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# the Quake

FM99

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## JANUARY EVENTS

*Defectors* are busy working on a 10 song LP, a dance mix that will have a corresponding video to be followed up by a tour in the spring.

*Big Race* will be at The Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., on Monday Jan. 16th. *Times Beach* at the Baybrick the following Monday, Jan. 23. The dynamic *Permanent Wave* will play Graffiti Sat. Jan. 7 and Mon. Jan. 30 at the Baybrick. *Spy Vs. Spy* at Graffiti Jan. 5 for 2 shows - 11 p.m. and

midnight. They're at the On Broadway Jan. 12 at 9:30. *Spy Vs. Spy* will team up with producer Jim (E. Mack) Johnson at Bear West Studios in January to produce more material to tantalize Geffen Records with (Geffen was impressed with a 3 song demo and wants to hear more...)

Local bands send your news to The Quake Magazine, 1311 Sutter St., SF, CA 94109.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!!!!

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Mailing Address: The Quake Magazine, 1311 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94109 (415) 474-9100.

Although every effort is made to check the credibility of advertising, the publishers cannot accept responsibility for products, services etc. offered.

Publisher: David Bruce. Publishing Services: Frank Cristian Publications, 75 S. Berkeley, Pasadena, CA 91107. (213) 440-1821.

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## THE QUAKE SOUND & LIGHT SHOW

By Rob Francis

On October 20, 1983, the Quake Sound & Light Show shook the Bay Area for the first time. If you missed the tremor, you weren't at the Executive Health Spa, right across from the Quake studios, to hear Belle Nolan, bus timetable in her hand, spinning all the favorite Quake songs and helping the dancers stay fit. She even caught the last bus home!

One weekend later, the action started in earnest, with our first Quake Mobile high school appearances, two great gigs at Notre Dame in Belmont and San Ramon H.S. respectively.

We kicked off November at Carlmont H.S. — the audience here was fantastic and danced their heads off to the Quake sound. The atmosphere was a trifle more formal at the Aragone (San Mateo) grid dance, partly because everyone was dressed to the tee at the snazzy Airport Hilton, but the Quake fans in the audience soon got everyone else going. Special thanks to Chris Scott for superb organization.

The second weekend in November exploded for the Quake Show. Both San Leandro and Alameda high schools gave us a fantastic reception, and on the weekend we hung out at U.C. Berkeley, playing Pi Kappa Alpha, where Belle proves she is not just a great live DJ but a hot dancer, too. Thanks to Keith and all the guys at Pi

Kap for a truly jumpin' event. We rounded off that crazy week with another successful dance at Phi Sigma Kappa around the corner.

The Peninsula contingent of Quake fans were out in force again at Our Lady of Angels at Burlingame, on November 19. This school has a great atmosphere, superb organization, and a very friendly and helpful staff too. All in all, unbeatable.

One of my personal favorites was Homestead H.S. in Cupertino. The crowd was really fired up about the Quake Show, and my head would hardly fit through the door come time to load up the gear, thanks to the young ladies who lined up at the end for my autograph!

As I write, we have no less than eighteen gigs booked for the New Year, so don't forget...book soon and BOOK EARLY to avoid disappointment. Rock of the 80's rules! Call us during business hours on 474-9100. I'd like to say a big thanks to everyone who hired us; to Belle for a couple of very special guest appearances; and to the amazing Sound Show crew — Vicki Kunzler, Andy Zicklin, and Phil Sivilli; and to everyone else at the Quake. Until next month's Mobile report, keep rockin' into the 80's with us and don't take those dancin' shoes off — we'll be comin' at ya!

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# Let's Active

By Tom Lanham

## "God, you're not gonna believe what just happened at the restaurant!"

Doe-eyed Faye Hunter, her charismatically calm demeanor now bouyed into effervescence, bounds headfirst into yet another amazing 'story from the road.'

"It was soooooo weird," giggles Lynn Blakey with an unfettered charm. The unruffled Sara Romweber tries hard to be the voice of reason amid all this curious turbulence. "Why do these things always happen to us?" she moans.

"I guess you could say we got a floor show for free," deadpans a taciturn, tousle-headed Mitch Easter, his lips quickly curling into a smile as Faye, his girlfriend, excitedly wends her way through her strikingly cosmopolitan tale of the absurd.

It seems that when the quartet had been shown an appropriately sequestered booth at a late-night greasy spoon of their choosing, they were soon surprised to find that they were seated next to a man who was ardently refusing to pay his bill. He hadn't ordered what he was being charged for, he argued, and soon his arguments were forcible enough to warrant a visit from two imposing men in blue, each with strong arguments of their own.

While gentleman 'A' was being curtly carted out to his waiting downtown transportation, the adjacent mystery booth was forthwith cleaned and readied for contestant number two — a bearded transvestite who demurely requested the soup of the day.

For the four members of Let's Active and their manager, Rob Slater, that was all of the big city they cared to deal with in one ten-minute interval. The downhome, easy-going nature of these North Carolinians remained unfazed. They merely paid their tab (with nary a vestige of haggling) and quietly shuffled out to their van, in not a little collective awe of the things viewed as commonplace in a city as recklessly progressive as San Francisco.

Let's Active, a band in the eyes of Webster but a **combo** in Southern lingo,

were smack dab in the middle of an eye-opening, innocents abroad tour, and Mitch, Faye, Sara and Lynn were finding out in short order that the world spun a little bit faster in other parts of America. Rather than allowing the cultthroat mentality of the fast-food chain to conquer them, Let's Active chose to combat such mechanized values with their simple, but brilliantly crafted, pop songs. It looks like they've won the initial skirmish.

"Overall, we've had a really good tour," comments a reflective Mitch Easter a few weeks after Let's Active's objective sweep of the States. "Although there were a couple of dates that were really ridiculous. We played in Texas a couple of nights — in Dallas and Houston — and the clubs were real disco scenes and the band was just an interruption between records. We'd play and there was dead silence. The people were all busy picking each other up, and when the disco started they all jumped back out on the dance floor."

Fortunately, Let's Active does not gauge their music in B.P.M.'s, nor do they cater to contemporary pop's affectation for such passing trends. Despite his group's hard-to-pigeonhole modus operandi, Easter maintains that trendmongering is just not in his blood.

"There's not a great deal of show biz pressure on bands down here," he admitted, calling from his hometown of Winston/Salem. "Most bands form just because they want to, and the satisfaction of playing is their only motivation. I think it begins that way everywhere, of course, but I used to live in New York and you can definitely get an overwhelming sense of a hyped-up, competitive musical arena. There's a lot more pressure on bands to be trendy and fashionable, which isn't exactly bad, but it definitely makes our groups stand out, because fashion bands really look stupid here. There is a breed of person that plays music just so he can wear the clothes, but most of those guys leave and go to a big city."

Let's Active is relatively new to the racks at your local retail record outlet, but the band, passed off by some as somewhat akimbo proteges of R.E.M. (whom they supported on both of their cross-country jaunts), has waters that

run a bit deeper. R.E.M., in fact, are proteges of Mitch Easter, who, in addition to hogging the spotlight on vocals and guitar with his 'combo,' also finds the time to step back into the shadows and hone his Georgia cousins' sound down to a fine-tuned art. Long before he had assembled bassist Faye drummer Sara and guitarist/keyboardist Lynn as a performing unit, Mitch Easter was busy gaining a formidable reputation in many circles as one of the most talented producers in America.

His innate ear for acute dismemberment and staggered interpolation of crisp, distinct percussion and resonant, deep-hued tones made the two vinyl efforts of R.E.M. as insidiously grandiose as they were, as well as adding color to the palettes of countless other avant-garde bands. His sixteen-track "Drive-In" studio, located in his parents' garage, would have functioned much better with a revolving door — artists were in and out fast.

Easter was, in effect, a well-kept secret of the South, so it was no real surprise that few saw the correlation when afoot, Let's Active's six-song debut, hit the streets this Autumn. Now Easter has something of his own to promote and, whether he likes it or not, his time is becoming an item to be rationed through a congested calendar full of projects.

