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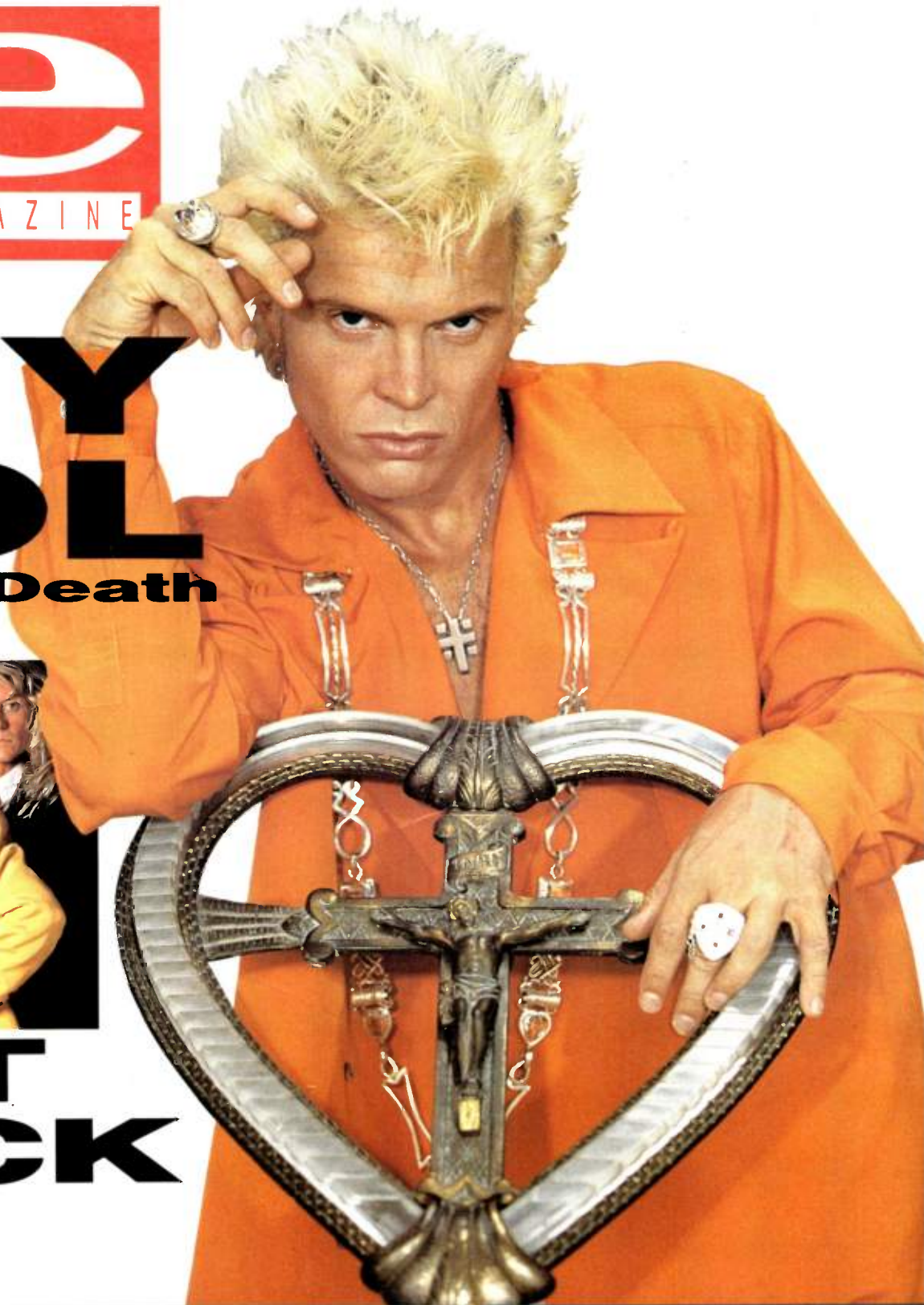


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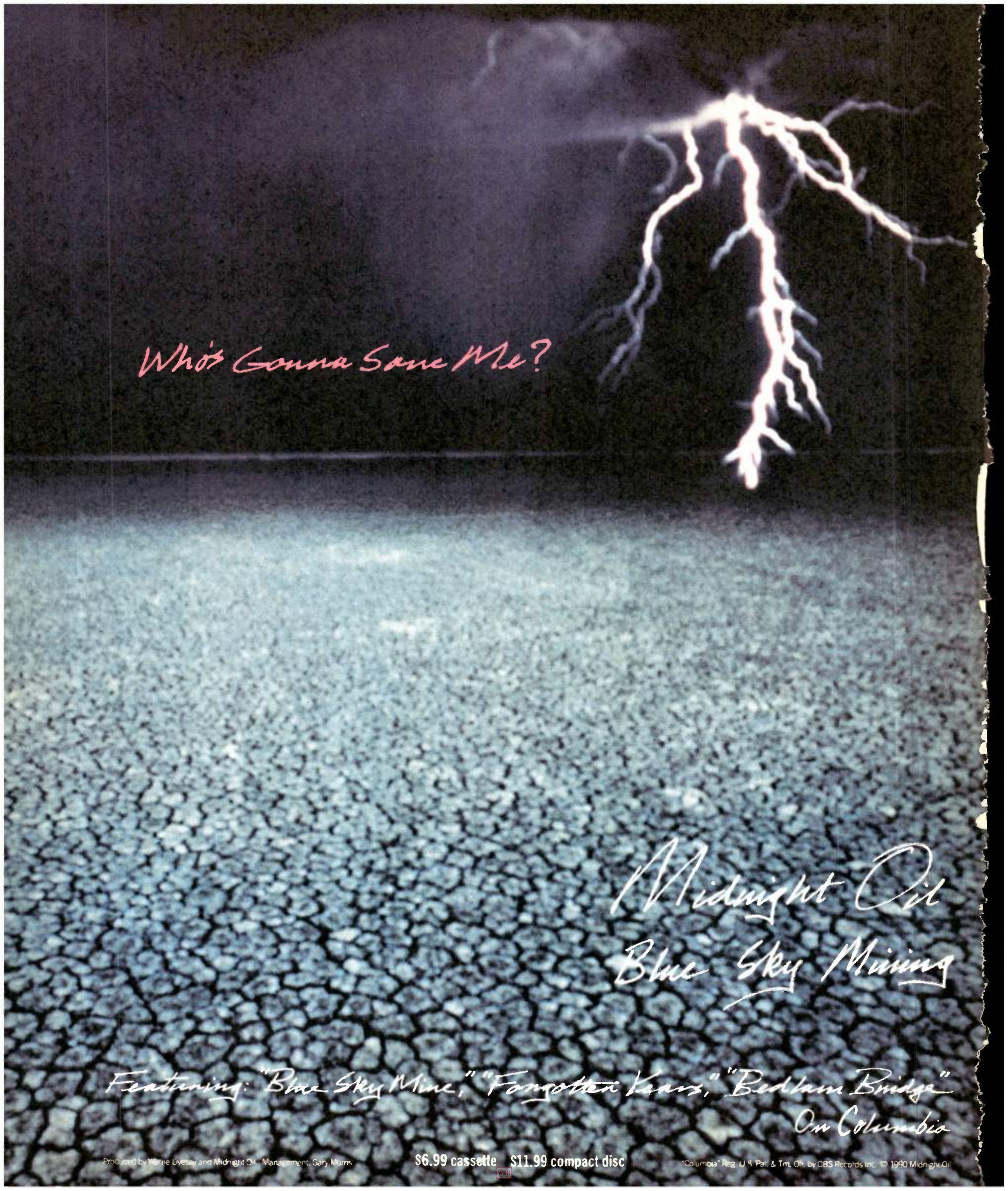
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PHOTO BY MARK WEISS/MWA
COVER PHOTO: BILLY IDOL BY ALBERT SANCHEZ



Fall From Grace

What is with M.E. becoming a fanzine for The Fall? In the New Releases section of No. 146, I couldn't believe that the review of The Fall's *Extricate* was given twice as much space as every other review, plus a photo, plus the maximum five star rating. Is Perry Stern sleeping with the group's publicist or what?

And who is all this attention lavished upon? Some aging bunch of English punks without the sense to have kicked it all in the head and gone back on the dole a decade ago. Via friends with dubious taste, I've been subjected to The Fall's dirge-like drivel for years now, and I still don't get it. The only thing Stern gets right is calling their music "generally post-punk funereal and sometimes monotonously similar." No kidding!

Mark E. Smith is still barking out that unintelligible psychobabble of his (guess who failed diction in his English class?), while his band keep pounding out those same migraine-inducing riffs.

I've always enjoyed M.E. for its diverse opinions and coverage of so many musical styles, but to go ga-ga for The Fall? Enough already.

John Keyes Minneapolis, MN

Johnny Came Early

Thank you for the in-depth feature on Johnny Clegg and Savuka [M.E. No. 146]. When I heard that Nelson Mandela was being released, the first person I thought of was Clegg. His music and message seemed even more meaningful taken into the context of those historical events.

Long before Peter Gabriel, Paul Simon and Sting jumped on the bandwagon and made apartheid a trendy issue, Clegg was not only spreading the message but also delivering the heart and soul of South Africa's indigenous people through his music.

I for one was totally outraged when British politics prevented him from performing at the Mandela tribute in London. If anyone had the right to sing at that concert it was Clegg.

Cruel, Crazy Beautiful World is a title that seems to summarize the various focal points of Clegg's music. It mixes the political angst with the proudness and defiance of South Africa's oppressed people. It's both uplifting and meaningful. A voice that can be as effective as any Mandela speech.

D. Campbell
Boston, MS



JOHNNY CLEGG AND SAVUKA

No One's Business

Being a freelance writer I've had a chance to be around many actors, actresses and musicians and I know what makes the news and what doesn't... People forget they are human and that they have things about their life that isn't anyone's business but their own and that's how I feel about your printed interview with Adam Ant [M.E. No. 146].

I've been around Adam many times and he's always been great. I've seen a lot of women that were around him give him lots of feedback and, believe it or not, I haven't yet seen one of them give him the same respect as he gives them!

This Englishman deserves a break, girls!

Lyndal
Long Beach, CA

Get It Right

I just wanted to say you have a really great magazine with LOTS of information. I especially liked the interview with David Bowie [M.E. No. 145]. But there is a problem concerning the Regional Report from London. You mentioned that Pete Willis was dismissed three years ago from Def Leppard when in fact it was July '82. Now don't think of me as a know-it-all but I just don't want to see Phil Collen lose any of the credit he deserves. If you didn't know, he actually came up with a lot of the guitars on

a little money to the Salvation Army and feel better for it. I'll bet it's people like that who've been criticizing him. I will admit that I'm like that too, but at least I believe Phil's message when I hear it in that song. Who knows, perhaps a few other people will listen to it too and something will get done.

Further, I would like to talk about your criticism of Phil's earlier attempts at social commentary. The only one you mentioned was "Illegal Alien." Even if it was bad taste, it is by no means his only attempt.

Pyromania, received full credits on all the songs on *Hysteria* and has just been a friend for an even longer time. Oh yeah, Tony Kennings was the original drummer for Def Leppard while Frank Noon was used for the production on the *Def Leppard* EP.

Well, that's almost all I want to say. Just one question: Do you have any information on Phil Collen's wife Jackie and the baby she was to have?

Rhonda Barber
Waterloo, ON

Phil Phan

I have been a Phil Collins fan for a couple of years now. I object to people doubting his sincerity in singing a song like "...Paradise" [M.E. No. 143]. How do they know what his reasons are? Phil is no less sincere than those of us who give

You neglected to mention "Land Of Confusion" and its Academy Award-winning video. It is a strong, hard-hitting song (and video) about the dangers our society could be in because of opposing opinions in politics and the general lack of love in this world.

Also, on that same album that Phil named after being turned away at a restaurant for not wearing a proper suit coat [*No Jacket Required*] there is a song called "Long, Long Way To Go." This song is about people worrying over their own trivial problems and "switching off" the problems of the rest of the world. Hunger, poverty and war simply will not go away if we ignore them. That's the simple message of that song.

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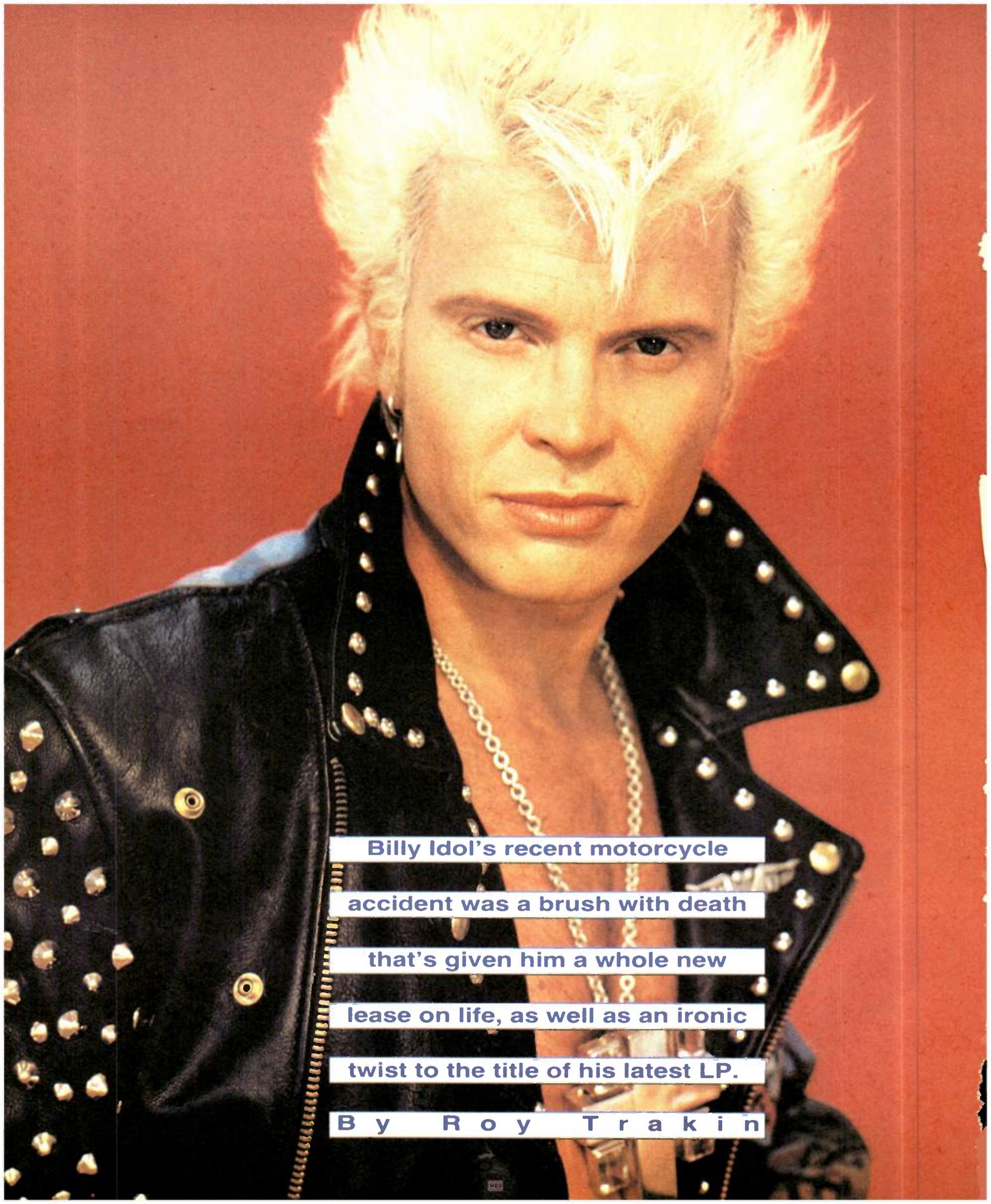
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**Billy Idol's recent motorcycle
accident was a brush with death
that's given him a whole new
lease on life, as well as an ironic
twist to the title of his latest LP.**

B y R o y T r a k i n

It's A Wonderful Life

Billy Idol had a lot to be happy about on the morning of February 6. Just the night before, at about two in the morning, he had put the finishing touches on his oft-delayed new album, *Charmed Life*, with producer Keith Forsey. After a customary a.m. workout at his Hollywood Hills home, Billy hopped on his Harley and headed for Conway Studios — perhaps a 15-minute drive — to pick up the final mixes. He then headed south to Melrose Avenue, preparing to cross Fountain Avenue, which was starting to get busy with rush-hour traffic.

"As soon as I entered the intersection, I went, 'F**k, it's a main road!'" Billy snarls in his characteristic rebel yell. "Then I see this car coming, and the next thing I know I'm lying at the side of the gutter. I was conscious almost the whole time. I lifted up my hand and it was all withered and hanging, then I picked my leg up and it looked like a f**kin' stump. And just as I did that, someone came over and told me not to move, and I went, 'Lie still? ARGGGHHHH!'"

Idol is propped up in front of me on a chair, his leg covered with a blanket. From the waist up, he looks terrific, wearing a brightly colored silk shirt and two-tone aviator shades, with his patented spiky blond hair standing up in the air. He tosses off the blanket to reveal a metal rod with four pins going straight through his leg, where they're attached to the bone. The hair on my neck goes stiff as Billy chuckles. "Thought I'd get the shock of it out of the way," he says.

Billy suffered a fractured left forearm and a compound break in his right leg, which required four operations, including reconstructive surgery and a skin graft. Some publicity stunt, eh, Billy?

But the accident was merely the culmination of a series of intense changes in the veteran punk rocker's life, which includes new management, a new band, the birth of his son, Willem Wolf, the breakup of his seven-year relationship with Perri Lister, a role in Oliver Stone's upcoming movie about The Doors and, finally, his first all-new album in almost five years.

Listening to *Charmed Life*, there are eerie foreshadowings of a drastic metamorphosis in store for Billy.

In the surging "Pumping On Steel," for instance, he sings, "I've got to ride/I might die tonight." And in "Love Unchained," which he wrote for a buddy of his that did die in a bike accident, he points out, "They say all life will end one day," and "License to Thrill" contains the lines, "Sing a last farewell/ Watcha gonna do." He also covers the "Leader Of The Pack"-style weepie "Endless Sleep," which Marty Wilde did a few years back. Coincidence or psychic phenomena? You be the judge. It's as though Billy Idol looked death in the face, and lived.

"Maybe it is a parting shot," admits Billy about the connection. "I mean, everybody could have been hearing this record after I was dead. I landed about two inches from the curbside, and if my head had hit it, I would have been dead. It's like I've seen that side of it, and it's great to be alive — which is what the album was saying in the first place.

"My career wasn't supposed to last this long anyway," he admits. "Of all the original punk rockers, I was the least credible. So *Charmed Life* has that joke in it. But then the accident made me think. I really do think that life itself is kind of magical and mysterious. It's like Oscar Wilde said — it's not the invisible that's got the mystical side to it; it's the visible. And the album is about how great life is and how bad it is just to throw it away, which I almost did."

Charmed Life introduces a new and improved Billy Idol. Gone is the sneering punk buffoon most people think he is in real life. This time, he's out for respect. Songs like "Prodigal Blues," a touching ballad about a father talking to his son, show Billy maturing into adulthood.

"I wanted to do that on *Whiplash Smile* — put more

of my emotions into it," he agrees. "But I don't think it came across fully. I was still thinking about emotions and not necessarily living them. This record doesn't have as much of a mechanical feel to it, which tended to make me sound colder."

On the other hand, Billy doesn't mind the lack of critical respect. He insists that he never asked to be considered as an all-time great rock 'n' roller. "All I ever wanted to do was be as great as I can be," he says.

Since the release of *Whiplash Smile*, Billy has also parted company with guitarist Steve Stevens. The new album features Texas guitar slinger Mark Younger-Smith, a discovery of Keith Forsey's who worked with the producer on Charlie Sexton's record until they both got fired.

"I just didn't connect with Steve Stevens on *Whiplash Smile* like I did on *Rebel Yell*," explains Idol. "I don't know why. Six or seven years of playing with someone is quite a long time. And we only made two or three records in that period. We just lost a bit of the magic. It happened with Generation X too, which only went on for four years. Sometimes they're just not supposed to go on any longer. And you're better off realizing that and getting on with where you gotta go. Meeting Mark Younger-Smith gave me the guitar, a lynchpin, someone I could work with by forming a sound and an idea for this album. He likes rhythm & blues. It's interesting — a different sort of guitar sound for me. Not better or worse — just different. Like Bob Andrews of Generation X was different from both Steve and Mark.

"Certain types of guitar playing don't always fit in with what I'm trying to do. And with Steve really wanting to go off and do his own records, it stopped the whole thing from working, which is a shame, but that's what happens with musicians. That's the exciting part about it. When it clicks, it's great, but when it doesn't, you're better off getting on with someone else. My move to Los Angeles meant that we were physically in different towns, and that's what really finished it. We weren't going through the same experiences anymore. When I came out here, I realized I had to work with people who lived

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out here."

Leaving behind the New York lifestyle of cabs and limousines, Billy took up motorcycles when he came to Los Angeles, often riding with Keith Forsey. "I always wore the leather; I just never could afford the bike!" he laughs. "I was a bloke in leather looking for a bike, a rebel without a horse. It was also a great way of changing my lifestyle. I had to depend on myself to get around. And it's a great way of giving yourself a thrill instead of drugs or alcohol. Out here, it's an essential way of getting places really fast, without that 'stuck-in-traffic-God-I'm-so-bored' feeling."

And, despite the accident, Billy's aiming to climb right back on a bike when he's physically able, which is still several months away. "I'm having this high-tail chopper custom built for me right now," he says, "so I'd better get back to it, or I'm wasting my money! I just hope I don't hear that crash every time I get on."

"The only thing I'm worried about is that I was planning on 'easy riding' across the States on my next tour. We're gonna take the bikes on a trailer behind the bus, get out in the middle of nowhere and ride alongside, y'know, sorta Malcolm Forbes it cross-country. That'll be the next time I get on a bike, and you can be sure it won't be in some sort of built-up urban area."

At this point, though, everything is up in the air, hinging on Billy's recuperation. The four operations took their toll, and no one even knows if Billy will be able to walk without a limp. He's getting his strength back slowly, though, and the hyperkinetic rocker is raring to go.

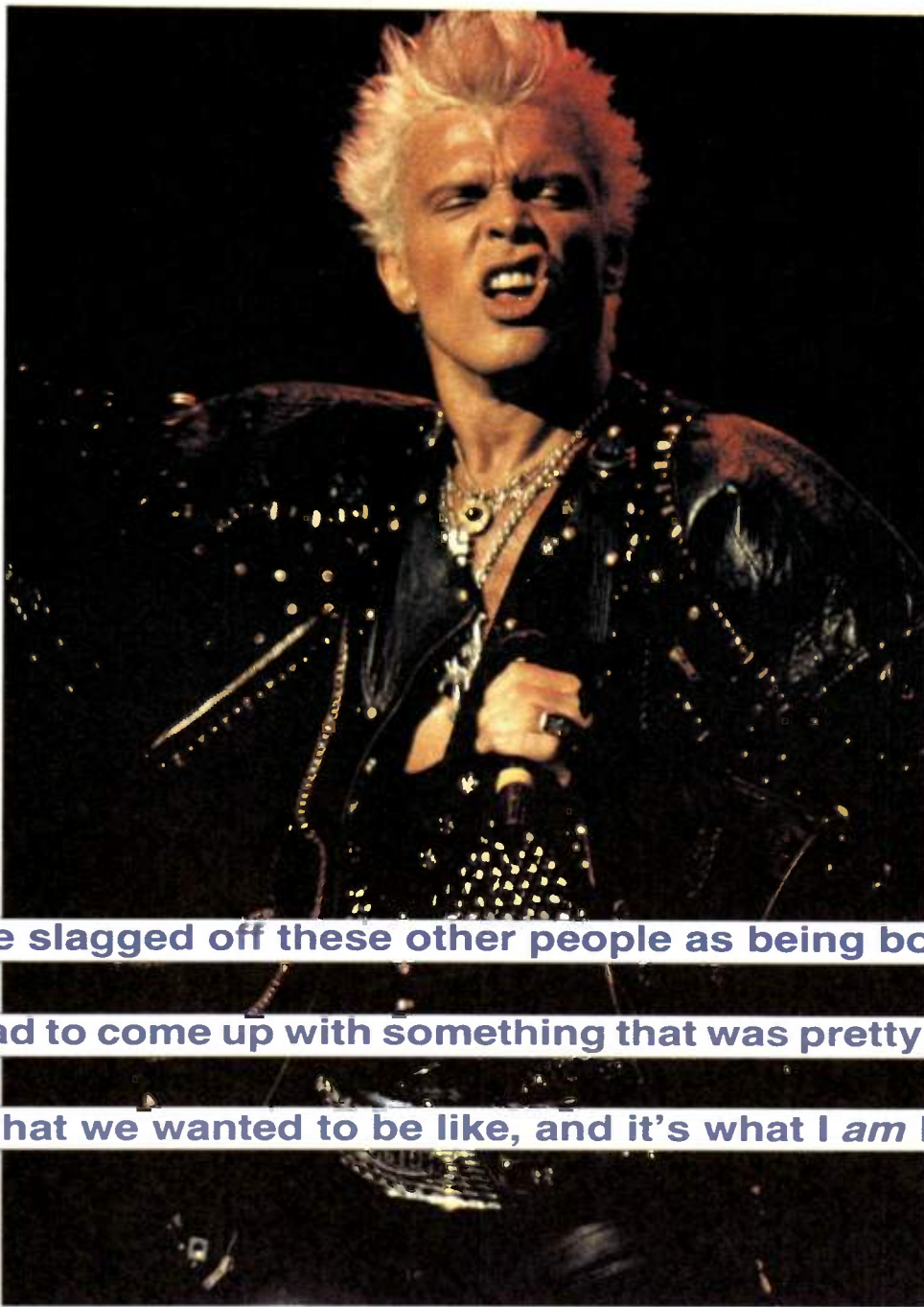
"I've been going to bed really early, pushing the time along," he says. "Because if it's tomorrow, that's another day toward getting back to normal. I've already had it with all this f**kin' sitting around watching films. I've gone through my Elvis season, my James Bond season, my James Dean season...I've seen 'em all. I could be out there rockin' instead of being f**ked up, which is a shame."

It's damn inconvenient timing, Billy.

"Yes, the worst part was that I nearly lost the movie with Oliver Stone," he sighs. "I couldn't believe it when he gave me the part, because I realized I love this guy's films. I don't care what I do — I'll be in the background sweeping up."

"I was supposed to play Tom Baker, this kind of evil friend of Jim Morrison's who eggs him on to do all these bad things," he explains. "Now I'm sort of a composite character who isn't a real person, so it doesn't matter that I'm English. It's a lesser role at

the moment, but I'm not really in a position where I could play a larger part. I've already taken back a few lines, though. And they've promised to pay me, so they have to give me a few more lines. I always wanted to play a small part in a film at first, just to get to grips with the medium, to see what I could do. I would only do it if it were something in my character, though, which is why this thing with



"If we slagged off these other people as being boring,

we had to come up with something that was pretty wild.

It's what we wanted to be like, and it's what I am like."

Oliver Stone is so fantastic. It's my chance to play a rock 'n' roll character who's neither a singer nor a rock star. It's not a massive role, but it's perfect for me."

Many people would say that Billy Idol has been playacting all along, with his greatest creation being the larger-than-life cartoon figure that serves as a musical alter ego. How close is that caricature to the real Billy Idol?

"It's not really made up," he insists. "When the music hits me, that's me feeling spontaneous. I become that person you see onstage. I've always been the same. Even in Generation X, I had me fist in the air. 'Woowow! C'mon!' It's not something that's put on; it's part of me. Of course, when I'm not singing,

I'm nearly as animated. It's just that I'm not quite as in your face as I am while performing. When I'm up there, I get more assertive. That's just part of punk rock, what we believed in. You have to go in there and take people to the pits of hell, if you have to, to give it that spark and make it more exciting. If we slagged off these other people as being boring, we had to come up with something that was pretty wild. It's what we wanted to be like, and it's what I am like."

Charmed Life is Idol's attempt to bring himself down to earth, to prevent himself from becoming the very kind of rock star he once railed against in songs like "Trouble With The Sweet Stuff."

"I just wanted to show people that this is no fabrication," he argues. "Musically, this is very much me. It's all coming from my personality. It's not something I had to bring someone else in to create. People think I'm either [Svengali-esque former manager] Bill Aucoin's creation, Keith Forsey's creation or even Steve Stevens' creation, instead of realizing that I'm my own creation. I've got these great people around me who help me flesh out what I want to hear and musically help me find what I'm looking for. But it's not as if it's not there already."

Why does Billy take so much time between releasing albums?

"I don't know," he says. "I sort of need to experience life to write songs. I'm not one of those people who can sit down every day for three hours to write a song. So

there can be a bit of time in between, until I feel I've got something special. I can write a million songs a year — it's just trying to write a good one. That's the point. It takes a while for me to find something special enough,

an idea I can take and make into something that's really me. If something dramatic happens to change my life, though, that makes a difference."

One dramatic thing that happened was the breakup with long-time girlfriend and mother of his child, actress/singer/dancer Perri Lister.

Explains Billy: "I was trying to live almost a married kind of existence, with a son and a house. And when we split up, it threw my whole world a curve. When something that massive happens in my life, suddenly I have to take stock of everything again. I have to reinterpret how I see my life. And that made writing songs quite different. It took me a while to come up with a song like 'Loveless,' which we finished the record with. It takes time to put those emotional upsets into perspective so that I can write songs about them. My songs are always reflective of something that's happened in the past, and

I have to be a little bit away from it so that the song can just flow out of me."

In "Loveless" Billy sings, "Yeah, hopelessly we look into the barrel of a gun/We gotta pull ourselves together/And make a plan..." Does the song relate directly to the end of his relationship with Perri?

