

Big Audio Dynamite

## Record Review:

### B.A.D. news is good news for ex-“Clash” guitarist, Mick Jones

by Paul Miniger  
Collegian Contributing Writer

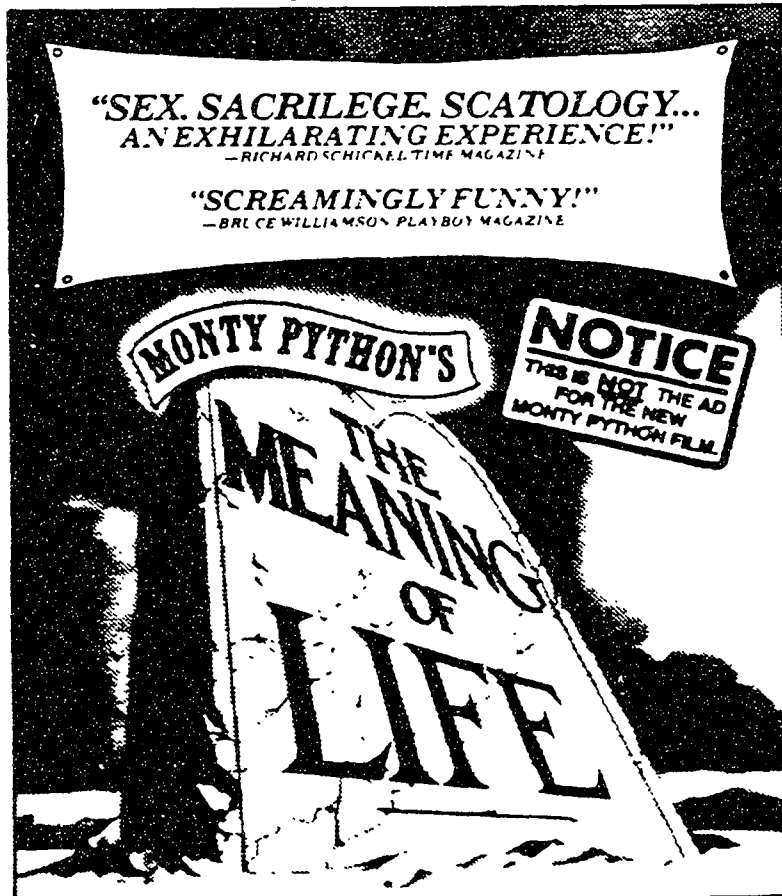
I've got good news and B.A.D. news. First, the good news. Mick Jones, ex-guitarist/vocalist for the Clash, has formed a new pop reggae band called *Big Audio Dynamite (B.A.D.)*. Vowing to create a new band after his dismissal from the Clash, Jones joined reggae musicians Leo Williams and Don Letts, along with drummer Greg Roberts and keyboard player Dan Donovan to produce a dynamic new sound incorporating left wing political lyrics into a syncopated rock-rap.

Confused yet? Don't be. Whatever B.A.D.'s motives are for producing the album they are not

conveyed in a preachy manner. In fact, Jones states in a recent *Rolling Stone* interview that he "wanted to play dance music that made you think." The combination of Don Letts and Leo Williams' reggae influences and Mick Jones' militant punk voice taints the album with older Clash resemblances and allows it to appeal to a wide variety of musical interests. From the subtle "E=mc<sup>2</sup>" to the hip-hop scratched "Stone Thames," or the movie track dubbed "Medicine Show," the result is the same; government oriented music hidden in fun packages with no intention of becoming a summer (unlike Sting's Russians).

But the song that is the heart of the album and its hit single is "Bad." In "Bad," Jones airs the rest of his grievances in a pulsating pop rap . . . "These are the things that drive me crazy! These are the things that make me bad!"

Oh, the B.A.D. news. In this case, the B.A.D. news is even better news. Granted, this album is not for everyone. At times Jones' voice is atonal and his lyrics are irritatingly repetitive. But for the most part, Big Audio Dynamite's music is enjoyable and its rock funk is a refreshing change from the usual barrage of Top 40 drivel that dominates local radio stations. And that is good news.



Showing May 2, 8 p.m. and May 3 and 4 at 10 p.m. in R117 - SPC

## Screen Talk:

### Woody Allen finds a happy medium with his latest film, "Hannah and Her Sisters"

by Matthew J. Sullivan  
Collegian Staff Writer

Woody Allen has long been recognized as one of the cinema's most innovative filmmakers, and with good reason. His past efforts have shown us an amazing repertoire of style, theme and detail presented with just the right amount of quirky unpredictability.

Until recently, however, Allen's films have fallen into one of two categories; Woody acting loony and everyone else playing straight, or Woody and the rest of the cast all acting loony together.

Films such as "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan" exemplify the former category and the satires "Love and Death," "Sleeper" and "Bananas" round out the latter. (I feel obligated to mention that "Zelig", an inspired, off-beat pseudo-documentary does not fit either of these molds.) These movies have all been satisfying in their own way, yet I, for one, have been hoping that Woody might someday find a happy medium, combining the best of both movie worlds.

Well, the wait is over. "Hannah and Her Sisters" is just the type of film Woody's talent has been promising.

To begin with, the script is impeccable. Penned by Allen, of course, the story moves so fluidly that the viewer can simply sit back and enjoy the cushy ride.

The film covers a considerable

amount of time—two years, exactly—an element which is often a stumbling block for lesser scripts. Allen, however, makes his transitions sensibly and with such artistic flair that we look forward to each new exploration. The sense of pace and alignment of action gives this film the true light of structural genius.

Before I turn to the acting, perhaps a short story synopsis is in order. The action takes place between Thanksgiving of 1983 and Thanksgiving of 1985. Hannah is perhaps the most giving, lovable person of all time and the driving force behind the unity of her rather large family. Her sister, Lee, is also a loving, giving person who just happens to have an affair with Hannah's husband. Hannah's other sister, Holly, is an ex-drug addict, part-time caterer and progressive borrower of Hannah's money. Hannah is the mother of four children and on any given day, as many as five adults—including her parents. In a nutshell the film is an examination of these characters and the diverse nature of their inter-relationships.

As Hannah, Mia Farrow exudes the charming gentleness of a saint. Every word, every action of hers is so sweetly caring that we can see why she gets on everybody's nerves once in a while. Who could stand to be around a perfect mother figure with no visible needs for reciprocal support? Farrow is super in the role and

believable every step of the way.

Barbara Hershey plays Lee, lover of Hannah's husband, and she too is marvelous. Torn between the gratification of her affair with Elliot and her love for Hannah, Hershey's Lee is an emotional teeter-totter.

The final sister, Holly, is played by Dianne Wiest with a zesty, spirited style that is altogether engaging. As she bounces around from job to job through depression and elation, Holly is about as explosive as a radio in a bathtub.

Michael Caine is a riot as Hannah's philandering husband, Elliot. His nervous gestures and jittery attitude combine to give his role a potent characterization.

Then, of course, there's Woody. In his supporting role as Hannah's neurotic ex-husband, Woody is outrageous. I must admit, in the past I sometimes wished the focus of Allen's films was not centered completely on his character. In "Hannah" he is part of an ensemble cast and winds up stealing the show. I won't cite specifics because I'd hate to ruin anything for you, but suffice to say that his antics are hilarious.

To sum it up, "Hannah and Her Sisters" is wonderful. We are casually guided through a maze of emotional ups and downs with a deft hand that acknowledges sadness but never dwells on it. A solid point is well-taken: do not brood over misfortune. Please, go see this one.

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