

# Arts

# TOP 91

- 1/Nirvana/Nevermind/DGC/MCA • 2/Butthole Surfers/Pioughd/Rough Trade/Warner • 3/C/Meryn Cadell/Angel Food For Thought/Intrepid/Capitol • 4/C/Crash Test Dummies/Ghost That Haunts Me/BMG • 5/Soundgarden/Badmotorfinger/A&M • 6/C/Look People/Boogazm/Hypnotic/A&M • 7/C/Mecca Normal/I Can Hear Me Fine 7"/Cargo • 8/Anthrax/Attack Of The Killer B's/Island/A&M • 9/C/Modern World Thang/Self Titled/DTK • 10/Public Enemy/Apocalypse '91.../Def Jam/Sony • 11/C/Grapes Of Wrath/These Days/Network/Capitol • 12/C/Spirit Of The West/Go Figure/Warner • 13/KLF/The White Room/Arista/Bmg • 14/Red Hot Chili Peppers/Blood, Sugar, Sex, Magic/Warner • 15/C/Dream Warriors/And Now The Legacy Begins/Island/A&M • 16/C/Mother Tongue/Self Titled/Independent • 17/C/The Holly Cole Trio/Blame It On Youth/Alert/Capitol • 18/C/Sloan/Self Titled/Independent Tape • 19/C/Aimless/Am I Making Sense?/Independent Tape • 20/Pixies/Tromp Le Mond/4AD/Polygram • 21/Del La Soul/Del La Soul Is Dead/Tommy Boy/Polygram • 22/C/Adinsong/Remembrance Day/Independent Tape • 23/Lenny Kravitz/Mama Said/Virgin/A&M • 24/Metallica/Metallica/Warner • 25/Fishbone/Sunless Saturday/Columbia/Sony • 26/C/Leonard Conan/Self Titled/Independent Tape • 27/Consolidated/Friedly Fascism/Netwerk/Capitol • 28/Billy Bragg/Don't Try This At Home/Polygram • 29/C/Tragically Hip/Road Apples/MCA • 30/Nitzer Ebb/Ebbhead/MCA • 31/Moni Love/Down To Earth/Chrysalis/MCA • 32/Beat Happening/Dreamy/Sub Pop • 33/Violent Femmes/Why Do Birds Sing/Slash • 34/C/Adolf Bush & New World Order/Master Race/Independent Tape • 35/C/No Damn Fears/Self Titled/Independent Tape • 36/Queen Latifah/Nature Of A Sista/Tommy Boy/Polygram • 37/Siouxsie & the Banshees/Superstition/DGC/MCA • 38/C/My Dog

## Twelve hours of Nirvana on a silent night

BY KYLE SHAW

OVER THE CHRISTMAS break, I got lots of music, including Nirvana, Venom, Soundgarden, and Samhain. So, how were the holidays?

**MUSIC**  
Nirvana, Venom, Soundgarden, Samhain Various

Let's start with Nirvana, three guys from Seattle's booming metal scene. Their "Nevermind" has shot to the top of American charts with the song Smells Like Teen Spirit. Anyone will tell you these guys are good, but just how good are they? "Go get the album now!" somehow isn't a strong enough recommendation, so read on.

I was visiting relatives over the break, and bought "Nevermind" for the drive back to Halifax. It's a 16 hour drive. I put the tape in and pressed play. After 12 straight hours of Nirvana, I stopped listening only to make sure the tape wouldn't melt, because then I wouldn't be able to hear it any more.

Go get the album now. Compared to Nirvana, what does Venom offer with "Venom Live"? Well, one shouldn't make com-

parisons, because they often don't work. Look at apples and oranges, dogs and cats, black and white, or, especially applicable in this case, good and bad.

Does a live recording add anything to Venom's usual grinding, grating, guitar noise? Let's just say that even die-hard fans will be disappointed, because the classic Evil in League With Satan was left off the disk.

Soundgarden are from Seattle, too (see above), and you've got to wonder why they're producing such great metal out there. Whatever the reason, I hope it happens in Maine, so we can be close to good music the way people in BC are.