"A bit, I s'pose," he offers. "It's just the life I live, and the lives of the people I fall in love with. Perri is an actress, a dancer and a singer. She's very much rooted in the theatrical world, while I'm rooted in this musical world, even though I'm doing some acting. It's like we were dragged apart by those two things. At a certain point, with what we both do, you have to give your whole life over to it. You can't spend half your day being a rock 'n' roll star and the other half being a father. It's just not like that. It's the same thing with acting. The best part is that we both love our son, so he's getting love all the time. We're not fighting over him or about him,

so it's been all right. We're still really good friends in many ways. And that's the testament of Willem Wolf to our relationship. He is something great that came out of it, even as the relationship itself was being cast asunder, rather than having the end be something hideous and awful. Which I think is really hopeful."

In "Loveless" Idol talks about being "drunk on

or when they're sad, and it's nothing to be sneered at — at least not by me. I don't mind if other people laugh, ha-ha-ha. Great. I was kind of laughing, too, because I'm really enjoying myself. I've pulled all these things together. And I've got me purpose in life back again, which I was missing."

It all comes together in "Prodigal Blues," the LP's centerpiece and perhaps the most personal, emotional song Billy has ever done.

"It's my father talking to me and me talking to Willem," he explains. "By being angry, mad and crazy at times, I've shouted for an answer and all I've got back was my own echo. What I'm singing to Willem is what

my father said to me — everybody has to leave the security of things they love to find out what they're all about. But you don't necessarily have to destroy yourself to do it. You don't have to throw yourself upon your own worst feelings, either. There can be a good side to you, which can reign. And that's what I'm telling my son, to watch out for those pitfalls. You have to listen inside yourself for what you're really all about."

Like the trip Clarence the angel took Jimmy Stewart on in *It's A Wonderful Life*, Billy Idol's motorcycle accident is the culmination of a period of introspection for the rocker which has made him appreciate his own existence that much more. Sometimes, things are simply meant to be. Call it fate, call it kismet, but Billy Idol's brush with death has turned him into a stronger person. When news of the accident came out, the title of *Charmed Life* took on a double meaning. On the one hand, it couldn't have happened at a worse time, what with the album coming out and the Oliver Stone movie about to go into production. But on the other hand, it was a physical manifestation of everything Billy has been heading for over the past five years — a violent catharsis which he has survived intact. It's a charmed life, indeed.

"That's the thing about the album, too," says Billy. "There are two sides to the whole problem of being alive. You have to stare into that void, but at the same time it's awful to confront it. I s'pose, in a way, I was lucky to come through this time, and I've been lucky I came through all those other times. What this accident has done for me is made me happy to be alive, and I'm even happier that I've got a really great way to show people that, with my music. And I'm able to enjoy doing it. And the great thing is, at this moment, that nobody can take that away from me. It made me think positively about what I'm doing for people. I got letters from people aged three to 73 about where they heard my music for the first time. And it really did make me think that, y'know, I did have a gift, even if it's only for a few people."

The accident has given Idol a chance to see what the world would be like without him, how he'd be remembered, and how his legacy to rock 'n' roll would be judged.

"Thank God I finished the album," he roars. "Everyone would have thought Keith Forsey did it all again!"

The telephone rings, and somewhere an angel gets its wings — or a devil gets its pitchfork. *******

"Everybody has to leave the security of things

they love to find out what they're all about.

But you don't have to destroy yourself to do it."

sobriety," and in "Trouble With the Sweet Stuff" he sings, "I'm a desperate man Daddy/In the junk shop/Alley babe tryin' to smoke that stuff/And me never gonna shake it." Billy claims that being drug-free is another positive element in his life.

"I'm just not hung up on those things anymore,"

he says. "That's why I came out here in the first place, to take control of my life and to fight against all the things that can trap you, and take your natural spirit away. If you're drowning yourself in something, you're drowning everything. And that means you're not really facing up to life. So that's what I'm doing. It's not a question of doing it because I have to, it's more like I just wanted it that way. I was getting very bogged down in what I was doing, and resorting to things."

So "Trouble With the Sweet Stuff" is about not just drugs, but all forms of temptation?

"All the good things in life, including my relationship and my music, were at rock bottom," he confesses. "And I just had to sort it all out. On the marriage side, the great part was Willem Wolf. The other great thing is that I think I've got a musical gift that makes people excited, and helps them when they're happy



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Second Self

M O O D R I N G



Rock notes

Songs From The Dark Side

"We were trying to make the ultimate record," Alan Wilder says of Depeche Mode's latest release, *Violator*. "You're never going to make it unless you try."

The album marks a departure from the band's grandly electronic, emotionally detached previous efforts. On *Violator*, Depeche Mode

sounds remarkably...human. "We did it purposefully; we consciously tried to make something that sounded different from the last few records," he notes. "We felt we had reached a certain point with the last album — we'd taken a certain approach to its sort of logical conclusion. The last record was really

dense-sounding. There's a lot going on all the time. It was quite atmospheric, with lots of reverb. We felt we needed to try a different approach to keep ourselves interested in what we were doing, and therefore keep the music interesting for other people. We wanted to make a much more minimal record, try to strip it back a bit, make it much more direct and up front — simpler, in fact."

Although the band's music is changing, the message conveyed by their songs is as elusive as ever. "I don't think we deliberately go out to shock," Wilder explains. "I don't think our stuff is remotely shocking anyway, but I do think Martin [Gore] likes to deal with perhaps the seedier side of life, the darker element within relationships, because it's generally more interesting than dealing with happier subjects. People are more interested in the darker side, I think. How many people are not interested in a good murder? It's intriguing, and it has more of a lasting effect musically than a lot of disposable stuff."



ROCK 'N' ROLL therapy

In a season of mega-concerts (including tributes to both Nelson Mandela and John Lennon), after a year or two of charity fundraisers, it would have to take a galaxy of stars or an unusually worthy cause to capture public attention.

Well, next month's concert at Knebworth, England, has both. The stars (not all confirmed at presstime) include David Bowie, Eric Clapton, Dire Straits, Pink Floyd, Elton John, Paul McCartney, George Michael, Queen, Tears For Fears, Status Quo, Cliff Richard, The Who and Phil Collins. And the cause is a charity called Nordoff Robbins Music Therapy, which uses music to treat severely handicapped children.

Says Tears For Fears' Curt Smith, who is on the board of the charity and helped organize the concert: "For me, the attraction was that it's using music directly to help, as opposed to using it as a means to raise funds for something. This not only raises the funds, but actually uses the music as well, so it's quite a powerful thing."

"The children have no other natural means of communication, so they use music as a means of communication — be it bashing drums, playing the piano, or whatever — to bring them out of themselves, get them to relate to other people, because they'd lead very lonely lives otherwise," he continues. "It seems that music kind of transcends the cerebral and gets to you on a bodily level."

The concert, on June 30, will be broadcast worldwide on TV, and the funds raised will go toward a new centre for the charity, as well as expanding the program into the U.S., among other things. Says Curt: "I just hope people will enjoy it, and get over the stigma of thinking it's just another charity event. Just because it's a serious subject doesn't mean you can't enjoy yourself — I certainly intend to have fun."

Knebworth itself is a stately home which has traditionally been used for summer heavy metal gigs. "As a funny coincidence," adds Curt, "our 'Mad World' video — our first ever video — was done at Knebworth, on the grounds. And here we are, back in the '90s!"

MARY DICKIE



IT'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES.

as years go by

She was a beautiful, convent-educated girl of 18 when she made her musical debut with the aptly titled "As Tears Go By," a ballad written by her soon to be notorious cohorts **Mick Jagger** and **Keith Richards**, in 1964. By the end of the decade, **Marianne Faithfull** had become an intrinsic part of the **Rolling Stones** mythology, but she was falling apart, her association with the Glimmer Twins having exacted a very costly toxic toll.

Faithfull spent most of the '70s trying to get her life back together. In 1979 she recorded *Broken English*, a hauntingly bitter exorcism of her past with searing, smoky vocals and lots of anger. Since then, with albums like *Dangerous Acquaintances* and *Strange Weather*, Faithfull has toiled to reclaim her place among pop divas, becoming a sort of **Edith Piaf** of the rock world — a maid of constant sorrow and a source of inspiration for **Tom Waits** and **U2**, who have written songs for her.

With the release of *Blazing Away*, a career summation recorded live last fall at St. Ann's Cathedral in Brooklyn, Faithfull now happily admits that she can look back at it all and laugh. "I've worked very hard to get over those things," she explained after a recent performance. "I can get the anger back if I want to. I can re-experience all that stuff — the rage and the hate and the general frustration of it all. In myself, naturally it has changed, thank God. It's not been easy to live with that stuff. I have bad days and good days. Thankfully I don't think about it all the time, but occasionally it does come back. When somebody says something like, 'Did you hear what the Rolling Stones said about you in this or that?', it just infuriates me and then I get very angry about it. But mostly I don't think about it. It's a fabulous thing to be able to say it. They don't cross my mind, those f**king idiots, for long stretches of time, which is really wonderful. That's freedom."



Sex has been a dominant theme throughout **August Darnell's** career as musical instigator and chief *bon vivant* of **Kid Creole And The Coconuts**. For a decade he has scoured the ironic depths of modern romance and promiscuity in songs that suggest an extensive understanding of the subject. But lately Darnell, who is currently living in Manchester, England, with his main squeeze and their two children, has been confining his "activities" to his acerbic lyrics.

"I went through a psychological and philosophical growth as a human being," he explains. "It had a lot to do with that horrible scourge called AIDS that has attacked the land. It did cut my activity — like some smokers who go from five packs a day to one pack, it cut my promiscuity in more than half, and made a decent fellow out of me. I just had to cool out. I love women, but I'm not willing to die for all of them. I'm willing to die for a few of them, but not all of them."

While he may have curtailed his carousing, however, Darnell's music, evident on the group's latest album, *Private Waters In The Great Divide*, still swings with musical savvy, echoing disparate influences from calypso and big band jazz to **Rodgers and Hammerstein** and rap. Worlds collide happily in the Kid's colorful domain. And so do his fans — who else can claim both **Barry Manilow** and **Prince** (who contributed a song, "The Sex Of It") as avid supporters?



Savvy Swinger

JUST THE BLUES, MA'AM

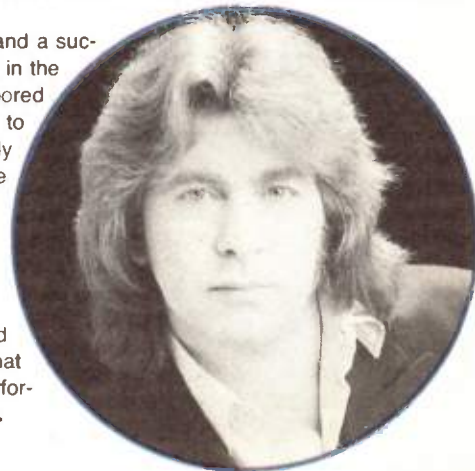
"It takes a long time to get recognized when you're a blues musician — it's so far removed from most of what's trendy and commercial. But if you're good enough and you stick around long enough, you'll be rewarded in some way."

Well, **Mick Taylor** certainly seems to qualify — his style of blues guitar has been admired from his days with **John Mayall's Bluesbreakers** in the '60s through his infamous stint with the post-**Brian Jones Rolling Stones** to his recent work with **Bob Dylan**.

And now it seems that his reward comes in the form of a solid blues album, *Stranger In This Town*, only the second solo album of Taylor's career, 11 years after the release of his eponymously titled debut. Says Mick: "That was a solo album in every sense of the word — I produced it, wrote all the material and tried to play all the instruments. I'm still quite pleased with it, but it didn't do very well commercially, so I never really got a chance to make another one."

But after a "sort-of reunion" of the Bluesbreakers and a successful tour and record with Dylan put his name back in the limelight, Taylor realized the time was right. "I got very bored sitting around in England doing nothing, so I decided to come to America and put a band together. And it's really only since I started doing that that I've felt a real sense of direction, and know what I want to do with my career — which is lead a band and make records."

Stranger In This Town is an album of traditional blues standards, with the exception of the title track, penned by Taylor. "It's a live album, recorded in Europe," he says. "There's nothing fancy or sophisticated about it — a lot of it was recorded on cassette. But what I've got is a collection of what I think are my best performances. It's very raw, very real, very live!" **M. D.**



COMPILED BY TINA CLARKE



SOUND CHECK



JEFF REDD

Rhythm 'N
Redd

by Kerry Doole

Rising R&B star Jeff Redd is only 24, but he already has his eyes on Las Vegas, usually viewed as the place where aging crooners grow rich, fat and lazy.

"Believe it or not, but playing Vegas is my real career goal, and I don't mean in 20 years time. You see, I love to entertain, and I want to bring a more sophisticated, younger crowd to Las Vegas. There are lots of yuppies and [their black equivalents] buppies out there who'd go to see a real class act."

First order of business, of course, is for Jeff to establish his own name, and he's off to a flying start with debut album *A Quiet Storm*. This varied, accomplished work moves from romantic ballads like "Love High" through to up-tempo workouts like "I Found Lovin'." "The key to your first album is that you don't really know how the public is going to take you, so versatility is important," he offers.

Jeff Redd is also big on the idea of marketing strategy. "That's the key. What's going to make you different when there'll be 200 other new artists with records coming out next month?" The Redd recipe for success is based on the twin ingredients of vocal and performance prowess.

"I love guys like Otis Redding and Jackie Wilson," Redd says, "as they were performers as well as singers. Now, there are great performers around who are just OK as singers and great singers who put on a boring show. What is lacking today are real entertainers."

Raised in Mount Vernon, New York, Jeff Redd dreamed of a singing career while punching the clock on a General Motors assembly line. "I worked there for three and a half years because I had to support my family. My father died when I was young, so I was basically the breadwinner for my mother and sister. I went to work instead of going to college. Considering I didn't really have a skill, the money was pretty good, but I wasn't ready to do 30 years of that."

Working on the line at night, shopping for a record deal by day proved to be good career training. "It prepped me for what is going on now in that I still don't get time for enough sleep!"



Yes, there's life in the Motor City — and it's not coming from Motown, "the Nuge" or the MC5.

SECOND SELF In A Motor City Mood by Keith Sharp

Second Self's Michael Nehra and Greg Giampa want the music world to know that they're from Detroit and they're damn proud of it.

"People tell us there's nothing happening there, and that upsets us," riles lead vocalist and sometimes guitarist Nehra. "There's a lot of fresh talent there, and there are Detroit natives in bands like the Chili Peppers and Vixen. The fact that we got signed by EMI is attracting a lot of interest in other local bands."

Formed three years ago, when Nehra and guitarist Niampa recruited Nehra's brother, Andrew, to play bass and Jeffrey Fowlkes as the drummer, Second Self's collaborative songwriting and simple yet powerful arrangements soon had major talent scouts sniffing around.

"We were actually turning down offers at the time," recalls Giampa. "We didn't think we were ready for a deal. We wanted everything to be right before we signed. We knew we could only get that one big chance, and we didn't want to blow it prematurely."

Attracted to EMI because A&R scout Rob Gordon is a fellow musi-

cian who was prepared to leave their raw sound untampered with, the band headed for Alabama's legendary Muscle Shoals studio to lay down a live acoustic foundation and play with session greats like Jimmy Johnson and Jim Horn. For real authenticity, though, the band passed on the relative luxury of the studio itself to instead sweat it out in the building's cavernous attic.

"We checked out the acoustics, thought they were perfect for us and trucked in mobile gear," explains Nehra. "We got a great live sound but it was hotter than hell — about 100 degrees. Jeff must have lost about 20 lbs."

Titled *Mood Ring*, the band's debut reflects their live off-the-floor rock roots with a solid balance of harmonic ballads and energetic rockers. The title could be said to come from the circle of moods that constitutes the individual members' songwriting talents.

"It's a sound that we feel is the metamorphosis of Detroit," surmises Nehra. "It's rock, soul and R&B with an honest, live sound. There's nothing staged or contrived, just honest. That's us in a nutshell."

THE WORLD IS LISTENING THE GRAPES OF WRATH



Since the release of *NOW AND AGAIN* in July 1989, Vancouver's THE GRAPES OF WRATH have had a spectacular year of success led by the ground breaking single and video, "All the Things I Wasn't" and followed by singles "Do You Want To Tell Me", and "What Was Going Through My Head". THE GRAPES OF WRATH are positioned for imminent platinum success with the release of the fourth single, "The Most"; supported by a comprehensive cross-Canada tour beginning this month and continuing until August.

The group's intensive touring schedule has followed an international success story that began in the U.S. and is now sweeping a cross Europe where THE GRAPES are guests of the Llyod Cole tour in addition to their own headline dates. From all reports, the response in the U.K., France, Spain, Portugal and Germany has been overwhelming.

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SOUND CHECK

THE CHURCH

Too Close For Comfort

by David Sprague

"I don't like the word 'entertain,'" frowns Steve Kilbey, The Church's singer/bassist. "I don't want to entertain people. I want to..."

"Change the world?" interrupts guitarist Marty Willson-Piper, grinning ever so slightly.

"No, no, no," comes the reply. "Entertainment is so facile. I want to make a record people will really enjoy."

Willson-Piper is clearly enjoying the debate. "It's the same thing, though," he prods. "Let's face it, Steve."

Fifteen minutes into their first day of promoting their seventh LP, *Gold Afternoon Fix*, and The Church are already haggling over semantics. Then again, they always have been a volatile bunch. The band's been rumored on the verge of splitting a few times — with Willson-Piper (admittedly

briefly) once actually throwing in the towel. They spent the better part of the '80s signing recording contracts only to find them printed in disappearing ink. And then, just as the decade was waning, came their breakthrough — a hit single ("Under the Milky Way") and attendant Top 30 LP (*Starfish*).

"Sure, some people have said 'You need another song like that,'" Kilbey muses.

"But I'm unable to respond to that because I wrote the song quite accidentally. Everything The Church does, actually, is an accident."

"I never know what to think about our records until six months later — after having read all the reviews and talked about it

with all sorts of people," he continues. "It's like throwing a whole lot of paint on a canvas and having people spend six months saying you've painted a bull running through a bed of flowers. You think 'I guess that's what I was trying to do after all.'"

Gold Afternoon Fix might take a lot longer than usual to untangle.

Brimming with Kilbey's usual dizzying array of time-warping travel-ogues (like the

Superman-inspired fantasy "Metropolis" and the bomb-

shelter nostalgia of "Terra Nova Cain"), the album is warmly, almost addictively, enveloping. The songs — now all collaboratively penned — are so fully realized, in



fact, that it takes a few spins to notice the lack of Willson-Piper's once omnipresent 12-string, which fell victim to a Big Apple burglar. Present on the disc, though not in the flesh, is drummer Richard Ploog. He, it seems, has taken a year's sabbatical, and will be subbed for by ex-Patti Smith skinsman Jay Dee Daugherty. Kilbey and Willson-Piper (who, along with guitarist Peter Koppes, have each released solo discs during their post-*Starfish* breaks) understand the need to get away all too well.

"Imagine getting together three of your best friends and sitting on a bus watching them eat, sleep, shit and vomit, knowing you've got nothing to say because you know each other so well that you know exactly what they're thinking," challenges Kilbey. "At the moment, we seem to like one another. But after a few months on the road, I hate myself, so I can't blame anyone else for hating me as well."

He and Willson-Piper share a grin this time. It's obvious they're both looking forward to a spot of hate on wheels.



"We're no experts on acid house," Dancin' Danny D patiently protests for the umpteenth time. "We just made a

track which explained what the scene was about. I don't think anyone can tell you exactly what an 'acid house' track is, or what a 'house' track is, for that matter — it's all dance music. I describe acid house as Jimi Hendrix with a beat behind it."

The track Danny's referring to is, of course, D-Mob's club classic "We Call It Acieed," the definitive acid house single that swept across the disco universe in '88. The song is two years old now, and Danny D has wearied of explanations, but as the new wave of British dance bands washes up on America's shores D-Mob, along with Soul II Soul, Lisa Stansfield and Technologic, is being recognized as the vanguard of a major musical movement.

"Dance will be the music of this decade, or at least the early part of this decade," Danny predicts. "There's a huge audience that hasn't been too exposed to dance music at all, for one reason or another. We in England have been nurtured on dance music [but] over here, apart from the club scene it's a new thing."

A former DJ, A&R man, re-mixer (Timex Social Club, Gwen Guthrie's "Ain't Nothing Going On But The Rent" and Diana Ross, among others) and record label promo flack, Danny grew up in the London club scene, developing a sense of rhythm and motion that would help define the dance music of the '90s.

Born from the compelling, if ultimately obnoxious, disco beat of the '70s, refined with the inclusion of neo-psychedelia and sampling from the '80s and glossed over with creamy vocals seemingly stolen from the '60s, the new sound is currently giving rap a run for its money on the charts. "My main feature is the bassline, which starts everything off," Danny offers. "If you don't have a good bassline,

D-MOB

A Radical Bassline

by Perry Stern

nothing usually happens... Right?"

D-Mob itself is an amalgamation of talents. At the centre is

Danny D, who produced, arranged and mixed the group's first LP, *A Little Bit Of This, A Little Bit Of That*. Vocalists include Gary Haisman on "Acieed" and rappers LRS and DC Sarome of the London Rhyme Syndicate on the second Top 10 single, "It Is Time To Get Funky," but it is Cathy Dennis, the diminutive vocalist on the current silky smooth release, "C'mon And Get My Love," that is emerging as a fulltime partner for D.

Since she's a songwriter in her own right (she co-wrote "That's The Way Of The World" for the D-Mob LP and has collaborated with the likes of Terry "What's Love Got To Do With It" Britten and Nile Rodgers for a soon-to-be-released solo album), Dennis and Danny make the perfect couple. "The great thing about me and Danny," Dennis enthuses, "is that he gets a fantastic groove going and I can come in and put something commercial — very commercial," she laughs, "on top."

"I'm a very melodic person," Dennis considers, "and I don't write about things that are too deep. I'm not at all political and I suppose that puts me along with the mainstream, rather than with rappers who might have more meaningful motives behind their lyrics."

The end result is a romantic blend of lyrics reminiscent of past standards with a compelling dancebeat. Nothing new to that, you might say, but the emergence of the house sound on radio has turned a few heads, much to Danny's surprise. At the recent Gavin Convention, a trade convention for the radio industry, Dancin' Danny was taken aback by the overwhelming response to his music. "We met all these radio programmers who said our records were 'radical!' What's radical about 'Come And Get My Love?' It's very strange."



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SOUND CHECK

STEVE WARINER

Closet Country
by Kerry Doole

Through the '80s and over the course of eight albums, country singer/songwriter Steve Wariner has enjoyed serious commercial success — no less than nine Number One country hits. Yet, for some reason, the industry and critical respect afforded many of his lesser-selling peers hasn't quite come his way.

"That used to bother me a little," Steve concedes. "But now I feel that if it is supposed to happen, it will. All you can do is make the best music you can and realize this thing isn't a horse race."

That neglect is changing with Wariner's latest, and best, album, *Laredo*. "I'm quite overwhelmed by some of the critiques it has been getting, but I'm just real happy with the record. Yes, it is a little more country, more acoustic, and a lot more personal and emotional than many of the other albums."

Not that Steve is chasing any "new traditionalist" bandwagon. "That was never a discussion. It was more that the producers and I were going for killer material. I feel

there's room for all shades of country. The main thing is for the artist to realize what they do best. I want to let myself be my own competition."

On *Laredo*, Wariner worked with three separate producers — long-time collaborator Tony Brown (Steve Earle, Lyle Lovett), Randy Scruggs (The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's *Circle II*), and Garth Fundis (Keith Whitley). "To be real honest, I was initially a little hesitant about recording with three, as I thought the focus wouldn't be very clear. Yet the one thing I was scared of made it real strong, and that's the fact that all the different producers have such varied influences. Plus they were each looking for just a few really good songs, so the competition for songs was great. I was also competing with my own songs, and the fact that five were chosen made me feel like a legitimate songwriter."

His own work is now gaining more respect, and Steve Wariner detects a similar trend with country music in general. "When I was in high school [in Indiana], I'd pull up at a red light with my window down, listening to a country station. I'd roll up my window, because it wasn't real cool to enjoy country then. Now it's nothing to be ashamed of!"



Mark Tucker

me

MUSIC EXPRESS MAGAZINE

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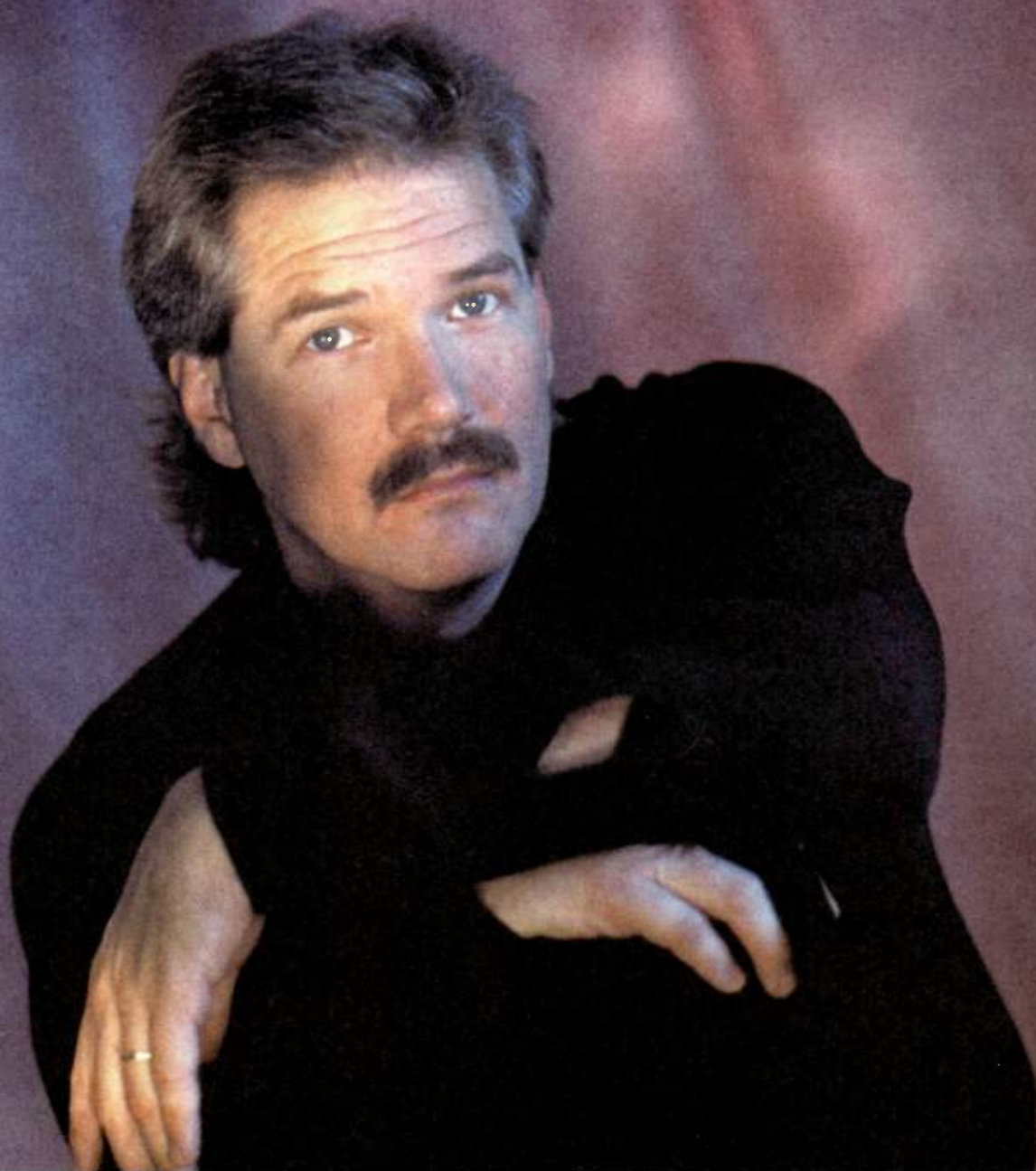
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MICHAEL COLINA

Musical Chameleon

by Kerry Doole

Chances are good you've never heard of Michael Colina, but odds are equally favorable that you've heard his music in some form. He was a prolific jingle writer in New York during the '70s, and he wrote and performed the campaign and election-night music used by CBS News for the past 15 years. He furthered his name as a session keyboard player and as producer for such leading jazz-oriented artists as Marcus Miller, Michael Franks, and David Sanborn.

Now, however, this modern-day renaissance man is out in the solo spotlight with *Rituals*, his second album for Private Music, and Michael describes the experience as "heady, invigorating, and sometimes disappointing." *Rituals* is a highly accomplished, eclectic piece of fusion that draws upon jazz, new age, R&B, and even

reggae, and it sports a supporting cast of such name players as Miller, Omar Hakim, Randy and Michael Brecker, and Sly & Robbie.

"Most of those people have been my friends for 10 or 15 years, and we've achieved a certain level of success simultaneously. So when a friend puts in a call to another friend, you try to make time."

It was another friend, Ron Goldstein of Private, that persuaded Colina to step up-front a few years back. "We were in conversation about producing one of his artists, and he says 'Wait, instead of that, do you have anything for me?' He loved what I had and off we went!"

Colina's composing approach is similar-

ly spontaneous. "Whenever I sit down to write, I think of what I've seen in the city

that day, whether it's the poignant sight of homeless people or something beautiful. Those things put me in a certain mood, then I just sort of lay back and let it happen."

Michael Colina was raised on and educated in classical music. "I have a broad knowledge of the history of music, from primitive tribal music through the Greeks to now, but I'm inspired by the living music that is being made today — jazz, R&B, new age, as well as classical. What I like in music is someone who can use the same chords and progressions but can put a poetic cast or hue to it that gives it some

originality.

"Someone like Mozart used the same cadences and scales as everyone else, but just dug a little deeper and found poetry. I'm challenged by the idea that you don't have to do things that are so off the wall you can't communicate to a certain number of people."

Ever thirsting for new challenges, Colina will shortly begin live performances after a 10 year hiatus. Then there's a possible return to his roots in classical music.

