

Men: good excuses to review films

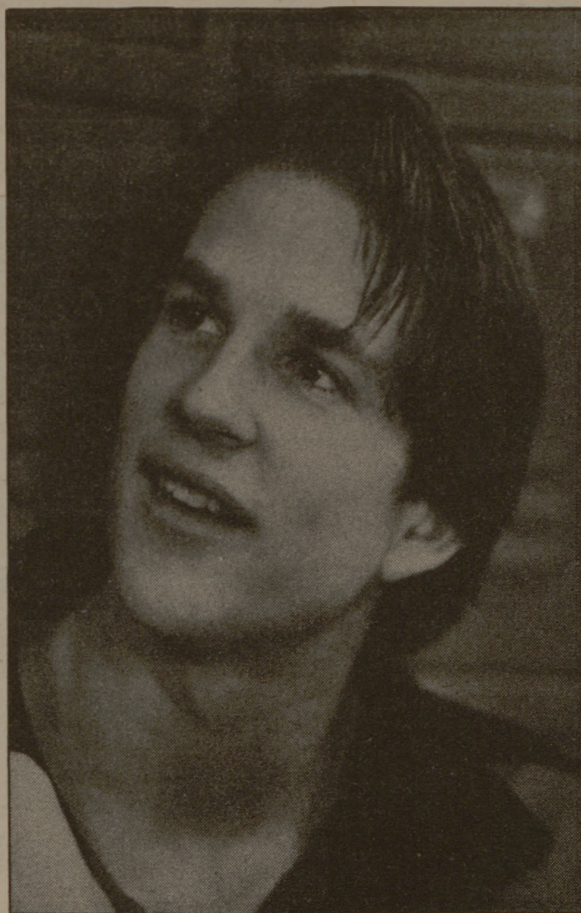
By MARCY BASILE
Movie Reviewer

Everybody has made up an excuse to go to a movie that critics just gagged over. The "I don't want to be a slave to the television" bit went over good for awhile until "I had my last test for the week today and it's only Monday so I'm going to a movie to rub it in your face" came into vogue.

OK. Fine. I'll accept those reasons, even if they are all bunk. Being the female I am, though, I tend to lean toward the more asthetic things in life — good looking males. Men are some of the best reasons for spending lots of money on celluloid thrills.

Of all the men available for veiwing pleasures Nicholas, Matthew and Mel seem to be the most prevelant (not to mention my favs). And for good reason. Not only are they gorgeous, they can act, too. (Isn't it a shame that most of the good-looking women in movies can't act? Aww. The poor babies.)

Nicholas Cage (be still my beating heart) was the punk dude in "Valley Girl," Richard Gere's schizo brother in "Cotton Club" and, most recently, Matthew Modine's wartime/peacetime buddy in "Birdy." Except for "Valley Girls" Cage's movies have been critically acclaimed. (I, myself, thoroughly enjoyed watching "Valley Girls" on cable tonight.) The first time I saw Cage was in "Cotton Club." To make a long story short, it was immediate lust. His doe eyes might have had something to do with that, but then again, the rest of him is pretty nice, too. He's also a good all-around actor. He can go from the bizarre as in "Valley Girls," ease into the brutality of the "Cotton Club" and finish with impact in "Birdy" and still make me drool. The man must have talent. (Definite wall material, if I could only find a picture.)



Mathew Modine is currently on view in three major releases.

Second on my list of wonderful people is Matthew Modine. Granted, he's not the best looking guy in the world but he could eat crackers in my bed any time he wants. Modine proves the old adage "don't judge a book by its cover." He flows on the screen; perhaps that's why he's in three current releases. Modine plays leading characters in three current movies: "Birdy," "Mrs. Soffel" and "Vision Quest." In "Birdy" he portrays a Vietnam vet who spazzes and becomes the bird he always wanted to be. Cage is his buddy who struggles to free Birdy of his mental cage. (Two. Two. Two guys in one.) "Vision Quest" has him out on a crusade against the bad guy — a huge wrestler who can barely hold up his own ego while in "Mrs. Soffel" he breaks out of jail with his brother (played by Mel) only to get shot to pieces. Not a fun way to spend a Saturday. (Getting shot to pieces I mean.)

