

Metallica or Bussed

by The Would Be Head Bangers

It was a concert to end all concerts, or so we were told. Metallica, I mean, why did I want to go anyhow? But my friend convincingly said, "Oh come on, it will be a blast." Unfortunately the only thing that blasted was the Trius bus that we faithfully took to get to the concert. Anyone with an IQ of at least 20 would have realized that we were doomed the minute we left Tim Horton's at 3:30 pm on Tuesday afternoon. I looked around the bus at the passengers and wondered what would possess anyone to take a bus to Moncton. Then it hit me: Why drive to Moncton when you can take a bus and drink for the low price of \$59.00 (concert ticket and GST included).

Joke time! Joke time!
How many Trius buses does it take to get an eager drunken mob to Moncton to see a Metallica concert?
We're not sure, we abandoned the first bus.

So the bus left Tim Horton's in a stop-shudder-go, stop-shudder-go fashion. The grinding of the gears indicated to me, an individual who is far from mechanically inclined, that we would eventually be in deep trouble. But my concern in the condition of the bus was forgotten after it was announced we first had to make a quick stop in St. John. A little detour which they failed to mention on the promotion poster. But not to worry, we had lots of time, it was, after all, only 3:30 pm and the concert didn't start until 8:00 pm. Besides, we were all open-minded and interested in finding out just how bad the roads actually are in New Brunswick, never mind the condition of the bus.

Joke time, joke time,
Why don't they fix the roads in New Brunswick?
Because if they did everyone would leave!

So into Saint John we landed (or should I say spluttered - maybe shuddered). We picked up a few clowns who added nicely to the bus crowd which was becoming increasingly rowdy. So off we were again only to come to a jolting halt on a busy Tuesday afternoon highway. At this point we were assuming that we were pointing in the right direction (towards Moncton, that is).

The bus driver got off and Derek, the organizer of the event, assured the disgruntled crowd that nothing was seriously wrong. Finally, it was confirmed that the bus was a total piece of shit. The bus driver was forced to drive at 50-60 km an hour on the shoulder of the road. I figured about 300 cars and trucks passed us. Needless to say, people were beginning to worry. Were we going to be able to make it to the show in time? Here we were, on a bus crawling at 60 km an hour with a crowd that was becoming increasingly drunk. What can we do to pass the time? Read the Daily Gleaner? No, we're not that bored.

But then a strategy was announced. Since the bus was "not working well" (the understatement of the year), it was decided that we would just stop outside Sussex and wait almost an hour and a half for another Trius bus. Well, actually no one said that it would take almost an hour and a half. We were assured that the other bus would be meeting us there. Ah! Finally, it looked like we were actually going to make the concert and now I would get the chance to use my ear plugs.

So we waited...and waited and then we got hungry. Needless to say, sitting on a bus for over an hour with a crowd of Metallica fans you have decided that they might as well get wasted on the bus

since they may never actually get to "bang their heads" in Moncton, is an interesting and enlightening experience. But we decided, nevertheless, to get off and find a restaurant to get something to eat. Thankfully there was one just across the street. It was the first sign of light at the end of the tunnel.

Sitting comfortably in the Blue Bird restaurant and motel we ate a nice inexpensive meal and decided that it was going to be about ten o'clock by the time we got to the concert that started at eight o'clock. The question which kept coming to mind was: Why the hell are we continuing on this lame, doomed trip? Needless to say, we decided that we were not going any further. We demanded our money back and waved goodbye to our new found friends who finally were able to board a new improved Trius bus. After phoning a friend we waited in the restaurant until our drive came from Fredericton to pick us up.

So our entertainment for the evening had become the bus and its occupants. Thus, it is only fair that we review the opening (and for some the final) act presented by Trius Tours. The first act was "Dan from St. John". It took him a bit to get going, but once he was intoxicated he became the common-place drunk who wanted to be friends with everybody. Not terribly original and we have all seen it before. It would take four introductions and five handshakes before he remembered your name. This was obviously a man with a mission. He was determined to have fun, regardless of the situation. Given his condition, I don't think he even knew what "situation" meant.

The next performance was from the exasperated Derek who was to say the least a bit concerned about the entire situation and probably his personal welfare. Having, as organizer of the bus tour, taken \$59.00 from each person on the bus (most of who were now intoxicated and quite irritated), his situation was just a tad awkward.

Another drunk performance was next with the "Barfing Boy". I don't understand why people cannot realize that if they tend to get car-sick when they are sober, how do they expect to stand a five hour bus trip when they are drunk? If Trius decides to have this performer back they should supply him with a barf bag or a few more garbage cans readily accessible.

But the best performance of the night and one you can usually only catch watching those "I'm tougher than you" movies, was the guy who decided to eat his beer bottle. For a dramatic effect he first shattered a few bottles on the floor then, after he got everyone's attention, he began chewing. However, as responsible journalists we must point out that neither of us witnessed the event but we did see the blood which was over our poor friend Derek who had to sort out the situation.

