

An Evening with Andy Williams DVD (RPM) Long before Metallica did it, Mr. Moon River (or at least the Mr. Moon River who isn't Jerry Butler) teamed up with an Orchestra and let it rip. Though I generally love Williams' voice and stage presence, this 1978 British concert film has him demonstrating some kind of chemistry problem, as Williams and the London Symphony Orchestra just don't sound that good together. Williams' voice sounds lazy and off, and while I dig his pop phrasing, and great medleys ("Danny Boy" into "Almost There" into "Born Free" is about as perfect a slice of seventies schmaltz stagecraft as you can imagine) this does not seem like the man who has mesmerized me in his Chicago Theater Christmas concerts.

Robson Arms - The Complete First Season (VSC) Though I was tempted to write a treatise on the properties of Canadian comedy, in part motivated by the superiority of the sleazy superintendant that is part of the framing device of this anthology-style Canuck sitcom to Schneider of *One Day at a Time*, I think instead I will simply praise this show on its own merits. If ever a box set was made to watch in one long sitting is this show which travels from room to room in an apartment building telling comic/tragic/goofy/bizarre tales of assholes, lovers, kids, immigrants, old folks, queers, and karaoke champs. The poignancy of the tale of a would be classical musician contrasts, and compliments the absurdity of a Tom and Jerry like conflict between a cuckold and the Uber-Schneider. The sophistication involved in showing the melancholy loneliness of a non-bitchiness-challenged woman who fakes her own cancer sits nicely against genuine stoner sex comedy. Super highly recommended

Keith Richards Under Review DVD (MVD) This opens in a manner very similar to the previous Stones title in this series, with historians, ex-Stones (OK, just Dick Taylor, but he's cool enough to count as multiple people) and superfans supplementing awesome archival footage with praisesongs. But this gets real interesting when the story is supposed to get boring. As the Stones lose footing in the 80s (and 90s and 00s and on) according to his worshipers Keith proves over and over that he is the coolest, best, most talented, realest rock god ever, leaving his bandmates in the Stone-quarry. If you don't worship the craggly riffster after watching this you weren't listening. Or you hate Christgau.

Bobby Rush "Live at Ground Zero Blues Club" DVD (MVD) With the passing of Johnny Taylor and Tyrone Davis Rush is the last of the giants of the grown-and-sexy juke joint masters (my apologies to Latimore, you are just shy of being of giant), and this raunchy performance video re-establishes exactly why that is so. No hip hop video director ever showcased booty dancers with this much joy, no late night Malaco compilation TV commercial ever captured the soul of the 21st century chitlin' circuit the way this well-shot video does, and even from the front row you would never appreciate Bobby's leer