CUTS

Off the Beaten Groove is a weekly feature devoted to new, independent, avant-garde, punk, or non-mainstream music. Although the column will usually consist of record reviews, an occasional concert review or career retrospective may appear. This week, OTBG returns with a story from America's heartland.

Song of the Bailing Man. Pere Ubu on Rough Trade Records. It's hard to believe that America's best avant-garde band hails from Cleveland, but then again, one wouldn't expect a city without industrious industry to produce a group that has been called "the minstrels of the industrial age." Pere Ubu was formed in 1976 by Peter Laughner (Cleveland's most prominent punk), who named his band after the protagonist in a cycle of plays by French absurdist playwright Alfred Jarry. Laughner's subsequent death deprived us of one of the country's first punks, but at the same time radically altered the musical direction of his fledgling ensemble. The band became a collective fronted by their beatnik-behemoth lyricist David Thomas, and the release of their first album, The Modern Dance, marked the beginning of a new chapter in art music.

The album was larded by Laughner's manic energy and suffused with the harsh, willful sounds of the industrial age. The songs, "Non-Allegement Pact," "Life Sinks," and "Street Waves" established The Modern Dance as an underground classic, a reputation it still enjoys. Unfortunately, it never became more than an underground curiosity, but then again, one would expect a burnt-out industrial city to produce a group that didn't reverberate with the possibilities of one of the country's first punks, but at the same time radically altered the musical direction of his fledgling ensemble. The band became a collective fronted by their beatnik-behemoth lyricist David Thomas, and the release of their first album, The Modern Dance, marked the beginning of a new chapter in art music.

The album was larded by Laughner's manic energy and suffused with the harsh, willful sounds of the industrial age. The songs, "Non-Allegement Pact," "Life Sinks," and "Street Waves" established The Modern Dance as an underground classic, a reputation it still enjoys. Unfortunately, it never became more than an underground curiosity, but then again, one would expect a burnt-out industrial city to produce a group that didn't reverberate with the possibilities of the industrial age. Pere Ubu was formed in 1976 by Peter Laughner (Cleveland's most prominent punk), who named his band after the protagonist in a cycle of plays by French absurdist playwright Alfred Jarry. Laughner's subsequent death deprived us of one of the country's first punks, but at the same time radically altered the musical direction of his fledgling ensemble. The band became a collective fronted by their beatnik-behemoth lyricist David Thomas, and the release of their first album, The Modern Dance, marked the beginning of a new chapter in art music.

The album was larded by Laughner's manic energy and suffused with the harsh, willful sounds of the industrial age. The songs, "Non-Allegement Pact," "Life Sinks," and "Street Waves" established The Modern Dance as an underground classic, a reputation it still enjoys. Unfortunately, it never became more than an underground curiosity, but then again, one would expect a burnt-out industrial city to produce a group that didn't reverberate with the possibilities of the industrial age.

The Art of Walking, Pere Ubu's David Thomas. Perc Ubu has succeeded admirably, producing more than an underground curiosity. The band has bounced back with a producer, and we wanted to retain the band's new material over the course of last winter's small tour, resulting in a much tighter recorded sound. Thomas explained: "We wanted to introduce new musical themes, but not alien or 'adopted' ones. We wanted to bring order and discipline back into the music and lyrics. We wanted to Kate the 'air out' the melodies and rhythmic structures. We wanted to have realized the band's potential in the studio. We wanted to work with the freedom to start again. We wanted to make sense; perhaps this is inspired by his work for the Jehovah's Witnesses. He makes frequent observations about simple things. ("It brings a tear to the eye; To see the kind of trust. That bears many strains") and manages to poke a bit of fun at himself: Today, Dear poet. We must insist on more - More than the ordinary. Turn of phrase. Other than the usual

Crafts

Lone Rhino, Adrian Belew on Island Records. Adrian Belew has been a very busy man. From his discovery in 1976 by Frank Zappa, through his recording with David Bowie and the Talking Heads, to his current position as session guitarist for King Crimson, the guitarist has apparently become the brightest new guitar talent and one of the most in-demand session guitarists. His solo album, Lone Rhino, is the culmination of his long apprenticeship and a showcase for his considerable talents.

Hardly the guitar-hero-takes-fourteen-termites-solo album, Rhino shows Belew to be a well-rounded musician with diverse influences and enough of a sense of humor to prevent himself from taking things too seriously. The record is divided between what I call "homeage" songs and original ones. The first set records Belew's G-A-G-A. The homeage songs are hardly rip-offs, but instead tunes that clearly exhibit his obvious influences. The frantic pace and montage editing of "Adidas In Heat" owes much to Frank Zappa while "Animal Grace" is reminiscent of his recent efforts with King Crimson.

When left to his own devices, Belew never ceases to amaze. He provides some straight-out-rock 'n roll ("The Momur") a big band styled piece ("Swingline") and even a meditative moment ("The Man in the Moon"). The icing on this surprise cake, however, is his command of the sounds available from the electric guitar. His Telecaster can roar like a rhinoceros, squeal like a staghorn, hiss like a cat, and even howl like a whale. His repertoire is varied: The cuts "Noive Guitar" and "Hot Sun" are soundscapes constructed solely from his sonic repertoire that display his "serious" compositional side.

Never before have I found a solo guitar album as enjoyable as Lone Rhino, and I probably won't hear another until Adrian releases his second. In the meantime, you'll find Lone Rhino more fun than a trip to the zoo.

