WILLIE DIXON
Hidden Charms
(Capitol)

When CBS released Willie Dixon's "I Am the Blues" a couple of years ago it was almost immediately placed in the Blues Recording Hall of Fame. such an action ought to be warranted, you'd think. It wasn't. The album sucked, with a wooden band and no feeling in Dixon's voice.

When I heard about a new album coming out by Dixon on yet another major label skepticism was the first response. However, hope was renewed when the producer was revealed: **T-Bone Burnett**. He is the allah of roots music producers, and also a great musician.

If this build up of excitement was not enough look at the musicians who are making appearances. **Lafayette Leake** is on piano, one of the more predominant instruments on the album. He is a very good choice as well, since he has been tinkling the blues for well over 30 years - a few of those with **Dixon**. As well **Sugar Blue** is on Harp duties; it is the other **Red Callender** on bass, **Earl Calmer** on drums, **Cash McCall** on guitar, and **T-bone** on the dobro.

The record does not disappoint like the last. Admittedly there are weak points, such as the inability to produce any good shuffles, with the exception of the last song, "I do the job". This is probably due to **Dixon**'s vocal power not being as strong as previously. But he can be forgiven for this. One can't expect a 74 year old to put out a pace like **Mose Allison** does on **Dixon**'s "I love the life I live (I live the life I love)". As well, Willie Dixon is more laid back anyways.

For the proper perspective and attitude towards this record one must focus on the situation. The world's greatest blueswriter, who helped **Muddy Water, Howlin' Wolf, Sorry Boy Williamson II**, and **Little Walter** bring out the **Maxwell St.** sound, which is now called **Chicago Blues**, is the only man left from that **Chess** group. He has been under-recorded, and never given the proper respect due him (except in England and Europe, right Stevie?). (You got it Bro - **Ed.**)

These songs are not his greatest, but are tunes which span 30 years of a man who has shaped North American Music more than anyone could have ever hoped to. They are Hidden Charms.

If you can handle slow blues, which are very satisfying 'spiritually', then by all means listen to this record. It is a monument to a generation which has been forgotten by the vast majority of people today. When poor excuses for bands (like the trees) are dead and gone, Willie Dixon, and those who like him were building a music with the reputation for being entertainment and a way of expressing truth, will still be on the turn table being appreciated by those who know the reality of todays music business, and ignore it, for real art.

Scott Dunham

dalbello

SHE

(Capitol)

It is another quiet afternoon at the **Stebbin's residence**. **Porky** my idiot cat is spending most of his time threading nine hundred wacky whippers through the legs of the three piece suite and the dining room table, only occassionally making a half-hearted attempt to surprise one of **Dad's** goldfish whenever he thinks no one is looking. Becoming a little bored with my **Biology 1000** assignment 'how to recognise wood', I dodge the labyrinth of gooey latex-rubber, and slip on a cassette that Uncle Stevie has given me with a warning "*Stebbin's write something reasonably coherent this time or you're finished.*" **'Right ho Bud!'** I reply cheerily, surreptitiously glancing at **Porky** who is doing something rather creative with the typesetters packed lunch.

The clock strikes three. Suddenly - MEEOWWR! God Lord! Scarcely had the intensely irritating tone control on the cassette-tape leader caused the kitty to jam himself in the petunias again when - Crickey! **A HUGE BASTARD OF A PANTHER BEAST IS STALKING THE PLACE! NYAARGH! RUN FOR COVER!!!** (*That's enough Stebbins - Ed.*) Well... erm not really but **it darn well seemed like it!** **GWOOOSH!** - Here she is - **LISA DALBELLO** - hanging ten on a **TIDAL WAVE OF SEX! ROWRRR!** Look out Porky you're too close! Too late! (sounds of flying fur)

Seriously though kids (*thank God - Ed.*) This peice of sensual trampolino *á la kama sutra* whallops the bodkins out of anything 'pop' y'all will delect prolapsing out of your woofers this A.D.! **It's naffin' brill!**

Side one starts out with some whispery latin chant... Lisa purrs.... '*Some things are sacred...*' and then screams **Black on Black!** - phew! It has catchy-bits by the truckload by jumpiry and whats more, you just can't stop playing it - except by preventative measures with super glue. '**Baby Doll**' follows immediately afterwards and here is Dalbello at ther most wicked - straddling (**OOH MY!**) save many different vocal ranges, you wonder how she can walk to the corner store to buy some smarties, let alone continue with an album that is choc-a-bastard-bloc with all kinds of slithery lascivious things that yowl and moan and nose around up your trouser legs for tasty tit-bits (*this is your last warning - Ed.*) Take Immaculate Eyes for example - it soft talks the listener into a dark corner but suddenly **BAM-bam-bam-Bam-bam-bam-Bam-bam-bam... KERPOW!** And its all over for the shouting. **It's the bollocks!**

NEDDY STEBBINS