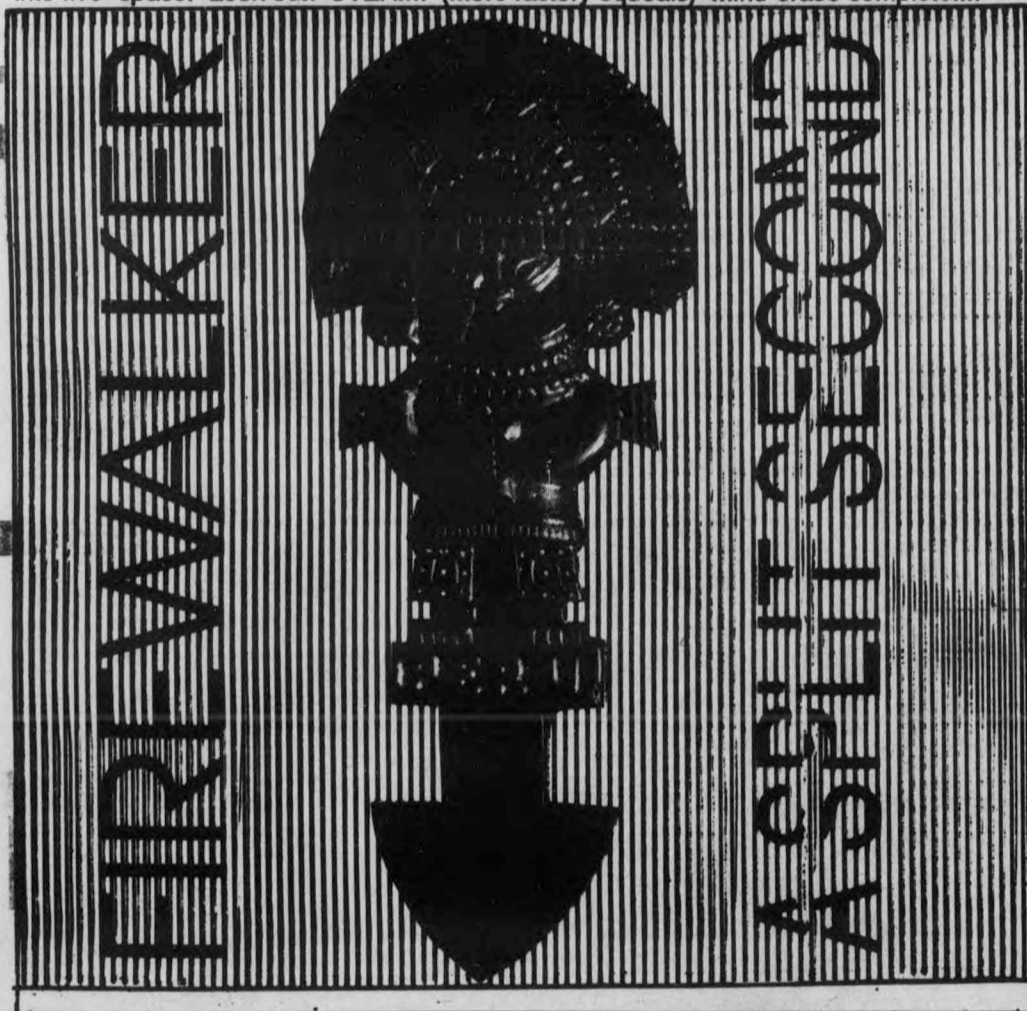


# DOUBLE SKRATCH

A drone of words and worlds colliding begins the onslaught of *Firewalker*, "A Split Second's" latest release. The droning gives way to an interesting percussion track that backs up a "near-pop-song"ish melody. Yawn. Hey! Wait! Did I just hear the tortured scream of rending pressurized steam-pipes? Yes!! An oasis of grunge surrounded by pillows of dance dance dance... This track seems to arouse premonitions of yet another great band gone the way of the pounding, semi-industrial, fluff everybody wants. It is still quite acceptable, though, as far as dance can be...