"Right before I started out on my solo career, I wrote a piano concerto, one for a string orchestra and piano, and a symphonic poem for orchestra. Now I'm awaiting the day when I'll have the resources or name to have them performed in a concert hall. I'm just looking to keep the whole gamut going."

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SOUND CHECK

The U-Krew, a quintet from Portland, Oregon, can be classified as a rap group, but the songs on their self-titled debut album stir a goodly portion of soul and R&B into the rap mix, and their lineup features a singer as well as three rappers. According to rapper James "J. Mack" McClendon, the reason for that was necessity as well as preference.

"We asked Kevin ['Hough-Kough' Morse] to sing for us because we didn't want to do just rap — we wanted to incorporate other things," explains J. Mack. "We didn't want to be just rapping to tapes — we wanted to put a lot of music into it, so it's not just a beat and a scratch and a hard rap. And none of us could really carry a tune that well — we could do background, but we needed a strong lead vocalist."

The other reason was the lack of venues and commercial interest in rap in Portland at that time. Says J. Mack: "To get into the downtown clubs, we'd have had to do Top 40, which we don't do — all our stuff is original material. We love performing in front of people, and because we were doing all rap, we were denied the opportunity to perform in certain places. But getting Kevin as a singer has opened up a lot of doors for us that wouldn't otherwise have been opened."

One of those doors was opened when The U-Krew became the first rap act signed to Enigma Records, perhaps at least partly because their soul/rap mixture makes them more accessible to other audiences. "When we first signed, we were kind of shaky, because we were wondering whether they knew how to work a rap album," J. Mack admits. "But these people are busting their

THE U-KREW The Soul of Rap by Mary Dickie

butts for us. I'm glad we signed with them 'cause they're a small label, and I don't think we're going to get lost in the shuffle, as we might at a larger label."

Most of The Krew's raps are written by J. Mack and his brother, Hakim "Mellow B.J." Muhammad, with the music coming in large part from keyboardist Larry "Grandjammer DLB" Bell. Says J. Mack of their rapping style: "I always admired Run-D.M.C. because they're a team, and when they rap, they alternate really fast. My brother and I used to marvel at that."

"Since he's my brother, I know him like he's me — we're so much alike," he says. "On stage sometimes I don't say a line, and he'll go ahead and say it. I can sense him running out of breath, so I'll start up on his next line. We do have a good chemistry going with each other."

Apart from the inclusion of a single word, "Bass," from the Public Enemy song "Bring The Noise," on their song "Pick Up The Pieces," The U-Krew don't use sampling on their LP. "We used that 'Bass' for a certain hook, to get some attention, because they put a lot of message in their songs," admits J. Mack. "But we don't like sampling because we want people to learn our grooves and follow us; we want to set a musical trend for the '90s."

"I don't know if a lot of the sampling groups will have a lot of longevity, because nobody can get a true identity on them," he continues. "Because it's the James Brown and Roger Troutman grooves they use that people remember. We try to use our own music, and maybe 10 years down the road people will be sampling us!"



DEL AMITRI Love of Country by Perry Stern

In an era when most songwriters increasingly rely on short, sharp shocks of

imagery and invective, the highly personalized and invitingly articulate words of Justin Currie are a welcome novelty. On *Waking Hours*, the second album from Glasgow's Del Amitri, lyricist/vocalist (and bassist for good measure) Currie writes songs of heartbreaking — and life-affirming —

reality with a compassion and common sense that are at the same time old-fashioned and contemporary.

Although he cites Tom Petty, Television, John Mellencamp, The Beatles and British punk as his

major musical influences, it's country music that has infected his lyric writing since the band's first album came out in '85.

"I admire the simplicity [of country lyrics]," Currie explains from his hotel room in Barcelona, where Del Amitri are performing as part of a European tour in advance of their upcoming American dates, "and the fact that you could have something very emotional, or what might seem to be a very corny story but will actually have a lot more depth of meaning than you think. Even the really crap things like Dolly Parton or the great stuff by Hank Williams and Johnny Cash have a lot more, lyrically, to offer than the majority of pop music."

Currie became enamoured with country music after an impromptu American tour (booked and promoted by fans) in 1986. Upon returning to Glasgow, the group split up and took day jobs to pay the back rent that had accumulated in their absence — Currie ended up as a waiter. "The fact that we were away from music and working proper jobs was a real influence" on the sound of Del Amitri Mk. II, the singer ex-

plains.

Stepping back into the real world after a modicum of musical success could have been disastrous for the band, but Currie argues, "It wasn't hard at all. In fact, it was very refreshing to step out of the incestuous life of the music business." Guitarist Iain Harvie, the only other original member of the band, arrived back in Scotland with a serious country habit, and the contagion spread. The result is an interesting tapestry of songs comprised of deceptively simple lyrics sewn together with compelling pop melodies.

"I'd rather people got into our music because of the melodies and the spirit of it and the sound, rather than go into it because they heard a line that was interesting," Currie declares modestly. "I don't listen to lyrics first when I hear music. I listen to the whole thing and, if I get a buzz from it, maybe I'll listen harder — some of the lyrics will make me listen, but it's the sound that comes first."

The seductive strains of *Waking Hours* should inspire some hard listening indeed.



Top: Lex Remlin



WILSON PHILLIPS

Highly Harmonic
by Perry Stern

It's been quite some time, so 21-year-old Carrie Wilson (centre) can be forgiven for not remembering what song marked the debut performance of the highly harmonic trio Wilson Phillips. "Believe it or not, it was one of the *Mickey Mouse Club* songs," she laughs, "because we all wanted to be members of the Mickey Mouse Club — I guess we were eight or nine! Either that or 'Goodbye Yellow Brick Road.'"

The childhood friends — Carrie, her sister Wendy (right — age 20) and Chynna Phillips (left — 22) — began singing together in earnest about four years ago after Chynna found songwriting inspiration in a failed relationship. The resulting song, "Release Me," can be heard on their self-titled first album.

Considering the fact that the three come from the hard rock capital of the world, Los Angeles, it comes as some surprise to hear the soft, emotional, layered work that unfolds on *Wilson Phillips*. More steeped in the California Sound of the '70s than the Sunset Blvd. bombast of the '80s (and forgetting that punk happened altogether), the intricately layered harmonies owe a debt to the '60s as well — and no wonder, considering the band's pedigree. Carrie's and Wendy's father Brian was considered the first genius of '60s American pop when he led The Beach Boys to international fame, and Chynna's parents, John and Michelle, gave soft rock some substance as the thin half of The Mamas And The Papas.

While the influence of their parents' bands can be found on *Wilson Phillips*, it's the early work of Heart and Fleetwood Mac's Stevie Nicks that set the album's pace. "We've all been into the same music, always," Carrie explains. "Everything from the '70s we cherish, even *Cherish*," she jokes, anachronistically. "We really loved '70s music and we wanted to create music that had a lot of harmonies — something that was part of the '60s, too, but really grew later."

Some would consider the experiences of their parents an added incentive to avoid the music business like the plague — both John Phillips and Brian Wilson were famous for their substance abuse and ultimate emotional and physical breakdowns — but Carrie says there's been nothing but support on the home front. "They went through their thing because of the era they were in. Now it's a new time, it's the '90s and it's time for good music and clean, healthy lives. They did say to watch out for the sharks, but I think we're ahead of the game because we know what to expect. I think our mothers did a really good job of keeping us away from all the crap by being very positive and supportive."

Adding to the sense of '70s *deja vu* are guest performances by The Eagles' Joe Walsh, Toto's Steve Lukather and Little Feat's Bill Payne. One song, the brilliant "Impulsive," was penned specifically for Wilson Phillips by Cliff Magness and Steve Kipner — the latter wrote "Physical" for Olivia Newton-John and "Hard Habit To Break" for Chicago. While these aren't names that exactly inspire visions of avant-garde credibility, Carrie shrugs at the notion that the Wilson Phillips sound is hopelessly out of step. "Hey," she exclaims, "in L.A. everything is hip."



SOUND CHECK

HOUSE OF LOVE

Doubter of the House
by Steven South/S.I.N.

Late this month, House Of Love will leave behind Europe — where they have already established themselves in the forefront of the post-Smiths guitar-rock movement — and tour across North America for two months. And vocalist and songwriter Guy Chadwick is a worried man. Maybe, he thinks, just maybe his songs of angst and doubt won't strike a chord with American audiences. Maybe the record company, PolyGram, will be too busy with Def Leppard and Bon Jovi to fully promote The House Of Love.

The band's second album is called *The House Of Love*, but the first, independently released LP, a huge British hit in 1988, was also called *The House Of Love*. This has apparently caused no end of confusion (one magazine listed the band's English label, Fontana, as the record's title), much like the first four Peter Gabriel albums, but Chadwick is unconcerned. Instead he explains how the album was recorded, running through a list of different producers, including Tim Palmer, who worked on The Mission's *Carved In Sand* and Bowie's *Tin Machine*, as well as the re-recording of "Shine On," THOL's first (it was released in '87 on the indie Creation label but only 3,000 records were pressed) and most recent British hit single.

Once producers Stephen Hague (Pet Shop Boys, OMD), Paul O'Duffy and Daniel Miller (Depeche Mode) were added to the list, Chadwick let it be known that THOL were deliberately experimenting with their songs to cover

up the fact that they were stuck in a dead end. Finally, they teamed up with engineer Dave Meegan and recorded most of the second album in a dizzy spell that lasted just six weeks. So why all the false starts?

"Well," Chadwick explains, "1988 was an amazing surprise for us — and after we signed the record deal, we had to come to terms with the fact that the honeymoon was over and we had to do another album. There was a lot to live up to, and we just folded a bit." They even cancelled what was meant to be their first North American tour.

The upshot of all this turmoil and pressure on The House Of Love was that Terry Bickers, the guitarist responsible for setting Chadwick's agonies and ecstasies to music, left the group late last year (in mid-tour), although not until after the album was completed. The official reason given was, of course, musical differences.

"Terry did some brilliant stuff on the album," Chadwick allows, "but, for the bulk of the recording, he didn't even bother turning up, and I did virtually all the guitar playing myself. He used to come in late and he'd just do some great stuff, but that's no way to keep a band together. Terry left the group because he had no real creative input. That was partly my fault, partly his. He really let us down

badly, and I still feel very resentful, very bitter about it..."

Chadwick has filled out The House Of Love's lineup by enlisting new guitarist Simon Walker (The Dave Howard Singers), who will augment the band's trademark sound of lush guitar strains and fragile, evocative vocals. But the loss of the colorful Bickers has put the singer that much more in the spotlight, and his natural shyness and awareness of how powerful and emotional rock music can be can combine to make him doubt his own talent at times.

"The thing about my own singing is that I don't like it very much," he admits. "That's why we track all the vocals on our records so heavily, almost to sort of... bury it. I mean, I'm beginning to like it. I'm beginning to trust my own voice and I'm becoming quite a good singer in the studio."

Chadwick's influences remain the classic rock artists of yesteryear. The band's most recent single is entitled "Beatles And The Stones," and The House Of Love have refused to become enmeshed in the new dance music that has propelled The Stone Roses and Happy Mondays to stardom in Britain.

"When we put out 'I Don't Know Why I Love You' as a single last year," says Chadwick, "I knew it didn't sound contemporary, and I knew it wouldn't do anything [it didn't]. But then we've never been contemporary! When The Stone Roses released a dance record I thought, 'No, I'm not going to do that — I like it, but it's not why I'm in a band.'"





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SOUND CHECK



LINEAR

Dance Gymnastics by Mary Dickie

Upon hearing the pumping strains of "Sending All My Love," most people wouldn't hesitate to place Linear in the dance section. But lead singer Charlie "Steele" Pennachio thinks otherwise. "We're really not a dance music thing; our album is more like pop," he says. "It's dance-oriented, of course, but with kind of a pop-rock feel to it, I think."

Linear — pronounced "Lin-ear," with the emphasis on the second syllable, to emphasize the listening part — originated almost four years ago, when Charlie, who was playing keyboards in Stevie B.'s band at the time, met Stevie's keyboard player, Tolga Katas. The two of them then recruit-

ed Wyatt "Riot" Pauley (guitars and vocals) and Joey "Bang" Restivo (percussion and vocals) and formed a band, which they called Tolga.

But one thing led to another, and eventually Pennachio, Pauley and Restivo struck out on their own. Explains Charlie: "Tolga really wanted to get more into the producing end of things. Performing just wasn't what he wanted to do. So the three of us decided to get out and try something on our own." Tolga did produce the band's self-titled debut, however, and still acts as kind of an unofficial member, helping out with keyboards and writing a large chunk of the material.

A lack of suitable offers led the Fort Lauderdale, Florida, band to form their own label, Futura International, and when their first single, the synth-dance-pop "Sending All My Love," sold upwards of 50,000 cop-

ies, the major labels began to sit up and take notice, and they were eventually signed to Atlantic.

The three band members say their success is based at least partly on the fact that their tastes and backgrounds in music are very diverse. "We all come from completely different backgrounds," says Charlie. "Wyatt, our guitarist, has a rock background, and he's really into Van Halen. Joey has more or less a club/dance background, and he loves rap. And I have a pop background. I really like bands like The Eagles, Bob Seger and Elvis Presley — in the performance end of things. You've got to look at Elvis. He was amazing; really cool."

In fact, Linear places a lot of emphasis on the performance end of things. "We give everybody a show — that's what we try to do," Charlie says. "We base everything around our performance. We enjoy danc-

ing and all that stuff, but we play live instruments as well. We're a band, not a track act."

The band's performances have become known for a highly gymnastic style of dancing, which came out of Charlie's background in dance. "I used to teach gymnastics at a dance school," he explains. "I used to break a lot, during the break dancing craze a couple of years ago, so I thought it would be a good idea to get into gymnastics. I started late, but I picked the basics up pretty quickly. I taught gym to three- to 15-year-olds, and I did a lot of jazz dance, ballet and tap."

"Now, we basically just work it into our dance routine on stage," he continues. "But it depends on how big the stages are — sometimes we end up stepping on top of each other! We do flips, things like that. Basically, we just kind of go crazy a bit."

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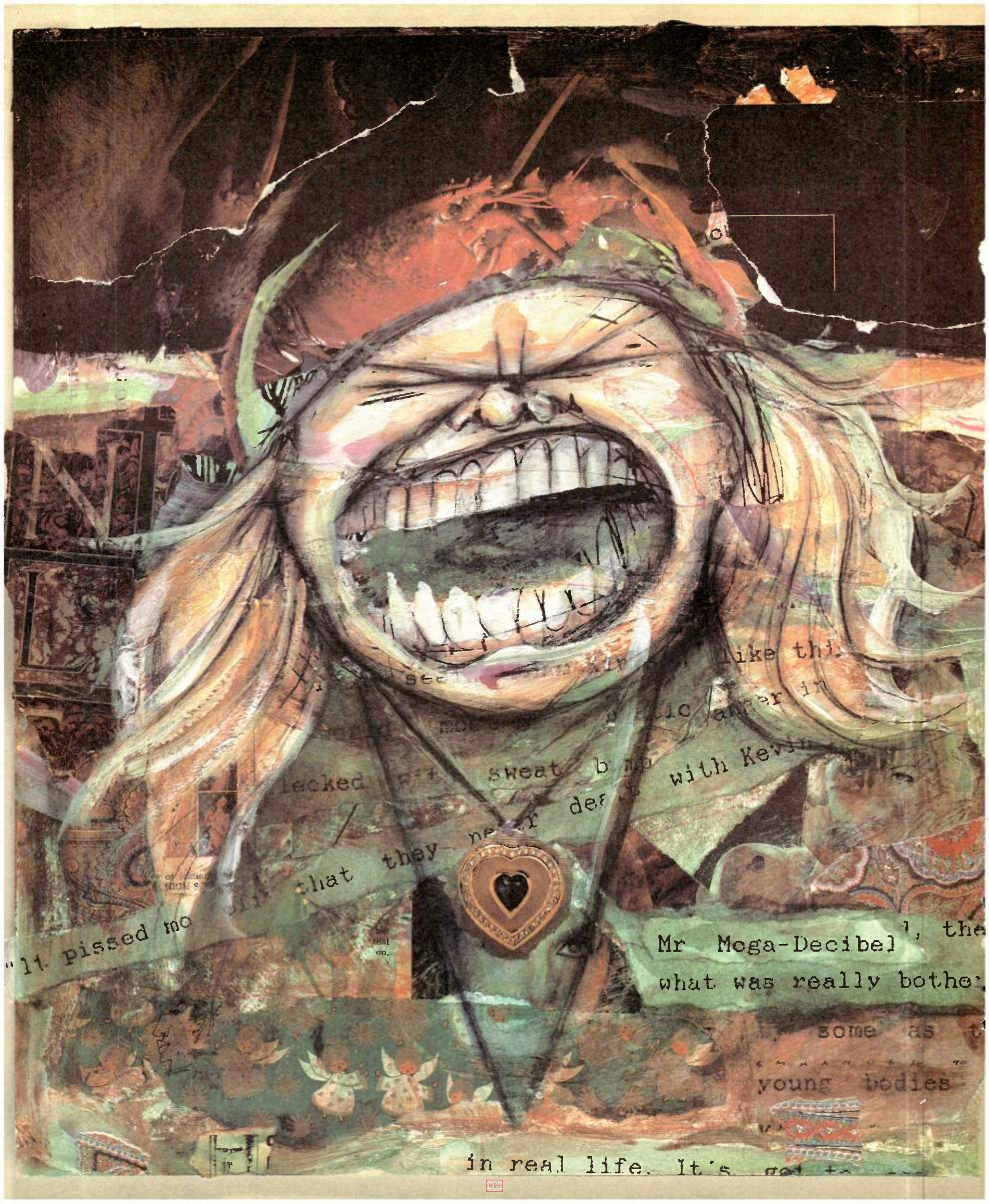


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Mr Mega-Decibel', the
what was really bother

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**Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll,
the ozone layer... Is it possible that
Sam Kinison, everyone's favorite
screaming misogynist, is really
just a sensitive guy who's angry
about the state of the world and
the selfishness of its inhabitants?**

■ **BY HOLLY GLEASON**

RAGING BULL

Sam Kinison sits at a postage stamp-sized table, wearing the darkest glasses possible, waving his fists in the air from time to time and screeching along to "Under My Thumb." On-stage in front of him — and a small horde of yowling men in dark glasses — there's a steady flow of undulating bodies in bikinis who alternate between twirling around a pole and leaning over the makeshift stage to swing their obvious, er, assets before the collective. Needless to say, this boiling mass of testosterone on the hoof is giving it all they've got, and the girls, who keep taking it almost all off, respond in kind.

Seeing Sam Kinison like this seems appropriate — sitting in a club watching nubile young bodies flecked with sweat bump and grind seems like Kinison's natural habitat. It's just another night prowling the strip club jungle...until director Marty Callner screams, "Cut!"

At the tables, conversation suddenly erupts to eradicate the tedium of making a video. Talk turns to the baseball lockout, the Lakers season and what's happening in the world of rock 'n' roll. Kinison wipes his eyes, which burn from the pumped-in smoke, used to made the strip club appear more "real," just like the silicone-enhanced beauties on the runway. In another moment, he heaves himself up and wanders over to a couple of women to engage in some nonintrusive conversation.

The women aren't sure they're buying.

Never mind that Kinison's girlfriend, her sister, their friends and the wives of the men in the audience appear in the video. There's something about watching one's husband — regardless of whether he's acting or not — screech at a bunch of strippers that tends to put one in a less than receptive mood. Kinison tries to maintain everyone's equilibrium, but he is regarded by some as the most misogynistic man in the world, and it's always fashionable to be offended by sexism when comedy's raging bull is around.

"There's a certain image I've always maintained," he begins, when confronted with the obvious. "You know, the showbiz, the party, the whole bit. But then again, the *song* is misogynistic. Listen to the lyrics: 'She's under my thumb, only speaks when she's spoken to....'"

"Mick Jagger didn't take any heat for those words, really, but you know I'm going to. I'll probably get all the heat, but that's OK. People expect me to go to the line every time, and, to be quite honest, I think anything less would be copping out."

There's no anger or resentment evident when Kinison says that. He shrugs his shoulders and adopts a tone of quiet resignation. If Kinison is Mr. Mega-Decibel onstage, offstage he's quite the opposite. Perhaps he gets it all out up there.

Yet he always comes back, and there's always plenty to draw on. These days, life looks pretty good for this Illinois-born and -raised former evangelist. He's making money. He's hanging out with rock 'n' rollers. He's been living with

a woman who looks like a walking, talking *Cosmo* cover, and her equally hot sister, for two years. It would seem that the man who once confessed, "This is my chance to be the kid I always wanted to be in high school..." is living that reality.

But there's something unsettling about the quiet that envelops the man who just released *The Leader Of The Banned*, an album that's half his trademark acid wash social shock comedy/commentary and half serious rock songs, which, by the way, are far better than one might expect. You can't see it in a casual glance, but there's something in the back of his eyes that suggests life isn't the endless party his videos, his image and his publicity imply.

A lot of material on *Leader* seconds that, even as it makes more genteel listeners squirm. Kinison will probably never be for the faint of heart; in this time of a kinder, gentler America, he represents the voice of the homophobic redneck yahoo.

What's frightening, though, isn't Kinison's mainline, but the party line that's taken by those who miss the subtleties and subtexts of his material. If you never get beyond the bitterness, it's a difficult pill Kinison wants the thinking person to swallow. And since what he says is so shocking and repulsive, people with the intellect to understand the real bottom line are turned

off long before they get that far.

Leader probably won't do much to allay that problem. "Detox This," for instance, comes across as an angry diatribe against rehab facilities, the very place one goes when the party *must* come to an end.

"\$13,000 for three weeks..." Kinison begins, the tone all razor-sharp edges. "What a rip-off! If you've got \$13,000, you don't have a problem yet!" And then he suggests to a very live Las Vegas audience that they get a bus and infiltrate some unsuspecting rehab centre "and break out our brothers!"

"It's an inside joke," Kinison explains. "There is a lot of rage behind that, a lot of stuff that goes unsaid. Sure, people may think it's 'cause I'm so excessive, and there's nothing I can do about that. But that isn't it at all. I think those places are nothing but an AMA rip-off. They have nothing to do with reality. They just take your \$13,000 for three weeks, they get you straight and then they send you right back into the world, without ever dealing with *why*."

"The Betty Ford Center ought to have a revolving door on it! They know you'll be back, because they know they haven't helped you deal with the psychological part of it."

What Kinison's not talking about is his brother Kevin, who committed suicide two years ago after two separate stints in detox facilities. It was Kevin's death that inspired the anger that led to the sketch, and also prompted one of Kinison's legendary binging rampages.

"Yeah, you're right," he says, trying to keep the anger in check. "It pissed me off that they never dealt with Kevin's problem properly. You know, there I was, with all that success and all that money, and it wasn't enough to help him. One place was \$13,000, the other was \$20,000, and they never dealt with what was really bothering him. Instead they treated the symptoms, and that changes nothing."

"If you're going to work a program, it's got to be grounded in real life. It's got to come from inside you, not from some pills they're giving you, or bluffing your way through 'therapy.' That's not the answer."

It seems a little odd to hear Sam Kinison talking about what works when it comes to sobriety. Isn't this the man whose Corvette mysteriously wrapped itself around a tree and was abandoned at the scene of the accident?

Regardless of what happened, though, Kinison began flirting with AA shortly thereafter. As he sits on a porch near the soundstage where they're taping, he reports he's been going to meetings for five weeks, trying to work the steps and get things together. Beyond that, he's been completely straight for two weeks.

Will sobriety make Kinison less dangerous? "Just because somebody decides to clean up doesn't mean they're going to suddenly going to be this completely straight, uptight jerk," he answers. "It's that kind of logic that perpetuates people abusing their bodies..."

Yet partying heartily was always one of Kinison's indirect mandates; the old live now, pay later philosophy of life.

"Look," he says tautly, "Aerosmith cleaned up, and they're just as nasty as ever. It's not about getting f**ked up, it's about being as intense as you can. To be honest, you can't max your intensity when you're wasted, because your senses are dulled. You can't take it to the wall and hit hard, 'cause you can barely stand up — and I want to move that wall."

There's a fire in his eyes as he says this, a fire that's been dull since Kinison's star ascended following his triumphant return to *Saturday Night Live* as guest host after being censored and then "banned" from the show.

Looking back at the incident, Kinison whistles and shakes his head. "Yeah, well, I was banned for my point of view," he explains. "They didn't like what I had to say — you know, 'If you want us to stop smoking crack, then give us back our pot...' and the bit where I said that they didn't get it right about Jesus' last words. I thought that *Saturday Night Live* was the last outpost for outlaw comedy. I mean, I remember when John Belushi used to roll joints with one hand, so who'd have thought they'd have a problem with what I was saying?"

Kinison shrugs again. The unmentioned spectre of angry young comic Andrew "Dice" Clay rears its ugly head. To some (Kinison included), Dice is little more than an opportunist; to others, he's more in control. Certainly the comic-come-lately has none of the sociological undercurrent to his "Yeah, I f**ked her" routines. But to the media he's the hound at Kinison's heels.

Kinison looks bored when the question's posed.

"He's obviously been very *influenced*, to say the least," he says. "So, obviously there's no way I can say anything positive about him. He's a very irresponsible performer, period. I mean, who goes on a national live telecast that's being watched by how many 10- and 12-year-old girls who love Jon Bon Jovi more than anything else, and then talk about licking some chick's asshole clean?"

There's a pause. Kinison looks almost disgusted by the whole thing. "Look, if your act is based on intelligent concepts instead of vulgarity, you can clean it up when you have to. I've done all kinds of

Doug's never received a penny from those people — and I don't know if that's because he's never applied or what — but his attitude is that if you can't give me a cure, then give me some cash and make my life better, easier.

"Shocking? Sure. But he certainly has a point, and an opinion, which I try to distance myself from. And what's weird is that we taped this album in Las Vegas on Labor Day weekend and Jerry was doing the telethon a couple of blocks away. I guess he knows about the bit, too, because he opened the telethon with some reference to me..."

"Comedy, when it's good, makes people think," Kinison declares flatly. "It should challenge people, push them off-centre. If it's just sort of feel-good stuff, which is what it seems most comedy's evolved into, then what lasting value does it have, really? That's why people remember Lenny Bruce; not because he was saying dirty words onstage, but because he was forcing people to look at things they tried to avoid. He got in their face...and it seems like people today are afraid to do that."

"Comedy is very much of a soapbox. I find the things that shock me, make me uncomfortable, and then I try to figure out what it is that sets me on edge. Then I twist it and throw it back out. When you're listening to me you have to respond, and as long as you do, that's fine. But you go away challenged, whether you think I'm the biggest dickhead going, or I'm saying what everyone else is afraid to..."

For Kinison, making the statement is what matters most, and he believes that he's seen enough success that his popularity won't fade, especially given his new sobriety and focus.

"You can't make comedy for other people, only yourself," he says. "If you do it to make people laugh, you're a court jester, and that's it. To really matter, you've gotta get dragged through hell and still come back for more. That's what it takes to get your vision, and have it cemented. You get to the point where your point of view is all that matters, because the

money comes too late and the fame comes too late, and those things are irrelevant. You have to know they're irrelevant, or they'll begin dictating what you're doing. When that happens, it's over. But if you can keep it together, there's a whole world of possibilities..."

"It's a new decade. Maybe we're going to get off getting ourselves off and into something a little better for the big picture. Look at Exxon — they just painted Alaska black, and they're bitching that they're getting sued. They don't care."

"But if you look around, people are starting to. They're thinking about the big picture, about the hole in the ozone, about what's happening to the wastes we create. Maybe the pendulum's swinging back from being selfish and worrying about me... All I know is that the world's still here, and it still needs changing! If we don't do it, who will? And I'm not saying I've got all the answers, but you're going to see me asking a bunch of those questions that are offensive to the big picture." **me**



TV without ever doing something like that, and it hasn't lessened my impact. But, then again, I don't do it strictly to shock people, either."

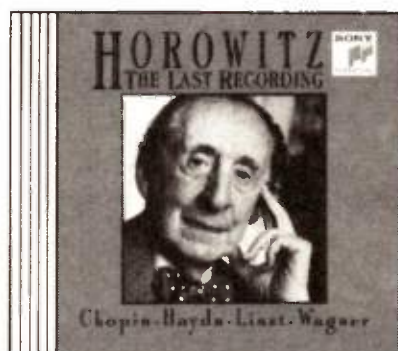
Well, if shock value isn't the point, then what about "Jerry's Other Kid," in which a character named Doug Bailey rages against Jerry Lewis' telethon? Or "Medically Correct Jokes," in which Sam tells us in graphic terms about the two major ways of contracting AIDS? Or having Sally Marr, Lenny Bruce's mother, utter a certain phrase her famous son was known for?

Surely the jarring whiplash factor these things pack is as valuable as any social content. Besides, they also indicate that if Kinison isn't still mad about the "slut-bitch-whore" who left him, there are plenty of things out there that wind him up.

"Yeah, there are plenty of things that make me angry," Kinison agrees. "The Jerry thing is Doug's point of view, and I try not to get involved, but I guess some of those kids with Muscular Dystrophy feel like it's almost more profitable to *not* find a cure.

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*Heart's Ann and Nancy Wilson
get a shot in the arm from
new collaborators on their 11th
album, *Brigade*.*

PACEM

It's one of those Pacific Northwest evenings that resident novelist Tom Robbins calls "a dry duck's dream." The rain assails Seattle in a perpetual torrent, blown this way and that by winds reeling off the harbor, five blocks west. The entire city is like the inner lining of a waterlogged tennis ball: clammy, grey and wet.

Inside the Two Bells tavern, a post-punk pow-wow parlor curiously nestled in the core of the industrial district, the lights dim. The darkness collapses like a big-top tarpaulin, enveloping the patrons in the kind of artificial intimacy designed to brave the elements with lively banter and another round of draught beer. Imitation Lichtensteins and cement and rebar sculptures are barely visible in the ponderous glow cast by neon beer logos behind the bar.