David Shaw

On the Town

Star Wars, in mind-boggling Dolby Stereo. Friday at 7 & 10 in Kresge, 8 & 11 in 26-100; also Saturday at 2pm in 26-100. Double Indemnity (Classic), Friday 7:30, 10:20. Chariots of Fire, Saturday, 7 & 10. Kenneth Cabaret, Sunday, 6:30 & 9:30, 26-100.

Off the Wall presents its Second Annual Animation Festival, with part one currently showing Carousels of Shame: Animated Stereotypes. A selection of entertaining and embarrassing presentations of racial stereotypes. Shows are daily at 7:30 & 9:35, plus Sat-Sun. at 2:15 and 4:20. For prices and further information call 354-5678.

The Boston Musica Viva invites you to an open benefit by Harold, a laser light opera redesigned and adapted for indoor space by Paul Earl. The performance will take place on Monday, September 13, at 8pm in the Kneale Little Theatre, and will be the only U.S. performance before the group departs for Austria. The performance is free and open to the public, seating limited.

The MIT Musical Theatre Guild presents Stephen Sondheim's Company, in the Kneale Little Theatre. Performances on September 10 & 11, at 8pm. Tickets are $5.50 with MIT ID, available in Lobby 10 or at the door. For information and reservations call x3-6294.

The Hasty Pudding Theatre presents Hair, the American Tribal Love Rock Musical. Performances are at the Theatre open on 12 Holyoke Street, Cambridge; tickets are $8 and $6; performances begin at 8pm Tuesday-Saturday, and at 3pm on Sunday. For more information call 497-5477.

The Barton Square Playhouse presents two special benefit performances of Kenneth, a comic and truly "modern" romance by Kevin Wade, on September 10 & 11 at 8pm. Admission is $10, all proceeds to benefit the Barton Square Playhouse. For information and reservations call 744-0114.

Off the Beaten Groove

Lone Rhino, Adrian Belew on Island Records. Adrian Belew has been a very busy man. From his discovery in 1976 by Frank Zappa, through his recording with David Bowie and the Talking Heads, to his current position as session guitarist for King Crimson, the guitarist has apparently become the brightest new guitar talent and one of the most in-demand session guitarists. His solo album, Lone Rhino, is the culmination of his long apprenticeship and a showcase for his considerable talents.

Hardly the guitar-hero-takes-fourteen-termites-solo album, Rhino shows Belew to be a well-rounded musician with diverse influences and enough of a sense of humor to prevent himself from taking things too seriously. The record is divided between what I call "homeage" songs and original ones. The first set records Belew's G-A-G-A. The homeage songs are hardly rip-offs, but instead tunes that clearly exhibit his obvious influences. The frantic pace and montage editing of "Adidas In Heat" owes much to Frank Zappa while "Animal Grace" is reminiscent of his recent efforts with King Crimson.

When left to his own devices, Belew never ceases to amaze. He provides some straight-out-rock 'n roll ("The Momur") a big band styled piece ("Swingline") and even a meditative moment ("The Man in the Moon"). The icing on this surprise cake, however, is his command of the sounds available from the electric guitar. His Telecaster can roar like a rhinoceros, squeal like a staghorn, hiss like a cat, and even howl like a whale. His repertoire is varied: The cuts "Noive Guitar" and "Hot Sun" are soundscapes constructed solely from his sonic repertoire that display his "serious" compositional side.

Never before have I found a solo guitar album as enjoyable as Lone Rhino, and I probably won't hear another until Adrian releases his second. In the meantime, you'll find Lone Rhino more fun than a trip to the zoo.

David Shaw

Lone Rhino, Adrian Belew on Island Records. Adrian Belew has been a very busy man. From his discovery in 1976 by Frank Zappa, through his recording with David Bowie and the Talking Heads, to his current position as session guitarist for King Crimson, the guitarist has apparently become the brightest new guitar talent and one of the most in-demand session guitarists. His solo album, Lone Rhino, is the culmination of his long apprenticeship and a showcase for his considerable talents.

Hardly the guitar-hero-takes-fourteen-termites-solo album, Rhino shows Belew to be a well-rounded musician with diverse influences and enough of a sense of humor to prevent himself from taking things too seriously. The record is divided between what I call "homeage" songs and original ones. The first set records Belew's G-A-G-A. The homeage songs are hardly rip-offs, but instead tunes that clearly exhibit his obvious influences. The frantic pace and montage editing of "Adidas In Heat" owes much to Frank Zappa while "Animal Grace" is reminiscent of his recent efforts with King Crimson.

When left to his own devices, Belew never ceases to amaze. He provides some straight-out-rock 'n roll ("The Momur") a big band styled piece ("Swingline") and even a meditative moment ("The Man in the Moon"). The icing on this surprise cake, however, is his command of the sounds available from the electric guitar. His Telecaster can roar like a rhinoceros, squeal like a staghorn, hiss like a cat, and even howl like a whale. His repertoire is varied: The cuts "Noive Guitar" and "Hot Sun" are soundscapes constructed solely from his sonic repertoire that display his "serious" compositional side.

Never before have I found a solo guitar album as enjoyable as Lone Rhino, and I probably won't hear another until Adrian releases his second. In the meantime, you'll find Lone Rhino more fun than a trip to the zoo.

David Shaw