

ALBUM CHARTS

WXYC

1. **Bongwater**
Too Much Sleep
2. **Public Enemy**
Fear of a Black Planet
3. **Angels of Epistemology**
7"
4. **Naked City**
Naked City
5. **Bevis Frown**
Any Gas Faster
6. **Robyn Hitchcock**
Eye
7. **Muzsikás**
Marta Sebestyen
8. **MC 900 Foot Jesus**
Hell with the Lid off
9. **Savage Republic**
Customs
10. **Nice Strongarm**
Stress City

Rhythm & Blues

1. **Quincy Jones**
Back on the Block
2. **Babyface**
Tender Lover
3. **Janet Jackson**
Rhythm Nation 1814
4. **Miki Howard**
Miki Howard
5. **Troop**
Attitude
6. **After 7**
After 7
7. **Luther Vandross**
The Best of Love
8. **MC Hammer**
Please Hammer Don't Hurt'em
9. **Lisa Stansfield**
Affection
10. **Michel'le**
Michel'le

— Billboard

How to get your name in Omnibus

O.K. Here's the scenario. You're a local band or arts-and-entertainment-oriented organization, and you've got some show/exhibit/revolutionary activity that's just begging for some free publicity, and you think Omnibus is just the place to get it. Well, you're right. But, there is only one sure-fire guideline you need to follow in order to assure you get covered:

Give us TIME. We can't possibly stress this enough, nor can we count all of the instances where people have called us up the night before we went to press with information on an event that's supposed to happen that weekend. For obvious reasons, that dog won't hunt.

Please, please call us with information at least two weeks before the publication date of the issue in which you want the preview to appear. Our number is 962-0245. Don't forget.

El Lay catches up with Beasties

Everlast

Forever Everlasting

Rhyme Syndicate
●●● 1/2

Forever Everlasting, Los Angeles rapper Everlast's debut LP, is pretty good. It has strong, rhythmic beats on its dance tracks that keep the listener moving. On the album's cover, there's a picture of Everlast in the corner of a boxing ring wearing Everlast boxing attire (of course). This is only fitting, considering the LP packs quite a punch.

Everlast, who happens to be white, is a native of L.A.'s San Fernando Valley. He began rapping at the suggestion of a friend when he was at the tender age of 17— his current producer Bilal Bashir. Eventually Everlast took some of his raps to Rhyme Syndicate, a record company owned by rapper Ice-T. (For those of you who don't follow rap, Ice-T's big

JASMINE HIGHTOWER

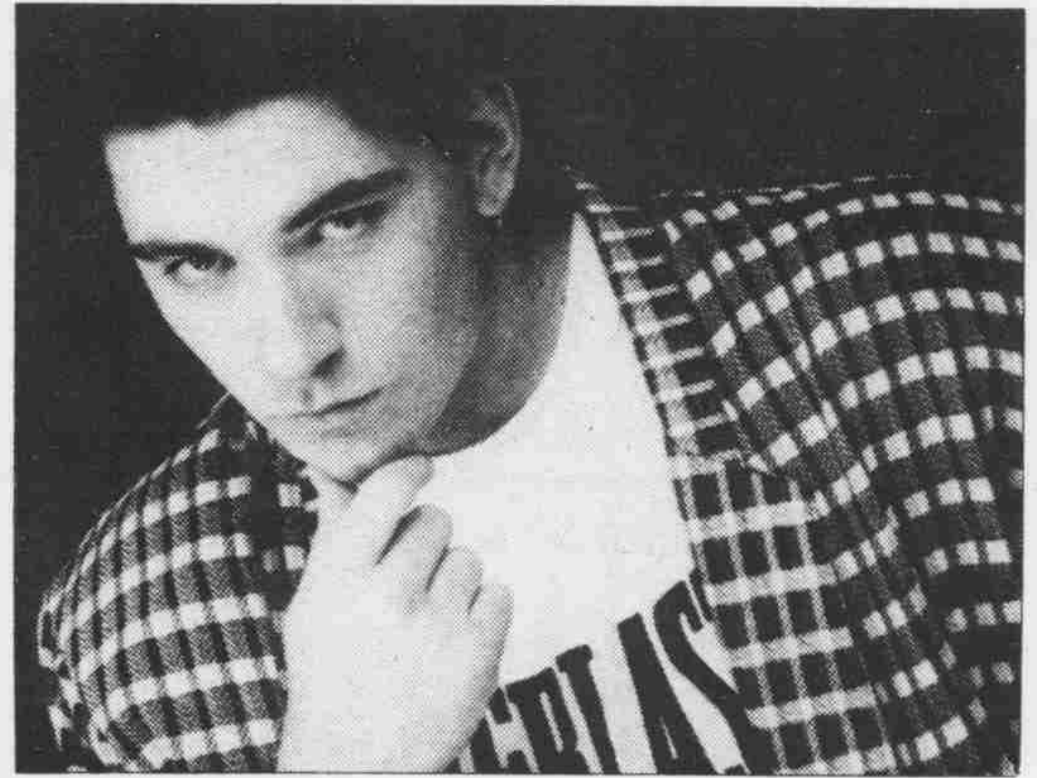
Albums

hit was "Colors.")

On the Rhyme Syndicate Label, Everlast recorded his first track, "Syndication," on the label's 1988 *Rhyme Syndicate Comin' Through* compilation. As a result of his work on the compilation, the artist wrote and recorded *Forever Everlasting*.

