

James delivers his body language



SAXOPHONIST BONEY JAMES
Dianna Saffold
Sentinel-Voice

When Boney pranced onto the stage like the musical stallion he proved to be, the crowd went wild. There he was, sporting his trademark RUN DMC hat and blowing the hell out of that sax. All at once, I realized that, in this small venue of 500, Boney would reveal his most intimate saxophone secrets. As he emerged, the sound oozing from the horn and the movement and soul of his body became fluid, a delightful liquid soon to be poured all over the room.

He delighted us with favorites from his last three CDs: *Backbone*, *Seduction* and his latest *Body Language*. "All Night Long," from *Body Language* was a crowd pleaser, accompanied by the vocal talents of the band. The genuine warmth and respect shared by the musicians gave even more meaning to the music and Boney worked the room like the pro he was, with saxophone mastery. It was never difficult interpreting his music.

Once he gave you the title, you just sat back and listened to the story. For instance, the song "Bleacher Street," from the *Backbone* CD, is about the famous New York City street. As Boney blew, my mind filled with the sounds of the streets—the life, the joys, the constant action of New York, the hustle, bustle, the promises, the failures, the very soul of the street.

Boney went from hit to hit, struttin' and spanking the floor with the melodies of that sax. His presentation made you feel like the recipient of a precious gift. When he left Bleacher Street, the audience response was staggering. In contrast, his humility was calming. His astonishment at the response to his music was refreshing.

His choice of music certainly can be attributed to his obvious natural rhythm. Raised in Massachusetts, he was deeply influenced by Earth Wind & Fire, Stevie Wonder, Grover Washington, Jr., and Return to Forever.

In 1975 when Boney's family moved to Los Angeles, he found an outlet for the musical

styles he had been developing. Like many gifted musicians, Boney fine tuned his craft by playing in garage bands, ultimately becoming both a popular onstage and session player, performing with such critically acclaimed artists as Randy Crawford, Morris Day, Ray Parker, Jr., The Isley Brothers, Teena Marie, Vesta, Cherrelle and Bobby Caldwell. Fortunately, he decided to go solo.

At this performance, Boney floated musically, pleading, loving, stroking and romancing in any possible way you can

imagine with a saxophone in between you. He is the master of seductive sax, and this he proved when he pulled me from my seat, got down on his knee, and made mad saxophone love to me. This move was so strong, so seductive that it swept me off my feet and I climaxed with a scream in front of the entire room at the end. It was sexually maddening.

Check out his latest CD, Boney James, *Body Language*, and if you know like I know, you won't miss him the next time he's in Las Vegas.

The room was packed—just the way I like it—filling the air with an unyielding anticipation, soon to be satisfied with the seductive sounds of saxophone great, Boney James, who performed Friday, August 6 at Boulder Station.

As I moved toward the front of the packed room, it was apparent by the cultural mix that "Boneyism" was about to take over. From my front row, stage center seat, Boney grooved, stroked and soothed me for the next two hours.

The band was tight. It was obvious that they found unending pleasure in what was happening. Keyboardist David Tarkenowski, guitarist Ron Lawrence, who has two CDs on the market, drummer Don Spencer Jr., bassplayer Larry Kempell, and Mark Stephens on piano rounded out the group of talented musicians.

Laughter abounds in Bowfinger

Tammy D. McMahan
Special to Sentinel-Voice

I'm a big fan of both Eddie Murphy and Steve Martin. I've been waiting quite awhile for a movie that would showcase the talents of both of these fine comedians. My waiting paid off.

Bowfinger, which features the two actors, is some of the best work that Murphy and Martin have done in years. Bobby Bowfinger (Steve Martin) is a down-on-his-luck film producer who is pushing 50 and he's desperate to finally make it big in Hollywood. Bowfinger thinks that his break has come when he reads a script entitled, "Chubby Rain," which is a ludicrous story of alien invasion via rain.

Bowfinger, with the help of his ragtag cast and crew (Heather Graham, Christine Baranski, Adam Alexi-Malle, Jamie Kennedy, Kohl Sudduth and Eddie Murphy in a dual role) film the low, low budget pic with Hollywood's biggest action star Kit Ramsey (Eddie Murphy). However, the

egomaniacal, paranoid Ramsey doesn't even know he's being filmed and hasn't given his permission to star in the feature. Instead, he's being secretly taped by Bowfinger and company.

Bowfinger isn't the stinging indictment of Hollywood that you see in Robert Altman's film *The Player*. Steve Martin, who wrote the screenplay for the film, crafted a gentle satire that recognizes the sometimes crazy things that people will do to try to make it in the movies. The film also recognizes the joy and misery of filmmaking. Martin's take on Hollywood is an enjoyable, warm and fuzzy film that works well with his comic style, which is generally lampooning over dark comedy.

Eddie Murphy portrays characters Kit and Jiff Ramsey. Kit Ramsey was the more captivating of the two roles that he played. The Kit character's egomania coupled with paranoia and a naughty obsession, which I won't name, is the best work

that Murphy has done since *The Nutty Professor*. Murphy is at his manic best with hilarious comments about how black actors are dissed by the Hollywood system, his paranoid ravings about aliens and his laugh-out-loud mannerisms when he talks to his guru (Terence Stamp) at *MindHead*. *MindHead* is a self-empowerment sect that bears more than a passing resemblance to Scientology. You guys may disagree with my opinion though. An informal poll that I took revealed that male viewers and critics tended to like the nerdy, earnest Jiff character more than Kit. Female viewers and critics tended to like Kit over Jiff. Well, different strokes for different genders, but I quickly found Jiff to be tiresome while Kit was always riotous. (I'm mystified by the guys' opinion, but I guess they're the reason why Jim Carrey is a success.)

Generally speaking, the other stars of this film gave solid performances as well. (See *Bowfinger*, Page 15)

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