



Angela Hewitt, Pianist

## Scaled to perfection

by ALISON STEVENS

Angela Hewitt, a young pianist who has gained recognition in Canada and abroad, demonstrated her talent to a full and enthusiastic audience at the Sir James Dunn Theatre on Tuesday, March 16.

The concert, part of Hewitt's debut Atlantic tour, featured music by Mozart, Chopin, Musorgsky, and contemporary composer Steve Gellman.

The opening work, *Mozart Sonata K. 281*, with its brisk and lively first movement introduced the listener to the decisiveness and technical mastery of her playing. In the gradually building melodic sections and forceful left hand of the second movement she showed a wide range of carefully controlled tone colour.

The intensity and richness of sound at the beginning of the *Chopin Sonata in B flat minor* demonstrated the remarkable clarity which characterizes Hewitt's playing. She uses tone colour from a palette that ranges from the gentle, blunt-edged sound which opened the funeral march to the bold but never stri-

dent tone which ended that movement.

*Poeme*, an atonal and yet wonderfully melodic piece by Steve Gellman, takes the form of a dialogue between melodic figures in the upper range of the instrument and intense, lingering notes from the lower extreme, which are reiterated throughout the work. Hewitt handled the abrupt contrasts, thick textures, and complex rhythms of both this and the other Gellman work on the program splendidly.

In her rendition of *Pictures at an Exhibition*, Angela Hewitt employed the diversity of timbre and intensity which we know from the orchestral arrangement of this work. While capturing the broadness and grace of the opening theme, she also gave us brooding intensity, light reflectiveness and a frenzy of crisp, detached notes when they were called for.

As a second encore the audience was treated to a beautiful rendition of *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* in which each voice was distinguished by its own colour, the upper voice with a lovely bell-like quality. And yet all were blended with such skill and integrity that the audience was held breathless.

## Bambaataa bamboozles crowd Rap rip-off

By MARK  
PIESANEN

Afrika Bambaataa proved to be a major disappointment at the Club Flamingo Saturday night. The undercard, including local rapper *The Care Crew*, was more entertaining than the main event. *The New Beginning*, "dressed to impress," delivered some promising jams. (A rap a day/keeps the doctor away). The a capella group *Four the Moment* stole the show with their inspiring, soulful singing.

Afrika Bambaataa stunk.

Bambaataa and his man on the mike, Prince I Kee C, had the crowd in their hands when they took the stage. When the curtain

watch Afrika Bambaataa sit and play records. Bambaataa caused some commotion when he lumbered to the edge of the stage and tossed a bunch of albums into the crowd. This was the dumbest show I have ever seen, and the poorest excuse for entertainment I can think of. And I like rap. I'm glad I had free tickets. No, I'm not. I wished I had stayed home and cut my toenails. In fact, a

you back!" Eventually Prince blew up at the audience: "What's the matter with you, why aren't you dancing? Ya'll paid twelve bucks didn't you?" Irate patrons began asking the Club Flamingo management for their money back.

Prince told the crowd to blame the management. The Club refused to refund the money, claiming that they were misled

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shoe that flew into the audience when one guy was spinning on his head provided the only excitement.

Occasionally, Prince would get back on the mike and chal-

by Bambaataa and his agent. The Club, however, withheld the balance of Bambaataa's fee. Says Club co-owner Keith Tufts, "We were led to believe one thing and were given something else." Appar-



Prince I Kee C

Photo: Mark Piesanen

went up, Prince exploded onstage, prancing from one end to the other, rapping slick routines over the beat Bambaataa cut up on the turntables. Prince dipped his hand into the crowd that was jammed together on the dance floor and pulled people up on stage to dance with him. And then he just stopped. He retreated to the back of the stage and turned off the mike. Bambaataa spun some records.

When Prince tried to reclaim the stage from a swarm of break dancers I thought he was ready to resume the show. But no, apparently the audience paid \$12 to just

lunge the crowd. "I see four brothers up here dancing all by themselves And there's some ladies out

ently scheduling conflicts held up the rest of Bambaataa's band in T.O. Says Tufts, "They fucked

**"What's the matter with you, why aren't you dancing? Ya'll paid twelve bucks didn't you?"**

there dancing all alone. Ya'll a bunch of faggots!" At one point he got the left side of the club to yell "Fuck you!", to which we on the right were to respond "Fuck

up real bad." When I left, Prince sat on the edge of the stage autographing albums while Bambaataa changed the records.