"I used to do everything that came along," Easter laments. "I'd record anybody that wanted to, but now I just don't have enough time. I suppose I'll have to be very selective in picking the groups I want to tackle, which is a luxury in a way. It really does suit me to spend more time playing — and now it's a necessity — but the band does have to take breaks now and then, and that's fine with me because right now, while everyone's resting up, I'm getting ready to start production work on the new R.E.M. record.

"It is real flattering to have this cross-section of bands interested in working with me," he continues, "but I have encountered one major problem. There seems to be a lot of musicians who are still playing their particular version of 'Rock' music and see themselves as part of the new music





MITCH



FAYE



SARA

scene, and they think that if they record here all the doors will open and they'll get signed or something. These combos usually sound like a less professional Scandal, and they invariably mention R.E.M. as the kind of sound that they're after, when the truth is they just don't cut it. Then they get confused when the rave reviews don't come pouring in, and I dread the fact that they'll probably blame me."

Only a fool, then, would be in any degree curious as to who produced the Let's Active record. As confusing as it is charming, *Afoot* is an uptempo trip through a musical never-never land, where the jangly, innocent strains of bygone days and fuzzy Monkees reruns live on in a pell mell Batman-class flurry. The six tracks are mainly dependent on carefully constructed pop

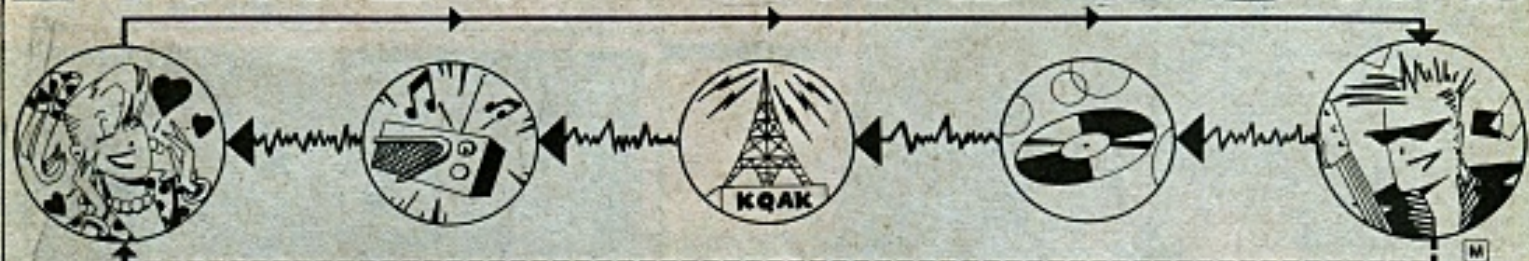
hooks that, like the best, bear no real date stamp. Easter saddles each with his casual nasal vocalizations, sounding something akin to a Bob Dylan with sinus problems at 45 speed. Even with impeccable musicianship and production, Easter's voice (in tandem with Faye's on several cuts) becomes the most engaging instrument Let's Active possesses. "Every Word Means No," "Room With a View" and "In Between" prove to be the E.P.'s clever highlights, and these fluid yet chaotic anthems stand a very good chance of swaying the play-it-safe Top Forty crowd to Let's Active's side.

It's a real honest sound," says Easter in an attempt to define his fledgling creation, "in much the same way that R.E.M. is honest. We just write the songs we want to write and play 'em.

We certainly don't have the time or the inclination to even think about what would be the 'cool' thing to do at this point. We're pretty scared of being one of those 'scene' bands; we've even been lumped in with the psychedelic revival, but those bands are much more deliberate. Most of them have really gone out of their way to get the same kind of fuzz boxes they had back in '68.

"I guess you could call Let's Active my group," concludes Easter. "I was the experienced musician when we formed and right now I'm writing almost all the songs, but it is a real band, and it's the only one I'll go out on tour with. There's no two ways about it, Let's Active has got to be these four people."

# EARLY TREMORS



Join The Quake's Belle Nolan, co-host Peter Standish and producer Frank Andrick Sunday evenings for the most innovative, musically challenging and diverse show the Bay Area has ever known.

Here's how Early Tremors continues to live up to its reputation. Live **Big Country** recorded at their SF gig. We managed to get our hands on a recording directly from the mixing board, and aired the tune *Balcony*, the "b" side of their first single *Harvest Home* released in '82. We also tracked *Lost Patrol* live found on the debut L.P. *The Crossing*. Big Country allowed Early Tremors this exclusivity as a way of saying "thanks" for the support.

Big Country producer Steve Lillywhite has also tweaked the knobs on the latest **Simple Minds** single. *Waterfront* is an incredibly infectious song and easily fills a room with its dynamics. Watch and

listen for that to land a berth on the Quake playlist. The flip incidentally is a live recording of *The Hunter and the Hunted* and *New Gold Dream*. Expect the new L.P. in January.

The continuing saga of **Steve Lillywhite** also had a hand in the first solo project from former Jam bassist **Bruce Foxton**. *This is the Way*, his latest import single gets regular spins on Sunday night.

**Tom Robinson** (*Power in the Darkness 2, 4, 6, 8 Motor Way*) has released a new 12" import single. Co-written by **Peter Gabriel**, *Listen to the Radio* (atmospherics) was recorded live and mixed at Windmill Lane studios in Dublin, Ireland, the studios of **U-2**. Tom has landed a domestic deal with Geffen Records (Madness, Peter Gabriel and Neil Young) and will be releasing an album in the near future. If *Listen...* is any indication of what we have coming, we're in for

a real treat.

**U-2** has just put out one of the best, if not the best live records of '83. *Under a Blood Red Sky* clearly confirms U-2 as serious rock contenders.

Another excellent live package is **Sloxsie and the Banshees**, *Nocturne*. The L.P. was recorded at the Royal Albert Hall in London October 1st of '83 and rushed released to us to play for you.

Locally, **Permanent Wave** recorded *White Truck* live at the Sound of Music in San Francisco and debuted it on Early Tremors.

We were also fortunate to be able to treat the Bay Area to the new single from **Ice Ice Works**. Produced by **Hugh Jones**, (*Modern English*, *Stranglers*), *Waterline* proves that Ice Ice Works do indeed have a very unique sound.

One half of the **Stranglers**, Keyboardist **Dave Greenfield** and bassist **JJ Burnell** have collaborated on an album which also is the soundtrack to a French film entitled *Listen to Walls*. The LP is called *Fire and Water*.

*Wreck My Car* from former **Tear-drop Explodes** founder and lead singer, **Julian Cope** gets frequent airings on Early Tremors. Credited with heading up the Modern English psychadelia sound (along with Echo), Julian has a solo album planned for release in February following on the heels of the 4-song EP.

The **Assembly** brings together **Vince Clark** (Depeche Mode and Yaz) with studio wizard **Eric Radcliffe** (*Upstairs at Eric's*) for a dreamy, lushly produced track,

*Never Never* that features **Feragal Sharkey** (X of the Undertones).

The **Undertones** have just released their farewell LP which spotlights all their singles. As a bonus, the first 20,000 copies of the LP will also include another disc with the "b" sides to all their singles.

One of our favorite new tunes and judging by your response, one of your favorite new tunes is from an up and coming English band, **The Lotus Eaters**. The haunting, galloping, *You Don't Need Someone New* is destined for repeated spins.

The **The**, is the brainchild of **Matt Johnson** (The Gadgets, Marc and the Mambas) who is helped out on the new import LP, *Soulmining*, by members of **Orange Juice**, **The Cure**, **Sex Gang Children** and **Jools Holland** (X of Squeeze).

The **Bluebells**, who got their start on Scotland's Postcard Records along with Bands like **Orange Juice** and **Aztec Camera**, were in the Bay Area for a show at the I-Beam. Prior to that gig they guested on Early Tremors. Cath their most recent single, is a regular staple on the Sunday night show. Other guests have included **The Looters** and **Hunters and Collectors**.

