

ENTERTAINMENT (and arts)

sloan and thrush hermit at barn

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The nay-sayers said it would never happen. They said Andrew Scott was sick. They said that they had lost their hometown pride.

They were wrong.

Sloan played the Barn. Thrush Hermit came with them. That is all that matters.

What is there to say about a show that defied the hype? The eclectic crowd of fans and ignoramuses alike were loud, raucous and boisterous. Boisterous enough, in fact, to shove the innocent really hard, making the loyal and dutiful True Fans lace the lyrics with "ouches" as they sang along.

Hot on the heels of becoming Metallica's label mate, Haligonian rockers Thrush Hermit kicked out the jams in characteristic arena-rock style. Long nights in front of mirrored walls practicing Johnny Rock moves appears to have paid off for these young, strapping lads. Ian McGettigan's contortionistic bass moves and incredible flexibility wowed the young ladies, and heck, even a few gents

admired his form.

Rugged good looks, however, will only take these boys so far, and thankfully, the guys realize it. Offering winning singles from new and old releases alike, the Hermit rocked our sorry asses all night. Some definite hit-potential accompanies their eminent release, *Sweet Homewrecker*, coming out on Elektra this month. Save your pennies, kiddies, and run to a record store near you to score this hep cat slab o' wax. Trust me: "North Dakota" is worth the insane PEI prices. Listen to it until the digits wear off.

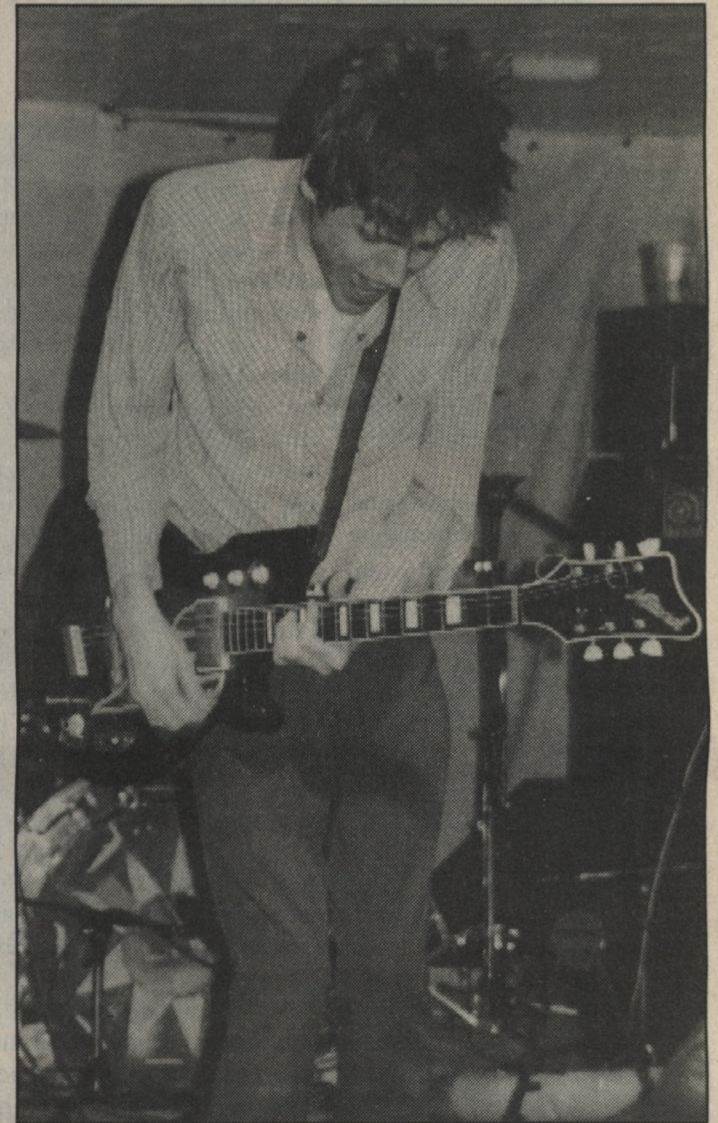
Now on to Sloan. How hard is it to play when your fans are being crushed and mauled before your very eyes? One would think this would pose a bit of a distraction. A few songs into their set (following a heroic leap into the crowd to salvage a fledgeling fan), the violence eventually plateaued. Apparently nothing could be done to keep things to a complacent, dull roar, but adversity breeds endurance.

It appears that several Sloanheads at the show felt that they deserved V.I.P. treatment, having memorized

the choruses to the first three singles off the band's newly golden album. If there was enough room on stage, I'm sure the boys would have called us all up for a very special intimate and interactive moment. Alas, this is not to be in the cozy confines of the big, red Barn.

Sloan whipped up a satisfying sampling of sounds from their most recent three releases, as well as a new track. Unfortunately, the freshly baptized hordes of fans were hoping for the set list to move from one hit to another. Sorry if you were underwhelmed, but that's not a word.

The Friends of Much Music Society members were happily treated to a fine rendition of "The Lines You Amend" and all the post-*Smeared* hits proved to still have their original lustre. Having obviously matured as a band in sound and style, Sloan are showing that it is not necessary to cater to the whims of the media and critics by maintaining a consciousness of the goings-on off stage.



Joel Plaskett wails during the Thrush Hermit set. What a Heart-Wrenching Man... What a Sweet Homewrecker...



Consider yourself lucky to have been a part of Sloan's first PEI show, rounding out their provincial checklist. Like Haley's Comet, it could be a long time coming for a repeat performance.



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