

# Reviews

## Guitar master Preston Reed transfixes local crowd

By Keith Spera

REVIEWER

Preston Reed began his Saturday night show at Brazos Landing in a casual enough manner — he walked onstage, tuned his guitar for a few minutes, and then simply started playing.

There was no surge of light, or crash of cymbals, not even a spoken

introduction of any sort to indicate that the concert had begun.

None was needed. As soon as Reed touched his hands to his guitar and began to play, everyone in the place stopped munching on their seafood and stared, transfixed, at the stage.

For there, dressed in black from head to toe, under the dim light of a single blue bulb, a ceiling fan's light,

and a pink neon figure, stood a man who has no business playing in front of 100 or so people in a bar and grill.

In a just world, he'd be touring arenas right now, with the members of Bon Jovi working for minimum wage setting up his equipment.

Instead, Bon Jovi plays empty guitar riffs in front of thousands of people, with dozens of crew members to attend to the band members' needs.

Preston Reed travels alone, setting up and taking down his equipment, selling his own merchandise after the show and even running outside during a break in his set to make sure his car wasn't being towed.

Reed is a master of guitar. He doesn't strum it or beat it. At any given time, his sound is subtle and bold, gentle or metallic.

At Reed's shows, there is no singing, but his brief introductions to songs, and the images that the music creates in the minds of the listeners, are lyrics enough.

Saturday night, Reed was the only musician onstage, yet his talented hands and innovative playing style made you think a bassist and drummer were also performing.

Reed alternated between a six-and-12-string acoustic guitar, both of which were equipped with internal microphones and magnetic pickups.

The notes from the guitars were run through Roland reverb and chorus effects and then an equalizer before coming out of the speakers, so the sound produced was much sharper, with more of a ringing sound, than what usually comes from acoustic guitars.

He changed playing styles throughout the night.

At times, he wore picks on the tips of his fingers. Or he would strum bass notes on the guitar's thickest strings with his thumb while picking notes with his other four fingers.

He used a slide at one point to stretch out notes into a countrified twang.

He'd tap the neck of the guitar or the guitar's body, in the style of one of his major influences, Michael Hedges, to produce a rhythm, while picking with his other hand.

"I really wanted to learn how to play drums on the guitar," he said after the show.

"Once you get into striking the strings, it makes this connection between percussion and melody. It's really a whole new world that I'm exploring."

"Once you get into striking the strings, it makes this connection between percussion and melody. It's really a whole new world that I'm exploring. I'm trying to get kind of spatial sounding, but I'm also trying to hold on to the folk sound, and the blues, and all my roots, and also get into some rhythmic stuff. I'm trying to raid all the treasure chests."

— guitarist Preston Reed

## Chris Ocasek lacks father's talents; Glamour Camp boring, predictable

Glamour Camp  
EMI Records

By Suzanne Hoechstetter

REVIEWER

I hereby nominate Glamour Camp's album, *Glamour Camp* for the most boring album of the year. At best, the music is repetitive and predictable. If you do not like surprises, variety or decent music, Glamour Camp is the album for you.

The songs all sound so much alike that they just run together into one mega-song that lulls the reader into a deep sleep for the duration of the album.

A better name for the band and the album might be Boot Camp because the things I've heard about military boot camp sound like the Glamour Camp experience. There is a lot of repetition, pain, anguish, frustration, and you just want it all to end as quickly as possible.

I suspect the only reason this album exists is because the lead singer is Christopher Ocasek (yes he is the son of Rick Ocasek). The production of this album may be one of those cases where Daddy pulled some music industry strings so son could cut an album.

Son Christopher may have music in his blood, but he should have kept it there and gotten a real job instead of inflicting his music upon the unwary music consumer.

Almost every song is about the cruelty of love and how it compares to weather phenomena such as hurricanes, harsh winters, dark skies and wind. Using such imagery can be poetic in small doses, but the band floods (excuse the pun) the album with these trite metaphorical devices.

The music itself leaves a lot to be desired. Despite the fact that 16 people contribute to the instrumentals, no variety or difference is discernible in the songs. Glamour Camp should have heeded the adage "too many cooks spoil the soup."

Every once in a while, Eddie Martinez or Sid McGinnis might break into a guitar solo that is almost energetic enough to make the listener take notice, but everything else is repetitive.

Songs like "She Did It" and "On the Road" sound as though they could have been old Cars songs — except for the fact that The Cars, at least, had some variety and talent.

The family vocal resemblance can be heard in some songs such as "Fall For You," but Christopher Ocasek does not sing with as much heart, enthusiasm or sincerity that his father, Rick, does. Can you see the pattern forming here? There are few good things to say about Ocasek or his buddies in Glamour Camp.

