

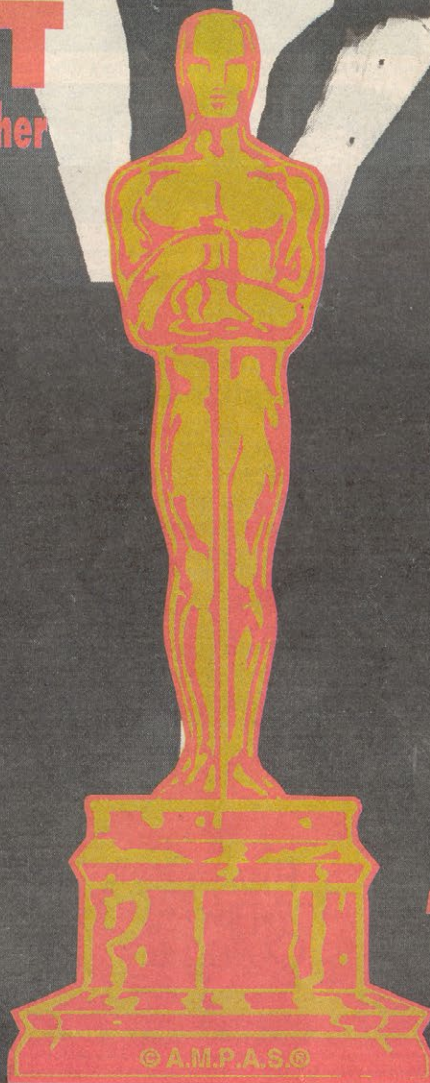
FREE ISSUE 388 MARCH 7 - 20, 1994 1041-3812

the ISLAND-EAR

**SPECIAL OSCAR
PREVIEW**

SISKEL & EBERT

Rate The Oscars And Each Other



**Filmmaker
D.A. PENNEBAKER
On The Oscar-Nominated
THE WAR ROOM**

**SCORPIONS
CROWDED HOUSE
RICHARD THOMPSON**

**LIVE!
JAMES
BLIND MELON
MEAT PUPPETS
TEENAGE FANCLUB
DALTREY SINGS TOWNSHEND
MTV's SPOKEN WORD TOUR**

**LOCALLY:
FORTE
WIDE AWAKE
CYNDEE GIRESI**



**ST. PATRICK'S DAY
CLUB DIRECTORY**

LIVE!

SHANNON HOON OF BLIND MELON

BLIND MELON/ MEAT PUPPETS

Food For Thought

Food and music have always been inexplicably linked. One nourished the body, the other feeds the soul. Amongst all the Cranberries, Lemonheads, and Smashing Pumpkins, two more groups (Blind Melon and Meat Puppets) were added to the food chain, where they were served up piping hot at Roseland, the site of the latest banquet.

After toiling away on indie labels for the better part of a decade, Arizona's Meat Puppets are poised to try and grab a piece of the pie called alternative music, that has enabled such fringe groups as the Butthole Surfers and the Red Hot Chili Peppers to thrive. Having been through town a couple of months before, opening for Paul Westerberg, the Meat Puppets' second visit was met with half-hearted interest by the capacity crowd of fifteen-year-olds, who were barely out of their diapers when their debut album came out.

Concentrating on material from their new album, *Too High To Die*, the Meat Puppets played a style that sounded like punk had gone to Hee-Haw and dropped acid with everyone. The quirky hoe-down beat and squealing guitar of "Station," gave way to deeper trips into Opryland, along the lines of the swing-feel of "Comin' Down," as well as a drastically altered "Shine," which went from more of a lesson in finger picking on the album version to a cow-punk square dance that had a few people promenading beyond the pit.

Having been on the road for almost two years, Blind Melon returned to the area for the third or fourth time still touring behind the same album. Roseland looked like a Grateful Dead show via Seattle, with all the flannel and hippie skirts walking around, coupled with the smells of patchouli and pot wafting through the air.

The retro vibe in the air was also set by the enormous head (a Peter Max-inspired Blue Meanie mask that had a daisy in its mouth) that served as a backdrop. Somehow it went along with the strains of old Ray Charles tunes and kitschy '60's instrumentals being pumped out over the pit.

The swirling intro that Blind Melon laid down quickly metamorphosed into "I Wonder," which oddly enough went into "Tones Of Home," their current single. Stalking the stage with a myriad of shamanistic hand gestures and his long straight hair swinging to and fro, Shannon Hoon elicited swoons from all the adolescent girls in attendance who were ready to put him on a pedestal along with alterno-hunk Evan Dando. Musically, Blind Melon was a tight unit who went from a free-form, Dead-like jam in "Time" (where bassist Brad Smith had the spotlight), to some creative guitar noodling. Paying tribute to their southern roots, Hoon managed to sneak a few lines of Gregg Allman's "Midnight Rider" into the middle of "Holy Man." With all this touring behind them, guitarists Christopher Thorn and Rodgers Stevens have developed an exciting interplay that's more evident live, especially on a shuffle like "Paper Scratcher."

