

**Shark**

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from granola & Greenpeace to Freddy Kreuger's ocean surprise. In stark contrast to the gentle 40-foot whale sharks who swim by only minutes before, the film's producers give the audience what most probably came for: blood and guts. Okay, it's only tuna and other bait fish, but here's the point: why tease sharks into attacking a biologist tucked safely into an observation cage, clad in a metal body suit? What possibly relevant "scientific" facts could be obtained under conditions that couldn't be further from the swimmer/surfer-in-shorts scenario?

For non-thinkers (or those younger than five years of age), conflicting perspectives and sappy, pre-arranged drama shouldn't be much of a problem. Cinematography only possible through the Omnimax film production process more than compensates for the weakness of the screenplay. Any sequels to this shark docu-drama should consider dropping the actor's lines completely, show less of "tense" control-booth scenes, and capture on film more of what's vanishing: our oceans.

*Search for the Great Sharks* is an exhilarating camera's-eye view of plant and animal species that are quickly disappearing, thanks to deep-sea drift-netting and oceanic waste dumping. Even the non-shark footage is spectacular. You'll swim effortlessly over spectacular coral beds and forests of sea kelp.

**cool continued...**

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MTV I hate to bite the hand that feeds me... - "Too Much Information.") Destroyed, Simon? How 'bout created? Brit counterpart George Michael beat the teen idol rap using similar tactics. Remarkably similar to Simon's was a George-lyric where Michael "...went back home got a brand new face for the boys at MTV... the way (he) play(s) the game has got to change..."-Freedom). Duran could've tried something different. Why swim in George's wake? What a scandal. Oliver Stone could direct the screenplay. It could happen...

In the case of drummers, the plot definitely thickens. Do they even have an official drummer? Good question. The CD credits only confuse the eye and confound the understanding, but let's go with the main two-Steve Ferrone (Eric Clapton) and Vinnie Colaiuta (who knows). In the end, it's the same sterile, non-expressive drumming, no matter which one's doing it. Can't we get a foreign lobbyist group to petition congress, to get Roger back?

If nothing else, the wedding album is dynam-

cally viable; more so than anything else they've done. Simon and the boys are finally able to offer stylistic originality which doesn't expire after the first two or three tracks of side A. The club material ("Love Voodoo," "Drowning Man," "Come Undone") is carried along predictably with the familiar Vogue(Madonna) and Milli Vanilli drum samples, but that's okay. In fact, it's one of the few signature traits that have survived with Duran from it's humble conception.

Simon's voice also seems to have aged well with time. The cracking Le Bon vocals of yesteryear are replaced with confidence and stability within a respectable range. John Taylor is sadly back, seemingly uninspired in the mix. But then he doesn't have Andy or Roger to play off, does he. We do have to hand it to Nick Rhodes, who decided less is more.

Will the new Duran stand any stronger than in days of old? It's too soon to tell. If they keep selling out the larger venues as they have so far (L.A. Forum sold out in 18 minutes), there's no stopping them. That's just it. They never really stopped. They've just been in slight hibernation. Waiting. They're back.

**Vegas Natives Play Southwest Break-up Tour**

by John I. Quinlen  
Variety contributor

The following is an interview with original M.I.A. - member Pablo Diablo, frontman to the best punk band to ever come out of Las Vegas. After M.I.A., Pablo created Jimmy Jackpot and the

*Hotslots, highly original and integrated soulfunk/punk with lots of drums, horns and bass. Pablo's newest project Pablo Diablo and the Little Red Devils recently broke up after laying down one of the best tracks on the new*

see Vegas

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duran duran

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