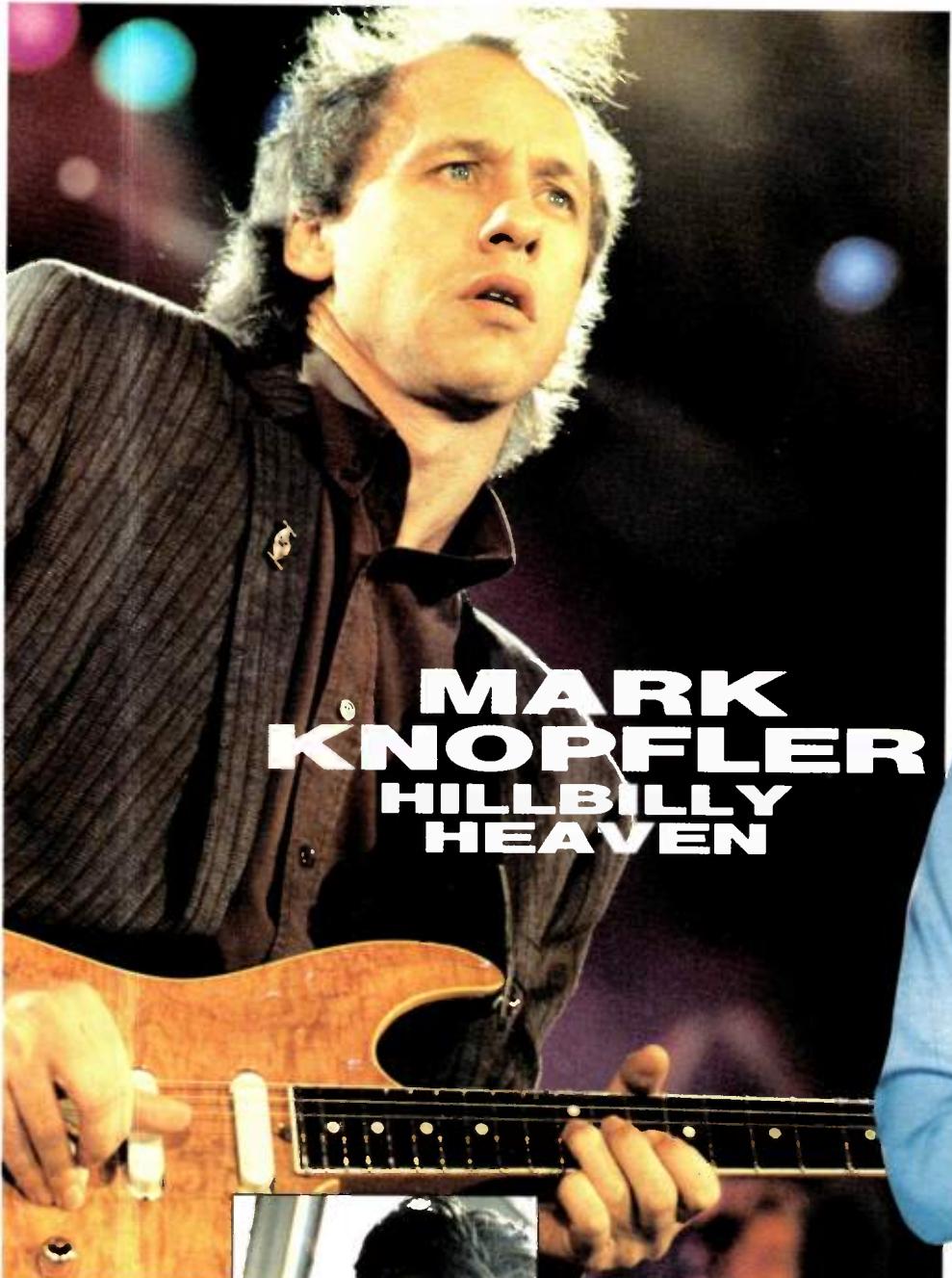


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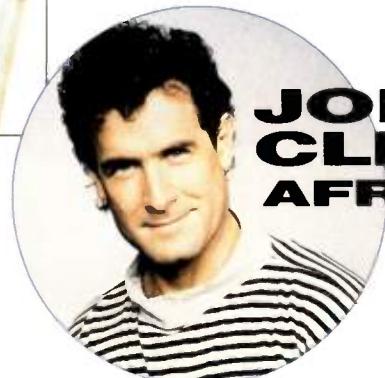
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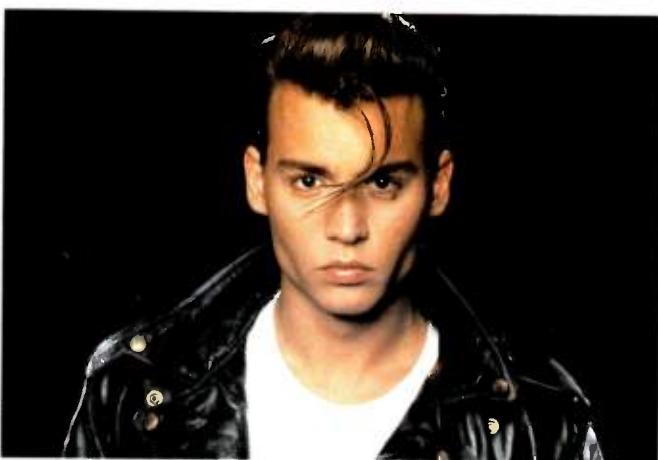


**COREY HART
BIG BANG!
THEORY**



**JOHNNY
CLEGG's
AFRICA**

**CRY-BABY
JOHNNY DEPP**



**WHAT
SINEAD
O'CONNOR
WANTS**



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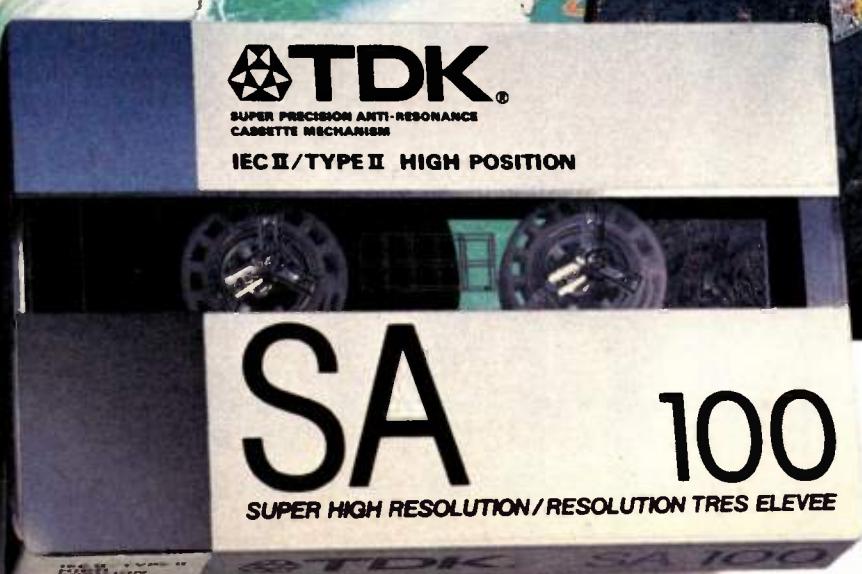
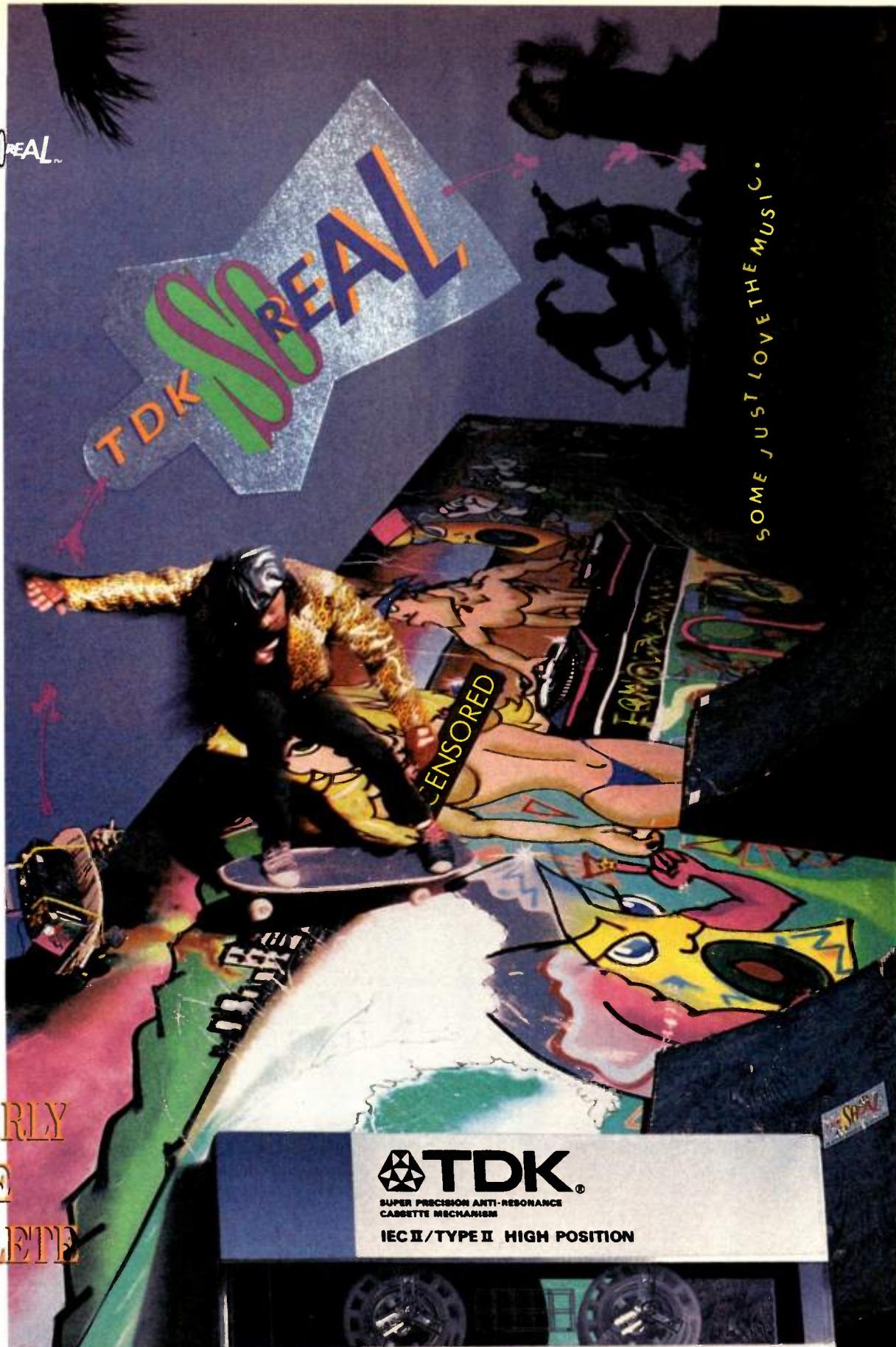
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THE THE IN CONCERT FEB. 14, 1990, TORONTO
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Sharp Appreciation

My compliments to Keith Sharp for his Rush cover story and *Presto* album review. His pieces are a pleasure to read — highly informative, written by a professional who is content to let these musicians speak (very articulately) for themselves while contributing his own views in an unobtrusive way.

I could argue with him that "Show Don't Tell" is about healthy skepticism rather than cynicism, and that "Available Light" is about a passion for understanding more than just sensory perception, but if he can't have his view, then I can't have mine.

As a reader of Keith's Rush features since 1984, I know that he has a keen appreciation for this unique, constantly evolving band. As a longtime Rush fan, I'm glad that he's around to write about them.

Greg Moorcroft
Toronto, ON

A Voice From The Fringe

I wanted to say how delighted I was to read your article about Kate Bush (ME No. 143). You were quite right in observing that we in North America are out on the fringe of Kate Bush fandom. I pride myself on having amassed a rather complete bio of Kate, although it took a good bit of sleuthing.

I believe your article also mentioned that Kate keeps a low profile on the publicity end. Ain't it the truth! How sad — we Americans are really into momentos like buttons and T-shirts. Still, I can't complain, as a local record store was kind enough to call me when their *Sensual World* poster came down off the wall!

I am also writing in the hope that you might be able to provide me with any sort of mailing address for the K.B. fanzine, *Break-Through*.

Lewis H. Richards
Metairie, LA

Ed. note: The address for Break-Through can be found on the Letters page of ME No. 145. Otherwise, all you Kate freaks out there can contact her record company — Columbia in the U.S.; EMI elsewhere.

No Insult Required?

Why the haughty attitude toward Phil Collins (ME No. 143)? It seems a shame that Kerry Doole should combine both condescension and gratui-

about matters that concern him (as poverty and homelessness should concern anybody with a brain and a pair of eyes), it shows that he remains the warm and caring man he's always been. Kerry tries to present a balanced view of Phil's more serious approach on *But Seriously...*, and confirms that the composer is "one of the most honest and likable of stars," but it's a bit late in the day to start jeering about "whitebread soul." We all know Phil isn't Ray Charles or



PHIL COLLINS.

tous insult in a piece on a man least deserving of such abuse. I don't see Phil as a "millionaire who sings like George Bush." I see a down-to-earth Londoner who happens to be one of the world's finest rock drummers, who fought a long battle for acceptance as a singer and composer, and who in the last 10 years has enjoyed well-deserved success.

If Phil wants to write songs

a reincarnation of Otis Redding. But neither are the countless hordes of white rock and pop singers who have been influenced by black music since rock 'n' roll time began. Instead of offering to buy a car from Phil, try listening to some of his (critically acclaimed) albums like *Face Value*, and then tell us what's so "banal."

West Wickham,
Kent, England

*Ed. note: Struck a nerve, eh? Are you by any chance the veteran English rock scribe Chris Welch? If so, chances are you're a longtime friend/drinking buddy of Phil's, which may account for some of your prickly defensiveness over a story you acknowledge as at least partially balanced. For what it's worth, I praised *Face Value*, but that was eight long years ago, and I'll jeer at whitebread soul as long as it pollutes the airwaves — K.D.*

Vinyl Lovers Unite!

I thoroughly enjoyed your wonderful interview with Rush. They deserve so much more attention than they are getting. It was great to finally read an article in which I actually learned things about Geddy, Neil and Alex, and what they've been up to. One big question remains: when are they touring? I've been dying to see them again after their last amazing concert.

I'd also like to know why they didn't put more effort into making a better-quality album. It just doesn't sound as great as the rest of my collection on my high-fidelity turntable. I read and understood what Neil Peart said about the problems with time restrictions and lower sound level, but that's not what I mean. I still believe there's no better sound than a record for "real" music — CD technology is great, but for technopop and digital/instrumental stuff, Rush is meant to be heard on record!

Rachel Proulx
Montreal, QU

Ed. note: Keep checking our concert guide for Rush tour news.

Another Rushaholic Speaks

Thank-you for printing the great article and photos of Rush in the February issue. I love the cover shot too!

Marcia Lesnau
Dearborn, MI

me

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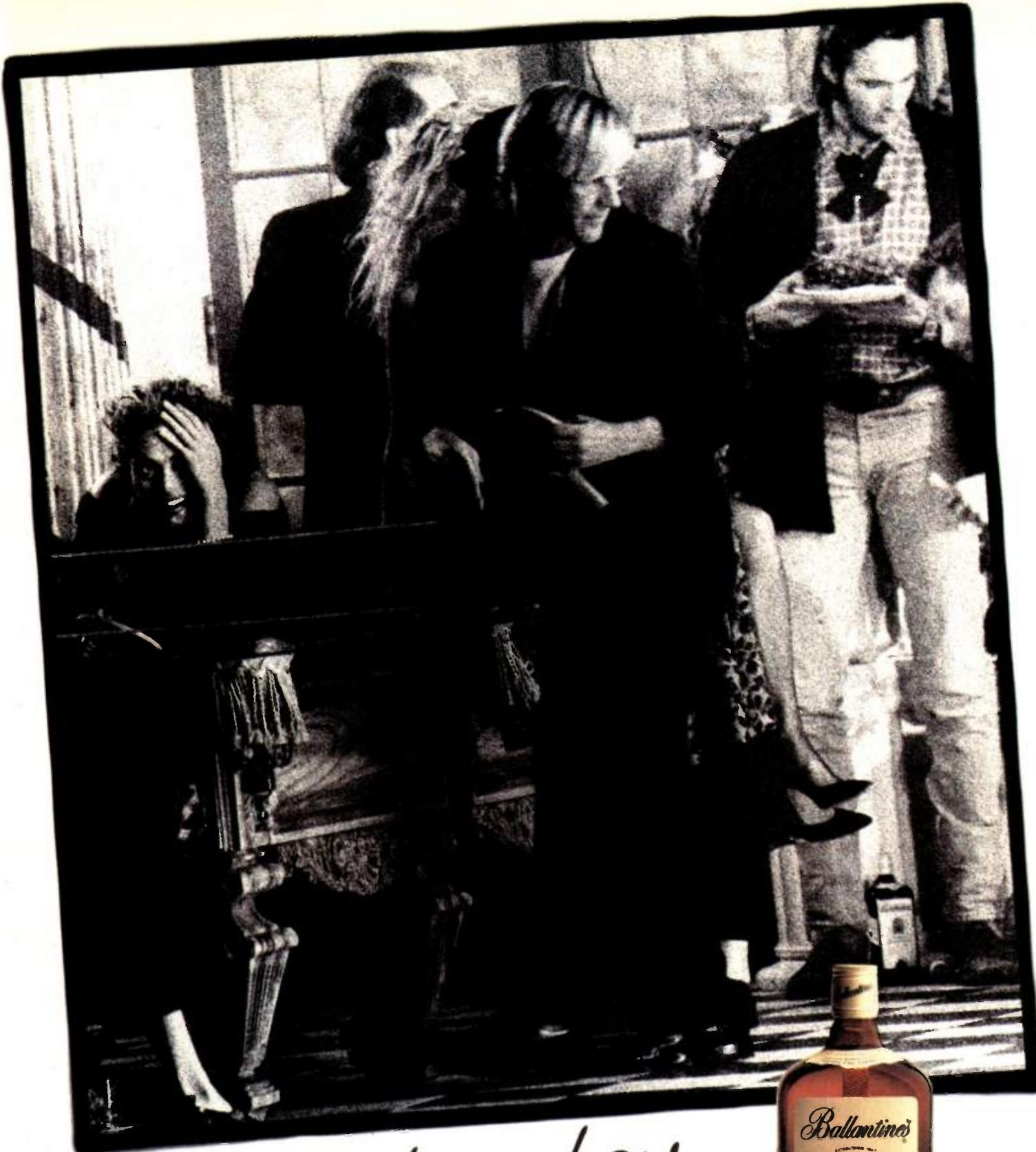
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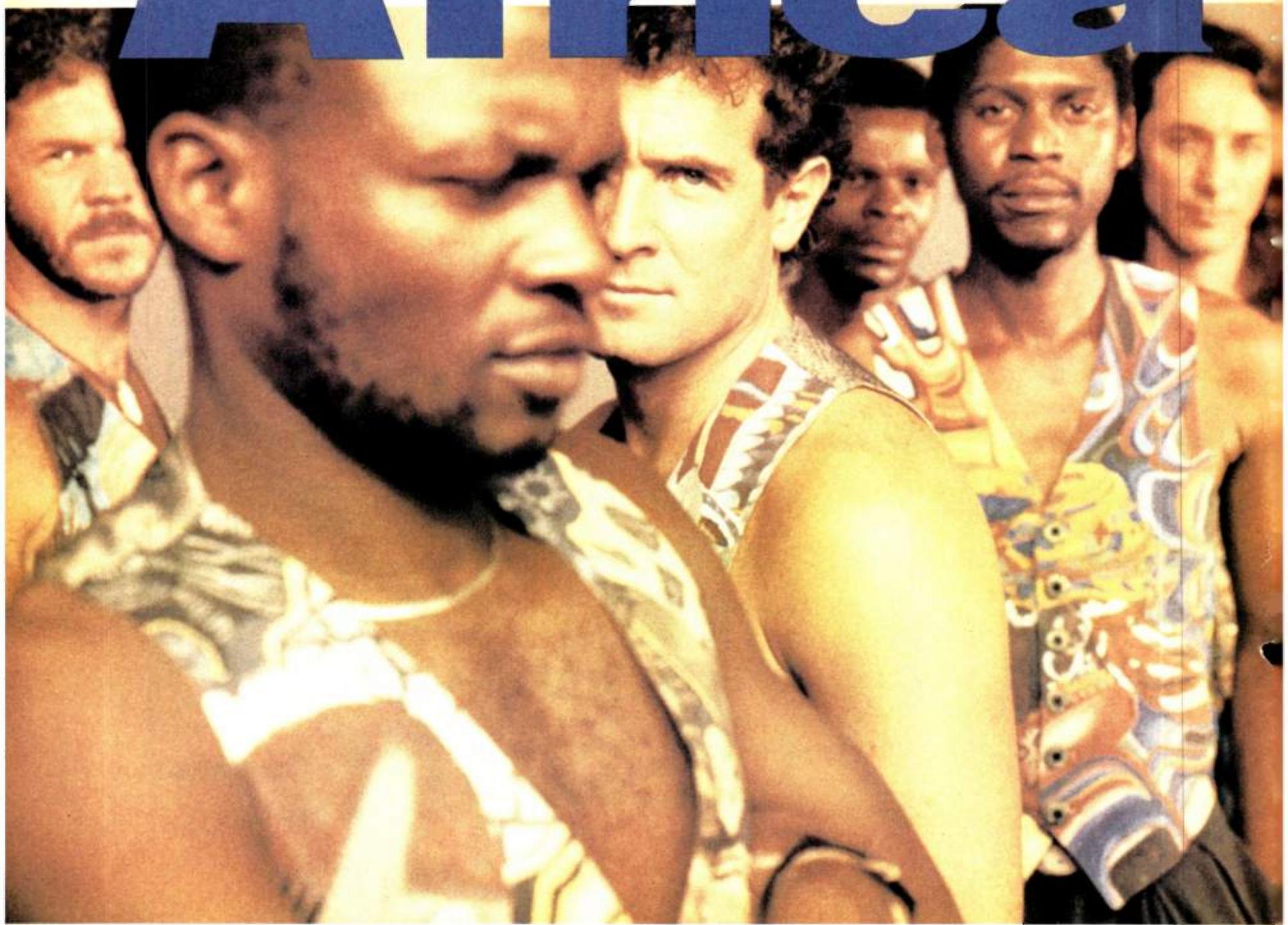
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OUT OF

Africa



Paul Cox/Courtesy Capital/EMI

■ **By Johnny Waller/S.I.N.**



As South Africa slowly dismantles institutionalized racism, one of the beleaguered country's most vocal white anti-apartheid spokesmen, musician Johnny Clegg, talks about his love for his homeland, the imperialism inherent in cultural boycotts, his commitment to social change, and his unique place in this *Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World.*

On Sunday, February 11, 1990, in Capetown, South Africa, Nelson Mandela, the South African nationalist leader, was released after 27 years of imprisonment for attempting to overthrow the racist system of apartheid. His release has been universally acclaimed, both by governments and individuals, as a great step forward towards an integrated and free South Africa.

Five days earlier, in Geneva, Switzerland, Johnny Clegg — the white, British-born leader of the mixed-race South African group Savuka and avowed anti-apartheid campaigner — discussed his hopes and fears for the future of his adopted homeland.



For 27 years Mandela existed as a symbol of hope and strength, but when he resumes political life, do you think that might simply be the start of fresh problems? As a political and social leader he might display certain normal human weaknesses — can he live up to the almost perfect vision of him held by his supporters?

"I think, if anything, that the ANC [African National Congress] can't match up to Mandela's stature. That's what I believe," says Clegg firmly. "From what I've heard, lawyers who have spoken with him have been very impressed, and say that as an individual he's extremely charismatic, knows exactly where he stands on issues and is fine-tuned as to the implications of his position.

"The whole of South African society has been on civil war footing since 1964," Clegg continues. "We've been under State Of Emergency legislation since then, so both sides will have to learn to sit down with a democratic framework to decide all the questions. I see two years of both groups finding out where they stand and how they can work together."

But, as the Reverend Jesse Jackson pointed out recently, Mandela still does not possess that most basic right of democratic freedom, the entitlement to vote. The issue of enfranchisement, one of many that appear on Savuka's new, aptly titled album, *Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World*, is addressed on the opening track, "One (Hu)Man, One Vote."

While Mandela has already stated that the armed struggle will continue until true freedom is assured, Clegg agrees that more than strong words might be needed.

"I think it's smart of the ANC to say, 'We will not disband our armed wing until there's a full-scale

peace process and negotiation process that is clearly in motion,'" he explains. "But we are seeing things change, so let's just wait and see."

How did someone born in Rochdale, England come to form two groups acclaimed internationally for their Zulu-influenced music — the groundbreaking Juluka ("sweat" in Zulu) and his current outfit, Savuka ("we have awoken") — and become enmeshed in the struggle for civil rights in South Africa?

Leaving England at the age of six months when his parents separated, Jonathan Clegg went with his mother to Africa, where they lived first in Zimbabwe for six years, then in South Africa for three years, and then in Zambia for two years before returning to South Africa.

Arriving back in Johannesburg at the age of 12, Clegg was "a pretty mixed up boy." He'd become used to a life on the move, never putting down any roots and not belonging anywhere in particular. He'd begun to listen to the Celtic folk music of traditional artists such as The Chieftains and Planxty, which he regarded as "a kind of a symbol of where my dad was — I never knew my dad."

Despite the fact that his mother worked for CBS in Johannesburg, had a vast record collection and was a musical talent in her own right, young Johnny was not impressed with what he heard. "She was a jazz singer and she used to scat to Ella Fitzgerald day and night. It drove me crazy! To this day I don't like jazz," Clegg laughs.

"My mother used to bring home all the new records long before they were released," he recalls, "but I was never interested. The Beatles passed me by, The Rolling Stones passed me by. That whole era passed me by.

"I quite liked, uhmm...Jethro Tull, Simon & Garfunkel — the folk scene, generally. But it was only in the late '70s that western rock and pop started to interest me. Especially The Police. The Police were, for me, a unique band, and very clever. Jethro Tull and The Police were fusions, and fusion is what I'm after in my own way."

Clegg's initial confrontations with the apartheid system came about almost inadvertently, and certainly apolitically. When he was 15, he was arrested in a migrant labor hostel, where he had gone to take part in Zulu dancing.

As a teenager, Clegg pursued his love of Zulu culture through the wild weekend dance parties held at the migrant workers' hostels, which were virtual shanty-town barracks built on the outskirts of Johannesburg for the rural black workers who were brought into the large urban areas as a source of cheap labor for white businesses.

During the week, these drab, grey, open-plan buildings would be desolate, but then, Clegg remembers, his face lighting up, "On the weekend it would turn into the most incredible, vibrant marketplace, with old women selling vegetables, guys selling stolen radios, cobblers mending shoes, traditional herbalists spreading newspapers on the pavement with all their wares, guys selling shields and spears, hundreds of dance teams performing, gui-

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The quality never fades.



tarists and musicians, little orphan kids from the township coming in and buying offal from the meat market and then roasting it on big briars and selling it to people coming to the marketplace... And there was a constant smell of urine, beer, root smoke, burnt meat and maize being roasted. It was the most incredible, lively, vibrant thing on the weekend!"

"I knew I was breaking the law," Clegg admits, "but it wasn't a defiance against the law, it wasn't a political act. My curiosity and my desire to dance and play music were stronger than my fear of the law. I felt at home there. I fell in love with the Zulu culture, the Zulu people and Zulu music. This was not in any way a political statement. It was not in order to make a political statement against apartheid."

Even still, Clegg came to recognize the insidious way the segregationist system oppressed the black majority. "See, apartheid criminalizes normal behavior," he explains. "I was arrested for being with black people who were making music." If he had been merely observing, or even throwing stones at them, Clegg would not have been arrested, but dancing and singing with blacks was an illegal act.

At this critical phase in his teens, Johnny needed a male father-figure, and he found it in a 24-year-old Zulu, Charlie Mzila, who was a Shinga warrior. Charlie taught the young white kid stick-fighting and the Zulu language. And he also taught him how to play the guitar...

"I met Charlie outside a shop one night when I was on an errand," Clegg explains. "I could see the guitar was tuned crazily and he was picking at it strangely. Jeez, I thought it was amazing! I said, 'You teach me to play?' and he told me to come back the next day. I could tell he didn't think I would turn up, but straight after school I ran home and got my guitar, which was a classical guitar, and I went straight there. He played his guitar and he made that twang-twang steel string sound and then I played mine. It was terrible!"

"I went back home and I said, 'Ma, I want you to buy me a Zulu guitar. It's made from boxwood in furniture stores in the Natal and it costs about 7 Rand [approximately \$3.00].'" She'd never heard of

one, so she did some investigating. She came back and said, 'You know, you embarrassed me. This is a thing you buy in bicycle shops!'

him with entering a black area without a permit.' So my mother came and she paid the fine. Then we had a fight and she said, 'Look, if you're gonna keep

doing this stuff, you carry money around with you and you sort out your own fines.' After that we used to fight about money because [a fine] was a load of money and every weekend I would ask for 60 Rand and she'd say, '60 Rand! What do you think I am, the bank?'"

On leaving school, Johnny enrolled at the University of Witwatersrand, graduating in social anthropology and political science. It was while he was at university that he met guitarist Sipho Mchunu, with whom he formed Juluka, the first ever multi-racial Zulu rock band.

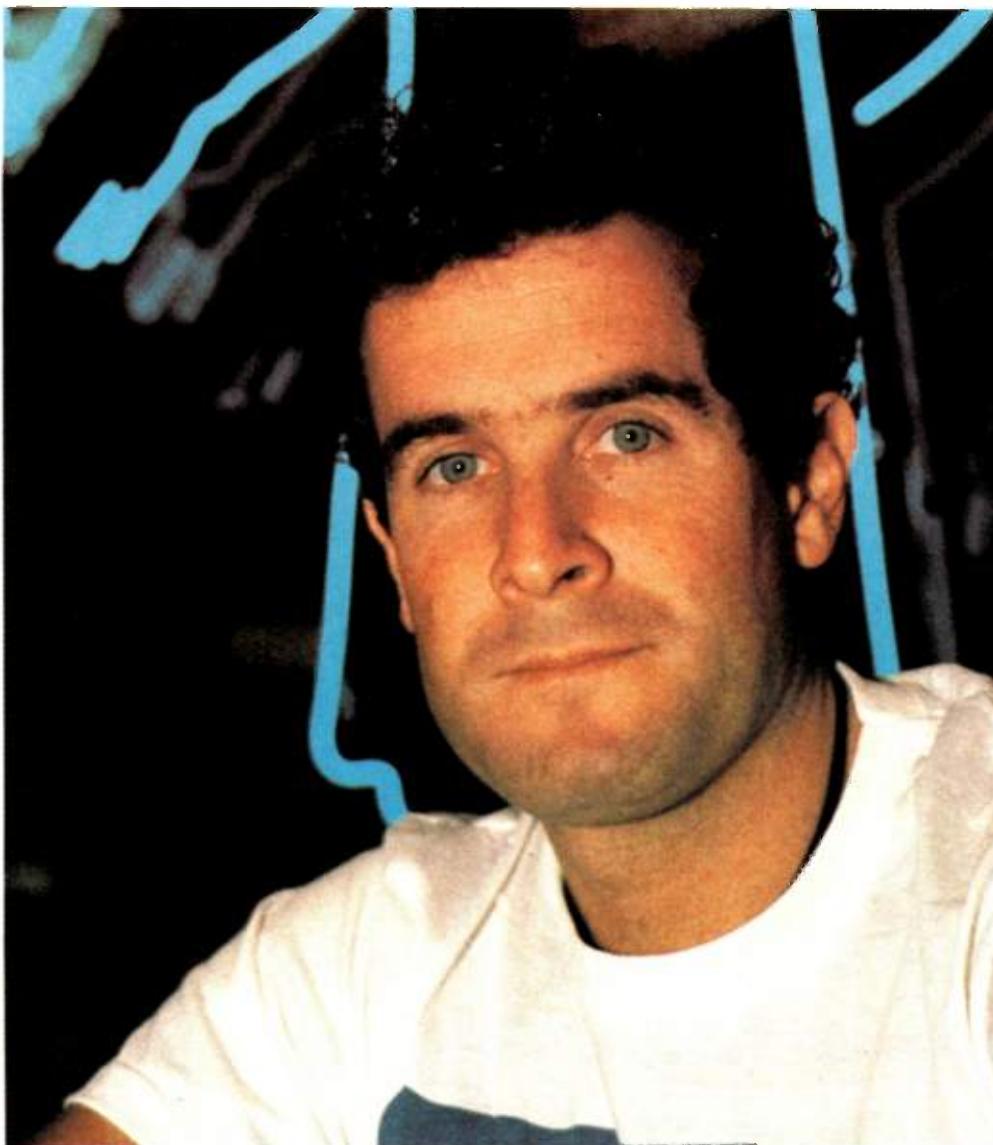
Three albums — *Universal Men*, *African Litany* and *Scatterlings Of Africa* — with their glorious hybrid of Zulu chants, reggae rhythms, folk rock song structures and modern recording techniques, established them as both cultural celebrities and a force for social change. In 1985 Mchunu returned home to lead his Zulu tribe, while Clegg augmented his lineup, christening the new band Savuka.

In recent years, Clegg has gained an international reputation as a passionate, intensely physical performer with a growing following. In France last year, no less a star than Michael Jackson cancelled a show in Lyons when informed that not only were Savuka due to play in the town the same night, but that they'd already sold 35,000 tickets!

