

# Bloodfire cooks at Dinwoodie

by Zane Harker

By waiting a good while before taking the stage, reggae band extraordinaire *Bloodfire* proved two things to the 500 plus audience at Dinwoodie Friday night. First, that they didn't need a warmup band, and second, that they could be easily forgiven for the delay.

The reason that *Bloodfire* won the crowd over instantly was that they accomplished in one song what the warmup band couldn't do after an hour. That was, of course, to fill the dance floor.

After five unsuccessful attempts to find the names of the band members, I went straight to the top and asked the keyboard player after the show. He wrote down their names for me:

"On keyboards, Bunny. Bass, Clive. Rhythm guitar, Tony. Lead guitar, Paul. Drums, Crash." That is *all* they go by.

Crash (who just may be a little crazy) played a mean drum kit, and together with Clive on bass, was the driving force behind *Bloodfire*.

Not that the other band members were slouches either. While Crash and Clive settled into a simple but infinitely danceable groove, Bunny and Tony weaved a hypnotic pattern around it.

Meanwhile, Paul improvised on lead guitar and provided some most innovative solos. No

screaming high register notes here, rather, some tasteful and original stylings. Paul thankfully avoided all of the heavy metal cliches.

Fronting the band with most of the vocals was Clive. He was not only an excellent bassist, but he gave the appropriate Rasta feeling to the vocals. And while Clive's thick Jamaican accent was barely discernible to these whitey ears, he had no trouble getting his message across to an enthusiastic audience Friday.

When Clive yelled out the name of the Rastafarian god 'Jah', the crowd (probably thinking it just a simple cheer) echoed appropriately.

If there was a bit of a communication gap at the *Bloodfire* concert, the audience surely didn't mind. They knew what they liked, they like to dance.

And dance they did, for well over an hour while *Bloodfire* was on stage. The fans brought the band back for an encore which saw Clive on drums and Crash on bass and lead vocals.

For those lucky enough to attend, it was an evening well spent. For those who like to experience great reggae music, catch *Bloodfire* tonight and Wednesday night at Scandals. For, as a slightly drunken fan assured me Friday night, "Reggae music...it is taking over the world."



Liona Boyd

## Liona Boyd compelling

by Ninette Gironella and Gunnar Blodgett

Liona Boyd, one of Canada's foremost guitarists, performed here at the Jubilee Auditorium Wednesday, November 3. As usual, her performance compelled on to listen and enjoy.

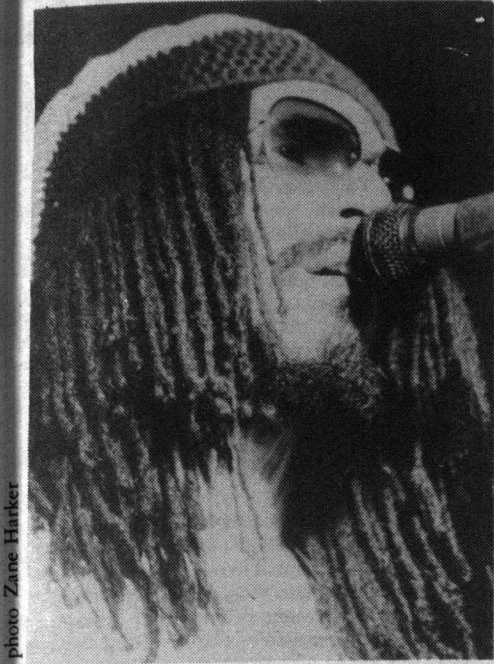
Her repertoire ranges from baroque to contemporary with little lapse in skill. Yet, the effect goes beyond simple skill; Liona Boyd has a feeling for her music that is independent of application.

Boyd's renditions of Scottish and Irish melodies had the flavour of a baroque string quartet rather than a single guitar. This metamorphosis of the instrument was typical of several subsequent selections. In *Allemande* by John Dowland, the guitar became a lute. For *Plaisir d'Amour* it was transformed into a mandolin. It later seemed to echo the tones of a harpsichord for Isaac Albeniz's *Mallorca*.

Yet for the finesse of her performance, Boyd was not technically polished. She seemed to hesitate slightly on some of her chord changes for two 17th century sonatas and on two preludes by the Spanish composer Heitor Villa Lobos. However, it is difficult to fault Boyd for this since her overall effectiveness made the slight lapses almost unnoticeable.

The second part of the performance displayed slightly less energy than the first. Indeed, the only piece that approached Boyd's usual finesse was Jacques Casterede's *Hommage to Pink Floyd*. As she began to play, an odd surreal strain rose from her guitar. The melody strove to establish itself in the flow of music to die and rise again while she played. The chords resonated through the audience to leave in some an odd displaced feeling which was dispelled as Boyd continued her performance.

Overall, it was an enjoyable evening. The audience certainly seemed to appreciate Boyd's musicianship and finally regaled her with a standing ovation after her encore.



Bloodfire's vocalist, Clive

## Post-holocaust scenario funny

A Boy and His Dog  
Odeon

by Ken Lenz

Imagine digging for food in a world buried in mud by World War IV.

This is the situation created by producer L.Q. Jones in his theatrical adaptation of a novel written by Harlan Ellison. Predictably, the story is about a boy (Vic) and his dog (Blood) trying to survive in the aftermath of a nuclear war. Somewhat less obvious is the fact that the dog, talks to his master, serving as an educator, advisor and guide to the boy.

