

MUSICIAN

**VIOLENT
FEMMES**

Stones on the Rocks?

*"If Mick tours without this band,
I'll slit his throat."*

-Richards

*"I'm not 19 anymore.
The Rolling Stones are not my
only interest in life."*

-Jagger



INXS

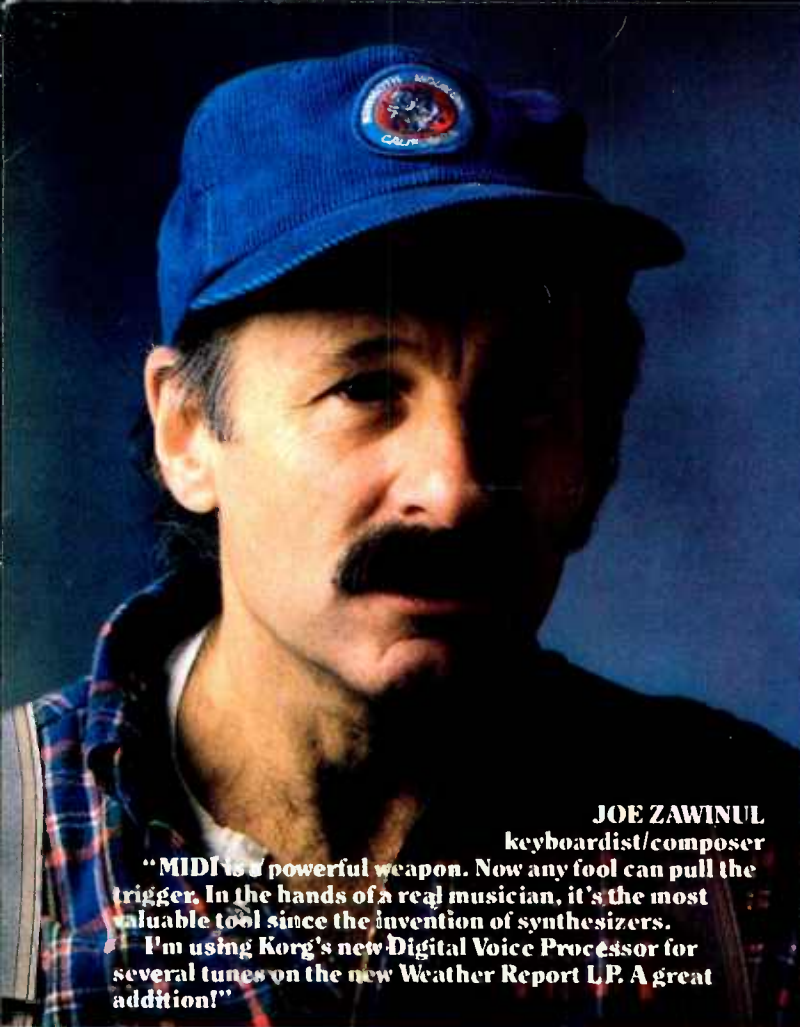
Young, gifted and outback

the Bangles and the

10 commandments of 80s rock

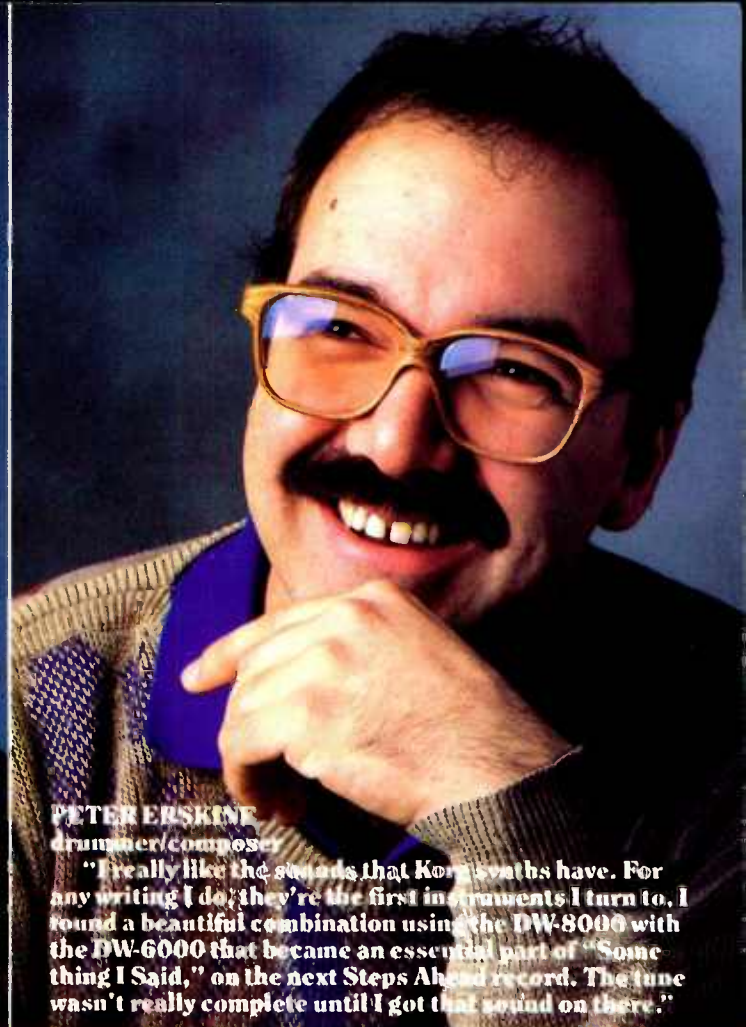
MU DM26T523K089NOV 86
KEN DEMMA
1522 85 ST
BOSTON
00KLYN NY 11228





JOE ZAWINUL
keyboardist/composer

"MIDI is a powerful weapon. Now any fool can pull the trigger. In the hands of a real musician, it's the most valuable tool since the invention of synthesizers. I'm using Korg's new Digital Voice Processor for several tunes on the new Weather Report LP. A great addition!"



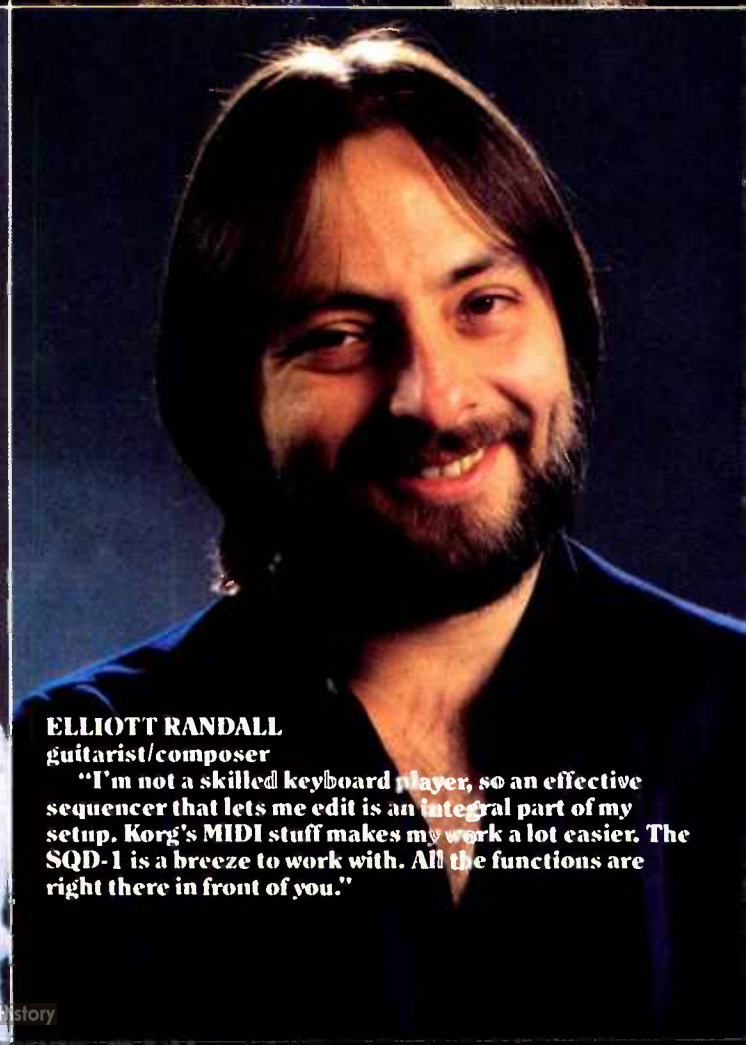
PETER ERSKINE
drummer/composer

"I really like the sounds that Korg's synths have. For any writing I do, they're the first instruments I turn to. I found a beautiful combination using the DW-8000 with the DW-6000 that became an essential part of "Some thing I Said," on the next Steps Ahead record. The tune wasn't really complete until I got that sound on there."



ALAN PASQUA
keyboardist/composer

"In L.A., everyone has their own MIDI setup, so you try to make your stuff one step ahead of everybody else. I get tonal textures and timbres on the DW-8000 that I can't get from other synths. I came across a sound on it that got really great response, people heard it and said, "What's that?" It's a very powerful tool."



ELLIOTT RANDALL
guitarist/composer

"I'm not a skilled keyboard player, so an effective sequencer that lets me edit is an integral part of my setup. Korg's MIDI stuff makes my work a lot easier. The SQD-1 is a breeze to work with. All the functions are right there in front of you."

What is MIDI really about?

Music. It's that simple. And that hard to engineer into a new instrument. Technology should open up the creative process for more musicians. If it becomes an end in itself, it's only a barrier.

Korg technology works the way you do. It brings you closer to your music. Isn't that the reason for any new instrument?

DVP-1 DIGITAL VOICE PROCESSOR: Multiply single note lines at mixdown with polyphonic pitch shifting. Create lush backing vocal textures with vocal waveform digital synthesis. Plus digital vocoding for unparalleled accuracy. All programmable and MIDI controllable.

SDD-2000 MIDI PROGRAMMABLE SAMPLING DELAY: Generate automated effects mixes with 64 MIDI controllable programs. Plus 4 seconds of mono sampling with MIDI controlled playback.

EX-8000 EXPANDER MODULE: 16 DWGS digital waveform oscillators plus fast analog programming without an external keyboard. Built-in 64 program digital delay. Key Window for splits and zones, six-part envelope generators. MIDI System Exclusive allows full access to program and parameter memory for Memory Expanders and Voice Editing software.

SQD-1 MIDI RECORDER: Controls your total MIDI recording/performance system. Familiar tape recorder-style operation. 16 channels. Real or Step time record. 15,000 note Quick Disk storage. full Edit functions. MIDI. Tape and drum sync connections.

MEX-8000 MEMORY EXPANDER: Store 256 sounds for the DW-8000 and DW-6000, Poly 800 and Poly 800 Mk II, EX-8000, EX-800 and DVP-1 in 4 libraries. Transparent MIDI Thru connection. 2 second data transfer. Plus Real time sequencing capability.



DW-8000 MASTER KEYBOARD: The widest range of velocity- and pressure-sensitive sounds. Send or receive all MIDI data including after touch, pitch bend, modulation, program select, damper and portamento. Variable MIDI Send and Receive channels.

VOICE EDITING SOFTWARE: Edit program parameters in real time with graphic envelope, filter and waveform display. Create, edit and display sequences in real or step time. Store and edit program and sequence libraries. Available for the Poly-800, EX-800, Poly-800 Mk II or DW-8000/EX-8000.

POLY-800 MK II: More professional than ever with a streamlined look and new, more colorful sounds. Integral 64 program digital delay. 1000 note sequencer, programmable EQ.

For a free catalog of KORG products, send your name and address, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling to: Korg U.S.A., 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590. Exclusively distributed in Canada by: Erikson Music, 378 Isabey Street, St. Laurent, Quebec H4T 1W1

KORG® Exclusively distributed by Korg USA Inc. c. Korg 1986

MORE FOR YOUR MUSIC.

ALPHA JUNO 1 & 2

FLASHBOARDS

Flashy sounds, flashy features and a flash to operate, the new Alpha JUNO 1 and 2 are two hot keyboards that are sure to move any musician's set-up into the fast lane of performance. Both Alpha JUNOs offer powerful sound synthesis (14 waveform DCO, 8 parameter envelopes) but at the same time offer incredible advances in user-friendly programming and editing features. The key is the JUNO's Alpha Dial. Just whirl it to edit any of the 64 preset patches or to create 64 new program patches—sound programming has never been so easy. Add an M-64 C Memory Cartridge and you have 192 patches at just a touch. The Alpha JUNO's innovative Tone Modify Function lets you quickly modify the many related parameters of Brilliance, Envelope Time, Modulation Rate and Depth—all at the same time with just one touch of the Alpha Dial—a system called Biometrics. Or you can add the optional PG-300 Programmer to make programming even easier. You'll also find the Alpha JUNO's MIDI implementation to be the most sophisticated on the market. Most amazing is that all these features don't carry a flashy price. Which means they're going to move out fast, so you'd better do that too—only to your Roland dealer.



 Roland



Roland Corp. U.S., 7201 Demme Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90047 (213) 685-5141

MAY 1986

CONTENTS



Bangles

They're a hit, they're friends of Prince, and they call themselves girls. Follow the Ten Commandments of 80s Rock and you can be just as big.

By Mark Rowland 28



INXS Has this streetwise sextet from Oz become the world's best live band?

By Jock Baird 56

Rolling Stones Now that nobody's left to challenge them, is it the end of the line for the World's Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band? Mick Jagger hints yes, Keith Richards sneers no.

By Bill Flanagan 40



Violent Femmes

The heart-warming story of a group that got to Carnegie Hall *without* practicing.

By Scott Isler 34

The Pogues 11

Not Irish? Not folkies? Are they at least drunks? By Ira Robbins

Butch Morris 17

How to lead a band without a scorecard. By Peter Watrous

Midge Ure 64

By Jon Young

Wally Badarou 68

By Rob Tannenbaum

Nashville 72

By Jim Bessman

Developments 80

By Jock Baird

Software City 76

By Jock Baird

MASTHEAD 7

LETTERS 8

FACES 24

RECORD REVIEWS 84

ROCK SHORT TAKES 92

JAZZ SHORT TAKES 94

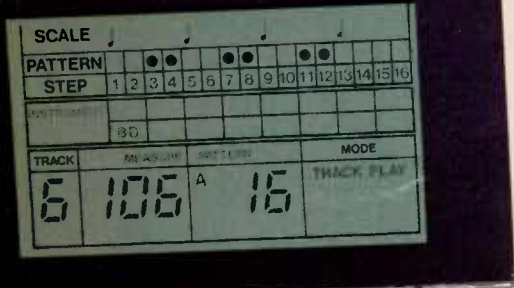
CLASSIFIEDS 96

Cover Photo by Michael Putland/Retna

PHOTOS CLOCKWISE: JOE BANGAY/PIX INTL., RON DELANY/LINDA MATLOW/PIX INTL., DAVID LEVINE

RHYTHM COMPOSER **TR-505**

Roland



LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT

Weighing in at only 950 grams (that's 2 lbs. 2 oz. to us), Roland's spunky new TR-505 Rhythm Composer sports a winning combination of traditional drum-kit and Latin Percussion instruments. But don't let its small size and modest price fool you—the TR-505 boasts heavy-weight digital PCM samples of kick, snare, toms, handclaps, high hats, cymbals, timbales, congas and cowbells—16 voices in all to give your rhythm tracks, rehearsals or live performances a punchy professional drum sound and feel. Behind all this brawn is a sophisticated computer brain with more than enough smarts and memory to make this drum machine your ally in the fight against boring drum programming. Program 48 of your own drum patterns—either way you're off and drumming right away. The large LCD display helps you keep track of every beat and performance parameter. But that's not all, our new champ still has a few moves you haven't seen. The TR-505 is a thoroughly modern MIDI instrument loaded with MIDI features and controls including an ability to respond to dynamic drum parts. Battery or AC powered, the versatile TR-505 scores an easy Technical Knock-Out over the competition. But don't say we didn't warn you—this little powerhouse will knock your socks off!

Roland

RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040 (213) 685 5141

MUSICIAN

Publisher

Gordon Baird

Executive Publisher

Gary Krasner

Associate Publisher

Paul Sacksman

Editor

Jock Baird

Art Director

Gary Koepke

Senior Editor

Scott Isler

Executive Editor

Bill Flanagan

Advertising Manager

Ross Garnick

Associate Editor

Mark Rowland

Contributing Editors

Timothy White Charles M. Young

Francis Davis Freff Rafi Zabor

Josef Woodard J.D. Considine

David Fricke Rob Tannenbaum

Dealer Sales Director

R Bradford Lee

Sales/Promotion

J.R. Morse

Production Manager

Joan E. Lockhart

Assistant Editor

Keith Powers

Assistant Art Director

Lisa Laarman

Production

Will Hunt

Typography

Ruth Maassen Cindy Amero

Assistant to the Publisher

Michelle Nicastro

Administration

Peter Cronin Annette Dion

Main Office/Production/Retail Sales

31 Commercial St., P.O. Box 701
Gloucester, MA 01930 (617) 281-3110

New York Advertising/Editorial

MUSICIAN, 1515 Broadway, 39 fl.
N.Y.C., NY 10036 (212) 764-7395

Group Publisher

Gerald S. Hobbs

Circulation Director

Barbara Eskin

Subscriber Service

Cathie Geraghty (212) 764-7536

Founders

Gordon Baird & Sam Holdsworth

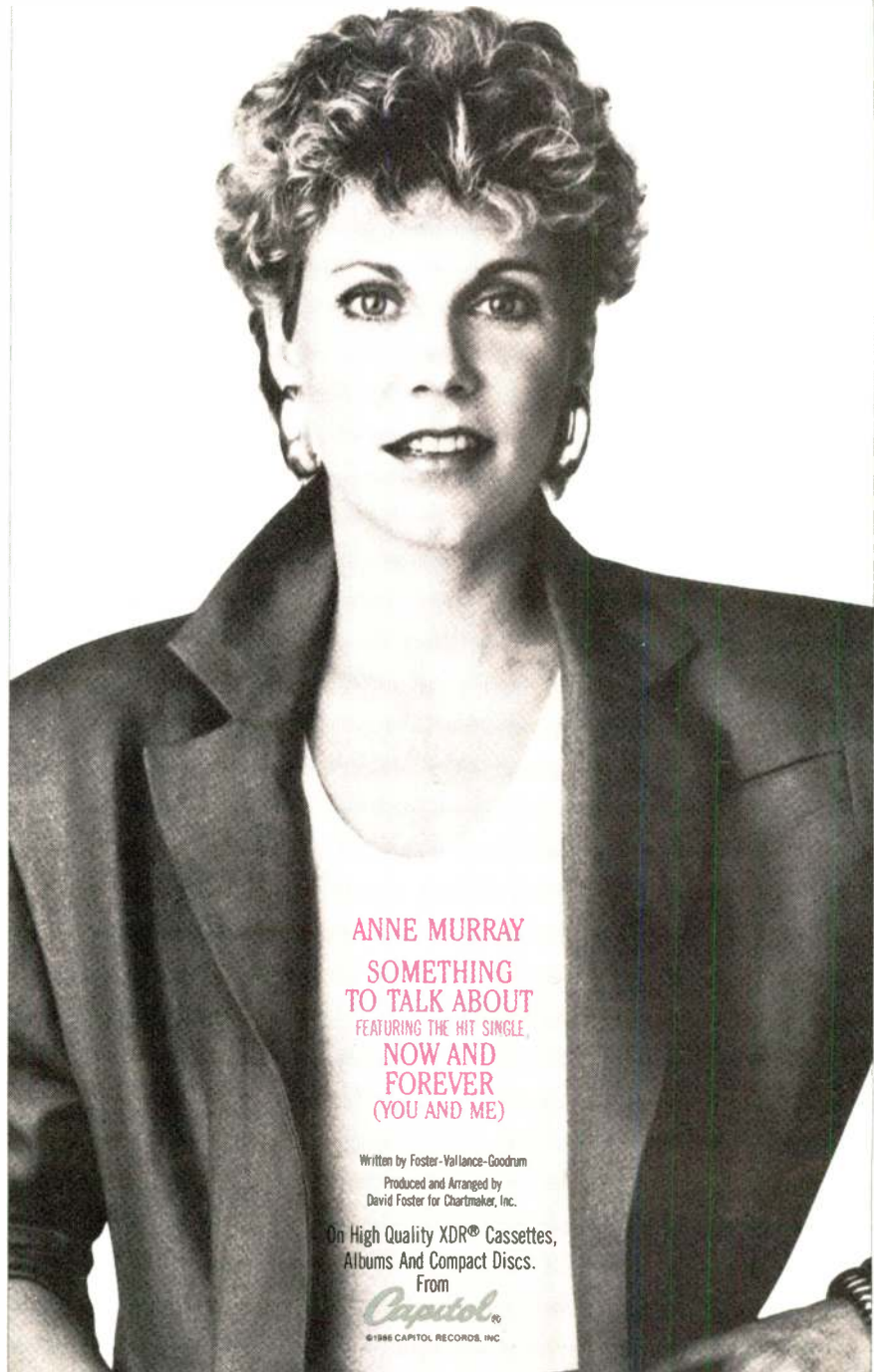
MUSICIAN (USPS 431-910) is published monthly by Amordian Press, Inc. P.O. Box 701, 31 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930 (617) 281-3110. Amordian Press, Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Billboard Publications, Inc. One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York City, NY 10036. MUSICIAN is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc. © 1986 by Musician, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions \$20 per year, \$38 for two years, \$54 for three years. Canada and elsewhere, add \$8 per year. U.S. funds only. **Subscription address: Musician, Box 1923, Marion, OH 43305. Postmaster send form 3579 to above address.**

Current and back issues are available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Billboard Publications, Inc. **President and Chief Executive Officer:** Gerald S. Hobbs; **Executive Vice President:** Samuel S. Holdsworth; **Senior Vice President:** Ann Haire; **Vice Presidents:** John B. Babcock, Paul Curran, Martin R. Feely, Rosalee Lovett, Lee Zhitov



THE BEST
ALBUM
YET FROM
ANNE
ALREADY
AMAZING
CAREER.



ANNE MURRAY

SOMETHING
TO TALK ABOUT

FEATURING THE HIT SINGLE,

NOW AND
FOREVER
(YOU AND ME)

Written by Foster-Vallance-Goodrum

Produced and Arranged by
David Foster for Chartmaker, Inc.

On High Quality XDR® Cassettes,

Albums And Compact Discs.

From

Capitol®

©1986 CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

New Van Halen News

Van Halen on the cover of *Musician*? Awww man! How could you?! What a waste of eight pages, and my time.

K
New York, NY



J.D. Considine is cool to put up so well with those apes. I loved the way he slipped in the thing about new wave Sammy explaining who Mick Jones is.

Howie Klein
415 Records
San Francisco, CA

The interview with Van Halen was a disgrace, both to the band and your readers. It's like J.D. left the tape running and you printed every fart and belch. Who really needs to know that Alex pisses in his brother's pool, that Hagar has a penis-envy complex, or that Roth was such an asshole? It's time *Musician* makes an effort to know what it is: A magazine supposedly about *music*, and not a *National Enquirer* vomitorium.

J.W. Hunter
Campbell, CA

Hey I'm all for you guys at *Musician* making a quick buck, but was it really necessary to waste eight (count 'em eight) pages of valuable newsprint on "Van Hagar"? Congratulations to Roth for leaving those jerks when he did. By the way, Sammy, I never knew Mick Jones played in the Sex Pistols!

Laura Lombardi
Bethpage, NY

Hey, Edwardo, get a grip on life. Roth kicks ass and you know it. You didn't kick him out, he left you—and I can see why.

C.A.
Seattle, WA

The language in the Van Halen article is typical of groups with a limited command of the English language, and the subject matter was not only crude but totally unrelated to music. I hope this was an exception to your magazine's policies.

Jack Wells
Edgerton, MO

I just wanted to let you know that I've been pulling that old nude pictures of your wife joke for years. It's almost as old as Sammy Hagar. Besides, I've got some classic shots of you-know-who's wife myself.

John Danaher
Hollywood, CA

The Year in Rock

The "Covers We're Glad We Didn't Do" looks more like "Covers We'll Eventually Do." Or maybe not. While your magazine is still very well written, only an average of half of it is ever interesting anymore. The other half tends to consist of overwordy hoo-hah defending dumb ass bands like ZZ Top. And how many times over the years have we seen Culture Club, Eurythmics or John Cougar Boyscoutcamp in your pages? May I suggest you heed your own advice? Under the category of "No respect, consumer division" you list (among others) Tom Waits, Nick Lowe, John Martyn, and George Clinton. So why don't you put your type-setter where your big mouth is and give them interviews instead of lip service? Or do we have to endure more articles trying to convince us Van Halen is really a misunderstood, tortured young artiste?

Vassilios Vassiliades
New Preston, CT

When it comes to Amy Grant and Stryper, I speak up! They are using their God-given talent to create music that not only speaks to people but also enlightens them; may I add that if you

take a look at their album sales you'll find a lot of people are realizing reality.

Dawn Miller
Livermore, CA

A few items to add: To the "Dave Marsh Books We'd Like To Read" department: *Sherry, Darling: Alcohol-Related Tragedies in Rock 'n' Roll*. In the "Suggested Corporation/Artist Tour Hook-ups" category: Sominex Tablets sponsors ZZ(Z) Top. And to your "Predictions For 1986": In the midst of tours promoting their new albums, mega-groups Journey and Foreigner are inadvertently misdirected to each other's concert venues one evening in the Midwest, where each band unwittingly performs for the other's audience; neither crowd detects the mix-up.

Steve Wright
Seattle, WA

When T.S. Townshend Talks...

Until very recently, I felt certain that no Pete Townshend interview could be quite as insightful, enlightening, and entertaining as Vic Garbarini's encounter with the guitarist in *Musician* nos. 46 and 47. I have been proven wrong. Bill Flanagan's "Pete Townshend By Numbers" was easily as informative, original and fun. I surrender; my subscription order is in the mail!

Julie Lawler
Newtonville, MA



Bill Flanagan asked Pete Townshend the questions that only a real Townshend fan could appreciate—put simply, super job! But much to my disappointment I have to be subjected to a review of Pete's latest LP by some

idiot who probably thinks "Baba O'Riley" is a song about an Irish sheep!

Christopher Giangrasso
Trenton, NJ

Kip's Trip

Thanks for the hilarious Kip Hanrahan article! Who is Kip Hanrahan? Who cares? For my money, the article convinced me that he must be a real jerk. I'm personally offended by his pomposity and nerve. The Kip Hanrahan I've always heard about is one of those "artists" who would be *nowhere* without the band he maligned in print. I wish him the very best in finding a new band...and I suspect he's going to find it difficult. I think he belongs in *NonMusician* magazine.

Susan Scofield
New York, NY

Ah, Kip, such petulance. The edge I've always loved in you was Jack. How can anyone fire Jack Bruce? Surely it can't all be based on one night of lousy sound when he forgot a few words.

Jeanne Quintile
Clinton, NJ

Men Without Work

The sound of Men At Work's third album, *Two Hearts*, is the sound of the group's other members trying to turn Colin Hay's dictatorship into a democracy, and that was definitely a mistake. I hope Colin Hay makes it clear to his new workers who's singing lead.

Phil Cohen
Bay Harbor, FL

Erratums

Due to an editing error, Chip Stern's byline was left off *Jazz Shorts* in March not once but twice. Apologies to Chip and his mom. Dad's turn next time.

Reader Service Note
The following advertisers request that you see their authorized dealers for information on their products: AKG, Soundcraft, Fender.



**JULIAN LENNON:
THE SECOND ALBUM.**

**"THE SECRET VALUE
OF DAYDREAMING"**

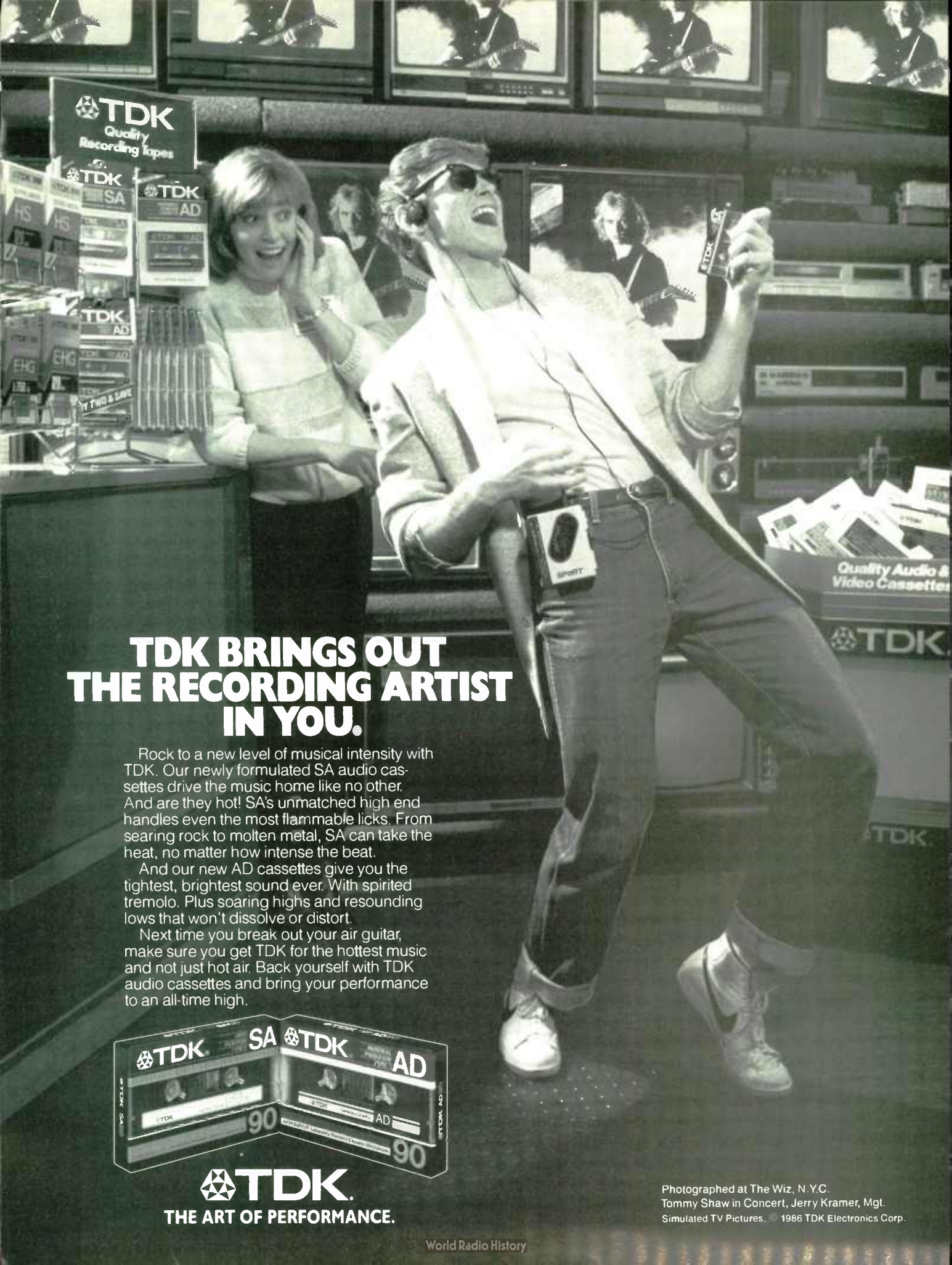
**INCLUDING THE SINGLE
"STICK AROUND"**



**PRODUCED BY PHIL RAMONE
MANAGEMENT: DEAN GORDON**

ON ATLANTIC RECORDS, CASSETTES & COMPACT DISCS

© 1986 Atlantic Recording Corp. © A Warner Communications Co.

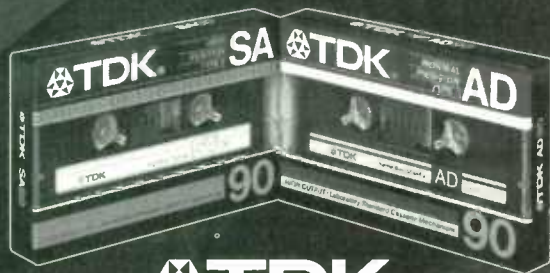


TDK BRINGS OUT THE RECORDING ARTIST IN YOU.

Rock to a new level of musical intensity with TDK. Our newly formulated SA audio cassettes drive the music home like no other. And are they hot! SA's unmatched high end handles even the most flammable licks. From searing rock to molten metal, SA can take the heat, no matter how intense the beat.

And our new AD cassettes give you the tightest, brightest sound ever. With spirited tremolo. Plus soaring highs and resounding lows that won't dissolve or distort.

Next time you break out your air guitar, make sure you get TDK for the hottest music and not just hot air. Back yourself with TDK audio cassettes and bring your performance to an all-time high.



TDK.
THE ART OF PERFORMANCE.

Photographed at The Wiz, N.Y.C.
Tommy Shaw in Concert, Jerry Kramer, Mgt.
Simulated TV Pictures. © 1986 TDK Electronics Corp.

THE POGUES

BY IRA ROBBINS

NOT IRISH? NOT
FOLKIES? ARE THEY
AT LEAST DRUNKS?

The Pogues' brief legend has the well-worn air of an oft-repeated story, the kind old men tell each other in bars. Pogue Mahon (Gaelic for "kiss my ass") was formed in London a few years back by Shane MacGowan, a Dublin-born busker whose minor 70s punk career had been spent mostly in the Nipple Erectors (a.k.a. the Nips). On a rootsy lark, he rounded up English tin whistle player Spider Stacey and sang old Irish folk songs at a trendy rock club. Many months later, still enthused by the idea, MacGowan, Stacey, Jim Fearnley (another ex-Nip who dropped electric guitar for accordion) pulled together a six-piece band with a young female bassist, Cait O'Riordan, drummer Andrew Ranken and Jem Finer on banjo. Armed (mostly) with acoustic instruments, a collection of traditional tunes and MacGowan's original tales of misery, death and degradation, the Anglo-Gaelic sextet launched themselves, with drink in hand, onto the rock circuit. The British music press flocked to sing the Pogues' praises with the same red-nosed sentimentality previously reserved for Tom Waits to whom MacGowan's writing bears fair comparison. After an indie 45, the Pogues released their 1984 debut album *Red Roses For Me* on Stiff, and went on tour with Elvis Costello & the Attractions. Early last year, Dublin punk pioneer Philip Chevron, once-leader of the excellent Radiators From Space, joined as guitarist. Costello produced *Rum, Sodomy & The Lash* (titled after a Winston Churchill quote regarding life in the Royal Navy) and became engaged to O'Riordan. The newest Pogue is Irish folk veteran Terry Woods, adding autoharp, cittern, concertina and dulcimer.

Every article written about the Pogues mentions Ireland and drunkenness. Although both are partially relevant, mindless generalization has earned them an unfortunate role as ethnic stereotypes.

In this country, the distinction between English and Irish is often neglected; for the Pogues, on their first U.S.



Shane MacGowan smiles for the dentists.

tour (nine East Coast dates), such questions can be partially forgotten amidst the luxury of being a hot new band from abroad.

Friday, February 28

It's nearly 2:00 a.m. Several dozen people are milling around the door to the World, New York's latest late-night concert space, hoping to escape the bitter cold and see the band they've heard so much about. Fueled by the rumor that Elvis Costello will join his fiancée onstage, this chic crowd is very anxious to get inside. Suddenly, a body comes hurtling through the air and crashes against a bicycle chained to a lamp post. "When I say move back, I mean it asshole!" bellows the doorman. Upset but undaunted, the crumpled heap dusts his coat off, checks for seri-

ous injury and gets back in line, looking only slightly ashamed of himself.

Upstairs, beautiful people are busy being beautiful. Despite the hours, miles-from-nowhere location, and difficulty in gaining admission, the audience—decked in designer clothes and hairdoed to the hilt—is poised for a Very Significant Event. Celebrities like Moon Zappa and Matt Dillon rub shoulders with the local rock biz establishment. A few actually look like paying customers.

After a lengthy wait, the Pogues amble onstage. Only O'Riordan uses an amp; the others play acoustic instruments into microphones. The sound is clean and not inappropriately loud; only MacGowan's hoarse vocals hint at rock 'n' roll underpinnings. The rollicking collection of reels, ballads and boozers are rough and ragged, as emotionally raw

as any punk shout. Through such items as "Dirty Old Town," "Jesse James" and MacGowan's "A Pair Of Brown Eyes" and "The Old Main Drag," Stacey's puckish tin whistling and Ranken's insistent 2/4 thump on a two-piece drum kit provide an overriding Gaelic flavor. It's an uplifting, rousing show.

But out on the dancefloor the audience appears surprised and disappointed. Expecting hip cow-punks of some sort, they instead face a non-rock group with an altogether different take on decadence. Rather than Patti Smith quoting Rimbaud, this is Brendan Behan on a bender, caterwauling with some pals in an alley. Heads in the back

half of the club start to look away from the stage; the Pogues sound remarkably like folkies, the kind rock fans in this country have shunned like an open sewer since Bob Dylan last played at Newport. The inappropriateness of this band appearing in this club is as wrenching as a funeral at Disneyland.

By the time the band leaves the stage, much of the audience is already gone. But a knot of open-minded fans in the front cheer enthusiastically, drawing them back for a pair of encores. A few of the less self-conscious attempt interpretative square dance, and look like seasick yuppies. Costello, of course, has not appeared.

Saturday, March 1

As dawn breaks, the Pogues migrate uptown from the World to Limelight for some serious self-indulgence. By the time they stumble back to the Iroquois hotel it's mid-morning, and O'Riordan decides she has had enough. "I guess I'm just not tough enough to be a Pogue in America." Exhausted and distraught, she returns to London and Costello for a rest, phoning the band with the news from the airport. The Pogues meanwhile get on the bus and manage to play the tour's second date, in Washington, D.C., without her. Darryl Hunt, the band's roadie, fills in. An observer reports the show to be impossibly sloppy and the band utterly out of sorts.

Sunday, March 2

The Pogues appear in Baltimore, a town enthusiastic enough about Irish music to support a radio show devoted to it. Costello rumors apparently encouraged by people who know otherwise, continue to spread. A writer at the show describes them as hopelessly drunk and barely capable of playing, much less playing together. The audience's reaction is mixed—traditionalists walk out; punks ignore the music and applaud the drunken demeanor. Later, a local interviewer's query about O'Riordan's whereabouts brings from the band a quip about menstruation.

Monday, March 3

The interview takes place in New York City. At the appointed hour, four members are present and accounted for. Stacey, Fearnley and Ranken are alert and friendly. Chevron is sleeping so soundly on the couch that someone actually checks to see if he's still breathing. Given the almost uniformly rowdy press reports, the three are surprisingly intelligent, sober, reasonable and witty. Allowances must be made, of course, for MacGowan's absence. Without the band's most notorious drinker and outrageous spokesman, a higher level of decorum is virtually assured. Stacey and Fearnley have the most to say (often simultaneously); after Chevron awakes he volunteers a few cogent thoughts in a wan voice punctuated by coughs.

How's the tour going?

"Fine, but not without incident. The gigs have all been good, we've been getting good reactions."

What about Cait? "That's one of the incidents."

Have you had any negative reaction from traditional musicians?

"Opinion is divided. The people who don't like us from the folk set are people

The Heart Is Classical... The Soul Is Jazz.

WYNTON MARSALIS Jolivet And Tomasi: Concertos For Trumpet

This high-spirited new album of jazz-flavored classical concertos is an extraordinary showcase for the technical brilliance of multi-Grammy winner Wynton Marsalis.

His deliberate and commanding performance powers the Philharmonia Orchestra through passages of energetic jazz—then eases flawlessly into soulful statements of the blues.

Twenty-seven year old Finnish conductor Esa-Pekka Salonen enhances the collaboration of youthful genius with his masterful contribution of classical refinement.

Wynton Marsalis.
Jolivet And Tomasi: Concertos For Trumpet.
On CBS Masterworks Records,
Cassettes and Compact Discs.

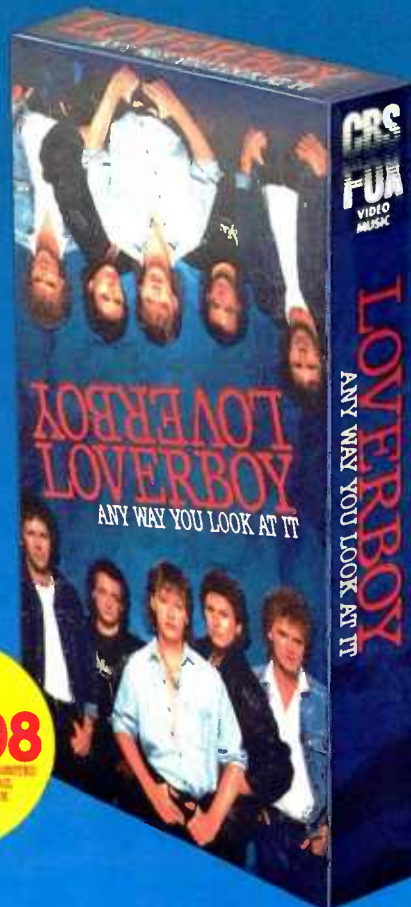


IM 42096

"CBS," "Masterworks," and are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1986 CBS Inc.



