

GENREKIDE

MICHAËL EDWARDS

FORGIVE ME FATHER FOR I HAVE SINNED

Confession time - the first band that I saw in concert was Wham!, but it was all part of an elaborate ploy to impress a girl at school (which failed miserably, incidentally). Nevertheless, I have always kind of liked George Michael;

Vaughan), a touch of Depeche Mode and some of that oh-so-popular trip hop stuff from Tricky and Portishead. A fine mix. This is the kind of soundtrack that actually attracts repeated listen, and will probably stay in your mind longer than the film itself.



Film soundtracks just seem to be getting better and better. For example, *Dead Man Walking* is not only the best soundtrack I have heard all year, but also one of the best albums I have heard all year period. In truth, it isn't really a soundtrack as it also has music which is inspired by the film too. And if you know that the film is about a prisoner on Death Row, then that translates as a

one of my many guilty pleasures. And after some time away, George is back with a new record label and a new haircut too. *Jesus To A Child* is his first offering for SKG Dreamworks, and it continues in the vein of his more 'spiritual', slower work that is so well suited to the mainstream. But it is a rather nice song; not the kind of song that will change the world, or even your life, but still a nice song. No more, no less. It's almost like 'Club Tropicano' never happened.

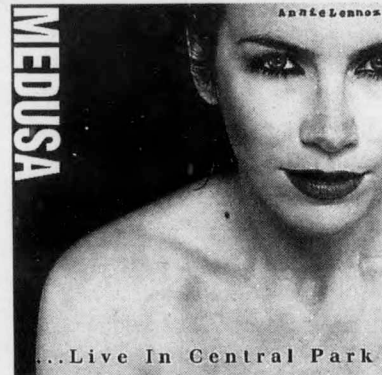
And talking of confessions, there is the soundtrack to the Genie award-winning film *Le Confessionnal* has some really good stuff on it. As always, it makes a lot more sense after seeing the film (which I did at the Capital Film Society on Monday night) although the French dialogue used on some tracks is still as foreign as it ever was. I wonder if they will ever make CDs with subtitles? Just a thought. The thing that I liked about this CD, even before I saw the film, was the extreme mix of music used for the soundtrack. There are the usual instrumental pieces (with the aforementioned dialogue weaving in and out of the music), some classic jazz (from both Count Basie and Sarah

whole bunch of songs about death and dying. Cheerful stuff. It also boasts an incredible range of talent from Bruce Springsteen to Lyle Lovett to Michelle Shocked. The majority of the songs are performed acoustically which gives it a sparse, almost claustrophobic feel which seems particularly suited to the subject material. The pick of the songs come from Tom Waits and particularly Johnny Cash. After all, who better than the Man In Black to walk the line between life and death. Even the collaborations between Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan and Eddie Vedder are quite wonderful; maybe Pearl Jam should embrace world music if they ever make it back into the recording studio. Wishful thinking, I guess. An incredibly atmospheric album, and highly, highly recommended.

I try my best not to subscribe to those fashionable terms that the media use, but I am tempted to mutter 'grunge' under my breath when I talk about Everclear. And if that wasn't bad enough, I might even mention (shock,



horror) Nirvana too. There are moments on *Sparkle And Fade* when Everclear do sound a little bit like that Seattle band of old. Nothing wrong with that. But they do put on their own slant on it all though - after all, they are from Portland, Oregon. Geography apart, Everclear can actually write a decent song - *Sparkle And Fade* is a huge improvement over their debut album *World Of Noise*, and contains a few



songs which could even be called "gems". 'Santa Monica', for instance, falls into that category, and is also the main reason that this album is receiving another push. The lyrics on some of the other songs can be a little distasteful (something which was also a problem on their previous album), but all in all, not a bad record. And if you listen selectively, it is even better than that.

One album which I really didn't expect to see getting another push is Annie Lennox's *Medusa*. When it first came out last year, I hated it - it was full of half-hearted cover versions, some of which fell into the "crimes against humanity" category. But it has been reissued with an extra bonus disc. And get this - the bonus disc is actually better than the original album! It was recorded at a live performance in Central Park, and features some of her best songs. Or in other words, some of the songs she recorded back in her days with the Eurythmics such as 'Here Comes The Rain Again' and 'Who's That Girl'. It makes *Medusa* not quite so scary, but still pretty scary.

by itself. I believe that the word is potential, and she has a whole bunch of it. And she's Canadian too.

