

Gilbert and Sullivan Cabaret Returns

By THERESA BUNSBURY

A cabaret in the old fashioned English Music Hall style will be presented by the Gilbert and Sullivan society this year, the fourth season of the cabaret. Presentations included only Gilbert and Sullivan materials until last year, when the format was modified to include Old English Music Hall, English Melodrama and "Trial by Jury" by Gilbert and Sullivan.

This year the modification has been carried even further. The entire cabaret will consist of Music Hall music, with no Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire being presented.

The cabaret is intended as a light, fun evening, and the choice

of music will be designed to facilitate audience participation. The general setting is Victorian with small candle lit tables. In the past some of the audience have entered right into the spirit of the cabaret and arrived in period costume, as it is hoped will be done this year.

The English class 3150 under the direction of professor Ed Mullaly will be taking care of the lighting. This crew will be working in conjunction with Mike Miller, of the CS department, who is the stage manager.

The communities of Fredericton, Oromocto, and UNB are involved in the cabaret. Dr. Patrick Thomason is stage director, Lexi Ervin music director, Neil Swindell's a post graduate student at UNB,

pianist, and Anne Ingram, producer. The sixteen chorus members, eight men and eight women, with the lead singers, comprise the twenty-five member cast.

The cabaret will be presented at Memorial Hall, at eight o'clock, November 7 through November 10. Tickets are available for \$3.00 from cast members, from the "Pic and Puff" across the river. Anyone attending is encouraged to arrive early for choice seating.

The cabaret is a light entertaining evening utilizing the characteristics of the Old English Music Hall. A slow evolution has taken place in the performing and style of the Old English Music Hall, from being bawdy and rambunctious to more family oriented, it is lively, participatory, people music.



Preparations are being made for the Gilbert & Sullivan Cabaret

Records in Review

Rust never Sleeps by Neil Young
By W.L. MEMER

It's difficult to review any Neil Young album. I say this because Young's songs tend to deal with emotions and moods for want of better description. It seems that one has to be in an emotional state similar to that of the song in question in order to fully appreciate Young's genius. His songs reflect a myriad of different emotions, from melancholy and despair ("Tonight's The night") to gentleness and contentment ("Comes a Time"). For me, Neil Young's genius does not lay wholly with his lyrics but it is coupled with his incredible electric guitar playing. Although not technically as good as Ry Cooder's playing or as innovative as the style of Jimi Hendrix, Young's guitar work is nonetheless, emotional. Neil Young may play out of tune or somewhat spastically at times but this style tends to enhance his songs' moods and emotions (especially when his voice too is out of pitch). Critics have "flogged" Young time and time out for such a style. Oftimes critics will have second thoughts about older Neil Young LPs and allude to them (in their newer LP reviews) as being masterpieces. I'll have no such thoughts about "Rust Never Sleeps" in the future. I won't have to; already I consider the LP a classic and have no qualms of saying so.

There tends to be two extremes in the music of Neil Young. One, that I call his "gentle stuff", tends to be more acceptable to the masses and AM radio. Songs such as "Heart of Gold", "Pardon My Heart" and "Comes a Time" fit well into this category. The other extreme I find in Young's work is that of his more "electric" songs. By "electric" I mean his use of a searing electric guitar line in his songs. These songs tend to be too despairing or morbid for most people and seldom heard. Pity. "Cowgirl in the Sand" (the non-acoustic version), "Look out Joe", "Cortez the Killer" and "Like a Hurricane" are classic pieces of music in the 1970s. On the Decade collection, Neil Young described his abrupt switch from middle of the road music ("Harvest") to less popular music as going from a highway into a more interesting ditch. I tend to favour Young's gutter approach of music.

On "Rust Never Sleeps", we don't have to worry which extremes of music he gives to us. On this LP, his most confident work, he gives us almost every range of song and emotions. Last year's "Come a Time" LP tended to be minly middle of the road material. There was only a brief "flicker" of electric guitar heard. It was an ominous "flicker". Although side 1 of "Rust Never Sleeps" is acoustic work (for the most part), side 2 shows Neil Young as the rocker he is.

"My My Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)" opens side one. In it Young gives his version of the state of the music industry, its people and so on. The music (acoustic guitar and harmonica) is so clear that it is hard to believe this is a "live" LP for the movie of the same name. Young expounds the theme that "rock and roll is here to stay" but at the same time warning, "there is more to the picture than meets the eye". For an acoustic song it projects power more akin to Young's "electric" songs which is O.K. for me.

