

No Complaints Here



Photo by Mike Dean

By Neil Duxbury

I've been in this country for 2 months now and I'm only just finding my feet musically. I had the good fortune to happen upon a guest pass for the Watchmen's Saturday night gig and took my trusty British Music Journalist's guide to musical comparisons along with me to discover more of the wonders of Canada.

The sign on the door said "No Moshing. No Stagediving." What!?!? What kind of uncivilised Student Union expects the punters to just stand quietly, tapping their toes in time to the beat. Fortunately the gig had more atmosphere than the sign seemed to allow...and the games of "lets all crush the bouncers," seemed fun too.

The openers *Weeping Tile* were an unexpected delight. They are 2 guys and 2 girls from Kingston, Ontario who play cool guitar rock, sorta like Michelle Shocked fronting The Tragically Hip. They are an entertaining live band; Sarah the lead singer providing witty interludes between songs, while playing competently with the guitar and bass players. The drummer, however, looked stressed just trying to keep up with the not-too-difficult beats. Unfortunately they've now left the province after a Tuesday night show at the Exchange.

After a short break the Watchmen took the stage with the first song off their last album, 34 Dead St. Unfortunately it was a promise that few of their other songs could live up to. Most of the rest seemed to merge into a grungy hour with the only bright light being their sublime new single, *All Uncovered*, a true standout on any night. But while their songs do sound similar there are many worse things in this world than hearing them live. The sound in the SUB cafeteria was surprisingly good and the 300 strong crowd were well into the music despite the notice on the door. They're great entertainment too, especially the singer who does a stunning impression of Michael Stipe, all set long, despite letting his shaved hair start to grow. They're eager to please, too. They were open to any requests that the audience had, and at the end of the regulation encore there weren't any complaints.

No moshing.
No stagediving.
What!?!?

