

!variety!

REBEL
YELL

THE REBEL YELL



Duran Duran, they're cool!

—Mercy! Mercy on us all here come the Fab Five... AGAIN! (Fab three... plus two). Oh sure, you thought the makers of "Girls On Film," "Rio," "Union Of the Snake," "Hungry Like the Wolf," (okay, you get the point already) would just go away and die peacefully?

After blunders like "The Wild Boys" ('84) and the loss of rhythm section/ songwriters Roger Taylor (drums) and Andy Taylor (guitar), Duran's demise seemed like the logical end of things. To this day, the official explanation for Roger's sudden exit from the planet's most popular gig still gets me: "Nervous exhaustion." You gotta love it.

Dirty laundry aside, Duran's second coming little resembles their early-eighties arrival.

Enjoying platinum-plus sales with their newest work *Duran Duran* (the "Wedding Album"), the current upsurge results from the slow-but-steady success of two fairly competent pre-'93 releases (*Notorious* and *Liberty*). Though the scope of writing isn't as grandiose in the new Duransound as in those immortal 80's hits, it is more mature. It's cleaner. Less synth-crap with a light guitar dressing. But have they thrown out the baby with the bathwater? You'd better believe it.

What's with Warren Cuccurullo (guitar) anyway? Virtually non-existent on *Duran Duran*, the x-Missing Persons axeman disappoints in a big way. How could the same guy who gave us sweet jams like "Walkin' in L.A." and "What are Words for," be

so passive? The most impressive Cuccurullo gets at any one point is lost inside a looney-tunes digital-sample gunfire production entitled "Shotgun." It's the most irritating 50 seconds on the whole CD. Where's Steve Stevens when you really need him? (Not with Billy Idol, that's for sure. Talk about a tragedy...)

And if the Cuccurullo handicap isn't bad enough, what is it with British return-attack marketing thing? Black and white CD covers with pictures of other people (diffusing the pop-idol/non-musician association)? Nearly each track sopping with acoustic piano and guitar? Turn-coat lyrics criticizing the very vehicle by which they arrived in the previous decade? ("Destroyed by

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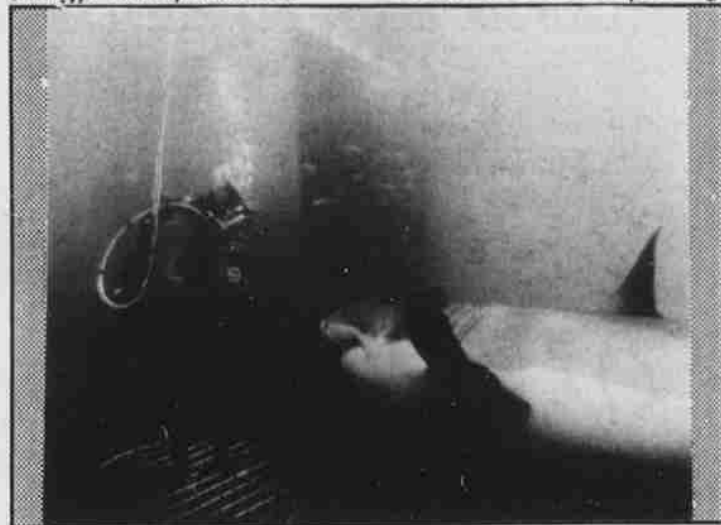
Sharkx at the Max...

BY JONATHAN WEBER
VARIETY EDITOR

Do much deep-sea diving off the southern Californian coast this summer? How about testing shark repellent on frisky, 15-foot great whites on the Great Barrier Reef? Caesar's Omnimax takes you to both of these tropic locations in its current feature, *Search for the Great Shark*. This 38-minute thriller takes you closer than common sense would normally allow (for the price of a cheap pair of goggles).

Search for the Great Sharks is the ear-shattering, eye-bulging, fin-flipping experience featured on the Omnimax five-story high, dome-shaped screen. For those who have never been to an Omnimax theater, here's the deal:

First, the screen is big. Big enough to mess with your equilibrium. Second, it's way steep—kind of like the nose-bleeds at the T&M (sit up as high as you can—it's easier to see everything). Third, it's loud.



