

CHSR Benefit Concert



photo by Hiep Vu

tunes like the
to send this band deep into
sound mix never collected itself enough for judgment, but everyone appeared to be having a whale of a time.

Ted's older brother James's latest project was next (Ted remarked to me that it was "James's attempt to prove to the universe that he is ten times weirder than anyone originally thought he was"). **Angelicat** is a sort of soft-core industrial band. A large bathtub, some metal bars on a rack, two keyboards and a lot of candles made for a sense of occasion (the incense was, for me anyway, contrived and unnecessary, but I guess I'm just not in tune with the scene maybe). I felt that the music was not as rough as it could or should have been, with a little too much attention placed on the heavy-delay psycho-distorted vocals and pre-programmed rhythms. Bang the bathtub a little more next time guys.

Finally, we were given the wranglings and thrashings of what has become a household name in loud alternative music in Fredericton. **THE DRUIDS** have been around for long enough to have woken the dead guys in the George St. cemetery more than once. Displaying a tighter sense of their genre, the Druids whanged and whacked at some more interesting compositions and showed us a cleaner and more organized performance to the delight of the few people at the show. Cut short by civic noise level regulations (I love that), the show ended around eleven or so, and the folks filtered home.

While I do not think that these performances represented the wave of the future (as I am wont to think of "alternative" music), it did show that the love of music for the sake of being loud and weird is alive and well in Fredericton, and that there is more than one way to express this thought. **CHSR** needs a little boost in the promotional department if they're going to make this kind of thing work, but they have my respect for trying.

Ricky Lizard, Angelicate, and The Druids at Boyce Farmer's Market

I remember when I was sixteen, I went to a concert in an abandoned church hall in Indianapolis. Three blocks away in the city square, **Journey** was playing to about forty thousand screaming fans. **The Police** were just about to release *Synchronicity*, and the **Dead Kennedy's** *Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables* was making waves. In a dark, musty hall, **The Circle Jerks**, **THE BAD BRAINS**, and **Legal Weapon** blasted us with ear-splitting volume and what was at the time land-record speed. I still remember that night as one of the more surreal experiences of my early adulthood. My ears rang for a week and I was bruised from head to toe, but damn we had a good time proving our individuality.

Subsequently, I have always maintained a soft spot for any alternative to the accepted norms of over-produced, pre-packaged AM tripe or the conform-to-non-conformity of college circuit artists. The whole alternative genre just confuses me now, but this is just because I'm a little older and my tastes have changed. Part heredity, part environment, I guess.

So I went to the **CHSR** benefit show on Saturday Night at the Boyce Farmers Market. What I witnessed was, honestly, exactly what the bulk of UNB students think they would see at a **CHSR** benefit - and what the archetypal middle-class parents hope and pray their junior high school child is not attending when he/she goes out on Saturday night and doesn't say when he/she'll be back. In fact, it was a lot like that night in the abandoned church hall in Indianapolis.

Ricky Lizard started the night off in an initially incomprehensible wall of feedback and white noise, a result of the sound mix's inaugural first gruntings in its evolution (there were, however, many who whistled "cool!" and stuck their fists in the air at this point). A band in the earliest stages of development, **Ricky Lizard** is a parental nightmare of loud, jerky and grundgy cacophony, slightly organized and shaken, not stirred. Featuring Dillon rip-off *It Ain't Me Babe*, the band bungied around and were loud. Ted Hamilton's boyish voice is just off enough in the category of "TURN THAT SHIT DOWN, YOU!!!" and seemed to go over with the crowd fairly well. I personally felt the



A CALL TO THE SUB-ETHER

Why are you here? Do you really think that a BA in Sociology/English will land you anything other than a four dollar an hour job counting bud worm eggs? If you do then you are pathetically misguided. So why are you here? Do you think that you can meet the right mate and be supported in your old age while you lounge on the chaise and scarf bon-bons? Again, you sadly misguided boob, you're dead wrong. So why are you here? Maybe daddy gave you a car if you would just get out of the house and do something with your life? Maybe you have absolutely nothing better to do and your friends are all here? Why the hell are you here? I'll tell you. You're here to work at the entertainment section of the Brunswickan. I know, I know, it sounds stupid, but everyone told Stan Friedman that there were no such things as UFO's and look where he is now. Rolling in dough. Imagine yourself sauntering up to the Social Club for a show in the Ballroom; the truck-shaped doorman says: "Hey, you! You a member?! Gimme all yer money and maybe I won't break yer arms!" He begins to move towards you menacingly. "I'm press, man. Check the pass." You say flippantly, smirking as you flash the Brunswickan press pass. "Omigod! I'm

so sorry!" whines the bouncer. "I didn't know! Please don't tell Matt! Please!" He is sniveling now, and your heart goes out to him. "Don't worry about it man, you couldn't have known, I'm new, but remember the face!" You turn as he barks "Yessir! I won't forget!" Later that evening, you go to Matt's office and have the guy fired - "I don't want to see any more of that, Matt, or I'll have to give you a REVIEW!" "NO!" Screams Matt "Anything but that!" and has the offending bouncer skinned and stuffed as an example.

damn opinions to yourself. We need people, and that means anybody. You can be an engineer or a psych major. It's not an extracurricular activity like AISEC or The Yearbook where clique-group geeks hang out and hug each other either. We hate each other. We are an eclectic group of people who manage, barely, to stand each other long enough to put out a newspaper every week. We're not ideologicistic fools like CHSR or power-trip mongers like Orientation. We don't have the false impression that we're important like the Student Union, and we don't hang out in the Blue Lounge and play complex, time consuming and moronic war games. We piss people off. We're good at it. We piss each other off. We know why we're here. Do you?

the editor

We tend to do what I call "throwing things into the S.U.B.-ether" here at entertainment. This means that when we write stuff it gets printed and then lost to the vast expanse of the university community. It is not often that we offend people enough to make them write in or come and see us. This adds alot to the freedom of the whole thing. So I am sending out a request to the "S.U.B.-ether" for folks to take a little initiative and come and learn something real for a change - we won't ask you the cube root of lamda, and we won't ask for graphs or fifteen page reports. We ask that you come and learn how to use computers for graphics, write like they do in the *Village Voice*, take photos and develop them like they do in *Rolling Stone*, and harass local nightclub owners and trash bands that you really hate as well as praising those you love. You can visit art shows, plays, recitals, restaurants - anything that denotes "Leisure" or "entertainment" - if that means skeet-shooting or nude bungie-jumping, so be it.

I'd like to think we are doing an adequate job here this year. If you don't, then either come down here and attempt to do better or keep your own



Do you want to end up like this? Come work for the Entertainment section if the answer is no.

even when they're not though, they can be highly amusing.

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