Building on the word-of-mouth success of touring in support of the first two Savuka albums — *Third World Child* and *Shadow Man* — Clegg also gained more fans when his song "Scatterlings Of Africa" was featured in the film *Rain Man*.

However, he was denied an important worldwide audience when the British Musicians' Union ruled that he could not appear in London at the momentous Mandela Day Freedom Festival because he had performed in South Africa.

On the subject of this cultural boycott, there are two opposing views: the integrators believe in encouraging enlightenment in South Africa, and therefore approve of Paul Simon's controversial collaboration with black artists on his *Graceland* LP; the



"My curiosity and my desire to dance and play

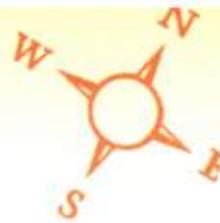
music were stronger than my fear of the law. I fell in

love with Zulu culture."

"So I went to the nearest bicycle shop and bought a Zulu. The music said something to me, and the openness and friendliness and warmth of the people... They took such pleasure in teaching me things about their culture, and I became their mascot."

Did your mother worry about you?

"What happened was, the second time I got arrested, [the police] phoned her and said, 'We're holding him at the charge office and we're charging



hardliners (such as "Sun City" songwriter Little Steven Van Zandt) insist the apartheid state must be isolated, even if that means South African anti-racists are themselves treated as outcasts in the short term.

Says Clegg: "I was part of the South African Musicians Alliance, which was working with the UDF [United Democratic Front] at that time, and we were confused. The UDF said, 'What's your position on Paul Simon?' and we were in a state of confusion because we saw that Hugh Masekela was on *Graceland*, Miriam Makeba was there...all the people who were involved in exile politics!"

But surely the total cultural boycott approved by the British Musicians' Union had been encouraged by black activist leaders in South Africa?

"No! No, there was no consultation. There's never been consultation!" Clegg shouts in frustration. "That's my big complaint.

The BMU's boycott policy is in no way in accord with South African musicians. The ANC has just had a meeting with them to say, 'Look, the South African Musicians Alliance is the progressive musicians' organization working with the mass democratic movement in South Africa. David Webster, who was the trustee, has been assassinated, SAMA's union organiser is under house arrest' — we don't know exactly who's calling the tune!

"One of the things that pissed me off with my being banned by the BMU is that they said they were not accountable to the United Nations, they were not accountable to the ANC, they were not accountable to anybody, because their position started long before anyone else's. Now that works up until the point that a progressive culture emerges in South Africa, which was acknowledged in 1986/87 by the ANC, but the BMU has resisted that.

Since then the ANC and the United Nations and people from South Africa and the anti-apartheid movements have passed a resolution that there is a progressive culture in South Africa which must not be boycotted or hassled — it must be supported internationally. Still no change in the BMU's decision."

young whites have a European cultural psyche, and when somebody who is their hero gets up and says, 'This is wrong,' they know that person is right, and they have to accept that emotionally. You can't quantify it, but it has a real effect on young people."

There is growing support for Clegg — not just politically, but also musically. The new album, for

those who haven't heard it yet, is a spirited "fusion" of *Graceland* rhythms and the hard-edged protest songs of *Midnight Oil*.

Recorded in L.A., *Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World* has all the high-tech production values of an album by, say, Paul McCartney, or even George Michael, with whom Savuka toured last year.

Unlike many musicians who are committed to social change, Clegg tries not to concentrate on tales of doom and disaster (and, heaven knows, there are atrocities still being committed in South Africa daily) but instead emphasizes the better future we must all work for. In this his main weapons are an indefatigable sense of humor — just check the lyrics to "It's An Illusion" — and unstoppable optimism.

There are two things you can be sure about with Johnny Clegg. One, he is not about to give up making his uplifting music. And two, neither will he give up the fight for a better world, a world that for Clegg is centred on South Africa.

"My mother is South African," he explains with patriotic pride, "my wife, Jenny, is South African and my son was born there...I could have had my son born anywhere in the world, but I had him born a South African. I was on tour with Steve Winwood in the States and my wife could have come over to have him born there and have an American passport.

"We had a long debate about that and I said, 'You know, I see my future in South Africa.'"



Catarina/Stills/Retna

"Springsteen playing in Zimbabwe with Sting and

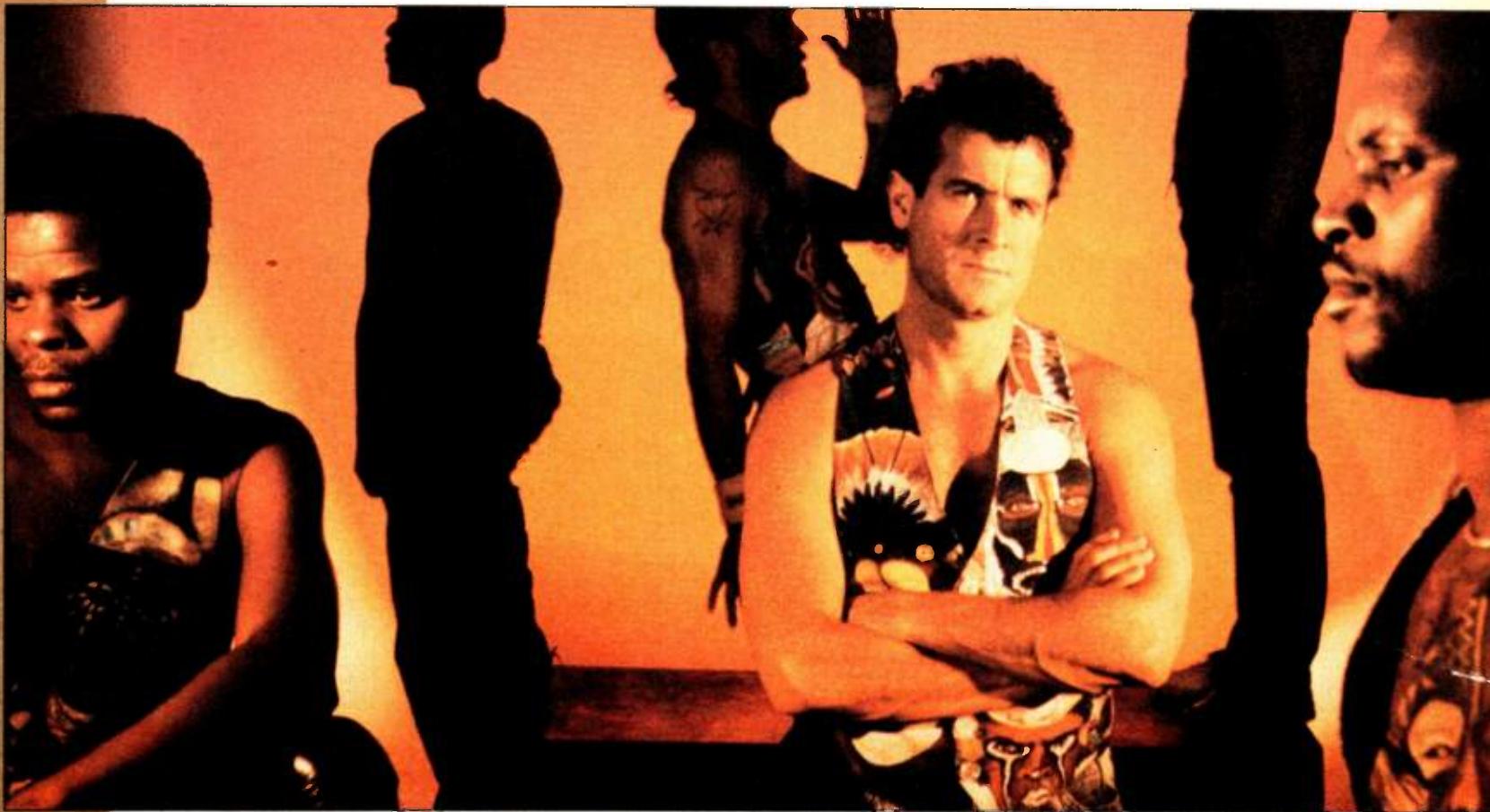
Peter Gabriel really helped... You can't quantify it,

but it has a real effect on young people."

Bitterness aside, Clegg also recognizes the importance of musicians, particularly high profile artists like Simple Minds ("Mandela Day") and Peter Gabriel ("Biko"), in helping to publicize the plight of black South Africa.

"It helps. It does help. I'm pissed off with the fashionable media cynicism that says it's just another trendy cause. Springsteen playing in Zimbabwe with Sting and Peter Gabriel really helped because

JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA



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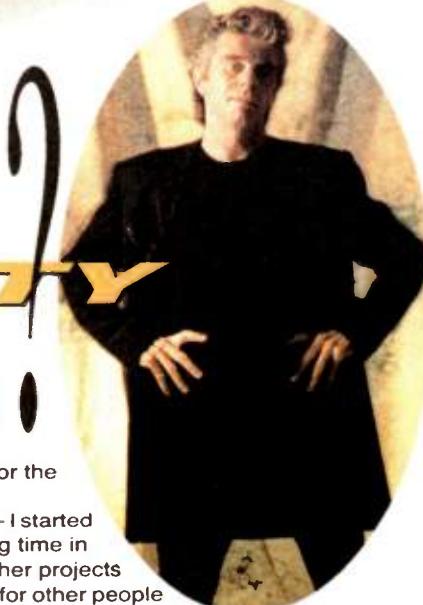
Rock notes

Closer To The Flame may be his first album in five years, but in the interim **Dave Edmunds** has hardly been a stranger to the recording studio. Producing albums for **The Stray Cats**, **The Everly Brothers**, **Dion**, **k.d. lang**, **Mason**, **Ruffner**, **Shakin' Stevens**, **The Fabulous Thunderbirds** and **Stat- us Quo** has provided ample distraction for the Welsh rocker.

"I didn't mean for it to take a long time — I started it two years ago, and I didn't spend a long time in hours," he says about his album. "But other projects just kept coming up, and I was producing for other people who wanted their albums out tomorrow. But that was okay. I was in no hurry. I wanted to get it right, and it all worked out fine."

Apart from his own record, one particularly satisfying project for Edmunds was producing **Nick Lowe's** recently released album, *Party Of One*. The pair, who shared the stage for four years in the now legendary ensemble **Rockpile**, hadn't worked together for nearly a decade. "We never really fell out personally," Edmunds points out. "It was a business thing, with Rockpile breaking up."

The reason for the split? "It's sort of like listening to someone's reason for a divorce," he says. "After a while it gets a bit boring, and you want to get on to something else. I've seen Nick over the years, and we've never had a fight. He needed someone to produce his record, and I'm glad he realized he needed me, because I understand him and his music. It was like nothing had changed, really. He was the same old Nick, and his choice of songs was great. The better the songs, the easier the record is to produce, I've learned."



PARTY OF TWO

us Quo has provided ample distraction for the Welsh rocker.

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Hunting Humans

"It's good ol' American rock 'n' roll," says former **Nightranger** frontman **Jack Blades** about **Damn Yankees**, the hard-rocking all-star trio he formed with **Styx's** **Tommy Shaw** and motor city madman **Ted Nugent**.

The group, which just released a self-titled album, first got together in New York in early 1989. The chemistry was so compelling that the trio wrote nine songs in one weekend, and, amazingly, "A lot of those songs ended up on the record," Blades says. "The whole deal with this band is to keep that freshness, that liveness, always with us. Whatever it is."

When they finally got down to recording, Blades notes, "We wanted to get in there and capture what we had been doing in New York and at my ranch [in Sonoma County, California] and in Ted's garage [in Detroit]. We're the ultimate garage band, and we're having so

much fun with it."

They say that if you play together, you stay together. So during rehearsal breaks, **Nugent**, a renowned marksman, taught **Shaw** and **Blades** how to handle a bow and arrow.

"We had polyurethane full-size zebras and deer up at the ranch," **Blades** recalls. "We'd take a break from rehearsing and shoot targets for an hour. We all got pretty well accomplished at compound shooting." Soon after, they went on to wild pig and boar hunting. With a tour scheduled to begin this month, one wonders what manner of prey they will stalk on the road.



A Question Of

The South and its mores have been a recurring theme in **Bruce Hornsby's** music, so it's not surprising that after nearly a decade in Los Angeles he's moved back to his hometown of Williamsburg, Virginia. "I was always going back to Virginia before I decided to move my whole base of operation back there," he explains.

But what Hornsby soon discovered was that his greatest source of inspiration had, well, changed. "The South is

sort of losing its southness, in the sense that it's becoming more homogenized into the rest of the country," he says. "The South of the past is disappearing, both in look and attitude. A great example of the attitude change is the fact that we in Virginia elected the first black governor — an ironic occurrence, given that Virginia was the capital of the confederacy, but it shows some of the great changes that are happening in the South, obviously for the good. The





dream weaver

"I can't imagine, if Jim Morrison or Jimi Hendrix came along today, they could get anywhere in the music business," muses John Lurie.

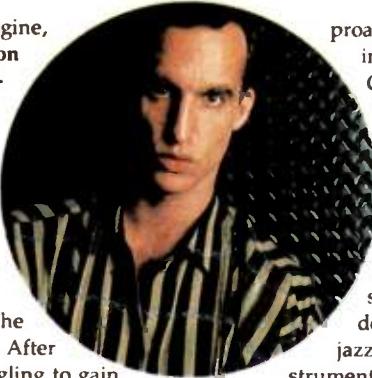
And he should know. After years of struggling to gain recognition in America for his avant jazz ensemble The Lounge Lizards using conventional methods, the talented saxophonist, composer and actor — he starred in Jim

Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* and *Down By Law* — has decided to bypass the record industry and take his music directly to the public. Through a unique series of low-budget television commercials, he's made the Lizards' latest album, *Voice Of Chunk*, available only by mail order. "Obviously, I don't have the power, but I'd love to go against these heavy record companies and MTV," he says. "They're ruining music."

Despite the maverick ap-

proach to marketing, *Voice Of Chunk* represents The Lounge Lizards' most satisfying, commercially viable recording yet: a set of 10 wonderfully melodic jazz-inspired instrumentals with humorous titles such as "Sharks Can't Sleep" and "Bob The Bob." Lurie's well-honed sense of irony is perhaps best reflected in "Tarantella," the only tune on the album with lyrics. "I almost left it off, because I couldn't tell whether it fit in with the rest of the record, which was really a complete work of art," he notes thoughtfully.

The song, inspired by the 1988 riot in Tompkins Square park in New York, features cleverly macabre words about breaking things, setting fires and pummeling innocents, sung by a strangely cheerful chorus of male voices. "It reminds me of the Texas Rangers," Lurie says. "When they're all walking, singing, 'We're the...'"



Macabre Jazz



When Suzanne Vega first came to popularity several years back, few others of her gender shared her artistic and critical acclaim. Since then, however, many other young women have gained similar recognition in an industry that has traditionally been a bastion for boys.

"At first I was a little surprised, because I was sort of used to feeling that I was the only one out there at the time," she said recently about the apparent phenomenon. "Certainly there were women doing it before me. It wasn't that I felt that much like a freak or anything, but suddenly there were 10 or 12 of us, whereas before there was only one or two. It's a little strange. I just hope it's not perceived as a fad, like, 'Oh, that was the year we had all the women.'"

Despite the hoopla suddenly surrounding female singer-songwriters, Vega has kept her focus, recently completing her third album, *Days Of Open Hand*. "A lot of the images on the record come from dreams," she says. "'Men In A War' was one that came from a dream, and so were 'Tired Of Sleeping' and 'Book Of Dreams.' So I decided to go for that approach, which allows me to put my personal feelings in it without being confessional. I felt like I was expressing myself through the images, rather than being more diary-like — which is another way of writing. It was a way for the songs to come out of my life without revealing details about myself that I don't think are relevant. I think if you're a really good artist, that's what you're able to do — make it personal."

Southness

South is becoming less rural, more suburban."

Hornsby's third album, *A Night On The Town*, is expected next month. Recorded in Los Angeles with his band, The Range, it includes guest spots by The Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia, jazz saxophonist Wayne Shorter and banjo player Bela Fleck. Hornsby also expects to produce an album for his longtime idol, Leon Russell, later this year.

COMPILED BY TINA CLARKE

I love to be an icon

Superstrong, obnoxious

little moron

Yea, yea, yea, hey, hey

Icon, sing-a-long we can

never do no wrong

Yea, yea, yea, hey, hey

Look at me I'm smilin'

("Icon," by Corey Hart)



There are those who might suggest that the above lyrical sentiment is autobiographical. Corey Hart, the Golden Boy of Canadian rock, has taken his share of knocks. His last album (*Young Man Running*) was a commercial flop, he was dropped by high profile manager Freddie DeMann (Madonna, Billy Idol) after a brief but (reportedly) stormy liaison, and he became a recluse — no tours, no press and apparently no desire to continue his career.

It seemed the man who could do no wrong had lost his Midas touch — and there were more than a few people happy to stick their knives in the corpse. It was real tabloid stuff. Corey had lost heart (or was that hart?).

"Yeah, I can be a real pain in the arse," cracks Hart, flashing a boyish grin as he settles into a couch in New York's Parc 51st hotel for a rare interview to promote his new album, *Bang!*, and to refute some of the criticism levelled against him.

In meeting this cheery, handsome Montreal native, it's hard to imagine why so many people have taken great relish in lambasting him. He can't be the moody character who forced no fewer than three P.R. companies to quit on him, had a public flare-up with his manager in a U.S. airport and pulled the plug on a Canadian tour after just three dates.

"I think people get the wrong impression of me," Hart explains. "I have a clear vision of what I want to do, and if my vision is contrary to someone else's, I won't change it. If that makes me difficult, then I guess I am."

Considering the impact of his first two albums, *First Offense* and *Boy In The Box* (which sold one million copies in Canada), it seems strange that Hart should find himself on the defensive.

It's true that his third LP, *Fields Of Fire*, did not follow the blazing success of *Boy In The Box*, but with top U.S. manager DeMann in tow and a renewed commitment from U.S. label EMI, it seemed *Young Man Running* would recover lost ground.

"Critically, it was my best received record, but commercially it was my least successful," Hart admits. "There was a point where I pulled back from promoting that record. There was a point where I questioned even staying in this industry. The ugly head of this business was too distasteful for me to be around. Everything was in a shambles."

The cause for Hart's concern was a battle with his Canadian label, Aquarius Records, and the annulment of his management agreement with DeMann — two episodes in a developing soap opera.

Initially Hart let things slide with the label, focusing on his work. "I figured the albums were more important than the lawsuits," he reflects, "Instead, I wrote a couple of songs; 'So It Goes' [from *Young Man Running*] and 'Art Of Color' [from *Bang!*], which sum up my feelings." He recently parted company with Aquarius.

Setback No. Two was his brief tenure with DeMann, a relationship which unravelled after a public flare-up at the Dallas-Fort Worth airport. Reportedly, Hart created quite a scene, haranguing DeMann for not returning phone calls or giving him priority attention. DeMann was sufficiently steamed to tear up his contract the following day.

"Not true," pleads Hart. "My relationship with Freddie was very amicable. The problem was that he didn't get along with EMI. They were pushing 'In Your Soul' for the first single and he wanted 'Spot You In A Coalmine.' It came down to a point where they didn't share the same vision for where

and change my singing because my voice was unintelligible. But I stuck with my principles and did things my way. Otherwise you end up with something you're not happy with."

Hart happily signed with Aquarius because they gave him artistic freedom. "Every other part of the contract I completely ignored," he laughs, "but that one clause I read over and over again."

By the time Hart had recorded the follow-up *Boy In The Box* in June, 1985, his Midas touch had become firmly established. He not only wrote all the songs but this time co-produced with Astley and Chapman at Montreal's Morin Heights Le Studio.

There's a famous story about EMI's U.S. A&R chief, Neil Portnow, listening to Hart's demos at the studio and walking out in mock disgust. Hart had not only written the songs, but he'd also sequenced them so perfectly that Portnow had been rendered redundant.

It seemed the boy wonder could do no wrong. "Never Surrender," "Boy In The Box," "Everything In My Heart" and "Eurasian Eyes" (a tribute to long-time girlfriend Erika Gagnon) were all smash hits. The album became only the second domestic release to reach diamond status (one million units sold).

— beaten out a couple of months before by Bryan Adams' *Reckless* release. He won a Juno for top single, "Never Surrender," was nominated for a Grammy and toured extensively throughout North America and Japan — where he amassed a near hysterical fan base.

But that giddy euphoria was about to burst with the release of his follow-up album, *Fields Of Fire*. Critics, quick to praise his first two releases, hammered him relentlessly. It was as though they were trying to find a chink in his armour, and they picked one vulnerable target: his mournful cover of Elvis Presley's "Can't Help Falling In Love."

"Yeah, I got shit for that one," laughs Hart. "But it wasn't as though I was trying to cash in on the Elvis craze. It was a totally spontaneous gesture that was recorded in three or four hours. I'm quite proud of that song."

Unfortunately, the album did not spark the same interest as his two previous efforts. The lead-off single, "I Am By Your Side," did not catch on with U.S. radio, and his American tour met with lukewarm response in many areas.

"I couldn't understand what was going on," Hart confesses. "Someone at EMI was telling me how the *Crowded House* debut was selling great at 200,000 units in Canada and I thought, 'Hey! My album sold 300,000 units. Why are they calling it a stiff?'"

Suddenly life was turning sour on the kid that could do no wrong. "It's a strange feeling when you're no longer the flavor of the year. People treat

DIAMOND COWBOY

••• BY KEITH SHARP •••

I wanted to go — but it was nothing malicious."

Hart admits he made mistakes and claims his mindset wasn't centred, particularly during *Fields Of Fire*, when his business hassles first developed. "When I was young, I said to myself, 'I can make as many mistakes as I want until I'm 25. But after that, I've got to stop making them' — particularly since I turn 28 at the end of this month."

For Hart to admit making mistakes is quite a revelation, particularly for someone who seemed foolproof when he released *First Offense*, in November, 1983. Hart didn't play by the rules — he set his own. He wrote his own songs, hired his own producers (Jon Astley and Phil Chapman), went to Manchester, England, to record at Revolution Studio and even conned Eric Clapton into playing dobro on "Jenny Fey." His brashness even extended to the video for the lead-off hit, "Sunglasses At Night," scripted by Hart, which won a Juno (the Canadian equivalent of a Grammy) in '84 for best video.

After a slow start domestically, the Orwellian "Sunglasses At Night" caught fire in the States during the summer of '84, with EMI providing an album release later that year. The results were promising enough for MTV to laud Hart as one of this continent's hottest new prospects.

"My attitude at that time came from the feeling that before I signed with Aquarius, everyone was telling me what to do," Hart explained. "My demos had been turned down by about 10 labels, and people kept telling me I had to write with other people

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you so differently when you're successful. I tried to remain stable but internally, I felt as though I was losing it. I couldn't perform properly, I felt mentally and physically drained."

Hart cites these problems as the reason for aborting his Canadian tour three dates into the itinerary — and not the lack of ticket sales, as interpreted by the media.

"It was the accumulation of a lot of things," admits Hart. "I didn't have a single happening, which made it tough to tour in the States. I was dissatisfied with my management and my Canadian label and with the way my band sounded. I just wasn't centred properly."

"After the first show, I felt ill and had to see a doctor. I played two more but, after the show in Thunder Bay, I knew I couldn't go on. I was at that point when the warning light goes on. I said to myself, 'You don't do drugs but if you go on with this tour you might, so take stock of yourself.'

"I did a CBC TV special to try to make it up to the fans, but it wasn't the same. However, I still think self-preservation is more important."

In retrospect, Hart thinks he should have taken a break between *Boy In The Box* and *Fields Of Fire*. Maybe overexposure was a factor, but his youthful exuberance had gotten the better of him. He'd made his first major career mistake — and he'd make several more, culminating in the failed release of *Young Man Running*.

Sitting patiently in the Parc 51st lounge, dressed casually in shredded blue jeans that bare his kneecaps, Hart is getting visibly restless. Okay, he's taken the rap for past mistakes, he's answered his critics, and now he's anxious to talk about more positive things, like his new album, *Bang!*

"The most encouraging thing is the support I've had from my American label," Hart explains. "They could have easily dropped me. I even went to the label president, Sal Licata, and asked to be traded. He said that he believed in me as an artist and having just become the label president, wanted a shot at breaking the next record."

Buoyed by this vote of confidence, Hart moved into L.A.'s Rumbo Recorders to co-produce the new album with Greg Edward (Stevie Nicks, Bob Seger). He was joined by Kenny Ar-

onoff, John Mellencamp's drummer, British vocalist Ruby Turner and top-name session players including ace harmonica player Jimmy Z.

"I was thrilled to get Kenny. He's the perfect guy to put the drive back into my music. And Ruby adds a new dimension to my writing. I wrote lines for her to get a call and response effect. She's a very versatile performer."

Hart says the album title is an abbreviation of "Build A New Garden," a line which appears in the track "Bang!", and which, to Corey, best exemplifies his renewed confidence.

"You think about the changes in Eastern Europe and there seems to be a global spirit of rebirth," he says. "That's how I feel about this album."

The energetic, up-tempo nature of *Bang!* provides a confident stride towards the future while acknowledging past tribulations. "Diamond Cowboy," a play on his diamond award for *Boy In The Box*, addresses the fallibility of being a rock star. "Just polish the jewel until it shines no more/ comes a horseman who thinks he rides forever/ goes a fool like none other before."

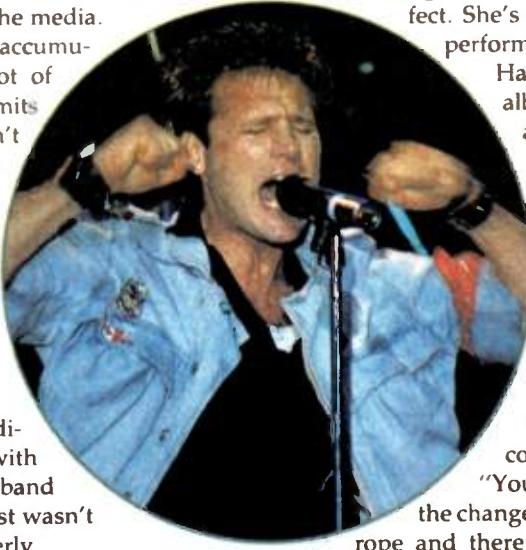
"Icon" is not intended to be autobiographical, but it catalogues the absurdities of the rock star ego. "It satirizes the caricature of a rock star," allows Hart. "There are lines like, 'And now they serve me caviar/ what is a sturgeon anyway?' I've heard industry types actually say that!"

Hart is also upbeat about the video for his lead-off single, the raucous "A Little Love."

"This is one video I'm proud of," he enthuses. "My batting average on videos is something like 2 for 15. Some earlier ones were embarrassing. But this one captures the song's energy, and we look like we're having fun."

Hart senses that *Bang!* is about to regain lost ground. He's signed up both Aronoff and Turner for his band, will hit Europe in the next few months and has vowed to play throughout North America this summer.

"Some people say that I've got a public relations job to do, but this isn't a young man running anymore," he says. "I've admittedly made some mistakes, but the only way I can answer back is through my music. It's the only weapon I've got."



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Sinead O'Connor's

second LP, *I Do*

Not Want What I

Haven't Got,

reflects her interest

in spirituality and

peace, as well as

a new attitude

brought about by

success, marriage

and motherhood.



"God grant me
The serenity to accept the things I cannot change
The courage to change the things I can
And the wisdom to know the difference."

THORNS ROSES

The serenity prayer, over the years, has been utilized in a number of ways. It's been inscribed in greeting cards, provided a base for countless eulogies and been adopted as a motto by Alcoholics Anonymous. But it's a safe bet that even in the clean & sober '90s, the verse's intonation on a rock 'n' roll album might take the mausoleum of its author, Reinhold Niebuhr, for a bit of a spin. Then again, *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got* isn't your garden-variety rock 'n' roll album. And Sinead O'Connor isn't your garden-variety rock star.

"The album, as far as I'm concerned, is a religious album," O'Connor says of her sophomore effort. "The songs, by and large, are hymns. Well, hymns might not be the right word, but they're definitely conversations with old Mr. God."

Considering that the aforementioned prayer, whispered intently, serves as the prelude to her new album's lead track ("Feel So Different"), one wonders if Sinead has had it answered.

"I think I've been lucky so far," she smiles, her voice little more than a whisper.

Which is the most difficult of the three to achieve?

O'Connor pauses, but her eyes never waver from those of her interviewer.

"Courage," she says with a quick nod. "Definitely courage."

It's a surprising answer from a woman who fairly exploded onto the music scene some two years back, looking like a cross between a Dickensian street urchin and a refugee from a WAC boot camp, and sounding like a caterwauling dervish *cum* coloratura. With her debut LP, *The Lion And The Cobra*, the Dublin-born O'Connor grabbed onto every archetypal female role within reach — from madonna

By David Sprague

to whore to hard-line feminist — and osterized them into an oddly enticing, not always fragrant potion. What most people noticed, however, was the first thing that met the eye. And many were intimidated by the aggressively stark look they saw. Was that kind of confrontation what she had in mind?

"No, not at all," Sinead sighs. "I was stupid, ac-

"I didn't realize that if I shaved my head and wore Doc Martens and a bomber jacket, people would look at me as aggressive... People judge a book very much by its cover."

tually. I didn't realize that if I shaved my head and wore Doc Martens and a bomber jacket, people would look at me as aggressive. I knew myself and I knew that I wasn't aggressive, so I assumed people would automatically understand me. I didn't realize that people judge a book very much by its cover. This business is very cynical — do you know what I mean?"

That last phrase, delivered both quizzically and plaintively, finds its way into virtually every statement the 23-year-old makes. That's telling. Whereas

not so long ago O'Connor was intent on being heard, now her demeanor (not to mention the content of *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*) indicates that she wants to be *listened to*. And while the "f**k off if you're not with me" bluster that once surrounded her has abated, Sinead still makes it clear she has plenty to say — she just makes her points more quietly. As evidence, one need only listen casually to the new disc's "You Cause As Much Sorrow" or "Emperor's New Clothes," both of which address the question of perception vs. reality quite directly.

"I'm basically saying that the press builds you into this great...thing, you know. And they don't even *know* you," she explains wearily. "Then they attack you for being the image they have in their heads. Do you know what I mean? When you're really not that at all."

But hasn't she cultivated a public image to some extent?

"No. I could never do that," comes the passionate reply. "The day I started doing that, I would start to hate myself. Once you start to be concerned with what other people think of you, you might as well give up, because you'll have lost your integrity completely."

Integrity is almost a mantra to O'Connor. She frets that people will assume she's lost hers — that she's become a "hippie" or a zealot because of her new album's peace-loving tone — when, of course, she really needn't. *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got* is as unblinkingly soul-baring (without belly-flopping into Joni Mitchell-esque diary renderings) as her debut. But she's no longer eager to question the integrity of others. Most notably, her conversation is free of jibes at U2, who were incorrectly credited as having "discovered" her.

"It's one thing to say, over a pint, that such-and-such is an arsehole," she ventures. "That way, it doesn't mean anything. But once it gets into print..."

"People have a right to do anything they want to do, and I don't have any right to judge them," Sinead says now of the accusations of sanctimoniousness she once levelled at the Bono brigade. "I can't sit here and expect you to respect me and understand me as an artist if I'm not going to do the same for others. I can't say, 'Why can't I dress the way I want and say whatever I want?' if I'm not going to do the same. They will answer for what they do, and I will answer for what I do."

Sinead's prepared to answer for the unabashedly religious quality of *I Do Not Want...*, she insists. Whereas *The Lion And The Cobra* fit snugly into the cubbyhole granted "the mystical Irish writer," there's precious little metaphor to be found in "Feel So Different," or the new album's title track. She bristles slightly when the aforementioned cubbyhole is opened, but seems to have her beliefs well sussed out.

"There is a spiritual quality to my work because of my involvement in spiritualism," she says. "It's not because I'm Irish. I don't want to preach to anyone, or sound arrogant, as if I have all the answers. But if people want to know what makes me tick, that's it."

"That" includes a deep interest in reincarnation, the study of numerology and a recent immersion in the reading of the cabala. The intensity of her beliefs can, at least in part, be traced back to the death of her mother (killed in a car crash when Sinead was 17). The new album's title track, an a cappella song that draws heavily from the 23rd Psalm, seems to be a reflection on her influence.

"Yes, my involvement in spiritualism began after my mother died, so in a way I'm almost...grateful to her for dying," Sinead laughs ever so slightly. "I don't mean that the way it sounds. But if it weren't for her, I never would have become involved and never started thinking the way I think, so I feel a great deal of gratitude. That sounds really awful, I know, but..."