Then there's Mel "Oh, Baby" Gibson, the man with the glowing blue eyes. Not only that, he's from Australia. What else could a girl ask for? The star of all the Mad Max movies first ventured into my life when I walked into "The Bounty" late and he was cavorting around in the water with some native woman. Needless to say, I was rendered mute. A friend of mine was noticeably affected by his every close-up apperance in "Mrs. Soffel." Too bad he's married and the father of a brood or I'd sacrifice everything. Oh, yeah, he can act, too.

Yes, I'm glad that guy watching is now in vogue. After all, they decorate the world with their ability to wear Calvin Klein underwear while leaning against big rocks. I appreciate the fact that I'll probably never find out what color Nicholas Cage's hair really is. But, for now, I'm content with knowing that anytime I need a fix, I can just pull out the old movie passes and use the old excuse "I went because I heard it was a good movie." ♪

Music

By WALTER SMITH
Music Reviewer

Diverse audience appeal is the main thrust of "Zoolook," the newest release from electronics veteran Jean-Michael Jarre. He creates sounds by electronically processing the human speech and song of 25 languages, ranging from Eskimo to Pigmy. Even the liner notes are in nine different languages.

But the musical style of each song differs as much as the language of its "lyrics." The title track is a funk-driven rhythm track while "Wooloomooloo" is a noisy industrial-sounding piece, overlaid with the static and fuzz of high technology.

"Ethnicolor" opens the record slowly, but it gradually builds into a feverish electrochant. "Ethnicolor II" closes the album with the sounds of crowds milling about and melding into a confusing blend of cultures. These two cuts should appease long-time fans of Jarre.

But he doesn't ignore his newer, more pop-oriented lis-



JEAN-MICHEL JARRE
ZOOLOOK
DISQUES DREYFUS

teners. "Zoolookologie" contains all necessary ingredients (i.e. over-dubs, scratches, etc.) to become a dance-floor hit. "Blah-Blah Cafe" sounds like you're at a cocktail party where the Art of Noise just met up Orchestral Manouvres in the Dark. Both are interesting tunes, but they certainly are a departure for Jarre.

Jarre isn't alone in this en-

deavor. Other notables include Laurie Anderson (of "O Superman" fame), whose distinctive voice graces "Diva," and Adrian Belew, who delivers his extraordinary guitar effects on several songs. Marcus Miller carries the bass line on the inventive album.

"Zoolook" is bold undertaking to say the least. I mean, how many records require a consulting ethnologist?

"In the Long Grass," the new album of The Boomtown Rats, is just one of many things keeping lead singer Bob Geldof busy these days. Anyone who happened to listen to the radio during the recent holiday season was certainly bombarded with Band Aid's famine-relief song, a project which Geldof masterminded and partially funded.

Others, of the mainstream-rock category, might recognize him from his leading role in the movie, "Pink Floyd." Yeah, he's the one that shaves off his eyebrows in "Psycho"-ish shower scene.

With five albums already to their name, one would expect



THE BOOMTOWN RATS
IN THE LONG GRASS
MERCURY RECORDS

the Boomtown Rats to be a name tumbling from everyone's mouth. However, they only have been blessed with moderate recognition, perhaps due to recent floundering in direction (i.e. the confused and confusing "Mondo Bongo" and "Five Deep" LPs).

"In the Long Grass" shows the world they have regained their musical footing and re-

fined their talents into something a little accessible to listeners. They haven't, however, sold out in any sense of the phrase. This album falls into the natural progression of a group trying to make it in today's music scene.

The beginnings and endings of songs always have been their forte, whether it's an a capella introduction or a majestically orchestrated finale, and this record holds no exceptions. They opt for a pulsating keyboard and powerful percussion sound in "All of Me," a song exalting the undying human spirit. "Dave" is a touching number that talks a close buddy out of suicide.

Their heavy use of horns in some songs, like "Over Again," conjures shades of Herb Alpert. In "Another Sad Story," the wailing saxophone drives home the misfortune of misspent youth.

A line in "Hard Times" sums up the meaning and intent of the "In the Long Grass" LP by stating that "...the only act of revolution left in a collective world is thinking for yourself." ♪