

Choice Cuts

Reviews of Everything

Movie: *Pollock*

Director: Ed Harris

Distributor: Sony Classics

Jackson Pollock, an American artist of the early to mid 1900's, pulls himself from his ocean of booze to become an influence on modern art as an important figure in the abstract expressionist movement. This heavy-of-heart painter creates the romantic notion of the struggling artist while trying to get by on nothing but emotional anarchy created in the destructive wake of alcoholism.

As Pollock tears himself from his wild, drunken antics with the help of his lover, he creates a name for himself by producing more and more intense art work, he becomes more and more well known as the media flock to him. Pollock relishes it all, for once his paintings are being noticed and he is making enough money to live on. All the attention is wears on the once-mad artist, and an overwhelmed Pollock returns to alcohol.

Pollock, the true story of one of America's brilliant artists, is a striking and emotionally gripping story. It is the sad story of a modern tragic hero who rose from the depths of hell, only to be shot down when at the height of fame. An excellent film with great acting and conviction enough to depress the most gleeful. Pollock is an excellent film, a must see.

-Brad DEIGHAN

12": *I Hate Myself*

Artist: I Hate Myself

Label: No Idea Records

This album isn't new, but as far as I'm concerned, it's timeless (besides which, it's probably new to you). I Hate Myself play what some would consider horrible piercing post-grunge that lapses into fits of screaming and jangly guitar whining, but I think it's great. Really, it's emo, possi-



Sloan.

bly in the purest sense of the word, because I Hate Myself display uncompromising, uninhibited outpouring of emotion. This album is full of stark contrasts, moving from such quiet sad melodies that you have to turn your stereo up just to realize there's something there, to heart wrenching screaming over epic guitars, to meandering poorly-sung indie rock, often within the same song, and it's golden. There's a pretty strong undercurrent of depression and suicidal ideation on this record, but somehow in the end it comes out sounding like waning afternoon sunlight. Summer twilight. Huzzah. It's very romantic, cute and tragic, like falling in love then falling off your bike and dying of brain damage.

-Jonah CAMPBELL

Album: *Pretty Together*

Artist: Sloan

Label: Murder Records

It is possible that like Sloan's previous albums, *Pretty Together* will require multiple listens before it can fully be appreciated, but I just cannot allow myself to listen to it because of one horrible track. The entire album is bogged down by the fifth track, "pick it up and dial it," a rock telethon spoken rant by Chris Murphy. Besides the lack of melody and the annoying

nature of Murphy's delivery, the "hooray for rock" moments on this song seem much more forced than previous arena rock anthems like "Money City Maniacs". The rest of the album is more disappointing than annoying. Sloan's songwriting has changed dramatically, and the quality of the recording is much more cold and polished compared to the warm, jangly sound of the band that Sloan used to be.

-Stephan MACLEOD

Album: *Beautifulgarbage*

Artist: Garbage

Label: Universal/Interscope

Garbage has been steadily sliding downhill since their first, self-titled release. *Beautifulgarbage* showcases the band at their most unimpressive, bland and generic.

-Matthew DORRELL

Album: *The Best of Bruce Dickinson*

Artist: Bruce Dickinson

Label: EMI

He's kind of like Ozzy, but with the charisma and range of an opera singer. Any fan of Iron Maiden is familiar with the band's off and on front man Bruce Dickinson's tremendous wail. Naturally, his solo work

borrowed heavily from Iron Maiden's epic metal sound, but the songwriting is not quite as memorable as Maiden's fierce poetry. In the end it's plain and simple rock and roll. The type of music you listen to after your father tells you to cut your hair, so you grab your jean jacket, pop on your headphones, and head out the door. Fuck you, dad. I'm not cutting my hair. I'm not hurting anyone, I just want to rock.

-Stephan MACLEOD

Album: *Suspect Symmetry*

Artist: Buried Inside

Label: Cyclop Distribution

Do I use the term "devastating" to describe music too often? Yeah, probably, but man, this album: devastating. Definitely one of the most thoughtful (as in thinking, not as in flowers) bands/albums I've run into in a while. The album represents (in their words) "an exploration of fallacious thought," and how "abstract concepts...have non-abstract ramifications." Over the course of seven songs they explore concepts such as IQ as a social determinant, how notions of standardized time construct reality, tourism as the commodification of nature and experience, and the anthropocentrism of wildlife conservation. Not exactly your standard punk rock lyrical fare. They also happen to play insane metalcore that will blow the shit out of you. So even if you're not into it for the message, the musical proficiency and top-notch production of this album will more than satisfy anyone in the market for intense screaming metal mayhem. If you ever have a chance to catch them live, do it. They have a gong. (Oh, and try to tell me that "Racking the Skulls of American Golgotha" isn't a wicked name for a song. Just try.)

-Jonah CAMPBELL