

Buddy and the Boys: Dead from the Moon

by Rob Cohn

When Ronnie MacEachern (aka Driver MacIvor) joined Buddy and the Boys early in the new year, thereby infusing new life into the Boys, they announced their intention of putting out a new album. It would be their first release in two years.

The availability of ready cash dictated that it be a live lp as studio time was an unaffordable luxury.

The end result of a week of taping at the Old Moon (R.I.P.) is an effort entitled **Buddy and The Boys Live from the Moon**.

Originally intended to be a two record set, economic reality again reared its ugly head with the result that we have to be satisfied with a single piece of vinyl. Somehow I don't feel satisfied.

Although a lot of music has been included there are notable absences. Such tunes as **Fast Food and Holiday Weekend**, popular numbers with the crowds, would have been welcome additions.

The record does contain some of Leon Dubinsky's best lyrical work (**Drifter** and **The Animal I am**) but the overall musical quality leaves much to be desired. The energy that the Boys have been displaying on stage of late is noticeably lacking. One of the best cuts, **Train part 3**, suffers from not having the rest of **Turn this train** around included.

More Wine and Everyday I get the Blues are the best examples of what the band is. The energy is there.

Ronnie MacEachern is a definite addition to the band, without his fiddle the record would be doomed to deletion. The Boys do have the right ingredients to make it; they just have to use them properly.

There are few guitarists around with the ability of Ralph Dillon. Onstage at the Atlantic Folk Festival in August during a guitar duel with Matt Minglewood he made Matt look like Mudd.

Max Macdonald is one of the best front men around. His voice and his theatrics make a show worth going to see. With all of this why can't they put it together on an lp?

If nothing else the album is a masterpiece of determination, both on the part of the band and of the Audio Atlantic staff. It's amazing what some people will go through to put out an lp. The list of thank yous on the back are an indication of what went on because everyone of those people deserved to be thanked. If you look closely you'll notice that the only person in Halifax that was not thanked was Frank at the corner store. (An oversight, we'll get you next time).

"The record wears well", commented bassist Berkley Lamey. "I can play it again and again and I still like how it sounds, not like the first album."

The musicians seem happy with it but I, as a fan, am not. It is not what I think of when I picture the band live.

by John Dobbs (alias Lucian 2) *The Myth* (pronounced - mo-th -) of Joan Armatrading (pronounced - Arm - mo - trade - ding) is growing & growing . . . Her pedestal is one that if scrutinized, considers a lot. Is she somewhere, where people like myself, can reach out & touch her . . . From what I can comprehend by listening to her album (with or without ear-phones) she is a lost, black sheep searching for a reality we are not as listeners yet prepared for. Why? Is it that the listener is not ready? It doesn't really matter to me because every note sounds

the enigma of the "Ugly American" (a book & a film) In her rythms, are whispers of an afro past & of course the all too indicative west indian influences . . . What are her roots? . . . When I listen to her music it conjures up visions of passion fruit & mangoes & throbbing ankle bells . . . bathed in the sweat & perfume of her dark, sultry languid body, coaxing the emotions of a very real sexuality . . . I am fascinated by enigma's & both Arthur Godfrey & Joan rate high on my list . . . I love only one woman at a time . . . musically . . . so I can honestly

odds and sods

the same to me (as a musician) . . . that is, if it follows rhetorically that no one note is superior to another & no word more virtuous than another (if Socrates is correct . . . see Plato's Georgias).

I find virtue to be one of joans problems . . . whether that is good or bad depends on the individuals she may happen to be in love with, she may be merely an affair of the . . . pedestal . . . some of her words suggest this may be so. Pederasty is a subject that fascinates even the most wary . . . or to coin a phrase "not since the iconoclasm of heaven has there been such a spectre as hell." Or "Is this a vision in my mind" (Stevie Wonder)

Her album pulsates with all

say when I am listening to Joans words of Lust . . . I am truly . . . involved . . . My message to Joan is "Come home, all is forgiven . . ." I suppose I should admit here that the mere thought of her causes me to break down & sob uncontrollably & I am doing so now . . . ("if Joan be the food of love, let me eat & eat again). Now, let me get to the main reason for this article & that was to discuss the various aspects of pederasty (a pleasant, monotheistic thought) Uh . . . Perhaps consideration is the key to the fort Knox of the analyst . . . uh . . . I don't know what more to say more for the public except that we, ourselves & us must expect M.O.R from joan & more . . .



400 boring blows

by Elliott Richman

400 Blows is a poignant and generally depressing movie with humorous events here and there. It was shown in the Arts Centre on October 5, 1980.

Antoine Dionel (played by Jean Pierre Leaud), the main character, did an excellent job of depicting a "typical" neglected twelve year old boy living in Paris.

The producer, Francois Truffaut, wanted to show his audience what the world looks like to a person just struggling through adolescence. Along the way, the movie shows Antoine going through various crises ranging from telling small lies to stealing a typewriter which landed him in jail. For example, Antoine once "fooled around" instead of hitting the books at school. (That is exactly what you should be doing right at this moment!) Antoine's excuse to his egotistic teacher was, "It's my mother. . . She died." His antics eventually led him into jail and then into a home for delinquent minors.

The movie ended with Antoine escaping the tyrannical but sobering detention centre and running to a beach. At the beach, he realized that there was nowhere to go and his

future seemed bleak. He could not go back home because his father (Albert Remy) had completely washed his hands off his only son's fate. (It was his father who literally "kicked" him into the slammer). His mother (Claire Maurier), who has been hard on him since he was a baby, had softened somewhat but she seemed happy to be rid of him so that she could continue having extramarital affairs without the fear of being "snooped on by her son". (Antoine once saw his mother kissing another man.)

Unfortunately, the only way Truffaut could encourage his audience to change the delinquent reforming system and to respect their children as human beings was to produce a slow paced movie which was likely to leave a marked impression in the viewer's minds.

For example, immediately after Antoine signed a confession stating that he stole the typewriter, correctional officers pushed him around, threw him into a cubbyhole cell, and fed him terrible food.

Despite the movie's boring musical beginning with shots of the Eiffel Tower, this movie is worth seeing.

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