

book
review

Gzowski's book is refreshing

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Peter Gzowski's *Book About This Country in the Morning* - with Peter Gzowski and assorted contributors. 229 pages. Hurtig Pub. \$7.95.

By BEV HILLS

What I might consider as an example of good writing is not necessarily what others may appreciate. In this light I do not at all consider myself a reviewer of books. Why bother writing this drivel, this exercise in soft-shoe solicited salesmanship? Well, the book is a fine addition to my library, (free at that) and I do like the book.

Peter Gzowski's book about *This Country in the Morning* is exactly what this is all about: Gzowski's three years as host of CBC's "This Country in the Morning."

I'm damn sick and tired of

reading depressing novels, especially depressing political novels, the personal account types outlining the lives of devious little bastards, etcetera, (they know who they are). This is far from political and is both light and uniquely funny.

A rambling collection of conversations, letters, advice, songs, jokes, you name it - the book is refreshingly original and innovative in both its format and style.

Most of the articles and assorted inserts are brief, many in fact are comments and contributions from Gzowski's listeners, but all randomly fit into an unpatterned, enjoyable form.

At times Gzowski writes with stirring emotion, but throughout this medley of the best of his program are many crazy examples from his collection of his style of broadcast journalism.

Forays into the ridiculous and

the obscure, from "Dumb Political Statements", "The Pleasure of Guns", to "Smelling the Flowers", all the while remaining on top is a reflection of the humour and success of this book.

His ability to switch topics without mass confusion and inane reaction, such as from Andrew Allan on Nobody-Conversations with Pierre Elliot Trudeau - to the Great Canadian Novel Number Two - can be offered as testimonial to the book's formula of success.

Aside from a few juvenile, outdated, or personally objectionable items, I think that this book is worth its price.

Gzowski seems to be using this work to answer a question he poses many times: why *This Country in the Morning* worked. I have never heard the program, but if justification is necessary certainly this book should be offered as Exhibit A.

record
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It's Only Rock and Roll

record
reviews

By RICK BASTON

This time I'll review four new albums. Each of these falls into categories, latest efforts by well known bands, and latest efforts by lesser known bands. In the first category, one effect succeeds and the other fails. In the second category, both efforts are successful to varying degrees.

The first album is the new Yes album, *RELAYER*. Yes have gone through a recent personnel change with Rick Wakeman leaving to become the gifted minstrel of fairy tale nonsense. He has been replaced by Patrick Moraz, and excellent keyboard player from Refugee, a group formed by former members of the Nice. The change seems to have been for the better.

This new album is great. The sound is light, airy without the amount of density in the old Yes sound. The chords do not fight to appear. The mix on the album tends to bury Jon Anderson's voice, but that is just as well because the lyrics are as pretentious as ever.

The album has three selections. The first of these "The Gates of Delirium" occupies all of side one. The lyrics tell of war and try to moralize about the whole thing. It's best you don't read the lyrics, they're ponderous and have a tendency to be boring. The music however, is marvelously good. If

you can ignore the words then your ears are in for a musical treat. Side two isn't quite as interesting, but the music is still fine. The selections on this side are "Sound Chaser" and "To Be Over."

There is just one final thing that bothers me about the lyrics of this album. They seem to be remnants of what Wakeman has been doing of late. It could be that after these years of association a certain amount of lyrical inbreeding has occurred. Just the same it would have been nice if such fine music had had better words to go with it.

The next album is Jethro Tull's new album *WAR CHILD*. This album is a disappointment. It proves what I feared since the release of *LIVING IN THE PAST*, Ian Anderson and the boys have stagnated. The sound on this album is the same sound that was present on the brilliant *AQUALUNG*, but that was 1971, four years ago.

This album is a concept album regrettably. It was the Who who thought of coming up with the idea of going back in time for Quadrophonia. Well, Tull, not to be outdone have gone back even further to the war years. I wonder if Ian Anderson is writing his own biography of growing up.

The lyrics are uninteresting but that is secondary to the music. The first side will surprise you because for over half of it Ian Anderson doesn't play flute, he plays sax.

The playing is adequate but that is all. Maybe it's a calculated move on his part to make you long for the flute. The desire isn't worth it. I wish they would have the decency to break up.

The next album is by Hudson Ford. It's their second effort called *FREE SPIRIT*. Hudson and Ford are ex-members of the Strawbs and from the sound of the last Strawbs album were the heart of the Strawbs. This is a fine album.

The album begins with "Take A Little Word" an excellent love song with all the emotional pull of Layla. The guitar work is especially fine and there is excellent keyboard work. This song could be termed the rocker on the album, the rest of the album is good listening music. Buy it.