*Backlash* is the second (of three) songs on this e.p. and is similar enough to *Firewalker* in it's dance oriented beat for me to say, with confidence, that "A Split Second" will most certainly be a dance band for their next few(at least) albums. Good tempo, wicked lyrics ("...Bodies wrapped in leather, bodies wrapped in lace. Bodies wrapped in broken glass and bodies out of place.."), and general "gutter-fund"ish moods make this pounding-the-lint thrasher worth a party.

HANG ON!!! This is it! The third song (all 1:06 of it) is an exercise in base-20 resonance and subliminal message passing, with computer generated blips expanding into five-space. Look out! STEAM! (More factory squeals) Mind-erase complete....



## Get Classical

What would you say about someone who could sit down at the piano and play and improvise on practically any song that he had heard. Who could sight read like a fiend, and could, having played it a few years before, recall the accompaniment of some complex concerto or sonata almost perfectly? You would have to say that that person was exceptionally talented, and accomplished, wouldn't you. Well, such a person is Paul Stewart, who will be joining me next Wednesday for the penultimate Wednesday Noon concert. In spite of possessing a fierce talent, Paul is one of the nicest and most gentle people you could meet. He was born and brought up in Antigonish, NS, and probably did not feel all that much at home there, because a big talent makes demands on you, and I doubt that too many people there understood him. His Dad was a singer, and from the first piano lessons Paul had, his Dan would sit him down, put music in front of him, and urge him on in his attempts to accompany the songs. He did not learn piano the way most kids do. Instead he learned to take in great draughts of music at a rate which completely occupied his considerable intellect, and gave him an incredible musical foundation. Study at Dalhousie University was followed by more study in Montreal, and Paul found himself already in demand as accompanist and soloist. He was invited to play regularly with the Montreal Symphony (the best in Canada, and one of the best in the world), and with other orchestras. concerts and broadcasts had to be turned down because, as quick as he was to learn, there was just not time. His bookings run two years in advance! Finally, last year, he made the decision to go for the Big Time. Unfortunately for us he has moved to England. But happily he intends to come back as often as possible, because he likes Canada, especially the Maritimes. So it's good luck that he was returning before the end of term, and I was able to nab him. He will play some transcriptions of Bach. I will join him for a Brahms Sonata, and he will finish with some Liszt. So do come next Wednesday, 12:30 at Mem Hall, and hear one of Canada's really fine young pianists, and perhaps the most musical person I have met make magic on the piano.

In the meantime, Arlene Pach will be making fun making fun with the piano on today's Friday Noon series. She will discuss the developments of Ragtime since Scott Joplin. Should be an entertaining and lighthearted welcome to spring. Next week husband Joe will join her for a program entitled "The Virtuoso Violin". Fridays, 12:30, Mem Hall.

paul campbell

I won't profess a non-existent knowledge of "Clock DVA" but ever since I first heard this e.p. way back in late 1989, I've liked these guys. *The Act* begins with terrifying screams (women in obvious pain): demonstrations of how "...all the rooms were wired for sound (in a hotel, I think), " as told by the shaking voice of the wirer...

Then the beat starts.

Sliding machinery intros the subtly twisted lyrics which are accompanied by samples of gasping females, electro-drums, and synthesized violins, all to a hammered base of hardened steel. Visions arrive: A desperate warrior nurses his wounded ship into the atmosphere of an unexplored, likely hostile, planet...with the bad guys hot on his ass... A hunted animal risks death to enter a castle, looking for safety ... he won't find it in the abode of his hunters... Death aplenty... Death with a beat...

The other song on here, *The Sonology of Sex* isn't for light ears or those afraid to peer into the "... little corners in everyone which are better off left alone". Are you ready? You will never be ready...

A vision: An eerie whistling echoes around me as I'm led to hell; a priest condemned for sins unforgivable. His voice is still fresh in my mind, his insane confessions still ring my skull... "I have no idea what I'm going to do ... I've killed three people." The drones of the damned quake the ground, the breathing of passionate women mix with the ship-induced moans only I can hear, that final crack, the last push that put him over still makes me flinch ... terrified ... horrified ...

The disturbing reality of *Sonology* is enough to make any human look inside and wonder in shock at the darkness found there, an inner primal sympathy with this music that scares the conscious mind...

Dance and death, need I say more?



## WANTED:

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