The first impression of doubt felt when the dog is initially seen actually communicating is quickly replaced by an unwitting acceptance of this ridiculous situation. Credit must be given to the director who makes this potentially doubtful situation an easy transition for the audience.

When our characters are not scouring for food they entertain themselves by watching antiquated porno-films or by using Blood's keen sense of smell to find females among the ruins, using them for purposes that have little to do with virtue.

They finally find a girl and subsequently wind up with the task of defending her against

about three dozen men who have the same purpose in mind as our hero. As fate would have it Vic falls in love with the girl and typically, she deceives him. Vic follows her to a subterranean city called Topeka. Topeka is a surrealistic down-home, apple-pie, county-fair type of society. Ultra-high religious, ethical and moral standards are strictly enforced by a very charming fellow named Michael who punishes deviants by crushing their heads with his bare hands.

Ellison's macabre humor makes the audience uneasy and at times even squeamish. The writer contrasts the pie-in-the-sky ideals of a traditional society and the ultimate evolution of a society of this sort.

Jones, a comparative novice in the science fiction film industry, leaves little doubt of his potential as an up-and-coming director. The film maintains the interest of the viewer right up to the ending. In fact, the surprise ending could be called the most tasteful part of the entire movie.

If you enjoy movies that make you laugh, and then wonder why you are laughing because you think you should be revolted, *A Boy and His Dog* is definitely worthwhile.

## Up & Coming

by Martha Shuchard

The contemporary music of Canadian artist and songwriter John Antle will live again in an afternoon of entertainment at the Provincial Museum Theatre Sunday November 14 at 2:00 pm.

Before his untimely passing in 1978, Antle made his mark doing many concert appearances in his favorite Canadian cities; Edmonton, Toronto, and Vancouver.

He will also be remembered locally as a guest performer at the Old Hovel, the Hot Box, and the South Side Folk Club.

Clad in grey civil war cap, accompanying himself on his trusty Martin guitar, his song stylings became an almost weekly occurrence at the Garneau United under the sponsorship of the Edmonton Folk Club.

The RCMP Centennial album "Scarlet and Gold" produced in 1975 by Doug Hutton contains three selections sung by John Antle, including "Lucy from Fort Gary", "Wild Rose Country", and "A Most Dangerous Man".

The public is cordially invited to attend.

## West Watch superlative underground music

West Watch II  
November 7  
Krieg After Hours Nightspot

by Mark Roppel

Fab! Wow! Gear! Pick any superlative you want, it describes *The Thieves* Sunday night at the Krieg. *The Thieves* were the opening band of the second West Watch concert which also featured *Bastille Society N.F.U.* and *Dammerung*.

The *Thieves'* music is somewhere beyond ska but before punk; it is played in a clean, crisp, driving yet unforced style which is nothing short of fantastic. Clear vocals (no sliding into notes here), guitar solos which were more than just scales, some real harmonies and even — dare I say it — a certain amount of stage presence were a few parts of this awesome whole.

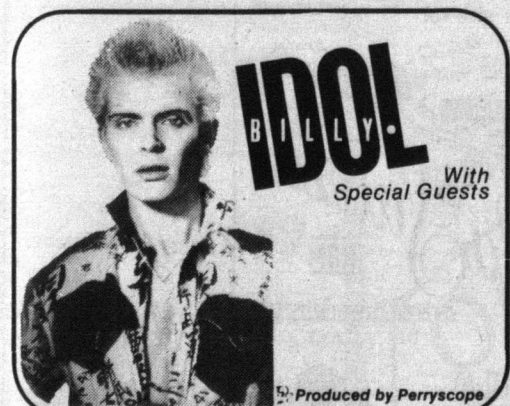
*Bastille* were decidedly and disappointingly mainstream. They were competent but toward the end of their set the songs all began to sound the same.

The third band was hard core punk and so I had a natural affinity for them, but in the name of objectivity, *Society N.F.U.* (don't ask me what it stands for) (*Arts Editor's note - it stands for "Society's No F...in' Use"*) weren't very good.

Now we come to the fourth and final act of the evening, *Dammerung*. It is really too bad that *Dammerung* formerly *Blank Generation* had to play to a nearly empty hall because they were every bit as good as *The Thieves*. *Dammerung* is comprised of only three members but strong drumming, wonderfully weird bass and guitar playing, and eerie

melodies combined to create a truly inspiring, bizarre form of avante garde punk — a definite must for *Sioxisie* and the *Banshees* fans.

*Offica Psyche* and *The Mods* will be playing in the third and last West Watch concert on Sunday November 21. (The Reverend Angels cancelled and a replacement act has yet to be found.) Get out and support your favourite local underground band.



SUB THEATRE  
Thursday November 25  
Tickets: BASS

DINWOODIE

2nd Floor SUB.

Friday & Saturday, November 12 & 13  
IGGY POP with NASH THE SLASH  
Sponsored by U of A Law Society

Thursday, November 18  
"HONKY TONK HEROES"  
Sponsored by U of A Rodeo Club

Friday, November 19  
PRETTY ROUGH  
Sponsored by U of A Mineral/Chemical Engineering

Tickets are available from the SUB Box-Office (2nd Floor, SUB) and various club members.

Note: These events are open only to U of A students, staff, and guests. Absolutely no minors admitted!

LIVE! NOVEMBER