

music in review

Duo Pach performance "musically satisfying"

By TRISH MOWAT
Music Critic

Last Sunday afternoon, a technically and musically satisfying concert was given by the Duo Pach, a husband and wife team now engaged as Artists in Residence at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. This concert was another in the Dalhousie University series given in the King's College Gymnasium. Arlene Nimmons, piano, and Joseph Pach, violin, played four diversified sonatas, each successive one giving the audience further proof of the couple's unanimity in their ensemble and interpretation.

Beginning their concert with Bach's Sonata, in E major, the Duo Pach immediately illustrated their tremendous control of the music.

Especially notable in this first selection was Joseph Pach's superb bowing.

The Beethoven Sonata in A major was excellently played. Arlene Nimmons showed her great technique and artistry, as she and her husband worked in that complete ensemble so important in Beethoven's Sonata for

violin and piano, where the two instruments play equally important parts and must do so in complete harmony.

Claude Debussy's impressionistic Sonata pour violon et piano was played by the Pach's in a very satisfying and exciting manner.

The most unusual Sonata played was of Ernest Bloch. Its exciting rhythms, discordant melodies, and interrupted themes made it the most difficult for an audience to accept and understand. But the applause given at the finish proved that the Duo Pach had succeeded in putting across this internally emotional and appealing Sonata.

In conclusion, the whole performance was most interesting and enjoyable -- certainly a worthwhile way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

For those interested in buying tickets for Gerard Souzay, an internationally renowned baritone, they may be obtained from the Department of Music and the Alumni Office. He will be performing March 18, at 8:30 p.m. at the Kings' College Gymnasium.

Halifax Symphony give first rate concert

By PRENTISS GLAZIER
Music Critic

The Halifax Symphony Orchestra fifth concert for the current season, was a first-rate one.

The program included The Peasants Cantata of Johann Sebastian Bach, with the Acadia University Chapel Choir, and the Symphony No. 6, the "Pastoral" of Beethoven.

The choir of about eighteen members is only two years old but has, in its very brief history, achieved tremendous distinction. Its talented director, Leonard Mayoh, has led it to such outstanding honours as The Leslie Bell Memorial Award and an invitation to represent the Atlantic provinces at Expo '67. Their rendition, in English, of the rather light-hearted and very

untypical "Peasant's Cantata" of Bach fully warranted their excellent reputation. The orchestra which has risen in the same two years from ineptness and mediocrity to what often amounts to sheer brilliance was no less distinguished.

A delightful evening was capped off by the diverting Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, the first of a trio of Symphonies that marked the happiest and most relaxed times of the composer's frustrating life. It was fully supported by the orchestra who gave what must be termed the most thoroughly enjoyable performance of that work to reach the pair of ears, as the once-founding orchestra has brought itself to a standard worthy of any city on the continent.

Protest against rising tide of conformity

Ascent straight up like a space probe

Photographic Portfolio
By DANIEL KRAMER

Bob Dylan picked himself up from the revolving turntable, staggered into an armchair, waved his hands above his head and sat down to watch the tube. On it, Soupy Sales was grinning from behind a mask of cream pie. "Mmmmm," said Dylan. "What a horrible, terrible, obnoxious way to make a living!"

Behind him, a double exposure of Elvis Presley fired two six guns into the room from a well-silvered Andy Warhol canvas covered with cellophane.

"I hate it. . ." Dylan said. "I'm going to cut a hole in its abdomen and put a water hose through it." He got up, walked with his cowboy bowlegs into the kitchen and asked someone to make him some tea. The reflection of Soupy Sales still grinned from his gray-colored shades.

It wasn't Dylan's pad; he had borrowed it from somebody or other. On the floor, a mink rug played tablecloth for several cups and saucers, ashes and the ashtray that the ashes had been intended for. On a couch opposite Dylan's armchair sat Robbie Robertson, whom Dylan refers to as "the only mathematical guitar genius I've ever run into who does not offend my intestinal nervousness with his rear-guard sound." Robertson, who plays lead guitar in Dylan's band, was strumming an autoharp. Several other people wandered about the room, some of them while still sitting in their chairs.

"I want to hear that record again," said Dylan, clattering back into the room on the high heels of his suede shoes with the laces untied. The record was "Since I Lost My Baby" by the Temptations, and Dylan had played it several times during the day.

"Do you think it's as good as the Beethoven Quartets?" someone asked.

"I think it's certainly as good as "Tracks of My Tears," Dylan answered.

The doorbell rang. It was Brian

Jones of the Rolling Stones with a limousine waiting outside. Dylan wiped Soupy Sales' face off the TV tube, Robbie Robertson wiped the autoharp off his lap and everybody split. Dylan was the last to leave. He took the Temptations' record off the turntable, hid it under his double-breasted corduroy jacket and winked at a light bulb. His tea, unspiced, was left to cool in its cup.

In the limousine, Dylan asked to be let off at the next block.

"You must be joking," said Brian Jones.

