

Scarecrow

Mellencamp Cover Band Rocks

by Dave Bartlett

2:30 p.m.

Something about November in New Brunswick always manages to destroy ones outlook on life and ... oops, this has already been done.

Let's see now, how did it happen? Oh ya, that's right, it was late Friday evening and I just "got off work" when I feel the weight of academia on my shoulders. My schedule in the past week was one of pulling all nighters on Saturday and Sunday for a Stats exam on Monday. Monday night I worked in Moncton which didn't get me home and in my nice cozy bed until the little birdies were chirping from frostbite, a written Marketing Case due on Wednesday, and an Oral presentation on Thursday, so that's six days with five hours of sleep ... ya that seems like the University life I know and love so well.

Looking ahead I realize that the following week (this week) had potential for a similar schedule and being the conscientious student we all aspire to be, I decided the best place to start my preparation for the next week's work load was the top floor of the Student Union building with a study of the effects of continuous replacement of little brown bottles as soon as the level of liquid refreshment gets below that critical level of the upper label on the neck.

Well, finally up through the line, of which there were people mumbling displeasures about the fact that the band was

already started, I headed straight for the laboratory's experiment table where, upon my arrival the person on the other side asks, or now that I think about it, just points at me, to which the expected response is for me to mouth the words of my subject of study. It's nice to know that without wasting any breath, it can just move my lips to the name -----DRY, and before I can dig the money out of my pocket, the first of the aforementioned little brown bottles is in front of me and the outstretched hand is anxiously awaiting my inebriation fee.

With the first of hopefully many such transactions completed, I go off into that expansive territory that I don't think any of us are familiar enough with, the Ball Room.

There they are; the crowd, nice size. Matt must be happy I said to myself, though I'm still contemplating my decision to pay four dollars (member's price) to come and see a cover band. You see, there are a few different criteria on which I judge bands. The first is the band's or a member of the band's ability to write songs, the second, their ability to perform said songs. Now I'm not going to make personal judgements on musicians who make a living trying to play like somebody else, firstly because I used to play in a cover band and secondly because almost all musicians have to make a living and the first step in the industry is to get in, then incorporate your own material into the repertoire gradually, until you are eventu-

ally playing your original music in your original *Different Stylee*. This Band however seems content on make a living, and I hear it can be a pretty good living as far as cover bands go, featuring the music of one particular Artist, in this case John Cougar Mellencamp. Though it can be appreciated as an opportunity for people to see JCM's music performed live in a region that will probably never get to see the man, I think the Band is batting .500 already.

That said, on with the show. Good groove, solid rhythm section, and check out those smiles. Hey these guys (and girl) really look like they are having a good time, which is important from an audience members perspective, and it seems as far as I can tell the said audience is also having a good time. Smiles, cheers, dancing, every second person mouthing the words to the familiar tunes. I take some indulgence in my liquid refreshment, then go back to watching the Band when suddenly I'm approached by a hysterical female, Jayde, "Dave, you gotta help me out, there's no one here to cover this". Well you're down there everyday, why not contribute. So I say no problem, even though this puts a slight hindrance on my plans to get stupefied, but logically whenever I go and see a band, all I do is analyze anyway.

Happening upon some friends, I inquire as to what their perception was, and they seemed to be having a great



Looks and sounds like Mellencamp

time. The front man could really work a crowd, and they showed versatility with the female coming up front for a few numbers. All the tech's get a thumbs up from me for a smooth running, good sounding show. A little bit annoying was one of the guitar players insistence on doing an

Eddy lick between many of the songs, very unprofessional. But he looked young and inexperienced. All and all they seemed to give the crowd their money's worth. A satisfied crowd left at the end of the evening and again my hat goes off to Matt for bringing more live entertainment.

