

Clash attack at the CNE

by Michael Brennan

I had hoped I would start writing this year about the exciting new groups I had seen in Halifax over the summer. Well, I was stuck in the fucking place till the middle of August and as I had expected, saw nothing. If something electric happens in Halifax this year please let me know. So the thing for me to do before school was to head back home to Inverness and make my own rock and roll with my brother, and then take off to Toronto, where I saw the Clash. Clash, Clash, Clash, Clash! I just couldn't believe they were playing there when I arrived.

Rock Rock Clash City Rockers! That's the only thing that rang through my head at the C.N.E. stadium with 15,000 or more other people as I waited for the Clash to appear. Then, there they were, my heroes - Joe Strummer with a mohawk haircut. "Hi, we're the Clash from England and this one's called 'London's Calling from the faraway towns'. 1-2-3-4!"

It was a great show. Only if I see the Ramones some day and have my body butted against the stage under Joey Ramone (or Johnny or Dee Dee) can I ever imagine seeing a better performance. Their playing was rugged and raw and as biting as a chainsaw. Everything was kept very basic and really sped up. The songs flowed perfectly from 'Career Opportunities' to 'Brand New Cadillac' to 'Rock the Casbah'. It was rock and roll all the way.

Later stuff came off better during the main program than the older numbers. 'Know Your Rights', 'Rock the Casbah', 'Police on My

Back' and 'London's Calling' were among the better numbers of that first hour. Any of those hard nosed punkers who laugh off the Clash's new material would have loved it after the show.

A moment I especially loved was when Paul Simonon and Joe Strummer exchanged guitar and bass for Simonon to sing 'The Guns of Brixton'. I mean, rock bands at large concerts just don't switch their instruments in the middle of a performance. It was such a wonderfully unprofessional and human act it was good for a large, mostly image-mongering audience to see. The Clash aren't 'stars'.

Then came the 20 minutes of encores. If it hadn't been for the encores, it would only have been a very good show, not a great one. They began very quietly with two great reggae numbers, 'Armagedion Time' and 'Straight to Hell'. As the tempo and volume increased, the band began moving much more. Paul Simonon was bouncing around and bashing away at the bass with a vengeance. He and Mick Jones were wonderfully sexual. Then, the barricade separating the stage from the audience was broken down. Some punks jumped on stage and began walking around, stoned out of their heads.

The bouncers led them quietly back stage. Meanwhile the Clash were hammering out their classic, 'I'm So Bored with the U.S.A.'. Strummer stood at the mike like a tense, hard muscle, his whole body slamming out the rhythm. He slashed away intensely at his guitar in pure punk ecstasy. No-one plays rhythm guitar like him. With all

this surging energy, other punkers climbed on stage and began dancing away madly, throwing themselves into the crowd.

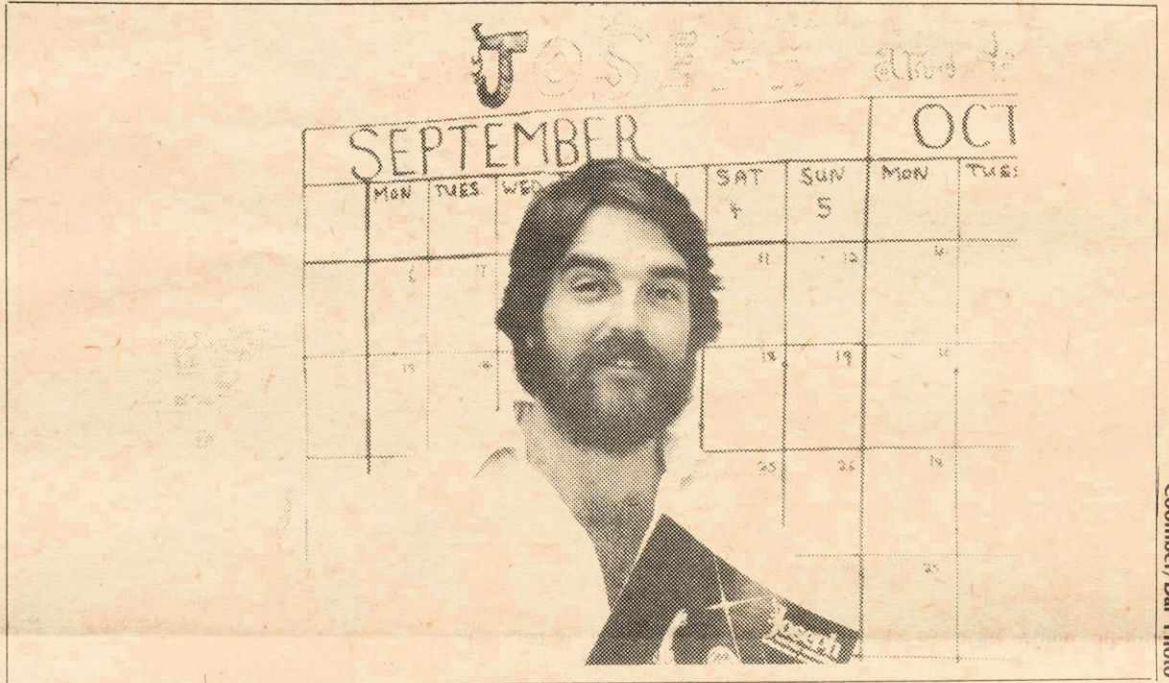
It was fantastic! Before the bouncers knew it, there were hordes of these kids on stage and they started ruthlessly throwing them off.

In the middle of this mania, the Clash launched spontaneously into 'White Riot'. There was this 30 year old Joe Strummer and his mohawk haircut bellowing out 'White Riot' from the bowels of his being with all these crazy kids slam dancing next to him on stage. God, just where did this angel come from?

I, of course, was in ecstasy, bouncing in the aisle as well, wishing I was out in front and singing 'White Riot, I want a Riot, White Riot, I want a Riot of my own' with Joe as it seemed half the audience was too. Then it ended.

My brother and I just couldn't talk about it afterwards.

Walton heads musical production



Coomber/Dal Photo

by Alec Bruce

If your dream of experiencing a full-scale musical production gets fainter as the years pass, take heart. This may be your lucky year.

"Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat", a musical comedy by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, is now in production at Dalhousie, scheduled to open for the Christmas season. According to producer/director Glenn Walton, it's going to be a huge artistic event, complete with camels, desert backdrops and Romans.

"Joseph" marks the timely return of independent student theatre to Dalhousie. For five years, Halifax audiences have missed the semi-

annual productions of the Dalhousie Drama Society. Walton, a graduate student with a background in amateur theatre, hopes this production will rouse the Drama Society from its dormancy.

"We haven't had a show like this for years," he explains. "It's a great opportunity for students to work on-stage and back-stage in a serious performance-oriented environment. I'm hoping the show will give the Dalhousie Drama Society a much-needed shot in the arm."

For his purpose, Walton couldn't have chosen a better musical. "Joseph" was first produced for stage in 1967. It was Rice and Webber's first major collaboration,

and it set precedents in musical style and narrative technique that are still unsurpassed. Much of what Rice and Webber achieved later in such famous works as "Jesus Christ Superstar" and "Evita" is the consequence of their formative years with "Joseph". None of this is lost on Walton who envisions a show of unparalleled pageantry, colour and excitement.

"This is going to be a hell of a production," he exclaims. "It shows the maturation of musical comedy into more sophisticated musical forms. But it also contains delightful parody. It's the best way I know to pronounce live theatre is alive and well at Dalhousie and looking for willing participants."



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