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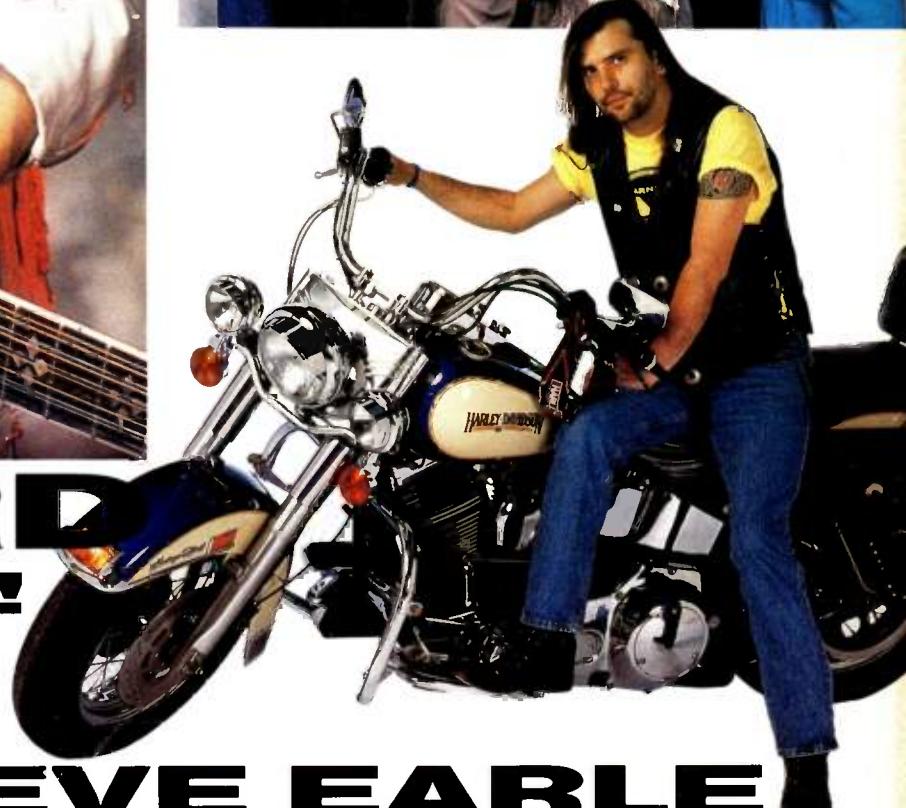
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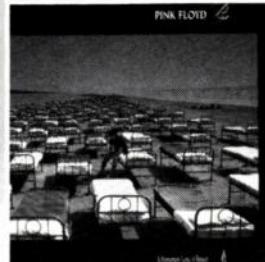
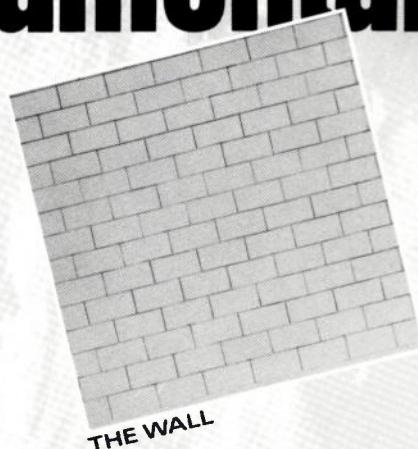
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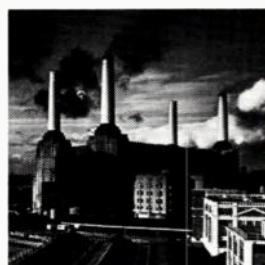
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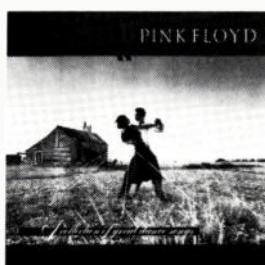
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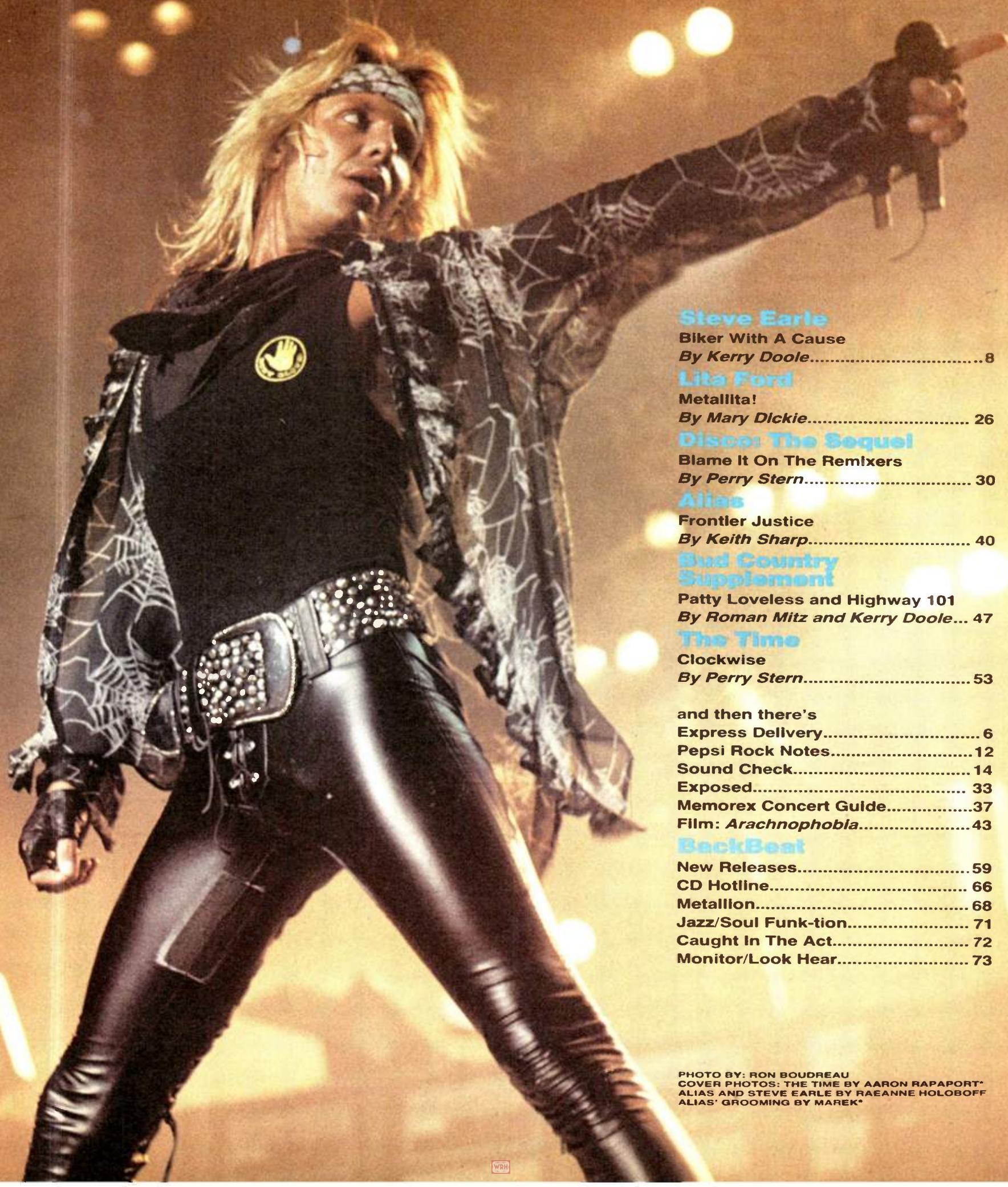
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contents

AUGUST 1990 / VOLUME 14 / ISSUE 150



Steve Earle

Biker With A Cause

By Kerry Doole.....8

Lita Ford

Metallita!

By Mary Dickie.....26

Disco: The Sequel

Blame It On The Remixers

By Perry Stern.....30

Alias

Frontier Justice

By Keith Sharp.....40

Bad Country Supplement

Patty Loveless and Highway 101

By Roman Mitz and Kerry Doole...47

The Time

Clockwise

By Perry Stern.....53

and then there's

Express Delivery.....6

Pepsi Rock Notes.....12

Sound Check.....14

Exposed.....33

Memorex Concert Guide.....37

Film: Arachnophobia.....43

BackBeat

New Releases.....59

CD Hotline.....66

Metallion.....68

Jazz/Soul Funk-tion.....71

Caught In The Act.....72

Monitor/Look Hear.....73

PHOTO BY: RON BOUDREAU
COVER PHOTOS: THE TIME BY AARON RAPAPORT*
ALIAS AND STEVE EARLE BY RAEANNE HOLOBOFF
ALIAS' GROOMING BY MAREK*

express delivery

The Meaning Of Life

I want to support the nomination of The Moody Blues into the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame in 1990. The quintessential search for meaning in life is exemplified by the music of this unique and gifted band. The lyrics written by John, Justin, Graeme and Ray point out that the accessibility to truth, goodness and beauty is right in front of us, if we are courageous enough to choose it. These people are master poets.

Kathy Panagiotis
Ashby, MA

Pounds And Sense

As both a woman and a fan, I was highly offended by the sexist nature of Greg Potter's interview with Nancy and Ann Wilson of Heart (M.E. 147). First, he referred to them as "billion-dollar bag ladies." What was the purpose of that? Why is he placing such an emphasis on Nancy and Ann's appearance? Is he trying to say that women should always be dressed up as "rock 'n' roll goddesses" in order to please men?

While this comment was rude, it was mild in comparison to the one he made when he implied that Nancy had done the vocals on "These Dreams" because Ann had "slipped a few pounds past the edge of voluptuousness." If Mr. Potter had been interviewing males, I'm certain that that topic would have never been brought up. If Steven Tyler gained 20 pounds and Joe Perry did the lead vocals on an Aerosmith song, I would be willing to wager that Mr. Potter would see no correlation between the two events.

Granted, the rock 'n' roll industry is very visual, especially with the emphasis placed on music videos these days, but I think that Mr. Potter was completely out of line to suggest that Nancy would sing a particular song because of Ann's weight. If he'd done his home-

work, he'd know that Nancy has done the lead vocals on at least one song on each album, with the exception of the two Mushroom LPs, *Dreamboat Annie* and *Magazine*, and that obviously there has not been an attempt to switch the profile of the band, since Ann has continued to sing a majority of the songs released since *Heart*. Basically, Mr. Potter's argument is totally without merit, and is merely a pathetic vehicle for his sexist attitudes.

Tamara Stanko
Ann Arbor, MI

expression, nothing is.
Mitchell Hasenkamp
Hastings, NE

Let's Hear It For Prurience

I can't believe that the general air of prudery has gotten to the point where a person who works in a record store has to be responsible for the lyrics of the records he or she might sell. I hear that a Supreme Court judge has found the 2 Live Crew album to be ob-

this society has a real problem if it finds the expression of our sexuality offensive.

Karen Hall
Madison, WI

A Vanity Page?

I want to tell you that of all the magazines based on musical artists, *M.E.* is the best. I especially enjoyed your in-depth articles on Alannah Myles (M.E. 145) and Billy Idol (M.E. 147). My favorite artist is Vanity, even though critics despise



SHOULD ANN AND NANCY DRESS TO PLEASE MEN?

Nose Jewelry Update

I keep looking for Great White in your concert guide. Have I missed it? Is this band in another country? I could have sworn they were supposed to be touring this summer. Maybe I should be looking under Great White Shadow?

By the way, don't let people make fun of nose jewelry. Jane Child isn't the only one who wears it. I look at these people and think, 'My God, a drain plug is going to swing down from that ear!' If that isn't self-

scene, on the grounds that it has no artistic, scientific or political value, and is "prurient."

To begin with, what's wrong with being prurient? According to my dictionary, all it means is interested in or curious about sexuality, and who isn't? By definition, isn't that judge being prurient for even thinking about 2 Live Crew's song "Me So Horny?" I'd like him to answer me this: what's the difference, essentially, between "Me So Horny" and "Too Darn Hot," or "I've Got A Crush On You" or any number of other well-loved songs? They're all about sex, and if you ask me,

the image she projects. I find both her singing and her acting talent great. If you can reserve one page for heavy metal artists, whose videos show women scantily dressed, then why can't you write an article on her?

Silvia Paoletti
Montreal, QU

Correction

The photo credit under the Andrew Dice Clay/Ford Fairlane pic in Issue 147 should have read Robert Isenberg/20th Century Fox.

me

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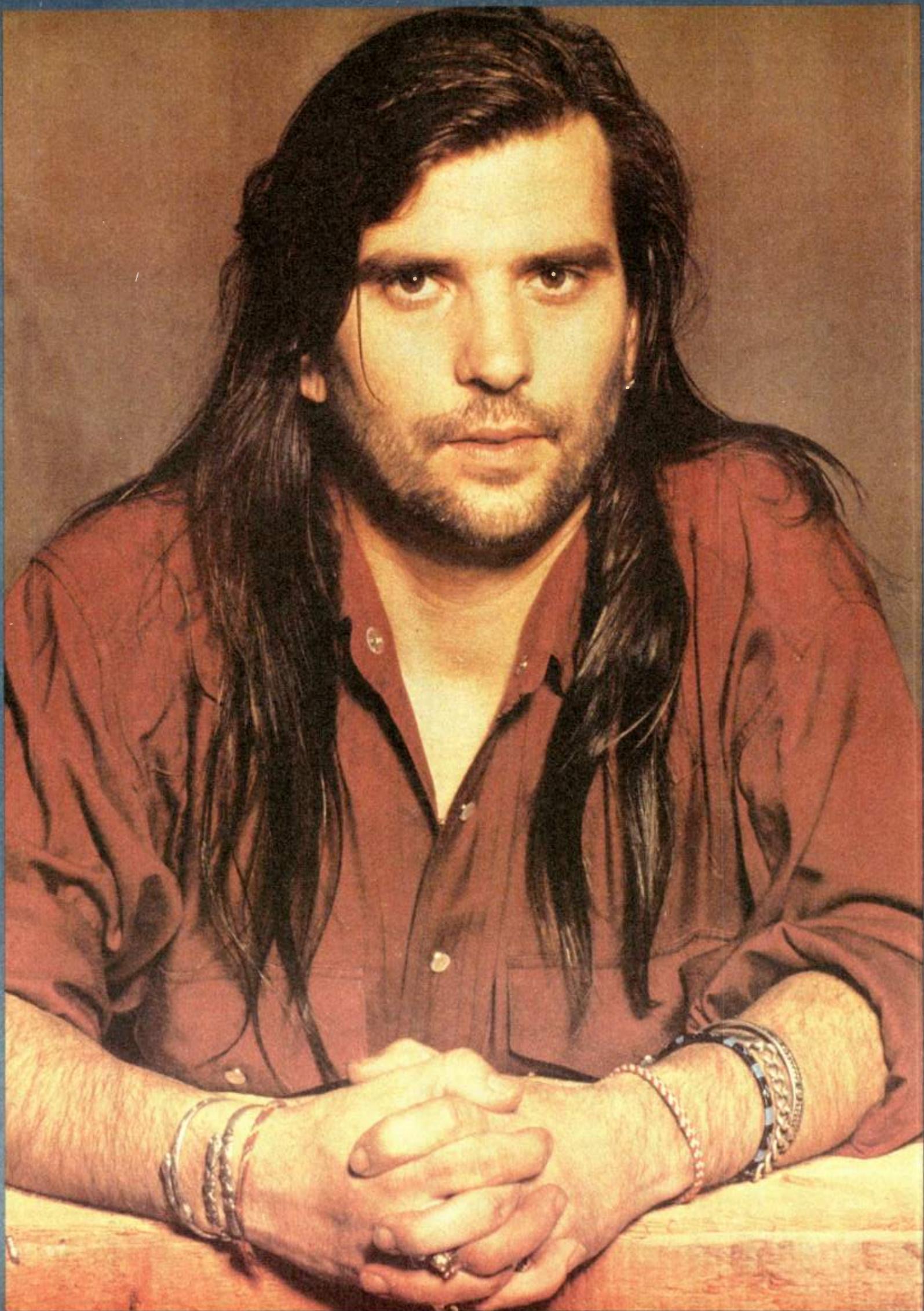
"DREAMTIME"

WRH



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The intense look in Steve Earle's piercing dark eyes softens for a rare split second. "The biggest misconception about Steve Earle? There are people in the music business that are actually afraid of me, that are intimidated by me! I'm really not trying to project that, but there are times it comes in handy. I honestly didn't realize I was threatening to people until a long time after it began. I'm not usually dangerous to anyone but myself and people that are really close to me."

Considering that he looks like a recruiter for the Hell's Angels, Steve's surprise at his image seems a little naive. The "fear no evil" skull & crossbones tattoo on his upper right arm is now balanced by a newer one on his other bicep ("just had this bit added in Amsterdam last week," he explains proudly), while his long, lank hair, scraggly beard, earring, and leather jacket complete the roguish picture.

So, you yawn, another tattooed millionaire rocker with a heavy attitude and a matching Harley (Steve has four). Big deal! But first impressions can lie. Steve Earle may just be the best singer/songwriter in American rock 'n' roll, and beneath the aggressive exterior beats a compassionate, fearless heart matched by a sharp, inquisitive intellect.

Since 1986, this rebel with a fistful of causes has released four albums (five, if you count the belated release of *Early Tracks*, his early rockabilly record)—a body of work that embraces country, folk, and raunchy guitar rock and that deserves to be placed alongside, if not above, that of peers like Springsteen and Mellencamp. 1988's tour de force, *Copperhead Road*, sold over a million copies worldwide and established Earle as a serious commercial, not just critical, force.

Genuine success may be his, but it sure hasn't bred complacency, as his new album, *The Hard Way*, proves. Judging by his animated analysis of the record, Steve clearly feels it is his best work to date.

"Both my vision of it going in and my idea of it when I finished is that it is much more focused than *Copperhead Road*," he says. "That album was almost two in one, divided into two sides. *The Hard Way* is a band record [made with his ace group The Dukes]; something I determined from the get-go, as we were so hot after coming off the Dylan tour.

"I think we've reached more of a true symbiosis of country and rock on this record, as opposed to doing one thing on one track, one thing on another," Steve continues. "All of the elements are blending into one sound."

That one sound, however, continues to defy easy description. *The Hard Way* tosses gospel (a Baptist church choir on "When The People Find Out"), boogie ("West Nashville Boogie"), a good ole boy anthem ("Regular Guy"), and Celtic hard rock ("Justice In Ontario") into the mix, but coherence is eventually attained via the strength of the songs, the virility of the playing, and Steve's distinctive rough as rattlesnake hide voice.

Steve maintains, "There's more of me on this record than any other. There's more blood on the tracks; it's my most personal record since *Guitar Town* [1986's acclaimed debut]. When you do that, you face the danger of doing something too inside or inaccessible, but I think we avoided that. I know we did with *Guitar Town*. That album was about the business I'm in, travelling for a living, but I've had truckdrivers who think it is about a truckdriver. Anyone who travels and is away from their kids can



WITH A CAUSE

BY KERRY DOOLE

Nashville outlaw Steve Earle kickstarts his Harley and heads back onto the road in search of inspiration, stopping long enough to say that his new album, *The Hard Way*, is his best shot yet at a true symbiosis of country and rock.



relate to a song like "Little Rock n Roller." The pitfall you have to avoid is that people don't want to hear you feeling sorry for yourself because you have to travel around in a bus that costs more than their house!

"I think I have a pretty clear idea of who my audience is and the lines of communication are still very open. I go out of my way to make sure I don't run out of things to write about, and part of that is in the way you live. Most of the time I live in Fairview, a real small town outside of Nashville, and that allows me to move around a little more normally than if I was still living on Music Row there and only seeing people in the music business. That distorts things.

"We still travel by bus, and that keeps you a bit more in touch. You see things at ground level, you meet people in truckstops, whereas if you fly it is just a process of getting from Point A to B. In anything you do, you have your own set of trials and tribulations. I have my own set of shit I have to go through to do this, same way someone with a real job does. What you have to remember is how to relate that to the average person's life. I was never regular in that sense. I've always led a bohemian lifestyle, never subject to the 9 to 5 thing or the rules most people have to live by."

Earle freely admits his own middle-class background (his father was an air traffic controller in Texas), but he has become a genuine hero to the working class and dispossessed who inspire so many of his songs. As his eloquent liner notes on

The Hard Way go, "We are all people living in a society that equates money, stature and power with dignity when in most cases nothing could be further from the truth."

He also puts his money where his mouth is, having created The Fearless Heart Fund to help provide crucial early education for children from homeless families and donating the royalties from "Nothing But A Child" off *Copperhead Road* to the cause. "It's all about not perpetuating homelessness by bringing up another generation of homeless," he says.

Not that Steve always has to look around to kick-start the muse, though. His turbulent private life has taken him from teenage rebellion through skirmishes with the law and a marriage rate that threatens the records of Liz Taylor and Mickey Rooney (still in his mid-30s, he's now on his fifth!).

Does he ever feel he's shaken up his own life just to provide subject matter? "There have been times when I thought I may have done that, but as you get older you discover that life is hard enough without creating drama for yourself," he replies. "I don't have to try that hard. My dad used to say I did everything the hard way, and he'd wonder why. I'd think, 'That's crazy. Why would I make things hard?' But I probably did."

The "blood on the tracks" Steve refers to spills right across the grooves of *The Hard Way*, most tellingly on "The Other Kind." The already oft-quoted "I'm still the apple of my mama's eye, I'm my daddy's worst fears realized" may sound like macho bluster, but the song is actually a painfully

Imaginary Timeline of the Ancient World



charisma

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honest self-portrait — "leave it up to me to say something wrong and hurt someone before I'm done," it says. Back in the liner notes, Earle describes the dilemma he's been wrestling with since his career caught fire. "I've been trying to figure out what one does with one's self once one's dreams have come true... After a lot of laughter and no small amount of pain, I think I know the answer. Find another dream — fast !!!"

"Yes, I started out with a particular goal in mind, then I realized that goal. A dream now is not as simple a thing. I'm now trying to learn to do what I do and be a human being too. When you're young, you're more resilient and tougher by nature. Right in the middle of things you can grit your teeth and take the blows head on, or you can weave and bob a little bit. As you get older, you get better at bobbing and weaving, or else there's a point at which it catches up to you."

Steve literally took it head on in an infamous incident in a Dallas nightclub back on New Year's Eve 1987/8. An altercation with an off-duty policeman led to the serious charge of assaulting a police officer, but Earle pleaded his innocence and was later given probation on the charge of resisting arrest. "I came so close to going to prison for a crime I didn't commit, just because a law-enforcement agency didn't want to admit they were wrong," he says.

That skirmish helped fuel "Justice In Ontario," the new album's dazzling master-stroke. The song cleverly integrates Earle's fascinations with Canada, the Irish, bikers and a corrupt justice system and sets it to the stirring sound of a hard rock mandolin! "I got hold of a four-string electric mandolin and ran it through a Marshall [he dubs the result a Mandoblastar]," he explains. "Once I had that sound, the song wrote itself in one night.

"The Black Donnellys in the song were more or less the worst Irish white trash you can imagine [they were an immigrant family in rural Ontario 100 years ago]. They were probably responsible for every horse that disappeared within 100 miles! Jim Donnelly galvanized the entire community against him, and one night they went out there, burned the whole place to the ground, and killed everybody, including small children."

The song then goes on to compare this case with what Steve considers the framing of bikers for a recent murder in the same province. "They were convicted on so little evidence!" he says. "These guys were really tried for being members of a motorcycle club. The way I look now, I could have been picked up and charged with that murder, given the climate of the time."

Steve Earle's empathy with bikers and their steeds is a genuine one, as opposed to the seemingly affected pose of L.A. rockers and movie stars. He's delighted when a beautiful Harley Softail is produced for our photo session, and he knowledgeably swaps technical tips with the Harley riders who

have congregated.

"I now feel pretty decadent having four Harleys," he says. "What you go through to keep a Harley running is incredible. You pretty much have to work on them yourself; that's the whole deal. I love having a bike available if the weather's good and I'm working in the studio. I get to a stopping point and instead of just hanging out, I'll take a break. You get on a bike and it really does blow the cobwebs out. There's a release involved that I don't think you get from anything else in the world."

And the Irish connection? Well, in the last few



years Earle has become involved with some of the best Irish (and Scottish) bands around. He collaborated with The Pogues on the last record's rollicking "Johnny Come Lately;" he's been covered by The Proclaimers, and he and his wife, A & R exec Teresa Ensenat, were crucial in the signing of Energy Orchard. So what's with the Celtic kinship?

"Earle is an Ulster name. My father is Scots-Irish and my mother's family is Irish Catholic. There may be a genetic affinity, but more likely it is as simple as the fact that country music comes directly from Celtic music. From the white side of pop, the very strongest influence has always been Celtic music. I can't think of two more opposite forms of music than very pure, old pre-Opry mountain-based

country music and British metal in the sense of that demons and dungeons shit, yet they're both derived from forms of British folk music. I also seem to have an affinity, both musically and lifestyle wise, with everyone I've met from Ireland."

A similar warmth is felt toward Canada, a country in which Steve Earle is already a bona fide superstar. "Copperhead Road sold over 400,000 copies in Canada, which is like selling four million records in the States," he says. "We tour at a whole different level up there. My goal at this point is to bring things in the States up to that level.

"I do want to reach as large an audience as possible. I could probably have made more money faster by taking some shortcuts offered to me along the way, especially in the realm of country music, but I'm not about to sacrifice autonomy. I'm not dissatisfied with the way my career has gone, and things building slowly have probably made it easier to maintain my sanity. But I think what I do is very mainstream music; I don't think there's anything alternative or eclectic about it."

Steve Earle's music has, however, been deemed too eclectic by the country music establishment, and he still sports a chip on his shoulder about that. "I see myself as a refugee," he says. "I tried to elevate a faction of country music. I felt I was doing something for it by bringing in a younger audience. I was more or less run out of town on a rail and banished to rock music."

About three years ago, Steve was lumped in with such hot country newcomers as Randy Travis and Dwight Yoakam, and the media looked on as the purist Dwight and progressive Steve duked it out (remember Earle's classic "Dwight eats sushi" insult?). Earle, however, always maintained that "if anything, I identify with the so-called outlaw movement in Texas and Tennessee during the '70s [Waylon, Willie, Jerry Jeff Walker, etc]. That's who my teachers were, and I'm picking up from that point."

Steve's revenge on Nashville may come by kick-starting the promising rock 'n' roll scene there. "I think it is time for another place in the States outside of L.A. and New York to make records," he says. "The factions outside country music in Nashville are starting to stick together, which is healthy."

Earle has done some writing with his buddy Jason Ringenberg of the now sadly defunct Jason and The Scorchers, and he's currently producing a Nashville hard rock band, Guilt. You can still find him checking out the likes of The Ramones and The Del-Lords at The Cannery, but he admits to hanging out less in Nashville now.

"I spend time in California because of my marriage, and then my kids tend to keep me anchored in Fairview, so I don't see shows as often as I should," he explains. "But you have to have a life too!"

Just maybe Steve Earle is learning to live life without doing it the hard way. Maybe. ■■■



Rock notes

the ACTIVE voice

There was a time, not too long ago, when **Michael McDonald**'s voice was everywhere — his **Doobie Brothers** hits, solo hits and the No. 1 duet with **Patti LaBelle**, "On My Own," were all being played on the radio. But although there's been a five-year gap between his last album and his new one, *Take It To Heart*, McDonald says he hasn't exactly been out of the public eye.

"I've been playing live a lot, with my band, and then we had the opportunity to play more shows with the release of the song with Patti," he says. "Then there was a 'best-of' album that did well in England, so we played over there as well."

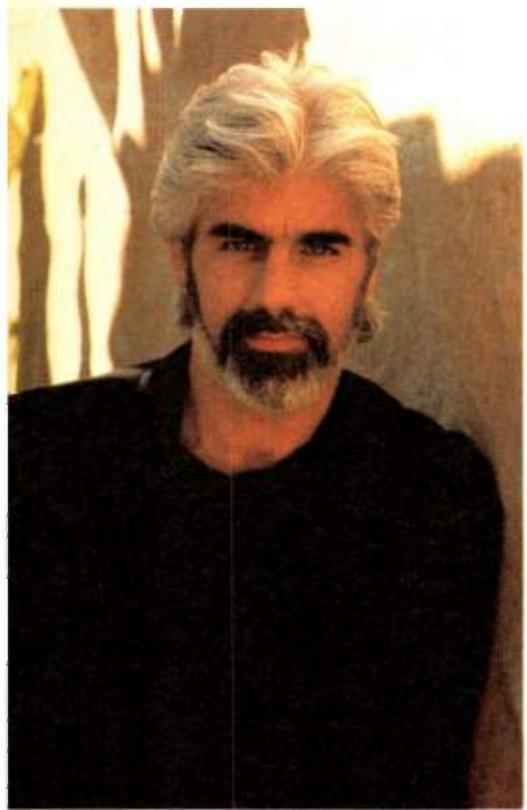
"We actually had this album ready to be released last August — we'd shot a cover and everything. But we just felt we'd gotten a little too close to the Christmas release season, and we were afraid that the competition we were up against might be a little too fierce."

In any case, *Take It To Heart* features the work of four different producers: **Ted Templeman** (Van Morrison); **David Gammon** (Scritti Politti); **Gardner Cole**; and the ubiquitous **Don Was**. "I think we had a little more range this time, as far as the types of songs were concerned," McDonald says. "I was looking for different ways of recording stuff that might make it interesting."

One approach McDonald and Was used involved experimenting with some unusual instruments, like the coral sitar and African log drums, which McDonald says were **Jeff Porcaro**'s idea. "You had to see them to believe them," he marvels. "They were about seven feet long and huge — these big logs, sitting in the middle of the studio. They were great to look at — after the session was over I found myself just staring at them."

McDonald is the possessor of one of the most instantly recognizable voices in rock, which can be a mixed blessing, he says. "I'm glad for it, but sometimes it seems like a curse when the guy who's checking the groceries out in the store starts doing his Mike McDonald impersonation — it can get a little unnerving."

Mary Dickie



SOBER EXCITEMENT

It is not without some irony that *The Allman Brothers Band*'s first single in nearly a decade is titled "Good Clean Fun." "Yeah, Gregg Allman laughs, "just about everybody you see today is cleaned up and rehabbed, including us. It feels really good. At first I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to play without it. A lot of people feel that way. It acts as a little shot of courage, but hell, it's just effortless. The music has the same excitement it's always had, but it's better now that everyone's sober. They can feel it."

Long considered among the baddest boys of rock, the Allmans have a 20-year history that reads like pulp fiction, with harrowing tales of drug and alcohol abuse, arrests, deaths (guitarist Duane Allman and bassist Berry Oakley both died in motorcycle accidents) and notoriety — Gregg was briefly married to *Cher* in the mid-'70s. Despite their excesses, the band left a legacy of Southern-styled rock and blues that remains a reference standard today.

Now, nine years since the band called it quits, the Allmans seem prepared to face the future with a new album, *Seven Tums*, and a full-scale tour about to begin. "We still have the old fans, but now we have a bunch of new ones too," Allman notes proudly. "You look out there and see a bunch of young kids. It's really a great feeling. It's almost hard to figure out. It's like we roped a generation gap here!"

Tina Clarke

Nightmares Of Mingus

Long regarded as an expert musical gene splicer, **Hal Willner** has produced inventive recordings honoring talents as diverse as Thelonious Monk, Nino Rota, Kurt Weill and Walt Disney. By pairing artists in unlikely combinations, Willner gives the music a refreshing and often unexpected twist. Where else might you find *Sinead O'Connor* warbling Snow White's plaintive "Someday My Prince Will Come," or *Todd Rundgren* performing the jazz classic "Four In One?"

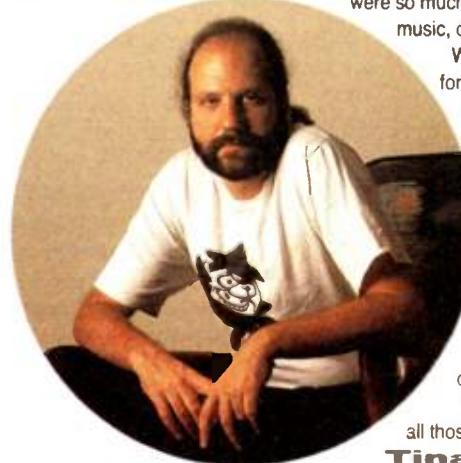
Willner is currently finishing a tribute to the late **Charles Mingus**, one of the most audacious jazz composers of his time. Titled *Weird Nightmare*, the album is expected to be released early next year.

"The subject of Mingus really scared me," Willner admits. "His songs were so much his feeling and him. Monk's music was like pop music, comparatively."

Willner assembled a stellar cast of musical characters for the project, including a "house band" consisting of **Don Elias**, **Francis Thump**, **Bill Frisell**, **Michael Blair**, **Greg Cohen** and **Don Byron** in order to give the record an overall musical continuity. Guests artists include **Vernon Reid**, who covers "Work Song," **Elvis Costello**, who does "Weird Nightmare" — in what may be his finest vocal performance on record — and **Keith Richards** and **Charlie Watts**, who play the appropriately titled "Oh Lord Don't Let Them Drop That Atomic Bomb On Me;" Watts also offers his first-ever drum solo on record in a cover of "Tonight At Midnight."

"This one's important," Willner says. "It's my reply to all those other multi-artist tribute albums out there."

Tina Clarke





Old Guns Too



The Singing Cowboy

Dave Stewart knows what the question is before it's even asked. No, he's not splitting from **Eurythmics**, because that would mean a creative separation from **Annie Lennox**, and he can't see himself doing that. But yes, Dave Stewart does have his own band: **Dave Stewart And The Spiritual Cowboys**, whose LP, *Diamond Avenue*, will be out this fall.

"I guess it was inevitable, really," explained Stewart as he prepared to finish the final mixes in a Manhattan studio. "I love writing lyrics, but I had a hard time writing the appropriate lyrics for Annie. It's difficult to write songs like 'I Need A Man.' That comes from her. That's what she wants to sing and write about."

Diamond Avenue salutes Stewart's key influences: **Bob Dylan** and **John Lennon**, with material that in some instances sounds uncannily like his mentors'. "I suppose you could say that," Stewart said. "But it wasn't a purposeful attempt to copy them; my natural singing voice is very much like theirs."

Although supported by the likes of Dylan, **George Harrison** and **Eric Clapton**, the members of Stewart's new band are all relatively unknown, save drummer **Martin Chambers**, who used to toil for **The Pretenders**. Guitarist/backup singer **Nancy Vernon** is the daughter of noted Canadian actor **John Vernon**.

Having debuted his band at the International Music Awards telecast out of New York recently, Stewart is committed to a full tour later in the year. However, he insists that another **Eurythmics** album is in the cards for next year.

