

ARTS



Sheila Jordan wrings out a torchy vocal during a set by the Steve Kuhn Band at the Palms. On the right is bassist Harvey Swarz.

REVIEWS IN REVIEW

For Your Eyes Only

Confronted with even the most evil of villains, (James) Bond is never worried. He is equipped, not only with complex gadgetry, but with a catalog of witty remarks, appropriate for any life and death situation.

Waterloo Imprint, July 3 (CUP)

Best of Gallagher and Lyle

There's really nothing special about this album. It's just a collection of songs that you would hear on an "easy listening" or "rockin' easy" radio station. If you like Art Garfunkel, Eric Carmen and Randy Newman (sic!), you probably would like this album too.

Waterloo Imprint, July 17 (CUP)

The Prestige Press and the Christmas Bombing, 1972

Contrary to the press reports of wholesale devastation, says (author) Herz, the number of civilians killed in Hanoi was "extremely low" (1,318 as later revealed by official North Vietnamese count); destruction to the city, according to subsequent accounts by reliable witnesses, was relatively minor; and there is simply no evidence to support the highly publicized reports of indiscriminate carpet-bombing of civilian areas by the American B-52s, which were in fact targeting military facilities with remarkable precision. Moreover, notes Herz, when such untidy details did become officially available to the press, they were either ignored or tucked away without comment in the paper's back pages.

Columbia Journalism Review, July/August

Phonograph platters bat .500

reviews by Brent Jeffery

Head On
Toronto
A & M Records

With the release of their new album, *Head On*, Toronto shouldn't be *Looking for Trouble* anymore, they already have more than they can handle. This latest "effort" brings Toronto's mediocrity to the forefront in a banal effort to entice the record buying masses.

It has been said (by whom I don't recall) that an artist has 20 years to record his first big album and then a year to follow it up with something equally good or (hopefully) better. In the absence of true artistic talent, this becomes a near impossible task. Such is the case with Toronto.

This new album is laden with weak attempts at lyrical relevancy and even poorer attempts at songwriting. In the rush to release a follow-up to last summer's album, Toronto has written numerous songs which sound suspiciously familiar.



Side One can be dismissed totally. Each track sounds like a reworked Kinks or Benetar song without the hooks which could make it listenable. Side Two fares much better with the strong, catchy, hard rock material that Toronto debuted with. "Enough is Enough" is the best cut, with Holly Woods letting her great voice soar through the melody lines.

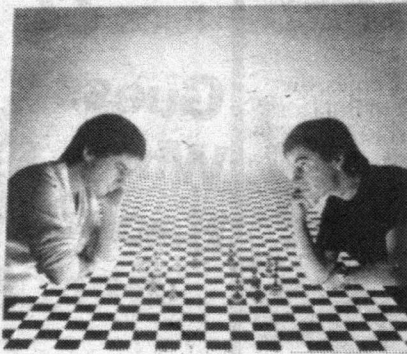
If, in the end, you like paying \$8.99 for one side of a very mediocre album, this one is for you.

Best Moves
Chris de Burgh
A & M Records

In the record business one would expect that the release of a "best of" album would constitute an extremely strong disc worthy of a rave review. Well, Chris de Burgh's latest, *Best Moves*, is all that and

more. He has re-released the best songs of his five previous albums, including one song recorded live, and added two new tunes to round out a positively great album.

CHRIS de BURGH



This record treats the listener to a variety of musical styles from the melancholy "Broken Wings (live)" to the bouncy ragtime of "Patricia the Stripper." He enchants by moulding marvellous stories around very stylized acoustic melodies, from the pop of "The Traveller" to the orchestrated power of "Spanish Train." Each song builds in intensity — sometimes quietly dissipating, sometimes being taken to the limit — but rarely flowing indifferently.

The weaknesses of the album are few. "Satin Green Shutters" relies too much on heavy orchestration and is low key to the point of boredom. It stands out as the only failure on the album.

The other weakness is de Burgh's voice. It is very pleasing and strong in the middle and lower ranges but when he attempts to enter the upper end of the

scale, his voice loses all depth and is strained (to say the least). Thanks to the infrequency of such attempts, however, the record doesn't suffer to any appreciable extent.

Overall, this album is a must for everyone, faithful Chris de Burgh fan or not. It is one of the best buys of the fall.



Leon Redbone (right) and his band were compelled to give a second encore after a captivating show.

Gimme that old-time musician

Leon Redbone
SUB Theatre, Sept. 18

review by Geoffrey Jackson

I saw Leon Redbone in the flesh for the first time last night, and I hope it shan't be the last. From the moment he appeared on the stage the audience was his: Like most people, I first encountered Leon Redbone when he made his fateful debut on Saturday Night Live. The next day I went right out and bought his second album, *Double Time*. But this was four to five years ago and I hardly knew what to expect at the SUB Theatre on Friday night.

He walked out on the stage dressed like an old-fashioned dandy, definitely full of mischief. He reminded me of some grumpy-faced old man who is constantly pulling your leg. Delighting in corny jokes and unashamed hamming, he comes across like a mutton-chopped W. C. Fields.

But the music: it's a wonderful grab bag of ragtime, Mississippi blues, and Tin Pan Alley. He began, alone on the stage, with "Crazy Blues", one of my favorite songs from that second album. The first thing I had to notice was his virtuosity on the guitar. Whether banging the neck with his

elbow or skittering up and down the fretboard, he drew smiles and applause throughout the concert.

Then there is his voice; a very strange bovine croon that can go from a rumbling mumble to a gargling falsetto with comical dexterity. It's a unique and weird style of singing, sounding almost as if Leon tries to imitate the scratchy, tinny tones of the recordings he delights in. Yet it is also a very expressive voice filled with nostalgia.

Song after song he crooned, pausing to make his corny jokes. After a few numbers he was joined by two fine musicians, Jonathan Dole on tuba and Jim Rotherman on clarinet and sax. Together the three played such fun tunes as "Big Time Woman from Way Out West", "Champagne Jim", and the well-loved "Diddi Wad Diddi". A highlight was a lovely, sentimental rendition of "Blue Heaven", with Jim Rotherman adding the perfect sax solo.

Was the concert a success? The insistent, and eventually successful, demands for a second encore would certainly suggest yes. Leon Redbone is a fine, unpretentious musician who deserves his loyal audience. He'll be around for a long time I'm sure.

