

Entertainment



Photos by Dylan Coulter

PANIC PANIC PANIC

By Katy Moeller
Emerald Contributor

"I am not Kathy Lee Gifford. I act like how I feel. When I'm having a bad hair day, I'm having a bad hair day," said M'Issa Daniels, the energetic host of the late-night video show *Panic* that is taped in Eugene.

Panic, named after a Smiths song, airs Sundays at 2 a.m. on Fox-affiliated KLSR and features videos from cutting-edge bands like Skinny Puppy, Nine Inch Nails, Mudhoney, The Dogs of Lust and Faith No More.

These bands fall into the increasingly popular alternative music category. Unlike mainstream groups, alternative bands are less commercially motivated and aren't necessarily looking for mass appeal, Daniels said.

Daniels weeds out groups like Warrant, which she refers to as a "hair band" that often capitalizes on crudity, she said.

Daniels, a former telecommunications and film student at the University, selects the videos, sells the advertising, designs the set and does her own lighting and filming.

Having worked as a VJ, or video jockey, for the past five years at KLSR, producing *Panic* comes naturally to Daniels.



M'Issa Daniels (above, left) hosts and produces *Panic*, a late-night video show taped in Eugene and broadcast on Fox-affiliated KLSR.

In 1987, she co-hosted *After Hours* with John Napier. At that time KLSR was a 24-hour music video station. The station, owned by the Arctic Slope Corporation in Alaska, was the

brainchild of John Field and John Mielke.

Within two years, the station expanded its programming to include shows in syndication and movies.

Daniels began hosting a show called *Nightbeat* in 1989. She referred to this time period as "the horror days" because she had to play pop artists like Debbie Gibson and Paula Abdul. Now she has complete control over what goes on the air.

Well, almost. With the exception of editing for nudity and satanic imagery, she decides which videos will play and in what order. She knows what her audience expects, she said.

"I make decisions on what goes on and if I make a mistake, I get called on it," Daniels said.

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"Hang the DJ because the music he constantly plays says nothing about my life ..."

— *Panic*
The Smiths

Tracking the latest



Erotica

by Madonna

☆☆☆☆

RECORDS

The best always comes last. After suffering through (and reviewing) Madonna's tired, old *Body Of Evidence*, and recovering from (and reviewing) the catatonically boring *Sex*, a review of *Erotica* would seem the all-too-easy-dis, but the blond's music — unlike the dry film or the watered-down book — cannot be dismissed.

Poor Madonna must, in fact, be rescued from total and easy public dismissal. No, Madonna doesn't have, say, the razor-sharp political savvy of a Hillary Clinton — the smartest blond in America — but neither does she lack true artistic measure, as say, Jon Bon Jovi — the stupidest blond in America. Madonna's territory is the sexual landscape, the human body her turf.

Erotica boldly goes where no male, no female singer-songwriter-producer has ever gone before, and she bulldozes this terrain with sultry vocals, provocatively-penned lyrics and powerfully underdone production.

She is music's sexual conquistador, scaling mountains of taboos and carving through valleys of ignorance

while carolling out the never-ending joys of sex. *Erotica* is her best work, and she deserves complete creative credit (versus current chart-topper Whitney Houston, who's never written a word she's sung.)

Erotica works because it's erotic. It is an unrelenting, extended orgasm, comprised of 14 songs, 14 multiples. "Erotica," the CD's premier cut, is slow as sin and incredibly bassy. Madonna's whispering words extend an introductory hand, ushering the listener into her psyche.

The trio of first cuts — "Erotica," "Fever" and "Bye, Bye Baby" — form a formidable foreplay: ears are tweaked, curiosity is piqued; it's impossible to stop listening now. "Deeper And Deeper," "Waiting" and "Thief Of Hearts" are pulsing erotic Rumbas, toe-curling Tangos pulling us back to Madonna's dance floor origins. "Thief" — a seething, disco-dis directed to an unnamed boyfriend-stealing girlfriend — is especially

arousing. The hair-pulling, rough-and-tumble, cat-fight lyrics recall the all-too-quickly-forgotten glory days of female mud-wrestling.

Further on, cuts like "Words" and "Rain" emphasize the CD's underproduction. No 24-track was used on any "Erotica" song. The result, then, isn't the sharp and crystal-clear sound of love, but the dull and noisy hiss of sexual reality. "Rain," for example — with its storm noise and murky vocals — is a satisfying, three-minute long, throbbing claustrophobic grind, a sweaty, midnight romp in the back of a 68 Volkswagen.

The twin cuts "Secret Garden" and "Where Life Begins" pinpoint the flowery, physiological birthplace of the artist's ideas: Madonna claims body as inspiration. The growly noises Madonna makes in "Where Life

Review by D. Lee Williams

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