

4 Bands, Skin Heads & Nirvana Girls



P.S. Sorry, ME NO KNOW
HOW DRAW DRAW.

P.S. WHO WERE FUNNY LOOKING
BALD MEN WITH MEAN FACES?

After just returning from a road trip to Halifax, I wasn't really keen to go on another one so soon after my last, but duty called me to the task. Besides I had a great car that goes really fast (sorry Mom). So, when my friend Grant asked me to go and listen to a band that was part of his formative years - well, what could I say.

My interest was just a little bit peaked. Much to my chagrin, I admit to never going to a hard-core gig in my life. Better late than never. The only thing that I can tell you, in this blurb, are my impressions of the whole seen. Later on Grant will give you his.

What ever gave the first band to come on stage the supergenious idea to call their band 'Date Rape' is beyond any and all comprehension. People got pissed off when Sinead tore up a picture of the pope on live T.V. Sinead can't even come close to offending the way these guys do. It disgusts me to the point where I don't even want to talk about it any more, so I won't! What I do want to talk about is another serious topic I find offensive.

Neo-nazis, skinheads, white supremists. You take your pick, but to me all they amount to is the crap you wipe off your shoe after you've stepped in dog shit. I'm sure most people will agree with me on this one. When you see something like 'NO REMORSE' written on the arm of a jacket, something a little stronger than pond scum comes to mind. Naive as I may be, in my life time I had only expected to hear that terrible phrase "siege hell" uttered at me from T.V.'s Arts & Entertainment channel. In any event they were there. All I could think of is how the world really doesn't need any more hate. After I had absorbed all this information, I really did enjoy the show.

Bad Luck #13 are a Moncton band that I had neither seen nor heard of. Grant assured me they were the cat's proverbial you know what. On this point I must agree with him 100%! I was much impressed by this band. I'll leave the details to Grant. The next band I can't even bring my fingers to the keys to even type about them.

The last of the punk rock onslot was from the U.K. Subs. These guys have been around for a while, but as harsh as time can be they have not been affected. Anyway I'm going to shut up now and let a man who knows what he's talking about take center stage.

Grant:
I'm sorry, but I don't think the name 'Date Rape' is funny. Nor do I find it terribly entertaining to watch some squeaky voiced pinhead sing crap like 'Beer Slut'. Musically, 'Date Rape' is a lame version of the Dwarves. Although, they did go over well with the mentally crippled. The next band did too, so at least the

crowd had some taste.

Bad Luck #13 took the stage, and man I just can't believe how killer they've become in such a short time. Rockin' 77 style punk that kicks more than a wee bit of butt. I've never seen Mike and company so tight. These guys worked the crowd into a frenzy. They even had the balls to cover the Sonics' classic 'Strychnine'. Their 7" EP should be out early spring. Next, was the band nobody wanted to see.

The band was Metalist from Regina, Saskatchewan. Metalist remind me of that early Bay Area thrash metal sound. Unfortunately, the crowd just wasn't buying it. Metalist was, as out of place, as Tony Bennet at a G.G. Allen show. In any event, I knew I wanted to be at the front of the stage for the next band.

If there ever was a band worth risking life and limb in a skinhead filled moshpit, this is the band! The U.K. Subs! These guys are well over a decade old yet you'd never know it by the sheer power these guys pumped out. Starting with "C.I.D.", Charlie Harper and company tore through all their classics such as "New Barbarians", "War head", and "Stranglehold". These guys reminded me of why I got into punk rock in the first place. Now back to Jodi for the prologue of this never ending story.

Hi folks! I'm back again. I just wanted to fill you in on the rest of our experience. I have never been searched for weapons at any gig I have ever been to. Grant has been to so many that I don't think a skin head could count that high, and he's never been searched. Go, figure? This is just a guess, but if the term 'Nazi' doesn't bite you on the end of the nose. Then give your head a shake! One more thing that I have to expound on, is something we found particularly amusing.

No, emergence of a new scene comes without its sub culture. They go together like, oh let me see, let's say, finding a cop car in front of a donut shop. Okay, it's a bad analogy, but you get the picture. I still picture all these little Nirvana girls and boys running around with their flannel shirts. There was more plaid in that one bar than there is in all of Scotland. I think there is a song in that somewhere. Maybe if I wrote one I could get to the top of the charts as fast as Nirvana. Yeah, right! One more thing, people should throw stones at glass houses, it really does make a nice sound. As an afterthought, I'm really really happy there was no alcohol at this event. Check out the visual image on that one. **Jodi & Grant**

IT'S
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