

Rock'n'Rap in the Great White North

The Beastie Boys trash the Toronto Varsity Arena

by Liam O'Mahony
The Collegian

This concert almost didn't happen for me and my two friends. For years we had planned to see the Beastie Boys in concert; we were just waiting for them to come within a 200 mile radius of Buffalo. Well, we finally got our chance on Monday, November 2 in the Varsity Arena on the University of Toronto's campus.

We got our tickets a month in advance despite the show not being advertised anywhere in Buffalo. We drove from Buffalo planning to arrive around 6:30 p.m. for a 7:00 p.m. start. Along the way we made a wrong turn and backtracked in order to find the right road to the Lewiston Bridge into Canada. We were 30 miles from Toronto when my friend's car died at a gas station.

The time was now 6:22 p.m., and I was getting nervous about missing the beginning, but Da Lenchmob and Rollins Band were to perform before the Beasties so we figured if we got there by 8:00 p.m., we could just make it.

It was pouring as we ran to several gas stations in search of some help. The car was either tired or needed oil. One attendant said he didn't know much about cars, while another said he didn't live in the area.

We put some oil in the car and let it rest a little longer. My other friend tried the ignition and it started; so he kept it running and we continued to Toronto never driving past 45 m.p.h.

We parked and ran two blocks to the arena. We entered and saw a lobby full of fans and punks awaiting the start of the concert. Apparently the show didn't start until 8:00 p.m. Our tickets had said 7:00 p.m.

We walked onto the arena floor and saw the whole show. It was the dopest concert I have ever seen! Da Lenchmob came out first and bomb-blasted the crowd with songs from their debut album *Guerillas in the Mist*.

They were almost too loud as I

could feel the bass shake my pants!

Rollins Band came out next. I have an appreciation for different forms of music, but Henry Rollins, lead screamer, started to bore me with his unintelligible lyrics and angry sermons toward the crowd. He seemed to be yelling about using your "fat brain" and not committing suicide, but it was hard to tell. Most of the crowd was just anticipating the Beasties appearance.

However, Rollins Band did provide us with good background music as my friends and I leaned against a wall looking in at the Beasties' dressing room. It was awesome to see Mike D., MCA, and Adrock up close in person.

Mike D. was roaming around in ankle-length shorts sporting yellow hair, while MCA (whose hair was green) and Adrock skateboarded up and down the back hallway. They gestured toward us when we yelled at them. They seemed very relaxed and ready to go on stage.

They finally came out at 10:00 p.m. and the place was ready to rock. The lights went out as the backup bandmembers took their place on stage. A slow piano-like melody began to play, but quickly turned into their new slammin' song "Jimmy James" and they continued into a mix of old and new songs.

They did new versions of "Rhymin' and Stealin'", "The New Style", and "Posse in Effect". They were hits back in 1987 from their multi-platinum debut *Licensed to Ill*.

Mike D. controlled the mic for most of the show as they jammed to their early 1980's songs when they were a punk band in New York City. "Egg Ra'id on Mojo" was a fast thrash rap which got everybody jumping.

While rhyming, MCA roamed around standing on the side speakers, and a long-haired stage crew member jumped out of nowhere and went wild in headbanger style. He eventually fell down from exhaustion, and was helped up by another

bandmember.

The Beasties shared the spotlight with their keyboardist "Money" Mark Nishita and their main man, D.J. Hurricane. "Cane" went wild on the scratching and stepped forward to deliver some fast rhymes which you couldn't keep up with, but your body could keep slammin' to.

After doing some of their new songs such as "So What'cha Want", "Pass the Mic", and "Finger Lickin' Good" from their recent album, *Check Your Head*; they grabbed their instruments and played hard as people rode the crowd and slammed to the funky beats.

Mike D. was on drums, MCA played bass, and Adrock screamed away on guitar. They played their new punk-funk songs, "Gratitude" and "Time for Livin'".

I thought to myself that the Beasties were better rappers than Da Lenchmob and a better punk band than Rollins Band. Their versatile musical prowess was worth appreciating.

They put down their instruments and grabbed their mics again for "Shake Your Rump", "Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun", and "Hello Brooklyn" all of which appeared on their second album, *Paul's Boutique*, which was as underground success in 1989.