A few added attractions included the strong smell of diesel which was curiously covering the bus floor and the constant giggling of two FHS high school teenagers sitting behind us. Interestingly enough, these two young ones happened to be too young to purchase cigarettes at a store we stopped at, but were able to somehow obtain enough beer for complete intoxication. What a great country. And there was, of course, the drunk who constantly asked "are we there yet?"

The Trius bus show was actually not that bad and for those who actually made the last hour of the show, bully for you. By the way, are any of you interested in reviewing the second bus?

One final note: It was clear to us that Trius owes an apology to the organizers of this event and an immediate refund of the fees for the bus ride.

Africa Nite '93'

by Jethelo E. Cabilete

Are you suffering from frost-bite? Hypothermia? The savage attack of a rabid penguin? Do you wish that you were someplace warm and tropical? Well quite a lot of people took to the SUB cafeteria last Saturday to do just that. With a little help from the ole' imagination, Africa Nite '93 was a good way to forget that it was -32 degrees outside.

Trudging up the hill in sub-zero weather and temperatures, I thought "Hey, I hope I'm early." Fat chance! The line-up for the exhibition was all the way up the stairs and partly in the second floor hallway. Like I said, a lot of people. After getting in and finding a seat up front, I decided to browse and look at the arts and crafts section. Very nice stuff and at reasonable prices. The carvings, metal work and woven baskets were indicative of African crafts and the batik hangings were a blend of the traditional and modern. The Nite opened with an introduction by M.C. Godfrey Onyango-Matata, who stated that Africa Nite was a "celebration of various African cultures and festivities."

O Canada was sung by a group of children; shy but they were lovely. Then several adults sang the African Anthem Nkosi Sikeleli Africa; very beautiful song. Then came dinner and music which was another long line-up, but worth the wait. Many of the African dishes used a variety of species and vegetables and proved to be very good. The food wasn't overly spicy, but was a subtle blend of all the ingredients. Each distinct flavour came through. The dinner was a bit longer than expected, and it was followed by a speech and presentation of certificates. The speech was from the guest of honour, Dr. Eben Otuteye, and discussed Africa's role in the New World Order. What was needed in today's world, was global peace, prosperity and uni-

versal citizenship; a "sense of belonging... the breakdown of traditional barriers." Africa and her people have suffered much from past events (such as slavery and exploitation of resources) and still are, at the hands of the Apartheid government and foreign exploitation. Dr. Otuteye called for an end to this disparity and a sharing of knowledge, wealth and the elimination of racial discrimination. (and probably other forms of discrimination). The presentation was made by Dr. Janet Stoppard, consisting of several certificates of merit to people who helped integrate international students into Canadian society.

The entertainment followed, and let me tell you, the A.S.U. do things with plenty of humour and energy. uMmiso, a Swazi dance, began the entertainment with singing and dancing. This dance is traditionally performed when festivities such as weddings or traditional festivals were in progress. It was an interesting, upbeat performance. Following uMmiso was a folk tale, Gentleman of the Jungle, narrated by George Eguakun to students from Hampton Junior High School. The tale is about the interactions between a man and the animals of the jungle. The moral is: no one is helpless, and no one should bully other people. That said, the show continued with Rhythms of the Day; modern dancing as opposed to traditional dancing, highlighting the distinction between generations. Next came Fashion Show "Afrique" displaying the clothing from the various cultures of Africa and between the traditional and modern. The clothing were colourful and exquisitely patterned, in subtle earthtones and embroidery. From Ghana, Niger, to Swaziland tribal costumes and modern tie-dyed clothes, the fashion show was greatly appreciated and hilarious at times. Kudoes to the two commentators! A brief respite was given at this time for the Af-

rican Affairs Quiz. Three players were asked questions pertaining to Africa and in the end, all the contestants received a prize. Then it was back to dancing, with the West African Ensemble. "These were a set of dances done before a "chieftain" and was fun and comical in places. Poetry came next, written by David Nlisi Hobona. The first poem dealt with the roles of men and women and the strengths of the "fairer sex". The second poem represented the pain of an individual in this world; the pain of poverty seen, of humanity's rape of Nature and the question "Where are we going now?" A karaoke performance came afterwards, called Drum Beat of Uganda. This was a funny bit, and proved to be quite entertaining. A folk tale from Lesotho was the next piece, narrated by Mariam, one of the many A.S.U. people in traditional African garb. The tale is of the initial fear when dinosaur bones were discovered in Lesotho. The fear subsided when people began to understand that the fossils were not from a still living group of creatures. Last but not least were two dances; one from East Africa, the other from South Africa. Both were very upbeat and judging from some of the audience's reactions, was a perfect finale to a wonderful night. A vote of thanks by David Nlisi Hobona, Chair of Africa Nite '93 was extended to all involved, and a dance was staged to cap off the event. Soooo, as the setting sun paints the Serengeti in gold and red, we bid farewell to the majestic Continent. The culture of Africa as represented this night is one of enjoyment, fierce pride and quite a bit of humour. I certainly enjoyed this event, and hope to see next year's event. Until the next issue, good luck on midterms and watch out for marauding seals (Chomp! AAIIIEE!)

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