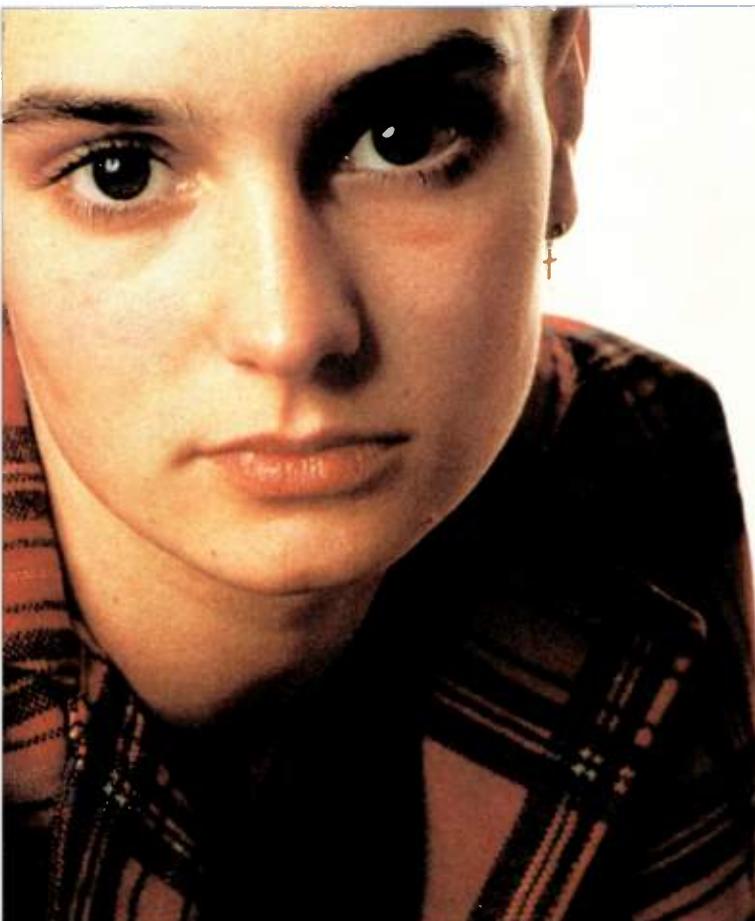
The still-fresh memory of that loss was evident on *The Lion And The Cobra*, as were the cumulative effects of a stint in reform school, an early entry into the adult world — the singer was on her own at 15 — and pregnancy (and subsequent single motherhood), which happened during the production of her debut record.

"The last record was done when I was 20 and unhappy, and a lot of the songs were written when I was much younger and more unhappy," O'Connor says. "Now I've done all my screaming and shouting, but I'm really much stronger now, so I don't feel I have to scream and shout anymore."

Since then, however, O'Connor's life has been, well, maybe not *all* roses, but certainly quite a bit less thorny. *Lion* went gold (which, Sinead claims, convincingly, didn't matter a whit to her) and she married son Jake's father, John Reynolds, who happens to serve as drummer in her band. The changes have helped her create a work that, while not readily classifiable as "happy," is certainly more con-

tent. Delicate, even.

"I feel much more delicate," she smiles. "Well, not delicate so much, but less angst-filled, more settled. I was looking for something, and for the first time I wasn't concentrating on myself all the time. I got away from being so insular."



Having passed through that "phase," does she regret any of its by-products?

"Not at all," she insists. "But it's about phases of my life I'm finished with. Certain songs, like 'Troy,' are and always will be part of me, but mostly, it's the past. Over the past months, I've sat down and

"I'm really much stronger now, so I don't feel I have to scream and shout anymore."

looked at everything I've said and done and believed. Some I got rid of and some I kept. But there's no regret. It's...you know how you see a photograph of yourself at 15 and you're wearing f**king horrible clothes that you thought at the time were great? So you shouldn't knock what you've done in the past.

"But that doesn't mean you shouldn't try and change it."

So what was consigned to the curbside during Sinead's bout of spring cleaning? Well, for starters, the layered, sometimes bloated production that drenched passages of *The Lion And The Cobra* in sub-Jethro Tull orchestration. For much of *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*, it's just Sinead and acoustic gui-

tar ("The Last Day Of Our Acquaintance," "Black Boys On Mopeds"), Sinead over sinuous, undarned hip hop beats (a grindingly updated version of Gaelic band Scullion's "I Am Stretched Out On Your Grave") or just Sinead, choigirl pure 'n' simple (the title song).

Also missing are some of her first LP's more overtly sexual lyrics. *I Do Not Want...* is surprisingly chaste, mourning dead lovers and/or loves and celebrating escape from other relationships. The first single, a chart-topper in the U.K., falls into the former category. "Nothing Compares 2 U," originally released by The Family, was penned by O'Connor's admitted favorite songsmith — Prince.

"I think he expresses sexuality the way it ought to be expressed," she enthuses, "in the purest way possible."

Isn't it more common for pop music to celebrate the opposite side — to gloat over how dirty and nasty sex is?

"I think that's very damaging," Sinead muses. "You see that in books and films all the time. But it isn't dirty at all. It's not about your penis or your vagina — it's about the whole of you. But it is an insidious attitude. I often find myself falling into thinking that way."

Considering her steadfast insistence that everything she involves herself in, artistically, be autobiographical — or pretty darn close — it's not surprising that Sinead O'Connor, having decided to try her hand at acting, has done so in a film that confronts those negative sexual mindsets. *Hush-A-Bye Baby*, based on the story of Ann Lovett, an Irish schoolgirl who died giving birth in a church grotto, features Sinead as a classmate of Lovett's who intends to become a nun.

"My reason for wanting to do the film is that I feel very strongly about the subject," she explains. "Women in general are forbidden to express their sexuality in Ireland. And the attitude toward illegitimacy is archaic. Women aren't allowed to go out wearing a skirt — that means they're 'asking for it.' It's atrocious!"

"Women are brought up to believe that they must satisfy men's uncontrollable desires," she snorts, eyes flashing. "Just recently a soldier raped an 11-year-old girl in Ireland. He was let off because a conviction would damage his career."

She looks almost tearful. "An 11-year-old girl," she repeats softly.

She's not acting now. Though she'd likely deny any desire to shoulder the woes of the world, O'Connor is obviously cut to the quick by a lot of what she sees. So, it can be pointed out, are a lot of people. But most keep things at a safe distance, cloaked in metaphor or filtered through a cathode ray. The fragile lass in the Doc Martens and bomber jacket seems never to have learned the fine art of being a chameleon. What you see is what she is.

"To do anything else would be dishonest," she states with conviction. "I write songs for myself, made up of discoveries I make about myself. I don't think about records or sales or anything like that. Other people seem to like what I do, but that's really secondary. Do you know what I mean?" **me**

MEMOREX®

CONCERT GUIDE

RUSH

APR.2 LOS ANGELES • TBA

5 SAN DIEGO • TBA

8 PHOENIX • TBA

RANDY TRAVIS

APR.1 FAIRFAX • PATRIOT CENTER

6 HERSHEY • HERSHEY PARK ARENA

7 WORCESTER • THE CENTRUM

8 PHILADELPHIA • CIVIC CENTER

12 CORPUS CHRISTI • MEMORIAL COLISEUM

13 HOUSTON • THE SUMMIT

14 SAN ANTONIO • FREEMAN COLISEUM

19 CINCINNATI • CINCINNATI GARDENS

20 KNOXVILLE • THOMP. BOWLING ARENA

21 LEXINGTON • RUPP ARENA

27 PENSACOLA • CIVIC CENTER

28 BILOXI • MISS. COAST COL.

29 BATON ROUGE • LSU ASSEMBLY CTR.

THE RAMONES

APR.3 OSLO • THE VOICE

18 NORMAN • THE EDGE

19 DALLAS • ARCADIA THEATRE

20-21 AUSTIN • THE BLACK ROOM

23 NEW ORLEANS • TIPITINA'S

24 BIRMINGHAM • SLOSS FURNACE

26 MIAMI • CLUB NU

28 ST. PETERSBURG • JANNUS LANDING

29 ORLANDO • VISAGE

PAUL McCARTNEY

APR.3 PHOENIX • SUN DEVIL STADIUM

6 DALLAS • TEXAS STADIUM

9 LEXINGTON • RUPP ARENA

12 TAMPA • TAMPA STADIUM

15 MIAMI • JOE ROBBIE STADIUM

THE JUDDS

APR.1 MUSKEGON • L. C. WALKER ARENA

5 DEVON • VALLEY FORGE

6-8 ATLANTIC CITY • HARRAH'S

20 BILLINGS • METROPARK ARENA

21 GREAT FALLS • FOUR SEASONS ARENA

22 SPOKANE • OPERA HOUSE

27 CASPER • CASPER EVENTS CENTER

28 SALT LAKE CITY • SALT PALACE

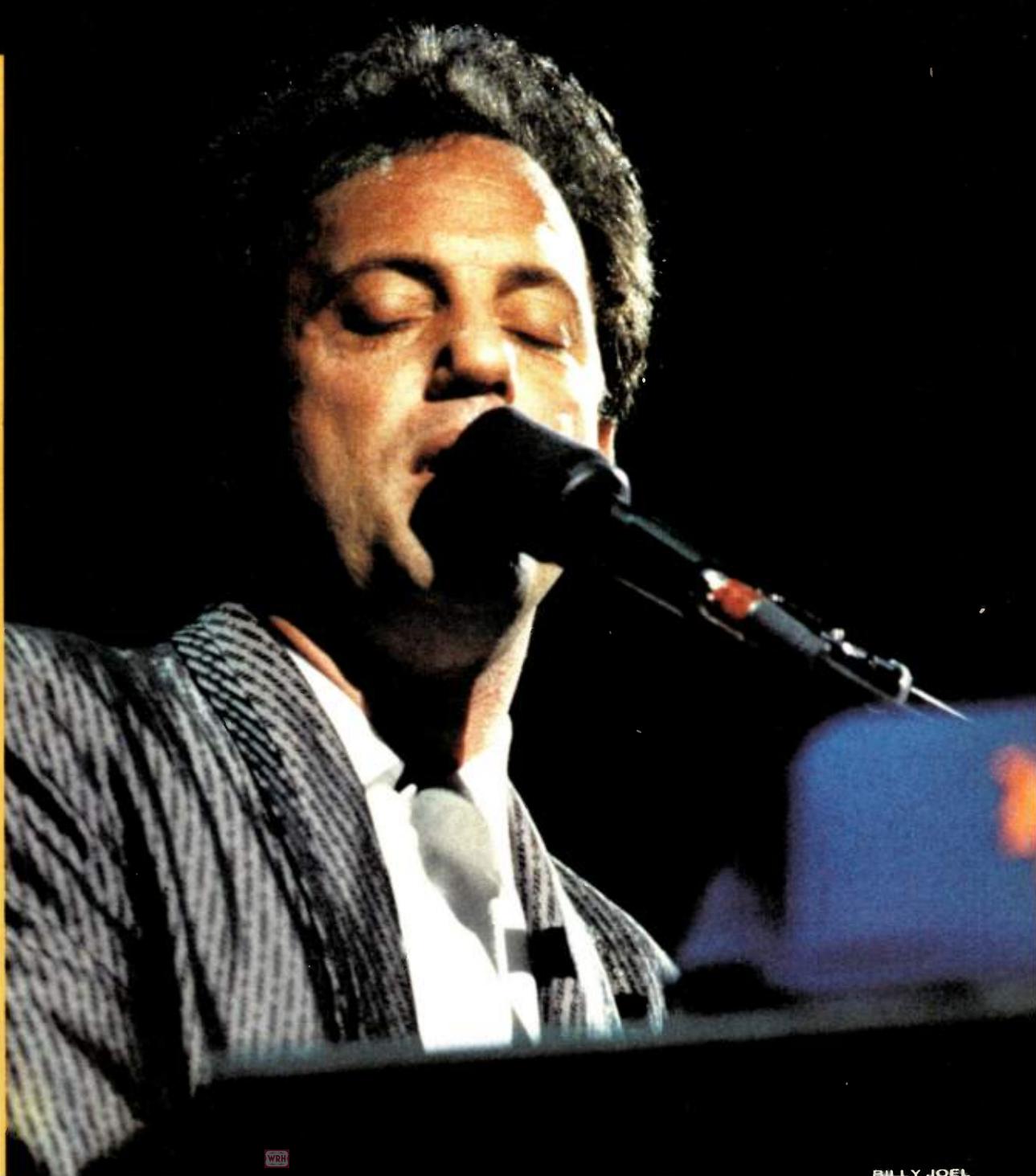
29 BOISE • BSU PAVILLION

JANET JACKSON

APR.2-3 DETROIT • JOE LOUIS ARENA

5-6 BLOOMINGTON • MET CENTER

8-9 ROSEMOUNT • ROSEMOUNT HORIZON



11 KANSAS CITY • KEMPER ARENA
13 FT. WORTH • TARRANT CO. CONV. CTR.
15-16 HOUSTON • THE SUMMIT
18 TEMPE • ASU ACTIVITIES CTR.
20-21 INGLEWOOD • THE FORUM
23 SACRAMENTO • ARCO ARENA



ERIC CLAPTON

24-25 OAKLAND • OAKLAND COLISEUM
27 TACOMA • TACOMA DOME
29 VANCOUVER • PNE COLISEUM

HANK WILLIAMS JR.

APR.13 MEMPHIS • MID SOUTH COLISEUM
14 KANSAS CITY • CONVENTION CENTER
15 OKLAHOMA CITY • MYRIAD CONVENTION CTR.
20 LITTLE ROCK • BARTON COLISEUM
21 TULSA • EXPO PAVILION

ERIC CLAPTON

APR.2 NEW YORK • MADISON SQ. GARDEN
3 E. RUTHERFORD • MEADOWLANDS ARENA
4 PHILADELPHIA • THE SPECTRUM
6 UNIONDALE • NASSAU COLISEUM
7 SYRACUSE • CARRIER DOME
9-10 WORCESTER • THE CENTRUM
12 HARTFORD • CIVIC CENTER
13 ALBANY • KNICKERBOCKER ARENA
15 AUBURN HILLS • THE PALACE
16 CINCINNATI • RIVERFRONT COLISEUM
17 RICHFIELD • RICHFIELD COLISEUM
19 INDIANAPOLIS • MARKET SQ. ARENA
20 AMES • HILTON COLISEUM
21 ST. LOUIS • ST. LOUIS AREA
23 NEW ORLEANS • LAKEFRONT AREA
24 HOUSTON • THE SUMMIT
25 DALLAS • REUNION AREA
27 DENVER • McNICHOLS AREA
29 ALBUQUERQUE • TINGLEY COLISEUM
30 TEMPE • ASU ARENA

CHICK COREA ELEKTRIC BAND

APR.4 REDONDO BEACH • THE STRAND
5 SAN DIEGO • CAMINO THEATRE
6 LAS VEGAS • CALAMITY JANE'S
8 PORTLAND • STARRY NIGHT
9 SEATTLE • PARKER'S
10 OLYMPIA • WASHINGTON CENTER
12 SAN FRANCISCO • SLIM'S
13 S. J. CAPISTRANO • THE COACH HOUSE
14 VENTURA • VENTURA THEATRE
17 BOULDER • BOULDER THEATRE
18 TULSA • CENTER FOR THE ARTS
19 OKLAHOMA CITY • LITTLE APPLE

20 DALLAS • THE VENUE
21 AUSTIN • PARAMOUNT THEATRE
22 SAN ANTONIO • LAURIE AUDITORIUM
23 HOUSTON • ROCKEFELLER'S
27 MEMPHIS • "MEMPHIS IN MAY"

CHER

APR.1 HOUSTON • THE SUMMIT
2 AUSTIN • FRANK IRWIN THEATRE
4 MEMPHIS • MID. SOUTH COLISEUM
27-29 ATLANTIC CITY • SANDS HOTEL/CASINO

ALICE COOPER

APR.2 SPOKANE • CONVENTION CTR.
3 SEATTLE • PARAMOUNT THEATRE
4 SALEM • THE ARMORY
6 SAN FRANCISCO • WARFIELD THEATRE
7 LOS ANGELES • PANTAGES THEATRE

WHITESNAKE (KIX SUPPORTS ON ALL DATES)

APR.6 ALBANY • CIVIC CENTER
7 BIRMINGHAM • CIVIC CTR. COLISEUM
8 COLUMBIA • CAROLINA COLISEUM
10 GREENSBORO • GREENSBORO COLISEUM
11 BALTIMORE • BALTIMORE AREA
12 E. RUTHERFORD • MEADOWLANDS ARENA
14 PHILADELPHIA • THE SPECTRUM
15 CHARLESTON • CIVIC COLISEUM
17 ROANOKE • CIVIC CENTER



Left: Nick Charles/Artist Publications

BON JOVI



18 TOLEDO • SPORTS ARENA
 20 PEORIA • CIVIC CENTER
 21 CARBONDALE • SIU ARENA
 22 FORT WAYNE • MEMORIAL COLISEUM
 24 CEDAR RAPIDS • FIVE SEASONS CTR.
 25 ST. LOUIS • ST. LOUIS ARENA
 27 BLOOMINGTON • MET CENTER
 28 OMAHA • CIVIC CENTER
 29 BONNER SPRINGS • SANDSTONE AMPH.

THE STATLER BROTHERS

APR.5 JONESBORO • CONVOCATION CENTER

6 LOUISVILLE • LOUISVILLE GARDENS

7 JACKSON • JACKSON COLISEUM

27 CHARLOTTE • CHARLOTTE COLISEUM

28 BENTON • HIGH SCHOOL

29 COLUMBIA • HEARNES CENTER

RESTLESS HEART

APR.1 WILLIAMSBURG • BUSCH GARDENS

7 AUSTIN • TEXAS EXPO

26 EPHRAM • SNOW COLLEGE

27 CASPER • EVENTS CENTER

28 SALT LAKE CITY • SALT PALACE

29 BOISE • BSU PAVILLION

PAT METHENY GROUP

APR.16 NASHVILLE • LANGFORD AUDITORIUM

17 WASHINGTON • BLUES ALLEY

19 CAMBRIDGE • CHARLES HOTEL

21 NEW BRUNSWICK • CULTURAL CENTER

24 NEW YORK • THE BLUE NOTE

30 NEW LONDON • GARDE ARTS CENTER

NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND

APR.4 NORTH PLATTE • HIGH SCHOOL AUD.

5 CASPER • EVENTS CENTER

Bertrand Alary

7 SIOUX FALLS • SIOUX FALLS ARENA
 9 ABERDEEN • CIVIC AUDITORIUM
 11 JAMESTOWN • CIVIC CENTER
 12 BISMARCK • CIVIC AUDITORIUM
 13 RAPID CITY • RUSHMORE PLAZA
 14 BOZEMAN • MSU FIELDHOUSE
 16 HAVRE • NORTH MTN. COLLEGE
 17 HELENA • CIVIC CENTER
 18 BUTTE • CIVIC CENTER
 21 MISSOULA • SENTINAL HIGH SCHOOL
 22 KALISPELL • FLATHEAD HIGH SCHOOL
 25 LOS ANGELES • ACM AWARDS

LAURIE ANDERSON

APR.3 NORTHAMPTON • GREENE HALL

4 NEW HAVEN • PALACE THEATRE

5 PHILADELPHIA • TOWER THEATRE

12-14 NEW YORK • BEACON THEATRE

18 LAWRENCE • UNIV. OF KANSAS

19 KANSAS CITY • HOCH AUDITORIUM

20-21 ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

23 CORPUS CHRISTI • BAYFRONT PLAZA

24-25 DALLAS • McFARLIN AUDITORIUM

28 COPENHAGEN • FALCONER

29 STOCKHOLM • CONCERTHOUSE

30 GOTHEMBURG • CONCERTHOUSE

IAN McCULLOCH

APR.2 CLEVELAND • PHANTASY THEATRE

4 CHICAGO • CABARET METRO

5 MINNEAPOLIS • FIRST AVE. CLUB

7 DENVER • GOTHIC THEATRE

9 SALT LAKE CITY • THE PALLADIUM

11 SAN FRANCISCO • WARFIELD THEATRE

13 SAN DIEGO • PRICE CENTER

14 LOS ANGELES • EMBASSY THEATRE



ALICE COOPER

15 LOS ANGELES • VARIETY ARTS CENTER

HIGHWAY 101

APR.1 MUSKEGON • L. C. WALKER ARENA

7 NASHVILLE • LITTLE NASHVILLE OPRY

25 LOS ANGELES • ACM AWARDS

26 SAN ANTONIO • FESTIVAL

27 McALLEN • VILLA REAL CENTER

28 PORT ARTHUR • PLEASURE ISL. FEST.

BILLY JOEL

APR.2 LOS ANGELES • SPORTS ARENA

3 LOS ANGELES • SPORTS ARENA

6,8 LOS ANGELES • SPORTS ARENA

9 OAKLAND • OAKLAND COLISEUM

13 OAKLAND • OAKLAND COLISEUM

15 TACOMA • TACOMA DOME

17 OAKLAND • OAKLAND COLISEUM

21 DENVER • McNICHOLS ARENA

23-24 ROSEMOUNT • ROSEMOUNT HORIZON



Was it live?



A FILM BY JOHN WATERS

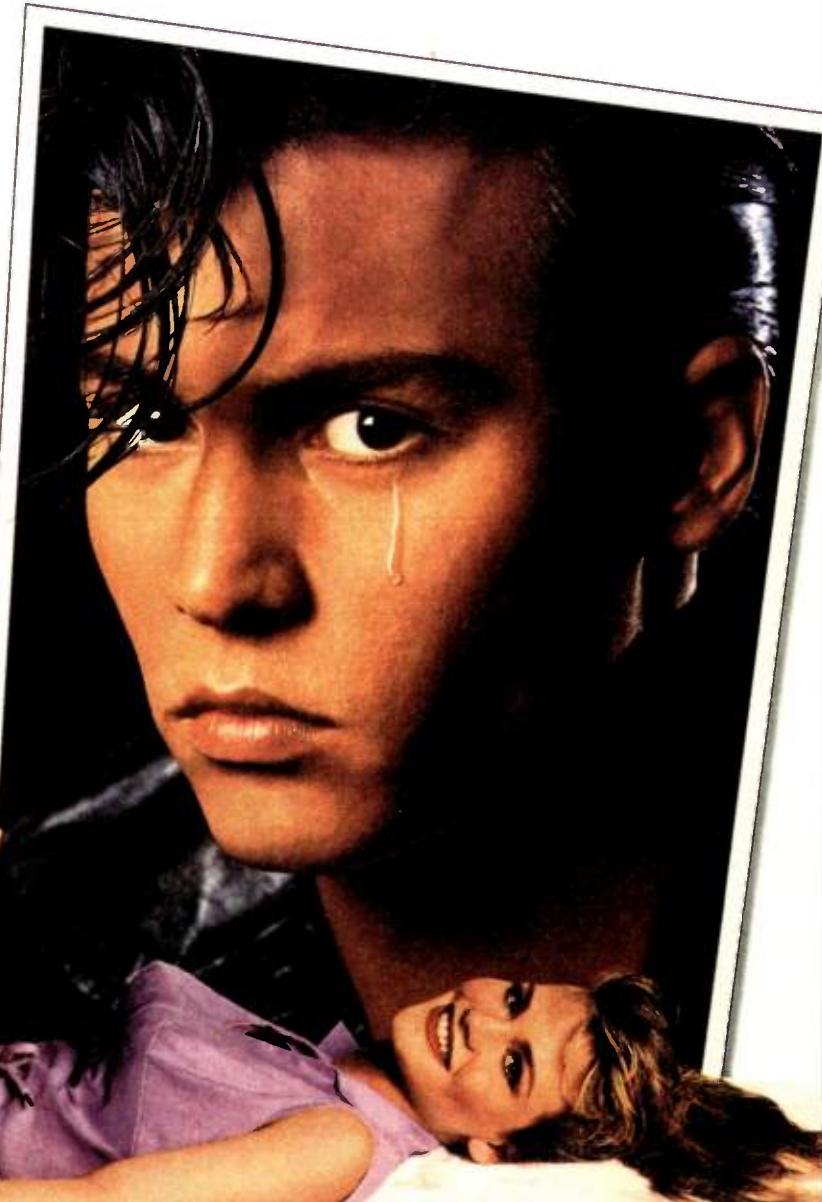
JOHNNY DEPP



He's a doll.

He's a dreamboat.

He's a delinquent.



Cry-Baby

IMAGINE ENTERTAINMENT Presents
"CRY-BABY" AMY LOCANE • SUSAN TYRRELL
IGGY POP • RICKI LAKE • TRACI LORDS

and POLLY BERGEN As Mrs. Vernon Williams Music BECKY MANCUSO

and TIM SEXTON Original Score by PATRICK WILLIAMS Edited by JANICE HAMPTON

Executive Producers JIM ABRAHAMS BRIAN GRAZER Produced by RACHEL TALALAY

Directed by JOHN WATERS A UNIVERSAL RELEASE
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exposed

REGIONAL REPORTS

NEW YORK



During the '60s and '70s, New York was a lively training ground for many of rock's greatest talents, from Bob Dylan to Patti Smith. But for most of the last decade the city has had more in common with the impossible dream. Devastated by geometrically rising costs, small to mid-size clubs that had once provided an outlet for artist development fell like dominoes. If you wanted a break, Boston, Minneapolis and Los Angeles offered better opportunities.

In recent years, a few fearless souls have bucked that trend, opening venues dedi-

cated to live music or aggressively booking existing ones, such as Tommy Gunn's metal nights at the Cat Club. That's paying off, with several N.Y.C. artists now poised for wider acclaim.

Diving For Pearls is one such promising act. This quintet started in Boston (figures) and has called the Apple home for four years. Their hard-driving first single, "Gimme Your Good Lovin,'" gained lots of radio airplay, while their self-titled debut album's been doing steady business. Lead singer **Danny Malone** attributes some of the success to his former employer, The

Hard Rock Cafe. "I worked there for nearly three years," he says. "The management there is really supportive." According to Malone, at one time three members of the band were slinging burgers at the popular restaurant. "Most of the people who work there are in the arts," he notes. "They're really good about giving you a few days or months off on very little notice."

Another group to watch is **Circus Of Power**, who've just released a second album, *Vices*. Drawing on hard rock and blues influences, this band is a musical ring of fire; a tight, down and dirty unit which

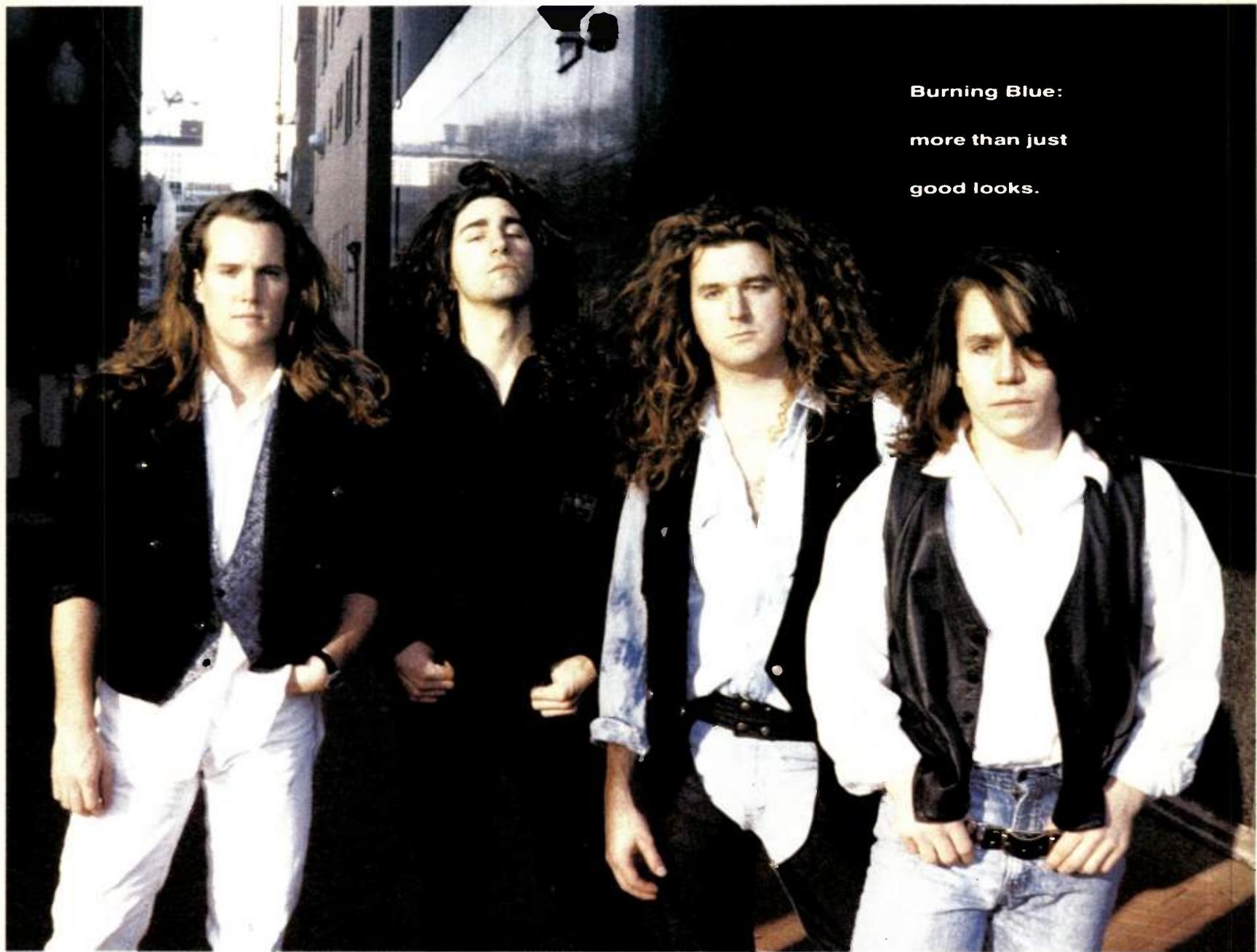
favors lyrics about sex, drugs, and wanton women. "Our songs aren't suggestive," says lead singer **Alex Mitchell**. "They're love songs." Tell it to the Judge!

Harkening back to the city's legendary early '60s folk scene is **Lori Carson**. This Long Island native has a gentle voice reminiscent of Rickie Lee Jones and a lyrical outlook similar to that of Lou Reed. An odd but rewarding pairing. Her debut LP, *Shelter*, produced by **Hal Willner**, is filled with imaginatively wry tales of innocence lost. "I live in New York," the 30-year-old performer points out. "I've been a waitress. I've had many temp office jobs. I've had three or four failed relationships. I've had a whole lifetime of parents saying, 'When are you going back to school?' or 'Why don't you marry him?'" Plenty of inspiration for a woman ready for the challenges of '90s life.

Bug Radio is not a media outlet for pesticides, but a weekly hour-long celebration of world music intent on putting its rhythmic bug in your ear. The show, heard on over 270 stations nationwide, is produced by **Brian Cullman**, a noted musicologist, journalist and musician. "The program attempts to be a two-way street between America and the rest of the world," Cullman says. "We not only attempt to expose people here to the music of other cultures but also to their attitudes about their own culture." For example, one show featured a Bombay-based music critic offering his opinion of a recent Prince record. **Bug Radio** co-hosts have included **David Byrne**, **Ruben Blades**, **Laurie Anderson**, **Vernon Reid**, **Thomas Mapfumo** and **Yousou N'Dour**. When not travelling around the world ferreting out musical trends, Cullman fronts the melodically adventurous local ensemble **OK Savant**.

One man determined to conquer the world, or at least its nightlife, is club entrepreneur **Rudolf Pieper**. In addition to the fashionable NY hotspots he helped create, including **Danceteria**, **The Palladium**, **The Tunnel**, **Mars**, and, most recently, **Quick** — a venue which features life-size sculptures of pigs for chairs, a bar decorated with gold sequins that spell out the word "Century," and X-rated inflatable dolls in the restroom — Rudolf recently opened a satellite venture in the infamous red-light district of Bangkok, Thailand. Local response to the new **Mars BKK**? — it's the tamest, most elegant club in the neighborhood.

Tina Clarke



Burning Blue:

more than just
good looks.

MEMPHIS

A number of regional music scenes throughout North America have staged large scale events in hopes of helping local talent land record deals. These showcases give record label reps, managers, publishers and industry lawyers a good chance to see some of that area's best music in one place. One of the most successful of these, the annual Memphis Producer's Showcase, is taking place on April 5th and 6th.

Last year three acts obtained major deals as a result of the showcase. The Gunbunnies found a deal on Virgin Records with Jim Dickinson (The Replacements, Ry Cooder) producing. Every Mother's Nightmare pulled off the miraculous by landing Arista Records on the strength of their showcase performances, without the benefit of a demo tape. Lastly, Human Radio scored big on CBS Records with a

new artist deal so substantial that you will definitely hear a lot about these guys. All three will release their albums this spring.

This year's lineup is another eclectic blend of rock, R&B, pop, country, metal, funk and God knows what else. Burning Blue has been a very successful alternative rock act on the local scene, attracting a fairly avid female following, but they're more than just a band with looks. The songwriting talents of Chris Gavin demonstrate that the band has plenty of staying power. "Time Marches On" and "Hands Of Truth" are powerful rockers that have garnered much attention.

Fifteen-year-old Eric Gales is, without a doubt, a blues guitar prodigy. So much so that Fender Guitars gladly gave him an endorsement, probably making him one of the youngest in Fender's history. Many people (John Hiatt among them) feel that

Gales' soulful playing has what it takes to land him in the league of greats like Eric Clapton and Jimi Hendrix, largely because he's smart enough to be unhindered by studious technique or grandstanding. Eugene Gales provides ample songwriting for his brother to hang his emotive guitar playing on. Lance Strode's powerfully emotive singing has already made impressive independently released forays on the *Billboard* country charts. This time out he's hoping to land some major label appreciation for his brand of earthy country.

