

Album worth your bread

By CHRIS HUNT

Be-Bop Deluxe - "Sunburst Finish" (Harvest):

In the foamy wake of such axe-masters as Jimmy Page, Eric Clapton, Robin Trower, Pete Townshend and Ritchie Blackmore comes yet another English guitar wizard, Bill Nelson - singer, songwriter and guitarist with one of the hottest rock groups on the British scene. Along with the raunchy Dr. Feelgood, Be-Bop Deluxe are showing signs of spearheading the umpteenth British rock invasion of these wild North American shores. Bill Nelson is one of the most talented artists to appear in a long time - not only does he write excellent songs, he also plays a real mean guitar and sings like a cross between Bryan Ferry, David Bowie and Ian Hunter. "Sunburst Finish" is Be-Bop Deluxe's latest offering and what a tasty treat it is.

A dirty little rock'n'roller called "Fair Exchange" opens up side

one. Singing in the punk style of Ian Hunter, Nelson sneers out lyrics like "He just gave her a drink and she gave him a ball, its a fair exchange. . . ." while his guitar switches back and forth between rock and roll riffs and screaming power chords. A soft, well almost soft song called "Heavenly Homes" follows with more fine guitar work, and excellent guitar work, and great guitar work and . . . good singing too. "Ships in the Night" follows and its a bit heavier and bouncier. Once again Nelson . . . well you know. There is some good sax and piano on this cut as well. The pace is slowed down by "Crying to the Sky". Keyboards dominate this track although Nelson's guitar flows in and out occasionally bursting into a heart-rending solo. The singing is beautifully done and the production is excellent. "Sleep that Burns" brings the first side to a hard rocking conclusion.

"Beauty Secrets" which opens up the second side utilizes a Bryan Ferry style of vocal nuances in the

singing and a wide range of musical forms. Some funky percussion heralds "Life in the Air-Age" which changes so much within itself that it is virtually impossible to describe briefly. R&B and rock blend, separate and are joined together by keyboard sections and chanting vocals. "Like an Old Blues" really rocks and then breaks into the soft, semi-acoustic "Crystal Gazing" backed by an impressive orchestral arrangement. "Blazing Apostles" brings the album to a heavy finale. Nelson's guitar is outstanding as is his singing as he belts out lines like, "Death drives in an air-flow Chrysler on the streets of man, a hit and run driver cruising since the world began."

There is no doubt that "Sunburst Finish" is a very good rock album if only due to the amazing virtuosity of Bill Nelson. Be-Bop Deluxe combine a variety of influences into a new and powerful style of rock and this album is well worth your hard earned bread. The cover's nice too.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet will be at the Fredericton Playhouse Tuesday March 23 at 8:30 p.m. Advance tickets go on sale Friday March 12 at the Playhouse for \$5.00 per seat.

Film Society

invites new exec

The Film Society is soon to form a new Executive and invites applicants to that body.

The Society exists to serve everyone in Fredericton and therefore extends general invitation to anyone interested in its operation.

A special function is fulfilled by the Society since no film courses as such are taught at the local universities and there is little opportunity otherwise for giving attention to the film as an art form.

An unusual project for the Society in 1977 will be the arranging of a film programme for the Conference of the Learned Societies, to be held at UNB. The 1977 Annual General Meeting of the Canadian Federation of Film Societies is also scheduled for Fredericton.

Anyone wishing to serve on the new Executive of the Film Society should contact Prof. Peter Weeks, Dept. of Sociology, St. Thomas, within the next week.

Folk Collective welcomes you

College Hill Folk Collective is rolling ahead, and with at least two more scheduled events this year, we need your help! Our next Pickin' and Singin' Gatherin' Coffee House will be held Friday the 19th of March at the Lady Beaverbrook Residence cafeteria. Lots of good food, company and music. Anyone around Fredericton interested in lending a hand or

performing should call Mark Lulham or Paul Meyer at 454-6484. Also - we're having a meeting tonight (Fri. 12) in the Blue Lounge

of the SUB at 7:30. We will be discussing our plans for next year, and we need interested and interesting people to run the whole affair. All welcome, it's there for you!

Beatles to perform! !

By JOE McDONALD

Well get out your Beatle T-shirts, albums, posters... they're back. The Beatles, one of the first and best groups in rock 'n' roll (or the best) are to be reuniting for a concert in the States. The show is to pull in \$150 million, the Beatles getting \$30 million.

The group, together from 1960-1970, have more than 20 albums still on the market with sales more than 100 million. Rumours of the great union, remember "Beatles Reunion spring of 75", have been spreading since 1972 but this one seems to be for real.

George Harrison's father says "the boys have all agreed to do the show in the U.S., and possibly stay together for other shows." The

show, promoted by Bill Sargent, is anywhere the Beatles like, yet everywhere on television. George Tremlett, author of "The Paul McCartney Story" and other novels, stated that the Beatles could not join before Feb. 1976 because of a nine year contract made with EMI over recording.

The Beatles' last concert, not including the one on the roof of Apple, was in August 1966 at Shea Stadium with over 55,000 and thousands standing. Sid Bernstein, manager of it, said "It took four months to put it together". The present concert planned will take longer because of contracts, visas, and other hassles the lawyer are presently clearing.

Sargent hopes July, see you there right?

movie review

'Bug' is bad

By LYNETTE WILSON

Guess what. The motoring public may be facing another problem worse than the price of gas. That problem is bugs. Not those little brats that go splat on your windshield, impairing your vision, as much as alcohol would, but big bugs with a hunger for carbon. Miniature armadillos chewing at your motor, going through it completely, dripping out of the exhaust pipe, leaving enough sparks to ignite the machine causing a block of flame.

