

## NEW MUSIC

⇒ Brownie Mary

Naked

Rating: 9

BY JEFF IRVING  
Features Music Critic

When I looked at the cover to *Naked*, I knew what this band was going to sound like. A female singer and three male instrumentalists were depicted in the I-went-to-school-naked nightmare scenario. This usually denotes a power-pop album. You've heard it before many times.

Familiarity isn't a bad thing at all if the music is done well and presented imaginatively. Brownie Mary deliver an energetic package that will probably get put in heavy rotation and Buzz-Clipped to no end, but they actually deserve the airplay. Their sound is halfway between Eve's Plum and Belly with a few touches of Alanis here and there, but these comparisons can be brushed aside, as this band mixes their influences together well enough to make some pretty original songs within the genre's boundaries.

The album kicks off powerfully with a little bit of feedback and lunges straight into "Like I Really Do," a song about a smothering relationship. The title track swings along with wah-drenched riffs and Kelsey Barber's slightly raspy voice alternating between plaintiveness and

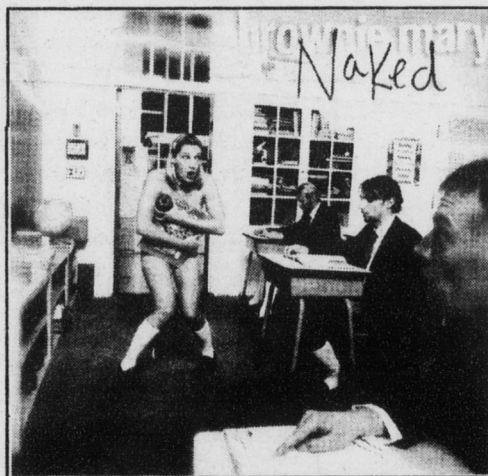


PHOTO COURTESY OF BLACKBIRD RECORDINGS

growing. "I'll Be The One" rocks hard with a swagger rarely brandished convincingly in power-pop. "Wonderful Enough" is a delicately textured ballad that could be the soundtrack for poignant friendships. "Blind Obsession" showcases Rich Jacques's playing skills with a Pat Metheny-like solo over a semi-etheral melody and that sounds vaguely like a less excessive "Tell Me Lies" by

Fleetwood Mac. The chorus to "Stop Me" has a slightly off-kilter feel that suggests something that Failure might have done. "Silver" closes the album with a ragged, weary tale of emotional exhaustion.

Nearly every song could be a worthy chart-topper. This album will make lots of adolescents very happy, and the songcraft is strong enough for jaded listeners to enjoy it. Coming from someone who generally doesn't like to listen to a lot of "modern rock," this is a damn good album.

### ⇒ Pure

Feverish

Rating: 1

BY JOHN CLINTON  
Staff Writer

Pure's not pure because Pure's purely constipated. Everything about "Feverish," their new release, reeks of redundant mediocrity. The beats, the licks, the lyrics, and the half-assed electronic attempts—it's all enough to make me puke the latest try from yet another

all-male quartet.

The lead singer, who is so bad that they leave his name out of the liner notes, sounds just like one more Eddy Vedder/Shane MacGowan/Dave Pirner hybrid. To top it off, the lyrics he squeals are terribly shallow. The prevailing lyrical theme of this album bounces from teen angst to the ever-popular cure for such melancholy—Draize Train cockiness and slacker ambivalence.

Take the lead track, "Chocolate Bar," as an example of Pure's bum. This tune comments condescendingly—but only sort of—on a white guy's venture into the hazy urban night to pick up a black prostitute: "You wanna get some... chocolate bar/ Keep your tricks to the other side." The only thing that Pure tells us about this guy is that he's a pathetic slink. But, by singing about him negatively, they make it seem as though they're better off because they, after all, are upper-class rock stars. It's like they consider themselves better people just because they have an advantage—being set up so that other people must pay to listen to their stupid credos and rudimentary but not minimalistically pleasing instrumentals.

The mechanical impression of this lead track actually depresses. Pure are experts at creating an industrial-alternate-rock shlock sound. And the rest of the tunes are so much more low-key! (They are worse than the first and so I will hesitate to waste more words on them.) It's as if they try to impress the

The Guilfordian Comic Strip Artist's suggestions on how to use this wonderful tool we could measure:

- \* The Usefulness of one year of a foreign language
- \* The intelligence of the idiots in my poetry class
- \* The number of people who actually bother to read The Guilfordian
- \* The number of hot girls at Guilford
- \* The amount of WQFS airtime devoted to playing music that doesn't completely suck
- \* The amount of time I spend drawing one of these comic strips
- \* The percentage of Guilford's "lesbian" community that is actually gay, and not just faking it because it is trendy
- \* The size of the Golden Weasel's

—FW **CENSORED**



PHOTO COURTESY OF MAMMOTH RECORDS

listener with their ability to produce a prototypical catchy tune.

What Pure fears most are those of us who listen to more talented and integral bands like Transam, Tortoise, the Sea and Cake, and so are not enticed by their ridiculous menagerie of just-for-kicks money-grubbing musicianship. For if it were not for such selective ears, Pure might someday rule the world like Michael Jackson!

### Rating System

10	Essential
9	Superb
8	Excellent
7	Very Good
6	Above Average
5	Good
4	So-So
3	Ho-hum
2	Gawd awful
1	I didn't think Bon Jovi was still together!

DON'T LAUGH → THERE'S GOING TO BE A

## SCRABBLE TOURNAMENT

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WHERE? → THE UNDERGROUND. WHEN? → 5:15  
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- 6th prize: The Official Scrabble Players Dictionary
- 7th prize: The Official Scrabble Players Dictionary
- 8th prize: A 1998 Scrabble Calendar
- 9th prize: A 1998 Scrabble Calendar
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