

Dal jazz band



Dal Photo Patrick

Jazz band rocks Green Room

by Tom Regan

Disco is dead. At least that's what the musical pundits would have us believe. The age of the pumping, grinding beat of non-music music is about to become

another member on the list of music fads that have come and gone. But if music is going to leave us, where will we turn in order to fill that unquenchable desire we all have to tap our toes and clap our hands.

The answer to that may well be provided by a new and enthusiastic band that has been 'making waves' ever since the first time they performed together. What form of audio delight do these young musicians offer. Why it's the sound of Count Basie, of Woody Herman, of Chuck Mangione, etc, the list goes on and on. The sound is jazz and the musicians are the Dalhousie Jazz Band.

The Dal Jazz Band was formed when the Dal Music Department approached Don Palmer, a Sydney native who has a long history of involvement with the jazz movement, and asked him to come to Dalhousie and form a jazz band using students from the music department. Palmer, who had been the artist in residence at the College of Cape Breton, accepted the offer and a noble experience was born.

Palmer, (who worked in New York for 16 years with jazz greats like Stan Getz and Phil Woods and on Broadway with shows like Grease) thinks the Dal Jazz Band will be a once in a lifetime chance for many of the students involved.

"There are only four big-time jazz bands left. The chances of playing for one of them is pretty thin," says

Palmer. "The students should get as much experience with this type of music as they can. They won't get it anywhere else."

Palmer is pleased with the reaction towards the band.

"The support we have received has been just great," he said. "Students have been asking us when we will be performing next and the music department has supported us on every move."

The most important aspect of the band is the fact they perform live.

"People can only listen to a record for so long. I think people would rather listen to us live than Count Basie recorded."

Although there have been very few problems for Palmer and his band, they still face an enigma that has long been a thorn in the side of local musicians.

"We are so isolated in Halifax," says Palmer. "It is impossible to get arrangements or materials we need quickly. Usually we have to wait months before we can get anything we need."

What plans for the future? "Well, we won the prize for best Stage Band at the music festival last year, and did quite well at the Canadian Stage Band Championships.

This year we'd like to get a few more chances to play and also perhaps try to win the Canadian Championship this year."

Palmer said anyone who would like to hear the band can come and listen on Sunday afternoons from 12:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m. in Room 121 of the Rebecca Cohn Building. The band should also be performing sometime soon in the Dal SUB Green Room.

Beside Palmer the 18 members of the band are: Ken Davidson, Brigham Phillips, Allen Hoyt, Del Kenley, Gary Pole, trumpets: John Hollis, Karen Conrad, Dan Bone, Ian Trites, Brian Crocker, saxes: Bill Hewitt, Mike Chambers, Rob Merritt, Paul Stewart, trombone: Theresa Jain, piano: Mike Lordly, bass: Bruce Phillips, guitar: and Derek Cowie and Charles Cooley on drums and percussion.

So keep your eyes open for the Dal Jazz Band. The music is good and for tapping your feet and clapping your hands. The view from this corner is that this band could very soon have people dancing in the streets.

Review: the kids aren't alright

by Don Markham

In the ad it promises a visual and musical experience, but the Who's movie *The Kids are Alright* isn't even alright. It's downright dull. The excitement of one of the all-time rock band greats is conspicuously absent. The \$3.50 it costs to get in will be spent more wisely if you save it to buy a Who record. Put the record on your turntable and watch it for ninety minutes, and you'll have the equivalent of this movie.

The Who themselves did not even like this documentary film. They won't let the man who wrote and directed it, Jeff Stein, into their locker room any more. They know what a disappointment this film is. Even dedicated Who fans will find little to cheer about in this clunker.

The film features old and new clips of the Who, mixing music with interviews. It covers the period from the band's conception up to the release of the record *Who Are You*. Remarkably, the film never mentions that Keith Moon, the eccentric but brilliant drummer, has died. This is amazing because the late drummer O.D.'d before the release of the movie. Could they believe the public would be so naive to think the kids were alright even though one kid was dead? I cannot understand this, or many other problems in the movie.

The interviews are pitifully shallow and unexciting. Why they were chosen to be placed in the movie I will ponder

forever. I'd imagine that over fifteen years of tumultuous times that there were more exciting events than the ones described in the movie.

Townsend and Moon were the stars in these interviews as well as in the musical shots. Daltrey was not given adequate attention, and Entwistle was all but ignored. All the members of the band clowned during the interviews, and questioned their own music as well as their lives. They certainly would not consider themselves as serious musicians. When they were questioned they were sarcastic and elusive to the point of being obnoxious, and seldom revealed anything significant about their music. The real insight I gained was that the Who do not take themselves seriously, and as a film *The Kids are Alright* has the same trouble. It is pointless and vague.

There are about three parts of the movie worth noting. In one, Townsend explains that before he became famous he was a desperate young man and that now he is a desperate old fart. In another part, Entwistle shows how much his gold records mean to him. He takes a shotgun and uses the gold disks as pigeons. The third part is Keith Moon's transformation from a savage young drummer to a middle-aged balding man with a pot-belly, trying desperately to hold on to the fun of being a musician. One can almost understand his use of drugs to remove reality, and ultimately his life.

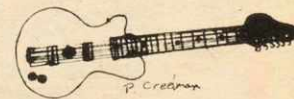
Although the crowds in the film looked like they were enjoying the music, it didn't transmit well through the medium. Part of the problem was that the music, which makes or breaks a rock film, was being emitted from the normal theatre speakers. A cheap stereo system gives better musical enjoyment than that. The crowds seemed to sense this, and some folks went home early to listen to the Who over their stereos, uninterrupted by stupid interviews. At the termination of the film there was mild applause, but I tend to think the crowd was celebrating the end of the

movie rather than the movie itself.

The music, despite its acoustic shortcomings, was the high point of the film. I, however, was not totally satisfied with this either. Despite the inclusion of many Who classics, others were omitted. I think some of the early Who songs should have been cut out or shortened in the film to make room for more recent numbers. Also, not one song from *Quadrophenia* was included, although this might have been intentional, for the Who has a movie called *Quadrophenia* coming out soon. It should be

more interesting because it is not a documentary, but rather a plotted story. The songs from *The Kids are Alright*, are already in the stores, and they don't want their sales hurt because of the record *Quadrophenia's* over-lapping material.

One more thing—if you must go, get very, very stoned so that *The Kids are Alright* will be tolerable, if not alright.



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