

**SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE**

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# People

weekly



THE **25**  
MOST  
INTRIGUING  
PEOPLE  
OF **1984**  
&  
FACES  
TO WATCH  
IN 1985





**PICKS & PANS**

**BEST of SONG**

**Buscando America (Searching for America)**

**Rubén Blades** Spinning tales of murdered priests, teenage mothers and disappeared neighbors, Blades combines a sense of plot out of Gabriel García Márquez with a fleet, eloquent band to bring salsa into the '80s.

**EB '84**

**The Everly Brothers** Mix some vintage rockabilly, some country, some soft rock and a touch of Beatle and you have an album that was worth waiting more than 10 years for.

**Big Bam Boom**

**Hall and Oates** The precise popsters prove they are anything but out of touch.

**2 AM Paradise Café**

**Barry Manilow** It's as if he had saved years' worth of sensitivity, nuances and insight just to pour them into this touching, cathartically melancholy album.

**Learning to Crawl**

**The Pretenders** Birth (of a daughter) and death (of two bandmates) enrich lead vocalist Chrissie Hynde's lyrics, her smoky, one-of-a-kind voice and her careening guitar rock.

**Born in the U.S.A.**

**Bruce Springsteen** The closest thing rock has to a working-class hero, Bruce remains peerless at

The Everly Brothers (Phil, left, and Don) got back together again to turn out *EB '84*.



mythologizing underdogs and the girls who perch on the fenders of their guys' '65 Chevys.

**Private Dancer**

**Tina Turner** Proud Tina keeps on burnin'.

**That's the Way I Feel Now: A Tribute to Thelonious Monk**

**Various Artists** Bringing together such disparate talents as Peter Frampton, Dr. John, Elvin Jones, Carla Bley, Donald Fagen, NRBQ and Bobby McFerrin, this eclectic tribute proves that the late pianist's wry, touching, jaunty music has influenced far more than the world of jazz.

**In 3-D**

**Weird Al Yankovic** If there are people who really need to laugh at themselves, it's the ones in pop music, and Weird Al gives them what for.

**Bach: The Unaccompanied Cello Suites**

**Yo-Yo Ma** Revel in the warmth and visceral tug of Ma's cello as he unfurls Bach's flowing melodies, each so complete that it defies embellishment.

**WORST of SONG**

**Welcome to the Pleasure Dome**

**Frankie Goes to Hollywood** Probably even Ché Guevara wouldn't have much appreciated hearing this technopunk British group singing about what a lovable fellow he was.

**Body and Soul**

**Joe Jackson** Nothing says that a rocker can't attempt to sprout some new wings, but this mangy concept album, with its whining vocals, trudging arrangements and fatuous lyrics, doesn't even begin to fly.

**Victory**

**The Jacksons** In order to live up to the hype and hoopla they generated this year, Michael and his brothers would have had to come up with a cross between *Thriller*, *Rhapsody in Blue* and *The Ring of the Nibelung*. Unfortunately, this perfunctory package was a stalemate at best.

**Hot House Flowers**

**Wynton Marsalis** You can come back out of that



Prince's old—well, not that old—backup singer Vanity bared a few weaknesses on *Wild Animal*.

stuffy place that you wandered into, Wynton; all is forgiven.

**Folk of the '80s (Part III)**

**Men Without Hats** Rock's redundant Canadian caperers left us one thing to be thankful for: There were no Parts I and II.

**Angel Eyes**

**Willie Nelson** Willie's woeful attempt to become a cool jazz outlaw version of Mel Tormé proved only that if you try enough different things, sooner or later you'll do something that turns out to be really embarrassing.

**Condition Critical**

**Quiet Riot** It's all the heavy-metal, light-brain outfits like this one that are going to give electricity a bad name.

**LA Is My Lady**

**Frank Sinatra** Much of this album is actually splendid, but the title song is so egregiously dumb it must have cities all over the country quaking with worry that Sinatra is going to honor them as well. You could be next, Dubuque.

**Isolation**

**Toto** If the old Wicked Witch of the West had dissolved the little mutt in the first place, these guys would not have had a name for their group and maybe we wouldn't have had to put up with their relentlessly bland California pop.

**Wind Animal**

**Vanity** Vanity, thy name is turkey.