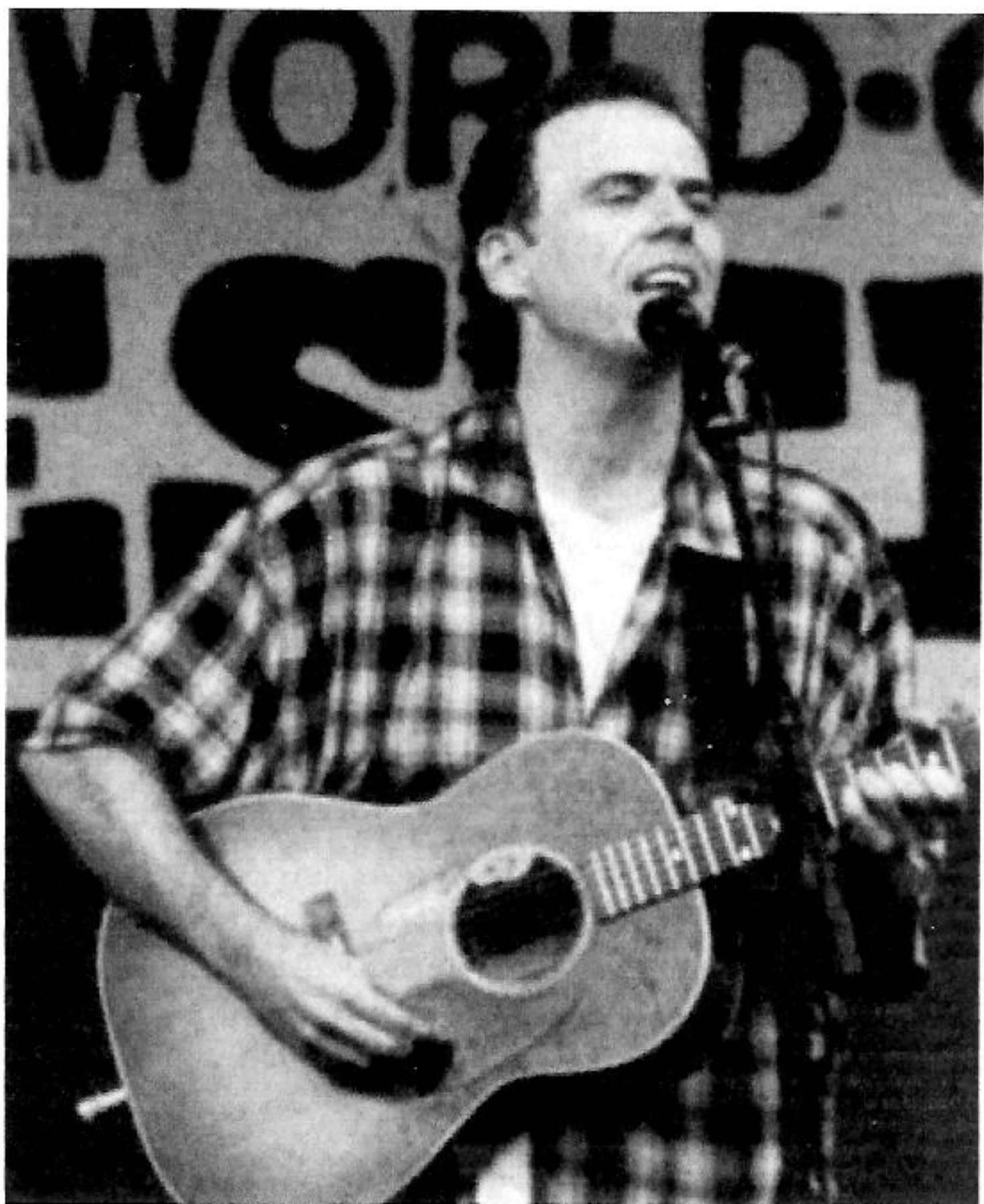


Slow Turning

John Hiatt Fanzine - Issue One



WELCOME

Welcome to *Slow Turning*, the new magazine created for John Hiatt fans by John Hiatt fans. As you know, in the twenty plus years John Hiatt has been recording many fan clubs have come and gone. My goal is to make this not only a magazine, but an open forum for fans to share their experiences, ideas and questions with each other. Check out the back page on how to get in touch!

