

# !variety!

REBEL  
YELL



Everybody freak out  
Everybody freak out  
Freak out freak out  
Freak out freak out  
Everybody freak out  
Everybody freak out  
Freak out freak out— Shootyz Groove

## George Thorogood- Born to Be Bad and Bad To the Bone!

BY ARIEL  
STAFF WRITER

By starting an interview answering the question "How are you?" with "Bad," you can only guess that the person on the other end must be George Thorogood. The musician will be appearing at The Aladdin's Theatre For The Performing Arts on Thursday December 2.

In Thorogood's 16-year career he has established himself in the blues-rock world. He started playing music over 20 years ago because "I don't have a college education and I didn't have a trade," Thorogood explains. "This is the only thing I really showed any aptitude towards and even then it was pathetically small aptitude." His parents made it very clear that he had to go out and make things happen for himself. No one would be knocking the door down waving a record contract. "Plus I've got a nasty habit... I like to eat," Thorogood laughs.

As a white man playing the blues "it was tough to get a record deal at first. That was hard. I had to



George Thorogood appears at the Aladdin Thursday night.

do an awful lot of politicking which I didn't like doing. That was kind of rough."

Thorogood adds, "I remember leaving our record company one time when we were starting. I said 'what's the hold-up?' They all dug us. They came to our gigs all the time. So I said, 'what's the hold-up?' They said, 'well, if you guys were fifty and black it would be easy.' I said, 'what's that suppose to mean?' And they said, 'you're too young to be playing like that.'" So, as you can see, nothing comes easy.

Thorogood's first album came out in 1977 and since then he has released ten albums including the latest *Haircut*. In that time he has covered songs by many of the great blues artists like Willie Dixon, Bo Diddley and Howlin' Wolf. The reason Thorogood records these covers is "because we can play them. It's not a question of just picking a song and saying 'Well, let's just do this one.' It's a matter of if you can do it. So, in that way the song really selects you. You don't select it." The only original track on *Haircut* is "Baby Don't Go."

Listening to Thorogood's

music, you can easily catch the humor. Thorogood explains, "Well, I'm a funny guy. I couldn't cut it as a comic." But did he try? "I did. Actually when I was real young I had aspirations of doing that. When I was about twelve. That was when I was considering what to do with my life. To be in the fashion of Red Skeleton or Jackie Gleason. Then those cats with the long hair and the Beatle's boots came from Liverpool... I saw them on the Ed Sullivan show and I said 'hmm, that looks like a good job.'"

Somewhere in there Thorogood also wanted to play professional baseball. Did he play in high school? "No," jokes Thorogood, "I threw a no-hitter in my bedroom once at the '63 Yankees. I had to stop because my parents got tired of hearing the ball hit the pillow all night long."

George Thorogood will be at The Aladdin tonight. There is no telling what to expect at the show. He reacts off the audience. So if you go, **BELIVELY AND HAVE FUN!!** Thorogood's final words of advice are "wear a safety belt... at all times and stay out of Italian cars. Keep it down and keep it cool."

### Depeche Mode calls in sick

You know how it is when you get to work, you decide you don't feel like working, and you suddenly feel a fever coming on? You'd think that those who "play" for a living would overcome the working man's blues. For the truly gifted, selling their talent is normally a very convenient way to make a living. But there are those, evidently, who regard playing the Aladdin as less than a job, even after they've sold the place out. Take the Rolling Stones. They played The Rainbow in L.A. for 400 people. They just wanted to jam. They're musicians.

Chew on this and see what you think:

Unconfirmed reports from backstage at the Aladdin indicate that both record promoters and band members scrambled to decide who was going to be sick, and what exactly the official sickness would be. This, reportedly after band members took survey of the scant 7,000-plus seats and decided that "...playing a 7,000-seat club would be like playing to ourselves."

Sources indicate that this decision was made at approximately 4:00 p.m., after their stage was set-up, sound-checked, and ready to roll. Meanwhile, Depeche Mode (isn't most of their stuff kind-of depressing?) trots off to Europe for a somewhat more sophisticated engagement.

Believe it, or not.

—Jonathan Weber



## Confessions of an addict

It probably started when I was seven.

My brother and I used to have babysitters a lot when we were growing up, but there was only one sitter who could keep us from setting fire to the neighborhood, or probably stealing a car if we ever got hold of some keys.

His name was Dave, and the magic spell he wove on us consisted of a simple enough potion: Comic books.

Lots of them.

Enough to last until Mom and Dad came home.

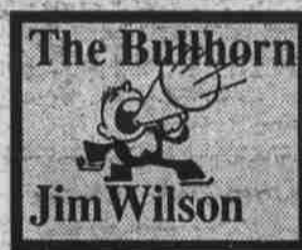
We would sit and read from the moment the folks left the house, non-stop, devouring the exploits of Spider-Man, The Fantastic Four, and the X-Men. (Dave was primarily a Marvel™-man, unwilling to concede the possibility that DC™ even existed.)

I was to discover Batman and Superman on my own, years later.

That giant Spider-Man versus Superman book, now val-

ued at \$12.00 in the *Wizard* price guide, is lying around here somewhere, and my Batman #272 from 1975 (valued at \$6.00) is right here in my desk drawer.

Therein lies the addiction - not only do I read 'em, I know



what the book value is.

I didn't used to. I didn't used to really care. My roommate got me started, checking the *Wizard* magazine each month, like some stockbroker on a tear.

"*Detective* #582 down 50¢; *World's Finest* #305 unchanged."

"You can speculate all you want, but you won't get rich," said Blake Phillips, owner of Dungeon Comics. "Some of what's

hot, you have to remember there's 4000 copies of it, so it's not like it's scarce."

There is no sure thing, just like the big board, and you won't get rich off comics trading. "The price guides generally come from what retail outlets can get for a book. Nobody can really tell what something is "worth," said Phillips.

The real value is in the reading, a lesson I guess I only partly learned when I was seven. There are many benefits (besides monetary) that come from comics.

You'll know the whole story of Superman's "death" and subsequent revival. You'll understand who Lex Luthor really is.

You'll know how Batman got his back broken and ended up in a wheelchair, and you'll recall fondly when Peter Parker broke the news to Mary Jane.

You may even be able to converse intelligently about the X-Men.

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## Zander pulls a Cheap Trick

Maybe because it's the '90s and we're all looking for substance that Robin Zander's lack of substance on *Robin Zander* is so, so blatant. And disappointing.

Furthermore, always beware a record company press release that dwells too much on an artists' past achievements.

Robin Zander has some lofty credentials: Lead singer of Cheap Trick, more than 50 gold

and platinum records worldwide, including "I Want You to Want Me," "The Flame," and his duet with Heart's Ann Wilson entitled "Surrender to Me" which peaked at number four on the pop charts in 1989.

See, now the rest of us are dwelling on Zander's past achievements.

Merely (merely?) by surrounding yourself with legends,

as Zander did for his latest, doesn't promise a hit. Even Bob Clearmountain's mixing couldn't save the amazingly empty "Boy (I'm So in Love With You)" and the Neil Young-penned "I Believe in You" is just plain, well, plain.

Robin Zander may describe himself as "the Lon Chaney of singers," but peculiarly enough, Lon Chaney never had a recording contract.