

## Underdog Kittens run with a positive attitude

Run With The Kittens play The Cellar Pub on Thursday, October 18, and at Vixens on Friday October 19



### SHEET MUSIC

by  
Run With the Kittens

Remember when you and your friends would put your favorite hits of the day on the hi-fi and rock out on badminton rackets and brooms, with your 'singer' letting loose into a turkey baster? Now imagine you're in the middle of that, and you've magically been transported to the world of grown-ups, arriving with a cement truck's worth of great songs and the tightest performance to be found anywhere. Got it? That's Run With The Kittens, and you've never heard of us.

Our most recent accomplishment is being rejected from the biggest festival out East, The Halifax Pop Explosion. Why? Like most festivals, it's put together like some kind of tight-knit high school popularity contest where it's who you know that gets you in, not your music. But we're not dwelling on that, though, because it could very well anger us and put us in dark places, and we're sensitive lads. So in an attempt to move forward in a positive manner, we have decided to pretend that we got in anyways and drive to Halifax and play the festival. It's going to be great! With our huge imaginations, we will play out on the street and make-believe that we're in an actual live music venue. We will imagine that the people just walking by us are actual fans that came to the venue just to see us! We've all been listening to a lot of Tony Robbins and John Tesh on the tour bus for positive visualization techniques. Anything is possible if you

make-believe, and you never know what can come out of it.

For example, pretending we got into the festival gave us the idea to book shows at other clubs and create what's known in the biz as a 'tour'. So now Run With The Kittens is playing a couple dates in Fredericton.

We first played in Fredericton last year. In classic Kittens style, we didn't have a gig booked; we were just looking for a beer store. We pulled off the highway in some residential neighborhood, and asked a dude mowing his lawn for directions. He had two first names. It was John Earl, or Jeff Dave, or something. He gave us the wrong directions, but maybe he felt bad, because he hopped in his car, drove after us, and led us to our destination. We pulled into the parking lot of what was about to be opened up as Vixens.

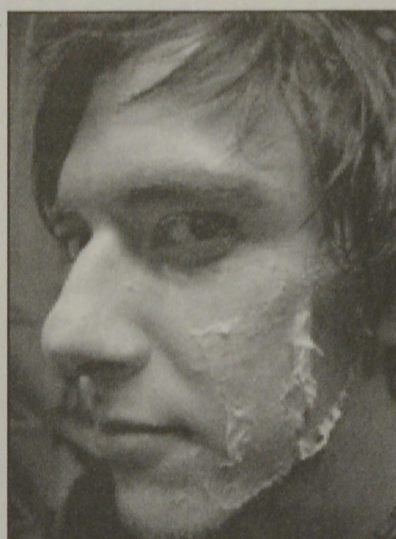
The owners were on the patio, a little confused as to why an intimidating, chalkboard-black school bus had just pulled up. The bus is a great icebreaker though, and it wasn't long before we were invited to throw down a wicked little country set in the bar. We're not sure, but think we were the first ones to play a few tunes in the place. The owners even bought us dinner at the street. We knew we had to return for more of the famous East Coast hospitality.

Armed with a P.A. system, a tour bus, and our undying thirst to play good-time music for good-time people, Run With The Kittens is going to rock some guerilla-style shows in Fredericton, as well. You might catch us outside of Leo Hayes High School rockin' at lunchtime, or in some random parking lot in the evening, or even on an afternoon drive down Queen Street with our bus horn blaring farm animal sounds at you. We're out in the Maritimes until the end of October, and we're going to do this in every town we hit. It'll be like an old-fashioned '60s-style freak-out!

So what the hell kind of music do we play? Our music is considered by some to be a wild, mixed bag of rock'n'roll, or to others who need an increasingly-vague sub, sub, sub genre, 'Indie-BossaNova-Disco-Stadium-Lounge.....Core' might be an adequate description. But you can't call us anything if you haven't seen us play live. So why not come on out to our Fredericton shows and judge for yourself? We can't get enough of people not being able to figure out what to make of us.

