

arts

Max loses edge

Review

By R.W. Greene
Of The Print

Lately I've been reading the memoirs of President Eisenhower, which have been excerpted in *The Oregonian* recently. He mentions in passing a disliking for most journalists, who, he says, violate the old adage, "Take your job seriously, but not yourself." The majority of journalists, says Eisenhower, turn the thing around backward.

The same could be said of most rock bands these days, including The Edge of Max, which played Friday night in the Community Center Mall to an enthusiastic crowd. Although they would probably like to think otherwise, nothing in particular distinguishes The Edge of Max from the hundreds and possibly thousands of bands across the country trying to make it on the coattails of the heavy-metal renaissance.

They have requisite array of nice, shiny equipment, complete with Marshalls, matching SM-58's, and about eight

grand worth of keyboards; they have the obligatory hip-shaker up front, and the duck-walking guitarist beside him; they have all those tunes which are resolutely rock—not a hint of funk or soul, in spite of the fact that they are, at least for now, a dance band, and not a concert one. All traits shared by thousands of hungry rockers across the nation.

I don't know how long The Edge of Max has been together, but a few things showed that it can't have been very long. Vocals are the easiest to pick on; although the lead singer seemed to have a fairly good set of reeds in him, he tended to be extremely sloppy with his enunciation, a fault shared by most of the singers at one time or another. Harmonies were weak, occasionally to the point of disaster. A good rapport between drummer and bass player is essential to the sound of a good band, and this seemed to be lacking Friday night. Most tunes were rushed—one of my favorites,



'Max' struts at noon-hour concert.

Staff photo by Ramona Isackson

The Cars' "Just What I Needed," clipped along like a fevered racehorse. The Edge needs to learn to lay back a bit more.

The band's set selection also needed some overhauling. Besides the lousy pacing, and the long silences between songs, some tunes were too obscure, and others were too old. "Cinnamon Girl" and "Jumpin' Jack Flash" are a bit off the beaten track these days, and as nice as album cuts are to play, it never hurts to throw in a current single or six. The sound out front was extremely muddy, and too loud.

The Edge also suffered from an ancient rock disease—Keyboardphobia. The two guitarists were competent enough as soloists, but all that blistering stuff can get tedious. Mr. Simmons seemed to be a competent enough player himself, and I would have liked to hear him stretch out a lot more.

In spite of all this, The Edge had things going for them. One is their energy. That's something you could recognize through all the other stuff, and the excessive number of flyers I've seen in Oregon City the last week or so shows that

they're not lazy, either. Another is their enthusiasm. They seemed to like what they were doing, anyway, and that's a lot more than you can say for a lot of the jaded and burnt-out bands hanging on these days. It's a valuable commodity, and I hope they keep it going.

If The Edge was into advice, I'd tell them to learn some more and newer tunes, and work on the vocals. Knock off the histrionics, and concentrate on the music. Take your job—entertainment—a bit more seriously, and yourselves a bit less.

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Mystery entices

Review

By Amy DeVour
Of The Print

The great granite pyramids in the Valley of the Kings set the locale of the new movie, "Sphinx." The story line begins in the year 1301 B.C., when a grave-robber places a curse on the tomb of a king shortly before his gruesome death. The story travels to the present after a succession of mysterious deaths of people who are involved with the pyramids, and an exciting plot unfolds.

A young Egyptologist, played by Leslie-Anne Downe, discovers a precious gold statue believed to be from the tomb of King Tutankhamen. The statue is stolen and many attempts are made on the heroine's life because she witnessed the murder of the statue's previous keeper. She is offered shelter and a ticket home to the U.S. but refuses and begins to sleuth on the whereabouts of the statue. Ultimately, she deter-

mines its hiding place and also stumbles upon a large quantity of treasures stolen for black-market trade. Toward the climax of the film, the heroine finds herself in love with a man involved with the stolen artifacts.

The cinema-photography in this film is quite good and the audience is given a breath-taking view of the pyramids. On the whole, the acting is well done and entertaining, although Downe occasionally appears tired of screaming all the time. Frank Langella does a fine job as a leading character, a native Egyptian whose family has a long but discreet history of black-market trade.

The plot is adventuresome and thrilling. One cannot help but root for the heroine and boo at the villains, of which there are many. The "Sphinx" is currently playing at selected theaters. Learn the mystery of the Egyptian curse.

arts briefs

Norman Bursheim, chairperson of the Art Department, will present his first public lecture of the new year tonight in CC-117, beginning at 7:30 p.m. Bursheim's approximately hour-long lecture will be a presentation with slides on the life and art of Vincent Van Gogh.

Bursheim says he wants to clear up misconceptions about Van Gogh, "to present a more

human image of him," to break down the popular image of Van Gogh as an ear-slashing maniac. "His work is not that of a madman," says Bursheim, "but rather that of an extraordinarily sensitive man." He has

a "special feeling" for Van Gogh, but adds that anybody who studies the man's life and art cannot help feeling the same way.

Clackamas Community College

