

B.H.B.S. In Love



bhbs byline

Last Thursday night, if for some unforeseen reason I was to be struck down by an incurable affliction, or if I was to be run over by a Mack truck, I think I would have left this world a very, very happy man. In no way does this state of complete contentedness solely reflect upon my living upon this pastoral paradise called Prince Edward Island, nor does it entirely rest upon the beauty of the young lady I had the pleasure to spend some time with Thursday night. If indeed I was to become a deceased entity, I would not be heralded into heaven by the trumpets of Gabriel, (indeed, some may say that I would be visiting the other

extremity of the eternal world) but I think any accension into the after life should be accompanied by the back beat blues of the Downchild Blues Band.

Twice in the last six months, I and the rest of UPEI student body have been treated to one of the best solid blues bands to be found anywhere. Superlatives cannot be handed out enough to all the members of the band. Some will say that the band plays with the little showmanship - true enough - or the band members do not partake in spectacular leaps of the smashing of guitars. What is substituted is solid music and impeccable musicianship.

'Mr Downchild', Don Walsh, provided some

sparkling work on guitar and harmonica. His clown like appearance contrasts well with the seriousness portrayed whenever he picks up his axes; to say he plays them with a vengeance would be an understatement. Vocalist Tony Flaim, whose huge voice matches his huge stature, continued the fine blues tradition that started with Joe Turner and, in Flaim's case, hasn't ended.

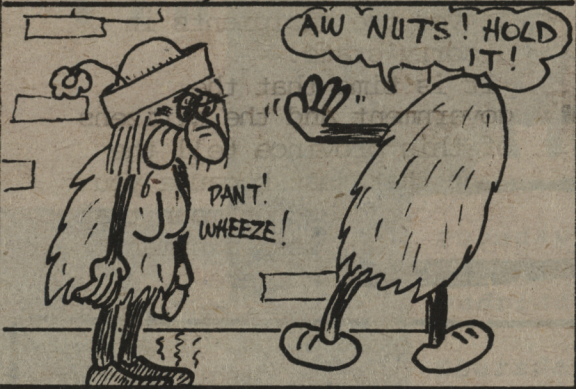
Again, the horn section played meticulously, matching unison and solo lines against the steady rhythm section. The material consisted of tunes that are classics and near classics; "Caledonia", "Flip, Flop, Fly", "Almost", "Got to Keep Your 88's straight",

although played by the band, for what must be the millionth time, sounded fresh and exciting. New material was also added; in particular, the song "Road Fever", which is also the title for the bands new album, proved exciting.

The one member of the band I have the greatest respect for is Jane Vasey, the pianist. Jane tastefully pounds away at her old upright giving us some scorching solos, and some fine vocal work. Besides this, she is absolutely the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. To avoid the obvious temptation in turning the remainder of the column into an open love letter, let it suffice to say, Jane if you ever want to get married.....

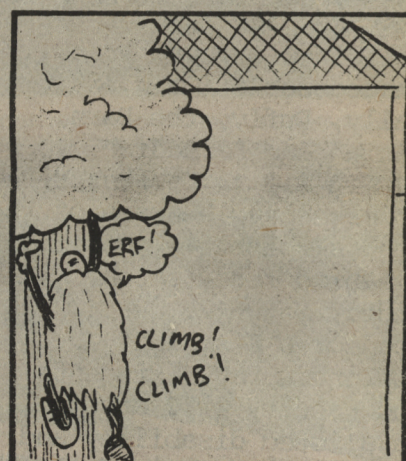
Dexter T. Gnome

AS D.T. AND SOPHIE APPROACH THE RADIO ROOM, PROBLEMS ARISE...

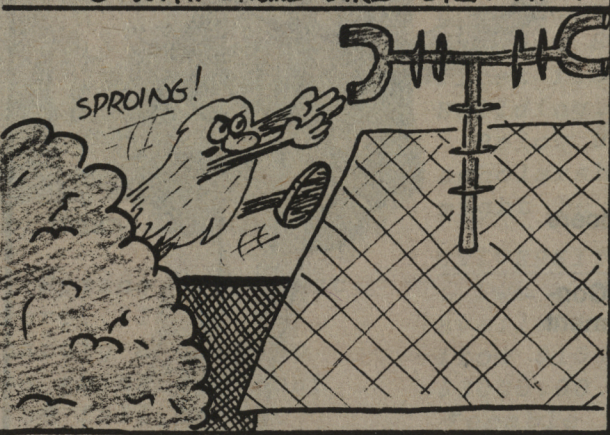


* BZZZT - PLAN BEING FORMULATED.

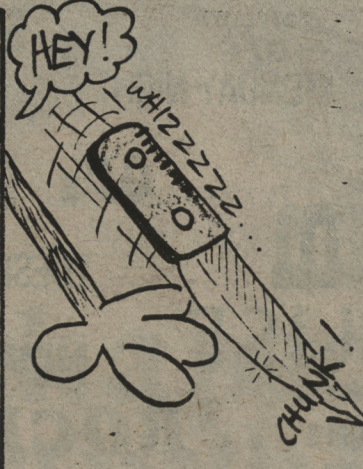
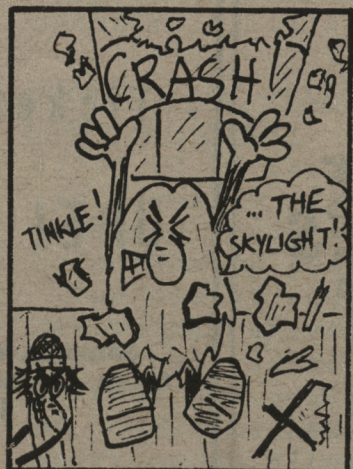
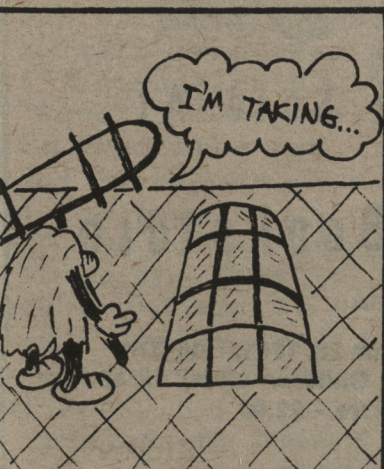
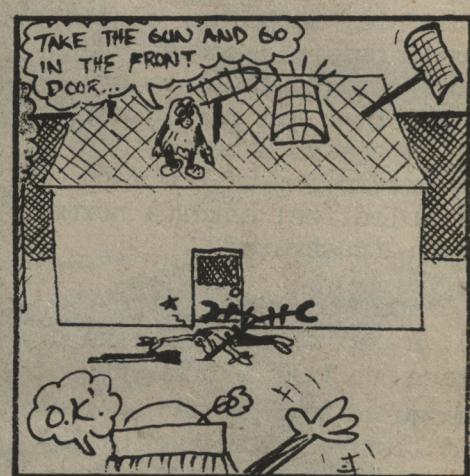
CIRCLING THE SAUNA, D.T. MAKES IT AROUND TO THE SIDE OF THE RADIO ROOM...



MOVING WITH GNOME-LIKE STEALTH...



W*
A*
N*
G*
O*
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STAY TUNED FOR NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING CONCLUSION!!