**Joel Selvin** helped us in our Xmas festivities by bringing in a collection of rare Christmas singles. What Fun!! Also, many thanks to Bay Area Reggae-lator, **Doug Wendt** for his marvelous reggae wrap-up of '83.

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Bay Area band with a bright future, whipped up a custom version of their first single *Talk* just for Early Tremors. They used various kinds of computer hard and software and even recorded some of the rhythm tracks in a bathroom for that special effect.

Happy Animals from other local rocksters, **Big Race** debuted on Early Tremors. We predict it will be as well accepted as Quake staple, *Hands on Ice*. Producer **Dan Levitan** is assisting **Big Race** as well as **Permanent Wave**.

Our producer **Frank Andrick** and the opportunity to speak long distance with producer/writer/artist **Bill Nelson** (Flock of Seagulls, Units) about his upcoming LP. It will include import material (*Flaming Desire* and *Acceleration*) released during the past year.

Special thanks to the following local bands for stopping by and/or providing us with material: **Wire Train**, **Timur Bimp Jones**, **Minus One**, **Wombat Suicide**, **Corporate Vell**, **Invertebrates**, **New Breed**, **A Private View**, **The Edge**, **Terry Lee Eagle**.

The Early Tremor informal phone poll song of the month: *Sharkeys Day* by **Laurie Anderson**.

Finally we offer to you the following LP's worthy of your immediate attention: **The The**, **Nina Hagen**, **Angst Los**, **Pablo Moses**, **Husker Dill**, **Mink DeVille**, **ABC**, **Speciman**, **The Three O'Clock**.

By **Belle Nolan**,  
**Peter Standish**  
& **Frank Andrick**

**ACROSS**

- 1 One of the Glimmer twins
- 4 The pride of Hoboken, N.J.
- 9 Note
- 10 I want a \_\_\_\_\_ drug!
- 11 Clapton
- 12 Kenny Dean's initials
- 14 Commercial
- 17 I'm not your \_\_\_\_\_ ing stone
- 18 Lbs.
- 19 Joan \_\_\_\_\_ & the Blackhearts
- 20 Ms. Taylor
- 21 Last months hero
- 22 She's not there
- 24 Yvonne Nelson's monogram
- 25 Band just got lucky
- 30 Iggy: "\_\_\_\_\_ The Dog."
- 31 Ronnie Lane benefit
- 32 Ultravox lead
- 35 British Navy
- 36 Yes at 91X
- 37 Grade for eggs
- 38 Rankin' \_\_\_\_\_
- 39 Vowels
- 40 U2 lp
- 41 Enola Gay Band
- 42 Will won in '83
- 45 To, Two, \_\_\_\_\_
- 46 Gymn class
- 48 Union Pacific
- 49 Psychedelic Band; the \_\_\_\_\_ o'clock
- 52 New Bowie concert flick
- 53 Joan Armatrading lp:

- 55 Tears \_\_\_\_\_ fears
- 56 British air force
- 59 Instrument found in orch.
- 60 Dire \_\_\_\_\_

**DOWN**

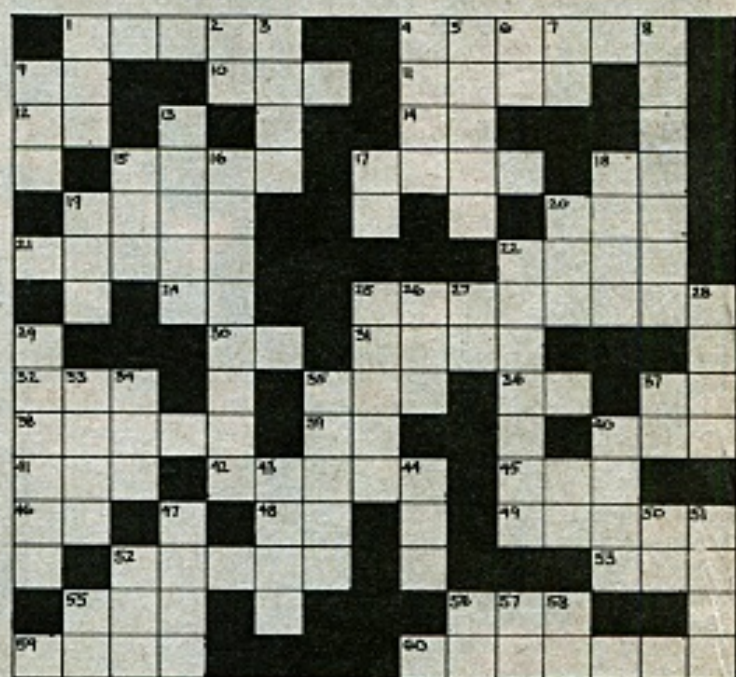
- 1 \_\_\_\_\_ Creole & the coconuts
- 2 Lead Berlin person's initials
- 3 David is a talking \_\_\_\_\_
- 4 What is \_\_\_\_\_
- 5 New \_\_\_\_\_ 6 The reverse of 'in'
- 7 Gloria Collins monogram
- 8 Brian's a top cat.
- 9 Costello "Punch the Clock" tune
- 13 Tom, the leading heartbreaker
- 15 \_\_\_\_\_ at work
- 16 Don't box him in
- 17 Trojan univer.
- 18 UB40; Red, Red \_\_\_\_\_
- 19 Rasta God
- 20 Jewish sole food
- 22 Richard is on the Quake Saturday Night 12M-4AM
- 25 007
- 26 Ands, \_\_\_\_\_, and buts
- 27 Barry Madrones initials
- 28 Fly
- 29 Dolby Tale of Pirate Twins
- 33 Town wasn't made in a day
- 34 \_\_\_\_\_ E of U2
- 35 Debbie is dirty
- 37 Grade for Eggheads
- 40 U2 lp
- 43 Uncontrollable devo tune
- 44 \_\_\_\_\_ Dolls sing about Nellie
- 47 60 across
- 50 Shoe size
- 51 Dunaway movie; \_\_\_\_\_ of Laura Mars.
- 52 Blue
- 55 Left opposite
- 56 \_\_\_\_\_ E Friends electric?
- 57 Note in sound of music

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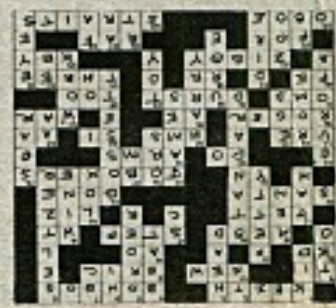
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**THE 80'S ROCK PUZZLE**



By **Phil Slash**



# THE SAN FRANCISCO SOUND REBORN?

Peter Fields

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UPTONES**, Robert Seidler  
and Physical Ed at  
Wolfgang's in SF. These  
three acts are



**The outrageous Uptones. The Uptones, Robert Seidler and others are featured on 'The Rock of '84' Record Album. See page 31 for details.**

**representative of some of the bright, unsigned talent in the Bay Area, as well as KQAK's continuing efforts to promote local bands in the clubs, on the air, and on the new "Rock-To-Riches" album.**



**Robert Seidler at Wolfgang's Dec. 3, 1983.**

Physical Ed opened the show with a tight set of power pop. Veteran guitarist Ronnie Montrose joined the group for a selection of oldies at the end of their set of original songs, including the Eddie Cochran classic, "Nervous Breakdown." Montrose will be producing an EP for Physical Ed at the Music Annex in Menlo Park. The band had entered a song, "He's Got You," in The Quake's Rock-To-Riches promotion which narrowly missed appearing on the "R-T-R" album. The song might still surface on their EP, but as Physical Ed drummer Russ Hodges explained, "there's no hard feelings at all."

"Without these Quake things, and the chance to get your song on the radio, it is so difficult because some of the best bands in the world will never go anywhere," stated Hodges, who also added:

"You have to be seen, you have to be heard, and The Quake gives everybody that opportunity. It's great, I wish everybody did it."

Physical Ed's manager, Tawn Mastrey, a Bay Area media whiz with numerous video and radio credits under her belt, also commented on The Quake's involvement with local talent.