Keith Sharp

While the band **Bon Jovi** is on an indefinite "hiatus," **Jon Bon Jovi** himself has been exploring another musical genre — writing and recording the soundtrack for the movie *Young Guns II*.

"Having the script was a rewarding surprise," says Jon. "It gave me the subject matter. Bon Jovi songs are from my own experiences, and these were *Billy The Kid's!*" Another surprise was not being confined to straight-ahead rock 'n' roll. "The album had no parameters musically — examples being the orchestra on 'Santa Fe,' or the accordion on 'Blood Money,' or even the girl background singers, which is new, because the band sings so well," he says.

And what a band! **Jeff Beck** on lead guitar, **Elton John** and **Little Richard** on piano, **Benmont Tench** from **Tom Petty's** band on keyboards, **John Mellencamp**'s drummer, **Kenny Aronoff**, **Journey's** **Randy Jackson** on bass, **Aldo Nova** on guitar and **Waddy Wachtel** on rhythm guitar.

"I sat in awe at first," Bon Jovi confesses. "Then it was funny telling Jeff how to play... then wanting to kick myself."

Bon Jovi wasn't the only one who was a little starstruck by the assembled talent. "When Jeff first met Little Richard, Richard came into the room and extended his hand to shake mine," Jon recalls. "Jeff jumped out of his seat and introduced himself. Richard returned with, 'I know who Jeff Beck is.' Then Jeff broke into a version of 'Lucille,' and told Richard that he was the reason he rocked and rolled!"

Tina Clarke





MAXI PRIEST

Reggae Around The World
by Mary Dickie

Like all other musical forms, reggae is a hybrid, and has a slightly different sound and style depending on where it is practised. Maxi Priest grew up in southeast London listening to soul and R&B singers like Marvin Gaye and The Jackson 5 as well as reggae stars like Dennis Brown, Burning Spear and Bob Marley. And his own soul/

reggae style on his albums, including the newly released *Bona Fide*, reflects those disparate influences.

Priest began working as a DJ in his teens, blending rhythm tracks with bits of other songs and gradually adding his own vocals to the mix. "When I was at school people always used to tell me I could sing," he says, "but I never took it seriously until I started getting a response with my sound system. Then I met up with Paul Robinson, and we put out my first single [‘Hey Little Girl’], which went to No. 8, and I realized that I had something to offer."

Oxymorons, a figure of speech in which apparently contradictory terms are combined to produce an epigrammatic effect (e.g. "cruel to be kind"), play a big role in Tuck Andress' debut solo instrumental release. First there's the album title itself: *Reckless Precision*. Then there's the recurring theme in the epic piece "Grooves Of Joy," entitled "The Infinitely Variegated Homogeneity Of Life," a name that signifies, among other things, that no matter how different people seem, we're all still the same. Then there's the fact that several of the album's songs, including "Man In The Mirror" and, surprisingly, "Louie Louie," were selected because of their lyrical impact.

"I think what attracted me to 'Man In The Mirror' in the first place was the lyrics," Andress offers. "The song was great, but Michael Jackson's performance of it was wonderful, too. I saw that as a challenge: to evoke the sense of the song without someone singing."

Instead of vocals, lush arrangements,

TUCK ANDRESS

Oxymoronic
by Perry Stern

technological effects and the resultant sterility that often accompanies them, *Reckless Precision* offers just one man and his guitar, recorded without overdubs. The simplicity of the concept is belied by the skill of Andress' playing and the complex rhythmic effects his percussive style creates. As half of the popular jazz/new age duo Tuck & Patti (his wife, vocalist Patti Cathcart Andress, also produces and arranges their albums), Andress was contractually obligated to release a solo album, but that was beside the point.

"One of the things that developed in the 12 years we've been playing together is that I've become a good solo guitarist," he explains matter-of-factly. "Every night I do a song or two by myself, and it's developed to the point that it's worth pursuing." Considering the fact that the two have been on

the road for most of the past two years, the guitarist has had plenty of time to hone his solo skills.

The album includes several standards, including "(Somewhere) Over The Rainbow" and Cole Porter's "Begin The Beguine," as well as three Andress compositions, and the sounds range from blistering flamenco stylings to supple jazz shadings. The end result is a vibrant display of virtuoso electric guitar playing along with remarkable emotional diversity.

But how does "Louie Louie" fit in?

"To tell the truth," Andress confesses, "if I have any roots, 'Louie Louie' comes pretty close to expressing what they are. When I started playing guitar, songs like 'Louie Louie' were the fodder on which one developed one's ability. It was the first solo I ever figured out, and it got me into the top band when I was in the ninth grade. It's not so much that it has an emotional importance for me; rather, it's a sardonic reflection on my background as a guitarist."

British reggae seems to have a particular lean toward dubbing — improvisational raps over reggae tracks. Says Maxi in explanation: "I don't know why — it's just different surroundings, different pressures. There are a lot more sound systems in England, and there's a closer vibe to Jamaica. To me, England is a second Jamaica. People in England seem to want to know more about their culture and where they're coming from than the average American black does."

The songs on *Bona Fide* range from straight-ahead reggae ("Human Work Of Art") through various tinges of pop, soul and dance (including the first single, "Close To You"). Fittingly, the record had several producers — Soul II Soul's Jazzy B and Nellee Hooper, and Jamaicans Sly Dunbar

and Geoffrey Chung.

On two songs, "Space In My Heart" and "Peace Throughout The World," the unmistakable sounds of Soul II Soul are evident, which isn't surprising, considering that they were the ones produced by Jazzy and Hooper. As Maxi explains, "It all started out with people listening to my singing and saying, 'You sound like you could do soul.' Jazzy is from my area, and we had talked about doing something already. I had written a number of soul songs and ventured a bit into that area before, so I just mentioned it to my record company and

said, 'If I'm going to do soul, why don't I do it with Jazzy B — I mean, who better? And they didn't think twice about it.' And with Soul II Soul so hot, why would they?

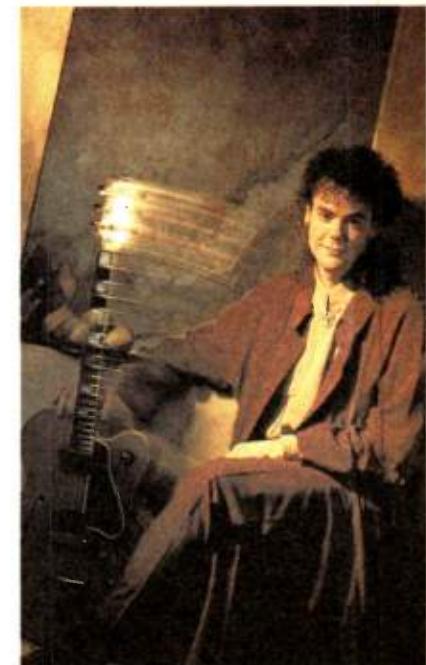
Is there resistance to the idea of mixing the different genres? "I think there may have been some before," he says. "But I've always had it in my mind to do an album that appealed to all different types of people. And if my talent says I can do these things, I think I should at least try. I'd be a fool to hold back the talent I have."

"I've grown up a bit, and begun to realize that we're all in this together, whether black, white, blue, pink or orange, and whether it be reggae, soul, funk, punk or whatever. I have a voice that can do a wide range of things, so I use it. In fact, I'd like to do some jazz. I'd love to have one jazz track on my next album."

Maxi's best known, at least in North America, for his reggae version of Cat Stevens' "Wild World." Considering that Stevens' name is mud these days because of his approval of Iran's contract on Salman Rushdie's life, how does Maxi feel about playing that song?

"I've never been a fan of Cat Stevens," he says flatly. "I didn't like that song — the record company told me to do it. I've always been open to suggestions, but I was very arrogant on that record — I didn't want to do that song. Even when I went to Jamaica and was recording with Sly and Robbie, it was one of the last songs we did, because they knew I was reluctant. I liked the groove, but not the song."

"Now, it's grown on me. I still don't like Cat Stevens' version — I prefer my version, personally. But it just goes to show that no man is an island. I didn't like it, but the rest of the world did, you know? No one person knows everything."



PAUL YOUNG

Togetherness

by Tina Clarke

At the start of the last decade, Paul Young was one of the most promising artists to emerge from post-new wave Britain. Young's plaintive, soulful vocals stood out amid the often dispassionate high-tech music that dominated the charts at the time, and over three albums, his covers of R&B classics such as Marvin Gaye's "Wherever I Lay My Hat" and Hall & Oates' "Everytime You Go Away" brought him worldwide acclaim.

In the four years since Young released his last record, however, soul music has become the world's favorite sound, with England producing several of the globe's hottest talents. "I love Lisa Stansfield's voice," Young exclaims cheerfully about the most obvious example. "There's always been a bit of that going on in England. There's always been a big crossover scene with soul music, so it's not so surprising for me. I've seen a lot through the years. I think it's great."

While so many others are nesting happily in R&B, Young stretches beyond the limits of that genre on his latest album, *Other Voices*, on which his melodic voice caresses ballads and pop songs alike. "It does worry me a bit to be perceived as solely a blue-eyed soul artist," he admits. "I'd rather choose songs outside of that idiom and pull them into my style."

Other Voices is an artful patchwork of styles gracefully woven together — passionate and cool, sharp and melodic, reflecting the changes in Young's life over the past four years. "After the last record, we were touring through most of '87," he says. "When I got home, I relaxed for about six months, got married and had a child, and just coped with that for a while. I started work on this record around the middle of '88. I knew it was time for a musical change, so I started working on the album with a totally fresh approach. Most of my previous albums have been quite melancholy, and while I have been getting back to my blues roots on this new album, at the same time the general mood of the songs is quite positive."

Included are cover versions of Free's "A Little Bit Of Love" and Bob Telson's mournfully beautiful "Calling You," from the film *Baghdad Cafe*, which is punctuated by a harmonica solo from Stevie Wonder. "He sent me a message back on the cassette, just to say that he recognized the song, and thought it was a great one as well," Young recalls. "He was really pleased to play on it."

Young has always displayed a superb knack for personalizing other artists' songs, and though he was abetted on *Other Voices* by a list of star players that included Dave Gilmour, Stevie Winwood and Chaka Khan, his own tunes are the ones that provide the album's highlights. One of

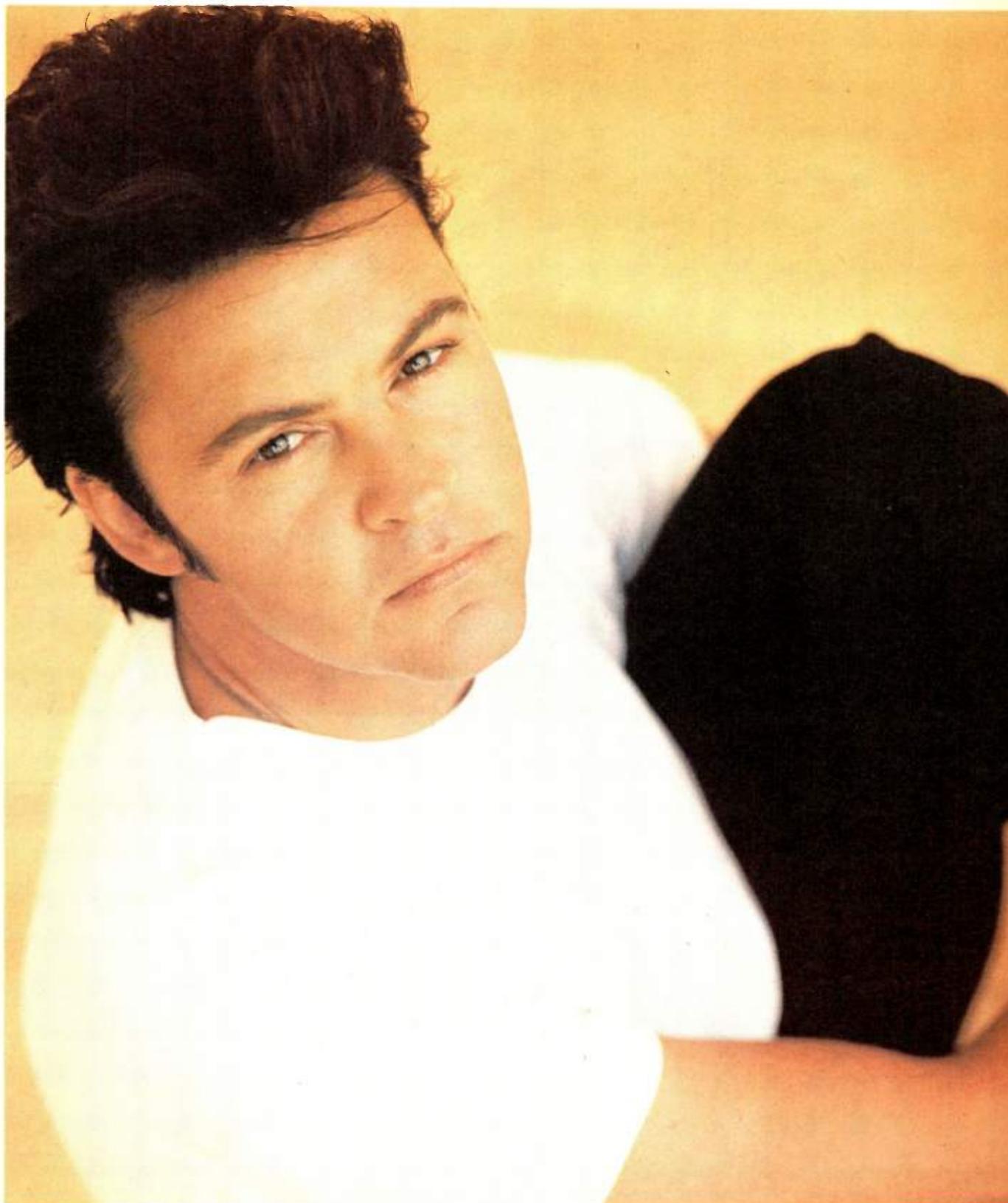
those is a lively rhythmic track titled "Together."

"It was the first song I wrote for the album," he says. "It was a new collaboration with Martin Page in Los Angeles. We wrote it just about being together — the original idea of the lyric was that being together is more important than the word love. Being together makes it work, but musically that can take on a whole differ-

ent meaning. The way world music is going now, it's getting so integrated, everybody is being influenced by everything. I tried to mix and match a whole lot of different things, like a Brazilian vocal with very soulful vocals, and a guitar that's very African. I was mixing all these ethnic ideas in one song."

In a business that gleefully eats its own offspring, especially its most successful

ones, Young's departure from typecasting is not without risk. "Every artist who has had a five-year period of success reaches a point where they have to be seen to be moving on musically; otherwise they stagnate," he notes. "I wanted to make the kind of album where people would say, 'That's Paul Young,' but they would also think, 'It's so different from his other stuff.' I think my aim's been achieved."





Are You Okay? asks the title of Was (Not Was)' latest album, their fourth in a decade of stream of consciousness, funkified recordings. But while *you* might be okay, the band, according to lyricist flutist David Was, is, as usual, as crazy as ever.

"The only worry I ever have about our career, aside from the major ones, like whether we're going to stay in business and keep making some money, is whether we're being weird enough," Was says. "On a record album you have this opportunity to show 10 sides of yourself, and there's this part of you — and a part of everyone — that's just insane, that you cover over with a veneer of normalcy. I think we let a little bit more of our skirt show."

Not being weird enough might seem like an unjustified concern, especially when voiced by an artist who once convinced MOR mainman Mel Torme to sing about a guy in cardiac arrest, Frank Sinatra Jr. to

extol the virtues of Las Vegas wedding chapels and

Ozzy Osbourne and Madonna to sing a duet (never released). But the music on *Are You Okay?* showcases a slightly less rapid embrace of the bizarre than Was (Not Was)' previous recordings.

"This record is a little bit more conventional," Was admits. "At a certain point Don [his brother] and I realized that after you've done all the tricks in the book, the only radicalism is conservatism. If you can use the old rules and just play with them enough, then they're yours. It's the only place to go after writing 30 or 40 anti-songs that depended on these radical guest appearances by these cross-cultural denizens."

Are You Okay? isn't completely devoid of oddball guest artists, though. Leonard

WAS (NOT WAS)

Conservatism Is Radicalism

by Tina Clarke

intended for Isaac Hayes or Barry White — about Elvis Presley's Rolls-Royce, and there are tracks featuring Syd Straw, rapper G Love E and Iggy Pop. Then, of course, there's that song about K-Mart....

"Don originally rejected ['In K-Mart Wardrobes'], saying, 'You can't write a song like that — there are people who wear K-Mart wardrobes, and you're going to offend them!'" Was recalls. "I said, 'I know! We're definitely going to light the video in blues.'"

While their comical love of contrasts might not appeal to everyone, they have won the attention and admiration of legions of other artists. Don Was, who won a Grammy Award for producing Bonnie Raitt's *Nick Of Time*, has become one of the

Cohen offers a droll reading of a song — originally

most sought-after producers in the business. His current projects include records for Elton John, Michael McDonald, Iggy Pop, Andrew Dice Clay and the next Raitt album.

One recent production was a coupling as offbeat as any the Was boys might have dreamed up themselves — Don and David just completed work on Bob Dylan's next release. "The surprise was that he was as easy to work with as he proved to be," David notes. "The rumor, the myth, is that you're dealing with the most difficult artist ever, the Shelley Winters of rock 'n' roll."

After years of working in near obscurity, are Don and David Was content with their newfound fame? "It's hard work," David sighs with some uncertainty. "They come to you now expecting hits, and you've got to make hits. For years they came to us just because we made goofy records."

ULTRA VIVID SCENE

Joy Decision

by David Sprague

One-man bands, in rock 'n' roll at least, ain't what they used to be. Consider the case of Kurt Ralske, the man who up until very recently *was* Ultra Vivid Scene. As a solo *artiste* disguised as a jaded gloom-pop band, Ralske released a debut album in '88 that stepped gingerly over the pitfalls that await most solo LPs — there was little in the way of excessive studio tomfoolery, and the songs that were meant to have bite actually *did* do more than gum listeners to death.

"I worked alone in the beginning, because I didn't feel my ideas would be understood by anybody else," explains the soft-spoken Ralske. "I spent a lot of time in London, where I starved and met a lot of people who were doing things that I found interesting."

Upon returning to the States, Ralske briefly immersed himself in New Jersey's hotspring of improvisational music, fronting a band called Crash. The same moniker also graces one of Ultra Vivid Scene's finest songs. "It's also a novel by J.G. Ballard — about a guy who has a psychological obsession with car crashes," explains Ralske. "I find that sort of thing...attractive, I guess."

Over the past two years, Ralske's test-driven several Ultra Vivid Scene lineups, but with the release of the Hugh Jones-produced *Joy: 1967-1990*, he seems to have found that essence rare: a four-headed, single-minded honest-to-goodness band. The new album boasts more "rock" than its predecessor, while maintaining Ralske's penchant for the detached; imagine a cross between Soft Machine and Alex Chilton's Big Star, and you'll have a good idea of the sound.

"This record is definitely more energetic than the first," Ralske says of *Joy*, the title of which is meant to convey one of two images: a greatest hits collection or a tombstone. "I'm hoping it's more of a record people could play when they're cleaning house or getting ready to go to a party. The first might be more appropriate for sharpening razor blades to. Or counting aspirin."

After a recent stint as the opening act on Ian McCulloch's U.S. tour (Ralske's first real touring experience), the band set out for two months this past spring and headlined their own European jaunt. "It was good for the band to see that we actually have fans, who give us flowers and crush each other against the stage and knock my glasses off," Ralske laughs. And, it should be added, fans who sent *Joy: 1967-1990* to No. 1 on the Brit indie charts and made it a college radio staple in the States. For his part, Ralske has found that the road agrees with him; the rootless lifestyle, he insists, is good for the artistic soul.

"The less familiar things are to you," he says, "the more you're challenged. The more distance you have from the circumstances of your life, the closer you are to the actuality."

Then he chuckles. "That sounds too introspective, doesn't it?" he laughs. "I want to get out of introspection. I just wanna party from now on."





SOUND CHECK

BARBARA WEATHERS

Barometer Rising

by Mary Dickie

If you think there's something vaguely familiar about the sound of Barbara Weathers' voice, you're right, because chances are you've heard it before. Weathers was the lead singer for the popular soul R&B group Atlantic Starr for several years, and has recently struck out on her own with a solo album, called, funnily enough, *Barbara Weathers*.

But while this is the first Barbara Weathers album per se, she's certainly no stranger to performing, having begun at a very tender age. "I first started singing when I was seven years old, in church," she explains, "and I joined my first band [Covacus] when I was 13."

How did that go over with Barbara's parents? "They didn't like it too much!" she laughs. "My mother wasn't crazy about it, mostly because there were 13 guys in the band, and I was 13 years old. And everybody was over 18 except for me. But when

she came to see me sing, she changed her mind. At first she didn't know why I had to go and meet with these people all the time, but when she saw my show she was very excited. She came to a concert we gave at a college in North Carolina, and as soon as she heard me sing, she was behind me 100 per cent."

Covacus played extensively around Weathers' home state of North Carolina for several years, honing their live show. "It was R&B, Top 40 — you know, paying your dues," she explains. And eventually she came to the attention of Atlantic Starr's Lewis Brothers. "They'd known I was a singer for a long time, ever since I was 16, I guess," she says. "I used to get offers from people, and I always consulted them, because I didn't know too much about the business end of music. They gave me good advice, and they eventually did a demo for me. They had been looking for a singer for about a year, and when the demo was turned down, they asked me to join them."

Then followed a four-year stint with Atlantic Starr, singing such hits as "Always" and "Secret Lovers," which had been on the spurned demo tape. So if it was such a good partnership, why did Barbara leave

the group?

"Well, it was just time to grow, and expand," she says. "I decided it was time to branch out. You can't stay in one place for too long."

As well, Weathers says that doing a solo album offered her more choices. "It's all me; it's not a group anymore, and that's wonderful," she raves. "And there's a wider variety of music on it. There are some jazz sounds, and I love jazz, and some pop, and a lot of other things." The album features some smooth MOR R&B, as well as some funkier songs, notably "Barbi Doll," Weathers' first foray into songwriting, on which she was joined by Janet Jackson collaborator Chuckii Booker.

"I'm glad I did it, and I'd like to do some more," she says. "I like the process. I've got a big book of lyrics, but I don't have much music to go with them. So maybe I'll go back and try and get some music together."

With four producers working on *Barbara Weathers* (as well as Atlantic Starr's Wayne Lewis, there was Earth Wind & Fire's Maurice White, Rex Salas and "Pic" Conley), did Barbara herself have any problems



keeping a hand in what was going on? "Not this time, because I had a lot of influence on the album," she states. "I chose my own songs, with the producers, and I gave them the space to do their job properly. I don't know how to produce, so I gave them the leeway, and I'm pleased with the way it turned out."

TIMES TWO

With The Ghost Of Janis by Tina Clarke

"We like pop music," explains Times Two's Shanti Jones. "There are good things about pop that we wanted to bring out. Like 1965 was a great year for pop. It was honest. Everything was on the radio, from Herb Alpert to The Beatles."

Mid-'60s pop music was an enormous influence on both Jones and his Times Two partner, John Dollar. This shared love for the '60s is evident in the apparent innocence and dry, Sweet-like production on the Oakland, California-based band's second recording, an EP titled *Danger Is My Business*.

Though the duo spent their youth — at the height of the hippie era — in the resort town of Point Reyes just north of San Francisco, ironically both Jones and Dollar eschew anything that smacks of flower power. "We completely shut it out," says Jones. "To us the Bay Area was just The Grateful Dead and Jefferson Starship and Huey Lewis And The News — all that stuff we don't like at all."

Instead, the two were drawn to television, especially *Gilligan's Island*, and the black music scene of Oakland, just across the bay. "It was more interesting," Jones notes. "It had more guts. Then punk came along and gave us something that was ours!"

After a teenage spin in a band called The Planets, the duo moved to San Francisco, where Jones was a film major at San Francisco State and Dollar was a gardener. In 1988, the pair released the debut Times Two album, which included, among other things, a sprightly cover of Paul Simon's "Cecilia."

Two years and a different record company later, the song is expected to make a return appearance on the band's forthcoming album, *Hi-Fi And Mighty*. "We don't ever *not* want to put 'Cecilia' on an album again," Dollar wryly admits. "Our next album may just be all 'Cecilia,'" Jones says with a good deal of sarcasm in his voice. "But Simon told us to knock it off. Funny thing — we were good friends before we did that song."

According to Jones, "Cecilia" may not be the only recurring apparition on the record. "We wrote most of the songs in a haunted room on Sunset Boulevard in the Magic Hotel," he says. "It had vibrating beds and ghosts, and the pictures would rattle and shake. You'd be sleeping and suddenly you'd wake up and you'd feel like someone was watching you. Janis Joplin died just next door. It was freaky, but we wrote really good songs there."

"Everywhere there are ghosts," claims Dollar, "we write good songs!"



Above: Stephen Danelian, Below: Alastair Thaine



Michelle Malone says she isn't a rebel. So what if she left home at the age of 16 and got kicked out of college twice? This Atlanta belle claims that she was just paying the necessary price to become a rock star.

"At one point I had these crazy ideas about being a doctor," she says. "But I said to myself, 'That's not realistic. Being a singer is more realistic.' So I quit school to concentrate on my writing."

Malone comes by her talents honestly — both parents were musicians, and her mother sang in clubs — and she takes pride in being a proficient guitarist and saxophonist. "It's not a big thing, really — it's something that comes naturally to me," Malone explains. "I just didn't want to be known as 'the chick in the band.'"

MICHELLE MALONE AND DRAG THE RIVER

Pure And Simple
by Keith Sharp

After playing solo for a year, Malone rounded up a band that, after a few false starts, now comprises Johnny D on guitar, Billy Pitts on drums, Phil Zone on bass and Joey Huffman on keyboards. Called Michelle Malone And Drag The River ("because it has a nice ring to it"), the band made its initial mark with an independently released LP, *New Experience*, a raw, rousing rock album that drew the likes of R.E.M. and The Georgia Satellites to check out the competition.

Signed to Arista, Malone was extremely cautious about finding a producer for her

recording debut. "We're talking about my life's work here," she says. "I wasn't about to turn it over to someone who didn't like my voice or the band, or wanted to rearrange the material. I heard all of that from certain producers. There's no way I was going to work with them."

The right choice finally appeared in the form of ex Patti Smith guitarist Lenny Kaye. "Being such a Patti Smith fan, it should have been an obvious choice," Malone says. "When I met him I was quite willing to turn the whole thing over to him."

The resulting release, *Relentless*, is an unbridled, undisciplined explosion of pure rhythmic rock 'n' roll, propelled by Malone's characteristic vocal and guitar style. "I'm like Keith Richards," she says. "I believe that great rock is pure, simple, rhythmic and sparse, so I try to keep my playing as simple as possible. Listen to all the great rock bands of the '70s — what made them so distinctive was their simplicity."

As for her vocal style, Malone says she can relate to people like Sinead O'Connor, Melissa Etheridge, Suzanne Vega and her idol, Patti Smith.

"Distinctive singers are always out there," Malone explains. "Personally, I just try to kick ass the best way I can, and leave the rest to fate. You can't do much more than that."

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SOUND CHECK

Julee Cruise has a healthy perspective on her career as a recording artist. "I kinda have to giggle to myself," she admits, "because it could all be gone in 15 minutes."

The phenomenal success of David Lynch's surreal soap opera, *Twin Peaks*, has already provided Cruise with more than her Warholian allotment of fame. As the ethereal vocal interpreter of Lynch's eerie, evocative lyrics (the music was written by Angelo Badalamenti) on the LP *Floating Into The Night*, Cruise has found that stardom is a fickle lover to pursue. After years of studying French horn (and apprenticing with the Chicago Symphony) and acting (at the prestigious Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis), and numerous stage appearances (including *Cabaret*, *Annie*, *Little Shop Of Horrors* and *Beehive*, in which she played the role of Janis Joplin) and television and radio commercials, it was a happy accident that led Cruise to David Lynch and her shot at the brass ring.

Four years ago Lynch and Badalamenti were looking for someone to sing their song "Mysteries Of Love" for the *Blue Velvet* soundtrack. Cruise, a friend of Badalamenti's, was enlisted to help in the search, but after all her friends failed the audition, she decided to take a crack on the "difficult" song herself. The rest, as they say...

In the 11 months that have passed since *Floating Into The Night* was first released, Cruise has experienced the full gamut of the music world's vicissitudes. Released to exultant critical acclaim, the album found no audience. Months of anonymity ended with the premiere of *Twin Peaks* last spring and, later, when Sinead O'Connor unexpectedly pulled out of her appearance on *Saturday Night Live* (in protest against Andrew "Dice" Clay), Cruise took the bull by the horn.

"It was my idea to do it," she admits. "I just got sweaty palms and got really crazed." In the middle of the night she woke up one of her record company connections, arguing, "'I know I'll get it if you just pitch me [to them].'" I don't usually do

JULEE CRUISE

Way Off Broadway

by Perry Stern

that kind of thing for myself. I'm not that ambitious."

Cruise was a quick learner that the

music world was different from the theatre world, and in many ways.

"The theatre world is a small world, a dying world," she explains, a little morosely. "Everyone tries to keep it alive, but it has its own dignity. The music world, as far as rock 'n' roll and pop music is concerned, doesn't have that dignity yet, but it still has that childish fun about it that they've forgotten in the theatre."

Cruise's Broadway experience was of little use to Lynch and Badalamenti. She had to learn to sing in a breathy, angelic voice rather than the stronger, louder one she'd employed up until she'd met the songwriting team. Performing the music in concert, something that she's hoping to do more of in the coming months, is something different again. "I'm doing it with a certain amount of tongue-in-cheek," she confesses. "I don't take myself as seriously as the album sounds. Remember *The Captain & Tennille*? You know how she used to ham it up so much you couldn't stand it? Well, it's not really like that, it's not like I feel *every single lyric* of a song, but when you're singing this delicate stuff it can't be treated like a normal song."

But normalcy is something Cruise left behind when she hooked up with Lynch. *Industrial Symphony No. 1*, a stage show devised by Lynch and performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, will be released on video soon. Cruise sang her parts while "hanging from the rafters, about 80 feet above the stage." Next up is a Stephen Sondheim musical, called *Assassin*, based on the story of Manson Family member and would-be Gerry Ford assassin Squeaky Fromme. "It all ties in," Cruise laughs.

And let's not forget the return of *Twin Peaks*. "David has alluded to the fact that the roadhouse will appear again," Cruise confides, "and I'm the singer in the roadhouse." They're supposed to have mighty fine coffee there, too.



WHO'S
SANDY
BERNARD?

FIND OUT AT ANY
LOCATION

AM&W

CANADA

David Lynch*



Given the recent success of The Kentucky Headhunters, it's no surprise that we now find some more rockin' country bands breaking out of Nashville. When they have a name like Pirates Of The Mississippi, however, you have to be suspicious that a clone has been created to cash in on that success.

But it turns out that the title and timing are just coincidental, Pirate leader Rich Alves assures us. "We've been signed for two years, and our album was going to come out two months before The Headhunters'" he says. "They're wonderful, and I love 'em, but now I think our timing is great!"

Far from being a commercially calculating project, the Pirates first ganged up as a weekend hobby for guys with regular jobs, some already in the music business. "I was a professional manager for Tom Collins Music [a Nashville publishing com-

pany]," recalls Rich. "I signed Bill [McCorvey, lead singer]

as a songwriter and we decided to put a band together that had nothing to do with the industry, just to have a good time. We called up some of our buddies [drummer Jimmy Lowe, steel guitarist Pat Severs and bassist Dean Townson], started writing as a band, and people started to really like us.

"James Stroud, then of Universal Records, came and saw us and said, 'You guys want a record deal?' We said, 'Nah' — just kiddin'! We had no idea it'd turn into something like this, but I think it's gonna work."

Alves has cause for optimism. The band's self-titled Capitol debut (co-produced by Stroud and Alves) is a versatile

PIRATES OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Rockin' Hillbillies
by Kerry Doole

and always entertaining work that showcases the live energy of a bunch of guys having fun together. Rich describes their sound as "country with some rock 'n' roll sounds. We're just a bunch of rockin' hillbillies!"

In his earlier days as a player, Rich admits he was into the likes of "Hendrix and Clapton, but there's more country than rock clubs in the South. To make a living, I started playing country music by 18, and I learned to love it that way." As a songwriter, Alves already has a few hits under his belt (he co-wrote an Alabama No. 1 hit, "Southern Star," with Roger Murrah), and he gained experience as a producer by arranging and recording demos for songs he was plugging.

Rich describes the Pirates album as being

recorded "live off the floor. No headphones. Just us playing in a circle, with lots of cold beer and friends and neighbors around. I believe most records today are 'tech'd' out. By the time they get the most magnificent technical sound, they've lost the original human quality."

Behind the image of the good ole boy buccaneers (they're named after their drummer, who Rich insists is a "reincarnated redneck pirate") lurk guys with a serious business side. "I'm in it for the money this time; we got the girls on the last tour," chuckles Alves. "We're very serious about the business and our music and making a living for our family. Sure, if we're successful the parties are gonna be fun, but it's a long-term game, and we want to be able to make a living from this. I think there'll be much more depth in this band than people realize, but right now we have to get into the game!"

LITTLE CAESAR

Heavy Metal
Doo Wop
by Rick Clark

"Nowadays, when kids listen to Eddie Van Halen and Steve Vai, they don't have a clue about who influenced their music. When you listen to Eric Clapton, you find out about guys like Muddy Waters and B.B. King." Ron Young, lead singer of Little Caesar, is reflecting on the state of rock, and the factors that motivated the band.

"Here we are getting into another generation of rock 'n' roll, and we think that rock's roots are starting to get washed out a bit too much," says Young. "Rock 'n' roll owes a lot to black R&B. Bands like Humble Pie and Bad Company acknowledged that, but as rock got into more gothic heavy metal, the focus was placed more on image and flash. We want to get back to where there is emphasis on moving people emotionally with music."

Before Little Caesar was formed, Young placed ads in L.A. papers, trying to get a "heavy metal soul band" together. "I never got a single phone call," he exclaims. "Nobody could see the commonality between AC/DC and Aretha Franklin."

Frustrated with the lack of response, Young got together with Tom Morris, a drummer friend from the band Smilin' Jacks, and began looking for sympathetic players among his acquaintances. Fidel



Paniagua (bass, vocals) and Louren Molinaro (guitar, vocals) arrived by way of a girlfriend of Tom's, and Young met Apache (guitar, vocals) while working as a doorman at a club one night.

"We saw eye to eye about what we thought was lacking in the L.A. music scene," he explains. "There wasn't any real R&B-influenced music going on. The scene was about what you looked like, how long your hair was or how tall you were. The last thing anyone seemed concerned with was whether you could sing or play. It's a drag that so much of the emphasis in promoting a band is the *look*."

