

## ARTS

# Those baby animals never really loved Elvis

BY WAYE MASON

**B**ABY ANIMALS is new Van Halen with Australian sensibilities. Lead singer Suze (yes, Suze) DeMarchi belts out, almost endearingly, cliché lyrics over top of straight-up bluesy rock with an end result not unlike recent pre-fabed Canadian stars Chrissy Steele and Alhanna Myles.

## MUSIC

*Baby Animals*  
Baby Animals  
Imago/BMG

It is the intriguing picture of a black dressed and white-skinned Suze, looking mysterious and deep on the album cover, which lead me to believe this album would be something new and exciting. Unfortunately I didn't notice the out-of-focus silhouettes of the long-haired rockers that make up the rest of the band.

The first single off this album is "Early Morning." There is nothing particularly exciting about this song. While it will fit in nicely between Aerosmith and Ms. Steele on Q104 drive time, this song lacks "humability": that quality in a song which still has people mumbling the words to the likes of the Who's "Magic Bus."

Despite some interesting slower songs like "Painless" and power grungy rock songs like "One Too Many," Baby Animals lack the punch required to break out on the North American market.

**The Wonder Stuff**  
Never Loved Elvis  
Polygram

The Wonder Stuff have been getting a lot of press lately. Recently two of the members travelled North America on PR tour, and that trip had them once again on the cover of New Music Express.

Their new album, *Never Loved Elvis*, is, simple put, impressive. A combination of celtic rock "a la the Pogues," and mainstream British pop sensibilities. The Wonder Stuff have quieted down during their break between albums while remaining intensely danceable.

"Welcome to the Cheap Seats" is the song that seems to be playing whenever I go into Sam's. It is a rollicking tune which combines fiddles, guitar and harmonies to create one of the most infectious and memorable songs so far this year.

"Inertia" is my favourite song from the album, maybe because of the Hammond organ sound in the

background. It reminds me of the Manchester invasion from the beginning of the summer.

It also reminds me of the Wonder Stuff's previous albums, *Hup* and *Eight Legged Groove Machine*. The Wonder Stuff has changed considerably since its last "hit," "Don't Let Me Down, Gently." However, old fans and new converts alike will find this album an enjoyable and much listened to addition to their music library.

**MUSIC**  
BLURBS

The British band Blur has been causing some excitement with their pre-album release of the single "There's No Other Way." A blues guitar riff or sample (who can tell these days) starts off this amazing and innovative dance song. The beat begins and the song goes into overdrive, leading me to understand why some in the industry believe that Blur will be a major player in the post-Manchester British invasion. Their new album, "Leisure," is due out anytime.

The Eurythmics have a "Greatest Hits" compilation out now on BMG. "Sweet Dreams," one of their first North American hits, has been re-released in a re-mastered version for 1991. This slightly more



electronic and techno version makes for an amusing trip down memory lane.

Ned's Atomic Dustbin are completing the last leg of their American tour. Ned's exciting album release "Godfodder" was released on Sony this summer and has achieved critical acclaim here in Canada. The band's first single release, "Happy," has been shown on Much Music and the band has been featured on City Limits. Other songs such as "Throwing Things" and "Kill Your Television" fill out the

album with impressive guitar work and fast-paced punch.

Closer to home, the Leslie Spitt Treeo, who are playing here at Dal in the McInnes Room on September 25 with the Skydiggers, say they are ready to record a new album. Band member Jake says that they have already recorded a ten-song demo tape which he feels is "better than the album, 'Don't Cry Too Hard.'" The "Spits" are scheduled to begin recording their second album for Capitol Records this November.

## Drifting on a cheap sea of beer

BY CHRIS LAMBIE

**M**Y ASTROLOGER AND I were first attracted to Drifters's Pub after we witnessed the gross amount of booty shakin going on there last Thursday night. Upon careful consideration, we decided to investigate this phenomenon further.

## FOOD

*Drifter's Pub*  
Argyle and Blowers

Hopping into the *Gazette's* new mobile and magical microbus, we rolled down to the corner of Argyle and Blowers streets to see what we could see.

After a slight scuffle with the waitress, we convinced her we really were newspaper people and that we had been sent by persons in authority, not to return without a restaurant review.

She understood immediately, and sent over the bartender. He too seemed to fathom our purpose (so quickly, I expected there may have been a plot afoot), delivering two large, cold glasses of draught beer to the table in one fluid motion — the equal of any synchronized swimmer in the business.

Up until that point everything was going fine; the place was quietly humming to the tune of about fifteen older more mature patrons, the music was at an even yet pleasant background volume and the

decor was comfortable to the very point of lulling us into a false sense of complacency. Then, the bartender dropped the bomb that broke the co-correspondents' backs: beer only costs 75 cents a glass.

I don't know who thought of such a ridiculous measure, but whoever it was ought to have my astrologer's hangover this morning. Man, he looks like a small truck could have been parked on top of his head all night. I, of course, even after drinking twice as much as him, am fitter than a Stradivarius.

Back to the review at hand, however. We ordered some garlic bread with the irremediable hope that it might keep other groovers off our

**Neanderthal**  
adrenaline  
rush that  
accompanies red  
meat

toes once we decided to hit the dance floor. My accomplice ordered the ravioli in a tomato sauce and I ordered the carnivore's classic T-bone with a small mountain of sautéed mushrooms. We also noticed there was a lot of fish and salads on the menu for all of you granola-minded readers out there in university land.

When the food came we were astounded. Usually pub food is pretty greasy, non-descript stuff, but hey — this actually might be worth writing a review about! The pasta sauce was rich and full of flavour, and while the raviolis themselves had a slightly processed taste, it was nicely masked by an abundance of freshly chopped parsley (Ed. note — yeah, maybe it was the beer, huh?).

The steak special was great. The mushrooms weren't stewed into submission or anything like that, and the steak, while not twitching on arrival as I had hoped, came close enough to provide the Neanderthal adrenaline rush that accompanies red meat.

All sorts of tasty accoutrements came with the steak, so I shared them with my dining companion, as the waitress had obviously taken a fancy to me over him and scraped his stuff on to my plate in a sly (if somewhat obvious) show of affection.

We had to leave soon after trying a delicate vanilla cheesecake made on the premises. Our hasty retreat was largely due to the fact that the King's Wardroom had just closed and a swarm of Hey Dudes had filled the place, nervously slurping cheap draft while complaining about the lack of adequate parking facilities for their Daddies' four by fours at school.

## Drifters

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