My friends and I rhymed and jumped along to all the songs, and the place was bumpin'. The arena was very loud and very hot, but it was an excellent show.

The Beasties left the stage at midnight, but the crowd called them back. They raised the roof with two hard rap songs, "Skills to Pay the Bills" and their recent hit on MTV, "So What'cha Want".

This was the best concert I've ever seen, of course I'm biased toward the Beasties. I think any music fan would've enjoyed this show. It fulfilled a long-time goal for me, and it showed the Beastie Boys were back; but they had never left in the first place.

Ghosts, Goblins and Free Candy at Bruno's

Behrend's nightclub finally clicks with students

By Kristie Guldner
The Collegian

The music, by D.J. Mark Reno, the outrageous costumes, and the free candy were just a few of the things that made the Halloween Costume Party held last Friday night from eight to midnight at Bruno's so special. Even the SPC secretary, Christine Bukowski, said "This is wonderful! This is the best turnout we've ever had. I can't explain it. I wish it was like this for the live bands."

The variety of costumes was quiet amusing. There were witches, devils, and demons, a sprinkling of clowns and bunch of grapes. Others on hand were Captain James T. Kirk of the Federation Star Ship Enterprise, a couple of belly dancers (male and female), and one dancing upside-down man. Watching the

masquerade scene pass by, it was obvious that picking a winner from all the costumed contenders would be quite a task in itself.

After the final judging, three winners were announced. Cia Michael, dressed as a bunch of grapes, won third place, and four free movie passes to the Millcreek Mall movie plazas. Second place, a twenty-five dollar gift certificate to the Millcreek Mall, went to a male belly dancer, Mike Landis. The upside-down man, Todd Everett, took first place, a fifty dollar gift certificate to the Millcreek Mall.

The entire evening was full of free doughnuts, apple cider, candy, and fun.

Isn't it a shame that Halloween only comes once a year? Hopefully next year will be just as much fun.



Dan Jaecks/*The Collegian*

Holy Moses!: A Behrend student disguises himself as Moses at the Halloween Masquerade Party while sporting a somewhat ironic mischievous grin.

Consenting Adults: Just some neighborly sleeping around

by Kristie Guldner and
Jennifer Toubakaris
The Collegian

Consenting Adults, starring Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey, is one of those movies that you don't want to see if you've got a headache or you run the risk of leaving with a migraine.

The beginning of the movie was really boring. First, the audience is introduced to the Parker family (Kline and Mastrantonio), who live in a ritzy neighborhood and seem to have the perfect marriage. A perfect marriage that is, until

the Otiss' move in next door.

Mr. Otiss (Spacey) is an arrogant neighbor who is all too eager to befriend the Parker's. He is mean and psychotic and one of those people that you never turn your back on. His sneakiness and ruthlessness, however, are apparent only to the audience at first, the Parkers being totally clueless for a good portion of the film.

Parker and Otiss have a falling out when Otiss proposes the idea of "swapping wives" for one evening. Parker isn't too keen on this idea. Otiss is offended. We can't understand why! Hey, what's wrong with trading spouses so the other guy

can sleep with his wife! It's only for one night! *Note: the attentive readers will detect a small amount of sarcasm here.*

What makes us more angry is that Parker finally gives in and goes along with his little scheme.

This is where Parker gets in some serious trouble. You see, Otiss' wife is found dead, having been beaten to death with a baseball bat and since Parker slept with her that night, he is the one accused of her murder.

Parker eventually wakes up and realizes that Otiss had been plotting against him the entire

time and has now set him up for his wife's murder.

This movie is filled with twists and turns that can leave you totally confused if you don't pay close attention, but can totally infuriate you if you do.

The action scene at the end is quite exciting though Otiss is ready to blow Parker's wife to kingdom come with an uzi, but guess who comes to play Superman, defy the odds, and rescue the lovely maiden in distress? I don't think we need to tell you.

Another of the flick's major faults is that it gives the audience no time reference what-

so-ever. We had no idea how long it took Parker to decide to sleep with Otiss' wife.

According to the movie it was about two days. We're not sure about you, but we thought a little reference to time here and there would have been a nice gesture on the part of director Alan Pakula.

To sum it all up, we did not like *Consenting Adults* because it was ultimately much too predictable. Then again, if you like to guess the end of a movie right in the beginning, this movie is definitely for you.