"Thrasher" reminds one of "On the Beach" and "Fountainbleau". Seeing friends and family "wasted" and the fear of becoming like them is common to these three songs. On "Sail Away", with Nicolette Larson, Young seems to be saying that he can adapt to the various corruptions and ennuis of life without compromising morals. Thus "Thrasher" and "Sail Away" tend to show that Young can cope with problems of life better than before. No doubt everybody will have their own views on Young's songs so I won't bother with more personal interpretations of the lyrics.

"Ride My Llama" is a coy little song laced with wry Neil Young humor and a catchy acoustic guitar line. In short it's a "fun" song. "Pocahontas" is one of my favourites on "Rust Never Sleeps", even with its pseudo-protest element and poor puns. The opening lyrics mixed with an absolutely haunting guitar line is beautiful to say the least. Each person hearing this song will have their own reaction so I won't impose mine on you. Midway through the song, a "sputtering" of electric guitar occurs that enhances the Indian style drumming and Young's acoustic guitar.

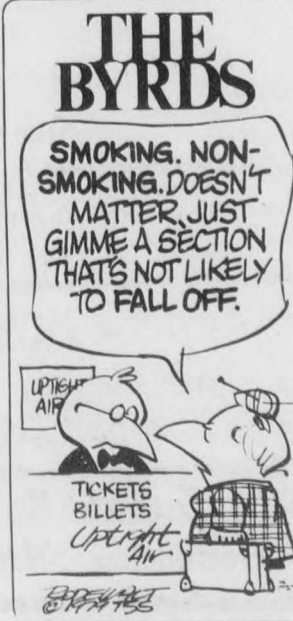
Side two is Neil Young and Crazy Horse doing some of the best rock and roll I've heard for awhile.

The second side opens up in sharp contrast to the first side. Electric guitars permeate the air as "Powderfinger" takes off. Musically it reminds me of "Like a Hurricane" with its lead break two thirds into the song. To put it the best I can, Neil Young like high notes and can pick away for minutes and never cross into the realm of chaos. He comes close, but he is always on the edge of disorder's abyss. For some odd reason "Powderfinger" reminds me of Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" story. Figure that out!

When I heard the next two songs, "Welfare Mothers" and "Sedan Delivery" I laughed out loud at their sheer audacity and cutting wit. Similar to punk rock in music form the lyrics confront social issues with the typical Young type humour. Sometimes the humour seems downright morbid ("a woman with varicose veins...") but Young still does it with more taste than the "Sex Pistols".

The final song, "Hey, Hey, My My, (Into the Black)" is similar to the opening song on side one, but with subtle lyric shifts and a not so subtle music shift. The distortion in the final song borders on chaos, going over the edge and coming back to order in several instances. A fitting finale to the LP.

I've called this LP a masterpiece and because of the range of songs it is since they act cohesively. However for Neil Young "fans" as myself, there are more powerful Neil Young LPs but none which match the incredible diversity of "Rust Never Sleeps".



OCTOBER 19, 1979

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Reelspiel

By SADIE POTTER

Movie: Manhattan, Woody Allen & Diane Keaton

Woody Allen's *Manhattan* is another winner. Back to his normal trend of quick wit after a fascinating but sullen, easy-Bergmanesque *Interiors*, Woody Allen sets black and white scenes of New York to the wooing of a Gershwin score.

Diane Keaton is obviously present, portraying the nervous, extremely intelligent and beautiful Radcliffe graduate, yet an unhappy and lost woman searching vainly for fulfillment. The movie focuses on mating habits, using the problems which result as the main subject for security. The characters busy themselves with petty, inconsequential problems, revolving around their sex lives, in order to forget about the more important, more elusive questions. Hiding from the fundamental problems, Allen points out, only results in suffering in the long run. The film ends on an optimistic note, however, with Isaac's (Woody Allen) beautiful teenage girlfriend (Mariel Hemingway), uncorrupted by age nor vice, stressing the importance of maintaining faith in people.

The characters are not presented as believable, flesh and blood human beings, but act superbly as vehicles to communicate Woody's view of New Yorkers. Superb photography of the Big Apple, scenes inside the planetarium, and the entire presentation reveals that the absence of color can add and not detract from a film. The soundtrack, with flashes of lovers kissing on terraces in Woody Allen's distorted way of opposing to achieve congruency, puts everything into perspective.

Manhattan: an utterly enjoyable film.