DEFINITELY LOVERBOY—"ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT"



\$19.98
SUGGESTED
RETAIL
PRICE

Hot for Loverboy?
It's time to go all the way with "Any Way You Look At It", Loverboy's scorching home video! You'll get nine of Loverboy's biggest video scores, from their classic "Turn Me Loose" beginnings through three of their "Lovin' Every Minute Of It" latest!

DEFINITELY DEFINITIVE— THE LOVERBOY HOME VIDEO, "ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT".

Including "Turn Me Loose", "Hot Girls In Love", "Workin' For The Weekend", "Lovin' Every Minute Of It", "Dangerous", "This Could Be The Night" and more.

Now appearing in digitally processed audio on VHS Hi-Fi and Beta Hi-Fi videocassettes.

**CBS
FOX**
VIDEO
MUSIC™

FEEDBACK PROTECTION. WITHOUT SACRIFICING RESPONSE.



Our remarkable MD 431 lets performers work with amplification as loud as they wish—up to 6 dB over other microphones—without feedback. And without sacrificing the clarity of full, rich response.

SENNHEISER®

Sennheiser Electronic Corporation (N.Y.)
48 West 38th Street • New York, NY 10018 • (212) 944-9440
Manufacturing Plant: D-3002 Wedermark, West Germany

©1985, Sennheiser Electronic Corporation (N.Y.)

NOW WITH 2-YEAR LIMITED WARRANTY

Presenting the complete line of ultimate keyboard, speaker and equipment stands from Ultimate Support Systems. Featuring innovative design and superior construction in black or silver anodized aluminum for strong, sophisticated equipment support.

**U
ULTIMATE
SUPPORT
SYSTEMS**

THE STANDARD.

Ultimate Support Systems, Inc.
P.O. Box 470-M
Fort Collins, CO 80522
(303) 493-4488

who think we're trying to be a traditional folk group, which we're not. If we were, we'd have to learn how to play our instruments for a start. Some of it is sour grapes. From what we've heard, it's a minority that don't like us. We're not part of the folk scene at all."

To what do you attribute your image?

"Partly us, partly the way we've been marketed, partly down to the way we've been interpreted. Journalists are sometimes pretty dense, and they imagine they're writing for people who are as dense as they are. They come to our gigs and then start writing about brawling Paddies, which is nonsense. I read something in an American magazine about our tours in England being a succession of drunken fistfights. That's complete nonsense.

"*The Face* took me [Spider] and Shane out on a drinking spree to all these pubs along the Kilburn Highway because they'd got the idea that we spent our formative years drinking in these places. One of those I'd been in once in my life, and Shane only a few more times. They seem to have saddled us as being boozers because of the Irish connection. It's a bit insulting."

MacGowan, Finer and Woods arrive to join their bandmates for a hasty photo session. Shane terrible—bleary and disoriented, scarcely coherent. He shrugs off an invitation to talk and I leave him lurching towards a chair in the photographer's spotlight, wondering to myself just who the Pogues really are.

Outwardly, they appear to be a hard-drinking Irish folk band; not strictly traditional, and certainly not unconnected to the rock world in spirit and heritage. But they *do* play folk songs using folk instruments and *do* sound like a folk group, regardless of costumes, lyrics or venue. So why the vehement denial?

Poguetry In Motion, the wonderful new four-song EP produced by Costello, may answer that question—the Pogues are clearly testing their boundaries, and the two uncharacteristic MacGowan originals on the A-side offer proof. "London Girl" sounds like Los Lobos via New Orleans, with concertina leading a bouncy R&B romp; "A Rainy Night In Soho" is a wistful, bluesy ballad that uses piano, trombone and a twenty-one-piece string section. There's a sense that the Pogues are no longer likely to be limited to the style with which they've become identified. "I would imagine the next album to be quite interesting in comparison to the first two," Spider Stacey declares. "The ideas that are being tossed around at the moment suggest that it will be a lot more diverse."

continued on page 22

SUBSCRIBE!

TESTED. PROVEN.

The Carver PM-1.5 Magnetic Field Power Amp—For performance, reliability and sound.

On the Road Since the professional debut in 1983 of the Carver PM-1.5 Low Feedback High Headroom Magnetic Field Power Amplifier, the sonic excellence and reliability of this 21-lb., 450 watts per channel* powerhouse has been tested — and proven — on some of the biggest and toughest tours ever to go on the road. 108 Carver PM-1.5's were used by Clair Brothers on the Bruce Springsteen tour, and 180 PM-1.5's on the Michael Jackson "Victory" tour. In both cases the result was purely awesome power.

"Our new Carver amp racks pack twice the number of channels in about the same truck volume as the conventional racks they replace. In addition the average power per channel has increased while the average weight per channel has decreased. In the low end, for example, we now have 1,200 watts per cabinet where 650 watts were previously available. They take less room on the truck, they weigh less and our systems have more headroom than before. The Carver amplifier has allowed us to take a significant step in improving our sound systems." **CLAIR BROTHERS**

And not only a sound industry giant like Clair Brothers tours with Carver.

"We have toured Carvers with the following artists: Softcell, Paul Young, Johnny Mathis, Donna Summers, Howard Jones, Pointer Sisters, Psychedelic Furs, Lee Greenwood, General Public, George Thorogood. This is exclusive of our numerous one-nighters. The consensus of the performers is that the equipment sounds great. They have been amazed by the sound of the amps as well as their size and weight. As for reliability, out of 50 amps we had only one fail in the past year of touring. This is by far the best record we've had with any manufacturer of amplifiers. Sonically, the extra headroom is readily apparent. We, at Manticore unanimously agree that the PM-1.5 is incredible and is the only amp we intend to buy."

Tom Whisner (owner) MANTICORE

In the Laboratory The Carver PM-1.5 was rigorously tested by Len Feldman for MODERN RECORDING (February 1985). His laboratory test results also prove that the PM-1.5 really delivers. The following quotes from the Lab Report are reprinted with permission of MODERN RECORDING & MUSIC:—

"The first thing we noticed when we began to work with the Carver PM-1.5 was the ease with which the amplifier delivered almost limitless power to speaker loads which we had previously considered to be difficult to drive to loud levels. This is the sort of amplifier that just refuses to quit"

"The amplifier delivered a clean 480 watts per channel into 8-ohm loads with both channels driven for its rated harmonic distortion level of 0.5%. Even at the frequency extreme of 20 Hz, power output for rated THD was 470 watts as against 450 claimed by Carver. Furthermore, at rated power output, distortion decreased to an insignificant 0.015% at mid-frequencies and 0.007% at 20 Hz. When connected to 4-ohm loads, the PM-1.5 delivered 750 watts per channel for rated THD of 0.05% — far more than the 600 watts claimed by Carver. Clearly, when it comes to specs for a professional amplifier, Carver has taken a very conservative approach... All (manufacturer's claims) equaled or exceeded published specifications — usually by a wide margin."

"Carver has managed to deliver a tremendous amount of power in a small lightweight package at a very reasonable cost..."

"For the professional audio engineer or technician who has to move a lot of gear around much of the time and who expects total reliability and circuit protection, come what may, the Carver PM-1.5 represents, in our view, a real winning product. We will probably see it used increasingly by professionals in every area of sound reinforcement."

Now — don't you think you owe it to yourself to hurry over to your local Carver Pro Sound Dealer and *test your own PM-1.5?* Whether you run a megawatt sound company, a struggling bar band, or a recording studio gearing up for digital, the Carver PM-1.5 will pay you. In increased portability and reduced freight costs. In freedom from expensive blown drivers. In sheer sonic excellence.

***Power:** 8 ohms, 450 watts/chan, 20 Hz-20 kHz both channels driven with less than 0.5% THD, 4 ohms, 600 watts/chan, rms 20 Hz-20 kHz both channels driven with less than 0.5% THD, 16 ohms, 300 watts/chan, 20 Hz-20 kHz both channels driven with less than 0.5% THD, 2 ohms, 525 watts/chan, at clipping, 1 kHz, with less than 0.5% THD. Note: 2-ohm specification for information purposes only. Operation at 2 ohms is permissible but not recommended. **IM Distortion:** Less than 0.1% SMPTE. **Frequency Response:** -3 dB at 3 Hz, -3 dB at 80 kHz. **Damping:** 200 at 1 kHz. **Gain:** 26 dB. **Noise:** Better than 115 dB below 450W A-weighted. **Input:** Balanced to ground, XLR or phone. **Impedance:** 15k-ohm each leg, balanced to ground. **Bridging:** 1200W into 8 ohms, 1000W into 16 ohms, accessed through rear-panel recessed switch. **Dimensions:** 19 in. wide, 3 1/2 in. high, 10 15/16 in. deep. Weight: 21 lbs.



CARVER

POWERFUL

MUSICAL

ACCURATE

For more information write to CARVER CORPORATION, 19210 33rd Avenue West, P.O. Box 1237, Lynnwood, WA 98046

World Radio History

Introducing The World's First Complete Drum Rack System... The Tama Tower Power System.

For years now many drummers have sought out the perfect means for organizing and placing their drums, cymbals and other percussive paraphernalia in a manner that would make their set-up visually unique, as well as easy to use. If you are one of these drummers, you may, by now, have stumbled across other drum rack "Systems" that have proven to be anything but complete, or for that matter systematic... enter

easy to use. If you are one of these drummers, you may, by now, have stumbled across other drum rack "Systems" that have proven to be anything but complete, or for that matter systematic... enter



PTD 507 or 6 pc. Superstar Set Finish
Shown: Piano White

Tama Power Tower Systems.

Solid, yet easily constructed, Power Tower Systems make use of rugged stainless steel tubing in conjunction with a wide array of clamps, joint assemblies and hardware accessories to make virtually any set up imaginable a reality. Mount tom toms overhead... position cymbals in diagonal rows... float gongs in mid-air... the only limitation is your imagination.



PTD 507

Whether it's something to accommodate our massive 9504B Artstar Piano Black (pictured top rt. with the CAGE), a simple five piece set, or anything in between, Power Tower Systems can



81 Cymbal Holder



The CAGE: Designed for today's most advanced player.

make it happen. Visit your authorized Tama dealer and find out what Power Tower Systemizing can do for your set-up.

Also available; the PTD100 drum rack system for Tama Techstar electronic drums (or any other electronic drum set).



44 Clamp with Memory Lock and LT L rod.

TAMA®

For a full color catalog, send \$2.00 to: TAMA, Dept. MD3 P.O. Box 886, Bensalem, PA 19020
3221 Producer Way, Pomona, CA 91768-3916 • P.O. Box 2009, Idaho Falls, ID 83403 • In
Canada: 6969 Trans Canada Highway, Suite 105, St. Laurent, Quebec, Canada H4T1V8.

BUTCH MORRIS

BY PETER WATROUS

HOW TO LEAD A BAND WITHOUT A SCORECARD

The best place to find composer, "conductionist," cornetist and savant Butch Morris is usually at the back of a club or performance space. He's the one with his hair pulled back in a knot, a tall, thin guy, fortyish, hands in pockets, eyes flashing slyly back and forth as he takes in the proceedings. Make your move, because if you switch channels back to the performance he'll be gone, off to another club and another performance, off for the weekend and a gig or two in Belgium or Holland. And if you do get him, be ready to talk, because Morris loves ideas. He loves to mull them over, push them around, question them, collect them, learn from them—and then discard them and keep going.

Morris may be the 80s' ultimate musical collaborator. He conducts one of the most important jazz groups of the 80s, the David Murray Big Band—and one of the weirdest, John Zorn's. As a cornetist, he's recorded with Murray, Steve Lacy and Frank Lowe, and played with Gil Evans and Cecil Taylor, among others. He also writes pulsing, minimalist-influenced charts and conducts specially-trained ensembles through roaring but controlled free improvisations. And as his groups comprise musicians from both the "contemporary jazz" and "new music" spheres—two not particularly friendly crowds—he's become a kind of one-man clearing-house and musical consultant, bringing together disparate players and personalities, while squirreling away techniques and ideas for himself.

In person, Morris is a lot like his music—engaged yet elusive, occasionally funny, frequently quirky. "I want to change my bands and playing situation and music all the time," he explains, while launching a gastronomical metaphor. "It's like eating dinner. You get self-gratification from eating Italian food, Chinese food, sushi. That has a lot to do with personality, and it has a lot to do with appetite."

Morris must be hungry; his groups cover as much conceptual ground as

any composer working in the field of New Music. For instance, after communing with Ornette Coleman over harmolodic theory, Morris came up with the Crayon theory (named after a waxy smell from a brewery Morris lived by in Copenhagen) which he describes as "hearing music left to right, top to bottom. It's horizontal music in a vertical fashion," he adds helpfully. "Everything in the phrase, you stack. The chord moves like this," Morris says, putting his hands together and laying them on the

ris, elucidating as he drifts further into gastronomical analogies. "It's like a big trash can and a small trash can, or a soup spoon and a teaspoon. You can use both of them in any instance, but each has its particular etiquette. I don't like to be able to tell the difference between where I start writing and where the improvisation begins. It's like Miles' music in the 50s and 60s. What Miles did wasn't a clean break between the head and the improvisation, like with standard bop stuff. Improvisation should be spontaneous composition."

Then there is Morris' "conduction" method (for conducted improvisation), a series of signals a conductor can use to organize the improvisations of an ensemble. At New York's Kitchen last year, he conducted prominent members of the new music and jazz scenes—John Zorn, Frank Lowe, Eli Fountain, Thurman Barker, Tom Cora, Curtis Clark, Christian Marclay and others—through a roiling "Current Trends In Racism in Modern America (A Work In Progress)," without the benefit of any written music. Morris waxes philosophical about conduction: "I'm composing all the time when I'm conducting. They're composing when they improvise."

"I devised these gestures to control improvisers and to develop their improvisations," Morris continues. "If I want you to do what someone else is doing, I have a gesture to tell you that. If we're in a particular area that I really like, I'll tell you through a gesture, 'This is Memory One.' And if we play on fifteen minutes, twenty minutes from now, and I say 'Memory One' that's where I want everyone to go. So the ensemble creates this stuff together."



Music, maestro: the conductor as soloist.

table "until it's horizontal again, then it stacks right up again. The next phrase is done the same way."

By taking a melodic phrase, in other words, and sticking it into a chord, the melody spells out a harmony; it's a method that blends harmolodics and serialism. It's also a seamless mixture of improvisation and composition designed to draw out new emotions.

"There's definitely a difference between composition and improvisation, but what it is I don't know," admits Mor-

ris. When putting groups together Morris picks people for their musical personality, and the blends that the individuals create; in a sense, it's a return to the jazz ideal, now somewhat forgotten, of personality over technique. John Zorn, who's been associated with Butch since 1977, compares it to "an Ellington band that depends on who is playing for its sound, its chemistry. It's tricky. Sometimes you pick a player who's not particularly inspiring, but who's going to stay back there and really hold things

together; sometimes you pick a player who has a good sense of humor, and his music doesn't matter, he's there just for the chemistry. That's all true stuff, and it's what Butch does well."

Morris admits he gets charged by the possibilities of personality. "You can reach back in time and you can see how a whole string of piano players sound like Bud Powell, but I would only listen to Bud Powell. There's only one Frank Lowe, only one Tom Cora. I have a band of individuals."

Which sometimes gets Morris into trouble. "I'm being criticized today by my own peers," Morris continues with a mix of sadness and indignation. "The two scenes—the free scene and the jazz scene—don't hang around with each other. If I were playing something mainstream that was typically black music, I would use the appropriate

musicians. But I am creating sound out of compositions, not compositions out of sound. If I need somebody to play a certain type of bop lick, I'm going to get a bopper. If I need somebody to play duck calls," he says laughing, "I'll call John Zorn. If I need somebody to swing in a very personal way, I'll call Fred Hopkins. I only call specialists."

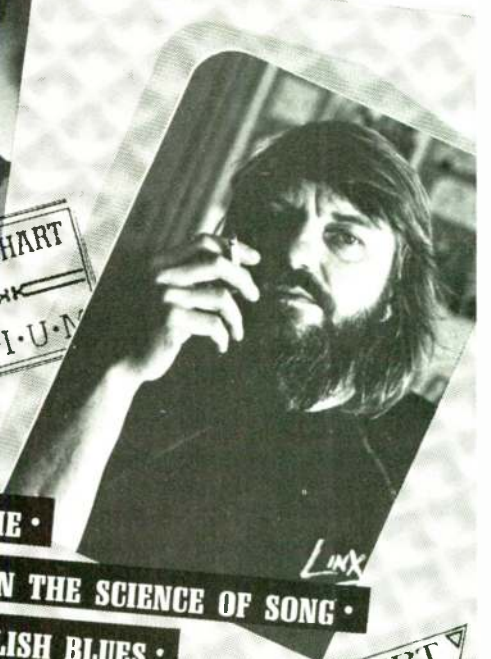
So, suggests Butch, theory is a toy box, musicians are voices, a conductor is the ultimate soloist and free improvisers are integral to ensembles. Where'd he get these crazy ideas, anyway?

Morris, born in 1947, had a fairly typical listening diet for a black kid growing up in Watts. His sister liked classical music and Motown, his father liked Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Fletcher Henderson, and singers like Ivory Joe Hunter and Joe Williams. His older brother Wilber (who gigs with David

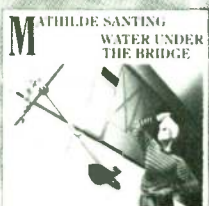
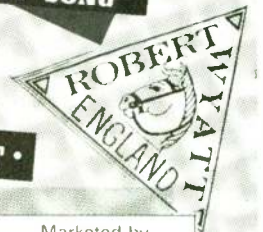
Murray's bands, Billy Bang, his own group Wilberforce and others), went through the evolution from bop into hard bop and then into the 60s avant-garde. Butch played in the high school orchestra, fronted a small group playing Horace Silver, Jackie McLean and Miles Davis compositions, worked copying big band arrangements, joined the army, went to Vietnam as a medic, came home to study physical therapy, and in the early 70s joined Horace Tapscott's orchestra, at the time a magnet for the Los Angeles jazz scene. By 1969, Arthur Blythe, Wilber, Bobby Bradford and others were rehearsing in the Morris' garage, and got Butch involved in a scene that included David Murray, James Newton, and the legendary trumpeter Walter Lowe, whose own influence was immense.

"I met Butch in 1973," David Murray

OPPE • INTELLIGENCE REPORT • EUROPE • II



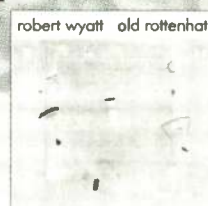
DATELINE: CODE EUROPE •
MATHILDE SANTING • CHANTEUSE SUPREME •
DIRK BLANCHART • ADVENTURER IN THE SCIENCE OF SONG •
ROBERT WYATT • PURVEYOR OF THE ENGLISH BLUES •
ATTENTION: MUSIC ARRIVING ON OUR SHORES •
DIVERSITY AND DIRECTION NEW TO THIS CONTINENT •
TAKE ACTION IMMEDIATELY •



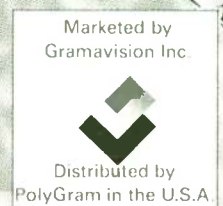
18-8605-1



18-8606-1



18-8604-1





The new M Series monitor amps from Gallien-Krueger. Guitar. Bass. Keyboard. Vocal.

Each with unmatched, fully produced studio quality sound. G-K sound. With G-K power. And G-K flexibility. Sound you custom-tailor to your own particular style with just a touch.

The M Series will radically change your stage set-up. Go "direct" from your amp to your PA or recording console. With no miking problems. No compromises. A clean break from the past.

Here are some of the unique M Series features. *250 ML Guitar Amp*: built-in stereo chorus and echo, channel switching, 4-band EQ, full stereo output . . . *200 MB Bass Amp*: stereo chorus with adjustable rate and depth, variable compression, 4-band EQ,



contour and hi-boost. *200 MK Keyboard Amp*: 3 inputs, each with separate bass, treble, and stereo chorus and echo controls . . . *200 MV Vocal Amp*: your own personal monitor mix—with effects and EQ, built-in echo, 7 band graphic for feedback control . . . you can even use the 200 MV as a mini PA system. . . . The 200 MK, 200 MV, and 200 MB have built-in limiters to eliminate distortion. And for true stereo separation (with 100 watts per side), you can hook up the *200 MP Monitor Amp* to the 200 MK and 200 MB.

INTRODUCING A SERIES OF LITTLE IMPROVEMENTS FOR YOUR SOUND.

Write Gallien-Krueger, Dept. M, 504 B Vandell Way, Campbell, CA 95008 for more information, or better yet, see your G-K dealer today and hear the improvements in your sound.



LYLE MAYS



THE NEW ALBUM

The long awaited
album from the
Pat Metheny Group
keyboardist,
Lyle Mays.

Featuring —
Bill Frisell,
Guitar

Marc Johnson,
Bass

Bill Drewes,
Saxophone

Nana Vasconcelos,
Percussion



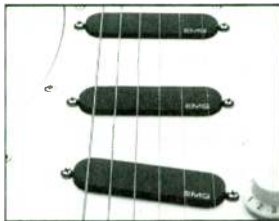
METHENY
GROUP
PRODUCTIONS

On Geffen Records and Cassettes. ©1986 The David Geffen Company

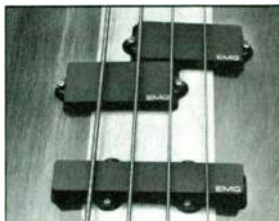
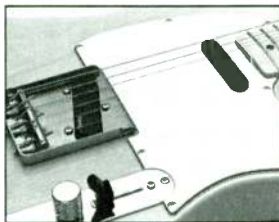
GEFFEN
RECORDS



More than just notes. EMG Pickups.



You want more than just the notes you play. With an EMG, get the response you need from a pickup. Get the performance you put into it.



EMG, INC.

P.O. Box 4394
Santa Rosa, CA 95402
(707) 525-9941



CANADA: Louis Musical, Quebec

remembers. "He drove up in a van which had a whole bunch of little toys hanging from the top. I got in and he had a big toy chest and about fifteen cornets in this little case, and he had these shoes that curled up like genie shoes. I thought he was a really weird cat when I met him, but the more I talked to him the less weird he became: He was just kind of stretched. He was writing a lot of music, he was studying philosophy, reading a lot of books, and trying to get people to perform his music, which is very difficult in Los Angeles. We had a group called the David Murray/Butch Morris ensemble, which sounded like post-Ornette stuff; that was the direction we were going in. He didn't get into conducting until we did the concert at the New York Public Theater in 1979, and the rest is history—I guess."

But, unlike many musicians who rush off to New York once they learn that B-flat has four sharps, Morris took his time. He accompanied Frank Lowe to Europe in the fall of 1976, and stayed for several years, living in Paris and the south of France. He accepted a teaching position at The Bunker in Rotterdam, the first of several European teaching assignments. "And all the time I was thinking about how I was going to deal with New York. Because I didn't want to be standing in the same lines as everybody else. So I really started getting involved in the other things that I like; theater, for instance. I love working with different dancers. And I like large ensembles." By the time Butch got the call to do the now-legendary Murray big band date at the Public Theater, he knew that "when I came back to New York I had to find my own audience: one which might appreciate what I'm doing without category. Not a jazz scale vs. a new music scale or a pop scale; I wanted to be scrutinized by individuals, not by people who follow just minimalism or jazz."

"So consequently, the first three or four, five gigs I did in New York I produced myself. But I didn't send press releases to people who were only listening to one type of music. I sent them to people who were involved in dance, who were involved with theater. A diverse audience started to grow. I had people come who had seen me with David, I had artist friends, dancer friends, people I didn't know. The last thing I did at Cuando [an East Village performance space] had 1,000 people. When's the last time something like that brought out so many people? And it wasn't just me, there were fifty or sixty artists involved. Visual artists, dancers, theater people. Having a thousand people come and pack the place, so packed people were sitting in the orchestra pit, so packed people were sitting on the stage; that's excitement for

We're tired of playing second fiddle.



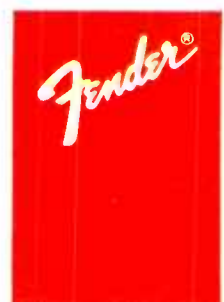
You've probably appreciated Fender's legendary electric guitars for as long as you've known which end of a pick to hold.

But the acoustics are fed up with the electrics getting all the glory.

It's just plain unfair. Because nobody designs acoustic guitars better. Nobody comes up with more advanced features (like the patented pickup and tunable anti-feedback filter on our amplified models). And nobody delivers better sound and value.

What's more, we've got a full selection of nylon and steel-string instruments—even 12-strings and a left-handed model.

So what can we do to get the attention these great guitars deserve? Maybe something in a Fiesta Red...



© 1986 Fender Musical Instruments

me, and that's art. And that's what I want to do. I want to make good art."

Morris works regularly all over the world, consistently gets good press, and his reputation has never been stronger. Yet there isn't one record that adequately captures his ideas as a band leader. "Why should I be on records?" he challenges, somewhat defensively. "I'm not the first person to say this, but we live in an age where everything is so damn accessible, and everybody wants a certain amount of popularity and fame. I really want to work, and if I'm running around here worrying about how many records I have out, I'll go crazy. How do dance companies get known, and how do they get work? They get known by word of mouth, by reviews. It's more effective than having a record out." (In fact, Morris is currently recording for Sound Aspects.)

"Look," Butch Morris says at last, "I'm trying to allow improvisers to make a living. I mean, we're basically employers. A lot of my stuff involves a lot of people. It's not so far-fetched that someday I'll go somewhere and they'll already know what the 'conduction' method is, and we can just start on a piece. We won't have to go through week-long workshops where I have to cue every 'When I do this, I want you to think this,' which is where we are now. Maybe one day it'll come to that, with all my ideas spread out and assimilated by all the people I've worked with, because listen, all the major orchestras and major opera companies today are in serious, serious debt. So what else is going to happen? Sooner or later they're going to have to give it up. They're trying to maintain a tradition, that's cool. But I'm building a tradition right now." ☐

Pogues from page 14

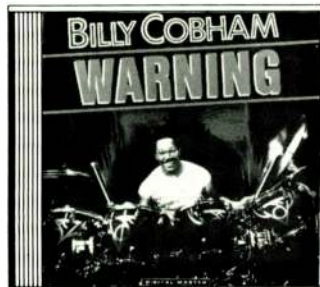
Postscript

That night, the Pogues attend a party in their honor at Limelight. They perform three tunes before a cinematic crowd that includes Matt Dillon, Molly Ringwald and David Keith. On Tuesday the tour resumes—a gig in Hoboken, New Jersey (by which time O'Riordan has returned to the fold); three dates in and around Boston; a final faretheewell show at New York's Danceteria, and then home to London, the city Shane's tipsy characters describe with such grungy lyricism.

"Shane's not seeing something that's not there," Fearnley says. "There's a line in a Sartre novel where he's walking down the quay, and everyone else is looking at how peaceful the water is, and all he can see is the shit beneath it. That's how Shane is." ☐



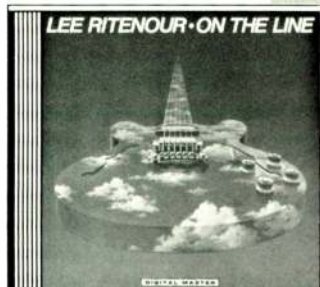
Grusin/Ritenour/Harlequin GRP-D-9522



Billy Cobham/Warning GRP-D-9528



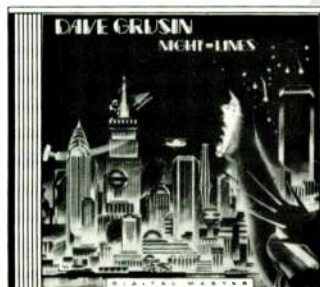
Dizzy Gillespie/New Faces GRP-D-9512



Lee Ritenour/On The Line GRP-D-9525



GRP Digital Jazz Sampler/Vol. II GRP-D-9529



Dave Grusin/Night Lines GRP-D-9504

A NEW AGE IN JAZZ

From the hottest legends in jazz to the most innovative new age pioneers, celebrate a new era in artistic and technological mastery with the company that has made a science out of sound.

Music reproduction that reflects the highest state-of-the-art digital recording technology, from who else but GRP.



THE DIGITAL MASTER COMPANY

Also available on albums and cassettes



TRUTH...

OR
CONSEQUENCES.

If you haven't heard JBL's new generation of Studio Monitors, you haven't heard the "truth" about your sound.

TRUTH: A lot of monitors "color" their sound. They don't deliver truly flat response. Their technology is full of compromises. Their components are from a variety of sources, and not designed to precisely integrate with each other.

CONSEQUENCES: Bad mixes. Re-mixes. Having to "trash" an entire session. Or worst of all, no mixes because clients simply don't come back.

TRUTH: JBL eliminates these consequences by achieving a new "truth" in sound: JBL's remarkable new 4400 Series. The design, size, and materials have been specifically tailored to each monitor's function. For example, the 2-way 4406 6" Monitor is ideally designed for console or close-in listening. While the 2-way 8" 4408 is ideal for broadcast applications. The 3-way 10" 4410 Monitor captures maximum spatial detail at greater listening distances. And the 3-way 12" 4412 Monitor is mounted with a tight-cluster arrangement for close-in monitoring.

CONSEQUENCES: "Universal" monitors, those not specifically designed for a precise application or environment, invariably compromise technology, with inferior sound the result.

TRUTH: JBL's 4400 Series Studio Monitors achieve a new "truth" in sound with

an extended high frequency response that remains effortlessly smooth through the critical 3,000 to 20,000 Hz range. And even extends beyond audibility to 27 kHz, reducing phase shift within the audible band for a more open and natural sound. The 4400 Series' incomparable high end clarity is the result of JBL's use of pure titanium for its unique ribbed-dome tweeter and diamond surround, capable of withstanding forces surpassing a phenomenal 1000 G's.

CONSEQUENCES: When pushed hard, most tweeters simply fail. Transient detail blurs, and the material itself deforms and breaks down. Other materials can't take the stress, and crack under pressure.

TRUTH: The Frequency Dividing Network in each 4400 Series monitor allows optimum transitions between drivers in both amplitude and phase. The precisely calibrated reference controls let you adjust for personal preferences, room variations, and specific equalization.

CONSEQUENCES: When the interaction between drivers is not carefully orchestrated, the results can be edgy, indistinctive, or simply "false" sound.

TRUTH: All 4400 Studio Monitors feature JBL's exclusive Symmetrical Field Geometry magnetic structure, which dramatically reduces second harmonic

distortion, and is key in producing the 4400's deep, powerful, clean bass.

CONSEQUENCES: Conventional magnetic structures utilize non-symmetrical magnetic fields, which add significantly to distortion due to a nonlinear pull on the voice coil.

TRUTH: 4400 Series monitors also feature special low diffraction grill frame designs, which reduce time delay distortion. Extra-large voice coils and ultra-rigid cast frames result in both mechanical and thermal stability under heavy professional use.

CONSEQUENCES: For reasons of economics, monitors will often use stamped rather than cast frames, resulting in both mechanical distortion and power compression.

TRUTH: The JBL 4400 Studio Monitor Series captures the full dynamic range, extended high frequency, and precise character of your sound as no other monitors in the business. Experience the 4400 Series Studio Monitors at your JBL dealer's today.

CONSEQUENCES: You'll never know the "truth" until you do.



JBL Professional
8500 Balboa Boulevard
Northridge, CA 91329

RAVE-UPS

Playing Rings Around Ringwalds

The Rave-Ups might be caught between rock and a hard place, but this L.A. band is far too strong to remain there much longer. On one hand, the quartet's 1985 debut album, *Town + Country*—a stunning collection of spare rock, blues and cowpop tunes—had critics doing backflips. And the band not

three Rave-Ups to continue working day jobs in the warehouse and mailroom of A&M Records. This position creates moments that are at once funny and frustrating. For instance, after getting equal MTV airtime with the Psychedelic Furs and OMD—who, unlike the Rave-Ups, are on the A&M-distributed *Pretty In Pink* soundtrack album—at the film's Hollywood premiere party, the band went back to work: rolling up *Pretty In Pink* posters. "We love the irony of this

moil professionally and romantically. He formed the first Rave-Ups five years ago in his native Pittsburgh. When he moved to Los Angeles in 1982 he assembled a new version (featuring current drummer Timothy Jimenez) and released the less-rootsy *Class Tramp* EP. That outfit soon collapsed; the present line-up came together two years ago.

His shattered-romance songs come from an on-and-off relationship with Beth Ringwald (older sister of

"Good Day" at Black Rock

"Black rock": redundancy or oxymoron? Whatever your feelings on that musical term, the Black Rock Coalition is going to try to shake your world. "The whole thing is about making waves," says guitarist/songwriter and BRC founder **Vernon Reid**. "I'm tired of people saying, 'This is the way it's done.'"

"It" refers to audience and record-industry preconceptions about musical categories. The New York-based BRC hopes to open ears to "fringe black music" through a multi-prong media attack: concerts, a newsletter, compilation LP, a syndicated college-radio program and documentary television show for the Black Entertainment cable network. The group's purpose is educational—"kids really don't know the history of black music," Reid says—as well as idealistically self-serving.

"The ultimate success story to me is the Grateful Dead," Reid says, "when you can be alternative and do whatever it is you're doing without having to satisfy anyone other than the band."

"I believe there are black alternative bands all over the country, great rock bands practicing in basements, doing weekend gigs, that need to be heard. That's what I would like to see happen: one nation under a groove."

The BRC has already succeeded in sowing semantic confusion among those who would stifle music by pigeonholing. Just whose "rock" is it, anyway? "It started out being black music," Reid says. "Somewhere in the 70s something really strange happened. We're just trying to even it up." (Black Rock Coalition, Box 1054, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)



only has two songs in the latest John Hughes film, *Pretty In Pink*, but also appears in the movie.

On the other hand, the group is on a tiny label that pressed only a limited number of LPs and can't afford tour support, forcing

business more than anything," quips singer/songwriter **Jimmer Podranksy**.

He remains philosophical, perhaps aware that you can't keep a good band down for too long. Besides, Podranksy is a survivor, having weathered considerable tur-

Pretty In Pink star Molly, a longtime Rave-Ups fan).

"I've heard the joke many times," Podranksy says, "that it's great when Jimmer and Beth break up because he always writes better songs." What price art?

—Duncan Strauss

CHESTERFIELD KINGS

*Not Stupid,
Not Sixties*

Until recently, the Chesterfield Kings were proud to be out of touch with the modern world. "We used to think that if it was written after 1968, it couldn't be a good song," lead singer **Greg Prevost** laughs. Indeed, the Rochester, New York quintet's 1983 debut album featured nothing but obscure tunes drawn from Prevost's private stock of more than 5,000 vintage garage band singles.

Today that purist attitude, along with the band's pudding-bowl haircuts, is a thing of the past. The Kings' new *Stop!* LP showcases mostly original material, tempering their earlier nastiness with stronger melodies and harmonies. "We wanted to do something less stupid," Prevost explains.

Besides, times have changed. When the band got together in 1978, reviving the music of the Sonics, Standells et al seemed an



unusual idea. With the rise of similar bands and the proliferation of 60s punk compilation records, however, the Kings found their turf more and more congested. "At live shows," Prevost recalls, "it got to the point where record collectors would call out the original labels and matrix numbers of the songs we were playing."

To the casual observer, they haven't made a radical shift. The originals on *Stop!* could pass for twenty-year-old songs, and the LP does contain a few choice oldies, including "Fight Fire" from John and Tom Fogerty's pre-Creedence days in the Golliwogs. And the striking similarity between the album's back cover and that of the

Rolling Stones' *December's Children (And Everybody's)* is purely intentional.

Still, Prevost sees the Chesterfield Kings as a more contemporary band headed for increased exposure. "We're not going to sell out," he observes, "but our next album should be what the big record companies are looking for." — *Jon Young*

LAURA LEVINE

CHIEF EBENEZER OBEY

*...And a Time
To Dance*

If somebody told you that everybody in America sounded like Michael Jackson they'd be telling a lie. It's the same in Nigeria. Sunny Adé has his style, and I have mine." The speaker is Chief Ebenezer Obey, the acknowledged master of juju music's hypnotic groove and one of Africa's most popular bandleaders.

Obey went to Lagos as a youth fresh out of high school to join the Fatai Rolling Dol-

lars Band, singing, writing and playing guitar. Six years later he started the International Brothers Band (now the Inter-Reformers), and approached Decca Records. "I offered our services for nothing," Obey recalls. "I told them, 'If we don't make a hit, don't pay us.' They were so impressed with my confidence they signed us and insisted we take royalties.

"When our first record failed I decided to put more guitars in the band. I also added another bass, a steel guitar player and western-style drums. Luckily the record company gave me

another chance."

That second single created the sound of modern juju, and Obey's innovations have made him an international star. In recent years the Inter-Reformers have toured the U.S., Britain, Switzerland and Holland; signed for European record distribution; and released their first domestic album (last year's *Juju Jubilee*, a compilation of recent tracks).

In concert Obey's music is big and bright, as full of space as a nighttime sky. Steel guitar swoops through the backdrop created by the twinkling lead guitars of

Obey and Paul Tao, while the multi-layered percussion ensemble floats through the mix with unexpected rhythmic accents. The only quibbling point is the abrupt climax of the tunes—the same problem that makes *Juju Jubilee* less than totally satisfying.

"That was the one concession we made to American taste," Obey explains. "In Nigeria people dance all night, so sometimes a number will go on for half an hour or more. I guess people don't have so much stamina here so we keep the songs to five or ten minutes." — *j. poet*

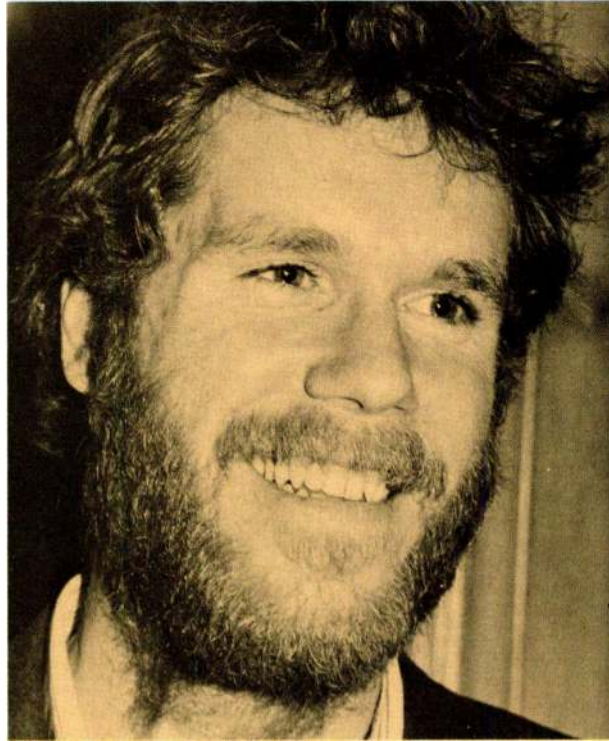
LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

He Still Has a Job

I think it's a good record," Loudon Wainwright III says about *I'm Alright*, his tenth and, many longtime fans believe, best album. "I've had enough distance on it to come up with an opinion. And my opinion is that it is one of my best."

His thumbs-up appraisal is slightly startling for two reasons. First, Wainwright, thirty-nine, is a modest maverick who'd more typically downplay the merit of his latest work with a self-deprecating quip. Second, it would seem a tough task for the New York-based tunesmith to single out one LP when he's turned out a number of exceptional albums during his sixteen-year career. (His best-remembered song remains 1973's novelty hit "Dead Skunk.")

The spare, predominantly acoustic *I'm Alright* extends Wainwright's reputation as one of the wittiest songwriters around, and demon-



strates why years ago he earned the dreaded "new Dylan" tag. The album's songs deal with, among other topics, the hassles of moving, John Lennon's assassination, and interviewers' stock questions.

Wainwright co-produced *I'm Alright* with Richard Thompson. "I was kinda running around with my head cut off in the studio while he was sitting there doing a crossword puzzle. He'd stick his head up occasionally to

make oblique, sarcastic, but very pertinent comments. So it was a good working relationship."

Wainwright has already begun writing songs for his next album. (One, the poignant "Your Mother And I," was inspired by explaining his split from Suzzy Roche to their four-year-old daughter.) He's acted on film, television and off-Broadway, and may do more before recording *I'm Alright's* follow-up.

But he's under no great pressure to return to the studio. Wainwright's not controlled by any rock biz machinery, largely because he ignores the industry—and to some extent, vice versa. "I'm kind of on the periphery of the music business," he admits. "What I'm doing is not what's happening. I have to accept that."

"Sometimes I think I should try to be doing something else. But it's working on one level because people are coming up to me and saying the songs have affected them. And they're still paying me to do this. That's the bottom line—I still have a job."

—Duncan Strauss

The CD Royalty War

In what appears to be a feud of few words (so far), record companies and artists' management are squaring off across conference tables to renegotiate royalty rates paid on compact discs. When CDs were introduced—in Japan in 1982, in the U.S. in late 1983—many artists were asked to sign "same pennies" contracts: They would be paid the same amount for LPs and CDs, despite the latter's higher retail sales price. Record companies stressed higher manufacturing and promotion costs as the reason for the lower rates. Most artists went along in hopes of fostering sales of the new format. Today many of those contracts are coming up for renegotiation; with CDs more firmly entrenched in the mar-

ketplace, many artist managers are asking for increased CD royalties.

