

# AURAL SECTION

## We ain't righteous We're Teachers

by Trevor Campbell

The Poor Righteous Teachers  
*Holy Intellect*  
Attic

There is a debate over the significance of Rap music.

One side believes that this musical fad serves no purpose other than to channel out inner-city realities — rap's negativism outweighs its positivism.

The other side argues that Rap is the most important, recent cultural movement not created by the establishment.

Rap must address the negative in order to get on with the positive.

Enter the Poor Righteous Teachers and their new album *Holy Intellect*, a hip-hop collection of Islamic spirituality that educates without preaching.

The Teachers, comprised of Wise Intelligent, Culture Freedom, and D.J. Father Shaheed, manage to blend the seriousness of Afro-centric identity with an often playful musical style reminiscent of De La Soul's 1989 album *3 Feet High and Rising*, creating some of the freshest dance beats heard since the Soul crew.

These hip-hop preachers manage to retain their raw energy by denying the use of slick studio techniques. Instead they allow the idealism of youth, (idealism soaked with seriousness as well as fun-flavoured) to permeate each song.

They take themselves seriously as shown by their philosophy concerning Black self-det-

ermination, but they do so in a light-hearted manner. A point that is illustrated when they sing in a monotonous drone reminiscent of party songs that encourage easy participation.

*Holy Intellect* sounds like an invitation to a party where pretense is a four letter word and fun is tantamount to existence. However, good times, according to The Teachers, can only be achieved after realizing one's identity. They speak of an Afro-North American experience, but do so without prejudice. As Wise raps, "And now them callin' me a racist?!/But why must I be a racist for turning people to the truth?"

Unfortunately, as Wise understands, some people remain trapped within the dogma stating that the medium is the message. So, considering Rap's negative image, this medium's message is tainted.

People ultimately believe the hype about Public Enemy and other more militant rappers, and consequently dismiss this music as nothing more than an indication of troubled times.

The Teachers, however, attempt to educate by making the learning experience enjoyable. Ultimately, you will listen to the lyrics, but initially, you will dance to the music.

*Holy Intellect* will entertain and educate without intimidating. So check out The Poor Righteous Teachers' "raw, underground music," to become aware "of what takes place underground." You'll have a great time doing so.



## Slightly disturbed but fun

by Bruce Adamson

Sister Ray  
*To Spite My Face*  
Resonance Records

We human beings are a truly inventive bunch. Fire, the combustion engine and the telephone are just some of the great things we've dreamed up over the years.

Today we celebrate one of the modern era's truly hip innovations — the distortion pedal.

Ah, the distortion pedal; the scourge of parental units and the saviour of disenchanting youth the world over. Sister Ray's third LP, *To Spite My Face* shows that in the hands of experts, this gadget can be sonically devastating.

This Youngstown, Ohio crew is noisy. Sixteen of the seventeen tunes on the aforementioned plat-

ter are point blank crash and burn numbers that are definitely not intended for the pacemaker set.

Guitarist Mark Hanley combines the Byrds trebly jangle with a deep Hendrix-soaked fuzz to make his four chord post punk statements. Drummer Vince Colucci and bassist Joe D'Angelo have unashamedly lifted their collective thump from the Bo Diddley-Sex Pistols catalogue and applied it competently, if not originally, to vocalist Sam D'Angelo's material.

Sam is not a happy camper. "Out of My Head" is a well-aimed stab at plastic surgery, no doubt inspired by Oprah/Sally horror stories. The influence of media violence on every day life is explored in "One Step Beyond",

and relationships gone psychotically sour provide the inspiration for "You Are So . . ."

