

# Close Up: Duran Duran

## My Apology

It was in early July when I first heard from our Editor in Chief — Chris Conti — who, after several desperate attempts, finally reached me on a Saturday only to inform me any articles I wanted for the first issue were due in on Thursday. Only 5 days to pull together an entire entertainment section!!

The next day my very good friend Antonette and I pooled

our time and talents and pulled together what you are now gazing upon — Taa Daa — a perfect excuse for an entertainment section. Hopefully in the future, with more than 5 days notice and more than an entertainment staff of 2, this section will flourish. But for now . . .

— Helen Cohen

### Review:

## Tears For Fears

Key: \*\*\*\* - Excellent  
 \*\*\* - Very Good  
 \*\* - Okay  
 \* - Yech

SUMMER OF '83

Albums that came out this summer you won't want to miss! Just in case you haven't already heard . . .

**TEARS FOR FEARS**  
**The Hurting \*\*\*\***  
 Mercury

Not bad for a debut album from this duo faring from Britain. Curt Smith — vocals, bass, keyboards, and braids — provides the voices for their three most frequently played singles: "Change", "Mad World", and "Pale Shelter". Roland Orzabal, who appears to be the main talent behind the two (he writes the lyrics and music on the album) is the more obscure member. He sings the songs which touch on the darker side of life, for example, "Watch Me Bleed", "Ideas as Opiates", and "Suffer the Children". Unlike most new bands from Britain, rockers can appreciate Tears for Fears as well as New-Wavers. This post-punk band uses "real instruments" — not everything is synthesized or electronic. And, in a sense, Orzabal's work can

be compared with Roger Waters' THE WALL. Both albums show how painful life Fears does it in a clearer, cleaner, more modern, up-to-date style than Floyd (i.e. no bellowing, screams, or explosions).

The song lyrics, mostly about dying friendships, and pain and suffering, can tend to make the listener sad, and the vocals add even more desperation to each song. The listener wants to reach out and help those poor guys — wants to heal their hurt and ease their pain. Their voices are bell clear, the melodies swooning. If you're in a light-hearted, dancing mood, don't choose this album to satisfy your need to boogie. This should be saved for more mellow times, and this is probably the album's only flaw. If you're happy at the moment you set the needle down on the opening title song, "The Hurting", don't be surprised if you're depressed by the end of side one, you're mood dampened. The dampening that may occur will be caused by the lyrics, not by Tears for Fears style! This is an all out excellent effort resulting in an excellent album. I'm looking forward to their next — hopefully it will offer a solution to the hurting.

— Helen Cohen

### Review:

## Spandu Ballet

**SPANDAU BALLET**  
**True \*\*\***  
 Chrysalis

Spandau Ballet's new album signifies a marked difference from their previous albums. It is more mellow and less funky. They maintain their danceable beat, but you may be dancing a little slower than you did in the past. For example, although "Foundation" harks back to their funkier sound, "True" brings visions of a dark, starlit ballroom where you and the one you love are dancing the last dance alone. On the other hand, "Gold" sounds like it could be the theme in a James Bond flick. Musically, this album has a vast sound to it, very big, yet not annoyingly loud; it pulses with horns, but they are never too brassy, guitars can be heard, but they never scream out at you. The album, then, is easy to listen to, it is not harsh. Lyrically, no new ground is

being broken. Love lost and gained seems to be the main topic. The only exception, perhaps, is "Communication", which deals with the inability to communicate in a world where technology has made it possible to see an event occurring in Poland as it is happening, here in the United States.

The musicianship is tight and the vocals, by Tony Hadly, are clear and strong. Many of the songs, all written by Gary Kemp, contain a memorable guitar hook. Even a commercial for the Philadelphia store Skinz uses the riff from "Lifeline" as background music.

The album, save for a few cuts, may not appeal to fans of their funkier sound, but it should appeal to a wide range of tastes. This can be discerned when "True" can be heard on Q-102 and I-92.

— A.K. D'Orazio

I thought this would be a good place to drop a few not-very-well-known facts about the band for those neo-Duran Duran addicts as well as those long-time fans.

