

Choice Cuts

Only Two CD Reviews

Album: *Shreds of Dignity*

Artist: Pro-Pain.

Label: Spitfire Records

Uhh, yeah, well, I don't know. They're called Pro Pain. They bore me. Perhaps they will bore you. Give it a listen!

-Jonah CAMPBELL

Album: *The Best Reggae Album in the world Ever!*

Artists: Various

Label: EMI

Christ...okay, my first reaction to this CD has to do with the fact that the cover sports a picture of a tropical beach paradise with a pair of finely tanned white woman's feet crossed in the foreground. The implications of sheer cultural imperialism alone are enough to turn my stomach. But hey, it's not like I should expect the average music consumer to be aware of (or even sympathetic to) the legacy of colonialism and racism to which reggae was a response, and far be it from EMI to dispel anyone's ideas about reggae (or rasta culture in general) by acknowledging it as

something more than upbeat party tunes for white middle class college students and white collar forty-some-things to "jam out" to while they pound back bad pot and Coors Lites. Oh, those happy go lucky negroes ... Anyhoo, on to the contents of the CD itself.

There are actually a handful of really excellent and classic tracks here by the likes of Peter Tosh, Jimmy Cliff, and Desmond Dekker and The Aces (and Bob Marley, but you know, duh.) but for the most part, these two CDs are populated with some of the most ridiculous and turgid crap conceivable. If it wasn't enough that we have to deal with Shaggy, Ini Kamooze, and Bloodfire Posse, the listener is also subjected UB40 and Chrissie Hynde performing a rastafied version of "I Got You Babe" and the incomprehensible inclusion of Mick Jagger on one song. Who fuckin' knows? Not me. So in any case, the first couple of songs on each CD are actually pretty good, but under no circumstances would I advocate that someone buy this CD. EMI can go to hell.

-Jonah CAMPBELL

Stark Raving Sane: On My Intelligence

by Catherine SWEET

I've recently had a revelation.

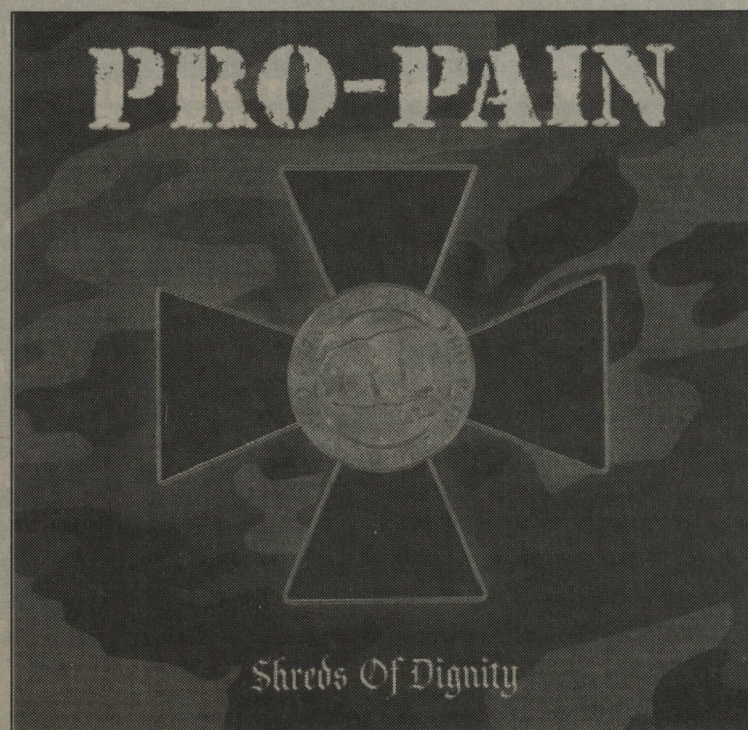
It wasn't one of those revelations that causes people to go live an ascetic life in a desert somewhere, but I have been affected nonetheless. As most people who have spent more than five minutes with me know, I am not the deep sort. I take things as they are and do not read anything very philosophical into them. I prefer to stock my bank of knowledge with cold, hard facts. I had never thought of this as a problem until recently. I've come to the realization that I'm not as smart as I thought I was.

Now, had I considered myself dim-witted and *then* realised I was actually quite clever, I would not dwell so much on this change in self-identity. Unfortunately, I have always considered myself to be smarter than the average bear. Consequently, I think I'm having my first identity crisis. Do the cold, hard facts I crave make me a cold, hard person? Does this mean I have to *stop* enjoying Shakespeare and *start* watching American daytime television? Should I dive head first into my mental mediocrity, or live in a state of denial?

Another question I'm forced to pose is: Have people around me all these years known that I'm dull and talked down to me? Was my self-aggrandizing a result of everyone dumbing-down conversations to my level? How do I even know words like self-aggrandizing? Is that even a word?

The thing is, this whole revelation has turned me on my ear. I loathe not understanding things. If I don't know how something works, I usually head to the library or the Internet and look it up. Why should I bother? I have come to the conclusion that ignorance truly *is* bliss.

Before I figure this all out, I'm going to continue being out of my depth in my very philosophical class this semester and try my best to keep up with the conversation without my head exploding. Before each class, I resolve not to open my mouth. Then I proceed to open my mouth. Then I look like a jackass in front of everyone and resolve not to open my mouth again. It's a nasty cycle. I bet a smarter person could keep their mouth shut.



SU ELECTIONS!

It's Student Union election time, boys and girls. Don't forget to attend the Student Union General Meeting on Wednesday, March 20 at 12:30 PM to hear the candidates' speeches. And don't forget to vote between March 25 and 28.