

# Rolling Stone

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ALICIA  
SILVERSTONE

## BALLAD of a TEENAGE QUEEN

★ FROM ★  
'CRAZY'  
— TO —  
'CLUELESS'

CONGRESS  
ATTACKS  
ABORTION

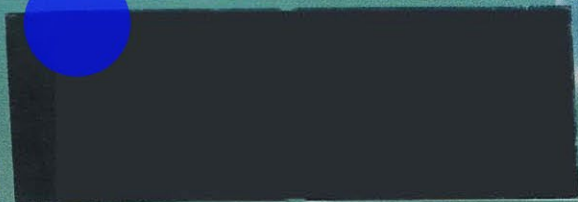
*The Sweet  
Smell of  
Success*

RANCID

URGE  
OVERKILL

RADIOHEAD

MONSTER  
MAGNET





# RS716 ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

## ROCK & ROLL

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Offstage — although frontman Thom Yorke sulks a bit — Radiohead may be the politest rock musicians around. The only way they communicate their rage and dread is with guitars.

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**COVER:** Photograph of Alicia Silverstone by Peggy Sirota, Los Angeles, May 1995. Hair by Jetty Stutzman for Cloutier. Makeup by Augustine for Cloutier. Styling by Jonathan Skow. Clothing by Na Na



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**TIM**  
ARMSTRONG  
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 RALPH J. GLEASON 1917-1975

CHRIS MUNDY'S INTERVIEW-CUM-SLUGFEST WITH LINDA RONSTADT (Q&A, RS 712/713) split our readers into two opposing camps. One consists of Ronstadt apologists such as Rod Molitor Jr., who writes, "It's great how she ignored every question aimed at her personal life. Her music speaks for itself." Fellow sympathizer Greg Pearce says, "Next time . . . send someone a bit more mature, diplomatic and insightful, not some sarcastic, snotty-nosed little pipsqueak with a chip on his shoulder." But other readers thought Mundy wasn't snotty nosed enough. Ronstadt "is the most guarded, egotistical, hypocritical lying sack of shit going," Andrew Caselnova pronounces. Tina Helmuth sums up the Ronstadt flammers' position best. Referring to the singer's long absence from our pages, she notes, "One good thing about Linda Ronstadt is, she's consistent — 12 years ago she was a babbling idiot, and it hasn't changed."

## JIM CARREY

JIM CARREY IS THE EPITOME OF DISTURBED BRILLIANCE. Your article ("Bare Facts and Shocking Revelations," RS 712/713) did well to reveal a little of the man behind the mask — no pun intended. This is one star I hope won't fade with time, a Chaplin for the '90s who hopefully will ring in the new century still reigning as king of comedy.

JASON DONNELLY  
 Ferndale, Wash.

FRED SCHRUERS' PORTRAIT OF THE resilient comedian speaks volumes about the value of artistic release and has



helped me at least to understand, if not appreciate, his sixth-grade toilet humor. Feel free, however, to keep his and most other bare asses off the cover of your rag.

JASON FUTLEY  
 Cortland, Ohio

THE CARREY STORY WAS A BIT TOO much. I don't think America needs his bare ass, the story of his divorce, his poor ex-wife's pitiful comments or his financial status. I feel like I kinda know him now, but please concentrate on the art and leave the *Hard Copy* shit to the wolves.

MATTHEW W. BRYAN  
 Hickory, N.C.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

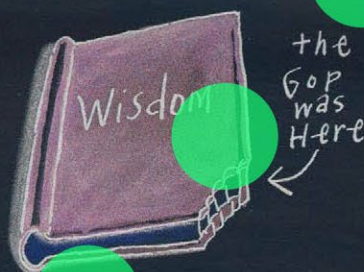
P.J. O'ROURKE'S ARTICLE HAS SHOWN that conservatives are not all decrepit male WASPs with dollar signs in their eyes but people concerned with preserving individualism and the Constitution itself ("Why I Believe What I Believe," RS 712/713). William Greider ("Why I Don't Believe What He Believes") did

accomplish one thing: He made a fool of himself by using slanderous remarks, avoiding the questions O'Rourke posed. PHILIP HART DE VAUL, Esq.  
 Orange, Calif.

