

Entertainment

Review of Local Eateries

You've paid your tuition. Then you managed to scrape up rent. Your wallet is looking back at you with a big empty grin and then your stomach starts to growl. Kraft Dinner just isn't as appealing as it used to be; it's time to go out and eat a real meal. But where do you go?

For the average student, finding a good place to eat in town that is affordable, is tough. There is no publication or review currently in existence that specifically addresses the needs of students. Relying on word of mouth isn't effective since

each individual has different tastes; therefore other people's opinions are biased. Larger cities often run reviews of eating establishments in their papers, but unfortunately our local paper has yet to publish such an article on a regular basis. It is on this premise that we, a group of three students enrolled in Psyc 3423, have chosen to create a ranking of popular eating establishments in the Fredericton area. It is important to note that this ranking is based on opinions only, with the intention of remaining as unbiased as possible.

Seven eateries were evaluated around the city. Each location was judged on food quality, atmosphere,

speed, cleanliness, friendliness and price by a panel of at least two people. A popular dinner for students when they eat out is nachos and beer, and since all chosen locations served both, these were the items ordered and critiqued. Here are the results, plus a few comments. They are ranked in order from best to worst. Happy eating!

1) **The Rogue.** The servings are huge and of good quality; however it was very crowded here and service was slow.

2) **Mexicala Rosa's.** Nice atmosphere. Excellent service. The food quality was average, yet guacamole and sour

cream cost extra.
3) **Keystone Kelly's.** Nachos were good; lots of veggies and low in grease and fat. Excellent service, very quick. Down side: very expensive.

4) **Don Cherry's.** Average food quality; however the violent sport clips being shown were very unappetizing. Very friendly staff, though.

5) **The Dock.** Food was below average. Lots of toppings; too bad grease was one of them. Very rude service, and the food was cold.

6) **The Keg.** Average food quality and a really nice atmosphere. But the service was poor and the meal very ex-

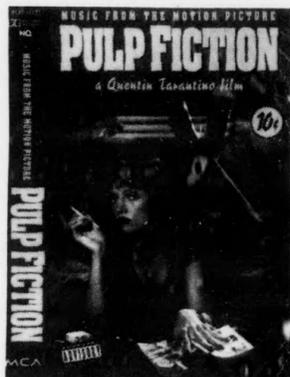
pensive.
7) **Ringo's.** Food quality was low. Service was slow. Server completely ignored us. This place had a nice atmosphere, but only when the waitress wasn't around (which fortunately was often).

Keith Loukes
Lori Johnston
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Music Reviews ~ Music Reviews ~ Music Reviews

Pulp Fiction—Music From the Motion Picture Various Artists (MCA)



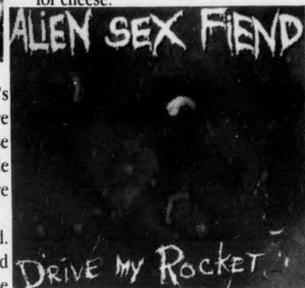
Well, true to the title, here's an album's worth of pulp music—songs that are fun, yet pretty cheesy. If you have these songs in your record collection outside of the context of this movie, then you're an expert in guilty pleasures.

There's little new on this record. Maria McKee sings "If Love Is a Red Dress (Hang Me In Rags)", and Urge Overkill covers "Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon", written by Neil Diamond. The rest of the artists range from the wish-this-wasn't-on-here (Al Green, Kool & the Gang) to the ultra cheesy-surf-tune (Dick Dale & His Del-Tones, The Tornadoes, The Centurions, The Lively Ones) to the ironically-recently-covered ("You Never Can Tell" by Chuck Berry, just slopped out by Bob Seger) to when-was-the-last-time-I-heard-them (Dusty Springfield, and The Statler Brothers!). It's all familiar, fun in context, yet not conducive to repeat listening.

The real gold on this record (and

you know, this would be best on vinyl) is the snippets of dialogue from Tarantino's movie. The soundtrack for his *Reservoir Dogs* was similar in this respect (it has the speech about Madonna). The best moment, for me, is the second spiel, in which John Travolta informs Samuel Jackson about Holland, the talk turns to fast food. Jackson can't believe it when Travolta describes the Dutch putting gobs of mayonnaise on French Fries—priceless to anyone, such as myself, who knows descendants (my wife) of European immigrants who have inherited the same habit.

