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proper release by this band will be able to retain the awesome strength of one of these live performances. If there is the faintest possibility of someone reading this drivel that will be directly involved in the production of this album please listen to The Mary Chain's Some Candy Talking several times before setting the controls.

The Ujle's Mike stood nearby as the crowd, for the first time in the evening, were being a little more expressive than bobbing from foot to foot. Glancing over I pressed a palm into my face to indicate just how powerful this bulldozer of glorious sonic assault actually was. The gesture was immediately understood. But here's the catch. One moment you'll be gripped by a blinding melody and thinking "Bloody Hell what a Great Hook!" when the next thing you know we're on the blunt end of a spleen-bursting change of direction that causes fifteen pairs of underwear to be simultaneously reduced to shreds.

"What mindless moron cannot be anything but driven to palpitations by his force?" I muse to myself. After about four songs of being transfixed to the stage I turn around and, with the now habitual Psycho strings screeching in my head (Skreek! Skreek! Skreek!), it suddenly dawns on me that about 70% of the audience has buggered off! Bastards! Incredibly the Sympathy For The Devil Barmy Army were still going "woo-wool" and by now I was growing rather fond of them. For those that left - if I catch you playing the incredibly hip first album by KLR in five years time saying "Wow, I was there man!" a vicious spanking will be in order. But in the meantime, can we have them back... PLEEEEEASE?

With my ears still feeling like the bargain basement of the local mad horologist, Saturday night was to provide even more possibilities for live entertainment. This time the proceedings were to take place in the SUB where, incredibly a fire capacity

audience of five hundred had been easily achieved with many, many people being left out in the cold. This would have included me, but, being the slimy newspaper reptile that I am, I managed to wrangle two passes off of Orientation Big Cheese John Marshall earlier that afternoon. This being a Union event, it was inevitable that the place would be swarming with the Student Militia and that anybody that wanted a drink had to have their extremities plastered with the impact of rubber stamps. The large high school contingent was probably the biggest reason for this, but in reality this had no effect on prevention of underage consumption. This was easily witnessed in the form of droves of sub-comatose youngsters reeling and squealing in front of the cafeteria serving section.

As we arrived the Downtown Blues Band, perennial good time crowd warmers, were closing another blistering performance with a line-up that seems to increase in size each time I see them. This being 54-40's night however and, with unfashionably late herberts such as ourselves only just arriving, the audience was merely polite in response. The dance floor appeared to have stayed empty throughout the entire set.

54-40 are big time now and, with a number of Top 40 hits under their belts, I suppose they can afford to be a little laidback when visiting the boonies. As always the songs were melodic, well-arranged and usually speckled with a twist of brooding morbidity that invariably adds the appropriate amount of credibility to compositions that are in essence as light as any pop song. But apart from a few minimalist hand gestures from the front man, this band were a bunch of really boring turds. Not a smile, not a dance. Only a bit of redundant guitar posturing at



photo by Al Johnson

the end of the set and great clouds of dry ice marked this event as a live one, but by now we were getting a little restless and decided to head out for home. Remembering their last visit here on Halloween of '87, the performance was especially disappointing. At that time, I seem to recall that the experience was a much more lively one with even the rather stoic (and now sadly estranged) Dangerous Brothers shedding their Noonan Liberation Front Flak jackets and joining all the butterflies, spooks and spiders for a bit of impromptu hoofing. This time however, we all might as well have been watching a practice session and as such the fact that the be-

sued chubby with the bouffant moustache and his pal with the disgustingly animated backside that blocked our view by standing on their chairs throughout the most of the gig, barely made any difference.

In all, however, we can only applaud the efforts of the organizers in bringing us this varied feast over the past twenty four hours. How great life would be if we could have something at least similar in content every other weekend! Unfortunately we all know that the brainless antediluvian morons of the NBLC will not allow the Social Club to put on more than two events per semester which is obviously completely sickening and irrational. As such it is

unlikely that we'll have another Friday night bash as enjoyable as "The Big Ticket" for quite some time to come. However, whether it was intentional or not, in final retrospect, the concept of mixing lively cover-bands with more original groups is quite brilliant in terms of trying to wean the largely uncultured wallpaper worshippers to something more substantial. If this is the only way we're going to get things done around here, including the resurrection of the bruised spectre of UNB Campus Entertainment, then this may well be our only formula.

*Steve Griffiths*

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