

# ENTERTAINMENT

## Fatal Attraction: edge of your seat entertainment

by *mike horvath*

staff writer

If the fear of AIDS doesn't put a thorn in the side of the sexual revolution, the movie *Fatal Attraction* will. Starring Michael Douglas, Glen Close and Anne Archer, this slick thriller is undoubtedly one of the best, and certainly most distur-

bing, pictures of the year. In this subtle cross between *Psycho* and *Play Misty For Me*, Douglas is Dan Gallagher, an up and coming corporate lawyer who lives a settled life with his wife [Archer], and their six-year old daughter.

Close, meanwhile, is Alex Forest, a publishing agent who first meets Douglas at a cocktail par-

ty. When Archer leaves for the weekend, Douglass and Close find themselves first at dinner, then at her apartment.

After a tiring weekend, Douglas is ready to forget the whole thing. Close isn't, though, and so begins a strange odyssey of possessive love and obsessive infatuation that pushes Close to the brink

of insanity and Douglas to limits of good judgement.

The storyline is superb, and every scene is a different twist of the same idea. Director Adrian Lyne [*9½ Weeks*] keeps things pretty well under control, despite a somewhat sloppy, but nevertheless exciting, ending.

Close is brilliant as the psychotic with emotional

and psychological problems that won't quit. If she took a chance with this character, the risk was worth it.

Whether she is slashing her wrists or boiling pet rabbits, Close brings a unique edge to the film, a far cry from her previous buttoned-down role in *Jagged Edge*.

The themes of this

movie, actions and consequences, wants and needs, as well as sexual power and control, do well to round out the story.

It's not only a great picture, but it also has something behind it, a rare quality in today's films. *Fatal Attraction* is first-rate, on the edge of your seat entertainment.

## JOYOUS NOIZ a music column MUSIC SPOTLIGHT Marc Jordan

by *john midby*

staff writer

I just picked up the new Ramones album *Halfway To Sanity*, and it truly smokes. It is hard to believe that four years ago these guys were on their last legs about to go totally MOR, or give up completely.

After *End Of The Century* and *Pleasant Dreams*, I thought that they had burned out, that entropy had finally taken its toll. Then came *Subterranean Jungle* in 1983, which was the beginning of a return to form that came to terms with the release of *Too Tough To Die* in 84.

The title said it all. Back was the loud guitar and snotty vocals, with production so loud you could feel the sound. Also renewed was a commitment to the energy they exhibited during '74 to '78, when they

released their prime material culminating in the crushing masterpiece *Road To Ruin*. But they also had something new—a social and political stance.

They even did a couple of thrash songs. As they explained it, they had started listening to some of the hardcore music they had influenced. Previously they had steadfastly tried to separate themselves from "punk" because of the pretentiousness and negative publicity it had generated.

This was hard to do when virtually every punk band was influenced by their stuff. They wanted the airwaves but they were supported by loyal fans the radio cared little about. They liked the way the Ramones played it—loud, fast, simple and sincere.

Praise be, they have fought their own [and their

management's] attempts at a commercial sell-out [a sell-out is making music you don't like or enjoy or believe in just to make money.]

The new album is another slab of Blitzkreig Bop that begins with the statement *I Wanna Live*, and continues with such scorches as *Bop Till You Drop*, *I Lost My Mind* and *Go Lil' Camaro Go*, which features Debbie Harry on back-up vocals.

Throughout, the guitars are loud and upfront and Joey continues with the demented vocal style he has been expanding lately. I think they may have finally given up on securing the rock 'n' roll hit they have so long deserved.

Instead of courting lame radio stations, maybe they can be content with putting out fun albums,

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Marc Jordan, Brooklyn-born, Canadian-raised, L.A.-honed singer-songwriter, and student of film criticism, has just released his debut album, *Talking Through Pictures*.

When asked to describe his vision of music, he says, "I'm a slow reader, so I never really get a linear sense of story. I understand things as a series of images. I'll get stuck on a sentence or paragraph and read it over and over. My songs are influenced by the way television processes information. It's music

For the TV generation.

Produced by long-time Canadian colleague Paul DeVilliers and Kim Bullard, *Talking Through Pictures* exhibits the characteristics of Jordan's music and film faves.

The son of a Canadian singer who was a featured soloist on various stateside radio programs, Jordan grew up in a musical environment.

"I thought all fathers had their own radio shows," he says. "I was in front of that box all day."

He studied classical piano at the conservatory until his discovery of Elvis Presley and the Beatles, which launched him into a series of high school



late 70s, cut a broadcast album for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and then recorded two albums for Warner Bros.

Neither had much retail success. Jordan inked a publishing deal with Warners and penned songs for Diana Ross, Juice Newton and others.

"I never really liked writing songs for other people," he says. "I never thought of it as a way to earn a living. I was always least successful when I tried to write specifically for someone else."

A series of live demos he recorded brought him to the attention of RCA records.

"I like music with a point of view, music that says something. I'm not putting together a look or an image. I write what I write and that's what I do. That's who I am," he said.

garage bands.

"I didn't consider music a career because it came too easily for me," he admits. "I thought things had to be harder to be worthwhile. But when I went to college, I found I missed the music. I then packed in school and started playing again."

He hooked up with a house band in a Toronto bar, backing up 50s teenybop crooner Bobby Vee.

He later quit and travelled around Europe. He returned to Canada in the

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