

ENTERTAIN

MEAT



Spirit

By Chris Hunt

of The Meat



2:30 pm

Something about October in New Brunswick always manages to destroy one's outlook on life and happiness. Saturday was a typical miserable fall day on the 45th parallel - cold, wet, and dismal with a nagging, stinging drizzle spitting out of the dark, dreary clouds. Trudging grimly up the hill to the Brunswickan office I took heart, however in the purpose of my lonely trek, as I was on my way to interview Spirit of the West and catch their show at the Social Club. As I stumped past the bank, I sifted through the events of the day before - a casual chat with the CBS record rep who called the office to set up the interview; listening to the album - I was ready.

The trick to this kind of journalism is to look like you don't care and this happens to you every day (It's a well-known part of interviewing bands and reviewing concerts). Flippancy with discretion, casualness with attentiveness, slight touches of ignorance to make it believable—I was ready. I was cool.

3:45 pm.

A second phone call from the CBS office in Moncton confirmed that the band had left but were slightly delayed due to snow in Moncton the night before (at this point I both blessed the St. John river valley and grieved for the residents of Moncton), and they would be arriving in time for an interview between 5:30 and 6:00. I phoned Alastair (our illustrious photographer) and dragged him out of bed (he is much cooler than me in these things) and informed him of time and place. I believe he told me to relax.

5:30

Shouldering my bag, and clipping my "press" pass to my pocket, Al and I casually meandered up to the club. The band was not there. This, initially, was not a problem, as hanging loose and sucking back a cold one is all part of being

the nonchalant journalist (the only problem being that I really don't care for beer).

7:30

Finally there was some action from the stage area. Sauntering over I came in contact with a smiling man who explained that he was happy we were there and that the interview would be soon, etc, etc. Turning to the stage as the smiling man wandered off on other happy business somewhere, I recognized Hugh McMillan from Spirit of the West. Dodging the drunken rugby team collecting in front of the bar I approached him, waving to unseen friends and being cool. "Hi, man" I said, (always use "man" - it's one of the rules) "I was talking to your representative from CBS and he said that." Hugh interrupted me. "CBS?" He said. "We're on WEA records." And he turned back to his work.

At this point my intense confusion was enough to leave me with what must have been at the time a fairly amusing expression on my face. Stumbling back through the growing maze of intoxicated sportsters I reincountered the smiling man (I believe his name was Brian). I approached him carefully. "You don't, I take it (I swallowed loudly) represent Spirit of the West." A confused look and a slightly tilted head later he replied; "No, I'm representing Mae Moore-she's opening tonight for Spirit of the West. Why? What do you think?"

There comes a time in everyone's life when they will be forced to feel, not necessarily through any fault of their own, like, well... a complete boob, to be blunt (and publishable). What does one say? I had been so cool, so collected, the epitome of the Rolling Stone writer - tape recorder, album copy with lyrics, even a computer printout of cool and casual questions to ask the band

(complete with keen catch phrases like "heavy shit, man!" and "So, where do you cats jam?"). I was no longer cool.

I had to say something. My nonchalant and hip exterior, exposed, mutilated and lying in gasping heaps around my feet, I calmly explained that I really didn't know who Mae Moore was, and I didn't know her music from Mozart. One unmemorable conversation later I was slithering back into a corner with Alastair to drink another beer which tasted surprisingly good this time.



8:30 pm.

A lucky break. The road manager for Spirit of the West, a pleasantly approachable woman named Sally appeared. She told us that an interview was not implausible, and that we should keep in touch with

her.

9:30 pm.

Al and I ordered souvlaki to the Bruns office.

10:00 pm.

Al and I played video games at the Megaspot (try the driving simulator-you can run into the cow next to the barn after the first sharp turn).

10:15 pm.

Coffee at the Bruns.

10:30 pm

Another coffee at the Bruns.

11:00

Showtime. The show, as it turned out, wiped away many of the aggravations of the day. Spirit of the West, with their Appalacio-Celtic-country and western-up-beat-foot-stompin'-beer-guzzlin' sound managed more than once to raise all the hairs on the back of my neck with their infectious use of traditional reels and jigs with funk, calypso, and Irish

beats. Something across between Midnight Oil and The Pogues. But better. The only real problems were the rather

low-end sound, and the fact that the band was originally slated to play in the ballroom but due to some paleolithic by-law from the moldy archives of the stupendously incomprehensible New Brunswick Liquor Commission, kids aren't allowed to drink in the ballroom more than twice a month. The upshot of this was that the performance was from the post-ridden microscopic raised area next to the bar, forcing what is normally a very mobile band into pathetically close-quarters.

12:00 am?

I suddenly realize that the time changes back and it is in fact only 11:00. Alastair and I weasel our way into waiting for the band in the empty ballroom.

1:00 am.

Still waiting in the ballroom, Al and I organize our journalism gear on a table. The band is playing their encore. It is dark and remarkably quiet in the deserted ballroom.

1:15 am

The band finishes and walks off stage and past us to their dressing room with tired nods in our direction. "Good show, guys" I said. "Thanks, man" said John Mann. I was left wondering if I should have had my tape recorder run-

ning for that.

1:35 am



The band comes out of the dressing room to meet us in the ballroom. I would, at this point, like to thank Sally, the road manager and especially Brigitte Sullivan for

not ignoring our flagrant attempts to look as pathetic as possible and finally organizing the band to come and see us.

Apologies from the band for not coming out sooner and for walking by us after the show gave us great encouragement. Alastair organized them for a picture with the empty ballroom as a backdrop. As he was shooting, two of the road crew people came in and started a light-gel fight (It all started with some rather rude antics behind Al while he was taking pictures, forcing the band to look happy - not usually accepted band photography). Amidst the flying cardboard frames and the yelling and laughter echoing around the deserted

Continued on page 15



Spirit of the Meat

By Jeff W...
I have heard...
outdoor pe...
half ago. A...
these thi...
malfunction...
band starte...
without an...
instruments...
performed...
their song...
would ha...
proud.
Last Satu...
Social Clu...
their high...
and driving...
response...
enthusiasm...
this House...
most rece...
presence...
captivated...
their set...
appeared...
their secon...
a wrong no...
phrase.
Opening fo...
Vancouver...
She perfor...
her album

by

The partner...
the late...
handic...
again...
Remem...
do you...
One...
"Destru...
raves...
In "De...
so they...
life is...
fabulo...
as "Sh...
Beagle...
record...
there f...
out thi...
it!
And...
in the...
Altho...
a bad...
"Dan...
pan-fl...
Som...
partic...
"Shan...
"Reco...
"Perry...
Yes...
either...
\$\$\$.