

More than piss and vinegar

by Ched Whitney

On record, Faith No More spurns convention by clashing genres together. In concert, the band continues this practice but takes it a step further.

Faith No More played before a sellout crowd Tuesday night at the Huntridge Theatre. In between songs from its first two albums and 1992's superior *Angel Dust*, the band interspersed "surprising" covers.

The band took the stage and began performing calisthenics before tearing into the frenzied "Caffeine," a track from *Angel Dust*.

Later in the show, Faith No More, known for its unlikely cover songs (Madonna and New Kids on the Block have been done before), surprised the crowd with a straight version of the Commodores' hit "Easy."

Lead vocalist Mike Patton gave his vocal chords quite a workout, easily going from the Commodores to the ear-piercing screams of such

songs as "Surprise! You're Dead" and "Jizzlobber." On "Crack Hitler"—the band's first choice for album title, before its record company nixed the idea—Patton sang through a megaphone.

The rest of the band (drummer Mike Bordin, guitarist Jim Martin, bassist Billy Gould and keyboardist Roddy Bottum) matched Patton's intensity throughout. Bottum was especially impressive, getting the crowd riled up during the instrumental "Woodpecker from Mars."

Patton, known for on-stage antics that make Axl Rose look like a choir boy, was reserved for most of the show. During the set's final song ("Epic"), however, Patton let loose.

When one crazed moshers attempted to climb on stage—from the pit (where only security guards were standing)—Patton grabbed on to him and was subsequently pulled into the pit himself. When security guards were finally able to extricate the



photo by Ched Whitney

Patton and keyboardist Roddy Bottum unleash the chaotic fury and melodic harmony of Faith No More.

singer and shove him back on stage—which took about 30 seconds—Patton's pants were down around his ankles. (What happened next should not be attempted at home.) He then proceeded to remove his shoe, urinate in it and drink the contents. This action brought some curious comments from those in attendance: "Any guy who drinks his own urine is OK in my book—he must have been

mighty parched," exclaimed one thoughtful fan; one young woman said "I don't care if he drinks his own piss, he's beautiful."

By the time the band returned to the stage for the encores, Patton had sufficiently calmed down to croon a few ballads—including the Nestle's TV ad theme ("N-E-S-T-L-E-S").

But it is just such a dichotomy which best de-

scribes Faith No More: the band's eclecticism is part of its purpose. The front cover of *Angel Dust* is a photo of a snowy egret set against a brilliant blue background; the back cover is picture taken inside a slaughterhouse.

This fact is reaffirmed on stage as the band effortlessly switches from lounge ballads to death metal.

'Knight Moves'

from page two

figure out who is a bloodletting, young, single woman in a Pacific Northwest resort town.

For starters, I can't understand who's bright idea it was to make a film about chess, I mean how boring! What's next, a film where the hero is the Twister champ of the western hemisphere? How about Parchesi? Unlike the aforementioned games, chess can be a stimulating game to

play in the comforts of your own home, but who wants to see a movie about it? Check that, Twister is fun too if you're naked and have a bucket of Crisco handy and might make a good Cinemax film.

The acting in *Knight Moves* is pitiful across the board. At first I thought it might just be Lambert's broken English that was distracting, but then I realized ol' Tarzan just can't act. He's very striking to look at, but as soon as he opens his mouth, he makes Jean-Claude Van Damme sound like Laurence Olivier.

Lane may also be aesthetically pleasing to look at, but her acting is so bad she makes Lambert look pretty good. The husband-wife team of Lane and Lambert are definitely no Kenneth Brannagh and Emma Thompson.

Hell, they're not even Sonny and Cher.

The only thing *Knight Moves* has going for it is its stylish look, especially the opening black and white sequence featuring a chess match between two youngins which turns into Pandemonium after one of the players rams a pen in his opponents hand after being

checked.

However, after too many swooping tracking shots, I felt like projectile vomiting on the screen. No one would have cared anyway. Watching vomit drip down a wall is far more intriguing than *Knight Moves*.

This movie is so sorry, Bobby Fisher would roll over in his grave if he were dead. Look for this beauty on "Mystery Science Theater 3000" in the near future.

'Damage' from page two

volving.

The sex scenes, for which the MPAA threatened an NC-17 rating, has been trimmed for this R-rated release, are nothing you haven't seen far more gratuitously in other R-rated features. Perhaps it is the touchy subject matter, but they are wholly uninvolving for the viewer.

The further history and psyche of the characters of Fleming, Anna, and Martyn are probably much more satisfactorily mapped in the book. The shallowness in their make ups must account for the lull experienced in the last hour that will leave this movie barely memorable a short time after viewing.