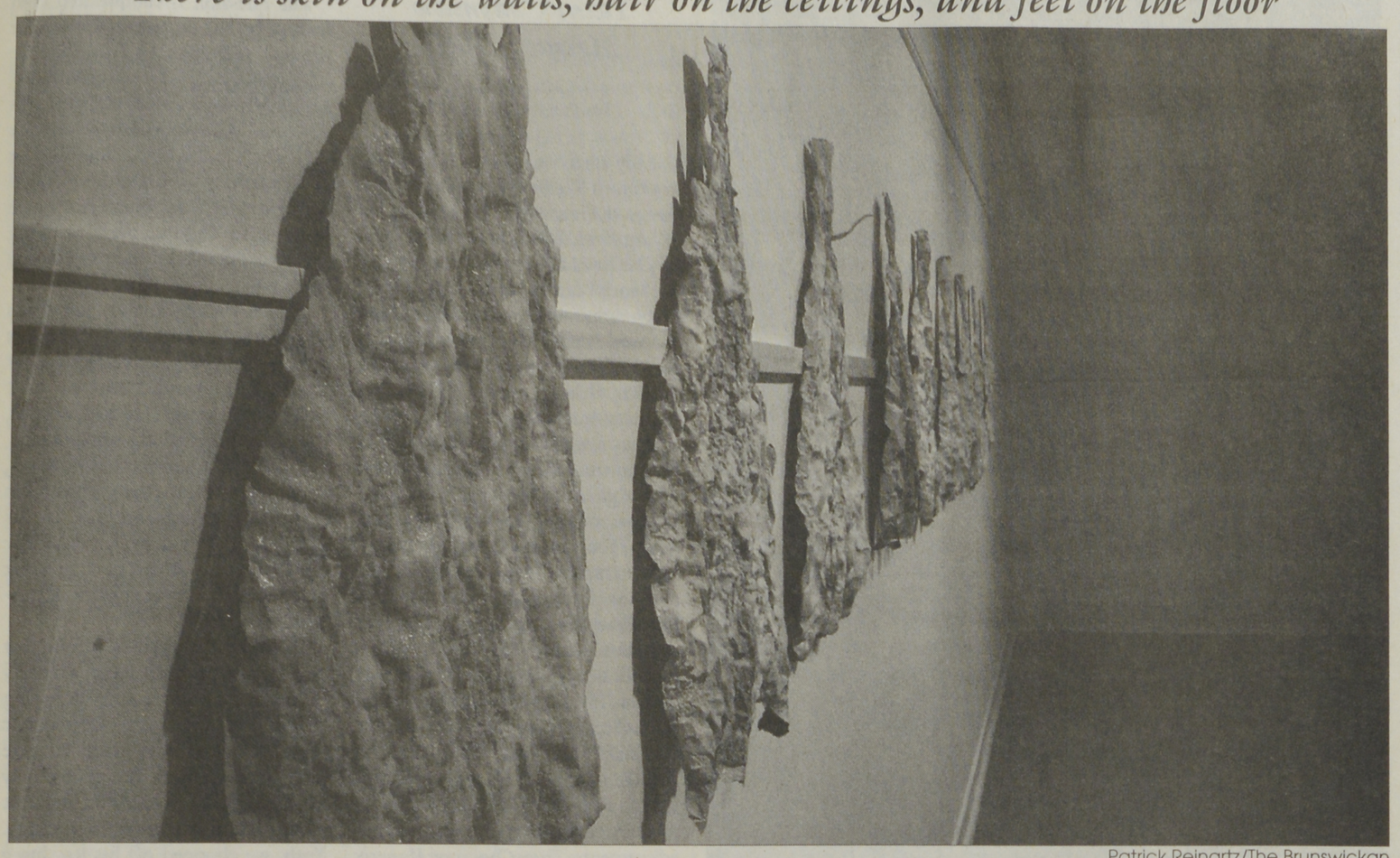
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

There is skin on the walls, hair on the ceilings, and feet on the floor



Patrick Reinartz/The Brunswickan

Lucille Robichaud's exhibit, Dermis: Repertoire of Skins, opened at UNB's Art Centre (Memorial Hall) last Friday.

Eating flesh in a town near you

Local filmmaker puts finishing touches on zombie movie

by Patrick Reinartz

"It's really hard to name a zombie movie," Jason Thabow says as he hands over a copy of his script for *The Waking Dead*. "All the good names are taken."

Thabow, a Fredericton filmmaker and zombie enthusiast, is currently deep in the editing stage of the feature-length movie, which he wrote, directed and produced.

Fan films such as this one are begun almost every day, somewhere in North America. Very rarely, however, are their makers determined enough to actually see them through this far. That such a daunting project is taking form in the unassuming basement of a house in a city as unassuming as Fredericton, comes as a surprise.

Yet like most other great zombie films, Thabow and his crew did what they could on a minimal budget: approximately $2000 he estimates. In fact, the movie was made under the moniker of E For Effort Films.

"It's not a B movie budget; it's not even C or D," he jokes.