The faces of the Wilson sisters, Ann and Nancy, the heart of Heart, are likewise etched in vague relief — all the better to ensure the anonymity suggested by their decidedly un-rock goddess appearance as they settle into a corner booth to talk about *Brigade*, their 11th album in a 17-year career. Dark frock coats, waifish headgear and manes bereft of the stylist's magic touch complete the dressed-down look of the day. Billion-dollar bag ladies.

"It's been three years since *Bad Animals*," begins vocalist Ann, 39. "And though that seems like a long time for people who just go and listen to the records, if you were inside the Heart organization, you would see that we're working all the time. After a year and a half on the road, we wrote a bunch of songs, collaborated with a bunch of people and spent seven months in the studio. We've been busy."

As the elder sibling, brunette front person and

BY GREG POTTER

AKERS

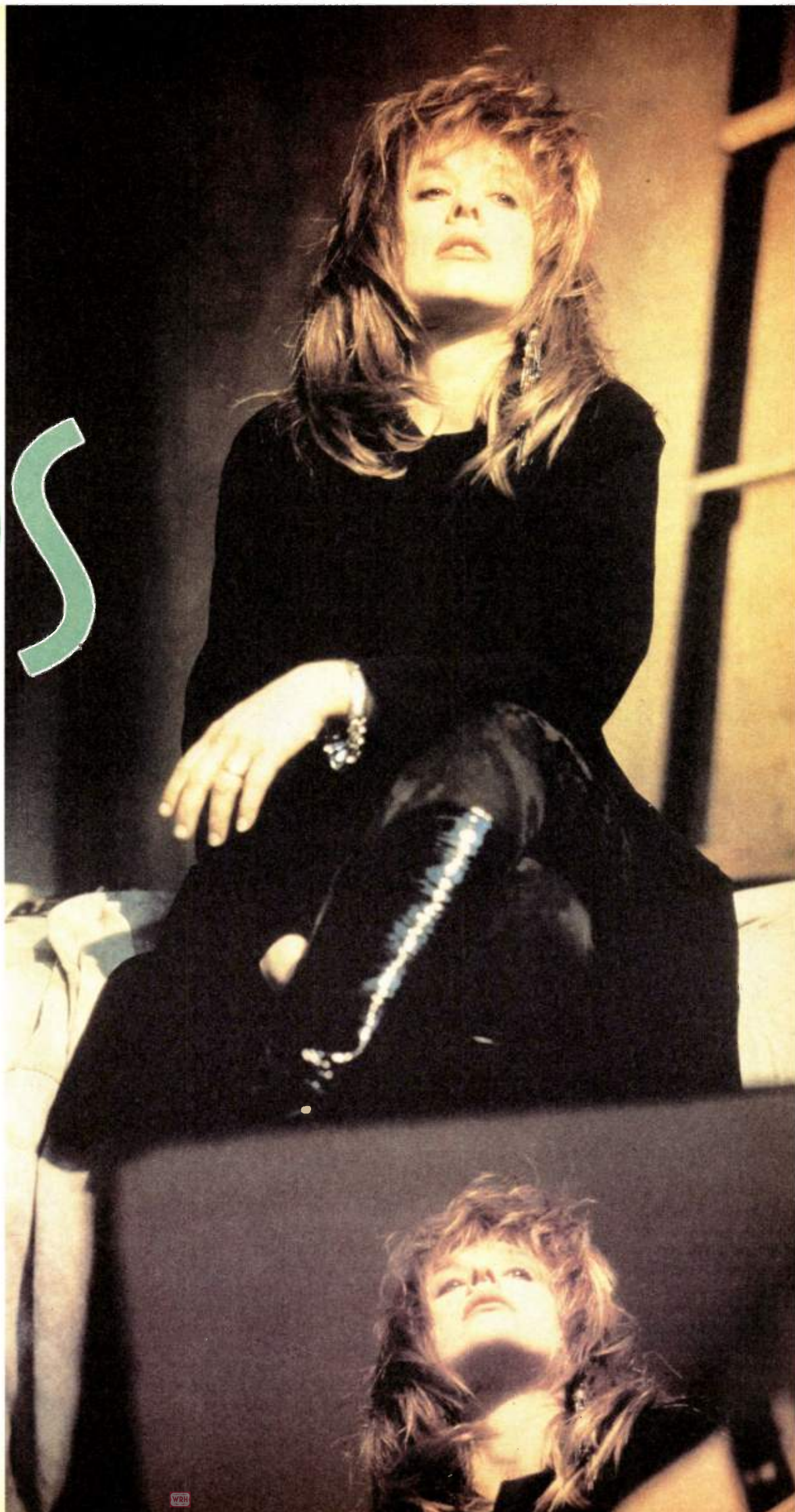
possessor of pipes aplenty, Ann is the one who fields the lion's share of the questions. Confident and comfortable in her role as matronly rock 'n' roll mama, she exudes an aura of calm control, made all the more disarming by her personable, down-to-earth manner.

"We decided to go at it from a different angle on this album," she continues, sipping a glass of red wine. "That's why we wanted to work with Richie [Cheap Trick, Eddie Money] Zito. He's a great producer on his way up. The last two albums [1985's *Heart* and 1987's *Bad Animals*] were produced by Ron Nevison, who engineered some sessions for Led Zeppelin, among other people. And though they were good albums, they sounded more like our pop selves than our rock selves. We were anxious to get back to our roots and stop using so many keyboards, and start using more guitars again."

"Richie really brought us back to where we once belonged," adds blond-haired, blue-eyed guitarist/singer Nancy, 36. "For example, Ron didn't want any acoustic guitars on those albums at all. He felt they were outmoded, too folky."

That's a peculiar attitude, given the nature of the band. Formed in Seattle in 1972, Heart quickly made a splash on the Seattle-Vancouver club circuit, thanks to a sound admittedly modeled on the Led Zep formula, melding cranium-crunching, riff-heavy hard rock with delicate, modal and, yes, folky and acoustic soft rock.

The band was signed to Vancouver's independent Mushroom Records in 1975, and the label pressed a meagre few thousand copies of the 1976 album *Dreamboat Annie* and pushed the single "Crazy On You" to Canadian radio. De-



mands soon poured in, and the album sold 30,000 copies in the Great White North. Mushroom tested it on the band's hometown market, and immediately racked up another 25,000 sales, with the help of "Magic Man." To date, the album has sold four million units.

"You know that movie *Coal Miner's Daughter*?" asks Nancy. "That's what it was like."

"They had us going into radio stations, giving away these paper weights and baseball caps with our names on them," she laughs between slugs on a Bud. "One night we were fired from a supper club in Calgary, and the next day we were hired to back up Rod Stewart in Montreal. Things really did change overnight."

Unfortunately, their bank accounts did not. "They [Mushroom] were starting to screw us around for royalties," Ann says. "We were so naive, they just thought, 'Oh, well, they'll never know.' But we had this lawyer who became whipped about how badly we were being robbed, so we left them and went to CBS. From the smallest to the biggest."

And though those years on CBS were fruitful, yielding such hits as "Barracuda," "Heartless," "Straight On" and "Even It Up," the fickle trends of the late '70s and early '80s sent many a record company exec into paroxysms of panic. How much longer could Heart pound in the bosoms of today's youth?

"It would be suicide to try and keep up with trends by becoming something you're not," says Ann. "We continued to do what we do, and CBS lost interest in us. They thought we were outmoded, dinosaurs. Our phone calls weren't being returned. We thought, 'This is bullshit. We're not going to be made extinct because somebody doesn't care.' And as soon as we went looking for another label, we found that *everybody* cared."

But it was Capitol that cared the most. *Brigade* marks the band's third outing with the label and, not unlike contemporaries Aerosmith and Alice Cooper, the Heart that beats into the 1990s does so with the assistance of hip and happenin' collaborators. Pacemakers, if you will.

"Nancy and I wrote with a variety of people," says Ann, "including Sammy Hagar and Mutt Lange [Def Leppard's producer/co-writer]. The actual process is always different, depending on whom you're writing with and how much work needs to be done on the song. But generally it goes pretty fast once you know what you're going to write about. It's funny — we can get pretty jumpy about being commercial, but we don't want to come off as being overtly commercial. The best hooks come naturally; they're not forced."

"As far as the idea goes of us working with young guys, Richie Zito might be young as a producer, but he's our age, and we can relate to him *because* we're the same age. Besides, there's not as much of an age thing when you're in rock 'n' roll as there seems to be when you're on the outside of it. I mean, people

don't look at Aerosmith and say, 'Oh, they're over the hill.'"

Perhaps not, but they do wonder about those infamous lost weekends shared by all rock monsters in the tacky, tawdry '70s. "We got in and out of our drug days really fast," Nancy says candidly, with little prodding. "We were late getting into it — around the early '80s. It was usually qualudes. There were some lawn mowers in swimming pools; we'd occasionally redecorate a hotel room. It's mostly just a blur," she giggles.

"We've always had each other," Ann says in a somewhat more sombre tone. "Consequently, we've never been tempted to fall into the trap." As for the current slew of hard-living young rockers? "They're just gonna have to find out for themselves," she says. "It's either clean up or die. Even Keith Richards realized that. I think there are going



to be some casualties."

Nasty habits aside, Heart still manages to get kicked out of hotel rooms. "We bring our dogs on tour," says Nancy. "That's our obsession these days. And most hotels don't allow them, so we sneak them in." Canines of choice? "I have a New England Springer spaniel," she says, "and Ann has a Wheaten terrier."

Ah, four-legged furries to help while away the ennui and relieve the pressures once combated by chemical fogs — pressures presumably greater for women infiltrating a male-dominated culture. Are there signs that the pressures on female rockers are lessening? "I don't know if the pressures have changed much at all," says Ann. "When we started, there were no other women doing what we were doing. We had a pioneer spirit about us. The main thing was to be authentic."

"And we were so young when we started," continues Nancy. "We didn't know what we were supposed to do or not do. There was no stigma attached. Consequently, we fell into the occasional trap, like showing too much cleavage, for example. Well, we have cleavage and it has always been there on stage, but when you put it on film and show it

in the American living room, suddenly it's, 'Hubba, Hubba!'"

"It takes the attention off the music," says Ann. "And people don't see us as real musicians, though we are. I mean no one plays like Nancy, and no one sings like me."

Which brings up the question of "These Dreams," Heart's 1985 No. 1 hit, sung by Nancy. Was there an attempt to switch the profile of the band in an age when videos rule and Ann had slipped a few pounds past the edge of voluptuousness? "The songs themselves dictate who sings them," says Ann, with a touch of testiness.

"Ann's the lucky one who gets to be on the spot," Nancy interjects diplomatically. "The hardest job in the band is to be the lead singer. When you're up there you're at the helm of the whole thing. If you do it badly, the whole band looks bad. I'm glad I have a guitar to hold onto."

Then there has never been a sibling rivalry? "We're the two pillars," Nancy continues. "We lead the band and we've always pushed together. I suppose the closest thing to any kind of a rivalry was with 'These Dreams.' Ann was slightly miffed."

"It made me go, 'Ah, maybe she should sing everything,'" says Ann, *sounding* slightly miffed.

And if one song can miff Ann, the backseat male members of Heart — longtime guitarist Howard Leese, bassist Mark Andes and drummer Denny Carmassi — must be either pretty easygoing or pretty damned miffed indeed. "I guess in general the guys get a bit frustrated," says Nancy, "because the attention naturally falls on me and Ann."

"But they're pretty realistic," says Ann. "We're all out there, sweating and working. If they're not used to it by now, they're never gonna get used to it."

Chances are they are used to it, as Heart embarked in April on a worldwide tour that will have them out pushing *Brigade* for several months. "In the future," says Nancy, "we plan to focus less on touring and more on albums. We love what we do, but to keep success you have to be persistent. We've been working our butts off, and we're starting to get really buttless."

It sounds as though the get-down-and-dirty, long-reigning queens of raunch rock might be yearning for the simple joys and comforts of home and hearth. "I've been thinking about the possibility of kids, maybe after this tour," says Nancy, who lives with her hubby of four years, former *Rolling Stone* writer Cameron Crowe, on a farm near Kirkland, Washington. (Crowe, now a screenwriter best known for *Fast Times At Ridgemont High*, also wrote and directed *Say Anything*, for which Nancy contributed the soundtrack.)

As for Ann: "Not married yet," she says, flashing a ringless finger. "But I plan on doing so. I want to have a family, and I can feel the biological clock ticking away."

Anyone in mind? She smiles self-assuredly. "I'm still playing the field."

MEMOREX

CONCERT GUIDE

RUSH

MAY 13 QUEBEC CITY • TBA

14 MONTREAL • TBA

16 TORONTO • TBA

TRACY CHAPMAN

MAY 18 DALLAS • TBA

19 SAN ANTONIO • TBA

20 HOUSTON • TBA

22 SAN DIEGO • OPEN AIR THEATRE

23-24 LOS ANGELES • GREEK THEATRE

26 COSTA MESA • PACIFIC AMPH.

27 BERKELEY • GREEK THEATRE

28 SANTA BARBARA • COUNTRY BOWL

31 DENVER • TBA

MADONNA

MAY 4-5 HOUSTON • SUMMIT

7-8 DALLAS • REUNION ARENA

11-13 LOS ANGELES • SPORTS ARENA

15-16 LOS ANGELES • SPORTS ARENA

18-20 OAKLAND • OAKLAND COLISEUM

23-25 CHICAGO • ROSEMOUNT HORIZON

27-28 TORONTO • SKYDOME

30-31 DETROIT • PALACE

SMOKEY ROBINSON

MAY 4 FLUSHING • QUEENS COLLEGE

5-6 ATLANTIC CITY • BALLY'S GRAND PAVILION

19 SAN JOSE • CIVIC CENTER

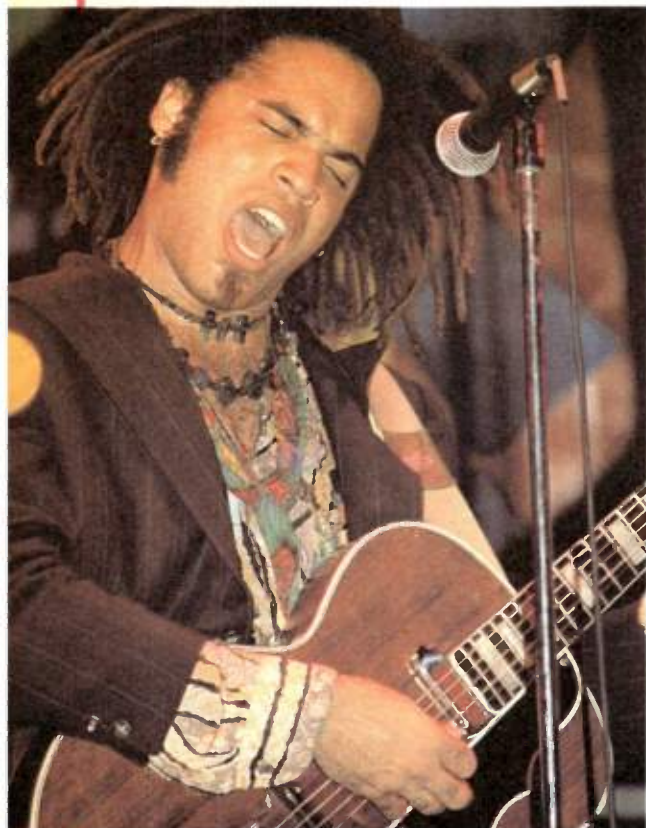
23 CLEVELAND • NATIONAL RIB COOK OFF

25 ATLANTA • CHASTAIN PARK AMPH.

PAUL STANLEY OF KISS

WHITESNAKE

MAY 1 OKLAHOMA CITY • MYRIAD CONV. CTR.



LENNY KRAVITZ

3 SALT LAKE CITY • SALT PALACE
4 DENVER • RED ROCKS AMPH.
6 EL PASO • UNIV. OF TEXAS
8 CHANDLER • COMPTON TERRACE
9 SAN DIEGO • SPORTS ARENA
11-12 LAGUANA HILLS • IRVINE MEADOWS
14 SEATTLE • SEATTLE COLISEUM
15 SPOKANE • SPOKANE COLISEUM
16 PORTLAND • MEMORIAL COLISEUM
18 SACRAMENTO • CAL EXPO AMPH.
19 MTN. VIEW • SHORELINE AMPH.
25 NORMAL • REDBIRD ARENA
26-27 EAST TROY • ALPINE VALLEY THEATRE
29 SIOUX FALLS • SIOUX FALLS ARENA

DAVID BOWIE

MAY 4 ST. PETERSBURG • SUN COAST DOME
5 JACKSONVILLE • JACKSONVILLE COLISEUM
21 TACOMA • TACOMA DOME
23 SACRAMENTO • CAL EXPO AMPH.
25 LOS ANGELES • DODGER STADIUM
28 MOUNTAIN VIEW • SHORELINE AMPH.

JANE SIBERRY

MAY 5 MELBOURNE • PALAIS THEATRE
6 ADELAIDE • THE BARTON THEATRE
8 BRISBANE • LYRIC THEATRE
12 SYDNEY • SELINAS
14 WELLINGTON • MICHAEL FOWLER CTR.
16 CHRISTCHURCH • TOWN HALL
17 AUCKLAND • TOWN HALL

GARTH BROOKS

MAY 4 FAYETTEVILLE • CUMBERLAND ARENA
5 GREENVILLE • MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM
6 JACKSONVILLE • JACKSONVILLE COLISEUM

9 DALLAS • BORROWED MONEY
10 LANCASTER • CRYSTAL CHANDELIER
11 NACOGDOCHES • THE OTHER PLACE
12 JASPER • RODEO ARENA
18 SAN ANTONIO • FREEMAN COLISEUM
19 HOUSTON • WOODLANDS AMPH.
20 THIBODAUX • CIVIC CENTER
25 COLUMBIA • SILVER BULLET
26 WICHITA • CENTURY II HALL
27 JOPLIN • MEMORIAL HALL

COWBOY JUNKIES

MAY 2 GLENSIDE • KESWICK PARK
3 NEW YORK • BEACON THEATRE
8 NORFOLK • THE BOATHOUSE
9 RALEIGH • STEWART THEATRE
10 CHARLOTTE • SPIRIT SQUARE
11 ATLANTA • ROXY THEATRE
13 W. PALM BEACH • CAREFREE THEATRE
14 TAMPA • TAMPA THEATRE

AEROSMITH

MAY 1 JOHNSON CITY • FREEDOM HALL
2 LEXINGTON • RUPP ARENA
4 KNOXVILLE • THOMP. BOLING ARENA
6-7 ATLANTA • THE OMNI
9 SAVANNAH • CIVIC CENTER
10 TALLAHASSEE • CIVIC CENTER
12 BIRMINGHAM • BIRM. JEFF CIVIC CENTER
13 JACKSON • MISSISSIPPI COLISEUM
15 NEW ORLEANS • LAKEFRONT ARENA
16 SHREVEPORT • HIRSCH ARENA
18 ANTIOCH • STARWOOD AMPH.
19 MEMPHIS • MID-SOUTH COLISEUM
21 HUNTSVILLE • VON BRAUN CTR.

Left: Gary Gershoff/Retna ; Right: Tom Reusche/Retna



DAVID COVERDALE OF WHITESNAKE.

BON JOVI



MELISSA ETHERIDGE

MAY 1 RINDGE • FRANKLIN PIERCE COLLEGE
2 ALBANY • PALACE THEATRE
3 NORTHAMPTON • SMITH COLLEGE
4 NEW BRITAIN • CENT. CONN. ST. UNIV.
5 UPPER DARBY • TOWER THEATRE
8 POUGHKEEPSIE • MID-HUDSON CIVIC CENTER
9 BURLINGTON • BURLINGTON AUDITORIUM
10 PORTLAND • CITY HALL

MILLI VANILLI

MAY 2 AUGUSTA • CIVIC CENTER
3 ORLANDO • ORLANDO ARENA
4 MIAMI • MIAMI ARENA
5 TAMPA • THE SUN DOME
6 ATLANTA • LAKEWOOD AMPH.
9 NASHVILLE • STARWOOD AMPH.
10 MEMPHIS • MID-SOUTH COLISEUM
11 ARLINGTON • MUSIC MILL AMPH.
12 HOUSTON • SOUTHERN STAR AMPH.
13 NEW ORLEANS • UNO LAKEFRONT ARENA
16 OKLAHOMA CITY • MYRIAD CONVENTION
17 LITTLE ROCK • BARTON COLISEUM
18 JACKSONVILLE • MISS. COLISEUM
19 LAFAYETTE • THE CAJUNDOME
20 SAN ANTONIO • SPORTS ARENA
26 LAGUANA HILLS • IRVINE MEADOWS
27-28 UNIVERSAL CITY • UNIVERSAL AMPH.
30 BAKERSFIELD • CONVENTION CENTER
31 FRESNO • SELAND ARENA

KISS

MAY 4 LUBBOCK • LUBBOCK COLISEUM
5 DALLAS • STARPLEX AMPH.
6 AUSTIN • FRANK IRWIN CENTER
Lorraine Day*

7 SAN ANTONIO • TBA
9 WICHITA • TBA
10 OMAHA • CIVIC CENTER
11 SIOUX FALLS • SIOUX FALLS ARENA
12 BONNER SPG. • SANDSTONE AMPH.
15 SAGINAW • WENDLER ARENA
16 TOLEDO • SPORTS ARENA
18 FT. WAYNE • MEMORIAL COLISEUM
19 GRAND RAPIDS • STADIUM ARENA
22 PEORIA • PEORIA CIVIC CENTER
23 CEDAR RAPIDS • FIVE SEASONS CENTER
25 BLOOMINGTON • MET CENTER
26 FARGO • CIVIC AUDITORIUM
27 DULUTH • CONVENTION CENTER
30 SPRINGFIELD • HAMMONS CENTER
31 EVANSVILLE • ROBERTS STADIUM

MIDNIGHT OIL

MAY 15-16 NORFOLK • NORFOLK COLISEUM
18 COLUMBIA • MERRIWEATHER POST
19 DARIEN • LAKE-SIDE AMPH.

20 TORONTO • TBA
22 OTTAWA • LANSDOWNE PARK
23 MONTREAL • MONTREAL FORUM
25 PHILADELPHIA • THE SPECTRUM
26 BRISTOL • LAKE COMPOUNCE
27 BOSTON • GREAT WOODS CTR.
29 NEW YORK • RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
30 NEW YORK • RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL



MADONNA



Was it live?





Desmond Child

"It sounds stupid to say there would be no music without songwriters," says Cherie Fonorow, vice-president of creative services at CBS Music Publishing. "But it's true..."

Indeed, the basis of pop music is the song, and the creator of the song is the songwriter — from the days of Irving Berlin through the eras of Tin Pan Alley and the Brill Building and Lennon & McCartney to today's Top 40 mainstays such as Diane Warren, Desmond Child, Holly Knight, Tom Kelly and Billy Steinberg.

Today the music publishing business is skyrocketing, with enormous profits being made through the sales of giant catalogues like CBS Songs and Chappell. SBK's Charles Koppelman purchased CBS' publishing catalogue — which includes Michael Jackson and The Beatles — for \$125 million in 1985, then sold it to EMI for almost three times that just three years later.

"Publishing has always been one of the unknown, misunderstood parts of the record industry, quietly earning large sums of money," says Fonorow. "These days, with so many outlets for pop music — such as movie and home video soundtracks, commercials, DAT and CD — it's bigger than ever."

In the early days of rock 'n' roll, it was standard practice for artists like Elvis Presley to record material by outside songwriters. In the late '50s and early '60s producer Phil Spector worked in New York's Brill Building with the likes of Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, Ellie Greenwich, Gerry Goffin and Carole King, Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller and Neil Diamond — who between them created pop classics like "Then He Kissed Me," "I'm A Believer," "Leader Of The Pack," "Up On The Roof," "One Fine Day," "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" and "Hound Dog." But the emergence of Buddy Holly, the folk movement and, later, The Beatles, who combined writing with performing, made the use of outside songwriters not only superfluous, but unhip, too.

Of course the tradition lived on at Motown, where Holland-Dozier-Holland held forth, and bands like The Byrds and The Turtles rushed to cover Bob Dylan songs, but for the most part, rock 'n' roll's carefully fostered illusion of self-expression over fake show business values made writing your own material mandatory.

These days, the pendulum has swung back, as more and more rock bands turn to outside songwriters to revive flagging careers. Five years ago, Heart found itself in just that position. The band's previous few albums had followed a downward trend in sales, which led them to switch labels, from Columbia to Capitol. There, A&R executive Don Grierson suggested that the band try a new producer (Ron Nevison) and look for better material, rather than write their own.

"We were not necessarily wide open to the idea,"

admits Heart guitarist Nancy Wilson. "But when we started learning some of these outside songs and heard how good they sounded, we got pretty excited. Maybe there *was* something to be learned here. It revitalized us. And we learned more about ourselves as writers."

The results couldn't be disputed, either. Bolstered by tunes like Holly Knight's "Never" and Diane Warren's "Who Will You Run To," *Heart* and its followup, *Bad Animals*, sold eight million albums, making the band hotter than it had ever been.

"We needed new input, so we opened up the borders," adds sister Ann. "We're not just rehashing

the same information now. We're writing with different combinations of people, so each song is a different animal, and I like that."

Valley gal Diane Warren and Miami expatriate Desmond Child are arguably the two most successful songwriters working today. At one point, Warren had seven of her songs on the Top 100, sung by artists like Joe Cocker, Cher, Patti LaBelle and The Jets, as well as back-to-back No. 1s in Bad English's "When I See You Smile" and Milli Vanilli's "Blame It On The Rain." Child has penned hit songs for Kiss, Bon Jovi, Cher and Michael Bolton, as well as resurrecting both Aerosmith and Alice Cooper, for whom he also served as producer.

"The beauty of Desmond Child is his chameleonlike ability to bring out the artist's own personality," says Bob Pfeiffer, director of West Coast A&R for Epic, who put Desmond and Alice together for the rocker's best-selling album *Trash*, and his Top 10 single "Poison." Child's best songs — Bon Jovi's "Living On A Prayer," Aerosmith's "Dude (Looks Like A Lady)" and "Angel" and Michael Bolton's "How Can We Be Lovers" (co-written with Diane Warren and Bolton) — have an an-

themic quality that Pfeiffer related to Cooper's classic early '70s records, like *Love It To Death*'s "Eighteen."

"A lot of people told me that working with Alice Cooper was a longshot, because he hadn't had a hit in a few years," says Child, sitting in the kitchen of his brand-new, still unfurnished Santa Monica home. "But I thought Alice was ready to make a statement. The minute I met him, I knew he had it. We spent a lot of time making sure those lyrics were just right, that they spoke from his character's point of view. Now, Alice can continue to develop his theatrical extravaganzas, but with real songs. Like a great musical..."

Once a member of Desmond Child & Rouge, a dance-rock group with a pair of albums in the late '70s, the 35-year-old musician is one of a new breed of songwriter/producers who actually become part of the band during the time they spend working with it.

"I really do my best to fuse my style with the individual artist's," he says. "The projects where I'm most successful are those with artists who have their own sound, and I can just kind of help bring that out."

New Jersey native and Bon Jovi buddy Jack Ponti, who has written songs for Shark Island, Babylon A.D. and Vixen, put it this way: "There's no such thing as a Jack Ponti song. I act more in an overseer capacity. I've been really fortunate in that everyone who comes out here to work with me has great stuff. You can't just hand a band a song and say, 'Do it.' Each one has to be tailored to the individual band's abilities. The kids in these groups aren't stupid, which is one thing the industry doesn't understand."

THE Write STUFF

Unsung
songwriters like
*Diane Warren and
Desmond Child*
may not be
recognized on the
street, but their
work can take credit
for the success of
everyone from
Milli Vanilli and
Cher to Bon Jovi
and Aerosmith.



BY ROY TRAKIN

If you're not honest, they'll tell you to go f**k yourself in a heartbeat."

On the other hand, Diane Warren comes from the old school, where a hit's a hit. Unlike Child or Ponti, Warren toils away in her tiny, enclosed Sunset Blvd. studio, cranking out tunes without wanting to know whom they're ultimately written for.

"I like being in control," she confesses. "I love following my own heart. I write songs, then figure out where to take 'em. I don't want to be limited by writing for a single artist. What if I write a song for just that person and they decide not to do it? I want to write great songs, songs that are open for anyone to do."

In contrast to rock's tradition of personal self-expression, Warren's songs are general enough for everyone to relate to. That's her strength, but also, in some eyes, her chief weakness.

"It's still emotion, no matter who wrote it," insists Diane. "Someone listening to a song on the radio doesn't care who the songwriter is. They hear the artist singing it, and hopefully it'll touch them."

In fact, you can't quite pin down a Diane Warren song. Calling her the queen of the rock ballad would be overlooking R&B dance numbers like her first No. 1, DeBarge's "Rhythm Of The Night," or The Jets' "The Same Love."

"I feel I have a certain style," she says. "But then I'll go and write something completely mutant to that."

She also enjoys the anonymity of working behind the scenes. "I have no urge to be in a band," she claims. "It's kind of neat this way, because no one recognizes you. You have the best of both worlds. I love to eavesdrop and watch people, but you can't do that if you're famous. My songs would be pretty boring if they were just about me. My life isn't really exciting, but I have a good imagination. They're honest emotions, though. Everybody's been hurt. Everybody can relate to a sad song."

Having grown up scrutinizing the labels for her favorite songwriters — people like Goffin & King, Mann & Weil, Holland-Dozier-Holland and Jimmy Webb — Warren feels part of a great tradition, even if some rock purists are scoffing at her success.

"Are they really?" she asks, honestly insecure. "Do they really think it's uncool for someone to cover a Diane Warren song? Well, in some of the greatest books ever written, the author didn't necessarily live through the events that are described. That's where imagination comes in."

