

# It was a cold and snowy evenin'

by FRED BROWN

Last Monday (Jan. 4) was a semi-blizzard. So I had second thoughts about trudging down to the Arms that evening. When I arrived, I was totally covered with cold white stuff. Just call me the Abominable Music Critic, I thought. "5 bucks cover for snowmen!", said the guy at the door.

The weather being 'orrible, mobs of fans were not expected to put in an appearance. But by the time the night was out, about 45 people had had their eardrums nicely vulcanized by the Vogons and One Free Fall. Afterward, both bands expressed pleasure at the turnout; considering as they wondered earlier if there would be an audience at all!

The Vogons, a local band, have been around (on and off) for five or six years. They've been much more active over the past 18 months, and they played a couple of dates in Toronto, back in October. The Vogons are: Chris Saad, drums; Dave Maskil, guitar; and Danny Silk, bass.

The Vogons recently released a record and they are signed with DTK Records, a Fredericton-based company. DTK stands for Dressed To Kill, and it's fair to say that they're firmly into the Maritime independent market. Which, as we all know, is a dirty job (but someone has to do it). They sponsored the show in conjunction with CHSR-FM.

The Vogons opened up around 9:30, and let fly with an hour of strong stuff. *Idaho Potato*, *Surfin Nuclear* (a la Beach Boys), *Big Brain*, and *Things For My Baby* were good hard rock slices of Vagon talent. And the cover version of the Beatles *Saw Her Standing There* could wake Lennon - or spin him. The Vogons are not talking dance music here. They have taken some of the more usual rock styles and sounds, applied talent to make it "different", and then cranked it up high.

'Twas a righteous sound. Which is to say that I liked their music. Chris Saad worked a crisp, hi-speed drumline on all the songs. He must have been doing the work of two drummers, by the way he was grimacing. Dave Maskil looked and sounded thoroughly comfortable on lead, complete with jacket and snakeskin tie,

and atonal, but interesting solo work. And Danny Silk (bass) did yeoman duty as lead vocalist, and Geddy Lee lookalike (with due respect, Danny).

Mind you, all the Vogons did have a bad case of Oops-itis, which was forgiven by the crowd. The bartender walked

(they are from N.S. originally). They've been together about two years, and they have a semi-independent deal with SBK Records in Ontario, which should have them produce an EP soon.

One Free Fall are: Ken McNeil, vocals; Jim Flynn, bass; Sandy Graham, lead

the crowd's tastes and whonked out a few, how shall I say, more melodic-like numbers, which had a heavy metal edge to them.

Now, bands like One Free Fall don't play Freddy Beach too often. As a result some people in the audience would have preferred to chuck One Free Fall into a snowbank.

## entertainment

through the stage in the middle of a couple of songs. The pool table lamp over the drum kit kept flashing on and off. And when the lead guitar threw a string near the end of the set, Chris and Danny launched into a drum-and-bass ad hoc duet (*Let Me Tell You A Story*...) while a new string was wrestled down. The boys earned their beer.

After the Vogons, One Free Fall took charge. They are out of Toronto, but they played Halifax over the holidays, visited family in the Valley

guitar; and Jim (didn't get the last name) on drums. And let me tell you something, these guys ain't no Bee-Gees.

In fact, as their set went on, I realized that this part of the review could easily be titled, "Ma, are those boys on Benzedrine?". They gave us a very tight, very polished show, at about 400 miles per hour. Hardcore thrash band? Not really, although songs like *Never Coming Back*, *Heartbreaker*, and *Go If You Want To* and a song from the Sex Pistols were great slam-dance numbers. No one did, of course. But they did bow to

There was a bit of heckling, which I think stung the band; they were sincere in their... ah... mayhem. Others could take it or leave it, and a few people did (leave, that is). That prompted One Free Fall to go back to their original game plan.

Which delighted the rest of the audience, who liked the music. So much so that One Free Fall did a brief encore. The band did an excellent job of assaulting the standards of music under the banner of anarchy, and they were appreciated.

Musically, they did a good

job. It does take talent to play as if you have none (try it for yourself). Ken McNeil was obviously giving it his all on vocals. Sandy Graham was extremely good on lead guitar, not to mention acrobatic; he was a jean-jacket covered ping-pong ball as he bounced everywhere he could on stage. And the two Jims on bass and drums laid down a solid foundation upon which One Free Fall crashed and burned for at least an hour.

So, what's the last word on the evening? The Vogons gave us a good sampling of their talent, which was strong enough and unique enough to be well worth paying attention to. I enjoyed their work, and look forward to more. One Free Fall gave us a taste of life in the rock and roll free-fire zone that could be useful in killing small animals. Skilled enough to be serious, wild enough to be able to play that brand of music, One Free Fall also earns a thumbs up.

## Much needed distortion

By Marty Avery

If you weren't at the *Fall Safe* concert January 8th - and most of you weren't - you missed some much-needed distortion in your life.

Instead of reaching for an alternative, you probably spent a comfortable, middle-of-the-road kind of Friday night: at a movie, out for a few beers, or home safe with a couple of videos. Whatever. You had a typical, predictable Friday night; just like Saturday night, or Sunday night, or...

Well, Friday night, something very disturbing took place in the SUB. Room 26 was definitely not a comfortable place to be.

First, the turn-out for a three band concert was dismal. Who knows why: apathy, lack of adventure, age minimums?

Second, those who didn't get flattened by galloping mediocrity, and showed up for the concert wondered when the music would. The technical problems and late start were unsettling.

Third, when the music finally

strumentals clashed with rigid vocals in music that was pleasantly disturbing.

Any lingering encumbrances to the evening, like self-consciousness, were squelched when *Fall Safe* gave birth to convoluted, savagely civilized post-hardcore hardcore. The pathetically disturbed contortions of the lead singer Iain Cook, zapped a fourth dimension into the band's songs, suggesting alternative ways to dance, to experience music... and Friday nights.



CHSR FM will be holding their annual anniversary social tomorrow (Saturday) night in the SUB Ballroom.

The annual birthday party for Radio UNB/CHSR is held to commemorate the beginnings of campus radio at UNB. The first official broadcast took place from the basement of Memorial Hall on January

22nd, 1961 at 6:15 pm.

This year's social will mark the 27th year of broadcasting at UNB with the presentation of the prestigious "Barry Awards." The awards are presented annually to station members who have made outstanding contributions to the operations over the past year.

did come to life, each person seemed to wonder when everyone else would. Ironically it was *Obituary* who secreted new energy into the evening. As the opening act, the two-man band didn't try to shock or stun. It simply pulsed its own alternating current with thick and fine electronics pushing death and mediocrity right out the door.

*The Druids*, the second band, crashed in to rescue the few who were still unconscious. Hard-hitting in-



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The awards are named after Dr. Bary Yoell, the founding director of Radio UNB. Dr. Yoell now lives in Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

All former and present members are invited to attend. The evening starts at eight o'clock in the SUB Ballroom.