The bug in question, being the subject of the movie 'Bug' is a whacky distortion of an extinct insect. The theme of the film has these creepy crawlers buried in underground caverns for thousands of years. They are unable to breed but live a long, long life (35,000 years supposedly) during which they individually evolved to suit their environment. Ash and carbon became their primary source of food which eventually would be exhausted. An earthquake ripped apart the buried dungeon of bugs. Quickly the slow moving critters hopped, jumped or slithered out of their hole and some how invaded carbon producing objects.

Liberty went to their heads as bug after bug emerged sleazing a ride in a truck or car. Before long

the buggers had the community alarmed what with vehicles blowing up, and cats and ears and eyes burning under insects grip. Nothing was beyond the snap, crackle, pop power of these ingenious little wretches. Sizzle, sizzle, scream; snap, crackle, poof a truck in flames. Yech!

Altogether the movie 'Bug' was gross. Childishly sadistic, it lacked imagination, weathering itself with nauseous terror and earning a piffle '0' on the scale. It's just another quick sick flick destined for the attic or wastebasket. What a waste of money. The whole idea is insane. Thirty-five thousand year old bugs burning their way through a California community. It's too unreal. Far too unreal. The director and/or producer of 'Bug' I am sure is a pyromaniac. Everything was burning. But, just maybe, and I mean this is a definite sarcastic remark, just maybe the movie could be viewed as a satirical trip through Watergate. Bugs all over the place, under boxes, in cars, on telephones, everywhere. And the bugs burn things. Nixon got burned by his bugs, didn't he.

And so I leave you with the worry, should an earthquake release such ridiculously impossible vermin, sell your car and don't answer your phone.

'The Diary of Anne Frank'

TNB opens memorable success

By JOHN TIMMINS

The story of the girl who refused to despair has been given a secure presentation by TNB and Ted Follows. The small drawbacks have not interfered with the clarity of the play's message or several superlative performances.

The problems of performing on Sheila Taye's excellently authentic and atmospheric set - namely, several areas of simultaneous activity - have been easily surmounted by Director Follows.

He has kept his silent actors acting without making them distracting, and has brought rushed or panicky group scenes off like a choreographer. The production could do with perhaps one less spotlight, (an effective device only in restraint.) and I wish Act II didn't have to

bear most of the fear-burden while much of Act I could be mistaken for a quiet evening at home with the Franks. Whether in the script or not, some attempt to make the sacrifices and the terror more constant is needed. The Act II's

panic and jangled nerves would not seem ill-prepared for, or startling, but be all the more intense from our more intense sharing in it, and those hellish moments of silence while the group's life hangs balancing would be even more unforgettable.

Support for the group (in more ways than one) is quietly and sympathetically superb from Patrick Christopher, as Mr. Krawler and fine from Vinetta, Strombergs as Miep who still needs more strength to her kindness. "Family Court" alumnus Mignon Elkins handles the facile aspects of the vain Mrs. Van Daan's character well, and if all of her breakdowns were as firmly etched as her first,

the role would be a complete success. As Mr. Van Daan, Peter Boretzky (so five as De Lacy in "Frankenstein") strikes a perfect balance between rough temper and cowardice, and never becomes a slave to his Jewish mannerisms which are exactly right. Kenneth Wickes (who wore the loveliest cocktail dress I've ever seen in "Servant of Two Masters") is predictably a scene stealer as cranky Mr. Dussel. Yet his slower movements and thoughtful, old man's gestures make him a successful character and not just a comic cameo.

Robyn Jafee manages to make the maximum effect of a minimum of material as Margot, Anna's frail sister, while Mrs. Frank is a moving embodiment of motherly concern not always mixed with wisdom, by Elizabeth Murphy. Her grief at Anne's rejection needs more depth, however, and her

outburst at the Van Daan's is fiery but not furious, without the pent-up, semi-irrational degree that is needed. As Peter, Richard Hardachre has no easy job. The role is not well conceived - a shy, boyish bookworm jars markedly with the (simultaneous) manly hothead. This is, of course, due to authors Goodrich and Hackett, not Hardachre, whose sincerity is highly effective, most notably in his scenes with Anne, the last of which is arguably the play's definitive moment.

Papa Frank is the solder. He has no breakdowns, no harangues, no "big" scenes per se, and yet in Allen Doremus' infinitely subtle treatment, he dominates this production beautifully. His performance is luminous with love and concern for not only his family but all his charges, and yet actor

Doremus keeps his character securely away from sainthood by the frayed nerves of late Act II. It is Papa Frank who brings the tragedy into torturous focus through the epilogue and Allen Doremus meets the challenge superlatively.

My only reservations about Mary Haney's splendid Anne are picky: not enough intensity and build-up in the nightmare, and a bit too much stridency in the Act I Anne. Regarding the latter,

naturally a differentiation between the practically two separate girls of Acts I and II is vital, and it was only momentarily that I found her girlish enthusiasm bordering on excess. Never mind. Her insight into the tickings of a young girl just entering adolescence is unquestionable. Through Haney, Anne is endowed with a vibrating intelligence - sharp and un sentimentalized - that peaks brilliantly in her

last scene with Peter; the rough edge of the girl's violently changing moods is a difficult hurdle she handles gracefully. I was particularly impressed with the perfect objectivity and maturity of her taped readings of the grimmer diary passages. To say that she does the richness of this role justice might sound like flattery, if it weren't so true.

"How depressing!" - that was the standard lobby comment, and it was. The comment, I mean. No one had earned the right to despair more than a fifteen year old, life-loving girl whose life was snuffed out after two years of confinement, yet while the Nazis were waiting for them to pack, she had time to write "I still hope".... Even then she could renege on despair. Depressing?

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