.... It all started on an extremely cold Saturday morning when once again my mother and I found ourselves up before the crack of dawn waiting in line for tickets. To top it off, people with wristbands began to appear like warm little devils come to steal our soul giving tickets. Then, a familiar face appeared from the crowds, an old line-waiting friend from John's last show at the Orpheum! He informed us he had gotten a hold of a girl with a wristband who could get us tickets as well! (Thanks again to our savior, sorry I didn't catch your name!) We began to chatter about John and how much we had enjoyed the last concert. Our friend mentioned how disappointing it was that there was no longer any fan club, and while agreeing, I off-handedly mentioned I had enough information to start my own club. He was so enthusiastic, I began to consider. That night, I went into a frenzy, gathering the scattered photographs, magazine articles and reviews we had gathered and began forming what you now hold in your hands: *SLOW TURNING*, the John Hiatt Fanzine.

Actually, it was the weekend of December 8th and 9th that led me to create this circular, more than any accidental suggestion. On that particular Saturday, my mother and I were together again. This time we were warm, but on a two hundred mile drive to Burlington, VT during a blizzard. I was sleepy in the passenger seat, watching the snow float around us in cycadelic dream clouds contrasting the black pavement. I couldn't help but compare ourselves to the Deadheads, following our favorite band through the states. Only yesterday John Hiatt had put his arms around us for a photo opportunity at Strawberry's in Boston. We had seen a fantastic 110 minute show from our front row seats at the Orpheum and here we were, about to enjoy another performance at the Memorial Auditorium in Vermont's capital city. I unconsciously rubbed the cheap mood ring which became a constant companion after John Hiatt shook my hand with it on for good luck. There was a chance we could meet him again that night, and I was anxious to see if he remembered me.

Marvelous as it was, it isn't meeting John again as he jokingly asked me, "What are you doing here?" that sticks out most in my mind. And it isn't getting a hug from the multi-instrumental masterly talented mandolin player David Immergluck. It isn't even the amazing performance or my unbelieving reaction when Hiatt and the Queens broke out into "I Wanna Be Sedated" for their final encore. What I remember most about that miraculous weekend is the pre-show party thrown by the local radio station, WNCS. (Which we fondly have nicknamed the John Hiatt station. Be sure to tune in to 104.7 whenever you're in receiving distance.)

About twenty die-hards gathered to chat and win CDs, restaurant gift certificates and the chance to meet Hiatt after the show. The atmosphere was tense because each of us so desperately wanted to be among the handful chosen to meet him, but still there was a definite comradery. Each of us shared this great love in common, and each of us had our own comments to share. Like how aggravating it was to see John pushed aside at Newport for Mary Chapin Carpenter or how tears came to our eyes the first time we heard "Dust Down a Country Road" at the Ben and Jerry's One Heart One World Festival. (At which this issue's cover photo was taken.) It was this event which made me want to start a link of communication, so this sharing wouldn't be limited to one night every year or so when Hiatt has a concert. Maybe I'm the only one lonely to discuss the little things I pick out of magazines and lyric booklets, but from the hushed conversation, I don't think I am.

So whether this publication started that Saturday when I got tickets to the Seger/Hiatt show and frantically began to type into my IBM, or if it was before I was born when Hiatt first heard "Like a Rolling Stone" outside a drug store in Monticello, Indiana, changing his and consequently all of our lives... Here it is. Issue One of *Slow Turning*.

I'd like to thank WNCS for their continuing support of Mr. Hiatt and for throwing one hell of a party. Mr. Jack Gillis for first implanting the idea in my dense cranium and his lovely wife Pam for sending him out to the ticket lines to do so. Columbia Records for lots of info and putting out this terrific new album. My mom for her mental, musical and financial support. A full moon. And most of all, John Hiatt for giving so much of himself to his fans and those three little chords for the past twenty two years. And all of you who hopefully take the time to read all of this. Enjoy and RAVE ON!