"With the exposure on Belle Nolan's Early Tremors show, and with Rick Carroll's programming helping too. The Quake has a lot of open ears and picks good things for the new sound," said Mastrey.

Robert Seidler returned to the nightclub arena on this night at Wolfgang's, after a years' absence following the dissolution of his previous band, Mr. Clean. The break-up, Seidler said, was "clean" and final.

"When the bomb went off, the whole house was cleaned," said Seidler, who described his new music by saying, "Each song's a vignette, a little story." Seidler's "Christian Boys" is in rotation at The Quake, and appears on the "Rock-To-Riches" album. He hopes to record an EP with his new band this year, probably at Isolation Studios in San Francisco. If the reception that Seidler received at Wolfgang's is any indication, he's well on his way. Seidler also feels that The Quake is a needed

springboard for unsigned talent.

"I'm so glad it (Quake) exists, makes you feel real legitimate to get a song on a big radio station like that ... it's the only way you can disappear for a year and still have people go nuts," admitted Seidler.

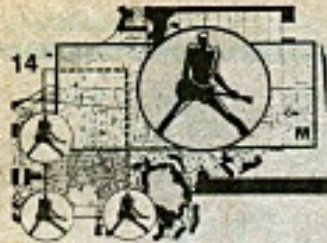
Headliners The Uptones delighted the full-capacity audience at Wolfgang's with their aggressive ska and rhythm and blues influenced material. "Out To Sea" and the topical "Get Out Of My Way" can be heard on The Quake, and are also available on the "Rock-To-Riches" album. The Uptones are youthful and fresh-sounding, with many of the bandmembers attending high school and college by day. There is an urgency to their music that comes from being young and realizing what kind of world you're going to inherit. Uptones leader Eric Dinwiddie vented his sentiments.

"I couldn't live my life in terminal apathy. Everybody's apathetic to a certain point but, I guess the best way to explain it is like ... have you ever heard someone say, 'I'm not into politics?' ... 'I'm not into...' it's like people being into drugs or not. 'I'm not into the world.' It just doesn't make any sense to me. I mean, you live here, don't you?" pondered Dinwiddie.

The Uptones plan to record at the Automatt in San Francisco and hope to stir label interest with an EP, which seems to be the way to do it. They're an exciting band, not afraid to let loose with scathing commentary such as "KUSA" and "Whitewash." Great music to dance to, and even better music to listen to and think about.

This particular evening at Wolfgang's, featuring Physical Ed, Robert Seidler, and The Uptones, typified what is really happening in the Bay Area, a surge of unsigned talent, ready to record and hit the big time.

The Quake took special pride and pleasure in presenting this show and giving the local talent of troupes like the Uptones the kind of exposure they deserve. After all, the San Francisco sound could easily become the "Rock of the 90's."



## LOCAL BANDS

# WIRE TRAIN

**(A Renegade is a renegade by any other name...)  
with massive apologies to William Shakespeare's ghost**

**by Stephanie Mezey**

**O.K.** The band is solid, sounding great live, the E.P. has been released, and getting healthy radio airplay, the album is on its way shortly and even a finished video. With the huge tour about to kick off, Wire Train is on its way.

If you have been listening to Early Tremors you have heard the "A" side

of the EP "NEVER", a piece whose strange melody is somehow haunting. "Instrumentally it is acoustic and rhythmic but at the same time technically advanced...it's an adventure without being redundantly boring." Belle Nolan comments.

The "B" side has 2 more treats not on the album, "Personne Jamais" (NEVER in French) and a sly cover of "Mr.

Soul". (In regular airplay already is chamber of Hellos.) The debut album "In A Chamber" is due for release, probably as you read this. The band is very close, all selections on the album were written by Kevin Hunter (lead singer and guitarist) and Kurt Herr (guitarist and co-hort) then tried-on and revised by the whole band. The album is laced with "garage-tinged" guitars, strong rhythms and lyrics that linger in the shadows. From the Chamber of Hellos:

*Confusion danced with echoes ringing lies so clear/In vague enormous rooms so filled with empty rooms where no one really hears hello/In a chamber of Hellos.*

Wire Train was formed in San Francisco by 2 former SF State students, Kevin Hunter and Kurt Herr, joined later by Federico Gil-Sola on drums and bassist Anders Rundblad. The composing chores are shared by Kevin and Kurt with the active guidance of Federico (formerly of the Combos) and Anders (from a popular band in Scandanavia) on their prospective instrumentals. Wire Train assumed their new identity (from the Renegades) when they learned rights were already claimed for "The Renegades". No matter, they'll just have Renegades in parenthesis for a while. It all started when they were playing local gigs and Howie Klein of Romeo Void, Red Rockers and Translator fame expressed interest in signing the band to 415's impressive roster.

Wire Train has come a long way in a short time and are preparing for their first tour which will cover selected cities from L.A. to N.Y. then on to England, France, Italy and Scandanavia. There are rumors of another video "Chamber of Hellos" happening while they're in England.

"Never" is the ready video which has been shown twice locally. It was directed by Patrick Krivanek. I haven't seen it but my bet is that these four lads thrive in visuals.

Everytime I see Wire Train perform, they sound hotter and more demanding. So far, they have enjoyed favorable press notices. The L.A. Times of their performance there "This is a band who is here to stay". Local music press lends its support with every press release. Even Teen Beat magazine is drooling over Kevin Hunter...hunting for the teen idol of 1984. (Forgive me Kevin!)

They've won radio airplay in the U.S.A., France, Italy, England and Scandanavia, let's see what happens on this nearly worldwide tour... with the album...and the various videos...O.K. Wire Train is on its way.



PHOTO: © 1983 JIM MARSHALL

**Wire Train (L to R) above, Federico Gila-Sola (drums), Kevin Hunter (vocals/guitar), below, Curt Herr (vocals/guitar), Anders Rundblad (bass).**

# A PLACE IN THE PERMANENT WAVE

## FRANK ANDRICK

One real plus of today's music is its infusion of other styles enabling the new music to constantly refresh itself with outside eclectics. So far we've been treated to blends of African and Soul rhythms ala *Talking Heads*, The Calypso Caribbean influences of *Culture Club* and *The Tom Tom Club*, the old world classical stance of *Ultravox* or *Simple Minds*, the Gaelic Rock Folkisms of *Big Country*, domestic treatments of Country Western as in *Rank & File* and, of course, the psychedelic revivalism spreading its influence in both America and Europe. One of the first bands to mix and match what used to be termed Folk music with a light jazz appeal was this year's *Elvis Costello* tour opening act *Aztec Camera*. One needn't look all the way to Scotland in order to find such an appealing blend clothed in the guise of a good pop-tune. The true article exists here in San Francisco, and goes by the name of *Permanent Wave*.

*Permanent Wave*, this years winner of the San Francisco Urban Faire's Battle of the Bands, brings together many of their past stylistic influences making them work in a manner that is theirs and theirs alone. The pairing of *Permanent Waves* guitarist Jo Chinberg and bass guitarist Kat Podgornoff at their high school orchestra class in Salem, Oregon led to the formation of a coffeehouse touring Folk-Rock Duo.

