

Wrack 'n Roll by Alex Varty

Such vast quantities of live music! In the past few days I've seen the Quintonal Jazz band, Cedric Smith and Terry Jones of "Perth County", River City's own Freightliners and the Pete Griffin-Valdy concert. Quite an assemblage of talent - it's too bad Frederictonians [and students in particular] don't seem to know how to appreciate music. Fredericton seems doomed to suffer because of incompetent concert promoters and inconsiderate audiences.

To begin with, there was the Jeunesse Musicales presentation of Quintonal Jazz, a Montreal group. The only publicity for the event was a small notice [in French] in the Gleaner and one small poster in the SUB lobby. Consequently only about sixty people braved the elements to attend the concert [held in the High School, a rather inconvenient venue for those of us without motorized transport]. Those who did attend, though, were treated to a dazzling performance by the quintet. The group performed one set of jazz classics, and one set of original pieces and modern works. Some of the fire essential to a good jazz concert seemed lacking in the first half, as the band offered note-for-note recreations of such standards as "Satin Doll" and "St. Louis Blues". However the historical set was very educational, and came to life quite nicely during a powerful reading of Coltrane's "Giant Steps". The original tunes of the second set were, understandably, not as memorable as the classics, but they allowed the musicians a chance to stretch out and improvise. Pianist Daniel Mercure had a chance to display his virtuosity on Dave Brubeck's "Blue Rondo A La Turk", and led the group through a tricky series of changes, while their solid grasp of moder jazz-rock was demonstrated on the saxophonist's two compositions. The only flaw in the concert lay in poor sound balancing - the bassist's amplifier was placed directly in front of the acoustic piano, thereby obliterating most of the more delicate keyboard work. Otherwise Quintonal Jazz provided a perfect evening of music.

The next night two of Perth County's talented Conspiracy began a two day engagement on campus. Some brilliant person conceived the scheme of putting them in the SUB ballroom [matched in its vibrant acoustic qualities only by the Beaverbrook Rink]; billing the concert as a drinking event, not a musical one; and neglecting to publicize the act adequately. On Wednesday night the result was pure farce. Some two hundred drunken idiots arrived, expecting to boogie until one, and were somewhat perturbed to find a couple of folkies on the stage. The crowd made such a noise that I found much of the music inaudible, and I was sitting six feet in front of one of the speakers. The mixing was abysmally incompetent - whoever the promoter had dredged up to run the P.A. had no idea of how to balance a folk duo's sound. As a result Terry Jones' intricate guitar picking was almost lost in its entirety, while Cedric Sith practically had to swallow the microphone to make himself heard over the dull roar from the audience. Wednesday's audience was incredibly boorish and immature, not allowing the few interested spectators to appreciate the show. Although the music and skits were great, I left after two sets because the audience was too much to bear. On the second night most of the drunks had found a more congenial place to party, and about fifty laid-back and subdued people were treated to an excellent performance by the duo. Perth County's people are the definitive Canadian minstrels - they speak from the heart when they sing, and their satirical pieces tear holes in the absurdity of politics and city living.

Over the weekend I saw the Freightliners at the Boat Club, and as usual they showed themselves to be Fredericton's tightest and most professional bar band. They produce fine drinking music with occasional flashes of brilliance, but their material seems to have gone downhill in the past few months. With some more care in their choice of songs, and with some good original material they would have the potential to make the transition from taverns to concert halls, but for the moment they remain extremely competent, musically gifted, and uninspired. Nonetheless a good time was had by all.

Peter Griffin and Valdy were also very good, but they're covered elsewhere, so until next time...



The third annual student-faculty Art Show of the University of New Brunswick in Saint John will be held for two weeks beginning Sunday Dec. 7 at 4:30 p.m.

Prof. Martin Thomas, one of the organizers of this year's show, says the chief purpose is to exhibit art work and sculptures from the students and faculty of UNBSJ. He said the families of faculty or students are also invited to exhibit.

It will be held in the Little Gallery in Ganong Hall on the UNBSJ campus.

The exhibit will be open for public viewing from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. weekdays.

There is no admission charge.

Film Society presents classic musical

Director, Vicente Minnelli; Script, Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Producer, Arthur Freed. Songs, Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz. Choreographer, Michael Kidd. Performers, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Osca Levant, Jack Buchanan, Nanette Fabray.

