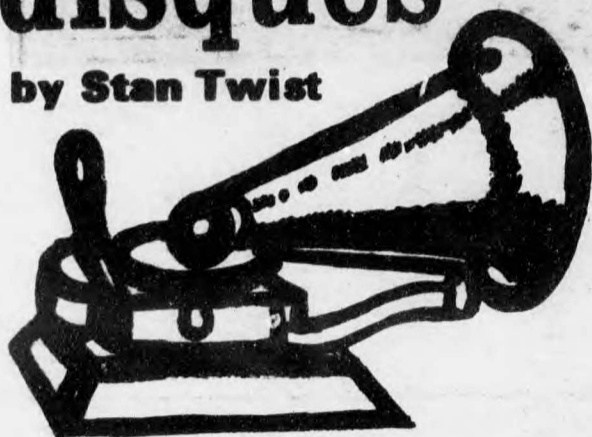


FLIC&DISQUESFLIC&DISQUESFLIC&DISQUESFLIC&DISQUEFLIC&DISQUESFLIC&DISQUESFLIC&DISQ

disques

by Stan Twist



Way back in the early days of the summer of '67, I endeavoured to learn more about the musical likings of my British counterparts. Having obtained several English musical journals, I was soon to discover that there were four names that were huge in England that were virtually unknown, up to that time, in North America. They were The Cream, The Who, The Jimi Hendrix Experience and The Move. Now, as to the success of the first three, I'm sure you're well aware; unless, of course, you've been a political prisoner in Red China for the last five years.

But what of the Move. They were classed in the "psychedelic experimental bag" (a nice way of saying drug oriented) by the English press. So why didn't they ride the same multi-colored wave of glory that the other three experienced. Well first, they only released one little 45 rpm record in North America—"Flowers in the Rain" which, despite it's acid, peace, love etc. seasoning failed to make it. And even if one were so industrious as to obtain a copy of their first LP, released only in Britain, one would not find extended guitar solos laden with fuzz tones and feedback, nor would you find 15-minute drum solos and spaced out "hippie" lyrics which were in vogue at the time. The album was a simple, though not totally unimpressive, collection of commercial radio oriented pop tunes, spiced up with a couple of expertly

executed 1950's rock and roll numbers.

Three years passed and despite a barrage of hit singles in England, the Move caused nary a ripple on this side of the Atlantic. Then in early 1970 AM records, who had had them under contract since 1967, released their first LP on this continent Shazam (SP 4259). Ranging from sledgehammer rock on "Hello Suzie" to Eastern-classical tapestries on "Fields of People", there was little ground The Move couldn't cover with prowess. Though acclaimed a musical landmark by critics and connoisseurs, the public seemed unaware of the fact that a true "supergroup" was in their midst. (they ignored Jesus too, remember).

Last summer the Move changed labels and released their second American LP, "Looking On" (Capitol ST-658) Though not up to their usual standards, it nevertheless contained some ingenious material. New member Jeff Lynn's two contributions to the LP proved that he was playing no small part in the new sound of The Move.

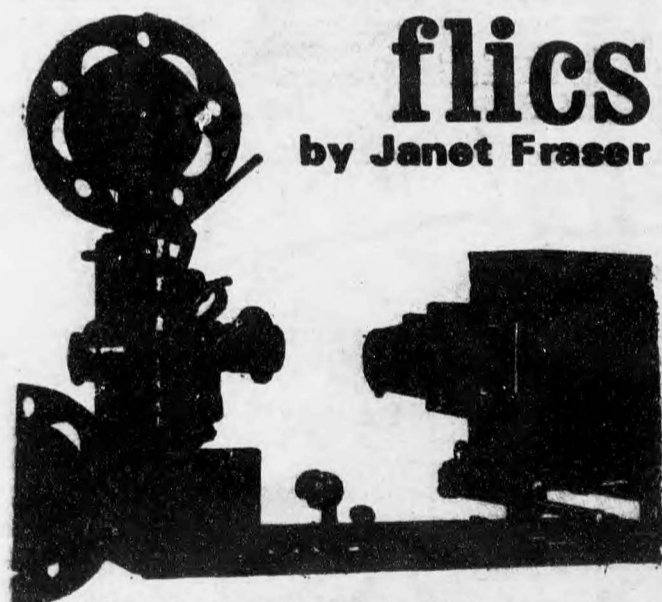
After losing a bass player and ceasing to tour, The Move released what may be their last LP, "Message From the Country" (Capitol ST-811). Since then leader-guitarist Roy Wood, pianist-guitarist Jeff Lynn and drummer Bev Bevan have devoted themselves to a musical project of Wood's called "The Electric Light Orchestra". Incorporating cellos, oboes, violas and guitars, among other things, it should prove to be an interesting event. Meanwhile we are left with the Moves' final album and may only hope that the Electric Light Orchestra be one half as good as what is represented on this recording.

