

SHAKING BISCUIT TINS FULL OF ROCKS

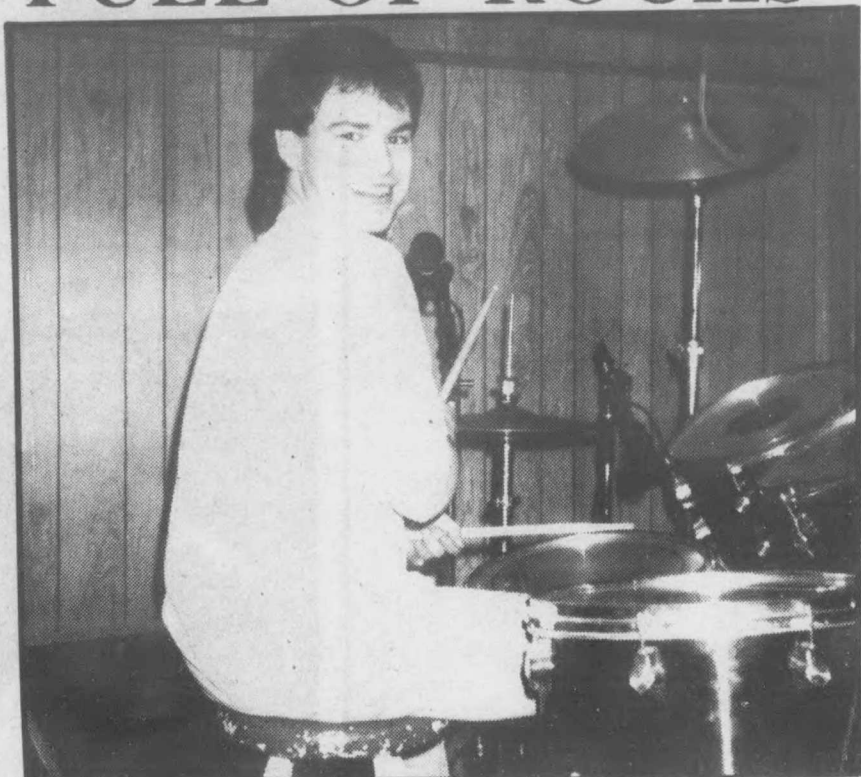
VOGONS DRUIDS

Queen Street Megaspot

The Saturday evening in question was so damned cold that I was mugged halfway down Carlton by a group of frost-bitten penguins that made haste with my vibrating pocket buddy and hand warmer: was it any surprise then, that the audience consisted of roughly the same number of individuals that you can comfortably get into a plectrum bag? Not when you consider the fact that the Vogons are playing dude - everybody with the vestiges of motor coordination should be present. But there you are.

The latest manifestation of the Druids were busily belting out their wares when I wobbled in, and surprisingly good they sound: given that the venue offers the acoustic ambience of being in a giant box of wheaties with several hundred maniacs shaking biscuits tins full of rocks. Once I was content to turn a shoulder to this bunch, but not any more. While the odd song still has as much verve to it as a bucket of old rags, more often than not my throbbing lug-oles perked up to the sound of something with a promise of rewarded relistening. There's a readily available cassette by the Droids about right now, and I shall certainly be compelled to blag one at the next available opportunity.

One aspect of the Druids performance that was not befitting a young band was the total lack of energy. Andrew (Thorne) plays lead guitar and also sings (the sadly incomprehensibly distorted) lyrics with as much enthusiasm as if to suggest that, as a result of the bet that he has just lost, he



Chris Flanagan of the Druids beams appreciatively at the recent invention of combined drum stool and handy commode

is obliged to include a set of Kylie Minogue numbers in the performance (KYLLEEE! KYLEEE!). Pete (Garvie) plays bass, but gazes absent-mindedly about the room for any possible signs of life from the admittedly lethargic punters. Suddenly though we are blessed with a surprise appearance by one-time Druid and freelance Nostradamus Martin (Warren). Martin, despite being a rather shy and poetic chappie outside public exposure, likes nothing better than to grab the mike and writhe and squeal in unison with the tortured demons flooding through his stick-like soul. Here he squirms on the floor generously wrapped in electric cable; there he does something akin to the funkloptic chicken. Great live entertainment to be sure, but a bit a scary for the younger viewers.

Quickly thereafter came the Vogons who apparently take their

name from some characters in a crap Douglas Adams book. Here is a cracking band. As before the instruments are yer three basic tools for what we kids like to call a 'pop-group', and I'm not talking sherbert, tins of sardines and a blow-torch matey! But lol! Yay verily did they puncture the dreadful darkness with showers of righteous sparks. Or something like that. Again, lacking the propriety length of non-frozen extremity to scribble notes on, song-titles were lost to the wind (chill). No matter. Every last morsel cast out into what may be the most appalling place for a band to play in was gobbled up eagerly by those of us that like our music with a bit of the old razzama-molotov. Catchy, punchy and puppy (whatever that means), the Vogies never sounded better, which leaves us with the question why the hell have they been away for so long? Perhaps thinking of a new name I'll wager. I'm reliably informed that the boys will be slugging away with the best of 'em at the soar-to-come mega huge bonanza DTK music festival. With all the other possible reasons for going here is another damned good one. Get on the good foot and catch em by golly. And hey dudes - any chance of a new discoroonie?

STEVE GRIFFITHS

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PINK FLOSS

OUR DARBOT RAVES TO SOME FLOYDIAN IMPERSONATORS.

Where were you during Spring Bre. Off on a ski trip or tanning in Fort Lauderdale? Well good for you! I was perfectly content here in the Maritimes listening to live Pink Floyd music. No, you didn't miss Floyd but you did miss "Clearlight", a tribute to Pink Floyd.

Clearlight is a highly energetic, professional band featuring Kevin Briggs, Jerry Laufman, Ken Japp and Mike Evers, all from Ontario. They've travelled all over Canada and parts of the good ol' U.S. of A.

Kevin Briggs, using a Charval guitar, did backing vocals and was the lead guitarist. He did a terrific version of "Have A Cigar" and flashed his dimples a mile a minute while playing his guitar, yes folks, over his head, upside down - you name it! (Whceel - Ed.)

Jerry Laufman, the "M.C." of the band played an Ibanez guitar and was on lead vocals + Roland keyboards (is there anything he can't play?). The pig mask was cute but I think the artistic straw hat stole the show!

Ken Japp, the human fly swatter, played a Lado bass guitar, Yamaha key-

boards (Stop the plugs! - Ed.) & shared lead vocals with Jerry. Talk about sheep bleating & babbling, this was the guy to listen to!

Finally is the powerhouse of the band, Mike Evers on backing vocals & drums, using a Tama drum kit. That guy burned more calories in one set than I could in a lifetime of aerobics! His version of On the Turning Away sent shivers through the crowd.

They did many Floyd favorites such as Mother, Brain Damage, Money, Brick in the Wall, Comfortably Numb, Wish You Were Here, Shine on You Crazy Diamond, and many many more as well as some of their originals including Color Me. They haven't yet cut an album but they will soon enough. The original band has been together some 8 or 9 years with Kevin joining 3 years ago

The light show itself is worth seeing and the fellows behind the scenes know how to bring out their best (must be that Jake the Snake peanut butter!).

They play often in Ontario & promise to return to the Maritimes this summer. How we wish, how we wish they were here...

DARLENE HANNAH

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