John Hiatt Who?

We've all heard the question and annoying as it is, most of us try to answer. So here are the top ways to get a recognition:

COVERS "YOU MEAN SUZY DIDN'T WRITE THAT!"

Bonnie Raitt, *Thing Called Love*. (Be sure to remind them that John's version is better, of course and available on Bring the Family.)

Aaron Neville, *Feels Like Rain*. (Back before he crooned for cotton, Neville did a fantastic version of this Louisiana love song- worth picking up.)

Three Dog Night, *Sure as I'm Sitting Here*. (John's first commercial success and an often over-looked tune from Hanging Around the Observatory.)

Jeff Healey, *Angel Eyes*. (A luscious ballad which Healey brought onto the top ten.)

Suzy Bogguss, *Drive South*. (A forgetful rendition of one of John's trademark's, without the grit and get-up-and-go guitar. But it did score high in the country charts.)

SOUNDTRACKS "I NEVER REALIZED!"

True Lies, *Alone in the Dark*. (Guess who sings as Jaime Curtis dances for Arnie?)

Milk Money, *True Believer*. (Prostitute Melanie Griffith teaches a pre-teen to dance as this happy tune red-lines on the living room stereo.)

Benny and Joon and Look Who's Talking Now, *Have a Little Faith in Me*. (Stark piano can't be missed.)

Thelma and Louise, *Tennessee Plates*. (Yeah, it's Charlie Sexton playing, but the sight of Gena Davis country line dancing to this one almost makes you forget that.)

BANDS "THIS GUY MUST BE PRETTY GOOD."

Little Village. Ry Cooder, Nick Lowe, Jim Keltner... Sound familiar?

Nashville Queens. For those younger heathens you might mention he now plays for the former percussion section of Cracker and multi-instrumental Camper Van Beethoven veteran David Immergluck.

Rave On!!

Since his appearance in 1974 with *Hanging Around the Observatory*, Hiatt has been well received by the critics. In fact, in most reviews he is called a critics darling in the same sentences he is praised. Take a look for yourselves what writers and musicians have had to say about him over the years.

"A journeyman singer-songwriter ... still woefully underappreciated by the masses, Hiatt has delivered two of the finest albums of the Eighties - *Bring the Family* and *Slow Turning*, both of them mature masterpieces of deeply felt, intelligent R&B-inflected rock."

-David Wild, Rolling Stone

"John Hiatt is outrageous as a writer. I'm looking forward to meeting him, because I'm trying to get ideas how he can come up with such great, great material."

-Buddy Guy, musician

"...one of the best of all the working songwriters, ... Hiatt is more than just a good listen. His songs are lifelines."

-Jay Cocks, Time

"Aside from being one of my favorite singers, John's songs present some of the most originally skewed insights into life and the human condition you're going to find."

-Bonnie Raitt, musician

"Literate, canny, hard-edged, peppered with grim and unexpected rhymes,... combines the ironic wit of Randy Newman with Saturday night, blue-collar energy of Bruce Springsteen."

-Peter J. Smith, NY Times Magazine

"Hiatt's supposed mentors, Bruce Springsteen and Elvis Costello, suffered from the performers' long haul in the music biz, Hiatt's 13th release (*Walk On*) shrugs off the same fate without changing his classic roots-rock direction."

-Franklin Soult, Boston Phoenix

"John Hiatt writes lyrics that are beautiful, soulful, tear-jerking, romantic, and that you can relate to. His music is inspiring and he's a master at bridging the gap between country and rock."

-Mark Bryan, musician

"Hiatt is sort of the Cal Ripken Jr. of the rock world. ... he may not be the flashiest player, but he is a workhouse who never fails to deliver quality work. ... Hiatt's songwriting just seems to be getting stronger."

-Craig Tomashoff, People

"Hiatt has molded what was once a nasal Midwestern growl into a surprisingly supple instrument. ... he provided a more-than-convincing object lesson on how heartland rock & roll can keep up with the times without losing its soul."