The musical, always a favorite form of entertainment, becomes more when the enormous talents of Astaire, Comden, Green and Minnelli are put together. These are the people who created THE BANDWAGON.

The film, called one of the best musicals ever made, was based on a 1931 revue that starred Fred Astaire and his sister Adele. Outside of 3 classic songs, Dancing in the Dark, I Love Louisa, and New Sun in the Sky, the 1953 version is original.

The theme of the film is a very sophisticated turn on the old and

completely hackneyed story of people putting on a show. Mr. Astaire, a washed-up movie idol, returns to Broadway and signed to appear in a musical written by Oscar Levant and Nanette Fabray.

Trouble comes when Jack Buchanan, as a flamboyant genius type, decides to produce the carefree play as a modern-day "Faust" and Miss Charisse, as the prima dancer, decides Astaire is too old. He likewise gets the notion she is decidedly too tall. Out of this clutch of complications the movie is evolved.

Bosley Crowthers has said the film is a "genial and comprehending snipe at the rampant egos of theatre people, their reckless, excursions and alarums and all of the manifold headaches that accompany the production of a show. It is also, by chance, a very touching appreciation of the nature of Astaire. If there is anything

wrong with it as entertainment it is too subtle about the theatre for all to get."

The most famous ballet number, "Girl Hunt" is a take-off on the literary works of Mickey Spillane. The satire is done in semi-surrealistic style, full of gunmen and sleek seductive vampires and of course, danced beautifully by Astaire and Charisse. For Astaire this was his 28th film and first with Charisse, as a dancing partner.

Also showing is the Sixth Episode of The Perils of Pauline.

Attention - Subscriptions for the second term series will be on sale for \$3.50 after the first of the year:

Jan. 10-11 - The Salamander; Jan. 25-24 - La Grand Illusion; Jan. 31-Feb. 1 - The Garden of Delights; Feb. 14-15 - Ali-Fear Eats the Soul; Mar. 13-14 - Les Ordres; Mar. 28 - The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.

Potentially great film flops

By MOE LATOUCHE

Had the creators not been so overwhelmingly successful in their quest to incorporate into this film every conceivable technical, photographic and design error, CHOSEN SURVIVORS might easily have been "man-against-the-elements" super-movie capable of banishing the now-classic "JAWS" into the proverbial skeleton closet as an unimaginative spook.

Believing that they are being sheltered from a global nuclear war (they are, actually, merely "guinea pigs" of the Government unwittingly going through a trial use of the nuclear shelter), ten pathetically stereotypic "characters" are forced to work in union to combat an unforeseen fatal flaw in the self-contained shelter - vampire bats. Various losing six of their mediocre comrades to the blood-sucking vampire bats, the good and bad 'chosen survivors' are finally rescued by the big-brother Governmental militar-

ists.

At once brilliant for its possibilities for provoking terror and for providing searing socio-economic commentary, CHOSEN SURVIVORS comes off instead as a mere Tin-Pan Alley glitterbug capable only of being in pitifully bad taste and disgustingly (like a jock strap) "supportive" of the status quo (especially militarism).

Some of the technical errors (I won't even mention the damned vampire bats); an unsupported dirt-walled 1700-ft. vertical elevator-shaft; various perfect and professional equipment that appears out of nowhere - wire mesh for electrocution of (some of) the bats as well as a complete set of spelunking and climbing equipment; a thoroughly dead human body which appears only just bumped and bruised, in spite of its recent unplanned rapid and pin-ball fall down the 1700-ft. elevator shaft; poster-paint blood; fully-clothed rape scene; a power-supply room containing one

"press-to-destroy-lots" button.

Some of the photographic errors: lens-blurring and having people walk drunkenly in an attempt to simulate high-winds; lens-blurring in an attempt to make more realistic the bee-like buzzing wire-suspended paper-drawn "bats".

Some of the design errors: Electrically-opened doors miraculously capable of functioning in power failures; cold harsh mirror-like walls, floors, ceiling, etc.; a petty preoccupation with computers, flashing lights and things mechanical and plastic; 1700-ft. underground nuclear shelter separated from the surface only by a three-inch-thick lead door at ground surface, 1700-ft. of stupid elevator shaft and a 3/4-inch lead removable elevator ceiling.

In summary, a desperately unappealing film, capable of evoking pity only if the viewer possesses enough insight to see what this film could have been.

Riddle:

What's the best thing this time of year for students?

Answer: NOT going insane.

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