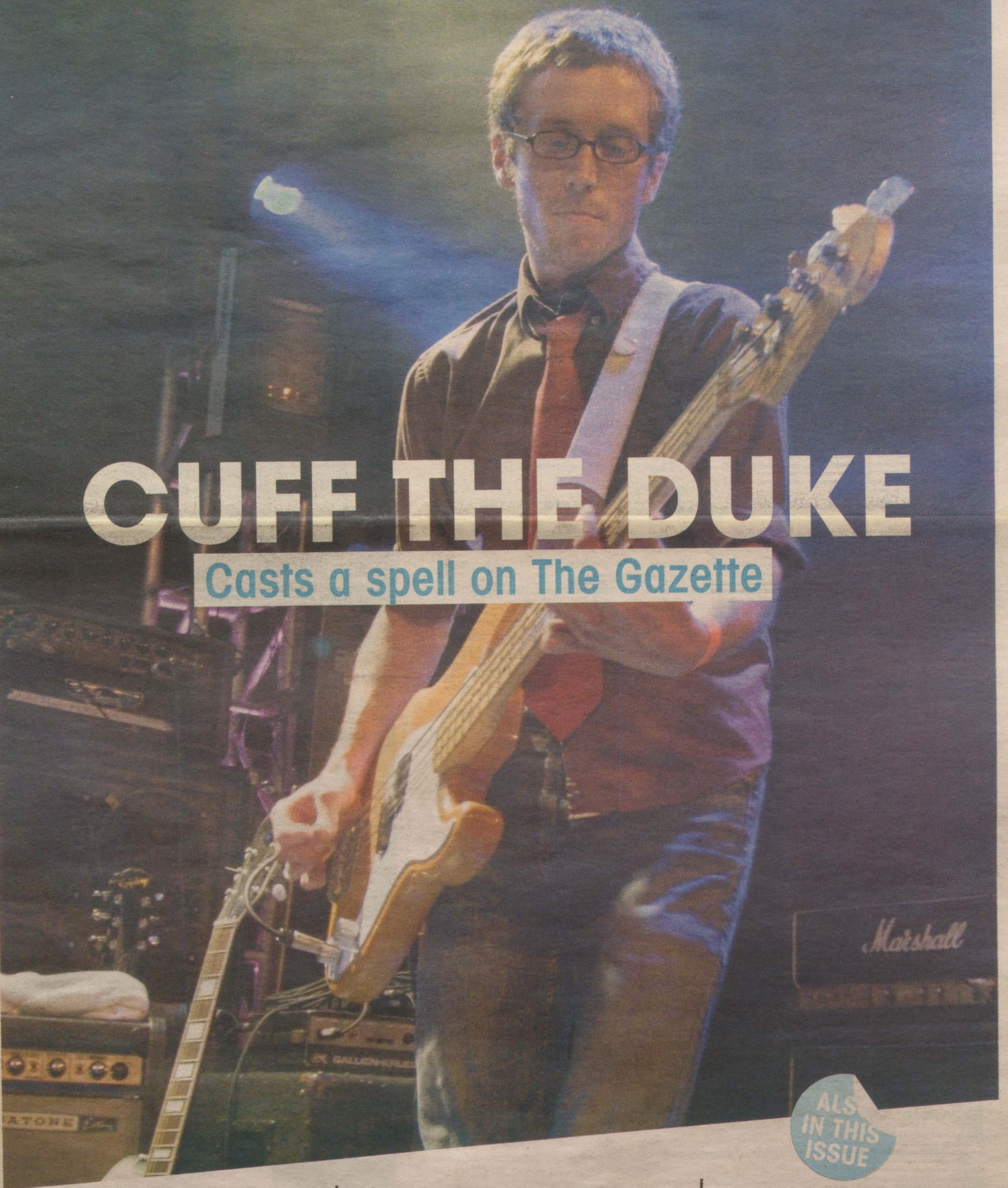


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# Gazette

## CUFF THE DUKE

Casts a spell on The Gazette



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# Fourth time a charm cuffing the Duke

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In the past year, I have tried three times to see Cuff the Duke. Two of those attempts ended with me in the drunk tank.

But on Nov. 15, I was once again on my way to see my favourite band. And it was the night.

I arrived at the Grawood by 9 p.m. and started shooting pool with Their Majesties, one of the opening acts. I asked the band about silly stuff, such as preferred guitar pick and string brands, and discussed pool etiquette with the lead singer. We agreed that biting the lower lip, coupled with a concerned stare made a missed shot look better.

The pool game ended and I started to absorb the music. The Superfantastics opened, playing sweet, unrefined and jagged, yet soothing, melodies. I went to the table where I had left my jacket and bag only to find that two ladies had decided to steal my spot. I was too burnt out to demand that they allow me join them, so I conceded my seat.

I wandered aimlessly around the dark bar, but there was no seat to be found.

I decided to fetch the remainder of my booze from my coat, but I couldn't find it. Had I dropped it? Then it dawned on me. I had been robbed. Those she-pirates who commandeered my seat had looted my treasures. So I went to my friend's place across the street for a leisurely sojourn.

Luckily, my friend was stocked with plenty of party favours. We got caught up in a new online game and it wasn't until 11 p.m. that I came out of the trance. I had completely forgotten about Cuff the Duke and had to run back to the Grawood.

As I got close I heard a familiar sound, the resonating harmonica from the Cuff the Duke song, "The Future Hangs." I got goose bumps. Cuff the Duke was playing.

I got in and saw that the Grawood had changed. The area in front of the stage was full of lively fans. I found my way into the crowd to join the guys and dolls who were dancing



Finally getting to a Cuff the Duke show: priceless. / Photo: Rafal Andronowski

hand-in-hand. I had showed up just in time to hear my favourite song from the new album.

I can't quite find the words to describe how I felt. I jived, swayed and knee slapping-boogied. Cuff the Duke doesn't mess around.

Lead singer Wayne Petti led the crowd with the neck of his guitar and the crowd moved and sang at his signal.

The performance warranted an encore and the Duke didn't disappoint. "Ballad of the Lonely Con-

struction Worker" satisfied an unruly couple who had been screaming and slurring their request all through the show.

Unfortunately, the end of the show broke the spell that Cuff the Duke had cast over the crowd. I stumbled to my senses and shook the smoke out of my head. I had finally satisfied my need to see this ridiculously talented band. The night had its setbacks, but at least I wasn't in jail. I consider myself ahead of the game.