

Horslips Hurricane

A green tornado hits Dalhousie this week in the shape of Horslips. And a lot of people are going to have to reassess the relationship between rock and folk.

For though you will hear unmistakable Irish touches to Horslips' melodies; though in addition to bass, guitar, drums and organ they play folk instruments like the Irish pipes, the concertina, the fiddle and the bodhran drum, and their new album tells the story of an ancient Celtic legend that goes back to the year dot — they are not at all a folk band. They are decidedly a rock band.

What they do is exactly what was happening in Memphis in those far-off Sun/Sam Phillips days. They

chop up all the musical influences of their lives, mix 'em up and make them into a sort of collage.

It's a bit like cubism. You can recognise all the bits of picture but they seem to have been moved around in a disturbing way.

On their first album, the one with the octagonal, concertina-shaped sleeve, you can sense them leaning in that direction, on the Gaelic reggae, "An Bratach Bran" and in the close of "Furniture," in the way it sort of degenerates into an Irish dance tune which has been implicit throughout the very contemporary-sounding lovesong lyrics at the beginning.

But, like so many first

albums, "Happy To Meet — Sorry To Part" is somewhat tentative, rather feeling its way. Though it raises a smile the first time round, the reggae doesn't really work — partly because it is done so "authentically." It's more of an exercise in the way one type of rhythm can be set against another, something they do more frequently, and brilliantly, on "The Tain."

What surprised lots of people who'd loved the album is that Horslips in the flesh are much, much heavier than the neat, rather delicate little electric band they seem to be on record.

Folkers who were coming to terms with electricity at medium decibel levels far

below what would worry any Leeds city councillor, and rockers who didn't expect folk-derived sounds at the same level they got from Purple and the Who, were

equally shocked.

"The tain" (pronounce it "toyn") is an ancient Celtic legend which probably dates

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television guide and entertainment supplement

National Ballet of Canada

Mellifluous Performance!!

by Dona S Bulgin

After leaving the performance of the National Ballet Of Canada, one is left with awe and respect for these dancers, who, through back-breaking exercise and absolute dedication, make the articulation of music and motion appear easy.

The complete performance was fluid; taking you from the beginning to the end of each presentation with a mother's ease and understanding. You had to give it your undivided attention. The audience showed their approval in their spontaneous applause during each individual piece and their final deafening applause.

Of the three presentations recited that afternoon, "Les Sylphides", "Whispers Of Darkness" and "Ketten-tanz", each could exist on its own merits. Each of these presentations were so different from the others, that at first, it was rather surprising to me to see them together. Through the course of the afternoon, observing the dancers interact with themselves and the audience, I feel confident that each recitation was chosen with such deliberation and sen-

sitivity to their audience, that the obvious incongruity was actually non-existent. These inconsistencies were actually delightful, as they provided something for everyone.

For example "Les Sylphides", was a traditionally structured ballet. The costumes, lighting and even the dancers facial expressions were chosen within the ballet tradition. I personally thought that this was to be another 'stuffy ballet'; hence my second surprise of the afternoon.

The backdrop, where 'forest' was suggested in an ethereal ghostly blue, in combination with lithe forms

costumed in white (19th century Degas ballerina design), created a magical illusion in which space and time were transcended. They carried this spiritual aura so well and with such intensity that one could feel that 'out of time' sensation we've all experienced at one time in our lives. What I found most amazing (I turned several shades of green), was that this piece was articulated so precisely, it looked quite spontaneous!

The second presentation of the afternoon, "Whispers of Darkness", was a different performance altogether. "Such things as spring forth from the voice of the soul"

was the programme's description of this presentation. It was all this quote provokes one to imagine and more. Within the first minute or so, it becomes abruptly clear that it is vogue in conception; being more akin to modern interpretive dance than the traditional ballet of the previous presentation. Also the presentation began with movement not music.

Because of my bias and genuine interest in this particular facet of dance, my interpretation and review may be askew. For the benefit of anyone who was unable to attend the afternoon performance, it was analogous to a Toller Cran-

ston ice recitation, interpretive, mellifluous, and artistic.

The void black background juxtaposing the white modern (skimpy) costumes, produced a spectacle so taut with suspense and anticipation that complete attention was uncontrollably rivetted to the agile forms on stage. The dancers altered their movements from graceful slow to fast and all were articulate and even eerie.

The third presentation and the last of the performance was the most lighthearted. This routine was a series of consecutive dances, Galopps, (of mixed ethnic origin), a Tanz, a Polka, a waltz and so on. This presentation had the dancers clad in multicolored costumes, which added greatly to the gaiety, allowing the audience to identify the dancers individually. When it was time to applaud, they had some idea of whom to give it to and how much to give.

In retrospect, the performances personified the amazing versatility of our National Ballet Company. I wish them much success in their tour this year of Eastern Canada. I only hope that it is not another eight years before we have an opportunity to see them again.

