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minute you are in the yodelling Swiss peaks, the next in prohibitional Chicago! This album will definitely have something for music fans and disco fans alike (I couldn't resist the cheap shot!) I do have one restriction about the album, however. If you happen to have the cassette version, have listened to side one and think its great, you may as well put your P.J.'s on before you flip sides. The 'order of things' seems to have placed the mellower tunes on side two. This isn't necessarily badjust different. Its another example of Bob's unique aesthetic abilities (by the way, he told me to call him 'Bob')

I guess I now have the opportunity of being Leonard Malden and grace you with a rating. 8.5 out of a possible 10. Don't question it, just accept it! I'd better sign off with an alias so that those of you who don't share my opinions will

not be able to look me up and

lend you my copy - if I still had

one! Mine seems to have

mysteriously altered its plane

of existence at the Bruns vic-

tory party Saturday night (I'd

like to add that it was a great

intro bash guys! But

142Stephane? Nah, im-

possible!)

terrorize me. One last comment on **HEAVY NOVA:** buy it.

What's that? Oh, sure I'd

ROD THE BOD

BIG BANG **Big Bang**

(A & M/Spy Records)

"Just three hard working guys with something to say," yelps the press release - as always clucking like a mother hen. Sure enough a trio of ordinary looking dudes grace the bleak cover with just that smidgeon of something that says "come on in, the vinyl's lovely."

I must admit I'm always wary of bands that ride on a "no frills" ticket. It nearly always means that either (a) they have too much self piety and will sink in the bargain basement bin faster than you can say "we're all so glad we didn't sell out!" or (b) they're a lot of old crap.

But here an initial perusal suggests we're in for a surprise. It's not often that the opening two tracks on an album will stuff themselves so securely in your head even when the first listen comes from the reproduction of my tossy little walkman, but this is what happens here. Swirling a librarians' convention. melody, a general ultra tuneful pop approach and even some slightly dodgy doodoo-dooing sucks you into an album that is really a regular sackful of well arranged memorable compositions.

But hang on kids! Under that shining veneer it's not long before the punter with even as few as two brain cells to rub together realises that shame!! - Rest of Bruns Tree".

Staff)!! Egad! Take the songs



example - Bono-esque heart rent expostulations and sentiments run rife and, by Godfrey, you just can't believe that it isn't the Edge jangling his pealing axe from the nearest Belfry. It's uncanny! Playing this in the lab the other day very nearly embarrassed myself by shouting out "Hin th' NAAAAYME OF LUUURRRV!' *(taken from "Pride" courtesy Island Records) but catching myself just in time by stuffing a fistful of centrifuge tubes in my mouth (Phew! - Eh readers?) As regular listeners to the Friday Tea Time show will doubtless know by now, I rather dislike the current attitude of U2. In short, they appear to have resisted the temptation of producing good records. Rather they now appear intent on adopting still serious-young-men personae, churning out cack that sounds like the aural equivalent of throwing soggy toilet paper at

Big Bang however (I appear to have digressed), whether their obvious similarity is real or unintentional, are really good at what they do. This is lively accessible music with far better than average lyrics (but even here we tend to wander into the heart felt drama and turbulence characteristic of

Unforgettable Fire). Without any fear of exagthese bastards are shameless geration then, at least ten U2 impersonators (for times better than the "Joshua

STEVE GRIFFITHS

SKREENSKREENSKREENSKREENSK



ENSKREENSKRE ENSKREENSKREENSKREENSKREEN ture on how to surgically GRAPHIC BY PETER KUPER

Uncle Stevie, whos seen a video or two (Hahahahal) takes in La Loggia's LADY IN WHITE and Polanski's FRANTIC.

For those of you that flock in droves to see some slug-like miscreant gleefully thrusting a whining chainsaw through the soft yielding parts of spotty teenagers let me first of all stress that "Lady in White" is NOT for you. No. Here is a piece of work that unlike the aforementioned gore spattered genre takes a much more gentle approach. What's more it works.

