

# Entertainment

## Tennessee Tales: *Streetcar* reviewed

by Carla Lam

Last Friday night I entered the Playhouse curious and somewhat anxious to see this peculiarly titled, but famous play - I left thoroughly depressed. I guess I was surprised to rediscover that a stage drama, or any other form of entertainment for that matter, could "move me" so much. It was an emotionally dynamic trip. . . in a word *A Streetcar Named Desire* was POWERFUL. From another angle, if plays were related, die-hard Empire Chain faithfuls should be cautioned intense viewing experience - but then again, comparing any of Tennessee Williams' masterpieces to *Weekend at Bernie's II* is no less than utterly insulting.

Even if you don't fall into the

seasoned theatre going category and the name Tennessee Williams doesn't set off bells, the titles of such stage classics to his merit as *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof* (1955), and *The Night of the Iguana* (1961) should. Definitely a master of his art, Williams defines his goal as playwright/artist as making "what is directly or elusively closed to his own being communicable and understandable, however disturbingly to the hearts and minds of all whom he addresses."

Through the symbolism of his streetcar named desire and the double meaning of this play on words, Williams creates a drama that engulfs and involves the audience. It would be difficult not to be swept in and

away by the strong characters that seem to represent universal emotions and desires rather than fictional personalities. In this way, the audience and cast are connected in an intimate rapport that ruptures in an explosive finale guaranteed to embark an artsy (maybe even an engineer?) on a philosophical introspection.

It is known that Williams works are a piece of himself - a shy man, a man who felt himself an outsider. In light of this, it is little wonder that his productions are of such mystical and deep quality. His creations are an experience that appeals to the innermost yearnings, and fears in us all. *A Streetcar Named Desire* is no exception.

## Party at Bill and Jane's Place After the Hip Road Apples!?!?!?

by Al S. Tare

What is that sound I hear playing in the SUB? Could it be the Tragically Hip? No, it couldn't be they're a big name band in the US and Japan now. Besides the fact that VP Activities knows that we are sick of them, they wouldn't play at UNB again. WHAT????!!!! WHAT'S A ROAD APPLES? A Hip cover band? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING. So we tell the Student Union that we're sick to death of this band and that's their response? They don't just ignore us, they rub our faces in the fact that they have control over the student's funds and can book whatever bands that they want. This is the height of irresponsibility. We, as the voice of the students of this campus have a responsibility to oppose this kind of slap in the face. To not do so would be to give the Student Union the wrong to do wrong. We must oppose this abuse of the power of the VP Activities position within our student Union. Do not misunderstand me the Tragically Hip are a good band and I enjoyed seeing them very much THE FIRST TIME. OK maybe I enjoyed them the second too but by the third time I had seen

more than enough of them to last me a lifetime. Now you offer me a band which covers another band which I am so sick of seeing that I would crawl naked through broken glass, swim a pool of iodine, just to chew through the power cord of a radio which was playing "New Orleans is Sinking". The saddest part of this whole thing is that there will probably be a crowd of people who go to this show. My advice is don't be a fool, avoid this crap. If no one goes maybe then they will get the message. Alright, perhaps there are few bands on tour and the SU feels that they must accept anything they can get. This recession has, after all, had a detrimental effect upon the music industry. Bands are having a harder time finding venues which are willing to pay enough for them to make a living. The bars are unwilling to pay for a good band as they are taking a chance on the crowd not showing and thereby taking a bath on whole event. However there are acts which can be brought in to play at large venues such as the Aitken Centre in order to generate funds for shows which they are per-

haps not going to break even on. Anne Murray, a UNB alumna has cut a new album entitled *Crooning* and would do very well at a venue such as this (among some Frederictonians who could afford to pay the fee for an act of that calibre). This would leave the Student Union running to the bank with scads of cash from her fans. Then they could afford to put on a show which students would like. We can no longer accept the fiscal irresponsibility of offering a band in which the attendance is iffy when the students are paying the bill. While the Tragically Hip have been well attended everytime they played at UNB they have been here so often that the campus is tired of them. It is unadvisable to bring in a band to cover them if you expect to make money. If perhaps my premise that the position of VP Activities exists to provide entertainment for the campus is wrong, and rather it is the mandate of that position that you throw money away on crap which deserves poor attendance then may I suggest that you bring back the Tragically Hip after all.

P.S. In order to show how long the Hip has been coming here I enclose a picture of the Hip partying in my apartment before I lived there and I've been there for three years.



