

*Bad Coffee, Bad Grades
& Japanese Monster Movies*

By NICK OLIVER

Since last week's article couldn't be deemed entertainment, I'll make this week's a piece of art. You know, they say entertainment is art sugar-coated so the masses can grasp it. There may be some truth to that. I'm not much of a sugar-coater, I guess.

So I'm at the Grapes of Wrath/Lava Hay Show this week, and it must have been two-for-one night at your friendly neighbourhood Bozo-Mart or something because I was surrounded by imbeciles! And not just in the military spoof film sense, these people were certified supergeniuses. I'm not talking your beer spilling step-on-your-toes, slur-the-wrong-lyrics-to-every-song-at-the-top-of-their-lungs moron in tight jeans here. I'm talking your above-average, over-achieving video trivia player & achy breaky dancing champion. I was surrounded by people who could not help show how ignorant they were about both bands, as well as how infrequently they go to shows. One guy behind me couldn't contain his enthusiasm "Wow! My first concert! and the Grapes of Wrath are only ten feet away! and they're real!" Well, it's either that or holo-

gram technology has come a long way since you were last caught dribbling on yourself while gnawing on a fudgesicle. Yes, it's true, you were that close. Was it everything you'd hoped it would be? Did Tom Hooper happen to shake his head hard enough to toss some sweat on you? What a revelation that would've been, Huh? You were close enough to spit on them, so why didn't you? They might have enjoyed your frank expression of your displeasure at their weak performance. I must say, their show last spring at the Boyce Market was much better, with better song variety, better stage presence, better sound, better everything.

Lava Hay, whom I enjoyed much more, were far more dynamic than the Grapes and not afraid to go a bit snakey and play a cover of ABBA's "SOS" to end the show. This excellent performance was preceded by insipid comments like "Which guy in the band is that?" As the roadie tested mic's and guitars. "He's not in the band, He's nobody. He's just a roadie." Her friend replied. Get out much, girls? If you didn't know, no roadies, no shows. For every hour of show, there's usually two or three hours of tear down, set-up and testing. He's nobody?! Often, the roadies are much cooler than people in the bands.

I must also add that this bar was probably the worst bar in which to do a show in all of Fredericton. The

sound was the pits (through no fault of the crew, it was alright all things considered), the standing room sucked (i.e. there really wasn't any with ropes sectioning off everything) and the service was rude and snarky, having to deal with all this unconventional clientele. Pull the icicles out of your butts, kids. Synopsis of the show: Venue...Bad, Lava Hay...Rockin', Grapes...Not as good as last time. 'Nuff said.

See last week's classifieds? Be a rebel?! What's so rebellious about a Hitler Youth Barbecue & Meeting? I wonder if they give each other tattoos and funny haircuts as they baste chicken legs and discuss the benefits of Free Trade on the unemployed? Nah, but it sounds cool though, Huh? You guys really want to be rebels? Why don't you give yourselves mental enemas, watch some Japanese Monster Movies (I recommend at least 3), then stand on top of your fancy automobiles yelling your preference for world based market economies at the top of your lungs in your boxers & fruit-of-the-looms until the police come. Then overturn the squad cars demanding police action to maintain law & order by chanting "Hose us Down! Bash our Heads! Slap on the 'Cuffs!' I'd like to see that.

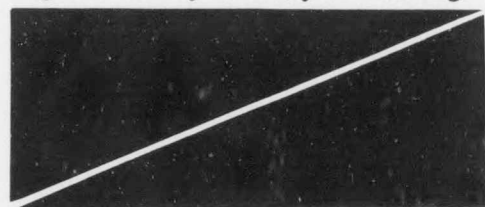
No personal notes this week since I was told it didn't make any sense. I just had a thought I considered sharing with you, most gracious

readers, but alas, you balked and I will now recoil in shame. Yeah, Right! If you really didn't like it, then write your own goddamned column. That way you at least can guarantee satisfaction everytime! At the least! If you think I'm here to satisfy everyone everytime you've been smoking pot with Bill Clinton. (But not inhaling, as I understand. Maybe you need to change hobbies, to something like drinking anti-freeze or flossing your toes.)

Well, see you all at the Sloan/Change of Heart/Eric's Trip show Monday night. Don't miss it (unless you're a supergenius) I guarantee you'll be within ten feet of the band if you want to get close. Change of Heart rocked the Social Club last year so don't miss them this year. Moncton's Eric's Trip promise to be smokin' too. Check it out.

Tune in next week, same bat time, same bat channel.

P.S. To the girl who had the nerve to call me while engineering the live in-studio appearance on CHSR-FM of Lava Hay on Wednesday afternoon, only to tell me to get Lava Hay off the air so her friend's radio show could begin... Eat my lunch, you hosebag!



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