



# MEAT



## JANE SIBERRY

### BOUND BY THE BEAUTY

### DUKE STREET

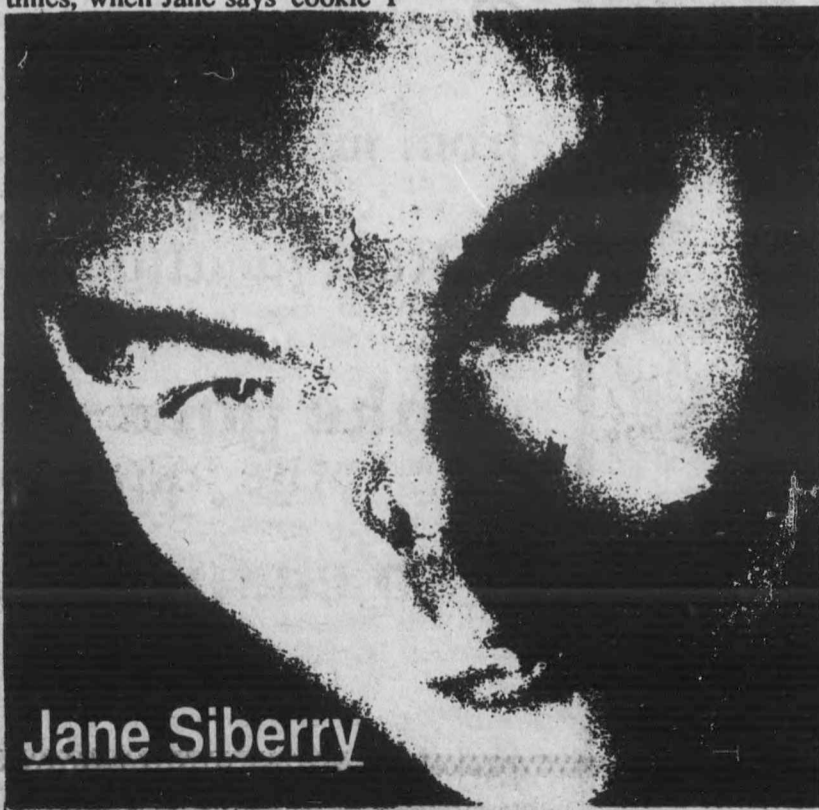
This time Jane is a little easier to follow. Despite the obvious exceptions, the *Speckless Sky* and *The Walking* contained songs that were so convoluted in their imagery that this humble listener in particular was resigned to bask in the quirks, strangeness and charm of the unexpected gymnastics of *La Shrubbery's* magical arrangements. *Op Bound by the Beauty* however, it seems as if Jane is inching back into the real world and leaving the pastel landscapes and cliquy metaphors behind. Sure there is a still a fairly-tale feeling to many of the compositions on this latest release, but I think that much of the adventure has gone. An alternative title to *Bound by the Beauty* would have been *These Are Some of My Favorite Things* because it is relatively easy to see Jane enjoying a wry smile in her castan as she sits curled up in the old papasan with a cup of hot herbal tea. This of course means that we don't get like *'The Taxi-Ride'* or *'The Lobby'* which broke your heart with such devastating immediacy that one could barely believe that songs could have such an impact on hearing them

for the first time. Yes we do have *The Valley and Half Angel Half Eagle* but compared to those previous icons in lachrymatory indulgence they don't really cut the custard. Instead we get a rather more playful side of Jane that has been hitherto considered rather improbable. Typical of this nascent jocularity is *Everything Reminds Me of My Dog*. Here the title couldn't be more apt since indeed everything, guys in red Cameros, insects, skyscrapers, all manifestations of corporal existence remind Jane of her dog. Its a feel-good song to be sure and obviously there is some terribly important message behind this rattling little number, but unfortunately all that comes to my mind is one of those gentle woman-of-the-Earth commune meetings that discuss various aspects of Lesbian parenthood. Don't ask me why. I'm seeing my psychiatrist this afternoon. The other peculiarly endearing part of this song is that Jane says 'cookie' a couple of times; when Jane says 'cookie' I

am suddenly transformed into a heap of melted cheddar. Again something for the shrink. *'Miss Punta Blanca'* is again really odd both in concept and arrangement. We are reminded of black and white *Fellini's* and men in roadside cafe's arguing about bicycles and spoons. (help me Lorna!)

The reviewer's rambling indulgence aside, how could one ever dismiss any record by Siberry being anything but an essential exquistiar? With the possible exception of *Rickie Lee* and the developing monolith of talent in our own *Sarah McLaughlin* nobody does it better than Jane Siberry. In terms of frank imagination and intriguing imagery she surely knows spots of *La Bush* whose shadow oozes over at least 90% of any articles written about Jane. *Bound by beauty*. Nurture this woman.

Steve Griffiths



If someone were to ask me describe my favorite things in life, I would probably be locked up. But if there is one thing that I could not live without, it is my walkman. Step out into the crisp autumnal air and crank up this latest release by Belgian Herberts *In Sotto Voce* and the walk up to campus suddenly welcomes a Cyberpunk Grand Guignol video of truly intense proportions. Grigorian chants and creaking ghost-ships herald the clouds being split asunder by blue-green lightening that shatters the sky into a thousand fragments. Suddenly mega-uzi electric-bastard-guitars spurt flaming death over the crumbling asphalt of *University Avenue*. As one, a score of hideously deformed lizard-things burst out of their fox-holes and writhe in agony an the skies release wave upon wave of acid slime. In the distance atop the smoking ruins of *Memorial Hall*. The guttural howl of the *Nemesis* beckons the walking

wounded and the living dead to approach for final console. Meanwhile *Mrs. K Simpkins* from *St. Stephen* writes-- *what a fix I was in. Tonight my husband Arnold rushes in from the abattoir and announces that in five minutes our neighbourhood was flattened by AmCan, those naughty development boys from District 5 Alpha Lordy! What musica selection should I select for this sudden retrojump? Hmm. . . Yellow? Laibach? Skinny Puppy? Front 242? Nurse with Wound? Newbatten? But wait . . .! in Sotto Voce! Of course! A neat package of all the things I like and more! Thank you Antler Records!*

Steve Griffiths