

'The Pikes are destined for better things.

Pikes are pop but new

The Northern Pikes **Dinwoodie Lounge**

review by Dragos Ruiu

The Northern Pikes are going places. Their show at Dinwoodie Lounge left the audience impressed. Both band and audience seemed to have fun.

The Pikes quickly got the overly trendy (acid wash as far as the eye can see) audience up and crowding around the stage. Their first set consisted mainly of music from their album and indie releases. It was slick

In their second set, they loosened up and really had fun. The audience was treated to an all acoustic ballad, and a series of rhythm and bluesy songs which all sounded better than anything they have recorded yet.

To finish off, as an encore they did a fifteen minute, high energy medley of covers Pikes style. In their own unique fashion they melded about ten songs you have heard before, songs like "I'm an Adult Now", "Don't Stand So Close to Me", and "Hey Jude", into one raunchy guitar ditty. Their live show outstrips their records by several orders of magnitude. It was really good.

Sure, they're pop, but they have a fresh sound and a tight show. The Pikes are destined for better things. You could tell just from the crowd — top forty all the way in best euro-disco tradition.

Years from now, these guys will be millionaires, and we can hate them for hearing them too much everywhere, but for now they are a great show and an interesting new band to check out.

Moore shines in film

Like Father Like Son **A Tri-Star Release** Odeon

review by Randal Smathers

Sometimes a movie that sounds great turns out awful, and vice versa. Like Father, Like Son is a case in point: it stars Dudley Moore, who has been in more dreck movies than anyone since Michael Caine; it co-stars Kirk Cameron, whose claim to fame is being the teen heartthrob from the same TV sitcom as Alan Thicke; the plot summary sounds like a remake of Walt Disney's Freaky Friday. No doubt about it, this one is going to be a turkey. I even tried to give away my spare free ticket.

where the movie really starts to get funny. The writers came up with many, many chances for Dudley Moore to overact in the best possible way, as a teeny-bopper who looks old enough to do anything he wants to.

Dudley Moore is best in childish roles witness Arthur — and here this ability really comes through. Moore is hilarious as a sixteen-year-old in a forty-five year old body. It doesn't take long before it seems as if there are two different actors, as Moore establishes an entirely new set of mannerisms.

Meanwhile, Chris' body is off to school, where his Dad's offensive personality man-

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I tell you this because I am sure that many of you will pre-judge this movie the way I did, and that would be a shame. You see, this is a very funny movie. The humor is not intellectual, but the pace is fast enough that even if you only laugh at every second joke, you'll be kept pretty busy.

The story line involves a teenager named Chris (Kirk Cameron) who gets his hands on some pretty bad-ass Navaho "brain-transference serum". Of course nobody believes in this stuff, but nevertheless, Chris and his best friend Trigger "As in the horse, as in hung like" decide to try some out on Chris' cat, who now thinks he is Chris' dog.

All this is forgotten in the return of the churlish father (Dudley Moore), a doctor who is obsessed with success and as a result is driving his son nuts. Chris has just received a bad biology mark, and his father wants him to go to med school, so the boys are worried about Dad's reaction. About the time he hears the biology mark, dear ol' Dad drinks some of the serum in his bloody mary, and bingo — he's now in his son's body.

Chris sets out in Dad's frame, with Dad's plastic, and meets Dad's boss' wife, which is

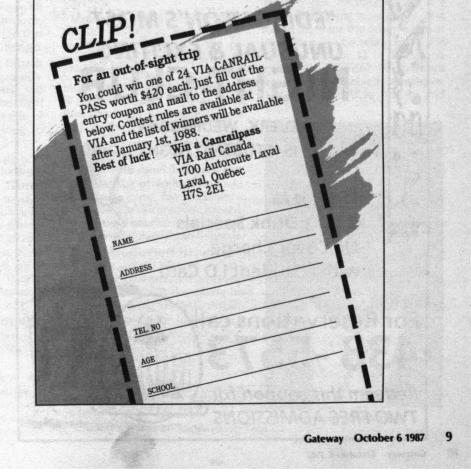
ages to alienate virtually the entire campus. The exception is the snotty bitch who Chris is trying to date. She falls in a big way for the father's lag.

Eventually Chris winds up with his Dad's boss' wife, and his father goes to a heavy metal concert with the bimbo-du-jour, which provides the obvious openings for some less than subtle, but still funny, humor.

Cameron is adequate as Dad, especially as his required range barely extends past grouchy, with occasional flashes of truculence. His performance is entirely overshadowed by Moore's, but then so is everything else in this movie, which is why it works.

One rare sore point is the wretched soundtrack by Miles Goodman, loud enough in points to be painfully intrusive, which seems to be the trend lately. There is very little swearing in this movie, which is actually a problem. The producers want to avoid the dreaded "G" rating, so they awkwardly tossed in some extremely obvious oaths.

There are only a few lame periods, and they are short. For the most part this film just rolls from one joke to another, and they generally work pretty well. While no cinematic classic, this is a good choice if you want a few laughs.



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