

Courtesy of RCA Records

Eurythmics' new LP, "Savage."

Claws of 'Savage' sink in

By Scott Harrah

Senior Editor

Eurythmics, "Savage," (RCA Records).

"Savage," Eurythmics' fifth and best LP to date, is living proof that there is some hope for mainstream music. Eurythmics' success in the last few years has seemed unlikely, but somehow they have managed to make the top 40 with sometimes eerie, experimental sounds. Even their more commercial efforts, like "Be Yourself Tonight," never lost their progressive edge.

Review Board

If Annie Lennox isn't one of the best female vocalists around, she's at least the most versatile. On "Savage," Lennox' plays yet another schizophrenic character, this time a mousy housewife with a sexy, clown-like cabaret goddess as an alter ego.

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Lennox approaches Dada-like absurdity on side one's "Beethoven (I Love To Listen To)." In the video, we see Lennox as a housewife, happily performing her boring domestic duties and tending to her bratty daughter. Then suddenly she puts on a cheap, low-cut dress and a freakedout blond wig, paints up her face like a drag queen, and lives out some warped fantasy about being a surreal siren.

The song blends driving beats with vocal tracks in which Lennox utters non sequiturs about Texan girls and cafes

Lennox's character shows up again on side two's "I Need A Man." The video shows Lennox's cabaret character gyrating on some dimly lit stage, almost screaming lyrics like "There's just one thing I really need... and he don't wear a dress."

Lennox does some classic singing here, and her voice ranges from coyly sultry to just plain demonic. Dave Stewart's guitar work glides on a razor of chaos, adding to the song's nervous energy.

"Savage" is about women's obses-

sions with sex, their need for sex and their hatred of such a need. The carefully orchestrated synthesizer tracks, the resonance of Stewart's guitar riffs fused with Lennox's disturbing lyrics and vocals make "Savage" an unsettling, yet provocative tour of Eurythmics' talents.

Pussy Galore, "Right Now," (Caroline Records).

"Neo-Residents-paisley-avantgarage-trash-nonsense."

That's the only concrete way to describe this New York-based band. "Right Now" is insensate, incoherent noise for those content to listen to a

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'Couch Trip' is typically Aykroyd

By Libby York Staff Reporter

Fans of comedy giant Dan Aykroyd won't be disappointed in his latest box office hit, "The Couch

Movie Review

Although he quite obviously hit the holiday goodies a little too herd, the plump Aykroyd's performance is executed with usual brilliance. The movie is typical Aykroyd, including several scenes where the humor is delivered via Dan's trademark smirky grin and cock of the eyebrow.

Aykroyd's own natural lunacy lends well to his character in "The Couch Trip": an escaped mental institution patient who masquerades as a noted psychiatrist and accepts a position as a call-in radio show host in Beverly Hills.

For instance, we know (without a doubt) that at some point in the movie the real "Dr. Baird" will make his appearance and cause a dilemma for his impostor. We also know that, with the help of some

inside cohorts, Aykroyd will escape his sticky situation unscathed.

Similar to Eddie Murphy in "Beverly Hills Cop II," "The Couch Trip's" funniest moments occur when Aykroyd is soloing. Appearances by Walter Matthau, as a crazy airport transient who is befriended by Aykroyd, go over like a lead balloon. Matthau just isn't funny. His timing is off, and he seems only to get in Aykroyd's way.

Overall, "The Couch Trip" is worth seeing.