-Glenn Kenney, Rolling Stone

"I can truly say I've done some good surfing behind John Hiatt's great songs, his meat-on-the-bone guitar playing, and his fuel injector voice. He's the real thing, and I've met a few, but only a few. ... John has a focus and an intensity that eats the machines so you can get down and surf at home."

-Ry Cooder, musician

"...songs elegant in their simplicity but ever simplistic, sung the way he speaks - with plainspoken hopefulness. His music rides the cusp of where country meets rock."

-Dave Luhrssen, Milwaukee's Down Town Edition

"John is a master of many sounds and styles. His music is whatever it needs to be to express the wide range of his feelings and moods. ... Always, it is a music filled with spirit, energy, humor, and excitement. And of course, John's strangely compelling voice is the perfect match for the curious music and more curious lyrics. Hiatt's not just strange - these days it's easy to be weird. Hiatt takes it all one step beyond: like truth, he is stranger than fiction."

-Bruce Harris

Similar Tracks

Many comparisons have been drawn to John Hiatt's working class tales of the lives we've all lived and short-story writer/poet Raymond Carver's narratives. Says Hiatt: "My feeling ever since I was a kid was that the weirdest stuff was going on behind closed doors somewhere . . . And that's what Carver talks about. He really nails you." "This guy is so good it makes me go limp. Makes me wonder how I can spiff up my act." Compare yourself. Raymond Carver's "Something is Happening" from a 1970 collection and John's 1982 song "Something Happens" are below.

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING

Something is happening to me
if I can believe my
senses this is not just
another distraction dear
I am tied up still
in the same old skin
the pure ideas and ambitious yearnings
the clean and healthy cock
at all costs
but my feet are beginning
to tell me things about their new relationship to
my hands heart hair and eyes

Something is happening to me
if I could I would ask you
have you ever felt anything similar
but you are already so far
away tonight I do not think
you would hear besides
my voice has also been affected

Something is happening to me
do not be surprised if
walking someday soon in this bright
Mediterranean sun you look
across at me and discover
a woman in my place
or worse
a strange whitehaired man
writing a poem
one who can no longer form words
who is simply moving his lips
trying
to tell you something

SOMETHING HAPPENS

I'm gonna jump in
Wanna step on the gas
Drive right out of
This place fast.
She said "red light!"
I'll take those keys
Out of my mind, and on my knees

Chorus: Something Happens...
I don't know why
Can't seem to get my future out of her eye.
Something Happens...
Never for sure
And if I could name this sickness, I'd be cured.

She's gone restless and it's her brain
Always static on that line.
Till the fall out from the wall
And in my head, I get that call

Chorus

She don't want to talk-
She don't want to talk to me
She just wanna look-
She just wanna look through me.

It's a famine or it's a feast.
Who's that Beauty? Who's that Beast?
Driven to murder or happiness.
And if I do it, will I confess?

Chorus

TELL YOUR FRIENDS!!!

Know someone you just know would love *Slow Turning*? Send us their name and address and we'll gladly send them a copy of this issue and put them on our mailing list for lots more pictures, reviews, info and interviews! Find our address on the back page of this issue.

Monologue Masterpieces

Hiatt is known for his clever lyrics, but so live performances often reveal a deeper look at these great songs. Here's some of the banter that you wish was always part of the song. One quote to keep in mind: "I guess all these songs are for me. I'm sorry, folks. I'm just a selfish son-of-a-bitch when it gets right down to it."

RIDE ALONG: "This is a song about getting up in the morning and it's like... It's like your mind got up before you did. And it's telling you stuff. It's saying, 'It's gonna be a bad day. It's gonna be a really bad day. Don't even get up. Don't even get up. Well, if you're going to get up, you better behave yourself. You better just ride along.' " (miming getting ready for work) "Come on, honey! I got to go. Is the coffee ready? What! I don't have any clean shirts. What's going on here? Damn, that's the fourth D he's gotten this semester. What are we gonna do with that boy? Well, I'm off. You know, I-I-I...I don't like changing soap."

