



Canadian

performs

JANE SIBERRY Playhouse: Saturday /° March

At first she seemed a little shy and awkward like this sweet little aunt I've got back home that is totally bonkers and keeps trying to jump in Paignton harbour. She's backed up by these two wildly enthusiastic little hoofers though that seems a little too much of a contrast to our Jane who is clearly the boss, but no, it's o.k. It's rather a nice counter point.

The audience, seeming to consist entirely of CHSR members with complimentary tickets and people dressed up in carpet remnants, lap it up; a rather soft gooey atmosphere is quickly produced letting us sink back in our little seats, preparing to be drenched in an already anticipated gush of preternatural warmth (incidentally CHSR, next time you promote a concert, get yer frockin' responsibilities right and give the Bruns at least one ticket alright?).

No two words about it, our Jane's little show last Saturday night was a real beller. Hers are not songs of simple disposable melodies and current phraseology, but many splendoured things of often unexpected surprises of brilliant life and colour. This material then, is custom made for theatrical presentation because an imaginative and sensitive approach to lighting and choreography can heighten the sensations to what is already an uplifting style of music.

Essentially it was a flawless performance. This is perhaps somewhat oxymoronic since at several points during the show mistakes only recognizable to the band were made: including the necessity to start 'The White Tent the Raft' about three times. Because of the cold weather' Jane mused, giggling like a little school girl. Simultaneously, the entire audience wanted to climb up on stage and give her a cuddle,

I may be wrong, but I'm quite certain the entire contents of the lastest album The Walking was given an airing.

This was certainly no disappointment since it contains some of the most breathtaking moments of ethereal harmonizing that have ever run little feathery fingers up and down my quivering spine.

Halfway through the concert I was in serious danger of submitting to some heavy astral projection dripping on the politely gibbering audience below. It was not any of these songs that got the most applause though, no. It was of course the cleverly assembled but rather grating 'Mimi on the Beach' which all the idiots had seen on Much Music.

we began to realise what a talented little assemblage we had before us as each member of the group (7 in all) played a seperate musical instrument. Yowsah!

The idiots got to their feet (but at least nobody lit any matches or threw frisbees around) and we had an encore of 'the Lobby' and 'the Bird in the Gravel' (I think) during which one of the back-up singers (a lady really big in Ottawa I'm told) is given the front of the stage to good effect. It was a truly enjoyable evening and a suitable antithesis to the selfdepreciating coprophilic side of the shit I saw on Saturday night videos that I watched when I got home. Look out though, here comes Stevie Ray Vaughn - so everybody remember to say "YEAH F**CKIN' A!!" everytime somebody in the band mentions 'pussy', 'Jack Daniels' or 'Rawk n' Rawl!'

GRIFFITHS







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