As a result, the crew had to rely greatly on the volunteered talents of actors, lighting experts, and camera operators, as well as donated equipment and advice.

"We had so many things go right for us," Thabow says, referring to examples of fortunate timing and chance meetings with all the right people.

Among these right people were M Films founders Jade Beckman and Ian Miller, as well as Bob Miller of Atlantic Media Works, all of whom Thabow cites as vital players in bringing *The Waking Dead* to life. Along with local musician Mike Hatheway, who pulled double duty as actor and editor, Thabow had found his production team.

That is not to suggest, however, that the final project is exactly as he had first envisioned it either. Like many filmmakers on a budget, the script had to be adapted to suit the resources available.

"We had to tone it down one or two notches," he admits, adding that he took comfort in knowing that even masters like George Romero were known to scale back their ambitious scripts for budgetary reasons.

While his respect for horror directors like Romero is apparent in every frame of the movie, even more obvious is Thabow's intention of making *The Waking Dead* a film for fans, friends, and New Brunswickers. Aside from being shot in New Brunswick and incorporating local actors and music, the movie actually also takes place here.

"This is totally a New Brunswick movie," Thabow says. "I made this for the people involved, and that's the only audience I care about."

In an ironic twist, even the movie's military and crowd footage was captured at New Brunswick Day celebrations in downtown Fredericton. Clearly there's something to be said for the ingenuity of budget movie makers.

No matter how much energy, money and time Thabow may have put into *The Waking Dead* (the project has been in development for a full year now), he reiterates that it could not have happened without his collaborators. He faced numerous rejections when he first went looking for equipment and financing, which makes the efforts of those who stuck through the last year of work even more significant.

"The general concensus was, 'you can't do this,'" Thabow recalls. "But anyone who knows me, should know better than to challenge me."

The Waking Dead will be ready for screening in the near future, with additional plans for a DVD package.

Jazz trio fly us to the moon

Jazz trio visits The Playhouse

by Amy Batt

As I play old Cole Porter and Hoagy Carmichael tunes on the piano, I remember my Dad always telling me I should have been born in the golden era of jazz and swing. And now I know why.

This past Thursday evening I was lucky enough to attend a concert by the Peters Drury Trio, a young jazz ensemble from the Yukon performing at The Playhouse. The trio is Jesse Peters (piano and vocals), Graeme Peters (percussion), and Caroline Drury (vocals).

Already well-established musicians barely into their twenties, they were accompanied by seasoned Canadian bassist Rick Kilburn. How refreshing it was to hear such timeless jazz standards with a new, modern twist, while still retaining the glamorous aura of nightclub sound.

Opening with the ageless 'Fly Me to the Moon' made famous by the late Frank Sinatra, obvious talent sparkled through the trio's professional presence on stage and laid back personalities. The bright, clear vocals of Drury and Peters were at almost all times in perfect harmony, complimenting subtle bass, piano chords and percussion with utmost precision. Peters' voice and vocal style very much resemble Sinatra's. I felt like I should have been in a smoky 1940s lounge in New York City. Pure heaven.

The show progressed with more interpretations of well-known jazz favourites, such as 'Summertime' from the *Porgy and Bess* musical and 'I Get a Kick Out of You,' also a Frank Sinatra signature.

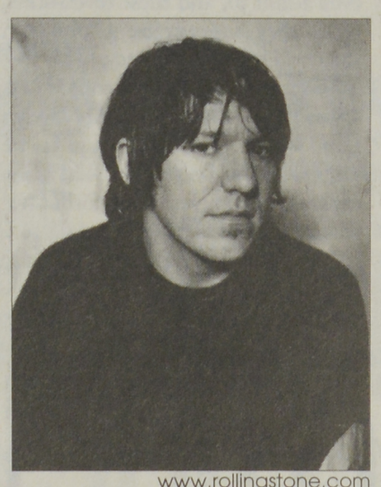
However, the trio demonstrated their versatility as musicians through a dapple in Latin beats with 'Speak Low' and a jazz-ified version of 'Fragile' by Sting. 'Backbeat' and 'Spend My Love,' originals by Jesse Peters, were a type of modern jazz showcasing each musician's talent.

At the show's conclusion this versatility was shown to the extreme as Peters broke into freestyle rap, surprising and ultimately impressing their audience.

All too often I've been to shows where the musicians play straight through, barely talking to or interacting with their audience. The Peters Drury Trio however gave their story behind each song they performed, at times causing the audience to chuckle at their crazy antics and tales. It certainly made for a more engaging experience.

Check out music clips and info at www.petersdrurytrio.com and keep an ear out for these up-and-coming Canadian performers.

"Nothing else could have been done"



www.rollingstone.com

Elliot Smith : 1969 - 2003

by Gavin Simms

I remember watching the Oscars one year as a teenager. It seemed as though, within this building crammed to the ears with beautiful actors, there was but one soul who wasn't quite as glossy as the rest and who wasn't putting on an act.

That person was Elliot Smith, and the stirring performance of the brilliant 'Miss Misery' which he shared with his audience that night is one memory that will stick with me as long as I can foresee.

