

# QUIT YOUR DAY JOB

**Billy Bob Thornton succeeds where most actor/musicians fail** By EVAN DAVIES



**BILLY BOB THORNTON & THE BOXMASTERS** opening for **WILLIE NELSON** at Massey Hall (178 Victoria), tonight (Thursday, April 9), 7:30 pm. \$59.50-\$125. 416-870-8000

That strained chorus of affected Dylanesque sing-speak, an aching earnestness wrapped up in cowboy cool “Ang-el-eeeeeeena.”

Billy Bob the actor was singing – to Angelina Jolie, no less – an open love letter.

It was exciting, hearing this celebrity share a piece of himself, his real self, with her, and by extension with the rest of us.

But was that the only reason we cared in the first place?

Whatever, that song, way back in 01, temporarily sling-shot Thornton’s music into the spotlight. Since then, he’s proven himself as a musical talent, a genuine country article, with five solo albums and an illustrious spot opening for the Red Headed Stranger on his current tour.

Others haven’t fared as well.

Here’s a look at some celebrities who should have stuck to the silver screen.



**Bruce Willis: The Return Of Bruno**

He may have been the consummate cool tough guy back in the 80s, but a hokey, almost cartoonish take on AM blues rock, including a goofy cover of the Staple Singers’ Respect Yourself, did not enhance the image.



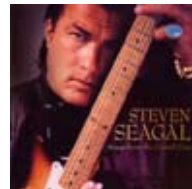
**Steven Seagal: Songs From The Crystal Cave**

When not kicking ass on hijacked battle-ships, Seagal’s managed to release two albums and tour extensively. An accomplished guitarist, his spiritually driven mixed bag includes everything from reggae to Middle Eastern rhythms and R&B. This probably isn’t what fans of his usual kick-ass-and-take-names-later persona were hoping for.

**Crispin Glover: The Big Problem Does Not Equal The Solution. The Solution = Let It Be**

The eternally bizarre and impressively creepy Glover hooked up with Barnes &

Barnes (the Fish Heads guys) for this weird collection of original toe-tappers like Clowny Clown Clown, unsettling covers like These Boots Are Made For Walking and spoken word. Probably a drug-induced art project, and a total head-fuck.



**Traci Lords: 1,000 Fires**

Known more for her work in films like Beverly Hills Copulator, former porn thespian Lords took the plunge into music in the mid-90s, surprising many with her initial success. Her breathy voice over pumping techno landed her on the charts with the single Control, but the gimmick blew its load pretty quick.



**Burt Reynolds: Ask Me What I Am**

Burt is badass awesome... as an actor. But in 73, that awe-

someness might’ve gone to his head, which would explain this collection of sappy, sickly sweet country. While his voice is all whisky and Marlboros, it’s hard to take the man seriously when he croons “right now I’m like a wounded bird, hungry for the sky.” Not what you’d expect from the guy who wasted a bunch of horny hillbillies with a crossbow.



**Corey Feldman: Love Left**

Feldman – a potent amalgam of crazy-famous teen heart-throb, Michael Jackson confidant, lead in Rock ‘N’ Roll High School Forever and champion substance abuser – made this ill-fated first attempt at music in 94. He still records and tours, but that old-school shit (and an unforgettable performance on Electric Circus) is most definitely worth a trip to YouTube @ [music@nowtoronto.com](http://music@nowtoronto.com)

**Eddie Murphy: How Could It Be**

When you’re one of the funniest guys on the planet, it’s easy to convince yourself that recording a pop album with Rick James is a logical next step. Hard to tell if Murphy was originally taking the piss, but his single Party All The Time flew up the charts, much to the chagrin

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