



HARTT/DAL PHOTO

The Gazette staff from left to right (physically): sitting—Paul (Baby doll) Creelman, Baccus Hartt and Baked Pohlkamp, Sandy (Sharpshooter) Smith, John (Peek at the Past) Cairns; waist level—Marlene (I can't pronounce it, can you?) Peinsznski, Cathy (Now you see me, now you don't) McDonald; next row—Maura (Spud farmer) Green, (Sunny) Martin Sullivan, Greg (The Wad) Dennis, Susan (Wrong way) Hayes, Tom (I'm really a CKDU Music Maiden, but what the hell, eh&), Sandy (Move out of my way, I'm a pro) MacDonald, Paul (Broomstick) Withers, Gisele Marie (I'm really a nice girl) Baxter, Andrew (My Dad's a chair, I get sit on too) Sinclair; back row—Paul Clark and Glenn Walton ("Fascism would be so easy Glenn, if we could only get rid of this bloody staff." "More German High Opera. That'll do it Paul."). Missing from the menagerie are Nancy Ross, Arnold (Boom Boom) Mosher, Frank (Stolen Honour) McGinn, Alan Christensen, Michael McCarthy, Elaine Frampton, Flora MacLeod, Ian Holloway, Sylvia Kaptein, Ken Fogarty, Elliott Richman, P.J. McManus, Kim Marchant, John (My Dad's got me now) Dobbs, Janine Roy, and several UFOS (Unidentified Flipped Out Staffers).

Cale's Honi Soit scores 6 out of 9

Reviewer: G. Forsyth

The new album from John Cale (the Welsh eccentric, not to be confused with sleepy mumbler J.J. Cale of "After Midnight" fame) is called *Honi Soit*. The back cover credits Andy Warhol with the cover "concept". Oh, oh, I thought, bad enough to have a cover "concept", even worse to have one by the grand-daddy of New York avant-garde chic, Andy Warhol. I didn't relish listening to more pseudo-intellectual pretensions from Mr. Polaroid.

Fortunately, Cale usually rocks out enough on his lp's to avoid the label of "trendy intellectual". Like Lou Reed, Cale writes songs imbued with romanticism that has gone to seed. Cale's latest is no exception. The title is the first two words of the English Order of the Garter motto: "honi soit qui mal y pense" ("evil be to him who evil thinks"). The Order of the Garter is a

military knighthood, first instituted when, at the siege of Acre, Richard I had his 26 loyal knights tie a blue leather thong about their legs.

Indeed, if *Honi Soit* has a unifying theme it may well be the cheery notion that love and war's darker sides share a lot in common: loss of loved ones, treachery, fear, cruelty, rage. In the song, "Dead or Alive", high society living burns out the singer's estranged lover; "Wilson Joliet" tells about fighting for your life on a battlefield; "Riverbank" deals with wives waiting for their husbands and sons to return from war; and "Fighter Pilot" questions the personal morals of same. As you can tell, this is not exactly a *fun* album; in fact, its subject matter is so depressing, it's downright *unfriendly*. Of course, Cale would probably answer such a charge, "If you want mindless fun, listen to the Bee Gees."

Actually, the music is a lot more fun than the lyrics. There are several marvellous rockers here: "Russian Roulette", "Wilson Joliet", and "Dead or Alive". Cale does a lurching, stuttering, eerie, almost unrecognizable remake of "Streets of Laredo" that'll curl your stetson. "Riverbank" is one of his loveliest "ballads" and "Magic Lies" is a fine bittersweet rocker. Unfortunately, there are some real noseholders as well: the title track is fatuous, "Fighter Pilot" is shrill and smug ("But you're a terrible man fighter pilot"), and "Strange Times in Casablanca" belongs there.

So, the score is 6 good songs out of nine. The problem is that the subject matter is so gloomy and tortured that I don't particularly ever want to hear the album again. I think I'll take the coward's way out and keep on listening to the mindless fun of the Bee Gees.

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