P.J. O'ROURKE GOES SO FAR AS TO argue that conservatives will support more freedom than liberals. Right. Let's all mosey over to Ralph Reed's place for a discussion of freedom.

PAUL W. EGGERS  
 Olney, Md.

GREIDER IS RIGHT IN RECOGNIZING much of the right wing's policy ideas as adolescent blather. The real world is far more complicated than libertarians like O'Rourke care to admit. O'Rourke's constitutional and political analysis bears as much relationship to real thinking as



sound bites do to conversation. O'Rourke, like his party's leaders, offers idea bites: simple, catchy phrasing of simplistic concepts for simpletons' minds.

ANDREW D. REED  
 Asheville, N.C.

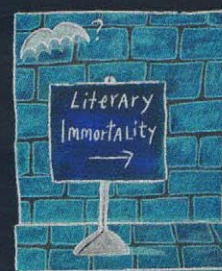
## ANNE RICE

I AM SO GLAD THAT YOU DID THE interview with Anne Rice ("The Devil and Anne Rice," RS 712/713). She is a cult figure to me, and her books are like a bible. I am saddened to hear that she may be ending her journey with Lestat forever, but I am hoping that she moves on with her Mayfair witches.

LEAH HOUGHTON  
 Atascadero, Calif.

HOW UNFORTUNATE THAT RICE should find a problem with the "so-called literary fiction of these times." While her

legion of fans fork over their dollars for her kinky purple prose, more deserving writers like Ann Beattie, Michael Chabon and Richard Ford languish on book-



store shelves. Forget about high-powered movie deals and Tom Cruise, Ms. Rice. You're cheating yourself of the literary immortality the others already have.

ALFRED SOTO  
 Miami

## ONLINE

• **GONZO ARTIFACTS:** See the original covers for Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's most (in)famous ROLLING STONE stories. View the fabled rejection letter purportedly written by Raoul Duke. Go to ROLLING STONE ONLINE on CompuServe — type GO RSONLINE and then hit the FORUM button. The files are stashed in Library 4, Gonzo Journalism.

• **NEW PHOTOS:** New pictures of Drew Barrymore, Steven Tyler, the Black Crowes and Belly are in the Forum's Library B and in the Photo Gallery.

• **VAMPIRES AND BLOWFISH:** Transcripts of our online conferences with author Anne Rice and chart monsters Hootie and the Blowfish are now in the Forum's Library 1.

In the March 9, 1995, issue, the magazine ran an insert titled "The '95 Official Guide to the Grammy Awards," presented by Genuine Chevrolet, which featured photographs of prominent recording artists, including Alice in Chains, Nirvana, Soundgarden, the Beastie Boys, Beck, Henry Rollins and Green Day. The artists were selected by "Rolling Stone" to celebrate their Grammy Award nominations. Their inclusion on the cover of or in the Guide should not be construed as an endorsement of Chevrolet or any General Motors products.

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DRAWINGS BY JAMES T. PENDERGRAST



when he's looking in the rearview mirror. Like his fellow retrolutionaries Me'Shell NdegéOcello, Joi, Omar and Dionne Farris, he's shattering the conventional definition of "black music." It doesn't have to be a lackluster genre in which format, not content, determines heavy rotation.

*Brown Sugar* is a reminder of where R&B has been and, if the genre is to resurrect its creative relevance like a phoenix rising from the ashes, where it needs to go. —CHEO H. COKER



★ 1/2  
**SOUP**  
Blind Melon  
Capitol

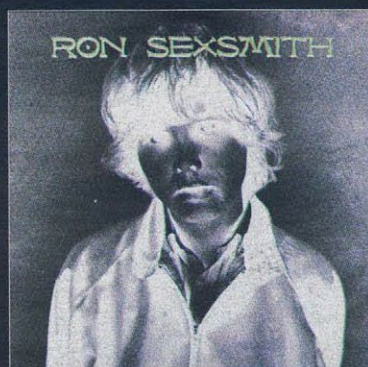
**E**VER NOTICE THAT SHANNON Hoon sings like Jon Anderson of Yes at his most mewling? In a few years, Hoon's band, Blind Melon, will be about as relevant as Anderson's, too. But there's a difference between Blind Melon and the empty riffs and cosmic slop of Yes. On *Soup*, the follow-up to the band's eponymous multiplatinum debut, Blind Melon don't have any riffs.

