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CD Reviews



BLOODY CHICLETS
PRESENTING...
BMG

Bloody Chiclets may have a fixation with "funky flying saucers," but it will soon be music lovers that develop a fascination with Bloody Chiclets.

Hailing from the west coast, Bloody Chiclets have released their first album, *Presenting...*, with the help of Kurt Dahle (Age of Electric, Limblifter) and the integral forces of Glen Reid and David Reschny. Reid's power chords strike a harmony that makes people take notice, and David Reschny's sci-fi sounding keyboard effects just reach out and beam the listener aboard.

The treasure on all of these songs are the choruses. Reid's ability to craft short, clever lyrics to fit the chorus of each track explains the group's success on campus radio charts with songs such as "She's A Freak" and "On & On."

However, as is the problem with post-punk power pop like Bloody Chiclets, the range of the tunes is limited. The album's best tracks are packed at the beginning of the disc, so chances are you'll be hitting 'stop' somewhere near the middle of the disc.

But if you don't feel like rolling over to change the album, you really won't regret it either.

Although the group could learn a lot from listening to a few Odds and 54-40 albums, their debut will still cause a stir.

• PETER J. CULLEN



TARA MACLELAN
SILENCE
NETTWERK

Wanted: Sarah MacLachlan impersonators. Must sound and look exactly like Sarah...

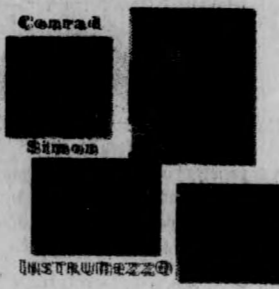
Welcome to the scene one Tara MacLellan. Notice the similarities already. Sarah MacLachlan-Tara MacLellan. Tara MacLellan's first CD is titled *Silence*. Sarah MacLachlan's sophomore release was titled *Solace*. *Silence-Solace*. As I was flipping through the CD sleeve I couldn't help but notice the striking physical resemblance between Tara and Sarah and get this: they are both signed to the Nettwerk label. It sounds like I am putting Tara down, I know. But in all actuality the CD is excellent. If you would kiss Sarah MacLachlan's feet as (I would) than you are going to like this CD. With

such a drought of new Sarah material anybody who sounds remotely like her is a welcome surprise. This isn't the first time that I've heard Tara sing. "Let Her Feel the Rain" which is actually on *Silence* was featured on the Nettwerk compilation *Slowbrew* two years ago. Nettwerk has always had a distinct sound and they are always pushing the boundaries of music. They know when they have a good thing, i.e. Sarah MacLachlan and they also know when to capitalize on a good thing, i.e. Sarah MacLachlan. Enough about though Sarah, let's get on with Tara.

Silence is a collection of songs about love lost, love found and isolation. Her voice is ethereal and the music is pure heaven. The lyrics are touching and at times biting. Between a whisper and scream Tara's confessions are heard. It's not that hard to try and figure out what she is singing about; her voice rings out as clear as bell on a sunny day. The music itself is airy at times but at other times stark enough to remind you that this woman has been through hell and back.

The CD is full of winners; "Let Her Feel the Rain," "That's Me," "For You" and "Evidence" are all fantastic. I recommend this CD highly, especially if you are a fan of our amazing songstress Sarah MacLachlan. If not, run out and buy it anyway. It's great.

• DENNIS GERMAN



CONRAD SIMON
INSTRUMENTO
INDEPENDENT

New Brunswick has its very own guitar virtuoso in Conrad Simon, an Aboriginal instrumental artist from Big Cove. His album *Instrumento* is filled with blazing guitar work which ranks with guitar greats such as Joe Satriani, Yngwie Malmsteen and Steve Morse. However, unlike many great technicians, Simon also has immense song writing abilities. The constantly changing riffs and rhythms which support Simon's highly original and heartfelt melodies are pleasing to the ears and filled with hooks which draw the listener in. The best of the many highlights on the album include "Ginab," with its catchy rhythm changes, the blazing "Metallic Clouds," and the classically inspired title track. Expect to hear a lot more from this highly talented guitar player.

• CHARLES TEED



It always makes me happy when I hear a really good CD from a local group. The first full-length album from Drive is titled *Bliss*. The band hails from St. John's, Newfoundland. Made up of guitarist Sean Punting, Bassist Chris Batorone and drummer Adam Staple, Drive delivers a well put together, fresh sound. This is the kind of CD that makes you want to jump around. Lyrically, it isn't all doom and gloom, and because the guys share vocals, there is a fair amount of variety. With several different styles of songs on the CD, it keeps the listener wanting to listen. Track one - "Wake Up She Said" - is crisp. Track eight - "Whole Thing Ruined" - is noisier and the last track, "St. Valentine's Day," is strictly acoustic. Get the picture? It is just a really good CD. In my opinion this is an excellent example of the talent coming out of the East Coast. Move over, Great Big Sea, here comes Drive.

• JENY BROWN

Remember your loved ones...

My best friend was killed on July 27, 1996.