IT'LL COME TO YOU: "This is a song about when it's going really nice in your life. The marriage is looking good. You look good. You feel good. You and the wife are getting along, you're talking, the sex is good. The kids are getting A's and B's. You got enough to put food on the table. Your friends treat you well, you treat your friends well. You sleep good, you go to bed, you get eight hours of thick, deep REM-I'm talking sleep. And you do it with a shit-eatin' grin, too. Life is...good. And one night you're getting some of that good, deep sleep like you haven't had since you were a baby, and you're smiling. You're feeling so great about this sleep, and all of a sudden a little bit of your past comes in, it's almost like kind of a dream, it's like a little fly, and you're going, 'Shoo, shoo, shoo, go on, go on.' But it just keeps coming. And all of a sudden you are wide awake saying to yourself, 'Oh, man, I thought the brain cells that were assigned to that particular memory had sloughed off a long, long time ago.' "

IS ANYBODY THERE: "I remember writing this down in the basement of this old house we lived in down in Nashville and my wife and kids were right upstairs but for some reason I was overcome by this awful, lonely feeling. Y'all know when it creeps up on you, it doesn't matter. You could have loved ones within one hundred yards. It's just that, it's kinda like that black hole stuff. It sneaks up on you and goes...This song's kinda about that."

FEELS LIKE RAIN: "This took place on a Sunday morning back in the winter time. Me and the Mrs. were sitting in the living room and had the Sunday paper spread out all over the floor. I had my blue, plaid pajamas on. I was sitting next to her there on the couch. We'd already read the paper and I wanted to talk about other things. Like love. So I picked up my acoustic guitar because... Well, that's how I do my talking. And I said, 'Mrs. Hiatt! I know what you like, girl. You'd like to be down in Louisiana right about now in the nighttime with the rain coming down.' "

TRUDY AND DAVE: "It's a story about a couple of people. I actually read about these guys, a similar story in a national newspaper three or four years back. It seems they saw one of those Crimestopper deals on TV and decided if it worked for those people why oughtn't they give it a try. They did and it didn't work out for them quite like they planned. They were arrested and they were on television that evening, full of remorse, dressed in orange. It was a sad, very sad thing. And they looked straight in the camera and said, 'Just don't, just don't try this. Just don't try it.' So that's good advice. And their names were Trudy and Dave, bless their souls."

SLOW TURNING: (during the bridge, during the Gulf War) "Well, I'm riding in my car. And it looks like I'm running just a little low on oil. But I don't know if it's worth fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty or ninety or a hundred thousand men and women dying, just so I can put a quart of oil in my car. So I believe I'm just gonna put it over here and park it for a while, baby. Let's just turn the radio on. Let's turn it way down low. Now, unlike Mr. Bush or Mr. Baker I don't come here tonight to offer any ultimatum. I come to you tonight to negotiate a settlement equitable to both parties. And here's what I propose. I propose you come closer. I suggest you come closer right now. Uh... This was supposed to be a Betty and Veronica kinda deal. Feels more like Ma and Pa Kettle. Are those your children back there? What!?! Those are our children in the back seat! Come on! And I'm yelling at the kids in the back...."

Little Village

They had us bopping and laughing to "Solar Sex Panel" and slipping out of our seats to the sultry slide guitar and capturing words of "Lipstick Sunset". Yet, only one album and tour came out of it. What happened? Here's the story of the short-lived super band.

HOWD IT START? . . Ry: For years I thought I was missing something because, for my money, bands make the best music. ... Keltner, who I've worked with for going on twenty years, and I talked a lot about this and when we got together to do John's Bring the Family with Nick on bass, we came up with a really good quartet sound. Eventually, amorously, it just kind of pulled itself together. It's miraculous, I think.

John: I knew there was gold here to be mined. When you play with these guys you're going to learn something. So much of the process was letting the music lead. We just had enough trust, courage and ignorance to tag along and see where it went. We never really had it. It just let us know when it was there.

