



Music

**Born Bad really good**

**Born to be Bad**  
George Thorogood & The Destroyers  
Rouder/Evil — Manhattan

review by Randal Smathers

If you know who George Thorogood is, then you don't need to read this article. You also don't need to buy his latest album. Of course, there is the large contingent of loyal Thoromanics who buy everything he does, but they've already got *Born to be Bad*. So now, for the uninitiated... Shake your moneymaker/Roll your ag-

gator/Shake your agitator/Roll your moneymaker. This song is about sex. A lot of this album is about sex. When it first started, rock 'n' roll was about sex.

George Thorogood is rock's nice bad guy. He has this tough image, but what he mainly does is play rock 'n' roll. After a half-dozen or so albums, the Destroyers are one of the most solid bands around, with one of the most identifiable sounds.

This is undoubtedly Thorogood's band. The group's trademarks are George's sloppy slide guitar, and his one-too-many-whiskies

voice, laid over a strong bass line. Throw in some big chunks of saxophone, and you have The Sound.

The first guitar licks on the album are divided into separate tracks, so they come out of different speakers on the stereo so much for hi-tech production values

The song selection revolves around old blues and rockabilly standards, with the occasional country song thrown in. On this album, he covers Chuck Berry, Howlin' Wolf, Fats Domino, and Hank Snow, but the sound is pure Thorogood.

Thorogood also writes his own stuff, but that's okay, it sounds like old blues and rockabilly standards. For the most part, the lyrics revolve around drinkin', partin', and drivin' motorcycles, with a few pain songs in the mix.

They got smarts, they got parts, they got my heart/That's why I reallyreallyreally, reallyreallyreally like girls might not be Lord Byron, but it's definitely rock 'n' roll.

Studio/albums don't do Thorogood justice. Once you've heard him live, or heard his live album, nothing else sounds as good. However, compared with all the insipid, (Tiffany) overproduced (Europe) electronic (Eurhythmic), washed-out bullshit (U2) around the record stores and on the radio these days, this stuff really gets me excited, you know what I mean? This is what rock music is supposed to be about.

When you see me comin', get away/The ones that didn't aren't around today/The sweetest piece of lovin' any girl ever had/Well, I'm here to tell you boys, I'm Born to be Bad.

**13 Ghosts leave the bar**

13 Ghosts  
The Broadcasters

by Cam McCulloch

To any listener starving for bands with an edge, upon first listen The Broadcasters' "13 Ghosts" seems a welcome release.

Unfortunately, any musical attributes this band displays are overshadowed by their vocal parodies of past and present acts.

It's difficult to delineate blame since the singing chores are shared by all members of this New York quartet and there are no linear notes to indicate who sings what, or where.

Vocally, they rip-off everyone from Bruce Springsteen ("Down in the Trenches" — complete with requisite harmonica) to Jim Morrison ("House of Blue Lights").

Someone in this group is even doing a pale Elvis impression. "Black Water" sounds like the King doing Doors material. "Wall of the City" must be The Broadcasters' impression of Elvis had he been born a decade earlier and had he forged a career out of singing Big Band era tunes.

Their best material actually comes from outside sources. While chief songwriters and

guitarists Blackie Pagano and Billy Roves wander all over the road stylistically with their own tunes, the imported "Hole in My Heart" is such a clever mix of roots rock and roll and post-punk sensibility that even bar band vocals can't kill it.

Another borrowed tune, "I Can Only Give You Everything", is reminiscent of what made the early Rolling Stones so special: a driving beat, gritty guitars, strutting lyrics and a damn-the-world attitude to the vocals to match the words.

To their credit, Pagano and Billy Roves are guitarists with an appreciable edge. They certainly get little help from bassist Steve Roves or the unadventurous drummer Ed Steinberg.

Give Pagano and Billy Roves marks for trying. There's no heavy metal, nor sappy ballads here — nothing blatantly commercial. But because of contrived vocals, the Broadcasters have masked an otherwise appealing sound.

If they can decide who should sing all the songs, in his own style, and not be afraid to continue borrowing songs from other artists, this band may yet thrive. Otherwise, they'll return to the seedy New Jersey bar they likely came from.

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