Gilbert & Sullivan Fabulous Fifties

by Mark I Minor

The Gilbert & Sullivan Society is presenting its production "The Fabulous Fifties" this week at Memorial Hall. Attending the Tuesday evening show was a drop down memory lane for this cat! Precisely 81 percent of the 42 songs performed were reminiscent of my childhood. I had to keep reminding myself that I wasn't "that" old since the rest of the audience was approximately 15 years or more my senior.

"The Fabulous Fifties", although one could tell it was an amateur production, was well worth seeing. The M.C., Wildman Dean, (George Butters) was cleverly played as a fifties style D.J. as the name suggests. His vocabulary included all the lingo, Daddyo, and his voice was superb.

Grant Good offered his renditions of *A White Sport Coat* and *Mona Lisa* with unusual strength and flair. Anne McInnis sang two old favourites. *The Witch Doctor* always is a fun experience and, in this case, the audience had no trou-

ble in singing along to its good old nonsense chorus. *High Hopes*, a song hearing the theme "You Can Succeed", brought a tear to my eye as it was one my mom used to sing to me when I was a little gaffer. Both were sung with expression and enthusiasm.

One of the high points of the show was a two song segment by Carol McNeil. This lady has a larynx that just won't quit. The note beside her name on the program simply says WOW! She gave a wonderful performance of *Who's Sorry Now* and *Stupid Cupid*.

In the second act, Noreen Barwise really picked up the pace with *I Don't Hurt Anymore* and *Your Cheatin' Heart*.

Her sense of humour and intensity surely added much to the show.

Our own Tony Myatt (Economics) put forth a great effort on *Party Doll* and *Roll Over Beethoven*. He may have been able to capture my attention better in Econ. 1000 if he had opened each lecture with a song. Bang up job, Tony!!!

The full chorus needed pol-

ish, I thought, but they proved themselves on *If I Had A Hammer* and *This Land Is Your Land*. The Ladies Quintette surely shone with *Blue Velvet*, *To Know Him is to Love Him* and *Silhouettes*.

Must mention that Ann Wagner (*Tennessee Waltz*, *Tammy*) and Mike Boudreault (*That's Amore*, *Everybody Loves Somebody*) certainly moved the audience with style and charisma. And finally, thanks to Diane Radford for *Que Sera Sera*, another significant blast from the past for me.

What really got me were the references to old Fredericton landmarks such as Herbies Music Store On Queen St. and the Sun Grill restaurant which operated on the corner of King and Regent. I remember them well. Both were hangouts for happenin' talks! Thanks Gilbert and Sullivan Society!

The show was thoroughly enjoyable and if one is free Friday evening and is partial to fifties tunes it may be a good plan to catch this show. I understand that Saturday evening is a sellout!!

Second City at Playhouse

Second City, the rip-roaring comedy troupe, returns to delight Fredericton audiences once again on Sunday, November 18 at 8:00 pm. Tickets to this show were a hot item last year for Fredericton's sold out performance. Tickets will go on sale Tuesday, November 6 during regular box office hours, 12 noon - 6:00 pm, Tuesdays to Saturdays.

Birthplace of North America's raunchiest and most famous comics, from Americans Joan Rivers, Shelley Long and Valerie Harper to Canadians Andrea Martin, John Candy and Rick Moranis, The Second City originated in Chicago in December, 1961. The Company made its first of what was to become an annual trip to The Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto in 1963, and ten years later established a permanent home in a 250 seat theatre in that city.

The Touring Company presents a 90 minute program in

two acts featuring "the best of the Second City" from the past 30 years in Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, and London, Ontario. At the conclusion of the second act, two performers will come on stage to ask the audience for scene ideas and, twenty minutes later, the cast will return for an additional 30 minute act comprised of improvised scenes based on the audience's suggestions. Specializing in improvisational comedy, the ensemble of 6 actors creates a slice of life bringing energy and comedy to the stages they visit, travelling with the sparest of theatrical trappings, producing quick-moving sketches.

The Second City National Touring company performance is always guaranteed to appeal to a broad range of tastes and, as a bonus, provides the audience with an opportunity to see the young Second City stars of the future.