

ENTERTAINMENT

Editor: Carole Marie Doucet
Deadline: Tuesday noon.

The boy makes us proud!

By TIM PORTER
Assistant News Editor

C. David Johnson will return to the Fredericton stage beginning Oct. 11 in the TNB production *Jitters*.

Johnson is a former UNB student, and he began his stage career seven years ago with TNB's Young Company.

Johnson plays the role of the nervous director in *Jitters*.

Although he says he enjoys doing comedies, Johnson does not find them simple.

"Comedies are difficult to do because your timing always has to be right on."

"If you hit a line at the wrong time, even if it is extremely funny, the effect is lost," Johnson said.

Johnson says he finds that being on the set of *Jitters* is very pleasant, and there

always seems to be "a very easy going atmosphere".

"No one tries to hide the fact that sometimes they make mistakes on stage, because the audience can usually tell anyway," Johnson said.

Johnson says he is having "a great time" being back in Fredericton and seeing his old friends.

"Fredericton really hasn't changed much, even the campus still feels like home," Johnson said.

After leaving UNB, Johnson attended, and graduated from, the Playhouse Acting School in Vancouver. He then moved across Canada working for Theatre Calgary, Manitoba Theatre Centre, National Arts Centre, Solar Stage, and the Vancouver Playhouse.

Johnson is currently starring in a CBC-TV drama series,

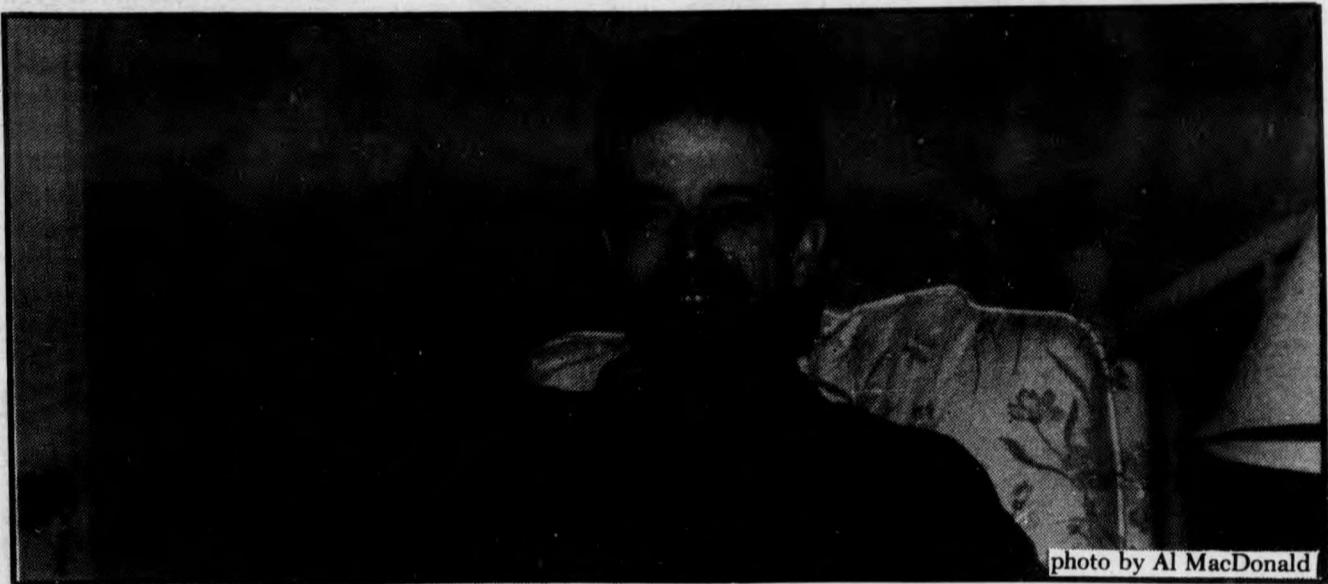


photo by Al MacDonald

Street Legal which will be released in January, 1987.

"*Street Legal* is a kind of Canadian *Miami Vice*, where everyone wears fancy clothes and ride around in expensive

Although he says he enjoys doing television, and he especially enjoys the money, he still loves the immediacy of the stage.

Students are encouraged to

attend the Playhouse for a special show this evening at 8:00 pm at a reduced price of \$5. The play will run in Fredericton until Oct. 18 and then it will go on the road

Tim says "It's all in the line of duty..."

