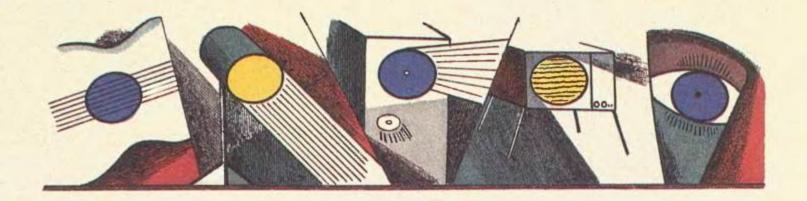
"All the News That Fits"



FEATURES

WALTER YETNIKOFF

The Rolling Stone' Interview by Fred Goodman. 166
What does it take to be the most powerful man in the record business? The
Great Yetnikoff, president of CBS Records, explains – sort of.

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHS: Eric Clapton by David Bailey; Neil Young by William Coupon; David Byrne by Hiro; Sting by Matt Mahurin; Robert Plant by David Montgomery; Bruce Springsteen by Neal Preston; Tracy Chapman, Tom Cruise, Tom Hanks and Steve Winwood by Herb Ritts; Lisa Bonet, Terence Trent D'Arby, George Michael and U2 by Matthew Rolston; Johnny Carson and David Letterman and Robin Williams by Bonnie Schiffman; Michael Douglas and Keith Richards by Albert Watson; Guns n' Roses and Van Halen by Timothy White. John Lennon drawing by Barbara Nessim. Top 100 illustration by Steve Pietzsch.

1988 YEARBOOK

JANUARY The Beatles and Dylan are inducted, Springsteen and Jagger pay tribute, all at the Hall of Fame dinner. Plus: Madonna gads about with Jennifer Grey.
FEBRUARY 22
Michael Jackson and Springsteen (that prisoner of love) kick off world tours. Plus: A reunited Who perform at the British Record Industry Awards.
MARCH
APRIL
MAY. Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant and Jimmy Page wish Atlantic Records a happy fortieth birthday. Plus: Tracy Chapman and the Sugarcubes arrive.
JUNE
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SEPTEMBER. 93 The Human Rights Now! Tour takes a cast of premier rockers on the road. Plus: INXS picks up five awards at MTV's annual hypefest.
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EITH RICHARDS found himself onstage alongside a different frontman when he joined BONO and U2 during the band's closing set of the Smile Jamaica benefit concert, at London's Dominion Theatre. Richards and the band played "When Love Comes to Town," followed by "Love Rescue Me," during which they were joined by ZIGGY MARLEY. The show was a fund-raiser for Jamaican victims of Hurricane Gilbert.

Others who performed included ROBERT CRAY, ROBERT PALMER and TOM TOM CLUB. Many on the bill have Jamaican connections: U2 is on reggae impresario CHRIS BLACKWELL's label, Island (Bono spent his honeymoon at Blackwell's house in Jamaica); Richards has a home in Ocho Rios; and Tom Tom Club's CHRIS FRANTZ and TINA WEYMOUTH, who produced ZIGGY MARLEY AND THE MELODY MAKERS' most recent album, have recorded in Jamaica.



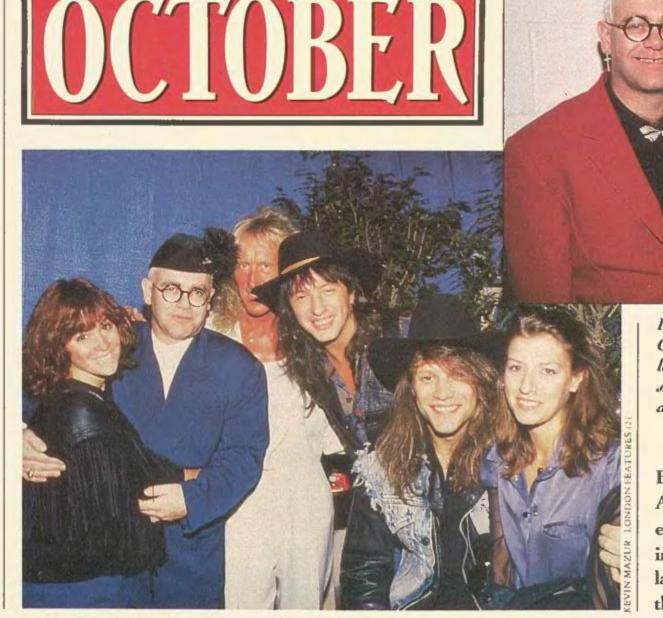
Bono, Edge and Keith Richards (from left) at the Smile Jamaica benefit

