

Entertainment



By Len
The Sass Jordan campaign came to town Friday night. Braving the throngs of hormone crazed little boys and girls, this intrepid reporter and a photographer, braved the storm to investigate the gathering and goings on.
Lacking the simplest amenities, including a press pass, any sort of clearance to anywhere or

common sense, I went incognito, the photographer (Kevin G) had his camera which sort of made him look like a camera man.
The first act was 'I C Red', there to replace 'World on Edge'. The W.O.E. tour was cut short when the lead singers father passed away. Before continuing, the Brunswickan would like to extend our condolences to the band and I would like to extend

my own thanks for the interview they consented to last week. I felt the interview would have been in bad taste had I run it.

Back to "I C Red". Unarmed, without ear plugs or someplace to hide, I came face to face with a band that really chewed. Move over Partridge family, this band seemed plastic, had no stage presence, character or sound of any remote interest. Granted, the Aitken Centre is famous for its "wonderful" acoustics, but the sound did not hinder Sass Jordan's act so I'll make a big leap of logic and state they sounded really really bad.

One of the best parts of the concert was the fact that I C Red only stayed on stage for about twenty minutes and left. After a 1/2 hour wait, Sass Jordan appeared to the squeals and titters of the crowd.

Apart from some strange behavior by a group of "fans" who obviously enjoyed having bar services, I was surprised by the amount of attention Sass Jordan could attract.

Surely it is not sexist to state that Sass Jordan is attractive. But she went well beyond this by playing music I enjoyed hearing. I had a preconceived notion that her sound was 'engineered' in a studio and the live sound would be disappointing. But hats off to Sass and her belly button (she always wears tank tops live I think; making her belly button probably famous) her sound was live and great, the sets were tight and I liked 'em.

Arsenic and Old Lace: Twisted and Funny

by Kate Rogers

It was cold, wet and miserable on Wednesday evening, and to be honest, the last thing I felt like doing was leaving the comfort of my little home to trudge up the hill to Memorial Hall. The final dress rehearsal of *Arsenic and Old Lace* was taking place, and I was to catch a sneak glimpse of how the show was fitting together. Duty calls, and in this case I am glad that it did. Although I caught the cast and crew in the last frantic moments before opening night, *Arsenic and Old Lace* proved to be sickly amusing and very entertaining.

The one minor glitch of viewing a final dress rehearsal is that you have to take into consideration that there are going to be certain technical difficulties that will hopefully be worked out by the time that the curtain rises. There were a few minor problems on Wednesday night, but not enough to distract me from enjoying the performance. Overall, the show was well done. *Arsenic and Old Lace* is a wonderful comedy. The plot is down-right hilarious, and the characters are off-beat and zany.

Without giving away too much of the story, let me provide a brief summary. The show is set in the living room of two dear old sisters, Abby and Martha Brewster. These upstanding women share their home with their insane nephew, Teddy, who insists on being referred to as President Theodore Roosevelt. Everything appears fairly normal until we realize that these sweet, lovely aunts are poisoning people with arsenic and burying them in their basement. They are assisted by Teddy, who thinks he is digging the Panama Canal, not burial plots. All runs smoothly until nephew Mortimar accidentally discovers a dead body in the window seat, and goes mad at the realization that his two precious aunts are murderers. The most hysterical twist is the women's innocence in the whole

matter. They feel that they are doing a justice by killing off the elderly men that come to their home to rent a room. Aunt Abby and Aunt Martha poison the men while they are happy, living in a comfortable home and surrounded by people who care. What better way to die? Sound a little crazy? Perhaps a bit morbid? Definitely! Nonetheless, the making of an extremely funny play.

The great story line was accompanied by some very good performances. Nova Lea Thorne and Shantell Powell are divine as the Brewster sisters. They are very convincing in their roles as innocent, sweet, old women. Another fine performance is given by Mike Ingram, who plays the sinister nephew, Jonathan. He catches the aunts off guard by unexpectedly dropping in after many years with a new Jack Nicholson look-alike facelift. Like Jack in some of his most menacing roles, Jonathan can be a very scary fellow. Other notables are Katherine Atkinson as the frantic, adoring fiancée of Mortimar, Dave Hann and Dan Herman as the two goofy Brooklyn cops. One must not forget Jason Babineau, who plays the part of the corpse(s) in a most deadly fashion.