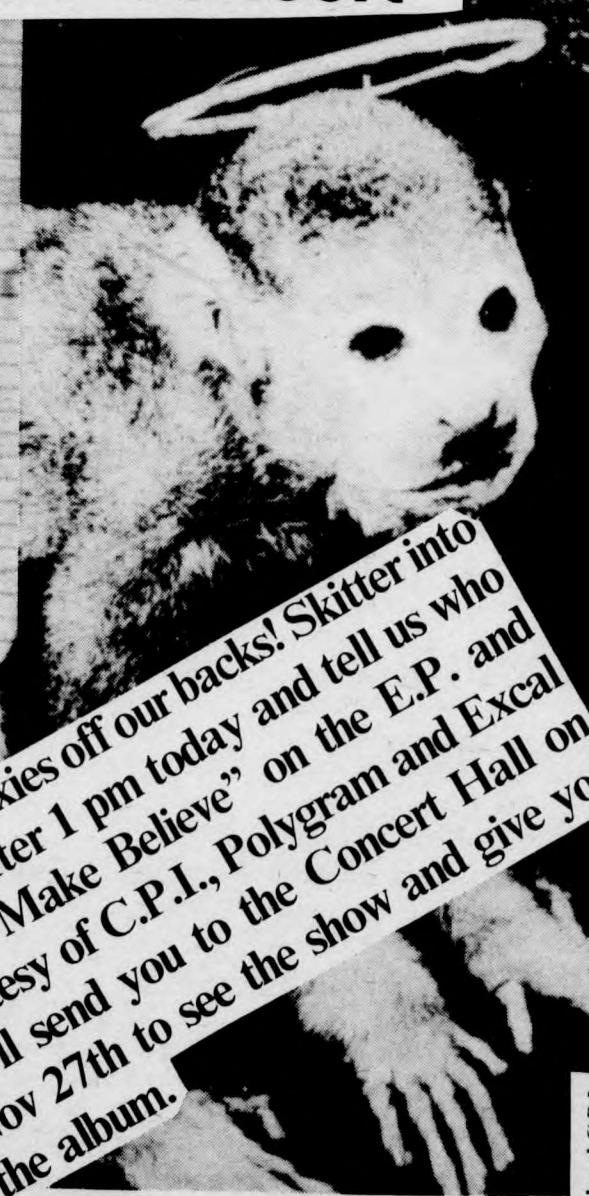
At times D'Angelo's stuff reeks of punk cliché; hearing four guys chant "piss off and die" is not as funny as it was when I was 15. Likewise, the overall lyrical focus on *introspection-to-the-point-of-insanity* gets a little long in the tooth after a while.

Basically Sister Ray is about four slightly disturbed guys writing about slightly-disturbed people. This isn't new but what the hey, it's a fun bash and Halloween is still in the air.

Pretenders to the distortion throne beware!!! S.R. have more fuzzboxes than Thomas Edison has patents, and they definitely know how to use them!

Free Concert

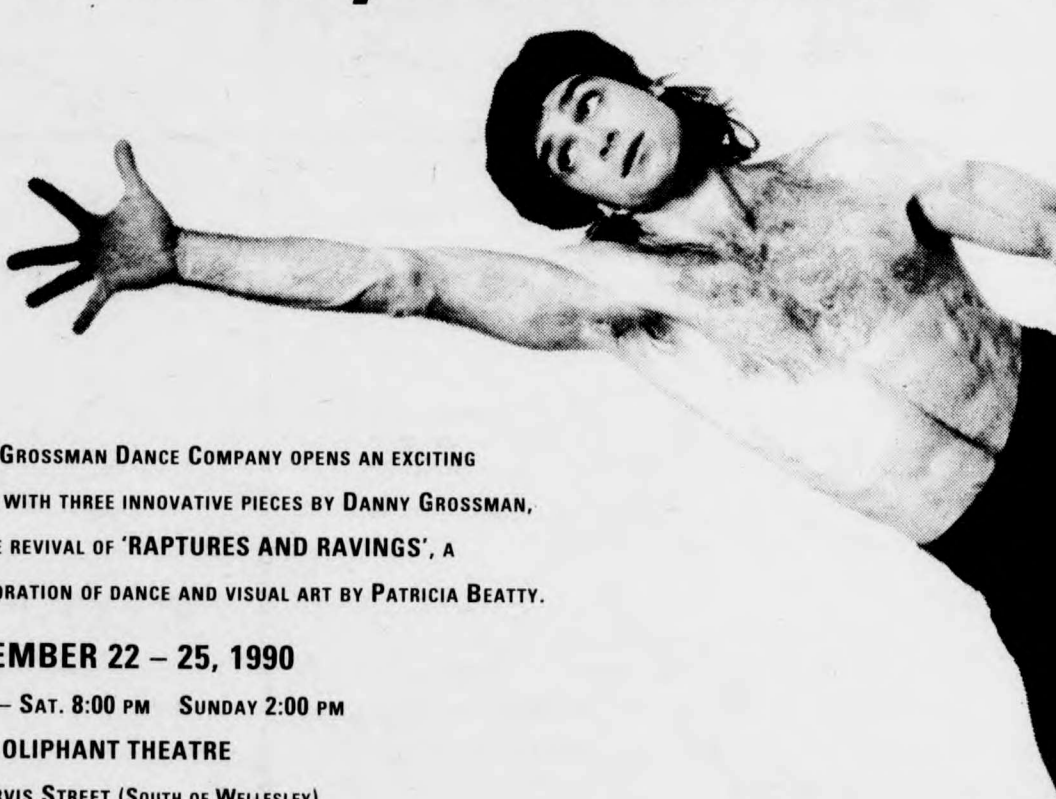
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