Well, there is a drunken brass band at the CD's beginning and end, and the guitars occasionally give up dabs of moldy '60s decoration like phase shifting. But in service of what? The blissful vibe of hippie positivity that colored "No Rain" is replaced here by disarray. At best, the sketchy songs float by in a surreal swirl of chords ("Galaxie"). At worst, they fall into a mellow, folk-rocking rut ("St. Andrew's Fall"). Whether Blind Melon are worshipping the Dead on the semiacoustic stroll "Walk" or employing strings, banjo and Hoon's voice in pursuit of a Middle Eastern melody on "Car Seat (God's Presents)," nothing they do coheres.

The main trouble with *Soup* lies with the lyrics. On "2x4," Hoon sings that he's talking to himself more. Maybe that's why his stream-of-consciousness writing on *Soup* is incomprehensible. Provocative images like Hoon looking Jesus Christ in the eye in "St. Andrew's Fall" are thrown about but never developed. Without the weight of narrative or some emotional resonance, there's no glue to keep random phrases and hyperbole like "I'm not at home in the galaxy" from becoming disconnected space flotsam. Better-crafted vocal

melodies would help, yet Hoon's phrasing — especially his habit of pushing high notes to an out-of-his-range yowl — hardly varies from song to song.

With such slight fare to offer — and no kid in a bee suit — *Soup* puts Blind Melon in hot water. —TED DROZDOWSKI



★★★  
**RON SEXSMITH**  
*Interscope*

**P**ROVOCATIVE INCONGRUITIES abound on this major-label debut. Sexsmith is a boyish 31-year-old artist from Toronto, a classic crooner in an era of tormented shriekers. He's also signed to a label dominated by the likes of Nine Inch Nails, Bush and Snoop Doggy Dogg. Maybe that's why he seems ambivalent about the essential loveliness of his own music.

Not that the album isn't a thing of beauty; the focus is on Sexsmith's limber, well-oiled tenor and inspired phrasing. He just may be the most fluent balladeer to come along since Tim Hardin (whose hushed, bittersweet soulfulness is strikingly evoked on the exquisite "Several Miles") or Harry Nilsson (to whom the record is dedicated). The incongruities result from the production of Mitchell Froom, whose post-Crowded House work with Los Lobos, Suzanne Vega and his own Latin Playboys has displayed a preoccupation with a stark, bone-dry sound that steadfastly avoids sweetening and sentimentality. In Froom, Sexsmith found an accomplice who can steer him clear of any hint of bathos.

Sexsmith's songs provide him with an apt use for those remarkable pipes. His gift for verbal and melodic nuance is apparent on the laments "Words We Never Use" and "Secret Heart" (in which he takes his own heart to task), the languorous love song "Wastin' Time" and the lullaby "Speaking With the Angel" (written for his then infant son). No matter how delicate the sentiment, Froom delights in setting it off with some element of ironic noise: compressed, tinny drums and spooky, B-movie keyboards.

