

# Once upon a time in a recording studio far, far....



Yeah, Siouxsie and the Banshees sure look kinda interestin', don't they? The trick is, pick the REAL Siouxsie out

by Gisele Marie Baxter

**Once Upon a Time** lets you enter the amazing musical vision of a band called Siouxsie and the Banshees, and it can be an incredible place, full of dreams and nightmares. The journey covers three years, from 1978 to the Banshees' most recent album, **Juju**, and though this album's arrangement, which has the earlier material on side one and the later on side two, indicates how much this band has developed, there's also an evident consistency, especially in Siouxsie's voice.

Siouxsie Sioux is the enigmatic lady who leads this band, and while she has some excellent musicianship behind her, she is the focal point, and has one of the most impressive female rock voices currently in operation. She can sing with a dynamic range, clarity and precision, yet is both powerful and sensual without resorting to the pretentious tricks people like Joan Jett tend to use. She calls to mind Chrissie Hynde and Patti Smith, though she's really like neither, and projects her lyrics with an often frightening,

beautiful sense of emotion.

This album is a compilation of singles released in the U.K., and represents collaborations with producers like Nigel Gray, who handles all of the recent work, and Steve Lillywhite, who has also adapted his talents to Peter Gabriel and U2. Each song is well chosen, but there are standouts, which most perfectly communicate the Banshees' very special music. Among these is the captivating "Hong Kong Garden," with its electrified Oriental motif and tight danceable rhythm, as well as "Mirage," which has powerful low-voiced harmonies, edgy, insinuating, tough guitar lines

and a strong lyric. Siouxsie communicates the repressed rage of the victim of romantic illusions with brilliance:

I'm just a vision on your T.V. screen  
just something conjured from a dream  
seen through your x-ray eyes,  
a see-through scene

The material from 1980-81 is cleaner, less guitar-oriented. It features an acoustic guitar and upfront bass, with Siouxsie's vocal effectively low. The masterpiece of the set has to be "Israel," which has lovely melodic lines in its vocals, its brilliant use of harmonies and the instrumentation. Its surreal-

istic images of violence and loss never become sentimental poignancy or ineffectual rage -- the song is moody, almost dreamlike, but immediate, and fades out on distantly muffled marial drums.

Little orphans in the snow  
With nowhere to call a home  
Start their singing...

...in Israel

This is strong and disturbing music, but always attains its own powerful beauty and can, with Siouxsie's singing, take you into unexpected realms of emotion and of melody. **Once Upon a Time** can be your introduction to an amazing band.

## Growing up with the "In" crowd

by Kevin Charles Little

While many looking at the ads for **Porky's** may be offended, and rightfully so, the advertising is nothing less than a scam. The "exciting shower scenes" which dominate the ads are nothing but overdramatization in an attempt to appeal to the Fort Scenic type crowd. Obviously, the publicity campaign was directed toward the North American market of those who go to movies these days, that is for sex, it's sad to say. (Just look at the success movies are having at the Cove.) The movie is nothing more than an hour and a half of "Happy Days" humour with a few nude scenes. Mind you, the swearing is continuous, but let's face it, who ever heard of clean language in high school?

Having never grown up with the 'in crowd', I found it hard to

identify with. The movie is about these teenagers who are obsessed with sex (quite accurate if you consider the majority of high school teenagers) and how they endure the traditional cliché lifestyle. The movie endorses itself as the funniest movie about growing up ever seen. For those hooked on **Happy Days** or **American Graffiti**, maybe it is.

However, the movie is not without merit. **Porky's** succeeds in doing what most movies about teenagers fail to do, that is, making the swearing flow like normal dialogue used by high schoolers. While in most movies the actors try hard to shock the audience with the words, these actors, although somewhat old for the part, seem at ease.

The movie is centered around a character named Pee Wee who has a yearning to have sex.

So all the ol'boys from the California high school head out to a club similar to our Fort Scenic on a wet-T-shirt night. There they are ripped off for a hundred dollars and given some embarrassing memories. The boys seek revenge and the ending is as predictable as one of Neil Simon's movies.

Judged solely on its own merit, the film is a near failure except for a few scenes. However, in relation to other movies this year, I found it better than most. It's kind of like driving in a car and tapping your feet to the music, knowing full well you would never spend a penny on the record. My favourite scene would have to be an appeal by a female gym coach to identify a peeping Tom by a distinguishing mole. The laughter of the middle-aged male coach was

continued on page 17

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