Of course, for the dialogue, the movie's the best source. Buy the record only if you have an insatiable appetite for cheese.



Drive My Rocket—The Collection, Part I (Cleopatra)

As it says, this is part of a collection—not a greatest hits thing, but an essential guide to Alien Sex Fiend. Beavis and Butthead (as if they're real people!) made fun of these guys a few weeks ago—I think it was the video of "Now I'm Feeling Zombified". The guys liked the video (to quote, "That's Cool") but turned down the volume 'cos they hated the music ("This Sucks", I sup-

pose).
Alien Sex Fiend? In brief—techno-fried versions of "I Wanna Be a Dog", "Zombified" and the title track (all bad puns fully intended on that one) sound especially that way. Mr. and Mrs. Fiend (I'm perfectly serious here) are all about having ghoulish fun—C'est tout. And to that end, there's plenty on this disc, and not much else. These songs consist of silly lyrics, noisy vocals, plenty of samples, rough heard-em-before guitar lines, and lots of electronic beats to keep the mix popping. Pointless music, occasionally fun. Novelty appeal only.

Andrew Sneddon



Bobby Sichran From a Sympathetical Hurricane (Sony)

Be warned—this is basically an attempt to jump on Beck's very small bandwagon. The bio material emphasizes the 'slacker jazz vibe'. Too bad the Beck humor and attitude aren't there. The most interesting thing about this recording is the fact that Sichran recorded it in his bedroom (apparently equipped with some high-tech stuff, 'cos this is chock-full of samples), and seeing all the credits for borrowing in the liner notes: if Sichran sampled it, he cited it, and maybe even paid for it.

To be fair, the opening title track does have a catchy 'slasher jazz' groove to it, approaching at times a veritable melody! Maybe I'm getting old, but the rest of the time I find "Sichran's flat delivery boring and grating. The music isn't varied enough to sustain this. There are tracks you could dance to, in which case you wouldn't have to listen to Sichran—he has mixed the beat and bass far enough up to obscure the rest. Of curious interest in the miniscule sample of the Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer" on "Real Live Wire" (the title's a phrase from the sampled song, but not the sample in case). Other samples, however, are a little more familiar—James Brown more than once, for instance. This needs more effort—less slacker, more energy.

Andrew Sneddon



Sara Craig Sweet Exhaust (Attic)

Canadian Sara Craig attracted decent attention a few years ago with the Sara Craig EP—I remember playing it on campus radio at Mount Allison University. Sweet Exhaust is the full length, major label follow up, and it's a good one. Really, the music's all over the place,

with vaguely ominous vocals commanding the attention. The only real complaint one might have would be lack of focus, but I don't think we want to miss variety, do we? Well then...

Apparently, the single is "Thank You (very much)", complete with video, which I haven't seen. The song is bass heavy, creepy, with deep vocals that, once in a while, swing into Mary Margaret O'Hara type dynamics. As an example of the disc's variety, the next song, "I Thrive" starts much more slowly, with very high vocals—the two songs establish Craig's vocal range as wide and impressive. The deep bass is virtually omnipresent throughout Sweet Exhaust, punctuated by violin, guitars, samples, whatever as the songs rise and fade. An exception is the stirring "Wakerife Waltz", driven by piano and tuba, and delivered with a light touch—Date Bushish, but not derivative. Heck, this song has some lyrics in German, which sound cool. Another exception is the thirty-odd seconds of "Close To You", just a whisper between songs. "Wow" is a metal romp to roughen the texture of the album—welcome, in a way, although the guitar sound is a mite cliched. The title track manages to capture the ominous tone of the album without the bass—apparently Craig's voice is up to the task by itself. "Elastic" finishes things off, a song without words, repetitively dirgelike, a brooding musical mantra to haunt you when you've changed the cd.

Impressive—and not particularly Canadian in sound. This is confident, varied, interesting in depth as well as superficially. A keeper.

Andrew Sneddon