LTON JOHN, aided by plenty of his celebrity pals, wound up his brief Reg Strikes Back tour with a sold-out five-date stand at New York's Madison Square Garden. On the opening night, STING hung out in the dressing room with the likes of BROOKE SHIELDS, JOAN JETT, DONALD and IVANA TRUMP and CYNDI LAUPER, who after the show said, "When he played 'Tiny Dancer,' it almost brought a tear to my eye." On other nights, New York Met GARY CARTER and members of BON JOVI came out during the encores. BRUCE HORNSBY guested on the keyboards at the third show (when KATHLEEN TURNER was a backstage visitor), and at the last show DEBBIE GIBSON got to join her idol BILLY JOEL onstage with



A.k.a. the Traveling Wilburys: Dylan, Lynne, Petty, Orbison and Harrison

Nelson, Lucky, Otis, Charlie T. Jr. and Lefty Wilbury, a.k.a. GEORGE HARRISON, BOB DYLAN, JEFF LYNNE, TOM PETTY and ROY ORBISON, respectively, released their debut album as the TRAVELING WILBURYS. The project was conceived when Harrison, Petty, Lynne and Orbison were having dinner together in L.A. and Harrison mentioned he needed a new song for the B side of an upcoming single. The following day, they all gathered at Bob Dylan's house, where they wrote and recorded "Handle with Care." The rest is history.



Backstage at the Garden: Elton, Debbie Gibson and Billy Joel (above, from left); Ally Sheedy, Elton, Davey Johnstone, Richie Sambora, Jon Bon Jovi and Dorothea Hurley (left, from left)

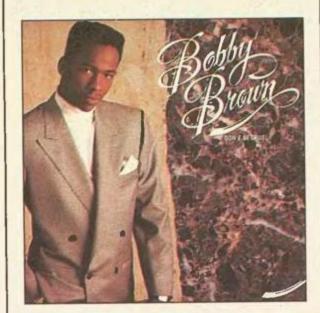
Elton to perform "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting." "It's the most enjoyable tour I can remember having done for a long time," said a relaxed Reg afterward. He'll return to the States for a tour next summer.

ingly predictable, not to mention lacking in any of the rhythmic subtlety or cool bluesy phrasing that marked his prime LPs on Island Records in the Seventies. "Simply Irresistible" sets the album's tone all too well - two-dimensional thunk with lyrics so banal they make the guys in Mötley Crüe sound like Romantic poets ("Her methods are inscrutable/The proof is irrefutable.... She's so completely kissable, huh/Our lives are indivisible"). The closest the record comes to bossa nova is "Between Us," which is positively leaden in its swing, a real disgrace considering Palmer's oncemasterful way with reggae and New Orleans funk. In short, Heavy Nova is a real bomb.



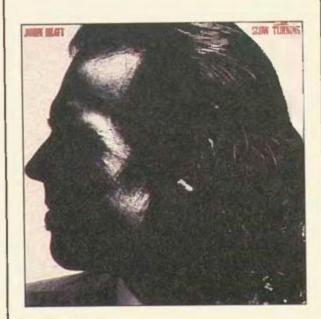
Traveling Wilburys: Volume One Wilbury/Warner Bros.

NYONE REMEMBER THE MASKED Marauders? Nineteen years ago, in these very pages, there was a review of an album by a twentyfour-karat supergroup of that name featuring Sixties rock gods Bob Dylan, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger and George Harrison getting down and dirty on songs like "I Can't Get No Nookie" and "I'm the Japanese Sandman." The review, of course, was a fraud, and the Marauders didn't exist. (A phony Marauders record later made to capitalize on the prank wasn't half as funny.) Anyway, the Traveling Wilburys are a kind of '88-model Marauders, a mysterious supergroup playing for fun and laying it down for posterity. Except this time the Wilburys are real and there is no mystery as to who they are -Dylan, Harrison, Tom Petty, Roy Orbison and Jeff Lynne. Also, the record is real good, as these things go. Dylan is in finer voice than he's been on his own records of late; his wicked parody of Springsteen in "Tweeter and the Monkey Man" is quite a hoot, too. Orbison, who's never been in anything less than fine voice, turns the tear ducts on full blast in "Not Alone Any More," while Petty, the junior Wilbury, more than holds his own with the Big O in "Last Night." The spotless LynneHarrison production belies the homey tone of the project, but there is more than enough good singing and writing to suggest the Traveling Wilburys may be onto a good thing here. Long may they roam.



