

Pianist Valerie Tryon in concert

## Staffer humbled once more

By S. GORDON EMMERSON

Again the Inside editor implores me to write her a concert review. Again I flatter myself and agree to do it. Well, not really a review. I am your average concert-goer—a lover of music and very impressionable with the great masters. Not a deep student of music. This, then, is merely a collection of my unimpeachable, unscholarly impressions.

Valerie Tryon, a British pianist living in Hamilton Ontario, gave a fine concert Feb. 19 at the Playhouse. This was her second appearance at UNB. Last year she partnered British violin virtuoso Alfredo Campoli in one of the most incredible concerts I had ever the privilege to attend. Though Campoli took the limelight, Tryon was very much noticed and applauded so, voila! here she be again.

It was a program of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Ravel, and Liszt. I'll not go into the actual descriptions of the pieces themselves. These were so admirably covered by Prof. Pugh's scholarly program notes (four pages of them). Of Chopin's Ballades: "In

the last page pianistic elements such as a rising scale and descending unison octaves finally crush what spark remains. The world of order and beauty, one might say, is threatened and finally engulfed by forces of disintegration." On Chopin's unconventional keying in Scherzo in B flat minor: "Do we criticize Chopin for failing to grasp an essential element of sonata structures, or praise him for foreshadowing what modern theorists call 'progressive tonality'?"

After a brief introduction by Prof. Pugh, the lady appeared on the stage in a long flowing print gown and commenced with the Bach. I admit it. I'm partial to Bach. The symmetry, the counterpoint. This was the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. And the lady was light fingered, expressive in the Fantasia, then strong and impressive in the Fugue. But also in the Fugue was some airy counterpoint. That's what my notes say, anyway. It's not easy to remember that far back.

The Beethoven and Chopin were standard "excellent." I won't attempt to discuss these together. In fact I shall not discuss them at

all except to say that the audience was not quite sure whether or not to applaud between movements and Ballades.

The most fascinating part of the program was the several pieces by Ravel. Ravel was a twentieth century composer and his Gaspard de la Nuit differed from the Bach portion of the program as much as could be imagined. Ravel is a master of mood, of painting musical pictures. Though the piece does not thump away in a flourish of demonstrative technical virtuosity, one can see why Gaspard is reputed to be the most difficult piece ever written for piano.

As to the Liszt, I have another confession to make: a rather incredible one for a "reviewer." I, inconsequential, uninformed, metheaded beggar of an individual that I am, failed to detect the end of the Ravel and the beginning of the Liszt. I was still waiting for Liszt when the concert ended. But, as I say, I am merely a music-lover.

I wish to compliment and thank the several young ladies of Maggie Jean and Murray houses for giving such a fine reception for Miss Tryon after the performance.

Danielle Thibeault reviews

## "Harry in Your Pocket"

"Harry in Your Pocket" is a prime example of misleading movie advertising. It is not a movie about the "world's greatest cannon" nor is it a comedy, by any means, and it certainly is not worth the time or the money.

This Bruce Geller Production comes across as an attempt to provide off-season employment for a few actors (and actresses) in dire need of bread.

The script is shallow, discontinuous, over-extended in the wrong places and incredibly unrealistic. The dialogue is typically third rate: unimaginative, crippled with meaningless clichés and dull.

The movie "Harry in Your Pocket" is certainly no credit to

any of the actors starring in it. And of Walter Pidgeon, Trish Van Devere, Michael Sarrazin and James Coburn, I expected at least the last two to be a bit more up to par.

It was certainly a disappointment to witness James Coburn's performance as Harry the famous "cannon" and Michael Sarrazin as the two-bit pickpocket who is hired by Harry because he comes equipped with a pretty girlfriend (Trish Van Devere).

Walter Pidgeon plays the "drop" and, all in all, he's the only one with any hint of character portrayal. Since he's an aging, cocaine-sniffing ex-pickpocket, it doesn't leave him much to work

with. The background is nothing extraordinary and the camera work is a bit shaky at times. The scenery is an endless string of supposedly fancy hotel rooms but they all look alike after a while.

That was also the impression left of the entire movie: redundancy and boredom. Shame on you James Coburn and Michael Sarrazin! Times must be really hard in Hollywood.

A little note to the couple riding in the front seat of a Sullivan's Taxi to the Mall, a couple of Fridays ago: be careful of who you talk about in crowded cabs, you never know who might be in the back seat.

Penny or Venny - Who Cares?

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## Sorry about that, Chief!