## GENRECIDÉ MICHAEL EDWARDS

THIS WEEK: LABEL OF THE YEAR

SCAT RECORDS

And as promised, this week I am going to be looking at my record label of the year in a little more detail. The label in question is Scat Records which is based in Cleveland, Ohio. The main reason that I decided to bestow this honour upon Scat is that until a few months I hadn't heard of them even though I had heard of a couple of bands on the label. And now it feels as if I have hit some sort of musical gold mine whilst digging around in the slag piles of most new releases. The most amazing thing is that the three bands that I will feature here have been around for quite a while; two are on their seventh albums and the other has been putting out singles for six years. With a track record like that, I really do wonder how I could have passed over them for all these years, but now I have the pleasure of working my way through their back catalogues instead of waiting those tortuous months for new releases.

Scat Records started releasing music back in 1989, and is run by a Robert Griffin whom happens to be part of the band Prisonshake whose praises I will be singing soon enough. They have had over thirty releases out in this time, and featured quite a few bands that have come and gone as time passed. And they still put out vinyl, which as you know by now gets my vote. They have just recently hit the limelight due to the most recent album by Guided By Voices which has had the music press salivating for the past couple of months. And that's where I picked up on Scat too; just jumping on a bandwagon, but now I am most definitely along for the full length of the ride.

Guided By Voices. You probably haven't heard of them, but the media hype is gathering momentum - they even got a review in Entertainment Weekly (A+ no less...) - and licensing deals are being signed even as we speak. This three-piece hail from Dayton, and are on their seventh album since 1986, even though most were on the most tiny of labels with even smaller distribution. Basically you couldn't get a hold of them. They say that each one sounds as if they could have been made by a different band,

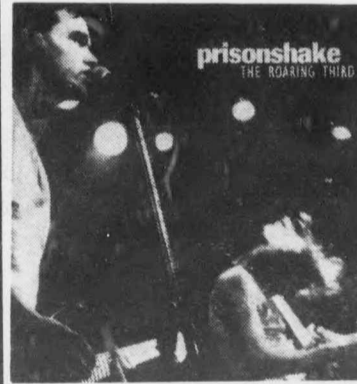
guided by voices



vampire on titus

and on the strength of the two that I have heard I can see how that could happen as they do encompass many different styles even on the same album. The latest album is called "Vampire On Titus", and the most obvious thing about it is that the recording is so low-fi; the sound of tape hiss is very apparent on these four-track recordings, but that is half the charm. The other half comes from the songs that come from a collision course between garage rock and 60's psychedelic freak-beat. Its almost impossible to describe, but some pointers are (early) Pavement, the Creation and the Seeds. Tuneful yet rough enough to remain untainted by "modern" production - half the time you can't even make out the lyrics and when you can they can be so oblique that interpretation becomes entertainment in itself. And if you get it on CD, you get their last album "Propeller" too for a huge thirty-three tracks. Pick this one up before they become way too fashionable.

MDID used to be called My Dad Is Dead, but Mark Edwards (who is MDID basically...) got sick of being asked about the name. So MDID he is now. He too is on his seventh album, an whilst being known for not being the most cheerful of song-writers, but his confessional, cynical lyrics show his skill for telling it as it is - quite a skill. And from what I hear, he is getting a bit happier these days. On "Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind", the music careers from gentle-sounding guitars to wonderfully fuzzy, noisy ones making one hell of a row. A line from one track, "The Prisoner" sums it up - "Why don't you quit with all the doom and gloom?" But that is the thing that puts MDID above most other bands; the ability to deal with the doom and gloom and yet make you want to come back for more.



And finally there is my favourite album of last year - "The Roaring Third" by Prisonshake. I still can't work out exactly what it is about this album that makes it so perfect, but it is just that. Perfect. Eleven songs all of which will stick in your head for days and weeks to come. Intelligent, witty lyrics that describe that crazy couple next door that are always fighting ("Quits"), the depression of loneliness ("Cigarette Day") and other truths. Maybe that's what it is - this record tells the truth.

And it really rocks too. Real loud when it wants to be, yet they can flaunt their love for the ballad too when they want to. Wonderful guitars, raw vocals, kind production - sigh. But after thirty-five minutes it all over, and the only thing that you can do is hit the repeat button and listen to it all over again. I don't think I'll hear a more complete pop song as "2 Sisters" in quite a while - I just can't recommend this one highly enough. Let's hope they don't wait another six years for their next album.

Contact Scat Records at: 5466 Broadway #200, Cleveland, OH, 44127, USA. Please remember to mention where you heard about them, and also include as IRC to cover postage.