Their new one, "Badmotorfinger," perfectly follows up the brilliant "Louder Than Love." The sound has been cleaned up, so it's easier for non-fans to get into, but it's still Soundgarden. Room a Thousand Years Wide is an especially fine tune.

By the way, walk into a record store and say, "I've got Nirvana and "Badmotorfinger," is there anything else new to get?" The employees will say "No." That's a fact.

Finally, descending down the list, there's "Final Descent," by Samhain. This group was Glenn

Danzig's second, after the Misfits broke up, but before he formed the current Danzig.

If you've seen any Danzig videos, you know Glenn as the pale, muscular guy with long black hair, and a brooding, soulful voice. The Misfits, on the other hand, were obsessed with skulls, and they played fast. Samhain is a fair bridge of the two styles. "Final Descent" sounds clean and clear, but is slightly faster than Danzig (a bit more speed would be ideal, but hey, we don't live in a perfect world).

Oh yeah, if you're squeamish, here's some background. Samhain was a major pagan festival, where the Otherworld became visible to humans, and spiritual forces were set loose upon the world. Now, the festival has become All Saints' Day, with Hallowe'en the night before. Of course, during Hallowe'en, evil is allowed to walk across the world, and ghosts terrorize the living.

It seems to be a belief in such things that causes songs with names like Unholy Passion, Lords of the Left Hand, and Death in its Arms. Thanks, Glenn, for the music, but we'll take the lyrics with a grain of salt.



Nirvana: Kings of intellectual music.

## Dreams of desert desire

BY CHRIS LAMBIE

EVERYTHING IS WRONG about Buggy. It's violent, sexist and it glorifies the underworld in a huge way, but damned if it isn't a great movie.

**FILM**  
Buggy  
Park Lane

In this film directed by Barry Levinson, Warren Beatty plays a cool, dry madman whose linear dreams are unbound by the fence posts of sanity.

I don't know if it had anything to do with Meyers' direction, but Kirk's Klingon counterpart, General Chang (played forcefully by Christopher Plummer), reminded me of Khan with his warrior's romanticism. But the literary references, which ranged from Shakespeare to Peter Pan, were overdone.

I wish Chang would have stopped quoting Hamlet and put more effort into avoiding those photon torpedoes. And why don't the Klingons have any literature of their own to quote from?

Kirk must have gotten out his crystal ball before he recorded his last personal log because he had a remarkably clear vision of the "undiscovered" future that we know from the new series.

Here's my own prediction: watch for *Star Trek VII: The Next Generation*.

the middle of the desert, he ignored them to build the greatest twisted temple of legalized gambling that ever existed — *The Flamingo Casino*.

From the original \$6 million business deal, Las Vegas has now turned a profit of over \$100 billion. While the \$6 million seemed like a lot at the time, it appears to have been a rather shrewd business deal.

Siegel's character is so vain that you almost want to see him get knocked off during the first half of the movie. But after a while Beatty grows on you; you start to see cracks in the lunatic varnish that hint at a heart somewhere deep inside the body of an upwardly mobile Gatsby-styled killer.

Annette Bening turns in an extremely solid performance as Siegel's mid-wife crisis and philandering Delilah. She becomes both his inspiration and downfall, but she does it so beautifully you leave the theatre loving her anyway.

While the movie does seem a little long, the entire story is one that covers the whole spectrum of drama — from love to lust and back again.

For a landslide ride down the escalator of desire, go see *Buggy*, its a trip.

The entire story is one that covers the whole spectrum of drama — from love to lust and back again.

# #1 1991 S/HIT LIST

BY BRUCE GILCHRIST

THIS TASK SEEMS tougher and tougher every year. As popular music, and popular culture for that matter, becomes more programmed and produced, creative generativity suffers from an on demand attitude circulating from an executive back room. With only one notable exception, the promise of all the big names and big albums of this past year fizzled out into a cacophonous wasteland. It is interesting to note that the only two albums (read self-entities of wonder) to qualify as not to be missed each took several years to make. So, without further ingenuous ramblings here's the year's best, and the rest....