HOWD IT WORK OUT? . . John: We all have a lot of respect for each other. That helps. I've worked with Ry since 1980, and he's taught me a lot. He was the first guy, I felt, that really liked the way I played guitar. It meant a lot to me. Nick is a natural bass player with a sound you can hang your hat on. Jim is the most musical drummer I've ever worked with. He's the secret ingredient for the band...the outside curve ball that made it interesting.

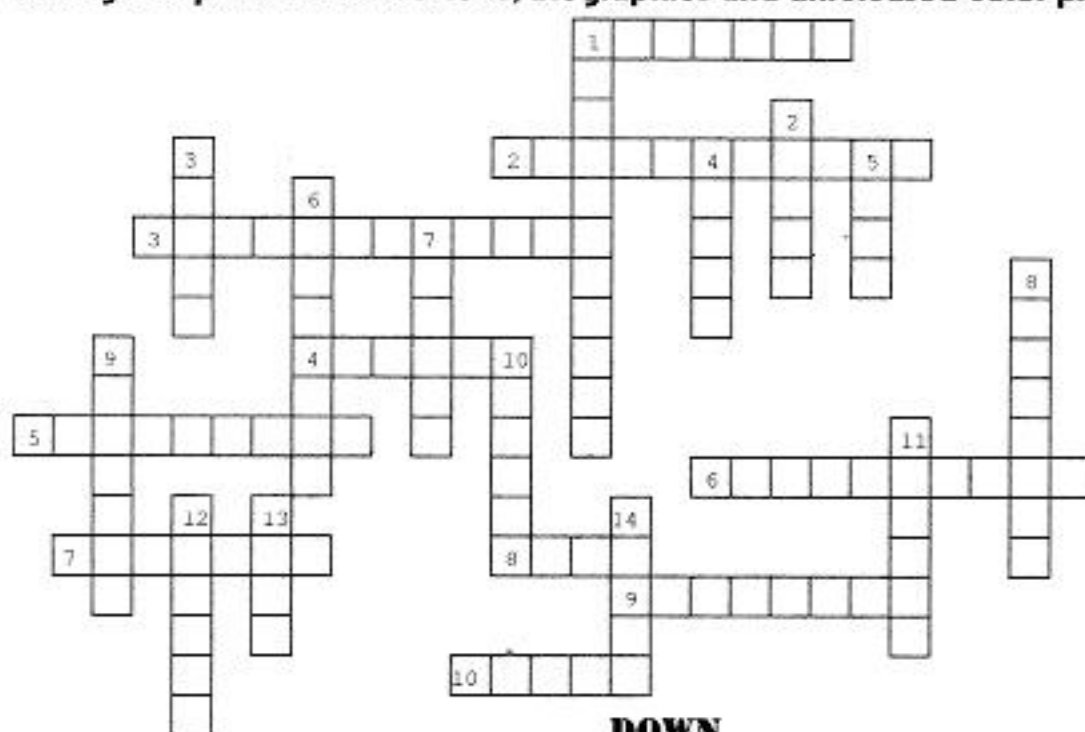
Ry: And, of course, when you meet someone with John's abilities, the job is to look for an opportunity to do something together. ... (On the songwriting process.) John: All you need is a little something to kick you over the edge. Ry is always collecting titles, like the song "She Runs Hot." My natural inclination was to put it in a car motif and place it in Harden County, Tennessee, where I've been spending some time lately. A popular bootlegging territory. "Don't Think About Her When You're Trying to Drive" was, again, a Ry title. When we started working on the words together we'd fax versions back and forth, me in Nashville and Ry in L.A. That's the way things evolved. ... This has been a humbling experience, learning to work with other people, which I don't do well. I'm grateful to have come to this point to have the opportunity to collaborate. It's really exciting, especially with this group of guys. Here, who you are is as important as how you make music. We're all trying some new things, taking a few risks, trusting.