Little Caesar has its share of tattoos and biker wear, but Young claims authenticity when it comes to image. "Early scumbag is the actual term," he laughs. "Sure, we wear torn-up jeans, but I've been tattooed for 10 years. We are who we are; there are no pretensions about it."

One element that definitely sets Little Caesar apart from the hard rock pack is the band's impressive vocal firepower. "On all the great old R&B and street corner doo wop records, the background vocals emulated horn and other instrumental parts," says Young. "We try to do that as well. All those vocal parts are timeless. You can't go

wrong with great harmonies."

Little Caesar's self-titled debut demonstrates Young's concept of a hard rock/R&B synthesis with powerful remakes of The Temptations' "I Wish It Would Rain" and Aretha Franklin's "Chain Of Fools."

"You can take the chords behind a song like 'I Wish It Would Rain' and play it like Pete Townshend would, and all of a sudden you have a soulful power ballad in the rock genre," Young explains. "The band said to me, 'You love R&B. So you sing your R&B and we'll be the hard rock behind you.' It came out sounding sort of fresh."



GEOFF MCBRIDE

Born To Sing
by Kerry Doole

it heralds the arrival of a young talent in love with classic soul music. Besides Barry, McBride's musical mentors include the likes of Otis Redding, Marvin Gaye, Sam Cooke and Gladys Knight, for whom he's currently writing a song.

"I'm hoping music will make a turnaround and go back to the old soul things," he says. "Back then, people who sang really had something to say. You'd see them sweat onstage without dancing around; it was all on emotion. Now it is all on action."

Like so many great Southern soul singers, Geoff got his start in a Baptist church choir. "As a kid, my big kick was to get up in church and sing. I had the biggest mouth in the choir, and I guess that's how I ended up being a lead singer. I just couldn't shut up as a kid. Even at the dinner table I'd sing and I'd get constantly popped by my mom. Then I'd hum, and that'd really piss her off."

The man who was born to sing kept it up through a succession of mundane day jobs while awaiting his big showbiz break. "There aren't too many jobs I haven't done," says Geoff. "I worked in warehouses, on the railroad. I've even shovelled a little horseshit in my life, but whatever I'd do, I'd always be singing."



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GEORGE LAMOND

Goodbye Matador
by Perry Stern

Just because the single "Bad Of The Heart" has had a meteoric rise to the top of the charts, don't be fooled into thinking that the heretofore unknown singer, George LaMond, is just another flash-in-the-pan, manufactured pop star. The song was released on the independent Ligos label two years ago by a group called Loose Touch and, besides selling a more than respectable 40,000 copies, became a classic in urban dance clubs. At press time the revamped version (only the original vocals remain) had already sold 150,000 copies.

Loose Touch, comprised of two dancers and a singer, couldn't be signed to a major label deal because the individual members had signed solo contracts with competing companies. Ultimately vocalist George Garcia transformed into George LaMond, and a star was born. "To tell you the truth," he states frankly, "I couldn't stand [the name LaMond] at the beginning, but I got used to it — it's kind of catchy." Original Loose Touch dancer Kenny Rosa still performs with LaMond, along with Edwin Melendez.

Despite easy comparisons to other currently popular R&B/dance acts and the fact that his record company makes a lot of business decisions for him ("I was in Phoenix, Arizona, and I got a fax telling me straight up that I had a practice scheduled with a band, but they didn't even tell me who the people were!"), LaMond argues, "There's no idiomaker here. Chris [Barbos, co-producer of the album, *George LaMond*, and partner with Mark Liggett in Ligos Records] didn't pick me up out of the street — I was already out there singing and performing."

Born in Washington, D.C., Garcia/LaMond was raised in the Bronx with his four brothers and four sisters. As a youngster he performed in dance shows and in groups, but later turned to artistic pursuits at the School of Art & Design. Eventually he returned to his first love, music, though he is still an accomplished caricaturist ("People get offended by them sometimes, but I love it. I love giving people big noses and big lips").

After signing to Columbia Records, LaMond soon found he had to assert himself or get lost in the chaos of making his record a hit. Asked if there was ever a time when he felt he'd lost control of his destiny, LaMond admits, "There were lots of times like that. There are some people who'll say, 'Now sit down and we'll feed you with a silver spoon and you just take it like a good little baby.' But you gotta prove yourself."

"On the cover of the first single ['Without You' — which went to No. 4 on the dance charts] they had me dressed up like a matador, which wasn't my style. But I didn't say anything. And they had my hair



slicked back, and I've never, ever, in my life worn my hair like that. It really bothered me, but I thought, 'Hey, they must know what they're doing.' But if you don't give them any input, how will they know how you feel? Now I have my own stylist."

Another thing that LaMond has learned to take seriously is his Hispanic heritage.

"Serenade You," the next single, will be recorded in both English and Spanish. "People in the Latin community are really proud of me," he says. "There aren't a lot of Latin solo acts on the pop charts, and I don't want to let them down."

The biggest change in LaMond's life has come as a result of travelling around the

country promoting his record. "I've become more observant," he says. "I've been meeting a lot of people, and I'm the type who doesn't like to converse much. I'm a totally changed guy now. I thought every place was like New York, where everyone has an attitude. But they're not like that at all."

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In the wake of the release of *Stiletto*,

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her unabashedly sexy and undeniably

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aggressive new album, Lita Ford

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takes a break from planning her tour

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to discuss her wild time in

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The Runaways, the barriers she faces

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that keeps her going.

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■ BY MARY DICKIE

In a small room in the offices of BMG/RCA Records in New York, Lita Ford sits at a desk, flipping through a copy of *Playboy* magazine in search of ideas for stage costumes for her upcoming tour. Fishnet? See-through stretch fabric? Black leather? Making the right choice is important, because image is crucial in this business, and Lita's choice of source material for her latest public image is telling, to say the least.

Ever since her days in the infamous Runaways, the world's first all-girl glam-punk-metal band, Lita Ford has been the embodiment of the Queen Of Noise, a girl guitarist who keeps up with the boys, a metal queen with a feisty rock 'n' roll attitude. But after her *Lita* album, with its Top 10 duet with Ozzy Osbourne, propelled her from hard-rock pinup to platinum seller in 1988, Lita knew she was operating in a different arena. Perhaps it was turning 30. In

any case, for *Stiletto*, her latest album, Lita has left the tough teenager look behind and gone for a pretty direct message of s-e-x.

The motif begins with *Stiletto*'s press package, which includes a rose with a bloom that unfolds into a pair of red panties. The pictures on the album's cover, by posh photographer Herb Ritts, feature a tousled Lita in a tight black minidress — no leather or chains in sight, and the famous dragon and guitar tattoo on her right shoulder hidden by her hair. And the song lyrics, written by Lita and a number of collaborators — including Holly Knight, David Ezrin and Michael Dan Ehmig — are unequivocally saucy. For example, "Hungry," the album's leadoff single, opens with the lines, "My nylons are melting down my legs, Your heart is pounding at my throat," and continues in the same vein ("I've got an appetite for love tonight, I wanna taste your sweet thing, I



wanna feel the sting of your sex"). Other songs follow the same general motif.

But Lita would like to point out that she hasn't changed the essence of her music. "I've changed my image, but it's just *different* leather, not less leather!" she laughs. "I've even thought of getting another tattoo, but...I don't know. Girls with too many tattoos — it's not a nice thing. One or two is OK. But I thought I might get one on my stomach, because you know I wear these little tops on stage..."

Indeed, in spite of the cover, a listen to *Stiletto* reveals that Lita's aggressive brand of rock is definitely still there — in fact, it wouldn't be a Lita Ford album if it weren't aggressive. Apart from the ballad "Lisa," which was written about her mother, and a cover of Alice Cooper's "Only Women Bleed," *Stiletto*'s songs are basic metallic rockers, full of nasty screaming guitar, sex and violence. That brings up

the nasty question of public morality — with all the censorship problems musicians have had recently, is Lita worried about *Stiletto* getting stickered?

"I don't know — it's a sexy record," Lita admits. "It's got some sexy lyrics. And there's a song that says 'shit,' but that's no big deal."

What about the title song, which mixes sex and knives rather uncomfortably? "'Stiletto'? That's a love thing!" she says. (That's the one that goes, "I was a virgin, you were the steel, You're coming in and you don't care how it feels").

"No, I don't think it'll get stickered," she concludes. "If it was Ozzy Osbourne or someone like that they might sticker it, because of who he is, and the fact that he's been trouble before!"

Perhaps surprisingly, Lita isn't against stickering per se. "I think if you're going to sing about worshipping the devil and that sort of thing, maybe it's only fair that they should put a sticker on the record to let people know what's in there," she says. "I know if I had children, I wouldn't want them to get mixed up in that kind of thing. Rock 'n' roll is one thing — happy rock 'n' roll, like Van Halen and Mötley Crüe and Aerosmith. They're all sexy and they all sing about sex, but it's safe — it's safe rock. I think my record is along those same sort of lines."

Lita first started playing guitar almost 20 years ago, picking up riffs from old Richie Blackmore and Jimi Hendrix records she was listening to in her California home. "I don't know what originally got me going," she says. "I didn't go to my first concert until I was 13, and I was already playing guitar by then. I don't know why; I just really wanted to play guitar. I liked listening to Deep Purple — Blackmore was my favorite — Black Sabbath, Hendrix and all those hard rock albums. As soon as I got a guitar, the first thing

I wanted to do was play like them, so I'd sit down in front of the stereo and try and figure out all their guitar patterns."

In 1975, when she was 16, Lita came to the attention of Kim Fowley, who was putting an all-girl rock group together. As she explains, "What happened was that some friends of mine were in a band, and they had a show coming up, but something happened to the bass player — I don't remember what — and I had to take his place. I really play guitar, but I can play bass as well. Anyway the show got cancelled, but through all that Kim Fowley heard there was a girl bass player in this band.

"And so he found me and said, 'Look, I'm putting a band together and would you be interested in playing bass?' I said, 'Well, no, because I'm not really a bass player; I'm a guitar player.' And he said, 'Well, we need one of those too!' So I said, 'OK!'

Joan [Jett] was in the band already, and so was Sandy West, the drummer [singer Cherie Currie and bassist Jackie Fox were added later]. I went down and auditioned, and we just clicked right away. It was great. Sandy knew all the Deep Purple songs that I knew — she was right from the same book I was."

Over the next few years The Runaways became notorious — even legendary — for being wild teenage girls who played a mixture of punk and metal with definite glam influences and a real attitude. They also were trailblazers of a sort, paving the way for the later success of groups like The Bangles and The Go-Gos.

"I think The Runaways were great," enthuses Lita, who looks back on those days with a mixture of affection and anger. "I mean, there we were, teenagers dressed in garter belts and corsets — it was totally illegal stuff, really. Plus the whole punk era was really happening then, and I was glad to have been part of that."

"It was fun, it was scary, it was exciting, it was a nightmare, it was a dream, it was lots of things," she continues. "There was alcohol, there were drugs, there was, you know, *everything*."

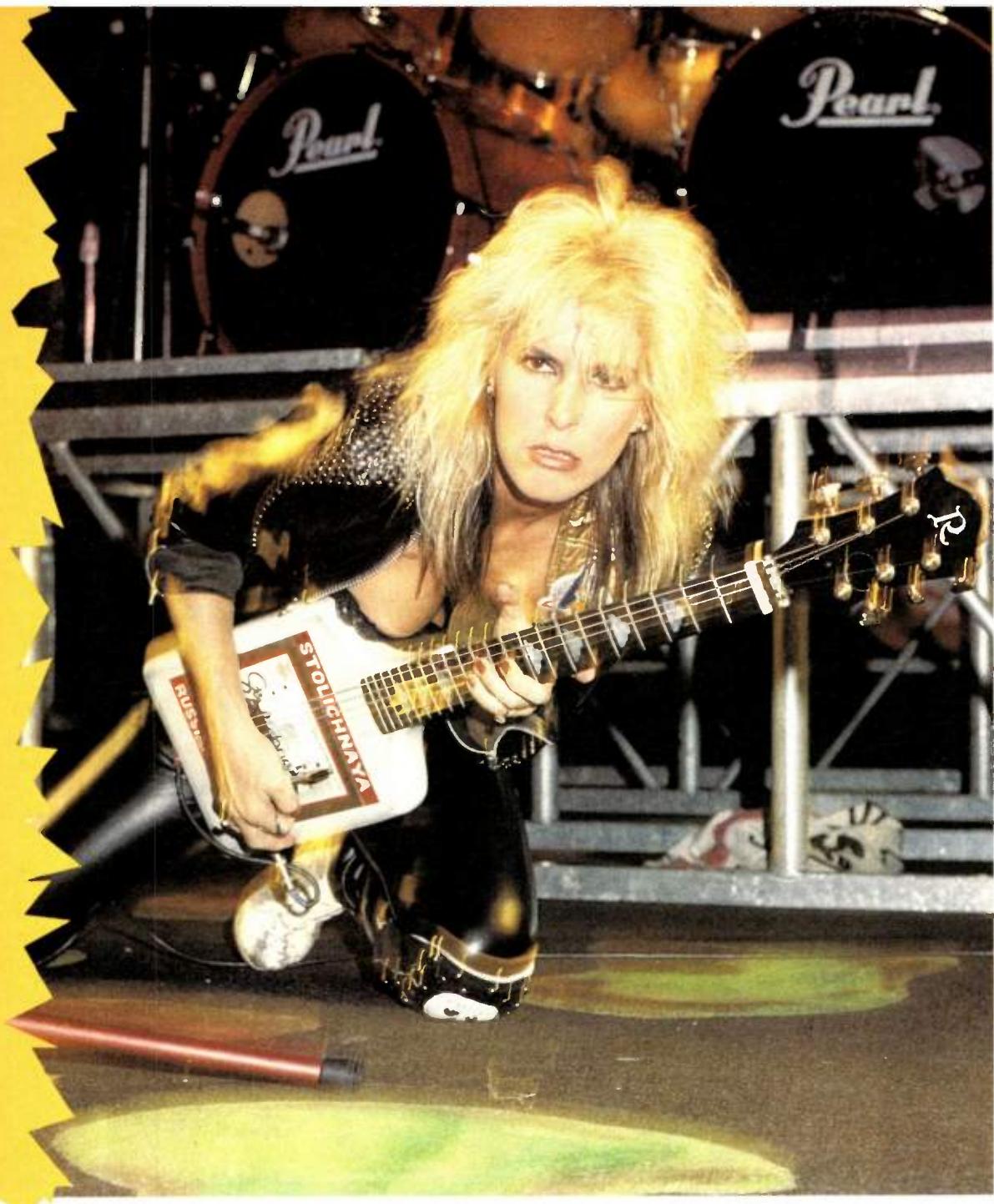
"A lot of 16-year-olds go through a time where they just kind of lose their mind for a while. It doesn't matter where you are — you just do, because you're that age. There were a lot of people telling us what to do and dragging us around and taking our money and taking advantage of us, and I was angry. I was definitely an angry person. Right now I'm really mellow — I'm a nice, mellow person. Back then I wasn't — I was a f**kin' monster!"

"I never listened to anybody. And whatever anybody told me, I wanted to know *why*. Nobody else wanted to know why — just me. 'Why can't we do it this way, why do we have to do it that way?' I always fought for everything, which is one reason why Cherie Currie left the band. I just couldn't work with her. She was weak, and she just didn't work hard. Everybody else worked their asses off, and I just couldn't deal with her."

"In the end, we weren't getting anywhere," Lita adds. "Five years down the line, I still had no money in the bank. Even though I was only 21, I still knew that something was wrong there. I wasn't happy with the music, and I wanted to move on, and so did Joan. So we just split, and went our separate ways."

Since then, of course, Joan Jett and Lita have gone on to stardom, while Cherie Currie is making the rounds of the talk shows to promote *Neon Angels*, her book about her days in The Runaways and her subsequent battle with drugs and alcohol. There's obviously still no love lost between Currie and Lita, whose lawyers had to excise a few lines of *Neon Angels* that, according to Lita, referred to her supposed capability of committing murder.

In spite of those hard feelings, however, Lita has only good things to say about the other Runaways, and says she'd like to work with Jett again. "I haven't seen Joan in five years, maybe six," she says. "I don't know what it is with Joan. I think it's her managers who don't really like Joan associating with too many people. So every time I try to put a call through to her, just to say 'Hi,' I always get some bullshit answer from her road manager, or her manager. I mean, Joan's like my sister, we grew up together, basically. Joan and I were the only two that never fought. We always got along."



After spending her formative years in The Runaways, and surviving all the drugs, the pressures and the accompanying hangers-on and manipulators, Lita says she's immune to being pushed around now that she's 30 and in charge of her own career. "I suppose I am," she agrees. "You learn the hard way — you learn by your mistakes. Some people do, anyway!"

Lita put out a number of records after The Runaways broke up, but her solo career didn't really take off until 1988, when Lita suddenly zoomed up the charts, thanks to two singles, "Kiss Me Deadly" and "Close My Eyes Forever," her duet with Ozzy Osbourne. That album featured songwriting collaborations with Osbourne, Motley Crue's Nikki Sixx and Motorhead's Lemmy, who Lita calls her "buddy for life. That guy's a great lyricist — and really underestimated," she says.

Lita also led to her being the first woman in 20 years to be inducted into the Circus Rock 'N' Roll Hall of Fame, as well as being named "Best Female Guitarist" by *Guitar* magazine. That last one seems a bit odd, though. How does she feel about being named best *female* guitarist, instead of just best gui-

tarist?

"I don't know," she laughs. "A girl had written in to that magazine and asked, 'Why have a female guitarist category and not a category for guitarist under five feet tall?' Which kind of makes sense. But I think it's a good start. Maybe in the future they'll be able to delete the female part. It's a start, that's the main thing."

It seems that neanderthal sexist attitudes prevail more in metal than in other types of music, which makes it that much more difficult for Lita to get the credibility she's earned. "I think that's true, but it doesn't really bother me," she says. "I know what I do, and it doesn't scare me anymore when people say, 'Oh, she's good for a girl.' Basically I'm saying, 'OK, would you like to sit down and play guitar with me?' Then people say, 'Oh, f**k, she's great.'

"You know, a lot of bands don't want to play with me on stage. It's like, 'We don't want a girl.' And sometimes I think 'Why?' Well, maybe it's because they're afraid I might blow them away. It's the only thing I can think of. I mean, I definitely don't suck, so it must be the other way around."

Besides playing all the guitar parts on *Stiletto*, Lita

co-wrote all of the songs but two — "Only Women Bleed" and "Dedication," by producer Mike Chapman — with a number of collaborators. "What we usually do is come up with a title, or a guitar riff," she explains. "If it's a guitar riff, we'll then give it a title. Because to me it always sounds like something. You know, if it's a real fast riff, I'll give it a real fast title, like 'The Ripper.' Then I think about what I want to write it about. For instance, 'Lisa' was a slow, pretty chord pattern that I came up with, and I decided I wanted to write it for my Mom."

Several other songs were inspired by Lita's husband, former W.A.S.P. member Chris Holmes, who's become somewhat notorious for his unfortunate drunken appearance in *The Metal Years*, Penelope Spheeris' film about L.A.'s metal scene. "I hate that f**kin' film!" Lita says heatedly. "I think it's stupid, and I don't understand it. Chris tried to make it funny, and she just let him come across as serious. He's just a normal guy, you know. He doesn't drink vodka like he did in that scene — nobody could, because they'd probably die."

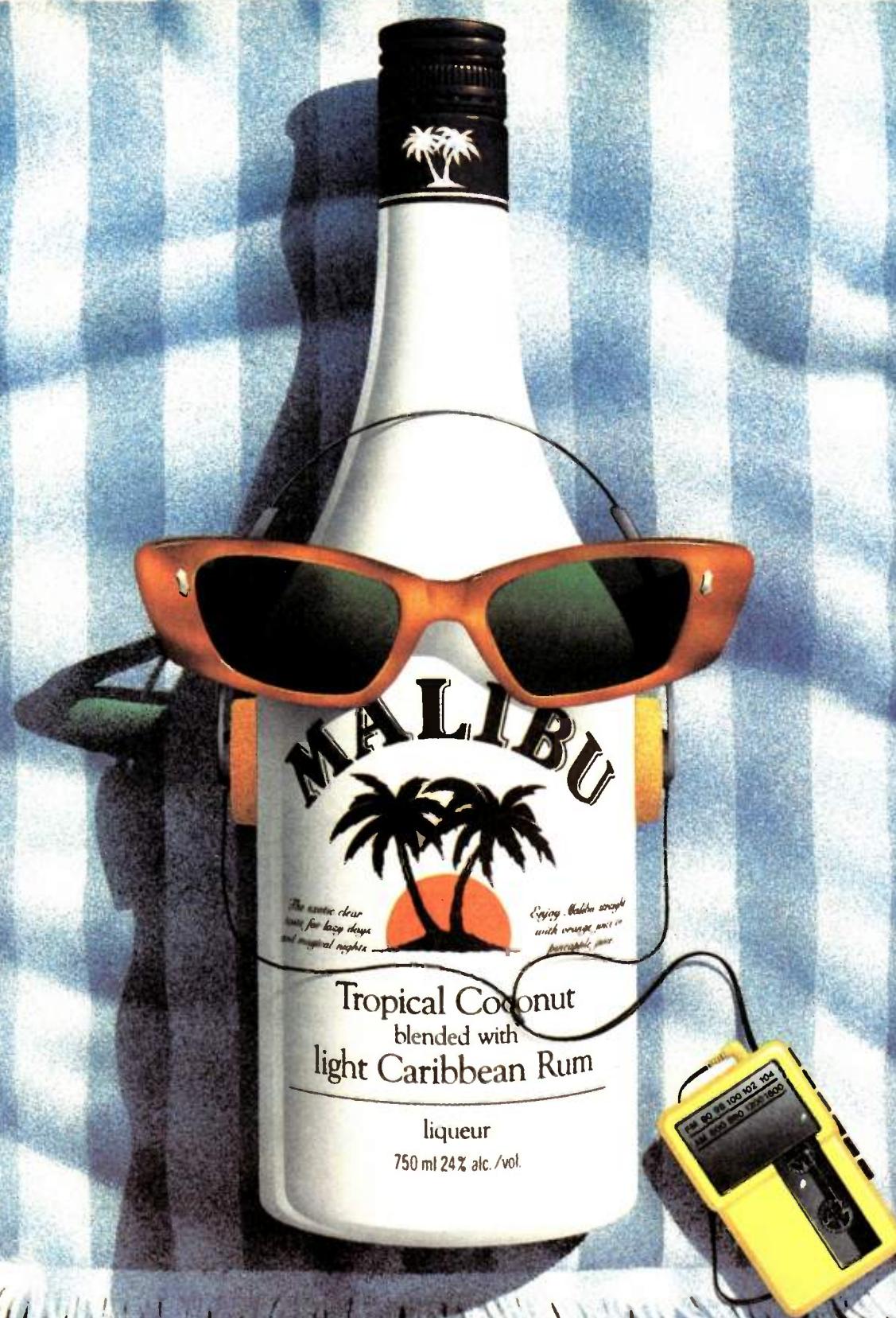
"Anyway, I guess 'Bad Boy' and 'Big Gun' were inspired by Chris. I was on the W.A.S.P. tour a year ago with him, and while they were playing I was fooling around, going through the hallways and stuff at the gig, and I saw this poster that said 'Big Gun.' And I thought, 'Cool song title! I'm gonna write it about Chris.'" (And it goes something like this: "Hey little rooster you can take what I'm giving, Got my tongue in my cheek, making noise for a living.")

The idea of doing Alice Cooper's "Only Women Bleed" came to Lita late one night, after a party, and she became determined to record it. "It really sounds like it should be sung by a woman," she says. "It even sounds like it was written by a woman. And it was a challenge for me to play on guitar, 'cause there's a lot of intricate guitar parts in there. I had to ask Dick Wagner [who co-wrote the song with Alice and played guitar on the original] how to play it! He showed me, and I went on from there. You know it's 15 years old, and a lot of people have never even heard it! I talked to Alice before we actually cut the track, and he said he was flattered. I think it's going to be a big hit for me."

Lita's current priority is her tour, playing *Stiletto* for her fans in North America, Europe and Japan. "I haven't been to Japan since 1978, with The Runaways," she says excitedly. "The Runaways went to No. 5 in Japan — we were huge! We'd need security guards everywhere — it was insane, like Beatlemania!"

"I've got a great new band for the tour [Charlie Dalba on drums, longtime collaborator David Ezrin on keyboards, someone called J.D. — "Just J.D.!" — on bass and Joe Taylor on guitar]. I went through every guitar player in L.A., and I didn't find anybody. Joe and J.D. are from New Jersey, and they're killer!"

Considering the brief periods in the spotlight many of her peers have enjoyed and the attitudes she's had to overcome, Lita's endurance over 15 years in the music business is not an achievement to be taken lightly. But when she's asked what's kept her going, she shrugs. "Rock 'n' roll is an attitude, and it's a tough attitude," she says. "A lot of women don't have that aggressiveness in them, but I've got it. Why? I don't know; I've just got it. Thanks, Mom!" me



TOasted COCONUT.



A Little Taste Of Paradise.

Sequel summer isn't confined to the silver screen any more. Out of the dance clubs and onto the pop charts, what was once considered the scourge of the '70s has returned: Disco is back, and it's bigger than ever.

Look at the top of the charts. Paula Abdul's *Shut Up And Dance* LP, the dreaded Milli Vanilli, Soul II Soul, Snap, M.C. Hammer (and all of rap, one of the most popular forms of dance music, for that matter). Behind our backs, disco, a genre long left for dead, managed to find a new set of threads, break out of the urban centres and into middle America, and become for the '90s what hard rock was for the late '80s — the dominant form of music, in spite of expert predictions to the contrary and an initial lack of radio support.

But at the heart of this revival you won't find the songwriters or the performers, or even the songs' initial producers. Instead, you'll find the remixer, once the lowly, studio-bound knob twirler looked to as a last resort to revive a flagging single, and now the person who takes the essential elements of a song (and sometimes less than that) and, with the help of a drum machine and perhaps a keyboard or two, creates a different version for the dancefloor. Remixers have become superstars in their own right, with artists lining up for their ministrations

like moneyed matrons queuing up for the plastic surgeon.

Shep Pettibone, Jellybean Benitez, Frankie Knuckles, Arthur Baker, Cold Cut, David Morales — more and more, these names are becoming familiar to the general public. In England, remixer Norman Cook's name regularly looms larger than the artists' on the covers of the dance singles he's doctored. Bruce Springsteen has commissioned remixes, and so have such unlikely dance acts as Boz Scaggs, Paul McCartney and Michael McDonald. Everybody's coming to take a drink at the disco well.

"People have always danced," says Bill Coleman, anchor of the Dance desk for *Billboard* magazine, "and as more and more 'dance artists' prove themselves to be 'artists' in the true sense of the word, it's opened up the industry's eyes as well as the consumer's. They're wise to the fact that you can make music that's danceable and still maintain some respect in the music community."

But, ironically, it's not the original music that most artists record that makes for a dancefloor hit, but whatever the remixer deems appropriate to add or subtract for the 12-inch disco mix. "In 'ye olden days' you just mixed what was there," explains New York's Shep Pettibone, arguably the current

top gun of remixers. "Then it got to the point, I guess about five years ago, where you'd add percussion to make a 12-inch mix. Now it's gotten to the point where you have a totally new, different production. That's something that I, well, I don't want to say *invented*, but it's something I was the first to do. Now everybody does it."

Besides remixing for everyone from Paula Abdul to Wang Chung, Pettibone broke new ground recently by co-writing and co-producing "Vogue" with Madonna. Pettibone's rise to prominence is a classic case of remixer rags-to-riches. From a job in the mid-'70s as a record store clerk, he became a club DJ. From there he moved on to radio, where his "master mixes" of continuous dance music became an industry norm. Without any prior experience, he then taught himself the engineering skills necessary for studio production, and started a string of hit remixes that is still continuing today.

Generally, the remixer's lot is a lonely one. Holed up in a studio for days on end with only an engineer and perhaps a couple of musicians on hand, the remixer painstakingly dismantles, then reforms the basic elements of a track. The essential ingredient is the "groove" — the subtle pattern made by the combination of bass and drums, on which the rest of the song is founded. Once the groove is established —



isco: The



and depending on whether you're seeking a pop, R&B, house or, more recently, a generic Soul II Soul sound — you can add on various aspects of the vocal and instrumental tracks that identify the song.

The remix album is a relatively new addition to the record scene. In the past Billy Idol and Madonna both had remix albums, but they generally consisted of already available 12-inch mixes compiled for collectors. The new spate of remix albums, including *Shut Up And Dance* and another current hit, Milli Vanilli's *The Remix Album*, are filled with all-new versions, obscure b-sides and specialty remixes (the MV album also contains four new tracks to make the product more desirable).

Los Angeles-based Keith "K.C." Cohen is one of the new remixing kids on the block who are taking an approach that's different from that of their East Coast counterparts like Pettibone. "Remixes in New York are different from remixes in the rest of the country," Cohen claims. "New York is more 'house,' and L.A. is more 'pop.' A lot of my remixes are just an extended mix of the song with maybe hipper drums, a cooler bass and some added percussion. I make it more happening."

After working with Cherelle, Chaka Khan, The Jacksons, Louie Louie and many others, Cohen has hit his stride with Paula Abdul. Having mixed much

of (and co-produced several tracks on) Abdul's smash album *Forever Your Girl*, Cohen recently did most of the remixing for *Shut Up And Dance*.

"I mixed the original songs to begin with," Cohen says, "so when I approached the remix I just tried to go totally left field. Her songs were so successful already, so I figured no one would want to hear *that* again, even if it was extended. I wanted to go in a totally different direction."

But how does the artist feel when the work they've slaved over is reconstructed into something totally alien from the original? Jellybean Benitez, the dean of the remixers and the first superstar to rise out of that scene, broke most of the ground on the now well-travelled remix trail. After launching Madonna as a dance artist, he became the first to remix tracks for superstar acts like Huey Lewis and the News, Paul McCartney, David Bowie and Michael Jackson. "Initially," Benitez reveals, "there was a lot of resistance at the superstar level to have anything interfere with the integrity of their work. Some of them allowed me to add percussion. That was it. I guess after they'd gone through it [a few times] they realized that in order to make a record that was credible in the marketplace [i.e. the dancefloor], they had to trust the remixer."

And how did he earn that trust? "Well," Benitez

considers, "I've had 25 No. 1 dance hits and about 70 Top 10 dance hits, so I think at a certain point they say, 'Let him do whatever he wants.'" Even still, some remixers do meet resistance. Shep Pettibone recalls Annie Lennox complaining that "her record was a piece of art, and I had painted over her picture" when she heard his version of "Thorn In My Side." Says Benitez: "I've had a lot of artists say afterwards, 'I wasn't really sure about what you were doing, but after seeing the reaction I now understand.' That was the case with Sting and 'When You Love Someone Set Them Free.'"

Even with the disco gospel spreading across the heartland, though, it's still a handful of dance clubs that set the pace for the rest of the listening public. Benitez believes that "club DJs and remixers are the record producers of the '90s. They're in the trenches. They know what people respond to and don't respond to, because they're right there watching people walk on or off the dance floor."

But some people don't consider the dictatorship of the DJ to be a positive thing. *Billboard*'s Coleman is concerned that dance music is becoming too ghettoized, with house music (groove-oriented tracks with few lyrical or melodic trappings) becoming the dominant form. In the distant past only dance acts made dance music, but now every album has at least one cut remixed for the club scene — and that's crowding the street level club act out of the picture. As Benitez points out, only 10 to 15 songs can be played each hour at a club.

According to Coleman, "The record companies view the club market as incredibly fickle, to the point that they'll only play a song if it's a house mix. There was a time when you had 10 different songs that sounded different. Now you have 10 songs that sound exactly the same." Benitez concurs. The difference between the old disco scene and the current club circuit, he says, is, "It's more segregated in that certain clubs play certain kinds of records. Now you have Top 40 clubs, R&B clubs, alternative clubs. Before, disco was more universal."

As the set list for each club becomes more specialized, newer acts and novice remixers are having a tougher time of it. "Unfortunately," Coleman says, "the record companies see dance music as a quick fix to make a lot of money. What's happening is that it doesn't matter what you sound like in the studio anymore. People have gotten into the habit of covering every possible base with different types of mixes. You can have an R&B mix, a pop mix and a house mix — to the point where you ask, 'What is the point? Where did the original song go?'

"If labels are looking for a particular type of record, they should sign those types of artists. If you want a house record, then sign a house artist instead of getting people to house mix your records. You have all these house mixes, but you also have tons of house acts that won't get any exposure."

Ultimately, the popularity of dance music will eventually succumb to a new sound. Even Shep Pettibone, a man with a vested interest in the perpetuation of the dance scene, sees a new day dawning. "I think music's changing again," he allows. "Last year there was a lot of house and dub [essentially instrumental grooves] music in the clubs; no real songs. I think people want to hear songs again, to sing along instead of listening to a lot of tribal beats." So before you think this latest revival is heralding the return of polyester leisure suits, wide lapels and lurex, think again. **me**

By Perry Stern

Sequel

What was once considered the fast food of popular music has made a spectacular comeback as the dominant genre of the charts. And whom do we have to thank? The artists? The record companies? No — blame it on the remixers.



Grateful Dead EUROPE 1990



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FRANKFURT,
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REGIONAL REPORTS

With Country Music Week approaching, the timing couldn't be better for Canadian country music to make inroads into the U.S. At presstime, both **Prairie Oyster** ("I Don't Hurt Anymore") and **Michelle Wright** ("New Kind Of Love") had singles on the *Billboard* charts, with **Prairie Oyster**'s album also charting. Wright's just-released self-titled album is also tipped for serious success Stateside. Both acts showcased in Nashville during the all-important Fan Fair Week in June.

