



Those Friday Night BLUES



You may remember that for two weeks CJCH consistently asked, "Are YOU ready for them?" In hindsight, may I truthfully say, "No I was not."

It started not with a bang or a whimper, but with a burp. In full, electrified, high fidelity sound, the general disturbance was shared with the quarter of the audience that had already entered the hall; Halifax had been introduced to the Blue Magoos.

Luckily, our re-acquaintance was not made for another hour. The pleasant diversion which the Left Banke was supposed to be gave us a few minutes of respite.

This year's Dalhousie Winter Carnival Concert was appropriately held in the natural habitat of over half of its audience. Besides being poorly ventilated and the resting place of a giant wooden Union Jack, the QEH auditorium just didn't seem to offer the Concert's performers the type of atmosphere which they required. But then again, where else can you accommodate enough high school students to make the entertainment pay for itself?

Small difficulties aside, though, because larger ones were in abundance.

The Left Banke was intended to be the come-on group. They were supposed to take a cold Halifax audience and warm them to the point that not a note of The Blue Magoos music could escape appreciation. Unfortunately, nothing in the world could have accomplished this, although the Left Banke tried hard enough, and in part succeeded.

In their first number, Pretty Ballerina, the Banke's lead guitar was discernably flat. This was thankfully rectified before the second offering was attempted, and by the time song three or four rolled around, the band had attained some sort of unity, and was playing, for the first time, with the precision which separated it from our local counterparts.

Their precision did not extend into their humour. Their stage manners and presence simply did not exist. Their most hilarious lines were their slightly potted comments on Halifax, and their proposal that Canada is a peaceful country.

I've Got Something On My Mind and Shadows Breaking Over My Head were presented without a hitch, but the great unhitching came during Under My Thumb, when the lead guitarist, recognizing that he had inflicted something unbelievable upon his audience, pulled a string.

He succeeded remarkably well in filling time with Norwegian Wood, however, and a disaster was glossed over, even if it did take three more songs before the string had stretched enough to allow the band to return somewhat to normal.

The Banke was particularly good at imitating the Beatles, and used this ability to good advantage in A Day In The Life, and Going To Get You Into My Life.

I found myself wishing that the Left Banke had more body, in fact, more sound. I also wished that a particularly sloppy band could appear alongside the Left Banke so that the audience could regain its perspective in evaluating them. Ten minutes later, I found my second wish fulfilled, and decided that it is better to have too little body than too much.

There are few words which could describe the Blue Magoos first number. It would not be difficult to believe the rumors that the organist and drummer were high, or even the whispers that they were being slowly electrified by their flashing neon suits (a vain wish, as it turned out). It took four numbers before the members of the Magoos discovered that they were not giving solo performances. The organists' wrong cues could not possibly all have been flukes.

And even the songs which they did do well, such as Learn To Live Each Day One By One, Sometimes I Think About, There's A Chance That We Might Come Together, and Wet Dream, were almost destroyed by the pseudo-psychedelic lighting which was so forced that it almost took your attention away from the man in the white T-shirt, who kept jumping up on stage, and probably paid the forty children who mobbed the Blues in a scene which could only have been stolen from The Ten Commandments.

After having heard the Banke, I asked myself if there could possibly be a stage show with worse humour than the one I had just seen. The Blue Magoos convinced me that yes, in fact, there was. But the atrocity of the night award (which has more than relative value) surely has to go to Charles P. Rodney Chandler, Junior, who was intriguing in the sense that never before have I seen a man melt in front of an audience of hundreds.

It seems that even though less original, the Left Banke outdid the Blue Magoos, battery packs and all. What this means, however, is another question.



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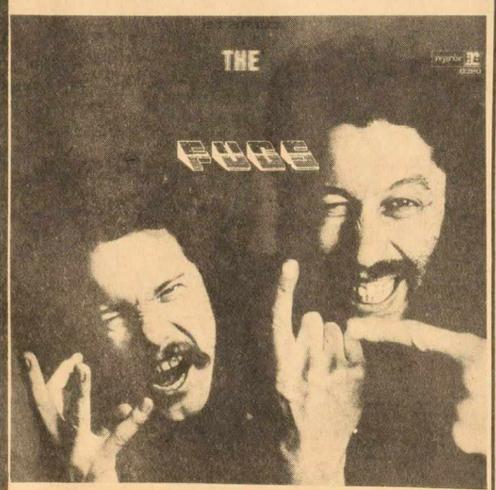
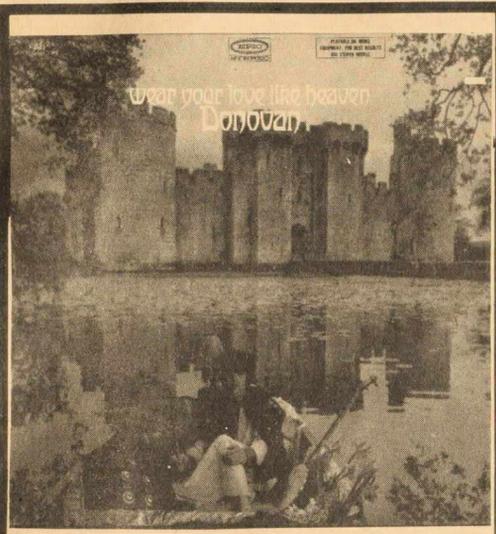
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