The lightening plot line is this. Frankie Scarletta (that kid Lucas Haas with the soup plate eyes and car door ears who already has proven himself a first rate actor and not yet thirteen in films such as Witness, gets locked in the school cloakroom by some horrible little wankers on Halloween. The upshot of this is that he strikes up a relationship with a ghostly nymph that has been murdered ten years previously by a child molester that has also pinched off a score of other tiny lives. The murder is reenacted for him with the murderer remaining invisible as he throttles little Melissa. The girl is subsequent!, dashed to pieces as the bastard in question throws her off the precipitous cliffs into the rag-

ing surf below. The stage is thus set for one of the most remarkable ahost story thrillers I have ever seen. Throughout the film a beautiful dreamlike quality is maintained with soft hazy colours and chilling ethereal music that completely draws the audience into an almost surreal panorama that well. . . O.K. brought out a severe attack of the wibblies in me. Yes, that's right kids, the wibblies. Don't you get them too? That moment when everything fits together in such a way that is SO cinematically perfect that one is completely unable to control pulses of electricity running up and down the extremities. Thank goodness I didn't see this on the big screen because they would have had to take me out of the theatre with a shovel and a

bin-liner.

The Lady in White in question appears to be little Melissa's mother who in total grief follows the fate of her daughter by plunging over the edge onto the razor sharp rocks. To be honest she doesn't actually play a large part in the story at all except floating around a bit and looking rather tasty in a ghoulish sort of way. More important to the plot is the weird flame haired wrinkly (Katherine Helmen) that gives piano lessons on the edge of town. But just who she actually is caused me a great deal of confusion. Is she the sister of the Lady in White or is she Melissa in earth bound limbo? Nobody seems to give a toss when she is eventually knocked off at the end in a gloriously altruistic demise, so it's a real mystery. If you figured it out, please write in and tell me.

Alright so some of the special effects are decidely doggy, expecially when Frankie or one of his wispy chums are floating about in the stratosphere, but this doesn't detract from my opinion that this is a fine, fine piece of family entertainment (how often can you say that about family entertainment?) You'll think the film is over with a nasty flop but NO! Lookout here comes some gratuitous tricks of suspense a la Jason, with Haas eyes popping out of his little elfin head (figuratively speaking) to the point where everyone in my room was running about the place with catcher's mitts on. It's a classic, don't miss the chance to see it.

Whoah! You think feverishly gripping the box of this video in your thrill-seeking sweaty little paws. Polanski directs el beefcake Harrison Ford and super ultra beauty Emanuelle Seigneur in a fast paced action thriller in , s'hep me the seamy and steamy underbelly of

Paris. WHALLOP! Is this going be a little monster or what?!?!

The answer is my friends, no. Just what our boy Roman, who has previously made classic verions of MacBeth and Tess, is up to here is anybody's guess. The premise is that a certain Dr. Walker' is in the French Capital to give a lecremove troublesome hemorrhoids. Unfortunatley, his wife picks up an identical suitcase at the baggage terminal which, unbeknownst to her, contains an electronic gizmo whose saving grace is that it can be stuck in a blender full of chow from McConnell Hall and yet still trigger off a nuke. HER suitcase has been picked up by the staggeringly melting Michelle who has stashed it in the designated pick up locker at the airport. Subsequently some badly stereotyped mean Arab muthas that want the transistor thing figure that Fordy's wife has double crossed them and kidnap her. This happens while Harrison is lathering himself up into a frenzy in the shower.

The general idea is to document the plight of a total innocent in the search for a loved one in an environment that is totally alien (he can't speak French, natch). Sorting through the wrong suitcase, the good doctor finds a book of matches with a phone number scribbled on the cover and is able to make contact with a chap (Michelle's boss) who has predictably been relieved of his bodily functions about 24 hours previously. He does make contact though with our gal Michelle because she has left a message on Dede's (for it is he) answering machine.

As soon as the two stars make contact the cynical viewer is immediately forced to ask "will they boink?" Harry boy, however, is such a nice chap that this is out of the question. But once again, as in so many films of late, we are asked to feel the "sexual tension" that develops. Unfortunately this has the consistency of one of those bits of celery that has been left out or on the table for too long (ooo! - that rampant symbolism!).

To be honest it is a flawless bit of movie making: but at the end of the experience, one wonders why it couldn't be that little bit more exciting. The baddies are actually quite innocuous and despite the fact that you expect Mrs. Walker to be delivered back to Ford as a plate of dog food this doesn't happen (a huge sigh of relief though, obviously). I may

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