Disco Lives in MALAYSIA

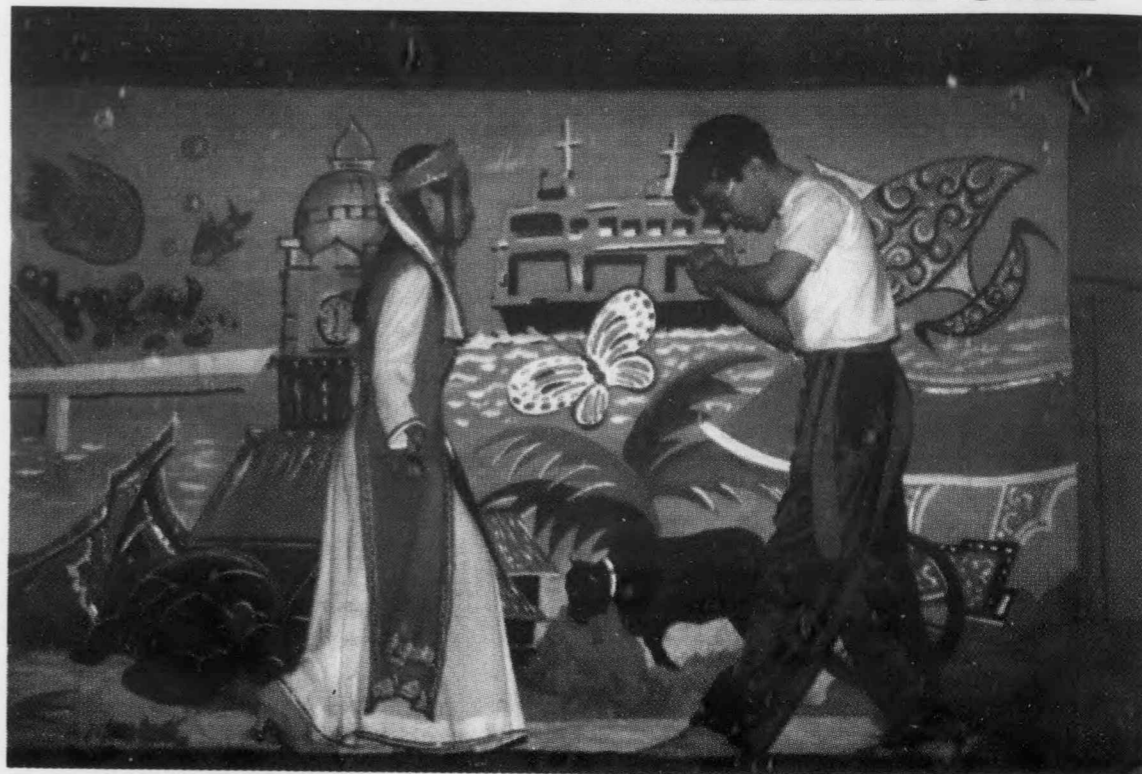


Photo by Kent Rainville

By Mark Bray

Malaysian Cultural Night took place last Friday night in the Ballroom in which much about Malaysia was revealed through, food, presentations, traditional dances, song and also a fashion show. The Cultural Night was organized and presented by the Malaysian Students Association at U.N.B. The theme of the night was "East meets West in the New Generation". The theme was revealed through a balance of perspectives of Malaysia consisting of both old and new. This was clearly demonstrated in the matched display of skill on both the Western drum kit and the traditional Chinese drum. The big Chinese drum released a deep booming sound that reverberated around the room. The singing and dancing was very smooth, delicate and fascinating. The Western view was illustrated in two presentations by local men who spent some time in Malaysia. Two distinctly different views of

the country. One experienced the country as a tourist in which he found the food, hotels and service to be of excellent quality and service as well as praising the friendly people and beautiful scenery. The other consisted of a compact and busy visit in which a feasibility study was performed by a Fredericton engineering firm in an attempt to quantify the potential for construction of a coal-fired electric power plant. Malaysia is experiencing massive economic growth and like many countries that have passed through this stage, it faces many decisions concerning its development strategies that will dictate the future welfare of the country. The inter-webbing of cultural influences was also present in the clothing fashions of Malaysia; did you know that disco is still popular in Malaysia? See you, I'm going to buy a plane ticket. The M.C. for the evening brought out some light-hearted humour that had the crowd laugh-

ing. The participants on stage and those in the crowd had a wonderful time. The traditional food was good and full of variety and the "911 HOT" shrimp would definitely blow your head off; if that won't light your fire, then nothing will.

It was obvious that the Committee and its members had spent many hours organizing the evening and it was all worthwhile. Talk to a Malaysian, visit Malaysia or at least take part in the Malaysian Cultural Night if you ever get the chance. The Malaysians are wonderful people genuinely interested in relating the beauty and love that they possess for their country. From the moment that one is greeted at the door, the Members were extremely polite, friendly, sincere and always smiling. The food was good, the atmosphere relaxed, the people friendly which left me with an appreciation for their culture and their community.

"Trinity of Four" & "Into":

A Bittersweet Review

by Shantell Powell

Opening night of "Trinity of Four" and "Into" began in a rather disappointing manner. For some strange reason, the performances began ten minutes early, and several people arrived late by being on time. Being one of these unfortunate people, I missed the entire prologue performed by Leah Roberts, Vincent Innocent, and Syreta Roberts and cannot review it. I can, however, review the two one-act plays.

"Trinity of Four," directed by Katherine Atkinson, was a disappointment. The choice of costumes was right on target. Matthew J. Collins played the part of the small-time plantation owner

with appropriate tyranny. Jacinthe Belyea acted the part of Jean, a pathetic shrew, with appropriate piss and vinegar. Dana Neilson (Prince) and Kumar Sivasubramanian (Borbon) played the part of overworked and repressed slaves in the same appropriate manner. BUT, and this is a big BUT, the script was terrible. Although it contained a meager sprinkling of good lines, the script was weak and ultimately fell flat. The writer, Lennox Brown, attempted pathos and achieved only bathos. The impressive talents of Bacchanal Productions would be put to much better use if applied to an interesting script. And now for the flip side of the amateur theatre coin...

Although marred by a lighting miscue and a couple of stuttered lines, Stage Left's production of "Into", directed by Jonathan Jurmain, was a wondrous

success. A worldly skinny-dipping nun, beer, a three-month-long traffic jam, heavy metal, and a testosterone-laden businessman all add up to a riotously irreverent romp on the wild side. The script was charming and the acting splendid. Tina Buott was hilarious as the vivacious urban nun. Her lines were delivered with wit and wry smile. The boy, played by Dan Herman, was disgustingly obnoxious yet somehow still adorable—kind of like a Bill or Ted with a really foul mouth. The businessman, acted by Darryl Whetter, was an excellent foil for the man-eating Lucy, played by Rebecca Emlaw. And the xylophone was perfect too!

All in all, barring bad scripts, any further performances by Bacchanal Productions and Stage Left are bound to be good, solid evenings of entertainment.

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