

music charts

WXYC

1. **Superchunk**
On the Mouth
2. **Bettie Serveert**
Palomine
3. **Jawbreaker**
Bivouac
4. **Pipe**
Ball Peen
5. **Angels of Epistemology**
Fruit
6. **Tom Waits**
The Early Years, Vol. II
7. **Railroad Jork**
Raise the Plough
8. **Shonen Knife**
Let's Knite
9. **Paris**
Sleeping With the Enemy
10. **Coleman Hawkins**
Rainbow Mist

Top 10

1. **Whitney Houston**
I Will Always Love You
2. **Peabo Bryson and Regina Belle**
A Whole New World
3. **Duran Duran**
Ordinary World
4. **Whitney Houston**
I'm Every Woman
5. **Dr. Dre**
Nothin' But a 'G' Thang
6. **Arrested Development**
Mr. Wendal
7. **Prince and the NPG**
7
8. **Shanice**
Saving Forever for You
9. **Naughty by Nature**
Hip Hop Hooray
10. **Snow**
Informers

—Billboard

Dulcet Donnelly tones warm the inner child

Belly

Star
Sire/Reprise

Admittedly, I get that same carnal craving for hard-ripping Sabbath-esque guitars like any other red-blooded male. But I also have a sweet tooth, a soft spot, a kinder, gentler yearning for the realm of dream pop.

And nothing has warmed the inner child in me better than the dulcet tones of Tanya Donnelly. Throughout her tenure as second fiddle in my longtime fave band Throwing Muses (to her step-sister Kristin Hirsch) and then again in the Breeders (to Kim Deal of the Pixies), Donnelly only occasionally stole the limelight from the leaders. But with her new group Belly (named after her favorite word), Donnelly has assumed the forefront.

Dragging along former Muse bassist Fred Abong and joining up with brothers Thomas and Chris Gorman, Donnelly has crafted an alternative pop extravaganza that, well, kicks my little white butt, for lack of a better term. The sound that was only hinted at in last year's 4-song EP explodes on *Star* like a rear-ended Ford Pinto. Maybe it's just 'cause it was recorded in my hometown of Nashville, but the album feels as comfy as home. A *dysfunctional* home, but home all the same.

The rockin' Muses-ish beat is

album

KEVIN KRUSE

boosted by the cotton-candy vocals of the chanteuse who is Tanya Donnelly. Softly punching home the beat with lyrics like "Grass stains back burns/she's a screamer she's just dusted leave her," the rollicking pseudo-pop takes a darker and richer tone.

In a kind of half-hush, half-wail voice, Donnelly propels many of the songs to the same old Muses rhythms she did in the days of yore in Belly tunes like "Angel" and "Dusted." And the poppin' fresh dough of sweet Muses tunes like "Not Too Soon" comes back in "Slow Dog" and "Feed the Tree."

But Donnelly evolves from her near-deity status of the Muses and the Breeders into a new vocal style that ranges around the LP like Strom Thurmond in a Senate hearing.

From the plaintive album-closer "Stay" to the sweet and sour of "Untogether," she maintains a strong flow of gut-searching tones.

And as much as I despise Pope-basher Sinead O'Connor, Donnelly actually sounds a lot like the bald one on the lullaby-turned-strumfest "Full Moon, Empty Heart."

O'Connor-ish lines like "See this child twice stolen from me" don't hurt the comparison at all, but it's the high-pitched and then soulful singing that really nails it home. The sound of Sinead, but with half the attitude and none of the stibble. I'm sold.

Though Tanya Donnelly's siren-like



Lots and lots of bellies

performance is enough to make this a must-buy, the other kids of Belly rock out as well. Fred Abong matches and occasionally surpasses his basslines of the Muses years. Thomas Gorman's guitars provide a sound like Bob Mould's newest incarnation, the alternative-pop troika of Sugar, while brother Chris keeps it up on percussion. The only thing that gets me peeved

about this album is that it took Donnelly this long to branch out on her own. But in the words of Linda Lavina from *Alice*, "there's a new girl in town, and she's feelin' good! got a smile and a song for the neighborhood! life is great when you stand on your own two feet..."

Or, to paraphrase another aging pop icon, keep your feet on the ground and keep reachin' for the *Star*.

Interesting lyrics missing from Missile's latest effort

King Missile

Happy Hour
Atlantic Records

It's a sad day for America. The visionary John S. Hall is famous for proposing the revolutionary call, "Take stuff from work — it's your duty as an oppressed worker," and for extolling the virtues of a "way cool" Jesus who "turned water into wine — and if he wanted, he could have turned wheat into marijuana, or sugar into cocaine." Could it be true that this same man could be reduced to singing pointless, uncreative slop like "Detachable Penis?" Yeah, it could be true.

OK, so King Missile have changed quite a bit since the olden days. The

album

MARK PRINDLE

original clever goofball, folksy guitarist Dogbow, left a while back, and since then the music has been a more refined sort of metal-funk thing. And I suppose Hall's lyrics haven't all been brilliant, but hell, they were never this boring before. In the rare instances when he actually tries to be clever and witty, he's predictable and stupid. For instance, the lines "I wanna be different — like everyone else I wanna be like. I wanna be just like all the different people" don't seem nearly as sarcastic and biting after you consider that almost every song Minor Threat ever wrote (in 1981, I might add) carried pretty much that exact theme. And the hit single "Detachable Penis" goes no further than you might expect.

There are 18 songs on here. I chucked aloud at two — "Martin Scorsese" (which is pretty much just a bunch of profanity, but hey, cussing's funny) and "And," which is only funny because it's such an overdone '70s power rock thing. The lyrics themselves are stupid and boring. I found four others to be kinda musically catchy in a pleasantly generic sorta way (these would be "Sink," "Trapped," "Detachable Penis," and the title track, if, for some strange reason, you actually care), and I was truly annoyed by about seven of them. The rest are just boring, like Arsenio.



The members of King Missile surround a big rock

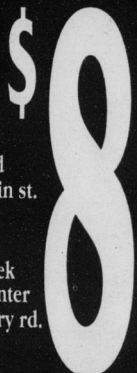
If you like early King Missile (*Dog Fly Religion*) stuff, you should probably just ignore this and instead grab hold of the John S. Hall/Kramer album, *Real Men*, which came out in early 1991 on Shimmy Disc records. It has 24 tracks, which combine the most clever stuff Hall has ever done with lots of weird samples, noises and musical mutations courtesy of Mr. Kramer (who also plays guitar for Bongwater). It's real, real good — in my opinion much more entertaining (and even thought-provoking) than anything King Missile or Bongwater have ever done. And it makes *Happy Hour* look like ... well, like an even bigger piece of crap than it is, which is no small feat.

ratings

- — forget it
- — wait for a bargain bin buy
- — tape it from a friend
- — buy it
- — buy two copies

GREAT CUTS

Hair You'll Love
at a
Price You'll Like!



at the
courtyard
431 w. franklin st.
929-5411
2nd location
willow creek
shopping center
6020 jones ferry rd.
carrboro
(Food Lion)

no appointments

the beautiful
magazine
for beautiful
people

omnibus