

CHSR-RAVE!!!

by Sherry A. Morin

On Saturday night in the SUB Ballroom, CHSR Campus Radio and Tranceatlantic Productions staged the Epiphany Rave.

Dancers reveled from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. to raise money for CHSR's annual fundraising week. The rave drew its regular alternative followers along with some apparent newcomers to the scene, but was not as successful in drawing crowds as the last Rave, "Resurrection".

Some people probably stayed away because of the cost of tickets; a few people complained to me that \$7 (and \$10, for non-students) was too pricey for this time of year. Also, many people had more pressing incentives for staying up all night on Saturday than attending the Epiphany; they had midterms on Monday.

For those of you who stayed away because of exams, you should realize that a night of safe tension-release can do more good during stressful periods than a week-end of cramming for exams. Next time, study in advance, then you can take time to enjoy a real mind-and-body exercise. These events are not to be missed.

CHSR Campus Radio's D.J. Mir and D.J. Nonsense performed, and CHSR alumnus D.J. Sasha returned on his usual pilgrimage. All three played some great music.

The d.j.'s generally did a good job of reading the mood of their crowd, and the overall experience was just as tribal as ever. There was raw-edged, underground techno, some progressive house, some break-beat, and some standard, trance-inducing music which flooded out in hypnotic waves. All of these styles blended to form a fairly good mix of music. Not surprisingly, the most popular musical style of the night was "break-beat", a thrashing, stop-start kind of music which has currently achieved popularity on the

American rave circuit.

Some of the lighting effects were eye-catching, although it was disappointing that there wasn't more strobe and overhead lighting. Reportedly, the technical expert who was scheduled to do the lights had a last-minute injury, so the responsibility was passed on to the volunteer rave-organizers.

There were other minor technical flaws. A faulty sound set-up or an amplifier that was set too loudly suddenly gave out at about 11:00. Two extra speakers were brought upstairs from the station, and this seemed to remedy the problem. In any case, it served to give the dancers an appreciated half-hour break.

At one point, people who got caught up in the excitement started dancing too close to the d.j.-booth, which shook the floor under it. This, in turn, shook the turntables, which caused a few of the records to skip. Apart from these malfunctions, the d.j.-booth looked great. It might have been stolen from one of the prop-rooms of Pee-Wee's Playhouse. It served a functional purpose as well; most of the lights for the room were creatively mounted to it.

Other than these innovations, the decor could have been more exciting. The location had great potential, but more distortive lighting and a smoke machine would have blurred the atmosphere more suitably. This might have made the same four walls of the SUB ballroom look much less mundane after seven hours of dancing.

If the walls were lacking in decoration, some of the ravers weren't. Some of them overdid it. I have to say that the recent trend in rave-wear, a sad, tacky regression back to the 70's, leaves me nauseous and not much in the mood for dancing. However, if you decide to attend a rave, dress any way you want. I have a problem with this trend of ravers trying to conform to a supposed "hip" style of dress. The point of raving is not to

conform, it's to express your own individuality. You don't have to wear clodhoppers and sideburns to stomp out a mean groove.

You might opt for a more modern, sleek look. I prefer black, white, or a combination of the two, simply because it produces some neat effects under the lights; in fact, black and white stripes under a strobe might almost blind you, but that wouldn't be so bad, considering the way some people were dressed at Epiphany.

The climax of the evening? D.J. Sasha had his mind made up to shake the remaining crowd with a frenzied last set, then D. J. Mir finished off with a few final tracks. There were a few eager dancers who were still on the floor after four in the morning, when the clean-up started.

If you plan to attend the next Rave, be prepared; be open-minded. Raves are not dance clubs. They do not play C&C Music Factory, Technotronic, 2-Unlimited or any other cheesy, chart-hitting, overrated and overplayed acts that masquerade as techno acts. Raves play real Techno. Epiphany has again proven one thing; that CHSR knows its Techno. Since a certain local establishment cancelled its Techno night, there is no other place around to enjoy pure techno than at a CHSR Rave.

If you would like to be updated each week on upcoming Raves, listen to "Beat Confusion", a program which airs Wednesday from 5:30 to 7 P.M. on CHSR. If you like what you hear, tune in also to Bass-Bin, from 11 P.M. to Midnight, on Fridays.

