

Noise about Noise

Silver plated



Spoons
Collectible Spoons
MCA 6/10

After thinking about it extensively, I came up with nothing but good things to say about the appearance of a Spoons compilation in time for the Christmas retail season:

- 1) Thankfully, the band did not torture us by including any funky nouveaux remixed of old 'hits'.
- 2) The band did not reassemble and embarrass themselves and us by recording any new material.
- 3) The band did not reassemble and try once again to look like Duran Duran for a cover photo.
- 4) You don't have to watch the band riding around the Toronto subway system in the cheesy *Romantic Traffic* video whilst listening to the CD.
- 5) I got a review copy from the record company and therefore did not have to pay for it.
- 6) They will not be touring in support of it.
- 7) Despite my somewhat cynical overtones, I do still enjoy listening to

Nova Heart and Arias & Symphonies after all these years.

Milton Howe

Dreamy Murmurs

the mummings



The Murmurs
The Murmurs
MCA 9/10

A wonderful new take on an old combination — two women, two guitars and a smattering of other instruments deliciously melded into each track. The twelve tracks on this self-titled debut album from two 22 year old New-Yorkers cover the entire emotional roller coaster of growing up today, and do so eloquently.

Running from urban female angst to jubilant elation, we make provocative stops at lovelorn ("You paralyzed my mind and for that you suck" from *you suck*) and dreamy yearning ("I still want to know what it's like to be a butterfly" from *carry me home*) along the way. In many ways, the lyrics are about the bridge between adolescent ambivalence and adult seriousness, and the mummings approach the subject with a perfect blend of mature sensibility and youthful intensity. The music has a refreshing simplicity to it but there is a very subtle layer of complexity underlying the entire effort. All in all, *the mummings* is a wonderful ride, each and every step of the way.

Milton Howe

"We're talkin' 'bout one BIG mutha of a cd review here"



Various Artists
Double Feature: Pulp Fiction / Reservoir Dogs
MCA 10/10

Quentin Tarantino on his soundtracks: "More than anything else, you're trying to capture the rhythm and personality of the movie. The music in the film goes a long way toward establishing the rhythm of the movie... And when you add dialogue, gun shots and stuff like that to the soundtrack, you're tapping into that rhythm and that personality."

No one but Tarantino decides on what music makes it into his movies. The song has to be dead on if it is to make it into a scene. The result of this painstaking perfectionism is obvious in his critically acclaimed films. The soundtracks (put together by Tarantino) showcase his eclectic choice of songs and brilliant dialogue which evoke the various scenes in the films.



Reservoir Dogs
BILLY's Super Sounds of the Seventies Weekend" provides the musical back-

drop. This radio marathon is hosted by the master of monotone dead-pan, Steven Wright. Listening to him announce a "monster truck extravaganza...featuring Big Daddy Don Bodean's truck, *The Behemoth*" is a riot. (That's pronounced "buhoe-eemuth").

In his film and on the soundtrack, Tarantino has breathed new life into long lost "classics" such as "Little Green Bag," "Hooked on a Feeling" (remember? "hoo ga cha ka, hoo ga, hoo ga, hoo ga cha ka..."), and of course "Stuck in the Middle With You." I will never, ever, be able to listen to that song without picturing Mr. Blonde doing a little shuffle step with a knife and a can of gasoline. In addition, it's one hell of a groovy tune.

Tarantino's gift for inspired dialogue is featured here as well. Whether it is his infamous Madonna speech where he eloquently states his theory on the true meaning of "Like a Virgin" or Mr. White's insights on how to handle heroes during a heist:

"When you're dealing with a store like this, they're insured up the ass. They're not supposed to give you any resistance whatsoever. If you get a customer, or an employee, who thinks he's Charles Bronson, take the butt of your gun and smash their nose in. Drops him right to the floor. Everyone jumps. He falls down screaming — blood squirts out of his nose — freaks everybody out. Nobody says fuckin' shit after that. You might get some bitch talk shit to ya, but give her a look like you're gonna smash her in the face next. Watch her shut the fuck up. Now if it's the manager, that's a different story. The managers know better than to fuck around. So if you get one that's givin' you static, he probably thinks he's a real cowboy, so you gotta break that son-of-a-bitch in two. You wanna know somethin' he won't tell ya... cut off one of his fingers... the little one. Then tell him his thumb's next. After that,

he'll tell ya if he wears ladies underwear...I'm hungry...let's get a taco."



The Pulp Fiction soundtrack starts exactly as the film does. "...Any of you fucking pricks move and I'll execute every motherfucking last one of you!" which leads straight into the blaring surf instrumental "Misirlou," by Dick Dale.

The placement of dialogue is not quite up to par with *Res. Dogs*, but the collection of music is incredible. "Jungle Boogie" is just so righteous. This is true funk. It's authentic. The rest of the soundtrack is all over the place. From Al Green, to Ricky Nelson, to various surf ditties, Chuck Berry, Maria McKee and even the Statler Brothers.

Standouts are "Son of a Greacher Man," "Bullwinkle Part II," "Comanche"... actually it's very difficult to pick any "standouts" because they're all very authentic in their own weird way. They all had their time and in some sense, place, and in these contexts they were "the real thing." Or it could just be that these songs just happened to be in the best movie of the year and by virtue of that, are hip. Whatever the case may be, the soundtrack is incredible. Both of them, that is.

"Ezekiel 25:17: The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who in the name of charity and good will shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee."

Michael Graham

This week: Coyote



Local band alert

Rising from the ashes of Bubaiskull/Great Slave are two great new bands. Rebecca West and Coyote. The latter debuted at the Pop Explosion.

Made up of Chris Logan (guitar/vox), Tim Stewart (bass) and a (unknown to me) drummer, Coyote are working with a clean slate. Although comparisons to their former band can be made, I think that Coyote's songs are stronger and don't need the same level of intensity to impress. Their live show at the Pop Explosion was

interesting. Chris had to restrain himself and concentrate more on guitar than his days in Bubaiskull with his completely over the top stage presence.

Coyote are playing this Saturday at the Oasis and it will be interesting to see how they've evolved over the last two months.



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