If a band needs outside inspiration, it's nothing to

be ashamed of, according to Jack Ponti. "When you're a full-time songwriter, you learn a lot about craft," he explains. "You don't have to worry about rehearsing and playing, all those things that distract you from just writing. It's not a situation where bands are incapable. They just don't spend as much time sharpening the knife as you do when you're doing it every day."

While Warren and Ponti are more than happy not to be in bands, writers like Child and Jesse Harms,

to do with personalities," he stated. "I have a way of becoming very intimate very quickly with people, if they're open to me. I'm not insecure about my abilities, nor do I have to prove anything. People don't have to be uncomfortable with me. I'm not trying to steamroll anybody; I'm there as support. I spend a lot of time with the artists, talking about personal things. We take walks and they tell me about their lives and their dreams. The basis of coming up with what an artist needs to sing stems from

what they want to say. What's the motivation? Who are they? Everything comes out of that. Instead of, 'Oh, here's a hit...let's mold you into it.'

"Half of a writing session is just cracking jokes, so who doesn't want to do that? That's just fun, particularly with Diane. She's a scream and a nasty woman. We write well together. I'll lob the ball into her court and she slams it back into mine. The songs happen fast because our brains think alike. We recently wrote a song together with Stephen Percy of Ratt for their next album, 'Giving Yourself Away.' It's so good that I wanted to call it 'Giving My Hit Away.'"

But the pop music business is constantly changing. While outside songwriters like Warren and Child are hot right now, CBS' Fonorow warns that another turn of the cycle could be ahead.

"All of a sudden rock 'n' roll bands seem to be self-contained again, with writers within the group," she notes. "Let's face it — Diane Warren and Desmond Child songs may still be at the top of the charts, but they're not necessarily the hippest tunes."

Still, the emergence of outside songwriters in rock 'n' roll has led to at least one artistic development that gets to the very heart of making great pop music — collaboration.

"It's the art of discovery," enthuses Fonorow, "the idea that two creative people in a room can do more adventurous things than one creative

person in a room."

Just tell that to Diane Warren, alone in her garret. "No one works with Diane," laughs Heart's Ann Wilson. "She just goes, 'Here it is!'"

"Everybody starts out wanting to be a rock 'n' roll star, from producers to A&R people — especially A&R people," observes Jack Ponti. "If somebody had told me I'd be doing this 15 years ago, I just wouldn't have believed it. I wanted to be a rock star. Then you realize, this is what I'm supposed to do."

And what can a poor boy — or girl — do but write for a rock 'n' roll band? **me**



Diane Warren

who recently went from songwriting to performing in REO Speedwagon, still long for the spotlight. Child, in fact, is currently working on a solo album which will come out later this year on Elektra.

"I never really was in a band," he says. "Desmond Child & Rouge wasn't really a group, but it was a lot of fun. I turned to collaboration out of necessity. I had to learn to distance myself from my work. You aren't your art. It's a byproduct — a reflection of life, not life itself."

That kind of hard-earned equanimity serves Child well when he works with other musicians. "It all has

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exposed

R E G I O N A L R E P O R T S

NEW YORK

Jade 4U says, "New Beat is for youngsters only."



During the past couple of months there has been an enormous influx of European performers making their stateside debuts in the Big Apple. Among the most promising of these artists is a French ensemble called **Les Negresses Vertes**. Owing as much to gypsy-inspired traditional Basque music as they do to punk, the group is a wickedly funny clash of sight and sound. All the rage on the Continent last summer,

the 12-member group's name translates vaguely as "The Green Black Women," an expression considered particularly derogatory in France.

Despite their street-savvy attitude and wild appearance — they're fronted by a menacingly toothless lead vocalist and have several former circus performers in their fold — the group was honored at a very *chi chi* luncheon at the French Embas-

sy prior to their performance at Woody's, Ron Wood's recently opened East Village club.

Not surprisingly, the group drew a heterogeneous SRO crowd for their two shows, including many French nationals. Shouting superlatives *en Français*, the audience spurred Les Negresses on to a passionate, jubilant performance.

New Beat Music, Belgium's own pecu-

liar twist on acid house, was the subject of a recent showcase at Quick. The pulsating New Beat sounds filled the cavernous venue, while models paraded some of the fashions the genre has spawned — all-black outfits, from bicycle shorts to T-shirts — bedecked with eerie oval photographs of old people, inspired by the traditional pictures of the deceased which adorn tombstones in Belgium. **Jade 4U**, one of New Beat's most popular progenitors, says, "New Beat is for youngsters only. With it they can have their own music, their own fashions. We wanted to make it as industrial-sounding as possible. We live in a computerized age, and we wanted it to reflect that." According to Jade, New Beat is as indigenous to Belgium as reggae is to Jamaica. "We've heard some New Beat from England and Holland, but it doesn't sound right," she says. "With this music Belgium can really cross the border, but I don't think bands like **Lords Of Acid** or **The Erotic Dissidents** would ever be a hit in America. They would probably be banned."

Luka Bloom, an Irish folk singer who spent the past two years in New York before returning to his native Dublin, recently taped a BBC television special at Maxwell's in Hoboken. Well-wishers at the party following the filming — which also celebrated the release of Bloom's first album, *Riverside* — included Minneapolis transplant **Bob Mould**, who is working on a followup to his sterling solo debut, *Workbook*. The ex-Husker Du guitarist says of his new songs, "They're even more intense" than the ones on his last, incredibly focused recording. Scary stuff.

Rhythm and blues legend **La Vern Baker** made her first concert appearance in New York in more than two decades at the Lone Star recently, sharing the bill with other R&B legend **Charles "Merry Christmas Baby" Brown**. Baker's saucy performance delighted the adoring audience, which included **Ruth Brown**, **Little Jimmy Scott**, **Ronnie Spector** and **Paul Shaffer**. Despite the adulation, Baker, dressed in a dazzling red sequin gown, proved to be no slouch at stage patter, telling Shaffer, who was seated down front, "You ain't getting bald. You're just getting more face."

Two new unsigned bands to watch in coming months are **The High Pockets**, a local power pop trio which frequently melts crowds at CBGB's and the Ludlow Street Cafe, and **Drunken Boat**, a sonic explosion fronted by a **Jim Carroll** lookalike, beat poet howler **Todd Colby**.

Tina Clarke

LONDON

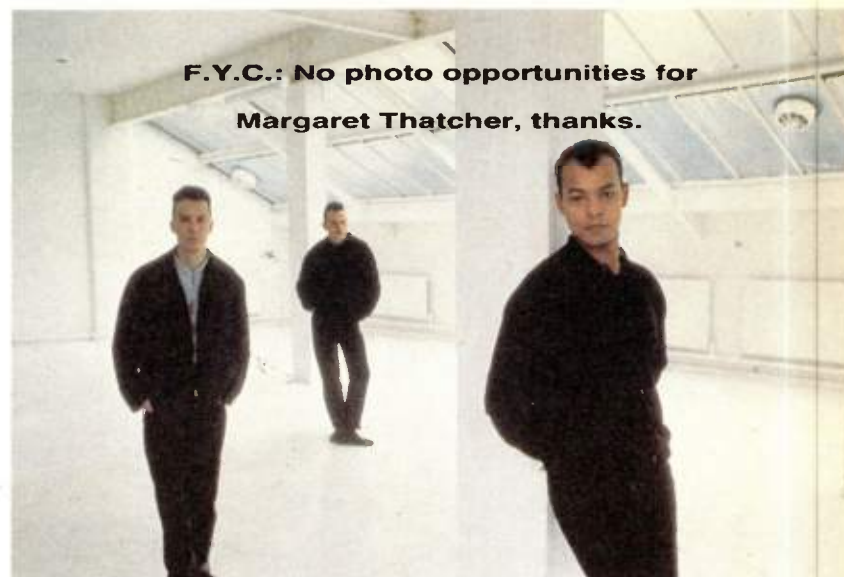
The Brits, the annual awards ceremony of the British Phonographic Industry, was again surrounded by controversy this year. After last year's disaster (when the presentation by Sam Fox and Mick Fleetwood was a mumbling embarrassment and the general organization a shambles, and the whole charade was televised live), sweeping changes were made and egomaniac entrepreneur Jonathan King was brought in. King made a huge blunder by inserting a filmed interview with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. As a result, Fine Young Cannibals — who had won both Best British Group and Best Album (for *The Raw And The Cooked*) — handed back their awards. A statement for the band members said, "We wish to return our Brit awards. We thank our fans and friends in the industry, but feel it is wrong and inappropriate for us to be linked with what amounts to photo opportunities for Margaret Thatcher and the Conservative Party. Regrettably, FYC."

Other artists who took the opportunity to stand up for a point of principle at the ceremony were Phil Collins (Best Male Vo-

calist), who urged the audience to have greater compassion for the homeless, and Annie Lennox (Best Female Vocalist), who said, "The greatest moment of my career was playing at the Nelson Mandela concert last year. Now that he's free, let's not forget the struggle against apartheid — keep it up!"

Other Brit winners included Lennox's Eurythmics partner Dave Stewart (Best Producer), U2 (Best International Group, for the third year running), Lisa Stansfield (Best British Newcomer), Bros (Best British Single) and Neneh Cherry (Best International Newcomer and Best International Artist), but the biggest shock was the lack of awards for Soul II Soul, who virtually dominated the British charts in 1989.

A whole galaxy of superstars is descending on Britain for two benefit shows this spring. First there was the Nelson Mandela Tribute in London on April 16, with Simple Minds, Peter Gabriel, Neil Young, Tracy Chapman and The Neville Brothers. Then, in Liverpool on May 5, there's the John Lennon tribute, for which the following artists have already been confirmed:



F.Y.C.: No photo opportunities for Margaret Thatcher, thanks.

Lou Reed, Cyndi Lauper, Wet Wet Wet, Deacon Blue, B.B. King, Roberta Flack, Dave Edmunds (acting as musical coordinator) and Aussie pop sensation Kylie Minogue.

The Stranglers' 10th album — imaginatively titled *Ten* — has met with a mixed reaction. The first single, a pretty faithful

cover of "96 Tears" by ? And The Mysterians, struggled to reach the Top 20, and reviews have been less than ecstatic. It's rather sad to see a band that burst onto the scene with furious anthems like "Grip" and "Hanging Around" now reduced to second-hand R&B riffs.

Johnny Waller/S.I.N.

CANADA

Big event of the month was, of course, the annual Juno Awards, Canada's music industry equivalent to the Grammys. So what was this columnist doing down in Austin, Texas, on the big night, sipping J.D. and listening to a 10-piece orchestral version of "I Wanna Be Your Dog?" Explanation to follow.

Anyway, my spies reported on the goings-on, and, at the risk of being repetitious, here's a list of some of the big winners: Alannah Myles for Single ("Black Velvet"), and Album (self-titled) Of The Year, plus Most Promising Female Vocalist; The Jeff Healey Band, Canadian Entertainer Of The Year (a public vote category); Kim Mitchell, Male Vocalist; Rita MacNeil, Female Vocalist; Blue Rodeo, Group Of The Year; The Tragically Hip, Most Promising Group; Daniel Lanois, Most Promising Male Vocalist. Interesting to note that k.d. lang added a Juno to her Grammy for Best Country Female Vocalist, yet was beaten out by MacNeil for the bigger prize.

Word is the actual ceremony lacked the electricity of last year's, but the live pairing of Lyle Lovett with the Cowboy Junkies was a highlight. Rod Stewart and, controversially, Milli Vanilli, comprised an international contingent reportedly recruited to aid foreign sales of the show.

Rod The Mod provided one of the best stories of the festivities. Earlier in the Juno day he'd been presented with a commemorative plaque from SkyDome as the first

artist to play there. Post-Awards, he was chatting with buddy Alan Frew of Glass Tiger when it was pointed out that, in fact, Glass Tiger had preceded him onto the SkyDome stage as a featured act of the opening festivities. A puzzled Rod then sent for his plaque and presented it to Frew. "They're very good friends, so I guess they're going to share the award," reports Tiger manager Gary Pring.

The Juno victory list confirmed that the Toronto music community now clearly rules the Canadian roost. Add the names of non-winners like the Junkies and The Pursuit Of Happiness and you soon realize that the T.O. scene has never been healthier.

Parallel with Juno week was the SXSW (South By Southwest) Music Industry Conference in Austin, an increasingly important, superbly organized showcase for North American new music. This is where the Cowboy Junkies and Blue Rodeos of the near future are discovered and signed, and the industry buzz there on Canadian music was a loud one.

In between bites of Texas BBQ, ace producer Steve Berlin (Los Lobos, The Blast-

ers) discussed his growing reputation as an honorary Canadian. You see, following recent work with Prairie Oyster and rootsy duo Lava Hay, Steve might fly to Winnipeg to produce the much-vaunted Crash Test Dummies' upcoming BMG debut. He joked about finding ways to stall until the 'Peg's weather warms up!

Canadian independent bands are seriously advised to check into participating next year (Contact SXSW 91, Box 49066, Austin, TX 78765). The Shuffle Demons had planned to attend this year, but a successful six-country European tour took precedence. One young Canuck thriving in Austin's musical pressure cooker is former Rang Tango bassist Brad Fordham. In just a year there, the Toronto native has become a much-in-demand player. He toured Japan with The Wagoneers and is now playing and recording with Kelly Willis and Radio Ranch.

Soon to come: Much-anticipated albums from The Jitters (late May) and, yes, Bryan Adams (September). Hot Toronto newcomers The Leslie Spit Treeo aim at July

for their Capitol debut. Now out across Canada is *Western Shadows*, the English-language debut LP from Montreal singer/actress/sex symbol Carole Laure. It is an album of covers — ranging from Leonard Cohen to Rosanne Cash. Also out now is *Human Sexuality*, the debut album from Calgary's Mystery Romance, who were signed sight unseen, on the basis of their songs, by Current Records' Gerry Young. *Snow In June* is the title of the upcoming Northern Pikes release — not prophetic, we trust. Supporting players include the venerable Garth Hudson and John Sebastian, and the album was co-produced by Fraser Hill, Rick Hutt and The Pikes, with mixing by Bob Clearmountain and Hugh Padgham.

Indie Notes: Good to see two of Canada's most original independent bands, Condition and Courage Of Lassie, obtain a U.S. release for their latest efforts via C'est La Mort/Rough Trade. Worth looking for. Two strong Toronto indie rockers, 13 Engines and One Free Fall, are on the verge of signing deals with a Canadian major and its U.S. affiliate. Congrats.

Other indie acts showcasing their current goodies with impressive Toronto concerts included Saskatchewan singer/songwriter (say that 10 times fast!) Don Freed, local gonzo-rockers The Supreme Bagg Team and Maritime bagpipe-rockers Rawlins Cross.

'Til next.

Kerry Doole



The most promising Alannah Myles.

LOS ANGELES

Debbie Harry took time off from opening for Tears For Fears to do several shows at local clubs, including one memorable gig at Vertigo, where none other than Iggy Pop joined her for an encore of "I Wanna Be Your Dog" that culminated in the two of them rolling around onstage together, with Debbie taking off her combination shirt/skirt to reveal a black bra, bikini underwear and pantyhose.

L.A.'s legendary underground DJ and "Prince of Pop," Rodney Bingenheimer, is singing the praises of local band Vicious Fiction, "a Jesus & Mary Chain-type group" from Pasadena.... Jane's Addiction is back with new management, a new album and — what else? — more controversy. Seems the new LP will go out in a plain white jacket when it's released, to circumvent retailers' expected complaints. You'll remember store owners balked at carrying the band's first LP, whose sleeve featured a nude sculpture by lead singer Perry Farrell of his girlfriend with her hair on fire.

Suzanne Vega came to town for a special showcase at Cafe Largo, where she previewed selections from her first album in three years, *Days Of Open Hand*. Earlier in the day on the A&M lot, the frail singer/songwriter revealed that one of the LP's major emotional influences was meeting her biological father for the first time since she was a baby. Vega hired a detective to track him down in California, and when they finally spoke on the phone, he marvelled, "You're the Suzanne Vega that sings 'Luka?'" He was among those on hand for her five-song performance at Largo.

Fresh from his triumph as producer of Bonnie Raitt's Grammy-winning *Nick Of Time* LP, Don Was is back in the studio with, among others, Bob Dylan and fellow Detroit Iggy Pop, recently inked to Virgin Records.... A&M has dropped both Joe Jackson and Squeeze from its artist roster.... Van Halen marked the April opening of The Cabo Wabo Cantina, their own hot Baja nightclub in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, with a special invitation-only concert. The club was the brainchild of singer Sammy Hagar, who co-wrote the song "Cabo Wabo" on the band's *OU812* LP to celebrate the area's idyllic natural beauty.... Cowboy Junkies came through town for a special one-off show at the Roxy to mark the release of their second major-label LP, *The Caution Horses*, which features a dynamite cover of Neil Young's "Powderfinger," a song the band has previously played as part of their live repertoire. The group's shy lead singer, Margo Timmins, seems to be coming out of her shell. She commented onstage that she knew it was time for a new album when she saw the band's first one in a budget bin for

\$7.99. "At least it wasn't a cut-out," she joked.

While in the studio recording the band's major-label debut for RCA, Thelonus

Monster's Bob Forrest reportedly fired the entire band — except, of course, himself and one other member.... Run-D.M.C.'s Darryl McDaniels on his band's loss of

street credibility and their upcoming LP: "We may not make the Super Bowl every year, but we'll be in the playoffs."

Roy Trakin



Suzanne Vega
previewed
new songs for
her father.

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Fuel For THOUGHT



As a musician with a
message, Midnight Oil's
Peter Garrett isn't unique,
but his band is one of a
handful that can claim
to have actually tried to
change the world.

By Andrew Mueller

In an act of surprising agility that defies written expression, Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett has somehow levered his enormous, gangly frame into a booth in a cafe, and found a comfortable position from which to discuss numerous things, among them the ramifications of 1987's landmark *Diesel & Dust* LP.

"In a sense, that album took us from our national ghetto into an international ghetto, where everyone related to us differently than they had at home," he says. "Well, I don't want to judge your feeling, but I think in some senses sitting down with me to talk about The Oils is sitting down with someone you have known, directly or indirectly, for a very long period of time. Whereas for the people elsewhere, over there, it's something which they're discovering anew, and so their responses are quite interesting — and often very amusing. There's nothing like being an overnight success in Texas when you've been on the road for 10 years!"

And he's right. For those who have grown up in Australia in the past 10 years or so, Peter Garrett and Midnight Oil are as much a part of the landscape as the more traditionally recognized symbols of the country — kangaroos, harbor bridges, opera houses and koalas.

Even when the band is between albums or touring overseas, its presence rarely fades, and at the moment it's at what might be an all-time peak. Their seventh album, *Blue Sky Mining*, has just hit the shops and debuted at No. 1 locally, and there's an important, if crushingly tedious, federal election campaign being fought. For most musicians, as for most people in general, this might mean some mulling over which box to tick and where to be on polling day. For Peter Garrett, though, it means work. His current position as president of the Australian Conservation Foundation regularly sees him taking up the environment's side in television and radio debates with power brokers from the prime minister downwards, and he'd arrived at The Office, Midnight Oil's headquarters, this morning with two massive boxes bulging with multifarious documents — "the weekend's homework."

Being a musician bearing messages doesn't make Garrett — or his band — unique. What does make him unique, though, is the fact that he's not treated as a novelty — the politicians listen because they have to. Aside from the fact that Garrett, as a qualified lawyer, is more than able to hold his own with the politicians, the public support he is capable of rallying is immense. In 1984 he stood for a Senate seat on the Nuclear Disarmament Party's ticket, largely with the aim of stirring up the debate over the continuing presence of U.S. military bases on Australian soil. He managed to win 300,000 votes, and was prevented from becoming the world's first rock 'n' roll senator only by a panicky and unprecedented exchange between the rival Labor and Liberal parties. Whenever there's a need, Peter Garrett

has them on the run, and he knows it.

Does he not, however, think that that's a slightly incongruous amount of power for a musician to be wielding?

"Well, I'm not much of a musician," he shrugs. "I'm not being self-deprecating, but I walked in off the street. I hadn't practised with my tennis racket in front of the mirror to The Flamin' Groovies.... And, well, you know what everyone thinks about the singing aspect. With writing, I struggle — I have good years and bad years. But I did come in as somebody who wouldn't countenance something being wrong that was possible for them to change. Even at the most minor level, like getting overcharged in a shop, or whatever. So it was inevitable that something was going to happen, and it's become incongruous because of the way that we've managed to hold it together."

Midnight Oil are five — aside from Garrett, they comprise Rob Hirst (drums), Jim Moginie (guitar/keyboards), Martin Rotsey (guitar) and Bones Hillman (bass), who joined after *Diesel & Dust*, replacing Peter Gifford. From the early days, playing fast and furious suburban rock in the surf-oriented pubs of Sydney's Northern Beaches, they've held it together over seven albums and 10 years, going about things in the way that suited them — their own. When venues wouldn't book them, they ran their own shows. When the agency system ripped them off, they operated outside it. When the country's

most influential rock show, *Countdown*, displeased them, they black-listed it, a move that was deemed commercial hara-kiri at the time, but they survived. Plenty of other bands bluster about principle, only to desert it all at the next opportunity for self-promotion. Midnight Oil take a stand and act on it.

All of which serves to make the band sound like the archetypal terminally obscure outsiders, which is the last thing they are. For a message to be effective, it has to be heard, and Midnight Oil have

succeeded that far on a global scale. But are they running the risk of having the message supersede the medium, and do they now feel driven less by purely musical motivation than by their seemingly endless energy for fighting the good fight and doing the right thing?

"I don't know whether I'd describe it as doing the right thing," Garrett says. "I've spent a lot of my life being told I'm doing the wrong thing. But I think it comes partly from the way you've been brought up, obviously, and the way you see things, and what you think or feel is living a life of worth. By the time I'd finished surfing and bonging and being a truck driver, a laborer and a bum student, and then getting into a band, it was starting to dawn on me that small groups of people were determining what was going down, and I didn't like things that were happening. But are we going to be passive about it, or are we going to be active? It's all about controlling your own life, isn't it?"

"I'm not much
of a musician;
I hadn't
practised with
my tennis racket
in front of
the mirror."

Control is an idea that's dear to Midnight Oil, and one that has fuelled their finest moments. 1982's 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 album was about the lack of say Australians had in the running of much of their country's affairs, with particular reference to the increasing political and cultural dominance of America. And control, or the lack of it, was behind their best work, *Diesel & Dust*. Using the plight of the Australian aboriginal people — the oldest surviving culture on earth, at 40,000 years — as a backdrop, the band raged with devastatingly articulate fervor about the unthinking present crushing and brushing away the helpless past.

And the theme of control also applies to the band members' personal lives. For such a public figure, it's surprising that no one knows much about Garrett. He nods, happy. "Let's keep it that way," he says.

Did *Diesel & Dust* feel like something of a peak to him? "In some ways — I think we got it right on that record," he says. "And we had something to fire us up, you know, something that matched our white, middle-class consciences. We were able to go out there and meet people and say, 'Here's something in our own country which we've experienced and can write songs about.' And I think the tunes were fair."

"This band has a lot of dangerous tendencies, and one of them is to overelaborate. That's because there's too many of us. I don't think we overelaborated on *Diesel*, and I think for that reason it's a very focused record. I certainly don't claim that *Blue Sky Mining* is as focused, but I think it has some other good sides to it."

Blue Sky Mining, while flawed in that it's maybe a little too much consciously a Midnight Oil record, does see the band taking shots at some different targets, and getting a little more expansive with the arrangements. Says Garrett: "Well, yeah, and it's a

little bit more reflective, and musically and instrumentally it's trying some different things."

In fact, the album's got everything from R.E.M.-ish guitar fiddling colored by toytown keyboards ("Blue Sky Mine") to rousing, surging anthems ("Forgotten Years") to strung-out string epics ("Mountains Of Burma"), and that's just side one. The one constant on the album is a compelling fascination with the vagaries of the homeland, a much commented upon facet of their writing about which they remain as unrepentant as ever.

"We're just trying to reverse the imposed flow of other cultures," Garrett explains. "We've swallowed Strawberry Fields and London and Hollywood and New York for years. And I get stuff from other people who write about their own countries, their own experiences, their own places. I get something from it, and other people here do, too. On top of that, Australia is a country other people think of in terms of clichés. It's big, it's brown, it's Bondi, it's Paul Hogan..."

Which is to say, of course, that it's not. It's a great many other things, from wonderful to horrible to all points in between — probably much like anywhere you live. But, having travelled to most other corners of the globe, Midnight Oil still know where their home and heart is, and have a few ideas on why as well.

"Its space, its non-human-imposed landscapes, its complete unpredictability and vast contrast between philistinism and creativity, easygoing openness and narrow-minded parochialness, its smells. I can't smell anything in England or America that makes much sense to me, but I can smell things here, like eucalyptus, the spray, or whatever. It just does something."

What about charges that the band members have turned into professional Australians, an antipodean sideshow? "It's a temptation I hope we resist," Garrett replies. "We don't want to be treated as a novelty."

Though he tends to preface each of his remarks with an "I think," as if to make absolutely clear that it's his opinion we're dealing with here, not the band's, the nation's, the fans' or anyone else's, Garrett is rarely less than emphatic. He knows what he's doing, and what he's saying. We discuss his religious beliefs, and while he turns out to be a lot less than the born-again brimstone-spitter of popular rumor, he says he's definitely no atheist, and does possess a

belief in a creative purpose, though that's by no means universal among the band members or management. But does he feel fired by a sense of destiny, was he put here for a reason, is he a man with a mission?


"No, not in the least," he says. "Certainly not as a band, and not even for myself. The happiest moments in my life, in retrospect, were when I was driving a 10-ton truck around the southern tablelands of New South Wales. No responsibility, a simple eight- to 10-hour day, a good counter lunch, a bit of talk about the footy with the boys, a bit of ribbing 'cause I had long hair [!], a discussion about politics, then home, listening to music until 10 or 11 at night, and falling asleep. And that was my little bit of worldly heaven."

There's a pause as he ponders how far he's come and how much farther there is to

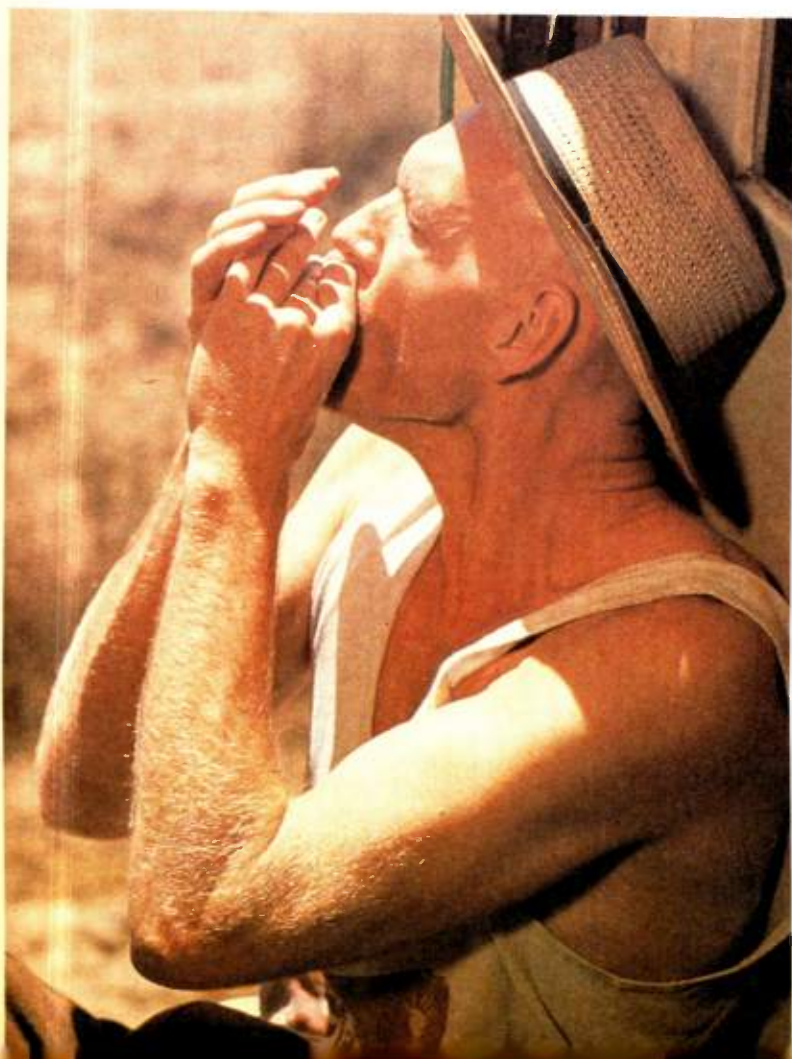
go. An activist's work is never done. "No, destiny is miles too weighty a word. Let's leave that to the truly pretentious."

Blue Sky Mining, whatever its merits and however it comes to be judged against Midnight Oil's other work, is one more chapter in one of rock's most extraordinary tales. The band has made some great records, no argument, and has also made some great strides to go with them. As well as Garrett's previously detailed political escapades, he's served on the Constitutional Reform Commission, and the band has, through a trust organization, very quietly funded rehabilitation centres, refuges for the homeless and projects for the unemployed. They've also lent their public faces to campaigns against nuclear-armed ships entering Australian ports and the presence of U.S. military bases, and a campaign in favor of aboriginal land rights. If Midnight Oil doesn't change the world, they're still one of the few groups of people in any field — and one of a handful among rock bands — who can claim to have tried.

But still the species seems intent on self-destruction. Does Garrett ever look at it all and feel he's preaching to the converted — or, worse, pissing in the wind?

"Oh, no, none of that," he states. "Preaching to the converted? Nay, there's a substantial number yet to be converted. Pissing in the wind? No sir, not at all. I think that it all comes from intention. I don't think that it comes from seeing a wall fall down, although that was a great moment; it was the intention that it was going to come down. And it's the same with us. We're not setting ourselves up as the lifesaver that's going to rope in two decades of adolescents and young adults and say, 'OK, this is the way your world can be.' We're saying, 'This is the way we think the world is, and we want to do something.' We're not going to make it completely, but we're going to keep on doing it. We don't mind whether it's in or out, we don't mind in the least if it brings us success or not. Because the stage before that is that we still like to just get in a room and make a racket. It just happens that we have obsessions that are different from other peoples'." 