The final album this week is the new Manfred Mann album, *THE GOOD EARTH*. It's hard to describe this album. It's a good album, with excellent Moog work by Mann. He plays with a lack of excess, a rarity on the part of keyboard players. The overall sound of the album is to blend the guitars, drums and bass in with the vocals and Moog. It's a fine sound, well worth checking out.

Well I'm running out of space for this week. I'd like to thank LITTLE RECORDS in the SUB for the Yes album, the Kitchener Hawk for Hudson Ford and Mann and B.W. for Tull.

book
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Sick of lousy TV movies?

book
reviews

By RICK BASTON

It's frustrating to watch a movie that seemed to be so good in the listings and have it turn out to be such a turkey. Well help is on the way in the form of two small paperbacks. These will help you through the misery of poor movies.

Judith Crist's *T.V. Guide To Movies* - Judith Crist - Popular Library - 415 pages - \$1.50

Judith Crist is a film critic for

the publication *T.V. Guide*. She is renowned for her honesty in rating movies and calling a spade a spade. This book is a collection of her reviews of movies that are making the rounds on television.

Not all movies are listed here. However, she does list the more frequently shown movies. Each movie is listed along with a capsule summary of it and her own personal opinion of the movie. This book should be of great value to you.

Movies On TV Edited by Steven H. Scheuer - Bantam - Books - 621 pages - \$1.95.

This book lists many more films than the other book already mentioned. It also gives a rating system of one to four stars to

indicate the quality of the movie. This is the better of the two books as it lists many more films and gives a much better idea of the quality of the movie.

Wrack 'n Roll
by Alex Party

The Move, Best of The Move, A&M SP3625

If I had not joined the infamous Woodmen's Club at the start of the 73-74 school year, I might never have achieved more than passing familiarity with the works of a semi-obscure English band called the Move. Although at one time, several years ago, I owned a copy of their *SHAZAM!* record, but had sold it to one of my peculiar neighbours in an acute fit of pecuniary distress. I had not really enjoyed the album, anyway. So it came to pass that one day the club was whiling away an afternoon beneath our favorite spruce, and speculating on the availability of disks by such luminaries as Captain Beefheart, the Kinks, Van Morrison and Little Feat. Someone was pondering the merits of an album called *MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY*, and, of course, I had to put in my quarter's worth of comment.

"Really, chaps, I think that the Move is an eminently forgettable band. Match?" quoth I.

Immediately, well after a short delay, I was transported to the nearest turntable and force-fed an hour's worth of *SPLIT ENDS*, our protagonist's final record. That day marked the beginning of a prolonged period of conversion rituals.

To make a long story short, or squat enough to fit into fifty-two square inches, last week I purchased my first Move record; an inexpensive double LP entitled *BEST OF THE MOVE*. Actually that's a misnomer: *BEST OF* consists of the first Move album plus assorted previously unavailable tracks and some fairly familiar numbers.

For historical background, suffice it to say that the Move gave the world Roy Wood, founder of the Electric Light Orchestra and Wizzard. Also, they were, along with the Who and the Yardbirds, one of the first groups to become notorious for onstage ultra-violence.

The band's fearsome stage presence manifests itself on this album through tracks such as "Hey Grandma", "Wild Tiger Woman" and the self-explanatory dance routine of "Brontosaurus", all electricity, and current wrack 'n' roll favorites. However I find their most interesting material to consist of antique psychedelia, evident in "Flowers In The Rain", "I Can Hear The Grass Grow", and "Blackberry Way" with its lyrics of "boats on a lake; unattended now, they're off to drown; I'm incredibly blown." "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart" must concern an affair begun over a bottle of cheap wine, and if "Walk Upon The Water" conjures up visions of Fanne Foxe and Wilbur Mills doing the last tango on the Potomac rather than bearded prophets, don't blame the band - it was done in 1966. "Cherry Blossum Clinic" and "Disturbance" are also most enjoyable, perhaps because I've just finished re-reading "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest".

The music alone is well worth the price of this album - it runs from pure whimsy to orchestrated pop to heavy metal. I'm amazed that the band could experiment with so many different styles and still retain a distinctive aura. I guess the characteristic Birmingham vocals hold everything together. The rhythm section, although stiff by today's standards, is good, and Roy Wood's lead meanders from Duane Eddy to Jimmy Page, attacking almost every rock guitar style of the fifties and sixties.

BEST OF THE MOVE is a fine introduction to and retrospective on a seriously neglected band. Get it if you can, 'cause there isn't music like it being made today.