**THE BEST**

Julian Cope — *Peggy Suicide* (Island). An eighteen song, seventy-five minute opera 'bout many things, but mostly conflict and resolution between the sexes, and the destruction of Mother Earth. With psychedelic fervor, Cope manages to cover all the bases of Western thought slash mindfuck, and even discover some semblance of a higher power along the way. The



shone above the rest. The music doesn't quite gel 100 per cent, but the lyrics are so moving that the songwriting is more than adequate to propel them (Check out the double and reciprocating theme in "The Fly"). This album proves that it's okay to dance, as long as you're getting the message behind it all. Grade: A.

**HONOURABLE MENTIONS**

Lenny Kravitz — *Mama Said* (Virgin). If "Let Love Rule" was about the sixties, then this one is about the seventies. 14 songs, and 14 totally different styles. Highlights are "Fields of Joy" and "Always on the Run" which feature Slash from Gn'R on guest guitar, and "What the... Are We Saying?", one of the years most powerful songs. Grade: A-.

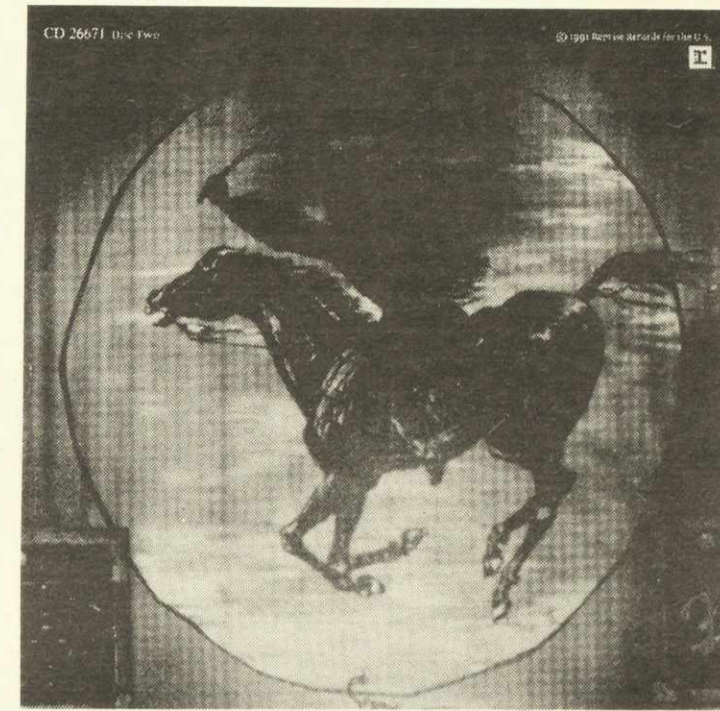
Nirvana — *Nevermind* (Sub Pop/DGC). Real loud music for a real loud generation. Well... it still rules. It's sorta punk meets metal meets old R.E.M., without managing to be derivative or repetitive. This was a band that couldn't get signed early in '91, hit number one on CKDU's charts in August and then hit the top of pop in December. C100 might have even played it (once). Clear cut winner for Album Cover (and inside jacket) of the Year. Grade: A-.

Robyn Hitchcock 'n the Egyptians — *Perspek Island* (A+M). The animism (that's talking frogs and fishies to non-fegmanix) has been toned down a bit, but the band has still remained pretty true to its roots. Peter Buck (R.E.M.) seems to have joined the band on a full time basis (can you say defection- I knew ya could!). And the pleasantness of his fingers on a guitar is so good to hear again (see below). As the album progresses, its strength increases, and the moodiness in the music increases from a slightly soggy start. Lyrically, Robyn once again proves his poetic touch is no accident. Grade: A-.

Enya — *Shepherd Moons* (Reprise). It's difficult to describe this album other than to say that its not like Watermark. I look at it this way: the previous album cover was red, and this one blue, and the mood fits accordingly. It's really only one thing you're after, and that's her voice, in all it's amazingly wonderful indescribable quality. Grade: B+.

**OTHER MENTIONABLES**

Guns and Roses — *Use Your Illusia* (Geffen). The boys prove over two albums that they are here to stay, and that they really can play. I much prefer the edginess of these albums over their previous work. Grade: B+.