## This ain't no lipstick conference

by Christian Hapgood  
and Doug Estey



Christian Hapgood / The Brunswick

**D:** When the editors at the Brunswickan suggested we attend a special effects workshop by the NB Film Co-operative, I was thrilled, quite frankly. I'd always been involved in my high school theatre productions, and while I may not have had any talent whatsoever, it was always a lot of fun (we had one of those high schools that let us make use of pyrotechnics and the like). Needless to say, I was pretty stoked to show off what I knew and pick up a few things on the way. My little pedestal quickly burned to the ground, though, when I learned that this was a makeup workshop. Blowing stuff up seems so much more exciting than applying lipstick...

**C:** You would know, wouldn't you Doug? It wasn't half bad. I'm sure we would have been treated much cooler if we hadn't showed up late though, or if you hadn't screwed up the directions.

**D:** Easy for you to say! All you had to do was take pictures while I was having school glue poured all over my face in front of the entire class.

**C:** Entire class? You mean all eight people in attendance? Give me a break, man. I used to do that kind of thing all the time in elementary school. Why don't you just do your job and explain exactly what this workshop was?

**D:** Right on. So once we found the Charlotte Street Arts Centre, at 732 Charlotte St. (I determined later that we had told our cabbie the right address, but he took us to a completely different one and we were too confused to realize it) it took us about 25 minutes just to track down the exact room where the workshop was taking place. Once we arrived though, we quickly discovered that this was no lipstick conference.

**C:** The dude made Doug into a zombie. It was badass.

**D:** That was so unnecessary. I'm pretty sure our readers could discern that from the pictures. Anyway, our instructor, Paul Angers, was off the hook: spending most of his career working for the St. John Ambulance, he's been with the Film Co-op for several years now, and this guy knows his stuff. The small, but keen handful of people in the room looked on as he demonstrated the awesome effects using simple, everyday items to get the job done.

**C:** Some of the things he used for effects on the skin included things you would find around your house. We

witnessed him make use of school glue, Vaseline, Kleenex tissue, and a hair dryer. The results were most impressive. We all watched in horror as the glue on Doug's face dried and Paul began peeling back some of the "dead skin" in small patches.

**D:** It was a weird feeling, that's for sure. I couldn't believe the simplicity of what he was doing; it almost makes a guy feel mildly ashamed for not being able to come up with some of the ideas he showed us. One of the main points that Paul was trying to make was that while money and a massive budget can be of great help, the only real limit is the human imagination.

**C:** Yeah well, judging by these shots, I can honestly say I never imagined you ever looking this attractive. I'm going to send these to GQ.

**D:** Next time, you're volunteering to be the guinea pig, and I'm going to sit back, laugh, and poke you with a stick. Cool?

**C:** You're losing focus!

**D:** Whatever. My point is that this workshop was a blast; Paul Angers is very passionate about his work and it shows in the results that he achieved within the short amount of time allotted. The whole experience was very hands-on and informative.

**C:** Join us next time to see Doug showing off his innate zombie impersonating skills!

## Kitschy comedy: "I've got bingo tonight!"

'The Backup Man' is subtle Canadian humour, but leaves this viewer hanging

by Jordan Gill

Last Friday, the Regent Mall rolled out the figurative red carpet for a premiere of comedic proportions. Many of the film's stars attended their premier, 'The Backup Man', a major motion picture filmed partly in New Brunswick, including Shawn Fitch, Sebastion Melean, Gary Hat, Marge Hays, and Lisa Large.

The movie is about the exploits of

two police officers, Murphy and Renfrew; Murphy's friend Sal, who owns a strip club; and Sal's niece Maria. They live in small-town Canada, where an increase in drug trafficking and a failed drug bust (Renfrew misjudged an eight for a nine on a house number) sends the Police Chief of Hooterville (the movie's locale - don't ask why) into a rage. He blames Murphy's friend Sal for being the problem, and sends the dimwitted Renfrew to do surveillance without Murphy's knowledge.

At the same time, Maria has stolen an important computer disc from the company where she works and is on the run from her boss. She decides to come and visit Sal in his 'restaurant' (and strip joint), while at the same time, Maria's boss has hired a hitman to recover the disc.

