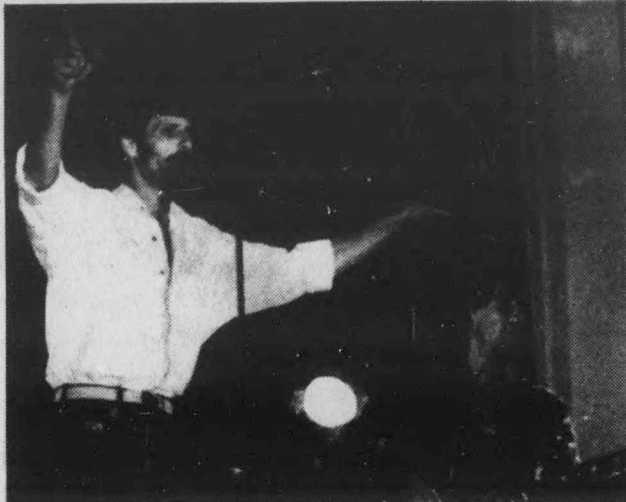


# ENTERTAIN MEAT



Jean Mark, the lead singer for The Box during last Thursday's outdoor concert.

Last Thursday night Orientation '90 presented an outdoor concert featuring Canadian recording artists The Box, and a local group called Bedrock. The show attracted a large crowd and the high energy performance left everyone wanting more.



Guitarists from Bedrock, the opening act at the outdoor concert.



## Dr. Vic's Picks

Record Reviews by  
Dr. Vic Hedges

I desperately hoped to begin the year with a review of the new ASIA album, to introduce some of the young'uns out there to some real wild, cutting-edge stuff. Unfortunately the dark who promised to procure said record failed miserably, so I'll reach into my own outdated collection for something to share with you fabulous people, who I love dearly. So excuse me for reviewing something over two months old.

John Hiatt spent the first five years of the 1980's producing some great, critically acclaimed by commercially unappreciated material, much of which has been recorded by the likes of Nick Lowe, Ry Cooder, and Bonnie Raitt. When he first

surfaced he was touted as the American Elvis Costello, both for his vocal stylizations and his bitter, pick-my-nose attitude. As promising as that may sound, things didn't work out for Hiatt, and by 1986 his career was in the dumpster. He has also managed to pick up a rather nasty substance abuse problem, and his wife committed suicide. So don't go snivelling to him this November when your Arts 1000 paper has you stumped, your best girl dumps you for some chess club stud, and you can't think of any reason to carry on. He doesn't want to hear about it, and quite frankly neither do I.

Hiatt managed to put his life in order, remarried, and in 1987 gathered together a tidy little

studio band consisting of Nick Lowe, Ry Cooder, and Jim Keltner, for one last crack at the golden calf. The result was *Bring The Family*, and earthy, ramblin' bit of Memphis rhythm and blues with a touch of Nashville for seasoning. By this time any similarities to Costello were long forgotten — Hiatt sounded like no one else, someone who had perhaps spent too much time in faded Holiday Inn cocktail lounges with tattooed women named Brungilda. The album was both a critical, and by Hiatt's standards commercial success. It was followed in 1988 by *Slow Turning*, which continued in much the same vein - solid, smokey R' n 'B with a wee dram or country. Both albums were often almost painful in

there themes - it was obvious that Hiatt was exorcizing some gruesome demons (without resorting to easy bitterness), while trying to grasp hold of the positive turns his life had taken.

Which brings us to this year's *Stolen Moments*. It turns out that the three albums are to be viewed as a trilogy of sorts, the common theme being the redemptive power of love and family. What sets the new release apart is a much more positive tone. Hiatt seems genuinely thankful for his second chance in life, and with one or two exceptions the album remains celebratory; he has found "a little joy, a little peace, and a whole lot of light." The music seems to be more simple rock than the previous

releases, but with liberal doses of blues and country to keep things interesting. I even heard "Bring Back Your Love to Me" on the local country radio station.

So, if you are a fan of artists like Ry Cooder, Bonnie Raitt, Graham Parker, and more recent Nick Lowe, I think you will enjoy any of the trilogy. I should note that all these albums took a few listens to really get me tingly, and I have very urbane, sophisticated taste. So it may take a while, but the rewards are there. And one last thing, if you, the music buying public, would like a nice compilation of pre *Bring The Family* Hiatt, there is an album entitled "Y'all Caught-The Ones That Got Away 1979-1987".