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ARTS**Just add water**

by Bruce Adamson

ALL

Allroy Saves
Cruz Records

This Southern California band's fourth release proves that there are interesting things coming out of the current Los Angeles "garage rock" explosion.

All's blend of punk rage and quirky progressive pop makes for an instantly recognizable style which clearly separates them from their sunstroked three chord contemporaries (see Chemical People).

The band's lineup consists of ex-Black Flag drummer Bill Stevenson and former Descendents Karl Alvarez (bass) and Stephen Egerton (guitar). Their inventive rhythmic interplay and collective penchant for the unpredictable provide a powerful backdrop for singer Scott Reynolds' vocal excursions.

Since each member contributes material, *Allroy Saves* is a highly diversified showcase that covers a lot of musical terrain without diluting the group's punk essence. The

tracks, "Simple Things", "Sum", and "Just Like Them" are pure power pop, replete with catchy riffomania and hip vocal hooks. These stand in complete contrast with tunes like "Educated Idiot" and "Ratchet" which are tightly arranged musical pastiches. Tempo changes occur freely with a Zappa-meets-Metallica frequency and clarity, yet the meter madness stays controlled thanks to Egerton's cohesive Tommi-Belew rhythm chops.

Reynold's vocal lines are likewise not adverse to radical harmonic activity. "Explorador" kicks off with some strange atonal rapping weirdness before breaking into an angry and highly personalized anti-booze and dope tirade.

Yet for all their hip ideas and wailing performances, All could use some help at the production end of the sonic picture. The record has a slightly dry quality that permeates its grooves.

Add a gallon of greenbacks, a cup of production savvy, overcook, and serve in 1992 and you'll see the next totally big thing. Until then, *Allroy Saves* is definitely worth checking out.

Granny and the blob

by Andrew Kyprianou

Basket Case II

directed by Frank Henenlotter
Cineplex Odeon Pictures

Like most of you, I have seen my fair share of bad films. This column preys on the cinematic disasters that leap out at you from the video shelf.

It is my intention to make you aware of "these" films and hence warn you of the potential dangers that lurk in your local video store.

Once again, my hunger has been satisfied and I can bring you yet another movie certainly worthy of the title, VIDEO NIVANA, sarcastically of course.

It hasn't been since "Love and Murder" (that Canadian masterpiece) that I have just wanted to scream obscenities at the screen. Why film makers continue to spew out movies for the sake of merely wasting celluloid is a mystery to me. The answer is certainly not a deep artistic desire, therefore the only logical answer could be money.

Basket Case II is a sure fire bet on the latter.

The plot goes kind of like this. There's this set of Siamese twins, well sort of, one of the twins is a grotesque monstrosity that hangs out of the side of the other (he also likes to live in a basket).

Separated in their teens, the mutant and "normal" brother end up doing some killing and are

sought by the police. Follow me so far?

Through a maze of cheap dialogue, the viewer is introduced to Granny Ruth (Annie Ross) who just happens to care deeply for freaks and mutants from all over the world.

Snatching up the opportunity to console two of America's most wanted, the story really picks up. We meet up with a ton of freaks with distinct personalities. For instance, one freak named Lorenzo, a big glob of gloob, sings Italian opera.

Before things get too out of hand, a nosey reporter jumps at the chance to get this "big scoop."

She never gets it. She falls victim to the evil twins as they rip her face off, a fate met by many other of *Basket Case*'s victims.

There is one part of *Basket Case II* that I really enjoyed — besides the credits — the one in which the *Basket Case* has a love scene, with another mutant.

Whether or not this is worth the \$3 rental is debatable, however, it did get me through to the end, albeit using the fastforward button.

Filled with enough holes to throw a basket through (sorry couldn't resist) *Basket Case II* is, at times, unbearable to watch.

The lack of story and implausible acting all add up to a wasted ninety minutes.

On a scale of one to ten, I grant *Basket Case II* two baskets.