

# Feliciano Disappoints With Mysterious Timing and Action

Two weeks ago the best artist to ever hit P.E.I. came to the Confederation Center. Jose Feliciano's two shows recorded sell-out crowds and no wonder; the CC should be commended for it's ability to recruit a performer of such high reputation. A good question may be: why did Feliciano, a seller of over 70 million records, consent to play in a place like P.E.I.? Is it true he is washed up? Can't be; in the last two years Jose sold more records than in the previous four. Is it management troubles? Marital? Is he a homosexual? What?

No matter. Islanders took advantage of the situation and paid over five bucks ahead to see "the star", what did they get? Well, from what I understand, the first show was between mediocre and modestly decent. The 9:30 was a flop, disgustingly short and, to a fan of Feliciano an embarrassment. The Guardian headlined, "Feliciano Left them Wanting More", what a piece



## Beggar's Opera Looks Promising

The Beggar's Opera, a rowdy, rauchy production, is the first in a series of annual presentations to be made by the U.P.E.I. Drama Club (if we ever get one).

Written in 1728 by John Wiles and set in the London of that time, it was a highly successful potical satire, running for sixty-three days at a time when most performances ran for five or six. Directed at political corruption and graft, it is said that during one of its original performances, then Prime Minister Robert Walpole jumped up and said "That's pointed at me!"

The story revolves around the life of one Peachum, a fence for stolen goods, who, if his cohorts, a gang of women thieves, don't bring in enough each month, goes to the authorities and turns them in (Peaches'em) for the 40 reward.

of understatement!!

The opening act, and first half was some unknown recording artist (with glitter on his jeans) for Pete's sake, who played good guitar and some decent songs of his own composition. His sound effect a la Bruce Cockburn was good but too consistent and it fell into a boring repetition. He needed a backup band badly. He did have nice stories and got the audience in an unfair, good mood by admitting he was crazy and explaining his happiness in this state.

Right here I'd like to say that if Feliciano had even started to play the U.S. Anthem (one he plays well in his own style) with Jose can you see, I would have been satisfied.

A jolt! That blind bastard played a hoax on the people who came to see him. This is significant. The blind jealousy of not being able to see makes him place the blame on all those who can and so he takes his revenge on the respectable, good, kind, people of P.E.I. (Monty Python's joke) of P.E.I. Is that why he came here? Jesus Christ Superstar, why didn't he just sic his seeing eye dog on us?

Back to the flipping concert. Despite the rumours that Jose was drunk he

didn't show it. He played the guitar vary well. But the songs were without any trace of enthusiasm. All the back up band did was play. The mother of a bass player didn't even tap his toe to the beat. The pace changes in the

music went off without a flaw. The piano was decent and the drummer was great (was he drunk too?) Feliciano played an absolute meaning of the lead guitar. He played two of his own songs The Chico and The Man ending theme (he promised to play the theme for the beginning but didn't, the midget monocot!) and some new one that was slow but all right. He played alot of middle-of the road musak, like Love's theme. He played this well, and it is good music but I don't think it was typical of my Feliciano. Is he selling out to pulp music? Towards the end he played Elton John's Your Song and did a fantastic job of it. Way to go Jose! Give the sightless their credit and due. Of course he played Light My Fire, a shortened version but still good despite the bass player falling asleep in the middle of it. Also, California Dreamin' (in full).

After what must have been less than an hour, Jose introduced his back up

front, on stage, or out back.

the Beggar's Opera is presently in need of people to work as:

- highwaymen
- prostitutes
- technical aides
- star-performers (ta-da)
- make-up artists
- or anything.

Experience not needed, only spirit and a sense of humor. Anyone interested come to the auditions Mon. Nov. 10th at 8:30 p.m. in the G. Douglas Steel Recital Hall. U.P.E.I.

band, played a song, announced his last number, played it, bowed; curtain! Audience was in shock! Clapped not because he was that good but because we wanted our expected money's worth.

Don't get me wrong, I love Jose Feliciano. When he plays guitar with his ability plus some interest he can't be topped. The man has been great and can be great. What in hell happened to him? When people pay five and a half dollars and six dollars for one bloody seat, they expect to be entertained. I didn't know there was an opening act to Jose Feliciano, even though what's his name was good. That was a nice surprise, but, holy mackerel, the opener played longer than the headliner. Not good show business, buddy, and one heck of a rip-off money-wise and faith-wise to me and everyone else there, and this comes from a real fan of a man. Some of my best friends are blind. The Feliciano music played was damned good. But I was disappointed in the personality of Mr. Feliciano for doing what he did and letting this disappointment happen.

Leo Thompson-Hunter

## RESEARCH

CANADA'S LARGEST SERVICE  
\$3.50 per page


Send now for latest catalog. Enclose \$5.00 to cover return postage.

### ESSAY SERVICES

57 Spadina Ave., Suite #208  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada  
(416) 368-6549

Our research service is sold for research assistance only.

Campus Pass. required. Please write.



**Hours**  
Daily  
3PM - 2AM  
Fri & Sat  
3PM - 3AM

**TAKE OUT**

Mount Edward Road  
and Belvedere Avenue

**892-3942**

**We Have Subs!**

**We Deliver Pizza Orders To U.P.E.I. Only 25¢**

## Mail Con't

the inquisitive eyes and hoped that no-one would enter then in the contest against Bob, even though both of them had excellent chances of winning. For shame, "gentlemen", you should both be proud that you have putrid and ugly faces. The name of the game is competition! Not winning, take a chance!

Forever a friend of  
Bob Barker,

J.P. MacIntyre

P.S. In response to that morbid person who says your article is rubbish, I say leave the man to his work. Do your thing, Kip. Chow.

## STEAD'S PHARMACY

With Two-Way Radio Equipped Cars

**Free Delivery**

**Student Discount 10%**

**128 Kent St. Phone 4-4131 or 4-4132**

Filled with intrigues