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Open House 1983

Saturday, October 1st 10:00 am-4:00 pm

Sunday, October 2nd 1:00 pm-4:00 pm

Nova Scotia College of Art and Design 5163 Duke Street Halifax, Nova Scotia (902) 422-7381

To celebrate National Universities Week NSCAD will host, in addition to Open House, a public presentation on Occupational Hazards for Artists Friday, Oct. 7 at 8 p.m. An alumni exhibition will be held in the Anna Leonowens Gallery Oct. 1-22. Call 422-7381 for further information



Arthur Lismer, detail Convoy at Night, c. 1919 President 1916-1919

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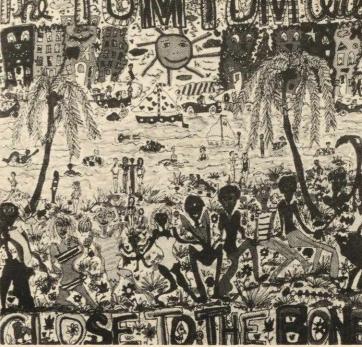
Tom Tom Club gets close

On the cover of the Tom Tom Club's second album Close to the Bone, there is an interesting drawing. It shows a bunch of people dancing, laughing and having a good time.

It is because the Club have fun making music that you will have fun listenting to them. Using the lessons in funk that they learned from their parent band, the Talking Heads, Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz and their coproducer Steven Stanley rework these ideas into some interesting pop-funk concepts. Then they and some frineds go to work on these concepts to create some great summer dance music. This is the kind of stuff that will make you want to head south for the winter, or at least make you forget the impeding doom of fall-term (for a little while).

together with the electronic stuff to make an interesting or the rest combination.

Side Two opens with "The Man With The Four-Way Hips," probably the danciest number on the album. The title gives away what the music is trying to say: get up and dance. "Measure Up" is pulled off mainly through some funky guitar but it easily shows through as the weakest cut on the album. The last couple of



songs contain a few surprises. 'Never Took a Penny" slows things down a bit. A sort of electro-country funk send-off to a former lover is the result of this strange combination. On "Atsababy (Life is Great)," Chris Frantz gets a shot at lead vocals, relegating the Weymouth sisters to the background. His unique voice brings a lot of life and charm to

this cut, not that it needs any help. The energy and humour in this song, plus Frantz's vocals all help make this my favourite.

If you want to hear some great electro-funk-pop or you need something to pick you up, get Close to the Bone and get ready to jump. Or maybe you would like to hear David Byrne with a sense of humour.

Necrophilia in The Subway

by Paul Deagle

Re: Lizard King at The Subway; Saturday, September 24, 1983

Strange. Yes indeed, very

Last weekend anyone with four dollars to waste could walk into The Subway and watch five burn-outs try to the life back into a band killed by goodcopy and Southern Comfort nearly thirteen years ago. And if the idea of trying to get an erection out of a dead Morrison isn't pathetic enough for you, watching these guys trying to get it on with beer ossified frosh and business suits was certainly the sad underkill to beat all.

The only sexual hope Lizard King have is if they stumble one and all (especially their banal vocalist) into a Prince concert and discover what stage sexuality is all about. No wonder they were all confused when I asked

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them what they thought of The Living Theatre, Morrison's chief rock-theatre influence.

Lizard King. Yeah, right. They couldn't do anything. Except maybe desecrate the dead; something they called homage. Weird homage to say the least.

Copping Beck riffs in the middle of Kreiger's "Roadhouse Blues," bastardizing "L.A. Woman's" jazz-shaman intricacies with shallow power chords, drag-ass drumming, collapsing under their own incompetencies, spewing out half of "Riders On The Storm," switching Doors' musical carriage from the keyboard to a bassist who couldn't muster a run past the fifth fret all night, and ultimately racing through lyrics that, once upon a time, defined the cutting edge of the rock media message.

Then to culminate this homage they had the ignorant nerve to attempt "Horse Latitudes" on stage; a feat Morrison and the Doors approached only twice in their limited touring career. I didn't bother to stick around to see what kind of butchering they could make of "The End."

Someone should tell these

guys that Doors' music sold quality rock theatre and not Heinekens at 3 bucks a bottle. But I guess that's just typical of the beer economics of Halifax rock n' roll.

Watching Lizard King's Morrison "photo-copy consciously whirl his head in mock frenzy filled me with one of the sickest enlightenments of the extent to which commercialization is killing rock n' roll nowadays.

And if I was a good little journalist I would try to explain what it was that I felt. But I won't. I'm tired of loathsome desecration and besides it isn't necessary.

Anybody with a heart for rock n' roll knows shit when they hear it. And for those of you without a heart it's time to wake up. Hey, you're the marketable public who'll pay any cover-price or buy any piece of shit C-100 plays ten times a day. I bet the Canadian Top-40 tells you what is good to buy, don't they?

Yeah, that's right.

You're the ones who put checks in the Lizard King's pockets every time they come to Halifax.