HOW WERE THE REVIEWS? . . (taken from April 27, 1992 Boston Herald article by Dean Johnson) Some bands look better on paper than they'll ever sound on stage or disc. Little Village could have easily slipped into that category. The newly formed quartet boasts three singer/songwriters - John Hiatt, Ry Cooder and Nick Lowe - accustomed to fronting their own bands and having things their own way. Could that trio get along well enough to work together on a single project with drummer/songwriter Jim Keltner? Little Village's recently released debut album was a tasty slab of well-written and well-performed pop with a heavy emphasis on roots music. The band's debut Boston appearance at the Orpheum for a near-capacity crowd was an even sweeter treat. The 110-minute set consisted of 20 songs, including all 11 of the new release, along with a few choice nuggets from the three frontmen's pasts. There was a stronger sense of dynamics and comfortable, combustible group chemistry in the show than on the band's disc. The concert featured four veteran musicians just having a ball feeding off each other's energy. The date was the last on the band's tour, so an agreeably wry and goofy atmosphere accompanied the mostly razor-sharp music. Lowe, Hiatt and Cooder swapped vocals all night, though Hiatt was the one most often front and center. The show, broadcast live on WBCN, kicked off with a rollicking version of "She Runs Hot" from the new disc, full of taut rhythm and tart, smart slide guitar lines from Cooder. The band received a rapturous response the moment it stepped on stage, causing Lowe to comment after the first tune, "No point in asking you how you're feeling tonight." He preceded to describe the rest of the show thusly: "Fast songs, slow songs, new songs, old songs, smart songs, stupid songs ... a musical soup de jour." The group dutifully made Lowe a prophet by the end of the night. Songs such as "Take Another Look," "Don't Bug Me When I'm Working," and "Don't Go Away Mad" were so irresistibly rhythmic (and punchier in a live setting) that most of the audience members were waving their heads and necks like gaggles of nervous geese. The band members' between-song banter added a nice, light touch to the concert, which also fleshed out with Hiatt's jittery "Memphis in the Meantime" and the hit he penned for Bonnie Raitt, "Thing Called Love." . . Last night's show was a gourmet fare: lean and savory with no extra fat and just the right amount of hickory flavoring.

SO WHY'D IT END? . . John: I was slammed and juiced by that band. I got really energized by the whole experience. I was just writing, writing, writing and I felt like a kid -- I didn't know how to handle all this energy. It really shook a lot loose... I wore those guys out. We went out on tour and they all started crying and had to go home... After that, it was definitely time to play with some youngsters."

CROSSWORD

Here's your chance to test your Hiatt knowledge. Difficulty ranges from radio listener to Die-Hard fanatic. Send in a correctly completed puzzle and we'll send you a press kit with reviews, biographies and unreleased color pictures!



ACROSS

- Hiatt's current bar content
- Trial place in Tennessee Plates
- Hiatt's birth place
- Instrumental insecticide
- Walk On's Louisiana street
- Fourty million dollar Van Gogh
- Harold's Estella's poison
- First job in Nashville (company)
- ___ lights dance on the air
- Rolling Stone kids bang like

****ANSWERS WILL BE
PUBLISHED IN THE
NEXT ISSUE. ****

Good Luck!!

DOWN

- Trudy's Dave's cigarette brand (2)
- Adult female doll in the Wreck of the Barbi Ferrari
- Jimmy's expected line of return
- # of rooms in the Zero House
- Little Villager / King Producer
- Walk On producer / bassist
- Tennessee Plates co-writer
- Perfectly Good Guitar with a crack
- Oldest little Indian
- Hiatt's father and son's name
- She Loves the Jerk narrator
- Month of Lipstick Sunsets
- Hungry Something Wild
- Travel time = all the time we've wasted

Keep in Touch!!!

So, what do you think? Whether it's that you love the magazine and want to subscribe or think it's pathetic and want to make it better, I'd love to hear from you!!!

Send me your comments, stories, pictures, thoughts about John and new information and I'll send it right back out to you and all the other deserving Hiatt fans out there... This can't work without you, so let's see what you've got... Looking for a rare album or B-track? Tell me and I'll either send you a copy or put your search in our up-coming want-ads! Send any and all information and requests to:

Slow Turning

Expect the next issue out in early July. I'm looking forward to sending you one!!!

Yes!!! I would love to become a part of this great new magazine.
Sign me up for a free subscription!!!

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