As in any dealings involving the almighty percentage point, both sides of the negotiations are keeping quiet about specifics. The most

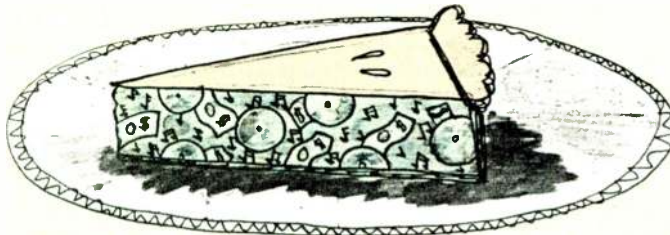
made were temporary. Record companies maintain that even the most expensive CDs, which retail between \$10 and \$17, are not yet profitable due to start-up costs. "With the growth of the market," another manager says,

company rip-off," a PolyGram representative says. "I don't think that's the total story. There really is no malice intended." Malice or not, resulting negotiations may see some CDs pulled from the shelves or pressing plants if new contracts aren't amenable to all parties.

"Does it make sense to you?" counters still another manager. "The CDs sell for twice as much and they want to pay us the same for both. How long should that last?"

A record company lawyer answers: "What that doesn't take into consideration is that still today we are discounting CDs to get them into consumers' hands. When they become a bigger part of the market, we'll all make more money. But until then we've all got to give a little."

—Jon Bowermaster



public case, cited in *Billboard*, concerns Alan Parsons Project manager Eric Woolfson and Arista Records. Woolfson claimed that the early royalty concessions he and other managers

"we're gearing our studio production more to the high quality CDs will reproduce, so our costs are increasing, too."

"The press has picked this up as just another record

Some said it really couldn't be happening; that it was just publicity. And the fabulous Bangles proved them wrong. Others said they couldn't last more than a month or two; that nobody could hold on to that kind of fame. The Bangles, of course, proved them wrong too. Then when their first movie was released, and even the critics liked it, people began to wonder if all those Bangles fans hadn't really discovered something after all....

Oops, sorry, I was just in the middle of a dream. This isn't really Banglemania, or even an incredible simulation. Okay, so VICKI's first guitar hero was George Harrison, and SUSANNA used to daydream about Paul McCartney, and along with DEBBI they decided to get a band together following John Lennon's death, but then just before they got signed to a record contract their fourth member left, and in stepped MICHAEL—so what does all that prove?

As Susanna Hoffs puts it, "People like to put a big tag on a sprinkling of influences. They called Van Gogh a post-Impressionist. We're just doing the music we like."

She has a point—despite parallels with the Fab Four, musical reference points from the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield to Love to the Mamas & the Papas, and even gender associations with the Go-Gos, the Bangles are nobody's retreat. Their combination of warm, emotive pop songcraft, thrilling vocal harmonies and state-of-the-art technology doesn't merely emulate their influences, it transcends them. And if that combination results in pop stardom, well, that's really been their goal all along.

Five years ago, Susanna Hoffs was looking for a band. "I put flyers up all over Los Angeles," she remembered. "I put them up in all the clubs. It read 'auditions wanted' and it listed all the bands I really liked." No one called. One night at

the Whiskey she noticed someone had torn up her flyers and deposited them in the trash. It was not a bright moment in her life.

Susanna had never been part of a band before, but music had always mattered. Not that her family was all that musical: "This wasn't the Whitney Houston story," she says. "But my uncle had played in a lot of folk situations and was kind of a hippie. When I was in elementary school he gave me guitar lessons, songs like 'Greenback Dollar.' After that I always played that kind of music—always."

Finally she got a call—from a sixteen-year-old girl. "It was Maria McKee," Susanna recalls with a laugh. "On the posters I'd written the names of all my favorite groups, including Love, and of course Maria's brother Brian—who I always thought was the cute one—was in that band. We were going to start a group, but she decided to put one together with her brother instead. I guess that didn't happen either." Instead Maria found Lone Justice and Susanna turned to the *Recycler*—a local consumer publication popular for the bartering of used Pintos and Fender amps—and rang up garage-band veterans Vicki and Debbi Peterson.

"The first time we talked for a long time about John Lennon, who'd just been killed," says Susanna. "Then we got together and sat around with guitars and sang Joni Mitchell

Photograph by B.C. Kagan



The Bangles & The Ten Commandments Of 80s Rock

By Mark Rowland



Vicki Peterson, Debbi Peterson, Susanna Hoffs & Michael Steele

songs. We decided to get together right off. I think we were all pretty desperate to be in a band. It seemed like fun. It was very much like what I did in high school with my girlfriends."

"We've always had the goal of being on top forty radio," says Debbi Peterson. "Growing up we rode around L.A. in our parents' cars all the time, and they were really hip parents, I must say. We had an intercom in our house, and it seemed like they just played music all day long."

Debbi took up the piano at thirteen "but I thought, ahh, no fun." Vicki was already playing in high school bands, and at one point they needed a drummer. "Actually, I was only an air drummer," Debbi recalls. "But I sat down and started jamming, and from then on I learned by ear. Those were the days of Fanny and the Runaways and it never entered my mind that it might be weird to be a girl doing this. We always did just what we wanted to."

Annette Zilinskas, the Bangles' first bass player, also grew up in the aura of her parents' record collection, "though they were more into the Stones, Dylan, even Leadbelly. I had an uncle who traveled to the Newport Folk Festival every year. I was eighteen and just looking to be in a band; Sue said they didn't need any more vocalists, so why not learn to play bass? We were called the Colors then and sang Beatles songs like 'She's Got The Devil In Her Heart.' We broke up, and when they came back as the Bangs, I was only going to play their first gig. But I stayed for two years."

The Bangs became local club favorites—part of L.A.'s so-called "Paisley Underground." But what made the Bangles stand out even then, Zilinskas remembers, was their drive. "Even when I first joined I was worried, 'Uh-oh, this band is too

band who claimed 'We've been the Bangs for fourteen years and we do Lynyrd Skynyrd covers and we hear that Miles Copeland is your manager and we want two billion dollars.' So we changed our name." Ingenuous garage-pop like "The Real World" and "Want You" helped *The Bangles* sell a very respectable 35,000 copies, and Columbia Records came a-calling. With contracts drawn, advances negotiated and the future beckoning, Annette decided to quit the band.

"I could see what was happening," says Annette, who now sings with cowpunks Blood on the Saddle. "They had three singers already, and at that point I didn't write songs. I wanted to sing lead, and I wanted to rock out more. Also, I figured they should be able to start off fresh." Yeah, Annette, but what about the money? "Yeah, well, that's not everything to me," she laughs. "I feel like I have a lot more freedom now."

"We wanted a strong bass player," Susanna agrees, "and when it came time to sign with Columbia she was still so ambivalent about the band. So the rest of us got together and met her at her house. She was waiting for us. She knew the little saga of Annette and the Bangles had come to its end."

"But I don't think she regretted it at all. She always had a different vision. Staying with us would have been like staying in a bad marriage."

Michael Steele joined the Bangles for the same reason Annette Zilinskas left. After playing in fourteen other bands, from the original Runaways to the late Jules & the Polar Bears, and ready "to get a job at Tower Records," Steele had developed a "pretty different perspective" of the music biz than her cohorts. You can hear it in her conversation: while Debbi Peterson comes off as thoughtful and reserved, Vicki glib and confident, and Susanna self-consciously sincere, Michael seems more tough-minded, and occasionally caustic.

"I'd already had every experience imaginable in a rock band," she notes. "It wasn't the eleventh hour for me, it was eleven-thirty. I've worked with a lot of people where if you said 'I like Paul McCartney,' they would say 'You're an asshole.' I've worked with a lot of musical Nazis. The Bangles made sense to me on a chemical level."

"Before Michael joined we asked her to describe her dream band," Vicki elaborates, and she said 'The Yardbirds with Fairport Convention vocals.' That sounded great to me."

"We really do listen to that stuff," insists Michael, to no one's surprise. "I bought a Buffalo Springfield album yesterday, and I listen to the Byrds about every day. I love Cream and Hendrix. We want to keep the intensity of those great guitar bands, but with our vocals."

That much at least was made clear on *All Over The Place*, one of the nicer surprises during the summer of '84. Produced by David Kahne (Translator, Romeo Void, Rank & File) the album was designed, as he explains, "to put them across as a band without confusing the issue, and still get their voices out. At that point their style was kind of quick and peppy and...I don't want to say 'radio' because that wasn't even the point. Recording was still too new for them to have blown the whole process open."

But while critics and old fans slavered over the twining guitars of "Dover Beach" and "All About You," Kahne and the Bangles were already inching in other directions. "I think rhythm and vocals are the two most important things as far as performance goes," says the producer, "and the Bangles already had a very identifiable vocal sound. But only certain rhythmic areas get played on the radio—formats tend to be divided by rhythm. So we used the rhythm of 'Hero Takes A Fall' and 'Goin' Down To Liverpool' to get on the radio. We worked on 'Hero' a lot [the song was rewritten four times] because it was a rhythm they weren't familiar with. But it was one which left more space for their voices, and anytime that happens they'll be showing off their strong points."

"It was very hard emotionally," Susanna remembers. "You get in a state of mind where you're all alone and concentrating



"When I first joined, I went, 'Uh oh, this band is too good!'"

good.' I knew that meant we'd be superserious and practice all the time—and we did. I knew in my gut they'd do well—which means getting signed—and they'd make it—whatever *that* means. Vicki was very organized and practical. We were not a party band, not at all."

After signing with Miles Copeland's management company, the Bangs released their first single, "Gettin' Out Of Hand," and were preparing release of their EP when, as Vicki says, "We started getting letters from some New Jersey bar

**"We were very determined,
very organized and ambitious."**



on certain notes, and it's like a weird kind of mathematics—you get so frustrated with yourself that you start to cry. David was such a critical producer, but for me it was a relief. It was the first time we respected anyone outside the band enough to make those kinds of decisions for us. He was the only other musician to play on the LP. We really made him a fifth Bangle."

All Over The Place got good college radio play and critical raves, and Columbia began grooming them for more. They received some valuable exposure opening for Cyndi Lauper on her national tour, and tightened their performing chops in the process. The Bangles didn't enter a studio for another year, and then only after extensive pre-production with Kahne. By then, their recording budget had been doubled.

Now that *Different Light* and "Manic Monday" are simultaneously storming the charts (with the Bangles' gorgeous version of Jules Shear's "If She Knew What She Wants" soon to follow), debate rages among Bangles fans whether their new sound tastes great or is merely less filling. Among the disaffected, Kahne is typically cast as the nasty producer who "sold out" the band. Wrong.

"Early on we were very determined, very organized and very ambitious," Susanna observes. "We used to do everything ourselves; now we have other people working for us, but we haven't lost a lot of control."

"The Bangles take a lot of control over what goes out under their name," declares sound engineer Chris Kathman. "They're smart, they run things, and they're not prima donnas. People in the production community think very highly of them."

Which is not to say there weren't fights. "If spirit has to do with disagreeing sometimes, there is plenty of spirit on this record," Kahne says diplomatically. "If you've done something you've never done before, there has to be arguments." But on the whole it seems like the Bangles got pretty close to the album they wanted. "Whether they want to sound commercial or not, they can't help it," Kahne observes. "When the four of them stand around the mike and sing, it's a great blend." In other words, Kahne merely did what any sensible soul would do with bangles—he polished them up.

Recently, while listening to the Bangles, I was fortunate enough to receive a personal visitation from Our Lord in Heaven. It turns out that, unbeknownst to most of us, there exists a *Ten Commandments of 80s Rock*; and that albums most in accordance with these commandments will inevitably ascend into the realm of top forty; those which are not will lag behind. This revelation has placed the Bangles' musical odyssey in a very different light indeed.

1 Thou shalt covet thy neighbor's songs.

Covering other people's songs has lately become pop chic, but it's a trend that suits few bands as well as the Bangles. "We've always been known for our covers," as Susanna Hoffs observes, "and as vocalists it's always a challenge to sing a melody you didn't think up yourself."

On *Different Light*, "we wanted to choose songs for a variety of perspectives rhythmically, so we could set off the vocals with different 'frames,'" David Kahne explains. In other words, the Bangles needed hits. The album's four cover tunes, which include Alex Chilton's spine-tingling "September Gurls," and the delightfully wacked-out "Walk Like An Egyptian," plus songs by Shear and Prince, do give *Different Light* most of its range and mainstream appeal. On the downside, they tend to overshadow the Bangles' own songwriting. A band with a less healthy collective ego couldn't have accepted that.

"We wouldn't *not* do a great song just because we didn't write it," says Michael Steele. "That's stupid."

2 Thou shalt receive the blessings of Bruce or Prince.

In recent months a whole raft of rock royalty, including its two reigning bigwigs, have jumped on the Bangles bandwagon. To them it's unsettling: "It's strange walking up to Elvis Costello to tell him what a great show he just performed and before you get it out of your mouth he's saying, 'I loved your album, it's great,'" says Debbi. "And that he bought our records and watched us on *American Bandstand*."

Of course Elvis likes almost everyone, but his support pales before His Purpleness, who composed "Manic Monday" specifically for the Bangles (though has anyone noticed that the verse melody is just a slowed-down version of "1999"?'s?), and then hung around their recording sessions to offer "moral" support. "We kept his keyboard signature, but changed around the vocal harmonies," Steele reveals. "The middle section is a lot different—we tossed out the Apollonia parts," she laughs. "It could have been a great guitar song; it had a great Velvet Underground sort of pick progression."

At one point Prince seemed to agree. "He came to a rehearsal one day and said, 'You don't need a keyboard on this,'" remembers Vicki. "We all went 'What? Okay, you come on the road with us.' And then *he* said, 'Okay!' And he had this funny little smile when he said it. We all went 'Whoah!'"

3 Honor thy drum machine.

"The Bangles are not a drum machine band," David Kahne admits. Nonetheless *Different Light* boasts plenty of programming, which not too surprisingly bugs drummer Debbi Peterson. "We're used to working as four Bangles together, and to have some outside person coming in, breaking up the group, it's strange.... But whatever makes the record sound better," she adds, looking like someone who just drank a pint of terrible-tasting medicine. She shakes her head. "I guess I don't really want to talk about it."

4 Thou shalt not commit adulthood.

Different Light's odes to romantic longing are a long toss from the feisty femininity of *All Over The Place*. They sounded so much older then: They're younger than that now.

"I think on the first LP there was more of a defensive attitude," is Susanna's view. "Not to take any shit, basically. This

album is more romantic in my mind. I interpret 'If She Knew What She Wants' as about a boy I want who is with this girl he's trying to please. It's an unrequited love song. And 'Walking Down Your Street' is about being madly in love and it's late and you think, 'Tomorrow morning at school I'm gonna walk right up to this person and ask him for a date!' But what will you do really?



"We write about being girls, we live life as girls, we are girls."

5 Thou shalt project an immediately identifiable gender.

In case you haven't noticed, this is no longer the age of unisex. The Bangles don't exploit theirs, and they don't shy away from it either. "I think it's fun that people like the band because we're girls," says Susanna. "I mean, we write about being girls and we look like girls and we live life as girls and—we are girls. I don't really give a damn if people think it's different...well, we are a little different."

6 Thou shalt sing songs about "America."

Happily, the Bangles haven't done this.

7 Skimp not on production, or reap the radio whirlwind.

"We wanted a record that would sound okay on the radio next to OMD, without sounding like them or anyone else," says Vicki Peterson. "Of course I was nervous about getting a backlash from old Bangs fans too."

"We've lost our street vitality," cracks Michael Steele. "But the difference between 60s and 80s songs is that, while 60s songs sound fresh, their production is dated. They layered sounds onto two or four tracks back then, and the vocals went on last and the drums got lost. Well, I think the way drums are mixed these days is very exciting. I love modern stuff, as long as it retains emotion and soul. We are not a band that thinks nothing good has happened since 1966."

8 Thy producer is thy shepherd—for better or worse.

David Kahne admits to making records, "where I've done an unconscionable amount of playing and arranging"—but he insists this isn't one of them. "I love vocals and vocal arrangements, so for me to set that up—I looked forward to it every day."

"He's a very good arranger," echoes Susanna. "He's more into keyboards—that's his forte."

Some critics have carped that at times Kahne cluttered up the Bangles' refreshingly spare aesthetic, and while he did bring in outside soloists like guitarist Rusty Anderson (who plays the amazing guitar break in "September Gurls"), he also made sure that "none of the solos were idiosyncratic—they all have a melodic approach in keeping with the vocal lines, and they're very tonal. It's not like we ever stuck in some weird

Jeff Beck solo."

In fact, no session musicians were specifically credited on the record. "I think it was important *not* to. No one knows what parts Jimmy Page played on those Herman's Hermits records either, but he's on every one of them. That happened a lot in the 60s."

9 Thou shalt curry corporate clout.

When the Bangles turned down an offer from I.R.S. Records to sign with Columbia—ostensibly to distance their reputation from the Go-Go's—they were also taking a calculated risk, giving up the special attention and nurturing of a smaller, home-based label for the eventual influence and prestige of a big one. The Bangles have done their part, and now the mothership is doing theirs.

"There was a definite feeling from CBS right after we delivered the album of, 'This is something we'll get behind, we really have to work this 'cuz it's great,'" recalls Michael Steele.

"You can perceive that as pressure," notes Vicki Peterson, "or you can perceive that as enthusiasm." The Bangles are clearly enthused.

10 Thou shalt all hang together, or else hang separately.

A few years ago, it seemed fashionable for groups to thrive on hatred and dissension—the Who, Fleetwood Mac, the Sex Pistols, the Oakland A's, the Democratic Party—but where are they now? As befits a band whose own influences include Love, the Bangles seem considerably more sanguine. Their democratic vision even extends to royalties; according to Vicki, songwriting earnings are split between the writers and the Bangles' publishing company, in which all four members share equally. "It's four people writing and four people singing, so it's very much a group effort," Debbi Peterson explains. And when pressure gets high, they just get together and write a song about it. "That's where 'Let It Go' came from," says Vicki. "We wrote that together in about a half an hour in the studio. Just ran in, basically locked David in the control room and said, 'Leave us alone! We're doing this one.' We were all feeling pretty crazy at the time, so we used that as a theme, everyone threw in different ideas and...we had a song. It was very stream-of-consciousness."

"We're all diverse in our personalities and our goals, so it's kind of a free-for-all," concludes Susanna Hoffs, "but with a concern that everyone feels they're making an artistic statement. It's the only way for this group to survive."

"I guess that is unusual. But if you don't feel you're getting that much, you shouldn't be in a band."

Margy Rochlin contributed information for the preparation of this article.

MANIC MACHINES

Vicki Peterson's axes of choice include a Carvin DC 125 guitar and '70 and '71 Les Pauls (in older days she played a Les Paul custom sunburst) with a Carvin amp and bottom—an X60B with a 4 x 12 cabinet and 60 watt head, and Nady wireless systems. She once eschewed effects, but as "a reformed purist" she now includes a Boss super overdrive and a DF2 super distortion box in her repertoire. In the studio she also plays a '63 Fender Strat along with the Les Pauls.

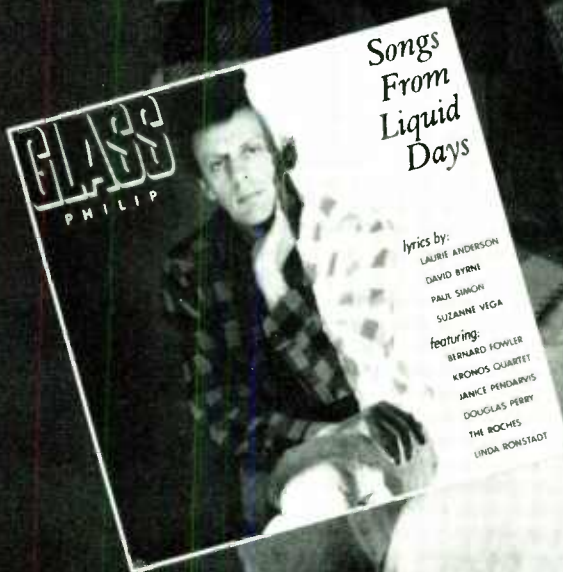
Susanna's a Rickenbacker kind of gal—a 350 model and two 620 twelve-strings, a Nady wireless system and Marshall amps.

Michael Steele plays "a couple of old Fender P-basses" ('65) and "a weird old Hagstrom, which we mostly use for pictures, but do play once in a while." She recently purchased a Musicman Stingray, which she describes as "fabulous. It's the bass I use on this record, except for a Steinberger on 'Manic Monday.'" She uses an Ampeg SVT head on the road.

Debbi Peterson plays a "hot pink" Gretsch kit with Zildjian cymbals. Their dulcet tones are captured by Shure SM58 mikes.

Songs from liquid days

A STREAM OF GENIUS
FROM PHILIP GLASS.



Songs From Liquid Days

lyrics by:

LAURIE ANDERSON
DAVID BYRNE
PAUL SIMON
SUZANNE VEGA

featuring:

BERNARD FOWLER
KRONOS QUARTET
JANICE PENDARVIS
DOUGLAS PERRY
THE ROCHESES
LINDA RONSTADT

Produced by Kurt Munkacsí for Euphorbia Productions, Ltd. Linda Ronstadt appears courtesy of Elektra/Asylum Records. The Rocheses appear courtesy of Warner Bros. Records Inc.

Philip Glass is speaking in a new musical language.

For the first time in his multi-faceted career, Glass has chosen to express himself through the most basic musical form; the song. On *Songs From Liquid Days*, he rethinks it, re-shapes it and creates a completely new idea of what a song can be. The result is an extraordinary new album with six distinctively brilliant works of collaborative artistry.

These songs are the genius of Philip Glass flowing through a superstar ensemble of lyricists: David Byrne, Laurie Anderson, Suzanne Vega and Paul Simon...crafted by vocal stylists: Linda Ronstadt, The Roches, Bernard Fowler, Douglas Perry and Janice Pendarvis.

Songs From Liquid Days is one of the most important new albums of the year; not only for its departure from traditional music-making, but, for its daring new approach.

On CBS Records, chrome Cassettes and Compact Discs.

VIOLENT

The scene is pandemonium. The band starts a song, then stops as over-enthusiastic members of the youthful audience lunge onto the proscenium. Security men both receive and dole out red (and black-and-blue) badges of courage. The bass player risks alienating the crowd by announcing sternly, "We don't care where we're playing, we don't like people onstage!" Maybe his fans would take him more seriously if he didn't look like a Hare Krishna disciple—shaven head, orange robe—wearing large, dangling earrings of fish. By the encore the band is well outflanked by security, but these aren't your pony-tailed, beer-bellied bouncers; in their matching blazers and red neckties they more resemble a Mafia glee club. This is not a sweaty hard-core punk dive. This is the Violent Femmes at New York's Carnegie Hall.

Who the hell are the Violent Femmes?

"Andrew Carnegie appeared to our manager at a seance and insisted that we play there," Brian Ritchie claims several hours

Can three guys from Milwaukee sell half a million records and still be a cult group?

By Scott Isler

FEMMES

before the event. The dour-toned but drily humorous bassist prefers tattered denim jackets and plaid shirts to saffron robes offstage, though he likes the earrings and the newly-shaved head, a triennial event. “We realized when we’re talking to our grandchildren and they ask what kind of venues did we play, we’ll be able to tell ‘em one venue that probably will still be around!”

“It’s been around for at least five years,” drummer Victor DeLorenzo adds earnestly.

“There’s definitely a lot of good musicians that have been on that stage,” Ritchie says, then pauses. “And we’re not some of them.”

The Violent Femmes are a trio from Milwaukee, Wisconsin—with no apologies. In five years these former outcasts of the city’s music scene have evolved from ugly ducklings to, if not swans, at least very popular ducks. Their first album, released in 1983, has managed to sell 175,000 copies without



LAURA VINE

JOE MATTEO

ever appearing on *Billboard*'s top 200 chart. Indeed, they were still chart virgins when their current third album, *The Blind Leading The Naked*, suddenly roared into the top 100, selling 100,000 copies in its first four weeks of release.

"The other two were hits," Ritchie states defensively, "it just wasn't all at once." Singer/guitarist Gordon Gano admits being "a little bit surprised, not shocked" by his group's new-found acceptance. "I'm ready for almost anything. There did seem to be signs it would do fairly well. Very much in contrast to our last record, the record company is like, 'Oh yeah, we like it, we can work with it!'"

In that case, their record company had better move fast. The Violent Femmes aren't known for playing corporate ball. During the making of their previous album, Ritchie says, "We were getting phone calls from Slash. They'd say, 'Well, you guys are using a big drum sound, right? It's real danceable, right?' We'd say, 'Yeah, it is,' and then just make what we want to." The members would rather check out jazz shows and avant-garde theater than their new neighbors on the album charts. No wonder Warner Bros. eagerly seized the Femmes' first recorded non-original song—T. Rex's "Children Of The Revolution"—for a single: "It sounds the least like us of anything we've done," Gano laughs.

The irony isn't lost on the group; they just couldn't care less. Besides, what do you expect from a three-piece that consists of an acoustic bass guitarist; a stand-up drummer whose minimal kit includes a washtub; and a diminutive singer who alternates paeans to Jesus with the psychotic ravings of a horny teenager? This isn't quite *Foreigner* we're dealing with.

Even before they got together, the individual Femmes had shown a healthy disregard for social convention. Gano, twenty-two, still looks the part of a picked-on high school student seething with creativity. He channeled it into violin and then songwriting while growing up in Oak Creek, a Milwaukee suburb. Accompanying himself on guitar, Gano would perform solo or with a friend or brother on second guitar. Meanwhile, Ritchie was one-half of an Irish folk music duo, and also playing guitar and bass with DeLorenzo, then active in an improvisatory theater group. In 1979 Ritchie's duo shared the stage with Gano at a Milwaukee variety show; the promoter tipped him off to Gano—"a pint-sized Lou Reed imitator," Ritchie remembers the description.

"At first I was really skeptical. He came out with gloves on playing a guitar which wasn't the kind you'd buy at Musicland. But once he started playing I realized the guy had at least charisma, and some of his songs were really interesting." Intrigued, Ritchie attended a subsequent performance, introduced himself and asked Gano to open a show for him. Gano returned the favor by inviting Ritchie to play with him at a high school assembly: Violent Femmes Legend Number One. "He did 'Gimme The Car' [an explosive plaint that flirts with obscenity] in front of the whole school and it erupted into a near-riot," Ritchie says. "It was fantastic!"

In June, 1981, after DeLorenzo got back from a European tour with his theater group, the three got together for a jam—"and we never stopped," Ritchie says. "We never decided to form a band. We played many gigs and we were one of the most popular bands in Milwaukee—before we realized we even had a band. That's why we're called Violent Femmes. We didn't think it was going to be a permanent organization; we thought we could get away with having the most ridiculous name in the world, because we wouldn't have to live with it!"

At first the band was acoustic all the way, not even using microphones at their coffee-house gigs. Ritchie didn't want the hassle of dragging around an upright bass—not like he could afford one anyway—so he came up with an acoustic bass guitar. DeLorenzo brushed up on his brush work; he'd been taught by a 40s big-band drummer. The resulting streamlined sound contrasted nicely with Gano's

heavyweight lyrical obsessions. And the low-power requirement gave rise to Violent Femmes Legend Number Two:

They were busking for change from ticket-buyers at a Milwaukee Pretenders concert a couple of months after forming. Unbeknownst to the Femmes, the Pretenders were looking for an opening act. That group's late guitarist James Honeyman Scott caught the Femmes' *al fresco* act, and *voilà!* They were playing in front of the largest, most hostile crowd of their young career.

The crowds aren't hostile anymore—anti-social, yes, but hostile, no. The Femmes recently returned to the theater where they opened for the Pretenders, only this time as headliners. In between they signed to Slash, an indie label with Warner Bros. distribution, and toured heavily—criss-crossing the country numerous times, playing Europe almost as much, making inroads in Australia and New Zealand. Even MTV has been helpful.

The Violent Femmes' self-titled first album expanded the cult beyond city limits. The record's simple production highlighted the semi-acoustic arrangements and Gano's whiny vocals that had rock critics reflexively pulling out Velvet Underground and Jonathan Richman albums for comparison. The band settled the issue to their own satisfaction when they met Velvets drummer Maureen Tucker in Phoenix a year ago. (And they couldn't pass up the chance to have Tucker, whose daughter is a Femmes fan, sit in with them. She pounded DeLorenzo's tom-tom on the snappy non-original "Dance, Motherfucker, Dance.")

"We asked her if she thought we sounded like the Velvet Underground," Ritchie recalls. "She said, 'Oh no, not at all.' And Jonathan Richman says that he hates us. So we've got disclaimers from both of the people we're compared to."

The following *Hallowed Ground* album must have taken some Femmes followers by surprise. Gano went back to his folk roots for traditional song forms which he warped to his purpose. The singer also wrote a couple of neo-spirituals, "Jesus Walking On The Water" and "It's Gonna Rain." Those more comfortable with his teen-rebellion anthems assumed these gospel-flavored songs were put-ons. They're not.

"It begins to mean more and more to me," says Gano, whose father is an American Baptist minister. "Originally somebody in the group didn't want to do those 'cause they didn't believe in it. A year or so later the same person said, 'Let's do your gospel songs, they're your best songs.'"

"At first I said, 'Forget it. I refuse to do any of this Christian garbage,'" Ritchie admits. "Then I realized this was a close-minded attitude. I listen to gospel music myself, and I love religious art. I realized I was being a hypocrite because I wouldn't be willing to play something that I would happily listen to."

"Those songs are part of Gordon's make-up," DeLorenzo says, "and the idea behind this band is to indulge ourselves musically and also to remain real people in doing so. So why not play some of the songs we think we can do a good job with?" DeLorenzo himself is a non-observant Christian. As for Ritchie, "I say Sun Ra is the only guy that's making sense nowadays."

Even Gano, however, was appalled to discover that Warners was advertising the new Femmes album with the tagline, "The F-word of the 80s is FAITH." (The song of that title includes a "faith call" reminiscent of Country Joe and the Fish's "fish cheer," which spelled out another F-word.) More likely the record company was at wits end trying to summarize an album that ranges lyrically from outraged politics ("Old Mother Reagan," "No Killing") to silly love songs ("Special," "Heartache"), and musically from punk to blues to country-western pastiche to semi-jazzy introspection.

"We imposed a stylistic approach upon all the songs on the first album," Ritchie says. "Then we imposed a philosophy on



Gordon Gano, Victor DeLorenzo and Brian Ritchie developing a following.

the second album. On the third album we threw all our previous ideas out the window and decided to do each song as an individual song, the best we could do it." One novel touch on *The Blind Leading The Naked* is a strong producer's hand: Talking Heads' keyboard player (and fellow Milwaukeean) Jerry Harrison was behind the board. Consequently, DeLorenzo says, "the sound is a little more palatable." But Ritchie adds that the group itself made a "conscious choice" to use tighter arrangements than previously: "We wanted to give people a lot of ideas to digest. So we were more into songs as statements of philosophy and getting lyrics across than we were with the kind of jazz approach we had previously, which showcased instrumental finesse."

Harrison didn't always get his way. The album concludes with "Two People," a fifty-seven-second fragment Gano wrote when he was fifteen or sixteen. Gano says that "Jerry Harrison thought, 'Sounds great, but it's too short. You gotta write some more verses.' I tried to write some other verses, even though instinctively it didn't feel particularly right. But when it came right down to it, that one little verse, just having the song and almost as it began, was right."

The idea of recording "Children Of The Revolution" came from Ritchie, a Marc Bolan fanatic. "It was just a fluke that we even did it at all," the bassist explains. "We listened to it once, wrote down the chord changes and lyrics, and then never referred to the original version again."

"I'd never heard it," Gano says. "I listened to it and just started laughing, 'cause I couldn't imagine us doing it. The only way I can sing it is through the idea of sarcasm. 'You won't fool the children of the revolution'—that just seems ridiculous to me."

Spontaneity plays a large part in the Femmes esthetic. "We basically never rehearse," Gano says. "We just learn things onstage. 'Jesus Walking On The Water' I played through once or twice in the dressing-room right before going onstage."

That anarchic streak ran through the Noisemakers From Hell, a band (more or less) including Ritchie and DeLorenzo that played Sunday nights in Milwaukee. The Noisemakers' free-form appearances, Ritchie says, were "like being on a psychoanalyst's couch in front of an audience every week." The group "committed suicide" at a gig last New Year's Eve. More recently the Femmes rhythm section invited fellow eccentric Eugene Chadbourne to Milwaukee, where they rehearsed, recorded and mixed a "total political album" of social commentary in four days. "It's a privilege to work with a guy who's on a mission," Ritchie says. "He didn't even believe in tuning the guitar....He didn't think that was relevant." Ritchie tuned it when Chadbourne wasn't looking.

One explanation for the non-Femmes activity is that Gano transplanted himself to New York. He's been keeping busy, too, both reverting to a solo act and performing with Mercy Seat, a gospel/rock 'n' roll band. The 900-mile distance between the other Femmes and himself presents a communications problem, but reflects no musical differences. Besides, Gano says, "it helps me to play with other people, because the Femmes are my first band."

The group's open marriage is appropriate for three rather disparate individuals. DeLorenzo—at thirty-one, the Femmes' elder statesperson—prefers vests and jackets to the others' wilder garb. Gano, despite writing virtually all the material, seems a little self-conscious about his lack of extensive experience. Ritchie is eager to jam with any peers. All are

proud of how far they've come, even as they're apprehensive about being poised on the edge of mass acceptance.

"Success is very nice," Ritchie affirms, "especially when it's on your own terms." "Success is so much perspective," Gano feels. "The Jacksons have to apologize if they only sell five million and Michael sells fifty million. The kind of life we have with our group, for some people that's like being the Stones."

"About the group, I've always felt on two different planes. One is that it's all so amazing that we could be doing what we've done—a band that has been called, and maybe justly so, a 'weirdo band.' But for a band from Milwaukee who couldn't even get any gigs in Milwaukee to get to the point where we got playing this kind of music—that's just amazing."

Circumstances have changed, but the Femmes haven't. They've retained a remarkable degree of artistic control—except maybe for the new album's title. "We wanted to call it *I Daresay He Soiled Himself*," Ritchie says. "When we ran it by Bob Biggs at Slash, he said, 'Uh, I'll ask Warners but I don't think so.' When they discussed it they decided they could not sell a record called *I Daresay He Soiled Himself*." They evidently can sell *The Blind Leading The Naked*, though, and the Femmes themselves are prepared for cries of "sell-out" from the pompous. Typically, they are unconcerned.

"It's not selling out, it's experimentation," Ritchie maintains. There's certainly little likelihood of this group getting spoiled: "We're still using the same exact amps we used when we started—not the same models, the same amps!"

"Some people would hope that we don't ever get too popular," Gano says, "'cause in some ways that'll cheapen it. I don't go along with that. We've never taken the path of what seems to be the successful way to go. One girl at a record store signing we did said, 'That "Revolution" song is great! You keep doing songs like that, you'll really be famous!' I was smiling, but I don't think we will." ■

THE FEMMES MYSTIQUE

The Femmes have come a long way, baby, since drummer **Victor DeLorenzo's** kit consisted entirely of a snare, a cymbal and the unique tranceophone—a tin bucket suspended over a tom. Nowadays DeLorenzo uses a 20-inch bass drum, 8x12 mounted tom and 6½x14 wood snare, all by Gretsch; an 18-inch Paiste crash ride, 16-inch Zildjian crash and two 14-inch Zildjian high-hat cymbals; Sonor high-hat and double cymbal stands; Yamaha snare stand; and Drummers Workshop bass-drum pedal. His sticks are Vic Firths, brushes are Regal Tips. DeLorenzo also has a Farken floor drum, a Dutch snare (c.1950) he uses as a bass drum; a Guatemalan tortoise shell, heard on the middle eight of "Breakin' Hearts"; and a Stompatron. Oh, about that tranceophone: It's a 14x14 Whitehall floor tom with a Lawson metal bushel basket overhead, on a Ludwig stand.

Brian Ritchie's twangy sonic trademark is an Ernie Ball Earthwood acoustic bass guitar. He also plays a custom guitar made by Milwaukeean Jim Eanelli—a Telecaster body with two Danelectro pickups—and an electric guitar and electric bass by Maton, an Australian firm the band discovered on tour down under. Mr. Ritchie also plays Humanatone nose flutes, Acme slide whistle, a double-necked German jaw harp, and conches. He's even been known to pick up a Fender fretless jazz bass (on "Good Friend") and a Hagstrom eight-string bass. He plays through a Music Man amp with one twelve-inch JBL speaker or a fifteen and twelve, "depending on the size of the venue and if our roadies remember to bring the right gear."

Onstage **Gordon Gano** strums a Maton Scorpion guitar, plugged into a Fender Deluxe Reverb amp. In the studio the Femmes draw on about a dozen guitars, including Fender, Gibson, Yamaha and Takamine. Gano's thin-line Telecaster with original pickups and sunburst finish was stolen in Los Angeles, but producer Jerry Harrison lent his own—which he got from Jonathan Richman—for the new album's more abrasive moments.



Available on High Quality Quiex Vinyl Pressings and Chrome Cassettes
Coming Soon on Compact Discs



"...Brazil's consummate popular musician..." Newsweek

"...his voice, a gift that can fill a valley, sanctify a cathedral, thrill a lover, or rally a nation..." Village Voice

Encontros e Despedidas, is Milton's first new U.S. release in seven years, and features guest appearances by celebrated American jazz musicians as part of a masterful mix of new music.

PolyGram Jazz Brazilian Wave

Ivan Lins' brilliant songs have been recorded by Quincy Jones, George Benson, Sarah Vaughan, Patti Austin, and Dave Grusin. Last year he toured the U.S. as part of the JVC Jazz Festival. You will be hearing much more from Ivan Lins!

Juntos features Patti Austin on "Believe What I Say" plus special guest appearances by Djavan, Simone and other Brazilian and American stars.

ROCK'S STEADIEST PERFORMER



Rok Steady stands support keyboards, mixing consoles, amplifiers, speaker cabinets, and will even support you! Strong, yet lightweight, they're made of rock-hard tubular steel in five colorful finishes, are height-adjustable and won't tip at all. Starting at only \$109.95, they're economically modular with optional tiers to add a second or third keyboard. Versatile accessories include an equipment tray which can hold up to two 19" rack units or other accessories, a vinyl carrying bag, an adjustable keyboard bench (24"x12"x3" cushion), a drink-holder/ashtray attachment, and an attachable mike boom arm.

When you're ready for steady support, get Rok Steady!



Available in five colors!



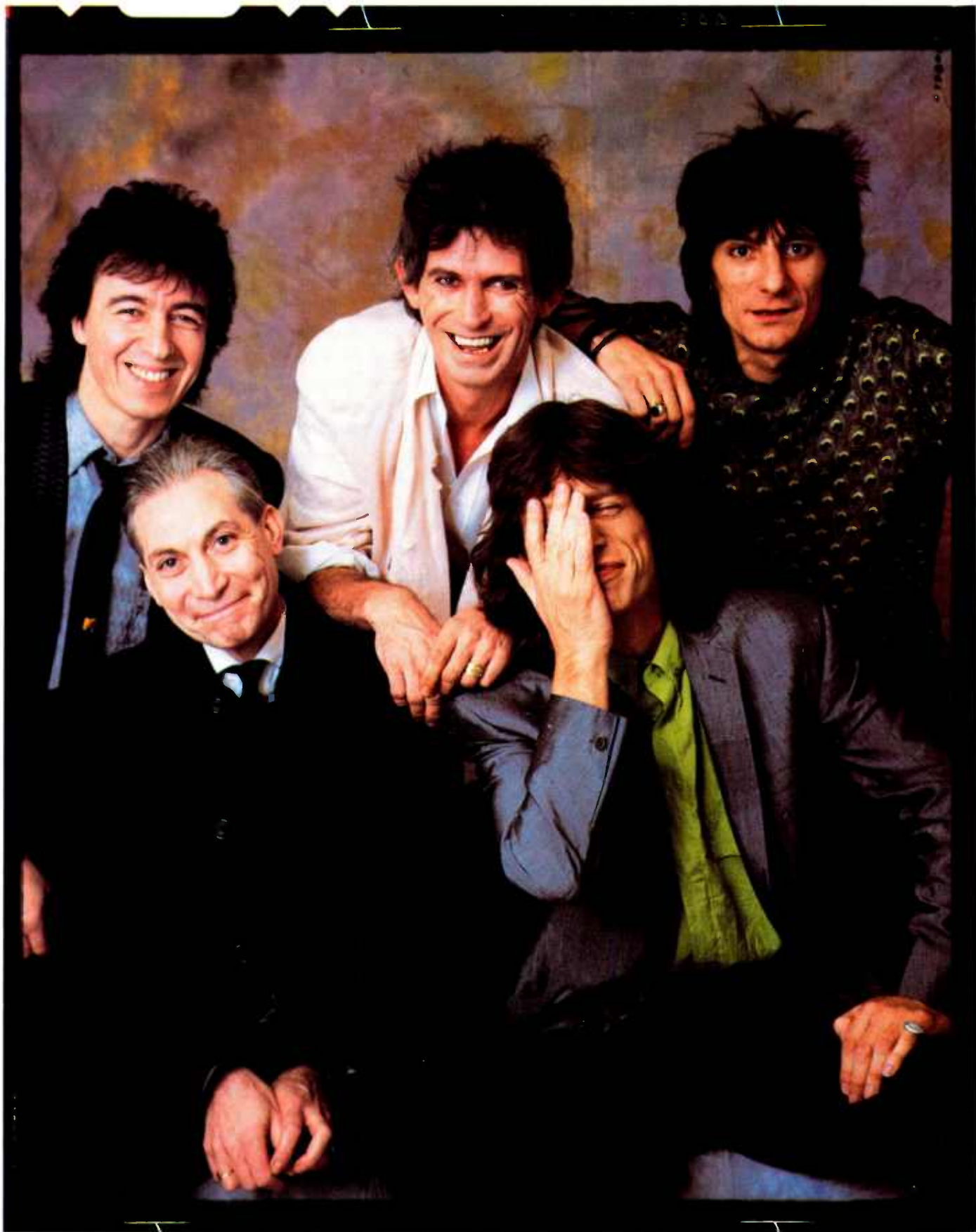
Rok Steady Support Systems are distributed exclusively by the On-Site Music Group
Dept. RS-M, 3000 Marcus Ave., Suite 2W7, Lake Success, NY 11042 (516) 775-5510

ROK STEADY

SUPPORT SYSTEMS

Design Patent Pending

World Radio History



STONES AT THE CROSSROADS

“Mick Jagger’s quitting the Stones.”