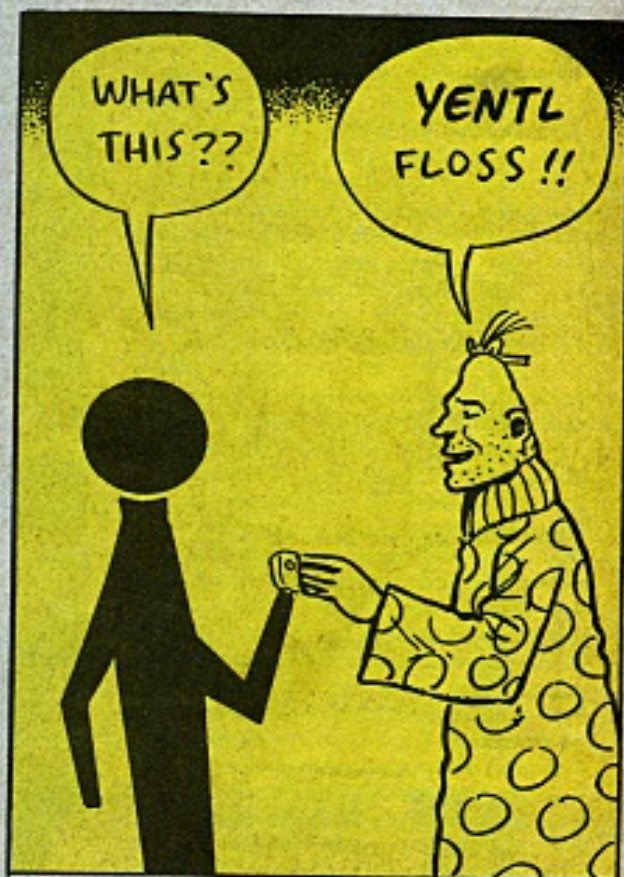
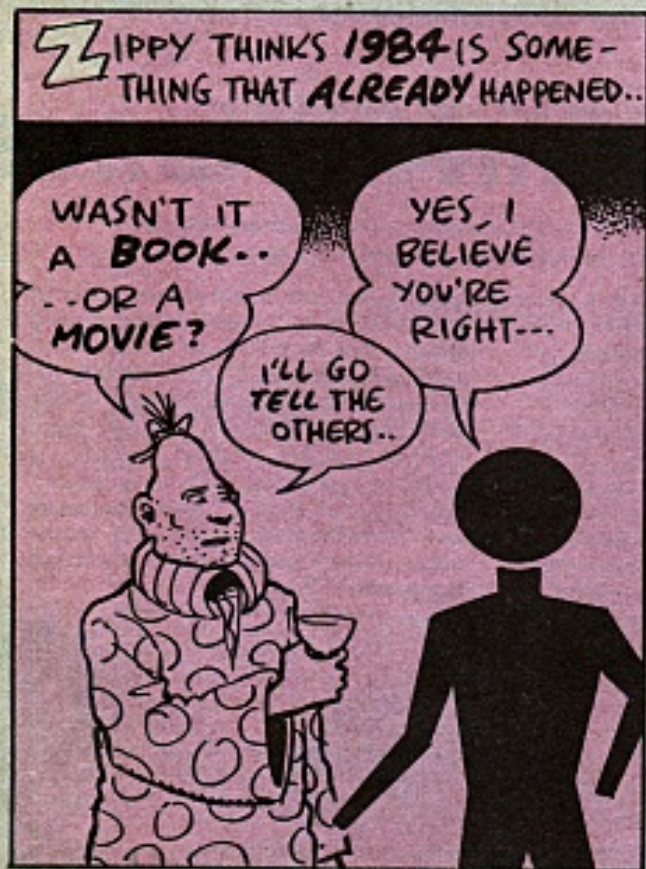
Later on when Kat's interest in Black Funk and Soul music led to Jo's application of Finger techniques to the electric guitar the seeds of *Permanent Wave* were in the offing. It was the addition of Rock drummer Marilyn Rocco, that instigated the proper chemistry leading to the establishment of the sound of *Permanent Wave*. A sound that does justice to the hyphenated tag of Django Reinhardt-meets-Mo Stax Rock and Roll music could be applied to *Permanent Wave*. On the modern Front they could be compared loosley to *Au Pairs*, *Gang of Four* and *Aztec Camera* in an instrumental sense. The bands engaging lead track on their *Early Tremors* debuted tape "Eyes In Heaven" produced by Dan Deviton never fails to draw listener/phone response. The vocal

density and the combination of Kat Podgornoff's blues soaked voice melding with the choir-chant voicings of Jo Chinburg and Marilyn Rocco put *Permanent Wave* in a league of their own making. In the immediate future these three talented women are recording studio bound (the prize for the Urban Faire Battle of the Bands). *Permanent Wave* hopes to complete a 4 or 5 song demo tape. Besides garnering local bay area airplay the band will be

looking for and independent label to put out a vinyl version of the recorded results. Till then look to the clubs, a natural habitat for *Permanent Wave*. The clubs, where you can see, dance, and listen to just how well this band can put together smokey Parisian inspired jazz licks, Folk-Rock vocal musings and that all important dance and heart beat, in such a way that you may just become a *Permanent* fan of *Permanent Wave*.



# ZIPPY HAPPY 1985!! ©1984 BILL GRIFFITH





# Record Reviews



## Let's Active Afoot (IRS)

Let's Active's new album is *Afoot*, and it definitely could creep up on you. When it does, you'll be glad to hear it. Thinking music for thinking people - hooray! More songs you actually have to listen to

- yeah! An intersexual band - all right! Let's Active is all right.

To introduce the band: Mitch Easter, Faye Hunter and Sara Romweber, guitar, bass and drums. Mitch, the most well-known Active, is founder and soundmeister of North Carolina's Drive-In

Studios, home to such stellar projects as the Individual's *Fields* lp, REM's *Chronic Town* EP and *Chomp* from the late, lamented Pylon. Bongo boys James Mastro and Richard Barone recorded their *Nuts and Bolts* at Drive-In, a studio Mitch built in his parents' two-car garage in Winston-Salem. While recording there, most of these bands sought Mitch's production advice and guidance; Let's Active used Drive-In as a rehearsal space and recorded *Afoot* there.

Mitch plays guitar and writes the groups' material, which is quirky, skewered pop with a definite world view. And it's fun! It's danceable, hummable, singable and over before you know it. *Afoot* is a six-song EP, leading off with "Every Word Means No," a Bongos-meet-the-Monkees killer with an "I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone" tag on the chorus; "Every word means no-o-o-o-oh/Every word means no-o-o-o-oh." "Make Up With Me" features an absolutely charming guitar break; the drums coming off make it sound like muffled bullets, and the song fades on a Bo Diddley beat with a chiming guitar floating overhead.

"Edge Of The World" falters a bit as the pace drops; this track sounds really ragged. But side two picks up with "Room With A View," a techno-pop song without synthesizers - a credit to Easter's production smarts - and with a cool, 80s view of modern male/female relationships: When Mitch sings "This is a room with a view/We see everything for what it is/We want to do what we want forever," Faye answers, "I wish I was invisible." "Leader Of Men" recalls the Gang of Four, with its insistent beat and angular bass line. Mitch's guitar playing is more melodic than Andy Gill's early clanging, certainly, and his voice nearly angelic compared to Jon King's, but the sentiment is snide just the same.

For all that's been written about "Mitch Easter, producer," this record should confirm that the essence of Easter's skills is not knob-twiddling, aural disguise or electronic manipulation. It's what he does with a little that means a lot - or what he leaves alone - that makes his work honest and real. The guy is what you call one creative person, and he writes damn fine songs. Get this record. ●

# WIRE TRAM

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# Machinations, Hunters & Collectors

Robert J. Bowman



**The trickle has become a wave: what used to be an occasional band coming out of Australia has escalated into a mass of music with which it's becoming increasingly difficult to keep up. Just a short time ago, the shards of Australian culture that reached our shores were easily categorized. Music? AC/DC, Men at Work. Movies? Pioneer women cavorting with aborigines. Suddenly, the floodgates have opened.**

What's surprising about the latest

batch of Aussie bands is their variety — few seem content merely to capitalize on the success of their predecessors. A good example of this trend are recent releases from two bands who come from the same country but whose musical styles place them poles apart: Machinations and Hunters & Collectors.

Machinations has released a six-song album entitled *Esteem*, under the A&M/Oz label (which has recently been showering the market with a wide sampling of the Aussie brew). This band isn't really offering anything new, but then that doesn't appear to be their intention. Their music is funk-oriented new wave with a smoothed-out, expansive electronic sound dominated by the versatile keyboards of Tony Starr. Other than that, it's just Tim Doyle on guitar, Mick Swan on bass, and Fred Loneragan on vocals; most of the percussion is electronic. Starr can drone, buzz, thump and soar, while Swan's bass keeps the whole thing grounded in a steady dance beat. The result is a fairly conventional mix, with

a definite nod to commercialism.

