

ENTERTAINMENT

Guest Falgouty
Cal Johnston
Thanks Lords, Steve!



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THE NEPHILIM

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
(Beggars Banquet)

About six or seven years ago, when abject moodiness was the order of the day, I used to be in love with the music of a band called "The Sisters of Mercy". For me there was nothing better than the brooding moanings of a bunch dressed in long black coats with Andrew Eldritch appearing out of the mist with shaggy black hair and shades only to belt out the funeral strains of "Alice" and the "Palace of Love." Wow! perfect for the manic depressive teenager!

Somewhere along the way some bright spark coined the term 'Gothic' to describe 'the Sisters' and a number of other existential/nihilistic rock bands such as Red Lorry Yellow Lorry. In the last two years The Goths have achieved quite spectacular success and suddenly our sheets are littered with scruffy long haired louts in bandannas, motorcycle apparel and yes, the ubiquitous long coats. The music was essentially the same sombre mix of heavy metal and morbidity with lots of references to standing alone, being in mortal pain, crumbling empire's and gazing wistfully across the desecrated ruins of a post-nuclear landscape. Sound familiar? Yes, it does sound rather like the subject matter of the metal-heads doesn't it? But here a rather more introspective approach is taken to point where we almost contemplate the sincerity of the Goths.

As always there are a spectrum of bands to choose from, including the decidedly silly Gaye Bikers on Acid

and Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction. However, if you like your Goth a little more serious, then I suggest you tackle this second release from Fields of the Nephilim. After my first couple encounters I must admit to being ready to hurl this into the unspeakable depths of my underwear drawer - Carl McCoy sounds so much like a sand papered Andrew Eldritch and everything sounded so predictable with obvious influences falling all over the place like the clatter of stolen cutlery that for me, it was just about all over for 'the Neff'. But then a strange thing happened - I kept on playing it over and over again. One of the most subconscious methods of preference is that time in the morning when the girlfriend is waiting in the car and you have precisely five seconds to pick out today's musical selection for the walkman to be used on the way home that evening. Quite uncontrollably I grab 'the Neff' and sprint out to the motor.

Now it appears that I have unequivocally fallen for the likes of 'Phobia' a rip roaring plagiarism of Motorhead's 'Ace of Spades' and the hokey but super-catchy Moon Child. Even the sole acoustic guitar accompaniment to the growl of Celebrate, initially a real snoozer, blossoms into something quite substantial eventually.

So what starts out as a bit of a joke and ends up being a catch in terms of pleasure - hours and hummability. Lots of spooky noises, bludgeoning power chords, the odd bunch of monks wailing away, together with great dollops of pessimism and growling, appear to have mutated into a great pop album.

O.K. Canada get Gothic!

STEVE GRIFFITHS

Smack in the face

A good psychological treatise

HOUSE OF LORDS
House of Lords
(Simmons Records)

If there is one part of the musical sub-culture that is ripe for a damn good psychological treatise, it must be that associated with Heavy Metal

As regular readers of the Meat may know, as far as I'm concerned there's nothing wrong with getting a fifteen zillion gigatron per parsec beat smack in the face whilst simultaneously making the walls bleed copious amounts of porridge and causing the neighbour's cat to spontaneously combust - right readers? For this sort of Mayhem, the uninitiated should turn to the likes of Metallica, Slayer, Anthrax and Megadeth, nasty, unrepentant little herberts that have wandered straight off a demolition site into pile of industrial strength musical instruments. What's more some of them worship satan which is always good for a laugh.

What I can't understand though is the softer brand of the genre that is generously populated by bands that erm...put on make-up and dress like women. Here we have legions of fans that actually worship men that use eye liner and have what looks like several poodles stuck on their head. If that weren't enough these gents have invariably stuffed a weeks supply of bratwurst down their tight spandex knickers and quite often make thrusting movements with the guitar/microphone stand that suggests "Hey Guess what I'd like to do with my willy?" to which we reply "Well gee, we don't know but come on over here and lets see what we can do with this hacksaw and staple gun"

So why does your average metal fan, usually the bastion of the macho stereotype, allow himself to be entertained by these androgynous pretty boys who in the light of the day might be referred to as mattress-munchers? Beats me kids but I think you bettes have a good look at yourselves before you become seriously maladjusted.

The House of Lords are definitely in the latter category, being five remarkable fluffy young things that are, mark my words, going to drive the shredders wild! As usual theres not much to report here except that we've all heard it so many times before. First off, expect the all-out hedonistic approach of boozin' n' levin' n' fightin' with the boys, and the



You see before you the cutting edge. Uncle Stevie's fave band; in the flesh for your perusal. Enjoy!

presentation of the ludicrous concept that people actually want to have sex with these men. Their expect the sensitive ballads that suggest despite the fact that the band love a good balls to the wall party, sometimes even they have to go home and sob over the fact that nobody loves them. (I wanna be loved, Jealous Heart). Then expect the anthemic stadium rousers and heroic tunes that are itching to be on the soundtrack of the next Tom Cruise film (Hearts of the world, Under Blue Skies). And last but not least expect the raunchy innuendo and double entendre - and look here 'lip of the tongue!' HOHOHO bloody HO! nice one lads! Laugh? I nearly did! And apparently its Gene 'Cunning Linguist'

Simmons (producer) favourite too. Now isn't that special. Anyway, all the time worn cliches are here so its certainly value for money if thats what you are after. To be fair production and instrumentation are flawlessly executed. However it is about as threatening as Dean Frost in next year's student union election.

And you know, its only a matter of time before our video programs are going to be adorned with pictures of massive cleavages and low angle shots of womens panties, tastefully choreographed to something by the mega-huge House of Lords. I can hardly wait.

STEVE GRIFFITHS

Hoo-Boy.... What you missed!

Did you know the UNB Rugby Club had a pub on Friday the 25th? Well, if you didn't, you missed the greatest thing next to sliced bread! The pub featured "FM" - a hot band from Toronto. The four man band did a wide variety of music and performed exceptionally well.

FM was here last year at the Winter Carnival, and comparing their pub show to that performance, this one was tighter and more professional. Their light show was phenomenal having each set start off with a blinding explosion of light. FM's stage presence brought the crowd in and absorbed them entirely. With the second set, everyone was up and dancing to songs from their "Tonight" album such as "She does what she wants", "Why don't you take it", and "Dream Girl."

All in all it was a show that should not have been missed!

- Jackie Veinott