

Dance Yourself Dizzy



Okay everyone, this is the dance compilation hit list, brought to you by the letters A and I. The two records up for inspection are *20 Fingers* and the perpetually rehashed *Club Cutz, Volume 7*.

A stands for awesome, and it's one of the few words that describes *20 Fingers*. This recording is one of the raunchiest, hard-hitting dance compilations to hit the scene. The tracks are dynamite non-stop dance music; fast-paced and down n' dirty. The music speaks for itself, with such titles as 'Sex Machine' by Katrina, 'Lick It' by Roula, 'Choke My Chickie' by Ted Tubbacki & Goober and 'Short Dick Man' by Gillette. Granted this isn't the type of music one listens to for pure pleasure, but it is great if you're in the mood for raucous action. So, for my money, I'd go for this CD.

In contrast I stands for It Sucks Big Time, and man does *Club Cutz, Volume 7* suck. Alrighty now, maybe the series is supposed to have a few so-so tunes, but come on, most of the CD?! Unlike its predecessors (*Club Cutz 1* through *6*) this one doesn't really have what it takes for really good dance music. The musical beat isn't too bad, but the lyrical composition just doesn't follow some of the better tunes. Some of the better tracks, such as 'Santa Maria' by Tatjana, 'Fly With Me' by First Base and a really cool version of 'Tainted Love' by Senor X, could have been compiled with better choices. All in all, this CD doesn't quite cut it.



-Jetbelo Cabilete

The One-Eyed God

by Freedom Rhodes
Brunswickan Entertainment

I have assignments due and I have to get up in the morning but that will not stop me from staying up until 3:30 in the morning to watch my television candy. And what, you may ask, has the power to turn me into a night owl and a member of the UNB walking undead? I blame this addiction on *Forever Knight*. This one television show will make me rearrange my schedule, rewatch the episodes I have on tape over and over, and become upset if the station decides to preempt for a stupid infomercial.

For the benefit of those that don't know, *Forever Knight* is a syndicated, one hour show that airs at 2:00am (Ch. 2) and 2:30am (Ch. 37) Saturday nights and 11:00pm (Ch. 8) Mondays. This series takes place in Toronto and revolves around the life of angst ridden Nick Knight, vampire police detective. He is on a quest to restore his

mortality but in the meantime, he uses his vampiric powers to solve crime in a flawed superhero manner. Now let's get complicated. First, there is Natalie Lambert, city coroner, who knows about Nick's condition and has vowed to help him become human again. They have more than a working relationship but alas, it can never be; they are of a different species.

Then there is Tracy, Nick's partner. She doesn't know about Nick's lifestyle but she knows about the vampire community through her relationship with Vachon, the cute neighbourhood vampire. Nick's big headache, for the last three seasons, has been LaCroix, the master vampire that brought him across in 1228 (You might recall him from the Oatmeal Crisp commercials. "It's a bonny cereal, but it's not oatmeal!"). During the first and second season, Nick's partner was Schanke, but he is now dead due to his plane exploding. Janette, his close, very old friend, was there too, but she took off, destination unknown.

I jumped into the story during the second season and found it has a culture all of its own when I discovered the other fans of the show on the internet. I subscribe to four e-mail lists that are devoted to the discussion of all the various aspects of *Forever Knight*. It was through this that I discovered that its days were numbered. Since then, there has been a huge letter writing campaign, raising money for the Pediatrics Aids Foundation, and many other projects. If you are interested, check out "http://members.aol.com/CuznJamiMR/SaveForeverKnight.html".

But anyway, I think that the main reason I enjoy this show is its low profile. Friends tease me about *The X-Files* or *Seinfeld* and I will be the first to admit that I don't mainstream. I may be a little far out there but I consider this my *Star Trek* and I am allowed to act strange and have a hobby. For those who like to root for the underdog and enjoy the strange and gothic, join me on my endless, forever night...

COMPETITION TIME!!!

Well, thanks to that oh-so-famous apathy on campus, the Eric's Trip contest will run for one more week. You see, we didn't actually get enough entries to give away all the prizes. Sigh. That means that all existing entries are more or less guaranteed one of the rather splendid poster and button sets. And the rest of you have another chance to pick one up yourself. All you have to do is answer the following question:

In which US city is Sub-Pop Records based?

PLEASE get your entries into The Brunswickan offices sometime before next Wednesday night, and you too could be a winner.

The Poll Tax & You

A Modern Day Fable

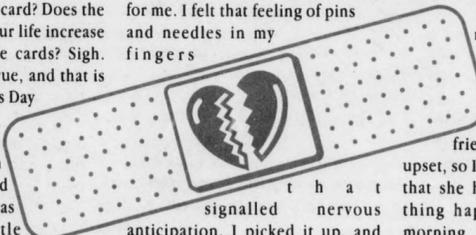
by Michael Edwards
Brunswickan Entertainment

Valentine's Day. I've never really liked that damned day as it makes me feel so insecure. So unloved. Can so much really depend on whether or not you get one lousy card? Does the amount of love in your life increase as you receive more cards? Sigh. Both appear to be true, and that is why I hate Valentine's Day so much.

So my story begins on one such Valentine's Day. I had just woke up, and was more than a little nervous about the prospect of another card-less year. While at high school, I had only received two cards. One I know was a sympathy card just to make me feel better about myself - no question about it. The other was a little more

intriguing, but that was three years ago, and the phone was yet to ring. Sigh. Typical.

I finally ventured downstairs and walked to the letterbox to check for mail. There was a large, white envelope on the doormat waiting for me. I felt that feeling of pins and needles in my fingers



that signalled nervous anticipation. I picked it up, and turned it over. It was for me. But there was no handwritten tenderness - it was a rather stern Governmental letter from the Poll Tax office. A Poll Tax demand. But it wasn't just any Poll Tax demand - it was one of those "give us the

money or else we'll come round to your house and sell your stuff" demands. Sigh. I was unloved. In fact, not only was I unloved, I was also getting threatening hate mail from a Government that just didn't care.

I left the house, trying my best to mask my disappointment, and made my way to the university. I got on the bus, and bumped into a friend. She looked equally upset, so I asked why. It turned out that she had had the exact same thing happen to her that very morning. We both laughed as we realised that we were not alone - there was someone else. We gazed into each other's eyes, and realised that even amidst all the horror that was Thatcher's Britain, there was a chance for love to blossom. And I never did pay that Poll Tax...

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