But despite this heavy reliance on electronics, the band doesn't succumb completely to the syntho-disco lure. Loneragan's voice is more expressive than is usually the case in music of this sort, and Machinations is capable of a majestic quality that is an aural equivalent to the soaring mountain-top portrayed on the album's cover.

The songs themselves range from standard declarations of love to more obscure, mystical descriptions of aging and longing. "Pressure Sway" and "Jump the Gap" are among the best candidates for radio play, while songs like "Jack" add some variety to the program. The latter evokes Jack Kerouac's journeys across America and traces them through the 1950s and '60s to the Helter Skelter nightmare of Charles Manson — but does so in a sneering tone of contempt, with the voices on the song weirdly ending up as duck-like quacking.

The first side of *Esteem*, recorded in 1983, a year later than Side Two,

**Machinations (L to R), Tony Starr, Tim Doyle, Nick Swan, Fred Loneragan.**

sounds less formulaic and suggests that Machinations may still be reaching for a voice of its own. The band doesn't have one yet — but it does have promise.

Meanwhile, Hunters & Collectors have checked in with an album that is a good deal stranger than the output of most of their countrymen (also under A&M/Oz). These seven hair-raising cuts, titled with the name of the band, are anything but commercial: whining guitars, thumping bass, rattling percussion and vocals punctuated by growls, moans and shouts. This one isn't for everybody — especially not for the squeamish. Thematically, Hunters & Collectors sing about bestiality, savagery, violence, anxiety, religious heresies, pagan ritual and other such jolly subjects. This, at least, is what I think they're singing about; despite the inclusion of a lyric sheet, it's pretty difficult to make sense out of these songs. The intention seems to be to evoke feelings rather than thoughts: and those feelings can be unpleasant. "Mouthtrap," for instance, combines

the sexual imagery of the "two-backed beast" with more primitive animals and "true confessions" of unspecified sin. "Scream Who" gives the unnerving feeling of being trapped in a wall, while "Towtruck" talks cryptically of "Groper's fat gang — dressed in sleeveless T-shirts." The world of Hunters & Collectors is a throwback to — or a forecast of — an era inhabited by man at his most savage. Or it could be a journey into the deepest regions of the human mind, where lurk the most basic emotions and motivations.

"Talking to a Stranger" is probably the most accessible cut here, if that word can be used to describe any of the band's music. At least it contains a recognizable look and a conventional chorus, although it drones on beyond the point of the average listener's attention span.

Hunters & Collectors, then, draw on the darker side of Australia's culture and mythology, eschewing commercialism in favor of a rough and menacing caterwauling. The

individuality and force of the band's sound is undeniable, but its staying power is questionable. They tend to get too wrapped up in their obscure imagery, and their dead-serious approach, unrelieved by any humor or irony, can start to sound tiresome after a few listenings.

Both Machinations and Hunters & Collectors are worth a listen, but the similarity ends there. Each has chosen to go its own way: taking an individual approach to the music is more important than national identity. Listening to the variety of acts from Oz — these bands, along with Midnight Oil, Mental As Anything, and Divinyls, to name just a few — you might begin to consider their common origin as less and less important. Maybe, with this latest wave at its peak, it's time to discard the somewhat condescending label of "another Australian band," and start judging the music from Down Under on its merits. We love to label things, but the Australians in all their variety apparently will have none of it. ●

# HUNTERS & COLLECTORS

By Tom Lanham

**Australia, it would seem, is experiencing a grand-scale musical renaissance. As America slowly awakens to the Land Down Under's artistic credentials, the island continent keeps churning out an astonishing number of valid, accessible groups and, more importantly, lodging them in key positions on the American charts.**

While Veg-O-Mite may be replacing Skippy the kangaroo as a collective stereotype of 'Oz', there are still many discrepancies in the breezy, cheerful panoramas bands like Men at Work are painting for their new audience. Australia's unfortunate heritage (the country was originally a prison colony for England's outcasts) has saddled the land with a burden of shame that is only now beginning to be dealt with in the proper perspective. Melbourne's Hunters and Collectors are spearheading this creative movement towards self-awareness, and offering a more pointedly futuristic option than that of their compatriots.

"The only thing we have in common with most of these bands," laughs Hunters and Collectors percussionist Greg Perano, "is that we've seen them on television and found out that they're Australian. I hope a few people who like Men at Work come along to see us on our American tour, and then they'll get the shock of their lives. Even if they go away hating us, they'll still know that Australia is more than just Air Supply and The Little River Band.

"Americans have always had a strong confidence in their own abilities," he elaborates, "whereas Australians have been virtually told that they're inadequate. If you tell an Australian that what he's doing is fantastic, he's very rarely going to say 'Yea, I know.' He's likely to be very insecure about it and not be sure why you're telling him that. They're not quite certain what the established role for them is, because they're still developing a character of their own. It's only now that the people are beginning to realize that they don't have to have a wife, two kids, a house and car in order to be normal."

The character of the six-piece Hunters

and Collectors (John Archer — bass; Geoff Crosby — keyboards; Doug Falconer — drums; Greg Perano — percussion; Mark Seymour — vocals/guitar; Martin Lubran — guitar) has been sharply defined since the band's inception in the spring of 1981. Their overall attitude, even down to their lifestyles, was a none-too-subtle rebellion against the sheen of convention that dominated Australia's polite presentation of its artists to the world. Coming from a small but strong sphere of creative individuals in Melbourne, Hunters and Collectors twisted standard methods of musicianship until their chancy synthesis of funk/R & B/experimental music reflected a tangible intellectual and artistic slant.

"You really have to be careful when you start talking about art," Perano defends, "because that tag immediately tends to alienate a group from others, and we don't ever want to put ourselves above anyone else. We're part of the so-called 'rock industry' as much as anyone else is — we put out records and play live for audiences. We don't consider ourselves to be that avant garde, but art is a much abused term these days and it's often levelled at you as an insult."

Nevertheless, Hunters and Collectors espoused the same 'art-school' approach that parallel bands in America like The Talking Heads implemented, which quickly made them one of the biggest draws in their homeland. They also amazed the established industry powers by landing albums and singles in the Top Twenty with almost no commercial radio airplay. In addition, the group decided from the outset to always be aware of the business aspects of a performing unit. They manage themselves, eschewing big-name



agencies for the security of friendly ethics.

"We have strong control over whatever we do," states Perano. "I don't want to sound mercenary, but it is a matter of you doing a lot of work and someone else taking all the credit and profits. It's incredibly tedious, of course, but if you want to play music and be in a group you have to be part of an organization to some degree. The only reason I stay in this band is because we're a good live group. You feel like you'll have some sort of breakdown if you constantly worry about how you're being represented in different parts of the world and should someone make a T-shirt with your name on it and should badges be made and is it morally right to do every little thing that you're doing. You always have to remember the sensation of playing live — it's like a bad drug habit."

Coincidentally, the live reviews the band received on their first jaunt to England were unanimously favorable to

a manic degree. Perhaps Hunters and Collectors are as effective as they are because their music not only satisfies the aesthetic demands of today's discriminating listener (Australian or American) but also fills the floors at dance clubs, where the group's current single, "Talking to a Stranger," is already a hands-down favorite. "...Stranger" clocks in at a little over seven minutes, and its undeniably coercive rhythm sucker-punches unsuspecting dancers with all the reverence of a jackhammer at high speed. The lyrics are sparse and gaseously evocative, reinforcing the promissory ambiguity of the spectral fanged creature on the Hunters and Collectors album jacket. With other such rabid paens to progressive funk as "Tow Truck," "Mouthtrap" and "Scream Who" in their favor, it becomes obvious that Hunters and Collectors represent a delightfully different side of Australia.

"Our music works on the basis that the catalyst is the drummer," explains

Perano, "And everything else hinges on how good or bad he is. It's quite strange, because we're such a new group, but our drummer is technically one of the best in Australia. The rhythms work on the bass and percussion pivoting from the drums, and sometimes I might be a bit behind or ahead of the drums, so you get a sort of stumbling effect. Our music has a clumsy personality about it — it never becomes incredibly slick."

