

Bad Coffee, Bad Grades, & Japanese Monster Movies

by You-Know-Who

Sorry Alastair (my editor) really...my dog ate it. that's why I don't have a real column this week, just this reasonable-hand-drawn-facsimile to be submitted for your iron-fisted copy control and alteration. Please try not to scar it beyond recognition. I mean, if it's not too much trouble.

So I go to the movies with my girlfriend and we decide to see "A Few Good Men". After the jaw dropping experience of hearing the words "Fifteen Dollars Please" I felt a sudden urge to hurl myself bodily through the glass wicket. Grab the clerk screaming my exclamation, all while releasing the bag of rabid puppies I carry with me at all times (just in case) into the theatre. I felt the need to scream out my astonishment of the demand for the G.N.P. of a small nation for the price of admission. But atlas, I refrained, I resisted. "I only want two tickets" I replied calmly. "That's right," the clerk said, "Fifteen Dollars."

I look up at the board on the wall behind the clerk to discover that adult tickets are \$7.50 each. I also discover that "youth" tickets (which apparently means 14 or younger) are considerably less. I ponder for a moment what it might take to convince these folks that I am 14. It used to be easy to convince them that I was old enough to get into movies while underage. I would soon learn this trick does

not work in reverse. I contemplated telling them that my girlfriend was a youth, but knowing I'd probably get hit for it by her and giggled at by everyone else in line, I decided against it. I could've released the puppies at this point - it was tempting - but I didn't. Anyway, I discover that if you pretend to be younger than you are you can't see anything other than "Aladdin" and only for a matinee at that.

I bowed my head, admitted to myself that I hadn't been to the pictures on the weekend in quite a while, and emptied my wallet to avoid further embarrassment and to calm the folks now getting restless as I drift in and out of this hallucinatory state at the window. Speaking of which, don't you hate talking to people through a four-inch hole? I always want to see how far my arm will get in and if it's long enough to tickle the clerk.

Knowing that snacks, popcorn and/or drinks would have cost us the equivalent of the American Military budget, tossing in a few B-2 bombers for good measures, we head into the theatre. It's miraculously empty and good seats are in abundance and easy to get to. Then I remembered that each of these couples all paid fifteen clams too and all of a sudden it seemed quite full. I pictured Hollywood & the theatre's eyes light up with big dollar signs, and then secretly wondered how many rabid puppies we all have combined.

The movie begins and already, my sidekick is complaining. I'll let you guess what about: was it...A) she needed to go out to the car B) she needed to have a cigarette because she forgot to smoke before knowing full well we'd be in the movie for well over an hour C) she was tired and was getting sleepy or D) I was being insensitive to all of the above. The answer was D) to a lesser extent but mostly C). Why is it that virtually every woman I've met finds it difficult to watch an entire movie without falling asleep. Maybe it's my choice in movies. Naa, couldn't be that.

In the end, she missed a cool flick. Jack Nicholson rules, the plot was interesting and didn't unfold all at once, and, for once, the male & female lead characters respect each other as professionals and don't sleep together. Yes, you heard me. They don't have sex. It almost comes as a surprise because you're so used to seeing it that you expect it to happen. It's just a given. I found myself wishing they would just get it over with so the plot could continue but it never happened. The script was a little thin but the acting more than made up for that. Jack especially.

And my girlfriend slept through all of it. Too bad. She slept through the best part as far as the modern movie-going experience goes, I wish I could have slept through everything but the movie. Thankfully we weren't in one of the theatres with the sub-atomic sized screens but that's another column.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

By Jethelo E. Cabilite

Yo! Welcome to another issue of "Da Bruns." So what about this incredibly cold week? I thought we were getting global warming, not global freezing. Not that it wasn't this cold last year, but I hate cold weather. Give me a nice tropical or subtropical temperatures anytime. This week, The Other Side of the Picture takes to the classical side of the university in a piano/clarinet concerto with Michael Rusinek and Robert Kortgaard.