*Ron Sexsmith* is the musical equivalent of a series of crisp, cleverly framed black-and-white photos, but it concludes with a track that suggests what might have occurred had it been shot in color and

soft focus. The final cut, a second version of Sexsmith's "There's a Rhythm" produced by U2 cohort Daniel Lanois, stands as a challenge to Froom's severe casting of the song — he treats the ballad as a Brecht-Weill-like drinking song. Lanois' version is simply gorgeous, and it leaves you wondering: Perhaps unself-consciously embracing the beauty of Sexsmith's music would have been a more effective strategy than holding it at arm's length. —BUD SCOPPA



★★★  
**DWIGHT LIVE**  
Dwight Yoakam  
*Reprise*

★★★ 1/2  
**UNSHAVEN: SHAVER LIVE AT SMITH'S OLDE BAR**  
Shaver  
*Zoo/Praxis/BMG*

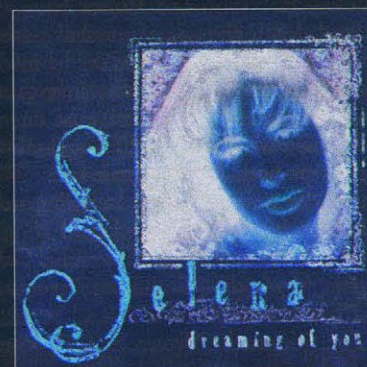
**W**HILE THE STUDIO CONFECTIONS that dominate contemporary country have taken most of the honk out of honky-tonk, the first live albums from Dwight Yoakam and Billy Joe Shaver let it rip. Both albums emphasize raw energy over pristine polish, and each makes its raucous audience an integral part of the performance. The results generate more guitar firepower than you're likely to hear from most rock this year.

*Dwight Live* practically seems like payback for guitarist and producer Pete Anderson, Yoakam's partner in twang since their days on the L.A. roots-rock circuit. Anderson nearly steals the show with his relentless breaks in "Please, Please Baby" and "Wild Ride." And throughout the album the sound mix seems intended more for die-hard roadhousers than nouveau-country dilettantes; Yoakam's voice is buried deeper than usual when the spotlight shifts to Anderson and the rest of the crack band.

By including a pair of *hommages* to an earlier hillbilly cat — the opening "Little Sister" and closing "Suspicious Minds" — *Dwight Live* compensates with a renewal of intensity for what it lacks in fresh material. Instead of reciting the hits in the manner of most country acts, Yoakam and band hit harder and go deeper in concert, attacking with a recklessness that recognizes no distinction between honky-tonk spirit and rock & roll attitude.

Like Yoakam, Billy Joe Shaver turns much of *Unshaven* into a guitar showcase — but for his son Eddy (who coincidentally subbed for Anderson on a couple of Yoakam tours). Billy Joe is still recycling much of the material — sharp narrative songs like "Georgia on a Fast Train" and "Black Rose" — that made him such a cult favorite within the '70s Texas-outlaw movement. The songs are recharged through Eddy's command of high-decibel dynamics; the Shavers don't just ignore any boundaries between country, blues and rock — they bulldoze straight through 'em.

Co-produced by Brendan O'Brien (better known for his work with Pearl Jam), *Live at Smith's Olde Bar* suffers from some haphazard midset pacing and the bashing of the rhythm section. Eddy's virtuosity revitalizes the hard-caloused populist music of a father who is plainly tickled with his young band and young audience. On his generation-bridging new album, Neil Young boasts, "People my age, they don't do the things I do," but Young has nothing on this Southern man. —DON MCLEESE



★★★ 1/2  
**DREAMING OF YOU**  
Selena  
*EMI*

**M**ARTYRED MEXICAN-AMERICAN superstar Selena, shot to death by her ex-fan club president outside a Corpus Christi, Texas, motel this past March, loved dressing skimpily onstage so you could see her navel and cleavage. But she was still wholesome enough to be praised as a role model for Latina teens, and though her Tex-Mex pop roped in everything from reggae toasting to cowboy-polka oompahs, it often came off as too wholesome. Any of her five English-language ballads on *Dreaming of You* could've made for a sweet VH1 crossover, but they all seem fairly generic as well. Give or take some whispered Spanish-seduction nothings at the end, Selena's pretty confession of secret infatuations in "I Could Fall in Love" might as well be Vanessa Williams'. And the horn-section-driven "I'm Getting Used to You" begs to be belted by somebody fleshier and more brazen — say, Taylor Dayne.

Selena actually grew up speaking Eng-