

Top of the Pops 1991

Well, the year ain't quite over, but here at the X-Press we close down fairly early so I'm going to begin my summation of the year in music. Next week I'll be listing the best and the worst of 91, but for now I'm going to skim through some of the year's more notable releases, good and bad, starting off with our fellow Canadians.

SOLACE- Sarah McLachlan. Brrrr... pretty chilly stuff. Uncannily Sinead-like at times. "The Path of Thorns" is lovely, but the rest kinda floats off into oblivion. Pompous lyrics to boot.

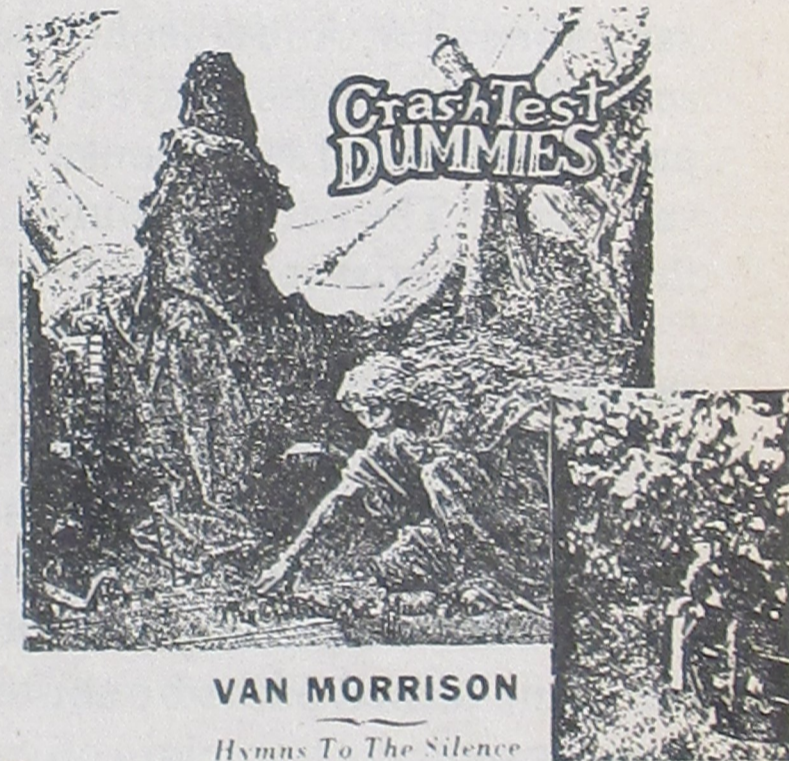
THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNT ME- The Crash Test Dummies. The fluke hit of the year, proving that when you have a great melody absurd lyrics, pseudo-singing and a bizarre name mean nothing. The sound is refreshingly rootsy, though the writing leaves something to be desired and the lyrics are simply bad poetry. Good taste in covers.

NIGHT RIDE HOME- Joni Mitchell. Also rather cool and airy somewhat like Sarah, but the songs are of better quality. Not bad at all.

ROAD APPLES- The Tragically Hip. One of a handful of the year's rock 'n' roll releases. They have a driving, forceful, rocking, blah-blah-blah sound, and rock dynamics in spades. Beauty.

THE REALITY OF MY SURROUNDINGS- Fishbone. A big disappointment for me. I expected them to become a modern day Sly and the Family Stone, but this is closer to hardcore than r&b/rock. It's okay, but I expected something a little more musical.

MAMA SAID- Lenny Kravitz. The fact that he's derivative as hell goes without saying, but he's interesting at least. He has monumental chops, but it's all artificial (though he's trying to be real)- not an original note to be found, and the dopey, hippy-dippy lyrics don't help. If he gets his own voice look out.



VAN MORRISON
Hymns To The Silence

THE SOUL CAGES- Sting. Well done, thoughtful yawn-fest.

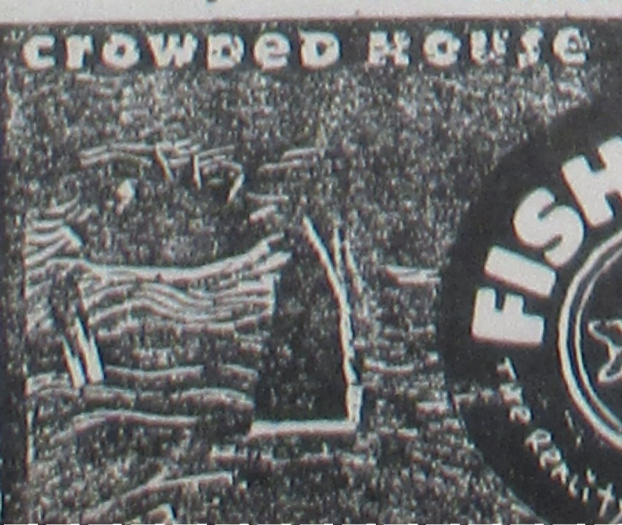
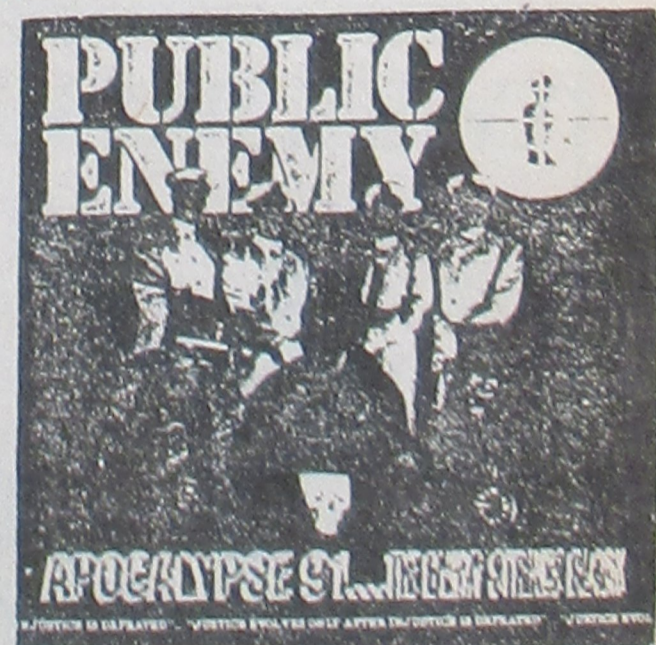
HYMNS TO THE SILENCE- Van Morrison. Now playing at an elevator near you.

APOCALYPSE 91- Public Enemy. Definitely not boring, but a throwaway nonetheless. HYMNS TO

POP POP- Rickie Lee Jones. Sheer boredom from a woman I expected more from.

WOODFACE- Crowded House. Almost knocked a certain bunch of smug Athenians off my top ten. Wonderfully tuneful. Not earth-shattering, but still pretty good.

METALLICA- Metallica. I'm not saying if this is good or bad (though it's certainly impressive), but I just don't want to listen to it, and unless you got an extra y-chromosome or something I'm not sure why anyone else would either.



ART. NO. T209

POP POP

SNAPPERS A NOVEL TRICK. ITEM BANG DROP. IT/ TROWIT/ STEP ON IT/ SNAPIT/ CAUTION: CAREFULLY READ OTHER CAUTIONS ON SIDE PANEL

RICKIE