

The charming lads to the left are the Dragnetts, from left to right: Drew Berman, Darryl Sterdan, and Dennis Lenarduzzi. They put on a fine show in RATT last Friday despite problems.

photos Carolyn Devins

Dragnetts pull them in, but RATT escapes

by Dave Cox

To be honest, the Dragnetts' performance in RATT last Friday left a little to be desired.

But what was lacking had nothing to do with the band.

Dennis Lenarduzzi gave a heroic effort on standup bass. With blisters on his fingers so bad he had to change the gaff on them twice, he still displayed the upright bass

technique that have endeared him to many.

Guitarist Drew Berman suffered somewhat from the loss of strings on both his guitars. As he put it, "My guitar just exploded." Still a performance worth several pounds of chocolate (I hear he loves it).

On the drums, Darryl Sterdan gave a solid backbeat. Asked "Why do you drum

standing up?", he replied "They (the rest of the band) make me."

The band struggled valiantly to overcome technical difficulties, and the poeey acoustics in RATT, and at least halfway succeeded.

They got little help from the crowd, who looked zombified from a hard week or something equally serious.

"Solitaire" was a highlight of the

evening. I don't care if there aren't forty good rockabilly songs, this band can entertain all night long.

"Dial R for Red" is worthy of the current airplay it has been receiving on CJSR radio. The band also does praiseworthy covers of such classics as "Tear It Up", "Play House", and "Claudine".

Good band.

Theatre Francais rates with best

by Gilbert Bouchard

Le Theatre Francais D'Edmonton's production of Suzanne Aubry's *J'Ve L'Parle Mieux Quand J'Ve L'Ecris* is probably the best theatrical production of the year; topping sorry attempts dribbling out of the Citadel.

The play (Canadian, but not simply a limp insertion to meet funding requirements) is a series of letters chronicling the sorrows, joys, tribulations and wanderings of French-Canadians from 1864 to 1980.

This is a tight, potent play, mainly monologues, punctuated with little dialogues, songs, and short musical interludes, blended together for two hours of riveting entertainment.

The six member cast (Laurent Godbout, Gerard Guenet, Serge Lamisante, Louise Landry, Nicole Bolster, Monique Raymond) zips through sixty characterizations, as many costume changes, and still manage to produce sixty spectacular performances, carving out sixty little scenarios.

The play is emotional, exhilarating, powerful, and socially relevant without

being overtly political and trite. Producing a sincere and technically superb production, director Eve Marie performs a minor miracle by slapping together a top class professional play with small budget, cast, and limited equipment and space.

Citadel: take note of what a real play should look like.

Bopcats bop

by Mark Harker

Good material and boffo drumming by the Bopcats kept the crowd jumping up and down and hopping all over the place at Dinwoodie last Saturday. The awful beer threatened to put a crimp in the evening, but the approximately 400 in attendance were an enthusiastic lot and bounced back nicely with the help of an equally enthusiastic band.

The Bopcats were filling the last date of their tour but certainly didn't show any signs of fatigue as they tore through a

combination of original and cover material.

The crowd favourite was a cover of Gene Vincent's "Be-bop-a-lu-la." By the time the band reached their encore, a cover of Elvis Presley's "Whole Lotta Living" the crowd was wildly enthusiastic and throwing up with gay abandon (Dave said the guy who ate spaghetti was especially gross).

The problem with the Bopcats is that despite their claims to the contrary, they are strictly a rockabilly band, and rockabilly is not meant to be played on a Telecaster guitar and electric bass. For some unknown reason the Bopcats ignore this fact. Zeke Rivers did his best to snap those electric bass strings, but it was all in vain. Guitarist and vocalist Jack deKeyzer fronted the band quite effectively, but like Rivers he

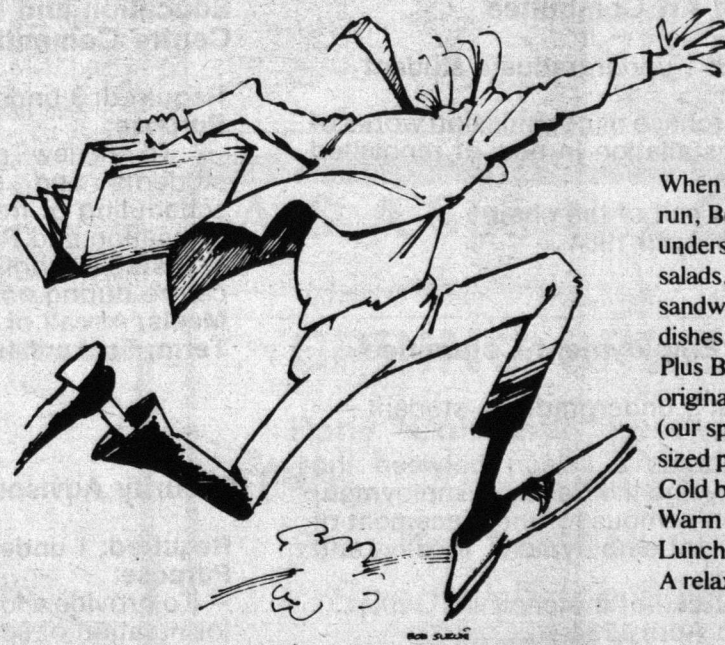
just couldn't get the right sound. This criticism may be extremely narrow-minded, but then rockabilly is extremely narrow music.

Drummer Teddy Fury deserves unqualified praise. How many drummers can drink beer and end a song with a crashing downbeat at the same time?

The warm-up band was *facecrime* (formerly Troc '59). As usual, Moe Berg's guitar-playing was great and his singing was hideous. Blaine Vanstone's bass playing doesn't compare with the playing of Bob Drysdale; we won't even talk about stage presence. The new songs don't seem to have the drive and punch of the old songs. Maybe they just need more time, but right now *facecrime* is a shadow of Troc '59.

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