Don't Be Cruel Bobby Brown MCA

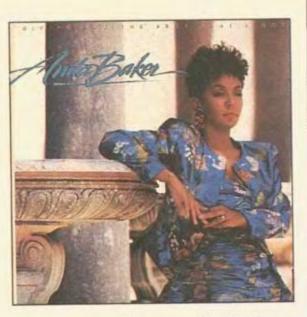
MID THE INCREASING - AT times suffocating - uniformity I I of mainstream black pop, the voice can make all the difference. Former New Edition chirper Bobby Brown has one of those voices, and he uses it to good commercial effect on this smash solo album. On the infectious title track, not to be confused with the other "Don't Be Cruel," Brown spikes his bright, boyish singing with a little sexy Prince-like smarm and a chillin' rap interlude. While "Take It Slow" and "All Day All Night" show he can turn on the love-man schinooze as well as his pillow-talking elders, the best performances here are the ones where Brown's vocal assets get the cool-synth, snappy-rhythm treatment from ace producers L.A. and Babyface, this year's Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis.



Slow Turning John Hiatt A&M

JUST BECAUSE HE FINALLY GOT HIS own life in order doesn't mean venerable songwriter John Hiatt is suddenly looking at the rest of the crazy-ass world through corrective rose-

colored lenses. This follow-up to his '87 beaut Bring the Family is populated with the same nut cases, tortured souls and losers in love, all treated with the deliciously dry wit and poignant sensitivity that made Hiatt a critics' darling what seems like an ice age ago. Sometimes the comedy here turns pretty black; in "Trudy and Dave" a down-and-out couple shoot up an automatic bank-teller machine for money to do the laundry ("and drove away clean"). Nothing seems to go right for the jailbird in "Tennessee Plates," although he might take some consolation from the country-boogie energy with which Hiatt tells his sorry tale. Actually, Hiatt's victory over his old demons makes him more of an optimist this time around. Even in a song as bleak as "Is Anybody There?" he spots some light at the end of the tunnel. And if Glyn Johns's loamy country-rock production - with strategically deployed keyboards, sweet slide guitar and barnyard vocal harmonies fleshing out the less-ismore style that marked Bring the Family - makes the pain seem more real, it also helps make Hiatt's promise of healing just as believable.

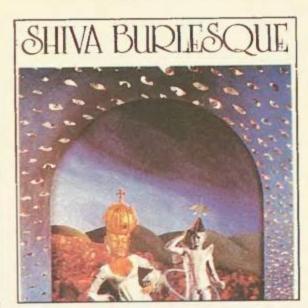


Giving You the Best That I Got Anita Baker Elektra

T'S HARD TO QUIBBLE WITH THIS kind of class. There's nothing plastic about the passion Anita Baker pours into a song, nothing artificial about the sensual vitality at the heart of her dazzling technique. Sure, she could sing listings from the Manhattan Yellow Pages and make them sound like an SOS from Amour Central. Indeed, the ease with which she can transcend her material, or elevate it, is what makes this album seem just a little bit hollow compared with the lush, steamy Rapture. Too often the ballads are not up to the standards of her performance, regulation bedroom-soul clichés with arrangements that skirt dangerously close to supper-club anonymity. "Good Enough," an upbeat if overly polite samba, at least gives her the opportunity to scat awhile; the woman has serious jazz chops and it would be nice if she'd open up the throttle on record more often. But, ah, we quibble here. If this isn't quite the best Baker has to give, it is still a lot closer to rapture than the Whitney clone patrol will ever get.



Jamahiriya Savage Republic Nate Starkman and Son/Fundamental



Shiva Burlesque Nate Starkman and Son/Fundamental

IGH-PITCHED GUITARS BUZZING like agitated wasps in neo-Ara-L bic riffs, brute metallic percussion that reverberates like empty oil drums being whacked with Louisville Sluggers, eerie chantlike vocals that sound like punk druids at a summer-solstice get-down - if this isn't psychedelic, what is? The veteran L.A.-underground band Savage Republic has been making mind-warping music like that since the turn of the decade, and Jamahirrya, the band's fourth LP, captures the group's strange brew of alien exotica and primal ferocity with intoxicating 3-D fidelity. The distant echoes of Joy Division's serrated drone and the Doors' horrorshow magic might woo the faint of heart, but the cinematic flair with which Savage Republic casts its spell is better demonstrated in the choice of covers, a coltish instrumental by Greek film composer Mikis Theodorakis and Alternative TV's wry punk nugget "Viva La Rock 'n' Roll."

Shiva Burlesque – a Savage Republic discovery signed to S.R.'s own Nate Starkman and Son label – displays extraordinary promise on its debut album. Singer Jeffrey Clark ably summons up