

ENTERTAINMENT

On Politics, Music, retro-viruses and nipple-piercing.

I realize that not only are most of you uninformed as to the goings on in the student union (aside from the yearly "vote for him/her, he's/she's in my Economics class, he's/she's cute" participation in student policy - making, and good old democratic apathy), but also, if you're anything like me, you really, honestly, don't give a flying fuck about what goes on and generally view the student union as the same bunch of clique-group elitist geeks that were in the SRC back in high school.

Now. You people almost recieved a paper the week with nothing but ads in it. As a result of a mutual temper-tantrum between the deluded dictatorial S.U. finance committee, and our own pseudo-radical morality-mongering editorial board, a proposal was actually passed last night at eight-thirty to produce this weeks Bruns with no text whatsoever. However, the radicals slept on it and the S.U. came down and whined, so you're getting your paper. Kent State this is not. We're not killing anyone or ruining any careers or even getting anyone thrown out of University. It's just that boredom makes people do strange things. Some feel the compelling urge for confrontation and pseudo-political upheaval. I prefer pop-tarts and Saturday morning cartoons myself.

I had the opportunity of catching two things this past week or two. The first one was *The Hype* at the good old CHSC last Wednesday, the second was something called *Influenza*, aka "Panama," "Beijing," "Shanghai," and "Taiwan." A lousy show, and judging by the way my head is pounding, too damn loud.

The Hype was a spur-of-the-moment thing. I realized that they had not been given justice in opening for 54 40 (see Issue #1), and thought I would have a look-see on Wednesday, given their increasing popularity on campus and around town. These guys, though still in the infancy of growth, have put together a scund that is at least unique, something the Fredericton music scene is not particularly noted for. Still basically a cover band, you have to credit the band for at least playing semi-obscure songs from largely Canadian sources, although their repetoire includes a few of my top-thirty-seven most irritating songs to cover (includes all-time classics like "Ballroom Blitz"). But I realize the headache in playing to a bar crowd that is constantly screaming to hear something they know because they are too drunk to appreciate creativity in any form.

The list of original tunes is apparently growing, and this can only be good. I caught a few of the original works on Wednesday, and while there is an obvious fuzziness to the edges, there is something hauntingly familiar about the melodies - not that you've heard them before, but they are in some odd way comfortable. Slightly bizzare guitar licks and a smooth three-part vocal are sometimes lost in a wash of cymbals and doubled guitar chords, but with maturity, this could possibly be melted down into easier dynamics and a better-structured composition. My assumption is that if you want to get out and see this band, that you should do it soon, because as with all bands in this part of the world, they either disintegrate or move elsewhere. They're playing the Dock this weekend.

The CUP organization often sends us little news letters. One of them this week was entitled "Lend Me Your Ears,Nose,Lips and Nipples," and begins with the line "Ears,lips,tongue,nipples, and now even the genitals. Everything's getting pierced." I welcome the change from the standard homosexual/feminist/date rape/AIDS stuff being redundantly churned out by this organization, and realize the entertainment potential of something of this nature, but with quotes like: "A chest with a good tan looks nice with something sparkling. It's as simple as that" and "Breakfast is the name of a 21-year-old Torontonion who wears a small ring through his penis. For him, it was a sado-masochistic experience. 'I did it for discipline...'"

I can hardly call this anything but sensationalist garbage. What people do to themselves on an anti-ethno-culturistic basis is certainly entertaining, but should be reserved for tabloid publication and not be mixed in with the real-life concerns of a University community.

Check out what ever is going on in your general area this weekend and coming week - *The Hype* at the Dock, Ujamaa in the ballroom tonight, "C.C. Warriors" Art display at the faculty club, and much more. Have a look.

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Troy Cloney of *The Hype* - Dave McClusky Photo

