

Monkey Beans & Gneissmaker soil 7th St. Entry

photos by Lacey Eckl



Monkey Bean Kristy Elmquist and her cousin's silent accordion



Josh Seaver would like to Pollinate your pistil too.

Mac bands Monkey Bean Oswalds and Gneissmaker played at 7th St. Entry last Tuesday. The manic floor-show involved hedonistic canned vegetable tossing and exotic male dancers sporting little more than jockstraps and sausages.

Unidentifi ed male exotic dancer yowling.



Not quite as indecent as one might think. Merely one male dancer chopping, another's dangling sausages.

White Boots Don't Help Black Uhuru

By Christopher Edmonds

Reggae has long been an oddity in the United States, rising to national attention with occasional one-off hits, but confined for the most part to small night-clubs and college radio.

Hopefully, then, the near-capacity crowd that came out to First Avenue Monday night to see the harmony trio Black Uhuru is an indication of changing times.

Like many others, I arrived expecting hard-core, heavy-duty, drum-and-bass style reggae, along with the wailing minor-key vocals that have become the group's trademark. With one major exception, I got what I wanted.

The backing band began at around 11:15, launching into an instrumental medley of Black Uhuru's more popular songs. It was then joined by the dread triumvirate themselves.

Sporting red, gold and green wireless mikes and long leather trench coats, the three members of Black Uhuru skanked right onto the stage and into "Peace and Love," a track taken from their brand new album, *Now*.

From my backstage viewpoint (heh, heh, heh), I could see that this was well

received by the crowded danced floor, but I also noticed that the only non-Jamaican member of the band, the lead guitarist, was wearing white cowboy boots. I soon forgot about this though, as they moved right into another new tune, "The Heathen."

After several more new songs, they finally stopped to take a breath and say hello. At this point it was time for another expensive beer.

As I returned to the floor, they started up again. Lead vocalist Don Carlos was now fully warmed up, and his audience was more than ready for him as he engulfed them in a 45 minute tour of early Black Uhuru material, including such classics as "Shine Eye Gal," "Plastic Smile" and "General Penitentiary."

The rock hard rhythm section accompanying Carlos and harmonizing dreads Garth Dennis and Ducky Simpson was doing quite a job at keeping the crowd moving, so why then did I retire to the pool tables? The man in the white boots.

Why reggae bands today have to play with mediocre wanna-be metal guitarists is beyond me, and besides, no self-respecting West Indian would ever

wear white cowboy boots. I suppose the excuse is that it makes American audiences more receptive (the guitar, not the boots), but in this case all it did was mar an otherwise great performance.

The last thing I wanted to hear was a distorted guitar attacking the sweet rub-a-dub that was oozing from the PA, and so I felt a little billiards was called for.

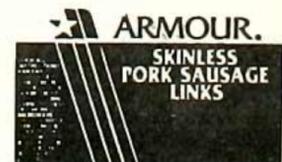
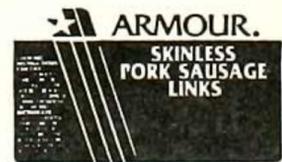
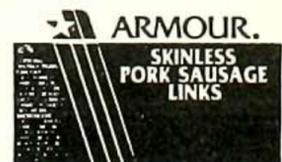
Actually, the acoustics of the pool area only allowed the bass and vocals to seep through, allowing me to enjoy their final set a little more. They dove into their famous "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner" right as I sunk the eight-ball and won the game.

By the time we had played another game, with me sinking the eight ball and losing this time, they

were finishing up with an amazingly respectable cover of "Hey Joe."

I decided to leave, a reasonable decision since the show was over, and so I struggled across the room to get my coat. On the way, I ran into at least ten friends who all shared similar feelings about the evening's event, but overall it was a good show, and besides, it was free.

Of special note was the earlier performance by Inertia, a reggae combo with an upbeat dancehall sound and a fantastic lead singer by the name of Lynval Jackson. They opened the show with a killer set and managed to get everyone quite sweaty long before B.U. came on. They play around town a lot, even at Mac, and they come highly recommended.



"Possibly the most important film produced by black Africa to date, by Sembene, the best known filmmaker of his continent."



"An exciting political thriller as ambitious as it is remarkable."

"CEDDO" AT MAC CINEMA