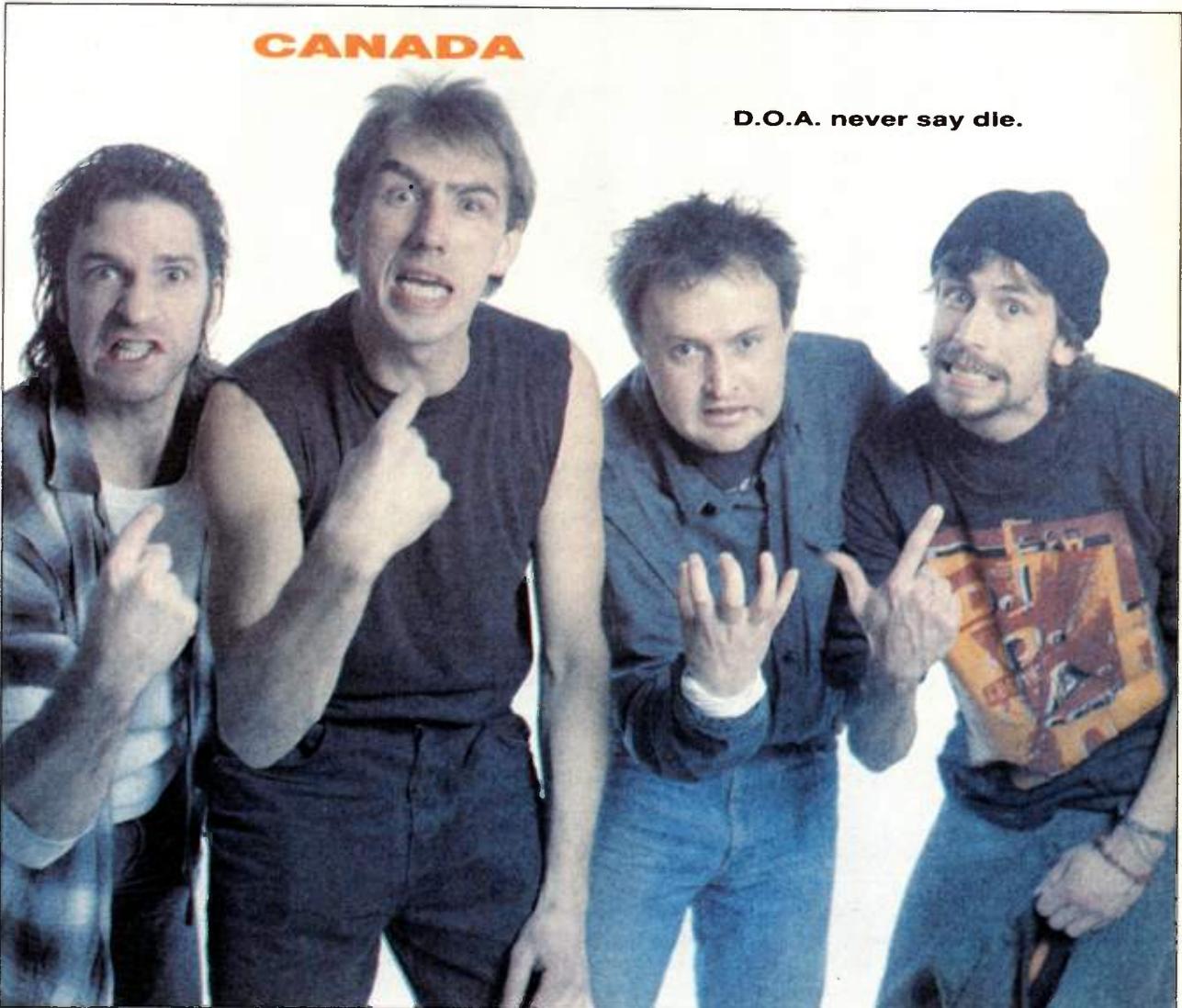
One highly promising country newcomer is Vancouver singer **Patricia Conroy**. She recently signed to WEA Canada, and her new debut album is produced by **Randall Prescott (Family Brown)**.

June was a glorious month in Canadian punk rock history. Those never say die rowdies **D.O.A.** saw their new album, *Murder*, crack the formidable wall of the *Billboard* Top 200 LP chart. At the time, the band was finishing off a successful three-month European tour, and they're now laying waste to Yankee headbangers. Unfortunately, all this touring means that leader **Joey Keithley** will miss much of the acting debut of daughter **Georgia Rae**, who scored the coveted role of Julie in the sequel to the movie smash *Look Who's Talking*.

A much newer Vancouver band, **Young Gun**, is reportedly close to a major deal. The glam-rockers have impressed listeners with live shows, as well as their debut indie album, *Bite The Bullet*. Meanwhile, West Coast rock veteran **Brian (Too Loud) MacLeod** has revamped the lineup of the dormant **Headpins** and is now hunting a deal. New Pins on the block include vocalist **Chrissy Steele** and ex-Loverboy skinsman **Matt Frenette**. The really big news from the West Coast, though, was the announcement that the 1991 Juno Awards will be held in Vancouver next March.

Toronto favorites **Crash Vegas** see their acclaimed debut, *Red Earth*, out on Atlantic in the U.S. this month. Journeyman bluesman **Morgan Davis** celebrated the appearance of his tasty new self-titled album on *Stony Plain* with a showcase that featured such comrades as **Colin Linden** and **Gene Taylor**. Vancouver hipsters **Bob's Your Uncle** now have their *Tale Of Two Legs* album out on California independent label **Doctor Dream**.

At presstime, rumors were flying of the impending demise of Toronto label **Risque Disque**. That would be a sad day for Canadian music in general, as these were the folks that launched **Blue Rodeo**, **Crash Vegas**, and **Basic English**, amongst others.



At a time when the Canadian industry still wallowed in the mire of corporate rock, they took risks and proved that artists stressing innovation over imitation could succeed. Congratulations/condolences to all involved.

Spirit Of The West have been playing dates in England, including some major summer festivals. A similarly encouraging response, both there and in Europe, to the **Shuffle Demons** is prompting **Richard Underhill**, leader of the jumpin' jazzateers, to relocate to London to plot further world conquest. The **Holly Cole Trio** (singer **Holly**, bassist **David Piltch** and pianist **Aaron Davis**) purvey a smoother jazz sound. They've been winning fans playing the summer jazz fests in support of the superb *Girl Talk* album.

The **Crash Test Dummies** sessions with producer **Steve Berlin** were reportedly accident-free, but their album's scheduled release has been pushed back from September. The debut **Big House** LP, however,

may still see the light of day in September. **David Bendeth** produced for BMG. Now out on that label is *Selfish Days* from **Five Guys Named Moe**. Although based in Glasgow, the band actually consists of three Ontarians plus a Scottish drummer, and their Canadian links make imminent dates here probable.

The news that **Iggy Pop** won't be starring in *Highway 61*, the cool sounding new rock 'n' road movie, is disappointing, but on the brighter side comes word that the soundtrack to *Roadkill* will appear via Denon to coincide with that cult flick's release on homevideo. The cinematographer on both films, **Miroslaw Baszak**, is slated to do two videoclips with **The Leslie Spit**

Treeo, whose debut LP, *Don't Cry Too Hard*, should be out by the end of August.

Music lovers in Toronto are advised to check out the excellent summer music line-up at Harbourfront. Specialty weekend festivals coming up encompass Hispanic and Caribbean music, rockabilly and

country, plus their annual highlight, **W.O.M.A.D.** (Aug. 9-12). Most of the top-calibre shows are free.

Indie Notes: Toronto rockers **The Glory Chain** should have a new EP, *Love Like Rain*, out soon, and they're planning a Western tour in support. Spins of their new tape and a couple of live sightings confirm that **The Saddle Tramps** continue to improve and will surely rope a record deal soon. Two survivors of Toronto's punk/new wave scene of a decade ago returned to local stages recently. **Steve (Nazi Dog) Leckie** resurrected **The Viletones** for one last pogo, while **Tony Malone** has a new version of **Drastic Measures** making the rounds.

Vancouverites showcasing in Toronto recently included the spirited **Roots Roundup** and **Sarcastic Mannequins**, but the latter's juvenile antics (taped nipples, extended version of "Rock Lobster") merely invited sarcasm.

Kerry Doole

NEW YORK

While in town for a three-night stint at Radio City Music Hall, **Midnight Oil** surprised the midtown lunch crowd with an impromptu noontime performance outside Exxon Oil Corporation's headquarters. Playing in front of a large banner that read, "Midnight Oil Makes You Dance, Exxon Oil Makes You Sick," the politically impassioned, ecologically minded Oils offered a half-dozen songs, including a spirited cover of John Lennon's "Instant Karma." Thousands of people gathered in the street, while still more crammed the windows of the Exxon tower. The performance was filmed for an upcoming documentary about the Australian band.

At a press conference later, singer Peter Garrett explained, "We want to take some of the issues that are in the songs back onto the streets where they belong."

While city officials sanctioned the Oils' plan, evidently the Rockefeller Corporation attempted to block the performance. The band chose the site "not because we attribute any particular blame to [Exxon]," Garrett said, "but because of the spill of oil

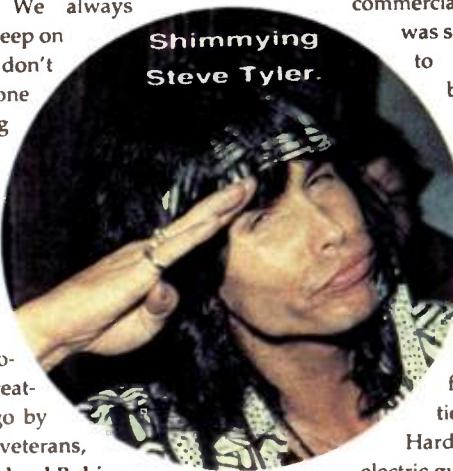
on Prince William Sound 15 months ago by the Exxon Valdez. It is a perfect image and metaphor for what is going on in this world. We're a little ant at the bottom of a huge skyscraper. We always knew that, but we keep on speaking. If they don't hear us now, someone will be listening tomorrow."

Recently, a trend toward smaller, more specialized record companies has emerged. One new label to watch is Robinson Records, created about a year ago by two industry veterans, record producer Richard Robinson (Lou Reed, David Johansen) and his wife, legendary rock columnist Lisa Robinson. The label's recent releases include albums by two New York-based hard rock groups, **The Lost** and **See No Evil**.

Richard Robinson says of the venture: "Today's record business has built a wall between bands that are musically interesting and bands the business thinks are commercial. Robinson Records was started because I want to work with young bands whose musical integrity wouldn't keep them from eventually selling records."

Aerosmith, evidently on a high from winning several International Rock Awards, performed an enthusiastic set at a party at the Hard Rock Cafe honoring electric guitar pioneer Les Paul on his 75th birthday.

Stuffed into a small railed-in area of the restaurant, the band ripped ferociously through a couple of blues standards before slamming into "Walk This Way." Steven



Tyler politely shimmied and posed his way through several songs before throwing himself bodily against the hologram for effect. Among the guests were **Danny Aiello**, **Joan Jett**, **Jerry Harrison**, **Joey Ramone**, **Richie Sambora**, members of **Skid Row**, and **Mick Taylor**.

Los Angeles-based songstress **Rickie Lee Jones** opened the Reebok Riverstage summer series recently at Pier 84 with acerbic country rocker **Lyle Lovett**. Because of union regulations, Jones' set was shorter than she would have liked, so she continued her performance later that night at Spo-dee-o-dee, playing "Chain Of Fools," "Sunshine Of Your Love," "Gloria" and **Marvin Gaye's** "Trouble Man."

How does that saying go — everything old is new again? With the advent of rollerblades, it shouldn't be too much of a surprise that the Roxy — during the early '80s the hippest roller rink in New York — has reinstated roller skating every Wednesday. It's doubtless the most effective sobriety test in the city!

Tina Clarke

LONDON

Those "lovable" **Stone Roses** are in the news again — not so much for their recent open-air show at Spike Island near Liverpool (dumbly dubbed "the north of England's own Woodstock"), but for the press conference that preceded it. Confronted by a press gang of Americans unused to the Roses' brand of surly humor, the band seemed torn between trying to deliver a stream of witty wisecracks (patented by **The Beatles**, circa 1964) and being plain obnoxious. When one U.S. journalist complained that the group wasn't answering any questions, vocalist **Ian Brown** snapped back, "What are you complaining about?

**The
lovable
Stone
Roses.**

You've got a free trip over to England, and you're going to see a great band tomorrow!" **Frank Owen**, *Spin's* Manchester-born New York correspondent, replied, "People have come from all over the world to see you — you're not being very professional. It's the whole Manchester sarcasm shit. Why won't you answer their questions?" The press conference then generated into a general air of mutual suspicion, but the band insisted later that they had been genuinely surprised by the journalists' aggression and had in no way pre-planned the confrontation.

In any case, the concert, held the next day, was a huge success, with 30,000 fans buying T-shirts, posters and the whole Stone Roses dance style as captured in numbers like "Sally Cinnamon," "Fool's Gold" and the new single, "One Love." If the band ever does decide to cross the Atlantic, it'll be a titanic battle of wits!

Sam Brown, the blonde chanteuse who recently scored hits with "Stop," "Can I Get A Witness" and "Kissing Gate," has been taking lessons in driving huge trucks! Sam says she wants to drive the tour bus when she and her band go on the road later this year, but maybe she's planning a future job with the Greyhound company!

After guitarist **Simon Hinkler** abruptly quit **The Mission** during a recent American tour, the rest of the band members have found their friends in the music business rallying round to help. Members of **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry** and tour openers **The**

Wonder Stuff stepped in initially, but a more permanent replacement is **All About Eve's** **Tim Bricheno**, who has agreed to play on all of **The Mission's** forthcoming European dates.

Gil Scott-Heron was forced to cancel two shows in Britain last month when he was prevented from entering the country after being stopped by customs officers and found to be in possession of 20 grams of cocaine. He was later fined \$1000 and deported.

After a long absence, **Paul Young**, who made his mark with vivid reinterpretations of **Marvin Gaye's** "Wherever I Lay My Hat" and **Joy Division's** "Love Will Tear Us Apart," has returned with a new album that has not met with unanimous approval. One reviewer claimed that *Other Voices* "bears all the hallmarks of an overplanned, superlaborious effort to build a hit album to refloat Young's waterlogged career." Ouch! At least the single, "Softly Whispering I Love You," made the U.K. Top 20.

Underground "melodic drone" merchants **Spacemen 3** have split up — at least according to their vocalist, the ridiculously named **Sonic Boom**. Boom's departure from the band, he claims, "terminates its existence," but the other cofounder, **Jason Pierce**, has simply gathered together the remaining members and renamed the group **Spiritualized**. The new lineup made a surprise debut recently at a birthday party for **Phil Parfitt** of **Perfect Disaster**, Spacemen 3's labelmates at **Fire Records**. A

jamming group featuring **The Jazz Butcher** assembled on stage and rambled through The Beatles' "Birthday," **Jonathan Richman's** "Roadrunner" and **Perfect Disaster's** own version of "Hey Bo Diddley."

Finally, another band that seems to court controversy at every turn is **U2**. While new British dance band **The Chimes** have taken a soul version of "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" into the U.K. Top 10, **U2** manager **Paul McGuinness** was attacking artists such as **Paul McCartney** and **The Who** for "greedy sponsorship."

Speaking at an Arts Council seminar in Dublin, McGuinness said, "I think it is embarrassing to see a major star endorsing a commercial product." Dismissing McCartney's recent deal with Visa credit cards, which sponsored his world tour, McGuinness went on, "I know the economics of touring at that level, and it is bullshit to claim that the tour would not be profitable without sponsorship." He also said that he was embarrassed by **The Who** accepting sponsorship from a beer manufacturer "when **Pete Townshend** is a recovered alcoholic. This kind of greedy sponsorship makes me uncomfortable. The acts that are able to attract these vast sums are, I'm sorry to say, diminished in my eyes."

U2 have always refused all offers of sponsorship and advertising themselves, even refusing to play a show in Japan last year until unauthorized advertising hoardings were covered up.

Johnny Waller/S.I.N.

LOS ANGELES

Lovely, 21-year-old **Elisa Fiorillo** — who hit the charts several years ago as lead singer on **Jellybean Benitez**' "Who Found Who?" — has been busy working on her second album, *I Am*, for Chrysalis at Paisley Park with producer **David Z.** And she's just as busy denying reports that she's the latest enamored of **Prince**, who has written several songs for her LP, including the title track. In an interview at her Laurel Canyon efficiency apartment, she said, "Nothing's happening at all. I don't even know how tall he is, because I've never stood next to him. I don't want to hurt his reputation as a ladies' man, but I was completely thrown off. He was pretty shy and quiet. It was all very professional. My whole family was worried, though. They're Italian, and they were saying, 'If he lays a hand on you, we'll come over there and kick his butt.'" First **Kim Basinger**, and now this! Poor Prince.

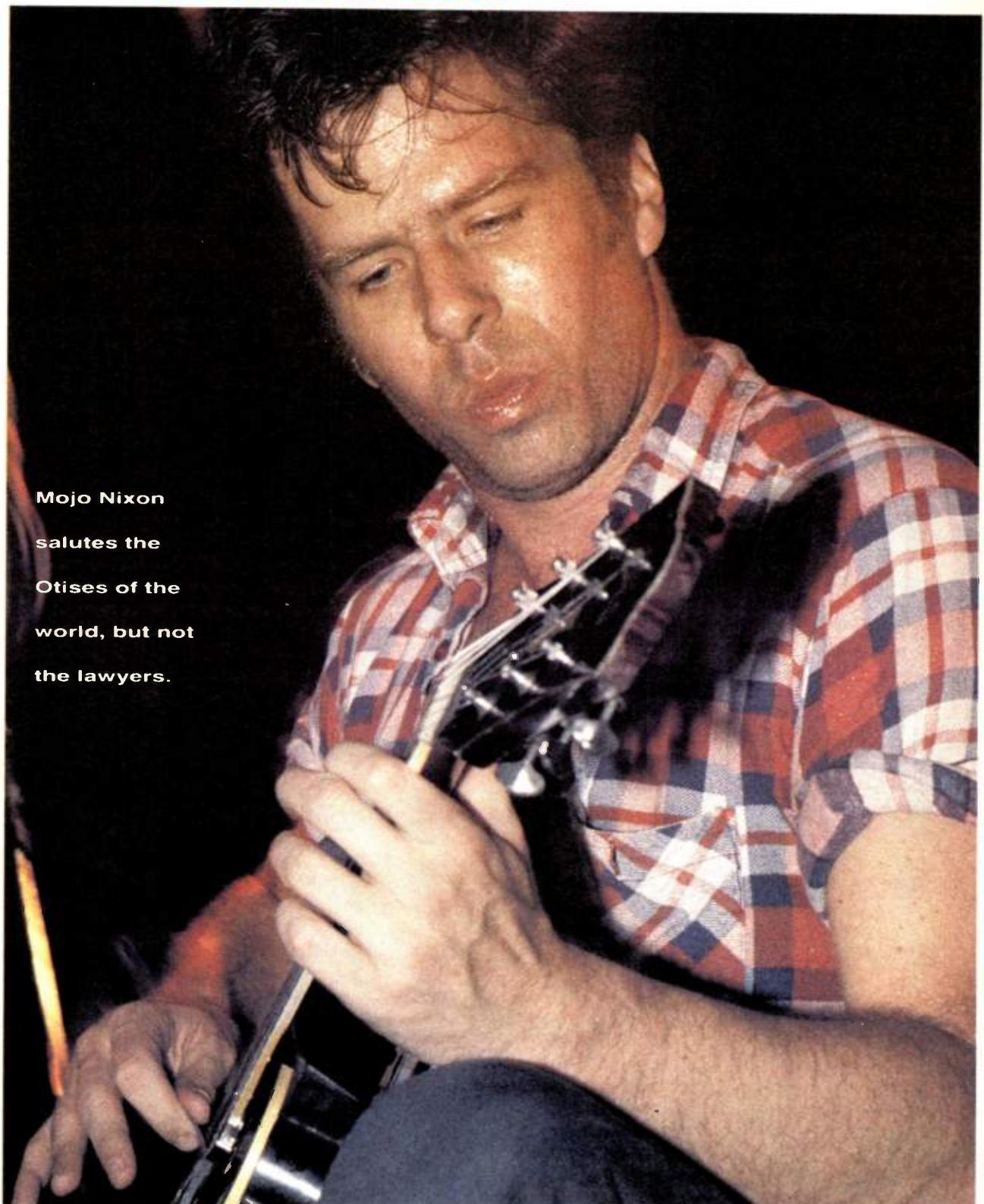
David Baerwald, one half of the combo **David & David**, is out on his own with the recent release *Bedtime Stories*. Since 1986's acclaimed *Boomtown*, Baerwald tried to put together a band, then lived with **Sean Penn** after the latter's divorce from **Madonna** while the two tried to write a film script based on the songs from *Boomtown*. "He's actually a very funny person," says David. "He's a real artist, and he's got a great sense of humor." Baerwald insists it's just a coincidence that he talks about the Material Girl "fiddling with herself while America burns" in "Liberty Lies" from the new LP.

Bruce Hornsby And The Range previewed songs from their new *A Night On The Town* LP for a star-studded crowd on the Paramount lot, where a crew taped the performance for a long-form home video. Among the special guests who sat in were **Jerry Garcia** and **Shawn Colvin**.

Warped Elvis spotter **Mojo Nixon** is back with a new LP on Enigma, *Otis*, in honor of **Otis Redding**, **Otis Blackwell**, **Johnny Otis**, **Otis The Elevator**, **Shuggy Otis** and **Otis The Drunk**. His all-star band includes **John Doe**, **Country Dick Montana** and **Del Lord Eric Ambel**. The first single is "Destroy All Lawyers," with such other ditties as "Don Henley Must Die" also included on the album.

Ex-Television guitar whiz **Tom Verlaine** was in town playing several solo acoustic shows, including an intimate set for less than 100 diehards at McCabe's Guitar Shop in Santa Monica. Talking about his last album, which came out in Europe but not in the U.S., he said, "It's a crazed A&R man's idea of doing business." His erstwhile TV mate, **Richard Lloyd**, was a featured performer on John Doe's recent solo album on DGC.

Little Richard was honored with a star



Mojo Nixon
salutes the
Otises of the
world, but not
the lawyers.

on the Hollywood Walk of Fame as "Little Richard Day" was proclaimed in Los Angeles.

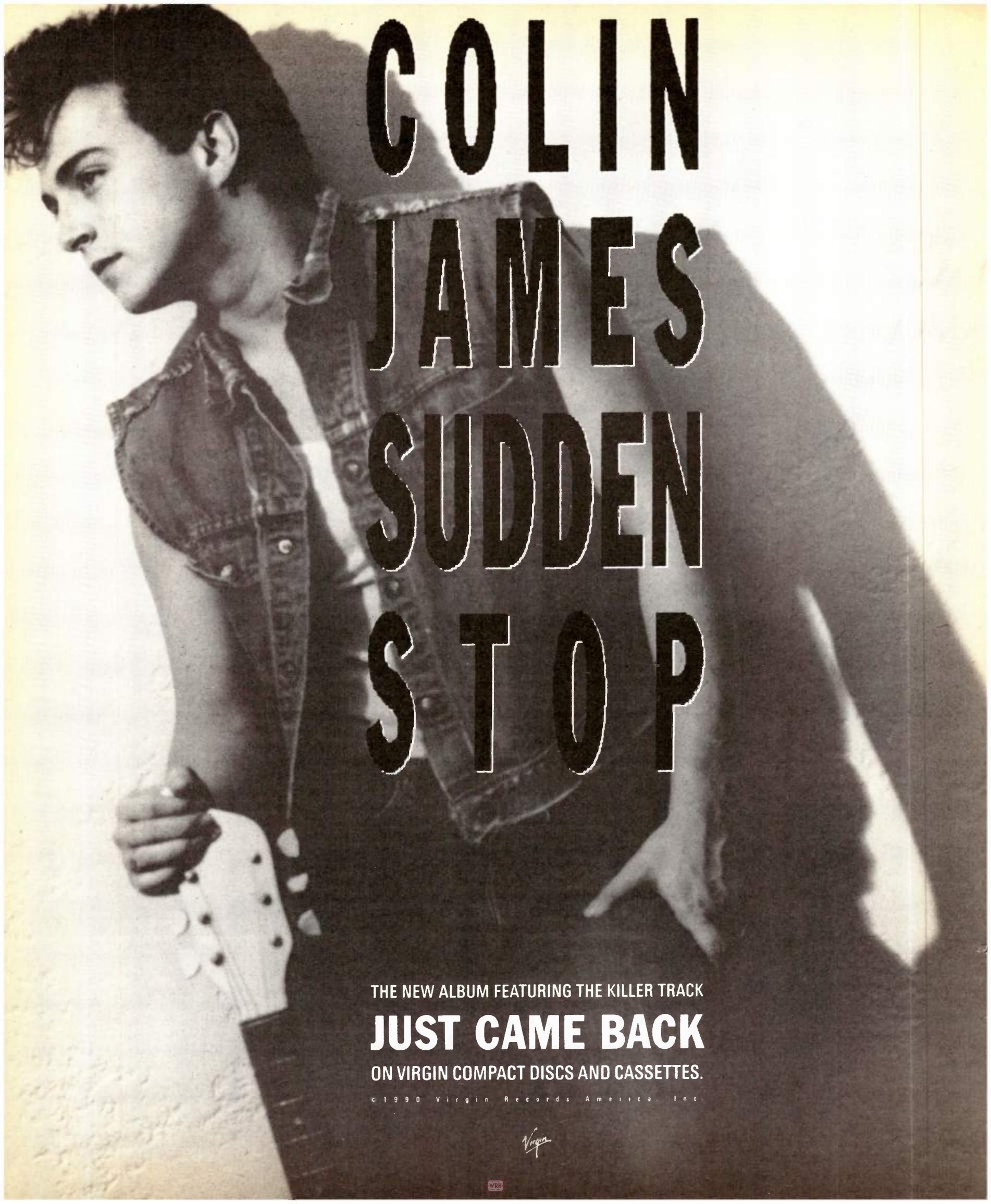
The latest metal all-star conglomeration, **Dirty White Boy** — featuring **Earl Slick**, **David Glen Eisley**, **Keni Richards** and **F. Kirk Alley** — shot the video for their first single, "Lazy Crazy," with director **Julien Temple** at the L.A. Correctional Institute, a maximum-security prison in Saugus, California. Shooting continued the next day on Hollywood Boulevard, where a chance

meeting with the legendary **Bo Diddley** led to the hall of famer's appearance in the clip. The band's debut is called, suitably enough, *Bad Reputation*.

Beach Boy historian **David Leaf** penned the liner notes to the entire 17-album, eight-double-CD reissue of the band's back catalogue on Capitol, including an exclusive interview with **Paul McCartney** for the *Pet Sounds* LP, on which the ex-Beatle acknowledged the overwhelming influence it had on his own work.

Look for spoken word maestro **Harvey Kubernik**'s massive *Hollywood* album on Rhino. Its impressive cast of unlikely bedfellows includes **Jane's Addiction**'s **Perry Farrell**, **Love Boat**'s **Gavin McLeod**, **Last Exit To Brooklyn** author **Hubert Selby Jr.**, **Pamela** and **Michael Des Barres** and lots, lots more. The one-man L.A. cultural maven is also helping to compile a *Jack Kerouac* set for the same label.

Roy Trakin



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4 SAN DIEGO • SPORTS ARENA
5 SACRAMENTO • ARCO ARENA
9 DENVER • FIDDLER'S GREEN
10 OKLAHOMA CITY • MYRIAD CONVENTION
11 HOUSTON • THE SUMMIT
12 SAN ANTONIO • FREEMAN COLISEUM
16 CINCINNATI • RIVERFRONT COLISEUM
17 DETROIT • JOE LEWIS ARENA
18 ROSEMOUNT • ROSEMOUNT HORIZON
22 BLOOMINGTON • THE MET CENTER
23 CLEVELAND • TBA
24 INDIANAPOLIS • MARKET SQ. ARENA
25 CHARLOTTE • CHARLOTTE COLISEUM
26 BIRMINGHAM • JEFFERSON CIVIC CTR.
30 ORLANDO • ORLANDO ARENA
31 ATLANTA • THE OMNI

JOAN ARMATRADING

AUG. 6 SARATOGA SPG. • PERF. ARTS CENTER
7 BURLINGTON • MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM
8 NEW HAVEN • PALACE THEATER
9 PHILADELPHIA • TOWER THEATER
10 BALTIMORE • PIER 6 PAVILLION
11 VIENNA • WOLF TRAP
12 MANSFIELD • GREAT WOODS CTR.
14-16 NEW YORK • BEACON THEATER
18 CHICAGO • TBA
20 DENVER • FIDDLER'S GREEN
22-23 LOS ANGELES • WILTERN THEATER
25 BERKELEY • GREEK THEATER

JOHN HIATT

AUG. 1 MEMPHIS • MUD ISLAND AMPH.
3 DETROIT • CHENE PARK
4 HOFFMAN EST. • POPLAR CREEK
6 INDIANAPOLIS • DEER CREEK MUSIC CENTER
17 PHILADELPHIA • MANN MUSIC CENTER
19 BRISTOL • LAKE COMPOUNCE
21 HOLMDEL • GARDEN ST. ARTS CTR.
23 COLUMBIA • MERRIWEATHER POST
24 WANTAGH • JONES BEACH TH.
25 STANHOPE • WATERLOO VILLAGE
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6 INDIANAPOLIS • DEER CREEK MUSIC CTR.
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13 TORONTO • KINGSWOOD MUSIC CENTER
15-16 NEW YORK • THE PALLADIUM
17 PHILADELPHIA • MANN MUSIC CENTER



BO DIDDLEY

18 MANCHESTER • VET'S MEM. PARK
19 BRISTOL • LAKE COMPOUNCE
21 HOLMDEL • GARDEN ST. ARTS CTR.
23 COLUMBIA • MERRIWEATHER POST
24 WANTAGH • JONES BEACH THEATER
25 STANHOPE • WATERLOO VILLAGE
26 MIDDLETOWN • ORANGE CO. FAIRGROUND
28 SARATOGA SPG. • PERF. ARTS CTR.
29 SYRACUSE • NEW YORK ST. FAIR
30 CANANDAIGUA • FINGER LAKES AMPH.
31 MANSFIELD • GREAT WOODS CTR.

BO DIDDLEY

AUG. 2 (d) SANTA MONICA • SANTA MONICA PIER
2 (n) LOS ANGELES • WESTIN BONAVENTURE
3 YAKIMA • SUN DOME CAR SHOW
4 BUFFALO • RICH STADIUM
23 BENICIA • STATE THEATER
24 ASHLAND • JACKSON CO. PARK
25 EUGENE • CUTHBERT AMPH.
26 PORTLAND • SOKOL BLOSSER VINEYARD
28 SYRACUSE • NEW YORK ST. FAIR
29 DETROIT • MICHIGAN EXPOSITION
31 KANSAS CITY • SPIRIT FESTIVAL

ANITA BAKER

AUG. 1 DENVER • FIDDLER'S GREEN
3 PORTLAND • MT. HOOD FESTIVAL
4 GEORGE • CHAMPS D'BRIONNE
8 CONCORD • CONCORD PAVILION
10 SACRAMENTO • CAL EXPO AMPH.
11 MTN. VIEW • SHORELINE AMPH.
12 LAGUANA HILLS • IRVINE MEADOWS
14 SAN DIEGO • SAN DIEGO ST. UNIV.

15 PHOENIX • MEMORIAL COLISEUM

17 DALLAS • STARPLEX AMPH.
18 HOUSTON • WOODLANDS AMPH.
20 COLUMBUS • CAPITOL MUSIC CTR.
22 TORONTO • CNE GRANDSTAND

ROBERT PLANT

AUG. 1 ATLANTA • THE OMNI
3 HOUSTON • THE SUMMIT
4 DALLAS • REUNION ARENA
6 TUCSON • COMMUNITY CENTER
7 PHOENIX • MEMORIAL COLISEUM
9 SAN DIEGO • SPORTS ARENA

ROBERT FRIPP

AUG. 1 OTTAWA • BARRYMORE'S
2 TORONTO • ONTARIO PLACE FORUM
3 MORGAN • CLUB BENE
4 NEW YORK • SUMMERSTAGE
5 LENOX • BERKSHIRE PERF. ARTS CTR.

**DEBORAH HARRY, JERRY HARRISON,
THE RAMONES, TOM TOM CLUB**

AUG. 1 PARK CITY • PARK WEST AMPH.
3 LAGUANA HILLS • IRVINE MEADOWS
4 SAN DIEGO • SDSU OPEN AIR TH.
5 MESA • MESA AMPH.
8-9 LOS ANGELES • TBA
10 SANTA BARBARA • ARLINGTON THEATER
11 BERKELEY • GREEK THEATER
12 SACRAMENTO • EXHIBITION HALL
14 PORTLAND • SACHNITZER AUDITORIUM
15 SEATTLE • PARAMOUNT THEATER
16 VANCOUVER • LIONS BOWL

Larry Busacca/Retna

BON JOVI



BONNIE RAITT

AUG. 1 VIENNA • WOLF TRAP
 3 CANANDAIGUA • FINGER LAKES AMPH.
 4 SARATOGA SPGS. • PERF. ARTS CTR.
 5 COLUMBIA • MERRIWEATHER POST
 7 STANHOPE • WATERLOO VILLAGE
 8 AGAWAM • RIVERSIDE PARK
 11 PORTLAND • CUMBERLAND CO. CIVIC
 12 MANCHESTER • VETERAN'S MEMORIAL PARK
 13 MANSFIELD • GREAT WOODS AMPH.
 15 PITTSBURGH • STAR LAKE AMPH.
 16 CUYAHOGA FALLS • BLOSSOM MUSIC CTR.

**BONNIE RAITT**

Left: Peter Figen/Retna ; Right: Ken Settle

8 DALLAS • CITY LIMITS

9 HOUSTON • BACKSTAGE
 10 SAN ANTONIO • THE SHOWCASE
 12 PHOENIX • AFTER THE GOLDRUSH
 13 SAN DIEGO • THE BACCHANAL
 14-15 LOS ANGELES • THE WHISKEY

ERIC CLAPTON

AUG. 1 GREENSBORO • GREENSBORO COLISEUM
 3-4 LANDOVER • CAPITOL CTR.
 6-7 E. RUTHERFORD • MEADOWLANDS ARENA
 10-11 MANSFIELD • GREAT WOODS CTR.
 13 SARATOGA SPG. • PERF. ARTS CTR.
 14-15 PHILADELPHIA • THE SPECTRUM
 17-18 UNIONDALE • NASSAU COLISEUM
 21 CUYAHOGA FALLS • BLOSSOM MUSIC CTR.
 22 CLARKSTON • PINE KNOB
 25-26 EAST TROY • ALPINE VALLEY
 28 BONNER SQUARE • SANDSTONE ARENA
 29 ST. LOUIS • ST. LOUIS ARENA
 31 KNOXVILLE • THOMP. BOLING ARENA

BAD CO. / DAMN YANKEES

AUG. 1 CINCINNATI • RIVERBEND MUSIC CTR.
 2 COLUMBUS • CAPITOL MUSIC CENTER
 3 INDIANAPOLIS • DEER CREEK MUSIC CTR.
 4 NASHVILLE • STARWOOD AMPH.
 5 MEMPHIS • MUD ISLAND AMPH.
 8 CHARLESTON • CHARLESTON COLISEUM
 9 CLARKSTON • PINE KNOB
 10 CLEVELAND • NAUTICA STAGE
 11 HOFFMAN EST. • POPLAR CREEK
 12 ST. LOUIS • KIEL OPERA HOUSE
 14 KNOXVILLE • CIVIC COLISEUM

BRUCE DICKINSON

AUG. 1 CINCINNATI •
 BOGART'S
 4 DETROIT • THE RITZ
 5 CHICAGO • THE METRO •
 6 MINNEAPOLIS • FIRST
 AVENUE

**DAMN YANKEES**

15 PELHAM • OAK MTN. AMPH.
 16 ATLANTA • LAKEWOOD AMPH.
 17 CHARLESTON • KING ST. PALACE
 18 COLUMBIA • MERRIWEATHER POST
 19 NORFOLK • BESSIE'S PLACE
 21 OLD ORCHARD BEACH • SEAPAC
 22 POUGHKEEPSIE • MID-HUDSON CIVIC CENTER

**Was it live?**



After years of frustration, disappointment and day jobs, former members of Heart and Sheriff are ready to share the last laugh as the debut LP of their new outfit, Alias, seems headed for success.