The best tunes on the album are "I Got the Knack" and "The Rhythm." Everlast's second single, "I Got the Knack," is fast-paced and makes the listener want to move. This one even includes a riff from "My Sharona." "The Rhythm" shines because it has a jumpin' beat and includes vocals from Ice-T himself.

The major flaw in *Forever Everlasting* is the ballad "On the Edge." Maybe it's just me, but I have a problem with rap ballads. The only half-way decent rap ballad ever recorded is L.L. Cool J's "I Need Love" (and



Everlast, not the first white rapper, but a fine lad nonetheless

even some of the verses in that one were pretty bad). In fact, the words rap and ballad shouldn't even appear in the same sentence!

If you fast-forward through "On

the Edge" and you like rap, you'll like *Forever Everlasting*. Everlast sums up the album best when he says, "The music on some of the songs may sound pop, but the raps are hardcore."

Drippy-sweet pop, and they would know

The latest sampling of sunny, saccharine, California pop comes from a three-woman group dubbed Wilson Phillips.

That name evokes a bit of musical history, as Chynna Phillips is the daughter of John and Michelle Phillips (as in the Mamas and the Papas), while the father of Carnie and Wendy Wilson is none other than Beach Boy Brian Wilson. The three members grew up as close friends in the musical atmosphere provided by their parents. As Wendy Wilson recalls, "We've always been close ... the blend just feels right." About three years ago, Chynna chose music as an outlet for working through a failed relationship, and the three decided to form a band.

On *Wilson Phillips*, the group surrounds itself with skilled studio hands, including veteran producer Glenn Ballard. The result, like a Toto

Wilson Phillips

Wilson Phillips/SBK Records ●

record, is music lacking spontaneity or fire — competent but uninteresting. To their credit, the women do write much of their own material, unusual for straight pop debuts these days. Unfortunately, Wilson Phillips' vocal talent and any songwriting substance is lost in a haze of slick G-105 synth pop — catchy but inconsequential.

When the formula does work, the group pulls off the occasional gem. Like junk food for the ears, "Hold On," the first single, is upbeat and catchy, a stylish piece of California techno-pop. "Ooh You're Gold" is a ready-made, junior-high dance party in a four-minute package, with a good mix of acoustic

guitar and the inescapable keyboards.

The Bangles-ish "Impulsive" and the bouncy "Over and Over" should also win the group some admirers. But even on the best tracks, the sound is overproduced and misdirected. The spacious sheen of sound is calculated to sell based on the group's good looks alone.

Too much steeped in the synth pop tradition, Wilson Phillips will not infringe on the reputations of the members' legendary parents. The group's eponymous effort lacks the danceability of Paula Abdul, the sophistication of Kate Bush, or the lyrical power of Tracy Chapman. There is genuine talent here, but it is not allowed to show through. While this album will assuredly grace the sound systems of many beach-bound vehicles, any glimmers of musical substance are hidden by a steel curtain of overproduction. — Brian Springer

'Work! Hunh! Girl! No!' — A message of love

Lock Up

Something Bitchin' This Way Comes

Geffen
●●● 1/2

Lock Up claims to be a group mixing heavy metal, soul and hip hop — something many bands would like to achieve. But on *Something Bitchin' This Way Comes*, while they maintain the heavy-metal end of the quotient, Lock Up can't pull in the rest of the equation, lest they sound like "toy soldiers making love in an elevator."

The group is an ethnic mix, attempting to draw strength from their variety of backgrounds, which makes them look like Living-Color-meets-Sebastian-the-Crab. Believe me;

THEY'RE NOT. Lock Up has more of a Bon-Jovi-meets-Iron-Maiden style, with a dash of Madonna's "Pray For Spanish Eyes" and "Oh Father" blended in for spicy lyrics.

At its best, Lock Up is an OK rock band. At its worst, it's speed metal that isn't even good enough to have backwards messages waiting to be played. Guitars screech. Bass guitars boom-pa-da-boom. Drums are given the aerobic workout of their lives. But for what? Shakespeare was right about "sound and fury, signifying (pretty much) nothing."

Lock Up would also like the listener to believe that every song has some amazing social message involved. Ah, no. If one can actually comprehend the lyrics in most of the songs on *Something Bitchin'*, they find little more than "Work! Hunh! Girl! No!" involved in the writing.

Take, for example, "24 Hour Man," a somewhat monotonous little ditty. The bass riff belongs on a 3-inch loop of tape. The lyrics, apart from the exceptionally brilliant splicing in of "WORK!" every three seconds, are pretty much gibberish. And the "blistering" guitar riffs are somewhat nonessential.

"24 Hour Man" is pretty much representative of *Something Bitchin'*'s general aura of: "Hey, dude, we're from the streets and we can screech our guitars louder than Skid Row!!" So why does *Something Bitchin'* deserve any notice?

There's an exception. It's called "Don't Wanna Talk About It."

Truly the shining point of Lock Up's repertoire, "Don't Wanna Talk About It" features intense, heartfelt, DISCERNABLE lyrics, guitar riffs

that are not simply thrown in for the hell of it and the occasional peppering in of a standard drum beat.

"Don't Wanna Talk About It" was written by a band member, one of whose friends was suicidal. Another was dying of AIDS. So this young man, feeling caught in the middle, wrote "Don't Wanna" in order to clarify a point: Life will come. Life will go. We must not waste life, lest we not live it to the fullest and lose an important, unique opportunity that can never be recaptured.

It's a beautiful song and a good (great?) concept. But what about the rest of the album? Why can Lock Up can perform a musical masterpiece, and then a piece of trash immediately afterwards?

In a world where Aerosmith exists symbiotically with Martika, anything is possible. — Beverley White