

Killing Joke's album offers new wave poetry

Brighter Than A Thousand Suns Killing Joke Virgin

review by Dragos Ruiu

Bringing their brand of slow, steamy new wave sounds from Germany is Killing Joke.

This album is full of tangled synthesizer sounds that echo in infinite rooms (oops sorry, that sounds kinda poetic). In fact, this is a very poetic album. The songs and sounds are very open to interpretation. It all comes across as some sort of modern day Moody Blues, this group having that vocal-to-keyboard interaction that the M. Blues have.

The songs are all atmospheric, that is, they all evoke feelings or pictures in your mind. The musicians rely on many syntho-sounds, but they are subtle — they don't jump out and club you over the head saying "Hey, I'm here and a machine made me!"

The lyrics match the sounds with their poetry. There are quite a few references to a variety of mythologies, especially the garden of Eden which gets references in multiple songs including "Wintergardens" and "Rubicon", and they probably make up a few mythologies of their own on this album. The whole impression of this album is that it isn't music, it's art. And it's not bad art.

Some of the songs, "Rubicon" in particular have a lot of energy while others sail along. "Rubicon" is very interesting, because it is very reminiscent of "Rubycon" by Tangerine Dream. If you play them back to back you would swear they almost belong on the same album.

This is a tough record to put a prefab category, so just call it new-wave-syntho-kinda-U2ish-folk-art-rock. Whatever it is, I like it, and though probably many of you won't love it, a lot of you will like it. There is a lot of good music here.





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Whoopie steals the show

Burglar Warner Bros Pictures Capital Square Theatre

review by Melinda Vester

Burglar is an amusing film featuring a thief gone detective. It's fast paced and exciting. Bernice Rhodenbarr (Bernie) played by Whoopi Goldberg is a cat burglar who is hired to steal back some jewelry from a woman's ex-husband. While she is performing the job she's hired for, Bernie sees the ex-husband murdered, but not his murderer. When the ex-wife, Dr. Cynthia Sheldrake (played by Lesley Ann Warren), is arrested for the killing, she of course accuses Bernie. The trouble starts here.

As Whoopi Golberg's third feature movie, Burglar again shows Whoopi's talent for comedy. She is a lovable cat burglar by night and a rare bookstore owner by day. For a burglar, Bernie has her own code of ethics that are slightly warped, but noble in their own way. Her motto is "It's not what you steal, but who you steal it from." She makes Carl pay for the olive oil that he opens yet she robs people for a living. She is a complex character but fun.

Carl Hefler, played by Bob Goldthwait, is Bernie's best friend and confidante. Although he comes across as an incompetent dog groomer, he proves to be a quick thinker when it counts. His humour is in his innocence. This is the first role that Bob Goldthwait is honestly funny in, he is a good comic match for Whoopi Goldberg.

A retired cop that blackmails Bernie is played by G.W. Bailey, causes her to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. For this misfortune she is relentlessly chased. Anne DeSalvo and John Goodman play the police officers that are out to get Bernie, that is, if they can keep up with her.

The plot is a maze that the characters must weave themselves through in order to come out safely at the end. Or do they? Hair raising best describes the car chase scene, during in some shots the camera rides on a bike-wheel mount, thus speeding up the action. San Francisco's winding hills prove once again to be a perfect setting for a chase scene. The impact is the thrill of a roller-coaster ride.

Music keeps pace with action, but it isn't a soundtrack that anybody would run to the record store for. It isn't really worth mentioning, so that's all that will be said about it.

As a whole, Burglar is well worth seeing. It's witty and charming, probably the best comedy since Whoopi Goldberg's last film, Jumpin' Jack Flash.



Can't you just feel New-Wave-syntho-kinda-U2ish-folk-art-rock music emanating from these eyes?



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