

Anne Murray shines again

By FRANCINE LECLERC

Anne Murray has risen to the top once again! It has been quite a while since her barefoot days, back in the mid-sixties, when she made her

debut here at UNB's Red 'n Black Revue. Her two concerts, held at the Aitken Centre, on the evenings of Nov. 7th and 8th were of superior quality, to say the least.

Thousands of people, young and old alike, had been anxiously awaiting these two very special nights since Oct. 2nd when the tickets became available. I have yet to hear of any regrets.

Murray was accompanied by the brilliant talents of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra members, her own band, and her background vocalists, Bruce Murray and Deborah Greimann.

The two and a half hour concerts consisted of a wide variety of musical styles. She set an easy going pace as she coasted from rock and roll, to ballads, to pop songs. The chemistry between Anne and the audience was quite apparent on both nights. Her enthusiasm and high spirits were contagious. The audience thoroughly enjoyed participating in the lively children's song, "Hey, Daddy," and the ballad "Could I Have



This Dance." Her renditions of her popular love ballads such as, "You Needed Me," "A Love Song," "I Just Fall In Love Again," and her most recent hit, "Somebody's Always Saying Goodbye," were all very moving.

Bruce Murray's solo. Hopefully, we'll be able to see Bruce's star rise in the near future. He certainly has the talent!

For those of us who were lucky enough to witness this Maritime phenomena - "Our Anne" - I'm certain it was an evening to remember!

The audience also loved

Not just any comic book

By DEBORAH GENEAU
Brunswickan Staff

Even if you do not read horror comics you will enjoy this movie. You do not have to be under 12, you do not have to be a horror fanatic and you do not necessarily have to be a comic book fanatic although all of us were (or are), to one degree, at one time or another.

"Creepshow" will have you starting in your seat. It will have you laughing with glee. You will hold your breath, close your eyes and you will actually feel good when a housewife gets eaten by a monster.

"Creepshow" is basically an animated comic book with a beginning and an end binding the whole thing together. The first tale of horror is "Father's Day" which starts the movie off right with a corpse crawling out of the grave and seeking revenge.

"The Lonesome Death of Jordy Verrill" gives you time to catch your breath and get your heart rate back to normal. There is nothing exceptional about this tale except that the infamous Stephen King plays Jordy Verrill. It is your typical story of how life from another planet overruns the earth in the form of vegetation. It is

basically another "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" without the suspense.

"Something to Tide You Over" is a psychological thriller with an ironic title. A betrayed husband gets unusual revenge on his wife and her lover only to have them return from a watery grave. The conclusion to this tale is predictable.

"The Crate" is the best tale of the movie. It has you on the edge of your seat from beginning to end. It is scary and, at times, genuinely funny. The acting in this story is exceptional, the characters are believable and typical. The story, however, is not typical.

"They're Creeping Up on You" preys on everyone's fear of creepy crawlies. Upson Pratt is a cruel and ruthless but oddly likable business man with several neurotic tendencies; one of them is an exaggerated hatred of roaches. In the end, however, the roaches get the best of Pratt.

When you leave "Creepshow" you know you have seen an excellent scare flick without feeling you have had your brains scrambled. The monsters do not follow you home. They are not lurking in dark corners of your apartment or scratching at your windows. Or are they?

El Dorado legend on film

This weekend the UNB film Society will be showing German director Werner Herzog's 1973 film Aguirre, Wrath of God. Shot in Peru, it stars Klaus Kinski as the megalomaniac conquistador Aguirre, third in command of a Spanish expedition crossing the Andes in the year 1560 in search of the legendary kingdom of El Dorado. Aguirre persuades his immediate superior to depose the leader of the party and to declare himself Emperor of El Dorado; when the Emperor is killed by Indians (all the action takes place on rafts or river banks), Aguirre takes over. Accidents

and Indian assaults continue. At the end, Aguirre is along on the one remaining raft, surrounded by corpses. He stands, a hunched over, ranting figure, by the body of his dead daughter; he declares, as hordes of tiny monkeys swarm over the raft that he will continue on to El Dorado, where he will marry her and begin a new dynasty of Emperors.

The most affecting element of this film is the way Herzog shows us the story, as against the story itself or even the performances in it. The overwhelming grandeur of the Andean scenery coupled with

mystery of the impenetrable forests of the river banks (filled with hidden hostile Indians) intensifies the air of futility in Aguirre's madness for power. Kinski plays the brooding hero with a febrile intensity perfectly suited to the role, and this renders all the more effective and unique Herzog's treatment of a theme which has obsessed modern German film-maker.

Aguirre, Wrath of God will be shown Friday and Saturday nights, Nov. 19 and 20 at 8:00 pm in Tilley Hall room 102. Admission is \$2.00 or with season pass.

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The Performance

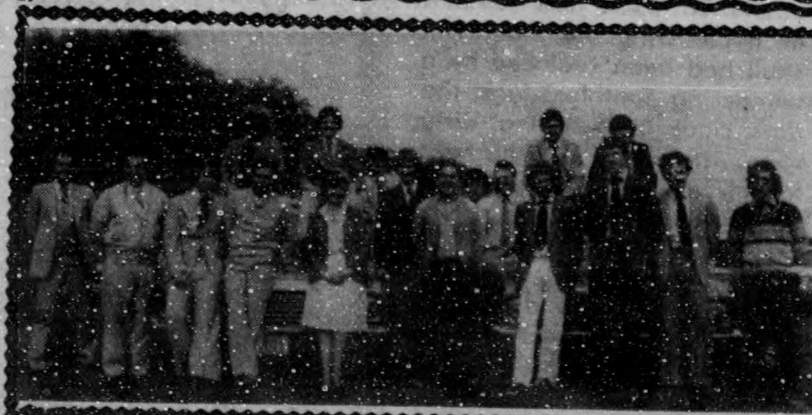
Here I am on pillows,
(In your bed),
Trying to be a hero -
There are you in heaven,
(In my vision),
Pretending to be tomorrow.

Now I float on ceiling,
(in my fantasies),
Gasping exquisite pleasure -
So you're all lipstick and perfume,
(In your dreams)
Forcing us closer together.

And we, we perfectly float,
(In our clouds),
Evoking that magical quiver -
But when we ask the dust,
(In those pictures),
We're not worth a shiver.

Because it shows and fades,
(In the replays),
Like all the best -
We flicker and glow,
(For a moment),
Then we pause, vomit and rest.

Tommo



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