

'Breakfast Club' honesty hits home

By MARCY BASILE
Movie Reviewer

They are just like us — thrown together by circumstance, unable to control their destiny.

They are "The Breakfast Club," five high school kids sentenced to nine hours of detention. Five completely different personalities that, under normal circumstances, would have clashed. But nine hours of constant nothing does something to a person. Barriers crumble; innermost thoughts surface.

We've been there; we know. All of us know a jock, a princess, a brain, a basketcase and a criminal. We might fit into one of those categories — maybe not. Even so, the feelings shared and the heartache endured brings back memories. It all seems so real.

Reality is what makes "The Breakfast Club" good. These kids exist, not only on the screen but in every American high school. Imagine the most

popular girl in school, the princess, blackballed, doomed to vegetation. Now imagine the class clown, the criminal, lurking in the shadows only to plant himself at the table behind her. Enter the jock, out to save the world — or is he just trying to impress someone, anybody. The brain, a nerd of sorts, who strives to fit in. Turn to the basketcase, the loner.

For once, kids are allowed to be kids. Trying to "make it" with the school slut isn't a hot topic with these kids. Sure, they discuss sex, but, miraculously, the talk is real — just as we would have broached the "forbidden" subject.

Adolescent emotions fuel the movie. The most casual of comments turns into a major discussion. Major discussions elicit confessions. Confessions of guilt, anguish, hopelessness and virginity. Beyond the question of "why are you here?" is the ominous "what made you do it?" Therein begin the character studies.

The princess, played by Molly Ringwald, is the girl who refuses to wear the same thing twice. Ever. Her biggest worry is shopping withdrawals. Mommy and Daddy ignore her emotional needs. Her life is a big facade. Ringwald ("Sixteen Candles") portrays a snob well. Through her, the princess comes down from her pedestal and fraternizes with the peasants. Just as she gets comfortable in her new position, propriety steps in. Once again she's a snob.

The jock. He's a wrestler, ready to pounce. He'll take on anyone — and win. Dad wants it that way. "Nothing but the best from my son. He's a chip off the old block," echoes in his mind. Gotta make Dad proud. The jock, portrayed by Emilio Estevez, might have been a characterization of Estevez's life. As the son of Martin Sheen, Estevez probably felt some of the same type of parental pressure that the jock feels. Regardless, Estevez per-

formance made the hurt seem real; hurt from someone he loves.

The brain is in the process of ruining a 4.0. No matter what he does the lamp just won't turn on. Mom and Dad don't know their perfect son is failing shop, the easiest class in the school. Or is it? Anthony Michael Hall ("Sixteen Candles") interprets the brain as a nerd. His clubs are academic; his time for socializing diminished. Like the usual nerd, he's small of stature and big of heart. He won't turn against his friends.

The basketcase adds a touch of humor to the movie just by arriving on the scene. She's bizarre — bag-lady material. Her huge purse contains the secrets to her life and to a few other people's lives as well. Ally Sheedy ("Bad Boys", "Wargames") uses facial expressions, pantomime and hidden good looks to create the basketcase. She does a good job.

Finally, the criminal. He's

scum from the gutter. He challenges authority. He's no stranger to the nine hour detention scene. But why, if he's so anti-establishment, does he bother to show up? Without the criminal, none of the soul searching, pot smoking and joke making would have evolved. Confrontation with the brutality of the real world urges the others to answer his probing questions. Judd Nelson uses more than enough bravado to carry off the convincing portrayal of the criminal. He's gross one minute and strangely sensitive the next. Of all the characters, Nelson's criminal drains the most emotion from the audience. That's good. Very good.

We are like them: "The Breakfast Club." All of us snub people. All of us want to escape reality. We search for people with whom to share our misery; people who understand. Maybe that's what makes "The Breakfast Club" so good — it hits close to home. ♫

Music

You cannot judge an album by its cover

By WALTER SMITH
Music Reviewer

One good reason to buy this LP would be for its cover art; let's watch the humanoid Day-Glo ink blots trip the light fantastic. But before you get too entranced, you should slip the record onto the turntable. I mean, that's the real reason you bought the record, isn't it?

Shakatak's "Down On The Streets," their third U.S. release, reveals them to be your basic run-of-the-mill British pop-funk-jazz-neo-disco-quasi-blues sensation. They managed to obtain that sound by recruiting members from those segments of the music world. A bold venture, but it works.

Jill Seward's soulful vocals are featured in the title track and "Summer Sky," both of which are extremely danceable. They keep things rolling with a nifty instrumental called "Hypnotised," but the pace slows considerably for "Photograph" and "Don't Blame It On Love," two mellow pieces that aren't exactly happy



Shakatak

tunes. With "Lady," they pay tribute to Billie Holiday.

Versatility and flexibility are the underlying forces that make Shakatak as interesting as they are. From song to song,

the listener is constantly reminded that they refuse to become monotonous. Although they've been around for years, they just might break through with "Down On The Streets."

One of the few reasons you should buy this LP is for the cover art. This is a pop album in its purest form. Eleven original songs unadulterated by originality. The slight tempo changes from track to track don't really constitute a new song, especially when they all share the same guitar hooks and keyboard lines. But all isn't lost; Martin manages to get lyrically creative

The title track, "Dangerous Moments," is a quaint ditty about being separated from loved ones while the missiles fly. Definitely not your average musical fare, is it? "Ghosts," a soon-to-be classic, contains spiffy lines like "...But the ghosts of your former lovers still haunt me in my sleep, I've been counting them instead of counting sheep..." and "...But there were more men stuck on you darling than magnets to the fridge..." Need I say more? Well, I will anyway.

"It Shouldn't Have To Hurt That Much" is the time-told story of a boyfriend-beating



Martin Briley

woman who's suffered a traumatic childhood. Now that's pretty creative, huh?

It's pop, it's consistent, it's extremely formula, it's booring. ♫