Destiny is too weighty a word. Let's leave that to the truly pretentious."



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BackBeat

LISTINGS OF NEWS, REVIEWS, AND RELEASES



NEW RELEASES

ROBERT PLANT

Manic Nirvana
Atlantic

Robert Plant may have matured somewhat, but there's still a naughty boy streak in him that reminds one and all that rock gods never grow old. At this juncture, it seems "Percy" (as he's affectionately nicknamed) can poke fun at his former image while still effectively delivering the rock 'n' roll goods. Unlike some of his more heavy-handed recent releases, *Manic Nirvana* rejoices in the simplistic idiom that vintage rock is dictated by one's hormone level. And on this level, Plant is still able to get a rise out of the situation. Much of *Manic Nirvana* pays homage to his legendary sexual prowess, with "Big Love" taking the cock-rock mentality to new heights. In the mood of Aerosmith's "Love In An Elevator," "Big Love" is a salacious tale of Plant's conquest of an airline stewardess who inquires about the protrusion under his blanket — all in tasteless good fun. Much of *Manic Nirvana*'s spirit is linked with those goodtime, womanizing escapades which marked Zeppelin's early notoriety — and the music is in a similar vein, with Chris Blackwell's raw percussive drive and Doug Boyle's slashing guitar runs cranking up the voltage. It's not all *Spinal Tap* revisited, though. The acoustically moody "Liar's Dance" and the mournful "Anniversary" explore all aspects of Plant's multi-dimensional artistry. What is particularly striking is the way Plant continues to challenge himself by associating with hot, young musicians who keep pushing and prodding his artistic virility. The way this band is maturing, there may be no need for a Zeppelin reunion. Financial windfalls aside, Plant controls the best of both worlds — a rock icon with a group of young tigers willing to push him well into the '90s.

Keith Sharp ****

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

NEW RELEASES

THE SILOS

The Silos
RCA

The Silos is the major label debut (third album in all) from these veterans of the south Florida basement rock scene (surely you've heard of it). Walter Salas-Humara and Bob Rupe, who each sing, write songs and play guitar, form the nucleus of the five-piece band, which earned critical raves and comparisons to The Velvet Underground and Gram Parsons for its first, self-produced LP, *About Her Steps*. For *The Silos*, the band recruited producer Peter Moore, best known for his work with the Cowboy Junkies, and recorded in a small Florida theatre, using real instruments (including cello, viola, baritone horn and trumpet) to give *The Silos* an open, live sound that works quite beautifully. The best songs are the ones Salas-Humara and Rupe collaborate on — "Caroline," for instance, has a wonderfully loose, western Replacements feel — but there are lots of gems. On "The Only Story I Tell," the nasal country twang of backup singer Amy Allison provides a counterpoint to Salas-Humara's raspy drawl, and "I'm Over You" is a poignant classic of sorts about driving with the windows down and the radio blasting. There's nothing earth-shattering about this album, but it makes an auspicious debut nonetheless.

Mary Dickle ****

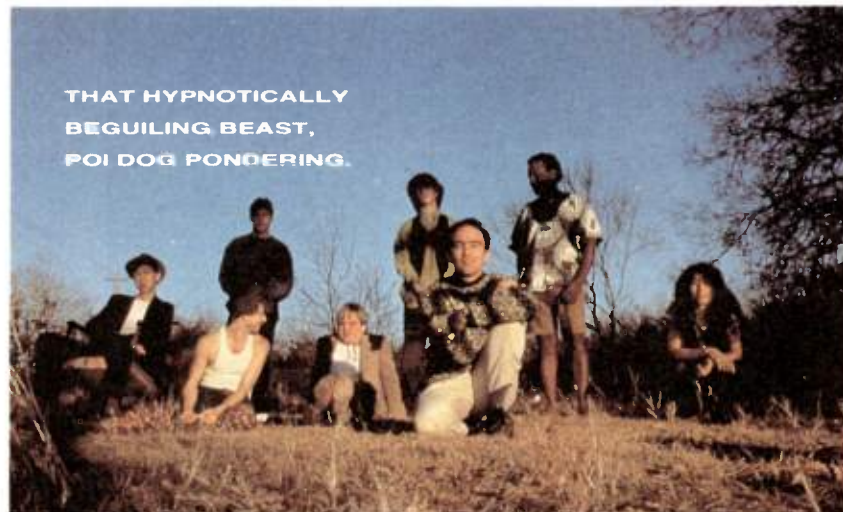
MARY DAVIS

Separate Ways
Epic

Mary Davis is the rich-voiced ex-singer of The S.O.S. Band, whose early-'80s hits "Just Be Good To Me" and "Tell Me If You Still Care" virtually defined a genre of R&B, comparable to the impact of Soul II Soul today. While producers Terry Lewis and Jimmy Jam received much of the credit for those amazing gems, it was Davis who brought an incredible warmth to the synthesizer grooves. Her music has always dealt in potentialities in relationships, and the logistics of love, sharing and intimacy. Mary Davis simply leaves her contemporaries in the dust when it comes to dynamics and expression from a female perspective. The strength and vulnerability of femininity make up the Yang and the Yin of Davis' voice; while admitting that she's getting dogged, she'll say "Yo, f**k this" but she can also express her willingness to work to make things right, as in the wistful but firm vibe of the lovely S.O.S.-y ballad "Separate Ways." "Don't Wear It Out" and "Baby Baby (You Ain't Treating Me Right)" are slick 1990 synth grooves with intelligent pro-

gramming, courtesy of the ubiquitous L.A. & Babyface. "Some Kind Of Lover" is definitely something new for the mature Ms. Davis: homegirl breaks down — between new jack shouts of "kick it!" — and rap! "Sweet Obsession" gets a little more risqué — a la Prince — but serves as a direct continuation for "Just Be Good To Me" themes about not caring about the other girls. This woman is no Chaka Khan or Patti LaBelle, but she has got the killer vibe that'll make you smile, and give you chills down your back and a warm feeling inside.

Otis Winthorpe ***



POI DOG PONDERING

Wishing Like A Mountain And Thinking Like The Sea
CBS

Poi Dog Pondering is a multi-limbed (up to 10 members) beast that has thrived after being transplanted from its Hawaiian homeland to the musical hotbed of Austin, Texas. Their idiosyncratic sound soon became the talk of that town, and this, their second album, deserves wider exposure than last year's impressive, self-titled debut. Ordinarily, the prospect of hearing a rag-tag bunch of hippies banging out a slapdash mix of exotic rhythms and upbeat, oft-flowery ditties would have this scribe high-tailing it in the other direction, but there is something hypnotically beguiling about Poi Dog Pondering. Main songwriter and singer Frank Orrall has an off-beat but pleasant voice, and it's impossible to resist a writer who comes up with lines like "And if I die in a car wreck, I hope Van Morrison is on the tape deck." Stringed and brass instruments mingle with a wide range of guitars and percussive devices, yet the migraine potential of such a busy combination is fortunately never realized. The warm, sensual feel of a Hawaiian summer day is pressed into every groove, and Orrall even composes some nifty flower-child come-on lines — "Let me be the yeast inside your bread" ("Watermelon Song"). In all, a

sugar-coated delight. The biggest problem with this record, in fact, is cramming the band and album title into the allotted cover and label space!

Kerry Doole ****

DEPECHE MODE

Violator
Sire

Probably more than most bands, Depeche Mode are intimately involved with their constituency. If they learned nothing else from their last tour, the phenomenally successful outing that

spouted 101 — the film and the live LP — they learned who, precisely, their audience is: for the most part artsy, introspective teens with a decided preference for black apparel, *Far Side*-ish existentialism and whispered hints of sexual decadence. On *Violator* songwriter Martin Gore returns to ground well-travelled by Depeche Mode in the past: songs about domination and submission ("Put it on/ And don't say a word" — "Blue Dress"); the loneliness of the misunderstood ("Waiting For The Night"); and the hypocrisy of society's mores ("The Policy Of Truth") — all topics particularly attractive to a generation of disaffected youths. Having long ago learned the lesson that less is more, Gore has given *Violator's* tunes a spare, eerie quality that is absent in most synth music these days, adding a sense of both elegance and despair to the album's overall sound. Musically there's little variation. Too many cuts opt for a spare, zombie-waltz rhythm that only seems to function as a frame to stretch the canvas of lyrics over. These tunes work to dramatic effect in concert — imagine the single spotlight at centre stage with either vocalist David Gahan ("Enjoy The Silence," "The Sweetest Perfection" and "Clean") or the reclusive Gore ("Blue Dress") swaying in front of a galaxy of flickering Bics — but are plodding and repetitive on record. In fact, it's the lyrics on *Violator* that elevate this album above the redundancy of the music. Gore's buzz words and taboo subjects

have never been used to better effect. And irony is an important Gore tool. If a song title refers to anything religious, you can bet the song is about the opposite. Listen to the sarcasm and cynicism in Gahan's voice on "Personal Jesus," with its chorus of sexual panting and its fundamentalist come-on. Gore creates a brilliant image in "Halo" — "You wear guilt/ Like shackles on your feet/ Like a halo in reverse." — but this song, like "The Policy Of Truth" and "Enjoy The Silence," is just another anthem to his solipsism, a philosophy near and dear to the "enlightened" outcasts that make up his following. *Violator* won't inspire many new Depeche devotees, but longtime fans will be well pleased.

Perry Stern ***

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

People's Instinctive Travels And The Paths Of Rhythm
Jive/RCA

"I Left My Wallet In El Segundo" is the silly first single and spafied video about these mellow Afro-oriented cats' eventful trip across the country; not too much is said, ultimately, but you definitely get the picture as to where these brothers are at. It's about passive, mellow — probably non-drug-oriented but high as hell, er, I mean a kite — buggin' out on spontaneous concepts revolving around "Africentricity." Expressedly down with De La Soul, Jungle Brothers, Latifah and all of the Red Alert/R.A.P./ Native Jam posse, Q-Tip and the TCCQ are some dead-serious brothers when it comes to being stoopid funny and funky. For the uninitiated, the best way to describe this album is less corny and self-conscious, more dance-oriented and funky, but equally left-field and tangentially out there as De La Soul, if you can get to that. The funk is definitely in the right place: Funkadelic drummer Tiki Fulwood is nobly sampled from "Nappy Dugout" on "Ham 'n Eggs," which deals with Jungle Brothers dietary concepts, from Ital vegetarianism to junk food fetishism and beyond; Slave's "Slide" and Hendrix' "Rainy Day" get used appropriately in "Go Ahead In The Rain"; Lou Reed's "Walk On The Wild Side," Stevie Wonder's "Sir Duke," and The Beatles' "Magical Mystery Tour" all make appearances, representative of the musical orientation of this album. Touches like the sitar on the sexy "Bonita Applebum" are icing on this cake, whose lyrics are so deep, shallow, out there and in the pocket that I won't even start. A lot of the seemingly laid-back grooves really stomp when you turn up the volume and hear the 808 bass machine kicks. This is the deepest, most fun and most on-the-money funk (and on the funk, money) music happening in hip-hop today.

O.W. *****

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WRH

NEW RELEASES

NATIONAL VELVET

Courage
Capitol

Packing up and moving to London to record *Courage* was a wise and brave move for Toronto's National Velvet. Had they continued on the same path they paved with their debut self-titled release, the group might have been mired in the outdated sludge called Goth — as it is, *Courage* displays a versatility that *National Velvet* sorely lacked. From the raucous comedy of the lead-off single, "Sex Gorilla," to the '60s sensuality of "(A Town Called) Hysteria" through the classic rock of "Shine On" and the sinister sneer of "Casa Del Diablo," *Courage* manages to allude to NV's gothic/hard rock roots without slipping into the quicksand of repetition. Vocalist Maria Del Mar's singing and personality fall somewhere between Siouxsie Sioux and Nina Hagen — sometimes campy, sometimes serious, she can yelp, growl, yodel, purr, croon and sizzle with the best. At times producer Zeus B. Held (Fashion, Transvision Vamp and the latest by Hagen and Zodiac Mindwarp) is a little heavy handed — he plays keyboards on the album and takes an anachronistic solo on "The Chalice" when a guitar would make much more sense — but some of the textures he adds compensate for what's lost in not seeing this excellent live band in concert. Tim Welsh is one of Canada's most prolific guitarists, and he lets it rip consistently here, particularly on "Sex Gorilla" and "Weebles." Guitarist Mark Crossley, bassist Mark Storm and drummer Garry Flint lay a solid foundation, but one senses that Zeus might have held them back a bit. This album proves that National Velvet can compete on the fringes of hard rock and that they have the *Courage* to storm the mainstream.

P.S. ***

ADAM ANT

Manners & Physique
MCA

"There is always room at the top, don't let them tell you there is not," chirps an optimistic Stuart Goddard, aka Adam Ant, as he attempts to claw his way back into the charts. And to his credit, "Room At The Top," the lead-off single from this comeback effort, is energetic enough to draw attention. One of the original "new romantics," Ant was cartoonish enough to be fun in the early '80s, but deteriorated into downright silliness with his later efforts. Taking a not so subtle hint, Ant begat Stuart Goddard, serious actor, who earned rave reviews for his work in Joe Orton's

Entertaining Mr. Sloan. Now reunited with longtime cohort Marco Pirroni and capably produced by Andre Cymone, Ant has attained a more worldly perspective on his craft, and his maturity is quite evident on this release. Although lighthearted in nature, *Manners & Physique* is autobiographical at times, with tracks like "Young, Dumb & Full Of It," "Bright Lights Black Leather" and "Room At The Top" projecting personal as well as universal sentiments. Casting aside any negative bias, Ant's latest is actually quite stylistic, with a good mix of danceable tracks and the odd surprise, like "If You Keep On," which actually reveals that Ant can sing a bit. Not a chart-buster by any means, but nevertheless strong enough to prove that Adam Ant is still capable of the occasional pleasant surprise.

K.S. ***

BOO-YAA T.R.I.B.E.

New Funky Nation
Island

For your information, "Boo-Yaa" is meant to signify the sound of a shotgun blast, and T.R.I.B.E. stands for Too Rough International Boo-Ya Empire. With that cleared up, it can be said that the T.R.I.B.E. consists of six L.A.-based brothers of Samoan ancestry who started out as street dancers and gradually began to stir rapping and playing instruments into their performance. *New Funky Nation* is their

debut album, a collection of angry, funky raps that reflect their past on the streets of L.A. — with liberal references to guns, gangs and jail. On the tape information about the songs is almost completely squeezed out by extensive thank-yous to the band members' kids, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, homies, brothers in prison, "southern comfort girls" and, of course, the almighty father. But it's really difficult to put that family man bit together with the threatening nature of the raps, which are closer to the bragging macho old-style rappers than the political stance of Public Enemy or the playful Daisy Age antics of De La Soul. But there's a real, funky band backing them up on several songs, and these guys sing as well — "Walk The Line" successfully mixes rap and sung vocals with horn and rhythm section. The very next track, "R.A.I.D.," talks about wasting posses and pulling out Uzis, and so on: "We're not here to play/we're just here to spray," and they mean gunfire. "Pickin' Up Metal," not surprisingly, adds heavy metal guitar to the rap, and features the chant "Bang your head to THIS!" Yeah, they're funky, but even with a hot band, the macho violent bit is a little hard to take.

M.D. ***

HUMAN RADIO

Human Radio
CBS

Every now and then a new release comes along that defies easy categor-

izing. Human Radio's self-titled debut is a perfect case in point. The band (made up of some of Memphis, Tennessee's finest players) is a hybrid of classic schools of black and white popular music, as well as many musical forms from other world cultures. All of this is focused through a smart collection of songs filled with humor and compassion concerning the human condition. Producers David Kahne (Fishbone, The Bangles) and David Leonard (Mellencamp, Prince) have wisely encouraged Human Radio's impressive musical chops to be featured without any of the devices that most modern records rely on to tighten up the sound, like drum machines and sequencers. The result is a fresh-sounding band chemistry played with the intensity of a live performance. Even though Human Radio's playing skills are impressive, it is the songs that elevate this album way above being a mere showcase for technical virtuosity. "Me & Elvis," the album's opener, depicts a fantasy relationship with a perversely larger-than-life American symbol, presenting it as a metaphor on how power corrupts even the best things in people. Other highlights on *Human Radio* are the dynamic "I Don't Wanna Know," "NYC," "Hole In My Head," "My First Million," "These Are The Days" and "Another Planet." At a time when communication is making the planet seem smaller, and walls are literally being torn down, Human Radio has synthesized a world of influences into a fine debut that moves the heart and mind.

Rick Clark ****



NEW RELEASES

PSYCHE-FUNKAPUS

Psychefunkapus
Atlantic

Psychefunkapus emerged during the San Francisco earthquake of 1989 (when it was recorded) and is now sending shock waves of peace, love and psychedelic funk music across the continent. The band's sound comes from the same wacky West Coast school that spawned The Red Hot Chili Peppers and Fishbone, mixing black and white, funk and rock, ska and psychedelia into a powerful concoction. "We Are The Young," the opening track, is a rousing funk anthem that proclaims Psychefunkapus' message, exhorting their listeners to "not judge ourselves by color, by religion or by sex /let's reach out to one another and bring out our very best." Other tunes, like "Jesus Crispies" (addressed to Jim and Tammy), are fast and furious punk/funk workouts that showcase the band members' extremely tight playing. Particularly notable is guitarist Jonny Axtell, whose screaming, flying riffs decorate every song. Covering a Jimi Hendrix song is a pretty brave thing for a hotshot young guitarist to do, but Axtell acquits himself in Psychefunkapus' funky version of "Freedom," echoing Hendrix's style but still putting his own mark on the song. (The rest of the band comprises Gene Genie (vocals), Manny "Man" Martinez (vocals and percussion), Atom Benjamin Ellis (bass and background vocals) and Mushi Moo Mu (drums and background vocals)). "A.M." even recalls Zappa, and "Slut Child" is a great ska song about "the kind of girl my mama warned me about."

M.D. ****

TOAD THE WET SPROCKET

Pale
CBS

This very young (average age 21) California quartet has already attracted an inordinate amount of industry and media attention. Their low-budget independent debut, *Bread And Circus*, was re-released by CBS, and now here's their real major-league debut. The inevitable question after hearing *Pale* is "why all the fuss?" It is pleasant, melodic pop-rock, but none of the songs or performances has any real impact. The album's title is certainly appropriate, as there is something washed out and lifeless in its atmosphere. Chief lyricist/singer Glen Phillips (just turned 19) has a world-weary



PSYCHEFUNKAPUS
EARTHQUAKE RAUNCH.

voice and the words to match. "I don't want to feel anything anymore," he sighs in the first song, "Torn." "God, I'm so damn tired," he continues in the next tune, "Come Back Down." The prevailing lyrical tone is interrupted with a protest song, "Chile," — "they think in the politics of gasoline and torture" — and a slightly bizarre ditty about a murder, "Corporal Brown," but the languor of the Toad sound (think R.E.M. on downers) remains. Those enticed by the Pythonesque humor of the band's name beware. *Pale* is about as lively and funny as a date with a dead parrot.

K.D. **

THE JONESES

Hard
Atlantic

"Life is a hard road full of mean women who need a little love," announce The Joneses on their debut release, *Hard*, and that pretty well sums up the attitude of the record, as well as stringing together a number of the band's song titles. The Joneses are from Boston, but there seems to be more than a hint of the South in their brand of basic, blues-based rock. The band's playing is quite strong — especially that of drummer John Sands, who really drives the songs along — but it's also occasionally a little on the plodding side. With his wo-wos, oh yeahs and oh baby babys, singer David Finnerly sounds like virtually every other hard rock singer in the world. And the songs (written mostly by Finnerly and guitarist Billy Loosigian; bassist Brad Hallen rounds out the lineup) aren't going to make this band stand out from many others, as they start to sound alike after a while. The strongest songs on the album are straight-ahead rockers like "Let's Live Together" and "Hard Road," with the closest thing to a ballad being the plaintive "Don't You Know." Generally, though, this is solid but unremarkable hard rock.

M.D. ***



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NEW RELEASES

THE HAVALINAS

The Havalinas
Elektra

They've been hailed as one of the most exciting new acts on the L.A. club scene, but The Havalinas are no naive novices. The trio's singer/songwriter, Tim McConnell, first played with bassist Smutty Smith in New York punkabilly band The Rockats a decade ago, while drummer Charlie Quintana paid his punk/roots rock dues with The Plugz and the sorely missed Cruzados. Together, they pump out a raw, primal sound that is genuinely invigorating. It's not really close, but think of a Stray Cats or Violent Femmes with a social conscience for a hint of The Havalinas' approach. The choice of Don Gehman (R.E.M., J.C. Mellencamp) as producer was inspired, because he doesn't mess with the band's from-the-gut attack. McConnell uses mandolin, dobro, banjo, fiddle, harmonica and piano to flesh out the sound, but there's nothing frilly or fussy here. He's not afraid to slow down the pace with an affecting ballad like "Don't Feel Bad" — "she let him go, had a liquidation of the heart" — but The Havalinas shine brightest on their rockabilly stomps. It's clear that

these cats have spent time down the alleys (they sport more tattoos than a navy squadron!), and McConnell's songs demonstrate a realistic balance of compassion and cynicism. "Before the meek inherit, they'll learn to hate themselves," he warns in "High Hopes," while "Good For Nothin' Rag" pleads "It's up to us to make some peace." "Sticks And Stones" and "Fill 'Em Up" stick it to the bigots around, but the overly melodramatic scenario of a barrio drug score in "Jesus And Johnny" is McConnell's only real lapse. A compelling debut, and you can bet The Havalinas can rock the house live.

K.D. ****

DAMN YANKEES

Damn Yankees
Warner Bros.

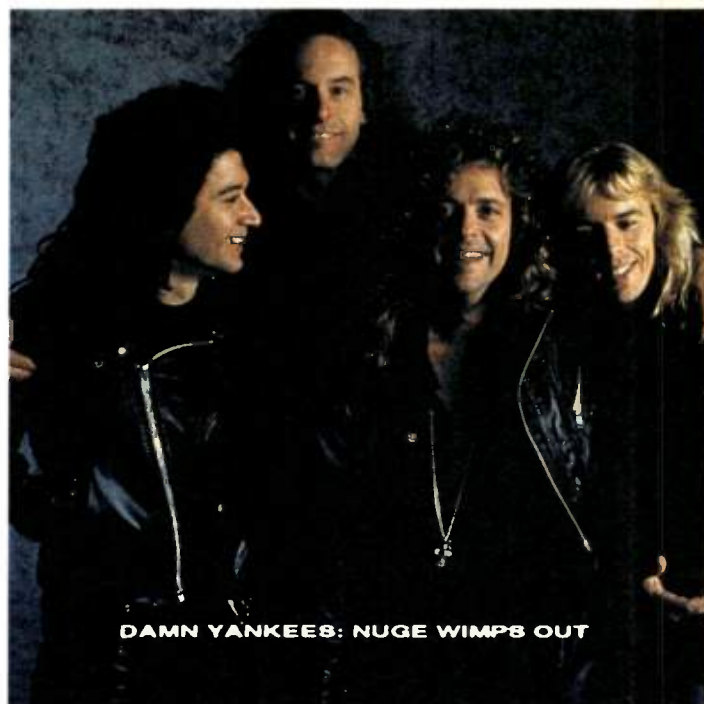
Call them a supergroup, call them a bunch of rejects, the union of wildman Ted Nugent with former Styx and Night Ranger alumni, Tommy Shaw and Jack Blades (plus drummer Michael Cortellone) is either a mega coup or a total dud depending on your propensity for commercialistic sludge. OK, admittedly this album has its moments. "Coming Of Age" kicks things off to a promising start and there is that vague feeling that maybe this ungainly collision of egos might somehow fall into place. No such

luck. For the most part *Damn Yankees* consists of Shaw and Blades going head to head in the vocal department — their idea of harmonies being a battle of the glands — while Nugent wails away trying to drown out both of them. If you don't believe me, listen to the title track! Produced

by mega power pop producer, Ron Nevison, *Damn Yankees* comes off like one of those gooey cake mixes. Lob the contents into a pan, stir it up and bake. Tastes sweet but looks like a mess. It wouldn't be so bad if there was a genuine rock feel to the record. However, so much of it is so overtly commercial, you wonder if the Nuge is

wimping out on us. At least Bad English knew where their strength was (John Waite). These guys still haven't decided who's doing what. Put it down to either a potentially good idea which hasn't developed yet or a superstar jam that's destined to be a one-off effort. Personally, my money's on the latter.

K.S. **



DAMN YANKEES: NUGE WIMPS OUT

Alison Dyer*



OPEN SPACES

By Roman Mitz

Open Spaces is pleased to see a favorable trend developing in Nashville — the success of singer/songwriters. **Rodney Crowell**, **Eddie Rabbitt** and **Clint Black** are just three artists who have found that they are their own best source of material when it comes to creating a hit. Rabbitt's return with the chart-topping *On Second Thought* is especially welcome, as we were beginning to wonder whether his early '80s smash *Step By Step* was to be his swan song.

But although Crowell and Black lead the latest generation of self-made tunesmiths, **Tim Mensey** is gaining ground quickly. His first single, "Home-town Advantage," perked our interest last summer, as the spirit of **Lefty Frizzell** and the soulfulness of **Merle Haggard** were easily detected in its swingin' rhythm. Now, with his first album release, *Stone By Stone*, Tim aptly demonstrates why he's a favorite writer of **John Conlee** and **T.G. Sheppard**, to name just a couple.

Another new singer/composer poised to launch a literal Mac-attack is **Mac McAnally**, who comes to us by way of Memphis. McAnally, who has

earned a solid reputation writing hits for **Jimmy Buffett** and **Ricky Van Shelton**, has just released his debut album, *Simple Life*, and the first single, "Back Where I Come From," shows a lot of promise.

While **Marsha Thornton** doesn't pen all of her own material, the singer has the good sense to fill in the gaps with only the best. She followed k.d. lang's lead by employing legendary producer **Owen Bradley** for her sessions. Next, she blew the dust off the classic "Deep Water," which had been popularized by western swing star **Bob Wills**. Other highlights on her self-titled debut album are a couple of offerings from hot Nashville writer **Max D. Barnes** ("The Other Shoe" and "Climb The Walls"), and a dance hall ditty she co-wrote called "Next Time Around."

Moving from the very new to the very well-established, let's raise a toast to **Eddy Arnold** (and wish him speedy recovery from heart surgery), who is back with a brand new album called *Hand Holdin' Songs*. The man who choked us all up with "Make The World

Go Away" shows that 40 years and 75 million records later, he can go shoulder to shoulder with any new traditionalist.

You can catch a lot of other good old boys on a new Nashville Network series called *The Texas Connection*, which recognizes the Lone Star State's best performers.

Asleep At The Wheel and **Jerry Jeff Walker** are featured performers on the first installments.

Waylon Jennings has just signed a deal to record with CBS, which bodes well for fans who miss the "Hoss" of old. Waylon is recording his label debut, scheduled to be out by midsummer, with his road

band, and eavesdroppers say it marks a return to the high-energy country sound of landmark albums like *Ol' Waylon* and *I've Always Been Crazy*. Meanwhile, his old buddy **Johnny Cash**, always famous for dropping a soliloquy here and there in songs like "A Boy Named Sue" and "One Piece At A Time," offers an entire meditative album called *Johnny Cash — The Spoken Word*. The Man In Black's

reading of the New Testament will obviously be minus **The Tennessee Three**.

Shortcuts: We mentioned some time ago that **Elvis Presley** received only a single Country Music Award, and that was the posthumous *Country Music News* recognition for the album *Moody Blue*. Ironically, Presley's manager, **Colonel Tom Parker**, just knotted the score at one, as he is the recipient of a Career Achievement Award from the Nashville Association of Talent Directors in Las Vegas.... We're glad to see that one of the most underrated country stars, **Bobby Bare**, is once again touring across the nation. If you can only lay your hands on the recent limited release *All-Time Hits* album, you'll find it's a marvelous package containing such hard to find gems as "Tequila Sheila" and "Up Against The Wall, Redneck Mothers."... **Robin Lee**, who was nominated for a CMA Best New Female Vocalist award in 1986, has been laying low for a couple of years, but she's set to return in a big way with "Black Velvet." Talk about having a sixth sense for picking songs; Lee chose to cover **Alannah Myles'** song before anyone dreamed it would be a Number One hit, and her version of **Bonnie Raitt's** "Love Letter" was cut well before the latter was bestowed with four Grammy awards....



