

We are now accepting submissions for the all new Gazette Gallery. We want your photos, poems, cartoons, and other creative stuff. Talk to Sam or Jen, SUB 312 or 494 2507.

# REVIEWS & SPEWS

Breathe  
Loud Lucy  
DGC

If you're asking me, Loud Lucy seems to be one of those cases of a "Hey, let's jump on the bandwagon!" band. Which bandwagon they are jumping on, I'm not sure.

It seems like Loud Lucy want to be a little of everything — everything but original. And it's not even the fact that they're generic that has me hung up. I just feel like I've heard these songs before.

Isn't that a Radiohead song? Didn't Nirvana do this song first? Had they been covers, this would have made sense, but all 12 tracks were originals. Admittedly, the songs are catchy, but it's the kind of catchy where a song drills itself into your head and stays there. Is this a good thing? You decide.

Do the 50 million photos of the band help me think that they are anything more than a group of pretty boys writing and performing just what their record label wants them to? Nope!

Don't get me wrong, the music is not bad per se. Just...been there, done that.

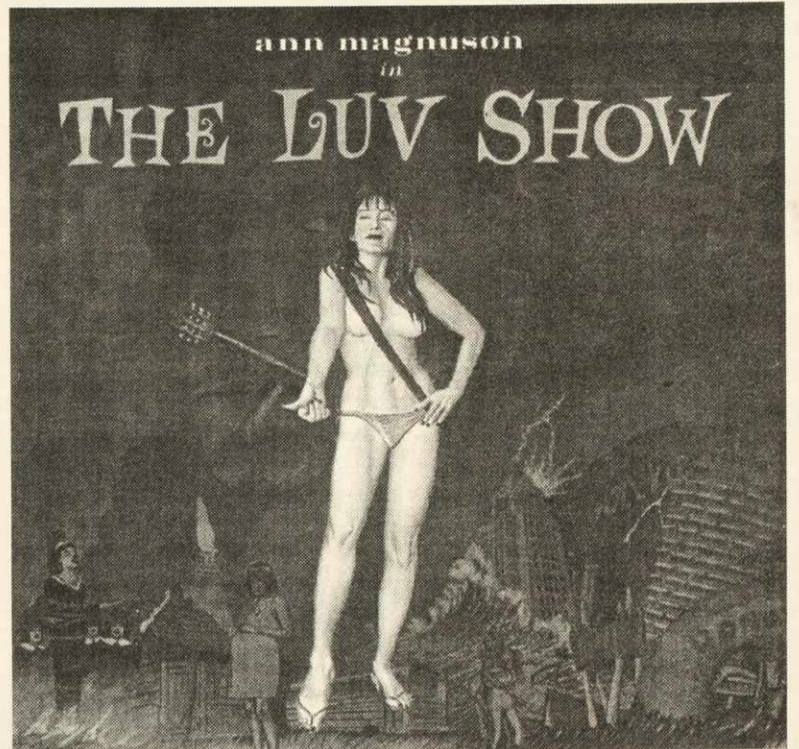
JODY GURHOLT

The Love Show  
Ann Magnuson  
Geffen Records/MCA

After the third or fourth listen I finally realised that this album is just about the worst thing I have ever heard, and for so many reasons. I've never heard of her before, and I don't care to hear from her again. But, I think Ann deserves a little introduction before I begin my assault on her total lack of creative musical talent.

Ann Magnuson, according to the MCA Artist biography, is some sort of fusion of Lily Tomlin, Shirley Maclean, and a mutant Madonna — creating "a Sybil of pop culture." Whatever.

Magnuson is more known for her acting in such films as *Clear and Present Danger*, *Making Mr*



Right, and on TV's *Anything But Love*. Well, after making such an overwhelming impact in Hollywood, Ann's agent had the good sense to launch this "starlet" into the abattoir of the music industry. Good luck, Ann!

Reading the album sleeve I was immediately intrigued about a record which boasted "a mix of psychosexual neurosis, spoken word dreamscapes, highbrow burlesque and lowbrow pathos, all mixed with equal parts of vinegar and honey" (on a sesame seed bun). Please, I'm gonna puke. Are these the tactics record companies are now using to sell me their crap? I'm glad these cheap tactics didn't work on me this time! Folks, this album stinks.

*The Love Show* dismally collects a variety of different sounds to create its atmosphere, if you can call it that. The album begins with a kind of 'fifties lounge' mood, reminiscent of the *Pulp Fiction* Soundtrack (you're better off buying that, if you haven't already) and goes through a series of sad attempts at metal, industrial and really bad jazz. All this wasted effort attempts to capture the rise

and fall of a small town girl in the thralls of sin in the big, bad city.

Nice concept (it's been done before), bad product. The explicit lyrics disclaimer on the album sleeve is entirely necessary; the lyrics are vulgar and entirely unnecessary. Profanity has its place, but in this case it acts as mere filler for an unpolished and very poor studio sound. A lot of good musicians attached themselves to a big waste of time; Ann is just another tired individual trying to prove she's "hip" by jumping aboard the already overcrowded bandwagon. Look to Liz Phair, PJ Harvey, and even Courtney Love, for an exciting sound and vision connected to sex, gender-aggression, and adventure. Ann Magnuson doesn't even come close.

Perhaps this could be a seasonal gift for your Uncle Bernie, or someone you really don't like — but I wouldn't recommend spending twenty-three bucks on this little stinker. Look for Ann Magnuson in some budget T.V commercial somewhere down the road, because her musical career isn't going anywhere. I hope.

MARK FARRANT

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