The Move also have a distinctive sound to their bass guitar. Though having used three different bass players on their four LPs, they always have the same growling, percussive funk to them. Back around the time of the Jefferson Airplane-Moby Grape peak, rock bassists began to pay more attention to their friends in the jazz fields and noted that jazz bassists never use guitar picks, but their fingers to pluck the strings. And mainly because a baby-faced bass player from a Liverpool rock quartet used the

same technique, most rock bassists followed suit and soon matched the calluses on their left hand with ones on their right. There were the occasional rebels however, who refused to conform, the most important being the Who's John Entwistle and the Move's Rick Price. Though the bass was strong on both Shazam and Looking On, it's become the dominant instrument on "Message" with Wood taking over from Price. "It wasn't my Idea" is held together, with the exception of some Arabian sounding saxes in the chorus, by bass and drums alone. One doesn't even notice the lack of other instruments in the song, the bass being so powerful.

Of the albums ten songs, three can be considered novelty cuts. "My Marge" is the only throwaway of the three, an unimpressive 1920's vaudville tune about some girl who picks her nose, etc. "Don't Mess me Up" sounds so much like early Elvis Presley that if it were played to Presley he's probably think he was listening to one of his first records. Wood plays such a perfectly greasy guitar break that it would bring tears to Bill Haley's eyes.

The best thing on the LP though is also the only song that ex-Idle Racer Jeff Lynne wrote. "Message from the Country" from start to finish gives ample reason to name the LP after it. Twelve-string guitar, something that holds an infinite attraction to me for some unknown reason, gives a sunshine fullness that most of the LP does without. Lynne has a knack for writing tunes that sound immediately familiar and "Message" is more than instantly likeable. The harmonies are overpowering in a Sgt. Pepper sort of way and that guitar break by George Har...er...I mean Roy Wood is a delight to your already throbbing, smiling ears (Since when do ears smile?) I can't understand why Capitol hasn't released it as a 45. It could easily be a giant with the proper amount of promotion. In fact I can't understand the lack of promotion Capitol has bestowed upon this LP as a whole. Their sitting on a potential monster and seem to be doing little about it. Well, that's their tuff luck. Buy the LP anyway and do yourself and The Move a big favour.



flics

by Janet Fraser

The theme music introducing Summer of '42 is like your final impression of the story—sad, gentle, a little mysterious. It was not a particularly good movie because of the hypocrisy of its basic premise—a "poignant recollection of lost innocence". Perhaps Hermie, the main character, did become a man when he realized the full implications of the war, and of his first sexual encounter, but you couldn't quite grasp the fact that he might have this much depth when he and his pals had been so childish throughout the film. The aspirations of Oskie, Hermie's best friend, didn't go beyond "making out" with a cute blonde in bright red lipstick and bobbysox. The film is carried out in a sentimental fashion, but the facts of the movie are not very sentimental. Despite the idyllic island the story is set on, the soft music score, and the naturalness of the characters, the movie seemed a little cold to me.

The movie feels in the mood of the forties when he sees a store with a soda

fountain, the boys in baggy trousers and crew-cuts, and when he hears the jukebox jive music. These are, supposedly, the "good old days" and must bring a wistful tear to the eyes of the over forty set. Personally, I would rather spend my summer in '72, if the attitudes expressed in the story were prevalent at this time. The girls were stupid enough to let the boys do whatever they wanted, and any girl who didn't look prudish, in the movie. You can just see a girl's dreams in terms of a bungalow in suburbia, and a husband and children to serve, which indeed became the ideal woman of the fifties. The object of Hermie's youthful adoration is a young widow played by Jennifer Grimes with the right mixture of mystery and compassion. She is an intelligent woman, yet she is content to play house with her husband until he "goes off to war". When he is killed in action, she turns to Hermie for protection and comfort. Their love scene is moving and also a little strange.

There are many amusing moments in the movie you laugh at Hermie's awkwardness and shyness, but you also understand him. He envisions himself in a "mature" relationship with the woman he adores from afar. But after he finally gets his opportunity to meet her by carrying home her shopping bags, he tells her at the doorstep that she should get a shopping cart, otherwise she might get a hernia. All the way home he mutters in self-contempt, "Jesus, a hernia!"

The movie is fun to watch as long as you don't take it too seriously. There's not really much of a plot development or message. The story is schmaltzy and romantic; it is a little more believable. Even if the film does lack depth it is well-done, with very human characters, haunting photography and music, lots of laughs, and a few tears for the sentimental.

inside the inside

films	2
records	2
art	3
short story	4,5
books	6
poetry	7,8
cover design by	
padi mcdonough	

Co-Editors

Editor: Elizabeth Smith

Co-Editors: Sheelagh Russell
Padi McDonough

Typists: Jo-Anne Drurimond
Debbi McPherson

Graphics: Mac Haynes

Photos: Ken De Freitas

Layout: Janet Fraser
Jean McCarthy
Richard T. Fisher