Arsenic and Old Lace is a student-run production, presented by Theatre UNB and Masquerade Productions. James Miller, an English major and Fine Arts minor, does a great job directing the show. He has some very clever ideas that are masterfully incorporated into the play. The set, built by student Marc Lutz, is sound and workable. The actors move about with efficiency and ease and the audience is convinced that they are actually visiting the wacky Brewster home. Well done!

So, if you feel like getting into the Halloween spirit, go see *Arsenic and Old Lace*. This macabre murder comedy runs October 28 to October 30 at Memorial Hall. Curtain rises at 8:00 pm.

Hot damn! Change of Heart axeman Ian Blurton just shoved his left handed Gibson 6 string in my face! I feel like I've been blessed.

Blurton and his fellow band mates, bassist John Borra, keyboardist Bernard Maza and drummer John Richardson, graced the Social Club stage last Thursday night and tore the place apart. Unfortunately, most of the people on hand didn't notice, they were too busy watching the baseball game. They'll never know what they missed.

Fresh off an American tour with Canadian cultural heroes The Tragically Hip, CoH blasted through two sets which featured a healthy number of tunes from their latest release *Smile*. The band's intensity captured only those fans who had come to see them. Too bad.

From the first note of the first set the band made themselves at home on the tiny stage, their bodies possessed by the music. The set lasted an all-too-short 40 minutes and included the better tunes from *Smile* as

well as a new song added for good measure.

The second set began after a half hour break and was a little more varied musically than the first set. They managed to include songs from much of their discography as well as another new one. All in all, it turned out to be a well rounded night for the underground iron men.

As I stood there watching the spectacle I couldn't help but wonder why in hell after ten years of slugging it out in the basement of the Canadian music scene, they are still playing venues like the Social Club.

I first saw this band last year at Trina's when they headlined a bill that also featured now the legendary Sloan and the soon to be legendary Eric's Trip. They rocked then and they rock even more now. In fact, their formula of intense, melodic guitar based noise hasn't changed much since forming in 1982.

It is beyond the realm of the grungiest imagination why this band hasn't gained at least mediocre popularity. Though they are anything but

the dreaded G word (punk pop might be more accurate), CoH should be having no trouble riding the underground wave which has flooded top 40 radio. Yet they toil in apparent anonymity, even in their native Toronto (I guess if I lived in TO I'd want to be anonymous too).

Fortunately, Change of Heart isn't about signing the sell out papers and reaching top 40 radio. Change of Heart is about music and only music; and kick ass music at that. When some idiot yelled 'play some real music', Blurton couldn't care less. 'Give me some kerosene, this axe is going to burn!' And it did.

Blurton has also been consistently overlooked as the 'great Canadian axeman'. Neil Young eat your heart out, Blurton has a unique command over his instrument rivaled only by newcomer Jag Tanna of I Mother Earth, another band native to Toronto. I caught on to his guitar playing ability at a New Years eve Blue Rodeo concert in Toronto that had Blurton as one of their featured guests. Need-

less to say, he stole the show right out of Jim Cuddy's hands by ripping through countless songs.

I've heard people single out Andy Maize, Gord Downey and, God forbid, Neil Osbourn of 54 40 as Canadian culture heroes. If these people could tell their asses from their elbows they would have been on the Ian Blurton thing a long time ago. Blurton has more heart and dedication to his cause than any of the aforementioned artists.

Next year they will probably be back. They might play the Farmers' Market if they're lucky and I will go to see them. They will still be Canada's most underrated band and Ian Blurton will still be axing his way to oblivion. And I bet 100 drunken assholes will be watching the baseball game at the Social Club. Some things will never change.

by Bruce Denis