Clarinetist, Michael Rusinek studied music at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto and the Curtis Institute of Music. He has performed solo with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Royal Conservatory Orchestra and Belgrade Philharmonic. Currently he holds a seat with the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, DC. Robert Kortgaard hails from the Juilliard School of music and has had extensive performances in Canada, the United States and England. He is often heard with flutist Marina Piccinini in duet recitals. The concerto began 8:00 on January

20, and after getting dressed up for the occasion (hey, when in Rome, dress like the Romans), I went to Memorial Hall and took my seat. Not long afterwards, the concerto began, and we were treated to a superb performance of clarinet and piano plying. The first three musical scores came from Germany during the late Romantic Period. Weber's Concertino in E flat, opus 26, J.109 was a harmonic display of slow, rich melodies with instances of playful tempo. It reminded me of a field in Spring. Schumann's Arabesque (which means a style of Arabic ornamentation), is a beautiful piece. A piano solo, the rippling melodies flowed like water; a very enchanting movement. The third score was Brahms' Sonata in F minor, opus 120, #1. It was a four part musical score, with clarinet and piano harmonies ranging from rapid, sprightly music to dreamy waltzes. No doubt about it, Michael Rusinek and Robert Kortgaard can play. After intermission, the last four musical scores were performed. Lutoslawski's Dance Preludes are a series of five Polish composition. Each

was a short piece, composed of upbeat tempos, subtle clarinet harmonies and often frantic piano sections. Three chambers by Toronto based Omar Daniel is a triad based on three Italian films. I found them rather wild and discordant, sounding like the music from a murder-mystery. A very dark bit of music. The next was Debussy's Petite Piece, originally a sight-reading score for the Paris Conservatory. It was a short but elegant piece, rather charming and light. The last score was Pulenc's Sonata for clarinet and piano. This was a very enjoyable performance. A mix of playful, witty harmonies and haunting melodies, it was a grand finale. The highlight was an encore performance of a familiar, but unknown score that was complicated and brilliantly performed. All in all, an amazing concerto.

Okay, back to reality (i.e.: homework, work and everybody's special neighbours). Before I forget, UNB's Music at Noon begins January 26 and runs until March 16. The series of six free instrumental performance will be the finale for Arlene and Joseph Pach, our resident musicians, as they plan to retire at the end of the term. Other than that, see ya'll next week. Keep cool (ha, ha!) and have fun.

UNB ART CENTRE ANNOUNCES APPOINTMENT OF CURATORIAL INTERN NED BEAR

The UNB Art Centre is pleased to announce the appointment of native artist Ned Bear as the 1993 curatorial intern under the auspices of the University of New Brunswick's internship programme. Funded in part by Canadian Native Arts Foundation's Professional Development Programme and the University of New Brunswick, this is the first time such an initiative has been undertaken by the UNB Art Centre.

Ned Bear, currently completing his fourth year in the Faculty of Education at UNB, is a well known New Brunswick artist whose work has recently been featured in the National film Board production KWA NU T'E. Ned Bear has actively exhibited throughout the Atlantic Region and is currently involved in a group exhibit of Micmac-Maliseet artists organized by the art Gallery of Nova Scotia. His sculptural commission for the St. Mary's Indian Nation commemorating native war veterans was unveiled on Remembrance Day this past year. He has received awards of merit from the New Brunswick craft council, the


New Brunswick College of Craft and Design as well as the St. Mary's Indian Nation for outstanding achievement. His work is represented in various private and public collections including the New Brunswick Art Bank, the New Brunswick Indian art and Craft Association, Fredericton Native Friendship Centre, St. John Regional Free Public Library, St. John Aquatic Centre, the Indian Art Centre in Ottawa, and the Saskatchewan Indian Federated College in Regina.

Not only has Ned Bear shown a long-term commitment to the pursuit of the arts as a practicing artist, he has also maintained a role as teacher of native art and culture to students at Fredericton High School for the past four years. Projects undertaken by students under his direction include a carved "talking pole" and a mural depicting native symbolism. These artworks are permanently on display on the premises of Fredericton High School.

The UNB Art Centre welcomes Ned Bear's talents and unique cultural perspective to exhibitions and programs during 1993.

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