

Dan Hill

Canadian talent comes through

By MARC PEPIN

At last Canadian talent. By reading over the lyrics to the songs inside the cover, it's easy to note that he is a very good lyricist. From this album comes his first big hit "Sometimes when we Touch". The odd thing about this album is that he plays acoustic guitar on only three songs but his singing makes up the difference.

"Sometimes When We Touch" opens up the album and it shows his prominence as a gifted songwriter. It's a good tune, you tend to like it the first time you hear it. Piano and strings dominate; it's well produced.

"14 Today" is slow, acoustic type of song. Same beat as above, has lots of flowing lyrics. It's touchy.

"In the Name of Love" is a shade faster than "14 Today". Dan Hill utilizes the same vocal style as the previous two.

"Crazy" is different. It has a strong intro as well as a heavier beat. A whip in the background proves interesting here. The song, however, shifts to a mellow pace and then speeds up again. Not bad.

"McCarthy's Day" is slow, acoustic and is the last song on side one. Not much to be said here.

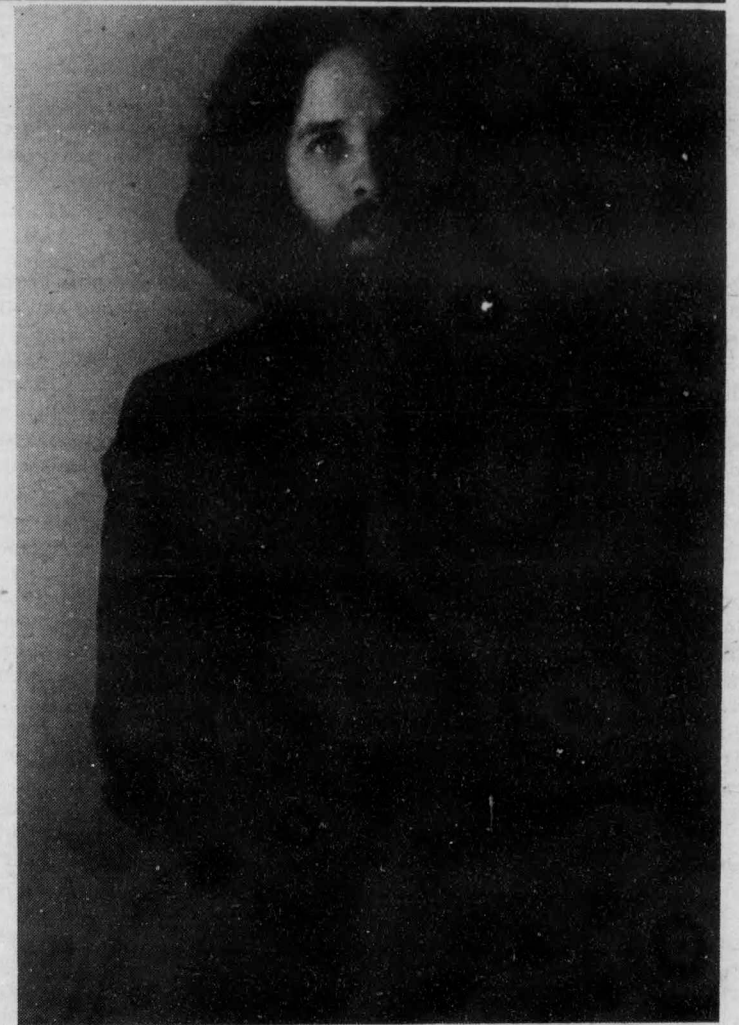
Piano breaks Side II and "Jean" proves to be a Canadian oriented folk song (Vancouver). From this "You are all I see" comes in and the bass line here is really good. Rick Homme uses an electric bass to accent the high notes and an acoustic bass to accent the low notes. This is a difficult art to master; like using two drummers and trying to make it sound good by not playing the same thing. Synthesizer in background here.

"Southern California" — a tale of a song. It's fine.

"Longer Fuse" — it was the usual "high hat and snare beat" that most slow folk songs have. It's folk.

"Still not used to", it says here that it was recorded live at St. James Cathedral but you can't tell the difference here. It's slow and acoustic . . .

Dan Hill emerges out of this album as somewhat of a fine poet, not as good as Dylan but not as bad as the Sex Pistols. The album is folk and relies heavy on the acoustic instruments. It's a singer singing his songs but not playing the instruments. There's no lead guitar, breaks or anything, but overall it's a good easy-listening album for those who are into this bag of music. If you're not into this kind of music, give this album to your mother — she'll like it. The album is simple, well produced and Dan Hill succeeds here. Pretty good for Canadian talent.



Hawkwind

Science fiction with flower power

By CHRIS HUNT

Hawkwind: "Quark, Strangeness and Charm" [Charisma].

Hawkwind are often accused of trying to disguise artistic and technical mediocrity with an over-abundance of special effects. A few years ago this may well have been a valid criticism but it is not so any longer. Their two 1977 releases, "Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music" and the most recent, "Quark, Strangeness and Charm", are, I believe, credible pieces of rock music, and firmly disprove any theories about Hawkwind being merely synthesized heavy metal. Despite being made in the midst of personnel changes, the latest album is lively, entertaining and polished with a professional shine that many earlier Hawkwind albums lacked.

