

Happy ending for the French hostages

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# People

weekly

The frenzy over  
who's bugging Di

## Barbra Streisand

# A STAR IS REBORN

Dinner with Janet Reno,  
a chat with Colin Powell.  
She's reading Jefferson  
and releasing a Broadway  
album. But what does  
Barbra really want?



At the Inaugural  
Gala with the First F.O.B.  
(Friend of Barbra)





Y. LENQUET/STILLER/RETNA

**A TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY** "To leave your mark you need talent, a unique vision and stubbornness." The reformed egomaniac has all three.



**SYMPHONY OR DAMN (EXPLORING THE TENSION INSIDE THE SWEETNESS)**

*Terence Trent D'Arby*

**A**WOL since 1989's scattered, experimental *Neither Fish nor Flesh*, D'Arby (the "I am a genius" wunderkind of 1987) returns with an eclectic and defiantly great third album. From the Middle Eastern lounge-jazz filigree of "Delicate" to the garage-rock snarl of "She Kissed Me" (as tough a song as he's ever recorded), D'Arby shifts gears with a soul man's grace and a rocker's bravado. His sexy, edgy tenor is a voice that grabs you in all its guises.

Once again the talented auteur writes and arranges every song and plays a host of instruments, producing 65 minutes of music that could have been trimmed a bit without losing the intensity and self-absorption that's central to his persona. He's the pretty

boy who knows just how pretty he is, yet you can't take your eyes off him. Not since Prince has a musician flaunted his sexual desires so blatantly and so effortlessly. And, like Prince, D'Arby transforms his need for love and sex into mythic experiences, casting himself as a one-man messiah of the wild thing. (Columbia) ■ **AMY LINDEN**

**FIRE OF FREEDOM**

*Black 47*

**A**nthems and Irish rock go together like corned beef and cabbage. But since early U2 put forth a new vision of pop's redeeming power, there have been too many platitudes and ▶

**Talking with . . . Terence Trent D'Arby**

**"I HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT MYSELF"**

*WHEN INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE According to Terence Trent D'Arby* hit in 1987, its gifted 25-year-old creator won instant accolades—and, the next winter, a Grammy for best R&B vocal. But D'Arby's increasingly arrogant and outlandish claims ("My album is better than *Sgt. Pepper*," "I will be as massive as Madonna, as massive as Michael Jackson"), delivered in a high-toned accent the Manhattan-born musician acquired in his adopted hometown of London, gradually turned bouquets to brickbats. After his second album bombed, D'Arby

withdrew, eventually resettling in L.A. "Well," he says with a laugh, "the press got what they wanted!" Now 31, he's starting over. "Maybe [some critics] missed the fact that half the time what I said was meant to be funny and ironic. But the fact is, I played a media game and got my fingers burned, and I have no one to blame but myself. I thought *The Hardline* was good, but I knew that a lot of people make good records that never get heard. I was going to do everything in my power to make sure that didn't happen. I did my job—perhaps a little too well." ■ **AL**

■ PICKS & PANS ■



too much romanticizing of dreary existence. Black 47, however, is an Irish-American band, and in that hyphen lies a world of difference.

Leader Larry Kirwan writes and sings about illegal Irish immigrants holed up in apartments in the white outposts within Queens and the Bronx, in New York City. Black 47 (a reference to 1847, the height of the potato famine) surrounds the tales with lilting Irish pipes and percussion, but also searing guitars, hip-hop break beats, reggae and funk—the background noise heard on the subways of the new promised

land. With a reedy voice that recalls Kevin Rowland of Dexy's Midnight Runners and a style of lyrics that conjures up *Born to Run*-era Springsteen, Kirwan speaks for those whose link to the old sod is, as a character in one song realizes, sometimes just the shamrock on a bottle of Wild Irish Rose. Long a staple of New York City nightlife, the quintet makes its major-label debut with a rowdy but clear-eyed take on urban life and love and the blurring of cultures. (Kirwan wonders, in "Banks of the Hudson," whether he'll survive bringing a black girlfriend to his section of the Bronx.) In every song, Black 47 spurns nostalgia and embraces all who search for a deeper sense of home, wherever it might be. (SBK) ■ AL



▲ BLACK 47 Larry Kirwan (second from left) and his Irish exiles in New York City

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