

# Two reviews of Michel Pagliaro

... a deafening bore

By ALEX VARTY

All sorts of cute headlines could have been used to cover the tone of this article; things like "Jive Turkeys Bomb Playhouse" and "Too Wracked To Roll", but the truth of the matter is that Sunday's Pagliaro concert was a complete abortion.

That it was a failure, from an artistic viewpoint, anyway, cannot be attributed to a poor audience. The people in attendance were really up for the show, and for the most part delighted in every wiggle and word performed. The amateurish lighting can't be blamed, either, for while good lighting improves a concert, bad lighting doesn't detract from the music. The sound might have had something to do with it, as the PA was muddy throughout the set, but a good performance is always distinguishable.

Perhaps the opening act had some connection to it? Not really. Expedition didn't make much of a positive or negative impression, but did their assigned job of warming up the crowd competently enough. Though they seemed stuck in a 1969 Savoy Brown timewarp, the singer had an effective voice, and they would be quite decent in a pub situation. Expedition erred by including an over-long talking blues, but made up for that by performing "Shake Your Moneymaker", which a lot of people, as well as Stanley Judd's dog, always appreciate.

By 10:45, when Expedition finished their set, everyone was more than ready to hear Pag. The band came out wreathed in the products of a couple of smoke bombs, a cliched but effective opening. A fast, loud rock number was launched, but as the smoke

cleared we could see that problems might develop in the show. The band seemed perhaps one step removed from reality, or perhaps in a separate one entirely, and Pagliaro himself appeared on the verge of total passout. I'll charitably attribute this to the fact that he wasn't physically well; that was obvious when he paused to talk. He was suffering from the perennial singer's curse, a severe cold and sore throat. To counter his hoarseness, and their own disorganization, the band stuck to fast numbers played just below the threshold of aural pain. I personally was very disappointed at not getting to hear any of the lovely Beatish ballads Michel is capable of.

All through the show most of the interest was provided not by the music but by the personalities of the musicians. Although there was no stage act to speak of, guitarist Hovaness Hagiopian's fey imitation of David Carradine and bassist Jack Geisinger's lumbering air held some visual interest. Pianist George Lagios and drummer Derek Kendricks seemed to want to get on with playing music, but the piano was inaudible for all but three songs. Kendricks has a good aggressive drumming style, but drumming does not a concert make. Pagliaro himself was far too out of it to let more than occasional glimpses of his much-touted charisma come through.

The concert ended with a long hard rock rave-up which was a complete, deafening bore. In the last tune the boys in the band tried so hard to be progressive and "freaky", but the freakiest sounds that I heard all Sunday were the night noises as I walked home through the elms.

By RICK BASTON

Reviewing concerts can often be a problem for the reviewer, especially when it costs the reviewer nothing to go. He feels much more benevolent than he would if he'd paid and demanded his money's worth. He also feels that since the people in charge were kind enough to let him in for nothing, he should return the favour by giving them a good review regardless of what he personally feels.

This was the case with Pagliaro. I felt like giving a rave review at first, then I realized I had to be honest about the whole thing. What follows is my honest opinion about the act.

Expedition came on stage and began their act. I didn't see them as I was late. However, the overall impression I got was that at best people were indifferent to their music and act. Then Pagliaro came on stage.

He began rather spectacularly with burst of smoke from a smoke generator which engulfed the audience and then threw roses out into the audience. At that point the quality of the stage act was great, after that it stalled. These guys seemed more like a bunch of local boys who just made big for the first time. The only thing that separated them from any other band around here was the fact that they had a couple of hit records. I sat watching them more because I really didn't have the energy to get up and leave more than because I really wanted to.

The quality of the sound was fine, except that you could never really hear Pagliaro's voice except when he introduced the numbers. Because of this all one tended to listen to was the band. This was

perhaps a good thing because that band was good.

The whole show seemed to be Pag and his lead guitar player, the lighting was designed that way. All one seemed to notice was Pag singing and his guitar player grinding out the leads. There was one spot where they traded off breaks and it was fantastic to watch them in action. At the same time however, it was reassuring to look away and see that the bass player and drummer were there and the piano player, stuck in one corner, were still there providing

that necessary background rhythm; unnoticed yet sort of missed if they were there.

The type of music they played could best be described as good derivative 1968 rock and roll. There was a strong driving beat to the music with short guitar solos for the most part. In short the music itself was fine.

I thought perhaps that the price of \$3.00 a ticket was a little too high for this act. If they were to improve a little more, they might be worth this much some day and possibly more.



BILL OF FARE

WEPAWAUG INDIAN TAPIOCA PUDDING

- 1 CUP TAPIOCA
- 4 CUPS MILK
- 4 TBSP. CORNMEAL
- 1/2 CUP MOLASSES
- 1/2 CUP SUGAR (BROWN OR WHITE)
- 1 EGG
- 1 TSP. SALT
- 1 TSP. GINGER
- 1/2 TSP. CINNAMON
- 1 CUP LIGHT CREAM

PREPARATION

SOAK TAPIOCA OVERNITE IN ONE CUP OF MILK. ADD 3 CUPS MILK AND SCALD. BLEND REMAINING INGREDIENTS AND ADD TO HOT MILK AND COOK UNTIL IT BEGINS TO THICKEN. PLACE IN WELL GREASED BAKING PAN (USE BUTTER OR MARGARINE) BAKE 1 HOUR IN SLOW OVEN 325 DEGREES. THEN STIR IN 1 CUP LIGHT CREAM AND REDUCE TEMP. TO ABOUT 275 DEGREES. CONTINUE BAKING (2 MORE HOURS)

TO SERVE

TOP WITH HARSAUCE, ICE OR WHIPPED CREAM.

By A. M. KORNER, JR.



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