And then there are albums which I put to one side, promising to listen to



them some day. But that day never seems to come, and I end up feeling guilty as some wonderful album may lie undiscovered because of my lack of organisational skills. Fortunately, I have friends who tend to alert me to things which I may have missed, and that is exactly what happened with Sparklehorse. I was quietly minding my own business when I was informed that they were the flavour of the month in the UK. I quickly got out the CD and gave it a listen. Pretty good. I gave it a second listen, and I was hooked - I liked it a lot. And despite having the ungainly title of *Vivadixiesubmarinetransmissionplot*, I have been recommending it to everyone I have encountered since. Sparklehorse could almost be placed in that group of musicians that are taking country music, and doing something really interesting with it. The slant that they take is one that Guided By Voices would enjoy - the lyrics are bizarre (as are the song titles...), the vocals verge on being distorted and there is a low-fi feel to the whole thing. The whole effect is mesmerizing, and this could be one of the best albums that I missed last year. Remember where you heard it last.

☆ Competition Time!!! ☆

We have not one, not even two or three or four but **FIVE** copies of Everclear's splendid *Sparkle And Fade* to give away to our lucky, lucky readers. Just answer the following question, and get your entry into The **Brunswickan** office by dawn on **Wednesday** to stand a chance. We'll be waiting for you...

Question: Where do Everclear come from?

UFC: One big ass-whoopin' time

by Sam Morgan
Brunswickan Entertainment

Anyway, I'm a hick or a self professed hick. I like motor oil in my Golden Grahams, blood on my knuckles and a brain that doesn't think. You know, it's there just in case but other than that it doesn't serve much purpose other than keep my eyes from falling into my head. "Look at my ocular cavities. Whoa, scary."

This past Friday night I had the distinct privilege of either sitting around my bland apartment gouging my navel orifice for lint or I could haul my ass off of my ratty couch and make a saunter over to my girl pal's place to watch grown men beat the hell out of each other. No, it's not her brother or boyfriend getting drunk and talking their problems out - talking is for Oprah. To hell with talking, I was gonna watch myself some Ultimate Fighting Challenge (UFC).

This was the Ultimate Fighting Challenge VIII, not to be confused with the previous seven evenings of pure unadulterated slam-my-fist-through-your-pancreas fun. No siree, this was

billed as the David vs. Goliath fights. Basically a bunch of little, but tough, guys would scrap it out with hulking behemoths of terror.

This night was truly a night of stars, or at least you'd think that because there was a guy who looked like Woody Harrelson, but he got his scrawny ass whooped by some guy from Barrie, Ontario. Oh, the guy who eventually won the championship looked exactly like Tom Selleck. Man, that Magnum PI mustache is scary.

They have this thing called the Super Fight. This fight involves former UFC champions fighting each other to be, I don't know, supreme fighting challenge tough guy or something like that. Anyway it was Ken Shamrock, the man, the myth, the champ of all champs pitting his title against Kimo, the monster. You know I was looking at this Kimo guy and I've come to a new respect for pain - anybody who can have the word Jesus tattooed real big across their stomach, that's a true sign of a man. No, it really is. Shamrock surprised me and retained his belt after he twisted Kimo's ankle into a knot like a licorice stick.

The UFC has garnered a lot of attention over the course of its lifetime as being too violent or just catering to the lowest common denominator. Yeah, well I have the feeling the promoters are crying all the way to the bank. The UFC ensures the highest degree of safety for all entrants.

After watching my fourth UFC, I'd still have to say that watching a heavyweight boxing match or a bad hockey brawl is worse than what you'll see at the UFC. It's just like a bunch of drunks scrapping outside of a bar. But the point is, things don't get carried as far especially with its rules for safety. In the UFC ring you win the match if your opponent "taps out," gets knocked or choked out (unconscious) or if the ref thinks things have gone far enough.

I had a damn good time and the next match is slated for sometime in May.