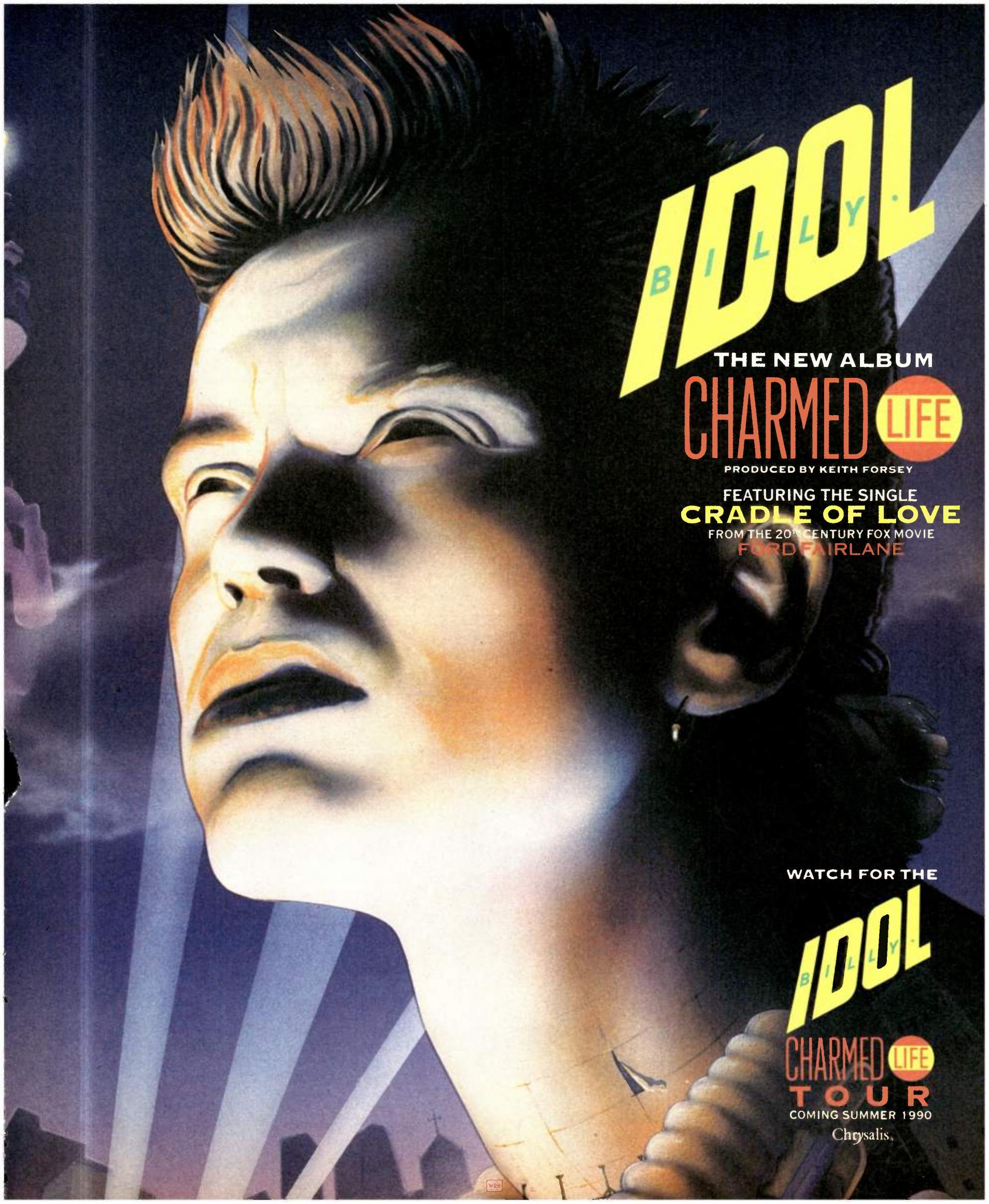
Among other acts to be seen at the showcase, Scotland Yard will be dishing out their melodic guitar-based power pop while alternative dance music artist Gary Boy will no doubt cause some interesting reactions with his version of "Strawberry Fields Forever."

Rebecca Russell, whose voice can be

heard on U2's "When Love Came To Town," will be laying down her provocative style of acoustic rock. Roxy Blue will be funk rocking and Steve Shanks will perform his originals. Tommy Tutone (remember him?) will be making a go at landing a new label deal. There's a lot of excitement about his new music, which is being produced by John Hampton and Keith Sykes. Adam's Housecat (a band selected by *Musician* as one of America's best unsigned acts) will present their darkly humorous alternative rock, and TNA, Mama Terra and YB Normal will be bands to watch for those into hard rock.

Unlike many showcases, the Memphis Producer's Showcase doesn't waste time with endless seminars and meetings during the day, enabling the most important thing — the music — to be the focus.

Rick Clark



ROD IDOL

THE NEW ALBUM

CHARMED



PRODUCED BY KEITH FORSEY

FEATURING THE SINGLE
CRADLE OF LOVE
FROM THE 20TH CENTURY FOX MOVIE
FORD FAIRLANE

WATCH FOR THE

ROD IDOL

CHARMED
TOUR
COMING SUMMER 1990

Chrysalis.

MINNEAPOLIS

The recently concluded Winter Carnival Fun Fair in St. Paul featured inspired performances from several area bands. Among them were AOR rockers **Funhouse**, who've attracted major label interest via several raucous L.A. gigs and continuous Twin Cities gigging; **Soul Asylum**, whose incendiary live shows have propelled them to international stardom; R&B groove merchants **Dr. Mambo's Combo**, whose drummer will head out with Prince on his tour commencing in the spring; **Slave Raider**, the area's metal kingpins whose live show keeps improving as new bassist **Tommy D.** becomes more comfy with his surroundings; and the **Gear Dad-dies**, whose country-tinged, wry pop 'n' roll got them a recent deal with PolyGram.

The deal includes a re-release of their indie debut, *Let's Go Scare Al*, and the chance to record one new LP. Congrats to one of the Twin Town's most deserving bands.

Speaking of Soul Asylum, they've chosen former *Late Night* drummer **Steve Jordan** to produce their next vinyl slab. Jordan produced **Keith Richards**' solo LP, *Talk Is Cheap*. The Replacements also have a new producer, **Scott Litt** (R.E.M., *Indigo Girls*, *Paul Kelly*). He's known for a spare, no-frills sound, with upfront vocals and lean and mean guitar. Should be a good match. **Slave Raider** is attracting rabid interest from majors impressed with the band's molten mini-LP, *Bigger, Badder & Bolder*. Lead throat **Chainsaw Caine** is confident

they'll ink a deal by spring.

One of our brightest pop bands, **Something Fierce**, begin its fourth LP of new pop gems in April. The trio released one of 1989's best local records, *Franklin Pierce*, a disk that hums with smart lyrics, excellent songs, and accomplished playing. Endearingly goofball humor too. **Clock Sheila** (these names!) also have strong sensibilities. They're a quartet writing catchy, melodic pop reminiscent of the early Fabs. Another of my favorite local bands, **Irrational Fraction**, enter the studio soon (perhaps Paisley Park) for their next LP. Vocalist/keyboardist **Dan Verdick** reports that their first release, *Demo*, is being shopped to the big boys. **Black Spot** frontman **Steve Brantseg** is off to L.A. to audition for high-

er-profile gigs. Celtic-flavored jazz/rockers **Boiled In Lead** have finished recording their new *Atomic Theory* CD release, produced by **Hank** of the U.K. group **3 Mustaphas 3**. Rockers **Swingin' Uncle Jimmy** are off to Chicago to knock the socks off Windy City denizens. Punk-poppers the **Magnolias** are getting international vid play for their \$800 clip for "Pardon Me."

Finally, former Prince drummer **Bobby Z** released his new self-titled LP on Virgin and celebrated with a bash at Ruby's Cabaret for local industry types. It's an excellent record that should certainly enable Bobby to step out of Prince's shadow. And Happy B-Day to **Curtiss A.**, you old dinosaur you!

John Lappen

Soul Asylum: incendiary.



LONDON

Often when struggling artists finally hit the big time only to discover a previous record label then re-releases their earlier discs to cash in, all they can do is moan and take it on the chin. Not so **Stone Roses**, the psychedelic pop combo from Manchester. Incensed that former label FM Revolver had re-issued their debut single "Sally Cinnamon," they visited their headquarters in Wolverhampton armed with cans of blue and white paint and caused £10,000 worth of damage. Revolver boss Paul Birch and his girlfriend were also covered in paint, as were three cars, including an expensive Mercedes. All four members of the group were involved and are to appear in court next month to answer charges of criminal damage.

Further to last month's news that U2 guitarist **The Edge** was composing the music for the stage version of *A Clockwork Orange* comes a storm involving the author of the story, **Anthony Burgess**. After the premiere of the play at London's Barbican Theatre, the 73-year-old Burgess stated, "I do not have a great deal of time for rock groups—they've got tremendous technology to help them but they produce a poverty-stricken music. To my mind it's not like music at all, it's like neo-wallpaper." Actor **Phil Daniels** tried to play down the controversy, dismissing it as a result of "the generation gap" and adding "I think the music was fantastic. I think they [U2]

name but insists the band will continue as himself and Dan (Mr. *Patsy Lethal Weapon 2* Kensit) **Donovan** — has been collaborating with **Roddy Frame**, duetting on a song for the new *Aztec Camera* album.

The British singles charts are becoming saturated with dance records — not only by U.S. acts, such as **Donna Summer**, **Bobby Brown** and veteran **Quincy Jones**, and Euro-disco stars, such as **Black Box**, but also by British rock artists who have become disenchanted with the guitar and have switched to synthesizers and sampling to fill the dancefloor. Former **Housemartins** stalwart **Norman Cook** has resurfaced with a new project called **Beats International**, covering the **S.O.S. Band** classic "Just Be Good To Me," while **The Beloved** have shed their previous "indie rock" approach to create one of the liveliest albums of the '90s so far. **Happiness** combines melodic song structures with tough dance rhythms, while the hit single "Hello" beats **Billy Joel's** "We Didn't Start The Fire" hands down for namechecking your favorite artists, listing a bizarre range of personalities from TV stars (including **Mork and Mindy!**) to musicians as diverse as **Kym Mazelle**, **Paris Grey** (of **Inner City**), **Charlie Parker**, **The Supremes** and **Little Richard**.

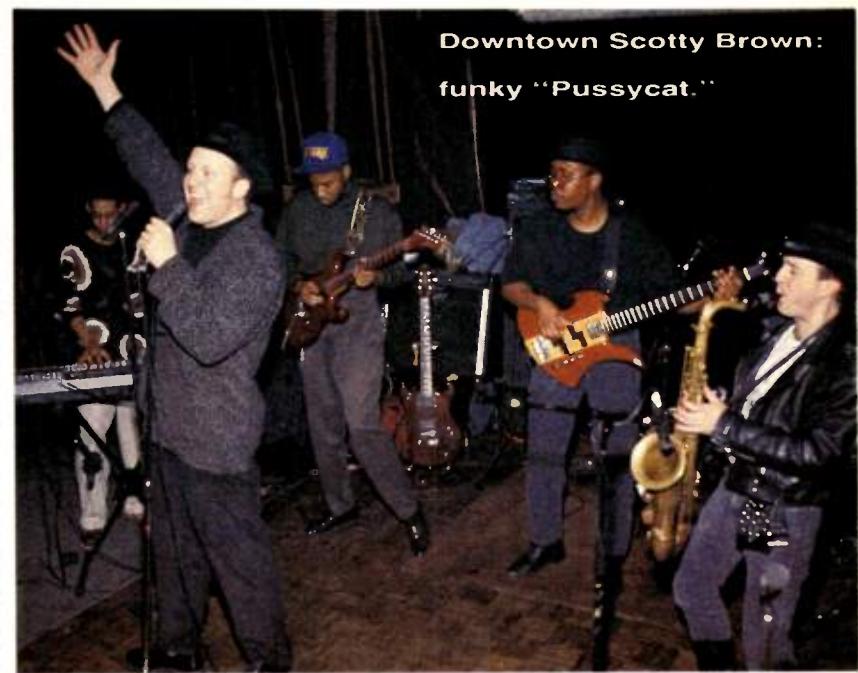
Ever wonder what happened to the other guy in **Wham!** **Andrew Ridgely** has a single out, entitled "Shake," with a solo album to follow. Ridgely, now 27, also plans to tour America soon.

After the cancellation of last year's **Monsters Of Rock** festival (on police advice following the death of two fans during **Guns N' Roses**' set the year before), it has been announced that the show will definitely take place this year, on August 18, and that **Whitesnake** have been confirmed as headliners. Possible support acts include **Poison** and newest

British success **The London Quireboys**.

And among the bands capitalizing on the renewed interest in classic-style '70s rock are **Ten Years After**. Guitarist **Alvin Lee** whipped the band through their recent show at the Hammersmith Odeon which featured the old favorites "Love Like A Man," "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" and, of course, "Goin' Home."

Johnny Waller/S.I.N.



Downtown Scotty Brown:

funky "Pussycat."

CHICAGO

A three-song demo from **Romeo Disembowled** shows plenty of promise, especially considering that all of its members are still in their teens. **Dan Bradley** (guitar), **Mark Cannon** (bass), **Kevin Potter** (keyboards), **John Senft** (drums) and **Clay Zuba** (vocals, guitar) cite **The Cure**, **The Smiths** and **The Stone Roses** as influences.

The early response to **Stolen Wishes**, the first batch of new material from **Shoes** in five years, has been very favorable. **WXRT-Radio**, which quickly added two tracks, "Feel The Way That I Do" and "Your Devotion," reports plenty of telephone calls from listeners voicing support. No tour plans have been set, although some east coast dates in the spring are a possibility. Look for **Jeff Hunter**, formerly of **Take Me**, to handle the drumming chores for any live shows, as band members **Gary Klebe**, **Jeff Murphy** and **John Murphy** have opted, for the time being, not to name a permanent replacement for **Skip Meyer**, who no longer is in the group.

Downtown Scotty Brown plans to release its first record this spring. Frontman **Scott Brown** says the four-song EP is split evenly between original material and covers, including a funkified version of the **Tom Jones** classic, "What's New Pussy Cat?" **Mars Williams**, former saxophonist for **The Psychedelic Furs**, handled the production.

Tic Tah continues to be a popular draw in Chicago-area clubs with its brand of catchy dance/pop music. **Leroy**, another band known for its pop hooks as well as its dance rhythms, recently had its first record, **Electric**, picked up for release by **Spectre Records** in Germany.

Eleventh Dream Day, which has done well on alternative music charts with its initial release for **Atlantic Records**, has been

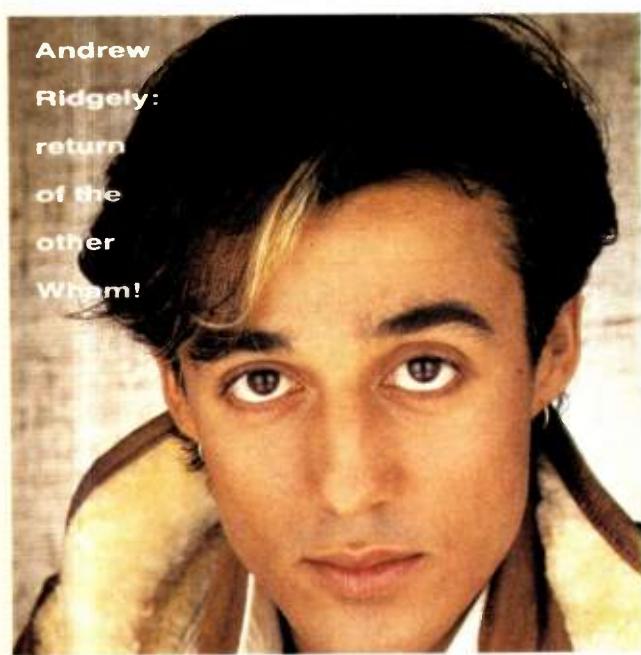
well received as the support act on a major tour for **The Meat Puppets**.

Medusa's, Chicago's favorite new/alternative music juice bar, has started its own record label, **M-Beat**, with 12-inch releases from **R.O.T.A.** and **Boom Tribe** leading off what the label's **Jim Romano** says will be a long line of dance-oriented offerings. **M-Beat** will initially limit its releases to 12-inch singles, but may put out some albums if a demand is sensed.

Looks as if **The Veil**, one of Chicago's most promising rock bands, has called it quits... **Enuff Z'Nuff** has a second single and video out on **Atco Records**, "Fly High Michelle," another of the outstanding songs from one of the better debut albums of 1989... A new album is expected this spring from **The Service**, which had planned to change its name, but apparently will keep it status quo, at least for now... A spring release is planned for **Judgment In Maywood**, an album by **The Francos**... **The Nameless** were onstage with **Roger Daltrey** at the University of Illinois at Chicago Pavilion, entertaining extras during the filming of the movie **Father Jim**, which stars **The Who's** singer... **Lin Bremer**, music director of **WXRT-Radio**, was named Music Director of the Decade by **Friday Morning Quarterback**, a national radio trade weekly... **Around The Horn**, the third release from **Souled American** on **Rough Trade Records**, is expected any time.

No confirmation as of yet, but word is that **Poplar Creek**, a 25,000-capacity outdoor music theater in suburban **Hoffman Estates** is readying for its final season of shows. Looks as if it will be closed because it's part of hundreds of acres of land given by the state to **Sears**, which is moving its offices from the **Sears Tower** skyscraper.

Chuck Fieldman



Andrew Ridgely:
return of the other Wham!

are a brilliant band and they really do it [the play] justice."

Tony James, the charlatan mastermind behind **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** and former bassist in **Generation X** (alongside vocalist **Billy Idol**) has joined goth trailblazers **The Sisters Of Mercy**. He replaces former **Gun Club** femme fatale **Patricia Morrison**.

Meanwhile **Mick Jones** — who has recently lost two members of **Big Audio Dy-**

LOS ANGELES

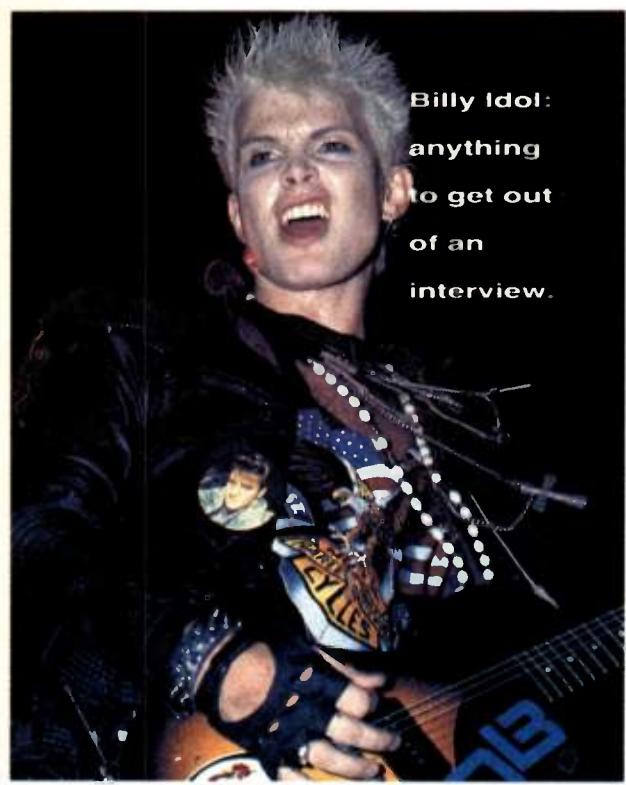
Bruce Springsteen didn't budge from his seat next to his pregnant companion Patti Scialfa, but everybody else in L.A.'s

trendy China Club was jamming to the sounds of Dave Edmunds' all-star, Hall-Of-Fame contingent, which featured Graham Parker, Dion, Fabulous Thunderbirds singer Kim Wilson and legendary Memphis guitarist Steve Cropper, and is set for a national tour under the auspices of sponsor Marlboro to promote his first Capitol LP, *Closer To The Flame*. Any negative comments about going out with the backing of a cigarette company was quickly dispelled by the sizzling, impromptu set, which included Parker's version of "My Girl" and Buddy Holly's "Rave On," and Dion performing his classics "The Wanderer" and "Runaround Sue," before the entire revue

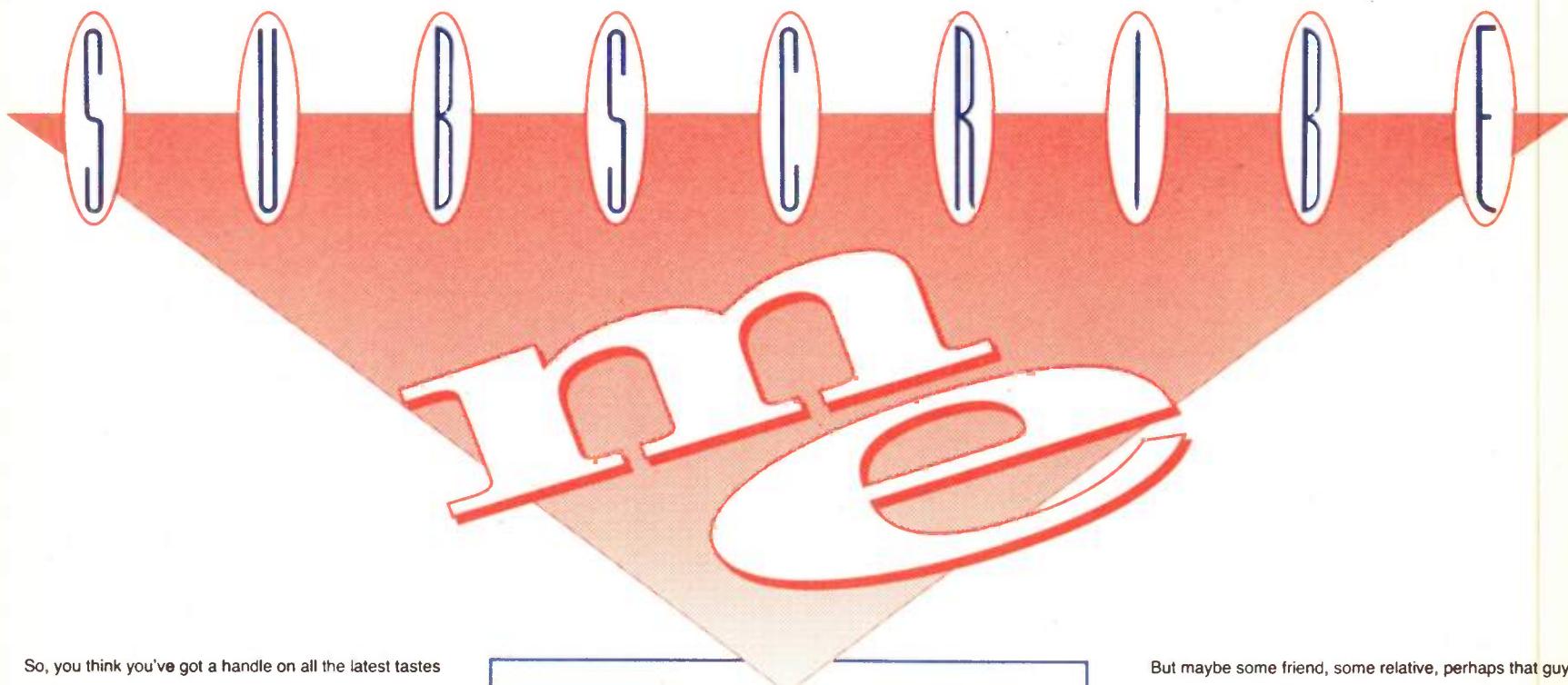
joined in on "Johnny B. Goode." The Boss chose not to overshadow the event, though he was willing to sit in on a trade shot apres-show until he saw the Marlboro logo would be included in the picture and regretfully declined to lend his presence...Prince's new movie, *Graffiti Bridge*, started filming in Minneapolis, but without his intended co-star Kim Basinger, who bowed out of the picture and the Paisley One's life, dubbing him a tyrant who wanted her to fetch him his slippers and cut his toenails (!)...Hottest sound in town—aside from rap, of course—is roots-driven, old-time rock 'n' roll, as purveyed by two of L.A.'s finest local practitioners of the form—the Havalinas and The Rave-Ups. The Havalinas, discovered and signed to Elektra by long-time Dylan galpal and A&R legend Carol Childs, include ex-Rockats Tim McConnell (aka Tim Scott) and Smutty Smith and ex-Cruzado drummer Charlie Quintana. Their self-titled debut was produced by John Cougar Mellencamp dial-turner Don Gehman and ranges from the Springsteen-esque "There Was This Mother" to the loose-limbed "Jesus & Johnny," which features some of McConnell's trademarked testifying. The Rave-Ups' *Chance*, named after lead singer

Jimmer Podrasky's 18-month-old son, offers some all-out rave-ups like the initial track, "The Best I Can't," as well as the hook-laden first single, "Respectfully King O' Rain." It's a little bit country, a little bit rock 'n' roll, with Podrasky's literate lyrics drawing on the likes of Dylan and Lennon, not a bad place to be at all...London's Felicity Buirsky, a female folksinger who has been compared to Leonard Cohen and is attracting major label interest, opened for Hugh Harris at the Roxy before a bevy of sniffing A&R bloodhounds...Newest hotspot in town is Club Louie, where Madonna often sheds her shirt and dances on tabletops...We've heard of publicity stunts, but this is ridiculous. Just two days after finishing his long-awaited *Charmed Life* LP (and right before he was supposed to sit for an interview with *Music Express*), Billy Idol ran a stop sign with his motorcycle and plowed into a car, which landed him in Cedars-Sinai Hospital with a fractured arm and broken leg. Still up in the air at presstime was Billy's role in Oliver Stone's upcoming *Doors* film, though the director insisted he still wanted Idol. Maybe he'll do the role in a wheelchair...

Roy Trakin



Scott Weiner/Retna



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Helix with galpal Elvira at the Speedorama Custom Auto Show

CANADA

Censorship has never been a major commodity here in the Dominion backwaters. Most industry types prefer to keep their collective noses out of anything remotely controversial, but two recent incidents have brought the sensitive issue of censorship out in the open and created quite a media stir.

"The Nation's Music Station," MuchMusic, stepped into the fray by temporarily banning all videos by Public Enemy because of supposed anti-Semitic lyrics in "Welcome To The Terrordome." The country's leading record retailer, A&A Records, followed suit by banning NWA's *Straight Outta Compton* release, citing the band's "antagonistic attitudes."

These incidents seem to be isolated tempests in a teacup, and MuchMusic, in particular, appears to be embarrassed by the resulting media hoopla (the "suspension" of P.E. was lifted, leaving only the instrumental "Terrordome" clip a video non grata). Unfortunately, these situations have set dangerous precedents, with neither Much nor A&A willing to set discretionary guidelines for future acts of censorship.

Now that 1990 is in full stride, Canada is being hit with a flood of new releases, the most noticeable being comeback efforts by Corey Hart and Burton Cummings, along with the hotly anticipated sophomore BMG release by Cowboy Junkies. Cummings' *Plus Signs* is his first solo album in five years, and marks the Capitol Records debut for the former Guess Who frontman. The lead-off single, "Take One Away," is registering significant airplay and a national tour is set for later this spring.

Bang is the title of Hart's fifth album and the Montreal heartthrob claims he's all set to win back the fans he may have lost with his last two disappointing releases. He's promised to tour Canada this time (and hopefully won't get sick!) after a brief spring jaunt to Europe.

Another of Canada's new breed of street rockers, National Velvet, should turn some heads with their upcoming release, titled *Courage*. Known for their gritty lyrics and outrageous live performances, the Velvets could be the new darlings of the college crowd if EMI U.S. gets behind it.

Hardrockers Helix are back on the prowl with their latest opus, *Back for Another Taste*, to be released domestically on Capitol. Manager Bill Seip says he's still pursuing U.S. interest in the record and will send the band out on a high profile club tour to re-establish the band's Canadian following.

An interesting new band has been formed from members of Sheriff (the long defunct band that had last year's sleeper hit "When I'm With You") and Heart. Called Alias, the band comprises Sheriff lead vocalist Freddie Curci and guitarist Steve Demarche, along with early Heart guitarist Roger Fisher, bassist Steve Fossen and drummer Michael Desrosiers. Produced by Rick Neigher (Vixen, Tim Karr), the self-titled album has strong U.S. potential which will be helped by the band's manager, Allen Kovacs, who also happens to manage Richard Marx, Poco, Vixen and Karr.

Another reformation of sorts sees Toronto back on the club circuit with Holly Woods and Sharon Alton reuniting. Other recruits include Honeymoon Suite keyboardist Ray Coburn and bassist Gary Lalonde (a former Toronto alumnus) along with two ex-Coney Hatch members, guitarist Steve Shelski and drummer Barry Connors.

Watch for Attic Records in Canada to announce plans for either a new U.S. label or a new distribution system which will see Stateside releases for several Attic artists. Label president Al Mair would not confirm the specifics, but did say that some form of system would be in place within a few months. First to benefit would be Lee Aaron, whose *Bodyrock* album has sold more than 150,000 in Canada but has yet to be released in the U.S.

Keith Sharp

ATLANTA

They're young, Southern, and don't use hairspray, but don't let the connotations fool you. The Black Crowes owe their sound to the likes of Humble Pie, Small Faces, Otis Redding and Frankie Miller. In what has to be the strangest pairing of the decade, their blues 'n' boogie sound has been signed to thrash label Def American. The Atlanta band's debut, *Shake Your Money Maker*, was released a couple of months back, but it had industry reps in a stir before the material was even pressed.

The Crowes — vocalist Chris Robinson, guitarist/brother Rich Robinson, bassist Johnny Colt, guitarist Jeff Cease and drummer Steve Gorman — completely eschewed the copy circuit, opting instead to base themselves on original songs. While the result is purely their own, the influences are legendary, which comes as a surprise considering that the average age here is 22.

Vocalist Robinson explains, "Our father was a musician, so there was a lot of stuff around the house. We grew up on Joe Cocker and Sly Stone. In seventh grade I got into AC/DC and Aerosmith. It sounded right. When you love it that much, you dig for everything you can get."

"We listened to playbacks in the studio and Chuck Leavell [who contributed keyboards] said, 'You're awfully young to be playing rock 'n' roll like this.' I asked him, 'Do you think it's a problem?' He said, 'No, I'm just a bit surprised.' Most people who hear us can't imagine when they see us that this is what we do. They'll ask, 'Who's the singer? That voice doesn't come out of him, does it?'"

The Black Crowes, in addition to bringing back all the elements that have been missing in much of today's music, may well be the first signing to get their record label some serious airtime on national radio. Diversity, charisma and a knack for

writing good tunes are painting a picture that spells longevity.

Robinson agrees, "This band is different because of our priorities. The songs are first. We didn't get this band together because we had the right hair, cool clothes and a halfway decent name. I don't have time for any of that."

Atlanta has proven itself quite fruitful in the ranks of new talent, and all eyes are on Hollyfaith as the next signing to a major label. On a completely opposite tack from the Crowes, vocalist Rob Aldridge, bassist David Franklin, guitarist Kevin Morrison and drummer Chet Jameson have established themselves as a top draw throughout the local scene, as well as many surrounding areas.

Founded in December, 1987, within a year Hollyfaith was voted "Best Unsigned Band In Georgia" over 150 other groups in a CMJ/RCA Records industry competition. The group recently released a six-song EP, *Opium*, produced with assistance from John Keane (R.E.M., Indigo Girls), which is enjoying brisk sales statewide. Radio is all over their material, and label representatives have already begun scouting.

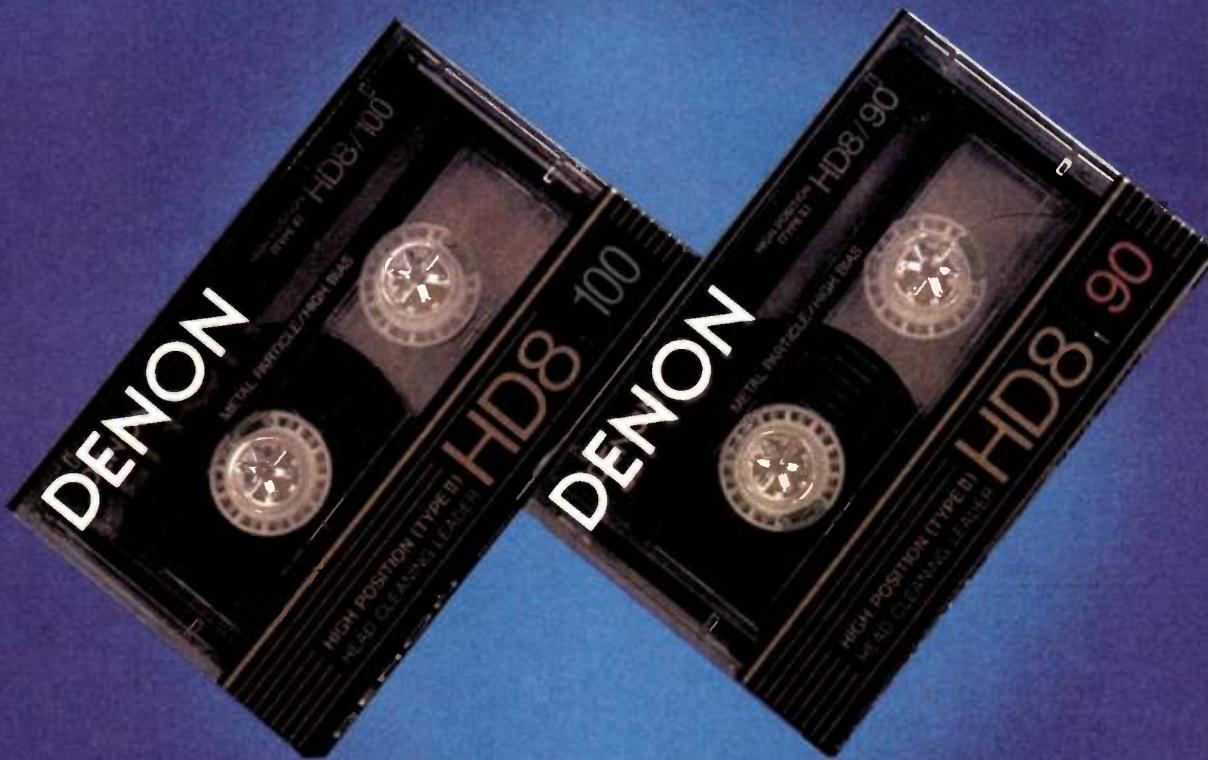
Opening for Hollyfaith recently were Augusta favorites Desolate James. Offering a blend of music that can best be described as somewhere between alternative hard rock and beyond left field, the group consists of Chris Kidd (guitar), Didier Rubio (bass), David Swanagin (drums) and Haley Billue (vocals). In addition to stealing the show at a college benefit for Amnesty International, Desolate James are concentrating on putting their originals on tape for label consideration. Meanwhile, their onstage intensity has to be experienced to be understood, and their steady roadwork is paying off with a handsome following. Expect big things from this one...

