

BY PATRICK BLACKIE

When the Tragically Hip announced their newest cross-Canada tour to promote *Phantom Power*, I was as happy as a crackwhore winning the lottery.

After seeing the Hip twice before, I was enthusiastic about relinquishing \$31 to attend yet another high-calibre performance.

I thought, "Well, I've seen the Hip twice before, and I've heard all their albums, so it's not like there's going to be anything new about seeing them this time."

I soon learned this was not the case.

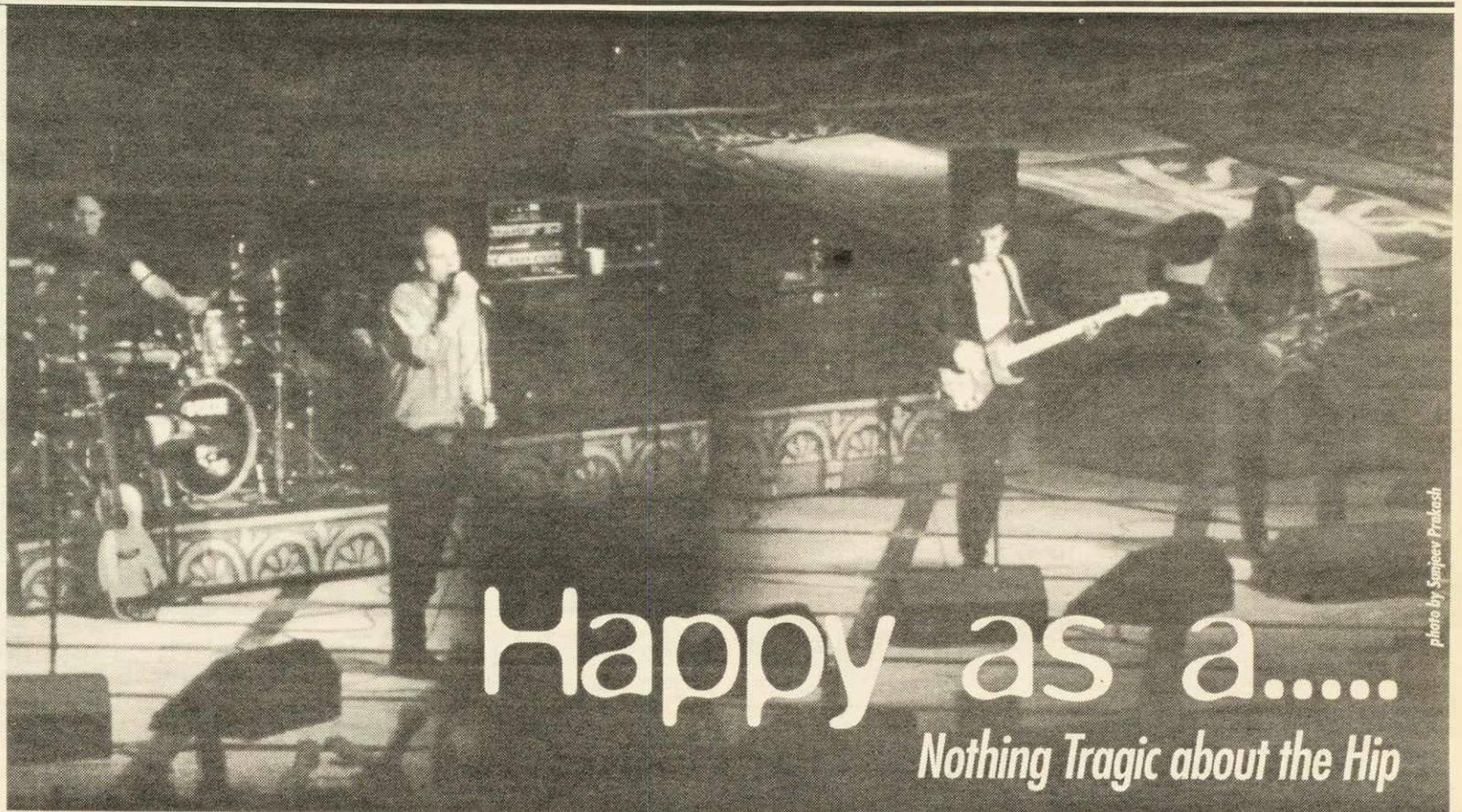
We entered the Metro Centre prior to the Hip, fans bustling around frantically, some licking back on bottles of sauce tucked away in a jacket pocket, some sucking back a bit of reefer — and others just waiting for the band to emerge.

There was a tremendous sense of anticipation, but I didn't truly appreciate the impending musical onslaught until the lights went out and the band came on.

