

# MEAT

Note T-Shirts Still Available at the Bruns Office, and Soon to Be Found at Back Street Records

**LOVE MEAT**

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## A RUMBLE IN THE COW SHED

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"Well I did have to do my laundry, the groceries as well as lancing the cats boils," whines Uncle Stevie, "but here are the bands I did see at the Maritime Independent Music Festival".

### FRIDAY

Twenty five bands to see and I had already missed three of them. But never mind, on with the business at hand. As I walked in, The Vogons were kicking out their cartoony rock n' rollers into a largely unimpressed audience. This was a source of puzzlement for me since these men get unquestionably better each time I hear them. Sharp and snappy, that's The Vogons for you. Given this logarithmic increase in overall proficiency as a live band, I begin to wonder what sort of a monster we might have on our hands by late summer. I wait in great anticipation.

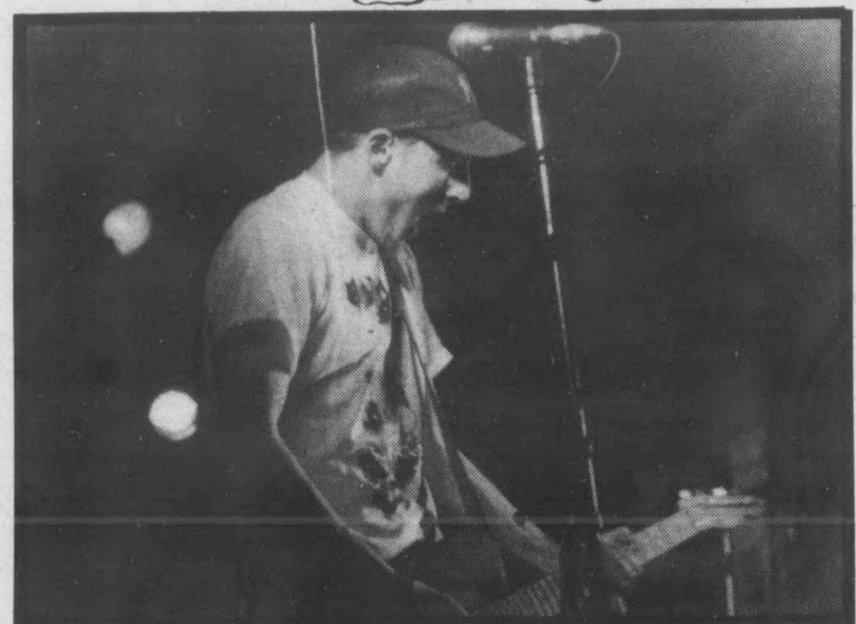
The Jelly Fish Babies are a bit of a conundrum, appearing a little confused as to whether they are more comfortable playing pre-thrash rock n' roll or sensitive almost folksy numbers that bring any movement in the hall to a dead stop. In the latter instance, an uncompromising and probably legally impaired former UNB student president was prompted to yell 'pick it up! pick it up!' and to yodel an impromptu version of 'hit the road Jack'. This behaviour which deserved the derision received from the rest of the audience was however the cue for the JFBs to close with two blistering floor board scorchers that made me feel rather happy and left the crowd shouting for

Watching Nomeansno, one is reminded of waking up at night to find that the locked door of your bedroom is

beginning to give in to the suggestions of several large sledge-hammers; suddenly the structure bursts into a thousand splinters and a whirling gaggle of screaming ideological demons explode into the room whining at fever-pitch. All three band members are college-educated rubber faces and consummate court-jesters that probably spend far too much time being impressed by subversive underground literature. Nevertheless this does not detract from the fact that Nomeansno provided us all with a generous set of alternately amusing and distinctly unsettling numbers. A really great band.

It was around this time that one of the less than savoury incidents occurred. By now, most of us realize that the most enthusiastic thrashers like nothing more than to jostle and shove each other about in a mad cap frenzy fit for a wild stick-insect nest on PCP. But of course no one gets hurt, they're all happy as sand boys and if someone accidentally gets knocked down, they're helped up again in no time at all. Novices to the event may even be surprised to see a herbert clamber to the top of a stack of speakers, only to plummet headfirst into the receptive crowd. But I digress. It was into this hurly-burly and good natured wrestling that our friend the

former UNB student president was to now hurl himself but unfortunately with little of the real spirit. This chap, being twice the size and twice the age of many of the participants, was playing



Nomeansno person aghast at the sort of things they do in the front row at Maritime rock concerts



SPLAT! SPLAT! KER-SPLAT! Lead Singer of Scapegoat Mercilessly Extinguishes a Overripe Twinkie Crawling Towards the Drummer

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