

# Dublin was here

by: donalee moulton

Saturday saw the end of the Dublin Corporations week long stint at Dal. Playing to a capacity crowd their last nite here they had the audience clapping to songs before the end of the first set and even more to their credit was the rarity of seeing the McInnis Room dance floor packed by the middle of the second song.

This group of seven (one lead singer, 3 on horns, 2 on guitar and a drummer) had a repertoire that included modern rock, nostalgia, and of course good ol' Irish boogie (at least that's what everybody did-all nite). Starting ten minutes after the crowd was admitted (another rarity) the Irish boys (straight from the hills? of Dublin) broke another of the S.U.B.'s antiquated rules and played to 1:30.

Opening with their hit "Come and Join Us" they found themselves faced with an eager crowd. However this crowd had to be moved. I mean once the dancers got up the floor was not a safe place to be! The first set, especially the first waltz, lacked a little something such as tone. (But maybe it was me lacking a little beer). Actually for the most part the music resembled a combination of too much volume and muffled singing. However when the band got into the music of the 50's and the Foot stomping Irish tunes things looked up (of course I had stationed myself at the bar by

this time) and the music was of considerable better quality.

To fully understand the Sub nite event it's perhaps best to go through the sequence that participants were subjected to: First was to get inside the McInnis Room; that involved waiting in lines that no-one knew what were for. (The rumor did go round that they were for ticket holders but to date it has not been substantiated.) The next step was to find a seat- forget it (the entertainment organizers did). This was followed by a wait for the bar to open- a wait prolonged, considering it was some time before people realized that both bars were located downstairs. We must give the S.U.B. credit though- they didn't run out of booze. That would have been too simple! Instead they ran out of other things. The two that come to mind are glasses (ever tried to hold a rye and ginger in your hands?) and toilet tissue (there will be ample supplies however, when E.B. Eddy goes on strike).

Those of us who could not fit into the McInnis Room eventually wandered downstairs to the cool but deserted cafeteria or else into the Green Room to hear a bit of relaxation in the form of Kevin Head.

The outcome of the whole nite? Actually 'twas hot, 'twas overcrowded, but 'twasn't too bad -not bad at all.

# Sound Tracks Slow Dazzle.

**John Cale - Slow Dazzle [Island-ILPS 9317]**- Just as every group of people have a spokesman who stands heads and shoulders above the crowd he represents, the underground musicians also have a leader; John Cale. The group of people he represents have in recent years surfaced in the music world much to the delight of their old fans who have followed their u.g. carrers and much to the amazement of the straights (the successful musicians) who never thought they'd emerge. People like Eno, Nico, Kevin Ayers & Phil Manzanera have become more famous not only because of their own talents but from the unique production and arranging ability of John Cale who has helped them put it all together since 1966 when he began his multi-faceted career.

**Slow Dazzle** is John Cales latest and perhaps best album. The obscurity of John Cale to North American audiences is such that his albums will never shoot to the top of such music trade mags as Billboard, or Cashbox and be classified as commercial hits; instead the album will be bought and appreciated by those people who have somehow separated themselves from the guck that flows from most A.M. & F.M. stations: how they've managed to escape this is beyond the grasp of the ordinary person.

Following the u.g. and British commercial successes (he's big in the Isles) of such albums as **Fear** and **Paris 1919**, John Cale continues in his task to create an all encompassing sound that converts the senses to discover the music not merely to listen to it. John Cale is ably assisted by such compatriots as Eno, Pat Donaldson, Phil Manzanera & Chris Speeding on **Slow Dazzle**. The album has been described as the only L.P. that features songs praising both Brian Wilson and ski patrols within inches of each other. The electronic wizardry of Eno coupled with Cale's awareness on "Heartbreak Hotel" (an E. Presley classic) gives us the true meaning of the song; not as a broken-heart be-bop up-tempo rocker but as a song of dark, sinister doom that's found in a cruel world in the cruellest of all settings, a hotel where heartbreak is a nightly occurrence. "Darling I Need You" gives the classic blues love ballad a new twist, it becomes an uptempo selection that still features the basic expression of utter tragedy that the person under-goes. Cale takes us into the inner recesses of our mind in his "The Jeweller", a corner we've never known existed in our pulsating gray matter. It reminds one highly of the topics that Eric Burden was prone to describe in his tenure with the Animals of thoughts we wish to hide but which when they are unveiled- make us appreciate that they have been bared.

"Guts" on the other hand, features some of the more basic animal urges experienced by man in his grasp for self identity that seems so elusive to his 2-D mind. **Slow Dazzle** in conclusion isn't an ordinary pop excursion (neither is Cale for that matter) instead it is a critical camp look at man as he really is once all physical layers have been removed exposing his soul which harbours those things that philosophers and optomists tend to ignore in their description of the common man.

**Fleetwood Mac - Fleetwood Mac [Reprise-MS2225]** Mention Fleetwood Mac and to most music buffs you've uttered two of the best known words possible. Their albums from the early days featured

that little bit extra that can only be appreciated in listening to the little black grooves of each succeeding recording session. The group had in the years evolved from a blues-based music background to a style that is best described as Fleetwood Macish. As far as group solvency goes, the personal is apt to switch from album to album so its a big surprise (usually) to see who's departed within the last year or so. New members on this disc (Bob Welch has left) include Lyndsey Buckingham who with John McVie (the person who seems to keep the group together) composed most of the material for this set. In addition, Steve Nicks the other newcomer takes over as male vocalist and supplements those of the two women members of the group, i.e. Christine McVie and Lyndsey Buckingham. Mick Fleetwood (who with J. McVie gave the group its name) seems content to play drums and undertake little else.

The total efforts of the newest version of Fleetwood Mac has produced the group's best album to date and I only hope this lineup of musicians can stay together, we could be in for some fine music if they do. But perhaps we should also look at why they've become such a well known institution in music and that lies in their changing personnel. Each succeeding album featuring new members keeps Fleetwood Mac from getting stale and stuck in a musical rut and with many groups this is sadly the case, So from this corner its hard to say if further changes will be good or bad for the group, only time will tell.

When sitting down with the album and playing it over and over (love it!) it's hard to pick a cut that stands out from the others. Somehow "Monday Morning", "Warm Ways", "Rhiannon", "World Turning" & "I'm So Afraid" stand out in my mind as the more memorable selections but that doesn't mean the other six cuts are less than good, all are A+ and unless the album is heard from beginning to end you're bound to miss the aura that Fleetwood Mac have created in this L.P.

**Procol Harum-Procol's Ninth [Chrysalis-CHR1080]** Ho hum! Procol Harum have just released their ninth album. In **Procol's Ninth** the group seems content to rest on their laurels and pat themselves on their backs and grin in recognition of their fine efforts in their eight previous L.P.'s. Here in **Ninth**, Procol suffers from the lack of any new musical ideas and simply rehash old ones in the music industry's pre-set notion that you have to release an album every 10 month or so, so that the public won't forget you. It goes without saying that **Ninth** should never have been recorded to begin with but should have been recorded next Feb. instead (giving them more time to plan a better album). This is indicative in the fact that the group slovenly reworked the Beatles classic "Eight Days a Week" (Something that P.H. never did was record anyone else's material no matter how desparate they were) But then perhaps Keith Reid couldn't write the words to another song to help close off the album.

So far I've said nothing good about this album. Compared to most albums released today, it would rate as an excellent album but when compared to Procol's past track record it is mediocre. The album's only salvation are the middle three cuts on Side II. "Without a Doubt", "Piper's Tune" & "Typewriter Torment" are the best cuts by far on the L.P.

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