

ENTERTAINMENT

Concert review:

Ratt invades Asheville

By Debbie Buckner

Concert goers got a double treat the night before Halloween. The event took place in the Asheville Civic Center when Ratt and Bon Jovi sent the temperature soaring by playing their way into the hearts of Asheville fans.

The center was packed with fans who would accept nothing but the best, and that is just what we got. If you weren't a fan upon arrival, the hypnotism spun by the two groups absorbed you by the time you left.

I had mainly planned to attend the concert to see Ratt. But when Bon Jovi stepped onto the stage and pounded out the beat of *Tokyo Road*, a song off their latest album *7800 DEGREES FARENHEIT*, I became entranced.

Their two newest hit singles off their new album are *Only Lonely* and *In and Out of Love*. "In and Out of Love is how our life is on the road," explained Jon Bon Jovi, songwriter and lead singer for the band.

Earlier hits by Bon Jovi including *Runaway* and *She Don't Know Me* from 1984.

The album *7800 DEGREES FARENHEIT*, is an excellent album which features songs covering a variety of emotions.

Jon Bon Jovi and his band

definitely present an exuberant stage presence that imbedded itself into the hearts and minds of the people of Asheville.

Bon Jovi is definitely a name to remember at the record stores and ticket offices.

But, the night was not over. It was time for Ratt and their fans were waiting. Ratt plays with a hard rockin' beat that is not quite heavy metal and not quite rock, but rather a unique mixture that sends an unprecedented flavor to the ears.

Ratt's newest album *INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY*, has already boasted one hit single and one hit video with *Lay it Down*, while another single is climbing the charts, *You're in Love*.

And by the way, who says the "pirate look" is out? Stephen Percy, the lead singer for Ratt dressed in similar type clothing, including a wide black headband, that has become his trademark, enchanted the audience.

Ratt gave the Asheville fans just what they ordered, some raw, rambunctious, rowdy excitement.

Again, I must "toot the horns" of these two bands. They gave Asheville fans double pleasure that hadn't been seen, heard, or felt in the Asheville Civic Center in a long time.

In the Spotlight

By Anna Wilson



I finally got to see Miami Steve Van Zandt's pet project video, *Sun City*. The group is United Artist Against Apartheid but Van Zandt is the driving force. The video was surprisingly good. I've always thought Van Zandt to be a little on the weird side but the video comes across very well.

We have yet another united artists' effort this time protesting the playing at Sun City. The video shows a variety of artists vowing not to play there. Sun City is a exclusive resort area in South Africa. "A piece of paradise in the midst of hell."

Evidently big names who play there bring in mucho revenue for apartheid. Now Sun City will no longer be able to book Bono (I guess that goes for U2), Daryl Hall, John Oates, Jackson Browne, Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Clarence Clemmons, Pat Benatar, Run DMC, Eddie Ruffin and many other artists I didn't recognize.

The song itself is lively and has an obvious dance beat. In other words, it is marketable and will get a lot of air play. Let's hope we're not drenched with it as we were with *We Are the World*.

What bothered me though is these artists were jamming in Central Park — a party-like atmosphere. Then superimposed over these smiling artists yelling "I'm not gonna play Sun City" are pictures of riots, policemen firing guns into crowds and massive tear gas trucks. (Trucks, mind you, not little canisters.)

Is it just me or is something wrong here? Call me picky but I think the singers could have at least looked a little more concerned. But don't get me wrong — anything that brings the unfairness of apartheid home to American viewers has my support.

**** For some good news, *Saturday Night Live* fans will have something to cheer about on Nov. 9. The new cast of SNL makes its premiere, including big names Anthony Michael Hall and John Cusack. Madonna is the host and Simple Minds is the musical guests.

The premiere marks the return of Lorne Michaels who originally brought SNL to TV. The consensus is it will take the new cast six shows to get into the swing of things and gather a following. Al Franken and Tom Davis, who many will remember from previous SNL episodes, are producers. This season should be exceptional.

Movie review:

Wake up to After Hours

By Penny Kramp

Have you ever had a nightmare that you're falling and can't stop?

Well in the new Martin Scorsese film, *After Hours*, Paul Hackett (Griffin Dunne) falls into a living 24-hour nightmare — and waking up can't save him.

Scorsese steers Dunne through his role with a combination of heavy emotion tempered with humor to produce the most innovative, brilliant movie I've seen this year.

In *After Hours*, Dunne plays Paul as the ultimate anti-hero, sad and funny and desperately in need of help.

The story takes place in New York City. Hackett is a mild-mannered computer programmer living in the sedate East side, who one night decides to venture out to an all-night diner.

There he meets the beginning of the worst night in his life: Marcy Franklin (Roseanna Ar-

quette). Arquette, who played the dizzy Yuppie in *Desperately Seeking Susan* gets a chance to let loose in this role as a space cadet from Soho who swings from emotion to emotion with a blink of an eye.

Hackett decides to pay Marcy a visit.

What follows is the worst 24-hours of his life. He becomes trapped in Soho, surrounded by the bizarre artists who migrate there and plagued by mishap after mishap.

Marcy, who seemed so wholesomely nice, suddenly turns schizo, charming Paul with stories of being raped by an old boyfriend and her ex-husband who was obsessed with Dorothy (of Oz fame.)

He escapes the apartment, only to be caught in a downpour without enough money for subway fare.

He takes refuge in the Terminal Bar, where the good-hearted bartender, Tom, offers to loan him fare.

But guess what? Tom's

cash register jams.

He gives Paul the keys to his apartment so he can get the cash register key, but on his way Paul is mistaken for a burglar responsible for a rash of neighborhood break-ins.

Paul races for his life, taking refuge with some crazy characters in some crazy places.

Ducking into the punk Club Berlin, he is grabbed and almost given a mohawk.

Don't think *After Hours* doesn't contain some strong messages. Scorsese is taking a stark look at the lack of interaction between people — a stab at the "Me" generation.

This film is also a slap at the today's computer generation. As Paul moves farther away from his sterile apartment life, he begins to come in contact with real people who stir his emotions.

Scorsese is saying these Soho artists may have kooky ideas; they may not have an executive job, but at least they are living.