Girls with fingernails that are easily frightened by sudden blasts of music could be lethal to those unwittingly seated beside them. (There are plenty of random jolts of music and instant flashes of those pesky man-eaters to keep things exciting).

Guys, if this show doesn't put the babe in your lap, you may want to check for a pulse.

As the friendly narrative of Dr. Eugenie Clark combines with soft-looming aquatic shapes, the emphasis of this film seems to be on exposing

the natural, life-giving side of the shark's natural habitat which is non-threatening and beautifully colored.

Confusion erupts as the tone of *Search for the Great Sharks* shifts

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!DURAN ALIVE!
...concert words...

FIRST OF ALL, A DOUBLE THANK TO TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY! RIGHT ON! THE GODSON OF SOUL HAS REVAMPED HIS FAMOUS EGO. HE STILL CAN SING AND DANCE HIS SHIRT OFF. AND NOW, LETS GIVE IT UP FOR DOUBLE D! A NEW ROMANTIC VIBE WAS IN THE AIR AS SIMON AND HIS BOYS ROCKED BALLY'S LAST TUESDAY THE 25TH. THEY WERE, HOWEVER, MINUS THE ELABORATE STAGE-SETUP THAT WAS A BIG PART OF THIS THEIR COMEBACK TOUR, IT BEING TOO LARGE FOR THE CONSERVATIVE GRAND EVENT CENTER AT BALLY'S. COVERTUNES WERE ON-HAND, AS SIMON RAPPED TO GRAND MASTER FLASH'S "WHITE LINES" AND A COOL DOORS SONG THAT I CAN'T RECALL. I WILL SAY THIS, WHAT WAS UP WITH THE DAMN TERRORIZING SOUND LEVEL? A SURE INSULT TO THE FANS EARS! OF COURSE, THERE WAS A VAST ARRAY OF FLASHBACK HITS TO BE HEARD, THE FAVORITES, YA KNOW... THERE IS SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW—THEY MAY BE BACK AROUND THE END '93.—!Dingo!

Concert minute...

Bjork is bjack

BY JAMES WILSON
VARIETY WRITER

Remember Bjork, the waifish 28-year-old front person for the Sugarcubes?

You must have seen the *House of Style* episode where she lolled on a bed in a hotel, putting the word "baby" into "babydoll," selling Mrs. Gere the virtues of the color white?

If you didn't know Bjork before, you will after *Debut*. Her halting, begging, screaming voice demands attention as she reaches inside herself to give handfuls of her own bloody emotion. She is wailing in English, however, with an accent that can only be described as someone who needs to spit out all that gum. It works, that distinctive voice, but remember the old days when everyone sounded alike when they sang? (Then in 1987 we were treated to *Lick the Tins* and their version of "Kon't Hilp Fallin' een Loof," and I won't even mention the *Proclaimers*.)

Bjork wears her style well, like an old sweater and jeans, but if music were a 501 commercial, her fly would be open.

Her style is that personal. It's said the first time a lead vocal is laid down it's like appearing naked in front of everyone in the studio.

Bjork is truly naked for *Debut*, and much of the selections here are engineered with a sound emphasis letting us hear every gargle and every drop of spit as Bjork works her incredible mouth.

"Venus as a Boy" and "One Day" stand out as imaginative, mostly bare vocal exercises, and along with "Like Someone in Love" might even stand alone as damn good poetry.

Bjork actually made her "debut" at the ripe old age of 12 when she recorded some songs she wrote for a Finnish label, and that child is evident in some of the writing for this *Debut*.

Should Bjork replace "I find myself gazing at stars" with "I find myself gazing at stuff" we could accept that, too.

"Big Time Sensuality" is the best candidate for airplay and is delivered as a tight dance tune with a driving percussion and keyboards, unfettered by deep lyrics. The familiar

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