The crowd, consisting mainly of hardcore Hip fans, went positively apeshit.

And then they started playing.

This was when I realized that this concert was going to surpass any show I had ever seen. I didn't know precisely why, but after a while I figured it out.



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First of all, the Hip are no strangers to the music business, and they're definitely no strangers to live shows. After all these years they've finally mastered stage performance. The songs were as fluid and seemingly effortless as a

big-budget porno, and the Hip's stage presence was phenomenal. Gord Downie gave up the wild, jagged-arm-swinging dance for the musically nutritious acoustic guitar, but lacked nothing in quality for it. And what the Hip have

become also made a difference. To me, and a lot of others, the Hip aren't just a good band from Canada, they are Canadian icons. Songs like *Scared* and *New Orleans is Sinking* have become anthems, with the Hip as the flagship of Canadian music.

As a result, the fans are all dedicated, and can often recite entire songs. This is a definite

contributor to a good concert. When a crowd of over 10,000 fans stands up to sing along to the classics, it has a lot more power than everyone just clapping at the end of a song. A lot of patrons were much too drunk or high to get all the lyrics right, but the sentiment was there.

If you haven't seen the Hip live, I highly recommend it. It's no John Tesh, but it's still damn good.

Remaining under Trudeau's Shadow

book.

The best essay in the book is definitely Robert Mason Lee's "Trudeau and the West". I knew I was in for a treat when he opened it with, "What I liked best about Trudeau was how angry he made my father." Trudeau and Quebec are indelibly linked in history, and this look at an oft-forgotten region is excellent and filled with true insights.

Unfortunately, for every Robert Mason Lee in *Trudeau's Shadow* there is a Linda Griffiths five times over. Her Harlequin-style effusion about a stolen dance with Trudeau at the Governor General's ball — entitled "The Lover: Dancing with Trudeau" — was precisely the sort of crap I was hoping to see this book avoid — a journey into the cloak of his mystique with absolutely no insight. It's a sandwich, but all bread and no meat.

The book is filled with missed opportunities. The one truly Maritime contribution to this collection, Islander Mark Kingswell's "Six Scenes of Separation", did not talk about life in the Maritimes under Trudeau, or how Trudeau was perceived out here. Instead, it's an ode about how a rebellious prime minister captured the heart of a ten-year-old and remained an icon throughout his life. He can offer no reasons, just brief encounters and gushing kisses. He refers to Trudeau at least 50 times as "The Great Man" and ends his piece in Toronto, of all places.

The most interesting essay, by far, is Jim Coutts' "Trudeau in Power", which is a behind-the-scenes look at Trudeau in government and how his government was run. Coutts not only fills his work with unknown gems, like how Trudeau ran his cabinet meetings, but also highlighted the main problems with this book.

The idea for *Trudeau's Shadow* is a good one, but the fact that it is Andrew Cohen (a

journalist) and J.L. Granatstein (an academic) who are the ones behind it, illustrates the book's main problem: most of the authors in *Shadow*, while knowledgeable about the "hows" and "whats" of the Trudeau years, don't know anything of the "whys". Without the "whys", the book ends up being a textbook, and a poorly-researched one at that. I would hope there was more to the man than "Just watch me" and his gunslinger pose (which adorns the book's jacket).

Every now and then, someone like Coutts (or former Liberal MP Donald MacDonald) would provide insight on the man through their unique position, or someone like Lee (or former Ontario premier Bob Rae) would write about how their world was affected by Trudeau's policy.

This book could have been

wonderful if it had given the perspectives of those around Trudeau — a president of the Liberal party, a Conservative opponent (like John Crosbie), a page who worked in the House of Commons, a former leader of the Liberal youth, and anyone who might have had unique encounters and a perspective of how their lives changed after that. I am not interested in how someone was in love with Trudeau, but why, and what it meant to them, and if they did not like Trudeau, then why?

The book essentially exists in two parts, first "How do we love Trudeau?", and second, "Let's review, in 2000 words or less, what Trudeau did." This is a shame because all the reader is left to believe is that either Trudeau had no shadow, or it was a very bland one at that.

Close Your Eyes Carroll Godsman Independent



Comprised of a collection of old jazz favorites, Carroll Godsman's *Close Your Eyes* is a positively enchanting listen. *Close Your Eyes* is the debut album from the Maritime artist, who also has numerous theatrical accomplishments in Canada and the United States to her credit.