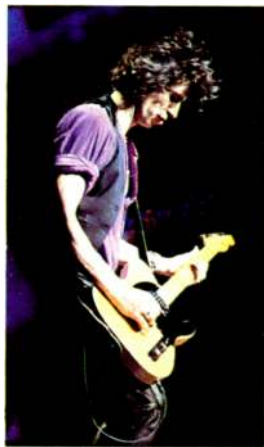


The National Association of Music Merchants trade show in California is a gossip whore’s dream. Everyone from James Burton to Jeff Beck to Richard Thompson to Eddie Van Halen was out there in January, looking at the new guitars and spreading rumors. But this rumor was a lollapalooz.

A big rock magnate came up to a hot guitar player at dinner and said, “You might be going out with Mick. We can’t talk about it yet.”

Who would have believed it? Even with Jagger’s solo album last year and Keith Richards’ retaliatory appearances with every musician in America, the notion that Jagger might really leave the Stones seemed self-evidently ludicrous. Why that would be like...like John Lennon quitting the Beatles. Uh oh.

Back in New York two weeks later, it was time to figure out if Keith Richards had heard the rumors. Keith was leaning against a win-



Yeah? Tell me more.

“That’s what so and so said.”

To you?

“To his girlfriend. She told me.”



dow, sipping Jack Daniels while the snow fell outside. “Keith, are the Stones going to tour this year?”

“I think so,” Richards replied. “I can’t say for sure ’cause we haven’t had a chance to sit down and actually discuss it yet. I’m waiting to do that within the next couple of weeks. I’m hopeful. I think so. I think they’re idiots if they don’t want to.”

“Suppose Jagger wanted to go out with his own band, without the Stones?”

“If he was to go out without the Stones.” Keith repeats it and his face twists into several disgusted alignments. The thought repels him. “I mean, it would be one thing to say he don’t want to go out on the road....But if he was to say he don’t want to go out with the Stones and goes out with Schmuck and Ball’s band instead?”

Right.

“I’LL SLIT HIS FUCKIN’ THROAT.”

Uh oh.

BY BILL FLANAGAN

Mick: “The Rolling Stones is not my only interest in life....I don’t have any tour plans, with or without the Stones – but of course things can change.”

In the weeks that followed the Rolling Stones made the rounds to promote their new album, *Dirty Work*, while Jagger contemplated the dirtiest work of all. In February the group played a live show at London’s 100 Club, a sort of New Orleans wake for Ian Stewart—the “sixth Stone” who died in December. A few nights later they appeared on satellite TV receiving a special Grammy award for “Lifetime Achievement.” They used that event to debut their new video, “Harlem Shuffle.” Mick admitted that accepting the award seemed to him an admission of senior citizen status, but said Bill Wyman and Keith wanted it.

“To be in the company of Segovia and Benny Goodman?” Keith laughed. “That I can’t resist. I’ve always looked at those boring TV shows like the Oscars and the Emmys as a load of people opening envelopes. The general inference is that if you turn up in a tuxedo you win. We’ve had a few nominations but the Stones have never won a Grammy. But this one is like a Hall of Fame, general Grammy. I said, ‘Hey, baby, we need some fuckin’ promotion for this album! Let’s take it!’ But in another way I’m really grateful that they found a way of laying one on us, and it’s in damn good company.”

Through all the Grammy award, record-release hype Jagger went through the motions of business as usual. The Stones’ new record company, Columbia, seemed to have no inkling anything was wrong. But by the last day of February people around Mick were seeing the cracks. One person close to Jagger said, “This may be the last Rolling Stones album.” Another was reached by phone the day after the Grammys and told that *Musician* might publish in April a story that Mick Jagger was planning to quit the Rolling Stones and do a solo tour: Was that accurate? The source hemmed and hawed and finally admitted, “If you print that story you won’t be disappointed.”

A week later Jagger said this: “I enjoy playing with the Rolling Stones, but I’ve got to the point where I’ve played with the Rolling Stones a lot. I’ve been with them for twenty-three years. That’s a long time. Every time I want to do something



On tour in 1981: Could this have been the last time?

outside the Rolling Stones people say, ‘He’s going to leave!’ I mean, I’ve just spent a whole year doing this album, so at the moment I’m kind of interested in doing other things, whether they be in movies, videos, performing, writing, whatever. The Rolling Stones is not my only interest in life.”

What about the reports of plans for a solo tour? “I don’t have any tour plans with or without the Stones. I don’t have any tour plans period.” Jagger gave that apparent Sherman State-

ment time to settle before adding the get-out clause: “But things can change. I can’t say what will happen. I can only tell you what’s happening right now.”

About all you could say for sure was that Mick was keeping his options open. And if that meant a permanent split in the Stones, it was sure a long time coming. In the 1960s the Rolling Stones were the counterculture’s dark angels. In the 1970s they were the biggest rock stars in the world. But the 1980s saw the band struggling to stay on top of a game they invented. The story of their perseverance and occasional glory in the face of disintegration is in large part the story of the will of Keith Richards. In the late 70s the guitarist came back from a long night of heroin addiction to beat a prison term and re-fire his band. In the 80s, Keith had no intention of losing the Rolling Stones.

The last Stones tour was in 1981; before that the group had toured America every three years since ‘66. But all of us are getting older, and three years no longer feels like the epic span it did from, say, ‘66 to ‘69. When the last tour was in rehearsals, the only threat to band unity was coming from a less crucial leg of the table. Bill Wyman had just had a European hit with a single called “Si Si (Je Suis Un Rock Star)” and was hoping it would make the American charts. During a break in rehearsals at Longview Farm in Massachusetts, Wyman talked about the other Stones’ reaction to his solo project.

“Keith acts like it doesn’t exist,” he sighed. “Any outside projects by the band he totally ignores. Woody’s fairly interested, Charlie is reasonably interested.” Wyman smiled. “Mick is very interested. I hadn’t seen him for a while. As soon as we got to rehearsals he said, ‘Love that new record of yours, really like it. It should do quite well. Now you’ve got to do this.’ And he starts to give me the business angles. Which was good. He was interested and he liked the record. While with Keith...you don’t talk about it. He’s solely interested in the Rolling Stones. Anything else is....” Wyman considered his words. “Not so much a threat as...an interference.”

Wyman’s single died in America; another threat to Keith’s mighty pirate ship sunk. The ‘81/‘82 Stones tour was, like all Stones tours, a media circus maximus. “Start Me Up,” a left-over tune from the album before, became a big hit, as did the follow-up single “Waiting On A Friend.” Having pretty much scraped dry the barrel of songs that had taken them through *Some Girls* (1978), *Emotional Rescue* (1980) and *Tattoo You*, Mick and Keith set out in the winter of ‘82/‘83 to write a bunch of new songs.

The next album would fulfill the Stones’ obligation to Atlantic Records, a fruitful union that had begun in 1971 with *Sticky Fingers* (the Stones’ first million-selling LP), proceeded through the power and glory of *Exile On Main Street*, descended into the blahs of *Goat’s Head Soup*, *It’s Only Rock ‘n’ Roll* and *Black And Blue* (the albums carried by Mick while Keith was in a heroin fog), and was reborn with the joy of *Some Girls* and its descendants. In ‘83, it was time to negotiate a new contract, while the success of *Tattoo You* and “Start Me Up” was still fresh in everyone’s mind. Rumors flew through the newspapers about the fortune CBS had paid for the Stones. The figure bandied about was twenty-five million dollars—probably an exaggeration, but one which succeeded in making CBS and the Stones look pretty secure with each other.

A few days after news of the Big Contract hit the papers, Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts were in London having dinner with a bunch of rock-star pals. Rehearsals were underway for the A.R.M.S. charity concert, a benefit for Multiple Sclerosis research organized around M.S. victim Ronnie Lane. Ian Stewart, the Stones founder, piano player and road manager, had recruited Watts and Wyman for the project, and was running around setting up the stage, making decisions and writing out the backstage passes. While Stu ran wild, Lane opened the newspaper to the horoscopes and read Wyman's chart: "Avoid making any long term financial agreements."

Wyman hung his head in mock despair. "I knew we shouldn't have signed that contract!"

Wyman was asked if he planned any more solo records.

"No, no," he answered. "Not at all."

"Ah," Lane teased, "Keith won't let ya, eh, Bill?"

Someone passed around a book to be autographed for a

got into other jokes, Watts began to talk softly about his boyhood. He talked about going underground to escape the Nazi bombs. He talked about how all the people huddled together and how strange and dark it seemed to a child. You had to wonder why this sensitive, quiet man—wealthy beyond the need to earn more money—continued to subject himself to the life of a Rolling Stone.

"Because he just loves playing drums," Keith Richards said later. "I don't know how the hell that old sucker got to be so good. He'd be the last one to agree, but to me he's *the* drummer. There's not many rock 'n' roll drummers that actually swing. Most of them don't even know what the word *means*. It's the difference between something that trundles down the runway and never takes off and something that actually *flies*. It's got nothing to do with the technicalities and the flash fills and the solos and the power—although I'll tell you, I would hate to be on the end of his fist. I really don't know how Charlie

does it. I'm just thankful he's my drummer. Or that I'm his guitar player, let me put it like that. And like all good players he's a modest, self-effacing person. Like Stu. The good ones don't need to be flash. They don't need to blow their own trumpet. Only people who are unsure of themselves mouth off."

While Wyman was teasing Watts in London, Ron Wood was at home in New York with Bobby Womack and a tape of the Stones' final album for Atlantic, *Undercover*. He dropped the cassette into a gigantic ghetto blaster and rolled over laughing at the violence of Mick's new lyrics. "He cut off her head," Jagger sang, "put her body in the refrigerator and ate her piece by piece!" Other early listeners had called this album a dark and grueling trip through the sinful underside of

Western culture, but listening to it in Woody's living room, it sounded like the funniest thing in the world. By the time Mick got to his monologue about the relative merits of *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* everyone was howling like hyenas.

Woody was the perfect host, a ball of energy with jokes to tell and tapes to play and plans to hatch on the spur of the moment. He joined the Rolling Stones in 1975 and has lasted almost as long as his two predecessors, Brian Jones and Mick Taylor, combined.

"I just looked at it like, 'I'm finally joining my favorite band,'" Wood explained. "The one I wanted to join in the first place. It was a natural move for me. It was real lucky, but it was something to do with the personalities, too. You have to bear that in mind. If they'd just wanted a great guitar player they could have had Harvey Mandell or Jeff Beck or Wayne Perkins. It was a matter of personality, of having to live with the guys.

"Perhaps if times don't make it possible for Jagger and Richards to communicate man to man, I can convey to either what the other is thinking. Without putting in a negative slant. And *help*. That's all it is really. I might be with Mick and he'll say, 'I can't take this any farther 'cause I don't know how Keith feels about it.' Maybe he's somewhere in the world where



Keith Richards trying to get the genie back into the bottle.

raffle, and while Watts was away from the table, Wyman and Eric Clapton started nudging each other and giggling. Lane asked them what was so funny. "Charlie's autograph," Wyman smiled. He passed it over. It was almost illegible. "See," Wyman explained conspiratorially, "everyone in Charlie's family is named Charlie. It's like, 'Elo, Charlie, 'ow's Charlie?' 'Not bad, Charlie.' So they used to call him *Charlie Boy*. When the Stones first started gettin' asked for autographs, that's how he'd signed his name. We told him, 'Here, you can't be signing *Charlie Boy*! But sometimes he still forgets. Look here. What he's done is start to write 'Charlie B—' and then tried to cover it up."

Watts returned to the table and everyone shut up. The conversation floated around for a while before Clapton started glancing through the souvenir book. "Say, Ronnie, who's name is this?"

"Which one, Eric? Oh that. Say, I can't tell. It looks like...*Charlie B*. But your middle name doesn't start with a 'B,' does it, Charlie?"

Watts remained stonefaced.

"Say, you know what it looks like to me? It looks like *Charlie Boy*!"

As the laughter subsided and Wyman, Clapton and Lane

Keith: "The first day Steve Lillywhite walked into the studio I said, 'Maybe you don't want to be the meat in this sandwich.'"

Mick can't get through to him. I can say, 'Well, I know for a fact that he likes *this* but he won't go for *that*.' It gives him a guide. I mean, they don't take my word for gospel. I'm just—not 'middle-man' but—*diplomatic liaison officer*."

Was it really necessary for Jagger and Richards—friends since they were five years old—to have someone explain them to each other?

"It's entirely necessary," Wood nodded. "Otherwise communications would break right down. People go through phases, don't they, where they might say, 'Oh, I don't want to see him.' The saturation of being next to each other all the time can sometimes get on their nerves a bit."

Undercover did okay, but it wasn't the multi-platinum smash the Stones had hoped for. The big news in '84 was that the first Rolling Stones release for CBS would be a Mick Jagger solo album. Jagger explained time and again that CBS had really encouraged him to do a solo, and so he did. Keith was not pleased.

"I didn't think it was necessary for him to do that *kind* of album," Keith sneered (and who sneers like Keith?). "Making a solo's fine by me. But apart from the timing of it being a little

anyway! Since I'm not going to be involved, maybe I won't like it. I don't want my name to touch those songs! If this is *your* album you stick your name on 'em."

The beginning of 1985 saw the release of Jagger's *She's The Boss*, and the start of work on the next Stones album. The sessions began in France in January. Sitting in the CBS office in Paris, Jagger sipped tea and talked about the embryonic *Dirty Work*. "I've written a lot of stuff," he said. "I've always got tunes. Keith's got a lot of tunes." He was reminded that Ric Ocasek came back to the Cars from his first solo album saying, "What a relief!"

"We haven't really got to that point yet," Jagger said carefully. "But it's nice to be back with familiar faces and not have them interchangeable every day. Ric has a different relationship with the Cars than what I have with the Rolling Stones. So I've read. It's like they're his *functionaries*. It's not like that with the Rolling Stones. It's very very different. But it's nice to be

back with familiar faces, back to all the jokes you have and the grooves and tunes you can say, 'Let's do that one!' There's hundreds of tunes that the band can play. So that's nice."

Later Jagger shed some light on his reticence. "There's a certain kind of tension at the beginning of any recording session. Even if it's the Stones. 'How's it going to work out?' Until you get something under your belt you're a little bit nervous."

It was suggested that perhaps it was time for Mick and Keith to bring in an outside producer, take some of the pressure off their partnership.

"Yeah, we probably will use a producer again at some point," Jagger nodded. "But to produce a band like the Rolling Stones isn't easy. There's not that many guys who can really do a great job. A lot of guys who call themselves producers are really engineers. A producer to me is someone who has the authority to change an arrangement, a tempo. A lot of these guys who want to be called producers don't really have the authority to say, 'Hey, Mick! That's a bunch of shit!' There's not many producers who'd have that kind of

authority with the Rolling Stones. Try and think of some!"

But by summer the sessions had moved to Manhattan, and an outside producer was onboard. Steve Lillywhite, the young hipster who had come to fame in 1980 as the poobah of Britain's psychedelic revival, was the oddball production choice. Lillywhite, barely thirty, had popped up five years earlier as a recording prodigy who outlawed cymbals (preferring the sound of breaking bottles for high end ambience) on the basic tracks and achieved percussive effects by flapping cards through the spokes of spinning bicycle wheels. Lillywhite turned sonic tricks for XTC, Simple Minds and Big Country, but his real calling card was having been behind the board for the first three U2 albums.

When the Stones picked him up, though, Lillywhite's mo-



Ron Wood soaks up the prerequisites of Stones membership.

screwed up, I thought it'd be something he couldn't do with the Stones, rather than an obviously *commercial* rock 'n' roll album. If it was Irish folk songs with a lady harpist I would have respected it. If he had some burning desire to do an album like *Mike Jagger Sings Frank Sinatra* or *Mantovani* I would have understood."

Even more than by cutting the album, Jagger breached Stones protocol by crediting most of the songwriting on his record to just "Mick Jagger." Since the dawn of their partnership, all songs written by either Mick or Keith had been credited "Jagger/Richards." Keith talked about that with resentment bordering on disgust: "My attitude when he said he was going to do *that* was, 'Fine! Since I'm not going to have anything to do with it I don't really want my name coming into it

THE TEN BEST AMPLIFIERS YOU'VE EVER HEARD



Programax™ 10. The Programmable Amplifier

Build a sound. Any sound. Programax 10 will deliver.

Store the sound in memory. Programax 10 will remember.

Build another sound, another program. Store the program. You don't have to be a computer wizard. Programs are easy to create. Simple to store. Effortless to modify. A snap to recall. Your sounds will be there when you need them.

Imagine the possibilities.

Call up a sparkling-clear rhythm sound. Programax 10 delivers. Ask for monster-metal distortion. Programax 10 responds at the touch of a switch. Recall a singing heart-stopper overlaid with your favorite effects, or a compressed fat midrange sound with a bit of reverb. Your sounds. They're all there. Instantly.

There's more. Programax 10 is remote-MIDI capable. Programmed sounds can be recalled from any MIDI program source, such as Peavey's new RMC™ 2000 Remote MIDI Controller. MIDI makes it possible. Programax 10 makes it happen.

Programax 10
Another first.
From Peavey.

HandCrafted in the USA



711 A Street / Meridian, MS 39301
(601) 483-5365 / Telex: 504115

Mick: "The Rolling Stones is everything I wanted it to be and more. I'm very proud of the band. But I deserve to keep myself alive by doing other things."

ment of glory seemed to have passed. U2 had gone on to bigger things without him, and attempts to play aural magician with already established artists like Marshall Crenshaw and Joan Armatrading led to a backlash that accused the young emperor of nudity. Suddenly yesterday's genius sounded a lot like a kid who just loved playing with the faders, without a whole lot of sensitivity to the song. What a strange choice to be the first outsider in more than ten years to produce the Rolling Stones.

"Mick and I talked about it a lot," Richards said. "We had Steve Jerden, Bill Laswell's guy, engineering. He and Steve Lillywhite turned out to be an incredible team.

"The first day Steve walked into the studio, I said, 'Maybe you don't want to be the meat in this sandwich.' But he handled every aspect superbly. It was very interesting to watch him build up respect from the band. It didn't take him very long to establish his credentials. He didn't jump up and down. We might do a great take and he'd say, 'Okay, that's it.' None of this raving about, which would have been embarrassing for everybody. He was very cool. It didn't take long before everybody was going, 'Yup.'" Keith mimics the Stones nodding and winking at each other. "Surprisingly enough, we were *listening* to this young kid!"

"They'd done about three months in Paris when they got me in," Lillywhite explained. "I started in May. I did about three months in Paris and three in New York. When I got there seventy-five percent of the songs had been written. A few more came out after I got there.

"I think I brought them together and played on the strength of what the band has. After a few weeks working with people you find out who does their best work when. I found that all of them were pretty good early on: first, second or third take. It was really a case of keeping the early ones and remembering where all the good bits were. It got a bit crazy, so you had to log things in your mind.

"The sessions were always based on work and jamming. It wasn't as if everyone stopped if one of them wasn't there. They'd always be playing. If Mick wasn't there, Keith might sing. If Charlie wasn't there Ronnie might do some drums."

Asked if he was tempted to take his Stones production as far *outside* as he'd taken other artists, Lillywhite demurred: "Not so much. You've got to choose what you do. Sometimes you realize things that might sound good with another band wouldn't fit this. In the end I tried to keep it as basic as I could, 'cause that was what fit the music.

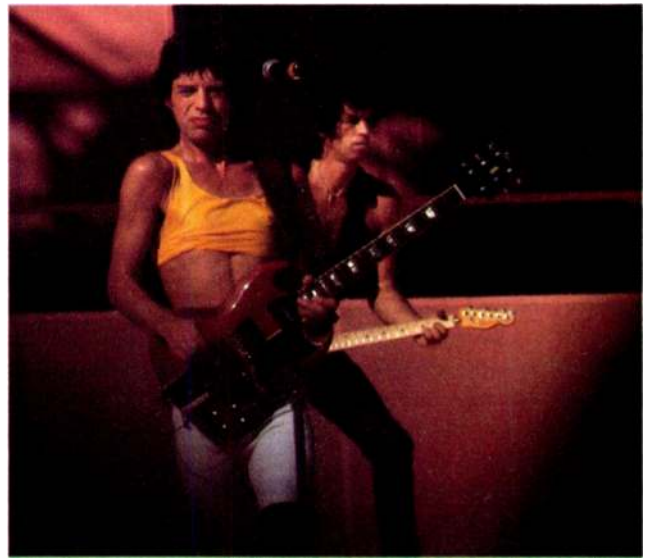
"Why change something if you know when it's right it's good? Normally Charlie would be the happiest when he worked out his own groove. Sometimes I actually got him to play *more* cymbals, accent a few more things. He'd play them and look in the control room at me."

The new album was different from other 80s Stones records in the unexpected turns some of the arrangements took: Mick singing a tattoo along with Charlie's drums on the title track; the band breaking down to just an acoustic guitar on "One Hit." *Undercover* had made quick turns through radical use of the mixing board. *Dirty Work* kept the mixes straight, and relied on the Stones to actually *play* the change-ups.

"Steve would encourage us, arrangement-wise, to put in a break," Keith explained. "Whereas by ourselves we might try it once, say, 'It's too much goddam trouble,' and just steamroll right through it. He'd encourage us to get it right. It's dynamics. When you don't use a producer those are the things you allow to escape. It's just too much trouble to play it and be in the control room listening to it. When you're leaping about doing two jobs at once, dynamics and arrangements are the first things that suffer."

Asked if he felt the new album was Keith's record, Lillywhite said, "I would definitely say it was a Keith Richards-inspired record." Did Jagger not take his turns leading the band? "Mick did a little bit as well, but all you need to put about this is that it was a Keith Richards-inspired record."

"Let's put it like this," Keith sighed. "It's a Stones album. If I've had a little more to do with it and a little more control over



The Glimmer Twins: therapy or a tracheotomy?

this one, it's the same to me as the middle 70s when Mick would cover my ass when I was out of it. Because of the timing of Mick's solo album, he wasn't there as much as the rest of us in the beginning when the mood was getting set. In that sense, yes, I took over the job. The same way he would if it happened to me. We cover each others' ass. We've done it very well for each other over the years."

Mick Jagger, however, was not slowing down. During the Paris sessions he split his time between working with the Stones and promoting *She's The Boss*. In New York, he continued to try to pump life into that solo LP. In an attempt to get a third single from the album, Jagger re-cut the ballad "Hard Woman," and made a second video for it. When the Live-Aid line-up was announced eyebrows were raised when it was made public that the Rolling Stones would not be performing—but Mick Jagger would.

A couple of nights before that global charity blow-out, guitar legend Lonnie Mack was playing at Manhattan's Lone Star Cafe. A few songs into the set, heads swiveled in the club's balcony as Mick Jagger appeared from the back entrance, looking just like himself. Now what can top Mick Jagger's entrance into a small bar? Not much. Not unless the front door opens and lets in Keith Richards, Ron Wood and Bob Dylan. The trio made their way upstairs, greeted Mick, and then Keith and Woody climbed onstage to play the blues. In all the excitement few stargazers even noticed the gentleman trying to eat at the table the stars were jostling: Paul Simon.



The Ultimate Beast of Play

S-1503 Stage System

A rare breed. A speaker system that combines full-range response with unparalleled power handling in the most versatile PA cabinet ever. Equally comfortable with vocals, or keyboards, or in front of a fully-miked band, the **S-1503** is that rare breed of product that does it all. No other speaker can match its instinctive accuracy and fierce ability.

Beastly hot. The exclusive VMR[®] vented midrange breathes power into an extended lower midrange, allowing seamless coverage of this critical area of vocals and instrumentals. With a massive magnet driving a six-inch cone, the VMR has a pleasing natural sound while providing horn-like efficiency and dispersion.

Survival of the fittest. Exploding electronic drums or power-soaked bass guitar . . . the 1503 tames any uncivilized sound. With patented thermal protection, the 15-inch extended coil woofer handles 400 watts of "real world" power and peaks up to 800 watts.

The nature of the beast. Remarkable, wide-range response. Unparalleled power handling. And three-dimensional accuracy that enhances any instrument. The 1503 Stage Systems speaker . . . the ultimate beast of play.

Write Music Marketing at Electro-Voice, Inc., 600 Cecil St., Buchanan, MI 49107 for more information. Or see your nearby EV dealer and **unleash the beast.**



Electro-Voice
SOUND IN ACTION™

Keith: "If the Stones stay together for the next few years we can make pop grow up! That's what interests me. Stop pretending this Peter Pan bull."

When Richards and Mack started trading blues licks, though, there was no doubt about who all eyes were focused on. Whenever guitarists get up in public to jam together, there's an element of the cutting contest. At the Lone Star Mack was, for all his smiles, laying into Keith Richards with every lick he had. In front of his own band, he tore off runs that—on a technical level—Keith couldn't hope to match.

The remarkable quality about Keith Richards, though, was that he so obviously didn't care. The faster Mack soloed the more Keith smiled and nodded—and when it was Keith's turn to burn he just choked that guitar in the signature primitive Berry/Exile/Richards style. By virtue of being so at ease with himself and his instrument, he sounded just great. Lonnie Mack, for all his moves, didn't win that cutting session. Keith



Keith tries on Lonnie Mack's Flying V.

Richards took it by virtue of being not a man playing a guitar, but a man who was part of a guitar. It was way past right or wrong. It was just *Keith*. The way Keith played was the way Keith walked and thought and breathed.

"If someone can rip off a really hot solo," he said, "I feel that I've done my little bit in making him feel comfortable enough to do that. He can trust me to lay it down behind him. I've done my bit if he can lean in there and not worry about anything else. Trust in me to carry the foundation for it. That's the job. Among guitar players there's still a lot of that 'fastest gun in the west,' that you're not really playing guitar unless you're going wee wee *didley didley*. That's great, but it's not what it's about. What it's about is, can you cover it from A to Z? Can you hold it down? It's more comprehensive than just making the most noise with the spotlight on you. I've had the spotlight on me enough. It's not really important to me. With the Stones,

Mick can be a half mile down the other end of a stadium with the wind blowing, and all he's got to do is lean back and it's *there*. The greatest satisfaction I get is being able to say, 'Go ahead and do it and trust us,' and to have that amount of trust fed back. You don't have to think. You just say, 'Do whatever you want—don't worry about it. We're still standing.'"

In the Lone Star dressing room everyone's eyes were glazed over. It's the look superstars get when they're in a crowd and two dozen pests are trying to make eye contact in order to force them to say hello and open an unwanted conversation. What was really funny about the Lone Star dressing room that night was that there were so many Rock Legends present—all affecting that glazed look—that they all appeared to be looking through each other. The couple of gawkers who made it inside were contorting their necks trying to decide if it was more amazing to stare at MICK JAGGER or KEITH RICHARDS or BOB DYLAN. Lonnie Mack, the star of the show, was having a great time.

Mick was soon out the door. He had to get moving toward Philadelphia. Mick Jagger is a very clever man, and if he showed up in Philly a day early and got onstage for a full dress rehearsal, all the newsmagazines that go to bed on Sunday would use their early shots of him in their lay-outs, rather than rely exclusively on the late film arriving Sunday morning. By giving the boys in the photo pit such a break, Jagger assured himself plenty of extra space—like that little photo in the northeast cover of *Time*.

Pretty smart stuff. And anyway, who the hell could hope to follow Mick Jagger? Dylan and Woody and Keith went back uptown to Woody's house and played guitars. They played and played. They had a great time. Dylan was closing the show in Philly—the only figure placed above Jagger in the rock 'n' roll pantheon. (Of course, McCartney closed London—even after all the years it still came down to Beatles, Stones and Dylan.) Dylan asked Keith if he was going down to Philadelphia.

"No, man," Keith laughed. "I'm making a record. I'll be in the studio. Maybe I'll catch it on TV."

Dylan and Wood wandered upstairs. After about twenty minutes Dylan came back down and said to Richards, "They want me to play with a band I don't know. Would you do it?"

Keith broke into a smile. "Okay, cancel the session Saturday. You're on."

Was there any temptation to do it just to follow Jagger? "Yeah," Richards said. "Although it was virtually an accident."

Perhaps spurred on by the competition, perhaps just 'cause he's a great performer, Jagger tore down the house at Live Aid. Dylan and the boys went on in a state of confusion and bad karma. Ken Kragen and Lionel Richie, whose U.S.A. for Africa pals had been conspicuous by their absence for most of Geldof's show, swooped down and made ready to sing 'We Are The World' whether anybody wanted it or not. After all, why close with "Blowin' In The Wind" when you can have Kragen and Cher up there? Dylan, Richards and Wood, two-and-a-half of the greatest figures in rock history, filed out in front of the curtain—while people banged equipment behind them—and started to play. They had no monitors.

"Technically it was a very dizzy thing to do," Keith said. "Three acoustic guitars at the end of God knows how many



GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER AND TAKE IT ON THE ROAD.

Packing up for a gig. It's an important moment of truth for every musician. Within the safe confines of your studio, you've worked your music into shape. Polished it. Perfected it. Put it on tape. Now it's time to take it on the road. You're excited, keyed up. How will your music hold up under the hot lights and cold scrutiny of the outside world?

One thing's certain: you'll be counting on your equipment to come through for you when you're up on stage. Your mixer? If it's a TASCAM 300 Series, it's the same quality you've recorded with in the studio. The same familiar, clean performance in a package compact and rugged enough to hit the road with you.

One mixing console for recording and sound reinforcement. The M-300's are

the first series of mixers to accomplish this elusive ideal. They have all the foldback, effects, subgrouping, and monitoring you'll need. Balanced and unbalanced inputs and outputs. Stereo or mono output. Top panel switching matrix to eliminate patching. Sophisticated solo system. Flexible buss assignment. Extensive talkback system. Over a decade of experience designing boards that last means TASCAM dependability. Find out how musicians are making the most of their mixers. See the TASCAM 300 Series at your dealer today. Or write to us for more information at: 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, CA 90640.

THE TASCAM 300 SERIES MIXERS



TASCAM THE SCIENCE OF BRINGING ART TO LIFE.

© Copyright 1985 TEAC Corporation Of America

World Radio History

Bono: "You can see that all Keith's infamy and fortune don't matter much to him.

When he puts on the guitar, the lines disappear from his face."

hours of high-tech band stuff. We couldn't hear a goddamn thing except the band behind us tuning up to do "We Are The World." But it was a real privilege to play with Bob. I'll work with that asshole anytime."

It was the rare occasion when Bob Dylan was the most organized musician in his band. But something good came out of the affair. Keith was thrown together with a great community of rock 'n' roll musicians. In the aftermath of Live Aid all sorts of stars who had previously kept their own counsel and their distance from each other started hanging out and playing together. Richards admitted this led to his questioning his own resentment of Stones working outside the band.

"With this-aid and that-aid," he said, "you got an awful lot more communication between artists. It's not often you see everybody together. Seeing everybody backstage, people said, 'Hey man, I'm doing a session. If you're still in town come by!' One of the advantages of Live Aid—apart from the obvious, intended benefit—was that everybody got interested in what everybody else was doing. It's a lot easier for us all to work together than we thought. And once I did a couple of things I realized how isolated and insulated you can get being in the Stones. It's very interesting to see other people's methods of working. You've got a lot more exchange of ideas and styles and, hopefully, some interesting records this year."

That spirit of camaraderie was carried back into New York. Keith (and Woody) were soon ubiquitous—hanging out and guest-starring with Don Covay, Bobby Womack, Phantom, Rocker & Slick, Nona Hendryx, even Tom Waits. Richards played guitar on several tracks on Waits' *Rain Dogs* album, and Waits sang backgrounds on *Dirty Work*. The unlikely alliance proved inspired on tunes like Waits' country ballad "Blind Love." Waits' crackpot derelict persona had the dangerous edge that Jagger—as an inevitable result of superstardom—no longer conveyed. Playing with Waits, Keith sounded raw and hungry.

"He's such a strong personality," Waits marveled. "A completely intuitive musician. He moves like an animal." With sweeping gestures of his arms Waits mimed a panther. "Gosh, he is just pure theatre—standing in the middle of a room and putting on his guitar and turning on his amp. All his stuff is irregular. We played 'Gun Street Girl' and he said to me, 'You do the same thing I do to *them*. You say, "This verse is four bars and this one is eight and the next is two. This turns around here and goes back to the top? I thought we were going to the release here! And now you're back and there's a short bar here and a little thing in 6/8? What the hell's going on here?'" He's a killer, man. A great spirit. Like a pirate. He's a complete gentleman."

Jagger didn't do badly by the Live-Aid buddy system either. The video of "Dancing In The Streets" he and David Bowie made for the event proved such a smash it was put into regular rotation on MTV. Then a 45 of the performance hit the stores and the pop charts. Mick had his long denied solo smash! The fruits of doing unto others. It was downright biblical in its justice.

The cynic can look at the continuing spiral of Mick moves/Keith moves as a lobbying for power, a "can you top this" competition. The idealist shrugs off such cynicism and accepts that, in the autumn of 1985, charity was in the air.

Certainly charity was in Bono's heart when the lead singer from U2 disembarked in New York to join Steve Van Zandt's anti-apartheid crusade. Bono sang on "Sun City," joined in filming the video, and went with mutual pal Peter Wolf to see what the Rolling Stones were doing to Steve Lillywhite.

"I'm pretty talkative," Bono admitted. "People say I have the

SOMEONE'S GOTTA DO THE DIRTY WORK

Mick Jagger brought two complete songs, "Winning Ugly" and "Back To Zero" to the *Dirty Work* album, the latter co-written with keyboard player **Chuck Leavell**. **Ron Wood**, always good for a track or two, outdid himself by pitching in on a record four: "One Hit," "Fight," "Dirty Work," and "Had It With You." Keith came up with his lovely ballad "Sleep Tonight" by fooling around on the piano, and "Hold Back" returned to classic form: lyrics by Jagger, music by Richards. (Says Mick: "The message is *don't* hold back, trust your gut instincts.") The album contains two notable cover tunes, the hit "Harlem Shuffle" and the stand-out reggae track "Too Rude"—sung by Keith and Jimmy Cliff. Both were snuck onto the LP by the crafty Richards:

"I've been trying to get 'Harlem Shuffle' on an album, without actually telling Mick, for five or six years. I thought that was a great number for him to sing—it was made for him. I've been giving him cassettes with 'Harlem Shuffle' stuffed in the middle somewhere, but I never got any real response. One night we were in the studio and Woody and I started plunking away at it. We were amazed at how simple the song was—about two chords. The band was just warming up on it, jamming, when Mick walked in and started singing it. We realized, 'Yeah! Two takes, in the can, done! So it paid off eventually, though it cost me a fortune in cassettes."

"'Too Rude' is a song I picked up in Jamaica when I was living there in the summer of '84. When we were starting these sessions five months later, I found the tape and this song was driving into my brain. I drove everybody mad with it. I had no intention of cutting it, but it was my own little talisman. I made a tape of it going around and around that I'd play on the way to the studio. Every day I'd jump in the car and put on this tape of "Too Rude" for the twenty-minute drive. After about six weeks of this, nobody wanted to drive with me. Then it started to get to Woody. One night he and I had gotten there first, Charlie walked in, and we started to play it. By now this song is insisting on being on this album. That song said, 'I'm in! It wasn't anything to do with me. I believe that songs arrive at your doorstep and all you do is give them an airing."

The Stones did even more than their usual switching off for *Dirty Work*. That Bill Wyman played synth on "Back To Zero" or Ron Wood played bass on "Too Rude" is not unusual. That Woody played drums on "Sleep Tonight" only shows how versatile the World's GR&RB is. Keith's guitar valet Alan Rogan played somewhere in there, and also singing, hitting things and popping corks on the tapes are luminaries Patti Scialfa, Don Covay, Ben E. King, Tom Waits and Bobby Womack.

KEITH'S FAVORITE GUITARS

Keith Richards' favorite guitars "are probably a couple of 50s Telecasters, although it's very hard to have an exact favorite. It depends on what song you're playing and what kind of stuff you're after. Sometimes I'll just sort of pick up a guitar and keep playing it for weeks and weeks. But I guess over the years the most likely choice is a '57 to '59 Telecaster. I like the shape, and I've liked the sound of a Tele since I first heard James Burton.

"ESPs are pretty good and easy to play. I don't know how they'll hold up over time. A guy on Long Island named Joseph Jesselli made two or three guitars for me last year. He worked an apprenticeship with a classical guitar maker for a long time and his stuff is incredible. It's so beautiful you almost don't want to touch it, though he'll get pissed at me for saying that.

"I play the odd Gibson here and there. Acoustically I probably favor a couple of old Martins. I don't like to travel with them, though. On the road I take an Ibanez." Keith did most of *Dirty Work* with a MESA/Boogie Simulclass Combo amp.

STU STU STUDIO.

When you hear the fidelity and accuracy of the **AKG K 240DF Studio Monitor Headphones**, you'll know why it's become a standard for recording engineers and professional musicians around the world. This latest version of our well known K 240 (now K 240M) has been created to meet a recently proposed IRT (Institute for Broadcast Technology) international standard. The K 240DF establishes a uniform sound quality free from environmental variables. As opposed to sound from loudspeaker monitors, that is colored by variations in control room design, the K 240DF is unchanging and reliable.

Each K 240DF is tested in a diffused sound field to arrive at a headphone design with a flat frequency response ($\pm 2\text{dB}$) and matched sensitivity. This professional headphone is close to perfection—without coloration or distortion. The self-adjusting headband supports the circumaural ear cups, each containing hand selected, large dynamic moving-coil transducers and acoustic filters. Minimum weight is well distributed for maximum comfort over longtime wear.

The **AKG K 240DF Studio Monitor Headphone**, a total design concept, is just right for your **Stu Stu Studio**.



77 Selleck Street
Stamford, CT 06902

Studio-Monitor

gift of gab. Keith doesn't talk much. He prefers to play the guitar or the piano or to sing—country & western stuff, old Buddy Holly songs, blues. That's his dialogue; rock 'n' roll music is his language of love. He was talking to me through his songs, and I had no reply, because I have no musical background. My record collection starts with Patti Smith's *Horses*. U2 grew up saying Fuck Off to the blues. Every bar band in Dublin City played their own hack and hackneyed version of the twelve-bar, and U2 walked away from that. But that night, Keith Richards beat the ivories with his knuckles and hollered those songs out. Then he looked at me as if to say, 'Now you sing your songs.' And I had no songs to sing."

"I don't think Bono had ever heard any blues before," Keith laughed. "His record collection started in 1976! I said, 'Boy, can we catch you up on some shit!'"

"When I left," Bono said, "as much as I was very up from being there with Keith and Mick and Wolf, I was very down about my own inability to put my hand into a bag and draw out such songs."

Inspired by this strange new music and exhausted from his travels, Bono headed back to his hotel to consider blues and black men and apartheid. He told Van Zandt that he might want to write a song for the *Sun City* album. Van Zandt cracked up laughing and reminded Bono that the LP was being mastered in twenty-four hours. Nonetheless, Bono came up with a blues tune—"Silver And Gold"—and went back to the studio the next night to ask Keith and Woody to record it with him. They did; Bono got his track onto the *Sun City* LP, and his toes into the blues.

"We were always more into the Rolling Stones' music," Bono explained, "than the lifestyle that was supposed to go with it. I always have mixed feelings about meeting people, but Keith didn't turn out to be the way a lot of people portray him. I found him, musically speaking, very much in love. It's a light people have in their eyes, or don't have, or often a light that goes out as people accept the bribes that they're offered. As they go through their musical lives they're bought off not just with hard cash, but with other interests. There are many side roads and back streets to rock 'n' roll, and most of us get lost down them at times. But I found Keith to be very much on the main road. He was still in love with music. You can see that all his infamy and fortune don't matter much to him. When he puts on the guitar lines disappear from his face."

"The Rolling Stones are a real band. There are not many around. There's often one guy who calls all the shots and has other musicians around to flatter him. But the Stones are a band. Proof of that is their arguments and their little riffs and tiffs. If you've got a collection of strong personalities, you've got to have that rubbing off. That's a very precious thing."