First of all, I'd like to get one thing straight, Andy Taylor, Roger Taylor, and John Taylor are not related.

John is the son of a Birmingham auto industry worker, and started the band while in art school at the age of 18 (now 23).

Nick Rhodes was next to join, then 16. Roger, Simon Le Bon, and Andy, from Newcastle, followed suit.

Andy, the only married member, lives outside Birmingham, as do Roger and John. Nick lives in London, and Simon, 25 and the oldest member, still lives with his parents, as does John.

"Do you like Duran Duran?" This question keeps coming up and I just don't know how to reply to my inquisitive friends.

I must admit, first (but not foremost) I like their looks — John Taylor with his high cheek bones and burgundy (or is it brown, no wait — blonde?) hair, and Roger Taylor's shy, boyishness, are appealing. But what first drew my attention to Duran Duran was their great danceable, upbeat style heard on their first album, DURAN DURAN, which was brought to my attention for the first time in the Spring of 1981. They

were one of the original New Romantic bands out of England, although they shun that label now, and they were cool because they were different than anything being offered by American bands at the time. They were also unknown to anyone in my peer group, or anyone in the U.S., for that matter, and this was appealing; it was as if they were all mine.

Then came RIO, and appearances on MTV (with their exploitive videos), and six months later, success. I feel slighted and cheated because one of my favorite bands is now one of everyone's favorite bands. They aren't cool anymore, just poppy teen idols. Of course, it's not that I don't wish them success, but there is nothing more degrading than seeing a bunch of 13 and 14 year olds standing on a street corner smoking cigarettes and blasting "Planet Earth" on a box. It makes you wonder if this is the same band you were really a summer before.

I want to be able to turn my back on the band and say, "Sorry Simon, I've outgrown your style." But I haven't brought myself to take the posters off my bedroom wall and smash the albums. Why, I'm not sure. Perhaps it's that first, less commercial album that reminds me of their possibilities, and the faith that maybe when the glamour and glitter has worn off, and when

the little girls get bored with them, and they're through being idols and back to being musicians, Duran Duran may be cool once again. Maybe when they stop "playing the game," as they themselves have admitted doing, and stop exploiting women on their videos, they may be worth my full attention and enthusiasm once again. For some reason, the band feels differently about their success, as John Taylor recently stated in a popular magazine, "I'm not against anybody who wants to buy our records for whatever reason, but I don't want the group to be popular on a superficial level." Unfortunately, that is exactly how they have become popular. Unlike U2, who condemn fans who are into them because they are into fashion, Duran Duran rely on fashion for their popularity.

I must admit that my hopes were raised with the release of "Is There Something I Should Know." Thinking an album would follow, I was once again disappointed; the boys simply remixed their first album (as they had done with their second) and re-released it with the addition of the new song.

Still in all, I get excited when a Duran Duran song comes on over the radio . . . ambivalence at its finest.

— Helen Cohen and  
 A.K. D'Orazio

## Poetry Corner

Do you hear me?  
 I speak with a song.  
 Don't listen to the words  
 They are not my own.  
 Don't listen to the tune  
 It too is not mine  
 Listen to me.  
 The life  
 Behind the words,  
 Inside the melody  
 It is mine.  
 I give it to you.  
 Let it touch you,  
 As I would touch you.

Did you hear me?  
 I spoke with a song.  
 Did you hear my joy?  
 My pain?  
 My love?  
 My prayer?  
 When you go back  
 Will it make a difference?  
 My song  
 Did it end?

Do you know me?  
 I speak with a song.

T.E.S. 4/27/83

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## Have You Heard?

— MTV dropped Robert Hazard's "Escalator of Life" video from their play list because of an NBC camera being shown in one of the club scenes.

— Steve Nicks recently married her dead best friend's widow, became a step mother, and is now an admitted Born-Again Christian.

— The Virgin Prunes is the band of the little brother of The Edge, from U2.

— Eurythmics are starting their own record company.

— Bob Geldof of the Boomtown Rats is a father! — His girlfriend gave birth to a baby girl about a month ago.