Hunters and Collectors are now discovering that there are many similarities between their country and ours, but there are also many fundamental differences. "There's quite a bit of money and many resources in Australia," admits Perano. "If someone wants to make a film there, then they get someone to wheel and deal with them and they take it to such a degree that they get a company who makes most of its money out of mining to finance an anti-mining film, and they'll do it because it's a good tax dodge.



FASHIONS: BREAKTHROUGH'S  
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# SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR, OR THE NEW WOMEN IN MY LIFE VIDEOACTIVE

Believe it or not, I was going to kill myself. Then in early 1983, I got cable and discovered MTV. Now, I realize I'm not sick, the rest of the world is. So I thought I would tell you about the videos that have kept me alive these past 12 months.

The Romantics' *Talking In Your Sleep* is better than a pound of no-doz if your an insomniac. All these women in negligees with visible cleavage, I bet a lot of viewers have had to change their sheets after this one. What I don't get is the fixation with negligees? My gal prefers flannel pjs with attached socks and a hot water bottle. A flannel gag usually muddles her words, so I never hear her talking in her sleep.

Cutlery is something I've always been fond of. There's nothing like a sharp edge to hone the instincts. Bryan Adams knows. In *It Cuts Like A Knife*, his pretend girlfriend changes into her skimpy bathing suit while a switchblade glints nearby. She got so nervous that she dove into a empty pool. Good drainage, but bad judgement.

Once upon a time, women were described as window dressing, mere mannequins. Zebra's *Tell Me What You Want* proves they've been through the mill a few times. A light, zebra-striped jumpsuit is all that separates you

from this vicious looking woman. Occasionally, she turns into a mannequin, wrapped in cellophane. The lead singer hugs her squeaky joints alot and even smooches. Guy better be careful: a mouth full of that cellophane can wreck havoc on your windpipe.

When I was young, I had a dream just like The Tubes' *She's A Beauty*. I was in a cage, being alternately tantalized and beaten by a huge, buxom woman. Off in a corner, my sisters are pumping an artificial heart with lots of tubes running out of it. One of the tubes was connected to my thigh. When I looked down, there was a foot obstructing the flow of liquid. It was my mother's foot. A Freudian analyst, I paid \$75, said "Make it the B-side."

Dwarves are a favorite of mine. Especially, if they have large, glowing eyes. That's how I remember Bonnie Tyler's *Total Eclipse of the Heart*. Looking as diaphanous as a mucous membrane, Bonnie is followed around an eerie manor by a fistful of runts, while she's singing something about a problem with her ticker. She should be put under cardiac arrest.

There's a famous scene in

"Women In Love" (certainly not the book) where Alan Bates eats a fig. It's a real feast of passion. INXS's *The One Thing* has a bunch of women eating figs, but you know they're not hungry in any sense of the word. They're pissed off. Pissed off that a band receiving major airplay couldn't come up with something substantial to eat like Veal Milanese, or at least, a passable Beef Burgundy. Figs are for people with bad gums. And believe me, there's not a bad gum in the entire pack.

Geological upheaval is its own kind of music. So Loverboy, clever adults they be, throw in plenty of igneous and aqueous formations for *Queen of the Broken Hearts* and followed that with some real stone-age women. You know the type: flint eyes, hard as muscle torsos and mentalities slated for something. Don't know any personally, but then I don't do my carousing in a quarry.

Most people admit that upward mobility. Z. Z. Top's *Gimme All Your Lovin'* is a veritable epic on locomotion vs. sexual acquisition. As soon as those long-legged girls arrive, the young driver completely changes gears, just about blows a

rod. But he doesn't have a powerful machine of his own, so they jam in the stick and leave him by the side of the road, exhausted.

Does the absence of something tell you anything? Michael Jackson's *Beat It* has all these guys in fruity satin jackets sneering at each other. Michael keeps singing about "being a man," but there aren't any women around to give him a gender check. Instead we get a fraternity dance where the women forget to come. And this grisly chorus "Beat it, beat it." That must be the meat of the matter.

I'd never seen a women look attractive sitting on a toilet, until the Stray Cats, *Sexy and Seventeen*. But I hurriedly scanned that bathroom and guess what? No toilet paper. And there's none of that ugly build-up around the base of the toilet, right by the reeking brush you use to dispose of those sickly yellow rings that form in the bowl. I just go flush everytime I see her.

Well, what do you think? That's my favorite Top Ten videos. There are plenty more where they came from, but even in this exciting age you have to stop somewhere and say "This is good or bad." So it's not a question of wanting my MTV. I need it. It sort of lines me up on one side of the health spectrum.

**Steve Seid**

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# FILM

Michael Snyder



William Hurt and Joanna Pacula in *Gorky Park*.

**GORKY PARK:** The novel *Gorky Park* was primarily a murder mystery, but it was a lot of other things too: a compelling character study, an amazingly accurate portrait of Soviet society, and a story of greed that rises above differences between political systems to indict Russian and American alike. Martin Cruz Smith's book had depth that stood up under a second reading — it was more than just a whodunit featuring a detective who drinks vodka instead of bourbon.

Unfortunately, the film version, directed by Michael Apted and starring William Hurt, has stripped away much of this complexity to concentrate on the bare bones of the plot. It's been radically simplified in characters, settings, detail and theme. What's left is an effective mystery — and little more.

Hurt plays Arkady Renko, a chief investigator with the state militia (the equivalent of our police department) who is called to the scene when three corpses are found buried in the snow in

*Gorky Park*, stripped of their faces and fingertips. Right away he knows that it's more than an everyday Moscow murder. He's beat to the scene of the crime by a KGB officer whom Renko once tried to arrest for murdering political prisoners under "interrogation." Certain clues indicate that at least one of the bodies is that of an American. And the weapon used to kill the three is standard KGB issue. Knowing that the case will lead him to uncover matters of which he would prefer to remain ignorant, he attempts to turn the case over to the KGB. Strangely, they won't take it, and Renko is forced to follow a trail that could end in his own destruction.

The filmmakers establish a properly ominous tone throughout, utilizing portentous music (by James Horner) and repeated shots of the three victims skating to their doom. The freezing, gray Moscow winter is portrayed convincingly (the film was shot in Finland by Ralf G. Bode) and serves as an effective symbol of the repressions of

Soviet life. *Gorky Park* never fails to hold your interest, even at two hours and ten minutes, and despite the fact that there's really only one scene of genuine suspense.

The problems begin with the characterization of Renko, of whom we learn almost nothing. His home life remains an enigma; the estranged wife and friends given him in the novel have been eliminated to cut down on screen time. Very little remains of the societal pressures that were applied to Renko in the book — particularly the "responsibilities" of Party membership and the price that Renko must pay for renouncing them. In place of these crucial details we are given a man who gets food on his face when he eats, and ashes on his clothes when he smokes — sort of a Russian Columbo. William Hurt portrays him as so repressed that we're never permitted to see what's beneath the surface. He speaks in an accent that's mostly British, part Russian and part nothing, reminiscent of that flat, all-purpose language spoken by the characters of mythical Central European dictatorships in *Mission: Impossible*.

Lee Marvin is unconvincing as Jack Osborne, the charismatic millionaire who is on curiously good terms with the Russians, and who has made millions from his involvement in the Soviet fur market. The part needs an actor who is slicker and more dashing; Marvin plays Osborne as a thug in silk suits.

But the oddest decision of all was to move the location of the final scenes from New York to Stockholm. In taking a course that can only be attributed to budget limitations, the filmmakers completely lost the chance to draw a connection between Russia and the United States — as well as the possibilities inherent in bringing a Russian cop to American for the first time.

