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It all started out as a typical day in the life of a student body who holds the distinctive title of "Primal Boy." Why primal boy you ask? Well, certain parties seem to feel that I am under the control most of the time of my primal urges, the one's that people live with, not by. But as fortune would have it, that day would change my life, for as I entered the Brunswickan door I heard someone call, "Hey geek boy!" I turned around and immediately responded, "That's 'Primal Boy' to you, sister!" What I soon found out was that I had stumbled onto some rockin' good news. I had been invited to go to Halifax to review a concert. Who was I supposed to catch frolicking about on stage? Well I immediately kicked in to primal mode when I was informed that it was to be the kings of High-Tec Metal - that's right - Queensryche!

Now this is a band that has only recently been recognized because of a top-forty hit called Silent Lucidity. I hate the term "top-forty", if you read between the lines it means "mediocrity." I'm sorry if anyone is offended, but this insignificant piece of work does not represent the band well, or portray them well, as they are usually are raw, but controlled. For those of you who know their complete works, going all the way back to 1983 and their self-titled album, I'm sure you would agree.

Anyway, five albums later here we are.

Queensryche

What of the early days? Well. The Warning, their second, full length album was essentially hailed by a small cult following, no doubt heavily based in Seattle where this merry lot began to rise. It is from this point on that there appears to be a trend within the band to be extremely high-tec and high-quality in their sound. At last we reach the first majorly successful album entitled Operation Mindcrime, and boy its a killer. If you're a fan of Pink Floyd, then this may be another concept album for you. This album is anarchist in nature. As the story goes, Doctor X (who is a bad man and the leader of an underground movement) meets a young boy who he persuaded to become a hit man for The Order. In return, he is supplied drugs. But wait, there's more. There is also Mary, who used to be a hooker and is now a nun. She befriends this charming drug-crazed menace, and tries to save his mind and his soul. I won't tell you the outcome - you'll have to buy the album.

Anyway, November 1st came and we all piled into the Audi with pocket books as full as we could get 'em and, carrying various implements of destruction (namely attitude and a camcorder), and proceeded to Halifax. The plan? - catch a heck of a show and introduce ourselves to Halifax.

When we arrived in the city we got our tickets and passes (they give us press people special privileges), and headed in to hear the opening act Warrior Soul. The name stinks, but what about the band? Ditto. I too could get up on stage and go SCREEEAAMM!!!, and make a living. Well, maybe not. I was hoping that this was not an indication of the sound quality throughout the show, or I was taking my bal and my glove home.

Luckily, I wasn't, as I soon found out. I took my seat and said not a word to anyone in religious preparation (a very primal thing to do). The less-than-half-full Halifax Metro Center awaited with frothing mouths. Then it started, a non-stop barrage of visual and auditory delights. The stage had many ramps and a rather impressive video screen that showed cartoons, black-and-white films, and other assorted visual oddities. There were a few lights. Okay, there were a shit load of lights (that's more than a pile).

Being Primal,
I like drums.

I got drums.

Queensryche

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QUEENSRYPHE

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