Bono conceded that one legacy of the Stones haunted him all the way back to Ireland. "I've got a real problem," he said. "We're writing songs for our own record, but meanwhile I've bought these Robert Johnson records and I'm writing all these songs and I don't know where they're coming from! They're not songs U2 could do; they have titles like 'Wake Up, Dead Man' and 'Devil's In The House Tonight.' It's very odd! What is going on in my musical life?"

Finally, in late 1985, *Dirty Work*, the Stones' long-awaited multi-million dollar debut for CBS, was finished. The record company blanched when they saw the writing that decorated the proposed inside pocket. "Something on the inner sleeve went a little bit too far for them," Jagger laughed. "They objected to the word *cunt* or something. So we tempered some of the language."

This hold-up led to a rumor—denied by CBS, Lillywhite and Jagger—that Columbia had rejected the Stones' original mixes. "If I thought an album had four singles on it and the record company said there were *none*," Jagger chuckled, "I'd be quite interested to hear their point of view. But no record company has ever told the Rolling Stones about mixes! And I don't think they ever will. CBS is not really equipped to

say that. I mean, I almost wish the record company was hip enough to say, 'That's a great mix' or 'That could use a better mix.' I'm afraid those kinds of record companies don't exist. I don't feel they have the...*equipment*, you know?"

Just before Christmas Ian Stewart, the band's beloved road manager and piano player, died of a heart attack at his doctor's office. He was to have gone from the check-up to Keith's house. All the Stones showed up at Stu's funeral, Mick in tears. Some who'd traveled with the band said they couldn't imagine the Rolling Stones going on the road without Stu to hold things together. Said one, "There's only so much glue in the world."

At the end of February Stu's friends gathered at the 100 Club on London's Oxford Street to pay tribute to him. Steve Lillywhite was there, as was Glyn Johns, Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce, Jeff Beck and David Gilmour. After sets by assorted R&B lovers, the Stones took the stage—with Bad Company drummer Simon Kirke filling in for a tardy Charlie Watts. Pianist Chuck Leavell asked Keith what songs they'd be doing and Keith replied, "Man, there's no way we can make up a set list for this. This is for Stu. We can't plan it out." And so the Stones launched into the sort of R&B covers Ian Stewart loved and they started their career playing. Said Mick to the assembled mourners, "We're trying to remember the ones Stu really liked." There would be a brief conference after each tune, as the Stones put their heads together and suggested ideas. Clapton and Beck joined them for "Mannish Boy" and "Bye Bye, Johnny." After forty-five minutes Charlie arrived, and Pete Townshend climbed up to duet with Mick on "Harlem Shuffle," an oldie it turned out Townshend had been covering in *his* recent shows.

"Pete told me this band the Fine Young Cannibals covered it last year as well," Jagger groaned. "I didn't know that." But the revelation that Jagger had stepped on a few toes hardly dampened the mood of the evening.

"It was great," Leavell said later. "It was just what Stu would have wanted. I think it made everybody realize that's what it's all about. It felt so good. You could see it in everybody's face. All the other things became secondary for that one night. Maybe that'll egg them on a little bit to say, 'Okay, let's tour.' I know Keith wants to do it, and I know Mick has had second thoughts about it. I don't know if it's because he wants to do a solo thing or because he's worried about Jerry being pregnant or what it is. But he's hedged on it a couple of times. I just hope he comes around, man, because I sure want to do it and I can testify that everybody else in the band is ready to go. I have not had a personal conversation with Mick about it, but I hear the same thing that you hear—that he's trying to sort out his ideas on what his next career move should be. I hope it's a Rolling Stones tour."

It would be ironic if the ghost of Ian Stewart did provide the inspiration to save the Rolling Stones, to convince Jagger that the group could survive. As the weeks went on the rumors became more public—New York radio stations and London papers were full of gossip about "a feud between Mick and Keith." MTV juxtaposed clips of Woody and Wyman saying how much they wanted to tour (Wyman: "It's just a matter of convincing the others—or the *other*") with film of a dour Jagger saying, "Don't have any tour plans at the moment." The question of whether the Stones would play live in '86 was of secondary importance; what people really wanted to know was if the group would continue at all.

That evening Jagger, ensconced in Barbados, opened up a bit. "It's not like I'm nineteen anymore and I just want to get this band in front of people," Jagger sighed. "This band has done everything it set out to do and more. I have accomplished everything I wanted. The Rolling Stones is everything I wanted it to be and more. I'm very proud of the band and I'm kind of proud of my own achievements with the band. But I do deserve to keep myself alive by doing other things." He paused. "That doesn't mean I have to leave the band."

GET ON TRACK!

Whether you're recording original music scores, layering up sound effects, or synchronizing to video or film for audio-post sweetening, you need a tape recorder that's built especially for your new and exciting business. The MX-70 is the perfect multitrack for the synthesizer oriented studio tied together with MIDI.

The "70's" three-way design gives you 7.5, 15 and 30 ips in a 1" 16-track, a 1" 8-track, or a 1" 8-track prewired for 16. (An optional 1/2" 8-track is also available.)

Noiseless, gapless, punch-ins and punch-outs provide quiet, inaudible inserts into pre-recorded program material. The MX-70's wide dynamic range makes for quiet, clean recordings. In fact, you'll find the "70" at 30 ips is so quiet that noise reduction just isn't necessary. And to complete this perfect package, you can add an optional autolocator to the standard full function remote for complete session control.



So if synthesizers with MIDI, or SMPTE with film and video, is part of your business, check the specs and don't settle for less than the MX-70. Call your nearest Otari dealer for "Technology You Can Trust".

Otari Corporation, 2 Davis Drive, Belmont, CA 94002,
415/592-8311, Telex 9103764890

OTARI®



Jagger conveyed the impression that he is willing to continue with the Stones in an official capacity; he will sing on the albums, though not be in the studio all the time. He will do an occasional show or video but he will not tour.

"All the people in the band do other things as well," Jagger continued. "Except Keith. Charlie has this big band which he really enjoys and which I think he wants to bring to New York. Bill has so many other things going it makes my outside projects look ridiculous. Ronnie plays around like crazy. And even Keith's starting to get around other people's records and stuff. I think that's important. Otherwise you just go stale looking at the same faces all the time. I think this is a great record, but, I mean, there are other things to do in life. I hope the Rolling Stones can keep going and be themselves, and I hope I can do some other things that give me an outlet for the energies I have as well."

Still there is the chance that Keith will not wait forever for Mick to come around. There finally comes the moment when the Rolling Stones seem—for the first time *really*—to be facing the end of the line. As the lights go on in Manhattan Keith Richards turns his back to the window and pours himself another glass of Jack Daniels.

The line about slitting Jagger's throat hangs in the air. "Mick knows that," Keith says of the proposed tracheotomy. "Everybody knows that. That's the way it is. This is the first album in a new contract. We'd be *idiots*. It'd be the dumbest move in the world to not get behind it. We've got a good album here! Spent a year making it and puttin' our backs to the wall. Why toss it away?"

Is it fair to say that the Rolling Stones mean more to Keith than to the others?

"No," he answers. "No, I don't think it'd be fair to say that at all. I always feel that the Stones are still pushing their potential. I may be wrong, but I'm still waiting for it to hit its peak. I feel the Stones are now in this unique position. If they want to

stay together for the next few years we can make this thing that started off with the 'Fab Four'/'Stones-mania'/teeny-bopper pop grow up! That's what interests me. Seeing if we can make it mature, seeing if we can be what we are. Stop pretending this Peter Pan bullshit and become men who can play up there like men and act like men and still lay the stuff on them.

"The Stones are now the only ones in the position to do it. It would be a sin not to put that experiment into the laboratory and see what happens, see if we can make rock 'n' roll grow up! Otherwise it's never going to get out of its adolescence. Well, other people say maybe it shouldn't—maybe adolescence is what rock 'n' roll's about. But *obviously* it isn't or there wouldn't be anybody over twenty-two playing the stuff.

"It might turn out those other people are right, but you've got to give rock 'n' roll the chance. We've only known about it in this form since 1956. It's something I've grown up with and I'm going to see if it can grow up with me. I want to see if we can take it all the way. I played with Muddy Waters six months before he died. What he was doing was pretty much the same as what we do; it's just the marketing that was different. He was like Buddha up there—a mature, dignified Buddha commanding all the respect in the world. Why shouldn't we see if rock 'n' roll can do that?"

"And you don't really get that good that quick. Especially with bands and groups. It takes a few good years for people to be able to play together without even looking at one another. Knowin' what moves the next guy's going to make, what he's going to do without even saying anything. Charlie knows what I'm going to do. We can switch the beat around, and catch up to each other on the next bar. Sometimes on tour one of us deliberately screws up the beat and the other one's *there*, you know? Click!" Keith Richards' smile fades.

"Those things are a blessing you don't throw away." He drains his glass. "That's how I feel about the Stones." ■

FINALLY, SAMPLING MADE SIMPLE!

No longer do you need to be a computer whiz kid to unleash your sampling creativity. Now in just 8 seconds you can sample anything from a Model "T" to a Boeing 747 . . . or permanently store your favorite sounds . . . from a C.D. to a \$25,000 synthesizer!!

The only limit with the AKAI S-612 is your own creativity. Of course, we offer hundreds of pre-recorded samples to get you started.

Write to us for additional SAMPLER™ info or visit your local AKAI dealer.

AKAI S-612 SAMPLER™
\$995.00

Another Product of **IMC**

AKAI
Professional Products

P.O. Box 2344 Fort Worth, TX 76113 817-336-5114



Digital Deliverance

The microphone is the launchpad to astounding audio performance.

Our sonic universe is populated by an evergrowing array of digital-based sound gear. . . gear that can reproduce almost any input signal — with amazing accuracy.

The Source Must Be Equal

How accurate is *your* microphone? Digital audio systems expose microphone coloration that was once acceptable. It's not anymore. Digital processing, recording and sampling techniques rely on microphone transparency and ultra-wide dynamic range. Because quality (or lack of it) is magnified. . . from launchpad to loudspeaker.

Countdown to Quality

The path to astounding performance has never been more accessible. If you're navigating in the digital realm of audio production. . . recording, sound reinforcement or broadcasting. . . Toa microphones can give your gear the quality input it deserves.

Call or write for free technical information.
Toa Electronics Inc., Professional Music and Entertainment Division, 480 Carlton Court,
South San Francisco, CA 94080, (415) 588-2538

In Canada: (403) 489-5511

In the U.K.: (0277) 233882

In Germany: (040) 811127

©1986 Toa Electronics, Inc.





INXS

THE TIES THAT BIND

BY JOCK BAIRD

Andrew Farriss is a man with a problem. Not a huge problem... "More of a personal development that I'm worried about, within myself."

Farriss is the keyboardist and leading songwriter of INXS, a six-headed Australian amalgamation that is half street gang and half runaway freight train. Farriss spends most of his evenings inside a circle of keyboards, while out at stage-front a pair of frenetic guitarists vie with charismatic lead singer Michael Hutchence for the affections of sweating, screaming, packed houses. This may not sound

like much of a problem to you and I, especially since INXS is considered by some to be the best live band in the world and is currently riding a balls-to-the-wall single called "What You Need" that lives up to its title. But you and I are not Andrew Farriss. He wrote all those guitar hooks those guys are being adored for, and he wants some adoration too, dammit.

"INXS has got this great thing, right? It looks fantastic. But from my point of view, to be standing back there and looking out...it's a little bit frustrating, because having *been the birth* of some of those parts, if I could put it that way, and watching people go nuts because the guitarist is playing it....It's so self-satisfying, it's incredible, but it's *frustrating*



sometimes, because / can play that!"

This revelation may not be the stuff of tabloid headlines about the band's imminent demise, but it does establish a reasonable rule of thumb for examining the often-opaque INXS: Take your initial impression and trash it. In this first instance, drawing excessive conclusions about the guitar-drenched prancing of the band's front line would lead you away from the man most responsible (after all, Tim Farriss considers his brother Andrew his favorite guitarist). An extension

of that would be casting INXS as a neo-Duranist teen band, based on the fact much of their swelling American "cult" following is of that age. But confirmed adults like Nile Rodgers, Chris Thomas and Godley & Creme are also members of the INXS cult.

Even those more favorably disposed to the scrappy sextet labor under misconceptions. Many welcome them as a young new band with a first-time hit, even though their current best-selling *Listen Like Thieves* is in fact album number five for a nine-year-old band that is close to selling more records in Australia than any other act. And many differing opinions are held on

what comprises the INXS Sound. Are they a synth band, leavened with power guitar? Are they pugilistic funksters in the mold of "What You Need" and 1984's superb Nile Rodgers-produced "Original Sin"? Or are they rock 'n' rollers at heart, and if so do they lean more toward the traditional Stones/Zep camp, or the radical punk Sex Pistols/Midnight Oil side of the fence?

A lot of this confusion is related to Andrew Farriss' problem—or as he puts it, this "personal development." As he changes, the band changes with him, and vice versa.

Photographs by David Stewart

This is reflected in marked changes of season in INXS' music, an evolution continued by *Listen Like Thieves*. "Andrew just got tired of playing keyboards," Michael Hutchence explains. "He got sick of making sounds up and wanted to exploit the sounds that are already there. Few people use synthesizers well—it's the most abused instrument in history, I think. There's terrible work out there. So we just decided to let Andrew have a go at it. On this album people are saying it's all guitars and hardly any synthesizer. They ask, 'What's that sound there?' and we say,

drew Farriss' primacy in INXS, the source of the band's strength is, as Tim Farriss notes, "a democratic attitude. Our growth as players has all been natural—we've kind of taught each other. If someone wants to do this or that, we try to talk about it. If one of us doesn't like what the bassist is doing, we'd just tell him. That goes every which way."

Factor in the crucible of Australian rock, three hundred nights a year of club gigs, and you've got some serious dues in the bank, dues that serve the band well into its present hour of success. "You can always hold on to the ex-

a year; by the time he returned to Sydney, Farriss had met bassist Garry Beers through a classified ad. "When Mike got back," Andrew recalls, "we discovered we had similar interests in things like drugs and girls and music. It was natural that we should get together, because he'd grown in one respect and I'd grown in another."

Andrew's nascent band played only original material, never playing in front of audiences. A roommate with a TEAC 4-track helped them make tapes. Some were pretty out there as a result of the daily "living room eclectic music hour" during which "all sorts of experimental music" would fly. In this free environment, Hutchence remembers, he found his calling: "We'd pull people in from all over the place and *denote* them to become singers. That's how I became the singer—Andrew *denoted* me." Hutchence thereafter never allowed himself to be demoted.

Finding other musicians was an ongoing hassle. "We had one drummer," Hutchence laughs ruefully, "who was an acidhead—he used to throw away his sticks! We thought, 'This is *not* going to work!'" Meanwhile, Andrew's younger brother Jon was becoming a drummer—more importantly, a very successful drummer. "I can always remember being jealous of Jon," Andrew shakes his head, "because he was playing in club groups and we couldn't even get gigs. Jon must have been fourteen, bringing home fifty-dollar bills and shoving them in a jar. My mother and I used to laugh. I didn't really think it was funny, but it was funny at the same time. So I knew Jon must be a great player—people wanted him."

Meanwhile, the oldest Farriss brother, guitarist Tim, was also filling up his own jar working in a club band that included Kirk Pengilly, then a singer/guitarist, soon to pick up saxophone. "Their group had a pedal steel player and did jazz/rock, country & western things," says Andrew. "I was more interested in rock, out and out bashing. But when Tim's group broke up, he suggested we get together and I thought, why not? He was the perfect brother."

Because of the staggered order of arrival, the combination of the three Farriss brothers never created a band oligarchy, although as Hutchence notes, "The brothers are like one piece, so we're really a four-piece band." Andrew is philosophical: "The good point of working with your brothers is communication. With other people, you spend half the time working and the other half working through obstacles. With brothers you save time. The bad side is that there's too much familiarization. Because you know each other so



Garry Beers, Tim & Jon Farriss, Kirk Pengilly, Andrew Farriss & Michael Hutchence

'Organ.' 'What's *that*?' 'It's a piano.'

INXS changes so much they seem almost perverse about it. "We are," agrees Hutchence with a Cheshire cat smile. "We're conscious of that." Hutchence, whose singing and lyrics are a second major component of INXS success, is also ill-served by quick impressions. Despite his street-kid persona, his writing is literate and mature. Three years ago he was declared to be a student of Jim Morrison so many times he had to go out and actually buy some Doors records—which he'd never heard until then. Superficial comparisons to Mick Jagger, Robert Plant, Bono and even Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett are also tempting because of Hutchence's remarkable vocal versatility, but his penetrating, menacing baritone is very much his own. Despite a slightly fey, stumble-bum stage shtick, his performing presence has an air of danger about it, laced with a but-the-little-girls-understand-sexuality—the basic elements of textbook rock star quality.

Notwithstanding Hutchence and An-

periences we'd had from all these live shows," observes Andrew Farriss. "We're not going to get to the point where we get onstage and think the sun shines out of our ass. We know it doesn't. We know when we're screwing up. And I think that's going to make a difference. If this band gets really big, it's because we've played so many live shows, it really doesn't matter."

INXS all came from the same working class neighborhood of Sydney, and retains the same six people that came together in 1977. The roots of the band come from a mutual musical obsession shared by "school friends" Andrew Farriss and Hutchence. Both survived the torture of violin and cello lessons, but only Farriss blossomed into a teenage rock musician. Hutchence was content to watch from the sidelines: "I was never musical. I was just really interested in it and loved it. Andrew played piano and guitar and sang and I just hung about, watching Andrew's bands and loading equipment." Around 1975, Hutchence moved to Los Angeles and San Jose for



Finally, someone tied everything together — MIDI, SMPTE and the tape recorder — in one smart package. The company is Fostex and the product is the Model 4050. Much more than an autolocator, it provides a level of automation never before available.

Now musicians and songwriters have direct access to SMPTE time code, the universal time standard. Sync all your MIDI clocks and the tape recorder to SMPTE for rock stable timing.

Program and edit with a new level of confidence and accuracy. Features include:

- Up to 100 cue point memory for autolocate on Fostex Models 50 and 20, B-16 Series and all E-Series.
- Automatic programmable punch-in/out.
- Complete control of MIDI start time, tempo, meter and length of song.

The 4050 is the first autolocator to think musically.

the professional standard, worldwide.

Plus, the door to video is now wide open. Especially with the amazingly affordable Fostex synchronizer, Model 4030.



So hurry on down to your Fostex Personal Multitrack Dealer and put a 4050 into action. Because now's the perfect time.

Fostex

15431 Blackburn Ave.
Norwalk, CA 90650
(213) 921-1112

When your timing reference is SMPTE, you're in sync with

well, it's hard to be objective. Sometimes it'll jell, sometimes it's 'kill, kill!' It's more dramatic, more honest."

INXS came together in the first heady years of the punk movement, but their musicianship set them apart: "We were right behind the principles of change," Hutchence observes, "while still appreciating what people were trying to get away from. *Never Mind The Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols* is one of my favorite albums—it's brilliant! Our attitude was, 'Let's try to make new music, but we don't have to thrash it out with guitars and monosyllabic notions.' We looked more to bands like Roxy Music and Television. After all, there's not much you can do about it if you can play well." Echoes Andrew Farriss, "I was young enough not to care about radical politics or where I fitted into society, but one thing I did know is I sure thought when I heard someone play an instrument well, that *mattered*. And that mattered to the whole group, too."

INXS TALK SHOP

Michael Hutchence on songwriting: "I really love getting tapes of the band out of a (Tascam) Portastudio and sitting there for hours and hours and hours, just playing it and not even attempting to write anything for it. You build up an unconscious melody in your head, 'cause you're not even *approaching* it, you're just walking around. And after four or five hours, you've got a melody in your head. Of course it drives everyone else in the house nuts."



Andrew Farriss on writing on a deadline: "I can do that now. I thought before that that it was all fluke and chance. Then a few years ago I discovered that when I *have* to, I can do it. It definitely takes the magic out of it, though it's tons and tons of reality to sit down and make yourself do something like that, but I think in the long run it makes a much stronger song. You're more aware of what you're doing."

Michael Hutchence on the limits of democracy: "The worst thing you can do is compromise for everyone's sake, because then you end up with a mismatched hodge-podge. You don't actually take any chances. But I think we're at the last stage of getting over that. You have to say, 'Okay guys, it's not going to work, it's no great tragedy.' Most of our music gets the third degree, and it's the early stages that get the most scrutiny."

Tim Farriss on musical mentality: "Andrew is a great guitar player. Of course, An-

In 1978, most of its members having graduated from public high school, the whole band picked up and moved to the city of Perth on the west coast of Australia. "That was a really strange thing to do," shrugs Hutchence. "Few people have ever done that—gone to Perth to get your shit together. But it's one of the most isolated cities in the world. It's very cheap to live there, and it seemed like a good idea at the time. We just had a big house and rehearsed by day, played gigs at night."

After ten months, the band, rechristened INXS (pronounced "in excess") returned to the inner city Sydney scene to try and build a following. It was not an easy job: "There are lots of bands floating around the scene and never quite getting a grip on it," Hutchence says. "You think to yourself, 'All these people really like us!' But they'll go from band to band—the audience is *changing* every night. So the good old way of doing Australia—and how we did it—

drew has one good—I guess it's as good as it is a bad—habit of never playing the same thing twice. He'll show you something, everyone will go 'Okay, that's cool,' and on the second run-through it's changed. It's like, 'Hang on a minute!' I'm a bit the same, whereas Kirk's very regimented. But that sums up Kirk's whole life, right from the way he packs his suitcase to his daily routine. And that's what he's like as a musician as well." A little order in the middle of all this chaos? "Exactly! About the only order, sometimes. Michael can get pretty chaotic!"

Andrew Farriss on programming his own synth sounds: "Chris Thomas was laughing at me because I don't use presets—I just don't like using the sounds that come with the keyboard. Sure I appreciate it that some guy sits for hours programming them, and it's fantastic, good luck! But half the world wants to use those sounds. It's always best to use your own. Who else is going to have them?" Farriss programs a Roland Juno 60, a Yamaha DX7 and a Prophet 5, and samples on an Emulator II. He prefers the E-II keyboard but plays the DX7 onstage as a master MIDIboard since it's "slimmer." He does his home demos on a Fostex A-8 8-track deck and a Fostex board, and monitors through Aiwa walkman speakers for a mix that's "not real big. It's truth."

Tim Farriss is an enthusiastic convert to Tokai guitars after a heavy Nile Rodgers recommendation. Tim has a couple of Strat copies and a new body design called the Talbo. He also occasionally deploys an old Fender Telecaster. Strings are D'Addarios. Tim loves his Marshall amp, but cuts it with a Roland JC-120.

Garry Beers is an Ibanez endorsee, playing a RB-88 Roadstar bass. His strings are Rotosounds, his amp a Peavey.

Kirk Pengilly plays Selmer tenor and alto saxes and the same guitar setup as Tim.

Jon Farriss assaults Pearl Drums, including some electronic pads triggering a Pearl DR-1. His cymbals are Sabians.

has always been to go out and play your guts out for a year, and by the end of that we had a following, so we *had* to put a record out."

A single, "Simple Simon / We Are The Vegetables," came out in 1980 on the indie Deluxe label, a deal negotiated by INXS' new manager, Chris Murphy, the son of a Sydney booking agent. That was followed by an album, *INXS*. Despite its monolithic musical quality and relentlessly clever lyrics, *INXS* has an abundance of punky charm and good synth-pop songs, notably "Just Keep Walking," their first real hit. The LP was recorded on the 2:00 a.m.-till-dawn shift of a local 16-track studio. "It was such a cheaply made record," recalls Tim Farriss fondly. "It was everything we'd been playing live. I still really like that first recording. It sounds sort of naive."

A series of flat-out national tours with names like the Fear & Loathing Tour, the Campus Tour and the Tour with No Name followed. Inside a year, the followup LP was released and went to top fifteen with new-found critical acclaim. The album clearly showed more focused songwriting and playing, especially the hit "Stay Young," but at times degenerated into a chilly post-punk circus. "When I hear that second album," Tim now says, "I wonder, 'Where were our heads at when we were doing that?' The first two albums were more get-it-out-of-our-system albums. They taught us what not to play."

Two songs from *Underneath The Colours*, though, were forecasts of what was to come. One was the title cut, which marked their first recorded efforts at "restrained" funk. "In fact, there was a hell of a lot of funk before we even recorded our first records," Tim Farriss insists, "but that was the early disco days. You had to be very careful if you were going to touch funk in the *Saturday Night Fever*/John Travolta days. There was a huge anti-disco movement going around. If you played punk you couldn't play disco. But funk was always really important to all of us, things like the Commodores, the O'Jays, Curtis Mayfield, Little Feat."

Another *Colours* track, "Follow," was set in a solid rock 'n' roll chassis that found the band's rhythm section finally getting good traction. In early 1982, for the opening salvo of their third LP, they recreated that feel for a verse, and then subverted it with "a different sort of drum thing on the chorus." The song became "The One Thing," a near-perfect marvel of three-minute rock engineering that would become a world-wide hit. Suddenly aware they were on to something, the band did an uncharacteristic thing: After four straight years of continuous work, they took a hiatus. As Andrew Farriss puts it, "One of the most im-

ROAD WARRIORS



You can only begin to imagine the sounds you and your guitar can create with the FX 65 Stereo Chorus and FX 75 Stereo Flanger. And they'll sound just as good down the road as they do today.

Because they're built to be tough, gig after gig.

Check out the entire FX line from DOD.



The largest line of signal processing equipment in the world.

portant things that success can do for a musician is to allow them a bit more free time of their own, to do whatever they want to, because I think to be creative, it's essential."

Hutchence, as ever the band's leading internationalist, persuaded Andrew and Kirk Pengilly to join him in a "pilgrimage around the world. The whole process is just to look around you and reflect things." Hutchence was especially interested in soaking up the British and American music scenes and talking to possible producers. At one point during their adventures he and Andrew found themselves "stuck in an apartment in a strange city without a lot of

friends. So what do you do? You write."

After several months of serious pilgrimage, the whole band reassembled to record the new London material. "Our feeling was, 'Hey, we've got some success here, let's go for it!'" Andrew Farriss says. "We just tried to clear our heads and just get some good songs together. It was a band coming to terms with itself and being positive about it." The stakes were further raised by manager Chris Murphy's deal with the Australian major, WEA records. Impressed by how INXS was running their own ship, WEA let well enough alone, and has ever since: "We're very independent," Hutchence notes. "We use major

record companies. On the whole they're very good to us, but it's a leasing situation. We pay for just about everything ourselves, so we can do exactly what we can and what we want to do."


With producer Mark Opitz minding the sonic store, INXS recorded *Shabooch Shooobah*, a quantum leap of an LP kicked off by "The One Thing." Where quirkiness had reigned, there was now a brooding, dangerous undertone. The band played with a new-found deliberation and weight, laying off the beats and letting the songs communicate on their own terms. Even genre-jiggling tunes like the tortured calypso of "Spy Of Love," or the dub-by-way-of-Memphis strains of "Jan's Song," ring true. And INXS pull off the album's anthemic synth-laden closer "Don't Change" with nary a hint of insincerity. "I just grew up a bit," explains Hutchence of his more seasoned vocal and lyric approach. "Quite noticeable in a year, the difference. Until *Shabooch Shooobah* I was unable to pull off emotional content."

But behind the on-record seriousness, the band was still having a great time in the studio. "There's a heavy element of humor to everything we do," smiles Tim Farriss. "Maybe it doesn't show on the records now, but I think that's probably a good thing." The album's title was in fact a band joke: While Tim was writing the music to "Spy Of Love," he used the sounds "shabooch shooobah" to render the Sergio Mendes-type bass/drum feel. These syllables shortly had the effect of collapsing in mirth any INXSer within earshot.

Much amusement also attends their concept of soloing: "I'm not really, to tell you the truth, a big fan of guitar solos," Tim shrugs. "They don't impress me and I'm not interested in them. The attitude toward the instrument is what's important to me, the feel, how you hear the beat, just where your head's at when you're playing. So I generally look at solos as a humorous type of thing, tongue in cheek. In fact, there was a long running in-joke about 'lead solos'—we'd only have to call out, 'Lead solo!' and everyone would break up laughing. I guess you sort of had to be there...."

Shabooch Shooobah, as Farriss remarks, "did the big business for us in Australia." It hit top five and became INXS' third gold LP. Moreover, an ambitious new overseas strategy was undertaken: "Normally Australian bands have waited to come to America until they got really big in Australia," explains Tim. "You can imagine they all sat around going, 'Well what are we going to do now. We've done everything we can here. We'll have to go overseas!' And that's kind of like holding a gun to your head: Do it or die! We decided to

continued on page 82

INTRODUCING THE  **MASTER SERIES™**

MCA MASTER SERIES SAMPLER '86

LARRY CARLTON Alone/But Never Alone

ALBERT LEE Speechless

EDGAR MEYER Unfolding

JOHN JARVIS So Fa So Good

ROBERT GREENIDGE & MICHAEL UTLEY Mad Music

JERRY DOUGLAS Under The Wire

AVAILABLE ON PREMIUM VIRGIN VINYL RECORDS, CUSTOM MASTERED CASSETTES AND *COMPACT DISCS.

Studiomaster Series II for 1986 Phil Collins Loves It!



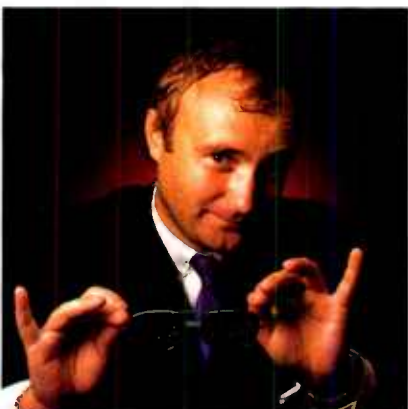
I Love It!
That Famous Studiomaster Sound!
4 Band EQ with Sweep Frequency
Mids and EQ Defeat Switch.



I Love It!
Alps 100mm Master Series Faders,
individual 48V Phantom Power, Phase
Reversal switching on each channel,
+ 4/ - 10 switchable outputs.



I Love It!
Separate control room and studio
monitor stereo sends using auxillaries
3-6.



I Love It!
Midi controllable programmable input
channel muting.



I Love It!
Tape Remix function and two separate
Stereo 2-Track returns.



I Love It!
6 auxillary sends, (Aux 1) selectable Pre/
Post EQ and Fader, (Aux 2) selectable
Pre/Post Fader (Fixed Post EQ), (Aux
3 & 4) combined for Stereo Headphone
cueing, (Aux 5) selectable Pre/Post EQ
and Fader, (Aux 6) selectable Pre/Post
EQ with Fixed Post Fader.

STUDIOMASTER

P.O. BOX 2344, FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76113

See the new Studiomaster Series II Consoles
for 1986 at select professional audio dealers . . .
You'll Love It, Too!!!



Another Quality Product of 

How a Wee Scotsman Got a Big Sound All By Himself

PLAYERS

By Jon Young

MIDGE URE'S STUDIO MANNERS

First and foremost, I'm a guitarist," declares Midge Ure, which is far from the whole story. The soft-spoken singer/guitarist for Ultravox is also a producer, keyboardist, composer, video director and owner of a recording studio. He's played music ranging from bubblegum and punk pop to metal pop and new romantic disco, written a TV score, and co-authored a best-selling charity anthem. Just a guitarist, huh...

That description may have been more accurate when Ure was a teenage member of bubblegum group Slik just a decade ago. "We weren't *really* like that," he protests in an endearing brogue. "Before we became Slik, we were one of the best-known pop bands in Scotland under the name Salvation." But in the wake of the Bay City Rollers, they were marketed as teen fodder.

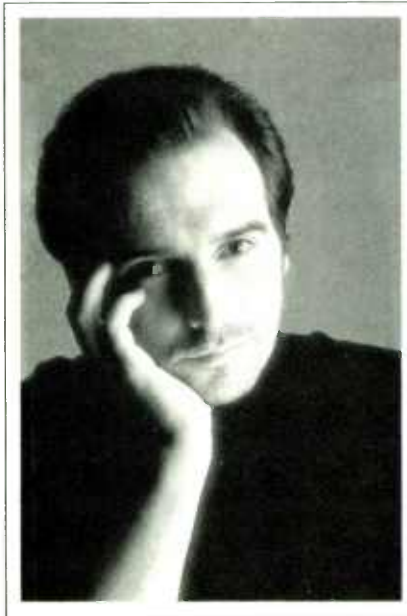
Ure then became one of the Rich Kids, the scrappy but melodic band started by Glen Matlock, who'd been deemed too sophisticated to remain in the Sex Pistols. Remembers Ure, "Just as the group was starting to get somewhere, we split in different directions. Glen wanted to bring in a brass section and do Small Faces tunes; I'd just bought my first synth. I suppose it must have seemed strange for me to be singing the praises of Eno and Kraftwerk at the height of punk."

When that folded, he and Rich Kids drummer Rusty Egan spearheaded the Visage project, which produced empty calorie dance music. Through Visage, he met Billy Currie of Ultravox, eventually joining the band to fill the gap left by the departure of singer John Foxx and guitarist Steve Shears. Before becoming a full-time Vox, however, he made one tour as a hired gun with Thin Lizzy, "hammering out guitar parts."

Ultravox was a long shot for Ure. Not musically, because he was already sympathetic with their symphonic yearnings, previously glimpsed on the *Systems Of Romance* album; the problem was money. "When I joined, Ultravox had been dropped by Island and owed the label 200,000 pounds. They had no manager. It was a case of absolute failure." However, the 1980 *Vienna* LP, featuring "Sleepwalk," became an international hit, permanently reversing

the band's dismal fortunes.

Except in the United States, where Ultravox remains relatively obscure, which makes Ure wonder about the record company, Chrysalis. "The excuse we used to get was that our kind of music doesn't sell well in the States, but that argument doesn't stand up any more. Look at Tears For Fears: they've



The mad doctor at rest.

taken Ultravox's influence and added their own sound. It's very flattering, but...."

Ure has never had a lot of free time to worry, though. He's directed videos for Ultravox, Visage, Bananarama and Fun Boy Three. He composed the soundtrack for "The Max Headroom Story," which introduced the computer-generated video DJ who's now the toast of English TV. And he co-authored the Band Aid single "Do They Know It's Christmas?" with Bob Geldof, contributing the hook and melody line. "It's a very Ultravox melody," opines the wee Scotsman.

With all that experience to draw on, what does Midge Ure do when his group decides to give its icy synths a rest? He makes a solo album that sounds almost exactly like the band! Go

figure. Ure's *The Gift* is a shade less lush and portentous than Ultravox's *Lament*, but it's cut from similar cloth. Then again, maybe that's not so odd. Ure had ample opportunity to replicate Ultravox's famed excesses because he recorded the LP, playing most of the instruments himself, in his own London studio. "I was able to go at my own pace," he notes, "and put aside a song if I got stuck. If I'd booked a studio, there would have been too much time and money at stake to do that."

Ure decided to build his facility about four years ago, he recalls. "I spend an inordinate amount of time inside studios, so I thought I might as well have my own place. After looking for a long time, I found a house with a photographer's studio in the garden, completely separate from the main building. I gutted it and hired the guys who built Mayfair Studio to come in and design it."

The resulting Sound Fest Studio is compact and functional. "It's just two small rooms," explains Ure. "The control room has a Harrison M3 desk, an Allison computer, a Studer 80 eight-track, a Studer half-inch, a Studer quarter-inch, a Sony F1 digital system, and a pile of outboard stuff, like Urei monitors. Nothing flashy, just good quality stuff. I can mix and make masters there."

Best of all, he adds, "I don't have to walk far to get to work."

Ure spent from late '84 to mid-'85 working on *The Gift*, noting, "If you total up the actual studio time into twelve hour days, it only took about three months, which isn't much compared to Ultravox. We made *Lament* over a nine-month period."

During the sessions, Sound Fest became the dark, dank laboratory of Dr. Midge von Frankenstein. No longer required to obtain a consensus from the collaborators, the seemingly mild-mannered Ure went wild, indulging in an orgy of synths, strange overdubs, odd sampling, backward tapes, and other eccentricities only an unchaperoned artist can get away with.

"It was good fun," he beams.

Ure began by covering Jethro Tull's "Living In The Past," because, he says, "I hadn't written anything when I started recording and I thought it would get me

WE EXIST FOR GREAT GUITAR SOUND

ROCKMAN ROCKMODULES™



IT'S 1986. We Offer the Technology to Create Exceptionally Produced Stereo Guitar Sound You Can Adjust and Footswitch...On Stage, In Any Studio, At Any Volume...Without Piles of Equipment, Old Amplifiers, or a Degree in Audio Technology.

Tom Scholz Record Production experience of fifteen years has enabled us to design the **Rockman Sustainer's™ Compressor specifically for Guitar**, as opposed to the normal compressors designed for radio broadcasts, speeches or test tones. The gain reduction curve has a smooth variation from hi gain to low gain as opposed to a discrete step. The care with which we tune the Attack time, Release Time, Hi Frequency Pre-Emphasis, Compression Curve, Hi Compression Trigger Override and the Extreme Level Clip Limiter reduces such typical guitar signal problems as "ragged release" and distortion at extreme levels of compression. A special circuit is included to prevent "squash-out". Our compressor design is so unique that even if you patch together your favorite equalizers and compressors, you will still be unable to duplicate what the Sustainer™ Compressor does!

The Smart Gate™, found only on the Rockman Sustainer, automatically removes hi frequency noise. This noise gate is smart enough to adjust its own cut-off time, without cutting off the end of notes.

The Rockman Sustainer™ Distortion, unlike conventional amps, is achieved through a multitude of signal processing both before and after the Distortion-generating stage. Each time you adjust or change your mode setting (Foot-switching or by hand), you change numerous filters and the parameters of the compressor and limiter. Actually the entire signal path is changed with just the flick of a switch. If you could set up one of these sounds with outboard E.Q., you would be saddled with adjusting dozens of knobs.

If you thought Tom Scholz Rockman Chorus was spectacular, wait until you hear the amazing Long Chorus™ on the Rockman Stereo Chorus/Delay Rockmodule™. You can footswitch from Chorusing to Echo/Delay, then footswitch from a wide stereo

"double tracking" mix to a dramatic centered mix, or...footswitch both simultaneously, with just one touch.

The Sustainer™ together with the Stereo Chorus/Delay gives you six footswitchable functions providing you with a wide variety of sounds on stage without touching the front panels. Make adjustments with the front panel sliders...now the available sounds are countless, and they're ALL great! Both are A/C powered and compatible with amplifiers, mixers and guitar amps.



Scholz Research & Development, Inc.
1560 Trapelo Rd., Waltham, MA 02154
(617) 890-5211

Rockman Sustainer™	\$349.95
Rockman Stereo Chorus/Delay	\$269.95
19" Rockmodule™ Rackmount	\$19.95

Prices subject to change without notice.

Rockman Sustainer, Auto Clean, Semi Clean, Cln 2, Phase Notcher, Phase Notching, Long Chorus, Smart Gate and Rockmodules are Trademarks of Scholz Research & Development, Inc.

going. I took a drum machine track and doubled it with Emulator and Linn tones, making three elements in the drum pattern. I added a countermelody by banging on piano strings with a hammer, something I used a lot on the LP. That produced an Arabic, percussive sound.

"I wanted to keep my version close to Tull's, but I didn't go back and listen to theirs. I just went on what I remembered. The original was kind of shoddy, like lounge lizard music. Mine is more rock. When I'd finished with that track, the ideas were flowing fast and furious."

Thus, he abandoned all pretense of self-control, consumed by frenzy. (Rumors that a delirious Ure roamed the

streets after midnight looking for new sounds to sample are apparently untrue, however.) "When The Winds Blow," for example, features bits of sampled guitar strung together, instead of a normal guitar solo, and incorporates sampled milk bottles into the rhythm track.

"The Chieftan" was built around sampled bangs and crashes from Ure's garage door. "I put those into a rhythm sequencer and doubled with tom-tom sounds from a Yamaha keyboard. Then, using a synthchord reader, I overlaid an alternate drum track in the spaces between the beats, which created the effect of a hundred different drummers

playing at once." More sampled bottles topped off the fiendish brew.

Ure wrote "Edo" to make use of a koto he bought three years ago in Japan. "I played two melody lines to the same chord sequence. They each become the main melody at different points, then get in sync at the end. George Martin [producer of Ultravox's *Quartet*] told me the technical term for that, but I can't remember what it is.

"In general, I'm not a big fan of the library of sounds you get with keyboards, but I really like the breathy vocal sound of a half-size Yamaha, so I added that to the melodies, too. Then I put on some Japanese bells and sampled classical music off compact discs."

And so it went. For "She Cried" Ure aped an Arabic band using an Emulator and a DX7, hiring a "nutty old eccentric Englishman" named Paul Mosby to play a mizmar, which he describes as an Eastern nose flute similar to a long wooden clarinet. For the title song, he laid down a melody, then played it backwards, and added rhythmic elements using an SRC chord generator. The drum track includes tiny samples of an
continued on page 71

Digital Excellence.



Performance

The Kawai K-3 programmable digital waveform synthesizer features the best of both worlds - Digital and Analog. The Kawai K-3 combines "precise" digital waveform technology with the "warmth" of analog filters - giving you access to a truly incredible range of sounds. The "feel" of the weighted keyboard (both velocity AND pressure responsive) assures accurate response to the way YOU play.

