

ARTS



Andrea D. Lobel

**Part Two:
A Meeting of the Mimes**

"He's just a modern-day, visionary monk," I reassured myself, as I took my first carefully measured

step in B's direction. So wrapped up was I in my self-consciousness that I narrowly avoided denting a hitherto unnoticed telephone pole, at which juncture I looked up to find myself being observed by the man himself,

who, smiling maniacally (yet sweetly), seemed to radiate sympathy.

Not more than six feet away from my solar plexus, he summoned me to move ever-closer with a wave of his overly-long, ebony sleeve. Taking a few moments respite to peruse his facial features, I could not help but notice that he had aged but little since his text's 1967 printing.

"Tofu and garbanzo beans," he whispered, whereupon he claimed my right arm as his own, and set us both on a Northward course toward College Street. Sensing his composure, I too began to relax, and, remembering what I had read of his life, began to hum B's favourite commercial jingle. It was an obscure but catchy ditty about the 1956 Ford. Evincing powers greater than I had imagined, he hit a high C and proceeded to recreate George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*.

I was greatly impressed.

It had begun to drizzle, and, for a moment, I questioned the wisdom (or lack thereof) inherent in my decision to exit singin' in the rain with an off-centre, monastically inclined fellow twice my age. Before I had time to examine my infant neurosis, however, I felt myself being pulled to the left. . . I knew not whither.

The dreamlike quality of the hour that followed was undeniable, for here we were, a girl and her monk, side by side; playing pinball before several dozen mystified but curious eyes. Having exhausted our supply of quarters, we reassumed our locked-arm walking stance and continued along our route.

I had many questions for my companion, the great majority of which were concerned with such

matters as theology, providence, and his postulated link between telephone cables and increased psychic powers. Yes, I thought, the time had indeed come to pose them. And so, clearing my throat to make room for earnest queries, I began.

"B," I muttered anxiously, "how would you explain the fact of our impromptu meeting?" I paused for several seconds, noting only that his expression was one of bemused mirth. "And," I went on, "why me? Have I been chosen for some cosmic purpose? I mean . . ." B reached into the

pocket of his robe and pulled out what appeared to be a small, stuffed panda bear, nodding gleefully as he handed it to me.

Momentarily speechless, I examined the ursine plaything, only to discover that it had, in fact, once been mine. Had this mild-mannered monk stolen my beloved panda in the hope that I would one day search for it? My mind raced and lost; this transcended the dictionary definition of the word 'kickshaw,' and I was fast approaching muzziness of mind. "Alright," I asked, "what's going on here?"

Show is Ripper

by "Switch"

"In the Kookie World of Rock, We Crunch," are Eugene Ripper's words to sum up his live musical performances.

Ripper is a former member of the band Stark Naked and the Fleshtone and has now established a solo career. He is presently based in Vancouver, after living in Toronto for 20 years. Eugene Ripper and his band the Dead Head Kools will appear Friday September 21 at the Rivoli, in Toronto.

Ripper describes his sound as a combination of groove, rhythm, cajun, reggae, ska and punk — a cross between "Hank Williams and the Clash." His post-modern/new-modern influences include Big Drill Car, David Lyndley, ALL, Lyle Lovett, Bad Brains and most importantly (because he's a "huge" fan . . .) The Replacements. He is basically anti-production, at least when it comes to live performance, trying the exhibit the energy associated with punk bands of the mid '70s when

music was still fun.

Ripper will appear at the Rivoli next week with Popular Front (Acoustic Groovy Reggae Rock) and Freshwater Drum (echoes of great vocals and a Vox-guitar Amp Sound — Crunchy Country). His latest release is a single "Again and Again" which although having a decidedly country edge is about "Rocking In the Garage." Look for the release of the new single "Angel, She's Looking" this fall which is a mix of Reggae, Ska and Rock.

When asked to give an idea of what to expect from him live, Ripper replied "Friday night's show . . . What we're going to try and display is our particular twisted attitude of what good live rock music should be. There's going to be a lot of Boom Boom Boom, Crunch. There'll be Guitars going Drang, Drang, Drang, and a hell of a lot of fun."

Eugene Ripper will shortly be returning to the studio to record his next album (probably on Amok records).



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