

arts

Emily's random review of summer releases

by Emily Macnaughton

Ten tapes have been hanging around the Gazette office all summer crying out for attention, for anyone to review them, promote them, push them toward that rock 'n roll nirvana called fame.

I hang around the Halifax Airport all day, subjected to Muzak, interminably boring hours of loneliness under the pretence of greeting international students. My stereo is in storage. I haven't heard a strain of pop music in three weeks. I'm the perfect target; I'll project those tapes toward their anticipated glory.

Ballin' After Dark -Too Down: Two twelve year olds rappin' pre-pubescent, hoop shooting whack-off music. Witty double-entendres, steam of consciousness lyrics, danceable tracks. Avoid it.

120 Days of Genitorture-The Genitorturers: Sado-masochist hardcore-can't hear the lyrics, but I don't think that's crucial. It's the ambience that counts. Properly described as mood music.

Before and After-Tim Finn: Sophisticated, introspective yuppie music. Solid lyrics, fluid melodies. Mature, marketable, for washing down your after dinner wine.

It's a Business Doing Pleasure-Helix: It would make a good blank. Use your limited imagination and think ROCK.

Haircut-George Thorogood and the Destroyers: The last time I heard George Thorogood and the Destroyers I was actually at their concert at Massey Hall surrounded by the strangest, raunchiest looking characters I ever done saw, with Andre the ugliest, dope-peddling electrician-bigot, the designated driver for the evening. From listening to this cassette I get the impression that time is standing still and all those mean, nasty characters are trapped at some ever-lasting Destroyers gig. Distracting.

Brother Cane-Brother Cane: Teenage beer-drinking party music. Loud guitars, harmonica solos, wailing, primordial vocals. Good for kicking out the jams with a 2-4 of Bud in tow.

Just Over This Mountain-Skydiggers: Inoffensive, almost nice. Sort of like working at Banff or Lake Louise for the summer. Folky, Canadian, harmlessly bland.

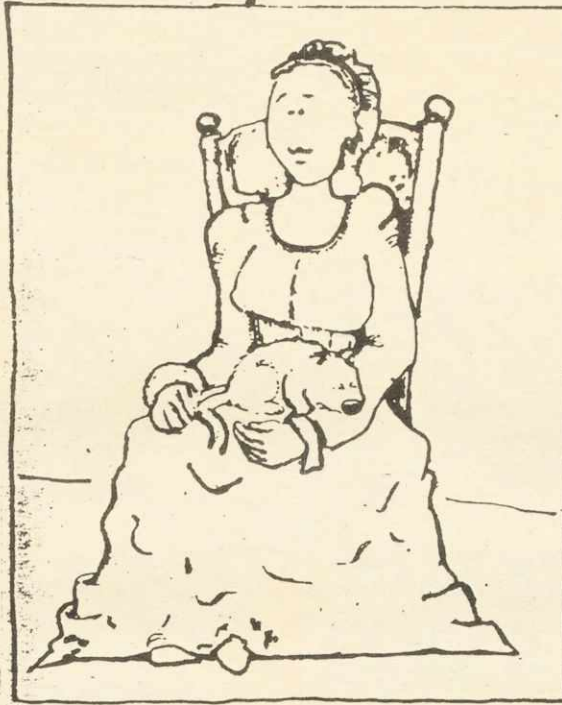
Rid of Me-PJ Harvey: Not since Patty Smith has such a rock and roll goddess made me want to trash my room, torch my belongings and hit the road declaring myself a free woman. Inspirational, tortured, electric. I can't wait to see her live.

Kerosene Hat-Cracker: Dissonant, gristly guitars. Ironic lyrics. This one actually deserves a legitimate review.

The First Day-David Sylvian and Robert Fripp: So does this one but I'm not smart enough to write it. European intellectuals might like it.

Do YOU HAVE A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE ON ART? WHY NOT SHARE IT?!

ART HISTORY LESSON #46
REALISM AND EXPRESSIONISM



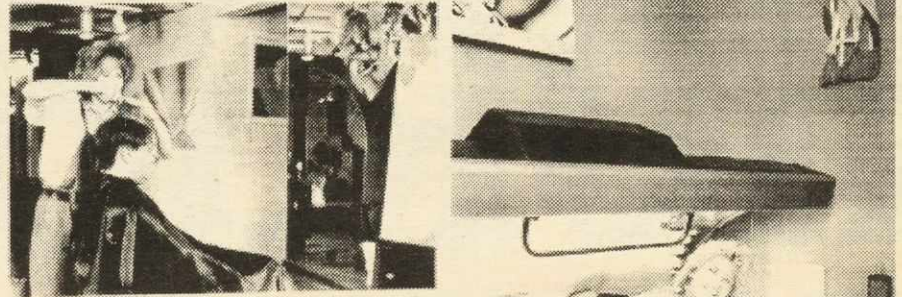
REALISM



EXPRESSIONISM

Karas

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