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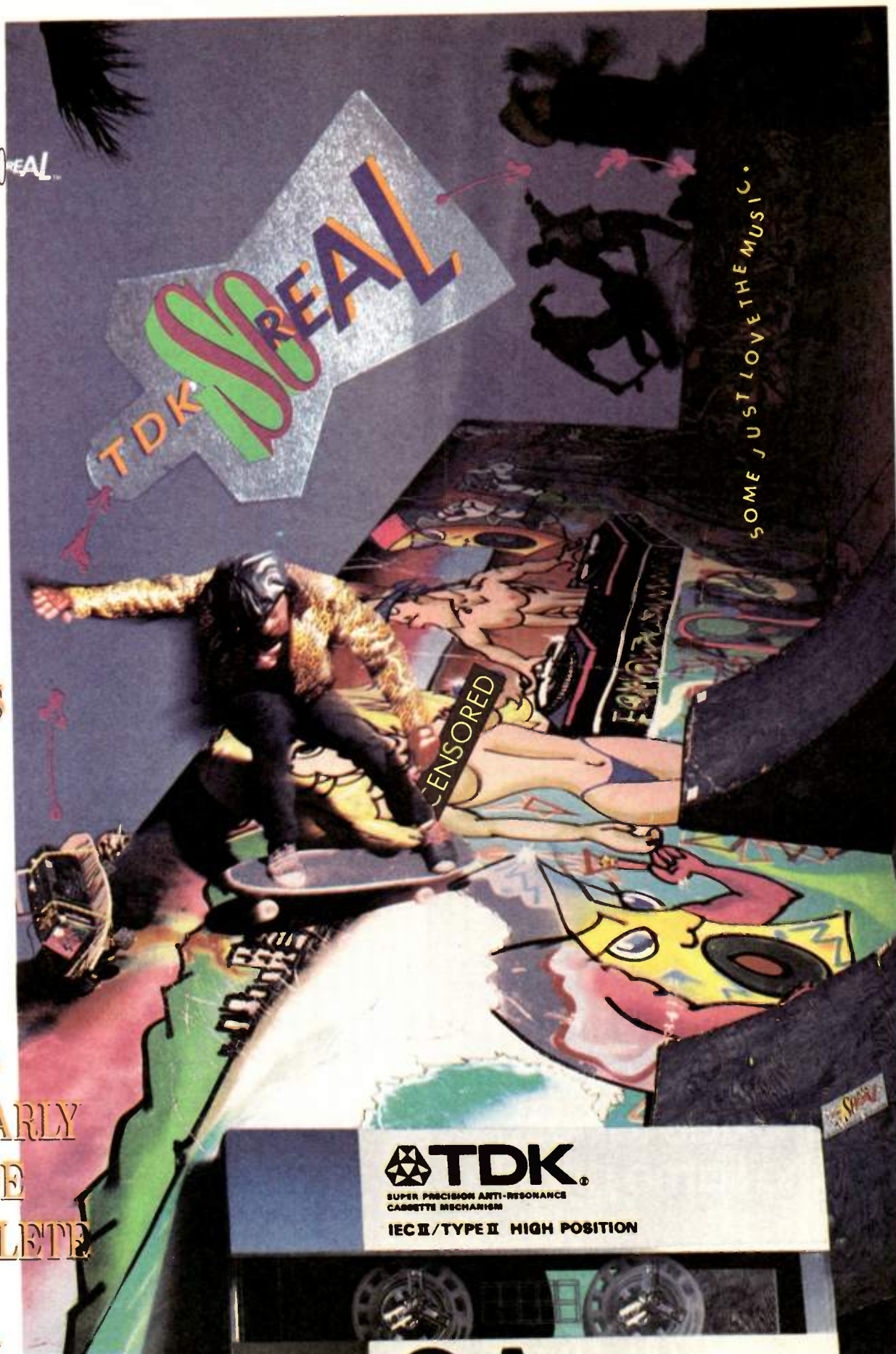
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METALLION By Drew Masters

• Midwestern Metal

Hard rock music traditionally comes from the coasts, but Indianapolis' **Sweet F.A.** is out to bend the rules. With members from Ohio, Kentucky and Kansas, this midwestern quintet is about to stake a claim on the hard rock charts with its debut MCA album, *Stick To Your Guns*, a title that singer **Steven David DeLong** says "pretty much reflects the stance of the band — it's the way we've gotten to where we are, and to where we're going."

One listen to the Sweet F.A. album recalls **Van Halen**, **Aerosmith** and **The Scorpions**, music that DeLong feels "influenced us growing up in the boonies, as it was the stuff on the radio, and they were the bands that came to town. But now we're also being influenced by thrash and new bands like **Faith No More** and **Jane's Addiction**, more for the energy aspect than the music. We've got a pretty broad melting pot of influences."

With similar musical tastes, the members of Sweet F.A. — which consists of DeLong, **James J.T. Thunder** and **Jon Lightning** on guitar, **Jim Quick** on bass and **Tricky Lane** on drums — found themselves to be quite prolific songwriters, which led to the band's quick development. Their first show came after they were together for 11 months, and their signing only three weeks later. "It was pretty amazing," exclaims Steven. "We've only been together 18 months now, and our album is coming out. Everything happened so fast."

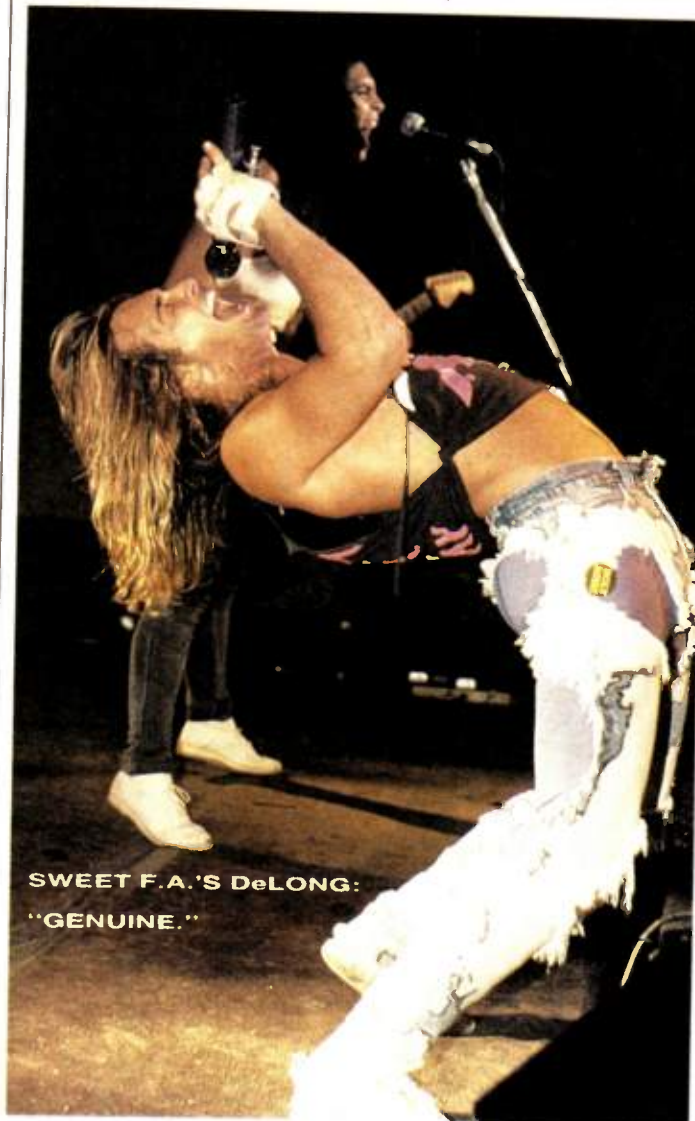
Yet their road to a deal was not paved in gold, according to Steven, as they had to "fight to break down the walls surrounding the midwest club owners, who would not book us 'cause we played all original music. But we did it anyway — we played all the way to Los Angeles and back, doing two sets of original material in places where they'd never heard of us. We just went in and did our show. That's how we got the show tight — we went in on the edge and had to prove ourselves. We got by on our own merits and didn't play cover tunes, which earned us a lot of respect."

Once in L.A., the band did "six showcases in five nights for all the record companies in town," says DeLong. "Geffen was originally interested in us, but then MCA really liked where we were coming from. They told us we were 'genuine,' which made us feel great."

Stick To Your Guns was recorded in Atlanta because, as Steven recounts, "That was the first stipulation in our deal. We wouldn't record in New York or L.A., because we didn't want to get locked into a sound that wasn't us. In Atlanta we got the mode and pace of

the record set up to our liking. I'm sure that if we'd done it in New York or L.A., that would have altered or changed the direction of the songs. We recorded it under a great atmosphere."

And that atmosphere is evident on the record. "Our record has a live, loose feel to it," states Steven. "Yet it's also got a really tight, powerful feel too. It kicks serious butt, and that was what we were after. To us, it works. Now it's up to the fans."



SWEET F.A.'S DeLONG:
"GENUINE."

• Tattooed Maiden

For nearly a decade **Bruce Dickinson** has been the lead vocalist for metal giants **Iron Maiden**. But with Maiden's hiatus from touring has come the opportunity for Bruce to finally do his long-awaited and long talked about solo album, called *Tattooed Millionaire*.

"I've actually put this album out at the wrong time in terms of my career with Maiden, as I've really had no time," Bruce says. "But I'm a great believer in being an opportunist, so when the opportunity arose to cut a song with some friends of mine, I immediately took advantage of it. And it turned out to be a fantastic feeling — so much so that I saw a direction building, and I knew it was time to do the solo album."

"The whole record was written in a

week," chuckles Bruce. "The songs just kept coming out. It's not that different from when I write songs for Maiden with **Steve [Harris]**, 'cause we can come up with four songs in a day. For this record I wrote the songs in collaboration with [guitarist] **Jannick Gers**. It works out to a 70/30 split between me and him, with me controlling the direction of the whole thing."

Guitarist **Adrian Smith** has left Maiden after the success of his solo project,

ASAP, and is pursuing an independent career. Could this mean that Bruce himself may eventually leave Maiden? "Absolutely not," he says.

"There's absolutely no need to, as there's no jealousy going on with the band over the solo record. It's just like **Phil Collins** and **Genesis** — I've got the best of both worlds. I feel I'm smart enough to deal with both things without developing a crazed ego-inflated attitude." In a weird turn of events, Jannick has joined Maiden as a replacement for Adrian,

which should dispel any rumors about Dickinson's departure.

Bruce describes the LP as "a great rock 'n' roll record. It should never be compared to a Maiden record, 'cause it's a different beast. I would never dream of writing this material for Maiden, 'cause it wouldn't fit them. I wrote this material with the guys who are going to play it. I must admit, though, that I did have some extra freedom — it was enjoyable doing some different lyrics and plays on words, and I feel that people will be surprised by the quality of the songs." Some of the titles are "Son Of A Gun," "Born In '58," "Gypsy Road," "Helen's Wheels" and the title track, which will be the first single/video.

The band is scheduled to crisscross

the U.S. for five weeks this spring in "royal fashion," as Bruce puts it, complete with "one bus for the band and crew to live on, with the equipment underneath. Just like the old days."

Next comes the anticipated new Maiden album, which Bruce proudly calls "heavy and good. There's no title yet, and definitely no concept — it's just a bunch of songs put together for a great record, like on *Number Of The Beast* and *Piece Of Mind*. We've been shortening the songs — we're bored with 38-bar guitar solos. We want to make things a bit more concise. We got a bit guilty of overblowing things. Getting away from it for a couple of years and then coming back is like getting back to the roots and rediscovering what it's all about. And for me it's doubly good that I am doing the solo thing now, so that I *really* get back to the roots. I feel that the break was good for all, and that the new album will blow people away."

"We were doing album after album, and it was starting to show that we were doing too much, too soon," Bruce continues. "We got into a bit of a rut, especially me personally. So by doing this solo record I've got some inspirational juices going again, and it's only going to make my performance on the Maiden record better. The band loves my solo album, and Steve had already told me that he thinks it'll outsell Maiden, 'cause it's got the stuff that radio will like. They've never played Maiden. I'm confident though that both albums will do extremely well, 'cause they're killer."

Metal Notes: Rumor has it that drummer **Steven Adler** has left **Guns N' Roses**. However, the band is currently in the studio recording its next album. Also, **Duff** and **Slash** are working on the song "But City" for the new **Iggy Pop** record....**Danzig's** second album is now due in June. It'll be entitled *Lucifuge (Danzig Part 2)*....**Stryper's** latest is *Against The Law*, produced by **Tom Werman**....**Dio** returns with *Lock Up The Wolves*, while former Dio guitarist **Craig Goldie** has a new band called **Ritual**....Our condolences go out to the family and friends of former **Armored Saint** guitarist **Dave Prichard**, who recently passed away from leukemia. He was 26....**Barfly** have been signed by RCA International....An L.A. judge has ruled that **Don Dokken** will not be able to use the name **Dokken** for his upcoming solo project....**Poison** are in Vancouver working on their next album, tentatively titled *Flesh And Blood*....The new **Judas Priest** album, scheduled for summer release, will be produced by **Chris Tsangerides**....The new **Suicidal Tendencies** album is entitled *Lights...Camera...Revolution*....**Badlands** have a new drummer in **Jeff Martin**, former singer for **Racer X**....**Annihilator** are recording their latest, to be titled *Never Never Land*....

CD HOTLINE

By Rick Clark

Pete Seeger is America's greatest living voice for the spirit of folk music. This month he turns 71. From his days travelling with **Woody Guthrie** and performing with **The Weavers** to the groundwork he laid in giving new socially aware talent a place to find an audience (the formation of the influential **Newport Folk Festival** and *Broadside* magazine), Seeger has reached millions of people with his musical gospel for justice, compassion and equality.

Not everyone applauded his work, however. As Cold War paranoia escalated, Seeger's life was made more difficult, and he was blacklisted by conservative political powers who found his humanitarian socialism intolerable.

On June 8, 1963, at the height of the civil rights unrest in the South, Seeger performed his most moving testament to the power of folk music at Carnegie Hall in New York. *We Shall Overcome*, the result of that show, was originally released in a 38-minute abridged version. It's now available in its entirety on an indispensable double-CD set.

At over two hours, *We Shall Overcome* showcases Seeger's uncanny ability to entertain and inform an audi-

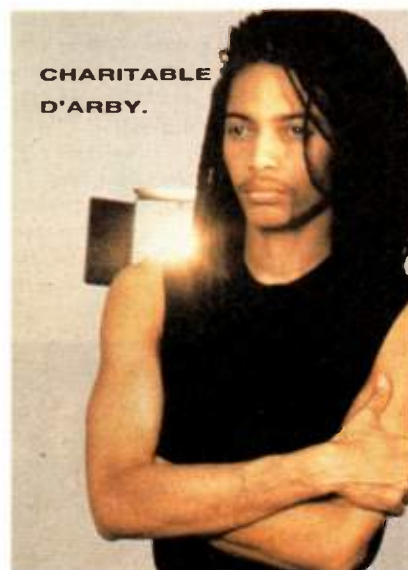
ence with a blend of traditional and current compositions, penned by **Bob Dylan** and others in the vanguard of the folk movement.

The sound quality of *We Shall Overcome* is surprisingly clear and detailed, due to the digital remixing of the original multitrack tapes. And the annotation, by **Leslie Berman** and Seeger, is well laid out and detailed.

Amy Herot, the project co-ordinator, said, "We worked with Pete Seeger very closely. When I first heard it, I thought, 'I can't trim anything out of here — this is history.' That's where the medium of CD seems to really be a great advantage." CBS is currently working on the release of Seeger's concert for children, *Live At Town Hall*.

While CBS scores big points on the Seeger project, they dropped the ball on giving first class treatment to one of their most important and successful acts, **Simon and Garfunkel**. The misleadingly titled three-CD set, *Collected Works*, comprises their five CBS studio albums. However, the live work from *Greatest Hits*, *The Graduate* soundtrack and the 1975 hit "My Little Town" are all missing.

Roy Halee, the original producer for much of Simon and Garfunkel's output, worked with **Don DeVito** on this project. The original two-track masters were largely in such bad shape that in-



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ferior backup copies were all that was available. Nevertheless, some of the originals were remixed, particularly those from their first album, *Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.* The sound quality is better than anything by Simon and Garfunkel that previously existed on CD, but not by much. In fact, a comparison with CBS' own half-speed mastered vinyl *Bridge Over Troubled Water* revealed that the CD version is noticeably weaker in the areas of warmth and top end.

On the plus side, all of the lyrics have been included. Maybe, in a few years, someone will improve upon this release, but for the time being this is as good as it's going to get.

Still Amazing After All These Years isn't a Paul Simon compilation, but a collection of great tracks performed by various artists that have been around for the last 20 years. As the title implies, the intent of this ROM Records collection is to make listeners aware that there are many great artists who have managed to maintain their creative edge over the years.

The collection, conceived by **Keith Holzman** (ROM's founder), showcases great music by **John Hartford**, **Holly Near**, **Eric Anderson**, **Townes Van Zandt**, **Jesse Winchester**, **Tom Paxton**, **Laura Nyro**, **Judy Collins**, **Doug Sahm** and more. Holzman left Elektra Records after 20 years and formed ROM as an expression of his love for music in all forms. *Still Amazing After All These Years* is the seventh volume of a series entitled *All-Ears Review*, featuring the cream of Holzman's never-ending search for the best music available on the indie scene.

"We basically are doing a service," states Holzman. "The intent of the series is to open people's ears to a wider variety of music that they normally won't hear on major radio. We print the originating labels' names and addresses next to the artist's, so if listeners hear a cut they really like, they can track it down at their local music store."

Each of these releases generally op-

erates around a loose musical theme, usually eclecticism. The thoughtful choice of song selection and sequencing manages to present each artist in a very favorable setting. It is subversive psychological programming at its best, designed to illuminate the listener.

"Even though each grouping of artists looks strange on paper, they all work to the ear," says Holzman. "I hate to put music in pigeonholes. We purposely start off in one mood and end up in another mood. It varies from disc to disc."

Those with a predisposition toward the adventurous will find any of these discs rewarding. The other titles in the *All-Ears Review* are *The Hottest New Sounds From African to Jazz To Rock To Zydeco*, *More Hottest New Sounds — African To Blues To Cajun To Rock, Singing Out — Songwriters For The Nineties*, *Still More Hot New Sounds — Blues To Jazz To Reggae To Rock, Cowboys, Lost Loves, New Moons* and *From Barrooms To Bayous*. The sound on all these discs (by **Bruce Botnick**) is excellent.


The T.J. Martell Foundation for Leukemia, Cancer and AIDS Research has just put out two CD releases entitled *Super Sessions Volume One* and *Volume Two*. All the net proceeds from the sale of these compact discs will go toward finding a cure for these terrible diseases.

The foundation, formed 10 years ago, is supported by people in the entertainment industry. The money goes to research at the T.J. Martell Memorial Laboratory at Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York, and at the Neil Bogart Library at the U.S.C. Medical Center in Los Angeles. Anyone who has seen the effects of these diseases knows how they can ravage the dignity of their victims.

All of the following artists contribute their biggest hits. There's no fat on either of these discs, and the sound quality is top notch as well. *Super Sessions Volume One* focuses on rock. The artists who have contributed to this worthwhile cause are **Midnight Oil**, **U2**, **INXS**, **Pink Floyd**, **Robert Plant**, **Lita Ford**, **The Georgia Satellites**, **Foreigner**, **White Lion**, **Bruce Hornsby**, **The Bangles**, **Europe**, **Tommy Conwell** and **The Young Rumlbers** and **Bruce Springsteen**.

Super Sessions Volume Two is decidedly more pop-oriented. **The Beach Boys**, **Terence Trent D'Arby**, **Taylor Dayne**, **Debbie Gibson**, **Will To Power**, **George Michael**, **Icehouse**, **Phil Collins**, **Basia**, **Bobby McFerrin**, **Kylie Minogue** and **Henry Lee Summer** are all represented on this disc.


If you are just getting into buying CDs and you're looking for a good representation of recent hits to start off your collection, the purchase of *Super Sessions* will be a good solution, as well as an aid in finding a solution to these horrible diseases.



ROCK

BIOGRAPHIES

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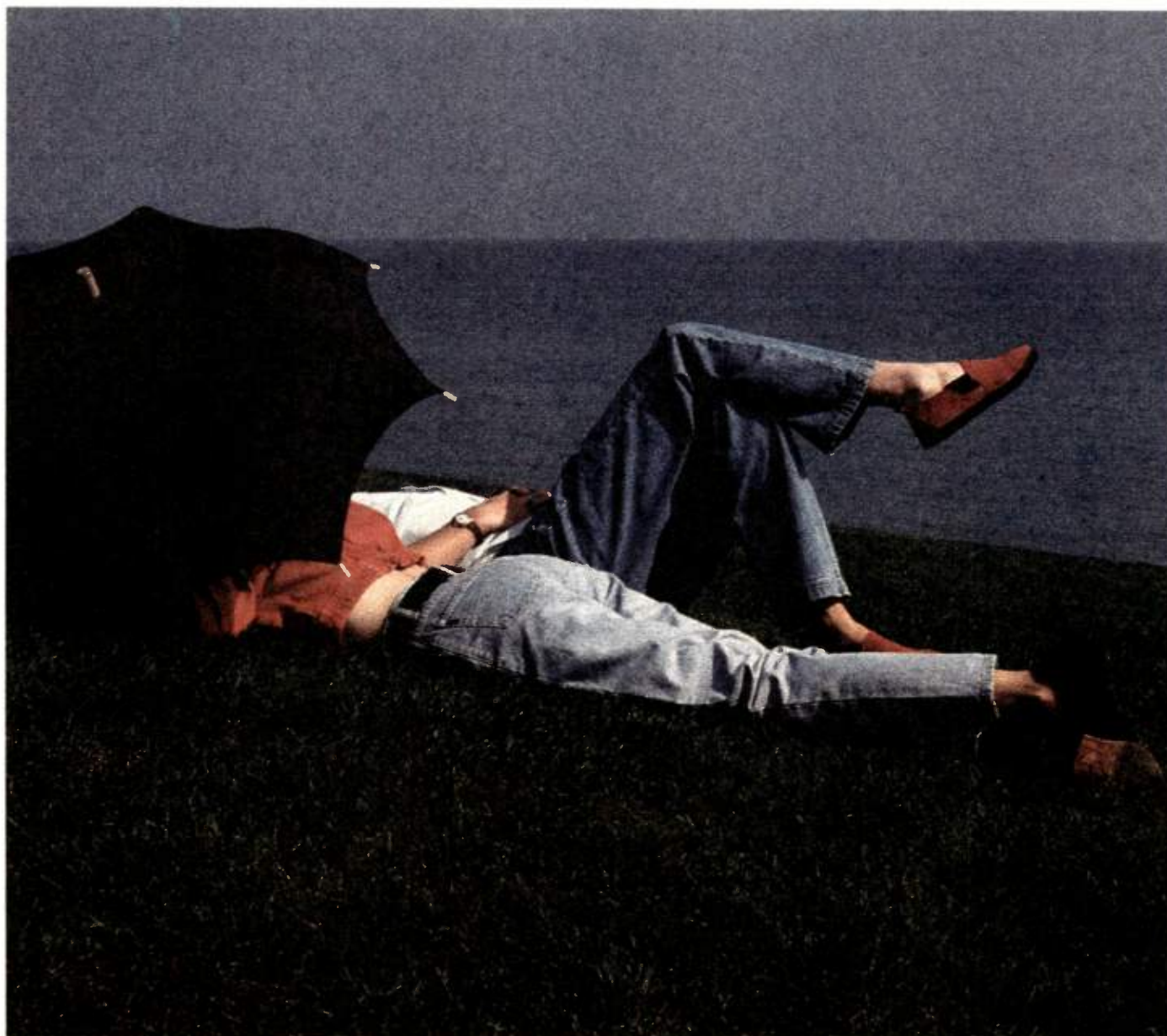
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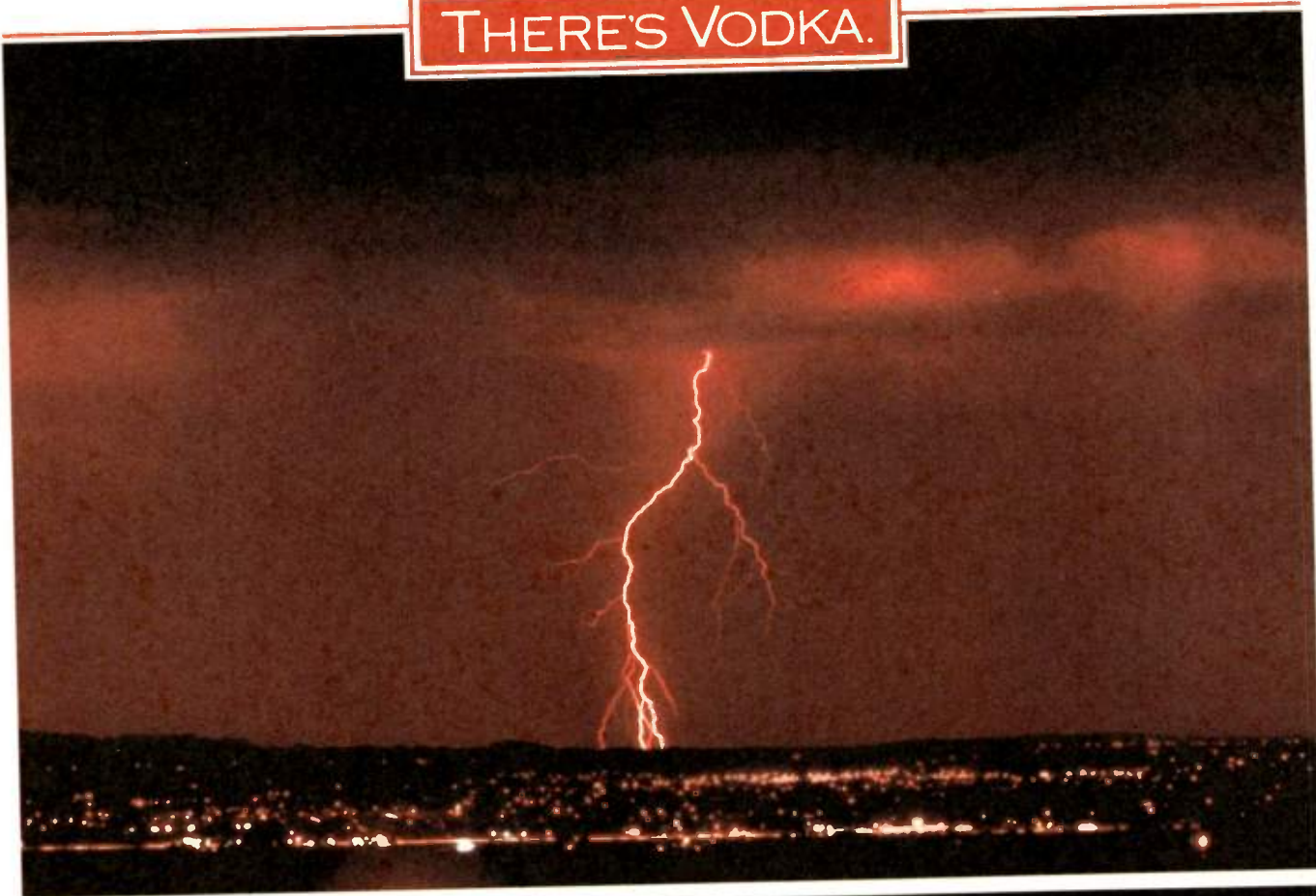


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JAZZ STREAMS

By Rob Reid

Venerable drummer **Max Roach** and legendary trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** get us off to an exceptional start this month. Their *Max And Dizzy — Paris 1989*, from A&M Records, offers a real "look Ma, no accompaniment" duet that challenges and rewards close listening.

Roach's incredibly inventive performance dispels any notion that the drums are strictly percussive; in Roach's hands they are an ensemble. And throughout, Roach succeeds in doing what the best jazz does — he plays music that combines the cerebral and the devilishly rhythmic, giving your mind, as well as your feet, hands and (if so inclined) pelvic area something to follow. And Roach inspires Dizzy to some of his best playing in recent memory. Priced at what really is a two-for-one CD, this live outing is a bargain and includes a recorded interview with the two giants.

Since a vast majority of releases, for one reason or another, don't have staying power, it's great to come across an album that walks itself back to the stereo. Vocalist **Carmen McRae's** *Carmen Sings Monk*, on RCA Novus Records, took several rides when it first came in my door, and still gets exercised frequently. Composer Monk's legacy is at once idiosyncratic and yet fundamental, so that it has become common currency in the jazz world, and words add further dimension to what is already remarkable music. McRae's voice, with its soft, wry rasp, is an ideal match, as is the tenor saxophone of **Charlie Rouse** (Monk's longtime sideman), who is heard on several tracks. Many of the lyrics were written by **Jon Hen-**

dricks, who deserves a Ph.D. in vocalese — the art of creating lyrics based on instrumental solos and performances. Note that the CD has two extra tracks from a live concert and all the musical elements are in place — McRae's accompanists use her vocals as springboards for breezy improvs. Fans of Monk, McRae and jazz need not hesitate.

An album that won't find its way back to the turntable as easily is the latest from **Chick Corea** and his **Elektric Band**. Titled *Inside Out*, this GRP release shows a band whose chops get better and better — bassist **John Patitucci** and rock-powered guitarist **Frank Gambale** get my MVP votes — but the keyboardist/leader's compositions do little more than pave a runway for technical dazzle. Unfortunately I have to agree with a colleague's assessment of Corea's recent work: it's too similar and, worse, soul-less.

Corea's labelmate, **Steve Khan**, fares better. The guitarist can play up a storm, but his idea of fusion also includes evocative settings and a sense of play helped by pan-cultural rhythms. Khan's GRP album, *Public Access*, is eminently appealing. Meanwhile, guitarist **Dennis Coffey** is looking for an even larger audience than Khan is. *Under The Moonlight*, on Orpheus Records, is pop from the word "go," but Coffey acquits himself well, given the limited ambitions of this session.

While we're popping along, poppy bopster **Sadao Watanabe** has issued his latest effort on Elektra records. *Front Seat* gives Watanabe a chance to show off his lyrical bent, spiked with bop flourishes. Just beware the overcooked arrangements and...the Synth.

By contrast, the more progressive **Gary Thomas And Seventh Quad-**

rant offers a fresh merging of acoustic and electronic sounds, as heard on the recent *Code Violations* from Enja Records. First you notice the musicality, then you notice how it developed. A sax and flute player to watch in the '90s, Thomas also impresses with his writing. Textures and contexts shift imaginatively, from a dense septet to the intimate flute/guitar duet of the CD bonus track, "Trapezoid."

Meanwhile, **Courtney Pine**, the young saxophonist whose performances are frequently an audio shrine to the late **John Coltrane**, now expands his toned-down avant-garde repertoire to include forays into traditional territory. His Antilles Records release, *The Vision's Tale*, is handsomely recorded, and while Pine is still at his agile best when he puts on the Coltrane hat, it's encouraging to hear him reach for the standards. I suspect that, like trumpeter

Wynton Marsalis, Pine has the ability to achieve whatever he sets his sights on. Speaking of Wynton, his family took part in this session: dad **Ellis** sparkles on piano and brothers **Del-feayo** and **Delbert** produced and

played bass, respectively.

