



The Rolling Stones Sticky Fingers: Live At The Fonda Theatre 2015

★★★★

Eagle Rock ERE DV 1289 (DVD/
DVD+CD/DVD+3LP)

Sticky triumph

The Stones have themed shows around albums before but had never played one all the way through until delivering *Sticky Fingers* on the opening night of 2015's *Zip Code* tour at LA's Fonda Theatre – with a capacity of 1,200, it's an intimate venue by their standards. That remarkable night now becomes a fabulous addition to their *From The Vault* series.

The Stones hadn't played *Moonlight Mile* since 1999, others (like *Sway*) once in a blue moon. It's a rare treat hearing these, along with *You Gotta Move*, *Wild Horses*, *Dead Flowers* and *I Got The Blues*, given such rich, widescreen reinterpretations by the Stones' touring company.

Selections are punctuated by individual interviews, Keith remarking how *Sticky Fingers* was "pretty much soaked in any drug you can think of... especially where I was concerned". Some 46 years later he's steering the band with effortless rolling thunder, Jagger's in astonishing voice and Woody's replacing Mick Taylor's mercurial contributions with cascading lyricism, whether duelling with sax titan Karl Denson on *Can't You Hear Me Knocking* or searing slide on *Sister Morphine*. Still operating on Stones rules, they shuffle *Brown Sugar* from its usual finale spot and encore with a tribute to the recently-deceased BB King.

Now, how about *Exile*?
Kris Needs

Alice Cooper Welcome To My Nightmare

★★★★

Eagle Rock EREDV 1283 (DVD)

A clown like Alice

Though rarely acknowledged in print or by radio hosts, up until 1975 Alice Cooper was the name of a band with a

lead singer called Vince Furnier. Then, with his musician colleagues out of the picture, Furnier took on the moniker for himself and fully embraced the showbiz elements of the character.

This disc features a live show from the tour under the banner of that year's album, but arguably of more interest is *The Nightmare*, a rarely-seen TV special in which the record's songs are accompanied by iffy horror-related studio sets and interpretive dance – think the cast of *Glee* staging a *Rocky Horror* prom. The hard rock elements of the previous seven Alice Cooper releases are fading fast, replaced largely by mock spooky vignettes and a hammy cameo from Vincent Price.

It's all good fun, if a little tacky and low on production values, and the songs aren't as strong as earlier material. Department Of Youth has echoes of the old days (our hero dancing on a life-sized magazine with Donny Osmond on the cover), and *Only Women Bleed*, the powerful ballad addressing domestic violence is a clear standout, amid cookie cutter mock outrage that had thousands of diehard fans screaming "Sell-out!" *Terry Staunton*

Whitney: Can I Be Me

★★★★

Dogwoof, cat no tbc (DVD)

The sad decline of a diva

It's easy to forget the level of fame and success Whitney Houston enjoyed until the wheels began to fall off her wagon, especially as her career threatens to be overshadowed by a death that reads like clichéd shorthand for excess and oblivion. It's to film-maker Nick Broomfield's credit that he reminds viewers of the record-breaking chart hits and global adulation as well as the tragedy towards which they contributed.

With access to intimate footage from an unfinished documentary following Houston on her 1999 European tour, he exposes the cracks widening without sensationalism, as the troubled diva spirals from lively, witty superstar to a substance-dependent train wreck exploited by almost everyone around her. Admirably, husband Bobby Brown isn't painted as the sole culprit; label boss Clive Davis and Houston's own mother Cissy don't escape untarnished.



The spotlight is still on Whitney

Like Broomfield's previous music star post-mortems *Kurt & Courtney* and *Biggie & Tupac*, it's a cautionary tale about the darker side of stardom, but never loses sight of the extraordinary talent of its subject. It is a film that might break your heart, but it will constantly surprise you; who knew, for instance, that Whitney singing unaccompanied for the first verse of *I Will Always Love You* was Kevin Costner's idea? *Terry Staunton*

from the worthy cause, *Change Begins From Within* could actually go down as one of the best late performances from Macca.

Eight years is a long time in heritage artist land, and this marvellous if slightly left-field collaboration of talents highlights the shifting mores of pop; one wonders if Moby, LaVette or Harper would be in the line-up today, but how fantastic they are. As befitting a concert celebrating meditation, everyone seems thoroughly at ease and that leads to some freewheeling performances.

David Lynch is as chummily otherworldly as ever. The big sing-song finale of *I Saw Her Standing There* reunites five from the famous Rishikesh Maharishi 1968 photograph (Mike Love, Paul Horn, Donovan, Paul and Ringo). *Change Begins From Within* captures great artists in their late prime and Macca is on fire. Ringo is superb too; there's always a special magic when he gets behind that drum kit. *Daryl Easlea*



Change Begins From Within

★★★★

Eagle Rock 4947817263913
(DVD/BR)

Macca and co in their late pomp

Recorded at Radio City Music Hall in New York in April 2009, Paul McCartney was joined by Ringo, Sheryl Crow, Donovan, Eddie Vedder, Ben Harper, Moby, Bettye LaVette and Jim James to raise funds and awareness for film director David Lynch's eponymous Foundation. It was a spectacular bash to help teach one million at-risk children to meditate. Aside

Time Remembered: The Life & Music Of Bill Evans

Distrijazz, cat no tbc (DVD)

Superlative profile of jazz's quiet, bespectacled hero

Jazz piano was never the same after Bill Evans. First emerging in the 50s, he ushered in a new way of playing – one that was often introspective and suffused with a lush, lyrical, romanticism influenced by classical music – that was hugely influential and shaped the sensibilities of other piano geniuses that followed

in his wake, including Herbie Hancock, Keith Jarrett, and more recently, Brad Mehldau.

But as Bruce Spiegel's magnificent documentary reveals, Evans' story is not a happy one. Like so many jazz musicians that rose to fame in the 50s, the pianist got hooked on heroin and could never free himself from the spectre of addiction during his 51 years (in the 70s he had a voracious cocaine habit as well). Despite his own problems and family tragedies (his first wife, Elaine, and his brother, Harry, both committed suicide), Evans found solace in music, though ultimately it wasn't enough to save him from an overwhelming sense of depression.

Despite this, Spiegel's film is celebratory in tone rather than doom-laden. Narrated by Evans' own voice (from radio interviews) and featuring interviews with the pianist's friends, family, and band members, it etches a vivid portrait of a troubled musical genius whose influence can still be felt today. *Charles Waring*