Flexibility

The K-3 has 100 full-spectrum tone patches at your command (50 stored internally and 50 on RAM/ROM cartridge). Expand your programming possibilities with the onboard 32 digital waveforms or CREATE your own digital waveform with the K-3's User Programmable Waveform capability. The K-3's "Open Architecture" enables complete access to program parameters and user waveform's via MIDI and today's popular personal computers.

Value

When comparing features, sound quality, and price, no other keyboard comes close to the new K-3. Visit your local authorized Kawai M.I. dealer to see and hear the phenomenal K-3 synthesizer. For the name of your nearest dealer and a free brochure write:

KAWAI AMERICA CORPORATION
Dept. KM
PO. Box 438
24200 S. Vermont
Harbor City, CA 90710-0438

In Canada, write:
KAWAI CANADA MUSIC
Unit -1
6400 Shawson Drive
Mississauga, Ontario L5T1H8

KAWAI
The Master Builder

URE ANALYSIS

If you just listen to Ultravox, you'll hear a hell of a lot of guitars," insists Ure, contradicting conventional wisdom. His preferred axe is a "cheap Ibanez Roadstar, Strat-shaped, with a very good tremolo unit. I usually change the tremolo unit on my guitars by taking the springs off the back to make the bar bend equal amounts up and down.

"I also have a selection of Yamaha guitars. I seem to use mostly Japanese guitars—I'm not a firm believer that you have to play a thirty-year-old Fender that costs thousands of dollars. To me, a guitar is a chunk of wood that either sounds good or doesn't. I'm sure a thirty-year-old Fender is built better, but in this day and age, when you play it through effects and echo units, and do other things that weren't done thirty years ago, it doesn't matter much.

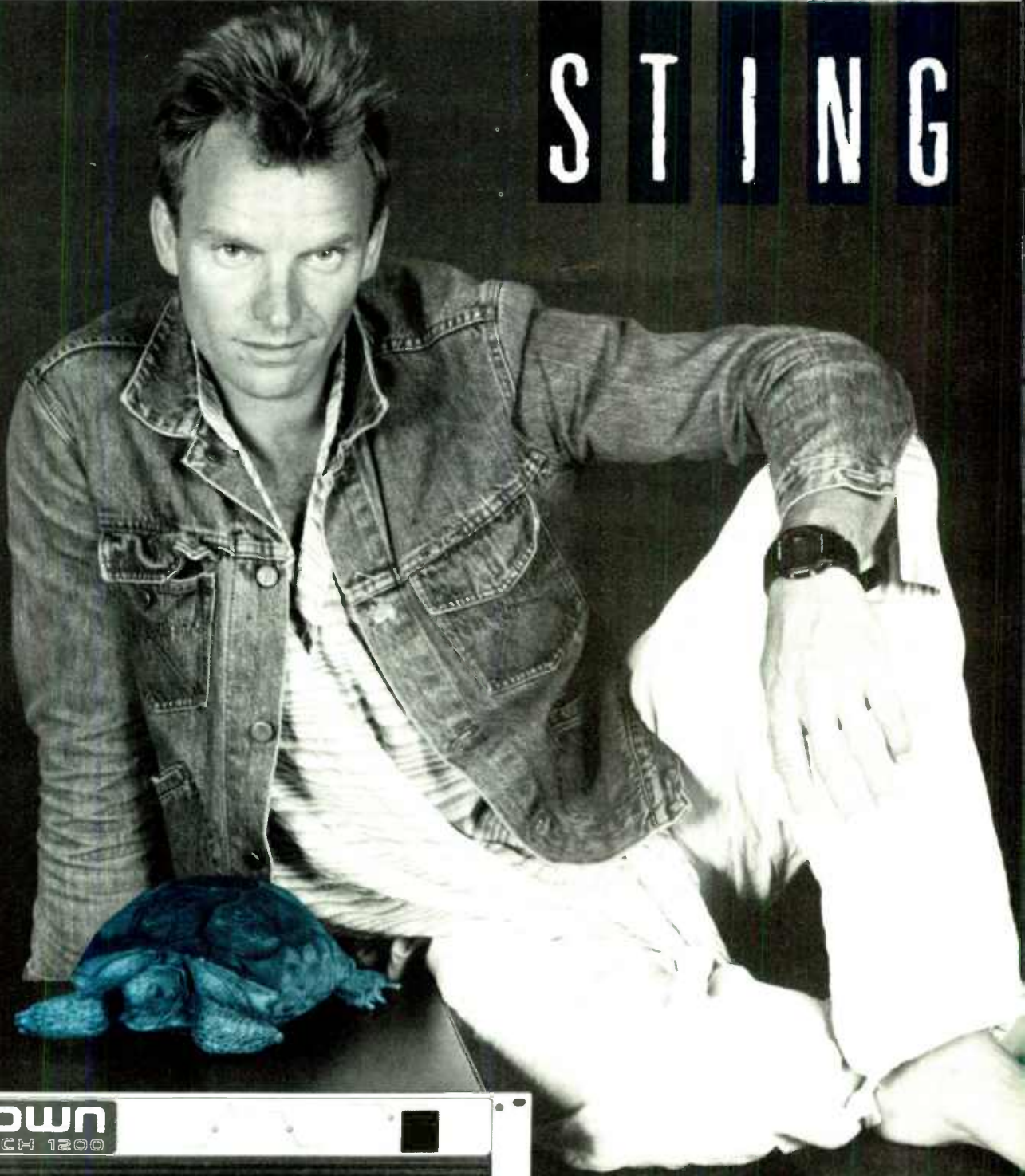
"I use a Vox Conqueror 45-watt amp from the late 60s. It's only got volume, bass, and treble knobs. If it ever falls apart, I'll never be able to get my guitar sound again.

"I have a Yamaha pedal setup that I've adapted for stage use. It has two flangers, two chorus pedals, an overdrive pedal, and a distortion pedal."

Strings are Picata ultra-lights, he notes, adding "I'm much more particular about plectrums than strings. If I don't have Green Island Herco Heavy Plectrums, I'm not a happy guy."

Onstage with Ultravox, Midge wears a headset mike. His keyboards include an Emulator 2, a PPG, and a Yamaha DX7. For *The Gift*, he employed all of the above and more, including the kitchen sink.

STING



*the performance is twofold —
the band and Micro-Tech®/1200.*



CROWN INTERNATIONAL

1718 W. MISHAWAKA RD.

ELKHART, IN 46517

World Radio History

By Rob Tannenbaum

WALLY BADAROU'S ALL-WORLD KEYBOARDS

You can overkill with synthesizers very easily," notes Wally Badarou. "You just switch it on and let the banks be run by sequencers. But a synthesizer is a blank thing, in which you put something that *you* want. I'm not saying you shouldn't let accidents come through; I do that a lot, just running through programs and sounds. But once you've done that, you have to work to construct something that makes sense. Or doesn't make sense, depending on what you want to achieve."

Into his own blank synthesizers Wally Badarou has indelibly programmed his passport. His cinematic ability to conjure up international locations through a keyboard has been etched onto the grooves of countless classic recordings, from the founding techno-pop of M, to the athletic Jamaican disco of Grace Jones, to the rigorous reggae of Black Uhuru, to co-production work with Marianne Faithfull and British funksters Level 42, and finally to the *Kiss Of The Spider Woman* soundtrack and his own new solo album, *Echoes*.

Echoes was released by Island Records' Visual Arts subsidiary, which specializes in soundtracks, and the album has the feel of a score to an imaginary movie. "It was meant to be that way. Although we have some dance tunes on it, the basic thing was to be a trip—among feelings and sounds," acknowledges the thirty-one-year-old Badarou. With his handsome face, lithe frame, and gentle but serious demeanor, he could easily pass for Herbie Hancock's younger brother, but Badarou's French accent and his occasional solecisms emphasize his heritage. "There's a crossing between African feelings, and American and European themes," he continues. "It's like a dream, where things can break down."

Badarou resisted adding lyrics to the instrumentals, because "that would have stuck the album into one narration." But he has a clear image of what the songs represent. For example, "Mambo" (which isn't really a mambo) connotes "the surprise of a little boy walking on a tropical beach, late at night after a very hot day, and having a close encounter with a UFO." Badarou grins a bit guiltily at the suggestion that *Echoes*



Ready to star in his own film noir.

is the soundtrack to a movie he's already planned out. "If I was to make a film, it would be about a black kid, ten or eleven years old, just walking—but finding himself suddenly on the beach, suddenly on New York streets, suddenly in India. Just a walk, a wonderland."

The vagabond theme, the multi-continental motifs—is this imaginary movie autobiographical? "Possibly, yeah."

Wally Badarou began his life in Paris. His father, a surgeon, had joined the government in his native Dahomey, a humid, almost unarable country on the west coast of Africa now known as Benin. After five years as the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the elder Badarou was named the country's ambassador to France, where Wally was born in 1955. When he was seven, the family moved back to Dahomey. In addition to having to learn English, as well as a few local dialects, he was confronted by American music and grew up listening to Otis Redding, Hendrix and James Brown ("To me, the equivalent of the Beatles")

as well as Fela Kuti and Manu Dibango.

"Up until recently, the African attitude towards its own music wasn't exactly negative, but it was, 'Okay, that's our native thing. But if you want to get professional, you have to look towards America or England.' We *had* the thing without knowing it. And it took guys like Peter Gabriel and Trevor Horn to show the Africans what they had." When his father returned home from a trip to Europe with a melodica, Wally began to learn scales, and went on to master the flute and mandolin.

In 1971, a coup in Dahomey chased the Badarou family back to Paris. Wally pursued a law degree, until the day his brother Idriss played him a Deep Purple album. Yet another respectable career destroyed by rock 'n' roll.... Wally began doing session work in Paris. He spent several hours each day at his family's piano, but he also bought a Korg synthesizer and, inspired by Stevie Wonder's *Talking Book*, investigated "the quality of sound."

"I was good at industrial drawing, and

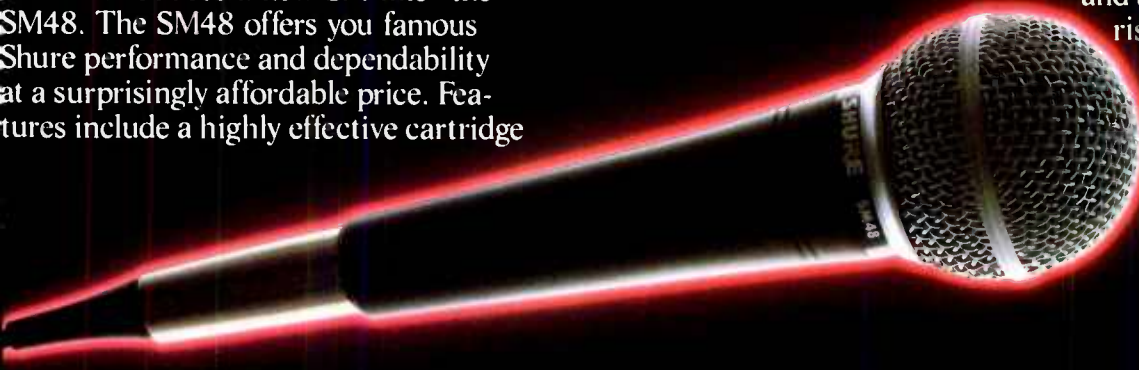


Breaking Sound Barriers™

Tina and her SM58 are legends. She's insisted on Shure quality for years. Now Shure introduces a new SM mic—the SM48. The SM48 offers you famous Shure performance and dependability at a surprisingly affordable price. Features include a highly effective cartridge

SHURE

shock mount for minimal handling noise, a smooth, peak-free frequency response and a slight mid-range presence rise for enhanced vocal punch. The SM48—it sets the tone for electrifying performances.



How Tommy Tedesco gets a date.

You'll find that Tommy Tedesco's played on more records, television and movie scores than any other guitarist in the world. And you'll usually find him with his Fender D'Aquisto Elite in his hands.

Because when it comes to dates, Tommy's been one of the most popular guys in Hollywood for over 30 years. And when it comes to guitars, his first call is a Fender.



maybe that helped. Being able to have a visual image helps a lot in music; it's all about perspectives and dimensions, lines and tones. I think I managed very soon not to be dictated what I had to do. People would call Wally Badarou not because they knew he would play that line, but because they knew they only had to play me the tracks a couple of times and I would come up with something interesting. Plus, at that time, synthesizers meant so much and so nothing at the same time. When you hire a horn section, you know exactly what should happen. But because I played the synthesizer, people thought, 'Let's hear what this guy's gonna do.'

Between sessions Wally formed an Afro-soul group with Idriss, then gravitated toward American funk. A two-year stint in the French Army left him enough free time to hang around Paris clubs, score several independent French films, and cut a solo single in '78. His honorable discharge from *les sessions petits* came the next year when he played on the Gibson Brothers' great international hit "Cuba."

Soon after, Badarou was introduced to Robin Scott, a British singer who was working and re-working a song called "Pop Muzik." After considerable effort, they finally released the fifth version of the song under the moniker M. "Pop Muzik" reduced Eurodisco electronics into a pop single format (thereafter known as "new wave dance music"), and with its annoyingly insinuating chorus became a #1 smash in both the U.S. and U.K. Thus did Wally Badarou help make the world safe for the Bugles and Soft Cell.

Island Records president Chris Blackwell called Badarou after the M tour and invited him to Compass Point Studios, in the Bahamas, where Blackwell and Alex Sadkin were co-producing a new record for Grace Jones. Among the other invited guests were guitarists Barry Reynolds and Mikey Chung, Sticky Thompson on percussion, and Sly Dunbar & Robbie Shakespeare, the acknowledged kings of reggae rhythm. "I thought it was going to be a normal recording session, with scores," marvels Badarou. "I didn't know we were going to get Sly & Robbie until I met them.

"Chris wasn't there, and Grace wasn't there, either. No one knew what we were supposed to do. Not even Chris knew. I think he knew that what he wanted to hear was a blend of Jamaican roots with a European sophistication, but he didn't tell us about it. Barry Reynolds and I were the two Europeans in residence, and it was kind of a challenge because they thought that we were trying to do reggae music with them. It was a kind of suspicion—"You think you can play reg-

gae?" "No, but are we supposed to?"

"Everyone was so eager to show his best," Badarou recalls. "Because we were doing mainly covers, it was a matter of who would be fastest to find his own part and make it jell. The uniqueness of it insured that type of success. The result couldn't be normal." Although the final album, *Warm Leatherette*, was largely overshadowed by the acclaim for Talking Heads' like-minded *Remain In Light*, and by Jones' very unmusical reputation, it was one of the first albums to violate pop's first world/third world segregation, and, in places, also one of the best.

Blackwell's dream band continued to record together as the Compass Point All-Stars, banging out records with Gwen Guthrie, Joe Cocker, Gregory Isaacs and Black Uhuru, and a solo album for Barry Reynolds. And some of their best work came on Grace Jones' great singles, "Pull Up To The Bumper" from *Nightclubbing*, and "Nipple To The Bottle" and "My Jamaican Guy" from *Living My Life*. "We'd set up a tempo; but then no one would stick to it. We'd just play the whole tape long, then edit it and dub extra parts. That's how Chris Blackwell and Alex Sadkin realized my production potential as well, because after a while they didn't even need to be there. I could work by myself.

"But the band felt stale after three years," Badarou continues. "It didn't jell the same way, so rather than force it, we decided to leave it for a while. But I think we'll definitely come back and try something, and it will be different."

Appropriately, Wally intersected with the Bill Laswell/Celluloid Records axis

WALLY'S WALLOP

Wally Badarou's Studio W is jam-packed with the latest, greatest stuff. First among equals is his Synclavier system, with its 32 voices and eight polyphonic sampling voices, 16 individual outputs, MIDI and SMPTE. Then there's his Prophet 5 and Prophet 600, a Linn 9000, an Oberheim OB8, a Yamaha DX7 and TX816, and Roland pitch-to-voltage converter.

His main mixing desk is an AHB Syncon B 20-channel job, with four Fostex 8-channel sub-mixers permanently hooked to either the 24 outputs of his MCI 24-track tape deck or the Linn 9000. He mixes down onto a Sony PCM F1 digital and a Technics 1500 1/4-inch analog deck. His outboard gear features a Lexicon 200 reverb and PCM-70 digital effects, a Roland SDE 3000 delay and RE 501 echo, an Eventide harmonizer, four Orban 622B parametrics, four Valley People Dynamite compressor/limiters, a Quark 999 MIDILink interface and a Doctor Click synchronizer.

of ethno-fraternization, playing synthesizers in Paris on Manu Dibango's well-titled *Electric Africa*. Back in Nassau, Badarou co-produced Marianne Faithfull's *A Child's Adventure*. Although he also co-wrote several of the songs, played keyboards and sang backing vocals, the album has less of his personality than any of the Compass Point All-Stars work.

"I'm a big fan of Bill Laswell, Trevor Horn, Nile Rodgers," he explains. "But what I'm trying to do is kind of different. I don't want my production to sound like a Wally Badarou production. I don't agree with the tendency to make a producer's album, rather than an artist's album. I wouldn't even mind not playing on a record I produce, as long as it makes sense.

"Apart from that, picking out the right material is the most important thing. Not the material that I think is right for the artist, but the material that makes for a consistent project. On Marianne Faithfull, I was hoping we'd do a more pop-oriented album. I thought she needed some kind of a comeback. And she'd come with those very intimate songs, so I had to make sure that the whole album was in that vein."

That same emphasis on songs is evident in Level 42's excellent new album, *World Machine*. After meeting their drummer Phil Gould in M's band, Badarou joined them as a studio keyboardist (they tour without him as a four-piece). But the band grew tired of unapplied virtuosity, and decided that Wally should produce their next album. "If you're a jazz artist—or if you're pretending to be a jazz artist—it's easy to say, 'Oh, this is just crap commercial music.' But it takes a skill," he declares. To apply some focus to their considerable instrumental skills, Badarou put Level 42 through weeks of pre-production, acting as quality control supervisor for the songs. As a result, the best tracks on the LP are models of pop economy and musical grace. The album also features great tag-teamwork between Badarou and Mike Lindup on keyboards. "It emphasizes the challenge and the competition," Wally laughs. "'What about this?' 'Oh yeah, what about that?' It's the best way to learn and to react, being on the spot all the time."

Another big-time Badarou project was scoring contributions to the soundtrack for *Kiss Of The Spider Woman*. Working in the home studio he's built in his Nassau apartment, Badarou translated his fascination with "perspectives and dimensions, lines and tones" into synaesthetic sambas which evoke the heat and claustrophobia of a Latin American jail. And Badarou's also been asked to help salvage the MIA movie

about Washington, D.C.'s Go Go music scene, *Good To Go*.

Much of this new soundtrack output is anticipated by *Echoes*, his solo LP—Badarou actually recorded it three years ago at Compass Point. Its recent release may have been prompted by the surprise success of the skanking, electro-syncopated tune, "Chief Inspector," which became a #1 dance track in England.

The songs on *Echoes* began as favorite tones and rhythms, rather than preconceived notation, because "sound is what counts the most" in Badarou's instrumental projects. He refers to the album as "a trip" often enough to sound like a Deadhead stumbling around the Fillmore West, but that's only because his notion of a vinyl travelog has almost no precedent (except possibly for Phil Manzanera's *Primitive Guitars*).

"The big challenge was in using electronic devices to put life into the songs. I didn't want it to be robotic or didactic: 'The Zulus do it this way, the Yorubans do it *this way*...' I want it to be something people can enjoy, rather than study."

New York, London, Paris, Munich, Jamaica, Argentina, India, Washington. Wally Badarou's keyboard is a world machine. Just ask him what the song "Canyons" from *Echoes* is about: "It's the kind of feel I had from watching spaghetti westerns. It's very Italian, although I've never been to Italy." ☐

Midge Ure from page 66

FM radio talk show, which he inserted by using the click track to open and shut the gate. Kids, don't try these things at home without adult supervision.

Ure's mad tinkering continued when he went to Air Studios in Montserrat to mix *The Gift*. There, in a state of "alcoholic inspiration" he added lyrics to the previously instrumental title cut, an ode to turn-of-the-century art nouveau designer C.R. Mackintosh. There, in the final hours of mixing, he whipped up the Duane Eddy-inspired "Antilles" using a small Casio synth for the main melody and creating a fake guitar part by pitching two AMSs an octave apart. On the seventh day he rested.

Having made *The Gift*, Ure is rejoining Ultravox to work on a new album. Will he apply any lessons from his solo experience to recording with the band? "We've taken too long to make records in the past. It's not necessarily good to get more meticulous. *Lament*, which we recorded in my studio, was a step in the right direction. Hopefully, we'll be even more straightforward next time.

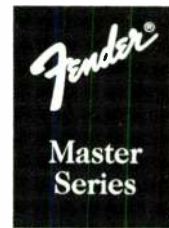
"We won't be doing the new LP in my studio, though, 'cause I'm pulling it apart. I'm adding an audio-visual room so I can work on movie soundtracks."

The mad doctor lives! ☐

How Robben Ford expresses himself.

From L.A. to London to Tokyo, Robben Ford's distinctive style has earned him a place in some of the finest bands in the world. And Fender's Esprit™ Ultra guitar has earned a place in Robben's hands.

Because a great guitar inspires Robben to do his very best. And great playing, like Robben's, has always inspired us to do ours.



What Can a Musical Community Do When it Finds it's Getting No Respect?

S C E N E S

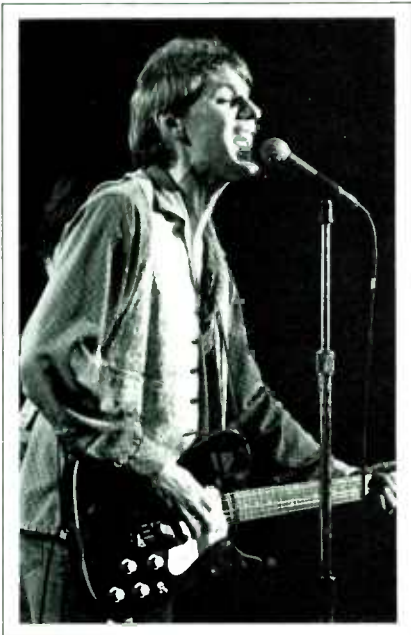
By Jim Bessman

THE NEW NASHVILLE SKYLINE

It's important that there be a beacon in the South for musicians who want to play pop or rock, because there are a lot of people here with a tremendous amount of talent who can't afford to leave," says Randy Talmadge, general manager of Warner/Elektra/Asylum Music, WEA's publishing arm. "They get overlooked by the East and West Coast execs who don't come around here very often, if at all. To them, 'Twang City' is closed to everything but country, which just isn't true."

"We must still maintain our country tradition but change Nashville's connotation to that of a total music center," echoes super-producer (Mandrell, Millsap) Tom Collins, "so that talented musicians feel they can get a shot without having to go to the other music centers."

"We want to show the rest of the world that there are other kinds of music in Nashville besides country," affirms Roger Sovine, veep of Nashville's BMI office (and son of Red "Phantom 309" Sovine). "And this is the first time we've had anything for major-label A&R people to see what we have."



The Questionnaires' Tom Littlefield



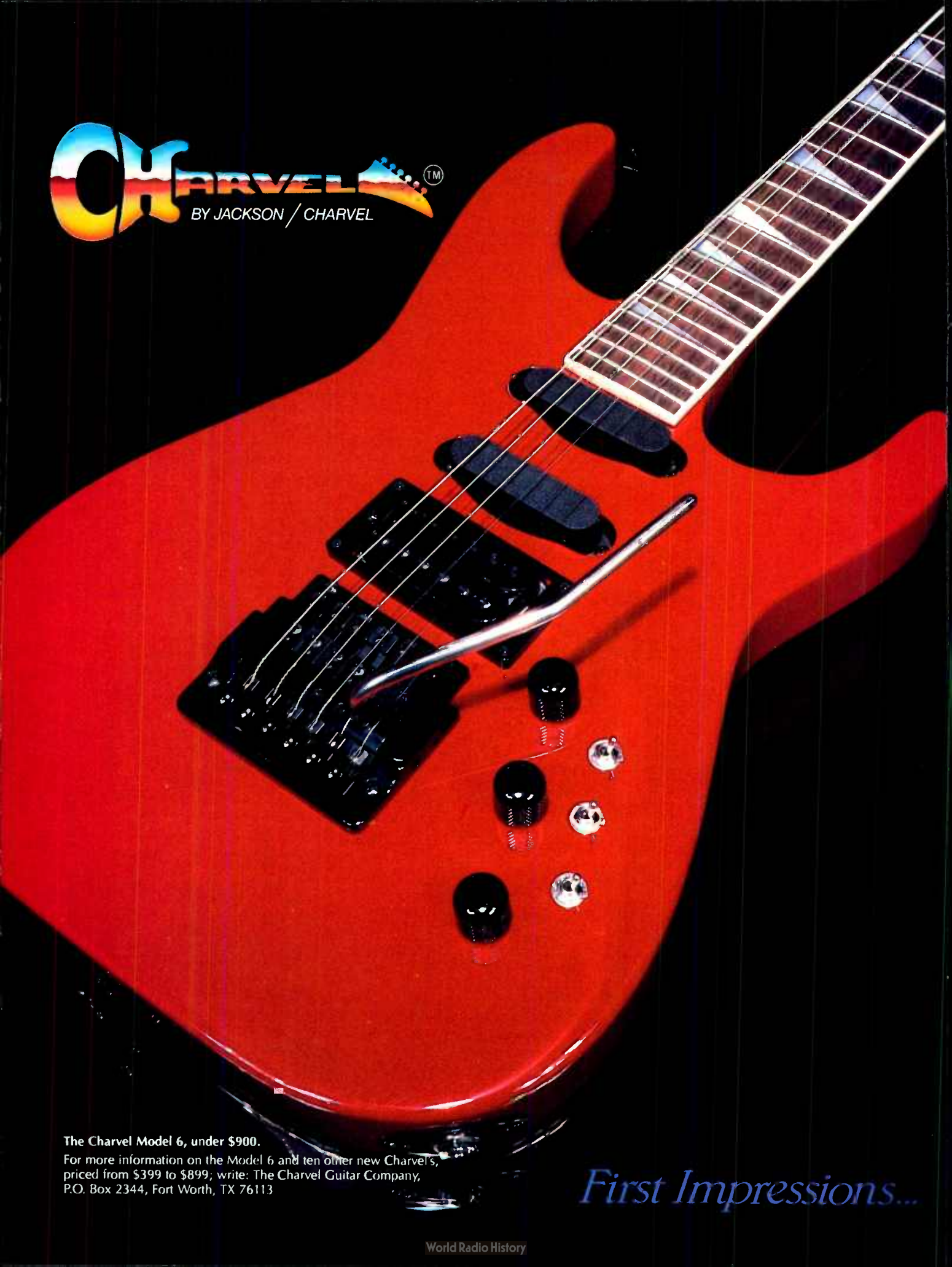
Webb Wilder, "The last of the full-grown men."

Why is the elite of the traditional Nashville establishment suddenly talking up young new music bands? What brings country music executives like Jim Fogelsong, the legendary president of Capitol's Nashville division, to the same ping-pong table as spiky-haired punksters and slick bi-coastal A&R rock reps? And what can a community that feels musically underappreciated do to change the industry's mind? The answers were to be found at the "Nashville Music Extravaganza '86," a two-day music showcase held January 16 and 17 at the Cannery and Roosters upstairs/downstairs clubs, less than a five-minute drive from Music Row.

Nashville, you see, has long suffered from an inferiority complex, foisted on it by the perceived tendency of outsiders to judge it solely as the capital of country music—which admittedly it is. Then there's a related, secondary affliction, brought on by music media pundits who define contemporary country music in terms of the antiquated, assembly-line "countryopolitan" sound of the 60s and early 70s. Specifically, Robert Palmer set all of Nashville reeling with his now infamous "Death of Country" report in last September's *New York Times*. Pal-

mer painted a bleak picture of country music sounds and sales, but he used as primary examples aging stars with dormant careers such as Twitty, Gale, Mandrell, Wynnette and Lynn. Palmer did acknowledge new traditionalists like Ricky Skaggs and George Strait, and was supportive of the new music community led by Jason & the Scorchers, but in a key phrase he declared the demise of "not just the Nashville Sound, but the Nashville Dream."

That last phrase may best explain why the new music community reacted as negatively to Palmer's piece as the mainstream country community. Andy McLeon, vice president of Praxis International, Jason & the Scorchers' management company, reveals the bond between the camps: "We're all influenced by the Stones and the Sex Pistols, but at the same time by the so-called 'Opry Myth' and the classically structured songwriting of country music. Real *structured* songwriting. They heard it when they were growing up and couldn't help but be influenced by it. Country music promotes an 'everybody is your neighbor' sort of mentality, which counterbalances the natural youthful negative rebelliousness which is so



The Charvel Model 6, under \$900.

For more information on the Model 6 and ten other new Charvels, priced from \$399 to \$899; write: The Charvel Guitar Company, P.O. Box 2344, Fort Worth, TX 76113

First Impressions...

much a part of rock 'n' roll. I mean, you can drive down the street and see Webb Pierce driving next to you or come face-to-face with Conway Twitty and he says, 'Hey, partner! How you doin' today?' And you can doubt it but you can't rebel against it or hate it."

The local new wavers soon found equal cause to complain about the national music press, although one suspects heightened sensitivity was a big factor, since the slight seemed minor: The late *Record's* October "Music in America" issue, which examined five American cities with lively local music scenes, omitted Music City. However puzzling the provocation, the Twang

City establishment and its heirs-in-waiting, both of whom had for years sat on seemingly opposite sides of the musical fence, now suddenly shared the same feelings of music industry rejection.

Enter Steve West, soft-spoken chairman of the Nashville Music Association, district manager for the seventeen-store Cats Records chain and vice president of its concert promotion arm. "People were all pissed off about these articles and up-in-arms about being slighted," he recalls. "Not that Palmer was totally off-base, just that he didn't say much about all the hot new country artists or about the thriving rock scene, where we have all these hot clubs for

bands and more and more people coming to town, and a lot of bands growing and getting real good at the same time.

"I kind of got the idea last spring when I was talking to an L.A. A&R guy who came to town to see the True Believers. I asked him why more A&R reps didn't come to Nashville. He said he didn't think there were enough bands to warrant it, so I suggested we put something together. To which he said, 'Any A&R guy worth his salt would come to see it!'"

West soon persuaded some twenty-five labels and companies to chip in \$200 mini-sponsorships, and drew other industryites into the planning. Eleven bands were chosen by a screening committee familiar with local music; the focus was on the loosely defined "new music" genre. According to West, the intention was never to present the bands "most likely to get signed," just to accurately represent Nashville's available new American rock.

The lucky eleven were the White Animals, the Questionnaires, Rococo, Webb Wilder, Raging Fire, Bill Lloyd, Shadow 15, Will Rambeaux, Seven Keys, Movement, and In Pursuit. Several other acts also did independent showcases nearby, and there were special luncheons and receptions by performing rights companies BMI and ASCAP, not to mention schmoozing in the Cannery VIP lounge.

Throughout the event, of course, the country wing was there in force. As BMI's Roger Sovine put it, "Nashville's always been a competitive town, but everybody gets together when we want something to happen. But we should never lose sight of the fact that this is a country town, with country roots."

"Country music—it ain't dead!" echoes Kim Buie, director of pop A&R for MCA Records' Nashville office. "For example, MCA has recently reactivated the Dot label for older country stars, and just launched the Master Series, which is a 'hillbilly jazz' instrumental collection. Then we have new albums out by Steve Earl, produced by Emory Gordy, Jr., and Tony Brown, which is digitally recorded and borderline pop country. And that's just MCA. CBS has its Horizon '86 group of new country artists as well."

A random A&R sample found the Extravaganza message getting through. Warner Bros.' Michael Hill, who has been closely involved with the Replacements out of his New York office, enthused, "I'm happier than a pig in shit! This is giving me great sense of the city, of another side of Nashville." Tom Whalley, Capitol's director of West Coast A&R, was also impressed: "Most people envision Nashville as being strictly country, but I came away believing that something is really happening

continued on page 91

PAT METHENY

ORNETTE COLEMAN

S O N G X

CHARLIE HADEN

JACK DEJOHNETTE

DENARDO COLEMAN

ON GEFEN RECORDS AND CASSETTES.
AVAILABLE SOON ON COMPACT DISC.
© 1986 THE DAVID GEFEN COMPANY



GEFFEN
RECORDS

METHENY
GROUP
PRODUCTIONS

Wear it on your sleeve.



Shortsleeve T-Shirt
100% Cotton, Black or Red



Shortsleeve Sportshirt
50% Cotton, 50% Polyester
Blue or Black



Crewneck Sweatshirt
50% Cotton, 50% Polyester
Black or White



Sleeveless T-Shirt
100% Cotton, Black or Red



Flange Jacket
100% Cotton, Black
Baseball Cap
Corduroy, Black or Red

	Color	Size	Qty.	Price ea	Total
Shortsleeve T-Shirt				\$8.00	
Sleeveless T-Shirt				\$7.50	
Crewneck Sweatshirt				\$14.00	
Shortsleeve Sportshirt				\$18.00	
Flange Jacket				\$45.00	
Baseball Cap (not shown)				\$7.50	
Add \$2.50 postage and handling for all orders.				\$2.50	
				Total enclosed \$	

Send check or money order to:

NEW ENGLAND PROMOTIONS
386 High St.
Fall River, MA 02722

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

MUSICIAN WEAR

Some Bad News, Some NAMM Views, And Some C-64 Thoughts

By Jock Baird

SOFTWARE CITY

This month, Adventures In Toyland, also known as the Winter NAMM show in Anaheim. As we've come to expect, there was techno-optimism running rampant, and in a few moments we'll succumb to it. But first a corrective: two of the companies about to be included in this article as hot NAMM performers withdrew from the MIDI market only weeks afterwards. Drop-out number one was **Sight & Sound**, who had launched an ambitious \$500 IBM-PC sequencer program called MIDI Ensemble. The program was a terrific one—I had a copy and was preparing to review it when I got the news. It had 255 tracks to record on and a nicely straight-forward menu system. It had made its NAMM debut in a big-bucks booth, but in the end Sight & Sound decided servicing the IBM-PC market was too far from its extensive non-MIDI home computer power base and pulled the plug. High development costs of over a half-million resulting from the large number (six) of programmers were said to be a big factor in the shut-down.

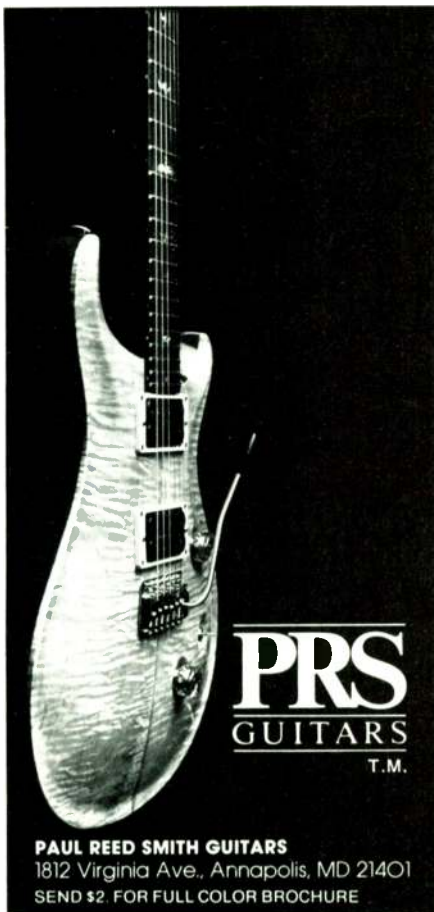
The second drop-out was more significant: **Cherry Lane** shut down its entire software arm and returned to traditional musical publishing. Among other Apple and C-64 products, Cherry Lane had marketed **Roger Powell's** universally admired *Texture* program, which just came out in an IBM version (Powell will continue to sell *Texture* on his own, though). After New Orleans NAMM Cherry Lane had let it be known they were going full-bore into the **Commodore Amiga**, one of the two new beefy 16-bit 512K computers that use the same 68000 microprocessor as the Macintosh (the other is the **Atari 520ST**). At Anaheim Cherry Lane displayed some fruits of this research, much of which may live on in other forms. But as an omen, the collapse of the only established music software company to write for the Amiga is not good.

The Atari 520ST seems to have fared better, perhaps because of price: It's about a grand cheaper than the Amiga. No less than three major companies (**Hybrid Arts**, **Syntech** and **Dr. T**) showed 520ST programs at NAMM, with smaller firms also in evidence. This should stand most to benefit **Hybrid Arts**, who has singlehandedly kept the Atari in the

music ballgame. Hybrid was not yet ready with their ST sequencer program, but did show a remarkable DX/TX librarian/editing program. Called DX Droid, it boasts a so-called "Droid function" that uses a combination of Artificial Intelligence and random number generation to shape new voice possibilities—if it does something that appeals, you halt it and hone it. And talk about power: It holds eighteen groups of thirty-two DX voices and can load two full TX816s in seconds with one keystroke. Hybrid also showed an **Ensoniq Mirage** visual editing program called—appropriately—Oasis. It'll soon be available in Atari 130X and ST versions. (Speaking of the Mirage, it now has voice editing systems available for Apple C-64, Atari and Macintosh personal computers.)

When it came to sheer weight of assault, the biggest single software presence at NAMM was **Syntech's**. The company is headed by one Kiki Ebsen, daughter of Buddy "Beverly Hillbilly" Ebsen, and the ample funding behind the company resulted in an across-the-board offensive. What's particularly interesting is that almost every program has its own developer, rather than a standard company-wide approach. Syntech showed voicing and sequencing programs for four major music computer types (IBM-PC, Apple, both C-64 and the new C-128, and the Atari 520ST). Particularly impressive were the new IBM entries, a \$400 DX voicing program called DX-TX EZ Voice and a \$500 48-track sequencer. As if this weren't enough, Syntech is releasing a \$300 hardware MIDI interface for the IBM, editor/librarians for **Casio CZ** and **Roland JX8P** and a multiple drum pattern librarian, all for C-64/128 and Apple IIs.

Passport was another company at least talking about going horizontal, enlarging its C-64/128 and Apple base to include the Mac, the IBM and the Amiga. Meanwhile they were touting their new \$250 Master Tracks sequencing program, which mixes real-time (with punch-in/out, variable tempos, and 8000-event memory), step-time (so you can go back in and edit errors, as well as cut and paste) and song (to chain up to 256 different sequences together) modes. It's also compatible with



PAUL REED SMITH GUITARS
1812 Virginia Ave., Annapolis, MD 21401
SEND \$2. FOR FULL COLOR BROCHURE

CLEAN UP YOUR ACT!



INVISIBLE KEYBOARD STANDS™

INVISIBLE PRODUCTS • P.O. BOX 230
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02139 • (617) 354-7329



**Tickle the keys
or pound them,
this keyboard knows
the difference.**

Casio now adds that element to music so often missed with electronic keyboards—the human element.

Touch the keys of our CT-6000 softly and it will respond in kind. Strike them hard, and it will bite with the best of them. The sound is pure piano—even when it's pianissimo.

Strings are also its thing. Press the keys hard and the sound soars to a crescendo. Casio's responsive keyboard adds a touch of reality to every instrument sound. And backs you up with a sophisticated rhythm section that even claps for you.

And keeping those great sounds around is no problem. The

6000's chord memory stores up to 400 notes. For even more memory—as well as the ability to play other instruments—the 6000 has a MIDI interface built in.

New technology also plays a major part in our MT-400V keyboard. An envelope filter gives you the ultimate in creativity—the ability to create your very own sounds. And it even has a mouthpiece that lets you control the filter, so you can breathe life into all its preset sounds.

But perhaps the 400V's most breathtaking feature is its low price.

If you're having a problem getting the human

element into your music, the solution is elementary. Get a Casio.



CASIO
Where miracles never cease®

GREAT

NEW!

ACOUSTIC
GUITAR
STRINGS
FROM
GHS



EXCITING NEW ALLOY!
Never before used for acoustic strings

BRILLIANT SOUND!
Our panel of experts agrees

LONGER TONE LIFE
Survivors of field and lab torture tests

NON-TARNISHING
Always fresh looking — no more blemish-brown

GREAT WITH PICKUP
Finally — an acoustic string that really amplifies

INNOVATIVE GAUGING
A balanced "True Light" plus other 6 & 12-string sets

See your dealer today!

ghs strings
The String Specialists

Manufactured by GHS Corporation
2813 Wilber Ave., Battle Creek, MI 49015

Passport's successful MIDI/4 and /8 Plus and Polywriter programs.

As a satisfied IBM user, I was surprised to discover how many nice little features in mega-memory sequencers have trickled down to Apple and especially C-64 sequencers. **MusicData's** \$175 MIDI Sequencer II especially opened my eyes to what a \$150 C-64 and a \$180 1541 disk drive can do. The program has 1/192nd resolution, sixteen tracks, built-in MIDI delays, buffer ghost tracks for copying with no memory loss, MIDI data compression....I'll never make any rude remarks about computers bought in a toy store again.

