

Entertainment

Eric's Trip Sloan Change of Heart

This expenditure of ink is for the benefit of those who failed to make the most of a Monday evening in sleepy little Fredericton. Sure I know many of you take great pleasure, after a long day at work or an intense afternoon of classes, of returning home to install yourself on the chesterfield across the room from that radiation box. Perhaps, disbelievably to the masses, not all envelop the same definition of adventure and entertainment; for some, entertainment involves the element of participation--and I'm sorry, but the hallway-dash-fix-a-sandwich-pour-a-beer-triathlon during three minute advertisement blocks may fit Dan Quayle's family values package, but launching couch-potato(e)s into momentary household orbit just doesn't count as involvement. I, being contained in that slice of Freddy Beach society that welcomes the chance to subject myself to loud grinding guitars, sought fulfillment of said addiction in the triple bill of *Eric's Trip*, *Sloan*, and *Change of Heart* at Trina's. Packing my cold supplies--tissues, cough stuff, and the like--to restrain the curse of fall bestowed upon I by a dear friend (thanks Kathrine), I landed at Trina's, joining the gathering of 120 already there in anticipation, just moments before the opening riffs of *Eric's Trip*

About 10ish, things kicked. Two guitars, bass and drums make four and are known as Eric's Trip. A product of Moncton, by now familiar to the local scene, drove out the best sounding performance of the three times I have seen them this past year -- Kudos to the sound guys. Undoubtedly the most energetic act of the evening, Eric's Trip gave all in a 45-minute set (I quite counting after 10 songs) that set the definition of audience participation for the evening -- "A whole lotta shakin' goin' on down there". Many pieces from their always-sold-out demo cassette *Warm Girl* and the quickly disappearing 7" --minus that Madonna cover; a definite wise choice *selon* this camper -- plus a couple of new "derangements (to use Rick's explanation) filled the set..

Drenched (a byproduct of audience participation), I stepped out for a butt with Rick and Julie while Sloan set up, only to reminded that summer is but a memory. I prod Rick for an explanation of the logic behind Eric's Trip passing on a couple of record deals. "It's just not time yet," Rick goes on, "When we all decide we are ready --even if we do it ourselves".

A rumble of bass feedback emanates from within as Sloan's announcement that it's their turn up. Delivering a somewhat shorter set than Eric's Trip they were determined not to be outdone. Lined in the same manner as the opener, they were tight, maybe a little louder --our amps are better, they go to eleven- and definitely a little arrogant (only a few people I spoke with seemed to share this view --just so you don't think it was a mass idea) --probably due to their recently being approached by Geffen to put out an album; hey, we're all human. Much of the set contained new tracks to be included on the upcoming



Sloan's Attitude Man

(photo by Chris Vautour)

album (release date Oct. 27), saving the track that first got their name out - *Underwhelmed* - as the chaser. The audience, having warmed up with Eric's Trip were thriving on Sloan --and a little encouragement from E. T.'s Rick who, ricocheting around the dance floor, was determined to have everyone slamming. I am still debating in my mind if Sloan was as much fun Monday night as they were when I caught them in their home town of Halifax last winter. But I guess this sort of definition of fun is irrelevant; the audience was into the band and the band grooved on the crowd --all were satisfied

Finally at midnight, my main reason

for coming out, *Change of Heart* took the stage. Once overcoming a few minor problems with cables to synths they kicked ass! In a set of damn near an hour, they delivered a mixture of new, old, but predominately from their latest album *Smile*, to a still energetic crowd that had suffered very little from attrition. A much different approach than the grinding strings in need of escape styles of *Eric's Trip* and *Sloan*, *Change of Heart's* sound is full of more varied, a little more produced and mature than their openers (but after four albums one would expect no less), but complemented the evenings courses of entertainment. [I liken it to that cigarette after an enjoyable meal, but, then again,

most of you probably wouldn't understand these days].

My hat is off to Chris Vautour who has, once again, brought relief to the perpetual simplicity of Fredericton. I thoroughly enjoyed myself - and I believe that holds true for the other 120 or so present. For seven bucks, it was more fun than a month of cable and I look forward to Chris' next promotion (those of you who missed this gig, shall have a chance to de-boreify themselves). I end this by leaving the rest of you - those for whom this ink is shed - with one question "What are the four forces of quantum physics?"

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