

Too Many Cooks
self-titled
Main Street Records/ Og Music

Montreal's Og Music is reknowned for their selection of gritty garage bands such as UIC and Deja Voodoo. In this sense, Too Many Cooks' eponymous first lp is somewhat of a change for Og - this time they're distributing a rather mainstream rock n' roll sound, music for virtually any ear. And I don't think a mainstream sound can sound much better than this.

This duo from Montréal offer a very refreshing brand of pop rock. The album - produced by the band themselves - displays a tremendous amount of energy which has been put to good use; the album doesn't have a rough, raw sound. "Rita," the opening cut and first single, is a tremendously catchy, upbeat tune that will definitely make you want to listen further. When you do listen further, there is no disappointment.

There are two ballads on the album, both of which are about lost love and both of which are among the most refreshing I've heard. Furthermore, despite the pop sound and pop formula, there is a good deal of quirkiness to the lyrics: "You've bought me everything I've ever wanted, Daddy, why can't you buy me a girl?"

This album is reminiscent of early Police - the stuff they did before the Synchronicity album - in its energy and its overall sound. In fact, the vocal sound and style is not unlike that of Sting. This band is definitely worth checking out.

by Philip Preville

The Razorbacks
Live A Little
WEA

The raw, unharnessed, riotous energy is gone, and in its place, what is left of the Razorbacks of old, is a disinfected and sterile soundalike, lacking the verve that made the original Razorbacks such an enthusiastic band. I can't help being rather disappointed.

In concert last year, this group was phenomenal, with frantic energy in its (very successful) attempt to produce a wild, loud, response from the patrons of Dinwoodie, all to the accompaniment of the tunes from their first album *Go To Town*. That record, despite having been recorded in a studio, still managed to embrace all of the frenetic feeling of their live concerts, and so I was hoping to recapture that same experience by

listening to their new record *Live A Little*, but I wasn't quite able to.

Now let's go back. I cannot say that this album is not worth surrendering ten or so dollars for because it is able to stand on its own quite admirably; it's a good album. It is only when *Live A Little* is compared with the Razorbacks' past accomplishments that it begins to suffer.

Lead singer Tony Kenny has again done an admirable job of song-writing and lead vocals, and he is especially intense in his rendition of The Who's "My Generation." But that's really the only song where he truly gets in his powerful vocal licks, and he's rather weak in the other twelve tracks. The cornerstone of



The Razorbacks is, to me, Joe Myke's tremendously flexible bass playing. In concert he entertains by performing almost gymnastic-like stunts with his instrument, and his talent leads me to wonder why he isn't focused in this new album as he has been in the past. His strength is clearly heard in the songs "Times Like These," "Room For Two," and "My Generation," but there are none of the solos that highlighted their first album. The sounds from the other two members are agreeably tight and well-played, and one of the best songs, "In The Doghouse," has the undeniable rockabilly magic of the Razorbacks.

Symphony Tips

Attending the symphony can sometimes be a trial in confusion and false contempt, something like sitting down to dinner at a place-setting with 14 different forks. If God had meant eating to be a test of our skill he would have put our mouths between our shoulder blades, not permitted the proliferation of eating utensils. At any rate, some of the symphony's patrons are, well, stiff. But there is a code of etiquette to be followed. The following guidelines are offered for the

benefit of first-timers who may try the symphony this year.

1. Dress comfortably. There is no point in wearing a tie that chokes, shoes that pinch, nylons that itch and underwear that creeps if it prevents you from enjoying the symphony. On the other hand, a wrestling singlet is decidedly improper.

2. Read the program notes. It is considered terribly gauche to applaud in the middle of a work. That may strike you as painfully obvious but there are often silent pauses following loud noises which one might mistake for an ending. Count the number of movements (allegro, andante, vnaigrette) and watch carefully. When the conductor drops his hands to his side, the movement is over. When all the movements have been played, applaud, or boo as the case may be. Also, reading the program notes allows you to learn something of the music and speak as if you know a lot more. It impresses your date.

3. Free associate. The best accompaniment to the music, and the key to understanding the composer's intention, is very often the movie that the music suggests in your head. Music is about emotion and communicates without the need for language.

4. Do not attend if you have a cold. If your neighbour has a cold and coughs throughout the first half of the performance, fix him or her in a withering stare and suggest, with telepathic vehemance, that they leave for home.

5. Watch the orchestra. If you are unsure as to the calibre of what you have just witnessed, the musicians will give you a good idea. If the string section politely taps its collective bow on its collective music stand then the performance you have just seen was professionally adequate. If the orchestra lays down its instruments and applauds with their hands, the performance was very fine and deserves an encore. If the conductor steps off his podium and kisses the soloist either he's cheating on his wife or the performance was spectacular and deserves two encores. If the musicians seize the soloist and set fire to his or her clothing, you are in attendance at a riot and had best leave quickly to avoid being stuck in the parking lot.

by Shelagh Robinson

— Mike Evans

Consider what's involved in writing a textbook.

A textbook is like a long essay that would take you at least 1,500 hours to write. That's the equivalent of researching and writing eight hours a day, five days a week, starting in September and continuing, without a holiday, until the end of the school year.

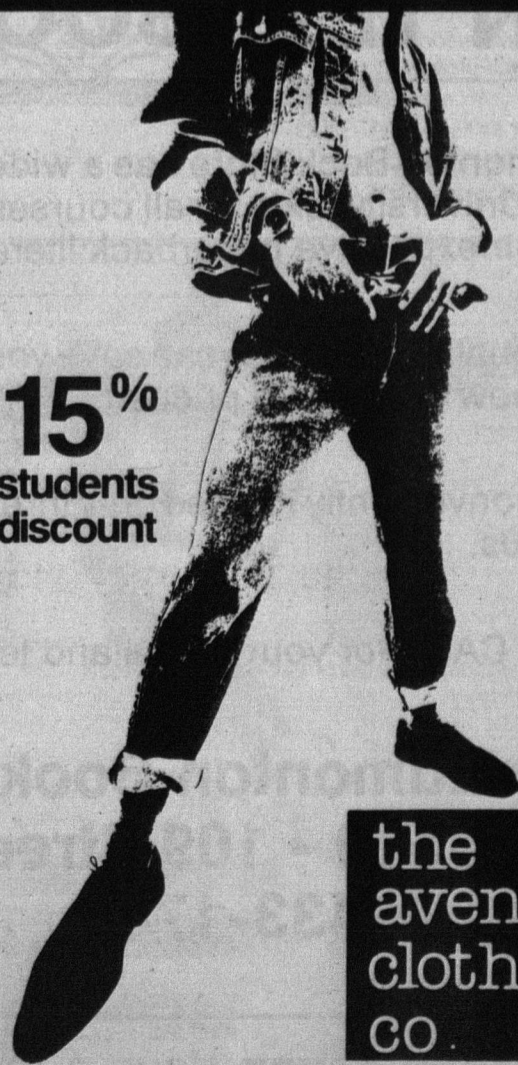
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