As one of those famous Techno samples goes, "C'mon, move your body, and dance with me." I hope that you all attend the next Rave; numbers enhance the intensity, and the profit potential, of the event. Be sure that the next Rave earns a rave review in the Bruns.

The Other Side Of The Picture

GOES GREEK

by Jethelo E. Cabilete

Hello, hello, hello! How're y'all doing? Doesn't it feel great to finish midterms. Can't wait to hit the slopes or beaches, eh (some of us anyway). Okay, this issue before da Break is dedicated to Memorial Hall stuff, soooo ... Lords and Ladies, the play, *Lysistrata*.

Lysistrata by Aristophanes, opened at Mem. Hall on February 18 and performed until the 20th. Originally performed in 411 B.C. this Greek comedy concerns the folly of war set in a parody between the war of the sexes. Director, Ed Mullaly, chose to do this play in lieu of another play (*Ubu Rex*) due to its comical nature and striking similarities to many modern problems of conflict. Aristophanes did not intend for this play to be feminist in tone, nevertheless one could see it in light of men's and women's social roles today.

The Saturday performance was hilarious and witty. The theatre was nearly jam-packed with people anticipating eagerly, the play. *Lysistrata* began with an opening song, *Comedy Tonight*, foreshadowing the spoofs, sexual innuendoes, and sheer silliness to come. The cast used the entire theatre (stage, balcony and centre aisle) to act in; the idea of Ed Mullaly to achieve "audience involvement." The structure representing the Acropolis was imaginative impregnability made of wire, wood and scaffolding, symbolizing the women's adamant stance to abstain from sex. The siege tower, dubbed the Athenian Penetrator, was every bit a parody of the men's desire to get sex, right down to the phallic battering ram. The music for the play is reminiscent of Broadway scores, and the director chose them to replace the lost music from the original version.

The play was originally cast by men only, but the UNB version had men and women performing, thereby really increasing the comedy. The performers were wonderful, and each gave their all to create distinct personalities and life to their roles. *Lysistrata* was played beautifully by Karrie Evans, who came across as the perfect matronly Athenian woman. Demure, steadfast and resolute, Karrie Evans' presence was felt in the scenes she was in. In contrast to the earthy resolve of Ms. Evans, Marilee Price's, Kleonike, was fire

and verve. She presented herself as *Lysistrata*'s perfect counter, daring, excitable, sex-crazed (she basically slinked on stage). I asked Miss Price what she thought about her part, and she replied "I initially found it difficult because Kleonike is so unlike me." Well, all that work paid off in the laughs garnered, that's for sure (the facial expressions were priceless). Myrrhine (Lisa Smith) and Lampito/Peace (Cindy Goucher) also provided equal amounts of laughs. The seductiveness of Myrrhine is evident in one scene with her husband Kinesias (James Miller), while Lampito's Southern belle attitude and accent was played refreshingly and comically. Other actresses in the play were Nova Lea Thorne, Julia Kennedy (the delegates from other parts of Greece) and vocalists Sarah Haley and Kate Rogers, who displayed amazing vocals and range with *I Never Do Anything Twice* and *Boy, Can That Boy Fox Trot!*

The men also provided comic performances as Greeks who were in a hard position (no pun intended) deciding between continued warfare or sex. All of them were in the same dire straits, but each gave separate qualities to their roles. Marc Lutz as the Commissioner was funny, trying to be authoritative and commanding in spite of the incompetence of his men. Kinesias, played by James Miller, was the perfect cuckolded husband and would be rescuer of his wife, Myrrhine. Mike Brooks (Swiftly) was sheer silliness and brass throughout the play, in contrast to Jeff Czopor's aloofness and almost tragic dignity. Mike O'Pray (Spartan Ambassador) and Paul Lenarczyk gave admirable performances of the southern bumpkins caught in a situation that they can't control. And of course, Mike Doyle who provided vocals to some of the songs, such as *Comedy Tonight*, *Stout-hearted Men* and *There's Something About a War* (excellent vocals from him). In fact, everyone involved deserves the applause gained during the three performances. I heard it was difficult at times, but as Mike Brooks and Marilee Price stated: "The humour component was priceless. You follow the director's directions and trust in his vision. In the end you all pull together." And that folks is what made *Lysistrata* a magnificent production. Until the next time, have a great March Break and have fun! We Outta Here!

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