

Aggan Hall	14	
Aggan Hall	16	A 18
Aggan Hall	14&18	
Aggan Hall	14	A 16
Gym-Main	8	1-6
Aggan Hall	16	
Gym-Main	A	10-14
Gym-Main	B	9-14
Aggan Hall	16	
Gym	210	
Gym-Main	A	11
Gym	210	
Gym	116	
Gym-Main	A	7-14
Gym-Main	A	12-14
Gym	207	A 209
Gym-West	A	1-3
Gym-Main	B	8-14
Gym	210	
Gym-Main	B	1-5
Gym	207A	209
Gym	210	
Hall	C9	
Y Hall	5	
Y Hall	303	
Gym-Main	8	1-6
Gym-Main	8	8-13
Gym-Main	8	9-13
ton Hall	218	
ton Hall	104	
ton Hall	140	
ton Hall	104	
ton Hall	140	
ton Hall	140	
ton Hall	218	
ton Hall	218	
ton Hall	140	
Gym-West	A&B	1-10
Gym-West	A&B	11-14
Hall Gym	A&B	1-12
Gym-Main	B	1-4
s Bldg	204	
s Bldg	306	
s Bldg	306	
e Library	107	
e Library	107	
ym-Main	B	1-9
s Bldg	302	
s Bldg	323	
s Bldg	323	
s Bldg	204	
s Bldg	204	
s Bldg	204	
s Bldg	320	
s Bldg	320	
Gym-West	A	1-11
Hall	304	
Gym-West	B	10-14
Gym-West	B	10-14
Hall	5	
ton Hall	204	
m-Main	A&B	2-11
m-West	A&B	ALL
Hall Gym	A&B	ALL
m-Main	A&B	ALL
m-Main	A&B	ALL
Gym-West	A	12-14
Hall Gym	A	1-10
ad Hall	A	7-14
ad Hall	3 & 4	
ad Hall	3	1-9
ad Hall	3	
ad Hall	A	1-12
ad Hall	3	
ad Hall	4	
ad Hall	4	
ad Hall	4	
m-West	B	1-9
m-West	B	1-9
m-West	A	1-7
Hall	303	
Hall	3	
ad Hall	3	
ad Hall	3	
C10		
C10		
C10		
C14		
E4		
C127		
C123		
E4		
E4		
E4		
C122		
E4		
C11		
E4		
E4		
West	5	
West	A&B	1-5
West	A&B	6-9
Ma	A&B	10-14
Ma	A&B	1-5
Main	A&B	6-10
Hall	361	
Hall	303	
Hall	151	
Hall	010	
Hall	351	
West	A	1-12
Main	B	1-9
Hall	5	
Hall	303	
Hall	223	
Hall	303	
Hall	303	
West	A	9-13
Hall	223	
West	A	1-8
Hall	3	
Hall	217	
Hall	223	
Hall	217	
Hall	223	
Hall	303	
Hall	5	
Hall	217	
Hall	303	
Hall	404	
Hall	151	
Hall	351	
Hall	306	
Hall	256	
Hall	303	
West	A	1-7
Hall	170	
Hall	303	
Hall	307A	
Hall	306	
Hall	303	
West	B	1-12
West	B	1-12
West	A&B	11-14
Hall	159	
Hall	302	
Main	B	10-14
Hall	361	
Hall	307	

March 17, 1989

The Brunswickan 21



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Video Anthology 1978-1988

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT THAT BROOOCE REPRESENTS ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL POPULAR ARTISTS OF THE 1980S. IN A RECENTLY RELEASED VIDEO, EL BOSSO SLAPS HIS LIVE AND CONCEPTUAL PERFORMANCES IN ONE PACKAGE. STEVE 'MAGIC RAT GRIFFITHS' CONSIDERS WHETHER IT IS WORTHY OF THE MEAT SEAL OF APPROVAL.

(Rosalita, The River, Thunder Road, Atlantic City, Dancing In the Dark, Born in the U.S.A., I'm On Fire, Glory Days, My Home Town, War, Fire, Born to Run, Brilliant Disguise, Tunnel of Love, One Step UP, Tougher Than the Rest, Spare Parts, Born to Run (acoustic).

New Year's eve 1978. After a couple of hours of spending our Christmas money in pubs, the gang piles out into the car park, now a little blasé about the fact that we are still a year away from the legal British drinking age of 18. It is still only 11:30, but as typical teenage cynics, we concede that the celebration is simply another excuse for getting plastered and, since the dosh has run out, it was time to retire to somebody's house in the hope that the parents were still up (parents are great for scamming drinks from after midnight on New Year's Day). Sure enough we are in luck. Beers are passed around with gay abandon and we rowdily settle down to watch the year end musical retrospective on a TV show called *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. Punk-hardened sixteen and seventeen year olds, we jeer and shout at old tossers such as *Styx*, *Aerosmith* and any number of other prehistoric (even then) wankers, but become respectfully silent when *Elvis Costello*, *The Jam*, the *Pistols* or *The Clash* take to the screen. Right at the end of the show whistling *Bob Harris* introduces *Rosalita* by someone that was relatively unknown to us going by the name of *Bruce Springsteen*. But whoa! what a finale! - there he was bounding all over the stage, piano and amplifier stacks - and yes, he was really having a damn fine time doing it too. It was fantastic. As the credits rolled we looked at each other a little shaken by the experience, uneasily coming to grips with the fact that we weren't really supposed to like this sort of thing. But we did. We loved it. *'Rosalita'* as it turns out is the first offering on this video compendium of our Broooce's work since those early times when he looked so young that you'd scarcely believe it's the same guy that slightly resembles *Dennis Hopper* in the *'One Step Up'* video. *'Anthology'* then, is a mixture of both live and conceptual capsules of performance over the last decade. As far as I'm concerned the conceptual footage borders on excellent (about which

