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Rockabilly comes to Dal!!



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Never surrender-just give up

by Kenneth Newman

There's a lyric sheet with this Triumph record and it's just wonderful. The English Department should pick up a copy and use it to demonstrate how *not* to write. The lyrics abound in perfect examples of mixed metaphor, portentousness, pretentiousness, cliché, mixed cliché, you name it. This is a merry walk through Fowler's abuse. Try, for example, the beginning of All The Way:

Where there's a will, there's a way
Every dog will have his day
but wait, there's more (and I swear this is for real):
You better watch out, you better look around
'Cause what goes up is gonna come down
Everybody lives by the law of

supply and demand.

However, it's not sung, as you might guess, to the tune of, "Santa Claus is coming to town." No, just typical heavy metal — Bonham style baseball bat drumming, one-finger bass playing, and Jimmy Page rip-off style guitar playing. It's not bad heavy metal, though. Everything's pretty much as you would expect it to be and Rik (sik) Emmett gets in some good and surprisingly clean licks on guitar.

The problem is, aside from the really weak vocals that don't help any, the music lacks imagination. Listening to this album I get the impression I've heard all these tunes ten years ago (maybe fifteen). It's not horribly bad music but there's no particular reason why I

should buy it when I've already got records just like it that are as good or better. It might be worth picking up the title tune if it comes out on a single but that's about it. Oh well, *caveat emptor* and you know the rest.

One last point, though: in addition to the usual hang-ups of 14 year-olds that the lyrics deal with there's an incipient Jesus freak message in the lyrics, so if you don't like being bombarded by Christ when you're partying, handle with care. This is just an excuse of mine to quote their lyrics again:

Yes I know, try to believe
Political renaissance we need
It's the will of God
We must heed. ("Battle Cry")
Don't you just love it?

Neil Young: TRANSMITTING static

by alia zen and
psychedelic eric for ckdu

On the whole, the phrase that sticks in our minds in reviewing "Trans" is "Darth Vader rides off into the sunset." What we have here is Neil Young's view and reproduction attempts of the "sound of the 80's" which comes off as sounding completely outdated. No, really, a burnt out and fearful view by a man who is obsessed with the realization that "1984" is just around the corner. In brief, this album is generally schlock.

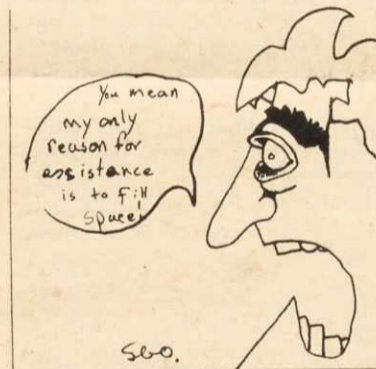
The first track, a tune with the devastatingly original title "Little Thing Called Love" involves typical lyrics, typical slidwestern sound but a sort of okay use of percussion. Next we have "Computer Age" (another innovative title) which despite its promising danceable beginning and guitar riffs ends up sounding like Ernestine Tomlin goes Top Forty with a really average use of vocoder. Kraftwerk meets Lynyrd Skynyrd. "We R in

Control" follows. Oh God. Same vocoder sound. Never has so little been said in a song. Like, Hal 9000's mentally retarded son. Ichy. Maybe he hooked Simon up to the amps or something. "Transformer Man" sounds exactly like "Computer Age." Maybe they recorded it twice by accident and had to change the title so it wouldn't look bad. Then, the final track on the first side, "Computer Cowboy," kind of says it all. Gag me with a

microchip.

Plodding on to side two we discover that "Hold on to Your Love" is a replay of "Little Thing Called Love." "Sample and Hold" is a good title for the next tune. Although there is nothing new here, it's not a bad copy of some current electropop stuff. "Mr. Soul," the AM hit, is a synth-sound remake of his mid-sixties Buffalo Springfield song, and shows how low this guy is willing to grovel to hit the pre-pubescent market. Finally, "Like an Inca" is the only track on the album that sort of works. No voice box here. The vocals are definitely Neil Young (thank God!). It's kind of repetitive and on the whole sounds like old america material.

Neil Young is better off as a old-and-outdated-but-still-good Neil Young than a feebly-attempted-and-failed-miserably-in-updating-himself Neil Young. If this Neil Young is here to stay, we write him off. This album really sucks.



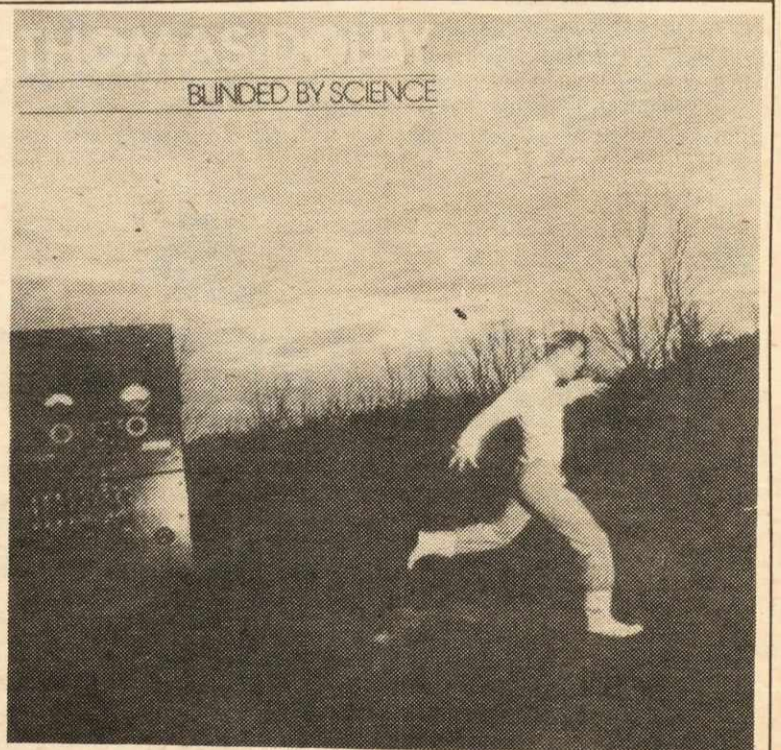
EP's provide aural fun

continued from page 19

'She Blinded Me With Science' is the cut this EP is built around, and though I don't want to call it a novelty tune, Dolby incorporates a great deal of bizarre sound into it. One such example is the humorous voice-over by Dr. Magnus Pyke yelling 'Science' through the song.

The remainder of the EP is typical of Dolby's talents. His mastering of synthesized music sets him apart from other syntho-bands, mainly because lyrics are added only to accent his music. 'One of Our Submarines' is such an example. Dolby sticks in so many unusual sounds that you're kept captive in an electrical barrage of surprises.

Dolby chose to add 'Windpower' to this effort, a number from his Wireless LP. This time he beefs up the production to create a more involved product. 'Windpower's smooth sound on 'Golden Age of Wireless' is shocked into another



style altogether with heavy bass sounds over a deep synthesized core.

While Dire Straits and Thomas Dolby have used EPs to dabble and play with their music, groups such as Banana-rama and The Waitresses have staked their careers on them. They seem to hope cast-

ing out an EP will see if record buyers will bite and lead to further LPs.

Whether or not EPs really catch on, they do provide less expensive alternatives to big money record albums. One thing for certain is that they sell and record companies now realize that all important fact.