By L.A. standards, it was a typical record launch party — an assortment of schmoozers and media types drifting into Alzado's Hollywood sports bar for a couple of free drinks and a cursory scan at E.M.I.'s latest signing, Alias.

Little is known about the band, other than the fact that it comprises three members of the original Heart lineup and a couple of Canadians who enjoyed a freakish No. 1 single last year ("When I'm With You") as members of Sheriff.

Still, it's a good turnout, and the label is doing its best to create the required media buzz. A 40-minute documentary video explains the history of "When I'm With You," a song Sheriff recorded seven years ago. It was a minor Canadian hit that took on renewed life when Jay Taylor, music director at KLUC in Las Vegas, pulled it out of the vaults and met with overwhelming phone response.

Sister stations KZZP Phoenix and KISS Los Angeles picked up on the momentum and helped carry the song to No. 1 in the *Billboard* charts. Trouble

was, there was no band (Sheriff had disbanded in 1985), no video and technically no recording contract (Capitol had already dropped the group). To create even further confusion, two former Sheriff members, Arnold Lanni (the composer of "When I'm With You") and bassist Wolf Hassel, had formed their own group, Frozen Ghost, and were not unduly thrilled about having their past resurrected, particularly when all the attention was competing with their latest release on Atlantic.

For lead vocalist Freddy Curci and guitarist Steve DeMarchi, the Hollywood party and the debut of their self-titled Alias release is their opportunity to finally step forward and grab their share of the credit. Along with the Heart trio of guitarist Roger Fisher, bassist Steve Fossen and drummer Michael Desrosier, Curci and DeMarchi are determined to capitalize on last year's success while moving on with a new band and a new lease on life.

To the Heart boys, Hollywood parties are old hat. In their heyday, they were constantly feted as they

toured with The Rolling Stones and The Who and headlined stadium shows. But to Curci and DeMarchi, this is the payoff for almost nine years of frustration.

"We could have only dreamed of this 12 months ago," beams the blond-maned Curci. "Tonight represents a lot of vindication for the hard work and setbacks Steve and I have suffered."

Curci flashes a mischievous grin as he points to the album artwork's central focus: an unmistakable metallic Sheriff's badge. Curci and DeMarchi are determined to get the last word in on a particularly unhappy episode.

Formed in Toronto in 1979 with members Curci, DeMarchi, Lanni, Hassel and drummer Rob Elliot, Sheriff released its self-titled debut in 1982 on independent label Reel Records. Having been picked up by Capitol, the band released three singles, the third being "When I'm With You." It reached No. 61 on the *Billboard* charts and No. 1 in Canada, but, according to DeMarchi and Curci, the band members

were lucky to make \$25 a week — even though they toured with the likes of The Beach Boys.

Internal dissent began to eat away at the ranks, and in 1985 Sheriff split up. Lanni and Hassel eventually formed Frozen Ghost, while Elliot dropped out of sight and Curci and DeMarchi built an eight-track studio and began writing together.

"It was a slow and, at times, almost painful process," DeMarchi explains. "Freddy and I took day jobs, delivering packages for a courier service, and we used the money to build the studio piece by piece. But the job constantly interfered with our songwriting and recording. One of us would get a call and it would be, 'Sorry, have to go, I'll see you at 7 and we'll carry on then.'"

A classic pre-Alias story involves a part-time job for Curci as a cable TV installer. "I dropped by this house and I recognized the client as a top record company A&R man," he says. "We got talking, and I left him one of our demo tapes. The following day, I got a message from the A&R man on my answering machine. I was all excited, and I called Steve. Then I called the A&R guy back. His message to me was, 'Can you come back to my house? My TV's not working!'"

An eerie premonition by the pair's courier service boss, Baxter Burton, foretold events which would improve their fortunes. Dying of cancer, with only a week to live, Burton summoned the pair to his bedside, discussed their plight and promised he'd pull some strings for them when he "moved upstairs."

"One year later, right out of the blue, we have a No. 1 record. That defies logic," muses DeMarchi.

The pair first heard about "When I'm With You" breaking through a phone call from Capitol Canada president Deane Cameron, who had stayed in touch following Sheriff's demise.

"He said, 'It looks like you're going to have a big hit in America,'" Curci explains. "I said, 'I don't understand; we haven't finished recording yet.' He said, 'No, I'm talking about 'When I'm With You' — it's been re-released!'"

The experience of having a chart-topping single proved to be bittersweet for Curci and DeMarchi, however. Prevented from capitalizing on this bolt from the blue, the duo could only continue recording and delivering packages, while Lanni, who had acquired all the band's publishing rights "for the price of a used car," received most of the credit.

"Our position was that 'When I'm With You' was successful as much for Freddy's vocal performance as for Arnold's song, but it was never credited that way," bemoans DeMarchi.

"Imagine delivering a package to an office and hearing yourself on the radio," adds Curci. "I'd be signing a shipping slip and smiling, and the girl at the front desk would ask what I was laughing about. I'd say, 'That's me singing on the radio.' And she'd say, 'Sure, buddy, now on your way.'"

The clash between the Frozen Ghost contingent and Curci and DeMarchi turned somewhat ugly,

and they are still embroiled in lawsuits. "We've had to deliver packages up until a month ago just to pay our legal bills," DeMarchi explains. "They wouldn't let us do anything to promote the single. They even tried to stop us from doing radio station promo tags as Sheriff."

Subsequent attention did result in the duo being

suggested Roger and Steve."

Meeting the Heart trio in a downtown Hollywood Holiday Inn, it's obvious that there are direct similarities between Curci's and DeMarchi's experience with Sheriff and their misfortunes with Heart. They don't want to harp over old wounds, but it's obvious that they didn't leave Heart under the best of circumstances.

"You've got to remember that it was Roger and I who started Heart, back in high school in Seattle," explains Fossen. "Anne and Nancy [Wilson] joined us later. At first I thought we were going to have a great rock 'n' roll band like Foreigner, and I think our debut, *Dreamboat Annie*, is the best of the lot. But the more it became Anne and Nancy's band, the less it became a rock band, and the more it became a commercial entity. After a while, we just became support musicians."

Fisher left first, initially forming his own band and then recording a solo instrumental release. Fossen and Derosier stayed on until after *Private Audition*, when they were unceremoniously fired.

Fossen went back to Seattle with his wife and family and vowed not to move from his couch until the right offer came along. As it turned out, he had quite a wait. But phone calls from Derosier and demo tapes from the now-named Alias (as in alias Sheriff!) perked his interest. "I was going stir crazy," he says, "and when I got the official invitation, I jumped around like a maniac!"

But how would two separate units mesh together as a new band? That was answered the first time the five members played together.

"Freddy and I were a little intimidated at first," says DeMarchi. "Here were these guys who had played headline concerts and owned their own planes. Why did they want to play with us? Fortunately, though, they're great guys, and so tight as players. When we started to play it was as though we had played together for 20 years."

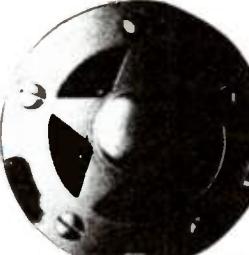
It helped that the Heart boys were enthusiastic about Freddy and Steve's material. Only two songs were penned outside of the band, and they even turned down a Diane Warren song, "When I See You Smile," which proved to be a No. 1 single for Bad English.

"We liked the song, but we'd already recorded a couple of ballads," muses Curci. "Still, it shows my ability for picking out a hit!"

Not that Alias seems to be suffering in that department, though: "Haunted Heart" was the second most added single during its week of release, beaten only by Aerosmith and three slots ahead of the new Heart single — much to the band's delight.

"We're all looking forward to playing live again — it's been almost five years since my last gig," says Curci. "I promise you one thing, it's going to be a kick-ass rock 'n' roll band."

"It's going to be so great touring as part of an all-guy group," smiles Fossen mischievously. "Just think — I won't have to carry Anne and Nancy's luggage off the tour bus!" **me**



Frontier JUSTICE

By Keith Sharp

signed to Capitol Canada, though, which accelerated their songwriting and recording efforts. Working with local engineer Dave (Super D.) Runstedler, the pair knocked off 50 songs, six of which made it onto the Alias album.

"Because we spent so much time on the sessions, we were able to get some neat sounds," Curci enthuses. "We were doing vocals in Steve's bedroom with mattresses stacked against the wall. Anything to get strong, live sounds."

"When I was laying down my guitar parts at Hollywood Recorders, the engineers were bringing out all these customized Eddie Van Halen and Steve Vai amps," explains DeMarchi. "I thought, 'These are fine, but let me try my own amp.' They couldn't believe the sounds I was getting. They started stripping it apart to see what I had inside the cabinet. Truth is, it was a home-made job put together over the years. When you have that kind of time on your hands, you can afford to experiment."

Through Cameron, the pair were put in touch with top U.S. manager Allen Kovac, who flew to Toronto, heard their demos and offered them a deal on the spot. Put together with producer Rick Neigher (Vixen, Tonto K.), Curci and DeMarchi flew to L.A. last summer to finish off their demos and write a new batch of songs. It was during this time that they met Derosier.

"I was particularly impressed with Freddy's voice," Derosier says. "I was interested, and when I found out they were looking for other people, I

AND THEN HE KISSED ME.

The place was a mess. My hair was still wet.
I didn't even have my make-up on yet...

We finally get to the restaurant and I spill
a drink all over myself. I was so embarrassed.

The movie? The worst I've ever seen.

Then we get back to his car — I insisted
it was okay to park there — and there's a \$20 ticket. Great.

So anyway we go all the way across town
to hit my favourite hang-out and it's closed.

Then I get us lost on those one-way
streets back to my place.

We get home and I realize I've locked myself out.

Nothing was going right. Nothing.

And then he kissed me.



FOR FRESH BREATH
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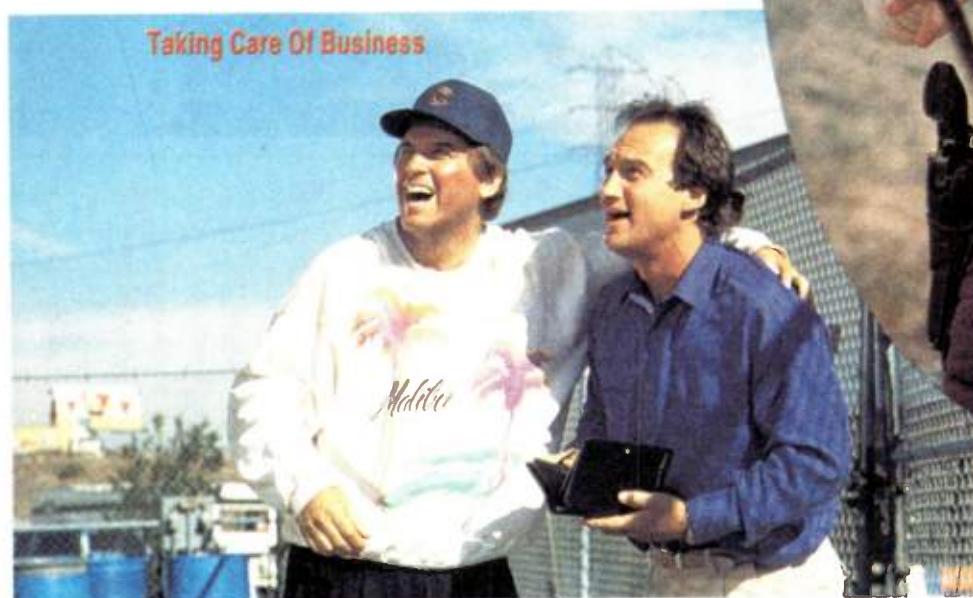
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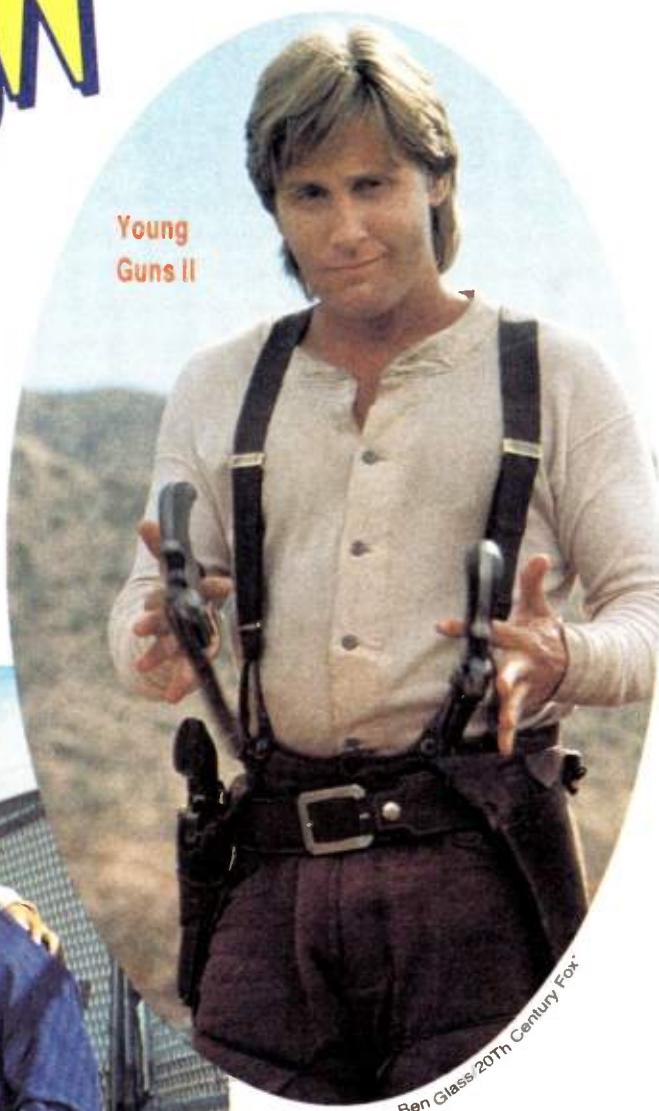
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In this summer of sequels (isn't every summer one?), one of the most promising was being filmed in Toronto. *FX* was just about the best suspense thriller of the past 10 years, and *FX II* reunites its stars, **Bryan Brown** and **Brian Dennehy**. Should be worth the long wait between films. ? **Clint Eastwood's** *White Hunter, Black Heart* was a hit at the Cannes Festival and should be in North American release soon (it has a gala premiere at Toronto's Festival Of Festivals in September). Clint directs and stars in the lead role; it's a portrayal of famed director **John Huston's** attempts to bag an elephant during the filming of *The African Queen*. ? **Marlon Brando's** first starring role in 10 years reaches the screen this month. In *The Freshman*, he plays (surprise!) a Mafia don, while **Matthew Broderick** co-stars as an innocent student who becomes his right-hand man. Yes, it's another mob comedy! ? With *Twin Peaks* fever still running high, what better time for a new **David Lynch** psy-

cho-drama? Our favorite twisted talent wrote the screenplay and directed *Wild At Heart*, in which **Nicolas Cage** and **Laura Dern** play lovers on the run. The great supporting cast includes **Willem Dafoe**, **Isabella Rossellini**, **Diane Ladd**, and the eternally cool **Harry Dean Stanton**. Expected shortly, but probably in a slightly sanitized form. ? In yet another sequel, *Graffiti Bridge* takes up where *Purple Rain* left off. **Prince**, of course, is back as The Kid and scene-stealer **Morris Day** (of *The Time*, which reunites on-screen) plays his nightclub-owning rival. Expect the usual multimedia marketing blitz (album, tour etc.). ? If you're in the mood for a sweet romantic comedy (an old-fashioned concept, I know), *The Tall Guy* could be for you. It stars that usually weird tall guy, **Jeff Goldblum**, as a struggling American actor on London's West End. The film's parody of *The Elephant Man* is worth the price of admission alone! ? Seems like Yankees in England are a popular theme these days, given



Young
Guns II

Ben Glass 20th Century Fox

Memphis Belle and the upcoming *Chicago Joe & The Showgirl*, in which **Kiefer Sutherland** stars as an American G.I. getting into big trouble during World War II. ? Film noir fans can revel in *After Dark, My Sweet*, based on a **Jim Thompson** novel. Stars **Rachel Ward**, **Bruce Dern**, and **Jason Patric**. ? Shooting a Western ain't all posing with the posse. Just ask **Emilio Estevez**, who broke his arm when his horse bolted during the making of *Young Guns II*. He did complete the film, which should be a theatre near you right now. ? What was once *Pros & Cons* is now *Taking Care Of Business*, but the film remains a comedy caper starring **James Belushi** and **Charles Grodin**. Police-man **Stewart Copeland** composed the score. Due this month. ? *Men At Work* is another fast-moving comedy, this one starring brothers **Charlie Sheen** and **Emilio Estevez** as two garbage men who uncover a very important corpse. ? Currently hotter than the Southern sun is actress **Julia Roberts** (*Steel Magnolias*, *Pretty Woman*). She recently completed shooting *Sleeping With The Enemy*, a sexual thriller that sees her play a woman in love with the wrong man (**Patrick Bergin**).

Kerry Doole

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John Goodman,
Brian McNamara
and Jeff Daniels
plan their
spider fight.

ARACHNOphobia

By Iain Blair

What has eight legs, two fangs and a bad attitude? The answer, of course, is the star of *Arachnophobia*, the new Steven Spielberg film, which should do for spiders what Hitchcock's *The Birds* did for our feathered friends.

While the rest of the big summer films have concentrated on heavy firepower, cranked-up chase scenes and expensive, state-of-the-art special effects to capture your box office dollars, *Arachnophobia* has gone straight for the jugular, so to speak, with a simple if somewhat chilling premise. What if your home was suddenly invaded by a deadly new strain of killer spiders? And, worse, what if you happened to suffer from arachnophobia — an uncontrollable fear of spiders?

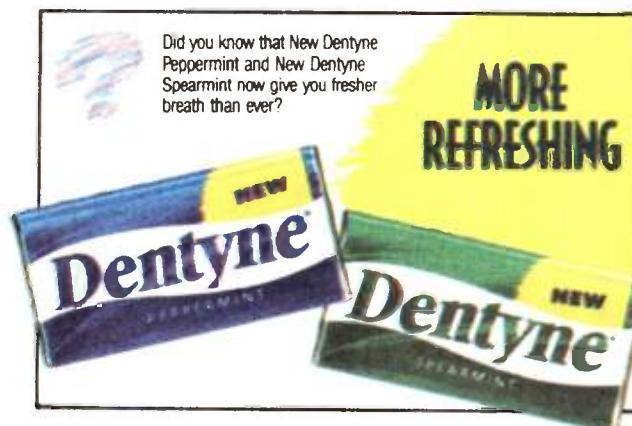
Arachnophobia stars Jeff Daniels, Julian Sands, John Goodman and Harley Jane Kozak in a thrill 'n' chills story that taps into everyone's deep-seated fear of creepy-crawlies without resorting to cheap horror tricks or tons of gory scenes to achieve its effect.

As director Frank Marshall explains, "We specifically aimed for an old-fashioned type of film that would scare everyone out of their seats without being gruesome." Marshall, who along with partners Spielberg and Kathleen Kennedy has produced such hits as *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, *Back To The Future* and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*, waited for this project to make his debut as a director.

"I wanted to find just the right kind of script to start out on my own with," he says. "The moment I read *Arachnophobia*, which is by Don Jakoby, who co-wrote *Alien*, I knew this was it, because it reminded me of a Hitchcock thriller. It sets it up so that the audience really scares itself."

The story starts in the heart of the Venezuelan jungle, where an expedition led by an entomologist (played by Julian Sands) discovers a rare species of a particularly venomous and aggressive spider. When one member of the

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party mysteriously dies, his body is shipped home to a quiet California village for burial. But of course, unknown to everyone, one of the killer spiders hitches a ride with the corpse in the coffin. It's then up to the new village doctor (played by Jeff Daniels) and the fearless local insect exterminator (John Goodman) to track down the fast-breeding spiders and save the day.

"I think almost everyone has some fear of spiders, even though they may not admit it to themselves," says Goodman, who slotted his scene-stealing *Rambo*-style performance in between his regular taping sessions for *Roseanne*. "Apparently some recent study showed that arachnophobia is one of the most common phobias around, and that it's directly linked to the fears of early

Ralph Nelson/Hollywood Pictures/Amblin Entertainment

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man."

Writer Jakoby first came up with the idea for the film after watching a spider spin a web in a New England barn. "The thought of something that small pursuing and attacking something much larger than itself and cackling or hissing while it did haunted me," he says. Jakoby imagined that the human brain must be wired in a certain way to trigger this irrational fear of spiders, and in fact the latest research shows that even the shape of a spider evokes a strong fear reaction in humans — a reaction that is only controlled by a hormone present to a greater or lesser degree in different people.

"The irony of it all is that without spiders, the Earth would probably be uninhabitable by now for man, because they eat so many other bugs and flies," points out the movie's chief spider "wrangler," Jules Sylvester.

Along with supervising entomologist Steven Kutcher, Sylvester had his work cut out for him on *Arachnophobia*. Explains director Marshall: "The script called for spiders that can run, jump, walk upside down and spin a web, and right from the beginning we knew we had to use real spiders — mechanical ones just weren't going to look real enough."

After auditioning several finalists, the team selected a particularly acrobatic spider from New Zealand called a delena. "We used them as the drone or soldier spiders," reports Sylvester. "But for the star of the show, the large killer spider, we used a very fierce Amazonian bird-eating tarantula."

"Man, that thing's about a foot across, and it was pretty damn scary," admits Goodman. "To get us used to sharing the set with the spiders, we were all taught to handle the delenas, which are harmless. But no one wanted to go near the tarantulas. Hey, I'm a big guy, but that thing scared the shit out of me."

"The spider wranglers told us that the tarantulas aren't venomous enough to kill you, but that a bite can be very nasty," comments Marshall. "They also throw off little hairs that feel like fibreglass, and that can really hurt, too. So we all kept well away."

"One of the main challenges was that I had to show both the actors and the spiders in the same shot," he continues. "We didn't want to cheat with a cheesy B-movie approach, where you see the fear on the actor's face and then cut away for a shot of the spider. In the scenes where Julian and Jeff are covered in spiders, those are real spiders."

Hardly surprisingly, that realistic approach caused many anxious moments on the set. "The big problem with spiders is that you can't train them in any traditional way — they're not motivated by food or other rewards," Sylvester points out. "Their eyesight isn't too good either, but they're incredibly sensitive to changes in their environment, such as temperature or air movement, so we were able to

make them do certain simple tasks such as running and walking by heating up the floor behind them and blowing through straws."

Getting the spiders to stop once they were busy crawling across a set was another matter entirely. After dozens of experiments with light and temperature, the filmmakers found that the most success-

climactic battle sequence at the end, where we had to use some specially built mechanical spiders."

Those were constructed by Chris Walas, the creature effects supervisor whose credits include *The Fly* and *Gremlins*. Working from film footage of various tarantulas, Walas and his team based their spider puppets' leg movements on exact slow mo-



"Everyone has some fear of spiders, even though they may not admit it."

ful motivator was a system of vibrating wires made of filament that was fine enough to be invisible to the camera. These wires acted as boundary lines for the spiders.

"The other thing we discovered was that the delena spiders hated Lemon Pledge spray wax," reveals Sylvester. "It's wet and sticky, and acts as a repellent, so we were able to spray around the areas where we wanted to keep the spiders, and that worked great."

Even so, keeping track of the fast-moving cast of spiders presented another big challenge. "We had over 200 spiders in some of the scenes, and for every 15 or 20 spiders we had a spider wrangler, plus all the guys helping to make them move on cue, so it was an incredibly crowded set," Marshall says. "And although it looks as though many of them were squashed, set on fire and otherwise disposed of, in fact we didn't kill or lose one single spider."

"There's a great scene where I stomp on this spider as it scuttles away after my exterminator spray doesn't kill it," notes Goodman with a smile. "And it's not a trick shot. I actually do stomp on it, but I'm wearing a specially made boot with a carved-out sole, so that spider just curled up inside."

"I think that's one of the most unusual aspects of this film," adds the director. "There are virtually no special effects. Everything you see with the spiders actually happens, apart from a few shots in the

tion sequences to make them as realistic as possible."

"Obviously we couldn't use the real tarantulas in situations where they might be injured, and in the scenes where we did mix the real and the mechanical spiders, you can't even tell them apart," states Marshall.

Arachnophobia also convincingly mixes the real Venezuelan jungle with an enormous set. "The story starts off in a 'lost world' type of locale, which we filmed with great difficulty near Angel Falls in Venezuela," Marshall says. "We rented a transport plane and five choppers from the police in Caracas, and then had to airlift every single piece of equipment into the interior and to the top of this mountain plateau. The script also called for some scenes to be shot inside a sinkhole, but as it consisted of a 2,000-foot vertical drop, there was no way we could do it."

Instead, the production crew, headed by designer Jim Bissell, recreated the jungle on a set at MGM, and the result is virtually indistinguishable from the real thing.

"I watched a lot of Hitchcock's films before starting this project, and preserving that sense of complete reality is always vital to a movie like this," Marshall explains. "You don't need blood and guts to scare people — and in fact, we hardly show any violence on screen. It's all implied, and that's always scarier in the end."

Ralph Nelson Hollywood Pictures Amblin Entertainment

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Country Communiqué

While new traditionalism is still all the rage in Nashville, there is a movement of fresh performers coming to the fore who are from the singer-songwriter mold carved by such stalwarts as Hoyt Axton, Guy Clark and Billy Joe Shaver. A leading light is Kevin Welch, whose self-titled debut features songs about broken relationships, loneliness and life on the road. What's surprising, though, is that you'll often find the haunting words set to an upbeat tempo.

"I feel those kinds of thoughts are better supported by that spirit in the music," explains Welch. "To me, the lyrics in the first single, 'Till I See You Again,' are about a lonesome guy, but he's not sad about it."

Kevin went through a number of lean years before Roger Miller finally cut one of his tunes, giving him a lot of inspiration. He's now been covered by a slew of other performers, including Ricky Skaggs, Don Williams and The Sweethearts Of The Rodeo. Writing songs for himself was a new challenge, and he rose to the occasion with a little help.

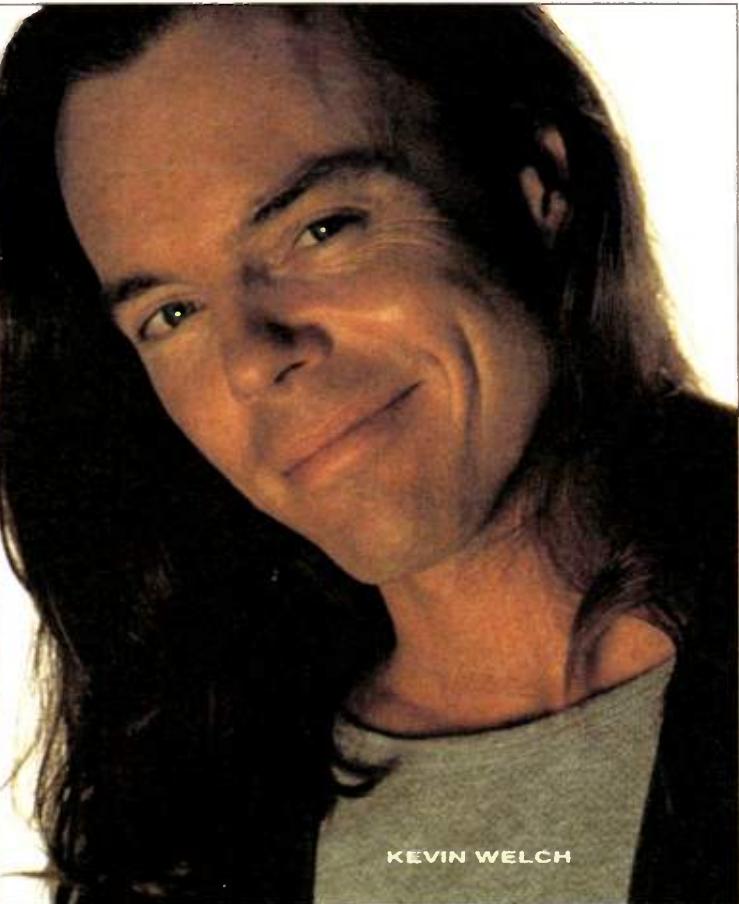
"My band, The Overtones, suggest a lot of changes," he says. "What you hear on the LP has a lot to do with that particular band. It's not just a session band; we got together with the intention of eventually making this album. Some of the songs that I write, I don't perform well. Every time I write a song, I'll try it a thousand different ways, and once I've got it down one way, I'll start over and try to make it into a blues shuffle or rev it up from wire to wire."

Overtones guitarist Mike Henderson brought a lot of fire to Welch's record, and the latter says he now has "Mike's boots nailed to the floor. We cut most of the record live, and that's the fire you're talking about. There was a little bit of overdubbing, and I did re-sing most of it, but some of it was cut right there on the floor, singing and playing guitar at the same time. These days we've slid into real technical ways of recording, where everything is really compressed and perfect, which has nothing to do with what country music's all about."

A recurring theme on the record is life on the road, as evidenced by song titles like "The Mother

Road," "Long Way Home" and "I Am No Drifter." Another scenario that comes up again and again is that of love lost.

"There's been some pretty drastic changes in my life over the last couple of years as far as that stuff goes," he says. "There was quite a bit of time where these changes were developing, and I found I was writing about them. We all go



KEVIN WELCH

through a lot of similar experiments and mistakes, and that's what I try to write about. A lot of times I'll try to disguise it as a love song, because we hear ourselves better in a song like that."

While Kevin's personal experience fuels most of the songs, there's a distinct Cajun influence on a couple of them. "Actually, I think it's Celtic," Kevin laughs. "I'm of Irish stock, and when you take that and mix it with blues and country blues, it somehow comes out Cajun!"

Short-cuts: Thank goodness someone (namely

Capitol) has seen fit to release John Anderson's *Too Tough To Tame*. The honky-tonkin' "Who's Lovin' My Baby" and the hurtin' "The Tears That I Cry" are just two highlights of this great record. Anderson, the definition of true country, is one guy who doesn't wear a cowboy hat just for show.... Tex-Mex lovers beware: Doug Sahm and Augie Meyers of the Sir Douglas Quintet have teamed up with Freddy Fender and accordionist Flaco Jiminez for a record and tour as The Texas Tornadoes. Hot enchiladas pale next to this combo.... The new release from The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, *The Rest Of The Dream*, features songs written by the group, as well as a couple of pearls from John Hiatt and Bruce Springsteen. The first single is the Boss' "From Small Things (Big Things One Day Come)," and the group is looking for the same success they enjoyed with their previous Springsteen cover, "Cadillac Ranch".... MCA has released an excellent two-volume greatest hits package that features a cross section of their best performers, past and present. Outstanding tracks include Ed Bruce's "The Last Cowboy Song" (with Willie Nelson) and Cal Smith's hilarious "The Lord Knows I'm Drinkin'." Listening to the tape also raises a question: whatever happened to Donna Fargo?... While it may be called *Livin' It Up*, George Strait shows a little harder-edged emotion on his latest release. The hit single, "Love Without End, Amen," is a somber piece about father-son love, and both "Lonesome Rodeo Cowboy" and "Stranger In My Arms" tug on the heartstrings.... Coming up next month is Canadian Country Music Week, the most important annual event for the industry in Canada. The location of the host city changes each year, and this year it's Edmonton's turn. The dates are September 4 to 9, and events include the Bud Country Talent Search for the stars of tomorrow, showcase performances, seminars and the Canadian Country Music Awards Show, which will be telecast live across the country.... By the way, last month we asked for the Sun Records artist who first recorded "Red Hot," it was Billy Lee Riley.

By Roman Mitz

Loveless Love

Country star once sang Led Zeppelin! Our exclusive story! That revelation would probably shock the masses of country music fans that have made Patty Loveless arguably the most popular female artist in the genre right now, but she's not making any apologies for her love of rock 'n' roll.

"I've always been open-minded about music," Patty says. "In our household, we always listened to a big variety — from bluegrass to '50s and '60s rock. After I got married and moved to North Carolina, the drummer I married played in lots of rock bands. When I got into the band, it was a totally different experience for me, but I dig that stuff. I got as heavy as Led Zeppelin. To take on something like that after doing country music for so long was a challenge; it shocked me to see that vocally I could do it."

Both that husband and the days of screaming out "Black Dog" are well behind her now, but Patty Loveless remains interested in other musical forms, and she fervently hopes to encourage similar tolerance in her audience. "I do believe they are becoming open-minded again, and I'm glad to see that," she says. "I want to cater to people who think as I do, who will go and buy a Don Henley or Paul Carrack record, then Patsy Cline, Emmylou Harris or Patty Loveless."

That flirtation with hard rock aside, Patty Loveless is the genuine article as a country singer. You can't get much more country than a coal miner's daughter from Kentucky! From the age of 12, Patty was singing at local country music shows, and at 14 she was impressing Nashville types with her own songs enough to be hired as a staff songwriter there.

Her first trip to Nashville, at 14, left an indelible impression, thanks to an early heroine — Dolly Parton. "I was always watching Dolly on TV," she recalls. "I'd say, 'I bet she is just the sweetest person in real life.' Then in Nashville I met Porter Wagoner, and he introduced me to her. That was such a thrill, as I'd loved her from the first minute I saw her on TV. And she's still great!"

Shortly after, popular country act The Wilburn Brothers hired her to replace their departing girl singer, Loretta Lynn, and Patty toured with them for the next few years before restlessness kicked in. "In all honesty, something inside me was looking elsewhere," she explains. "I wanted to explore some different areas, and I got bored with the kind of life I was having." When she married

The Wilburns' drummer, Patty retreated to North Carolina and put on her rock 'n' roll shoes.

By the mid-80s, however, Patty was ready to give Nashville and country music another shot, and the purity of her traditional country voice coincided with the new "back to the basics" sentiment in Music City. She soon signed with MCA Records, and since then has released four albums to growing critical and commercial acclaim, culminating in the current chart-topper *On Down The Line* (her third album, *Honky Tonk Angel*, has been in the Top 50 for over 90 weeks!). Her recent victory as Best Female Vocalist at The Nashville Network/Music City News Awards confirmed that she has become a real favorite among both her fans and her peers.

