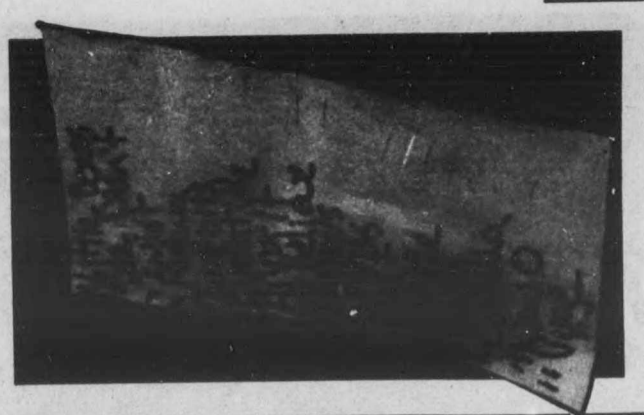


ENTERTAINMENT DIGS THE HIP

(or: "Look, Vinnie! Pictures!!")



By Chris Hunt

I was feeling a little sadistic last Friday night. Undoubtedly my favorite Canadian act, the *Tragically Hip* played the SUB cafeteria to an intense, overexuberant and out-of-control crowd, mobbing the stage, climbing on one another like a barrel full of crabs, screaming and ranting - my God, it was a real rock 'n roll concert, and I must admit I enjoyed every minute of it.

The ghosts of the *Stones*, *Altamont* and the *Who's* Cincinnati riots continue to haunt the way I feel about Friday night's escapades, yet I can't help feeling that the whole thing was good for everyone involved (and thank god no one was seriously injured). For one thing, I think it is about damn time that the Campus Police were put to a real test to hopefully show them that it takes more than a superiority complex to be a good campus cop. Someone has to be made to understand that a few cheap cafeteria tables set on end simply will not hold a crowd of drunken music fans (I don't

know how many were broken, but that pitiful barrier was responsible for much of the trouble near the stage). Secondly, and far more importantly, I'll quote good old Jack Nicholson - "This town needs an enema" - The Hip gave us one.

I spend a lot of time at shows I am reviewing trying to be distant and critical (read: cool), and it is not often that I will feel strongly about an act. To be perfectly honest, standing back from the stage (as cool as I thought the crowd scene was, I wasn't getting into it), the *Tragically Hip* managed to completely encase me in that wonderful feeling you can only get from music - that tingle that courses through you when you see a band playing live songs that you equate with parties with friends and good times.

The show was wonderfully produced. A full bodied, lethally loud and solid sound. The kick drum pounds into your chest and the lead guitar winds up and makes you snap your head from side to side to avoid the pain as it rips through your eardrums. The Hip have true guts. A kind of music that makes you long for primal scream therapy. Richardsian rhythm guitar with a punch and clarity, solid, gut-slammin' bass, heavy heavy drums and lead guitar that travels from mournful and wailing to nasty, vile and brutish.

Then there is Gord Downie. As if it is not enough to have one of the most distinctive and powerful voices in Rock music today, Gord Downie has all the presence of Jagger and Morrison, with a uniquely keen eye for show biz - "The

Sizzler?!! What the fuck is that?!!" he screams, drawing yet another wave of cheers from the frenzied mob. "This T-shirt sucks! - Someone give me another one!" (Gord rips off his "Hussein Blows" shirt and throws it into a flurry of sweaty shirts hurled in his direction) Putting on a shirt with a big cow on it while the band breaks into the next tune, Gord paces like a caged animal. "Man, you stink!" he says in reference to his new shirt, and starts into the song. Morrisonesque ramblings and on-the-spot stories along with a constant crazed gleam in his eyes make Gord riveting as he jolts and jerks about the stage.

Lyrical powerful, musically intriguing and rhythmically solid, driving, and gut-wrenchingly loud, I can't think of a better choice for Canada's top entertainers of the year.

Back to the crowd for a minute. Someone told me that they heard the CP's blaming the problems on the band (I was away for the weekend and was spared this bullshit). Now, maybe someone will think a

little more next time. Whether or not the security wants to blame the problems on the band is unimportant - I've heard this kind of ignorance is good if you want to be in the security field - the fact that there will be more preparedness at future shows is good and a long time coming.

Finally, I would like to make note of the review of this same concert in what I'd like to think of as our colleague newspaper, *The Aquinian*, by one "Little Vinnie Shnitzal."

I will ignore the idiocy of an entire page of drivellous and unspeakably uninforming text (why can't you review the music for once, Vinnie? It's not hard, if I can do it, it can't be), and get right down to discussing the unnecessary and rather pathetic attempts to slander our photographer (by the way, Vinnie, where are your photos? Did you write all that meaningless, fourth-grade egocentric sewage to fill the space or to indulge in a little image-boosting therapy?). It seems to me that it might actually be in both papers' best interests to contact one another once in awhile (no, this does not mean coming to our offices begging for photos and resorting to cheap, stupid and homo-habillian-like prose posing as little better than filler when you don't get them), being as we are forced to work together in this isolated Canadian wonderland of great journalism. I personally don't care whether you met the band, and I'm certainly incomprehensibly uninterested in any conversation you may have had with them. Next time you write a review, Vinnie, lets listen to the music shall we? Let's not dwell on the fulfillment of our own little fantasy adventures as reporters for *Rolling Stone*. Huh? And, please, if your angered by our staff at the *Brunswickan*, lets try to be a little more intelligent about the way we express ourselves, okay? I like a good insult, it helps build character, but your spastic, blind, mud-chucking leaves me a little flat.

I just wanted to say that. Thankyou.

