10•The Brunswickan



GENRECIDE



"Oh man" Steve Duggan from Mona

Local bands tend not to be the most pleasant experience. Not that I'm being mean or anything, its just that they are usually a group of people that do it as a hobby and it normally sounds like it. I remember spending a rather painful evening hearing a friend's band massacre all the current indie tunes. Or there was The Bash Street Kids who specialised in AC/DC cover versions complete with singer in school uniform. Some real unforgettable nights. Then a couple of weeks back I caught The Asexuals (which was quite superb incidentally) and one of the support bands really stood out. But, shock horror, they turned out to be one of these local bands and I have to eat the above words. Sigh

The band in question were Mona, who have since slipped a copy of their demo entitled 'heavyfatstickykool' into my hands, and I am equally impressed with it. Comprising of Steve on bass + vocals, Rob on guitar and Nik on drums (plus the occasional back-up vocals), they have a rather wonderful sound. I don't like comparing them to anyone else, lets just say they play the kind of stuff the kids want to listen to these days but with a little more panache than most of the generic bands out there. Just a mere five songs (although they appear to have stuck an extra song on the end - a live one from the Asexuals gig I believe...) but still a groovy treat. Best song is 'David Link', the title of which I'm sure has some sort of subtle meaning which is completely lost on me. Sorry. And then there is 'Snap' which was recorded at the concert - a new song but they still give it a good going over. Wonderful drumming too - I've always had a soft spot for drummers and they normally get overlooked. Kinda sad really. So a really strong demo that makes me salivate for more. Then there is Karen Foster who have just changed their line up so I won't try to tell you who plays what for fear of offending anyone. Their tape is entitled 'Karen Foster Live' and documents, emm, Karen Foster playing live (am I going too fast for anyone?). It was recorded on the 18th of July this year directly to DAT with no overdubs, or in other words if you see them in concert then this is what you will get. As I haven't managed to see them live yet, even though they seemed to be in residence at Trina's over the summer, I will at the next opportunity. I do like the way that it sounds as if they have more then one guitarist - guite a trick for a three-piece. The sound isn't empty at all; plenty of warm, fuzzy guitars with enough noise to keep anyone happy. Rather weird lyrics too verging on surreal in places; I know this because the lyrics are re(Marc Landry photo)

printed on the inlay not because I can understand them from the tape. The vocalist; still Chad I think; has a rather limited range but gets over it by a falsetto and the odd scream which almost makes up for the mentioning of Star Trek in the lyrics. Hmm. Ten songs on here, and all consistently funky with the impetus that live music can have and much studio recordings never seem to recreate. But Karen Foster are pretty damned impressive here and deserve to be heard live.

Which is all very convenient because both bands are going to be playing here in town next week. And on the same night. And in the same place. Just imagine - two resplendent bands for one measly entrance fee. You see, the two of them are setting off on a little jaunt around the Atlantic provinces to Moncton, Saint John amongst other places ending up in that new Mecca, Halifax where they will try to sell their wares to some important people. But they need money to help them out - the concert is a fund raiser to finance the trip so please try to go along. You get a decent night out and they get a bid for stardom - not a bad deal. Look out for posters all over town this week; the gig will be at the beginning of the week although I don't have a finalised date yet. A splendid time is guaranteed for all. A straight forward plug, but done with integrity don't you think Chris?

Lilith's * * Survival Guide to the Holiday Season *

Well kids, the holiday season is fast approaching- a stressful and treacherous time. Here are some suggestions for making it through the vacation in one piece ...

Ease into it:

After you finish your papers and exams and more papers fall into a coma for about four days. Recuperate from the academic stress before you don combat fatigues and brave the malls in search of gifts.

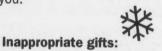
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Gift Shopping:

Don't brave the malls. Especially when it's getting close to December 25th. If you try, go heavily armed and with protective gear. You may find yourself caught in the crossfire between two moms fighting over the last piece of Barney paraphernalia. Sign up for Wen-do before you go. Prepare for hand-to-hand combat when near sale signs. Smart Bunnies shop with catalogues.

One for me, one for you:

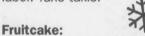
If you find something really swanky when Christmas shopping, get one for yourself too. Do unto yourself as you would have others do unto you.



You will wonder who your mother was confusing you with when she bought you something pink and polyester. No, aliens did not attack her in her sleep and suck out her brain. It's just a rule that you get at least one gift that you hate. It's a face muscle exercise, as you try not to let on that you're headed for the Returns desk on Boxing Day.

Christmas "Cheer": Forget the eggnog in the

"Rum and ... " If the lactose doesn't get you, the salmonella will. Alternatively, for the beer lover, Keith's is always with festive with a red n' green label. Take taxis.



There really is only one fruitcake, it just gets passed from house to house and people smile politely and say "Fruitcake...oh, we just love fruitcake." Under their breaths they're saying "OK, we can try to ditch that at the Miller's party."



Your mother will buy a five hundred pound turkey. You will eat turkey stir fry, turkey a la king, hot turkey sandwiches, turkey soup and by April "Turkey Surprise." Your shit will smell like turkey.

Mistletoe:

The problem with mistletoe is that you never get under it with the right person. It always the type of person you got stuck dancing to "Stairway to Heaven" with in High School. But who needs an excuse

like a plant? If you get the urge to suck face, just go for it. But for appearances sake, if there doesn't happen to be any around claim that dying fern in the corner is a rare variety of the kissing weed.

The Family Scene:

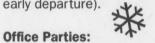
The best thing you can do for your relationship with your family is not to spend too much time with them. Never cross that threshold beyond which you get the uncontrollable urge to choke someone. Dope your younger siblings so they don't wake you up at four am to show

you what Santa brought.

December 3, 1993

Visiting Relatives:

All the dysfunctionals in the family tree come out and they bring their annoying brats. You will listen to Tetris for five hours without a break. You will listen to lectures about your hair clothes, weight, marital status, vocation and anything else they can latch onto. They remember you when you "this high ... " and pinch your cheeks. You will grind your teeth to the gums. Pray for peace on earth (and an early departure).



Don't get so inebriated that you do something like sleep with your supervisor's spouse or fax a picture of your butt to Head Office. Job security is hard enough to come by as it is, don't take it to the level of oxymoron.

Festive tunes:

Inevitably the season brings armloads of holiday tunes...mix it up a little from cathedral choirs and "Grandma got Run Over by a Reindeer" to the Boney M. album and John Prine's "Christmas in Prison."

Finding a Date for New Year's:

Ask for one for Christmas. Gift certificates are acceptable.

New Year's Day:

Establish what year it is. Move slowly. Take in plenty of fluids. A Bloody Mary. Tylenol. Keep the volume on low while watching football.

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