## Hell's Bells a mix of good beats, long hair and jean jackets

AC/DC tribute band rock The Attic

## BY FREDRICK VOKEY

I just paid \$5 to see AC/DC!
That is the overwhelming
thought that tolled in my head
when I left the Attic last Saturday
night. Hell's Bells, dubbed
"Canada's #1 tribute to AC/DC,"
didn't merely play the heavy
metal favorites for the hundreds of
fans crammed into the top of the
Liquor Dome. Hell's Bells were

The singer, decked in a salt n' pepper cap and a sleeveless denim jacket, smoked entire cigarettes while screaming song

lyrics with Bon Scott's patented hard-liquor induced rasp. Angus, fully clothed in signature school uniform and devil-horned hat, zipped back and forth across the

"At last, drunken headbangers outnumber Club Monaco tube-tops 3 to 1."

stage. He stopped only momentarily to pump his fist at the crowd, while nailing on the guitar with his other hand. The crowd roared like a monster truck in

heat.

Theatrics aside, the band was impeccably tight and sounded fantastic. They played two solid sets and while they saved the classics for the latter half of the show, first-set tunes like "Jailbreak" and "Have A Drink On Me" kept the place slammin'.

This show was extraordinary for me, for not being a fan of the Attic or the Liquor Dome, the energy of the band was able to pull off the illusion of a bona fide heavy metal show. At last, drunken head-bangers outnumbered Club Monaco plastic tubetops 3 to 1.

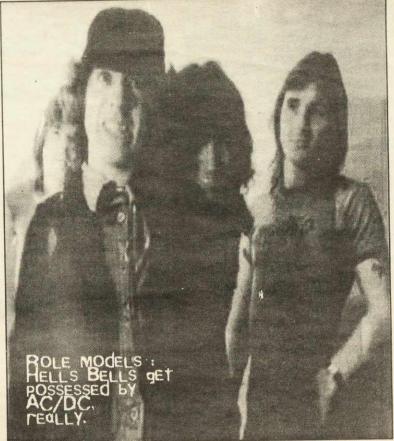
Since my initiation to the Halifax bar scene two years ago, there has been mention of only two other Hell's Bells gigs in the Metro area. It is unfortunate that their visits are so few and far between. Having said this, it makes it all the more valuable to blow off another grind session at J. J.'s or other local regulars to catch this act. If you are an AC/

DC fan I doubt you need to be told this twice.

Or do you? It's a fact that some people have to dig harder than others. It is a bigger fact that deep down, everyone likes AC/DC, maybe even a little bit. They are one of the few legendary bands whose songs are inherently burnt into our brains and, if you'll allow me some melodrama, our hearts.

Some of you may be in

denial and others may claim that they know only one or two AC/DC tunes, but this is bullshit, plain and simple. In fact I challenge anyone to a bet. Go to the next Hell's Bells show and tell me you weren't singing along to songs you never dreamed you knew, or pumping your fist with those long-haired guys you made fun of back home. Do that and I'll stand corrected and reimburse you the measly five bucks it cost to get in.





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## Hip Hop at the Khyber

## BY GREG ANTHONY

It has been a while since there's been a hip hop show in Halifax, so it was really thrilling to take in Jo-Run, Tachichi and the Sebutones at the Khyber last Friday night.

Jo-run kicked off the evening with some old school, accompanied by a couple of guest emcees and some crazy B-boy maneuvering provided by some local enthusiasts.

Tachichi stepped up next with Gordski on the tables — Ba-Boom! Sweet beats, lyrical mastery on the mic, and the best beat-boxin' R&B singing you ever did see come out of a man's mouth.

The B-boys were delighted with their performance and showed their appreciation by breaking some major sweat. The Sebutones (Buck 65, Sixtoo, and the Russian Dragons) ended the night with some layed back jazz mixed with Rich and Sixtoo trading from tables to the mic, spiced up by a little dance that Rich did with the mic stand.

Perfect! If you missed this show, I feel bad for you.



Khyber beats: Hip hop the light fantastic.

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