Throughout, the crowd seemed to know every word. Swaying along, even the pit died down when Hoon strapped on an acoustic for "Change," which naturally enough led into "No Rain," complete with the same slowed-down intro they performed on *Saturday Night Live*. Though the bee girl was nowhere to be found, the popularity of the song was such that huge chunks of it were sung solely by the crowd, while Hoon held his mic stand



PHOTO: © PATTI OUDERKIRK

out over the masses. The evening ended with an eerie version of "Soak The Sin," which, oddly enough, starts off the album. ●

Dave Gil de Rubio

DALTREY SINGS TOWNSHEND

Hunk Meets The Godfather

"I hope I die before I get old!" It came out of his mouth! But, I had to live with it for thirty years," declared Who frontman Roger Daltrey, as he kicked off the second night of his dual 50th birthday bash and tribute to Who guitarist/songwriter Pete Townshend, "Daltrey Sings Townshend" at Carnegie Hall February 23rd and 24th.

"Rock 'n roll and Pete Townshend have given me an incredible life," cried Daltrey, "Behind me is the best rock group you'll ever see. It was always the fans that kept us going. Darlings, this show is for you!" The group Daltrey spoke of featured keyboardist Rabbit Bundrick, guitarist Phil Palmer and drummer Simon Phillips backed by a sixty-five piece orchestra composed of Juilliard students and arranged and conducted by Michael Kamen.

The opening was *Tommy* — *The Musical* style, with a grand overture of the evening's Who-packed set list. This streamlined into the opening number, "You Better You Bet," where Daltrey made his entrance and presence known to the sold-out crowd. Wearing a buttoned top collar white shirt with an overly-long black sport coat with black jeans, Daltrey charmed the audience with his curly golden locks and microphone swinging.

After a stripped-down rendition of "I Can See For Miles," Daltrey brought out his first of many guests of the evening. The Spin Doctors muddled their way through "I Can't Explain" and "Substitute," where they were joined by Daltrey. Floppy lead singer Chris Barron couldn't match Daltrey's throaty, robust howl, but hey...who can?

"There's only one person who could sing this next song," shouted Daltrey as he left the stage to the original Freddy Kruger nightmare king, Alice Cooper, twirling his mast and singing, "I'm A Boy."

"This next singer reminds me of an ol' drinking buddy of mine, Janis Joplin. Will you welcome please, from 4 Non-Blondes, Miss Linda Perry!" announced Daltrey as Perry toyed with "Dr. Jimmy." Daltrey returned (thank God) to beautifully sing "The Song Is Over," before bringing on Lou Reed and Sinéad O'Connor (some mix huh? Personally, James Heitfeld of Metallica and Celine Dion would have been an easier combo, no?) who performed "No And Then" from Townshend's latest LP, *Psychoderlict*.

The first half was capped off with roaring rendition of "Love, Reign O'er Me," which had Daltrey on his knees, belting out Townshend's poetic lyrics. Let's see Kurt Cobain do that!

Speaking of Seattle, the current king himself, Mr. Eddie Vedder opened Act II, performing solo with his electric guitar on "Let My Love Open The Door," "Squeeze Box," "My Generation" and "The Naked Eye." The audience went wild, but Vedder simply quipped, "Thanks, but I didn't write it."

Soon enough, Daltrey was back, this time in faded jeans, no shirt and wrapped in a black leather jacket...the Daltrey we all know and love.

He crooned his solo, Townshend-penned hit, "After The Fire," then "Baba O' Riley" with Irish folk group, the Chieftains and Sinéad O'Connor, before running through a six-song *Tommy* revue featuring: "Amazing Journey," "Pinball Wizard," "Acid Queen" (performed by Linda Perry), "I'm Free," "See Me, Feel Me" and "Listening To You."

After this whirlwind, the evening continued to take off. Daltrey performed "The Sea Refuses No River" with sheer elegance and turned around and rocked to "The Real Me," joined by Who bassist John Entwistle, which became, undoubtedly, the evening's best performance. "John is a truly good friend," stated Daltrey in between songs, "whose basses get bigger every damn year!" Entwistle stuck around for "Behind Blue Eyes," with the Chieftains.

Then, it was Pete's turn. Townshend came out to a standing ovation and evoked James Taylor with his fine suit, bald head, clean-shaven face and wire-rimmed glasses. Strapped to an acoustic guitar, he performed lower-key material such as "And I Moved" and a bluesy, watered-down version of "Who Are You."

Daltrey closed the evening with "Won't Get Fooled Again." He lassooed the microphone above his head and beat his bare chest proudly, as he pumped up New York for one last time.

The encore was an all-star jam, featuring all of the evening's guests singing, "Join Together." After it was over, Daltrey stood on stage and bowed, in nothin' but jeans and boots, sporting his tan, muscle-cut chest and looking like a twenty-year-old. Townshend stood next to Daltrey and said, "Happy Birthday Roger! You're as young as you feel!" And the ironic thing is, Pete looked like he could have been his father. ●

David J. Cribble