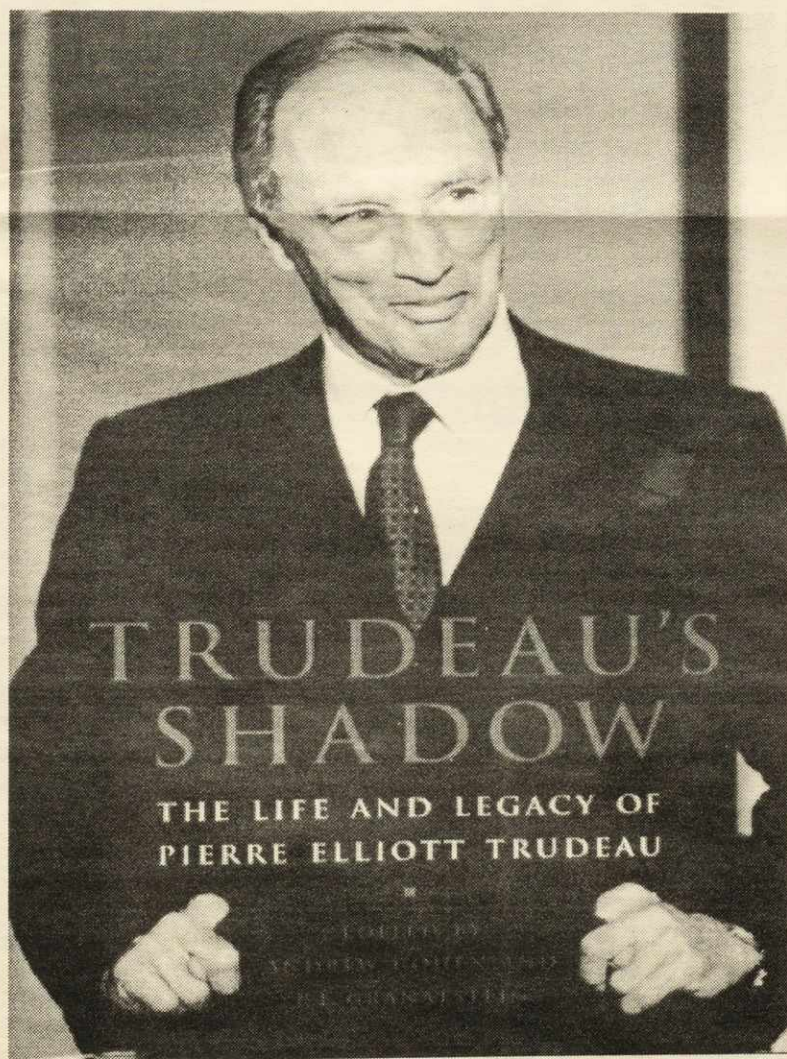
Upon first listen, this CD will not bowl you over with excitement, nor will it have you immediately acknowledging the overwhelming talent of Godsman and her musicians. *Close Your Eyes* is a mellow, laid back collection of tunes that can only be appreciated when savored with time. Godsman's voice is soothing, gentle

and appropriate for jazz. In fact, she sings these tunes so naturally and with such ease that it takes a while to realize just how talented she is. Accompanying musicians Jeff Johnson, Martin Melanson and Charles Goguen complete the picture perfectly — their talents also capturing the spirit of the old favorites on this album.

Close Your Eyes recreates songs such as "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To" (Cole Porter), "The Best is Yet to Come" (C. Leigh and Cy Coleman), and "What are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?" (Michel LeGrande and Marilyn Bergman). Although Godsman's choice of pieces was perhaps a bit commonplace, she recreates them with class. Her arrangements retain the original sound of the songs, with little creative snippets of her own added in.

Close Your Eyes is a must-buy for fans of old jazz. The album would also make a great listen for those who aren't so familiar with jazz but would like to get into it

JANET FRENCH



Trudeau's Shadow Andrew Cohen and J.L. Granatstein Random House

BY DANIEL CLARK

When I was asked to review *Trudeau's Shadow* for the Gazette, I was tentative. Yet, I was quickly struck by the oddities of the president of the Dalhousie Progressive Conservative Youth reviewing a book about the least conservative prime minister in Canadian history.

What also helped to convince me was the format of the book: a collection of essays by noted Canadian journalists, scholars, and politicians. Basically it looked like a

book of opinions supported by evidence, and I hoped that in it I would find the key to Trudeau — because it was nowhere to be found in his intellectually-empty and pontificating *Memoirs*.

At times *Trudeau's Shadow* is an excellent book. However, most of the time it is empty and overly aggrandizing — words I believe describe the man himself. When reading a book like this I find myself looking for nuggets of information, perspectives with insight, and, in general a learning experience (which, for the most part, was not found here).

There are definitely some true gems in the collection. Duncan Macpherson's "Trudeau: A Portfolio" is a collection of that satirist's best cartoons, which alone are almost worth the price of the