

# Baldry's image just that?

By PETER F. KUITEN-BROUWER  
Brunswickan Staff

Hey, where does this guy Baldry get off? From his posters, he comes across as a rather pensive, moody artist. This album cover art depicts him as an intelligent singer, a creator and relayer of human emotions.

The concert February 4th was totally different. Clad in "Urban Cowboy" duds, he clowned, crooned, and careened. He sang raunchy Western gossip, with an appropriate amount of movement, but without putting any real feeling into the show.

Baldry seemed more intent in creating a mood through talking to his audience and drawing their attention to his attitude and looks than inspiring them with the quality of his music.

Besides Baldry's rather

superficial manner, Cathy MacDonald the co-singer wore a shredded hot pink plastic dress with a tear below her breast which almost exposed her nipple, when she jiggled. Her voice sounded raw and beautiful, but her manner was that of a worn-out nightclub dancer in a Detroit auto-worker's bar, who struggled vainly to titillate but had lost her spark.

In general, the performance of the two singers was kitsch not art. Perhaps they are under the impression that the residents of Fredericton are too thick to appreciate anything more than impersonation by raunchy, blunt cowpersons.

Despite all this, many plus-points made the whole effect of the concert a good time. The Gaiety theatre is an excellent place for live music. The huge wooden frame feels warm and per-

sonal, especially in comparison to the this city's only other real concert facility, the Aitken Centre. There, the vastness and cold stone detract from a performance's liveliness.

The audience felt bouyant, not dampened by the one-hour wait in the building's lobby. In fact, the squeeze-in by the entrance with 450 other people contributed to the excitement.

Baldry's band carried the weak moments in the performance with piercing piano and a very masterful delivery from the horn. Here, too, is special commemoration to the bass player and drummer who breathed excitement and inspiration.



A reflection of Long John Baldry's pensive image as seen by Peter Kuiten-brouwer.

## Bloodfire

### ...registered reggae

By MIKE ROSEN  
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It was a strange week at the Riverview Arms last week. There were no beer glasses being thrown on the floor, crunched by the heel of some liquoured-up greaseball. There were no red-jacketed UNB students, Mechanical Engineering crests on their jackets, a beer glass in their hand, giving a mindless Johnny Carson like cheer of Aye-o-o-o-o... There was dancing. At the beginning of the week some Army-types looking for a good time in Fredericton were sitting in front of the band letting out the occasional Camp Gagetown hoot, trying (and succeeding quite well) to look very drunk and stupid. But by the end of the week there was hardly a "chuckie" (greaser) or "baldhead" to be seen. There was actually a nice atmosphere at the Arms and it was all due to the herb-inspired creative energy of the Toronto-based reggae band -Bloodfire.

The group was billed as "Ernie Smith and Carlene Davis" back-up band but as Paul Corby, the Toronto born lead guitarist says, "we never backed up once; we always went forward!" Or,

bass guitarist Clive Ross mentioned, "The road the group 'as taken is a new road...wit' no connection wit' de past!"

Fredericton has indeed been blessed with a lot of reggae this past year. Last October Ernie Smith was in town to give a week of good-dancing good times reggae music. However, as far as hard-core reggae goes, Ernie's music was a bit lacking in the real "roots feeling." Instead it remained rather pop-soul oriented, only infrequently hitting the rude-sound of real roots, rock, reggae. Reggae, for the uninformed, is the popular music originally of Jamaica and now the world.

The group was a rare, but very different and welcome sight in Fredericton. Jah "T" (Tony Nicholson) dreadlocks falling over his face, scratching it out on the familiar reggae "ridim" guitar, a pouch of divine Jah-mighty-high-inspiration dangling from the neck of his guitar; a kinky-locked Wally Morgan beats out the hard rockers on the drums. Wally, originally from London, England interchanges with Clive Ross on bass. Clive Ross, long dreadlocks floating through

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## CHAN's work flares in brilliant hues

By JOHN KNECHTEL  
Entertainment Editor

A sparrow perches with delicacy and vitality, poised to lift into an empty sky. The paintings and drawings of Christopher CHAN are on display in a small exhibit at the Faculty Club in the Old Arts Building and in traditional Chinese watercolours and more western drawings he evokes reality in scenes like the above.

CHAN's watercolours follow simple oriental lines of

design. Using flaring colours and bold strokes as his tools, CHAN suspends movement and energy on paper

and canvas. The paintings are fascinating to look at, although I admit a certain bias as the Chinese water-colour style holds tremendous appeal for me, they are tenacious in their rhythm (this seems the only appropriate term for the energy those splashes of colour hold.)

The drawings are less powerful, more evocative in

their simple lines and structures. In his drawings, CHAN does nothing special in terms of style but does manage a certain sensitivity to his subject.

The display of CHAN's work will be at the Faculty Club until the end of this month, after which his paintings will go on display in the SUB for International Day, March 8.



One of Christopher CHAN's drawings on display at the Faculty Club until the end of February.