Sons of Freedom — *You're Not Good* (Chrysalis/MCA). Vancouver's best alternative band have come up with a slightly more commercial version of themselves, which is still fast, and still good. Grade: B+.

Neil Young — *Weld I&II*. A double live album of major feedback and distortion. Don't expect makeup on this man. He's live, Canadian, snarly, and most of all, himself, which is pretty good. Grade: B+.

**FROM THE RAP AND SOUL SIDE OF THINGS**

Massive Attack — *Safe from Harm* (A+M). Dumb name but otherwise very good unit. The title track is an excellent crossover song. Their variety of song style is reminiscent of De La Soul, but with guts and skill.

Maestro Fresh Wes — *Conductin' Things* (MCA). For the most part MFW shelves his ego and lets his mouth say intelligent things. Gone is the ridiculously stupid dance attitude and in is the social aspect of rap. Looks like he's growing up.

Seal (Virgin) and The Dream Warriors also provided some very original and positive work in 1991.

**GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE YEAR**

EMF. Why? Because they're unbelievable. They're so unbelievable.

**THE NOT-SO-BEST**

Bryan Adams — *Wakin' Up the Neighbours*. When Julian Cope sings "I was born to entertain/so here I go" it means accept him as he is. When Bryan Adams does it, it means- Excuse me? Are you Satan? I've got a soul, it's barely been used. Thank God I don't live with a fifteen year old girl in my house. Grade: F.

Rush — *Roll the Bones* (Anthem). Rush wins two awards this year. First, the dumbest philosophy of the year award: "Why are we here? Because we're here, roll the bones!" Second, the worst impression of a bad to begin with R.E.M. song. Geddy Lee rapping. Ha. I laugh. I laugh at them. Ha. Quit Please. Give up. Retire. Now. Grade: F.

R.E.M. — *Out of Time* (Warner). I guess R.E.M. couldn't hide it any longer: they wanted to be pop stars. Well, they did it. But they did it by rehashing old songs (compare *Losing My Religion* with *World Leader Pretend*), by forgoing any political expression, and by singing about, ughh, love. That they could write "Shiny Happy People" with a war going on is proof of something. The music is okay for the most part but the songs are totally empty. R.E.M. has produced an album for people who hate R.E.M. They had better get depressing and/or political or else Peter Buck is going to defect permanently. Grade: D.

The Cult — *Ceremony* (Polygram). There are some positive signals that The Cult may (may) return to the spirituality they once had but they are going to have to get a real drummer and start composing and producing their own work. Two songs does not an album make. Grade: C.

Hammer — *Too Legit to Quit*. So he's thinks he's not a Michael Jackson wannabe. He could do a duet with Pee Wee Herman and call it "Too Legit to Masturbate". Now that would frighten Michael into a dance contest. Grade: A big hearty belly laugh. Anybody who tries so hard to prove he's somebody isn't worth being serious about. Love those pants.

## It's not good but it's Star Trek

BY ROLAND LINES

THE KLINGON EMPIRE is dying. Its single-minded militarism has led to the cataclysmic over-mining of moons and ozone depletion on the Klingon home-planet. Believing the Empire must curb its military operations if it is to survive, the Klingon chancellor seeks to end hostilities with the Federation. But the hatred runs deep on both sides and there are many who do not want peace.

**FILM**  
*Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*  
Park Lane

Thus begins *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*, a film of action, adventure and interstellar intrigue, and supposedly the final voyage for the old (and elderly) Star Trek crew.

My first intention was to give *Star Trek VI* a bad review. Under the direction of Nicolas Meyers it manages to rise above most of the other *Star Trek* films, but it's not as good as *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* (the only other *Star Trek*



film directed by Meyers) and on a more general scale it's not very good at all.

But then it struck me that once you get to the sixth instalment in a series, people aren't going to see it because they expect it to be good, but because it's *Star Trek*. And this movie is very *Star Trek*, even to the point of self-parody.

Not that you have to be a "trekkie" to enjoy this film. You needn't have attended a *Star Trek*