

ARTS

Orange Juice gone slightly sour, not fresh squeezed

Orange Juice
Rip it Up
Polydor 1076 (import)

by **Nate LaRoi**

What do the Brits got that we ain't got? Well, Orange Juice for one thing. And I don't mean Minute Maid.

You Can't Hide Your Love Forever, Orange Juice's English debut, was hailed by *Melody Maker* as "possibly the greatest record ever made." On this side of the pond, however, it was never even released (remember how long it was before *The Clash* was issued domestically?).

Ah, but don't go crying in your cereal just yet: album two finds Orange Juice gone slightly sour. *Rip it Up*, in fact, is so full of "who me?" modesty you have to wonder if the band isn't selling itself short.

The prancy titlecut, building chic-like rhythm guitar over a seductive synthesizer twist, openly mocks their own past accomplishments:

You know me I'm acting dumb dumb
You know the scene it's very hum drum

And my favorite song's entitled boredom
Rip it up and start again.

Even better is their UK smash, 'I Can't Help Myself', which matches an ultracatchy melody (once or twice and you're hooked but good) with a rousing sax solo and humorously self-deprecating lyrics:

Nothing worth finding
Is easily found, try as one might
That was supposed to sound very profound
It probably sounds trite

'I Can't Help Myself' is exactly the sort of thing that could brighten up North American AM, but, unfortunately, other tracks suggest that the band may have some cause for modesty after all.

Edwyn Collins is a very saue singer and he is often able to get by on charm

alone (who else could take lines like "Here's a penny for your thoughts/Incidentally, you may keep the change" and make them sound sophisticated?).

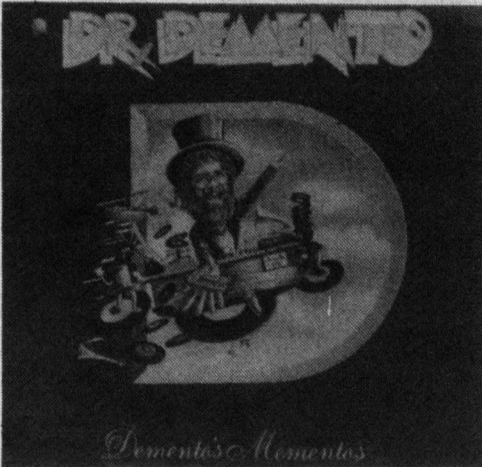
Ultimately, however, Orange Juice is dragged down by its own self-consciousness. Beyond its obsession with

failing to measure up, *Rip it Up* fails to take the risks that all great records must and, as a result, sometimes degenerates into jazzy lounge-fare ('Tenterhook') or cultural show and tell ('A Million Pleading Faces').

Orange Juice do deserve a North American record deal, but there is a world

of difference between Orange Juice one and Orange Juice two. While *You Can't Hide Your Love Forever* sounded zesty and spontaneous, *Rip it Up* sounds flat and contrived. Sort of like the difference between fresh squeezed and frozen artificial.

Dr. Demento leaves critic contento



Demento's Mementos
Various Artists
Passport PL 5009

review by **Jens Andersen**

This Dr. Demento collection is pretty much like the other two collections I have heard (which, quite coincidentally, are the same two advertised in the back of this record).

That is to say, it contains two or three gems, a great load of fair to middling stuff, and a handful of genuine clunkers.

The gems are a 1938 kiddies nonsense number, "The Alphabet Song," sung by the Three Stooges; a talk-show parody, "Rock and Roll Doctor," which is not recommended for Ted Nugent fans; and finally, "I Found the Brains of Santa Claus," a very authentic-sounding Christmas carol with decidedly weird lyrics.

On the middle plain are such tunes as the popular "Rodeo Song;" two

vaudeville-styled numbers: "My Wite left Town With a Banana" and "Don't Go Down to the Fallout Shelter (With Anyone Else But Me)"; "Harry's Jockstrap" (sung to the tune of "Frere Jacques"); "My Name Is Not Merv Griffin"; "Space Invaders;" and "Swedish Western," which I am taping and sending to the Scandahoofian Anti-Defamation League.