Eianne Halbersberg



The Black Crowes: back to basics.

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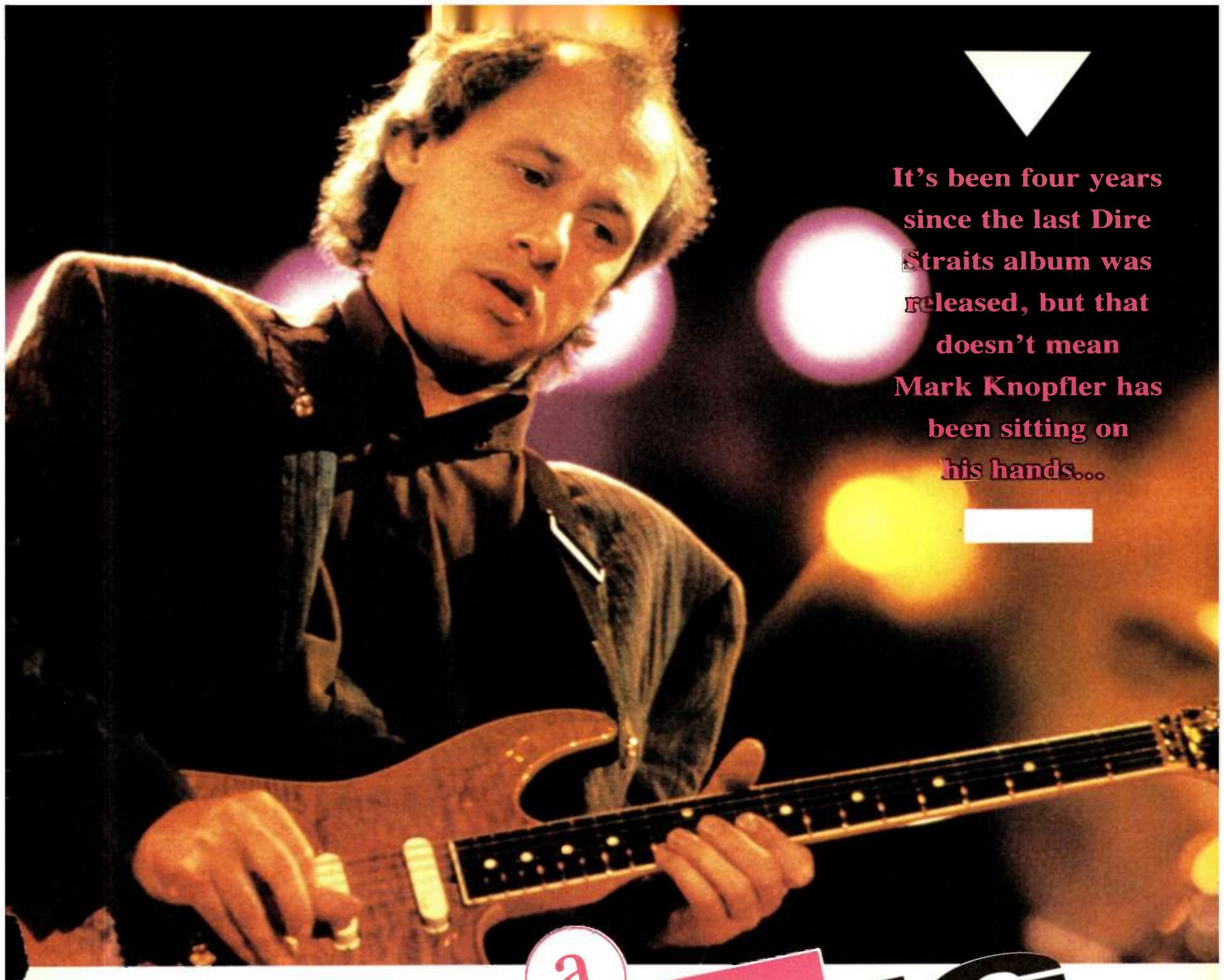
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It's been four years
since the last Dire
Straits album was
released, but that
doesn't mean
Mark Knopfler has
been sitting on
his hands...

a

NOTTING ACQUAINTANCE

By Tina Clarke

“I

’m a sucker for punishment,” Mark Knopfler states with a wide grin, referring to the arduous process of composing music for film. Leaning back in a comfortable chair in the 20th floor conference room of Warner Bros. Records in New York, one might easily assume he’s addressing his seemingly tireless habit of working. In the three and a half years since putting Dire Straits on hold, Knopfler has become an ubiquitous, yet hardly annoying (like, say, Phil Collins) presence on record, in concert and on film. He’s contributed his elegiac guitar playing and nimble producing skills to myriads of projects, including albums by Randy Newman, Joan Armatrading, Willy DeVille and, most recently, Chet Atkins — one of Knopfler’s original guitar heroes — has toured extensively as a member of Eric Clapton’s band, and has composed the scores for several films, including *The Princess Bride* and the just-released *Last Exit To Brooklyn*.

Not bad for a guy who once said he’d rather be playing tennis than rock ‘n’ roll.

“I actually said that, once, at the end of the last [Dire Straits] tour,” Knopfler laughingly admits, “but that was after 250 shows. I didn’t touch a guitar again for a couple of days after the end of that tour, but now I’m just mad about music again.”

With plans afoot to re-assemble Dire Straits for a new album this spring — their first since 1985’s smash *Brothers In Arms* — followed by a tour later this year, any sensible person might think Knopfler would be taking it easy. No such thing. He’s in America for a few days to talk about his latest project, The Notting Hillbillies, an informal group he’s put together with Brendan Croker and Steve Phillips, old friends from his lean days in Leeds, as well as fellow Strait-man Guy Fletcher.

Pilfering their name from Notting Hill, the section of west London where Knopfler’s basement studio is located (and where the group recorded), the band has released an album aptly titled *Missing: Presumed Having A Good Time*. The recording is an easy-going mix of old blues standards and some new country/bluegrass-flavored tunes written by Knopfler, Phillips and Croker that’s remarkable in its innocence and simplicity. Knopfler is puzzled by the response the album has already received. “I don’t know why I’m here, really,” he says modestly, adding, “I didn’t expect the record companies [Warner in the U.S. and PolyGram everywhere else] to go crackers about it. I’d imagined it would end up on a small independent roots label. Everyone seems to want copies. We can’t run them off quickly enough.”

In an era of electronic over-dubbing and pristine perfection, the recording method used by The Notting Hillbillies is an anomaly, harkening back to rock’s early days. “We did a lot of things, like singing together rather than recording separate tracks and putting them together,” Knopfler explains. “On two or three tunes where there are harmonies, people were just singing into one microphone instead of getting it absolutely right. It was so enjoyable, really.”

Despite an old fashioned approach, Knopfler insists the album was far from orthodox. “We weren’t actually historically accurate. It’s not gonna please the ‘trad’ purists, train spotters clubs and things,” Knopfler jokes. “We don’t have that sort of lineup, so, in fact, hillbilly isn’t really the right term. It’s accurate in so far as hillbilly is a derogatory term — that’s applicable, certainly.”

“I really set out to produce an album for Steve and Brendan, these friends of mine, in my little studio in Notting Hill. It just ended up being a band, really. I just started rejecting some of their songs and suggesting others and we started slinging ideas around and we slung in some songs of our own. We’d throw in all kinds of influences when doing old songs. We certainly weren’t purists about it. Things like ‘Please Baby,’ you can’t really change very much, but something like ‘Railroad Work Song’ has an African-style bass line. It has all sorts of things. There’s a lot of organ in a lot of songs which you

long. It ain’t too deep.”

Like Knopfler, Croker is a musical pluralist, leading his own outfit, Brendan Croker and the Five O’Clock Shadows. He was also a featured vocalist on *’Til Things Are Brighter*, a Johnny Cash tribute album. Steve Phillips, a noted blues guitarist, first performed with Knopfler in the late ‘60s in a rockabilly duo they dubbed the Duolian String Pickers — a fine apprenticeship for a future hillbilly.

Since Dire Straits’ beginnings in the late ‘70s, Knopfler has earned a reputation for writing sophisticated songs, with lyrics offering an acerbic, some-

“Being simple has its own complications — delicious complications.”

what cynical outlook. In recent years, his work outside of Dire Straits — particularly this spin with his Notting Hill buddies — has served to re-focus his perspective, much to his own satisfaction.

“A lot of songs I’ve been writing — that kind of Dire Straits sort of thing — have been far more simple in form, more straight ahead...even more straight ahead than the stuff I’ve been doing with [the Hillbillies], which is straight enough. But being simple has its own complications. Of course they’re delicious complications. When you’ve been playing for a long time, without sounding arrogant about it, you get to a point where you actually know what you’re doing with folk music, for want of a better term. Complications come from having a bigger vocabulary. I’ve never been against having a bigger vocabulary, but it’s how you use the words that you use.”

Despite an acknowledged love for simplicity in song, widening his own scope of musical knowledge has been a lifelong pursuit. To achieve this over the years Knopfler has deliberately worked with an enormous number of musicians, some famous, some not.

“I don’t agree with being snobby or elitist about music,” he says. “I think if I like the tune and somebody wanted me to help, if there was time, I’d try to be there to do it. It wouldn’t necessarily have to be the same as with Randy Newman, where I’d been a fan since I was a teenager and knew everything he’d done. I wouldn’t necessarily have to be familiar with everything they’d done to get involved and do a piece of music. If I liked it, I’d probably get stuck into it.”

One genre of music Knopfler admits, with some reluctance, that he’s gotten “stuck into,” and one he has in common with Newman, is that peculiar musical monster, the film score. “I think it’s a good exercise for you,” Knopfler says with a wry edge to his voice, “because it stretches you into grief-laden areas that you wouldn’t normally be led into.” Sarcasm aside, Knopfler clearly thrives on the creative challenge.

“After having done *Princess Bride* and *Last Exit*,”



wouldn’t find in most bluegrass bands, but I don’t care — it was just fun.”

Perhaps the most ironic aspect of the recording is that the group’s own songs are so similar in nature to the traditional ones, it’s difficult to tell them apart. “I don’t know how much of that was due to the mechanics or what,” Knopfler points out. “There’s a real innocence about Brendan’s songs, like a song he wrote, ‘That’s Where I Belong.’ You can’t get more straightforward. ‘Show me a place where I don’t have to worry and that’s where I be-

he explains, "I can now take a scene and go to Guy Fletcher, whom I've been doing it all with, and say, 'It's no problem. We'll do this. We'll do that. We'll circle it. We'll get in. Yeah...piece of piss [cake]. No problem at all.' We're actually terrified," he laughs, adding, "I certainly am, especially if you're thinking in terms of the whole orchestral piece at the end of [the film]. The thing that annoys Randy more than anything is the fact that the musician is a lowly person in the film hierarchy. I have to admit, people ask you to do scores and they want them tomorrow. I know I've turned a lot of things down because they couldn't be done in the time they wanted them done in. It probably means I'm just slower than somebody who knows about music and can get it done quicker.

"A lot of it is a labor of hatred," as opposed to a labor of love, the workaholic glibly remarks. "I don't think I've been successful at all [scoring films]. It must be very hard to make a living at it — I do it more for the challenge, really — the extending of my vocabulary rather than for any money. There's no money in it. As well, if you're a singer/songwriter and you just go around pleasing yourself all the time, it's halfway useful to get involved in something for somebody else. Then, if [what you do] doesn't work, you've got to assess whether they're right or not and sometimes you've got to be big enough to say, 'Yes, well, they do have a point, maybe that doesn't work right there.' You can be wrong. It's a good way of finding out that you can still be wrong about things but, personally," Knopfler deadpans, "I think I'm right all the time... Just kidding.

"I've never gone through the experience of having a score rejected, which I understand happens to some film composers. I should imagine that's really tough to take. Well, all you can do then is go and get drunk — it's the only thing to do, really."

Wether he's propelled by a low threshold for boredom or an inherent masochism, putting Dire Straits back in business is another challenge that Knopfler seems absolutely delighted to face. Even during their long hiatus, the band has kept in touch.

"I'm working with Guy all the time, obviously, and when I was out touring with Eric, Alan Clark, my other keyboard player, came along, so I'm in fairly continual contact with them," the guitarist explains. "John [Illsley, Straits' bassist], I stay in touch with, Terry [Williams, drummer] I talk to on the phone, and Chris [White] came and played saxophone on *Last Exit* and brought some of his songs around to listen to, so we stay in touch. It's going to be no problem getting the boys together again, but it's more than just the musicians — we want to get as many of the old crew as possible. Then you're talking 60 people. It's a big circus, really, once you start to take it all around the world. You just become part of a travelling circus. I'm looking forward to it a lot."

That's putting it mildly. Knopfler talks about touring with all the glee of a boy scout describing his first experience at overnight camp. You know he'd have been the first to sign up for a round of kill-the-counselor.

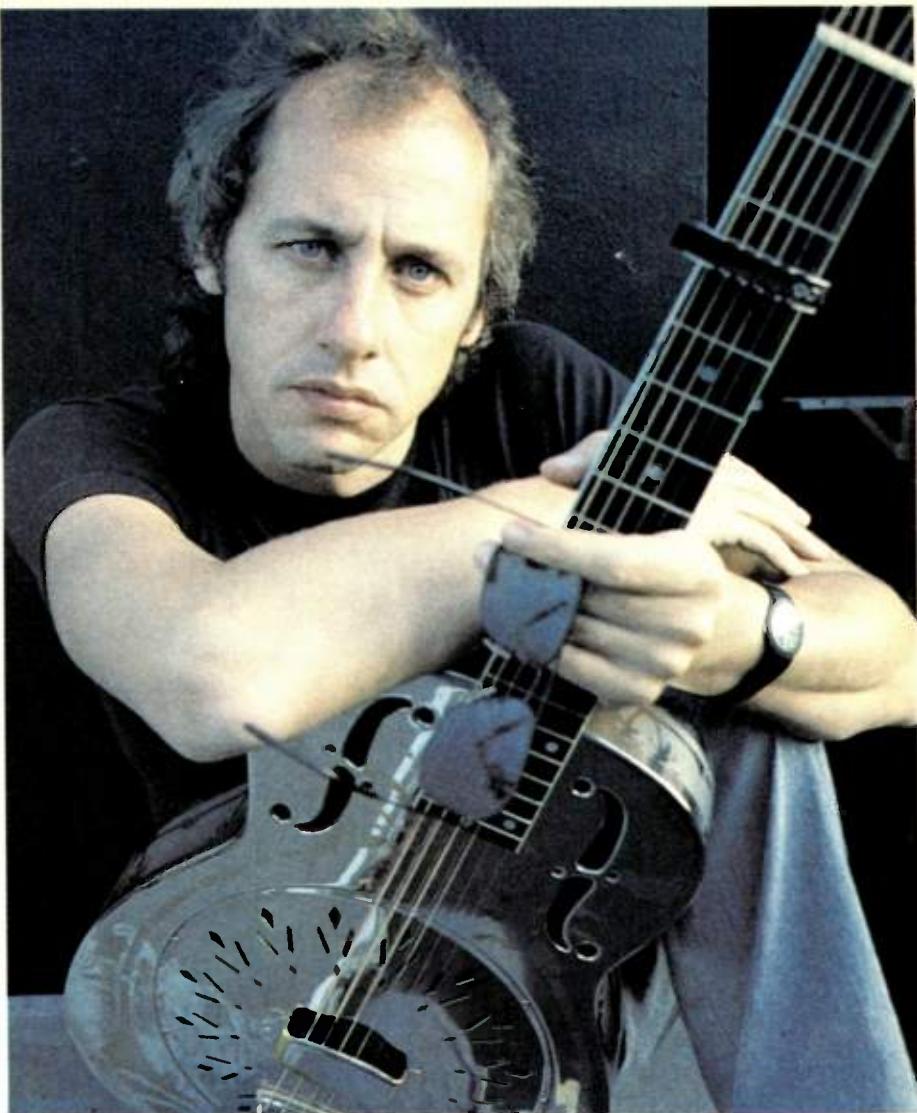
"I like being the center pin in this sort of thing, I'm a real team man in that respect," he says. "I like all that sound checking, I'm a sucker for punishment. I actually enjoy just taking the mickey out of everybody in the crew. There's a lot of pranks. When we were touring last time the crew was publishing two newspapers. One was called *Bus Life* — it was usually just a sheet done up on the computer with the most scurrilous details of people's personal lives and habits. It's just fun, that's all...

"The crew will always save [pranks] for the last days of tours and horrific things can happen. You can be picked up and carried off playing. The crew can come out in drag — you turn around and they're all there with dresses on. Just horrid things can happen."

A dapper, articulate man, Knopfler confesses that the rigors of the road do not lend themselves to a strict adherence to the Queen's English.

"You can't get too serious about what you're doing. We don't analyze things — we're not like film people."

"You go into another world and you develop a sort of, mostly unprintable, shorthand," the veteran elaborates, "but it's got to be like that because it's actually hard work, the whole thing. It's just the same way that I work with Guy and a couple of



other friends — it's really mostly obscene when you think about it. People would go blue if they could hear it. I've often wondered what it must be like to hear us working. It's a method that I suppose is a kind of defense. You can't get too serious about what you're doing. We don't analyze things — we're not like film people. Film people," Knopfler adds acerbically, "have beards and kind of analyze things. Maybe that's why Randy thinks they think of themselves as superior to musicians."

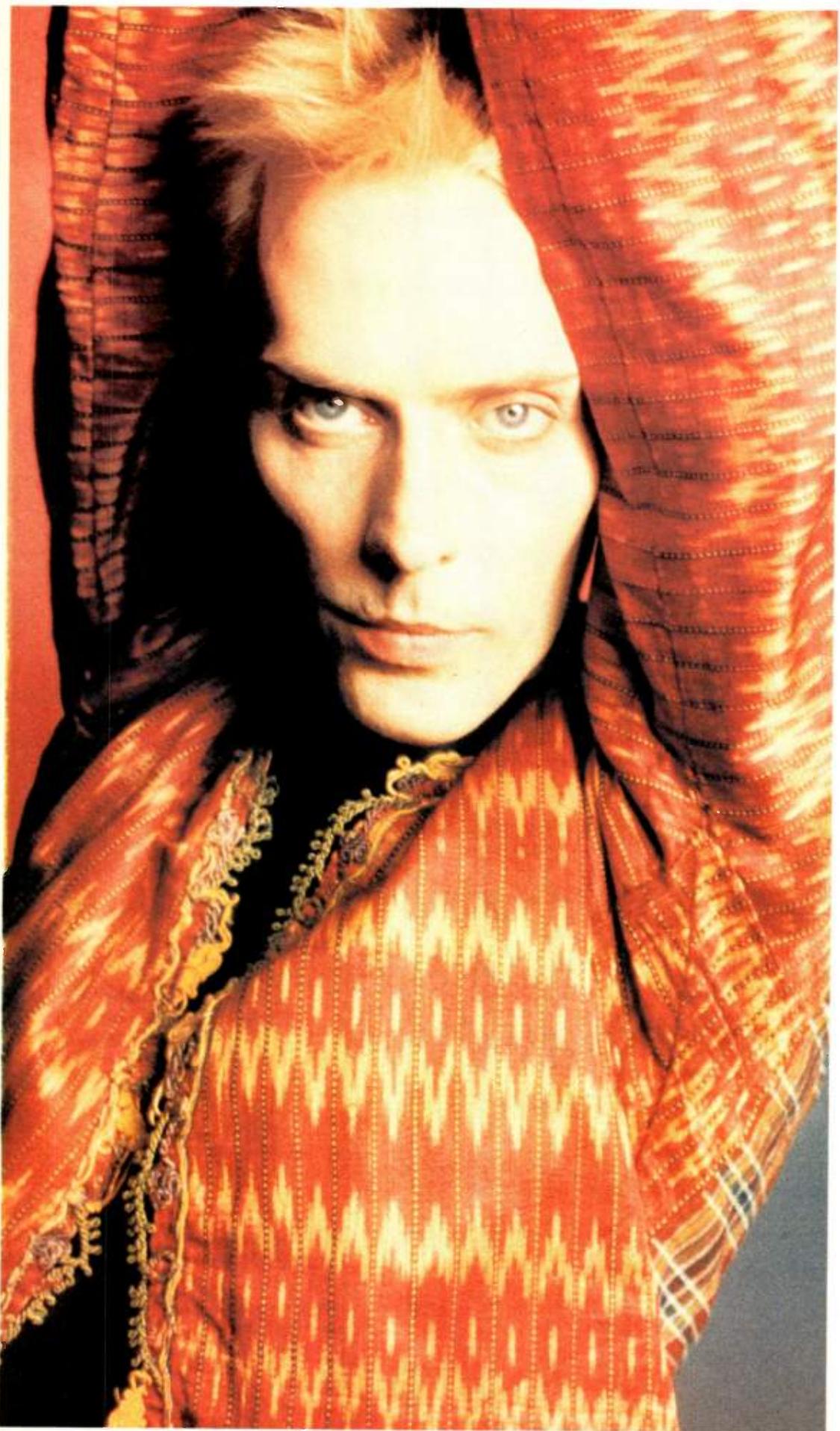
Joking aside, Knopfler's enthusiasm and his willingness to test himself in areas outside the bounds of mere rock stardom can be attributed to one thing. "I'm a very lucky boy to be in love with music," he points out, excitedly. "It leads you down a whole new road, it's a whole experience. I always learn something new. Right now, I'm doing a record with Chet Atkins, and if he comes over and we play together, doing some duets or something, I'll always learn something new, some extra thing. I can't tell you what a thrill it is to realize that music still has so much to offer, and how little I know about it.

"There's so much that people have done, and that people know, that can be passed on to you. Really, you're just the next little channel for that little bit of knowledge and then you pass it on to somebody else. It's never really yours. It's almost like owning a lovely painting, or something. You're just a curator, really. You can enjoy it while it's there and then it's your responsibility to be good to it and pass it on down the line."

Really. **me**



SOUND CHECK



PETER MURPHY

Deep!

by Tina Clarke

"There are always opportunities. I wait for things to come," remarks British postmodernist Peter Murphy. Since he first came to notoriety in the late '70s as Bauhaus' handsome, menacing frontman, Murphy's always bet his future on his strong intuitive powers and willingness to test the unknown.

"Bauhaus came; I didn't go for it," he says. "Danny [Ash, now Love & Rockets' guitarist] came to me, just knocked on my door. It's just a case of recognizing opportunities and taking them — naturally. I'm not a careerist — I can't be."

During his five years with Bauhaus, Murphy perfected a striking, exorcistic performance style. Intense, dark and antagonistic, the gothic rockers quickly garnered a devoted cult following, becoming something of a reference standard for other post-punk gloom mongers — groups like Mission U.K. and Sisters of Mercy, who early on earned the sarcastic moniker "Sisters of Murphy."

Since Bauhaus' demise in 1983, Murphy has worked hard to establish his own musical identity with three solo albums, the most recent of which was titled *Deep*. But old personas die hard, and he's the first to point out how difficult it is to separate himself publicly from his former raging image. "It's a scary area to get into as a performer, a very weird thing," he says. "You do start to get an identifiable personality that is always reflected back."

While Murphy's struggle between his current and former selves was fairly apparent on his first two solo efforts, the songs on *Deep* suggest a reconciliation between conflicting passions. Fully integrating his brooding past with his current, more melodic interests, the album offers fine, sinuous melodies propelled by enigmatic lyrics, as spiritual and dramatic as Murphy himself. "The songs have more to do with me," he explains. "Instead of me placing ideas in a once removed situation like a story, which I tended to do on *Love Hysteria* [his 1988 album], where I was weaving ideas into it that weren't necessarily me, this record is me. I'm talking about it, first person singular."

With titles like "Marlene Dietrich's Favorite Poem" and "The Line Between the Devil's Teeth," one is apt to wonder about Murphy's personal life — he's married to a dancer and has a young daughter. But one thing is for sure: he continues to ponder the fate of Love & Rockets, his former Bauhaus bandmates, admitting he wouldn't mind "having a No. 4 hit" like them. "They're another band, like Hanoi Rocks or anybody," he says. "It's been so long. They're strangers at this point, musically, which I'm really pleased about, because it would have been a nightmare had they tried to carry Bauhaus. I have my own theories, but they're not for public consumption. It was five years of intensity, living in each other's pockets."

Philosophical about the possibilities of having a hit record, he says, "I'm quite pleased with the album...but it probably won't get the attention it could get in another world." But as a performer he remains undaunted. A gifted dancer, Murphy deftly uses theatrical devices to his advantage, commanding the stage with a feline prowess. To him, this power simply represents another aspect of his ongoing musical quest. "On every song, in every moment, is an artistic search for something that feels right, feels special," he explains. "For 'Bela Lugosi' [Bauhaus' first single], it was there in its utmost. You want to capture that all the time — not that song, but that expression. It doesn't mean the songs will have a Bauhaus spirit. It's just that moment you really remember as free of any fears, of what people will think, what your own ideas of yourself are. That [sense of abandon] is always there live. I can't remember what I've done after the show. Often the intro tape goes on, you go on stage and you come off and I'm not quite sure what happened."

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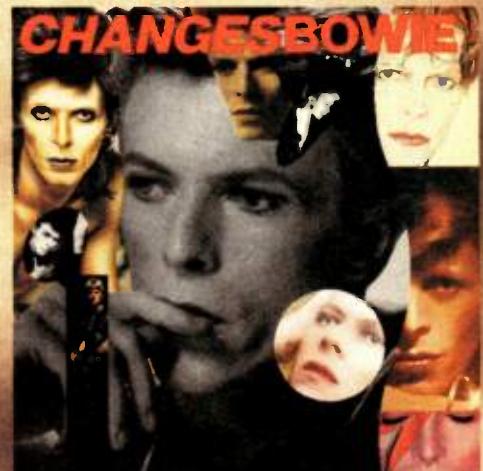
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THE CHILLS

Cool Kiwis
by Kerry Doole

One of the strangest occurrences in pop music is the sporadic emergence of some unlikely city as a churning cauldron of musical creativity. First there was Akron, Ohio, and Athens, Georgia, and now, most bizarrely, there's Dunedin, New Zealand.

Head south from this small college town (just 100,000 people) and you hit Antarctica, yet Dunedin is being internationally hailed as a hotbed of fresh, innovative sounds. Spearheading this Kiwi pop invasion is The Chills, whose major label debut LP (third in all), *Submarine Bells*, is surfacing to serious acclaim.

Chills mainman Martin Phillipps tries to explain the phenomenon: "It came down to a few key creative people — Graeme Downes of The Verlaines, Chris Knox [Tall Dwarfs], The Clean — writing material of world quality. I'd always assumed there were similar things happening throughout

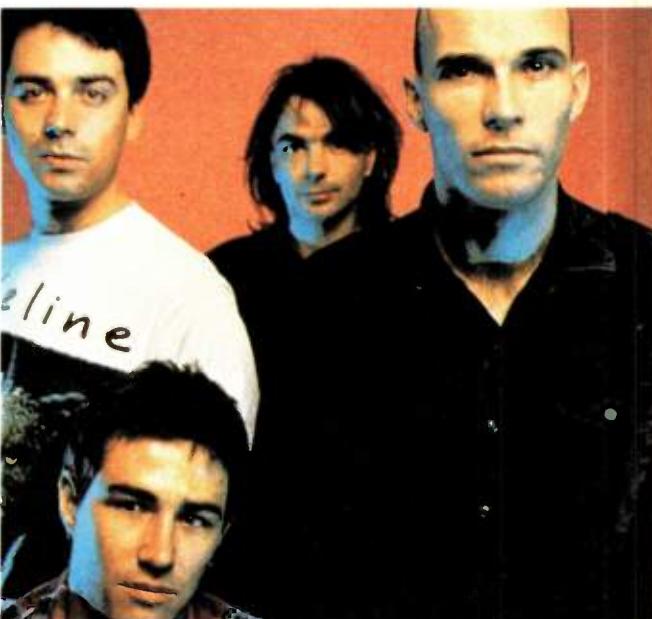
the world and we just hadn't heard of them, but once we started touring we realized the city had something very special. I think the isolation of the country has contributed, and the physical beauty has had a real impact on me."

Singer/songwriter Phillipps is now on the 11th line-up of The Chills, a project whose 10-year life has been marked by tragedy (the death of a key member, Martyn Bull) and turbulence. "Having to move away from your home, your own country, to the other side of the world can be quite traumatic," he sighs, but The Chills now have fans around the globe hooked on their passionate, melodic brand of pop. "I've never put much weight behind fashion," confesses the soft-spoken 27-year-old, "but I want to exploit it and try to get a foot in as many doors as possible before the public eye moves on."

The Chills first forced the world's door open with triumphant performances at the New Music Seminar in 1987. Amidst fiery competition, they finally signed to the well-connected independent label Slash. Producer Gary Smith (The Pixies) was re-

cruited, and *Submarine Bells* was recorded over two months in London. "It's been a long struggle to get an album out that we're pleased with. This is our first chance to bring the songs up to date; this is what the band is like now. The album is like a springboard, it means we can finally start moving ahead."

Encouragingly, his long-time mates back in Dunedin have given the thumbs-up. "There was skepticism about us signing with a big label and the amount of money spent on the record.



People will always expect the worst, but even the cynics amongst my friends are pleased."

Jane Child is most unusual among young singer/musicians putting out their debut albums: she wrote, sang, produced and played virtually everything on her eponymously titled LP herself.

"I did use a guitar player, but other than that it's just me," she laughs. "Basically, when I first started doing demos, I couldn't afford to hire musicians, so I was kind of forced to do it myself. So when it came time to do the record, it was what I was

used to. Also, I'm a perfectionist about the way things sound. It's very difficult to communicate a musical idea to somebody — it's usually easier to do it yourself."

But how did she manage to convince her record company to let her produce? "Well, initially it was a bit of a struggle," she ad-

JANE CHILD

Waveform Librarian

by Mary Dickie

mits. "I had no management, and I had to go to these record companies and sit in these boardrooms, trying to convince

them that I had to produce myself. The

worst that could happen was that I'd do

something different, right?

"I was just not interested in doing this with a producer. It was a non-negotiable issue, as far as I was concerned. But what happened was a kind of bidding war started, with around 11 companies interested. So I got my way, just because of supply and demand!"

Jane's album is a collection of audacious, funky songs that sounds as if it could be the latest product of Prince's Paisley Park studios. But no, it's just Jane and her synthesizers. "I read a lot of manuals!" she says. "I sometimes enjoy it — the sampling side of it, creating sounds. But just with the Fairlight alone, there's an awful lot of technical stuff. I became kind of a waveform librarian, always fiddling with these machines. After I'd finished re-

cording for the night I'd be there at least another hour, fooling with the hard disk or something."

Jane's background, surprisingly enough, is classical — born in Toronto, she sang with the Canadian Opera Company's Children's Chorus and studied piano at the Royal Conservatory before making the switch to funk.

"There was an ad in the paper for a band looking for a keyboard player," she says. "And in true classical snob fashion I said to myself, 'This'll be easy — I can do this.' So I auditioned for the band, but there was no sheet music for me to follow, and I realized it wouldn't be so easy after all. All these chord progressions that were second nature to everyone else were completely foreign to me. Anyway, I went on the road with them, and I had to learn to improvise."

Eventually, her style of singing had to change as well. "It's a completely different technique," she explains. "You have to unlearn everything you've learned. The way pop singers sing is what classical singers call singing with your chest voice rather than your head voice. It's a different way of breathing."

Jane still listens to all kinds of music, and lists an enormous number of influences on her work — everyone from Janis Joplin to Count Basie to Glen Fiddich (!) to Bela Bartok to Fyodor Dostoyevsky to Elmira Gulch, the witch who stole Toto at the beginning of *The Wizard Of Oz*.

"Well, have you seen me? She's my fashion guru," Jane explains. "Put me on a bicycle and that's exactly what I look like, in my black dress and witchy black boots! When I saw *The Wizard Of Oz* as a kid, she was the one I gravitated towards, really!"





