

## 1980 GRADUATES

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## PIZZA PARTY

Tuesday, March 11, 1980  
7:00 p.m.

The Green Room, S.U.B.

Hosted by the

## DALHOUSIE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

FREE TICKETS may be picked up at the Alumni Office, Room 224, S.U.B. by March 7, 1980. Limited number of tickets available. ID's must be presented.



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# entertainment

## Cosby charms Cohn

by Tom Regan

It is not very often that anyone gets a chance to see a master story teller at work. It is even a rarer occurrence when that story teller is somewhat of a comic genius not to mention one of those people that Hollywood gossip columnists have labelled with the much over-used term "superstar". It's even more rare when that accolade has some truth in it.

Still all of these things and in some cases more can be said of Bill Cosby. His concert (and it was a concert. He played the crowd like a fine instrument) and one of the most professional shows that have graced the stage of the Rebecca Cohn.

It is not hard to put your fingers on the vein of Cosby's comic genius. He (like George Carlin) has been able to fix our attention on the funny little happenings in everyday life,

the experiences we all shared while growing up and the oddities in life that we can all laugh at.

Cosby came out on stage and immediately launched into a routine about his very short experience with Nova Scotia. He explained that he was living in New England, so that no one should expect him to go crazy at the weather in Nova Scotia. He then took on the Chronicle Herald, much to the delight of the crowd. It was an amazing display of the man's ability to pick up on the feeling of the community. One would think that he had been living in Halifax for years.

Most of the material he then proceeded to do was new to the Halifax audience. (One gentleman in the crowd laughed so hard several of the people surrounding him seemed very worried he was about to have a heart attack). For the first half of the 2 1/2

hour show he took on the modern side of life. Fads, Jesus freaks, disco, skiing, ski diving, and busybody friends all came under his comic scalpel. The second half he talked about the problems of growing up versus the problems of being a parent in the modern world.

It was an amazing sight watching several hundred mothers and fathers nodding their heads in agreement as he went through the problems of raising the child that God has brought into your life to get even with you for abusing your own mother.

It seemed to be over all too soon. Cosby did not cheat the audience in any way. He knew the audience was paying through the nose for the show and he made sure they had their money's worth. One can only hope that the Cohn can continue to attract such high quality performers.

## Minglewood sets SUB on fire

Dal Photo / Grandy



by B.C.

Forty people were burned to death, another twenty-five were overcome by fumes of one sort or another, and two people had to have their lips removed when they discovered them frozen to their drinks in the sub-zero weather outside the SUB building after a blazing fire broke out at the pre-break Minglewood concert last Thursday, February 21.

None of this happened—but could have if there had been a fire in the SUB. "Somebody" pulled the plug (fire alarm) in the SUB—the band stopped playing, and two distinct groups formed—those who wanted more Minglewood, and those experiencing semi-panic about the possibilities.

The Who concert in Cincinnati wasn't that long ago, after all.

Most people seemed content to generally mill around, waiting. Fortunately we were being informed by the SUB's Mash-like loudspeaker system that the fire marshal was about to shut down the SUB, which kept the quasi-security people yelling, if nothing else.

Minglewood himself wasn't entirely convincing for someone with a third album expected very soon. The band's recent success seems to have added weight to the clean-shaven Minglewood, and tuning difficulties were obvious during the first set.

With all the airborne beer, screaming and hollering, and occasional forays onto the stage, I pondered as to whether or not Minglewood ever looks out and thinks to himself, "Lordy, Lordy, what have I created?"