It gradually began to dawn on me that even if my PC had my sequencing chores well in hand, a cheap C-64 or Atari 130X was ideally priced to handle voicing chores for things like CZs, DXs and Mirages. After all, who wants to have to exit from your sequencer program and boot up a voicing program, not to mention the fact that for the price of most IBM voicing programs you could buy a C-64 and disk drive and still have enough left to buy the software). Spend some time playing with "toy" programs like **Dr. T's** DX or CZ Patch Librarian, **MusicData's** DX Editor and DX Splits Toolkit (which programs splits on the otherwise unsplitable DX7) or even disks of pre-programmed CZ and DX patches from MusicData and Dr. T, and you may have a similar revelation.

The ultimate Commodore achievement, though, was a C-64 program designed by Britisher **Andy Trott** and available in the U.S. from **Skyles Electric Works** (800-227-9998). Dubbed *Microvox*, it turns the cheapie Commodore into a monophonic sampler, similar to what the Decillionix DX1 does for the more expensive Apple. It samples at different rates, from .822 seconds at 20kHz to 17.28 seconds at 1kHz. Yes, it's monophonic but Microvox holds in memory at one time up to sixteen sounds which can be simultaneously accessed if, for example, you put a drum kit in. You can MIDI up a keyboard or use the computer QWERTY keyboard to drive it. Microvox has its own visual editing system built right in, plus a small sequencer and features like companding for noise reduction, filters, a slew of user-friendly menus and graphics, and even sample layering. Last but not least, you can use it as a digital delay. It goes for \$430 (a \$500 pro version boots up faster) and comes with a hardware component.

That was the final kick off the cliff for me. When I came home from NAMM, I put my money where my mouth is and bought a new C-64—at Sears, of all places. Already I'm getting pretty good at flying an F-15 combat simulator. After that, probing the mysteries of digital synth programming should be easy. ☐



Choosing the right sampling keyboard is an open and shut case.

There are lots of reasons why you see more Mirages on stage and in studios than any other sampling keyboard. Besides being affordable, the Mirage can perform musical tricks* other keyboards can only envy.

The Ensoniq Sound Library now contains over 300 distinct sounds—from grand piano and strings to synthesizer and screaming electric guitar—all on fast-loading standard 3.5" diskettes. The Mirage can also sample any sound you can get a mike on, opening a whole new universe of sonic possibilities. And for serious samplers there are sound editing programs available for all major personal computers.

If your setup already includes a MIDI keyboard or controller, consider the Mirage Digital Multi-Sampler. It's designed specifically for MIDI performance and studio use and it's everything a Mirage is... without the keyboard.

Visit your authorized Ensoniq dealer today. See and hear why twice as many musicians have chosen the Mirage over all other multi-samplers combined.

*If sawing a waveform in half or pulling an entire string section out of a disk sounds like your kind of magic, a Mirage can make you a wizard. The Mirage Digital Multi-Sampler retails for \$1395—the Mirage Digital Sampling Keyboard... \$1695.

ensoniq®

ENSONIQ Corp. 263 Great Valley Parkway, Malvern, PA 19355 □ Canada: 6969 Trans Canada Hwy., Suite 123, St. Laurent, Que. H4T 1V8 □ ENSONIQ Europe, 65 Ave de Stalingrad, 1000 Brussels □ Japan: Sakata Shokai, Ltd., Minami Morimachi - Chu-O Building, 6-2 Higashi-Tenma, 2-Chome, Kita-Ku, Osaka, 503

By Jock Baird

DEVELOPMENTS: A HERO TAKES A FALL

This month's lead story is a shocker: **Linn Electronics**, **Roger Linn's** leading-edge MI company, has thrown in the towel. "Basically we ran out of cash," said Linn at press time. Linn Electronics' troubles began when they decided to venture beyond their Linn-Drum stronghold and manufacture the Linn 9000, a combination super-digital drum machine and MIDI keyboard sequencer. "It was a very complex project for a company of our size to take on," commented Linn. "It was too ambitious, really. Plus the 9000 was hard to manufacture. Our problems were not selling our products, but making them."

Despite sweeping acclaim throughout the West Coast studio musician community, the Linn 9000 had gone out with a bug in the program. Not everyone would stumble over it: "It depended on how deep into the machine they got," said Linn. "If they used it extensively, they'd find a way to make it crash." Once the 9000 went down, the user would lose everything in RAM memory. A series of messy crashes did indeed occur, bringing threats of big lawsuits and bad publicity for Linn. (A footnote: many 9000s had disk storage. If their owners had backed up their disks, as every manual warns, wouldn't the crash have been a fairly minor annoyance? "Sure," said Linn, "but when was the last time you knew a musician who backed up his disks?")

Linn's engineers debugged the program and sent the new version to its dealers—it's been available at no charge for several weeks now. If you're a 9000 owner, it's **absolutely imperative** that you take it down to where you bought it and get this final software update. Waiting could be fatal. But even though Linn Electronics cleaned up the mess and rethought their design (resulting in the LinnSequencer and MIDI Studio revisions), "the 9000 business was the thing that hurt us. That was very important." Linn himself will land on his feet—he'll be a major asset to any related-field firm and is already talking job offers. But for the next few months he'll be "doing my best to get the money back to the bank and trying to get a service organization set up to handle existing warranties." No word on whether

any fire sale bargains might be available, but keep your eyes open.

The newest MIDI buzzword is "Patcher." After all, once you get six or seven MIDI instruments going with sequencers and computers, you're talking about serious traffic problems. To fight gridlock, players are turning to MIDI routing systems with a vengeance. Here are three. **360 Systems'** MIDI patcher is a four-in, eight-out signal mixer for \$300. It recalls eight patch programs and has two nice bonuses: an internal "clean-up" function that turns off any unwanted note-on info, and a MIDI test signal generator to check and troubleshoot your setup.

Over at the Frankfurt Fair, a London company named **Sycologic** showed a full-service 16 x 16 MIDI switcher called the Digital MIDI Matrix, that also took two more racks of 16 outputs (you mean you *can't* use a 16 x 48 system?). The Sycologic has 32 memory locations, lets you *name* each source and destination (yeah!) and also has note-on housekeeping circuitry. Not cheap at £700, but for the less adventurous there's a 4 x 4 Matrix for £150. Sycologic also makes an upscale £500 analog-to-MIDI electronic percussion converter and has had a £400 general-duty analog-to-MIDI interface out for a year and a half. (Call England, 01-724-2451 for more info.) And let's not forget old **J.L. Cooper**, who already has several patch systems out, but who also introduced the \$200 MIDI Blender, a MIDI



Fostex Model 260 cassette recorder

merger which mixes two MIDI inputs into one out, excellent for live multi-musician input. Right on the front is the "MIDI Panic Button" that banishes note-on banshees in milliseconds.



Four Designs' familiar **RACKKRATE**

Kudos to **Fostex** for their terrific redesign of the Model 250 full-scale cassette 4-track recorder. Although they dropped the price \$300, the new Model 260 has two more line inputs and an independent stereo buss for much-improved mixability. Each channel has a fader, mute, 50-db trim control, parametric eq, two effects sends and monitor mix pan and gain controls for a separate, independent stereo mix. Throw in Dolby C, automatic monitor switching for rolling punch-ins and auto-stop with two memory positions, and this is a lot of recording power for the grand it costs. Other happenings in the cassette recording world include the \$500 **Yamaha** MT1X, which bears more than a casual resemblance to the **Tascam** Porta One.

Of course, sometimes it's the little things that can make musical life more enjoyable. Like a DT-50 **Samson** Hydraulic Throne with adjustable backrest. Or a new super-cable from **Whirlwind** called the Leader—it has a 360-degree chuck that clamps onto the cable. If you can break it in ten years time, they'll give you a new one. Or for people like me who haul their stuff around in liberated green milk crates, will take plenty of physical abuse, and obviously has great air circulation. Four Designs also makes a rackmount for the **Scholz** Rockman to use onstage without creating a rat's nest. Well, it's time for me to press the J.L. Cooper Panic Button and turn this note off. ☐

An American Company Meets The Challenge



It takes inspired thinking and just plain hard work. But it is worth it. Especially for you.

While we were restructuring the new Biamp, we were also expanding the engineering and production facilities and adding some bright new minds to our product innovation department.

And they created something new.

It's called . . . MIXPAK 6 PLUS+.

Tough, portable, professional, MIXPAK 6 PLUS+ features 6 inputs PLUS a unique electronic drum/synthesizer input, PLUS 250 watts of clean power. It even looks different than other mixers.

It is the best powered mixer value. Anywhere.

Plus, it is the one of the few mixers, at any price, that carries an exclusive 5 year limited warranty.

MIXPAK 6 PLUS+ is so new, you may have to ask our Biamp Systems dealer just to see it. And you should, because nothing looks, sounds, or even comes close to the value of MIXPAK 6 PLUS+. In fact, the Japanese don't even have a word for MIXPAK 6 PLUS+.

MIXPAK 6 PLUS+. The new word in mixers, from the new Biamp Systems.

biamp

Biamp Systems
P.O. Box 2160
Portland, Oregon 97208 Phone: (503) 641-7287

INXS from page 62

leave Australia before we were really popular there. It was interesting that just as the album was getting really big down under we were in America touring for the first time."

The band couldn't have picked a more opportune moment than February of 1983 to hit our shores, right at the dawn of the new music invasion brought about by MTV. The dearth of videos put a leather-&-debauchery clip of "The One Thing" into heavy rotation (MTV still sentimentally airs it, no doubt as an oldie). "The first time we came to the U.S., everybody recognized us and the album hadn't even come out. We went, 'What is this *thing* called MTV?'" A tour supporting Adam Ant, the Kinks and the

Stray Cats and culminating in an appearance at the first US Festival further cemented their American toehold.

The band decided to record their fourth album in London, "to absorb some of the English thing that was going on." They chose Nick Launay, a Phil Collins sidekick, to produce but a funny thing happened on the way to the Manor. "Nile Rodgers waltzed into one of our gigs," gasps Tim Farriss. "I couldn't believe it—he was one of my idols! I'd really got into the Diana Ross LP, Bowie's *Let's Dance* and his own *Land Of The Good Groove*, so for me he'd played on big-time albums. We all got drunk together and then he said, 'Are you guys interested in going into the studio and recording?' It was like,

'Can you make a shoe smell?' *Sure!*"

The band went into the Power Station, set up, and put down a new tune for which they happened to have "a really bad demo." It was "Original Sin," a dark parable on racial injustice. If "The One Thing" was the playing of INXS' rock 'n' roll card, "Original Sin" was its funk ace-in-the-hole. The track just *happened* to have a letter-perfect Nile Rodgers dance aura, although Hutchence insists the song sounded like that anyway.

"I wrote "Original Sin" out of a circumstance in America," Hutchence says, "but it's a song for all occasions. It's such a simple song, a sweet song almost, about children, conditioning, black and white. That one man's dream is another man's reality, and vice versa. Either way you get conditioned into believing in one or the other and each of the dreams loses out."

On to England the band flew, to break the news to their producer. "Oh, by the way, Nick," Tim Farriss recalls saying casually, "on the way over we stopped off to do a track with Nile Rodgers." He sort of freaked out! It was like, "Great guys! Thanks a lot!" It was pretty funny."

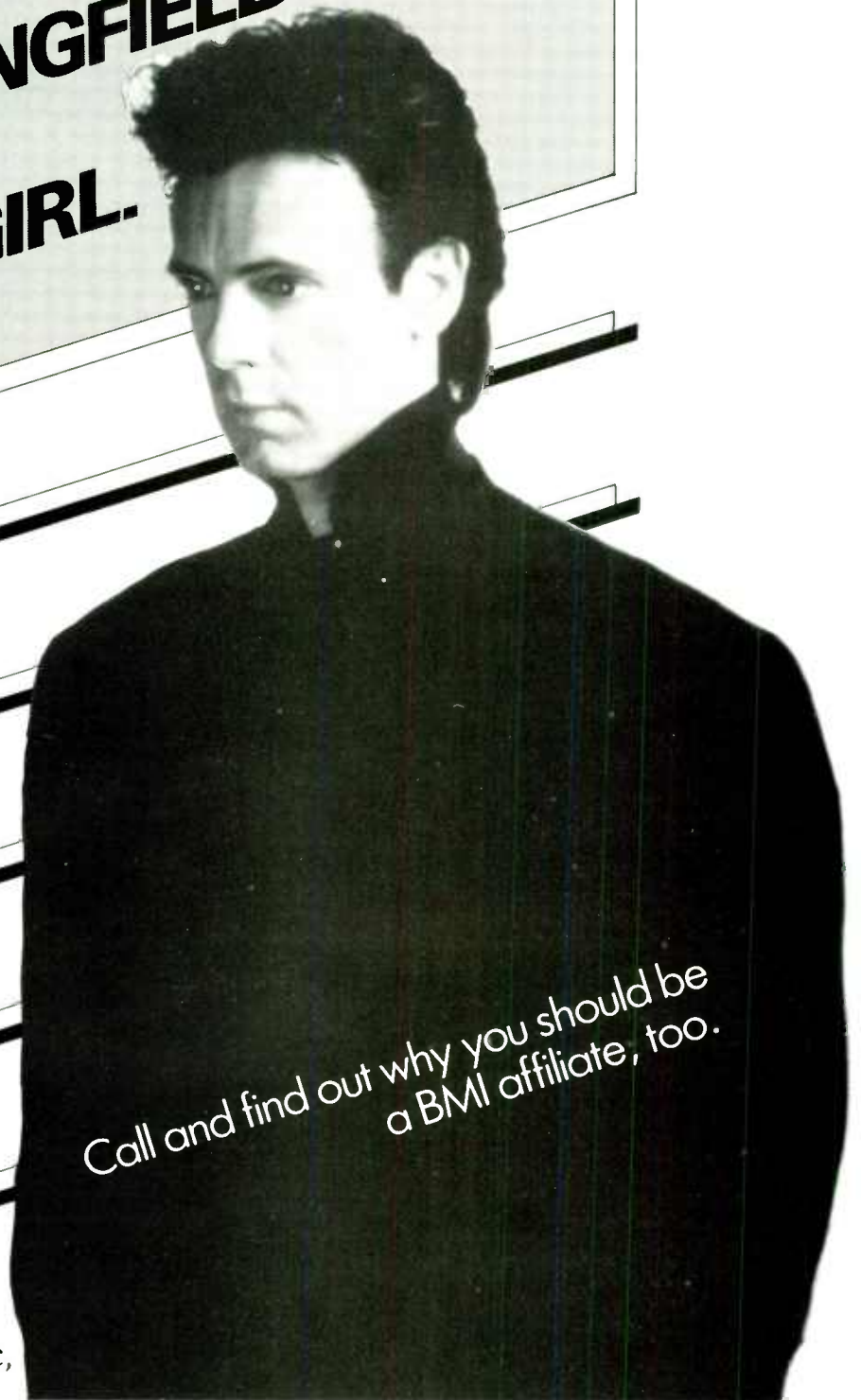
The Rodgers session did have an unplanned effect on the album that became *The Swing*, however. "The Swing had some good songs on it, but the problem for me was that when Nick Launay heard the stuff we'd done with Nile, he said, 'Oh, so this is the kind of album you want!' It kind of set the whole album up as a dance feel, even though we didn't really *know* the kind of album we wanted. I think maybe it could've been recorded differently. I don't know if it would've sounded better, but it would've sounded different."

It's hard to imagine *The Swing* sounding much better. A glittering parade of funk tunes marches across the first side, with Brit-pop synth flourishes and guitar production tricks abounding. The drum-bass axis of Jon Farriss and Garry Beers has become a funk force to be reckoned with. The A-side ends with a savage rock 'n' roll cauldron called "The Swing" that approximates this generation's "Sympathy For The Devil." But it was the second side that showed INXS had taken control of their musical dynamics and sense of perspective. The band holds back on this moody, experimental material, breaking through only here and there. As it builds through several songs, the music gains the same sense of altitude and spatial dimension that the protagonist experiences soaring above the cities and the outback in Andrew Farriss' side-two opener, "Johnson's Aeroplane."

Despite its lack of major motion on the U.S. charts, *The Swing* became one of the biggest sellers in Australian record

continued on page 97

**BMI.
WHERE
RICK SPRINGFIELD
BROUGHT
JESSIE'S GIRL.**



*Call and find out why you should be
a BMI affiliate, too.*



Wherever
there's music,
there's BMI.



THE APPRENTICE
MEETS THE MASTER
ON NEAR-EQUAL TERMS

PAT METHENY
ORNETTE COLEMAN
CHARLIE HADEN
JACK DEJOHNETTE
DENARDO COLEMAN

PAT METHENY/
ORNETTE COLEMAN

Song X
(Geffen)

Ornette Coleman's clamorous return to active recording—his most recent album was cut in 1979—would be something to celebrate in itself, and if all Pat Metheny had done was get him into the studio, it would have been enough for us, *day-enu*. Instead he has put together a band and an improvising situation as ideal for Coleman as it is for himself. This is a great album.

Coleman has long been a major influ-

ence on Metheny, who has been working his way toward this encounter for years, playing with nearly all of the altoist's acoustic alumni, and growing as an improviser by alarming leaps and bounds. Folks in the jazz world who like to sneer at him for near-popstar status just haven't been listening. For Metheny to be playing with Ornette Coleman, Charlie Haden and Jack DeJohnette (Denardo Coleman adds electric drums to a couple of tunes) is not social climbing but appropriate adventure. And I'd almost despaired of hearing Ornette play jazz with a band of this caliber again.

Coleman, who revolutionized the whole of jazz about twenty-seven years ago—has it really been that long?—has been one of its most elusive and quixotic figures since. Over the years, he has made his sweet nest ever more explicitly in the heart of inadmissible contradictions of key signatures and tempi, with himself as sole unifying principle—like a man courting the most extravagant psychic dangers with only the innocence of genius to protect him. What helps make the side one's two long free-for-alls work is the contrast between Coleman's simplicity of line and the tumultuous virtuosity of the band. Since Ornette's "simplicity" does not so much resolve logical impossibilities as suspend them, it is not only appropriate

but meaningful to hear his inventions refracted into chaos by others. Metheny proves a countermelodist of genius—how he has managed to improvise such apt orchestrations for a player as wilfully unpredictable as Coleman is beyond me—and uses his own technical resources and those of the Synclavier guitar to sound like approximately seventeen guitarists. Haden abruptly himself significantly through the wreckage, and if you can't get first-rate virtuoso thrash from Jack DeJohnette who can you get it from? Denardo thickens the brew and offers a memorable example of the family sense of humor to end "Endangered Species."

On side two—a series of somewhat more normal tunes—the polarity between Metheny and Coleman grows more explicit: the tangle-minded young man and the older master with the Big Picture. It's interesting to hear how complicatedly Metheny begins his solos and how long it takes him to unwind into his native melodic sense. My favorite Coleman solo on the album, on "Trigonometry," is also his simplest, a lovely assemblage of kidsongs, blues, bebop and *cris de coeur*. Haden plays as well as you'd expect—listen to his disruption of tempo on "Long Time No See." DeJohnette supports Coleman as if he'd been behind him for decades.

— Rafi Zabor

BETSY SCHEID



Break away to refreshing taste.

COME UP TO KOOL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Kings Box, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.



JACKSON BROWNE

Lives In The Balance
(Asylum)

Jackson Browne is mad as hell. He's also a gentleman, which removes the sting from his expressions of outrage on *Lives In The Balance*. Although half the LP's eight tunes decry the state of the union under Ronald Reagan's leadership, Jackson's commentaries are too general to capture the moment effectively.

Of course, Browne's civilized L.A. style doesn't lend itself to anger anyway. "For America," which attacks the "my country right or wrong" mentality, tries to compensate with a hard, fast attack that just sounds forced, while the title track's indictment of imperialism uses a theatrical arrangement unsuited to its downcast melody. Not much help from the usual crew of faceless session players, either: guitarists David Lindley or Waddy Wachtel could've added some real sizzle to this bland stew, but neither puts in more than a token appearance.

The vagueness of the lyrics is what really hurts. Browne doesn't once name names like Nicaragua or Reagan, though he reminds us of Vietnam and laments the marketing of politicians as if they were cars. A lot of people believe we're in worse shape under Reagan than ever before. Does Browne? If he thinks the current regime is simply more of the same, no wonder he can't generate a greater sense of urgency.

Elsewhere, Browne shows how good he can be. "Lawless Avenues" combines Dylan vocal inflections with inspired instrumental flourishes for an evocative saga of the streets, spiced by Jorge Calderon's tangy harmony vocals. "Black And White" accomplishes what the overtly political tunes attempt, hinting at impending doom with a portrait of a "fool still asking what his life is all about."

Noble sentiments make *Lives In The Balance* a welcome addition to the 80s' regrettably small body of topical pop. Browne could easily have looked the other way; many others have. After "Sun City," the Ramones' "Bonzo Goes To

Bitburg," and Joni Mitchell's "Tax Free," however, it just doesn't seem like enough. — **Jon Young**



ALABAMA

Alabama Greatest Hits
(RCA)

Alabama are constant Music City award winners, they're the largest-selling country & western group in history, and they're about as fashionable as bowling. As a result, (rock) critics have seldom been kind. You can't help thinking about that listening to "The Fans," one of two new Alabama songs on their first *Greatest Hits*. Slow, weepy, long on career resonance, "The Fans" essentially says screw all that bad-press stuff, we worked hard and y'all love us.

Alabama lead singer and guitarist Randy Owen, bassist/singer Teddy Gentry, and lead guitarist and instrumentalist Jeff Cook, three cousins from the small cotton farms of Fort Payne, Alabama (drummer Mark Herndon's from New Jersey) did work hard, and "y'all" definitely loves them. "She And I," a new rocker about romantic isolation and squaresville, is one reason why: No Alabama cut has ever had such a walloping drum sound, or as much metallic charge to it. But that shouldn't be surprising. Alabama's records have long argued that C&W needn't draw all its strengths from the past, and that young audiences who enjoy their harmonies—measured, well-sung, much less pat than the Oak Ridge Boys—will also go for a certain recognizable rock. You can make a case for Alabama as a zero-irony 80s C&W group who grew up listening to 70s California rock (not to mention the Beatles) and heard some Tennessee there. And even when their songs turned out lame, Alabama and producer Harold Shedd showed they understood the commercial appeal to C&W audiences of sophisticated pop production values—a lesson that hasn't been lost on, say, the Judds.

Unfortunately, *Hits* doesn't make the best case for Alabama as either perfor-

mers or studio innovators. "Feels So Right" and "Love In The First Degree" are both tuneful low-key ballads, while the overall craftsmanship of "Mountain Music," "Why Lady Why" and "Old Flame" ought to blunt all critical barbs. But instead of including either the romantic but tough-minded "There's No Way" (a number one hit) or "If It Ain't Dixie (It Won't Do)" from their best album, *40 Hour Week*, this collection selects its title track, which sounds like a MacDonald's jingle. Meanwhile "Tennessee River" and an extended live version of "My Home's In Alabama" only prove what everyone already knows—Alabama ain't the Allman Brothers. As a result *Greatest Hits* may not right Alabama's undeserved rep as the most slugged act in pop music. And that's too bad. — **James Hunter**



THE ROLLING STONES

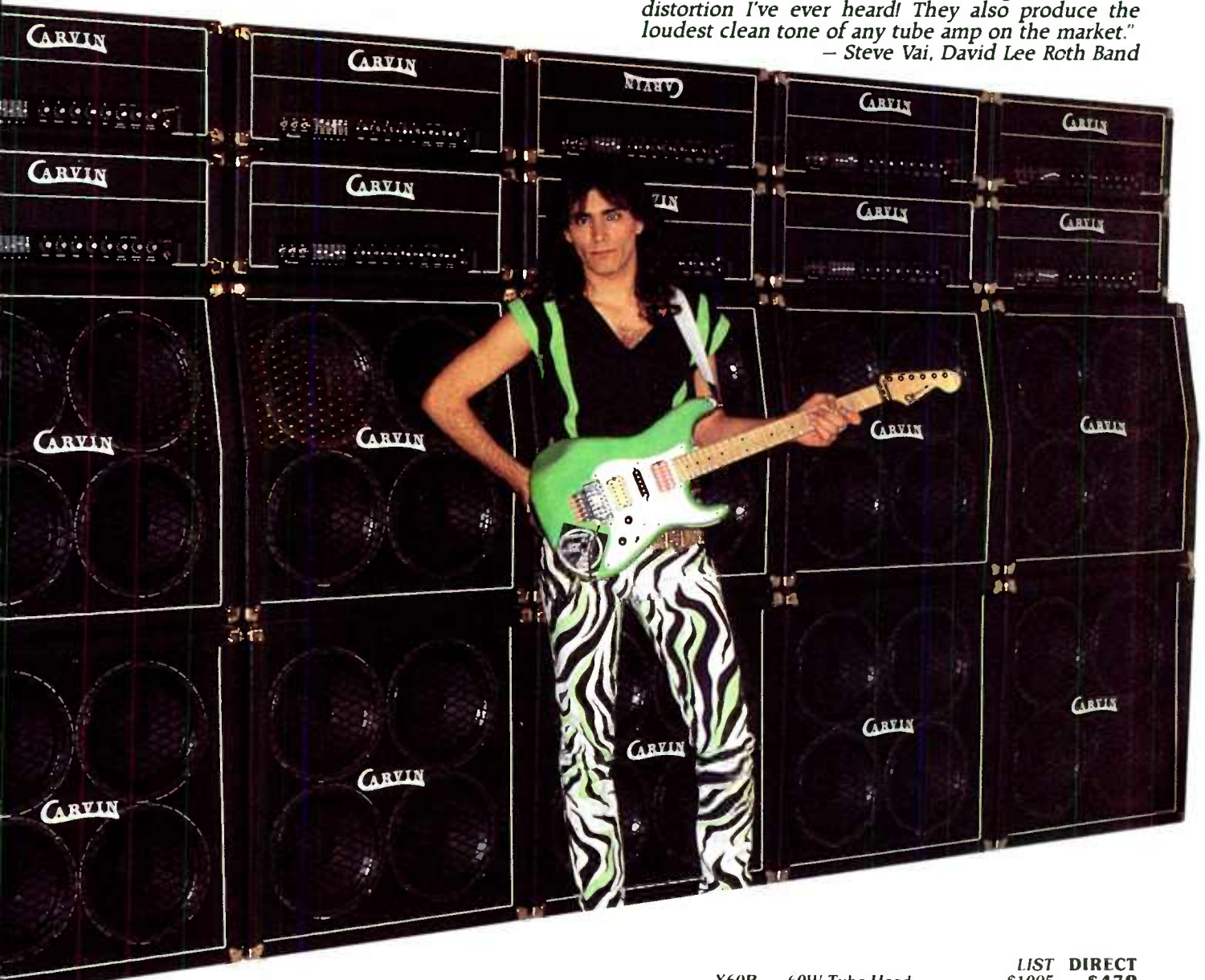
Dirty Work
(Columbia)

I've got a friend who insists that Queen gave the best performance at Live Aid; how oddly moving to see a twit like Freddie M. seem genuinely touched by its spirit. So you'll excuse me if I entertain a similar feeling for the Glimmer Guys and their new-fangled, re-fried social conscience, which showed up on *Undercover* and encores here on *Dirty Work*. "One Hit," a leaner, meaner, faster take on the "Gimme Shelter" riff, sets the tone here. Unlike "Shelter" it never threatens to tear loose from its moorings and launch into some roiling, run-away *Götterdämmerung* (hey, it's the 80s, remember?), but it do kick ass. Musically, *Undercover*'s gangaphonic reverb bath reverts to more familiar, scrappy rock 'n' roll, centered on Keith and Ron's consciously dirty guitar work. Thematically, it's more about unconscious aggression. "Fight" deals with aimless aggro, "Winning Ugly" egoistic self-aggrandizement, "One Hit" the psychic damage lovers inflict, "Back To Zero" nuclear self-immolation, and "Hold Back," self-negation along with that old standby, the Yalta Conference (?). Why take

"My X100B's Scream"

"The Carvin X100B's have the best, brightest, natural distortion I've ever heard! They also produce the loudest clean tone of any tube amp on the market."

— Steve Vai, David Lee Roth Band



After hearing the incredible guitar work of Steve Vai you know why he needs an amp that is capable of screaming highs or a natural clean tube sound that is instantly foot-switchable. He also requires the versatility provided by the active tone controls and 5 band graphic E.Q. The reverb system Steve says, "Is the best I have ever heard in a guitar amplifier." Steve has been using the X100B's for several years because they deliver all of this and more with exceptional reliability.

Each Carvin V412 speaker enclosure is engineered and tuned for maximum presence and efficiency, giving more volume per watt. The heavy-duty cabinet construction is obviously superior. Even the heavy 12 Ga. diamond steel grate protecting the speakers is strong enough to stand on. Both the optional Carvin High Energy or Celestion speakers will give the popular British sound without compromise.

The X100B amp stack is the premier tube amp setup that will give you the sound you're looking for whether you play jazz, light rock or heavy metal. All Carvin products are available "DIRECT" from our manufacturing plant in Escondido, California, saving you hundreds of dollars in profits made by distributors and dealers. You can't buy a better tube amp than the X100B. If not convinced after trying one for 10 days, your money will be refunded. Send for your FREE 84 page color catalog. To rush 1st class mail enclose \$1, \$5 for foreign.

CARVIN'S New Hollywood store is conveniently located at 5900 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California (ph 213-461-2700) offering the same low Direct prices.

		LIST	DIRECT
X60B	60W Tube Head	\$1095	\$479
X100B	100W Tube head	\$1195	\$529
V412C	Celestion bottom	\$895	\$429
V412M	Hi Energy bottom	\$795	\$369
X60B	Single stack Hi Energy	\$1890	\$799
X100B	Single stack Celestion	\$2090	\$899
X100B	Double stack Hi Energy	\$2785	\$1199
X100B	Double stack Celestion	\$2985	\$1319

TOLL FREE 800-854-2335
Calif, 800-542-6070

CARVIN

Dept. MP70, 1155 Industrial Ave.
Escondido, Calif. 92025

Made in USA

World Radio History

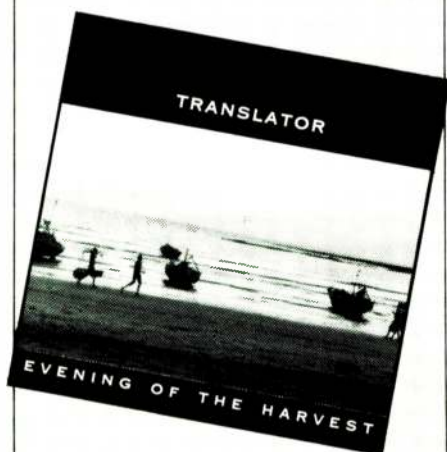
FREE CATALOG
Free Catalog \$1 for First Class Mail

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____ MP70

EVENING OF THE HARVEST

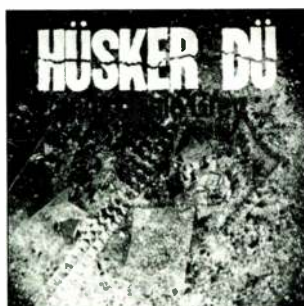
the 4th album
by
translator

eleven
great
new songs
available now on
415/columbia
records and cassettes



look for
translator
on tour this spring

any of this seriously? Maybe because Jagger sounds genuinely frustrated, torn, awkward, and yes, vulnerable (well, a little...), and if you don't think that's progress, go back and hear how he handled "Midnight Rambler." Maybe because he even sounds disturbed enough to be sincerely disturbed. And if Boy Id himself is willing to grapple with the implications of the shadow imagery he once merely mimicked and reflected, then I say good for him, and good for the band. Of course, as long as it's only rock 'n' roll, we'll like it anyway. But don't you wonder what Hüsker Dü'll be doing twenty odd albums down the pike? — **Vic Garbarini**



HÜSKER DÜ

Candy Apple Grey
(Warner Bros.)

Any notions that Hüsker Dü might sell out for big-label bucks will be defenestrated by dropping the needle onto "Crystal," the first cut of their Warners debut. There is ole Bob Mould, yammering and slaving as if awash in his own spit, as layers of berserker Flying V fuzz crash around him and the rhythm section of Grant Hart and Greg Norton fire a fusillade. Case closed.

But I've got no beef with this LP's more ballad-oriented material. Drummer Hart's exceptional melodic sense transcends the mush of "No Promise I Have Made," while Mould reveals the unlathered side of his talents on two acoustic-dominated numbers, the introspective "Too Far Down" and the grim "Hardly Getting Over It." And if Hüskerock is still your main meat, you'll find plenty of Twin Cities ground chuck on the platter too. Hart's "Don't Want To Know If You Are Lonely" and "Sorry Somehow" are models of hard-rock hook writing. Mould's showpieces rely more on trick licks rather than melodic gamesmanship though, and songs like "Crystal," "Eiffel Tower High," and "All This I've Done For You" too closely echo his work on *New Day Rising*.

So the verdict on the Hüsker's premiere major-label cannonade must remain somewhat mixed. Thus *Candy*

Apple Grey heads forward and backward at once—a freer expression of the band's lyrical tendencies, and a reaffirmation of their tough-wacking ideals. As a continuation of their *oeuvre*, it's only half successful. As an introductory sampler, however, it's a stylish Whitman's box. — **Chris Morris**



THOMAS MAPFUMO

The Chimurenga Singles: 1976-1980
VARIOUS ARTISTS

Go South
(Meadowlark/Shanachie)

Music is a treacherous medium for political discourse. Few rhetoricians can turn a phrase as memorably (or as hummably) as a great singer, and even the most inane slogans can gain power from a catchy melody. But those hooks can just as easily undermine political intent as listeners are seduced by melody at the expense of the message.

Nowhere is that problem stickier than when dealing with the political music of another culture. Take the work of Thomas Mapfumo. In Zimbabwe, Mapfumo holds a position analogous to what Fela Anikulapo-Kuti once held in Nigeria, a politicized singer/songwriter whose popularity transcends that of his government. But unlike Fela, whose reliance on English lyrics and American musical ideas makes him so accessible (to us), Mapfumo sticks close to traditional Shona musical and lyrical conventions. The former is no problem, especially when Mapfumo performs with the zippy, guitar-crazed Blacks Unlimited; the latter is a real stumbling block, and translations (which are provided) aren't always the answer. It's easy to follow the flow of "Kwaedza Mu Zimbabwe (It Has Dawned In Zimbabwe)," but what, pray tell, is the topical significance of the phrase "Butsu Mutandarika (Long Oversized Shoe)"? *The Chimurenga Singles* is not without its charms. Just keep in mind that full appreciation may take a little work.

Go South, an anthology of dance music from sub-Saharan Africa, offers an easier starting point. Although this

SING with Body Power

ISBN 0-939 458-00-4

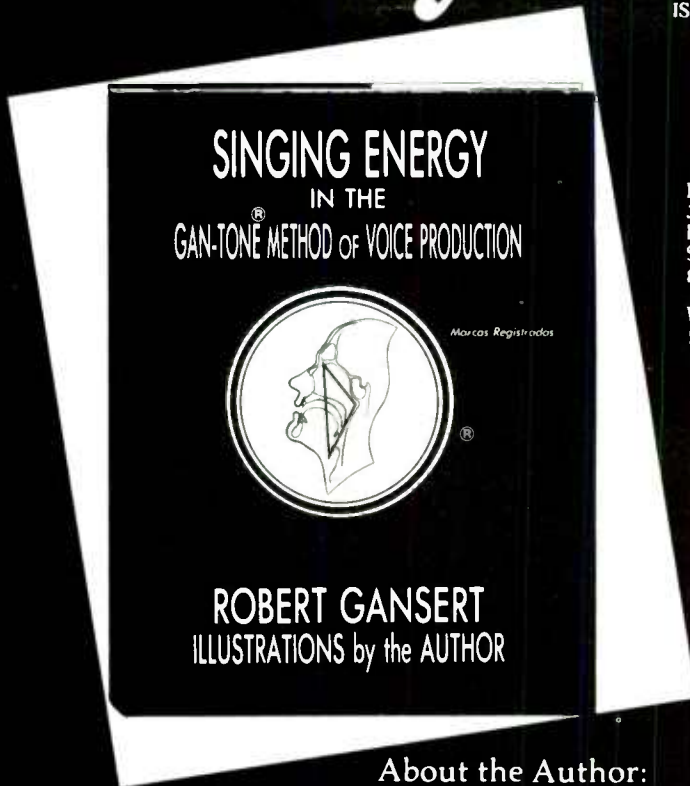
Vocalists suffering from fatigue, hoarseness, and the inability to realize their full range, power, and timbre will discover a new dimension in their vocal abilities by utilizing the Gan-Tone Method.

The Gan-Tone Method described in this book revolutionizes the traditional beliefs for producing the singing voice by revealing the natural laws that unify the body for the ultimate in singing energy through total body power!

The Gan-Tone Method will enable any sincere seeker to develop a beautiful and powerful singing voice, either for Rock or Opera, and will enable the professional singer—popular or classical—to retain the voice for many years.

In *Singing Energy*, Robert Gansert rejects traditional beliefs and establishes new reference points to enable the vocalist to understand and make use of the entire body in the production of the singing voice, resulting in previously unknown depth, power and quality.

Singing Energy is required reading for anyone who wishes to become aware of a new dimension in energizing the singing voice!



Illustrated
324 pages.
Hard Cover.
\$37.50
8 1/2" X 11 1/2"

WORLDWIDE
SALES



About the Author:
Robert Gansert has been a performing vocalist for over twenty years, and has been featured in numerous concerts and recordings. His work has been internationally acclaimed. He is currently a noted instructor at the Carnegie Hall studios.

©1985 GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS
GAN-TONE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS

MAIL ORDER FORM 5-86

Please send me _____ copies of *SINGING ENERGY* in the Gan-Tone Method of Voice Production at \$37.50 each, which includes postage, handling and sales tax. (Outside U.S.A., \$38.50 U.S. currency.) Includes a money-back guarantee.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS, Carnegie Hall, Studio 1105,
881 7th Avenue, New York City, NY 10019.
(Allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.)

GAN-TONE PUBLISHING CO.



LARYNGEAL-PELVIC • FUSION • AWARENESS

Masters at Work

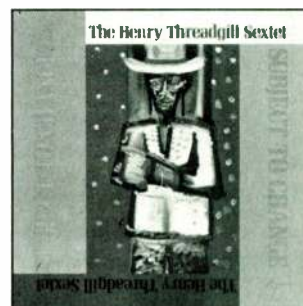
- Fast turn-around*
- Custom printing
- No minimum runs
- Extensive quality control
- Lowest prices
- From any master

Resolution brings you the Revox B-215 and a cassette of superior quality. The B-215 features Dolby HX Pro. Unlike high speed duplicators, we cut direct from digital masters. Resolution manufactures cassettes for some of the most demanding producers and labels in the country: all in real-time, all on time. Phone now toll free 1-800-862-8900 and ask about our special test cassette offer and free catalogue. We now provide Hi Fi video duplication, as well.

All work is 100% guaranteed.
*24-hour service available.



album has its share of political content—in addition to Mapfumo, there is protest pop from South Africa's Vukani—the emphasis is more on understanding—and grooving with—musical styles. The result is one of the strongest Afro-anthologies available at the moment, and a handy introduction to everything from mbaqanga to juju. What more could a new fan want? (Shanachie Records, 1 Hollywood Ave., Ho-Ho-kus, NJ 07423) — **J.D. Considine**



HENRY THREADGILL SEXTET

Subject To Change
(About Time/N.M.D.S.)

The third of three excellent albums by Threadgill's seven-piece "sextet" (I think I get it: he's Henry Threadgill, they're the Sextet). The second, you will remember, was 1983's funereal *Just The Facts And Pass The Bucket*, a likely classic and one of the best albums of the decade so far; that the new record is down a notch is hardly cause for wailing and wringing one's hands. Threadgill continues, along with Julius Hemphill, to produce the most provocative writing of his conceptual generation, characterized by an ironic and inextricable relationship to the materials of the tradition (blues, dirges, church music, theatre music, fast and slow marches, ragtime, etc.) and a post avant-garde sense of how a band ought to sound.

The Sextet's particular triumph has as much to do with orchestration as composition. Threadgill scores horns with an Ellingtonian sense of each instrument's individuality, and his trumpet, trombone and (usually) saxophone front line has an almost polyphonic richness even when playing unisons. The effect is additionally deepened by the unusual rhythm section of cello, bass, and two drummers. As with Ellington, personnel is crucial: no two instrumentalists possess an identical voice, or can be written for in quite the same way. Which may help explain the slight lessening of impact here: Olu Dara and Craig Harris have been replaced by Rasul Siddiq and Ray Anderson respectively, and while I think Anderson

IF YOU ARE LOOKING TO BUY MUSICAL OR SOUND EQUIPMENT CALL FOR SAM ASH

**TOLL FREE: Ask Toll Free Operator
for Sam Ash
OR 1-718-347-7757**

Sam Ash has everything all musicians need, from playing to recording at *consistently low prices*. For over 61 years, if you want it you'll find it at **Sam Ash**.

Don't miss the Sam Ash Keyboard and Sound Expo in New York City—April 19th and 20th at the Center for Media Arts, 226 West 26th St., NYC

SAM ASH MUSIC CORP.
124 Fulton Avenue Hempstead, N.Y. 11550

has an edge on Harris as a trombone soloist, Harris has the more imposing sound, and in this band that's more important. Siddiq seems an exemplary player, but Dara's cornet was this outfit's glory.