Hawkwind is 'space-rock'. By this I do not mean that they play a brand of music classified as space-rock, (which they do) but that they are the only true space-rock band. Hawkwind is, purely and simply, the ultimate example of this musical form. Certainly one could have defined the early Pink Floyd as space-rock, but even they were limited as far as space goes, being more of an avant-garde acid rock band than anything else. Rush wanders in and out of the space medium as do Todd Rundgren and Manfred Mann, but none of these are space-rock in the sense that Hawkwind is. Nor can electronic music such as that of Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk be called space-rock. There are no rock groups that can come close to Hawkwind's aura of science, of space, of the future, and of fantasy. None. There are better rock groups, but there are no better space-rock groups. Like good science-fiction, one cannot

strip the extra-terrestrial trappings from Hawkwind and have anything of substance left. What makes Hawkwind the ultimate in space-rock is almost undefinable. Their combination of science-fiction with flower-power, of rock power chords with dazzling synthesizer, of throbbing rhythms with potent mysticism — all these are part of the Hawkwind experience.

"Quark, Strangeness and Charm" is Hawkwind's second album on the Charisma label, and like its predecessor, it is markedly different from their earlier United Artists albums. Perhaps one of the major reasons for this difference is the return of the bizarre, warped genius of Robert Calvert. His impeccable, clearly enunciated chanting-singing adds an entirely new dimension to the Hawkwind sound, something which was lost after the "Space Ritual". Dave Brock's vocals on earlier albums were at best a monotonous drone. Calvert injects life into the vocals and, indeed, actually sounds sincere singing lines such as "Your android replica! is playing up again/ its no joke/ when she comes! she moans/ another's name."

Another change in the last two albums has been the remarkable improvement in both the technical and artistic qualities of the music. There are times on this album when they sound almost as good as Yes or Pink Floyd. But Hawkwind are always more fun. They smoothly shift from light-hearted protest songs such as "Damnation Alley" and the more serious "Fable of a Failed Race" to the bouncy, amusing title cut, "Quark, Strangeness and Charm". A song that hovers on the borderline of pop. "Quark, Strangeness and Charm" has a fast, catchy, heavy rhythm spiced with some extensive (and for

Hawkwind, unusual) lead guitar work. The lyrics delve into an area seldom explored by Hawkwind, that is male-female relations. But as one can gather from the following lines they do not completely desert the realm of outer space.

"Copernicus had those renaissance ladies/ Crazy about his telescope/and Galileo had a name that made his/ Reputation higher than his hope/ Did none of these astronomers discover/ While they were staring out into the dark/ That what a lady looks for in her lover/ Is charm, strangeness and quark."

Then there is the wailing Arabesque, "Hassan i Sahba" with such provocative lines as "Hashish, Hashin, Hashish, Hashin etc.". Imagine yourself in a Baghdad opium den sampling exotic drugs with Arab oil millionaires, music supplied by electrified Bedouin minstrels and you get the idea. Hawkwind's version of nostalgia

comes in the form of "Days of the Underground", a heavy lament, or ode perhaps, to the sixties. Fast-paced and heavy, this tune remembers the good, old days when, "the system was crumbling". "Damnation Alley" treats us to a mockingly, cynical look at the future, where our hero takes an amusing journey through post-nuclear war America. "Oh thank-you Doctor Strangelove/ for giving me ashes and post-atomic dust/ and the sky is raining fishes/ Its a mutation zoo/ I'm going down Damnation Alley/ Well good luck to you." Except for the soft, sad "Fable of a Failed Race" most of the songs on this album are light-hearted space-rockers. "The Forge of Vulcan" is simply an instrumental synthesizer experiment and "Iron Dream" is really the closing section of "Days of the Underground".

"Quark, Strangeness and Charm" is probably the most accessible album Hawkwind have

put out to date. But, nevertheless, it is still most likely to be enjoyed by those whose musical tastes lean towards, as it were, "dope music". With a basic foundation of hard rock and building upon this with ethereal layers of flowing synthesizer, eerie sound effects, mystical violin, and futuristic lyrics Hawkwind produces music that is literally spacier than any other. There are other groups whose music is of a similar vein and many that technically are far superior to Hawkwind but none are as consistently surreal. Hawkwind never comes right down to earth, they come very close sometimes, but they never touch down. This latest album is one that is subtler and less reliant on sound effects to produce the necessary space mythos than earlier albums. Thus, not only is the music likely to attract a greater number of listeners but it is in fact some of the best music Hawkwind has ever made.

Writers competition

The New Brunswick Branch of the Canadian Authors Assoc. is pleased to announce its third annual competition, open to all new adult writers residing in New Brunswick.

A prize of \$50 will be presented to the best poem, \$100 to the best short story and \$100 for the best feature article. Honourable mention awards of \$15 for poetry, \$25 for short story and \$25 for feature article will be presented to the runners-up. The closing date is April 30, 1978 with winners to be announced in June.

Short stories should not exceed fifteen hundred words, be typewritten and double spaced on

quarter size blank paper; one side only.

Feature articles must adhere to the same rules as the short story.

Poems must not exceed twenty-eight lines, and must also be type-written.

The author's name must appear on each manuscript, unless you wish to use a pen name. Each submission should be accompanied by a letter containing the author's name (and/or pen name), and address.

No manuscripts will be returned, and only one entry per person will be allowed in each category. All submissions must be the original unpublished work of the

contestant, not previously accepted for publication elsewhere. Any entry not conforming to the above rules will be rejected.

Winning manuscripts will automatically be submitted to the Atlantic Advocate, for which they will be paid current rates upon publication.

Entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1978 to: "Competition"

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