"Lifeless" is such an appropriate yet ironic song title for one of the most energetic and different songs on a lifeless album. It is clearly the best song on the album (which is not saying a whole lot) but it's not worth listening to the rest of the songs to get to "Lifeless," the last track on the album.

Yet another bad song on the album is "Neverlasting" which could also be called "Neverending." This is one of those songs overloaded with weather and nature imagery. The brief song includes a total of nine references to things like the air, sky and the stars.


Nothing on *Glamour Camp* is worth spending hard-earned money to hear. That is a shame because the album had potential, but it was wasted on musical and lyrical clichés.

Music is supposed to entertain the listeners, not bore them. It is only a fine line between relaxing the listeners and putting them to sleep. Glamour Camp has crossed that line by miles. Listening is not a pleasurable experience.

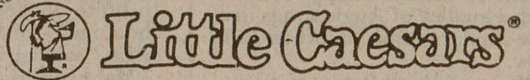
They try to create an innovative rock-n-roll album but fall flat on their faces in doing so. They don't look so glamorous now, and this listener is not a happy camper.


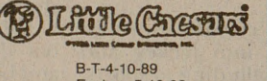



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Guitarist Preston Reed

## 'Major League' not a grand slam, but still a winning ticket for viewers

"Major League" Starring Tom Berenger and Charlie Sheen Directed by David S. Ward Rated R

By Shane Hall

REVIEWER

It's no "Bull Durham," but "Major League" may well be this year's premier baseball comedy. In this film, the Cleveland Indians go from cellar dwellers to pennant winners. Now, if that isn't movie magic, I don't know what is.

The film starts with the ex-showgirl wife of the team's deceased owner taking over as owner. She decides to fill the roster with over-the-hill veterans and inexperienced rookies. Her hope is that the team finishes dead last and that attendance drops low enough for her to move the team to Miami, where she will get numerous perks.

So when the team's spring training opens, they have a motley crew of players in the lineup. Tom Berenger plays Jake Taylor, an aging veteran who was playing in the Mexican leagues. Charlie Sheen as Rick Vaughn is an ex-convict whose baseball experience is limited to the California Penal league.

Corbin Bernsen of "L.A. Law" fame plays Roger Dorn, a vain character who is more interested in making commercials and product endorsements than in playing baseball.

Add a voodoo practitioner from Cuba and the flashy Willie Mays Hayes ("I play like Mays, run like Hayes," he boasts), and the result is a

cast of characters who provide some good laughs throughout the film. There's also an appearance by Bob Uecker as the commentator at the Indians' games.

The movie follows the team throughout the season. You can probably guess how it's going to end. Nevertheless, the movie offers plenty of funny moments that make it worth seeing.

Of course, the movie comes with a subplot, as well, which involves Taylor's efforts to rekindle an old flame. His bookish former fiancée is engaged to a wealthy lawyer. In her words, the lawyer has grown up. She

considers Jake nothing more than a grown-up child.

Tom Berenger is appealing to Jake Taylor. Through Berenger's performance, we see Jake as the jacking sort as well as someone with only one chance left at making it big in the major leagues.

Charlie Sheen, who must enjoy doing baseball movies (he was in John Sayles' spectacular "Eight Men Out" last year), is great as well, playing Rick Vaughn.

"Major League" isn't the best game in town, but for laughs it's a winning ticket.

Alley Theater's tour closes with performance at A&M

OPAS will present the Houston-based Alley Theater's final on-the-road performance of Arthur Miller's play, "A View From the Bridge," tonight at 8 in Rudder Auditorium.

The Alley Theater, a regional theater founded in 1947, has developed into "one of the most successful regional theaters in the nation," according to the *New York Times*.

When the 91-year-old egg and poultry trader, Texas, died, San Saba (Texas) factly noted that dian Territory a brought across the covered wagon.

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Those who attended the intimate show at Brazos Landing should consider themselves lucky — Reed only performs about 60 shows year.

The day may soon come when he'll graduate to the level of fellow ace-guitarist Stanley Jordan, and find himself in bigger halls and appearing on the Tonight Show.

Is he ready to be on national TV? "I don't know — I'd be scared," he said.

His career, which he started pursuing seriously at the age of 18, is starting to take off; while his first three albums came out on the small Flying Fish label, his latest, *Instrument Landing*, is on MCA Records.

He also may move away one day from solo performing.

"I'd love to orchestrate and arrange music for a band," he said. "Like a kind of a fusion band. We'd have a singer to sing stuff — I just want to play guitar."

IRAQI: reflect seen f

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A painting

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ASSOCIATED PR

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"Raising a pig how much fun de of the pig," Jenny vil *Herald of Hon*

A great-grandn gnia, egged on by in-law, finally got a high school dipl "I dreamed mat thy Johns, 71, of the Ravenswood (

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