

Stray Cat—the fun of nostalgia

by Kim Rilda van Feggelen

Is there anyone who doesn't enjoy an evening of good old rock 'n' roll? I think not. At least, this is the belief of five local musicians who, last September, formed the group Stray Cat.

Appropriately named after the old Stones tune "Stray Cat Blues", the band consists of Richard Colgan and Sam King on guitars, Gary Wilson on the bass, Ward Melanson on harmonica and vocals and drummer Kyle Miller. The members claim their mutual love for old rock as a basis for the formation of the group. They set out to play a repertoire which includes tunes by The Doors, Cream and Steppenwolf; their backbone is rock that people "can dance to and have a good time

with". As the eardrums are attacked by Chuck Berry

rockers and Stones material ranging from Midnight Rambler to Brown Sugar, it would take a lot of self-control not to dance or have a good time.

time. Stray Cat has performed several times this fall, including to sellout crowds at the Grafton St. Café. Their version of the old tunes are reasonably tight and well performed. And, once the band is warmed up, they can really sizzle.

Stray Cat returns to the Grafton St. Café this Friday, January 23 and Saturday, January 24, to rock us back to the late 60's and early 70's, and prove that nostalgia can be fun.



Stray Cats Richard Colgan, Gary Wilson, and Ward Melanson in a jam session.

Gazette Poetry

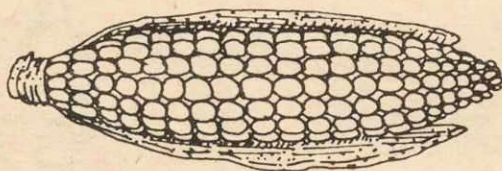
The following poems received honourable mention in the Second Annual Gazette Poetry Contest which was co-sponsored by the Nova Scotia Poetry Society.

The Attack

Amidst the green splendour
Of lettuce with cheese,
Of mouth-watering olives,
Of celery, to please,
Of radishes, onions,
Green pepper and some
Delectable dressing, chase
Fat on the run!

A boring, clear liquid
Without bubbles or fizz,
Must be poured down my throat
Dissolving fat that just is!

The undesirable mess
Lifted up on a fork is
For fat surferers alike
Who would rather eat pork
on a plate
with some fries
making eyes with
cream sauce—
cramming pies
topped with nuts
down the hatch
with no **BUTS!**
And suddenly—



The stomach is bulging,
The eyes fill with tears
As the fridge door (off its hinges)
Is screaming its fears
of cleared-out racks,
and used cellophane,
of crinkled-up packages . . .
—only spaces
remain—

If it were possible
Swallowed up they'd be, too,
With chocolate and cream puffs
And true "Mountain Dew".

The buttons are popping,
Size nine is now twelve—
I think, "You supple beauty!"
And hoist my heap on the shelf
Where I dream of the lettuce
Topped off with green cheese
And pray that the next time
"The Attack" passes me—
And believe that dill pickles
Are all that I crave when
I dream of fudge sundaes . . .
Oh stomach—BEHAVE!!!

Kelly Smith

Scissors and Stone

Great men fall in greater years
as the happy crumble into dust
under a hanging blade.
Many fear that thrill of looking up,
measured footsteps returning to the dust, but,
if wishes were fishes I would stay ashore,
preferring the stone and the straight walk home.
Of any of us the lonely are closest to dust,
settling through the chambers
to lie thick and uniform upon a bedside table.
To be spun, measured and cut by her shears
is all one can ask of the years.
One night you play the scissors
just to see a hand enfold your world,
clenching into a stone.
Then the snipping is begun.
When the clipping is all done
a dust returns to cover the books
and seal the looks into a picture frame.
Days, like glass, shatter at dusk.
We labour in trust
sailing our plans upon the fathoms of plan;
truly faded in a stakeless game,
for all the gambits,
all the towers and proudest rhymes,
are laughed at by a silent rain of dust. Philip R.

