

Wilde's latest album

It's got a good beat, easy to dance to, but that's all

By **Micki Haller**
Senior Editor

Kim Wilde
Close
MCA Records

Kim Wilde's new album, "Close," is filled with poppy-boppy sensibilities, but for a trash album, it's not too bad.

album
REVIEW

Wilde hit international charts seven years ago with her debut single, "Kids In America." Last year, she topped the U.S. charts with a remake of "You Keep Me Hangin' On."

While "Close" has nothing as infectious as that remake, it does have some songs that will most likely make it as dance-floor hits.

"Hey Mr. Heartache," "You Came" and "Never Trust a Stranger" have a good beat, and it's easy to dance to. But it's hard to get beyond an "American Bandstand" mentality with the songs.

The lyrics aren't particularly meaningful. Love, hate and leaving have been fodder for songs since the

beginning, and Wilde manages to find nothing new to say about the subjects.

"You changed the way I feel . . . you turned my life around," she sings in "You Came." The song is about the early high of a love affair, when everything seems perfect and forever.

"I watch you sleep in the still of the night/You look so pretty when you dream."

In fact, almost all of the songs are about someone falling in love, or someone leaving.

But Wilde isn't as annoying as some of the adolescent prima-donnas popping up on the top-40 charts.

Her voice isn't particularly developed, but it's not an annoying whine. It isn't even an affected moaning and groaning. Wilde's sound is just easy, in tune, and nice.

"European Meets" slightly breaks through the girl-sucets-boy, girl-falls-for-boy, boy or girl-leaves mold.

The song is breathy, and within the background accompanying Wilde, are some lovely piano notes that sound like an afternoon in a European cafe.

"Lucky Guy" is the only song that Wilde didn't have a hand in the writing. Composed by Todd Rundgren,

the song is haunting. This is definitely different from the style on the rest of the album, but it doesn't seem out of place.

Wilde, according to her biography, said her songwriting has become much stronger.

"My voice is able to handle more diverse material as well," she said. "I worked hard to make as musically mature a statement as I could."

Wilde and her band set a deadline for this album. They wrote, recorded and got their act together in three-months, but the slickly produced sound doesn't reveal any seams.

The rest of the band is Ricki Wilde, her brother, and guitarist Steve Bird.

Of course, the dance sound was inevitable. Tony Swain produced the album. Together with Steve Jolley, Swain has produced hits for Bananarama, Spandau Ballet and others.

Kim Wilde shows on "Close" that she has a fresh voice and a good beat, yet her songwriting skills are still a little trite. A few more years may give her the maturity to explore her themes a little more, and develop characters.

"Close" will be just a passing whim across the face of pop music, but like a casual love affair, it's fun while it lasts.



Courtesy of MCA Records

Somedays, there's just nothing funny to write about

Trevor McArthur
Staff Humorist

One of the pitfalls of trying to make one's living as a writer, or even trying to pick up a steady supply of spare change that way, is that sometimes there is nothing to write about.

humor
McARTHUR

After a two-hour nap in the basement of Love Library (I was in the Zen section, so it's almost like meditation), I find there is nothing funny about this week.

The first thing that's not funny is today's election.

Americans will have to choose either the Quayle in the Bush (which is worth none in the House) or Duka-ka-ka-kis and Bentsen. With these running mates, the big question is, will the third stooge be Moe, Shemp or Curly?

For a while, George Bush was running around pledging himself to flags bigger than any available

flag poles, and then there was all that flap about what organizations the Zinc-alloy Duke was a card-carrying member of, namely the American Civil Liberties Union.

All the politicians missed the great opportunity to hit their opponents on the safe sex issue and prove themselves a condom carrying candidate. That was what I was waiting for — the situation had gotten so down-right surreal anyway.

J. Danforth Quayle is, in many quarters, thought of as humorous. Just saying his name can cause some to break up, the same way mentioning Geraldo Rivera's can.

I have a feeling there are even many Republicans who would like to be able to vote for a separate vice president. Bush and Bentsen might really have a good time together, constantly reminiscing about their Texas childhoods.

Just a week ago there was also a big election in Israel, and not much was funny there either.

The biggest issue at stake is whether the Palestinians will be

treated like stray junkyard dogs or family pets. And remember, the Israelis are the good guys.

I do feel I should get an apology out of the way. Quite innocently I made a few jokes about the greek system in a former column. I didn't mean to make fun of any greek houses on campus.

Coming into the back doors of the Nebraska Union I noticed Broyhill Fountain has once more had the color of its water tampered with.

Vandalism is, of course, always funny. Some zany joker put some sort of dye in the fountain. I would say it's for "Go Big Red," but really it's more of a purple.

A female friend described it as mauve, which highlights a general tendency I've noticed. The female color vocabulary seems about 20 times that of the male.

What men tend to describe as a pinkish purple or purplish pink, women tend to describe as fuchsia. This is only a tendency though, since my female editor called the fountain color "puke purple."

After letting the thought of colored water soak deeper into my brain, it reminded me of something other than petty sex differences. In fact, it reminds me of an interesting bit of legend and a rather odd custom of the people of a corner of Europe.

It was almost this very day of a year long ago. In the space between late night and early morning, the dam a few miles up from the little German town of Bad Fußfenster burst.

It had given way to all the pressure of the spring melting of the Alpine snows. Though the dam wasn't large compared to many, the mountain walls of the valley kept all the water from dispersing, and the torrent threatened to wipe out the town.

But near the base of the dam was a large warehouse filled with tons of powdered gelatin. It had been there since the owner's attempt to corner the fledgling powdered gelatin market had failed.

The floodwaters smashed the building to toothpicks, but churned

the gelatin into a mixture.

The waters moved on to destroy a farm experimenting with breeding turkeys, but a quarter mile outside of town the powder gelled. The villagers woke to find the torrent literally frozen in its destructive path.

So as we Americans prepare for our Thanksgiving holiday, it is interesting to remember an almost simultaneous festival in far-away Barvaria.

A holiday where jello is the main course of the meal and the sprays of all the town fountains are frozen with it for a day and become giant street corner desserts, with maybe slivers of turkey suspended like jello salad to fully commemorate the day.

Maybe we could start celebrating this day here in the Cornhusker state.

Or maybe we should all go take regular naps in the Zen section. A dictionary describes Zen as an anti-rational Buddhist sect. With a surreal world, who can afford rationality?

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