more later), but I am sorry to say that some of the live material could have been replaced with something a little more enticing. But then this may be just me. Whether it be an *Letterman*, *Carson* or *American Bandstand* God Forbid, just seeing the band perform/mime their stuff doesn't turn me on. There has to be something extra that allows the record to transport itself away from merely being heard on the radio. *'The River'* and *'Thunder Road'* are like this, out and out straightforward renditions that are visually quite pedestrian even though each of the songs is a qualified classic. Starved of stimulation the individual that purchases this video may feel a little cheated. *Dancing in the Dark* interestingly enough directed by *Brian DePalma* does pass the test. It is exuberant and lively, but a little disappointing when it is learned that everything is immaculately staged-including the by now mandatory extraction of some teenaged apple pie queen from the nauseatingly adulatory audience that remind you of those puppies that get so excited as to momentarily lose all bladder restraint on the patio. *Born in the U.S.A.* too, despite the brutal war footage and boo-end imagery of father and can watching coverage of the Vietnam horror at the kitchen table, is rather unexciting. Other than the occasional bout of gleeful histrionics from the mammoth saxophonist *Clarence Clemons*, the rest of the band stand around rather like happy blocks of wood. It is unfortunate that, from this angle of criticism, namely video creditability that despite being excellent musicians, most of the E. street bands are without a shred of photogenic potential. Only in the full whack of *Born to Run* (surely one of the best songs ever written) is this problem solved when the director (*John Saylor*) splices together all the tom foolery and Japes from a number of different shows to give us the idea that the whole experience is one big carnival of laughs and non-stop fun. As always though, the camera rightly concentrates

on *Bruce's* rubbery little face and *Bruce's* funny little dances, as he performs for a swaying ecstatic mass of humanity, that seems to stretch to the ends of the earth itself. *I'm on Fire* (director *John Saylor*) was the song chosen to be the backing noise for the first Broooce concept video, and it is without doubt simply magnificent. So simple is the premise that this seems hardly possible. *Bruce* plays a cute little grease monkey, whose presence at the garage has not escaped the attention of some Beverly Hills beauty that brings her 59 T-bird in for servicing with suspicious regularity. Rather than wait for the girl to come into pick up the motor, *Bruce* drives it out to the ultra posh hills. Will he confront the girl? His finger pauses over the doorbell for what seems like a millennium.... But nah! - he allows himself an ironic little grin and walks all the way back into town. Subtle, gentle and perfect. Next comes *Glory Days* and, after the last piece of unadulter-

ated magnificence, this one is a great turkey. The song is shot as if it is being performed in a small bar with the usual enthusiasm, but suffers from being singularly dull. A real disappointment. At this point in the proceedings, being able to see the remaining videos in chronological order, one is able to piece together virtually every little detail in the Boss's crumbling relationship with estranged wife (*Julianne Phillips*) to his burgeoning love for the lithe-some *Patti Scialfa*, an alumna of the *Asbury Dukes* and now playing an increasingly large part in the E. street band itself. So specific are these details, that it is almost embarrassing when it is not altogether touching. Nowhere is this more apparent than in *'One Step Up'*, a beautiful ballad that only takes a little further prompting to send a little tear down one's cheek. Here *Bruce* spends most of his time getting shit-faced in a seedy bar, alternately braving smiles in greeting to other loners on the stools, and reminiscing, in black and white, about bodies slamming together in sweat-drenched slow motion. Another exemplary video that broods magnificently in laid-bare emotional trauma. *One Step Up* also just happens to be one of the best songs made this decade. Next comes *'Tougher Than the Rest'* and *'Spare Parts'*, again both excellent songs but on video a far amount of icky schmalz comes across as *Bruce* and *Patti* spend an unprecedented amount of time gazing longingly at each other from opposite ends of the stage. This sort of honesty, and the impression that, as

Bruce's minions, we can act as his confidants is all very well but, especially on *'Tougher Than the Rest'* we begin to fidget a little, again somewhat embarrassed in this blatant openness about what is going on in the man's personal life. The final video is perhaps the most special moment for me. *Born to Run* characterizes a time when I was a surly impressionable oik that despite the affected raw energy of punk screaming from every over-active gland, floored me with such intense passion that I was completely hooked. As a closing piece however, *Born to Run* is performed as a spine tingling acoustic version that quivers like a nostalgic ghost story and perhaps serves to conclude the fifteen years that have elapsed since the *Magic Rat* and *Wendy* took to the highways in desperation, joining the countless other broken heroes seeking their destiny. In phrasing, this version sounds eerily like *Chapman's 'Fast Car'* and whether this is an intentional homage is not known. In all, the anthology is a must-have as an example of a musical icon that continues to take us through a life that is as troubled and ordinary as anybody else's. We share his sorrows, his fears and his joys without any doubt that we're being short changed emotionally or otherwise. Surely that must be why *Bruce Springsteen* is such an important cultural figure.

STEVE GRIFFITHS

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