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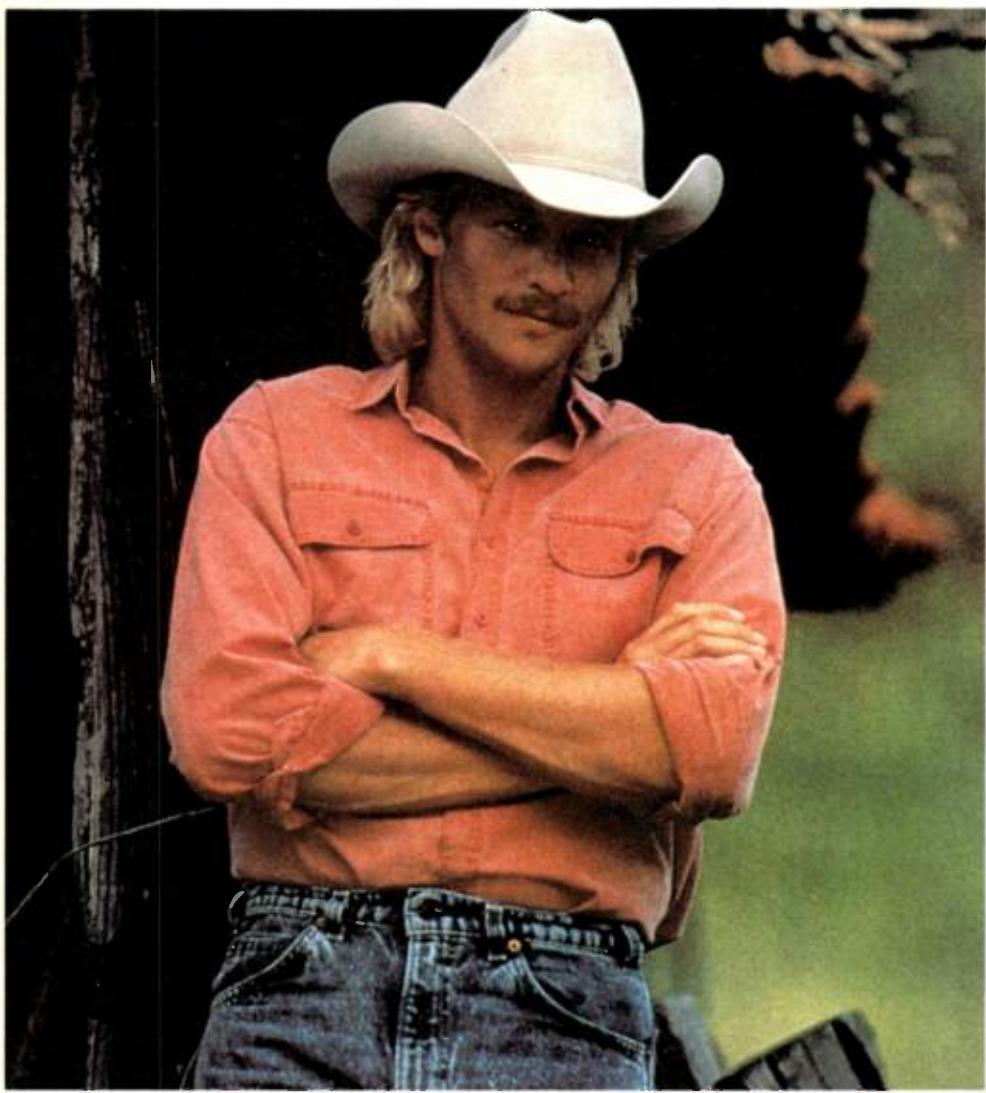
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ALAN JACKSON

The Real McCoy
by Kerry Doole

If a Hollywood scriptwriter was striving to come up with a "rags to riches" saga of a young country singer/songwriter, he'd do well to plagiarize the real life story of rising star Alan Jackson.

Alan's background certainly fits the part. Born and raised in the small Georgia town of Newnan, he didn't exactly enter the world with a silver spoon in his mouth. "We weren't very well off financially," he reminisces euphemistically. "I slept in the hall until I was 10 years old and my oldest sister went away to college. I didn't realize until I was older that we might have been considered 'poor.'"

Such a heritage is reflected in the title and content of Jackson's debut album, *Here In The Real World*. At 31, he's no overnight success — he's done real time out in the working world as a mechanic, car salesman, carpenter, and general jack(son) of all trades, and that makes his success now sweeter than if it had come a decade ago. "Yes, I have thought about that," he admits. "I've lived a little longer and been out living in the real world, working at a lot of different jobs. I'd try different things, but I kept coming back to the music."

His career turning point came with a chance encounter that makes for a fine show-business story. "I'd been trying to get organized to move to Nashville," Alan recalls, "but I had no idea even what a publisher or producer was. My wife Denise was a flight attendant then, and, while waiting for a flight to Atlanta, she spied Glen Campbell and his band awaiting the same flight. She introduced herself, explained my position, and Glen gave her a business card for his publishing company in Nashville."

That break led to a publishing deal, but it took nearly four more years to snag that elusive record contract. "Probably every single label in Nashville passed on me at one time or another," chuckles Jackson. Finally, the newly established Music City branch of Arista saw the light, and Alan responded with an impressive slice of traditional country that will place him alongside other new talents like Clint Black and Garth Brooks.

Right now, car buff Jackson has two fantasies to fulfill. "There's a song I've written I just know would be perfect for a duet for me and George Jones, and then there's an original [custom built] A.C. Cobra!" But don't expect fame to warp those basic small-town values.

"There are three or four friends and family members I've told to kick my butt if I start getting wild!"

THE BLUE NILE

They're Adults Now
by Perry Stern

A common mantra on the record promotion circuit goes like this: "We not interested in creating an image, we just want people to listen to our music." Generally the sentence is uttered by some ridiculously coiffed, fashionably attired, dubiously talented nouveau-muso whose blatant grab at music's brass ring falsifies the words before they leave the speaker's lips.

Not so with The Blue Nile, who are profound believers of putting their careers where their mouths are. When the Glaswegian trio protest that their music comes first, you can take their sincerity to the bank. Five years ago Paul Buchanan, Robert Bell and Paul Joseph Moore released *A Walk Across The Rooftops*, an independently made album of "intelligent, artful and emotionally rich music" that took the world by storm. From quiet lives as theatrical P.R. man, freelance journalist and television sound engineer, respectively, the three were tossed into the hurly-burly of the recording world, where every lyric was invested with mystical qualities and every

musical passage was dissected to reveal how something so patently simple could elicit such a strong, seemingly unanimous response.

"You set out to do your best," Buchanan reveals in his whispery Scottish burr, "and, suddenly, people start treating you like an adult." Laughing softly now, he adds, "I think we were all really baffled by what happened with the first record. I can't begin to describe how disorienting it was."

The ordeal was disorienting enough to throw The Blue Nile into a five-year retreat that kept them out of the public eye, but no less devoted to making their vividly cinematic, heartbreaking, melancholy music. The end result is *Hats*, a seven-song LP of music as darkly evocative as most of the titles ("The Downtown Lights," "From A Late Night Train," "Seven A.M." and "Saturday Night") suggest.

There's a consistent subdued tone to the songs of The Blue Nile that invites the listeners to swim in their murky, twilight waters practically uninterrupted from one track to the next. A cursory hearing might label the tone "monotonous," but Buchanan argues, "It depends on the extent with which you listen to things. It's like saying

cubism is all the same. In some ways that's absolutely valid, but I hope people are willing to step inside the album. There's a sufficient subtlety and wide range to the emotions [on it] to require a certain amount of audience participation. At a car chase level," he acknowledges, "it doesn't really work that well."

Part of the allure of *Hats* is the charming, almost nostalgic use of practically obsolete electronic instruments on the album — a decision that

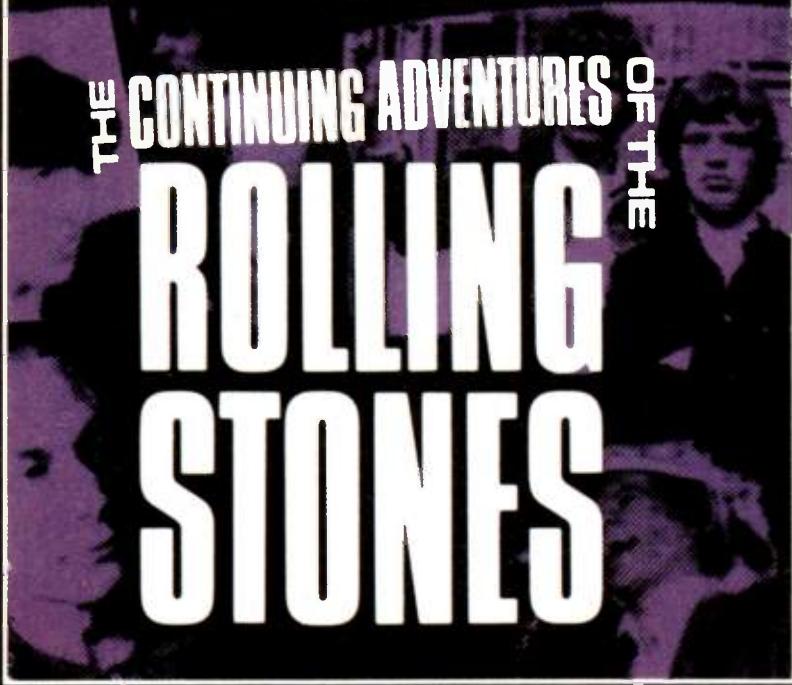
spares the trio the charge of being a techno-oriented synth band. "At the simplest possible level," Buchanan reveals, "we're just trying to make a noise that resonates in some way with people, so we don't want to obscure the effect of that by making them notice the equipment."

The virtual anonymity that Buchan-

nan, Bell and Moore have maintained will probably be the first victim to the inevitable success that will follow *Hats*. Being a studio band, The Blue Nile have yet to perform live, but, having spent several months conducting interviews across the U.K., Europe and, now, the U.S., Buchanan is starting to see stagework as an attractive proposition. "The shmoozing has reached epic proportions," he jokes, "so we may start playing live just to break up the monotony."



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— Arthur Levy



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Steven Waddington's parents must have been disappointed when the Cambridge math grad tossed a career in numbers crunching for one of axe-grinding. "But not anymore," The Beloved's soft-spoken guitarist claims. "They'd been on at me for years, but now they've changed their minds."

The Waddingtons' about-face comes on the heels of The Beloved's debut album, *Happiness*, and

"Hello," the chart-topping, name-dropping, piss-taking single that has catapulted The Beloved up into the ranks of Britain's next best hopes, along with The Stone Roses, Happy Mondays and The Sundays. Their boy Steven's future now seems assured.

Spawned in the ecstatic dementia of the acid house scene, "Hello" is an infectiously danceable checklist of the absurd, with Fred Flintstone and Mork & Mindy thrown in with the likes of Andre Previn, The London Symphony Orchestra and Salman Rushdie. Rhyming philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre with ex-cabinet member and popular novelist Jeffrey Archer may leave most Americans dry, but it has the Brits rolling in the aisles. And in the midst of it all comes a blaring, screeching, heavy metal guitar solo that knocks the song's disco beat on its ear. ("It's only the second guitar solo we've ever done in five or six years," laughs Waddington. "It's [taking] all the guitar solos you've ever heard and stringing them together — a bit of fun!") "Sometimes I feel," sings vocalist/lyricist John Marsh, "the world is going mad." And he's right.

Juxtaposing the pop and R&B stylings of the '60s and '70s with the infectious house beats of the

'90s, like listing the ridiculous beside the sublime in "Hello," is the stock-in-trade of The Beloved, which is no surprise considering the band's checkered past. "We're a pop group, really," Waddington patiently explains, deflecting accusations that The Beloved is hopping the

THE BELOVED

Sublime And Ridiculous

by Perry Stern

neo-disco bandwagon.

"The fact is that now we're using dance

elements to put that across, whereas before it was more rock- and guitar-oriented."

In 1984 Waddington joined Marsh, drummer Guy Gausden and bassist Tim Havard in a Doors-inspired guitar-based

band called The Journey Through which soon afterwards became The Beloved. As the group's sound shifted uneasily away from its neo-psychadelic roots towards a more dance-oriented hip hop beat, first Havard, then Gausden, split, leaving Waddington and Marsh to stitch their new sound together. The duo's first fruit was the 1987 club hit "Forever Dancing," a song that effectively decimated their post-punk fanbase overnight, but found new converts in proponents of the burgeoning warehouse scene. After a year of steady gigging on the Continent, the pair was signed by WEA and retired to the studio to concoct their first album.

The resulting *Happiness* is "a reflection of what we're listening to," says Waddington, "and we listen to a wide range of music." The range is abundantly, humorously, sometimes jarringly evident. "I Love You More" sounds like a marriage between the boppy disco simplicity of New Order and the silky-smooth stylings of a '60s Burt Bacharach. "Wake Up Soon" weds the erotic R&B of Barry White and The Temptations with the whitebread asexuality of Tears For Fears. The unique coupling of sounds is "just our influences coming through as they would with anyone," Waddington shrugs, adding, "Maybe we have a wider range than most."

That someone should identify the comic pairings of "Hello" as representative of The Beloved's whole metier takes Waddington by surprise, though.

"When you say it, it all makes sense," he confesses incredulously, "but we didn't think about it when we were doing it. You just look back afterwards and say, 'Wow, that's weird.'"





THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH



ERIC JOHNSON

Austin's Ace Axeman

by Kerry Doole

You may never have heard of him, but Eric Johnson is already a certified guitar hero. His fellow axemen have certainly long been singing his praises — "Damn, that guy can play," testifies Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top. "The best sound I've heard lately comes from Eric Johnson," agrees Carlos Santana.

Back in 1986, *Guitar Player* magazine named him Best New Guitarist (ahead of Steve Vai), and that same year his major label debut LP, *Tones*, earned him a Grammy nomination for Best Rock Instrumental. "That was a real surprise," acknowledges the modest 35-year-old Austinite.

When asked to annotate his one-man band *cum* campaign to fuse peace, love, God, sex and rock 'n' roll (drugs, apart from nicotine, don't seem to be a part of the elixir), Karl Wallinger merely insists World Party is "like anything else — delicious hot and disgusting cold." Pressed further, he'll wax eloquent, albeit non-linear, on his desire to play botanist with rock's family tree — hybridizing Dylan and Holly with Prince and Reich. That's Wilhelm Reich, author of *The Function Of The Orgasm*.

And that, in a nutshell, is why it's all but impossible to put World Party in a nutshell. Of course, that hasn't stopped folks

"My friends told me I'd look cool at the Grammys in this short-cut tuxedo, but when I got there I realized I was dressed exactly the same as all the waiters!"

Chances are good he'll get an opportunity to overturn his fashion victim status at the next Grammys, given the strength of his new album, *Ah Via Musicom*. "There is more of the guitar here than on *Tones*. It is perhaps more the sound of a live band," Johnson reflects. Guitar freaks will get a kick out of some of the instrumental workouts, but the combination of Eric's gentle vocals and fluid fretwork on songs like "Desert Rose" and "Nothing Can Keep Me From You" must give him a shot at transcending the restrictive tag of "guitar player's guitar player."

As a singer, Johnson is his own harshest critic. "One thing I maybe should have worked on longer are the vocals," he con-

fesses. "I always fantasized about a singer I could link up with the way Jeff Beck did with Rod Stewart on [pioneering 1968 LP] *Truth*, but I could never manage to find

one."

As a guitarist, Eric first made a splash with Texas jazz-rock fusionists The Electromagnets, and was later in demand as a hired hand for the likes of Christopher Cross (don't hold that against him!) and Carole King. He is a naturally eclectic player, merging blues, jazz, country and rock licks with ease, and he is quick to acknowledge pivotal influences like Wes Montgomery, Eric Clapton and Jimi Hendrix.

"It was listening to Hendrix that had me racing home from school to play guitar all night. He had the whole package — the technique plus that incredible heart and soul. It is just too bad that there have been about 80 records that should never have been put out — of things like Hendrix putting on his jacket!"



WORLD PARTY

What, Me Hippie?

by David Sprague

from trying, pretty much non-stop, since Wallinger split from Mike Scott's Waterboys some five

years back. Some saw World Party's debut, *Private Revolution*, as a chance to dust off those spot-the-reference skills (much to the delight of the 32-year-old Party-man, who's baited *Goodbye Jumbo*, the long-awaited follow-up with a fresh batch of red herrings). Others, however, decided that the "we're all in this together" Utopianism espoused in much of World Party's work

was overtly...hippie. And that irks Wallinger.

"I guess it'll happen again,"

he sighs. "I don't really want to talk about it anymore, you know. I hate to say I want the music to do the talking, but I would, I suppose. I'm not gunning for the title of Man Who Cares Most, because I know I'm not. I do care about the world, but no more than the next guy."

All things considered, it probably will happen again. *Goodbye Jumbo*, over two

years in the making, is a crystallization of the ideas conceived on *Private Revolution*, rather than a stylistic U-turn. Once again, Wallinger's encyclopedic pop vocabulary gets quite a workout, but this time he's showcasing its many facets separately, rather than flattening them to fit the lot into each song. The new approach is stunning, with sensually smokey soul filets like "Love Street" and the falsetto-laced "Ain't Gonna Come Till I'm Ready" rubbing up against the *Highway 61*-worthy loopiness of "When The Rainbow Comes" and "Put The Message In The Box." If anything, it makes for a more cohesive collection.

"Well, I've edited myself in the sense that I've taken out all the Disney film tunes and all the really suicidal ones," Wallinger deadpans. "I don't want people to be able to say, 'Oh, look — it's that happy-go-lucky World Party' or 'That doomy World Party — I'm into them because they match my dyed black hair!'"

Considering the solitary nature of World Party (Wallinger's responsible for the whole shebang — all vocals, instruments and production), it's surprising just how vibrant — and far from the parameters he mentioned above — *Goodbye Jumbo* is. Wallinger blithely insists he's "just cruising around in the landscape of pop culture," but reckons there's an explanation for that kinda immediacy.

"I like hearing an instrument as raw as you can capture it without tipping over into the realm of unlistenable," he says. "I like hearing fingers move on fretboards and I miss that in modern music. I feel like it's a bit lonely."

"But I don't really consider myself a singer or an instrumentalist," he laughs. "I just try to cook up something...piquant. As a musical chef, I think I can do a fried egg properly now."





SLAUGHTER

Let The Carnage Begin!
by Karen Bliss

Like Jon Bon Jovi, Eddie Van Halen, Jason Bonham and Kip Winger, Mark Slaughter, former vocalist for the Vinnie Vincent Invasion, looked no further than his own birth certificate when choosing a name for his new band. After all, his is a name that even sounds rock 'n' roll. His band would wear it well.

"The Daisies just wouldn't fit us," Slaughter quips down the phone line from Los Angeles. "We wanted something that was hard-edged, but I don't think the name really makes all that much difference anyway."

The band — featuring Slaughter's upper-register snarl, Tim Kelly's searing guitar and the pummeling rhythms of bassist Dana Strum (also ex of Vinnie Vincent) and drummer Blas Elias — by any other name would still sound as good.

Slaughter's debut, *Stick It To Ya* (produced by Slaughter and Strum), is essentially a groove-metal album with nasty nuances and meaty melodic numbers aimed high at the charts. Already it has carved its way onto *Billboard*'s Hot 100.

Ever since Slaughter and Strum cut loose from Vinnie Vincent, citing "musical direction and mismanagement problems," everything has fallen together like clockwork.

"The day after we played our last gig, Chrysalis called me and said, 'We're picking up your option,'" says Slaughter. "They didn't waste any time, and subsequently dropped Vinnie Vincent from the label."

Satisfied with the musical freedom renegotiated on the new deal, Slaughter and Strum had to fill in the missing pieces — the guitarist and drummer.

"We wanted to make this a *band* right from the beginning," Slaughter says, putting the emphasis on the word "band." "The bottom line was finding players that we could get along with and that weren't concerned with becoming heroes on their instruments."

They found such people (Kelly and Elias, of course) the old-fashioned way, by placing ads in magazines and trade papers. "We went through 12 storage boxes of cassettes and videotapes before we wound up with both these guys," he says. "It's amazing how it all came together. We're very excited about this band."

"We're a debut band. We're a very hungry band. We can't wait to get out there and play. That's the most important thing to us. We're a live band more than anything."

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1

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Maria Del Mar

on the

Suzuki Katana.

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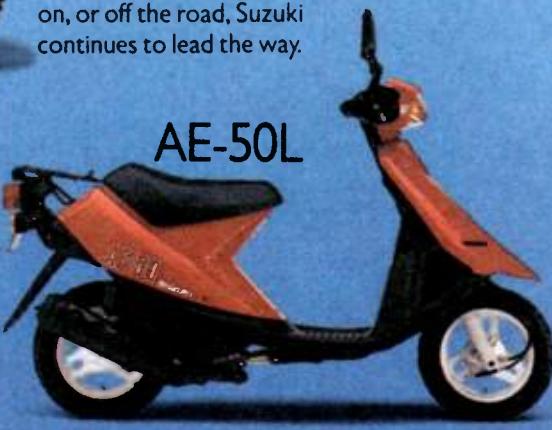
DR350L



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SUZUKI



2

Welcome To The Jungle:

**Model Rio and
The Works with the
Kawasaki Ninja.**



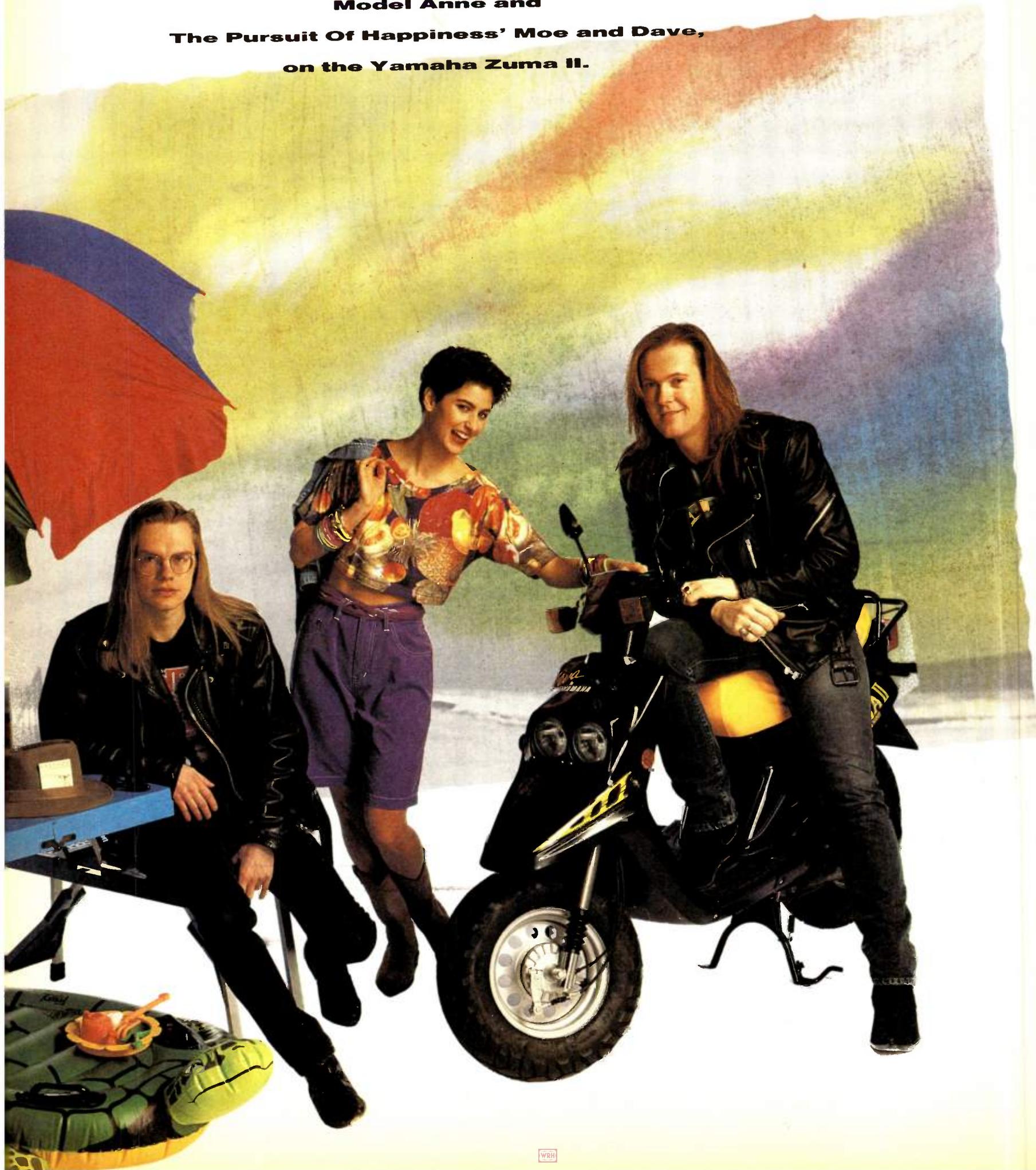
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**Raw Power:
National
Velvet
choose the
Suzuki
Intruder.**

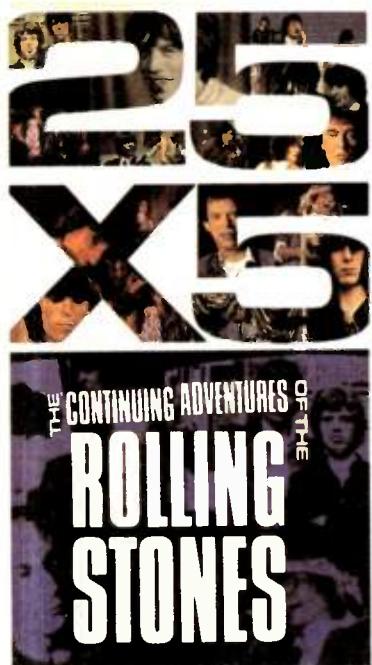
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Sun & Steel:

**Model Anne and
The Pursuit Of Happiness' Moe and Dave,
on the Yamaha Zuma II.**



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5

Kickstart My Heart:

**Rio and
The Works
with the Suzuki
Katana.**



6

Motorbiking:

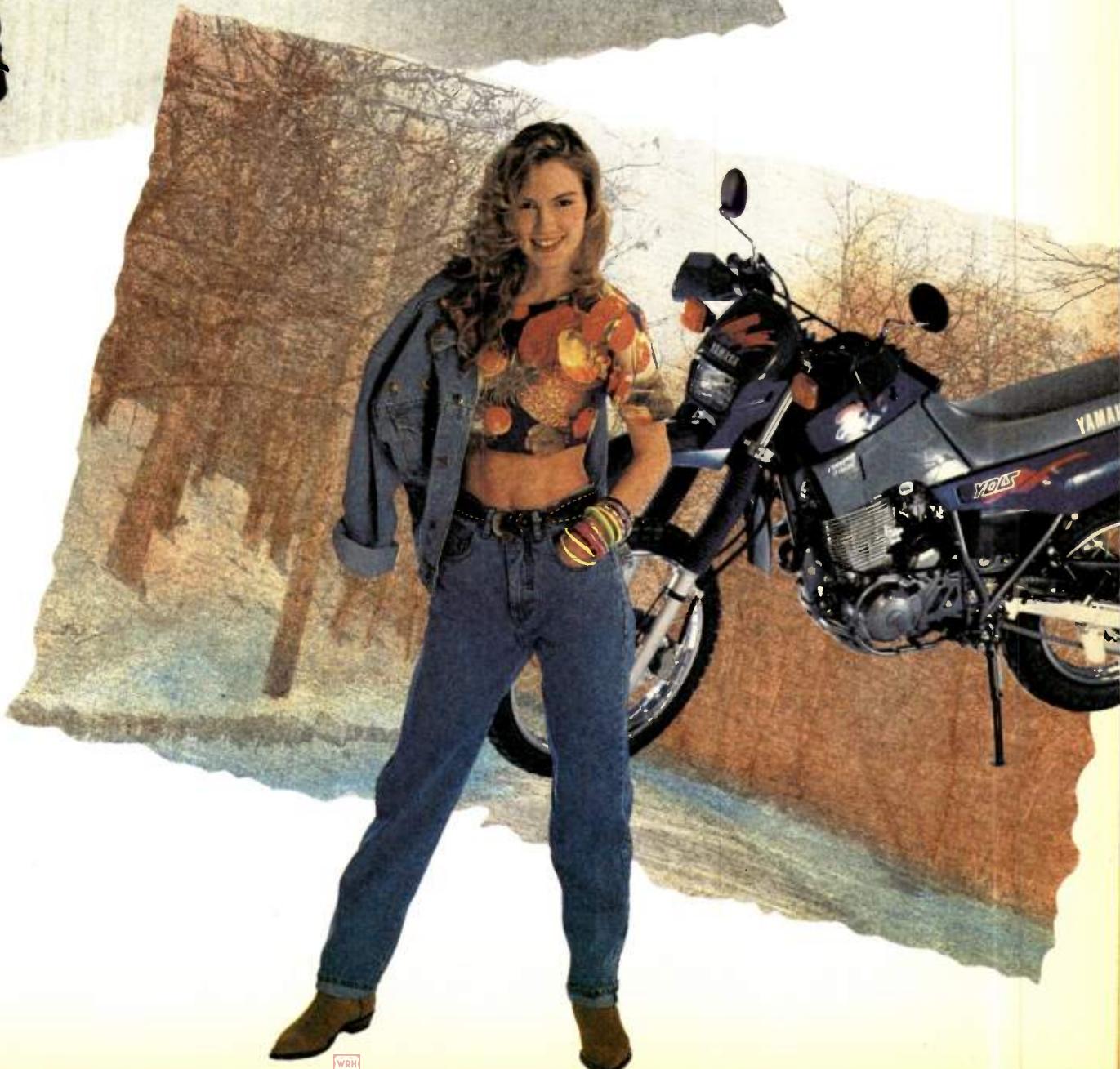
Model

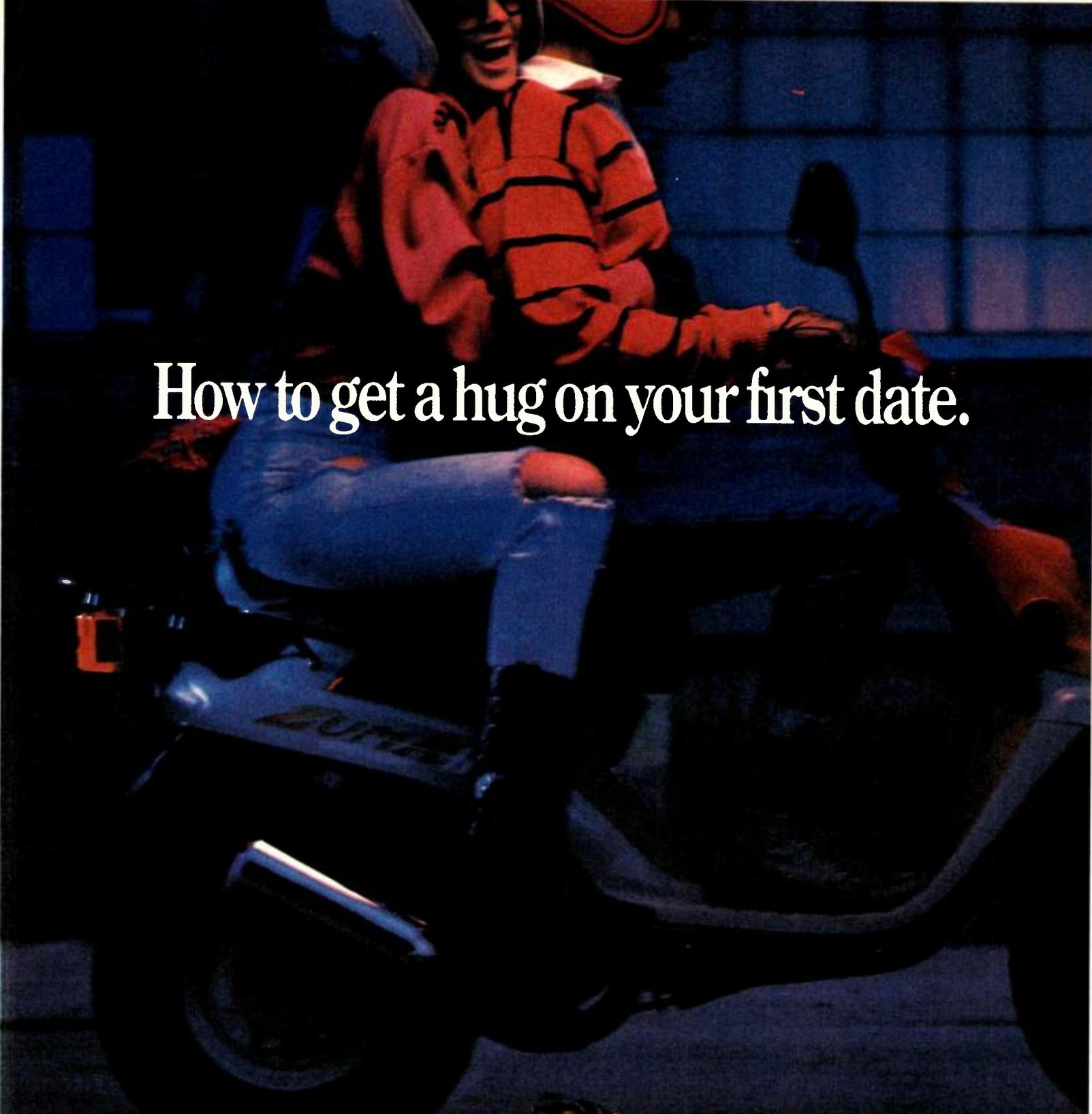
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the Yamaha

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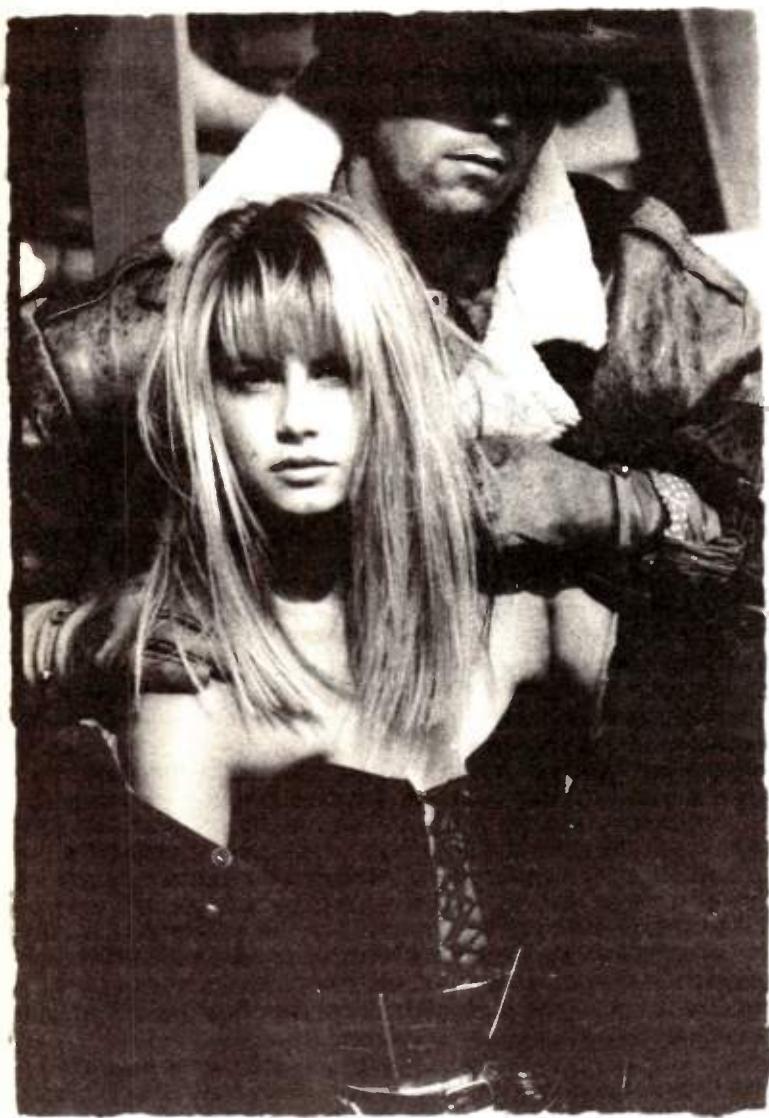
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1. Maria of National Velvet on the Suzuki Katana. Leather jacket by Lisa Mann. Jesus earrings and gem rings from Fashion Crimes, 345 Queen St. W., Toronto.
2. Jim, Brian, Tim, Stuart and Scott of The Works with model Rio on the Kawasaki Ninja. Rio's fringe top by Powerline. Accessories from Fashion Crimes.
3. Mark, Maria, Tim and Mark of National Velvet on Suzuki Intruders. The guys are wearing jeans by Pepe, Boulet boots and hot leather jackets by Lisa Mann. Maria also wears a Lisa Mann jacket. Accessories from Fashion Crimes.
4. Moe and Dave of The Pursuit Of Happiness on the Yamaha Zuma II. Model Anne is outfitted for the beach by Pepe, with boots from Boulet. Beach accessories from Splashers, 207 Queen's Quay W., Toronto.
5. Brian, Scott, Jim, Stuart and Tim of The Works with the Suzuki Katana. Model Rio is wearing a lycra skirt and halter top by Powerline and a Lisa Mann jacket. Accessories from Laura Kapp, Queen's Quay, Toronto.
6. Model Cody with the Yamaha XT600. Cody is wearing denim jeans and jacket from Pepe, lycra halter top from Powerline and Boulet boots.

