinton, for that matter). But I do hear it and feel it in the people who listen to the music, the people smoking

pot and dropping acid and getting abortions and being gay and lesbian and driving foreign cars and burning flags and doing anything else that somebody, SOMEWHERE might consider anti-American. America is here because of a lot of non-Americans who didn't buy the same xenophobia our leaders are always trying to sell us. And even in the heart of Southern California, one of the most racist and bigoted and warped places on Earth, a few thousand people found the time to listen to the same song—together—for a few minutes; I guess there's hope.

Pearl Jam ended their contribution with an all-star cover of Neil Young's "Rockin' In the Free World," with Nirvana-boy Kurt Cobain on guitar and vocals. For a minute I thought I was in Seattle, but the So Cal smog brought me right back with its pungent power.

Next up: The Jesus and Mary Chain. The L.A. crowd got 'em, everybody was too above it all to dance for such a small-time band. This

see page seven