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Before I even had a chance to read my own column in the February 21 Bruns, my eye fell on a letter from the High Priest of the Reformed Druids, in which the aforesaid High Priest made complaints as to my treatment of the Druids by lumping them in with the Alfrescoites. I apologize.

Actually, the Reformed Druids are a noble group, much involved in Druidistic activities, most of which are too weird to publish. As soon as the illustrious Prof. Elactic, who I believe is rather shady, leaves this world, I'll settle down to the serious business of exposing every last organization which is in the Bruns, especially the I.O.R.D.

In the meantime, I hope the Mysterious Judy gets a load of what she's looking for, let alone a glimpse.

The Amnesiac group needs no apology from me. I apologize for them, but not to them.

The Extrauniversal Fusion of Puissant Alfrescoites is hereby challenged to a duel. The time can be arranged; conditions are phasers at 1 light-year. I call on the Reformed Druids to referee in this match. In the meantime, I hope the Alfrescoites sell off all their cerebral phasers. I mean, controversy is one thing, but the reason here is too much.

Back to apologies, I wish to apologize to Brother Weird Beard, of the Canadian Hieroglyphic

Stultified Recorders, for my references to that group last week. I was not aware that the radio station had the call letters of this fine evangelical group, which seeks the conversion of Druids, Alfrescoites, and other such, to the Egyptian Apathy cult. Brother W. Beard is presently residing on campus, waiting to deprive such other cult of vital objects.

As for other things I might have said, don't take them seriously, just because I was dead serious.

P.R.P. Ed. 2  
Editor, Plaster Rock  
Penny Paper  
(Future News)

P.S.: I love Judy! (Maybe)

## Wrack 'n Roll

by Alex Varty

I'm often questioned on the best techniques for acquiring a good and comprehensive record collection. While the actual practice of record collecting is an area in which there is still a great deal of theoretical work yet to be done, I can set out two basic methods of acquiring those vinyl disks which are so much a part of contemporary life.

The first way is, of course, to accumulate large amounts of cash. I can't help you in that respect, though, as cash collecting is not one of my hobbies, nor am I tremendously successful in the field.

A second technique consists primarily of possessing a good pair of legs. While there are those who contend that nice legs are useful in creating an inward flow of record albums [as presents, bribes, etc.], I can't say that mine have done me much good in that respect. I prefer to treat my legs as a means of conveyance; a way to take myself to the places where records are sold cheaply.

This brings us to the point of my current column; that is, that good record buys can often be found in the most unlikely places. Why, just the other day I was walking through Zellers on my way to the government offices at the Mall, when THE PIPES OF PAN AT JOUJOUKA caught my eye. As I have always been fond of Moroccan trance music, I knew that under any other circumstances I would have to send \$7.00 to New York, wait two months, and then pay customs fees in order to obtain the record. However, I was able to buy it for \$2.59 - quite a bargain. So it pays to check out the discount bins at the larger department stores and at record shops.

Another case occurred last Friday. I was once again making my usual peregrination to the government depot, but decided to approach through Greenes. To my astonishment I found several large piles of albums on sale for ninety-nine cents each.

Imagine my further surprise when, upon careful perusal, I discovered several records which had hitherto remained elusive. In all I purchased six L.P.'s for the usual price of one.

There was a Robbie Basho record, VENUS IN CANCER, which contained much exquisite and contemplative 12-string guitar work in addition to Basho's unique [if somewhat annoying] vocals.

Much to my delight, there was also FOLKJOKEOPUS by Roy Harper. Harper friends know how difficult it is to buy his albums in Canada, so even if "OPUS" is one of his lesser recordings it's still good to spur Harper's biggest New Brunswick sales record - four albums in one day. Harper hates TEEVEE as much as I do; he's a nice guy; so I'll probably give his latest record a full review before the Bruns dies its annual death.

I picked up the REVOLUTION soundtrack - at a buck for the two good Quicksilver cuts it's worthwhile.

Happy and Artie Traum's first album proved a good substitute for the lack of any new Band stuff, and includes some fine relaxed acoustic picking. SKY DOG BAND by Randy Burns is pretty decent folk-rock with one or two truly excellent cuts; while Bunsley Schwarz's DESPITE IT ALL is not only a real rarity but perhaps their most pleasant record.

So keep your eyes out for the bargain bins - although it helps to know what you want, even random sampling will prove useful. All the above records are worthwhile at discount prices - while I might question buying them at list price; that would be as much from financial considerations as from artistic values.