



Dim Lights, Thick Smoke

by Gary Sick

Hello, my lovelies! Gary Sick here...caterer to the stars. I'll be presenting news and views for your entertainment in this space every week until our beloved entertainment editor, Al J., can find out what you REALLY think is entertaining. In the meantime, let me regale you with stories from my notebook.

It's been a long hard summer, especially Stateside, where Charlton Heston took time off from enlisting new National Rifle Assoc. members to give ICE-T an earful about his take on family values. Charlton led the boycott of Time-Warner that led to the withdrawal of the song 'Cop Killer' from the BODY COUNT album. The real shame is that it was the only half-good song on this first attempt from ICE-T's fledgling metal troupe. You could talk about censorship with the wacko right-wing in the U.S. until you're blue in the face, but do they listen?...Nooooooo! I don't have to explain to you, enlightened reader, about the dangers inherent in the banning of an idea. the song is a cartoonish romp/revenge fantasy that hits terribly close to home in inner city

America. Babylon's burning and all those silly white people are making fools of themselves talking around a problem that they refuse to confront — urban decay, drugs, guns, et al.

But enough gloomy -gussing...if you were out of town this summer, you just happened to miss what might be BOB WISEMAN's only appearance here for the foreseeable future. the ex-BLUE RODEO keyboardist brought his solo act through here in July, playing his unique brand of protest folk-blues and letting us in on some of the fundamentals of improvisational jazz keyboards. A good time was had by all and several people were visibly moved by Mr. Wiseman's story-telling and audience intimacy.

Other summer highlights include the Social Club's hosting of COOL BLUE HALO from Halifax (who are being powerlunched by major labels even as I speak!) and THREE PEOPLE from Fredericton, who took great delight in torturing drunkards and teetotalers alike with their sonic mourning cleverly interspersed with some of the most powerful funk-metal ever to be heard on any stage. I will carry that

night with me forever, like an expired condom.

We also bid goodbye to JUSTIN LIVESAY at Mama's Pub, where he had the bravery to play all of his own compositions and damn the rednecks to hell. The Cosmo played guest to WHETHERMAN GROOVE TUBE from Toronto, who caused so much butt-wagglin' I almost spilled my drink! My lips are trembling with anticipation as SLOAN, CHANGE OF HEART, and ERIC'S TRIP approach our fair city for a r'n'r extravagonzo on Monday, Sept. 28. As caterer to the stars, I have long been waiting to utter the words "Your T-shirt is ready Mr. Blurton," and "May I stretch that E-string for you, Mr. Murphy?"

SLOAN's debut album sees worldwide release on DGC records on Oct. 27—quite an honor for a bunch of fishmongers from Halifax. I fear though, humble reader, that they may become too large to allow themselves the benefit of my sage wisdom and dry cleaning service after the rest of the world gets a load of their anitics.

The rumors abound this week around ERIC's TRIP from Moncton, but here's the real poop...a split 7" with Sloan is imminent from SUB POP records and the same company has given them a hard to resist offer to put out some full-length stuff. My nipples are becoming irritated under my FROZEN GHOST T-shirt just thinking about a New Brunswick band being on the same label as NIRVANA, MUDHONEY, TAD, and Rev.

HORTON HEAT. The mind reels!...

On the horizon for the rest of the term these exciting teenage sex symbols loom large: BOB'S YOUR UNCLE, JR. GONE WILD, MOXY FRUVOUS, THE LOWEST OF THE LOW, THE RHEOSTATICS, SPIKE N, BLACKPOOL, STRANGE DAYS, JERRY JERRY & THE SONS OF RHYTHM ORCH., THE HERETICS, and THE LAWN. Whee!

I must apologize to my old friends and bridge partners FROZEN GHOST for missing their show here last weekend, as I was playing babysitter to a hard-nosed rockabilly band from Montreal by the name of PORTABLE ETHNIC TAXI. We invaded the Bull & Stein in Saint John for two nights, making new friends and breaking hearts. They told many damsels they would be back in November, but who is to say they weren't letting the ladies down easy? Thanks for your patience and we'll talk next week with Ian Blurton from CHANGE OF HEART about his ten years of integral rocking. And I'll tell many of you how foolish you were to miss the excellent Winnipeg folkies ACOUSTICALLY INCLINED at the place where the heart of rock and roll still beats like it's bench-pressing 320, The Social Club. Ta!

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