

Beautiful Day revisited



photo by Don Stanton

In their first album, simply called *It's A Beautiful Day* the group comes across as excellent, displaying tightly woven melodies in their own unique style. The album must be listened to again and again, for upon each listening, a new dimension is added, giving it a fresh, untimely quality.

The group that appeared on stage in the "Jub" Sunday night had little resemblance to the group in the album. They have developed what is known as acoustic diarrhea. In the first hour, the *It's A Beautiful Day* followers stared in disbelief as the group presented song upon

song of fluid disorganization. The guitar player, Hal Wagonett, was especially guilty of this. He appeared to be more of a virtuoso in hard acid rock than in the delicate chording that has characterized most of the group's songs. The violin work of David LaFlamme, excellent though it was, proved to be a poor contender in the fight for volume against Wagonett. LaFlamme simply could not be heard above the guitar.

In the meagre twenty minute encore which followed, the group played a few of their more familiar numbers including *Hoedown* and *White Bird*, in

which Wagonett's guitar again interfered with what might have been excellent musicianship. However, Wagonett DOES receive credit for restraints in *Let My Women Flow*, in which he came closer to the original *It's A Beautiful Day* style than anything else played that evening.

Perhaps if they can return to the simplicity they once had, and not clutter their music with extra volume, *It's A Beautiful Day* may regain some of their disenchanted admirers.

by N. Titcher and B. Waldie

COFFEE SPOONS

by David Schleich

The young man's hands worked mechanically, pulling at the strap, pushing the needle in little jabs and then one long thrust. His thumb pressed impatiently against the syringe. His blood caught the flow and took it to his heart.

At once, a precipice he feels, before the ripples, before the ripples turn to waves, the waves to seas--before they all crash in violent power and pageantry against his eyes and shatter time and rooms and needles and friends and the torment unfaced or forgotten.

It's easy to let go, to give the muscles, the blood, the skin, the consciousness over to the instantly ebbing deluge. Et, apres le deluge, a tinkle-tinkle giddiness. Death's harlequin for a few moments, a few bubbling moments. A xylophone descends a hundred scales and crystal thin, as air crinkles into sounds.

And looking on, his eyes are silver dollar wide and grey. Not a fluttering eyelid. That skin and minute muscle, as all the larger ones, stopped, paralyzed, or cowardly, have yielded. Dust from the stale, cheap air settles on the ball and clutters there. But he feels no irritation and sees no tiny globes speckling there. What he sees he says not. Perhaps, though, he sees time. Perhaps he sees a dream. Perhaps he sees his own red blood like a waterfall in arteries in his head and following the plummeting red, goes to his toes and struggling, painfully, back again. Aware, aware of every single cell, yielding, stopping, the fight to stay, to live. Giving up for who knows why but giving it up. The living. The urge to keep it all moving. Defiant, that paralyzed body. A single, rebelling, screaming, act.

In vain, I observe, in these rooms, so frequently, for the death is as much the plan as the torment to keep alive. The eyes are quarters now, and red as hell, and red as blood.

He sees now in space and time. And his eyelids rid, automatically, the clattering, stinging dust. Only moments--only moments. The illusory retreat. But the plummet will be slow, less slow than last, but slow. And impinging, cracking, raw, cutting, ripping life will gnaw the time shorter and shorter. The traveller will push and push and tear at his veins, to get inside, to get at the pumping, throbbing ebb of blood and he will draw, inch by inch by inch, what energy, what strength it takes to climb out and up to the ledge where he can see a valley green and far. And for those moments, those precious, costly, deadly moments, he will know the price he pays and know the cost in days and feel the drain in waves, in waves, in waves of forgetting, helpless, foolish joy. For him there are no regrets, no tabulated accounts, no records kept, no forecasts made, no schedules touched, no plans amassed. There are only mountains and valleys in those last days and the thirst, the pulse of the climb. Sometimes men fall in time.

It is a trip much worth taking.
Not since '2001' has a movie
so cannily inverted consciousness
and altered audience perception.

- Time Magazine



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-- TWELVE --