"When I won that award, Reba McEntire sent me congratulations and a plant," says Patty. "For my first No. 1 record, "Timber, I'm Falling In Love," she sent a crystal vase. That's how I'd like to continue my relationship with my peers. They look at it as your time; they've had theirs."

Patty Loveless has such a genuinely open, warm personality that it would be virtually impossible for any of her peers to wish her ill, and performances that are free of any show-business artifice make it easy to understand why she has such a close rapport with her fans.

Awards and hit records are all very nice, but Patty clearly still gets a charge out of performance. "That is so much pleasure for me, going out on stage and knowing the songs are being recognized," she says. "To feel you are moving someone enough for them to yell or even cry, to know

you're pulling emotions out of people, makes me feel good; not that it makes me feel as if I'm God or something, though."

Patty's key strength, both on record and in concert, is her ability to be convincing while delivering material that can range from upbeat tunes like "On Down The Line" and "I'm That Kind Of Girl" to genuine hurtin' songs like "The Night's Too Long" and the tear-jerking classic "Don't Toss Us

Away." She and long-time producer

Tony Brown also have impeccable taste when it comes to choosing songs, drawing from such non-traditional country writers as Lucinda Williams and Steve Earle, current hitmakers like Paul Kennerley and Kostas, and legendary writers like Hank Williams and Carter Stanley.

"I have my own ideas about things, but I listen to other people as well," she says. "I'm real easy to get along with, but I do stand my ground if I believe in something. In choosing a song, it's real important to think how a lyric could touch somebody."

Patty acknowledges the fact that her own songwriting has suffered as her career has taken off. "I wrote more back when I was younger, but I can't say whether they were great songs," she admits. "Now I can't really discipline myself to sit down and finish a whole song. To write, I need to be by myself, and I have to be bored to death!"

Back on *Honky Tonk Angel*, Patty wrote "Go On," and she candidly explains that that one is a very personal song. "It came from a conversation with my ex, when I was trying to get him to let go," she explains, "telling him that in time it would all ease up and get better, and we wouldn't

Mark Tucker*





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even look back on this. I started writing down my phone conversations, and later in interviews I said I hoped he'd listen to the song. My writing is suffering because I'm so surrounded by the business that I'm not getting into contact with real people, but now I'm starting to do that again."

The business demands and pressures on a performer of Loveless' stature are indeed immense, and a note of fatigue creeps into her voice as she discusses them. "Back when I first began and hung out with people like The Wilburn Brothers, Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton, country music was only just starting to get recognized by the media," she says. "The only real media then was the audience, the fans. You didn't have to get up early for interviews the next day. When I first signed to MCA, I didn't think there'd be so much to it. I was very naive."

"Everyone just sees the other side on TV, and

we tend to let them see just that. I was blinded by that. People don't see the nights you spend on the bus, under nine bodies all the time!"

"Eventually I will take some time, make some changes, and straighten out to where I can come back to earth, back to my own life," she continues. "I'm still down to earth, but there is just so much going on around me."

Patty's face brightens as she confides, "I'm very committed to someone right now, and I do look forward to having children with him. He's a musician and a producer, and he understands [this lifestyle] because he's been out there himself. I'm not saying that just because you're in the business, you should be with someone in the business, but it does help. It's even greater when you're in love with him!"

In the meantime, of course, Loveless will continue to be very much in demand. "I was just out in L.A., and Dwight Yoakam invited me over to

sing on his session, so that might be on his new album as a duet," she says. "I recently got to sing with Reba and with Vince Gill, on his current single. It thrills me to sing with these people, as I'm a fan."

In turn, Patty has had such major talents as Rodney Crowell, Gill and Russell Smith sing backing vocals on her albums. "They don't see it as being a back-up singer; they see it from a musical point of view — it is something they enjoy, and that really makes me feel good."

Similarly, the musicians on her albums are simply the cream of the crop. "There are people like Leland Sklar, who plays with Phil Collins, John Jarvis, who has played with Rod Stewart, Larry Londin and Albert Lee," she says. "It amazes me, the people I get the opportunity to play with in the studio, as I've been listening to them on record with pop artists for years!"

by **Kerry Doole**

Four For The Road

The rumor following Highway 101 around is that lead singer Paulette Carlson will soon split the band to pursue a solo career. On this muggy summer day, events at the group's late-afternoon sound check only add fuel to the fire. Paulette is nowhere to be seen, and the other band members — guitarist Jack Daniels, bassist Curtis Stone and drummer Cactus Moser — are rocking out on such non-Highway 101 songs as The Rolling Stones' "The Last Time," with Cactus on lead vocals. Sixty minutes later, after the road crew has made all the necessary sound adjustments to suit the cavernous club, the boys in the band head for the tour bus. They are joking around with one another, not in the least bit concerned that the woman whose distinctive lead vocals graced all 10 of their Top Five hits may have left them high and dry. On board the bus there is another troublesome sign: a prominently displayed, autographed picture of The Judds. Perhaps it's the guys who are about to kick Paulette out, planning to replace her with Wynonna and Naomi and form a supergroup. How else can you explain the group's non-concern over Paulette's whereabouts?

"Well, actually, Paulette's gone into the city to do some shopping," Cactus says matter-of-factly.

"She never comes to the sound checks, and in interviews we kind of always answer all the questions anyway."

"As far as 'The Last Time' goes, I actually sing that song during our show; Paulette's lips aren't big enough! Seriously, though, we all sing lead vocals in our live show. The initial concept was that we'd be the Fleetwood Mac of country, and we're still pushing toward that. The audience realizes that there's a lot of musical influences in the band, and we're trying to stretch that a little bit and let them know it's that way for vocals, too."

Since their self-titled debut was released in 1987, the road has been a very successful one for Highway 101, as the group has enjoyed healthy sales and garnered a total of four Academy of Country Music and Country Music Association awards. Unlike some of their peers, however, the group refuses to stand pat in terms of style and sound. Their latest release, *Paint The Town*, offers a cross section of material that ranges from the dyed-in-the-wool country of "If Love Had A Heart" to the hot rockabilly feel of "I Can't Love You Baby."

"Our stuff has an underlying energy that's been called hard country music with a rock 'n' roll back-

beat," Cactus explains. "The records Johnny Cash and Elvis did in the '50s were country, and we try to capture some of that energy in every song we do."

"We have to make some forward progress with each one of our records, or it becomes stale," adds Jack Daniels. "Sometimes things work better if they're not planned; your growth or evolution just happens in a natural way, and it tends to flow over the boundaries. There are some people who just set out to cross over from country music to pop music or whatever, and they pull their own rug out from under themselves because they alienate two different factions of music. It's just better to let it happen on its own."

The band members' engaging personalities have endeared Highway 101 to their fans almost as much as their music has. When Paulette thanks the audience for coming out, flashing that ear-to-ear smile, the room appears to brighten considerably. Cactus, who looks to stand about seven feet tall when he steps out from behind his drum kit, keeps things lively with his between-song anecdotes and cheerleading capabilities. Curtis and Jack are slightly more restrained on stage, but that doesn't mean you won't find them popping out

Bud
Country



of a cornfield on television's *Hee Haw*. It's that down-home friendliness and accessibility that make Highway 101 so popular at fan recognition events such as Nashville's Fan Fair.

"I worked in the pop/rock world before, and this is more of a big family-type thing," says Cactus. "There are people in our fan club that are like The Grateful Dead's followers; they saw us in Nashville a couple of days ago and tomorrow they'll see us in New Jersey. For us, it's like seeing an old friend."

"There are four distinctive and different personalities in this band," he continues. "Each is different, but when you put them together it creates a sound that people are able to recognize even before Paulette sings a word. As far as adding to the energy and fun of the thing, everybody has people who come to the show to see them individually."

Over the course of their three records, the group has mixed original songs with outside material from such disparate sources as James Taylor, Mark Knopfler and Rodney Crowell. One can't help but notice, however, that Paulette's songwriting contributions have dwindled from three songs on their debut (including their first hit, "The Bed You Made For Me") to one song on the second record to none on the third. Uh-oh, there go those rumors again.

"We've been really busy lately, and around the time of the third album, Paulette was in the process of planning her marriage," Curtis explains. "We had to take time away from our homes to stay in Nashville, and she couldn't do that. Our next album is a greatest hits package that comes out in the fall. Even though we recorded a couple of new songs for it, we were reticent to do a 'best-of' album because we were loading our guns for another new one. Now we're holding off on recording a new one until November, and by that time there will be more group songs to choose from, including Paulette's."

The latest single from *Paint The Town* is "This Side of Goodbye," on which Cactus' co-writing contribution is credited to his real name, Scott. (He feigns anger and fingers Curtis as

Raeanne Holoboff

the culprit who spilled the beans on the album credits; but he does gain some revenge by pointing out Stone's "bad haircut" on a recent publicity shot, calling it a "nice hat.") Curtis also contributed a number for the record, the lilting country ballad "If Love Had A Heart," which he cowrote with newcomer Matraca Berg. Stone recalls the first time Paulette sang the song, when she finished the take and proclaimed, "Yeehaw, that's country!"

Another genuine country nugget the band covers is Roger Miller's "Walkin', Talkin', Cryin', Barely Beatin', Broken Heart." Says Cactus: "Even Paulette can't say the title, but when she sings it, it kind of comes out right. I think the DJs are cursing our name, though."

"We had a ball making the video with Roger, because he's never made one or been in one before," he adds. "We watered down the second story of a warehouse, and by the time we finished shooting it we were kind of hypothermic from, well, walking on water."

While they can't really profess to having walked on water, Highway 101's first three years have been miraculous in other ways. In addition to their slew of hits and collection of trophies, they've just received their second International Group of the Year award, which is voted on by the disc jockeys of Europe. Unlike many other groups that have to struggle to eke out an existence, the ride for Highway 101 has been relatively smooth.

"It is getting tougher, though," Cactus says.

"We look at pictures of ourselves from two years ago and say, 'Geez, we're getting old!' You pay. The business these days is a corporate monster. Music is why you do this, but to hang on to your dream you have to hang on to the business side of it."

"In addition to that, it's a little harder for groups," Curtis explains. "It's easy to send one person out on the road and go to a bunch of different radio stations and do some interviews; when you're sending four people out it gets kind of tough. There's a formula with regard to new country deals right now. It's like, find a male, 24-27 years old, single, who does a little bit of writing, and put him under a hat."

Well, if that's what labels are looking to sign these days, perhaps those persistent rumors about Paulette going solo will be quelled.

"Look, they've been trying to make us break up for two years," Cactus says. "If it wasn't a female and three males, I don't think there would be such an issue over it. We all do other things, like producing, writing with people and playing on other people's records. Because we do that, people like to read into it and assume we're not together. Right — we're only together 200 days a year."

"It's like stock car racing," Jack adds. "The majority of people are there to watch a good race, but then there's some that come to see the wreck. They want to see some grime."

by Roman Mitz



HIGHWAY 101

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A loose conglomeration of Minneapolis-based funk musicians, The Time has had a disproportionate amount of influence on popular music over the past decade, both through their own group and solo albums and those they have helped to write, and/or produce for a wide variety of artists. And now, with an appearance in *Graffiti Bridge*, the sequel to *Purple Rain*, The Time has reconvened for a new album, *Pandemonium*.

But, according to founder and lead singer Morris Day, *Pandemonium* is the

With the release of the new Prince movie, *Graffiti Bridge*, the seven members of The Time have put aside their multifarious individual projects and assembled for a bout of true Pandemonium...



By Perry Stern

first "real" Time album. "We had control over the song selection, song production, songwriting," he says. "It's definitely 100% pure Time. In rare form."

Rare indeed. The album opens with a recorded announcement: "A lot of groups split up, it happens all the time. I think there should be a law against it, especially when it's somebody like...[and here he pauses dramatically before filling in the blanks]...The Time." The audience, it should be noted, promptly dissolves into, not to put too fine a point on it, pandemonium. But that intro was made during the Minnesota Black Music Awards of 1987, and the jury is still out on whether or when The Time will be playing live again.

Before disbanding in 1984 at the height of their post-*Purple Rain* fame, the group went through a number of incarnations. First there was Flyte Tyme. Formed back in 1974 by bassist Terry Lewis, keyboardist Jimmy (Jam) Harris and drummer/guitarist Jellybean Johnson, who were soon joined by keyboardist Monte Moir, the group went through a string of vocalists (including Cynthia Johnson, who moved



on to Lipps, Inc. and "Funkytown," and the great crooner Alexander O'Neal) before a certain purple majesty stepped in.

Rechristened The Time in 1981, with Morris Day installed as frontman and Jesse Johnson on guitar, the group fell under the considerable shadow cast by the diminutive Prince. Already the godhead of the Minneapolis scene, the whiz kid had needed a band to support Day, who had earlier played drums in Prince's high school group Grand Central. And though a non-existent Jamie Starr is credited with co-producing and co-writing the first three Time albums (the name is listed in the Copyright Office of the Library of Congress as a pseudonym), it is widely acknowledged that Prince was using the band as an outlet for his uncheckable creativity.

"Prince is really restless," Jimmy Jam says today. His bandmates nod and smile at the understatement.

In 1982, ostensibly because they missed a show (but more likely for the reason they missed the show — between dates on a tour supporting the jealously proprietary Prince, they flew to Atlanta for a session with the S.O.S. band and were snowed in), Harris and Terry Lewis were dismissed from The Time. In '83 Moir split to join Lewis and Harris in their fledgling production company with the revived name Flyte Tyme. Then, in '84, just prior to the release of *Purple Rain*, the group ended when Day and court jester Jerome Benton (a former roadie elevated to "valet" and comic foil for the movie) packed it in.

Since then the various members of the group have

found no small amount of success on their own. As a team, Lewis and Harris have produced and/or written more than 30 singles and albums that have gone gold or platinum for several star acts, including Robert Palmer, New Edition, Gladys Knight and the Pips and, most importantly, Janet Jackson. Monte Moir has written and/or produced hits for Jackson, former bandmate Alexander O'Neal, Junior and Nia Peebles. Jellybean Johnson's credits include Nona Hendryx and New Edition as well as providing percussion for Jackson, The Family (who were first to record the Prince-penned "Nothing Compares 2 U") and George Michael. Jesse Johnson's three solo albums have all spawned No. 1 R&B and Dance hits, and he's produced/written for Paula Abdul, Vanity and Clarence Clemons. Morris Day has had No. 1's from both of his solo albums as well as embarking on an acting career. And Jerome Benton co-starred in Prince's ill-fated *Under The Cherry Moon* and performed with The Family.

A brief walk down the halls of the newly built Flyte Tyme studios is enough to dismiss any notions that the revived Time is a cynical attempt to cash in on the current reunion mania or the imminent release of *Graffiti Bridge*, in which the group co-stars.

Situated in Edina, a Minneapolis suburb, the studio's walls are papered with gold and platinum albums that the company has had a hand in. In fact, one inside source claims that the seed for the reunion was planted by Prince when he started recording an album with Day and Benton.

"Prince has been a big cheerleader about this for a long time," Harris explains. (We're seated around the mile-long glass table in the Flyte Tyme board room with Benton, Moir and Jellybean Johnson; Terry Lewis and Jesse Johnson are unavailable and Day lives in L.A.) "He was ready to work, so he wanted to get Jerome and Morris [in the studio] to give himself something to do. But I think he did it to get us to do it. I think it was a psychological thing."

A discussion about The Time is impossible without accepting that Mr. Prince Roger Nelson has been both creator and destroyer of the band. Earlier, on the phone from Los Angeles, Day had answered a question about Prince's involvement on *Pandemonium* with an elusive, "That's a good question. I'm drawing blanks on that." Harris, however, is more forthcoming. "Prince's involvement or non-involvement is a hard thing to put into terms," he says. "Prince is a big fan of the band. Prince is a big part — a silent partner, so to speak, in what we do. Always has been, always will be. One of the first things that happened when we decided to do the reunion was that we decided to get Prince involved in any way he wanted, whether he wanted to be there to bounce ideas off, or sit in a room with us while we wrote our songs. So that's why it's kind of a cloudy thing. It's not defined on our record as far as production credits go. It was produced and written by The Time, 'cause that's what it was. I mean, individuals came up with songs, but we'd like to keep it as a group thing."

Although Day attributes the disintegration of the band to a "control situation" ("I just think the brothers involved didn't have their say in the matter"), Harris refuses to point a finger at a dictatorial Prince. Instead, he blames "management decisions,

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"We're making our own party,
and people have to come.

We didn't come to the hip hop
party, we didn't come to the
new jack swing party."

record company decisions. As far as everybody's relationship in the band is concerned, there never was any problem or bitterness. I give Morris a real commendation for that. At the beginning Morris always said, 'This is the kind of thing that may only last a little while. I'm taking acting lessons; I suggest everybody figure out what they want to do individually, because this may not last forever.' We knew it wasn't going to last forever, and it didn't. It got cut short. We learned to roll with the punches — we had learned that as black men in Minneapolis in the

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'70s, trying to find a place to play. I mean, the adversity that happened in The Time was nothing compared to the adversity we'd gone through growing up together.

"The record had some false starts," Harris says, "when everyone wasn't involved. There was a time when Terry and I couldn't be involved because of

back and listen to the old albums if that's going to be the case."

So *Pandemonium* is more of a revival than a comeback. Certain aspects of the old formula have been modified to reflect the evolution of the band members — particularly in the riveting guitar playing of Jesse Johnson on "Jerk Out" and "Skillet" — but

you've got six other producers," an otherwise silent Jellybean Johnson pipes in. "Like Jim says, it's easier. I didn't have to worry about certain things. When you do things as an individual you're more responsible. In The Time all I have to be is the drummer." A modest man, Johnson doesn't mention that he is also an excellent guitarist who owns a vast axe collection. "I don't have to pick up a guitar in The Time," he continues. "I think Jesse is a world class guitar player. When I'm producing my stuff, then I play guitar. In The Time I don't have to."

"Why would you when you've got someone more qualified?" an equally reticent Monte Moir interjects. "There are some things that Jimmy can do that I can't do as well. Whoever can do it, does it."

"That's the great thing about being in this band," Harris adds.

"There's a place for everybody," says Jerome.

"The cream rises to the top," Moir declares, "and everybody has their own little bit they can add to it."

But now that the album is completed, how will the group's six terrifically in-demand producers make time to support it with a tour?

"We'll take one thing at a time," Harris replies, "and so far that's working for us. The album was one thing, the movie was the next. We just did a video for 'Jerk Out' and that was another thing. You take things as they come. When you're working with seven people, there are going to be situations where everybody's not going to be able to do something, or not do something, or take the time off to do it. The important thing is that we got the album done. There probably will be instances where it won't make sense for everybody to tour, so maybe only some of the members will. We think anybody who wants to should tour. But it would have to be at least six out of seven."

But whether or not a tour is possible, there is little

record company obligations. There was a time when Jesse wasn't going to be part of it." But other than those logistics problems, in the end there was little to stop The Time from getting back together.

But what kind of record to make? At the height of its fame, The Time was unique as a funk/R&B/rock combo. Sure, they echoed what Prince was doing with The Revolution to a certain extent, but while Prince was hatching his psychedelic phase, The Time was wowing the crowds with its full-blown revue-style live appearances that seemed almost as much a comedy showcase for the characters of Day and Benton as a musical showcase for the band. Those stage personas captured a particular urban macho stereotype: the egocentric, delusional peacock who thinks every woman is there to be bedded and every man is a chump to be bested.

In the interim between the last Time album and this one, the line between funk and rock has been blurred (not least of all by Prince, but in the hip hop sampling of heavy metal as well as by groups like Living Colour and 24-7 Spyz). As well, macho posturing has been institutionalized by boasting rap artists. New jack swing, typified by Bobby Brown and Keith Sweat, is the genre that arguably owes the most to The Time's legacy and threatens to dominate the black music scene, so how can something new from The Time compete?

Apparently it's not meant to. "We're making our own party, and people have to come," Morris Day offers. "We didn't come to the hip hop party, we didn't come to the new jack swing party. We came out like The Time. What made The Time what it was then is on the album."

"We've heard other comeback albums — not comeback but reunion albums," Jimmy Jam explains, correcting his terminology to fit the party line: this is *not* a comeback, "by certain other groups that have rappers and other groups on their albums, and it's a real disappointment. I would rather go

others have been left alone. And Morris Day still acts like god's gift to women. "I'm back," he sings, "the aristocratic black." All the women he sings about are dimwitted goldiggers (one has the "body of a superstar and the mind of a 10-year-old" and another complains that he dresses like a pimp, "But honey, I noticed you waited 'til after dinner — 18 jumbo shrimp."). One putdown is repeated in several songs: "You ain't got to go home," Day demands, "but you gotta get outta here."

There's a notorious scene in *Purple Rain* where Jerome and Morris are interrupted by one of the latter's spurned lovers, who is unceremoniously tossed into a dumpster. But the soft-spoken Day is quick to point out that it's a character he's portraying when he's spouting his demeaning putdowns. Did he take any flak for his eponymous movie role?

"Flak? I definitely took flak. But I'm cool with that," he says. "I'm comfortable with that image and it's something I've done for a long time. Some people hate it and think I'm mean, but some people find him a lovable character."

Musically, the conditions under which *Pandemonium* was recorded offered the biggest change for the band. Harris says that the new album is different from earlier releases "because the group came into it as a group and everybody had equal involvement, rather than one person calling the shots."

"When you come back to the table with a product like this, nobody has to tell anybody what to do," he says. "So I'm not the producer. I take my producer hat off and I put my keyboard hat on. We all know how to produce and we all kinda know what to do."

"To me it's great to be in a band like this, where


"Prince is a big fan of the
band, a silent partner in what
we do. Always has been,
always will be."

doubt that the members of The Time are going to have a ridiculously high profile this summer. Besides the 10 tracks on *Pandemonium*, there will also be four more Time tunes on the *Graffiti Bridge* soundtrack album. "It's The Time," Harris explains, "but it's different. The movie's kind of a musical so the songs help to move the storyline along." The numbers are included in live performances and club scenes, "and one of the songs is actually a battle between ourselves and Prince." As well, there are more albums to be released out of the Flyte Tyme studios, and Morris Day has a TV sitcom called *New Attitude*, which has been slated as a summer replacement series, and in which he plays a hairdresser. "But I'm not gay!" he protests.

Reunion or comeback? Who cares? Once you arrive at the *Pandemonium* party, you'll know what time it is. 

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Each entry must be individually postmarked no later than Friday, August 24, 1990. All entries become the property of *Music Express*, and will not be returned.

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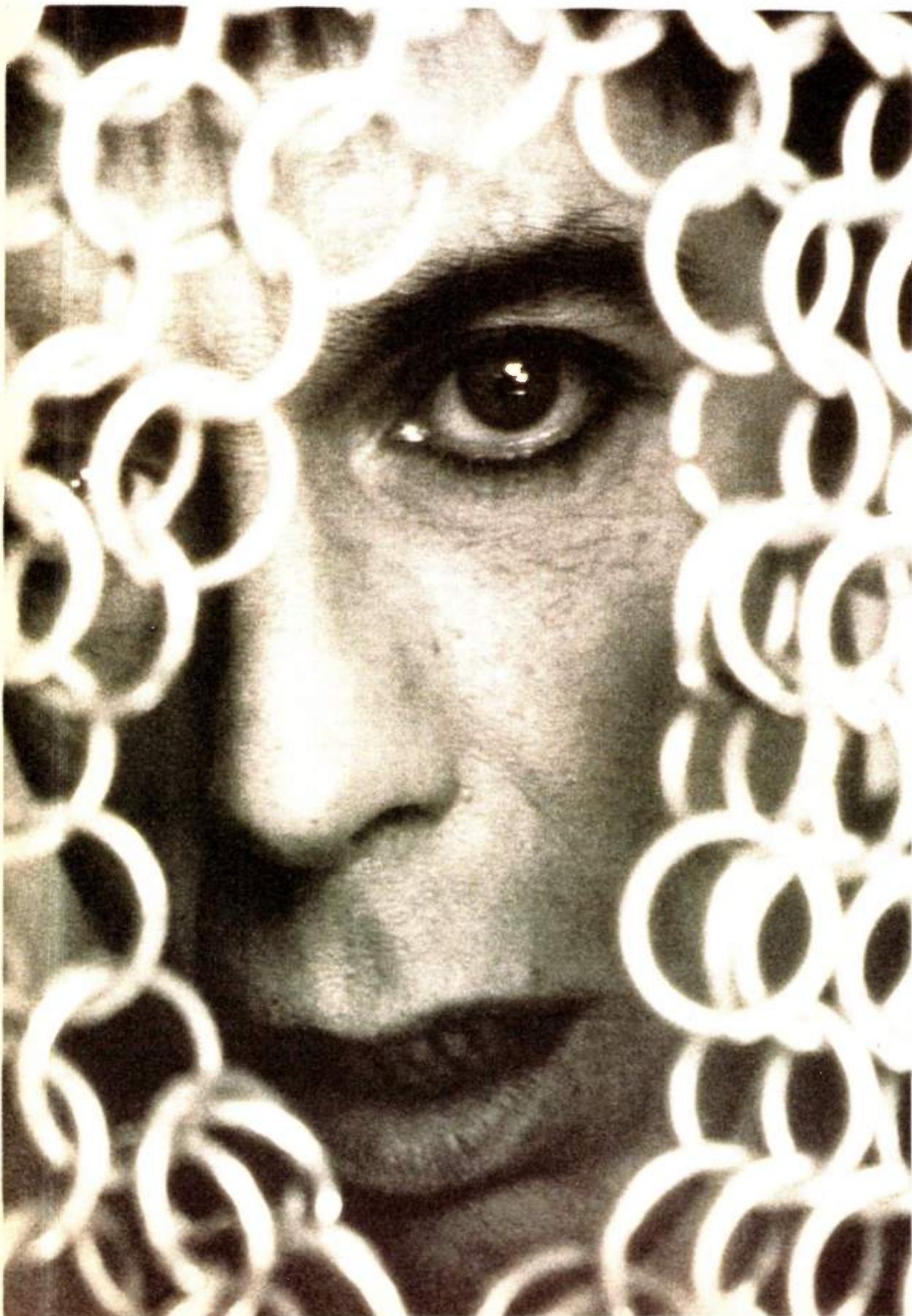
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NEW RELEASES

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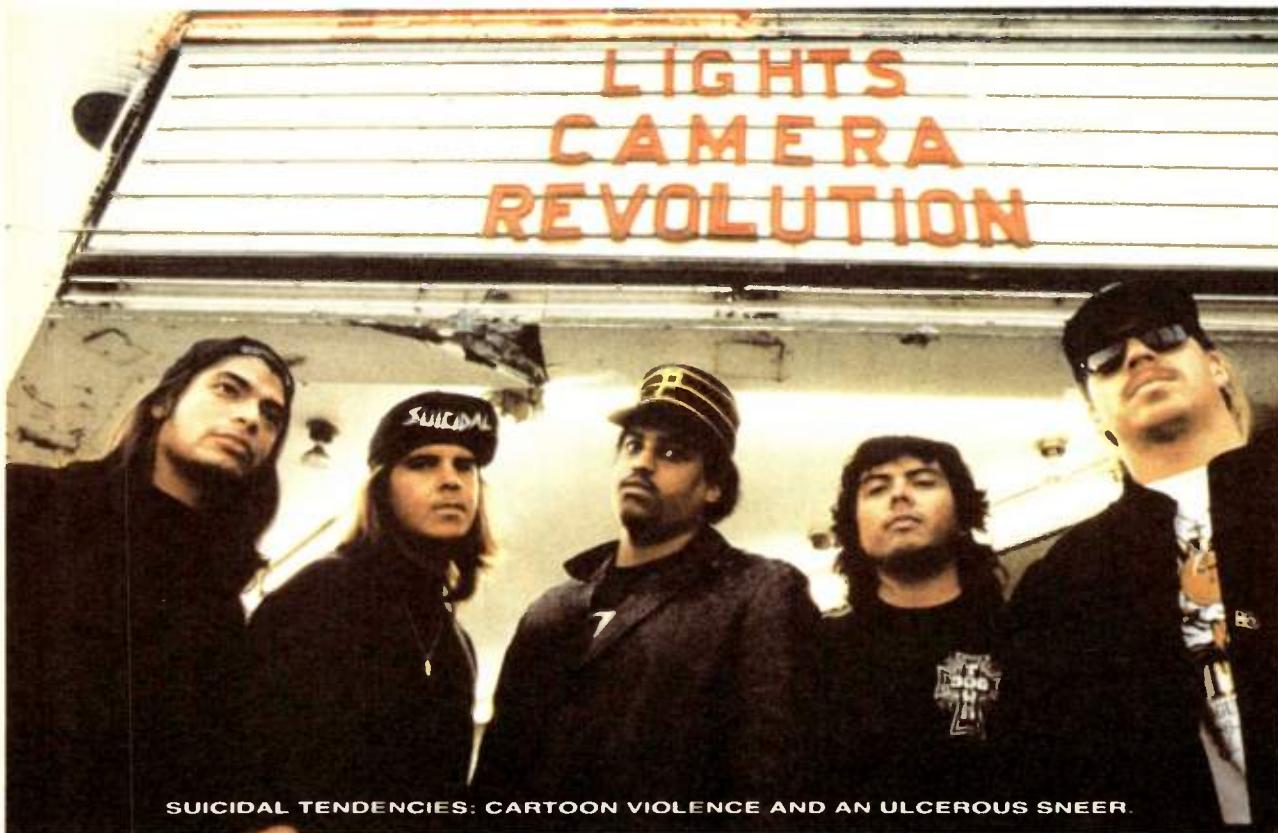
Brick By Brick

Virgin

As the years go by, it's increasingly impressive that Iggy Pop can keep putting out great rock albums with more energy and enthusiasm in them than those produced by people half his age. *Brick By Brick* is stronger than either of his previous two albums, *Instinct* and the underrated *Blah Blah Blah*, and much more varied in style and sound. That's probably because Iggy has used a group of musicians that differs from track to track, but always consists of proficient players that have something to contribute, and undoubtedly also because Iggy possesses some hard-to-define quality that won't let him grow old. For *Brick By Brick* he's called on Guns N'Roses' Slash and Duff McKagan, who inject some suitably raunchy guitar and bass into "Home," "Rock 'N' Roll," "Pussy Power" and "Butt Town" (not surprisingly, the sauciest song titles). But elsewhere David Lindley and Waddy Wachtel do the honors in their own very different way. *Brick By Brick* also includes Iggy's first duet ("Candy," with The B-52's' Kate Pierson) and his first reggae song, the wistful "Starry Night," which features his wonderful crooning voice and lyrics about life's simple pleasures ("Which country is strongest? Who plays best guitar? Who f**kin' cares, under the stars?"). The album's title reflects its main theme: a longing for and delight in love and home, which is ironic, considering that Iggy's music has always come from anger and rebellion and leaving home. But he can still find inspiration for great songs in that anger — song after song rails against phonies and trendies and money grabbers — his always reliable sense of humor and his wry self-analysis (in "Neon Forest" he sings, "It's a miracle I haven't fallen through any cracks... I want you, I want the money too. God damn it, I want it all!"). The best songs are the album's opener, "Home," an irresistible, simple rock 'n' roll number, and "Crap Out," on which he promises that he won't. And if he hasn't by now, I guess he probably never will.

*Mary Dickie *****

*****	Indispensable
****	Consistently Strong
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SUICIDAL TENDENCIES: CARTOON VIOLENCE AND AN ULCEROUS SNEER.

NEW RELEASES

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

Lights, Camera... Revolution

Epic

Suicidal Tendencies might be the closest thing we've got, in these days of special effects *über alles*, to a wide-eyed, 1930s-style serial — all twist endings, cartoon violence and plainly visible guide-wires. In the Suicidal saga, Mike Muir's constantly being pursued by "them," tormented and even, yes, institutionalized. If you're one of "them" — someone with the authority to issue a parking ticket, say — you probably won't get a whit of this installment, which would be fine with the band and its Jesuit-intense group of devotees. To be fair, though, *Lights, Camera... Revolution* marks Suicidal's first steps outta Muirsworld: "Alone" sounds like nothing so much as a post-shock therapy version of The Guess Who's "Laughing," and "Lovely" throbs with the kind of ulcerous sneer disco diva John Rotten/Lydon once mastered. Sometimes Muir's merchandising maven tendencies get the best of him, and he bypasses lyrics as such in favor of T-shirt-ready slogans. He won't pass up the chance to work a "Suicidal" chant into a number, and once "Goin' Breakdown" and "Get Wacked" get their respective logos, the silk screens will no doubt overheat. It's when Muir's at his least verbose, however, that he says the most, and when the stripping down is contagious (as on

"Disco's Out, Murder's In"), all that devotion suddenly makes sense. Come to think of it, a T-shirt with *that* credo on it might not be so bad, either.

*David Sprague ****

SCATTERBRAIN

Here Comes Trouble *In-Effect*

Scatterbrain, formerly known as Luddichrist, don't do anything revolutionary stylistically; their songs are primarily rehashes of different styles of guitar-based pop music, from thrash to funk to Journey to Molly Hatchet. The cool thing about these guys is the arrangements they construct from those not-too-exotic elements, and the lyrics of lead singer Tommy Christ, which when combined make for some technically intriguing, hilarious music. Somewhat reminiscent of Danny Elfman's Oingo Boingo, or a combination of Frank Zappa and The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Scatterbrain play pop music for the hardcore community, or hardcore for the pop community. That's not to say that they thrash particularly hard, but they have an edge that tempers the humor of their songs into tough, complex, listenable rock 'n' roll. "Don't Call Me Dude," the first single, is about a dude who comes unglued when he hears the word "dude." "Earache In My Eye" is a cover of the classic Cheech & Chong song that serves as a key reference to where these cats are coming from. "Down With The Ship" is a trip through the greatest riffs of "classic rock radio" interspersed with a story about a guy who feels it's not in his best interest to go down with his ship. The

odd time signatures of the title track and others turn on a dime to different tempos, keys, etc., in very slick and unexpected ways, and the lyrics cover serious ground in the name of fun. "Outta Time" is a poignant anti-heroin song, and "Goodbye Freedom, Hello Mom" is an interesting song about the loss of First Amendment rights to a government that's becoming a mom who tells us what we can and can't do. "Mr. Johnson And The Juice Crew" is a very Chili-esque genital song that combines white-boy rapping with an Aerosmith-style boogie groove. "Mozart's Sonata No. 3" similarly combines hoedown beats with Steve Vai/Yngwie Malmsteen classical/metal guitar; the guitar playing on the whole album, in fact, is no joke. The only complaint would be that with players of this calibre, more interesting and different guitar sounds should be explored; the project lacks sonic variety. The homogeneity is generally offset, however, by good songwriting, chops, lyrics and vibes, dudes.