All of this noted, it must be required that *Gorky Park* is good on its own terms. The mystery is well-constructed, and while it doesn't withhold any amazing surprises, its resolution is satisfying, and the final shot is stirring. The Polish actress Joanna Pacula makes an alluring Irina, the dissident wardrobe assistant who works in the Moscow film studios and with whom Renko falls in love, and Brian Dennehy does a good job of bringing to life the thuggish New York cop who comes to Moscow to avenge the death of his brother. In other words, if you haven't read the book you're in for an engrossing experience, but those who have may well find themselves wanting a lot more for their five dollars and fifty cents.



Debra Winger and Shirley Maclaine in *"Terms of Endearment"*

**TERMS OF ENDEARMENT:** Amazing as it seems, somebody has gone and produced a film that can make a hardened cynic like me laugh out loud and cry a river of genuine tears. Unless I'm completely delirious from the experience, *"Terms of Endearment"* is going to be up for Best Picture of 1983, and should win hands down. Simply stated, it's the most impressive, if somewhat manipulative, combination of comedy and tragedy to emerge from Hollywood since the last Capra and Sturges retrospectives. The sterling characterizations of co-stars Shirley Maclaine, Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson have a depth and believability that scream "Academy Award!" Maclaine and Winger play a mother and daughter whose stormy relationship is traced over a 30-year span, while Nicholson is a dissipated ex-astronaut

whose girl-chasing and drunkenness have tarnished his heroic image. Nicholson's haphazard courtship of Maclaine provides for a lot of the laughter, but the twosome also projects a tangible warmth. They and the rest of the cast, including John Lithgow and Danny DeVito, are sublime. Despite a drastic change of tone two-thirds through the picture, it continues to hang together. The aforementioned actors and actresses are already big-time, but *"Terms of Endearment"* is going to make a star out of the film's producer, screenwriter and director James L. Brooks, one of the guiding lights behind TV's *"Mary Tyler Moore Show," "Lou Grant"* and *"Taxi."* His first motion picture will touch even the stoniest heart with its witty, life-affirming verve. *"Terms of Endearment"* will toy with your emotions, but it's playing for keeps.

**SCARFACE:** While I still have the stomach to review the worst movies imaginable, I'm beginning to flinch when confronted by the cold, cruel sadism of an otherwise well-made film like Brian DePalma's *"Scarface."* Of course, Al Pacino as the criminal Cuban refugee Tony Montana — the *Scarface* of the title — gives a bravura performance in this updating of the Howard Hawks-directed Paul Muni gangster epic made in 1932. Pacino's Spanish accent gets too Cheech & Chong for my taste and you can see the Method in his madness, but the real problems with *"Scarface"* are its unrelenting brutality and its length. Early in the film, the viewer is splattered by a chainsaw-torture sequence, and the violence never lets up. The knifings and tommy-gun rub-outs take their toll after three hours, nearly overwhelming director DePalma's clinically proficient treatment of Oliver Stone's screenplay about big-city crime and the international cocaine trade. Anything you might learn about those topics is washed away in a river of blood.

**STAR 80:** Although more blood 'n' guts, Bob Fosse's "Star 80" is like a heart-stopping amusement park ride which is so thrilling that it makes you throw up. "Star 80" leaves you with little other than the memory of anxiety and a touch of nausea, but it's a hellishly good movie. His earlier films, "Cabaret," "Lenny" and "All That Jazz," were deft works that functioned as morality plays. Director/screenwriter Fosse isn't making it that easy with his most concise, disturbing effort yet. Rehashing the morbid demise of gorgeous Playmate Dorothy Stratten at the hands of her sleazoid manager/husband Paul Snider, Fosse seems to be doing nothing but callously recounting the facts. Dorothy's naive and glowing innocence is captured to a winsome fault by remade/remodeled Mariel Hemingway, newly blonde and big-breasted. Discovered in a Dairy Queen before her high school graduation, Stratten is duped by her future mate, an oily hustler looking for a meal ticket. Eric Roberts, in a depressingly accurate portrayal, is the man with a plan that goes awry when Hugh Hefner and the Playboy family, a subtler bunch of exploiters, wrest Dorothy away from Snider. Hefner is impersonated to a "T" by Cliff Robertson, and Dorothy's mother is former sex bomb Carroll Baker, while a fictionalized version of Stratten's final mentor, film-maker Peter Bogdanovich, is

barely a sketch. The real focus of "Star 80" is the repellent character of Paul Snider, and if this movie saves one foolishly-trusting teenage goddess from the clutches of a similar bloodsucker, then Fosse has accomplished something worthwhile, beyond the obvious craft of his storytelling.

**THE LEOPARD:** After 20 years, Luchino Visconti's "The Leopard" is making its first Stateside go-round in the original Italian version. That means that the sprawling view of Sicily's upper class during the mid-19th century, a time of great social upheaval, is restored to its 3¼ hour length and that Burt Lancaster's English dialogue comes out in perfect Italian. As released in America in 1963, everybody in the cast but Lancaster, enacting the Prince of Salinas, was dubbed into contemporary colloquial English, and a lot of the political content and grandeur of Visconti's languid look at the Salinas family and their endeavors ended up on the cutting room floor. The re-released print is restored to the form that won "The Leopard" the Golden Palm at the Cannes Film Festival in 1963. It's widely considered Visconti's masterpiece and a triumph of restrained, but evocative acting by Lancaster, even as dubbed into a language not his own.

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It's been three years now since the death of John Lennon. Three years of being deprived of his genius and talent. On that day three years ago I began to feel a little bit older and so did we all. For what had died was not a man, but our link to the past. With his death, there was no going back. Time would continue to move forward and his memory fade away into the past.

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# eating in the 80's

By Sharon Daley



**S**quids is a restaurant where you should bring people from out-of-town. This restaurant has character, lively service and the ability to make anyone a devoted Squid lover.

These folks know how to prepare Squid so well that its important not to go over board on this restaurant's ambiance. Put aside the wonderful jukebox which plays selections from 60s Motown to 80s Tom Tom Club, the slightly dramatized pink walls and black formica tables, the waiters who look like they just finished an audition for the Stray Cats, and you have a meal you will most definitely tell friends about. I played it safe with ordering the "Frangione", which is Squid's rendition

of a pizza sandwich. This entree could make a chicken's mouth water! On a fresh sourdough baguette came squid smothered in garlic, lots of cheese and tomato sauce and even, believe it or not homemade sausage, served with a pasta salad that tasted as good as it looked.

My friend, who is a cynic where squid is concerned, ordered the deep fried squid and vegetables, and let me tell you that Squids could put the best Tempura house this side of Japan to shame.

Naturally, no restaurant review is complete without a mention of the wine (of course, you are all experts on the subject.) I, being a great judge of Chianti, ordered the 1980 Classico

which to my delight had a Rooster on the label which means you are drinking the best Chianti Italy could possibly produce - 4 stars to the person at Squids who selects the grapes!!

The overall feeling I had from eating at Squids is simple: they have every right to keep Andy Warhol's interview Magazine laying on top of the bar, its perfectly okay to decorate the Christmas Tree with pink and black streamers, and if the waiters want to roll up their tee shirts to show off their tatoos they have my approval because someone somewhere knows how to cook squid with such creativity and imagination that even if you think you don't like squid you will enjoy a pleasant surprise.

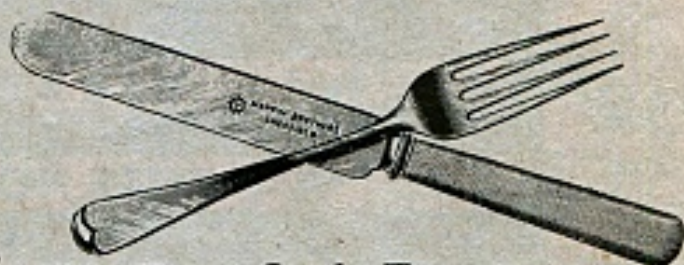
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(Left to right) Joe Regelski, Tim Bedore, Belle Nolan, Alex Bennett, Oz, Lobster.

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**10-2:30 PM — BELLE NOLAN**

**2:30-7 PM — TIM BEDORE**

**7-MIDNIGHT — OZ**

**MIDNIGHT-6 AM — LOBSTER**

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