It may seem odd to think of your cat as your best friend, but Fluffy was very special. When we got him in the fall of 1987, his tiny, white, furry frame prompted my brother to dub him "Fluffy." It was such a common name that neither I, my dad, mom, or brother could help but call him other variations, such as "Fluffer," "Fluffy Duffy," "Duffer," "Fluffalufagus," or even "Doug." The neighbours thought we had seventeen different cats every time we called him in at night. But Fluffy never cared. He knew the voices that called for him and he'd always come home.

Fluffy seemed to grow up pretty fast. As a kitten, he would climb trees and cry until someone helped him down. But he stopped climbing when he got older and much, much larger. "Is your cat even fat?" people would exclaim. I'd always reply with, "No, he's just big boned." My family was allowed to make fun of the "chubby baby," but no one else was.

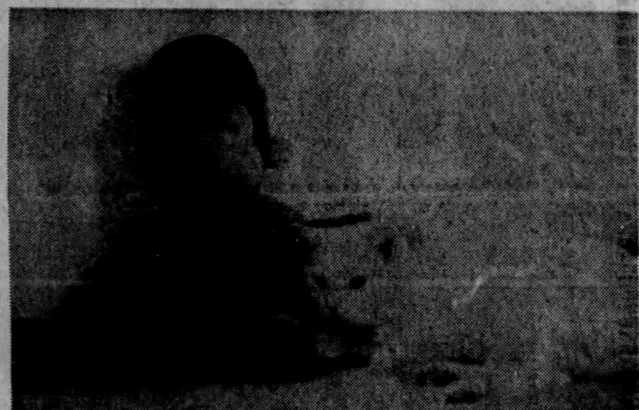
He was always a great deal of fun, too. In the summer, we'd race him across the lawn in our wheelbarrow. He always hated that. In the winter we'd take him down the hill on the GT Snow Racer with us. He really hated that. But he would still spend his day watching me mow the lawn in the summertime, and

I'd often run over to pet him for a quick second. And in the winter he'd observe us shovelling snow, and he'd usually wait for us to finish before heading inside.

Despite his many charms, Fluffy was terrible at hide and seek. Whenever we'd play with him around the woodpile, he would always cheat and sneak through the piles to catch us on the other end. He was even worse, though, when we played hide and seek in the forest. We would be hiding throughout the woods, but Fluffy would always follow us and end up sitting beside someone's hiding place, just curious to know what they were doing. So, of course, whenever the person who was 'it' saw Fluffy, he automatically had a victim.

A big reason that Fluffy was so special was that he would wait for me to come home every night. He'd sleep in front of Jim and Rachel's chimney (our next door neighbours), and would get up to greet us when we pulled into the driveway. He was always predictable. I could impress people by telling him to "roll over," "stand up" and "follow me" - and our ritual (which he instigated himself) made it seem like he was trained.

He loved his spot in front of that chimney, so although Rachel placed flowers around her house, she refused to plant any in "Fluffy's Spot." He slept there so much that he put a permanent indent in the ground.



Fluffy and Curious George always vied for my affection. George might be sporting a victor's smile, but Fluffy was the real winner.

The only problem we ever had with Fluffy was his fur colour: white. His hair showed up on every item of clothing and any dark material that we owned. All my shirts were decorated with millions of white cat hairs. If anything was left laying on the bed or floor, he'd purposely sleep on it, as if he had some secret mission to cover everything in our house with his fur.

He had an attitude, too. Whenever we would leave for the weekend, he would sulk when we returned. Fluffy would just turn his back, walk a few feet away and then ignore anybody when they called to him. But he would quickly forgive us, especially once we turned on the electric can opener to feed him. Then we would be his best friends again. We used to try to trick him by opening different items, but he could always distinguish between soup and cat food cans.

He was a great source of laughter. He hated the cold of the winter months, and the snow was always too deep for him. When he trekked out to the woods, he would often try to retrace his "pawprints" back to the house. But he would always start off with the wrong paw in the wrong print, so he would approach the house continuously crossing one leg in front of the other as he walked. Then he'd be wet, so he'd be as stubborn as possible while I dried him. But once he finished eating he would jump onto my bed and curl up behind my knees to go to sleep.

Fluffy's major activities were eating and sleeping. He liked french fries, cheese and any piece of turkey, ham or roast beef. But he always loved his cat food. He would often wait on the deck railing to be let in, and I'd then hear him crunching away on his dry food.

The last time I saw him was on a Saturday afternoon in the summer. He was sleeping on a neighbour's trailer and I patted him goodbye before I went out for the day. Since we have very few photos of Fluffy, I also took a picture of him. "Just so I'll have to something to remember you by when you're gone," I said to him. Sadly enough, that was the last time I saw him.

When I got home after midnight on that Saturday, Fluffy wasn't waiting outside for me. Nor was he indoors. I



This photo was taken to preserve Fluffy's memory, in case anything ever happened to him. Ironically, it was the last day of his life.

• PETER J. CULLEN