*Otis Winthorpe *****

THE GO-BETWEENS

1978-1990

Beggars Banquet

In their own subtle, dignified manner, The Go-Betweens produced some of the sweetest, most melodic pop music of the '80s without ever getting the recognition they deserved. But maybe that oversight can be rectified a little via this superb retrospective of the Australian band's career. Such a trek through the past usually signals a group's demise, but reportedly The Go-Betweens still

exist, even though now they've been stripped back to the founding duo of singer-songwriters Grant McLennan and Robert Forster. Six studio albums and plenty of supplementary single releases meant a wealth of material from which to select, and Grant and Robert mix in favorites like "Cattle And Cane" and "Streets Of Your Town" with lesser known single B sides and one previously unreleased song ("You Won't Find It Again"). This double-play cassette (22 songs, over 70 minutes in length) is out for the price of a regular tape, and counts as a serious bargain. Another nice touch is that both songwriters contribute liner notes that evocatively trace the genesis of each song. "Second Hand Furniture," for instance, arose from Grant's dream "about a divorced man who looked into a shop window and saw his old bed. I think it was snowing." Forster's songs tend to be a little darker than McLennan's romantic musings, but their writing styles mesh perfectly and are fleshed out cleanly by the vocal and instrumental contributions of other Go-Betweens. The nomadic nature of the band's existence is reflected in their material — their glorious ode to their native Queensland, "Cattle And Cane," was actually written in a cramped London apartment, while "Love Is A Sign" was inspired by a visit to the Munch museum in Oslo. This is classy, cosmopolitan pop for romantic souls everywhere.

*Kerry Doole *****

JOE COCKER

Joe Cocker Live *Capitol*

Say what you will about Joe Cocker — when the Sheffield crooner is on form, there's no better live performer, and this album proves it. To say Cocker's performance is riveting is almost a misuse of the English language. Surrounded by an elite support cast (The Memphis Horns, Chris Stainton, Steve Holley, Crystal Taliefero, etc), Cocker romps through his repertoire, both old and new, with the fire and gusto of a brimstone preacher. He screams, yells and wails, wringing every nuance out of every syllable while his band stokes up the instrumental flame behind him. He breathes new life into old chestnuts like "Feelin' Alright," "You Can Leave Your Hat On," "With A Little Help From My Friends" and "The Letter," while showing that recent hits like "When The Night Comes" and "Unchain My Heart" are even more powerful live than they were in the studio. As an added bonus, Cocker includes two new studio tracks: "What Are You Doing With A Fool Like Me" and "Living In The Promised Land," two soulful gut-wrenchers that promise to perpetuate the Cocker legacy. Overall, an outstanding performance by an outstanding performer.

*Keith Sharp *****

NEW RELEASES

CROSBY STILLS & NASH

Live It Up
Atlantic

We could still buy CS&N as a major force as long as they've got something stimulating to say. With Neil Young in the fray, they normally do — *American Dream* was as much his vision as it was a CS&N comeback effort. But without ole Neil in the picture, David Crosby, Stephen Stills and Graham Nash tend to be derivative, unfocused and somewhat tired sounding. Nash tries to fill in for the absent Young in becoming the album's catalyst. He writes or co-writes four of the tracks, and sings lead vocals on four, with Stills and Crosby at three and two respectively. One of the four is a classy Nash ballad, the mournful "House Of Broken Dreams." Yet other highlights are hard to come by. "Live It Up," the opening single, is an unusual up-tempo pop ditty (written by Joe Vitale) which doesn't sound at all like the band. It's fun and light-hearted, yet delivers a solid poke at material wealth. More acceptable is "If Anybody Had A Heart," a J.D. Souther/Danny Kortchmar track that glistens with trademark CS&N harmonies. With the trio allowing major writing input from outside sources, the tracks go off in different tangents without any bonding agent to keep the focus in place. Even the anti-nuke sentiment of "After The Dolphin" seems dated and unconvincing. If you like CS&N to sing some pretty songs, both collectively and individually, then you'll find a couple of redeeming qualities here. There's even some classy soprano sax work by Branford Marsalis on "Yours And Mine" and "Arrows." But those who expect a predominance of meaningful sentiments and lush vocal harmonies will be disappointed. Like the album artwork, it's like a hot-dog without the mustard, relish and ketchup!

K.S. **

WINGER
Winger II —
In The Heart Of The Young
Atlantic

It'd be easy — albeit unfair — to suggest that Winger might be the first metal band to reap the rewards of Neil Tennant's "West End Girls" theory. After all, they've got the brains, they've got the looks and, well, let's just say they needn't worry about their Christmas Club accounts. But if you delved past the often mushy singles on their debut album, you heard more than just another bunch of guys with chops. In other words, Winger was a *group*. This time they get the clichés out of the way quickly enough, (over)loading the lead-

off, "Can't Get Enuff," with double-bass drumming, keyboard glissandos, massed Mormon Tabernacle Choir harmonies and the always popular misspelled title. But beyond that, *Winger II* is that rarest of birds, a "metal" disc made by guys smart enough to dally in any genre, but (smarter still) unwilling to let on that they've got sheepskins on under that wolf's clothing. Still, Kip Winger's power ballads (like "Miles Away" and "Under One Condition"), while disposable enough to qualify as great pop, hold up to repeated listening enough to also qualify as great songs. And while guitarist Reb Beach's work is getting to be slightly more, er, noticeable (on "Baptized By Fire," for instance), there's no grandstanding. Even the one indulgence — "Rainbow In The Rose," which recalls Utopia at its time-travelling trippiest — ultimately makes sense.

D.S. ***

MATRACA BERG
Lying To The Moon
BMG/RCA

She may be just 26, but country singer-songwriter Matraca Berg is far from a novice. At 18, she'd written a No. 1 hit ("Faking Love" for T.G. Sheppard and Karen Brooks) and has since had songs recorded by the likes of Patty Loveless, Highway 101 and Reba McEntire, so this impressive debut surprises only in that it took a long time to come. Distantly related to Patsy Cline, Matraca is the daughter of well-known Nashville songwriter Iclee Berg, so there's obviously talent swimming in her gene pool. As a songwriter, Matraca has specialized in tear-drenched songs of lost love, and her passionately emotional voice suits these perfectly. On the title song, for instance, lines like "I even told the night you were true ... Now I'm lying to the moon" are delivered in an achingly desolate tone bolstered by plaintive strings. It's not all melancholy melodrama, however, as Berg cleverly mixes in musical changes of pace like the jazzy lilt to "I Got It Bad" and the bluesy, uptempo feel on "I Must Have Been Crazy" and the first single, "Walk On." "Alice In The Looking Glass" is a poignant tale of a woman's reflections on aging, and "Appalachian Rain" is a traditional-sounding ballad featuring stirring vocal harmonies. While Matraca can play the role of the lovelorn soul with conviction, there is a knowing edge to her voice that suggests not all the heart-breaking has been one-sided. When asked on a recent TV talkshow what she spent her first royalty cheque on, she brazenly replied, "A man!" The album's closer, "Dancin' On The Wire," is a highly charged number that revels in lustful pleasure and confirms we're in the presence of an electrifying talent here. The one flaw audible is the occasional overproduction (strings, big drum

sound). A voice and songs this good don't need much bolstering.

K.D. ****

ICE CUBE
AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted Priority

It looked like a match made in heaven and a dream come true for hip-hop fans: the lyrical genius and toughness of NWA's Ice Cube backed by the production of Public Enemy's Bomb Squad (Chuck D., Eric Sadler, Hank and Keith Shocklee), combining the best of the East and the West for the first time. Ice Cube has said that NWA was about countering the sugar-coated images of black youth that mainstream America prefers; Public Enemy has consistently challenged white America in intriguing ways. And the songs start out with potential for enlightenment and commentary. "The Nigga Ya Love To Hate" appears to address criticism of NWA's sexism and gangsterism, although Cube doesn't drop much in the way of science. "AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted," the first single, has the potential to deal with what it means to be a "public enemy," a stereotyped black youth who grows up guilty with little chance of being proven innocent, but it

isn't much more than a tough vibe tune. The rest of the LP goes downhill pretty quickly in a tightening spiral that zeroes in on raunchy, violent and sexist imagery; what was shocking (if not fascinating) the first time around with NWA gets tired pretty quickly in 1990. "You Can't Fade Me" is a nasty story about Ice Cube's dealings with a woman who approaches him, pregnant with his child. Upon finding out that the child isn't his, Ice Cube wonders why he didn't just kill her in the first place. Nice stuff. People have defended the raunchiness of 2 Live Crew and others by saying that it's "a black thing," and Ice himself has defended NWA for telling it like it is, discussing a reality for black kids in East L.A. But it seems hard to justify how far he has taken his reveling in the damage that he can, has and will inflict upon his brothers and sisters. To add insult to injury, the beats just aren't that hype, especially compared to the amazing Dr. Dre beats we're used to hearing from NWA. It sounds like a rushed project for the Bomb Squad, and the guest spots by Chuck D. and Flavor Flav are easily the worst rhyming either has done on record. His one takes the P.E. posse back a few notches and tarnishes both their reputation and that of hip-hop as a whole.

O.W. **



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NEW RELEASES

DAVID J

Songs From Another Season
BMG

Move over, valium. Take off, halcion. Quaaludes? Old news. David J is sure to become the sedative of choice for the underground elite this season. On a break from Love & Rockets, plainly needing a vacation from the mechano po-mo they've been manufacturing, J has decided an acoustic set is just the right prescription to cure his not-quite-a-superstar-yet blues. Using minimal accompaniment (the odd infusion of a violin solo here, a bit of sax there, maybe, oh, what the hell, let's try some harmonica on this one) and maximum self-indulgence, J strums and strums and strums his guitar, creating a tapestry ranging in color from beige to taupe. To call this dull is to insult muzak. "I'll Be Your Chauffeur" (in two versions on the cassette and CD) takes an automotive view of romance (reiterated on "Fingers In The Grease") but has a pedestrian melody. Both "Little Star" and "Stranded Trans-Atlantic Hotel Nearly Famous Blues" are whines about the really hard-done-by lifestyle pop music has foisted on the poor sod. "Sweet Anaesthesia" blatantly rips off the Velvets' "Heroin." The paucity of lyrical themes is only overshadowed by the redundancy of most of the music. Songs flow into each other seamlessly — not because there are no gaps between the tracks, but because they are virtually indistinguishable. To be kind, "New Woman Is An Attitude" cleverly uses ad copy for beauty products to make a statement about something, but I couldn't quite get the gist of it before I nodded off.

Perry Stern *

COLIN JAMES

Sudden Stop
Virgin

Not content to be Canada's other budding guitar hero (behind Jeff Healey), Colin James moved to Memphis, found the right producer in Joe Hardy, rounded up some of the best studio talent around (including Bonnie Raitt) and produced an album which is earmarked for international attention. This is a class A rock 'n' roll album. We're talking vintage Elvis, Jerry Lee, Carl Perkins rock 'n' roll — the kind of stuff Memphis used to produce. And believe me, this kid has the chops. Not just a hot guitar gunslinger, James has a great rock voice (full of urgency) and the look and demeanor of a young James Dean. He may not be a great writer at present, but he can pen an infectious rock track in a push (like "Just Came Back" and "T For Trouble") and has the knack of lifting the right covers, Otis Rush's "Keep

On Loving Me Baby" being a prime example. There's a brashness about tracks like the reggae-flavored "Give It Up," the peppy "If You Lean On Me" and the bluesy "Sudden Stop" that proves James is a real talent. There's nothing contrived or manufactured here. The kid's a natural player, and his obvious fondness for vintage rock is well presented. And though his previous debut effort was sadly ignored, *Sudden Stop* will not suffer such a fate. It's simply too good to pass up.

K.S. ****

JOHN HIATT

Stolen Moments
A&M

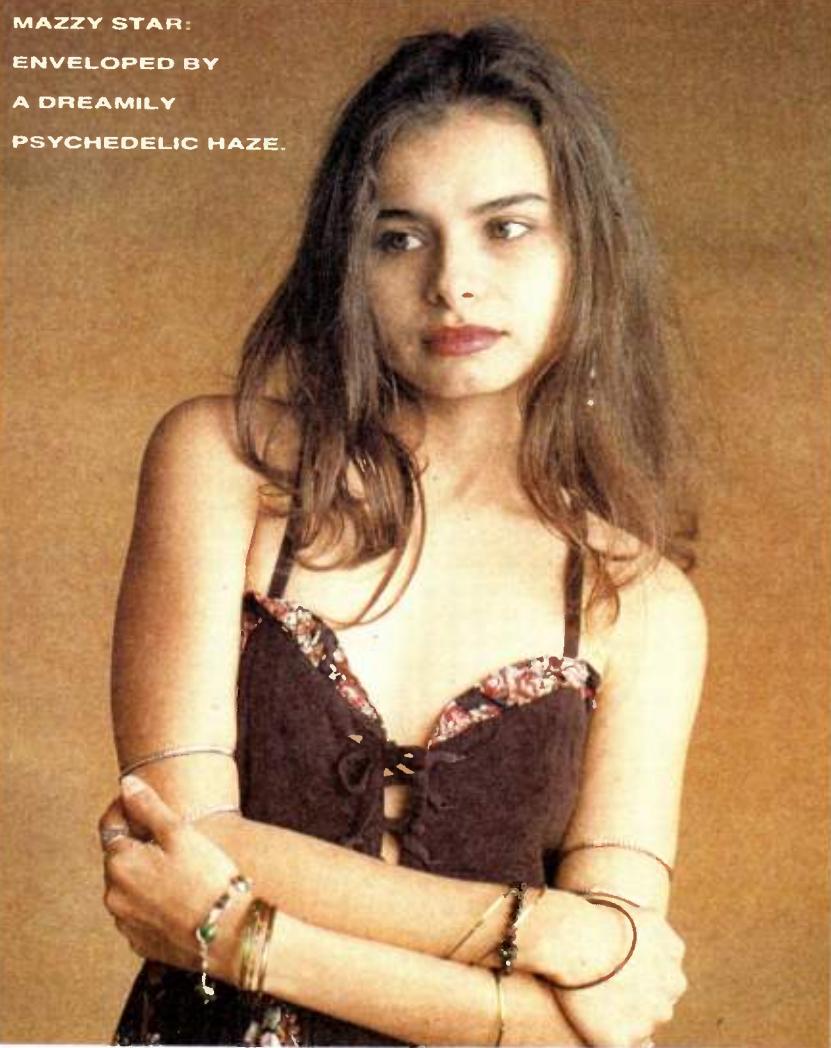
It's starting to look as though *Slow Turning*, his 1988 critical and commercial triumph, is going to be an albatross around John Hiatt's neck. What could possibly live up to its standard? That album was Hiatt's ninth (on four different labels), and its wide acceptance heralded the end of Hiatt's years as an obscure genius wading through the shallow waters of cult stardom. Hiatt's best work on *Slow Turning* was his short story-like songs that captured single cathartic moments in time and held them up for uncritical observation. There's little of that on *Stolen Moments*. Instead we get a lot of Hiatt as son, husband and father — some nice songs of Hiatt as son, husband and father, mind you, but after one or two it starts sounding a bit too much like the soul searching and chest thumping of *thirtysomething*. "Real Fine Love" has a likeable, gallumphing pace and a sweet demeanor, but no musical edge. The title track has the best wisecrack on the album — "These days the only bar I ever see has got lettuce and tomatoes" — but no musical edge. "Back Of My Mind" and "Thirty Years Of Tears" are both dreamy waltzes that talk about the baggage of the past and the wisdom of a positive attitude, but there's no musical edge. Do you detect a pattern? What's missing on *Stolen Moments* are the instrumental hooks that elevate the songs beyond their lyrical conceits. As pleasant as the album is, after repeated listenings no tune sticks in the memory. *Stolen Moments*'s words reveal John Hiatt as a thoughtful, loving mate and parent — traits a lot of people ought to aspire to — but the music is made of teflon.

P.S. **

ULTRA VIVID SCENE

Joy 1967-1990
4AD/Columbia

This is just about the most English-sounding American record you'll hear this year. In essence, Ultra Vivid Scene is Kurt Ralske, an East Coast singer/songwriter whose career only began to



take shape when he moved to London in 1986 and fell under the sway of such merchants of twisted retro-pop as The Jesus And Mary Chain and My Bloody Valentine. A self-titled debut LP on the trendy 4AD label attracted favorable notices, and Ralske's new record has major support from Columbia. *Joy 1967-1990* is a very pleasant offering destined to win friends amongst the college radio and Anglophile brigade, but, taken in its entirety, it lacks a little of the impact Ralske's nom de guerre would suggest. Kurt possesses a dreamy, sweet voice that he complements nicely with guitar sounds that are simultaneously fuzzy and melodic, reflecting his acknowledged debt to the Velvet Underground. For this effort, Ralske adds some supporting players and enlists top Brit producer Hugh Jones (Echo and The Bunnymen, Modern English) to capture the music with clarity. When a little drive and fire are injected into the music, as on "Three Stars," "Staring At The Sun" and "Beauty No. 2," the results are quite captivating, but elsewhere his understated approach can, like that of similarly monikered Anglo peers The Lilac Time, become a little too soporific and sugary. The highlights of *Joy 1967-1990*, however, do reveal Ralske as a promising talent.

K.D. ***

MAZZY STAR

She Hangs Brightly
Rough Trade

Whoever came up with the silly name "Mazzy Star" deserves to be hung under the bright sun. It suggests some dizzy dance band or rapper, but in fact Mazzy Star is a fresh-sounding new product of the West Coast paisley underground. Guitarist/songwriter David Roback and drummer Keith Mitchell are charter members of that scene via their work with Rain Parade, Opal and Green On Red, and here they combine with singer Hope Sandoval on a quite enchanting work. Strains of folk, country and blues shimmer from the grooves, enveloped by a dreamily psychedelic haze. Sandoval's atmospheric voice is always at the forefront, while Roback's guitar work (some fine slide especially) proves a strong foil. The mood, rather than specific lyrics, provides the message here, with song titles like "Be My Angel," "Before I Sleep" and "Blue Flower" acting as signposts to their haunting tones. The intensity level is upped on "Ghost Highway," and it'd be interesting to hear them mine that vein a little deeper. That mindless moniker aside, Mazzy Star is one of the brightest new fixtures on the alternative firmament.

K.D. ****

NEW RELEASES

THE BREEDERS

Pod

4AD/Polygram

The Breeders are a supergroup of sorts — in certain circles at least. Singer/guitarist Kim Deal is a member of The Pixies, singer/guitarist Tanya Donelly is a Throwing Muse, and bassist Josephine Wiggs is an ex-member of Perfect Disaster. Put together as a band that will not threaten the existence of those other groups, The Breeders may find the side project attracts a lot more attention than they expected: *Pod* (a uterus reference, I believe) is an album of jagged, slightly twisted and pretty wonderful songs. Most of them were written by Deal, and not surprisingly there are Pixies echoes; it makes one wonder how much unheralded input she has had in that band's songs, besides those credited to her. The raw, spare style of *Pod* recalls Pixies albums like *Surfer Rosa*, also produced by Steve Albini. But while the alternating sweet melody/noisy guitar sound of *Pod*'s songs is Pixieish, the album concept and lyrical

content are uniquely Breederish. Breeders is a derogatory name for heterosexuals, and weird, ripe fertility and sexuality seem to be the dominant themes, with drug misadventures, abortion and possibly molestation turning up in lines sung by three sweet voices. "Fortunately Gone" is about a woman so obsessed with her lover that she can't let go even after death; "Hellbound" is about an abortion that survived; "Oh" is about a squashed insect. As the only cover, The Beatles' "Happiness Is A Warm Gun" fits right in. Both "Fortunately Gone" and "Only In 3's" (about a *menage a trois*) feature '60s-sounding vocal harmonies, while Deal's soft spoken voice adds an ironic edge to several other songs, and the whole thing is heavy on the hollow drum sound, backed up by guitars, bass and the sour violin of Carrie Bradley. I hate to say it, but there are some interesting life forms developing here.

M.D. ****

BOB GELDOF

The Vegetarians Of Love
Atlantic

The critical drubbing St. Bob Geldof took for his debut solo release put proof

to the old saw that no good deed goes unpunished. That price paid, it'll be interesting to hear the reaction to *The Vegetarians Of Love* — as abrupt an about face, musically, as has ever been employed. Geldof has shed the punk pretensions of his Boomtown Rats days and the conscience-of-a-generation stance of *Deep In The Heart Of Nowhere* and turns to (who'd a thunk it?) his Celtic roots with a healthy smattering of Cajun spices to heat up this Irish stew. With several members of the Penguin Cafe Orchestra, particularly multi-instrumentalist Geoff Richardson, providing expert accompaniment, the songs generally move back and forth from jaunty jigs rife with tin whistles and fiddles to a more melancholic, romantic Louisiana sound. The idea of the curmudgeon Geldof making Cajun music will certainly send eyebrows heavenward in disbelief, but the ploy works quite brilliantly. Using a talky singing style more reminiscent of a Mark Knopfler/Bob Dylan blend than his former expectorating self, Geldof reveals a newly found laconic attitude toward world events. The irony is heaped on heavily for "The Great Song Of Indifference" and "The End Of The World" (as predicted by "Nostradamus and Jesus and Buddha and me"), but

the sarcasm is balanced by the album's strongest pop track, "The Chains Of Pain," and the dreamily contemplative "Thinking Voyager II Type Things." The latter song, which cites mortality as "the cheap price we pay for existence," is probably Geldof's most optimistic song to date. Absurd title aside, and forgetting that much of side two is drudgery, *The Vegetarians Of Love* restores Geldof as a pertinent songwriter and puts his days as a chronic stump-thumper to rest.

P.S. ***

VIXEN

Rev It Up

EMI

The fates are not usually kind to all-female groups. At best they tend to be treated like some sexual aberration with the life expectancy of a butterfly — nice to look at, but gone in a jiffy. Witness The Runaways, The Go-Gos and The Bangles. And god help them if they try to be treated like serious musicians! Such is the predicament of Vixen, a hard-driving L.A. quartet whose debut success created quite a stir. Yes they can play their instruments, yes they can write their own

songs, yes they are attractive, and yes Janet Gardner is quite the lead singer, given the right material. In appealing to the power/rock ilk, Vixen focus on the hormonal fusion of lyrical sentiments like "Rev It Up," "Hard 16" and "Bad Reputation" with an ample dash of unrequited love ("Love Is A Killer," "How Much Love"). What makes this album stand out is that Randy Nicklaus has filled out the arrangements with some deft production, layering in keyboards, swelling out vocal harmonies and generally sweetening the overall package. Gardner gets to show her vocal chops, particularly on the debut single, the melodic "How Much Love," and the band overall projects an added instrumental dimension only hinted at in their self-titled debut. The only flaw is the occasional high-pitched screamer like "Hard 16," which contains all the usual excessive rock clichés — something Vixen, for the most part, have managed to avoid.

K.S. ***

THE BREEDERS: WEIRD,
RIPE FERTILITY.

NEW RELEASES

MARC JORDAN

COW
BMG

Don't let this scare you, but *COW* is an acronym for "Conserve Our World." Marc Jordan was probably wise to conceal the green subtext to this collection as a hedge against being consigned to the hippie/new age bins, but he needn't have. Taking major cues from Peter Gabriel and Sting, Jordan writes rich, inviting ballads that are first rate lyrically and musically, but sadly suffer from a bad dose of over-production. Opening cut "Big Love" has all the ingredients necessary to make it a hit, and then some: unfortunately, too many keyboards making for too lush a backdrop overwhelm the vocals and throw the effort off-kilter. This is the fate of most of the album, the exceptions being "Burn Down The Amazon" and "Inside My Piano," but, that technical miscalculation aside, the album is well worth a listen. What *COW* lacks is a strong sense of its creator. An acclaimed singer/songwriter with a lousy track record (this is only his third album in over 10 years), Jordan's personality takes a back seat to those he emulates. "Burn Down The Amazon," with its stellar cast of background vocalists (including Timothy B. Schmit, Jane Wiedlin, Nicolette Larson and Brenda Russell) sounds awfully like Sting. A coincidence? How could it be when on the one song that employs an African vocal sample, "Silent Night," Jordan suddenly sounds just like Peter Gabriel? At least on his cover of Todd Rundgren's "Can We Still Be Friends" Jordan doesn't imitate the Runt's nasal twang. Not exactly a blockbuster, *COW* should at least go a long way to prove Jordan's talents. Now all he needs is some self-confidence.

P.S. ***

DIO
Lock Up The Wolves
Reprise

Ever since he perfected his style on *Rainbow Rising* in '76, blustery-voiced Ronnie James Dio has been the master of the sword and sorcery epic, but by the time of his previous release, 1987's *Dream Evil*, his heroic knight stance was getting a little weak at the knees. Still, ravenous Dio fans will be scrounging *Wolves* for material that equals the power of "Shame On The Night" or "Heaven And Hell," and they'll find stuff that comes close. "Wild One" and "Walk On Water" are a speedfreak's delight, while "Lock Up The Wolves" and "Evil On Queen Street" are taut psychodramas reminiscent of his glory days with Black Sabbath. In fact, *Lock Up The Wolves* possesses a dark, om-



MARC JORDAN'S PERSONALITY
TAKES A BACK SEAT TO
THOSE HE EMULATES.

inous presence and a cohesiveness similar to his best solo album, 1984's *The Last In Line*. The partial source of this renewed strength is Dio's new band (including British-born 18-year-old guitar "discovery" Rowan Robertson and ex-AC/DC drummer Simon Wright, who displaced Vinny Appice), which offers a lean and hungry, stripped-down attack. Also, he's toned

down his King Arthur in the land of the Faerie Queene musings in favor of more realistic human scenarios. "Between Two Hearts" emulates the musical majesty of "Children Of The Sea," but actually concerns itself with women who are drawn to mistreating lovers, while "Walk On Water" could almost be Donald Trump's theme song. Tres interesting, Ronnie. But he sounds more

in his element in the title track and "My Eyes," where his old aggressions flare up with a vengeance, and the result is potent and heady. Radio probably won't jump on this, since it's real metal in all its twisted cruelty, snarling and biting while wallowing in its vacuous landscape. Welcome back to the jungle, RJD.

Michael Seidenfuss ***

CD HOTLINE

By Rick Clark

One of the most frustrating and heartbreaking stories in rock history is that of **Badfinger**, a band from Wales made up of **Pete Ham** (guitar, keyboards, vocals), **Tom Evans** (bass, vocals), **Mike Gibbons** (drums, vocals) and **Joey Molland** (guitar, vocals).

To go into detail about the band's many tragedies would take up much more space than this column allows. Nevertheless, in spite of terrible management, poor record label decisions and the eventual suicides of half the band (Ham and Evans), Badfinger created a sizable body of excellent music.

Originally known as **The Iveys**, they were spotted by **The Beatles'** road manager, **Mal Evans**, playing a London club, which led to their signing to the newly formed Apple label. Apple figured that the band needed a harder, more updated sounding name, and Badfinger (suggested by label exec **Nell Aspinall**) won out over suggestions from **Paul McCartney** ("Home") and **John Lennon** ("Prix").

During their time at Apple, Badfinger's ultra-melodic pop/rock created a string of classic hits that have endured to this day: "Come And Get It," "No Matter What," "Day After Day" and "Baby Blue."

out. There are millions of bands that have come and gone. We were one of them, but in a certain respect we did leave a little bit of a stamp, you know."

After the demise of Apple, the band landed a deal with Warner Bros. But even though Badfinger would never score a sizable hit again, some of the band's best music was recorded during this time.

The Best Of Badfinger Volume II is the first CD of the band's music to legitimately hit the marketplace, ending many years of waiting for their patient fans. The disc covers the Warners and later Elektra releases, hence the *Volume II* designation. Except for a sonically uneven double-disc Japanese bootleg CD that's been out for over a year, the Apple tracks are still unavailable.

But don't wait for the Apple releases. This collection makes it clear that the band's creative powers were still ascending when their world collapsed. *The Best Of... Volume II* contains most of the cream of the crop from *Badfinger* (originally called *For Love Of Money*), *Airwaves*, the unreleased *Head First* and *Wish You Were Here*, one of the great lost albums of the '70s. The only glaring exceptions are two tracks from *Wish*, "Dennis" and "Love Time." Surely this collection, clocking in at just over an hour, had room for these songs.

Bill Inglot and **Ken Perry** did the digital remastering, and it is very im-

pressive. I never expected these songs to have transferred so well. Badfinger expert **Dan Matovina** provides excellent annotation from the heart. All in all, this collection is indispensable for its proper presentation of a great band's

more overlooked periods of creativity.

Polygram has attempted to dignify **Van Morrison** with an overview called *The Best Of Van Morrison*. It's a fair attempt to live up to the title, but if anyone out there was due a CD box set, especially from the label that pioneered the concept, it was Morrison.

Of particular note is the inclusion of the **Robbie Robertson**-produced "Wonderful Remark," one of my very favorite Morrison cuts, previously available only on the Warner Bros. *King Of Comedy* soundtrack.

That, along with such standards as "Moondance,"

"Brown-Eyed Girl," "Gloria," "Wild Night" and the effervescent "Jackie Wilson Said (I'm In Heaven When You Smile)" are included. Among those missing are "Caravan," "Blue Money," "Mystic Eyes," "Tupelo Honey," "Listen To The Lion" and anything at all from *Astral Weeks*.

During the '60s British invasion, **Paul Revere And The Raiders** were one of America's chart-topping pop powerhouses. *The Legend Of Paul Revere*, a double-disc set chronicling the band's output, goes a long way toward elevating the Boise, Idaho, band to more than just teeny-bopper lightweights. All the hits are here and more, including the theme to **Dick Clark's**

Where The Action Is and lead singer **Mark Lindsay**'s solo hits.

CBS has gone back to the original two-track and multi-track tapes and done a decent job sonically. The set includes a well-laid-out booklet with plenty of photos. And **William Ruhlmann**'s in-depth annotation and discography are excellent. Hopefully, CBS will pursue its mining of its catalogue with this commitment to quality. A box set for **The Byrds** is currently being discussed.

Speaking of **The Byrds**, the late **Gram Parsons**' two solo albums, *GP* and *Grievous Angel*, have been re-released by Reprise on a single disc. Parsons was a pioneer, laying much of the groundwork for the synthesis of rock and country, and drawing

much from the emotional honesty of each form.

Emmylou Harris got her start singing with Parsons, and she's everywhere on this disc. Their duet, on **The Everly Brothers** standard "Love



THE LATE LAMENTED BADFINGER.

Hurts," is stunning. Other highlights are **Tompall Glaser**'s "Streets Of Baltimore," and Parsons' own "Hickory Wind," "Ooh Las Vegas" and "In My Hour Of Darkness."

John Delgatto's compilation of this package is first-rate, as is **Lee Hershberg**'s digital mastering. Other essential Parsons discs are from his tenures with **The Byrds** (*Sweethearts Of The Rodeo*) and **The Flying Burrito Brothers** (*Gilded Palace Of Sin*).

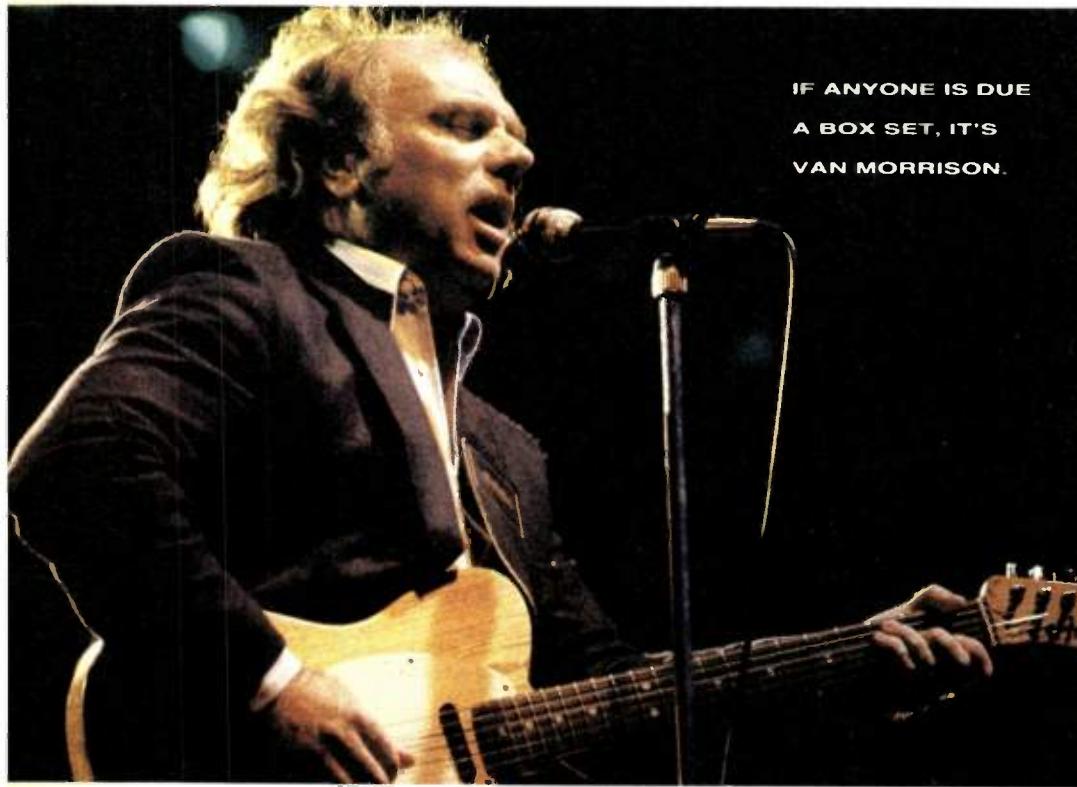
As popular music began to diversify during the '60s, **Tim Buckley**'s fusion of jazz and folk produced some great albums, particularly the transcendent mood piece *Blue Afternoon*. *Dream Letter Live In London 1968*, a newly released double disc document of Buckley's improvisational show, captures his artistry at the peak of his powers. **Lee Underwood** (guitar, **The Mothers Of Invention**), **Danny Thompson** (bass, **Pentangle**) and **David Friedman** (vibraphone) offer a perfect dynamic that's sympathetic to Buckley's expressive vocal flights.

The recording of this performance reveals a finely rendered soundstage. In fact, it sounds better than many of his studio efforts.

Buckley never achieved much success, even though he went on to cut several memorable albums, including the desperately erotic *Greetings From L.A.* On June 29, 1975, he died of an overdose of heroin and morphine.

K-Tel has just put out a release of an early pop/AOR minor classic, the self-titled debut album by the Minneapolis/St. Paul-based **Gypsy**. The group released two albums for Metromedia and two for **RCA**, but this is the one through which they received their greatest fame.

The album opens with their best-known track, "Gypsy Queen — Part One." Their blend of **Crosby, Stills & Nash** meets **Three Dog Night** harmonies and pre-**Kansas** art rock cum **Santana** instrumental excursions made them extremely popular in western and midwestern markets. Their second album, *In The Garden*, is scheduled for fall release.