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Thanks to Janine Barker, Robert Kunz, Jay Town and Rupert, for his gift.

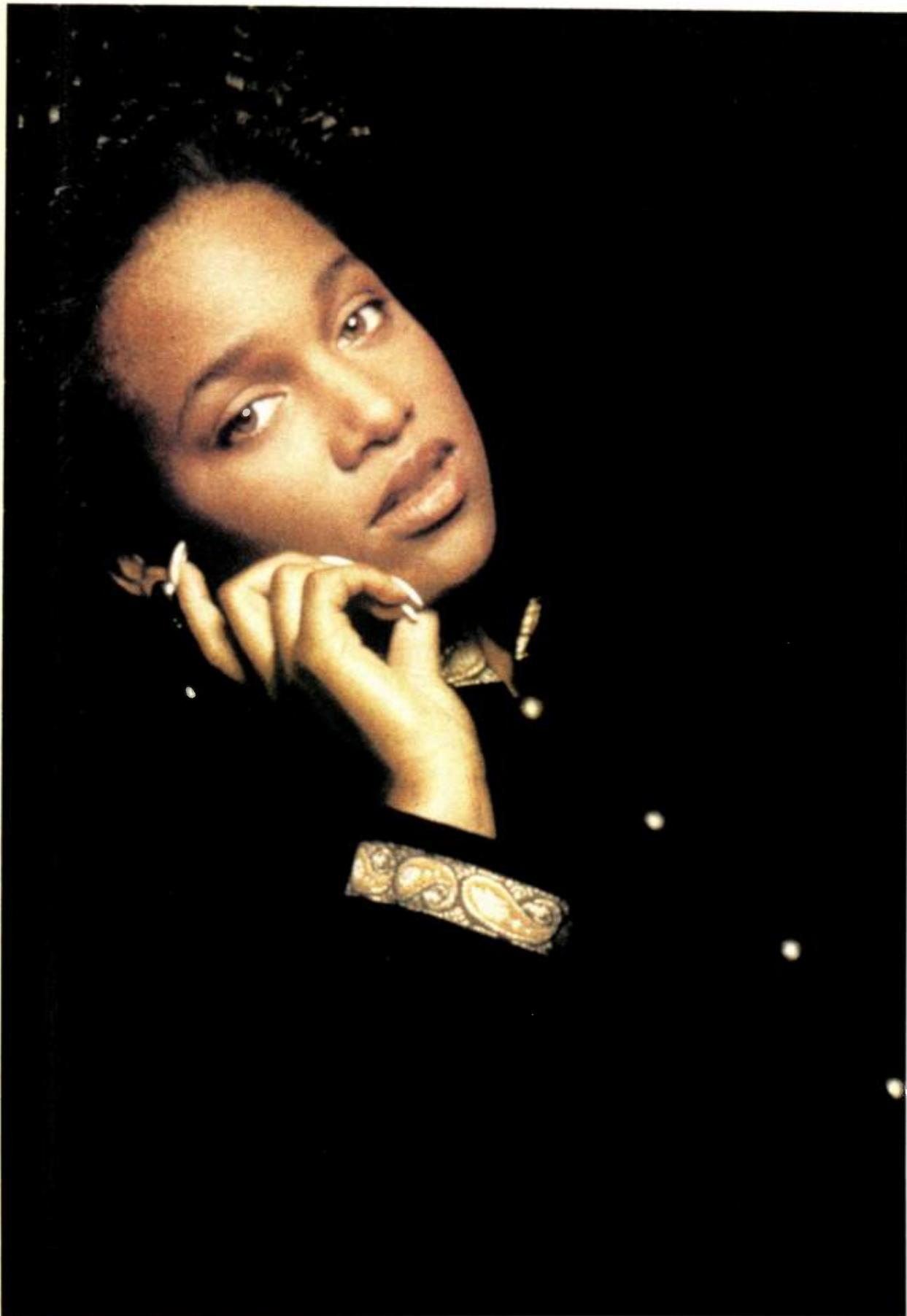
Thanks to Suzuki, Yamaha and Kawasaki for the use of their bikes.

Thanks to Boulet for the boots, Pepe for the shirts and jeans, and Stetson for their products. We are enjoying them!

And, finally, thanks to National Velvet, The Works and The Pursuit Of Happiness for their time.

BackBeat

LISTINGS OF NEWS, REVIEWS, AND RELEASES



NEW RELEASES

MICHEL'LE

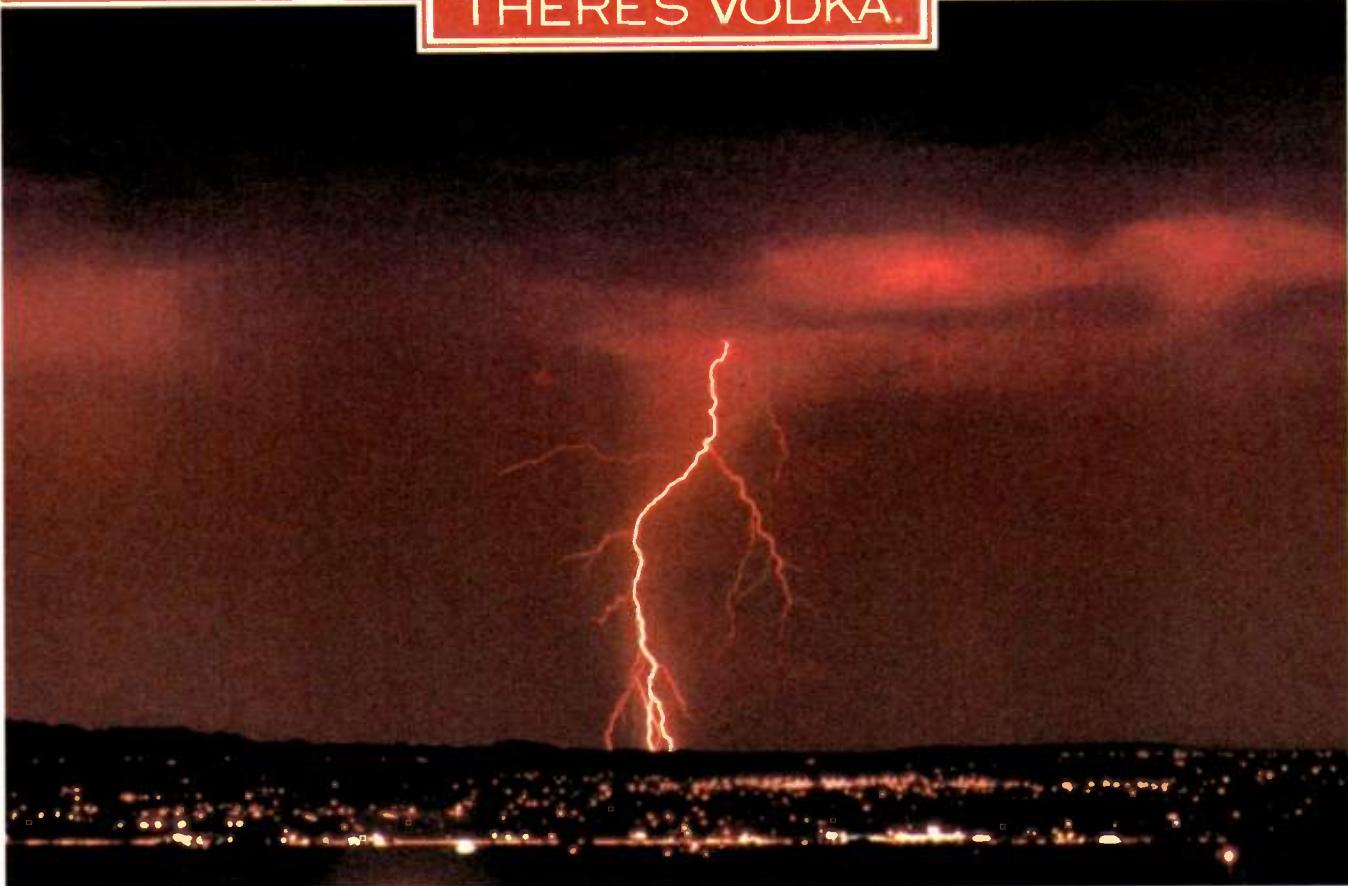
Ruthless/Atco

"Excuse me, baby, is your husband married?" This line is the kind of stuff that Michel'le has to deal with from men, and she's just looking for love, darnit! Michel'le's (pronounced "Michelle Lee") debut album, aided by the awesome talents of hot NWA/Eazy E/D.O.C. producer Dr. Dre, is a masterpiece of B-girl feminism, with the baby-voiced (who says she's "100% Woman," though) singer alternating between sultry ballad singing and serious funk grooves. Highlights of the set are "Nicety" ("Some people say I'm nice, some people think I'm nasty"), in which Michel'le rides the fine line in a song vaguely reminiscent of Prince; a smooth ballad called "If?" which serves as a duet discussion of lovemaking possibilities over a slick, jazzy rhythm section; and "100% Woman," another smoking mid-tempo groove of death with strutting vocals. Her voice sounds pretty normal when she sings, but the spoken segments are startling at first; she is an interesting combination of wise-ass B-girl and serious soul diva. This is effectively another triumph for Dr. Dre, who seems unable to do wrong behind the board; while not nearly as hard as NWA or The D.O.C., the jams really kick on this album, and there is a certain amount of Dre's trademark studio talkback segue dialogue. It would be pretty tough to not like this album, and the excellent rhythm guitar playing — and a couple of wailing leads — are icing on this sexy cake.

Otis Winthorpe ****

*****	Indispensable
****	Consistently Strong
***	Good But Flawed
**	For Fans Only
*	Play At Own Risk

THERE'S VODKA.



SMIRNOFF

AND THEN THERE'S SMIRNOFF.

NEW RELEASES

THE 4 OF US

Songs For The Tempted
Columbia

It's almost inevitable that any band with Northern Ireland stamped on their passports automatically draws U2 comparisons. In the case of The 4 Of Us, such comparisons are not without merit. Like their more famous counterparts, T4OU are a fiery quartet with a passionate lyrical stance augmented by powerful, energetic arrangements. There's an obvious rawness that reflects their lack of experience, but there's more than enough material here to suggest that T4OU is a band on the rise. The lead-off "Drag My Bad Name Down" sets the stage with its aggressive uptempo beat and Brendan Murphy's volatile vocals. The rest of the tracks mix R&B rock with a folksy undertow — "Mary," "Jolene" and "Fool For Temptation" being highlights. The live energy is an integral part of most bands emerging from the highly competitive Irish domestic scene, and The 4 Of Us more than make the grade in this department. Like Hothouse Flowers and The Pogues, The 4 Of Us are striving for their own niche, and *Songs For The Tempted* is a definite step in the right direction.

Keith Sharp ***

HEART

Brigade
Capitol

It's hard to believe that the Wilson sisters are into their 15th year as a recording group — but then again, in some ways it isn't. Almost from day one, Anne and Nancy have been in control of their own destiny. When they didn't like their original record company (Mushroom), they boycotted an album release. When they felt they'd outgrown their original band, they fired them. Call them tough broads if you will, but the Wilsons have retained a firm grasp on the realities of the business. They've known that their most bankable traits have been Anne's incredible vocal power, their ability to select just the right songs and, of late, the emergence of sister Nancy as a strong performer in her own right (as well as being the resident sex symbol). Add to this a band that is seemingly happy to play a support role and you have the essence of Heart, a concept that's been simple yet consistently successful, without being stagnant. *Brigade* reflects all these traits with an additional measure of maturity and focus, aided by the production prowess of Richie Zito. *Brigade* is a little more aggressive than '85's *Heart* and '87's

Bad Animals, with a higher energy content and a more experimental instrumental mix. Yet it's the sheer quality of the songs and Anne's majestic vocal power that continue to shine. Tracks like "Cruel Nights," "I Love You," "All I Wanna Do Is Make Love To You" and "Fallen From Grace" reflect the full spectrum of her vocal prowess — a voice that's an entity unto itself. The lyrical stance is also aggressive — the Wilsons, though not espousing a feminist stance, still sing about picking up strangers and hauling them off to hotel rooms (I trust they practise safe sex!). Overall, a record that mixes ballsy rockers with enough trademark Heart melodies to dominate the radio airwaves for months to come.

K.S. ****

fect on this followup album. Hammer has decided to reach straight into "pop-rap," though, and has included the requisite rap ballad and based many of his songs completely on pop tunes — such as Rick James' "Superfreak" on "U Can't Touch This" — looped to incessant repetitive obnoxiousness. The most innovative stuff on this album sounds like Run-D.M.C. circa 1984, and his foray into NWA territory on "Crime Story" would be funny if it were a parody, but yo, Hammer, give it up! The "socially conscious" "Help The Children" and "Black Is Black" add insult to injury. This is the kind of stuff that gives rap a bad name; where Eazy-E, for instance, bases "We Want Eazy" on a '70s Bootsy chant, he gives credit and does something interesting with the song he bites. Hammer, however,

JOAN JETT

The Hit List
Blackheart Records

Okay, Joan, this time you've gone too far. We tolerated your continual pilfering of '70s classics; we could even understand your desire to be reborn as Suzy Quatro. But to record an entire album of vintage rockers and destroy every one of them is a little too much to stomach. At least when David Bowie recorded *Pin Ups* and UB40 followed suit with *Labour Of Love*, they at least injected a little of their own personalities into the recording. With *The Hit List*, Jett tackles AC/DC's "Dirty Deeds," The Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant" and The Doors' "Love Me Two Times" as though she's a bad Holiday Inn lounge act on an off night. It's one



THE 4 OF US: OBVIOUS U2 COMPARISONS.

M.C. HAMMER

Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em
Capitol

M.C. Hammer is flying pretty high these days, having won American Music Awards for best rap artist and best rap album for last year's *Let's Get It Started*. Don't ask me why, though; his apparent tradition of weak, hoarse rhyming, cheesy production and incessant bragging (which makes L.L. Cool J sound positively humble) is in full ef-

takes songs in their entirety (such as Prince's "Soft And Wet," which is called "She's Soft And Wet" here) and doesn't do anything with them, other than cheesify classic music (I won't even mention what he did to Parliament on last year's "Turn This Mother Out"). M.C. Hammer commits sonic crimes that suggest he should stick to dancing (which he's pretty good at) and leave the rapping and producing to people who know what time it is.

O.W. *

thing to have a dispassionate voice, but to put hardly any effort into trying to even remotely capture the spirit and drive of the originals is almost unforgivable. To hear Jett butcher The Kinks' "Celluloid Heroes" is to hear Ray Davies weep in anguish. Either get your own songs or get out of the business, but don't think for a moment that you'll get credit for this glorified hatchet job. If you want a free handout, the Salvation Army will be happy to oblige.

K.S. *

NEW RELEASES

THE FALL

Extricate
PolyGram

The Fall has long been one of England's most enduring and enigmatic groups. Together, in one incarnation or another, since 1976, with some 16 albums to their credit, The Fall's members are prototypically British in their perseverance, aloofness and inscrutability. At the center is Mark E. Smith, songsmith, lyricist, vocalist (though some have argued this in the past) and

open lots of doors to the uninitiated as the first single, but it is far from the album's best track. The competition for that distinction is fought fiercely between the ironic balladry of "Bill Is Dead," the vituperative slap in the face of "Black Monk There, Part 1," the updated blues of "Chicago Now!," the compellingly rhythmic "Sing! Harpy" and the almost Prince-like pop of "Popcorn Double Feature." In the last few years — particularly since the inclusion of Smith's now estranged wife, guitarist Brix, who currently heads up the Adult Net — The Fall has allowed some pop sensibility seep into music that had been generally post-punk funereal and sometimes monotonously similar. The resulting increased popularity must

boardist Marcia Schofield plays a huge role in this latest Fall, with colorful flourishes enhancing the starkly monochromatic foundations Smith builds his songs upon. Characterized mainly by a metronomic drum beat accompanied by a melody-shadowing bassline, the rhythm section of Simon Wolstenholme and Steven Hanley propels the songs forward as Smith whispers, croons, shouts and spits out his oblique chants. At the heart of *Extricate*, though, is a master songwriter proving what fans could only speculate about in the past — that if Mark E. ever pulled himself out of his blue funk, he'd make a spectacular album. It's about time-ah!

Perry Stern *****



THE FALL: BRILLIANT-AH!

chief architect of the labyrinth that conceals what exactly The Fall has been on about, to these many years. While the band has consistently scored big on the indie charts, it was only recently that it managed to break into the U.K. Top 40 — The Fall has always been long on credibility, but short on "commercial" potential. *Extricate* is about to change all that. As Smith might sing in his own patented vocal affectation, the album is "brilliant-ah." Not that they're about to boot Janet Jackson off the charts (though they may just do that in England), but this should be the LP that breaks them out of the cult status they've so long enjoyed in the U.S. The wonderfully addictive "Telephone Thing," a dance groove co-written with disco-meisters Coldcut, is bound to

have struck a note with Smith, because *Extricate* is made up of wildly different, practically decipherable songs. One can only guess what he's singing about, but Smith's lyrics are always full of obscure references and surreal images. The split with Brix must have added no small amount of grist to Smith's mill. (While "Sing! Harpy" is probably too unsubtle a title to refer to Brix, the anger in "Black Monk There, Part 1," with its chilling cry of "Know why I hate you, baby? You made me...," is a likely candidate.) Smith's lyrics have never been less ingenuous, nor more involving. Throughout "Bill Is Dead" he lugubriously sings "This is the greatest time of my life" over and over again, until you've got to wonder who's he trying to kid (convince). Key-

swing licks with a difference: the musicianship sounds almost (gasp) *interactive*! While the music of King — and singer extraordinaire Valerie Watson — is singularly unrevolutionary, it has an organic feel to it that makes the latest N.J.S. crop sound more sterile. But YO! Fans of truly sweet grooves along the lines of Loose Ends and early Terry & Jimmy Jamz will flip over side two, titled "Nouveau Smooches." This whole side begs for repeated play as background music for radical exercises in bonology — no details necessary. But back to the P. Funk bite — taking phrases from "One Nation," combined with cosmic ultra-bass narratives about legendary Nubian super-roots a la "Dr. Funkenstein," is playing with powerful stuff. Put it on top of reconstructions of "Flashlight" and it looks like they decided to get it on (as opposed to takin' some dead asses home). This album is on the one.

O.W. ****

TANITA TIKARAM

The Sweet Keeper
WEA

Young English singer-songwriter Tanita Tikaram came from out of nowhere with her 1988 debut, *Ancient Heart*. That album heralded the arrival of a precocious new talent (she was just 17), and went on to sell over three million copies worldwide. Her sultry looks and exotic background (Fijian father, Malaysian mother) didn't hurt the marketing campaign, but it is her rich, vibrant voice that is Tanita's trump card. Her lyrics are ornate, if often wilfully obtuse (do you really know what "Twist In My Sobriety" means?), but they generally just function as background decoration for that voice and the sophisticated arrangements. Drummer Rod Argent and keyboardist Peter Van Hooke return to the console to produce, but their fondness for overly lavish string orchestration mars songs like "Harm In Your Hands" and "Little Sister Leaving Town." On the plus side, they've assembled a stellar cast of supporting players that includes trumpeter Mark Isham and violinist Helen O'Hara. The songs are generally moody and atmospheric, but the jaunty "We Almost Got It Together" is an LP highlight that suggests Tikaram should pump up the tempo more often. If anything, Tanita's voice has progressed the second time around; its power and range occasionally recall that of Joan Armatrading. Disparaging as this may seem, *The Sweet Keeper* actually functions better as background music in which the ear focuses on the voice and sounds rather than dwelling on her oft-precious lyrics. No sophomore jinx here — platinum sales assured.

Kerry Doole ***

CLUB NOUVEAU

Under A Nouveau Groove
Warner Bros.

The bite of Funkadelic's *One Nation Under A Groove* is so obvious and ambitious that this release merits attention for audacity alone. Producer Jay King — who unleashed such hooky jams as "Rumours" and the remake of "Lean On Me" — has no qualms about confronting whatever happens to be going on radiowise at the moment with his own patented hookology. Storytelling and themes with a generic, universal vibe, augmented by very original yet simple groove twists, seem to be the basic formula. Side one of this album is called "Nouveau Grooves" and comprises sophisticated new jack

NEW RELEASES

SWEETHEARTS OF THE RODEO

Buffalo Zone
CBS

The first song on the new release by the Sweethearts of the Rodeo is called "Uphill All The Way," which is an appropriate description of where Janis Gill's and Kristine Arnold's careers stand at this point in time. While their first two releases were bursting at the seams with Top 10 singles and finger-popping melodies, they had reached the point where another dose of the same formula may have been too much to take. Happily, they have seized the opportunity to scale new heights as their latest release, *Buffalo Zone*, is an introspective and strikingly emotional work. "He Doesn't Tell Me Anything," a song about suspected cheating that hits home in a subtle manner. The Sweethearts also open up their hearts on "Como Si



Dice," a bittersweet tale that's driven by powerful metaphors and a haunting Mexicali rhythm. This is not to say that the girls don't pick up the tempo every once in a while; the hard acoustic strumming in "This Heart" makes it sound as if it has Sun Records blood pumping through it. The jangling guitars and spot-on harmonies of "Hard Road To Go" pay tribute to The Byrds, and explain why Janis and Kristine used artwork similar to that band's *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* album to grace the cover of *Buffalo Zone*. "Hard Road To Go" recaptures the Sweethearts sound of old, and it is far and away the catchiest number on the album. Janis Gill wrote or co-wrote six of the tracks, and, considering the Sweethearts' former dependence on Nashville's songwriting elite, there is admittedly a bit of a commercial fall-off. However, in exchange, the group has blossomed in terms of artistic integrity, and while *Buffalo Zone*

doesn't come thundering across the plains, it should prove to have a lot of staying power in the long run.

Roman Mitz ***

Ed Yee

Easy to wear. Hard to resist.
STETSON FITS.

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OPEN SPACES

By Roman Mitz

What a treat! In conjunction with their *Highwayman 2* album, **Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, Johnny Cash and Kris Kristofferson** are on tour to support the album. This is the first time all four artists have performed together,



and it can be considered a country music equivalent to a Beatles reunion (*Ed. note: except that none of them is dead yet*). The boys are just waiting for Cash to finish up a tour in support of his latest effort, *Boom Chicka Boom*, which marks a return to his musical roots.

The red-hot **Kentucky Headhunters** are currently out on tour with **Hank Williams Jr.**, a country/rock pairing surely made in heaven. The Heads' latest single, "Dumas Walker," is hotter than butter on grits, and shows that their original material is on par with great covers like their version of **Bill Monroe**'s "Walk Softly On This Heart Of Mine." (For an even more off-the-wall Monroe cover, check out **The Cramps**' cover of "Muleskinner Blues" on their latest release, aptly titled *Stay Sick*.) Speaking of the father of bluegrass, Monroe recently checked himself out of a hospital, where he was undergoing tests for an irregular heartbeat, just in time to make his 50th anniversary celebration at the Grand Ole Opry.

Since the wave of New Traditionalists such as **Randy, Steve and Dwight** arrived on the scene, there hasn't been a performer that has set the country music world on its ear. Well, the drought may be over as **Lucinda Williams** has arrived. The gritty delivery she brings to the songs on her self-titled album makes one sit up and take notice. Williams manages to delineate the links between country music, the blues and rock 'n' roll, as can be proven with a single spin of her cover of the

Howlin' Wolf classic, "I Asked For Water And She Gave Me Gasoline."

After he split with his longtime partner **John Ford Coley**, **Dan Seals** only enjoyed one pop music hit, in the form of his 1986 smash, "Bop." He's about to change all that with his new single, "Love On Arrival," from his latest album, *On Arrival*. The infectious single is muscling its way up the Top 40 charts, alongside such non-country

names as **Millie Vanilli** and **Janet Jackson**. Most of the album's other tracks carry more lyrical weight, a fact that's not too surprising, since Seals taps prize-winning songwriters such as **Curly Putnam, Sonny Throckmorton** and **Charlie Black** for material...Another band wishing to move onto another lyrical plain is **Restless Heart**. The title track of their latest album, *Fast Movin' Train*, is loaded with powerful imagery and is bound to garner the group yet another platinum record to add to their growing collection.

Short Cuts: When you speak of Nashville's best songwriters, **Townes Van Zandt**'s name usually comes up first, alongside **Billy Joe Shaver** and **Guy Clark**. The collective output of these three is best measured by the title of Van Zandt's long-awaited offering, *Live And Obscure*. While the album draws on material recorded in 1985, one would be hard-pressed to find new country songs on a level with "Mary A Fine Lady" and "You Are Not Needed Now"....**Ronnie McDowell** has been spending a lot of his time dubbing vocals for the excellent television series *Elvis*, which chronicles The King's early days. In his spare time, McDowell cut a single called "American Music," and used his artistic talents to create an animated video to accompany the tune...Although it may be somewhat premature to some, **Ronnie Milsap** is putting the finishing touches on his autobiography, which is slated for a May release. Ronnie is co-writing the book with author **Tom Carter**.

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METALLION

By Drew Masters

No New Tricks

DRI are the respected and recognized leaders of the hardcore, speedcore and thrash metal scenes of today, having always kept one step ahead of the pack. Through a seven year history they've kept up a determined pace to succeed, establishing their own course in doing so.

Drummer **Felix Griffin** recently had these words about their fifth album, *Thrash Zone*, which is steadily gaining critical acclaim from longtime adversaries. "It's weird, the response to the record," admits Felix. "We seem to be expanding our audience without even trying. Our writing is all spur-of-the-moment, yet it's progressed a lot. The songs have changed — there's more breaks, more slow stuff. We think it's more cool for us. It's more fun to play."

Four Of A Kind, their previous and best selling album to date, enjoyed a healthy stay on the *Billboard* chart. Are hopes high for *Thrash Zone* to do even better? "We know the album is doing well," states Felix. "But who knows if this will be our 'breakout' album? It'd be great to have a few dollars and be out of debt, but just playing is what's important to us."

DRI has amassed a large, loyal audience with virtually no radio play and limited video play. Felix feels they're just "a word of mouth band, which I guess stems from people who get into the hardcore/speed scene. They want to know who's happening, and we're on the top, so they instantly pick us up."

Currently the group is in the initial stage of its 1990 tour, one they've yearned for after nearly a year off the road. "We only did 20 shows in all of '89," says Felix. "It was the first time since we've been together that we haven't played a lot. We were supposed to go out with **The Red Hot Chili Peppers** — it was a weird concept, as there'd be a lot of people to play in front of — but they wanted to bring in extra security for us, 'cause of the crowd, and many promoters wouldn't go for it.

"Our shows are always intense, packed and hot," Felix contends. "Those are the conditions we play best under, and they're usually like that. If we ever made it big, we'd still have to do some rowdy shows to let our fans get intense."

And what will become of their roots? Felix states confidently, "The underground will break big, no doubt about it. I'd like to see it take over, but it will, at least, grow. I like the new funky metal that's happening, but there's no way that DRI could ever change; it wouldn't be DRI. The way we are is the way we'll stay."

More Alphabet Soup

XYZ is not a band to be ignored. Originating in L.A., between the Pol-

son and **Guns N' Roses** trends, XYZ has emerged, on its self-titled debut album, as one of today's more enjoyable and listenable melodic hard rock/metal bands.

"We're just four nomads that got together about five years ago," says bassist **Patt Fontaine**. "Terry [Ilous, singer] and I had known each other, and we were walking down Sunset Blvd. when we ran into **Marc [Diglio, guitar]**. We began talking about doing something together, but we really didn't make any commitments to each other. We kept in



XYZ: LONGEVITY THROUGH INTEGRITY.

touch and it slowly got together. We had another drummer at first, who left a couple of years ago, and now **Paul [Monroe]** has been with us for a couple of years. We began playing the L.A. and San Francisco circuits and developed ourselves live."

Doing the rounds, XYZ stuck out as underdogs in the trendy scene from which they came. "We come from a city where it's difficult not to follow a trend," Patt explains. "As soon as you break away from the fashion, people look at you as if you're some kind of freak or something."

By doing their own thing, XYZ found it difficult to obtain a recording contract,

mainly because they didn't have a defined, marketable image that fit the trends.

"We were desperate," admits Patt, "so we couldn't be picky. It was very difficult for us — we just didn't fit. Everyone passed on us. So when Enigma showed us a contract, we thought about it for

two seconds, and jumped on it."

Within weeks of its release, the album, *XYZ*, has achieved steady sales, surprising the industry — and even the band. "We were shocked at how well we've done so far," blurts out Patt, adding, "We haven't had a lot of hype or radio/video play [for "Inside Out" and "What Keeps Me Loving You"], so we must be selling just by fans telling others about us. It's great — I'd rather be in that kind of band than a 'hyped' band, 'cause success, when it comes, will mean much more."

don't talk about heartbreaks and bitter love; we talk about surviving, struggling on the streets — sacrificing while aiming for your dreams. We're more of an earthy band."

And longevity, through integrity, is *XYZ*'s aim. "It's a sign of achievement, of genius, to say that you're original," states Patt, "and we hope someday to have people say that we are that — truly original. We admit to being a young band that still shows its influences, but hopefully, years from now, we can own our identity. It takes a while — you gotta pay your dues. But I feel we're doing the right things. We've stuck to our guns, we don't follow trends, and we put all our energy into making *XYZ* better and better. I feel that we're well on our way."

METAL NOTES: *Anthrax*'s pre-production studio in Yonkers, N.Y., was destroyed when a fire broke out causing over \$100,000 worth of damage, including the loss of all custom-made equipment, drums, amps and guitars. Although no injuries were reported, the incident has temporarily halted the band's work on its next album, which has been scheduled to be out in late spring...Former **Badlands** drummer **Eric Singer** is now with **Alice Cooper**, and former Cooper drummer **Jonathan Mover** is now with **Joe Satriani**...new act **Desperado** is currently recording its debut album for **Elektra Records**. The all-star band features ex-**Twisted Sister** singer **Dee Snider**, ex-**Iron Maiden** drummer **Clive Burr**, ex-**Ozzy Osbourne** guitarist **Bernie Torme** and bassist **Mark Russell**. The album is scheduled for release by next month...former **Grim Reaper** guitarist **Nick Bowcott** has a new band named **Barfly**, currently recording in New Jersey with producer **Max Norman**...the next **Extreme** album is to be called *Extreme 2: Pornografitti*, produced by **Michael Wagener**...the upcoming **Forbidden** album will be called *Twisted Into Form*.

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BackBeat

CD HOTLINE

By Rick Clark

I was over at a fellow music writer's house (he had a working wife) the other day when he received a five disc CD series from Rhino Records. Upon looking at this collection he tossed it back into the box and recoiled in disgust, asking, "What's happening to Rhino? Who in their right mind would buy this crap?" The release that inspired this wonderful response was a weird Nerd-pop blast from the past, loaded with guilty pleasures and brainless concoctions, and titled *Super Hits Of The 70's: Have A Nice Day*.