Inside the limousine, Charlie, the chauffeur, asked if the group was going downtown. "I'm getting off at the next block," said Dylan. "These other people're going downtown. . ." "Thank you, sir," said Charlie. "No, we're not going to any downtown," said Milly, a friend of Brian's. "Shut-up!" said Dylan. "shut up and quit making that racket or else you'll be thrown to the fire inspectors. . . and they are very hungry." "What?" yelled Milly. The car stopped at the corner and Milly, one way or another, was thrown out. "Watch the fire inspectors!" yelled Brian. "Nonsense," said Dylan. "I'm just fooling. We really don't have them over in America." The limousine eventually stopped at a bar in the Eighth Avenue district. After everyone in the party had entered, a very muscular woman ran up and very surprisingly hugged Dylan. "You're not supposed to do that without an eyepatch!" he jolted. "Hug my friend there, Brian, he looks more like me!" . . . "You can write on the walls here," said Dylan later at the table. "This is the only bar I know of where you can write on the walls and nobody calls you a poet." . . . Sailors began wandering over towards the table and eventually everyone decided to leave. "Where's Harold the driver?" asked Bob Neuwirth, a third cousin of Bob Dylan's. "That's not Harold," said Dylan. "that's Mr. Egg, and there but for fortune go you or I." "Ahhhhhhhh," said Bob Neuwirth. "You must give me two



points!" said Dylan. "And anyway, how do you know that his name ain't Egg?" "Where are we going?" said someone everybody called Hare-up. "We're going to the zoo."

"You Americans must all be soft," said Brian Jones. "Do you have any coyotes?" A sailor leaped on the table, grinning at Brian, who snarled back. "I like your hair," the sailor said. "What about hair?" Dylan said. "I thought we were going to the zoo," said Bob Neuwirth. "That's what we need," said Brian Jones, "some coyotes." "Are you sure you mean coyotes?" said Dylan. "Are you sure we're going to the zoo?" said Brian Jones. "Be yourself," said Dylan. Everybody walked towards the door with the sailor leaping off the table and following them. "We're not really going to the zoo, are we?" said a girl named Johanna, a

mutual acquaintance of everybody. "We're not going anywhere," said Bob Neuwirth. Dylan leaned on Brian Jones and asked, "Tell me, Brian, why is it that your lead singer does not have a little, pencil-thin moustache?"

Back in the limousine, someone directed the driver to an underground movie house on Lafayette Street. Later on, when questioned about it, Dylan said they were all blindfolded and taken there at gunpoint. On the stage inside, there was no movie, but instead a group of green painted musicians were presenting a spontaneous ritual which had taken them three months to prepare. Timothy Cain, a friend of Dylan's, whom they had run into under the marquee, grabbed the seat next to Dylan. "Can you smoke here?" he asked Dylan. "Of course you can smoke here,"

replied Dylan. "Put out that cigarette!" said a long-haired flowery girl who turned out to be an usherette. Timothy ignored her. The usherette left in a huff, returning moments later with a chubby man who wore a handlebar moustache and slippers. "Put out that cigarette," the chubby man said. "Oh, my God," said Dylan. "it's Porky Oil." Immediately, Timothy rose, grabbed the usherette's flashlight, unscrewed it, took the batteries out and threw the batteries at the Exit signs and proceeded to punch the chubby man in his ample stomach. At the same time, everyone in the party got up to leave as Dylan mumbled, "What good are exits anyway?" "I am not an art fanatic," said Timothy, "I'm a cigarette smoker." "I like you," said Dylan. "I wish we were both alive during Napoleon's time."

The group got out to go inside the bar, but it was already closed. "Back to the pad," said Dylan. There was a small number of people gathered around the mink rug when they returned. Dylan took the Temptations' record out from beneath his double-breasted corduroy jacket and put it on the record player. Then he went into another room and closed the door.

There was a W.C. Fields movie on the TV set. Dylan walked into the kitchen to get a bandage. "I think Marlon Brando should play the life of W.C. Fields," he mumbled. He fiddled around in the kitchen. "I also think that Warren Beatty should play the life of Johnny Weissmuller," wrapping the bandage around his finger. Dylan returned to his room, stopping to say, "As for me, I plan to play the life story of Victor Mature." "Is he serious?" said the mild-mannered, petite colored girl, who was sitting cross-legged on the floor. She was immediately thrown out.

NDY plans march

OTTAWA (CUP) — The New Democratic Youth has called a national March on Ottawa this month, to present a brief to the federal government outlining steps to peace in Vietnam.

The NDY has invited all interested peace groups, church groups, labor unions, political parties and individuals to join in what a press release describes as "a significant experiment in participatory democracy."

While the main action will take place in Ottawa, similar demonstrations will be held in major urban centres across Canada.

A call issued for the march by federal NDY chief Terry Morley states: "Canada's membership on the International Control Commission makes it imperative that our independent voice be heard. Our duty is clearly to fight for a practical solution within the framework of the Geneva Agreement — a treaty that calls for free elections in Vietnam."

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