

Brunch With The Best

Thackeray's is offering the best, most abundant brunch in town.

Weekends just wouldn't be the same without our Highland Eggs, Steak and Eggs, Eggs Benedict or French Toast.

Brunch is served from 11:30 a.m. until 5 p.m., Saturday and Sunday.

Our regular menu is also available.
Restaurant open 11:30 a.m. to midnight.

THACKERAY'S
and
DOWNSTAIRS
Spring Garden at Brunswick

LBR
Presents

Miller's Jug

February 14-19

The Lord Nelson
Cor. Spring Gd. & S. Park St.

GOD

Series of Lecture at MacMechan Auditorium Killam Library

AND MAN

Thursday, February 17, 8pm
"WHAT IS GOD" — Rev. Tom Aicken

Thursday, February 24, 8pm
"WHAT IS MAN?" — Dr. David Neima

Thursday, March 3, 8pm
"WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?" — Dr. Donald Campbell

Carnival

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entertaining on all counts, on all floors. Nothing spectacular anywhere, but more than just okay fun.

Abrams and Anderson were the kind of comedy team you have to use words like "nice" for. They seemed like your really funny older relatives turned comics, doing situation comedy that was telling and even almost touching at times. Very Middle-American.

The Garden housed *The Lizard Kings* for that night, and they fortunately turned out to be better than were my worst fears of a Doors clone band. The huge, unstoppable problem with the band was that no matter how hard they tried, they still seemed like nice Canadian boys who like the Doors and play Doors cover songs. Aside from the danger and power in the Doors' songs, these guys were just miming the records. No matter how they tried, the audience couldn't be roused, and no wonder. People don't cheer when they play a Doors record at home.

The Heartbeats had even more trouble operating from the Greenwood. Nobody would come up to listen, and most who bothered to listen were caught by their slower-rockin' style. Their choice of popular covers lies in impeccable Berryville and their lead guitarist plays a mean vintage hollowbody, not with reverence or affectation, but fun. And I also admit that I voted for



Jordan/Dal Photo

Charlie Phillips (their bassist) for mayor, in a suicidally anarchistic impulse.

With the whole weight of the sucker resting on Bryan Adams, he did a good turn as Dalhousie SUB-focus. There's nothing that exciting about Adams on stage — in fact, the atmosphere was helped along by his lack of "slick performer" vibes. If Adams gave off any kind of impression, it was that of a nice kid having a good time, and the same goes for his band.

His songs are fairly standard hard Canadian pop, but it's clear to see how much better they become in the "SUB Explosion mentality." "Only hiding from love," or whatever it's called, was done twice by Adams because it's going away the catchiest article in his collection.

Adams does, however, deserve a serious thwacking between the ears for making light of the *Gazette* on stage (joking about its page-one articles).

Other notable happenings at the SUB were sales of Lizard Kings underwear out of suitcases, and the free distribution of a pack of

Craven "A" cigs on every Garden table in yet another attempt to gain a hook into our market.

The most ironic part of Carnival this year is that while I became, if not any less cynical, then more understanding of the joys of school spirit, most people at Dal were completely unaffected by the spectacle. This year's "Eye" was advertised more, talked-about more, and had a fairly wide range of things available — at a low cost. Why didn't it attract the bodies?

Perhaps Carnival — and school spirit — are just spontaneous things that happen. I think Carnival unfolded as it did for much the same reason the March this year failed, council has been riddled with resignations, nominations for council were so light, and I predict a light turnout at the polls this year. This university is stuck in a rut and we need some dynamite to blast our way out. Who knows, maybe the same explosives that create a good Winter Carnival could provide a politicized public willing to act on outbacks.

Lizard Kings play unhinged

by Jim L. Power

At Dal's Super Sub Explosion Thursday night, *The Lizard Kings* played to a migratory audience. They performed the classic songs of *The Doors* with intelligent enthusiasm, but most remarkable was their understanding of the schizophrenic quality of the music.

Morrison, the dead leader of *the Doors*, was the Lizard King. Imagine a hulking lizard with its powerful claws embedding in the soft flesh of a struggling child; the child jerks convulsively and vainly as the primitive lizard slowly lowers its head for the first tasty chunk of pink flesh. But the Lizard King is also the snake in the garden of Eden. It hypnotizes, tranquilizes and seduces. The Lizard King is blunt power and intellectual charm. It can overwhelm you like fury unreleased or irresistibly entice you within its chamber. Morrison personified this split and *The Lizard Kings* understand it.

The Lizard Kings often, however, lacked that clear lingering note of instrument and voice. Most songs had a cloudy introduction before they emerged into their true form. In the song 'The End' there was an interesting if unfaithful improvised introduction. The group did the song 'The End' as a second encore — that was a clear mistake. 'Soul Kitchen' is a more conventional but effective ending.

'The End' is a remarkable work: it is something to be experienced and lived. When you hear it you should hold your mouth wide open so that all the music, lyrics, feelings, and thoughts and torments can go right down your throat and into

your guts. But a second encore, by its very nature, is played to a depleted mob of loud and sleepy drunkards. What a pity!

There is something heady in the music of *The Doors*. The Lizard Kings know how to temper violence with seduction. *Crystal Ship*, a similar band recently at the Misty Moon, were all power and intimidation. (It is ironical that *Crystal Ship* was unable to command the soft poetic beauty of the song after

which they took their name!) At the end of *Crystal Ship's* show several bloody fights erupted outside; the same sense of expectant violence permeated the air of the dispersing Dal crowd. The trick for these bands is to maintain the balance: to attract and repel, to seduce and remain vulnerable, to lead with poetry.

The Lizard Kings are getting very close. See them! Experience them!

Winter Dance returns

In February 1980, Patricia Richards launched the first all-Dalhousie cast performance of *Winter Dance*, embodying a growing enthusiasm with modern dance movement. The success of this show birthed a modern tradition at Dalhousie, drawing dance-lovers and newcomers alike for evenings of entertainment and creativity over the succeeding three years.

This year's *Winter Dance* (IV) promises to be an exciting addition to Richards' series, with six newly choreographed pieces in the wings. The Dalhousie Brass Ensemble will provide live accompaniment for three of the pieces, under the directorship of Joe Riedel.

Original music, composed by Gary Ewer, will be performed by the Ensemble for *Waiting to be a Crow*. This piece, inspired by the poetry of writer Fred Ward, theatrically will also accompany two others, as different from *Crow* as they are from each other. *Tapestry* features music from Renaissance

composer Gabrielli, and dance reflecting the rich cascading textural qualities of this period's artistic mood. The other ensemble number accompanies *Brass Cats*, a piece including two sections of work by guest choreographer Penelope Evans. This is a very up-tempo set of jazzy, physical vignettes about our feline friends. A more serious piece examines the ego of the dancer; *Me, Myself* contrasts new sides of the Janus — inside and out. The perfectionist performer is monitored by herself, a resigned but amused realist, to the accompaniment of vocal/verbal sound patterns. On the lighter side, *Raincoats, Umbrellas, and Things* takes a comic poke at human movement in a lighthearted meteorological parody. Richards will perform her own choreography in an as-yet-unnamed solo piece; this will describe a journey — a physical exploration of space within the body, and the body in space.