

## EVERYTHING LACKS SOMETHING

### Change in style hampers Hatfield's *Only Everything*

By Amy Collier  
THE BATTALION

Juliana Hatfield  
*Only Everything*  
Mammoth Records  
★★ 1/2 stars

Juliana Hatfield's new style is hard to adjust to in her third solo album *Only Everything*.

Hatfield, perhaps best known for her song "Spin the Bottle" on the *Reality Bites* soundtrack, has shied away from the experimental and light-hearted style of her first two albums, *Hey Babe* and *Become What You Are*, to more slow and serious songs.

Adding to her newfound style is the fact that Hatfield is no longer performing with her band the Juliana Hatfield Three. Besides writing all the tracks and performing all the vocals, Hatfield alone plays the guitar, keyboards and even some bass.

Because of her ability to do all of these things at once, Hatfield does display a great musical talent and potential to be-

come a major musical force.

However, she should realize that her vocals, which were once strong and clear, are suffering. She needs to accept the fact that she needs some help.

Through most of the 14-song album, Hatfield's voice is drowned out by her guitar playing.

She emphasizes that she has mastered distortion, but consequently it makes her voice sound like a whisper and almost impossible to understand.

Songs like "Congratulations," "Outsider" and "Simplicity is Beautiful" are long and tedious. Hatfield sounds as if she has absolutely no interest in the song and is struggling to reach the end. It's almost as if these songs were put on the album just as filler.

There are some serious lyrics on some songs, such as "Dying Proof." Hatfield asks, "If life is a performance, and I am not an actor / Am I supposed to lie down and die?" While lyrics like these are effective, the rest of the album lacks the same lyrical quality and shows she has not achieved her full potential as a songwriter.

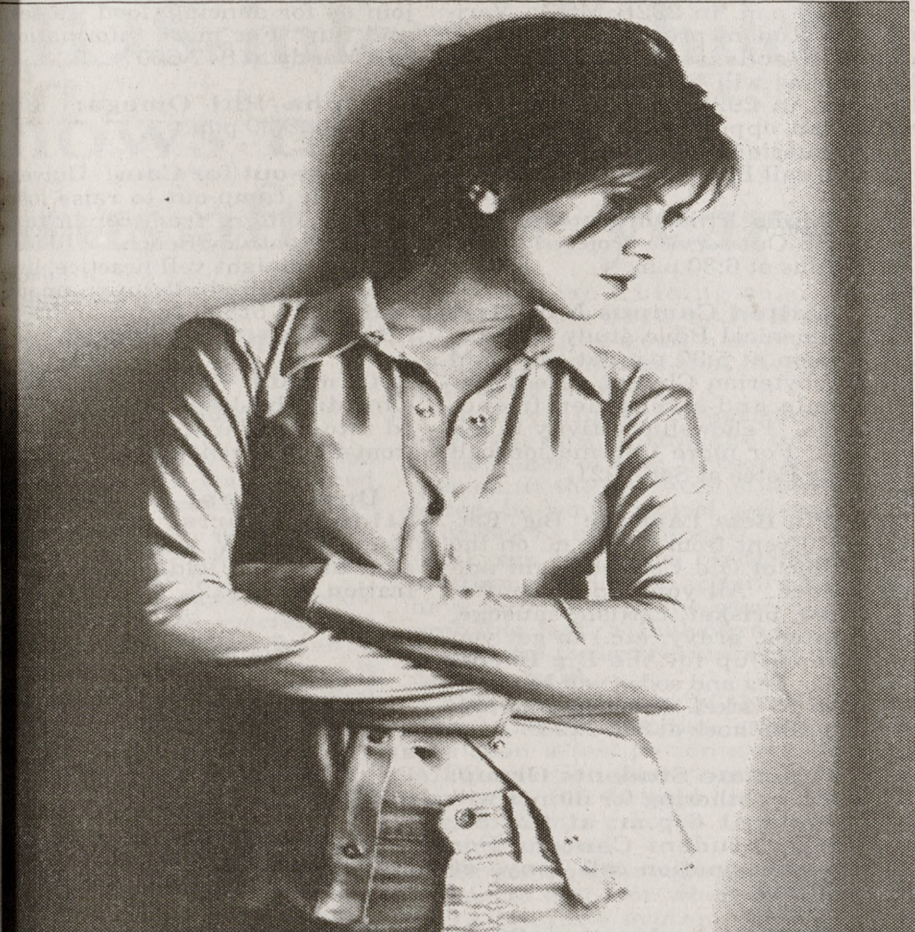
The song "Dumb Fun" sounds exactly like its title. Hatfield apparently ran out of ideas while she was writing this one, as almost half of the song is Hatfield repeatedly singing, "Dumb, dumb, dumb."

"Dumb" must have been exactly what she was thinking when she recorded the song.

But there are a few songs that show Hatfield's artistic promise. Hatfield finds her true calling when she pours out her heart and soul in "Bottles and Flowers," and "Hang Down from Heaven." Each of the songs have introspective lyrics matched with her — finally — strong vocals.

