

GOOD BYE CHARLIE

by Ken Burke

Okay. Somebody out there's screwing with us again - trying to take away one of the few present-tense childhood memories we have left and replace it with an inferior, up-to-date substitute. Last week the CBC ran another of the nondescript new Charlie Brown specials instead of **It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown**, continuing the trend from last year, when **A Charlie Brown Christmas** got similar treatment.

Now, some of you may be snickering at this - "Cartoons? Why the fuss over some stupid cartoons?" - but those that can recall the gloriously transcendent feeling of joy that the early Charlie Brown specials were, can understand why I'm writing this. Sure, it's partially due to their being associated with the warm glow of being a kid, but with **A Charlie Brown Christmas**

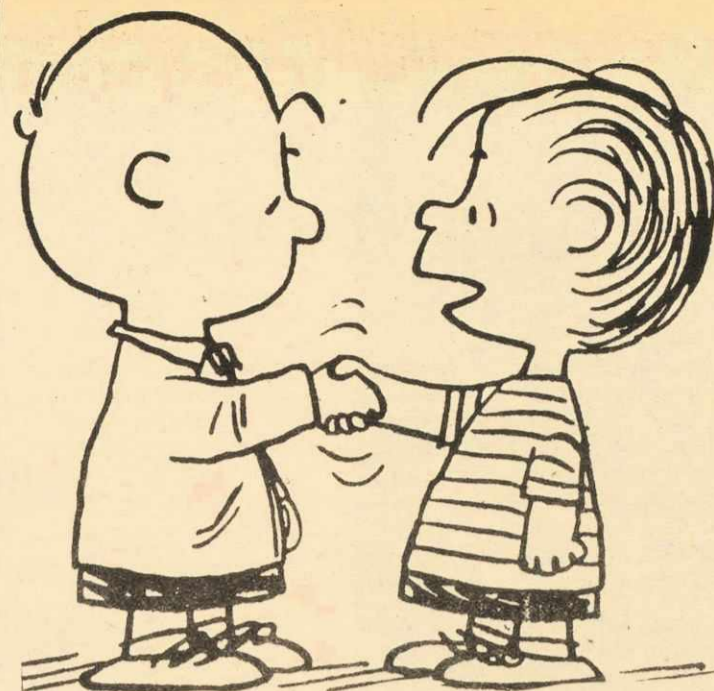
and **The Great Pumpkin**, there's much more to it than that.

Not only have these two programmes (**Christmas** especially) worked their way so deeply into our subconscious as to be an almost universal experience, but they have the power to remain perpetually fresh that makes them true modern day myths - the television generation's equivalent of the **Legend of Sleepy Hollow** and **'Twas the Night Before Christmas**, except that the C.B. stories deal with more fundamental themes. That's why they deserve to be considered true myths. That's also plenty reason to be disgusted at their unwarranted demise.

Who cannot remember the details from these parts of our tradition? Who forgets Charlie Brown's sheet with a thousand holes, the wait for the Great Pumpkin, Snoopy's dash across enemy territory, the aluminum

Christmas tree forest, Snoopy's grotesquely flashy Xmas lights, and Charlie Brown's pathetic but truly beautiful little tree? We can't, because they are so familiar - like all myths, they are **us**.

Maybe it isn't the end of them after all - maybe this is just somebody mistakenly thinking that they need a little rest before returning again - but even so a few calls and letters to the CBC to find out the status of the shows wouldn't hurt (it could be that they were taken out of distribution). Things can be turned around if enough people care. After all, there's nothing wrong with longing for a return to innocence - what's wrong is that often we can only long for it.



Dread album

by Chris Hartt

This album had several difficulties starting with the pressing. Most of the time when a needle hits a record music starts almost immediately, but not with this record -- after several minutes of hearing the occasional bump of a needle cross-tracking I decided to start a little further in. The same was true of the second side. It was as if the company didn't want you to hear the record. I wish I'd taken the hint -- it wasn't as much the record was bad as it just wasn't good. It refused, no matter how hard I tried, to capture my imagination.

I would describe the album as folk rock with gusts of M.O.R. As a fan of rock and new wave I

am definitely prejudiced against this album but I like Chapin and Dylan and some others including John Lennon's last album but not this. The best cut in my opinion is a cover of Lennon's "Losing You" on the first side but the song is copied note for note, expression for expression and thus is boring. After all I have a copy of **Double Fantasy** so I can hear it as J.L. sang it.

Murray Hedd sang Judas in the original album of **Jesus Christ Superstar**. By covering J.L. he has betrayed a man who was "bigger than Jesus Christ." In that way at least, he's moved up. Apologies to the Newman Club and my Mom for the blasphemy.

Null Set sounds better in a vacuum

by Lawrence Brissenden

Imagine the sound of a stereo cartridge being dropped upon a revolving platter. Next, imagine a group imitating that sound on a record. If you can't imagine this happening, then you need not look further than an EP released by a local band known as Null Set.

This band is guilty of the artistic crime of complete self-indulgence which in this case probably comes under the guise of being "avant garde." Unfortunately, there is little originality here - the music mostly rip-offs of Joy Division (musically), and Talking Heads or Devo (vocally).

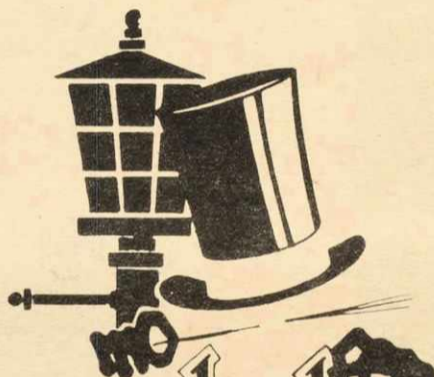
It is not correct to say Null Set is totally wretched. Their EP is a vanity record but if you

examine it closely, especially "Judgement Days" or "Etude for Triggered Wah" (easily one of the most pretentious song titles in history) there are some good qualities submerged in the songs' flimsy framework. A competent producer and a good bass player are needed to complement the qualities such as the guitar work.

And finally, the reviewer adds some public advice to the Null Set: Concentrate on music, not art. Art may look good on your drawing board but it is boring on my turntable.

*Note: Null Set is a Halifax-based band. The **New Job** EP was produced at Halifax's Acolyte Studios earlier this year*

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