

Ideas, not words earn disc its label

By MARK BRETT

Review

What, exactly, are "explicit" lyrics? What hidden moral watchmen make these determinations? And, more importantly, who watches the watchmen?

Consider these questions as, once again, your humble reviewer climbs upon his soapbox, this time to examine Jane's Addiction's "Ritual de lo Habitual" and record labeling run rampant.

"Ritual de lo Habitual" is a labeled disc. I count only seven instances of profanity here, all of them using only two "explicit" words. While these terms may not exactly be polite, they're nothing you couldn't hear on an average day in any high school in America. The album contains no graphic sexual images at all, nor does it deal with violence in anything other than a negative light. Neither Geffen Records nor Jane's Addiction is likely to label just to sell records. So why the label?

Get off Dr. Steve's back and show a little patience

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often their backs go out and how often I can look forward to my deformed shape.

"Yes," someone said to me the other day as I was trying to lower myself into my car, "you've got weeks of agony ahead of you. You'll never be the same again. Why, I won't even lift a suitcase any more, but I still spend weeks every year flat on my back. Yep, you're getting old, no doubt about it."

And there, of course, is the main rub. Mortality. As I wake up every morning and before I attempt to move, I hope for less pain than the day before and almost weep when it is the same or more. As I struggle to a sitting position and propel myself toward the bathroom, I know what old age will feel like and I know why older people move more slowly. The joints seem fused.

I intend to use this body for quite a while yet, and I can't help but worry when I hurt this much and don't deserve it. I'm too young to be a grumpy old man, but I'm getting in some good practice.

By the way, Rachel Dormagen, who's recently had a back opera-

The disc opens with "Stop," a fast-moving end-of-the-world rave-up, and one of the strongest tracks on the disc. Music and lyrics fuse beautifully to convey a real sense of urgency in the beginning: "The world is loaded. It's a lit to pop and nobody is gonna stop." There's peace in the post-apocalyptic center: "One come a day, the water will run, no man will stand for things that he had done... Hurrah!" And finally in the end: "Gimme that — your automobile, turn off that smokestack, and that goddam radio-hum."

"Stop" is followed in quick succession by two rough-edged Anti-Blues Heavy Metal numbers that leave the listener reeling. First is "No One's Leaving," a song about racial understanding that includes the wonderful line, "Wish I knew everyone's nick-

tion, probably still needs some cheerful support. Stop by and encourage her. As for me, if you're waiting to show up for an appointment, give these old bones some extra time. I'm coming.

you and what you can offer the organization. Fraternities, sororities, Student Government, and Student Activities are all looking for people. In particular, the *Dissenter*, our yearbook, and *The Decree*, our newspaper, are in dire need of interested and dedicated individuals. They are currently made up of some good people, but they could always use some more people to assist them, experienced or not. The yearbook and newspaper are central to life at Wesleyan, and if we are not careful we could lose them altogether.

As many people do, I had thoughts of leaving and going somewhere else. I guarantee you will ask yourself often, if not every day, if Wesleyan is the right choice for you. Friends of mine who go to

name, all their slang and all their savings."

In contrast, next comes "Ain't No Right," a sharp, amoral song with this chorus: "Ain't no wrong now, ain't no right. Only pleasure and pain." The first hits hard with its intense caring, and the second hits equally hard with its intense selfishness.

After these wrenching tunes, the listener is given a break with the endearingly obscure "Obvious," a meandering little track that must have made some kind of sense to the Addiction when they wrote it.

Next is "Been Caught Stealing," a delightfully loopy song about the pleasures of shoplifting. Beginning with a chorus of barking dogs that bleeds neatly into guitarist David Navarro's patented heavy metal-reggae riffs, this song gives us Jane's Addiction in one of their rarest moods: happy.

"Three Days" is very dream-like and runs at about ten minutes. While the songs includes lot of good lines, including one about an "Erotic Jesus," it is perhaps a bit too easy for the listening to lose himself in the tune which causes problems for the rest of the disc. "Then She Did" is even dreamier, and so lethargic that it might give the Cure a run for their money.

"Of Course" is the sole saving grace remaining to the disc. With

East Indian rhythms and a perverse view of western culture ("Of course this land is dangerous! All of the animals are capably murderous"), this song is the listener's last chance to awaken before the finale. "Classic Girl" is that finale, a slow, sweet-sounding song that misses the mark a bit.

"Ritual de lo Habitual," while not as strong as it could have been,

is still an excellent disc. With it, Jane's Addiction takes some chances and expresses a beautiful alternative world-view (more than can be said for most young hard rock groups), which may help to explain the label.

The lyrics are not particularly explicit, but they are anti-status quo. Perhaps it's not the language being labeled here, but the ideas.

Take a Tear

When you take a tear
And break it down
To all points of control
What do you find
When you look inside
Is it really whole?

Or is this tear a fragment
Of your ever living soul
A part of you and the things you do
A segment of your goal?

Suppose a person never cried
Never shed a tear
What would become of such a person
What would be their fear?

Isn't it amazing that one drop of water
Can bring such tremendous grief
But one drop of water also spurts
The growing of a leaf

So when you cry
And don't know why
There's really no reason at all
Just remember, every seed needs water
To make the growing whole.

— Angela Boone

He came to play, glad to stay

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other schools ask themselves the same question. This question is not unique to Wesleyan. A professor of mine once told me that students he talked to who transfer into Wesleyan found it to be much more satisfying than the schools they previously attended.

However, one of the most important factors that kept me here with the faculty; after all, we are here to get an education. They are really in touch with the students and are eager to help you succeed. Professors like Dr. David Jones and Dr. Steve Ferebee are two such people. They may be difficult teachers, but that is only because they want to see you become a successful student. I couldn't count the number of times their words have meant my staying here. I've found myself asking them questions about general life,

not just classwork, and I trust their opinions and their advice. If it weren't for the faculty and the friendly people here, I would not be standing here today.

When it comes down to it, it really depends on what is inside of each of you. The activities, clubs, and organizations all have a place for you. The upperclassmen here realize that they were once in your shoes, and want to see your time at Wesleyan be as good as, if not better than, their own.

As with life in general, if you want to be miserable, you are going to be miserable. If you get involved and want to make your life challenging and fun, you could be very successful. Here at Wesleyan, your choices and chances of making it all possible are much greater. Particularly because of the size of the college, your efforts are

recognized and often applauded.

In closing, Wesleyan is home and will be for the next two years. I only wish I had enough hours in the day to do all that I want to do. Your time at Wesleyan will be brief, and what happened a month ago will seem like yesterday and your summers will seem like a week. So it is up to each individual to make the best of each and every day.

A book I read over the summer entitled, "You Can't Afford the Luxury of a Negative Thought," really hits it on the head. Be positive, look for the good in life, and accomplish all you can.

I came here to play soccer.

But I stayed to be a student.

This column was one of the addresses at this year's Opening Convocation held at the beginning of the semester.