

ENTERTAINMENT

GREENWICH EDWARDS

It almost seems redundant to be writing about Pulp at this point in time. After all, the album came out quite some time ago, and it had also received many 'end of year' honours in the UK press. And if all that wasn't enough, the band received the kind of publicity that money just can't buy when Jarvis Cocker jumped on stage at The Brit Awards and tried to knock Michael Jackson off his deity-fixed pedestal. Or to put it another way, people know that the band exist, and most are even familiar with their godlike single, 'Common People'. No argument there.

But Pulp deserve some more column inches as *Different Class* represents one of the more subtle attacks on the North American scene from the other side of the Atlantic. Their songs may not have the immediacy of the work of Oasis, but that is something that works to their advantage. They are more concerned with setting a scene or telling a story than finding the sort of tune that works its way into your head. But fortunately they are blessed with both Jarvis' lyrics are witty, and the musical accompaniment has more hooks than an angling shop. And the band can be just like those other masters of plagiarism, Oasis, borrowing the occasional snippet from another song - just listen to 'Disco 2000' for that oh-so-familiar guitar riff from Laura Branigan's 'Gloria'.

Yet the thing that sets Pulp apart from just about everyone else is their willingness to delve into the mundane, and find something peculiar enough to be really interesting. From push exchange students wanting to slum it, to stories of

raving all night thanks to some of that Ecstasy stuff, to tales of revenge, *Different Class* has it all. Try and forget all about 'Champagne Supernova' for fifty minutes or so, and listen to this very precious album. You won't regret it one little bit.

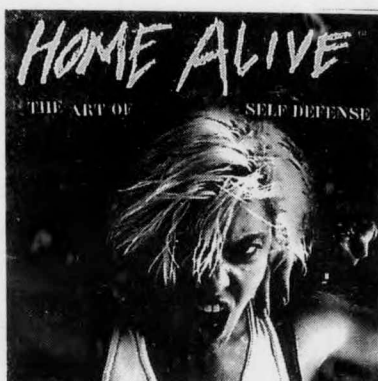


The Kids In The Hall must be getting kind of famous these days. They might not have a tv show any more, but their first movie, *Brain Candy*, is out, and they managed to convince all kinds of famous people to appear on the soundtrack album. The track listing seems very impressive initially, but after listening to it a couple of times, it doesn't seem quite so awe-inspiring. Pavement are simply going through the motions on 'Painted Soldiers', as is Matthew Sweet with 'Happiness'. The best of the songs have all turned up before, but do still help



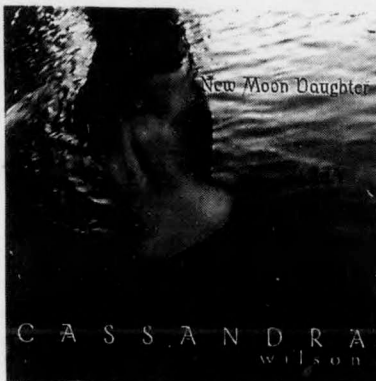
to raise the standards just a little bit - a round of applause for Stereolab, Yo La Tengo and Cibo Matto. But it is Canada that we can really thank for saving the day - The Odds were very much involved in putting together the album, and not only contribute one song, but also appear with Bruce McCulloch on a couple of songs under the pseudonym Death Lurks. And it wouldn't be The Kids In The Hall without some Shadowy Men who complain they are 'Having An Average Weekend'. I know just how they feel.

A much more worthwhile compilation is *Home Alive: The Art Of Self Defense*. Home Alive is a group of (in their own words) musicians, artists and other freaks who are trying to do something to end violence. The whole project was started after Mia Zapata, the lead singer of The Gits, was brutally raped and murdered three years ago. Her killer was never found. The money made by sales of this two CD set will go to funding self-defense training, educational material and awareness about how to resist violence. That fact alone should make you want to buy this, but if it doesn't, the track listing should. There are musical contributions from Pearl Jam, Nirvana, Soundgarden, The Posies, The Gits and many other less well-known artists, and quite a few spoken word pieces that deal with the subject of violence. This should



old too. So when I noticed that Lode's debut album, *Legs & Arms*, was produced by Steely Dan's producer Gary Katz, I took it as a sign. And what did I find? Well, it does have a definite older feel to it, with a definite touch of blues and even jazz - Rickie Lee Jones jumps to mind, as does Edie Brickell. And if you like either of those two, you will probably like this too as it is a very pleasant album. It won't change your life (or make your hair grow back), but it will provide you with some really quite nice music. Isn't that enough any more?