IF ANYONE IS DUE
A BOX SET, IT'S
VAN MORRISON.

"At that time, Apple was getting hot, and it was a big, cool scene," Gibbons reflected in a recent interview. "We were right in the mainstream of the inner circle. To be a part of that was fabulous. You can't rub the memories

off. There are millions of bands that have come and gone. We were one of them, but in a certain respect we did leave a little bit of a stamp, you know."

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METALLION

By Eianne Halbersberg

• Gender Busting

As vocalist for Warlock, Doro Pesch became an international success story, as well as a role model for young women seeking careers in the music industry, particularly in heavy metal. After four albums with the band, however, Pesch opted for a solo career, and recently released her second album, simply titled *Doro*, which was produced by Gene Simmons.

"I was always a big KISS fan," explains Pesch. "Alive II is my favorite album. I wanted outside material, and I wanted to work with other people. I asked my manager to check into the KISS situation — I thought maybe they would have a song for me, or would write one. Gene said he was interested in maybe producing a song or two as well. We met and there was immediately a good vibe. He ended up producing the album and wrote four songs."

Stepping out on her own was initially a risky move for Pesch. She had been with Warlock for nine years, had "wanted it to last forever, and it didn't work for stupid reasons." As a result of that departure, her sound has changed, becoming, as she says, "more melodic. Each song has strong character, whether heavy or ballads. Some of the old material was below average and not as fully worked out. This time, each song was done justice and made the best it could be."

Pesch is determined to stand on her own merits as a singer/songwriter/performer, not just "a woman in rock." She hopes her success will promote a greater acceptance of heavy metal in general, as well as knocking down stereotypes based on gender.

"I always thought it was very difficult for anyone to get to the top in metal," she notes. "It is very rare for a metal band to get airplay or be on television. For women, it is always difficult in anything, but one day it will happen. It's a matter of time before the traditions are broken. Heavy metal has been a very male-dominated thing, and I would love to break more ground for women."

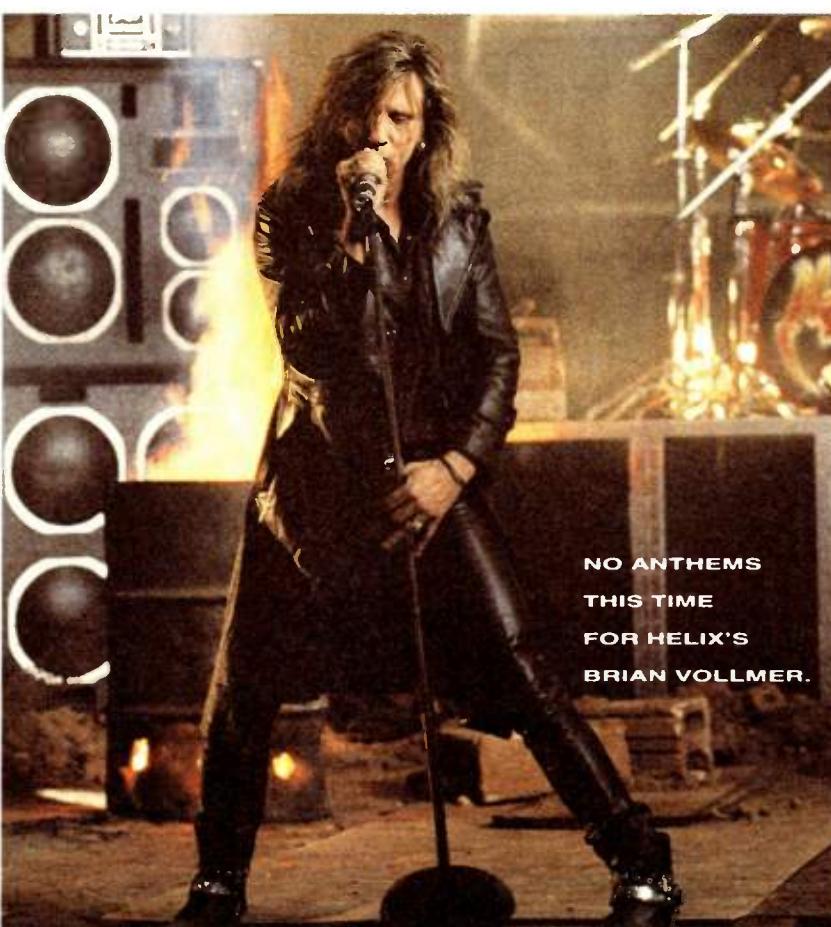
• Just The Thing

It has been a year of changes and transitions for Helix, and not surprisingly they tried a new approach in making their latest album, *Back For Another Taste*. Vocalist Brian Vollmer explains that instead of simply going back into the studio, he wanted to "test the material in front of a live audience, because it can feel great in a practice hall, but not feel good live. So while the band was still hot from playing, we would record a little piece at a time, which was good because we could change things and re-record as needed. We did that over the course of a year, and it worked out great."

In addition to signing a new deal with Grudge Records in the U.S., Helix has welcomed a new guitarist, Denny Ballicki, from Long Island, after the departure of original guitarist Paul Hackman. "It was hard to replace someone after 15 years," Vollmer says. "Denny used to play in Maniacs, which backed us up for a couple of dates. We were looking for someone with good attitude

When you first join a band, it's like, 'He's 10 minutes late for practice!' Now, we give each other more space and have more patience. You learn to live with little things, instead of trying to correct them.

"The most important thing with this album was just to write solid songs and good music. I don't think in terms of heavy or light; but in terms of writing



who was into the music, moved well on-stage and was young. We wanted fresh ideas. Denny has those things, plus he is an excellent guitarist."

Vollmer says that he wanted to avoid "anthem-type songs" this time out. "I wanted to improve and improve," he says. "Each week I dragged home stuff that was new in the record stores, from Skid Row to Living Colour and Steve Earle. I learned the entire albums to get my licks up, and the notes and melodies in my head. Because at times you listen to music and don't absorb as much as you could if you sat down and learned it. I get uptight when I write, especially if I get nothing for a couple of weeks, which makes it worse. Learning other material relaxed me, and I really got into writing. It was a pleasurable experience, whereas in the past it has been frustrating and emotional.

"Our experiences of the past two years have also helped me lyrically. We've become better writers; attitudes change as you get older. Some people become jaded and lose their optimism, but I love music more today than I ever have. And there's less freaking out.

songs that make me happy. You can get too caught up in terminology. All our roots came out subconsciously, but it still sounds like us. It's just the thing to bring us into the 1990s."

• Uncalculated Choreography

"Elegant chaos brought to you by five Elvis Mick Ronsons" is how **Celebrity Skin** drummer D'On Bolles describes his band. "Although we're not Elvis in the sense of paunch, or his music," he backtracks, "and we do far too few drugs to be a rock band. But somehow we manage."

Celebrity Skin is managing well enough, in fact, to hold the second-highest attendance record at The Roxy, surpassed only by **Mötley Crüe**. What they're doing is almost impossible to describe, but it has been compared to **Sparks** meets **The Ringling Brothers**, musically and visually. "But when you see us live, the image theory goes out the window," Bolles says. "It's obvious that we put every ounce of our energy into what we do, and maybe even borrow some from other planets,

but there is no calculated choreography."

Triple X Records has just unleashed the band on vinyl, courtesy of a three-song EP that contains an absolutely brilliant cover of **Abba**'s "S.O.S." Three years into their career, **Celebrity Skin** is headline news even on European shores, and the West Coast is all over them, glorifying their sound and performances. "It changes all the time, from show to show," Bolles says. "Perhaps we have gotten better at what we do, but we're always overreaching our abilities, so we're always ahead of ourselves. So we have to get better just to keep up with ourselves, or remain the same distance behind." Okay....

Metal Notes: **Wench** is a four-piece thrash group from New York that was formed in 1987. At that time they released their first demo, *Sumus Quod Sumus*. The ladies have returned with an EP titled *Stone Cold*, which is worth looking into if you like your music loud and abrasive. Of special note is the track "Forced Labor," which takes a powerful look at recent Supreme Court abortion issues.... **Forbidden** have been touring their *Twisted Into Form* album across Europe, and even brought their crash and burn fury to the Soviet Union for a few dates. The band should be back in the States as you read this.... North Carolina's **White Heat**, signed to Epic Records, have changed their name in time for the release of their debut album, *Oughta Be A Law*, produced by **David Prater**. The group is now called **Firehouse**, and yes, KISS fans, you know where they came up with that one!... **Testament** are in the studio with producer **Michael Rosen**. Tentatively titled *Souls Of Black*, the album is due in October, in time for the band to join the Clash Of The Titans tour in Europe alongside **Suicidal Tendencies**, **Slayer** and **Megadeth**.... Speaking of which, Megadeth were putting the final touches on their *Rust In Peace* album with **Mike Clink** as we went to press. The new and improved lineup now features guitarist **Marty Friedman** and drummer **Nick Menza** teaming up with **Dave Mustaine** and **Dave "Junior" Ellefson**.... **The Dogs D'Amour** are at it with **Ric Browne**. Their *Straight?!* is due next month, as are releases from **Judas Priest**, **Bullet Boys** and **Anthrax**, who collaborated with **Mark Dodson** for *Persistence Of Time*.... Also due is **Hotel Hunger**'s *Arabian Holiday On Ice*.... **Cinderella** are recording with **John Jansen** for what should be a fall release. Also on the fall schedule are albums from **Iron Maiden** and **Oblivious**, who have selected *Cause Of Death* as a title.... And, finally, the next pick to click is Los Angeles-based **Klik Tracee**, a five-piece comprising vocalist **Stephen Shareaux**, bassist **Rob Grad**, guitarists **Gregory Hex** and **Michael Marquis**, and drummer **Scott Donnell**.

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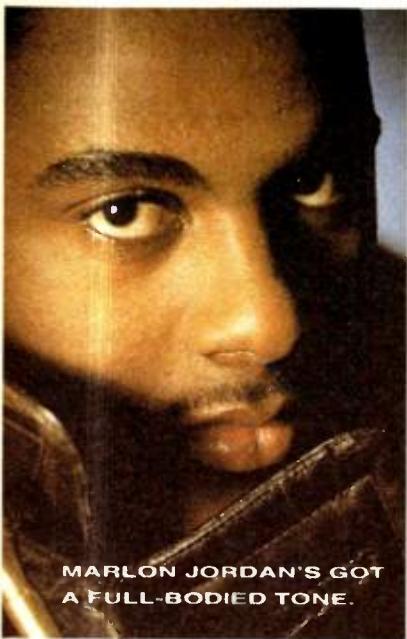
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JAZZ STREAMS

By Rob Reid

Pat Metheny once again makes his annual appearance with a bag of goodies. This time around it's a trio session, *Question And Answer*, the guitarist's third album as a leader for the Geffen label. For the moment Metheny has set aside his unique brand of Brazilian fusion and turned to a more mainstream repertoire. All the important elements are still here, though — Metheny's patented lyricism, for instance. But most importantly, Metheny's come to a watershed point in his career, where his technique, taste and sensitivity have achieved new levels of maturity and balance.

Recorded last December with a "let the tapes roll" state of mind, *Question And Answer* cooks on high with all burners, and generates a warm flame on the slower pieces. Metheny deals out a perfect hand of tunes, including a modern standard (*Miles Davis' "Solar"*), and an older blowin' tune ("All The Things You Are") — and boy, does this guitarist "blow"), as well as superb uptempo and ballad material from his own pen. The sidemen here are less sidemen than equal partners. In the drummer's seat, **Roy Haynes** goes for the viscera. Bass drum bombs drop unexpectedly and cracks of thundering snare break out as the playing temperature climbs. Bassist **Dave Holland** has a well established reputation and doesn't rest on his laurels. Just check him out on Metheny's exhilarating showcase for the bassist and drummer, *H & H*. Expect to see this album on those "10 best" lists at the year's end.

Good times are ahead for drummer **Chet McCracken** if his Voss Records debut, *Flight To Moscow*, gets crackin' on some radio playlists. McCracken already has plenty of studio and tour ex-

perience in the rock arena — with **The Doobie Brothers**, **America**, **Delbert McClinton** and **Stevie Nicks**, among others. So, not surprisingly, McCracken drives straight for the crossroads of pop/jazz and fusion. The results are readily accessible, fuelled by something in short supply in this genre: imagination. He even pulls off a hassles-of-the-workaday-world sound collage with drums chugging away on "Life's A Beach." Not your standard fare by any means, the lively material was either penned or co-penned by McCracken. Take note of guitarist **Chris Pinnick**'s gritty contributions.

Record labels love to introduce new, hot, young (trumpet/saxophone/mis-cellaneous) players. This season we've got the brass attack as launched by trumpeters **Roy Hargrove** (on RCA Novus) and **Marlon Jordan** (on Columbia Records). Hargrove turned 20 last fall; Jordan hits that milestone this month. Both show promise, but as for their debuts, my listening choice goes with Hargrove, whose *Diamond In The Rough* shows more polish than the title indicates. The Dallas native's blazing trumpet work clears the decks for solid performances, and interest is sustained for 63-plus minutes on the CD. Mixing it up with both originals and covers, Hargrove works out two bands on this recording. One group includes "old pros" **John Hicks** on piano and **Al Foster** on drums. They're good, but listen to the rapport Hargrove has with his Berklee School of Music classmate **Geoff Keezer**, a teen who picks up piano chores and composed three of the original tunes. As for alto saxist **Antonio Hart**, also a classmate, a similar electricity is at work. As a debut recording, this diamond sparkles.

Jordan hails from New Orleans, and boasts a handsome, full-bodied tone on trumpet. The problem with his debut is the material and its execution by the showcased artist and even young veteran **Branford Marsalis** on saxophone. The album session needed a match lit under it; one invigorating up-tempo run (the old favorite "Cherokee") is not enough.

The granddaddy *enfant terrible* of these trumpet players is, of course, 28-year-old **Wynton Marsalis**. After dazzling us last decade with his dexterity, his current agenda calls for warming up to us with the ballad repertoire. *Standard Time Volume 3 — The Resolution of Romance*, on Columbia Records, takes on 21 standards from songwriters such as **Rodgers and Hart**, **Hoagy Carmichael** and others. Marsalis' command of his horn (and his "tour" of open horn and its various mutes) throughout this 73-minute song collection is impressive. A special treat is the presence of Marsalis' father, **Ellis**, a fine pianist in his own right with a firm understanding of the phrasing and nuances this music calls for. The torch is being passed.

SOUL FUNK-TION

By Otis Winthorpe

Keith Sweat is the king of new jack swing, and he's back with a new set of street/club jams to show us why. His triple-platinum debut in 1988 hit the top of the charts with "I Want Her," and his kickin' live band set him miles apart from the other dance acts doing club dates "to track." *I'll Give All My Love To You* (Elektra), Sweat's second album, features the work of producer/programmer/keyboard whiz **Teddy Riley** on some tracks, but production of all songs is credited solely to Sweat.

And Sweat it is who takes this special bunch of NJS jams and ballads into the upper echelon with his voice. He croons and talks — and sometimes whines and croaks — like a soul man of yesteryear, all the while maintaining a raw feel and a simultaneous smoothness that keeps him safely out of the **Luther/Freddie** and hip-hop/**Bobby Brown** camps. His vocal prowess is most evident on the ballads and "Make You Sweat," the first single, which would merely be state-of-the-art NJS if it weren't for Sweat's vocal stylisms.

Otis frankly finds Sweat's voice irritating after a while, but hears the sincerity and depth of feeling conveyed as straight from the homeboy's heart; he also speculates that the ladies will, too. In general, the beats are dope and creative, especially on "Love To Love You" and the two-part "Your Love." Sweat's major contribution to the genre seems to be a power move that should take control away from the computer programmers and give it to the people with something to say on the emotional tip.

There are some interesting releases out lately that are worthy of note, but come from outside of the mainstream. **ADIOA** (African Dimension of I&I Soul) is an African reggae ensemble on Mango Records that will excite reggae fans worldwide. Unlike their colleagues in the West Africa-to-Paris migration, **Toure Kunda** — who are currently the backbone of the hideous **Kaoma** lambada sickness — ADIOA are rootsier than rootsy, with a Kingston-sounding techno-dub production and a sweet African flavor.

And speaking of Jamaica, **Shinehead** has a new set out, with the leadoff single an update of **Sly Stone's "Family Affair."** Check 'tou, man.

Louisiana-based Cajun accordion magician **Stanley "Buckwheat" Dural** has been a legend for years among fans of zydeco and blues music, and he's finally recorded a truly great album. *Where There's Smoke*

(Island) was produced by **Los Lobos' David Hidalgo** and features some truly inspired and off-the-wall covers. In a new fusion of different country and ethnic styles, **Buckwheat Zydeco** has made a hip album that rocks and funks and grooves sweetly. Covers of **The Rolling Stones' "Beast Of Burden"** and **Hank Williams' "Hey, Good Lookin'"** (sung by **Dwight Yoakam** by way of **Ray Charles**) work surprisingly well, and overall it's sum'n new, sum'n fresh, sum'n different. Oohee, you gon' like this, I ga-hontee it! Pass me that hot sauce.

The release of American Indian/African American guitarist **Stevie Salas'** first solo album, *Colorcode*, marks another addition to the funk/rock flavors of late. A veteran of sessions with **Bootsy Collins** and **George Clinton**, Salas brought in P-Funk alumni **Bernie Worrell** and **Gary "Mudbone" Cooper** for a strong and hard-hitting effort that will appeal to heavier funketeers out there.

The release by **Tommy Boy** of remixes by **Digital Underground** is a great sign that the funk geniuses from Oakland can keep it hard for a long time. "Packet Man" and "Doowutchalike" get the treatment, and hopefully the scarily sweet and nasty "Freaks Of The Industry" — a must-check-out album cut — will be next.

On a similar tip, the left-field, self-legendarizing, Miami-based post P-Funkers who call themselves **Maggiozulu Too** (and are presumably offshoots of **Maggotron**) are definitely worth a funky spin; on Pandisc Records. As they say, "may the wind be at your back and the bass in your face." Peace.

KEITH SWEAT'S THE KING OF NEW JACK SWING.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Live Performance

DU MAURIER DOWNTOWN JAZZ FESTIVAL

Various venues

Toronto, ON

In its four-year existence, this festival has had problems establishing itself as comprehensive and credible, but this year's was the best yet. In one memorable hour, this scribe switched from the classic, elegant singing of Betty Carter to the anarchic strains of New York bohemians The Ordinaires; each, in their own way, was superb. Such jazz greats as pianist McCoy Tyner, saxophonists Archie Shepp and Oliver Lake and vocalists Astrud Gilberto and Ernestine Anderson command high ticket prices at other festivals, so the series of free concerts in Berczy Park was a real coup that must help broaden the city's jazz audience. At Roy Thomson Hall veteran vocalist Joe Williams was backed by Toronto's Rob McConnell and the Boss Brass. Williams' voice remains impeccable, but it wasn't always well-served by the schmaltzy material. The Holly Cole Trio won friends via their cool takes on classic tunes. In previous appearances Wynton Marsalis'

flawless playing sometimes lacked soul, but a five-song suite, "Uptown Ruler," and a beautiful version of Gershwin's "Embraceable You" fairly sparked. Jazz in a concert setting can sometimes sound too formal, so it was pleasing to note the attendance at various clubs. At the Underground Railroad, two tenor saxophone stars, George Coleman and Clifford Jordan, entertained capacity crowds, and at Cafe des Copains, John Lewis took time out from The Modern Jazz Quartet to enthrall with some solo ivory-tinkling redolent of the smoke and perfume of a Left Bank club. And a fortunate few enjoyed a cerebral percussion duo performance from Andrew Cyrille and Lithuanian Vladimir Tarasov at Harbourfront. There have been the usual grumblings, but the festival is to be commended for its eclectic booking policy and the quality of the talent.

Kerry Doole

NORDOFF-ROBBINS BENEFIT

Knebworth Castle
Knebworth, England

What makes 120,000 rock fans brave appalling weather and dubious sanitary facilities to converge in a muddy field north of London? Answer:

12 British rock 'n' roll veterans performing in aid of the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Charity. First up was Tears For Fears, who tore through a truncated greatest hits package in a downpour so relentless that Curt and Roland had to towel dry their instruments between songs. "Shout," "Everybody Wants To Rule The World" and the undervalued "Advice For The Young At Heart" are all great tunes, but they lost clarity in the nightmarish waterlogged arena. Then Status Quo hobbled on stage. It's not the Quo's advanced years that offend so much as the fact that they play the same three-chord song with such minor variations. Only "In The Army Now" displayed a hint of melody. Then there was Cliff Richard and The Shadows, marketed in the late '50s as Britain's answer to Elvis Presley and The Jordanaires. Recent ballads like "We Don't Talk Anymore" place Cliff more in the Kris Kristofferson mold, but his Christian leanings take him out of the rock arena altogether. Next up was the winner of the recent Nordoff-Robbins Silver Clef Award, Robert Plant, who provided the day's first genuinely thrilling moments when he was joined on

stage by Jimmy Page for spirited renditions of "Rock 'N' Roll" and "The Immigrant Song." Phil Collins does possess a couple of classic songs, and "In The Air Tonight" and "Against All Odds" made it worth enduring his other flagging, pseudo-soul moments. Then it was time for The Eric Clapton Super-group, featuring Mark Knopfler and Elton John. Clapton's lengthy solos on "Money For Nothing" and "Saturday Night" were repetitive, but his adoring public applauded every dull foray along the fretboard. Paul McCartney received the most excited reaction, however. "We Got Married" betrayed the influence of Elvis Costello, but "Let It Be" and "Hey Jude" have become so ingrained in our consciousness that they've started to resemble school hymns. Finally, Pink Floyd took to the stage and made it all worthwhile. "Shine On You Crazy Diamond" was blues turned to purest white, and the laser show and firework display was suitably spectacular. In the end the fans loved Knebworth almost in spite of themselves — after all, not only had they witnessed probably one of the last big festivals, but they'd helped raise \$12 million for a genuinely needy cause.

Paul Lester/S.I.N.

THE B-52'S

Massey Hall
Toronto, ON

If it weren't for their surprising rocket to the top of the charts with *Cosmic Thing*, The B-52's might now be on the summer concert circuit with the other Monsters Of Punk, remembering the glory days of '77. But as it is, The B-52's filled Massey Hall with an adoring crowd and achieved almost universal dancing throughout their nearly two-hour set. Fred Schneider and Kate Pierson, sharing vocals, cheesy organ and various props, led the way through a selection of the band's wacky hits, from "Dance This Mess Around" to "Roam," "Private Idaho," "Love Shack," "Planet Claire" and, of course, "Rock Lobster," charming the crowd while shimmying and shaking and doing all 16 dances (including The Lawnmower). Behind them a backup band added punch to the nonstop dance beat, with Keith Strickland doing an admirable job of replacing Ricky Wilson on guitar and a rather subdued Cindy Wilson on vocals. In fact, Cindy's non-participation in Fred and Kate's dancing became increasingly noticeable, and she sang "Give Me Back My Man" with such evident pain that it was difficult not to be reminded of the loss of her brother. There were problems with the sound in the hall, but in the end the songs and the enthusiasm are irresistible.

Mary Dickie

HEART

The Coliseum
Memphis, TN

In the '70s, Heart put on one of the best rock shows that ever graced the Coliseum. But this time out, the same band just seemed to be going through the motions, with very little sense of real involvement. The high-tech *Metropolis*-like staging and computerized lights seemed a perfect complement for Heart's current brand of slick corporate rock. Even though a keyboard player wasn't present on the stage, keyboard parts and percussive stabs were plainly coming out of the PA speakers to augment the band's sound, and the drummer's obviously triggered snare never really varied in dynamics. Of particular interest was the apathetic response to most of Heart's new material. Of the batch of songs from the latest album, *Brigade*, only "All I Want To Do Is Make Love To You" got great feedback. Most of the older material received a very strong reaction, though, especially "These Dreams." All in all, sitting through Heart was a frustrating disappointment.

Rick Clark

MÖTLEY CRÜE

The Forum
Montreal, QU

Dr. Feelgood, Mötley Crüe's latest LP of cranked-up feel-good rock 'n' roll, may be all over the radio, but it still sounds uncompromisingly loud and raucous live. The Crüe are hardly in the same league as vintage Van Halen, but they enthusiastically sweat and burn, barreling through their material for a solid 90 minutes of hard rock bliss. The energy level ebbed and flowed; some moments were sloppier than they should have been, but mostly the band hit its groove. The opener, "Kickstart My Heart," was ramshackle, and "Dr. Feelgood" didn't approximate the dynamism of the recording, even with the sizzling Nasty Habits singing backup. Still, "Red Hot" was red hot, and by the time they launched into "Looks That Kill," they had warmed to fever pitch. As a final gesture they offered up their current hit, "Don't Go Away Mad (Just Go Away)," which is basically a new version of "Maggie May," and made for a perfectly rousing climax. Of course there were theatrics: bombs exploding, lasers and Satanic pentagrams flashing, Tommy Lee banging away while being suspended high above the crowd, and Nikki Sixx dutifully smashing a guitar. Mötley Crüe may be old pros playing out juvenile fantasies, but nobody does it better.

Michael Seldenfuss



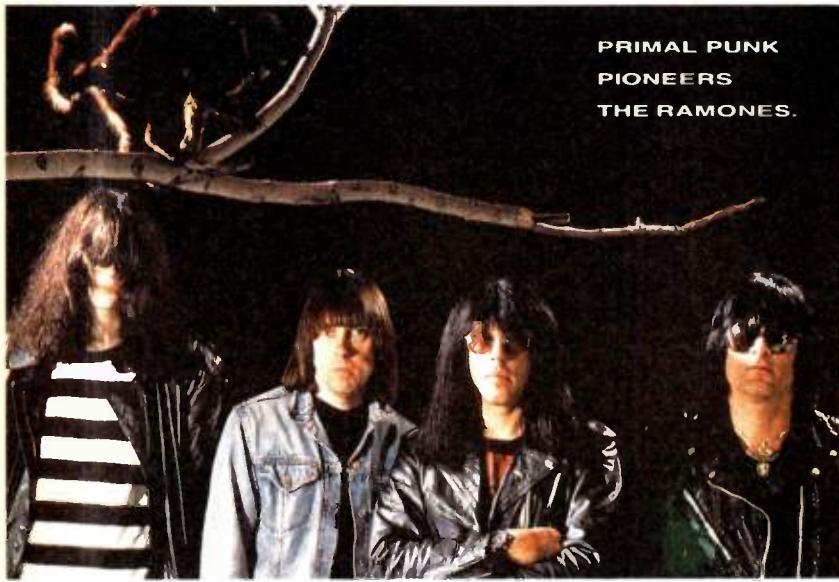
THE B-52'S
ACHIEVED
ALMOST
UNIVERSAL
DANCING.

LOOK HEAR

By Kerry Doole

There's a promising pack of new music homevideo releases to discuss this month. Headbangers especially are in for some special treats.

The success of heavy metal videos has actually spawned a new homevideo company specializing in the genre. Strand VCI Entertainment introduce themselves with six new metal vids now available at \$19.95 U.S. list each.



Popular thrash metallurgists Nuclear Assault explode on-screen with an hour-long live concert film, *Handle With Care — European Tour '89*, shot at London's Hammersmith Odeon last year. That same venue reappears in *3-Way Thrash*, an 80-minute concert tape starring Dark Angel, Swedish doom metal band Candlemass and D.A.M. Another Euro-fave, Celtic Frost, also appear *Live at the Hammersmith Odeon* in an hour-long tape of that name.

Veteran rockers Uriah Heep are featured on *Raging Through The Silence*. Yes, another concert tape filmed in London (The Astoria this time). Former Deep Purple and Black Sabbath vocalist Ian Gillan recently decided to play the club circuit anonymously under the pseudonym Garth Rocket & The Moonshiners. Once word leaked out, though, mayhem resulted, as can be seen on *Live At The Ritz*, an hour-long concert film. Finally, Strand brings us *Doomsday News — Volume 1*, a compilation of videos from acts on European metal label Noise. Big names on the bill include Voivod, Kreator, Helloween, Running Wild and Celtic Frost.

The Hard 'N Heavy metal video "magazine" has been a real hit, and Volume 7 boasts another strong lineup. Hard rock heroes interviewed include Blackie Lawless of W.A.S.P. Dio, Slaughter, and Megadeth's Dave Mustaine. Michael Monroe and L.A.

Guns also appear in this 85-minute-long tape. The same Hard 'N Heavy gang bring us *Thrash & Speed Metal*, a special feature on these genres that includes interviews, videos, and live performances. Pioneers like Black Sabbath, Motorhead and Ozzy Osbourne are included, along with current favorites like Anthrax, Exodus, M.O.D., Megadeth, Voivod and Nuclear Assault.

Noise of a more original variety is provided by *The Jesus And Mary Chain. Videos 1985 to 1989* is a 45-

PRIMAL PUNK
PIONEERS
THE RAMONES.

minute collection of clips to such JAMC classics as "Just Like Honey," "Some Candy Talking," "Blues From A Gun" and "Head On." On Warner/Reprise.

Those lovable punk pioneers The Ramones bring us a greatest hits tape, *Lifestyles Of The Rich & Ramones*, including such primal classics as "Rock 'n' Roll Radio," "I Wanna Be Sedated," "Pet Sematary," and "Rock 'n' Roll High School." Live footage, movie excerpts and a Robin Leach-style parody are thrown into this entertaining package from Warner/Reprise.

The same company brings us the far less funny Morrissey and his first solo home video, *Hulmerist*. The moody Mancunian regales us with clips for his singles, including "The Last Of The Famous International Playboys," "Suedehead," "Everyday Is Like Sunday" and the recent "November Spawed A Monster."

Real cause for celebration is The Pogues' homevideo debut, *Live At The Town And Country*. This hour-long concert tape sees the band at their rowdy best, and includes such fave songs as "Fiesta," "Fairytale Of New York," "If I Should Fall From Grace With God" and a version of The Clash's magical "London Calling" with Joe Strummer as guest. A video to get drunk and dance around your living room to. Out on Island.

Also on Island The Bob Marley Story, the definitive, award-winning documentary on the life and work of the

reggae superstar. Subtitled "Caribbean Nights," it includes renditions of such Bob Marley And The Wailers classics as "No Woman No Cry," "Stir It Up," "War," and "Jammin'," as well as exclusive interview and archive footage.

among them.

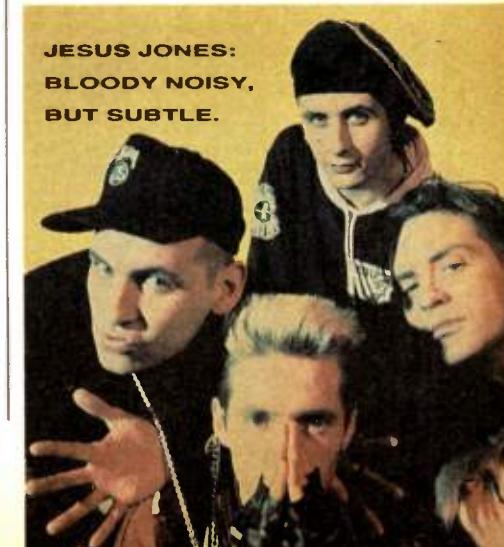
Now, Chicago's Wax Trax Records has signed on Thirlwell, who till now has only been available as an import on the Self Immolation and Some Bizarre labels. The first domestic Foetus release is the monumental *Sink* by Foetus Inc. A double album compilation set, *Sink* covers the whole Foetus oeuvre, from the grunge rock of "OKFM" through the burlesque brassiness of the classic "Bedrock" and on to the lush instrumental, "Lilith."

Each new direction, lyrically or musically, required a new moniker for Thirlwell. "Foetus Art Terrorism" had a definite sound and concept behind it — a lyrically more poetically motivated phase, as opposed to Foetus Uber Frisco, which was neo-constructivist," Thirlwell explains. "The Foetus All Nude Revue is self-explanatory. Sometimes I just get bored using a name. For now I'm sticking with Foetus Inc., because it brings together all the incarnations."

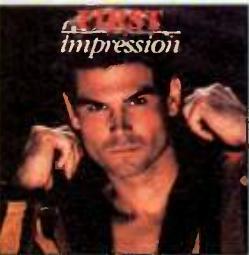
In September Wax Trax will release *Toxico Plus*, an instrumental Foetus release with guests including Away from Voivod, ex-Swan Roli Mossman (who also plays with Thirlwell in Wiseblood) and Hahn Rowe from Hugo Largo. The album, Thirlwell says, "will be very un-rock: from pastoral to neo-ethnic to *musique concrète* and everything in between."

New Music News: The Cult have gone through more than a few changes over the years, and for their next release, Ian Astbury promises a new direction. "We want to do something new and fresh. We took a lot of flak for going back to a blues-based sound; now everybody's doing it. Maybe we'll try some horns this time." Unfortunately they'll have to add a new drummer, too, now that recent addition Matt Sorum has defected to Guns N' Roses. "They handed him a blank cheque and told him to fill in his price," Astbury shrugged.... The Red Hot Chili Peppers have recorded the BTO hit "Takin' Care Of Business," produced by Mr. Cod Piece, Larry Blackmon of Cameo.... Elvis Costello has two albums, one a solo project, one with The Attractions, in the works.... Bob Mould's new album should be out this month.

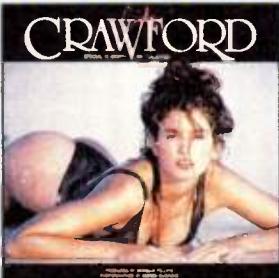
JESUS JONES:
BLOODY NOISY,
BUT SUBTLE.

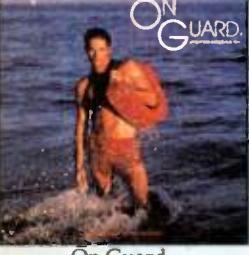


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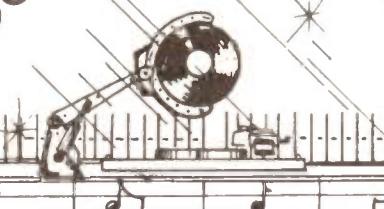
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WRH

THE #1 ARTIST IN THE COUNTRY WANTS TO SHOW YOU HIS MOVES.



please
Hammer
don't
HURT
'em

The Movie

NO simple clip compilation here. The master rapper shows off his moves in a full-fledged movie feature in miniature. One full hour of extraordinary music and seemingly impossible dance steps, presented in storyline form and featuring videos from his #1 album PLEASE HAMMER DON'T HURT 'EM.

Includes:
Here Comes The Hammer
Pray
Yo!! Sweetness
Help The Children
Dancin' Machine

Directed by Rupert Wainwright
Produced by John Oeljen
Executive Producers M.C. Hammer
and Louis Burrell
Running time: 60 Minutes

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