And on the bottom are such excruciating items as "Smut," a dated and predictable "attack" on the evils of porn; the tasteless "Bodine Brown," whose celebration of an armpit-farting gal strikes me as the epitome of American dumb-it-up humor; and the exaggerated country tune

"I Wanna Kiss Her," which sports the following lame double entendres:

I wanna kiss her but, she won't let me
I wanna whisper sweet nothings in her rear
As an old CUP Human Rights Coordinator once said: "Give me a break!"

If you are an old Demento fan you will have to have the album for the good cuts, but for the novice I would recommend *Demento Royale*, a better album. It contains classics like "Punk Polka," "Pencil-Neck Geeks," and that murderous knife-job on Hollywood, "Star Drek." If these cuts turn your crank — and they may not, since humor is very much a personal thing — then you may be ready for this album.

Do we need Discipline

No

by **Bill Inglee**

The film, *The Lords of Discipline* previewed at the Westmount Theatre Tuesday night was the best demonstration of the world's largest sound stage seen in some time but the film itself should have died on the distributors' shelf.

The attempt by British director Franc Roddam to fuse his perceptions of America with a traditionally American theme — racism, are old and trite, with the film *Birth of a Nation* giving as accurate a perception of race relations as Roddam's meagre effort.

The characterizations, from the crusty but true-blue 'Bear' to the down home strength of Will are both shallow and dated. The troubled outsider in his last year played by David Keith went out of vogue about the time James Dean died.

Director Roddam merely touched upon the southern plantation mentality that produced warriors like Robert E. Lee and George Patton, while showing with exuberant glee the racial hatred that simmers beneath each southern gentlemen's polished exterior.

The film comes to grips with the clear-eyed idealism that propelled the Americans in Viet Nam and the reaction to foreigners that the cadets show to the black cadet Pierce can easily be transmitted to the torture of Vietnamese peasants.

Roddam should have read Graham Greene's book *The Quiet American* before venturing into a vivisection of the American psyche. His fellow Briton's work might have helped Roddam understand what went on beneath the pleasant southern accents of his cadets.

In a play rife with caricatures and stereotypes, there is only the scenery left to save the film and Roddam's choice of a huge and characterless soundstage removes the last chance to develop a strong or at least interesting film.

In the end, the film *Lords of Discipline* could have been set on Mars, given a few of George Lucas' special effects and called *Space Cadets on Parade*. It might have been a better film.

Yes

by **Gilbert Bouchard**

The Iliad opens nine years into a losing cause, the Greeks bound and tossed on the bloodied shores of Troy by a dying code of honor are at each others throats. *Lords of Discipline* opens at the Carolina Military institute in the mid-sixties; a fossil of an institution going through the motions of a dying code of honor with the cadets at each others throats.

The movie is no more about racism than the Iliad is about the simple sacking of a city. The cadets of the institute face a code of honor elevated to the point of ridiculous, jumbled and mumbled to the point of incomprehensibility. The cadets are reduced to pawns in an elaborate and contorted power struggle. Power, as in the Iliad, screws up honor all the time.

David Keith (Will) is cornered by his old commander to defend the institutes first black cadet from undue harm, and in doing so comes to grips with a group of power-mad cadets called the '10'. Will, a renegade soldier, ends up defending his personal code against a group of moral mercenaries hiding behind the letter and law of the all too mangled code. Will is forced to redefine his views on honor and comes up with what the institute had in mind before all the power struggles and mud-slinging started.

After all, isn't the root of racism really hypocrisy? The white southern gentlemen are held by a sacred oath to honor this black cadet's rights yet they plot to force him out at any cost. The plantation mentality is one of hypocritical ideals embodied by the Janus-faced General and his group of goons.

David Keith doesn't play an outsider, he's an evolution, sort of a phoenix rising from the rubble of the old cadets. The death of black gardeners and mint julep is pretty hard to take if you're the one sipping the mint julep.

I liked the movie. It was hard-hitting, tight and moved in measured even steps, well crafted, and very entertaining. Thoroughly worth it.

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