If the elitist baby boomer thinks the younger generation is desperately aping the late '60s and early '70s ("because things were really better then"), *Have A Nice Day* will help recall all the goofy stuff they wish they'd forgotten from those times.

You might ask, "What in the world can be as utterly empty-headed as *Millicent* or *The New Kids On The Block*?"

Well, how about "I Think I Love You" by *The Partridge Family* and "Me And You And A Dog Named Boo" by *Lobo*, for starters? Both were in the Top 10.

Do "When You're Hot, You're Hot"

(*Jerry Reed*), "Put Your Hand In The Hand" (*Ocean*), "Don't Pull Your Love" (*Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds*) or "Here Comes That Rainy Day Feeling Again" (*The Fortunes*) ring any bells? How about "Love Grows (Where Rosemary Goes)" (*Edison Lighthouse*), "United We Stand" (*The Brotherhood Of Man*) or "Smile A Little Smile For Me" by *The Flying Machine*?

So when I listen to songs like *Daddy Dewdrop*'s "Chick-A-Boom (Don't You Just Love It)" or "Stay Awhile" by *The Bells* (a Canadian group that hopefully got clubbed by a pack of seals for such excrement), I still get disgusted, but...it's a feelgood, *cathartic* kind of disgust. Secretly I enjoyed many of these songs on some perverse level, while I followed the herd instinct, indignantly jamming the radio buttons when they came on the air.

Rhino has also released a new addition to its *Nuggets* series of '60s psychedelia titled (can you guess?) *Even More Nuggets Vol. 3*.

Included in this collection are classics like "Let's Live For Today" (*The Grassroots*), "Time Has Come Today" (*The Chambers Brothers*), "I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night" (*The Electric Prunes*) and *The Shadows Of Knight*'s cop of *Van Morrison*'s "Gloria."

We also have *The First Edition*'s effort at pop psychobabble, "Just Dropped In (To See What Condition My Condition Was In)." It features the hip, Nehru-jacketed *Kenny Rogers* singing such great lines as "I pushed my soul in a deep dark hole and then I followed it in. I watched myself crawling out as I was crawling in." Maybe he had a premonition about his later artistic achievements like "Coward Of The

sell And The Shelter People, *Carney*, *Will O' The Wisp* and *Hank Wilson's Back* are now available on DCC Compact Classics.

Each of Russell's efforts has much to recommend it, but his first two (*Leon Russell* and *Leon Russell And The Shelter People*) are arguably the best of the lot. The former features "A Song For You," "Hummingbird" (a song B. B. King made popular), "Delta Lady"



SUPER HITS of the 70's Have A Nice Day



County" or "You Decorated My Life."

If that isn't enough, this collection includes a personal favorite, "The Shape Of Things To Come," by *Max Frost & The Storm Troopers*. At one minute and fifty-three seconds, this hit was the centerpiece cut from the classic hippie/LSD scare film, *Wild In The Streets*.

On the soul music front, *Rhino's Soul Shouts, Volumes 3 & 4* are out now. *Volume 3* covers *The Capitols*' "Cool Jerk," *The Impressions*' "It's Alright," *Brenton Wood*'s "Gimme Little Sign" and the wonderful *Dan Penn/Spooner Oldham* song "Sweet Inspiration" sung by *The Sweet Inspirations*, *Aretha Franklin*'s backup singers. Also included is *Gloria Jones*' 1964 version of "Tainted Love," a song that would later hold the title for longest stay on the *Billboard* pop charts (43 weeks) by *Soft Cell* in 1982. Some of the other artists included on *Volume 3* are *O. V. Wright*, *The Dells*, *Eddie Floyd*, *James & Bobby Purify*, *Edwin Starr* and *Brenda Holloway*.

Volume 4 is sub-titled *Urban Blues*. It is a great primer for someone interested in delving into classic tracks by *Z. Z. Hill*, *Bobby "Blue" Bland* ("Stormy Monday Blues," "I Pity The Fool"), *Otis Rush* ("Homework"), *B. B. King* ("Sweet Sixteen — Part One," "Don't Answer The Door — Part One"), *Little Milton* ("Grits Ain't Groceries"), *Little Junior Parker* ("Driving Wheel"), *Buddy Guy* ("First Time I Met The Blues") and more.

The sound on the above Rhino discs runs from very good to excellent. All of these discs include well-written liner notes.

Leon Russell's catalog is finally seeing the light of day on disc. Not everything is out, but his most famous titles, like his eponymous debut, *Leon Rus-*

(*sell And The Shelter People*, *Carney*, *Will O' The Wisp* and *Hank Wilson's Back* are now available on DCC Compact Classics.)

(*later a Joe Cocker standard*) and "Shoot Out On The Plantation." *Shelter People* contains the classic "Stranger In A Strange Land," several *Bob Dylan* covers and a version of *George Harrison*'s "Beware Of Darkness."

Russell's third album, *Carney*, was his most commercially successful release, reaching No. 2 for four weeks. It features the hit "Tightrope." Also included on this disc is the great putdown of rock 'n' roll freeloaders, "If The Shoe Fits," and "This Masquerade," a *Russell* original that *George Benson* went on to record with great international success in 1977.

Hank Wilson's Back is *Russell's* country album (using his real name in the title), featuring "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" and "Rolling In My Sweet Baby's Arms." *Will O' The Wisp* finds him mining a pop vein again in 1975.

All of these discs have been mastered by *Steve Hoffman*.

Two other Dunhill CDs that benefit from Hoffman's attention are *Phoebe Snow's* and *Willis Alan Ramsey's* self-titled debut albums. *Phoebe Snow* features her classic hit, "Poetry Man." This album showcases Snow's unique vocal style that is a blend of jazz, R&B and pop. This disc is worth seeking out.

Ramsey's album is cowboy folk/pop loaded with an impressive batch of songs. Highlights are "Muskrat Love," "Satin Sheets," "Angel Eyes" and "Northeast Texas Women."

This album has been out of print for many years. Few artists have as devout a cult following as *Ramsey* has with a catalog comprising only one album. To hear this highly recommended disc is to understand why it is so prized among the few who own those beat-up vinyl copies.



THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY:
GUILTY PLEASURES AND
BRAINLESS CONFECTIONS.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Live Performance

DAVID BOWIE

Skydome

Toronto, ON

All I should really have to say about this concert is: *Space Oddity*, *Changes*, *TVC15*, *Rebel Rebel*, *Golden Years*, *Be My Wife*, *Ashes To Ashes*, *John I'm Only Dancing*, *Queen Bitch*, *Fashion*, *Life On Mars*, *Blue Jean*, *Let's Dance*, *Stay*, *China Girl*, *Ziggy Stardust*, *Sound And Vision*, *Station To Station*, *Alabama Song*. Bowie could have been singing most of these songs confined to a straightjacket with a brown paper bag over his head and most of the 35,000-plus fans in Toronto would have gone home happy. None of the recent crop of retrospective concerts, certainly not Paul McCartney and definitely not The Who, has offered such a diverse set list, but David Bowie has always been so much more than the sum of his songs that perhaps a little elaboration is in order.

Proving that the two terribly ostentatious tours prior to this one were aberrations rather than a trend, Bowie returned to the stark, Teutonic simplicity of his legendary *Station To Station* tour. Befitting a bout of nostalgia, the proscenium arch was designed to look like a huge, ornate picture frame from which a scrim was dropped and upon which eerie black and white images of The Thin White Duke, in ruffled shirt and waistcoat, sang, danced and glared down on the audience. The visuals were designed and choreographed by Edouard Locke, of the Montreal-based troupe La La La Human Steps, and, unlike the contrived routines of previous outings, Locke's work proved dignified and elegant, in keeping with the reverential mood.

Bowie rarely roamed away from centre stage, while his four-piece combo was confined to a back corner, stage left. Boldly going where many have gone before, guitarist Adrian Belew was the only featured performer, and he managed to wail his way through solos on "Be My Wife," "Stay" and "Station To Station," making the songs his own. (The only new song of the night was "Pretty Pink Rose," a Bowie composition that will appear on Belew's new LP.) One of the few objections that can be raised about the performance was the fact that Bowie rarely interacted with the band (comprising bassist Erdel Kizilcay, drummer Michael Hodges and Rick Fox on keyboards). Another problem was the interval. Breaking the concert into two one-hour halves only served to lessen the growing momentum of the first set, and the second set almost ground to a halt during a perfunctory reading of Kurt Weill's "Al-

bama Song" — the only real clunker of the night. Pacing was also a bit of a problem. When you're churning out hit after hit, the only thing that can get a rise out of the audience is the element of surprise. Some songs were obvious in their inclusion ("Space Oddity," "Fame," "Young Americans," etc.) but others, like "Panic In Detroit," "Queen Bitch" and "Life On Mars," provided a much appreciated buzz. Cleverly, Bowie has tried to sustain audience, and band, interest by changing the set each night.

If you're a fan of Bowie — any Bowie — the concert is a must-see. If you're a fan of ingenious stagecraft and theatrical design, ditto. The man has threatened to pack his past up in mothballs after this tour, so if you want to see an undisputed master of performance do nothing but the cream of his crop, this is your last chance. Don't miss it.

Perry Stern

WHITESNAKE

Buffalo Memorial Auditorium

Buffalo, NY

When British vocalist David Coverdale and his formidable new White-snake combo — guitarists Steve Vai

and Adrian Vandenberg, bassist Rudy Sarzo and drummer Tommy Aldridge — strode onstage with a minimum of fuss, the audience knew it was in for some good, solid rock. There was no fog, no explosion, no revolving this or that — no *Spinal Tap* foolery then or anywhere else in the show (although Sarzo's penchant for placing the bass flat on his head came close). A band with this kind of talent doesn't need such nonsense.

From the opener, "Slip Of The Tongue," the Buffalo gals and guys stampeded to the front and remained there until the obligatory closing anthem, "Still Of The Night," some 90 minutes later. "There's a delicious assortment of titties down here," Coverdale noted, sounding like someone's sick uncle. Never mind that his actress/wife Tawny Kitaen was listening to that garbage in the wings. What was more pleasing was the way this experienced frontman would slap a few hands or aim his elastic voice at specific faces.

Concentrating on material from the past two releases — the latest, *Slip Of The Tongue*, and 1987's eponymously titled 10 million seller — the quintet was a team of virtuosity, never self-indulgence. However, Coverdale had allotted time for that, too. It came between

"Kittens Got Claws" (wonder who that's about?) and the single, "The Deeper The Love" (during which Coverdale threatened to "come down and bite yer private parts off if ya don't sing along"); the band deserted the stage, leaving Vandenberg to do a bubbling, penetrating, five-minute solo. "Crying In The Rain" was interrupted for Aldridge's five minutes, a thunder of rhythms with sticks and hands.

Then came Vai, who launched into two cuts from his forthcoming solo LP, *Passion Warfare* — strapping on his triple-neck heart-shaped guitar for the spiritually soaring "For The Love Of God" (punctuated for fun by Van Halen's "Eruption"), then switching to the seven-string (his axe of choice) for "The Audience Is Listening." Were they ever!

Coverdale has picked himself a hot lineup, but it's more to his credit that they've picked him, too.

Karen Bliss

THE THE

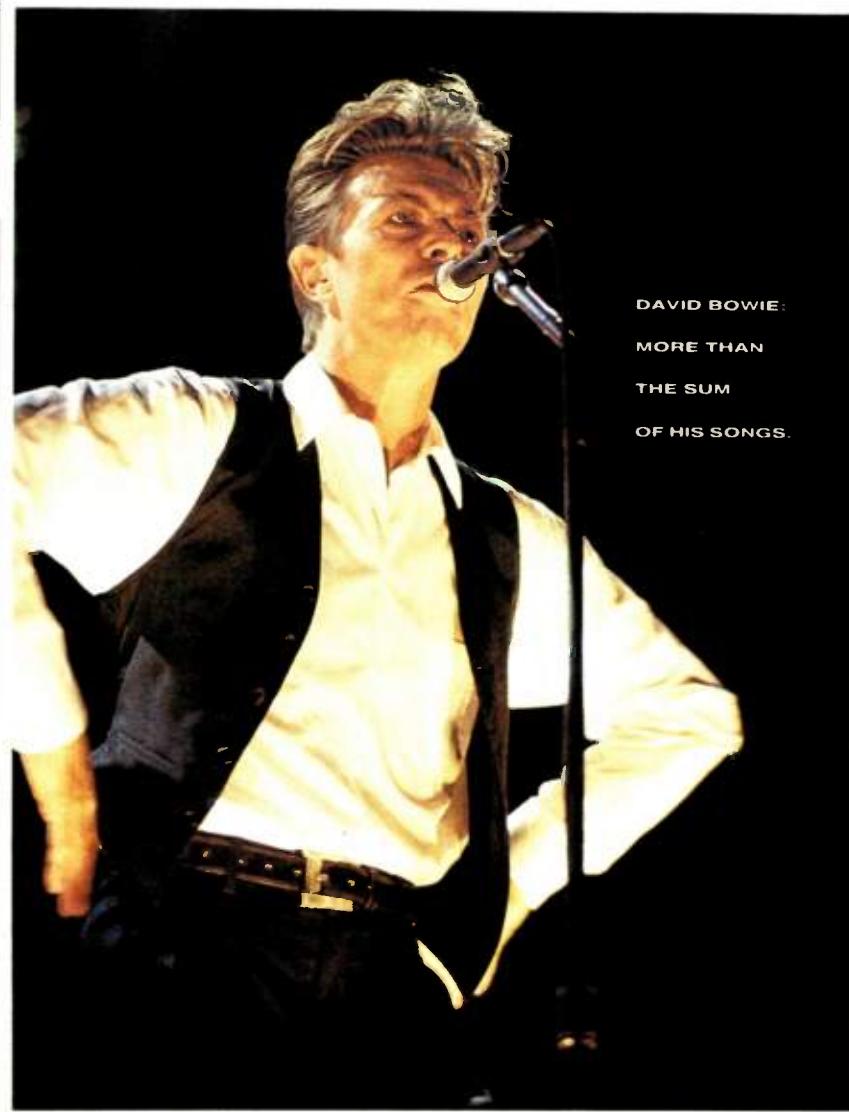
The Concert Hall

Toronto, ON

Dramatic back lighting and billowing clouds of smoke provided an appropriate setting for The The to deliver Matt Johnson's apocalyptic vision of Western civilization. From the opening strains of "Sweet Bird Of Truth," the band, The The's first live incarnation in almost six years, was able to replicate (even enhance) the intricate music Johnson has been making, primarily on his own, in the studio. With David Palmer on drums, James Ellor providing a mesmerizing bassline and keyboardist Dave Collard constructing lush swirls of Hammond-esque splendor, Johnson was free to deliver his sermon-like lyrics with relish and conviction. Co-star of the evening was ex-Smiths (and practically every other band in the world) guitarist Johnny Marr, who made a slow start of it, but visibly warmed up by the time he was wailing through "Angels Of Deception."

While most of Johnson's subject matter is grim and didactic (anti-fundamentalism, anti-imperialism, anti-Thatcherism) the inclusion of go-go dancing backup singer Melanie Rogers added a much-appreciated R&B element to the repertoire. The ironic impact of the "Heartland" refrain, "this is the 51st state of the U.S.A.," was hardly lost on the Canadian crowd. Most of the latest material off *Mind Bomb* was a bit flat in delivery, but the band, particularly Marr on "I've Been Waiting For Tomorrow All Of My Life," plainly rose to the occasion of the older tracks. By the concert's concluding numbers, "Uncertain Smile," and "Giant," Johnson had not only sated the rapt audience, but left many wishing he'd thrown this band together years sooner.

P.S.



DAVID BOWIE:
MORE THAN
THE SUM
OF HIS SONGS.



UTFO, PART OF THE
FULL FORCE FAMILY.

SOUL FUNK-TION

By Otis Winthorpe

Airbody knows about all the great records Brooklyn's **Full Force** have produced; **James Brown**, **Samantha Fox**, **Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam**, **Cheryl "Pepsi" Riley** and releases under their own moniker, among others. But the first outside project they ever incorporated into what singer **Bowlegged Lou** calls "The Full Force Family" was a rap group called **UTFO** which featured a vocalist called **The Kangol Kid** doing a song called "Roxanne, Roxanne."

The story of **Full Force's** rise to prominence and **UTFO's** rap record (which inspired some 25 "answer" versions, effectively launching the careers of **Roxanne Shante** and **The Real Roxanne**, among others) is fascinating, but to cut a long story short, this Kangol Kid is *hype*, and he's following in the footsteps of his mentors.

The first hit Kangol produced was "(Nothin' Serious) Just Buggin'" for a rap group called **Whistle**. Now, two albums later, Kangol is producing his first complete album for the same **Whistle**, which has transformed from a humorous rap group into a serious R&B outfit capable of bustin' sweet ballads and new jack jams with equal ease.

Always And Forever is the name of the album and first single on Select Records, and it is a remake of the **Heatwave** classic love song. It's quite an ambitious song to tackle, but one of the things producer Kangol has going for him is his training under the auspices of **Full Force**, especially in the vocal department. *Always And Forever* is full of lush harmony singing and slick, tight arrangements that indicate to Otis that this album's gonna have stoopid legs

on black radio.

And we'll be hearing more from Kangol. Another ballad on **Whistle's** album, called "Do You Care?" features up-and-coming talents Kangol is grooming under his own production/management company: rappers **Lam & Rec**, teen R&B singers **Class A**, soul stylist **Dure** and others. Be on the lookout and buy this album because royalties from "Do You Care?" will be donated to a homeless organization.

This rap-to-R&B trend seems to be the move of late. Award-winning rapper **M.C. Hammer** produced a devastatingly weak album by his homeboy **Ace Juice** (Capitol), and his own new album has more pseudo-soul leanings. On a brighter note, the amazing **Dr. Dre** of **NWA** fame has produced a hot hybrid of his patented hip hop beats with other styles for **Michel'le** (Ruthless/Atco) in a smoking debut. Dre leads the forefront in bringing live musicians into hip hop contexts, doin' serious midasizin' wherever he strikes. Michel'le has a nothin' special singing voice and a bizarre baby talking voice, but she's got the personality and B-Girl feminist stance to make this compelling stuff.

Oran "Juice" Jones has a cool album out on Def Jam which is another similar hybrid, in quality and style. The rhythm guitar hook and smooth danger vibe of "Pipe Dreams" makes for some deep and very musical listening. Juice is an intriguing character; from the brutal "don't be lookin' in the closet" vibe of his past hit "The Rain," to the anti-drug message of "Pipe Dreams," it's hard to tell where this cat is coming from on the wolf in sheep's clothing (or is that gangsta in yuppie duds?) tip.

Otis wants to hear what *ME* readers want to read more about in the Soul-Funk department: write to the sucka care of this vastly improving publication. Peace!

JAZZ STREAMS

By Rob Reid

When you need a real good blast, big bands are usually the way to go. This month we've got a new entry from one of the brassiest master blasters — trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson**. After a pair of smaller group outings on the Intima label, *Big Bop Nouveau*, also on Intima Records, finds the stratospheric navigator returning to a larger context. Tight, brisk arrangements and extroverted hornwork are the key, and the tempo, for the most part, remains on the up side. Standards, originals and some of Fergie's contemporary hit covers of the late '60s and '70s ("Chameleon," "MacArthur Park" and "Birdland") surface here. Turn up the volume and feel the breeze.

More big sounds come your way from **George Gruntz** and his **Concert Jazz Band** on Enja Records. *First Prize* is a honey of a modern big band album. The Swiss pianist/composer takes his cue from the boundary-pushing explorations of **George Russell** and **Gil Evans**, leading the troops through a brilliantly executed program. Gruntz's own "Speaking Of Love" and "Amnesty" are especially well thought-out entries. Textures range from a big bottom sound, courtesy of brasses and bass, to the exotic spider webbing of saxes. Saxophonists **Chris Hunter** and **Bob Malach** use their solo oppor-

spired playing. Put this tune on your picker-upper tape.

Well, we can break out the hats and hooters now that **Gary Burton** and **Pat Metheny** have released their *Reunion* album. The GRP Records' pairing brings teacher and student back together after 13 years. Needless to say, guitarist Metheny has come a long way since then, and is on equal footing with vibist Burton. Here Metheny reinforces his standing as one of the premier fusion guitarists, with a sound that is seductive as all get-out, while Burton is ever the master vibist. On first listening, some of the album teeter-totters on the brink of tepidness, but even one return visit brings out nuances that weren't apparent before. Nuances aside, however, my favorite tracks are "Panama" (where Metheny's aggressive guitar synthesizer plows through like a tractor trailer truck in a dream sequence) and "The Chief" (my preferred setting for Burton — melodic, uptempo and full-flight). The reunion group has a series of live dates scheduled Stateside for mid-April through the first week of May, covering the north- and southeast, as well as the midwest. The personnel change from the album will be bassist **Lonnie Plaxico** replacing **Will Lee**; keyboardist **Mitchell Forman** and drummer **Peter Erskine** carry over from the record date. If Burton and Metheny let themselves go, this will be a show not to miss.

Diversity and eclecticism are hardly elements that guarantee success in any genre of music, but **Scott Brewer** is using them to his advantage. The pianist-composer is quietly building a following, and when talking about his sixth album (and latest for the Narada Equinox label), *Dorian's Legacy*, Brewer is not shy about describing his music as a mixed bag with a new age accent.

"It's jazz meeting new age, pop meeting new age," he explained over the phone recently. "I played in rock bands in the '60s and '70s, and I come from a jazz, semi-classical, boogie-woogie blues background. It's all in there somewhere."

Commenting on the bad rap new age has taken, the northern



Californian chuckles, "Around here it's been called 'meditative woo-woo music' and 'Marin County hot tub music.' I'm trying to open the music up, put a bit more stretch in it, rhythmically and harmonically. But," he adds, "I always want a strong melodic lead."

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DO YA LOVE ME?

Why are you always hanging around this place? Everytime I look at you
you're looking my way. People talk. They tell me things they say I should know.

They say I should take you in my arms and run.

Truth is, I've been thinking about it. I've got a bike. I've got another jacket.

We could ride into the sunset. Just the two of us and my steel guitar.

No good-byes, just fly-by-night down the crazy road. I kinda like the idea.

It kinda grows on you. We could blow this town... but first there's one thing

I've gotta know...



FOR FRESH BREATH
BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

Dentyne

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

Dentyne

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

Dentyne

DID YOU KNOW?



Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah in *Crazy People*.

Timothy White Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

• That Fox is planning summer releases for sequels to two action-packed hits. *Die Hard 2* sees Bruce Willis tangling with a Latino drug lord, played by Franco Nero. Bonnie Bedelia returns as Willis' wife. *Young Guns II* reunites gunslingers Emilio Estevez (as Billy The Kid), Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips, with hot newcomer Christian Slater, William Petersen, and James Coburn rounding out the cast. • If it's got Dudley Moore, it must be a comedy. This month we'll see him alongside Daryl Hannah in *Crazy People*. Cuddly Dudley plays an ad exec exiled to a sanitorium for his crazy idea — truth in advertising! • Comedy of a twisted nature is now available

via *Nuns On The Run*, the month's best title. Stars Monty Pythonite Eric Idle. • *Frankenstein Unbound* sounds like a typical Roger Corman horror B movie, but it sports an A grade cast — Raul Julia, John Hurt, Bridget Fonda, and INXS' Michael Hutchence. • More frights are provided by *Prom Night III: The Last Kiss*, described as a "Romantic Comedy from Hell." It boasts a new song from hot Toronto rapper Maestro Fresh Wes. • Rivalling *Cry-Baby* (see feature) for most bizarre cast in a movie will be *The Adventures Of Ford Fairlane*. Controversial comic Andrew Dice Clay is joined by Priscilla Presley, Wayne Newton, Sheila E., and Tone Loc. Coming in June. • Jack's Put Back

Again. Yep, everybody's favorite Joker, Jack Nicholson, had been expected to return to the screen in *The Two Jakes*, the long-awaited sequel to *Chinatown*. Sadly, the wait continues, with a tentative release date now being August. • *Exorcist* director William Friedkin returns with *The Guardian* (aka *The Nanny*), which probes the living nightmare of new parents. • *Ghost* is a romantic suspense flick with supernatural vibes. It stars Patrick Swayze as a spectre out to save former lover Demi Moore. Whoopi Goldberg appears as a wacky psychic, and the movie is directed by Jim Zucher of *Airplane* and *Naked Gun* fame. • Speaking of *The Naked Gun*, fans of that hilarious comedy hit will be delighted to learn that a sequel has been completed. • Video Vices: A couple of rock legends have new homevideo offerings out now. The Stones juggernaut rolls on with *25 X 5: The Continuing Adventures Of The Rolling Stones*. This is billed as the 'real' Stones story, told in the band's own words and with two hours of narrative and previously unreleased footage. Less ambitious is *Video Trash*, which compiles three recent clips from Alice Cooper, including his hit *Poison*. • 'Til next. •

Kerry Doole

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John Waters: "I wanted to be a juvenile delinquent, but my parents wouldn't let me."

Courtesy of Universal Pictures

CRY-BABY

By Iain Blair

John Waters, the notorious underground movie director who introduced the late, great Divine to the world and gave us such memorable cinematic treats as *Pink Flamingos*, *Mondo Trasho* and *Polyester*, is back.

And Waters' latest film, *Cry-Baby*, promises to carry on in the grand Waters tradition, where his last film, 1988's surprise hit *Hairspray*, left off, despite the fact that it's being released by a bona fide major Hollywood studio and promoted suspiciously like a mainstream picture.

"Having a big studio release is a first for me, but I'm determined not to let them ruin my standards," promises Waters. "Of course there are always those people who accuse me of selling out, but I'm used to it. They all just want me to make *Pink Flamingos* over and over again. To me that's silly. To me the ultimate challenge is to make a movie that's a mainstream hit and still a John Waters film, which *Cry-Baby* definitely is."

With that in mind, the director has included plenty of "rats, nuns, bad girls — all the things you'd expect in one of my films. We also had a vomit scene but we cut it, not because of any studio pressure, but just because it was too confusing — not the actual puking, but where they puked."

"At the same time, I feel I have changed direction, especially since Divine died," admits Waters. "I think it started with *Polyester*, although of course it's



different without Divine. But I wrote this after his death, so it's not like he was meant to be in it. I'm trying new things, and that's why I made a film starring a boy."

Set, like *Hairspray*, in his home town of Baltimore, but this time a decade earlier, circa 1954, *Cry-Baby* is enthusiastically described by Waters as "the ultimate juvenile delinquent musical-comedy love story. I wrote it to prove that kids back then knew how to be bad and look good, long before sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.

"In fact, I always wanted to be a juvenile delinquent when I was growing up, but my parents wouldn't let me!" he jokes. "Making this movie finally gave me — and a lot of other people — the chance to be one."

"As for the movie's theme, it's simple," states the director. "It's a sort of *Romeo and Juliet* story with a twist that shows the happiness of teen rebellion and the tragic pitfalls of early conformity."

The Romeo and Juliet characters are Wade "Cry-Baby" Walker, a tough, handsome teenage hep cat from the wrong side of the tracks who falls hard for Allison Vernon-Williams, the beautiful, rich square girl. "Her raging hormones combined with the evil influence of rock 'n' roll drive her into a nightmare world of gang mentality and hoodlum passion," explains Waters cheerfully.

In keeping with his usual unorthodox, if inspired, casting, Waters has assembled an eclectic group of players for his latest opus. *21 Jump Street* heartthrob Johnny Depp plays the title character, opposite Amy Locane as the good rich girl, while ex-porn queen Traci Lords plays Depp's sister, Wanda. Rounding out the unlikely cast are such Waters regulars and icons as Mink Stole, Ricki Lake (Divine's daughter in *Hairspray*), Patty Hearst, Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton, Warhol veteran Joe Dallessandro and Iggy Pop, who plays Depp's grandfather, Belvedere.

"It's certainly not a cast any studio would insist on," cracks Waters. "This was my dream cast. I got everyone I wanted, except perhaps Baby Faye, who's dead anyway, and Mother Teresa. I never really asked Mother Teresa, perhaps she'd have done it. After all, she has a press agent."

One actor who was happy to appear in *Cry-Baby* is Depp. "It came along at just the right time for me," he says. "I'd been looking at film ideas for a while, and I was getting disillusioned. Most of what I read were flat, schlocky scripts that merely echoed what I do on *Jump Street*, and I was looking for something totally different. So when I got this script I was really excited, because not only was it funny, but it made fun of all those clichés and hero roles I'd been reading for so long."

"The moment I met him, I knew he was perfect for the role," says Waters, who has high praise for all his actors. Depp is characterized as "a real movie star and a very good actor. I think he's going to surprise a lot of people. As for Traci, she came a little bit Traci Lords, and she left a teenager," he laughs.

"Patty Hearst is my goddess," he continues. "I first met her in Cannes, although I had attended her trial, which she knew. Anyway, I asked her if she'd be in one of my movies, and she couldn't believe it when I called her up. I think she had fun, and she liked running with a safe gang this time."

"Iggy Pop's been an idol of mine for years, and I never knew him before. That's the great thing about making movies — you get to meet all the people you've respected all your life, and spend three months with them. Hopefully, you also have a great time."

Lords apparently did. "Working with John was the best," she says. "He's more physical than verbal as a director. He'd sit in front of the monitor and

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play out each character, which was really strange. The shoot was a lot of fun, although when I first arrived in Baltimore I hated it. It was very humid and uncomfortable. Now, it's one of my favorite cities.

"I really wanted this role, because I get to play the baddest girl in school," she reports proudly. "I also get to wear really tight skirts and torpedo bras. Hey, it's a lot of fun being bad. Ricki Lake plays my sister, and she's pregnant. And then there's Kim McGuire, who plays 'Hatchet Face,' the ugliest girl in the world. So it's a group of kids who are basically the local outcasts, and they're constantly seen as trying to cause trouble, but they're just kids, really."

"It was like recapturing my youth," she continues. "I play 16, so I could be bad, but innocent bad. Wanda's a real character part for me, because she's like a walking, talking cartoon. She doesn't play reality, and I get to be over the top when I play it. All her life she's been overdeveloped and sexy, and she's really tired of people constantly thinking she's bad, so she behaves accordingly. But she's more talk than action. She's just got a big mouth."

According to Lords, most of her fellow cast members were surprisingly low-key, given their reputations. "Patty Hearst wasn't what you'd expect at all," she says. "She was very subdued, almost like a suburban housewife. She had two little kids with her, was very mild, didn't talk about any important issues. As for Iggy Pop, he's totally clean now, and doesn't do any drugs or party anymore. He likes playing his guitar in his trailer and writing songs. And Johnny Depp was really laid back too. He didn't have an attitude, and he was very professional. We got along really well."

"Probably the noisiest person on the set was Ricki Lake, and with her, what you see is what you get," she adds. "She's a bubblegum-chewing teenager, and a barrel of laughs."

Still, if the actors weren't exactly behaving like true delinquents off the set, they could at least relive their murky pasts. "One of the big jokes was when we'd all sit around and ask each other, 'What did you get arrested for?'" reports Lords. "Every single person in the cast and crew had been arrested for something, except for Ricki Lake. Iggy was arrested for being drunk and disorderly in New York. I was arrested for grand theft auto two years ago, although they dropped the charges in the end. Johnny got arrested for beating someone up in Canada about a year ago. And we all know why Patty Hearst was arrested."

When Lords is asked about her own notorious exploits and whether they made it easier for her to

relate to the "bad girl" character, she doesn't pull any punches, or try to falsely glamorize her porno past. "I was never consciously a juvenile delinquent, although I ran away from home when I was

— thanks to people like like John Waters, who are prepared to take a risk. I always got a lot of offers and scripts. They were just trashier, B movie stuff, and I turned them all down. I only did one B movie,

Roger Corman's *Not Of This Earth*. Now I'm getting better roles, so it was worth waiting."

In the meantime, Lords has also been pursuing a musical career. "I'm really concentrating on it now," she says. "I had a deal with Capitol Records until three months ago, but we didn't see eye to eye, and they went through a big reshuffle, so I left. Now I'm busy recording material and writing songs and looking for a new deal."

Did Lords get a chance to strut her stuff in *Cry-Baby*? "Unfortunately not," she says. "The studio decided they didn't want any of the actors acting and singing, because it'd be too much of a strain. We were all a bit disappointed, especially me, Johnny and Iggy."

"It was really a matter of logistics and continuity," explains Waters. "For instance, Iggy plays Johnny's grandfather, so it didn't really make sense for him to suddenly break into song, especially as anyone older than 25 really hated rock 'n' roll in those days."

With over 35 songs and 11 full-fledged production numbers, *Cry-Baby* is very much "a true musical, not some film where they add in a few songs and call it a musical," stresses the director. "I've always been a huge fan of that era, although it was a little earlier than I remember — I was born in '46, so I had to do a lot of research. I have three close friends with incredible record collections from the early '50s, and we went through all of them. Then some of the lyrics were rewritten to fit into the plot, and we also got some original songs."

Cry-Baby's soundtrack, which is being released on MCA Records and for which Waters wrote the liner notes, features another eclectic group of performers. James Intveld, the Los Angeles-based singer/songwriter, provides Depp's vocals and instrumentals, while Amy Locane's vocals are sung by Rachel Sweet (who also sang the title track on *Hairspray*). Other contributors include former member of The Eagles and Poco Timothy B. Schmidt, and founding member of America Gerry Beckley.

Having tackled the music and dances of the early '60s in *Hairspray* and the early '50s in *Cry-Baby*, what's next for Waters? "I'm already thinking about the next one," he says, "and it'll definitely be set in Baltimore again, but this time it'll be contemporary. I'm through with period pieces. I've used up every generation I remember."



Traci Lords. "It's a lot of fun being bad."

Henry Garfunkel/Courtesy of Universal Pictures

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