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The Dalhousie Gazette

FANTASTIC AS USUAL

by Tom Clahane

Paul Horn was here Friday and Saturday and played to full houses, and for those of you who never got the initiative to go and pick up your teckets, who wanted to go but just never got around to it, now is the time to hang your heads and mourn. Once again, as last year, the Cohn came alive with the inspired music of this confident and talanted individual, and once again the only complaint I have is that I find it impossible to digest such immense amounts of beauty at one sitting. After a few minutes of exposure to this internationally famous quintet I found myself swimming through the various moods presented as Horn moved with ease from bouncy bossa novas to sad and beautiful ballads such as 'Just Because We're Young". Let there be no mistake about the supporting members of the quintet, it was not Horn's show alone. The most impressive sound and light show I have yet seen made the atmosphere at the Cohn worthy of the performance that took place there.

Horn explained some of his musical philosophies between compsotions, and also explained some of the techniques used in presenting his many diversified approaches to music. He explained that music of the idiom which he presents is mistitled jazz by those who either misunderstand it, or by those who have to categorize everything. Horn's music may fall closer to the category of jazz than anywhere else, but it really defies all categories. It is a basic melody that is used as a ground for personal interpretation and improvisation by all members of the quintet. Prehaps this approach accounts for the freedom and

life of this spontanious kind of music.

I am an avid music listener. and this is one thing that I'd like to mention about this concert. I rarely have had the pleasure of listening to as inspired a bass as was presented by Tom Hazlit during the Saturday night concert. His interpretations of Chick Corea's "Spain" were in my opinion the best of a concert of fine solos by all members of the group. Kats Hendricks erased all doubt as to his ability or drums with a stunning solo, while Ron Johnstone, piano and Terry Fewer, guitar, on numourous occasions stole the stage and spotlight.

Horn, however, is the leader and the majority of the emphasis went to his display of musical talent on "c" flute, alto and bass flutes, alto and bass saxes, piccolo, and the coup de grace, the echoplex and reverb unit.

Horn has also been experimenting in Vancouver with the reaction of killer whales to music, and played through means of tape recordings, a duet with the whale, who had made sounds through his blowhole. All in all the concert was quality in every sense of the word, quality sound, qualitylights, quality music, and quality entertainment. Charlie Zed has mentioned that this is only the first of many fine bookings that he is in the process of making at the moment, and that Dal students will have the opportunity to see some fine artists in the near future, artists that could include Perth County Conspiracy, Valdy, and even possibly the blues great, John Lee Hooker. Definitly a magnificant concert. If the rest are as good it will be a fine vear.

JASON On The House

Last Saturday was S.U.B. night at Dalhousie's student union building which means that fifteen hundred people paid three dollars each to get in on the last big bash before the start of classes for the year. Of these fifteen hundred over half migrated to the McInnes room to see and hear a band called Jason. Many of these people sat, stood and danced on the beer splashed floor for four hours. For much of the evening one could not move due to the number of bodies in the room. Why did all these people brave these crowded conditions for so long? Sure they were enjoying the music and show being put on by

Jason, but if you had asked, "Why are you here?", the most common answer was, "I'm waiting for them to do the Slob's Grease Band bit.".

Jason's show consists of a number of incarnations; The Mod Beats, The Surfin' Saffaries, a gospel group, Slob's Grease Band, and the Mickey Mouse Club Beach Party.

Jason does a lot of great music and they do it damn well, things like a medley of twenty-seven (27) Beatle's songs, including just about any sone that anyone would ask for. A while ago they used to do five songs in that medley but people complained that their favorite was not used so Jason upped it to ten, the same thing still happened and kept on happening so now they are up to twenty-seven.

At 12:30 Jason came on as Slob's Grease Band, this was what all the people had been waiting for. They wanted to hear the old rock and roll, to be told to "get of your asses and dance" and Jason did not dissappoint them.

They played the tunes people wanted to hear such as Johnny B. Goode. They insulted the crowd which the crowd had waited for, and they put on a hell of a good show. All this led to a good time had by all.

It is unfortunate that they

are known mainly for their rock and roll show, not that Jason plays poor R&R but that the rest of the show is musically equal to the R&R section. I think that all who attended enjoyed the show, I know I did.

Jason is a good Canadian band that should go quite far after the release of their single, at least I hope they make it in the recording industry and that Jason will play Dal again.

by Peter Cameron



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by Tom Clahane

It was cold and rainy, the type of evening that makes one feel theatrical, when I was lured by my lady into a

the best folk music this side of Montreal were mine. It had been awhile since I'd been to a Coffee house, they all

Classics from the Crypt

could not help but be impressed with his material, most of which was his own. The Crypt is an excellant

not too inviting looking door at the rear of All Saints Cathedral. Behind this door and down a small set of stairs I was led to a room bearing the unlikely title of the Crypt.

Sure, I'd heard vauge rumours of the place from one or two friends, and I'd heard their promos over Dal Radio, but I was in no way prepared for the scene that was to greet me at the bottom of the stairs. An open, clean and impressivly arranged room housing round tables covered in gingam, and a simple stage lay in the bowels of this church. For

sixtyfive cents free coffee, cookies, and soft drinks and

seemed to disappear with the seventies and it was almost a nostalgia trip just to sit and sip coffee and drink in the atmosphere. Speaking of the atmosphere one might as wr a mention the people, beca se they do as much to create atmosphere as the physical surroundings. What a wonderful change it was from the raucous Saturday night dance and booze-a-thons at Dalhousie. Then the entertainment presented itself, in the form of a guitarist named Kenny Patterson. I had expected some mediochre performers and to just sit and listen to him as he rattled off Leo Kottke and John Fahev was a real-treat. Steve Feuer came up next, and again I

a cernative to the Saturday light what-to-do blues and dubious as I was at first I have a feeling that I'll become a regular down there. If you play just bring your guitar, or whatever you mess around on, down with you. There's a lounge in the back and I occasionally caught the sounds of people jamming around and just generally enjoying themselves. The patrons are a mature and basically appreciative and sober lot, and the one I happened to sit next to was friendly. It's a relaxed and comfortable atmosphere and well worth trying at least once. I figure if you do you'll be back. I know I will.

with an Eye to Tomorrow

Lower Mall

Scotia Square