By TIM MARTELI

Note: To all of my faithful fans out there in Brunswickan land -- both of you - who have been anxiously anticipating yet another electrifying, adjective-filled, album review...I send my deepest apologies. However, all is not lost. I bring you a tale of mystery and intrigue from a far-off land. Enjoy.

To be honest, there's not a word of mystery or intrigue in this story; and as for the far-off land...well, I did drive for a couple of hours to arrive at my destination, but hey, what's the big deal, right?

Anyhow, I don't suppose there are too many of you out there who got a chance to witness the spectacular performance that was put on by the Screaming Trees last weekend. I realize the fact that they were playing at Mount Allison University on Saturday could have something to do with it (although I *did* bump into quite a few folks from good old UNB). Sackville, for those of you unfamiliar with it, doesn't exactly have a reputation for wild parties and huge concerts, but the Mt. A. beer gardens can often be relied on for a good time and an even better band. Last weekend was no exception.

I must admit that upon first

hearing about said beer garden while witnessing the football game (so to speak) that afternoon, I was somewhat less than thrilled. I had heard about the Screaming Trees' performance at a local club here in Fredericton a few weeks back, and what I had heard didn't quite impress me. My opinion of the band changed immediately after "rolling" through the doors. If only I'd known what was to come...

It was apparent at once to myself, fellow Bruns writer, Jon Robertson, and anyone else within the confines of spacious McConnell Hall (Mt. Allison style) that the Screaming Trees are a band more than capable of creating a good time for all. A three-man band, the Trees do an outstanding job of combining the sounds of electric drums, guitar and computer-assisted keyboards, and incorporate the sounds into a full, rich style of music that ranged from Top-40 music a la level 42, Mister Mister, and Depeche Mode; to some very impressive material by themselves; and occasionally the odd verse or two of "King of the Road" by Roger Miller. The latter, as we found out, could only be prevented by an energetic audience.

So, energetic we became (and how!). It became apparent that audience participation is a very important

part of the Trees' performances. Evidence of this came when a small group of the audience -- including (or rather, consisting of) myself, John, and two Mt. Allison friends -- were invited by the group to join them on an extended version of "Satisfaction" by the Stones, the themes from television hits such as "Spider Man" and "The Brady Bunch" and, yes, even "King of the Road: if only Roger Miller could've seen us."

A definite good time was had by all, a beer garden of this nature is something that I would dearly love to see here on campus. In the meantime though, I see that the Screaming Trees are scheduled here at the Social Club for a special hallowe'en performance on the thirty-first. It's a scene that I don't want to miss, I'm sure that you won't either.

I realize that a copy of the Bruns is a rare sight on the campus of Mt. A., but just in case one happens to wander down like I did last weekend, I'd like to thank the guys from Trueman Top East for putting up with the weird, Freddy Beach mannerisms of Jon and I. Thanks a lot guys, you really made us feel right at home. You'll have to experience one of our Power Hours up here sometime.

If you know what I mean (with regards to Steve Gilliland.)

Your Corner

By DANNY O'BRIEN
SWEET REVENGE

What a dull job. Nelson the Nightingale detested travelling around in that stupid truck, amassing the refuse of civilization.

Nelson was the neighborhood garbage nightingale of one of the messiest, slob-infested areas of the World. Nelson's daily route featured a stop at Capitol Hill, Washington.

This is where most of his pick-up came from. Nelson's years of experience in the sanitary services had trained his nose to ignore the distinct odor of decaying matter. Other people however, just thought he smelled like a pig.

Nelson suffered for years under the constant abuse of an appreciative public. One day a little girl walked up to him and without sufficient provocation, she kicked him in the shins with shoes that had projecting scalpels coated with a fast-acting asthenic poison.

This was all that Nelson could take, he knew that his career as a neighborhood garbage nightingale was over. Nelson spent several years trying to rid himself of his distinctive odor.

Once he was satisfied with his improved state of cleanliness, he applied for a job with Alamar Securities, Inc. as a night watch nightingale. The interviewer was not too impressed with Nelson but nobody else applied so he gave it to him.

Nelson quickly rose in the ranks of Alamar and within two years he was Vice President. Nelson entered the world of international industrial espionage and began sneaking into Alamar at night, stealing secret alarm systems, and selling them to camels in Zimbabwe.

Nelson was making a lot of money at this and continued to sneak in more and more until one night he happened upon the company's guard alligator. Nelson had never completely disposed of his odor from his early days and he smelled a lot like dinner to the alligator so he ate Nelson.

Nelson had to get even with the alligator for this so he got stuck in its throat and choked it to death.