Cassandra Wilson has one of those voices that becomes more and more difficult to comprehend the more that you listen. It can be so deep and sumptuous that it comes as a real shock when it skips so effortlessly through the octaves. Very unexpected, even for a jazz singer. On *New Moon Daughter*, she really comes into her own as one of contemporary jazz's finest female vocalists. And when you combine that with some sparse, yet moody arrangements, that voice can come shining through. Her own songwriting skills have strengthened, while her choice of cover version still verges on bizarre - 'Last Train To Clarksville'? I really didn't see that one coming. She also reinvents Neil Young's 'Harvest Moon' in a way that might even garner the approval of the man himself. This is a very classy, melancholy album, and one that really shouldn't be listened to until the hours of darkness have arrived as you can really appreciate it then.



Comic end to TNB's season

by Eddi Lachswarm
Brunswickan Entertainment

There is nothing quite as funny as a good old fashioned farce. Just the thought of Ran Cooney hiding in the wardrobe with his trousers around his ankles while he waits for his wife to get rid of the vicar is enough to put a smirk on just about anyone's face. But there is also nothing quite so uncomfortable to watch as farce; it can be excruciatingly painful to watch someone overact their way from one ridiculous situation to another. For a farce to be successful, a very thin line must be traversed.

Fortunately, Theatre New Brunswick's final play of the season manages to stay on the right side of the line for the most part. *Lend Me A Tenor* is the tale of an Italian tenor, Tito Merelli, who arrives in Cleveland for a concert, and the circumstances that lead to his not performing. Needless to say, it involves a corpse, more than one case of

mistaken identity and also a healthy dose of sex. The sex goes without saying, really, as innuendo and basic smut is one, if not the, essential element of a good farce. And in the case of *Lend Me A Tenor*, it is Tito that every woman in the show is fawning over (even if it does turn out to be accidentally).

The award-winning script, written by Ken Ludwig, has one-liner after one-liner, and is probably one of those scripts that is almost impossible to mess up. But having such a talented cast as TNB has assembled must surely help - every single actor on stage does an incredible job of delivering every single line in a way that illicit almost constant laughter from the audience. No mean feat. Their

comic timing is almost perfect; one particular moment jumps to mind when Saunders (Ted Follows) held a pregnant pause for almost a minute - his flabbergasted look was more than enough to carry the comic effect. It really is all about timing.

It is hard, almost impossible in fact, to pick out one performance as the highlight of the evening. There was the tumultuous relationship between Tito (Brian McKay) and his wife Maria (Sheri Pedersen-McKay). Or the oh-so-innocent virgin (for most of the show anyway) Maggie (Leisa Way). Or the over-sexed Diana (Melodee Finlay). Basically there is every stereotype under the sun - nobody said that farce was subtle. Far from it.

But despite that, *Lend Me A Tenor* is a damned funny play, and well worth checking out if you have the chance.

Lend Me A Tenor continues at The Playhouse until Saturday, with nightly performances at 8 pm. For ticket information, call The Playhouse at 458-8344.

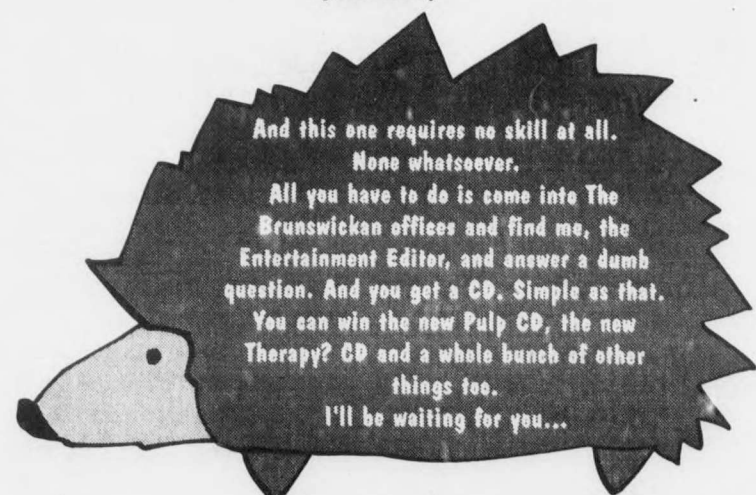


TWINS!

You are cordially invited to Gallery Connexion (behind Justice Building, Queen Street) on Wednesday April 24th at 7:30 pm to celebrate the arrival of QWERTY and Every Tool Is A Weapon If You Hold It Right from Ice House Press.

There will be readings, coffee, music and books for sale. For more information, call 459-8763 or 458-8832

THE ABSOLUTELY FINAL COMPETITION OF THE YEAR (HONEST)



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