"My Darling" is the winner of the bunch. She emotionally sings, "You're hurting me my darling / It's killing me my darling / Tell me what can I do? / You never give me anything." The hurt and pain Hatfield experiences is quite vivid.

Although Hatfield takes a bold effort of becoming a serious singer/songwriter on *Only Everything*, she needs to return to the spontaneity that made her such an entertaining artist. She should realize that her calling as a musician is to be fun, not depressing and boring.



Juliana Hatfield

## Musical discovery all part of growing up

When I was in high school, I knew someone that went to one of Prince's last-minute performances at First Avenue, his Minneapolis club. He was excited about it, but I didn't understand the big deal.

Another pal waited for eight hours to see Peter Murphy on stage. Eight hours? That seemed ridiculous.

My high school certainly had its share of contemporary music junkies. The ones who know all of the songs by heart, buy the albums, wait in line to get overpriced tickets and put the posters on the ceiling. They know what's up in music. They are aware of the trends and may even help make those trends.

It's a phase that many went through during those formative teen years. It seems to be a part of being an adolescent. Teenagers form musical tastes and collect CDs, often finding a voice in an artist's songs or a spokesperson in a performer. They attach themselves to their music.

Adolescent angst is cliched, yet real. Popular music softens the pain for some, or at least provides an outlet for expression. Some of 'em anyway.

I never attended a real rock concert while in high school. Sure, I saw The Jets at a small lakeside resort in Northern Minnesota, but I don't think that counts.

I sort of wish I hadn't seen them, actually. My best concert experience was having eighth row seats at a St. Paul Chamber Orchestra concert when I was 15 years old. And hearing Dave Brubeck, a noted jazz pianist, really made my day.

ERIN HILL

ASST. OPINION EDITOR



I spent my teen years listening to Minnesota Public Radio and loved Garrison Keillor's "Lake Wobegon."

The first time I really listened to a non-classical radio station — I remember it because it was such a rare occurrence — Phil Collins' "Invisible Touch" was playing.

Wow! My friend knew the words, since she listened to that stuff all the time. But for me, it was foreign.

I loved music, I just didn't know "new" music. My mode of expression wasn't with popular voice, it was with my parents' collection of classical records. My spokesperson wasn't on tour.

When I hit college, it was culture shock. People had posters of rock stars. I had a poster of violins. Branching out for me was getting into Neil Diamond. I believed in vinyl.

So what happened during my last year as an undergraduate? I got introduced to new stuff.

I suppose it really started when I saw Yanni perform.

A concert. Wow! I wondered if this was what all my friends had been doing while I was busy playing Christopher Parkening records.

Last summer, a friend gave me a Sarah McLachlan album, which led to my obsession with her music. I moved on to listening to people who made similar music. Then on to similar messages.

I started reading Rolling Stone. I started to care who got nominated for Grammy Awards. I even watched MTV.

This was a first, and a signal that something had drastically changed, perhaps for

the worse. Those videos wouldn't have interested me five years ago. Or even two years ago. But now, at 22 years of age, I care who's putting stuff out.

Why is it that as I head toward the on-ramp to the real world, I'm suddenly acquiring some very teenage habits and characteristics?

I hole up in my room, listening to my CDs. I practice my guitar and beg people to teach me chords and songs. I read magazines about recording artists. I watch the newspaper for concert notices.

I've attended some performances that changed the way I look at the world. The Indigo Girls show last week wasn't just an entertaining way to spend a couple of hours. It was an affirmation of a direction I've chosen to take in my life.

Who would have thought that my world view could be altered by a rock star?

Bach, yes, but rock, no. I just discovered R.E.M.'s *Life's Rich Pageant*. It felt like I had found a hidden treasure, but come to find out, everyone had already heard it. Back in 1986 when the band released it.

Likewise, The Pixies, who did most of their recording during the '80s, have caught my eye and ear. There are others, and so I go backwards, discovering for the first time the sounds that my high school class was groovin' to.

I am reluctant to give up these habits, even though I should be concentrating, perhaps, on life after graduation.

Am I trying to avoid growing up? Am I in a phase? Will it pass?

Does being out of school scare me or am I just a late bloomer?

I don't know. But I do need to practice my guitar.

## Environmental Fact of the Week



Roger Hsieh/THE BATTALION

Yard debris accounts for approximately 31 million tons of the nation's municipal solid waste.

— Garbage Magazine

Fact courtesy of Joe Sanchez, Recycling Coordinator for Texas A&M's Physical Plant

## The Association of Former Students Induction Banquet



Wednesday & Thursday, April 5 & 6, 1995

COLLEGE STATION HILTON HOTEL  
GRAND BALLROOM - 6:15 P. M.

All May & August '95 graduates\* are invited  
Complimentary tickets may be picked up in the  
MSC Hallway, March 28, 29, & 30 (9 a.m. - 3 p.m.)

TICKETS GIVEN ON A FIRST-COME, FIRST-SERVED BASIS  
Student I.D. Required to Pick Up Tickets

Compliments of The Association of Former Students

\*Graduate students not already a member may attend either night

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