Lastly, an erratum note: the photo in the March Jazz Streams was inadvertently labelled as **Ahmad Jamal**. Eagle-eyed keyboard fans will recognize it is, in fact, **Clyde Criner**.



BOOTSY COLLINS:
KING OF THE
SPACE BASS.

SOUL FUNK-TION

By Otis Winthorpe

Producer **Bill Laswell** and mixer **Robert Musso** have been sticking their thumbs in some pretty funky pies of late, and Otis got the inside tip on some heavy releases coming up. First and foremost, the king of the space bass, **Bootsy Collins**, will be releasing a magnum club opus called "Jungle Fever," which melds a house groove with Parliament-style funkisms, and references to everything from **James Brown** and P-Funk jams to **Techno-tronic(!)**. This song comes in various mix incarnations, and Bootsy's **Rubber Band** includes some of the all-time funkier cats in the world: **Bernie "Da Vinci" Worrell** on keyboards (including some licks on the monophonic bass Moog synthesizer he played "Flashlight" on) and the original **Horny Horns**, including **Maceo Parker** and **Fred Wesley** (who, like Bootsy, are also distinguished James Brown alumni). Talk about stoopid history on the house tip!

Bootsy and the Horny Horns also grace another important upcoming Laswell-Musso-sweetened jam: **Caron Wheeler** (of **Soul II Soul** fame) has a deep song called "UK Black," about the post-World War II immigrants to London from the Motherland Africa and the islands. A little more uptempo, but definitely in the Soul II Soul vein, this song brings a message to the funky but formerly vacuous **Jazzy B**. stuff.

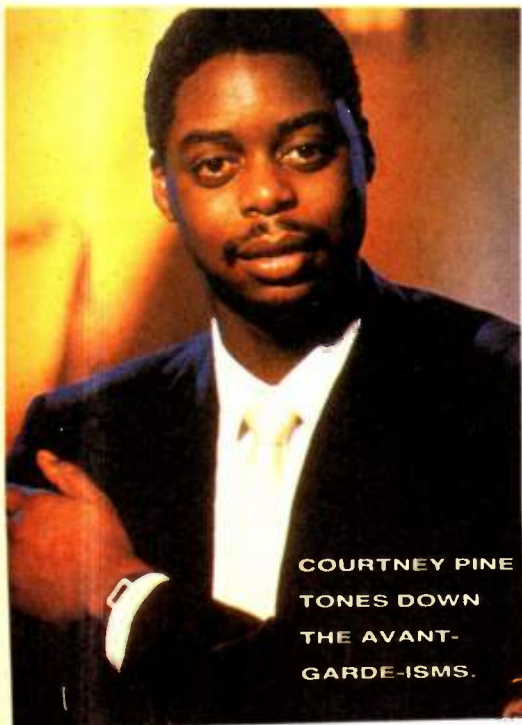
Another much-anticipated artist is **Monie Love**, whose guest appearances on **Queen Latifah's** "Ladies First" and **De La Soul's** "Buddy" are no-joke testimony to the fact that she might be the best female rapper in the business. Otis got to preview the hype-hype "I Do What I Want" (which has some tough

rock guitar punches) and the virtuoso rap "Monie In The Middle," both of which are produced by the dudes from **Fine Young Cannibals** and mixed by Musso.

Otis recently got his hip-hop fill at a five-hour-plus (!) show at the Apollo Theatre which was half of *Rapmania*, the pay-per-view TV special that will probably be showing by the time this column appears in print. Simultaneously taped in New York and L.A., *Rapmania* features an incredible lineup in terms of history and current jacks: the original B-Boy DJ **Kool Herc**, **The Sugarhill Gang**, **Melle Mel** and a bunch of old-school brothers all the way through **Roxanne Shante** (looking good and doing some of the most overt gyrating Otis has seen onstage), **L.L. Cool J** (whose smokin' "Jinglin' Baby" just about brought the house down), and **Eric B. and Rakim** (who did a new song, which is absolutely killer — Rakim is the dopest of the dopest) and many, many more. This is the biggest rap situation ever.

There is a serious thing happening in Belgium, of all places, that calls itself **New Beat**, and it's kinda neat. Utilizing slowed-down house beats and acidic sonic stuff, and with its own bizarre style of clothes based around icons created from oval porcelain photographs stolen from tombstones (word!), let's see if it'll "take America by storm" the way lambada did.

The soundtrack to **Kid 'N Play's** *House Party* flick has some choice rhymes, including a **Flavor Flav** solo outing and the latest in the **L.L. Cool J/Marley Marl** collaborations, called "Til The Break Of Dawn." This L.L./Marley hookup is proving to be pretty hot indeed, with the superriff "Illegal Search" and the remix of "Jinglin' Baby." Otherwise, **A Tribe Called Quest** and **Mary Davis** are gettin' mucho play at the chateau d'Otis. Peace!



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LOOK HEAR

By Kerry Doole

The range and quality of music homevideos now available continue to improve dramatically, and Look Hear's mandate will be to keep you abreast of the newest and best offerings on the market.

We'll lead off with Warner/Reprise, which has just released long-form videos from four of the most original tal-

rock 'n' roll poet is captured at his intense best here.

PolyGram Music Video has a wide range of new releases. Spearheading its list is *Sowing The Seeds*, a 30-minute video package from **Tears For Fears** that includes clips of their recent hits "Sowing The Seeds Of Love" and "Women In Chains" plus "Tears Roll Down" and interview footage with **Roland and Curt**. The multi-media blitz from **David Bowie** continues with *Love You Till Tuesday*, a video that features

rare footage based around his early material, including the original version of "Space Oddity."

Also on PolyGram are new titles from **Kiss**, **Texas**, **Deep Purple**, and **Yngwie Malmsteen**, while offerings from two key bands of the British punk era are of special interest. *Here Are The Young Men* is a video package of **Joy Division** in performance that includes a promo clip for their trademark song, "Love Will Tear Us Apart." The power and passion of this great group still shine bright 10 years after the death of lead singer **Ian Curtis**.

Video Snap is a "Best Of" compilation of 15 **Jam** songs, including the 1982 hit "A Town Called Malice."



TEARS FOR FEARS: AND THEY CAN TALK!

Aging punks feel-
ing nostalgic for that blitzkrieg era of 1976/77 can now check out *The Punk Rock Movie*, a raw but compelling portrait of London punk. 75 minutes of mayhem for \$19.95 U.S. list via Rhino Home Video.

The prime new release from Virgin Music Videos is *New Town: Bryan Ferry In Europe*. This 90-minute in-concert tape features the suave crooner performing solo hits as well as such **Roxy Music** favorites as "Avalon," "Love Is The Drug" and "Slave To Love."

Finally, country music fans are reminded to look out for the recent Cabin Fever release, *The Making Of "Will The Circle Be Unbroken, Vol. 2"*. This takes a behind the scenes look at the creation of **The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's** much-lauded epic record, and features such giants of the genre as **Johnny Cash**, **Roy Acuff** and **Emmylou Harris**, as well as the likes of **Bruce Hornsby**, **Roger McGuinn** and **Chris Hillman**. 87 minutes of musical history for \$24.95 U.S. list.

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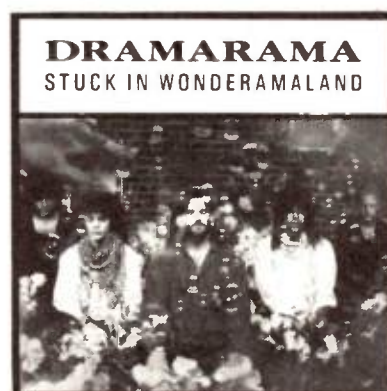
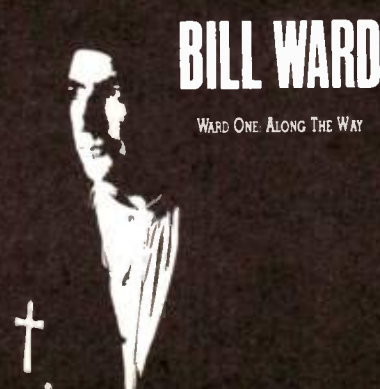
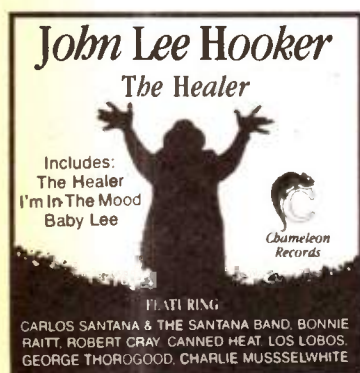
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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Live Performance

JANET JACKSON

Skydome

Toronto, ON

From the opening line, "This is a song about control," through the video-faithful performances to the closing credits (yes), The Janet Jackson Show is a carefully timed, precision-choreographed audiovisual spectacle. All the big hits from *Control* and *Rhythm Nation: 1814* (by the way, 1814 is the year "The Star Spangled Banner" was written) are performed one after another, accompanied by dancers, fireworks, shoots of flame, lots of lights and smoke and baby-voiced cries of "How're You Doin'? I Love You!"

Now that we can hear it live (this is her first tour), it's apparent that Janet's voice is a little on the thin side, but fortunately she can rely on her extremely tight, powerhouse funk band (led by keyboardist Chuckii Booker), some snappy dance moves and the genuine electricity generated by her songs to compensate.

The refreshingly feisty attitude that distinguished Janet from her increasingly eccentric brother and made her a star comes through best on "What Have You Done For Me Lately," during which she and a posse of female dancers march with righteous indignation across the two-tiered stage to the cheers of the audience. Other highlights are "Alright" (also shown on video, with cameos from Cab Calloway and Cyd Charisse), "Nasty Boys," the very Prince-like "Escapade" and the finale, "Rhythm Nation," which is a great song, even if it *does* rip off Sly Stone.

The only real drawbacks in the show are a distinct lack of spontaneity and the fact that the band is virtually unlit and hidden in the background, behind the dancers. Sometimes it seems as though it could be Michael up there (has anyone ever actually seen them together?), and her newfound interest in the betterment of the world isn't entirely convincing, but for the most part Janet has succeeded in establishing a persona for herself, and using it to give her songs some genuine punch.

Mary Dickle

ALANNAH MYLES

The Bottom Line

New York

Within 15 minutes of setting foot on the normally staid Bottom Line stage, Alannah Myles informs the crowd (heavily laden with record industry flacks, by the way) that she's "a bitch" and "a slut." While certainly a unique

take on standard stage banter, that doesn't accurately describe what Alannah Myles *really* comes across as. The petite Canadian is more of an ingenue — but one who quaffs her brewski straight from the can. Like some off-kilter hybrid of Pat Benatar and Taylor Dayne, she's a purveyor of supper club rock 'n' roll.

And while rock 'n' roll, not unlike lobster newburg, is generally a must to avoid when served up in such a setting, careful foraging can yield a few tasty morsels. Myles' powerful, often blustery voice is perfect for the stripe of tuff-girl balladry (epitomized by the woozy, fractious chart-topper "Black Velvet") she's dented — make that *totalled* — the public consciousness with. But aside from a hyper-extended version of that song and a romp through "Love Is," she spends precious little time tilling that field.

Instead, she seems bent on proving she's a bad-ass rockin' dudette. Perhaps it's simply the after-effects of being cooped up in the studio for eons (as was the case before the release of her eponymous debut), but her ostensible enthusiasm during Bad Company/

ZZ Top derived boogie numbers like "Just One Kiss" and "Kickstart My Heart" borders on hysteria. The flesh-flashing antics, however, are rock 'n' roll once removed — a sanitized, micro-minied, ready for franchising version of the real dirt.

Oddly enough, Myles delivers her best when she tries the least. She gives the sultry "Stray Cat Blues"-inspired "Hurry Make Love" just what it needs: a veneer of detached insinuation that fuels the demand of the title. Similarly, the sinewy barroom twang of "One Man Woman" stands out from the rest of these songs of true blue love (hers) and cheatin' hearts (theirs) because it's the least perfectly choreographed.

It's clear that Alannah Myles has a magnificent voice. It's clear that she's possessed of a commanding presence. And it's clear, not least by virtue of her statements to the effect, that we'll never see her in this intimate a setting again. Whether she ends up trodding the boards in arenas or Vegas dinner theatres, however, is entirely unclear. And entirely up to her.

David Sprague

LLOYD COLE/ THE GRAPES OF WRATH

Tor 3

Dusseldorf, West Germany

Lloyd Cole may enjoy little more than a cult following in fickle North America, but in Europe he's a genuine star. That fact was made crystal clear by the extremely warm response he got from the German crowd at Tor 3, a huge converted warehouse in Dusseldorf's industrial sector.

Opening rather audaciously with a cover of "Why Don't We Do It In The Road," Cole then moved smoothly through a selection of romantic, plaintive and slightly bitter songs from both his new solo album (*Lloyd Cole*) and the three he made with his former band, the Commotions. Live, Cole's performance is less dreamy and more hard-rocking than on the album, and the three-guitar attack (with Cole, Robert Quine and Mathew Sweet) adds quite a kick to the songs. On several tunes Cole's singing and Sweet's strumming are sharply punctuated by Quine's guitar breaks. Quine, a former Voidoid, is a formidable guitarist who isn't heard playing rock'n'roll often enough anymore. And although he refrained from stealing the show from the fairly laconic Cole for most of the evening, part-way through "I Hate To See You Baby Doing That Stuff" he let himself go, tearing his way through the powerful "Sweetheart" and generating a fair amount of ear-splitting noise. Other highlights were the single "No Blue Skies," "A Long Way Down" and "What Do You Know About Love," which featured the Hammond organ of former Commotion Blair Cowan.

Cole's choice of covers revealed his lyrical and vocal debts to Lennon, Dylan and especially Reed. Altogether it seems as though Cole's move to New York and new partnerships have given him a real shot in the arm, and us a very strong performance.

Opens The Grapes Of Wrath, touring Europe with Cole to promote their *Now And Again* LP, also rock a little harder live than they do on record. But their sound is still more delicate and acoustic-based than Cole's and therefore their songs suffered more from the sound problems in this echoey warehouse. On several of the quieter songs, like the single "All The Things I Wasn't" and "What Was Going Through My Head," the clarity of Kevin Kane's and Tom Hooper's harmonies tended to get buried in the mix. Not surprisingly, the rockier songs went over best with "Slay" and the set's closer, "Do You Want To Tell Me," probably the strongest performances. But generally The Grapes managed to rise above the sound problems and win over the audience.

M.D.



JANET JACKSON: BIG SHOW, THIN VOICE.



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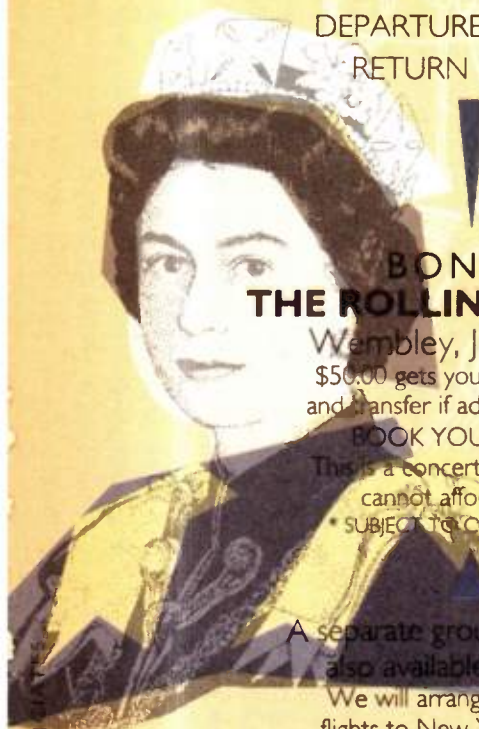
THE ROLLING STONES*

STATUS QUO

THE WHO*

* STILL TENTATIVE

UNDERGROUND



Escape Routes



EVENT TRANSPORTATION
SYSTEM

I'M ALL SHOOK UP.

I can't believe it. I just can't believe it.
I always thought he wasn't even a remote possibility.
And he caught me so off guard.
I said the stupidest things!
I was just concentrating on not dropping dead
right then and there.
I just kept thinking no way, no way...
Friday night and I, like, pretended
I had to think about it — as if I had forty other things
I'd rather do. Can you believe it?
He said it's taken him weeks to get up the nerve.
Those eyes...what a doll.



**FOR FRESH BREATH
BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.**

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

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DID YOU KNOW



Dick Tracy
opens June 15.

Hollywood Pictures*

The Dickeyman Cometh.

Peter Sorell/The Walt Disney Company

? That the war on the South American drug cartels is set to spread to the screen with *Wings Of The Apache*. This action drama stars **Nicholas Cage**, **Tommy Lee Jones**, **Sean Young**, and the Apache helicopter, the most lethal gunship in the world. ? **Mel Gibson** and **Goldie Hawn** team up this summer in *Bird On A Wire*, a fast-moving romantic comedy. They play two old flames whose relationship catches fire again as they make a cross-country dash for their lives. Directed by **John Badham**(*Stakeout*). ? We are real sick of Lambda movies already! ? One reason Academy members may have unfairly overlooked **Spike Lee** for the Oscars is that he takes away jobs by

doing everything himself! As usual, in the upcoming *Variations On The Mo' Better Blues* Spike not only wrote, directed, and produced, but he stars alongside the Oscar-winning **Denzel Washington** and **Ruben Blades**. The theme involves a contemporary New York trumpeter forced to choose between his music and his women. ? *Dive!* will torpedo those dreary underwater epics like *The Abyss* and *Leviathan*. Described as a spoof along the lines of *Airplane!*, its cast includes **Ned Beatty**, **Roddy McDowall** and **Robert Vaughn** and the crew of the "U.S. Sub Standard." ? Sequel summer is upon us. *Back To The Future III* is scheduled for a Memorial Day opening, *Gremlins II* shortly

after, then the return of your favorite android arresting officer in *Robocop II*. Sure to be a summer smash is *Another 48 Hrs.*, which reteams **Eddie Murphy** and **Nick Nolte** and promises more break-neck thrills. ? In *Pros & Cons*, **Charles Grodin** and **Jim Belushi** play a couple of loveable losers; an ad exec and petty criminal respectively. The zany comedy is directed by **Arthur Hiller**. ? August should see the take-off of *Memphis Belle*, a much-anticipated drama that tells the story of the young American crew of the B-17 World War II bomber. The strong cast includes **Matthew Modine**, **Eric Stoltz**, **John Lithgow**, **D.B. Sweeney**, and hot jazz star **Harry Connick Jr.** ? The Dickeyman Cometh. Yes, this month sees the much-awaited appearance of *The Adventures Of Ford Fairlane*. Its star, **Andrew "Dice" Clay**, once boasted "I think I'll be the hottest comic that ever lived," and look for *Fairlane* to turn up the heat. Clay has previously appeared in *Casual Sex*, *Pretty In Pink*, and that cool TV series, *Crime Story*. As for future movie work, "Dice" claims "I'd like to do some fast-paced, funny movies that are commercially successful. Like the *Rocky* movies. Everyone makes fun of them, but everybody goes to see them." ? 'Til next.

Kerry Doole

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BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

Dentyne

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

Dentyne

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

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Dentyne

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

Dentyne

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER KNOW.

Dentyne

Harry and costar: "So far I've had very creative casting."



Demmi Todd/Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

Tales From The Brite Side

By Kerry Doole

When Debbie (now Deborah) Harry appeared in the hit TV show *Wiseguy* last year as a washed-up pop singer, her performance somehow seemed too painfully real. After all, it came nearly a full decade after Blondie's brand of post-punk pop sold in the millions, in the process launching Harry as the most photogenic of all the new wavers.

The bulk of the '80s saw Harry's former cultural starring role reduced to a series of cameos — a couple of comparatively unsuccessful solo albums, roles in some fringe movies (*Videodrome*, *Union City*, *Hairspray*), a play (*Teaneck Taz*), and songs on a few film soundtracks (*American Gigolo*, *Scarface*). Right now, however, Deborah Harry's on a roll, living out the words of her *Wiseguy* character's catchy theme song, "My 20-20's true, I'm looking on the brite side."

Ironically, part of Harry's bright side is *Darkside*. The just-released *Tales From The Darkside: The Movie* is a contemporary horror thriller based on stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (who, of course, wrote the Sherlock Holmes mystery novels), Michael McDowell (*Beetlejuice*), and frightmeister Stephen King, and it marks another step up the acting ladder for Harry.

In an interview prior to the movie's release, Deborah apologetically explains, "I really can't tell you very much about it — I don't want to ruin it straight away! The three stories in the film are linked together by a connecting thread that I provide. I have seen the rushes, and it looks beautiful!"

Ironically, for the third time in a movie, the far from domestic-looking Deborah portrays a housewife. "In *Union City*, I played a very traditional kind of housewife who likes to keep the place looking nice," she says. "In *Hairspray* [John Waters' wacky comedy] I was a *hausfrau*, but really more like the proverbial stage mom.



"And in this one, my character lives in Connecticut and drives one of those big Wagoneer station-wagons!" she says enigmatically.

According to the producer of *Tales From The Darkside*, Richard Rubinstein, "This is a film in the 'things that go bump in the night' tradition of scare-movie-making. Our first objective is to combine great story-telling and acting, and the special visual and make-up effects are meant to embellish the story. I feel that the most popular horror films are ones that present characters the moviegoers can recognize and identify with."

Rubinstein's credits show that he is quite familiar with the desires of horror flick devotees. He produced such scary classics as *Martin*, *Dawn Of The Dead*, *Creepshow* and *Pet Semetary*, the latter the highest-grossing film adaptation of a Stephen King novel. And the screenplay was co-written (with McDowell) by the infamous George Romero, whose series of *Dead* films (starting with the classic *Night Of The Living Dead* and continuing through *Dawn* and *Day Of The Dead*) changed the face, as it were, of the horror genre.

And *Darkside* sports a mighty impressive cast. In the first tale, "Lover's Vow" (written by McDowell), James Remar (*Drugstore Cowboy*, *The Dream Team*) and Rae Dawn Chong star as a Soho artist who makes a deal with a monster and the woman who helps save him.

The second segment features Christian Slater, lately of *Heathers*, in an ad-

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adaptation of "Lot 249," a short story by Arthur Conan Doyle about a college student who falls victim to a mummy's curse.

And in the third story, "Cat From Hell," adapted by Romero from a Stephen King short story, William Hickey (*Prizzi's Honor*) and David Johansen (*Married To The Mob*) co-star as a desperate millionaire and the professional hitman he hires to eliminate a nasty feline. As mentioned, the central thread that connects the three tales is Harry's sinister suburban housewife character.

Deborah Harry is still a comparative novice in thespian terms, but time is clearly destined to change that. "Acting is an off and on thing for me, and I'd like it to be a little more on than it is," she says. "Maybe now that I'm back full swing working again, it will pick up. So far I've had very creative casting, and I've gone on a lot of auditions and met lots of directors. If you were really going to specialize in this business, you'd move to L.A., where you can really meet and hang out with the people in this business."

Somehow the image of Deborah hanging out with the in-crowd at the Polo Lounge doesn't quite ring true. She is a Manhattan girl through and through, exuding that sense of Big Apple sang-froid from every pore of that translucent skin, and it's not actually that surprising that her earlier film work has generally been done for directors that are definitely outside of the Hollywood mainstream (like David Cronenberg and John Waters).

For the past six months, however, Harry's acting ambitions have been placed on hold while she has devoted all her energies to the resuscitation of her singing career. Her long-awaited third solo album, *Def, Dumb & Blonde*, registered mighty low on the Richter scale in North America, but became a genuine hit internationally. The single "I Want That Man" (written especially for her by Thompson Twins Alannah Currie and Tom Bailey) ironically fought it out for the Number One spot on the Australian charts with The B-52's "Love Shack."

"That was perfect; really exciting," says Deborah of her friendly rivalry with her former new wave peers. "I've been a fan of The B-52's for years. In fact, Kate [Pierson] is my neighbor, and Fred [Schneider] lives a few blocks away. A neighborhood feud, I guess!"

Harry pinpoints the resistance of radio as something that's still a stumbling block for her in America. "It is a little harder to conquer radio in the States," she explains, "and our music has always been a little bit off-center."

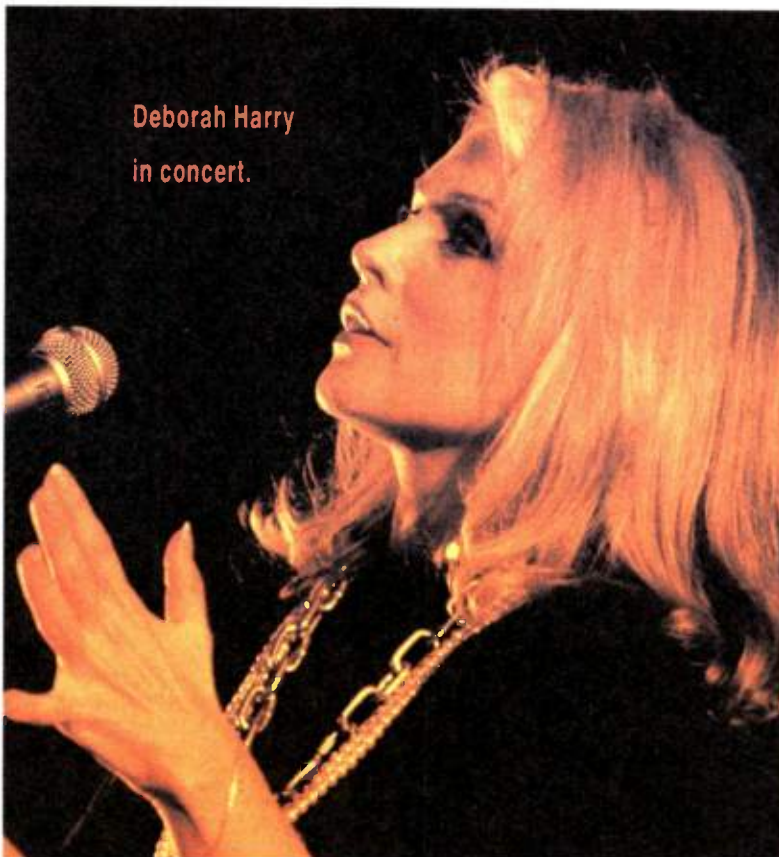
And recent attempts to reach a new audience via a rather ill-matched support slot with Tears For Fears have highlighted the generation gap now facing Harry.

"There's a lot of real little kids in the arenas. I

don't quite know what they think of us," remarks Chris Stein, Harry's long-time collaborator in Blondie and now a key player in her solo career.

Via a potentially tragic situation, Chris Stein was responsible for Harry's retreat from the spotlight for a large chunk of the '80s. In 1983, he was diagnosed as suffering from pemphigus, a rare and sometimes fatal genetic disease. Long-time lover Harry selflessly devoted herself to Stein's welfare,

Deborah Harry
in concert.



very straight!"

"Debbie keeps the music entertaining for me," continues Chris. "She always maintains that people should at least be having a good time with the music."

Both Stein and Harry express discontent, however, with many facets of modern pop. "It's amazing, some of the stuff people consider rock 'n roll now," sneers Chris. "It is more like Wayne Newton and Dean Martin; so bland and MOR."

"To me, rock 'n roll, at the formative stage, had a sense of danger," adds Debbie. "But some of the stuff you see now — all these women who come across as cheerleaders. It's just mind-boggling to me!"

Chris Stein is similarly disenchanted with other facets of contemporary American culture. "The art scene in New York is totally f***d up!" he says. "The whole thing is cutting its own throat; the film industry, the fine arts, the gallery scene. No one will take any chances, because there is so much money involved. Yet the only things that can break through are the things that take risks."

Warming to the topic, Chris volleys on. "The drug problem has caused a huge vacuum in America," he says. "No one is looking for anything anymore; the social situation has got so bland and empty. America is now the land of conservatism, and that is reflected in art."

Renewed repression of artists and state-sanctioned censorship, specifically in the form of attempts by politicians to cut funding to art galleries that show homoerotic or otherwise controversial work, also

Ed Yee

confirming suspicions that under the cool, chic facade of the pop pin-up beat a warm, compassionate heart.

She may have been pre-Madonna, but Deborah Harry is certainly no prima donna. On interview day, she is plagued by a nasty, hacking cough, but she graciously fulfills her duties under circumstances that would have seen lesser lights simply cancel everything. Even through the heavy cold, Deborah manages to look movie-star gorgeous. Only a few neck lines give any hint of her 44 years, while her body is in such good shape that she confidently shed her inhibitions and most of her clothes onstage at one recent gig.

For the talk ritual, she has a willing accomplice in Chris Stein, and the outsider can soon detect just how the pair have maintained such a productive personal and professional relationship (even if, as reported, they are no longer lovers). Certainly, they acknowledge that their artistic approaches are healthily complementary.

"Without Chris, I don't know if I'd ever have got involved with those things," says Deborah, speaking about her left-field work with the likes of avant garde New York poet John Giorno. "Those people are not normally attracted to me, because I look

concern Deborah. "I feel like I'm probably on a blacklist because I've been photographed by [the late, and certainly controversial, artist] Robert Mapplethorpe," she says. "It is possible!"

Don't peg the duo as cynical bohemians yearning for the good old days of New York punk, though. "With that CBGB's thing, the whole personality cult backfired in a way," contends Chris. "It started out as a backlash against faceless bands like Chicago, but in a way it went too far. Now it's all personality, with hardly any music involved."

Intriguingly, some of the most colorful personalities of that punk era — Iggy Pop (who is in John Waters' latest film), David Johansen et al. — are, like Harry herself, beginning to light up the celluloid. Johansen (aka Buster Poindexter) is, in fact, also starring in *Tales From The Darkside*, a coincidence that pleases long-time friend Debbie immensely.

As she explains, "Back in 1972, when we were stumbling out of the Mercer Arts Centre [a famous N.Y. punk hang-out] in our platform shoes after drinking too much Southern Comfort together, who could have known we'd end up in a horror movie together?"

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