ENTERTAINMENT

Neil Young and Joni Mitchell (left); Anne Murray (above); Corey Hart: some treated it like a Hollywood premiere

The Northern Lights sparkle for fans and famine victims

BY LIAM LACEY AND CLAIRE BICKLEY

[illegible] an earthquake had opened up the ground yesterday on Adelaide Street East in Toronto, the best in the Canadian music industry would have been incredulous. Almost every major star Canada has produced in the past 25 years was at the Maple Leaf stadium to record the song Feed Me Not Enough, for the benefit of Ethiopian famine victims.

Some of the performers, collectively known as Northern Lights, appeared in the a Hollywood production, bowing and smiling back at the crowd as they marched down a red-carpeted lane that led from the parking lot to the low, grey building. Most of the performers were looks of grim determination, like soldiers setting out to do a job that had to be done.

For the fans who lined up in the cold, it was a rare opportunity for star-gazing, a chance to see, as one girl put it, "some of the most important people in the world — Carole Pope, Neil Young and Bryan Adams."

By 9:30 a.m. the security staff, provided by Concert Productions International, had set up metal barricades in front of the building to channel the performers through a gate, and to regulate who entered the building. Already there was a group of about 50 people standing about, stamping in the snow to keep warm. By noon, when the stars began arriving, the crowd had risen to more than 150, of what was supposedly a secret location. Some fans had figured out the studio's location from newspaper or radio reports; one girl had been pointed out to her family home of The Globe, and phoned the promoter's manager Bruce Allen, for the address.

Joni Mitchell and Neil Young arrived together, and were led through the wall of photographers by the security staff. Mary Hulanen of Pickering Ontario was whisked through the gate in a pearl-grey stretch limo; her girl friend perched behind her, regular car. Currently behind him, Gordie Lee of Rock rolled up in a giant black truck. Tommy Hunter and Carole Pope pulled up in vans. And Paul Anka, who had arrived before anyone, at 9:15 a.m.

When Anne Murray arrived, one girl yelled out: "All right. My mum's here." And Bruce Allen stood on the street directing traffic, generally unnoticed, although a few girls were curious about the person Adams was with (we hear he is hot and press).

One girl, Tracey Aubin of Mississauga, had started up the previous night to ensure a banner: "Ethiopia Thanks You."

"I thought I should let them know that people appreciated what they were doing," she said, but by early afternoon, the banner was in shreds, torn by the crowd repeatedly surging forward to catch glimpses of performers. Aubin was looking for a Corey Hart autograph, but settled for one from Tommy Hunter.

Each time a limousine rolled through the gate, the crowd surged toward it, and the security staff scrambled, arms outstretched, to keep the girls from the vehicles.

Dave Pratt, middle-aged and dressed in a old jacket, leaned against the steel barricade, looking out of place among the young girls who were heavy with makeup and anxious to see their favorite stars. When the truck was approaching as Corey Hart pushed through the press, Pratt reached out a protective arm toward his daughters.

He had risen early and driven daughters Laura, 13, and Michelle, 15, to the Mississauga-based location from their Aurora, Ont., home. Compared to occasions when the three have headed for Toronto at 3 a.m. to line up for concert tickets, standing in yesterday's snow and cold was no hardship.

"I've lost count of how many of these things I've taken them to," Pratt said. "But you only have them home for so long. I enjoy the music. Besides, if you participate with your kids, you know what they're doing."

Laura and Michelle agreed the chance to touch Corey Hart's arm was worth the freezing wait.

A teenaged in a long grey coat and gloves, her hair spiked upward, turned her lip nonchalantly to the teenybopper enthusiasm.

"Neil Corey Hart comes, I've got a bench in my pocket for him. I've got a pretzel," he said. But as singer Gallagher arrived, the stand moved and he pushed against the rail, his arm outstretched. "Hey Gallagher, can I touch your eyebrow?"

Few people recognized the bearded man with glasses and a blue parka cap who stood waiting for entrance to the building. When a couple of girls approached him, asking him who he was, he answered: "Jim Vallance." They looked blankly at him, talked briefly, and wandered away.

Vallance, the Juno-winning songwriter who regularly collaborates with Bryan Adams, was one of the writers of Feeds Not Fast Enough. Vallance said he and the other performers were under strict instructions from Allen not to talk to the press until today.

But Montreal-born songwriter Bruce Longfellow (formerly known as Andy Kim, the writer of such early seventies hits as Sugar Sugar, of Rock Me Gently, Shake Me Up Baby), who flew in from Los Angeles on Saturday night to be part of the recording, wasn't tied to the same code of silence.

"You know, behind the fancy facades and the carriage and everything, musicians are people who are interested in reaching other people, and that's what a project like this enables you to do. Musicians have a reputation as people who are introverted, but something like this proves that we have a lot to say too."

Kundera's play has Boston talking

BY GERALD PEARY

BOSTON — When crisis forces [illegible]

[illegible] was after curtains for one of the Wilson Theatre in downtown Boston, taken place [illegible]

BRIEFLY

Judge turns down Carson's request