Some particulars, then. No dirges! Not a single dirge on the album! Less double drumming. A pretentious and largely inaudible recitation. A fine vocal by Amina Claudine Myers with so-so lyrics on the circularity of day and night, life and death. The title tune does for swing-era big band riffs what the earlier sides did for deaths and festivals; a vinegary and impassioned Threadgill takes the album's best solo on alto. Medals should also be sent to bassist Fred Hopkins and cellist Deidre Murray. — Rafi Zabor



DWIGHT YOAKAM

Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc.
(Reprise)

Tipping his Stetson to Lefty Frizzell and Merle Haggard, Yoakam recharges the honky-tonk tradition like a savior sent down from hillbilly heaven. *Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc.*, which incorporates his indie-label EP of the same name, performs a minor miracle by making such dog-eared subjects as faithless love and the wild side of life fresh again.

The recipe's enticing: a heap of no-frills country, a pinch of Western swing, a dash of rockabilly, two shakes of bluegrass, garnished with the workingman's blues and sauteed in Tennessee whiskey. The loping "It Won't Hurt" recounts the eternal struggle between heartache and the bottle; "Twenty Years" (in the clink) describes the terrible result of a scorned lover's treachery. On a less sorrowful note, "Bury Me" fondly salutes "those blue, gray mountains," just as Dolly Parton remembered her roots in more innocent days. Let you miss the connection, Dwight and Maria McKee of Lone Justice deliver a perky Porter-and-Dolly-styled duet.

Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc. avoids musty nostalgia partly because the playing cooks. Guest stars Glen D. Hardin and Jay Dee Maness may add credi-

bility, but Yoakam's regular band raises a dandy ruckus, too, with drummer Jeff Donavan and bassist J.D. Foster adding a crisp edge that plants the songs squarely in 1986. Their aggressive handling of Johnny Cash's "Ring Of Fire" amounts to a major overhaul, although the song's original crazed spirit comes through loud and clear. Yoakam himself is a marvel, a coltish singer whose supple, twangy delivery recalls the young Frizzell or Haggard. He savors every syllable for maximum effect, from a swaggering version of Johnny Horton's "Honky Tonk Man" to his own weary "Miner's Prayer." If time adds the weather-beaten quality of the later Merle to Yoakam's voice, so much the better. Meanwhile, *Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc.* feels mighty fine.

— Jon Young

Peter's Platters

(Office manager Peter Cronin picks the platters that matter)

1. **Eugene Chadbourne** — *Country Protest* (Fundamental Records)
2. **Mimi Farina** — *Solo* (Philo Records)
3. **Squirrel Bait** — *Squirrel Bait* (Homestead Records)
4. **George Jones** — *Rockin' The Country* (PolyGram)
5. **Raunch Hands** — *El Rauncho Grande* (Relativity Records)



This is your chance to see, hear and experience all of the raw intensity of The Clash on home video!

This is the definitive Clash group—Joe Strummer, Mick Jones, Paul Simonon and Topper Headon at their powerful, anarchistic best!

This is "Rock The Casbah", "Should I Stay Or Should I Go", "Train In Vain", "London Calling", "Tommy Gun", "Bank Robber", "The Call Up" and "This Is Radio Clash"... every one a bonafide Clash classic!

"THIS IS VIDEO CLASH" ROCK & ROLL TRUTH—RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

NOW APPEARING ON VHS HI-FI AND BETA HI-FI VIDEOCASSETTES.

CBS FOX
VIDEO MUSIC

\$19.98
SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE

© 1986 CBS, Inc.

Nashville from page 74

here in rock, that Nashville's the hub for a lot of bands and that it will grow and develop into something exciting."

Whalley singled out the "dark English" sound of the Movement, a 60s guitar and harmony-styled quartet, as well as the Questionnaires' "rock 'n' roll with country influences and good songwriting." But the first two acts to turn the showcase into deals appear to be White Animals, probably the best known of the bunch due to heavy touring and two indie LPs, and Webb Wilder, the so-called "last of the full grown men," whose robust rockabilly was matched by his well-proportioned, swaggering bulk.

In the weeks since Extravaganza '86, new events have been scheduled by the Nashville Music Association, which has since changed its name to the Nashville Entertainment Association. They convinced the Third National Bank to co-sponsor a series of panel discussions featuring local name artists and music industry figures. According to NEA board member Joe Sullivan, they will "expose opportunities that haven't been available in this town before. We're using recent success stories to let people know Nashville is alive and still has a lot to offer." At press time, Robert Palmer has not been invited to speak. ☐

Tommy Keene*Songs From The Film* (Geffen)

Tommy Keene writes great guitar songs, and the rippling arpeggios, dramatic chord suspensions and ringing power riffs that bulwark the likes of "Gold Town," "My Mother Looked Like Marilyn Monroe" and, especially, "Places That Are Gone" are enough to satisfy any pop fan's sweet tooth. Yet this isn't just power-pop politeness; while Keene's quirky melodicism recalls Big Star, his guitar sound also packs the punch of an AOR animal. By pushing pop content without overwhelming it, Keene can have his cake and eat it, too.

Stan Ridgway*The Big Heat* (I.R.S.)

This sounds a lot more like the sequel to *Call Of The West* than *Seven Days In Sammytown* did, and it's not just because Ridgway's voice is more recognizable than Andy Priebow's. Even Ridgway's occasional burst of guitar fury isn't quite enough to run down the Voodoo—if anything, the Morrison tributes scattered through "Camouflage" are more blatant than ever—making the sound easier to swallow but without really enhancing the songs.

Fine Young Cannibals*Fine Young Cannibals* (I.R.S.)

Singer Roland Gift recalls Hot Chocolate's Errol Brown, a resemblance that makes the periodic stabs at poignancy—"Johnny Come Home" in particular—all the more affecting. Granted, the FYC's leaven that with ham-fisted schlock like the cover of "Suspicious Minds," but here's hoping that's just youthful impetuosity.

Christy Moore*Ordinary Man* (Green Linnet)

A modest title from an extraordinary singer. The musical virtues Moore embodies are simple enough but well worth treasuring, from the gentle weight of his resonant baritone to the brogue that shapes his phrases. The music is the expected mix of Irish traditionalism and folkie practicality, with a few old

friends from Planxty along for instrumental color. The songs are marvelous as usual, from the quiet despair of "Blantyre Explosion" to the wet wit of "Delirium Tremens." (70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840)

George Jones*Rockin' The Country* (Mercury)

Okay, so the novelty content is a little high—you thought maybe "Jambalaya" was intended as a guide to Cajun culture? It's the singer, not the songs, and no rockabilly singer ever quite matched Jones' combination of rhythmic fervor and hillbilly twang. No wonder John Anderson gave up trying to rock like this.

Albert Collins/Robert Cray/**Johnny Copeland***Showdown!* (Alligator)

All-star cutting sessions usually sacrifice songs for solos, but this remarkably even match keeps the playing in line. Part of it seems to be the tunes themselves—both "T-Bone Shuffle" and "Black Cat Moan" sound made for jamming—but mostly it's the respect these three show one another. And if you still have doubts about Cray's credibility, here's where you'll lose them, once and for all.

Sam Cooke*The Man And His Music* (RCA)

This is about as close to perfection as anthologies get. Not only is the digitally-remastered sound spectacular, so is the song selection, covering everything from Soul Stirrers classics as "Touch The Hem Of His Garment" to the prophetic "A Change Is Gonna Come." A must-own.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds*Tuff Enuff* (CBS Associated)

It's been four years since these guys were last heard from, and goddamn if they haven't gotten better. For one thing, Jimmy Vaughan's guitar fills are sharp enough to shave with; for another, Kim Wilson has finally learned to write originals that match his taste in covers. As usual, their groovesmanship is be-

yond question, but producer Dave Edmunds has found ways to add hooks without detracting from the band's bluesy edge. Thus, the title track is as catchy as it is gruff, and even genre exercises like "Tell Me" or "Down At Antone's" sound like hits.

Plan 9*Keep Your Cool And Read The Rules* (Pink Dust)

Imagine Blue Oyster Cult as a garage band, and you'll have an idea of the madness at work here. Sure, the guitar work is grungy and gonzo as ever, but between Debora D's flashy Farfisa and the bass-based central riffs, the focus is kept on the songs. Which, conveniently enough, makes the solos all the more exciting. (Enigma, 1750 E. Holly Ave., PO 2428, El Segundo, CA 90245-1528)

The Church*Heyday* (Warner Bros.)

Though the high points here find the Church pulling more than memories from their psychedelic revivalism, there are also plenty of acid flashbacks. But so long as these lads continue to turn out gems like "Tristesse," there's reason to forgive their failures.

Elliot Sharp*Marco Polo Argali/Carbon: Six Songs* (Dossier)

As dense and noisy as Sharp's constructions are, there's something wonderfully bracing about the clangor. Perhaps it's the care with which he heaps each layer of sound into the mix; perhaps it's the way the kinetic melodicism of his rhythmic ideas overcomes the jarring dissonance of his harmonic content. Or maybe the guy just has a way with noise. (N.M.D.S., 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)

The Epidemics

(ECM)

This is the first ECM rock record, and it's everything you feared. The only real question is how anyone could have had the nerve to call something this resolutely uncatchy The Epidemics.

KEEPS ON ROCKING
AS LONG AS YOU DO.



NEW SUPER LONG PLAY STRINGS.

Old Rockers never die, they just lose the tension in their G string.

Sad but true: sooner or later, all strings lose their tone and go dead.

But not Dean Markley's new Super Long Play strings. SLP's are a remarkable new blend of nickel (for long life and resistance to tarnish) and iron (one of the strongest magnetic metals). The result: an extremely



long lasting, powerful string that holds its tone and sounds better, longer. And SLP's special nickel-iron alloy makes them pull into tune quickly and stay there.

Super Long Play strings . . . New from Dean Markley. They keep on rocking as long as you do.

Dean Markley
S T R I N G S

For Information Write:
DEAN MARKLEY STRINGS, INC., 3350 SCOTT BLVD., #45, SANTA CLARA, CA 95054 (408) 988-2456
TELEX 9103382046 © 1985 DEAN MARKLEY STRINGS, INC.

World Radio History



The Jimmy Giuffre 4

Quasar (Soul Note)

Of all the albums that passed our way this month, *Quasar* elicited that singular buzz which accompanied our earliest forays into the jazz record bins—a sense of discovery and delight at the unexpected. *Quasar* is a jewel, as firmly rooted in jazz's traditions as in the forward-looking possibilities of group improvisation and technology. From his famous stint as one of the Four Brothers in Woody Herman's reed section, to his extraordinary chamber ensembles in the 50s and early 60s, this masterful multi-reedman has created music in which chord changes and purely textural creation feed off one another, so his music sounds familiar yet mysterious. Multi-keyboardist Peter Levin, electric bassist Bob Nieske and drummer Randy Kaye listen with their hearts, and weave a rainbow of melodies, counter-rhythms and pure sound that is not so much electronic as electric with possibilities. With Giuffre's sublime tenor, soprano, clarinet, flute and bass flute anchoring the group's thrust, the Jimmy Giuffre 4 achieve the kind of intimacy, excitement and wit that Weather Report (perhaps) had in mind when they spoke of how they "always soloed and never soloed." More!

Freddie Hubbard/Woody Shaw

Double Take (Blue Note)

Not quite the go-for-broke fireworks one would expect, which is actually a pleasant surprise given the tempestuous chopsmanship of our man Freddie. The two most fluid, glowing swingers among contemporary trumpeters call forth visions of their spiritual father Fats Navarro, specifically on "Boperation." But it's not the cooks that move me so much as the ballad moods, like "Lament For Booker," where the full maturity of these 60s young turks truly blossoms.

Bobby Watson

Appointment In Milano (Red Record)

Speaking of underappreciated, Bobby Watson is one of the premier alto voices in jazz. Scorching or lyrical, Watson's

style sums up bop, modal and ballad forms, with a healthy dash of Southwestern preacher's alto to fatten up his line. With sympathetic support from the Italian Open Form Trio, Watson swings, sings and unifies all his influences into a compelling group music; on "If Bird Could See Me Now," his solo is a remarkable tour de force. Fun.

Keith Jarrett

Standards Live (ECM)

Probably the hottest, liveliest and least cerebral of the pianist's records with Gary Peacock and Jack DeJohnette, and Jarrett seems quite light-hearted and inspired by an audience that was obviously in tune with his every note. His touch is gorgeous; his method of approaching standards ultra-personal, though it bears more than superficial resemblance to the work of Paul Bley and the late Bill Evans. Themes are stated elliptically, and then harmonically inverted, as different dynamics of touch and long elisions of line set up the trio's flights. Still (alas), when it comes to groaning, moaning, neighing, whinnies, whoops and shouts I much prefer the eccentric exorcisms of Bud Powell, Erroll Garner, Milt Buckner, Slam Stewart, Art Blakey and Elvin Jones to Jarrett's trademark hyperventilations.

Sonny Rollins

St. Thomas/Sonny Rollins In Stockholm (Dragon)

Here's a curiosity (and possible no-royalties special) that looked tempting enough to purchase (see, critics are sometimes moved by sentiment). It rewarded my speculations and could yield a handsome return on yours. What we have here is some Newk from March of 1959, live at the Nalen Club in Stockholm in a (tada!) trio format featuring the late lamented Henry Grimes on bass and drum innovator *cum* legal eagle, Pete "LaRoca" Sims. Above and beyond the pleasures of the playing, which is first-rate, and the fidelity (passable), is the chance to hear Sonny Rollins at the peak of his game before retiring to the legendary bridge. A real find.

John Scofield

Still Warm (Gramavision)

Fusion music that's still warm? Hmm, does white man speak with forked tongue? Perhaps not. Steve Swallow produced it, and he's known to have good taste (although he neglected to play here). Don Grolnick, along with Darryl Jones and Omar Hakim—late of Gordon Sumner's ensemble—compose a pretty hot rhythm section, and the end results are like a less technocratic version of Weather Report. Why? Schofield eschews meaningless masturbatory vamps in favor of sly strings of modes and chord changes, and doesn't put training wheels on his rhythm section. The coy understatement of "GIL B643" dominates Scofield's moods here, and while hardly visionary, the music is tasteful and sincere.

Jimmy Heath

New Picture (Landmark)

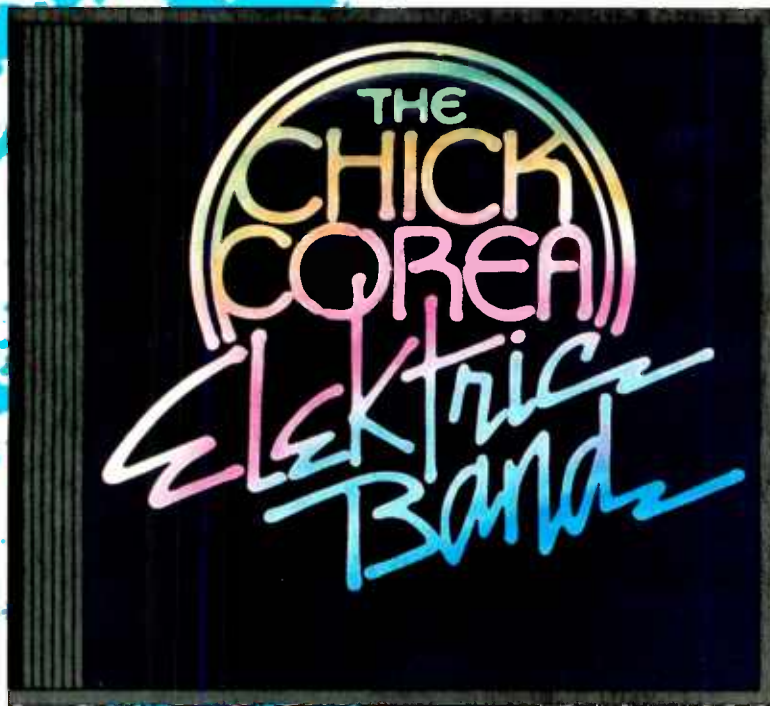
This isn't fusion by any stretch of the wig, and its lyrical warmth and harmonic elegance have been bringing it back to the turntable for months. Radio programmers should note that a tune like "Keep Love Alive" (with Tommy Flanagan's cool Rhodes underpinning) has the kind of textural suave and storytelling focus of good vocal pop or fusion, yet there's a brass section for a chorus rather than synths. Heath's songlike tenor and soprano, as in his masterful arrangements of Ellington and Strayhorn, speak as directly to the heart as words could ever say *love me*.

Big Nick Nicholas

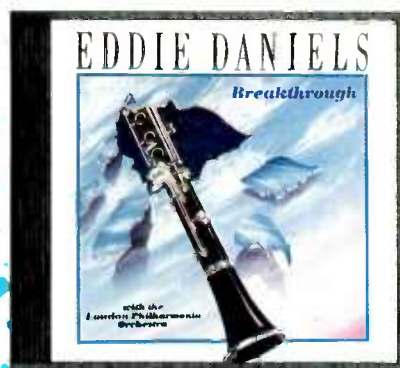
Big Nick (India Navigation)

Speaking of songs without words and love between the lines, here's spell-binding sentiment for your ears. Big Nick wears his tenor on his shirtsleeve with a brawny, swing-era sensibility. From the depths of his "Body And Soul" and the measured regret of Leonard Bernstein's three-handkerchief ballad "Somewhere," to his earthy rap on "Down Home Blues," he echoes a bygone era with nary a backward glance.

NEW MAGIC FROM THE DIGITAL MASTER COMPANY



The Chick Corea Elektric Band Quintessential keyboard master Chick Corea presents a GRP debut bearing all the earmarks of a new Corea classic. Featuring heavyweights Dave Weckl on drums, John Patitucci on bass, and guitarists Carlos Rios and Scott Henderson; The Elektric Band takes its place as one of the hottest releases of the year.



Eddie Daniels|Breakthrough "Eddie Daniels is the monster clarinetist...His debut album for GRP will become the benchmark to judge all future recordings blending the world of classical music and jazz."

—Quincy Jones

"...combines elegance and virtuosity in a way that makes me remember Arthur Rubinstein: he is a thoroughly well bred demon."

—Leonard Bernstein



Special EFX|Slice Of Life Hot on the trail of their Grammy nominated *Modern Manners*, Special EFX returns with the perfect *Slice of Life*. A blazing invocation of where "New Age" may well be headed when pushed to its furthest limits. Here is proof positive of the rare talents of guitarist Chiel Minucci and percussionist George Jinda.



THE
DIGITAL MASTER
COMPANY

Available on GRP records, cassettes,
and compact discs.

H O T L I N E
800-223-7524

HOW TO ORDER AN AD

Regular Classified (ads without borders)
20 word minimum. \$2.35 per word, minimum \$47 per insertion.

Classified Display (all ads with borders)
\$135 per column inch, per insertion; \$125 per column inch for six consecutive insertions; \$117 per column inch, for 12 insertions.

Bold Face Caps. First line, additional \$20.

Box Number: count 7 words for our Box # and address, and add \$4.00 per insertion for handling.

Payment Must Accompany Order.

Deadline: Two months prior to date of publication. **All ad cancellations must be in writing and mailed to the Musician Classified Department.**

Address All Ad Orders:

Musician Classified Ad Dept.

1515 Broadway, New York City, NY 10036
Phone: 212-764-7388

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

INCORPORATE WITHOUT LEGAL FEES! Free booklet tells how, includes forms and instructions. Call HARVARD BUSINESS SERVICES now, 800-345-CORP

HOME RECORDING TECHNIQUE a guide guaranteed to save you time, effort and money. Also included is our most current listing of record companies, publishers and agents for you to contact. Send \$12.95 to: INFORMATION DYNAMICS, P.O. Box 2042, Acworth GA 30101.

FREE CATALOG: LARGE selection guitar, bass and drum instruction book, cassettes and records. DMW, 390M, New Market, VA 22844.

MIDI MADE SIMPLE. The ultimate MIDI primer. Non-technical, 8 1/2 x 11, 106 pp. Send for free details: MIDI Dept. M486C, 65 Meetinghouse Ridge, Meriden, CT 06450.

EMPLOYMENT

FIND BANDS TO JOIN. Find musicians and gigs. Write: MUSICIANS NATIONAL HOTLINE, Box 7733, Murray, UT 84107. Phone (801) 268-2000.

FOR SALE

BUMPER STICKERS! Full color Beauties—choose: "I (heart) my (electric guitar)" or "If I can't play music...I'll settle for Sex." \$3 each, \$5 for both. Many more, write with requests. Dealer inquiries Mu-STICKS, Dept. M, P.O. Box 3143, Vernon, CT 06066.

PIANO DEALERS WANTED—WHOLESALE PIANO Company, 6934 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia PA 19142. We have a large selection of used grand pianos, spinets, uprights. All in excellent condition at discount prices. For more information contact: William Rowell, (215) 726-8817.

INSTRUCTIONS

Music business careers!

Learn the music business from the inside—prepare yourself for the marketing management or technical career you want. Top pro training in studio/concert/video production, artist representation/management, retail/wholesale, promotion/marketing, publishing, much more. Employment assistance and financial aid available.

Free brochure/career guide:
call toll-free 800-551-3346, or write

THE MUSIC BUSINESS INSTITUTE

Dept. M-2401, 3376 Peachtree Rd., N.E.
Atlanta, GA 30326

INSTRUMENTS

BEST PRICES IN THE NATION!! On drums and keyboard equipment. THE DRUM/KEYBOARD SHOP will BEAT any price any store quotes nationwide!! Call us and we'll prove it to you. (713) 524-1577.

DRUMMERS! GREAT PRICES ON STICKS, heads, etc. Send or call for free catalog. N J PERCUSSION CENTER, 80 Route 46, Rockaway, NJ 07866. (201) 625-8134.

FREE ELECTRIC CATALOG—Instruments by Gibson, Kramer, Tascam, Ibanez, Westone, more. Also vintage and new acoustic instruments, effects, strings, straps, pickups, accessories. Discount prices. ELDERLY INSTRUMENTS, 1100 N Washington, POB 14210-M5, Lansing, MI 48901 (517) 372-7890.

GUITARS — Pedal steels, Dobro, National. Vintage, new. Martin, Taylor, Guild, Ovation; Gibson mandolins, banjos; Kentucky, Goldstar, Stelling, Wildwood, Mastertone; D'Angelico, amps, multi-trackers, books, accessories. FREE 72-PAGE BROCHURE. MANDOLIN BROS., 629 Forest, Staten Island, NY 10310. (718) 981-3226.

REPAIR GUITARS? FREE 80-page catalog packed with tools and hard-to-find parts for guitars, banjos and mandolins. Stewart-MacDonald, Box 900Z, Athens OH 45701 (614) 593-3021

The MIDI STATION[®] has the most extensive selection of synthesizers, computers, music software, and accessories anywhere. Send for catalog: MIDI Station, POB 731, Bardonia, NY 10954 or have your modem dial (914) 442-4006.

BIG BLOND GUITARS—I buy and sell them also other vintage instruments. ALWAYS BUYING VIOLINS, VIOLAS, CELLOS Billy Voiers, Box 139, Housatonic, MA 01236. (413) 528-3321.

FREE! FREE! P.M.I. '86

Musical Instrument Catalog

The most complete DISCOUNT listing of name brand instruments and accessories.

Write P.M.I. Dept (M), P.O. Box 827, Union City, N.J. 07087 Est. 1939

MISCELLANEOUS

ORIENTALS WISH TO correspond with Americans. Presentations by American-Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JC, Novato, CA 94948.



REMOVES VOCALS FROM RECORDS!

Now you can sing with the world's best bands! The Thompson Vocal Eliminator can remove most or virtually all of a lead vocal from a standard stereo record and leave the background!

Write or call for a free brochure and demo record.

LT Sound, Dept. MU, P.O. Box 338,
Stone Mountain, GA 30086 (404) 493-1258

MUSICIANS

TOP TEN'S MUSIC BUSINESS Directory! 1,000+ listings—Producers, Record Companies, Publishers, Managers, Booking Agents. Send \$15.00. Top Ten, #100, 130 W. 72 St., New York, NY 10023.

32 VOICE PACKAGES FOR DX7 AND TX7

Fat analog synth sounds, dazzling special effects and splits—instructions and programming tips included. (Demo Cassette available \$3.50.) Write to: R.L. PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 4692, Bay Terrace, N.Y. 11360-4692 or call 1-718-939-1649.

SINGERS! MUSICIANS!

NEED A PROFESSIONAL SOUND TO SEND OUT FOR AUDITION TO RECORD CO.'S/ MANAGERS/CONCERT STARS

Get your musicianship heard *professionally* with the 'L.A. Team Studio Players.' We'll send you a full version of an original smash song track followed by a version with the vocal or instrument you play removed. Plus you get a lead chart w/lyric of the actual recording session! Use a double-cassette recorder and add your vocal/instrument and return. We'll check out your "chops" and let you know what we think. Guaranteed! We're looking for new talent! (Common key for male/female singers. Send us your vocal version.) **Send \$15 plus \$2 shipping fee to: DEMO EXPRESS, Box 3610, Simi Valley, CA 93063.** Allow 1-2 weeks response.

KORG POLY-800 OWNERS:

128 excellent programs for Rock, Jazz, Fusion and Progressive musicians. Patches sound exactly like those recorded by today's top artists. Send \$15.00 for each set of 64 programs. 2 sets are available.

SUPER FAST DELIVERY!!

Precision synth-Data Int'l.,

Dept. 1MJ

325 Brookshire Road,
Youngstown, New York 14174

RECORDS/TAPES

FREE CASSETTE CATALOG! Be amazed! Your favorite Rock, New Wave, Heavy Metal, Funk Reggae bands. Not available on vinyl! ROIR, 611 Broadway, Dept. M, NYC, NY 10012.

NEWEST RELEASES PLUS 21,000 LPs TAPES, CDs, VIDEOS by phone/mail. Rock, Jazz, Classical, etc. Catalog only \$9.95. Includes \$50 purchase discounts. Free monthly updates. EXPRESS MUSIC, Dept. 709M1, 175 Fifth Avenue, 1-212-254-6161.

FREE ALBUMS!

Thousands of people receive free copies of new records every month.

You can too...legitimately!
Send \$1.00 for a list of ways to:

JMDA
Box 806
Coram NY, 11727

SERVICES

YOUR PUBLICITY PHOTOS COPIED. 500 B&W glossy 8x10s for \$79.95. Free price list & paper samples. MUSICIAN'S PHOTO SERVICE, 706 N 76th, Seattle, WA 98103

NEED CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY of entertainers or recording artists? Well, call Kenya (215) 849-0263.

SONGWRITERS

SONGWRITERS: JAPAN, THE WORLD'S #2 music market, wants your music. The demand is great. We have the contacts and the protection if you have the songs. For info write: EAST/WEST MUSIC BANK, Kodaira-shi, Tsuda-machi, 1-21-11; Tokyo 187, Japan.

ATTENTION PRO/AMATEUR SONGWRITERS: Your song/idea professionally and fully arranged, performed and recorded by us for a low flat rate! **★ALL SONG-RIGHTS 100% YOURS★** A unique demo recording service thru the mail—not a publishing scam. Free Info: Song Factory, Suite #737, 12555 Biscayne Blvd., Miami FL 33181.

LEARN SONGWRITING & COMPOSE MUSIC. Professional instruction by mail. For course description: AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, Box 31021-E, Cleveland, OH 44131.

VIDEO

HOME VIDEO-U2—Live on video from Germany (1981, 1982, 1983, 1984). 55 minutes each VHS, BETA, \$25 each or all four for \$90. Check or M.O. to: D.E.G., 8411 Flint, Lubbock TX 79423.

SUBSCRIBE!

INXS from page 82

history. It debuted at number one, went quintuple platinum, took a record seven Countdown Awards (Oz's version of the Grammys) and made INXS superstars (though Hutchence is quick to note there's no star system down under). Ever prolific, they began to look for another producer for the next album—having done four albums with four different producers, they had no intention of changing their behavior. Hutchence turns the inevitable question around: "We never thought it was a strange thing to do, but a lot of people ask why we never keep the same producer. It makes me wonder why all these bands keep producers. Imagine what they'd sound like, what they'd come up with, if they kept on using different people."

Tim Farriss points out that the band has always used producers in reduced roles: "It's funny, our producers usually just get involved in the choice of sounds, like getting a particular guitar or drum sound. But very little of what we're playing ever has anything to do with the producer." Andrew Farriss adds a grain of salt to this declaration of independence, though, when it's observed that INXS isn't pliable putty in the hands of any producer:

"No, but let's face it, most of us are pliable putty in the face of everything in life. Sorry to get really big and deep there, but it's true. And if you don't trust people, you're up shit creek without the paddle. Sooner or later, you've got to say, 'He's right and I'm wrong.' It's really easy to discount people's experience, to say this guy doesn't know what he's talking about. But a lot of producers do know. Take someone like Nick Launay: he's young, younger than I am, and often he knows things that we in the group don't. Why is that? It can't be experience—we've been doing it longer. So he must have something, an understanding as an *outsider* of what you want to do. People who produce themselves have to be very careful about objectivity, especially in the long run."

Their outside ears for LP number five turned out to be at the top of their wish list. "We'd talked about using Chris Thomas for about two or three years," enthuses Tim Farriss, "and then we finally met him at our show at the Palladium in L.A. The first thing he told me was that it was the best live show he'd ever seen. Then he came to see us again in Paris, and then Tokyo. And in Tokyo we got to talking, and we asked, 'Look, if you were going to do an INXS album, how would you do it?' And he said, 'Well, I'd get you guys to take a small p.a. into the studio and just go in there and play live.'"

After the studied studio complexity of *The Swing*, that idea hit home with the

band: "It was what we'd been trying to do one way or another for a few years now," says Hutchence, "to make an album that is purely just the form and function of the songs. We didn't want to spend hours on countless overdubs." All parties agreed, the band returned to Sydney and did virtually all the LP at their old haunt, Rhinoceros Studios. "We really wrote all of the album in the studio," says Tim, "or if not, in the cockroach pit tubes prior to going into the studio." Ironically, despite this *au naturel* method, the album was rumored to have cost nearly half a million dollars. That seems kind of funny....

"To do something so simple. I agree. It's ridiculous," Michael Hutchence smiles. "That's the way it goes. I guess it proves the point that the beauty of it all, the simplicity of it, is hard to achieve. It's much easier these days to go into a studio and make a mega-production album. It's really hard to get a raw sound out of a studio these days."

There could be no fixing any messed up parts, since the whole band was in the same room. Wasn't there a lot of leakage? "That's how you get it!" affirms Hutchence. "Sound leakage is one of the best things that ever happened to this album! That sort of thing is great. No effects, no toys. There's too much being dictated by technology. That's very in-

tense, that's why it was an expensive record and it took a long time to make, because you've got everybody in the studio all the time."

While still exploring this fairly radical recording arrangement, the band was reminded that the LP better be good; "It was weird," smiles Tim, "because right in the middle of recording the album, they had the Australian rock awards and we won seven—all for *The Swing*. And here we were trying to make a really different record!" Things were fairly hit or miss for a while, but the turning point came on the song, "Listen Like Thieves," which Hutchence characterizes as "an axis point because it contains many elements of the whole thing, various currents. That song was when we got direction on the album."

With nearly all of *Listen Like Thieves* done, the band still felt something was lacking: "What we needed was 'What You Need,'" chuckles Hutchence. "We wrote it on a Saturday, rehearsed it on Sunday and recorded it on Monday." That last little effort may have been the spark that will carry INXS to their richly deserved American stardom. It's been one of the few worthy songs to get into the top ten this dismal spring. The balance of the album, while less sophisticated than *The Swing*, is warmer and rocks harder than anything they've ever

B A C K • I S S U E S

- No. 44. **Graham Parker**. Nick Lowe, Lester Bowie
- No. 45. **Willie Nelson**. John McLaughlin, the Motels
- No. 46. **Pete Townshend**. Warren Zevon, Squeeze
- No. 48. **Steve Winwood**. Steve Miller, Brian Eno
- No. 49. **Neil Young**. Foreigner, Go-Go's
- No. 50. **Billy Joel**. Pink Floyd, Corporate Rock
- No. 53. **Tom Petty**. Don Cherry, Ric Ocasek
- No. 57. **Bob Marley**. Don Henley, Ramones
- No. 58. **Kinks**. Marvin Gaye, Bryan Ferry
- No. 60. **Elvis Costello**. Motown, Culture Club
- No. 61. **Jackson Browne**. Eurythmics, Keith Jarrett
- No. 65. **Pretenders**. Paul Simon, ABC
- No. 67. **Thomas Dolby**. Chet Baker, Alarm, Marcus Miller
- No. 68. **Van Halen**. The Cars, Joe Jackson
- No. 69. **Michael Jackson**. R.E.M., Charlie Watts
- No. 70. **Peter Wolf**. King Crimson, Bass/Drum Special
- No. 71. **Heavy Metal**. Dream Syndicate, George Duke
- No. 72. **Prince**. Rod Stewart, Lou Reed, Glenn Frey
- No. 73. **Springsteen**. Miles Davis, P.L. Producer Special
- No. 74. **Bowie**. Summers/Fripp, Yoko Ono
- No. 76. **Paul McCartney**. Rickie Lee Jones, Big Country
- No. 77. **John Fogerty**. Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
- No. 79. **Jeff Beck**. Jimmy Page, Songstealing
- No. 80. **Phil Collins**. Joan Armatrading, Josef Zawinul
- No. 81. **Sting**. Graham Parker, Getting Signed
- No. 82. **Brian Wilson**. Sting II, Jerry Garcia
- No. 83. **Dire Straits**. R.E.M., John Cage/Brian Eno
- No. 84. **Cougar**. Bryan Ferry, Maurice White
- No. 85. **Talking Heads**. Neil Young, Eurythmics
- No. 86. **Joni Mitchell**. Simple Minds, Hall & Oates
- No. 87. **ZZ Top**. Kate Bush, Thompson Twins
- No. 88. **Van Halen**. Townshend, Men at Work
- No. 89. **Elvis Costello**. Al Green, Mick Jones
- No. 90. **James Brown**. Tom Petty, Brian Setzer

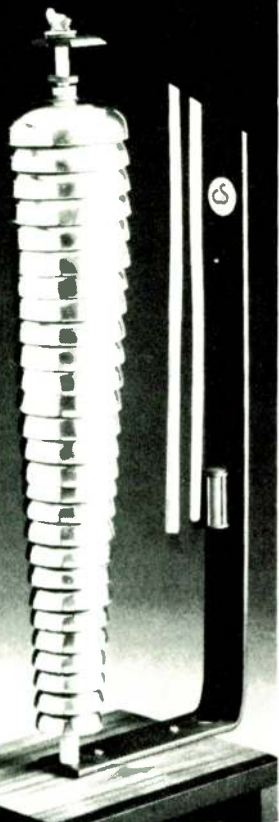
I have marked the issues I'd like to have. Please send me magazines at \$4.00 each (\$5.00 outside the U.S.) (U.S. funds only.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ **Zip** _____

MUSICIAN, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930-0701



Who can build a better bell tree?



We can! Our new bell tree is less bulky, and its sleeker profile makes it easier to handle. But the wooden base and metal frame are very sturdy, and you can mount this bell tree on a cymbal stand. For a look at all of our bell trees, write for our new free World of Sound catalogue today.

CARROLL SOUND, INC.
88 Executive Avenue
Edison, New Jersey 08817
(201) 287-3333



recorded to date.

Hutchence reflects the changes most. While there remains a malevolent intensity to his vocals, there is also a certain resolution in his new lyrics, a willingness to lead as well as provoke or amuse. The spiky "Biting Bullets" warns against heroin, the title cut counsels mistrust of the mass media, and "Same Direction," "Shine Like it Does" and "Good & Bad Times" are all packed with images of belief, shining hearts and final judgment. Is Hutchence thinking more about the answers than the questions these days? "Yeah, I definitely think on this album, there's more answers. There's less distancing and more resolution. This is the decade of internationalism, isn't it? There's a certain reality to what people started in the 60s happening now, and it's a feeling I find growing all the time."

Hutchence's basic writing tool is the blade—anything that doesn't focus the lyric is cut out. This reductionist philosophy has been in place since the beginning, and does much to disguise his song's meaning. "Michael's pretty cryptic isn't he?" observes Tim Farriss. "I guess so," Hutchence laughs. "Sometimes I don't know if I'm being cryptic or just illiterate! It's a constant battle whether to literate things (*sic*) or let them stand on their own ground. But there's not much fiction in there. I'm constantly

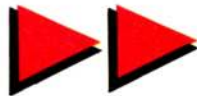
struggling to get better at writing. I've written few things that I would be a hundred percent behind the whole world knowing about. It's just a process you have to keep going through."

It seems so incongruous at times like this to imagine Hutchence up onstage in a frenzy of menace. One Oz writer described a "tense" preconcert "glint in his eyes" and later a drunken, "looking-for-trouble look" in this same admitted reader of Sartre, Dostoevsky, and Australian Peter Carey. Hutchence rolls his eyes at such published accounts of his alleged demonic rock 'n' roll possession. "Yeah, it's funny. The gig mentality is rife in Australia, and when you're doing live shows, you have to find ways of achieving similar results each night. It's the same with Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett, who's a monster onstage, but offstage is so sweet, so charming, very articulate and intelligent. In fact I learned a lot of my mental attitudes for shows off Peter."

So we leave INXS with this final invocation of the "take your first impression and trash it" rule. After all, knowing what we now know about the Michael Hutchence behind that tough, street-gang image, you can see he's not the type of guy who carries a switchblade in his pocket....

"Actually," he interrupts, with that same Cheshire cat smile, "I do." ☐

LEARN THE ART OF RECORDING



THE RECORDING WORKSHOP

—the leader in training creative music professionals. For over a decade, hundreds of sound engineers, as well as producers and recording artists have made their start with us. We offer the industry's most successful program in recording technology and our 5-studio educational facility is the world's largest and most equipped. ▶ No previous experience required ▶ Extensive hands-on experience in 24 track recording ▶ Digital recording, MIDI and automated mixing ▶ On campus housing ▶ 6 week program is conveniently offered 7 times year round.

Enrollment is limited, for free brochure call or write today
THE RECORDING WORKSHOP, 455-A Massieville Road, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601

800-848-9900 614-663-2544

Ohio State Board of School and College Registration #80-07-0696T





START AT THE TOP



PDS 1000
(Digital Delay)



PDS 2000
(Digital Sampler)

Digitech®

The 1550 and 1700 Series.



PDS 1550
(Programmable Distortion)



PDS 1700
(Digital Stereo Chorus/Flanger)

Digitech® is a registered trademark of DOD Electronics Corporation. 5639 South Riley Lane Salt Lake City, Utah 84107 (801) 268-8400

World Radio History

The digital effects.

COMPRESSOR RELEASE = 525ms	PARAMETRIC EQ. MID FRQ = 500 Hz	AUTO PAN DIRECTION= L↔R
TRIGGERED PAN PANNING = 525ms	FREEZE A REC MODE= AUTO	FREEZE B OVER DUB
PITCH CHANGE A BASE KEY = C 3	PITCH CHANGE B 1 FINE = + 8	PITCH CHANGE C L DLY = 0.1ms
PITCH CHANGE D F.B. GAIN= 10 %	ADR-NOISE GATE TRG. MSK= 5ms	SYMPHONIC MOD. DEPTH= 50 %
STEREO PHASING MOD. DLY= 3.0ms	CHORUS A DM DEPTH= 50 %	CHORUS B AM DEPTH= 10 %
REV 1 HALL REV TIME= 2.6s	REV 2 ROOM DELAY = 20.0ms	REV 3 VOCAL LPF = 8.0 kHz
REV 4 PLATE HIGH = 0.7	EARLY REF. 1 TYPE = RANDOM	EARLY REF. 2 ROOM SIZE = 2.0
STEREO FLANGE A MOD. DEPTH= 50 %	STEREO FLANGE B MOD. FRQ= 0.5 Hz	STEREO ECHO Rch F.B = +58 %
DELAY L,R Lch DLY = 100.0ms	TREMOLO MOD. FRQ= 6.0 Hz	DELAY VIBRATO VIB RISE= 1400ms
GATE REVERB LIVENESS = 5	REVERSE GATE TYPE = REVERSE	REVERB & GATE TRG. LEVEL= 65

Without the expensive side effect.

If you want highly cost-effective, extremely versatile digital sound processing, you may not need anything more than the new SPX90 Digital Multi-Effect Processor. Or want anything less.

Built into its rack-mountable chassis are 30 preset effects specifically designed to suit a wide range of studio and live performance applications.

All the preset effects have up to nine user-programmable parameters. So you can further individualize them for your particular need and store them in any of the 60 on-board RAMs for instant recall using the front panel keys, optional remote control or footswitch.

The SPX90 offers MIDI-compatibility including the ability to make program changes during live performance via MIDI. Some effects can even be actuated

\$745.

* by a change in input level during performance.

So whether you're a studio or sound reinforcement engineer, keyboard player, guitar player,

bass player, even home recording enthusiast, the SPX90 can add incredible creativity to your music. At a very credible price.

See your Yamaha Professional Products dealer. Or write: Yamaha International Corporation, Professional Products Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. In Canada: Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Avenue, Scarborough, Ont. M1S 3R1.
*Suggested U.S.A. retail price. In Canada, \$1095 CDM.