The movie is actually fairly funny, with subtle and intelligent humour

(think Monty Python instead of Will Ferrell). All will laugh as the three unnamed men at the beginning of the film hide their identities using George W. Bush masks, causing one of the men to say, "There, now we all look stupid." No one can help but giggle at the dimwitted Renfrew as he practices his karate while doing surveillance or during a particularly unforgettable moment when Murphy and Renfrew steal a dress to cover their bare derrières, only to be chased through the woods by an old woman with a rifle screaming, "I need that dress! I've got bingo tonight!"

As infectiously funny as it may be, the movie's storyline suffers from a lack of resolution. Many plot points suffer beginnings without ends. Viewers will leave with questions like, "What was on the disc Maria stole?" or "What happened to Murphy's wife?" or even the

big question: "Why didn't the screenwriter address these ambiguities?"

I'm not sure if it was for kitsch or humour, but some of the props seem silly, at best. For example, the sign for the Hooterville police station is simply a photocopied logo taped in a window. The station itself looks more like a house than a station, and I'm sure few airports have their business hours emblazoned on the door.

Even with its faults, this movie hits it big where it counts. It's funny, and what more can you ask for in a comedy? Sure, it won't replace 'Life of Brian' or 'Borat', and it isn't up to par with other Canuck comedies like 'Strange Brew' or Canada's greatest comedic threesome, 'The Trailer Park Boys', but it is still better than 80% of what the major American companies release. Watching this movie will make you proud to be a New Brunswicker and a Canadian.

## Dave and Sean talk about CDs

by Dave Briggs  
and Sean Horsely

### Shotgun Jimmie - The Onlys

**Dave:** When I found out these guys are from the Maritimes, I figured out why no one wants to live here.

**Sean:** I'm sending this to the Guinness Book of World Records. I honestly think it has a chance at being the worst album ever.

**Dave:** I bet these guys are going to want to fight us.

**Sean:** With an album like this, I want to fight them.

### Toys and Kings - The Heights

**Sean:** I guess it's kind of okay.

**Dave:** It certainly doesn't rock, but it doesn't make me puke.

**Sean:** Well, if I listened to it long enough, it'd drive me to drinking enough to puke.

**Dave:** You know what did make me puke? Shotgun Jimmie.

### Arrested Development - Since the Last Time

**Sean:** I'd buy this album just for the name.

### San Serac - Professional

**Sean:** This takes all the bad elements of the eighties, and makes them worse.

**Dave:** Every song sounds like a montage song from Footloose if people on OxyContin made Footloose.

**Sean:** I can't believe he called this album "professional." This guy is a professional dweeb.

**Dave:** You're taking lessons from him, aren't you?

**Sean:** For a guy whose favorite band is Ween, you're awful sure of yourself.

**Dave:** What...and Bad Religion is the better choice?

**Sean:** You're on thin ice, my friend.

**Dave:** Watch it, or I'll get the guys from Shotgun Jimmie after you.

### Slowcoaster - Future Radio

**Sean:** If Sublime grew up in Saskatchewan and listened to Avril Lavigne, they'd sound like these guys.

**Dave:** These guys play here all the time. They're okay.

**Sean:** Yeah, I thought it was okay,

too. A little poppy at times, but okay.

**Dave:** I'm only saying it's okay compared to the pile of CDs we got this week.

**Sean:** Well, they can't all be Shotgun Jimmies.

### J. Holiday - Back of my 'Lac

**Dave:** I knew what this was going to sound like before I even opened it.

**Sean:** It's like rap lyrics to R&B music. My whiteness prevents me from knowing exactly what to call it.

**Dave:** I can think of a few things.

**Sean:** This guy has his eyes half-shut in every picture.

**Dave:** You don't put albums like this out without smokin' bliz-unts. Damn.

### Hurt - Vol II

**Dave:** This band does just what they promise. They hurt.

**Sean:** And this is the second volume? God, I'd hate to hear the first one.

**Dave:** Let's hope to God they can only count to two and don't put out any more of these 'albums'.

**Sean:** I don't think they can. They only use two chords in every song.

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