After listening to a handful of his songs it wasn't difficult to see that as a musician Elliot Smith was a perfectionist with an intense talent for crafting melodies by mixing his haunting understated vocals and masterful guitar work, with cuttingly honest lyrics.

Another aspect of Elliot's music that wasn't difficult to pick up on was the naked sadness that seemed to somehow show itself in almost every song. I didn't know the guy, maybe no one really did, but he obviously longed for something that his life just wasn't providing.

I felt compelled to write these few words for Elliot Smith because he's played a role as an inspiration in many people's lives including my own, and just to say that I hope Miss Misery will miss him as much as his fans will.

Editor's Note: Elliot Smith died on Oct. 21 from an apparently self-inflicted knife wound to the chest. He had been working on his sixth solo album.

Comedy fest goes gala

Comedians converge on Playhouse for gala show

by Michael Edwards

Fredericton's first foray into the world of comedy happened last weekend, with its first annual (or so we are told) comedy festival. Aside from a number of bar shows, the Friday night gala at The Playhouse was the festival's big event, with all six comics getting about 20 minutes to show what they were capable of.

Watching the first two comedians, Jim McAleese and Larry Horowitz, was like watching an episode of *Comics*, that much-beloved space-filling CTV show. It makes you smile periodically, but never really gives the kind of big laughs you hope for when you finally decide there is probably nothing better on. That was also echoed in the dated references and failed attempts to make local references that just weren't true. People did laugh, but I couldn't help thinking that they were just being polite.

The evening really came alive when Rick Bronson come onstage. His frenetic style re-energised the whole theatre and garnered some of the night's biggest laughs. His longest story recounted his hospital experiences because of having Crohn's Disease, and he spared no details when it came to colonoscopies and barium enemas. He didn't hold back on his anger, making for an exhausting ride through his psyche. Bronson was simply wonderful, and I really can't understand why he didn't kick the evening off.

Jeff Collins, by his own admission, is more of a magician than a comic and his act was an awkward mix of escapology and comedy that didn't quite gel. He spent a lot of the time working with a couple of audience members, one of whom really wasn't very happy about being involved. Yet he persisted with the cheap laughs (the strait-jacket strap looked like a very large penis hanging down between his legs) and by the end of it all, his 20 minutes felt more like 40.

Thankfully Ron Vaudry got things back on track. He has been described as dark, and his opening salvo about dead parents and cancer left some audience members quiet. His act was the most topical, dealing with Middle-Eastern politics (his solution to the violence? Central air conditioning), the state of the CBC ("Keep showing those *Wayne & Shuster* specials because the kids just love them...") right through to Canadian-US relations. Vaudry's many years performing gave him the confidence to win the audience over by the end of his very entertaining set.

Headliner Glen Foster, or "That Canadian Guy" as he has come to be known, was the only comedian with merchandise to sell, so he made sure everybody knew about what was available in the foyer. That said, he did have his moments, and there were many laughs to be had during his dissection of what it means to be Canadian. Foster was also the most obviously commercial comic of the night, with a face that was familiar to most and a delivery that never really challenged the audience in the way that Bronson or Vaudry did.

All in all, a perfectly acceptable gala for a first attempt, but maybe a little more quality control could make next year's festival even better.



Heather Hickey/The Brunswickan

Montreal comedian Rick Bronson entertained audiences this past weekend at the Fredericton Comedy Festival.

Find your funny bone

Comedy festival blazes through Fredericton

by Samantha Robichaud

Watching live comedy is not normally an option in Fredericton, but last weekend offered a nice change of pace, with a smorgasbord of comedy at venues on both sides of the river.

Kicking off Thursday night with the first series of bar shows, the festival offered something to suit every taste. Each bar hosted two comics with an early and a late show each night. For one-stop shopping, there was also a gala performance at The Playhouse on Friday night featuring shorter performances by all six comedians (see above).

While all of the comics were extremely talented, some shone more brightly than others. Glen Foster was the festival's headliner. He certainly put on a good show and was obviously very practiced in his routine. Larry Horowitz also livened things up with some timely political and current events humour, including a great impression of Jean Chretien strangling Lucien Bouchard.

Rick Bronson, however, was the obvious festival highlight. As five-time campus comedian of the year, it's not surprising that his style appealed strongly to the under 30 crowd.

A little craziness, a little crudeness, and lots of fun accurately describe his stage show. Even in the smaller venues, when faced with hecklers from the crowd, he was astoundingly quick and hilarious with his comebacks. As arguably the most controversial of all the jokesters at the festival, Bronson admitted he might have "ruffled a few blue hairs at The Playhouse" with his act. He was unconcerned, however, saying, "It's comedy... People just need to loosen the fuck up." My sentiments exactly.

This weekend's festival was the second in a series of Maritime comedy festivals that began in Saint John this May. The same comedians performed at both shows, with the exception of Nikki Payne, who was replaced here by Rick Bronson, and the Saint John show was headlined by TV personality Carla Collins. Further festivals are in the works, including the addition of a Charlottetown event.

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