

Everything is Broke

Eric's Trip rock at The Dock

by Dr. Atom
Brunswickan Entertainment

This past Saturday, Eric's Trip played what very might have been their last performance in the city, and possibly the Maritimes. Rumors of a band breakup have been frequently heard lately, and it's quite possible that Julie, Chris, Mark & Rick will be taking a break to concentrate on their side projects (Broken Girl, Moonsocket, Purple Knight & Elevator to Hell, respectively) for a while.

Anyway, all rumors aside, last Saturday's show at the Dock left us with some great memories. They played a one hour set which, while focusing mainly on stuff from their latest LP *Purple Blue* (on Sub-Pop), also featured some songs that rarely appear in their live performances. One example was 'Lost', a song that was on one of their first demo cassettes that come out in 1990. 'Spaceship Opening' was incredible. Played near the beginning of the set, it fueled the crowd for what was to come. You couldn't avoid dancing along to Julie's bass during the song. 'Sixteen Hours' was another standout tune.

Almost as interesting as the music was the ongoing tension between the band and the soundman. In short, they didn't seem to get along too well. Maybe I'm over interpreting what was going on, but tension was definitely in the air. Especially when you consider that they were playing at the Dock and not at, say the Pyramid Warehouse for an appreciative all-ages crowd. Julie complained of "shaky lips" from her mic & didn't really appreciate the blinding white spotlight in her face, either. As she crept up to the mic for 'Soon, Coming Clover', she suddenly stopped playing base, and held the mic singing "I hope you're never there."

It was almost as if she were singing to the sound man - I think so. Near the end of the set, Rick put his guitar down mid-song and took the mic off its stand. Some moving around followed, a drum mic toppled over (accidentally, I think) and a little mic-to-amp feedback ended the act and infuriated the soundman. Mostly everything got shut off after that, and we were left with Rick's final remark. "I think everything's broke." Let's just hope Eric's Trip aren't broke for good.



THE METAPHYSICS OF THE PHYSICISTS

by Sam Morgan
Brunswickan Entertainment

The Physicists is not *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. And then again Leonard Nimoy isn't Spock either.

I had a chance to catch Theatre UNB/Physical Productions presentation of Dürrenmatt's *The Physicists* on its opening night at Memorial Hall.

As I entered Memorial Hall for a night of "identity, madness and the destruction of the known universe," I was beginning to question my own sanity for braving the frigid elements. However by the end of the evening I was no longer in doubt since the play, as it turned out, was pretty good and hell, frostbite's only temporary.

The play, originally done by Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt is an "anti-mystery". No, it's not like a Scooby-Doo plot. From the onset you know exactly who the good guys and bad guys are. The play is set in an insane asylum run by the sanely questionable caretaker Doctor Von Zhand played by Meredith Phinney. The play, for the majority revolves around the conflicts and darkness in the main character, Mobius' mind and the parallels in Von Zhand's sanitarium.

After some introductory debauchery and a murder or two, the play starts to introduce the characters. The first character of memory was James Hum as Inspector Richard Voss. Hum did an admirable job of trying to make sense out of an insane situation. Throughout the play I found Hum's acting ability rivaled by Trevor Brown's rendition of John William Mobius.

The Character of Mobius is complex but, being the cognitively simple person

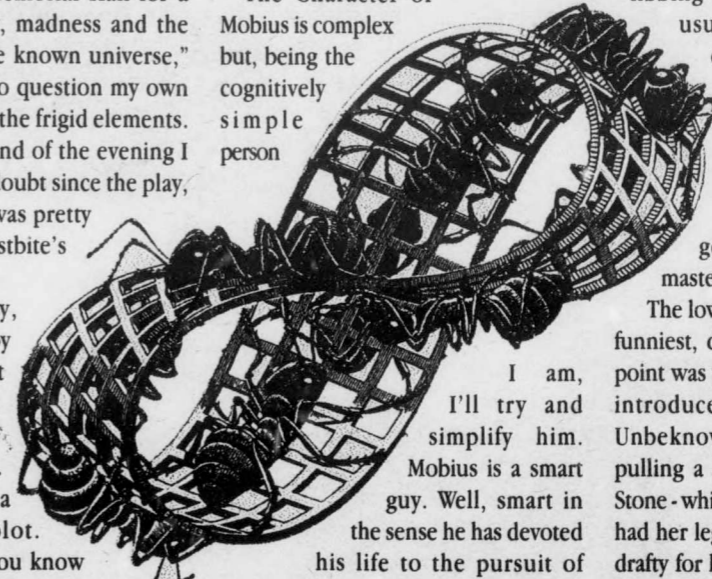
Robertson respectively added their two cents to the production with minimal errors. With a little bit more confidence their rough edges should disappear.

The evening's humour was provided by Tyler Hanley, who played a gentleman pretending to be Sir Isaac Newton. Hanley at times appeared to lose his fellow actors with his apparent ad libbing of lines. Even though ad libbing was present, Hanley was usually able to capture the originally intended dialogue.

The costuming was great, especially Mobius' family, who were dressed like 70's missionaries, and in general the set was a masterpiece to behold.

The low point of the evening or the funniest, depending on your vantage point was when the audience was first introduced to Dr. Von Zhand. Unbeknownst to Phinney she was pulling a G-Rated version of Sharon Stone - while in her wheelchair, Phinney had her legs apart. Let's say things got drafty for her in her dress. It was hard for the audience to concentrate on her well delivered performance while they were red-faced by the awkward situation.

Opening night jitters aside, the crew and cast seemed to pull off a truly entertaining and well produced play. If the quality of plays that Theatre UNB is turning out keeps up as it is, UNB could really land on the acting map of Canada.



I am, I'll try and simplify him. Mobius is a smart guy. Well, smart in the sense he has devoted his life to the pursuit of knowledge, sciences and the like. But he's never had the chance to relax. Science does that. Anyway he runs for the nearest loony bin, ahem, sanitarium to stave off the advance of science and because the imaginary King Solomon kept on feeding him information on the ways of the cosmos.

Vinny Del Greco and Rocco Sarducci played by Andrew Shepard and Duncan

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